

## LITERATURE.

## LOVE.

Love, beautiful and boundless Love—oh! who shall  
hymn thy praise?  
Who shall exalt thy hallowed name with fitting anthem  
lays?  
When shall thy workings all be seen—thy power all re-  
vealed?  
Oh! who shall count thy fairy steps upon Earth's rugged  
field?

There's not a palsied ruin bows its patriarchal head,  
Which has not rung with Triumph-shouts while Revel  
banquets spread,  
There's not a desolated hearth, but where the cheerful  
pile  
Of blazing logs has sparkled, and the crickets sung the  
while.

The broken mandolin that lies in silent, slow decay,  
Has quicken'd many a gentle pulse that heard its mea-  
sures play;  
The stagnant pool that taints and kills the mallow and  
the rush,  
Has filtered through the silver clouds, and cool'd the  
rainbow's flush.

Love lurketh round us every where—it fills the great  
design,  
It gives the soul its chosen mate—its loads the autumn  
vine;  
It dyes the orchard branches red—it folds the worm in  
silk,  
It rears the daisy where we tread, and bringeth corn and  
milk.

Love bids us plant the sapling to be green when we are  
grey,  
It pointeth to the Future, and yet blesses while we stay:  
It opens the Almighty page, where—though 'tis held afar,  
We read enough to lure us on still higher than we are.

The child at play upon the sward, who runs to snatch a  
flower,  
With earnest passion in his glee that glorifies the hour—  
The doting student—pale and meek—who looks into  
the night  
Dreaming of all that helps the soul to gauge Eternal  
might.

The rude, bold savage, pouring forth his homage to the  
sun,  
Asking for other 'hunting fields' when life's long chase  
is run—  
The poet boy who sitteth down upon the upland grass,  
Whose eagle thoughts are nestled by the Zephyr wings  
that pass.

The weak old man that creepeth out once more before  
he dies,  
With longing wish to see and feel the sunlight in his  
eyes—  
Oh! these are the unerring types that nature setteth up,  
To tell that an Elixir drop yet sanctifies our cup.

Love, beautiful and boundless Love, thou dwellest here  
below,  
Teaching the human lip to smile—the violet to blow;  
Thou art the one bright Spirit Thing, that is not bought  
and sold,  
The cherub elf that laugheth in the giant face of gold.

Love—exquisite, undying Love, runs through Creation's  
span,  
Gushing from countless springs to sink the heart of man!  
And there it broadly rolleth on, in deep unfathomed  
flood,  
Swelling with the Immortal Hope that craveth more of  
'Good.'

It is the rich magnetic spark yet shining in the dust,  
The fair salvation ray of Faith that wins our joyful trust,  
The watchword of the Infinite, left here to lead above,  
That's ever seen and ever heard, and tells us 'God is  
Love.'

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

## CHAPTER II.

There is a golden volume yet to be written on the  
first struggles of forlorn genius in London—magnificent,  
miserable, ennobling, degrading London. If all who  
have suffered would confess their sufferings—would  
show themselves in the stark, shivering squalor in which  
they first walked her streets—would paint the wounds  
which first bled in her garrets—what a book might be  
placed in the hands of pride!—what stern, wholesome  
rebukes for the selfish sons of fortune!—what sustaining  
sweetness for the faint of spirit! It is true, the letters  
might be of blood—the tales of agony and horror—of  
noble natures looking serenely, with the hungry fox  
gnawing their bowels—of disappointment sinking to de-  
spair—of misery, dreaming of, and wooing death; and

then how many petty shifts to mask a haggard face with  
smiles—how many self-denials—how many artifices to  
hide a nakedness from laughing scorn! Nor would the  
tome be all of wretchedness. No: beautiful emanations  
of the human heart—the kindest ministrings of human  
affections would sweeten and exalt many a sad history.  
How often should we find the lowly comforting the high  
—the ignorant giving lessons to the accomplished—the  
poor of earth aiding and sustaining the richly endow-  
ed!

Barnaby was in London; but not—our heart bounds  
as we declare it—not to add to the number of splendid  
vagabonds, now thrust from her thresholds to sleep in the  
market-place, and now dining off plate cheek by jowl  
with my lord. Barney was speedily warm, as in wool, in  
the house of Messrs. Nokes and Styles; and with the  
combined wisdom and delicacy of a spider, began to feel  
his way to the foibles of his employers. Nokes was a  
man of brass—Styles a string of willow. Assured of  
this, Barnaby immediately felt the propriety of bowing  
to the one, and bending to the other.

'Look at that lazy brute,—he doesn't draw a single  
pound,' remarked the observing Nokes, as one evening,  
standing at his warehouse door, he contemplated the pro-  
gress of a passing waggon.

'Not half-a-pound, sir,' chimed in Barnaby; 'and yet,  
I doubt not, he eats his share of corn and hay. But this  
it is to be, as one may say, in partnership with those who  
will pull.'

'Right, Barnaby,' and the countenance of Nokes  
darkened, as he watched the easy-going quadruped.

'They who will work, may work. Will Mr. Styles  
be here to-day?'

It is our hope that the query of Barnaby was uncon-  
sciously coupled with his profound views of the distribu-  
tion of labour—that he had innocently let fall a spark on  
the train of Nokes's smothered feelings. If, on the con-  
trary, the conflagration were premeditated, the moral  
incendiary must have glowed at the flattering proof of  
his success; for Nokes was all but suffocated. The  
blood rushed to his face—retreated—rushed on—came  
back—presenting unto Barney as fine an exhibition of  
'humours and spirits' as that recorded by the learned  
Peireskins, who at the cost of some words, set forth the  
useful lesson he acquired through 'an augmenting-glass  
or microscope,'—showing how a certain plebeian animal  
'setting himself to wrestle with a flea, was so in-  
censed that his blood ran down from head to foot, and  
from head to foot again!' Wise Peireskins! true philo-  
sopher! who from the bickerings of small despised ani-  
mals extracteth bitter wisdom, learneth surer self-go-  
vernment, than the unthinking million carry from a dog-  
fight, yea, from a bull-bait! (Reader, when thou shalt  
behold a Nokes bursting with envy, hatred, and un-  
charitableness, think of the learned lord of Peiresk and  
his little monitor—ponder, and let thy soul be instruct-  
ed.)

'Lack-a-day! I'd quite forgot; 'tis Epsom races,' con-  
tinued Barney, in self-reproval of his unnecessary ques-  
tion, the face of Nokes again suddenly resembling a  
chemist's bottle by candlelight. 'Epsom races!' repeated  
the speaker, in a tone that left nothing further to be ad-  
vanced upon the subject. And Nokes evidently judged  
the words to be conclusive; for feeling—like a patriot  
at a public dinner—more than he could express with a  
wisdom rarely exhibited on such occasions, he spoke not  
at all. He merely jerked out his watch; and, at a glance  
calculated that in two hours at most, he should be look-  
ed for to join his friends at whist.

Mr. Styles, in addition to his love of horse flesh, had  
a passion for the rural and picturesque. He kept a coun-  
try house, under whose hospitable roof Barney was wont  
at times to eat a Sabbath meal, having previously at-  
tended his inviter to the parish church. It was a sight  
to melt the thoughtless youth of Bridewell to behold  
Barney during service. There he was, pinned to the  
side of his employer; now seeking out the lessons of the  
day—now, with open mouth and staring eye-balls (an  
expression of features not disgraceful to any tombstone),  
out singing a numerous Sunday-school, shrilly piping in  
the gallery. It is true, the clerk would cast a look of  
bitterness; but then, it was avowed that Barnaby never  
opened his mouth, that the poor man did not feel shaken  
on his throne.

'A most comfortable sermon. Barney?' remarked  
Styles, with a certain air of interrogation. 'Most com-  
fortable?'

'I'm a wicked creature, if I wouldn't have given a  
guinea for Mr. Nokes to hear it. Did you observe, sir,  
how that gentleman with the scarlet face and powdered  
head was moved? Pray, sir, who is he?'

'Humph! He's newly retired among us, Barney; I  
—I forget his name; but they tell me he has in his time  
been a great player.'

'No doubt, sir; no doubt. Every word of the preacher  
seemed to enter him like a bodkin! A great player!  
poor wretch! Surely, sir, he can't have made all his  
money by playing?'

'Every penny, Barney.'  
'He keeps a coach?' cried Barney, in a modulated  
tone of polite amagement.

'A house,' added Styles 'that did belong to the mem-  
ber of the county—a town mansion—and a shooting-  
box.'

'And all won by playing? Mercy upon us! The  
devil offers great temptations!' moralized Barney.

'Say what we will of him, Barney,' responded Styles,

with exemplary liberality towards a fallen foe; 'say  
what we will of him, I am afraid the devil is no fool.'

'And—and?' asked Barney, with a face somewhat  
uncorded from its first rigidity—'what may the gentle-  
man have most played?'

'I can't exactly tell, but I believe principally low  
parts; such as footmen, clowns, and country boys!'

'Parts! I mean games? Chickenhazard—short-whist  
—roulette—rouge-et-noir—or' and Barney for some se-  
conds continued the inventory, with a knowledge of the  
subject, quite extraordinary as unexpected.

'Games! Understand me, Barney; I tell you the  
man was an actor, a stage player.'

Barney could not subdue a look of disappointment:  
in a moment, however, he returned to the subject.  
'Actor or not, I am sure he must have played. La, sir,  
did you see him when the doctor thundered at gaming?  
Truth to say, Styles was one of those profound sleepers  
who can sometimes snore at Jove's best bolts—'Ha! as  
I said, I'd sell a guinea cheap, so that Mr. Nokes had  
heard it.'

Styles looked meaningly at Barney—drank off a glass  
of port—clasped his fingers—glanced a moment at his  
left shoe—and then, as a magpie turns his head, lifted  
his cheek enquiringly towards Nokes's well-wisher.  
'Gaming, sir, isn't it a sort of murder?' Styles nodded:  
'wives and babies are killed by it. Isn't it a kind of  
arson—such capital houses are destroyed by it?' Styles  
nodded twice. 'Isn't it the worst of robberies,—for the  
most innocent, most painstaking, most upright of part-  
ners may be made beggars by it?' Styles responded to  
the last query by a long succession of nods. 'Then, sir,  
and saving your presence, I must say again,—I must  
say—and here Barney emptied his glass, as seeking  
courage for the avowal—'I would have given five gui-  
neas had Mr. Nokes been with us at church this day.'

'What do you mean, Barney?' asked Styles, with the  
look and tone with which folks usually address a ghost.  
'What do you mean?'

'Why, sir, this I mean—and Barney drew his chair  
in confidential proximity to his master—'this I mean; I  
must say it—I can't help it—but, sir, I don't like whist  
clubs.' And an emphatic blow upon the table made the  
glasses leap at the aversion of the speaker.

'No more do I, replied Styles; and in the reply proved  
himself master of a most difficult science—the art of say-  
ing very much in very little. Now, whether the wine  
was more than usually subtle, or whether the devotion  
of Barney had suddenly softened his employer,—certain  
it is, that Styles rapidly became an altered man. He  
who was usually silent and timid, became loud and self-  
asserting; inveighing, in good round terms, against the  
arrogance and imprudence of Nokes, and upbraiding  
himself for his pusillanimous deference to his dissipated  
partner.

'I have been a fool long enough, Barney,' insinuated  
the modest Styles; an assertion which his no less dif-  
fident hearer ventured not to deny. 'Yes, yes; I have  
too long given the reins out of my own hands; have  
been a nobody in the firm.' Barney shrugged his should-  
ers, and leered acquiescence. 'A nobody!—worse than  
nobody!—a blockhead—a nincompoop—an ass!' Barney  
with great moral courage, bowed to the justice of every  
epithet. 'But,' exclaimed Styles for the twentieth time,  
rising at the accomplished number, 'I'll be so no longer  
—I'll!'

We have not the slightest doubt that a most beautiful  
peroration was, at this moment, destroyed—barked down  
by a yelping little spaniel, unhappily for oratory, lying  
with extended fore-paws beneath the chair of Styles;  
the whole weight of the speaker coming suddenly upon  
the left leg of Kitty, she howled and barked with a per-  
severing vigor truly feminine; her agony and helplessness  
were not lost upon a sister; for Madge, a terrier  
bitch, sprang from an opposite corner, and, in an instant,  
almost joined her teeth in the neck of the wounded.  
Kitty howled in a more intense treble; Madge growled  
vengeance in deep bass; whilst Styles and Barney, hav-  
ing vainly tried to separate the disputants, for a moment  
stood and looked in each other's face,—the concert of  
female voices still continuing. 'Did you ever see such  
a tyrannical fury?' asked Styles, with a hopeless look,  
pointing at the ravenous Madge.—The appeal was too  
much for the sensibility of Barney, who—the exclaima-  
tion struck from him by a yet higher shriek on the part  
of Kitty—roared out,—'Damn that Nokes!' at the same  
time aiming an ineffectual kick at the newly-christened.  
Styles smiled benevolently at the oath. Barney, moved  
by the sufferings of Kitty, and a blow upon his own  
shin against the chair, dragged forth the combatants;  
Styles tugged at the spaniel, whilst Barney, with the  
wisdom of the cock-pit, placed the tail of the terrier be-  
tween his teeth. At this picturesque moment, and most  
unluckily for Madge, the servant bawled in at the door—  
'Mr. Nokes!'

Down, with terrible force, came the grinders of Bar-  
ney, the terrier quitted the hold, and, tearing out of the  
room, ran yelling close by Nokes, some time her un-  
suspecting name-sake.

'That room—that room, Barney!' cried Styles, and  
confusedly opened the door of a closet, within which,  
silently as a spectre, Barney felt his way. Styles, with  
the suffering spaniel under his arm, seated himself in his  
chair; the bitch, with female delicacy, squeaking little,  
but shaking her crushed fore-paw reproachfully in the  
face of the destroyer. Nokes entered; his countenance  
was lined and mysterious as lawyer-written parchment;  
there was mischief in it, though obscured by certain