

BISHOP MACDONELL.

By the Chevalier Macdonell, Toronto. Reprinted, by consent, from the Weekly Catholic Review.

VII. In 1836, Bishop Macdonell foresaw the coming storm and considered it the duty of every citizen to exert the utmost efforts to prevent the interests of justice and order from falling into unworthy hands. He issued an address to the freeholders of Stormont and Glenary, enjoining them, in plain and forcible language, to elect representatives of sound and loyal principles, who would have the real good of their country at heart, and not allow themselves to be misled by the political schemers who were endeavoring to drive the Province into rebellion against the legally constituted authority. It must not, however, be supposed that because the Bishop was such a strenuous advocate of law and order he acted with slavish party attachment, or that he was unaware of the many abuses which then weighed upon the country, impoverished its resources and checked its progress. On the contrary he acknowledged these evils, but at the same time, he maintained with reason that they were foreign to, and not inherent in, the constitution; that they could be safely and permanently removed by constitutional means alone; and that rebellion, so far from redressing these grievances, would only confirm, and perhaps aggravate them a hundredfold. It may be mentioned, incidentally, that the Earl of Durham, author of the celebrated "Report" on Canadian affairs, in his progress through the country in 1838, spent a short time in Kingston. Walking down the wharf, on his way to the steamboat, he noticed the Bishop, who was standing with his back to a warehouse and his hands behind him. Lord Durham was considered a proud man, of frigid and repellent manners, and with a scolding knack of keeping people at a distance. To everybody's surprise, he bowed to, and shook hands with the Bishop, who very naturally felt highly flattered at such a mark of respect coming from such a source, and given, one may say, in the face of the whole community.

As personal reminiscences not connected with the history of the Bishop, the writer may be permitted to refer to some events which occurred about this period. It has been stated that the principal means of communication then known was the ordinary mail service by land and water. Telegraphs were introduced about the year 1847, and the writer has always understood that the first message sent from Montreal to Kingston, was addressed to him by the then well known firm of Stephens, Young and Co. The message was partly on business and partly as a test of the working of the system. It was in the writer's possession for many years, and would now be quite a curiosity; but the old warehouse, with all its contents, was destroyed by fire, and not a wrack left. It had a narrow escape from a similar fate in 1839, when John Couster's warehouse was set on fire by sparks from the American steamer *Telegraph* noted as having been fired into by some ultra loyalists, while lying at the wharf at Brockville, during the so called rebellion. To her last day the steamer carried the mark of the bullet, which passed through her ladies' cabin. A south-west gale was blowing at the time of the fire, and a powder explosion took place, which scattered the flames far and wide. The steamer *Cataract*, belonging to the "Ontario and Lakes Forwarding Co.," took fire at her dock bridge along the front, spreading terror and devastation in her course. She finally brought up at the Barris field end of Cataract Bridge, and burned there to the water's edge. The steamer *Albion*, belonging to H. and S. Jones, lying in front of the writer's wharf, next the Tete de Pont Barracks, hurriedly got up steam, a few mavericks were put on board, and she put out for Point Frederick. She could scarcely make headway against the fierce gale, but found a safe quarter at the wharf, on the west side of the burning section. The sight of the conflagration obtained during this memorable trip, will never be forgotten. The whole water front seemed irrevocably doomed, when, suddenly, in less time than has been required to describe the event, the wind changed from the south-west to "off shore," and the town was saved.

Bishop Macdonell had experienced great difficulty in obtaining properly educated men for the priesthood, which want seriously retarded the moral and religious improvement of the Catholic population. He was fully aware that the evil could be remedied only by the building and endowment of a seminary for the education of his clergy. He obtained an act of incorporation from the Legislature, and appropriated a piece of land for the erection of a suitable building. At a meeting convened by the Bishop at his residence on the 10th of October, 1837, it was resolved that the Bishop, accompanied by his nephew, the very Rev. Angus Macdonell, and Dr. Thomas Rolph, of Ancaster, should proceed to England for the purpose of collecting funds for the erection of a Catholic college in Upper Canada. The cornerstone of the college was laid on the 11th of June, 1838, by the Bishop, assisted by Mr. Gaunt, his co-adjutor, very Rev. A. Macdonell, V. G., and other clergymen. At the request of the Bishop, Dr. Rolph delivered an address, in which, after referring to the munificence and piety of past generations, he went on to show the absolute necessity which existed for an establishment such as was contemplated, which might be the nursery of well-educated, zealous and godly clergymen, it being a matter of no trifling moment, or minor consequence to a community, that the ministers of religion should be chosen, both from the time and among them; it being also the best security for attachment to the country and its institutions, so eminently desirable to be felt and cherished by a parochial clergy. "For, if any thing under heaven can approach the human character to the Divine, it is the laborious and unremitting dedication of life and talents to the diffusion of truth and virtue among men." The doctor stated also that it was the most anxious desire of the Bishop that a Priesthood should be raised in the Province, fearing God, attached to the institutions of the country and using their assiduous efforts to maintain its

integrity; that until such an establishment was founded, the Bishop could not be as responsible for his clergy as he would wish to be. The doctor concluded his address by expressing a hope that the edifice then commenced would remain a lasting monument of the Bishop's affectionate solicitude for the Catholics of Upper Canada and that it would prove of immeasurable benefit to the whole community.

Such was the commencement of Regiopolis College. Sad to say, the prosperous career so fondly anticipated by the learned orator has not yet dawned on it. Its present condition we all know; its future, time alone can show. Prior to the Bishop's departure for England, a farewell dinner was given him by the Celtic Society of Upper Canada, at Carmino's Hotel, Kingston. There was a large attendance of the Bishop's friends, including nearly all the prominent residents of the city, and the officers of the various societies. The chair was taken by the Sheriff of the district, supported on either side by the Bishop and his coadjutor. The toasts and speeches usual on such occasions were given and made, and the affair passed off to the satisfaction of all present. A few weeks afterwards the Bishop commenced his journey, and was accompanied to the steamboat "Dolphin," sometimes known by his American name, "Blackhawk," lying at the foot of Princess Street, by a large number of his personal friends; the old bell of St. Joseph's Church pealing forth a parting salute. This bell was one of the institutions of Kingston; for a long time the only thing of the kind, and always the best thing of the kind that the town could boast—like the bells of most Catholic Churches, it was on the ground almost continually from morning till night, and its fine, clear tones were well known to every Kingstonian. It was cast by the widely known firm of Meers, London, which has existed since 1738, and is the same establishment which many years subsequently furnished the chimes for the church of Notre Dame, Montreal. The bell in which it was suspended being of rather slight construction, shook from base to apex whenever the bell was rung. On one occasion Mr. W. P. Macdonell, the Vicar-General, happening to notice this agitation, exclaimed, "Dear me, how that spire shakes; I am afraid the spire will fall." Old Mr. Walter McCulliffe, a well-known wag of those days, who stood by, was ready with a rejoinder, "Many a cow shakes her tail, but it does not fall off for all that."

When the big bell, now in St. Mary's Cathedral, was procured, the services of the faithful old monitor were dispensed with. It was sent into exile, being, as some say, given or disposed of to the mission at Smith's Falls; of this the writer knows nothing. But he may be allowed to state that from early youth he was a curious investigator of the mysteries of steeples, bells and clocks; there was scarcely a steeple, bell, or clock, in the city of Boston—where most of his school days were spent—that he had not fully explored, and with the history of which he was not perfectly familiar. Some fifty years ago the revolutionary government of Spain, pressed for money, and animated with the true spirit of reform, confiscated a great number of church bells, and sent them to New York to be disposed of to the best advantage. The bells were arranged in rows on the sidewalks of Broadway; some few were restored to their legitimate use, but the greater number were scattered abroad among schools, factories, railways, and steamboats; employed, in fact, every way in which a bell can be employed, excepting always the purpose for which it was originally intended. It was reported that one of these bells had strayed as far as Kingston and was actually hanging in the belfry of St. Andrew's Church, Princess Street. Wishing to ascertain the true state of the case, the writer, who happened, in company with a young friend, to be passing the church one Sunday afternoon, thought he would look in and see for himself whether or no the thing was as affirmed. The door leading to the belfry was locked, and upon applying for admission to the proper functionary, that worthy answered: "Na! na! mon, ye canna gang there the day." Venturing to ask a reason for this unexpected rebuff, the writer was reminded that it was the Sabbath day, on which no person was allowed to see the bell; that act being considered by the worthy sexton a serious infraction of the moral law. The writer then enquired if the bell was rung on Sunday, as in his estimation that operation required hard labour, and as such might be considered a greater breach of the Sabbath than the mere looking at an inanimate piece of metal. The zealous official could not, however, be induced to take that view of the case, and to this day the writer knows no more of St. Andrew's bell, than he does of the invisible river, which some people assert flows at an unknown depth beneath the city of Toronto.

It is time to return to Bishop Macdonell, whom we left standing on the deck of the old steamer "Dolphin," taking leave of his friends. Easily moved on such occasions, the writer could not conceal his emotions. The Bishop held out his hand: "Wait till I return, William."

These were his parting words, he never again saw his episcopal city.

During the writer's residence at Brockville he received one letter from the Bishop; it has been kept as a relic. The signature of the Bishop given with his portrait some numbers back, was taken from this letter; which reads as follows:— Kingston, 5th March, 1839. MY DEAR WILLIAM.—This will be handed to you by the Rev. Philip O'Reilly, who is appointed your parish priest until you shall have made up your mind to become priest yourself; by that time if Mr. O'Reilly does not give full and ample satisfaction you may have a chance, and in the meantime I hope that you will give every assistance to Mr. O'Reilly, as he is very lately ordained, and has little or no experience, nor any acquaintance whatever with his parishioners. Your knowledge of the characters he has to deal with, may be of great use to him as well as your assistance in arranging the necessities about the church and altar. If you time permit your accompanying him to Kitley, permit your accompanying him to Kitley, I care say James Macdonell and his wife would come from Bastard to meet you at Kitley, if they were made acquainted when you are there. Compliments to both your sisters and their husbands, and believe me,

my dear William, to be yours affectionately, (Signed) ALEX. MACDONELL. Mr. James Macdonell, mentioned above, was the father of Rev. Mother Ignatius, the present Superior of St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto; his wife, Amelia, by the writer's cousin, daughter of Captain Miles Macdonell, and widow of Mr. William Jones, of Brockville.

The bishop and his party landed at Liverpool on the 1st of August, 1839. Soon after his arrival the bishop went to London where he communicated personally with the Colonial Office regarding his plan of emigration and other matters. In October of the same year he passed over to Ireland, intending to be present at a grand dinner given to the Catholic prelates in the city of Cork; but a dense fog in the Clyde and adverse winds prevented him from arriving in time for the festival. Nevertheless he visited the bishops, and being unable to obtain, in the west of Ireland, as any other conveyance than a jaunting car, he was obliged to keep his bed for nearly a fortnight. From Dublin he went to Armagh and remained a short time with the Catholic Primate. He then accepted the invitation of the Earl of Gosford, at his mansion, Gosford Castle, near Market Hill, Armagh, where under the roof of that kind hearted nobleman, he appeared to have recovered entirely. The Earl of Gosford, it may be mentioned incidentally, was Governor General of Canada from 1835 to 1838, and immediately preceded the Earl of Durham. Lord Gosford's return from Canada was signalled by a curious episode, which some of our readers may remember: The Pique frigate, in which he had embarked, lost its rudder in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and was steered across the Atlantic by a gun carriage, rigged for that purpose. The following narrative of the bishop's last illness, as communicated by the Rev. Dr. Davidson, of Ottawa, then an inmate of the Mission House at Dumfries, Scotland: "According to my recollection, the Bishop came to Dumfries, convalescent, from Lord Gosford's, in Ireland, where he had been most kindly treated; I may say nursed, by the family of the good ex-Governor of Canada. What made the journey difficult and painful was the circumstance that he had been obliged to come by the way from Port Patrick to Dumfries, outside the stage, the inner places having been previously engaged. It was a Saturday afternoon when he reached Dumfries, a cold Scotch rain having fallen upon him at the time of his slow journey of from seventy to eighty miles. This did not improve his health. He complained of fatigue and would not leave the hotel where he was set down till next morning, when he came to the mission house, and was able to call on Mr. Reid, assisted by the venerable Mr. Reid. Unwilling to leave him alone at the hotel, we, that is, Mr. Reid and I, resolved ourselves into a committee of the whole and decided that I should go to spend the evening with him at the hotel. He was cheerful and conversed a great deal, not forgetting to hold out every inducement for me to go with him to Canada. I could not then consent, but if he had lived a few weeks longer, it is possible that my destinies might have been changed. Next day Colonel Sir Wm. Gordon, a devoted friend of the Bishop, invited me to walk with him. The conversation chiefly turned on Canada, and he urged on me the propriety of complying with the Bishop's request, that I should devote myself to that interesting country. It was not, however, till after long services in my native land, that I decided on coming to this new world. The Bishop continued to improve well, although we knew that he was not, as he could not go out without using a respirator. On the Monday evening Mr. Reid remained in his room, conversing with him, until about eleven o'clock. About four next morning he called his name, but he not hearing, the housekeeper approached his room, and dreading all was not right, entered. He asked for an additional blanket and that the fire should be stirred up. The blanket was speedily supplied and the housekeeper hastened to inform Mr. Reid of the state of matters. He lost no time in coming to the Bishop, and fortunately he was in time to administer the last sacrament. I was next alarmed, and I found Mr. Reid sitting in his canonicals, by the bishop's bedside. The latter was passing away so quietly, in perfect peace, that we could not tell whether the vital spark had flown; nor was it until the next day that we were informed of his death. I then hastened to the hotel where his friend, Sir William Gordon, was staying. The latter came promptly, and arriving in the bishop's room threw himself into a chair and wept. There was no funeral at Dumfries; the remains were conveyed at once to Edinburgh. Bishop Gillis, with the full consent of the senior bishop, had every thing arranged in the grandest style. Since the days of Scotland's royalty, so magnificent a funeral had not been seen at Edinburgh. All that was mortal of the renowned bishop was deposited in the crypt of St. Margaret's Convent chapel. I may mention that on the Tuesday forenoon, Captain Lyon of Kirkcubright, the husband of Miss Dickson, who was a ward of the bishop's, called at the Mission House in order to see that all were ready to attend the dinner he was to give next day, at his beautiful seat, in honor of the late bishop. We were all to rejoice, along with the neighboring County gentlemen, on the occasion of Bishop Macdonell's return to Scotland, but he was bidden to another banquet. You may conceive Capt. Lyon's surprise and disappointment."

On the arrival at Kingston of the melancholy intelligence, a solemn requiem mass was sung by Bishop Gaunt, who took formal possession of the See on Pascha Sunday, 1840. The funeral oration on the deceased pontiff was pronounced from the text, "Beati mortui," etc., by the bishop's old friend and Vicar-General, Mr. W. P. Macdonell. The requiem was attended by all the clergy of the diocese, which comprised the entire Province of Canada West. Several priests from abroad also assisted, among whom was the Rev.

D. W. Bacon, parish priest of Ogdensburg, fellow student with the writer at Montreal College in 1830 and in 1855 first Bishop of Portland in the State of Maine. The bishop's knell was tolled on the historic bell of St. Joseph's, by the veteran, Thomas Cuddihy, who had been bill-fitter and grave digger from time immemorial, and whose frame, bent by constant and honorable toil, had assumed very nearly the shape of a hoop. The successors of Bishop Macdonell, in the see of Kingston, always cherished the intention of bringing the remains to Canada, for interment with suitable honors in the Cathedral of his diocese, where, by right, the remains of a Bishop should always be deposited. Bishop Phelan, who built the present Cathedral, pointed out to the writer the spot where the interment should be made, but he was not spared to carry out his intentions. It was not till 1861, during the Episcopate of Bishop Nolan, that the remains took place. Bishop Hran in the State of Maine, was cordially received by the Vicar Apostolic of the Eastern District of Scotland, the Right Rev. James Gillis, who gave him every facility for the accomplishment of his mission. Of Scottish extraction, Bishop Gillis was a native of Montreal, and was at one time spoken of as coadjutor to Bishop Macdonell. The funeral cortege arrived at Kingston on the 25th September. On the following day a solemn requiem mass having been celebrated by Bishop Hran, and a panegyric pronounced by the Rev. Mr. Bentley, of Montreal, the earthly remains of the much loved and venerated prelate were consigned to their last resting place, in the land of his adoption, among the people whom he so loved and cared for, and among whom he had spent the greater part of his active, laborious and self-sacrificing life.

From one of the secular papers of the day (the *British Whig*) we extract the following notice:—"Of the individuals who have passed away in us during the last twenty-five years, and who have taken an interest in the advancement and prosperity of Canada West, no one probably has won for himself in so great a degree the esteem of all classes of his fellow citizens as the late Bishop Macdonell. Arriving in Canada at an early period of the present century, at a time when toil, privations, and difficulties inseparable from life in a new country, awaited the zealous missionary as well as the hardy emigrant, he devoted himself in a noble spirit of self-sacrifice, and with untiring energy, to the duties of his sacred calling, to the amelioration of the condition of those entrusted to his spiritual care. In him they found a friend and counselor; to them he endeared himself through his unbounded benevolence, and greatness of soul. Moving among all classes and creeds, with a mind unbiassed by religious prejudices, taking an interest in all that tended to develop the resources or aided the general prosperity of the country, he acquired a popularity still memorable, and obtained over the minds of his fellow-citizens an influence only equalled by their esteem and respect for him. The ripe scholar, the polished gentleman, the learned divine, his many estimable qualities recommended him to the notice of the Court of Rome; and he was elevated to the dignity of a Bishop of the Catholic Church. The position made no change in the man; he remained still the zealous missionary, the indefatigable pastor. His loyalty to the British Crown was never surpassed; when the interests of the Empire were either assailed or jeopardized on this continent, he stood forth their bold advocate; by word and deed he proved how sincere was his attachment to British institutions; and infused into the hearts of his fellow countrymen and others an equal enthusiasm for their preservation and maintenance. Indeed, his noble conduct on several occasions tended so much to the preservation of loyalty that it drew from the highest authorities repeated expressions of thanks and gratitude. As a member of the Legislative Council of Upper Canada, his active mind, strengthened by experience acquired by constant associations with all classes, enabled him to suggest many things most beneficial to the best interests of the country and the peace and harmony of its inhabitants. "If we have refrained from noticing some of the most trying difficulties of the Bishop's Episcopal career, it has been simply because we did not wish to revive at this remote day, the recollection of unpleasant events better buried in oblivion—the actors therein having long since gone to their account, before that tribunal from which there is no appeal. Like St. Paul, the Bishop encountered "perils in journeyings, perils on rivers, perils from the sea, perils from the wild beasts, perils in the city, perils in the wilderness, perils in the sea," and, ranked by the great apostle as the climax and most trying of all, "perils from false brethren." We may be permitted to conclude these desultory reminiscences of a well spent life, with the words of the Wise Man, applied by the Church to a Confessor Pontiff:—"Blessed a great priest who in his days possessed God, therefore did the Lord make him great among His people."

THE END.

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A Postmaster's Opinion. "I have great pleasure in certifying to the usefulness of Haggard's Yellow Oil," writes Dr. Kavanagh, postmaster, of Unfraville, Ont., "having used it for soreness of the throat, burns, colds, etc., I find nothing equal to it."

ST. ANTONY'S ANSWER.

OR A MISSIONARY'S THOUGHTS ON A HUNTING EXPEDITION.

The following incident was related to me by a Jesuit missionary, one of the few survivors of a band of thirty-two who, seven years ago, penetrated to the interior Africa.

"Father, what shall we have for supper?" "What have you, Brother?" said the priest. "Nothing," was the answer. "Well, then," replied the other, with a smile, "we shall have nothing, I suppose." "But, Father, that will not do," objected his companion; "to-morrow will be a fast-day and if we eat nothing to-night we shall be faint to-morrow."

The good Father accordingly started on his hunting expedition, and walked for half an hour or more, the dogs exploring every possible covert, but in vain. Up hill and down dale they went, until at length the priest said mentally, "Ah! St. Antony, I fear you have nothing for us to-night."

Just then the dogs stopped at a clump of trees some distance ahead, and with tails outstretched and heads lowered, indicated by quick, sharp barking that they had scented something. The priest raised his gun and fired—once, twice. The expected prize failed to take alarm. Nothing even stirred among the trees. Approaching the spot, and peering through the bushes, he saw extended on the ground a human foot without toes, and looking farther, a human hand without fingers. He knew then that the man before him was a leper.

"How long does it take you to go to the stream for your drink of water?" asked the priest. "I start in the morning and it takes me until mid-day; but I rest frequently by the way," he replied. "Do you know who I am?" "You are from the mission over the hill, where I see the smoke curl upward every morning."

"How do you know this?" "I know that no one but the white missionary would come near and speak to me as you have done." The priest soon learned that the poor sufferer knew nothing of the Christian religion; he told him that there was even a prospect of happiness for him; he spoke of the joys of heaven, so easy to be won by the afflicted who bear their sorrows patiently, and prepared his heart for the hope and consolations of our holy faith. Before leaving he said: "Will you not try to come to us at the mission? It may take you several days, but when you are once there we will take good care of you." The man's face lighted up, and he promised to do his best to accomplish the journey.

As he hastened back to his home—for it was late—the missionary's thoughts wandered far from the object of his hunting expedition. Suddenly he was roused by his reverie by the barking of his dogs. Following the sound, he described in the soft twilight a magnificent antelope some distance ahead. He fired at once, and the animal fell. "Ah! St. Antony, you were right, you now let me thank you!" ejaculated the priest. He stripped the animal of its hide, and, separating one of the quarters from the body, he carried it back to Scapers, whose gratitude was touching.

A few days later the leper arrived at the mission, and was presently installed in a small stone house which the Fathers had built for him. At the door way were placed two large, smooth stones—one to serve as a seat for Scapers himself, the other for the priest who would instruct him in the truths of our holy religion. In the course of time an improvement was made on Scapers's premises. A high stone wall was built, and just beyond it on many a bright afternoon may be seen assembled a class of little African children, who come to learn the Catechism. Their instructor, who stands on the other side of the wall, is no other than Scapers himself. He devotes now a noble work of teaching the children of the natives, thus affording a striking illustration of the truth of those beautiful words: "Even the discord in one soul may make a river's music roll From out the great, harmonious whole."

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DEATH OF MR. MARTIN DOWSLEY, OF PEMBROKE.

Pembroke Observer, Nov. 18.

It is our painful duty in this issue to record the death of one of our oldest and best known citizens, Mr. Martin Dowsley, esq., which event occurred at his residence, Main street, at three o'clock, p. m., Tuesday, Nov. 15th. Mr. Dowsley was a native of the town of New Ross, County Wexford, Ireland. Leaving Ireland in 1851, he, along with his family, sailed for Quebec, and on arriving at that port went hence to New York, where his son Samuel, now present town of Summers, then a young man of sixteen, was apprenticed in the ornamental plastering shops of the then far-famed P. N. Foley. After two months sojourn in New York the late Mr. Dowsley, string of that city, returned again to Ireland with his wife and three daughters, but again returned to New York in the month of May of the next year, 1852, residing there for a short time he came to Canada, arriving in Ottawa in September of the above year. Shortly after arriving he contracted with the late Mr. John Supple for the plastering of the latter's new stone residence. On the completion of this work he was engaged by Mr. Wm. Moffat for the plastering of his new brick dwelling house. It was chiefly through Mr. Moffat's well-known kindness and persuasion to him that made him settle for his future home in Pembroke, where the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Moffat to him and family always drew from him his most profound gratitude.

The deceased worked in the building line, and was the pioneer contractor of the town, and also filled the municipal offices of Collector, Assessor and Treasurer. He was always in favor of the improvement of the town, and never grumbled about his taxes, no matter how high they were. Two of his latest wishes were that he might live to see the completion of the new bridge and post office. He was also an ardent lover of Ireland, viewing with intense interest the least item of news from the old country, and many times expressed a hope to soon see Ireland again herself. He was one of the founders of the St. Patrick's Society of this town, and as a member ranked among the highest officers of it. As a mark of respect to their late member the society attended the funeral in a body with draped blades, headed by the H. & L. Band, playing the Dead March in Saul. The requiem mass and service were sung in the cathedral by the Rev. B. J. Kiernan. Messrs. Wm. Moffat, A. Irving, M. O'Driscoll, M. Gorman, A. Foster and M. Howe acted as pall bearers. The funeral was followed to the R. G. cemetery by one of the largest concourses of people ever seen in this vicinity. Mr. Dowsley was aged 80 years.

At a meeting of the St. Patrick's Literary Association of this town the following resolution was unanimously passed:—"We, the St. Patrick's Literary Association of the town of Pembroke in council assembled, having heard with regret of the demise of Mr. Martin Dowsley, esq., one of our members, and while bowing in obedience to the will of Divine Providence, be it resolved: 1. That we feel deeply the loss of Mr. Dowsley, one of our founders and oldest members. 2. That we extend to our late member's family our condolence and heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of grief. 3. That these resolutions be endorsed by the president and secretary and forwarded to the late Mr. Dowsley's family, and that the same be inserted in the Pembroke Observer, CATHOLIC RECORD and other Catholic newspapers. JOHN RYAN, JR., JAS. P. SARGFIELD, Secy. Secretary, President, Tuesday, Nov. 15th, 1887.

Dr. Brownson and Daniel Webster.

I once heard Dr. Brownson say that he and Daniel Webster, with whom he was well acquainted, happened to meet in a Boston book-store. Brownson picked up a book and began looking through it. Webster glanced at it and saw that it was a defence of the Catholic religion. "Take care," said the statesman to the philosopher, "how you examine the Catholic Church, unless you are willing to become a Catholic, for their doctrines are logical." How little appreciation of the philosophic mind did that remark reveal! Webster was an honest man and I have always believed that he was upright and faithful to conscience in his public life. But Brownson's position was just what he was warned against: to find doctrines that were logical; in comparison with that all was worthless. "I did not," he says in the *Convent*, "value reputation for its own sake—I have never done so. * * * It cost me not a pang to throw all away on becoming a Catholic, and to be regarded as henceforth of no account by my non-Catholic countrymen, as I did not doubt, I should be. It was something else than reputation worth living for." And a few lines below he states what it was that made his life worth living, what was the residuum of contentment after every one of his great mental struggles: "I had one principle, and only one, to which since throwing up Universalism I had been faithful, a principle for which I had made some sacrifices—that of following my own honest convictions, whatever they should lead me." This sentence should be put on his monument.—From Dr. Brownson's *Road to the Church*, by Very Rev. I. T. Hecker, in the *Catholic World* for October.

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