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MONTGOMERY.



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Gen. Sir J. M.

LIFE,

TIMES, AND CHARACTER

OF

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

BY

SAMUEL ELLIS.

Yes, till his memory fail with years,
Shall TIME thy strains recite.

LONDON:
JACKSON, WALFORD & HODDER, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1864.

SHEFFIELD:
LEADER AND SONS, PRINTERS.



67.498

TO

GEORGE HADFIELD, ESQUIRE,

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR SHEFFIELD,

THIS SMALL TRIBUTE

TO THE REVERED MEMORY OF

HIS LATE FATHER'S FRIEND, AND HIS OWN FRIEND,

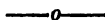
JAMES MONTGOMERY,

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

IN TOKEN OF THE HIGH ESTEEM, AND PERSONAL REGARDS, OF

THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.



SEVERAL years have now elapsed since the Memoirs of Montgomery, under the joint authorship of Mr. John Holland and the Rev. James Everitt, were published, in seven volumes, comprising more than two thousand four hundred pages. To that work the present writer acknowledges himself to have been chiefly indebted for his information. Having repeatedly gone through those volumes with care and attention, he has no hesitation in saying that, in his opinion, they contain "Correspondence," and other matters, of great local and general interest; and are rich in materials for a "Popular" Life of the Poet. By that term he means a book suitable in size, style, and price for general circulation. Such a work he has ever regarded as a *desideratum*; and one which he still hopes to see published, either by Mr. Holland, or some other competent person.

In the mean time, this Biographical Sketch and Review is intended to supply what the author has conceived to be an apparent want to that numerous class of readers, who either cannot spare the time, or else afford the money, for a large and costly production; however much they may happen to wish to read, and possess, some Memorial of this truly venerated man. It is intended that throughout this work Montgomery shall, as it were, speak for himself, by quoting extensively his own words.

Sheffield, March 10th, 1864.

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JAMES MONTGOMERY.

MONTGOMERY succeeded amidst a host of difficulties in inscribing his name on the bright roll of our acknowledged national Poets. His "World before the Flood" might of itself be deemed sufficient for that purpose; to say nothing of his previous, and later, published poems. It forms, however, no part of the design of the present work to enter into any special, or minute, criticism of his poetry. But, assuming his rightful claims and standing as one of our country's "canonised bards," its chief aim will be to endeavour so to treat the subject as shall enable the general reader to form a tolerably clear and correct notion of Montgomery; not merely as a POET, but, also, of his entire life and character as a MAN.

This object it is purposed to attain by adopting and carrying out the following arrangement. I. A narrative of the main incidents of his life. II. Passages from his "World before the Flood," on which his claims as a POET, of the first order, may be safely rested. III. Selection of a few passages from his

B

most striking comments as a PUBLIC JOURNALIST. iv. His observations and opinions on certain authors, and their works, as a LITERARY CRITIC. v. Characteristic sayings and opinions bearing the stamp of his own peculiar, individual, impress. vi. Conclude with an estimate of his Labours, Character, and Works; together with an account of the closing scene of his life.

I.

Montgomery's parents, John and Mary Montgomery, were both natives of the "Emerald Isle." His father, as his surname would seem to import, was believed to be of Scotch extraction; and might probably be a descendant of that class with which Cromwell colonised the north of Ireland. In 1746 John Cennick, a preacher in connexion with both Wesley and Whitfield, whom the latter describes as a "truly great soul," and a "second Bunyan," having joined the Moravians, went over to Ireland, and founded a settlement of the "Brethren;" naming it "Grace Hill, at the village of Ballykennedy, in the parish of Ahoghill, county of Antrim. John Montgomery, a steady, serious young man, having been trained up to habits of useful industry, joined the communion as a member. Afterwards becoming a minister, in that capacity he visited Yorkshire and Germany. He married in December, 1768, an ami-

able and pious daughter of one of the "Brethren." Not long afterwards, being appointed to take the pastoral charge of a small congregation at Irvine, in Ayrshire, he removed thither with his wife. There, in the dwelling-house under the same roof as the little chapel, James, their eldest son, was born, November 4th, 1771. This event, occurring so soon after the arrival of his parents in Scotland, led Montgomery, in after life, often to remark, that he had narrowly "escaped being an Irishman." There he spent the early days of his childhood. It appears that the image of his native home,—“little Irvine, its bridge, its river, its street-aspect, and its rural landscape, with sea-glimpses between,”—became so vividly impressed on his mind as to remain clear and distinct to old age. There, “on King George’s birthday, I got my little drum and resolved to be a soldier. I was an early dreamer.” When about four and a half years old, his father and mother returning, took him back to Ireland, where he remained with them until nearly six. His parents having devoted themselves to the work of Foreign Missions, before proceeding to the West Indies, concluded to place him under the care and guardianship of the “Brethren,” at their school, situate at Fulneck, in Yorkshire. Taking a child’s farewell of his mother, he embarked with his father for England. On the passage, says he, “We had a terrible storm. I was, as might be expected,

much afraid at first; but my father told me to trust in the Lord Jesus, who saved the Apostles on the water. I did so, and felt composed. Such was the danger to which we were exposed, that the Captain himself was violently agitated, and pointing to me, who sate composed and resigned, he said, 'I would give a thousand pounds for the faith of that child.'" Montgomery arrived at Fulneck October 16th, 1777. His parents went to their destination in the West Indies, where they toiled and suffered in the Missionary work; and where, as at a Missionary Meeting he once exclaimed, "They made the first deep furrows with the gospel plough; and fell down dead in them through excessive labour." Hence he always gloried in the fact of being "the son of a Missionary."

The Moravian school, in which Montgomery, and subsequently his two younger brothers, were placed, was situate in a pleasant spot, in the parish of Calverley, six miles south-west of Leeds. This seminary was essentially one of a religious order, and wore somewhat of a monastic aspect. During the whole ten years that Montgomery was there, he says,—“I was as carefully secluded, in common with all my school-fellows, from any commerce with the world as if we had been imprisoned in a cloister.” The discipline, style of religious thought, feeling, and worship, which pervaded the whole place, we may remark, was not of the English but the continental type. Its piety and

its protestantism bore not the Puritan but the Lutheran stamp. A rigid vigilance appears to have been exercised in excluding Poetry, excepting of a certain religious class, as well as other works of fiction, from the establishment. But contraband goods will, somehow or other, find a way into "port." "Notwithstanding all this care," says he, "I frequently found means to borrow books and read by stealth. The pains that were taken to conceal certain things from us made us more eager to explore them." Whilst here, "driven like a coal ass through the Latin and Greek grammars," he was "suddenly seized, one fine summer's day, as he lay under an hedge listening to some passages from Blair's Grave," with that poetic "fever," which never entirely left him as long as he lived. The next poem he heard read was Blackmore's Prince Arthur. Afterwards "I saw in a newspaper, occasionally, some of the gems of Burns; and I well remember the impression which the lines to a 'Mountain Daisy' made upon me. So that you see, when I was, as it were, breaking the shell, Blair, Thompson, and Burns were the first poets with whom I became acquainted." Cowper was the first "whole poet" he had read before he left school. Ere he had attained his tenth year he had filled a little volume with his own compositions. At fifteen he had formed the design of writing an historical poem on Alfred the Great. Thus in the days of boyhood he appears to

have been of a very sensitive nature, and an amiable disposition; so retiring in his habits as seldom to join in the boisterous sports of his school-fellows; and distinguished alike for a lively fancy and a pensive thoughtfulness. His poetic aspirations, mysterious abstraction, together with the alleged want of diligence in his proper studies, exceedingly perplexed the Brethren. As Parken, in his after life, described him, he was "truly a gem," but "covered over with a frozen sensibility," which required a deeper insight than these worthy persons possessed, either to be able to "thaw, or see through." They had, indeed, designed to have made him a teacher in the establishment; but they ultimately resolved to place him as an apprentice to a shopkeeper, (one of their fraternity,) residing in the village of Mirfield; now one of the stations on the Leeds and Manchester line of Railway. This course they advisedly took, as being, they supposed, the most likely way to cure him of his poetic tendencies, put an end to his ærial flights; and thus in some degree fit him for the useful and sober realities of life.

The imaginative youth, Montgomery, was, therefore, duly placed behind the counter of a small retail shop, situate in a country village, with very little to do, and with less inclination for that kind of work. During the year and a half he stayed here he composed a large part of his poem on "Alfred the Great;"

and, amongst other pieces, a metrical version of the 113th Psalm. Not only did he compose poetry, but, also, music; several pieces were thus arranged and performed by himself and companions at their juvenile concerts. At this time, he says, he was "music mad," and "nearly blew his brains out with a haut-boy." His taste for music continued through life; and to this acquisition some of the qualities of his verse, especially as an Hymnologist, are greatly indebted. Becoming more and more discontented with this situation, so unsuitable to his taste and capabilities; and not being legally bound to his master by indentures of apprenticeship, on one fine Sunday morning in June, 1789, he packed up his few things, not forgetting above all his precious manuscript poetry, and set out to seek his fortune. "You will smile," says he, "and wonder too, when I inform you that I was such a fool as to run away from my master, with the clothes on my back, a single change of linen, and *three-and-sixpence* in my pocket. I had just got a new suit of clothes; but as I had only been a short time with my good master, I did not think my little services had earned them. I, therefore, left him in my old ones; and, thus, at the age of sixteen, set out James Montgomery to begin the world!" Thus bursting his bonds, and exulting in the first emotions of new-found liberty, away he went on the highroad in the early part of that bright June morn-

ing ; not, we may suppose, without casting sundry backward glances of mingled fear and tenderness, towards the village he had left. As eyed by the passing traveller what a figure he would cut ! With spectacles on nose, being nearsighted, his scholarly aspect would but ill assort with the old working clothes in which he was clad ; his conscience being so tender as to forbid him to don his new ones. We may imagine that we see him as he trudged along, with the little bundle under his arm, and his auburn locks waving in the breeze ; his pale face flushed by the exercise ; and his fine hazel eye brightly gleaming with hope-inspired visions of poetic fame. Thus he " went forth," the wide world before him and " Providence his guide."

In pursuing his journey he might have come direct to Sheffield ; but, branching off at Wakefield, he found himself at the close of the day at Doncaster. Starting afresh the next morning, on an equally unknown road, towards evening he entered a public house at Wentworth, a small hamlet near the residence of Earl Fitzwilliam, the grandfather of the present Earl. At this " little village Inn," says he, " 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 pockets." Had his good old grandmother happened to have met him at this spot, and in this plight, she

might not unreasonably have done, as she once did before on a certain occasion, when "laying down her prayer-book, she took off her spectacles, and casting *such* a look, first at me, and then at the poker, whilst she smote her breast, with inimitable pathos, exclaimed, 'My moonshine was never made for this world!'" Perhaps, however, the pious dame might possibly have been, in both cases, mistaken. For we find that while staying here, having ascertained that the noble Earl was at home, and might be met with riding in the park, Montgomery at once proceeded thither, with a fairly transcribed copy of a poem in his pocket, and having the good fortune to meet with his Lordship he presented it; who, on his part, kindly read it on the spot, and gave the author a golden guinea! This was his first patronage and profit; and, certainly, as practical a step as it could be expected, not for an ordinary mortal, but for our "Moonshine," to take. The next was equally as good, or rather better. For it so happened, that one day a youth from the neighbouring village of Wath, calling at the said public house, met with our "Wanderer;" and, in the course of conversation, informed him that his father was in the want of an assistant in his shop. The next day he went over to Wath, and Mr. Hunt agreed to engage him, provided the consent of his late master, and of his guardians, the Brethren, could be obtained. Having sent a letter to this effect to Fulneck, his old

master, from whom he had absconded, came over to see him at Rotherham. On this occasion, says Montgomery, "I was so affected that I ran to meet him in the Inn yard; and he was so overwhelmed with tenderness at the sight of me, that we clasped each others arms as he sat on horseback, and remained weeping without speaking a word, to the great amusement of many spectators. He gave me a very handsome written character; also, supplied me with money, and sent me clothes and other things which I had left behind." Thus our fugitive became honorably located at Wath, the "Queen of Villages," in the service of Mr. Hunt, who kept a kind of "General Store," comprising "Flour, Shoes, Cloth, Groceries, and almost every description of hard and soft ware." "Although but little more than eighteen years of age," say his Biographers, "Montgomery was remarkably grave, serious, and silent; exemplarily steady and industrious in his situation, rarely associating with any of the villagers, but devoting the whole of his leisure hours to reading and the composition of poetry." He remained about a year in this place; and having transmitted a volume of manuscript poetry to a London publisher, in a few days the poet followed it, to the great regret of the family. While in London he was almost as much a recluse as at Wath; never entering a Theatre, or scarcely any other place of amusement, during his residence there. After staying awhile, and being sadly

disappointed by the failure of his literary projects, he left the Great City; and on the "heavy coach" he passed through Sheffield on his way back to Wath, where he re-entered the dwelling and employment of his master on the banks of the Dearne. While here he heard of the death of his Mother, and soon afterwards of that of his Father.

My Father, Mother,—Parents now no more!
Beneath the lion-star they sleep,
Beyond the western deep,
And when the sun's noon-glory crests the waves,
He shines without a shadow on their graves.

Happening one day to take up the "Sheffield Register," published by Mr. Gales, Montgomery read the following advertisement:—"Wanted in a counting-house, in Sheffield, a CLERK. None need apply but such as have been used to Bookkeeping, and can produce undeniable testimonials of Character. Terms and specimens of Writing to be left with the Printer." He immediately applied for the situation; and, after a personal interview, Mr. Gales engaged him on trial. "I came," says he, "to Sheffield in the spring of 1792, a stranger and friendless, without any intention, or prospect of making a long residence in it, much less of advancing myself, either by industry or talents, to a situation that should give me the opportunity of doing much evil, or much good, as I might act with indiscretion, or temperance. The whole na-

tion, at that time, was disturbed from its propriety by the example and influence of revolutionised France; nor was there any district in the kingdom more agitated by the passions and prejudices of the day than this." This was a period, he afterwards described, "when almost every man, woman, and child, in the kingdom were politicians; the intense and continued excitement of the most violent passions caused such a conflict of minds, such energy, activity, of the highest powers of the human soul, as had never been exhibited since Britain was an Island."

Becoming thus connected with Mr. Gales, in the management of his newspaper, which boldly took the liberal side, Montgomery, with all the characteristic ardour of youth, threw his whole soul into the support of what he deemed the cause of Truth and Liberty. A Royal Proclamation having been issued, commanding that the 28th February, 1794, should be observed as a General Fast, "the Friends of Peace and Reform" chose to honour it in their own way, by holding a public meeting, which was attended by several thousand persons; when a hymn, written for the occasion by Montgomery, "was sung in full chorus." A description of these proceedings having been printed, and sent to the "London Corresponding Society," on the arrest of the secretary, Hardy, it was seized with the other papers of the society; and thus, as Montgomery said, "one of the first hymns of mine *ever*

sung found its way into Billy Pitt's Green Bag!" The following is its concluding verse, being an appeal to the "God of Hosts":—

Burst every dungeon, every chain,
 Give injured slaves their rights again,
 Let truth prevail, let discord cease,
 Speak—and the world shall smile in peace.

At another Public Meeting, held about a week afterwards, a fiery demagogue, named Henry Redhead Yorke, bore the sway with the multitude as the advocate of Reform and Liberty; but afterwards proved a recreant from the cause. This man, at the time, was so popular, that he was drawn by the people in a carriage through the streets; and, Mr. Gales writes—"I had the honour to be drawn along with Yorke amidst the thousands." This proved to be Mr. Gales's last happy day in England. He was obliged to make a precipitate flight to America, in order to avoid the consequences of a state prosecution; and he very narrowly escaped the arrest. The torch-like blaze of the "Sheffield Register" being thus quenched, the milder light of "Iris" arose. Montgomery immediately announced in the last number of the "Register" his intention of publishing a new Sheffield Newspaper, under the title of the "Iris." Mr. Gales having thus eluded the grasp of the government prosecutor, his youthful successor inherited the odium which had hitherto been attached to him. He was, consequently,

eyed with a suspicious vigilance ; and marked out as the victim for that bolt of legal vengeance which had just missed his patriotic master. A pretext was soon found, though of the most paltry and contemptible description. He was charged, on a Magistrate's warrant, with printing a seditious libel respecting the war then waging between His Majesty and the French government, entitled, "A Patriotic Song, by a Clergyman of Belfast." The fact was, that Montgomery neither wrote this song, nor set up the type for it. A street ballad-monger applying to him he at once refused to print it, on the ground of its not being in his line of work. But on being informed by his foreman, that the song had been standing in type in the office before he took to the concern, he printed off some sheets for the poor man, rather as an act of charity than of business, charging only *eighteenpence*, a price barely covering the cost. "If ever in my life," says he, "I did an act which was *neither* good nor bad ; or, if either, *rather* good than bad, it was this." As to the piece being, as charged in the indictment, a libel on the existing war, that was impossible ; as it was published in 1793, before the war began. The verse on which the prosecutor chiefly rested was as follows :—

Europe's fate on the contest's decision depends ;
Most important its issue will be,
For should France be subdued, Europe's liberty ends,
If she triumphs, the world will be free.

Pending his trial on this charge he published an Address to his readers, and the public in general, in the "Iris," of which we give the following extract as being highly characteristic of the man.

" Though I wish ever to be considered as an advocate in the sacred cause of LIBERTY and all MANKIND, I am conscious to myself of no other views than such as are strictly consonant to the *principles and spirit of the British Constitution*: that constitution in its genuine purity I truly revere; and, deploring only its abuses and corruptions, I do not hesitate to declare, that I am behind none of His Majesty's subjects in that *just loyalty* which consists not in a fiery party rage, *but a steady attachment to the true interests of my country, and dutiful obedience to those laws by which the King reigns, and the People are governed.* Upon these principles the "Iris" has hitherto been conducted, and upon these principles it is still intended to be continued. Notwithstanding all the disadvantages under which it was born, the "Iris" has been nursed with tenderness and cherished with indulgence. Though its cradle has been rocked amidst tempests, tempests have not yet crushed it: though the harpies of envy, bigotry, and prejudice, on threatening wings, have hovered round it, those harpies have not *yet* devoured it. The infant has been devoted to its country. May its youth acquire increasing strength; and may that strength be exerted only

in the cause of TRUTH, of JUSTICE, and HUMANITY !
 May its manhood be glorious, and its old age honorable ! But if it ever should forfeit the character of impartiality and independence, may it *perish*, and with it *perish* James Montgomery !”

At the Doncaster Quarter Sessions, held January 22nd, 1795, on this trumpery accusation he was convicted and sentenced “ to suffer three months’ imprisonment in the Castle at York, and to pay a fine of twenty pounds.” He was allowed to return home, and the next day conveyed in custody to York Castle. Apparently paltry as was this charge, yet in 1839 certain original documents came, as it were accidentally, into Montgomery’s hands, from which he learned that in *this* instance he had actually suffered a “ State Prosecution !” Briefs were authorised to be given to counsel “ with the Attorney-General’s compliments ;” *i.e.*, with Sir John Scott’s, afterwards Lord Eldon ! This official document further stated, “ that this prosecution is carried on chiefly with a view to put a stop to the meetings of the Associated Clubs in Sheffield ; and it is to be hoped that if we are *fortunate enough to succeed in convicting the Prisoner*, it will go a great way towards curbing the insolence they have uniformly manifested.” Thus was found the proof, of what was before strongly suspected, that he had been a marked victim ; and that this furnished the true key to these disgraceful legal proceedings. During his imprison-

ment, among other expressions of sympathy that he received was one in the form of an "Address" from a "Society of the Friends of Literature," prepared and signed by its President, John Pye Smith, afterwards the honored Doctor of that name. It concludes with these expressions,—“GOD, TRUTH, and CONSCIENCE are for you; who then can be against you? Your sentence is an eulogy, your prison is a palace.”

About this time Montgomery published a small volume entitled "The Whisperer, by Gabriel Silver-tongue, Gent." The poor "Whisperer" came to a sad end. He sent a number of copies to Sir Richard Phillips, who became a bankrupt. The remainder were sold to a "poulterer to singe fowls with;" the good dame remarking, "that they were admirably adapted for that purpose, being printed on good writing paper, made of linen rags!" A few months after he had returned home from Prison, an event occurred by which he was again brought into trouble. The privates of a regiment stationed at Sheffield, one evening after exercise, manifested signs of mutiny, and refused to disperse on the alleged ground that their bounty money, and arrears of pay, were withheld. Giving an account of this disturbance in the "Iris" of the 7th August, 1795, he said,—

“Of the justice of this complaint we cannot pretend to speak; but, in consequence of this circumstance, a number of people assembled in Norfolk street and

upon the parade. R. A. Athorpe, Esq., Colonel of the Volunteers, who had been previously ordered to hold themselves in readiness, now appeared at their head, and, in a peremptory tone, commanded the people instantly to disperse; which not being immediately complied with, a person, who shall be nameless, plunged with his horse among the unarmed, defenceless people, and wounded with his sword, men, women, and children promiscuously. The people murmured and fell back in confusion. The Riot Act was read. The people ran to and fro, scarcely one in a hundred knowing what was meant by these dreadful measures; when an hour being expired, the Volunteers fired upon their townsmen with *bullets*, and killed two persons on the spot; several others were wounded, and the rest fled on every side in consternation."

For the publication of this paragraph, so mild and cautious compared with what a report would be of such an abominable transaction in the present day, Montgomery was tried and convicted at the Doncaster Sessions for a libel against R. A. Athorpe, Esq. A verdict of "Guilty" having been brought in, the following sentence was pronounced:—"That James Montgomery be imprisoned for the term of six months in the York Castle; that he pay a fine of thirty pounds to the King; and that he give security for his good behaviour for two years, himself in a bond for two hundred pounds, and two securities of fifty pounds

each." He was immediately taken into custody and committed again to the solitude of a prison, in an enfeebled state of bodily health, and with a mind writhing under a sense of injustice and wrong. He could have proved the facts all true, but, as the law of Libel then stood, that would not have saved him. The first thing that he did after getting to his old quarters, was to print an Address to the public, under the motto, "STRIKE—BUT HEAR ME," in which he enters upon a calm statement of the facts of the case, and vindicates his conduct from the odious imputations which had been cast upon it. During his incarceration Mr. John Pye Smith undertook the management of the Newspaper and Printing Office. To him Montgomery frequently writes, tendering sundry hints and cautions; as for example,—“Be firm, cool, and moderate.” “Tell the editor, from me, not to hack and hew Pitt quite so much in the London News, and to be particularly careful not to insert any home occurrence without the most indubitable authority.”

Giving an account of his situation and companions in Prison, he writes,—“In this building there are eight of the People called Quakers, who are confined for refusing to pay ‘Tithes,’ though they never did, nor ever would, have resisted the seizure of their property to any amount the rapacious Priest required. There are three venerable grey-headed men among them, and the others are very decent and respectable.

One of the old Quakers is my principal and my best companion; a very gay, shrewd, and cheerful man, with a heart as honest and as tender as his face is clear and shining. I employ myself in reading, writing, walking, &c., and never, on the whole, enjoyed better spirits in my life." One of these worthy Quakers, John Wilkinson, afterwards died in the Prison, the victim of legalised cruelty and oppression. What another of them, the individual above described, Henry Wormall, thought and felt respecting the Poet, his "fellow prisoner," is thus touchingly expressed in his journal.

"8th Mo. 5th, 1796. Went from this place James Montgomery, a very kind and sociable young man; he was to me a pleasing companion, and he has left a good report behind him. Although he is qualified with good natural parts, and has had a liberal education, he was very instructive and kind to me. I think I never had an acquaintance with any one before, that was not of my persuasion, with whom I had so much unity. I was troubled and thought it a loss to part with him."

While thus held in durance vile he wrote his "Prison Amusements," from which we just give one extract:

Each morning, then, at five o'clock,
The adamantine doors unlock;
Bolts, bars, and portals, crash and thunder;
The gates of iron burst asunder:

Hinges that creak, and keys that jingle,
With clattering chains in concert mingle ;
So sweet the din, your dainty ear
For joy would break its drum to hear ;
While my dull organs, at the sound,
Rest in tranquillity profound :
Fantastic dreams amuse my brain,
And waft my spirit home again.
Though captive all day long, 'tis true,
At night I am as free as you ;
Not ramparts high, nor dungeons deep,
Can hold me when I'm fast asleep.

On the 5th July, 1796, Montgomery was released from York Castle, and bade a lasting farewell to "The Pleasures of Imprisonment ;" as he entitled the piece from which the above stanzas are taken. After a short sojourn at Scarborough, to recruit his health, he returned to Sheffield and resumed his editorial labours. In the course of the years succeeding, having occasion in the discharge of these duties to notice the threatened "French Invasion," in 1803, he has this remark, which, for its deep significance, might not, perhaps, be unworthy of the present French Emperor's profound consideration. After mentioning the dexterity of the French in the management of their flat-bottomed boats, &c., he says,—

"Every soldier is loaded with his accoutrements and provisions for *three days*, which will probably be as much as he will want *as long as he lives*, if he has the misfortune to succeed in landing on our shores."

In 1806 he offered some strictures in the "Iris"

on the Campaign in Germany, on the occasion of Gen. Mack, with 89,000 Austrians, laying down their arms. For this offence Montgomery very narrowly escaped another Government prosecution. "I never knew," says he, "how the blow missed me, for it was aimed with a cordiality that meant no repetition of the stroke. The death of Nelson probably saved me; for in the next 'Iris' having to announce that lamentable event, I did it in such a strain of patriotism that my former week's disloyalty was therefore overlooked." On this occasion Mr. Robert Hadfield, a respectable merchant of the town, and staunch liberal, had an interview with Montgomery, and "told him to be under no uneasiness with respect to pecuniary consequences, as he meant to bear any expenses that might be incurred." The present writer, many years ago, heard Montgomery, in the "Old" Cutlers' Hall, publicly describe the incident in this way. Mr. Hadfield having read the article on which another prosecution was threatened, said,—“Well, if *that* was all,” to aid the Editor of the "Iris" in his defence, "he would put down one shilling upon another, and one shilling upon another, as long as Robert Hadfield had one." This Mr. Hadfield was the father of George Hadfield, Esquire, the present member of Parliament for Sheffield. The Honorable Member, then a boy, recollects accompanying his father at the interview with the anxious and desponding Poet, when this business was

first mentioned; and which, so long as it was pending, rested, like a dark shadow, on his mind and spirits. The "stroke," however, was turned aside. The following is an extract from the article on the death of Nelson, which is well supposed to have had the chief influence in causing it to be so.

"Whilst the cowardly and incapable Mack was surrendering himself alive into the hands of Bonaparte, the noble and lamented Lord Nelson, once more, and for the last time, fought and conquered the united foes of his country; but he fell in the meridian of Victory,—and in one moment he became immortal in both worlds! Lord Nelson's career of services has been long, but it was only in the middle of the last year that he burst upon the eye of the public as a luminary of the first magnitude. At the battle of Aboukir, he rose like the sun in the east; and like the sun, too, after a summer's day of glory, he set in the west at the battle of Trafalgar, leaving the ocean in a blaze when he went down, and in darkness when he had descended. In the ages to come, when the stranger who visits our Island shall inquire for the MONUMENT of Nelson, the answer shall be, 'Behold HIS COUNTRY which he saved.'"

Thus ended Montgomery's political troubles, so far, at least, as they wore an aspect of legal danger. From the period when he was released from prison to the time when he gave up business, in 1825, in-

24 PUBLISHES HIS "WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND."

cluding more than a quarter of a century, his life was occupied with the discharge of his duties as a Printer and Journalist ; with the composition and publication of his Poems ; with his Prose contributions to literature in the shape of Reviews, Lectures, and Introductory Essays ; together with his active labours as a Philanthropist and a Christian man. It will not be attempted in this sketch to do more than just touch on the chief incidents of his life, and the most prominent features of his character.

In 1806, he published his "Wanderer of Switzerland," which was suggested by the following passage of an editorial article in the "Iris," and which is of itself a poem.

"The heart of Switzerland is broken! and liberty has been driven from the only sanctuary which she found on the continent. But the unconquered and unconquerable offspring of Tell, disdaining to die slaves in the land where they were born free, are emigrating to America. There, in some region remote and romantic, where solitude has never seen the face of man, nor silence been startled by his voice since the hour of creation, may the illustrious exiles find another Switzerland, another country rendered dear by the presence of liberty! But even there, amidst mountains more awful, and forests more sombre than their own, when the echoes of the wilderness shall be awakened by the enchantment of that song, which no

Swiss in a foreign clime ever heard, without fondly recalling the land of his nativity, and weeping with affection,—how will the heart of the exile be wrung with home sickness! and, O! what a sickness of heart must that be, which arises not from ‘hope delayed,’ but from hope extinguished—*yet remembered!*”

On the appearance of the second edition of the “Wanderer,” it was assailed by the Edinburgh Review; and that rude northern blast of criticism threatened to extinguish for ever the light of the author’s hopes and prospects. Its effect on his mind, at the time, was very painful and sad. “I have just escaped,” says he, “with my life in my hand, from the tomahawks of the northern banditti.” “It was evident that the assassin had determined to strike my reputation dead at a single blow; and I felt for many days after receiving it as if he had succeeded.” Such were his feelings at the time. But Montgomery worked on; and lived to see the day when he was able to say, even in the very city of Edinburgh itself, “Nowhere did I receive harder measure than in this great city; and yet I am still able to hold up my head as one of the National Poets of Scotland. To have received such a thrashing as that was a proof that I did not altogether deserve it. Who inflicted the blow I know not, but whoever he was he did me a service.” In 1809, he published his “West Indies;” and this was succeeded in 1813 by his great work,

“The World before the Flood.” Respecting the latter, in writing to Roscoe, he says,—“the basis of my Poem is as broad as that of a pyramid, and the form of the superstructure is as simple; I dare not say that the top reaches heaven, but it aspires thither.”

In 1822 Montgomery made a very eloquent speech on the formation of “The Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society,” of which he was elected the President. On the 4th November, 1825, on his retirement from business into private life, he was honored with a public dinner, at which one hundred and sixteen gentlemen, of all shades of politics, sat down, under the presidency of the late Earl Fitzwilliam, the son of the Noble Lord who became Montgomery’s first patron, and from whom he received his *first guinea!* From his striking speech on that occasion, so full of originality, feeling, and simple pathos, we give one characteristic paragraph.

“Since I came to this town I have stood many a fierce and bitter storm, and I wrapt the mantle of pride tighter and tighter about my bosom, the heavier and harder the blast beat upon me; nay, when I was prostrate in the dust, without strength to rise, or a friend powerful enough to raise me, I still clung to my pride, or, rather, my pride clung to me, like the venomed robe of Hercules, not to be torn away but at the expense of life itself. However haughtily I may have carried myself in later trials or conflicts, the warmth

and sunshine of this evening, within these walls, compel me irresistibly, because willingly, to cast off every incumbrance, to lay my pride at your feet, and stand before you modestly, yet uprightly, in the garment of humility. But the humility which I now assume is as remote as possible from baseness and servility; nay, it is allied to whatever is excellent,—it is the offspring of gratitude; gratitude for all the favours shown me this day by friends, fellow-townsmen, and neighbours.”

Having sketched Montgomery's career up to the time of his retiring from business, attended with the expression of the public honors and esteem of his fellow-townsmen, the narrative of his life will here pause, while, in pursuance of the plan stated in the outset, the reader's attention is solicited to a few extracts from his poetry.

ii.

Passages from “The World before the Flood” on which Montgomery's claims as a Poet, of the first order, may be safely rested.

Where, for instance, in the wide range of English Poetry, shall we find any lines which excel the pensive sweetness, beauty, and sensibility, that breathe through every line of the following description of “Twilight?”

"I love thee, Twilight! as thy shadows roll,
 The calm of evening steals upon my soul,
 Sublimely tender, solemnly serene,
 Still as the hour, enchanting as the scene.
 I love thee, Twilight! for thy gleams impart
 Their dear, their dying influence to my heart,
 When o'er the harp of thought thy passing wind
 Awakens all the music of the mind,
 And Joy and Sorrow, as the spirit burns,
 And Hope and Memory, sweep the chords by turns;
 While Contemplation, on seraphic wings,
 Mounts with the flame of sacrifice, and sings.
 Twilight! I love thee; let thy glooms increase
 Till every feeling, every pulse, is peace:
 Slow from the sky the light of day declines,
 Clearer within the dawn of glory shines,
 Revealing, in the hour of Nature's rest,
 A world of wonders in the Poet's breast
 Deeper, O Twilight! then thy shadows roll,
 An awful vision opens on my soul.

On such an evening, so divinely calm,
 The woods all melody, the breezes balm,
 Down in a vale, where lucid waters stray'd
 And mountain cedars stretch'd their downward shade,
 Jubal, the Prince of Song (in youth unknown),
 Retired to commune with his harp alone.

From this scene of eventide, so full of serene beauty
 and tranquil repose, let us turn to a contrast, and
 mark the force and graphic power displayed in the
 portrayal of the "Giant-King," seated amidst his
 warrior chiefs.

Exalted o'er the vassal chiefs, behold
 Their sovereign, cast in Nature's mightiest mould;
 Beneath an oak, whose woven boughs displayed
 A verdant canopy of light and shade,
 Throned on a rock the Giant-king appears,
 In the full manhood of five hundred years.

His robe, the spoil of lions, by his might
 Dragg'd from their dens, or slain in chase or fight :
 His raven locks, unblanch'd by withering Time,
 Amply dishevell'd o'er his brow sublime ;
 His dark eyes, flushed with restless radiance, gleam
 Like broken moonlight rippling on the stream.
 Grandeur of soul, which nothing might appal,
 And nothing satisfy if less than all,
 Had stamp'd upon his air, his form, his face,
 The character of calm and awful grace ;
 But direct cruelty, by guile repress,
 Lurk'd in the dark volcano of his breast,
 In silence brooding, like the secret power
 That springs the earthquake at the midnight hour.

The remaining quotation shall be on the final catastrophe of the drowning world, in which the Poet describes the last mountain-refuge upheaved by an earthquake ; and with all its frantic, shuddering, clinging multitudes suddenly swept to destruction. For strength and vividness this description may fairly claim to rank with the very highest effort of Poetry, of the same kind, in the English language ; or, perhaps, in any other. It impresses with the force of one of Martin's sublime and awful pictures ; but, at the same time, relieved of the shadowy forms, indefinite conceptions, and bewildering effect, of some of that great artist's productions.

The vision opens :—sunk beneath the wave,
 The guilty share an universal grave ;
 One wilderness of water rolls in view,
 The heaven and ocean wear one turbid hue ;
 Still stream unbroken torrents from the skies,
 Higher beneath the inundations rise ;

A lurid twilight glares athwart the scene,
 Low thunders peal, faint lightnings flash between.
 —Methinks I see a distant vessel ride,
 A lonely object on the shoreless tide;
 Within whose ark the innocent have found
 Safety, while stay'd Destruction ravens round:
 Thus, in the hour of vengeance, God, who knows
 His servants, spares them, while He smites his foes.

Eastward I turn;—o'er all the deluged lands,
 Unshaken yet, a mighty mountain stands,
 Where Seth, of old, his flock to pasture led,
 And watch'd the stars at midnight, from its head:
 An island now, its dark majestic form
 Scowls through the thickest ravage of the storm;
 While on its top, the monument of fame,
 Built by thy murderers to adorn thy name,
 Defies the shock;—a thousand cubits high,
 The sloping pyramid ascends the sky.
 Thither, their latest refuge in distress,
 Like hunted wolves, the rallying giants press;
 Round the broad base of that stupendous tower,
 The shuddering fugitives collect their power,
 Cling to the dizzy cliff, o'er ocean bend,
 And howl with terror as the deeps ascend.
 The mountain's strong foundations still endure,
 The heights repel the surge.—Awhile secure,
 And cheer'd with frantic hope, thy votaries climb
 Thy fabric, rising step by step, sublime.
 Beyond the clouds they see the summit glow
 In heaven's pure daylight, o'er the gloom below;
 There too thy worshipp'd image shines like fire,
 In the full glory of thy fabled sire.
 They hail the omen, and with heart and voice
 Call on thy name, and in thy smile rejoice:
 False omen! on thy name in vain they call;
 Fools in their joy;—a moment and they fall.
 Rent by an earthquake of the buried plain,
 And shaken by the whole disrupted main,
 The mountain trembles on its failing base,
 It slides, it stoops, it rushes from its place;

From all the giants burst one drowning cry;
Hark! 'tis thy name—they curse it as they die:
Sheer to the lowest depth the pile is hurl'd,
The last sad wreck of a devoted world!

These passages must suffice as illustrating Montgomery's undoubted claims to acknowledgment as one of our country's distinguished National Poets. But still, it has ever appeared to the author, that the peculiar force and quality of his genius shine most brightly in his shorter poetical pieces. As an Hymnologist he certainly stands very high, if not at the head, of all recent writers of that kind of composition. On this point few, perhaps, will be disposed differ in opinion from that of a competent, and, on certain grounds, an impartial witness, Miss Aikin, who, in writing to him, thus expresses it:—

“Your hymns have an earnestness, a fervour of piety, and an unmistakable sincerity which goes straight to the heart. In 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, but filled with its spirit.”

On the Coronation of the Queen, in June, 1838, he composed the following “ODE;” which may justly claim no inferior rank when compared with other pro-

ductions of British bards on that, or any similar, occasion. A public soirée was held in the Cutlers' Hall, at which a highly respectable assembly met to testify their feelings of loyalty and joy at that auspicious event. It was the author's privilege of being present; and of listening with breathless attention, as the venerated Poet, with gleaming eye, and voice tremulous with emotion, read out this piece from the manuscript. This was done with an emphasis, a pathos, and a power that doubtless thrilled through every heart.

The sceptre in a maiden-hand,
 The reign of beauty and of youth,
 Should wake to gladness all the land,
 Where love is loyalty and truth :
 Rule, Victoria, rule the free,
 Hearts and hands we offer thee.

Not by the tyrant law of might,
 But by the grace of God we own,
 And by the people's voice, thy right
 To sit upon thy fathers' throne :
 Rule, Victoria, rule the free,
 Heaven defend and prosper thee.

Thee, isles and continents obey ;
 Kindreds and nations nigh and far
 Behold the bound-marks of thy sway,
 —The morning and the evening star :
 Rule, Victoria, rule the free,
 Millions rest their hopes on thee.

No slave within thine empire breathe !
 Before thy steps oppression fly !
 The lamb and lion play beneath
 The meek dominion of thine eye !
 Rule, Victoria, rule the free,
 Bonds and shackles yield to thee.

Still spreading influence more benign,
 Light to thy realms of darkness send,
 Till none shall name a God but thine,
 None at an idol-altar bend ;
 Rule, Victoria, rule the free,
 Till all tongues shall pray for thee.

At home, abroad, by sea, on shore,
 Blessings to thee and thine increase ;
 The sword and cannon rage no more,
 The whole world hail thee Queen of Peace :
 Rule, Victoria, rule the free,
 And th' Almighty rule o'er thee !

These selections, which it would be easy to extend, being adequate for our present purpose ; they are, therefore, left without further note, or comment, to make, or revive, their own impressions on the reader's mind, as to how far they may be deemed sufficient to sustain Montgomery's claim to rank as a POET of the first order.

III.

Selection of a passage or two from Montgomery's most striking comments as a PUBLIC JOURNALIST.

“From the first moment,” says he, “when I became the director of a public journal, I took this ground,—viz.: a plain determination, come wind or sun, come fire or water, to do what was right.” On this ground he ever acted, and stood to his personal convictions of truth and duty with unwavering steadfastness. In defence of outraged humanity, against

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slavery and oppression, his voice was heard. In the assertion of the principles of constitutional liberty against the usurpations of despotism he was ever earnest and true. He denounced the "Slave Trade;" which is not even now an extinct evil, as many imagine, any more than slavery itself. For, alas! we learn on the authority of a report made by Mr. Commissary Judge Crawford, that 25,000 negroes are *known* to have been landed at Cuba in 1860. This estimate, it is believed, ought to be doubled. But even taking it as correct, and remembering that Sir Fowell Buxton calculated that every slave landed in a slave colony represents two others who have perished, this would give FIFTY THOUSAND as the number which have perished in that year, in Africa, and during the "middle passage!" The evil still exists in its frightful enormity, against which our journalist thus exclaims:

"The blood that cries for vengeance has not lost its voice—it has not lost its warmth! It boils round the heart, it burns through the veins, while the reader alternately trembles with anger, and melts with compassion, at the crimes and woes of his fellow-creatures. Fellow-creatures! Are slaves and slave-dealers our fellow-creatures? To what wickedness—to what misery are we akin! No:—the sufferer is only our brother; his lordly aggressor denies consanguinity with the slave; be it so, for thereby he bastardises

himself; the negro is assuredly related to *all the rest* of the human race!"

In a leading article describing Buonaparte's progress to Paris, in 1815, there is the following passage: "He passed through the country like a south wind in the spring, dissolving the frost on the mountains, and flooding the valleys with numberless streams; the snow-image of Bourbon royalty melted before his breath, and the whole nation flowed round his feet, as slowly he ascended the throne whence he had lately been hurled headlong, but which he now beheld vacant, and where in a moment he found himself on the highest pinnacle of glory which fallen man, or fallen spirit, ever attained in this world of vicissitude. This may be conceded to him; for it is the impotence of folly to deny his victorious prowess, consummate policy, and marvellous good fortune in this achievement. His former exploits had equalled him at least with Alexander and Cæsar. We know that this is denied; but it is only denied by those who will not 'give the devil his due,' unless he is on their side; for can any man in his sober senses believe, that for sixteen years all the veteran armies of the continent were beaten by a poltroon; and all the hoary-headed statesmen outwitted by a fool?"

IV.

Montgomery's Observations and Opinions on certain Authors and their Works as a LITERARY CRITIC.

During his visit to London, in 1808, at the table of Dr. Olinthus Gregory, he met with Mr. Josiah Conder, then young and full of poetry, and destined for a long and useful literary career. He had previously become acquainted with Mr. Daniel Parken, at that time the talented editor of the "Eclectic." To this Periodical, during a series of years, Montgomery contributed between thirty and forty articles. Indeed, as he remarked, the fact was, that "my friend Parken, Mr. John Foster, and myself, had nearly the whole of the Review in our hands at one time." In connexion with this, and other forms of publication, he says,—“I have done what I believe no other living poet ever did—reviewed the whole of my contemporaries, except Lord Byron; and no one can say I have done them injustice.” We cannot, however, do more than glance at these criticisms; and must content ourselves with just a few characteristic touches. Montgomery wrote the Life of Ariosto, the Italian poet, published in Dr. Lardner's Cyclopædia, and where speaking of satirists in general, and Ariosto in particular, he says,—

“Satirists, however, have done little to improve

mankind; they have condemned and promoted vice; they have ridiculed and recommended folly. Instead of being the most chaste, severe, and instructive, it is notorious that (with few exceptions) they have been the most profligate, pernicious, and corrupting of all writers. Many of the most illustrious deserve to be crowned and decapitated, and their laurelled heads fixed on poles round the heights of Parnassus, as warnings to others, while they affect to expose sin, not to betray virtue; and while they declaim against lewdness, not to become panders to debauch the young, the innocent, and the unsuspecting. To go no farther than the example before us. If ever man deserved poetical honors, Ariosto did; and if ever poet deserved the curse of posterity for the prostitution of his high talents, Ariosto does."

In a review of Robert Burns there is this passage, — "The genius of Burns resembled the pearl of Cleopatra, both in its worth and in its fortune; the one was moulded by nature in the depths of the ocean, the other was produced and perfected by the same hand in equal obscurity on the banks of the Ayr; the former was suddenly brought to light, and shone for a season with attractive splendour on the forehead of beauty; the latter not less unexpectedly emerged from the shades, and dazzled and delighted an admiring nation; the fate of both was the same; each

was wantonly dissolved in the cup of pleasure, and quaffed by its possessor at one intemperate draught."

With respect to Wordsworth, Montgomery remarks,—"On the first appearance of 'The Excursion,' Wordsworth's greatest poem, 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."

On the death of his brother Poet and fellow-townsmen, Ebenezer Elliott, Montgomery writes,—“I 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 besides Byron in tremendous energy,—Crabbe, in graphic description; and Cole-

ridge in effusions of domestic tenderness; while in intense sympathy with the poor, in whatever he deemed their wrongs or their sufferings, he excelled them all, and perhaps everybody else among his contemporaries in prose and 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.'"

In noticing the Poets we must not omit a short one of the great prose-poet, Bunyan. In an "Introductory Essay" to the *Pilgrim's Progress*, he observes,—"It has been the lot of John Bunyan, an unlettered artizan, to do more than one in a hundred millions of human beings, even in civilised society, is usually able to do. He has produced a work of imagination of such decided originality, as not only to have commanded public admiration on its first appearance, but, amidst all changes of time and style, and modes of thinking, to have maintained its place in the popular literature of every succeeding age; with the probability that, so long as the language in which it is written endures, it will not cease to be read by a great number of the youth of all future generations, at that period of life when their minds, their imaginations, and their hearts are most impressible with moral excellence, splendid picture, and religious sentiment."

In a Review of Mr. Josiah Conder's "Choir and the Oratory," in the "Eclectic," by Montgomery, are the following very striking remarks on "Posthumous Fame."

"He, who, like Milton, writes above his age, or looks beyond it for his reward, hazards much; yet the venture is a brave one, and the sacrifice ideal, though hard to make: for, if the man of genius can be content to forego the praise of one generation, he will never repent the stake, since if he fails, he can never be affected by the posthumous loss, and if he wins, he will enjoy his modicum of renown, when it comes—but not to himself—as much as Homer has enjoyed his immortality above ground for three thousand years past, during which he has been below. And this verily is the consummation of that Fame, towards the acquisition of which there is such an inflexible instinct in minds of the proudest standing, that no labour, privation, or suffering, have been deemed too costly for the purchase of a chance of it; as though a man were to sell all that he had to buy the reversion of a lease which had 999 years to run, and was held during that term at a peppercorn rent."

In Montgomery's Lectures on the British Poets, first delivered in London, and subsequently in other places, he thus concludes a striking description of "the power of poetry."

“ Yes, yes, after the utmost that economists and calculators have done to obliterate all the *inequalities* and *originalities* of the human character, and coin minds, like money, into pieces of equal size and nominal value, and stamp them with the same image and superscription,—there is yet such a *power as poetry* in this *cent. per cent.* age and working-day world—a power which rules extensively, and will rule while woman and youth exist: nor, till our utilitarians have achieved the utopian perfectibility of human nature, discovered the elixir of immortality, and confined the secret of both to the male population then living, so that a generation of middle-aged men, never growing older, shall monopolise the earth, and none be born or die in it,—in a word until they abolished *youth and woman*, poetry will maintain its supremacy in its place and in its season. *Youth* will delight in it because it is the language of hope, and realises all hope’s visions. *Woman* will always love it, because it is the language of *love*; and perpetuates her youth by often reminding her of the time when she was wooed, and, ‘not unsought,’ was won.”

Montgomery not only understood the principles, and could write true poetry, but he was, also, a critic in ART; especially of those higher efforts to which SCULPTURE sometimes aspires; and which, when successful, wins thereby its richest and highest crown of

glory. This will appear evident from the following admirable suggestion which he tendered to Sir Francis Chantrey.

“ At the very time I met him in London, after the execution of the four busts of admirals, he asked me to furnish him, if I could, with a subject for a companion-piece to his Satan, above mentioned. After a little consideration I mentioned SAMSON, as exhibited in the opening of the tragedy of ‘ Samson Agonistes.’ Chantrey so heartily entered into the view, that if the fit had remained on him, and he had happened to have filled his hands with tempered clay at the moment, a Samson would have come out of them, such a one as would have shown that he himself was a Samson in his Art. But I doubt whether he ever put forth a finger to execute the palpable idea. Two finer subjects for the display of transcendent excellence, in their kind, could not easily be selected. Only think what a pair of companions! SATAN seeing the sun, and cursing his beams! SAMSON, with his eyeless sockets, raising his face to the light, which he could *not* see, and longing—longing in vain—to bless the sun and tell the beautiful source of life, not less than light, how he loved his beams—the beams he never must behold again. ‘ Lucifer, the son of the morning,’ fallen from heaven; Samson, the mightiest man of woman born, fallen too as low on earth as man can be cast down by his fellow, in the malignity and bitter-

ness of revenge for wrongs not to be forgiven, when an oft-beaten enemy, by violence or treason, gets his otherwise invincible conqueror into his power,—as the Philistines dealt with Samson. Here I must leave off, lest I only darken counsel with a multitude of words, which can never depict the image which was in Chantrey's mind, and to which, I believe, he never even attempted to give a marble existence. 'Faint heart never won fair lady'; Chantrey's heart failed him on this occasion, and what he missed in youth he could not regain in manhood; nor, had he lived a hundred years, is it to be imagined that he would have achieved the victory over himself, to qualify him for such a conquest and triumph as were then within his reach, once and no more again,—to bring from the depths of the infernal abyss that mysterious being Milton has, with unsurpassable sublimity, so painted to the mind, that the portrait seems drawn from life, and wanting only the stone and the statuary to make it visible to the eye of flesh and blood."

v.

Characteristic Sayings and Opinions, bearing the stamp of Montgomery's own peculiar, individual impress; as expressed in the course of free conversation, or correspondence.

The following passage, written when in his twenty-second year, and during the first of his residence in

Sheffield, though in a style somewhat, and that *purposefully*, inflated, yet, forcibly expresses the general view and feeling he never ceased to entertain through life respecting WAR; subject, of course, to the modifications and exceptions implied in a next succeeding extract, and in other parts of his works, both in prose and poetry.

“ Too long hath WAR—WAR, the blackest fiend that ever rose from the bottomless pit—ravaged the globe, and desolated the nations. Every page of his history is written with human blood. Where is the field that hath not been the scene of battle, murder, and death? Where is the plain, however extensive, that hath not been one grave? Are not the mountains swelled to double their height with human clay? Where is the river whose course has not been choked with bodies—whose streams hath not rolled purple to the sea, and dyed the very ocean with man’s blood, shed by men’s hands? WAR IS BUT GIGANTIC MURDER!—the grim idol adored by tyrants and their titled slaves. The globe is his altar—man his victim; his mouth is famine, his breath pestilence, his look death, and his footsteps graves. Even now his exterminating arm is hewing down, without distinction, the tallest and fairest cedars in Europe, as fuel for his sacrifices; and the British oak itself, groaning to the redoubled strokes of the axe, nods hourly o’er a broader and blacker shadow, prophetic of a fall.”

Writing to Roscoe he says,—“I was always an abhorrer of war,—of every war except the war of liberty, the war that is as just and necessary as resistance to the murderer at the door of your bedchamber.”

While in London, in 1812, Montgomery heard Campbell deliver a lecture at the Royal Institution on the French and English Rhyming Tragedies; and Coleridge on Greek Tragedy. Speaking of them he says,—

“Whatever Campbell undertakes he finishes; Coleridge too often leaves splendid attempts incomplete: the former, when I heard him, seemed like a race-horse, starting, careering, and coming in with admirable effect: the latter resembled that of one of the king’s heavy dragoons, rearing, plunging, and prancing in a crowd, performing grand evolutions, but making little or no progress.”

In conversation with Dr. Raffles, at Liverpool, he said,—“The Shakespeare of Tract writing is probably yet unborn; nevertheless I am persuaded that there is within the compass of the human intellect that peculiar mental power which is exactly adapted to this species of composition. He should have the strength, the originality, the simplicity, and the piety of a Bunyan: brevity and perspicuity should be united in the treatment of a subject in itself striking and important.”

On impassioned eloquence, he says,—“ In fact, every attempt to present on paper the splendid effects of impassioned eloquence, is like gathering up dew-drops which appear like jewels and pearls on the grass, but run to water in the hand ; the essence and the elements remain, but the grace, the sparkle, and the form are gone.”

Conversing about slavery in America, he remarked, “ As for slavery in the United States, it was like a lion shut up with the people in a cage ; and, however they might stave off its attack for a time, it would in the end, *as certainly turn upon and rend them there* as it would in the forest, unless they by a timely fore-action got quit of the danger by annihilating it.”

Speaking on moderation, he said,—“ There is nothing in the world so easy as violence, and nothing so difficult as moderation : every fool can fall in a passion, or down a precipice ; but it requires all the presence of mind and self-command of wisdom to escape either, when the blood boils in the one case, and when the brain begins to swim in the other.”

Writing to a friend he says,—“ 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.”

Life and society in London he thus describes—“ In London one seems to live in the mouth of a bee-hive,

where those that are crowding in and those that are pressing out pass over, or under, one another, on this side or that, just as there may be room or opportunity. This is London !”

Speaking of his then scant opportunities to devote to composition, he says,—“ The loose feathers that fall from the wings of time I pick up as I can, while I run after him panting like a greyhound.”

“ Childhood, I believe, does sometimes pay a second visit to man—*youth never*. The heart, however, when it is right is always young, and knows neither decay nor coolness. I cannot boast of mine in other respects ; but assuredly in the integrity of its affections it has not grown a moment older these five and twenty years.”

“ Men can only obey from two principles, Fear and Love. Fear makes men as honest as they cannot help. Love makes them as honest as they can be.”

“ Whatever may be said of Churches, most of the Meeting Houses are plain, and many of them tasteless enough ; but I have often said, the man is yet unborn who shall invent an appropriate style of Chapel Architecture.”

“ I am a SCOTCHMAN, because I was born in Scotland, at Irvine, in Ayrshire ; I ought to have been an IRISHMAN, because both my parents were such ; and I pass for an ENGLISHMAN, because I was caught young, and imported hither before I was six years old.”

At a public Soirée given on the occasion of Sir Arnold Knight leaving Sheffield for Liverpool, the venerable poet in the course of a short speech became rather embarrassed, when he gave utterance to these lines,

No snow falls lighter than the snow of age,
And none lies heavier, for it never melts.

“ Under this burden I appear before you, and cast myself on your indulgence.”

Here ends our citation of Montgomery's brief Sayings and Opinions, which will doubtless be perceived by the reader to bear, in almost every thought and sentence, the distinguishing marks of his peculiar genius and individual character. To these we shall now add a few paragraphs from one of his prose pieces, together with an original Letter; both of which will doubtless appear to be equally striking and characteristic.

More than twenty years ago, on the author being appointed secretary of the “ Sheffield and Attercliffe Auxiliary of the Tract Society,” the minute book of its proceedings was, of course, placed in his hands. On examining it he was so much struck with the originality, beauty, and eloquence of one of the “ Reports,” drawn up by Montgomery, that he copied it out, and applied to the poet for permission to insert

it in the Evangelical Magazine. To this application the following note in reply was received.

“ The Mount,

“ February 3rd, 1841.

“ Dear Sir,

“ I was from home when your packet arrived. You are welcome to make what use you please of the Tract Society’s Report, (the copy of which I return,) but it is right to inform you that the first part of it—the illustrations—I employed some years ago in one of my lectures at the Royal Institution, in London. The volume containing it was published, but is out of print, and I do *not* mean to send it to press again at present. The whole will be as new to the religious public as though it had never appeared in any form before; a thousand only having been circulated.

“ I am, truly,

“ Your friend and servant,

“ J. MONTGOMERY.”

The following are the most striking passages in this piece; which appeared at full length in the March number of the Evangelical Magazine, for 1841. The subject may properly be entitled, “The Permanence and Power of Words.”

“An eloquent, but extravagant writer, has hazarded the assertion, that ‘Words are the only things that

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last for ever :’ nor is this merely a splendid saying, or a startling paradox, that may be qualified by explanation into common-place ; but, with respect to man and his works on earth, it is literally true. Temples and palaces, amphitheatres and catacombs, monuments of power, magnificence, and skill, to perpetuate the memory and preserve even the ashes of those who lived in past ages, must, in the revolutions of sublunary things, not only perish themselves by violence or decay, but the very dust in which they perished be so scattered as to leave no trace of their material existence behind.

“ There is no security beyond the passing moment for the most permanent or the most precious of these; they are as much in jeopardy as ever, after having escaped the changes and chances of thousands of years. An earthquake may suddenly engulf the pyramids of Ghizza, and leave the sand of the desert where they stood as blank as the tide would have left it on the sea-shore. A hammer in the hand of an idiot may break in pieces the Apollo Belvidere, or the Venus de Medici, which are scarcely less worshipped as miracles of art in our day, than they were by idolaters of old as the representatives of deities.

“ But there are combinations of words more ancient than the undated pyramids, and of more worth than the inestimable relics of sculpture ; combinations which were formed before letters were invented; and



orally transmitted from father to son, which yet remain in the very sounds in which they were uttered, and can never be cancelled from memory, record, or speech; but are as certain to endure while there shall be human inhabitants on the globe, as that the host of heaven shall hold their courses in the firmament. The first sentence that was spoken when 'the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the earth,' when God said, 'Let there be light! and there was light,' is both remembered and operative to this hour; nor can it be ever forgotten; for as often as 'the evening and the morning' add another day to the calendar of time, that sentence stands, and will stand, 'not in word only, but in power.'

“But, looking abroad over the whole world after the lapse of nearly six thousand years, what have we of the past but the words in which its history is recorded? What besides a few mouldering and brittle ruins which time is insensibly touching down into dust? What beside these remains of the glory, the grandeur, the intelligence, the supremacy of the Grecian Republics and the empire of Rome? Nothing but the words of poets, historians, philosophers, and orators, 'who being dead yet speak,' and in their immortal works still maintain their ascendancy over inferior minds through all posterity. The beauty, the eloquence, and art of these collocations of sounds and syl-

lables, the learned alone can appreciate, and that imperfectly, after long, intense, and laborious investigation; but their influence over the manners, opinions, characters, institutions, and events of all ages and nations through which these writings have found their way, is universally acknowledged and felt by all who have the means of examining the question.

“ Words are the medium through which thought is made visible to the eye, audible to the ear, and intelligible to the mind of another; they are the palpable forms of ideas, without which the latter would be as intangible as the spirit that conceives, or the breath that would utter them. It is true that all words do not last for ever; and well it is for the peace of the world, and the happiness of individuals, that they do not; but there is a sense in which they do.

“ In nothing is the power and indestructibility of words more signally exemplified than in small compositions, such as stories, essays, parables, songs, and all the minor and more simple, or exquisite, forms of literature. It is a fact, not obvious perhaps, but capable of perfect proof, that knowledge, in all eras which have been distinguished as enlightened, has been propagated more by TRACTS than by *volumes*:—we need but appeal in evidence of this to the state of learning in our own land at the present day, when all classes of people are more or less instructed; the bulk of reading is confined to TRACTS, like the Articles

of which our newspapers, magazines, reviews, miscellanies, and other selections are composed; all these are either TRACTS, or *series* of TRACTS, arranged to suit the taste, capacity, or character of their respective readers.

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"And this brings us, though the route may appear to have been circuitous, directly to the labours of THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, as a special means of grace among other contemporary and concurring ones, peculiar to the present day, towards hastening the fulfilment, both to individuals and to the whole human race, of the petitions which our Lord taught his disciples to prefer in this His prayer. Our preamble has been long, but the sequel shall be brief, and the conclusion is obvious."

The following very [characteristic and humorous letter, in which Montgomery gives to Miss Gales an account of his journey to Ockbrook, is now for the first time published; being transcribed from the original, in the possession of Mr. George Rogers, of Lightwood, Norton, who has kindly furnished it to the author. Paley, in his Natural Theology, refers to a certain principle of "compensation" that obtains in the animal kingdom, by which, in special instances, certain defects in one organ are rectified and supplemented by some other organ. This is adduced as affording an illustration of the wisdom and goodness

displayed in creation. It would almost seem as if some similar arrangement, also, existed with respect to the mental constitution with which different individuals are by nature endowed. It certainly appears like a wise and beneficent provision by which, for instance, an inherent disposition to "melancholy" is modified and "compensated," by that native tendency to wit and humour, which reveals itself ever and anon, like a clear spring of water issuing from the dark fissure of a rock, as it gushes into light, life, and joy. Montgomery greatly resembled the poet Cowper in many respects; but in none more than in the particular alluded to; and of which the following letter furnishes both proof and illustration.

"Ockbrook, June 11th, 1840.

"My Dear Sarah,

"I have nothing to say, for nothing has happened; *that*, however, does not mean what *it* says; therefore, read, nothing important has happened to me since I left home, and therefore I have nothing of that kind to record,—except, indeed, and the exception is no common affair, that I have been leading a very quiet, peaceful, and I hope humble and contented life since I came hither, having left the Gas Works and the House of Recovery, the abominable fume of the former, and the pestilent ventilation of the latter behind me, and scarcely thought upon either, in the pure air, the delightful sunshine, and the fresh show-

ers, that make both air and sunshine more sweet and smiling every day, to the fields and the gardens, the flowers and the fruit-trees, the birds and the cattle,—and last and least to *me*; for old and morbid, and fretful as I am all over, within, not less than without, I can yet, in lucid intervals like this, enjoy the every day's blessings of Providence, especially those spring-time blessings, that make me more than young again, by giving me a more intellectual renewal, by reminiscence, of the pleasures of youth than the actual fruition was, when I was a boy-animal,—though I hardly recollect that time, for, from my ninth year at the latest, had 'melancholy marked me for her own.'

"But how am I wandering; you will think I am almost returned to second childhood by filling so much of my paper with such trifling ruminations as these: you know enough of me, however, to bear with my infirmity when I talk of myself, and though I tell more than any wise man would, when I am seized with a fit of egotism, I conceal more than the wisest among my indulgent and compassionate friends can guess. So no more sentimentality at present.

"I reached Derby from the railway station in less than two hours, though the line is seven or eight miles longer than the coach road. It runs through Eckington meadows below your old Nun's-bridge district, near the river under Spinkhill, and cuts Renishaw Park at the lower part near the place where we used

to go to sit in a grove and a hermitage in the years of romance, when—you know when. With my usual luck to be too late, when it is a virtue to be too soon, our train reached the station at the very minute when the Nottingham train had set out. By the latter I meant to have proceeded to Burroway, but 'time and tide' have got a partner in their trade of 'staying for no man,' and before I knew my misfortune, the whistle had sung, the engine had snorted, the wheels were ringing, the steam was trailing, and the long row of carriages were thundering and lightning along the road. 'Away went Gilpin, and away went Gilpin's hat and wig;' but Gilpin's horse, long-winded as he was, and likely to run in that song while the world lasts, for aught I know, neither ran at such a rate as the locomotive's, nor was Gilpin's hat or wig left more hopelessly behind than was I, staring after the train that seemed to vanish from my eyes; when one of the station-men coolly asked me if I would dine at the place, and on my declining, another quite as civilly told me that I must wait four hours and a half for the next train, if I pleased. I did *not* please, however, but was under the necessity of going to Derby, and taking a fly to Ockbrook, which cost me eight times as much as my fare would have been in the Nottingham train. So that you see I can spend time and money, by burning each, as the proverb says of the candle, at both ends.

“ Here I came to the end of my journey-adventures, and having already told you that I have nothing to say of what has—or rather has *not*, happened since, there is a prospect which I hail of being able to come to the end of this letter before the Post sets out, and leaves me, if I miss it, six times as many hours behind in despatching it to Sheffield, as I myself was left in the lurch on my arriving at Derby the other day.

“ I hope you have passed through all your revolutionary achievements at the Mount, and are now breathing in peace, without a spark of fire from the top of the house to the bottom, feasting on ice-creams and custard, and sleeping with all the windows in the three stories open. I do not intend to disturb your repose, or throw you into a fever, by praying for a handful of fire in the little grate, before *Monday next*, towards evening, when I shall be glad to say, ‘ Neighbour, I am come to torment you,’ in *that* way. O may it never be in any other! May you be happy with that happiness in this life, which is the earnest of happiness in eternity, and may I be privileged to share both with you, if I can add nothing to the former, for, in the latter, there will be fulness of joy. Amen! Give my kindest regards to our friends, whom you may happen to see, the Smiths of Stone Grove, the Roberts’s of Park Grange, the Holland of the Music Hall, and, and, and,—you may add the names of

the rest. My brother, and sister, and Harriet send their best remembrances and thanks to you for your past kindness to Harriet.

“I am your affectionate Friend,

“J. MONTGOMERY.”

We have thus traced Montgomery's life from his birth, in 1771, to his retirement from business, in 1825. Quotations from his Poetical Works have been made, on which his high claims and reputation, as one of our National POETS, might be safely ventured to rest. Passages have been given, as specimens, of his comments as a PUBLIC JOURNALIST; which, had our plan admitted, might have been greatly multiplied. Many of the editorial Articles in the “Iris” display, in a greater or less degree, the undefinable grace and charm peculiar to “Prose by a Poet.” They are admirable for the point and beauty of their style; illuminated, as it is, by the flashes of wit and humour that constantly play and sparkle around. They are distinguished for the ardent spirit of patriotism which they breathe, and for the liberal political principles they advocate and defend. Despotism, slavery, inhumanity, and wrong, in every form, they expose and denounce; while the personal independence and honesty of the editor is legible in almost every column. They also afford vivid glimpses of “the state of the

times," both as it regards this town, and the nation, at the closing period of the last, and the beginning of the present, century. From his OBSERVATIONS and OPINIONS on certain authors and their works, together with other information, the reader may form some estimate of his skill, ability, and diligencè, as a LITERARY CRITIC. He may, also, possibly feel some little surprise, (as the present author certainly has done), at the wide range to which Montgomery's literary labours extended in the varied shape of Reviews, Introductory Essays, Lectures, Contributions to Lardner's Cyclo-pædia, and other forms of Periodical Literature. All this, it should be remembered, was in addition to his stated labours as a Public Journalist, his trade as a Printer, and the composition and publication of his Poetical Works. Lastly, the reader has been furnished with a few of his FREE UTTERANCES and OPINIONS, expressed in the course of conversation or correspondence, which, like sudden gleams of sunlight, reveal and display the peculiar traits of his truly original character.

VI.

We shall now conclude with a brief record, and estimate, of Montgomery's LABOURS, CHARACTER, and WORKS; together with an account of the last closing scene of his life.

From the time of his retirement from business, in 1825, to the day of his death, he was fully occupied with his literary pursuits, and by his varied engagements as a Philanthropist, and a Christian man. Of the real nature, value, and extent of these labours, especially of the kind of works last named, both before this era and afterwards, none would form any just conception from the disparaging tone in which he ever spoke both of himself, and his doings. His course of steady efforts in promoting objects of beneficence, and the cause of religion, as Foster says of John Howard, "by being unintermitted had an equality of manner which scarcely appeared to exceed the tone of a calm consistency, so totally the reverse of any thing like turbulence or agitation." When he retired from trade it was not to live the life of a recluse, or of indolent self-indulgence. He was not content merely to utter poetic aspirations for the welfare of his fellow men, but laid himself out in personal efforts to promote it. Neither his Religion, or his Philanthropy, in any degree partook of that sickly sentimentalism which evaporates in a sigh, or a tear. Both were eminently practical.

In illustration of this we may remark, that he advocated the cause of POPULAR EDUCATION, in connexion with religion, at a time when it was less "popular" to do so than it is now; in fact, when all such schemes were regarded with a suspicious

eye, and treated with open, or ill-concealed, hostility. In 1809, the celebrated Joseph Lancaster visited Sheffield, to explain his system of education. A large School was in consequence established; and Montgomery was not only an original subscriber, but took a personal interest and share in the management and success of the institution, regularly attending the meetings of the committee, as long as he lived. The same was the case with the "Mechanics' Library," of which he was the President from its formation; including a period of thirty years. This position he held, not as a mere nominal honour, but until the last few years of his life, he was accustomed to attend the monthly meetings of the committee, and to aid, by his wise counsels, the practical workings of the society. "There is no institution," said he, "that I look upon with more pride. There is none on which I shall look with more satisfaction to the last day of my life, if it fulfil the purpose for which it was established."

His attachment to the cause of SUNDAY SCHOOLS is well known. This too was manifested in a practical form. He was early "induced to accept in a Sunday school the office of a *religious instructor*, *i. e.*, to withdraw a score of boys and girls into a closet, and there address them, and pray with them, faithfully and affectionately. Long and zealously did he fulfil these sabbath-morning engagements; and hundreds

of children, who have since formed a part of the current generation of men and women in Sheffield, can well recollect, and many of them with gratitude recal the hours when they enjoyed the privilege of Montgomery's personal instructions." In the summer months of 1818, he undertook, along with his friend Mr. George Bennet, to visit all the Schools, being more than forty, comprised in the Sheffield Sunday School Union; and especially the country schools. In a report of this institution, drawn up by Montgomery, he says,—

“ On many—on all of these sabbath day's journeys, He who walked unknown with the two disciples to Emmaus accompanied us, not, we trust, unknown, though unseen. In these sabbath walks, while we enlarged our knowledge of the adjacent district, its mountains and valleys, its tracts of waste and cultivation, its woods and waters, and its inhabited places, till every hamlet was endeared to our remembrance by some particular and delightful associations, *we were more and more deeply impressed with the utility and necessity of Sunday Schools.*”

The two friends, also, undertook a wider tour to collect subscriptions in support of “ Rotherham College,” an institution belonging to the Independent denomination, during which two incidents occurred. While staying on the Cheshire side of the Mersey, Mont-

gomery was induced for the *first*, and, also, the *last* time in his life, formally to engage in pulpit exercise! The other incident was that at this place "they found a talented young Scotchman of the name of Smith, who acted as private tutor and domestic chaplain to the family." This interview proved the providential means by which the Rev. Thomas Smith, A.M., became the Classical Tutor of Rotherham College, and the pastor of the Nether Chapel congregation, in Sheffield; both which positions he held with honour and esteem for above thirty years; and during that time enjoyed the Poet's intimate friendship.

Montgomery's regard for the BIBLE SOCIETY was manifested in a similar way, by taking tours to various parts of the kingdom, in company with his friend Rowland Hodgson, Esq., to advocate its claims. When in his seventieth year, he visited Scotland and Ireland on a tour on behalf of the Moravian Missions; and in both countries he was received with distinguished marks of honour and respect. While in Scotland, we must just notice his visit to his birthplace. On his arrival at Irvine, he was immediately made a freeman of that ancient and loyal Burgh. "I cannot say more than that the heart of all Irvine seemed to be moved on the occasion; and of every soul in it, old and young, rich and poor, to hail me to my birth-place. I went to see the humble cottage where my mother forgot her pains in the joy that a man child was born to the

world ; and attached to it was the little chapel which, after my father left it, was no longer used as a sanctuary. There are now in it five or six looms for the manufacture of shawls or some other articles ; but, on looking round, I at once recollected the house and the chapel, though I left it before I was five years old ; and, on walking to the end of the chapel, to my great surprise I found a tablet on which was painted an account of the time when I was born, and underneath was placed some lines from one of my Poems, where I allude to the place of my birth and my parents' death. I had no idea, till I came to Irvine, how great a man I was."

Amongst other public institutions Montgomery was an early supporter, if not one of the founders, of the SHEFFIELD GENERAL INFIRMARY. His concern for its prosperity was ever deep and earnest. As years advanced it became bound to his heart by many cherished remembrances of the past ; and endeared to his benevolent sympathies as the means of alleviating human suffering, and restoring the light of health and joy to many an anxious household. Though latterly oppressed with the infirmities of age, he was seldom absent from the weekly meetings of the Board ; and actually filled his post on the Friday preceding his death, which occurred on the Sunday.

He possessed, in an eminent degree, a BENEVOLENT DISPOSITION. As an illustration, his biographers, after

citing a special instance of it, say,—“ His generosity indeed was not less conspicuous than his genius; and to say nothing of other cases, the foregoing remarks suggest a passing reference to a particular transaction, in which *he voluntarily paid more than a thousand guineas* to satisfy claims upon a person whose creditors neither had, nor pretended to have, against the Poet any claim, either in law, or equity, more than they have against the most indifferent reader of this page; nor did we ever hear him thus specifically mention the case.”

Allied to this kind-hearted liberality was his comparative indifference in the management of his monetary affairs, which is described as follows:—“ Montgomery’s attention to pecuniary affairs—where his own interests only were concerned—was truly *poetical*, if we may thus designate an indifference almost amounting to culpability. Such of his debtors as could obtain their accounts might discharge them if they chose to do so: but, if not themselves weary of taking credit, they were in little danger of being asked for the money. It is equally worthy of remark, that no person was ever more punctual in his payments than Montgomery; not a single instance having been known of a traveller, or other claimant, ever leaving the office with his account unpaid. He never in his life sued any one for debt; and it is no hyperbole to say, that he *lost hundreds of pounds* under the statute of limitations.”

Referring to the same point, he himself, in a letter to his friend, Mr. George Bennet, says,—“I am not rich, I never took the means to be so; I have often said that I could not afford to pay the price of wealth; and that as there was neither a law of nature, nor an act of Parliament, to compel me to become rich, I would not sell all my peace of mind, nor consume my time in gathering what I might never enjoy. I do not despise money; I love it as much as any man ought to do, and perhaps something more at particular times; but a small provision is enough for my few wants, and the Lord has made that provision for me. I owe it all to Him; I cannot say that my skill, or industry, or merit of any kind has acquired it; I have received it as a free gift at His hands, and to Him I would consecrate it, and every other talent, as an unprofitable servant at the best, and too often as a slothful and wicked one.”

As a POLITICIAN Montgomery belonged to no particular party exclusively. Liberal in his political principles, views, and aspirations, yet he constantly maintained his own individual, and sometimes peculiar notions, as to the best mode of carrying them into practical effect. “It cannot be denied,” he says, “that on the most important questions which have exercised the understandings or the sympathies of the people of England, I have never flinched from declar-

ing my own sentiments, at the sacrifice of both popularity and interest." Like many other thoughtful men, who have deemed it no inconsistency to correct their personal opinions by the aid of increasing light and information, some of Montgomery's early political views became modified by events and experience. But he ever remained the steady Patriot, firmly attached to the great principles of constitutional liberty; the sworn foe of Despotism and Slavery in every form, and true to his old motto, "ENGLAND WITH ALL THY FAULTS I LOVE THEE STILL."

" Amidst the ocean-waves that never rest,
 My lovely Isle, be thou the halcyon's nest ;
 Amidst the nations, evermore in arms,
 Be thou a haven, safe from all alarms ;
 Alone immovable 'midst ruins stand,
 The unfailing hope of every failing land :
 To thee for refuge kings enthroned repair ;
 Slaves flock to breathe the freedom of thine air.
 Hither, from chains and yokes, let exiles bend
 Their footsteps; here the friendless find a friend ;
 The country of mankind shall Britain be,
 The home of peace, the whole world's sanctuary."

As a PHILANTHROPIST he was distinguished by his modest and hearty support to every institution that had for its object the welfare of the bodies, or the improvement of the minds, of his fellows. " I have been your fellow-labourer," says he, " in many a great and good work for the amelioration of the condition, not of the poor only, but of every class of the

community in Sheffield and Hallamshire." His benevolence was wide in the range of its sympathies. It embraced the poor and afflicted, the ignorant and the wretched, the young and the old. It included alike the degraded slave and the despised chimney-sweep. It felt interested in the welfare of an Infant School, or in the Society formed to promote the necessary comforts of the class of poor and "Aged Females." For many years it furnished a part of his daily work, either personally, or by pen, thus to "attend to the neglected." To him may be applied the lines he wrote on Richard Reynolds:—

Kindness all his looks expressed,
 Charity was every word;
 Him the eye beheld, and bless'd;
 And the ear rejoiced that heard.

Like a patriarchal sage,
 Holy, humble, courteous, mild,
 He could blend the awe of age
 With the sweetness of a child.

Deeds of mercy, deeds unknown,
 Shall eternity record,
 Which he durst not call his own,
 For he did them to the Lord.

Montgomery's PERSONAL APPEARANCE it would be difficult, not to say impossible, to describe, so as to convey to one who never saw him anything like a clear and correct conception. Suffice it to say, that he was about the middle size, of slender make, with

the student-stoop of the shoulders ; and when seen out of doors, even in summer, he generally wore a top coat, and his chin enveloped nearly to the mouth with a broad scarf. His complexion was very fair, and his forehead high, with a nose somewhat of the Roman type, surmounted by spectacles, through the glasses of which peered bright hazel eyes, whose glances, when animated with his subject, were, according to Mrs. Hofland, " absolutely electrical." In fact, it was the expression which the eye, when lighted up, gave to the entire features, which was the chief cause of all the portraits failing truly to represent him. Of the fact of failure in this respect the Poet himself was fully aware, as the following playful remarks, in a letter to a friend, will shew. " I send the only miniature that I have ; which is perhaps a likeness of my features, but certainly a spiritless portrait. I have repeatedly sat to artists, but none has ever made any thing of me worth looking at ; how I am to face posterity I know not ; and I blush to think of such an interview, lean and lank, and unintelligent as my pictured phizzes are ! No matter ; I shall not be present at the said interview, even if it takes place ; that is quite certain, paradoxical as it may appear."

With a bodily constitution exceedingly delicate and sensitive, he had little of that natural courage which very much depends on physical organisation. But he possessed a high degree of moral courage, which

would certainly have carried him, though trembling at every step, to the scaffold, or the stake, rather than violate the dictates of conscience. "I am the feeblest of human beings in my own strength," he writes, "but I trust I could go through any trial, or even death itself, if the conscientious discharge of a corporate trust, or a religious obligation, required it."

He furnished an example of the union of rare talents with great goodness. His life was distinguished for sincerity, purity, and Christian consistency. It was the *saintliness* of his character which secured for him the reverence and affection of thousands mentally disqualified for duly estimating his intellectual abilities. The relation of his moral virtues to his poetic genius may not inaptly be expressed by a beautiful simile of his own,—

"Pure as a wreath of snow on April flowers."

Indeed, whatever may be the natural qualities of his genius, it is the tone of simple, earnest, and elevated PIETY, which stamps his poetry with that moral grace and beauty peculiarly its own. It is this sanctified feeling which breathes as a spirit of life through his strains, whether they swell into sweetness, like woodland music; or sparkle with the brilliance of the northern star. His themes include in their range whatever is beautiful in creation, or excellent in virtue; all that is elevating in religion and important in

human destiny; thoughts that "breathe" and emotions that "burn;" hopes and fears joyful as heaven, or solemn as eternity. It is as the CHRISTIAN POET that he occupies his true and lasting position.

The following extract from a short and beautiful letter, dated December 2nd, 1851, written soon after he had attained the advanced age of eighty years, strikingly exhibits the humble, happy, and Christian state of his mind at that period; as he calmly looked "onward and backward, around and within."

"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 xxxiii. 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 fullness 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.”

We have thus endeavoured to fulfil the design, stated at the outset, of giving such a Sketch of Montgomery's Life, chiefly illustrated by his own words, as may enable the general reader to form a tolerably clear conception, and correct estimate, of his character, in its entirety; not merely as a POET, but, also, as a PATRIOT, a PHILANTHROPIST, and a CHRISTIAN MAN.

On the afternoon of an April day, in 1854, the present author saw him, apparently in his usual health, walking up the Norfolk row. He was just about to cross the road to enjoy the privilege of shaking hands with the venerable Poet, but, hesitating to do so, the precious opportunity was lost. It proved to be the *last*; for within the brief space of twenty-four hours Montgomery had exchanged time for eternity; earth for heaven. The particular circumstances connected with his death are as follows.

“ On the afternoon of Saturday, April 29th, Montgomery 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 op-

pression *here*, as well as uneasiness at the stomach.” From this last interview with his worthy friend and biographer he returned home “apparently as usual; but in the evening, although he did not complain, he appeared fidgetty; and at family worship somewhat surprised Miss Gales by handing 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 going to rest. Nothing was heard of him during the night; and about eight o’clock in the morning one of the servants knocked at the chamber door, but on 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, the surgeon, was immediately summoned; he came at once, declared there was no symptoms of paralysis, and stayed until his patient had so rallied, apparently in every respect, that he left him with 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. But about half-past three in the afternoon, while she 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."

Thus died in peace James Montgomery, on the 30th of April, 1854, in the 89rd year of his age.

His life so sweetly ceased to be,
It lapsed in immortality.

On the 11th of May he was interred in the grounds of the Sheffield General Cemetery. His body was conveyed to its last resting place with all the solemnities and honours of a public funeral; and amidst such demonstrations of respect as were never before paid to any individual in Sheffield. His funeral was not one of mere ordinary pomp and show ; but it was the symbol that gave visible and appropriate expression to the warm sympathies of ten thousand hearts. The shops were generally closed, and the houses, for the most part, along the entire route through which the procession passed, exhibited the usual signs of mourning. The manufactories were, in many cases, empty. The grave-side of the departed POET presented a spectacle truly affecting, and morally beautiful. The magistrates and the public authorities, in-

cluding one of the Borough members, Mr. Hadfield ; the officers and representatives of the educational and charitable institutions in the town ; together with Ministers of Religion of all denominations, were gathered on that spot. Politicians, of varying shades ; the gentry, the manufacturers, and the working classes ; all, for the time, merged their distinctions, while, with the mark of deep seriousness on almost every countenance, they united in paying the last tribute of respect to the revered dead. So, after the dirge-strain of the martial music had died away, and as the burial service of the Church of England was being impressively read, the mortal form of the deceased was committed to the dust, " in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection." All the services were conducted under the open sky, and amidst the assembled multitude.

Accompanied with similar outward tokens of public interest, a MONUMENT has since been erected over his remains. It consists of a bronze statue, elevated on a pedestal, and was executed by the distinguished sculptor, John Bell, Esq. The figure represents him as standing in a speaking attitude, with a copy of the Holy Scriptures resting on his left arm ; while his right hand is placed on a scroll, significant of his POETRY in manuscript. In the front of the pedestal is the following inscription :—

JAMES MONTGOMERY,

Born

AT IRVINE, SCOTLAND,

NOVEMBER 4TH, 1771:

Died

AT THE MOUNT, SHEFFIELD,

(After a Residence of more than Half a Century,)

APRIL 30TH, 1854,

IN THE 83RD YEAR OF HIS AGE.

THE TEACHERS, SCHOLARS, AND FRIENDS
OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS IN SHEFFIELD,

ASSISTED BY PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION,

HAVE ERECTED THIS MONUMENT

In Memory of

THEIR REVERED TOWNSMAN,

MDCCLX.

On the other side is inscribed as follows:—

Here lies Interred,

BELOVED BY ALL WHO KNEW HIM,

THE CHRISTIAN POET,

PATRIOT,

AND PHILANTHROPIST.

WHEREVER POETRY IS READ, OR CHRISTIAN

HYMNS ARE SUNG,

IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE,

"HE BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH,"

BY THE GENIUS, PIETY, AND TASTE EMBODIED

IN HIS WRITINGS.

Human life, viewed in one aspect, how shadowy and fleeting; as regarded in another, and that the most important, what a solemn reality! This is ever so in fact; but is more especially seen and felt to be such as men approach, or contemplate, its close. To each individual, whatever his sphere, belongs a personal history and responsibility; the ultimate issue of life being his own final destiny beyond the grave, and its practical influence, for good or evil, on his fellow men. To say nothing of other objects, one special moral end which Biography is intended and calculated to subserve, consists in furnishing examples worthy to imitate, or adapted to warn. Gifted alike by nature with intellectual and poetic powers of a high order, Montgomery and Byron exhibit a striking illustration of the difference between the pole-star which guides, and the false-light that wrecks.

In closing the memoirs of any distinguished Man, it is not unnatural for the thoughtful reader to pause, and ask,—Now, on the whole, WHAT WAS HE? and WHAT LESSONS DOES HIS LIFE TEACH? A few concluding observations must suffice in reply to these supposed queries, so far as they may relate to the subject of the present work.

The early portion of Montgomery's life was singular, and its whole course highly instructive. Starting under the disadvantages of a state of orphanage, after he had acquired the rudiments of a liberal education

at the Moravian school, and some business habits in the two successive village shops, his lot was unexpectedly cast amidst the busy activities of a large manufacturing town. Here he arrived just at that eventful period, when the very foundations of society throughout Europe were shaken; and the mind of the nation was in a state of intense political excitement. On the swelling tide of that tossing ocean of human thought and passion, his bark was thus fairly launched, to sink, or swim. He became connected, not with the ordinary trade of the town, but with the PRESS. A comparative youth, fresh from the country, with little knowledge of mankind, and no experience in public affairs, yet, no sooner had he entered the Newspaper Office than it became apparent that he had obtained his proper position. He was found, ere long, fully competent to discharge the duties, and sustain the responsibilities, of conducting the weekly journal. Placed by the hand of Providence in this post, he took a prominent part in that war of great principles, the beneficial and peaceful results of which we now enjoy, in the forms of civil and religious privilege; including the varied personal and social advantages which have flowed from our consequent state of national prosperity. Out of this conflict he came with a patriotism unstained.

Extremely sensitive, both in body and mind, the highly poetic temperament with which nature had en-

dowed him was balanced, and regulated, by the possession of strong common sense. His fervid imagination was allied with that soundness of judgment, and practical sagacity, which preserved him from many surrounding perils, and kept him out of far more serious difficulties than those into which he actually fell. Whilst engaging in poetic and intellectual pursuits with an impassioned ardour, he, at the same time, steadily worked his way to his respectable standing as a tradesman,—considered as distinct from that he acquired as a literary man,—by the ordinary means of personal diligence and industry. This doubtless was really the fact, notwithstanding his depreciatory remarks to the contrary effect, in a letter already quoted. The mere gratification of his mental tastes was seldom allowed to interfere with the punctual discharge of his individual duties, either as a tradesman, a citizen, or a Christian. Possessed of genius, and natural abilities, of no common order, yet was he especially distinguished for those moral qualities which, after all, are the most important, as forming the basis on which all true excellence rests. Though, like every other mortal, imperfect, and, at the best, but partly sanctified; yet to him belonged, in no ordinary degree, that purity of principle, which shews itself in rectitude of conduct, including a honesty of purpose too transparent to admit of disguise. Need it be said, that he was remarkable, too, for that strict conscientiousness,

the scruples of which must be observed, at the cost of any sacrifice. His was a benevolence ever manifesting itself in acts of living sympathy; and his entire character was crowned by the all-pervading influence of that sincere and fervent piety, which evinced its reality by bringing forth appropriate "fruits." As a CHRISTIAN, he can have no higher praise, than what may be truly said of him, that he much resembled his Divine Lord and Master.

He, in a special manner, affords an example to rebuke the proud fallacy, or the mistaken assumption, which, to a certain extent, pervades and corrupts the current literature of the present day; and which consists in the notion, oftener implied than expressed, that there is something inconsistent and incongruous between a cultivated intellect and refined taste, and the profession of evangelical piety. One cause, as Foster remarks, of this prejudice and distrust, arises from the fact of its being the religion of great numbers of weak, ignorant, and untutored minds. That, in its own nature, it is not incompatible, but strictly congenial, with the most elevated taste, refined sensibilities, and undoubted genius, the life of Montgomery supplies a striking proof and illustration. The fact that religion, in its evangelical form, is embraced and cherished by multitudes of the poor, the weak, and the uninstructed, is not only admitted, but is the very one wherein consists its special glory.

Evangelical truth, revealing God's merciful provision for the race—a remedy to reach man in the lowest depths of his moral degradation—thus manifests its adaptation to his nature, and necessities, in all the varieties of his mental and social condition; just as the air he breathes proves itself to be suited to the purposes of his animal life. Food and air sustain equally the life and health of the philosopher and the peasant; and this quite irrespective of the circumstance that the one understands the chemical processes of digestion, and the composition of the atmosphere; and the other does not. But it is the simple fact of receiving them that is the thing necessary to secure the chief benefit each may derive. Unlike the ancient systems of philosophy, “to the poor the Gospel is preached;” and to the full extent in which evangelical religion is received, it tends to enlighten and elevate, to ennoble and bless. “Its essential sublimity is as incapable of being reduced to littleness, as its purity is of uniting with vice.”

Montgomery's character and conduct, also, furnish an impressive lesson for the cultivation of CATHOLICITY OF SPIRIT. There are some men who are so fully animated by the pure and loving spirit of their Divine Master, and whose practical efforts of Christian philanthropy are so self-denying and comprehensive, that it is instinctively felt to be a kind of sacrilege on our common Christianity for any sect, or party,

to claim them as exclusively its own. To this class John Howard and James Montgomery alike belong. Being by birth, education, and subsequent profession, a member of a sect having no worshipping congregation in the town, he became, in the course of his long life, religiously connected, in varying degrees of intimacy and relation, with the different Christian denominations; including the Established Church, the Methodists, and the Dissenters. But the relationship was ever such as precluded any one of them from possessing over him an absolute claim.

In his person and conduct were strikingly exemplified the two distinct aspects and obligations of Christian life; the INDIVIDUAL and the SOCIAL. While true religion is ever founded on personal conviction and experience, yet the instinctive impulse and desire of the renewed soul is for "the communion of saints." Personal conviction demands freedom for the very possibility of its existence; as well as for its scope of action. Fellowship requires mutual affection and forbearance; as the necessary means of its maintenance, and the condition of its reality. Uniformity and unity are not the same, but two distinct things. The former chiefly relates to the intellect; and when without the other, becomes a very cold, dead, and formal sort of thing. The latter, to be at all worthy of the name, is a matter of the heart, rather than of the head; being simply the outward expression of

those internal Christian feelings, which are full of life and warmth, activity and power. Christian unity supposes diversity of judgment, in non-essentials, to be possible and consistent with oneness of spirit. It has its seat in the affections, and its centre in Christ; and, therefore, should never be attempted to be sought, as most certainly it can never be attained, at the expense, as Bacon says, of "dissolving and defacing the laws of charity." Denominational distinctions are both reasonable and morally right in themselves; being the natural manifestation, and result, of the individual judgment and conscience. They are, also, strictly consistent with the maintenance of union and communion, both by individuals and Churches, when animated by the living spirit of that "charity," which is declared to be "the bond of perfectness."

Montgomery, as belonging to "The United Brethren," conscientiously believed the doctrines, and was sincerely attached to the forms and usages of the Moravian Church. Yet was he, for the greater part of his life, also, associated with, and cordially welcomed by, other religious denominations. Thus he exemplified, in his own person, an instance of the minor "differences" which have hitherto existed, and will probably continue to exist, in the Christian Church while on earth; and, also, furnished, by his conduct, an example of that Christian "unity," which ought ever

to be cherished and manifested; that the prayer of the Saviour for his future disciples, "that they all might be ONE," shall be fulfilled, and that so, in consequence, "the world might believe." The whole matter he has beautifully expressed in the single line—

"DISTINCT as the billow, and ONE as the sea.

Montgomery long stood associated, in various degrees of relation, with many of the Benevolent and Religious Societies, which distinguish our country and age; and he exerted a considerable influence in promoting their success. In whatever concerned the intellectual and spiritual welfare of mankind, he ever took a deep and practical interest. The great "Missionary Enterprise" was more especially bound to his heart by the strong ties of Christian obligation, and the devoted example of his parents. He sympathised with every effort to extend the light of the Gospel into the dark realms of heathenism; where the religion professed is a falsehood, and its worship often only another name for human folly, pollution, and guilt. Amidst all his labours he constantly looked forward, in prayer, and with hope, to that bright FUTURE, which the vision of prophecy reveals, when idolatry shall be destroyed and war shall cease; slavery be abolished and despotism perish; when superstition shall die and crime become extinct; and when all nations shall acknowledge the sway, and bow in subjection to the righ-

teous sceptre of HIM, who is "the PRINCE of the kings of the earth."

He, also, occupied that place in connexion with the NATIONAL LITERATURE of his day, which enabled him to exert an influence over its taste, and morals, of the most purifying and elevating tendency; the beneficial effects of which have not ceased to be felt. His "foot-prints on the sands of time" are left distinctly visible; and his mark remains uneffaced on the current religious thought and sentiment of the age. His name is indelibly inscribed on the glorious roll of British Bards and Philanthropists; and it is most deeply enshrined in the heart of the Christian Church. His strains, as the "sweet singer of Israel," are heard on each Sabbath morning, rising up from various parts of the earth; and we may venture to predict, that his "Songs of Zion," and his "Christian Hymns," will continue to be heard so long as the spirit of Evangelical piety lives, and the English language shall last. We, also, presume to think, that in the ages to come, whether in the crowded city, or the secluded village, wherever the true nature of PRAYER is taught, or its influence felt, the living force and beauty of the following simple words will never be exceeded by any other form that the English tongue can supply.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear;
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try;
 Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air;
 His watchword at the gates of death,
 HE ENTERS HEAVEN WITH PRAYER.

Nor shall that jubilant song, sounding clear and loud, like the festival trumpets of the Jewish priests, ever be forgotten by the Christian Church; the strains of which, perchance, may be heard breaking on the silence and solitude of the African wilderness, or awaking the echoes of the Australian forests.

HARK! the song of jubilee;
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore.
Hallelujah, for the LORD
GOD OMNIPOTENT shall reign;
Hallelujah, let the word
 Echo through the earth and main.

Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
 From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All Creation's harmonies.

Few men ever established a better claim to, or possessed more extensively the affections of his fellow-townsmen than Montgomery. The man of the people

in the bloom and vigour of his youth, he remained the same through life ; but in a modified and altered form. During his sixty years' residence in Sheffield, he was not only the object of the respect and esteem of his co-patriots, and co-evals, of the beginning of the present century ; but he inherited, also, the reverent regards of their children ; and even, in many instances, of the next succeeding generation. He lived in the hearts of all the various classes of society ; but more especially was his name tenderly cherished, as " an household word," in the families of the pious poor ; and by all connected with Sunday schools. Long will that name continue to " blossom in their memories, fragrant and flourishing." As the inscription declares, it was by " The Teachers, Scholars, and Friends of Sunday Schools," aided by a liberal public subscription, that the noble MONUMENT was eventually erected over his remains, which now stands to perpetuate the remembrance of his worth and genius to remote posterity. And at the close of many a summer's day, when " the calm of evening steals upon the soul," will the men of Hallamshire, after finishing their daily toils, and accompanied by their wives and children, continue to resort to the grounds of the Sheffield Cemetery, and linger near the particular spot thus consecrated to Montgomery's memory. Nor will such hour be unprofitable to him, who, surrounded with the memorials of those who

are peacefully sleeping their last long sleep, may spend it there in pensive musings on the vanity of man, considered as merely mortal, in contrast with the dignity and importance which attach to his nature, and destiny, as bearing the stamp of immortality. Strangers from various places of the kingdom, and from distant parts of the world, will, from time to time, visit that sacred enclosure. And as they approach the MONUMENT, and wistfully gaze on the venerated form, and placid features, which the skill of the sculptor has embodied and expressed, they will naturally ask—WHO WAS HE? The supposed enquiry, and the required response, cannot be better given than in the Poet's own words, as describing a deceased British Philanthropist, and which are equally appropriate as applied to himself.

Who was he, for whom our tears
Flow'd, and will not cease to flow?
Full of honours and of years,
In the dust his head lies low.

Yet resurgent from the dust,
Springs aloft his mighty name;
FOR THE MEMORY OF THE JUST
LIVES IN EVERLASTING FAME.

Henry 46

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