

The Shamrock Leaf

Newsmagazine of The Irish Canadian Cultural Association of New Brunswick

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EDITOR: FARRELL MCCARTHY

VOLUME NO. 39 • NOVEMBER 2004



A Rambling Cobbler and His Boy

Reproduced from The Cries of Dublin: drawn from the life by Hugh Douglas Hamilton, 1760 (p.155)

Hamilton (1740-1809) was perhaps the finest Irish painter of the second half of the eighteenth century. He is famous for his brilliant neo-classical portraits in pastel and oils, executed in London, Rome and Dublin.

By contrast, this new book reproduces his lively studies of Dublin tradesmen, beggars, hucksters and even funeral processions, giving us the most intimate and unique eyewitness picture of everyday life in the teeming eighteenth-century streets of Ireland's capital city. Recently discovered in Australia, these drawings have been brought back to Ireland and are published for the first time by the Irish Georgian Society.



From the Editor

The 39th edition of *The Shamrock Leaf* is indeed a provincial news-magazine since it has articles from all regions of the province.

I must thank the Chapters and the individuals from outside of the province for their contributions.

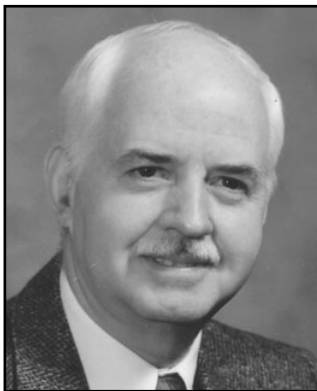
Ann Breault's article and pictures reminds us of the contribution that the Irish made to Charlotte Co.

Aileen Carroll, Portland, Maine, writes about her relative, Hon. John Costigan, Grand Falls. The Irish, at one time, had a very strong presence in that area and many of the French speaking people today have Irish roots.

Sharon (McCluskey) Eagan is keeping the Irish tradition alive in the potato belt with her annual St. Patrick's Day party.

Linda Evans takes us back to a quiet, peaceful place as she once again visits St. Patrick's Church, Chapel Point, Kent Co., NB. Take some time in your future travels to visit this tranquil place to contemplate the journey that our ancestors traveled so we may appreciate the comforts of today's world.

Hilarian and Patricia O'Leary Coughlan's visit to the world's largest Celtic Festival in Brittany, France, makes us realize how far



Farrell McCarthy

our Celtic roots have spread and the quality of our music, dance and writings on the world's stage.

St. Mary's Cemetery, Saint John, recently commemorated the 10th Anniversary of the dedication of the Celtic Cross and the opening of a flower garden around the cross. It is the resting place for some 15,000 mainly Irish Catholics.

A project dear to the heart of Peter Rafferty, Riverview, is to find and record the location and names of all the small cemeteries that are now among the tall trees of long abandoned Irish Settlements.

In this issue, we have an interesting article by Sue Flaherty, Portland, Maine, about a closed

historic church, St. Dominic's, that was built by Irish Immigrants. It is now the Maine Irish Heritage Center. It might be an idea for any community that will most certainly experience a similar situation.

Since our association started in 1983, many of our members have died. The Chapters are beginning to compile a list and remember them at a proper time each year.

We have a large variety of books in this issue. I would like to point out two of them, *Exiles and Islanders, the Irish Settlers of Prince Edward Island* by Brendan O'Grady and Bill Cullen, *It's a Long Way from Penny Apples*. The first one is a well written history of the Island's Irish and as Pádraig O'Siadhail stated in his address to the charitable Irish Society, Halifax at the March 17, 2003 dinner, *The Province of Nova Scotia is now the only Atlantic Province that does not have their story told*.

Bill Cullen's book has become an international best seller and as

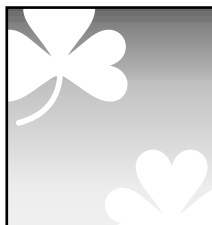
Marianna O'Gallagher states this true, touching story is a *very strong contrast to Angela's Ashes*.

The Irish American Cultural Institute has for years sponsored an Irish Way Program for high school students. They have an ad in this issue. We must try to find sponsors to send a couple of our high school students to Ireland.

The Nelson Doyle Irish Dancers, under the volunteer, professional leadership of their instructor, Ellen (Doyle) MacDonald, thrilled audiences, both in Ireland and the Celtic Colours, Cape Breton. She is beginning a new class of 75 students on a volunteer basis. What a lady for Irish dancing and culture!

The year 2005 is also a great year to take a trip to Ireland. Tours are planned during the months of May, June, August and September.

And we continue to get letters. Keep them coming, your thoughts keep us going and any advice is greatly welcomed.



The literature of a nation is spun out of its heart. If you would know Ireland, body and soul, you must read its poems and stories. They are Ireland talking to herself.

-W.B. Yeats



From the President's Pen

Greetings all! I am pleased to report that the Fall Meeting of our Association took place at the Knights of Columbus Hall in Bathurst, NB on October 2, 2004 and was well attended by members of your executive. A wide range of topics were discussed with input coming from all corners of the Province.

In July, I along with other members of the Association attended the Irish Festival in Miramichi and we all had a most enjoyable three days. Our booth at the festival did extremely well and I am pleased to report that ticket sales



Paddy Addison

for our Student Bursary Fund were the best ever!

I would like at this time to thank Anne Marie Mullin-Wedge, owner of the House of Tara in Saint John for donation the beautiful Beleek Lamp for the raffle.

This year the Association raised the amount of the bursary to \$500 and I am hoping that at some future time we will in a position to award \$500 yearly to both UNBSJ and St. Thomas University.

On Sunday, August 29th, I along with many others attended the joint 150th Anniversary of St. Mary's Cemetery and the founding of the Sisters of Charity of the

Immaculate Conception. Many of the Sisters were in attendance and they were duly recognized for their service to the community.

I would like to thank Chapter President Shirley Dysart and her Committee for putting on such a memorable event and reception on this, the 20th Anniversary of the formation of the Saint John Chapter.

In conclusion, I would like to wish everyone a Blessed Christmas and a Prosperous 2005.

*Paddy Addison, President
The Irish Canadian Cultural
Association of New Brunswick*



Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

My name is Colleen Downey and I am the Membership Chair of the Irish Society of the National Capital Region and I am writing to you today to thank you for sending me the latest copy of *The Shamrock Leaf*. There is SO much great information contained in its pages--quite an enjoyable read.

I am putting in the mail to you today, our latest issue of our magazine *Cois Tine (By the Fireside)* that we send to our members 3 or 4 times a year and our newsletter that is sent 4 to 6 times a year. Hope you will find them as interesting.

We are all swamped with our plans for *Irish Week* in Ottawa which begins March 10 through the 17th. It is a great time here, I am sure you have a busy time as well.

Have a very, very Happy St. Patrick's Day!

Colleen Downey, Ottawa, ON

Dear Editor:

We are thankful for your interest about Grosse-Île and the Irish Memorial Historic Site of Canada that is located on Grosse-Île, an Island in the St. Lawrence River near Quebec City.

To find more information on Grosse-Île, we invite you to visit our web-site at www.pc.gc.ca/grosseile

Daniel Villeneuve, Quebec, PQ

Dear Editor:

As a teacher of Hospitality and Tourism of Riverview High School, is it possible I could obtain 28 copies of *The Shamrock Leaf* for my students?

Each year I do a special section on *Irish Culture in New Brunswick*. I found some copies at the local library, they would be an invaluable teaching aid for my students.

Is is possible to pick up extra copies in the Greater Moncton area?

Wonderful content. I have found the information most valuable. As you can appreciate, photocopying each article would be too expensive. A class set would be ideal for reading, research and discussion purposes. If you are interested in coming to my class to talk to the students, that would be great.

Frederick Veysey, Riverview, NB

Dear Editor:

Delighted to get your February edition of *The Shamrock Leaf* which I am reading with great interest, and it's a good read which I will leave in our UCD Common room for others. I attach some notes on our scholarship programme which you might comment on in a future edition, have a look at our ICUF website. *Slán tamall*

**John Kelly, Professor/Registrar Emeritus
University College Dublin, Executive Director
The Ireland Canada University Foundation
email: jjkelly@ucd.ie web: www.icuf.ie**

Dear Editor:

Just received the February issue of *The Shamrock Leaf* and most pleased to receive it. Congratulations on a fine quarterly and the great contributions of you and the other people.

I am currently reading *The Story of the Irish Race* by Seamas McManus. Absolutely frightening how the government in London shamelessly frustrated their every move to improve their lot.

John Dunn, Halifax, NS

Dear Editor:

Thank you for helping me keep in touch with my NB Irish Roots out here in Calgary!

I have just received the February issue (2004) and your publication continues to improve each and every issue.

The articles relating to our cultural and family roots serve to remind us of the difficult times endured by our forefathers, and the Irish spirit continues to shine.

I especially enjoy the articles and poetry submitted by my old friend and military colleague, James Lynch, who possesses a special gift of his command of the English language.

Thank you and continued good luck with your important magazine.

Jack G. McLaughlin, Calgary, AB

Dear Editor:

I was very happy to receive some news from you and a copy of your news magazine. I will always be a great lover of all that is Celtic Culture.

If you know some good interpreters in classical music (pianists, etc.), I would be very interested by exchanging CDs or otherwise with them.

Jean Chatillon, 19650, boul. Becancour, Becancour, PQ G9H 1B5

Dear Editor:

Thank you for sending me *The Shamrock Leaf*, Vol. No. 38.

As usual, it's superb. Farrell (whom I know) does a great job. When the Irish get going, nothing can stop them.

In my hometown of Buckingham, Quebec, St. Patrick's Day was celebrated in an excellent way, thanks among others, to the religious Brothers, our teachers, Brothers Ambrose (Malloy) and Richard, the latter an Acadian from Richibuctou who made himself into an Irishman in the service of God and of his pupils.

We learned a series of Irish songs. I'm going to quote you two which you may know well.

There was the *Wearin' of the Green* of which I remember only the last part. It goes:

*I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
And he said "How's dear old Ireland, how does she stand?"*

*"She's the most distressful country that ever you have seen,
For they're killin' men and women there for the wearin' of the green."*

And a lovely little ditty which you may recall:

*There's a dear little plant, which grows in our isle,
'Tis St. Patrick himself sure that set it, and the sun on his labours with pleasure did smile.*

And with dew from his eye often wet it, it shines through the bogs, the brake and the mireland,

And he called it the dear little Shamrock of Ireland.

The dear little shamrock, the sweet little shamrock,

The dear little, sweet little, Shamrock of Ireland!

Enough of the Irish stuff.

Congratulations for your efforts on behalf of the ICCA!

A faithful son of the old sod.

John E. Vallillee

Editor's Note: This letter was sent to our dedicated ICCA of NB Treasurer, Patricia O'Leary Coughlan. Mr. Vallillee, whose mother was a McCormick, is a retired superintendent of schools (French District).



Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

Hello. What a nice surprise to receive *The Shamrock Leaf*!

Thanks Farrell, it sure brought back lots of good memories. It was great to see the Comhaltas write up also. I'm chair for the Ottawa branch and vice-chair for the Eastern Canada Region.

We are bringing the North American Comhaltas convention to Ottawa in 2005. It has been 15 years since it has been here. A lot of work, but I am looking forward to it. Dates are *March 31 to April 2*.

Lots of good workshops and certainly lots of good music. I will keep you informed. Maybe some of your readers would be interested in coming along.

How do I become a regular of *The Shamrock Leaf*? Let me know and I will send my membership. Thanks again, it was a real treat to hear from you.

God bless.

Maureen Maher, Ottawa, ON

Dear Editor:

Received my first copy of *Shamrock Leaf*. Excellent articles. There are so many exciting Celtic happenings taking place in New Brunswick. I simply have to visit there, God willing, when I retire next year.

You and your Celts are to be commended on your magnificent work. It is so good to see the Irish culture being promoted with so much love and pride.

I recall in my Irish history lessons back in Ireland quite a few years ago, it was taught back then that the "emigrants who left Ireland and settled in other countries, their descendants became more Irish than the Irish themselves." At the time, I wondered how this could be.

When I read the *Shamrock Leaf* and other publications from other countries that make up a good part of the Irish diaspora, it's easy to see that this is indeed, true. The descendants are carrying their Irishness with dignity.

It's good to see Tommy Maken is still on the go. He and the Clancy Brothers were big hits in my teenage years back in Ireland and indeed, around the world.

Keep up the good work!

Michael McAteer, Vancouver, BC

Dear Editor:

Thanks so much for thinking of me and sending me the *Shamrock Leaf*. I'm going to subscribe. This is wonderful publication!

We've been very active in Irish dancing lately. I'm wondering how much Irish dance you have in New Brunswick?

My son won first in the Western Regionals in San Diego and my daughter placed seventh out of 125 girls. This qualifies them to go to Ireland and compete in the World Championships of Irish dancing as soloists.

Thank you again for the beautiful magazine.

Mary Holford, San Jose, California

Dear Editor:

I want to thank you for sending me the *Shamrock Leaf* and for putting the Farrell Clan notice in it.

I have had a few Farrell's from New Brunswick interested in the clan. I must say I am enjoying reading all the interesting articles, and learning about the history of the Irish in New Brunswick.

M. Patricia (Farrell) Taylor, Kemptville, ON

Dear Editor:

There is a researcher by the name of Michael Cummings who is hunting for windows donated to churches by the Ancient Order of Hibernians. He claims that he has not found any in Canada yet.

Michael sent me a printout from some AOH register which lists a whole lot of NB Chapters. I will copy it and forward it to you, it is interesting to see all those grand names.

Best wishes.

Marianna O'Gallagher, Quebec, PQ

Michael J. Cummings, 12 Marion Avenue
Albany, New York USA 12203-1814

Editor's Note: See page 29.

Dear Editor:

I would truly appreciate it if you could help us spread the word in your community about this wonderful opportunity for high school students.

The *Irish Way* is a five-week summer study abroad program that has educated over 3,500 high school students since 1975.

Sponsored by the Irish American Cultural Institute (a not-for-profit cultural organization), the *Irish Way* sends approximately 100 teenagers to Ireland each summer to participate in this personal discovery and experience of a lifetime.

If you have any questions or would like digital pictures from the program, please don't hesitate to contact me.

Thank you for your time in advance.

Taryn Harrison, Irish Way Coordinator

Irish American Cultural Institute

1 Lackawanna Place, Morriston, NJ 07960

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The Shamrock Leaf



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Bits & Pieces by Farrell McCarthy

Right winger Owen Nolan of the Toronto Maple Leafs is a native of Belfast, Northern Ireland. His family came to Canada when he was seven months old to escape the troubles.

His family's home was in the West Belfast area known as Falls Road, a Catholic, working class neighbourhood.

He owns two Irish pubs in San Jose, California and has 41 first cousins in Northern Ireland.

St. Patrick's Square, located at 6767 Côte St. Luc Road, Montreal, a pre-retirement residence for seniors, celebrated its 25th Anniversary, on June 10th, 2004.

A red rosebush was planted in memory of Prime Minister Pierre Elliot Trudeau who officially opened the Square in 1979.

On June 27th, 2004, the Rideau Canal Celtic Cross was unveiled in Ottawa. Along with the Kingston Celtic Cross, it honors the memory of an estimated 1000 Irish labourers and their co-workers who died building the Rideau Canal.

"We are sorry to announce the tragic loss of Pete McCarthy"--this announcement appeared on his website. He died on October 6 at the Royal Sussex Hospital, Brighton, England.

Pete was thrilled and delighted with the worldwide reaction to his books *McCarthy's Bar* and *The Road to McCarthy*. He was working on his third book.

From 1787 to 1868, about 160,000 convicts would be transported to Australia. Of that total, around 30,000 were Irishmen and 9000 Irishwomen, almost exactly one quarter of the total.

Today, 33 to 40 percent of Australians claim Irish roots. Though some had committed serious crimes, many were sentenced to 7 to 10 years of transportation to *Van Dieman's Land* (an Island off the Coast of Australia) for crimes as petty as theft of vegetables, a coat, or a handkerchief.

Note the words in the song *The Fields of Athenry*. One-third of the so-called Irish convicts were political prisoners.

Legislation that would secure necessary federal charter for a \$50 million Museum of Irish America in Washington, DC, has been introduced on Capitol Hill.

Rep. James Walsh, Chairman of the Friends of Ireland group in Congress, has put together a bill that would allow the New Jersey-based Irish American Cultural Institute to establish the museum.

Fred Hazel, the retired editor-in-chief of the *Telegraph Journal* has written many great articles on his wife's Alma's guided tours of Ireland.

A recent one entitled *Brilliance Of The Late Irish Tenor Lives On* concerns the late Frank Patterson. A new CD has been released by Brio Records entitled *Frank and Eily*. The cost is \$17 (US Funds), which includes shipping and handling.

Cheques or money orders made out to Brio Records can be sent to Eily Patterson, 15 Midland Avenue, Bronxville, New York 10708.

The beautiful Irish Belek Lamp donated by House of Tara, Saint John was won by Philip Rafferty, Moncton. The 2nd Prize, a vase, was won by Michael and Judy Sullivan, Moncton.

Revenue from tickets that are sold by ICCA Chapters and at the Irish Festival go toward funding the ICCA of NB Bursary.

Most Pure Heart of Mary Cemetery, Barnaby River, NB erected a sign at the entrance showing the names, row by row, of all the known deceased.

What a great idea! Does it exist anywhere else?

In the most Irish city in America, Dublin based Jurys Doyle Hotel Group is restoring the former Boston Police Headquarters into *Jury's Boston Hotel*, the first Irish hotel in the city. It opened in June and is located in Boston's Back Bay at 350 Stuart Street. jurysdoyle.com

Congratulations to Shirley Dysart, the President of our Saint John Chapter, for her appointment as a member of the Order of Canada.

Mrs. Dysart is a former Cabinet Minister and the first female speaker of the NB Legislature.

The Canadian Irish Studies Foundation is a great supporter of Irish Studies at Concordia University, Montreal.

Over 700 students are enrolled in Irish courses each year. But to fund all of the Foundation's activities and to develop Canadian Irish Studies further, they still need your help on an annual basis.

Contact Brian O'N Gallery, Chair 2004 Campaign at 1590 Dr. Penfield Avenue, Montreal, QC, H3G 1C5. Email: ngow@alcor.concordia.ca



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IRISH WAY PROGRAM

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or contact Taryn Harrison
973-605-1991 or email tharrison@iaci-usa.org
or visit us on line at www.iaci-usa.org



Bathurst Branch news

St. Patrick's Pot Luck Supper

The supper is our first major event of the year and as in the past it was a very pleasant and tasty supper with over 100 people in attendance. After the supper, entertainment was supplied from 9 to 12 midnight. The entertainment this year was provided by a group from the membership who decided they would form an Irish group called "Friends O' Erin". The leader of the group is John Mann; on lead guitar, Barry Hickey; singer Brian Murphy; acoustic guitar, Dave Guitard; guitar, fiddle, banjo and mandolin, Frankie Grennan, bass. The "Friends O' Erin" are going to continue expanding on their repertoire of Irish music and will be available for other Irish functions in the future. For any information about the group contact John Mann at (506)546-1602. The Bathurst branch feels fortunate to have such a talented group in their membership and wish them luck.

Deaths

Condolences to all family members who have lost a loved one or ones in the past 6 months.

Parades

The Branch did not have a float in the Bathurst Festival Parade this year, due to unforeseen circumstances, but we are looking forward to next year's Parade. The Branch did send representatives to the Irish Festival Parade in Chatham which started the Miramichi Irish Festival.

Life Memberships

The Branch executive have voted to present life-time memberships to any members of the branch who:

1. have been members of

the Branch since its inception in 1983

2. have given a great deal of time and effort to the success of the Association over the years

3. and are 85 years of age or older.

The first life-time membership is awarded this year to Fenton and Clara Daley of Bathurst. Congratulations.

50th Anniversaries

Congratulations to Paddie and Millie McLaughlin and Paul and Eleanor Delacret on their 50th wedding anniversaries.

Continued on page 7



"Friends O' Erin performing at this year's St. Patrick's supper

Left to right: Brian Murphy, Barry Hickey, Dave Guitard, Frankie Brennan and John Mann

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Bathurst Branch news *continued*

Genealogy Fair

This year the Restigouche Genealogy Society held a genealogy Fair during the Bon Ami Festival in Dalhousie.

The Bathurst Branch, having been invited to do so, set up an Irish booth at the Fair.

Helping with the booth for the day was the President, Pat Murphy, with help from ICCA members Brian Murphy and Francis Stack.

A lot of people visited our booth and many had questions about the Irish and Irish names.

The Branch added three new family memberships as a result of their effort.

Recovering

We take this opportunity to wish all our members



Relay for Life team 2004

Left to right (front row): Uriel and Connie Whalen. Back row: Jack Brown, Pat Murphy, Francis Stack and Greg Riordon.

who are ill and convalescing a speedy recovery and be seeing you all at future events soon.

Corn Boil

The Annual Corn Boil

was held on Sunday, August 29, and close to 50% of the membership participated to make for a very successful corn boil.

Looking for a bigger and

better one again next year.

Card Parties

The first card party of the year was held in March and the Fall card party will be held in November.

Provincial Meeting

The Fall meeting of the Provincial Irish Canadian Cultural Association was held in Bathurst at the Knights of Columbus hall on Douglas Avenue, on October 2nd.

Egg-Nog Party

The final event of the year will be the Egg-Nog party in December. Besides a very pleasant evening it is also the time when we start our membership drive for the new year.

2004 memberships

This year the Association has a total of 94 family and individual memberships and we are looking forward to an even bigger membership in 2005.

Pat Murphy, President

Bathurst Branch
of the ICCA

Barnaby River 1866

View of a farm on the Barnaby River, NB 1866. This Miramichi area New Brunswick community is considered to be the most Irish in N.B. A sign points this fact out to visitors.





Fredericton



Left to right: Ricarda Bradley, President, Fredericton Chapter of ICCA of NB presenting Patricia O'Leary-Coughlan with Irish Person of the Year plaque, 2004.a

Congratulations Patricia

by Eileen Malone

Who more appropriate to be named *Irish Person of the Year* Fredericton, than our own Patricia?

Patricia has been involved with the Irish Canadian Cultural Association of NB, since its inception in 1982. Serving in many capacities at both Provincial and local levels, Patricia has seen many programs, ideas and people come and go through this organization.

Working closely with professors at St. Thomas University and the University of New Brunswick and others, Patricia with her constant support and partner Hilarion, has been involved through the years in hosting the Canadian Association for Irish Studies Conferences and the Celtic Fall Fests. The International Gathering of the Irish has also been well served by her organizational skills.

Her many trips to Ireland has heightened her love for the coun-

try and has enhanced the O'Leary Coughlan hospitality towards Irish folk who come to Fredericton, be it following the July Irish Festival on the Miramichi or otherwise. The door is always open for relaxing gatherings of our Fredericton chapter.

The James Joyce Pub opened its doors late 2003. One of the initiatives of management and staff was to honour some local Irish person, hence, Patricia's being chosen.

An evening of good food, music and songs by the well-known Wade Brothers (David and Richard) as well as Mary O'Hara, dancing by the Stanford School of Irish Dance, readings by Bruce Driscoll, fun and laughter was a fitting environment for such an event.

As former Editor of the Shamrock Leaf, promotion of Irish Culture in all its facets, be it music, literature, history or art has always been very high on Patricia's list of priorities.



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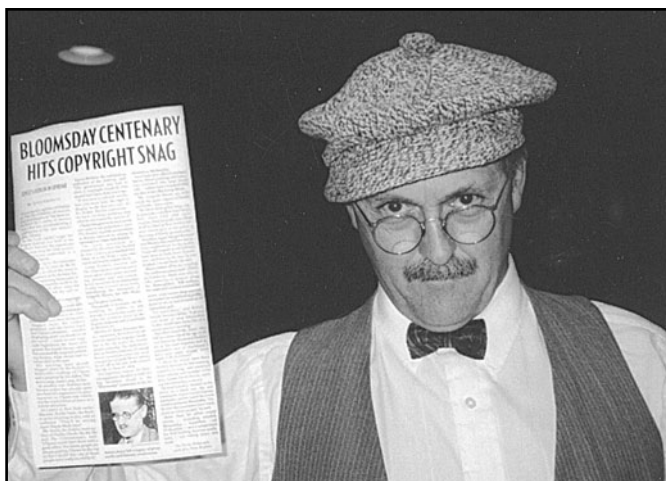
Fredericton ICCA celebrates *Bloomsday* with *Pub Crawl*

by Eileen Malone

This year 2004, is the centenary of the day in 1904 on which, James Joyce's Novel *Ulysses* is set. Celebrations of Bloomsday were held June 16, not only in Ireland, but throughout the world, for this reason, the Fredericton Chapter held a Pub Crawl.

Dressed in period costumes, a group of Irish party-goers began a crawl at the Capital Bar on Queen Street. At this classy gentlemen's club with its comfortable leather chairs, a first jar was tipped, introductions of characters and readers were made and the fun began. Readings from Mark Anthony Jarman's recent book *Ireland's Eye* were enjoyable and set a happy tone for the evening. (Mark Anthony is a professor at UNB).

Through a dark alley, reminiscent of Dublin, the group then moved on to Dolan's Pub. Indeed a very warm welcome was received as we settled down on the patio. Dolan's staff and management have always been great support-



Bruce Driscoll, Fredericton, as James Joyce, celebrating the 100th Anniversary of Bloomsday at the James Joyce Irish Pub and Dolan's Irish Pub, Fredericton.

ers of all Irish events and Joyce would have been very comfortable there. More beverages and comradeship were enjoyed as Bruce Driscoll appropriately attired and acting the role of Joyce himself, offered information on the latter's life and times. Walking along King Street, the

group soon garnered many stares and questions as to who we were and what we were doing this lovely June evening. Many smiles and congratulations on our spirit and sense of celebration were received.

The Lunar Rogue was our next stop on this crawl. The well-

known Scottish piper who owns the Rogue, combines his love of music with that of the Irish on occasion. More readings, spontaneous outbursts of singing and jars made our stop most enjoyable. In fact, some curious and friendly group of patrons joined in our celebration and promised to get involved next year.

The final stop of this evening's tour was at the local James Joyce Pub, situated in the former River Room of the Lord Beaverbrook Hotel. Here, the co-ordinator of the evening, Patricia O'Leary-Coughlan welcomed everyone in the pub to join in the music and storytelling. During the evening, Donna Styant, appropriately dressed as Molly Bloom, performed very well her role with her roguish smile, glinting eye, suggestive body movements to steal the hearts of all the men present...as did Molly in Joyce's book. This was our first attempt, or *dry run* at celebrating Bloomsday. We promise it will not be our last so join us next year...for fun, fun, fun!

Brittany at a Glance

by Patricia O'Leary Coughlan

Surrounded by 2,863km (1,779 miles) of coastline, Brittany covers an area of 34,000 sq. km (13,125 miles) or 6 percent of French Territory. It has over 4 million inhabitants (7 percent of the French population). Over the past 25 years, Brittany's population has increased faster than the national average. The westernmost point in Europe, Brittany has become an economic hub of international importance. Its growing prosperity is paralleled by a strong identity.

Eyewitness Travel Guides 2003

This part of France consists of two distinct areas: namely a coastal region and an inland area. This is reflected in the Celtic names *Armor*, meaning country by the sea and *Argoat*, wooded country.

It is written that about 500 BC, this peninsula, then known as Armorica, was invaded by Celts. Five tribes would have settled

with their trades, rulers, druids and bards.

It is in the 5th Century that their real history began when people were forced to leave the Isle of Bretagne (England today) and join their cousins in Armorique county by the sea.

In the 6th Century, large numbers of Britons from Wales and Cornwall crossed the sea and settled. This was known as the 22-year-peaceful invasion. Christian monks were among the newcomers and they introduced a Celtic variant of Christianity, distinct from Roman Christianity. The area by then was known as Brittany.

In 1532, this tiny spot lost its independence when Anne of Brittany married first Charles VII and then Louis XII, both Kings of France. Brittany became part of France. However, even in modern times, Brittany has longed to regain its independence. Breton is still spoken with different dialects in Lower and Upper

Brittany. The national flag, Breton flag, proudly displays nine black and white lines depicting the nine ancient districts of cathedral towns.

The history, traditions and culture of these people are so very Celtic and even mysterious. Brittany is known world-wide for its standing stones/dolmens. The most important are found in Carnac where some 3,000 are to be seen, the most extraordinary

group of menhirs in the world! Finally, Lorient, heart of the Interceltic Festival, is a port with five harbors. It is a charming, bustling town, situated in the northwest part of Morbihan. In the 1600's, it was an important dockyard. Lorient was nearly completely destroyed during WWII and has since been rebuilt. So much to say! So much to see! We leave it to you to possibly explore.

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Eagan's St. Patrick's Party

Sharon Eagan goes all out for March 17

St. Patrick's Day party a 35 year old tradition

By Robert LaFrance, Victoria Star

When Sharon Eagan observes St. Patrick's Day, she really observes St. Patrick's Day. At this time of year a visit to the Kilburn home of her and her husband Dave is like walking into a sea of green, there are so many items of that colour on display in honour of St. Patrick and the Emerald Isle itself.

Wall hangings, books on the subject of Ireland, tablecloths, stuffed toys, and even the apron she wore as she was putting together some Irish Soda Biscuits last Friday morning were green, as if for a short time no other colour would be tolerated. She was preparing the biscuits for the next evening's party in observance of St. Patrick's Day the following Wednesday.

"This is the 35th year of my party," she explained. "I missed one year when I was away two years ago."

"The first year I was married we lived in Yellowknife and I decided to hold this party and Dave said 'You don't know anyone here. Nobody will come.' They all came. The place was packed. We lived in Edmonton one year and I invited everyone I knew. It was packed, they were on the stairs, there was barely room to get around. One year there was a big snowstorm in Grand Falls and I thought no one was going to come...they walked."

The annual party that takes place at Eagan's house has become the centre of Irish St. Patrick's Day celebrations and is something that Sharon Eagan wants and needs to reinforce and remember her Irish ancestry.

"I guess the party just goes on and on every year and I just can't survive unless I have the St. Patrick's doo," she laughs.

"At the party we do Irish coffee," she said, "and of course this Irish Soda Bread. The Irish coffee is always a big hit and of course we do it blessed and unblessed." She explained that 'unblessed' Irish coffee is for teetotalers. "If a person doesn't drink they can still come and have a good time. There's Irish music...anybody who can play the piano will play. Dawn Bishop will play and of course Dave will play and a lot of others."

On the Eagans' barn is a 12 foot high shamrock, highlighted by green bulbs to send the night-time message of Ireland to people who drive past on Highway 105.

"I got that from a guy in the Miramichi," she said. "It was probably around the first Irish Festival there and a guy had that shamrock at his house. He was a barber. That's the same one out there," she said, pointing out at the barn. "The next summer I was there and went in to his house and said 'I'd love to have a shamrock like yours, could you tell me who made it or where I could get one?' He gave it to me. It didn't have stem on it and Albert Dionne added the stem."

The shamrock is made of light metal and for several years was on the Eagans' house roof. "I used to put it on the house but I ruined the roof," she said. "It's not that heavy but it's awkward. It folds and that's how we were able to bring it over the Renous. Last year we didn't put it up because we were away a lot and didn't get it up."

Asked about her Irish roots, she said she had plenty.

"I was a McCluskey and my mother was an O'Keefe and you can't get any more Irish than that," commented Eagan with a smile. "Even when we were kids we never got out the door St. Patrick's Day unless we had something green on."

Sharon Eagan worked for 20 years as administrator of River View Manor, a nursing home in Bath and even had a an annual Irish party there. "Every year I worked at the Manor we had that party," she said, "and even for two years after I retired. I even served them Irish coffee at the March board meetings. Blessed and unblessed of course."

"I've been to Ireland three times and loved it," she concluded. "The first time was when my mother and I went in 1966. My sister and I, about 10 years ago and then again about five years ago, visited everywhere in Ireland except the North. We stayed in Bed and Breakfasts and traveled by bus, train...not on a tour, just on our own. In Limerick, we met a woman from Plaster Rock who we knew was going to be there on a bus tour. It was a wonderful time. This party is to remember Ireland and times like that."

Editors Note: Kilburn is located in Carleton County between Perth Andover and Bath.



Preparing for St. Patrick

Sharon Eagan of Kilburn started holding St. Patrick's Day parties thirty-five years ago in Yellowknife, NWT and has only missed one since.



A Sea of Green for St. Patrick

The Eagan house in Kilburn is a sea of green every year for St. Patrick's Day with tablecloths, figurines, etc.



The Nelson Doyle Dancers in Ireland

It's a small world, if you're Irish!



The Nelson Doyle Dancers pose with Irish Councillors outside the Westenra Hotel, Monaghan.

The dancers are: front (left to right): Kathleen Doyle, Amanda Colwell, Melanie Sweeney, Stephanie Bouley, Sharilyn Doyle and Deandra Doyle. 2nd row (left to right): Ellen (Doyle) MacDonald (instructor), Holly Girouard, Kelsey Godfrey, Jory Boisvert and Harmony Wallace.

By Ellen (Doyle) MacDonald

It's a small world, if you're Irish! That's just what The Nelson Doyle Dancers discovered on their recent tour of Ireland this past summer. The group, under the volunteer instruction of Ellen (Doyle) MacDonald, has been in existence since 1991.

With several television appearances over the years, the group's recent invitation to perform in Ireland is yet another testament to the success of The Nelson Doyle Dancers and the group's dedication to preserve and promote the Irish culture.

Not only do students learn the traditional dance, but are also instructed in the Irish language, culture and history.

Students pay no fee for their lessons and advance by merit within the group. *This, says MacDonald, ensures that the most dedicated and accomplished dancers progress and advance without financial constraints.*

MacDonald, a graduate of Saint Francis Xavier University, has over twenty years formal dance training and has studied under Michael Smith and Maureen Haley of Boston. She is presently

teaching grades 1 to 5 Core French and grades 6 and 7 Social Studies and Technology at Nelson Rural School.

Ellen and her husband, Jeff MacDonald, have a three year old son, Pádraig, who is fluent in Gaelic. Interestingly, Pádraig was born during the Irish Festival, on the first day of one of the dance workshops in 2001. *Maureen (Haley) and the girls were all waiting for me to show up but as they were dancing, Pádraig was being born!* says MacDonald. *Now we celebrate Pádraig's birthday every year at Irish Festival time.*

The Nelson Doyle Dancers captured Ireland's eye at a Cyber Event performance in conjunction with the Irish Festival. This event, allowed viewers in Ireland to see a live performance of The Nelson Doyle Dancers via advanced technology.

The famous number that caused Ireland to react so appreciatively was a combination soft shoe and hard shoe performance that was a tribute to the late John Morris Rankin, a Cape Breton musician who died in a tragic car accident a few years ago.

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Ireland

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from page 11

They told me Ireland went crazy, remembers MacDonald, and we knew it was one of those magical moments in a dancer's and dance teacher's life.

Then came the call from Monaghan for an encore by The Nelson Doyle Dancers, who had only been scheduled to perform one number during the event. The group returned to perform an upbeat softshoe production number to thunderous applause in both nations. Then, as if it couldn't get any better, an invitation to perform in four locations in Ireland, following a dinner meeting of Irish dignitaries.

The dancers, along with their tour manager, Marvin McCarthy, were also able to take in some historical and cultural tours including the Famine Museum at Strokestown, Blarney Castle and the Patrick Kavanagh Centre, where the dancers did a dramatization of *The Great Famine, An Gorta Mór (The Great Hunger)* as

an introduction to their performance. The group also included this introduction during their performance at Emyvale.

As the girls traveled and performed, new venues were added and after one particular performance at Knockatallon, The Nelson Doyle Dancers were approached by Euro Artist (Ireland's version of Canadian Idol), Corina Brouder who asked if they would appear in her upcoming video.

The girls shot the video on their last night in Monaghan until 3 a.m. before leaving for Galway the next morning. This was one of the many unexpected highlights for the group during the trip.

One of the most memorable events was a ceilí that followed the dancers performance at the festival in clones, said MacDonald.

The Miramichi dancers danced with their Irish partners to dance the exact same set dances that the girls knew.

A 14 year old was partnered with a woman in her 70's and never missed

a beat. It was a very heartwarming experience, exclaimed MacDonald.

The ties to Ireland are so strong that it was evident in every aspect of the trip.

They look like us, talk like us and dance like us! noted Deandra Doyle, who danced the night away at the Clones Ceilí.

The young Irish dancers also got to speak a little Irish to some young Irish lads, who were pleasantly surprised to hear the girls address them in Irish.

They told us that our accents were the closest to theirs than any they've heard from visitors before, said dancer Sharilyn Doyle, who has been with the group since its beginning.

Our bus driver, Brian Rice, was in stitches over the sayings and expressions that we have over here that are also in abundance in Ireland, observed MacDonald.

In addition to being accomplished Irish dancers, The Nelson Doyle Dancers have completed

projects on their family trees, introducing Irish Gaelic, the Looshtauk, Middle Island, Dr. Vondy, Irish Gaelic to Miramichi Sayings, the AOH Society and the Miramichi-Irish Connection.

The girls also recently performed at the International Celtic Colours Festival this fall.

The girls trip to Ireland was filmed and will also be part of a series of documentaries on the four main cultures of our region which will be produced by the students of Nelson Rural School.

The students are very enthusiastic about this project and already have done a lot of research and have done some filming at Middle Island.

The students will be conducting interviews, visiting historic sties and getting first hand experience while doing cultural based activities. They are immersing themselves in the culture so as to give a genuine end product that focuses on the Miramichi and its strong cultural background.

The story behind "O Danny Boy"

On March 17th, Irish-minded folks around the world will celebrate St. Patrick's Day, hoisting a beer, wearing the green and raising a racket in song. And of course, one of the most often sung will be the timeless *Oh Danny Boy*.

The melancholy ballad has become an unofficial anthem for displaced Irish. It's sung at weddings, funerals, pub nights; anytime the homewick sons of Erin congregate.

But did you know the song was written by English trial lawyer and off-hour lyricist who never stepped foot upon the Emerald shores?

Here's the quick backstory of the most famous Irish ballad, gleaned from Michael Robinson's well-informed website.

Danny Boy is credited to Frederic Edwrd Weatherly, who first penned the lyrics and a melody in 1910. But the song went nowhere. Then two years later, Weatherly's sister-in-law Margaret, who was living in the United States, sent him the sheet music to an traditional melody called *The Londonderry (or Derry) Air*.

Apparently, she heard the Irish fiddle tune played in the gold mining camps in Colorado, and thought to send the music to Weatherly back in England.

Weatherly recognized the perfect fit with his moribund *Danny Boy* lyrics, rewrote the song using the melody of the air and re-published

it in 1913. It was an instant hit.

In the near 100 years since its publication, there are been much speculation about the song. Is it a rebel tune, written with IRA undertones? Or is it a Unionist call for peaceful reconciliation?

Like most great songs, Weatherly left enough ambiguity in the lyric to create a universal mystique and ensure the song a life long past his own.

Here are the lyrics:

*Oh Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling,
From glen to glen and down the mountain side.
The summer's gone, and all the flowers are dying,*

*'Tis you, 'tis you must go, and I must bide.
But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow.
'Tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow
Oh Danny Boy, oh Danny Boy, I love you so.
And if you come, when all the flowers are dying,
And I am dead, as dead I well may be,
You'll come and find the place where I am lying,
And kneel and say an "Ave" for me
And I shall hear, tho' soft you tread above me
And all my dreams will warm and sweeter be.
If you'll not fail to tell me that you love me
I'll simply sleep in peace until you come to me.*



The Irish, condemned to express themselves in a language not their own, have stamped on it the mark of their own genius and compete for glory with the civilized nations. This is then called English literature.

*-James Joyce
From the speech
in Trieste, Italy*

Three little stones from Donegal

By Ferne Wolstenholme

Fredericton, NB

Travelling from Fredericton to Saint John, I often go by way of Tracy and Fredericton Junction and take Route 101. As I pass the Patterson Historical Settlement, I always slow down and my thoughts go back to the early days of this settlement. This collection of buildings, a church, a school, general store and houses is an evocative reminder of early days in New Brunswick. Called Ballyshannon by the first settlers who came from Donegal around 1825, it reminds me of my Irish heritage.

I did not realize that my grandmother was Irish. When one thinks about it, is not surprising since the other three grandparents in my family tree were English. However, my tendency for exuberant behavior, my love for singing and dancing as well as my inclination toward introspection could be laid at the feet of that little person with the elfin smile and quiet sense of humour, Grandma Howell.

Both of her grandmothers and grandfathers were born in Ireland. Kirkpatricks in Donegal and Dukes in County Fermanagh. While the Kirkpatricks came in 1832, we're not sure of the date for our Duke family. They came in the 1840's to join members of their family in Saint John. By 1850 they were found in the little settlement of Pleasington near Hoyt in Sunbury County. In the next generation, David Duke married Margaret Kirkpatrick and their oldest child, Annie, was my grandmother.

Over the years I visited England several times and found the villages where my English families had lived and found cousins as well, but it wasn't until May of this year, 2004, that my long time wish to set foot in the hills of Donegal was fulfilled. How I longed to find Carricknahorna, and stand on the native soil of my Irish great-grandmother!

While visiting my daughter, who now lives in England, I booked my flight from Birmingham to



Dublin. I will always remember the flight over the Irish Sea and the many shades of green of the coastline as we descended to the airport. I was met by Ricarda Bradely who had already been in Ireland for two months and was familiar with driving on the *wrong* side of the road. She had enquired at the Genealogical Center in Ramelton concerning my family and the Ballyshannon area and armed with this information we hired a car and set out on the N3 for Donegal Town.

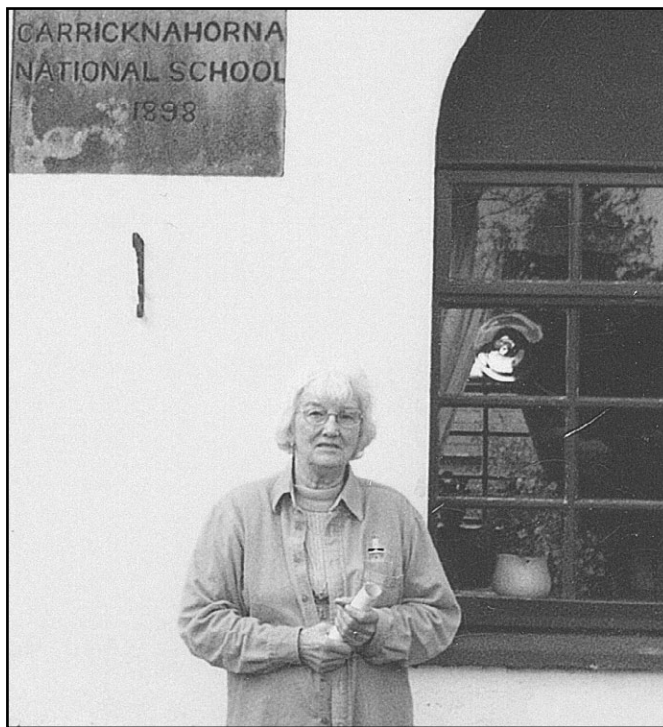
We made our way through the countryside, villages and towns and with every mile, I'm sure I experienced what have been called *fossil memories*. I was so comfortable and did not have the feeling that I was in an unfamiliar place. We crossed into Northern Ireland without realizing it (I had expected a border crossing) and passed through Enniskillen with its grey cobblestone street, grey stone shops and houses. We drove along Lough Erne and soon found ourselves in the town of Belleek, home of the famous pottery, and realized we were hungry. We stopped at the Carleton Hotel and while waiting for our meal, I looked at pictures and maps on the wall of the Reception area. The manager saw me and asked if the place I was looking for was on the map. When I said Carricknahorna he told us not too many people lived there anymore, it was a very rugged country. He went back to his office returning with a copy of an old map showing Cashelard and the Townland of Carricknahorna. Can you imagine how I felt? There it was on the

old map, now all we had to do was find it. We left the hotel and although it was getting dark we took the time to go to the Church of Ireland cemetery in Belleek. We found Kirkpatricks there but the dates were much too late.

We spent the night at Ricarda's hostel in Donegal Town and returned to Cashelard the next day with our precious map to look for Carricknahorna. It was a magical ride for me. We drove along the narrow one-track roads, saw hundreds of sheep on the hillsides, scattered farms and fields enclosed by stone fences, abandoned stone foundations, lovely lakes and since it was May the whole countryside was yellow with gorse. To our dismay we found no signs of church or cemetery. We made our way back to the pub in Cashelard, the Traveller's Rest where Rose, the kind and generous landlady provided a cup of tea, lively chat and new directions. We set off again on the very narrow roads up hill and down dale, only meeting one car and the driver cheerfully backed up and found a place that allowed us to pass. We continued on our way and suddenly, on our left, a small building appeared with a large sign, CARRICKNAHORN SCHOOL. The fact that the date was 1898 did not matter. We were in the right place, this *was* the area where my family had lived all those years ago. I had found it!

The school is now a small cottage, and a young woman with a little two-year-old girl opened the door to us and listened to my story. The sign had been left as part of local history. She took us to the back garden where the original *privies* still stood. Although no longer used for the original purpose, a stone fence still separates *boys* and *girls* with the signs written in Irish. We took some pictures, thanked her for being so kind and continued on our way.

We stopped twice at farms and were warmly welcomed and told that the Kirkpatricks had all moved out to Ballyshannon but that there were Pattersons everywhere.



Ferne Wolstenholme, Fredericton, NB, stands in front of the National School (1898), now a cottage, in Carricknahorna, Co. Donegal, Ireland. Her great-great-grandmother Margaret (Patterson) Kirkpatrick came from here.

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After spending some time in the shops in Donegal Town and visiting Donegal Castle we made our way up the coast through Killybegs to GlenColumkille to see the Father James McDyer Folk Village Museum. We visited replicas of houses showing us lifestyles of the 1700's, 1800's and early 1900's, stopped at the one room school and enjoyed a bountiful bowl of soup and soda bread in the adjoining restaurant. Established in 1967 by Father James McDyer the Museum has provided means of employment and opportunities for the local people. It is now the premiere tourist attraction in Southwest Donegal.

Back on the road we headed North to Inishowen and Malin Head, the northernmost tip of Ireland.

At Ballyliffen we walked through the Famine Village and one could not help but be moved by the depiction of the hardships, destitution and misery of those desperate years.

The Inishowen Peninsula is a place of exceptional beauty. As the brochures say *wild and unspoiled with mists, mountains, meadows, bays and bogs*. We stayed at the Sandrock, a marvelously situated Hostel looking out on the rugged coastline and the Atlantic Ocean.

We drove to the top of the dune (the highest dunes in Europe) to look out on all sides at the breathtaking panorama below. When we descended we found the *Wee House*, the cave and ruins of a small chapel which served the faithful during the cruel Penal Times. We had to agree with the saying that in Inishowen there is a story at every crossroad.

My visit to Ireland was a short five days which included traveling, then it was back to Dublin, back to England and back to Fredericton. I hope to return and see more of Donegal, go to Derry, find St. Patrick's gravesite in Armagh, explore Dublin and see more of Ireland.

I can hardly wait.

Margaret Patterson Kirkpatrick was my great-great-great-grandmother, born in Donegal in 1796, married to George Kirkpatrick who died in 1823 leaving her with eight sons, an only daughter having died. It is thought that George and Margaret were Methodist. Like the Irish Catholics, many of these Dissenters were not treated so well by the British land owners. After their father's death, two of the older boys emigrated to New Brunswick to join their uncles. A letter written by James to his mother is thought to have convinced her to join them in Canada. She and the other boys emigrated to New Brunswick in 1831.

She died in 1861 and is buried in the

Patterson United Church Cemetery. In 1997 over 1100 members of her Kirkpatrick family returned to Patterson for the family reunion when cousins of all degrees met and shared a special time of recollection and commemoration of our family's story. A detailed history and genealogy, Descendants of George Kirkpatrick and Margaret Patterson, compiled lovingly and painstakingly by Pauline Kirkpatrick Johnson, can be found in the Provincial Archives in Fredericton.

I brought three little stones home with me and hope to place them on her gravestone, a tangible memory of her home in Ireland.

*Remember all those renowned generations,
They left their bodies to fatten the wolves,
They left their homesteads to fatten the foxes,
Fled to far countries, or sheltered themselves
In cavern, crevice, or hole,
Defending Ireland's soul.*

-W.B. Yeats

Irish Studies at St. Thomas University

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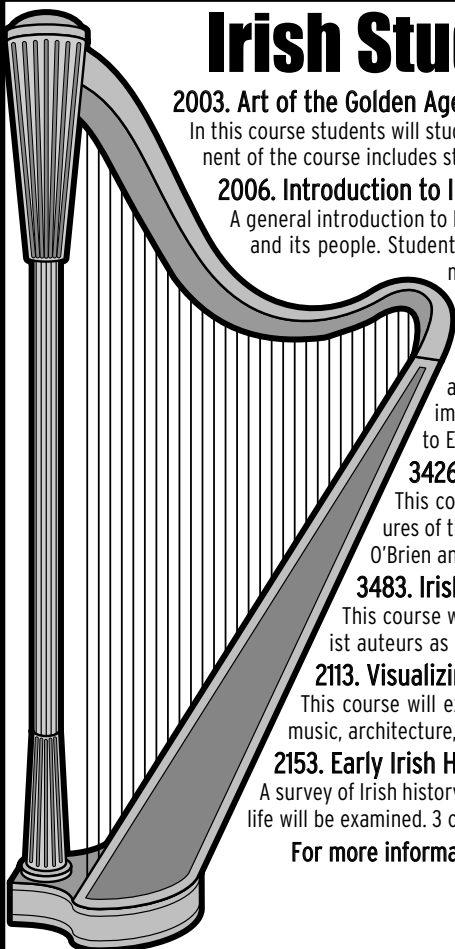
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34th Interceltic Festival

Lorient, Brittany, France • July 30-August 8, 2004

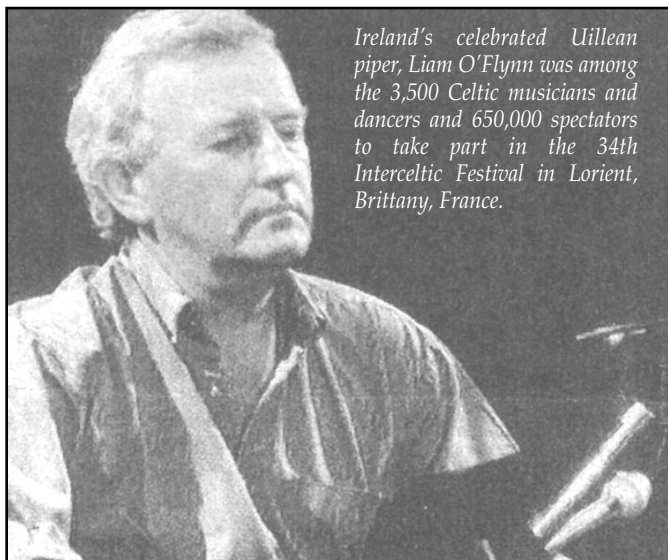
Where does one begin? Can you imagine some extra 650,000 people taking over a city of 60,000 between July 30 to August 8? This is exactly what happens every summer!

This year the Acadians, our Celtic cousins, celebrating their 400th anniversary, were the special guests. The St. Andrew's Pipe Band of Fredericton, New Brunswick, was part of this Acadian artistic delegation. They competed with other pipe bands of their class and ranked second. Congratulations, folks!

The streets, the pavilions and the bleachers at *le grand stade de Moustoir* were literally black with folks enjoying the 3,500 Celtic musicians and dancers from late morning to nearly sunrise.

This was a first experience for Hilarion and me. With only two full days in Lorient, we took in as much as time would permit.

Besides mingling amongst musicians and dancers on the streets, we chose to attend Shaun Davey's symphony, *The Brendan Voyage*. This symphony, performed by a 55-piece Lorient and Parisian orchestra and Liam O'Flynn, Ireland's celebrated uilleann piper, was directed by one of Brittany's youngest maestros. Liam O'Flynn took so many



Ireland's celebrated Uilleann piper, Liam O'Flynn was among the 3,500 Celtic musicians and dancers and 650,000 spectators to take part in the 34th Interceltic Festival in Lorient, Brittany, France.

standing ovations and encores that he finally had to say *thank you and good night*.

The Brendan Voyage and *Granuaile* (starring Rita Connolly), also composed by Davey, are two of the most sought-after Irish compositions in Lorient and Paris. *The Brendan Voyage* was preceded by two Irishmen, Paddy Glackin and Mickel O'Domhnaill, who played traditional music interspersed with unaccompanied songs. A real mood-setting opening indeed!

A bit more about the symphony now. This *Voyage* recounts in

music along St. Brendan's voyage from Brandon Creek, Kerry, to his arrival in Newfoundland.

One of the theories is that this saga was inspired by the mythical odyssey of Bran a thousand years ago. The story would have been *Christianized* in the 6th century and the main person in it became St. Brendan who admist storms, demons, vultures and icebergs reached Newfoundland in his small leather boat. This saga has been reenacted in modern times and such a voyage could have been possible.

Another highlight for us was the

grand parade on Sunday from 10:30 to 1:30. Here 1,500 pipers, dancers and walkers dressed in their unique costumes filed before a packed audience. The colours were so varied; the costumes told stories of ancient Celtic traditions and cultures. Brittany's many regions were highly represented. Ireland, Scotland, Isle of Man, Galacia, Cornwall and Wales were all there in full regalia piping and dancing. It goes without saying that the Irish contingent was heartily applauded. They were very visible in Lorient and represented us in fine fashion.

We are told that the bagpipe night at the *Stade du Moustoir*, ending at 1:30 a.m., was probably the greatest of all concerts...bagpipes from all the Celtic countries, giant screens depicting Celtic images as well as fireworks would have been a night long remembered!

Competitions of various kinds were held throughout the festival. The weather was plenty warm, the hospitality great and the French baguettes, cheese and wine were available to satisfy all taste buds.

Hilarion and Patricia

O'Leary-Coughlan

189 Carlisle Road

Douglas, NB E3A 7M8

New Irish language version of the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of Ireland (Anglican)



Canon Gary Hastings

A one-day conference on Celtic worship to take place in Downs Cathedral, Downpatrick, on Saturday 18th September will include the launch of *Leabhar na hUrnai Coitinne 2004* - a new translation in Irish by Canon Gary Hastings of the Book of Common Prayer, published by Cumann Gaelach na hEaglaise - the Irish Guild of the Church.

The launch will be in the context of a service in the Cathedral and will include contributions from Scottish and Irish Gaelic choirs.

Leslie Bryan, Honorary Secretary

of the Irish Guild of the Church since 1972, said: "The Church of Ireland has a fine tradition of publishing religious works in Irish, if rather slow and hesitant at first. The decision of Cumann Gaelach na hEaglaise to publish an Irish language version of 700 pages has been a bold one. The initial print run will be in the order of 1,000 hardback copies, retailing at £20 each. Cumann Gaelach na hEaglaise has been most generously supported by Bord na Leabhar Gaelige and the General Synod's Literature Committee in this venture."

As part of the conference programme, talks will be given by Nicholas Williams on the Irish language and the Reformation; Ruairi Ó Bléine on the Gaelic policies of the Protestant churches in 19th century Ulster; Seán Ó Duinn on Celtic Christianity - the Irish language experience; Angus Peter Campbell, poet, writer and lay preacher, on the Scottish Gaelic experience; and Leaslaoi Ó Briain on the Irish Language Guild of the Church of Ireland.

Taken from Church of Ireland Gazette.

Charlotte County's Irish

By Ann (McKinley) Breault

(The following address to the St. Stephen Chamber of Commerce was given March 17, 2004 by Ann Breault of the Charlotte County Chapter of the Irish Canadian Cultural Association. It relates the story of Irish immigration to New Brunswick, particularly Charlotte County, and the advent of the immigrants into the commercial life of the area. It also introduces the audience to events contributing to the Irish diaspora.)



Ann Breault

Good afternoon everyone, and happy St. Patrick's Day. It's been a pleasure to be here and to have been invited to say a few words about the Irish in New Brunswick, particularly, Charlotte County.

It may come as a surprise to some that, historically, Charlotte County is one of the most Irish counties in New Brunswick, and that New Brunswick is probably the most Irish province in Canada. Our friends in Newfoundland and Ontario would be a very close second. Although a fact largely ignored in our history books, New Brunswick is historically more Irish than Nova Scotia is Scottish! And, although we're all Canadians today, one in every three New Brunswickers has an Irish ancestor.

A century ago many of our rural communities bore Irish names. In our province there was a Waterford, a Wicklow, a Shannon, Limerick and Londondary. There was a Cork, a Donegal, Enniskillen, Galloway (or Galway). Other places named for sites in the Irish homeland were New Bandon, Baltimore, Dungarvon, Hillsborough, Youghall (Yawl). We've heard of Killarney Lake. I live in St. Patrick's Parish. Deer Island had Hibernia Cove. There's Irish River, two places called Irish Settlement, and an Irishtown. And every summer I make a pilgrimage to a cemetery in a place called New Ireland, set far back in the woods of Albert County. We won't even touch on the scores and scores of old place-

names in New Brunswick that bore Irish surnames.

Indeed, New Brunswick, itself, was almost named New Ireland. Five years before it was set off from Nova Scotia, it was proposed that the new territory, situated between New England and New Scotland (Nova Scotia), be called New Ireland. Ireland, however, with its rumblings of independence, was out of favour with King George III, and he was so pleased with his German troops from his Duchy of Brunswick that he named it in their honour.

Although there were some Irish-born Loyalists, for example, Peter Clinch, who founded St. George, emigration from Ireland to New Brunswick began in earnest after 1815 following the Napoleonic Wars in Europe and the blockade of the Baltic states, the source of much of England's timber supply. This led England to look to North America to replace those supplies and thus burgeoned the young timber trade in New Brunswick and the need for labourers in the forests and mills. Ships carrying lumber overseas, although ill-equipped for carrying passengers, provided cheap passage, and a returning payload for their owners in the form of human cargo. The deplorable conditions aboard many of these ships later earned them the disreputable title, coffin ships.

New Brunswick had four major concentrations of Irish settlement: Saint John, the St. John

River valley, the Miramichi Valley, and Charlotte County (and they spread out from there).

In our county, in the eight-year period from 1823 to 1831, 4,044 immigrant landed at St. Andrews and 90 percent of them were Irish. Between 1820 and 1835, 75 percent of the Irish immigrants were from Ulster (Scots-Irish) and 25 percent from the South. The large group of Ulster Irish that came in 1835 formed 24 settlements, ten around St. Patrick's Parish, seven at St. James, three at St. George, two at St. David and one at St. Andrews. Most of these settlers later acquired farmland and any who were skilled craftsmen came to locate in the growing towns.

In the years between 1835 and 1855 thousands more arrived and the proportions of immigrants were reversed, with 75 percent coming from the South and 25 percent from the North.

In Charlotte County in the 1840's one-third of the population consisted of Southern-born Irish, mostly Roman Catholics. They settled about the periphery of St. Andrews, and later up around St. Stephen. They became a labour force of railway and dockworkers. They also moved into the countryside becoming farmers, woodsmen and mill workers. By 1840 the population of Charlotte County had risen to 18,176, second only to Saint John County and City.

By 1851 in Charlotte County where the population was just short of 20,000, 40 percent of all the heads of households had been born in Ireland.

In the Loyalist town of St. Andrews 52 percent of the heads of households had been born in Ireland. Historian T. W. Acheson, writing on the historical demography of the county, said that by 1860 the Irish formed "the dominant element in the population of this Loyalist county."

Charlotte County has an interesting heritage of both Protestant and Catholic Irish, and of those who remained in the county by 1871, well over 60 percent were

Protestant Irish. To get a sampling of early Irish surnames of both groups, one might visit two cemeteries: the Bocabec Presbyterian churchyard on Route 127 where Ulster-Irish are buried who built a church there in 1836; and the Catholic cemetery in Rolling Dam.

In preparation for an ecumenical service held last year during the visit to St. Andrews of the replica Irish immigrant ship, the Jeanie Johnston, I visited a number of local cemeteries to compose a list of surnames of deceased Irish immigrants and their county of origin. I found representation from over 20 of the 32 counties of Ireland. Restricted only to gravestones bearing county of origin, some of the names I found that still exist here included: Haley, McMullon, McFarlane, Murphy, O'Neil, O'Brien, McCullough, NMcLean, Connors, McGowan, McShane, McVey, Cloney, Dowling, Monaghan, Devlin, McCarroll, Kerr, Cathcart, McBride, Doyle, Doherty, McCarty, Eagan, Casey, Donahue, Brynes, McCann and Kennedy.

Other names are gone, to list a few: Crangle, Costello, Dooley, Cavin, Kerney, Commis, Getty, Riordan, Foley, Patterson, Noonan, Keown, Flanagan, Ryan, Quinn, Conway, Flood, Fitzsimons.

One would have to wonder why so many Irish left their homeland, a land they loved. There is no word for "emigrant" in the Irish language. Instead, their word for leaving home means "exile".

One old Irish toast, after wishing "Health and long life to you," concludes with, "and may you die in Ireland." Indeed, the leaving of Ireland was regarded by many as a more grievous destiny than death!

How, then, did Ireland become so impoverished that hundreds of thousands left her shores; in the early decades, for independence and opportunity; in mid-century, for survival?

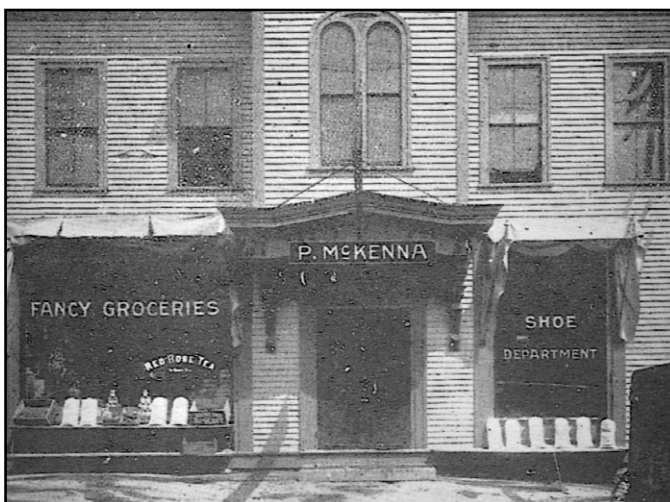
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(From page 16)

This ancient land, which is credited with preserving the written treasury of western Europe during the Dark Ages when learning, scholarship and culture disappeared; whose Celtic roots and Irish language date back to the 6th century B.C.; whose people St. Patrick converted to Christianity by 465 AD; and whose people survived the Danish Viking invasions by assimilating their conquerors into their Irish ways; were brought to their knees by English rulers, who, over a period of 700 years, systematically assaulted their race. We'll not go into those details now, but anyone who is interested might want to read *The Great Shame* by Thomas Keneally, published in 1999. Most of you would be familiar with Keneally's well-known work, *Schindler's List*. Another good source is the Irish Famine Curriculum approved by the New Jersey Commission on Holocaust and Genocide education.

During the entirety of the 19th century the twin forces of mass starvation and mass migration saw Ireland's population of 8 1/2 million cut in half. Events culminated in 1847, ignited by the spark that kept the Irish body and soul together, the potato. The failure of the crop in Ireland upset the delicate and miserable economy of an agricultural people who had been reduced to eating one staple, potatoes; while they paid to a landlord the rent, from the proceeds of the only other staple, wheat, or from the solitary pig they raised, fed on potatoes, by the way.

By 1841 four out of five people lived on a little plot of rented land, perhaps 1/8 of an acre, where they grew potatoes and sometimes oats. In 1845 the first reports appeared of a potato blight. The winter of '45-'46 was a terrible one, but reports say people still "seemed to possess their souls." But late winter saw the emergence of what people called "Black Fever," known to physicians as typhus. In Keneally's words, "Marching side by side with hunger, typhus darkened the swollen faces of the victims, and finished them off." That year, as people starved, landowners



Peter F. McKenna's store on King Street in St. Stephen, established in 1874

shipped 25,000,000 bushels of grain out of Ireland.

In the terrible year 1847, a year of general European famine, there were indeed many other immigrants to Canada and the U.S. - from England, Scotland, Germany, Norway. However, the immigrant ships from Ireland and Liverpool (the English port where many Irish went to embark) bore people in an entirely different set of circumstances. They carried throngs of malnourished, downtrodden, dispirited people ravaged by hunger and disease, and turbulent with political despair. Eager to see them go were many of the landlords for whom they'd become a burden. New laws made it more profitable to use their lands to raise cattle. Indeed, apart from those who voluntarily fled to emigrate, over 65,000 families, in excess of 300,000 people, were evicted between 1846 and 1850. While, as thousands of people of Ireland were reduced to eating grass as their last meal, over 3,000,000 live animals were exported along with increasing supplies of bacon and ham. During "Black 47" when almost 400,000 died, almost 4,000 vessels carrying food left Ireland for ports in Bristol, Glasgow, Liverpool and London - under armed guard.

The potato blight may have reached Europe by way of produce in the holds of ships from America. In return it would generate a vast emigration to North America and elsewhere, altering forever the character of the New World - of Canada, of New

Brunswick, of Charlotte County.

Many were the ships that came into St. Andrews during the 19th century carrying Irish immigrants. Dating back to the 1820's they bore such names as Portaferry, Snow Dorcas Savage, Heart of Oak, James, Magna Charta, Elizabeth Grimmer, Susan, James Bailie, Hibernia, Elizabeth Clark, Pallis, Robert Watt. None was as notorious as the ill-fated *Star* carrying 383 people from the Wicklow estates of Earl Fitzwilliam which arrived in May, 1848. And, yes, even the Jeanie Johnston called at this Charlotte County port in 1853.

Most would spend time in quarantine before unloading. And while most New Brunswickers have heard of Partridge Island outside Saint John, few have heard of Charlotte County's island where sick immigrant were quarantined and many died, Hospital Island, or Little Hardwood Island. Located in Passamaquoddy Bay three miles from St. Andrews, it was designated in 1832 in an effort to stem the import of cholera and other infectious diseases. About three acres in size, it was the site of a hospital (or lazaretto) 60 by 25 feet, two storeys, with plastered walls, two chimneys and a cellar. Later additions included a summer hospital (or pest house) 50 by 25 feet, a doctor's house, keeper's house and a shed. Fresh water had to be ferried from nearby Hardwood Island. The island saw no cases of cholera. Its first use was for a case of small pox in 1832. Most of its use was

for victims of typhus. The number of deaths and burials on the island is unknown. Early reports vary from 60 to 400. The majority were Irish; many of them, children. Among the doctors who cared for these people, Dr. Samuel Frye was the earliest, and himself, died of the fever. Others were Drs. S.T. Grove, C. McStay, J. Thomson and E. De Wolfe.

Hospital Island was used until the mid-1860's. The buildings were destroyed by the Saxby Gale in 1869. Over the years the action of wind and waves caused erosion of the graves and exposure of bones leading to what was called the "Hardwood Island Scandal" in 1878, a political wrangle over whose responsibility it was to re-inter them. In 1995 the Charlotte County Branch of the Irish Canadian Cultural Association erected a Celtic Cross on the shore at St. Andrews Point as a memorial to those for whom the journey to this new land ended on Hospital Island. This monument is also dedicated to those who survived the trip and contributed to the building of our country, province, and county.

The arrival of the Irish received mixed reactions from the settlers already here. There was definitely a push for settlers in the early years, and as one author has written: "The province had millions of acres of undeveloped land ready for industrious settlers. There was a need for labourers in the lumber woods, the docks, and the mills of the province. Established farmers needed agricultural labourers, who in turn could become settlers. Domestic servants were also needed everywhere." However, the later arrival of sick and impoverished immigrants shocked the citizenry and taxed the resources of the county. When the destitute from the ship *Star* landed in St. Andrews, one prominent citizen was reported to say it looked like "all the demons of Hell have been let loose on St. Andrews".

Many more people arrived at that port than stayed, particularly during the famine years of 1845-1850.

Approximately half the many thousands who arrived then made their way to the States as quickly as they could.

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Contrary to popular belief the vast majority of New Brunswickers' Irish ancestors came out before the great famine.

By 1885 a number of Irishmen were practising trades in Charlotte County. Blacksmithing was a popular one, and you had William Quaid in Baillie; Wm. Cunningham and Edward Henry in Bocabec; Jeremiah Quinlan in Pocologan; Joseph Connick at Moores Mills, and James McBride at Oak Bay. Wm. Milligan of Baillie was a carriage maker; Robert Milligan of Bocabec, a tailor; Patrick McLaughlin, a shoemaker. Also shoemakers were Richard McKetian of Charlotte amcook and Dennis Carson of St. Andrews. Innkeepers included James Gallagher of Chamcook.

There were many grocers and shop-keepers: John Commins, Wm. Haley, John Reynolds, P.F. McKenna, H. O'Neil. H. and P. Cullinan dealt in dry goods, as did Dennis Bradley. There was also a liquor dealer by the name of Peter Carrol, and the St. Croix Excelsior Bottling Works which dealt in carbonated beverages, was run by F. H. Tyrill and W.J. Cummings. In Black's Harbour the Connors brothers, Lewis and Patrick, had started canning fish. However, the number of Irish immigrants in business was small in proportion to their numbers. The following obituary in the April, 1932 edition of the St. Croix Courier tells of one Irish businessman's life. He was Patrick Flanagan of St. Stephen, aged 91.

PATRICK FLANAGAN DIES IN NINETY-FIRST YEAR

Town loses another of its oldest citizens in passing of retired grocer Tuesday morning.

Native of Ireland

Patrick Flanagan, one of the oldest and most highly esteemed residents of this town, died Tuesday morning at his home after a short illness. He was born in Kildare, Ireland, on October 9, 1841, and came to New York when a young man. In that city, in old Saint Patrick's Cathedral, he was united in marriage to Ellen Heffernan, formerly of Milltown, New Brunswick. Later with his family he located in St. Stephen and for many years engaged in the grocery business, retiring some years ago.

Mr. Flanagan was a charter member of the Ancient Order of



St. Stephen grocer, Patrick Flanagan (centre), about five years before his death, with contemporaries Patrick Shaughnessy (left) and Daniel Sullivan

Hibernians in Calais, and was instrumental in forming that branch of the order. He is mourned as a fine type of man, always cherishing a deep love for his native land, a splendid citizen, who despite his advanced years was active and interested in the affairs of the day.

He is survived by his widow, a son, Joseph P. Flanagan, of Boston, five daughters, and a sister in Ireland.

The funeral was held from his late home this morning with a solemn High Mass of Requiem at the Church of the Holy Rosary. Reverend Monsignor O'Flaherty, celebrant. Reverend George J. Pettit, deacon, and Reverend Joseph Coughlan, sub-deacon. Interment was in the family lot in the Catholic cemetery.

By the time Patrick Flanagan died the economy was in a tailspin. Indeed, there had been a series of depressions since Confederation, accompanied by out-migrations. By 1934 the number of Irish in business and trades was about the same as 50 years before, and a few had made it into the professions. In St. Andrews the Conleys were dealing in lobster; there was a shoe merchant named Finnigan; hotel

keepers by the names of Kennedy and McLaughlin; a garage owned by McQuoid; O'Neils were merchants; there was a Dr. O'Neil; and the sherriff was a Maxwell, sometimes an Irish name in our county. In St. Stephen Annie Breen had a grocery store; Albert Burns, a restaurant; the Caseys were barbers; Wm. Coyne, a plumber, Frank Dooley was a barber; the McBrides, into tailoring, coal and groceries; Arthur McConkey, about to go into the hardware business; John McCarroll and W. Robinson were grocers; the Ryders, harness makers; Mr. Wm. McCormick had a restaurant; P.E. McLaughlin was a barrister; A.W. Sullivan, the postmaster; and E.V. Sullivan, a physician. Up in Milltown W.H. Laughlin was also a physician and Charles Casey was the postmaster. Restaurants were kept by Joe O'Brien and Denis McMahon. Henry Bell was a milk dealer; Robert Carroll, an electrician; Pat Casey, a barber; Martin Daley, a blacksmith and Harry Haley, a druggist.

Today, 70 years later, in New Brunswick those of Irish ancestry are in all walks of life, all profes-

sions; well-known businessmen and women; successful athletes, politicians, artists; part of the fabric of Canadian society, proud Canadians. Their numbers are large; their regard for their ancestry, enormous, and thus our observance of St. Patrick's Day.

In conclusion: The Irish were famous, and infamous, for their wit and their ability to get the last word. An article on the front page of the St. Andrews Standard Newspaper in November, 1853 tells the story.

The Lawyer and the Irishman -

- When a group of lawyers and gentlemen were dining at a public house a few years since, a jolly soul from the Emerald Isle appeared and called out for a dinner. The landlord told him he should dine when the gentlemen were done. "Let him crowd in among us," whispered a limb of the law, "and we will have some fun with him."

The Irishman took his seat at the table.

"You were not born in this country, friend."

"No, sir, I was born in Ireland."

"Is your father living?"

"No, sir, he is dead."

"What is your occupation?"

"A horse jockey, sir."

"What was your father's occupation?"

"Trading horses, sir."

"Did your father cheat anyone while here?"

"I suppose he did cheat many, sir."

"Where do you suppose he went to?"

"To heaven, sir"

"And what do you suppose he is doing there?"

"Trading horses, sir."

"Has he cheated anyone there?"

"He cheated one I believe, sir."

"Why did they not prosecute him?"

"Because, sir, they searched the whole kingdom of heaven and couldn't find a lawyer."

Editor's Note: Ann Breault, Bocabek, near St. Stephen, along with Winnie Smith is the author of the book "Of the Country" the story of their family, "the McKinleys". Ann is a former Liberal cabinet minister, teacher and journalist.



Lewis (left) and Patrick Connors, grandsons of Irish immigrant, Timothy O'Connor, started a canning factory in Blacks Harbour in 1880 which became the well-known Connors Bros. sardine packing plant

Ryan Settlement, Saint John County: A Long Way From Tipperary

by James M. Whalen

Early in September 1847 - the year of the Irish potato famine - the *New Brunswick Courier* carried an obituary of an elderly Irish gentleman of an enterprising nature who died from apparent natural causes. "At Ryan Settlement, in the Parish of St. Martin's,... on the 25th ult. Mr. Thomas Ryan, aged 72 years. Mr. R. was a native of Tipperary, Ireland, and emigrated to this Province twenty-seven years ago, where with a numerous family, he formed a settlement..." Mr. Ryan was one of several Irish immigrants who came to New Brunswick in the pre-famine period and was spared the dreadful consequences of hunger and disease that caused the death of so many of his countrymen in the 1840's.

The rural community of Ryan Settlement was located in Saint John County about six kilometres south-east of Barnesville. In addition to Thomas Ryan, the founders - all of whom acquired land from the Crown - included John and Michael Ryan, also from County Tipperary.

The number of Irish Catholics who settled along the Quaco Road at or near Ryan Settlement gradually increased and by 1850, a small chapel dedicated to St. Joseph was erected there. The exact date the Diocese of Saint John had it built is uncertain but when fire destroyed it in August 1914, it was said to be about 65 years old.

For decades, especially in the nineteenth century, the people of Ryan Settlement - a farming and lumbering area - supplied timber for the local sawmills, for export or for the shipyards in St. Martins, about twelve kilometres away. But, as iron and steel-hulled ships with steam engines replaced wooden sailing vessels, St. Martins needed considerably less timber for shipbuilding and the lumbering industry at Ryan Settlement slowly went into decline. Then in 1878, a post

office established at the back of Harding general store resulted in an unexpected change. Ryan Settlement was suddenly renamed Hardingville and got its new name from its first postmaster, John H. Harding. From then on, Hardingville appeared on all maps and effectively replaced Ryan Settlement, some three kilometres distant, as the principle place-name of the area.

About the same time as the post office opened, the Hampton and St. Martins Railway went into operation. Although the railway did not go through either Hardingville or Ryan Settlement, it passed within a few kilometres of them. The railway was not enough to revive the area because the small population there and elsewhere along or near the line did not generate enough industry to make it profitable. Nonetheless, the railway continued in service for several years but was finally closed in 1940.

After Hardingville was established in 1878, the name Ryan Settlement lingered on but once the Catholic chapel there burned down in 1914, it was all but forgotten. It is believed that the fire was deliberately set. Father William P. Hannigan, who said mass at Ryan Settlement - a mission of St. Williams in St. Martins - just the day before the incident - was very upset over the loss of the church. According to a report in the *New Freeman*, it "appeared to have been nothing more than wanton and wilful destruction." The estimated value of the building was said to be \$1200. The church was not rebuilt after the fire because it was not insured and the Catholic population was not large enough to support a new one. Just too many people had moved away and made a new start in life in Saint John or the "Boston states". According to a Mr. Craig Chouinard, who authored a booklet on the history of the Catholic churches in the vicinity, after the fire most of the remaining parishioners of St. Joseph's at

Ryan Settlement "would now probably be absorbed by St. Anthony's" at Upham some seven kilometres away and that is basically what happened.

Today, at the site of the former Catholic chapel is the long abandoned Ryan Settlement Cemetery that predates the chapel by at least twenty years. The cemetery is indisputable evidence of a once thriving Irish-Catholic community that existed on the new deserted lots nearby. It is said that this pioneer cemetery - the care of which is sporadic - contains the remains of upwards of one hundred persons, including several from County Tipperary. Possibly the first burial took place there as early as 1828 and the last over 100 years later - in 1935. The names found on the tombstones that remain appeared in *Generations*,

No. 22, in 1984. The surname Ryan, of course, is very much in evidence but Broughill, Cusack, Dunn, Flannigan, Hurley, McGrath, Murphy as well as other mainly Irish names are included.

One way to reach the old graveyard is by going out the Loch Lomond Road to Baxter's Corner. You then turn up the Quaco Road and go about five kilometres past the last house until you come to the Hardingville Road and the burial ground is right on the corner.

Note: The writer of this piece is a descendant of Hugh and Catherine Ryan, as well as Peter and Johanna (Ryan) Broughill, all of whom are buried at Ryan Settlement along with several of their children.

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An Irish Stamp Album

By Michael O. Nowlan

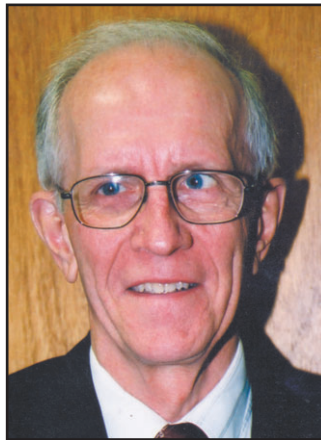
An Post (The Irish Post Office) has quite an exciting list of new stamps for 2004, many of which have already been released. In January, some postal rates increased, so it was necessary to issue two new definitive stamps on January 5. The new definitives, issued in booklets of 10 stamps each, feature a 60c stamp depicting a Puffin for mail to Great Britain and a 65c stamp with the Song Thrush for other international mail. Domestic mail in Ireland costs 48c for a standard letter. Ireland now uses Euro currency.

The non-collector may find it useful to have a clear distinction between definitive and commemorative stamps. A definitive stamp is a regular issue to pay the cost of current postal rates. They are similar to Canada's flag and Queen stamps. A commemorative stamp is one issued to celebrate a special event or mark an historic occasion.

On January 1, Ireland took over the presidency of the European Union from Italy. It is the fifth time Ireland has held the position since joining the European Economic Union on January 1, 1973. In his prestigious position, Ireland will be centre-stage in the EU decision-making process. The rotation for the presidency takes place every six months, so, in July, it will pass to the Netherlands.

To commemorate Ireland's Presidency of the European Union, An Post issued a 48c stamp on January 15. The stamp boasts the distinctive design of the Boyne Bridge with the Irish symbol of a harp and two stars in the upper right corner.

To hold the presidency of the EU



Michael O'Nowlan

during the first six months of 2004 is of considerable historic importance because on May 1, the Union witnessed the enlargement of the EU from 15 to 25 member states with the addition of Cyprus, the Czech Republic, Estonia, Hungary, Latvia, Lithuania, Malta, Poland, the Slovak Republic and Slovenia.

As "acceding countries" the EU assists them in taking on EU laws and provides a range of financial assistance to improve their infrastructure and economy. The new EU nations must adopt the common rules, standards, and policies of the EU, have a stable democracy that respects human rights, the rule of law, and the protection of minorities; and have a functioning market economy.

To mark this momentous occasion, An Post came up with an interesting stamp in a 65c value showing the map of Europe with a great big Fáilte or Welcome.

In 2003, the Irish Post Office issued three stamps to mark St. Patrick's Day, a national holiday. It was a move that was to continue over the next three to five years. The An Post 2004 commemorative for St. Patrick's Day

is a beautiful stamp depicting an image of St. Patrick against a stained glass backdrop from the Church of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, Magheralin, County Down. The stained glass is used by Michael Healy. Issued in sheets of 16 stamps, the St. Patrick's Day issue has incredibly detailed artwork. Like all AN Post new issues, there is an attractive First Day Cover too. There are also special greeting cards and postcard sets.

Ireland's ever popular Love and Greetings stamp for 2004 was a combination celebrating the Chinese "Year of the Monkey". Naturally, the stamps feature "Monkeys in Love."

One of the great explorers of the Antarctic was Ernest Shackleton who was born in Kilkea, County Kildare. His exploits have been recorded in numerous documents and books. Shackleton was educated in London where he qualified as a Master Mariner. His most famous trip was with the legendary Endurance Expedition which was planned to lead a crew across the Antarctic.

The Endurance was trapped in ice for 11 months and eventually sank. The crew was left on a floating iceberg for five months with three small lifeboats. The tale is an amazing one which relates how Shackleton eventually rescued the crew. To commemorate the Shackleton Antarctic Expedition 1914-1917, An Post issued two 48c se-tenant (attached together) and two 65c se-tenant stamps in an attractive Prestige Booklet. The stamps are also available in sheetlets of 16. This is a fine tribute to a great Irish-born explorer.

Another new Irish stamp that deserves attention is a commemorative to celebrate 100 years of the Abbey Theatre, Ireland's

National Theatre. Among its founders are W.B. Yeats and Lady Gregory. With patronage from Miss Annie Horniman, a premises was purchased on Old Abbey Street, and on December 27, 1904, the Abbey Theatre opened its doors for the first time. The 48c stamp features the Abbey Theatre logo. The original Abbey was gutted by fire in 1951 and rebuilt on Lower Abbey Street

Another centenary that merited attention from the Irish Post Office was the 100th birthday of the Fédération Internationale de Football Association (FIFA) for which a stamp depicting a mix of flags including those of all World Cup winners along with a football and a globe was issued on March 31.

On May 11, An Post continued its Fauna and Floral Series, which commenced in 1978, by adding four ducks to this program. The four se-tenant stamps, in values of 48c, 60c, 65c, and 1 Euro, capture in glorious detail Killiam Mullarney's artwork for a Red Breasted Merganser, a Tufted Duck, a Gadwall, and a Gargany.

Each year, the European Postal administrations each issue a stamp on an agreed upon theme. The Europa theme for 2004 is Holidays. On May 11, An Post placed its focus with two beautiful expositions - the Cliffs of Moher and Ross Castle in Killarney.

To get more information on Irish stamps write Irish Stamps, P.O. Box 1991, G.P.O. Dublin 1, Ireland or visit their website at www.irishstamps.ie. I will look at the many interesting new issues for 2004 next time, including the Olympics, Patrick Kavanaugh's centenary, and art masterpieces.

Shown from left to right: Abbey Stamp, European Union Stamp, Fáilte Stamp, Shackleton Stamp and St. Patrick Stamp





St. Patrick's Chapel

"The Little Parish that could"

by Linda Evans

The marker sits inconspicuously in the grass, framed by wild daisies and pansies, lovingly planted. It is a simple river stone, about ten inches round, smoothed into shape through the millenia by river tides. Someone carefully hand painted the stone in bright Kelly green with the words, "St. Patrick's Chapel". It is the only sign that tells the passerby that they are visiting one of Kent County's -- indeed New Brunswick's -- secret treasures.

St. Patrick's Chapel is one of the oldest Catholic parishes in New Brunswick. Located on a small peninsula at the confluence of the Richibouctou and St. Nicholas Rivers, in Kent County, the site is special indeed. Approached by a small single lane which is towered over by virgin pine and mixed forest, the Chapel draws one in to a time and place long ago in the past. The peninsula is officially called Chapel Point but you'd be hard pressed to find it on the map. To the local residents and to those who literally pilgrimage to the spot every year, it is simply known as "the Point".

Built sometime in the 1820's, or early 1830's, St. Patrick's Chapel served the first Irish Catholic immigrants to the area. No one is exactly sure of its beginnings but everyone is proud that it stands almost unaltered from those early days of settlement.

The Chapel is small, and clinging as it does to the cliff's edge, is simply built. But a building does not have to be large and imposing to fill one with a warmth of emotions.

The wooden structure is wrapped in hand hewn shingles - some of them still held in place with handmade iron nails, pounded out almost two centuries ago on a blacksmith's anvil. It has a small side door facing the lane, but on her western face, which looks across the beautiful Richibouctou River, are large doors - like those found more commonly on a barn. When they are thrown open, the church is filled with the sounds of the whistling pines and the soothing lament of the rivers that surrounds her.

The interior is almost stark in appearance, with few adornments. Surrounded by wainscoting, the boards that were used to clothe walls and floors were taken from the virgin forests of the early nineteenth century. Most are wide and hand hewn - and up to two feet in width. The pews are plain and uncomfortable and they creak with the slightest move-



St. Patrick's Chapel, built sometime in the 1820's served the first Irish Catholic immigrants in the area. It is located on the Richibouctou River, Kent Co., NB.

ment. A small balcony wraps itself around three sides and has no pews whatsoever - just functional freestanding benches. The only visible alteration to the interior over time is the altar which was turned to face the congregation after the radical Vatican changes of the 1960's.

Nor does one find the traditional crucifix above the altar. Instead, watching over all, is a large life sized statue of St. Patrick himself, brought to the Point from my native Irishtown parish of St. Lawrence O'Tooles. He is entirely appropriate for the Chapel named after him.

Just up the lane from the chapel sits a well-manicured cemetery, which has been lovingly tended through the centuries. Fronted by a freshly painted white picket fence, the graveyard is scented by the clusters of blueberries and clover that grow profusely around its edges. The most imposing marker is the grave of Rev. Angus McDonald, a native of Harcourt, who summered and celebrated mass at the chapel for decades. His tall wooden Celtic cross monument is imposing amid the relatively small stones of the early settlers.

The gravestones throughout the site tell the stories of the early Irish immigrants to the area. Many of the early stones are carved with the Irish county of origin, which is a valuable historical resource.

One of the oldest marked graves is that of James McLaughlin, a native of County Kerry, who drowned in the Richibouctou River in 1835. His widow, Julia, lived on in the community for another 54 years.

The stones also document the harsh life endured by many of these early settlers. Four of George and Mary Anne Wallace's children are buried together -- all died before the age of two. Buried here are the families by the name of Plume, Roach, Fahey, Hanrahan, McDermott, Whalen, among many others. Very few families remain in the area today. Their histories are carved on the stones at the Point.

St. Patrick's Chapel is no longer an active parish but that does not dampen the enthusiasm of those who hold her close to their hearts. Only three masses are held each summer. On these rare occasions, you'll find the church filled with parishioners from Rexton and South Branch. But you can also find worshippers from far and wide. Some are the descendants of the original settlers, now scattered far and wide. They come from Fredericton, Moncton, Miramichi and beyond. Like pilgrims to Knock or Lourdes, they all have a genuine love and affection for the Point.

St. Patrick's Chapel was spruced up recently. The shores of the Richibouctou River were eroding and had to be secured before they threatened her foundation stones. The roof was leaking and the sacristy was slowly sinking back into the earth. Like "the little engine that could", this little parish without parishioners to fill her coffers, borrowed \$18,000 from the Moncton archdiocese two years ago to carry out the necessary repairs. It seemed an impossible task to be able to repay the loan.

continued on page 22



St. Patrick's Chapel *cont'd*

For any parish, this large loan would have been daunting - but not for the "little parish that could." Local residents held bake sales, suppers, raffles - and whatever else they could think up - to raise the necessary funds to repay the loan. Donations also came in from far and wide. The loan was paid off in just two years and the papers burned on July 11, 2004 - after a mass celebrated by Archbishop André Richard himself. A celebration picnic followed the "loan burning".

People have a special place in their hearts for St. Patrick's Chapel and the Point. I have no ties to the area, but it keeps drawing me back - not just for masses - but as a place to reflect and meditate. I go there often, to sit on the river's bank and to listen to the music of the pines. Sometimes I go back in time and imagine the early settlers coming to mass by river, long before there were roads.

St. Patrick's Chapel is already a unique historical site and one of New Brunswick's best kept secrets. Someday, it should be declared an historical site and preserved. For now, residents, early settler's descendants, and friends of St. Patrick's Chapel continue to pre-



The lane at Chapel Point, NB, where St. Patrick's Chapel is located.

serve her for generations to come. Hats off to all volunteer and those who donated to keep

her at her best. You are all indeed part of "the little parish that could".

ÉIRE-IRELAND is an interdisciplinary journal of Irish Studies published by the Irish American Cultural Institute (IACI). Other IACI programs and accomplishments include:

- **THE IRISH WAY**, an annual summer program of travel and study in Ireland for American high school students.
- **IRISH PERCEPTIONS**, a nationwide lecture and performance series featuring Irish artists, musicians, actors, historians, poets, writers, and academics, providing American audiences access to Ireland's cultural achievements
- The publication of **DÚCAS**, a quarterly newsletter featuring articles of general interest for members of the Institute
- **THE IRISH RESEARCH FUNDS**, an annual program of grants supporting scholarship focused on the Irish experience in America
- The yearly awarding of significant **GRANTS** and **AWARDS** to writers and artists in Ireland.
- The annual **IACI VISITING FELLOWSHIP** in Irish Studies at the National University of Ireland, Galway
- The **PSI PROGRAM**, a residency in New York at the Institute for Contemporary Art for two artists from Ireland and Northern Ireland, funded by the Arts Councils of Ireland and Northern Ireland.
- The loan of the **IACI'S O'MALLEY ART COLLECTION** to the University of Limerick and other select galleries in Ireland.
- **THE ANNIE MOORE PROJECT**, an international effort initiated and developed by the IACI to commemorate the first immigrant to Ellis Island, which resulted in statues of the 15-year-old Cork woman being erected at Ellis Island and at her Irish departure point, Cobh, in County Cork. President Mary Robinson unveiled both statues in 1993

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Irish Fiddle Music in N.B.

by Bernie Houlahan

The revival of interest in traditional Irish music that's been sweeping the world since the late Sixties has encompassed both the vocal and instrumental. In Ireland, both areas received pretty much equal emphasis.

In North America, it was the songs that initially got the most attention, with strong singers such as the Clancy Brothers, Tommy Makem, and the Dubliners taking this part of the world by storm. It was a few years later that both older and beginning musicians, influenced by the Chieftains, Planxty and DeDannan, began unearthing and playing many of the great jigs, reels and hornpipes that had been popularized to some extent by the Ceilidh bands of the thirties and forties... groups, made up largely of Irish immigrants, concentrated largely in the major American cities of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Boston. Their music, based on interplay between fiddles, flutes, whistles, occasionally tenor banjos, with accompaniment by piano and snare drum, fell out of favour for a couple of decades, but the fiddle was always present...on both sides of the border.

In the Maritimes, emphasis, has always been on the smooth, lyrical "down-east" style, playing tunes of Scottish, French-Canadian, and, to a lesser extent, Irish origin...with a heavy emphasis on the old Scottish style preserved to this day in Cape Breton.

One of the most important figures in the preservation, and presentation, of Irish style fiddling in New Brunswick is Eddy Poirier. Although perhaps best known for his successful ventures in reviving Bluegrass music in the Maritimes, he's always been a fine and enthusiastic fiddler as well; one of a hand full of players, along with such players as Kim Vincent of P.E.I., and Chester Storey and Kevin Roach of Nova Scotia, who specialize in the unique Irish sound.

A native of Rogersville, he began playing around the age of seven, his mentor being his

father, Vital Poirier... a man who saw his first violin hanging on someone's wall, went home and somehow built a rough replica from memory...having no idea how to tune it, much less play it, he went to the monastery nearby, and managed to borrow a thirty-tune collection of 78 rpm records by the now-legendary Irish-American fiddler Michael Coleman... recordings that one (or more) of the monks had brought with them.

He was assisted in his efforts by a maternal relative, one Helen Meunier, who played what she referred to as a "fife"... similar to a pennywhistle... she knew many of those tunes (Eddy has no idea where or how she learned them) and was able to assist young Vital in the proper tuning of the instrument. Eddy himself was able to play some tunes by the age of the nine; at eleven he began playing guitar and pursuing an interest in bluegrass music. Like many of us, he was influenced by the music of Bill Monroe and Mac Wiseman on radio CFCY in Charlottetown... his distinctive guitar style evolved from his efforts to emulate the sound of the five-string banjo (which he'd never seen or played) a style now known as "cross-picking".

After living in Toronto for several years, he returned to Moncton in 1974, continuing a career begun in Ontario and continuing to this day.

In a wide-ranging interview, he offered these recollections, along with his personal observations:

"My first interest in Irish music was sparked, of course, by the tunes my father played... the ones that came off that monk's collection... my favourites, and the first ones I learned were, "The Salamanca, Boys of the Lough, and The Eavesdropper. I also heard early recordings by Joseph Allard... although a Quebecer, he played very much in the Coleman style... as I grew older, I



Eddy Poirier

was very impressed by hearing Johnny Wilmot over radio CHFX in Antigonish. Although a Cape Breton player who played both styles, he was the first to my knowledge to feature many Irish tunes in his repertoire. Years later, when I moved to Toronto, I was fortunate to meet him. He made me a 90 minute

tape of Irish selections, and helped me on many occasions with my bowing and technique. When I returned from Toronto in 1974, I formed a trio with Fern Maillet and Emile Robichaud. We played for about a year as the Eddy Poirier Bluegrass trio; that evolved into the bluegrass Four when Louis Arsenault joined us, but we always included at least a ten-minute segment of fiddle tunes in each performance. People were familiar with the several recordings I'd made in Toronto with people like Graham Townsend and Smiley Bates, and wanted to hear some of that. I played mostly "downeast" or Don Messer type tunes, but always inserted some Irish material when I thought the audience might appreciate it. Sometime after my return, when Johnny Wilmot returned to Cape Breton, I made a trip down to see him. That's when I met Paul Cranford. They both knew and played tunes by Michael Coleman and James Morrison, and were ordering and learning from recordings by groups like De Dannan, who were being marketed in North America by new companies like Shanachie, who specialized in Irish and Celtic music. I absorbed all that I heard like a sponge. When Paul got into publishing, I was able to get access to all kinds of books and sheet music, O'Neill's, Simon Fraser, the Skye Collection. I taught myself to read music by taking some simple tune that I already knew, finding it in the book, and playing along until I could figure out what the symbols meant. Took me three years to learn Yankee Doodle Dandy!"

Asked for a capsule explanation of what distinguishes Irish fiddle music, Eddy said "it's a bit difficult to explain to people who haven't heard it, but it's basically the insertion of "grace notes", "cuts", and "rolls", ornamentation not usually heard in much of the "down-east", Ottawa valley, or other styles of playing. That's the influence of the pipes, both Irish and Scottish, which played such an important part in the early music."

On the subject of his favourite Irish fiddlers, and brief comments on a few well-known stylists: "My favourite will always be Michael Coleman. He died in 1945, but his ideas, his style and perfection will always be the standard for me. Everyone should listen to him, even though the standards of recording and accompaniment in those days weren't always the best. Of the present-day players, Tommy Peoples and Frankie Gavin are major players. Jean Carignan was great; a "wild" bower... took it a bit further than Coleman but did no disservice to the music. I once saw Sean McGuire on TV in the sixties. He played HELL out of "The Sligo Maid". I think he used an almost classical technique, very fast and flashy, got a big sound with just a small area of his bow, very fast and accurate. He made changes from the way that Coleman played the tunes, but he, too, helped the evolution of Irish fiddle music."

Eddy continues to play often and widely, doing bluegrass festivals in the summer, running his own successful festival each year in Rogersville, teaching and recording a variety of music, and is always available to play traditional Irish fiddle in support of Irish cultural endeavours in New Brunswick. His final words on this subject..."When I listen to Irish music, push the tape button and LISTEN, it's the same as when I was a kid listening to it on the Antigonish radio station. For some reason, it BRINGS me to another place, another dimension??? And, if I play an Irish tune, I always feel I must play it to the very best of my ability."

Parish records provide a wealth of information

By Linda Evans

Genealogical research is a rewarding experience for many. Tracing one's family tree provides a lifetime of enjoyment -- and sometimes even a headache or two. But there are more than just names and dates to be found in the records.

The records are a history in themselves. They also provide insights into the pattern of social life in communities as well. While searching through church parish records, one finds out not just about one's family, but about the entire community as well.

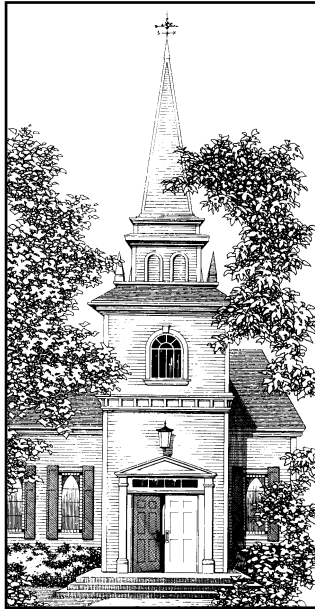
Over the last decade, I have gathered all of the births, marriages and deaths of the Irish Catholic families of the Archdiocese of Moncton -- which encompasses the counties of Westmorland, Albert and Kent counties. Beginning with the early settlers at the beginning of the 19th century, my database now has grown to include all births, marriages and deaths up to 1926.

It began as a tool to do research for "the book" on the history of the Irish communities in southeastern New Brunswick. Like all research, it also became an obsession.

The process has given me much, much more than names and dates however. It has given me a deep insight and understanding of how communities grew, changed, and sometimes dwindled into obscurity over the last two centuries. Many surprises came out of the research as well. I'll give some examples.

Early settlers had to travel great distances to marry at times. One wedding party from Melrose, which included two couples, their families and friends, traveled many miles by sea, up the Northumberland Strait to Grande Digue for the ceremony.

There were also certain months of the year that were popular for weddings. Unlike today, weddings were more common in



April and November in the nineteenth century. Summer months were too busy on the farms to take time out for a wedding ceremony. Priests were dependent on the weather during the winter -- and the men often away working anyway.

Births too were more common in certain months. Husbands were often away several months of the year. Life on their farms were difficult well into this century. They supplemented their farm incomes by travelling away to work in the woods in winter, and to construction and road jobs during the summer months. Many only came back to the homestead during spring planting and fall harvest. Many of their children were conceived on these visits and a rash of births would follow nine months later! The months of February, March, July and August were busy months for the midwives in these early communities.

Many parishes had only itinerant priests visit through most of the nineteenth century. They would pass through mostly in the "good weather" months and it was not unusual to see a rush of baptisms, marriages, and cemetery blessings all at once. In one visit to Irishtown in 1858, a

Memramcook priest performed seven baptisms, two marriages and blessed the graves of four parishioners who had passed away since a priest had last visited the community!

In parishes where a priest did come on a monthly basis, one can easily figure out which Sunday of the month he visited each community. When sacraments are always recorded on dates that are close together (ie the 17th to the 24th of a month) then you can be fairly certain that the priest came to that particular community on the third Sunday of each month.

Much more can be gathered by studying the parish records of each community. Sometimes the burials will reflect what diseases were prevalent at the time. A rash of burials in Kent county in the late 1880's filled the parish registers. The deceased, for the most part, were children. The culprit was measles. In Irishtown in 1855, the dreaded cholera visited and the burials reflect how it swept through the community that year. The records of St. Bernard's in Moncton - and many others - also showed a dramatic rise in the death rate of the parish during the great flu epidemic of 1918.

One can also envision how difficult life was for the early settlers in these Irish communities. Many were struck down at the prime of their life - not from natural causes - but from the disease that so often struck the poor - consumption. Later known as tuberculosis, the disease affected many well into the 1920's and onwards.

The effects of out-migration from these Irish communities of southeastern New Brunswick is also apparent. Large numbers of families disappear from the registers in the 1860's and 1890's - gone to the American West or the Boston States. Also, as Moncton began to grow at the turn of the century, families from all three counties that surround her begin to leave their homes. They are lost to their local parish registers

- but pop up again in the parish records in Moncton.

The parish records of each community also provide much confusion for study. Irish Catholic priests occasionally anglicize Acadian names -- like LeBlanc to White. But it also sometimes worked the other way. Many Irish family names became francophone names over time - especially if they lived in or near French communities or the priest was French. Burkes disappeared and Bourques came into being. O'Neills became Niles, Downings became Donnell. Powers became Poirier and O'Malleys became Maillets. The list goes on and on. I can remember studying the records of Cocagne in Kent County. There were many Irish families therein, but I read them all looking for the Irish families. All families with Acadian names were also scrutinized for Irish mothers. One family kept coming up repeatedly over the years for "Laurent Brun". He had a large family of 15. The mother's name was also Acadian, and so I skipped on to the next entry - repeatedly. Around 1915, I came again to another "Laurent Brun" child's baptism BUT in this particular entry, the father had signed his name. I had to return to the beginning and pull out all of the "Laurent Brun" children I had previously passed by. The father had signed his name "Lawrence O'Brien"! I have yet to go back and decipher the rest of the Bruns...

As you can see from the above examples, much can be obtained from a single parish record of a community.

For anyone interested in their Irish families in Westmorland, Albert, and Kent, I can be contacted by email at evans@nbnet.nb.ca. At the same time, research for the book continues. If anyone has family journals, letters, pictures, or stories to share, I would love to meet with you.



From Ireland to Saint John

Together in Exile traces County Louth, Ireland emigrants to Lower Cove, Saint John, New Brunswick, Canada

Where in Saint John is Lower Cove? Who were the *Coolies*? Why did such a large group of Carlingford natives settle together in the Port City? And who were they? Curious? Then flip open *Together in Exile*, by Saint John writer Peter Murphy.

You'll find the answers to these questions, plus page after page of genealogical information tracing the County Lough emigrants and their descendants to Lower Cove, Saint John. The County Louth settlement had its beginnings in the early 1820s.

Together in Exile is a comprehensive text, and its no wonder. Mr. Murphy spent 11 years researching here in Canada, as well as in Ireland and the U.S. before compiling the book in 1990.

Between the covers of *Together in Exile*, you will find detailed information on the following families: Boyle, Brown, Campbell, Carroll, Cassely, Colins, Creegan, Doyle, Elmore, Feran, Finigan, Flanagan, Hanlon, Hanratty, Hoey, Johnston, Kelly, Killen, Kirk, Lowe,

Magee, Markey, May, McCrink, McGuigan, McGuire, Mills, Murphy, Oakes, Quinn, O'Reilly, Rice, Rourke, Sharkey, Small, Thompson, Tole, Trainor and Woods.

Mr. Murphy has also included several photos. In his genealogy of families, Mr. Murphy includes information from baptismal records and marriage records.

You will also find out where these people live, how they made a living and, finally, how they died. Every fact is documented with a reference.

Mr. Murphy has researched many families of Saint John. He has more information stored in the memory bank of his brain than most of us will enter into our computers.

Lucky for us, Mr. Murphy has the trait of a true genealogist...he is continuously sharing his knowledge and expertise with others.

Mary McGivern McCarthy, shown with her daughter, Nellie, couldn't stand to live among the "Coolies", people who came from Carlingford (or Cooley) Peninsula of County Louth, Ireland, and settled in Lower Cove, Saint John.



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Built by the Irish, preserved by the Irish - St. Dominic's comes full circle

By Susan Flaherty

In 1997 the Dioceses of Portland made the decision to close St. Dominic's Church. The church was once the bustling heart of an Irish neighborhood, but there had been a steady decline in attendance as churchgoers moved to the suburbs.

The City of Portland bought the church from the diocese and began accepting proposals for the future use of the building.

A small, but determined group of former parishioners who called themselves the "Friends of St. Dominic's" mobilized to save their former parish.

Too small in number to hope to successfully acquire and maintain the building they needed to find an ally.

The Irish American Club (IAC) had been in existence in Portland for over 30 years.

Its 500 plus members strove to preserve Irish history and culture by offering Irish language classes and dance classes among other activities.

But, the one thing the IAC had never had was a home. Classes were held in schools throughout Portland and meetings were held ironically at the Italian Heritage Center.

The "Friends" approached the IAC with a proposal that the two groups join together to acquire St. Dominic's and create an Irish Heritage Center.

The idea clicked with the club, maybe the reason no suitable home had been found in the past was because the club was always meant to call St. Dominic's home.

And, so began a long journey that we are still on to day. As a social organization, the IAC couldn't acquire the building. So a separate group was formed to acquire non-profit status.

This group, consisting of members of the IAC and the "Friends" formed a small working board naming itself "The Irish Heritage Center".

This fledgling board worked many long hours meeting wherever they could find space, a coffee shop, an office after hours, to formulate their plans for the church.

Soon, the board was ready to present their plans to the city, but another bidder stepped forward with their own plans for St. Dominic's. Barbe, a commercial developer, wanted to convert St. Dominic's into office space.

Both plans were presented to the Portland City Council. Many neighbors around St. Dominic's supported Barbe, feeling they had the experience to preserve and maintain the church.

But, even more people supported the Irish Heritage Center.

The center gained strong support not only from the Diocese, the members of the IAC, former parishioners but the many residents of Portland who could claim Irish ancestors.

While Barbe's plans were polished and commercially feasible, they lacked the heart and passion of the Irish Heritage Center.

What the board lacked in expertise they more than made up for in enthusiasm and commitment. After a seemingly endless process of meetings and hearings, the Irish Heritage Center was able to purchase St. Dominic's for \$1.

The city also donated \$50,000 for repairs to the church roof.

January 2003, the Irish Heritage Center was formally given the key to St. Dominic's by the Mayor of Portland.

But, the hard work had just begun. St. Dominic's was a beautiful building in remarkable shape, but work still needed to be done.

New handicapped bathrooms would need to be added, the roof needed repairs and an elevator needed to be added to make the church itself accessible. Money raising began in earnest and continues to this day.

But, there was plenty to celebrate as well.

The Irish American Club had a home, a place to holds meetings, classes and to just gather with friends.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated quietly that first year, but in 2004 there was a grand party complete with dozen of pipers and a parade.

Plans are already underway to make next year's St. Patrick's Day celebration bigger and better.

Slowly we are returning St. Dominic's to her former glory. Just as important for us, St. Dominic's is again becoming the heart of the Irish community in Portland.

In addition to the IAC, the Ancient Order of Hibernians hold their meetings there as well. We have been able to expand our class offerings and to offer more cultural events as well.

This year so far we have celebrated Bloomsday with an original theatrical piece, had an exhibit and lecture on the sinking of the Bohemian, a ship that went down off Portland in the 1870's carrying many Irish immigrants. We've had a highly successful auction and charity golf tournament.

There have been book signings, art exhibits, and lectures. We've taken walking tours around Portland to learn more about the history of the Irish. We are still dreaming and planning for the future.

The month of October will see another book signing with three authors discussing their latest works and a lecture on the Celtic origins of Halloween.

There will be a Halloween party for the children and plans are already underway for a grand Christmas celebration.

It has been gratifying to see the way these three main groups, the IAC, the "Friends", and the Irish Heritage Center have found ways to work together to make

this project work.

The "Friends" have eagerly become part of the Irish Heritage Center, while working on their own projects, like a reunion for all those who attended St. Dominic's school the IAC has seen an opportunity to expand its social activities with Sunday ceilis and social gatherings. The Irish Heritage Center, since renamed the Maine Irish Heritage Center, offers classes and other cultural events.

What do we see for the future? We have plans for a genealogy/research library to preserve the history of the Irish in Portland for future generations. We want to see our status and recognition in the community continue to grow.

The most unique thing about this project as those of us who have been part of it from the beginning we often times find ourselves growing weary.

But, along the way we have met so many wonderful people whose enthusiasm and love for this project is at times almost overwhelming.

But, their level of passion, their energy is what keeps us going and is in many ways the heart of this project. Anytime a church closes there are feelings of resentment and sadness.

A church is at the heart of many people's lives. It's where they marry, see their children baptized, grieve for the loss of loved ones. It is also where they socialize and gather with friends.

A closed church can never again be the spiritual heart of a neighborhood. But, with dedication and planning it can once again be the social heart of the neighborhood.

St. Dominic's was built by Irish immigrants who came to America dreaming of a new life. Now a new generation of Irish-Americans are preserving St. Dominic's and keeping those dreams alive for generations to come.

John Costigan, MP and Senator, Grand Falls, NB supported home rule for Ireland

by Aileen Carroll
Portland, Maine



John Costigan

Not long ago, I obtained on inter-library loan, a two-volume history of the Irish in Canada. Knowing that I couldn't keep the books very long, I concentrated on the sections which were of special interest to me, first.

The Irish in Atlantic Canada, for most of my Irish roots are there, but I also read an essay about the *Irish in Quebec* because my Quebec

ancestors were the earliest to emigrate from Ireland, arriving at St. Nicholas, just across the river from Quebec City, about 1830.

They were my great-great-grandparents, John and Bridget (Dunne) Costigan. He came either from Kilkenny City or from Inishtioige, and she from Ballyauscail, a tiny village about eighteen miles North of Kilkenny, in Co. Laois.

John Costigan was fortunate to receive some business training in the office of his uncle, a Waterford merchant named Thomas Meagher. Meagher's son was Thomas Francis Meagher who became one of the patriots of the Young Irelanders movement.

Arriving in Quebec, John Costigan was employed as a scaler or measurer of timber for Sir John Caldwell who had vast timber interests in the area and lived, according to one writer, in *baronial splendor in the Canadian wilderness*. I don't know how Costigan came to work for Caldwell or whether or not he was actually recruited for the job in Ireland.

Caldwell also owned timerlands in the Madawaska Territory. In fact, he was at the time one of the wealthiest men in Canada.

A lawyer, he also served as a member of the legislative assembly for Lower Canada and later as Receiver General, a post which was equivalent to Treasurer, but he was eventually discredited after allegedly relieving the gov-

ernment of about £96,000. He left Canada and died in Boston in the 1840's.

While on the subject of Caldwell, I should mention that on a recent trip to Ireland, I visited Castle Caldwell in Co. Fermanagh, the family home, which was actually the seat of Sir John's cousin.

Now it is a romantic lakeside ruin, set in a beechwood forest, inhabited only by birds and rabbits. So much for earthly glory!

But to return to the Costigans. In 1840, they moved from St. Nicholas to Grand Falls, New Brunswick, where John was to take charge of a mill Caldwell was building there. I don't know just when my great-great-grandfather parted company with Caldwell, but I trust it was before the latter's disgrace.

Eventually, John and Bridget Costigan opened an inn in Grand Falls, near the Maine border, and Bridget continued to operate it after her husband's death in 1849.

It was their son, John Costigan Jr., who especially interested me, for the events of his life gave me some insights on the Irish experience in Canada in the 19th and early 20th centuries.

He was born at St. Nicholas in 1835 and educated at Victoria College in New Brunswick and St. Anne's College in Quebec. He served as Registrar of Deeds and then as a judge of the Court of

Common Pleas for Victoria County, but by age twenty-five, he was already active in politics. In 1860, he became Victoria County's representative to the New Brunswick Provincial Assembly, and in 1861, he was elected to the House of Commons.

Like many citizens of the Maritimes, John Costigan was opposed to Confederation, for he feared that Quebec and Upper Canada would overshadow the smaller Maritime Provinces.

His opposition to Confederation cost him the election of 1866, the only political defeat he ever suffered, but he was re-elected the following year and served until 1904 in the Commons. For the remainder of his life, he was a member of the Canadian Senate.

He died in Ottawa in 1916. During his long career, he had held various posts including Minister of Inland Revenue, Secretary of State, and Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

So much for the barebones outline of his life as a successful politician.

His career as a Catholic Irish-Canadian politician I found more interesting.

On a visit to Ottawa two summers ago, I checked the National Archives for Costigan papers. Until then, my knowledge of him came partly from family tradition and partly from standard entries in Canadian biographical encyclopedias.

I knew, for example, that he had left Ottawa for Grand Falls one late November day in the company of other legislators, one of whom became seriously ill en route.

Part of their journey was by canoe, and Costigan offered his overcoat to his suffering colleague to make the journey a little easier for him. When they arrived in Grand Falls, John Costigan himself was ill with small pox which had been raging in the capital. He was confined to his home for several months and

won an election for which he had been unable to campaign.

I knew too that he was opposed to bigotry or religious intolerance and liked to point out that when he was growing up in Grand Falls, a priest might say Mass in the morning at the Costigan Inn and later in the day, a minister might conduct services there as well. At the time, the town had neither a Catholic nor a Protestant church.

When I had the chance to read his correspondence, though, I began to realize that he lived through a tumultuous period for the Irish in Canada and an even more tumultuous one for the Irish in their homeland. Costigan earned the title of spokesman for the Roman Catholics in the national government at a time when they badly needed one.

A question that occupied his time and engendered much correspondence between him and the provincial bishops concerned the schools of New Brunswick and Manitoba.

The public schools were teaching from a Protestant Bible and repudiating Catholic doctrine, yet Catholics were taxed to support these essentially Protestant schools.

Telegrams flew between *Honorable John* and the bishops as they discussed what would be their strategy to overturn school laws which were odious to them and to Costigan's French and Irish constituents. One bishop even communicated with Costigan in code, so concerned was he that an ill-timed move might cause them to fail in their objective. Eventually though they did succeed.

Costigan also worked for the repeal of a law that made taking the coronation oath a requirement for ministers of Her Majesty's Government, since the oath, swearing allegiance to the queen as defender of the faith, was repugnant to Catholics.

(Continued on page 28)

(From page 27)

Some indication of the status of Catholics in Canada at that time is in Costigan's eventual break with the Conservative Party.

Even though he was serving as a cabinet minister under Sir John MacDonald, he felt that as a Catholic, his appointment was a kind of tokenism and that attempts on his part to promote Irish Catholic causes would be stalemated.

Despite personal frustration with the role he was forced to play in Parliament, he earned the respect of friends and foes alike.

In 1882, his colleagues in the House of Commons put forth a resolution honoring him which stated in part, *Mr. Costigan is one of the few public men in Canada whose career needs no elaborate defence. His words and actions are invariably characterized by consistency and straightforwardness. His is recognized and respected as the political chieftain of the Irish Catholics in Canada.* In 1885, friends from all over the dominion banded together to make him a gift of a homestead in Ottawa.

His French constituents were as fond of him as were his Irish compatriots. As a matter of fact, he spoke French fluently and understood the French concerns. In *L'Histoire de Madawaska*, he is referred to as *the good Costigan*.

In 1882, he was chosen to persuade the Liberal Conservative Party to put forth a resolution in Parliament support Home Rule for Ireland.

He was then drafted to write the resolution. In 1896, his Irish friends chose him as their delegate to the National Convention in Dublin, gathered to discuss Home Rule.

Perhaps the greatest tribute to him as an Irish-Canadian legislator came from Lord Lorne, Governor General of Canada.

In 1883, when his lordship was returning to London after having served for some time in Canada, he asked John Costigan to give him his opinion on the question of Irish Home Rule.

In a twelve-page letter, Costigan did just that saying that Home Rule was an absolute necessity if harmony was to be achieved in

Ireland. Then, like any good debater, he went on to list possible objections to Home Rule and then to refute them.

He knew property owners feared that if the ordinary people achieved power, property rights would be ignored.

Thus he urged that the land question be settled by imperial enactment, stating that the peasant class must eventually have ownership of some property.

He realized that some of the English feared that an Irish parliament would be a hostile parliament, but he stated that such fears were groundless, since, he explained, *everything affecting the integrity of the empire could be reserved for the imperial government.*

As for the so-called threat to religious minorities, he suggested that the country be divided so that certain constituencies would have Protestant majorities, thus assuring fair representation.

In framing a constitution, he urged that men who reflected the Irish national sentiment be consulted. Otherwise, he pointed out, the Irish people would have no confidence in the result.

Costigan then expressed a Canadian viewpoint which, as a United States citizen, was new to me.

Arguing for the importance of harmony between Britain and Ireland, he suggested that if the United States should elect a Democratic President, the Irish, who, in his words, were *the backbone of that party*, might use their power to cause strained relations between Britain and the United States.

Then annexationists in Canada might come forward and try to persuade Canadians of the feasibility of joining the U.S. or at least forging closer ties with it. Under such circumstances, the Irish in Canada might choose to throw in their lot with their brothers on the other side of the border and back home in Ireland.

To prevent this, he argues, why not guarantee Irish loyalty by acceding to their reasonable demands for local government.

Since at the time of his letter to Lord Lorne, John Costigan was actually a member of Her Majesty's privy Council for

Canada, his outspoken advocacy for Irish Home Rule was quite a bold step.

Perhaps the most interesting single piece of his correspondence was an eighteen-page letter he sent to Charles Stewart Parnell in 1886, just after a motion to bring the Home Rule bill before the British Parliament had been defeated.

Costigan began by expressing his sympathy for the Irish National Party in its recent setback and went on to outline what the Irish in Canada had done in an effort to influence the British Government to give Ireland Home Rule.

He stated that in 1881, the Irish of Quebec City had organized a branch of the Irish Land League, probably the first such organization in Canada.

Despite strong prejudice in Canada against this organization, he, as a member of parliament, had accepted an invitation to appear on the platform at Quebec's Music Hall and to participate as a speaker at their testimonial meeting.

He mentioned the Canadian Parliament's 1882 resolution, asking Her Majesty's Government to grant Home Rule and release political prisoners. As he explained to Parnell, the resolution's result had been a *snub* from the British Government in a statement that such matters were the concern only of the British Parliament.

On a more personal level, he told Parnell that in 1880, his knowledge of the terrible destitution in Ireland had prompted him to approach Prime Minister MacDonald and ask that Canada

contribute some money to alleviate the Irish people's suffering. The result was a vote to send \$100,000.

The letter's closing words are worth reading, even though they are in the rather flowery style of nineteenth-century correspondence.

They are important because they reflect John Costigan's unswerving devotion to Irish causes both in Canada and Ireland.

Letter to Parnell

The defeat of the motion for the second reading of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule measure caused a deep feeling of disappointment to the masses of Irish people in Canada, but instead of discouraging them, their sympathies will, if possible, be increased, and you, Sir, and your followers may safely rely on a continuation of their deep sympathy until your efforts are, as they must inevitably be, crowned with success.

When I speak of Irishmen in Canada, I do not confine myself to those who had the good fortune of being born in Ireland. I include the sons of native born Irishmen who perhaps have never seen Ireland, but who sympathies are as strong and warm as if they had been born in the Old Land, of this latter class I am a humble specimen, and I beg to subscribe myself.

My dear Mr. Parnell

Yours Faithfully

John Costigan

Editor's Note: Hon. John Costigan (1835-1916) Grand Falls, NB, is a relative of Eileen Carroll, Portland Maine. Mount Costigan (2980m) in Alberta is named after this Irish Canadian MP, Senator and Cabinet Minister.



The Provincial and County Officers of the Ancient Order of Hiberians (AOH) in New Brunswick during the early part of the 20th Century (see letter to the editor from Marianna O'Gallagher).

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PROVINCIAL PRESIDENT--P.M. McMANUS, Halifax, NS
 PROVINCIAL VICE-PRESIDENT--H.F. HAMILTON, Moncton, NB
 PROVINCIAL SECRETARY--JOHN R. McCLOSKEY, St. John, NB
 PROVINCIAL TREASURER--P. HENNESSY, Newcastle, NB
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 County Financial Secretary--Michael Kelly, Milltown
 County Treasurer--W.J. Graham, Milltown
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 Recording Secretary--George Heffron, Milltown
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 County Secretary--Daniel Desmore, Hampton
 County Financial Secretary--Fred Mahoney, Hampton
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 Vice-President--Wm. Fleming, Norton
 Recording Secretary--Eyrol Meigher, Norton
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 Treasurer--Wm. Vaughan, Norton

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 Recording Secretary--William Gallagher, Hampton
 Financial Secretary--Thomas Smith, Hampton
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 Recording Secretary--Harry Culligan, Jacquet River
 Financial Secretary--John Lawlor, Jacquet River

Treasurer--Michael Brown, Jacquet River

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 Financial Secretary--Richard Keane, Fairville
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County Treasurer--H.F. Hamilton, Moncton
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 Financial Secretary--Geo. W. Donovan, Moncton
 Treasurer--H. F. Hamilton, Moncton

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 County Treasurer--James P. Hayes, St. Mary's

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 Recording Secretary--Thos. L. Kane, Fredericton
 Financial Secretary--W. Grannan, Fredericton
 Treasurer--E.C. Barry, Fredericton

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 Recording Secretary--Wm. McNulty, St. Mary's
 Financial Secretary--B.J. H. Doone, St. Mary's
 Treasurer--Jas. P. Hayes, St. Mary's

My history HERO

DANIEL O'CONNELL

1775-1847

by Frank Delaney

Writer and broadcaster Frank Delaney admires a 19th-century lawyer whose non-violent struggle in Ireland is a role model for peaceful change everywhere

Growing up in a Catholic household in southern Ireland in the early 1950s, it was impossible not to be aware of the figure of Daniel O'Connell, and his importance in Irish history, even if our house was one of the few that didn't have a portrait of the *The Liberator* above the mantelpiece. But since my childhood, I've changed my reasons for

admiring him.

In a sense, I grew up with Daniel O'Connell; at home with my parents' admiration for him and then at a school in Tipperary run by the Christian Brothers. History was a major part of the curriculum and I learned about O'Connell's extraordinary part in the development of modern Ireland.

He is, of course, an enormously important figure for Irish Catholics, but I had an enlightened teacher, who gave me a fresh reason to admire O'Connell, as perhaps the first figure in Anglo-Irish history who learned to use the political system, as opposed to violence, to achieve change.

O'Connell was born in County Kerry, into a middle-class Catholic family. His uncle helped him study law, in France, London and then Dublin, where he was called to the bar in 1798. O'Connell opposed the union of the Irish and British parliaments in 1800, and called on people of all religious denominations to work for its repeal.

Catholics were excluded from political office in British society, and when in 1823 O'Connell founded the Catholic Association, he was tapping into a seam of discontent. And when the British Government banned the association, he reformed it as the New Catholic Association, emphasizing its legal, non-violent aims. In 1828, he was elected as an MP, forcing the British Government to repeal the anti-Catholic legislation.

For the rest of his life, he campaigned against the Union, using his legal skills, and his enormous personal popularity, a popularity envied by the vast crowds that came to hear him.

I don't look on O'Connell simply as an Irish hero: for me he is the prototypical figure of the modern lawyer who enters politics to affect change, setting a pattern for many of today's politicians. That is what intrigues me, as someone who has been a political journalist and interviewer: he understood the nature of legislative change, and how to achieve it, O'Connell saw a bridge, and walked across it. A clever, cunning man, he used his lawyer's training to make deals and build constituencies.

Equally important, he brought people into politics. He established a penny fund, the *Catholic Rent*, as it was called, to support his campaign, and this did something extraordinary: it gave Catholic households, however poor, the chance to become involved. That gave every Catholic in Ireland a place at the table of politics.

At the end of his life, as Ireland was engulfed by the Famine, O'Connell was outflanked by those who were more radical in their demands.

I remember interviewing Enoch Powell, who said all political careers end in failure. O'Connell's did: he failed to repeal the Union, but his place in Irish history is secure, and



O'Connell, The Liberator, played an extraordinary part in the history of modern Ireland, explains Frank Delaney

because he is pre-Republican, his is in a sense untainted.

My first job took me into banking, and I was aware of the long shadow O'Connell casts: in almost every branch of the National Bank of Ireland, you'll see his portrait.

I moved on, into journalism, broadcasting and writing, but in a sense O'Connell's influence remains. Today I'm a writer, living in the United States, but I run my creative life as a business; I've learned the importance of getting to know the system and how it works.

History seems ever-present in Irish life. But the truth about the past in Ireland is the last thing that you've been told.

That is because in Irish history, beneath official histories, story-telling is as important as the history told by documents or by archaeology. Stories are the blood and bonds of a culture; coloured like jazz, and variations on formal themes, just like Irish traditional music. If you listen to these, you'll learn so much more than you would from formal histories.

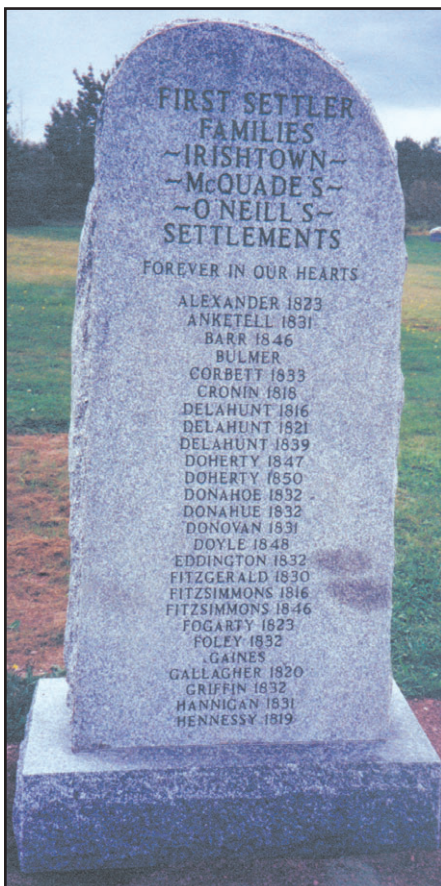
Oral history, with its references to the land, the sky, to food and love and the ordinary things of life, will tell you much more.

I do believe that history is increasingly important at a time when national identities are fragmenting before our eyes. History is essential to a sense of identity, even if you have to treat it, not as an ideology, but as a teacher who one day you'll outgrow.

Frank Delaney's new book covering the history of Ireland through seven millennia, Ireland: A Novel, was published in August by Little, Brown.

Taken from September 2004 Edition-BBC History Magazine.





The dedication of the First Settlers monument recently took place to honour the founding families of Irishtown, McQuade's and O'Neill's Settlements.

The monument is located in St. Laurence O'Toole Parish in Irishtown, near Moncton, NB. Names of settlers are found on both sides.

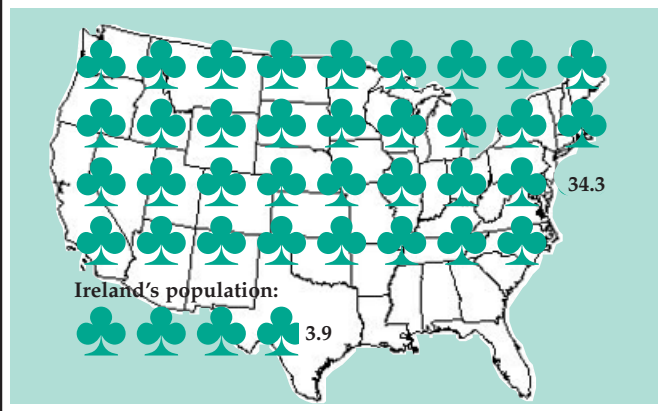
USA TODAY Snapshots

Irish Plentiful in America

The number of U.S. residents that claim Irish ancestry is almost 9 times the population of the Republic of Ireland.

(in millions)

U.S. residents with Irish ancestry:



Source U.S. Census Bureau

By Robert W. Ahrens, USA TODAY

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Celtic roots trounce Irish clichés

My father used to say that everybody's Irish on St. Patrick's Day. I think I know what he meant. Celebrate who you are and where your forebears came from.

By Steven Gallagher

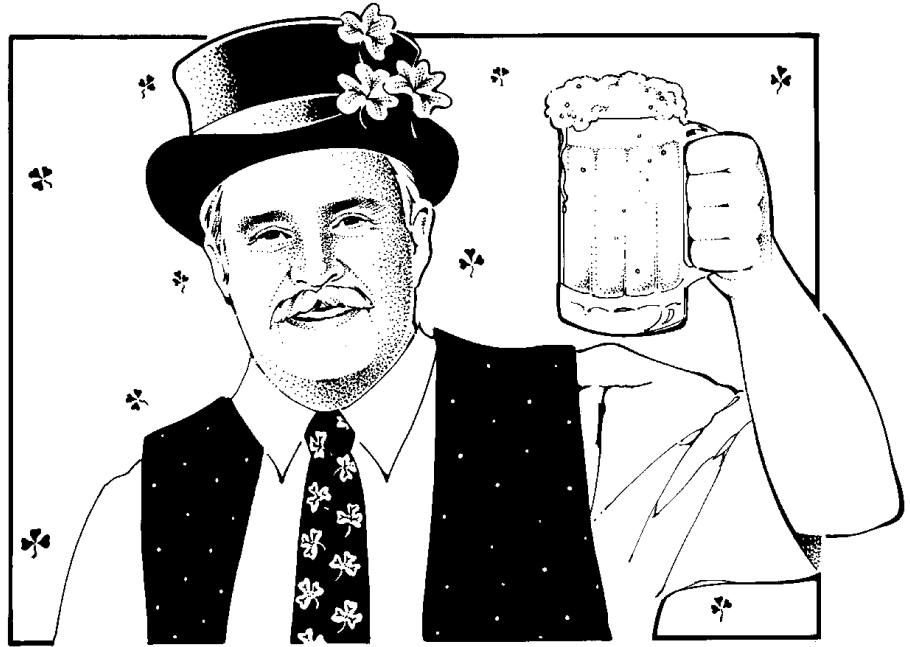
First things first, I am a very proud Canadian: born, bred and buttered here. Yet, like most of us in this country, our bloodlines can be traced back to somewhere else. So when St. Patrick's Day rolls around every year, I am struck by my own Irishness - about how it has been, and continues to be, a large part of my life.

I was born and raised in the west end of Montreal - Notre Dame de Grace, N.D.G., "No damn good!" - in a neighbourhood primarily made up of two very identifiable ethnic groups striving for a better life than their parents before them: the Irish and the Italians - half Gaelic and half garlic, I was told more than once.

I became aware of my Irishness early on. Born very close to St. Patrick's Day, my parents, Francis and Mary, gave me Patrick as a middle name and celebrated my birthday every year on the 17th. My parents were also proud of their Irishness and the accomplishment of the Irish in North America. I actually have two younger siblings - John and Jackie - named after a certain couple residing in the White House at the time.

Some people don't like parades. I love them. I fondly remember growing up in Montreal looking forward to two parades every year: St. Patrick's Day in March and the Stanley Cup parade a few months later. The St. Patrick's Day parade in Montreal claims to be the oldest in North America and is still one of the largest, even though a lot of the people I used to attend with have moved away.

My parents sent me off to



Loyola High School, a private Catholic school, because it was run by the greatest educators of the western world - the Jesuit priests. They were tough but fair; brilliant and exacting men which whom you didn't mess. Think more Spencer Tracy than Bing Crosby. Fathers O'Brien, Casey and Moriarty - they all seemed to have Irish names - taught me not only Latin and algebra but the history, culture and faith of "my people".

As a skinny kid walking through the streets of N.D.G. on the way to an all-boy high school, wearing the target of a school uniform, I was forced into the only sport I was really any good at: first, street fighting and then boxing. My boxing coaches, I realize now looking back, were tremendous influences on my life. They had names like Duffin, O'Meara and Fitzgibbon, and every night at the boxing club against the rhythms of skipping ropes and speed bags, I would furtively listen in on their conversations. Great storytellers, all. The former, an Ulster émigré, would talk about the old country. The latter two would talk about the almost-mythic Irish neighbourhoods of the Montreal they grew up in, places like

Griffintown and "da Point." And, how the toughest guys of Montreal's storied past were always Irish guys.

I left Montreal's west end for the east coast to attend university, as did many anglo-Montrealers at the time. Not surprisingly, I quickly fell in love with the Maritimes, a region thick with deep Celtic roots. I ended up living and working in New Brunswick, the most "Irish" province in the country after Newfoundland. (And, if it weren't for the shenanigans of the Fenians before Confederation, the province might have been named New Ireland.)

Given my love of all things Irish and the occasion pint of Guinness, my college friends predicted I would marry a girl from Ireland whose father owns a pub. My friends were prophetic. My wife, who is in fact from Ireland and grew up over her father's pub, chides me about being more Irish than the Irish themselves. "Enough of the Irish music already!" she cries. So, I turn down the Chieftains - but not for long because I can't help myself.

We gave each of our children, Siobhan, Sean and Seamus,

distinct Irish names. (What did you expect - Ashley, Jordan and Tyler?) They, too, are driven mad at times by their old man reminding them of their Irishness. With any luck, one day they will annoy their own children about their Irish ancestry and the birthplace of their mother.

My father used to say that everybody's Irish on St. Patrick's Day. I think I know what he meant. Obviously, because of my background there is a lot of Irish in me, but I believe there is a little Irish in all of us. There is nothing wrong with people being proud of their heritage, their culture and their people's contribution to the world. I am not beating the tribal drums here. Yes, we are all Canadians first. But everyone should do what the Irish in diaspora have always done on St. Patrick's Day - celebrate who and what you are and where you and your forebears came from.

So on this St. Patrick's Day, raise a glass or two - *Slainte* - to the Irish and to all those who want to be.

Steven Patrick Gallagher lives in Moncton, NB

Reprinted from the Globe and Mail, March 17, 2003

The Music of the Piper

If you marry the flax gatherer, 'tis you who'll be sorry,
 O my love and my darling,
 You'll be choked with the chaff of the land
 O my love and my darling.
 You'll be up till midnight
 For ever burning candles and handing him the linen.
 But you'd be better off with me and the sweet music of my
 pipes
 O my love and my darling.

If you marry the weaver, 'til you who'll be sorry.
 O my love and my darling,
 You'll be hearing the monotonous shuttling of the loom
 O my love and my darling.
 You'll be up till midnight
 For ever burning candles and muttering about thread
 But you'd be better off with me and the sweet music of my
 pipes
 O my love and my darling.

If you marry the worker, 'tis you who'll be doing nicely,
 O my love and my darling,
 You'll get a ride to the market,
 O my love and my darling.
 You'll not be awake till midnight
 And you'll have silver in your pockets and pieces of gold
 But you'd be better off with me and the sweet music of my
 pipes
 O my love and my darling.

"An Scaipthe" (The Scattering)

Her branches stripped bare
 Swept clean by the raging storm
 Her children scatter beyond the sea
 She grieves.

She grieves hidden by a pervasive, perpetual darkness
 Ireland wasn't dying
 She was ending.

And so with a son's promise to his mother
 They leave.

They leave promising someday that they will return to her
 And she knowing all the time that they never would
 Because they never do.

And then they are gone, forever gone
 Scattered beyond her shores
 Scattered beyond the seas
 Scattered.

And so she waits.

Silently.

Broken

Alone.

The Blackthorn Scribe



Shown left to right: Helena Hook, Saint John and Shirley Dysart, President, Saint John Chapter of ICCA of NB, in front of Irish display at the New Brunswick Museum.

This was part of the 400th Anniversary of Champlain Celebrations.

Irish Tour In The Planning Phases

Members of the ICCANB are currently planning for an Irish Tour to take place every second June.

The goal is to visit one of the three main Gaeltacht (Irish Speaking) areas, in a rotating schedule each time.

The tour will include visits to important Celtic sites in each area as well as a chance to take part in Irish language lessons with real Irish speakers.

If you would like to indicate your possible interest, please e-mail us through our site at:

<http://www.newirelandnb.ca>
 or call Ricarda Bradley at
 (506) 367-2430

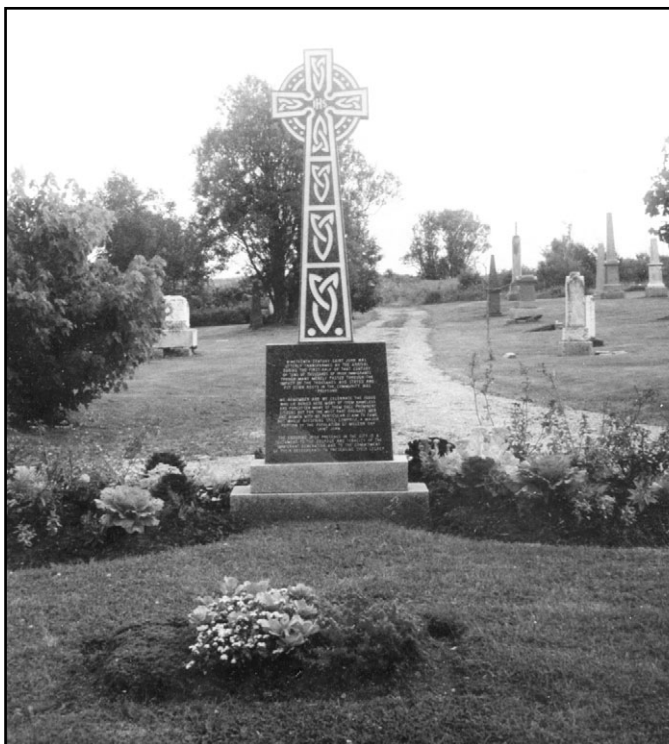


Saint John



Working at the ICCA booth at the Irish Festival on the Miramichi, raising funds for the ICCA of NB bursary.

L to R: Agnes Addison, Donna Blanchard, Paddy Addison, Mary O'Leary May and Shawna Coughlan



A memorial service of dedication was held August 29, 2004 at St. Mary's Cemetery on Loch Lomond Road in East Saint John. Two hundred people gathered about the Celtic Cross which was erected in July 1994 in memory to their Irish descendents. Bishop J. Faber MacDonald offered the Prayer of the Faithful departed. Sr. Sandra Barrett, S.C.I.C., placed a floral tribute at the gravemarker of Sr. Honoria Conway. Sr. H.C. was the founder of the S.C.I.C., who, this year, mark their 150th Anniversary. Many of the sisters of her community gathered to remember their founder and deceased members of their order. Elizabeth Gorman played an Irish lament (C.C.E. member), while those present offered prayers. A reception followed at the reception room in St. Joachim's Church. A garden in the shape of a Shamrock at the base of the Celtic Cross was a project of the I.C.C.A., who, this year mark their 20th anniversary.

Farrell McCarthy's Irish Homecoming August 2005

It's been ten long years since Farrell and his enthusiastic travelling friends toured the Emerald Isle. Join him as he returns once more, on an in-depth discovery of Ireland's timeless magic.

Proposed Comprehensive Touring Package to Feature:

- Round-trip airfare from the Maritimes with transfers
- First-class hotel accommodations with Porterage
- Quality meals (full Irish breakfast daily and most dinners)
- Professional Irish tour escort
- All taxes and fees including air departure taxes

Dramatic scenery includes: Cliffs of Moher, The Burren, Mountains of Mourne, Killarney Lakes and Dingle Peninsula will take your breath away!

Extensive visits are sure to delight: Connemara Marble Factory, Kylemore's Benedictine Abbey, Belleek Pottery, Walking in Derry, the Giant's Causeway, Belfast City, Knowth Bronze Age Passage-Grave, Dublin City and Trinity College, the Irish National Stud Farm, Kilkenny Castle, Cobh's Queenstown Story, Waterford Crystal, Blarney Castle, Woollen Mills, Garinish Island, Blasket Islands Centre.

ESTIMATED PRICE: \$3600 PER PERSON DOUBLE

Price and program will depend on interest shown. Register your interest before (2 to 3 weeks after your newsletter hits the stands and people's home) to receive full details once established.

Tour operator: Aquila Tours, Saint John, NB

Contact: **Farrell McCarthy**

109 Roy Ave., Miramichi, NB E1V 3N8

(506)622-4007 email: fmccarthy@nbnet.nb.ca



Saint John



Members of the I.C.C.A. Saint John Chapter prepare for 200 guests on August 29, 2004 after the memorial at St. Mary's cemetery. Shown are: (L to R) President: Shirley Dysart ICCA Saint John Chapter; Chairperson: Donna Blanchard; Convener: Mary O'Leary-May; Provincial President: John David Addison; Co-conveners: Norma Lynch, Dorothy Anne Vachon, and Agnes Addison

Prologue

The *Shionamm/Shannon*, Ireland's largest river, rises in County Cavan at the foot of the Cuileagh Mountains and flows for 390 km before emptying into the sea at Limerick. *ag dola laimh re Luimneach* (Middle Irish meaning at departure you touch near Limerick)

The artistic values it has inspired over many centuries will last forever. In fact, I admittedly with envy, envision most of the home grown poets, authors, musicians, photographers and painters having their imaginations stimulated by the waters as they strolled along its banks. With apologies to them I have, with words, attempted to show comparison between the Shionann/Shannon's course and their own body's arteries carrying nourishment for Irish spirit in the form of...



Water and Blood

Ireland's artery, the River Shannon, circulates with spirited pride,
Cool waters pulsating from the heart of the isle,
retracing routes already plied,
Embodying times of yore, whilst nurturing a unique landscape enhancing its appeal,
Oft' yearned for humankind in awe of beauty
wondering if such sights are truly real.

Red blood that flows through Irish veins, comparable to the Shannon's course,
Ambles onward while contracting and beating
purposely from its tender source,
So dear Eire, land of the breeze-blown shamrocks,
are they synchronized with time?
Do harp strings played from a billowing cloud e'er
keep the river's grandeur and Celtic hearts in poetic rhyme?
Do the remnants of time fervently generate new life
fluids, nourishing each lineage gene?
Helping instill love of the arts, red hair, and feisty character; along with wearing of the green?

If so we, as inheritors and guardians, must keep the
restless river on its ancient track,
Remembering to play a dirge on Irish pipes while we
gratefully glance back,
And tip our hats toward those inspired o'er the years,
while they strolled along its shore,
Vowing Irish blood and Shannon's flow will meander peacefully through the Emerald Isle
for ever more.



Book Reviews

To understand the heart and soul of a country you must know its history, language, literature, folklore, and culture.

Today, we are much more able to achieve this because Ireland and the Irish Diaspora is experiencing a publishing and media renaissance.

Now is the time to begin a small Irish library in your home. In doing so, you will pass on to your children the richness of the culture of their ancestors.

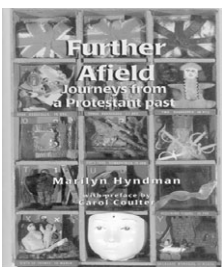
Why not give an Irish book to a friend or family member for Christmas, a birthday or St. Patrick's Day.

I have copies of all of these books that are reviewed.

Please contact me: Farrell McCarthy, 109 Roy Avenue, Miramichi, N.B. E1V 3N8. Telephone (506) 622-4007 or e-mail at fmccarth@nbnet.nb.ca or check your local bookstore.

I have enclosed ISBN numbers for easier identification.

Get your local bookstore to order a few of these books, so the public will be exposed to Irish books.



Further Afield

Journey from a Protestant Past

By Marilyn Hyndman

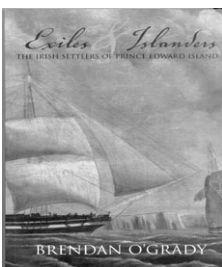
304 pages

ISBN 1-900960-01-X

Protestants in Northern Ireland are typically portrayed as unionist or loyalist, as fundamentalist Christians and members of the Orange Order. But there are many

Protestants - among them feminists, gays, artists and socialists - who negate the stereotype and about whom we rarely hear.

In this book Marilyn Hyndman presents engagingly honest interviews with 40 people from Protestant backgrounds. She uncovers their complex struggles with the culture of sectarianism, public and private realities, and over questions of identity. Here are journeys of discovery and loss, of joy and sadness, and of elation and confusion. Overall, these are stories of conviction from people who have made conscious choices to break the mould.



Exiles and Islanders

The Irish Settlers of Prince Edward Island

By Brendan O'Grady

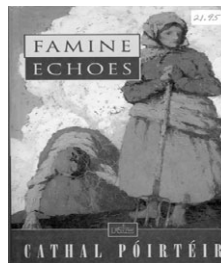
312 pages

ISBN 0-7735-2768-0

Exiles and Islanders: The Irish Settlers of Prince Edward Island is the first comprehensive account of Irish settlement in Prince Edward Island from 1763 to 1880. Using a wide variety

of sources, including folklore, newspaper reports, personal interviews, letters, shipping records, and historical data, Brendan O'Grady goes beyond mere statistics, in the process demolishing the myth that the Island's Irish settlers were largely refugees from the Great Potato Famine. We learn about settlers' hometowns in Ireland, why they left, when and how they came to Prince Edward Island, where they settled, and how they adapted to living in PEI.

Over ten thousand Irish settled in PEI in the nineteenth century; by 1850 they comprised about a quarter of the Island's population. Mainly pre-famine immigrants and mostly Catholic, they came from all thirty-two counties of Ireland and settled in all sixty-seven townships of PEI. They took up farming, fishing and rural occupations; raised large families; and retained their Irishness for several generations. An intriguing and detailed cultural history, *Exiles and Islanders* provides new insight into the lives and circumstances of Prince Edward Island's early settlers.



Famine Echoes

By Cathal Póirtéir

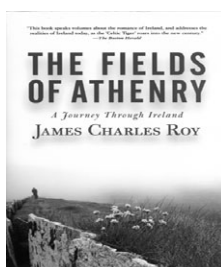
301 pages

ISBN 0-7171-2314-6

Famine Echoes gives a unique perspective on the greatest tragedy in Irish history. Here, descendants of Famine survivors recall the community memories of the great hunger in their own words. In the 1940s, the Folklore

Commission conducted interviews with thousands of elderly people around Ireland who remembered what they themselves had heard from ancestors who had survived the Famine. Cathal Póirtéir has edited a selection of these recollections, arranging the material in an order which follows the rough chronology of the Famine itself.

Famine Echoes is published to coincide with the RTE Radio series of the same name. This remarkable book, dealing as it does with the oral transmission of folk memory, is a record of the last living link with the survivors of that terrible event.



The Fields of Athenry

A Journey Through Ireland

By James Charles Roy

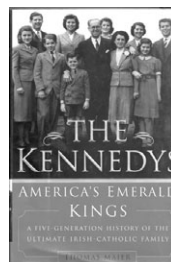
334 pages

ISBN 0-8133-4066-73

In *The Fields of Athenry*, James Charles Roy leads us through the Irish past and present by the way of his own personal struggles and misadventures in renovating Moyode Castle, an old tower house that he purchased more than thirty years ago. While he pieces together its four-hundred-year-old past, the castle becomes a powerful symbol for Roy - it is battered by waves of history, yet timeless and resilient. Roy's personal struggles with the land and its people open for him a wide-ranging historical conversation on Ireland today and our sense of history more broadly. How do we reconcile the historical nostalgia attached to Ireland with the boom times that the "Celtic Tiger" enjoys today? With this question in mind, Roy searches for the answer of what attracts us - or, perhaps more aptly, him - to the rubble of a castle from Irish days long past.

"A very readable and enjoyable personal history of Roy's thirty-year struggle to rebuild a castle and understand his Irish neighbors."

- Historian



The Kennedys

America's Emerald Kings

A five-generation history of the ultimate Irish-Catholic Family

By Thomas Maier

680 pages

ISBN 0-465-04317-8

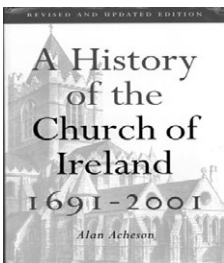
"Be more Irish than Harvard," inscribed Robert Frost in the book of poetry he gave to

John F. Kennedy at the 1961 presidential inauguration. With these simple words, Frost hit upon the experience that defined American's favorite political dynasty for over five generations: their Irish Catholicism. As acclaimed journalist Thomas Maier reveals in *The Kennedys: America's Emerald Kings*, their ethnicity, religion, and cultural background molded the Kennedy family to the core - both bolstering their stunning successes and coloring their spectacular tragedies.

"You can't understand the Kennedys unless you look at their Irish Catholic roots. Thomas Maier has gone far beyond earlier Kennedy biographers and historians to reveal ties that shaped the Kennedys long after they left Ireland. And he's done it in a lively, readable way."

-EVAN THOMAS,

author of *Robert Kennedy: His Life*



A History of the Church of Ireland

(Anglican) 1691-2001

By Alan Acheson

320 pages

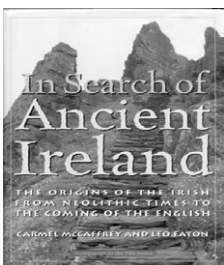
ISBN 1-85607-388-2

This comprehensive volume traces the experience of the Church of Ireland from the 1690's until 2001: as the Established

Church until 1870 and through the 130 years as an independent Irish institution.

Dr. Acheson presents us with an accessible one-volume history of the Church of Ireland during the past 300 years. The arrangement of the text and his clear style of writing make the book a pleasure to read, both for the reader and the specialist historian.

-Archbishop Donald Caird, in Church Times



In Search of Ancient Ireland

The origins of the Irish from neolithic times to the coming of the English

By Carmel McCaffrey and Leo Eaton

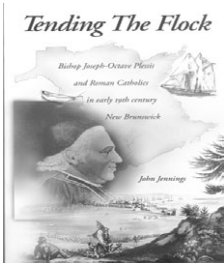
287 pages

ISBN 1-56131-072-7

"Carmel McCaffrey's and Leo Eaton's well-written version of their successful PBS and RTE documen-

tary In Search of Ireland integrates the talents of distinguished anthropologists, archaeologists, and historians in examining Ireland from its first inhabitants to the coming of the Norman English. Sections on pre- and early Christian times are especially informative, containing new and fascinating material challenging many myths, especially those concerning the Celtic quantity of Irish genes and saintliness of its monastic scholars. Readers interested in their Irish heritage will profit from In Search of Ancient Ireland."

-Lawrence J. McCaffrey, Emeritus Professor of History, Loyola University of Chicago



Tending The Flock

Bishop Joseph-Octave Plessis and Roman Catholics in early 19th Century New Brunswick

By John Jennings

245 pages

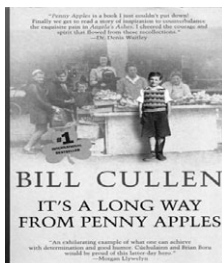
ISBN 0-9683163-0-1

On September 30, 1842 William Dollard, of Ireland was appointed as the first Roman

Catholic Bishop of New Brunswick. This action by Rome was a recognition that Roman Catholics in this British Colony were numerous enough and had sufficient resources to act as an independent diocese.

The first stages of this move to establish a diocese in New Brunswick reach back to the beginnings of the Century when the colony was still cared for by the Bishop of Quebec. With the help of a handful of dedicated missionaries, the Bishop of Quebec ministered to the small and isolated communities that were present in the colony at that time. As early as the first two decades of the Century, however, there were indications that the size and character of the Roman Catholic community in the colony were changing.

Joseph-Octave Plessis, Bishop of Quebec in the early 19th Century, and the missionaries he dispatched to New Brunswick present a picture of the Roman Catholic community at this time. Their observations and opinions, expressed in what they wrote, reveal much about themselves and about the communities they served. They also show the church in the colony in the first stages of its growth and changing character.



It's A Long Way From Penny Apples

By Bill Cullen

385 pages, ISBN 0-765-31043-0

There are many tragic stories in Ireland of those who have succumbed to the despair of abject poverty, those who were unable to save themselves or their loved ones from the harsh realities of oppression.

But *It's a Long Way from Penny Apples* is a different view of the Irish experience, one man's journey out of the grinding poverty that held an entire generation of Irishmen in its thrall.

Born and bred in the rough inner city slums of Summerhill in Dublin, Bill was one of fourteen children. Through hard work and determination, Bill went from selling flowers and newspapers on the street to owning the biggest Ford dealership in Ireland, and eventually became a multimillionaire.

Bill Cullen's story is an account of incredible poverty and deprivation in the Dublin slums - and incredible success. It highlights the frustration of a father and mother feeling their relationship crumble as they fight to give their children a better life. It's a story of courage, joy, and happiness - of how a mother gave inspiration and values to her children, saying to them, "The best thing I can give you is the independence to stand on your own feet."

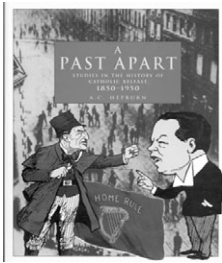
Penny Apples is a book I just couldn't put down. Finally we get to read a story of inspiration to counterbalance the exquisite pain in Angela's Ashes I cheered the courage and spirit that flowed from these recollections"

-Dr. Denis Waitley

"An exhilarating example of what one can achieve with determination and good humor. Cuchulainn and Brian Boru would be proud of this latter-day hero".

-Morgan Llywelyn

Highly recommended by Marianna O'Gallagher of Quebec City, who first suggested this book.



A Past Apart

Studies in the history of Catholic Belfast

By A.C. Hepburn

262 pages

ISBN 0-901905-72-0

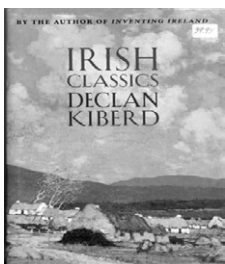
Like ethnic minorities in other divided cities, the history of Belfast's Catholic community is quite distinct from that of the local majority.

A Past Apart is the first book to focus directly on that history. It explains how Belfast Catholics came to feel that they had much more in common with their co-religionists in the south than their neighbours in what was, by 1900, the fastest-growing city in the British Isles. On a broader front, the experience of Belfast Catholics is compared with those in Glasgow, with the Slovene minority in the Italian city of Trieste, and with an intriguing variety of European and American examples.

The conflict that arose between nationalists and the Catholic Church and the political role of the Ancient Order of Hibernians are assessed and, of course, the almost traditional rioting for which Belfast became notorious, exemplified in the fierce riots of 1935, is described and analysed.

Other chapters use demographic and statistical evidence of residential and job segregation based on research already described by one of Ireland's foremost historians, D.H. Akenson, as 'ground-breaking'. The last chapter considers how social and economic change has affected the conflict in the past and its likely impact on the future.

This book will inform a general as well as an academic readership and will contribute to a more meaningful understanding for both the major traditions in trouble-torn Belfast of how they came to share...A Past Apart.



Irish Classics

By Declan Kiberd

705 pages

ISBN 0-674-00505-8

A celebration of the enduring Irish classics, this book by one of their most eloquent and adept readers offers an unusually brilliant and accessible survey of the greatest works since 1600 in Gaelic and English. Together,

they have shaped one of the world's most original literary cultures.

A delight to read throughout, *Irish Classics* is a fitting tribute to the works it reads so well and inspires us to read, and read again.

Early praise for *Irish Classics*.

"(This book) tracks the course of Irish writing with brilliant lucidity and unflagging energy hard to match on the current Irish-studies scene. It is the prose of a brilliant teacher, whose powers to expound, amuse, and exhilarate are second to none."

-Terry Eagleton, *The Guardian*



Landfall Ireland

The story of Allied and German aircraft which came down in Éire in World War Two.

By Donal MacCarron

152 pages

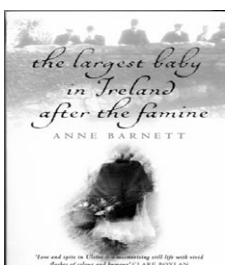
ISBN 1-904242-03-0

During the war years of 1939-45, some 220 belligerent aircraft of all descriptions, both Allied and German, 'came down' in Éire -

some by accident, some by design.

Landfall Ireland tells the story of this turbulent period through many eyewitness accounts, including that of the author who was a member of the Local Defence Force. Many of the incidents were tragic, but many too were tinged with comedy; all were dramatic in their own way. It is one of Donal MacCarron's principal achievements that he brings these years to life again - the camaraderie and the suffering, the fear and the fun, the laughter and the tears.

A large, colorful book.



The Largest Baby in Ireland After The Famine

By Anne Barnett

275 pages

ISBN 1-86049-797-7

Mid-Ulster, World War I.

Every Sunday the men met at the bridge.

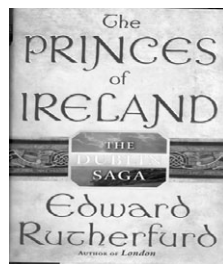
Felix Campbell was there with a couple dozen others. Farmers all, some creating the impression that they lived a more urgent and passionate existence in the fighting fields of France than in the potato fields of reality.

Felix was smoking and talking when the bridge-gatherers spotted a figure moving over the brae. The walker was a woman, most certainly, but who? And where could a stranger be heading when there was nowhere she could go that the men wouldn't have known about?

Then she appeared. She was all colour and sway, and as far away as imaginable from the local women. Pale, pale skin and strong dark auburn hair falling free to large wide hips. She wore a purple shawl.

That night Felix, a bachelor, aged 43, living in the house he was born in, dreamt of purple. Purple in the shape of a woman.

Startling beautiful, marvellously understand - Ireland has found a stunning new writer.



The Princes of Ireland The Dublin Saga

By Edward Rutherfurd

775 pages

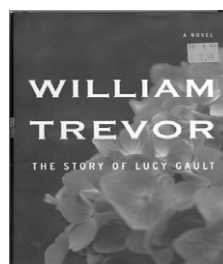
ISBN 0-385-65906-7

One could declare England-born writer Edward Rutherfurd a contemporary James Michener. Like the American writer, Rutherfurd creates large-scale multigenerational historical fiction that focuses on distant times and places.

With hefty historical novels such as *Sarum*, *Russka* and *London*, Rutherfurd has established a strong track record. In *The Princes of Ireland: The Dublin Saga*, he explores in an energetic and often celebratory tone the original Celtic roots and the influence of outsiders - Norse and English, primarily - who in the beginning often intermarried with the Irish.

Rutherfurd begins in A.D. 430 and explores the pre-Christian kingdom of Ireland. He ends with the brutal rule of Henry VIII. Rutherfurd focuses primarily on Dublin, Druid priests, bold women, the warring tribes, the traditional celebrations, the different chieftains and the growing English control.

Through the centuries, the English monarchs tightened control over the Irish and gave their land to faithful English subjects. Henry VIII completed the subjugation in the 16th century. In establishing the Church of England, he began the lasting divisions between Catholics and Protestants. Rutherfurd ends his saga as Englishmen overrun a Dublin cathedral, seize reverend relics, and strip them of their gold and jewels before destroying them. He intends to continue his history of Ireland in a second volume.



The Story of Lucy Gault

By William Trevor

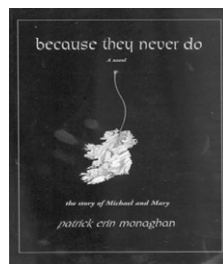
225 pages

ISBN 0-676-97544-5

The Gault family leads a life of privilege in early 1920s Ireland, but the threat of arson leads the parents of nine-year-old Lucy to leave Ireland for England, her mother's

home. Lucy cannot bear the thought of leaving Lahardane, their country house with its beautiful land and nearby beach, and a dog she has befriended. On the day before they are due to leave, Lucy runs away, hoping to convince her parents to stay. Instead, she sets off a series of tragic misunderstandings that affect all of the inhabitants of Lahardane and the perpetrators of the failed arson attack for the rest of their lives.

In this brilliant, subtle and moving story of love, guilt and forgiveness, Trevor has written a novel that stands among the best in the English language. *A nominee for the world famous Booker Prize.*



Because They Never Do

A novel, *The Story of Michael and Mary*

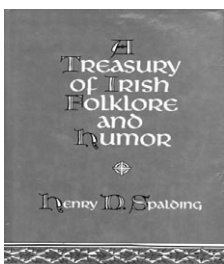
By Patrick Evin Monaghan

425 pages

ISBN 0-9700558-0-3

In 1845, the people of the western bogs of County Roscommon endured the first of FIVE successive potato failures. The hunger took away their dignity. The fever took away their family. And the landlord took away their hope.

Uncovered now, 150 years later; an incredible journey by two young friends. Based on the *actual events* and *real people* of County Roscommon, this story will break your heart. Then,...it will mend it.



A Treasury of Irish Folklore and Humor

By Henry D. Spalding

410 pages

ISBN 0-671-07469-5

Long before Saint Patrick brought scholarship and religion to the Emerald Isle, long before the invasions of the

Norsemen, the lore and laughter of the Irish filled the air. Their jokes and anecdotes and humorous poems, rarely set down in written form, were little known to the world-at-large. but they remained alive and vibrant, transmitted orally from generation to generation.

Now, for the first time, we have the cream of Irish humor and folklore in one comprehensive volume - a joyous romp through more than 15 centuries of outrageous blarney, merry myths, and hilarious antics: from the ancient Celtic kings to the Gaels of modern Ireland. Here we have not only the choicest of droll Irish poetry, priceless limericks, and comic anecdotes, but words of wisdom that reflect the social and political history of the Emerald Isle.

A Polish Pilgrim

Celebrating XXV Years of Pope John Paul II's Papacy

By Catherine McIlvenna

An Post, 64 pages, illustrated with many glossy photos.

In 2003, An Post, the Irish Post Office, paid special tribute to Pope John Paul II by issuing three commemorative stamps and commissioning the writing and compilation of *A Polish Pilgrim - Celebrating XXV Years of Pope John Paul II's Papacy*. It is not unusual for a postal authority to issue stamps, but to publish a remarkable book with informative text and more than 35 evocative photographs gives a new dimension to postal publications.

Author Catherine McIlvenna summarizes the life of His Holiness and focuses on his spirituality and his around the world trips in *A Polish Pilgrim*. In successive chapters following an appropriate introduction, the author traces the life of how Karol Wojtyla achieved the highest position in the Roman Catholic Church and the impact of the Pope's love for youth in the many World Youth Days which Pope John Paul II inaugurated "during Mass on Palm Sunday in Rome in 1984."

Other chapters point to the importance the Pontiff places on religious freedom, Ecumenism, interfaith dialogue, justice, and civil responsibility. The text concludes with a selected list of references.

It is the full-colour photographs throughout the text that catch attention. Practically every page illustrates the charismatic nature and leadership of the Pope. His world journeys and his appearances in Rome capture the love and joy of an outstanding individual.

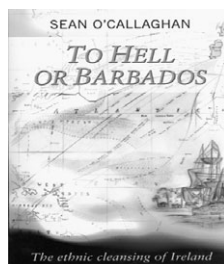
An added feature to *A Polish Pilgrim* is the inclusion of the An Post Official First Day Cover with the three commemorative stamps which is nicely affixed inside the front cover, and mint copies of the three stamps are also located in special mounts at the beginning of Chapters three, five, and eight respectively.

This celebration of 25 years of Pope John Paul II's pontificate, may be designed in part for stamp collectors, but since the book's relevance to John Paul's life is foremost in the text design and input, it is clearly a publication for the general public too.

Author McIlvenna says John Paul's "universal embrace welcomes all mankind. And challenges human fear and uncertainty." Those who want a fine overview of the life of Karol Wojtyla will find *A Polish Pilgrim* most suitable.

A Polish Pilgrim is available from An Post, General Post Office, Dublin 1, Ireland - (40 Euros.)

Reviewed by Michael O. Nowlan



To Hell or Barbados

The ethnic cleansing of Ireland

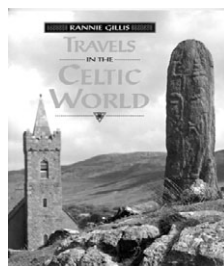
By Sean O'Callaghan

250 pages

ISBN 0-86322-287-0

Between 1652 and 1659 over 50,000 Irish men, women and children were transported to Barbados and Virginia. Yet until now there has been no account of what became of them.

The author's search began in the library of the Barbados Museum and Historical Society and its files on Irish slaves. Sean O'Callaghan for the first time documents the history of these people: their transportation, the conditions in which they lived on plantations as slaves or servants, and their rebellions in Barbados.



Travel In The Celtic World

By Rannie Gillis

"They came out of the mists of time. The Celts. A strange, unusual, frightening mixture of primitive tribes who were to shape the destiny of Western European civilization and forever change the course of history. For a period of four hundred years, from around

600 to 200 B.C., they were the most powerful people in the Western World."

Travels In The Celtic World is one man's journey back to the lands of his ancestors; the Hebrides, the Scottish Highlands, Ireland, Wales, Brittany in France. Each place wondrous and each in its own special way unique.

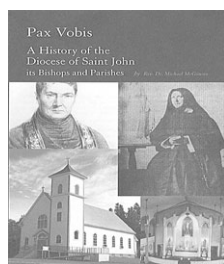
Over a period of fourteen years, Rannie Gillis biked, hiked and photographed the Celtic world. He was swept away by the sheer magnitude of it all - the stark and barren highlands, the lonely lochs, the mist shrouded island and the empty glens.

This book, then, is a highly personal view of the Celtic world, past and present. The author's unusual experiences in castles and ruins, on mountains and in caves, as well as the impromptu ceilidhs and "sessions" at pubs and inns, are interspersed with historical tales of intrigue and treachery.

The lively text is well supported by evocative photographs that capture the many dimensions of the Celtic experience.

Here, the connection between the old and the new worlds of the Celts - Britain, Brittany, Ireland and Nova Scotia - is reaffirmed, and the adage that "we know who we are when we know where we've come from" rings amazingly true.

A large, colourful book.



A History of the Diocese of Saint John

Its Bishops and Parishes

By Rev. Dr. Michael McGowan • 128 pages

ISBN 2-7468-1025-5

This is a larger than usual size book with very colourful pictures on glossy paper. The history of the parishes of diocese, its bishops and priests is largely the history of the Irish of New Brunswick. The first Bishop of New Brunswick (1842-1851) was William Dollard (1789-1851) who was born in County Kilkenny, Ireland. In fact, the next two bishops, Bishop Thomas Connolly and Bishop John Sweeney were also born in Ireland. The main part of the book gives a short history of all the parishes in the diocese.

Order from The Catholic Book Store,
48 Waterloo St., Saint John, NB E2L 3P3

MEMBERSHIP FORM

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**Patrick Murphy
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***Please send your check to the office
in your area or to:
Patricia O'Leary Coughlan
187 Carlisle Road, Carlisle,
Douglas, NB E3A 7M8**

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

POSTAL CODE _____

TELEPHONE: _____ E-MAIL: _____

Please check the boxes which pertain to your membership:

☐ Individual (\$20) ☐ Family (\$25) ☐ New Membership

Please include your thoughts and comments as this is "your" Irish
Organization and it is important to know everyone's interests and concerns:

Enclosed you will find my: ☐ Cheque ☐ Money Order

Date: _____ Signature: _____