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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1893.

WITH THOMAS CAMPBELL

HAUNTS THAT GAVE MANY THEMES TO THE PO .

Lord Ullin's Daughter—Reullura—The Wild Music of the Corrievrecken—Reminiscences of His Early Life—Selling His First Poems.

It was a memorable epoch in the writer's boyhood that ushered to him the poems of Thomas Campbell, together with a brief sketch of his life. Books with him were then as rare as few, and became, with each successive prize, an excitement settling into a quiet, delicious dream, in that Acadian village,—"distant, secluded, far;" and here was one of the most exciting books of poetry he had ever found. "The Pleasures of Hope," with its noble patriotism, its fervid enthusiasm, and general magnificence of diction, gave him a new rapture. The matchless swing of the martial lyrics so filled his ears with their sounding might that nothing could be compared to them but the sweep of winds, the rattle of the thunder, or the beating of Minas upon her cliffy shores. He walked the fields reciting "Lochiel's Warning," "Hohenlinden," and others of that ilk, infected with a new joy. Still, among all strains, ancient or modern, that tell of heroic action, are there any that can move us more than these? As for "Hohenlinden," it refuses to desert the school-boy memory; and, for "Lochiel's Warning," we do not wonder that Sir Walter Scott repeated the gallop-ading poem, word for word, after having read it once. Then the dreamy beauty of "Gertrude of Wyoming," with the pathetic and contemplative pieces, helped the enchantment; and as for "Reullura," in its clear, star-like beauty, it lingers still among the dim visions of childhood, with a weird, haunting loveliness that cannot pass away. After all these years, and with later loves and different impressions, he goes fondly back to the early thrill Campbell awoke; many a ringing line and stanza vibrates anew when anything recalls it; and in the oblivion of memory they must be among the latest things to fade.

Campbell was born at Glasgow [27th. July, 1777.] but the house, if it exists, cannot, as we believe, be identified. Glasgow and its neighborhood with the surrounding towns has been a garden of poets, great and small, but trade and manufacture overlie literature there except to the closest seeker. Of poets the smoke and grime smothered some—such as Tannahill and Motherwell, and the stronger who escaped to places of more generous appreciation and liberal reward, were soon forgotten in that particular metropolis. As many as forty-five years ago an English writer interested in such matters for the purpose of book making, vainly attempted to locate the place of Campbell's birth, and after reference to every authority in the city was obliged to give it up. It is pleasing to note the present interest of the public in the preservation and identification of notable buildings manifested by affixing tablets upon them, with inscriptions that not only may catch the eye of the antiquary and literary lover, but that the common traveller "who runs may read."

But the child, Campbell, traversed these Glasgow Streets, and early discovered an extraordinary intellect. At twelve years he was a good Latinist, and drank the classics as a water-famished deer might drink the streams of his ancestral Highlands. He bore an excellent name for scholarship and character in the university of his native city; where, in his thirteenth year, after formidable competition with a student nearly twice his age, he obtained the bursary on Archbishop Leighton's foundation. The seven years he passed here were marked by an earnest enthusiasm in the pursuit of classical studies, and the acquisition of various prizes. His excellence in Greek became conspicious, so that few students had courage to compete with him, and portions of his school translations published in his works, show such ripeness and precision of style as to amaze the reader who has learned their history.

He is at this period of his life described as being "a fair and beautiful boy, with pleasant and winning manners, and a mild cheerful disposition" That he was beautiful and attractive in his childish appearance few will question who have portraits of him in his maturity. He knew himself early as a poet, and exulted in the expansion of his powers. The desire of the youthful poet to see himself in print was indulged while yet a student; and there were those who in after years remembered the handsome boy who stood at the college gate with his hands full of the slips on which his rhymes were printed, as he sold them to all the passers who would buy. It is said that in his later years he was vexed when reminded of his youthful enterprise.

"The Greek chair during his attendance at the University," writes one of his biographers, "was filled by Professor Young, who was a complete enthusiast in Greek literature. From him Campbell caught the same enthusiasm, which, nourished and strengthened as it was by his success at college, endured during his whole life. Often, in his later years, has the writer of this sketch, while sitting in his company, been electrified by the beauty and power with which he recited his favorite passages from the Greek poets; with whose writings his mind was richly stored, and which he appreciated and praised with the characteristic warmth of one who was himself a master in their divine art."

But his college life was left behind, and the streets of the smoky city faded away. Nature, for a year, opened to him her great university—the poet's chief school; and his lovely perceptors, the hills, the streams, the skies, the waves, took him to themselves, and it is there we like best to see him The estate of his paternal grandfather was the scene of his musings, and that friendly home at Kernan did its part in the nourishment of a poet. We can see him losing himself, day after day, amid the wilds of mountainous Argyleshire, or wandering along the romantic shores of Loch Ghoil, where the chieftain to the Highlands bound, cried, 'boatman, do not tarry.' To this birthplace of many a sweet dream, and splendid vision, he refers in the lines beginning:

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

To one whose own ancestral home situated among beautiful scenes, has been left to solitude and silence, these lines possess an especial pathos; and, while we may not quote them all here, we have read them through to the last familiar, but justly memorable lines,—

"Yea! even the name I have worshipped in vain
Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again
To bear is to conquer our fate."

Then on the lonely sea girt island he divided his time between the office of tutor and the muses. It was on romantic Mull, with the melancholy main uttering in his ear the mystic meaning of the creation, and with nature's most varied and magnificent forms all about him, that his genius was chiefly nourished. Here were conceived or born many of his finest poems and lyrics. Ideas that books could not give floated to him on the salt sea airs; imaginations bright as the firmament and the under seas in summer, and awful as the shadowy autumnal mountains, gave him the material for "Lord Ullin's Daughter" and "Reullura," and for that matchless "Lochiel's Warning." It is of "Reullura" that a brother poet thus speaks, as of "one of the most exquisite poems in the language,"—and we must agree with him. Into it, he thinks, Campbell "has most thoroughly infused the spirit of the wild and romantically desolate scenery of the Western Islands. . . . Without any apparent attempt at description either of scenery or individual character, both stand forth in strong and clear distinctness. Aodh, the far-famed preacher of the word in Iona; and Reullura, beauty's star, with her calm clear eye; to which visions of the future were often revealed; and those desolate treeless lands, the savage shores of which, riven by primeval earthquakes, will be lashed by the waves of a wild, stormy sea, to the end of time. The church of Iona again stands aloft, the Gael listens to the preaching of the Word and the heathen sea-king came from Denmark for plunder and massacre. This poem it is, above all others, into which the wild music of the Corrievreckin entered; and though it was written many years after the poet's residence amid these scenes, nothing can be clearer evidence of the deep impression they made upon his mind." But here it was, also, that his celebrated classic poem, "The Pleasures of Hope," was conceived and partially written; and when we read such lines as the following we will know amid what scenes they were inspired:

"Iona's saint, a giant form,
Throned on her towers, conversing with the storm,
(When o'er each Runic altar, weed-entwined,
The vesper clock tolls mournful to the wind,)
Counts every wave-worn isle, and mountain hoar,
From Kilda's to the green Ierne's shore."

Himself has told us with what delight he used to listen to the "far-famed roar of Corrievreckan," heard many leagues away. "When the weather is calm," he says, and the adjacent sea scarcely heard on these picturesque shores, the sound of the vortex, which is like the sound of innumerable chariots, creates a magnificent effect."

Thence from solitude, to society and from the wild "sea-beaten shore," to the streets of the Scottish Athens, a new sympathetic eye looked upon the loved "romantic town" of Scott, and the "darling seat" in the fervid imagination of Burns. In the old town, where the ancientry of Scotland mainly lingers, there is a court or square known by the name of Alison; and there with his mother, he resided, having, re-engaged himself as a private tutor. Melancholy, it is to read, that she who might have solaced and encouraged him at the outset of his career, and in somewhat narrow circumstances, harassed him by the infirmity of her temper. But poetry became his solace, and the completion of his poem the occupation of his spare moments; and while the rare vintage was fermenting in the vat of his mind, he might often be seen in some solitary outskirt of the city, or lingering on the bridge in its vicinity, finding a temporary freedom from the disquieting influences that met him at home.

At length the sun of his reputation rose in an unclouded dawning. "The Pleasures of Hope," published in April, 1799, became the wonder of the day to the literary public, and was hailed everywhere with acclamations of delighted approval. Like the immortal "Childe," the Scotch tutor awoke to fame, and at once, though only twenty-two, he was ranked among the chief singers of his time. That repute became settled fame; and whatever else he wrote, he was always first and chiefly the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," and the authorship of "The Pleasures of Hope" followed him to the grave.

So Campbell joined the ranks of youthful and ardent poets, with a poem that to many a bard in the morning of life is destined to be an inspiration, The majestic harmonies that sound there, and the general heroism and devotion that breathe through every line, can never fail to delight the ear and quicken the pulse of man in his first season of chivalrous endeavor. We see him, imaginatively, in the radiant company of those who, with the flush of hope and joy upon their cheeks, came to their full strength while still their boyish grace lingered;—the fair "Endymion," and he who smiles in the elysian grace of his eternal childhood. At twenty-two, Campbell sung in the ear of the world hopes never-failing pleasures; at twenty-two the chastically-gorgeous "Revolt of Islam" revolted England, but revealed outline to the discerning, unprejudiced few, a master-spirit; at twenty-two the poet of "Childe Harold" drew honey instead of gall from the pen of the reviewer, distilling fame's rarest essence; and at twenty-two the "Lamia" and "Hyperion" of Keats wrote in eternal, adamant the name of him, who, dying, mournfully supposed it to have been written in water. Instantly gathered around the youthful bard the literary lights of Edinburgh; Dugald Stewart and Henry Mackenzie, then still-living links connecting the later school of poets with the time of Burns; Professor Playfair, the shaggy, stern, but generous Brougham; Jeffrey, the famous reviewer; and the wise and witty cleric, Sydney Smith.

PASTOR FELIX.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON'S

Guide to Shoppers in Search of

Christmas Gifts.

Silk Initial Handkerchiefs, 20c, 33c, 50c, 75c each.
Lawn Initial Handkerchiefs, per box, 55c, 75c.
Linen Initial Handkerchiefs, per box, $1.25; do., per half dozen, $1, $1.65, $2.50.
Linen Hem-stitched Handkerchiefs, very low prices, half doz. in fancy box.
Handkerchiefs for boys, Handkerchiefs for girls in boxes; special line of Silk Handkerchiefs for ladies and gentlemen on our show counter, 20, 35, 50, 65c.
A Lace Handkerchief, a Gauze Handkerchief, Swiss Emb'd Handkerchiefs.
Irish Hand Emb'd Handkerchiefs, Morocco Shopping Bags.
Antelope Shopping Bags, the Boston Cloth Bags, Leather and Silk Bags.
Opera Glass Bags, Chatelaine Bags, Ladies' Fitted Cases, Gents' Fitted Cases.
Ladies' Fitted Bags, Gents' Fitted Bags, American Portmonies.
Foreign Portmonies, Card Cases, Hair Brushes in leather cases, Collar Boxes.
Cuff Boxes, Shaving Cases, Jewel Cases, Manicure Sets, Hand Glasses.
A very choice stock of Stamped Linen Work, viz: D'oylies, Centre pieces.
Veil Cases, Glove Cases, Handkerchief Cases, Necktie Cases, Tea Cosie Cases.
Painted Plush Cushions and Saddle Bags to match.
RIBBONS for XMAS FANCY WORK.
Boys' Wool and Cashmere Hose, Girl's Wool and Cashmere Hose.
Ladies' Wool Hose, Ladies' Silk Hose, Ladies' Lisle Hose.
Ladies' Cashmere Hose, Ladies' Black and Colored Gaiters
FANS, FANS, FANS, FANS—what is more acceptable than a pretty Fan?
Embroidery and Knitting Silks, a Lace Mat, a Pair Emb'd Pillow Shams.
A pair Irish Open Work Pillow Shams, a dozen D'oylies.
A Sideboard Strip, a Bureau Strip, a Tray Cloth, a dozen Napkins.
A Damask Cover, a 5 o'clock Tea Cloth, a Fancy Ajour Cloth.
A Tamask Table Cloth, a dozen Towels.
Fancy Damask Table Cloth and Napkins to match.
Irish Cloths and Napkins to match, Irish made Pillow Slips.
Irish Sheeting, Irish Pillow Linen, a Marsella Quilt, a pair Blankets,
A Flannel Tea Gown, a Cashmere Dress, a Silk Dress.
A Lace Dress, a Wool Dress, a Wool Shawl, a Print Dress.
A Cardigan Jacket, a Wool Cloud, a Wool Toque.
Yards Grey Flannel, yards Fancy Flannel, yards Shaker Flannel.
Yards White Cotton, yards White Sheeting, yards Grey Sheeting.
A pair Boys' Gloves, a pair Girl's Gloves, a pair Ladies' Gloves.
Ladies' Suede Gloves, Ladies' Fancy Silk Gloves, Ladies' Lined Gloves.
Boys' Chamois Gloves, Boys' Calf Gloves, Misses' Kid Gloves.
Ladies' Fancy Silk Dress Fronts, Boys' Collars, Ladies' Collars.
Slipper Patterns, a Ladies' Umbrella, Fancy Baskets, Scrap Baskets.
An Eiderdown Quilt, an Eider Cushion, a Wool Quilt, a Fancy Cushion.
A Fancy Easel, an Oak Easel, an Oak Screen, a Medicine Cabinet.
A Fancy Stool, an Umbrella Stand, a China Cabinet, an Oak Hat Rack.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, St. John.

A RETIRED BURGLAR'S STORY.

A Curious Happening in a House in a Pennsylvania Town.

"I think that about as curious an experience as I ever had," said a retired burglar, "I had in a town in western Pennsylvania. I had got into a fine big house there without very much trouble, and had found things when I got inside about as I expected to find them. There was some silver in the dining room, and I nipped a few little things that I could get into my overcoat pockets handily, but I had other things in mind and I went on into the next room, which turned out to be the library. As I threw my light around this room, I saw on a table in the centre a magazine open and laying face downward. I picked up this magazine and turned my bull's-eye on it, and saw that it was open at the beginning of a story. The title caught my eye and I stood there for a moment with the magazine in one hand and the bull's-eye in the other, and read a few lines; it seemed to me a mightily interesting story. Whoever had been reading the magazine had sat in a big leather chair, which still remained alongside the table. I sat down in this big chair, stood the bull's-eye on the table at my elbow, where its light would strike the pages, and began to read, and became so interested that I forgot I was there on business.

"I don't know how long I had been reading, maybe twenty minutes or so, when I felt a hand on my right shoulder. I looked up and saw standing alongside of me a tall man in a dressing gown. He had a lamp in his right hand; he had touched me with his left, and that hand still remained on my shoulder. He looked down upon me coolly. I confess that as far as I was concerned I was surprised, and when he asked me what I was doing there I was at first too flabbergasted to reply, but I finally told him I was reading a story in that magazine. He asked me what story I was reading and I told him. I thought I saw just the faintest flicker of a smile on his face at that, but I couldn't be certain about it.

"'What do you think of it?' says he.

"I had come back to myself by this time, and I told him I thought he ought to be able to see what I thought of it himself; that I was interested in it enough to let him come down and find me there reading it, but that I wouldn't undertake to say what I thought about it absolutely until I had finished reading it.

"'Well,' says the man, "don't let me interrupt you. Go ahead and finish it.'

"He was looking perfectly calm and cool, just as he had been when I first looked up at him. He set his lamp down on the table by the bull's eye, and pulled up a big chair himself on the other side, and got another chair to put his feet on; he had only slippers on, and I suppose he thought his feet would be cold on the floor. He sat down in the big chair, put his feet up on the other, and pulled his dressing gown up around his legs, making himself quite comfortable. Then he picked up a book off the table and went to reading, while he waited for me to finish the story. When I had finished it the man said:

"'Well, what do you think of it now?'

"And I told him, and that's what I did think about it, that I thought it was immense.

"The man laid down his book and got up on his feet again. He picked up his lamp and stood there for a moment holding it and looking at me. He said nothing, but it was perfectly clear to me that he was about politely to bow me out of the house. I laid down the magazine and picked up my bull's eye, and moved toward the door just as I might have done if I had been a guest. The tall man opened the door and calmly bowed me out. As I went down the steps I heard him bolting the door after me.

"You know I wondered who he could be, but when I came to find out, I wondered that I hadn't thought of it myself before; he was the man that wrote the story."

An Effectual Plan.

Once, when the late Colonel Fred Burnaby was returning to his hotel in Seville very late at night, three Spaniards of the worst type persistently followed him. The streets were dark and narrow, and he began to realise that his would-be assailants were rapidly gaining on him,

The position was critical, and it became necessary to display promptitude. As he walked, he began soliloquising audibly in the native tongue, at the same time letting the moonlight flash along the barrel of a small revolver, which he always carried. His soliloquy took the form of a mathematical sum.

"How many men could I kill," he inquired, "with six bullets, which are at the present moment in my pocket, if I accept as a fact that two bullets would effectually polish off one man?

"Answer—three. Right?"

The effect of this conclusion was very remarkable. The Spaniards at once turned about, and the mathematician was left master of the situation.

Could Pronounce French.

An Englishman has recently returned from a trip abroad, and has related a few incidents of his trip. He often dined at table d'hote, and opposite him sometimes sat a nouveau riche family of three—father, mother, and daughter.

This trio had evidently been making an attempt to learn a little French before their trip, and, the mother, especially, had, in her mind, succeeded admirably. It was their custom at meals when one secured a particularly choice morsel to tell those near them, so they might order likewise.

One day the tourist had put before him some delicious croquettes. Mrs. New Rich leaned over and asked him what he was eating.

"Chicken croquettes," he replied.

But Mrs. New Rich knew better. She had studied French, and knew how to pronounce correctly. That was her strong point.

"Waiter," she said, in a loud voice, "bring me an order of chicken crokays."

And they called them "crokays" the rest of the trip.

Seasonable Advice.

Blobbs—"I wouldn't tell a secret to Wigwag." "Slobbs—"Why not?" Blobbs "He's in charge of a bureau of information. He can't keep anything to himself.

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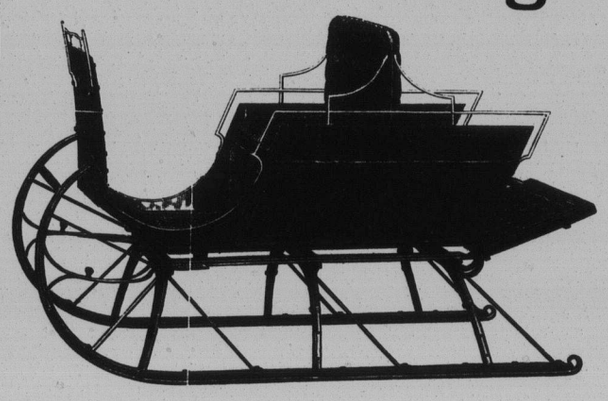

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