

the IRISH

IN Newark AND New Jersey

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Curators gratefully acknowledge the special assistance provided by

Alan B. Delozier, Director of Special Collections, Seton Hall University

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FRONT COVER IMAGE: READY TO MARCH: THE JIM McCANN ASSOCIATION
PICTURED IN FRONT OF PATRICK McCANN'S TAVERN ON 163 SUMMIT STREET,
NEWARK, ST. PATRICK'S DAY, 1938. THE NEWARK PUBLIC LIBRARY.

BACK COVER IMAGE: PICTURED ARE "THESE BEAMING ESSEX COUNTY SONS
AND DAUGHTERS OF ST. PATRICK": NEWARK SUNDAY CALL, MARCH 14, 1937.

the IRISH

IN Newark AND New Jersey

The Irish in Newark and New Jersey is co-sponsored by the
Charles F. Cummings New Jersey Information Center, The Newark Public Library
and Msgr. William Noé Field Archives & Special Collections Center, Seton Hall University

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and Author of *The Irish in New Jersey*

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The Charles F. Cummings New Jersey Information Center,
The Newark Public Library



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This exhibition was made possible by a grant from the New Jersey Council for the Humanities, a state partner of the National Endowment for the Humanities. Any views, findings, conclusions or recommendations in this exhibition do not necessarily represent those of the National Endowment for the Humanities or the New Jersey Council for the Humanities.

Welcome to The Irish in Newark and New Jersey, a two floor major exhibit funded by the New Jersey Council for Humanities and co-sponsored by the Charles F. Cummings New Jersey Information Center of The Newark Public Library and the Msgr. William Noé Field Archives and Special Collections Center, Seton Hall University.

The exhibit is the idea of two prominent New Jerseyites: Assemblyman Thomas P. Giblin and the late Newark City Historian and Assistant Director of Special Collections and Statewide Outreach at The Newark Public Library, Charles F. Cummings. This was to be Charles' next major exhibit but sadly he died on December 21, 2005. To honor Charles' wishes that "the Irish get their due," Wilma J. Grey, Director of The Newark Public Library and Assemblyman Tom Giblin ensured that the exhibit went on. The exhibit is co-curated by

Dermot Quinn, Professor of History at Seton Hall University and author of *The Irish in New Jersey: Four Centuries of American Life* and Brad Small, Librarian, Charles F. Cummings New Jersey Information Center, The Newark Public Library.

THE IRISH IN NEWARK is the focus of the second floor gallery telling the story of the first Irish to settle in the city, the Scots-Irish; the waves of Catholic Irish immigrants that came during the 19th century, building the city's first Catholic churches and filling the rosters of the police and fire departments; to the 20th century, ruling the city as labor leaders, commissioners and mayors. Charles wrote three essential articles on the Irish in Newark in his "Knowing Newark" column in *The Star-Ledger* which serve as a foundation for the second floor exhibit. The images on display are from the collections of the Charles F. Cummings New Jersey Information Center.

They are original photographs from the Center's *Newark Evening News* morgue photo collection.

The third floor, based on Dermot Quinn's book *The Irish in New Jersey: Four Centuries of an American Life*, displays many of the original materials from his book on loan from Seton Hall University's Archives and Special Collections Department, with additional images and ephemera from the Charles F. Cummings New Jersey Information Center and private collections. He tells the story of the earliest Irish settlers, the "Ulster Irish," the hostility the "famine Irish" faced in the in the 19th century, the Irish coming of age at the end of the 19th century as policemen and business owners, the story of South Jersey and the "Irish Riviera" and Irish political triumph in the 20th century, becoming governors of the state such as Richard Hughes, William Cahill and Brendan Byrne.

the IRISH IN Newark AND New Jersey

BY DERMOT QUINN, professor of Irish and British History at Seton Hall University and author of *The Irish in New Jersey*, with research assistance provided by Brad Small, Librarian, Charles F. Cummings New Jersey Information Center.

From its earliest days as an agricultural settlement on the banks of the Passaic, Newark has been home to people from Ireland and, through them, to a rich and complex way of life. “Irishness” is in the city’s DNA. The two places, the two sets of people, are, so to speak, perfect together. Life in Ireland is never boring — a blur of music and politics and talk. The same is true, in its different way, of Newark. It is hard to imagine the city without its Irish element.

It started very early. Among the sturdy Congregationalists who followed Robert Treat from New Haven in 1666 were Irish men, or, at any rate, men from Ireland. (Their place of birth or parentage may have been English. They were certainly not Gaelic.) Richard Bryan from County Armagh was one such. Patrick Falconer, also from Armagh, was another. Little is known of these and other first settlers but some qualities may be inferred. Self-reliance, a spirit of adventure, religiosity, a certain Calvinist eye for the main chance: that was their cloth. Falconer was especially devout — “a true martyr for Christ” — but not so preoccupied with the next world as to fail to make a fortune in this. They did well, these first “Irishmen” — better than they might have done an ocean away. Anyone prepared to take a risk in the fluid, open world of early America could transform his prospects in life.

They came from a country broken by war and ethnic conflict. Ireland’s religious life was confusing in the late 17th and early 18th centuries, the result

of the “Glorious Revolution” which saw the defeat, in England and Ireland, of James II by William of Orange. Anglicans competed with Presbyterians who competed with Catholics, the first group coming out on top, the second somewhere in the middle, the third at the very bottom. Newark, an ocean away, had its only small wars of religion, nowhere near as bloody, at much the same time. In 1719, when the city’s Congregationalists and Presbyterians decided to affiliate with each other, some of the former chose to go their separate way, so beginning a long history of denominational division that was to shape the city ever since. Irishmen were caught up in these theological niceties. As early as 1705 the founder of American Presbyterianism, Francis Makemie, was jailed in Newark for unlicensed preaching. Makemie was a kind of Scots-Irish Savonarola, the sort of person — moralizing, complaining, a thorn in the side of government — that Ulster seems to produce like no other place. Born in County Donegal, he was educated at the University of Glasgow. He would not be the last Irishman to end up in a Newark jail.

As the town grew so, slowly, did the Irish presence. The eighteenth century migration to New Jersey was largely of Ulster Presbyterians who brought their earnest egalitarianism to a still fairly sleepy place. Stout and serious people, at times a little uncouth, occasionally irksome, most were firm patriots by the time of the revolution. Quite a few fought in Washington’s army (alongside,

it should be said, Irish Catholics, too). Others supported the revolutionary cause both morally and financially. After the revolution, they came into their own. As Newark developed in the early national period — Springfield, Caldwell, Orange Township and Bloomfield all formed separate municipalities between 1793 and 1813 — so Irishmen spread into the leafy farmland that would eventually become the New Jersey suburbs. There is hardly a town in Essex or Morris counties that does not have a connection with them through some institution or another — a reformed church, a library, an old mill, an estate, a name.

It was not until the middle years of the nineteenth century, though, that this relatively unhurried way of life was broken. Life in Ireland became difficult, then intolerable, in the 1830s and 1840s as economic distress and political disappointment broke the spirit of many Irishmen. Chronic poverty, failed harvests, occasional famine, spelt doom for a rural peasantry that for years had clutched to the land in hope of better times. Those better times never came. Bitterly, men and women made their way to America, so that a trickle at the beginning of

the nineteenth century became a stream by the 1820s and a flood by the terrible 1840s when the potato famine was at its worst. There were enough new immigrants in 1826 to warrant the founding of the first Catholic parish in the city — St. John's in Mulberry Street. The names of the first trustees tell the story: Patrick Murphy, John Sherlock, Christopher Rourke, Maurice Fitzgerald, John Gillespie, and Patrick Mape. The land for the church was bought in 1827, the building finished the following year, a brief succession of pastors appointed until, in 1833, an Irishman, Father Patrick Moran, came to take charge of the parish. For 33 years, Moran's energy was inexhaustible. Devoting himself to all sorts of social improvements — temperance campaigns, public libraries, schools — he was a model religious and social leader. In 1834 he chose Bernard Kearney, another Irishman, as principal

of his first parochial school. Kearney, who had come to Newark in 1828, served for 29 years, becoming as legendary a pedagogue as Moran was a priest. (He was the first to teach stenography in the city, was a stout supporter of the Union cause, and, in 1862, went on to serve in the state legislature.) Newark Catholicism, and Newark itself, owed much to men of this stamp.

Yet for all the civic dutifulness of a Moran or a Kearney, the priest and his teacher and their flock represented a different and largely unwelcome kind of Irish presence. These people were poor and Catholic and, somehow, *strange*. Something about them — their accents, their language, their customs, their attachment to folklore, their religion, their occasional drinking — made them seem *un-American*. These were not the Irish of Old Newark, reliably patriotic

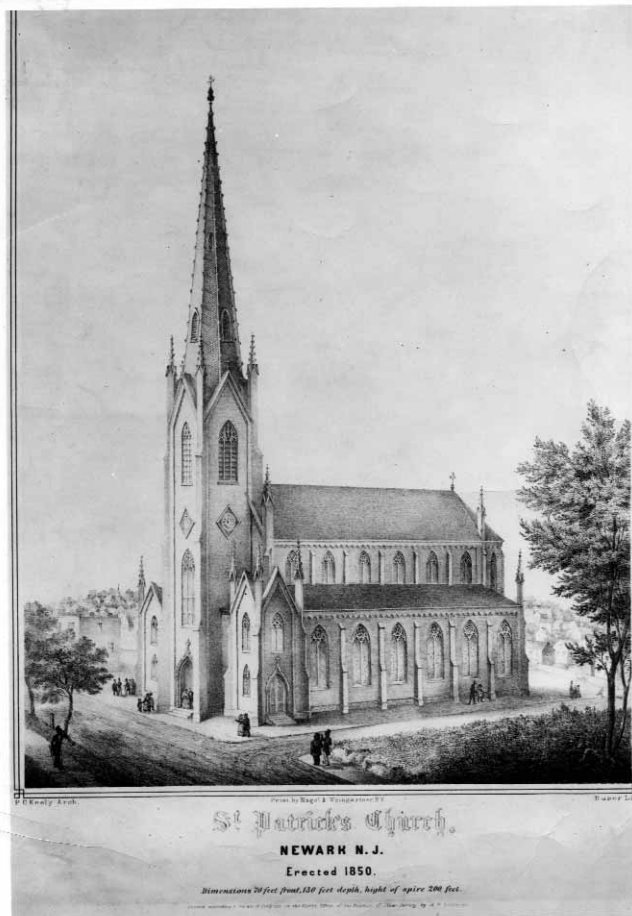
and solid. The truth was that Newark itself was different and this great mass of Mass-goers was only one symptom of the change. As industrialization took hold, with factories and workshops demanding more and more people to make and buy more and more goods, new populations were sucked into



ST. JOHN'S R. C. CHURCH, 1828.

the city. Irish and German mainly, the former especially, these first-time Newarkers made the streets teem with new and competing ways of life. Newark's population grew from 6,507 in 1820 to 71,941 in 1860. Moran's crowd was here to stay. They had come, as the old joke put it, hoping to find streets paved with gold. Not only were there no streets: they were expected to pave them.

It takes only a little imagination to recreate their world. John Cunningham, doyen of Newark historians, has chronicled some of their doings. "The Irish and other 'lower classes,'" he reminds us, "were particularly suspect when Asiatic cholera struck the city in 1832." Newspaper accounts of that calamity listed the dead as "Irish" or "colored" or some a simple asterisk for "foreigner." Even in death, the great equalizer, some were more equal than others. In life, the Irish also found it hard. In the great panic of 1837 — one of the worst banking crises in the history of the country — they were "the last hired and the first fired." Some left the city altogether, heading west beyond the Allegheny Mountains in hope of better times — that old Irish and, now, new American hope. The rest stayed, waiting for luck to turn. For some it was a long wait. But there was work. As well as providing muscle for building railroads and canals, the Irish worked in Newark's stone quarries, as



coachmakers, as hatters, as oddjob men, as painters, as cobblers — as anything. They were not in a position to be choosy.

Helping to shape these newcomers into moral decency was the church. After the founding of St. John's Parish, there were enough Irish Catholics to justify the building of another church — St. Patrick's on Washington Street — built

on land bought by Moran in 1846 and dedicated on March 10, 1850. It remains one of the loveliest churches in the city. Three years later, the Diocese of Newark was established, its territory the whole of the state. The first bishop was James Roosevelt Bayley, "popish" convert from an old Episcopalian family. St. Patrick's served for many years as his and his successors' cathedral. Bayley's appointment marked a coming of age, also, less appealingly, a growing hostility to the alien presence of his people and their creed. His installation as bishop was marred by ugly scenes — heckling, jeers — a mixture of anti-Irishness and anti-Catholicism typical of the "Know-Nothing" movement of the 1840s and 1850s. This "nativism" turned nastier in September 1854 when St. Mary's (German) Church in Newark was attacked by some local and mainly imported members of the anti-immigration American Party. An Irishman died in the violence, another mortally wounded. One sign the Irish were here to stay was that so many other people wanted them to go.

But they had no intention of going. In 1866 another church was dedicated — St. James's, on Lafayette and Madison Streets. This time the governor, the bishop, and various civil war heroes were present. The church was built by



ST. JAMES' R.C. CHURCH, LAFAYETTE STREET, DEDICATED ON JUNE 17, 1866

the Irish for the Irish. Indeed its first pastor, Father John Gervais, wrote a book called *The Art of Building Churches* (1866) in which he acknowledged not only the financial but also the physical contribution of his parishioners to the construction of their new temple. (Gervais himself climbed ladders and scaffolds to speed the work.) The pastor who succeeded him in 1872 was Monsignor Patrick Cody, who served for 47 years, a dynamo of energy. By his death Cody had completed the church and steeple, built a school, convent, rectory, and hospital, baptized, married,

and buried thousands of people. The art of building churches — and the communities they represented — was to get the Irish to do it.

And so it continued. The Irish were in Newark to stay and to work. That work, as quickly discovered, was not glamorous. Newark's Street Directories of the 1870s and '80s tell a story of modest and decent employment. Page after page of Duffys, O'Briens and Maguires living "down neck," close to other immigrant groups (Germans mainly) with whom they found it occasionally difficult to get

along. (Tensions between German and Irish went back well over a century in New Jersey.) They fed their families as carpenters, tanners, policemen, laborers, publicans, factory workers, grocers, coalmen, saddlers, shoemakers: a great wave of physical, moral, and emotional energy, a collection of strangers turning themselves, bit by bit, into neighbors. They kept the law or, breaking it, were arrested by their own kind. They kept the commandments or, breaking them, were forgiven by their own kind. Hemmed in geographically and socially, they formed a community simply by being excluded from all other communities. They became American by the very hostility of those who claimed they were not American at all — employing each other, educating each other, supporting each other, sometimes fighting with each other. Turning into Americans by turning towards their fellow Irishmen — this was the rich and unexpected irony of the Ironbound.

That story of rejection, then acceptance, is best told in names. Think of Christopher Nugent, one of America's largest manufacturer of Morocco leather. (His son-in-law went on to serve in the US Senate.) Think of Fighting Phil Kearny, Newark's most acclaimed Civil War hero. (He was a distant connection of Bernard Kearney the schoolteacher.) Think of the Quigley family who published "Quigley's Forecaster" — a grab-bag of medical lore and quirky information. (They owned a stone quarry.) Think of Thomas Corrigan who made a fortune in the liquor business,

some of it, no doubt, from thirsty Irishmen. (His brilliant son Michael became successively president of Seton Hall College, Bishop of Newark, and Archbishop of New York.) Think of John P. Holland, born in Ireland, resident in Paterson, ending his days in Newark — inventor of the submarine and inveterate opponent of all things English. (He even supplied ships to the Russian and Japanese governments, the latter awarding him the Order of the Rising Sun.) Think of the Doyle family who owned large chunks of real estate in north Newark. Think of Bernard M. Shanley who built the Pennsylvania Railroad between New York, Newark and Philadelphia. Think of all of them, then think of the Ireland they or their parents left. The two worlds could not have been more different. The misery of one place, the bustling magnificence of another, is summed up in a thousand such stories.

Within a generation, then, certainly within two, these immigrants had begun to shape themselves to their new home and, in turn, had shaped that home — Newark — to look more like themselves. Assimilation, never smooth, was steady. As outsiders, they discovered the art of getting their foot in the door, then taking over the whole house. Where once they had been targets of the law now, increasingly, they were its enforcers. Where once they had looked for work, now, increasingly, they provided it. Look at *Newark Handsomely Illustrated* of 1894 and see how Irish businesses flourished at the turn of the century. It is a hymn of praise to

commerce, to Ireland, to America, to industry, to sobriety, to good citizenship, to freedom: in other words, to Newark.

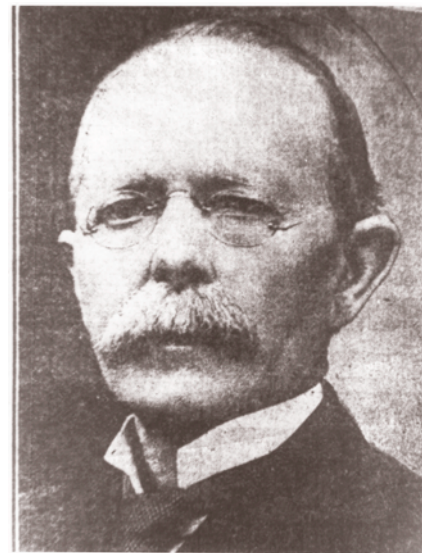
The development of Newark in the last few years has been almost phenomenal, and, as a necessary and indispensable consequence, the development of her industries has been proportionate. Among the leading industrial establishments... may be mentioned the well known bluestone yard of Messrs. Reilly Brothers, located on Ogden Street...

Prominent among those who have secured an enviable reputation in the city of Newark for reliability and skill as plumbers, steam and gas fitters should be mentioned the name of Mr. James C. Maguire of Plane Street... Mr. Maguire was born in Ireland [and] is greatly respected for his mechanical skill and strict probity...

The Dwyer Leather Company is the leader in its line and is worthy of the great success being achieved, while, now that the dull times are past, it has the most favorable prospects for an enormous development of trade...

Reilly, Dwyer, Maguire: there is a kind of poetry to the names. For Newarkers, the real romance was practical — discovering a market and supplying it, seeing a need and turning it to profit. Irishmen, born in Ireland or of Irish stock, turned out to be good at that.

In another sense, though, their achievements — in business, in politics, in labor activities, in education, in the church — were monuments as much to patience as



JOHN P. HOLLAND, IRISH BORN
INVENTOR OF THE SUBMARINE.

to individual aptitude. Time as well as talent played a part. Newark's Irish were among the first to arrive as the city dashed for growth and, as such, were among the first to benefit from it. At the beginning of the 20th century they were well set in politics, the church, the law, and business. They represented a kind of counter-establishment to the old WASP ascendancy that was only now starting to realize that the earth was moving under its feet. Simply by staying the course the Irish succeeded. Besides, new immigrant groups beginning to flood the city, the whole cycle of rejection and assimilation starting again, made the *Irish* seem like the old guard. Who would have thought it half a century before? "Astonishing Racial Changes Noted in Newark" headlined

The Sunday Call in March 1916. “Numbers of Germans, Irish and English Rapidly Decreasing — Increase of Italians and Jews Far greater in Last Few years that is Generally Appreciated.” (In those days, headlines were so complete there was hardly any need for a story beneath.) The numbers were indeed breathtaking. Ireland continued to be well represented among the foreign-born or of foreign parentage but its dominance was over. Russia, Italy and the lands of the polyglot Austro-Hungarian empire were now outstripping it. The raw figures still Irish suggested strength but the key number, those who were foreign-born, in other words actual immigrants, revealed slippage. In 1910, for instance, the table looked like this:

Germany	22,177
Russia	21,912
Italy	20,493
Austria-Hungary	18,992
Ireland	11,225
Great Britain	9,348

Of course Ireland, being smaller than the rest, gave up a greater percentage of its population but that quirk did not cut much ice among except among demographers. The truth is, the Irish were being swamped. Think of it another way. Of Newark’s Russian population in 1910, fully 65% were born in Russia, the rest being made up of descendants of Russian parents. For the Irish, the number was the other way round — 31% was Irish-born, the rest born of Irish-parents. All of Newark’s new energy, in other words, was coming

from the east. Irish Newark was aging; Russian Newark was young and on the move. One figure says it all. In the city’s public schools in 1916 there were 50 Irish-born children. The number of Russian-born children was 2,461. Of course there were Irish children in *parochial* schools but that would not have wiped out the lead of other groups; Italians, for example. “Old Europe’ was coming to an end. “New Europe” was arriving on every tide.

This was not altogether a bad thing. “Gone Up Higher” ran a headline in *The Sunday Call* in May 1889. The story beneath was a revelation: “Irish Laborers No Longer Obtainable. Italians have taken their places because the Irishmen have found something better to do.” It was an exaggeration, but only a slight one, to imagine the Irish as newly bourgeois, the Italians eager for any job. One thing was clear, though: Newark was changing. “Some years ago, 96 per cent of the laborers of this country were Irishmen,” noted a well known local contractor. “They were first class workmen, and any one of them was better than two first-class Italian laborers.” He offered an explanation:

At first I was inclined to blame other employers and accuse them to resorting to the employment of foreign laborers as a matter of economy...[but then] I began to realize that Irish laborers were to be had only at a premium. Much against my will, I consented to the employment of the fifty Irishman that could not be found...

The paper did not identify the speaker but he may himself have been Irish or a son or grandson of Ireland. If so, the irony was obvious. Now a man of property, he lamented, even as he celebrated, the fact that his own kind were now more like him — going up in the world — than the sturdy workmen they had once been. Success had its paradoxes. Even the Irish found it hard to get the Irish to work for them.

One way or another, then, a new social geography was revealing itself. Yet this did not mean the end of an old way of life. Even as they were being surpassed — precisely *because* they were being surpassed — the Irish tried to hold on to their distinctive culture and racial memory, knowing that a generation or two in America, with all its attractions and distractions, with all its blending and blanding, could erase almost any ethnic attachment. That is why the church — and in particular the parish — was so important. Parochial life insisted on the social value of loyalty, of keeping the clan together, of ethnicity as intrinsically good, a thing not to be hidden or denied. An Irishman wishing to marry outside his four or five streets risked the wrath of the pastor. A *German* girl? An *Italian*? A *Pole*? That would never do. (German, Italian and Polish priests said the same about the Irish, of course.) “Let an Irish lad cross over into Dutch Neck and there was every chance of a good battle,” remembered retired policeman Peter King in 1949 of his 1890s boyhood in the Ironbound. “Many an Irishman would have seen his son disgraced if married to

a Dutch girl." Eventually such marriages did take place, King himself making one, and after a while no-one gave them a second thought. It represented a kind of multiplication of hyphens. Where once there were Irish-Americans, now there were Irish-Polish-German-French-Americans. When it became too exhausting to keep up with these quarterings, the hyphens were dropped and an "American" emerged. At festive times throughout the year — St. Patrick's Day, the Feast of San Gennaro, Oktoberfest — the old country was recalled and the adjective re-attached. Generally, though, such patriotic identifications represented a badge, not an entire social personality. The hyphen was a memory or — even stranger — someone else's memory. A parade could evoke nostalgia for an experience never actually experienced. What was being celebrated was a father, a grandfather, a great-grandfather. What was being celebrated, in fact, was America — the country that had made it all possible.

In this double world — American yet mindful of a place beyond America — the Church was not the only institution to claim Irish affections. The union was another. As they advanced in business, Irishmen were also increasingly prominent as ward politicians and labor leaders. Having seen enough of Newark's harsher side, they wanted to change it for the better. They were, almost without exception, Democrats to a man. Leo Carlin was typical. Born in the Ironbound in 1908, forced to leave school at 16 to work as an ice trucker, he joined the Teamsters and Chauffeurs

Union Local 458, rising to become union president in the 1940s and 1950s and winning election to the New Jersey General Assembly in 1936. Bright and personable, Carlin was no pushover. Indeed he was a formidable figure on the other side of the bargaining table. Carlin became a reformist mayor of Newark in 1954, the first to be elected under the new city charter. His major achievement was to encourage Mutual Benefit and Prudential Insurance to remain in the city when, had they abandoned it, Newark might have become a downtown wasteland. The "New Newark Movement" took root during his time, still with us (in multiple other guises) ever since. A loyal son of Vailsburg after losing the mayoralty to Hugh Addonizio in 1962, Carlin never forget his roots, Irish or American. The story goes that in later life — he lived to 91 — he moved to the Jersey Shore only because of family pressure. That was probably true. Streets, not sand, were his natural habitat.

Born only a year after Carlin, but an ocean away in County Roscommon, was John J. Giblin, ninth of ten children of a family who, a few years later, emigrated to New Jersey. Here was another Newark Irishman typical of the breed: self-disciplined, motivated, clear sighted. Giblin took engineering classes at Newark Vocational School before working for the Prudential and Local 55, the Brotherhood of Fireman and Oilers, in 1926. Giblin rose as the union rose, eventually finding himself, after a series of mergers, manager of a major statewide organization. As a politician,



LEO P. CARLIN, MAYOR OF NEWARK, 1953-1962.



JOHN J. GIBLIN, 1909-1975,
LABOR LEADER AND POLITICIAN

his loyalties were strongly Irish, Democratic and Union. He supported Michael Duffy for Newark City Commission in 1933 and, later, Vincent Murphy for mayor. In 1954 he was elected an Essex County Freeholder. John Giblin's son, Thomas, continued the family tradition after his father's death in 1975, deeply involved in union and political activity and in the Irish groups that straddle the two. Tom Giblin has served as chairman of Essex County democrats and, latterly, in the New Jersey State Assembly.

Other names could be added to the roster. Long before Leo Carlin there was Charles Gillen, born in Ireland, brought to New Jersey as a child, educated at Seton Hall (from which he graduated in 1892). Politically he was a Republican turned Democrat turned Independent. He served as mayor during the First World War. Then there was Vincent Murphy who started life as a plumber's apprentice, served in the navy in the First World War, returned to union organization and politics. He was mayor from 1941 to 1949 and, in 1943, Democratic nominee for Governor. And so it goes on. Latterly, the Essex County political story could not be told without such names as Frank McQuade and John Cryan. They all constitute, over the years, a kind of St. Patrick's Day parade of colorful and lively figures, men who have made up the very fabric of Newark's life as a city.

Of course no world or way or life lasts for ever. The Newark Irish are now scattered to the suburbs, their old

parishes taken over by other sounds and accents. In a sense, this is what they always wished — to move "up" or, at any rate, "on." In another sense, this is what always happened — even in the late eighteenth century, Irish people were coming to Newark, then leaving, coming, then leaving, always moving "on" or "up" but, eventually, away. The cycle is as old as the city itself — as old as any city. That is why traditions are such as St. Patrick's Day are so important and, in a way, so ambiguous. In a world of change, they seem unchanging (even if, closely examined, they too have changed as the community itself has changed). A parade, whether in Newark or Springfield or Morristown, is a way of marking social arrival, of giving thanks, of preserving memory, of reminding the young what the old went through. This exhibition, in its own way, does the same. It shows how "history" becomes "heritage," the one raw and elemental, the other sepia-toned and not so harsh. When we celebrate the extraordinary achievements of the Irish of Newark and New Jersey we remember, as we do, the extraordinary obstacles they found in their way. That mingled story of sorrow and joy is Ireland's story, and America's story, and all our stories wrapped into one.



CHARLES P. GILLEN, MAYOR OF NEWARK, 1917–1921.



VINCENT J. MURPHY, MAYOR OF NEWARK, 1941–1949.



ST. COLUMCILLE'S PIPE BAND OF KEARNY, ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE, NEWARK, 1970.

Exhibit Bibliography

In preparing for the exhibit, the collections of the Charles F. Cummings New Jersey Information Center, The Newark Public Library and the Monsignor William Noé Field Archives & Special Collections Center, Seton Hall University were consulted. The Monsignor William Noé Field Archives & Special Collections Center holds the archives of Seton Hall University and The Archdiocese of Newark, The MacManus Irish collection, individual church histories and much more. The Charles F. Cummings New Jersey Information Center collections relating to the Irish in Newark and New Jersey include information files (newspaper clippings arranged by subject), the *Newark News* morgue files (clippings from the *News* arranged by subject) and picture collection, archives and manuscript material, a statewide city directory collection and the following publications:

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FRANK MCGOVERN,
GRAND MARSHALL OF
ST. PATRICK'S PARADE,
GETS LESSON FROM JOHN
DUGGAN OF ST. LAWRENCE
O'TOOLE PIPE BAND OF
DUBLIN, 1960.

"When Irish Eyes Are Smiling
Sure It's Like a Morn in Spring"

Three Hundred Eyes Gaze Into
and Laugh at St. Patrick Make
the National Song Sing the Deers

Newark, N. J., March 11, 1911

Newark Sunday Call

St. Patrick going to Tom.



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