The Weekly Chronicle.

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THE CHRONICLE

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Any person forwarding the names of six responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.

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All letters, communications, &c., must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid; except at the option of the publisher.

Weekly Almanack.

JUNE.		h.	Sun. s.	moon. h.	m.
3 Saturday,	- -	4	20 7	36 11	30 2 38
4 Sunday,	-	4	20 7	37 11	56 3 28
5 Monday,	- -	4	19 7	37 morn	4 28
6 Tuesday,	-	4	19 7	38 0	21 5 42
7 Wednesday,	- -	4	18 7	39 0	48 7 6
8 Thursday,	-	4	18 7	39 1	17 8 21
9 Friday,	- -	4	18 7	40 1	51 9 22

First Quarter 5th day 9h. 56m. morn.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.—Thos. Leavitt, Esq., President.—Discount days, Tuesday and Friday. Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 1 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days. Director next week: R. F. Hazen.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—John Duncan, Esq., President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes of Discount must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: A. W. Whipple, Esq.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—(St. John Branch.)—A. Smithers, Esq., Manager.—Discount Days, Wednesdays and Saturdays.—Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.—Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days. Director next week: Hon. John Robertson.

NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—John Boyd, Esquire, President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock.—[All communications by mail, must be post paid.]

SAVING'S BANK.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President.—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesday's. Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.

MARINE INSURANCE.—I. L. Bedell, Broker. The committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock, (Sundays excepted.)

MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—James Kirk, Esq., President.—Office open every day (Sunday's excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock. ☞ All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

TO LET.

THE second & third stories of that Brick Building corner of Dock st. & Market Square, at present occupied by the subscriber, being well situated for a Wholesale or Commission Business. Possession given immediately, if required.

April 28. G. T. WILEY.

TO LET,

The Subscriber offers to Let from 1st May next:—

A Three story Dwelling HOUSE, situated near the corner of Prince Wm. and Princess streets, on ground formerly belonging to the Hon. William Black, and nearly opposite the *Commercial Bank*. The house contains 16 Rooms with fire places, with Bedrooms, Pantries, frost proof Cellar, &c. On the premises are two wells of water, too well known to require description, being so well tried at the late fires. J. O'DONELLY.

February 24.

ALSO—To Let for one or more years:—

The Dwelling house and Premises now in the occupation of James T. Hanford, Esq., in Prince William street, with a superior frost proof Cellar, a never failing well of water, with a spacious Garden &c. On the premises is a Three story fire-proof brick warehouse. J. O'DONNELLY.

March 25, 1843.

The above premises would be divided to respectable Tenants, on early application.

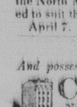
TO BE LET.

THREE convenient STORES with Lights and Landing Places in front and rear, situated on the North Market Wharf. The stores can be finished to suit the Tenants if applied for immediately.

April 7. JOHN ROBERTSON.

To be Leased,

And possession given immediately, if required:—



CERTAIN parts of the subscriber's fire proof WAREHOUSES, fronting on the North Market Wharf, with an entrance from *Nelson street*. Apply to E. L. Jarvis & Co. 31*st March*. R. M. JARVIS.

TO LET,

A STORE in the Brick Building in *Nelson street*, owned by the subscriber.—Possession can be given immediately.

February 10. JOHN ROBERTSON.

TO LET,

And immediate possession given:—

One half of that HOUSE in Water street. South of Mr. James Finn, containing one SHOP with a CELLAR underneath, together with one flat over the whole, having two front Rooms and Bedrooms. ALSO TO LET—*and possession given on the first of May next*—One SHOP with CELLAR underneath, and one flat over the whole, containing four Rooms—now in the occupation of Mr. James Finn; either of the premises are well adapted for a Grocery or Spirit Store.

ALSO.—Several rooms with other conveniences in different parts of the city, and well adapted for small families. ☞ Rent moderate.

Apply at the HIBERNIAN HOTEL to

Jan 27. JAMES NETHERY.

TO LET,

AND possession given 1st May next—The eligibly situated STORE and Dwelling House in Prince William street, late in the occupation of THOMPSON & WALLACE. For particulars apply to

1st Feb. W. P. RANNEY.

TO LET,

THE second flat of a house, with Wood house, frost proof cellar, &c.; also, a Work shop if required, situate about four rods walk from the Market square. Apply at the Chronicle Office. *Feb.* 10.

To Let.

THE upper flat of the subscribers' HOUSE in Prince William Street. Apply to

Jan. 27. WM. MAJOR.

TO LET, from the 1st May next—

THAT pleasantly situated House in St. James Street, at present in the occupation of GEO. HADLOW SMITH, Esq. of Her Majesty's Customs. The premises have a back communication from Harding street, with the use of a well of excellent water.—Apply to THOMAS RAYMOND, on the adjoining premises. JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER.

February 17th, 1843.

TO LET,

TWO Flats in the Brick Building corner of North Market Wharf and Dock st.—Rent very low. Apply to

Feb. 10. JOHN G. SHARP.

TO LET,

SEVERAL Rooms in the subscriber's house, corner of Charlotte and Duke streets. Apply on the Premises to

Feb. 10. E. DURANT.

TO LET,

TWO Front Shops and several Apartments in the house next North of Trinity Church, in Germain street. Rent reduced 20 per cent from former prices. Please apply on the premises to

Feb. 17. STEPHEN HUMBERT.

TO LET.

THE two Upper FLATS of the subscriber's house in Church street. Apply on the premises to JOHN HOOPER.

February 24.

STEAM!

Bay Arrangement.

THE new and substantial Steamer HERALD will commence plying on SATURDAY next, the 8th instant, leaving Saint John for Digby and Annapolis on Saturday evenings and Wednesday Mornings, and leaving Annapolis for Saint John on Monday Mornings and Wednesday Evenings, —for Windsor on Monday evenings, leaving Windsor on Tuesday at high water—leaving for Eastport and Saint Andrews on Friday mornings, and returning same evening.

☞ Time of leaving in the mornings, SIX o'clock.

April 7, 1843. JAMES WHITNEY.

The STEAMER METEOR

WILL resume her route on the River St. John immediately on the opening of the navigation. In consequence of the expense and difficulty experienced in collecting the debts due this Boat, the proprietor is determined to make all Freight *Cash*. All Way Freight to be paid on shipment, except when the owner accompanies the same, in which case it may be paid on the passage. All Freight to Fredericton to be paid or secured before delivery at the wharf, otherwise it will be stored at the expense of the owners thereof. Freight to be accompanied by a Way Bill, or the owner will not be accountable.

☞ Rates of Freight and Fares the same as the other River Boats. The days of starting will be named in a future advertisement.

April 7. JAMES WHITNEY.

INDIA HOUSE.

THOMAS S. MAGEE, begs to inform the Inhabitants of Saint John and the Province generally, that he has taken the premises in Dock street, formerly occupied by Mr McCOSKERY, and known as the "India House," where he intends keeping on hand a general assortment of *GROCERIES, WINES, &c.*, the principal stock of which he is daily expecting to arrive; and as he purposes doing business, as far as practicable, on the *Cash system*, he will be enabled to obtain goods of the best description, and sell them at the lowest prices, and only such as he can with confidence recommend.

The COFFEE will be of the best quality, and being manufactured by the process of the

STEAM MACHINERY,

has no doubt that their heretofore reputation will be fully sustained in the article which will be found at this establishment.

Grocers are respectfully informed that he will Toast and Grind their Coffee or Grind Pepper for them on very advantageous terms.

On hand—About 60 tons of pure ICE, from Lily Lake, for sale in any quantities at the

GOLDEN ELEPHANT,

April 28. Dock street.

OAKUM.

The subscribers have just received per brig *Palmerston*, from Liverpool:

3 TONS best Parish Picked OAKUM.

C. & W. H. ADAMS,

April 28. *No. 2, North Market Wharf.*

CHAIN CABLES,

Anchors, &c.

The Subscriber offers for sale at his Warehouse, Nelson street:—

20 ANCHORS 1¼ cwt. to 18 cwt.; 30 Chain Cables—1 inch, 5-8, 3-4, 11-16, 1, and 1 1-4 inch;

30 tons common and refined IRON—ass'd sizes,
10 do. Bolt COPPER, ⅜, ½, ⅝, 1 and 1¼ inch;
20 cases Sheet Copper, 20 oz and upwards;
2 tons composition Spikes, 6 to 10 inch;
5 do Iron; do. from 4 to 10 do.
10 pipes Madeira WINE;
100 qr. barrels F. O. GUNPOWDER;
2 tons Lead Shot—assorted;
10 do sheet Lead from 2½ to 10 lb. per foot;
100 bbls. Medium BREAD;
30 do. American BEEF—in bond: 10 do Pork;
5 tons best London OAKUM;
20 Franklin Stoves; 1 chest INDIGO;
200 boxes Olden Soap; 20 casks Whiting;
100 kegs best London White LEAD;

50 do.	do.	Black Paint,	14 and 28 lb kegs.
50 do.	do.	Yellow,	do. do.
20 do.	do.	Red,	do. do.

A large assortment of Writing and Wrapping PAPER, Playing Cards, slops, ship's Ensigns, Bunting, signal Lanthorns, Compasses, Log Lines and Glasses, saddling, marline, Houseline, and other Cordage.

March 17. *JOHN ROBERTSON.*

Cheap

PAPER HANGINGS.

THE subscriber has on hand a large number of REMNANT LOTS OF ROOM PAPERS —suitable for small Rooms, Entries, &c. which he offers for sale at *Twenty Per Cent below Cost Price*, to make room for his new Spring Supply.

☞ Terms Cash. S. K. FOSTER.

March 10. *King street.*

Poetry.

LOVE AND CARE.

Love sat in his bower one summer day—
And Care with his train came to drive him away;
"I will not depart," said Love.
And seizing his lute—with silvery words,
He ran his bright fingers along the chords,
And played so sweet, so embracing an air
That a grim smile lit on the face of Care,
"Away—away;" said Love.

"Nay—nay, I have friends;" grim Care replied:
"Behold here is one—and his name is Pride!"
"I care not for Pride:" said Love.
Then touching the string of his light guitar,
Pride soon forget his lofty air;
And seizing the hand of a rustic queen,
Laugh'd, gambol'd, and tripped o'er the green—
"Ana—ana!" said Love.

"Away with your fears!" cried Care, "if you please;
Here's another—lank haggard, and pale Disease!"
"I care not for him:" said Love.
Then touched a strain so plaintive and meek,
That a flush passed over his pallid cheek;
And Disease leap'd up from his couch of pain,
And smil'd, and re-echoed the healing strain—
"Well done for Disease!" said Love.

"Pshaw-pshaw!" cried Care, "this squalid one see!
How lik'st thou the gaunt look of Poverty?"
"I care not for him:" said Love.
Then struck such a sound from his viol's string,
That Poverty shouted aloud, "I am King!
The jewell'd wreaths round my temple shall twine,
For the sparkling gems of Golconda are mine!"
"Ay, ay—very true!" said Love.

"Nay, hoast not," said Care, "there is fretful Old Age;
Beware of his crutches, and tempt not his rage!"
"I care not for Age:" said Love.
Then swept the string of his magic lyre,
Till the glazed eye sparkled with youthful fire;
And Age stepped his crutches, and light as a fay,
Laugh'd, caper'd, and danc'd like a child at play!
"Bravo, Sir Eld!" said Love.

"A truce!" cried wrinkled Care, "with thy glee!
Now, look on this last one—'tis Jealousy!"
"Ah me! ah me!" said Love.
"Her green eye burns with a quenchless fire—
I die! I die!" Then dropping his lyre,
Love flew away from his cherish'd bower,
And never returned from that fatal hour!
Alas for thee, blighted Love!

Miscellany.

[From Grahams Magazine for March.]

THE MOCK MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Concluded.]

Gilbert was standing that night in the little portico of his bride's dwelling. It was a lovely evening; every thing was deluged with a flood of pearly moonlight, and the dew lay like rain drops among the crimson flowers which shed a rich fragrance from the honeysuckle vine. She was by his side, his arm had been around her waist, and but a few moments before his eyes had been with tender and affectionate earnestness on her face, but now his arms were folded, and he looked almost sternly upon her.

Do you really desire this, Louisa? he said, in a deep constrained voice; would you ever respect me again if I could do so cruel, so unmanly an act?

I will never love you again, if you do not! was the petulant reply.

An expression almost of disgust swept over the young man's face, and his lips trembled as he spoke.

Tell me, have you been to Miss Smith's room to day? he inquired.

Yes, I was there just at sunset. But why do you ask?

No matter. Have you thought this all over; are you resolved to deceive this poor girl?

Resolute!

And you are willing that I devote myself to win her affections!

They are already given, without the trouble of asking.

Gilbert's brow contracted in the moonlight and the word 'Unwomanly!' was smothered between his compressed lips.

And you will assist me—will tell her that you resign all claims on my hand—on the homestead and property? he added with a slight and bitter emphasis on the last words.

She did not observe it, but answered eagerly—

Yes—Yes; I will do my part to perfection—now mortifying the truth will be when she thinks herself Mrs. Gilbert and finds that it is all a joke.

But think of the shock it will give her pride and delicacy—

Add refinement; pray, add refinement! said the young girl, scornfully; pride, delicacy and refinement are such common attributes to the daughters of our washer-women.

You are only doing this to annoy me, said the young man; so good night, you will throw off the cruel wish before morning.

Shall I? replied the girl, with a slow bend of the head.

Gilbert turned away, and taking up his hat, was about to leave the house, but she laid her hand on his arm, and looked smilingly in his face.

They tell me the house is finished—will you take me to look at it in the morning?

If you desire it, was the cold and abstracted reply.

Well; I shall be ready at ten. Good night!—and gaily kissed her hand, the young creature glided into the house.

It was her voice then, and she was planning this design with that infamous milliner. I would not believe my own senses, till she confirmed them. But she will not persist in any thing so cruel; it is absurd to suppose so. If she does—if she does—I will obey her.

As he muttered these words, the young man walked slowly from the house.

How melancholy poor Lida had been all the previous day; how many strange conjectures had passed through her brain regarding the remarkable absence of Mr. Gilbert. They haunted her all night, and in the morning, when she came along the foot-path through the fields tears stood in her eyes more than half the way. She had cast many a sad, earnest gaze through the shop window, before she saw Gilbert and Miss Warner coming through the opposite portico. The color made the heart struggle with a throb of pain in Lida's bosom, and a mist came over her eyes till they could scarcely discern the needle with which she seemed occupied. They were coming toward the shop, and the sound of their foot-steps in the entry made the young girl tremble in her seat.

Come, said Miss Warner, addressing the milliner, put on your bonnet. We are going up to the house and want your opinion.

Miss Smith ran for her bonnet, and for the first time in her life, the young lady addressed the apprentice.

Get your own bonnet, she said; you can go with us.

The blood rushed over Lida's face, and she would have refused: but Miss Warner whispered a word to her lover, and he pressed Lida to go with such respectful earnestness, that she arose, tied on her little straw cottage, and was ready to attend them long before Miss Smith made her appearance.

The homestead was a large and superior old mansion for a country village. Its material was heavy, and touched with the brown tinge of age: the trees around it were majestic and its shrubbery luxuriant; its furniture was that of another country, old fashioned and massive, but Gilbert had interspersed it with chairs and tables of lighter and more recent model; and the gloom which low ceilings give to an apartment was relieved by tall mirrors and modern windows, which were cut from ceiling to floor. Altogether, it was the dwelling which a domestic and studious person would have preferred above all others.

Lida had never seen any thing half so splendid before, but there was a heavy feeling at her heart which mere novelty could not dispel. She followed her conductors up the broad stairs, heard them admire the balusters of dark mahogany, and walked through the chambers like one in a dream. She was pale, bewildered, and sick at heart, almost for the first time in her life.

There was one room on the first floor which Gilbert had fitted up exclusively for his bride. On a curious little table, with legs carved and twisted together like a knot of serpents, lay a guitar, with an azure ribbon just attached, and as yet unused; a superb old book-case, crowded with neatly bound volumes, stood opposite a bay window, and a little French work-table perfectly new, occupied a corner close by.

Miss Warner flung herself on a seat, and taking up the guitar, began to trifle with the strings, as she turned with an unpleasant smile toward Lida.

How would you like this room for your own? she said.

Me, said Lida, faintly. I have never dreamed of living in such a place as this.

But you can live here if you like, replied the milliner.

My mother was well off once, and she would not let me live out for anything, said the apprentice, for she could only imagine that Miss Warner wished to engage her for help, when she should take possession of the homestead; besides, I am not strong enough for very hard work!

Oh, we did'nt mean that, replied the milliner; Mr. Gilbert wants a wife, and as this lady here has taken a fancy that he likes you rather better than he does her, she is quite willing that he makes you mistress of the homestead, instead of herself.

Don't say so—it is cruel to joke in this manner! said the bewildered girl, turning very pale: I am sure, quite sure that Mr. Gilbert never thought of me! Lida spoke hastily, but in a faint voice, and she had a look of troubled doubts in her eyes, as if she almost hoped they would contradict her.

But he does think of you—he told me so last night! said Miss Warner; and if I am willing to give him up, what harm can come of it?

And could you give him up? said Lida, clasping her small hands with an energy which bespoke her astonishment that any one could resign, of her own free will, a being so perfect.

Oh, Mr. Gilbert is not the only agreeable man on earth, replied the young lady, removing the azure ribbon from her neck, and laying down the guitar, I am perfectly willing to resign him at any moment; so prepare for the wedding to-morrow, that is, if you like!

As she spoke, Miss Warner and her companion glided from the room. Lida had no power to follow, she was confused and strengthless, a mist came over her sight, and sinking to a seat she covered her face with both hands, and remained in a state of mental bewilderment, almost unconscious of the solitude which surrounded her.

Miss Warner and the milliner met Gilbert in the hall, and both were laughing as they moved toward him.

We have broken the ice for you, said Miss Warner; she is in the little room yonder, quite prepared for a proposal.

And you are really determined to carry this hoax to an end? inquired the lawyer gravely.

Oh, by all means, was the reply; it really is ridiculous, the idea of her believing us. I wish you had seen her clasp those hands, and wonder how I *could* give you up. Go—go—before she takes it into her head to follow us. But I say, Gilbert, do remove that horrid little table with the twisted legs —it is such a fright.

It was my mother's, replied the lawyer, quietly.

Well—well; it can be put in the garret, and kept quite safe. But go along—your lady-love is waiting.

Mr. Gilbert stood motionless in the hall till his affianced and her companion disappeared amid the oaks; he then turned with a calm face and resolute step toward the little room where Lida had been left. She was still sitting in the easy chair, sobbing like a child, and tears were breaking, like half confined jewels, through the slender fingers that concealed her face.

Gilbert approached with a noiseless tread, and gently taking one of the hands from her face, pressed it to his lips. She started up, and tried to conceal her tears with the remaining hand, while her brow and face and neck were deluged with crimson.

His voice was strangely tender and musical for the cruel plot he was acting.

They have told you no falsehood, Lida, he said, I do indeed love you, very, very much. Will you come and live with me here in this pleasant old house where my parents were so happy? Can you love me, and study for my sake, when we are married?—or if you can answer yes, to what I have said, with your whole heart, in three days you shall be my own sweet wife.

The poor girl could not answer—she was perfectly overcome by the sensation of exquisite happiness that thrilled every nerve.

Why do you weep so, Lida? Am I annoying you by these questions?

No—no said the young girl, half lifting her eyes to his face it is not that! I am so surprised, so shocked—so very, very happy—she broke off in confusion turned her head away an instant, and then looked him earnestly in the face. You are sincere with me? she said; I half suspected that Miss Warner guessed how much—I mean how well I thought of you—and so was trying to punish me with false thoughts; but you, Mr. Gilbert you could not have the heart to trifle with me so dreadfully—it would kill me, it would indeed.

Gilbert tried to look into the soft eyes, lifted so full of eloquence to his face, but he felt the hot blood rush up to his forehead, and answered hurriedly that he was most sincere, most earnest to make her his wife. He kissed her forehead as the words were uttered, and when she became suddenly conscious that they were alone in the house, and wished to leave it, he drew her arm respectfully through his and conducting her to the hall went in search of Miss Warner and her companion. They were in the garden, chatting in high spirits, and full of laughter at the success of their scheme.

And how did you succeed? did she suspect? how did she look? they exclaimed together running eagerly toward him.

As you predicted, replied the lawyer with a grave smile, your pleasant little hoax will be carried out three evenings from this.

But I have just been thinking—who can we find that will play the minister? exclaimed Miss Warner.

Here is a dilemma! chimed in the milliner.

Not in the least, replied Gilbert; I have thought of that already. My friend Morris, who graduated with me at Yale last year, is just the man. He looks as much like a parson as if bred to the cloth—I will ride into town in the morning and let him into our frolic.

There—now all is arranged. We must give her a wedding dress, Gilbert, and that will console her for your loss, said Miss Warner.

They walked toward the house, and found Lida standing in the hall. She advanced to the milliner, as she came in.

I am not well enough to work this afternoon—can I go home?

Oh, certainly! We cannot expect you to think of a trade now, said the milliner, casting a glance of sly ridicule at Miss Warner. Mr. Gilbert, of course, will see you home.

The blood burned in Lida's cheek but she answered, with quiet dignity, that she wished to see her mother alone.

Then she is not out washing to-day! inquired the milliner, with another covert look at Gilbert and his companion.

Lida could not understand the low malice of the question, so she answered quietly, that her mother was at home, and left the party, when they went toward the milliner's work-room.

The next morning the washerwoman was at our house very early—she wished to consult with those who had been kind friends to her, regarding the strange proposal which her daughter had received. Mr. Gilbert had been at her house the night before, she said, and everything was settled for a wedding on the next evening but one. Of course no opinion could be given after affairs had gone so far; so consenting that the children might come to see Lida on her wedding-day, our mother allowed the kind woman to depart without expressing any of the misgivings that beset her own mind.

Mr. Gilbert drove by our house during the afternoon, and took the New Haven road. The second day from that we were permitted to visit the washerwoman's house behind Castle Rock.

It was a bright day, and the little house looked neat and cheerful as we approached it, through a foot path cut across a meadow golden with butter cups and matted lilies. Lida was gathering flowers from a little yard which surrounded the door in her dwelling, and in a few moments we were busy as herself gathering daisies from the meadow, and wild honeysuckle from the rocks, which we brought home in armsful and heaped on the door-step ready for use.

Before sunset the widow's house might have been mistaken for a sylvan lodge, it was so fragrant with blossoms. The whole dwelling contained but three apartments, a kitchen and two small sleeping rooms, but these were as neat as human hands could make them. The pine floors and splint chairs were scoured as white as it was possible for wood to become, the little old fashioned looking glasses were crowned with asparagus branches, where the red berries hung thick and bright as coral drops along the delicate green spray; the scant window curtains, of course, but snow white muslin, were festooned with wild blossoms and ground pines woven together; while that in the 'spare bed-room' was looped up to a single wreath of wild roses and sweet brier, which filled the window with a delicious fragrance. On the little table, in this apartment stood a japan waiter, with a decanter of wine in the middle, surrounded by slender wine glasses; and a fine napkin was spread over a loaf of cake close by. A dress of purest muslin, lay upon the counterpane of old fashioned dimity, that covered the bed like a sheet of snow.

We stood by while the old woman arrayed her child for the bridal, and wondered why the hand should tremble so, and why tears should fill our Lida's eyes so constantly, when she observed her mother's agitation.

It was scarcely dark when we saw a party of two ladies, and as many gentlemen, coming along the foot path toward the house. The washerwoman closed the bed-room door;—and went out to receive the guests, leaving us with the bride. How beautiful and pure she looked in the simple dress, that had exhausted all the money which her mother had hoarded up for the winter, in the purchase. A bud, with the blush leaves just bursting asunder, lay within the folds of sheer muslin that covered her bosom. When she placed it there, Lida's cheek grew pale and her hands began to tremble, for that moment she heard Gilbert's step in the next room. But when her mother came into the room, folded her in a kind embrace, and led her toward the young man who came forward to receive her, a soft blush broke over her cheek, and her fingers wove themselves in his confidingly, as if she had nothing to fear then, yet could not help trembling all the time.

Be kind to my child, said the washerwoman, gently, when I was married to her father he was prosperous, happy and proud as you are. He died and left me in poverty. His child has never heard a harsh word beneath this humble roof—be gentle to her, as I have been.

The old woman sat down, and bending her head began to smooth the folds of her faded silk dress, and thus she tried to conceal the tears that her own words had unlocked.

Gilbert did not answer, but his cheek turned a shade paler, and he bent his eyes almost sternly on the two females who had urged him into his present embarrassing position.

The young student arose. He had been wisely chosen by the plotters, for never was clerical dignity more thoroughly put on. He looked serious and earnest enough to have deceived more suspicious persons than Lida and her honest hearted mother. He pronounced the ceremony with impressive solemnity—so impressive that Miss Warner and her companion could hardly suppress their laughter at his successful acting.

The young couple sat down. Lida, pale, confused and trembling; but Gilbert sat motionless, and with his eyes bent steadfastly on the two females who were a little nearer the door. They were whispering together. Miss Warner seemed striving to suppress her inclination to mirth till proper time, and a slight giggle now and then broke from the milliner, at the exquisite success of their joke.

The washerwoman arose and brought forth the cake and wine. Lida could not taste a drop, but she touched her lips to the glass, while Gilbert drained his to the bottom. The milliner was compelled to set her wine on a table, to conceal the laughter which shook her hand—while Miss Warner gracefully drank to the bride.

And now, said the young lady, setting down her glass, and dusting the crumbs of cake from her white gloves, 'as our amusement is over for the evening, we will return home, if you are ready, Mr. Gilbert.'

Lida lifted her eyes almost in terror to the man whom she believed to be her husband, while the washerwoman arose from her seat and looked Miss Warner keenly in the face.

You need not look at me so vociferously, good woman, said the unfeeling girl; if I have lent Mr. Gilbert to Miss Lida here, it was for our mutual amusement; but play cannot last forever, and as it is getting dark, we must go home again.

Very much delighted with our little party, chimed in Miss Smith; if you ever get up a wedding in earnest, this would be a delicate pattern. I trust the bride will not feel so much exalted that she cannot come to her work in the morning.

The washerwoman was deadly pale; she lifted her hand as if to enforce silence on the flippant mockery with which she was insulted, and stepping a pace forward, was about to address the man who had violated the peace of her home; but Lida had risen on her feet, in trying to reach her mother staggered, and would have fallen, but Gilbert reached forth his arm, and drawing her to his bosom, kissed her forehead, and her pale lips, while he trembled from head to foot.

What means this? exclaimed Miss Warner, grasping his arm in passionate amazement; 'what means this, in my presence, sir?'

It means, said Gilbert, who lifted his head and looked firmly around, it means that she is my wife, my own beloved and wedded wife, before God and in the sight of men! Weak, wicked girl; did you believe me so base—so utterly devoid of all manhood, that I should lend myself to a plot so atrocious? I loved you, Louisa—at least I thought so—and when I was flung into the dangerous society of a creature so good and lovely as this young girl, who is my wife, I felt that your fears were well founded, that my allegiance to yourself was in danger. I consented, as an honorable man should, to see her no more. You were not satisfied with this submission to a just demand; but would have made me a villain; and after that would have married the dastard for the sake of his property and the homestead!

Before the last words were fairly uttered, Miss Warner had dropped to the floor in violent hysterics, and some two hours after the undertook rather an unpleasant walk home through the damp grass, between the crest fallen milliner and the young clergyman.

The next day she had the satisfaction of seeing Gilbert drive toward the homestead in a barouche which had been purchased for another occasion, and in the back seat was the washerwoman, in a new straw bonnet and that identical red cloak, by her side sat our Lida looking as pretty as a snow drop a sight which made the village aristocrat rather out of concert with the mock marriage: but we were perfectly satisfied; true, we were obliged to look on; for new help; but the homestead gained a capital house-keeper in the washerwoman, and the most lovely, joyous and warm hearted little mistress you ever saw, when it received our Lida.

THE ORGAN AT ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL WINDSOR.—This splendid organ, which was erected at an outlay of £1,000 in the early part of the reign of George III., the expense of which was liberally defrayed by that monarch, is about to undergo several extensive alterations and improvements, and numerous repairs, which are to be effected by Mr. Gray, under the superintendence of Dr. Elvey, the organist of the chapel. It was no sooner communicated to the Queen that the Dean and Chapter of St. George's had determined upon the organ being repaired, than her Majesty with her usual liberality, placed a munificent sum at their disposal to enable them to carry out the expensive improvements which have since been determined upon an entirely new principle, which will render the swell one of the largest and most powerful in this country. The great organ is to be furnished with an entirely new set of reeds—trumpet and clarion; and the following new stops (in which the instrument is now deficient) are to be added:—cornopean, clarion, oboe, bourdon, double dulcimana, and sesquialetor. The diapason pedal pipes will consist of two octaves, and will be extended to F. In addition to these improvements there will be an entirely new set of union pedal pipes. The open diapason pipes in the great organ are to be removed, and placed in front of the case, in room of the present imitation pipes, and are to be richly gilt. This will not only greatly improve the appearance of the instrument, but add very considerably to its magnificent effect. The organ when the alterations shall have been completed, will contain upwards of 30 stops, rendering it one of the largest and most powerful cathedral organs in this country, in the generality of which the stops do not exceed the number (27) in the large organ at St. Paul's. There will be 12 stops in the great organ 7 in the chair organ, and 12 in the swell, in addition to 2 complete sets of pedal pipes, 8 composition pedals, and coupla improvements for the various organs. The organ at St. Paul's contains 27 stops, viz., great organ, 12; choir organ 8; and the swell, 7. The organ at Westminster Abbey has only 23 stops, viz., great organ 11; choir organ 5; and the swell 4. It is expected that the organ at St. George's Chapel will necessarily be under repair for a period of between two and three months.—*London Paper.*

MUSIC AND THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.—A Guilfstown (N. H.) correspondent of the Medical and Surgical Journal, mentions an extraordinary instance of the effect of music on the nervous system. A lady, in that town, 35 years of age, been afflicted with St. Vitus' Dance, ever since she was a young girl. By strict attention to diet, and avoiding causes of excitement, years have intervened between the occurrence of the paroxysms. Latterly, however, spasmodic contraction of the muscles to some extent may be observed after the patient has experienced either pleasant or painful emotions. One of the most interesting of these exciting causes in this case, is music. Any rapid tune, a "dancing tune," for instance—will throw the voluntary muscles into the most uncontrollable and dissociated action imaginable; but by changing the tune to "Home, Sweet Home," the spasmodic twitching of the muscles gradually subsides, until she becomes calm again.

The largest man in the British service is Lieut. Sutherland, of the 56th Regiment. He weighs 25 stone, and although his height is 6 feet 4 inches, from his great bulk he appears only the height of an ordinary man when walking alone. He is only 23 years old, and possessed of a property of about ten thousand a year.

DOMESTIC LIFE.—No man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavours, or rewards his labour with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandize or farm; fly over lands, sail upon the seas; meet difficulty and encounter danger—if he knows he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labour will be rewarded by the sweets of home. Solitude and disappointment enter into the history of every man's life; and he is but ill provided for his voyage, who finds but an associate for happy hours, while his needful of darkness no sympathising partner is prepared.

'My dear, what shall we have for dinner today?' 'One of your smiles,' replied the husband; 'I can dine on that any day.' 'But I can't,' said the wife. 'Then take this,' giving her a kiss; and he departed for his office. He returned to dinner. 'This steak is excellent,' said he, 'what did you pay for it?' 'What you gave me this morning,' said she. 'You did?' said he, 'then you shall have market money the next time.'