

LITERATURE.

THE BIRTH OF A POET.

BY JOHN NEAL.

On a blue summer night,
When the stars were asleep,
Like gems of the deep,
In their own drowsy light;
While the newly-mown hay
On the green earth lay,
And all that came near it went scented away;
From a lone, woody place
There look'd out a face,
With large blue eyes,
Like the wet, warm skies,
Brim full of water and light;
A profusion of hair
Flashing out of the air,
And a forehead alarmingly bright;
'Twas the head of a poet! He grew
As the sweet, strange flowers of the wilderness grow,
In the dropping of natural dew,
Unheeded—alone—
Till his heart had blown—
As the sweet, strange flowers of the wilderness blow;
Till every thought wore a changeable strain,
Like flower-leaves wet with the sunset rain:
A proud and passionate boy was he,
Like all the children of Poesy;
With a haughty look, and a haughty tread,
And something awful about his head;
With wonderful eyes,
Full of woe and surprise,—
Like the eyes of them that can see the dead.
Looking about,
For a moment or two, he stood,
On the shore of the mighty wood;
Then ventured out,
With a bounding step and a joyful shout,
The brave sky bending o'er him!
The broad sea all before him!

ANGRY WORDS.

Angry words are lightly spoken,
In a rash and thoughtless hour;
Brightest links of life are broken
By their deep insidious power.
Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
Ne'er before by anger stirred,
Of a rent past human healing,
By a single angry word

Poison-drops of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison-drops are they,
Weaving for the coming morrow
Saddest memories of to-day.
Angry words! oh, let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip:
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them, ere they soil the lip!

Love is much too pure and holy,
Friendship is too sacred far,
For a moment's reckless folly
Thus to desolate and mar.
Angry words are lightly spoken;
Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirred;
Brightest links of life are broken
By a single angry word.

BARNABY PALMS; THE MAN WHO
"FELT HIS WAY."

CHAPTER I.

That philosopher was an ass, who, trembling at the peril inherited with his eyes, resolved to avoid all mischief by pulling them out. We know, that in this narrow, gloomy passage, called the world, eyes are, so to speak, edged tools—hurting the wearer. We know that, deceived by them, we often shake and wonder at a stalking giant, when, in truth, the Polyphemus is only a swaggering mountebank on wooden stilts,—and doff our caps to a glistening glory, which, stript of its outside, is more loathsome than an ape. On the other hand, how many, with a wise tyranny, use their eyes as the meanest vassals, never suffering them to play truant in the summer clouds—to hang on summer flowers—to lose their time with unprofitable exhalations, or to try to spell the mystery of the stars! No; prudently disciplined, the ocular servants help their masters to dress and to undress—to save them from posts and pillars when abroad—to eat their meat—and to take especial care that no shilling be a counterfeit. Alas! though the best philosophers lack such wisdom, Barnaby Palms was endowed with it to fulness. Locke has said, that two men looking at a rainbow, do not, indeed, see the same rainbow. (Two men, looking at one guinea, are, we conceive, quite in another position.) Now, Barney never thought of trusting his eyes but with the lowest duties, instinctively keeping them from all delicate embarrassments. In the petty, menial wants of life, Barnaby might employ his eyes; in the momentous concerns of this world, he winked, and securely—felt his way.

At the green age of eighteen, Barney possessed the ripe fruit of two score. But the truth is, Barney had

never been a child. In the nurse's arms, he was a very manikin, showing an extraordinary precocity in his choice of the ripest apple and the biggest cake. Left as a legacy to an only uncle, the boy flourished after his 'own sweet will,' unchecked and unassisted save by the scantily-paid attentions of a well-meaning pedagogue, vegetating in a hamlet some six miles from the Kentish coast. Poor Joshu! he might have learned of his scholar—might have sucked worldly wisdom even from the suckling. We repeat it: at eighteen Barnaby was a match for grey hairs.

Barnaby had a deep respect for his uncle; in fact, so deep, it all but sank to fear. Thus our hero spared no pains to feel his way to the heart of his relation, who, be it understood, enjoyed the reputation of a wealthy man—albeit, old inhabitants of the town would sometimes marvel how his wealth had been acquired. Palms, senior, dwelt in a huge dilapidated mansion within gunshot of the sea; his household consisting of an old man and his daughter, a pretty, gay-hearted lass of eighteen. Old Palms was seated in his oak parlour, steadily employed upon a breakfast, of which beef and Kentish ale, with an incidental drop of white brandy, formed the principal part. Before him sat Barnaby in trim travelling attire. He looked and spoke the creature of humility. Could he have made the transfer, he would have given his soul to his uncle as readily as he advanced the mustard. The truth is, Barnaby was about to enter the world: he had drawn on his boots for the great pilgrimage of life. In a few hours and he must feel his way through the crowd of London, being destined to the warehouse of Messrs. Nokes and Styles, mercers, City. Hence the reader may imagine that Barnaby was subdued by the approaching event—that he felt some odd twitchings at the heart, as he stared at the old wainscott, with its every worm-hole familiar to him—that a something rose to his throat as he looked out upon the sea, tumbling and roaring in concert with a January gale—at that sea which had sung his early lullabies—that his heart, like the ocean shell, still responded to the sound. It is reasonable to believe—though we cannot substantiate the fact—that some such emotions rose in the bosom of the pilgrim. Of this, however, we are certain; Barnaby looked with the eyes of a devotee towards a small leathern bag, lying on the table at the right hand of his uncle; and Barnaby continued to gaze at the string securing the neck, until, distracted by the appearance of Patience Mills, who—the more serious portion of the breakfast consumed—entered with a dozen eggs.

Now, Patience had a face as round, and cheeks as red, as any pippin—eyes blue as heaven—and a mouth, as a certain young man on the coast avowed, sweet as a honey-comb. Nevertheless, had Patience been some smoke dried hag, Barnaby had not visited her with looks less charitable. Patience replied to the glance by a giggle, solacing herself, when out of hearing, by muttering 'glad he's going.' Barnaby looked at his uncle's finger, and then at the bag. Heedless of the hint, old Palms took an egg.

'Come, eat, Barnaby; eat. Ye'll have a cold ride to London: the north-wind's edged like a scythe. What! not take eggs?'

'Doat on 'em, uncle,' cried Barnaby, aroused, like Shylock, from a dream of money-bags. The fact is, Barnaby had that day determined to like every thing: on that occasion he wished to leave a vivid impression of his meekness and humility. 'Quite a weazel at eggs, uncle,' continued Barnaby, and he began to chip the shell. Now it so happened that Barnaby had fallen upon an egg which, on being opened, emitted conclusive evidence of its antiquity. Old Palms, instantly perceiving the work of time, roared to Barnaby to cast the abomination out of the window. Barnaby, however, determined to give an example of his economy—of his indifference to petty annoyances—sat like a statue, still holding the egg between his thumb and finger—his uncle applying the same instruments to his own nose.

'Out with it, Barnaby!' Barnaby smiled a remonstrance, and handled his spoon. 'Zounds!' cried old Palms, almost grinning through his disgust at what he deemed the ignorance or simplicity of his Nephew—'Zounds! nephew—why—ha, ha!—you'll never eat it?' Barnaby, mistaking the humour of his uncle, nodded knowingly.

'You will? I tell you 'tis a musty egg—a bad egg—pah! the egg stinks.'

Barnaby looked as though he believed he had won his uncle's heart for ever, and then complacently made answer, 'I don't care for eggs *over fresh*.'

Now, we boldly declare the egg of Barnaby to be a grander subject for the moralist and the romance-writer than either the egg of Columbus, the famous roc's egg of the Eastern Princess, the golden egg of Esop, or the egg of Mother Goose. Reader, pause a moment, and reflect on the prosperity of whole hordes of people, whose success in life is solely attributable to their participating in the taste of Barnaby. Look at his Lordship, sparkling with honours, and padded with bank paper! know ye to what he owes all this? Oh, doubtless to his high statesmanlike qualities—his profound knowledge—his indefatigable industry. Not so, not so; the simple story is, he was wont to confidentially breakfast with the Minister, and on such occasions showed that he 'cared not for his eggs *over fresh*.' But shall we stay at courts and courtiers? No; from a palace to a workshop there is ever some ductile eater—some omnivorous, obsequious Barney at breakfast, who has made or looks to make, a figure in the world by not caring for

his eggs 'over fresh.' Many are the ways in which the tale may be told. There is Tom Spangle, a handsome, healthy, six-foot animal of two-and-thirty. He had not a shilling; now, he rides blood, and writes cheques. Do you know the secret of the change? Very well; he married the ancient, yellow widow of an army-contractor. Ay, even so: he cared not for his egg 'over fresh.'

The avowed taste of Barnaby was not lost upon his uncle. The old man looked through the youth with a thinking eye—an eye that seemed to read his moral anatomy, and then uttered a long 'hem!' at the same time stretching his hand to the money-bag. Invisible fingers were playing on the heart-strings of Barnaby, whilst from the corner of his eye, he watched his uncle slowly untie the strip of knotted leather which 'compressed the good within.' The bag was opened; its glorious contents blazed on the table; and as they rang upon the oak, Barnaby instinctively rose to his feet, standing respectfully uncovered in 'the presence.'

'Barney,' said old Palms, and reverently laid his hand upon the gold, 'Barney, my child, you see the little hoard I've set apart for you. The life-blood of Barnaby tingled in his very eyes, and his ears rang with music. 'You see the few savings and scrapings I have made for the child of my brother. For I feared that you, an innocent, unprotected, unassisted lad, would need the aid which money can alone afford. Barney, I trembled for the softness of your heart—the simplicity of your nature.' Here Barney felt almost in peril of tears. 'Yes, Barney, these were my weak anxieties, my foolish fears.' Saying which, the old man began to return the guineas to the bag. During the operation, not a word was spoken, Barney, scarcely venturing to breathe, stood with his head bent on his breast, and one eye on the table, silent and subdued. The tinkling of the gold—the voice of Barney's fortune, was alone audible; and, as note followed note, the young expectant became possessed as though he listened to angelic trumpets. The bag being filled, Palms proceeded to tie its mouth, talking as he leisurely tied. 'Barney, I find my fears were the fears of ignorance. You need not such a sum as this; you are already rich in strength—in wisdom.'

'I, uncle?' cried Barnaby, sensitively shrinking from the compliment, and at the same time—struck by the manner of Palms—breaking into a confused sweat. 'I strong? I wise? Oh, uncle!'

'Come Barney, why so modest? I say, strength and wisdom, as the world goes, are yours. Here we've a hundred guineas in this little bag; what then? to a lad of your wit they're of little worth. You'll never miss 'em. Now, here,' and Palms slid the coin along the table, 'here are five guineas.'

'Five! uncle!'

'Five. The reward of your skill—of the skill you have shown this morning.'

'Five guineas? skill? uncle!'

'Never doubt it, Barney; take up the money, and never mistrust that head of thine; for well I know, that the fellow who, in this working world, cares not for his eggs *over fresh*, will, in the end, flourish as well though he begin with five guineas, as with five thousand.'

The tone and manner of old Palms forbade any reply on the part of his nephew, who, nevertheless, received the eulogy with a sulkiness worthy of the great cynic. Indeed, had Barnaby pocketed five snow-balls he could not have looked more blank and frozen; could not have mounted the borrowed horse, ready saddled to convey him to London, with more reluctant leg, with grimmer countenance. No wonder: Barnaby thought he had securely felt his way: now Barnaby had lost ninety-five guineas.

(To be continued.)

THE UNHAPPY BRIDE.

She stood at the altar
All trembling and fair,
With a wreath on her brow
And a pearl in her hair.

She stood at the altar,
In a robe tinged with gold,
And diamonds that sparkled
From each tiny fold.

She stood at the altar,
That maiden so fair,
And her lips uttered vows,
But her heart was not there.

She stood at the altar,
But her brain it was rocking,
At the thought of the mischievous
Rent in her stocking!

REMARKABLE PRECAUTIONS FOR LOUIS PHILIPPE'S PROTECTION.—One of the saddest circumstances which exist in this country is the extraordinary precaution which it is considered necessary to take for the safety of the king. There are, for example, five large barracks, each occupied by regiments of elite, in the immediate vicinity of the Tuileries, and eighteen guard houses, each of which is continually occupied day and night by a troop of ready armed men, surrounded the palace. The palace itself is occupied by 250 national guards of the infantry battalions, and by 25 of the regiment of horse. There are, besides, 350 soldiers of