

## THAT FOR A HERMITAGE.

HOW A TRUE POET FEELS WHEN HE IS HELD IN A PRISON.

An Unexpected Prosecution—Prison Life Tolerable—Features of York Castle—Montgomery's Life and Work in Sheffield—Characteristics of His Poetry.

And now we have to relate some chastening incidents that fell into our poet's life, and take note of scenes of humiliation and pain through which he had passed;—indications which, though undesired, from any criminal point of view, doubtless made his manhood richer and his poetical gift more mellow and fruitful. That James Montgomery should have become the subject of legal prosecution, from a seemingly accidental cause, and at the very outset of his career, excited at the first our surprise. If the iron hand of power had been laid on Ebenezer Elliott, and had thrust him into a dungeon, that would have been the thing one might have expected. He was a crusader in the sacred cause of humanity, and, with the wrath of a man convulsing his wintry features, he beat with horny fist against all the gates of tyrannical power, till he excited a hundred furies. But this gentler poet, in the very spirit of his Master, held that "The wrath of a man worketh not the righteousness of God;" and it was not in his nature to use violence, or to blaspheme or assail any man, but rather, to glory in and uphold a just cause, peacefully; and, instead of giving a history of the devil, to recount the deeds of holy and consecrated men. Yet, somehow, the saintly character is in the present world as certain a lure to the persecution as the steel rod thrust to the cloud is to lightning. It is to an unworthy or self-devoted nature a necessary heaven-appointed regimen. How would these Iris-splendors glow so finely without the inky background of the cloud? How would a just man seem so rare, and God so kind, if injustice and cruelty did not sometimes environ? Is it not true that

Who of men to man but make  
The love of God more plain?

The poet might wonder for a moment, what he had done, that he must vainly gaze through a narrow opening in the walls of York castle, after the delight of lost liberty, so dear to all wild creatures, and as dear to lovers of the muse; but he, who had been instructed in the certain blessedness of persecution for righteousness sake, would not wonder long. After all, there are worse places than a jail, if you are not guilty.

Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for a hermitage.

In 1792, Montgomery, who had found a temporary residence at Wath, removed to Sheffield—that busiest and least poetic-seeming of towns, with which his life was hereafter to be associated,—and engaged himself with Mr. Gales, the publisher of a newspaper, "in which popular politics were advocated with great zeal and ability." In this journal he appeared as essayist and poet, but never as the active or violent political partisan: it was poetry into which he put his heart, and he was, in truth, rather languid and indifferent in his other pursuits, by comparison. But he is soon to be editor and manager, himself. Manager of a wild elephant, which is ready to tread him down. This Mr. Gales, wittingly, or not, has prudently with-drawn from Sheffield, and from England. But this is a Blue-Beard's castle which he has the freedom of, in which there is a peril-chamber, and we read,—the vengeance which was ready to burst upon his predecessor, soon fell upon him." He was prosecuted and convicted of libel, and sentenced to imprisonment;—a punishment incurred by the publication, "at the request of a stranger, whom he had never seen before, of a song written by a clergyman of Belfast, nine months before the war (then raging between Great Britain and France) began! This fact was admitted in the court; and though the name of this country (Britain) did not occur in the libel, nor was there a single note or comment of any kind whatever alluded to the original words, which were composed at the time, and in censure of the Duke of Brunswick's proclamation and march to Paris, he was pronounced guilty, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and a fine of twenty pounds. Mr. M. A. Taylor presided on this occasion. The first verdict delivered by the jury, after an hour's deliberation, was 'guilty of publishing.' This verdict, tantamount to an acquittal, they were directed to reconsider, and to deduce the malicious intention, not from the circumstances attending the publication, but from the words of the song. Another hour's deliberation produced the general verdict of 'guilty.' This transaction requires no "comment."—Surely it requires none!

This was the first blow upon the inoffensive cheek. Its smart had a maiden keenness. What! said this fluttering heart in a creature of the wild wood, Is the cage for me? To him who loves the "trouting burn's meander," and would not think it far to follow the roving winds to their cave, the loss of liberty means the loss of every earthly good. But the other cheek is also smitten. No sooner has he gone home and taken up his newspaper task again, than the legal hawks are pouncing and plucking their prey. "A riot took place in the streets of Sheffield, in which, unfortunately, two men were shot by the military. In the

warmth of his feelings he detailed the dreadful occurrence in his paper. The details were deemed a libel, and he was again sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and a fine of thirty pounds." This was not in the day of a press unmuzzled; and a poet who handled a newspaper carelessly might as well carry live coals into a powder magazine. The rights of utterance and publication have advanced a trifle; and now, Tennyson informs us, Britain is an island wherein "a man may speak the thing he will."

He was not able, like the elegant and accomplished Hunt,—the victim of a similar persecution,—to create his cell into a bower and call the spirits of taste and wealth to adorn his rude walls, disguising the hard fact with a fairy garb. Silver and gold he had not, nor literary nor titled associates, to lighten the scene. But the dungeon was not so dark to him as to Lovelace and Wither; and there he learned the lessons of fortitude and cheerfulness. The jailer was far from harshness and enmity, and he had a fair window prospect, and opportunity for study and elegant amusement. He could look out to the wandering Ouse,—dear Cowper's river, as sweet in song as it is sluggish in fact,—fancying himself walking under its spreading clms. Then he could weave his prison web of song, for the Muse he loved was there to comfort him, and the true poetry that was rooted in his heart blossomed like trail flowers out of rocky crevices, to fill the air with subtle fragrance. Robin red-breast, who came to his prison widow, was innocently snared in a web of silken rhyme; to the "Captive Nightingale" he lent a complaint out of his own wounded bosom; the "Water-Wagtail, on the walls of York Castle" soliloquized in his fancy, and through his grated windows glimmered the moonlight, and peeped the evening star.

Truth to tell, a jail has made a good study. The glamor of romance hangs about Raleigh's cell, and the dignity of history walks there. And that jail on Bedford bridge!—what a university, in which to kindle a dormant genius, was that! A hard, maybe, and rude fare, and something of human loneliness;—but, ah! much more, if the wonderful retinue of a hallow imagination had not come forth to walk the grim solitude before him, and make all the world of human thought more wealthy and populous than before. The exile's Patmos and the exile's Ravenna—how fruitful are they of celestial vision! Do you think that all a man knows is by the drill of the brain and the impa... of science? Verily the heart has eye and voice, and the soul her wonderful intuitions; and never a prophet stands upon the housetop, who has not first been sent into the wilderness, to hear the earthquake shatter the silence among the iron hills, and then to listen to the "still small voice."

In August, forty-eight years ago, William Howitt visited York castle, for the purpose of seeing the room in which Montgomery was confined many years before, and where he wrote the "Prison Amusements." "The room which I occupied," the poet had informed him, "is upstairs, and is distinguished by a round window between two Ionic pillars, at the end of the building nearest the city and Clifford's tower, and facing the court house." To his amusement and surprise, Howitt was by the turnkey shown the corresponding room at the opposite end of the building; and this had been mistakenly shown to visitors as Montgomery's room for near upon fifty years! He had hard work to convince turnkey and gate-keeper, but the evidence was overwhelming, and they yielded. "I told them," said Howitt, "that Montgomery said he could see the meadows along the Ouse from his window; and that such intense longings for liberty did the sight of people taking their walks there daily give him, that the moment he was liberated he hurried out of the court, descended to the Ouse, and perambulated its banks just where he had seen the people so often walking. This was a poser. It was only from the window described by Montgomery that any such view could be obtained. So the lords of locks and bolts gave up the point and said, 'Well, it was very odd that everybody should have been wrong for fifty years, and that the room should be wrong—but how could it have got wrong?' It is rather hard when we are compelled to admit that the bit of knowledge on which we prided ourselves is mainly misinformation."

"The castle is a spacious affair. It consists of buildings of different dates and styles, and an ample court. No part of it is old except a large round tower, called Clifford's tower, which stands on a mound just within the walls. The rest consists of four buildings. One is the court house, in which the county assizes are held, parallel with the River Ouse, from which it is but a few hundred yards distant. Opposite to this is what was once the felon's and crown-prisoners' prison; a building with several Ionic columns in the centre, and two at the end. This is now chiefly occupied by a turn key's family, and the female prisoners. The large area between these buildings is closed at one end by the debtors' prison, and at the other by Clifford's tower. Between the tower and the turnkey's house just mentioned, stands the new felon's prison. This, as well as the outer court walls and entrance gate, is built of solid stone in castellated style. The room occupied by Montgomery is now in the turnkey's house, and is the bedroom of the servant."

"The felons' prison is much in the shape of a fan, forming alternate ranges of cells and court yards, where the prisoners walk in the day time. The assizes being just over, there were scarcely any prisoners in the jail excepting those convicted and awaiting their punishments, of which none were capital, but most of them transportation. These men were all clothed in the convict's dress, a jacket and trousers of coarse cloth, of broad green and yellow check. They were mostly basking in the sun in groups, on the pavement of their respective court-yards, and appeared anything but sad. The whole prison seemed as it hewed out of solid stone; and everywhere were gates of iron, closing with a clang and twank of the lock behind you, which must sound anything but cheering to a prisoner just conducted in. The openings into the different court-yards were filled with masonry iron railings; and the pavements, walls, everything else, was one mass of solid stone. Many of the stones in the wall were nine feet long, and

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MR. JOHN BARRAND.

A popular and well-known citizen of Hamilton, Ont., who was recently restored to health by Paine's celery compound, after suffering from a complication of troubles for several years, says:—

"I had taken the advice of the first merchant to whose store I went to buy Paine's celery compound. I would still be enduring agony or would have been in my grave before this. The merchant I refer to tried to persuade me to take a preparation of which I was ignorant, and of which I had never heard before. I quietly declined the offer, and directed my steps where I knew I could purchase the medicine in which I had faith. Yes, I found Paine's celery compound, and it found its way to the root of my troubles."

Mr. John Barrand, tailor, of Barrie, Ont., whose portrait appears above, is another man who had implicit confidence in Paine's celery compound. His hopes and expectations were fully realized, and to-day there is no stronger advocate for "nature's health restorer" in the province of Ontario.

Mr. Barrand's case was a particularly severe one. Inflammation of the joints in its most acute form had pulled down a strong physical frame, and brought him to a condition of utter helplessness. He truly realized his great danger, and the urgent necessity of wise and prompt action.

Mr. Barrand was a thinking and observant man; one on whom great truths had made deep impressions. While in wretchedness and suffering, these great truths were continually before his mind. Every wonderful cure effected by Paine's celery compound, for the benefit of some friend or neighbor, was carefully and prayerfully considered, with the result that he determined to use the medicine that had done so much for others. No power under Heaven could have dared to alter his decision; and the merchant or dealer who would have attempted to recommend or urge upon Mr. Barrand something else just as good, would speedily have been rebuffed for his selfishness, dishonesty and callousness.

Mr. Barrand, after a judicious and persistent use of Paine's celery compound,

of proportionate quadrature. The chapel presented a range of partitions with strong bars, as for a wild beast's den, in front, and doors behind, so that the prisoners from separate cells are let in there, and cannot get sight of each other. The windows were everywhere a complete network of knotted iron bars; and the dining-rooms of the prisoners were those long winding passages of masonry stone, along which we went to their cells. In these, with the iron gates behind them, they stand at a long narrow board fixed along the wall, about the width of a plate, and take their meals. No place, surely was at once so clean, and so hopelessly ponderous and strong. The very idea of it seemed to weigh on one like a nightmare, and make one stretch himself, as for a sense of freedom."

From the cells he was taken to what he calls "the most extraordinary scenes in the whole place," which is "an iron cage in the lobby of the keeper's house, containing the irons of the most signal malefactors, and the weapons with which they committed their murders. There are Dick Turpin's shackles, with a mussy bar of iron, about two feet long, and more than twenty-eight pounds weight, which were put on his legs when he had twice escaped out of the castle; and a girdle of iron to put around his waist, with chains and iron handcuffs for his hands." There he saw a piece of poor old miserly Daniel Clarke, murdered by the Eugene Aram, not of Hood's poem and Bulwer's romance, but of authentic criminal history. And, beside, what a horrid array of hedge-stakes, pokers and hammers, guns, knives and razors, with which murders

was snatched from the very gates of death, and given health and strength to pursue his trade. No other medicine in this world could have done the same work for him. His life depended solely on the wonderful recuperating power of Paine's celery compound, which the best and ablest physicians are now recommending so strongly for many forms of disease.

Now, dear sufferer, just a word of warning and encouragement for your benefit. We have given you the chief points of the wonderful restoration of a gentleman to whom you may write for information; he is willing to confirm all we have said, and can give you fuller particulars. The medicine that cured Mr. Barrand, of Barrie, will do the same for you if you only make use of it. Its power is not limited to certain individuals or certain localities; it is suited for all who suffer.

We are pleased to be able to give Mr. Barrand's own words of testimony in favor of Paine's Celery Compound. To add strength to the testimonial, the Rev. W. M. Magrath, rector of Christ Church, Barrie, confirms every statement made. Mr. Barrand says:

"Just a year ago I was attacked by inflammatory rheumatism in its most acute form, which totally incapacitated me from pursuing my trade—that of a tailor—or, in fact, from doing work even of the very highest kind, as every nerve in my body was affected. I was in this distressing condition for more than seven months, when I commenced to use Paine's celery compound. I soon began to realize the beneficial effects of the medicine; but my case was an obstinate one, and required the persistent use of the compound for some months before I was able to move about. I am thankful to say I am so far recovered that I have commenced work again; and I am very hopeful that by continuing to use the compound a little longer, I shall, please God, be restored to my wonted health and strength again. Surely the medicine which has done so much for me will prove an equal blessing to others similarly afflicted; and to such I say, Give Paine's celery compound a fair trial." For what your medicine has done for me you have my most grateful thanks."

There are iron bludgeons terminated with knobs of lead, to conceal under coats; and crowbars bent at the end, to force open doors. These with the casts of the heads of some of the most noted murderers, form a sufficiently horrible spectacle. The whole list can only be equalled by Burns' in the blue light of Tam O'Shanter. No wonder it, "escaping from this exhibition," the visitor did not take "a stout glass of brandy to rid him of his queerness," but after the manner of Montgomery, upon his release, "went walking along the footpath by the Ouse, under the noble elms which he had so often seen waving in their greenness from his cell."

PASTOR FELIX.

Getting Rid of Them.

The late Prussian General, Bonin, was not blessed with any superfluity of wealth, but this was hardly the case in regard to his many marriageable daughters.

One day the Turkish Ambassador unexpectedly called upon him, and to the General's surprise said that it was his most ardent hope to become his son-in-law, and he had come to ask if there was any possibility of his wish being realized.

"I accept the proposal with pleasure," replied Bonin, with a look of supreme delight. "How many do you want?"

The Ambassador, seeing that the General had conceived the idea that he was a Mussulman, replied, with some trepidation, that he was a Christian, and only wanted one.

"What a nuisance!" grumbled the disappointed General. "Well, take whichever you like!"



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