

Fitzpatrick family of Bradford near Maldon in Victoria, Australia



This is the only known photo of my great-grandfather Henry Fitzpatrick and his second wife Mary Clancy. He was born c1836 in Kilkeel, Co Down to parents Henry Fitzpatrick & Mary Gallagher. Kilkeel is a small town, a civil parish and a townland in Co Down. Henry's birth location stated on official documents was either, Kilkeel, Newry or Co Down. When Henry's brother James died, his obituary stated Aughrim as his place of birth.

Henry migrated to Victoria, Australia in 1858 on the 'Royal Charter'. His companions on the journey were Michael and Daniel Gallagher and James and Patrick Sloan. Henry's mother was a Gallagher and his grandmother was a Sloan.

Henry joined his relatives, Daniel, John and Michael Gallagher and worked at mining for some time. When land was opened up for selection by the government, Henry very quickly staked his claim at Bradford (Co Talbot). Henry married (1) Mary Ann Fenton in 1865 (2) Mary Clancy in 1868 (both marriages at Castlemaine, Victoria) and had 14 children, Mary Ellen, Elizabeth, Henry, Hannah, John, Cornelius, Teresa, Catherine, James, Annie, Emily, Patrick, Hugh and Gerald, all births registered at Maldon. Henry's brother, James had also migrated and settled in the same area as Henry, but he did not marry.

Many years ago when I started my family research, I found another Henry Fitzpatrick whose children's births were also registered at Maldon.

This other Henry Fitzpatrick was also born c1836 in Co Down. His parents were John Fitzpatrick and Ann Coffey. He married Catherine Mears at Creswick, Victoria in 1870. They had eight children, John, James, Henry, Mary, Catherine, Margaret and Patrick.



Both Henrys used the same first names for some of their children and both families sent their children to the Bradford school.

Bradford is a small locality 160 kms north-west of Melbourne (the capital of the State of Victoria in Australia). It is 32 kms from Bendigo, a major city and 16 kms from Maldon.

My Henry's lengthy obituary detailing the many aspects of his business and personal life was in the Maldon paper in 1910 where it stated that he was an old and respected resident of Bradford, and had lived at Bradford for 52 years. His will and probate shed light on his land. But looking at the Bradford Parish map there are references on the map which do not match the list in his probate.

And when searching the 'Trove' website (digitised Australian newspapers etc) there is an obituary for the 'other' Henry in the Bendigo paper in 1914 where it stated that he was an old and respected resident of Bradford. He was a farmer and had resided in the Bradford district for 49 years. (no probate records).

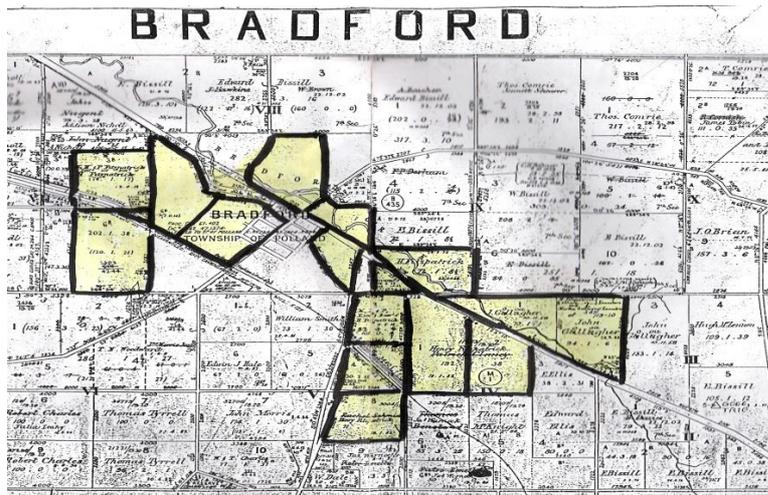
Looking at the Bradford Parish map, there are many notations for Henry Fitzpatrick. It was generally thought that every reference to Henry referred to the one person.

Which land belonged to which Henry? And then of course both Henrys had a son Henry!

Using the Bradford Parish map, I started by noting the fraction numbers on every allotment with the name 'Henry Fitzpatrick' and ordering the relevant VPRS files at the PROV (Public Records Office Victoria). Some files revealed names that did not appear on the map. So as my quest continued I then noted every other reference on the map and ordered those files as well.

A petition to have the Bradford school built which includes signatures of both Henrys, was a great help when reading the land files.

This was an exhaustive exercise but helped to sort out, not only our Henry's land, but also land which was transferred within his family. These files also shed light on various relationships within different families, not associated with Fitzpatrick.



My Henry died leaving nearly 2000 acres in his name. And that does not take into account the many acres he initially had which he transferred to his sons, Henry, Cornelius, John, and James. His other three sons, Patrick, Hugh and Gerald inherited land after his death with the proviso that they care for their mother for the rest of her life (she dying in 1919).

As well as land shown on this map (nearly 1000 acres), he also had 1000 acres in the adjoining Parishes of Maldon, Baringhup and Shelbourne.

Will anyone else be searching in the Bradford Parish? A copy of my research notes for the Bradford Parish will be given to the Maldon Museum and Archives and to the Bendigo Area Australian Institute of Genealogical Studies Inc. My notes also include an alphabetical list of every name mentioned on the Bradford Parish map and in the associated files. Various maps of Bradford and surrounding Parishes which I referenced will also be donated to the Maldon Museum and Archives.

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Fitzpatrick Recollections: Down Memory Lane

by Frank Fitzpatrick – March 2008

On great occasions such as this
One's mind begins to wander through the years
And each recalls the highs and lows
Through bursts of happy times and tears.

I remember living in a home called Clairvoh
With my parents and my kin
Although we never seemed to all be home
Throughout the years both thick and thin.

Cause Vin was in the army and so was Mary too
Whilst Irene was busy caring for the sick
Which cut our family's strength to nine
And all took part to make things tick.

I remember Uncle Harry when I was only five
And he was building Uncle Gerald's stack
And we lay and talked together in the shade
Until the wagon filled came back.

Since we lived so close to Uncle Gerald
I saw him quite a lot
And he always had some time to spare
To talk and tell a risqué joke I've not forgot.

The rabbits in the forties were such a flaming pest
That Dad and Uncle Gerald made decisions bold
To poison them with carrots cheap
Laced up with strychnine cold.

The trouble was that Uncle G
Had lost his sense of smell by now
And he blithely stirred the lethal mix
Oblivious of the acrid fumes that rose somehow

I could see that he began to wobble
So I asked him if he could note the smell
And when he calmly said what sort of smell
I quickly stirred the lethal pot and told him have a spell.

The Sunday Mass was when the clan stepped out in force
And the Fitzzy men each occupied a left hand pew
Whilst their women folk knelt on the right
And us kids were herded up the front in everybody's view.

And after mass these balding brothers talked
It seemed to me for hours and more
The first to come the last to leave
Became the motto which everybody wore.

I remember Uncle Jack down Shelbourne way
With white moustache and cheerful grin

I helped with others fill his grave
When his family said goodbye to him.

I hardly knew my uncles Jim and Con
They lived some distance from our place
But I heard some tales of Uncle Con
Who worked his workmen at a pace.

On one occasion I am told
A worker hired to build the stooks
Was told to be out at the farm
By half past four and with curious looks.

Asked "Are these wild oats that we are reaping?"
What do you mean asked Uncle Con
I thought we've got to creep up on them
Replied the worker as he pulled his coat on.

The Fitzpatrick men liked playing cards
And Uncle Pat was one who enjoyed a game
So Mick and I played him and Jimmy
At Euchre when tempers soon began to flame.

But Uncle Pat just sat and smiled
As Jim began to bemoan their luck
Whilst Mick and I could do no wrong
And as the cards fell our way we threw a bit of muck.

My father Hugh, I'm proud to say
Was someone to admire for his strength of will
And though he died some forty-seven years ago
Fond memories forged dwell within me still.

I remember Aunty Emily with lovely silver hair
And I used to call and visit her in Castlemaine
On my way to boarding school in Ballarat
And she was one I never heard complain.

Although she didn't like the Royal family
She called them in bred so and sows
And she confessed she gave up cards
Because she really couldn't bear to lose.

I never knew my other aunts
They'd left the district many years ago
Annie and Theresa had shifted up to Mallee towns
And Auntie Lizzie kept a profile low.

You've heard enough of my fond musings
Enjoy the day we celebrate as one
A century plus fifty years to sieve through
The day's delights have just begun.

This poem was composed in 2008, by Frank Fitzpatrick (1932-2009) on the occasion of the 150th year since Henry Fitzpatrick arrived in Victoria, Australia when a reunion was held for his descendants. There were over 1500 names on our family tree. About 300 came to the event. This event was reported in 'The Mourn Observer' on 12 March 2008.

Frank was a grandchild of Henry Fitzpatrick and Mary Clancy. Frank was a second cousin to myself, an uncle to Angela Rodoni and a second cousin once-removed to Brett Fitzpatrick. I believe both Angela and Brett have been in touch with you.

Some time ago I had discussed with Angela the prospect of submitting this poem to the Fitzpatrick Clan Org and how his family would feel about it. The reply was the family would be chuffed and proud. Of course you may have already received a copy.

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