Limerick Jonation, July 118. - Or Sanday a grand and imposing demonstration, in honor, as announced, or "Faith and Father-land," was held at "Sarsfield's Rock," Ballineety, the historic spot where the defenders of Limerick two centuries ago intercepter and destroyed the siege train of the Williamite army. The occasion of to-day's demonstration was the dedication by the patriotic Archbishop of Cashel, the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, of the new Church of St. Bridget which has been erected in close proximity to the historic spot. The foundation stone of the edifice was laid twelve months ago; and in the comparatively limited time intervening, the Rev. M. Power the respected Administrator of the parish of Pallasgreen and Templebredin, has been enabled to have the church prepared for the ceremony of dedication and open for Divine

The building, which is erected on a commanding site overlooking the counties of Limerick and Tipperary, — on the twin borders of which it stands,—is in the modern Gothic style. It consists of a nave, transepts, and chancel, providing ample accommodation for the very large number of parishioners. A handsome tower, which is included in the design has not yet been erected. The high altar is of Caen stone, supported by marble pillars. The builder, Mr. James Newstead, of Fermoy, has given great satisfaction by the despatch and perfectness of the work.

As the sacred edifice had already been blessed and dedicated, last year, there was no delay to the ceremonies; and, a little before noon, High Mass was commenced at the high altar, which Archbishop Croke had previously blessed. A large and most respectable congregation filled the church. A great number of priests were present, and the Mayor of Limerick and many members of the Corporation, in their robes, and attended by the mace-bearer, occupied seats in the chancel. After Mass, Archbishop Croke preached an eloquent sermon explanatory of the cere-

When his Grace had concluded he announced that after the dismissal of the congregation a meeting would be held at Sarsfield's Rock, and a demonstration made there. The demonstration at the Rock was ne of the grandest and most imposing that could be conceived. There were fully twenty thousand people assembled around the base of the eminence, from the top of which floated several Irish flags, bearing the inscriptions, "Faith and Fatherland," "Ireland a Nation," "Sarsfield is the Word and Sarsfield is the Man," "The best blow for Ireland was struck here." There were also numerous banners borne by the various bodies belonging to the trades, friendly societies, and National League Branches of the surrounding districts.

The appearance of Archbishop Croke on the summit of "the Rock" was greeted with enthusiastic cheers, again and again repeated, and during his address the enthusiasm was unbounded. Among those accompanying the Archbishop were nearly one hundred priests, the Mayor and Corporation of Limerick, the members of the various County Boards, and a large number of prominent residents of

Limerick and Tipperary.

The Limerick Mechanics' Band and the Boherbhuidhe National Band, with their banner, attended, and several bands were present from Tipperary, Oola, and Doon. The Irish National Foresters and the ancient guild of Oddfellows, Limerick, also attended.

The Rev. M. Power then read an address to the Archbishop from his devoted priests and people of Pallasgreen and Templebredin, bidding him welcome to Sarsfield's Rock on his third visit within a comparatively short

time to this historic spot. Archbishop Croke, who was received with cheers, again and again repeated, replied to

the address as follows:

I do so most heartily,—for the very kind, but too flattering, words which you have just addressed to me, as well as for the many other acts of filial devotion which I have had, from time to time, to acknowledge at your hands. In thus thanking you, the purishioners of Pallas, I likewise express my deep sense of gratitude and obligation to all my other friends who have come to meet me on this historic hill to-day; but, in a very special manner I wish to make my acknowledgments to the members of the ancient and patriotic corporation of Limerick, --headed by their venerable chief, Mr. Lenihan, for having once again done me the honor of gracing our Church ceremonial with their distinguished

presence. (Cheers.)
This spot, my friends, on which we now stand, -associated as it ever shall be with the name and fame of one of Ireland's greatest sons, the immortal Sarsfield (tremendous cheering), is furthermore remarkable, let me tell you, for its contiguity to the townland on which another and sainted Irishman first saw the light-I mean the Most Rev. Dermod O'Hurly, Archbishop of Cashel (renewed cheering), who died a martyr's death in Stephen's green, Dublin, on the 30th of June, or thereabouts, just three hundred years agothat is, in the reign of the meek and virtuous Queen Bess, and in the year of our Lord 1584. Let me give you a brief sketch of his life and sufferings, as I think it may be most appropriately given to-day and here. The martyred Archbishop Hurly was born in the year 1519, at the villa of Lickadoon, not far from the site of the passent Boher station-house. His father held a large farm there, his mother being nearly allied by blood to the great family of the O'Briens of Thomond. He very likely made his early studies in the city of Limerick; but, at all events, at a more advanced period of his career, we find honorable mention of him in the Universities of Louvain and Paris, where he won his degrees in theology and canon law, with much distinction. Ve know that he was appointed Archbishop of Cashel on the 11th of September, 1581; but we are not so certain as to the precise date of his reaching Ireland after his consecration. It may be fairly presumed, however, from circumstantial evidence, that he landed near the town of Drogheda, in the month of October, 1583. He travelled, of course in disguise, accompanied by one solitary priest, named Dillon, who, unfor tunately, was arrested, soon after their landing, and cast into prison, where he was

I am not going to trace for you at any length the trials, the troubles, and wanderings of our great and good Archbishop, from the time that he first touched our shores till the period of his arrest. Suffice it to say that he managed to elude the vigilance of his pursuers for a few days, and that, having traversed the counties of Cavan and Longford, he succeeded in reaching the town of Carrick-on-Suir, where he hoped to find a refuge in the castle of the Earl of Ormonde. From Carrick he made his way to the then flourishing monastery of Holycross, near Thurles; and having administered there the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation,

detained for four months.

public prison, nine months, exactly, before his DARSFIELD'S KUUK.

puone prison, nine months, exactly, before his trial and execution. During that time he had to endure the greatest privations, and was finally put to the torture. The historian of his life tells us that in order to extract from

him, if possible, a confession of guilt, and an acknowledgment of the Queen's supremacy, he was finally led to the prison yard, where his legs were forced into long tin boots, filled with oil, butter, and other such substances. They then set him in the stocks, his legs projecting at one side, where a fire was kindled under them Whilst his legs were thus being roasted, the agents

of the government questioned him as to his alleged treasonable practices, promising a free pardon if he would admit the supremacy of the Queen. But in vain. He bore his suf-ferings with the most heroic constancy, repeating from time to time the words, ". have mercy on me," and when the red hot boots were taken off, the flesh was found melted away, and the bones literally laid bare. (Sensation). He was then led back to prison. His trial for treason and recusancy took place soon after; and having been found guilty on the 29th of June, he was hung with a straw rope, on the morning of the 30th of June on or near the spot where the Catholic University now stands, in Stephen's Green. His remains were afterwards decently interred in the adjacent Church of St. Kevin.

Such, my dear friends, are the leading features of the life and sufferings of the sainted Archbishop Hurly, who was born and raised not far from this spot, and whose Christian heroism has shed such a lustre on the Church and diocese of which he was so distinguished an ornament. (Cheers.)

But why do I refer to this subject, and say that it is appropriate to speak of it here, and to-day? I refer to it for five plain, distinct, and, as I believe, weighty reasons. I refer to it, in the first place, baceuse it is not in anywise expedient—but the contrary—that the sufferings of our fathers in the faith should be either unknown here or forgotten. I refer to it, secondly, because, as this is the third centennial anniversary of Archbishop Hurly's execution, I hold it to be both meet and just that we-assembled as we are in such numbers, close by the place of his birth and the scenes of his boyhood-should pay a passing tribute of respect to the holy martyr's memory. I refer to it, thirdly, in striking illustration of the fact that constancy and devotedness to any good cause—be it sacred or secular—will be sure, in the long run, to be crowned with success, besides giving a clear title to the lasting gratitude of posterity.

(Loud cheers.) I refer to it, fourthly, in order to prove that the struggle in which we are actually engaged—for the elevation of our country and the recovery of our national rights—is an hereditary one, transmitted to us, as a deathless inheritance from sire to son, and that we must be steadfast and fearless in the fight, prepared for everything, even the most hazardous contingency, as our mar-tyred fathers in the faith were prepared to suffer before us (renewed cheering). I refer to it, fifthly and finally,

to show by contrast how much of civil and religious liberty has been acquired by Irishmen since the martyrdom of Archbishop Hurly, and to impress, on all whom it may. concern, that, had we been of this century,unlike those who had gone before us,—ignominiously held our tongues and tamely sub-mitted to oppression,—had we not assumed the air and attitude of free men, rather than contentedly settle down as slaves-our faith would be banned te-day as it was in the days of the martyred Archbishop, and we ourselves be left still striving for even that moderate measure of civil and social equality which we now, thank God, possess (cheers). I shall say no more. I thank you once again for your address. Others are, I understand, to speak to you, and I shall content myself then with wishing you, in conclusion, health and happiness and presperity (immense applause). Rev. M. Ryan then read the following re-

people of Templebredin are due and hereby for theft of his property. This, it turned given to their friends and benefactors, present and absent who have aided them in build-

ing their church.
That Sarsfield Rock should be looked upon as one of our grand national monuments, and should not be descerated by being quarried unwilling to do. Ultimately, however, she need not put you to the risk of carrying them. away for public use; and that a copy of this seems to have given way, and they returned I have a way of communicating with resolution be forwarded to the chairman of the county of Limerick grand jury, and to the county of Limerick grand jury, and to the courty surveyor, that the present wooden cross which surmounts the rock should be re-placed by a stone or public Celtic cross as a and the tide being unsuitable she was unable placed by a stone or public Celtic cross as a to proceed to the Broomielaw, and had to very spot where he struck his best blow for Ireland.

The rev. gentleman, speaking to the resolutions, said that his parishioners heartily joined him in the expression of heartfelt thanks to their great and patriotic Archbishon, who gave them such aid in the erection of the church (cheers); to Mrs. Fitzgerald, who gave them the site for the church: and to that liberal Protestant landlord, Mr. Thomas Bennett, of Knockany, who gave half an acre of land as a site for the church, and a lease of it for ever. Mr. Bennett was always a good landlord. He reduced the rent of his tenants, broke his leases, and gave them new leases at the reduced rent

A Voice—'Tis seldom you have to talk

about a good landlord (laughter.) The Rev. Mr. Ryan, in conclusion, expressed his gratitude to the people of Doon, Knockbreddin, Pallas, Tipperary, Emly, Knocklong, Kilmallock, Limerick and Cappamore, who had given him such generous aid in erecting the splendid church, which was a credit to the arch-diocese of Cashel and Ire-

land (cheers.) The Mayor of Limerick supported the resolutions, and Rev. Canon Cahill and the Venerable Archdeacon Kinane also delivered short addresses.

A collection was then taken up, and about £700 was subscribed. The Archbishop headed the list with £50. Rev. Mr. Ryan announced that, thanks to the Land League, an evicted and reinstated tenant, named Daniel Hickey, was able to subscribe £45 (loud cheers for the

Land League.)
The proceedings terminated by the Archbishop bestowing his blessing on those pres-

It is in contemplation to creet a marble Celtic cross on the top of Sarsfield's Rock, to replace to the present wooden one. A movement is on foot to obtain the consent of the Sarsfield Monument Committee in Limerick to the granting of the surplus of £301, in the hands of Mr. Hall, J.P., for this purpose.

For its soothing and grateful influence on the scalp, and for the removal and prevention of dandruff, Ayer's Hair Vigor has no equal. It restores faded or gray hair to its original dark color, stimulates the growth of the hair, and gives it a beautiful, soft, glossy and silky appearance.

HON. HECTOR FABRE DECORATED. PARIS, Aug. 7.—President Grevy has conferred upon Hector Fabre, Canada's Agent-General in France, the decoration of the Legion of Honoria The Figure, referring returned to Carrick, where he was arrested, on the double charge of being "a Popish Bishon" and an enemy of her Gracious Majesty the Queen. From Carrick he was marched to Killienty and the relations the correctness of the thereto, says a lively desire to cement the relations of the more prudent, perhaps, to contend the most proof of the interest through the proof of t

DEATH OF A LADY ON HER MARRIAGE TOUR A young lady on her marriage tour died suddenly in one of the hotels in Ayr on Monday. She was walking out with he hus-band on the Town Green, when she took ill, and died shortly after reading the hotel. The doctors in attendance certified that death resulted from acute inflammation.

THE INTERNATIONAL FORESTRY EXHIBI-BITION.—Upwards of three thousand persons visited the International Forestry Exhibition on Monday. The electric railway was again in working order, and proved a great attracti n. A Bavarian band was in attendance, and discoursed a selection of popular music, which was highly appreciated.

A FATAL THROW .- William Stringer, a dock laborer, has died at Runcorn from injuries received in May last. On the 17th of that month he was in Darwell's vaults in company with Michael Murphy, captain of the schooner Eclipse, of Fleetwood, when the latter seized him by the shoulders, and, placing his foot on his stomach, threw him over his head. Stringer was almost completely paralysed with the shock. Murphy has already been committed to the assizes on a charge of doing grievous bodily harm to the

ALLEGED CASE OF SHEEP-STEALING IN SKYE The authorities of Portree, acting on the complaint of a crofter at Torrin, Mr. Broadford, apprehended the wife of the teacher there on a charge of stealing a sheep and lamb. The woman in question had sheep of her own bearing a mark similar to the mark on the crofter's sheep, and the shepherd, it appears, had taken the sheep from the hill to the woman's house, assuring her that the animal belonged to her. Notwithstanding this a complaint was lodged, and the woman is now in prison.

SAD OCCURRENCE IN DUNDEE.—On Monday night Euphemia Forbes or Kennedy, wife of Jas. Kennedy, warper, 79 Blackscroft, Dundee, and her daughter, Mary Kennedy, a millworker, were found dead in their house. Jas. Kennedy, the old woman's husband, stated to the police that his wife and daughter were drinking heavily on Friday and Saturday, and that the last time he spoke to them was on Sunday evening. Last night, however, he began to grow uneasy, at the long continuance of their sleep, and when he tried to waken them he discovered that both were dead. He immediately called the police, and Dr. Templeman was summoned to examine the bodies. Death is believed to have resulted from na tural causes.

An action for breach of promise was called in the Dundee Sheriff Court on Wednesday at the instance of Margaret White, factory worker, against John Easson, plasterer, Dundee. The circumstances were somewhat peculiar. The defendant had courted the pursuer for two years, and in May it was arranged they should be married. They went to a Dundee solicitor to get the ceremony performed, but the office was closed. They returned next day with three witnesses, but the defendant's courage deserted him when he reached the office, and, making some excuse, he went away and never returned. Pursuer claimed £100, but to-day the case was settled previous to evidence being taken by defendant paying £20 and expenses.

An amusing elopement case occurred in Greenock on Wednesday. A woman named Catherine M'Donald or Rafferty, residing with her husband, Robert Rafferty, in Govan, eloped with a man who lodges in their house to Greenock, en route for Liverpool. Not being well acquainted with the time of the departure of the Liverpool steamer, they found on arrival at Greenock that there would be no boat that day. The husband, on hearing of the departure of the couple, succeeded in tracing their luggage, which on arrival at Greenock he gave into the hands of the police and authorized them to arrest the two Solutions:—
That the best thanks of the priests and lice, and authorized them to arrest the two ling out in streams as rapid as an Alpine torout, could not be done, as the runaways put of what he was talking about as to catch an in an appearance, and the woman claimed the cel in a stream. "Oh, you are an awful whole luggage as her personal property. The husband did what he could to persuade his wife to return with him, which she was very to Govan.

come to anchor. During the evening, however, she proceeded to Glasgow, but those on she was succeeding, and that he was a simple-hoard desirous of proceeding by rail to their ton. After this there happened something homes were too late for the trains from which proved home the suspicion that she Glasgow. In Greenock, in connection with the memorial from the Chamber of Commerce in that town praying the rail am authorized by Tynan's associates to see way companies to run a morning and you on this business. They have given me evening train connecting with trains information as to your habits, and it was to evening train connecting with trains to and from the south on Sundays, "drum ecclesiastic" has again been sounded against the movement, intimation quent a certain public-house!" "Quite having been read from most of the pulpits on true." "Is it not true that you have met Sunday that petitions lie for signature against the proposal, and calling upon the members to sign them. Two ex-Provosts are likewise daily engaged canvassing the town for signatures against the proposal, and every effort is being put forth by Sabbatarians to checkmate the spontaneous and hearty movement of the Chamber of Commerce. On Sunday a large number of respectable people unable to get to Greenock and Gourock on Saturday night took advantage of the double

run made by the boat. The Scottish Fishery Board has collected returns of the gross quantities of the various kinds of fish caught during the last twelve months on the coasts of Scotland, and the estimated value of the whole amounts to the large sum of £3,296,242. The herring fishing takes the principal place, no less than 1,269, 412 barrels of herrings having been cured last year, in addition to those that have been so d fresh, the value of both being reckoned at £2,053,551. Of the fish sold fresh; as regards quantity and value, the haddock takes the leading place, and of it 543,568 cwt. were caught, the value thereof being £340,693. Next as regards quantity comes the cod, then the whiting and the flounder, the values of which being £81,376, £41,851, and £48,409 respectively. The value of the shell-fish taken was £82,945, which included 281,569 cwt. of mussels, 35,393 cwt. of crabs, 7,498 hundreds of lobsters and 6,456 hundreds of oysters. The most striking fea-ture connected with the fisheries of Scotland in recent times is the rapid development and great increase of the herring fishery in the Shetland Islands. Ten years ago that fishery throughout the whole of the Shetland waters yielded only a total of 1,100 barrels cured, which, at 30s each, amounted to £1,650, while during last year the catch reached 256,487 barrels, valued at £384,730. From this statement it will be seen that the fisheries of Scotland are one of its most important industries. and it is reckoned that upwards of half a million of people are more or less dependent upon them.

## THE SPY INTRETTICOATS.

Charming Mrs. Tyler from "The Home Office" Her Visit to Old Hickory He Makes her Drink Beer but Gives her no Secrets About No. 1."

"I am Miss Ford, sister of Pat Ford, of the Irish World." We can imagine Mr. Ford's indignation when he learns from this writing that his sister has been personated by the woman from the Home Office; and we could scarcely wish the so called Mrs.
Tyler a worse fate than to drop, after this
revelation, into the hands of the spirited Irish lady whose personality she assumed for a foul and most infamous purpose. About six weeks ago Mrs. Tyler slyly slipped out of Dublin to pay a visit to a suburban town. At that time she was in the hands of the Dublin jokers, and she was oblivious of the fact that she was watched and followed by a lady as sharp and alert as herself. Mrs. Tyler alighted at a railway station, and went straight for the object of her little excursion. She inquired for a gentleman whom we may introduce as Old Hickory. A most polite chevalier is Old Hickory, and to ladies especially his manner is all suavity and softness. By name and character and appearance, Mrs. Tyler was well known to hundreds before she was a week in Ireland. "And, pray, lady, who may you be-may I ask whom I have the honor of speaking to?" "I am Miss Ford, sister of Pat Ford, of the Irish World. Can I speak a word to you in private?" "Certainly." In the seclusion of a private apartment she did not beat about the bush. "I have just arrived from Havre, and I am returning to New York by the Furnessia. The instructions I have brought from France are that I was to call on you for any letters you have to send to No. 1; you know whom I mean?" "If you mean Pat Tynan, I know him since he was a boy, a mere child." Old Hickory curled his moustache, looked into the cunning brown eyes, and recognized Jenkinson's woman from the Home Office. He brightened up and became communicative. His natural eloquence is at all times luxuriant and picturesque, abounding in philosophy and in a wealth of diction which baffles the most come-to-the-noint examiner. Before now Old Hickory has con fused and exasperated the most roguisl sharpers of the Castle Star Chamber. In his hands Mrs. Tyler was but a butterfly, a play thing, a child, as he paternally addressed her. "Yes, child, Pat Tynan I knew when he was not the height of my knee," and on he went in a strain of affectionate declamation, to which the serpent listened with evident impatience. In vain she interrupted at the close of every period of praise with a-"but let us come to business. Time is pressing and the Furnessia will not wait for me. Let me have your messages and letters for No. 1. You know my instructions are imperative, and I must carry them out. Now, when can you let me have the letters?" "My child, I quite

understand your anxiety to come to business; but let us take a walk. The roads about here are so beautiful, and the air so tresh it will do you good to take a ramble-if you are not ashamed to be seen with an humble man like me." With all his bland sweetnese and excessive gallantry, Old Hickory

had resolved upon a cruel course of trickery with the dark Saxon. He would degrade her, and he did, with her own consent, for she readily essented to enter a common publichouse and drink a bottle of stout in a little taproom. This did Mrs. Tyler; and with horror we heard that she stooped so low to conquer—nay, to hang. How much lower she would have stooped to give Binns a job we venture not to speculate. Into one publichouse she went with old Hickory, and then into another, when the walk But it was just as difficult to get a grin man; I can't get you to come to business. Won't you let me have those letters?" have really no letters to send; and if I had I No. 1 without causing danger to any one." The dark Saxon reflected, look-

ing as though she were writing on the tablets of her memory: One discovery at all events; he does write to Tynan. Old Hickory intended to make her feel that was a spy from the Home Office. "Then you distrust me; but I can convince you that I you on this business. They have given me take the place of passwords or a letter of introduction. Now, is it not true that you frethere Mr. \_\_\_\_, and often drank with him, and with Mr. \_\_\_\_?" "Perfectly true." She detailed several circumstances in Old Hickory's life to prove to him that she was a trusted agent. But instead of deceiving him they only demonstrated her villainy and the base purpose of her mission. For sl was speaking from Curran's notes—from the notes of Old Hickory's examination by John Adye Curran, Q.C., in the Star Chamber of Dublin Castle! Whereby Mrs. Tyler damned herself, and exposed the unparalleled idiocy of her employers. Old Hickory would swear that she was speaking from Curran's book, and that only those who had read his evidence at the Inquisition could have repeated the events which she detailed. But he thought he had ample revenge as she sat before him in the common tap-room, displaying her diamond rings and popping out from under her clothes foot which she had seductively dangled before the eyes of other sham dynamitards. Said Old Hickory afterwards, with a chuckle, "I degraded her; but innocently, mind you, and I am satisfied. It was as severe a punishment as I cared to give her, though in other countries her sex would not save her from the extreme penalty awarded the Home Office. He had dragged her down, trailed her silken skirts through the mire of porter bar, and then politely dismissed her. Mr. O'Connor, of the Irishman, thought that during her next interview with him she would have hinted at her acquaintance with Old Hickory; but he managed to incidentally mention his name, in order to see whether she would boast of having met him. Whether she felt disappointed and humiliated, or that she had caught a weasel' asleep, she was silent, and endeavored to exhibit a want of interest in him. Her reticence was significant from the fact that Old Hickory had been suspected of some connection with the Invincibles, and also from the evident fact that the had been briefed to in terview him from Curran's notes. She judged consecrated it on the 13th. He celebrated

he laid to catch 'Old Hickory' None but a booby would have dreamed of sending a woman with a decidedly English accent to personate a lady who was well known to be in America. If Old Hickory were in the way of leaving a secret worth a groat to the Government, he could not be ignorant of the fact that Miss Ford was in the United States at that Miss Ford was in the United States at the time that Mrs. Tyler was assuming her name and identity. Miss Ford was actually journeying westward from New York, on a health trip, when Mr. Jenkinson's charmer was stooping to put a rope round Old Hickory's neck. So goes the £10,000 specially provided to capture dynamite exploders. Her excursion through the States was noted in a dozen American papers, yet it escaped the lynx eye of the great investigator of crime. Poor Jenkinson is as fit for his new vocation as Mr. Trevelyan is to be Chief Secretary for Ireland. But when the Assistant Secretary for Police and Crime has to render an account of the £10,000, he is likely to be taken with a fit of the "jigs," when he has to tell how much of that sum Mrs. Tyler has spent in mellowing "Jack Reilly" and the other "boys" with fizz and

## ANOTHER MARINE DISASTER.

Scotch whisky.

THE STEAMSHIP AMSTERDAM RUNS AGROUND-THREE PERSONS DROWNED IN LANDING-TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY PASSENGERS BROUGHT TO

HALIFAX. HALIFAX, August 6.—The government steamer Newfield arrived here to-night from Sable Island with 230 passengers and members of the crew of the steamer Amsterdam, which had been wrecked last Wednesday night on a sand bar fifteen miles distance from the island, while on a passage from Amster-dam for New York. The only officer who came up by the Newfield from the wreck was the third mate, Captain Lucas of the ill-fated ship and the remainder staying at the scene. From the third officer and passengers of the Amsterdam the following story of the disaster was elicited: The steamer sailed from Amsterdam on Saturday, July 19, with 212 steerage and 12 cabin passengers and crew of fifty-four men. The weather was unusually foggy for the season during the run across, there being but two clear days, and the sea also was rough. On the day before the disaster the sky was clear and the captain obtained good observations. Next morning, however, broke thick, and the weather continued foggy throughout the day with the exception of one short period. About fifteen minutes to ten the ship suddenly

GROUNDED ON AN UNSEEN BAR. No land or lighthouse was visible in any direction, and as it was afterwards discovered, the island was fifteen miles distant, the steamer when she struck being some thirty-five miles out of her course. The shock on striking was a very slight one, but caused great commotion on the crowded vessel, the passengers becoming greatly excited and requiring all the exertions of Capt. Lucas and his officers to dispel their fears. The command was given to open the hatches and jettison the cargo, which was commenced at once, a number of the passengers joining in and assisting the crew. This continued until noon on the following day, but, though no water had yet shown below, without success. At that hour the commander of the ship, finding his efforts unavailing, ordered the boats to be got in readiness for launching. About this time the weather became clear enough for those on board to make out the land, which was observed to the southwest. No water began to enter the holds until about 6 o'clock, when, the night being favorable as far as weather was concerned, though the sea was very rough, the captain

DECIDED TO LOWER THE BOATS. All on board were crowded into six small crafts and headed for shore. The first reached the beach without accident at 3 o'clock in the morning. The second one, however, was not so fortunate, being swamped just as she was about grounding safely. Three men on board of her, two steerage passengers (one of them named Dix), and a fireman belonging to the steamer, were drowned The rest were picked up by the other boats or dragged ashore. The accommodation provided for the shipwrecked people by those on the island is described as very poor and inadequate. After landing, without having caten anything for two days, they were compelled to wait some hours before provisions could be obtained from the main station, fifteen miles away.

THE WEATHER CONTINUED MODERATE the succeeding day, and Capt. Lucas and his officers were able to visit the Amsterdam on several occasions to obtain effects from on board, but they found the water rising and falling in her hold, and satisfied themselves that there would be no hope of saving her. The names of the cabin passengers on board the steamer were Constantin Ludwig, wife and three children and servant, Rev. Father Cursamine, Mr. Alders, Mr. Fahrenwald and wife, Mr. Opfinger and wife. The only name that can be ascertained of the three men lost is that of Dix.

DECORATING A HISTORIIC CHURCH

REMARKABLE PICTURE OF THE VIRGIN SET IN A FRAME OF THE PUREST GOLD. Rome, July 26. - Prince Alexander Torlonia an old millionaire, has paid for the new de-coration of the old church on the northwest corner of the Piazza San Bernardo. The church was built in the sixteenth century. It was formerly called St. Paul on the Quirinal. In the beginning of the thirty years' war the Catholics defeated the Protestants, led by the Palatine Elector, Prince Frederick. A Carmelite monk aided in winning the battle by displaying along the imperial lines a picture of the Blessed Virgin which he had found in the ruins of a church pulled down by the Protestants. His name was Father Dominic. Gregory XV. permitted him to place the picture in the Church of St. Paul, belonging to his order, and the church was named Sta. Maria della Vittoria. It is one of the pretto spies from the enemy's camp." Old tiest churches in Rome. It contains statues Hickory seemed quito pleased from the chise of Bernini, and paintings method of dealing with the emissary from the brushes of Domenichino Guercini and Guido Reni. The high altar was destroyed by fire in 1833. Prince Torlonia has now repaired the church, decorating it with rich marbles, beautiful frescoes, and admirable stuccoes. One of the frescoes represents the triumphal entrance of the Catholic army into Prague. The most conspicuous figure is the Carmelite monk carrying the miraculous picture of the Virgin along the lines, thus arousing the courage of the outnumbered Catholics. They had 25,000 men pitted against 100,000 Protestants. The coloring and composition are wonderful. The beautiful picture of the Virgin is again placed on the high altar in the center of a marble decoration. It has a golden frame.

Cardinal Jabobini, titular of the church, re-

AYER'S Sarsaparilla Is a highly concentrated extract of

Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potas. sium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power, It is the best known remedy for Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin, as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrh.

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THE LATEST " CONVERT FROM ROMANISM."

FATHER MORIARTY TELLS SOMETHING OF THE REV. DR. BROWNE.

To the Editor of the Standard, Syracuse, N.Y. The following extract I take from your issue of to-day :--

"Rev. Dr. Browne, hitherto a priest and professor of theology in the Roman Catholic Church, and lately a candidate for the Bish opric of Madras, has scandalized the Catholic world and made a sensation among the Presbyterians of Scotland by abjuring the 'errors of Romanism, and giving in his adhesion to the Westminster confession. The assembly of the Church of Scotland, recently in session, devoted considerable attention to this somewhat remarkable occurrence, Dr. Browne relating his experience and giving his reasons for this change of front in extenso. 'For three hundred years,' said one of the divines, there has been no case like this."

Twenty-four years ago, when a young student of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York city, I happened to know of the Rev. Dr. Browne, who was there known by his real name, the Rev. George Remsen. He was then a young priest, about one year or-dained, and had just been deprived of all his ecclesiastical faculties, suspended and even excommunicated for violation of his priestly vows. After a few years he went to England apparently regretted his evil course, entered monastery, did penance, and after some time was permitted to exercise some ecclesinstical functions. For reasons best known to himself, he petitioned Parliament and had his name changed to Browne. A Doctor of Divinity he never was. His old passions not having been completely sub-dued, he has once more cast off the yoke of obedience to his ecclesiastical superiors, and has thus cut himself off from the Catholic Church. He is no loss to us, and he certainly will be no gain to any denomination, belonging to that class of persons (so well described by the Protestant Dean Swift) whom the Pope, when he weeds his garden, casts over the garden-walls. Mr. George Remsen, alias Rev. Dr. Browne, like Pere Hyacinthe Loyson, would have no objection to Catholic dogmas, if the Pope would only relax Catholic discipline (in their regard by