

The Shamrock Leaf

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Newsmagazine of the Irish Canadian Cultural Association of New Brunswick

**Volume 69
December 2020**

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the cholera epidemic of 1854
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Note from the Editor

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I would like to share a bit of my ancestry trail with you. In an earlier edition I mentioned having found a 3rd cousin of my Mother's whom she did not know existed. By using Ancestry.com to build my family tree, last year I was able to connect with Roger Hunt, via Facebook. Roger now lives in St. Louis, Missouri, but grew up in New Jersey.

My mother and her father travelled to Edgewater, New Jersey in the early 1950s, to visit his Uncle John Hunt and Aunt Winnie (Duffy) Hunt. John and Winnie had emigrated from Kilmovee, Co. Mayo, and were long settled in New Jersey when my Grandfather Philip Hunt and his brothers David and Patrick, emigrated in the early 1900s. John worked at the Edgewater Sugar Refinery and helped his young nephews find work there. They later learned of a new sugar refinery being built in Saint John, NB, and decided to move for higher paying jobs.

Roger is the Grandson of John and Winnie Hunt. I actually found the ship manifests where my Grandfather listed his Uncle John as the contact person when landing at Ellis Island. It has been so amazing to share family information with Roger. Roger says when he saw the photo of me taken at the family farm (right), he was convinced we were really cousins.

Roger later connected me to his second cousin Peggy (Hunt) Rodebush, who lives in Michigan. Peggy is the

granddaughter of Patrick Hunt, my Great Uncle. Patrick worked at the Saint John Sugar Refinery for a period, then moved to Sommerville Mass.

Roger, Peggy and I are planning on having a Zoom call in the near future. It would be incredible to meet them in person someday!

Tabhair aire, Jennifer



Roger and Peggy Hunt
2020



At my Grandfather's farm in Kilmovee
2017

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 . Please provide 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** each year. We hope these options make life a little easier for you! Thank you/Go raibh maith agat



President's Message

It would seem, as I look over the contents of our Fall newsletter, that we have a deep and varied collection of articles for your enjoyment this coming winter. Thanks go to our Editor, and the many contributors, for their thoughtful and thought-provoking submissions. We may not have known, even in June, how important staying in touch would become, but we are certainly aware now. Inside this issue you will find a story on a past NB pandemic of a shorter duration, and advice from a 107-year old survivor of another pandemic, that brings hope and a call for courage and resilience as we meet this new challenge.

It is good to know that our Chapters and our members continue to thrive and keep busy despite our social upheaval, and that plans are being made for Christmas in many areas. Remember that our 2021 "In The Spirit of Father Browne" photo contest continues until St. Patrick's Day. Also, please keep up your membership so we can keep our Chapters going; continue to publish this newsletter; and keep our various educational bursaries available for worthy students. If, for some reason you forgot to pay in 2020, do consider catching up when you make your payment for 2021.

From my office seat, next to a warm wood fire, I am taking some time to reflect on how lucky I am, and in fact we all are, to live where we do; not just in these times, but at all times. As winter surrounds us, let us keep the Irish-New Brunswick story alive in all the ways we have at our disposal; a song, a cup of tea, and a good story; just like in this newsletter.



Bruce Driscoll
 ICCANB President
 bdriscn618@rogers.com



Nollaig Shona Duit

Blessed be your holidays,
 Cozy be your hearth,
 Merry be your family,
 Peaceful be your hearts.

Irish Canadian Association of New Brunswick - new look for our website -

The ICCANB was fortunate to have received a major grant from the Irish government in order for us to update our website, making it easier to navigate as well as enabling us to reach out with the latest news and important information that, up to this point, we were unable to get distributed in anything resembling a timely manner. In this time of major challenges with people isolating at home and minimizing their physical contact with others, the ability to provide up-to-date information as quickly as possible becomes even more important.

In addition to loading our genealogy information into a

searchable database for easy access, the new website will provide an area where news items will be front and centre and will be updated regularly.

It will also have a cleaner look and more easily navigated pages. This new site will be live by the end of November. While the URL will remain the same, if you have the site bookmarked, please delete your bookmark, type the address (<http://www.newirelandnb.ca>) into your URL line, and re-bookmark it as it will need to point to the new server.

We hope you enjoy this new look and functionality.

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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

Submarine sandwich woes

With all the other challenges facing us throughout 2020, it seems it also wasn't the best year for submarine sandwich franchisees. On both sides of the Atlantic, lawsuits awaiting results have not turned out well for these restaurateurs.

Canada:

Here, in Canada, franchisees of the **Mr. Sub** chain of restaurants were awaiting the results of an appeal to the Supreme Court of Canada on their class action suit against **Maple Leaf Foods**, for compensation over losses they alleged incurred over the outbreak of listeria at Maple Leaf foods back in 2008. They claimed that this outbreak caused injury to the restaurant chain's reputation and economic losses after they were left short of meat products for six to eight weeks because of a national recall.

Although the direct contractual relationship with Maple Leaf Foods was not with the franchisees but with the central Mr. Sub company, an Ontario court judge originally ruled in favour of the franchisees, stating that Maple Leaf Foods owed the restaurant operators a duty to supply a product fit for human consumption, and that the contaminated meat products posed a real and substantial danger, amounting to a breach of that duty.

Maple Leaf appealed that decision to the Ontario Court of Appeal where the original decision was overturned. The appeals court found that the duty to supply a fit product was owed to restaurant customers, not to the franchisee operators themselves.

The Mr. Sub franchisees then appealed to the Supreme Court of Canada in the hopes of being able to recover what they claimed were significant losses caused by Maple Leaf Foods.

On Friday, November 06, 2020, in a 5-4 decision, the top court of Canada confirmed the result of the Ontario Court of Appeal. The court said the undertaking by Maple Leaf to provide safe, ready-to-eat meats was made to consumers with the purpose of assuring them that their interests were being kept in mind, and not to commercial intermediaries such as the franchisees. As a result, the majority ruled, the business interests of the franchisees lie outside the scope and purpose of the undertaking. Any danger posed by the supply of meat could be a hazard only to diners and not to the franchisees, the court said.

In addition, while the ready-to-eat meats may have



posed a real and substantial danger to consumers when they were made, any potential hazard evaporated when they were recalled and destroyed.

In a statement, lawyers for the franchisees expressed disappointment with the split decision and expressed concern over the inability of their clients to mitigate their losses. They also said the decision would require often vulnerable small businesses, as well as links in the supply chain, to protect themselves through contract negotiations with large manufacturers and purchase of additional expensive insurance.

Ireland:

Meanwhile, on the other side of the ocean, a holder of a Subway franchise in Galway was also awaiting a court decision.

The Subway franchisee, Bookfinders Ltd., had been turned down for a 2006 application for a refund of VAT (sales tax) which, they argued should not have been charged since their hot sandwiches should have been labelled as "staple food" which has a 0% VAT. After this decision, an appeal commissioner upheld the original refusal from Revenue Ireland, causing the company to then turn to the High Court. It lost the case there as well and

Submarine sandwich woes *(...continued)*

also lost an appeal to the Court of Appeal. Still not deterred, the company appealed to Ireland's Supreme Court who agreed to hear the case because the issues concerned the construction of the Value-Added Tax Act of 1972.

The Act provides the weight of ingredients such as sugar, fat and bread improver shall not exceed 2% of the weight of flour in the dough. The clear intention of the detailed definition of 'bread' in the act was to distinguish between bread as a 'staple' food, which should be 0%-rated, and certain other baked goods made from dough, such as doughnuts, cookies and pastries, which are considered confectionaries and taxed accordingly, Mr. Justice Donal O'Donnell said.

According to Subway's own nutritional information found online, all of its "bread" products exceed 2% - most of them being around 10% of the weight of the flour. Therefore, because the Subway heated sandwiches did not contain 'bread' as defined, it could not be said to be 'food' for the purpose of the Second Schedule of the Act, he held.



While describing some of the arguments advanced on behalf of Bookfinders as "ingenious", the judge agreed with the appeal commissioner that the items in question fell under the sixth schedule of the 1972 Act and were thus taxable at 13.5%.

"Ingenius", huh? Knowing the wit and gift of gab the Irish are known to demonstrate, wouldn't you love to have been a fly on the wall for those arguments?



More news from Ireland

Irish Labour introduce "Working from Home" Bill

On November 10, 2020, the Irish Labour party presented their Working From Home (Covid-19) Bill designed to, among other things, give workers the legal right to ignore emails and phone calls when they switch off from work. The bill will also force companies to compensate workers for the cost of equipment such as desks and chairs to set up a home office.

Since the coronavirus pandemic hit, the number of people working from home in Ireland jumped from 200,000 up to almost 700,000. Currently people working from home can apply for a tax rebate from Revenue for 10 percent of their electricity and heating bills or your employer can pay you €3.20 per day tax free. The Labour bill would force the employer to make a flat rate payment, estimated to be significantly more than the current €3.20, to cover the added costs of working at home such as increases to electricity, heating and broadband bills.

'ALWAYS ON CALL'

Labour's employment affairs spokesperson Marie Sherlock said: "Working from home has thrown up

quite a considerable number of issues.

"We've had many reports of inadequate workspace, people working at the edge of their bed, the lack of equipment. We conducted a survey in the middle of this year and people told us they were working longer hours, taking fewer rest periods and that working from home was having a corrosive impact on both their mental and physical health because they feel like they are always on call.

"Certainly we believe that workers deserve better and we need to now act to protect workers both in the context of the pandemic and for those who are going to be working from home on a full time or part time basis into the future."

MODERN PROTECTION

Labour claim that Ireland is one of only a few countries in the EU without modern protections in their employment law for remote workers. Labour TD Aodhan O'Riordain said the bill will aim to provide people working at home with the legal right to switch off.



More news

More news from Ireland

Russian time capsule found by Irish surfers on Donegal coast

On the Atlantic coast of County Donegal, in the north-west of Ireland, sits the Irish-speaking district of Gaoth Dobhair (Gweedore). Recently, while walking in this district, along the area known as the Bloody Foreland, two friends made a surprising discovery.

Sophie Curran and her friend Conor McClory came across a device which initially made them very uneasy as it looked like it might be a metal urn containing someone's ashes—or more worrisome—it could be an unexploded bomb.

They didn't go too close, too quickly, however they soon realized that the unusual device was actually a time capsule.

"We were a bit wary at the start...," McClory told Newstalk Breakfast. "But then we just wandered over and picked it up. We actually saw that there's a Russian inscription on it - and Sophie's brother has a friend in Russia. He translated it and let us know it was a time capsule."

Curran and McClory found a wide range of items contained within the capsule, including letters, photographs, menus, and wine corks.



Understandably, most of the content was written in Russian, but there were some English texts, enabling the two friends to track down one of the crew members involved in the original capsule two years ago.



They tracked down Sveta, an Instagram blogger from St. Petersburg

who was aboard *50 Years of Victory*, the Russian nuclear-powered icebreaker whose crew buried the time capsule. Sveta told Curran and McClory that the ship's crew traveled to the 90-degree point of the North Pole by helicopter, expecting the time capsule to remain buried in the ice for at least 30 years.

The fact that it has already broken free and traveled more than 4,000 km provides a stark warning about climate change, Curran said. The surfer told the Independent that it was "really scary" that the capsule has already broken free of the ice.

An English letter contained in the capsule further warned of the dangers of climate change, warning that there would be "no more ice in the Arctic" by the time the capsule was found in 30 years.

Having travelled so far, 28 years sooner than it was expected to do so, should give us all pause to think about just how important it is to support environmental action now to dramatically reduce the current global warming trends.



Saint John Chapter News

by Marijke Blok

Member honoured: One of our earliest members, Martina Riordan, has been posthumously honoured by her university, St. Francis Xavier.

From the Simonds High School Website:

Many of you may remember Martina Riordan, a dedicated Guidance Counselor at Simonds High, from where she retired in 2007. Martina received her B.A. from St FX University and her B. Ed. and M. Ed. from UNB. It was recently announced that St. FX Alumni Affairs has recognized Miss Riordan as one of three 2020 inductees into their Hall of Honour! Since 1991 St FX has presented this award to deserving alumni who have exemplified the Xaverian commitment of helping others throughout their lives.

Martina had a lengthy career in counseling and guidance within the family court system and then the schools. She selflessly gave of her time and expertise to assist youth.

St. F. X describes Martina in this way:

Martina arrived at St. FX in September 1966, carrying with her both her suitcase and her sense of humour, her strong work ethic and the amazing ethical and social values of her Irish ancestors, which she demonstrated throughout her life.

Tellebration: As you will read elsewhere in this edition of the **Leaf**, our Provincial Executive invited all of the chapters to take part in this annual storytelling festival. For the first time in 15 years, our event will be going virtual! We were fortunate to persuade Helena Hook to represent us. She has recorded a story called “The Tinkers” about the travelling people of Ireland in the 1950’s who were recognized as a distinct ethnic group by the Irish government in 2017.

Christmas Online? We have only a very rudimentary plan for this at the moment but more details will appear in The Irish Visitor, for Saint John members. The idea is to have an evening – or more – of Facebook Live stories, pictures, songs and seasonal wishes. We have not figured out how to include turkey yet!

Christmas Draw: There are three prizes to be awarded. In order to be included, members may call Marijke Blok at 654-8212 or email her at marijkeblok@gmail.com. For more information, consult The Irish Visitor. From all of us in ICCA SJ, we wish all of you a blessed and joyful Christmas. May we all be able to meet face-to-face for St. Patrick’s Week!

Gene J. Devereux Barrister, Solicitor, Notary



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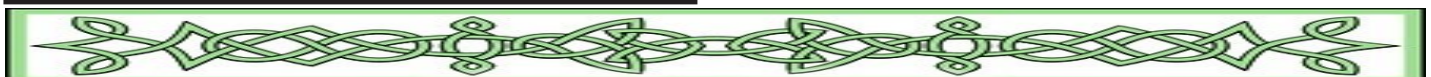
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Former President ICCANB (WAK)



A surname, a ship and a song

- a brief story of Edmund Fitzgerald

by Bruce Driscoll

On November 10, 1975, just over 45 years ago, the American Great Lakes freighter, **SS Edmund Fitzgerald**, sank in a Lake Superior storm, with the loss of the entire crew of 29 people.

But who was Edmund Fitzgerald, and why was a ship named after him? And how did that ship, and its fate find a later life in the words and music of two writers, as we'll see?

When launched on June 7, 1958, the **SS Edmund Fitzgerald** was the largest ship on North America's Great Lakes, and she remains the largest to have sunk there.

Northwestern Mutual Insurance had named the ship after its President and Chairman of the Board, Edmund Fitzgerald. Fitzgerald's own grandfather had himself been a lake Captain, and his father owned the Milwaukee Drydock Company, which built and repaired ships. Fitzgerald was born in 1895 in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. His great grandparents – William and Julianna – had immigrated from Ireland in 1837 and settled on a farm in Michigan, along the St. Clair River. William and Julianna had 6 sons and three of those sons moved to Milwaukee in the 1850s and each took up different roles in sailing and shipping. John, Edmund's grandfather, the Captain, became a shipbuilder. John's son William took over the business in the 1890s. Young Edmund believed he'd also work in shipbuilding, but his father died when he was only six years old. His adult career went in a different direction, but he never lost interest in ships and the lakes.

Although Edmund didn't want the freighter named after him, his wife and the Board of the insurance company made it happen because they knew what it would mean to a man with such a strong family connection to shipping on the Great Lakes.

The ship had other Irish connections, too - both before and after it sank. Among the crew members who perished were men with names such as Rafferty,



Edmund Fitzgerald c. 1950s

O'Brien and McCarthy. The ship's captain was named Ernest McSorley.

More than 15,000 people attended *Edmund Fitzgerald's* christening and launch ceremony on June 7, 1958. The event was plagued by misfortunes. When Elizabeth Fitzgerald, wife of Edmund Fitzgerald, tried to christen the ship by smashing a champagne bottle over the bow, it took her three attempts to break it. A delay of 36 minutes followed while the shipyard crew struggled to release the keel blocks. Upon sideways launch, the ship created a large wave that "doused" the spectators and then crashed into a pier before righting herself. One man watching the launching had a heart attack and later died. Other witnesses later said they swore the ship was "trying to climb right out of the water". Despite the omens, Edmund declared that the launch of the Edmund Fitzgerald was a great day for all the Fitzgeralds.

(continued...)

A surname, a ship and a song

(...continued)



On September 22, 1958, *Edmund Fitzgerald* completed nine days of sea trials and, despite the rough start, for 17 years the *Edmund Fitzgerald* worked the Great Lakes setting records for seasonal cargo hauls. And then came November 1975.

Carrying a full cargo of ore pellets with Captain McSorley in command, she embarked on her ill-fated voyage from Superior, Wisconsin, near Duluth, on the afternoon of November 9, 1975. She was heading for Detroit but on Nov. 10th she, and another ship, the *Arthur M. Anderson*, got caught in a fierce storm in the waters between Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, and Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario.

The *Edmund Fitzgerald* reported being in significant difficulty to the *Arthur M. Anderson*: "I have a bad list, lost both radars. And am taking heavy seas over the deck. One of the worst seas I've ever been in." However, no distress signals were sent before she sank; Captain McSorley's last (7:10 P.M.) message to the *Arthur M. Anderson* was, "We are holding our

own." Her crew of 29 perished, and no bodies were recovered. The exact cause of the sinking remains unknown. Edmund Fitzgerald died in 1986 "still deeply saddened by the wreck of the ship named for him".

Mr. Fitzgerald's son, Edmund Bacon Fitzgerald, was the Chairman of Northern Telecom Ltd, Canada, at the time of his father's passing.

And so back to the songs for a moment to wrap up. The following year, after reading a Newsweek article from Nov. 1975, titled "The Cruellest Month," Canadian singer/songwriter, the great Gordon Lightfoot, wrote a deeply moving, if slightly altered, tale of the ship's sinking. The song, "*The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald*", was on Lightfoot's 1976 album *Summertime Dream* and went to Number 1 in Canada on November 20, 1976, barely a year after the sinking of the ship, and to #2 in the United States.

The melody of Gordon Lightfoot's song later led Irish singer/songwriter Christy Moore to use it when recording a song writing by Bobby Sands, provisional IRA member and a prisoner in HM Prison Maze in Northern Ireland, in the late 1970s-early 80s. Sands passed after a 66-day hunger strike, on May 5, 1981. Sands' song lyrics had reached the outside and Moore was given them one evening in a chance meeting with a former prisoner, while Moore himself was playing in Derry. Moore recorded the song "(I Wish I Were) Back Home in Derry," in 1984, using, as previously noted, the melody from Lightfoot's song.



On Raglan Road

By Jennifer Marquis

Patrick Kavanagh was an Irish Poet and novelist, born on October 21, 1904, and died on November 30, 1967. His best-known works include the novel *Tarry Flynn*, and the poems "On Raglan Road" and "The Great Hunger".

Kavanagh wrote "On Raglan Road", named after Raglan Road in Ballsbridge, Dublin. The object of his affections was Hilda Moriarty, a medical school student from Dingle whom he first saw walking near his boarding house on Raglan Road while on her way to university. Patrick would spend time with Hilda in the shops near St. Stephen's Green, and as an excuse to be with her, he would ask her to critique his poetry. Patrick was deeply in love with Hilda, however she only thought of him as a friend. Patrick told Hilda that one day he would immortalize her in poetry, and he did.

On Raglan Road was first published as a poem in *The Irish Press* on 3 October 1946 under the title "Dark Haired Miriam Ran Away". Peter Kavanagh, Patrick's brother, said that "it was written about Patrick's girl-friend Hilda but to avoid embarrassment he used the name of my girlfriend in the title."

While at The Bailey pub in Dublin, in 1966, the poet met Luke Kelly of The Dubliners, resulting in the poem being put to music. It was set to the music of the traditional song "The Dawning of the Day" (*Fáinne Geal an Lae*). This is one of the most popular Irish ballads, and has since been covered by Van Morrison, The Young Dubliners, Sinéad O'Connor, Ed Sheeran, Billy Joel, Roger Daltrey, Orla Fallon, amongst others.

In 1987, Hilda Moriarty was interviewed by the Irish broadcaster RTÉ for a documentary about Kavanagh called *Gentle Tiger*. In the interview, she said one of the main reasons for the failure of their relationship was that there was a wide age gap between them. She was only 22, whereas he was 40.

A beautiful, yet tragic love story.



Raglan Road

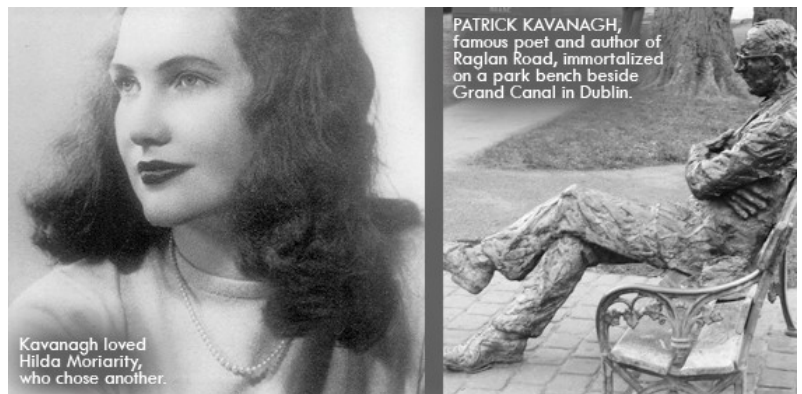
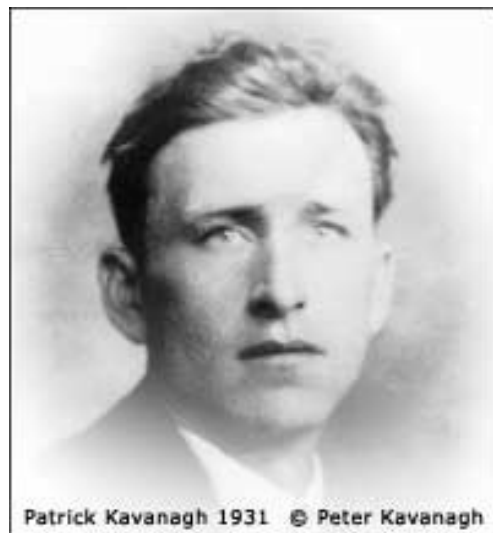
Luke Kelly

*On Raglan Road on an autumn day I saw her first and knew
That her dark hair would weave a snare that I might one day rue;
I saw the danger, yet I passed along the enchanted way,
And I said, let grief be a fallen leaf at the dawning of the day.*

*On Grafton Street in November we tripped lightly along the ledge
Of the deep ravine where can be seen the worth of passion's pledge,
The Queen of Hearts still making tarts and I not making hay
Oh I loved too much and by such by such is happiness thrown away.*

*I gave her gifts of the mind I gave her the secret sign that's known
To the artists who have known the true gods of sound and stone
And word and tint without stint for I gave her poems to say.
With her own name there and her own dark hair like clouds over
fields of May*

*On a quiet street where old ghosts meet I see her walking now
Away from me so hurriedly my reason must allow
That I had loved not as I should a creature made of clay
When the angel woos the clay he'd lose his wings at the dawn of day.*



Classiebawn Castle and the Royal Family

By Jennifer Marquis

In 2017, while planning my long awaited first trip to Ireland, I came across an achingly beautiful photo of a castle by the sea, lying in the shadow of cliffs, with little white dots of sheep spattered around. I was immediately drawn to it. After a bit of reading, I was further drawn into the history, and decided then and there to put Sligo on my itinerary.

Classiebawn Castle is a country house built for the 3rd Viscount Palmerston (1784–1865) on what was formerly a 10,000-acre estate on the Mullaghmore peninsula near the village of Cliffoney, County Sligo, in the Republic of Ireland. However, most of the original building was expanded in the late 19th century.

The land on which Classiebawn Castle was built originally belonged to the O'Connor Sligo family, but it was confiscated by the English Parliament to compensate the people who were successful in putting down an Irish rebellion. The land was granted to Sir John Temple (1600-1677), Master of the Rolls in Ireland.

Later on, the property passed down to the 3rd Viscount Palmerston, who served as both British Prime Minister and British Foreign Secretary during the



Admiral of the Fleet Louis Francis Albert Victor Nicholas Mountbatten, 1st Earl Mountbatten of Burma, was a British Royal Navy officer and statesman, an uncle of Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, and second cousin once removed of Queen Elizabeth II.

reign of Queen Victoria. Sadly, the house was not complete before his death in 1865, but in 1874 by his stepson and successor, The Rt. Hon. William Cowper-Temple, P.C., M.P. (later created The 1st Baron Mount Temple). Following the latter's death, and since he was childless, the estate passed to his nephew, The Hon. Evelyn Ashley, second surviving son of The 7th Earl of Shaftesbury. In 1907, the estate passed to his only son, Wilfrid Ashley (later created Baron Mount Temple in a new creation).

(continued...)



Classiebawn Castle and the Royal Family (...continued)

Taking in the beautiful scenery of Mullaghmore harbour, the castle, and its surroundings, it is easy to forget about the tragedy associated with the area.

In 1980, the IRA planted a bomb on the fishing boat of Lord Mountbatten which was anchored, as usual, in Mullaghmore harbour. The blast killed Mountbatten, 79, along with his grandson Nicholas Knatchbull, 14, a local boat boy named Paul Maxwell, 15, and Lady Doreen Brabourne, 83. Mountbatten's daughter Patricia, her husband John and their son Timothy, Nicholas's twin, were injured but survived.



The IRA called Mountbatten's murder an "execution". The death of the Queen's second cousin – the last viceroy of India – was so shocking it attracted more global attention than a separate IRA ambush that killed 18 British soldiers a few hours later at Warrenpoint, 120 miles away.



Princes Charles and wife Camilla
in Mullaghmore Harbour in 2015

While visiting Mullaghmore Harbour, I was stunned by the beautiful landscape, and found it hard to imagine that such a senseless tragedy occurred there. There is a plaque dedicated to the tragedy in Mullaghmore Harbour.

Prince Charles visited in May 2015 and delivered a touching speech to the Sligo locals, who are still deeply affected by the dark history in such a peaceful small village. Many feel that the yearly memorial ceremony is necessary to honour the victims, yet also feel that it is a constant reminder of the dark shadow that will always hang over them.



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Miramichi Chapter News

By Maureen English

All is quiet here on the Miramichi since mid-March, however we did manage to get the Flag of Ireland flying in the city for St.Patrick's Day. Our executive met in August and decided to put all on hold for now, and hopefully have a gathering for Christmas, but it looks like that will not happen this year. STAY SAFE.

My cousin, Mary, and I decided it was past time to purchase a bench on Middle Island in memory of our Bracken ancestors, James and Ann Bracken and their two sons, Michael and Sylvester, who left Westmeath in 1847 aboard the ill-fated ship – the Looshtauk.

James contracted the fever and died at sea. Ann and her boys settled here on the Miramichi. After the bench was installed we gathered together our King cousins and had a reunion at the site of the bench. Together with John Bracken, we spent an enjoyable hour there. John and his son Leigh are the two last remaining with the BRACKEN name .



Mary, John Bracken, Maureen English enjoying a King family reunion on Middle Island



Photos of memorials on Middle Island on website for "My New Brunswick":
<https://mynewbrunswick.ca/middle-island-irish-historical-park/>

Above: photo by Larry Dickinson

Left: photo by Steve Rogers

My Celtic journey—Turning back time

by Jennifer Hodge-Williamson

My journey began about 20 years ago when I felt the pull to discover my family roots. It started as a need for connection, to know who I am, and to clear the way to understanding where I was heading in life. In doing so I discovered my chiefly Irish and English heritage. I have read much history about the settling of Canada and the tensions between the English and the Irish. One of the things I'm most proud of is the fact that my ancestors on both sides of my family came together to create a family and set differences aside in the name of love, though that involved immigrating to the colonies in order for that to be possible. Historically my family names herald from Cornwall, England; Cork, Ireland; and Co. Antrim, Northern Ireland. Beyond that, it is believed some of my ancestors were Huguenots exiled from France and Ulster-Scots displaced to Northern Ireland. So, while generations back my forebearers may not have been "true Irish", they were Celts who called Ireland home on three sides, and while I am a proud Canadian, it is my Irish roots that call me.

I've visited Ireland twice now and I know I will again. I would live there in a heartbeat if my bank account would allow. I have visited the Giant's Causeway where it is said my relatives played. I have visited Cork. I have felt the energy of the Northern Irish coast. I have felt the despair at the edge of Cobh from where so many

families were torn apart. There is a true sense of sadness there which electrifies my spine. If not for that sadness and sacrifice, my very existence may not have birthed in this country, my Canada.

Throughout this journey I developed skills which were in my blood without my even knowing it. I took up Irish dancing (yes, Riverdance style) at the age of 35, becoming part of a dance company, competing successfully over eight years and achieving first place trophies at an adult level, then later teaching beginner Irish dance recreationally for three years. I learned to play guitar alongside my youngest son, and I taught myself to play the Celtic harp.



Cross in the Old Church Cemetery, Cobh, Co. Cork, Ireland

While visiting Ireland I have been asked for directions by people thinking I live locally based on my physical features, and on entering a pub in Ontario on St. Patrick's Day, I was greeted with "I know you're Irish but what part of Ireland are you from?" Experiences like that give me a thrill.

I was born and raised in Bruce County, Ontario on the shores of Lake Huron where my families settled as farmers, clearing land and raising crops and livestock. It was an area highly populated by Irish and Scottish immigrants, Queen's Bush land. One need only refer to settlement names to realize the strong connection to England, Scotland and Ireland. I lived near Port Elgin and Tiverton, Southampton, Paisley and Tara, Ontario. On my first trip to Ireland I ate breakfast in Dundalk, also the name of a central Ontario town half an hour from where I live.

I raised two boys during my 'discovery' period. They too have developed a strong understanding of family connection and an interest in their history. Whenever we visited a new place, we would look for a Celtic cross - memorials to the coming of the people



continued...

My Celtic journey (...cont'd)

we are from and the struggles they faced in this new land they helped to shape, and many who gave the ultimate sacrifice, their lives, in doing so - Ottawa and Kingston (building the Rideau Canal), Toronto - and now St. Andrews, New Brunswick, to name a few.

How have I now come to New Brunswick? The Celtic cross overlooking Hospital Island has been a partial influence and provided a sense of comfort and belonging for me. In brief, my husband and I moved to Durham, Ontario five years ago where the house of our dreams reached out to us. After working at a desk job for over 30 years, I felt the need for a change. This house nurtured our new relationship and the English garden that came with the property was to be the key to a new door in my life - a much needed change that was about to accelerate my journey in ways I would not have expected. I started my own business gardening for people, finding much craved movement, fresh air, and a sense of helping people and making a difference. This is where I was happiest, in my garden. In September of 2019, my husband and I married while in the fifteenth year of our relationship. He is a full-time musician having toured in the Maritimes and formed friendships with other musicians who encouraged us to visit St. Andrews - a normally pulsating spot for artists and musicians. So, we decided it would be a perfect honeymoon destination, not too far away and by the sea. While visiting we found the Irish memorial. I have since read the history of the area and how the cross came to be. It vibrated a connection and perhaps there are ancestral spirits here reaching out to me. I do not know. I simply feel a sense of peace and familiarity.

We also stumbled across the beautiful Kingsbrae Garden. How did I, as a gardener, not know about it? One of my life dreams has been to work in a garden in England. I have gone so far as to inquire about the possibility, but financially it would not be within my reach. On returning home, I decided to ask about opportunities to work at Kingsbrae. On April 15, 2020, I arrived in St. Andrews to continue my journey. It was not England, but it was in the right direction.

In my mind, the Celtic memorial stood tall and knowing. There was a Celtic community here and I looked forward to becoming involved, however, March of 2020 saw the change of the world as we knew it as the Covid-19 pandemic swept around the earth. My journey, which I felt certain was meant to be, was under question due to the requirement by us all to isolate and slow the virus.

But I received my letter of employment detailing my address of quarantine for 14 days, and the light turned green for me to travel to New Brunswick - green - the colour of Ireland, the colour of plants. My life was advancing as these two things, the Irish cross and the English garden were joining to bring me to this point in my life, just as my English and Irish relatives had done to seal my existence in this world. It is ironic that a plague (blight) brought them from another place for a better life, and a plague surrounds me even now - hundreds of years in between - bringing me to a place where I am to enrich my life. So, since I am not able to participate in the St. Andrews community as I had hoped, I looked to the Celtic cross that stands firmly overlooking the Atlantic. It points towards its people and I stand now beside it, with them. It looks out at the ocean they crossed, bringing their dreams with them, and over which I have flown with mine. The once beautiful wild Irish roses so lovingly donated when the cross was new, stood only as grey sticks, lifeless against the blue water and buried in old seaweed and gravel. As I looked at it, I heard a voice in my mind, 'they deserve better.' I suspected there was no one currently maintaining the cross and that suspicion was confirmed when I contacted the Irish Canadian Cultural Association of New Brunswick. I presented my proposal to the president, Bruce Driscoll, of volunteering to look after the area and add some plants to bring back some beauty to this monument while I am living here in the province. Bruce kindly responded and gratefully accepted my offer. I was happy that I was going to be able to give something to the community, something close to my heart.

During my planning and clearing phase I was able to have a lengthy chat about local history with Barry Murray, former mayor. Also, while I was working, A CTV van stopped, and I was 'interviewed' as I planted around the cross - he said it would be on the news that evening. A good plug I hope for the Irish and the history of Hospital Island and the Association.

Sadly, the Irish roses were long beyond saving and as a horticulturist I felt that putting more roses there might not be the best choice of plants. Native *Rosa rugosa* do grow wild along the shoreline, but can become too large and unruly when placed in a restricted space, and while there are many newer hardy cultivars, I really was not sure the exposed, weather-ravaged coastline would be kind to them either.

cont'd...

My Celtic journey (...cont'd)

It is interesting how a community takes notice when someone takes on a public project. My undertaking to weed and remove the old roses drew the attention of two individuals whose interest, Irish passion and helpful gestures need to be recognized. Ms. Catherine Sutherland from Fredericton was camping in St. Andrews and stopped to chat so I explained what I was doing. She returned shortly after our conversation with a bottle of cold water for me and gave me \$50 to put towards the plants for the foot of the cross. To this I added about \$30 of my own money and I was ecstatic to be able to get all the plants I wanted at Brunswick Nursery of Quispamsis. Not long after Catherine's visit, George Sherwood and his puppy, Charlie (who wanted to help me dig), local residents of St. Andrews, also stopped to inspect what I was up to. He commended me for my enthusiasm and offered to help me pull out the roots which were still firmly clutching the soil under the cross. He brought down his ATV with a winch and saved me hours of digging by removing them gently in no time at all. For their contributions I am very grateful. Together we weeded, cleared and added plants that I hope will thrive. Taking the effects of sea salt, exposure and deer into consideration, along with the limitation of available perennials, I chose globe thistle, coreopsis, and Irish moss – blue for the sea and the sky, yellow for the sun, and green for Ireland.



My hope is that these plants will thrive and serve to honour the Irish who helped to shape Canada. I will reassess their status in the spring on my return to St. Andrews. Through the winter we can all help them stay strong and beautiful by sending an Irish Blessing.

Every journey has a purpose and we know not where we will land. Like a seed, I have landed and my roots have begun to spread. Like a plant, I grow reaching toward the sun and craving water to survive. Perhaps this is where my journey has brought me to blossom. Time will reveal all and sometimes one has to go back into it in order to see your future.

Sláinte

Jennifer L. Hodge- Williamson
St. Andrews, NB and Durham, West Grey, ON

Jennifer has been writing a blog since she learned she was headed East from Ontario last fall. If you are interested in reading her posts, please visit:

<https://wherevioletsdance.weebly.com>



Irish Grandmother delivers message of hope during Pandemic

A 107-YEAR-OLD Co Meath grandmother has written a message to the people of Ireland calling on them to maintain hope, faith and resilience in the face of the Covid-19 pandemic.

Dear The People of Ireland & The World,

“My name is Nancy Stewart and I was born on the 16th of October 1913. This weekend I turn 107 years of age. Imagining turning 107 in a world pandemic. This definitely is something very unusual even for me and all I have been through. I live in Clonard in county Meath and have lived in my home for over 83 years. I lost my husband in a car crash in 1989, and lost my twin daughters Margaret in 2007 to motor neurone and Anne in 2010 to utter heartbreak of losing her sister. I’ve lost all my friends throughout the years which comes with living so long on this earth. I’m very lucky to still have three daughters Kathleen, Mary and Olive and one son Finian and I have 84 grandchildren, great grandchildren and great great grandchildren. I have faced many heart-breaking moments and also have seen many hard times in our country witnessing world wars, division in our people and numerous sad times for our nation.

“I write to you today to send you my love and to offer you my prayers. We are in a very difficult time at the moment in our country, in our lives and in our world. But I reach out to you in this letter to offer you hope, faith and belief that everything will be ok in the end. We are in another stage of this battle against the virus but we will get through this. Like everything I’ve been through since the day I was born in 1913, no matter how bad things have got, I’m the living proof that we can survive and in years to come, this will just be a distant memory.

“I have a great faith and it has helped me keep positive throughout the struggles I’ve met. I thank you for keeping your faith and for keeping your resilience strong, through this hard time. Sadly for the moment, we can no longer stretch out to a friend and embrace them nor can we call to each other's houses.

“But I’m here to share my story. I have been in lockdown in my house since March, alongside my granddaughter Louise and even though it has been a tough time, we have got through it together. We drink tea. We say prayers. We bake. We laugh. We make phone calls. I can even video call lots of my family and friends and am making new friends everyday that God gives me on this earth.

“And that’s a very important thing to say. If you are feeling low, make sure to try call someone or even go for a walk. I also ask God to help me if I’m feeling low. This is a hard time for everyone but please make sure you keep yourself well and wear your mask. If you keep healthy, your mind will stay healthy too. Keep talking to one another. All my life I have always believed in chatting and drinking tea and saying a prayer or a decade of the rosary and it has got me through. This is our moment to keep our faith and to keep believing that everything will turn out ok. We must try and make sure we leave nobody behind and also that we don’t lose sight of each other. This is a moment for humanity to step forward to take care of the other. We must mind ourselves but we must also mind all those around us. Look up and smile even if you have your mask on. Your eyes will smile and that might be all someone needs to keep going. No good deed ever goes unnoticed so try your best to keep being good. We are not here to live for ourselves but to live for each other.

“I can’t believe I’ve made it to this age, I only feel like I’m fifty but now that I’m here, all I can say is please God I’ll be here for my next birthday. We must always look forward. I can’t believe I’m the oldest person in Ireland living in my own home, I don’t feel that old. When God wants me, he will come take me but for now I will keep enjoying my life, I’ll keep loving my family and I’ll keep saying my prayers day by day.....oh and not to forget eating lots of good wholesome food is my tip. Good food and lots of tea is my secret to a long life as well as keeping positive as best we can. We must always look forward and hope for the best.

“Thank you for thinking of me in your prayers and your thoughts and I promise I will think of you in my many rosaries I say everyday.

“Thank you so much for reading my letter also and I hope I have, in even a little way, helped you feel less alone in this moment. There is always hope and once we keep talking to one another, no day will seem empty and we can get through this together. It only takes a small candle to take away the dark and in each of us, we can be that light in the world.

“This hard time will indeed pass like all the rest and all that matters is that we helped each other through.

“Many blessings and much love, Granny Nancy and Lou x”



Spotlight on Antóin O'Sullivan

Antóin O'Sullivan is a PhD student at UNB in Fredericton. He graduated with Civil Engineering at Limerick Institute of Technology. His passion of fishing and environmental science led him to his current field.

For more on some of Antóin's work: <https://www.jdirving.com/CAST-Scientists-Gain-Better-Understanding-of-How-to-Protect-Cold-Water-Habitat-for-Threatened-Wild-Atlantic-Salmon.aspx>

Can you tell me what prompted you to move to Canada? How long have you lived here? Why did you choose New Brunswick?

Before I start rambling, some context is probably worthwhile. I left Ireland in 2008 (when I was 21), and moved to Lexington, Kentucky, U.S. to manage my cousin's bar. A bunch of odd jobs and completion of various degrees led me back to Ireland, then over to Edinburgh, Scotland, down to Brighton, England, and finally over to NB in 2015. I moved to Canada to begin a Ph.D. at the Canadian Rivers Institute, UNB-Fredericton. I study how water moves across and through the landscape, how this influences river flows and temperature, and ultimately how this affects ecosystems. I chose NB because my Ph.D. supervisor, Allen Curry, had done on brook trout and salmon. Little did I know, I would eventually fall in love with the landscape of NB. The people aren't too bad either.

What county are you from in Ireland? Can you tell us some interesting facts we may not be aware of?

I am from Limerick in the mid-west; and no, I do not know any limericks. Historically: Limerick was chartered as a city by the English before London was, cannot remember the exact year. Contemporarily and most importantly: there is a great pub on Wolfe Tone Street in the city, my Dad's local: Charlie Malones. The owner is Paddy Kelly, and he is a character. If anyone reading this has a chance, this spot is probably the best pub in the city – great music, joking, and people in general, and the pints are bloody tasty. I kind of want a pint now even thinking about it.

Before you left Ireland had you ever been to Canada? What were your first impressions?

I had never been to Canada prior to moving here. The place is amazing, and I am not saying that to kiss anyone's backside. The landscape cripples me with its beauty. Especially NB. We have this utter complex geology all around us here. The Caledonian Highlands that characterize the Fundy region are the same ancient mountain range that occurs in Ireland, Scotland and in parts of Scandinavia. The Miramichi is equally unique, as is the Saint John River (Wolastoq), Restigouche, Nepisiguit, you name it, and it will hold wonder. Couple that with the wildlife here – it is just amazing. I feel more at home here than I ever did in Ireland. Which sounds silly, but it's abundantly true.

What was life like for you growing up in Ireland? What were some of the traditions that your family followed that we don't have here?

My life was brilliant, that sounds cocky, but it is true. My family are amazing, I am incredibly lucky in those terms. I played rugby, music and fished mostly. It is funny to think now the places we played around in as young ones and had no idea of their historical relevance. We used to climb up and down an old castle in Plassey (a site on the Shannon River) when we were young fellas. The thing must have been 600 or 700 years old, and we were oblivious to it. I suppose that's the way you are as a kid. It is neat to think back on though.

Tradition wise, my Mam (Betty) instilled a great one, if we were annoying her (which we did a lot) she'd tell us "*go off now and play in the traffic*". She is an absolute character, she is a gem. We had some Halloween traditions that might be different than those over here. We'd take flour and make a mound with it. On the tip of the mound we'd place a grape. Then, you'd have to slice sides off the mound without the grape toppling. The person that made the grape topple would have their face pushed into the flour. It was brilliant fun as kid. The parents got a laugh from it too, I suppose.

Was music a big part of your family life? Do you play any instruments now?

Yeah, music was/is a massive part of our family. My Dad played in bands most of my life, and that kind of transposed to my brother (Fionn) and I. My sister Fionnghuala didn't really get into it like Fionn and I, but she did singing lessons and the like. I played in a band in Ireland (guitar, like every other fool), and now I tip away a bit at home. I am actually playing a gig with my mate, Keegan MC, this November in Fredericton. The owners of the business will be handing out masks . . . and ear-plugs *smile*

(continued...)

Spotlight on Antóin O'Sullivan (cont'd)

Can you tell us about your education?

We had a great education back home. Maths and science was pretty much instilled in us. We learned about other countries for sure, mostly because of the famine and the movement of Irish people all around the world – I imagine. In Ireland it is compulsory that you take Irish in school, from primary all the way up through secondary. I was handy, but never fluent. Looking back now, the way it was taught maybe wasn't the best. Perhaps if I had gone to a Gaelscoil (a school where everything is taught in Irish), I may have fared better. It is something I want to get back into again though. Irish is a hard language to learn, but it is very lovely.

How difficult was it to meet people when you moved to Canada?

If it isn't clear from my answers, I would talk the hind legs off a donkey. So, I really didn't have any trouble meeting people here. Truthfully, I have met the most amazing people I have ever met while in NB. My friends here are my 2nd family. My fiancée is also a New Brunswicker. New Brunswickers (and Maritimers in general) are very similar to Irish people. They are incredibly friendly, welcoming and kind. They also understand sarcasm, and have a sense of humour I understand. Smashing people here, that isn't sarcasm.

What things do you miss most about Ireland?

Undoubtedly my family. I speak with them a few times a week though. My Mam is great for keeping in contact. And my Dad got a smart phone 2 years ago, so he messages me often too. Happily, my younger brother is thinking about moving to NB to start a course here. I'd love for him to see this place, he'd love it. My sister's family live in the UK. It isn't ideal not seeing her little ones grow up. But, in the scheme of things, we are very lucky.

I miss the Irish people in general; the commonality and complete and instantaneous understanding that underlies chatting with someone that is from where you are from. However, even in those instances it is still a bit odd. It is strange being a foreigner. I left Ireland 12 years ago now. I have a bastardized Irish accent, so I get chirped at home, and rightly so. But, I also have borrowed from the other cultures where I have lived. So, I am really a mutt. And while I miss certain things, after a few weeks back home, I'll start missing NB. I sound like a whiner, never happy *smile*

Were you surprised by the number of Canadians of Irish ancestry when you moved here?

I was actually. It is funny. I arrived here on 12th July, 2015; my Dad sent me an email within a few days telling me the Miramichi is the Irish capital of Canada and that I should go to the fest. I jokingly said "*I ran away from Ireland, and now you want me to go to a festival celebrating it*". I must attend it some year though. My summers so far have been filled with field work, although I won't complain. The forests and rivers here are incredible.

Canadians, especially Maritimers, are very proud of their Irish heritage and really love Irish people. Were you aware of that prior to moving here?

I was surprised, I don't understand it. Have you ever met an Irish person? We're awful :-)



Charlie Malone's Pub, Wolfe Tone Street in Limerick, Ireland

19th Century Irish immigrant experience

In our June 2020 issue of The Shamrock Leaf, we printed an article about the working conditions of the Irish navvies who laboured to build the Rideau Canal here in Canada between 1826 and 1832. A letter written by a Mathew Caray in 1838 to Rev. Bishop Hughes on the subject of Irish immigrant labourers in the United States, while acknowledging similar practices taking place, also goes on to recount numerous examples that dispel the negative image of the Irish in America and discuss how the vast majority of these Irish were hard-working, temperate individuals who did so much to benefit their adopted homeland and the loved ones left behind. Experiences would have been very similar to those of the Rideau Canal workers and those on the Saint Andrews and Quebec Railroad, and the Earl Fitzwilliam affair in particular. John Wood, in his blog found at <http://JohnWood1946.wordpress.com>, offers the following edited version of this letter:

Letter on Immigration Addressed to the Right Reverend Bishop Hughes

Right Rev. Sir,

I had wanted to gather more information concerning the Irish labourers on the Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad before writing to you on the subject but am unwilling to wait any longer.

The important facts of the case are, that this road was contracted for by two Irishmen; of whom each had about 500 labourers employed, who were, with few exceptions, Irishmen; that it was in progress for two years; and that during that time there was no riot, nor outrage, nor disorder. The business was managed with as much order and regularity as ever prevailed among such a number of men in any country.

I believe, but am not certain, that there were no alcoholic liquors allowed on the line. This, if true, may account for the order, regularity, and subordination that prevailed.

The disorders that occasionally occur among the labourers on canals and railroads, and other public works, arise in many, perhaps in most cases, from two disgraceful practices, which cannot be too severely reprobated, and to which remedies ought to be applied.

The first is the vile custom, by which some of the contractors dole out to the labourers, a deleterious liquor, which they denominate whiskey. This would be highly reprehensible even if it were genuine whiskey; but the evil is greatly aggravated by the pernicious quality of the liquor they give—a vile compound which can even endanger human life. It is said that in many cases this liquid poison is carried round five or six times a day in buckets among the labourers, each of whom buys a small measure with which he burns his entrails. The labourers, being most of them among the most excitable of the human species, are thus maddened, and their early prejudices against Orangemen, Defenders, Terry Alts, &c., which would otherwise have continued in peaceful slumbers, are revived, breaking out into riots and disorder. Construction contracts ought to prohibit this prac-



tice, and he that would set the example would deserve the grateful thanks of the community.

There is a second practice which causes manifold oppression on the labourers, and occasionally excites them to riot and outrage. The competition among contractors frequently produces, by underbidding, the effect of reducing the prices to such a degree that the successful competitor is often not only not compensated for his labour, time, and talents, but hardly indemnified for his actual expenditures. In such cases he sometimes absconds in debt to his labourers, who are thus rendered desperate by being bereft of an income.

These abscondings are said, in some cases, not to arise from lowness of price, but from sinister intentions. Contracts are sometimes made by persons not intending to complete the work, and who abscond with the wages of their labourers. It is to be hoped that this practice is rare.

I now consider the extraordinary and incredible sacrifices made by the labourers in the shape of remittances to loved ones in Ireland. Most such remittances are made by persons in needy circumstances and depending upon

(continued...)

19th Century Irish immigrant experience — (...cont'd)

scanty wages. Cases have fallen under my observation, of Irish female domestics, earning a dollar and a quarter per week, yet saving enough to pay the passages of brothers and sisters, one after another, in succession.

Of the sums remitted to Ireland through several houses, to parents, children, husbands, wives, and other relations, in 1835 and 1836, I have calculated a total of \$596,220. This large sum has been remitted thro' six houses; and there are probably a dozen others in different parts of the United States, some of them doing an equal amount of this business. Assuming only one-third as much for all the others, it amounts to the enormous sum of \$800,000 in two years, remitted by poor people, in sums varying from three dollars to 50 or 100, and in some few cases to 150.

Let us here pause for a moment to reflect on this glorious display of the sweetest and most ennobling of the charities of life. Let us ask, if a nation, the poorer and least-cultivated classes of which make such a highly honourable exhibit of some of the most exalted virtues of our nature, be not entitled to the esteem and respect of the fair and candid of every description? And will not those who have lavished vituperation on the Irish generally, blush crimson red for this vituperation, when, laying aside their prejudices, they duly appreciate this exalted feature of the Irish character?

How immeasurably are these considerations enhanced, when we reflect on the oppressions, the degradations and the prostration of industry, under which this people has writhed for centuries, and which might have been supposed likely to stifle in their bosoms the germs of the social virtues? Can any Irishman, not destitute of feeling for the honour of his country, ponder on these statements without a laudable pride?

I am assured by gentlemen who have taken no small pains to investigate the subject, that a very considerable portion of the deposits in the saving fund institutions in our cities, probably one-half or two-thirds, belong to poor labouring Irishmen who are often stigmatized as reckless and improvident. I have tried to ascertain the facts of this matter but have been unable to procure the

data.

There is another point in which the Irish character may be shown to their credit. One of our most eminent physicians, who for sixteen or seventeen years had the superintendence of the syphilitic wards in the almshouse declares that during that long period, he had not met with more than eight Irish females in that department! This honourable characteristic was brought from their own country, as may be seen in the Report of the Commissioners of Investigation, appointed by the Melbourne Administration to investigate the situation of the poorer classes in Ireland.

Irish immigrants may be examined from various other points of view, of which I will mention only one. Among the thousands and tens of thousands of Irishmen who reach our shores, a great proportion labour on turn-pikes, canals, &c. Of the others—probably not five per cent, of the whole—some are dissipated. These are constantly in the public eye and draw attention from the myriads who prosper from their labour in the advancement of our nation; labours which few Americans will undertake. Thousands and tens of thousands also cultivate the soil, and thus in equal measure advance public prosperity. The merits of these are overlooked, while prejudice, with jaundiced eye, applies the microscope to the follies and vices of the ill-fated few who become victims of their sociable dispositions and the facility with which liquid poison is to be procured here.

There ought to be an association to protect immigrants of all nations from the horrible frauds and seductions to which they are exposed, and to which so many of them fall victims. As this is an affair which more immediately concerns the Irish than any other nation—the Irish immigrants being probably equal to all the rest in number—they ought to take the lead in it; but as it regards the morals and happiness of immigrants of all nations, the natives of other countries ought to combine in the undertaking.

It would be a useful portion of the business of such associations to publish an address to persons disposed to immigrate into this country from Europe, pointing out the real inducements the country holds out—and the extreme disadvantage offered by others, so as to disabuse them of the fraudulent *el dorado* expectations excited by the pompous and deceptive advertisements of the agents of the passenger vessels. This would be a signal act of charity to hundreds, who are annually seduced to dispose of the little property whereon they live, and might continue to live, in tolerable comfort, and who, when they arrive in this country, find themselves unexpectedly reduced to penury and distress.

Yours, very respectfully,

M. CAREY
Philadelphia, August 20, 1838



My Munroe family history

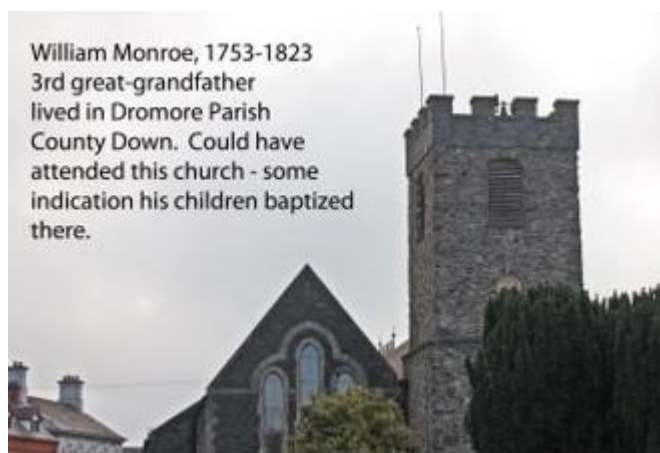
by Robert Munroe

About 20 years ago, a grandchild asked me about my grandparents for a school genealogy project. It was a little embarrassing as my family had split up when I was 10 and my sisters were 8 and 6. We children were sent to different family members and I went to my maternal grandparents. Unfortunately, as often happens in such situations, the grandparents on each side cut off communication and we grew up without knowing very much about our heritage. So, with my grandchild's question in my mind I started exploring and here is some of what I have learned about the Munroes.

According to census records, my family members who emigrated to New Brunswick arrived about 1838.

My 3X great grandfather was William Munroe, born in 1752 in Ireland – probably in County Down. His son, John Munroe, was born June 30, 1800 in Dromore Parish, County Down.

John's son, David Harvey Munroe, my great-grandfather, was a first-generation Canadian, born June 05, 1850 in Dutch Valley, Kings County, New Brunswick. Carrying on his father's name, my grandfather, David Harvey Munroe, was born 07 September 1889 in Waterford, Kings County, New Brunswick.



4 Generations of Munroes—taken at Nashua, NH, summer 1936

Seated: Robert Allen Munroe (me) held by my father, James Clayton Munroe who is seated next to my great-grandfather, David Munroe.

Standing: My grandfather, David Harvey Munroe



Church Baptism Record

Name:	John Monroe	Date of Birth:	30-Jun-1800
Address:	Dromore	Date of Baptism:	06-Jul-1800
Gender:		Parish/District:	Dromore
		County:	Co. Down
		Denomination:	Church Of Ireland
Father:	William Monroe	Mother:	Elizabeth Lilburne
Occupation:			
Sponsor 1 / Informant 1:		Sponsor 2 / Informant 2:	
Notes:			

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www.rootsireland.ie

My father, James Clayton Munroe, was born on July 30, 1915, in Hillsborough County, New Hampshire, USA. He was a tool and die maker by trade and worked for many years at the government arsenal in Watertown, Massachusetts in a management position. Unfortunately, he was an alcoholic who could be irrational when drinking which no doubt contributed to the split up of the family.

My father re-married and had two daughters by that marriage so I am the only male of this direct Munroe line having 2 sisters, 2 half-sisters, and 4 step-sisters. From my marriage to my first wife I have two sons and a daughter and only my oldest son has Munroe males (two). So the question of Munroe descendants from this branch of Munroes will depend on my two grandsons born to my oldest son.

My father's brother, Clarence, was born on July 23, 1923, and his sister Bernice was born on June 11, 1928.

Until I started doing research on my family, I assumed my father, uncle, and aunt were all deceased. Much to my pleasant surprise I found my Aunt Bernice alive and living in Nashua, New Hampshire. I travelled there from Texas and

(continued...)

My Munroe family history (continued)

we had a wonderful reunion. She exclaimed, "I always wondered what happened to you children." Such was the isolation between the Munroe's and Smiths (my mother's family) even though they lived in the same city. Aunt Bernice had not remembered that my youngest sister Ruthann lived with her and her parents for a short time and it was only after a phone call with my sister and a discussion of events did Aunt Bernice believe it. She attributed her memory shortfall to being a teenager and in love with her future husband. Aunt Bernice and I kept in touch in person and by phone until her passing on June 28, 2019, and her sons Wayne and Scott keep in touch. Aunt Bernice gave me several old pictures that I have on my family tree on [ancestry.com](https://www.ancestry.com). She never knew her father's name on his New Brunswick birth certificate was David Harvey Munroe and she only knew him as Harvey. I believe this was done because her grandfather was David Munroe born in New Brunswick. It was a common thing for families with father and son having the same first name to call the son by his middle name or a nickname like junior or "the younger" as many of us have seen in our research.

When I met my Aunt Bernice she helped with information on my Uncle Clarence's family as both my uncle and his wife were deceased. I found that they had sons named David and William who were deceased and a daughter Melanie who was living. My youngest son (adopted) is named David William and we never knew he had cousins named with those names. I have met Melanie who is a wonderful woman the same age as my oldest son. She has fought bone cancer for a number of years and is so brave and an inspiration. None of my Uncle Clarence's children have Munroe survivors.

As an indirect connection to New Brunswick and Ireland, my mother re-married to John Franklin Blaney from Baileyville, Maine. His father, John Lindsay Blaney, was from Little Ridgeton, New Brunswick, Canada. He was the first employee of the Georgia Pacific Paper Company when it was formed. John Lindsay Blaney was a blacksmith and the industry paper announcement called him a master mechanic. My stepfather's father, mother, and two sisters are buried in St. Stephens Rural Cemetery in St. Stephens, New Brunswick. The Blaney's descend from Jared Blaney born in Dullaghan, Tyrone, Ulster, Ireland in 1816 and emigrated to Charlotte County, New Brunswick in 1836.

While doing family research I discovered a third cousin one generation removed who lives in Noonan, New Brunswick. He is James D'arcy Munroe who is a few years younger than my oldest son who also works in Information Technology. James and I have a similar family history which has created a real bond between

us. My wife and I visited James (Jimmy) and he has shown us ancestral cemeteries we would never have found on our own and driven us in his 4-wheel drive truck to what is believed to be the first land the Munroe's lived on. It is a tough land and I can only imagine how hard living was with the short growing seasons and poor land. They must have had to fish and hunt to bring meat to the table. Jimmy discovered the phonetic spelling for the family as Minrow on a land document. I have seen many variations including a cousin born Munroe and changed his spelling to Monroe upon naturalization in the US.

New Brunswick map showing land of John Munroe
Courtesy of James D'arcy Munroe



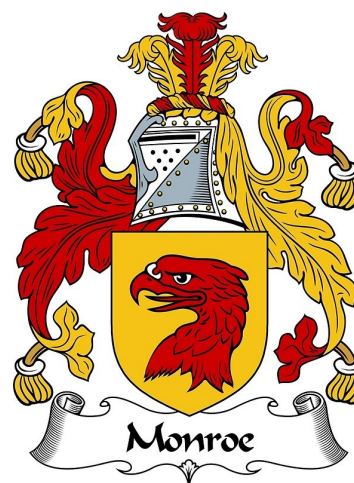
When living at my maternal grandparents I was well cared for and, I think, more fortunate than my sisters, especially Nancy who was 2 years younger than me. My grandfather Smith believed that youngsters should work so I was found a job at a farm in nearby Hudson (across the river from Nashua, New Hampshire) at age 10 and I worked summers there, mowed lawns, shoveled snow, and delivered papers as many youngsters have done. Evidently, I did well academically and won a scholarship for 4 years at the Lowell Technological Institute (now UMass-Lowell) in Lowell, Massachusetts. After graduation I worked at Raytheon and won 1 year of graduate work at Harvard in Engineering Physics. I joined the Federal Systems Division of IBM in 1961 and retired in 1991 to start work for Motorola and retired from them in 2001. While at IBM I worked on the first US satellite telescope for the Orbiting Astronomic Observatory, the Gemini onboard

(continued...)

My Munroe family history (continued)

guidance computer, the Saturn V guidance computer and various Defense Department projects and personal computers. While at Motorola I worked on electronic packaging for automotive and mobile phone applications. After my final retirement I did some consulting but have concentrated on volunteering for the Habitat for Humanity and mentoring elementary grade children who live in impoverished areas.

RIGHT: *The Munroe family crest—a red eagle's head on a gold background. Although today the Munroe name is often attributed to Scotland, Some records show it originated in Ireland in the 11th century before a sept migrated to the Scottish Highlands.*



Some may find it of interest to examine the documentation I have collected and placed on my family tree on [ancestry.com](https://www.ancestry.com/family-tree/tree/53309668/family?cfpid=13488370940&fpid=27582256144). <https://www.ancestry.com/family-tree/tree/53309668/family?cfpid=13488370940&fpid=27582256144>

If I can be of help to someone tracing Munroe ancestors and relatives, I would be glad to help the best I can. You can contact me at munroe.bob@sbcglobal.net



Irish River Dam, St. Martin's NB

Learning from history

by Marilyn Driscoll

Public refusal to listen to medical advice, commercial concerns considered before public health concerns, inaction of government and other authoritative bodies – one thing is certain: the more things change, the more they remain the same. And through it all, all signs point to a common theme as best described by George Santayana when he said: “Those who do not remember the past are doomed to repeat it”.

The following account of the cholera epidemic of 1854 illustrates how little was learned from the epidemic just 20 years before. In the words of the late Maya Angelou, “When we know better, we do better.” Let’s all work together, listen to the experts, and strive to set a better example for future generations.

Saint John, New Brunswick, 1854

The City of Saint John, early in 1854, was twenty years on from the 1834 outbreak of cholera in the city. That year, 1834, saw the death of fifty people from the disease but, once it had run its course, little more thought was given, even though the actual cause of the disease was still uncertain and intermittent attacks had taken place off and on in Britain and the colonies during the intervening years. Little had changed in the city itself except that it had become more crowded and dirtier than ever, especially considering the large influx of poor and destitute to land on its shores during the years of Ireland’s Great Hunger, from 1845 to 1850.

When rumours began circulating in the Canadas about another such epidemic that had begun the year before in Europe and was currently running rampant back “home” in Britain, few people were really concerned about it. You could hardly blame them for their complacency at the time since many medical practitioners were convinced that the disease was not actually contagious but that it was contracted through the behaviours of those who brought it on themselves with improper diet, heavy consumption of alcohol or by lowering their defenses through unreasonably high levels of fear. Therefore, they argued, it was entirely reasonable that those most heavily affected were the poor, the intemperate and those who took part in other such “immoral” activities.

Back in England, Dr. John Snow had used a method of tracking the victims of the outbreak in a specific area of London, that allowed him to connect it to the water supply of a particular public water pump proving that cholera was indeed contagious and that water fouled with the waste of cholera patients provided the source for rapid spread of the disease. While his report did convince some other doctors and civic administrators, many more held steadfast in their belief that cholera was not actually contagious.

With these conflicting theories about the cholera epidemic in Europe, as a report in the *Morning News* in July of 1854 stated, the citizens of Saint John truly believed

that the very geography of Saint John would stop the disease from reaching them. Because of their location on the Bay of Fundy, it was the opinion of many that the sea fog and ocean breezes were sufficient to clear the air and that the extremely high tides would cause the atmosphere to circulate “*in and around, twice in twenty-four hours, to the height of twenty-five to thirty feet...*” effectively guaranteeing that Saint John would not have to endure the experience unfolding in Europe.



The City of Saint John, 1853

Then came the perfect storm of circumstances.

In April of 1854, a ship from Liverpool, England, the *Blanche*, arrived in the port of Saint John. Included in the passenger list was a number of German immigrants who, according to reports, had arrived in a filthy state. There had been some deaths during the trans-Atlantic voyage so the ship was required to let its passengers off on Partridge Island and to practise regular quarantine procedures until it was determined they were clean and healthy enough to come ashore. It is not known exactly how long it was before passengers began to enter the city itself but, by May 6th, a report showed that only 60 remained on the island and that 277 passengers had been let ashore between the time of arrival and the May 6th report.

(continued...)

Learning from history (...continued)

Many of these passengers took lodging in the poorer parts of town, already extremely crowded with Irish immigrants and others in depressed circumstances. As reported on the 9th of September 1854 in the Miramichi newspaper, *The Gleaner*, streets such as St. Patrick Street, Brussels Street, Pond Street, North Street and Drury Lane were notoriously dirty and crowded with packed tenements set between slaughterhouses and tanneries. The first death ascribed to cholera took place on June 23rd. By early July, the numbers began to spiral as the disease raged through the city and surrounding areas. While a great thunderstorm that took place on July 30th seemed to help clear the air, it probably also increased the rate of progression of the disease as increased run off from already polluted sources entered the city's surface water supplies. In the same report of *The Gleaner* on September 9th, it states that, spreading from the lodgings of the passengers from the *Blanche*, through York Point and Mill Pond, the first cases in the Portland area were identified in the first week of July and increased rapidly there until the first week of August. It also reported that, in late July, cases were identified northwest of Portland in the community known then as Indian Town. By mid-August, cases were showing up in the African-Canadian community at Loch Lomond where it was reported that residents there burned down the houses of the victims along with all of their possessions. This may have seemed to be an excessive response but, given that no one could agree on how the disease was being spread, at least it was a response.

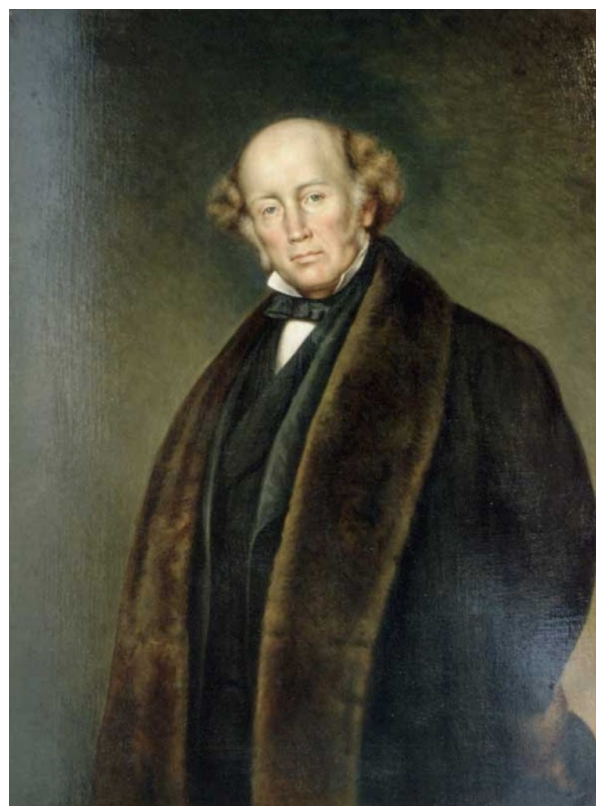
The incidence of disease began to decline in late August and the last deaths were recorded on the 12th of September. But what had been the circumstances that would see a provincial government, a city government and the Board of Health for the city fail to bring the epidemic under control?

Board of Health

Before the epidemic ever hit the shores of Saint John, the city had established a six-member Board of Health. However, that was disbanded and replaced, on the 17th of May 1854 – one month after the arrival of the *Blanche* but also one month before the first case of cholera was identified in the city. The new Board was comprised of twenty newly commissioned members, a number so unwieldy that it was difficult to raise a quorum resulting in few meetings of the Board being held. They did begin discussing plans to build a cholera hospital when they heard about the cases aboard the *Blanche* but, in typical NIMBY fashion (Not In My Back Yard), any neighbourhood recommended for the new hospital immediately put up such opposition that it wasn't until August 11th, as cases were beginning to

decrease, that the Board did manage to open a hospital in a barn at Fort Howe to serve only those people who didn't have a home in the city.

The Board was also very slow to issue reports on the daily number of cases in the city. The Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick at the time, Sir Edmund Walker Head, urged caution in informing the public, lest widespread publicity cause panic, thereby increasing the fear that was believed by some to be one factor in contracting the disease. However, in the absence of any information being provided by the Board of Health, rumours ran rampant throughout the city and beyond, fueling the very fear they were trying to avoid.



Sir Edmund Walker Head
Lt. Governor of N.B. 1848—1854
The Engineering building of the
University of New Brunswick, Fredericton
is named after Sir Edmund Head

The Board had issued, at the end of July, a set of precautions that they had received from the General Board of Health in England. These were presented in a handbill to be distributed but the editor of the *Morning News* reported on the 16th of August 1854, that he only learned about it when it was printed in a Fredericton newspaper. He doubted if one person in a thousand had seen it in Saint John.

(continued...)

Learning from history (...continued)



Indiantown c. 1857

Doctors were hired to give advice to the poor and make house-to-house visitations however, eye witnesses reported that some would stand in the middle of the street and hand medications into the house at the end of a stick then use a horn to shout out their instructions. At least they did spend money on providing medicine to the poor.

The City's Response

While the City of Saint John did make some money available to the Board of Health to help with the crisis, it was very slow to act on actions requested of them by the

Board. One of the big issues was the clean up of the city.

The local papers were filled with complaints of filthy streets, the stench arising from Mill Pond, and landlords and businessmen who did nothing to improve the incredibly fetid state of alleys, commercial enterprises and lodging homes under their ownership. One particularly contentious area of concern was the large number of slaughterhouses operating within the city. The council recommended that the private slaughterhouses be closed and that a single public one be built outside the city. The uncertainty of the legal power of the council to force butchers to use a public slaughterhouse, and the high cost estimated to build one, resulted in no action being taken at all despite the obvious health hazards that were widely recognized.

However, even in cases where there was no legal ambiguity, the council failed to act. Regardless of constant complaints from private citizens and prisoners alike about the "pestilential vapours" emanating from the city's Dead House located in the centre of the city, near the jail, and the Lieutenant Governor's recommendation that action be taken, the council neither closed it down nor moved it. They did, however, increase the labour available for street cleaning.

(continued...)



View of Courtney Bay, East Saint John, G.T. Taylor, circa 1860, Provincial Archives of New Brunswick.

Learning from history (...continued)

One truly great contributor to the rapid spread of cholera was the failure to ensure an adequate supply of clean water to all residents of the city prior to the time the disease entered their community. In his essay: *"Reminiscences of Saint John 1849-1860"*, (1919), Rev. J.W. Milledge wrote that the water supply was erratic and inadequate, and the privately owned St. John Water Co. did not serve the poor. Many residents bought their water from itinerant vendors and did their washing with rainwater caught in cisterns. Most of the poor relied on water from shallow surface wells which were easily contaminated by washings from the Old Burial Ground and, according to a letter to the Morning News on the 16th of March 1855, the *"filthy washings of houses...the urine of inhabitants and animals (about five million gallons a year), dissolved manure of man and beast."* Following the epidemic, on the recommendation of three commissioners appointed by the provincial government, a permanent commission for water and sewage in the city was appointed by Saint John's Common Council.

The commission bought out the St John Water Co. and began the process of connecting all parts of the city to a regular water supply for domestic purposes as well as for a fire precaution. The 1857 report of the Sewerage and Water Commissioners for the City of Saint John stated that they had repaired reservoirs, searched for new ones, laid mains in the city and, within a year, had brought water to parts of town never before served.

The next hurdle the commission tackled was the development of an extensive system of drains and sewers. They received opposition to their recommended plans from several directions. First, the Common Council rejected the first plan as being too large and expensive and would require an increase in taxation. Property owners who had actually spent money to drain sewage and clean up their own property during the epidemic resented being taxed for what they felt were extravagant schemes meant to clean up after those who had thus far avoided their obligations. Some still refused to believe the connection between bad water and sewerage and cholera so couldn't see the need for anything but the minimum sewerage requirements. Therefore, while improvements were made, the city remained dirty.

The Board of Health continued to push for a clean city but ran into opposition at every level of society. They appointed health inspectors to travel the city and levy heavy fines on people who kept dirty properties, dumped

filth and nightsoil, or kept pigs on their property. The Board of Health Minutes from 8th of March 1866 acknowledged that *"The poor had few alternatives to living the way that they did, and they resented and defied the inspectors. They were successful, for twelve years later the Board of Health was still ordering pigs out of the city."*

Private citizens at all levels defied the Board and the Common Council insisted they had the sole responsibility to operate a permanent scheme of cleaning the city.

After many years of hard work Saint John was eventually successful in minimizing opposition and completing a water and sewerage system to serve all of its constituents. In his essay, *"The Cholera Epidemic in Saint John, N.B., 1854"*, *Acadiensis* 4, No. 1, (1974): 85-99, Geoffrey Bilson provides the following comment:

"It is striking that Saint John seems to have recovered from the epidemic so quickly. At least one in thirty of the population had died, business had come to a halt for a short time, and a heavy cost in money and suffering had been exacted."

Bilson goes on to say that, once the epidemic ran its course in the early fall, *"Business quickly recovered and was better in 1854 than in 1853."*

Although the true number may never be known, estimates are that, in its short three month run, the 1854 epidemic saw the death of between 1,000 and 1,500 of Saint John's population of 30,000 at the time. It left a city in mourning but became the catalyst for dramatic improvements in the daily lives of all of Saint John's citizens, regardless of social or economic stature.



Bathurst Chapter Report

The Bathurst Chapter, like everyone else, has been pretty much shut down due to Covid-19. Our Corn Boil, which was to be hosted in Pokeshaw this year, was cancelled, as is our Christmas party scheduled for the end of Nov.

Next year's activities will probably have to be cancelled as well to help keep everyone safe.

We did conduct one fund raiser this year and that was the sale of Irish licence plates with the ICCA logo on them. Sales exceeded 50 with still more people interested. A picture of the plate on my van is shown below.



The winner of this year's Bathurst Chapter bursary of \$600.00 was Sinead Riordon, daughter of John and Shirley Riordon of Pokeshaw. Sinead will receive a cheque in January. Congratulations to Sinead!

Again I would like to thank all those people who donated their St. Patrick's supper tickets to the Chapter. This is a big help for our High School bursary.

I heard through the grapevine that Millie McLaughlin, (a founding member), celebrated her 96th birthday in September, so a great big belated Happy Birthday Millie. We all love you.



On a sad note we had three of our members leave us this past year. They are: Joseph Whelton, Winnie Gallant, and Larry Lennon. May they rest in peace.

Flag Raising Ceremony Pokeshaw Park



On the first day of summer a neighborly gathering was held at the Pokeshaw Park and the Irish flag was raised to the delight of those present. Among those in attendance was the guest of honor, 98-year-old Regina Whelton. She is the oldest resident of these communities.

The Irish Flag was unfurled and raised at a prominent location in the Park to honor those who had come to this area from Ireland to seek a new life and who had contributed much to the region.

Kevin Whelton, the president of the Pokeshaw & Black Rock Recreation Council which operates the Park, extended a warm welcome to those in attendance. He told of the strength, perseverance, and dedication of those who had immigrated to this area from Ireland. He compared their struggles to the desperation that some are now encountering with the COVID-19 situation.

(continued...)



Riordon & Arseneault

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Martine Larocque

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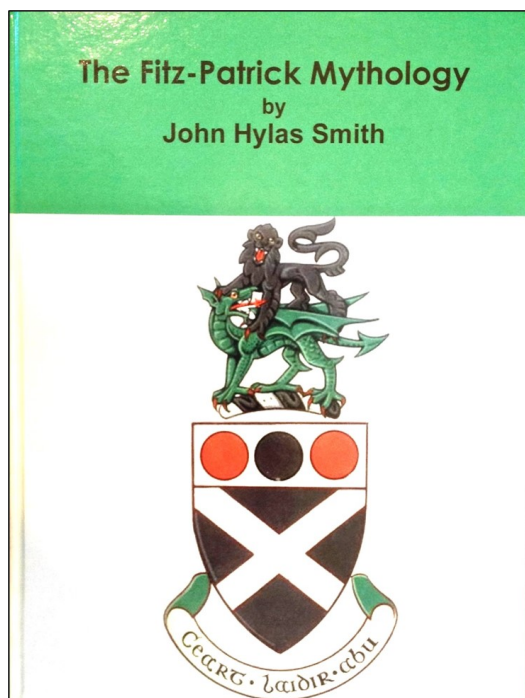
REMINDER

“In the Spirit of Father Browne” Amateur Photo contest is still underway!

The first winners ever of this ICCANB contest were announced during Celtic Awareness Week 2020. The winning photos can be found on the contest page on our website at:

<https://www.newirelandnb.ca/contests/>

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You will also find details at that address
of the 2021 contest.

The eligibility for the 2021 “In the Spirit of Father Browne” photo contest began as soon as the 2020 contest ended, and will run until March.

Deadline for entries for the 2021 contest is March 17, 2021 with the winners to be announced during Celtic Awareness Week, 25 April—01 May 2021.

If ever there was a year where we can capture the extraordinary in the ordinary, this would be it!
Good luck!



A Song for Partridge Island

In July of 2019, Danny Dineen, President of the Saint John Chapter of the ICCANB, his wife Donna, his niece Shaun and her husband Joe, went on a family trip to Ireland. Danny wasn't really interested in the standard tour. Instead he wanted to see places from songs he had listened to about Ireland. When they got to Dublin, they had to walk across the Ha'penny Bridge.

Memories from the song "BOOLAVOGUE," took them to Vinegar Hill, and then down to what was once Queens-town (now Cobh), where THE TITANIC made its last stop before leaving Ireland. Back in Dublin, the song "GRACE" took them to the GPO and KILMAINHAM JAIL, and they also made a visit to the grave of Kevin Barry. Later during the trip, in Cork city they met with a Dineen family and were invited to their house. The only family member who wasn't there was their son, also named "Danny." He was away at the time playing music. When the Dineen family got back home from their trip, Danny Dineen, from Saint John, e-mailed Danny Dineen in Cork. They started to correspond and Danny, in Saint John, sent a lot of information about Partridge Island, and asked Danny, in Cork, if he would write a song for Partridge Island. Here it is:

The Ballad of James Collins

(by Danny Dineen, Cork, 16/08/20)

I was born in Cork, in 1824,
An upright and proud Irishman

But poverty and strife, drove me away from that life,
And at the age of 13 years, I fled.

Far across that deep green blue, to a promised land so
fair and true,
In Saint John I planted my roots.

Oh, Canada's own Emerald isle,
gave me a wife and a child
And I doctor I did train to be.

But 18 and 47
brought a wave of typhus to heaven,
Alongside 15,000 starved Irish souls.

Those quarantined upon that land,
were slowly claimed by Glooscap's hand,
As they melted like sandcastles in the rain.

All across the Bay of Fundy,
their cries rang out in agony,
Till last I could take it no more.

And just like that overnight,
I left my wife, my child, my life,
To sing songs of comfort on the Isle of the damned.

Within the month auld Glooscap knew,
I'd be cut out the old god made new,
And a lead coffin brought me home.

With Famine to the east,
and typhus to the west
In mass graves we buried our dead.

McArthurs Cross stands where they lay,
now that land is haunted so they say,
And some would rather forget.

Now listen to me beyond the grave,
lest ye forget those heroes brave,
The Harding brothers, among many more.

For when times get tough
strong men stand up,
and lay down their lives for the ones they love,

Just as we did on Partridge Island

Just as we did on Partridge Island



Danny Dineen is a Cork-based singer/songwriter with a passion for all things musical. Currently studying a Masters of Music Therapy at the University of Limerick, he tries to reflect this in both the experiential and lyrical aspects of his song writing. With over 10 years experience as a cover artist, both at home and abroad, he brings a unique, time-honed presence to the stage.



Irish Canadian Association of New Brunswick launching their own YouTube channel

While the heavy restrictions placed upon us by the covid-19 outbreak have provided many challenges to heritage and other not-for-profit organizations, they have also encouraged us to come up with new ideas in order to continue to provide services and reach our membership and the general public.

With no heritage fairs, school visits, or other such occasions that allow us to provide educational, cultural and Irish entertainment events, we have turned to the one avenue opened to us...the internet!

By setting up our own YouTube channel, the Association will be able to reach a wider audience than ever before.

Also, the channel can be used by individual Chapters to provide programming when they wish or all Chapters can coordinate at a provincial level for joint activities.

Although we are brand new at this and will probably need a learning period to get it completely correct, we are excited about the possibilities for the future: lectures, instructional videos, demonstrations, interviews...the list is limited only by our imaginations (and our energy levels!).

In that spirit, the 2020 Capital Area Chapter's annual Tellabration! Storytelling event will be presented online and they will be joined by the Saint John and Bathurst Chapters. Please join us for an evening of traditional Irish entertainment (details below).

Tellabration!™ 2020

For the 15th year, the Irish Canadian Cultural Association of New Brunswick (ICCANB) will participate in the worldwide storytelling event that was first envisioned by a member of the National Storytelling Network of the USA. Since its first event in 1987, this annual evening of storytelling for adults, has expanded over the years and around the globe. From a single event held each year, on the Saturday before the American Thanksgiving, it now includes a month-long array of events that build appreciation and advocacy for the art form of storytelling, so important to every culture and ethnicity.

Our 2020 event is pleased to present 3 excellent storytellers: Helena Hook representing Saint John, Keven Mann representing Bathurst and Siobhán Ní Dhufaidh, this year's "Visiting Irish Scholar" assigned to St. Thomas University's Irish Studies Program who, though representing the Capital Area Chapter will be joining us

from her location in Ireland due to covid-19 travel restrictions.

Tellabration! 2020 will go live on the ICCANB YouTube channel on Saturday, 28 November 2020.

Once determined, the exact time of the launch will be announced on our website events calendar, on the IC-CANB Facebook pages for the Capital Area, Saint John and Moncton Chapters, and will be emailed by Chapters to all members who have provided their email addresses.

You will be able to watch the program on your own, or you could bring your small "bubble" together to watch it jointly.

At the end of the program, please "like" it, share it with your friends, and subscribe to the channel so, when new programs are produced you will be notified.

We hope you will join us for our inaugural online event!

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Membership dues for 2021 are due on December, 31, 2020. Unfortunately, with so many other challenges this year, there are still a significant number of members who have forgotten to pay their 2020 membership fees. With our opportunities for fundraising activities severely restricted, the coffers of your Irish Association have become extremely low.

If you are able, please take this opportunity to pay your 2021 dues early, and perhaps encourage your friends and family to join as well! You can even pay in advance for future years if you would like to. With 3 ways to pay our dues, (see page 4 if you are unsure), we hope to make it as easy as possible to bring everyone up to date and to secure the funds we need to continue offering our services, such as this informative and entertaining newsmagazine as well as operate our website, provide bursaries to deserving students, and develop and distribute educational materials.

We need your help now! Thank you for your support!!

Leonard Flynn - Making Canada home

By Jennifer Marquis

This is a follow up to my story called "From Dublin with love" in the June 2020 edition. In that article, I told about the lifelong friendship between my Mother and her pen pal from Dublin, Clare (Flynn) Kelly. Leonard Flynn is a member of our Moncton Chapter, and is Clare's younger brother. I met Leonard and his daughter Nora at the Provincial meeting in the spring.

Childhood in Dublin



Anthony Leonard Flynn was born in 1931 in Phibsborough, Dublin City, the son of Joseph Flynn and ?? and sibling to Paul, Peter, Ann, Francis, Mary, and Clare. The Flynn family always lived in North Dublin.

Joseph Flynn was quite an accomplished fiddler and had a keen ear for music. Leonard accompanied him on

the mouth organ. As is still custom today in Ireland, music played an important role in the family's day to day life.

Leonard recalls that in school, they had to learn the major rivers, mountains, and major cities in Europe, however, he noted that they didn't learn much about England, and "were lucky to be able to name the Thames." They also had singing lessons and sang many Irish songs in school. Leonard was in a class with 41 students, grouped into two levels. It was Gaelic fluency which divided the students into groups. The A group studied all subject in Gaelic, and the B group studied all subjects in English. Leonard was in the B group.

When asked about the Second World War, Leonard shared some amazing memories. The only citizens who had vehicles were lawyers, doctors, and government officials. Ordinary citizens travelled by bicycle, or the famers had ponies and trap. which both could be dangerous. He recalls that several family members were hit by cars while on bicycle, but luckily suffered nothing more than broken bones. There were horse drawn commercial vehicles everywhere, and he recalls "the old ladies running out into the street to scoop up the horse 'apples' for to put in their garden."

There was gas rationing—they were only allowed gas for cooking between 12-2 and 5-6 pm, and nothing in

between. At times, floating mines could be seen in Dublin Bay, probably having been washed in with the tides, from the minefields in Liverpool, Leonard recalls the traffic was held back while the Irish army sharpshooters blew up mines.

On one particular morning, Leonard vividly recalls a German bomber flying just over head on his way to school. Two English Spitfires were on its tail, and shot the bomber down, when he swerved out into Dublin Bay.

The crew were rescued, and the German Ambassador brought them ashore. No matter whether an ally or a German soldier, anyone landing had to be detained in neutral Ireland. He recalls the Germans and the Allies (who had been shot down) travelling around Dublin in their special buses to go to a diner or dance. He remembers an American Super Flying Fortress circling around Dublin, the anti-aircraft guns shooting at it, to force a landing, and the puffs of black smoke. Hanging in the air. The rules of the Geneva Convention were that if an aircraft had to land for repair, they were permitted to stay 24 hours only.

Although Ireland was neutral in the war, they were not completely out of harms way from bombings. On May 31 1941, the most fatal attack occurred when four German bombs fell on North Dublin in the North Strand area, killing 28 people. The Flynn's home was about 1/3 of a mile away. Leonard, apparently a sound sleeper, says that he slept right through it, but his brother Paul heard the explosions.

Leonard and his family would often visit Howth, the beautiful seaside town in Dublin North. He and his brothers were quite adventurous and would often rent a boat and row out to Ireland's Eye. Peter once fell off a cliff, but luckily survived and had to have surgery on his head. When asked how Peter fell off the cliff, Leonard said they would often collect seagulls' eggs to throw at one another.

After the war, at the age of 18, Leonard decided to drop out of school and went to England to work as a bookkeeper for a short while. He then went back to Dublin and worked for a grocery store, McQuaid Brothers, where he attempted to organize a union, and promptly quit before he was fired! Then he was hired as a stage hand at the Capitol Theater in Dublin. They had to ride up and down on the ropes to raise and lower the curtains—called 'the flies'. He chuckled at the memory of one of the stagehands on the ropes, since he was a very large man with heavy boots. It was wise to keep eyes open at all times for fear of being squashed. Years later, on a family trip from Canada to Ireland, Leonard was able to go back inside the theatre and spend time entertaining the staff there, sharing his experiences from having worked there as a teenager.

(cont'd...)

Leonard Flynn - Making Canada home *(cont'd)*

During the 1950s, jobs were scarce in Dublin. Most were handed out through what was known as the “Father-son” system, meaning if the Father worked for a business, the sons were guaranteed employment. Leonard decided he would like to try his hand in the Dublin Gardai. He had a change of heart, and on the day he was to start his training with the Gardai, he left Ireland for a new life in Canada. That was in 1954. He was 23 years old.

Tickets from Cork to Halifax

He sailed on The Centuria from Cork to Halifax. Leonard still remembers noticing when they were sailing past the South Coast of Ireland, that he had “never seen Ireland look so green. It was truly ‘The Emerald Isle’. It was absolutely beautiful! I didn’t realize that Ireland was so beautiful until that moment.”

The Centuria was an aged vessel, having been used in the Titanic rescue effort, as well as a troop carrier during the war. It eventually sank off anchor in Cork city. His first memory of landing in Canada was the smell of smoked fish. He recalls the immigration officer in Halifax asking for proof that he had the mandatory \$150 cash to be able to enter the country. This was intended for new immigrants to support themselves for two months, if one can imagine!

Life in Canada

After a three-day train ride, Leonard arrived at his destination of Toronto, remarking that the Royal York Hotel was the tallest building he had ever seen. The traffic was overwhelming, compared to Dublin. When asked why he chose Canada over other popular Irish emigration points such as Australia, Leonard admitted that although he had a wealthy Aunt in Australia, he worried it was too far away if he wanted to return to Ireland. Canada, on the other hand, was close, and the photos he had seen of the magnificent landscape of mountains, forests, oceans, lakes and rivers reminded him of Ireland.

Upon the recommendation of the cab driver, Leonard found a clean boarding house the day he arrived in Toronto. He immediately found a warehouse job with Loblaw's. He recalls his landlady being very religious and insisting on prayers before and after every meal. His attic room was incredibly hot, and it was one of the hottest summers on record in Toronto. It was a common sight to see people frying eggs on the manhole covers. He remembers one meal of roast beef, where “the meat was so tough even the dog didn’t want it”, so he went hungry that night.

After two months, Leonard found new boarding with a large family from Newfoundland. “That was genuine. It was almost like living back in Ireland. The fellow with the longest arm ate the best.” The competition for food got to be too much, so Leonard found a new boarding house with a man and his wife. Leonard was working night shifts at the time, and home alone all day with the wife. The husband promptly suggested that Leonard should apply for a job at the trucking company where he also worked. This would put the husband’s mind at ease. :-) This was to be the beginning of his career in the truck driving industry.

Shortly afterwards, he found work with the Toronto Transit Commission, where he drove streetcars and buses for several years. Leonard remarked that in those days, there were no restrictions on the number of passengers, and “they would practically push him off the driver’s seat.” One day the inspector confronted him about a passenger who complained that Leonard closed the door on his arm and his watch fell off. Leonard replied “I couldn’t even see the door, so how the hell was I supposed to know he was there? He also surmised that this gentleman only wanted a new watch.

Leonard met the love of his life, Eileen MacLeod, from Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, in Toronto. His brother Paul, who was also now living in Toronto, had dated Eileen and Leonard was dating Eileen’s sister. Leonard offered to return some earrings to the sisters’ home on behalf of his brother and recalls that “once he got a look of Eileen, he realized he was dating the wrong sister.” They married and had three girls—Carol, Una, and Norah.

Eileen always missed her home, and the family travelled from Toronto to Nova Scotia every summer for vacation, singing Irish tunes together to pass the time. Eventually, in 1971, Leonard was able to transfer to Moncton.

While living in Ontario, Leonard started to build a 26-foot boat, which slept five and had a washroom and kitchen. He completed the project after moving to Moncton. The family spent many years sailing in the area and hold many special memories of that time.

(cont'd...)

Leonard Flynn - Making Canada home (cont'd)



Leonard's class in Dublin



The Flynn family in Dublin City



Boat built by Leonard



Leonard enjoying a pint



Leonard and Eileen



Leonard (back right) during a lifejacket demonstration onboard the Centuria, en route to Halifax in 1954



Leonard's parents



The Keleher brothers of West Saint John

Credit to Harold Wright and Bernard Cormier, creators of the 2020 "We Will Remember Them" Project.

My maternal Grandmother was Mary Philomene Keleher, whose parents Timothy Keleher and Ellen O'Brien came from West Cork to settle in West Saint John. Michael Keleher, the Father of these brothers, was a cousin to my Great Grandfather Timothy. (Jennifer Marquis)

The Keleher Family, Canadian Army, Royal Canadian Air Force and Royal Canadian Navy Volunteer Reserve: Five brothers of this lower West Side family served during the war.

Sergeant James E. Keleher, Silver Star, 1st Special Service Brigade: Jim was from west Saint John and known to his friends as Jake. He enlisted in the Royal Canadian Artillery in 1942 and in 1943 he volunteered for the 1st Special Service Force, popularly known as the Devil's Brigade.

This unit trained in Helena, Montana before heading overseas in 1943. The unit's first battle was against the Germans at the Battle of Monte la Defensa. Jake was serving with the 3rd Company, 1st Regiment and in December 1943 he was awarded the Silver Star from American Lieutenant General Mark W. Clark, Commander of the 5th Army. The Silver Star is the United States' third-highest decoration for valour in combat. Jake's award was for "gallant and distinguished conduct in battle." Jake was one of twenty-one Saint John members of this unit.

After the war he worked as a Stationary Engineer for the Federal Government in Ottawa. Jake died at the Veterans Wing of the Campbelltown Hospital in 2003.

Sergeant Thomas J. was with the RCAF in England. Tom worked for Kraft General Foods in Halifax after the war. He died in 1992.

Pilot Officer Richard J., RCAF, served in India. After the war he worked as a lineman for Bell Canada in Montreal. He stayed in the RCAF Reserve. Richard died in 1954.

Gunner Paul, Royal Canadian Artillery, was stationed in Nova Scotia. He died in 1989. Ordinary Seaman Michael

J. served with the RCNVR and was discharged before the end of the war. Michael died in 1969.

The 2020 "We Will Remember Them" Project marks the 75th anniversary of the end of the Second World War, and the 100-day count down leading to Remembrance Day on 11 November. This year's project recognizes 100+ Saint John area veterans who served during that war.



Sergeant James Keleher

Military Service Recognition Book

Since 2003, New Brunswick Command has been producing an annual Military Service Recognition Book.



These books contain photos and write-ups of military personnel from New Brunswick (active and retired, living or deceased), recognizing their military service to our country. Here is the link to the submission form:

<https://nb.legion.ca/veterans/military-service-recognition-book/>



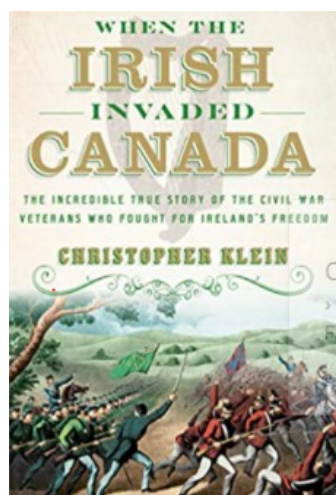
CONCERTED WAR EFFORT—Four sons of Locomotive Engineer Michael J. Keleher are serving in the active armed forces, while a fifth has been honorably discharged from the Navy because of ill health. Shown above, left to right, Sgt. James E. Keleher, 23, 1st Canadian-American Special Service Force; Sgt. Thomas J. Keleher, 25, R.C.A.F., drill instructor, stationed in England; Engineer M. J. Keleher, P.O. Richard J. Keleher, 32, R.C.A.F., stationed in India; Gnr. Paul Keleher,

20, R.C.A., stationed in Nova Scotia; QM. Michael J. Keleher, 30, honorably discharged from R.C.N.V.R.

Sgt. James E. Keleher was recently decorated by Lt.-Gen. Mark W. Clark, Fifth Army Commander, for gallantry in action on the Italian front.

Engineer Keleher joined the company in 1902 as truckman at West Saint John, N.B., and became an engineer in November, 1911.

From the Book Shelf



When the Irish Invaded Canada

by Christopher Klein

ISBN: 978-038554269

Hardcover—384 pages

The incredible true story of the Civil War veterans who fought for Ireland's freedom.

Just over a year after Robert E. Lee relinquished his sword, a band of Union and Confederate veterans dusted off their guns. But these former foes had no intention of reigniting the Civil War. Instead, they fought side by side to undertake one of the most fantastical missions in military history: to seize the British province of Canada and to hold it hostage until the independence of Ireland was secured. *When the Irish Invaded Canada* is the untold tale of a band of fiercely patriotic Irish Americans and their chapter in Ireland's centuries-long fight for independence. Inspiring, lively, and often undeniably comic, this is a story of fighting for what's right in the face of impossible odds.

The Graves are Walking

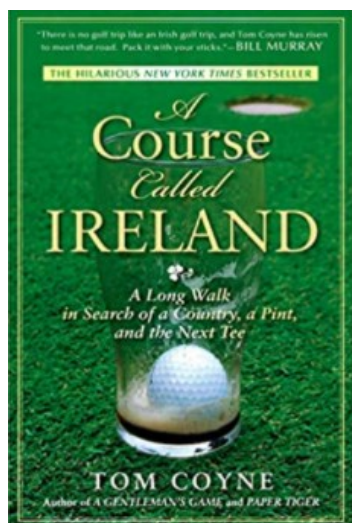
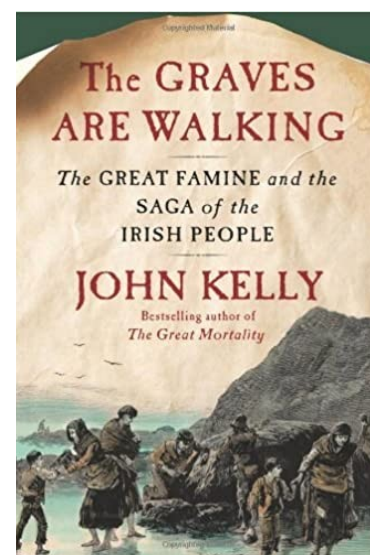
by John Kelly

ISBN-13: 978-1250032171

Paperback—416 pages

The Great Famine and the saga of the Irish people

In this masterful, comprehensive account of the Irish Potato Famine, delivered with novelistic flair, Kelly gives us not only the startling facts of this disaster—one of the worst to strike mankind, killing twice as many lives as the American Civil War—but examines the intersection of political greed, bacterial infection, religious intolerance, and racism that made it possible. Kelly brings new material to his analysis of relevant political factors during the years leading up to the famine, and the extent to which Britain's nation-building policies exacerbated the mounting crisis. Despite the shocking, infuriating implications of his findings, *The Graves Are Walking* is ultimately a story of triumph—of one people's ability to remake themselves in a new land in the face of the unthinkable.



A Course Called Ireland: A long walk in search of a country, a pint and the next tee

by Tom Coyne

ISBN-13: 978-1592405202

Paperback—320 pages

By turns hilarious and poetic, *A Course Called Ireland*, a magnificent tour of a vibrant land and a tribute to the world's greatest game, is the story of a walking-averse golfer who treks his way around an entire country, spending sixteen weeks playing every seaside hole in Ireland. Along the way, he searches out his family's roots, discovers that a once-poor country has been transformed by an economic boom, and finds that the only thing tougher to escape than Irish sand traps are Irish pubs.

From the Book Shelf

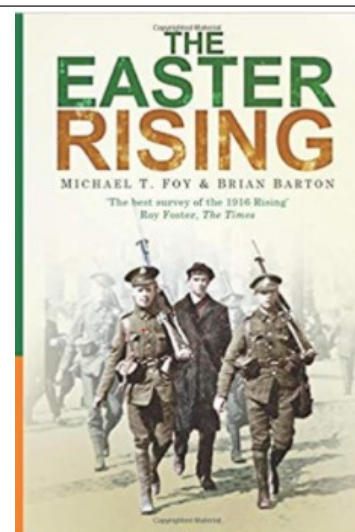
The Easter Rising

by Michael T. Foy & Brian Barton

ISBN-13: 978-0752457031

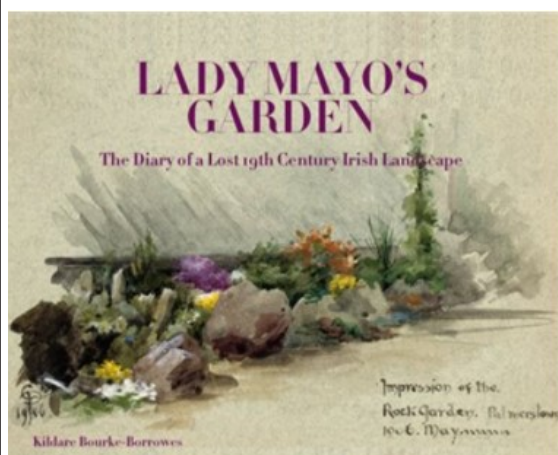
Paperback—384 pages

On Easter Monday, April 24, 1916, an estimated force of 1,000–1,500 Irish men and women under arms attempted to seize Dublin, with the ultimate intention of bringing to an end British rule in Ireland and creating an independent Irish republic, to include all 32 counties of Leinster, Munster, Ulster, and Connaught. Their leaders, Patrick Pearse and James Connolly, knew that their chances of success were slight, yet they fought, and paid with their lives. This book seeks to explain why. Illuminating every aspect of that fateful Easter week, this account is based on an impressive range of original sources, and has been fully revised and expanded in the light of hundreds of witness statements released by the Irish Bureau of Military History in 2004. It is a vivid depiction of the personalities and actions of the leaders on both sides, and provides an exceptional account of a city at war.



LADY MAYO'S GARDEN

The Diary of a Lost 19th Century Irish Landscape



Lady Mayo's Garden:

The diary of a lost 19th century landscape

by Kildare Bourke-Borrowes & Caroline Clifton-Mogg

ISBN-13: 978-0957150089

Hardcover—120 pages

Geraldine, Countess of Mayo, made an exquisite and extremely important garden in Ireland between 1890 and 1925, when she had to leave the family estate. The garden was subsequently completely destroyed. Her gardening diaries span more than 30 years. They are brought together here with watercolors of the gardens and the plants she brought from all over the world, evoking a paradise now gone forever. The diaries are a lively insight into the world of gardening at the turn of the 20th century. Lady Mayo is an engaging reporter who was genuinely passionate about her creation and this comes through in everything she writes, while the watercolors, done at the

time by her father, many painted on the pages of her diary, are truly exceptional.

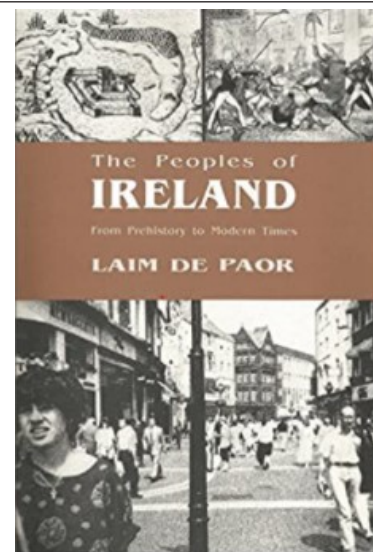
The Peoples of Ireland: from prehistory to modern times

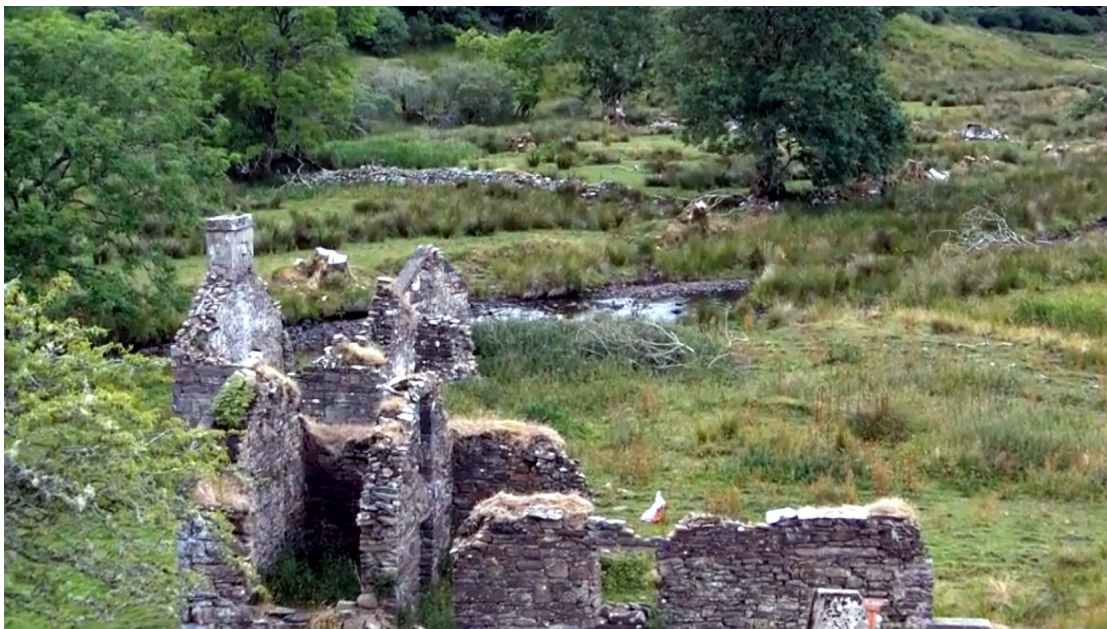
by Liam de Paor

ISBN : 0-268-01590-2

This superb narrative traces the social, cultural, religious and political life of Ireland from the earliest records of prehistoric settlement to its divided present. Enriched throughout by maps, diagrams and illustrations, it is a scholarly insight of a country in the mainstream of world attention, providing the reader with a historical enigma that continues to intrigue and confound at the same time.

This concise history of peoples of Ireland over the last 12,000 years summarizes a vast amount of information. Those approaching Irish history for the first time will find this book a gold mine.





The Home They Left Behind

by Martin O'Hara

To seek out her fortune,
She came to New York.
And with money sent home,
For to help things along.
Her brothers, and sisters,
In time followed on.

Well my grandmother married,
And things worked out swell.
She had two strapping sons,
And my mother as well.

And I know that my mam,
Would have loved to be here.
But she went to her rest,
At the end of last year.

As I stand on the hill,
And look to the west,
The search for my people,
I now put to rest.

And I stand at the door,
To say a small prayer,
And ask the good lord,
For to keep in his care

Those people who lived,
In this place long ago.
On a small little farm,
In county *Mayo*

This year I came back,
For I wanted to know.
Where my ancestors lived,
In the times long ago.

And now that I found it,
It makes me feel good
For I'm standing today,
Where my forefathers
stood.

There is not much to see,
But a little stone shack.
With a lane by the river,
That flows at the back.

No windows or roof,
And long gone is the door.
And the weeds, and the briars.
Grow up through the floor.

I scramble inside, and
I look all around.
Its quiet, and its peaceful,
Not even a sound.

Two rooms, and a kitchen,
That's all they had then,
And my grandmother came,
From a family of ten.

Capital Area Chapter News

Since our spring activities were curtailed by the onset of the pandemic, it should have come as no surprise that we would continue to deal with restrictions over the past 6 months. We did reopen our Irish Room in late September, following all Provincial guidelines and our landlord's rules, and our volunteers have stepped back up. We have received some generous book donations and we can have 5 visitors at a time.

Susan McCloskey, our Membership Chair, also looks after our Chapter Facebook page, and she has been able to maintain a very active site. Please visit to see the various subjects being added regularly. Susan has also reported that our members are very faithfully renewing their memberships, which certainly helps in these times. As of the end of October we had a total of 102 members and 71 paid memberships.

Ordinarily in the fall we would hold our annual Tellebration event, and we have used the current social situation to try something new to us. We have invited the other Chapters to take part and we will have a Youtube channel storytelling, with a host and videotaped tellers. Marilyn Driscoll, Dean Farrell and Chris Burns have been working on this and it is set for Nov. 28th. All Chapters and members will be advised of the exact time.

This will be the 15th year for our event, so a good time to try something new.

We are not sure about December's "Christmas in Kilarney," and to be honest, there is no way to predict what St. Patrick's Week will bring, but our Chapter will keep working away.

- Bruce Driscoll, Chapter President



**Irish Canadian Cultural
Association of New
Brunswick, Capital Area
Chapter**

Visit our Chapter's Facebook page at:
<https://www.facebook.com/Irish-Canadian-Cultural-Association-of-New-Brunswick-Capital-Area-Chapter-238156772907019>

DOLAN'S PUB

Open

Wednesday 11:30 am – midnight

Thursday – Saturday 11:30 am – 2 am

No specials except:

Friday – 2 for 1 draught from 4:00 – 6:00 p.m.

Strictly following all Public Health recommendations

Thank you for your patience and cooperation as we work through this together.



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

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



Santa and the Leprechauns

by Jim McCarthy



Tw'as once upon a Christmastime, the Arctic wind blew foul
And all things, living, lay in fear beneath the dreadful howl.
Forgotten was the age, when last, such cruel winds had erupted,
And left the northern countryside so viciously corrupted.

For all around great trees were felled and limbs lay everywhere.
And as the storm persisted, great debris flew through the air.
Now, in his workshop, Santa kept his watch all morning long
And shook his head in disbelief to see a gale so strong.

He watched all through the afternoon in apprehensive fear
And as the darkness brought no calm, he felt his fate draw near.
And so, with dread, he called his crew to hence prepare the sleigh
And, with his reindeer, then proceeded grimly on his way.



But instantly the sleigh tipped back and rocked from side to side
For it was flying much too low, "Pull up, now!" Santa cried.
Then Dasher started upward with a quick but gentle lift
And did his best not to disrupt and cause a cargo shift.

The sleigh was nearly vertical as hooks and ropes were strained
But leveled soon above the storm with steadiness regained.
For many miles the reindeer held this uneventful flow
Until they saw fair Ireland shine in splendour down below.



(continued...)

Santa and the Leprechauns (...continued)

But they did not suspect the Arctic gale still raged beneath
And soon would menace once again and bare its icy teeth.
Then sure enough, on their descent, the wind quickly increased
And those brave travelers knew their short tranquility had ceased.

Back in the storm the sled began to toss about and flail.
It leaped and climbed and dropped and spun inside the dreadful gale
Then suddenly the ropes gave way and ruptured from the strain
And out the treasures flew and scattered, falling down like rain.



Then Santa cried, “We’ve lost the load, quick Dasher, get us down!”

And straight away they landed in a tiny Irish town.

The lovely houses were all hushed while every person slept
As Santa stepped down to the street and anxiously, he crept.

He lifted up a present, then another one or two
And frantically he laboured but recovered just a few.
Then peering at the countryside around that Irish town,
He glimpsed the many places where the treasures had come down.

He saw them lying in the fields and in the streams and rills
And down in ditches, up in trees and high upon the hills.
He stood and stared in disbelief then bowed his desperate head
And treaded sadly to his sleigh now that all hope had fled.



(continued...)

Santa and the Leprechauns (...continued)

But suddenly he halted as he heard a curious sound.
It echoed like a thousand footsteps clamoring around.
And then emerging in a mist, a multitude appeared
And Santa's hopes returned as that enchanted vapor cleared.

For as he stared, he saw a thousand little Irish folk
While suddenly, upon a hill, there came a plume of smoke.
And standing tall, with hands on hips, there stood a regal king
Who shouted to his multitude, "Commence recovering!"

Then instantly the leprechauns gave heed to his command
And gathered up the treasures that were scattered through the land.
They used their magic to mend the gifts and dry those that were wet
And placed the Christmas presents in a large and sturdy net.



And as they lay the net upon the sleigh with skill
and care,
The king looked up and raised his arms, then
shouted to the air:
"Enough!", he roared, "This storm must cease!
Give up now, I command!"
And instantly the wind died down and calmness
filled the land.

Then Santa looked upon the king and said, "Conor, my good friend!"
You've granted this calamity a merry, joyful end!
Alas, my friend, I must depart and journey on my way
But come and celebrate with me, tomorrow, Christmas Day!"

King Conor said, "We all will come, each woman, child and man,
And celebrate the joyous day like none but the Irish can!"
And with that, Santa said goodbye, and went upon his way
And carried out his task before the dawning of the day.

(continued...)

Santa and the Leprechauns (...continued)



Yet no one else upon the earth knew what occurred that night
As children rose on Christmas, unaware of Santa's plight.
Now, Santa and the leprechauns unite each Christmas morn.
They sing and laugh as they recall that Arctic winter's scorn.

And tell that grand old story of the Christmas Eve when they,
The little folk from Ireland rose, and rescued Christmas Day.



Jim McCarthy is a former primary teacher and long-time professional musician from the U.S.A. Since 1995, he has been presenting young people's concerts across the northeastern United States. His school concerts celebrate literacy and character education with an emphasis on imparting an anti-bullying message. He loves to write children's stories and story poems in his spare time.
<http://jimmccarthysongs.com/>

*Jim's wife, Ireland native Deirdre McCarthy, presents **AN IMAGINARY TRIP TO IRELAND**, through her own web pages, which celebrates Irish culture through stories, music, Dance and more.*
<http://jimmccarthysongs.com/trip.html>

Contact Jim McCarthy
Email: jimmccarthy1@msn.com
www.jimmccarthysongs.com



*Nollaig Shona agus oíche
mhaith do gach !*

*Merry Christmas to all
and to all a good night!*

Membership Form

The Irish Canadian Cultural Association of NB

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Marilyn Driscoll

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mdriscn618@rogers.com
Tel.: 506-357-8283

***See page 4 for how to pay by PayPal or e—transfer.**

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Please check the boxes which pertain to your membership:

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

Please let us know what types of items you are interested in, or any thoughts or comments, so we can better serve you.

Enclosed you will find my: ☐ Cheque ☐ Money Order

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