

had been heaped upon him, and deservedly year by year he had fallen lower and lower in the sink of infamy; and yet still through every mishap that sainted woman had clung to him,—for he was the father of her boy, and the husband of her youth. It was a hard task for her to perform, but it was her duty, and when all the world deserted him should she too leave him. She had borne much, but alas, nature could bear no more. Health had fled from her cheeks, and her eyes were dim and sunken. She was in the last stage of consumption, but it was not that which was killing her,—she was dying of a broken heart.

The noise made by her husband awoke her from her troubled sleep, and she half started up in bed, the hectic fire streaming along her cheek, and a wild fitful light shooting into her sunken eyes. There was a faint, shadowy smile lighting up her face, but it was as cold as moonlight upon snow. The sight might have moved a felon's bosom, but what can prostrate the seared and hardened heart of drunkenness? The man besides was in a passion.

'Blast it, woman,' said the wretch, as he reeled into the room—'is this the way you receive me after being out all day in the rain to get something for your brat and you? Come, don't go whining, I say'—but as his wife uttered a faint cry at his brutality, and fell back senseless on the bed, he seemed to awaken to a partial sense of his condition, he reeled a step or two forward, put his hand up to his forehead, stared wildly around, and then gazing almost vacantly upon her, continued, 'but—why—what's the matter?'

His poor wife lay like a corpse before him, but a low voice from the other side of the bed, answered, and its tones quivered as they spoke.

'Oh! mother's dead!' It was the voice of his son who had stolen in, and was now sobbing violently as he tried to raise her head in his little arms. He had been for weeks her only nurse, and had long since learned to act for himself. He bathed her temples, he chafed her limbs, he invoked her wildly to awake.

'Dead! said the man, and he was sobered at once—dead,' he continued in a tone of horror that would have chilled the blood, and advancing by the bedside, with eyes starting from their sockets, he laid his hand upon her marble brow, 'then, oh my God, I have murdered her!—Emily you are not dead, say so, oh!—speak and forgive your repentant husband' and kneeling by the bedside he chafed her white, thin hand, watering it with his hot tears as he sobbed her name.

Their efforts, at length, partially restored her, and the first thing she saw upon reviving was her husband weeping by her side, and calling her 'Emily!' It was the first time he had done so for years. It stirred old memories in her heart, and called back the shadowy visions of years long past. She was back in her youthful days, before ruin had blasted her once noble husband; and when all was joyous and bright as her own happy bosom. Woe, shame, poverty, destruction, even his brutal language was forgotten, and she only thought of him as the lover of her youth. Oh! that moment of delight! She faintly threw her arms around his neck, and sobbed there for very joy.

'Can you forgive me, Emily? I have been a brute; villain—oh! can you forgive me? I have sinned as never man sinned before, and against such an angel as you. Oh! God annihilate me for my guilt.'

'Charles!' said the dying woman in a tone so sweet and low that it floated through the chamber like the whisper of a disembodied spirit—'I forgive you, and may God forgive you too,—but oh! do not embitter this last moment by such an impious wish.'

The man only sobbed in reply, but his frame shook with the tempest of agony within him.

'Charles,' at last continued the dying woman, 'I have long wished for this moment, that I might say something to you about our little Henry.'

'God forgive me for my wrongs to him too!' murmured the repentant man.

'I have much to say, and I have but little time to say it in, I feel that I shall never see another sun.' A violent fit of coughing interrupted her.

'Oh no, you must not, will not die,' sobbed her husband as he supported her sinking frame, 'you'll live to save your repentant husband.—Oh, you will.'

The tears gushed into her eyes, but she only shook her head. She laid her own hand on his and continued feebly,

'Day and night, for many a long year, have I prayed for this hour, and never, even in the darkest moment, have I doubted it would come: for I have felt that within me which whispered that as all had deserted you and I had not, so in the end you would at last come back to your early feelings. Oh! would it had come sooner—some happiness then might have been mine again in this world—but God's will be done.—I am weak—I feel I am falling fast—Henry, give me your hand.'

The little boy silently placed it within hers, she kissed it, and then laying it within her husband's continued,

'Here is our child—our only born—when I am gone he will have none to take care of him but you, and as God is above, as you love your own blood, and as you value a promise to a dying wife, keep, love, cherish him. Oh! remember that he is young and tender—it is the only thing for which I would care to live—she paused and struggled to subdue her feelings, 'will you promise me, Charles?'

'I will, as there is a maker over me, I will,' sobbed the man; and the frail bed against which he leaned shook with his emotion.

'And you, Henry, will you obey your father, and be a good boy:—as you love your mother—you too?'

Oh! yes! sobbed the little fellow, clinging himself wildly on his mother's neck, 'but mother, dear mother, what shall I do without you?—oh! don't die!'

'This is too hard,' murmured the dying woman, drawing her child feebly to her, 'Father give me strength to endure it.'

For a few minutes all was still,—and nothing broke the silence but the sobs of the father and the boy, and the low, death like tick of the rain dripping through upon the floor. The child was the first to move.

He seemed instinctively to feel that giving way to his grief pained his mother; and gently disengaging himself from her, he hushed his sobs, and leaning on his bed, gazed anxiously into her face. Her eyes were closed, but her lips moved as if in prayer.

'Henry, where are you?' faintly asked the dying mother.

The boy answered in his low, mournful voice.

'Henry,—Henry,' she said in a louder tone and then after a second added, 'poor babe, he doesn't hear me.'

The little fellow looked up amazed. He knew not yet how the senses gradually fail the dying; he was perplexed; the tears coursed down his cheeks; and his throat choked so that he could not speak. But he placed his hand in his mother's, and pressed it.

'Come nearer, my son—nearer—the candle wants snuffing—there, lay your face down by mine—Henry, love, I can't see—has the wind—blown—out—the light?'

The bewildered boy gazed wildly into his mother's face, but knew not what to say. He only pressed her hand again.

'Oh! God,' murmured the dying woman, her voice growing fainter and fainter—'this is death!—Charles—Henry—Jesus—re—'

The child felt a quick, electric shiver in the hand he clasped, and looking up, saw that his mother had fallen back dead upon the pillow. He knew it all at once. He gave one shriek and fell senseless across her body.

That shriek aroused the drunkard. Starting up from his knees, he gazed wildly on the corpse. He could not endure the look of that still sainted face. He covered his face with his hands and burst into an agony of tears.

Long years have passed since then, and that man is once more a useful member of society. But oh! the fearful price at which his reformation was purchased.

From Ainsworth's Magazine.

THE TOUR OF LOVE AND TIME.

LONG since, as tradition unravels,  
Love, weary of Venus's eyes,  
With Time started off on his travels,  
To make the grand tour of the skies,  
But though they departed together,  
To keep side by side was in vain;  
Love bask'd in the fine sunny weather,  
While Time was seen trudging through rain.

Love, calling and panting, long after  
Came up with him, ready to drop;  
And pleaded with song and sweet laughter,  
But could not persuade Time to stop.  
Old Obstinate paused not a minute,  
Though round him there grew in his march  
A cloud with Jove's thunderbolt in it,  
Or Iris threw o'er him her arch.

'Come skip me a twelvemonth, old fellow,  
And call it a leap year you know!  
Look round us—blue, red, green, and yellow  
I must have sport as we go.  
Why travel while Noon burns above there?  
Now let us wait here till it's dark,—  
Just stop while I aim at you down there,—  
If not,—well, I must have a lark.'

Now swift as the thought that comes o'er him  
Love snatches Time's scythe as he mows;  
He crops not one blossom before him,  
But cuts all the thorns from the rose.  
Still Time plodded on, up the mountain,  
Ne'er raising his eyes from the dust  
While Love stays to drink at the fountain,  
And drops the scythe in it—to rust.

But Time in due course, no'ing reaping,  
Again to the fountain came round;  
The scythe is once more in his keeping,  
For Love lay asleep on the ground.  
He woke, and but two moment's reckon'd,  
To seize on Time's glass, and escape;  
Love pour'd out its sand in a second,  
And fill'd it with juice from the grape.

Time now, o'er the hills and the levels,  
Guess'd minutes by mere grains of sand,  
Till, when the thief dropp'd mid his revels,  
The glass was restored to his hand.  
Then Love to the furies flew frantic,  
Possess'd with a project sublime;  
Brought scissors, and—desperate antic!—  
Cut off the white beard of old Time.

Day and Night saw the woful disaster,—  
Time stood, from astonishment, still;  
The Hours didn't know their own master,  
But frolick'd about at their will,  
Eight and Nine were at Sixes and Sevens,  
Twelve struck before Three had began;  
Five changed her old post for Eleven's,  
While Love kissed Eleven—for one.

In turn all disclaim'd their old father,  
Though some said they thought he was like,  
And none were for striking—the rather  
Because 'twas a general strike.  
Jove now, looking down on these gambols,  
Saw Chaos resuming his state,—  
And so put an end to Love's rambles,  
While waltzing intently with Eight.

'Your tour, crazy love, has its dangers,  
And here it must end,' said the god;  
'Henceforth you and Time must be strangers,  
Or, meeting, pass on with a nod.  
Time ev'ry brief instant is dying,  
While you have a life without end;  
Your visits to him must be flying—  
Eternity claims you—ascend!'

From Memoirs of a Sergeant.

TOUCH OF BRITISH VALOUR AT THE BATTLE OF VIMEIRA.

The left wing of our regiment, to which I still belonged, had nothing to do but be spectators of the fight, which took place on the heights of Vimeira. Our situation on the slope of an eminence; we saw our people promptly advance against the enemy's masses, which were formed in a column, and with which they boldly attempted to break the British lines. The attempt was vain, although they were ably assisted by their ordnance and howitzers, from the latter of which we saw the balls rise high in the air, and, after describing many segments of a circle, they generally fell between our people, who were advancing, and ourselves. Dense smoke soon after enveloped the billerikens. It was then we found our situation irksome; many of our officers, too high spirited to be thus shut out of the glowing scene actually left us and ran into battle. Those who remained, contrived a scheme for the chance of following them. We heard our bugles sound the charge; we heard, or fancied we heard, the enemy's fire growing stronger, when from the right of us idlers arose the cry, 'The colonel is shot!' his lady hearing this rushed through every restraint down the hill which was an excuse for many of our men to follow in protection.

FAMILIES OF LITERARY MEN.

The Quarterly Review, in discussing an objection to the Copyright Bill, of Mr. Sergeant Talford, which was taken by Sir Edward Saggden, gives some very curious particulars about the progeny of literary men. 'We are not,' says the writer, 'going to speculate about the cause of the fact; but a fact is, that men, distinguished for extraordinary intellectual power of any sort, very rarely leave more than a very brief line of progeny behind them. Men of genius have scarcely ever done so. Men of imaginative genius, we might say almost never, with one exception of the noble Surrey, we cannot, at this moment, point out a representative in the male line even so far down as in the third generation of any English poet: and we believed the case is the same in France. The blood of beings of that order can seldom be traced far down even in the female line. With the exception of Surrey and Spencer, we are not aware of any great English author, of at all remote date, from whose body any living person claims to be descended. There is no other real English poet prior to the middle of the nineteenth century; and we believe no great author of any sort, Clarendon and Shaftesbury, of whose blood we have any inheritance amongst us. Chaucer's only son died childless. Shakespeare's line expired in his daughter's only daughter. None of the other dramatists of that age left any progeny.—nor Raleigh, nor Bacon, nor Cowley, nor Butler. The granddaughter, of Milton was the last of his blood. Newton, Locke, Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Hume, Gibbon, Cowper, Gray, Walpole, Cavendish, and we might greatly extend the list, never married. Neither Bolingbroke, nor Addison, nor Warburton, nor Johnson, nor Burke transmitted their blood.'

VENTILATION.

A human being, supposing him to be soundly constituted at first, will continue in health till he reaches old age, provided that certain conditions are observed, and no injuries accident shall befall. This is a proposition so well supported by an extensive observation of facts, that it may be regarded as established. It becomes, of course, important to ascertain what are the conditions essential to health, in order that, by their observance, we may preserve for ourselves what is justly esteemed as the greatest of earthly blessings, and dwell for our naturally appointed time upon the earth. A general acquaintance with these conditions may be easily attained by all, and to pay them obedience is much more within the power of individuals than is generally supposed.

The leading conditions essential to health may be thus enumerated:—1. A constant supply of pure air; 2. A sufficiency of nourishing food, rightly taken; 3. Cleanliness; 4. A sufficiency of exercise to the various organs of the system; 5. A right temperature; 6. A sufficiency of cheerful and innocent enjoyments; and, 7. Exemption from harassing cares.

AIR.

The common air is a fluid composed mainly of two gases, in certain proportions; namely, oxygen as 20 and nitrogen as 80 parts in a hundred, with a very minute addition of carbonic acid gas. Such is air in its pure and right state, and such is the state in which we require it for respiration. When it is loaded with any admixture of a different kind, or its natural proportions are in any way deranged, it cannot be breathed without producing injurious results. We also require what is apt to appear a large quantity of this element of healthy existence. The lungs of a healthy full grown man will inhale the bulk of twenty cubic inches at every inspiration, and he will use no less than fifty seven hogshead in twenty four hours.

Now, there are various circumstances which tend to surround us at times with vitiated air, and which must accordingly be guarded against. That first calling for attention is the miasma or noxious quality imparted to the air in certain districts by stagnant water and decaying vegetable matter. It is now generally acknowledged that this noxious quality is in reality a subtle poison, which acts on the human system through the medium of the lungs, producing fevers and other epidemics. A noted instance of its acting on a great scale is presented in the Campagna di Roma, where a large surface is retained in a marshy state. The air rising from that territory at certain seasons of the year, obliges the inhabitants of the adjacent districts of the city to desert their homes, in order to escape its pernicious influence. All marshes, and low damp grounds of every kind, produce more or less miasma, and it is consequently dangerous to live upon or near them. Slightly elevated ground should, accordingly, in all cases, be chosen for both single houses and towns. Tanks and collections of water of every kind are dangerous beneath or near a house, because, unless their contents be constantly in a state of change, which is rarely the case, their tendency is to send up exhalations of a noxious kind. A few years ago, the eldest son of an English nobleman—a youth of great promise, and who has recently become a husband and father—died of a fever which was traced to the opening of a old reservoir of water underneath the country house in which he dwelt.

Putrid matter of all kinds conspicuous source of noxious effluvia. The filth collected in ill regulated towns—ill managed drains—collections of decaying animal substances, placed too near or within private dwellings,—are notable for their effects in vitiating the atmosphere, and generating disease in those exposed to them. In this case, also, it is a poison diffused abroad through the air which acts so injuriously on the human frame. This was probably the main cause of the plagues which visited European cities during the middle ages. In those days there were no adequate provisions for cleaning cities, and the consequence was, that large collections of filth were accumulated. The noxious air diffused by these means through the narrow streets and confined dwellings would tend to the most fatal effects. In old times there is generated a gas (sulphureted hydrogen) which is calculated to produce dreadful consequences amongst those exposed to it. It has lately been discovered, that it is the presence of this gas in the sea near the eastern coast of tropical Africa, which causes the peculiar unhealthiness of that region. It is ascertained that small animals, such as birds, die, when the air they breathe contains one fifteen hundredth part of sulphurated hydrogen and that an infusion six times greater will kill a horse. It follows that we can scarcely attach too much importance to measures for cleaning cities and improving drains. There are as yet no large towns in Britain kept in a state so clean as desirable for the health of

\*Viscount Milton, son of the present Earl Fitzwilliam, was the person here alluded to.