

NOT for my own glory, but in justice to some of the early settlers in this neighborhood, I am going to write some things I have seen and some things I have heard, which I know to be true, and, in doing so, will have little regard for literary style, but very great regard for the exact truth.

Cobourg, February, 1918.

My father and mother left Ireland in June, 1832, from Belfast in a sailing ship (no steamships in those days), were thirteen weeks and three days from Belfast to Quebec; twenty-seven died from cholera, one young sailor was drowned. They stayed the first year in Huntington and in 1833 came to Cobourg. I was born on the 17th of May, 1834. When my father came to Cobourg, the Rev. A. N. Bethune was pastor of the English church here at that time. My father met him on the street one day and knowing him to be a stranger Mr. Bethune asked him where he was from and what was his religion. My father told him he was from Ireland and that he was a Catholic. Mr. Bethune said he knew there were some Catholics here but my father was the first to say he was a Catholic. There was no Catholic church or priest here then; the nearest priests were Father Butler of Peterboro, Father Brennan of Belleville and Father Lawlor of Picton. Father Butler came to Cobourg every six months and had mass here, and the same at Port Hope, that is, in three months he had mass in Port Hope and the next three months at Cobourg. Father Butler would write to my father when he was coming and my father would notify all the Catholics in Cobourg and Haldimand—no buggies or carriages in those days, just lumber waggons. Some times my father would walk to Port Hope when mass was there and take Charles, John and Daniel with him, and, as