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and there was the bear about this high. don't know who got the biggest fright--n or the bear! fastest! I don't know who went the Tom Doucette My grandfather, John Doucette, settled in Ingonish. He married Jane Brewer from North Ingonish and they settled in the Clyburn Valley, about where the 9th green of the golf course is now. Their house was built on a sort of a small foothill at the foot of the mountain on the south side. Jane Brewer/John Doucette had quite a large family: the oldest being James, then there was Margaret, Annie, Frank, Bill, and a daughter by the name of Mary, and finally John, and my father whose name was Tom. My Uncle Bill used to tell me when I was young that the original gold mine, which was mined by the English from 1880 to 1897, was originally mined by the Portuguese. Now there's an interesting part to this story (which was told by Uncle Jim)--which I have written down and have had for many years--which I call "The Kellick (Calaich) Stone." (Note: "calaich" is Gaelic for moor or anchor, commonly called kellick in English.) Because when my Aunt Mary--who died at one year old--when she was born or just before she was born, there was a Portuguese 3-masted, square-rigged ship come into Ingonish Harbour. Now, there was nothing unusual about this, because in the spring of the year many Portuguese ships came into Ingonish Harbour--sometimes to escape bad weather and sometimes to assemble their fleet before they sailed into the Gulf of St. Lawrence and farther north. Because the English and the French pretty well controlled Newfoundland and St. Pierre and Miquelon and what was known as the French shore of Newfoundland, so the (authorities) of Cape Breton at that time were not quite discriminating, and if ships were just putting in for shelter, it didn't matter where they came from. So there used to be many Portuguese ships--and French ships-- even in my younger days. But this particular ship, in the spring of 1894 or 1895, was different. One of the assistant cooks on the ship was a teenage girl, approximately 17 years old. While the ship was in Ingonish Harbour, the young girl took very ill. There were no doctors at that time, so nobody could determine what really was the matter with her. But when it came time for the ship to sail, the captain of the ship asked the local parish priest if he could find someone to take the girl until they returned before going (back) to Portugal in the fall of the year. Well, it was quite an easy thing to do--people were good and somebody could always

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