

## LAYS OF THE FELLOWSHIP.

[BY E. K. S.]

No. 1.—*THE ODD FELLOW.*

My lot is cast in a stranger land,  
 On a far-off shore alone I stand ;  
 And I seek in vain, in the stranger's eye,  
 For the glance of kindred sympathy ;  
 And the glowing sky in its depths of blue,  
 And the giant forest's sombre hue,  
 And the painted flowers, and the golden fruit,  
 Speak of a wild and glorious land ;  
 Where the print of the early white-man's foot,  
 Is scarce effaced from the briny sand.

Away, away ! oh ! far away,  
 Shine the smiles that I loved in my childhood gay ;  
 And each blast that sweeps o'er the stormy sea,  
 May bear on its breath some sigh for me.  
 The very stars in the sky above,  
 In stranger courses seem to move ;  
 And the savage roams through the desert wild,  
 Where the prowling beasts his reign confess ;  
 Rude, and unlettered, Nature's child,  
 Lord of the silent wilderness.

Yet, even here, my heart is light,  
 And my soul is glad with feelings bright,  
 For even here, in a desert land,  
 I welcome the open heart and hand ;  
 In the face of my fellow man I look,  
 And read as from a living book—  
 A living book of wisdom deep,  
 Whose speaking page unfolds to me,  
 The dream of my young affection's sleep  
 In the links of a sweet affinity.

There are signs and symbols round me now,  
 Which teach a nobler love to glow ;  
 And the beaming eye and the smiling lip,  
 Are the links of a kindly fellowship ;  
 The feeble links of that social chain,  
 Which binds us in this world of pain :  
 A chain designed by Heaven above,  
 To hold man in a closer tie ;  
 In the bonds of a kind fraternal love,  
 And an all enduring charity.

Say not, the household loves, endeared  
 By hallowed memories, long revered,  
 Find in my soul a colder shrine,  
 Than such affections seek in thine ;  
 With kindlier growth those feelings bless,  
 That heart's expansive tenderness ;  
 Which, turning from the selfish sphere,  
 Circling around his lonely fate :  
 Sees earth a brighter aspect wear,  
 And joys he is not desolate.

## RECORDS OF READING.\*—No. I.

## MACAULAY'S ESSAY ON MILTON.

Ed. Review, No. 84, 1825.

I have just read this Essay (Dec. 26, 1842). It is the first production of Macaulay that I have seen—and having heard much of it, took some interest in the perusal. For myself, no theme could be more congenial than that of Milton; if ever man was worthy the epithet "divine," Milton is, in my opinion, that man. Of course, I judge partially of him, as he appears to me in his works; but with these his life and character were in perfect accordance. It is as a man, therefore, as well as a poet and statesman, that I think Milton's character can hardly be estimated too highly.

Mr. Macaulay seems fully to appreciate such a character—and does ample justice both to his talents and virtues. But amidst all the warmth and energy of his praise, there is a something wanting; it is not that there is too much of the critic, but there is too little of the Christian. We could have wished in the contemplation of such a character as Milton's, that our moral, rather than political, sympathies had been awakened. Not that Mr. Macaulay is silent on this head,—but he speaks rather from admiration than sympathy; he acknowledges, and in fitting terms, the moral worth of his subject, but the acknowledgment comes more in the shape of homage that is due, than a tribute spontaneously rendered. I know not that I make myself intelligible, but those who have read Channing, Chateaubriand, or even Fletcher, on the same subject, will understand what I mean. Macaulay it is evident, perceived and admired the sentiments of Milton, but from Channing we learn more—he shows us that he is animated by the *same* sentiments. We agree, we are pleased, with Macaulay—we feel, we *rise*, with Channing. A man *may* be made better by reading the former—he *must* by reading the latter.

I like the style of Macaulay—it is nervous, clear, easy, and pointed. Neither exuberant, nor elaborate, he uses words just sufficient to convey his meaning, and ornaments just sufficient to convey it with grace. In the Essay on Milton, he vindicates the proceedings of the *anti-Charlists* with great ability, and puts, as it seems to me, much that has been the subject of controversy relating to those times, in its true light. His observations on the Puritans and Royalists, are well worth reading; and I think he shows clearly that those who affect to look with horror on the execution of Charles I., can not very consistently talk about the *glorious Revolution* of 1688.

## BULWER.

I have been reading lately some of L. Bulwer's Works, and the result has been, to impress me with a high sense of his merits, and of respect for his sentiments. There is something very beautiful and touching in his writings, and which, notwithstanding all the sneering and carping of criticism, will, I think, render them permanently and deservedly popular. His series of papers entitled "The Student," I rank among his gems, and of those I have read of his novels, I prefer "Night and Morning." This being the last perused, and freshest in my memory, may, perhaps, prejudice me in its favor. I have not yet read "The last of the Barons," of which I hear much, but I can easily conceive that the author of "Night and Morning," could write more than one novel superior to "Pelham," "Rienzi," "Eugene Aram," "Last Days of Pompeii," or even "The Disowned." "Paul Clifford," I never could get into the marrow of. His plays are beautiful poems; and the "Lady of Lyons" is as dramatic as it is poetic. "Money" I like, but not in an equal degree. There are some fine passages in his "Duchess de la Valliere," but as a play, it is a failure. Bulwer has evidently read "Channing." No wonder he should, as I am told he does, admire him. The novelist who should imbibe both the spirit and the style of Channing, would produce a work superior to what Scott even has written, or could write. A *truly* religious novel is yet to be written. "The Disowned" is

\* These papers are from the private journal of the author, and were never intended for publication. It is necessary to state this, to account for the apparent egotism and freedom with which they are written.

an approach towards it. "Night and Morning" savors of such an intention—but "Dunallan" comes nearest to it. Apropos of novels in general, I know none that ever left a more disagreeable impression upon me than "Caleb Williams," excepting, perhaps, Victor Hugo's "Esmeralda." Each possesses intense and thrilling interest, but in closing the pages of either, we could wish that they were instantly forgotten.

To return to Bulwer. He is said to be a coxcomb in his dress and manners—it may be so, but he cannot be a coxcomb at heart, nor any thing of one in mind. His writings contradict the possibility—for I maintain that a man who writes much, cannot do so, without disclosing, more or less, his real *character*. On this subject Bulwer has written an essay, with every word of which I agree. He observes that, "so far from the book belying the author, unless he had written that book, his nearest relation, his dearest connexion, his wife, his mother, *would never have known the character of his mind.*" This is true. I have as warm affections as most—and few have been blest with the affections of others, of *one*, at least, so happily as I; but I have often felt and regretted how inadequate *were* the affections for the reciprocation of sentiments, even between those bound by the strongest ties of sympathy, and drawn together not less by identity of taste, than unity of heart. I believe that on this side the grave, the nearest and dearest friends will never fully understand each other. Nor is it wholly owing to reserve—for what language can do justice to some of the feelings—far less to the imagination? Authorship, I admit, is but a *partial* revelation, but so far as it goes, it *is* a revelation, and the best we can have, of a man's true self.

#### ALISON.

I have just got through the first volume of "Alison's History of Europe." It concludes with the death of Louis XVI., and at the period when France flushed with success at the retreat of the allies and the Duke of Brunswick, proclaims war with every Monarchy, and under the plea of liberating every people, volunteers to pull down every State. Mirabeau is dead, just at the juncture when he was entering into a negotiation with the Court, which might, perhaps, have averted some of the disasters that followed his decease. The Convention having got rid of the aristocracy and the clergy, finds a more formidable foe in the mobs of Paris, who, goaded on by the ferocious Robespierre, and Marat, and the other agents of the Jacobins, sit with intimidating tone and aspect, in the gallery of the Chamber of Deputies, and terrify the members into submission to their will. The same mobs break open the prisons, and murder the inmates—innocent and beautiful women—philanthropists—priests—age—honesty—and virtue—all butchered indiscriminately, at torchlight, in the streets, amidst the yells and laughter of a frantic mob. Marat being accused in the Convention of inciting these atrocities, ascends the tribune, and producing a pistol, swears he will blow out his brains on the spot, if the motion for his accusation is carried. The artifice succeeds, and the blood of the monster was reserved for innocent hands to shed. Innocent at least, till then, was the high minded girl that smote him, and guilty only of blood that could hardly be said to have belonged to a human heart. 'T is a horrible tale, this Revolution, but it should be read; 't is a chapter of politics and morals in the world, which cannot be too deeply considered by the statesman and philosopher.

Mr. Alison's style has been much admired, but it does not accord with my notions of what an historical style should be. He follows too much after Gibbon, and like him, in attempting to be epigrammatic, he becomes obscure, and in avoiding tautology, commits something worse. The first one or two chapters are full of pomp, and in the introductory one, a fulsome display of pedantry. He is evidently a High Church and Tory writer, and bends events to his views more ingeniously than logically. His information appears most comprehensive and accurate, and his sketch of events is sufficiently marked, without that tedious minutiae of detail, which made me throw down Thiers, before getting through half the first volume.

#### MARTINEAU.

I began to read "Derebrook," a novel, by Miss Martineau, in the usual quantum of three volumes—gave it up after a few chapters.

MALWYN.

## WATER.—AN ALLEGORY.

AN American writer thus apostrophises the Croton aqueduct of New York: "I find it not easy to come away from that simple harmony to this city of turmoil and traffic. I will refresh myself with a vision of Beauty, and she shall lead me back. Our merchants think that those graceful beings, who

'Had their haunts by dale, or piny mountain,  
Or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly spring,'

have all vanished long ago. But Nature is filled with spirits, as it was in the old Grecian time. One of them dwells in our midst, and scatters blessings like a goddess. This lovely nymph, for years uncounted, reclined in the verdant fields, exchanging glances with the stars, which saw themselves in her deep blue eyes. In true transcendental style she reposed quietly in the sunshine, watching the heavens reflect themselves in her full urn. Sometimes the little birds drank therefrom, and looked upward, or the Indian disturbed her placid mirror for a moment with his birchen cup. Thus ages passed, and the beautiful nymph gazed ever upward, and held her mirror to the heavens. But the spirit which pervades all form was changing—changing; and it whispered to the nymph, 'Why liest thou here all the day idle? The birds only sip from thy full urn, while thousands of human beings suffer for what you have to spare.' Then the nymph held communion with the sun, and he answered, 'I give unto all without stint or measure, and yet my storehouse is full, as at the beginning.' She looked at heaven, and saw written among the stars, 'Lo, I embrace all, and thy urn is but a fragment of the great mirror in which I reveal myself to all.' Then the nymph felt heaving aspirations at the heart; and she said, 'I too would be like the sunshine and the bright blue heaven.' A voice from the Infinite replied, 'He that giveth receiveth. Let thine urn pour forth for ever, and it shall be for ever full.' Then the water leaped joyfully, and went on its mission of love. Concealed, like good deeds, it went all over the city, and baptised it in the name of Purity, Temperance, and Health. It flowed in the midst of pollution and filth, but kept itself unmix'd and undefiled, like Arethusa in her pathway through the sea—like a pure and loving heart visiting the abodes of wretchedness and sin. The children sport with its thousand rills; the poor invoke blessings on the urn whence such treasures flow; and when the old enemy, Fire, puts forth his forked tongue, the nymph throws her veil over him, and, hissing, he goes out from her presence. Yet the urn fails not, but overflows evermore. And since the nymph has changed repose for action, and self-contemplation for bounteous outgiving, she has received

'A very shower  
Of beauty for her earthly dower.'

She stands before us a perpetual fountain of beauty and joy, wearing the sunlight for diamonds, and the rainbow for her mantle. This magnificent vision of herself, as a veiled water spirit, is her princely gift to the *soul* of man; and who can tell what changes may be wrought therewith? Her name, Crotona, hath the old Grecian sound; but greater is her glory than Callirhoe or Arethusa, or *Æglé*, the fairest of the Naiades; for Crotona manifests the idea of an age on which rests the golden shadow of an approaching millennium—that *equal diffusion is the only wealth, and working for others is the only joy.*"

BURNS.—The best application to burns is pure flour. A book was written twenty years ago descriptive of its efficacy. As soon as the incrustation which the flour formed fell off, the wounds also disappeared. In fact, it acted like a charm.

## LIFE.—A FRAGMENT.

\* \* \* \* \* The pistol was in my frantic grasp, my finger convulsively clutched the trigger. The muzzle pressed my maddened heart. "I will die with this last fevered gaze. I will perish with the angel I have worshipped, oh God, how well!" I turned,—gazed,—and was SAVED! Though dead she yet spake. The clay cold lips still seemed to breathe,—the stony cheek to smile,—ay, sweetly, as in the joyous hours of love and tenderness,—and her fond, fond, parting, admonition, "Nerve yourself, my beloved; subdue this temporal anguish; endure, that we may participate life and love eternal" thrilled my soul. My brain reeled. The mortal weapon fell from my suicidal grasp, and I cast myself, in a paroxysm, upon the bosom of HER, who, through many a devious year of trial and of tribulation, had been the anchor of my soul—the lamp to my path—the angel of my life. I clasped the rigid form to my desolate heart. I sobbed aloud in very agony, and a torrent of tears came gushing to my relief.

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Years have sped away. I am a lonely but not a despairing man. O'er the tomb where her cherished ashes repose, our spirits mingle in—sweet and holy communion. My soul *is, now, subdued*. It pants triumphantly for the blissful hour of eternal reunion; and as I feel life gliding tranquilly away, and death calmly approaching, I oftentimes earnestly recall the following effusion of a sadder and more desponding hour.

Frail life! False, fickle, hollow dream,  
 Fantastic pageant slumbered o'er;  
 Now sunned by Fortune's transient gleam,  
 Now quailing 'neath the tempests roar:  
 Thy fondest feelings warped or cold,  
 Ere half thy fitful sum be told.

The fiery hopes of burning youth,  
 The trust of manhood's calmer day;  
 Prove each their unsubstantial truth,  
 And, like night visions, flit away:  
 Why then to earth our wishes bend?  
 Man's hopes claim nobler, holier, end.

In vain we strive, contrive, digest,  
 Each motive of mortality;  
 Each fond device, ay, at its best,  
 But "vanity of vanity!"  
 Were half such strife but Heavenward bent,  
 How vast the sum of rich content!

Each mortal tie must bend and break,  
 Affection's purest love be quelled;  
 How shall the soul, sad, 'lorn, and weak,  
 With silent anguish, be upheld?  
 By search for God, by trust in Heaven,  
 Man's greatest sins will be forgiven.