

The Shamrock Leaf

Newsmagazine of the Irish Canadian Cultural Association of New Brunswick

**Volume 68
June 2020**



Gorse flowers in bloom, Ireland

Inside this issue:



Game of Thrones in Ireland



Blessings of St. Brigid

A parish in need



... and much more

Contents

Regular Features

4 Letters to the Editor

Drop us a note and let us know how we're doing and what you'd like to see in the future.

7, 9, 15, 24, 42

News from the ICCANB Chapters

Our Chapters give the run down of their latest activities

14 Advertising with the Shamrock Leaf

Does your business want to reach out to people specifically in your area? Consider placing an ad in the section of your local Chapter's report.



6

46 From the Bookshelf

A great list of Irish books perfect for the beach

48 Join us to ensure your copy of the Shamrock Leaf

Don't miss an issue. With your annual fee, become a member and have it delivered right to your door.



23



32



44

Feature Articles

- 6 Autumn magic in a Donegal Forest
- 8 The Story of the Rideau Canal workers
- 11 Ireland owes Peter Corey a debt of gratitude
- 12 Irish Poetry
- 13 Father Patrick H. Fogarty
- 14 Irish Wolf Hounds
- 16 Game of Thrones impact on Ireland
- 19 Spotlight on Helena Hook
- 23 An Gobán Saor



8

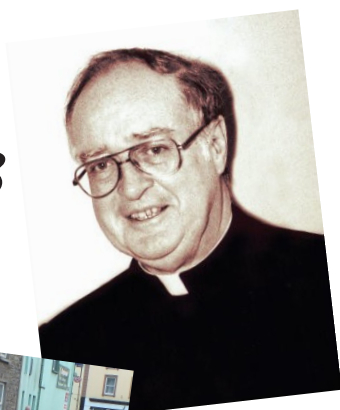


27



19

13



30



40

- 26 Gaining Blessings on St. Brigid's Eve
- 27 St. Brigid's Day in Irishtown
- 29 Following the ancestral trail
- 30 A tribute to my Uncle Mike Prendergast
- 32 Master's Degree in Global Irish Studies
- 35 The McGowan families of Memramcook
- 38 Winners of ICCANB amateur photo contest
- 40 Coogan's Pub—Manhattan
- 44 St. Patrick's Church Chapel Point



Note from the Editor

Jennifer Marquis Fogarty

Email: shamleafeditor@gmail.com or info@newirelandnb.ca

As we navigate through these very trying times, many of us have realised how unimportant material possessions are, and are able to focus on the blessings we have in life, no matter how small. We have all read the fascinating stories about people connecting during these times. Sometimes to say hello. Sometimes to say I'm sorry. Sometimes to rekindle a relationship from a time when we took them for granted. Whether it be reconnecting with an old friend, or forging a new relationship with someone, these connections bring us comfort and joy, in an effort to navigate isolation, to find meaning in all of this.

Through my ancestry research, I have had the incredible fortune of finding New Jersey cousins Roger and Dave Hunt, as well as helping them reconnect after many years. We are sharing family information and even exchanging gifts. We have a common love of Ireland and our family heritage. I have shared a story about Dave Hunt and his very special Manhattan Irish pub, Coogans, in this issue.

This issue includes personal stories about Irish who have made a home in New Brunswick, and elsewhere. I hope you enjoy them. **Sláinte chugat.**

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be sent to:

info@newirelandnb.ca

or by regular mail to:

Editor, ICCANB, 144 Springwater Lane, New Maryland, NB E3C 1J7 Canada

Due to space limitations, not all letters are guaranteed to be printed. We reserve the right to edit for length or content.

Panoramic view of Cork City



Three ways to pay your ICCANB membership/subscription fee:

Times have changed and we are pleased to be able to serve our membership in a number of ways. We now accept payment in 3 different ways, making it easier than ever to ensure you don't miss a copy of "The Shamrock Leaf":

- By e—transfer — if you already do online banking, simply email a payment to our email address: info@newirelandnb.ca . Send a separate email to this address with the password to retrieve the payment AND include the ICCANB Chapter the payment goes to or "Members from away". If it is a new membership please include full name, address, email address, and phone number.
- By cheque or money order—see the back cover of this issue to find the mailing address and fees
- By PayPal—go to our website at <http://www.newirelandnb.ca> and click on "Apply to become a member"

Membership runs from January to December, with payment for the upcoming year being due by the end of December. We hope these options make life a little easier for you! Thank you/Go raibh maith agat

President's Message

As our Editor has expressed, these are unusual times, and I would add, “for the baby boom generation, and those that have followed.” Before us, our ancestors experienced events that we learned as history. Now, it is our turn to play our role in historical events. To our members, and those that may happen upon this publication and read it, I offer this comment: “May you find the past, and the present, and may you write your own futures.” Enjoy the articles in our Shamrock Leaf, and “Thank You” to our Editor, Jennifer Marquis, and our contributors, for the opportunity to learn just a bit more about the Irish in New Brunswick, in Canada, and back home in Ireland.

I want to thank all those who sent in photos for our first “In The Spirit of Father Browne” photo contest. We received enough entries to make our very own calendar, as we look forward to 2021 and our second contest.

It has been an honour and a privilege to serve as ICCANB President these past few years, and I am always cognizant that I follow in some very large footsteps. We would not exist as an Association were it not for our members, those who volunteer and create the activities that keep alive the spirit of the Irish heritage of this Province, this country, and beyond.



Bruce Driscoll
ICCANB President
bdriscn618@rogers.com



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The Shamrock Leaf is published twice a year—June and December.
Designed by ICCANB; Printed by *Hebdo Litho, Saint-Léonard, QC*
Deadlines for submission are **April 15th** and **October 15th** respectively.

Anyone wishing to submit to an issue should contact the Editor at: shamleafeditor@gmail.com

Autumn magic in a Donegal forest

By Marilyn Driscoll

For many people, Ireland has long been considered a magical place. It is a land of legend, mystery and unsurpassed beauty. It is a land where the impossible becomes possible.

Through the efforts of two Irish visionaries, all of these have united in a startling show of nature and art combined.

Since 2016, anyone lucky enough to be flying over the tiny Irish border town of Killea, County Donegal, in the fall of the year, on their way to Derry airport, will be treated to a wonderful surprise.

Planned and carried out by Irish forester, Liam Emmery, in the early years of our new millennium, the phenomenon was first noticed in the middle of this wooded area of Donegal in 2016, quickly becoming a worldwide internet sensation.

While working for the Irish Forestry Board to plant a new wooded area, Emmery's passion for Irish culture and history came to the forefront as he planned and oversaw the planting of over 3,000 trees of two different species at the northern end of the Lagan Valley in County Donegal. The main part of the forest, and the spaces in the middle of the circle, are planted in spruce, a tree that holds its lovely evergreen colour all year. The large



The Emmery Cross, County Donegal, Republic of Ireland

Celtic cross, measuring more than 100 metres tall and 70 metres wide, was planted in larch, a variety of which is known in North America as tamarack, Eastern larch or American larch. Larch trees, though conifers, turn a golden colour in the autumn and drop their needles. The contrast of these two trees, now that they have grown significantly, display their hidden secret in the fall of each year, and will continue to do so for the next 60 to 70 years according to horticulturist, Gareth Austin.

Commenting on the massive amount of skill involved in creating this artful piece of nature, Austin said, "It's not just cutting patterns in your back lawn. This is a sizable horticultural engineering. Liam created that and gave the gift of that to the rest of us."

Unfortunately, after all the hard work and planning that went into this incredible display, Emmery did not live to see the fruits of his labour. After a serious accident that left him with brain damage, he lived for two years in ill health before finally succumbing in 2010. The cross was named the Emmery Cross in his honour.

Emmery's widow, Norma, told Ulster Television, "He would have been so proud. He loved things to be perfect and I think the Celtic cross is perfect for him."

Dating further back, in the 1980's Jim McCabe and his family, entirely self-funded, used this technique to plant a Trinity Knot on the slopes of Tomór mountain that can be seen from the nearby N16 Sligo to Manorhamilton road. Using white plastic, Jim & his sons achieved this by having one person with binoculars and a 2-way radio to provide instructions from a viewing point on the N16 while the others laid out the design for planting.

So, in this country of magic and legend, two symbols of faith and of pride in our Irish heritage will remain a visible reminder for the next several decades. What an amazing legacy to leave behind for generations of Irish and visitors to enjoy.



McCabe Trinity Knot County Sligo

Saint John Chapter News

by Danny Dineen

On March 7th close to 100 members and friends were welcomed to this years **Saint Patrick's Luncheon**, held at St. Pious X Church Hall (Holy Redeemer Parish) with toe-tapping traditional music by Saint John Comhaltas.

Our Keynote Speaker and family man, Dr. Gary Davis, regaled us with several stories of his uncle Lawrence Earl (Wiesel), a noted photojournalist who worked for prestigious publications such as *National Geographic*. During the Second World War, Earl was part of the deliberate "disinformation" process, which sought to hide the actual coastline of New Brunswick, and specifically our own Partridge Island, which, as readers know, was the site of artillery emplacement.



*Eileen and David Gautier,
Dr. Davis, Helena Hook*

In later years, he settled in England. There he wrote several novels, including *The Battle of Baltinglass*, a somewhat fictionalized account of a very real incident in the town of Baltinglass, County Wicklow, Ireland which took place in 1950. Earl's account of this event was awarded the Leacock medal for Humour.

President Danny Dineen presented Dr. Davis with an inscribed ICCA medal and an authentic Irish blackthorn stick.

Our Honorary Chairperson for the week was Agnes (Hunt) Marquis. Born in 1930 to Irish immigrants, and raised in West Saint John, she attended both St. Patrick's and St. Vincent's schools as well as Mount Carmel.

Always conscious and incredibly proud of her Irish ancestry, she raised her five children with the knowledge of their own Irish roots. In the early 1990s she finally realized her lifelong dream of travelling to the home of her ancestors, when she and husband Henry Marquis visited their son Greg, who was teaching, at that time, at Trinity College in Dublin.

Among the most treasured memories of their trip is Agnes seeing her then vacant family home.

Besides honouring Agnes with an authentic blackthorn stick and an engraved ICCA medal, the whole audience celebrated her forthcoming 90th birthday in song, accompanied by Comhaltas.

On March 13, Marijke Blok



Stuart Hook lays wreath at Celtic Cross

helped the volunteer crew serve breakfast at O'Leary's in support of L'Arche.

The following day was the annual wreath laying at the Celtic Cross.



*Danny Dineen
presents to Agnes*



*Agnes with children Greg, Jane,
Jenn*

Once again, with social distancing in place, a faithful group of members and dignitaries laid

wreaths to remember those who perished on Partridge Island. Among the participants were: MP Wayne Long, Saint John City Mayor, Don Darling and the St. Patrick's Society President.

The exhibit of "In Wake of Dark Passage" to be held at the Saint John Free Public Library in Market Square had to be cancelled due to the pandemic. Saint John Chapter looks forward to rebooking this event under the care of Bruce Driscoll and Eileen Costigan at a later date. We also look forward to seeing Eileen's grandson, Isaac, display his Irish Heritage project on the subject of Partridge Island at that time.

We were grateful to attend Mass at the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception on March 17, which was the last mass before the restrictions began. Bishop Christian Riesbeck concelebrated the Mass with Bishop Emeritus Robert Harris and Cathedral Pastor Father Doug McNeill. The statue of St. Patrick was prominently displayed.



The story of the Rideau Canal workers (1826-1832)

by Kevin Dooley (reprinted with author's permission)

The story of the Rideau Canal Workers (1826-1832) is unique. The canal was built between 1826 and 1832 connecting Kingston and Ottawa, and is still operational.

About 1.5 million people live along its corridor and its main use today is recreational in winter and summer. Millions of people visit and enjoy this beautiful scenic site. The canal was granted National Historic status in 1925 and UNESCO World Heritage status in 2007. But, it was only in 2013 that the canal workers were officially recognized by the Canadian Government when the title of People of National Historic Significance was awarded. Two plaques and Interpretative panels were erected along the canal in their honour. Two Celtic crosses were erected, one at Kingston Locks in 2002 and the other at the Ottawa Locks in 2004, by community based groups under the auspices of the Labour

Councils and the Rideau Canal Celtic Cross Committee (RCCC), as unofficial monuments.

The quest to secure official status from the Government of Canada via the Historic Sites and Monuments Board (HSMBC) was initiated in 2007 by the Canal Workers Commemorative Group (CWCG). It was a long and troublesome route with several denials and obstructions, but, in the end, with huge public and media support, the designation was granted. The text of the interpretative panel reads:

"An engineering marvel known as the Rideau Canal changed the waters of Eastern Ontario and their traditional use by the Algonquin in the region forever. Thousands of workers accomplished this project in five years, many working for relatively low wages and living in shanty towns along the route. Most of the manual labour was done by recent Irish immigrants and French Canadians, while some of the skilled workers were of English and Scottish descent. These workers suffered many hardships, including injuries and disease. Thousands died. Working from dawn until dusk and through all the seasons, their back breaking work was indispensable to the completion of the canal which helped shape this part of Canada. The Irish workers and their families lived in crude shanties, some lived in swamp, plagued by insects and suffered from dysentery and malaria."

The main cause of these sacrifices was the British colonial regime of the day and the main reason itself for the building of the Rideau Canal under such drastic conditions. The canal was intended as a military route between Kingston and Ottawa and was seen as a crucial need given the political impasse between America and the British colony. Since the recent war of 1812-1815, the border and territorial issues remained unresolved. The British colony faced real dangers of being cut off by the Americans along the border area to the St. Lawrence River, and needed a secure inland water route to avoid this. A natural route existed along the north-flowing



The monument unveiled June 27, 2004 next to the Rideau Canal in Ottawa, from Rideau Canal Celtic Cross Committee.

cont'd...

The Rideau Canal Workers (...cont'd)

Rideau River. The task to navigate this waterway fell to the Royal Engineers and Sappers and Miners of the British Army under Lt. Col. John By. These men were highly skilled engineers and were brought in from other outposts of the colonial empire.

Lt.Col. By's main issue of the day was finding a huge labour force to make the lockes, channels, and dams along the river navigable. This work was to be done through the hardest rock known, through swamps, forests and all "by hand". This was the largest engineering works of its kind of it's day. It was an incredible endeavour, even by modern standards. Given the sparse population of the region, Lt.Col. By turned to another source – Ireland – where he found many recruits who could be easily transported on returning lumber ships to Canada. The lumber trade was very active and ships unloaded timber in southern English ports, then went to Wexford and Waterford to pick up Irish immigrants. It was famine times in southern Ireland and there were many desperate people available.¹ Their travails were only starting, for many of them, the Rideau Canal would be their epitaph.

They worked under a harsh military regime. The hardship of the work itself, and the environment was compounded by oppression and blatant neglect, such as adequate rations, pay and the critical medical attention, available to the soldiers and skilled workers, was denied to the Irish labourers (navvies). A life saving medication against malaria, Quinine, was withheld from the navvies,

even during an epidemic.

The navvies faced injury, disease and death at every turn. Over 1,000 are known to have been killed by injuries, accidents, premature explosions and drownings along the route. The number of those who died later from injuries of tetanus, blood poisoning and gangrene, are unknown. In order to hide the grim reality of these conditions and deaths, Lt.Col.By imposed a censorship, and as a result the dead were buried in unmarked graves, in unconsecrated grounds and the records destroyed. This is evidenced in the archives.

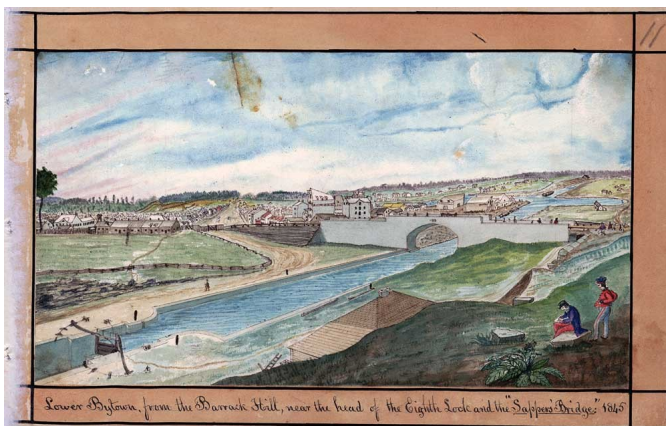
Some 10,000 to 12,000 navvies (a term used then and later) did resort to futile strikes and riots which were brutally oppressed by the soldiers, who also acted as provosts along the canal. But they laboured on, and the canal was finished in record time, by their blood, sweat and tears.

Fortunately, the canal was never used as a military route, given a Peace Treaty was signed in 1828 between the British Colony and America. The canal enjoyed a commercial period until the railways came in the 1850's. Today it is in pristine condition and loved by millions. Many of the surviving navvies moved on to work on other canals, and later the railways. They were the first of the large working class that built the massive infrastructure that has become Canada. Others moved into the local Ottawa area and the Ottawa valley farms and forests, where their Irish heritage still resonates.

It was truly a profound and poignant moment in Canada's history when the panels and plaques were erected on June 22nd, 2013 and the designation, Canada's greatest honour, awarded them. Canada's capital was secured by the canal. A nation was born as a result in 1867. The navvies too, are seen in history as national builders.

1. In 1821 and 1822, the potato crop failed in Munster and Connaught. In 1830 and 1831, Mayo, Donegal, and Galway suffered likewise. In 1832, 1833, 1834, and 1836, dry rot and curl caused serious losses, and in 1835 the potato failed in Ulster. Widespread failures throughout Ireland occurred in 1836, 1837, 1839, 1841, and 1844.

The picture below is taken from the John Barrow Collection, 1830s, Library Archives Canada



The title of the panel, **A Tribute to Sacrifice and Achievement** in bold letters, though very welcome and commendable, tells only part of the story or history.

Kevin Dooley was a strong voice for the citizen's group responsible for securing official recognition for the many Irish labourers who lost their lives building the Rideau Canal. He was born in Ireland, has worked as a machinist, seaman and marine engineer, and has lived in Ottawa for over 40 years.

Westmorland/Albert/Kent Chapter News

by Don O'Connor

The W.A.K. Chapter lost a long-time member in October 2019 with the passing of Eileen KNAPPER (Carey).

The Chapter was pleased to participate in a Ceili held at the Irishtown Community Centre in November, which was organized by William Beers, 1st Vice-President of the W.A.K. Chapter. The Ceili was a fundraiser for the Mountain View School in Irishtown. It was well attended by members of the Irishtown community. The Chapter entertainers for the Ceili were Claire Ahern (flute), John Lawrence (fiddle), William Beers (accordion), Paul McCloskey & Julie O'Connor (singers) and Petrina Ferris (Irish dance). Thanks to William Beers for organizing the Ceili which raised \$700 for the school.

The Chapter held a potluck in January at the Air Force Veterans Club which was well attended by our members. As with all our events, there was a good variety of food. Thanks to the Rainbow Singers for a nice variety of Irish sing-alongs, William Beers for his selection of Irish music on the accordion and Paul McClos-

key for his Irish songs. Of course, we thank Don McFarlane, a friend of the Chapter, for his humorous stories.

Thanks go out to William Beers for organizing and including the Chapter in a mass conducted by Father Johnston held at the St. Lawrence O'Toole Catholic Church celebrating St. Brigid of Kildare on February 01, 2020. The mass was well attended. It was nice to see Bruce and Marilyn Driscoll from the Capital Area Chapter, Kevin Mann, Bathurst Chapter and Farrell McCarthy, Miramichi Chapter in attendance. William gave a nice talk on St. Brigid and her place in Irish history.

After mass a lunch was served in the church hall below. Thanks goes out to Marilyn McCleary and Linda Evans for their help in setting up and clean up afterwards!



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Former President ICCANB (WAK)



Irishtown Nature Park

Ireland owes Peter Cory a debt of gratitude

By Ray Bassett

The passing of former Canadian Supreme Court Judge, Peter Cory, will be noted with genuine sorrow by many in Ireland, including myself. He played an important role in the Northern Ireland peace process and left memories behind him of a genuine and humane individual. He had come to our shores to assist in resolving one of the thorniest issues in the conflict, namely policing.

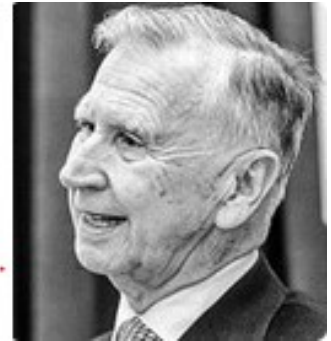
The two communities in Northern Ireland had diametrically opposed opinions of the old Royal Ulster Constabulary (RUC). To the Unionist community, they were a brave force which resisted terrorism, while Nationalists regarded the RUC as a partisan and at times a feared institution which could not be relied on. When a new policing dispensation was devised post the Good Friday Agreement, including the transition from the old RUC to the new Police Service of Northern Ireland (PSNI), the matter of disputed killings remained unresolved. These were killings where there was credible evidence of State involvement and collusion with paramilitaries. The new PSNI would never be fully accepted while this festering wound remained untreated.

The most prominent of these killings involved the murder of defence lawyers, Pat Finucane and Rosemary Nelson. To resolve the matter, six cases were selected, including these two, to be examined by an independent international judicial figure. These six cases were emblematic of a whole range of murders and involved individuals on both sides of the communal divide.

When the British Government suggested Peter Cory, there was genuine surprise and welcome on the Irish side. Even the most cursory research showed us that he was a man with a proven track record of upholding human rights and had been a leading judicial figure in utilising the Charter of Rights and Freedoms in the Canadian Constitution. Right from the start, Cory was very insistent in remaining independent of both Governments.

He demanded the right to appoint his own supporting staff; access to all papers and that his report would be published. He later stated that he looked British Prime Minister Tony Blair straight in the eye and asked for a categorical commitment that all papers would be made available. Blair immediately gave that assurance and Cory, rightly in my opinion, believed that Blair was genuine. Since these events all had occurred while his Conservative political opponents were in power, Blair had no huge incentive in shielding anybody who was guilty. Once a figure of Cory's stature was on board, it was possible to move the process forward. This greatly helped the overall momentum for reform and the creation of a police service which would have the support of the entire community.

Cory operated from two offices, one in Belfast and another in Dublin. He later told me that while in Dublin he managed to locate the house from where a previous generation of his family had migrated to Canada. He never spoke publicly about his Dublin connections while in Ireland for fear of compromising his investigation.



When he completed his report on the cases, there were attempts by some security elements in Britain to redact parts but Cory was adamant that he had been assured of uncensored publication and if his report was unfairly doctored, he would publish it himself. Eventually a mutually acceptable version was published.

Cory found that 5 of the six cases merited full public enquiries. I spoke to members of several of the victims' families after the report came out. I had been tasked by the Irish Government to press all the families involved to accept Cory's findings. All those I met regarded Cory highly and mentioned the compassion and understanding he displayed in his encounters with them. I remember the late David Wright, father of Loyalist Billy Wright, being very impressed by Cory. The respect was mutual because Cory later told me in Canada that the sincerity and dignity of the victims' families also left a deep and lasting impression on him.

I met Cory in Toronto soon after British PM Cameron confirmed that there would be no public enquiry into the Finucane case. Cory was in ailing health at the time but still able to articulate his disappointment but told me he was not really surprised. The material on the files which he reviewed on the case was "pretty bad". As always, he was the perfect gentleman on that occasion.

Cory was part of an extraordinary Canadian contribution to resolving the conflict in Northern Ireland which also included General John de Chastelain, Judge William Hoyt of New Brunswick, Al Hutchinson of the RCMP and many others. Ireland owes them a debt of gratitude.



Ray Bassett served as ambassador of Ireland to Canada from 2010 to 2016. He was part of the Irish government delegation at the Good Friday negotiations in 1998 which concluded with the peace agreement.

This article was first published in The Toronto Star, April 30, 2020. and is reprinted here with permission of the author.

Irish Poetry

Lovely Deise by Joe Power

The boat from Dun Laoirghe was moored to the pier
When the voice from an exile I happened to hear
As I gazed o'er my shoulder in the pale harbour light
Farewell lovely Deise, I'm leaving tonight

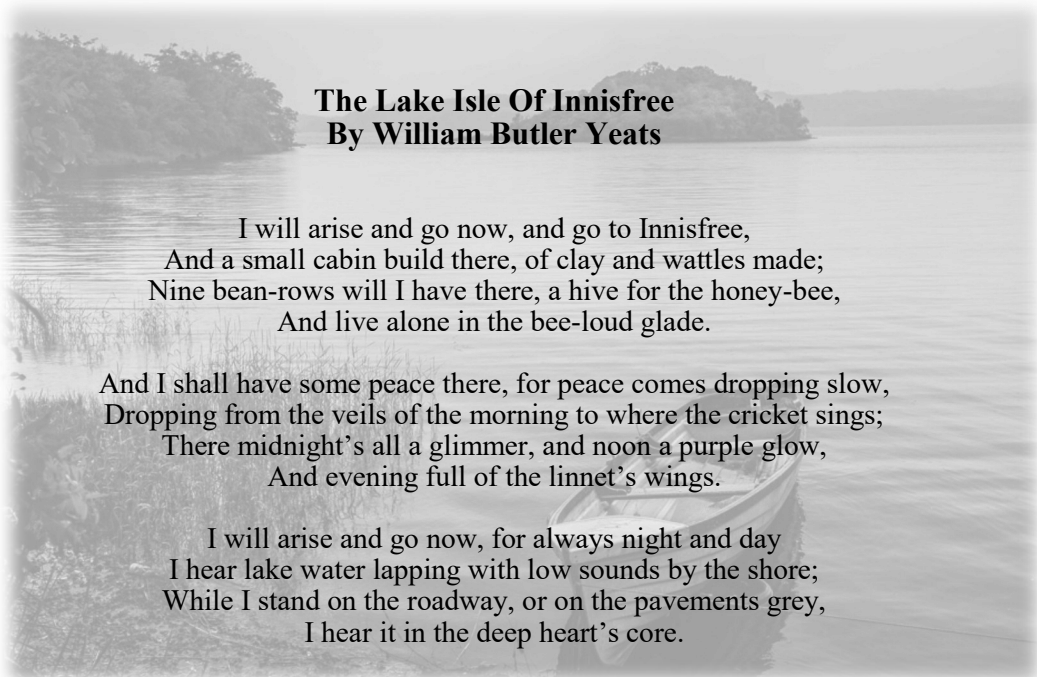
Goodbye Ballybricken, farewell Butlerstown
Adieu Ballytruckle and the road to Piltown
To the lights of the city and the sands of Tramore
Farewell lovely Deise, I may see you no more

Some day with good fortune I still may retire
To the streams of Bonmahon and the vales of the Nire
By the fort of the Comeraghs and the sweet Knockmealdown
Farewell lovely Deise, of fame and renown

There's a spot in heart for the folk of Lismore
And send me a shamrock from the famed Knockanore
By me groves of Blackwater and Tallow by the Bride
Farewell lovely Deise, I'm leaving tonight

Oh, it's well I remember I've longed just to stray
From the streets of Dungarven right into Clonea
Where the lights of old Helvick have guided me right
Farewell lovely Deise, I'm leaving tonight

Goodbye to the pastures in childhood I saw
From the plain Ballygunner to the hills 'round Portlaw
And the lovers who whisper in Kill and Dunhill
Farewell lovely Deise, I think of you still



The Lake Isle Of Innisfree By William Butler Yeats

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

Father Patrick Fogarty

By Jennifer Marquis

Patrick Harmon Fogarty was born in 1919 in Moncton, NB, to James Edward Fogarty and Selena McKelvie. At the age of 20, he left New Brunswick for Massachusetts and entered the Holy Cross community. Five years later, in 1945, he was ordained. He became a teacher of English in Holy Cross schools. He is fondly remembered as a teacher and principal of Notre Dame College School in Welland, Ontario.

Father Fogarty was the founding principal of Denis Morris High School in St. Catharines. For 19 years he acted as executive director of the Federation of Catholic Education Associations of Ontario and secretary of the Association of Catholic High School Boards of Ontario. At the time of his death, in January 1985, he was executive secretary and treasurer of the Canadian Catholic School Trustees' Association and the Catholic Education Foundation of Ontario. He also found time to serve as a trustee on the Metropolitan Separate School Board and as a visiting priest in several parishes.

In these various roles, Father Fogarty was central in the struggle for equitable government support for Catholic schools. Through his columns in the Catholic media, his work with a variety of commissions and committees, and his contacts with the organizations connected with Catholic education in Ontario and across the country, Fr. Pat never wavered in his determination to have Catholic high schools fully recognized and supported by the provincial government.

Each year, The Father Patrick Fogarty Dinner recognizes the achievements and contributions of Catholic educators and honours the winners of the C.E.F.O. Student Awards. Part of the evening includes recognizing students who demonstrate great scholarship, are frequently involved in school and community activities, and exemplify Catholic values.

The patron would have been proud of the growth of these secondary schools since completion. Father Pat would have appreciated the presence of the participants at this Annual Award Dinner, but he would not have been surprised by the quality of the award recipients.

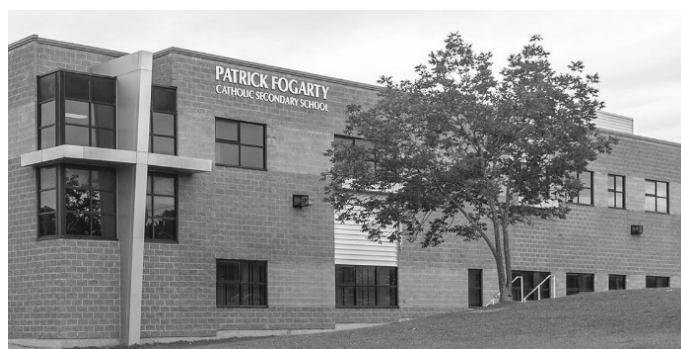
He was a person of vision.

Father Fogarty died on January 18, 1985, in Toronto, at the age of 65, and is buried in Scarborough.

Sadly, Father Fogarty's death occurred only a few months after the announcement about completion of Catholic secondary schools in Ontario. His wisdom would have been invaluable in the challenges that have followed that event, and in the developments we have all experienced in the last three decades.



*Father Patrick Harmon Fogarty
(1929 -1985)*



Patrick Fogarty Catholic High School in Welland Ontario



Irish Wolf Hounds

Throughout history, the Great Hound of Ireland has been a marvel wherever he went. Roman consul Aurelius wrote in 391 AD that "all Rome viewed with wonder" the seven Irish Wolfhounds that had been sent to him as a gift.

And no wonder! The dog's great size made him fearsome in battle and capable of pursuing the Irish elk, which stood six feet at the shoulder — double the Wolfhound's height — as well as the wolf, the predator from which the Wolfhound eventually took his name.

Before that, he was known simply as Cu, a Gaelic word that probably meant hound, wolf dog, or war dog. There are many mentions of the great dog in Irish literature over the centuries.

He was used as a war dog, his job being to pull men down from horses or chariots. They were also used for hunting elk, boar, and wolves as well as guarding homes and livestock. The Irish Wolfhound was prized for his ferocity and bravery in battle.

Irish law permitted only kings and nobles to own the Irish Wolfhound, and the number of dogs owned was related to the prestige of the title held. For example, members of the lesser nobility were limited to two Wolfhounds. Irish legends say that folk hero Finn MacCumhaill had 500 Irish Wolfhounds, with his two favorites being Bran and Sceolan, who were of magic birth.

The Irish Wolfhound was a popular gift between rulers and other important people. Often they arrived wearing chains and collars made with silver and gold. A favorite tale is that of the Irish Wolfhound sent to the Prince of Wales, Llewellyn, by England's King John in 1210. The hound was named Gelert, and Llewellyn loved him more than life itself.

One day, Llewellyn went hunting and charged Gelert with guarding his baby son while he was gone. When he returned, he found the baby's crib overturned and Gelert covered in blood. Mad with grief, he slew Gelert, but as the faithful dog lay dying, Llewellyn heard the cry of his

son. He searched further and found the child, alive, next to the body of a wolf that Gelert had killed. Llewellyn mourned his dog forever after and erected a tomb in Gelert's honor, which can still be seen in Caernarvon, Wales.

Despite his fame, the Irish Wolfhound's numbers declined over the years, especially after the elk and the wolf in Ireland were hunted to extinction. Irish Wolfhounds were kept by only a few families as ornamental dogs and rarely saw use in the field.

The breed might have disappeared had it not caught the interest of Major H. D. Richardson. In the mid-1800s, Richardson wrote a book suggesting that the Irish Wolfhound and the Highland Deerhound were the same breed. He began breeding Irish Wolfhounds, basing his breeding program on the Glengarry Deerhounds. Another advocate of the Irish Wolfhound was a Captain George Augustus Graham, who used Glengarry Deerhounds, Borzoi, and a Tibetan Mastiff to revitalize the Irish Wolfhound breed. He also used Irish Wolfhounds that were crossed with Great Danes, including a Harlequin Great Dane.

Graham founded the Irish Wolfhound Club in 1885 and England's Kennel Club recognized the breed in 1925. The first Irish Wolfhound registered with the American Kennel Club was Ailbe in 1897, and the Irish Wolfhound Club of America was founded in 1927. Today, the Irish Wolfhound ranks 77th among the 155 breeds and varieties recognized by the AKC.



Irish Trivia

1. Which Irish islands give their names to a type of woolly jumper (a.k.a. sweater in North America)?
2. Which city stands where the Belfast Lough and River Lagan meet?
3. Which city's name translates from Irish Gaelic into English as 'dark pool'?
4. Which John Wayne and Maureen O'Hara film was shot in County Mayo?
5. By which other name is Dublin's Ha'penny Bridge also known?
6. Which city is also named 'the city of the tribes'?
7. What would you pour on top of an Irish coffee?
8. What was the Gaelic name for the Fairy Folk's eternal home?
9. By which other names were the Fairy Folk also called?
10. What are the Twelve Bens?

For answers—see page 37

Miramichi Chapter News

By Maureen English

Since our last report we held our annual Christmas in Killarney social gathering at the Friendly Neighbors Seniors Club in Nelson, on a glorious Sunday afternoon. Our musical entertainment was the Bartibog Trio and they kept us humming all afternoon.

We did give them a break, so we could tell stories of our ancestors' arrival in Canada or some other amusing stories following their settling in the area. Five or six amusing stories were told. Mine was the last.

My mother's homestead was in St. Margarets; it had been in the family for at least a century. I know my grandfather and great grandfather lived there. In the late 1990s the homestead was being demolished. My brother went through it "with a fine tooth comb", as the saying goes. As in all older homes there were several "cubby holes". Lo and behold if my brother didn't find a fine old SHILLELAGH! It had been brought from Ireland by my great great grandfather. So, I told his history of coming to the Miramichi with his 10 brothers and sisters.

After my story was told, the Trio was prepped and hit the tune of "It's The Same Old Shillelagh", and our very special family shillelagh was shown to all. The afternoon ended with a supper of chili, clam chowder, sweets, and of course, a wee drop of wine.

We were able to get the flag of Ireland raised for St. Patrick's Day just prior to the announcement of social isolation. Now everything is at a stand still. Isolated in our homes, on our walks and in our cars. The Irish Festival has been cancelled for this year, and we do not yet know what will happen on Middle Island this summer. Stay home and be safe.



Joan Bratkiw and Eddie O' Donnell raising the Irish flag



Some close up photos of the family Shillelagh



Game Of Thrones Impact on Northern Ireland

By Jennifer Marquis

In early 2019, ahead of the show's epic finale, NBC News reported that "Game of Thrones" helped bolster the region's tourism industry to the tune of 120,000 annual visitors who bring in \$40 million annually to the local economy. "The total benefit to the Northern Irish economy is estimated to be over \$240 million over the past decade," according to NBC News.

Strikingly, the show has helped usher in an atmosphere that comes in stark contrast to The Troubles. One local told NBC: "We had 40 years of violence. People have got killed, maimed, injured. Now we have fantasy violence, and it is bringing in more money." And what's more – a significant part of it is filmed in Ireland, with Irish actors. Here are a few:



*Aiden Gillen
(Lord Petyr Baelish (Littlefinger))*



*Jack Gleeson
(King Joffrey)*



*Conleth Hill
(Lord Varys)*



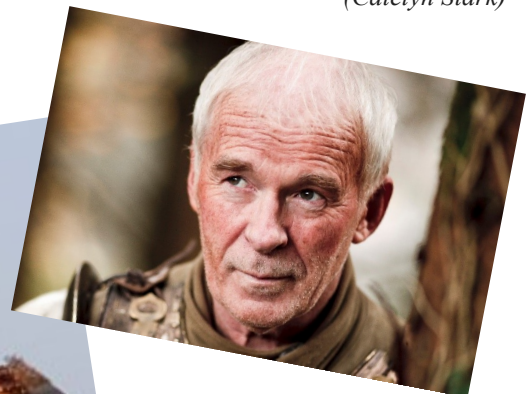
*Michelle Fairley
(Catelyn Stark)*



*Liam Cunningham
(Ser Davos Seaworth)*



*Ciaran Hinds
(Mance Rayder)*



*Ian McElhinney
(Ser Barristan Selmy)*

(cont'd...)

Game Of Thrones impact on Ireland (...cont'd)

Irish locations

For the TV series, the producers needed locations that were unspoiled by human activity and modern constructions, easily accessible, and of course, similar to the descriptions given in the book. Westeros is described as a land of green hills, winding rivers, thick woodlands and dramatic cliffs – so Ireland was the natural choice! Almost all of the outdoor scenes that take place in Westeros were filmed in various locations around Northern Ireland, and many of the interior scenes were also filmed in Titanic Studios in Belfast. Just some of the more memorable locations include:

The Dark Hedges (King's Road):

The name itself seems to come straight from a fantasy novel, but believe it or not, the brooding, never ending laneway with spooky curving trees that Arya travels through on the King's Road after escaping King's Landing is real, and located in Ballymoney. The trees were planted in the 18th century by the Stuart family as a landscape feature to impress visitors on their way to their manor house at the end of the lane.



King's Road, Ballymoney, Co. Antrim

Castle Ward (Winterfell):

The older structures of Castle Ward (near Downpatrick) were used in the pilot episode of Game of Thrones, when the Lannisters arrive at Winterfell. The crew spent 8 weeks building the set and four days filming on the grounds of this 18th century mansion, mostly in the old farmyard, and out in the grounds. The whispering wood, scenes with Robb Stark's battle camp, the Baelor battle and the scene where Brienne confronts the Stark men were all filmed in various spots of the estate.



Castle Ward, near Strongford, Co. Down

Ballintoy Harbour (Iron Islands):

The small village of Ballintoy with its picturesque harbour is the real location for Pyke, and the surrounding area was used for exterior shots of the Iron Islands. Here is where Theon (Ned Stark's squire) first arrives back on his home turf and meets his sister Yara before they travel along the islands to meet their father.

The village is now a regular stop off for Thrones fans thanks to its proximity to the Giant's Causeway and the Carrick-a-Rede rope bridge.



Ballintoy Harbour, Co. Antrim

(cont'd...)

Game Of Thrones impact on Ireland (...cont'd)

Downhill Strand (Dragonstone):

The 11km long stretch of normally beautiful golden sand and sea was used for one especially menacing scene in season 2 of the show; when Melisandre performs her ritualistic ceremony honouring her god of light, and Stannis pulls the flaming sword to chants of 'the night is dark and full of terror'.

The strand sits below a popular Northern Ireland landmark, Mussenden Temple.



Downhill Strand, Co, Derry

Cushendun Caves (Storm's End):

The stunning but spooky Cushendun Caves was chosen as the spot where Stannis' red priestess Melisandre is brought to a secret location by Davos Seaworth, gives birth to a shadow, and sends it to kill Renly Baratheon, in a nightmarish scene that reveals her true powers. The caves were formed over 400 million years and are what remains of a mountain range that suffered heavy erosion due to prolonged extreme weather.



Cushendun Caves, Co. Antrim

Inch Abbey:

Cast your eyes over the remains of a Cistercian abbey on the north bank of the River Quoile and one phrase will come to mind: "THE KING OF THE NORTH!" Why? This 12th century building was where Robb Stark's bannermen rallied to their leader after taking victory (and Jaime Lannister prisoner) at the Battle of the Whispering Wood.

As well as being the camp of The Houses of the North and the Riverlands in Game of Thrones, Inch Abbey is home to a breathtaking view of the River Quoile – in the distance you can see Downpatrick Cathedral, burial place of St Patrick, Ireland's patron saint.



Inch Abbey, Co. Down

The number of Games Of Thrones Tours in Northern Ireland are too numerous to mention, but the options are endless. The reason Game Of Thrones chose to set up film headquarters in Belfast was because fantastic landscapes are all less than 2 hours away from this vibrant city. That means that although Northern Ireland is small, there are lots of Game Of Thrones filming locations in Ireland packed close together.

If you are the type who hates to be in the car for hours on end when on a vacation, this is very good news! Even if you don't have 5 days, you can still see many of these filming locations in Ireland all at your own pace!

While you can certainly see the various sites on your own, the advantage of the group tours is that many have actual Games of Thrones actors involved in the tours, while others have extremely well versed fans leading the pack.



Spotlight on Helena Hook - Memories of Childhood in Ireland



New Brunswick has been my home for almost half a century. With two young children in tow, my husband and I landed at Saint John Airport on a beautiful October day in 1973. As new immigrants to Canada, I was awestruck by the quantity of trees and even more enthralled by the kaleidoscope of colour I experienced in the splendour of the changing leaves. I

became aware of the maple tree's significance as an important food source in its sap and the shape of its leaf on our flag. But it was the friendliness of the people which impressed me most. Everywhere we went we were made to feel welcome and even the phrase "you're welcome" in answer to our many reply's of 'thank you' reverberated in my ears. My husband, Stuart who hails from Peterborough, England, accepted a position at the Irving Oil Refinery in Saint John. We had sold our house, packed up and come to Canada for a better life. For me, the move was easier as I had grown up in the shadow of emigration and knew there was a big world out there to explore.

The third eldest of eleven, I was born in the busy market town of Athlone, Ireland situated on the banks of the River Shannon. I grew up in the 1950's, a time when Ireland still had one foot stuck in the past and was either reluctant or didn't have the ability to move forward. We were a young nation still trying to take baby steps into the world. Money was tight and the country was swaddled in the power and patriarchy of the church. People were still singed with the memories of civil unrest in 1922 and even long before that, the stark reminders of famine days when stories would be whispered around a turf fire. Our local hall, St. Mary's, part of the old workhouse complex, could tell its own stories.

Education was delivered by religious orders such as the Marist Brothers for the boys and numerous orders of nuns for the girls. The Sister's of Mercy taught on the Connaught side of Athlone while I was educated on the Leinster side of town by the Sisters of La Santé-Union des Sacres-Coeurs. We were blessed to wear school uniforms which helped alleviate the disparity in social classes. The only give-away of wealth was the condition of one's shoes. Luckily my father was a dab hand at mending shoes on an anvil and would put studs in the boy's shoes for extra wear or a new leather sole on the

girls' shoes. Cleanliness was next to Godliness in the nuns' eyes and we all had to have our nails inspected each day. It wasn't uncommon for me to remove a hair-grip for a quick clean-up before displaying my fingers on the desk. Dirty nails could result in a rap on the knuckles from a disgruntled nun. The mystique of their long, black, Darth-Vader-like attire, combined with their stealth in concealing the cane in the folds of their costume, induced converse feelings of holiness and terror.

The first subject of the day was catechism, when the consequences of sin – resulting in your soul being damned for eternity in the Devil's cavernous, hot Pit of Hell – was explained in depth. There was a lot to take in: morning prayers, evening Rosary, the obligatory Sunday Mass; the weekly visit to the confessional box where you could unload your guilt-ridden conscience; the weekly devotional sodality group; the annual Missions and Processions. Besides all of those, there were organizations to join such as, the Children of Mary or the Legion of Mary and on top of that, we were expected to visit the graveyards on a regular basis, to pray for the souls of the departed, especially a visit to the nuns' cemetery on the convent grounds. It was a mystery to me why we should pray for these women who had dedicated their lives to Christ. Sure, if they weren't saints already, what hope was there for me or anyone else? But that was not all. Besides the outer display of religious exercise, there was religion on 'the inside,' called your 'conscience.' It patrolled every avenue of your mind and thoughts. *God knows your every thought and action*, we were told. You believed if you told a lie your tongue would turn black. With the threat of Hell looming large in our young lives, the smart choice was to be saintly rather than sinful.

Although very strict, the nuns taught us to be modest, to be tidy, to show respect to our elders and their goal, above all else, was to send young ladies out into the world, ready for marriage. The social arts such as drama, art, elocution, ballroom dancing and cooking were as much part of the Secondary School curriculum as English, Irish, French, Geography, History and Math along with the daily dose of religious instruction, which included all prayers in Latin and examinations in theology in the senior years.

The nuns were also adept in their teaching of Domestic Science. This included cooking, needlework and dressmaking. By the time I finished my Leaving Certificate, I could cook a gourmet meal and make all my own clothes. The nuns loved drama and encouraged plays and entry into the local competitions. Our plays were in the Irish language called *Gaeilge*, which we studied on a daily basis. One year, under the school's excellent directing, we won first place and qualified for the All Ireland Irish Drama Festival held in Mullingar.

(cont'd...)

Memories of Childhood in Ireland (cont'd)

I grew up in a three three-bedroom house with a small front garden, surrounded by wrought-iron railings and a gate. These were townhouse-style homes, 54 in all, in blocks of six, with a back lane between each block. Number "51" became our home until my siblings and I grew up, married and dispersed to different parts of Ireland, England and Canada. It was our family home for 51 years until my mother passed on. We knew all our neighbours. We knew who lived in each of the 54 houses. We walked everywhere: to school, to the shops, to church, the post office and the library. As we got older, we walked to the dances and for our weekly walks out the Coosan road to our Grandfather's home and beyond, past the grazing fields of sheep and cattle to swim in the fresh waters of Loch Ree.

It was rare to see the men out in the Terrace. Women ran the home. The men cycled off to work in the mornings and came back in the evenings. The gardens of the Terrace were the main occupation of the woman of the house and there was great competition to see who had the neatest, weed-free, most colourful garden. Our neighbour, Mrs. Fahy was admired for her beautiful climbing roses, which trailed the length of the railings. Eventually, the whole row of houses had an abundance of the soft, peachy-pink roses, grown from little slips she passed on. The back gardens were not much bigger and opened onto a narrow back lane which was used by men delivering turf or coal to the back sheds. The bin-men came down the back lane to collect the rubbish. We had one galvanized, metal bin with a lid, which held all the refuse of the week. There was very little packaging as many of our daily needs were delivered and we got fresh vegetables from Grandfather's garden. The ashes from the fire went into the bin to smother fermenting vegetable matter while keeping the flies and wasps away.

The kitchen was at the back of the house. It was the place where we ate, did our homework, listened to the radio and the place where we prayed. A large framed picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus hung from the picture-rail of one wall, while Our Lady of Perpetual Succour adorned the opposite side. A recessed air-vent in the outer wall allowed space for a twelve-inch statue of the Child of Prague, rosary beads strewn around His neck. The floor, covered with heavy-duty linoleum was mopped daily but scrubbed and polished every Saturday night, in preparation for Sunday. A large pot of nutritious soup made from the stock of a large marrow bone and lots of vegetables sat on the cooker. This was the day when every child in the house emerged like a new penny after the Saturday night bath and appeared spic and span in their freshly ironed clothes and polished shoes for the Sunday mass.

On Mondays, the hard work of doing the weekly

wash, by hand, began. The wooden scrub-board stood upright in a sink filled from the pot of boiling water on the stove. It was here by the kitchen window where my mother stood for hours, rubbing and scrubbing until her hands were red raw and her knuckles skinned. Shirt collars embedded with grime were scrubbed while the boys' corduroy trousers, caked in mud were the most difficult to clean. Sometimes in January when we had frost, the first piece of clothing began to stiffen by the time all the washing was hung out. At times, the sheets and towels were as stiff as boards and we'd have to "break" them over the clothes horse that stood in the cramped kitchen. When my mother got the first mangle, she marveled at this new-fangled gadget that pressed out wrinkles as it squeezed out water, cutting her ironing time in half. It was years later before she got her first washing machine.

My mother was an excellent cook and made the most delicious steak and kidney pie in a deep dish, decorated with a pastry rose in the centre. I would watch as she rolled out the pastry into a long strip and fold it over numerous times. Pulling the four corners together she cut a cross on the top and folded back all the pieces to form petals. She used the rose as a removable 'plug' when topping up the gravy during cooking to ensure the pie didn't dry out. Bacon and cabbage were a weekly favourite and fish with white sauce was the staple for Fridays. Sometimes strange meat products came through the door, like the occasion when my father brought home *cruibins* - 'pig's trotters' or pig's feet. I had often seen them in shop windows, cooked until the skin was a sickly, waxy colour. Meant to be eaten in your hand, they were so unappetizing in appearance that I never tried them.

If the kitchen was the epicenter of life in 51, the fire was its core. Turf, our mainstay was delivered every week by the turf-man, who sometimes coaxed his way through the front entrance of the house. With a sack full on his back, he navigated his way down the front hall, through the kitchen and out the back door to the shed. The coalman did likewise, except his sack was much heavier and cost a lot more. I often watched from the front window to see the flatbed's full load of one-hundred-weight sacks of coal diminish as each household purchased a bag or two, especially in late spring, when all the turf that had been saved in the bog was used up and people had to wait until the summer months for the next cutting. The coalmen were tough and strong. Their jackets glistened with coal dust, their eyes dazzled white as a winter frost from grit-laden black faces. These steely men, in black wool trousers, heaved bag after bag onto the flat of their backs and deposited them as easily as if they were unloading a bag of hay on a summer's day.

(cont'd...)

Memories of Childhood in Ireland (cont'd)

The fire was a welcome comfort in the cooler days of winter. Once Christmas was over, we looked forward to a day off school for the January Fair. This was the time when farmers from around the neighbouring countryside converged on Athlone town, bringing their cows and sheep to sell in the local fairground.

Droves of cattle were driven to the Fairground from every direction and usually made their way either through the main streets or took shortcuts through residential areas, such as our terrace where the cattle were manoeuvred to the fairground at the other end. This wasn't always an easy task as many a cow would escape from the herd and stray up a side lane or end up trapped in someone's flower garden.

Once March arrived, we looked forward to another holiday from school. St. Patrick's Day, a national holiday, was a great day of celebration and a break from the sacrifices of the long six weeks of Lent. We could eat sweets, go to the cinema while the older ones went to the dances. There were parades to all the churches. At the open-air mass in the square outside St. Mary's Church, men and women sported sprays of freshly dug shamrock on the lapels of their coats. The children pinned rosettes -- in the Irish tri-colours of green, white and orange, with a medal of St. Patrick pinned to a gold harp at its centre -- onto their garments.

The legacy of St. Patrick -- the fifth century Bishop who brought Christianity to a Pagan Ireland was embedded in our national pride and the wearing of the shamrock.

Easter Saturday was almost as exciting as Christmas Eve with a visit to the market for a duck or a goose and a basket of eggs. I have no memory of receiving a chocolate egg but, Easter was the only time when three dozen were cooked and we could eat as many as we liked. Duck eggs were my father's choice for Easter Sunday breakfast, but I disliked the strong taste of the pretty, aqua-shelled eggs. Easter mass was a spectacle of high fashion for young and old alike. Each year, my mother made sure that we, the Breen children, looked as smart as anyone else in the Terrace. She made new dresses for each of the girls, bought pretty ribbons for our hair and, for the boys, she made short trousers from suitable remnants left over from sewing jobs.

Keeping a large family fed and occupied kept my mother on the go all year round. Our long walks out to Coosan enabled us to appreciate the changing seasons and the fruits and flowers that each brought along. Spring heralded the soft fragrance of yellow primroses and delicate violets, which grew in abundance in mossy, shady areas and it was always a lovely surprise to discover a grouping of violets veiled from view. Later in the season, we'd encounter fields aglow with yellow



Athlone, County Westmeath, Ireland

cowslips and pick as many as our hands could grasp. Cowslips were my mother's favourite and were often the choice flower for the special altars to Our Lady during the month of May. Gorse, commonly called "The May Bush," filled the hedgerows all over the countryside with a profusion of brilliant yellow flowers. A few bunches placed either side of door posts on May Day fulfilled an ancient custom. Said to ward off evil, it was a prickly bush, not so easy to pick with your bare hands, but our enthusiasm overcame that difficulty and we brought home huge bundles along with cowslips and any other wild flower we could find to lay in bunches each side of our front entrance.

The summer saw a lot of activity in the terrace with frequent visits of 'the tinkers,' nowadays referred to as 'the travellers.' They led a precarious way of life, living on scrap land near the outskirts of town. They made their living, going door to door selling bric-a-brac like elastic or buttons or offering to mend pots. Many of them were expert tinsmiths and besides making tin mugs, they could lengthen the life of a pot by mending a hole in it. One day, a young tinker woman begged for milk for her baby wrapped snugly in her shawl. As soon as my mother handed over the milk, she then pleaded for a pot of tea. After two refills of a big pot, my mother looked out the window to see about twenty of them congregated on the sidewalk near our gate as they picnicked on their rough-hewn sandwiches, washing them down with the hot tea slurped from their tin mugs. Their thirst quenched, their hunger staved and their pockets full of shillings, the tinkers departed in a somewhat noisy procession from the Terrace. The children skipped along on bare feet, knocking a tune out on their tin mugs, tapping them with small stones they picked up along the way. The women's tartan shawls were pulled tightly to conceal the treasures they would sell at the next street.

(cont'd...)

Memories of Childhood in Ireland (cont'd)

In early Autumn, my mother took us out the country road to the hazel woods to pick nuts for Halloween. Once home, we filled shoeboxes to the brim and put them under our beds to ripen. On Halloween night, the celebrations went into full swing at teatime with a 'barmbrack' in the centre of the table. This circular, pale yellow-coloured fruit bread was cut into big chunky pieces and passed around to each of us. There was money hidden somewhere in the *brack* and we had to chew very carefully until the lucky person's teeth hit something hard. The prizes, wrapped in wax paper, concealed either a "gold" ring or a "silver" sixpence. If you got the ring, it was expected you would get married at a young age and if you got the sixpence, it was a sign of prosperity. The barmbracks were made, especially for Halloween, by the local bakeries. Then it was time for games which included 'snap-apple.' With our hands held behind our backs, we'd each try to snap a bite at the apple which was strung with twine and hung from the door jamb.

Next, the game of 'the four saucers' took place. The first participant was blindfolded, spun around three times whilst the order of the saucers was changed. The object was to tempt fate by placing your hand on a chosen saucer. One contained water, the next was filled with soil, the third had a rosary beads and the fourth held a ring. My favourite was water which symbolized travel across the sea.

The rosary beads meant you may follow a religious life while the ring signified marriage. But, the saucer no one wanted to touch was the soil, which meant an early death. My mother, ever watchful, gently guided the child's hand away from that saucer. After the games, the box of ripened nuts we had collected in the woods was retrieved from under the bed and we cracked and ate as many as our stomachs would endure.

Growing up in a large family meant we were never lonely and we learnt survival and social skills that could not be taught in a school setting.

My mother with her link to the stories of old, her knowledge of the Irish language and her love of nature was a profound influence



Helena's Mother and siblings in Ireland

on me and my family.

I'll always miss Ireland, the place of my birth, but I am very happy in Canada and as a proud Irish-Canadian, I never regret our decision to come to this land of trees and see my own children grow up and have children of their own. We have sewn new seeds of life which have grown deep roots in our adopted land.

In these difficult times of the Covid-19 Pandemic, I feel especially blessed to live in Canada and more especially with the people of this warm-hearted New Brunswick.



**Irish Canadian
Cultural Association
Of New Brunswick**

Website:
www.newirelandnb.ca



An Gobán Saor

Craftsman to the Tuatha Dé Danann

'An Gobán Saor' is pronounced 'on gow-in seir'

The Gobhan Saor (An Gobán Saor) was a famous craftsman of Irish legend, being a rather more homely version of the smith god Giobhnu. He was as famous for his quick witted responses as he was for his great skill. He had no airs or graces about himself, always creating objects of beauty and craftsmanship, no matter how little the person was able to pay him for the work, and he hated any sign of meanness.

Many of the stories of An Gobán Saor are about outwitting people who try to cheat him out of a fair payment. As a craftsman he had such skill, finesse, deftness and accuracy that he could hammer a nail into a high beam by tossing both nail and hammer into the air. He could fashion a throwing spear while the recipient counted to five, and shape a spearhead with three strokes of a hammer.

Once, while building a monastery the monks demanded that he lower his price. To force him to agree they removed the ladder from the tower he was working on, trapping him. An Gobán Saor started to remove stones from the structure and toss them on the ground, jovially saying that it was as good a way to reach the ground as any. The monks swiftly returned the ladder, and paid him in full.

On another occasion An Gobán Saor and his son built a fort for a foreign King that was of such exquisite quality that this King grew jealous and devious and decided to kill An Gobán Saor lest he replicate his work elsewhere. In this manner his fort would go unrivalled.

But An Gobán Saor was astute. He took but a solitary look at the King and realized his intention. He told the King that he could not complete the work without his 'crooked and more crooked', a tool that he had left at home. Unwilling to let him leave, the King sent his son to fetch it, not realizing that the name of this implement was actually a coded message for Goban's wife who immediately held the King's son hostage, and ransomed him for her own husband and son.

On their way home they came across a group of carpenters who were desperately trying to figure out how to build a bridge without pegs, dowels or nails, as had been demanded by their King. An Gobán Saor helped at once and proceeded to build a sturdy bridge, cleverly using its own weight as a means of holding it together, so it became stronger the more weight was put on it. The carpenters were impressed, but grumbled a bit that he was more able than they at their own trade.

The group stopped at a house where there lived two sisters. An Gobán Saor set them a riddle and advised the sisters to keep the head of an old lady by the hob, and also to warm themselves with their work in the morn-

ing, and finally to take a sheepskin to the market and come home with the skin and its worth!

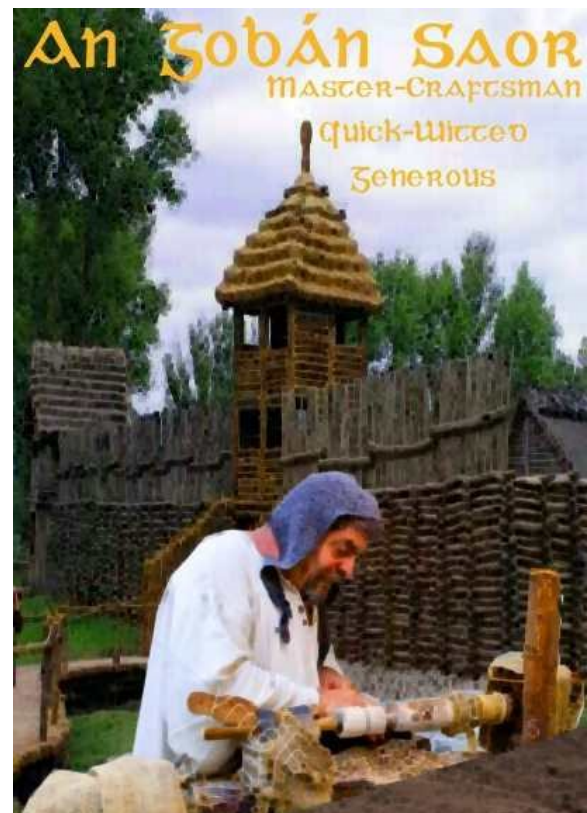
Not to be outdone by these riddles the sisters set about their tasks. One of them dug up a skull, then burnt her carded wool to keep herself warm, but then made a fool of herself by asking for the price of the sheepskin without handing it over.

The other sister had more success. She fetched in an old destitute lady to sit by her fire thus fulfilling the first task. She then warmed herself by her industriousness, and sold the wool from the sheepskin, while keeping the skin as An Gobán Saor commanded.

An Gobán Saor was so impressed by her wit and cleverness that he asked her to marry his son.

Helpful, jovial and always generous. The trait An Gobán Saor found hardest to forgive was meanness, and the trait he liked best was to see the same quickness of wit he had himself. This smartness gave him an air of brightness and an irrepressible twinkle in his eye.

Such was his immense popularity in Irish folklore that a saint was canonized with his name in the seventh century, Saint Gobain. The line between myth and reality blurred forever.



Capital Area Chapter News

By Bruce Driscoll

When the Capital Area Chapter began its winter and spring activities no one could have imagined the turn our lives would take.

St. Thomas University hosted our 14th Annual Tellabration on Nov. 23rd, organized by Dean Farrell, Irish language Scholar at STU, and an amazing young man.

Dean arranged for stories, music and readings, which enthralled a crowd of about 30 attendees. He also applied for and received a heritage grant from the City of Fredericton, which allowed for the storytellers to each be given a modest honorarium, and for coffee, tea and sweets to be catered.

In addition, a donation was given to an Indigenous charity that works toward clean water on First Nations.

The Chapter also honoured Beth McDermott with a small bouquet in recognition of her many years organizing Tellabration.



L to R: Jean Rooney, Sandra Bunting, Mary Beth Carty, Dean Farrell, Captain Richard Adam Warren-Perry, Jeff Bate Boerop at Tellebration 2020.

Our annual dinner, "Christmas in Killarney" was held on December 8th at the Delta Hotel. Member Ricarda Bradley did the organizing and arranged for music from one of Fredericton's best-known singers, Mike Bravener, along with a "Yankee Swap" gift exchange, a 50-50 draw and door prizes. 28 members attended.

As the year turned the page, we were looking ahead to St. Patrick's Week activities and crowning our 2020 Irish Person of the Year, and some things did happen.



Annual Christmas In Killarney Dinner

Mayor Mike O'Brien raised our Irish flag at Fredericton City Hall on March 11, and Dean Farrell once again stepped up and planned a week of activities mainly centred around his Irish language Program at STU but open to our members.

Things moved along nicely until Friday, when it became apparent we would have to reorganize. The Irish Tea was held on Saturday, March 14th at the Irish room. All subsequent events had to be cancelled, mostly in recognition that social activities had to be curtailed.



Irish flag flying at Fredericton City Hall

Capital Area Chapter News *(cont'd)*



Members enjoying the Irish Tea

The Legislature did hold a flag-raising for all the IC-CANB on the morning of St. Patrick's and we had a small group, somewhat socially distanced, in attendance.

Fellow members, that brings us to the present day, as I write this, although by the time we go to print, things hopefully will have changed for the better. We are fortunate to have the support of all our Chapter members.

Our Irish room continues to operate, but our landlord's building is currently closed.

Our membership holds steady at 70 (single and family memberships), with actual members at about 100.



Members raising the Irish flag with Mayor O'Brien



DOLAN'S PUB

Now open!!

Thursday – Saturday 11:30 – 11:00 and Sunday 11:30 – 9:00

No specials except:

Friday – 2 for 1 draught from 4:00 – 6:00

Following all Public Safety recommendations for safe reopening

Thank you for your continued patience as we work our way through this together



349 King St., Fredericton Tel.: 506-45-IRISH

Follow us on Facebook for up-to-date announcements on our reopening



Gaining blessings on St. Brigid's Eve

By William Beers

Among the many noteworthy days and nights of the Irish Customs Calendar, there are few as special as the Eve of St. Brigid. St. Brigid's Day is February 1 and, like all Irish days, the Eve of St. Brigid starts at sundown the day before, January 31. It is on this night that our folklore tells us that St. Brigid passes by every house, and this being so, the old people never failed in taking full advantage of such a numinous visitor. There has been a custom since ancient times of leaving various items outside the house so that the Good Saint may bless them.

St. Brigid is associated with two main concepts, among others; the ability to protect and the ability to heal. With this in mind, certain items are placed outside the home to gain her blessing of protection and her blessing of healing. Some of the old people would have left out candles, water, and salt, believing that they would be imbued with a capacity to protect. Another major custom was that the rushes that people made St. Brigid's crosses from would not be brought into the house until after the sun had gone down and the evening had covered the land.

The rushes would then be brought inside, with a great deal of reverence and prayer, and the whole of the house would set to work on making the blessed symbols. In some regions, crosses would be made and put in the rafters of the house, or by the hearth, or by any doorway, ensuring protection in all these domains. In other locales, every member of the household would make their own cross for their individual protection, and these would be kept above or near their beds. Not forgetting the animals, crosses would be put in the barns and cattle sheds to ensure safety for the livestock. Above all else, these symbols were understood to bring the protection of the Holy Patroness.

As for healing, there was the tradition of leaving out St. Brigid's Ribbon and St. Brigid's Little Mantle (which was a small piece of material). Both served the same basic purpose; to gain the healing power of the Saint's blessing. These would either be tied to the outside of the door, draped along the outside of a window sill, or hung in a bush or tree outside the home. Afterward, they would be used to cure ailments, such as headaches and pains. Sometimes they'd be dipped in water and, after having done this, the water would be consumed for things such as an upset stomach. Folklore tells us that after seven years of being put outside on St. Brigid's Eve, these ribbons and little mantles become especially powerful in their curing capacity.



Traditional items left outside the home on St. Brigid's Eve in Ireland



Painting of St. Brigid

St. Brigid's Day celebrated in Irishtown, New Brunswick

By A. Fazil

February 1, 2020 marked the first ever celebration of the Irish Patron, St. Brigid of Kildare, in the Moncton area. The festivities were carried out at the St. Lawrence O'Toole Catholic Church in Irishtown, just outside of the city of Moncton, NB.

The celebration began with traditional Irish accordion music, followed by a Mass conducted in honor of St. Brigid by Rev. Father Angus Johnston. Father Johnston reminded those assembled that St. Brigid was a figure very close to the Irish people specifically and to the broader Celtic people generally, that she was associated with nature, and that there were many miracles attributed to her life. St. Brigid is the patron, not only of Kildare, but of the whole of Ireland, the patron of the hearth and home, of the harvest, of infants and midwives, of cattle and dairy workers, of travellers and mariners, and much more.

After the Mass, a presentation was given by Moncton Chapter Vice President, William Beers, on the life of St. Brigid, her importance in Irish culture, and the customs and traditions surrounding her; the first and most well known being the cross of St. Brigid. These were crosses traditionally made on St. Brigid's Eve from rushes (though they were also made from oaten straw, willow, and other materials) and, once hung, were considered to be a protection for the house. While the commonly seen four-armed version of the cross is the most famous, Beers said that there are 25 to 30 different regional variations of St. Brigid's crosses, of which he displayed several, including a three-armed cross from Donegal, an interwoven version from the province of Connaught, and a "God's Eye" version from the South West of Ireland.

Another tradition that Beers spoke about was that of the Brideóg, or Biddy. This is a doll made from straw and dressed in white that represents St. Brigid. The custom was that bands of people, dressed in conical masks made of straw, would go from house to house carrying the Brideóg, which would have been placed on the wooden dash of a butter churn and carried above the heads of the group. Any house that was visited by the Brideóg and the Biddy Boys, as the groups were called, would be considered blessed with good luck. The Biddy Boys would sing, dance, and play music, and generally treat the Brideóg with respect, as though she were the Saint herself. Beers said that, while these were traditions once common throughout Ireland, they are now almost exclusively confined to rural areas in different parts of the country, though there has been a renewed interest in these customs in recent times.



The Biddy

Beers mentioned in his presentation that, while the Brideóg and Biddy Boys were essentially about fun and celebration, there are potentially deeper, symbolic meanings inherent in the tradition.

"If you can picture it," Beers said. "A group of people wearing these tall masks of straw with the Brideóg above them; it almost looks like a field of grain with St. Brigid above it, blessing it and ensuring a bountiful harvest." He also mentioned that St. Brigid symbolically represented the coming of spring and the eventual arrival of summer. "The name of St. Brigid's Day in Old Irish is Imbolc, which means 'in the womb' or 'in the belly'; it's the idea that in the womb of winter, spring is being formed and soon summer will be born. The Brideóg represents the same thing and the Biddy Boys represent the hoped for harvest. So you could say that this tradition is the harvest's courting of the spring, hoping that she'll fall in love with it and yield a fruitful summer of crops that will sustain life through the fall and into the winter."

After the presentation, there was a potluck in the church basement that included food, traditional music, dancing, and song. It is worth noting that, along with the locals, many people came from other cities to attend the St. Brigid's Day celebrations, including Farrell McCarthy from the Miramichi. Mr. McCarthy was the founding president of the ICCANB (1983) and was recognized for his decades of volunteer work in the service of preserving, promoting, and celebrating the Irish heritage and culture in New Brunswick by the Governor General of Canada in 2016.

(cont'd...)

St. Brigid's Day celebrated in Irishtown (cont..d)

Also in attendance were Kevin Mann from Bathurst and Bruce and Marilyn Driscoll from Fredericton, all three of whom are longtime members of ICCANB and provincial executives of the association. John Lawrence, Comhaltas Saint John's Member-At-Large, was present and played some lovely music on the fiddle, as was Jonna Brewer, radio host of CBC Information Morning Moncton.

The first ever St. Brigid's Day celebration was, by all accounts, a great success, and Beers said that the intention was to make this an annual event. *"My hope is that these customs and traditions grow strong roots here, not only in Irishtown, but in the whole of New Brunswick. I'd like to see Biddy Boy groups in different cities, and I'd love for other customs associated with St. Brigid to be revived here in the province. If these things are lost, we've lost something of ourselves, and if they're saved, we've gained a window into who we are as a people, where we came from, who our ancestors were, and, it's my belief that, with the observance of these traditions, we gain insight into who we are ourselves. That awareness of self is worth keeping these things alive, and I hope I'm a part of that for years to come."*



Here is the link to the CBC article on the St. Brigid's Day celebrations:

<https://www.cbc.ca/news/canada/new-brunswick/st-brigids-day-nb-1.5445805>



William Beers, Kevin Mann, Farrell McCarthy



Following the Ancestral Trail – Claudia Anne McMurray

By Linda Evans

One of the most fascinating aspects of tracing the Irish families in New Brunswick is discovering how the generations travelled through the generations to places way beyond their humble beginnings. Not only, have they migrated far from home over the years. Some have lived remarkable and interesting lives.

In Volume 66 of the SL, I followed the ancestral trail of Gloria Hayden Cordero who was born in Boston in 1922 and died in San Juan, Puerto Rico in 1981. She had married General Virgil Cordero of Puerto Rico and her ancestral trail brought her back to Michael Butler, who had emigrated from County Tipperary and had settled in the Emigrant Settlement, NB, which later became known as Melrose.

Again, I will follow the ancestral trail of another of Michael Butler's descendants – Claudia McMurray, who would have been a second cousin (once removed) to Gloria Hayden Cordero above.

- **Michael Butler** (b. c.1784 County Tipperary, Ireland – d. 1866 Melrose, NB)
arrived c.1820, married Sara Filmore 1823, farmer, literate
- **Margaret Butler** (b. 1839 Melrose, NB – d. 1890 Springhill, NS)
Maid in Dorchester, NB, married Andrew Faulds (b.1839 Scotland – d. 1916 Chignecto, NS)
miner, merchant and hotel keeper
-
- **Georgina Loretta Faulds** (b. 1879 Springhill, NS – d 1943 Detroit, MI)
M1 Frederick Doughty (1867-bef 1910 NS) in Truro, NS owned billiards hall and hotel Oxford NS
M2 Wm Meharry (1871 Ontario-1934 New York), real estate speculator
- **Ivy Doughty** (b 1898 Kentville, NS – 1991 Warsaw, NY)
M Raymond McMurray (b. 1895 Haverhill, MA – d. 1970 New York), agent for an oil company
- **Raymond Doughty McMurray** (b. 1927 Bronx, NY – d. 1983 Potomac, MD)
M Sally Zoller (b. 1927 Watertown, NY – d. 2016 Ashburn, VA)
He was a graduate of Harvard and a business and tax lawyer.
- **Claudia Anne McMurray** b. 1950's Ohio

Claudia McMurray was an honors graduate of Smith College, a private woman's arts college in Northampton, MA. She then studied law at Georgetown University in Washington, DC, and while there worked in the Office of the White House Counsel. She has spent her career as a lawyer, policymaker and diplomat, focusing on issues related to the environment, natural resource conservation, sustainability, energy, health and science.

From 1989-1995 she was Republican Counsel to the United States Senate Committee on Environment and Public Works. Specializing in global environmental law, she worked for an international environmental law firm for a time.

Between 2001-2003 she was Associate Deputy Administrator of State within the US Environmental Protection Agency and then Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Environment. From 2006-2009, she was appointed by President George W. Bush as Assistant Secretary of State for Oceans and International Environment and Scientific Affairs. She then became the Senior Counsellor to the Prince of Wales International Sustainability Unit (ISU) representing the sustainability work of the Prince's Charities in the US. She remains in this position which has since become integrated with the World Resources Institute.

Throughout all of this, she has also found time to be President and CEO of Mainstream Green Solutions, a consulting firm providing strategic advice on sustainability, climate change and environmental issues.

... And that's a long way from Melrose, New Brunswick!



A tribute to my uncle Mike Prendergast Happy 80th Birthday!

By Eileen Costigan

I think we all need to reflect on what's truly important in our lives today and for me those qualities that reflect the 'measure of a man' are what I would like to give testimony to. That is, the life being lived by my uncle Mike - son, husband, father, grandfather, humanitarian and friend to the world. I will share with you some of his story because his life is not only about himself, but about the many people he has inspired through his gift of altruism, love, sharing, and the ultimate sacrifice of risking his life to save others.

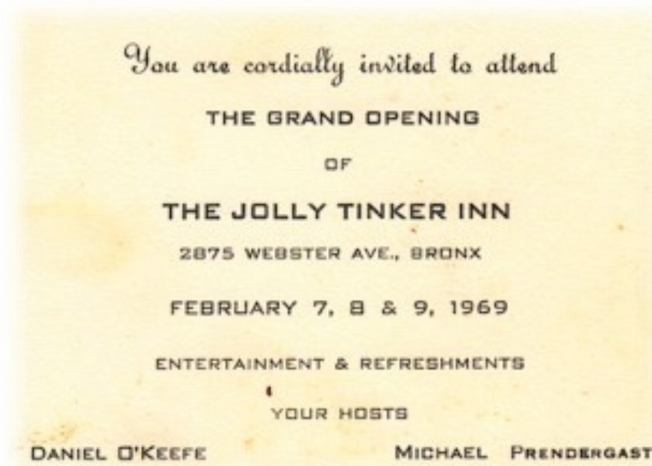
Today we need "heroes" and I challenge you to find a "hero" in your life, thank them and try to emulate them. They may not be saints, rather just ordinary men women and children who live their lives with purpose and meaning. They see the good in others and realize we are all part of a family called "The Human Race". We are all in this life together. Thinking of lives well lived will help to put perspective into your world, and even bring joy during these difficult times.

Uncle Mike emigrated from Tallow, County Waterford, in 1959 to join his sisters Philomena and Theresa. Leaving Ireland was often like a wake at a funeral, as a lot of emigrants, due to economic circumstances, never returned. This was not to be the case for Mike.

With his quick brain for numbers, Mike joined Wall Street in the accounts department but his path was to change again when he had the exciting opportunity to join the NYC Fire Department.

During those years there were many "hairy" moments. Putting out fires in East Harlem in the '70's and '80' was not for the faint hearted and was very challenging. That was a period when apartment owners burned their own buildings for insurance money, and some tenants set their own apartments on fire for a chance to be rehoused. There was a lot of poverty and unrest. This was a dark time for firefighters who were risking their own lives in the knowledge that many of these fires were not accidents.

My Mother used to call Mike "Let's Go" as he rarely stood still, a ball of energy. He put that energy to good use and from a young age played Irish sports, including hurling. He was just 16 when he played half forward for the Tallow minor team. A selector on the day described him as being "very skillful and lightning fast". He won a junior football championship with Waterford 1958 and Junior hurling championship 1959 and 1971.



*Invitation for the Grand Opening
of The Jolly Tinker Inn, Bronx, in 1969.*

After 15 years as a firefighter Mike decided he would continue running his pub that he acquired at age 28. The "Jolly Tinker" - so named because Mary liked the song of the same name performed by her favourite band, The Clancy Brothers. This lifestyle suited both Mary and Mike as they were fun loving, outgoing and energetic people. The "Jolly Tinker" became a magnet and refuge for countless Irish Immigrants trying to find work in NYC.

It was stated by a patron who only identified himself as "Bill" that some immigrants would show up at The Tinker with only the clothes on their back and Mike's number. He would help them find work and a place to stay (oftentimes it was his own home). That is why first second and third generations became regular patrons.

A quote from Mary (RIP deceased) at a reception on Saint Patrick's Day at Astoria Manor NYC, Mike Prendergast "Guest of Honour," Waterford S.B.&P Association 2010:

"Through four decades you helped countless people drown more sorrows than you ever did with a fire hose".

In appreciation for the many years Mike has opened his heart and home to the numerous Irish Immigrants in New York and the contribution to Gaelic games and culture, the people of Tallow wanted to show their deep appreciation.

(cont'd...)

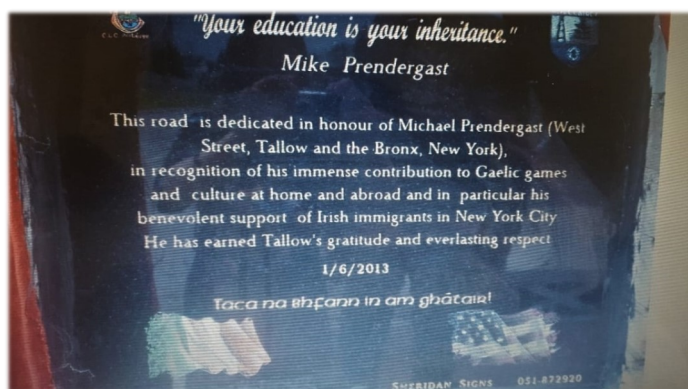
A tribute to my uncle Mike Prendergast (cont'd)

Mike was given a mighty welcome to the gathering called the "Tallow Tostal". (May 30th to June 3rd, 2013). People travelled from far and wide including famous hurlers as the townspeople followed the horse and carriage carrying Uncle Mike from West St. to the street named in his honour "Michael Prendergast Road".



Mike being escorted by jaunting car during Tallow Tostal in 2013.

Mike's wife Mary would have been so proud as she was a big part of the generosity shown to those Irishmen that arrived in her home. The writing on the plaque which was dedicated to Mike says it all.



The plaque dedicated to Mike at the Tallow Tostal, 2013.

"Your education is your inheritance." -
Mike Prendergast

This road is dedicated in honour of Michael Prendergast (West Street, Tallow and The Bronx, New York), in recognition of his immense contributions to Gaelic games and culture at home and abroad and in particular, his benevolent support of Irish immigrants in New York City. He has earned Tallow's gratitude and everlasting respect. 1/6/2013



Mike being presented with the plaque.

Over the years Uncle Mike attended many horse fairs. He had an eye for the odds of what makes a winning horse: well focused, cool under pressure, stay the course, lighting speed and never give up. Through Uncle Mike's many challenges in life I think these qualities were his own "secret sauce" as he defies the odds and continues to live a full life with the support of his loving family (daughters Maura, Tara, sons Michael and Sean and his cherished grandchildren, his many nieces nephews and relatives scattered throughout the world, his many friends (Irish and those "wannabe Irish friends") too numerous to mention.

Airson astar Dhe (God speed)



Parade Tallow Tostal in 2013 in Tallow, County Waterford

The University of Limerick offering a Master's degree in Global Irish Studies

The MA in Global Irish Studies at the University of Limerick brings together a wide range of historical, literary, and musical disciplines to examine Irish identity and culture in an increasingly interconnected, transnational world. By adopting a global perspective, the master's programme aims to bring fresh perspectives to the understanding of Irish identities and cultures. Subjects offered under this programme include Irish Literature, Irish History, Irish Migration, Irish Folklore and Traditions, and Irish Music.

Irish migration and the Canadian frontier: a history of 100,000 welcomes

At the height of the Great Famine (1847-1852) when the welcome for the Irish pauper tide was wearing thin in New York and Boston, an article appeared in the *Kerry Examiner* on 6 March 1849 describing the virtues of the land and mineral wealth of New Brunswick. It listed 'sources of wealth' that had not been 'developed to any extent' and the opportunities afforded by the 'capital and industry of the colony', which were, it claimed, of 'excellent quality'. To the Irish poor who had weathered a second winter of failed harvests, the article provided several reasons to migrate to this rich and largely untapped 'British colony'. Apart from describing the wealth of possibilities, it outlined the relatively reasonable cost of travel, which was 5 pounds and 5 shillings with provisions and 2 to 3 without. The Cunard vessels offered a first class and swift sailing time of 6 weeks to reach 'one of the nearest points of the North American continent, the nearest to Great Britain'. Proximity, price and potential formed the core message of the adverts that worked hard to recruit Irish men and women to life in Canada. In the latter half of the nineteenth century several Southern Irish newspapers were used to great effect to promote colonial life in Canada, North America and Australia. Frontier territories required an influx of labor in order to ensure prosperity and this was a mutually beneficial venture, as the Irish had plenty of reasons to depart.

Public works in Nova Scotia prompted more targeted advertising, seeking mechanics and laborers in the *Irish Examiner*. On 7 February 1855 it boasted full 'employment in a healthy country, where wages are high and land cheap'. The discovery of gold created another flurry of activity about the boundless opportunities in the 1860s, but the goldfields in California, Australia and New Zealand offered formidable competition to those of Nova Scotia, as outlined in an advertisement in the *Munster Express* on 12 October 1861. Moreover, such opportunities appealed to the footloose and single migrant men, that is, those who were willing to do shorter term work and move on once resources were exhausted.

Canada was unyielding in its desire to populate its vast frontier lands with a more permanent migrant type, and families in particular. Detailed accounts of pastoral opportunities appeared in the *Nenagh Guardian* on 15 February 1871 explaining that 'the growth of this new country is far beyond the most sanguine expectations of the Government'. In contrast with the earlier advertisements, it appealed to a better class of upwardly mobile, stating that new settlers could expect to be allocated farms of 500 acres and that the government was providing generous grants to build roads and connect waterways. Recognizing the limits to cash flow in Ireland, adverts placed by the Government Agent Commissioner shown in Figure 1 aimed to lure poorer classes of Irish women and men to occupy laboring positions by offering free passage, support on arrival and a good quality of life in the 'mild and healthy climate'. By the 1880s, Allan Brother & Co of Liverpool enthusiastically extolled the virtues of the great outdoors with trips to the 'Rockies and the sporting districts' in the *Nenagh Guardian* (23 December 1885) but, in reality, the special ships sailing from Liverpool were still laden with longer term migrants.

Wexford People 1857-1888, 20.12.1873, page 1



CANADA,

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

INTENDING EMIGRANTS should apply to the undersigned for Pamphlets and every information concerning Canada. Owing to the great demand for Working Men and Women, the Canadian Government and the Local Government of Ontario (Upper Canada) grant

ASSISTED PASSAGES

To these people, particularly of the AGRICULTURAL AND FEMALE DOMESTIC SERVANT CLASSES.

The Province of Ontario affords ample employment at the best wages in America (considering the low price of the necessaries of life). Mild and healthy climate prevails throughout the year.

Every attention paid to Emigrants by responsible Government Agents from the time of their arrival until they are placed in respectable employment of their own choosing.

C. J. SHEIL,

Government Emigration Commissioner to Ireland for Ontario, Canada,

19, EDEN-QUAY, DUBLIN.

d13-3m

(cont'd...)

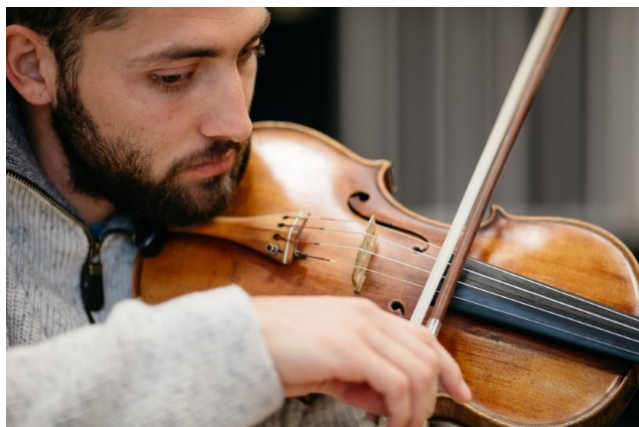
Master's degree in Global Irish Studies (...cont'd)

While migrants were subjected to anti-Irish rhetoric in New York, Boston and Chicago, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia welcomed the Irish as co-religionist, English-speaking and white. As this short review of the regional press shows, Canada was in great need of migrants to fill all rungs of the social ladder. In the 1860s and 1870s New Zealand immigration officers exhibited blatant anti-Roman Catholic recruitment strategies by focusing on Northern Irish and predominantly Protestant majority counties. In contrast, Canadian immigration agents were deployed all over the country irrespective of religion, which gave rise to a healthy response.

The history of the Irish in Canada offers a fertile field for researchers in history of family and Irish studies which are both offered online, on campus and in blended formats at the University of Limerick. If you are interested in exploring this ancestry, we would be delighted to provide you with the requisite skills and guidance to make your contribution to the field.

About the University of Limerick, Ireland

Established in 1972, the University of Limerick situated on the West coast of Ireland, is an independent, internationally focused university with over 16,000 students and 1,528 staff. The University is recognised as possessing one of the most spectacular and environmentally sympathetic third-level campuses in the world. The campus has unrivalled sports and cultural facilities, including Ireland's first Olympic-size swimming pool, an indoor sports arena, a boathouse with a state-of-the-art indoor rowing tank, the 1,100-seat University Concert Hall, the Irish Chamber Orchestra Building and the Irish World Academy of Music and Dance. The campus is located 5km from Limerick city and 20km from Shannon International Airport.



University of Limerick student playing fiddle



Aerial photo of the green University of Limerick Campus. The "living bridge" featured in this photo connects the University of Limerick campus in the county of Limerick with campus buildings in the county of Clare by a scenic pedestrian walkway which crosses the River Shannon (The longest river in Ireland).

Further Information: MA Global Irish Studies

For further information relating to the MA in Global Irish Studies, please contact ahsspg@ul.ie or consult our webpage at www.ul.ie/gps/global-irish-studies-ma.

For information on other relevant courses such as the MA in History of the Family, please consult our website here: <https://www.ul.ie/gps/course/history-family-online-ma>



This article was written by the University of Limerick's department of history faculty, Dr Ciara Breathnach and Dr Rachel Murphy, who run the MA in History of Family, and Dr Tina Morin, who is Course Director of the MA in Global Irish Studies.



The adventure isn't over, it's just postponed!!

The following trips planned for 2020 have been moved to the same months in 2021.

Heritage Tour to Ireland & Scotland

May 2021 • 16 Days • Dates TBC



Dunluce Castle, Co, Antrim

HIGHLIGHTS:

- Roundtrip flights from Halifax to Dublin and return from Glasgow
 - Full Irish/Scottish breakfasts
 - 6 Dinners
 - Dinner Cabaret, Guinness Storehouse, Giant's Causeway, Belfast Titanic Museum
 - Loch Ness, Edinburgh Castle, Robbie Burns' birthplace
 - 2 boat tours
- And much, much more!!

*Details and price have not been finalized.
Package price will include Air & Land.
A land only option will also be available.*

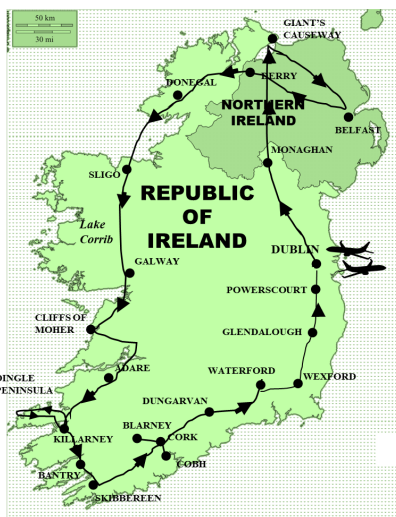
Interested in your family roots? Your tour manager may be able to help you research your ancestors. Please contact us before the end of February 2021 and we will put you in contact with Mary Anne Riordon-Barry to provide her with your family info. She can also help you to contact genealogists in Ireland.

Grand Tour of Ireland

Sept. 2021 • 16 Days • Dates TBC

Join tour leaders,
Bruce & Marilyn Driscoll,
on this Grand Tour of Ireland.

*Dates & Prices have not been finalized.
Package price will include Air & Land.
A land only option will also be available.
A non-refundable deposit of \$250 per person
is due at time of booking.*



HIGHLIGHTS:

- Roundtrip flights Halifax-Dublin
 - Full breakfast every day
 - 6 Dinners
 - Traditional kitchen party
 - Dinner Cabaret in Dublin
 - Guinness Storehouse
 - EPIC Ireland exhibit
 - St. Patrick's Cathedral
 - "Giant's Causeway"
 - Belfast Titanic Museum
 - Cliffs of Moher
- And much, much more!

We're all in this together! Stay safe, stay healthy. We will travel again!!!

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The McGowan families of Memramcook Valley



by Robert A. Stoddard

In the December 2019 issue of the Shamrock Leaf, an article, "The Irish of Memramcook Valley," was published. This article can also be found on the ICCANB website in the section on Early Irish Settlement. I would like to submit some additional information on the McGowan families who are mentioned in the article and who settled at Memramcook before the middle of the 19th century.

The Family of Michael & Catherine (Doherty) McGowan

The first McGowan to arrive was Michael McGowan, from County Donegal, Ireland in 1836, likely through the port of Saint John. Michael did not receive a land grant and where he originally settled in New Brunswick is unclear. He married Catherine Doherty on December 14, 1840 at Dorchester, Westmorland County, N.B. According to the 1851 census return, Catherine arrived in 1834. Originally from Ballyshannon, County Donegal, Ireland, Catherine is likely the daughter of Edward Doherty of Memramcook who arrived in 1832. If so, perhaps Catherine actually arrived in 1832 as well.

On May 16, 1846, Michael McGowan purchased 70 acres of land east of the Memramcook River near the Memramcook Bridge "at Charters" for "two hundred pounds lawful money" from John Halliday of Scotland. Michael, Catherine and their children are first found living there within Dorchester Parish, Westmorland County, New Brunswick in the 1851 Canada Census. This land was part of the original Joseph White (LeBlanc) 1786 Land Grant¹. From Joseph White it was then conveyed to John Hannington, then to Benjamin Charters, who is credited with "completing the Bridge on the Great Road over Memramcook River" for which he was paid "forty six pounds seventeen shillings and six pence."² From Benjamin Charters it was conveyed to Richard Fountain. Luke and Richard Fountain then deeded the land (separately, on September 29, 1815 and March 25, 1820 respectively) to Amasa Wheldon. From Wheldon it was then sold and deeded to Robert B. Cutler who then sold and deeded it to James Holman, then on to John Halliday on March 26, 1842 before the sale to Michael McGowan in 1846. This area was known as "Charter's Corner" from recorded deeds and later as Memramcook Corner. It is sometimes referred to it as "Irish Corner."

Subsequently, the 1851 Canada Census for Dorchester Parish, Westmorland County, New Brunswick lists Michael and Catherine McGowan with their four children:

Michael, 38 years old; Catherine, 30 years old; Patrick, age 10; Daniel, age 8; Margaret, age 4; and John, age 1.

Michael's wife Catherine died in April 1869. She was buried at St. Thomas Cemetery at St. Joseph (Memramcook).

Michael's blacksmith shop was located at Memramcook Corner near the railway station. When Michael retired and his son Daniel took up the forge, it was known as "McGowan & Son". Daniel was assisted by his father's former apprentice, Hugh McVey.

Michael lived out the rest of his life in Memramcook with his sons Daniel and John nearby. He died at his home in Memramcook, Westmorland County, New Brunswick on November 16, 1899. He was 86 years and 9 months old.

Patrick and Mary Ann (MacDonald) McGowan:

Michael and Catherine's eldest son, Patrick, a merchant and shipbuilder in Memramcook, married Mary Ann MacDonald in 1871. She was from Kent County but born in the United States. Mary Ann McGowan died in 1873. Patrick then married a second time to Margaret Jane Mockler in 1874. She was the daughter of shipbuilder John Mockler and his wife Eleanor of Pugwash, Colchester County, Nova Scotia.

In 1876, Patrick McGowan and his brother-in-law, Captain Patrick Mockler, were laying the keel of a ship on the Memramcook River. By 1877 Patrick had financial setbacks in this shipbuilding enterprise. He was building the ship on the east bank of the Memramcook River, south of the bridge, along land leased from the McManus family. Ultimately his financial situation was resolved but the experience forced him to take a salaried position at the Dorchester Penitentiary when it opened in July 1880.

(cont'd...)

The McGowan families of Memramcook Valley (cont'd)

SHIPBUILDING.

Mr Minott of Phippsburg, Me, has the frame up for a ship of 1300 tons.

Shipbuilding will be lively along the coast this year. Besides those mentioned at the beginning of the year, two vessels, one for Henry O'Leary will be built in Kent County. It is said two large ships, one for Capt Edgett, late of the schooner J M Stevens, will be built at Harvey. A C. R A Chapman, Esq. Rockland, is building the following vessels—A barque of 1200 tons nearly in frame; a brig of 500 tons to be launched in April, when the keel of a barque of 1000 tons will be laid to be launched in the fall. P McGowan, Esq, and Capt Mockler, Memramcook, are laying the keel of a barque of 900 tons. G Palmer, Esq, has a barque of about 1000 tons in a forward state. William Hickman, Esq, has laid the keel of barque of 1000 tons.—[St John, NB, Globe.

Clipping of the "Shipping News" from the St. John Globe, page 7, February 1, 1876, and reprinted in the Boston Globe on the same date, mentioning Patrick McGowan and Patrick Mockler

The prison was the largest employer in the area at that time. Patrick soon received a promotion and transfer and he and Margaret Jane (Mockler) relocated to Winnipeg, Manitoba in February 1886.

Patrick worked at Stony Mountain Penitentiary near Winnipeg as the accountant and storekeeper. He died tragically in a carriage accident in downtown Winnipeg in May 1894 while on duty. He left a wife, one son and three daughters. He is buried at St. Boniface Cemetery in Winnipeg. Patrick McGowan is expected to be inducted into the Canadian Peace Officers Memorial Association and his name added to the memorial on Parliament Hill at the annual ceremony in the capital in September 2020. As his work-related death occurred in the 19th century, he will be one of the association's earliest honorees.

Daniel and Sarah Ann (Hampson) McGowan:

Michael and Catherine's middle son, Daniel, married Sarah Ann Hampson on November 28, 1872. Daniel was a blacksmith like his father and took over the family business upon his father's retirement. He and Sarah had seven sons and one daughter. At least five and possibly six of his sons immigrated to Massachusetts at the beginning of the 20th century. At least four of them were blacksmiths. Sarah died in February 1908. Daniel retired

and bid adieu to the Memramcook Valley circa 1919. He immigrated to Massachusetts to be closer to his sons. When Daniel died at New Bedford on November 10, 1932, a local newspaper obituary reported that Daniel's body was to be returned to Memramcook so that he could be buried with his wife Sarah at St. Thomas Cemetery at St. Joseph.

Michael & Catherine's two youngest children:

Michael and Catherine's youngest son, John, became a schoolteacher. He never married. John died on 4 May 1900 and is buried with Michael and Catherine at St. Thomas Cemetery at St. Joseph. John's birth has been listed as April of 1849 which, if true, would have made him 51 years old at his death, not 52 as indicated on his headstone.

Their daughter, Margaret, is found living with her family and her brothers through the 1871 Canada Census. However, Margaret then disappears from the Memramcook census returns after 1871. Perhaps she married but there is no marriage recorded in the parish church. Her name is found as part of a recorded indenture between Michael McGowan and John McGowan dated October 1, 1894 - so it is clear she was still alive and living in Dorchester Parish at that time. No marriage, death or burial record for her has yet been found.

cont'd...

The McGowan families of Memramcook Valley (cont'd)

The Family of John and Bridget (McKelvie) McGowan

Michael McGowan's brother, John McGowan, arrived in 1847 with his wife Bridget "Biddy" (McKelvie) and their three children, all born in Ireland. A fourth child, John, was born in New Brunswick in 1849. The 1851 Canada Census for Dorchester Parish, Westmorland County, New Brunswick lists John and Biddy McGowan with their four children: John, 39 years old; Biddy, 38 years old; Margaret, age 10; Ann, age 8; Patrick, age 6; and John, age 2.

Biddy was the sister of John McKelvie who arrived in 1848 according to the 1901 Canada Census return. He lived on premises that bounded the Michael McGowan property at Memramcook Corner. John McKelvie was a carriage maker. His son John married Sarah Donahue. Their son, Edward McKelvie, later of Moncton, signed the death registration for John and Bridget McGowan's son John when he died at Moncton in 1921. He noted his kin relationship to the deceased as "second cousin." This is clear evidence that his grandfather, John McKelvie, was indeed Biddy's brother.

John McGowan, Sr. died between 1861 and 1871. No death record or parish burial record was found for him. Biddy died on May 20, 1887. She is buried at St. Thomas Cemetery in St. Joseph. It is assumed John is also buried there.

None of John and Biddy McGowan's children ever married. They were all living together in Memramcook in 1901. They are not found in the 1911 Canada Census.

Patrick died at Memramcook in 1915, Ann in 1917, and Margaret in 1918; John died at Moncton in 1921. Some or all of these children may be buried at St. Thomas Cemetery at St. Joseph but no parish burial record is found for them. 

¹ Land Grant Map #120, Lot 59

² Acts of the General Assembly of the Province of New Brunswick, 1827

Answers to Irish Trivia Quiz (from page 14)

1. The Aran Isles give their name to a specific style of sweater (jumper).
2. The city of Belfast stands at the junction of the Belfast Lough and the River Lagan.
3. The Irish name for Dublin translates into English as "Dark Pool".
4. The Quiet Man, a John Wayne/Maureen movie was shot in County Mayo.
5. Dublin's Ha'penny Bridge is also known as the Liffey Bridge.
6. Galway is known as 'the city of tribes'.
7. The ingredient used to top an Irish Coffee is cream.
8. The Gaelic name for the eternal home of the Fairy Folk is: Tir na Nog
9. The Fairy Folk were also known as: The Gentlefolk, the Shining Ones, the Tuatha de Danaan, the Little People, the Lords and Ladies.
10. The Twelve Bens or Twelve Pins is a mountain range located in the Connemara National Park in County Galway, in the west of Ireland.

*Maureen O'Hara & John Wayne
in 'The Quiet Man'*



Winners of In the Spirit of Father Browne Photo Contest



1st Place

Woodland White
Photographer: Muriel Daley,
Janeville, NB
Taken: 03 April 2019
Location: Janeville, NB
Prize: \$100

2nd Place

A Walk in the Woods
Photographer: Mary Beth Gorey
Fredericton, NB
Taken: 11 March 2020
Location: Fredericton area, NB
Prize: \$60



3rd Place

The Watch
Photographer: Johannes Doemer
Saint John, NB
Taken: 27 July 2019
Location: St. John River, Saint John,
NB
Prize: \$40

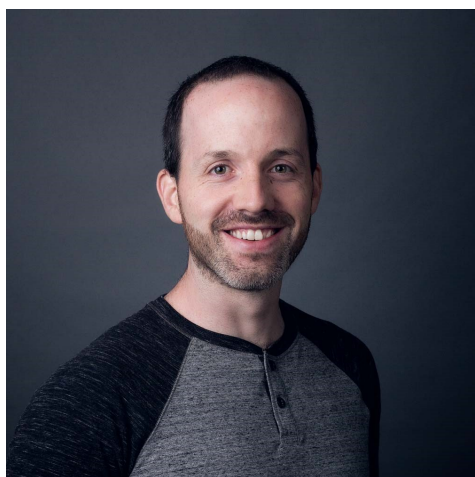
(cont'd...)

Winners of In the Spirit of Father Browne Photo Contest (cont'd)

2020 Photo contest Judges

We are grateful to our 3 judges, who were chosen from around the province and were generous with their time and professional experience to review all submissions received and offer a few comments for each photographer.

NOEL CHENIER, from Rothesay, is an award winning photographer and educator. He spent two decades working as a photographer for the New Brunswick Telegraph-Journal and currently teaches photography full-time at the New Brunswick College of Craft and Design. His work has been published and displayed across North America. He also teaches a variety of photography courses, and has created the Learn Photo365 app for iOS and Android to inspire photographers and help them improve their photographs. Find out more info on his app and courses at www.learnphoto365.com. You can see his photography at www.noelchenier.ca and follow him on Instagram at www.instagram.com/nchenier



After attaining his PhD in Biochemistry & Molecular Biology, **JORDAN PINDER** spent five years working in a cancer research lab before returning to his hometown of Miramichi, New Brunswick with his family to turn his passion for photography into a full-time career. Specializing in composite and sports photography, Jordan also creates personal and meaningful keepsakes of weddings, family photos, graduation or fun and unique portraits of your four-legged friend. He has also moonlighted as a staff writer for the internationally acclaimed photography news and education website: Fstoppers.com. Check out his work at jordanpinder.com or on instagram at [instagram.com/pinderjb](https://www.instagram.com/pinderjb).

ANDY TREE is a Fredericton-based photographer with a passion for all things wedding and engagement. He has spent over a decade capturing the moments and memories of hundreds of couples around the Atlantic provinces, with a focus on real moments and raw emotion. You can view Andy's work on his website, www.andytree.com, or follow him at [instagram.com/andy.tree](https://www.instagram.com/andy.tree)



Great food, better craic, and a bit of Irish luck at Coogan's Pub - Manhattan -

by Jennifer Marquis

A nostalgic story of a cherished business which brought diverse ethnic communities together and beat the odds.

In early 2018, Coogan's, the cherished Washington Height Irish pub and restaurant, faced sudden closure after 33 successful years in business. The landlord suddenly threatened to raise the rent by a reported \$40,000 a month, an unfortunate common occurrence in old Manhattan these days.

Call it a bit of Irish Luck, with a twist of Twitter, but when Lin-Manuel Miranda, a well know New York producer of the musical Hamilton, took to Twitter to express his disappointment at the imminent closure, his tweet was seen by over 2.1 million followers. Next followed a flurry of broadcasts from prominent news outlets such as NBC New York, CBS New York, New York Times.

Miranda has a strong affection for Coogan's. He began visiting the restaurant when it opened in the mid eighties with his family, and has passed many special occasions there.

The two-timed Pulitzer Prize winning author Jim Dwyer also offered his own support, writing: *"Coogan's came through the crack wars of the 1980's and served as a meeting spot for, among others, Dominican-Americans, African-Americans, Caribbean-Africans, Irish-Americans, old-time Jewish-German refugees, police officers, doctors and construction workers. When riots were tearing the streets apart in July 1992, Coogan's stayed open 24 hours. One evening, it hosted*



Owners Peter Walsh, Tess O'Connor McDade and Dave Hunt



Coogan's Irish Pub, 4015 Broadway, New York



Celebrating the news of Coogans remaining open

the local precinct captain and a local power broker, who met in the back room. The next day, the riots ended."

Coogan's is more than just a community hub, Dwyer reminded people. It's the heartbeat of the neighborhood. Lose this and lose a crucial piece of yourselves. That was the kind of appeal that changed the debate. What happened next happened quickly. In typical Irish fashion, the details of the settlement were not divulged. However, it was reported that over 15,000 signatures were collected in support of saving the neighborhood pub. Elected Officials and others worked tirelessly to make that happen.

Sadly, on March 17, 2020, Coogan's closed it's doors for the final time, an event predicted by none, but an all too familiar one during this global health crisis. Tributes continue to pour in every day from the numerous patrons who called this place home.



Great food, better craic, and a bit of Irish luck at Coogan's Pub - Manhattan - (cont'd)

by Dave Hunt—a personal story

It has been reported that anyone in America who claims to be Irish American has some connection with the neighborhood that sits on top of Manhattan Island in New York City.....Inwood. Until I was 14, I did not know that any other neighborhood mattered in American life.

Life centered around the parish of Good Shepherd. School, church and sports.... even a parish theatrical group that gained a reputation of note. Our sports were organized by the city wide CYO (Catholic Youth Organization). Life seemed perfect.

Except for our Jewish neighbors and a handful of Greeks and others, almost everyone seemed Irish, with most of my friends being first generation American.

Since my mother came from Louisburg, County Mayo and my father from Ballaghaderreen, County Roscommon (Ballaghaderreen was traditionally in County Mayo) (a mere 30 kms apart), they joked about a “mixed marriage”.

Education was paramount for my brother and sister and myself. My parents sacrificed to pay tuition for Catholic Schools rather than the free public-school option. At great expense, my parents enrolled me at Fordham Prep in the nearby Bronx for my High School years. After High School, I stayed on the familiar campus and enrolled at Fordham College. This was September 1967... a year that was filled with American angst and division with the Vietnam war raging. After a semester, I chose to join the federal program VISTA as a volunteer in Milwaukee Wisconsin. I was assigned to the Milwaukee Public Library. After a year, I returned to Fordham but at their new campus at Lincoln Center to major in a new course of studies.... Urban Affairs.

At this time to help expenses, I took a job at a nightclub in Greenwich Village. Within months, I dropped my studies and moved to Greenwich Village, working full time at this point. I have been employed in the food and beverage industry since September 10th 1969. over 50 years!

In 1987, I was hired as a manager at Coogan's that had been opened 18 months earlier by another Irish American, Sean Cannon. By 1990, myself and present partner Peter Walsh joined Sean in ownership...then Sean retired, and a young lass named Tess O'Connor McDade joined Peter and myself in ownership. Business partnerships are treacherous waters...the best thing about being an owner of Coogan's is the team that



we have put together. Peter, Tess and I seem to know our strengths and our weaknesses. Amazingly, we have not had disputes or drama. We are very fortunate.

I could not begin to focus on one individual who struck me as the most interesting. Coogan's is located on the Health Science Campus and one block north of New York Presbyterian Hospital. At lunch one day at different tables we had 2 different Nobel Prize winners. With our proximity to the hospital that treats the NY Yankees and the NY football Giants we have had many athletes.

Lin Manuel Miranda (American composer, lyricist, singer, rapper, actor, producer, and playwright, widely known for creating and starring in the Broadway musicals *In the Heights* and *Hamilton*) is very close to us. Joe Moglia who is Chairman of the Board of TD Ameritrade makes a point to visit while he is New York. The actor Jared Harris is a friend and we have an oil painting of him as Henry the VIII prominently displayed on our brick wall.

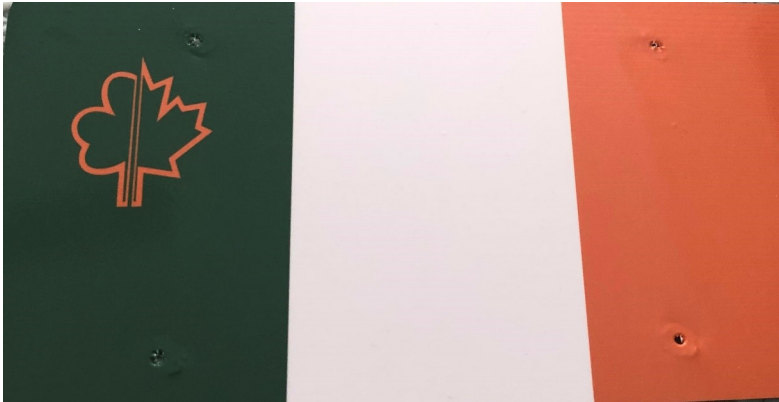
We have been honored to be a center for law enforcement groups, Public Health scholars, doctors, nurses, politicians, actors and firefighters. One of our proudest complements came from a newspaper article that once described us as “the most successfully integrated bar and restaurants in America”. In September 2000, The National Restaurant Association honored us with an award citing our role in shaping the community for the better.



Bathurst Chapter News

by Pat Murphy

The Christmas Egg-Nog party was held in the Colin Taylor room on Sunday, Nov. 24th. There were 70 plus members present and everyone had a very enjoyable afternoon. Member, Pat MacIntosh, donated a set of 14 Austin Drake Christmas figurines to the Chapter. In the space of a half hour, they were all bought. Before the singing of Christmas carols the draw for the high school bursary prize was made and the winner was Brian Murphy.



ICCANB License Plates

In December members were invited to buy Irish plates for their vehicles and a total of 45 were made for and bought by the members.

The winter meeting was held on January 19th with the main topic on the agenda being the St. Patrick's supper in March as well as plans for Heritage week in Feb. A committee was formed to look into having an Irish day in the summer. The committee investigated and deemed it a go and would take place on Sunday, Aug. 23rd. Plans for Celtic week were to be discussed at the Spring meeting in April.

In early March we had to look at cancelling or re-scheduling the supper. Since we had sold 154 tickets for the supper at the Gowan Brae dinning room we decided to re-schedule for Celtic Week. Eventually, because of the Pandemic we had no choice but to cancel the supper as well as plans for an Irish Day.

A great big thank you to all our members who decided to donate their St. Patrick supper ticket refund to the High Sch

ool bursary. It is very much appreciated, and it more than covered this year's bursary. Thanks again.

Besides these two events our Corn Boil and Christmas egg-nog party will have to be evaluated a week or two before the events. Hope everyone will get through this in good health and we can get back to some kind of normal for next year. Everyone be safe.



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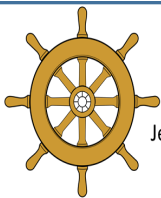
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Be well, be safe!

Kevin White

Carl White



Saint John
Chapter
President
Danny Dineen
sporting his
tri-color face
mask.



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St Patrick's Parish in Chapel Point, NB needs your help!

by Linda Evans

Someone once asked me why all of the diocesan regions in New Brunswick had a St. Patrick's parish – except for the Archdiocese of Moncton. Why wasn't St Bernard's in Moncton called St. Patrick's – or St Lawrence O'Toole in Irishtown or St Bartholomew's in Melrose?

The answer is a simple one – because the Archdiocese of Moncton already had a St. Patrick's parish – in Chapel Point, Kent County.

St Patrick's Chapel is a real hidden gem. Located on the Chapel Point peninsula just north of Route 510, after crossing the Mundleville bridge in Kent County, NB, you will not find it in tourism literature – but it should be. Nor is it an historically protected property – and again, it should be.

I have talked here in *The Shamrock Leaf* before of St. Patrick's – it has been my not-so-secret place for more than 30 years. It is my go-to place where I go to think things out and feel a calm that I do not feel anywhere else. It is truly a special sacred place. Nor am I descendant of those who so lovingly built it. My ancestors in the region were strong Scots Presbyterians – but I am not drawn to the Zion Presbyterian Church in West Branch. It is St Patrick's in Chapel Point that attracts me whenever I go 'up-country' as we say around these parts.

St Patrick's was built sometime in the early 1830's on a tiny peninsula where the Richibucto River meets the south branch of the St Nicholas River. It is the oldest and most historic parish in the Archdiocese. It is approached today through a lane lined with virgin pines which are a sight to see all on their own. These pines seem to whisper - even on a calm day -and as you drive through them, St Patrick's stands right before you at the end of the lane.

It is unimposing – a simple church – built by early Irish and Scottish immigrants who came to the New World in the 1820's. Fleeing homelands where they were deprived of sustenance and even the right to practice their faith openly, St. Patrick's Chapel was especially important to them. It was located on a point of land that was accessible – not by road – but by river in the early years. Although there is now a door on the approach to the church from the lane, the larger original doors - on what would have been the front of the church – do not face the road – but the river. In the early years, immigrant families came to mass by the two rivers which surrounded the point.

The building itself is simple but a closer look will reveal some fascinating features. The wee building to



St. Patrick's Chapel, Chapel Point, NB

the right was the original church and looks very much like an Irish or Scots cottage, minus the thatched roof. Even the 'new' larger section of St Patrick's to the left is old and was probably built not long after the first chapel. The region exploded with Celtic immigrants through the 1830's and 1840's and wouldn't have been long before another building would have been necessary. St Patrick's Chapel not only served the Irish and Scottish, but the local aboriginals as well.

cont'd...



The picturesque country lane to St. Patrick's Chapel

St Patrick's Parish in Chapel Point, NB needs your help! (cont'd)

Its age is clearly visible. The boards that were used for the siding – even on the new section – are hand hewn and attached with hand-forged iron nails. There are no other church buildings like it in the diocese.

The interior of the church is equally of interest in its' simplicity. The floorboards are from the same virgin forest as the pines that line the lane and are of various widths – some of them quite wide. The benches are plain and simple – and uncomfortable they are – but they were also made of varying width boards.

Despite not being used on a regular basis for a very long time, St. Patrick's parish and the nearby cemetery have been lovingly cared for by the descendants of the original immigrant families. St. Patrick's represents their history and their heritage.

It may look abandoned – but St. Patrick's parish is still listed as an active parish. Every year one mass is said and people come from far and wide to attend. The offertory that day is for the upkeep of the nearby cemetery for generations to come. The cemetery is pristine and the graves lovingly cared for.

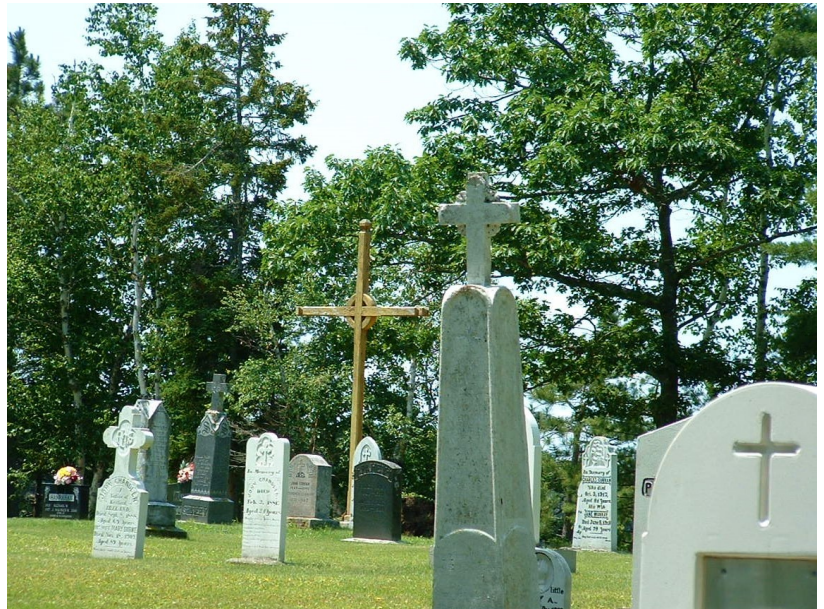
Located as it is on a tiny peninsula at the confluence of two rivers, there are many who would love to purchase this little gem of land – for a house or cottage. Last fall there was a meeting to decide the fate of St Patrick's. Should it be sold or kept and repaired? Parishioners – and a few of us who came from 'away' voted to keep this special little parish as is – but there is an 'if' that will decide its fate in the future. The building needs a new roof and minor repairs are also needed to the original wee building.

St Patrick's needs your help. If you would like to donate to a fund established for the repairs to St Patrick's Parish in Chapel Point, contributions can be sent to:

"St Patrick's Church", c/o Our Lady of Hope Parish, 12 School Street, Rexton, NB, E4W 2E5.

Please make sure you note that your donation is for the building repairs and not the cemetery so that it can be directed into the correct fund. Descendants of the ancestors who helped build St Patrick's and those of us who love its historical importance, will thank you. A receipt for tax purposes will be sent.

If you need further information please contact Barb (Roach) Delahunt at 1-506- 386-8627 or 1-506-381-2020.



The Cemetary

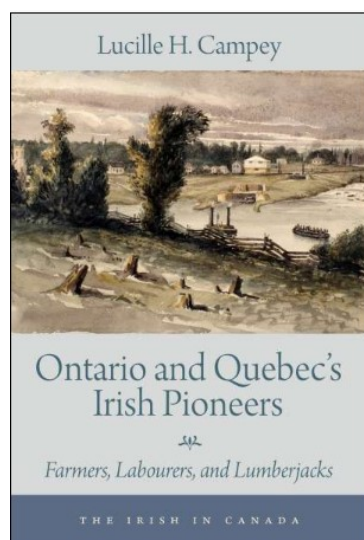


The Bodhrán is a single headed frame drum of a general type that is widespread within the traditional music of western Asia and south India, parts of eastern Europe, north Africa, Iberia, Ireland and Brazil, and occurs sporadically in other cultures, for example, aboriginal Americans the Inuit and in Tibet and Mongolia (cf. Sachs, 1942; Blades, 1970; McCrickard, 1987). In mainstream western culture it is chiefly represented by the tambourine. The bodhrán is a very basic type of drum; does not normally have jingles or snares attached. It is perhaps best defined among its type by the playing style, being played predominantly with a single stick or beater and traditionally used as an accompanying instrument following the rhythm of the music as closely as possible.

The evolution of commercial Irish traditional music groups outside the ambit of the céilí band genre, and their propagation through the dramatic

development of mass communications that followed the Second World War, brought an awareness of the instrument to a wide audience, not only in Ireland, but internationally.

From the Book Shelf



Ontario and Quebec's Irish Pioneers—Farmers, Labourers & lumberjacks
by *Lucille H. Campey*

ISBN: 978-1-45974-084-6

Paperback—416 pages

The compelling story of Canada's Irish pioneers, revealing the enormous scope of their achievements.

In this second book of the Irish in Canada series, Lucille Campey takes on the victim-ridden mythology of destitute Irish immigrants fleeing the famine of the 1840s. In fact, the Irish influx to Quebec and Ontario began a century earlier. Comprehensive and extensive research has been distilled to produce an informative and lively account of this great immigration saga, whose roots date back to the time of the British Conquest of New France in 1763.

Grown Ups—a novel
by *Marion Keyes*

ISBN-10: 0385695896

ISBN-13: 978-0385695893

560 pages

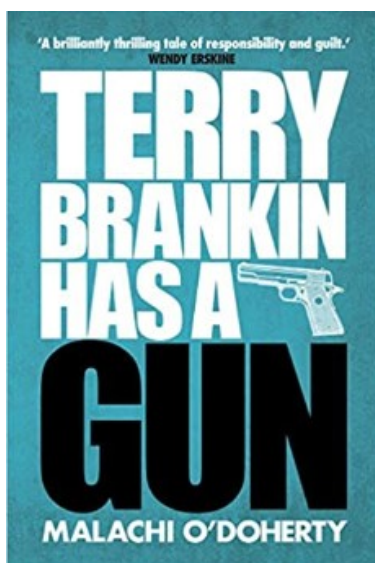
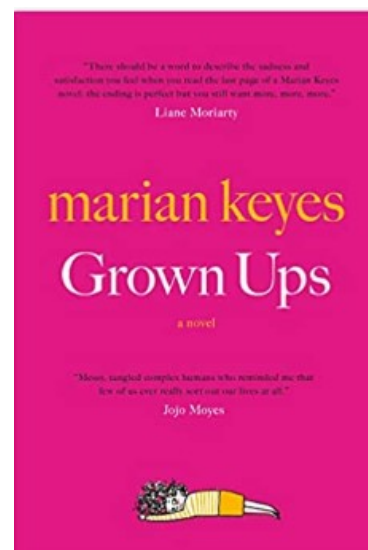
Available June 2020:

They're a glamorous family, the Caseys. Johnny Casey, his two brothers Ed and Liam, their beautiful, talented wives and all their kids spend a lot of time together--birthday parties, anniversary celebrations, weekends away. And they're a happy family. Johnny's wife, Jessie--who has the most money--insists on it.

Under the surface, though, conditions are murkier. While some people clash, other people like each other far too much . . .

One careless remark at Johnny's birthday party, with the entire family present, and Cara starts spilling all their secrets.

As everything unravels, each of the adults finds themselves wondering if it's--finally--the time to grow up.



Terry Brankin has a Gun
by *Malachi O'Doherty*

ISBN-10: 1785373102

ISBN-13: 978-1785373107

Terry Brankin loves his wife, but it's a bloody nuisance that a cold-case investigator is trying to pin him for a long past IRA bombing that killed a young girl. His wife Kathleen can't take it. He tells her that things were different then. She tells him he must confess. He'd only get two years under the Belfast Agreement and she'll stand by him, but she leaves him to give him time to mull it over. But then Kathleen is attacked. Every house in the Brankin property portfolio is petrol-bombed on the same night. Something is going on that's even bigger than they reckoned. And Terry thinks it's to do with the cold case, the bombing and the dead child. He reckons old friends in the IRA are telling him to keep quiet. It's time to talk to old comrades. And Terry still has a gun. Fast-paced and thrilling, this powerful Troubles novel explores significant legacy issues of the northern conflict and how past deeds can never truly be forgotten.

From the Book Shelf

A Story to be Told: Personal Reflections on the Irish Immigrant Experience in Canada

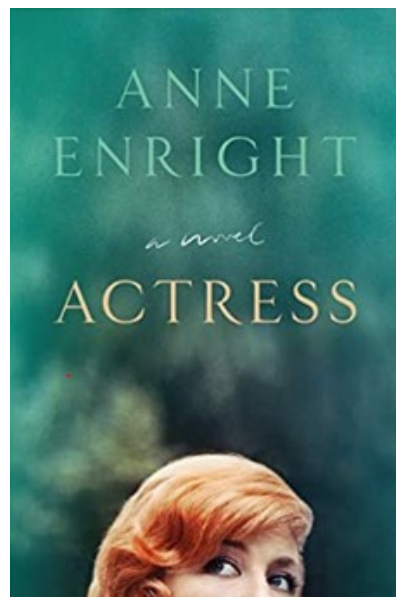
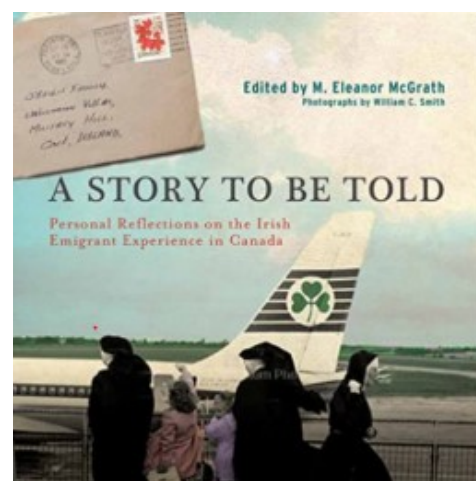
by *M. Eleanor McGrath*

ISBN-10: 1905785461

ISBN-13: 978-1905785469

215 pages

In Canada today there are thousands of Irish men and women who came between the years of 1940 and 1999 for a better life, a different life. Some knew they would never return to Ireland, some believed they would only stay a few years. Yet those who stayed comprise a dynamic and vital part of the Canadian mosaic. This book collects the stories of 130 emigrants in order to preserve them for future generations, to know and understand what the life of an immigrant was and is in Canada, what it meant for an Irish person to leave the island and travel across the Atlantic Ocean to start a new life. Many went to Canada with only a few dollars and the name of a 'friend of a friend' as a contact. This book tells their stories...



Actress

by *Anne Enright*

ISBN-10: 0771005911

ISBN-13: 978-0771005916

272 pages

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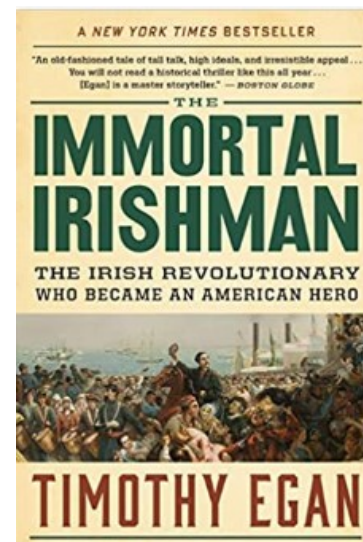
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