

## A COUPLE OF DAYS IN PETERBORO'

One finds the town of Peterborough particularly interesting, in view of the fact that it is the scene of the first settlement of any importance in Upper Canada. Four hundred and fifteen families, under the direct supervision of the Hon. Peter Robinson, were brought out from Ireland, given free grants of land in Peterborough and vicinity, and all necessary aid to settle in the country.

There were already scattered through the country some five hundred families, who had taken up land prior to 1825, the date of the Irish immigration, and since '818; but the real foundation of the prosperity of Peterborough dates from the arrival of the Robinson immigrants. In grateful recognition of the services of their benefactor, the name Peterborough was substituted for that of Scott's Plains—the original name of the present town's site.

The first cry of the homesick immigrants—the superstitious, ignorant Irish, as their enemies delight to mis-call them—was for priest and teacher. Upon the first visit of the Governor, Sir Peregrine Maitland, in 1820, after expressing their gratitude for what had already been done for them, and their loyalty—their willingness to fight, if necessary, for the land of their adoption—they petitioned earnestly for a priest and for a teacher. Shortly afterwards they were favored by a priest, Father Ahearn, and Mass was celebrated in a log house situated on the corner of George and Charlotte streets.

Peterborough at that time formed part of the diocese of Kingston. In 1826 this diocese (Kingston) included the whole of the present Province of Ontario.

From 1826 to our day what wonderful progress in our own province, so distinctly Protestant, has the Church made! The old Kingston diocese has been sub-divided into eight Dioceses, of which Peterborough is one. The straggling, scattered mission has become the centre of a prospering diocese, comprising the counties of Peterborough, Victoria, Northumberland, Durham, and the Districts of Algoma, Muskoka and Parry Sound, with many substantial churches, efficient schools, hospitals, convents, and a steadily increasing, well-to-do, intelligent population. In the town of Peterborough proper, out of a total population of about 11,000, nearly one-third is Catholic. A great many are engaged in business, such names as Kelly, Sullivan, Delaney, Phelan, Dolan, Lynch, McFadden, sufficiently showing the faith and nationality of the owners. One of the best known and most popular dry goods men in the town is Mr. Thomas Kelly—for the last fourteen years a member of the Town Council. Mr. T. Cahill, Inspector of Weights and Measures, has been even longer in the Council, his years there numbering now nineteen. Mr. Bernard Morrow, Registrar of the County, was formerly in business, having purchased Mr. Wm. Harty's place when he left Peterborough. The latter gentleman has been so identified with Kingston, that it is forgotten sometimes that he began his successful career in the "Plato Glass City." The Clerk of the Court is Mr. John Maloney.

There are a number of French Catholics. A French priest, until lately, attended their spiritual wants. Father Kelly looks after them now, and preaches a French sermon after the eight o'clock Mass, which is said by the Bishop every Sunday morning.

Father Ahearn was succeeded by Father Crowley, who ministered faithfully to the needs of a suffering and grateful people during the scourge of fever that worked such havoc in the early days of the settlement. With the devotion and self-sacrifice that characterize the Catholic priest, he labored untiringly among the stricken

people, ever ready with words of comfort and sympathy for all the afflicted, irrespective of creed or nationality.

Mr. in Father Crowley's time was celebrated in a log house on Water street, the priest lived in another of the same kind near by. But this temporary building was burned down and then the Court House a rather pretentious name for the structure of that day, as it was but a small log hut—served as a church. It stood on the site of the present fine Court House building. A further change was made, this time to a Church—a frame one on Little Hunter street. This church was burned down in 1834, and the following year work was begun on what is now the cathedral—the site of the burnt church having been sold, and a grant of land from the Government obtained, on a part of which—the lot facing Hunter street—it was decided to erect the new church. Unfortunately, in the first that swept away the old frame church, all the interesting records, etc., were destroyed. One meets the names of Father O'Mara in 1833 and Father Bonnett in 1834, though Father Crowley was the resident priest in Peterborough till 1834.

The new church was built under the regime of Father Butler. He took charge of the parish in 1834, and after nineteen years of labor died, and was buried in the church he founded.

The church was built entirely of stone and cost \$12,000. It contained the first bell brought to Peterborough a gift from Bishop Macdonnell, and one of three cast in Spain some two hundred years ago, and containing a large proportion of silver. The Angelus has ever since faithfully rung out.

Father Butler was succeeded by Father Farrelly, and he by Father Kelly. Father Lynch, who was for ten years in Peterborough, followed Father Kelly, and he was succeeded by Father Conway who was most energetic in forwarding the church improvements.

When Peterborough was erected into a diocese in 1852, and Bishop Jamot consecrated first Bishop of the new diocese, the church became the Bishop's church, and a considerable sum, nearly \$40,000, has been expended in enlarging and beautifying it since it became the Cathedral. New abutments, tower and spire were added—a transept and sacristy, and all the exterior repointed. The interior of the church is rather disappointing; one cannot but be troubled by the unbroken line of wall in front of him—bare but for a few pictures, the Crucifixion, St. Peter in Chains, the Sacred Heart. It is to St. Peter in chains the cathedral is dedicated. These pictures, the Stations of the Cross, and some others, were purchased by Bishop Jamot and framed by different members of the congregation. Certainly, should the church be frescoed, the genius of the painter will have scope in creating an adornment that will make the dreary wall-space vanish. There are galleries at both sides and at the end, where the organ—a large one that cost \$1,600—and the choir are located. The windows are of stained glass; the pews are old-fashioned enough to be most uncomfortable. A very large vestry is at the rear of the church, and on week days in winter Mass is celebrated there. It served as a church when the repairs were being carried through. It has been suggested to build out into the sacristy a recess for the altar. This would certainly be an improvement. There are no altars in the church except the High Altar; the ceiling is low and plastered, and not at all in keeping with the gothic pointed windows. But the ceiling is not the only thing out of harmony; the pulpit is rather embarrassing also in its peculiar style.

The situation of the church is fine. It stands on quite a hill in the western

part of the town, and the grounds are very neatly laid out and fenced, forming indeed quite a pleasant square. The details were carried out in Bishop Dowling's time, and the present pro-bytery and palace were added in his time also. A latticed piazza connects the two houses and electric bells can summon from one house to another.

I was struck with the comfortable, home-like appearance of both residences when I called, and the convenience of the bells was soon exemplified. I was presented to his Lordship Bishop O'Connor, and found him, in the kindly simplicity of his manner, in his apostolic zeal for the welfare of his people, a worthy successor of Peterborough's first dearly-beloved Bishop, Bishop Jamot. I had not visited the new hospital, and became interested in some details concerning the aged poor that the Bishop was explaining to a generous benefactor of the hospital. I was rude enough and curious enough to interrupt and ask: "Who and what are the aged poor under discussion?" I was surprised at the reply that there was a House of Providence in connection with the hospital—the old women in the hospital proper, and the old men in a sort of temporary annex, and numbering at present 35. "And how did you gather in so many in such short space?" "O they came from Toronto." "Toronto! how is that?" "Well, you see they heard our hospital was not crowded, and sent to our care all the old men and old women, over forty in number, who had been sent from our district to the Toronto institution." "But how could they?" "Well, our hospital required funds; these funds must be collected from our people, and solicitations of help for institutions outside the diocese were not welcome, and so—" "But why did not you temporize—make some arrangement?" "Our poor were on the train when advice of their coming was sent us, and nothing could be done but send to the station to meet them and manage as best we could to shelter them." "Ah! now I understand a little how your house has of late been somewhat of an orphan asylum." I remark to the generous benefactor, who had seemed to me of late as possessed with a strong sense of her duty towards poor orphans. I could not but laugh heartily at the summary return of Peterborough's poor to her bosom, but I was alone in my enjoyment. The dismay and embarrassment at the unexpected arrival of some forty infirm old men and women, not to mention a few straggling orphans, had not yet passed away.

When we were taking our leave of his Lordship the Angelus Bell rang. The Bishop quietly kneels, and I share in the distinguished honor of answering that time-honored and profoundly Catholic prayer, as it is repeated impressively and devoutly by the Bishop.

As might be expected I found the Catholics of Peterborough very enthusiastic over their hospital, and their opinion of efficiency and its advantages is endorsed by outsiders. It was a pet idea of Bishop Jamot's, and the founding and liberal endowment of the Nicholl's Hospital, avowedly Protestant to the complete exclusion of Catholics, either as patients or attendants, gave good reason for hastening the building of St. Joseph's Hospital. The liberal lines of the Catholic Hospital, its freedom from all narrowness and bigotry, the sympathetic and kindly attention of its nurses—the good Sisters of St. Joseph—have commended it to all creeds and classes. The location is admirable. From the commanding eminence the institution occupies in the adjacent village of Ashburnham one sees the town of Peterborough picturesquely scattered up and down the surrounding hills, while the much-curved Otomaboe

rushes rapidly in its tortuous way around and through the town. A pretty view of Little Lake is disclosed from the southern windows, and the balconies with southern exposure must be most inviting in pleasant weather, as well as most health-giving. The Mother Superior tells me how much the old women love to sit and rock out here, and what gossiping and knitting and praying all at once are indulged in, till I wish it might be summer that I could see the contented groups, picturesque enough in their old age to animate a southern landscape. The convalescent sick can be wheeled out into the open air, as the balconies are on each storey. The surrounding hospital grounds are extensive; they contain six and a half acres. Nature has done much for them, and continued cultivation is improving them. The successful church picnics are held now in this delightful spot.

I find the different wards of the hospital airy, well-lit and scrupulously clean. The top storey, which was meant originally for contagious diseases, has been given up to shelter the infirm old women; so there is no accommodation now for that class of sick. The rooms for private patients, twelve in number, seemed to be unusually large, and if sickness must come, in no place could one be better prepared to meet it. All modern conveniences have been introduced into the hospital. I was delighted with the Dispensary; it is one of the most complete and best equipped I have seen. The Medical Superintendent, Dr. McGrath, seemed justly proud of it. A formidable array of instruments take up one-half the wall-space; the remainder is devoted to the different drugs. The room itself is sunny and cheerful. The Sister in charge of this department is known as a most skillful dispenser, possessing a most intimate knowledge of the properties of the drugs in her charge. She had studied the dispensing in the Hotel Dieu, Kingston. I see the Hospital Books here and glance through them. They show that two hundred and sixty-eight patients have received treatment. The same books, in their very much abbreviated history of each patient and case, bear witness to the cosmopolitan character of the institution, and give plenty of food for reflection on the many ills our flesh is heir to. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Babel Sacrificed.

The ruins of the tower of Babel have been made to serve as a pedestal for a statue of the Blessed Virgin. The ruins from a hill, at the highest point of which a portion of the ancient wall still remains standing, having resisted up to this all the ravages of time. The superior of the Carmelite Missionaries of Bagdad, after offering the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, placed the statue on the highest point of the wall. It stands in such a manner that it cannot be seen from the base of the tower, but only at a considerable distance. It is very small in proportion to the elevation, and it is necessary to be aware of its presence in order to recognize it.

## A Complicated Case.

DEAR SIRS—I was troubled with biliousness, headache and loss of appetite. I could not rest at night, and was very weak, but after using three bottles of B. B. B. my appetite is good and I am better than for years past. I would not now be without B. B. B., and am also giving it to my children. MRS. WALTER BURNS, Maitland, N. S.

A Simple way to help Poor Catholic Missions. Save all cancelled postage stamps of every kind and country and send them to Rev. P. M. Barral, Hammonden, New Jersey. Give at once your address, and you will receive with the necessary explanation a nice Souvenir of Hammonden Missions.

## McKee's Kere.

Watson's cough drops will give positive and instant relief to those suffering from cough, hoarseness, sore throat, etc., and are invaluable to orators and vocalists. It is stamped on each drop. Try them.