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REMINISCENCES

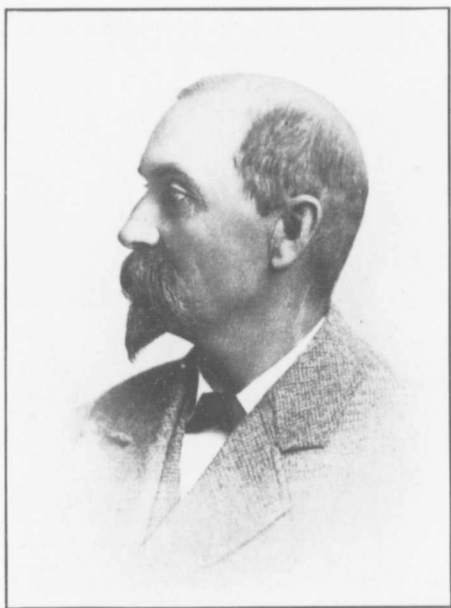
OF

COBOURG

44

BY BERNARD McALLISTER





BERNARD McALLISTER.

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

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

years, and helped liberally. Mr. Solomon, who owned the pine woods north of Cobourg, gave them liberty to take all the timber they wanted. William Stott, I think, gave the cedar posts to fence the lot. I believe the work was done by day work—no contract. I know my father made the front door. He had trouble getting seasoned lumber. He heard that Asa A. Burnham had some, he went to Mr. Burnham and told him what he wanted (my father has told us often). Mr. Burnham pointed to a barn across the road and said, "Go over to that barn, you will find some lumber there, take all you want." My father said it was the very best of lumber and he made the door for the church out of it. He often spoke of Mr. Burnham's goodness and honesty, in fact he thought no man as good as Asa A. Burnham. I recollect the first visit Bishop Goulin made to Cobourg. My brother John was down doing some chores for Father Kernan and I was with him. Father Kernan lived in a house on King street owned by Nathaniel Horton, west of where the Balmoral Hotel is now. John brought me in to get the Bishop's blessing. He told me what I was to do, but when I went in, I went on my knees beside the Bishop and said, "I ask your Lordship's pardon." The young priest who was with the Bishop and Father Kernan smiled. The Bishop shook his head, I saw it, he put his hand on my head and said, "God bless you, my boy," and gave me his blessing. Years after when Bishop Goulin got too old, Bishop Phelan was appointed to assist him, but Bishop Goulin thought he still had to look after the Diocese and he started out alone with a one-horse pheaton to drive to Cobourg. Father Timlin was digging a post-hole when he arrived at Cobourg. Father Timlin had his coat off, the Bishop thought he was the hired man and called him to take his horse (Father Timlin told us after). The Bishop had a good laugh when he saw Father Timlin come out of the post-hole. My father had potatoes in a field of Ruttan's close by and was digging them, and I was helping. Father Timlin called me, he wanted me to go for some groceries as he had no boy at that time. When I went over, the Bishop was sitting on the varandah on the south side of the house. Father Timlin told me to go up and

get the Bishop's blessing. I did so, got his blessing on his first visit and on his last visit.

Father Kernan was accidentally killed by being thrown out of his two-wheeled gig, which came against the hub of a lumber waggon going down a hill. Mr. James Hutton, who kept a store in Lindsay at that time, and Mrs. Hutton were going to Toronto for goods and put up at a tavern (I think it was Gate's). They heard some groaning and asked what it meant. They were told that it was a Catholic priest who had been thrown out of his gig. They went to his room and Mrs. Hutton did all that could be done for him, but he died that night and was buried in Toronto.

After the church was built Father Kernan asked my father to promise that if he (Father Kernan) died before my father that he would have him buried behind the altar of his own little church. To fulfil that promise my father went to Toronto, went to Bishop Power, the first Catholic Bishop of Toronto. The Bishop objected to have the body removed, but finally gave his consent, if the city authorities would allow it. My father went to the Mayor. I think it was Henry Sherwood who was Mayor at that time. He gave permission and my father had the body removed and brought to Cobourg by steamboat and buried where Father Kernan had wished, and I was there and saw him buried. My father died on the 12th of September, 1858. I had a dream one night after my father died. I thought I was in the old churchyard and about the middle of it there was a grave open, the coffin bare, and Father Kernan lying on it. I helped him out. He had on a black frock coat, and the pants were black and green plaid. I knew he was dead. I asked him if he had seen my father or where was he. He said "Your father will be in Heaven in seventeen days." I calculated the seventeen days would bring it to 12th December, just three months after my father died.

Now I will tell some thing that was no dream. Father Timlin and my father had many talks together, amongst others about death. They agreed that which ever died first would, if possible, tell the other

how things were in the other world. During my father's last illness, Father Timlin came every day to see him. He told my brother Daniel to come and tell him as soon as my father died, let it be day or night. My father died about 1 o'clock at night. Daniel went to Father Timlin's to his bedroom window. Father Timlin heard him and called out, "Is that you, Dan." Dan said, "Yes." Father Timlin said, "Your Father is dead." Dan said "Yes." Father Timlin said, "I know it, I heard him at the window. I knew his voice. he said, 'All is well.' " This is true, I have heard Father Timlin tell it more than once.

In the fall of 1853 we moved to the house I live in now on William street. I think it was in July 1854 the church was burned. Dan and I slept together. Dan was up and in the front room, he woke me up, he said the church was on fire. I got up and put on some clothes as quickly as I could and ran. When I got to the church it was all in flames. I met Father Timlin coming out of the vestry. He had, I think, an armful of the altar boys' surplices. He said, "Oh, if I could get that box out." It was on the north side of the altar, the entrance was on the south side. I rushed in, the church was all in flames inside. I got as far as the front of the altar, but could not bear the heat. I had a cap on and all the hair outside the cap was burned off, and skin blistered. The box or press contained all the vestments and everything belonging to the altar, and I knew that I could not take it out alone. When I got out the roof of the stable was on fire. John Craig was there, he and I got the cutter and other things out. The horse and cow were out in the pasture.

A. J. Van Ingen was in the Customs with my brother Daniel some time after. He told my brother who burnt the church. They were two young fellows who were going home from the Orange Lodge. He told their names. I knew them well. The Orangemen were not responsible for the deed, although some of them were not sorry to see it go.

I had four brothers, Charles, John, Daniel and Andrew. Charles was the eldest. He learned his

trade with a man named Helm (father of the late John Helm of Port Hope) as a machinist and was a first-class workman, none better, could always get the highest wages, but would spend it as fast as he got it. He got married when about twenty years of age. John was a good mechanic, too, and saved his money. Daniel learned the printing business with H. J. Ruttan, who was editor and owner of "The Cobourg Star." Andrew was Collector of Inland Revenue at Belleville where he died. I was the fourth son of my father. I have always stayed at home, and since I have been able I have done all the work about the house. When Daniel had learned his trade or profession he bought a lot from H. J. Ruttan on William street and started to build on it. My father was a millright and a good carpenter, and did all the fine work, made the doors. I helped with the rough work and was in my teens then. I dug most of the cellar and helped my father to dig the well and put the pump in, and the drain from the cellar. My father made pumps and I worked with him making and repairing them, and after he died I continued the same work for some time. My brother Daniel had a habit of running accounts and neglecting to settle them. He bought a young mare at a sale, paid with a note. My father kept the mare, raised two colts out of her. This note with bills which Daniel had run for material for the house, &c., amounting to some hundreds of dollars, he could not pay. He had to appeal to John, who would not let him have the money until he got a deed of the property. Daniel gave John a deed; the deed says eighteen hundred dollars, but Daniel got only eight hundred. John furnished most of the lumber for the house, which I suppose he valued at a thousand. John took the mare, the two colts and an old waggon and other things and sold them. There was a mortgage on a farm of John's. Andrew bought the mortgage and when he died the mortgage amounted to over nine hundred dollars. Andrew often said that John should give me a deed of the place. I said no, if he gives a deed let him give it to Annie. I told this to John after Andrew died. Annie was dead now. He said he would give the deed to me, as there was no one that had a better right to it. I have spent a great deal more on the house than the whole place is worth to-day. There were only two

in our family who were in any way selfish, John and Daniel. John died like a saint, he suffered mentally and physically, in body and mind for some years before he died, and tried to make amends for any faults he might have committed. The last time Andrew was home he told me he would have to make a new will; since Annie had died he would leave every thing to me. He said the mortgage he held against Daniel he would give him, and he thought that would be his share, but Andrew died before he changed his will, which was made in favor of Annie, Daniel and myself. John was not mentioned in the will, but as Andrew had tried hard to get a better house for John to live in, I carried out his wish, and told his boys to get a plan of the house and have it built and I would pay for putting the house up. I told Daniel what the house would cost. They gave the contract to Redpath. The price on the contract was eighteen hundred and forty dollars, which I have paid and got the receipts. Daniel said it was too much, a cheaper house would do. I told him the contract was let. He said he was the first named executor of Andrew's will. I said the house will be built if I have to pay for it myself. It is built and paid for, and a mortgage on the farm, nine hundred and seven dollars and twenty-six cents, and this is not all I paid. Now I have been tempted to say a word on my own behalf as my own nephews have told me that they do not thank me for anything that I have done, it was Uncle Andrew's money. I did not want to take any credit from Andrew as to the house that was built for John, the money came from Andrew, and I asked them to call the house "Andrevilla," so that they might remember him, and ask the good God to have mercy on him, but I have been told that the name was not nice enough, and they have changed it, but I forgive them—they did not know any better. I never knew of my father taking or asking for any money earned by any of his children. I worked with my father from the time I was able until he died, making and mending pumps, and I continued after he died until I went to work on railroads. I first worked on Cobourg & Peterboro and lost over one hundred dollars wages when Boulton had the road, I then worked on the Grand Trunk for about seventeen years. In 1870 I took a contract

to carry the mail between Cobourg and Harwood, and carried it for five years. I then was Collector of Taxes for the Town of Cobourg for twenty years. In the meantime I had invested five thousand dollars in cement stock, Belleville Cement Co., managed by J. W. McNab who ran it into the ground and had to sell to Canada Cement Co. He did not lose much. I lost \$1,400 interest due me and fifty shares of common stock. I still hold preferred stock which is paying 7 per cent. I bought some hundreds of dollars worth of stock from J. A. Culverwell in Healey Falls (Northumberland & Durham Power Co.) Mr. Culverwell worked hard, he had a great many enemies to fight against, but he came out all right. He gave thousands of dollars to persons who never did the least thing to help him, some tried to hurt him. I did what I could to help him and he was grateful. He said he might have failed if I had not helped him. He was told that he should not pay these parties to whom he had given stock for nothing and who had not helped him. No, he said, I will be honorable; I will keep my word good, and he did. He was a true gentleman, honorable and honest, had a kind heart. I loved him. I never asked nor hinted at what he should give me. He gave me a great deal more than I expected. The work and worry he came through, I have no doubt, shortened his life and it was a useful life. Now, although it may seem like a digression, I wish to say a few more words in regard to Mr. Culverwell. Mr. Culverwell told me some of his business, I knew from what he told me that he would succeed if he had the money. He said he was going to Montreal to see if he could get some of the monied men to assist him, and said he would see the cement men. He knew I had stock in the Cement Co. I told him if he could sell my cement stock I would let him have the money. When he came back I asked about my stock, if he had sold any. He said, No, I could only get eighty for it and I thought it too much for you to lose. This showed his honesty. Another time, D. Ewing asked me to go to a meeting at the British Hotel and when I went the room was full. Sam Nesbit, the President of the Northumberland-Durham Power Co., was there. I think the object of the meeting was to make Culverwell give up stock so as to take the control out of his

hands. At that meeting there was no one for Culverwell but T. B. Lapp and myself. This meeting was on Monday night and they decided to call a meeting a week from the next Wednesday. Mr. Culverwell heard this and he came down to see me, he was very much excited, he said he did not know what to do. I told him he was the manager and the largest stockholder. I was one of the directors and treasurer, we had better call a meeting for Tuesday night before their meeting. Oh, he says, we could not do that. I said I think we can. We were walking up the street and met Mr. Eric Armour. Mr. Culverwell told him what I said. Eric said that is just the thing to do. We held the meeting and re-organized, elected new officers, at that meeting. There was no one had stock to qualify as chairman except Dr. Lapp and myself. I did not want to act, but was forced to, as Dr. Lapp was waiting on a patient and did not know how soon he might be called. Mr. T. B. Lapp acted as secretary and we proceeded to elect officers. Mr. T. B. Lapp was elected secretary, he said pro tem, but he acted to the end. When Mr. Culverwell was proposed as president I put it pro tem, as I had an idea if we could get Sir Mackenzie Bowell or H. Corby as president it would give the company some standing. We got the Honorable Sir Mackenzie Bowell, but he resigned and Mr. Culverwell said he wanted the president to be in Cobourg, and I was elected president.

Now returning to my historical notes. I had given so much of the money that Andrew left me to the families of John and Daniel that I had to sell one thousand dollars worth of the cement stock and lost over one hundred dollars on it. I have always been economical, never extravagant in dress, never spent much in drink, never spent any in tobacco, but saved my money. I have bought property around here when I could get it cheap, as I thought. I have sold four lots at the south of the house for about \$1,000 and some to the C.P.R. and have got from them sixteen hundred and fifty dollars. I got from J. A. Culverwell some hundreds of dollars, and now am getting from interests on cement stock, and what I get for pasture, what nearly keeps me. Now my nephews in both my brothers' families have told me that they do

not thank me, it was Uncle Andrew's money. What right had they to Andrew's money? He had given to both families, before he died, hundreds of dollars, and I can show the figures and they are correct where I have given to my relations more than the amount on Andrew's will. I did not intend to say anything about these things, but when I got abuse when I thought I should get thanks, I was tempted. God knows all, and all will be revealed on the last day; then we shall know as God knows.

July 1916, a short time ago I read in the Catholic Register something about Bishop Power, the first Catholic Bishop of Toronto, who died about 1847. This was the year of the famine in Ireland, when the London Times said the Irish were going with a vengeance, and vengeance is still with some of them. I mind that year well. I was about twelve years old then. Father Timlin asked my father to let me stay with him and I could go to school and serve mass for him every morning and do chores and messages. I was with him for about two years. I got too big to be an altar boy and was able to work with my father making and mending pumps. I have recollections of that dreadful time when so many thousand of the Irish died martyrs, died rather than give up their faith. Bishop Power was a victim, took the fever while looking after the poor Irish who were dying with the fever; they called it the "ship fever," whatever it was, thousands died. I recollect going with Father Timlin to Port Hope on Sunday where he said mass. After mass he went to the emigrant sheds and heard confession and prepared some for death. On the way home he called at James Mourn's and baptized one of his children. James Mourn lived then on the line north of where the toll gate is now on the Port Hope road, and Father Timlin did not break his fast until he got home that evening about six o'clock. His mission then was from Pickering on the west to Colborne on the east and on the north to Rice Lake. At that time there were a great many emigrants here as there was an agent, A. B. Hawke. A great many died here. One Frank Conlin, father of the late Nicholas Conlin, died and all were afraid to go to the house, even his own relations. My father

and Geo. Butler, a carter, went in and put him in the coffin, and carried him out. The house was on Ontario street, east of the churchyard, where they buried him. They carried the coffin across the field over two fences—it was about twelve o'clock at night. I held the light for Father Timlin while he read the burial service, and held the holy water vessel, and the same vessel I have now. When Father Murray came and his man Harrington was cleaning the rubbish out of the church, this vessel had the handle broken and went amongst the rest. I found it in the creek at the bottom of Harrington's garden where he had thrown the rubbish. But what affected me most of all that I had witnessed in that dreadful time, happened one day in July. Father Timlin was away on a sick call when a man came. He had on his back a frunk, it was tied with a rope and was an old fashioned one, covered with some animal's hide with the hair on, fastened with brass nails. He started to dig a grave and I showed him where to dig it. He was an emigrant and was weak from sickness and want, and had to rest often, so I helped him to dig the grave. When it was ready he knelt down beside the trunk and opened it, and there was the corpse of a beautiful boy, about four years old. He kissed the boy, and it touched my heart to see him cry, and what made me feel it more, the dead boy was about the size and age of my brother Andrew at that time. I cannot forget it. I saw a great many of the emigrants buried there. I have helped to make graves and coffins for many of them. The souls of many, if not all, I hope are in Heaven. The Catholic is the only church that prays for the dead and venerates the relics of the Saints. This old churchyard is covered with rubbish and cattle allowed to tramp over the graves. A few days ago I saw in the papers that Pope Benedict XV. had requested the Turkish Government to take care of the graves of the Allies buried there. The Turks have promised to have the place fenced in and look after the graves. What a contrast! They are dead, no use any more in this world, but on the last day they will rise again for eternal bliss or misery.

The following paragraph appeared in the Catholic Register and Extension on the 10th of August,

1916:—"It is well to remember that the pastoral office, whether it embraces the world or a few acres of brick and mortar, is a spiritual affair. The parish priest's mission is to preach the word of God, administer the sacraments and to do his utmost to extend God's spiritual kingdom, his mission is the care of souls. Outside of that, his claim on the territory assigned to his administration are on the same level with his claims on Hong Kong and Timbuctoo. Yet some parish priests seem to regard their boundaries in the same way as an Irish landlord of the old days looked upon his demense or his game preserve. No one had a right even to look in. There are, of course, amenities altogether of spiritual rights, certain social activities which should be respected. However, when these are pushed even beyond the extreme and made to appear as castiron law, a reaction is bound to come." I have been led to believe that Arch Bishop McNeil of Toronto wrote the above paragraph, and to confirm it the party told me that the Arch Bishop removed a priest (a popular priest, too) from the richest parish in Toronto to the poorest.

The following little poem, in negro dialect, will bring tears to many eyes, with its soft and simple pathos:--

De massa ob de sheepfol'
 Dat guards de sheepfol' bin
 Look out in de gloomerin' meadows
 Whar de long night rain begin;
 So he call to de hirelin' shepa'd,
 'Is my sheep, is dey all come in?'

Oh, den says the hirelin' shepa'd,
 'Des's some, deys black and thin,
 And some, dey's po' ol' weddas,
 But de res' dey's all brung in.
 But de res' dey's all brung in.'

Den de massa ob de sheepfol'
 Dat guards de sheepfol' bin,
 Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows,
 Whar de long night rain begin;
 So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol',
 Callin' sof', 'Come in, come in.'
 Callin' sof', 'Come in, come in.'

Den up t'ro de gloomerin' meadows,
 T'ro' de col' night rain and win'
 And up t'ro de gloomerin' rain paf
 Whar de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin,
 De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol'
 Dey all comes gladderin' in.
 De po' los' sheep ob de sheelfol'
 Dey all comes gladderin' in.

—Montreal Transcript.

My mother read this little poem in the Montreal Transcript a number of years ago, she called me and read it for me with tears in her eyes.

Some time after Father Kernan, who was the first priest for Cobourg, died, the Rev. William Dolan was sent here. When he came he had to live in a rented house. He bought land from the Hon. Zacheus Burnham, south of the church, and built a house that is there now. The stable or barn was built first, and he lived in it while the house was being built. I recollect going with my brother Daniel who was doing some little chores for Father Dolan. It was about dinner time and he made us stay and have dinner. The housekeeper, an old woman cooked dinner. Father Dolan walked the floor and made the housekeeper cook more beefsteak. I was small then and was afraid of the priest, and I ate more than I wanted. Another time my brother Dan and the Lynch boys went to get rods and rod Father Dolan's pease. I went with them it was sundown when they got through with the work and Father Dolan was sitting on the veranda on the north side of the front door (the house was built then). He was alone then, his housekeeper had left. He asked me to stay with him that night, but I was young and would not stay from home at night. He tried to coax me and I saw the tears in his eyes. I cannot forget it. I told my mother when I went home and she said I should have stayed with him all night. I felt it and have not forgotten. Father Dolan went from here to New York State, where he got a parish, and he died there. Father Timlin was sent here to take the place of Father Dolan. The house was Father Dolan's. The people helped him, although they were not rich or numerous then, and Father Timlin

bought the house from Father Dolan, but it was a hard thing to get them to agree on the price. They brought my father to help to make the deal. My father said it took some time but he finally got them to agree on the price. Father Timlin paid the cash in presence of my father. When Father Timlin took out the bag or purse Father Dolan asked him if it was a stocking he kept his money in. Father Timlin's people were not rich, he worked and paid for his education, was careful and saved his money. He taught school before he was ordained, he was always careful and economical and he never harassed the people for money but tried to get them to save their money and have places of their own, independent and free of rent. In fact he bought lots in Cobourg and land outside and sold to some of his people, and some of them never paid him. Father Timlin often came down in the evening to our place, and in summer would walk through the garden. I used to do all the work about the house (do it yet). Father Timlin and my father were in the garden one evening and Father Timlin said I had worked the garden well. He told my father I should be on a farm and he called me and said I should be a farmer. He had fifty acres two miles out of the town. He said "I will give you that fifty acres if you will go and work it." But I did not accept the offer. Father Dolan went from Cobourg to Rochester by boat. He stayed with us and had tea, and waited until the boat came. My father went with him to the boat and saw him off and it was the last time we saw him. Old Dr. Clark said he was the best man in looks and figure ever in Cobourg. Father Dolan was about six feet in height and built in proportion. Father Timlin was parish priest of Cobourg for thirty-three years or more and was respected by every one who knew him; he never did anything that the most scrupulous Catholic need be ashamed of and was always attentive to the sick. I never knew of any Catholic dying without the rites of the church while he was here. He was very careful about looking after his people's spiritual needs. He did not seem anxious about temporal things. When he died his house and grounds had been neglected and were out of repair. The grave yard about the church was about full of graves. He left a good substantial church and

a good school house. He bought the house beside the church from Father Dolan and paid for it. He built the school house two stories high; the upper storey was all one large room to be used as a hall where the Catholics could hold meetings and for other uses. The old churchyard being full of graves, Father Larkin got the people to buy twelve acres of land on the western limits of the town, and the late Mr. John Daintry to survey and lay it out, and make a plan of the cemetery. John Coogan and I worked with Mr. Daintry on the survey. There was a space left all round the cemetery and along the driveways on both sides left for trees, and a piece about one hundred feet square left on the southeast corner for a mortuary chapel and vault and trees. On the west there was a nice growth of trees, some of them large, which made a fine shade. These trees were given to a neighbor who cut them down for firewood; this was after Father Larkin's time. When the survey and plan were finished, Father Larkin told the people they should buy lots in the cemetery and remove the remains of their relations from the old burying ground. My brothers and myself bought ten lots. I had the remains of our relations taken up and laid in the new cemetery. Father Larkin tried to beautify the cemetery, and got the men of the congregation, farmers with their horses and others, and ploughed where it was needed, and had the ground leveled. The price of a lot eight feet square was four dollars. There have been hundreds of lots sold, and I believe nearly all paid for, but the cemetery was let grow into a wilderness. The old church was sold and torn down. One excuse for building a new church was that the old one might fall, but when they came to tear it down, they had to use dynamite. The foundation of the steeple and where the spire ought to be was good and solid, good for a hundred years, and the old church was larger than the new one. The priest's house was sold (they could not give a proper deed of it). The Separate school house was sold and all that Father Timlin had left was wiped out, and who knows what was paid for them, or what was done with the money? When they were trying to sell the priests' house, Holdsworth would have bought it only for the graveyard. I was told that the party trying to sell it said they would put

the plow and the harrow in to it, and you would never know there had been a grave there. There were two priests buried there under the old church, Father Kernan and Father Timlin. Very few knew where Father Kernan was buried. Thomas Bulger who had the bodies taken up told me that from what my father told him about where Father Kernan was buried, he had no trouble finding it. Father Timlin was buried on the Epistle side of the altar, his grave was lined with brick and cement, and arched over. Thomas Bulger did the work and I saw it done. He told me that when taken up Father Kernan's coffin (a common pine one) was quite sound. The grave was damp, and Father Timlin's grave was quite dry, the coffin or steel casket was a little rusty. They were dug out and lay there until the next day, when a carter was sent who took them to the cemetery, and they were buried in a mound in the centre of the cemetery. Now they have been moved again and have been laid in a vault under a chapel that has been built in the cemetery. The next priest that comes here may make some other improvements and move them again. I think they might have been left where they were laid at first until they would get the call to rise on the last day. However, it is not my affair, God knows. But I do know that almost every priest who comes to a parish wants to do better than the priest who was there before, and who they want the people to believe had neglected the affairs of the parish, and pretend that it is all for the honor and glory of God. (Of course it is not for their glory.) I have read in the lives of the saints, how an Abbot a saint was going his rounds to see that the Monks had performed their allotted task. Each Monk was to make a mat in the day but before one cell there were two mats laid out very conspicuous. The Abbot stopped and said, "Oh, what brother has worked so hard to give it to the devil." Now God is all glory in Himself and we can add no glory to Him. What are all the great churches and other fine buildings? We are told in the last day the world will be consumed by fire. In the Dies Ives (that sublime lament) in the first two lines it says, "The day of wrath, that dreadful day, shall all the world in ashes lay." Where will all the fine churches and other fine buildings be? The

churches perish, the soul of man lives forever. Is not one soul worth more than all the churches? The Abbot above referred to was St. Pachomius, who, when desired by some of his brethren to pray for his health, answered "Though abstinence and prayer be of great merit, yet sickness suffered with patience is of much greater." He chiefly begged of God the spiritual health of the souls of his disciples and others, and took every opportunity to curb and heal their passions, especially that of pride. Now on the day this Monk, having doubled his diligence at work, had made two mats instead of one and set them out where St. Pachomius might see them, the Saint perceiving the snare said, "This brother hath taken great pains from morning to night to give to the devil." And to cure his vanity by humiliation, he enjoined him by way of penance to keep his cell for five months, with no other allowance than a little bread, salt and water. How the Saints did suffer to gain Heaven and everlasting happiness.

The Separate School Act was passed about 1857. Father Timlin was the parish priest of Cobourg then, and he bought a lot on Ball street with a little one-storey building on the lot. He had this little house fitted up for a school which was used for a time, until he had a large brick school built (the same building is there yet, it is now used as a double dwelling house) Father Timlin did all this himself and did not ask the people to help him but paid for it with his own money. According to the Separate School Act the Trustees had to collect their own taxes. Sometime after my brother Daniel was elected to the Town Council, he was on the Finance Committee with Isaac Wilson and R. Mulholland, who was chairman. The Trustees had trouble collecting the taxes and my brother got the Committee to recommend that the Trustees get a lump sum of \$400, and that the Tax Collector collect it with the other taxes. The Council agreed to this. When the new priest came things were changed. He told the people one Sunday that they were not getting their fair share of taxes. Some people had run the school to their own advantage. He would raise the taxes from four to six hundred dollars, and that the school would be run properly with that, it would not

need any more. But it was not long until the taxes were raised to eight hundred, to ten hundred, to twelve hundred, to fifteen hundred, and the Separate School taxes for 1916 was nineteen hundred and eighty-six dollars; for the year 1917 it has come down to seventeen hundred and fifty dollars. Now my brother Daniel was chairman of the Separate School Board for some time. He is not here to defend himself. I defy and dare anyone to bring any charge of dishonesty against my brother or any of our family. I know our family have been slandered and belied through jealousy and hate. I am the only one left, and I have experienced a large share of their hate. I was Collector of Taxes for Cobourg for twenty years and the worst enemies I had in that time were Irish Catholics. I quote from Shakespeare, "I could a tale unfold would harrow up your soul, make your eye-balls stand out like spheres, make your blood run cold, freeze the marrow in your bones, make your hair stand up like quills on a fretful porcupine."

The heading of an article in the Sunday Visitor, a paper printed in Indiana, Jan. 21st, 1917, says: "How grand if priests could give their time to saving souls, and that the people would look after money matters." I would say how grand if priests would give all their time to saving souls and give up getting money and luxuries and honors for their own personal enjoyment. A great many priests will not let any one interfere with them in money matters; they will do it themselves. I have written enough about church affairs but I could write many pages more, and all I have written I know to be true, but it might not do any good, might do harm.

I was born in Cobourg over eighty years ago and have seen a great many changes in that time. Cobourg was only a village when I was born, but when it became a town it was considered an aristocratic town. A number of wealthy men from the British Isles came here, as well as many U. E. Loyalists. I might mention amongst them, George Manners (said to be the son of George IV.) His residence was where Father Murray has the convent now. The church, the school and Father Murray's house are built on what

was his property and he also had a large farm in Haldimand. The late Thomas Heenan was manager of the farm for many years. We had Honorable men in Cobourg in those days. We had the Hon. Zacheus Burnham, the Hon. Asa A. Burnham, the Hon. H. Ruttan, the Hon. Geo. S. Boulton, the Hon. Ebenezer Perry, the Hon. James Cockburn who was the first Speaker of the house of Commons for the Dominion of Canada, the Hon. Sidney Smith who was Postmaster General in Sir John A. Macdonald's government, the Hon. Andrew Jeffrey, and the Hon. William Kerr. Besides these men with the title of Honorable, we had wealthy men, of honor. We had Squire Henry, Col. Covert, his son Henry Covert, James Calcutt and his sons, Geo. Ham who built a large mill and a pond where Stewart Easton McKechnie built the Woollen Mills and used the pond for power. He built this factory and did not ask any bonus or exemption from taxes. There were also Henry McKechnie who had a brewery, Captain P. Wallace who had a distillery and mill, afterwards his son John S. Wallace who had a large distillery on William street, Benjamin Clark who had a large general store on the corner where the Bank of Nova Scotia now is, and Charles Clark, father of the late Judge Clark. The four corners were called Clark's corner, Scott's corner, Throop's corner and Haight's corner. Thomas Scott owned the corner where the Dominion Bank is now, Throop owned the corner where the Bank of Toronto is, where the post office is was owned by a man named Haight who kept a tavern in a little wooden building painted yellow. Nearly all buildings in Cobourg were of wood then. We had men of energy and enterprise. Then we had John Field who started with a man named Wood in a general store under the name of Field & Wood. Wood I think went back to England and Mr. Field continued the business that is prospering yet (as Field & Bro.). Then there was P. McCallum who established the firm of P. McCallum & Son. Peter McCallum deserved the title of honorable, he did more to build up Cobourg than any one man and all with his own money. I was Collector of Taxes for Cobourg for twenty years. Peter McCallum paid more taxes in Cobourg than any one man in Cobourg. I experienced many acts of kindness from Peter McCallum,

and from his son Peter. I have seen five generations of McCallums and never knew anything mean or dishonorable of any one of them. No two ways with McCallums, all trustworthy and honest. Another man, W. Weller, did a great deal to help build up Cobourg. He ran a line of mail stages between Montreal and Hamilton with the head office at Cobourg, and a large repair shop and blacksmith shop on the corner of George and Orange streets. This was no small affair when we know that at every fourteen or fifteen miles there was a relay of horses. It was four-horse coach with at least four horses every fifteen miles and with men to feed and have them in readiness all the way from Montreal to Hamilton. I have heard some little things about Mr. Weller. Often some travellers who were out of funds would ask Mr. Weller for a pass, he would refuse, scold, perhaps swear, but would tell the agent or bookkeeper in the office to give them a pass, he hardly ever refused. I think Adam King and Roe Buck afterwards were bookkeepers or agent at Cobourg.

I mind when I was a boy, just able to read, our next neighbor, Mr. Hudspeth who taught the Grammar school, lost one of his children and Mrs. Hudspeth asked my mother if she would let me deliver the funeral cards she was sending out. It was the custom then, especially among the Scotch, to send cards or invitations to the funeral. Mrs. Hudspeth gave me the cards and told me what to do. She told me to be sure and give one to Archie McDonald, he boarded at The Globe Hotel. He was the oldest son of Captain McDonald and a lawyer, then in partnership with W. A. Garret, afterwards Judge McDonald, a particular friend of Mrs. Hudspeth. She told me so often to be sure and give the card to Archie McDonald that I went into the Globe Hotel. There was no one there but Mr. Weller in the reading room and he was reading a newspaper. I asked him if Archie McDonald was there. He let down the paper and said "Boy, don't call him Archie," he spoke kindly, I never forgot it, "call him Mr. McDonald." William Weller was one of the leading men of Cobourg, was Mayor of Cobourg at one time, when it was an honor to be Mayor. On one occasion the Governor-General (I do not

mind which), it might have been Lord Bagot or Lord Simcoe, but there was an important measure before the House of Lords and the Governor-General wished to be there. There were no railroads then, navigation was closed, the ship would sail for England in three or four days, the next ship would be too late. The Governor-General appealed to Mr. Weller to drive him to Montreal to catch the ship. Mr. Weller made the arrangements with a relay of four horses at every station. He drove himself and did not leave his seat all the way, but kept the four horses on the gallop and got there in time to get the ship before she sailed. Another man, James Calcutt, done a great deal to help build up Cobourg. He had a brewery and distillery and built a flour mill run by steam. John Moss was his brewer. He married in Cobourg. His wife was a Catholic and they had four children born in Cobourg, three sons and one daughter, Thomas, John, Charles and Mary Ann. They went to the same school that we went to. The school was on Ball street and was built by William Battell, father of the late William and Thomas Battell. It was a square building and is there yet, used as a dwelling. Mr. Battell rented it to the Trustees. The master's desk was at the west end, opposite the door. On the sides was a long desk the whole length of the room built against the wall, the south side for boys, the north side for girls. In the centre for the younger scholars there were two benches twelve feet long for each desk. At the desk nearest the master sat my brother Daniel, Abraham Broughall, Thomas, John and Charles Moss, John and William Canavan, William and Thomas Battell, William Burke, William Doherty, D. Walker, William Delaney. Myself, Thomas and John Coulter, George Mitchell, W. Richardson went to the same school. Abraham Broughall was rector of St. Stephen's in Toronto for some years. John and William B. Canavan became lawyers. John was an alderman of the city of Toronto for some years. Mr. John Moss went to Toronto to take charge of a brewery, owned by Samuel Platt, as head brewer. Shortly they all moved to Toronto. My mother and Mrs. Moss were great friends and my father and mother were sponsors for all the children of the Moss family born in Cobourg, they were baptised by the priest. I mind

the night Mrs. Moss left Cobourg. My mother went to the boat to see her off and she took me with her. They both cried at parting and it made me cry, too. I do not forget it. They never met again. Their older son, Thomas, became a judge and Chief Justice of Ontario. Afterwards when he held Court here he usually stayed with Judge Armour and when he stayed over Sunday he and Judge Armour came to see my mother, his Godmother. Chief Justice Armour's father and his family came from the same County in Ireland that my father and mother came from, and mother and Judge Armour would talk about Ireland. I considered Judge Armour one of my friends and I liked him. Thomas Moss died in France, where he went for his health. His brother Charles was Chief Justice of Ontario and was knighted. He was Sir Charles Moss when he died.

Edward Redmond was the teacher of the school that we went to. He was a Catholic and my father, through his influence, brought Redmond here. I do not believe, with all the science of the present day, Redmond could get a certificate to teach, but he turned out some good scholars. He was the last Catholic teacher in the public schools of Cobourg. Another gentleman well known and respected by every one who knew him was David Burn. When I first knew him he was bookkeeper for S. E. McKechnie who built the Ontario Woollen Mills. When the savings bank was started here, I think it was called the Northumberland-Durham Savings Bank, Mr. Burn was appointed manager and he managed it very carefully for some years, until the law was changed doing away with municipal savings banks. When the affairs of the Bank were wound up, they found they had a surplus of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. Mr. Burn suggested that they use this surplus to build Public Schools for Cobourg, and he took the trouble to draw out plans for the schools. I saw the plans and a picture of a large school that he had framed and hung up in his office, but the Board of Trustees and the Town Commissioners had the idea of reviving the Cobourg & Peterborough Railway. They proposed to extend the road to Chemong or Mud Lake, and built the railroad from Peterbor-

ough to Mud Lake, and sunk a few thousand dollars in cribs in Rice Lake. The work went no further. The Peterborough and Chemong Railroad now belongs to the Grand Trunk Railway, and Cobourg has no say about it. There might have been some graft. Mr. Burn had an idea of a railroad to Hudson Bay, and wrote, and tried to get the public interested, as he said the road would pay, if it were only for fish that could be brought from Hudson Bay. That road is a real fact now. I have seen a letter from the good Bishop of Kewatin, the Right Rev. O. Charlebois, O. M. I., in which he says the road starts from LePas, Man., and its terminus is at Port Nelson, at the mouth of the Nelson River on Hudson Bay. The distance between these two places is 422 miles, the steel being laid on 332 miles, with 90 miles of track yet to be laid. Some years ago the Bishop visited this place, and it took him three weeks to get there, but this time only four days. But coming back the ninety miles to the railway, he had to come by canoe part of the way, and had to walk forty miles through mud and water. At Port Nelson he found 500 men working at the harbor; over 200 were Catholics, and some good Irish men among them—all glad to see him. He says there has been millions spent already, and the work is not half done yet. I saw in the Montreal Star a few days ago that seven hundred men from Port Nelson had come back to Quebec for the winter.

My brother, Daniel, wrote a little historical sketch of Cobourg for Old Boys' Day, August 6th, 1900, and a larger one for Lt.-Col. Floyd in 1903, when he was Mayor of Cobourg. There were some criticisms of this little history. Mr. D. Ewing wrote in the Saturday Morning Post that he went over the manuscript and found two mistakes on pages 88-89; one was the population of Cobourg in 1857, the other was the debt of Cobourg. In the year 1857 the Grand Trunk had just been built through here and it was generally known and believed that the population of Cobourg at that time was over 7000. I know myself our church was a large one, and it could not hold all the people who went there to mass on Sunday. In summer when the windows were open a great many knelt outside on both sides of the church during mass.

As for the debt of the town, the mistake (if it was a mistake) was with the printer, the word nearly before the 300,000 was left out. It might have been accidentally, it might not, anyway it was not far from the truth. I have the very original copy. What is the debt now? The public does not know. There has not been the usual financial statement for some time. I was told the Treasurer said he would resign before he would make out this statement. My brother Daniel died before this little history was printed, he had not finished it. Had he lived he would have corrected any mistakes the printer made. He was a printer himself and an editor and owner of the "Sentinel." He printed and published it for eighteen years. He was an honest Conservative, did a great deal for the party, but they never did much for him. On the Old Boys' Day, about a month after he died, the late Dr. H. Hough, who was editor and owner of "The World," the reform paper, was here and in making his speech said that some of the speakers were regretting the death of Judge Armour, who was a loss to Cobourg. Mr. Hough said there was another man who had lately died who had done a great deal more for Cobourg than Judge Armour had and that was Daniel McAllister. Mr. Hough was right. The late Dr. Hough was an honest man and an honorable man and I felt it very much when I heard of his death. My brother and Mr. Hough were good friends, although differing in politics. The Hon. John S. Macdonald, when Premier, making a speech in the house on some important measure, read an editorial from The Cobourg Sentinel to strengthen his arguments. Sir John A. Macdonald told the Hon. James Cockburn that he made a mistake when he let McAllister sell the Sentinel printing office. But the men who led the Conservative party in Cobourg thought if they got J. A. Wilkinson (Big Push) they would do better, but I think he was a failure. They bought the office, and as an inducement they promised my brother a government office, worth at least \$1,000 a year as a salary. He never got that salary. He did the work of the collector for a long time. The most of the work that the collector did was signing the pay sheet. He was appointed collector when the late Sir Charles Tupper was Premier, but when Laurier got into pow-

er his appointment was canceled, and he was superannuated on the lowest fee they could give him, and he had a claim on the government for deferential salary of over \$500, which some of Laurier's ministers said he ought to get. He never got it. There was a vacancy in the Inland Revenue. My brother Andrew applied for it and through the Hon. James Cockburn he got the appointment. There had been so many appointments of persons unfit that there was an Act passed that there should be at least twelve men who would hold first class certificates. Andrew passed an examination and got a double first class certificate, which entitled him to one thousand dollars a year. He had been moved to Belleville. Benjamin was collector when he resigned. W. L. Hamilton was appointed collector and Andrew deputy, and when Hamilton was appointed inspector, Sir Mackenzie Bowell and Mr. White, M.P., said that Andrew should be appointed collector. Mr. White said if Andrew was not appointed he would resign his seat in Parliament. When Hamilton died, Andrew was offered the inspectorship, the salary was \$2,200 a year. He said if he accepted he would have to live in Kingston, too far from home. He loved his home and from Belleville he could come home every two weeks and stay over Sunday. He recommended N. G. Dingman, who was appointed inspector. The Hon. James Cockburn said that Andrew's was one appointment he was proud of. I have letters of Andrew's from the Hon. James Cockburn, Hon. Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Hon. H. Corby and many others showing how well he was liked by all. When Andrew died I went to Belleville and met a great many there and all seemed to be friends of Andrew's. The Hon. H. Corby told me that Andrew and he were like two brothers. He said that Andrew had a heart like an ox, which, I suppose, means a big heart. Andrew often said the same of Mr. Corby, and has told many things of Mr. Corby's bigness of heart. Amongst others whom I met in Belleville was James A. Roy, who owned a large brewery. He told me that Andrew had been a good friend to him and he would never forget him. He said he had given a mortgage on his property and it was then due. He asked Andrew if he could lend him enough money to pay the mortgage. Andrew asked him how much he

wanted and he said he would need \$3,500, as he wanted to make some improvements, as well as pay the mortgage. Andrew asked him if less would not do. Mr. Roy said he could not do with less. Andrew took his cheque book and wrote out a cheque for the \$3,500 and gave it to Mr. Roy. (Mr. Roy told me this himself). Andrew did not ask for a mortgage, but Mr. Roy gave him a mortgage on a farm he owned in Thurlow for the \$3,500 with 6½ per cent. interest. When Mr. Roy was paying the interest afterwards Andrew would not take any more than six per cent. Mr. Roy sent a barrel of ale here to me (for Andrew) and when I sent the empty barrel back he would send me a full one. I am not a big drinker, friends who happened to call drank more of it than I did, and often I had to throw out some pails full, when it got sour. I asked Andrew to tell Mr. Roy not to send a barrel, half a barrel would be enough. The next time there came half a barrel of ale and half a barrel of porter. This was too much. I finally got him to send a ten gallon keg and he kept this up until this Temperance Act was passed, when I heard Mr. Roy had sold out his business. I have written this in justice to Mr. Roy. He was one man who appreciated what Andrew did for him, and was grateful. After Andrew died, when in Belleville, on the street one day I met a man, I think he was a carter. When he found out who I was, he said Andrew gave away more money than anybody he knew of. I have several notes that Andrew left that are worthless, one for \$500. This note was from a party who went into business and failed, forged notes and to save him from the penitentiary, Andrew sent an order to me to get the money from the bank here. I got the money and gave it to him. I also lent one hundred dollars to the same party and Andrew told me not to worry he would make it all right for me. I have the note. This party died in the asylum afterwards. I have a number of notes that Andrew held for money lent, amounting to some hundred, I may say thousands of dollars, that are worthless now.

Now, I may be excused if I say something about myself. On April 1st, 1870, I started on a contract to carry the mail between Cobourg and Harwood for

four years. Before the four years were up, the people at Rice Lake wanted a daily mail. The Postmaster-General agreed and sent me a new contract to sign, the salary to be twice what I was getting. I wrote back saying I could not carry a daily mail for less than one thousand dollars. I then got a letter telling me to go on with the old contract. I then wrote the Postmaster-General saying when they broke the contract I had sold some of my things, and I would want an increase in my pay. They sent me a new contract with an increase of seventy-five dollars. Coming in with the mail one night, I met the Hon. J. Cockburn; he stopped me and told me to go to his house, there was somebody there who wanted to see me. I went and the Hon. A. Campbell, Postmaster-General, came to the door and, after saluting him, he said, "Well, how do you like things now." I said "I am satisfied, but the contract says during the Postmaster-General's pleasure." He said, "That is all right; as long as you are a good boy you will not be disturbed." Some time after there was an election, and a change of government, and my contract was cancelled, but I did not regret it very much; I was tired of the job. In 1881 I went back to work on the G. T. R. in the freight shed as checker. In November of that year I met with an accident, when a heavy case fell on me and smashed one of my legs. I was laid up for some months. That year the Parliament passed an amendment to the Municipal Act that no Clerk or Treasurer could be Collector of Taxes. As the Clerk at Cobourg was Collector and Clerk, this left the collectorship vacant and I applied for the office and was appointed. I collected the taxes for 20 years. I returned the roll every year. Now as far as I know there are three or four collectors who have not made a proper return yet of the tax roll. The last collector was city engineer, street inspector, assessor, and collector of taxes, and his salary was about twelve or fourteen hundred dollars a year, but he has got a better job and has left. He did not go through the form of tendering his resignation or give the Council the trouble of appointing a collector. He appointed the Town Clerk collector of taxes. Is this according to law? For some time there has been no municipal election in Cobourg. The leaders of the

two political parties in Cobourg meet and arrange the Council. Some are satisfied with the honor but some are there for what they can make out of it, and I do not think they would all be elected if the people voted. At a meeting of the Council some time ago, there was a motion before the Council and one of the Councillors said he did not think it was legal. "Oh," the Mayor said, "we have done it once we can do it again." I have read in the Provincial auditor's report for the year 1906 that when he went through the books of the corporation he found that ten thousand dollars had been paid out and that no official of the town could tell where it went to. I hope there is no Boss Tweed amongst them. Tweed made millions out of the city of New York but lost it all and the State had to put him into an institution where they fed him and clothed him. I saw his picture in the papers at that time. His hair was cut short and he had a striped suit on, red and white. The Municipal Act says that where any official faithfully does his duty for twenty years or over, the Council may give him a bonus equal to two years' salary. I collected taxes for twenty years and I think faithfully. I returned the last roll in October; they would not sign the cheque for my salary until near the end of the year. When the Treasurer resigned they voted him a bonus of \$1,800. The ratepayers of Cobourg must have thought I had done my duty faithfully when they elected me to the Council at the head of the poll, and I never asked for a vote. After the election I went over the voters' list and found that eighty voters west of the railroad who had told me that they would vote for me had not voted at all. It is seemingly hard to get a wholly honest Council. However, the first year that I was in the Council I found Henry McBride, in particular, to be very honest, and the last year that I was there I found another especially honest Councillor, the late James Kerr, whom I considered always strictly honest and trustworthy. I did like those two men, and was sorry when James Kerr died. He is a good man gone.

To help to show the truth of what was said of the census of 1857, here is an item taken from a business directory of Northumberland and Durham for 1865-

66: "St. Michael's church (Roman Catholic), William street, built 1856; brick, 50 x 100 ft., seats 1,200. cost \$10,000; M. Timlin, priest; Separate School situated on Ball street, number of pupils 90 under the charge of Mr. P. O'Flynn, Miss Cathrine McKenny assistant. Sabbath School in connection." Behind the pews in this church there was standing room for two hundred. I have seen it crowded and a great many outside, could not get in. I have said that the worst enemies I have had were Irish Catholics, and it is true, but I forgive them and hope God will forgive them. They did not know what they were doing, filled with jealousy and hate, but we have had, and have yet, good and noble Irish in and about Cobourg. We had James Calcutt, who was President of a St. Patrick's Society where all Irishmen joined—no religious distinction. We had the Crawfords, the Jellotts, the Boggs, and numerous other well-to-do farmers near Cobourg. We had Sheriff Fortune, Sheriff Waddell, the Armours, Mosses, Hewsons, Charles Elliott (my true and noble friend), the Hargrafts, and a great many other good citizens, who came from Ireland. I must not forget my good and true friend, Wm. Richardson, whom I had known from my early childhood, and who was my good friend and helper for the twenty years that I collected the taxes in Cobourg. He was true and kind and trustworthy. I think I have said enough. I have written things as they came to my mind. I am proud that I have the good old Irish blood in my veins, proud that I am a Canadian, born in Cobourg, proud that I am a British subject, that glorious Empire that is saving the world to-day from that beast the Kaiser and the brutal Germans. History tells us that Constantine the Great, the first Christian Emperor, saw in the heavens a bright cross and under it, "In This Sign Shalt Thou Conquer." He took the cross for his standard and conquered. Most of the Christian nations have the cross on their standard, but on the glorious Union Jack we have the three crosses — the cross of St. George, the cross of St. Andrew and the cross of St. Patrick. Why should we not win? We will win in spite of all the powers of hell.

When I was a boy there were three National So-

cieties here—St. George's, St. Andrew's and St. Patrick's. The St. George's carried a white flag with a red cross; the St. Andrew's a blue flag with the thistle; and the St. Patrick's a green flag with harp and shamrocks. The three societies turned out in procession together on their Patron's day, headed by a brass band. The St. Andrew's had a highland piper, W. Milne, with James Cuthbert on one side and A. Frazer on the other side, all three dressed in full highland costume (kilts). The two men on each side of the piper carried broad swords. After some years these processions died out, St. George's and St. Andrew's celebrated with a dinner. After some time, the temperance men of St. Andrew's got control and had things changed to a temperance dinner on St. Andrew's Day. The other members did not like the change. There was a young Irishman named Kelly who was studying law in Hon. G. S. Boulton's office. He was at the dinner, he saw how disgusted the old men were and wrote this poem:

SAINT ANDREW'S DAY IN COBOURG.

Weel, Sandy lad, what news frae toun?
 How drave St. Andrew?—Speak ye loun!
 A brawsome night I trow ye had;—
 Tell's a' about it, Sandy lad.

Hout, auld earl! twall gar ye greet,—
 Ye ne'er sat down to sic a treat
 O' weakly congo, coffee, cakes,
 An' sie like stuff as Tam Pratt bakes.—
 An' nuts, an' figs, an' plums sae dry,
 The vera swine wad pass 'em by;—
 An' speeches that war dryer yet,
 Wi' nought ane's droughty gab to wet;—
 Not e'en ae stoup o' honest yill,
 Nor Usquebae fresh frae the still;—
 Nor sparklin' wine brent out o' France
 To mak the lassies' blue een dance;—
 No Tup's head there, no Haggis braw,—
 The like o' it ye never saw.

Ane chiel spak out aboon an hour
 An' tauld o' Scotia's days o' pow'r;—
 An' how her heroes struck the blow
 That rid the land o' Saxon foe;
 An' a' her Statesmen nummer'd o'er,
 Her chieftains an' her men o' lore;—
 Her lakes an' hills he took by turns,
 An' then he spak o' Roby Burns;—
 (Auld man, ye lo'ed Rob like a brither,
 And mony a stoup ye've had the gither;)
 'Twad grieve ye sair to hear him blether,
 I wish'd full aft his tongue to tether;—
 For Roby lo'ed a cheerfu' glass,
 An' loed in mirth the night to pass,
 Wi' gleesome sang an' merry clatter,
 Disdainin' aye the great to flatter;—
 It brot the saut tears to my een
 To think no wine cup there was seen
 To drink to Scotia's fav'rite son
 As Scotia langsine hae always done.

The men look'd sleepy, maidens glum,
 An' all seem'd bent on playin' mum;
 No merry dance, no crack, no sang
 To wile the weary hours along.

The pipes within the smiddy lay
 That used to skirl on Andrew's day;—
 E'en souter Jamie, honest chiel,
 As e'er in Scotia's cause drew steel,
 Cam' not wi' kilt an' claymore bright
 To join his freres that gloomy night;—
 He felt the pride o' ev'ry Gael
 Was humbl'd by that maukish meal.

An' Charlie Hope was there I trow,
 Wi' awsome gloom upon his brow;—
 He couldna' call to fill each glass,
 Nor mak' the bottle gayly pass,
 As mony a time he's done o' yore
 An' set the table in a roar;—
 'Twas then we've heard, 'hip, hip, hurra,'
 An' sang an' mirth drove care awa'.

But times are chang'd, auld man, ye ken,
An' fashions, too, are chang'd sin' then.

Aye, Sandy, lad, ye weel may say,
They're chang'd, when on St. Andrew's day
Auld Scotia's sons disgrac'd their name,
An' robb'd their country o' her fame,
Preferrin' Tea to Whiskey Toddy,
Like some puir feckless woman body;—
It gars me blush wi' vera shame;—
'Twas well the auld man staid at hame.

WILLIE WAUGHT.

Yon Town, Dec. 6th, 1848.

In concluding these brief remarks of history and incidents during my lifetime, I wish to append this historical sketch of Cobourg written by my brother, the late Daniel McAllister, on the occasion of the first Old Boys' Day celebrated in Cobourg:—

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF COBOURG.

OLD BOYS' DAY, AUG. 6, 1900.

In speaking of the first settlement of Cobourg it should be understood that we mean that portion of the Township of Hamilton comprised within the limits of the corporation as we now have it, generally accepted as being two miles square. The first settlement of Cobourg, therefore, was made in 1788 by one Elias Nicholson, according to the most authentic records available, the name of the next settler being Mr. Gaffield in 1802. They were shortly after followed by Hon. Zacheus Burnham, A. Burnham, father of Hon. Asa A. Burnham, Hon. Henry Ruttan, Thomas Spears, father of our respected friend, William Spears, John McCarty, Jeremiah Lapp, Benjamin Throop, C. H. Moffat, Robert Henry, better known as Squire Henry, an old no'wester, F. S. Clench, Josias White, A. B. Carpenter, Hon. G. S. Boulton, Hon. Ebenezer Perry, Geo. Spencer, O. Strong, Elijah Buck &c. All these settled here previous to 1820, after which time population increased more rapidly and amongst those who came in from 1820 to 1830 were the following who became noted figures in Cobourg's

future history:—W. Weller, John Bellwood, Thomas Burk, George Birney, Glover Bennett, Judge Boswell, J. V. Boswell, John Crease Boswell, Benjamin and Charles Clark, James Calcutt, William Battell, father of our respected friend Wm. Battell, John and Sam Hopper, John Bentley, Henry Hartwell, Andrew Jeffrey, Ephriam Powell, J. Fisher, father of our respected townsman John Fisher, Thos. Webster, father of another respected townsman J. T. Webster, Charles Perry, Norman G. Ham, John McCormack, A. Richardson, father of another respected citizen Wm. Richardson, Col. Covert, father of Henry Covert, Charles Hope Morgan, Thomas Scott, Isaac Dobson, &c. The year of 1830 was an epoch period in our history. Sir John Colborne was then our Governor General, and he took a lively interest in the settlement of Upper Canada, his enthusiasm prompting him to personally pass through (on horseback) a large portion of our province, with the future possibilities of which he was deeply impressed. On his return to England he was the best immigration agent we have ever had, for by his glowing representations of our promising and beautiful country he induced a number of retired peninsular officers to come here, and many half-pay pensioners, all of them being gentlemen of education and refinement. The incoming settlers from 1830 to 1840 were so numerous that the locality was looking forward to its incorporation as a Village for self municipal government, and amongst the pioneers locating here within that period were—Col. D. E. Boulton, happily still alive and well with us, Rev. John Beatty and his son Dr. Beatty, Rev. Wm. Hayden, James, Frank, William and David Burnett, with their father and mother, William Lander, Peter McCallum, Andrew McAllister and Peter McGuire, the two first Catholic settlers in Cobourg, L. Broughall, Sam. Irwin, John Guillet, Dr. Clarke, James Hossack, Thomas Floyd, Henry Dumble, Andrew Milne, E. C. Hull, James Robinson, John Mechesney, &c. On the 1st January, 1841, the act of incorporation came into force making us the village of Cobourg with a President and Board of Police for its municipal government, the Hon. Asa A. Burnham being the first President. Population now rapidly increased, and a fresh impetus was given to our thriving

ing young village with the coming of Stuart E. Mackechnie and his two brothers, Capt. Wallace, the Heath family, and David Burn, all wealthy gentlemen who were induced to locate here principally through the influence of our good old friend Col. D'Arcy E. Boulton. S. E. Mackechnie and Capt. Wallace purchased what was then known as the Fisher Farm, which previous to that time had been worked by the father of our respected fellow townsman John Fisher, being lot 20, Broken Con. A., and extending from near the gaol to the shores of the lake.

On this lot S. E. Mackechnie built the Cobourg Woolen Mills, where it still stands, and Capt. Wallace built a large distillery, &c., on the opposite side of King street, close by the dam of the old pond, S. W. corner. From this distillery and brandy house large quantities of whiskey, spirits, brandy and gin were manufactured and exported, in addition to what was purchased by local dealers. The woolen mill manufactured what was then considered the best quality and most durable goods to be found in the country for many years. Wm. Weller, a Cobourg man, ably and efficiently performed the contract of carrying Her Majesty's mails with passenger stages to-and-fro between Montreal and Hamilton up to 1856, when the Grand Trunk Railway was completed and opened for traffic between those two points. Some idea of the extent of this work may be formed from the fact that stables and horses for relays had to be maintained over this whole distance at not more than ten miles apart. Hon. Ebenezer Perry built a commercial flouring mill, with an extensive pond to supply the running power. James Calcutt built up and operated a very large distilling and brewing business, and a steam flour mill in connection therewith. The Burnet brothers purchased what in old times was known as the "John Connell Farm," consisting of that portion of the Town bounded on the east by Ontario street, on the north by King street, on the west by the dividing line between lots 19 and 20, and on the south by the waters of Lake Ontario. This is now one of the most populous and beautiful parts of our town, having been divided and sub-divided into lots and built upon by the Burnets and sold to various par-

ties, many of their thrifty employes profiting by the opportunity to secure homes for themselves. Peter McCallum was an enterprising man and spent much of his carefully accumulated wealth in building business houses and handsome residences. Thomas Scott also spent much of his means in buildings in the town and its vicinity. The Hon. Geo. S. Boulton built "Northumberland Hall," perhaps the oldest of our palatial residences, as well as other houses for business and residence. Thos. Dumble was also a public spirited man, who contributed much to the wealth of our town in buildings &c. These were the men who built up Cobourg and made it one of the most beautiful and picturesque towns in Canada. They gave employment to numerous working people—mechanics and laborers—and induced many to locate amongst us, who were attracted by the ready employment they secured with remunerative wages. Many more names might be added to the roll of men who in the early days contributed to the making of Cobourg what she is to-day, but in the present instance we have mentioned sufficient for the occasion. However the population had increased with such rapidity that a new charter was obtained and we began our career as a Town on the 1st of January, 1851, with Stuart Easton Mackechnie as our first Mayor. The turning of the first sod on the Cobourg and Peterborough Railway took place this year by the lady Mayoress; and the laying of the corner stone of Victoria Hall by Sir Allan N. MacNab late in the following year.

The first gaol and court house we had was a wooden structure with a yard fenced with slabs, capped on the ends with spikes to prevent the prisoners from climbing over. Mr. Spencer was the first sheriff of the counties. Mr. Farrow, first gaoler. Hon. Zaccheus Burnham, first Treasurer. Henry Jones, first County Clerk. A. B. Carpenter and Glover Bennett, first sub-sheriff and sheriff's bailiff.

In this short sketch of the past history of Cobourg it should not be expected that all the old and respected settlers of the town could be enumerated, nor can they even all be thought of, therefore any omissions herein should not be considered as having

been willfully omitted. In fact this sketch has been written all too hurriedly, although in the main statements herein may be depended upon as correct.

In commemoration of this 6th day of August, 1900, upon which we "Old Boys," who in time past were residents of Cobourg, have revisited the grand old Town of our first love, and have had a cordial reception of affectionate remembrance from our old fellow townsmen and social confreres of past days, which we from the abundance of our hearts fully reciprocate. Let this be considered a red letter day in the history of dear old Cobourg, and may her future history be as fruitful and successful as in the past, and that her worthy citizens may ever enjoy long life with all the good gifts that the great and munificent giver of all good things can grant them.

To this we subscribe our names on this 6th day of August, 1900, a day the sweet remembrance of which we will treasure in our hearts whilst life remains.