

for a month or two we still were able to purchase delicious pears. The Jargonelle, for which Jersey is celebrated, had retired from the market, but the Chaumontelle, the Beurré, the Duchess and others lingered till midwinter.

In addition to the pier and the market house, a general improvement is said to have taken place during the last few years, over the whole town. The shops which at our time were spacious and elegant, with handsome plate glass windows and showy fronts, are said to have been but a few years ago confined and by no means ornamental. There is a valuable town library, and a most excellent and comfortable reading room, supplied not only with all the English and local newspapers, but also with all the best British periodicals. In addition to this there is a very well supplied circulating library. It is but lately that gas works have been erected, to the great benefit of the town in general, but to the destruction of some rows of houses in its immediate vicinity, which, when a particular wind blows, become very unwholesome. The streets also have been much improved, and several handsome new buildings erected, so that what was once a village totally separate and distinct from the capital town, will shortly be connected with it by an unbroken range of elegant residences. The village I allude to is that of St. Aubyn's, about four miles from the market place of St. Heliers, between which and St. Aubyn's omnibusses run every half hour. The village is very neat and beautifully situated near the point of a bay to which it gives its name. This bay stretches from the pier in a semi-circle round St. Aubyn's, and its shore is one unbroken sweep of level sand. Many a delicious walk have we had along these firm and glittering sands, to the village. The waters of the bay were always of a brilliant pea-green color, having a charming effect. At every half mile along the shore, and I believe along the whole circumference of the Island, stands a martello tower, on the top of which one mighty gun could be mounted, while the body of it is pierced for musketry. The high road between St. Heliers and St. Aubyn's, forms also a beautiful drive, walk, or ride: at some places running along the edge of the bay, at others losing itself between banks or houses, which, as I have said, are beginning to line the way continuously. More beautiful situations than may be found along this road facing the lovely bay, could hardly be desired. In a small house about half way between the town and the village, the murderer Manning took refuge on his flight from England. He hired an upper room under an assumed name, never shewed himself in the street, and kept the little girl of the house continually on the trot bringing bottles of brandy for him. At the same time with that prying and suspicious temper which a consciousness of guilt invariably inspires in its victim, he was perpetually enquiring of this little girl, and of the people of the house, if people were talking about him—if they had heard of the murder. The natural consequence was that when the police officers who had traced him to Jersey arrived there, they had no further trouble. The instant their errand was known, the mysterious stranger was mentioned, waited upon, and secured.