

# **The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction eBook**

## **The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction**

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# Page 1

## PREFACE

Wassailing, prefaces, and waits, are nearly at a stand-still; and in these days of universality and everything, we almost resolved to leave this page blank, and every reader to write his own preface, had we not questioned whether the custom would be more honoured in the breach than the observance.

My Public—that is, our readers—we have served you seven years, through fourteen volumes; in each renewing our professions of gratitude, and study for your gratification; and we hope we shall not presume on your liberal disposition by calculating on your continued patronage. We have endeavoured to keep our engagements with you—to *the letter*<sup>[1]</sup>—as they say in weightier matters; and, as every man is bound to speak of the fair as he has found his market in it, we ought to acknowledge the superabundant and quick succession of literary novelties for the present volume. There is little of our own; because we have uniformly taken Dr. Johnson's advice in life—"to play for much, and stake little" This will extenuate our assuming that "from castle to cottage we are regularly taken in:" indeed, it would be worse than vanity to suppose that price or humble pretensions should exclude us; it would be against the very economy of life to imagine this; and we are still willing to abide by such chances of success.

[1] This is not intended exclusively for the *new type* of the present volume.

Cheap Books, we hope, will never be an evil; for, as "the same care and toil that raise a dish of peas at Christmas, would give bread to a whole family during six months;" so the expense of a gay volume at this season will furnish a moderate circle with amusive reading for a twelvemonth. We do not draw this comparison invidiously, but merely to illustrate the advantages of literary economy.

The number *Seven*—the favourite of Swift, (and how could it be otherwise than odd?) has, perhaps, led us into this rambling monologue on our merits; but we agree with Yorick in thinking gravity an errant scoundrel.

A proportionate Index will guide our accustomed readers to any particular article in the present volume; but for those of shorter acquaintance, a slight reference to its principal points may be useful. Besides, a few of its delights may have been choked by weeds and crosses, and their recollection lost amidst the lights and shadows of busy life.

The zeal of our Correspondents is first entitled to honourable mention; and many of their contributions to these pages must have cost them much time and research; for which we beg them to accept our best thanks.

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Of the Selections, generally, we shall only observe, that our aim has been to convey information and improvement in the most amusing form. When we sit down to the pleasant task of cutting open—not cutting *up*—a book, we say, “If this won’t turn out something, another will; no matter—’tis an essay upon human nature. (We) get (our) labour for (our) pains—’tis enough—the pleasure of the experiment has kept (our) senses, and the best part of (our) blood awake, and laid the gross to sleep.” In this way we find many good things, and banish the rest; we attempt to “boke something new,” and revive others. Thus we have described the Siamese Twins in a single number; and in others we have brought to light many almost forgotten antiquarian rarities.

Of Engravings, Paper, and Print, we need say but little: each speaks *prima facie*, for itself. Improvement has been studied in all of them; and in the Cuts, both interest and execution have been cardinal points. Milan Cathedral; Old Tunbridge Wells and its Old Visitors; Clifton; Gurney’s Steam Carriage; and the Bologna Towers; are perhaps the best specimens: and by way of varying architectural embellishments, a few of the Wonders of Nature have been occasionally introduced.

Owen Feltham would call this “a cart-rope” Preface: therefore, with promises of future exertion, we hope our next Seven Years may be as successful as the past.

143, *Strand*, Dec. 24, 1829.

[Illustration: Thomas Campbell, Esq.]

\* \* \* \* \*

## MEMOIR OF THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

Of the subject of this memoir, it has been remarked, “that he has not, that we know of, written one line, which, dying, he could wish to blot.” These few words will better illustrate the fitness of Mr. Campbell’s portrait for our volume, than a laudatory memoir of many pages. He has not inaptly been styled the Tyrtaeus of modern English poetry, and one of the most chaste and tender as well as original of poets. He owes less than any other British poet to his predecessors and contemporaries. He has lived to see his lines quoted like those of earlier poets in the literature of his day, lisped by children, and sung at public festivals. The war-odes of Campbell have scarcely anything to match them in the English language for energy and fire, while their condensation and the felicitous selection of their versification are in remarkable harmony. Campbell, in allusion to Cymon, has been said to have “conquered both on land and sea,” from his Naval Odes and “Hohenlinden” embracing both scenes of warfare.

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Scotland gave birth to Thomas Campbell. He is the son of a second marriage, and was born at Glasgow, in 1777. His father was born in 1710, and was consequently nearly seventy years of age when the poet, his son, was ushered into the world. He was sent early to school, in his native place, and his instructor was Dr. David Alison, a man of great celebrity in the practice of education. He had a method of instruction in the classics purely his own, by which he taught with great facility, and at the same time rejected all harsh discipline, substituting kindness for terror, and alluring rather than compelling the pupil to his duty. Campbell began to write verse when young; and some of his earliest attempts at poetry are yet extant among his friends in Scotland. For his place of education he had a great respect, as well as for the memory of his masters, of whom he always spoke in terms of great affection. He was twelve years old when he quitted school for the University of Glasgow. There he was considered an excellent Latin scholar, and gained high honour by a contest with a candidate twice as old as himself, by which he obtained a bursary. He constantly bore away the prizes, and every fresh success only seemed to stimulate him to more ambitious exertions. In Greek he was considered the foremost student of his age; and some of his translations are said to be superior to any before offered for competition in the University. While there he made poetical paraphrases of the most celebrated Greek poets; of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Aristophanes, which were thought efforts of extraordinary promise. Dr. Millar at that time gave philosophical lectures in Glasgow. He was a highly gifted teacher, and excellent man. His lectures attracted the attention of young Campbell, who became his pupil, and studied with eagerness the principles of sound philosophy; the poet was favoured with the confidence of his teacher, and partook much of his society.

Campbell quitted Glasgow to remove into Argyleshire, where a situation in a family of some note was offered and accepted by him. It was in Argyleshire,[2] among the romantic mountains of the north, that his poetical spirit increased, and the charms of verse took entire possession of his mind. Many persons now alive remember him wandering there alone by the torrent, or over the rugged heights of that wild country, reciting the strains of other poets aloud, or silently composing his own. Several of his pieces which he has rejected in his collected works, are handed about in manuscript in Scotland. We quote one of these wild compositions which has hitherto appeared only in periodical publications.

[2] For a view of this retreat, see the *mirror* No. 337.

\* \* \* \* \*

## DIRGE OF WALLACE.



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They lighted a taper at the dead of night,  
And chanted their holiest hymn;  
But her brow and her bosom were damp with affright  
Her eye was all sleepless and dim!  
And the lady of Elderslie wept for her lord,  
When a death-watch beat in her lonely room,  
When her curtain had shook of its own accord;  
And the raven had flapp'd at her window-board,  
To tell of her warrior's doom!

Now sing you the death-song, and loudly pray  
For the soul of my knight so dear;  
And call me a widow this wretched day,  
Since the warning of God is here!  
For night-mare rides on my strangled sleep:  
The lord of my bosom is doomed to die:  
His valorous heart they have wounded deep;  
And the blood-red tears shall his country weep,  
For Wallace of Elderslie!

Yet knew not his country that ominous hour,  
Ere the loud matin bell was rung,  
That a trumpet of death on an English tower  
Had the dirge of her champion sung!  
When his dungeon light look'd dim and red  
On the high-born blood of a martyr slain,  
No anthem was sung at his holy death-bed;  
No weeping was there when his bosom bled—  
And his heart was rent in twain!

Oh, it was not thus when his oaken spear  
Was true to that knight forlorn;  
And the hosts of a thousand were scatter'd like deer,  
At the blast of the hunter's horn;  
When he strode on the wreck of each well-fought field  
With the yellow-hair'd chiefs of his native land;  
For his lance was not shiver'd on helmet or shield—  
And the sword that seem'd fit for Archangel to wield,  
Was light in his terrible hand!

Yet bleeding and bound, though her Wallace wight  
For his long-lov'd country die,  
The bugle ne'er sung to a braver knight  
Than Wallace of Elderslie!



But the day of his glory shall never depart,  
His head unentomb'd shall with glory be balm'd,  
From its blood-streaming altar his spirit shall start;  
Though the raven has fed on his mouldering heart,  
A nobler was never embalm'd!

From Argyleshire, where his residence was not a protracted one, Campbell removed to Edinburgh. There he soon became introduced to some of the first men of the age, whose friendship and kindness could not fail to stimulate a mind like that of Campbell. He became intimate with the late Dugald Stewart; and almost every other leading professor of the University of Edinburgh was his friend. While in Edinburgh, he brought out his celebrated "Pleasures of Hope," at the age of twenty-one. It is perhaps not too much to say of this work, that no poet of this country ever produced, at so early an age, a more elaborate and finished performance. For this work, which for twenty years produced the publishers between two and three hundred pounds a year, the author received at first but L10, which was afterwards increased



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by an additional sum, and by the profits of a quarto edition of the work. By a subsequent act of the legislature, extending the term of copyright, it reverted again to the author; but with no proportional increase of profit. Campbell's pecuniary circumstances are said to have been by no means easy at this time and a pleasant anecdote is recorded of him, in allusion to the hardships of an author's case, somewhat similar to his own: he was desired to give a toast at a festive moment when the character of Napoleon was at its utmost point of disesteem in England. He gave "Bonaparte." The company started with astonishment. "Gentlemen," said he, "here is Bonaparte in his character of executioner of the booksellers." Palm, the bookseller, had just been executed in Germany, by the orders of the French.

After residing nearly three years in Edinburgh, Campbell quitted his native country for the Continent. He sailed for Hamburg, and there made many acquaintances among the more enlightened circles, both of that city and Altona. At that time there were numerous Irish exiles in the neighbourhood of Hamburg, and some of them fell in the way of the poet, who afterwards related many curious anecdotes of them. There were sincere and honest men among them, who, with the energy of their national character, and enthusiasm for liberty, had plunged into the desperate cause of the rebellion two years before, and did not, even then, despair of freedom and equality in Ireland. Some of them were in private life most amiable persons, and their fate was altogether entitled to sympathy. The poet, from that compassionate feeling which is an amiable characteristic of his nature, wrote *The Exile of Erin*, from the impression their situation and circumstances made upon his mind. It was set to an old Irish air, of the most touching pathos, and will perish only with the language.

Campbell travelled over a great part of Germany and Prussia—visiting the Universities, and storing his mind with German literature. From the walls of a convent he commanded a view of part of the field of Hohenlinden during that sanguinary contest, and proceeded afterwards in the track of Moreau's army over the scene of combat. This impressive sight produced the *Battle of Hohenlinden*—an ode which is as original as it is spirited, and stands by itself in British literature. The poet tells a story of the phlegm of a German postilion at this time, who was driving him post by a place where a skirmish of cavalry had happened, and who alighted and disappeared, leaving the carriage and the traveller alone in the cold (for the ground was covered with snow) for a considerable space of time. At length he came back; and it was found that he had been employing himself in cutting off the long tails of the slain horses, which he coolly placed on the vehicle, and drove on his route. Campbell was also in Ratisbon when the French and Austrian treaty saved it from bombardment.

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In Germany Campbell made the friendship of the two Schlegels, of many of the first literary and political characters, and was fortunate enough to pass an entire day with the venerable Klopstock, who died just two years afterwards. The proficiency of Campbell in the German language was rendered very considerable by this tour, and his own indefatigable perseverance in study. His travels in Germany occupied him thirteen months; when he returned to England, and, for the first time, visited London. He soon afterwards composed those two noble marine odes, *The Battle of the Baltic*, and *Ye Mariners of England*, which, with his *Hohenlinden*, stand unrivalled in the English tongue; and though, as Byron lamented, Campbell has written so little, these odes alone are enough to place him unforgotten in the shrine of the Muses.

In 1803 the poet married Miss Sinclair, a lady of Scottish descent, and considerable personal beauty, but of whom he was deprived by death in 1828. He resided at Sydenham, and the entire neighbourhood of that pleasant village reckoned itself in the circle of his friends; nor did he quit his suburban retreat until, in 1821, literary pursuits demanded his residence in the metropolis. It was at Sydenham, in a house nearly facing the reservoir, that the poet produced his greatest work, *Gertrude of Wyoming*, written in the Spenserian stanza. About the same time Campbell was appointed Professor of Poetry in the Royal Institution, where he delivered lectures which have since been published. He also undertook the editorship of *Selections from the British Poets*, intended as specimens of each, and accompanied with critical remarks.[3]

[3] This work is in seven handsome library volumes; a new edition was announced two or three years since, but has not yet appeared.

Soon after the publication of his "Specimens," he revisited Germany, and passed some time in Vienna, where he acquired a considerable knowledge of the Austrian court and its manners. He remained long at Bonn, where his friend, W.A. Schlegel, resides. Campbell returned to England in 1820, to undertake the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and coupled with his name, it has risen to a very extensive circulation. In 1824, Campbell published his "Theodric, a Domestic Tale," the least popular of his works.

By his marriage Campbell had two sons. One of them died before attaining his twentieth year; the other, while in the University of Bonn, where he was placed for his education, exhibited symptoms of an erring mind, which, on his return to England soon afterwards, ripened into mental derangement of the milder species. After several years passed in this way, during which the mental disease considerably relaxed, so that young Campbell became wholly inoffensive, and his father received him into his house. The effect of this upon a mind of the most exquisite sensibility like the poet's, may be readily imagined: it was, at times, a source of the keenest suffering.

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We must now allude to an event in Campbell's life, which will ensure him the gratitude of ages to come: we mean as the originator of the London University. Four years before it was made public, the idea occurred to him, from his habit of visiting the Universities of Germany, and studying their regulations. He communicated it at first to two or three friends, until his ideas upon the subject became matured, when they were made public, and a meeting upon the business convened in London, which Mr. Campbell addressed, and where the establishment of such an institution met the most zealous support. Once in operation, several public men of high talent, headed by Mr. Brougham, lost not a moment in forwarding the great and useful object in view. The undertaking was divided into shares, which were rapidly taken; but Mr. Campbell left the active arrangements to others, and contented himself with attending the committees. With unexampled rapidity the London University has been completed, or nearly so, and Campbell has had the satisfaction of seeing his projected instrument of education almost in full operation in less than three years after he made the scheme public. Although one of the most important,[4] this is not the only public-spirited event of this description, in Mr. Campbell's life; for he was instrumental in the establishment of the Western Literary Institution, in Leicester Square; and at the present time he is, we believe, in conjunction with other eminent literary men, organizing a club to be entitled the Literary Union, whose lists already contain upwards of 300 men of talent, including Sir Walter Scott and all the principal periodical writers of the day.

[4] Still, Mr. Campbell's name does not occur in the List of Council or Professors of the University, in the British Almanac for the present year.

Campbell, as has already been observed, was educated at Glasgow, and received the honour of election as Lord Rector, three successive years, notwithstanding the opposition of the professors, and the excellent individuals who were placed against him; among whom were the late minister Canning, and Sir Walter Scott. The students of Glasgow College considered that the celebrity of the poet, his liberal principles, his being a fellow-townsmen, and his attention to their interests, entitled him to the preference.

In person, Mr. Campbell is below the middle stature, well made, but slender. His features indicate great sensibility; his eyes are particularly striking, and of a deep blue colour; his nose aquiline; his expression generally saturnine. His step is light, but firm; and he appears to possess much more energy of constitution than men of fifty-two who have been studious in their habits, exhibit in general. His time for study is mostly during the stillness of night, when he can be wholly abstracted from external objects. He is remarkable for absence of mind; is charitable and kind in his disposition, but of quick temper. His amusements are few; the friend and conversation only; and in the "flow of soul" there are few men possessing more companionable qualities. His heart is perhaps one of the best that beats in a human bosom: "it is," observes a biographer, "that which should belong to the poet of *Gertrude*, his favourite personification."

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To exhibit the poet in the social circle, as well as to introduce a very piquant portrait, drawn by a friend, we subjoin a leaf or two from Leigh Hunt's *Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries*[5]—displaying all the graphic ease for which Mr. Hunt is almost without a rival:—

[5] We are aware of part of the subsequent extract having appeared in vol. xi. of THE MIRROR, but the additional interest which it bears in juxtaposition with this Memoir, induces us to repeat it here.

I forget how I became acquainted with Mr. Hill, proprietor of the *Monthly Mirror*; but at his house at Sydenham I used to meet his editor, Mr. Dubois, Mr. Campbell, who was his neighbour, and the two Smiths, authors of *The Rejected Addresses*. Once or twice I saw also Mr. Theodore Hook, and Mr. Matthews, the comedian. Our host (and I thought him no older the other day than he was then) was a jovial bachelor, plump and rosy as an abbot: and no abbot could have presided over a more festive Sunday. The wine flowed merrily and long; the discourse kept pace with it; and next morning, in returning to town, we felt ourselves very thirsty. A pump by the road side, with a splash round it, was a bewitching sight.

“They who know Mr. Campbell only as the author of *Gertrude of Wyoming* and the *Pleasures of Hope*, would not suspect him to be a merry companion, overflowing with humour and anecdote, and any thing but fastidious. These Scotch poets have always something in reserve: it is the only point in which the major part of them resemble their countrymen. The mistaken character which the lady formed of Thomson from his *Seasons* is well known. He let part of the secret out in his *Castle of Indolence*; and the more he let out, the more honour he did to the simplicity and cordiality of the poet's nature, though not always to the elegance of it. Allan Ramsay knew his friends Gay and Somerville as well in their writings, as he did when he came to be personally acquainted with them; but Allan, who had bustled up from a barber's shop into a bookseller's, was ‘a cunning shaver;’ and nobody would have guessed the author of the *Gentle Shepherd* to be penurious. Let none suppose that any insinuation to that effect is intended against Mr. Campbell: he is one of the few men whom I could at any time walk half-a-dozen miles through the snow to spend an afternoon with; and I could no more do this with a penurious man than I could with a sulky one. I know but of one fault he has, besides an extreme cautiousness in his writings; and that one is national, a matter of words, and amply overpaid by a stream of conversation, lively, piquant, and liberal—not the less interesting for occasionally betraying an intimacy with pain, and for a high and somewhat strained tone of voice, like a man speaking with suspended breath, and in the habit of subduing his feelings. No man, I should guess, feels more kindly towards his

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fellow-creatures, or takes less credit for it. When he indulges in doubt and sarcasm, and speaks contemptuously of things in general, he does it, partly, no doubt, out of actual dissatisfaction, but more perhaps than he suspects, out of a fear of being thought weak and sensitive—which is a blind that the best men very commonly practise. Mr. Campbell professes to be hopeless and sarcastic, and takes pains all the while to set up an university.

“When I first saw this eminent person, he gave me the idea of a French Virgil: not that he is like a Frenchman, much less the French translator of Virgil. I found him as handsome as the Abbe Delille is said to have been ugly. But he seemed to me to embody a Frenchman’s ideal notion of the Latin poet; something a little more cut and dry than I had looked for; compact and elegant, critical and acute, with a consciousness of authorship upon him; a taste over-anxious not to commit itself, and refining and diminishing nature as in a drawing-room mirror. This fancy was strengthened in the course of conversation, by his expatiating on the greatness of Racine. I think he had a volume of the French Tragedian in his hand. His skull was sharply cut and fine; with plenty, according to the phrenologists, both of the reflective and amative organs; and his poetry will bear them out. For a lettered solitude and a bridal properly got up, both according to law and luxury, commend us to the lovely *Gertrude of Wyoming*. His face and person were rather on a small scale; his features regular; his eye lively and penetrating; and when he spoke, dimples played about his mouth, which nevertheless had something restrained and close in it. Some gentle puritan seemed to have crossed the breed, and to have left a stamp on his face, such as we often see in the female Scotch face rather than the male. But he appeared not at all grateful for this; and when his critiques and his Virgilianism were over, very unlike a puritan he talked! He seemed to spite his restrictions; and out of the natural largeness of his sympathy with things high and low, to break at once out of Delille’s Virgil into Cotton’s, like a boy let loose from school. When I have the pleasure of hearing him now, I forget his Virgilianisms, and think only of the delightful companion, the unaffected philanthropist, and the creator of a beauty worth all the heroines in Racine.

“Mr. Campbell has tasted pretty sharply of the good and ill of the present state of society, and for a book-man has beheld strange sights. He witnessed a battle in Germany from the top of a convent (on which battle he has written a noble ode); and he saw the French cavalry enter a town, wiping their bloody swords on the horses’ manes. Not long ago he was in Germany again, I believe to purchase books; for in addition to his classical scholarship, and his other languages, he is a reader of German. The readers there, among whom he is popular, both for his poetry and his love of freedom, crowded about

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him with affectionate zeal; and they gave him, what he does not dislike, a good dinner. There is one of our writers who has more fame than he; but not one who enjoys a fame equally wide, and without drawback. Like many of the great men in Germany, Schiller, Wieland, and others, he has not scrupled to become editor of a magazine; and his name alone has given it among all circles a recommendation of the greatest value, and such as makes it a grace to write under him.

“I have since been unable to help wishing, perhaps not very wisely, that Mr. Campbell would be a little less careful and fastidious in what he did for the public; for, after all, an author may reasonably be supposed to do best that which he is most inclined to do. It is our business to be grateful for what a poet sets before us, rather than to be wishing that his peaches were nectarines, or his Falernian Champagne. Mr. Campbell, as an author, is all for refinement and classicality, not, however, without a great deal of pathos and luxurious fancy.”

Mr. Campbell's literary labours are perhaps too well known and estimated to require from us any thing more than a rapid enumeration of the most popular, as supplementary to this brief memoir. In his studies he exhibits great fondness for recondite subjects; and will frequently spend days in minute investigations into languages, which, in the result, are of little moment. But his ever-delightful theme is Greece, her arts, and literature. There he is at home: it was his earliest, and will, probably, be his latest study. There is no branch of poetry or history which has reached us from the “mother of arts” with which he is not familiar. He has severely criticised Mitford for his singular praise of the Lacedaemonians at the expense of the Athenians, and his preference of their barbarous laws to the legislation of the latter people. His lectures on Greek Poetry have appeared, in parts, in the *New Monthly Magazine*. He has also published *Annals of Great Britain, from the Accession of George III. to the Peace of Amiens*; and is the author of several articles on Poetry and Belles Lettres in the *Edinburgh Encyclopaedia*.

Among his poetical works, the minor pieces display considerably more energy than those of greater length. The *Pleasures of Hope* is entitled to rank as a British classic; and his *Gertrude* is perhaps one of the most chaste and delicate poems in the language. His fugitive pieces are more extensively known. Some of them rouse us like the notes of a war trumpet, and have become exceedingly popular; which every one who has heard the deep rolling voice of Braham or Phillips in *Hohenlinden*, will attest. Neither can we forget the beautiful *Valedictory Stanzas* to John Kemble, at the farewell dinner to that illustrious actor. Another piece, *the Last Man*, is indeed fine—and worthy of Byron. Of Campbell's attachment to his native country we have already spoken, but as a finely-wrought specimen of this amiable passion we subjoin a brief poem:



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### LINES WRITTEN ON VISITING A SCENE IN ARGYLESHIRE.

At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour,  
I have mused in a sorrowful mood,  
On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom the bower,  
Where the home of my forefathers stood.  
All ruin'd and wild is their roofless abode,  
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree:  
And travell'd by few is the grass-cover'd road,  
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode  
To his hills that encircle the sea.

Yet wandering I found on my ruinous walk,  
By the dial-stone aged and green,  
One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,  
To mark where a garden had been.  
Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,  
All wild in the silence of nature, it drew,  
From each wandering sun-beam, a lonely embrace  
For the night-weed and thorn overshadow'd the place,  
Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness! emblem of all  
That remains in this desolate heart!  
The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall,  
But patience shall never depart!  
Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and bright,  
In the days of delusion by fancy combined  
With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,  
Abandon my soul, like a dream of the night,  
And leave but a desert behind.

Be hush'd, my dark spirit! For wisdom condemns  
When the faint and the feeble deplore;  
Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems  
A thousand wild waves on the shore!  
Through the perils of chance, and the scowl of disdain,  
May thy front be unalter'd, thy courage elate!  
Yea! even the name I have worshipp'd in vain  
Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again:  
To bear is to conquer our fate.

Of a similar description are his "Lines on revisiting a Scottish River." [6]

[6] See MIRROR, No. 257.

Mr. Campbell contributes but little to the pages of the New Monthly Magazine: still, what he writes is excellent, and as we uniformly transfer his pieces to the *Mirror*, we need not recapitulate them. The fame of Campbell, however, rests on his early productions, which, though not numerous, are so correct, and have been so fastidiously revised, that while they remain as standards of purity in the English tongue, they sufficiently explain why their author's compositions are so limited in number, "since he who wrote so correctly could not be expected to write much." His Poetical pieces have lately been collected, and published in two elegant library volumes, with a portrait esteemed as an extremely good likeness.



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A contemporary critic, speaking of the superiority of Campbell's minor effusions, when compared with his larger efforts, observes, "His genius, like the beautiful rays of light that illumine our atmosphere, genial and delightful as they are when expanded, are yet without power in producing any active or immediate effect. In their natural expansions they sparkle to be sure, and sweetly shine; but it is only when condensed, and brought to bear upon a limited space or solitary object, that they acquire the power to melt, to burn, or to communicate their fire to the object they are in contact with." Another writer says, "In common with every lover of poetry, we regret that his works are so few; though, when a man has written enough to achieve immortality, he cannot be said to have trifled away his life. Mr. Campbell's poetry will find its way wherever the English language shall be spoken, and will be admired wherever it is known."

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