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Poetry.

THE REIGN OF AUTUMN.

The rust is over the red of the clover,
The green is under the gray;
And down the hollow the fleet-winged swallow
Is flying away, and away.

Fled are the roses, dead are the roses,
The glow and the glory done,
And down the hollow the steel-winged swallow
Flying the way over the sun.

In place of the summer a dread new-comer
His solemn state renews:
A crimson splendor instead of the tender
Daisy, and darling dews.

But oh, the sweetest, the full completeness
That under this reign are born!
Russett and yellow in apples mellow,
And wheat and millet and corn.

His frosts so hoary touch with glory
Maple and oak and thorn;
And rising and falling his winds are calling
Like a hunter through his horn.

No thrifty sower but just a mower
That comes when the day is done,
With warmth a-beaming and gold a-gleaming,
Like sunset after the sun.

And while fair weather and frost together,
Color the woods so gay,
We must remember that chill December
Has turned his steps this way.

And say as we gather the house together,
And pile the logs on the hearth,
Help us follow the light little swallow,
E'en to the ends of the earth.

YOUR HOUSE.

Be true to yourself at the start, young man,
Be true to yourself and God;
Ere you build your house, mark well the spot,
Test all the ground and build you not
On the sand or the shaking sod.

Dig, dig the foundations deep, young man,
Plant firmly the outer walls;
Let the props be strong and the roof be high,
With an open turret towards the sky,
Through which the dews may fall.

Let this be the room of your soul young man,
When shadows shall herald care—
A chamber with never a roof or thatch
To hinder the light, or door, or latch,
To shut in the spirit's prayer!

Build slow and sure, 'tis for life, young man,
A life that outlives the breath—
For who shall gainsay the Holy Word?
"Their works do follow them," saith the Lord,
"Therein there is no death."

Build deep, and high, and broad, young man,
As the needful case demands—
Let your title-deeds be clear and bright,
Till you enter your claim to the Lord of Light,
For the house not made with hands.

Miscellaneous.

MAN AND WIFE.

"You wish to delay your decision till you have had an opportunity of further consulting your wife, I presume?" This observation was addressed by a house agent to a young tradesman with whom he had for some time past been in treaty respecting the lease of a shop.

"Consult my wife!" repeated Bradshaw in a tone indicative of surprise and indignation. "No; I would never consult a woman upon a matter of business."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," hastily rejoined the wary house agent, secretly rejoicing at having discovered the weak side of the man he was dealing with; "but I thought you might possibly like Mrs. Bradshaw to see the house. I know the ladies like to have a voice in such matters."

"I tell you I don't ask her advice in *any* matter," the young man sharply retorted; "and to prove to you, Mr. Hutchinson, that I don't boast of an independence I do not really possess, I'll strike the bargain at once."

The house agent had previously tried all the usual methods of drawing the business to a close. He had assured him that his rival draper, Mr. Dawkins, had been after it, and that several other persons were eager to have it. These, however, had failed. Bradshaw still had scruples regarding the prudence of the affair; for the rent and taxes were exorbitant, and the terms of the lease far from favourable; but no sooner was it hinted that he was waiting for his wife's consent, than Hutchinson's end, as he had acutely perceived would be the case, was accomplished.

Now, it must not be inferred, from the above-related conversation, that Mr. Peter Bradshaw was a domestic tyrant; he was willing to allow his wife all the home comforts his means would afford, and his manner towards her was not often unkind; but she must never dare to express an opinion on any subject—the preparation of the dishes for his table, or the dress of his children excepted. We sometimes hear mention made of individuals who have but *two* ideas, and this is surely a poor allowance. Unhappily, Mr. Bradshaw had but *one*; and that one was—that it was beneath the dignity of a man to take the counsel of a woman. His notion of the mental superiority of "the lords of creation" were so towering, that he looked down upon his gentle spouse with feelings bordering on contempt, and consequently treated her as he would an upper servant, whose office it was to administer to his domestic comfort. He on his part thought he was discharging his sole duty by finding her the means to supply a liberal table and suitable apparel, and by treating her with negative kindness.

"Well, Martha, I've taken that shop in Market Street," the husband exclaimed on returning home; and as he spoke he threw himself at full length (which, to own the truth, did not far exceed five feet, notwithstanding his exalted idea of himself) upon the couch in his little back parlour.

"What shop, my dear?" Mrs. Bradshaw asked in surprise.

"Why, the new shop opposite the market-place. Didn't I tell you I thought of taking it?"

"No, Peter; you once said that you had looked at it, and asked the rent, but it appeared much too high for our means."

"I am going to try it at all events," the husband rejoined a little tartly, for he was not pleased with her vague allusion to the imprudence of which his conscience accused him of having been guilty. "There is nothing to be done now-a-days without a great show; and I think I have stayed in this dull street long enough."

"This shop has afforded us a comfortable maintenance for seven years, my dear," the wife quietly observed.

"The change will be for your benefit, Martha," Mr. Bradshaw interposed; "you will have the use of three or four additional rooms, and large ones, instead of these little pigeon holes, so I don't see that you will have any reason to complain."

"I am not complaining, Peter," she returned; "I am only fearful that you will find it difficult to meet the expenses from your profits; besides which, we must, you know, have this house on our hands three years longer."

"I shall easily find a tenant," he carelessly replied; adding, "and I have taken the other for twenty-one years."

"Twenty-one years!" exclaimed the wife in astonishment and alarm; but seeing that the gathering storm was about to break, she dared not add more.

When some persons have done that which their consciences decide to be wrong, they not unfrequently have recourse to a fit of passion, as the only means of silencing the remonstrances of those who have the most cause to complain; and to this refuge Mr. Bradshaw fled, knowing that he had no arguments to trust to. His wife being too gentle to resist, and too wise for strife, suffered it to have its vent without a word of retort. Thus it shortly subsided into a calm.

Another month found the family settled in their new abode; and the usual methods of advertising informed "Mr. Bradshaw's friends and the public that he had removed from No. 7 Church Street, to 50 Market Street, where he hoped, by offering the best articles at a very moderate price, to merit their continued patronage and support;" but notwithstanding this announcement, the expected influx of customers did not follow, at least in proportion to the additional expenditure of the shopkeeper, and his spirits consequently fell.

"Martha, my dear," he one day said, addressing his wife a few weeks subsequent to the period at which the change took place, "I am convinced that my want of success here is wholly owing to the small capital I have, so I have been thinking of taking a partner into my concern."

"You must be cautious whom you trust, my dear Peter," Mrs. Bradshaw quietly remarked.

"Oh, I have taken care to be on the right side," her husband answered. "I have made a bargain which cannot be otherwise than for my benefit."

"Then you have settled the affair!" cried the wife in surprise. "I thought you implied that you had it only in contemplation. Pray who may it be that you have made this arrangement with?"

"With the son of my father's old friend, Smithson. The old man is anxious to associate his son with some steady man of business, and is willing to put a thousand pounds into the concern, which will be an excellent thing to stock my new shop, and will enable me to extend my connection."

"A thousand pounds will, I think, be a poor recompense for having a young man of George Smithson's habits as a partner in your business," Mrs. Bradshaw observed. "It is not often I interfere in such matters," she pursued, "but if you take my advice, Peter, you will have nothing to do with him."

"And why not, pray?" her husband sharply asked. "I have known the father these twenty years, and his character has always stood high for integrity."

"That may be; but it does not follow that the son will not bring you into trouble. You know he has caused his father a great deal of unhappiness by his imprudence and it appears to me to be like rushing into ruin with your eyes open to have any connection with him.

"You are too severe upon the young man, Martha," interposed Mr. Bradshaw, with an inflection of voice which indicated that his judgment was more than half convinced by her argument. "He has been a little extravagant in his youth; but now that he has sowed his wild oats his father hopes that he will settle down into more steady habits."

"It is quite natural the father should hope so; but not that you, my dear Peter, should depend on such slender foundations in a matter which may be so very serious. My own observation," she added, "has led me to remark that a disobedient, extravagant youth, seldom makes a steady persevering man."

"Oh, you always look on the dark side of the picture, Martha; you are always prognosticating evil. For my part, I like to hope the best." This speech was accompanied by one or two of those nervous movements which often attend unsound arguments; but Mrs. Bradshaw, who was really much concerned at the new step of imprudence her husband was about to take, thought it right to be more than usually tenacious in maintaining her ground. All, however, was vain. "Pshaw—stuff!" muttered Mr. Bradshaw. It was all he could say, for he had not even a lame leg to stand upon.

Mr. Peter Bradshaw's once small and comparatively unpretending concern now assumed the more substantial appellation of a *firm*, though it had really less ground for so doing; and fresh placards and advertisements announced "that Messrs. Bradshaw and Smithson would now be able to offer the public goods of superior quality at a before unheard-of price." But neither the plate-glass, the puffing nor the partner, had the desired effect of enticing fresh people to inspect the wares; and many of those who had been regular customers at the late shop in Church Street discontinued dealing, thinking that, in order to make so much show, the articles must be really inferior. To add to Mr. Bradshaw's distress, the house he had before occupied did not let, nor did it seem likely to do so till the lease had expired, owing to its being in want of a thorough repair.

Just at this period the attention of the family was called to an affair of a different nature. Mr. Bradshaw's eldest brother had died some years previously, and made him his executor, and also the guardian of his only daughter. The interest of the money was to be appropriated to the young lady's board and education till she became of age, when it was to be put at her own disposal. Miss Caroline Bradshaw had been brought up at a boarding-school in the suburbs of London, and remained there after her education was deemed *finished*, till within a few months of the expiration of her minority, at which time it was proposed by her uncle that she should take up her residence in his house. As his fair ward had, in addition to a pretty face, the attraction of fifteen hundred pounds, Mr. Bradshaw had, during these few months, several overtures for her hand; but, to the dismay of the rival candidates, it was at length discovered that George Smithson, who was amongst the number, was the favoured individual. This circumstance caused Mrs. Bradshaw considerable uneasiness. Unhappily for her own prospects, she had no reason to alter the opinion she had formed concerning the young man. She saw that poverty and misery must be the termination of the career he was pursuing, and she trembled lest her niece should be involved in the ruin he was bringing upon himself, and she feared on them also. She made several appeals to her husband, begging him, as he loved the happiness of his brother's child, to warn her of the precipice on which she stood; but he was deaf to her pleadings. "Caroline is old enough to choose a husband for herself, and I shan't interfere in the matter," he on one occasion angrily returned. "I would not certainly have any hand in making up the match, because people might say that I wanted to keep her money in my own hands for the use of the firm; but she shall certainly do as she pleases." The wife had next recourse to arguments with the young woman herself; but Miss Caroline thought her own judgment in such matters superior to that of her good aunt. Mrs. Bradshaw then tried to delay a union she could not prevent. She represented to her husband that if he withheld his consent for twelve months, he would by that time see how the young man conducted himself in the connection he had already formed with the family, and thus have a better opportunity of judging whether there was any prospect of happiness for his niece. Poor Mr. Bradshaw's prejudices concerning the superior judgment of his own sex came again into full play. He was angry at what he termed his wife's pertinacity in groundless apprehensions, and persisted in saying he would let the young people follow their own course. The result was that Miss Caroline Bradshaw became Mrs. Smithson on the very day she attained her majority.

The young couple had arranged, though without the consent, or even the knowledge, of Mr. Bradshaw, to invest the greater part of the bride's fortune in establishing a business in London. The fact was, that Smithson was not at all pleased with the subordinate position he held in the firm. He wanted to have the entire management; and above all, that the money should pass thro' his hands, which Mr. Bradshaw had hitherto wisely prevented. A proposal to spend the honeymoon in town did not awaken surprise or suspicion; but this was the preparatory step for the plan being put into execution.

Three weeks after his niece's marriage, Mr. Bradshaw received a letter from his young partner, stating that he had the offer of a dashing shop on Regent Street on very advantageous terms; that they wished, therefore, to take up their residence in London, instead of returning to B——; and that, in the event of Mr. Bradshaw approving of the arrangement, he and his beloved Caroline were quite willing that the profits of the concern should be shared equally with their dear uncle. All he desired was, he said, to have the superintendence of the London business left entirely to himself. Mrs. Bradshaw, with her customary penetration, perceived that this was likely to involve them in still greater trouble. She foresaw that it would enable Smithson to make what use he pleased of his partner's name; and now that he was removed from under their eye, it was likely that he would be more reckless and improvident than ever. She again ventured to expostulate with her husband, representing how much better it would be to dissolve the firm at once, and thus save himself from absolute ruin. Had this advice come from any other quarter, it is probable that Mr. Bradshaw would have seen and acknowledged its wisdom. Indeed, as it was, he had his misgivings; but the fact of his wife having urged it was a sufficient reason why he should pursue a contrary course. The result was, that at the expiration of a few months the names of Bradshaw and Smithson appeared in the Gazette amongst the list of bankrupts; and a very inconsiderable dividend had they to offer, for Smithson had given bills upon the credit of the firm to a very large amount, having in the mean time launched out into expenses which a capital of five thousand, instead of fifteen hundred pounds would scarcely justify. Nor was this all. He had, during his residence in London, formed connections with several dissolute young men, who, being, like himself, in want of sufficient means to gratify their extravagant desires, occasionally had recourse to fraudulent means to supply those means. This was discovered just at the time his commerical affairs were finally settled; and the consequence was, that he was obliged to fly the country, leaving his unhappy wife in a most destitute and hopeless condition.

Poor Mr. Bradshaw was in a state bordering on insanity. His naturally weak mind sunk under an accumulated load of sufferings, which, in spite of his inordinate self-esteem, he could not but feel had been brought on by his own want of prudent forethought. He was really distressed beyond measure at the contemplation of the misery in which it had involved his gentle wife and innocent children; his neice's distress, too, and consequent illness, gave additional poignancy to the stroke. He could not but feel that he had not fulfilled the part of father or guardian towards her; and that her premature death, or the horrors of her future life, would be alike owing to this fact. Mrs. Bradshaw was the only person capable of action, and she in this emergency displayed an energy of character which was little expected, but which could alone be of any avail in saving her from a total wreck. Her kind and judicious treatment of the unhappy young wife restored her, in a very short space of time to some measure of health; and her prudent counsel then induced her to make an effort for self-support, by means of the education which she had received. The task of soothing the irritated feelings, and calming the perturbed spirit of her husband, was less easy; yet this she in time had the happiness of accomplishing. She did not, it must be told, do it by vaunting her superior judgment and forethought, and taxing him with being the cause of all the evils which had befallen them. She did not even vaguely allude to his folly, or to her having foretold the event. She merely endeavoured to show him that, however unpropitious his circumstances might be, her affection was unchanged, and her desire to share his fortunes unabated. She bore his petulence with calmness, and his only half-subdued pride with patience, trying to soften the rigour of their present situation, and selecting opportunities for offering wholesome advice, and forming judicious plans for the future. Though weak-minded and imprudent in the extreme, Bradshaw was not an unprincipled man. Notwithstanding the late unhappy affair, his character for integrity was not impeached. Mrs. Bradshaw therefore advised that they should return to their late residence in Church street, which was still untenanted, and recommence business on a small scale, trusting to the generosity of their former customers for a renewal of their favours. She went on to say that she would cheerfully confine the household expenditure within the limits of their profits, whatever they might be; and not only so, but proposed, if possible, laying aside some portion of those profits for the purpose of paying at least a part of the debts they had themselves incurred. Bradshaw listened, for the first time in his life, with something like complacency to this prudent counsel. He was too well satisfied with the plan to raise even an objection; and though his pride would not allow him to acknowledge it, he was really much pleased with the part she had taken in the whole matter. Mrs. Bradshaw, too unostentatious to feel any desire for commendation, was satisfied with accomplishing what she felt to be right, though she would certainly have been pleased with an expression of approbation, and she immediately set about the necessary preparations for removal.

B—— had, for nearly a century, been one of those quiet country towns in which the only variations known are the deaths of the elder members of the families, and the younger ones springing up in their places—the changes of the seasons and the alterations of day and night. The inhabitants had gone on for so many years in the same routine of events, that they looked upon anything which prognosticated advancement as an absolute evil. This state of things, however, had its day, and also its termination; for a railway was just at this period brought so near to the place, that it was deemed requisite to have a station there; and such a circumstance of course turned the heads of half the inhabitants, by exciting a desire for speculation. As in all other revolutions, the results were various; to some it wrought evil, to others good. In this instance, however, the preponderance was of the latter; and amongst those individuals who benefitted was Mr. Peter Bradshaw. His small unpretending shop by degrees assumed a more substantial and stylish appearance; and three years subsequently to the period when we commenced our narrative, at which time his lease had expired, he was able to renew it on highly advantageous terms. The fact was whispered, and not without some ground, though he would not own its truth, that he on this occasion consulted his wife regarding the length of time it would be most prudent to extend it.

Mr. Bradshaw was one evening strolling, business being over, in the precincts of the railway station, amusing himself by watching the passengers alight—some looking anxiously after their luggage, some greeted by beloved and familiar faces, others seemingly lonely, and with little of worldly wealth to look after—when a smart rap on the shoulder, and a hearty "How do you do, my old friend?" from a voice the tones of which were not unknown to him, aroused him from his contemplations, and he the next moment recognized the features of an old schoolmate. "Bradshaw, my dear fellow!" exclaimed the traveller, now bending to seize him by the hand, and shaking it with earnestness; "I'm glad to see you—glad to see you; on my word, this is an unexpected pleasure."

"It is so on my part as well as yours, my good friend," our hero returned, surveying with a pleased expression the almost gigantic form of his quondam playfellow.

"I lost sight of you when I settled in London," the traveller resumed, "but I've often thought of you. We used to be cronies at school, you know."

"Yes," Bradshaw rejoined, with a very undignified "he—he—he!" "You used to fight my battles, correct all my exercises, and work all my sums, for I never had much taste for such things."

"No, nor ability neither," thought his auditor; but he loved his little protege, from the very fact of his having always looked up to him as a protector and friend, and was really pleased with having met him again.

"Come home and take supper with me, and I'll introduce you to my good lady," Bradshaw continued. "I've been an unlucky wight, but I'm getting on pretty comfortably now. How has the world treated you?"

"Oh; I've managed at least to avoid failure; but I'll accept of your kind invitation when I've secured a bed at the inn, and then we'll make mutual revelations."

"Make our house your home for the night," exclaimed the draper: "we can find you a bed; and I see," glancing at the carpet-bag his friend held in his hand—"I see you have your luggage with you. Let us go home at once."

"But are you sure that my stay will not be deemed an intrusion by Mrs. Bradshaw?" the traveller hesitatingly interposed; adding, "It is not, I know, always agreeable to ladies to perform the rites of hospitality for a stranger, without any previous intimation of the visit."

"Mrs. Bradshaw never thinks of opposing anything I do or say," the little man pompously returned.

"Indeed!"

"I wouldn't allow it; and, to do her justice," he pursued, "she never showed any inclination to dispute my authority. All the complaint I can make of her is, that she is a little too forward with her advice sometimes. But that has nothing to do with the present matter; she'll make you welcome, I promise you. I never yet knew her to look black upon a guest, let me invite him when I would."

"You seem, my good friend, to have been fortunate in your choice of a wife, at all events," the traveller observed; "and your description of your home is so inviting, that I cannot resist the very strong inclination I have to avail myself of your kind offer."

"That's just what I wanted you to do. I'm not a man for unmeaning compliments," cried Bradshaw; and as he spoke, he with some difficulty linked his arm within that of his companion and bustled towards his dwelling. "Are you married, Rawlins?" he abruptly asked after a brief pause.

"Oh yes, I've been married these seven years."

"Then I shrewdly guess you have been foolish enough to let your wife get the upper hand: is it so?"

"You're quite mistaken there, my friend. My idea of happiness in married life is for man and wife to go hand *in* hand, and have no *upper* hand in the matter."

"Oh—oh! that is your opinion, is it? Well, I can't say it is mine. I could never live with a woman who did not allow me to be master."

"Nor I, my friend; but then I would, at the same time, allow her to be mistress."

"Then you are under female rule, after all, Rawlins."

"Not a bit of it; but I am under female influence."

The friends had by this time reached the door of the house; and the cheerful smile that sat upon Mrs. Bradshaw's countenance, when told by her husband that he had bro't home a guest for the night, and the alacrity with which she set about the necessary preparations for his accommodation, clearly indicated that the draper's statements were perfectly correct. The absence of the lady gave the gentlemen an excellent opportunity for unrestrained confidence. Rawlins would not have hesitated to tell his tale if Mrs. Bradshaw had been present, but poor Mr. Bradshaw could never allude to the circumstances of his late failure in the hearing of his wife. The shrewd reader may possibly give a broad guess for what reason, but it was unacknowledged even to himself. Rawlins at the request of his host related his story first; but as it was void of interest except to those who had a personal regard for him, we will not tire the reader with the recital.

"My narrative is, you see, very barren of incident," he observed as he concluded. "I have had no hair-breadth escapes, no sudden reverses; no accounts of being dragged to a prison for my own or any one else's debts; and now, shall I tell you what has been the key to my prosperity?"

"Why, you've been a fortunate fellow, that's all; you always were so; you never got into the scrapes that I did when you were a boy."

"Fortune has had nothing to do with it, my friend," Rawlins exclaimed. "The secret of my success is this—I made choice of a good partner; and——"

"Ah, you were lucky there at all events," Bradshaw interposed. "*My* partner has been my ruin."

Rawlins looked up in astonishment.

"What! that quiet, gentle-looking woman?" he remarked. "Why, I thought——"

"She! No, I don't mean her: I mean the partner I took into my concern."

Rawlins laughed heartily at his own blunder. "I beg Mrs. Bradshaw's pardon a thousand times," he said; "but, my good fellow, I was alluding to my *wife* when I spoke of *my* partner. I have had no other partner—I have needed none."

"I took a young man into my business because he brought a thousand pounds, but he turned out a sad rogue."

"Ah, I had no such inducement," Rawlins interposed. "I selected a partner with good sense and good principles; that was of far more value than a thousand pounds; and the secret of my success, my friend, is my having made use of those qualifications, and placed unbounded confidence in her."

The little draper looked somewhat disconcerted, and glanced quickly round, to see if Mrs. Bradshaw was within hearing.

"Pshaw!" he pettishly exclaimed, "you've been a fortunate fellow, that's the upshot of the matter."

"I tell you once more, my good friend, that fortune had nothing to do with it; but we wont get into a dispute. Let me hear your story; I fancy it has more interest than mine."

Bradshaw was not sorry to change the subject; and putting on a dolorous aspect, he commenced his woeful tale. Happy would he have been had Rawlins allowed him to proceed without interruption; but, as the little draper thought, some evil genius possessed him, and induced him to make occasional queries, which were by no means pleasant to answer. These were—"But what did your wife say to this? What did Mrs. Bradshaw advise? Surely Mrs. Bradshaw was more quicksighted? Women are generally good advisers in such cases," &c. The poor man got more nervous than ever when obliged to confess that Mrs. Bradshaw had opposed his taking the new shop and the long lease; that she did object to young Smithson as a partner; and that she had done her utmost to prevent the marriage of his niece; but he made an attempt to get out of the railery which, though not very quicksighted himself, he could not but foresee would follow, by lamenting that he had been born under such an unlucky planet.

"The planets have no more to do with your disasters than I have, my worthy friend," Rawlins interrupted him by exclaiming; "but I'll give you a piece of information for which, if you make good use of it, you'll thank me if, at the end of another ten years, we should meet again."

"Oh, I hope we shall meet long before that!" cried Bradshaw.

"I hope we shall: but be that as it may, you will thank me for the information whenever you see me."

"Pray, what may it be?"

"I am afraid you will not make use of it without a little reluctance," Rawlins resumed; "but I'm confident that the result will fully recompense you for the effort it may cost you. It is this, my friend:—All your misfortunes have arisen from your having pursued a course diametrically opposed to that which I have taken; that is, from your having scorned the counsel of your wife."

Poor Bradshaw at that moment wished his old schoolmate any place but where he was; still he made no remark.

"Now, I tell you what it is, my good fellow," Rawlins proceeded, "we lords of the creation are apt to plume ourselves on a superiority we do not posess. We give the ladies credit for affection, gentleness, kindness, and all that sort of thing, but we fancy that all the intelligence, good sense, and sagacity, are thrown into our scale—that is, our pates. I had an early opportunity of observing this. My father and a twin brother were partners in business, and occupied adjoining houses. They married, and commenced the world together, and they were as alike in character as in age. They were upright, well-meaning men, and were in consequence, much esteemed; but they both held the lordly views of which I spoke. My father, happily for his family, made a wise choice in his partner for life; but there his wisdom ended: he scorned to make use of her good sense and judgment, supposing, like you, that women ought not to be consulted in any matters beyond the household economy. My uncle was less happy in his selection. He married a giddy, thoughtless woman. Still, had he treated her with confidence, and showed her that he considered she had an equal interest with himself in his commercial success, he might possibly have corrected her thoughtlessness; but as this was not the case, she was constantly practising some petty deception, which wholly destroyed their original peace. I learned a valuable lesson, however, from their experience. Thinks I to myself, when I marry, I'll have a wife I can trust, and then I will trust her. She shall see that I expect her to take an interest in my well-being in everything. She shall be my confidant in every affair relating to my interests or my feelings; and she shall have no temptation to deceive me, because she shall not have any cause to complain that I am ungenerous. Well, I put these resolves into practice, and it has fully answered my expectations. Depend upon, it my friend," he concluded, seeing that his friend was lost in a fit of musing—"depend upon it there is no happiness in the marriage state without mutual confidence. The more a woman is trusted, the more she will feel that the interests of her husband are her own; and I believe that extravagant, mismanaging wives are more frequently made so by the want of this confidence than by any other circumstance."

The entrance of Mrs. Bradshaw, followed by a little hand-maid with a well-cooked savoury supper, put a stop to the conversation, also to poor Bradshaw's reverie; and in performing the rites of hospitality to his friend, he forgot, or at least pardoned, his telling him a truth which no one ever had the moral courage to tell him before.

It was nearly three years ere the two friends again met, and then it was by the same fireside, though the room they occupied contained many useful and ornamental articles which it had not done at the former meeting. Mrs. Bradshaw being present the greater part of the evening, Rawlins could not allude to the subject of their last conversation; but he thought, from the fact of her being present, that there was some improvement in the quarter where he most desired it. At length he found an opportunity of whispering a word in Bradshaw's ear; but as it was a whisper, and only heard by the person to whom it was spoken, we cannot be expected to make the reader acquainted with it. The answer of the little draper will, however, possibly elucidate the mystery. It was this: "I've not forgotten it, my good fellow; I've not forgotten your prophecy, and I can't help fulfilling it. Thank ye—thank ye!"

LABOR.—Much has been said and sung about the "dignity of labour," and yet it is true that there is a general disposition in human nature to avoid it. There are of course many exceptions familiar to us all. Henry Ward Beecher well expresses this sentiment as follows: "Men seem ashamed of Labour, and often, you shall find men who have made themselves respected in labor, have built up a business, and amassed a fortune, who turn to their sons and say: 'You shall never do as I did; you shall lead a different life; you shall be spared all this.' Oh! these rich men's sons! They aim to lead a life of elegant leisure; and that is a life of emasculated idleness and laziness. Like the polyp that floats useless and nasty upon the sea, all jelly, all flabby, no muscle, no bone—It shuts and opens, and opens and shuts, and sucks in and squirts out again, of no earthly account, influence or use. Such are these poor fools. Their parents toiled and grew strong, built up their frames of iron and of bone: but denying all this to their sons, they turn them upon the world, boneless, muscleless, simple gristle, and soft at that."

As the mind must govern the hands, so in every society the man of intelligence must direct the man of labour.—*Johnson.*

A STRANGE STORY.

Some ninety years ago, there flourished in Glasgow a club of young men, which, from the extreme profligacy of its members, and the licentiousness of their orgies, was commonly called the Hell Club. Besides their nightly or weekly meetings, they held one grand annual saturnalia, in which each tried to excel the other in drunkenness and blasphemy; and on these occasions there was no star amongst them whose lurid light was more conspicuous than young Mr. Archibald B., who, endowed with brilliant talents, and handsome person, had held out great promise in his boyhood, and raised hopes that had been completely frustrated by his subsequent reckless dissipations.

One morning after returning from his annual festival, Mr. Archibald B., having retired to bed, dreamed the following dream:

He fancied that he himself was mounted on a favourite black horse that he always rode, and that he was proceeding toward his own house—then a country seat embowered by trees, and situated upon a hill, now entirely built over, and forming part of the city—when a stranger, whom the darkness of the night prevented his distinctly discerning, suddenly seized his horse's rein, saying, "You must go with me!"

"And who are you?" exclaimed the young man with a volley of oaths, whilst he struggled to free himself.

"That you will see by-and by," returned the other, in a tone that excited unaccountable terror in the youth, who, plunging his spurs into his horse, attempted to fly but in vain. However fast the animal flew the stranger was still beside him, till at length, in his desperate attempt to escape, the rider was thrown, but instead of being dashed to the earth, as he expected, he found himself falling—falling—falling still, as if sinking into the bowels of the earth.

At length, a period being put to this mysterious descent, he found breath to inquire of his companion, who was still beside him, whither they were going. "Where am I?—Where are you taking me?" he exclaimed.

"To hell!" replied the stranger; and immediately interminable echoes repeated the fearful sound, "To hell! to hell! to hell!"

At length a light appeared, which soon increased to a blaze; but instead of cries and groans and lamentings, as the terrified traveller expected, nothing met his ear but sounds of music, mirth and jollity; and he found himself at the entrance of a superb building, far exceeding any he had seen constructed by human hands. Within, too, what a scene! No amusement, employment or pursuit of man on earth, but was carried on here with a vehemence that excited his unutterable amazement. There the young and lovely still swam through the mazes of the giddy dance! There the panting steed still bore his brutal rider through the excitement of the goaded race. There, over the midnight bowl, the intemperate still drawled out the wanton song or maudlin blasphemy! The gambler plied forever his endless game, and the slaves of mammon toiled through eternity their endless task; whilst all the magnificence on earth paled before that which now met his view.

He soon perceived that he was amongst old acquaintances, whom he knew to be dead; and each, he observed, was pursuing the object, whatever it was, that had formerly engrossed him; when finding himself relieved of the presence of his unwelcome conductor, he ventured to address his former friend, Mrs. D., whom he saw sitting, as had been her wont on earth, absorbed at loo—requesting her to rest from the game, and introduce him to the pleasures of the place, which appeared to him to be very unlike what he had expected, and indeed an extremely agreeable one. But with a cry of agony she answered that there was no rest in hell; that they must ever toil on at those very pleasures, and innumerable voices echoed through the interminable vaults "There is no rest in hell!" whilst throwing open their vests, each disclosed in his bosom an ever-burning flame! Those they said were the pleasures of hell; their choice on earth was now their inevitable doom! In the midst of the horror this scene inspired, his conductor returned, and at his earnest entreaty, restored him again to the earth; but, as he quitted him, he said "Remember! in a year and a day we meet again!"

At this crisis of his dream, the sleeper awoke, feverish and ill; and, whether from the effect of the dream or his preceding orgies, he was so unwell as to be obliged to keep his bed for several days, during which period he had time for many serious reflections, which terminated in a resolution to abandon the club and his licentious companions altogether.

He was no sooner well, however, than they flocked around him, bent on recovering so valuable a member of their society, and having wrung from him a confession of the cause of his defection, which as may be supposed, appeared to them eminently ridiculous, they soon contrived to make him ashamed of his good resolutions. He joined them again, resumed his former course of life, and when the annual saturnalia came round, he found himself with a glass in his hand at the table. When the president rising to make the accustomed speech, began with saying, "Gentlemen, this being leap year, it is a year and a day since our last anniversary," &c., &c., the words struck the young man's ear like a knell, but ashamed to expose his weakness to the jeers of his companions, he sat out the feast, plying himself with wine, even more liberally than usual, till, in the gloom of a winter's morning, he mounted his horse to ride home. Some hours afterwards the horse was found with his saddle and bridle on, quietly grazing by the roadside about half-way betewen the city and Mr. B.'s house; whilst a few yards off lay the corpse of his master.

Now, as I have said in introducing this story, it is no fiction; the circumstance happened as here related. An account of it was published at the time, but the copies were b