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Daniel was young then, he would carry him part of the way. I was too young to go. The first mass I was ever at was in the Old Court House. My mother took me with her. William street was not opened then, for waggons. There was a fallen tree across the creek where the Matting Factory Bridge is now. It was flattened on top so we could walk over. It was a long journey for me. I was tired and during mass I fell asleep, so I heard my father tell. He tried to waken me, the priest saw him and shook his head to let me sleep. The Hon. H. Ruttan was the Sheriff, and he always allowed my father to have mass in the Court House. Thos. Burke, I think, was the gaoler then and Mrs. Burke lent a table to serve as an altar. The Catholics began to settle here and they were anxious to have a priest. My father went to Kingston to see Bishop Goulin and try and get him to send a priest here. Vicar General McDonald was in the room and he said, "You could not support a priest in Cobourg." My father said, "We can support a priest if I have to keep him in my own house" The Bishop said, "You will have a priest," and he sent Father Kernan. As he had to say mass in private houses, Father Kernan and my father started to build a church. I say my father, as there was no one else that could help at that time. They picked out the place where the old church was on the land owned by the Hon. H. Ruttan and the Hon. Zachaes Burnham. These two honorable gentlemen each gave half an acre of land for the church and on that acre the church was built. I recollect the first funeral that was there. Sergeant Ward, who had taught school in Cobourg for some time, died in Haldimand. I was about four years old at that time. My brother Daniel and I were playing on the street when the funeral passed and we followed to the grave. My father showed them where to make the grave, on the northeast corner. There was no fence on the lot then. I mind it well. I had neither hat nor boots on. They started to raise the funds to build the church. The Catholics were few and not very rich; they had to appeal to their Protestant friends, and they helped them well, especially the Church of England people. There was not a Scotchman who gave anything except the postmaster, Thomas Scott, who was postmaster for a number of