

The Shamrock Leaf

Newsmagazine of The Irish Canadian Cultural Association of New Brunswick



Feature Story

Tireless New Brunswick
Irish advocate laid to rest
Page 31

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Inside This Issue:

Letters to the Editor.....4
 Brady’s Hole5
 Irish of Albert County7
 ICCA Chap. News.....9, 15, 24, 41
 Entertaining Bathurst seniors11
 NB’s out-migration12
 Johnville Picnic13
 Oscar Wilde visits Fredericton14
 Kenny family of Bathurst16
 Gathering in Gagetown18
 Henry Gordon, covenanter19
 GPO—book review21
 David Wark23
 Writing workshop25
 Irish festival26
 Saint John orphanages27
 The Sleeping Warriors29
 Farewell to Marven McCarthy31
 An Irish Stamp Album32
 Puck Fair34
 Logic Puzzle35
 Bits & Pieces36
 Voyage of Patrick Burns37
 Who is the trucker priest?39
 Coming soon: new book.....42
 The Irish Camino43
 The McSweeney family45
 From the bookshelf



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Editor, ICCANB, 261 Cape Breton Rd., Irishtown, NB E1H 1W7 Canada

A note from the Editor



On May 22nd, Ireland made the history books. It became the first country worldwide to legalize same-sex civil marriages by referendum.

Today, same-sex marriages are legal in 19 countries and 37 US states, but in all cases, the privilege

was legislated by government. In Ireland the people - not the politicians - said 'Yes'.

The 'yes' vote came from the young- and the 'not-so-young'; from urban areas and from the countryside.

The referendum quietly also showed the world that 'church and state' are now firmly separate institutions - in a country where the two were once firmly attached at the hip. Despite bishops 'suggesting' parishioners be encouraged to support the 'no' vote, many religious leaders voted with their hearts and, from the pulpit, said that they would be personally voting 'yes'.

It was only in 1993 that homosexuality was decriminalized in Ireland. That was a very conservative country making its first baby steps into the modern world.

Ireland has come of age. It is now more forward looking, compas-

sionate and tolerant.

Sixty-two percent of voters were prepared to tell the world that Ireland has changed. In Ireland, all citizens are now equal before the law. Well done.

The next issue of the Shamrock Leaf will be my last. Having served as Editor twice over the years, it is time to pass on the torch. As Ireland changes, so must the Shamrock Leaf.

Linda Evans
Downtown Irishtown

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The President's Message

It is a great honour to be introducing the latest edition of NB's own Shamrock Leaf. As always, there is an astonishing variety and depth of material to be found in its pages, attributable in large part to the perseverance and energy of its editors.

The cover story pays tribute to one of our most dedicated members and leaders, Edward "Marven" McCarthy, of Miramichi. His passing is a great loss to our society, but it engendered a typical round of Irish story-telling, and I listened with admiration as members told of his humour and heart. In many ways, his story is told

again and again in these pages. There are accounts of whimsical wit and acts of courage, on both sides of the water. There are genealogical mysteries presented and solved. Throughout, the musical names and places of both our "ould country" and our new ring in our ears.

I am particularly moved by the accounts of immigration to New Brunswick. With the recent focus on Partridge Island, I think many New Brunswickers and folks from away are re-examining their roots for "shades of green." After last spring's edition was released, I received a call

from Harry McInerney of Saint John. He was so impressed by the article on the McInerney family that he wanted several copies of the Leaf, to send to his extended family.

We are fortunate as well to have the Irish Ambassador, Ray Bassett, as an advocate for New Brunswick. Through his office, we were able to show the James Joyce exhibit in February, and we anticipate the William Butler Yeats exhibit coming in October. I look forward to serving as your president and to meeting more of you. Enjoy the Shamrock Leaf and especially those perennial favourites:



Marilyn's logic puzzles and Linda's "Bits and Pieces."

Congratulations to both and heartfelt thanks for their outstanding work!

Marijke Blok
ICCANB President
marijke.blok@nbed.nb.ca



Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

I picked up the Winter 2014/1015 issue of *The Shamrock Leaf* recently. It is comprehensive and interesting. Most impressive for volunteer work.

I would like to comment on Dr. Siadhail, the author of the Hughes book. You said that he held the Chair of Irish Studies at “St. Mary’s University in Halifax.”

I was an employee of the University for about fifteen years in the 1970s and 1980s. We were told to use the spelling Saint Mary’s in our writing. If you look at the Saint Mary’s website, you will not find any St. Mary’s. If I recall correctly, it is the firm policy of the University not to abbreviate the word “Saint”.

Murray Baillie
Miramichi



Dear Editor:

I received a copy of your fine magazine at the St. Patrick’s Day Mass at St. Bernard’s. When I read about a British television company actually thinking of doing a comedy series on the famine, I was amazed! How could anyone think that the famine could be used as a background for anything comical? It would be like making a comedy about the holocaust!

Marie LeBlanc



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be sent to:

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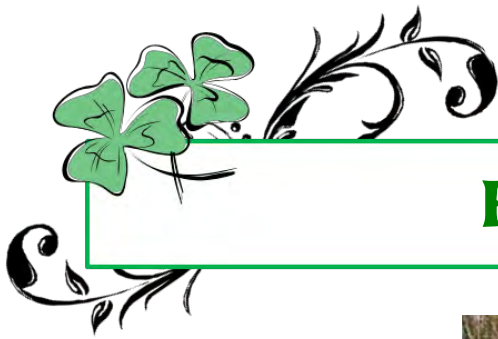
Northern Ireland’s regiment wears a maple leaf

The newly formed Scottish and North Irish Yeomanry in Northern Ireland marched for the first time recently in Carrickfergus. Renamed from the North Irish Horse Regiment, the new regiment was given permission by the Canadian army to wear a maple leaf on their sleeve in honour of the old disbanded regiment.

The North Irish Horse Regiment was first formed just after the second Boer War. During WWII they backed up the 1st Canadian Division on 23 May 1944 in an attempt to break what was known as the Hitler Line near Pontecovo, Italy. The tank regiment suffered heavy casualties during the assault with 60% of the regiment lost as well as half of their Churchill tanks. The day was considered the bloodiest day in the history of the regiment. May 23rd was subsequently chosen as the regiment’s ‘Regimental Day’ as a result. Despite the heavy losses, their support was successful as the Germans began evacuating the Hitler Line that evening. The allies were then able to march through Italy with the German divisions in retreat. It was a pivotal battle in the war.

As a result of their support, the regiment was asked by the Canadians to wear a maple leaf pin on their sleeve and they gladly did so. They continued to do so until it was disbanded. The newly named regiment, the Scottish and North Irish Yeomanry, decided to continue the tradition in honor of the regiment they replaced.

Ironically, one member of the former North Irish Horse Regiment was Donegal born Lieutenant Pat Reid who in later life would immigrate to Canada. As a twist of fate, Reid chaired the committee which would choose the maple leaf design for the new national flag of Canada.



Brady's Hole

Brady's Hole is located on the small dirt road known as Spring Road which veers off the Distillery Road, part of the by-pass southeast of Bandon, County Cork. The road is narrow and unobtrusive. A marker at the 'Y' entrance to the road shows that a new housing development will be built in the area but the new development will be going around and across from Brady's Hole.

Brady's Hole was a pauper's cemetery.

Not even an acre in size, the cemetery has a low concrete front wall and gate which was built to mark the site during the 1930's. The other three sides are surrounded by simple barbed wire fencing. There are a few stones standing precariously within the site, but they are half buried as the site is overgrown from neglect. Most of those stones have long lost the words to tell us who is buried there. A small sign at the front of the entrance tells us that it was a famine cemetery, but few details are provided. For those buried there, it deserves more recognition.

During the famine years, the main cemetery south of the Bandon River, Ballymodan – built in the ruins of an ancient ring fort - could not accommodate the number of daily burials. Land was then purchased from Andrew Brady in May 1847 and became known as Brady's Hole by the local Irish. In essence, it isn't really a graveyard at all but a mass grave which holds more than 3000 bodies, by all estimates. It holds the remains of many who died at the Bandon workhouse as well as the



Brady's Hole

auxiliary workhouse at nearby Overton. The Overton workhouse was not a normal 'government planned' workhouse at all – like the Bandon one - but instead a former cotton mill that failed in the 1820's despite attempts to mechanize and compete with so many other mills in Ireland. It was cold and damp and was never remodeled to accommodate the hordes of desperate people who knocked on her doors. Both workhouses could not cope with the number of famine victims who came to their doorsteps. Some 'inmates' died of hunger. Many more succumbed to disease because of overcrowded and cramped living quarters.

Both workhouses were located on the Allman family estate. The family owned the Overton Cotton Mill



Overton Cotton Mill

and when the mill failed, the family went into the whiskey distillery business, which was much more profitable. It continued to thrive into the 1920's and was located not far from Brady's Hole.

Both workhouses were destroyed



Allman Distillery product

by fire in 1921. They represented the 'shame of the famine years' and were destroyed by rebels. Only the shell of the Overton Mill survives as well as its waterwheel. The only remnant of those terrible years still in the 1930's, when the front wall was added, the cemetery was renamed St. Mary's Cemetery by Canon Martin Murphy. He felt it was a much more dignified name for the small tract of land which was so much a part of the area's history. Many locals, however, refer to it by its original name - Brady's Hole.

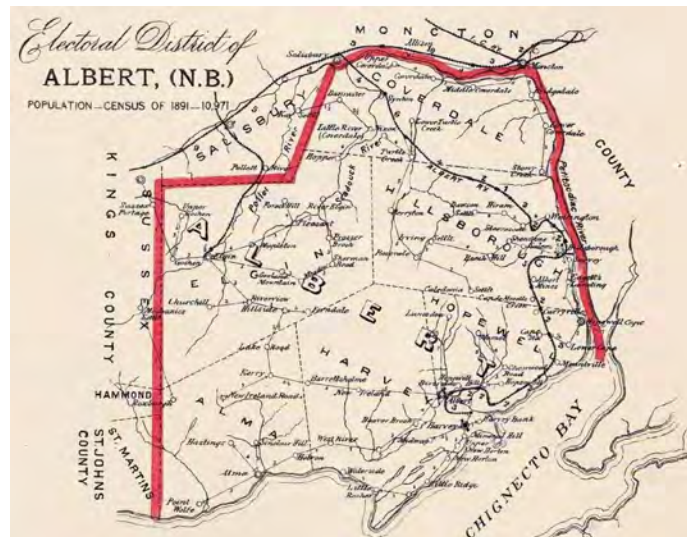


The Irish of Albert County

From the website of the Irish Canadian Cultural Association of New Brunswick
www.newirelandnb.ca

As the early land grants and census records show, the Irish first came to Albert County as early as 1818. They came from both the north and south of Ireland, as desperation had probably driven them from their homeland where there was much persecution and little chance of employment. They emigrated from County Antrim, Cork, Donegal, Fermanagh, Kerry, Londonderry, Louth, Mayo, Sligo, Tipperary, Tyrone and Waterford.

The Irish people who made Albert County their home came here after first arriving in the City of Saint John, in Nova Scotia or Prince Edward Island, sometimes after living in those areas for a time. If they arrived in Saint John they then made their way up the Shepody Road, also known as the Immigrant Road, often walking the long distance. Some went towards the area of Hastings, which is now in Fundy National Park, but mostly they settled in a place they called New Ireland, with names such as Galway and Kerry within this community reflecting their beloved homeland. Hastings and New Ireland were both hilly areas with elevations of approximately 1250 feet. Small pockets of the Irish people coming from Nova Scotia and Saint John by boat settled



in near the water in Point Wolfe and Goose River, also now within Fundy National Park. Here, weir fishing was begun in 1840 by Brian Doherty. Shad was also plentiful until about 1880, when it was supposed that the sawdust from the many mills led to their decline.

Always conscious of religious differences, many of the Protestant Irish who had settled in New Ireland eventually moved out towards Alma, Brookville, Sinclair Hill and Hebron. There they seemed to blend in with the Americans and Nova Scotians, who were obtaining grants and settling the area of Salmon River, later known as Alma. Still, many of the people living there today are descendants of these early Irish immigrants. Some of the Anglican Irish

remained in the eastern part of New Ireland and erected a church there. There is a record of a marriage performed there in 1855 in St. Stephen's Church by a Rev. Mr. A. J. Creswell.

As New Brunswick was anxious to have the province settled, they granted land to people whom they felt qualified for such; people who would clear and settle it. Settlers often were given a "location ticket" first, allowing them to live on the land. Later, if improvements were made they received the land grant, usually of 100 acres. When the land was first cleared of trees in New Ireland, it was then burned. Then they planted a crop which was known as "burnt land potato". These potatoes were very scabby and barely edible.

Later some of the people had fairly large farms, with big barns for hay. They kept cows, made hay and grew crops such as corn, oats, barley and buckwheat. In 1847 Bernard Duffy petitioned to erect a grist mill. Some of these crops were then processed at this mill which was located on McGee (later Duffy) Brook, near the Forty Five River. At that time they used oxen instead of horses for transporting their crops to the mill.

In the Clover Hill part of New Ireland, which was located northwest of Teahan's Corner on the road to Elgin, there were many maple trees. These were not cut down, but were tapped in the spring for sap. The sap was then boiled down for syrup and maple sugar, which was then sold in Saint John. At one time a stage coach went through these areas coming from Saint John and continuing on to Hopewell Cape, or on to the Bend. This was mostly for mail, but it sometimes carried passengers. Also, near Clover Hill can be found the Mines Road. Elderly residents recall the old smelters which are long gone but there are still traces of the mines where small amounts of minerals such as gold, silver and copper were extracted.

(cont'd...)

The Irish of Albert County (cont'd)

There has been a long history of logging in the area and it has been one of the most important industries in Alma and New Ireland. There are many lakes, brooks and rivers in the area and most of these rivers had a dam built on them. The men cut the logs, hauled them to the river by oxen or horses, where they were piled high. In the spring, the logs were released into the rushing water (called a freshet) and on their way to a mill. This was dangerous work and many a man was badly hurt, or lost his life, in the "river drive". In New Ireland the logs were sent down the Forty Five River, so named because it took approximately 45 minutes for them to get to Alma. Farther along, the Forty Five flowed into the Salmon River. In Hastings the logs often were sent down the East Branch, Sweeney, Rat Tail or Foster Brook to the Point Wolfe River. At these destinations the lumber was milled and shipped to many far away places.

Some of the people who lived near the water worked on the ships that were being built there. For a few, becoming a sailor on one of these ships was the life they chose.

Regardless of where the Irish settled in the lower end of Albert County, they eked out a living from the land, mostly by farming and lumbering. They picked the stones off the land, and then used them for stone fences to mark their lots of land and for fireplaces and cellars for their houses. The houses were made of hewn lumber or sometimes logs. The log homes were caulked with moss, and birch bark or buckwheat hulls were used for insulation.

Vital to any community is a church and school. These two buildings were nearly always located adjacent to each other. In the 1851 census book there are nine schools listed for Harvey, which then included Alma Parish. (Harvey and Alma are the two parishes where the ma-



*Dry stone wall remnant
Albert County*



*Stone fireplace remnants
New Ireland, Albert County*

jority of the Irish settled. Two hundred and fifty one immigrants of Irish nationality are listed for Harvey

Parish, out of the 377 Irish who came to the county. And those 377 are the largest number of the total 723 immigrants from all countries who arrived here). Many of the teachers in the schools came from Ireland. John Cairnes arrived in 1836 and applied for a licence. He, and also Thomas Morrissey in later years, taught at the Shepody Road School, located near the Anglican Church, for many years in the late 1870's.

In 1866 Bishop John Sweeney of Saint John appointed Fr. David O'Brien as parish priest in the New Ireland area, and a chapel was built on the present site of the New Ireland Cemetery. In 1868 Fr. Robert Welsh replaced Fr. O'Brien and finished the Catholic mission church. Near this church, later known as St. Agatha's Catholic Church, another school was located – the New Ireland School, also known as the Doran School. John Barrett taught here. A native of County Mayo, he was one of the earliest teachers in New Ireland, applying for a licence in 1831. In later years Frances Doherty, whose father came from Ireland, was one of the teachers who taught in another school located near Teahan's Corner. This school continued in operation until 1923, sometimes under different names, but was finally known as the Galway School. The number of pupils in these schools ranged from 20 to 40, and they ranged in age from four to twenty years of age.

The Irish people brought some of their culture and customs to their new homeland. Bills paid from the estate of Rosie Cusack show that on the day of her death, goods purchased from A.C. Peck included 14 yards of "shirting," sugar and oil, one "reel," 18 pipes and six plugs of tobacco. – articles and goods very important for the Irish wake.

(cont'd...)

The Irish of Albert County (cont'd)

Neighbouring women experienced in laying out the body, would gather at the house of the deceased where they would wash the body, dress it in a robe, and place a crucifix on the breast and rosary beads in the fingers. Sheets were hung over the bed and along two or three sides, creating a "dead wall" which separated the corpse from the mourners. After kneeling to say a prayer beside the deceased, the mourners would retire to the other side to honour their late friend with storytelling, eating, drinking, singing and perhaps even dancing. Clay pipes and tobacco were given to all and the house soon filled with smoke in honour of the dead. The body was never left alone, and the rosary was recited. The clocks were stopped as a mark of respect.

Even with a lot of hard work, there was still time for entertainment. This was usually in the homes, with people playing accordion, mouth-organ, fiddle or sometimes just singing. Some of this music was a form of singing called "doodle" where the person sang the

tune, but no words. And if they sang words they were often long songs telling a story, perhaps brought here from Ireland.



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Bathurst Chapter News

By Pat Murphy

The Bathurst Chapter donated a Christmas wreath to the Terry Fox elementary school for their fund raiser auction. The wreath was made by members Mike and Sharon Moore. Thanks for the beautiful wreath guys.



We started St. Patrick's week with the raising of the Irish flag and Trilingual sign at the entrance to the Veteran's bridge, as well as having 24 small Irish flags displayed in the windows at City Hall. This was followed with our St. Patrick's supper at the Gowan Brae dining room.



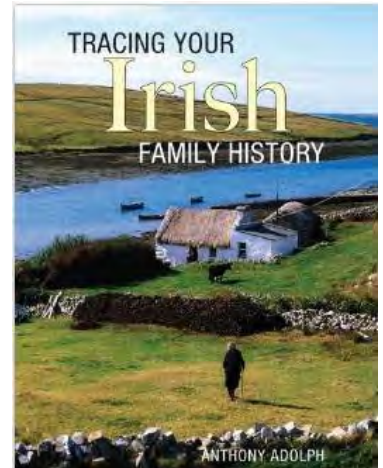
The supper was attended by 105 people who received a supper blessing from Rev. Lewis and then after supper were entertained with Irish stories by



Helen Knowles and music by the Friends O' Erin. The prize for the bursary fund raised this year is a wonderful book titled "Tracing your Irish Family History". As in past years we are asking members to buy a \$5.00 book of tickets to support this cause. Tickets are available from either Pat Murphy or Connie Whalen.

On April 15th, the Chapter was invited to attend the "Volunteer Appreciation Evening" put on by

the City of Bathurst where we had an opportunity to tell who we are and what we do.



Bathurst will have several volunteers available to help with the Provincial booth at the Irish Festival in the Miramichi in July.

Topping off the summer our annual corn boil will be held on the second Sunday of September, Sept. 13th, at the Belledune Community Centre.



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Entertaining seniors in Bathurst



On March 15th, seniors and staff of Residence Le Royal were entertained by Irish music provided by members of the Bathurst Chapter, ICCA.

Ryan Riordon, his nieces Sinead and Caitlin Riordon and their dad John entertained the residence with guitar, flute, piano and singing which was enjoyed by all.



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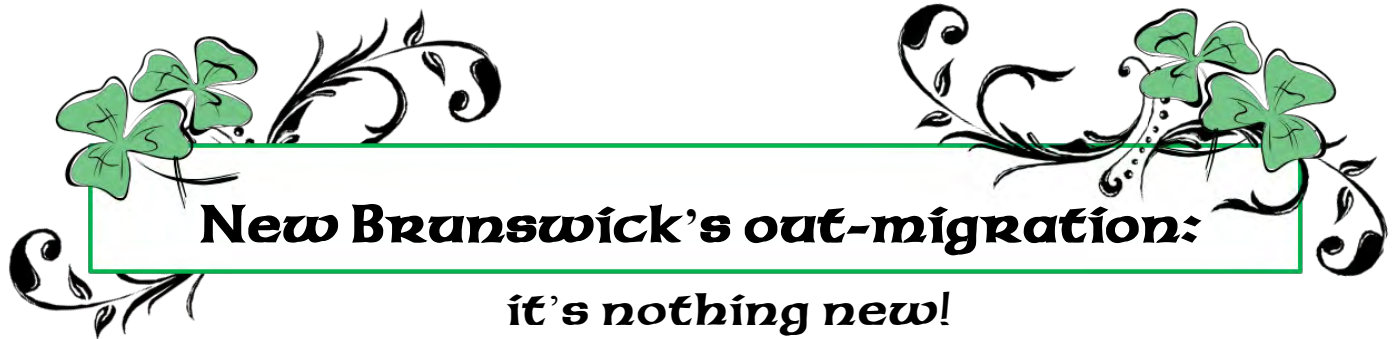
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New Brunswick's out-migration: it's nothing new!

By Linda Evans

The news channels and papers recently highlighted the grim news that New Brunswick is now experiencing 'negative population growth' – a legislative term which in non-governmental 'speak' means simply that our population is now shrinking rather than growing. With the province losing her residents – especially her young - to Ontario and the Western provinces, many are concerned that once again our poor economic outlook is forcing family members away. There is no question that our population is shrinking, and it has decreased every year since 2012 according to Statistics Canada, which is a bit disconcerting. Although we have never experienced such a decline in population – even throughout the Depression years – New Brunswickers leaving home and settling elsewhere is nothing new.

Out-migration has always been a way of life here. The difference today in New Brunswick is that immigration is not taking up the slack. Immigrants are not being tempted to settle here. As tourists drive 'through the province', immigrants 'fly over us' to a better life elsewhere in Canada. This isn't news either.

In the 19th century farms were abandoned but taken over by others. In the 1950's the same occurred – but it is not happening this time. People are even talking about it - because this time the decline is visible – especially in northern areas of the province as well as some rural areas. And, if people aren't leaving the province, they are moving to the cities of Moncton, Saint John and

Fredericton, depopulating vast areas of the province for the urban centers.

The situation is worrying, but at the same time hopefully just a phase. It is not the first time that New Brunswick has experienced such a noticeable out-migration. This resettlement, or exodus, has been occurring since they started 'counting' us all in 1851 – and even before that.

My generation watched our family members leave for Ontario, Western Canada, or to what we commonly still refer to as the 'Boston States'. So many left New Brunswick in the 1950's and 1960's that some thought Leominster and Waltham, Massachusetts were satellite extensions of New Brunswick. New Brunswickers who had resettled in Massachusetts had their own social clubs and bars and whole families still got together on Sundays just as they did when they were 'home'.

The same could have been said for the cities of Dorchester and Milton, Massachusetts - or Waterville and Portland, Maine - at the turn of the 20th century. One diary entry lists all the family members and friends living in the same neighbourhood in Dorchester, Massachusetts in 1903. To the writer, it 'was just like being home, so she didn't feel homesick at all.'

From the very beginning of the colony, and the province, New Brunswickers have been leaving for better opportunities elsewhere.

The huge resettlement in the second half of the 19th and early 20th centuries was so routine that it might be described as an emigration or out-

migration epidemic – and it was much more severe than it is today.

The extent of New Brunswick's mass exodus is obvious to anyone trying to find family members who left the area long ago. In many cases 7 of 9 children in a family emigrated. Every family had a 'Mary' who went off to Waterville to study nursing and ended up in Massachusetts, married and never came back. Every family has ancestors that seemed to have fallen off the face of the earth. Some died of illness and were not recorded, but many more left and resettled elsewhere.

The catalyst driving resettlement was economic. The facilitators were cheap train fares and reports home of 'how well everyone was doing elsewhere' – which was not always the case.

The massive train systems that crisscrossed the North American continent connected every little community with the rest of the world. They were supposed to bring economic opportunity and prosperity to small communities throughout New Brunswick. The new 'iron horses' were welcomed, and there was great squabbling and frustration when one community had a rail line pass through their village and others did not. But prosperity did not come with the trains. Instead, the rail lines lured the younger generations away – and they left in droves.

You could hop a train in McAdam, Bouctouche or even Port Elgin, New Brunswick and head off, with a few changes, to Boston or Chicago and all points west. Fares were cheap and the lure and necessity of leaving New Brunswick was as

(cont'd...)

New Brunswick's out-migration: It's nothing new (cont'd)

real then as it is today.

A small note in Fredericton's The Gleaner on 24 Feb 1892 really emphasizes the extent of out-migration in the day. It read:

"Canterbury Station (York Co.) Feb 22 – Mr. and Mrs. William JAMIESON returned home Friday from an extended trip through the Western States. They visited their sons in Seattle, Washington and in Stillwater, Minnesota, and their daughter, Mrs. Dr. KEITH in Rhinelander, Wisconsin."

It got me thinking (always a dangerous thing!). Could we find out more about out-migration by looking at this one family? How many left? - And where did they go?

A quick search of the Jamieson family in records here in New Brunswick, and across the US, revealed quite a story.

William and Mary Elizabeth (Walsh) Jamieson were both from the Dumfries area of York County. They married in 1845 and settled in Canterbury – at the time a newly developing service centre for much of western York County. A railway line went through the village about 1860, linking the community to McAdam to the south and Woodstock in the north.

In 1890, the line through Canterbury became part of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It was this rail line which drew most of the Jamieson family away. Isolated and with little economic prospects, residents saw the rail line as the 'road to opportunity'. As good reports came back from those who had already left, others followed.

William and Mary Jamieson had 13 children. In choosing to study this one family I was not prepared for the result - only one would remain in the community – Marion



Children of William and Mary Elizabeth (Walsh) Jamieson

Jamieson. All of her 12 siblings left.

Born between 1845 and 1868, the children began to flee the nest as early as 1870. Some of the Jamieson children left in the 1880's but the majority left in the 1890's after the rail line was taken over by CPR and opened up travel opportunities to the Canadian and American West. The last to leave for the West was in 1912 – just after the parents died in 1909 and 1910 respectively.

Where did they go?

The first émigré only went 'across' to Maine. After marrying a fellow from there, this family settled in Carroll Plantation in Penobscot, Maine, on what was the main road to central New England at the time. This road would take most of their 7 offspring away to Massachusetts. Living in rural Maine was no better than living in rural New Brunswick.

Nine of the 12 'travelling' Jamieson siblings went initially to Minnesota, but only one of those remained there, in Stillwater. Six of them went on to the northwestern

US and settled throughout the State of Washington. Another went on from Minnesota to Riverside, California, a suburb of Los Angeles. One went from Minnesota back to Michigan, married there, and went on to Rhinelander, Wisconsin. Another went from Minnesota north to Warner, Alberta, just south of Lethbridge. His wife had TB and it was reported that the dry air there would be a 'cure' for the disease. It sadly was not. This family would be joined by another brother who also settled in Warner, Alberta. One of the youngest followed her brother to Riverside, California as well, a full twenty years after he had emigrated there via Minnesota.

In some cases the resettled Jamieson families were founding pioneer families in the regions where they settled. Many gravitated to the nearby cities – where many of their children had gone in the next generation. Some did very well – others did not.

(cont'd)

New Brunswick's out-migration: It's nothing new (cont'd)



Fred, Andrew & Clarence Jamieson of Washington State

Marion Jamieson had married George English, who was born in Calais, Maine. There are still some English families in the area today, but only a few. Marion died in 1890 and her husband remained there for some time, but died at the home of his daughter - in Presque Isle, Maine in 1932. Of their 5 children, 4 of them settled throughout Maine. Only one remained in New Brunswick, making a home for his family in Good Corner, Carleton County. West of Florenceville, and very close to the Maine border, one can only speculate about how many of his children remained in New Brunswick...

Out-migration - so much in the news today - may be headline news - but it has always been a part of New Brunswick's story. We all have relatives elsewhere. Like the

Jamieson entry in the The Gleaner, a simple read of our local obituaries today show the extent of out-migration.

What is news is that immigrants are not coming into the province to take their place. It brings to mind an old saying that was making the rounds in the 1970's when so many young New Brunswickers were heading out to western Canada. "Would the last person in New Brunswick, please turn off the lights?" It's been said before, it is circulating again, and it will no doubt be said in the future as well.

But it isn't all doom and gloom. We all know that this is a great place to live and bring up families. We have survived several waves of out-migrations. We will survive this one too and be stronger for it.



2015 Johnville Picnic



On Saturday, August 1st 2015, the community of Johnville, Carleton County, is set to once again celebrate more than 130 years of tradition. United by their faith and strong Irish roots the community will come together to carry on the tradition of their forefathers with the longest-running annual church festival in New Brunswick. Originally a predominantly Irish settlement, Johnville is now a place for residents, those whose roots remain in this place, and newcomers

alike, to come together to celebrate at this traditional picnic gathering.

With activities beginning in early afternoon (2pm), enjoy a children's parade and a variety of games. Browse the booths of hand-made crafts and food items on the fairgrounds. An evening smorgasbord of homemade delights, prepared by the talented ladies of Johnville, will be ready to enjoy for a modest fee. Such fare as salads, cold meats, pies and other desserts will be served in the church hall.

And this isn't the end of the story... work those supper calories off in the evening with a dance under the stars, ending with a dazzling firework display, bringing the celebrations to a close for yet another year.

The actual date of the first Johnville picnic is obscure although noted historian William Kilfoil writes that it

was held in 1863. The time selected was reminiscent of the ancient Irish celebration of Lughnasadh with the gathering held to raise funds to buy a melodeon for the church. Several gatherings followed in the late 1860s and early 1870s. Each year saw the community prosper and come together under a bright summer sky to celebrate their faith and the gifts of their new home.

According to newspaper records for the time the 1878 picnic was a gala event and became known as "the day of the great picnic." It was from that date that the Johnville Picnics became a regular occurrence without interruption.

And so, on the first Saturday in August celebrations will again bring people from all over North America and perhaps even a few citizens from Ireland to join in the festivities. You should be there too!

Oscar Wilde visits Fredericton

By E.C. (Gene) Campbell

There are probably very few people who haven't heard about 19th century writing-great, Oscar Wilde. There are, on the other hand, probably very few people, indeed, perhaps only a handful, that have heard that he visited Fredericton in 1882. He spoke at City Hall, befriended New Brunswick-born, writing legend, Sir Charles G. D. Roberts, and went on to visit several other Maritime centers, and the rest of Canada.

We will take a brief look here, at his Fredericton visit. Wilde arrived in the provincial capital from Bangor, Maine on Wednesday, October 4, 1882, and later that same day at 8 o'clock, had a lecture scheduled at the Lecture Room at City Hall, sponsored by H. Lebaron and Mr. Kerr. It is interesting to note here that over 130 years after Wilde's visit, Fredericton's City Hall, still stands. Originally known as The Opera House, it was erected in Phoenix Square, Queen Street, in 1876, and years later, was declared a national historic site. Today it is the oldest City Hall that is still in use.

The talk at City Hall on the evening of his arrival here in the Capital drew a large crowd. The audience hall was nearly filled, and all the reserve seats were taken. The lecture lasted for an hour, and it is said the audience 'preserved their patience wonderfully!' In his book, Oscar Wilde in Canada, Kevin O'Brien writes, 'There was a need for equanimity of temper, at least on the part of Wilde, for he had to undergo his first ordeal in the Maritimes; in his audience were some unwanted Aesthetic converts from UNB.'

O'Brien goes on to say that five minutes after the lecture began, '25 students marched in procession, Indian file, into the Hall and down the main aisle to reserved seats near the platform'. A town woman was upset

by students who 'must not expect that they are at liberty to take possession of the whole town when they came to Fredericton to learn the rudiments of A.B.C. in manners.' It is said that the students carried canes and banquets, and 'periodically broke out into uproarious applause, stomping their feet, and mock plaudits as they needled Wilde on his main points.' The editor of the University Monthly said 'by their frequent and animated applause, they showed that their sentiments were entirely in accord with those of the eloquent lecturer.' Wilde, it is said, was too smart to battle the students. He said, 'they were highly intelligent looking boys, all of them. They had their fun and I did not mind.'

While in Fredericton, Oscar Wilde stayed at Barker Hotel – a long-time hotel, in the 19th century, and well into the 20th. It was here that he met Fredericton's native son, Sir Charles G. D. Roberts. It was said that Roberts took Wilde more seriously than did the students at City Hall.

Roberts had long been identified in Fredericton, and today is one of the Capital's most famous sons. He had graduated from UNB in 1879, and in 1882 was principal of York Street School. The poems he wrote while still in college were published in 1880 as Orion and other Poems. This book was recognized as the first sign of a literary movement in Canada. Roberts influenced and encouraged a group of poets in Fredericton, including Bliss Carmen, Theodore Roberts, Francis Sherman, and Barry Stratton.

But back to Roberts involvement with Wilde... When Wilde arrived in Fredericton, Roberts went to visit him at the hotel, and they set up a meeting, which would take place after the lecture. O'Brien wrote that they had arranged to meet in Wilde's



Oscar Wilde

sitting room, adding, 'The two young men sat at opposite ends of a table, and each read his poetry to the other'. Despite Fredericton being a 'dry' town under the Scott Act, they managed to imbibe some gin and ginger beer and the evening prospered to the point of pouring out liberations to the 'Gods of Greece and Rome.' It is said that both enjoyed the evening, and Roberts soon after, received a letter from Wilde, stating that with the beginnings Roberts had made, 'there would be no height in song beyond his reach.' Roberts, it is said, retained a high opinion of Wilde, even after the latter's well-known troubles in 1895.

When Wilde left Fredericton, he travelled by train to Saint John, and then on to other Maritime locations. He had been born in Dublin, Ireland, on October 16, 1854, and it was in 1888 that his first book would be published. What is known today as Wilde's best poem, The Ballad of Reading Gaol was written from his prison experiences, which one can read about in Kevin O'Brien's biography of him. After his release from prison, Wilde left England, and died 'completely destitute' in Paris, France on November 30, 1900.

Today, more than a century after his death, Oscar Wilde is regarded as one of the major literary figures of the 19th century, and we are proud to say that, in his own way, he left a little mark on Fredericton as well.





Capital Area Chapter news

By Mary Beth Gorey

Much has happened since fall... our annual story-telling evening, Tellebration, was held in November at the Exhibition Room of the Provincial Archives of New Brunswick. The rich and varied stories presented by invited presenters entertained one of our largest Tellebration turn-outs ever.

Christmas brought about our traditional Christmas in Killarney dinner for the members. This year, we hosted a pot luck dinner which was well attended.

December also saw the Irish Room move to a new location at the Gibson Memorial Church Hall on the north side of Fredericton. The room continues to be open Thursdays and Saturdays from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m., and run by volunteers.

The New Year brought us to several schools for cultural information sessions with the students.

Early February we hosted the James Joyce Exhibit, compliments of the Irish embassy, at the Archives building at UNB.



Launch of James Joyce Exhibit

St. Patrick's week was well enjoyed by many of the members. We started with the flag raising at City Hall where the Irish flag flew for 8 days. There were various lunches at local pubs, and the Irish Person of the Year celebration at the James Joyce Pub. This year, my family was honored as the Irish family - my hus-



Capital Area Chapter president, Mary Beth Gorey, and Councillor Mike O'Brien prepare to raise the Irish flag

band Roly McSorley, daughter Kathleen Gorey-McSorley and myself.

Also during St. Patrick's week



Roly & Mary Beth receiving the 2015 Irish Person of the year award.

we celebrated our official "Grand Opening" of our Irish Room in its new location with a ribbon cutting by local dignitaries and a reception following. During the reception we took the opportunity to present our annual Recognition Award to Leslie Cockburn for her work through the Fredericton Library to promote Irish heritage and culture.



Deputy Premier of NB, Stephen Horsman, Capital Area Chapter vice president, Roly McSorley, and Deputy Mayor of Fredericton, Eric Megarity, cut the ribbon for the Grand opening of Fredericton's Irish Room



Leslie Cockburn receives her award from event organizer, Beth McDermott..

April being heritage month, we participated at the North side Heritage fair. This was well attended and brought new members to our chapter.

In May, we will be having elections of new officers, moving from our former October timetable in order to fall in line with the provincial calendar.



One of the Kenny families of Bathurst

By Brian Kenny, MLA Bathurst—West Beresford
Minister of Environment and Local Government



Brian Kenny, MLA

I have always been interested in the history of our province and of the families who immigrated here so long ago. My own family, the Kennys, are among those early Irish pioneers who settled in Bathurst, New Brunswick in 1845 or before, so I have a very personal connection to that history and how it shaped who we are as a people and a province.

Since I became a Member of the Legislative Assembly in 2003, my understanding of the role that ordinary people like my ancestors played in the development of our province has grown.

The provincial legislature itself, as a building, is living history, and every time I come into this building I feel that I am part of that history, shaping it and hopefully making a difference in province's future. It just seems like yesterday when I came here in the late 1970's and looked down at the chamber floor amazed,

knowing that my great uncle Paul Kenny was the MLA representing Bathurst. I was just a wide-eyed 10 year old and never dreamed I would be sitting as a MLA and a Cabinet Minister in this same building 30 years later.

My interest in genealogy was sparked by my cousin William "Bill" Kenny, a Californian who wrote a book on our Irish ancestor, Michael Kenny, in 1974. As part of his research, Bill came to Bathurst and met with relatives, many of whom were just youngsters when Michael's sons and grandsons were still alive. They shared with him their memories of the family history, passing on that oral history which he included in his book.

Bill did research in the courthouse and the Provincial Archives of New Brunswick in Fredericton. He even travelled to Ireland, trying to find the County and Parish where our ancestor originated. He was like a detective, trying to put the pieces of the Kenny family history together.

Years later Bill came back to Bathurst to visit and we had a long chat about his work and we became good friends. The internet had just started and we traded emails. I wanted to help him with our quest to find out where Michael came from in Ireland. Both of us wanted to know the reason why Michael came to Bathurst. I still don't know the answer, but I hope to crack the case someday.

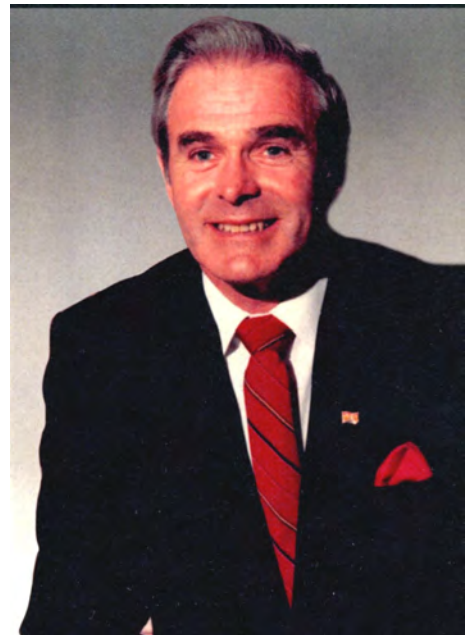
It's been nearly forty years since Bill wrote his book on the Kennys. It has been a great journey for me and I want to thank him for giving me the genealogy bug. I was glad we kept in touch over the last 20 years. He passed away in 2012 and I really miss those talks we used to have

about our family history. Fortunately we did have a good telephone conversation and I told him I felt I was getting closer to "cracking the case" just before he passed away in 2012.

Here are a few facts about some of my Kenny relatives that readers may find interesting.

In 1845 my 3rd Great grandfather Michael Kenny (b.1811) along with his wife, the former Ann Hughes, and their infant son John, came by ship from County Wexford, Ireland.

We believe the first stop upon arriving in the "New World" was Bathurst. He was a tailor by trade and had his shop located in the downtown. I do believe that he had relatives already living here. Why Bathurst? That's what I hope to find out.



Paul Kenny
MLA 1978 – 1991

Kenny family of Bathurst (cont'd)

As I said earlier, I never dreamed I would become a politician and even though I knew there were politicians in my family I didn't realize the extent of it: here are some interesting political connections that I documented:

Michael and Anne's second son, Thomas Francis Kenny (March 25, 1847-1929), was born in Bathurst and became the MLA for Restigouche County (1879-1882) as a Liberal-Conservative member. I always remembered the picture of Thomas because he had quite the beard back then!



Thomas Francis Kenny
MLA 1879 - 1882

(As it so happened, Thomas Francis was cousin Bill's great-grandfather so Bill made a point of fully documenting his genealogy!)

Thomas was a tanner and businessman and he served as a high school trustee for Dalhousie. In 1873, he married Helen Pritchard of Bonaventure, Quebec. Helen was the granddaughter of Capt. Ralph

Pritchard, a United Empire Loyalist.

In 1879, Thomas and Helen moved to Andover where he became involved in the sale of general merchandise. They had 2 sons and 3 daughters. After Helen passed away Thomas remarried a Margaret Gallagher of Woodstock. Thomas and Margaret had 3 sons and 4 daughters.

After politics the family moved to Perth Andover and then to Portland, Maine.

Thanks to Ancestry.com and Facebook, I have connected with some of Thomas' great-grand children. I recently found Thomas's great-great grandson and a fourth cousin - also named Brian Kenny - who lives in Boston, works at Harvard Business School and plays guitar in a rock band!

More political connections can be found through another Bathurst ancestor, Michael Thomas Kenny. Thomas was the son of John Kenny (my 2nd great grandfather) and John's brother was Thomas Francis Kenny, the MLA!

Thomas (b. 1882) married Elizabeth Mary Turgeon, only daughter of Onésiphore Turgeon, MP. Turgeon was a journalist in Bathurst, New Brunswick and editor of *Le Courrier des Provinces Maritimes*. He was MP for Gloucester from 1900-1921 and Senator until his death in Bathurst at the age of 95 in 1944.

Turgeon was married twice: to Margaret Eulalia Baldwin in 1876 and to Mary Loretta Meahan in 1905.

His son James Gray Turgeon also served as MP and Senator for many years.

His other son, William Ferdinand Alphonse Turgeon, was a Saskatchewan politician and judge.

The three family members held public office concurrently between the years 1911 and 1921 and had exceptional political careers.

In more of my research I found John Kenny was a "ships carpenter" and most likely worked on the Bathurst wharf building boats. Later he became a farmer and the family moved to Little River Road in Bathurst where the same Kenny farm exists today.

John Kenny had a daughter, Mary A Kenny. Her godfather was P.J. Veniot, Premier of New Brunswick!

John Kenny's grandson, Paul Kenny, was MLA for Bathurst from 1978 - 1991.

John Kenny's 2nd great-grandson (me) is MLA for Bathurst-West Beresford 2003 - present.

More than 170 years after Michael and Ann Kenny made that trans-Atlantic journey from Ireland to New Brunswick, their legacy is alive and well in the thousands of descendants who can connect their ancestors back to Bathurst, NB. I am just one of them and I am very proud of my Irish roots, but as I'm finding out, I have a rich Dutch and Acadian ancestry to learn about as well, and I expect to be working on that for years to come.

Knowing my family history has certainly enriched my life. I believe that kind of awareness of our shared history across cultures and time can make us a better people, and a more interesting province, for other genealogists who make their way to New Brunswick to pick up the threads of their own ancestor's past.



Who knew? - *In the recent UK election it was interesting to find out that Canadians living in Britain can not only vote, but are also legally able to stand as candidates in a British election. What was even more compelling, as Ireland is not part of the Commonwealth, was the fact that Irish nationals living in Britain are also eligible to vote when they are living in Britain.*

The Gathering in Gagetown

By Dona King



The first Irish Gathering in Gagetown in 2013 began as a bit of whimsy, since we couldn't go to one of the many Gatherings in Ireland that year, why not host our own? With wonderful cooperation from Queens County Heritage and the Fredericton Chapter of the Irish Canadian Cultural Association of New Brunswick, we planned a simple celebration of all things Irish. The warm response has encouraged us to make this an annual event.

Queens County has a rich Irish heritage and many of the communities in the area that is now Camp Gagetown were founded by Irish immigrants in the early 1800s. The names, Enniskillen, Clones, Cootes Hill and others speak to the nostalgia of those early settlers (see map below for an idea of the many Irish

communities that once existed in Queen's Co.). I recently visited Cootehill in County Cavan with its wide streets and sturdy stone churches and thought of those early people coming to our then wilderness. But like so many others, they created homes and families, and we are here because of their intrepid spirit. There is also a very early record of a John Sinnot who was one of the first land owners in the town of Gage, perhaps some day we will learn more of his life as well.

Plans are well underway for another true Irish Celebration this year beginning on Friday evening, August 14th with a concert at the Courthouse and continuing on Saturday with a full program of displays, genealogy, music and the Story Circle which has become a highlight of the event. The Village of Gagetown will be flying the Irish flag for the Gathering, and as you stroll our quiet streets, be sure to watch for the Shamrock in the window of businesses with Gathering specials.

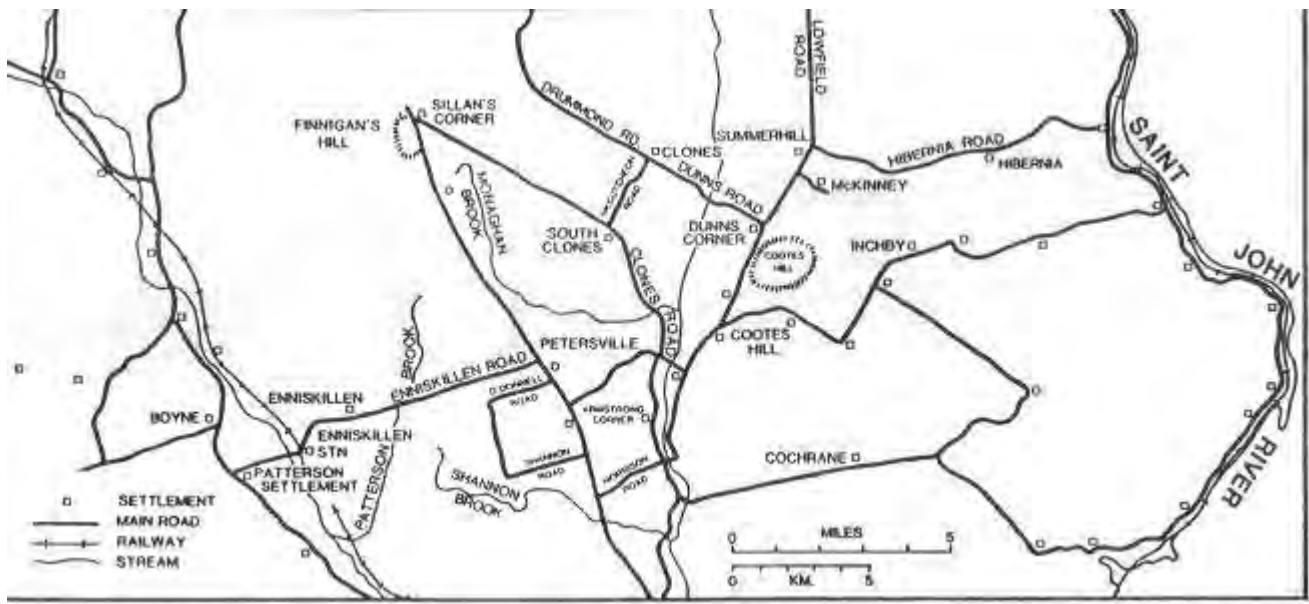
The full schedule will be on the queenscountyheritage.com. For further information please call 506 488-2483. We look forward to seeing you.



Standing room only for the story circle



Sidney Murgatroyd, winner of the Inishowen Fiddle Award, entertaining the audience at the Gathering in Gagetown



Rev. Henry Gordon

Early and brief-time colleague of Covenanter Rev. Alexander Clarke

by Dr. Eldon Hay

Rev. Alexander Clarke was fed up with the Irish Covenanter synod. He resolved to make a change. Breaking with the old country connection, Clarke requested entry into an American Covenanter synod. His request was readily granted, made public at a meeting in New York City in April 1848. At that meeting he also appealed for clergy assistants to come to his aid.

Clarke was from Amherst, Nova Scotia, and although there were Covenanter congregations in New Brunswick - at Murray Corner, Sackville and Jolicure - his new American colleagues persisted in using Nova Scotia as the locale of Clarke's ministry. At the 1848 meeting, a young Irish immigrant, Henry Gordon, then studying for the ministry, heard Clarke's call for help and answered positively. In his words:

Understanding that a missionary for the province of Nova Scotia, North America, is now wanted, and that application has been made to you, as a Presbytery, for such aid, and hearing myself also of the Macedonian cry from that quarter, (come over and help us!) I therefore most cheerfully and devotedly offer myself to you, as willing to go and labour in that field, whenever you may think it proper to send me, and subscribe myself (Banner of the Covenant, July 1848, 56).

Gordon had been born in 1824 in County Meath, Ulster province, where he received his early educa-

tion. He immigrated to America, arriving in New York in May 1847, and went immediately to the Covenanter Seminary in Philadelphia. Hearing Clarke, Gordon was subsequently ordained, and designated a missionary to Nova Scotia. He arrived in 1848, and ministered in several Covenanter communities in the Chignecto region. He was not to remain long in Canada, but a few fascinating accounts of his efforts have come down to us.

From Pugwash, Nova Scotia:

On the afternoon of last Sabbath, Mr. Gordon, a missionary, lately sent out by the Reformed Presbytery, New York, addressed a large and respectable audience in the Wesleyan Chapel, Pugwash, from the 1st verse of the 133d Psalm. Mr. G. certainly handled his subject in a masterly manner: indeed his manner in expounding the sacred word at all times, is most pleasing; and judging from ourselves, we think the eloquent, powerful, and devout discourse will not soon be forgotten by the audience. Mr. Gordon is meeting with a cordial reception everywhere he goes, and his unceasing labors seem crowned with success. (Guardian, Halifax, 2 March 1849).

From Goose River/Linden, Nova Scotia

On the last Sabbath of July, the Lord's Supper was dispensed in the Reformed Pres-



Rev. Henry Gordon

byterian Meeting House of the above named place, to seventy-seven communicants. Several of the members were, to their great grief, unavoidably absent. Mr. Clarke was assisted on the occasion, by the Rev. Henry Gordon, recently sent to his aid by the Reformed Presbyterian Synod of North America. The order, decorum, solemnity, and devotional spirit, manifested by the congregation throughout the whole of the sacred festival, very far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the lately arrived minister.

Mr. G. promises well. He is very young: only in his twenty-third year, and yet evinces a thorough acquaintance with the system of Evangelical

(cont'd)

Rev. Henry Gordon (cont'd)

Truth. Evidently willing 'to spend and be spent' for the prosperity of the cause in which he has embarked, he is 'received gladly' wherever he goes; and his services give great and universal satisfaction. May the God of Missions abundantly prosper the labours of his youthful servant, to the everlasting benefit of many, in the vast, important, and famishing field in which he is a commissioned helper.

Mr. G. has been four weeks in the place, and but little at rest, and has not been able to visit yet, more than the half of the field of Mr. Clarke's labours (Banner of the Covenant, 1848, 315).

And from Sackville and Jolicure, New Brunswick, written by Gordon himself:

Sabbath, 14th of January [1849], was the usual day for preaching in Sackville. To meet this arrangement, I left Amherst, a small village situated a few miles from the Bay of Fundy, and proceeded to Sackville, a distance of ten miles. The roads in general to the above place were very good, except where the snow had drifted; which, in some places, was four or five feet deep. The house we occupy in Sackville is a temperance hall, which, to all appearance, would hold at least three hundred people. At 11 o'clock, the hour for commencement, the house seemed thronged, and throughout the

whole services, the people manifested the most marked attention. Some of them had come a distance of fourteen miles. In this station there are only two families in connexion with us, who are very exemplary for piety, and both evince, by their conduct, that they have not been bearers of the gospel in vain. There are also many others who are very favourable, though not actual members.

On the afternoon of the same day, I went to Jolicure, across a vast, dreary marsh, a distance of eight miles, encountering rude Boreas, with heavy sleet showers. At half-past three o'clock, I commenced public worship,--the attendance as large as could be expected, considering the state of the weather. In this settlement, though there is a neat house erected, there are not many members. But there are those in it who rejoice to hear the glad tidings of great joy; there are many whose desire is to go up to the sanctuary on the Lord's day, and bow before him there. After divine service, I left again for Amherst, along a bleak, dreary road, passing across the Bay of Fundy, a distance of eleven miles, to the place where I intended stopping. I had not been long on my journey, till dark clouds thickened over my head, evidently betokening a storm. On an average, the ground was covered with snow two feet in

depth, and this being quite soft, from the rain, it was more disagreeable. Not being very well acquainted with the road, I lost my way, and got into a snow-drift. I managed to extricate myself, however, and proceeded the rest of the way with great difficulty, the hail beating in my face, and not a star to guide me. I reached home about ten o'clock at night.

Thus ended my Sabbath day's journey, after preaching twice and travelling nineteen miles. (Banner of the Covenant, 1849, 99-100).

A year later in 1849, Henry Gordon left the Chignecto region. Apparently, the senior patriarch was not enamored of his efforts; Clarke tended to be critical of younger ministers working with him. Gordon continued to minister in New York state, and died in Coila, NY, in 1897.



Henry Gordon's grave

Irish poet Cecil Frances Alexander wrote the hymn 'All Things Bright and Beautiful' in 1848 while visiting Wales. It is still a cherished hymn in the Anglican hymnal. The second and subsequent lines were used by James Herriot for his book "All Creatures Great and Small", as well as the TV series of the same name.



Ireland's GPO celebrates 200 years in dramatic fashion

A Book Review



By Michael O. Nowlan

"For many Irish people, the response to the acronym GPO is immediate, instinctive, and emotional. The association, particularly perhaps for younger people, who communicate more by texting and tweeting than by letter, is not so much with the organization that delivers post and pays pensions but with the building where the Easter Rising began in 1916; the connection with the postal service takes an extra second or two to strike the mind."

The quotation is from the opening of Chapter Five of a new title by Stephen Ferguson - *The GPO-200 Years of History*. Ferguson, who has spent a lifetime in the GPO where he works as Assistant Secretary of An Post and curator of the GPO Museum, is certainly qualified to compile such a work. Like his other books: *Business as Usual - GPO Staff in 1916* and *The Irish Post Box - Silent Servant and Symbol of the State* - previously reviewed in this column, *The GPO 200 Years of History* is a thorough and detailed effort which accents the immediate, the instinctive, and the emotional connotations of the GPO.

GPO, by the way, stands for General Post Office.

Chapter One, "The Post Office in Ireland," goes to the beginnings of a need for postal service, and presents "insights into social and political life in nineteenth century Ireland." Ferguson truly sets the stage for one of the most dramatic features of Irish history. It has all the makings of what might well be described as a many faceted fiction. Nonetheless, Stephen Ferguson is working with facts. As the author points out so vividly, the design had to give focus and understanding to "the essential working arrangements of the Post Office in Dublin."

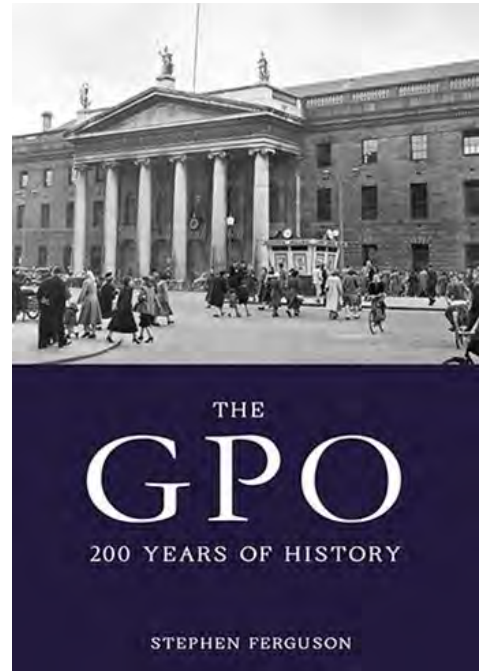
In pursuing the second phase or act, Ferguson places emphasis on "Place and Patronage," and he does not sidestep the issues of the day. There is nothing like the mismanagement of the "general domestic" fund to fuel suspicion and create good drama. The GPO, however, survived as did the key players of the time.

What makes the reading of significant interest is the title of the third act (chapter) "Creating an Institution." The GPO became that from its early years of the 1800s and remains perhaps the greatest institution Ireland has ever known. Sadly, good drama has to have its villains and on Easter Sunday 1916 they emerged and blood was spilled as the GPO was reduced to a shambles in what is still referred to as the Rising. The scene was not a pretty one and the characters were dragged into a battle of major proportions, which as even the weakest historians know was an attempt to create a free Ireland.

Ferguson opens the next act with "the death and destruction of Easter Week, combined with the execution of the Rising's leaders, [which] had a profound impact on the city and its citizens . . ." The GPO soon 'rose from the ashes' to be officially reopened in 1929, but work continued until 1933.

The final act illustrates how a great story is concluded as the author draws this history to a close in "From Local Landmark to National Symbol."

The GPO-200 Years of History is an amazing work of research for which Stephen Ferguson deserves many accolades. Among the key features are his very significant footnotes and other references which



makes his research so authentic. Another feature deserving of comment are the many diagrams, maps, and building blueprints. And the photographs! What an expose they offer the reader! Many photos are in a double page design while others tell so much relating the GPO. *The GPO-200 Years of History* has an extensive bibliography and index too.

This review did not mention the many leading characters of Irish history chiefly because there were too many to cite them all. Many have appeared on postage stamps from An Post, and they are appropriately used for illustrations. The book is available from An Post, Philatelic Bureau, Order Department, P.O. Box 1991, Dublin 1, Ireland for 15 Euros.

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David Wark: oldest living legislator in the world

By E.C. (Gene) Campbell

David Wark may not have been born here in New Brunswick, let alone in Canada, but he moved to this province at the age of 21, and made a final move to Fredericton in 1871. It was here in the capital that he would marry a local girl, and live out his life, eventually dying, and being interred here. His contributions to this province were substantial.

What makes this Irish-born man worthy-of-note is the fact that, for a period of time, he was regarded as the longest living legislator in the world.

Wark is descended by both parents from Scottish parents, who eventually would settle in Ulster, Ireland in the 17th century. He himself was born near Londonderry, Ireland on February 19, 1804 and came to this province in 1823. He married Annie Elizabeth, a daughter of Isaac Burpee, a retired merchant from Sunbury County. Born Nov 4, 1828 in Sheffield, NB, she died in Fredericton on Jun 16, 1899. The Burpee family themselves, are more than worthy of note, having made many major contributions, in a wide range of fields throughout New Brunswick.

David Wark became a member of the Senate of the University of New Brunswick and between 1858 and 1862, served as Minister without Portfolio in the Executive Council of New Brunswick. For a few months in 1867 he was Receiver General, and prior to that, represented Kent County in the Provincial Legislature from 1843-1851. He had been named to the Executive Council in 1850, and would remain in this position until Confederation in 1867.

In 1867 he would be named to the Canadian Senate by Royal Acclamation, and was known as 'The

Grand Old Man of the Canadian Senate', where he would serve until his death on August 20, 1905, at the age of 101 years and six months. He therefore served in the Upper House for a total of 38 years! In fact, the 1898 issue of Canada's Parliamentary Guide says in part – 'said to be the oldest member of the Legislature in the Empire, and to have served longer in legislative bodies, than any other man.' Wark would lose that prestigious title however when he was surpassed by another Canadian Senator – Georges –Casimir Des-saulles, who died in 1930 at the age of 102!

When Wark came to Canada, and this province, he initially settled in Rexton (then known as Kingston) where early on, he would be a book-keeper for local merchants, and taught school as well. In 1836 he purchased his own general store and was also active in the lumbering and milling trade. In Rexton, he was appointed to the position of County Magistrate, as well as being named a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. He was also responsible for being one of the principal workers in the formation of the Provincial Board of Education, as well as being responsible for having King's College recognized as the University of New Brunswick.

Locally, Senator David Wark was very active in Fredericton's historic St. Paul's United Church located on the corner of George and York Streets. In February of 1882, he chaired the committee responsible for the building of St. Paul's and he would leave a small endowment to that same church, which is still awarded annually, and goes to the cause of further education. A brass plaque at St. Paul's, officially pays tribute to his contributions.



When Wark reached the century-mark, the congregation of St. Paul's, through the Session of Trustees, sent him a letter of congratulations:

'Venerable and Respected Sir, We the Session Trustees of St. Paul's, Fredericton, on behalf of the congregation desire to extend to you our hearty congratulations on the centennial of your birthday.'

'Born of that sturdy Presbyterian stock which has done so much for the development of our native as well as our adopted country, you have ever stood true to the interests of your church and have in no unstinted manner contributed to its support and maintenance. Your long and honorable career as a private citizen and a public man has marked you as a conspicuous figure whom today this city and country are proud to honor with their felicitations. One of the oldest of the oldest subjects of the King and without doubt the

(cont'd)

David Wark (cont'd)

senior legislator of the world, the occasion on which we have gathered to congratulate you is unique.'

'Your more than sixty years connection with the political life of the country, your citizenship in Fredericton, your interest in educational affairs of the province, your devotion to the advancement of missions and your high Christian character have proved incentives of all who Appreciate consistent honorable conduct in both public and private life.'

'We desire to express the sincere hope that the mental and physical strength which have been given you by a kind Creator and merciful Preserver may be continued and that the evening of your life may be greatly blessed by the Giver of all Good.'

Dated this nineteenth day of February, A.D. 1904.'

This letter of congratulations, courtesy of St. Paul's United Church, was signed by seven members of the Session, and twelve members of the Board of Trustees.


Senator David Wark lived for close to three decades at what was known as 'Salamanca'. He had bought this property from Deputy-Surveyor General Andrew Inches. An ad in the "Reporter" read –

'FOR SALE: That desirable residence, known as SALAMANCA. The property is pleasantly situated in the vicinity of Fredericton. The dwelling house, in the cottage style, possesses accommodation pertaining to a first-class residence. The grounds are tastefully laid out and planted with ornamental trees. A garden, orchard, and good STA-

BLES are attached. Possession given 15 May 1867.'

As a matter of interest, Andrew Inches, who Wark bought Salamanca from, was a Great-Great-Grandfather of John Barton, who hails from Western Canada, and is a widely renowned poet. He was poet-in-residence at UNB, his tenure in that position having expired in April of 2011. Inches is buried in Fredericton's Old Burial Ground.

Salamanca would burn to the ground on January 4, 1946, never to be rebuilt, and the property would be sold to UNB.

After leaving Salamanca, Wark would live out his life with a sister, at what is now McAdam's Funeral Home, located at 160 York Street in downtown Fredericton. He would die there on August 20, 1905 at the age of 101, survived by one daughter. A Liberal in politics, he is buried in Forest Hill Cemetery on the outskirts of Fredericton. 

Do you have a story you'd like to share??

The editorial staff of the Shamrock Leaf invites contributions from readers for future issues

As the Shamrock Leaf enters its 32nd year, and celebrates our 58th issue, we reflect on the number and quality of articles that have appeared over the years. These articles, when taken as a whole, have provided readers with entertainment and education while piece by piece, story by story, building a picture of the Irish in New Brunswick and beyond.

However, as Editors, it is nearly impossible, by ourselves, to cover all the ground that holds the essence of what it means to have an Irish heritage. And so we are reaching out to you, the holders of family stories, community tales, pictures, ...basically the stories that will fill in more gaps in the mosaic that is our heritage and that will keep it alive for generations to come. We all have stories, or know of stories that should be in print, and so we ask everyone who reads these words to think of what they can contribute. We realize, as editors, that not everything can be printed, because we have to fact check and make sure that proper approvals are available with articles previously printed, or items that have copyright attached.

Having said that, we look forward to hearing from our readers and having the opportunity to present to a wider audience stories of the more than 200 years of Irish history, heritage and culture in this province and this country that we call home. Send us what you know. Linda would love to hear from you at lindamevans@rogers.com.



Miramichi Chapter News

By Maureen English

I start this article with a heavy heart. We, on the Miramichi, lost one of the “pillars of our community”. Marven McCarthy passed away March 26, 2015 in Florida. The illness that took him from us struck as he was getting ready to celebrate a very special day to him – St. Patrick's Day. He recounted Irish history and traditions to hundreds of people who took the Tours to Ireland he hosted, including the Nelson Doyle Dancers. His love of Middle Island and the work he did there earned him the title of “Guardian of Middle Island -or- Mr. Middle Island”. He is survived by his wife, Mary Ann, and four children, Rob, Diane, Kevin & Chris and 4 grand children, Lauren, Lindsay, Daniel, and Nicholas. Sláinte Marven!

As our President Frances McConnell is enjoying sunny Mexico for the winter – we have been holding down the fort. On March 14th, the Season's View Restaurant set the stage for an early St. Patrick's Day celebration. The event was hosted by the people at Words on Water and the Miramichi Regional Multicultural Association.

Judy Bowman, co-founder of Words on Water, MC'ed the day. We had lunch and listened to the music, poetry and prose readings from our rich Irish culture. Words on Water, or WOW, is a reading and workshop program started by Judy Bowman and Michelle Cadogan to promote Miramichi and New Brunswick writers. Music is word and rhythm and is a big part of WOW. There were over 15 artists participating that afternoon, and it was enjoyed by all.

On Monday, March 16th, members and guests of the Miramichi Chapter met at the Queen



Judy Bowman

Elizabeth Park, across from City Hall, for the raising of the Irish Flag – which was flying high for St. Patrick's Day.

On May 7th. The Season's View Restaurant was the scene of a presentation by Cathy Murphy on “Irish Immigration” hosted by the Miramichi Regional Multicultural Association. It was an evening well spent indeed.



Doug Underhill reading from his book *River Poems*

Our President, Frances, will be home in May and ready to get us moving on a “Spring into Summer” social.



Ivory Gaston doing a reading in Miramichi



Miramichi raises the Irish flag





Come take me out of this dull world - Irish Myths and Creative Writing Workshop -



Explore Irish Mythology, Irish poems with a mythical theme.
Then be inspired, write your own work.

When: July 17th 1:30-3:30 PM

Where: Chatham Public Library, Miramichi

Admission \$10

Phone 506-251-1657 to reserve a place

Facilitator: Sandra Bunting returned to Miramichi two years ago after living for many years in Galway, where she taught creative writing and TEFL at the National University of Ireland. Sandra studied Radio and Television Arts at Ryerson, worked at CBC Toronto, and went on to get a Masters in Writing. Sandra is co-editor of the literary magazine Crannog and author of a poetry collection, *Identified in Trees* by Marram Press. She has had poems, short stories and non-fiction published internationally. Her work, among other themes, has been influenced by Irish myths and the magical landscape of the Irish countryside.

This workshop is in partnership with *Words on Water*.

Scotland & Ireland Tour

16 Day/14 night coach tour—August 27th to September 11th, 2015



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Ground only: \$3565 per person sharing, tax incl.

Air & ground: \$4375 per person sharing

Single supplement: \$675 per person

A deposit of \$250 is due upon reservation until June 5th. After June 5th—full payment required

Canada's Irish Festival on the Miramichi - Join us for a weekend of music and culture

By Paddy Quinn

Canada's Irish Festival on the Miramichi is celebrating 32 years in July.

The festival will be held July 16th - 19th and Waterford Green on the waterfront will again be the main venue for what will be a weekend of good music and cultural events. Our move to Waterford Green in the historic Chatham Business District last summer attracted record attendance and rejuvenated the festival. While we are still in the planning stages, the festival will certainly feature the Family Walking Parade, Genealogy, a theatre production by Kid Playhouse Productions, a Rugby tournament, Family Day on Middle Island Irish Historical Park and children's activities.

We are very pleased to announce that Canada's Ambassador to Ireland and Miramichi native, Kevin Vick-

ers, will be in attendance for our opening ceremony.

Our Saturday evening concert features Ennis at beautiful St. Michael's Basilica and this event will benefit St. Michael's Capital Campaign.

There will also be several musical acts on the main stage on Waterford Green, including Raglan Road from Bathurst, NB, Shanneyganock from Newfoundland, the Miramichi's own The Dirty Nellys, the Mahones from Ontario, Ennis of Newfoundland, McGinty of Nova Scotia and Rob Currie & The Hard Tickets from Miramichi and Nova Scotia. The range of entertainment will undoubtedly please a wide range of visitors.

The Irish Festival has adopted a new logo as well this year.

The final details for the festival are still in the works. For more information please contact us at

Box415, 1745 Water Street, Miramichi, NB, E1N 3A8, (506) 778-4525 or irishfes@nb.sympatico.ca.

We are still adding information to the website so as the date nears, please check out our website at <http://canadairishfest.com> for more details as well.

See you in July!



Family Walking Parade



Friday Night Pub 2014

Until now, only the indexes of birth registrations were available on-line on the National Library of Ireland website. However, as noted in our last issue, all Catholic parish register vital statistics will be going on-line and the proposed launch date is July 8th. Ciarra Kerrigan, project coordinator, says this is the 'most significant ever genealogy project in the history of the NLI. Images of the actual records will be posted on-line, but they will not be indexed or transcribed. All births over 100 years ago, marriages over 75 years ago and deaths over 50 years ago will be available on the website: www.nli.ie. Transcriptions and indexes will only be available at the Irish Heritage Centres around the country.



Roman Catholic and Protestant Orphans' Care in Saint John, 1847-1976

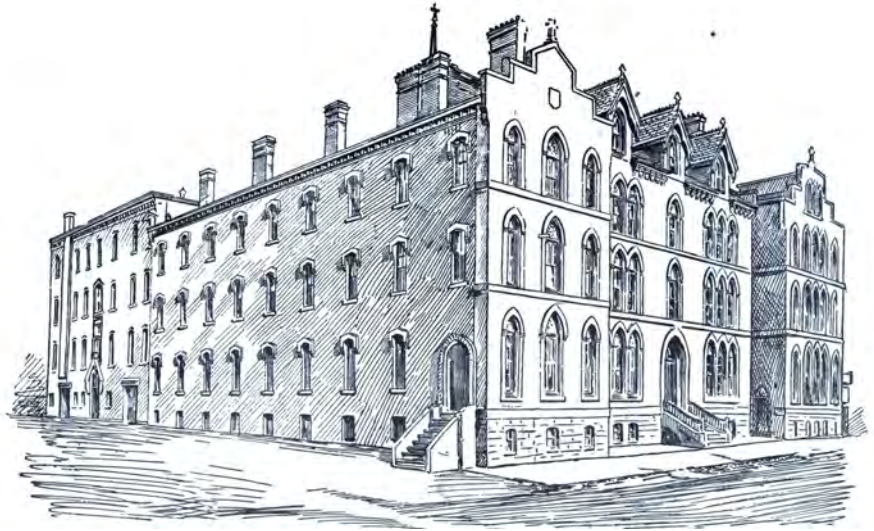
By James M. Whalen

Orphan asylums were founded in Saint John in the mid-nineteenth century in response to the high number of children left homeless by the heavy influx of immigrants with infectious diseases. At first, care was provided under quarantine regulations to most impoverished newcomers, including children, who were eligible for relief up to one year after their arrival in the colony. Then, in 1847, as a result of heavy Irish immigration and an outbreak of typhus and relapsing fever, the provincial government operated a temporary orphanage in the former Saint John City Almshouse at King and Carmarthen streets. Over 300 orphans were admitted to that facility during the two-year period that it existed. Most of them eventually became domestics or farm hands but unfortunately their religious background was not always considered during placements.

In 1854, more than 1,500 died after the ship *BLANCHE* from Liverpool carried cholera to Saint John. The disease was not confined just to immigrants but swept throughout the urban area. The need for a permanent orphanage was evident because the epidemic left about one hundred and twenty "cholera orphans" and a strong desire existed to keep them out of the almshouse. However, the authorities desired separate buildings for Roman Catholics and Protestants not only for religious reasons but also because of the tension existing between the two faiths at that time.

St Vincent's and St Patrick's Roman Catholic Orphanages

Thomas L Connolly, formerly



From 1872-1949, St Vincent's Orphanage was located in Saint John in the left wing of the Motherhouse of the Sisters of Charity on Cliff St.

of Cork, who became the Roman Catholic Bishop of New Brunswick in 1852, responded to the plight of the Irish Catholic orphans by establishing a refuge for about seventy of them. Although he received support from private citizens and the provincial legislature, he needed someone to operate the asylum. In September 1854, at his invitation, Honora Conway and three other nuns from Mother Seaton's Sisters of Charity convent in New York State came to Saint John. They founded the Sisters of Charity of the Immaculate Conception and this new religious order took up the challenge of caring for the orphans on the Bishop's behalf. Initially, they looked after boys only but soon both sexes were entrusted to their care. As a temporary measure, the orphans were housed in the

Bishop's residence on Cliff Street. In 1865, a Motherhouse, called St Vincent's Convent, was erected on Cliff Street and by 1872 a wing of this building became St Vincent's Orphanage. In 1880, through the generosity of Patrick McCourt, a native of County Armagh, Ireland, St Patrick's Industrial School for boys was founded at Silver Falls. Then, about eighty boys were moved there from St Vincent's. In 1949, St Patrick's Orphanage was refitted to accommodate girls and they too were relocated to that institution. However, in 1959, and after more than a century of providing care and education to orphans, the Sisters of Charity, acting on the advice of the Catholic Charities, closed their orphanage.

(cont'd)

Roman Catholic and Protestant Orphans' Care in Saint John, 1847-1976 (cont'd)

New Brunswick Protestant Orphans' Home

Due to the cholera epidemic of 1854, fifteen ministers of various Protestant denominations in Saint John collaborated to provide for Protestant orphans. They raised funds and started modestly by opening a small home for thirteen orphans on Pond Street. The next year, the Saint John Orphan Asylum (later known as the New Brunswick Protestant Orphans' Home) was incorporated. Its purpose was to provide shelter, food, clothing, medical attendance and scriptural education to destitute orphans. However, no illegitimate children were admitted to it during the first sixty years. The orphanage relied mainly on donations from individuals, societies and various churches for support. In the late 1850s, the orphanage was relocated to Peters Street. In fact, it moved several times during its long history. At the time of the Great Fire of 1877, the orphanage, then situated at Carmarthen and Britain streets, was completely destroyed although none of its thirteen occupants was hurt. Before and immediately after the fire, there were relatively few in the asylum but the numbers gradual-

ly increased until it became the largest orphanage in the province. In 1919, a branch of the asylum was opened in the former Martello Hotel and it became known as the "West Side Home". There were forty orphans in it then and an additional forty-four were housed at Britain Street. The numbers increased especially after 1921 when the orphanage amalgamated with the Provincial Memorial Home. Further changes occurred in the early 1920s when the Board of Directors purchased land on the Manawagonish Road. Soon a new spacious facility with a farm and school attached was opened at that site. By the early 1920s, the numbers in the institution increased to about one hundred and fifty and by the 1960s there was a yearly average of about two hundred and fifty in it. The numbers rose sharply especially in the latter years when the orphanage began to accept wards of the Children's Aid Society. However, in the mid-sixties, due to dramatic changes in admittance regulations, the numbers suddenly plummeted. Recommendations of the Canadian Welfare Council in the Caldwell Report (1965), along with alterations in provincial government policy, spelled the end of orphanages in

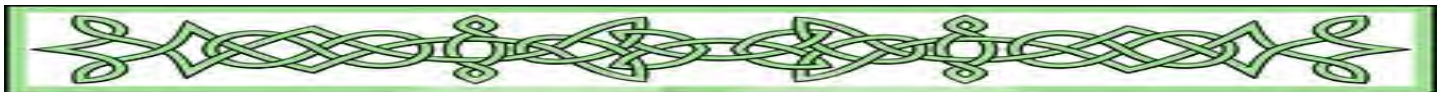
the province. The Protestant orphanage operated until 1976 when it closed and the Board of Directors allocated the remaining funds to a public charitable foundation.

Conclusion

The closure of orphanages in New Brunswick that got their start during the Irish famine emigration period may be attributed to the provincial government's programme of child welfare reform. Gradually, concerns were raised about the type of dependent children that should be admitted to such a facility. Changes in policy, including government grants of social assistance to care givers, the establishment of foster homes and group homes for orphans under the guidance of trained social workers lessened the need for orphanages and they disappeared.

(NOTE: The Wiggins Male Orphan Asylum, a small private institution for Protestant male orphans mainly connected with shipping interests in Saint John, which closed in 1982, was the last orphanage in operation in New Brunswick.)

James M Whalen, 2 April 2015



Traditional Irish Wedding Vow



By the power that Christ brought from heaven, mayst thou love me.

As the sun follows its course, mayst thou follow me.

As light to the eye, as bread to the hungry, as joy to the heart,

May thy presence be with me, oh one that I love,

'Til death comes to part us asunder.



The Sleeping Warriors

By Bob Curran



Arguably no place in Ireland is as strange and eerie as the Burren of County Clare. The name 'Burren' comes from the Gaelic *bhoireann*, meaning "rocky place", and there is no other landscape like it in Europe. In parts of it the country takes on the quality of a lunar surface - vast areas of moss-covered limestone, thick with strange flowers and fauna, matched by great fists of rock rising out of the calcified surface as if to threaten the unwary traveler. This is also a land of druid stones, ancient forts, the ivy-clad tower-houses of long-vanished families and of deserted villages and overgrown roads. It is indeed a lonely and sinister place.

Because the Burren is composed of sedimentary rock, water comes and goes through it, creating deep caves and fissures in its surface. There is a be-

lief that they are the portals to the dark fairy world, near which ancient heroes slumber on their sentry duty. But let the interloper beware, for the slightest sound may stir them into action. Indeed, there are many local tales concerning those who have been so ill-advised as to trespass on their domain.

"They say that there is a cave out on the Burren that only opens once in every seven years. Some would tell you that there is a grand treasure hidden there but that it is unwise to enter it for it is the abode of the fairies and the gold rightfully belongs to them. It is as well to leave it alone.

There was a man named MacMahon, a poacher, who lived over beyond Ballynalackin and he was out hunting very early one morning, near the old castle there, when

he came upon the entrance to a cave that he hadn't noticed before. He had been chasing hares across the rocks when they had suddenly disappeared and, under a rocky overhang, he came upon the mouth of a tunnel, nearly hidden by long grasses. Now he was a curious man and, as he knew the locality well and had never seen this cave-mouth before, he was anxious to know where it went. He had heard old stories of hidden treasures far below the Burren and thought that there might be a lost fortune to be found if he were to explore further.

So, winding long grasses and dry hay into several crude torches which he was able to light with a bit of flint from his tinderbox, he went down into the cave and far beyond the clear daylight. The cave extended back into the rock, like a kind of passage, and MacMahon noticed that its walls seemed to be hung with ancient weaponry, partly gone to rust, and ancient shields marked with a long-vanished heraldry. The place was obviously very old indeed and a voice in the back of his mind told him to turn about and run. Yet both greed and curiosity overcame the warning. If the cavern was indeed old, he reasoned, then it

was quite possible that there would be a treasure of some sort near at hand.

He waded across a small stream which flowed through the passageway and crouched down to pass below a rocky overhang as he travelled on into the gloom. Not even his improvised torch gave him much light in this underground world. Squeezing through a narrow section of the rock, he suddenly found himself in a high vaulted chamber where stalactites hung down from the parts of the roof that he could actually see. As for the rest of the ceiling, it vaulted away upwards into the dark and was lost to view. The whole place suggested the style of some old hall or burial crypt of some mighty church. Holding up the last of the torches, which was already threatening to burn down, MacMahon examined the rocky walls around him, still convinced that treasure lay in the furthest recesses of the place.

He found no fortune but he saw that the walls were black with soot, as if several fires had been lit against them. Here and there, bits of old armour and abandoned weapons had been scattered across the floor and lay in rough heaps close to the wall.

(cont'd)

The Sleeping Warriors (cont'd)

Further along, he found a couple of ancient and primitive fireplaces where charred wood still lay, though it had been cold for a long time. How the smoke had escaped through the shadowy roof he couldn't tell, but it was evident that fires had burned here in times long past.

Then, half-way up the wall, resting in a large niche in the rock, he saw a large silver horn. It was long and curved and appeared to be carved with antique hunting and battle scenes. It lay almost beyond his grasp and, as he stretched up to take it down, MacMahon suddenly became aware that he was not alone in the cavern.

Although his torch had all but expired, his eyes had become accustomed to the gloom and a strange light seemed to glow from a kind of fungus which grew along the rocky walls. He turned around quickly and was amazed to see several figures lying stretched on the ground close to a pile of ancient weaponry, covered with furs and animal pelts. Massive double-headed axes and halberds lay within easy reach of them and, for a second, MacMahon thought that they were dead and that he had blundered into some prehistoric mausoleum, the grave of a Celtic king and his attendants.

As he gazed at them, he realized that they were in fact sleeping, for their chests rose in a strange, regular motion and he heard their deep, steady breathing. He paid them little attention, for their sleep seemed very sound, and turned his thoughts back to the silver horn. It was a fabulous thing and, by stretching a little more, he was able to seize it and lift it down. Standing in the gloom of the cavern, he imagined it even more valuable than he had at first thought, and wondered who had fashioned it and what it might sound like. It had clearly been designed for a man of larger proportions than an ordinary mortal. He was tempted to raise it to his lips and blow, yet heard a warning voice in the back of his head: 'Take care, foolish fellow! Beware!'

But MacMahon was a stubborn man and, dismissing the threat, raised the horn to his lips and gave a blow. He could hardly produce a sound. It made but a tiny noise like the faint squawk of a goose. Even so, it seemed enough to trouble one of the sleepers. With a groan, he stirred in his slumber and stretched himself slightly.

'Is it time yet?' he asked, in a voice that was deep and gruff and which clearly had been unused to human speech for a long time. He made to rise and, in the dim light of the wall


mosses, armour and with a great horned helmet on his head. With a shudder, the poacher realized that he had stumbled into the resting place of a band of ancient warriors - perhaps even the great Fionn Mac-Cumhaill and his men - who were deep in enchanted slumber. The sound of the horn - low though it had been - had broken that sleep. His heart was fairly stopping within him but, in a trembling voice, he answered:

'No, it's not time yet. Go back to sleep!'

Now, given the situation, he had displayed a surprising presence of mind. But the ancient warrior was persistent. Hoisting himself up onto one knee, he gripped the shaft of a rusted spear and looked out from under his helmet with red and glittering eyes.

'Then why have you disturbed our sleep?' he asked in hollow, ringing tones which reverberated from the rocky walls round about. To his increasing terror, MacMahon noticed that several of the other sleepers were now beginning to stir and he saw an ancient hand reach for a fallen sword lying nearby. Dragging himself up to his full height, the soldier took an awkward step forward. With a cry born out of pure horror, MacMahon dropped the horn and ran back towards the entrance

to the cavern. With a throaty roar, all the warriors now began to stir and to stumble unsteadily to their feet. MacMahon ran along the dark rock passage, conscious of the horrid throng which followed him, gasping and leaping until he at last reached the cave entrance through which he had come.

Once on the upper earth of the Burren, he fell exhausted to the ground whilst, behind him, the entrance closed with a sound like the clap of thunder. When he looked down at the arm which had held the horn, he found it withered, and it remained so until the day he died. But he had had a lucky escape and never more did he go poaching in the Burren close to Ballynalackin Castle. Who knows but those old soldiers are still sleeping somewhere out there." 



Reprinted with permission from *Beasts, Banshees and Brides from the Sea* (ISBN-10: 0862815533)



**Saying goodbye
A sad farewell to a dear friend**



The sudden, and unexpected, passing of Edward 'Marven' McCarthy in March of this year has left a space in the story of the modern-day Irish of New Brunswick that is unlikely to be filled. If the crowning achievement of his tireless work in the city of his birth is the living memorial that is Middle Island, it is certainly not the only achievement that those who remember him think about.

Born and raised in the former town of Chatham (now part of Miramichi City), Marven was deeply involved in his community. After retiring from his long career as a high school math teacher, Marven continued his interest in the local sporting teams, baseball being one of his pas-

sions. For many years he was actively involved with the Chatham Ironmen of the New Brunswick Senior Baseball League, particularly in his role of organizer. Behind the scenes he was the driving force behind the city's most recent turn as host of the 2011 Canadian Men's Senior Baseball Championships and was gearing up to repeat those efforts with the return of the event this coming August.

In addition to his family, Marven's other passion was his Irish heritage. In that capacity he was a tireless volunteer with the Miramichi Irish festival, was instrumental in the development of the Middle Island heritage park and solidified the relationship between Ireland and New Brunswick through the twinning of Miramichi City and the town of Monaghan in Ireland. Over the years, through the connections he diligently cultivated, Marven introduced many Canadians to the beauty and joy that is Ireland through the tours he and his equally tireless wife, Mary Ann, meticulously planned and escorted. He also introduced many Irish to the talent to be had in Miramichi by working with the Nelson-Doyle Dancers to take their performances to Ireland on more than one occasion. Marven was known for his long-time friendship with the late Willie McKenna of Monaghan, a man who, like Marven, saw the



Middle Island ribbon cutting

beauty in a bond bringing Miramichi and Monaghan together.

The members of Irish Canadian Cultural Association of New Brunswick offer their sincere condolences to Marven's wife, Mary Ann, their children Rob (Marilyn), Diane (Simon), Kevin (Julie) & Chris (Lisa), and their families.

Somewhere in Monaghan there is a bus with Brian Rice telling stories, and Marven's spirit leaning back in a seat. And whenever we walk the grass of Middle Island, and the streets of Miramichi, we will feel the spirit of Marven, his smile and laughter, walking with us.



**The Chatham Ironmen
1975 Championship Team**

Back Row (left to right) Wally Jimmo, Bill Daley, Ken Martin, Ron Allison, Donny Allison, Marvin McCarthy, Bob Corlette, Ken Quinn(staff). Middle Row (left to right) Joe Cook(staff), Percy King, George McDermald, Mike 'Spider' Woods, Wally Doucette, Art Leggatt, Eddy McDermald, Clary Hale. Front Row (left to right) Bev Bawn, Greg Morris(Head Coach), Brian King, Guy 'Super' Sorel, Ray Royce, Richard 'Cuffy' McLaughlin.

An Irish stamp album

St. Patrick's Day among first An Post new issues for 2015



By Michael O. Nowlan

An Post, the Irish Post Office, opened the new year with four new stamps before the end of February. One of the new issues was a two-stamp set while the others were singletons. Joanne Ferris, who edits *The Collector*, a quarterly publication for collectors and stamp enthusiasts, happily announced "a fascinating selection of stamps celebrating famous people and events" for 2015.

I always get excited when the first edition of *The Collector* arrives because An Post not only relates information about the new stamps for the quarter, but also provides a glimpse of what is to come.

Overall An Post lists 16 new issues for 2015 totaling some 36 stamps, but there is a caution that "this schedule is only provisional and may be subject to change."

With March and St. Patrick's Day high on the agenda for all Irish folk, it is not surprising that the annual St. Patrick's Day stamp is among the four new releases. Before I get to it, however, let me examine the others.

They focus on popular An Post themes - youth, politics, and love.

With two stamps on January 7, An Post marked the annual BT Young Scientist Exhibition which has been held in Dublin since 1965 and the more recent Science Gallery in Trinity College.

BT Young Scientist Exhibition is described as "one of the biggest and most successful schools competitions of its kind in the world." The Exhibition is designed to encourage interest in science among primary and secondary school students. I could not find what the BT stands for, but the website indicates it is an established global communications company serving customers in more than 170 countries with headquarters in the United Kingdom and major activity throughout Ireland.

The second stamp celebrates the Science Gallery in Trinity College Dublin, a public science centre and a truly unique place where "science and art collide." The gallery was founded in 2008 with the objective of improving science outreach and art-science collaborations, opening science up to passionate debate, and encouraging public contribution.

The Scientist Exhibition stamp features a design based on the story of two UCD researchers, Father Tom Burke and Doctor Tony Scott who were responsible for the first exhibition. They were inspired when they met a boy in New Mexico who had built a rocket for an upcoming science fair. That rocket is the feature of the stamp's design.

The design on the Science Gallery stamp is based on a pattern interpretation of the circle and square of the gallery's logo which is made

up of smaller circles and squares to give a sense of movement, explosion, celebration, and activity. Both stamps were designed by the Dublin design house Detail.



A key political event 50 years ago was the subject of a stamp issued January 22, when An Post recognized "two of the first peace makers" among the Irish. One was Sean Francis Lemass, who was Taoiseach from 1959 until 1966, and Terence O'Neill, the first unionist leader to introduce reforms that would never have been heard of under previous Northern Ireland Prime Ministers. Lemass was a staunch republican.

They met in secret in January 1965 and were heralded for their efforts. Lemass is often referred to as the father of modern Ireland for his success in attracting foreign investment and forging permanent links between Ireland and the European community. The stamp depicts O'Neill and Lemass with the seat of the Northern Irish Parliament, Stormont Castle, in the background.



(cont'd...)

An Irish stamp album

(cont'd)

On February 12, love was definitely in the air at An Post with the issue of the annual love and marriage stamp. It is a most attractive stylized image of the word - LOVE, and it was on time for Valentine's Day mailings as well as for wedding/anniversary celebrations throughout the year. It is available in booklet format of 10 self-adhesive stamps. The An Post 2015 stamp is the ninth consecutive issue of a stamp to celebrate romance.



And to the big day - March 17! This year's tribute to St. Patrick was designed by Steve Simpson, and it presents an illustration of Saint Patrick in the style of the first definitive series of postage stamps which were issued by the newly formed Free State in 1922. Although St. Patrick was not among those stamps, he certainly gets his due almost 100 years later. The design is quite distinctive of the four stamps issued in 1922 - a Map of Ireland, The Cross of Cong, A Sword of Light, and the Arms of the Four Provinces.

Although St. Patrick's Day is a national holiday in Ireland, it was only in recent years that the Irish Post Office has issued an annual stamp for the occasion. I could not find a specific date, but it was in the last decade or so. The first St. Patrick's Day stamp from Ireland was in 1937 and followed by others at peri-



odic intervals.

On March 20, four stamps were issued "to celebrate the success of Animation Ireland, a group of leading Irish animation studios working to promote and market the country's

world class animation sector. It was established in 2006.

The four stamps were designed by Vermillion Design and feature Roy, Give Up Yer Aul Sins, The Secret of Kells, and Nelly & Nora, all of which have enjoyed considerable success. Give Up Yer Aul Sins, for example, received an Oscar nomination in the short film (animation) category in 2002.

Looking ahead: there is much more for 2015. One set, scheduled for release in early August will focus on The Five Senses. It will be one to look for. There will also be World War I, and Europa which has old toys as the 2015 theme.

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.



Puck Fair in County Kerry

Puck Fair (in Irish Aonach an Phoic, meaning "Fair of the He-Goat", 'poc' being the Irish for a male goat) is one of Ireland's oldest fairs.

Scheduled every year in mid-August, Puck Fair is held in Killorglin, County Kerry. The fair includes street entertainers and buskers, a horse fair, parade, and lots of stalls with foods and crafts and just general revelry.

The highlight of the fair is 'King Puck'. Every year a goat catcher goes up into the mountains to catch a wild goat and he is brought back to the town and the "Queen of Puck", traditionally a young school girl from one of the local primary schools, crowns the goat "King Puck".

The "King" is then paraded through the town before being elevated onto a high stand in the town square for three days. On

the 3rd day of the fair, he is brought down to be led back to his mountain home. In the middle of the town square, he is crowned which signifies that the festivities may begin.

The roots of this unusual but much anticipated fair are a bit obscure but the most common story is that it goes back to the days of Oliver Cromwell himself.

"It is said that while the Cromwell's "Roundheads" were pillaging the countryside around Shanara and Kilgobnet at the foot of the McGillycuddy Reeks, they routed a herd of goats grazing on the upland. The animals took flight before the raiders, and the he-goat or "Puck" broke away on his own and lost contact with the herd. While the others headed for the mountains he went towards Cill Orglain (Killorglin) on the banks of the Laune. His



Puck fair celebrating 400th anniversary in 2014

arrival there in a state of semi exhaustion alerted the inhabitants of the approaching danger and they immediately set about protecting themselves and their stock.

In recognition of the service rendered by the goat, the people decided to institute a special festival in his honour and this festival has been held ever since."

Whatever the origins

of Puck Fair, it is considered the one time of the year that Killorglin comes to a halt and the fair has, over the years, become much anticipated by Irishmen near and far. We are not so sure that King Puck enjoys his elevated position and all the attention while he oversees the town itself.



Did you know...British comedian and talk show host Graham Norton is Irish? His zany sense of humor and quick wit is spontaneous and he has fans worldwide, so it shouldn't surprise anyone really. He was actually born Graham William Walker in Dublin, but grew up in Bandon, County Cork. His father was Anglo-Irish from County Wicklow and his mother was from Belfast. In an interview with *The Lady* magazine in Nov 2014, Norton stated, "I always felt like a fish out of water and I didn't know why at the time. I never felt part of where I was growing up ...I always felt 'other'. Laughable as it may sound now, I put that down purely to being raised a Protestant. By the time I left, though, I realized quite a lot of it was to do with my being gay." Norton's popularity continues to grow as his guest lists include famous actors, singers, entertainers, authors, and well-known personalities from both sides of the ocean. In addition, the show-ending routine of the 'big red chair' is often hilarious in its own right. The Graham Norton show is seen in reruns on BBC every weekday at 4 pm Atlantic time and new shows, when in season, air late night on Fridays.



Logic puzzle—Irish style!



Happy Father's Day!!!

by Marilyn Driscoll

Father's Day is rapidly approaching and each year Dad's family picks a theme and then tries to outdo each other in picking out a gift that Dad will especially appreciate. This year, unbeknownst to him, the family, Eoghan, Niall, Michael, Maura and Noreen, has chosen to honour Dad's heritage choosing gifts with an Irish theme. In total, Dad got five wonderful gifts, all of them somehow connected to Ireland or an Irish theme. Determine the full name of each person who gave Dad a gift, what gift they gave, and the relationship of each person to Dad.

1. Noreen's last name wasn't Donovan. Eoghan, whose last name wasn't Byrne, brought a tie with pubs of Ireland on it.
2. The person who brought the Irish Coffee glasses was Dad's sister.
3. Mr. Donovan was Dad's grandchild. Michael didn't bring the silver family crest ring.
4. Maura, whose last name wasn't Donovan, brought him a framed Cadogan crest certificate to proudly display Dad's family name.
5. The person who brought the silver family crest ring wasn't Mr. Murphy.
6. Dad's elderly uncle Michael surprised him with the most extravagant gift – a trip for two to Ireland!
7. Dad's children who brought gifts were Niall and the person whose last name was Walsh.

Think you've got this one? Well, if you're really patient, you can check your answers in our December 2015 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: *Homeward Bound*

The conference on the Past, Present and Future of the Irish Diaspora in Atlantic Canada had included a variety of expert speakers from various Irish studies programs in both Canada and Ireland. With the conference now ended, five of the Irish attendees: Brendan, Declan, Kierán, Orla and Siobhán, made their way back home. Although they all flew out of the same Canadian airport, they flew out over three different days (one on Monday, two on Tuesday and two on Wednesday), and had three different destination airports in Ireland (one flew into Cork, two into Shannon, two into Dublin). Each traveller was met at their destination airport by a different relative (mother, father, brother, cousin and uncle). From the clues given last issue were you able to determine the full name of each traveller, what day of the week each flew out of Canada, which Irish airport each flew into, and by which relative each of them were met at their destination airport?

Day	First Name	Last Name	Met by	Airport
Monday	Siobhán	McCarthy	father	Shannon
Tuesday	Brendan	Kelly	cousin	Cork
Tuesday	Orla	Cotter	uncle	Dublin
Wednesday	Declan	O'Neill	mother	Dublin
Wednesday	Kierán	Donovan	brother	Shannon

Bits and Pieces

By Linda Evans

Bookshop sales around the world are in decline because of the rise of internet sales and the availability of e-books. Bucking the world trend, independent book sellers in Ireland have not seen a decline in sales over the last decade. In Dublin, integrated coffee shops have brought many in to the shops and by doing so they get to know their clientele and their interests. Kenny's in Galway did go through a difficult time, closing one store, but have adapted to the new world of on-line shopping. Close to 85% of their sales are now on-line sales. ♣♣♣

Public hearings were held almost two years ago on how to help maximize cultural and genealogical heritage in Ireland. Focusing on how these elements could assist and increase tourism – there were 37 recommendations offered. One recommendation was the 'establishment of a national Diaspora and genealogical centre' in Dublin. With between 62-65 million people of Irish descent worldwide, they hope to have the centre operational when Ireland celebrates its centenary which is only a few years away. ♣♣♣

Abraham Stoker (1847-1912), author of *Dracula* in 1897, was born in Dublin. He attended Trinity College and at one time was drama critic for the *Dublin Evening Mail*. He became business manager of the Lyceum Theatre in London in 1878 and while there, did research for his famous novel at the British museum. Despite the macabre depth of his novel, Stoker never visited Transylvania, where his character was loosely based on Vlad Dracula, a 15th century Wallachian prince who impaled his enemies on stakes ♣♣♣

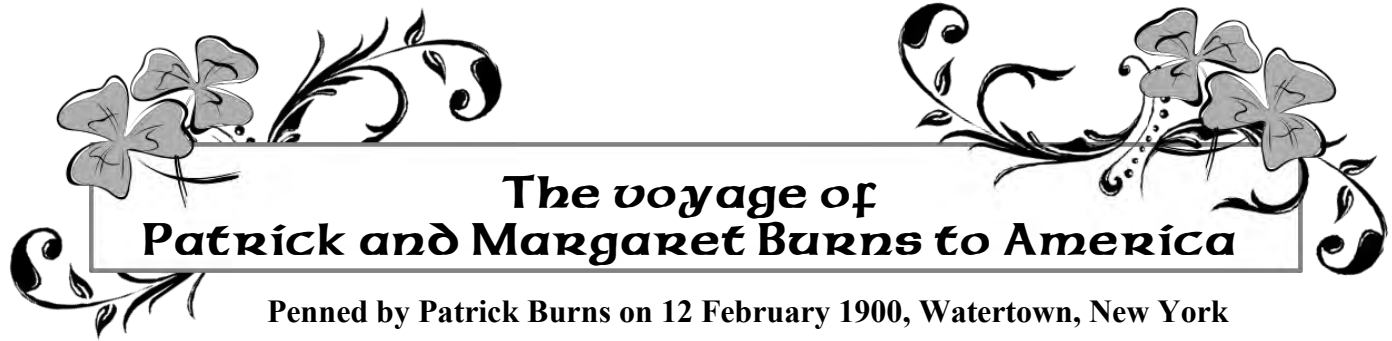
How many of us have had a good Irish fry-up at a B&B in Ireland? A full Irish breakfast, which might include rashers of bacon, ham, sausage, black pudding, 2 eggs, grilled tomato and wheaten bread with butter, is generally a whopping 1362 calories of heavy greasy goodness. If the calories don't throw you off the morning breakfast, the fat content may. The Irish breakfast contains about 100 grams of fat on average. I bet an orange with a bowl of yoghurt with granola is looking pretty good right now! ♣♣♣

Irish Festivals occur around the world and we have a few in Canada. However the country with the most Irish Festivals annually has to be the United States where there are no less than 105 Irish Festivals occurring every year – in almost every state in the union, except Alaska! ♣♣♣

On 29 May 1914, the Empress of Ireland was struck by a coal ship in heavy fog in the St. Lawrence River after leaving Quebec City on the way to Liverpool, England. Of the 1477 passengers on board, 1012 died. The Titanic disaster two years earlier became known worldwide but the Empress of Ireland disaster became almost a footnote because of the outbreak of war a few months later in Europe. The disaster was brought to light in 1964 when divers from Quebec visited the wreck for the first time. It was not until 1999 that the site was deemed a 'cultural property' and protected. A buoy now marks the spot just northeast of Rimouski, at Saint Luce, Quebec. ♣♣♣

CREDIT, the National Animal Rights Association in Ireland recently raided a restaurant in Dublin and 'freed' nine lobsters from their tank. They released them into the Irish Sea after first removing the rubber bands from the claws. Unlike the smaller variety of lobsters in Europe, there were large lobsters, and probably came from Maritime or Maine waters. One wonders if they will they find their way home? ♣♣♣

Two devastating earthquakes in Nepal have occurred recently. The second, near the mountain village of Namche is only accessible on foot. Like many villages in Nepal, the community's economy relies on tourism and large number of mountain trekkers who pass through the village. There are hotels, bakeries, pizzerias and all sorts of bazaar booths selling warm clothing and backpacks, jewelry and blankets. One café even sells Starbucks coffee. Right in the middle of the bazaar is an Irish pub offering 'good gab, beer and music', which just proves that Irish pubs are indeed EVERYWHERE! ♣♣♣



The voyage of Patrick and Margaret Burns to America

Penned by Patrick Burns on 12 February 1900, Watertown, New York

Patrick Burns (1824-1902) wrote his genealogical memoir in the year 1900, shortly before he died. On it he traced his Sligo origins back five generations to a Jacobite cavalry officer, Patrick O'Byrne, from Co. Wicklow who fled north after the 1601 battle of Aughrim in Galway and settled near the Glenree River in Co. Mayo near the Sligo border. His son moved further north to Easkey parish, where all subsequent generations lived until the move to America.

The family achieved relative prosperity as small farmers. Patrick's father, Thomas, had a 21-year lease on a farm of sufficient quality to entitle him to a "ten pound" vote. In 1841 there was an election between Alexander Perceval of Templehouse, a Tory, and Daniel Jones of Banada, a Liberal and a Catholic. Thomas's landlord, Robert Jones of Fortland, supported Perceval and undoubtedly instructed his tenants to do likewise. In a brave but rather questionable move (equaling his ancestor's flight north from Aughrim deep into Protestant-controlled Sligo), Thomas voted for Jones, the Liberal candidate. Consequently, when his lease expired it was not renewed and the family was ejected. They then moved from Ballybeg to nearby Cooga where Thomas rented an inferior farm from Thomas Howley, a Catholic landlord. The Great Famine began soon afterwards, and in 1847 second son Patrick (Michael the oldest could not be spared from the farm), and oldest unmarried daughter Margaret were sent to America as "advance scouts." Two years later, the rest of the family followed:

"My sister Margaret and myself

sailed from Sligo on the 27th May 1847 and after a very troublesome and turbulent voyage landed in Quebec, on the 11th day of July, 1847. The ship's name was Ellen and was commanded by Capt. Thomas Hood, an Englishman and a very efficient and good man.

Shortly after leaving Sligo with about three hundred and fifty passengers, the deadly "ship fever", a violent form of typhus fever, raged among the passengers and fully one third of the passengers died of this dread disease. The disease was generally of short duration in most cases. Sometimes a person would be alright in the evening and would be taken sick at night and be dead by day break.

The method of burying was the wrapping of the body in sail cloth and placing it on a plank on the rail of the ship, then weighing it down with sand or stones and cast it into the water. As there was no clergyman on board I read the De Profundis over each before the body was cast into the sea and such heartrending scenes I have never before or since witnessed.

At arriving at Quarantine outside of Quebec a great many of the passengers affected with the fever were detained there. But Margaret and myself with many others were allowed to proceed to Quebec. We stayed there about two weeks in Quebec at a street or locality called Diamond Harbour, and visited with a friend and neighbour, a man by the name of Anthony Conoley, who lived in the same townland with me in Ireland.

We sailed up the river to Montreal in steam boat called the "John Munn" and stayed in Montreal about

three weeks, I working about two weeks on the La Chene Canal Bason lock. My sister Margaret was stopping at a lodging house. We then went up the La Chene Canal to Ottawa then called Bytown. We only stayed a few hours. We then went down toward Kemptville and was accompanied by Catherine McGill an emigrant girl whom we met in Montreal who was on the way to her friends in Kemptville.

Before arriving in Kemptville the boat became disabled at a place called Beckwith Landing, and Margaret and Miss McGill becoming sick with the fever. We were obliged to leave the boat at that place and took refuge at the house of one Patrick Mullin, a very kind and good man who contracted the disease from us and died of it.

After leaving Mullins we went to Kemptville where I rented some rooms, but in a short time after, sister Margaret got a relapse of the typhus fever, and after doctor's care and my attendance got well. At the same time I got a job on a building of Mr. Jones M.P., at Kemptville on his new building. My first part of the job was on trial, was to build some Eliptic Arches over the front entrance and sides, but after some time I was taken sick with the typhus fever and by this time sister Margaret was recovering so she could attend to my wants and in about three weeks I was able to sit up alone in a chair.

I gained strength fast, and I being anxious to go to work, my next was in building a cellar for a blacksmith by the name of Foster and he cheated me out of a large portion of my pay. But when I was about putting

(cont'd)

The voyage of Patrick and Margaret Burns to America (cont'd)

on the last finishing touches, there came a heavy rain storm which gave me a severe drenching. I was scarce able to go home and after I got home I lay down with a relapse and racking pains and aches, that I almost despaired of ever standing on green grass again. But I still got to be able to go around again and my eyesight became so weak and affected that when I approached an object, it appeared to my vision that there were two in place of one...

...On February 9th 1848 I came to Prescott and crossed the St Lawrence to United States, but in crossing there was some difficulty, it being a cold night. I hired a skiff to take me over. There was a woman passenger along with us and I think would weigh 250 lbs avoirdupois, and she sat in the stern of the boat which afterwards became a very useful balance. Whereas the ice was in many places from ½ inch to 1 ½ inch thick, and in getting the bow of the boat on the ice like a sleigh runner, and the stern in the water. And by means of a long gaff used by the man in the bow, and at the same time the man in the center of the boat paddled with his oar with all his might to drive the boat ahead.

During this time the corpulent woman kept a rocking in the stern through and fro in order to keep the bows in the water and break the ice at the stern, but after some cold time and difficulty we landed in Ogdensburg. Next morning I started in search of a job and I dandered into a marble shop kept by a man of the name of Whitney, which was about hiring me and gave orders to draw out by pencil, the portrait of St Patrick, which I did as I was well versed on that subject. I made a very

good attempt. He was called away on some business and told me to remain in the shop until his return, but as my purse being light and night approaching, I did not wait for his return, and went to the suburbs of the city where I happened on a job that lasted a few weeks.

I was sent on an errand and happened to meet a team going to Ogdensburg for coal, and they asked me to ride. He went into a tavern to refresh and water his horses and after arriving there, there were several persons in the bar room, and amongst them were two contractors of different sections of the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain R. Road. These happened to have a letter written by some C. Engineer and all in the room was puzzled to read it, but I have been glancing over their shoulders and had a good idea of the words and contents and corrected them several times. They handed me the letter which I read to the satisfaction of all in the room, and after asking me had I a trade I said I was a mason, and both men offered me a job as both of them had two large bridges to build. And I remained there for the summer and fall of 1848 with one of them.

After I got settled in work I went back to Canada for my sister Margaret, and started back toward Potsdam again where I was working on a bridge that crosses the Racquette River and secured a place for my sister with the family of Daniel Bellis about four miles from Potsdam. Sometime after she went to work for Attorney Knowles, where she remained until she came to Watertown with her parents, brothers and sisters on the corner of Washington and Haley Sts, Watertown, N.

York.

On this above named bridge the contractor broke down and owed some money, but after going through a process of law only a small portion remained to my share. My father and mother and family came then from Ireland on May 13th, 1849 to Potsdam and came to Watertown where they remained on Gotham St where they both died - Mother Sept 26 1867 and Father Oct 13 1867 at the house of their son Patrick Burns 35 Gotham St Watertown N.Y., and buried in Calvary cemetery Watertown where there is erected a monument 22 feet high cut and erected by their children and carved and lettered by their sons John and Patrick. May they rest in peace."

The family prospered and multiplied in its new northern New York home. The three sons and two daughters who married all had large families that, today, are spread around the United States. Patrick himself became a general contractor. He built numerous churches, bridges, and commercial buildings in various northern states and Canada. Ironically, he also became a landlord, eventually owning nine houses that he divided into flats and rooms to rent, mostly to other Irish immigrants.

From Sligo Heritage with permission.



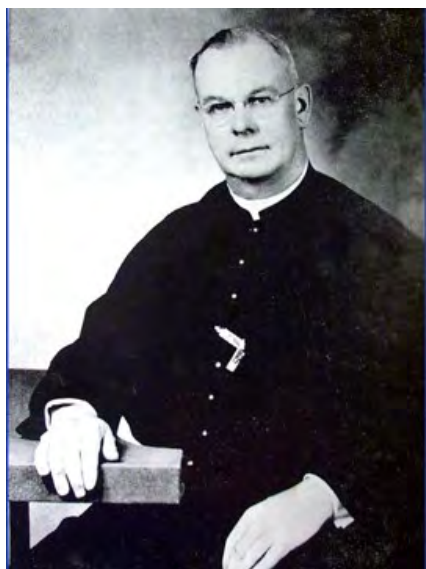
Who is the trucker priest?

By Maya Sood

Maya Sood is a 5th grade French Immersion student at Hubbard Elementary School in Oromocto, N.B. She was excited for this year's Heritage Fair so that she could research her great uncle, Father Joseph Matthew Doherty who was of Irish descent. Her research included reviews of several newspaper articles, family letters and cards which she displayed with her project along with a digital photo frame showing a variety of photos.

The theme of this year's Heritage Fair was "Hope Restored". Maya discovered the hope that her great uncle restored in the poor and needy.

Maya came in 2nd place at the Hubbard Elementary School Heritage Fair on April 22, for her bilingual project entitled, "Qui est le prêtre camionneur? - Who is the Trucker Priest?" She was invited to participate in the Regional Heritage Fair held at Oromocto High School on May 13. She was thrilled to have been awarded the Capital Area Chapter Irish Canadian Cultural Association of N.B. Heritage Award for her project.



Joseph Patrick Doherty
1913 – 1998

Who is the trucker priest?

He is Father Joseph Matthew Doherty. He was born on May 23, 1913 in Holmesville, New Brunswick. His parents were William Doherty and Helena Cummins Doherty. Father Joseph was brought up on a farm in Holmesville and was the oldest of 10 children. As he grew up he realised that he wanted to be a priest and that's exactly

what he did in 1941.

Father Joseph is my great uncle, which is my maternal grandmother's brother.

In 1943 Father Joseph went to Chile along with a couple of American priests. They went to Chile to open St. George's College in Santiago. Father Joseph taught at that college for 6 years. One day Father Joseph was outside when he saw some young children playing soccer. He joined in on the fun. When it started to rain, Father Joseph said to them in Spanish, "Go home and dry off". The children's response stunned him because they said, "This is our home". Father Joseph knew that, that meant they were street children and he found out that they were orphans. It made Father Joseph so upset that he decided to do something about it. He was going to find them a home!

Father Joseph decided to build an orphanage in Talagante, Chile for the street children. When the orphanage was opened he decided to call it "Hogar de Niños San José", which means Saint Joseph's Children's Home. To raise money he sent a letter to his home in New Brunswick asking his family for support to buy a Mack truck which he rented out.

With the money from the first truck he got a second truck and rented that one out too. He ended up with many trucks that supported the orphanage.



When Hogar de Niños San José first opened there were only a few beds but Father Joseph knew that he would need more. Father Joseph used the money from his truck business to buy more beds and they filled up quickly. At Christmas time, Father Joseph got a photo taken of him and all the children from the orphanage. Then he would put it into Christmas cards and would send them to his friends and family. It was also nice when some of the kids that went to his orphanage grew up and became dentists and doctors who then went back to his orphanage to volunteer.

(cont'd)

Who is the trucker priest? (cont'd)



Not only did Father Joseph build an orphanage, but he also sponsored a soup kitchen, clothing depot and co-operative housing project for poor families. He also established prenatal and dental clinics.

Every year, normally in the summer time, Father Joseph would visit his family in New-Brunswick. Sometimes when he came he would bring souvenirs from Chile which he would give to his family. While he was here he would celebrate mass as well as baptisms and marriages, mostly for his own family.

Father Joseph's work was appreciated so much that in 1966 he received Chile's highest civilian honour which is the Bernardo O'Higgins medal.



His work was also appreciated in Canada and in 1983 Father Joseph received the Order of Canada.

Father Joseph was such a great man and I wish I had gotten the chance to meet him but I didn't because sadly on February 15, 1998 at the age of 84 he died. Father Joseph



died in Chile and is entombed in the Hogar de Niños San José mausoleum.



This next photo is in front of Hogar de Niños San José mausoleum in February 2015. The people in front of the mausoleum are some of the kids that went to Father Joseph's orphanage when they were younger. Every year on the anniversary of Father Joseph's death all these people go back to Father Joseph's mausoleum to show their respects to him. The man in the front middle is holding a picture of Father Joseph.



Above: Maya in front of her award-winning heritage display

Below: Bruce Driscoll presenting her award from Capital Area Chapter ICCANB





Westmorland-Albert-Kent Chapter news

By Paul McCloskey

This report comes to you from the WAK Chapter - otherwise known as the land of leprechauns and endless snowfall. We haven't seen many leprechauns this winter since the snow has been about four feet deep and the little people tend to be quite a bit shorter than that. I think they may have been scurrying around under the snow... like the field mice in a regular winter.

The snow played a big part in our planned events for Irishfest 2015, and not in a good way.

We kicked off Irishfest this year with the raising of the Irish Flag over Moncton City Hall followed by a reception in the lobby. We were honored to have Mayor George LeBlanc address us and Irish tunes were in the air thanks to Laurie Dauphinee and his accordion. The Irish anthem was once again sung in Irish by Kyle Lafferty. There was a piece of cake for one and all supplied by Joyce Murphy.

The local pubs and restaurants had special Irish events and meals this year for everyone to enjoy. The chapter didn't host a corned beef and cabbage dinner this year as the meal with all the fixings was being offered at least two local haunts.

Some of our members had an informal get-together at the Old Triangle Pub on Saturday for a Guinness, a taste of Irish cuisine and some tunes.

Our annual Irish Breakfast and Ceilidh scheduled for Sunday had to be cancelled due to a snow storm. We'll re-schedule the party as it always seems to be a big hit. Don O'Connor, our treasurer and chef, had already bought all the foodstuffs for the breakfast and rather than let any of it spoil we



Raising the Irish flag in Moncton

decided to donate it to St. Augustine's soup kitchen and the local food bank. As the saying goes, "T'is an ill wind that blows no good".

The partners at Forte Law had planned a Monday evening of wine and cheese, a display of watercolors by Joyce Murphy and a lecture by Dr. Stuart Donovan, PhD, on the Irish Diaspora. Mother Nature once again stepped in took care of those plans however the plan is to re-schedule the event in the near future.

The St. Patrick's Day Mass at St. Bernard's Church was well attended as always. St. Bernard's donates the offertory from this mass to our Chapter to fund two of our three bursaries. The choir sang a nice selection of Irish songs before the Mass and Kevin MacLeod the piper led the procession of flags

at the start of the mass. Thanks to all who attended and dug deep in their pockets for this worthy cause.

That pretty much wraps up the goings-on in the WAK Chapter of ICCANB for this issue.



Coming this summer... Talented Miramichiers in the Gilded Age

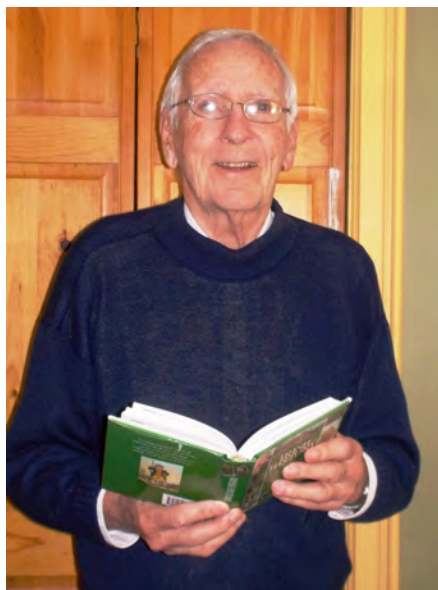
By Sandra Bunting

A Crowd Funding Campaign has been set up to raise funds to get Tom Creaghan's book *Talented Miramichiers in the Gilded Age* published.

It is the story of the Irish descended Adams of Miramichi, who were successful in New York City and Leadville, Colorado as well as at home. It takes place largely during the *Gilded Age* and covers a broad spectrum including politics, industrial development and the rise of the department store. It takes in the history of the Miramichi from the early days of timber exporting through the age of sail, to the saw mills, and pulp mills. In addition it touches the history of New York, Leadville, Bathurst, Fredericton, Washington and Ottawa. It is based on information gleaned in various libraries and archives, and on information and lore passed down within the family over several generations in both Canada and the United States.

Tom Creaghan grew up on Pleasant St. in what used to be Newcastle in Miramichi. His early influences were Harold Davidson, who lived near his family, and Louise Manny, who lived near his grandparents. Both were local historians and inspired an interest in genealogy and local history in Tom as a boy. He used to listen to his grandfather, JD Creaghan, and to family stories when he visited the Doyle family in Douglastown. He accompanied his father, DS, to Creaghan's Store, the family business, to the large boats coming into port as part of the older man's duties as Scandinavian Consul and to the air base where his father was also involved.

Tom left Miramichi at 16 but always remembered the place with



Tom Creaghan

fondness. While living in Ontario, his interest in genealogy and Miramichi history was revived. He felt that the Irish in the area weren't reflected in as positive a light as they were in reality. He was determined to set it right. Through reading countless books and researching the archives, Tom discovered a lot of new facts: for example about how and when the Irish emigrated to Miramichi. He argues that most of the area's Irish settlers were not, as commonly believed, famine Irish and he explains the concept of the two-boat Irish. Other popular myths about the local Irish are also dismissed.

Creaghan based his book on a Miramichi family whose exploits were shaped by the opportunities of the time. He chose this particular family as they were his relatives. He had heard fascinating stories about them. In addition, the descendents in

New York had contacted him about their family's past. European and North American historical and economic developments were used to frame the story and provide a stage whereon his characters could act.

It took Creaghan more than 6 years to research and write this book, longer if you consider the stories which were incubating over the years in his head. Now at the age of 83, Tom says the book would suit anyone who wants a good read about real Miramichiers who made it big during *the gilded age*.

An Indiegogo crowd funding campaign has been set up to raise money for publication: www.indiegogo.com/projects/talented-miramichiers-in-the-gilded-age/x/569092

There will be a pre-publication launch and readings and Miramichi River cruise on the Max Aiken on Thursday, July 9th, leaving the Ritchie Wharf at 7PM sharp. Tickets \$10. The book is scheduled to be for sale this summer.



Trace Saint Patrick's footsteps on an Irish camino

A new self-guided Irish walking trail that follows in the footsteps of Saint Patrick is set to become the world's latest and most high profile pilgrim walk.



Similar to the Spanish Camino de Santiago, the Saint Patrick Camino will eventually run across Ireland for 600km between the town of Downpatrick, County Down, burial place of Saint Patrick, and the holy mountain of Croagh Patrick, County Mayo, where the great man fasted for 40 days.



The first phase of the new cross-border trail was launched on 17 March 2015 – Saint Patrick's Day.

The initial stage of the trail runs through the Mourne and Cooley mountains from Downpatrick in Northern Ireland to the shrine of Saint Brigid in Faughart, County Louth in the Republic of Ireland.

Faughart is the birthplace of Saint Brigid, who is buried in Downpatrick alongside Patrick and revered Irish scholar, prince and diplomat, Saint Colmcille.

The route also links with the Saint Patrick's Trail in Northern Ire-

land, which joins key Patrician and Christian heritage sites running from Downpatrick to Armagh, where Patrick established his first church on the island.



The Saint Patrick Camino will have glamping pods, available for rent, placed every 20km along a well-marked route.



Comprehensive notes for the independent traveller and a passport to be stamped at each accommodation stop to prove the completion of each walking stage are also available and an app with information about the route will be rolled out in 2016.

Pick ups for the first phase of the four-day Irish Camino are available from Dublin. Day one includes transport to Belfast for a city tour, a visit to the burial place of Saint Patrick, Saint Brigid and Saint Colmcille, and overnight accommo-

modation.

Day two includes walking through the lush green landscapes of County Down to the coastline of Dundrum Bay, skirting the busy seaside town of Newcastle, the edge of the magnificent Mourne Mountains and a night in a luxury camp site.

Day three runs through the spectacular scenery of the Mournes, an area of outstanding natural beauty full of wild open landscapes and picturesque dry stone walls. At the end of a magnificent day of walking the night is spent in glamping pods.

The final day begins with a boat transfer across Carlingford Lough and will take in an area steeped in history, mythology and Irish Christian heritage. Megalithic monuments, the site of great battles and legends surround the final leg of the walk to Saint Brigid's shrine at Faughart, where you will meet your transport back to Dublin.

Departures are available all year round.

National Pilgrim Paths Day

For those of you interested in taking in more of the beautiful walking opportunities of Ireland, there are a set of 10 "Pilgrim Paths" mapped out with organized events around an annual "Pilgrim Paths Day" in the spring of the year.

Pilgrimage has been defined as "a meaningful journey to a place of spiritual significance" and the practice is almost as old as recorded history. In Ireland the pilgrim journey has strong historic resonance with early Christian scholars coming to Clonmacnoise; medieval penitents journeying to Lough Derg, Holycross and Glendalough, while others sought heightened spirituality by visiting Skellig Michael or climbing Croagh Patrick.

(cont'd)

Trace Saint Patrick's footsteps on an Irish camino (cont'd)

Despite this long pilgrim tradition and strong national reputation for spirituality, there was until relatively recently little footfall on Ireland's ancient penitential paths with the country not regarded as an important destination for spirituality motivated travel. In this context, Ireland's first National Pilgrim Paths Day, held in April 2014, was aimed at raising awareness of the country's network of pilgrim routes and providing a more general appreciation of Ireland's medieval Christian heritage.

National Pilgrim Paths Day is an Easter Festival based on Ireland's dense network of medieval pilgrim walking routes. This new heritage themed event is organised by the local communities adjacent to each of Ireland's principal penitential routes and is aimed at raising awareness of Ireland's rich inheritance of pilgrim paths. It is targeted, not only at those who enjoy exploring ancient tracks imprinted with the footsteps of our penitents past, but also at the growing numbers seeking walkways with deeper spiritual significance.

National Pilgrim Paths Day provides a warm welcome for participants of all religious backgrounds and equally those without religious affiliations. A unifying day emphasising Ireland's common Christian heritage it was designed to facilitate a deeper understanding of the country's historic past. Every effort is made to facilitate participation in a unique event aimed at rediscovering Ireland's rich medieval and spiritual inheritance. Most of the pilgrim walks are single day events; some are over 2 days, but all are targeted at returning a degree of deeper re-



flection on, and appreciation of the Irish outdoors, to the Easter period.

Of course you would be welcome to travel them any time of the year on your own should you choose. Detailed information on

"Pilgrim Paths Day" can be found on their website at:

<http://www.pilgrimpath.ie>.





The McSweeney family and their mark on Moncton

From the Irish Room of Moncton

At the foot of Botsford Street in Moncton stands a fine 3-storey building made of stone and brick. Adorned with arched window openings and decorative masonry, the McSweeney building was constructed in 1901 to replace a wooden structure. It was Moncton's first department store – McSweeney's – and boasted the first electric elevator in the Maritimes – people came from all over just to ride in it!

The arrival of T. E. Eaton's and their catalogue offices in Moncton in the 1920's shifted the consumer markets in Moncton to the west end of Main Street in later years. The McSweeney building eventually had many other uses over the years. For many years it housed government offices and the Moncton court chambers, offices, clubs, and restaurants as well as other pursuits. The name McSweeney's again is blazoned on the front as it now houses McSweeney's Dinner Theatre as well as other offices and restaurants.

Who were the McSweeneys?

They were merchants, real estate developers, builders, and hoteliers. They were prominent in the everyday life of Moncton in all every aspect of its economy, within the city and beyond. However almost all that is left to say the McSweeneys were in Moncton is the building. Only one descendent of the once very large family still lives in Moncton today. A descendant of one of the daughters, he doesn't carry on the McSweeney surname.

The family patriarch of this large family was Peter McSweeney Senior. He and his wife, the former Johanna Downing, had emigrated from Kenmare, County Kerry in

1832. They first settled in Hillsborough in Albert County where he was teaching as early as 1837, before settling in Moncton. He was still teaching in Moncton in 1843, but by 1851 had given up teaching as it never paid well. He opened a small general store at the corner of Main and Duke Streets. As well, he very quickly discovered that real estate was the quickest road to financial success. He acquired land in downtown Moncton as well as on the outskirts of the city and beyond.

In 1858 he applied for a land grant and acquired a large tract of land just northwest of Moncton on Mountain Road. Today it is in the centre of the city and was located on the north side of Mountain Road, between Highfield and Bonaccord Streets and went north as far as Hall's Creek – land that today makes up the parcel of land which includes Alcorn Manor, the CBC, St. Patrick's Family Centre and Dr. Georges Dumont University Hospital and the medical school building. He built a large house here for his family as well as several outbuildings. His farm was a busy one, but for the most part he hired labourers to run the farm as he was more interested in land speculation and acquisition, construction and several other ventures throughout the city.

From the records, Peter and Johanna McSweeney had as many as 18 children but not all of them survived. Many of his sons and daughters would become prominent as well.

Johanna Downing McSweeney was born in Killarney and died in Moncton in 1876. Peter Sr. died in 1884. With so much land in his hands, the family patriarch had planned for the future and was able

to help many of his sons start up businesses and ventures on lands that he had amassed over three decades. As a result, the children who remained in Moncton had a good head start in Moncton's business landscape.

Two of the sons, Edward (1839-1893) and John McSweeney (1855) opened a furniture and carpet store which prospered for many years. Although successful, it was not the most thriving of the McSweeney ventures. That honor went to the brothers Peter Jr. (1842-1921) and Thomas McSweeney (1846-1890) who founded Moncton's largest department store under the name, Peter McSweeney Company Limited on Main Street. It was 'the place to shop' in Moncton and the large stock of merchandise was unmatched anywhere else in town. Twice a year they would have 'sales' – a green tag sale in spring and a red tag sale in fall. These sales were much anticipated every year and drew in shoppers from far and wide – coming by horse and wagon, train and by river.



Peter McSweeney Jr. 1842-1921

(cont'd)

The McSweeney family (cont'd)

The sales were so popular that the dates of the sales were often set with the 'tide table' of the Petitcodiac River. Customers could then arrive when the river was high in the morning and then return home at high tide in the evening.

One of the department store owners, Peter McSweeney Jr. was also involved in politics, serving on town council and as a Liberal Senator in Ottawa from 1899 until his death in 1921.

The third family venture was run by youngest son George McSweeney (1854-1912) who operated the Brunswick Hotel on Main Street, conveniently located across the street from the newly opened train station on Main Street.

There were also four more brothers. William B McSweeney (1848-1896) was a lawyer, first in Saint John and then with the firm McSweeney and Fielding in Halifax. After his death, his children and wife (Minnie Butler) moved up to Montreal. Other brothers were Eugene McSweeney (1849-1869) and Daniel O'Connell McSweeney (1854) and Nate ? Spencer McSweeney (1865).

Of the nine girls, only six survived childhood and only three remained in the Moncton area. Three girls went to the US and married Americans. They met their future husbands as the family travelled to New York often to acquire merchandise for the department store and the girls often went on these trips as well. The eldest daughter, Jane McSweeney (1839), married George Yonge, a railway agent and lived in New York City. Milcah McSweeney (1843-1915) married Henry Yonge, and lived in Georgia, New York, and Florida. Lucy McSweeney (1850-1913) married JJ Walker, the chief clerk of the Intercolonial Railway in Moncton. They lived in Moncton and many of their

offspring went on to Seattle, Washington. Agnes McSweeney (1859-1944) stayed in the Moncton area, was single, and a school teacher and her sister Johanna McSweeney (1861-1936) was also single. Mary McSweeney (1862-1945) married Edgar Lieber Newhouse and lived much of her life in the New York City area.

By 1890, the various McSweeney family businesses suffered very difficult financial times. Although the Peter McSweeney Company store and the Brunswick Hotel both managed to survive the crisis, many of the other McSweeney properties were sold off. On Feb 1, 1890, three blocks of McSweeney properties were sold at auction. Sold off were the McSweeney homestead on Mountain Road, the Palace Block on Main Street, 500 acres of land in Scotch Settlement north of the city, the JJ Walker lot on Main Street, the John McSweeney property on Mountain Road and the all properties owned by John and Edward McSweeney.

The late 1880's and early 1890's were indeed difficult times economically in Moncton, but the number of McSweeney property sales in 1890 suggests that the glue that held the family together was indeed the patriarch, Peter McSweeney Senior. He died just six years before the properties were sold off and much of his hard work was erased with these sales.

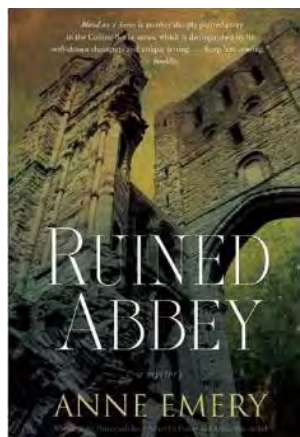
Despite the size of the McSweeney family, only one descendant remains in Moncton today – a great-great grandson of Peter McSweeney Sr. His grandparents were well-known physician Dr. Ambrose Myers and Wilhelmina Johanna McSweeney, daughter of Hon. Peter McSweeney and his wife Wilhelmina Smith Fisher McSweeney.

The only reminder of the McSweeney family in Moncton today is a street in the north end of the city named after the family as well as the McSweeney building on Main Street, which is now designated a heritage property.



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.



Ruined Abbey
By Anne Emery
392 Pages
ISBN: 978-1770411678

It's 1989. The Troubles are raging in Ireland, bombs exploding in England. In this prequel to the Collins-Burke series, Father Brennan Burke is home in New York when news of his sister's arrest in London sends him flying across the ocean. The family troubles deepen when Brennan's cousin Conn is charged

with the murder of a Special Branch detective and suspected in a terrorist plot against Westminster Abbey. The Burkes come under surveillance by the murdered cop's partner and are caught in a tangle of buried family memories.

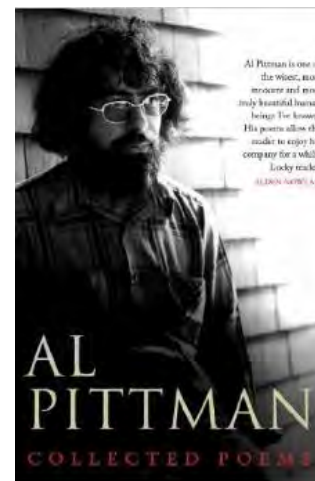
From the bullet-riddled bars of Belfast to an elegant English estate, *Ruined Abbey* combines a whodunit with a war story, love story, and historical novel, while exploring the eternal question: what is fair in love and war? It all starts with a ruined abbey.

**Al Pittman:
Collected Poems**
By Al Pittman
376 Pages
ISBN: 978-1550814370

From the publication of his first collection, *The Elusive Resurrection*, in 1966, to his death in 2001 at the age of sixty-one, Al Pittman stood as one of the most respected and admired poets in Newfoundland.

This definitive edition spans nearly four decades of poetic production, reprints each of Pittman's remarkable collections, and includes previously unpublished poems.

The *Collected Poems of Al Pittman* at last offers readers the chance to appreciate this influential poet's work in its entirety.



The Framing of Harry Gleeson

By Kieran Fagan
224 Pages
ISBN: 978-1848892460

In November 1940 the body of Moll McCarthy, an unmarried mother, was found in a field in Tipperary. She had been shot. The man who reported the discovery was neighbour Harry Gleeson. Although Harry had an alibi, he was swiftly convicted and hanged. The real culprits were local ex-IRA men. It also suited the parish priest, the Gardaí, and respectable families whose sons, brothers and husbands had fathered Moll's seven children. The investigation was hijacked and the defence compromised. Neighbours and friends felt intimidated. Since then New Inn has kept its guilty secret. Somewhere in the grounds of Mountjoy Jail lies the body of Harry Gleeson. This is the story of how and why he was framed and who the guilty party was. Efforts to clear Gleeson's name culminated in a posthumous pardon in January 2015.



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