

way—don't think its of any use looking for it that.

'Which way?'

'Right down along the left road, sir, without turning to the church at all. The postboys were lashing their horses like mad, and the carriage tore along, and whirled-off at the finger-post, which leads to nothing but the railway station.'

'Was the captain in it?'

'The captain was in it, sir, and Miss Lina with him. His own man sat in the rumble.'

'What the devil!' growled the choleric Sir Popperton, when I returned to report, 'are we to cool our heels in this church all day?'

'The breakfast!' stammered Dr. Cram, his nose turning to a light purple, as the fear gained ground that some untoward accident might put a stop to the eating.

'Those dreadful horses have run away with him, and he will come back but with his head torn off,' shrieked Carry, going into a sham faint upon the altar steps. Not that she had any real love for Fitzhenry—her days for loving had been over.

'Lina, too, was in the carriage,' uttered I; 'what is to become of her?'

'Oh, don't you get bringing up Lina, nephew! I don't suppose she'll be hurt; and we have enough on our minds just now in thinking of the captain,' cried Mrs. Dashingly, stooping down to look after Caroline, when the scarlet plume came in contact so violently with the altar rails, that its elegant uprightness was over for ever, and it was bent to an angle.

'Dear Mrs. Dashingly,' groaned Dr. Cram, 'don't you think a little refreshment would revive her?—the breakfast—oh!—or so? It is waiting all this time, you know. She may have a fit of illness if she fasts longer.'

It being obvious that a dwelling-house was a more convenient place than a church to wait in, while a man was brought home without his head, we returned to the carriages to be carried back again. Father Ignatius joined us as we entered the house, and Sir Popperton's outriders were despatched flying, in search of the runaway chariot.

'There, he'll soon be heard of now, my dear,' cried Dr. Cram to Caroline, his spirits going up like quicksilver at his proximity to the collation.

Fitzhenry was heard of, and Lina also. May a certain gentleman fly away with me, if ever I saw such a house in my life, since or before. Aunt danced a hornpipe with passion, and poor Caroline, in her wild dismay, tore her orange-blossoms to pieces.

It appeared—for, bit by bit, the whole plot and counter-plot was laid bare—that Fitzhenry had, in the first instance, proposed to Mrs. Dashingly for Lina. But that lady, with indignant firmness, informed him that he might as well ask for her, or—sacrilegious thought!—for the whole convent of nuns; and that there was just as much probability of his obtaining them, as there was of obtaining Lina—that the latter was promised to Alfred, and in the event of that project failing, she was to be 'dedicated to the Virgin.' The communication was obligingly accompanied by a hint that if ever Captain Fitzhenry gave another thought towards Lina, or so much as half a one, he must bid farewell to Dashingly House. The captain bowed to the decision, apparently acquiescing in it, and continued his friendship with Dashingly. Caroline made a dead set at him, making any repeated visits must be on

her account, as Lina was put out of the question. And—well, perhaps it was not quite right to pretend to fall desperately in love with her, but he said it was the only way he could devise to have access to the society of Lina. His attentions to Caroline were eagerly caught up by her and Mrs. Dashingly, and the marriage and the preparation were hurried on before a syllable had been spoken on his part. And now he had taken Lina off to the railway-station, as fast as the four horses would carry them, where a special train was waiting, the engine at a white heat, to convey them to the coast. He left a polite note behind him, hoping Mrs. Dashingly would forgive him for making Lina his wife, with his compliments to the convent and to Father Ignatius.

'The—the—the thirty thousand pounds!' gasped out Father Ignatius, his lips all white, and his hair standing on end, 'does she take THAT?'

Lina did not take thirty thousand pounds, but the money was just as much lost to Father Ignatius and the convent as if she did. If she married before she came of age, without aunt's consent, only ten of it remained to her, the other twenty being devised to some wealthy and therefore popular charity.

When these facts were explained to him, the holy Father Ignatius, for once in his life, forgot his self-control, and his humility—forgot to act up to the assurance he had so repeatedly given Lina, that her money never was, and never could be of any moment to him, and that if she were to make him a present of it, he should decline its acceptance. He set up an unearthly shriek, and began whirling himself about the room in so violent a manner, that his movements were looked upon as a *fac-simile* of aunt's hornpipe.

'The breakfast!' reiterated Dr. Cram, with tears in his eyes, 'isn't it to be eaten now?'

'Of course it is to be eaten,' answered Sir Popperton, recovering his voice with difficulty from the explosions of laughter which had shaken it ever since the truth burst upon him, 'and I'll preside, if Mrs. Dashingly won't. We will drink the health and happiness of Captain and Mrs. Fitzhenry. God bless Lina! She will do more good in the sphere she has had the courage to choose, than she would in your convent, holy father,' with a nod, to the Catholic priest.

'What?' croaked the priest, faintly, from his chair into which he had sunk, a little overcome by his recent exertion.

'My opinion is, that young girls should not be dedicated to the Virgin quite so long before they may expect to go up into the world where the Virgin is,' called out Sir Popperton. 'To sacrifice them when they have a long life before them, to render that life aimless and useless, is a mistake that you have no right to commit. But you may rely upon one thing, that even if Captain Fitzhenry had not stepped in, you should never have "dedicated" Lina.'

The priest gave a fearful howl, and gathering up his robes round him, vanished from the room.

Another mistake came to light. All Caroline's letters, announcing the happy event to her friends, had been posted the previous night, through the officiousness of the old butler. Carry was beside herself. In her mortification she would have married me: want of wealth looked a trifling matter to her now, compared with remaining Miss Caroline Dashingly. I protested for an hour now deeply her condescension

affected me, whilst old Cram having his eye to another feast, suggested that if the young gentleman was not quite ready, the ceremony might be postponed for a week; he should be most happy at that period to render his services. I wished he might get it, or my fair cousin either.

And so ended poor Caroline's wedding. Alfred talked largely about calling the Captain out, but it came to nothing. Sir Popperton's opinion was strongly expressed upon the matter, and as he had thirty thousand pounds, and, over, to leave to somebody, Alfred would have dutifully deferred to any opinion of his, whatever it might be. For myself, I had the supreme felicity of knowing that I had not been previously jilted by my wayward cousin, but that I was also disappointed in the hope that there was a fair chance of being revenged, by the contemplation of her future misery; for it was now a firm conviction of mine that all married people must necessarily be intensely wretched. How much the analogous case of the fox and grapes had to do with this sweeping conclusion the reader may judge for himself.

Finding myself *de trop* at my aunt's mission, I took a hasty leave, and wended my way back to Glasgow, there to study 'Esculapian love by day, and life and its lessons by night.' In the pursuit of the latter knowledge it often happened that I departed from the beaten track, and per consequence stumbled upon many odd and startling adventures, which I will now proceed to lay before my readers under the powerful but very appropriate title of 'SCRAPES AND ESCAPES!'—trusting that the perusal of the *Scrapes* may afford them the same pleasure as I derived from the realization of the *Escapes*, and if it does, well satisfied shall I feel at having served my day and generation as effectually with my pen as it has been my good fortune to do with my physic.

A COMPLIMENT.—When the celebrated George Buchanan was in France, the King took him to view his picture gallery. At length they stopped before a picture representing the crucifixion. George requested an explanation. 'That, sir,' said the king, 'is our Saviour; the one on the right, is the Pope, and the one on the left is myself.' 'I am obliged to your majesty,' replied George, 'for the information you have given me, for though I have often heard that our Saviour was crucified between two thieves, I never knew who they were before.'

FAILURE OF THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.—That the Temperance movement has turned out a complete failure in Ireland, is a statement which no man possessed of the smallest candour and observation will deny. The revenue returns, and the enormous trade now being done by the brewers and distillers, leave no doubt on this head.—*Cork Reporter.*

Detachments of the Royal Artillery, to the number of 190 officers and men, have left Woolwich for Gibraltar, Malta, and Corfu, in the steam frigate *Cyclops*.

A plan is said to be in contemplation for establishing a Minister of War in this country, who should be charged with the affairs of Army, Navy and Ordnance.

The Regiments of the line are to be augmented to 1000 men, and the battalions of Guards, now 640, are to be augmented to 800, except that one battalion will be augmented to 1000.

FINESWOOD.—This necessary article is now at a fearful price in Montreal. Hard Maple \$7 and \$8 a cord, and inferior kinds in proportion. While at this rate here, in Sherbrooke green wood can be bought for 75 cts, and dry for 10c. This appears strange, when we take into consideration the fact of a railroad in constant operation between here and Sherbrooke, a distance of only 99 miles.—*Sun.*