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Poetry.

EPICUREAN OF LANGUAGE.

[We do not know how many readers we have who will enjoy as we do, the following exquisitely piquant and skilful exercise of rarity and niceness of language. It is a poem which we find in the American Review, full of beauty and oddity in sentiment and vercification, but a curiosity, (and a delicious one, we think,) in its philologic flavor. Who is the author ?]

ULALUME: A BALLAD.

The skies they were ashen and sober;
The leaves they were crisped and sere—
The leaves they were withering and sere;
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year;
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid region of Weir—
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titanic,
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul—
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
These were days when my heart was volcanic
As the scoriac rivers that roll—
As the lavas that restlessly roll
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
In the ultimate climes of the pole—
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,
But our thoughts they were palsied and sere—
Our memories were treacherous and sere—
For we knew not the month was October,
And we marked not the night of the year—
(Ah, night of all nights in the year!)
We noted not the dim lake of Auber—
(Though once we had journeyed down here)—
We remembered not the dank tarn of Auber,
Not the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent
And star-dial pointed to morn—
As the star-dials hinted of morn—
At the end of our path a liquescent
And nebulous lustre was born,
Out of which a miraculous crescent
Arose with a duplicate horn—
Astarte's bediamonded crescent
Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said—"She is warmer than Dian:
She rolls through an ether of sighs—
She revels in a region of sighs:
She has seen that the tears are not dry on
These cheeks, where the worm never dies,
And has come past the stars of the Lion
To point us the path to the skies—
To the Lethean peace of the skies—
Come up, in despite of the Lion,
To shine on us with her bright eyes—
Come up through the lair of the Lion,
With Love in her luminous eyes."

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
Said—"Sadly this star I mistrust—
Her pallor I strangely mistrust:—
Oh, hasten!—oh, let us not linger!
Oh, fly!—let us fly!—for we must."
In terror she spoke, letting sink her
Wings till they trailed in the dust—
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
Plumes till they trailed in the dust—
Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied—"This is nothing but dreaming.
Let us on by this tremulous light!
Let us bathe in this crystalline light!
Its sybilic splendor is beaming
With Hope and in Beauty to-night:—
See!—it flickers up the sky through the night!
Ah, we surely may trust to its gleaming,
And be sure it will lead us aright—
We safely may trust to a gleaming
That cannot but guide us aright,
Since it flickers up to Heaven through the night."

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
And tempted her out of her gloom:
And conquered her scruples and gloom;
And we passed to the end of the vista,
And were stopped by the door of a tomb—
By the door of a legended tomb;
And I said—"What is written, sweet sister,
On the door of this legended tomb?"
She replied—"Ulalume—Ulalume—
'Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!"

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
As the leaves that were crisped and sere—
As the leaves that were withering and sere,
And I cried—"It was surely October
On *this* very night of last year
That I journeyed—I journeyed down here—
That I brought a dread burden down here—
On this night of all nights in the year,
Oh, what demon has tempted me here?
Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber—
This misty mid region of Weir—
Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

Said we then—the two, then—"Ah, can it
Have been that the woodlandish ghouls—
The pitiful, the merciful ghouls—
To bar up our way and to ban it
From the secret thankless in these wolds—
From the thing that lies hidden in these wolds—
Had drawn up the spectre of a planet
From the limbo of lunary souls—
This sinfully scintillant planet
From the Hell of the planetary souls?"

☞ "What's that you say?" said Mrs. Partington, raising her eye-brows and peering over her spectacles, *'sent Cushings and Pillows to the Mexicans!* Well, now, I declare that's worse than sending Santy Anna.' Here she went on with her knitting, and continued [*sotto voce*] 'Sent a Pillow to Mexico? Well, now, if that ain't giving 'aid and comfort,' then I don't know! I wonder what Mr. Ritchie will say to it?—*Boston Post.*

Select Tale.

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 Stretton, 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 Stretton 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 but 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 beyond 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 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 his after years, by marrying the widow Trevisham. He thought a deal about it: he had never spoken to her for 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 little 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 gentlewoman 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 their youth came to his memory bewitchingly. "They keep a girl, no doubt, to do the house work; 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 sweet 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 gray 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 smoke proceeded. You may 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 Stretton 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 "the 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 rasins, 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 thought 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 is 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 that 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 and 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 workpeople'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 the 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 pounds 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 eyes that were ever set in a human countenance. When she came in 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!" thought Mr. Hilyard to himself; "now I wonder who she will marry?" and with that, all at once, a grand idea flouted 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 no idea but of remaining so, and now here was a young man whom he had introduced into it, carrying every thing 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 any thing 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 hand-some 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 fulfilling 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 accidently. A person came to the counting-house where they both were, 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 suffered, nor what pains he had, in truth, taken from 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 jessamine and roses peeped in and clustered round the open parlor window, and there sat Mrs. Trevisham in her mourning, and Kitty 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 was a London name; that she and her mother considered what had better be done; they thought of advertising, and then it occurred to them that she 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 often 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, 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 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 his 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 all 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 cheerful 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 declared his passion, and had 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 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 philanthropic 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 were 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 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.

"What the dickens could make you think of such a thing? How do I know who you have chosen—what right had you to choose for yourself?"

"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 had 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 philanthropic people who had been so assiduously courting his nephew's acquaintance, and of whom he knew nothing; and taking up his bed candle-stick, he went to his room.

I read it, and knowing some of the signers to the Certificate of the case of Mr Brooks, and believing from my knowledge of their characters, that they would not lend their names for the purpose of palming an imposition an engagement for married life with him on Christmas day, which was 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 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 undeniable 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, 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 undignified house; one was obliged to go through the kitchen into the parlor, but there was no avoiding it; so that 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 Heaven!—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 madam," said he, turning to Mrs. Trevisham; and he then sit 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 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 recognized 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 irresistible power compelled him to speak.

"Uncle," said he, and as he spoke he took Kitty's hand; "we had made up our minds to be candid to-night, let the guest be who he might; 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 for 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, that 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 quarrelling 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

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IN THE MATTER of the intended application of REBECCA EBERLEIN, to the Court of Quarter Sessions, at the April Term, 1848, for license to keep a tavern in the Borough of Columbia, it being an old stand.

Robert Hamilton. John B. Edwards. Reuben Mullison. James Myers. Frs. A. Thomas. John Jordan. George C. Franciscus. Henry Pfahler. John Cassel. Joseph Tyson. Paul Hamilton. J. H. Hunter.

March 11. 1848-3t