THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

VOLUME XXIV. | MONTROSE, PENN'A., THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1849. | NUMBER 20.

THE REGISTER.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
James W. Chapman.

Advance payment in Cash per year, $1 50
If paid within the year, 2 00
If not at the end of the year, 2 50

Up, Brother, Up!

BY C. D. STUART.

Up, brothers, up! the light begins
Along the eastern sky,
To promise that the night is past,
And better days are nigh;
A clarion voice rings o'er the hills,
The valleys catch the sound—
And freedom is the stirring cry
That fills the world around!

It pierces through the fading gloom,
Its strength the peasant feels—
And old oppression from its throne
With shame and terror reels;
All men lift up their hearts and hands,
More fearless and more free,
And loud ring out the common shout,
No more we'll bend the knee!

From smithy-forge, from fisher's cot,
From ploughs that break the lea,
From iron looms, from smoking mines,
From ships that cleave the sea—
One voice unites and mightier
Sweeps on an ever on;
The tyrant's day, the vassal's work
Are gone, forever gone!

Up, brothers, up! and share the light,
Rejoice the day has come,
When freedom decks the lowest shrine,
And guards the poorest home;
Rejoice, and pledge with strengthening ties
The new born heart and mind,
To keep the boon and pass it on
To all of human kind.

Rejoice, that ye have broke at length
The strong and heavy chain,
Which neither age nor human strength
Can bind ye with again;
Rejoice, and swear ye will not bend,
Nor give the guerdon back,
Though glistening steel disputes the way,
And flame is on your track!

The Farmer's Daughter.

She may not, in the mazy dance,
With jewelled maidens vie;
She may not smile on courtly swain
With soft, bewitching eye;
She cannot boast a form and mien
That lavish wealth has brought her,
But, ah, she has much fairer charms,
The Farmer's peerless daughter!

The rose and lily [illegible]
Together love to dwell;
Her laughing blue eyes wreathe around
The heart a witching spell;
Her smile is bright as morning's glow
Upon the dewy plain,
And listening to her voice we dream
That Spring has come again.

The timid fawn is not more wild,
Nor yet more gay and free,
The lily's cup is not more pure
In all its purity:—
Of all the wild flowers in the wood,
Or by the crystal water,
There's none more pure or fair than she,
The Farmer's peerless daughter!

The haughty belle whom all adore,
On downy pillow lies,
While forth upon the dewy lawn
The merry maiden hies;
And, with the lark's uprising song,
Her own clear voice is heard—
Ye may not tell which sweetest sings,
The maiden or the bird.

Then tell me not of jewelled fair,—
The brightest jewel yet
Is in the heart where virtue dwells
And innocence is set!
The glow of health upon her cheek,
The grace no rule hath taught her,—
The fairest wreath that beauty twines,
Is for the Farmer's daughter!

THE DOUBLE SURPRISE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Mr. Joseph Hilyard was a rich dyer in one of our large manufacturing towns, a plodding, hard-headed man of business, who never lost sight of the main chance but once, and that was when he married old Green's daughter, with seven thousand pounds to her fortune, instead of Ellen Stratton, who had nothing. He soon found out his mistake, for his wife was one of those unhappy-tempered women who make everybody miserable about them. Ellen Stratton married also two years afterwards; not for love, I am sorry to say, and was not more happy than he. Her husband, whose name was Trevisham, was also a dyer, as hard a headed man as Hilyard, but without his good qualities. He was always in law with somebody: he had a desperate lawsuit with Hilyard about the fence of their drying grounds, which unfortunately adjoined; it was a small thing to quarrel about, but, like a rolling snowball, it grew at every turn, and, in the end, brought on his ruin. He lost his lawsuit, and then he died, leaving his affairs in a very bad state. When all were wound up, the creditors, out of compassion to the widow, whom everybody respected, gave up sufficient to ensure her and her only child, a daughter, an annuity of seventy pounds for her life.

Hilyard had been a fierce adversary to the husband, and the widow felt a peculiar grief to see herself, in some measure, ruined by his means; still she was not without comfort, even in her depressed circumstances; she had good health, a cheerful disposition, a heart full of love both to God and man, a beloved daughter, whom she herself was able to educate well; and above all—now that poor Mr. Trevisham was gone—peace and comfort at her fireside, such as she had never known in her more prosperous days. Let nobody exclaim at this, but it is true that when she read the words "Better is a dinner of herbs with love, than a stalled ox and dissension therewith," she could say "amen" from her entire heart.

Hilyard had gained the lawsuit, and his adversary was dead. "There was a triumph for him!" people said; but he did not find it exactly so.—When the man was dead and gone, and his drying grounds added to his own, many a reproachful remembrance of the widow and her child came to his mind. His own wife, who had been the thorn in his side and the quill-feather in the down pillow for so many years, had, in the process of time, like poor Mr. Trevisham, gone to her long rest, and then he thought with himself whether he should not realize the dream of his youth, and make atonement for the wrongs of after years, by marrying the widow Trevisham. He thought a deal about it: he had never spoken to her for years; in fact, it was years now since he had seen her; for, though they dwelt in the same town, he lived in a large square stone house which a lawyer had built, and he had bought, in one suburb, and she, since her misfortunes, as they were called, lived in a little cottage—a very little one—in an opposite direction. He questioned, as I said, whether he should marry her, but, some way or other, the idea seemed strange; he thought people would talk amazingly if he did. No, his marrying days were over, he decided.

People saw him buttoned up in his good broadcloth, going steadily about his business, and making his fifteen hundred a year, and never suspected one atom of the romance which had taken possession of his naturally good heart. One day he took a drive to the little suburban village in which the widow lived, and, leaving his chaise at the inn, strolled up the lane in which her cottage stood.—He had no idea of making a call, not the slightest in the world—he only wanted to see the place. It was a very small cottage: two gentlewomen living on seventy pounds a year, could not afford a large house.

"It cannot be above eight or nine pounds a year," mused he to himself; "a kitchen, a parlor, and two bed-rooms, and a little wash-house at the back, that must be all; but it is prodigiously, neat and a mighty pretty garden. Ellen was always fond of flowers;" and with that the sunny, rose-scented days of his youth came to his memory most bewitchingly. "They keep a girl, no doubt, to do the housework: they could not afford a servant at full wages," continued his musings; "I wonder if any of their relations help them?—but, poor thing, she had so few relations, and none of them rich, and he was such a spendthrift that he drained his own family—I don't believe there is one that would help her: the Trevishams have not a bit of heart among them."

So pondered Mr. Hilyard as he walked up the lane: in a while he made a stand, and, turning round, took a steady survey of the back of the cottage. There was little to be seen but a thick holly-hedge, a green water-butt, the little back-kitchen window, the cottage roof, and one chimney. It was about the middle of November, in the afternoon, and Mrs. Trevisham and her daughter Kitty, then just turned fifteen, were sitting at the little parlor fire, the daughter reading and the mother at her sewing. Kitty had just put on some coal, and the little servant-maid in the little kitchen had just broken up her fire and put the kettle on for tea: there was only, as I said, one chimney to the cottage, and these movements at the two fires had sent the smoke curling out of the chimney, which made quite a picturesque effect against the dull November sky. And it was at this very smoke which Mr. Joseph Hilyard, with his comfortable income of fifteen hundred a-year, now stood looking; he was not, however, noticing the picturesque effect, but, in imagination, was picturing to himself the little household that was assembled beside the fire from which this [illegible] take my word for it, that Joseph Hilyard, middle-aged man and dyer though he was, had a very vivid imagination, for the picture which he thus saw warmed his heart to its very core: the broadcloth in which he was enveloped was nothing to the warmth of his heart. He walked back again past the little green gate which led to the house-door; a little girl was coming up with a milk-can, and, turning in at the green gate, knocked at the door. He was a wealthy man, as we know, and a girl taking milk to his own house would have excited no interest in his mind; and yet he stopped to see who would open the door to take this pennyworth of milk. It was only the little servant girl. At the bottom of the little garden he stopped again and looked at the front of the cottage; the fire that was burning in the parlor and kitchen cast a glow within, for it was getting dusk, and by the parlor window stood Kitty reading, for she had gone to the window for light. The outline of the bent head, and the youthful bust, sent a still warmer glow to his heart; it reminded him of that Ellen Stratton who had once been all the world to him. With hasty steps he then returned to the inn, ordered out his chaise, drank a glass of negus, and then drove home to his large, square house, and his many servants.

People talk a deal about "luxury of doing good." Mr. Joseph Hilyard determined that he would enjoy this luxury; but he did not say a word to any one—not a syllable! He thought a deal about the cottage fire-side and seventy pounds a-year.—Christmas-day was not far off, and he remembered that people could not have fine Christmas dinners with only seventy pounds a-year. Two days before Christmas-day, therefore, the carrier's cart stopped at Mrs. Trevisham's cottage, and left, carriage paid, a large hamper. It was carried into the little kitchen, and the little servant-maid summoned her mistress to open it.

"Dear me! what can it be!" exclaimed Mrs. Trevisham, as the girl hastily cut the strings and opened the creaking lid of the hamper. "Kitty, come here!" and Kitty came instantly out of the parlor with her sewing in her hand, which, however, she soon threw down to help in unpacking the hamper;—a turkey, a ham, a dozen mince-pies, so beautifully packed that not one was broken, a game pie, such almonds and raisins, and delicious fruit for dessert, and a dozen of wine!

"Who can have sent them? What can it mean?" exclaimed both mother and daughter.

It was long since Mrs. Trevisham had had a regular Christmas dinner of her own; now and then she and her daughter were asked out, but not often; now, however, here was a splendid dinner for them, and who must they invite to partake of it? Oh, there were plenty of poor folks who should have some of it, that was soon decided; and then nothing was though of for the rest of the evening, but who could have sent this present? They could not imagine; it *might* be this person and it *might* be that; but they hardly thought it could be!—They never guessed the right person—how indeed should they?

It was now five years since the first Christmas-dinner was sent; and at the same time precisely, for the next four years, did the same carrier's cart bring the same present, or slightly varied, to the widow's house. It was a pleasant mystery; it was a real comfort to know there was *somebody* who cared that much for them. But the delicacies of that Christmas provision were not eaten alone by the widow and her daughter; some poor neighbor, some sick woman or man, or invalid child, was always a partaker; and as to the wine, Mrs. Trevisham's little cellar was now never without a supply. She and her daughter only drank a glass now and then, on very extraordinary occasions; on Christmas-day, for instance, when they drank the health of their unknown benefactor; but the sick poor of that populous neighborhood had many a vial-bottle filled from her store, which often did more good than physic. Indeed, dear reader, I cannot tell you all the good which these Christmas presents did to Mrs. Trevisham and her poor neighbors.

One day, when it was getting rather dusk, Mr. Hilyard took another walk up that lane. A gentleman overtook him; it was the good parish doctor; they walked on together and fell into discourse. Mr. Hilyard was one of those rich men who had not done much actual good with their money. The fact was, he had never thought about it; he subscribed to the Bible Society and Foreign Missions, and the Tract Association, and, as he paid his work-people's wages regularly, he thought he did all that was required from him. He was a stranger, of course, to the doctor, and they began to talk about the poor, of whom this good man knew so much. He said how much more the wealthy ought to do for the poor than they commonly do; that it was often those in straightened circumstances who were their greatest benefactors; and then he proved this by saying how much a lady and her daughter who lived in that very lane, and whose income was under a hundred a-year, did for their poor neighbors; how the mother visited them, and was a friend under all circumstances; and when they were ill sent them the best of wine, which was often the means of their recovery, though he questioned if either she or her daughter drank wine themselves, for they had been the means of establishing a Temperance Society, which had done a deal of good. He said that this Mrs. Trevisham was the kindest and most Christian woman he knew, and that it was a pity that she had not the means of doing all the good she might; and her daughter, he said, was a pattern to all young ladies; he believed that she and her mother were obliged to make out their income by doing needlework, but for all that, the daughter found time to teach in the Ragged School, which never would have been established but for her, and that she herself gave half-a-guinea to its funds.

Mr. Joseph Hilyard pulled out his large, well-filled green silk purse, and gave the doctor five lbs. for this school, which, he said, must be put down as from a friend; and then taking leave of the good man, he turned back, and walked slowly down the lane. Again the cottage chimney smoked, and again his heart was as warm as if he had sat by its fire. He was filled with all sorts of grand schemes of beneficence; he would do—he did not know what, for such excellent people as these. While he was thus vaguely thinking, he approached the cottage; the door opened, and out came Kitty Trevisham, in her dark merino dress, plaid shawl, and straw bonnet with dark blue ribbon. She looked at Mr. Hilyard as she came out, and then walked briskly on as if she had business in hand. She was a sweet, bright-looking creature, with the kindest [illegible] human countenance. When she came within sight of the parlor-window she looked towards it, smiled sweetly and nodded; Mr. Hilyard looked also, and there stood the mother, in her plain cap and black dress, and nodded affectionately to her daughter. This little circumstance expressed a great deal: mother and daughter were all the world to each other: there was the most perfectly good understanding between them, and the last look, even for an absence of an hour or two, was full of affectionate intelligence.

She walked on briskly, and he followed; she had such a neat pretty figure. She walked uncommonly well, and had a remarkably pretty foot and ankle, as he could see when she held up her dress where the road was wet.

"I wish I were a young man for her sake [illegible] who she will marry?" and with that, all at once, a grand idea floated into his mind. He would send for his nephew, Edward Grey, and adopt him as his son, and he should marry this good and pretty daughter of widow Trevisham! It was a splendid idea. This nephew was the son of his only sister, who had married a poor schoolmaster in the country. She had often asked him to do something for this, her eldest son; he was said to be a fine scholar; a very gentlemanly young man, of excellent principles, and he was now six-and-twenty. He could not think how he had never done anything for him before; he felt all at once as if he had been a hard-hearted wretch; never, till that day, had he given a penny even to the Ragged School. Well, he would turn over a new leaf, now; he would send for his nephew, get him married to this poor, but good girl, and then he should no longer be ashamed of himself.

Little did sweet Kitty Trevisham know of the schemes which were working in the head of the respectable gentleman who was following her. She was going to the Ragged School for a couple of hours that evening, and she was thinking of nothing but her poor scholars.

In a month's time, Edward Grey was at his uncle's, as handsome a young man as his mother had described him, with an open countenance, and a great deal of decision in his manner. He was one of those men who in reality do not need any one to help them on in life; the elements of success are in themselves; and men of this character are not such as can have a path chalked out for them by another. Joseph Hilyard found his nephew a very different person to what he expected; he fancied that he would be pliable and extremely grateful, and that he should open his plans to him with respect to Kitty Trevisham, immediately, but there was an independence about him which it did not seem safe to interfere with, and almost an indifference about the large income of which, if he pleased, he might be the heir; so that his uncle felt pretty sure that if he all at once revealed his designs, his nephew would turn restive on his hands: and there was at the same time so much manliness and straightforward honesty of character about him, that he could not help feeling respect for him. "Besides this," as the foreman said, "he took very kindly to the business," and seemed at once so thoroughly to understand it, that there was no doubt of his becoming a most valuable assistant or partner.

They were in fact, two of the most excellent men that ever met; and yet, in some respects, they were so different in character, that while they remained in any degree strangers to each other, they worked ill together. Edward Grey was unlike any person with whom his uncle had come in contact; as yet he had been sole king and master of his world; he had had no idea but of remaining so, and now here was a young man whom he had introduced into it, carrying everything his own way, and that with the utmost quietness and apparent self-complacency. He never asked his uncle's leave for what he did, and yet he established directly a Temperance Society among the men, and set about forming a Mechanics' Institute for the whole town. Mr. Hilyard, as we said, was full of all sorts of grand benevolent schemes a short time before, and approved of Temperance Societies, and schools for the people, yet now he was angry with his nephew for zealously co-operating in them. Perhaps he was displeased that men of influence in the place—great philanthropists with whom he had never had anything to do, should seem to court his nephew's acquaintance as they did, stranger though he was to them all; it was a sort of tacit reproof to himself, and it annoyed him. But let the fault be where it would, the uncle and the nephew did not get on so comfortably together as they ought to have done, when a little circumstance seemed, for the moment, to be the one drop to the full cup of the uncle's displeasure, and made it overflow abundantly.

He had, immediately on his coming, made his nephew a present of a handsome gold watch and chain; and this the young man lost one day when he was bathing. It was a most distressing thing to him, and he could only surmise, that some dexterous thief had stolen it from his clothes as they lay on the river's bank. He said nothing to his uncle of his loss, for so grieved was he to have failed, as he felt he had done, in winning his affection, that he was unwilling still further to displease him by this apparent carelessness. In his heart, Edward Grey regarded his uncle as a second father; he would have died to have served him; but he was not one of those who could make professions, and as his uncle seemed cold and distant, he determined quietly to go on fulfiling every duty, trusting to time and circumstances for making all straight between them.

The watch had been lost a week when it came to his uncle's knowledge, and that accidentally. A person came to the counting-house where they both were, and asked whether Mr. Edward Grey had not lost something. "My watch!" said the young man, joyfully; "a gold watch and chain; I lost them a week ago!"

His uncle was astonished and enraged. "Was the watch then of so little value that he could lose it and say nothing about it!" In twenty different ways he could look at this affair and be made angry by it. He never had lost his own watch, and if he had, he should have been at some trouble to have found it, etc. etc.

Grey thought his uncle unreasonable in being thus angry without hearing him say one word in his own defence. It seemed to him that there was much more said than the occasion warranted, and for that reason he was silent, and by this means his uncle did not know how much he had suffered, nor what pains he had, in truth, taken for the recovery of his loss.

The uncle was not only very angry, but very much grieved; in his anger he declared it was the last present that he ever would make him, and yet, the next moment, he threw him ten sovereigns, and told him to go and see if he could get back his watch for that money, which he did not believe.—Grey took the money thus ungraciously given, and went out with the man, who said he was sent by the person who had found the watch.

Mr. Joseph Hilyard would have been no little astonished, could he have seen his nephew conducted to Mrs. Trevisham's cottage. It was a lovely afternoon, towards the close of summer; the little garden was as full of flowers as it could be, and jasmine and roses peeped in and clustered round the open parlor-window, and there sat Mrs. Tre[illegible] in a pretty pink dress and black silk apron; her lovely dark brown hair, fastened up in its simple knot, and no single ornament about her, excepting her own dear smiles and affectionate eyes, looking just like a rose, and every bit as sweet as she told Edward Grey, who from the first moment he saw her was quite in a bewilderment of delight, how she and the servant maid set off one morning, at five o'clock, to look for mushrooms in the meadows, because her mother was so fond of them, and how she found, under a sod, which seemed to have been cut out for the purpose, a gold watch and chain; she said she was so astonished that she did not know what to do, and as she thought that most likely some thief had hidden it there, she brought it away; and there was no name in it excepting the maker's, and that [illegible] advertising, and then it occurred to her mother [illegible] might inquire of some of the watchmakers in the town if the watch had ever been in their hands; that she did so, and soon found one who told her that he had sold it only a few weeks before, to Mr. Hilyard, for his nephew, and that to him it belonged; and, in confirmation, he showed her an advertisement in the paper, offering a reward for this very watch. And now here it was, and it was impossible for Kitty to tell him the pleasure she had in restoring it to him.

The watch had become of ten times its former value as he received it from her hand. How he longed to kiss that hand! He was the last man in the world to make fine speeches, but his countenance expressed something of what he felt. And then Mrs. Trevisham began to say that in former times she had known Mr. Hilyard; that unfortunately there had been a law-suit between her late husband and him, but that when she was young she had thought very well of him. Grey said that his uncle was the best man living; that he had given him the watch, but that was nothing to his having taken him into business with him, which was a great thing for him, who was poor and the eldest of a large family. Mrs. Trevisham had evident pleasure in hearing anything to his advantage; and how astonished the uncle would have been could he have heard all that his nephew had said in his praise!

Kitty went on with her sewing, and the mother and he talked a great deal. He sat with the watch in his hand, and the wonder is, that he did not commit some extravagance or other, he felt so inconceivably happy. He said that the thief who had stolen the watch and hid it there, never imagined the blessing he was conferring upon him.—He did not explain his meaning, but Mrs. Trevisham knew very well what he meant, and perhaps Kitty did, for she blushed as she went on with her work. He had offered, in his advertisement, ten pounds for the recovery of his watch, but he never thought of offering it either to the mother, or the daughter; he would much more likely have offered his heart and his life; however, he left a handsome present for the man who had fetched him; and who was a poor gardner with a large family, and after he had taken tea with them, and walked in the little garden, and helped Kitty to tie up the carnations, he took his leave, promising to visit them again before long.

If this watch had been suddenly encircled with diamonds, it could not have been more precious. His uncle told him angrily that he hoped he would not lose it again. There was no danger of that.

This affair of the watch did not tend to a better understanding between uncle and nephew, and spite of Edward Grey's assiduity in the business, he could not find the way into his uncle's affections.

"There is something cold about him," said Hilyard to himself; "a very good young man he is, there's no doubt of that—but I hate your good people; he is not the husband for my Kitty—after all I shall be forced to have her myself," and with that he laughed amazingly. He thought a deal about both Kitty and her mother, and one day he was at the trouble of going to the Ragged School, where he thought that he might have some talk with her. There she was, as merry as a lark, and as fresh as a flower, among the little ragged urchins, and the very expression of their faces, and the tones of their voices were changed as they approached her. The master of the school had not words enough to praise her, and Kitty had no idea, not the least in the world, that it was for her sake that this good man now visited the school, and left behind him a second donation.

"How odd it will be," thought Mrs. Trevisham, the day after Edward Grey had declared his passion, and been accepted, "for Kitty to be Mr. Hilyard's niece; I wonder what he will say, and whether he has forgotten those old times? Edward thinks he will be well pleased, though he is so rich—but then Edward is young and in love—and I know that he once thought a deal about money."

It was Edward Grey's intention candidly to tell his uncle that he had fallen in love with a pretty, penniless girl, some day when he was in a good humor; and it was his uncle's intention also, to tell his nephew all about sweet Kitty Trevisham, some day when they were talking about schools for the people, and such things, for then he thought he should be able to interest him about the young teacher at the Ragged School. He fancied that he could draw a very pretty picture of her in the midst of her forlorn group, and this, he thought, considering his nephew's philontrophic propensities, would, very likely, make a deep impression upon him.

Summer and autumn were now over. Christmas was approaching. There had been, as one may say, a cessation of hostilities for some time, between uncle and nephew, they gradually and silently approaching each other in the spirit of a mutual good faith, still neither of them had found the propitious moment for which they were waiting; and each was beginning to like the other so well, that they almost feared to make the momentous disclosure, lest it should throw them back into that state of alienation which had been so painful to both.

Edward was a frequent, though secret, visitor at Mrs. Trevisham's, and the long history of all their former troubles was familiar to him. He also knew of the five years' Christmas present, and of all their fruitless conjectures as to who their unknown friend could be.

"You will dine with us, Edward, on Christmas day?" said the mother; "I have no doubt but we shall have our usual dinner, but at all events you will come!" Edward promised, and went home determined that this should be the last visit he would pay to this beloved family without his uncle's knowledge, for he would *make* an opportunity if he did not *find* one, that very evening. The good uncle, too full of the delight of having sent off a still more bountifully supplied hamper than usual, together with a letter, of which we shall speak anon, sat that evening in his easy house-coat and slippers by the parlor fire, the very image of good humor, as his nephew entered. The fire burned brightly, so did the lamp; tea came in, and the urn bubbled and hissed, and, though there were only two men to partake of this meal, which seems so peculiarly to require the presence of woman, yet it would have been difficult to find a better image of comfort than it presented.

"Now," thought the nephew, "I will tell him."

"Now," thought the uncle, "I will make the attack." Nevertheless, the tea was drank in silence.

"Uncle," at length began the young man—

"My dear fellow," interrupted the uncle; "but go on—what were you going to say?"

"I beg your pardon, my dear sir, after you," said Edward, with a ceremonious manner very unusual to him.

"Well, my dear lad," began the uncle in good earnest, "I may as well tell you at first as last—I have, often wished to tell you—I want to see you married."

"Very strange," said the nephew, joyfully; "but I was just going to tell you that I am very much disposed to get married."

"What! the deuce; you have no girl in your eye, have you?" asked he, as the idea struck him, that perhaps his nephew might be engaged to some girl at his native place.

"Yes, I have," replied Edward.

[illegible] what right had you to [illegible]

"Nobody had so great a right to choose for me as myself," said Edward, astonished.

"Sir," returned his uncle raising himself in his chair and looking very angry, "I have chosen a wife for you before I had seen you; don't interrupt me, sir," said he, seeing his nephew about to speak; "and I should not have sent for you if I had not wanted a husband for this good little girl. It was no merit of yours that made me adopt you, but my esteem and admiration for her; and I have made up my mind, sir, either, you shall marry her, or she shall be my heir!" and with this the uncle crossed his legs, and threw himself back in his chair, in a very determined and dogmatical manner.

"Very extraordinary," said the nephew, in a tone in which his wounded feeling was very evident; "but if that be the case, I must do the best for myself that I can; at the same time I must say that your ideas are arbitrary; I knew nothing of these conditions, and I came to you in good faith. I wished to love you as a father, and to serve you as an obedient son; and fathers do not commonly impose wives upon their sons; besides," added he, cheerfully, as a new idea struck him; "how do you know that the young lady you have done me the honor of selecting for me would like me?"

"She would!" said the uncle; "she's a good girl; one just of your own sort; fond of Temperance Societies and Ragged Schools, and such things.—I don't know one like her!"

"Well, sir," said the nephew, with half a smile on his lips, "if these be her recommendations, the girl that I wish to make my wife loves Temperance Societies and Ragged Schools also."

"The devil take her!" said the uncle, in great wrath, for all at once he fancied it must be the daughter of some of those philantrophic people who had been so assiduously courting his nephew's acquaintance, and of whom he knew nothing; and taking up his bed-candlestick, he went to his room without another word.

The next morning his uncle, in a much kinder voice than he expected, told him that he had made an engagement for him to dine out with him on the morrow, and therefore he begged that he would be in readiness at the hour which he named. Edward was engaged already; he told his uncle so, and that in a voice of as much conciliation as possible. Another one drop to the full cup of his uncle's displeasure; and the cup, as usual, flowed over.

We said that a letter accompanied the hamper to Mrs. Trevisham's this year; it did so; and a letter which occasioned some excitement and anxiety; it said that the friend who had for some years the pleasure of sending this small present, proposed to eat the Christmas dinner with them on this occasion, and would also take the liberty of bringing a young friend with him. The hand-writing was unknown to them; it was a very different hand to that which had been familiar to Mrs. Trevisham in former days. Of course they would be very glad to see their kind, unknown friend, and his companion, yet still there was an undefinable anxiety in the bottom of their hearts, as to who it would turn out to be. It was somebody who wished them well, no doubt; they only hoped that it would prove to be one from whom "they would *like* to receive a favor." We always feel anxious when a mystery, however small, is about to be solved. At all events they were glad that Edward Grey would be there; and, let the unknown friend turn out to be whoever he might be they agreed that Kitty's engagement to Edward Grey should be made known to him.

The unknown friend, who had sent much more than his usual supply on this occasion, proposed to be with them for dinner at five. Edward Grey, however, was there by two; and great were the pains which he and Kitty took to make the little parlor look as pretty as possible, with its red-berried holly, ivy, and other evergreens. Though Mrs. Trevisham had only seventy pounds a-year, and the parlor was very small, yet this was one of the nicest little Christmas dinners that ever was set out or cooked. Mrs. Trevisham had got a neighbor who had been cook in a great family to come in for the day; and as to the table, it looked beautifully; there was a fine damask table-cloth on it, with napkins as white as snow, and abundance of plate, which had belonged to the family in its better days, and bright glass and sparkling water, and hock and claret which had come among the good things in the last hamper. Bless me! there was dinner enough for a dozen people, and yet the unknown guest could only expect four! Mrs. Trevisham, however expected five.

It grew dusk, and then dark; the blinds were drawn down; it was nearly five, and the hearts of Mrs. Trevisham and her daughter beat anxiously, so, no doubt, would Edward Grey's had he seen his uncle driving along the road towards the house, in a cab, and in a very bad humor, although he meant to make himself very agreeable to the two ladies.

The cab stopped at the little green gate, and the house-door opened. It was a very old-fashioned house; one was obliged to go through the kitchen into the parlor, but there was no avoiding it; so the little maid-servant stood with the door wide open, and Mrs. Trevisham saw that there was only one guest instead of *two*, and that he was rather a stout gentleman, buttoned up to the chin in a great coat, with a shawl round his neck. She had not the least idea who he was. She felt considerably excited, and he, we must confess, was rather so himself, and yet, as I have said twice before, he had fifteen hundred a-year, and he had paid for the dinner which he now came to eat.

Mrs. Trevisham stood at the parlor door to receive him; he took off his hat in the kitchen, and stood with his uncovered and bald head before her. She saw at once who it was, her own old friend, the adversary of her husband—the uncle of her daughter's lover.

"I feel myself rather in an awkward position, my dear madam," he began; but no sooner had he uttered these words, than Edward Grey darted from the side of Kitty at the parlor fire, and seizing his hand, exclaimed, "God bless you, my dear uncle is it you?"

"And is this you Edward? Good Heavens! how came you here?"

"I never was so glad in all my life," said Edward, helping his uncle off with his coat, for now a great light began to dawn in his mind.

"I declare I don't know how to express my pleasure to think of meeting you under this roof, of all places in the world."

"And to think of meeting *you here*," returned the uncle. "You must excuse me, my dear madame," said he, turning to Mrs. Trevisham; and he then sat down in a large chair by the fire, feeling almost overcome. Mrs. Trevisham was hardly less so.

"My good lady," at length he said, "I feel now as if I had done very wrong; I ought not to have been so abrupt. I have done the whole thing clumsily."

Mrs. Trevisham said truly that it gave her extreme pleasure to find that Mr. Hilyard had been their friend for so many years.

It was now Kitty's turn to come forward, for she recognised in him the kind visitor of the Ragged School.

His eyes glistened as he spoke to her, and then Edward was at her side; an irresistable power [illegible] and you, above all, have a right to know our secret. This is my affianced wife, let us have your blessing!"

The uncle took the two clasped hands in his and pressed them warmly, but he said not a word.

Dinner was placed on the table. He still sat with their two hands in his; he wiped two great tears from his eyes, and then, in the cheerfullest voice possible, said that they would now go to dinner, for that he was desperately hungry, and after dinner they would talk about these things.

After dinner, when the dessert was on the table how merry the uncle was at the expense of his nephew; and he told how he had "by chance" met with the doctor, and heard about Kitty and the Ragged School, and how he thought first of all of making her an offer himself, and then he thought of sending for his nephew, and then he warned Kitty that he was a very obstinate young man, and that he would not be guided by his good old uncle who meant so well by him; and then Edward had to tell him how it was the losing of his watch which had brought him acquainted with Kitty, and how happy they had been ever since, with only one drawback, and that was, his uncle was such a hasty-tempered positive man, who would not allow his nephew who wished to be so dutiful to him, the right to choose a wife for himself, and how this said wicked uncle had nearly broken his nephew's heart by quarreling with him about his intended wife.

There was a deal of laughter and merriment, though it was only a party of four; nor was there a Christmas party, high or low, throughout England, where there was more true love and kind-heartedness to be found.

After this day the course of this true love was so exceedingly smooth and sunshiny, that it certainly would have become monotonous, had not Mr. Joseph Hillard insisted on a wedding by way of variety; so the wedding was held in May.

The young people lived in a small but handsome house, not far from the uncle's large one. Mrs. Trevisham still kept on the cottage, though she was not much there, for Kitty and her husband insisted on her being mostly with them. Very often, too, Mr. Hilyard was there; and as he had of late grown so wise as not to care for what people might say when a good action was in question, he made up his mind to persuade the widow Trevisham to give up the cottage altogether, and remove to his large square house in the character of his wife. The wedding-dinner, and the Christmas dinner, were eaten together on the 25th of December, 1847.

A Corn Story.—We have had fish stories, dog stories, snake stories, etc. in abundance, of late; now for a corn story that "flogs" them all down. Some editor down South tell us the following tall one:

"Being one day in the village of Y——, S. C., I listened to several planters stating the amount of corn gathered from an acre, the number of ears produced from a single stalk, &c. At length one, who had remained silent, commenced:

"Well, I'll now tell my tale. Last spring while walking in my corn-field, I observed a stalk growing very luxuriently; and being curious to know if it would produce better than others, I stuck a stick, which I had in my hand, beside it. I thought no more about it, until, being in the field one day about gathering time I observed a very extraordinary stalk of corn, and on counting the ears, I found *thirteen* full grown, besides several nubbins. It now occurred to me that this must be the stalk I had marked in the Spring, and on looking for my stick, I *found an ear growing on that!*"

A Tract.—A colporteur opened the door of an Irishman's shanty and asked him if he would accept "a Tract of the Holy Land," meaning an essay on that interesting portion of the world. "Yis," replied he, "a whole section if you can give a good title deed. But I should like to know if there is much of it Prairie, or if new settlers are subject to the Ague?"