

The Shamrock Leaf

Newsmagazine of The Irish Canadian Cultural Association of New Brunswick



Feature Story

Irish Ambassador, Dr. Ray Bassett, visits
New Brunswick

Page 29

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A note from the Editor



As we put the Shamrock Leaf together each time, Marilyn and I try to make sure we have a little bit of everything. I think we've achieved that in this issue. The Irish Ambassa-

dor's visit to the province is obviously highlighted as such an honour doesn't happen here in New Brunswick every day.

There is some news and history and various pieces on Ireland, as well as some historical and interesting pieces on our Irish Canadian story here in New Brunswick as well.

So close to Christmas we've sneaked in a couple of Christmas pieces along with our usual regular features and a few surprises as well.

We are always looking for new stories, his-

stories and topics to expand our vision. If you would like to contribute, send feedback, new ideas or just say 'hello', get in touch. We love to hear from you!

Nollaig Shona Dhuit!

Linda Evans
Downtown Irishtown
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A Christmas scene from Ireland


The President's Message


It is my pleasure and honour to greet you as President of the Irish Canadian Cultural Association of New Brunswick. I was drawn to the ICCA by its commitment to promoting our Irish culture and its strong sense of community. I admire all that has been accomplished since it began.

We are very fortunate to have a dedicated volunteer base who, like all cultures, have a desire to get our story out. As we approach the 30th anniversary of our very first annual general meeting it is important that our story gets recognition and acknowledgement.

We are always looking for new members to join our committees on a voluntary basis to help provide input and contribute to finding solutions to challenges that lie ahead.

I look forward to working with you and meeting with you as I travel to all the Chapters in New Brunswick.

In closing I would like to thank all our volunteers for their contributions. We have a special group in our association and their commitment to enhancing our association is impressive! I encourage anyone who would like to get involved with our committees and help us find solutions for the challenges at hand.



Sincerely yours,

- Keith Vickers
ICCANB President
keith.vickers@live.com



Letters to the Editor



Missing sign to Irish cemetery

Dear Editor:

It would be appreciated if you could give me some information regarding the location of an Irish cemetery which I believe is between Cap Pele and the Traffic Circle at Port Elgin. In the past my husband and I made many trips from Bathurst to PEI to visit family members. We noted a small sign on the return side of the old road which read "Old Irish Cemetery". It was in a wooded area and could not be seen from the highway. Regretfully we didn't pursue our intention to locate or visit the site. With the change which came about with the new road, the sign disappeared. It might be a nice idea to replace the old sign with a larger one in the designated area. There is another Irish cemetery on the highway between the Circle and the Confederation Bridge which is visible when driving by...this is not the one I am referring to.

Thank you for your work as Editor of The Shamrock Leaf. I look forward to its arrival with each printing. My husband, Patrick McLaughlin, and I attended the first meeting of the ICCA in Bathurst many years ago. It became our favorite association and I continue to be a proud member. Unfortunately Pat passed away almost five years ago.

- Millie McLaughlin (by email) mclapat@nbnet.nb.ca

[Editor's Note: Is there anyone out there who can solve this question. I believe that the cemetery she is referring to is the one in Botsford Portage. The sign is indeed gone.]



Lesson plans on ICCA website prove useful

Dear Editor:

I'm a volunteer tutor for a local homeschool group. The kids and I wanted to take the time to tell you that we think your page [on the ICCA website], <http://www.newirelandnb.ca/Lesson-Plans/LP1-High-School-Activity-2.html>, has some great archaeology resources! I had the kids go on an online mission to find some resources that the group could take a look at and use. I

like to incorporate a little online technology to get the kids more interactive!

The kids thought of the idea to email you because they wanted to share a resource they found: <http://www.perioimplants.us/dental-analysis-in-archaeology.html>. They thought it'd be a great fit for your page and that maybe other visitors would find it fantastic as well!

I thought that maybe if their resource gets added, I'll reward them with some of my bakery treats...cupcakes sounds good!

If you like the resource they suggested and think you'll add it to your page, let me know! They'd love to see it up!

- Amy Ashline (by email) withheld on request

[Editor's note: Amy—better get baking! The suggestion from your students has been added to the lesson plans on our website. Thank you and thank the children as well!]



Nollaig Shona Duit

Happy Christmas and the best of the holiday season to all our Irish friends, families and associates!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be sent to:

lindamevans@rogers.com or by regular mail to
Editor, ICCANB, 261 Cape Breton Rd., Irishtown, NB E1H 1W7 Canada

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

Montserrat: the other Emerald Isle

On the bottom of page 12 in the last issue of the Shamrock Leaf we described a flag and we asked if anyone could identify it. Here is the answer to that question...

Did you know that:

Montserrat is the only 'nation' outside of Ireland to honour St Patrick's Day as a national holiday?

Montserrat's flag includes the island's crest which is "a lady named 'Erin' dressed in green, supporting a cross and holding a golden harp"?

Visitors to the island have their passport stamped with a shamrock?

Located south of Antigua, the tiny island of Montserrat is only 39 square miles, with a population of about 4,500 inhabitants. Many of them have Irish roots.

Claiming to be the friendliest island in the Caribbean, the island includes place names such as Kinsale, St Patrick's, Sweeney's Hill, Farrell's Yard, Cork Hill, and even Galway. Surnames on the island still have Irish antecedents – such as Reilly, O'Brien and Kelly. Many of the residents are known today as Afro-Irish and with good reason.

Despite its fierce pride in 'all things Irish', Montserrat's historical beginnings are dark indeed. The tiny Leeward Island came under British control in 1632 when anti-Catholic violence in St Kitts and Nevis forced a group of Catholic Irish slaves there to flee and settle in Montserrat. Their hope for freedom was immediately squashed as Montserrat had already began importing Irish slaves and 'indentured servants' to the island since 1625 during the reign of James II. They had unfortunately left one oppressive island for another. Oliver Cromwell continued the practice.

In the beginning, most of those transported to Montserrat were political or military prisoners but it wasn't long before others – those who were a 'burden to society', such as orphans, widows, and the unemployed were also sent to work the plantations. By the 1660's the majority of slaves or 'indentured servants' were Irish. Indeed, it was estimated that 70% of the colony's population in 1678 were Irish.

Montserrat, like many of the Caribbean islands, was a hive of thriving sugar, rum, arrowroot and cotton plantations and the economy depended on slaves to survive.

Whether described as 'slaves' or 'indentured servants', the terminology matters not. They were bought, sold, and owned by their masters.

Some were allowed to find their own way after seven years, and they too became slave masters as well over time.

As slavery become prominent in the Caribbean, African slaves were preferred over Irish slaves as they were not 'tainted with the dreaded Catholic theology', but they were much more expensive. African slaves cost £50 in the late 1600's. Irish slaves were of lesser value. They were only £5 each.

In the early years, most transported from Ireland were men but soon women and young children would also be sent across the seas to work on the plantations. Thousands left Ireland. Many of them didn't make the crossing.

If the indignity of slavery



wasn't bad enough, it became common practice for estate owners to 'inter-breed' Irish women to African men to produce 'mulatto' slaves who brought a much higher price on the market. This experiment was finally banned in 1681. It is one of the reasons that most of the inhabitants in Montserrat today are known as "Afro-Irish".

Boatloads of impoverished Irish were sent to Montserrat – and other Caribbean countries – throughout the 18th century. On St Patrick's Day in 1768, the slaves rose up against their owners but failed to find freedom. Today, residents celebrate their Irish roots and the failed rebellion on March 17th. It is a fitting date for a national holiday. They celebrate with song, dance, and food.

(cont'd)

Montserrat: the other Emerald Isle – (cont'd)

Traditional costumes are worn – which coincidentally include the colours green, white and gold.

Slavery was abolished in Montserrat and other British Caribbean islands in August 1834.

Economic woes plagued Montserrat throughout the 19th and 20th centuries. Labour was no longer free.

Just as tourism was beginning to take hold and economic conditions were improving, devastating natural disasters depopulated the island, reducing the population from 13,000 in 1994 to only 4,500 today and the trend continues. In 1994, Hurricane Hugo destroyed nearly 90 per cent of the island's structures. Since 1995 vol-

canic activity has covered the lower half of the island in thick ash making it uninhabitable. Only the northern half of the island is fertile and the southern half is now part of an unsafe exclusion zone. Only a few, with permission, are allowed there. Most of the Irish named settlements are located in the exclusion zone.

Montserrat's historical beginnings were indeed shameful and her future may seem bleak, but there is a stubborn resilience among those left behind that must be Irish in nature.

They are still very proud of their Irish past and the struggles they have suffered along the way. Some describe her coastline as a mirror image of the western shores of Ireland and suggest that that is why it is known as the Emerald Isle of the Caribbean. The real reasons obviously run much deeper than that.



New Brunswick was over 50% Irish at the time of the first New Brunswick census. Nova Scotia, known more for its Scottish roots than its Irish roots, also saw a large influx of Irish. Many sailed into the Halifax-Dartmouth region from the southern counties of Ireland before and during the famine years. They stayed as labourers and skilled craftsmen and were instrumental in building much of the Halifax waterfront as well as the Schubencadie canal. By the early 1860's it is estimated that nearly 50% of Halifax-Dartmouth's population was Irish.



St Dominic's RC Church in Portland Maine closed its doors in 1997, and is now home to the Maine Irish Heritage Center which houses Maine's Irish genealogical center, a museum, archives and library, preserving the story of the Irish in Maine. With so many NB Irish crossing the border to work in Maine's back woods, on the railway and the factories – many of Maine's Irish have NB roots and so their story is part of our story as well.



As PEI prepares to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the Charlottetown conference next year, it seems a good time to remember that Thomas D'Arcy McGee was not the only Father of Confederation with strong Irish roots. PEI's Edward Palmer's father, Joseph Palmer, was a lawyer from Ireland. One of the two delegates representing Newfoundland at the Charlottetown conference was Ambrose Shea. His father came from Carrick-on-Suir, County Waterford and his mother was a Ryan. Although not at the Charlottetown conference, journalist Edward Whalen represented PEI at the Quebec conference. He was born in Balina, County Mayo.



Bathurst Chapter News

By Pat Murphy

The Bathurst Chapter was represented at the Miramichi Irish Festival with a booth and seven members to help man the local and Provincial booths. A special thank you to those members who volunteered.

The focus of the Chapter booth was to help raise funds for the Chapter high school bursary. The booth is sponsored by P & B Electric. The prize this year was a set of eight Trudel wine glasses which were won by Dan and Grace King of Salmon Beach.



The recipient of the \$400 bursary this year was Paige Sullivan, daughter of Lester and Cindy Sullivan of Janeville. Paige is attending the University of PEI.

The Chapter was unable to enter an Irish float in the Hospitality Days parade again this year since it is on the same weekend at the Irish Festival.

The annual corn boil this year was hosted at the Rec. Center in Belledune and again there was a good turn-out of members. Wind caused a bit of a delay for the cooks but otherwise everything went well. We wish to thank all members for taking part and especially those who helped with the boil.

Our annual Christmas Eggnog party is the final event of the year.



Pat Murphy, Jerry Thibodeau, Sean Murphy, and Marcel Duguay preparing for the annual corn boil

We wish to take this opportunity to wish our members a Merry Christmas and a Happy New year.



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Inishmore—a magical place

By Mike Jos. P. Magee

A trip to the Burren, the Aran island of Inishmore (known as Inis Mór in Irish), and Galway City marked my fifth trip to Ireland, and it was by far the best. Ireland welcomed all in 2013 with “The Gathering” and it proved to be a spectacular visit.

From the onset, our travel itinerary was planned to include the Irish central western coastal region around Galway Bay and the Aran Islands. Geographically speaking Ireland’s land mass is approximately twenty percent larger than New Brunswick. The area we visited has a radius of no more than thirty five miles.

The first night was spent in Doolin, Ireland’s centre of traditional music, followed by the next two days on Inishmore Island, a remote setting known for harboring Ireland’s great writers, and then it was on to Galway City. Our visit was filled with great views of west coast rocky coastal outcrops, small villages, and lush grazing farmland through the countryside.



The next day Paschal, our friendly B&B owner took us down to the Doolin quay for our trip to Inishmore. Here we met Bill Kelly, the owner of one of the ferry boat companies. It wasn’t long before he shared a few anecdotes, and taught me some Irish. Mr. Kelly also told us about accomplished Irish ‘*seanchaithe*’ Eddie Lenihan.

His website - www.eddielenihan.net is well worth a visit.

We soon lined up at the quay for our boat ride to Inishmore, the largest of the Aran Islands. The wait

at the wharf was filled with entertainment and we had great vista. As we looked in a southerly direction we saw the Cliffs of Moher and got a glimpse of Hags Head. Mr. Kelly’s boat carried about forty of us and lasted close to an hour and a half. The sea did get rough for a while but other than a slew of choppy waves, we were soon at the small village of Kilronan on the island of Inishmore. It had a well maintained quay, a few nice homes, fishing huts, restaurants, and good pubs.

Not long after we arrived, we hopped on a

small bus and after a quick ride, were soon at Kilmurvey House, operated by Bert and Treassa Joyce. Located halfway along the island between Kilronan and Bun Gowla, this home was a grand one. Made up of 40 rooms, it was expanded over recent times but belonged to the ancient family of Fierce O’Flaherty’s who ruled Connaught during the Middle Ages. They once lived in Galway and were expelled by the Anglo-Norman families who ruled Galway as an oligarchy.

Just a few feet from Kilmurvey House was a 1,000 year old Celtic Church. Treassa and Bert certainly took care of us and had wonderful fare in their kitchen which allowed us to remain on site and immerse ourselves in the immediate area. I recall going to a few stores that were nearby. All the locals speak Irish and were so willing to allow me to listen. One woman (Mrs. Beattie) sold us a postcard which had a picture of a

(cont’d)



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Inishmore—a magical place (cont'd)

man in his thatched cottage looking out. I was amazed when she told us that it was a picture of her husband and that they lived comfortably in that home just a few miles close to the local quay, where most lived on the island.

We visited Dun Aengus, a Bronze and Iron Age fort - one of Europe's most famous prehistoric forts which had spectacular views all around it. Some describe it as one the most incredible barbaric monuments in Europe. It sits on a 400 foot promontory and has 4 ramparts built during the Iron Age. The inner fort upper part sits over the ocean which seemed to me a last point of desperation



plan, if the invaders ever got past the last wall. To think it was built such a long time ago on an island

that is home to hundreds of people. It is no wonder that many go there because it is peaceful and remote. It is raw beauty. It was one of the last places where pagans lived and still worshipped deities.

There at the National Park Dun Aengus Interpretation Centre I met Parican Clancy who has not only written about this historic fort but was such an amazing guide to this historic site.

When I shared that I was taken by the primitive beauty of the Celtic Church near Kilmurvey House she reminded me to return and find the Horse Deity that had been inscribed on the walls of the ruins. I spent several hours within the ruins contemplating its existence. I found this part of my visit to be more than special to share with someone. Over the years many have gone

through and paid homage to the past. There was a place where candles had been left and we did the same and simply stood and pondered about humanity and the past. It was a time spent with the spirits of Irish mythology. This Church had been built to withstand marauders who pillage and attacked Christians who occupied the area.

I shall always think fondly of Inishmore and how the island affects all who visit her. It's mystical and magical, and the people remain as they were centuries ago. Leaving Kilronan port, I felt a little sad. The crossing to Galway City was indeed pleasant and eventful as we encountered three pods of Dolphins, and we were blessed with beautiful vistas along Galway Bay's shores leading to the great city. I can still see the baby dolphin trying so hard to keep up to the pod as he strayed well behind its pod.

Upon entering the harbor I could only think of that opening verse of that famous song, Galway Bay:

"If you ever go across the sea to Ireland,
Then maybe, at the closing of your day,
You can sit and watch the moon rise over Claddagh
And see the sun go down on Galway Bay"



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Irish apple cake—scrummy!

Over the years I have tried to replicate a now popular dessert in the UK called “Sticky Toffee Pudding”. I was first introduced to this little delight while staying at St Bride’s Castle in Wales and I tried several - and they were okay – or not okay – and then I fell on ‘the English Kitchen’ blog site and tried that version – it was spot on!

The English Kitchen blog is created and maintained by Marie Rayner, a Nova Scotia Ex-Pat who moved to the UK in 2000. A personal chef in a ‘Big House’ for many years she is now retired and spends her time preparing and providing well-illustrated daily recipes on her blog. Once you finish reading the ‘recipe-de-jour’ you want to head directly to the kitchen and get started on it right away!

The blog - <http://theenglishkitchen@blogspot.com> - has over 63,000 followers and has won a number of awards over the years. Determined to de-bunk the old myth that British cooking is drab and tasteless, her recipes are simple, nutritious and in her own word – scrummy! Sometimes, whether she is aware of it or not, her recipes have a certain Maritime flavor to them as her Nova Scotia roots quietly makes its way into her daily offering.

Her second passion is watercolours and she also offers for sale some delightful little illustrated on-line booklets with quaint titles like “A Royal Tea Party” (for the Queen’s Diamond Jubilee), “The Great British Picnic” and “Christmas in the English Kitchen”.

Over the years I’ve attempted several Irish Apple Cakes – from on-line cooking sites to old Irish country cook-books. The results were mixed and I’d pretty well given up - until Marie offered one on her blog. It was moist, tasty, and yes, scrummy!

Do try it and do check out her blog for other delicious temptations. You’ll be glad you did....

Irish Apple Cake

2 generous cups self-rising flour

½ cup butter

1 large egg, slightly beaten

1/3 cup milk

Filling

2 cooking apples, peeled and sliced

½ tsp cinnamon

4 1/2 Tbs brown sugar

Topping

A little beaten egg

1 Tbs sugar

Preheat oven to 350. Butter a deep 9” flan pan with a loose bottom (or pie plate). Rub the butter in the flour to form a breadcrumb mixture. Stir in the sugar and add the beaten egg and milk with a round-bladed knife. If the dough seems too sticky, add more flour. You want a soft dough but not a sticky one. Turn out onto a floured board and cut the dough in half. Place half the dough in the flan pan, pressing it in with your fingers to cover the bottom of the dish. Spread the apple slices over the base, leaving a bit of an edge all around. Sprinkle with the brown sugar and cinnamon. Carefully roll out the other half of the dough into a circle about the same size as the dish. Place on top of the apples, pressing the edges together with the bottom crust. Cut several slits in the top of the cake for ventilation. Brush with a little beaten egg and sprinkle with sugar. Bake for 35 minutes, until well risen and golden brown. If using a flan pan, place the pan on top of a jar and push down the sides and remove. Cool on a wire rack before cutting into wedges to serve. Serve warm with custard or cream.



Bishop William H. Moorhead was from Drumlish, Ireland

By Eugene Campbell

Ed note: In our last issue we printed an article by Eugene Campbell on Rt. Rev. William Dollard and this is a continuance of articles on Irish clergy in New Brunswick. The final installment will be found in the next issue.

Rt. Rev. William H Moorhead was born on April 7th, 1882 in Drumlish, County Longford, Ireland, the son of Alexander and Catherine (Woods) Moorhead.

On January 25, 1939, in Fredericton, he was consecrated Bishop of the Capital, by Rt. Rev. J. C. Fielding, Bishop of Montreal, and acting Metropolitan of Canada. He was assisted by the Bishops of Ontario, Nova Scotia, Quebec and Maine.

Moorhead's record is impressive. He chose the Church as his vocation from an early age. He was educated at St Mary's Apostolic School, Moyne, County Longford, before coming to Canada. Upon his arrival he entered the University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Quebec, where he received his BA in 1909. Two years later he received his licentiate in Systematic Theology. That same year – 1911 – he was ordained a deacon in the Diocese of Quebec. The following year he became a priest.

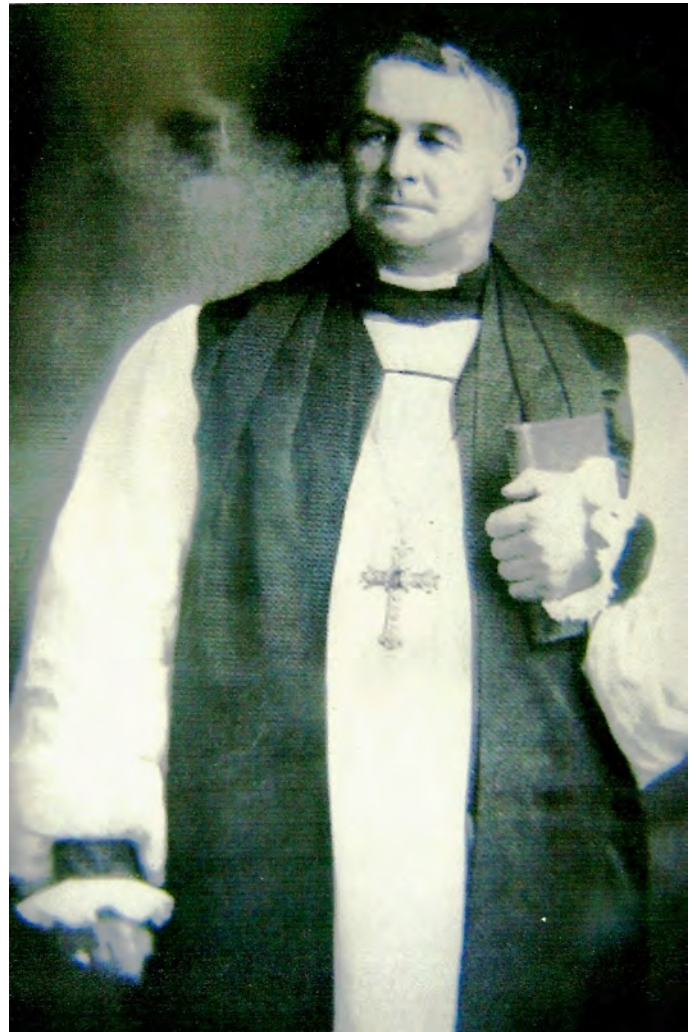
Form 1911 to 1913 he served as an assistant at the Cathedral in Quebec City, as well as his role as an im-

migration chaplain at the Port of Quebec. From 1913 to 1915, he served as an assistant at Sherbrooke.

In 1915, Moorhead joined the armed forces, where he was to become chaplain of the 117th Battalion for a year, at which time he joined the 13th Artillery Brigade. From there on he served in France and Germany until the war ended in 1918.

After the war, Moorhead was to hold charges in Quebec until 1927, at which time, he came to New Brunswick. Arriving in Saint John, he served as Rector of St Paul's (Valley) Church and it was from here that he was appointed as Dean of Christ Cathedral in Fredericton in 1936.

After his arrival in Saint John, he took an active interest and role in community affairs, becoming Chaplain of the Canadian Legion and the New Brunswick Dragoons. He also served on the Board of the New Brunswick Protestant Orphan's Home, as well as the Board of the Saint John Tuberculosis Association. Moorhead was also active in the Kiwanis Club and the Eclectic Reading Club.



Following his retirement in 1956, he took up residence, with his family, in Quintin Heights in the Port City. He died in 1962 at the age of 80. New Brunswick's Premier at the time, Louis J. Robichaud, said in tribute to Moorhead, "I knew him well as a

Bishop of the Diocese of Fredericton, and will ever remember his great kindness and courtesy."

His successor as Bishop of Fredericton, Rt. Rev. A. H. O'Neill, said that "the Diocese of Fredericton had lost one of its most able and (cont'd)

Bishop William H. Moorhead (cont'd)

most devoted of leaders.” He added, “During my years in the Diocese of Fredericton, I have discovered that he was very greatly beloved, and that he was always willing and ready to help the clergy and the laity, and to guide them to the best of his ability.” He said further, “I have never known anyone more greatly beloved anywhere than Bishop Moorhead...”

His obituary in the Saint John newspaper recalled Moorhead as “short of stature and retaining an attractive Irish brogue throughout his life. Bishop Moorhead was noted for his

good humor and straightforward approach to problems of the church, community and family....From the time of his appointment as bishop, he wore the traditional bishop’s gaiters and breeches, and in other ways, demonstrated his great belief in the solemn importance of the office to his church, but he was ever ready to join in the laughter of young and old, and travelled constantly throughout the diocese to meet the congregation in his charge.”

“From Bishop’s College he received an Honorary Doctorate of Divinity in 1936 and from King’s Col-



lege, an honorary Doctor of Laws in 1939.”

“He left behind his wife, the former C. Mabel Wilson, of Sherbrooke, Quebec and two sons: Walter A. Moorhead and Rev. John F Moorhead, Rector [at the time of the Bishop’s

death] of St. Jude’s Parish in West Saint John.”

His funeral service was conducted by Rt. Rev. R. H. Waterman, Bishop of Nova Scotia, and he was laid to rest in Fernhill Cemetery.



Hanger didn't end with the Great Famine: Erris and Tyrrawley, County Mayo in 1860

Ed note: Famine did not abruptly stop with the Great Famine. It came back to haunt those left behind many times, often just as they were getting their lives back to some semblance of normal again. The following is an editorial taken from the Irish Times, 11 May 1860 describing the desperate situation in County Mayo in the spring of 1860 and the futility of the situation. Help was on the way, but it was going to be too little too late. The only other option beyond starvation was the workhouse and this too was seen as an inadequate response.

The most skeptical must now be convinced that very great distress prevails in, probably, one of the most primitive and interesting districts in Ireland.

We have not only the testimony of the landowners and clergy of both denominations, in Erris and Tyrrawley, but... it is painful to think how little has been done yet. A small vessel carries out 65 tons of yellow Indian meal, 40 barrels of seed oats, turnip seed, and a small quantity of other goods. The 65 tons of Indian meal are for food; how small an amount is that in an extensive dis-

trict, where there are at least 21,000 people suffering privation!

How long will this vessel be on her way? What if a storm should arise and she be lost? How are the people far away among lonely hills to receive the food, such as it is? We have done far more for Africa than for Erris.

In the latter there are no roads; the traveler makes his way over bogs and fens, on layers of reeds over which the earth is sprinkled. The cottages are few and far between. Some are located in hidden nooks between the hills, or on the borders of the many lakes. All are suffering.

The winds of the Atlantic scatter sand over the sea districts, the storms of September shook the seed from the husk and broke the stems of the oats. The “stalks” of the potato were broken by tempests. A long and bitter winter, with a still more bitter spring, have frozen and killed the grass.

For a while, one farmer shared what potato he had with their cattle, and the carcasses of 18 were lying round his dwelling.

At another humble homestead, the owners have retreated to an inner room, but in the outer, three cows

(cont'd)

Hunger didn't end with the Great Famine (*cont'd*)

lay dead. It is pitiable that this country of Erris was just recovering from the effects of the great famine, and given the promise of prosperity. The people were hard-working, industrious, and frugal. Slowly, but steadily, they had added to their means, when this visitation came perhaps designed by Providence to direct our attention to the neglected districts of our own land, for which, whatever the Deity has done, man continues to do so little.

Perhaps the most painful portion of this suffering is the fact that this distress is not simply on those of very lowest class of people. The landowners have given portions of land, often extending to many acres, at rents varying from £1 to £10 a year, to an energetic tenantry.

The people had set to work "with a will", and from that passion for land which is peculiar to the Irish peasant, have reclaimed portions of the bog and sand drift by the most persevering industry. Once they succeeded in getting the "short grass" to grow, they procured a cow or two, and thus gradually were increasing the grass land for their cattle, when this visitation came upon them, and fell the more heavily upon those whose industry had given them something to lose.

These people will not enter the poorhouse; they will die at their hearthstones first. We know some-

thing of Erris, and we state that if there is a peculiar characteristic of the peasantry, it is an absolute horror of the workhouse. The man who enters it thinks himself lost beyond all hope of recovery, and that he has fixed an indelible stigma of disgrace upon his kith and kin.

This benediction of 65 tons of meal will by no means alleviate the distress which prevails. There is need for more, much more; nor should we rest contented with merely relieving immediate want.

The seeds have been consumed to support life, and it is very questionable whether there is time now to prepare the land to sow and till, where the summer is so brief, and the winter has progressed so far into spring.

There will be a need for Christian benevolence to enable the people to outlive next winter. Mr. Cardwell, indeed, talks blandly of the operation of the Poor Law, but he knows little of Ireland, and less of Erris. In this country we have not progressed so far in the cold doctrines of political economy as to think the best thing we can do for our people is to allow them to droop and die within the walls of a poorhouse.

We have a primitive people, hardy, honest, and industrious, visited by misfortune; that Protestant and Roman Catholic, forgetting their



Photo: The Crying Stone stands beside the N59 just east of the village of Bangor in Erris and represents the sorrow felt by many families as they waved to their family members as they left for a better life in America. (Copyright Oliver Dixon, and licensed for reuse).

differences, are united in a bold endeavor to save life, and what is of much more value is life, independence. A Christian people, surely, cannot adopt a Chief Secretary's doctrine and consign a race of whom any Queen might be proud, to the mercy of the Poor Law.

Isle, the free on-line Irish magazine, has just celebrated its first anniversary. It features pieces exclusively on Ireland – including travel destinations, fashion, food and drink producers, artists and craftspeople, chefs, entrepreneurs and much more. *Isle* is a fine read. Check it out at www.islemagazine.com. In Issue 3, there is a great travel feature on Dingle and just out in Issue 4 is a great 8 page spread on Derry, City of Culture in 2013. The site is well worth a visit.



While on the topic of free on-line magazines, genealogy researchers may be interested in *Irish Lives Remembered* at: <http://www.irishlivesremembered.com>. This magazine is well-illustrated and digitally formatted so that you can 'flip pages' and zoom in on what interests you. The most recent issue has information and details for anyone with County Laois roots as well as informative historical sketches. You can easily access past issues as well. The first issue gives you an idea how to start your family tree and the focus is on County Cork. If you subscribe, you can have the magazine in your in-box every month..



There's nothing funny about starving immigrants



By Alden Nowlan

Alden Nowlan was a poet, writer, reporter and columnist who could be regarded as Irish New Brunswick's most ardent spokesman in his day. A founding member of the ICCA, he sadly left us just as we were getting started in 1983 at the age of 50. The following column was written not too long before he died, after St Patrick's Day, and is still very relevant today.



New Brunswick must be the only place in the world where people of Irish ancestry crack jokes about the potato famine. I've heard them do it from the head table of banquets and from the platform of public meetings.

The famine occurred a long time ago, in the 1840's; but I find it impossible to conceive of anybody of Jewish origin cracking jokes about the Holocaust 100 years from now.

So many Irish died or were forced to emigrate that Ireland is the only country in Europe – probably the only country in the world – with fewer inhabitants today than it had a century and a half ago.

The death toll on the “coffin ships” that carried the emigrants to North America was actually higher than the death toll on the ships that transported black slaves. An American sociologist, who happens by the way to be black, has written that in the middle of the last century the Irish peasants were worse off in

terms of food, clothing and shelter than the slaves of the southern United States.

Fleeing from one of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, Famine, the emigrants were overtaken by another, Plague. Thousands died from diseases such as typhus and cholera. Many of them are buried on Partridge Island in Saint John harbor.

Some people are fond of announcing smugly that they are “unhyphenated Canadians.” I am as Canadian as it is possible for anyone to be. That doesn't mean I have to deny my ancestry. To me, that would be like disowning my own father.

My people lived in Ireland for 2,000 years before they came to what is now Canada. My grandmother's grandmother was among those who starved to death in County Wexford. According to family legend, she died in a field where in her desperation she had eaten grass.

It is possible to honor the memory of those hundreds of thousands of human beings who died like my grandmother's grandmother without reviving old accusations and old animosities.

The fact that we observe Remembrance Day doesn't mean that we hate the Germans.

The English people bear no responsibility for the things the English landlords and the English government did or did not do in Ireland 130 years ago.

Saint John is an Irish city. You only have to leaf through the telephone book and glance at the surnames listed there to realize that.

The forebears of today's Saint Johners came over in the same “coffin ships” as the people buried on Partridge Island.

You would expect there to be a yearly memorial day for those poor wretches, of whom one observer wrote that in their death agonies they resembled fish that had been thrown on the beach.

You certainly wouldn't expect anyone with an ounce of imagination or a grain of sensitivity to crack jokes about them. Least of all, someone whose origins were the same as theirs.



Alden Nowlan Quotes:

“Being a foreigner is not a disease.”

“I couldn't help being part of my race. A race that continued to be tough. It was possible for me to accept myself, finally, only when I realized—emotionally—that poetry is tough too, that a poem can contain as much fury and power as a fist or a blackjack.”

*“The day the child realizes that all adults are imperfect, he becomes an adolescent;
The day he forgives them, he becomes an adult;
The day he forgives himself, he becomes wise.”*

WAK (Moncton) Chapter News

By Paul McCloskey

Once again, our Chapter is up and running. We've had a fairly quiet summer although recently things have picked up some.

The first thing I want to bring up is that somehow our chapter bursary winners' names and pictures slipped through the cracks in 2012. I hope to rectify that omission by presenting to you the 2012 winners of the bursaries. The pictures here show chapter treasurer Don O'Connor making the awards.

(Top) Cassandra K. Paddon—2012 recipient of the Gerry McCarthy bursary

(Below) John Patrick Kelly— 2012 recipient of the Rev. Peter McKee bursary



Through the generosity of members Dan and Marie McGee, the Chapter now has a third bursary to offer in the coming years to a student going into the medical field. A special thanks goes out to the McGees for making this possible. Our bursary winners in 2013 were Erin Passin, Morgan Cavanagh, and our first recipient of the medical bursary, Cassandra Paddon.



Don O'Connor presenting to Morgan Cavanagh and Cassandra Paddon (above) and to Erin Passin (left)

Our chapter was once again invited to take part in the Highland Games this past summer. Peter Rafferty, Don O'Connor and I had a great time spreading the good news of Irish culture and history. It amazes me how so many people are unaware that they have Irish roots. (cont'd)

WAK (Moncton) Chapter news — (cont'd)

. It's wonderful to see the light in their eyes once they realize that they too are part of God's chosen.

Our chapter held a fundraiser this summer to raise money for our Irish Room at Thomas Williams House. The event was a great success and a good time was had by all. The function was the brainchild of founding member Frank

Hughes and with the able assistance of members Peter Rafferty, Don O'Connor and Mike Magee everything went off without a hitch. We had women from the Moncton Magma Association assist us with hor d'oeuvres and longtime member Brian Murphy emceed the entire affair. Dorothy Brzezicki, harpist extraordinaire, kept us entertained with her

beautiful playing of many old Irish standards. We had new members join us along with long time members and everyone enjoyed an Irish afternoon... even those of us who didn't win any money.

As you are all no doubt aware we recently had a visit from Dr. J. Raymond Bassett, Irish Ambassador to Canada. The Moncton

portion of his visit went smoothly and many of our members turned out to meet him both at the Irish Monument on the banks of the Petitcodiac River and the Old Triangle Ale House afterwards.

We're looking forward to another rewarding and enlightening year here in Moncton.



Moncton scholar earns Marie Curie Fellowship

Moncton's Dr. Ruth Canning has been awarded a Marie Curie Actions Fellowship, the European Union's flagship fellowship program for researchers, to continue her study of the roots of the centuries-old Anglo-Irish conflict.

Apart from the prestige that comes with the fellowship, it provides \$300,000 in research funding to fuel Canning's three-year research project on a lost yet surprisingly pertinent corner of Irish history: the Nine Years' War.

Although waged more than 400 years ago in the last days of the reign of England's Elizabeth I, it set the tone for centuries of Catholic-Protestant conflict.

It's Canning's hope that the research will lead to a new understanding of how this war helped the

Irish form a new identity and planted the seeds for the Catholic-Protestant conflicts that still plague the country today.

Canning was born in Ireland but grew up in Moncton and did her undergraduate studies at Mount Allison University. She had been in Ireland at University College Cork, but is now freshly arrived at Concordia University in Montreal, doing her postdoctoral work and teaching in Concordia's new School of Irish Studies.

It may seem strange to come to Canada in order to study Ireland, but Canning said she finds the distance offers a new and fresh perspective on the Irish Question.

Marie Curie fellowships are European research grants available to researchers regardless of their



nationality or field of research.

Readers may remember Ruth Canning's article in the June 2012 issue of the Shamrock Leaf entitled "The Nine Years War: Ireland's sixteenth century war of independence".

Congratulations Ruth!



We have met too late. You are too old to be influenced by me.

- James Joyce to W.B. Yeats after their one and only encounter

Never have I encountered so much pretension with so little to show for it.

- W.B. Yeats' alleged response

Capital Area Chapter News

By Bruce Driscoll

Our Chapter held its spring meeting on May 29th and its fall meeting on Sept. 14th, and in between those dates it seems the activities kept right on happening. We celebrated our 10th annual Bloomsday in June, and because it fell on Fathers' Day we had a brief gathering and just a few readings, keeping the spirit of the event alive for the coming year.

In July we took part in the Irish Festival on the Miramichi and had our annual booth at the Highland Games in Fredericton. These events require the work of a number of members but everyone pulls together to make them successes. In August, for the second year, we were invited to take part in an Irish Weekend at Kings Landing. Past Chapter President Ricarda Bradley



Students of the Stanford School of Irish Dance entertain visitors during the Irish Weekend at Kings Landing (above) and Michelle Daigle, in period dress (below) joins other musicians to play and sing traditional arrangements.



Lorraine Nolan, Donna Styant and Jim Whelan participating in Bloomsday at Officer's Square

has been instrumental in developing this weekend centred on the Killeen Cabin, and Kings Landing Asst. Manager, Michelle Daigle has been a strong supporter. Chapter members and guests turned out, and there were dancers, musicians and story-tellers, as well as home-cooked food. *(cont'd)*



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Capital Area Chapter news — (cont'd)



Also in August, for the first time, there was an event in the Village of Gagetown, called “The Gathering in Gagetown.” Organized by Chapter members Dona King and Marilyn Driscoll, and Susan Shalala, Queens County Heritage, this day-long event attracted over 100 people from across the county and beyond. They were treated to historical talks, story-telling and music, as Irish flags flew

throughout the Village.

September’s meeting was followed by a wonderful fall B-B-Q hosted by Chapter member Phil Williams, with about 30 members and friends attending. The following month the Chapter was fortunate to welcome the Irish Ambassador to Canada, Dr. Ray Bassett and his wife Patricia, as they visited the City of Fredericton on Oct. 16th.

The 2nd Wednesday in

October ushered in the first Irish set dancing evening, organized and taught by Marilyn Driscoll, as part of the Chapter’s commitment to expanding our promotion of Irish culture and heritage. The sessions will take place every Wednesday and are open to Chapter members and the general public, for a small fee. Contact Marilyn at 506-357-8283 or mldriscn618@rogers.com for more information. Another part of promoting our heritage will be the long-awaited opening of an “Irish Room,” for our Chapter. We have obtained space in the old YMCA which is now the new “Fredericton Intercultural Centre,” on Saunders Street. We have some furniture, but we need to raise funds to cover our monthly rent. One possible way to raise some money would be by pledges from Chapter members or other inter-

ested parties, either monthly or annually, but we also need to seek grants, and look at fund-raising ideas.

One important item to note; at the Irish Festival in July, the Inishowen Fiddle was presented to Sidney Murgatroyd of Fredericton. Sidney had the opportunity to play the fiddle in front of the citizens of Fredericton at Officers’ Square on July 30th, where he received the official award from Kathleen Gorey-McSorley and “Bid The Muse” from Ireland. Sidney also played at the “Gathering in Gagetown,” and then he played the fiddle again on Oct. 16th, when he was presented with a personal award for the fiddle from the Irish Ambassador, Dr. Ray Bassett.

We now look forward to Tellabration in November and Christmas in Killarney in December. As this is my final report as President of our Chapter, I want to offer my sincere thanks to all the hard work from our members during my term. From those who took roles on the Executive to those that organized events, to those that turned out for whatever was planned or tried, this Chapter really is a special group of people, but more importantly a special group of friends that I may never have met were it not for the IC-CANB.



The inaugural Gathering in Gagetown - more than 100 people turned up for lectures, displays and music.



Do you have an Irish Christmas? Irish Christmas Traditions

Ireland, like many countries, has a number of Christmas traditions that are all of its own. Many of these customs have their root in the time when the Gaelic culture and religion of the country were being suppressed and it is perhaps because of that they have survived into modern times.

THE CANDLE IN THE WINDOW

The placing of a lighted candle in the window of a house on Christmas Eve is still practiced today. It has a number of purposes but primarily it was a symbol of welcome to Mary and Joseph as they travelled looking for shelter.

In Penal times, the candle also indicated a safe place for priests to perform mass, as masses, and indeed priests, were forbidden during this dark period of Irish history.

A further element of the tradition is that the candle should be lit by the youngest member of the household and only be extinguished by a girl bearing the name 'Mary'.

THE LADEN TABLE

After the evening meal on Christmas Eve, the kitchen table was again set and on it were placed a loaf of bread filled with caraway seeds and raisins, a pitcher of milk and a large lit candle. The door to the house was left unlatched so that Mary and Joseph, or any wandering traveler, would be welcomed.

DECORATIONS

The placing of a ring of holly on doors originated in Ireland as holly was one of the main plants that flourished at Christmas time and which gave the poor ample means with which to decorate their dwellings.

All decorations are traditionally taken down on Little Christmas (January 6th.) and it is considered to be bad luck to take them down beforehand.

THE WREN BOY PROCESSION

During Penal Times there was once a plot in a village against the local soldiers. They were surrounded and were about to be ambushed when a group of wrens pecked on their drums and awakened the soldiers. The plot failed and the wren became known as 'The Devil's bird'.

On St. Stephen's day (Boxing Day), a procession takes place where a pole with a holly bush is carried from house to house and families dress up in old clothes and with blackened faces. In olden times an actual wren would be killed and placed on top of the pole.

This custom has to a large degree disappeared but the tradition of visiting from house to house on St. Stephens Day has survived and is very much part of Christmas. The tradition continues today in Newfoundland where mummers have replaced the wren boys but perform a similar function.

TRADITIONAL GAELIC SALUTATION

The Gaelic greeting for 'Merry Christmas' is 'Nollaig Shona Duit' - which is pronounced as 'null-ig hun-a dit' which means **HAPPY CHRISTMAS!**

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Ed note: With Christmas fast approaching, why not incorporate some of these old traditions into your Christmas celebrations? We have placed a candle in our window ever since our children were young and for some reason – I know not why – the candle must be red at our house.



12 Days of Christmas – Irish



By Frank Kelly

Day One

Dear Nualla,
Thank you very much for your lovely present of a partridge in a pear-tree. We're getting the hang of feeding the partridge now, although it was difficult at first to win his confidence. It bit mother rather badly on the hand, but they're good friends now and we're keeping the pear-tree indoors in a bucket. Thank you again. Yours affectionately, Gobnait O'Lunasa

Day Two

Dear Nualla
I cannot tell you how surprised we were to hear from you so soon again and to receive your lovely present of two turtle doves. Your really are too kind. At first the partridge was very jealous and suspicious of the doves and they had a terrible row in the night the doves arrived. We had to send for the vet but the birds are okay again and the stitches are due to come out in a week or two. The vet's bill was £8 but mother is over her annoyance now and the doves and the partridge are watching the telly from the pear-tree as I write. Yours ever, Gobnait

Day Three

Dear Nualla,
We must be foremost in your thoughts. I had only posted my letter when the three French hens arrived. There was another sort-out between the hens and the doves, who sided with the partridges, and the vet had to be sent for again. The mother was raging because the bill was £16 this time but she's almost cooled down. However, the fact that the birds' droppings keep falling down on her hair while she's watching the telly, doesn't help matters. Thanking you again for your kindness, I remain, Your Gobnait.

Day Four

Dear Nualla,
You mustn't have received my last letter when you were sending us the four calling birds. There was pandemonium in the pear-tree again and the vet's bill was £32. The mother is on sedation as I write. I know you meant no harm and remain your close friend. Gobnait

Day Five

Nualla,
Your generosity knows no bounds. Five gold rings! When the parcel arrived I was scared stiff that it might be more birds, because the smell in the living-room is atrocious. However, I don't want to seem ungrateful for the beautiful rings. Your affectionate friend, Gobnait

Day Six,

Nuala,
What are you trying to do to us? It isn't that we don't appreciate your generosity but the six geese have not alone nearly murdered the calling birds but they laid their eggs on top of the vet's head from the pear-tree and his bill was £68 in cash. My mother is munching 60 grains of Valium a day and talking to herself in a most alarming way. You must keep your feelings for me in check. Gobnait

Day Seven

Nuala,
We are not amused by your little joke. Seven swans-a-

swimming is a most romantic idea but not in the bath of a private house. We cannot use the bathroom now because they've gone completely savage and rush the door every time we try to enter. If things go on this way, mother and I will smell as bad as the livingroom carpet. Please lay off! It is not fair! Gobnait

Day Eight

Nuala,
Who the hell do you think gave you the right to send eight, hefty maids-a-milking here, to eat us out of house and home? Their cattle are all over the front lawn and have trampled the hell out of the mother's flower beds. The swans invaded the living room in a sneak attack and the ensuing battle between them and the calling birds, turtle doves, French hens and partridge make the Battle of the Somme seem like Wanderly Wagon. The mother is on a bottle of whiskey a day, as well as the sixty grains of Valium. I'm very annoyed with you. Gobnait

Day Nine

Listen you louser!
There's enough pandemonium in this place night and day without nine drummer's drumming, while the eight flaming maids-a-milking are beating my poor, old alcoholic mother out of her own kitchen and gobbling everything in sight. I'm warning you, you're making an enemy of me. Gobnait

Day Ten

Listen manure-face,
I hope you'll be haunted by the strains of ten pipers piping which you sent to torment us last night. They were aided in their evil work by those maniac drummers and it wasn't a pleasant sight to look out the window and see eight hefty maids-a-milking pogo-ing around with the ensuing punk-rock uproar. My mother has just finished her third bottle of whiskey, on top of a hundred and twenty-four grains of Valium. You'll get yours! Gobnait O'Lunasa

Day Eleven

You have scandalized my mother, your dirty Jezebel.
It was bad enough to have eight maids-a-milking dancing to punk music on the front lawn but they've now been joined by your friends – the eleven Lords-a-leaping and the antics of the whole lot of them would leave the most decadent days of the Roman Empire looking like "Outlook". I'll get you yet you old bag!

Day Twelve

Listen slurry head,
You have ruined our lives. The twelve maidens dancing turned up last night and beat the living daylight out of the eight maids-a-milking, 'cos they found them carrying on with the eleven Lords-a-leaping. Meanwhile the swans got out of the living-room, where they'd been hiding since the big battle, and savaged hell out of the Lords and all the Maids. There were eight ambulances here last night, and the local Civil Defence as well. The mother is in a home for the bewildered and I'm sitting here, up to my neck in birds' droppings, empty whiskey and Valium bottles, birds' blood and feathers, while the flaming cows eat the leaves off the pear-tree. I'm a broken man. Gonnait O'Lunasa

Bits and Pieces

By Linda Evans

If there was an award for the most 'St Patrick's Week events in one community' the City of Miramichi would win the award hands down. No less than 35 events were held throughout the Miramichi region in 2013 during St. Patrick's week. Congratulations to all of the organizers of these various events for a job well-done! ♣♣♣

The Irish and Scottish associations of NB are still anxiously awaiting New Brunswick's new Cultural Policy. Having canvassed the government through the Celtic Affairs Committee, Celtic New Brunswickers are hoping that the policy will be more inclusive and recognize the Irish and Scots who represent 44% of its residents. The policy, first written in 2002, and revised in 2007, is presently being reviewed at committee level and is expected to be made public in the months ahead. ♣♣♣

The Irish economy slipped out of its depression for the first time since the banking and property crisis began in 2008 with a 0.04% increase in the second quarter of this year. Consumer spending is up although consumer confidence still has a way to go – but it is a start and sets the country on a firmer economic foundation in the years to come. ♣♣♣

In October, voters in the Republic of Ireland took part in a referendum on whether to abolish or keep their Senate. The government stated that it was too costly to run and would save Irish taxpayers 20m Euros (28 million Cdn) a year. The Irish rejected abolishing the Seanad Éireann (as the upper house of the Irish parliament is known) by a narrow margin, with 48.3% voting in favour of abolition, and 51.7% against, and so their senate lives on. The voting public did have one caveat to their vote in favour of maintaining their senate however. It asked that it be reformed and accountable. Canada, are you listening? ♣♣♣

Anglicans in the UK and Ireland elected their first woman bishop in September. Although the Church of Ireland – which covers Ireland and Northern Ireland – voted in favour of female bishops as early as 1990, Rev. Pat Storey, a native of Belfast, and pastor of St Augustine's in Derry, was the first to be appointed and is now in her new position as Bishop of Meath and Kildare. She is a bit overwhelmed with the fact that she has made the history books and says that she is 'excited and daunted by the adventure' ahead of her. ♣♣♣

Belfast has elected a new Lord Mayor, Máirtín Ó Muilleoir, a man with a strong commitment to unite the city's myriad communities. (He is also known in New York, as the editor of The Irish Echo.) Máirtín is not the first Nationalist to serve as Belfast's Lord Mayor, but he brings a broad vision and great determination, insisting that he is a mayor for all of Belfast. ♣♣♣

There are still 53 'peace walls' separating Catholic and Protestant neighborhoods in Northern Ireland – 42 in Belfast, 5 in Derry, 5 in Portadown and 1 in Lurgan. Some say that it is time they are dismantled but others say it is still too early. Indeed, a new one is being constructed this winter in the church grounds of St Matthew's RC Church in east Belfast. There is one change to the good however. It will not be made of concrete, but of chain link fence that will be retractable when needed. It's a small step towards progress. ♣♣♣

Partridge Island was the largest quarantine station in NB during the Great Famine years. It sheltered the hungry and sick and many poor Irish immigrants died and are buried here - within sight of where they should have landed and started a new life in the New World. It has always seemed a dream that the island could become a national or provincial park with interpretive walks. Inaccessible at present, interest seems to be mustering at all government levels and there is renewed hope that this long awaited project may come to fruition. To find out more and lend your support, contact the Saint John Waterfront Development Project at info@sjwaterfront.com.



The way we said it

By Máirín Lankford



With the kind permission of the author, we have taken a few of her articles on the influence of the Irish language on English that have appeared in the Journal of Skibbereen and District Historical Society, the Mizen Journal, and the Drimoleague Parish Journal and edited them into a four-part series for The Shamrock Leaf.

Part I and II of IV were presented in our December 2012 and June 2013 editions.

I was in town one afternoon during the past summer and, forced to take shelter from a sudden downpour, I went browsing in a well-known store of the ‘pile um high and sell um cheap’ variety. Seeing umbrellas at a knock-down price, I purchased, not one but two of them and set off, like Mary Poppins, into the weather. My inherited West Cork nose for a good bargain hadn’t let me down for, now, not only had I an umbrella for the reality of today’s rain, but I also had one to put in storage for the proverbial rainy day to come. A wise woman indeed! Well, so I smugly thought until, no more than a stone’s throw down the street, my hands and clothes were smudged a garish, bright red from the cheap colour that ran out of the umbrella. ‘Aililiú, a lao’, I muttered to myself ‘weren’t they the bad margadh’.

This little episode set me thinking how the language we imbibe as children from our own people in our own place, persists through all the vagaries of our lives. ‘Tis many a year since I set out from the dialectical enclave of West Cork to make my way in a wider world and learn, among many other questionable arts, that of fitting my speech to a more sophisticated model than the one I had left behind. Yet at times when I feel like laughing at my-

self, as happened in the case of the umbrellas, I revert to the vernacular of my childhood. I have often wondered why this is so.

‘Aililiú, a lao, weren’t they the bad margadh’. One assumes that the ‘aililiú’ was an alleluia, instinctively praising the Lord who featured strongly in everyday speech and who could be called upon to witness and give credence to the most unlikely things. Perhaps the most common call He got from West Cork was ‘Go bhfoire Dia orainn’ - God help us. Here we have a sophisticated grammatical structure in use within the common speech. Today, a teacher of Irish would feel well satisfied if a Leaving Certificate honours student could render these forms correctly. Go bhfoire Dia orainn, indeed!

‘A Thiarna’- O Lord, or ‘A Thiarna na nocht’ - O Lord of the naked or helpless, or, indeed, even ‘A Thiarna, saor sinn’ - Lord save us, were other forms of communication with the Man on high. They were cryptic and came from the heart and might still be succinctly dispatched as a text-message on a mobile ‘phone if the I.T. generation were so inclined. Another, perhaps less felicitous example was ‘M’anam ón diabhal’ - may my soul escape the devil. With usage over time, this one became ‘hanam an diabhal’, which could, of course, be

interpreted as anything but the prayer it was intended to be. Indeed, I remember, as a child, using this latter version in precocious imitation of an adult and being told to ‘stop swearing’. These prayers gradually came to be used merely as expressions of surprise or wonderment or simply for emphasis in speech. They are, however, interesting for a variety of reasons, not least for the fact that they are a manifestation of a characteristic of the spirituality of our people, namely, a deeply-held belief in the reality and closeness of the powers of both good and evil.

Back again to ‘Aililiú, a lao’. ‘A lao’, or sometimes ‘a lao liom’ - my little calf, was a term of endearment frequently used. How apt, in a rural community where the closeness of cow and calf would be well understood. Other terms of endearment were ‘a chuid’, or its diminutive, ‘a chuidín’ - my portion or, you who belong in a special way to me, usually used by an adult to a child. Then there was the lovely, poetic one, ‘a ghile’ or ‘a ghile bán’ - my little bright one, coming over time to be pronounced ‘a gilly’.

Now to ‘weren’t they the bad margadh’. ‘Margadh’ - a bargain, is straight from the Irish lexicon and anyone who grew up in

(cont’d...)



The way we said it (cont'd)



West Cork before the advent, in the 60's, of that homogenising monster, television, used hundreds of such forms in everyday speech.

Certain people could cause 'clampar' wherever they went. 'Clampar' was wrangling, confusion or noise. There could be 'clampar' between neighbours whose animals were straying across the bounds-ditch or there could be 'clampar' where there was a big, noisy household with various members vying with one another for attention or superiority.

Rí-rá, on the other hand, was a more benign form of clamour. This was the kind of confusion that arose from recklessness or revelry. Rí-rá could break out at a wedding where there was too much drink taken or anywhere where high spirits took over, or

simply where things in general got out of hand. 'Ruaille-buaille' was another expression for helter-skelter situations. These were great words, that could conjure up pictures through their sounds.

Or, how about 'fotharaga'? The man who would leave in haste, in a state of high alert and great agitation was said to 'go off in a fierce fotharaga'. Perhaps his cow had decided to calf a bit early, or maybe an animal had broken into a field of root-crops and was in danger of getting a gripe from gorging on the turnips.

There would be a 'néall' on the poor cow for the young turnips - she'd be in a mad frenzy of desire for them. 'There's a néall on him for money' would be said of the fellow who was always trying to make more and more money. The

money, of course, could be 'grigging' him, from the Irish 'ag griogadh', meaning tantalising or attracting.

These terms were sharp and apt and gave no prisoners to political correctness. Usually no great harm was intended with their usage and perhaps they could even be seen as a kind of blood-letting for the day to day emotions that we sometimes bottle up today until they have to be dealt with clinically by a therapist. What a pity to have lost them, for our exchanges were more colourful and more pleasing to the ear when we used them. Alas and 'faire go deo' for the precious things we throw away in the pursuit of sophistication.



Máirín Lankford grew up in rural West Cork and has had a life-long interest in the lore of her own place and people, especially in the Hiberno-English culture that was background to her childhood.

Educated at Drinagh National School; Coláiste Muire, Crosshaven and University College Dublin, she became a teacher and worked for many years as a methodologist at the Education Department, University College Cork.

Her work, both in Irish and in English, has been published in various journals and she is author of *The Cloth-capped Men : The Story of a West Cork Slate Quarry 1841-1961*, Cork, 2005

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An Irish stamp album

An Post celebrates and emphasizes Ireland's past and present



By Michael O. Nowlan

Again it's a warm welcome and a pleasure to have you journey with me through the latest offerings from An Post, the Irish Post Office. It has been a usual year for the post office in Dublin with the celebration of many features of Irish life both past and present.

In my June column I mentioned An Post's 2013 Europa series celebrating "The Postman's Van/Postal Vehicles" for which I did not have an image by last issue's publication date. I am pleased to be able to present one below.



Also in the last column, I told you that Ireland would mark the 50th anniversary of the visit of United States President John F. Kennedy with a series of two stamps on June 6. The An Post stamps have considerable significance to honour one of the world's most important political figures in the 1960s. An Post says "John Fitzgerald Kennedy is remembered for a great many accomplishments during his all-too-short life."



Kennedy visited Ireland in June 1963. His visit included addressing both Houses of the Irish Oireachtas (parliament), laying a wreath at the graves of victims of the Easter Rising, and paying a visit to the Kennedy ancestral home in Dunganstown, County Wexford. The two stamps were designed by Steve Simpson and feature images of the state visit.

Three beautiful stamps paid tribute to the Port of Cork on July 17. Strategically situated at the mouth of the River Lee, Cork Harbour is one of the largest natural harbours in the world as well as the second busiest seaport in Ireland. The stamps depict the port's three major activities: freight, leisure, and cruise.



To sit on the wharf near the port's welcome centre, as I did a few years ago, was to reminisce about my ancestors who probably sailed to New Brunswick from the Port of Cork. Coming from the southern counties of Cork, Kerry, and Carlow I have no certainty of their point of departure, but Cork may well have been the place. The scene there today is as beautiful as the three stamps.

The Port of Cork can lay claim to Ireland's only dedicated cruise berth in Cobh, and the stamps define this magnificent natural harbour.

If you like animals, and most people do, An Post issued eight new stamps in its Irish Animals and Marine Life definitive series. (Definitive stamps are the regularly used, everyday stamps, as opposed to commemoratives like the Kennedy and Port of Cork issues.) This is the fourth phase of this highly popular series.

The marine life stamps in the new series feature: the Cushion Star, a soft-bodied sea star sometimes called the Slime Star; the European Eel; the Red Tube Worm which is quite common around the world and well established on the northwest coast of Ireland; and the Common Seal also known as the harbour seal which is frequently spotted in Irish coastal waters.

The animals/birds in the new series are the Natterjack Toad, Red Fox, Great Spotted Woodpecker, and the Black-legged Kittiwake - a gull species. All these creatures "are a further celebration of Ireland's rich biodiversity."

Major features of Ireland's history are often

(cont'd...)

An Irish stamp album

(cont'd)

depicted on the country's stamps one of which was the General Lockout of 1913 which An Post marked on August 22 with three stamps. The Lockout was staged 100 years ago as a result of a clash between the Irish Transport and General Workers Union (ITGWU) and the Dublin United Tramway Company (DUTC). DUTC head William Martin Murphy and ITGWU leader James Larkin were in a bitter dispute re unions and non-unions.

Although it was a sadly predictable event that left 20,000 workers and their families without a wage and did not improve pay and conditions, An Post, however, says "it meant employers could no longer treat workers with the same disregard as before." The three stamps depict scenes of the General Lockout with facial images of three prominent figures associated with it: James Connolly, Countess Markiewicz, and Jim Larkin.

Another beautifully descriptive set of four stamps honours the Irish Defence Forces. Like Canada, Ireland recognizes the importance of its defence forces, and this set of stamps "salutes the proud history of the Irish Defence Forces" by depicting the four branches of the forces in action.



The Irish Defence Forces comprise the Army, Naval Service, Air Corps, and Reserve Defence Force. Their wide-ranging commitment includes defending the State against armed aggression, assisting An Garda Síochána, supporting the international efforts of the United Nations, and providing a fishery protection service in accordance with the State's obligations as a member of the European Union. The Irish Defence Forces have been involved in peace-keeping duties since 1958.



A rather moving set of four stamps was released by An Post on September 26 which emphasizes Ireland's integrated society. An Post states "despite the economic downturn, the

2011 Census revealed that over 500,000 people in Ireland were non-Irish nationals - an increase of 30% on the previous Census in 2006."



Such an "inward migration to Ireland" would have been difficult to imagine 50 years ago. Look at some of the ongoing benefits this diversity of peoples from around the world has created in Ireland: a multicultural society that can be successful in attracting foreign direct investment, ethnic restaurants and shops that add colour and spice to local Irish communities, broadened horizons for Irish school children by contact with school children from other countries, and a business sense non-nationals may use to enhance creativity, productivity, and decision making through diverse approaches.

These are the arguments that An Post accents in its celebration of the influx of migrants, and, in doing so, transforms Ireland from a monocultural country into an inclusive multicultural nation. I have been involved in collecting stamps, reading philatelic

literature, and writing about philately for many years, but this move to give migrants special status on stamps appears to be a first for a stamp-issuing nation.

An Post has two more new issues before 2013 wraps up. On October 17, a set of stamps will display Contemporary Public Buildings, but there is no advance information on which edifices will get the call. On November 7, the annual Christmas issue will be released which is always worth the wait.

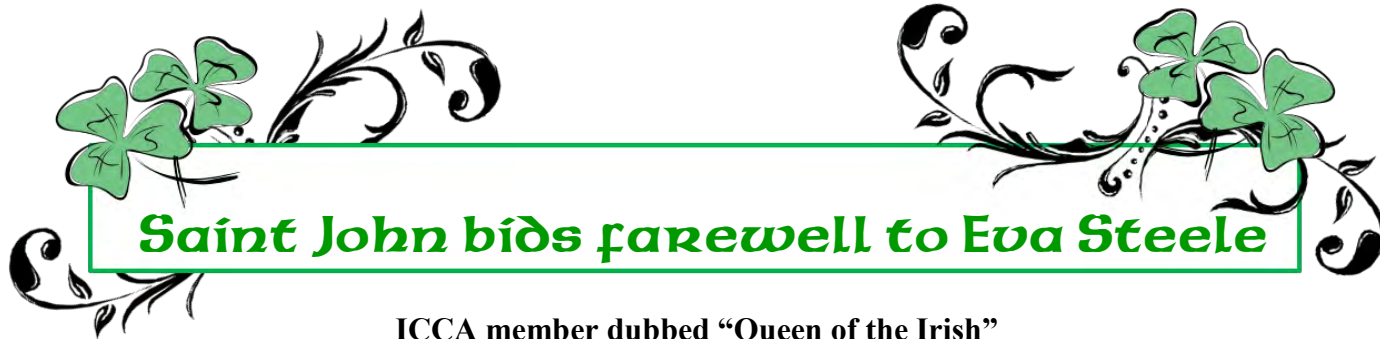
In the meantime, enjoy the coming season with Christmas, New Year's, and snow and cold. Keep warm!

I must again remark on the little quarterly publication from An Post, *Irish Stamps: The Collector*, which is packed with great information on Irish stamps, and each issue usually has a short essay of interest, not only to stamp collectors, but also the general public.

To learn more about Irish stamps visit the user friendly website at <http://www.anpost.ie> or write An Post, General Post Office, O'Connell Street, Dublin 1, Ireland.

I apologize to all readers for the omission of all the information in the above last paragraph of the June 2013 *The Shamrock Leaf*.





Saint John bids farewell to Eva Steele

ICCA member dubbed "Queen of the Irish"



It was a sad day for the Saint John Chapter of the Irish Canadian Cultural Association as well as for the Provincial Association when Saint John founding member, Eva Steele was laid to rest at the age of 98 and a half. Eva was born in Ennis, Co. Clare, Ireland in 1915 and came to Canada as a war bride in 1946. She was active in the Provincial War Brides Association. After bringing up her family and following a career in nursing, Eva turned her attention to her Irish culture.

Eva felt a real sense of connection to Partridge Island where thousands of Irish immigrants were quarantined during the Famine years of the late 1840's before being allowed to enter Saint John. She worked diligently to have its importance recognized by obtaining over 3,000 signatures on a petition presented to our politicians to have Partridge Island protected as an historic site.

Never missing St. Patrick's

Week in Saint John, Eva was always willing to dance a hornpipe or a jig at the tip of a hat. She even danced the Charleston at the Gala Irish Dinner one year. She loved being surrounded by children in her role as "Queen Aoife" at the annual Family Festival at Market Square. A small child was once heard to exclaim, "Is she really the Queen?" Eva was the consummate actress and revelled in the opportunity to become a member of ACTRA at the age of 82 to play a part in Daniel's McCarthy's film, "When Irish Eyes are Crying." The final version was renamed "Vendetta, No Conscience, No Mercy."

One of Eva's dreams was to dance on the Imperial Theatre's stage and this she accomplished with style and grace. She recited the Famine poem, "Ode to Dr. Collins" and danced her Irish hornpipe to a full house at a variety concert there in honour of the 150th Commemoration of the Great Irish Famine in 1997.

She had the bluest of eyes and for a person of such diminutive size she exuded a huge energy. It was all in the eyes. They talked, they danced, they sparkled and on occasion, when Eva was not pleased, those blue eyes could cut one to size.

The kitchen was the place to sit and share a cup of tea with Eva, poured from her grandmother's teapot brought all the way from Ireland. The kitchen was her ticket sales "office." She was a tireless worker and was dubbed "The Queen of ticket sales" as she could sell a

ticket on anything to anyone. She once sold a ticket for a Ceili to Vicki Gabereau of CBC who was back home in BC by the time of the event.

Eva was recognized for her service with a Lifetime Membership of the ICCA Saint John Chapter and a medal of appreciation. Eva also received a National Achievement Award for her dedicated service to Comhaltas Ceoltoiri Eireann. Eva was resilient, resourceful and reliable devoting the final thirty years of her life to the promotion of all aspects of Irish culture. May Eva's spirit and zest for life live on in all who knew her. "*Ni beidh a leitheid ann aris*" *There will never be the likes of her again.*



Eva Steele -- January 1915-July 2013 R.I.P.





Logic puzzle—Irish style!



Seisún Time —a logic puzzle

by Marilyn Driscoll

In many rural communities in Ireland, sessions are an integral part of community life where the conversation and camaraderie are an essential component. Four coworkers have found that, despite the difference in their ages, they share a love of traditional music acquired in their younger days. They have agreed to get together once a week for a traditional session to keep the tradition alive. Though all are Irish, each was born in a different city and each plays a different instrument. From the clues provided, determine which was born when, where, and what instrument each plays.

1. The one who was born in Galway was born after the one who plays the fiddle.
2. The one who was born in Cork is not Brianne.
3. Of Brianne and Declan, one plays the fiddle and the other was born in 1950.
4. The one who was born in Galway plays the uilleánn pipes.
5. Declan was born after the one who plays the tin whistle.
6. Either the person born in 1964 or the one born in 1945 was born in Galway.
7. The one who was born in Galway is Aidan.
8. The person born in 1950 doesn't play the tin whistle.
9. The one born in Dublin is not Maeve.
10. The one who plays the fiddle is not Declan.
11. The one who was born in Waterford doesn't play the fiddle or the bodhrán.
12. The person born in 1958 was born before the person who plays the uilleánn pipes.

Think you've got this one? Well, if you're really patient, you can check your answers in our June 2014 issue of *The Shamrock Leaf*, or visit our website at <http://www.newirelandnb.ca> to find out now.

Answers to last issue's logic puzzle: *The Gathering—Ireland 2013*

Four strangers meet in a bar at Heathrow airport and discover they are all headed to Ireland, enticed by the wonderful year-long events of Ireland's Gathering 2013. They find they are each travelling by a different airline and each has one particular attraction on their agenda that they want to see.

From the clues given in the June 2013 issue — did you figure out what clan each is a member of, what time and on which airline they are arriving, and what attraction they are particularly interested in seeing? Check your answer here:

| Arrival | Clan Name | Airline | Attraction |
|---------|-----------|-----------------|------------------|
| 06:10 | Ford | British Airways | Walls of Derry |
| 06:40 | Murray | Aer Lingus | Giant's Causeway |
| 07:00 | Ryan | KLM | Newgrange |
| 07:20 | Donovan | Ryanair | Blarney Castle |

Political correctness came early to Ireland. In the 1890s, when the campaign for women's suffrage was in its infancy, a Wexford shopkeeper put the following notice above his door: "Women, without distinction of sex, will be served".

- Sean Desmond, Irish American author

Does Anyone Know...???

We regularly receive questions from readers of the SL or from visitors to our ICCANB website regarding historical or genealogical research. While we do not have the resources to assist with this type of research, we will provide limited space in each production run to post questions for others to respond to. Unfortunately we cannot post them all but will draw from those received.

To be included, requests **MUST** include a contact email address as the SL **will not** act as intermediary between parties. **Please respond directly to the person requesting the information.**



Oliver Crane/Crain/Craigne family, York and Carleton counties :

Looking for the parents of Oliver Crane who was born abt. 1803-4, perhaps at Nashwaak NB, died 1870 Beechwood, Carleton County NB. Oliver Crane married Elizabeth Brown on 27 Aug 1835 in Woodstock, NB. His father was possibly in the military as an Irish fusilier, perhaps at Port Royal, Annapolis, Nova Scotia in 1780. Any help appreciated.

Doug Crain

Saint John NB

selectea@nb.sympatico.ca

John and Mary White, Moncton, NB:

Two large stained glass windows in St Bernard's Church in Moncton are dedicated to John and Mary (Quinn) White and their son James. John (b. 1811) and Mary White were from County Wexford (arr. 1847) and he was a tailor in Moncton. Their children were – James –b 1841, William – b 1842, John – b 1844 (d. Fort Lawrence NS, 1915), Mary – b 1849 and Sara -b. 1852. One, or more, of the children ended up in Kentucky and made good money to pay for these beautiful windows. Can only trace son John but would like to know more of the other children and their descendants.

Linda Evans

irishroom@rogers.com

Fitzgerald family, Kent County:

Looking for information on the descendants of Edward 'Ned' Fitzgerald and Ellen McGinty of Kent County, NB. They had one daughter, Catherine, who married Jeremiah Augustus Carroll. Are there other siblings in the family? Also looking for the resting place of Catherine Fitzgerald Carroll in Kent County – somewhere about St Charles?

Gerald Gover

Montréal, Québec

the.govers@sympatico.ca

Mary Amanda Doyle McLaughlin:

Looking for information on the McLaughlin Family who were living at 826 Charlotte Street in Fredericton in the 1911 and 1920 census books. Mary Amanda Doyle was born in New Westminster BC on 7 Apr 1887, the daughter of Michael Doyle of Doyleville and Ann Clancy of Petit Rocher/Beresford. She was married to Alexander McLaughlin and had two daughters:

Mary Eva Gertrude McLaughlin born 23 May 1909 and Marjorie Anna born 17 Aug 1911.

Carole Doyle Roberts

doyle40@yahoo.ca

Irish Ambassador visits New Brunswick

The week of October 14th, fittingly enough perhaps, Thanksgiving, our province and in particular three of our Chapters, were visited by Dr. J. Raymond "Ray" Bassett, Irish Ambassador to Canada, and his wife, Patricia. The couple flew into Moncton on Monday evening, to be greeted by Brian Murphy, who became, during his time as an MP in Ottawa, a friend of the Ambassador's, and was instrumental in coordinating this visit for which he deserves our thanks.

What follows, in words and pictures, is a report of that visit over 4 days; a story told by each Chapter in their own way.

We'll let Paul McCloskey, President of the Moncton Chapter, start the story:

As you as all no doubt aware we had a visit from Dr. J. Raymond Bassett, Irish Ambassador to Canada last week. The Moncton portion of his visit went smoothly and many of our members turned out to meet him both at the Irish Monument on the banks of the Petitcodiac River and the Old Triangle Ale House afterwards. Dr. Bassett was moved by the respect of the Irish of Moncton for the depth of heritage that exists between New Brunswick and Ireland, something that shone through clearly at the Irish Monument. We were pleased to welcome John Patterson, President of the Greater Moncton Scottish Association, to our celebration of being Irish.

This was the first time an Irish Ambassador visited Moncton and we were all appreciative of being able to spend some time with him. The Moncton Chapter presented Dr. Bassett with a watercolour painting of an Irish scene, painted by none other than our own member Joyce Murphy. The painting was a beautiful piece of art and admired by the Ambassador, his wife Patricia, and all present.

Earlier in the day, the Ambassador

noted that the pending free-trade deal between Canada and the European Union (EU) should boost business opportunities for both parties, and that local New Brunswick businesses can benefit from these broad-based agreements. Also during his visit, his Excellency was able to tour a couple of Moncton businesses with links to Ireland, met with members of the Moncton Chamber of Commerce, and enjoyed a friendly, business oriented chat with the Mayor of Moncton, His Worship George LeBlanc.

And now, from Bruce Driscoll, in Fredericton:

On, Wednesday, October 16th, Ambassador Bassett and his wife Patricia travelled from Moncton to Fredericton, on the second leg of their New Brunswick trip. Their first visit was to St. Thomas University, where they met with a group of staff and students, including Vice - Presidents Dr. Barry Craig, Dr. Gayle MacDonald, Jeff Wright; Dr. Stewart Donovan, Coordinator of Irish Studies, Dr. Trevor Sawler, Irish Studies, Professor Emer O'Flaherty, visiting ICUF language instructor and Irish Language Summer School students, Chance White and Anna Scheidler. Following this brief reception, they met with Dawn Russell, President of STU.



His Excellency, Dr. Raymond Bassett
Irish Ambassador to Canada

Leaving St. Thomas they travelled down the hill to meet with Denis Noel at the Hermitage Cemetery on the Woodstock Road. Denis, with his wealth of knowledge of the Irish in N.B., explained in detail how the Celtic Memorial came into being in September of 2000, to honour the memory of the Irish of St. Dunstan's Church in the 1800s. As a sign of good luck, a large eagle kept watch on the small group from high in the pines right over the grounds.

(cont'd...)

Irish Ambassador visits New Brunswick. — (cont'd)

The next stop was a tour of City Hall, where the couple was escorted by a guide to the main chambers. Here the guide explained the significance of the tapestries that encircle the room. These hand woven works depict the history of the city over its first 200 years. The Ambassador and his wife then enjoyed a leisurely stroll back to the Crowne Plaza/Lord Beaverbrook Hotel, giving them an opportunity to see the historical buildings and the business areas of the downtown core.

Wednesday evening, the Capital Area Chapter hosted their visitors at the James Joyce Pub. Over 50 members and guests turned out, and were charmed by these two very wonderful people. Ambassador Bassett spoke briefly and warmly about his role and his visit to the Province. Following this Sidney Murgatroyd, holder of the Inishowen Fiddle, was presented with his personal Fiddle trophy by the Ambassador, and Sidney then played a few tunes for the group. Beth McDermott, Irish Person of the Year for 2013, then came forward and presented his Excellency with a book about the history and the people of Fredericton by Ted and Anita Jones. Keith Facey, Chapter member and musician, took the stage, and played music while Marilyn Driscoll's Irish set dancing class showed off their talents. Keith then provided songs and music for the group well into the evening. The crowd didn't thin out for quite a while, evidence of a good time and of the graciousness of these very special guests.

And in closing, from Terry Mullin, Saint John Chapter member, the rest of the tale:

His Excellency, the Irish Ambassador to Canada, Dr. Raymond Bassett and his wife Patricia kicked off their visit to Saint John with a welcome from His Worship, Mayor Mel Norton in the Red Room of City Hall. The Mayor and Ambassador then discussed areas of mutual interest. This was followed by a well attended and delicious reception at the Bishop's Palace. Ray, as he prefers to be addressed, chatted informally with approx 50-60 people.

The afternoon was taken up with a city tour escorted by Terry Mullin and accompanied by local ICCA members, and representatives from the Port authority, business and travel industry. The tour included a stop at Fort Howe where they had a great panoramic view of the city and harbour from its highest point and a stop at Reversing Falls.

The Ambassador was delighted with the opportunity to see Partridge Island, from BayShore, where he learned of the Island's importance in local and national history. ICCA members shared their information about efforts to gain access to this National Historic Site; the island's importance to so many citizens of the greater Saint John area; and the wishes of the many locals who would love to have access to the island. In addition, many, many visitors to the city ask about getting over to the island to research their ancestors and revisit such an important time and place in the history of North America.

As we travelled across Harbour Bridge, Captain John McCann, *Vice President, Operations, Infrastructure, & Harbour Master* filled the group in on the port activities and its

role on the national and international scenes.

We enjoyed a stop at St. Patrick's Square where Ray and Patricia were shown the Celtic cross, a replica of the one on Partridge Island and heard about the significance of "The 3 Sisters" Lamp. Next stop was St. Mary's Cemetery, where the Ambassador and Marijke Blok, Chapter President, laid a wreath in memory of the approx 14,000 people who have been buried there since it's opening in 1852.

Patricia especially enjoyed Canada's oldest City Market where she scouted for gifts for wee grandchildren while Ray chatted with the owner of Baleman's and signed the original 1895 guest book at Slocum and Ferris.

A quick look at the fantastic architecture at Chubb's corner and then it was time to tuck in for a quick pint to quench the thirst at O'Leary's Pub. We were joined by another large group of people hoping to meet the Ambassador and to hear a tune or two. Attendees were not disappointed at the Ceilidh in progress, as Comholtas entertained us for over 2 hours. They were joined by two of our ICCA members, Eileen Costigan and Helena Hook, demonstrating their talented dancing skills.

We finished off a very busy, informative and exciting day with dinner at the York Bistro Pub, Hilton Hotel, where Marijke Blok, presented His Excellency and Patricia with a small gift of local products as a token of our appreciation from the ICCA Saint John Branch. We bid Slán go foil (good bye) and Slán abhaile (safe home) to our Irish guests as we saw them off at the airport early Friday morning.



Irish Ambassador's visit in pictures



Ambassador Bassett addresses the crowd at Moncton's Celtic cross memorial then poses with dignitaries in attendance. L to R: Paul McCloskey, ICCANB Westmorland, Albert Kent Chapter President; Brian Murphy, former Moncton area MP; Ambassador Bassett; George LeBlanc, Mayor of Moncton; John Patterson, President, Greater Moncton Scottish Association; and Bruce Driscoll, outgoing provincial President, Irish Canadian Cultural Association of New Brunswick



After visiting the memorial Ambassador Bassett chats with guests and ICCA members at Moncton's Old Triangle Pub. The following day he and his lovely wife, Patricia, meet with historian Denis Noel at a memorial to St. Dunstan's Irish at Fredericton's Old Hermitage cemetery.



The Ambassador met with officials of St. Thomas University: Jeff Wright, VP Advancement & Alumni, and Dr. Barry Craig, VP, Academic. Later His Excellency speaks to the crowd at the James Joyce Pub and receives a gift presented on behalf of the IC-CANB Capital Area Chapter by Irish Person of the Year, Beth McDermott. Bruce Driscoll looks on.

Irish Ambassador's visit in pictures—cont'd



For his Saint John visit His Excellency met with Mayor Mel Norton, viewed the “Three Sisters” navigational lamp and the monument commemorating those buried on Partridge Island, was assisted by ICCANB Saint John president Marijke Blok to in the laying of a wreath at the Celtic cross at St. Mary’s cemetery, and joined a group of people interested in establishing access to Partridge Island where famine ships were quarantined in the id 19th century. With the island visible behind them the group included (L to R) Terry Mullin, Helena Hook, Ambassador Basset and his wife Patricia, Eileen Costigan, Captain John McCann, Bob Kane, Mary O’Leary May, and Marijke Blok. He and Patricia also visited the Saint John City Market where he took time to speak with the owner of Baleman’s, then viewed, and signed the original 1895 guest book at Slocum and Ferris. Later that evening everyone was entertained by members of the Saint John Comhaltas Ceolte Eirann group.



Miramichi Chapter Report

By Maureen English

In mid-June members attended a three day event entitled “The Gathering” held at the Miramichi Curling Club. Arranged by the Heritage group on the Miramichi, this marvelous event brought together all local groups who are interested in preserving our past. A large collection of old pictures were displayed as well as artifacts, representing the instruments of the trades - shipbuilding, fishing and lumbering to name a few – were on view. As a group we presented Irish immigration to the area and encouraged people to explore their roots. It was a very enjoyable weekend.

On June 23 we hosted a well attended “Spring into Summer” social afternoon at the Most Pure Heart of Mary Church in Barnaby River. We had many local entertainers who shared their musical talents with us.



Tea/coffee and small cakes were served. It was an enjoyable afternoon and everyone was well-pleased with the event.

We survived another very well attended Irish Festival on the weekend of July 18, 19, 20 and 21. The Miramichi chapter sponsored Father Leon Creamer’s presentation on the lives of Father Ben Murdock and Father Morricey.

Our final event for 2013 is our “Christmas in



Killarney” gathering held at the Seaman’s hospital in Miramichi on Sunday, November 24th. It is always a great afternoon of Irish and Christmas songs topped with warm bowls of chili or corn chowder to keep us warm.



Jimmy Lawlor (above) and Stephen Allison, Lynn Doyle, and Donna & Tyrone Hubbard (below) entertain at the Barnaby River event



I remember a time when the curtain never went up on time in a Dublin theatre because, as the theory went, the Irish were all so busy being witty and wonderful and entertaining in bars, they couldn’t do anything as prosaic as coming in and being seated before eight o’clock.

- Maeve Binchy
Irish novelist, playwright, short story writer and columnist

Heritage Trip to Ireland
Aug 26 – Sep 9, 2014

With Marven McCarthy & M.A. Riordon Barry
 Contact maryanne.riordonbarry@nbnet.nb.ca

Or
 Phone 506-622-6422

Genealogy presentations optional



Mold responsible for Irish potato famine may be gone for good



By John Upton

Scientists used modern genetic sequencing and rotten old museum samples to peer back in time to find the cause of the potato blight that led to more than 1 million deaths in Ireland in the 1840s.

The fungus-like water mold that ravaged the country's potato crop sent hungry Irish survivors fleeing for far-flung new countries — which is why so many people now justify getting wasted every St. Patrick's Day, saying they're sure they have an Irish ancestor somewhere in their family tree.

What the scientists found was a strain of *Phytophthora infestans* that is different from similar water molds that are still ravaging the world's crops.

Researchers in the UK, Germany and the US analysed dried leaves kept in collections in museums at

Kew Royal Botanical Gardens, UK, and Botanische Staatssammlung Munchen, Germany.

High-tech DNA sequencing techniques allowed them to decode ancient DNA from the pathogen in samples stored as early as 1845.

These were compared with modern-day genetic types from Europe, Africa and the Americas, giving an insight into the evolution of the pathogen.

This strain was different from all the modern strains that were analysed most likely it has gone extinct.

Yet scientists still can't figure out what made the water mold so devastating. In fact, the famine strains lack a gene found in modern strains of *P. infestans* that overcomes the plant's resistance genes. And, surprisingly, the famine strain seems less lethal than the *P. infestans*

strains that now cause US\$6 billion in crop damage per year. Perhaps the more susceptible in the middle of the 19th century.

OK, all very interesting. But given that the mold strain responsible for the Irish famine appears to have gone extinct, we have some advice for the scientists who are done analyzing the infected old potato leaves: Burn them.



The Irish Association needs regular support

The Irish have always been a generous people. Unfortunately, our memory is not always as reliable as our generosity. Each year the ICCANB faces a challenge when it comes to the timeliness of membership renewals. Although membership is based on a calendar year, more and more of us are forgetting to pay until March, April, May or even later in the year.

Annual, timely payment of membership fees allows the organization to properly plan and deliver programs and services as well as produce this newsletter twice a year. While out-of-province membership fees are retained entirely by the ICCA provincial body, fees paid to local chapters are split 50/50 between the chapter and the provincial body so that funding is available on a regional basis for programs within specific areas of the province. The money collected by the provincial body is used for strategic initiatives that serve the Irish of the province as a whole and pave the way for future opportunities to strengthen our position and forge beneficial partnerships.

So—yes, it is that time again. We are beginning our

collection of Membership Dues for 2014. The cost of membership for the ICCANB is a very reasonable, \$20.00 per person (\$25.00 for a family), a cost that has not changed since the mid-1980s making it affordable for everyone, even though each year the costs involved in managing the organization continue to rise. So please, take a moment while you are preparing your Christmas cards this year or recovering from the hustle and bustle of this busy season, to write that cheque and drop it in the mail. It will indeed be very welcome.

Cheques should be written to ICCANB and sent to your local chapter address—found on the back page of this issue. For members who reside outside the province or in an area without an active ICCANB chapter, cheques should be sent to the provincial membership chair: Marilyn Driscoll, 360 Route 102, Burton, N.B., E2V 3C6.

Thank you all for your continued support. Without you we would have no reason to exist!

Moderation in all things

A review of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, vol. II: The extreme moderate, 1857-1868ⁱ

By Brian F.P. Murphy

The maturation of a political figure over time is not a new or unique phenomenon. My own father hopefully repeated the following phrase to me many times in hope of a conversion when I was reading too much left-leaning material: "If you are not a socialist when you are twenty, you have no heart; if you are not a capitalist when you are thirty, you have no brain." I continued on reading "Small is Beautiful" and "How the Other Half Dies" and studying John Kenneth Galbraith anyway. I suppose all thinking persons in public life with decades of experience end up at their *via media*, and so did D'Arcy McGee, Canada's most famous Irish-born politician. The tragedy, aside from his mortal death, is that the full maturation of his views will never be known. Having grown (some may say deteriorated) from Young Ireland to oaths to Queen Victoria as a Canadian Parliamentarian, it would have been interesting to hear McGee's views on Home Rule championed by Charles Stewart Parnell. Ensnared in a series of John A. Macdonald governments (and perhaps scandals) would he have softened and sided with Disraeli's Conservatives? The Irish in Canada would have hoped not, neither would I, and neither would David Wilson in the above-noted second volume of his biography.

I met Professor Wilson when the Canada-Ireland Parliamentary Association, of which I was chair, invited him to Parliament Hill upon the launch of his first volume. He is a most gracious and interesting man. His first book thoroughly de-romanticized McGee's early infatuation with the Young Ireland movement and Fenianism. McGee was a pragmatist in process, the first volume concludes that McGee was destined from 1857 on to come to the practical centre: "*In Ireland, McGee had been an extreme Republican; in the United States he had been an extreme Catholic; in Canada he would become an extreme moderate.*"

Wilson's second volume begins with this thesis and ends with a lengthy detailed review of Canada's most famous (that is, really, the only) political assassination and the follow up trial of Patrick James Whelan. That part of the book is interesting but, of course, sheds little light on the change going on inside the mind of McGee and the large, increasingly vocal, Irish minority he represented. Easy as it might be to conclude that his drinking buddy, Macdonald offered him two important and coalescing welcomes: the love of the drink and current political power, that is not the reason they landed together, Wilson argues.

Despite the thesis in the title, Wilson's book actually

makes the case that McGee was first and foremost, a fighter for minority rights. His "moderation" was borne of his relative position in the power matrix he found himself in at any given time, I would argue. In the Ireland of his youth, the power outlet for a young Catholic was only in the republican stream. Business, law and politics were barren routes in a country still suffering the effects of the Penal laws. The Church was conservative and not a leader on political emancipation issues, so the only outlet was Young Ireland.

In the United States, particularly Boston and Philadelphia, McGee was amongst a very vocal, rebel, increasingly affluent and concentrated Irish population, monolithically Catholic and so his vector was rambunctious. Finally, landing in Montreal, even though there was a strong catholic presence, the Irish part, though concentrated was a minority. In the Canadian context it was a minority within a minority. Thus he came to see power for his kind, and himself, he was not without ego, as part of Macdonald's government from 1863 on. That epiphany came to him as the inaptly named Reformers and George Brown were intransigent to separate schools.

McGee's insertion into the debates of separate schools and representation by population were moves not just of a moderate, but more of a minority rights' advocate. Wilson gives McGee the highest of accolades in this regard: "*The process of bargaining, brokerage, accommodation and compromise in which McGee participated was essential to the construction of Canada.*"

In New Brunswick, our struggles with the school question ended up in a compromise as well. The concession to Irish Catholics at the time was one far less grand than that granted to those in Ontario. Despite good, but often divided, leadership from Timothy Warren Anglin and John Costigan, one of whom was allied to Macdonald, one of whom was not, I cannot help but wonder that if McGee had lived beyond his young 42 years, whether Irish minority rights might have been more protected.

Perhaps it is fitting that the lasting eponymous legacies for this great bon vivant and symbol of vigilance for the minority in the face of a majority are the famous Pub in Ottawa and the riding named for him in Montreal which has the only majority Jewish population (another minority, historically in need of advocacy) in the whole Province of Quebec. In conclusion, David Wilson has done a great service not only to Canadian history, but also to Irish-Canadians in laying out McGee's true nature both as moderate and minority-rights advocate.

i. Published by McGill-Queen's University Press, 2011; ISBN 9780773539037

The Irish Room

By Linda Evans

New Brunswick's Irish history has, for many reasons, been largely ignored in this province, and yet our rich and colorful past deserves a place within New Brunswick's story. While gathering research on NB Irish families, I often come across small snippets of information that are of interest. For this issue, we explore the life of a mid-19th century New Brunswick businessman.

William Crane— merchant, judge, politician...gombeen man?

Sometimes while researching local history, a passing phrase attracts attention. Sometimes it's just a word about a community, or a person...

And so it was with William Crane.

His official biography describes him as a merchant, justice of the peace, judge and politician. Indeed, he was all of these, but he was also described in more scathing tones - as a 'gombeen man' and ruthless taskmaster.

These two descriptions are miles apart. The truth probably lies somewhere in the middle.

William Crane was born in Grand Pré, Nova Scotia, the son of Colonel Jonathon Crane and Rebecca Allison. His father was a New England planter from Lebanon, Connecticut and his mother, an Ulster Scot, born in Londonderry, Ireland.

Crane came to New Brunswick to make his mark and first settled in Westcock, and then Middle Sackville. He went into business soon after with his younger cousin, Charles Frederick Allison. At the time, Middle Sackville (near Silver Lake) was a fairly large community, but after their business burned, they moved their operation to nearby Sackville. The company of Crane and Allison set up their business at the corner of Bridge and Main Streets where the Town Hall is located today. Still known as Crane Corner, Crane's home, 'Cranewood', stands nearby.

The firm of Crane and Allison was a typical enterprise of its day, exchanging local staples for a variety of goods imported from Britain, Halifax, the United States, and Lower Canada. Trade, especially in timber, enjoyed a strong market. So strong, that they opened a branch house in the Miramichi region to engage in the important transatlantic trade in timber from that port, and to supply the lumbermen of northern New Brunswick with agricultural surpluses from Westmorland County. Crane and Allison ran their own ships - built in Sackville - and also owned large tracts of farmland along the Tantramar marshes.

Crane was described as the more ruthless businessman of the two. Allison was quiet and more 'careful' with his business sense. When Allison converted to Methodism in the late 1830's, he was no longer interested in the ruthless business practices of Crane and Allison. He left the business in 1839 and donated most of his wealth to the construction of a new Methodist college - which we know today as Mount Allison University.

The Crane and Allison business was typical of the day and bartering was common. Credit at the Crane and Allison store allowed many an individual to acquire everyday necessities which might be paid for with timber in the spring, butter or stock in the fall, or periods of work when necessary.

To pay their debts, new immigrants were obliged to work on Crane and Allison's farmlands, build dykes to dry up the marshes, and did back-breaking road construction - especially on the much needed post road across the Tantramar to Amherst. Many felt like - and I'll use the polite word here - indentured servants to Crane's self-serving ventures.

Crane also provided mortgage financing for settlers from Moncton to Shediac and across the entire Tormentine peninsula.

Important politically as justice of the peace, justice of the quorum and judge of the Inferior Court of Common Pleas for Westmorland County, Crane not only held the new immigrants' debts - but also was their 'go-between' between the immigrant settlements and the colonial government when it came to acquiring land grants, road construction and/or pleas for assistance.

In effect, he controlled their very lives.

It prompted this comment from Monsignor Edward Savage in his booklet, *The Story of Melrose*:

"The grants of land came through the County representative, William Crane. Just by what selection Crane became the representative of the County is a mystery. But this was before the days of responsible government, and at once the new settler found himself under a landlord almost as exacting as some he had left in Ireland. Under one pretext or

(cont'd...)

William Crane— merchant, judge, politician...gombeen man? (cont'd)

another, Crane would oblige the new settler to work in and around Sackville on his own marsh lands and those of his friends, the Allison. The grants may have been nominally free, but by the time they reached the new settler, payment of application, registration fees, etc., kept him busy building dykes to keep the restless Fundy tides from the marsh lands of Sackville. Though no actual charge of extortion was ever made against Crane, he was always looked upon as a hard task-master – sympathetic indeed with the people after the manner of a good-natured Southern planter with his slaves.²¹

One Irish contemporary used the term ‘gombeen man’ to describe him. From the Irish ‘gaimbin’, it is a derogatory term for a money-lender who is always looking to make a profit or a shopkeeper or merchant who exploits the needy by selling food and necessities to them on credit with high interest rates.

Crane had high aspirations and served in the legislative assembly and as Speaker of the House in the Fredericton over the years. He travelled to England in 1836 as a representative of the Colonial Office and there met his second wife, Eliza Wood, who he married in London in 1838, just a few months after he attended Queen Victoria’s coronation. His first wife, Susannah Dixon Roach,ⁱⁱ the daughter of a County Cork immigrant, Thomas Roach and

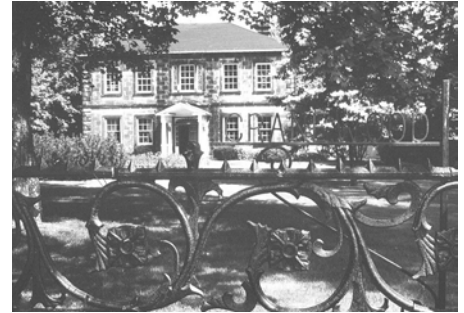
Ruth Dixon had passed away in 1830.

While away, construction on his new home - Cranewood – was underway. Obsessed with ‘all things British’, he wanted it ready for his new wife when they returned. It was styled after a typical English Georgian country estate of the day. Until recently, the house was home to the President of Mount Allison University for many years.

William Crane died in 1853 while in Fredericton. The extent of his control over the entire region’s people is seen through the estate he left behind. Only 10 percent of his worth at the time was in cash or stocks. Most of his money was tied up in scattered real estate holdings throughout Westmorland County – farms and lands he had acquired through foreclosure and mortgages. But, according to his official biography, ‘the greatest part of his wealth lay in debts owing, a reflection of the extent to which Crane’s credit underpinned the cash-scarce, and essentially subsistent, local economy.’

Soon after his death, his second wife quickly returned to London with their five young children. She remarried and lived out her days in fashionable west end Marlebone. Colonial New Brunswick was not for her.

So, was Crane a ‘gombeen man’? From Savage’s comments, he



was certainly disliked. Crane’s hold over the new Melrose immigrants was well remembered – even two generations after his passing. But he was probably a necessary evil in the day. He had the funds and the political power to control the lives of the less fortunate and he took advantage of that. But without him, the new Irish immigrants, who were trying to find their way along the Emigrant Road (Melrose), maybe would have had even a more difficult time of it.

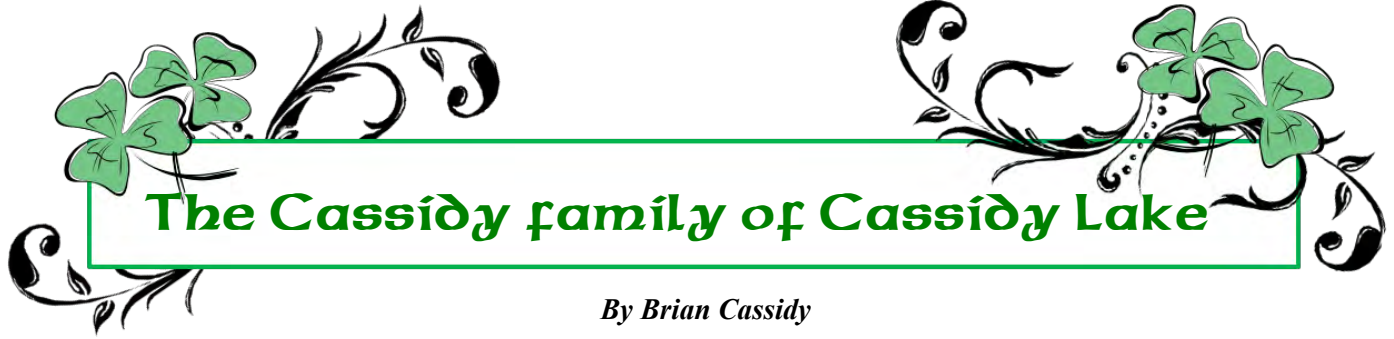
Bartering and money lending were actually very common practices throughout the 19th century. Crane would have not been the only ‘gombeen’ man in New Brunswick. There were several. What may have been different was that he was, as justice of the peace and politician, the same man the settlers would have had to visit if they had a complaint as well.

William Crane quite frankly had the new settlers between ‘a rock and a hard place’. Admired? Yes. Gombeen man? Yes, as well.

i. Savage, Rev. Edward, *The Story of Melrose*, p. 13

ii. It is interesting that Susanna is often listed only as Susannah Dixon in some biographies. Her mother was a Dixon but her father was an Irishman.

Ireland’s Minister of Finance, Michael Noonan, said funding has been set aside to demolish ghost estates with the taxpayers, rather than developers, likely to foot the bill. Since many of the developers have gone “bust” and don’t have the money to complete the housing estates, they are unlikely to have the money to demolish the half-finished construction. "They have a lack of access to finance... they can't go to the bank looking for money to finish these off. It will probably be the State and the local authority that steps in and will pay for the cost of demolition." said Professor Rob Kitchin, of NUI Maynooth, an expert in regional and spatial analysis.



The Cassidy family of Cassidy Lake

By Brian Cassidy

Our story begins in The Port, County Donegal, Ireland with William Cassidy who would one day become the patriarch of the Cassidys of Cassidy Lake.

The oldest of ten children, William Cassidy was born there on March 4, 1797. His wife, Jane Milligan, was also born in The Port on June 22, 1798. The story goes that they eloped on May 20, 1818 to Gretna Green, Scotland. The village blacksmith performed the wedding ceremony over an anvil. The problem with this story is that Mike Cassidy, great-great grandson of William and Jane, found the Church of Ireland records for the Parish of Inver showing their marriage on May 25, 1818. Mike speculates that perhaps William and Jane did elope to Gretna Green, but returned home to be legally married in the church. Family folklore has it that Jane was disowned by her family who were upper class landowners.

William and Jane went to Derry, Ireland where they took a ship to Canada. On September 1, 1819 they landed in Saint John, New Brunswick where they purchased a piece of land which is now at the head of King Street where the Woolworth store was located in 1970s.

While in Saint John, William was engaged in ship building. After being given a grant of land at Shepody, New Brunswick of which we know nothing except that it was unsatisfactory, he moved there and lived alone in a log hut while his family remained in Saint John.

In 1823 the family moved to the south side of a small lake, near Sus-

sex, Kings County, NB, where they resided until 1825 when they moved to a 150 acre (61 ha) parcel of land on the north side of the lake. At this time, the lake was known as DeForest Lake having been settled around 1815 by Sam DeForest. It was this same Sam DeForest who witnessed the purchase agreement of William's original tract of land. The lake was officially renamed to Cassidy Lake sometime after 1860, although the precise date is unknown.

William acquired this farm by selling his land in Saint John. He had to walk a distance of 100 miles (160 km) to Fredericton, the capital of the province, to acquire the land. He did this in the winter when the rivers and lakes were frozen so he could cross them. With only a primitive compass to guide him and a flint-lock, muzzle-loading gun to protect him, he undertook the journey through the forests.

After settling on the north side of Cassidy Lake, Jane would paddle across the lake to the site of their former home where there was a pasture for the family's only cow. Once while crossing the lake in October 1825, she became lost in a dense smoke which had drifted over the lake from a large forest fire along the Miramichi River - some 125 airline miles (200 km) north. Her husband guided her safely to shore by blowing a seashell horn. This same shell horn was later used as a dinner horn by Stan Cassidy, a great-grandson of William and Jane.

In the early years, the homestead at Cassidy Lake was almost a community in itself. Besides mixed

farming that included the usual crops and livestock, there was also a grist mill, a saw mill, a cheese factory, a maple sugar camp, a church, and a cemetery. It was a family home and working farm until 1954 when William's grandson Robert Allen, retired. A fire, set by vandals, destroyed the house in 1972.



Homestead with car c. 1940

The house was situated on a hill with a grand view overlooking the lake. It was a two story structure with four bedrooms upstairs and a kitchen, dining room, living room, and parlor downstairs. Originally, there was a big fireplace. It was a room almost by itself and there were benches along the walls to sit on. Matthew Cassidy, brother to Robert Allen, used to tell how he and his siblings would sit on these benches and study their lessons by the light of the fire. By the mid-1930s it had long been out of use, replaced by a large wood stove.

Each winter, the wood stove was moved from the kitchen into the dining room to provide much needed heat. The basement served as a dark, cool, dry place

(cont'd...)

The Cassidy family of Cassidy Lake — cont'd

to store vegetables from the fall harvest. By the 1940s there was a wood furnace that let heat rise through a large metal grate in the floor of the front hall to heat the first floor. The heat would continue to rise on up the stairway to the second story.

The life style of William and Jane is typical of a farm family of the mid-1800s. Candles made of tallow, salvaged and remolded continually, supplied light for their home. A fireplace built of field stone served as the only heating device. Cast iron pots hooked on iron cranes were used for cooking over the fire. For bread, they grew and ground the wheat and baked the bread in a cast iron dish buried in the bed of coals at the bottom of the fireplace. The family's clothing was made from homespun cloth woven on hand looms. William was a master craftsman in the making of these hand looms.


Although it was some 30 miles (48 km) away, Saint John was their center of supply. Roads in New

Brunswick at this time were poor to non-existent. They would travel to the city by horseback along a path cut in the dense forest. On the return journey, the load would be packed on the horse's back while the rider walked. An idea of the hazards faced by these people may be obtained from the story of William defending himself with a heavy cross-cut saw when he accidentally surprised a mother bear and her cubs.

William continued to expand his property by purchasing adjacent properties until 1850 when it reached a maximum size of approximately 600 acres. In 1868, William deeded the primary homestead property (250 acres) to his seventh son, Francis Edward for the sum of \$2000. The Clover Hill Methodist Church was built on the Cassidy property by Francis Edward in 1883 with assistance from William and other family and community members. William Cassidy died on March 26, 1886, eleven years after



Cassidy Lake 1953

his wife who had died on January 7, 1875. Both are buried in the cemetery on the Cassidy farm at Cassidy Lake. 

Portions of this article are excerpted from The Cassidy Story from Ireland to Cassidy Lake and Beyond by Peter and Brian Cassidy, 2007, ISBN 978-0-9692351-4-9. Part II of this article will appear in the June 2014 edition.

ICCA sends a big "thank you" to retiring Provincial membership chair



All members from 'away' – those not tied to our chapters – know Patricia O'Leary Cough-

lan very well.

For more years than most of us can remember, Patricia has corresponded with members within NB, across Canada, the US, and indeed the world. She was our beloved 'away' membership chairperson. She loved every minute of her role and over the years developed a dear relationship, through her letters, with many of you who are 'away' – her own words.

Over the years she has not only done this vital

and important task. She has also been on the Provincial Executive, along with her dear Hilarion Coughlan, since almost the very beginning of the association. She has served as editor of the Shamrock Leaf, acted as provincial treasurer for many years, and maintained our provincial bursary file.

However, in October, with heavy heart, Patricia has decided to pass on the job of our 'away' membership person extraordi-

naire to Marilyn Driscoll, our treasurer.

But don't think Patricia is retiring.... it isn't in her nature. She will not be clacking knitting needles or setting up a quilting frame. She will continue to maintain the provincial bursary file as well as participate in the Capital Region Chapter and inspire us with her 'common sense' attitude at our provincial doings.

And so the ICCA of NB here sends a special and loud THANK YOU!

Hí Ho, Hí Ho, to the Emerald Isle we go

(with apologies to Walt Disney)

On Tuesday, September 17th, a group of 26 New Brunswickers and 1 Hali-gonian, gathered in Fredericton Airport on the first leg of a 15 day, thirteen night, trip to Ireland, and back of course.

The tour followed a route designed by Marven McCarthy, Miramichi, an old hand at this, organized through Maritime Travel, Miramichi. Our thanks to both. We spent 2 nights in Carrigaline, County Cork; 2 nights in Killarney, County Kerry; 2 nights in Galway, County Galway; 5 nights in Monaghan Town, County Monaghan; and 2 nights in Dublin. In effect, we circled the Republic.

As often happens when you live in the Maritimes, we flew West to go East, first to Toronto and then overnight to Dublin. Early in the morning of the 16th, we arrived, bleary-eyed and sleep-deprived, unfolding ourselves from cramped quarters, to be greeted by Sean McSweeney, our driver with Galvin Tours, Dunmanway, West Cork.

Now, it would take too many pages to recount the next two weeks, but perhaps a summary of some high points will give an idea of the roads we travelled and the history we relived.



In Skibbereen, we visited the Heritage Centre, where Terri Kearney, the Director, gave a passionate talk about the famine and its effects on the Irish people and society. We also visited the Famine graves at Abbeystrowry Cemetery, just outside the town.

In Killarney, although the Ring of Kerry was fog-bound when we toured it, we stayed at a wonderful hotel on the Killarney Lakes, and were entranced by a jaunting car ride of the National Park, while being entertained by drivers who mixed history and hyperbole in equal measures.

Galway was beautiful, with sunshine and breezes for an afternoon boat cruise on Lake Corrib, complete with Irish coffees. This was followed by a great musical show "Trad on the Prom" on our second evening, which had toes tapping and heads swaying to songs and some wonderful dancers.

The drive from Galway to Monaghan was punctu-

ated by a trip to The Shrine of the Lady of Knock, County Mayo, where Pope John Paul II said mass to nearly ½ million people, lunch in Sligo Town and a visit to W. B. Yeats' final resting place in Drumcliffe.

Once in Monaghan, our transportation was taken over by Rice tours, owned by Brian Rice. Our stay in Monaghan Town gave us time to make side trips to Northern Ireland, and we visited the new Belfast Titanic Experience, the Giant's Causeway and the walls of Derry. In Derry we were met by Michael "Mickey" McGuinness, a long-time acquaintance of many members of the IC-CANB.

While in Monaghan we were treated to a great evening meal at the Sliagh Beagh (Mountain of Birch) Hotel and Tourism Centre in Knockatallon, compliments of Maritime Travel. We visited St. Patrick's Chair and Well, in a secluded grove in the hills of

the area, right on the border line, and we attended a local theatre production of "Calendar Girls." We also renewed friendships with Willie McKenna, the unofficial but very real, Ambassador of Monaghan. On our final night there was a Kitchen Party, but I won't spoil the story, which you can read on the next page.

We left Monaghan and travelled down to Dublin for our final two nights. Here, we visited a number of sites, including St. Patrick's Cathedral, and had a fine bus tour of the city, including Phoenix Park. Our first evening, we enjoyed a Dinner and Cabaret Show.

Our second evening we celebrated with a farewell dinner, and then planned for a very early departure to the airport on Oct. 1. This time we began by flying east to London, to go west to Toronto, to go east to Fredericton. Home for everyone, safe and sound.



A kitchen party to remember

by Joan Meade

In September, an amazing group of individuals chose to take a tour of Ireland, sponsored by the Irish Canadian Cultural Association of New Brunswick and led by Bruce and Marilyn Driscoll. I call us amazing for we synced so well and enjoyed one another's company thoroughly... which, in a random tour, can be extremely rare. We had many highlights, but the best night of all was the evening we spent at Tommy Makem's Homestead. You read it right... THE Tommy Makem who sang with the Clancy Brothers!

The event is burned into our happy memory folders... a small cozy cottage in the back of nowhere; a turf fire (with an impressive flue which didn't affect my allergies in the least!) some chairs and a fabulous group of musicians. They sat in a circle before us and entertained...not only us, but

each other, for it seemed as though the very playing satisfied themselves as well as their enthusiastic listeners. In the course of the evening, I was honored by a request from the Host, Eddie Makem, to share with the audience, one of my stories. Storytellers love to share their stories and I am no exception.

I thought this was the perfect evening to share. Storytellers always have a story to tell. I will go home and write about this inspiring evening. The good times need to be preserved.

So, I emailed Emma Makem, Tommy's great niece, and asked for some details; I was determined to share our experience with those who are of Celtic decent and with other storytellers across Canada.

Emma responded with the following quote: "The musicians were Robert Mc Gleenan



(fiddle), Gerry Makem (guitar & vocals), Joe Cosgrove (guitar and vocals) and 'Australian' Gerry (guitar and vocals). An Irish music session is held in Tossey's (the Homestead of Tommy Makem) on the first Saturday of every month, where musicians, storytellers, poets and folk gather round the hearth of an open turf fire, striving to preserve the tradition of ceoil agus craic in this old dwelling house. There is something very special, almost sacred, in the respite this special haven provides for those longing to step off the treadmill and escape their troubles for an hour or two. It is, it would seem, the reassuring ritual in this coming together, surrounded by the residing spirits of Tossey's who also once congregated in years gone by seeking similar solace. Indeed, many times I myself have arrived on her

doorstep laden down with the worries of the world on my weary shoulders, only to depart a magical few hours later feeling uplifted, transformed by the healing powers of music and comfort derived from being in the presence of others. Food for the soul, that's for sure!"

It was the perfect atmosphere for such an evening. The setting idyllic, the warmth, atmosphere, harmony and joy of an evening suspended in time; an evening which could have taken place in the 1800's, the 1500's, hopefully the future. Time was irrelevant...ambiance prevailed and a bonded, enchanted group of Canadians, responding to the heartbeat of the moment, enjoyed a truly special evening which will linger in our hearts forever.



Porthumna Workhouse open to the public

The Irish Famine was such a horrendous chapter of Irish history that it couldn't even be talked about afterwards – in families, communities, and other than the shame of it, in history books as well.

The 100th anniversary of the event passed quietly with little mention, but with the 150th anniversary and commemorations held worldwide, the Irish recognized that it was time to heal the wounds.

Since the 1997 commemoration, and often with millennium funding, monuments have sprung up worldwide and in many communities in Ireland as well – from the poignant Dublin Famine Memorial on Custom House Quay to the many memorials now fronting famine mass gravesites and abandoned workhouses. The Porthumna workhouse is a project in itself.



Many of us have read about workhouses and how the Irish detested them. One had to be at their wits end, hungry and ill, to knock on their door. It was the final shame. Often families went in, but rarely did they come out again. They are still about – abandoned, covered in shrubs, ivies and weeds – which symbolically hide the shame within.

There were 163 workhouses built in Ireland between 1840 and 1853, and with the famine, people began to flood in to them. In most, only families would be admitted – singles were not allowed. The pathway to the workhouse became known as *casan na marbh* or “pathway of

death” – because many died right there when they were forbidden admittance. Once inside, death was never far away. Already hungry and ill, disease spread quickly in such overcrowded living conditions. Corpses were carried on special carts day after day to be thrown into mass graves or pits in the workhouse grounds and covered in lime.

Families were also separated within the walls. There were separate wings or dormitories for men, women and even boys and girls – only children under 2 could remain with their mothers.

Life in the workhouse was highly regulated and disciplined and breaking the rigid rules brought about harsh punishment, or worse, dismissal from the workhouse all together.

Inmates, as they were often called, were also expected to work despite their poor health. Women cleaned, or worked in the kitchens and laundries. Young girls were trained for service. Men and boys did manual labour, ground corn, or worked on the workhouse lands.

Porthumna Workhouse is located on St. Brigit's Road in the market town of the same name in south-east County Galway. It was opened in 1852 and operated as a workhouse until the first part of the twentieth century. It could house 600 people but having come into operation in the 1850's, no more than about 250 were ever kept there at one time.

Largely forgotten and abandoned, the Porthumna Workhouse is the flagship project of the SE Galway IRD, a non-profit company formed in 1997 by local residents. It is slowly but surely coming back to life for all to see. Although not completed, it is open to the public from May to October.

Recently, the workhouse was opened for local residents to visit.

Margaret O'Farrell, of nearby Nenagh, County Tipperary visited and found the experience moving. She noted, “We were taught the history of the workhouse but there is something eerily disturbing about standing in the inner yard. At either end are the accommodation blocks – one for girls, one for women – and on either side are 10 or 12 feet high stone walls which were to keep the occupants out of sight of outsiders and the men in the workhouse.”



Straw mattresses at Porthumna Workhouse

“The slightest misdemeanor meant you spent some time in the refractory cell – a stone shed with no windows. Your misdemeanor could possibly have been standing on a chair to look out a window in the hope of seeing your child in the yard.”

Is it worth a visit? Yes, most definitely – it is full of history and a reminder of how lucky we are now – no matter how bad we think things are.”

The Porthumna Workhouse has its own website at <http://irishworkhousecentre.ie>. It also includes a video which is very informative.



Irish blogs—give them a try!!

I'm coming out of the closet here.... I'm a blog follower.

Blog², a shortened form of 'web log' are little gems that often follow the personal life of an individual on the internet – sometimes on one subject of interest or on many varied topics. They are like a personal journal of sorts and many put up entries on a daily basis or fairly frequently. Not all are personal journals. Many focus on particular topics like photography, travel, food, politics etc.

I never understood the need to read about someone else's life or comments on current affairs until I accidentally fell on a blog from the Isle of Raasay while reading about the unbelievable determination of one man, Calum MacLeod. In the 1960's he was forced to send his daughter across to the Isle of Skye for schooling. She could only come home at Christmas because there was no road to his home at the north end of the island. He had canvassed government for ages for a road - but to no avail – indeed they made fun of the little farmer who travelled all the way to Edinburgh in his rubber boots to beg for a road. For his daughter's sake, he built the road himself. It took him years with pick and axe and a wheelbarrow – through mountain passes, bogs and whatever else impeded his path. The road today is called Calum's Road and his story is told in story and song.

The blog that came out of the above story is entitled "Life at the End of the Road" – the road being Calum's Road. It follows Paul Camilli's life living self-sufficiently in Calum's brother's croft – because it may have a road today -which is more of a track –but his part of the Isle is still without any means of electricity. It is a simple life, full of Tamworth pigs and exotic hens, and

life aboard the ferry to Skye (his real job so that he can live where he does). His photos of the Isles of Raasay and Skye are magnificent.

With the gift of the gab, it stands to reason that there are numerous Irish blogs about and on all sorts of topics. I encourage you to delve into the world of Irish blogs - try out a few.

Every fall, Ireland has an annual award ceremony for the "Best of Irish Blogs". Bloggers compete in different categories on all sorts of topics. Some are self-serving – trying to promote their business or product – avoid those - but dive into some others that you may find of interest.

Here are a few of them:

For those interested in current Irish politics, give Jason Mahoney's blog a look at <http://jasonmahony.ie>. Another political blog - <http://politicalreform.ie> is actually put together by a consortium of the Irish political science departments of various Irish universities under the auspices of the Political Studies Association of Ireland, giving one a variety of viewpoints on various political topics. There is also *Liberal Ireland* at www.liberals.ie which calls for less government, personal freedom and free enterprise for a totally different slant on the political scene in Ireland.

If you are keen to learn Irish visit www.aransongs.blogspot.ie. The posts are done in Irish but are followed by English and the topics cover all aspects of Aran Isle life, past and present. It is a good read even if you don't read Irish and is also a great spot to learn a few words along the way.

There are too many travel blogs to count. Looking for places to visit? Check out irelandinruins.blogspot.co.nz which takes you

to out-of-the way historical ruins around Ireland that you won't always find in the travel guides. The photos are stunning. Or try timet-ravelireland.blogspot.ie. It opens to photos of historical places to visit in Ireland and if you click on the images, details are given on the sites themselves. There is even an interactive map to show where the sites are in Ireland so you can plan a trip to include as many as you wish. Dublin visitors should visit www.builtublin.com which is devoted to Dublin architecture, past and present. Another great Dublin blog is picturethisdublin.com.

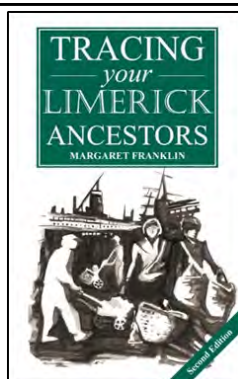
There is something for everyone in the blog world! Visit "Best blog of Ireland 2013" for a good selection.

Last year eight-year-old Martha Payne of Argyle, Scotland, as part of a school project, had a running blog about her school lunches. She was also trying to raise £7,000 to help provide lunches to a school in Malawi. However, the school board felt her descriptions of her school lunches were too negative and they told her she couldn't do it anymore. When she wrote on her blog that she could no longer write about her lunches, a newspaper picked it up, and then the BBC. Soon after, the message went viral. The school board backed down because people from around the world crashed the school board website with complaints. Within a very short time, world donations to her charity topped £100,000 and she received support from British food chefs including Jamie Oliver. She got to go to Malawi to meet the children and see one of the schools she supported. While she was away, guest children bloggers from around the world wrote about their school lunches. Visit her blog at never-seconds.blogspot.co.uk.



From the Book Shelf

To understand the heart and soul of a country you must know its history, language, folklore and culture. Now is the time to begin a small Irish library in your home. In doing so, you will pass on to your children the richness of the culture of their ancestors. Here we provide a selection of books that have been brought to our attention. Hopefully you can find one that speaks to your own interests.



Tracing your Limerick Ancestors (2nd Edition)

By Margaret Franklin

160 pages

ISBN: 978-1-907990-06-9

This revised edition by Flyleaf Press is greatly expanded and updated. It is a comprehensive guide of all the records available for tracing families in this county.

The new edition is filled with information on what the records contain, and how and where they can be accessed. It is well illustrated with maps of the various administrative divisions; with examples of the types of records to be found; and with other relevant material.

This book joins the rest in the series as an excellent research tool any serious genealogist would be pleased to have in their toolkit. Other guides in this series include Sligo, Galway, Dublin, Clare, Westmeath, Cork, Kerry, Roscommon, Mayo and Donegal.

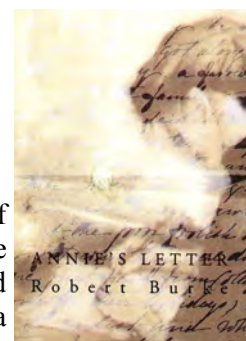
Annie's Letter—a Search for the Burke Family

By Robert Burke

184 Pages

ISBN-13: 978-0-9539974-6-6

Also brought to us by Flyleaf Press.ie, *Annie's Letter* is the true story of a search for Burke and Collingwood ancestors based on a family letter. It is extraordinary for several reasons, not least of which is the wonderful variety of family members uncovered. Admirals, farmers, surgeons and priests; widows and émigrés; rebels and conservatives; Irish, English, New Zealander and American are all part of the rich Burke tapestry which is unfolded. It is also extraordinary in its disclosure of the wealth of records that are available to the family historian, and the value of persistence and imagination in their use. *Ireland of the Welcomes*, the largest subscription-based Irish magazine in the world, says of *Annie's Letter*: "Written in a light but careful style the book is an interesting read in itself, and a template for anyone who is researching family history."



Parnell—a novel

By Brian Cregan

320 Pages

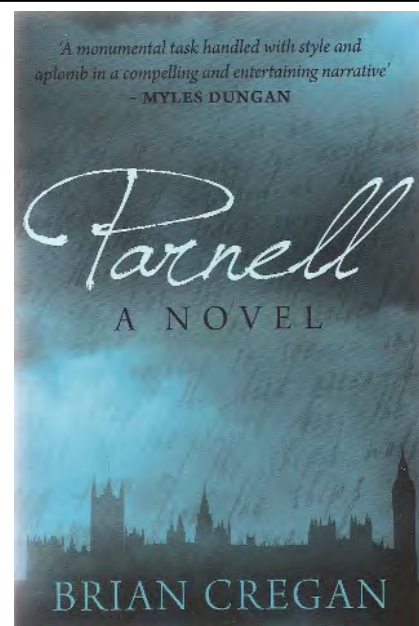
ISBN: 9781845887773

This book plunges the reader into the life of Parnell, and brilliantly dramatizes his importance in Irish history. It is a dramatization of the key events in the legend of Parnell, from entering Parliament as a nervous speaker, to becoming the 'uncrowned king of Ireland'.

The struggles of the Land League are played out in cinematic fashion, and the courtroom scenes are powerful and utterly compelling.

This book manages to be highly detailed in terms of historical accuracy, yet still retain the pace and momentum needed to engage the reader.

This book has all the potential to become a long-running classic of Irish historical fiction.



From the Book Shelf (cont'd)

Irish Nationalism in Canada

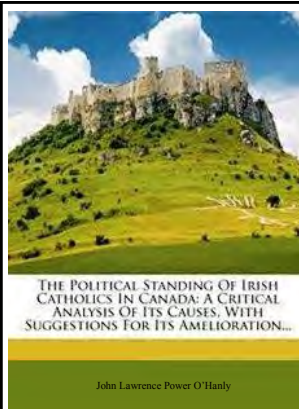
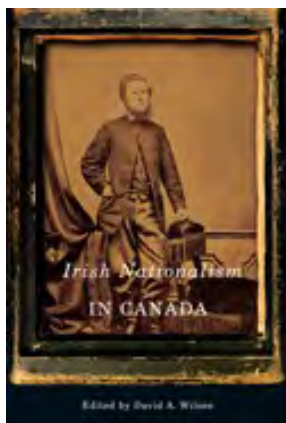
Edited by David A. Wilson
244 pages
ISBN: 978-0773536364

Part of McGill-Queen's Studies in Ethnic History series, this book is "An exploration of the revolutionary Irish-Canadian underground and constitutional nationalist efforts to make Canada a model for Irish freedom."

According to conventional historical wisdom, Irish nationalism in Canada was a marginal phenomenon - overshadowed by the more powerful movement in the United States and eclipsed in Canada by the Orange Order.

The nine contributors in this book argue otherwise - and in doing so make a major and original contribution to our understanding of the Irish experience in Canada and the place of Irish-Canadian nationalism within an international context. Focusing on the period 1820 to 1920, they examine political, religious, and cultural expressions of Irish-Canadian nationalism as it responded to Irish events and Canadian politics.

Contributors include Donald Harman Akenson (*Queen's University, Kingston*), Sean Farrell (*Northern Illinois University*), Mark G. McGowan (*St Michael's College, University of Toronto*), Frederick J. McEvoy (*Independent Scholar*), Michael Peterman (*Trent University*), Garth Stevenson (*Brock University*), Peter M. Toner (*University of New Brunswick*), Rosalyn Trigger (*University of Aberdeen*), and David A. Wilson (*University of Toronto*).



The Political Standing of Irish Catholics in Canada: A Critical Analysis of its Causes, With Suggestions for its Amelioration...

By J.L.P. O'Hanly
72 pages
ISBN-10: 1276491654
ISBN-13: 9781276491655

Originally written in 1872, this analytical publication was microfilmed from the original document held by the Library of the Public Archives of Canada. For those who wish to own a copy, it was republished by Nabu Press in March of 2012 as a Trade Paperback but is also available to read freely online at:

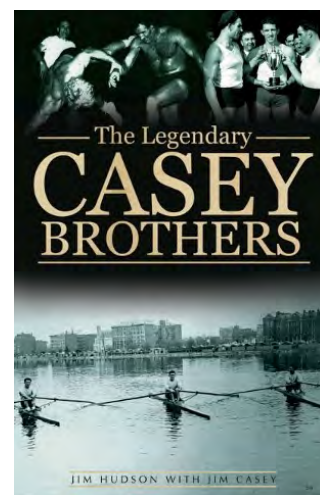
<https://archive.org/details/politicalstandin00ohan>

O'Hanly's analysis of the state of affairs in Upper Canada in the late 19th century, as it relates to Catholic versus Protestant representation in publicly-held offices, is an interesting snapshot of the challenges faced by Catholics in Canada—whether they be Irish or French—in the struggle for equality on a Protestant-dominated political stage.

The Legendary Casey Brothers

By Jim Hudson
200 Pages
ISBN: 9781848891838

In 1982 the seven Casey brothers were inducted into the Irish Sports Hall of Fame, the only family ever to receive that honor. The brothers, from Sneem in County Kerry, starred as Olympic-class oarsmen, Tug-O'-War champions, professional wrestlers and boxers and won fame throughout the sporting world. Jim, Steve and Tom went to the United States in the 1930s and made names for themselves in rowing, wrestling and boxing. In 1935, Tom and Mick, Steve and Paddy entered and won the All-England Rowing Championships, a natural springboard to the 1936 Berlin Olympics. They were confident of winning all six rowing events but, because they had wrestled professionally, they were disqualified. Steve, known as "Crusher" Casey, became the supreme wrestler in the world and for a decade no one could match him. Then he turned to boxing and the great Joe Louis refused to go into the ring with him. In 1983 at a family reunion in Sneem, five brothers, all in their 70s, climbed into the four-oar boat they used to win championships in the thirties. Although they had not rowed together in 50 years, they still moved with natural unity and grace. Sports people from Kerry have achieved fame in many fields but the success of the Caseys surely outshines all.





www.heritagecertificate.com

In a previous issue we mentioned the recent availability of a certificate of Irish heritage that is being promoted to persons of Irish descent throughout the world. We requested further information about the certificate and offer it here for interested readers.

About the Certificate of Irish Heritage

The Certificate is an official Irish Government initiative to recognise the continuing emotional attachment of the descendants of those who left our shores to the land of their ancestors. The Certificate recognises the enduring emotional ties and sense of identity bestowed by Irish ancestry.

Anyone with an Irish ancestor, born outside of Ireland is eligible for a Certificate of Irish Heritage.

The Certificate provides an opportunity for people to engage with Ireland and discover more about their history, their heritage and the country of their Ancestors. The Certificate is a beautiful document which can be framed and displayed in the home or in the workplace to express the pride felt by many people of Irish Descent and can be handed down from generation to generation.

The Certificates are available to 70 million people of Irish descent worldwide. Anyone can give one of these beautiful certificates to their relatives or friends, as a permanent reminder of the deep emotional ties which link Irish families and communities together.

Certificate Details

Each Certificate is unique and personalised and shows the name of the recipient and the names, place of origin of their ancestors and year of birth if available. It is the personal story of your family History. There are four beautiful designs to choose from including a limited edition Gathering design for 2013. The designs include typical West of Ireland landscapes, sailing ships that evoke the waves of emigration from these shores and the intricacy of Celtic knots.



ICCANB member, Denis Noel, proudly displays his Certificate of Irish Heritage

Positive Reaction

There has been a very emotional reaction from all who have received the Certificate around the world to date. Recipients and their families have commented on how proud they were to be honoring their Irish roots. They speak of how it is the perfect gift for family members to honor any occasion. Something they will cherish and display with pride and pass down through the generations.

**Honor Your Irish Roots
with the official
Certificate of Irish Heritage**

**Order online today at
www.heritagecertificate.com
(Delivery 2-3 weeks)**

**CERTIFICATE OF
IRISH HERITAGE**
The Official Certificate from the Government of Ireland

www.heritagecertificate.com Facebook.com/heritagecertificate

**The Official Certificate - A Must-Have For
Anyone With Irish Roots**

Official Irish Government confirmation of your Irish roots
Collectors' piece for Irish people everywhere
Quality product will take pride of place in any home or office
An heirloom for the family to treasure
The perfect gift for anyone with Irish heritage

Pricing: Please remember that all prices are subject to the exchange rate on the day you order, and rates can vary.

The price of an unframed Certificate is €45 which includes postage and €120 (Euros) for a framed Certificate plus 10 Euro shipping to Canada.

This is approx. **\$58.20** (Canadian dollars) for an unframed and **\$174.60** (Canadian dollars) for a framed one. If you order before Christmas using the following Promotional code:

CUU6B

Enter this code at the online checkout and you will receive a 20% discount on your purchase.

In a manner of speaking...

The Irish have always been well known for their wit and humour. When it comes to signage, their sense of clarity may still leave a lot to your imagination.



Membership Form

The Irish Canadian Cultural Association of NB

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***Please make your cheque payable to ICCANB and send to the Membership Chair nearest you (above) or to:**

Marilyn Driscoll

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Tel: 386-2791

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

POSTAL CODE: _____

TELEPHONE: _____ **Email:** _____

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

Date: _____ **Signature:** _____