

Mrs. T.—Good Heavens, what do I hear? Is it not then all arranged?

L.—Most certainly. It is all arranged on my part.

Mrs. T.—Was there ever such folly, such madness, such cruelty! Poor self-deluded girl! What a match!—so distinguished; so much refinement of feeling; such good taste; so handsome!—you can't deny that he is handsome—and such a military air! And not too old either. I could name a hundred young ladies who would break their necks to get such a husband.

L.—I fear the article would prove scarcely worth such a price. I should certainly prefer breaking mine to taking possession of the prize. As for Captain Dashley's good looks, he appears very well satisfied with them himself, and I have no reason to find fault; but I should not be very much surprised to learn, that his military air was the only military thing about him. As for his being distinguished, that is a point which seems to rest altogether on his own authority; and I am so very uncharitable as to think that, under such circumstances, suspicions may attach to the veracity of even Captain Dashley. He certainly displays very good taste—at dinner; but his refined feelings generally are so very refined that they have quite escaped my notice. He is not too old you say. No, he is not quite old enough, I trust. But now, my dear Aunt, since my leisure moments this morning are but few, I beg that you will keep the remainder of the lecture for another time. (*Exit*).

Mrs. T.—Ungrateful minx! Was there ever such ingratitude! But this comes of allowing girls to run so long without any sort of control; with a neglected education; without having been taught obedience. How unlike my Mary! I have half a mind, this very moment, to declare her an old maid. That she shall be, unless Captain Dashley is her husband. But no, I shall not succumb this way. Let her have her own way indeed? Indulge her in any such freaks! These little checks only make me more determined. Thank Heaven, I have a knowledge of human nature, which, I trust, can carry me through every difficulty. (*after a pause*)—I shall manage her—silly young creature!—and then their eyes too are just of a colour. (*Exit*).

[Scene 2nd in next Number.]

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

CHAPTER V.

MANY and great improvements are said to have been made in the Island of Jersey, and especially in and about the town of St. Heliers, within the past few years. First among these, at least in expense, must be named the new Pier, which, although it does not afford all the accommodation that could be