

with an hysterical laugh and an awful blasphemy, Peter Benson ceased to breathe,—unsoftened, unrepentant, showing that the possession of wealth, without sympathy of soul and the exercise of benevolence, leads but to misery here and an awful prospect hereafter!

As Sir Philip Sydney had said, 'Riches may be considered a treasury of blessings when possessed by the worthy, and an abused good in the hands of the heartless!'

Edinburgh New Phil. Journal.

TROPICAL MIASMATA.

PROF. GUSTAV BISCHOF of Bonn brings forward several experiments that favor the views of Prof. Daniell concerning the origin of sulphuretted hydrogen in the waters of the rivers on the western coast of Africa. He does not, however, attribute the diseases peculiar to the coast of Africa to sulphuretted hydrogen, but to organic matter of animal composition, evolved together with sulphuretted hydrogen, and far more fatal to animal life than the latter gas. Prof. Bischof approves the use of the chloride of lime and the fumigation with chlorine to decompose sulphuretted hydrogen, as this process is known likewise to render innocuous the exhalations of putrefying matters. He refers also to the investigations of Melloni, who found that a small piece of lighted tinder, or a lighted cigar, when placed near one of the fumaroli in the Solfatara, near Naples, instantly produced a vapour, or a thick white cloud, and extending from five to six feet from the lighted substance. M. Payen proved this to be also the decomposition of sulphuretted hydrogen, the products of which were sulphureous acid, water, and a few traces of sulphur. And hence, a lighted cigar—an article fortunately common on board all ships—will in some measure counteract the noxious effects of sulphuretted hydrogen when distributed through the atmospheric air. Professor Bischof thinks it will be found that the sea water in that country (coast of Africa) will contain far less sulphuretted hydrogen than that analysed by Prof. Daniell, and that this gas, for the most part, has been produced during the carriage of the waters to England. This opinion appears supported by a note of the editor's, who says, 'We are informed by letter from Dr. Stranger, dated off Niger, that Dr. McWilliam who has carefully examined the sea water near the mouths of all the rivers from time to time, has not yet been able to find any trace of sulphuretted hydrogen in freshly taken water; but when the waters had been kept a few days in corked bottles, it was twice very evident.'

From Abbot's Teacher.

A JUVENILE INVENTOR.

ONCE KNEW a boy who was employed by his father to remove all the loose small stones which, from the peculiar nature of the ground, had accumulated in the road before the house. He was to take them up, and throw them over into the pasture across the way. He soon got tired of picking them up one by one and sat down upon the bank to try to devise some better means of accomplishing his work, he at length conceived and adopted the following plan;—He set up in the pasture a narrow board, for a target, or as boys would call it, a mark, and then collecting all the boys in the neighborhood, he proposed to them an amusement which boys are always ready for, firing at a mark. I need not say that the stores of ammunition in the street were soon exhausted, the boys working for their leader, when they supposed they were only finding amusement for themselves. Here now is experimenting upon the mind,—the production of useful effect with rapidity and ease, by the intervention of proper instrumentality of the conversion, by means of a little knowledge of human nature, of that which would have otherwise been dull and fatiguing labour, into a most animating sport, giving pleasure to 20, instead of tedious labour to one.

From the South, Literary Messenger.

WHERE ART THOU, WANDERER, WHERE?

Where art thou, wanderer, where? Where stray, this hour, thine ever restless feet?— What lovelier place than home, what voice more sweet, What traer, tenderer, care? Dost thou, afar from us, my brother, meet? To what bright plianom doth thy spirit bow? Wealth! 'tis not worth thy childhood's happy home! Fame? 'tis a false gem glittering on the brow? Love? doth not a fair meek image sometimes come,

With all beseeching glance and tear dimm'd eye, Calling thee back by Nature's holiest tie?

Where art thou, wanderer, where? Amid the splendid pomp of some proud English hall, In courtly bower, or at the mid night ball, Amid the bright and fair? Canst thou be happy there a stranger 'mong them all? Where art thou? sailing upon that sunny sea, Whose shining ripples wash the shores of Spain? In lovely Greece, classic Italy—Roam'st thou through grove, and hill and flowery plain? Pausing by each old haunt of fallen glory, To gather treasures for my future story?

Where art thou, wanderer, where? Beneath the sultry blue of Asia's far off sky, By mosque, and idol fane, and snowy mountain high, Or Persian valley fair— Where strange bright birds and flowers enchant thine eager eye? Or art thou where the stars of Afric shine? In Moorish palace, or by Nile's green shore— 'Mid pyramid, spice wood, and golden mine? Or where the harp of Memnon play'd of yore? Or doth the Southern Cross, magnificent and grand, Shine on thy path in fine Cordillera land?

Oh! wheresoe'er thou art, We pray thee, burst each flowery spell, and come, Fair with soft links of love, would we draw home The wanderer's step and heart, Never again from its dear scenes to roam. Come, for thy kind old father waits to bless— Come, ere thy mother's dimming eye is clos'd: Brother and sister wait for thy carress— Thy wife—thy child—'tis long since they repos'd Upon thy heart: Oh, by that fair boy's promise— By thy early love for her, linger no longer from us.

MRS E. I. EAMES.

NEW WORKS.

We take the following extracts from Bulwer's New Work of Zaneoni.

PORTRAIT OF ROBESPIERRE:

Though the room was small, it was furnished and decorated with a minute and careful effort at elegance and refinement. It seemed, indeed, the desire of the owner to avoid at once what was mean and rude, and what was luxurious and voluptuous. It was a trim, orderly, precise grace that shaped the classic chairs, arranged the amply draperies, sunk the frameless mirrors into the wall, placed bust and bronze on their pedestals, and filled up the niches here and there with well bound books, filled regularly in their appointed ranks. An observer would have said, 'This man wishes to imply to you—I am not rich; I am not ostentatious; I am not luxurious; I am no indolent Sybarite, with couches of down, and pictures that provoke the scene; I am not haughty noble; with spacious halls, and galleries that awe the echo—But so much the greater in my merit if I disdain these excesses of the ease, or the pride, since I love the elegant, and have a taste! Others may be simple and honest, from the very coarseness of their habits, if I, with so much refinement and delicacy, am simple and honest—reflect and, admire me!'

On the walls of this chamber hung many portraits, most of them represented but one face; on the formal pedestals were grouped many busts, most of them sculptured but one head. In that small chamber Egoism sat supreme, and made the Arts its looking glasses. Erect in a chair, before a large table spread with letters, sat the original of the bust; and canvass, the owner of the apartment. He was alone, yet he sat erect, formal, stiff, precise, as if in his very home he was not at ease. His dress was in harmony with his posture and his chamber, it affected a neatness of its own—foreign both to the sumptuous fashions of the deposed nobles, and the filthy ruggedness of the sans culottes.

Frizzled and coiffe, not a hair was out of order, not a speck lodged on the sleek surface of the blue coat, not a wrinkle crumpled the snowy vest, with its under relief of delicate pink. At the first glance, you might have seen in that face nothing but the ill favoured features of a sickly countenance. At a second glance you would have perceived that it had a power—a character of its own. The forehead, though low and compressed, was not without that appearance of thought and intelligence which, it may be observed, that breadth between the eyebrows almost invariably gives; the lips were firm and tightly drawn together, yet ever and anon they trembled, and withered restlessly. The eyes, sullen and gloomy, were yet piercing, and full of a concentrated vigor, that did not seem supported by the thin, feeble frame, or the green lividness of

of the hues which told of anxiety and disease.'

A SCENE.

As the stranger passed up the stairs, a young man of a form and countenance singularly unprepossessing, emerging from a door in the entresol, brushed beside him. His glance was furtive, sinister, savage, and yet fearful; the man's was of an ashen paleness; and the features worked convulsively. The stranger paused, and followed him with thoughtful looks as he hurried down the stairs. While he thus stood, he heard a groan from the room which the young man had just quitted: the latter had pulled too the door with hasty violence, but some fragment, probably of fuel, had prevented its closing, and it now stood slightly ajar; the stranger pushed it open and entered. He passed a small anteroom, meanly furnished, and stood in a bedchamber of meagre and sordid discomfort. Stretched on the bed, and writhing in pain, lay an old man, a single candle lit the room, and threw its sickly ray over the furrowed and deathlike face of the sick person. No attendant was by: he seemed left alone to breath his last. 'Water,' he moaned, feebly, 'water; I parch—I burn.' The intruder approached the bed; bent over him, and took his hand; 'Oh, bless thee, Jean, bless thee,' said the sufferer; 'hast thou brought back the physician already? Sir, I am poor, but I can pay you well. I would not die yet, for that young man's sake.' And he sat upright in his bed, and fixed his dim eyes anxiously on his visitor.

'What are you symptoms—year disease!'

'Fire—fire—fire in the heart, the entrails—I burn.'

'How long is it since you have taken food?'

'Food! only this broth. There is a basin, all I have taken these six hours. I had scarce drank it ere these pains began.'

The stranger looked at the basin, some portion of the contents were yet left there.

'Who administered this to you?'

'Who? Jean! Who else should? I have no servant—none: I am poor, very poor, sir. But, no! You physicians do not care for the poor. I am rich! can you cure me?'

'Yes, if Heaven permit. Wait but a few moments.'

The old man was fast sinking under the rapid effects of poison. The stranger repaired to his own apartments, and returned in a few moments with some preparation that had the instant result of an antidote. The pain ceased: the blue and livid color receded from the lips: the old man fell into a profound sleep. The stranger drew the curtains round him, took up the light, and inspected the apartment. The walls of both rooms were hung with drawings of masterly excellence. A portfolio was filled with sketches of equal skill: but these last were mostly of subjects that appalled the eye and revolted the taste; they displayed the human figure in every variety of suffering: the rack, the wheel, the gibbet, all that cruelty has invented to sharpen the pangs of death, seemed yet more dreadful from the passionate gusto and earnest force of the designer. And some of the countenances of those thus delineated were sufficient from the ideal, to show that they were portraits. In a large, bold, irregular hand, was written beneath these drawings, 'The Future of the Aristocrats.' In a corner of the room, and close by an old bureau, was a small bundle, over which, as if to hide it, a cloak was thrown carelessly. Several shelves were filled with books; these were almost entirely the works of the philosophers of the time—the philosophers of the material school, especially the encyclopedists, whom Robespierre afterwards so singularly attacked, when the coward deemed it unsafe to leave his reign without a God. A volume lay on a table; it was one of Voltaire, and the page was open at his argumentative assertion of the existence of the Supreme Being. The margin was covered with pencil notes, in the stiff but tremulous hand of old age: all in attempt to refute or to ridicule the logic of the sage of Ferney. Voltaire did not go far enough for the annotator! The clock struck two, when the sound of steps was heard without. The stranger silently seated himself on the farthest side of the bed, and its drapery screened him, as he sat, from the eyes of a man who now entered on tiptoe: it was the same person who had passed him on the stairs. The man took up the candle and approached the bed. The old man's face was turned to the pillow: but he lay so still, and his breathing was so inaudible, that his sleep might well, by that hasty, shrinking, guilty glance, be mistaken for the repose of death. The new comer drew back, and a grim smile passed over his face,—he replaced the candle on the table, opened the bureau with a key which he took from his pocket, and loaded himself with several rouleaus of gold that he found in the drawers. At this time the old man began to wake. He stirred—he looked up,—he turned his eyes

toward the light, now waning in its socket,—he saw the robber at his work,—he sat erect for an instant, as if transfixed, more even by astonishment than terror. At last he sprang from his bed:

'Just Heaven do I dream! Thou—thou—thou from whom I toiled and starved! Thou!'

The robber started,—the gold fell from his hand and rolled on the floor.

'What! he said, 'art thou not dead yet? Has the poison failed?'

'Poison, boy, Ah,' shrieked the old man, and covered his hands,—then, with sudden energy, he exclaimed, 'Jean, Jean, recall that word. Rob—plunder me if thou wilt, but do not say thou couldst murder one who only lived for thee. There, there, take gold,—I hoarded but for thee. Go—go!' and the old man, who in his passion had quitted the bed, fell at the feet of the foiled assassin, and writhed on the ground, the mental agony more intolerable than that of the body which he had so lately undergone. The robber looked at him with a hard disdain.

'What have I ever done to thee, wretch?' cried the old man: 'what but loved and cherished thee? Thou wert an orphan—an outcast. I nurtured, nursed, adopted thee as my son. If men call me a miser, it was but that none might despise thee, my heir, because nature has stunted and deformed thee, when I was no more. Thou wouldst have had all when I was dead. Couldst thou not spare me a few months or days—nothing to thy youth, all that is left to my age? What have I done to thee?'

'Thou hast continued to live, and thou wouldst make no will.'

'Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!'

'Ton Dieu! Thy God! Fool! hast thou not told me from my childhood that there is no God? Hast thou not fed me on Philosophy? Hast thou not said, 'Be virtuous, be good, be just, for the sake of mankind, but there is no life after this life!' Mankind! Why should I love mankind? Hideous and deformed, mankind jeer at me as I pass the streets. What hast thou done to me? Thou hast taken away from me, who am the scoff of this world, the hopes of another! Is there no other life? Well, then, I want my gold, that at least I may hasten to make the best of this!'

'Monster! Curses lie on thy ingratitude, thy—'

'And who hears thy curses! Thou knowest there is no God! Mark me! I have prepared all to fly. See, I have my passport, my horses wait without, relays are ordered. I have thy gold.' (And the wretch, as he spoke, continued coldly to load his person with the rouleaus.) 'And now, if I spare thy life, how shall I be sure that thou wilt not inform against mine?' He advanced with a gloomy scowl and a menacing gesture as he spoke.

The old man's anger changed to fear. He covered before the savage. Let me live! let me live! that—that—'

'That—what?'

'I may pardon thee! Yes, thou hast nothing to fear from me. I swear it!'

'Swear! But by whom and what, old man! I cannot believe them, if thou believest not in any God. Ha, ha! behold the result of thy lessons.'

Another moment, and those murderous fingers would have strangled their prey. But between the assassin and his victim rose a form that seemed almost to both a visitor from the world that both denied—stately with majestic strength, glorious with awful beauty. The murderer recoiled, looked, trembled and then turned and fled from the chamber. The old man fell again to the ground insensible.

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

They who command best the ideal, enjoy ever most the real. See the true artist, when abroad in men's thoroughfares, ever observant, ever diving into the heart, ever alive to the least as to the greatest of the complicated truths of existence,—descending to what pendants would call the trivial and the frivolous. From every mesh in the social web he can disentangle a grace. And for him each airy gossamer floats in the gold of the sunlight. Know you not that around the animalcule that sports in the water there shines a halo, as around the star that revolves in bright pastime through the space? True art finds beauty every way. In the street, in the market place, in the hovel, it gathers food for the hive of its thoughts. In the mire of politics, Dante and Milton selected pearls for the wreath of song. Whoever told you that Raffaele did not enjoy the life without, carrying every where with him one inward idea of beauty which attracted and imbedded in its own amber every straw that the feet of the dull man trampled into the mud? As some lord of the forest wanders abroad for its prey, and scents and follows it over plain and hill, through brake and jungle, but, seizing it at last, bears away with it into solitudes no footsteps can invade. Go seek the world without,—it is for art, the inexhaustible pasture ground find harvest to the world within.'

PRAYER.

Prayer, in prison under sentence of death.—She fell upon her knees and prayed. The despoilers of all that beautiful and hallowed life had desecrated the altar and denied the God, they had removed from the last hour of their victims the priest, the Scripture, and