—he was thinking of the coalition—and Sir Pepperton had demanded whether the ceremony was to be to-day or to-morrow, when a bustle and a rush of white satin and lace proclaimed the bride's presence. Several damsels were in her, but next to her, as chief bridesmaid, walked my gentle sister. The room fell into a roar of congratulations, and Carry's gratified eye told that they were welcome. I never saw her look so well. Her dress, exclusive of jewels, must have cost what would keep me for six months. Lina was in a quiet, pale sort of silk, that I unfortunately called 'stone,' upon which Mrs. Dr. Cram indignantly snapped me up, and asserted it was "pearl grey." Her bonnet was the same as Caroline's, except the orange-blossoms, and she wore no jewels. I heard afterwards that the whole of Caroline's dress had been Lina's present.

Captain Fitzhenry advanced and did homage to his bride, *sotto voce*. She received it with a genuine affection of timidity, and turned away to shelter her blushes behind aunt's grey petticoats. The captain then spoke to Lina in the same low tone, when she burst into tears, and nearly sobbed herself into hysterics. Thinking she was going into them out and out, I got two bottles of Preston salts ready and called out for a can of water; but the symptoms went off. I did not care for the hysterics, but I did care for Lina, and felt convinced of her misplaced passion for Fitzhenry.

"Never you mind, dear," said Mrs. Dr. Cram, patting Lina on the shoulder, "it will be your wedding next."

With great parade we sallied down to the equipages. But elaborately as the procession was planned before hand, the programme, amidst the bustle and excitement, was not strictly carried out. It often is not.

The first mishap was with Fitzhenry's chariot. The coachman had received orders to place but a pair of horses to each carriage for church, and his appeared with four; but it was to late to remedy it now. The second blunder consisted in aunt's being bowed by Dr. Cram into his chariot, instead of Fitzhenry, and off they started. Fitzhenry stepped into his own, and there, behold! some bungler had planted Lina. So they went next. Then followed the bride, Sir Pepperton by her side, with Alfred and Mrs. Dr. Cram opposite to her, the bird-of-paradise's tail tipping out at the window to gladden the admiring spectators; and the rest of us followed anyhow, just where we could scramble. There was ten in our coach.

Caroline was placed at the altar. The reverend doctor, in full canonicals, stood facing her, with open book in hand, and we were all waiting on tiptoe of expectation to hear the first word of the service. But there seemed a strange delay. I was standing quite behind, and could see nothing but the bird-of-paradise and the top of aunt's scarlet plume.

'What's he waiting for?' whispered I to Uncle Popperton, pulling him behind, as I nodded to the place where old Cram ought to be.

"What the deuce, boy!—would you marry her to herself? The captain is not yet come."

'Why, his carriage went second—next to the person's. Lina was in it. Is she not here?'

"Can't you see she's not!" grumbled Sir Poppington; "it is plain enough."

I dare say it was to him, who was six feet two in stockings; but I counted five feet nothing in boots.

'Nephew,' whispered aunt, 'go to the door and see. There is some dreadful accident, I fear; he always would drive such spirited horses.'

'But he came next to you, aunt—before the rest of us. If there had been any accident, we must have seen it.'

'Those fools of postillions of his have driven him to the Catholic chapel, then,' answered aunt, in a fever. 'Do go and see.'

I made away in haste to the Catholic chapel. Father Ignatius was there, but I could see no trace of Fitzhenry. The Cram footman stepped up to me as I was going back.

'Beg pardon, sir,' he said touching his hat, 'but the captain's carriage went this way—don't think its of any use looking for it.'

'Which way?'

'Right down along the left road, sir, without turning to the church at all. The postboys were lashing their horse 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's 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 ever for ever, and it was bent to 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 coalition.

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, thinking 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 aunt Mrs. Dashingly, and the marriage and the preparation were hurried on before a syllable had been spoken on the subject. Lina now he had taken Lina off to the Continent, where he had a friend who would celebrate their marriage in special form, waiting the expiration of a little decent time to bring them to the court. He had a friend, too, who would bless Mrs. Dashingly, would receive him for making Lina his wife, and would pay compliments to the convent and to Father Ignatius.

'The—the—the dirty deceitful rascals!' gasped out Father Ignatius, his face all red, and his hair bristling up as on end, 'that's the trick 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 the marriage before she came of age, without aunt's consent, only one of it remained to him, the other having been devised to some wealthy and therefore popular charity.

When these facts were argumented to him, the holy Father Ignatius, for hurry on his part, forgot his self-control, and his manners, and he let out the assurance he had so sagaciously given Lina, that her money never was, and never could be, at any moment to him, and that if she were to marry him a pennyworth of it, he should declare on oath, in court, he was a married man. He ask up an unworthy shriek, and began knocking 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!' twittered 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, 'and I'll preside, if Mrs. Dashingly wo'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, tartly, 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 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 how, and gathering up his robes round him, vanished from the room.

Another mistake had come to light. All Caroline's letters, announcing the happy event to her friends, had been posted the previous night, thro' 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 how 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 read 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 Æsculapian 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 peculiar 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 in having served my day and generation as effectually with my pen as it has been my good fortune to do with my physic.

The Chronicle.

Saint John, N. B., April 7, 1854.

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

NEW YORK, April 6th.

The steamship *Baltic*, Capt. Comstock, from Liverpool, on Wednesday, 22d ult., at about one o'clock, arrived at this port at about four o'clock, this P. M.

Admiral Napier's fleet arrived at Mingo Sound, in the Baltic Sea, on the 15th ult.

The allied fleets remained at Bryces Bay—would soon return to the Black Sea. The official final refusal of the Czar to evacuate the Principalities at the demand of England and France was hourly expected. It is already known that he refuses the demand. When official refusal arrives, it will be communicated to both houses of Parliament, and war will be formally proclaimed.

No engagement reported in Europe, either by land or sea. On the Danube, positions remain unchanged. Reports of capture of Russian treasure convoy had reached Constantinople.

There is continued activity manifested in England in preparing for war.

The first division of French troops under Gen. Canrobert, had sailed from Marseilles for Turkey. Sir Charles Napier arrived at Copenhagen in steam frigate on 20th. The Austerlitz, 100 guns, and other French ships, return to the Baltic to join the English fleets.

MARKETS.—Cotton is depressed. Flour not materially changed, demand limited. Wheat dull, declined 6d. Corn 3d to 1d. Provisions quiet. Consols 89 5-8.

(From the London Times.)

"The fate of their wives and children must give many an anxious thought to about 1,000 of the 10,000 troops who are just starting for the seat of war. Those best acquainted with the subject, and with the condition of the Army, inform us that as nearly as may be 10 percent. of our Soldiers are married men, with one or more children. Freely and heartily—come life, come death—are the men prepared to follow their colours; but it is from their very zeal in the public service, and their total forgetfulness of other interests, that we draw the strongest argument in favour of their wives and children. We would before going further, offer a few words of explanation upon the relative position of the Soldier's and the Sailor's wife, when the husband of either may be orded on active service, that as many of our readers as may not have considered the subject may be made aware of the full hardship of the case. In the first place, the Sailor is much better paid than the Soldier; in the next place he has the power of directing that during his absence half his pay shall be paid over to his wife. To be sure the sum is not much; but it always enables the woman, if she be thrifty and industrious, to set up some small business, and so keep her head above water until Jack returns. Not so with the Soldier he can just manage to maintain himself decently alive upon his pay—that is to say, by some mysterious process he obtains food enough and clothing enough, in return for the pittance which the country affords him for fighting our battles; but when he goes abroad all these additional resources from which the Solder contrived to extract a few weekly pence are dried up, and in the majority of cases his wife is thrown back upon the workhouse. Her little children are as stones round her neck when she seeks for a place as domestic servant, so that the history of a Soldier's wife, when her husband is in the field, is the struggle of a few months as a laundress, or something of that description, and then the workhouse. The case of the children is just as bad. In times of peace there are the regimental schools, in which they receive excellent instruction. War puts an end to these arrangements, save, we believe, in the case of the Guards. The schools are shut up, and the poor children turned out with their mothers upon the wide world. Surely the attention of these poor people is a very distressing one. We trust we are wrong, as man should be, of giving way to sentimental impressions; yet we cannot but say that thought upon all these matters must give the Soldier's heart a heavier twinge as he is about to face the fire and steel of the enemy in the open field. A letter upon this subject, with the signature of "A Naval Officer," will be found in another portion of our columns this day. It is very creditable to the good feeling of the writer that, being a sailor himself, he comes forward so manfully to advocate the cause of the sister Service."

The letter signed a "Naval Officer," which followed equally deserving of perusal:—

"When the first burst of enthusiasm and admiration excited by the splendid troops about to embark for the East has somewhat subsided, the country may be well disposed to think of the hearts torn with grief and anxiety of those dearest to them who must be left behind.

"The pay of the Soldier is wholly inadequate to maintain his wife even without children, in his absence on foreign service, and no other proof could be given of deep and heartfelt interest in our Soldiers—of true sympathy with the one care that is weighing heavily on the hearts of many of them—than by an earnest effort upon the part of the country to ameliorate the condition of their wives and families, who will be left in general, in want and suffering.

"This is a subject which deserves our warmest support, and let a well devised scheme appear in your columns, and the people of England will not be backward to prove that their hearts feel what their lips so unanimously proclaim—viz., a deep interest in the noble fellows who are going forth from among us to devote their best blood to the service of the country."

OMER PACHA'S MOVEMENTS.—Some surprise is excited in Constantinople by the Turkish troops constantly passing the Danube at some one point or another, giving battle, and then immediately on the enemy's reinforcements arriving returning to their former positions. Some persons fancy that the Muschir is in this way veiling some deep and profound plan of operations; others fancy that he wishes to weary out the Russians with constant skirmishes; and others conclude that, by distracting them with feints on every point, he wishes to blind and beguile them as to the real spot on which he will himself (with an army of, some say, 55,000 men) cross over to the shores of Wallachia. There seems now to be little doubt that Omer Pacha has received orders to take the offensive, for on the 8th a Turkish flotilla, escorted by eight vessels of the united squadrons, entered the Black Sea laden with cannons, ammunition, and a body of no less than 6,500 men, to reinforce the army of the Danube. The vessels were to anchor in Baltschik Bay, the best and finest roadstead in the Euxine; the troops were to be disembarked at Theristendje, and to join the army corps of Hum Pacha, which composes the right wing of the Balkin army, and who would then cross the Danube at Hirsova with 30,000 men. Riga Pacha seems much disposed for war; his speech to the troops, when setting off to Batoum, was warlike to a degree.

THE WAR FEELING IN GREAT BRITAIN.

EDINBURGH, Friday, Feb. 17, 1854.

We are in a great uproar of preparations for this inevitable war, and it is a very solemnizing novelty to see the troops and artillery passing through our streets for embarkation. One soldier called out to the people who were cheering in thousands as they followed, "I shall bring you home seven brace of Russians." The young officers seem all glad of a little excitement, and most of those who go are from out higher ranks, many possessing large estates and representing old families, but keen to go. Sir James Ferguson, with immense estates, and £12,000 a year. Sir James Dunlop, the eldest son of Sir Ralph Anstruther, all youths little more than twenty. The Duke of Cambridge is keen to go, and there is quite an eager rivalship among those who hope for a command.

In the navy there is a similar spirit. Captain Hope, who was under the care of doctors, and very ill, at once broke through all restraint, flew up to London, and got a command, though scarcely expected to live; but he is one of our most brilliant officers, very handsome, very distinguished, and has an estate of £10,000 a year. His brother-in-law to Lord Rincaird, and performed some very dashing exploits formerly. But on all sides we hear the most interesting incidents relating to those who are eager to go, especially Lord Cardigan, who is an enthusiastic soldier.

Advices from St. Petersburg of the 18th, say that Sir H. Seymour had left without seeing the Emperor, having been told that his passports were ready for him. The French Ambassador had demanded to be treated in the same manner as his colleague; but the Czar having expressed a wish to see him, he proceeded to the palace, and was invested with the insignia of the order of St. Alexander Neusky.

FROM THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

General Cathcart is still upon the Kaffir frontier, completing his arrangements for the security of the exposed districts, and superintending the difficult operation of "driving" the hostile tribes upon those portions of their former territory to which he has resolved to confine them; in addition to the task of settling in suitable positions a body of about 50,000 Fingoes and Tambookies, whom it has been judged expedient to locate within the colony. This he has hitherto succeeded in accomplishing without any visible interruption of the amicable relations established at the close of the war. His Excellency is expected to return to Cape Town before the first setting of the new Parliament, when he will probably submit to that body a statement of his proceedings, and of the frontier policy which his experience will enable him to recommend.

The intended withdrawal of British authority from the territory beyond the Orange River, has cast a gloom upon mercantile enterprise in that quarter. Trade with the Sovereignty is represented to be extremely dull, and the land and other speculations entered, in the belief that the territorial arrangements made by Sir Harry Smith would be maintained, are likely to lead in some cases to serious embarrassments. Farms which a year or two ago changed hands for large sums are rendered comparatively valueless, and productive industry is everywhere checked by the uncertainty which prevails as to the nature of the government that may be hereafter established. Some of the leading men of the Trans Vaal Republic have been in communication with influential persons in the Sovereignty, and it would appear that a disposition exists among a considerable party there to form an alliance, if not a closer connection, between the two communities. A large number of the inhabitants, however, are opposed to such an arrangement, and cling to the hope that the representations which have been sent to England will induce the Home Government to reconsider its decision. With this view, two gentlemen, acquainted with all the bearings of the case, Doctor Frazer and the Reverend A. Murray, have been appointed as a deputation, and will proceed by the present steamer, to urge upon her Majesty's Government the impolicy and injustice, under present circumstances of abandoning the Sovereignty."

THE MELBOURNE POST OFFICE.—Sixteen years ago the Post Office at Melbourne, Australia, was managed by a single person, who used to transact business in a back shop. In June, 1851, fourteen persons were employed in the post-office; and in June 1852, sixty-three persons. In 1851, 250,000 letters and 50,000 newspapers passed through the Melbourne post-office; in 1852 the numbers were 900,000 letters and 150,000 newspapers. From the 1st of January to the 1st of June, 1853, there in six months of the same year, 500,000 letters, and 100,000 newspapers passed through the office. For the first six months in 1851 the gross revenue of the Melbourne post office was about £3,700, while for the corresponding months of the past year it was £16,000. The number of letters in the mail bags from Melbourne to Sydney in the first six months of 1851 was 16,000, while in the corresponding period of 1853 it was 160,000. The number of letters in the mail bags from Melbourne to Adelaide in the first six months of 1851 was 6,000, while in the corresponding period of 1853 it was 60,000. The number of letters in the mail bags from Melbourne to Van Diemen's Land in the first six months of 1851 was 6,000, while in the corresponding period of 1853 it was 60,000. The number of letters in the mail bags from Melbourne to Port Phillip