

THE SHOOTING OF FATHER HEALY.

SERGEANT FOLEY and Constable Townsend were brought up at the Police Court, Albury, on Tuesday, October 2nd, before Captain Brownrigg, charged with the manslaughter of a man unknown supposed to be William Healy, late of Wangaratta, a clerk in Holy Orders. Mr. Fleming appeared on behalf of the Crown, and in addressing the Bench he stated that he was prepared to establish a *prima facie* case of manslaughter against Foley and Townsend. Mr. Jarman's evidence in chief was taken, the cross-examination postponed till next day. He swore that the police did not say they were constables until after deceased returned into the bedroom. His evidence was very damaging to the police. Mrs. Jarman and her sister, the doctor, and watchhouse-keeper, were examined on Wednesday, the 3rd inst., and the evidence of the sisters very clearly inculpated the prisoners. Both Mrs. Jarman and her sister believed that the constables were rowdy visitors; and they heard the landlady threaten to send for the police to have them expelled. They did not hear either of the accused say before Father Healy that they were constables, but heard the sergeant subsequently remark that he would not for all Wagga wish it had been done. At the police court on the 9th inst., the hearing of the charge was concluded. Much fresh evidence was taken, and the prisoners were committed to take their trial at the next circuit court to be held at Albury. They were, however, enlarged on bail, in sureties of £40 each. Captain Brownrigg, police magistrate, in summing up, said he was very sorry to be obliged to commit them, but during the hearing of the case several points had been raised that must go before a jury. The prisoners wish that the trial shall take place in Sydney, as they imagine that public feeling is against them in the Albury district.—'Advocate.'

AN ANCIENT AMERICAN CITY.

MRS. DOWNES, of Andover, writes in the Boston 'Congregationalist' as follows, concerning Quebec:

If you cannot go to Europe, and want to know how its old cities look, come to Quebec. What William Russell said of it, when he was here with the Prince of Wales in 1860, is true now: "Quebec is a fortified city of the middle ages, which has been preserved in amber, transported across the ocean, and set up on the shining heights of Cape Diamond." Indeed, to-day it is more European than Europe, as historic streets and buildings are being destroyed there as recklessly as if they were all under the charge of a wide-spread Old South Society.

But here they have just begun to pull down; and public sentiment, supported by the earnest efforts of Lord Dufferin, is entirely against it. I have stood in the house to which Montcalm was carried after his mortal wound; and looked up to the thick oaken beams, which heard him say: "I am glad to die, since France has fallen;" and although it is dreadfully inconvenient to have it in the place it now occupies, the whole city would shudder if its destruction were hinted. My windows look into the Ursuline Garden, where they buried the gallant Marquis in a trench made by the bursting of an English shell; and a little to my left, in the chapel of these same Ursulines, is a small tablet to his memory. Their chaplain keeps his skull, white as ivory, in a glass case, and when he showed it to me, told with indignation how he lent it once to some English officers, and when they brought it back, he found they had stolen a tooth. My landladies remember when the old ash tree in the convent garden, under which Marie de l'Incarnation taught the Indian children, was hivered by lightning, how the nuns fell shrieking on their knees, and collected bits of it as of a broken shrine. Opposite is the "Residence" of the Jesuits, rebuilt in 1700 from the stone, and on the site, of the old one of 1637. Of the common limestone of the neighborhood, which has been stained yellow for so many generations that the color looks a part of the stone itself; with its deep windows, across which are stretched iron bars, its vaulted cellars, and beautifully carved door-ways, it is strange and quaint beyond words. It covers twelve acres in the midst of the narrow streets and winding lanes of the Upper Town, and encloses a large open square.

When in 1759 the Upper Town was almost annihilated by the English guns, the "Residence" remained comparatively unharmed, and the victorious general used it to shelter his troops. From that date until a couple of years ago it has been occupied by the English soldiers as a barracks, from whence it has acquired the name of "Jesuit Barracks." At present it is inhabited by the poor people whom the late horrible fire made homeless. Women, children, horses, cows, pigs and fowl herd together in rooms where the very thought of family life was once shunned as a temptation of the devil; and as I watch, enchanted, the ancient pile, through the long, weird twilight, Father Le Jeanne and Father Jamay keep vigil sadder than mine, for to their eyes their incredible toil and unquenching zeal seems to have been in vain. Numbers of the order still dwell in the city. The church of the congregation is regarded with especial reverence, because it is peculiarly their property. I cannot see why, but my informant seemed to think the reason he gave sufficient: "They spend all their time hearing confessions, you know."

A pilgrimage is now going on from Quebec to St. Anne's about twenty miles east of the city. St. Anne was the Virgin Mary's mother, and her relics, shrined in the chapel above-named, possess miraculous power, and thither all the sick and sorrowing resort. Many who are neither, go barefooted for loved ones who are both. One of our neighbors who had been a cripple for years, was taken there, knelt before the altar, touched with reverence the holy relic, and rose healed! He left his crutches on the walls of the chapel, and now walks the town a sound man. No more picturesque sight was ever seen than that of these men, women and children, as they set out in all sorts of vehicles, in the saddle and on foot, to the unseen shrine on which all their hopes are staked. As we overtake them traversing wearily the dusty Beaufort Road, I see no reason why I

should not reverence their faith as much as I do that of the countless throngs who in earlier days haunted the church of St. Anne in fertile Normandy.

Then we come home to look at the strangely-robed Ursulines as they walk, meditate and chatter amid the tall white lilies of their garden, until their vesper bell disturbs the darkening silence, soon to be suddenly and sharply broken by the evening gun from the citadel; and it is no longer Quebec, and to-day it is Dieppe and the sixteenth century, and we are setting out with Marie de l'Incarnation for the mysterious, far-distant country which seems to have sprung into being solely for the glory of Holy Church.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Constantinople is the most temperate capital of its size in the world. Spending day after day in the open air, wandering among the common folks, having at one time several people in my employ, even in the biting air before daylight I never found any Turk drinking stronger beverage than coffee. But that is nothing to their great annual fast. During the Ramadan, which lasts a whole month, from sunrise to sunset the panting boatman, the heavy-laden porter will touch nothing like food, not even tobacco, and no drink whatever; and at sundown will make up for this abstinence, not by a drunken carouse, but by a larger dish of pilau and a longer smoke of Latakia. To be sure, temperance is a part of the Turk's religion, but is it not of ours? And that religion—an imposture as we call it—has something very real in its worship at four in the morning the year round, its "infidel" gaze, the heartiness of all its observances, the severity of its daily self-denials. Often have I found the shop entirely open while the shopman was at his prayers, and I have taken up the goods to see if anybody would remonstrate, and laid them down again without anybody's interference. And how often have I watched the thin-clad boatman kneeling in prayer on the wet sand or in drizzling rain, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot!"—Rev. F. W. Holland, in 'Lippincott's Magazine.'

Do not laugh at the drunken man reeling through the street, however ludicrous the sight may be; just stop to think. He is going home to some tender heart that will throb with intense agony, some doting mother, perhaps, who will grieve over the downfall of her once sinless boy; or it may be a fond wife, whose heart will almost burst with grief as she views the destruction of her idol, or it may be a loving sister who will shed bitter tears over the degradation of her brother, shorn of manliness and self-respect.

HISTORICAL! Vide "Jurors Reports and Awards, New Zealand Exhibition." Jurors: J. A. Ewen, J. Butterworth, T. C. Skinner. "So far as the Colony is concerned, the dyeing of materials is almost entirely confined to the re-dyeing of Articles of Dress and Upholstery, a most useful art, for there are many kinds of material that lose their colour before the texture is half worn. G. HIRSCH, of Dunedin (DUNEDIN DYE WORKS, George street, opposite Royal George Hotel) exhibits a case of specimens of Dyed Wools, Silks, and Feathers, and dyed Sheepskins. The colors on the whole are very fair, and reflect considerable credit on the Exhibitor, to whom the Jurors recommended an Honorary Certificate should be awarded." Honorary Certificate, 629: Gustav Hirsch Dunedin, for specimens of Dyeing in Silk feathers, &c.

"DUKE OF EDINBURGH."—The old wooden structure that did duty as the Duke of Edinburgh Hotel, in Russell-street for so many years, has, we are pleased to observe, given place to a new brick building, erected at considerable cost, in order to meet the rapidly increasing requirements of this popular and important part of the city. The present proprietor, Mr D. HARRIS, has spared no reasonable expense in furnishing and fitting the building with every modern comfort and convenience. The situation is extremely healthy, and commands splendid views of the ocean and harbour, and is within easy reach of the business part of the city. Persons in pursuit of a respectable and comfortable residence will do well to go to the "Duke of Edinburgh" Hotel, Russell-street, Dunedin.—[Advt.]

PLOWING.

A PPLICATIONS are invited to 20th NOVEMBER, for Ploughing about 3000 Acres of River-Flat Land (in lots to suit applicants), on the Wantwood Estate.

Horse feed, farrier work, and stores supplied on the ground.

Further information on the station.

P. K. MCCAUGHIAN.

NOTICE TO ARCHITECTS.

Competitive Designs will be received on 6th NOVEMBER, for a Three-storey Brick and Plaster Hotel and Shops on the site of the present Glasgow Arms Hotel, Dunedin.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid for the plans, detail drawings and specifications approved of.

Plan of the ground will be seen at the above Hotel.

MICHAEL MURPHY.

TO BE LET with immediate possession, a SHOP with THREE ROOMS, YARD, &c., doing a good business in the Main-street and Centre of Timaru for five or seven years, to be let cheap per week.—Address, F.F.D., Post Office, Timaru.