

PHASES OF POET LIFE.

FURTHER GLANCES GIVEN BY THE AID OF PASTOR FELIX.

A Moravian Missionary's Poet-Son—The Seminary at Fulneck—A Devotee to the Sacred Muse—A Discontented Shopman on a Trip to London.

Our fancy can hardly leave Sheffield, after clasping the hand of Ebenezer Elliott, without trying the softer more yielding palm of James Montgomery. They were somewhat diverse personalities, and though living near each other, it does not appear that their relations were particularly close.

Among the writer's earliest impressions of this poet is an alleged portrait of him, painted in oil; but, as he now remembers it, the work of an amateur, in which the lines were rather stiff, and the colors not very skilfully laid. Still it possesses interest as a reminiscence of boyhood, and because of its connection with a family whose head he has always deeply respected.

A friend and schoolmate of the writer's father, and a kindly entertainer of the sometime homesick boy, who on Sabbaths and holidays profited by his instructive conversation, in that quiet home in sheltered Greenwich, he mentions him gratefully, here,—whom he shall never be privileged to meet again. He was a man of upright character, and of superior taste and intelligence, and was frequently welcomed in the pulpits of his denomination (Wesleyan) as an instructive and spiritual preacher. No wonder, then, if he loved James Montgomery, and pointed to his portrait as an object of peculiar attractiveness. No wonder if he quoted his verse to his young visitor, and awakened in his mind a deeper interest in it than he had ever felt before.

Montgomery was a Moravian missionary's child. Poverty and narrowness of circumstances he was born to. But in later life the memory of that father and mother were more precious than if they had been of the princely kind, and had bequeathed him a crown. He would have said, with Cowper,—

"My boast is not that I deduce my birth From Johns and noters and rulers of the earth; But higher far my proud pretensions rise,— The son of parents pass'd into the skies."

What would it matter to such a son that a coat of arms or a coronet had been given? Little would that add to the moral and intellectual inheritance that came from two of that rare company, who count life and all its advantages as poverty beside the fulfillment of the Spirit's high behest, and who are content to work in obscurity, if they may enjoy the approval of their own illumined conscience, and the fellowship of souls who walk with God.

In the little Avyshire town where he was born [Nov. 4, 1771] the house may still be seen. Who that reads of Burns, but knows divine was his temporary abode? Here he came to learn the art of flax-dressing; and he continued for about six months, or until the shop he worked in was burnt down. The particular house in Glasgow Vennel where Burns lodged is now unknown; but someone may take the visitor to Halfway street, and pointing say: Here first saw the light the author of "The Wanderer of Switzerland," "The Pelican Island," and "The World before the flood."

It is not quite so rustic as that cottage at Ayf,—which the world yet counts a shrine,—but it is humble enough. It has only two small rooms, below stairs, and these not very cheerful; for in a narrow alley the view is not so pleasant as in a main thoroughfare, or sylvan outskirts of the town. To this home the poet came, after the world had hailed him from afar; and no sooner had he entered the sitting room than the past rushed on his soul, and he seemed to see his father and mother, and to possess his childhood again, though only in his fifth year when he left the scene.

He was educated in the schools of the Moravian brotherhood: first at Grace Hill, Ballymony, in the County of Antrim, Ireland; and afterward in the Seminary at Fulneck, in Yorkshire. There people were of simple habits and gentle austere piety, teaching and practicing the utmost of self-devotion. Here he studied French, German, Latin and Greek, history, geography, and music, and was considered on the road to a missionary life, himself. But what a rare jade is that Spirit called Poetry, when she gets into school. She can disarrange a whole curriculum. Latin and mathematics to her are as a pile of sawdust to a bed of primroses; and this became the trouble with James. Why don't you do better with your Greek, boy? Why, at ten years he had begun to write verses! And for what is musical notation neglected, but that he may

Murmur near the ruminating brooks A note sweeter than their own? But even these earliest offerings of the muse were deeply religious.

Before he quitted Fulneck, in 1787, his father and mother had been removed far and forever, from him. They had gone as missionaries to the West Indies, and neither of them ever returned. The poor slave was then uppermost in the British philanthropic heart, and to the slave they devoted themselves. But to that better world "where the wretched hear not the voice of the oppressor" and "where the servant is free from his master," whether they would have led the bondmen, death soon opened the way for themselves. This is the pathos of missionary life: One lonely grave in Barbadoes and another at Tobago. The son who sorrowed in England never got them out of his heart. In after years he wrote in his poem, "Greenland," a history of the Moravian sacrifices and triumphs; and of his parents, who shone in his veneration with star-like lustre, he wrote:

Beneath the lion-star they sleep, Beyond the western deep; And when the sun's noon glory crists the waves, He shines without a shadow on their graves.

\* Mr. James Elder, lately deceased, the brother of Prof. Wm. Elder, of Colby University, Waterville, Me., and of Mrs. Irene E. Morton, of Middletown, N. S. The writer was at the time a printer's apprentice in Wolfville, N. S., and found always a fatherly welcome at the home of this good man, in the adjoining village of Greenwich.

But the boy was one whom the muse had charmed. She is at once a solace and a troubler. The dreamings, and longings, and restlessness which go with the poetic nature interrupted his studies and made the monotony and quietude and the repressiveness of Fulneck quite intolerable. They had a career, as well as a curriculum all ready for him; but by their leave or apart from it, he must choose a career for himself. He had his destiny too; it was not to be a christian missionary, but a christian poet. He shall have a distinctive field in the great empire of rhyme, and this shall be his ideal:

I will not sing a mortal's praise, To Three I consecrate my lays, To whom my powers belong; These gifts upon Thine altar throw, O God! accept,—accept thine own: My gifts are thine,—be Thine alone The glory of my song.

Carlyle desired that he might carry the same spirit into the making of books that his father did into the building of stone walls; and here Montgomery will discover the same devotion in the making of poems that his parents did in the winning of souls. He will not employ his art to dignify any lesser themes than occupy the christian preacher:

I will not bow the votive knee To Wisdom, Virtue, Liberty; "There is no God but God," for me: Jehovah is His name.

Again he speaks to the same purpose in another poem, when, asking,—

What monument of mind Shall I bequeath to deathless fame, That after times may love my name? he answers:

Transcendent masters of the lyre! Not to your honors I aspire; Humbler yet higher views Have touched my spirit into flame; The pomp of Fiction I disclaim: Fair truth be thine my muse: Reveal in splendor deeds obscure— Abase the proud, exalt the poor.

I sing the men who left their home, Amidst barbarian tribes to roam, Who land and ocean crossed,— Led by a load-star marked on high By Faith's unseen, all-seeing eye,— To seek and save the lost; Where'er the curse on Adam spread, To call his off-spring from the dead.

Yes, he will continue with his pen the work his father did in the pulpit. Greenland nor Barbadoes shall be his home, but a busy centre of England. Thence the city and the solitary place should hear his voice. He was to preach a gospel in song against oppressions; his harmonious strains should be an invitation to love, and a summons to duty. He was to have a place among British poets; and, however he should be rated as an esthetic power, no one who read him should ever have reason to regret the spiritual influence of James Montgomery.

But let us go to the scene where the child's mind was impressed. He was here till his sixteenth year. Fulneck, the chief settlement of the Moravian Brethren in England, is eight miles from Leeds. It was built about 1760, which was near the time of the death of Count Zinzendorf. It was then in a fine and little inhabited country. It is now in a country as popular as a town, full of tall chimneys, vomiting up enormous masses of soot rather than smoke, and covering the landscape as with an eternal veil of black mist. The villages are like towns for extent. Stone and smoke are equally abundant. Stone houses, door-posts, window frames, stone floors, and stone stairs, nay, the very roofs are covered with stonemasonry, and when they are new, are the most complete drab buildings. The factories are the same. When windows are stopped up, it is with stone slabs. The fences to the fields are stone walls, and the gateposts are stone, and the stiles are stones reared so close together that it is tight work getting through them. Not a bit of wood is to be seen except the doors, water spouts, and huge water-butts which are often hoisted in front of the house on the level of the second floor, on strong stone rests. The walls, as well as wooden frames in the fields, are clothed, with long pieces of cloth like horses, and women stand tending holes or smoothing off knots in them, as they hang. Troops of boys and girls come out of the factories at meal times, as blue as blue as so many little blue devils, hands, faces, clothes, all blue from weaving the fresh dyed yarn.

The older mill girls are cleaner and smarter all with colored handkerchiefs tied over their heads, chiefly red ones, and look very continental. Dirty rows of children sit on dirty stone door-sills, and there are strong scents of oat cake and Genoa oil, and oily yarn. There is a general smut of blackness over all, even in the very soil and dust. And Methodist chapels—Salerns and Ebenezers—are seen on all hands. Who that has ever been into a cloth-weaving district, does not see the place and people? "Well up to the very back of Fulneck, through these crowds and attributes of cloth manufacturing. Leaving the coach and high road I walked on three miles to the left, through this busy smoke-land, and a large village and then over some fields. Everywhere were the features of a fine country, but like the features of the people, full of soot, and with volumes of vapor rolling over it. Coming, at length, to the back of a hill, I saw emerging close under my feet a long row of stately roofs with a bellry or cupola, crowned with a vane, in a centre. These were the roofs of the Moravian settlement of Fulneck, the back of which was toward me and the front towards a fine valley, on the opposite slope of which were fine woods and a fine old brick mansion. That is the house and that the estate of a Mr. Tempest, who has no manufactory on his land. This is the luckiest Tempest that ever was heard of; for it keeps a good open space in front of Fulneck clear, though it is elbowed up at each end, and backed up behind with factories, and work people's houses; and even beyond Mr. Tempest's estate, you see other soot vomiting chimneys rearing themselves on other ridges; and the eternal veil of Cimmerian smoke-mist floats over the fair, ample, and beautiful-wooded valley, lying between the settlement and these swartly apparitions of the manufacturing system, which seem to long to step forward and claim all,—ay, and finally to turn Fulneck into a weaving mill, and they probably will one day."

[As this was written some years since, they may have accomplished the task by this time.] The situation, were it not for these circumstances, is fine. It has something monastic about it. The establishment consists of one range of buildings, though built at various times. There are the school, chapel, and master's house, etc., in the centre, of stone, and a sister's and brother's house of brick, at each end, with various cottages behind. A fine, broad, terrace-

walk extends along the front, a furlong in length, being the length of the building, from which you may form a conception of the stately scale of the place, which is one eighth of a mile long. From this descend the gardens, play-grounds, etc., down the hill for a great way, and private walks are continued as far again, to the bottom of the valley, where they are further continued along the brook side, amongst the deep woodlands. The valley is called the Tong Valley; the brook the Tong; and Mr. Tempest's house, on the other slope, Tong Hall.

"At the left hand, and as you stand in front of the building, looking over the valley, lies the burial ground, or, as they would call it in Germany, the 'Friedhof,' or court of peace. It reminds me much of that of Herrnhut, except that it descends from you, instead of ascending. It is covered with a rich green turf, is planted round and down the middle with sycamore trees, and has a cross walk not two or three like Herrnhut. I asked Mr. Wilson, the director, who walked with me, whether this arrangement had not originally a meaning—these walks forming a cross. He said he believed it had, and that the children were buried in a line, extending each way from the centre perpendicular walk, along the cross walls, from a sentimental feeling that they were thus laid regularly in the arms of Jesus, and in the protection of his cross. The gravestones are laid flat, just as at Herrnhut, and of the same size and fashion. Here, however, we miss that central row of venerable tombs of the Zinzendorf family, and those simple memorial stones lying around them, every one of which bears a name of patriarchal renown in the annals of this society of devoted christians.

"The internal arrangements of the establishment are just the same as in all their settlements. The chapel very much like a friends' meeting, only having an organ; and the bedrooms of the children as large, ventilated from the roof, and furnished with the same rows of single curtainless beds, with white coverlets, reminding you of the sleeping-rooms of a nunnery.

"They have here about seventy boys and fifty girls as pupils, who had just returned from the midsummer holidays, and were many of them, very busy in their gardens. As I heard their merry voices, and caught the glance of their bright eager eyes amongst the trees, I wondered how many would look back hereafter to this quiet sweet place, and exclaim with the poet who first met the muse here,

Days of my childhood, hail! Whose gentle spirits wandering here In the visionary vale Before mine eyes appear, B-nighly passive, beautifully pale: Days forever fled, forever tear, Days of my childhood, hail!

This was a little too straight and gloomy for the most monastic poet.

But Montgomery broke away from the extra-paternal embrace of Fulneck, and looked for his place in the world. We shall next find him in a ship at Mirfield, near Wakefield; where, with all the leisure he can command, and no harsh taskmaster, he is still discontent. What is there in this dull shop to satisfy so ardent a mind? He is more lonesome and disconsolate than at Fulneck, and is in danger of settled melancholy, when, presto! like a bird, with the cage open, he is missing; his employer finds his apprentice has absconded!

And now he is out on a kind of David Copperfield tramp, after the advice where his heart can be at rest. It is London he would like to reach; London, that temple of fame to the poet. Who does not go there, who has a manuscript of poems in his satchel! "Did not Chatterton—poor fellow!—dance for joy at the sight of his lighted streets, before he got a stone for bread, and a nameless and now undistinguishable grave in lieu of a house of honor! But to reach London, he finds at convenient to have a little better lodging to his pocket. On the fifth day he comes to the little village of Wath, near Rotherham, and there carries till he can win his way onward. Here can it be that upon application there is a demand for credentials? but at any rate, an appeal is made to his old friends at Fulneck. The kindly Moravian brethren, who can allege nothing against him but the indiscretion of unduly leaving-taking, will win him back if they can; but failing, will condemn him to the goodwill of any with whom he may seek employment. It is with a warm and generous blessing they bid him go whither the spirit he follows may lead him. So at Wath he finds a new employer, and a substantial friend, who in the late day of adversity shall be as a father-counsellor, with an open purse and an open heart, as the occasion may require." Says William Howitt: "The interview which took place between the old man and his former servant, the evening previous to his trial at Doncaster, ever lived in the remembrance of him who could forget an injury but not a kindness. No father could have evinced a greater affection for a darling son; the tears he shed were honorable to his feelings, and were the best testimony to the conduct and integrity of James Montgomery."

But Wath is only a stage on the road to London; and, with financial replenishment comes the renewed determination. A year and a half is passed, and he, having sent his book of manuscript poems in advance, is, like John Gilpin, surely coming. He finds a cordial hospitality in the home of Mr. Harrison the Publisher; for

Gently comes the world to those Whose hearts are cast in gentle mould.

In him he also expects a Meeenas; but, alas! what bright bubbles of our imagination are formed, only to be blown away! Mr. Harrison, who is a gentleman of taste, not only, but of mature judgment, will advise him to cultivate the sweet plant of poetry, but not to squander these particular flowers on an ungrateful public, who really demand the mature fruits of an author, rather than his blossoms. This was somewhat disheartening to him who had expected so much. What! had he been reading books, and conversing with nature and his own soul in vain? Did not Thomson come up to this London, with only the manuscript of "Spring," to make him a flourishing reputation? And that young man, Akenside, with Pope to recommend him, how famously he got on! O these poets! these poets! they come to us with the lore of gods; and we have to teach them the wisdom of men! Their innocence and unsophisticated inaptness to our common ways excite our pity or our laughter, more than their inspirations do our admiration. But Grab street will teach them a lesson, if perchance they are able to learn. What, says Montgom-

er indignantly. You don't want verse; then here is prose! The laughable story is, that the publisher, having received from the author's hand the manuscript of an Eastern tale—which might just as well have been Western—prudently, and in a very matter-of-fact business way, "read the title, counted the lines in a page, and made a calculation of the whole; then turning to the author who stood in astonishment at this summary mode of deciding on the merit of a work of imagination, very civilly returned the copy, saying,—Sir, your manuscript is too small—it won't do for me—take it to K—; he publishes those kind of things." No wonder if Montgomery broke an oil lamp with his confused, retreating head; no wonder if upon a slight pretext, he escaped from London to Wath, and the sympathy of his former employer!

PASTOR FELIX.

SELF-PRESERVATION.

Instances of the Strength of the Instinct in Man.

"I never realized the strength of the instinct of self-preservation in man," says a traveller, "until I witnessed a test of it on a steamboat. Among the passengers was a man who had a black rattlesnake in a box with a glass top. The snake was a very vicious one, and would strike the glass whenever any one approached. The owner of the reptile challenged any one in the crowd to hold his finger on the glass and let the snake strike at it. There could not be any danger, and there was not a man who did not think it an easy thing to do. One big fellow, who looked as if he never knew what nerves were, tried it first, and after repeated attempts, gave it up. Then every passenger on the boat attempted it, and failure followed in each case. It simply could not be done. Instinct was stronger than reason and will power combined.

"I witnessed another illustration of this in Paris. A young man had lost his last sou at a gambling table. Not only was he without means, but he had lost a large sum belonging to his employer. He started for the Seine to drown himself. On the way there was a great commotion, caused by the escape of a tiger from a strolling menagerie. The animal came down the street and people fled in every direction. Instantly the man who was seeking death climbed a lamp-post, and hung on to the top of it, trembling in every muscle. When the animal was captured, and the danger was over he went to the river and committed suicide. I was interested in the account of the suicide, and prompted by curiosity, went to see the body, instantly recognizing it as that of the young man whom I had seen make so frantic an effort to escape death, evidently but a few minutes before he sought it, and at the very time that he was seeking an opportunity to end his existence."

Blenheim Palace.

Blenheim Palace, which was recently festive in celebration of the young Duke of Marlborough's coming to age, was presented to the great Duke as a reward for the brilliant military campaign that culminated in the victory of Blenheim. Though this given, and being as much the Duke's own as anything of the kind can be, it has yet to be paid for yearly by a service rendered to the Crown. That service is rendered on August 13th, the anniversary of the victory of Blenheim, and takes the form of presenting at Windsor Castle a standard with the fleur-de-lys painted on it, as a quittance for all rents, suits, and services due to the Crown. There is thus a series of these flags accumulating at Windsor.

Altogether Too Devoted.

"Fig—I don't see Grimby with that Lute stringing girl lately." "Foggy—No. When he spoke of marriage she frightened him off. She said in an impassioned manner 'Harry, I will be wholly yours—where thou goest I will go.' And he says she meant it, too. When he came to think of the times he might want to have a little quiet enjoyment, or something of that sort, he felt that such devotion as hers might pall on him; so he let the matter drop."

He Had Not Taken It.

A mendicant approached a benevolent-looking old gentleman the other day and said, "Dear sir, I have lost my leg"; to which the benevolent-looking gentleman replied as he hurried away, "My dear friend I am very sorry, but I have not seen anything of it."

Beyond All Dispute.

Twiggs. How are Haggie and his wife now? Diggs. Happy as you please. "How did they arrange their quarrel? Did he make the first move?" "Yes; he died."

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A Gentleman

Who formerly resided in Connecticut, but who now resides in Honolulu, writes: "Few 20 years past, my wife and I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor, and we attribute to it the dark hair which she and I now have, while hundreds of our acquaintances, ten or a dozen years younger than we, are either gray-headed, white, or bald. When asked how our hair has retained its color and fullness, we reply, 'By the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor—nothing else.'"

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AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

AN EDITOR'S WIFE. A Serious Trouble of Many Year's Standing is Banished

ONLY ONE MEDICINE COULD DO THE WORK.

Grand Encouragement for All Who are Similarly Afflicted.



MRS. A. H. WATSON.

CREEMORE, Ont., Jan. 13th.—The good people of this thriving village now freely and heartily discuss a subject that has interested thousands in other parts of the Dominion.

The popular subject in the quiet and well-ordered homes of this place has nothing to do with politics, religion or foreign matters; even local subjects pertaining to improvements are lost sight of, while the more weighty one—that of relieving pain, curing disease and bringing back lost health, by the use of Paine's celery compound, is spoken of by young and old.

The record of wonderful cures effected in large centres of population has reached this town, situated on the Mad River, and has developed an interest, especially amongst the sick and their friends, that cannot easily die out or fade from memory.

Residents here have heard how their relatives and friends in other places were cured by Paine's celery compound, and have used the great life-giver themselves; no instance of failure or disappointment has been reported; all rejoice because of the banishment of old and dangerous maladies.

For these reasons, the people of this village and surrounding country are ready to testify regarding the merits of Paine's celery compound, its worth to the afflicted, and its superiority over all other preparations.

At the present time, it will suffice to mention the name of one prominent family here who have truly tested and tried the efficacy of Paine's celery compound, and derived results that are wonderful.

Mr. A. H. Watson is the publisher and proprietor of Creemore's popular weekly,

the Mad River Star. Every resident of Creemore, and the people of adjacent villages and towns, know the enterprising proprietor of the Star, and many are acquainted with his accomplished and amiable wife.

Mrs. Watson is one of many in this village who has tested the curing powers of Paine's celery compound. For many years she suffered severely from violent headaches and prostration, and only got rid of her terrible sufferings after a course of treatment with nature's health-restorer. For the benefit of other sufferers, Mrs. Watson has kindly consented to have her testimony made public; she says:—

"For many years I was sorely troubled with violent headaches, so that at times I was completely prostrated and unable to attend to household duties. I started to use Paine's celery compound, and experienced immediate relief; and since using it I have not had a recurrence of the trouble. I consider Paine's celery compound an invaluable remedy, and will always be pleased to say a word for it."

This testimony of Mrs. Watson is surely full of encouragement to others in Canada to take the same course, and use the same means. Had she been influenced (as many are at times by dealers interested in big-profit and worthless medicines) to use some other preparation, a cure could not have resulted. No medicine but Paine's celery compound can honestly and surely meet such cases as violent headache, prostration, nervousness, sleeplessness, rheumatism, dyspepsia, and run-down constitution. Avoid all medicines that are recommended as just as good as Paine's celery compound; they are snares and delusions, and cannot cure disease.

At the present time, it will suffice to mention the name of one prominent family here who have truly tested and tried the efficacy of Paine's celery compound, and derived results that are wonderful.

Mr. A. H. Watson is the publisher and proprietor of Creemore's popular weekly,

Long Waist Correct Shape, Best Material, Superior Workmanship, Combined with the best filling in the world, makes the "Featherbone Corset" unequalled. TRY A PAIR.

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