

THE POET OF FREEDOM.

HIS DEATH AND BURIAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The Pleasures of Hope—How he passed His Married Life—What Suggested Many of His Poems—A Tribute From Kosciusko—Rests Beside Addison

Germany and Italy have been favorite ranging grounds of the English poets, from Chaucer's time to that of Landor and the Brownings; accordingly with the proceeds of his first work, Campbell betook himself thither. He sailed from Leith to Hamburg, early in 1800; and from that city, roving through several of the German states, he passed another free and beautiful year. The name of Campbell will always be associated with Poland and with Bavaria; with the first, because of the memorable episode on the Sacking of Prague, in "the Pleasures of Hope," and with the latter, because of his ballad of "Hohenlinden," and the name of the poet is likely to be still hated and feared by the tyrants of Austria and Russia. Of that celebrated engagement which he commemorates he was himself a witness, standing that December day [the 3rd, 1800.] on the walls of St. Jacob's monastery. Poets seldom witness the battle-scenes they describe; and, perhaps, something of the martial spirit it embodies came from the vivid impression Campbell then received from the spectacle of "human nature exhibited in the most dreadful attitude."

"Where furious Frank and fiery Hun" fought enveloped "in their sulphurous canopy." "The sight of Ingoldstadt in ruins," writes the poet in his correspondence, and Hohenlinden covered with fire seven miles in circumference, were spectacles never to be forgotten." From Hohenlinden we trace him following in the track of Moreau's army, viewing in detail the scene of the combat; and afterwards, plunging into that scenery "magnificently rude," which he has described in one of the finest of his poems:

"Adieu, the woods and waters' side, Imperial Danne's rich domain! Adieu, the grotto, wild and wide, The rocks abrupt, and grassy plain! For pallid Autumn once again Hath swelled each torrent of the hill; Her clouds collect, her shadows sail, And watery winds that sweep the vale Grow loud and louder still.

"But not the storm, dethroning fast You monarch oak of mossy pile; Nor river roaring to the blast Around its dark and desert isle; Nor church-bell tolling to beguile The cloud-born thunder passing by, Can sound in discord to my soul: Roll on, ye mighty waters, roll! And rage, thou darken'd sky!"

"Yes! I have loved thy wild abode, Unknown, untroubled, untraded shore: Where scarce a woodman finds a road, And scarce the fisher piles an oar; For man's neglect I love thee more; That art nor avarice intrude To tame thy torrent's thunder-shock, Or prune the vintage of the rock, Magnificently rude."

If "sweet Eldurn's woods" have found no native bard to do them justice, here is one from Caledonia who will answer the purpose!

He would have entered Italy by way of the Tyrol, but the loss of his papers, books, and nearly all of his money, by plunder, restrained him. "What do poets want with gold?" is the inquiry of our Canadian poet; but it proves an indisputably necessary aid to travel, and, indeed, enables one more comfortably to stay at home. "While he continued in Germany," we are informed, "he devoted himself to acquiring the German language, and also resumed his Greek studies, under Professor Heyne. He made the friendship of the two Schlegels, and of other prominent men of that country, and passed an entire day with the venerable Klopstock, who died two years afterwards."

Back again at Hamburg, on his home stretch; and now he is on the track, whence rose that most plaintively beautiful flight of his muse, "The Exile of Erin." This hero of song, was Anthony McCann, a refugee, who had left everything behind him, fleeing for his life, after the rebellion of 1798. Here was another "limb from his country cast bleeding and torn," to perish mournfully on a foreign shore. Campbell gave his sorrow a voice in the perfect expression of his ballad, written at Altona:

"Erin, my country! tho' sad and forsaken, In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore; But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken, And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more! Oh, cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me In a mansion of peace—where no perils can chase me? Never again shall my brothers embrace me? They died to defend me, or live to deplore!"

The poet reembarked, expecting to land at Leith; but it was not to Scotland he came. It was his to stand on deck watching the Danish privateer that chased them far to southward, till they made the port of Yarmouth. From there he determined to go to London; and, entering that metropolis for the first time, without card or letter of formal introduction, he found the fame that had preceded him was all the recommendation he needed. All doors were open to the most select literary society. In a letter he wrote to Washington Irving giving his impressions of the social club to which Sir James Mackintosh had introduced him are given as follows: Mackintosh the Vendicæ Gallicæ, was particularly attentive to me, and took me with him to his convivial parties at the King of Clubs—a place dedicated to the reigning wits of London—and in fact, a lineal descendant of the Johnson, Burke,

and Goldsmith society, constituted for literary conversations. The dining-table of these knights of like attire was an arena of very keen conversational rivalry, maintained to be sure, with perfect good-nature, but in which the gladiators contended as hardly ever the French and Austrians in the scenes I had just witnessed. Much, however, as the wit and erudition of these men pleases an auditor at the first or second visit, this trial of minds becomes at last fatiguing, because it is unnatural and unsatisfactory. Every one of these brilliants goes there to shine; for conversational powers are so much the rage in London, that no reputation is higher than his who exhibits them, where every one tries to instruct, there is, in fact, but little instruction; wit, paradox, eccentricity, even absurdity, if delivered rapidly and facetiously, takes priority in these societies, of sound reasoning and delicate taste. I have watched sometimes the devious tide of conversation, guided by accidental associations, turning from topic to topic, and satisfactorily upon none. What has one learned? has been my general question. The mind, it is true, is electrified and quickened, and the spirits finely exhilarated; but one grand fault pervades the whole institution; their inquiries are desultory, and all improvements to be reaped must be accidental. Herein we may discover something of the poet's excellent critical faculty, his refinement of taste and judgment, as well as his personal preferences in the order of society and the matter and manner of conversation.

Most of the events in Campbell's subsequent life must be passed with hasty reference; his return to Edinburgh, and the temporary suspicion under which he fell from his supposed relations with the Irish refugees; his residence at Edinburgh for a year, during which time the poem "Lochiel's Warning" was written; his return to London, as the most appropriate field for successful literary exertion; his residence for a time in the house of his brother-poet, Telford; and his marriage to his cousin, Miss Matilda Sinclair, of Greenock—a lady, one of whose endowments was that of personal beauty, and whom he espoused when his finances were low, in the expectation that literature would soon replenish his exchequer.

Whoever visits the environs of London known as Sydenham, will come into a highly pleasant locality, and may stumble on the very spot where Campbell took up his residence, after he had added to himself a bride. Here he came in 1803, and here he resided during eighteen years. Great London, with its own peculiar din, wide and loud as the Corrievecken, to which he used to listen, was only seven miles away. "His house," as one of his biographers tells us, "was on Peak-hill, and had a quiet and sweet view towards Forest-hill. The house is one of two tenements under the same roof, consisting of only one room in width, which, London fashion, being divided by folding doors, formed, as was needed, two. The front looked out upon the prospect already mentioned. To the left was a fine mass of trees, amid which showed itself a large house, which during part of the time was occupied by Lady Charlotte Campbell. The back looked out upon a small, neat garden, enclosed from the field by pales; and beyond it, a mass of fine wood, at the foot of which ran a canal, and now along its bed, the atmospheric railroad from London to Croydon. The house is, as appears, small and very modest; but its situation is very pleasant indeed, standing on a green and quiet swell, at a distance from the wood, and catching pleasant glimpses of the houses in Sydenham and of the country round. In the little back parlor he used to sit and write; and to prevent the passage of sound, he had the door which opened into the hall covered with green baize. This at once defended him from the noise of the passing and operations of the house-maid, as the door was near the stairs, and also from any one so plainly bearing him, when, in poet fashion, he sounded out sonorously, his verses as he made them."

Here a son was born to the poet, and here sorrow fell when he died. The boy, whose twelve fair summers had brightened the home, was buried at Lewisham. Various troubles befel him here, among which was the severe illness of his wife. Here he took in task-work from the booksellers,—such as the "Annals of Great Britain from the Accession of George III to the Peace of America,"—and here he wrote his "Gertrude of Wyoming," beautiful as a poem, whatever may be objected as to its fidelity, or want of it, in local description. Here, too, he drew around him an extensive circle of admiring and devoted friends, among whom were the brothers, James and Horace Smith, and others distinguished in literature.

His mode of life here, and afterwards at London, to which city his multiplied and ill-paid literary tasks drew him in 1821,—is described in this manner by Mr. Cyrus Redding: "He rose not very early, breakfasted, studied for an hour or two, dined at two or three o'clock, and then made a call or two in the village, often remaining for an hour or more at the home of a maiden lady, of whose conversation he was remarkably fond. He would return home to tea, and then retire early to his study, remaining there to a late hour; sometimes even to an early one. His life was strictly domestic. He gave a dinner

party now and then, and at some of them Thomas Moore, Rogers and other literary friends from town were present. His table was plain, hospitable, and cheered by a hearty welcome."

We rejoice to read that his slender literary income was supplemented by a pension procured through the agency of Charles James Fox, in 1806. The sum of £300 per annum might enable him to relax his drudgery and follow his poetic impulse. So, in the beginning of 1809, came from the press his second poetic volume, including "Gertrude of Wyoming," "Glenara," "The Battle of the Baltic," "Lochiel's Warning," "Lord Ullen's Daughter," and other pieces—such as "O'Connor's Child," in a subsequent edition—all of which served to heighten or confirm his reputation. Later (in 1820), came his editorship of the New Monthly Magazine; his residence at 62 Margaret street, Cavendish square; the publication of his "Theodoric," in 1824; his rectorship of the University of Glasgow, in Nov. 1826,—a triumphal return to beloved natal scenes; and then, his greatest domestic calamity, the death of his wife.

After this event he lived in comparative solitude and quietude at No. 61 Lincoln's-inn-fields. There, on the second floor, he had chambers,—a well-furnished sitting-room, and adjoining it a bed-room. One side of his principal room was arranged with shelves, like a library, which were full of books." The sorrows that befel him matured and chastened his spirit, and meliorated that heart, ever gently disposed, and made him more lovable and beloved as he drew near that event which happens to us all.

His latest English residence was at No. 8, Victoria square, Pimlico; and there his niece, Miss Mary Campbell, dwelt with him, whose education he superintended. Failing health drew him to Boulogne, in the summer of 1843; where he gradually became more entebled, and breathed his last on Sunday, June 15th, 1844, in presence of his friend, Dr. Beattie, his niece, Mary, the Rev. Mr. Hassell, and the attendant physicians. So passed a poet of spotless fame, who maintained at once a high standard of ethical purity and of literary perfection.

His burial was in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, Wednesday, July 3, 1844, attended by many of the most eminent men of his time, and with noblemen of the realm for his pall-bearers. The scene is brought vividly to us, by an American writer of the time, who was a witness:

"At twelve o'clock the procession, which had been formed in the Jerusalem chamber, adjoining the abbey, came in sight, as you looked through the length of the abbey towards the western door. All you could see at first at this immense distance, was a dark mass, and so slowly did the procession advance that it scarcely seemed to move. As it came near, every voice was hushed, and beside the solemn tramp of the procession, the only voice audible was the voice of the clergyman echoing along the vaulted passages. 'I am the resurrection and the life.' Borne before the coffin were a number of mourning plumes, so arranged as to correspond with it in shape. When the procession halted, and the coffin was laid upon the temporary scaffold before the desk, the plumes were placed upon it. There was no other attempt at splendor. All was as simple as the most ordinary funeral solemnity. It was a grand spectacle and such as I never expect to see again. Not merely the nobles of the land, but its ablest men, who from day to day are directing the doctrines of the mightiest monarchy on the globe, and whose names will live in after times, were bearing the remains of the departed poet to the hallowed palace of the dead. Among the pall-bearers were Lord Brougham, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Aberdeen, and among the mourners, Macaulay, D'Israeli, Lockhart, and many others known to fame. I had hoped to see Wordsworth, and perhaps Carlyle, but neither of them were there. The burial service was read by Rev. Dr. Milman (canon of Westminster, and rector of St. Margaret's) author of "The Siege of Jerusalem" and other works. At the close of the service, the plumes were taken from the coffin and the body lowered into the grave. As the mourners gathered around the opening, the sound of what seemed distant thunder called my attention to the windows. It was a dull dark day, and I supposed for a moment that a storm was at hand, till the sweet strain of a beautiful melody, from the organ in the choir, in the rear, undeceived me. Then followed again the rumbling of thunder, like the marching of mighty masses of the dead, varied occasionally by snatches of harmony, and conveying an impression of unutterable solemnity. It was the Dead March in Saul!

"There was one part of the ceremony more impressive still. A deputation from the Polish Association was present, in addition to the Poles who attended as mourners; and when the officiating clergyman arrived at that portion of the ceremony in which dust is consigned to dust, one of the number (Colonel Szymra) took a handful of dust, brought for the occasion from the tomb of Kosciusko, and scattered it upon the coffin. It was a worthy tribute to the memory of him who has done so much to immortalize the man and the cause; and not the least impressive because so perfectly simple. At the conclu-

sion of the service the solemn peals of the organ reverberated for some minutes through the aisles of the abbey, and the procession retired as it came.

"The barrier with iron spikes, which protected the mourners from the jostling of the crowd, was then removed, and there was a rush to get a sight of the coffin. After waiting a little while, I succeeded in looking into the grave, and read the inscription on the large gilt plate:—

THOMAS CAMPBELL, LL. D. AUTHOR OF THE PLEASURES OF HOPE. Died June 15, 1844. Aged 67.

"On visiting the abbey the next day, I found the stone over the grave so carefully replaced that a stranger would never suspect there had been a recent interment."

Earthly honor can require no more. Here rests the Scottish student, the lover of Caledonian glens and islands the impassioned poet of Hope and Freedom. Near him lies all that is mortal of Addison, on the one side; and on the other, the gentle heart whose fame was linked to "Sweet Auburn". Near this spot afterwards came Macaulay, and there his ashes moulder. In sculptured marble our favorite singer "gazes pensively across the transept", as if he mused anew, forming the lovely lines;

"Oh! deep-enchanting prelude to repose, The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes! Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh, It is a dread and awful thing to die."

Hail! spiritual existence: Little it can be to thee that thy dust lies in this ancient temple of earthly fame and honor, with kings and statesmen, and warriors and poets all about thee! But much it is that, escaped out of pain and sorrow, and majestic, but withering powers, thy soul has found her destined temple:—

"Her trembling wings, emerging from the world; And o'er the path by mortal never trod, Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God!"

PASTOR FELIX.

Holiday Cooking.

It is sound economy to have the best materials for good cooking. Pure Spices, Choice Butter, Best Raisins, and Currants, Sweet Cider, Apples, Grapes, New Eggs, Candied Peels, prepared Mince Meat, etc. For these and all other such necessities none can serve you better than

J. S. ARMSTRONG and Bro., 32 CHARLOTTE ST.

Why spend 6 months when you can write 100 words a minutes in three months. A lesson in Simple Shorthand free.

SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, TRURO, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

GEYSERITE SOAP for the cure of all kinds of Pimples. If your grocer or druggist has not got it apply to the agency of the GEYSERITE COMPANY, 69 Prince Wm. Street.

NIGHT HAWKS THE latest thing in hand cameras, also Hawk Eyes, Premiers and View Cameras, Carbon Printing, Out fits, Aristo Paper, Carbutt's Lantern Plates, Carbutt's Dry Plates and Films, Squeezes, Bromide Paper, Gramer's Plates, Chemicals, etc. E. E. CLARKE, 60 Prince Wm. St.

YOUR ADDRESS ON A POSTAL CARD mailed to us brings you promptly 30 samples of cloth, guaranteed self-measurement blanks, whereby you can have your clothing cut to order and sent to any express, on P. O. Order \$3 to \$12. Suits from \$12 up. Agents wanted. PILGORE FANTS CO., 38 Mill St. St. John N. B.

AGENTS WANTED. male and female, to sell our new kind of Cleaner. Fully new sale to every housekeeper. Also our Brand, Cable and Patent Knives, Cutlery, and various Sharpens. No capital required. Early replies, the profit. CLAUDE SHERBROOKE, Lock Box 524, Toronto, Ont.

DONT Buy a Watch Or any Jewelry New Catalogue, ITS FREE, before seeing our R. B. MOWBY & Co. TORONTO CAN.

WHISTON'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE and keep them. The demand by business men for our graduates is greater than the supply. Send for our new catalogue, D. S. WHISTON, 95 Harrington St., Hal. fax, N. S. 11-11-2m

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS. Printing and general finishing for amateurs. Developing, Toning and fixing solutions for sale. LUGNIN PHOTO STUDIO, 38 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. 119 11

A COTTAGE in centre of Rothesay, seven minutes' walk from station; newly papered and painted; suitable for large or small family. Rent moderate. Apply D. RUSSELL, Hawker Medicine Co., 104 Prince Wm. street. 13-5

FRAZEE'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, 119 Hollis St., Halifax in session day and evening. Best place to learn Bookkeeping, Business, etc., also Stenography and Typewriting. Send for circular. J. C. P. FRAZEE, Principal. 11

BOARDING. A FEW PERMANENT or Transient Boarders can be accommodated with large and pleasant rooms, in that very centrally located house, 78 Sidney street.—Mrs. McINNES. May2

RESIDENCE at Rothesay for sale or to rent pleasantly situated house known as the Titus property about one and a half miles from Rothesay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec cassis. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenety Barrister-at-Law, Fugatey Building. 24-6-11

GIVEN AWAY!

With every doz. Cabinet Photos.

A Handsome Cabinet Frame, from date, till Jan. 1, 1894.

— AT —

ISAAC ERB'S, CHARLOTTE STREET ST. JOHN, N. B.

HAY, PRESSED HAY.

Any person requiring to purchase pressed hay should send for quotations before buying elsewhere to J. C. MALONE & CO., Three Rivers, P. Q.

To Out of Town Customers.

SEND TO US for what you want, and if what we send don't suit feel free to send it back. Kid gloves in all sizes, colored and black, 50c. This is not the fifty cent kind but the better ones being sold at 50c.

During this month our \$1.00 lacing glove will be sold for 75c. If you send for those and they don't compare with any glove you can buy elsewhere at \$1.10 we will be pleased to refund your money. Our \$1.00 and \$1.25 kid gloves are provided with the patent steel fastener, which is superior to any other fastening.

FRED. A. DYKEMAN & CO., 97 KING STREET.

JOSEPH RODGERS & SON'S CELEBRATED CUTLERY.

Table Knives, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Etc.

W. H. THORNE & CO., Market Square, St. John.

HOLIDAY TINWARE. FOR the Holiday Trade, we are offering the greatest assortment of House Furnishing Goods in Tinware, Jap'd Cake Boxes, Carpet Sweepers, Brass and Copper Hot Water Kettles, Crumb Brushes and Trays, both Brass and Japanned; Coal Vases in great variety, from \$2.00 up; Fire Irons and Stands, Meat Choppers, &c., &c.

Emerson & Fisher, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. Street.

P. S. Do not fail to see our Bargain Counters. All in plain figures, from 10c. up.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS. Season Tickets for SINGER SKATING RINK,

Band Orchestration, run by Electric Motor, will furnish music every Afternoon and Evening.

TICKETS GENTLEMEN'S, - - \$5.00 LADIES', - - - - - 4 00 CHILDREN'S, - - - - 3.00

Family Tickets, admitting two, \$8.00; each additional, \$2.00. ACME SKATES, LONG REACH SKATES, IN ALL SIZES.

St. John Cycle Co., Proprietors.

THERMOMETERS, WINDOW, HOUSEHOLD, SELF-REGISTERING. DAIRY, BATH, BREWERS. A FULL ASSORTMENT. PRICES LOW. T. McAVITY & SONS, - ST. JOHN, N. B.

SOMETHING NEW FOR NEW YEAR'S.

Fancy Silk Ribbons Men's Linen Collars @ 8 cts. a yard. 4 yards for 25. 10 cts. or \$1 per doz.

BARGAINS IN FANCY GOODS. B. MYERS, - 708 Main St.

JOSEPH I. NOBLE, Jr., FINE CUSTOM SHOES, 78 GERMAIN STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.