

THE FUNERAL OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

(From the *Bristol Mercury*.)

“ He departed in the fulness of his years, and his fame shed a halo round the pillow on which he breathed his last sigh !”

And it is done ! the organ peal hath wafted to the sky
That now, beneath that gorgeous pile, a poet's relics lie ;
Beneath that glorious roof where kings repose in awful state—
And England's great and England's brave the Final Word await
No green leaves wave above him now—that heart so “ warm
and true” —

That pictured Susquehanna's stream beneath her skies of blue :
That heard green Erin's Exile mourn beside the mountain lone,
Far from the land—the land beloved ! — no more to be his own

That struck the sounding harp when Hope had swell'd th' au-
picious gale,
And crown'd with every poet-grace the Flower of Innisfail ;
Depicted, in her darkest hour, the truth of that fond heart,
From which the light of Reason went, but Love could ne'er
depart.

No green leaves wave above him, but the spirits he enshrined
In the crystal gems of genius rare, the mirrors of his mind !—
Are floating proudly round him, as they hail him in the sky,
And the “ Battle of the Baltic” sounds where Nelson's ashes lie

And Kosciusko's gallant mould by patriot hands is pour'd
Above the silent heart of him whose memory they adored,
The bard who wept Sarmatia's wrongs, and launch'd the living
fire

Against the fierce and fiendish form that fill'd her land with ire.
The bard who show'd, in lightning streams, the proud and cruel
Czar,

Who struck sweet Freedom's altar down in desolating war ;
And banish'd millions from the homes that Hope had smiled
above, [love,

And still'd the warmest hearts and dimm'd the eyes of pures,
Close—close the scene ! the “ Bard of Hope” hath gone to his
last bed,

And coronals of radiant hues are bound around his head ;
And he hath left, in those bright gems by god-like Genius given,
The brilliance of the heart on earth which shows its height in
heaven !

WM. GILL THOMPSON.

CAMPBELL, THOMAS, LL.D., the eminent poet, was the son of a Scotch merchant, who gave him an excellent education at Glasgow, where he greatly distinguished himself. A translation of his from Aristophanes was pronounced to be the finest college exercise his judges had ever seen: and, when little more than thirteen, he won a bursary in his college from a competitor nearly double his age! Leaving Glasgow at an early age, he settled in Edinburgh as a private tutor; and here, when only in his twenty-second year, he published "The Pleasures of Hope"—one of the most elegant poems in our language. The success of this work was such as to allow of his making a tour on the Continent, whence he gave the world those splendid lyrics, "Ye Mariners of England," "The Exile of Erin," and "Hohenlinden." At the battle of Hohenlinden he was so near, that he could see the returning conquerors wiping their blood-stained sabres upon their horses' manes; a circumstance to which, in after years, he was often heard to allude. His poem, however, is by no means a true

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picture of the battle it celebrates. Soon after his return from the Continent, Campbell married and settled in London, employing himself not only in occasional composition of poetry, but also in the hard literary drudgery of mere compilation. To such works he could not judiciously put his name, but from 1803 to 1809 his labours in this way were as intense and extensive as they were creditable to his love of independence. He now published "Gertrude of Wyoming," "The Battle of the Baltic," "Lord Ullin's Daughter," and "O'Connor's Child;" and he was engaged by Mr Murray to write the well-known "Critical Essays and Specimens." Subsequently he edited the New Monthly and the Metropolitan Magazines: and published "Theodoric," a poem, besides editing some reprints and compilations. Early in his career he was relieved from absolute want by the kindness of Charles James Fox, who put him on the pension list for £200 per annum. His health had for some years been but feeble, and in 1843 he retired to Boulogne, where he died: but his remains were conveyed to England and interred in Westminster Abbey. Died, June 15, 1844, aged

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Campbell (T.) A.L.s. to John Richardson, asking for a loan of

£25, 4 pp. 4to, Paris 1834;