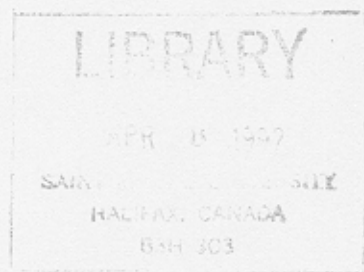
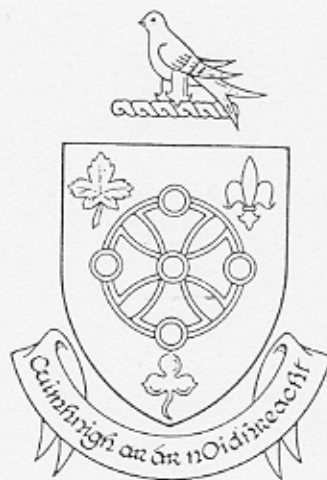


# LAN NASC

Chair of Irish Studies  
Saint Mary's University  
Halifax, Nova Scotia



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AN NASC was established as a link between the Chair of Irish Studies and those who are involved or interested in promoting Irish studies and heritage in Canada and abroad. It also seeks to develop an awareness of the shared culture of Ireland, Gaelic Scotland and those of Irish and Gaelic descent in Canada.

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## NEWS FROM THE CHAIR

### New Publication

The *Proceedings of the Second North American Congress of Celtic Studies* will be published in early 1992. This volume, which contains over forty papers delivered at the Congress at Saint Mary's University in August 1989, includes papers on the history of the Irish, Welsh and Scots both in their homelands and in the New World, on Celtic literature and linguistics. This publication marks the beginning of a series of Irish and Celtic-related books to be published under the imprint of the Chair of Irish Studies. The Spring 1992 number of *An Nasc* will include an order form for the Congress Proceedings.

### Making Connections

Cyril Byrne, the Coordinator of Irish Studies, visited both Ireland and Scotland in May in order to make contact with those interested in Irish and Gaelic Studies. In Belfast, he met with Dr. R. H. Buchanan, and Dr. Brian Walker, Director and Assistant Director of the Institute of Irish Studies, with the aim of establishing informal links between the Institute and the Chair. Similarly, both Cyril Byrne and Pádraig Ó Siadhail visited *Sabhal Mór*, the educational centre on the Isle of Skye which teaches communication and computer courses through the medium of Gaelic. Ian MacLean of *Sabhal Mór* had visited the Chair of Irish Studies previously.

### The D'Arcy McGee Chair

Pádraig Ó Siadhail has returned to Saint Mary's University as holder of the Chair of Irish Studies, having spent a year as Research Fellow at the Institute of Irish Studies, Queen's University, Belfast. During the year in Ireland, Ó Siadhail was working on the biography of Piaras Béaslaf (1881-1965), a Liverpool-born Irish language writer, journalist, founding member of the Irish Volunteers in 1913, 1916 Rising veteran, and the original biographer of Michael Collins.

The position of Chairholder was occupied during the 1990-1991 academic year by Dr. John Shaw, Cape Breton, who is working in Inverness, Scotland, at present and Dr. Seosamh Watson of University College Dublin. Seosamh Watson spent the past summer residing in Cape Breton recording and video-taping Gaelic-speaking informants.

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### Halifax Fund Raising Dinner

The drive towards the goal of a million dollars in the trust fund for the Chair of Irish Studies at Saint Mary's moved closer to its fulfilment on November 2nd when a fund raising dinner was held at Saint Mary's. The evening, sponsored by the Bank of Montreal, was attended by 200 guests who paid \$150.00 each for a superbly catered reception and dinner with entertainment provided by the Metro Irish Dancers and a trio of musicians: Scott MacMillan, Dave MacIssac and John Goodman.

Special guests attending were Mr. Antóin Mac Unfraidh, recently appointed Irish Ambassador to Canada, and Michael Wadsworth, Canadian Ambassador to Dublin and his wife Bernie. Also attending was Mayor Moira Ducharme of Halifax and her husband; Mrs. Ducharme is Halifax's first lady mayor.

The grace before dinner was said in three languages: French and English, as spoken by the Chancellor, Most Reverend Austin Burke, and Irish as spoken by Kelly Curran, a student in Irish language and this year's Margaret Fallona scholar to the Irish *Gaeltacht*.

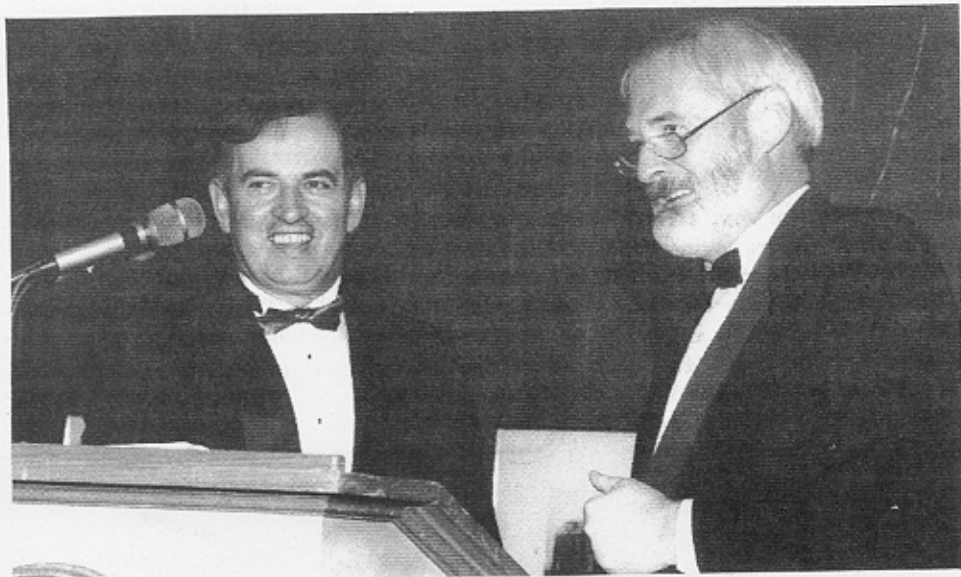
Both Ambassadors, speaking after dinner, stressed

the importance of the D'Arcy McGee Chair to the continuance of the relationship between Ireland and Canada both in the historical and modern contexts.

The dinner's host, Denis Ryan, National Campaign Chairman, was at his ebullient best as he engaged in spontaneous roasting of his friends in the course of his remarks! Guests at the dinner were treated to a surprise gift of a copy of Denis's recently released tape of songs and music.

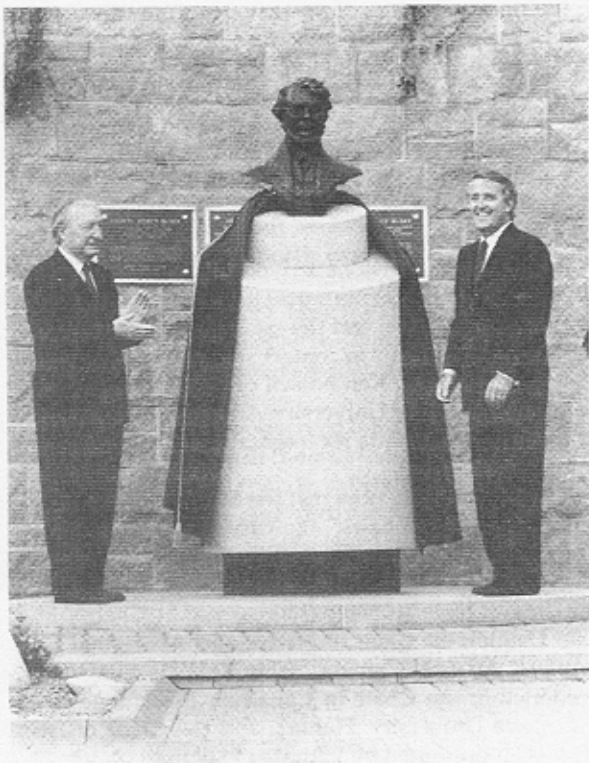
Special presentations of a copy of the Chair's patent of arms were made to the Irish and Canadian Ambassadors as well as to the President, Dr. Ozmon, the University's Director of Advancement, Don Keleher and Denis Ryan for their generous support and assistance in the Chair's establishment and development.

Ambassadors MacUnfraidh and Wadsworth pledged their support to the Chair's fundraising efforts and read messages of support from both An Taoiseach, Mr. Haughey and the Prime Minister, Mr. Mulroney. Ambassador Wadsworth expressed his wholehearted support for a proposed fundraising dinner to be held in Ireland next year. In addition two other events similar to the November 2nd dinner are planned to push the Trust Fund over the million dollar mark.



*Cyril Byrne  
and Denis Ryan  
at the Halifax  
Fund Raising  
Dinner.*

## D'Arcy McGee Honoured



*Prime Minister Brian Mulroney and An Taoiseach Charles Haughey at the D'Arcy McGee memorial, Carlingford, Co. Louth, Ireland.*

The Prime Minister of Canada, Brian M. Mulroney and Charles J. Haughey, Taoiseach of Ireland, unveiled a monument to Thomas D'Arcy McGee at Carlingford, Co. Louth, on 12 July this year. Carlingford is the ancestral home of both the D'Arcy and McGee families and was where Thomas D'Arcy McGee was born.

Cyril Byrne, the coordinator of the D'Arcy McGee Chair, was invited to attend this ceremony and to attend a number of other functions connected with the Prime Minister's visit to Ireland including a state banquet in Dublin Castle.

Dr. Byrne coincidentally was a student in Dublin in 1961 when the then Prime Minister, John G. Diefenbaker, visited Ireland and presented the plaques honouring D'Arcy McGee which were finally mounted this year in a monument which now includes a bust of McGee.

The Prime Minister's visit served to heighten Irish awareness of current Canadian involvement in Ireland as well as being a nostalgic return to the Mulroney ancestral home in Leighlin Bridge, Co. Carlow.

### Thomas D'Arcy McGee, 1825-1868

The Chair of Irish Studies is named for Thomas D'Arcy McGee, one of the Fathers of Confederation. Born in Carlingford in 1825, McGee first emigrated to the United States in 1842, but returned to Ireland to participate in the Young Ireland movement and the abortive 1848 Rising, before fleeing once again to the United States. A journalist by profession, McGee founded the *Nation*, a New York newspaper, and he was also associated with the *Boston Pilot*, and other newspapers in North America and Ireland. He visited Halifax, and became a friend of R. B. O'Brien who was then President of Saint Mary's College. Moving to Canada in 1857, McGee entered politics, encouraging Irish emigration to this country. He became the member for Montreal in the Quebec Legislative Assembly, and soon earned appointments in the moderate Conservative government of John A. Macdonald. In 1864, he became Minister of Agriculture, Immigration and Statistics, and was a member of the

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Charlottetown Conference, the Quebec Conference, and the Canadian Delegation to the Maritime Provinces. The following year he was Canada's delegate to the Dublin International Exposition. In 1867, he was elected Member of Parliament for Montreal West, serving in the first Dominion Parliament.

McGee was known for his eloquence as a public speaker, and in addition to his many activities as a journalist, was a prolific author of history, fiction, poetry, drama, and biography. He was elected to the Royal Irish Academy as a result of the publication, in 1863, of his *A Popular History of Ireland*.

On April 7, 1868, just before his forty-third birthday, McGee was assassinated in Ottawa by a disaffected Irish immigrant, John Patrick Whelan, who misinterpreted McGee's pro-Canadian policies as treachery towards Ireland. Thus ended the career on one of Canada's most notable Irish immigrants.

### Conference on Ethnic Chairs

"New Challenges to Ethnic Studies: the response of the University Chairs" was the title of a Conference organized and hosted by the Program in Ethic Immigration and Pluralism Studies of the University of Toronto on November 1-2, 1991. Representatives of Ethnic and Multicultural Chairs, established with the financial assistance of the Department of Multiculturalism, were invited to attend the conference, which gave participants the opportunity to discuss the progress of and the problems faced by the Chairs, to exchange information on their activities and to develop contacts with fellow Chairholders and with those involved in similar programs in the United States.

Since 1977, twenty-two Chairs of Ethnic and Multicultural Studies have been set up under the federal Multicultural program. The earliest were the Hungarian and Ukrainian Chairs of the University of Toronto and the Chair of Mennonite Studies at the University of Winnipeg. However, the cultural and ethnic diversity of Canada is recognized by the existence of such programs as the Chair of Punjabi, Literature and Sikh

Studies at the University of British Columbia, the Chair of Urdu Language and Cultural Studies at Montreal's McGill University and the Chair of Icelandic-Canadian Studies at the University of Manitoba.

No final papers were presented during the Conference. Instead, participants were invited to discuss a range of issues which included the relationship of the Chairs to the Ethnic Community. Furthermore, the question was posed: "How do the Ethnic Chairs contribute to Canadian culture and society?" a question which led to queries as to the role Chairs should play in defending the Multiculturalism program in the light of attacks on the policy.

Amongst the decisions arrived at by the conference were ones to set up a committee to represent the interest of the Ethnic Chairs, and the establishing of a newsletter to keep the Chairs in contact with each other's work and activities. Dr. Ken Nilsen of the Chair of Gaelic, Saint Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, was elected as the Atlantic Canada representative on the new committee.

It is interesting to note that the Maritime region contains five Ethnic Chairs: the Chair of Gaelic at Saint Francis Xavier University (represented at the Conference by the Ken Nilsen); Chaire d'études acadiennes of the Université de Moncton (represented by Chairholder Jean Daigle); the Chair of Native and Aboriginal Cultures of Atlantic Canada, Saint Thomas University, Fredericton; the Chair in Canadian Black Studies at Dalhousie University, Halifax, and the Chair of Irish Studies, represented by Pádraig Ó Siadhail.



## The Flags of Ireland

Donal F. Begley

At the inauguration of Mary Robinson, seventh President of the Republic of Ireland, at Dublin Castle on 3rd December 1990 two flags were prominently displayed, to wit the National Flag, i.e., the tricolour of green, white and orange and the Presidential Flag consisting of the State harp on an azure blue background. Leaving aside the orange — the colour which symbolizes those of British descent in the north east of the island — we rightly conclude that Ireland at the present time has two official colours, namely green and blue, the former associated with the people, the latter with the government. Thus from the point of view of symbolism the two flags are quite distinct.

*En passant* it may be observed that a further difference between the two lies in the fact that the Irish tricolour like its French counterpart is, in origin, a flag of popular revolution — and is therefore a relatively young flag, probably not much older than the year 1850. The presidential flag, on the other hand, is heraldic in nature, and as we shall see, is considerably older. Again, unlike the presidential flag, the national flag is enshrined in the 1937 Constitution, *vide* Article 7: "The national flag is the tricolour of green, white and orange." Since the presidential flag is not enshrined in the constitution nor for that matter in statute law, whence then the authority and justification for its use?

As we have already noted, the presidential flag is a truly heraldic flag; from medieval times the harp device on an azure field has been regarded as the heraldic mark of the kingship, and therefore, of the sovereignty of Ireland. As such it is recorded, alongside the shields of arms of most of Europe's modern states, in the *Armorial Wijnbergen*, a thirteenth century roll of arms. The entry for Ireland reads as follows: "*le Roi d'Irlande — D'azur a la harpe d'or.*" The arms so described have been persistently displayed and used by those, e.g., the English sovereigns, who exercised jurisdiction in Ireland.

Reference to flags and banners in early Irish texts appear to support the view that azure blue and green were both looked upon as sovereignty colours in the context of political life in Gaelic Ireland. In a poem to Ó Raghallaigh, Lord of Breifne, the poet Tuathal Ó hUiginn urges Ó Raghallaigh to assert his authority, strive for the High-kingship and reject any English charter. His charter, Ó hUiginn says, will be his sharp spear, his sword, and his green banner (*scroll uaine*) which he shall display to the people of Ireland.

On the other hand it is hardly without significance that *Gormfhlaith* appears in the texts as the name of several queens who featured prominently in the dynastic politics of Ireland (including the kingship of Tara) in the tenth and eleventh centuries. *Gormfhlaith* is a compound of *gorm* (blue) and *flaith* (sovereignty). In early Irish mythology the sovereignty of Ireland (*flaitheas Éireann*) is symbolized as a woman, sometimes dressed in green, sometimes in purple or deep blue. To take just one example: in a poem on Cathal Croibhdhearg Ó Conchobhair, King of Connacht (died 1224), we find mention of two preternatural women who appear to him while on an expedition against the Munstermen. One who wears a clean green cloak (*brat uaine glan*) represents Munster and foretells his death on the morrow. The other, who wears a deep blue or purple cloak (*brat corcra*), is from Connacht and foretells prosperity for him and his race.

Reverting to heraldry it is worthy of note that when Pope Adrian IV granted to Henry II the hereditary possession of Ireland, the resulting lordship was heraldically symbolized by three Saxon crowns on an azure flag. Again the long-established arms of two of Ireland's old provinces namely, Munster (three antique crowns) and Meath (a majesty), are traditionally displayed on azure blue shields.

*Donal Begley is Chief Herald of Ireland.*

## THE BRIG THOMAS FARRELL

The Brig *Thomas Farrell* arrived at St. John's, Newfoundland from Ross in Ireland in early July 1825. The passengers had engaged with the ship's owner, Francis Harper of Wexford, to be taken to Quebec. However, the declaration made on leaving Ross was that all the passengers were destined for engagement in the Newfoundland fishery. It would appear the intention was to evade the law and take advantage of "whatever indulgence His Majesty's Government have been pleased to grant for the encouragement of the fishery in this country." The *Thomas Farrell* was of 190 Ton Burthen and the majority of the passengers "found themselves" i.e., the passengers took with them on board whatever food and drink they would consume on the voyage. The Naval officer in Newfoundland, Richard Hatt Noble, stated the law was complied with in no way. Noble's report mentions that another ship, the *Concord*, belonging to John Boyd of St. John's, had recently arrived from Ireland with sixty male and twenty-five female passengers on board. The *Concord* was only 80 tons burthen and as the report states, "Her passengers were literally stowed in bulk, and but for the shortness of the passage which had been pretty general this spring, many of them must have been in a distressing condition."

Interestingly the passengers did go on to Quebec and presumably arrived there sometime in July or August of 1825.

### List of Passengers in the Brig *Thomas Farrell* of Wexford Thomas Barry, Master for St. John's

James McDaniel	William Dixon
Thomas Connors	Alley Dixon
Catherine Connors	Hanna Breen
Daniel Clancy	Mary Breen
John Clancy	Joshua Bobier

Kearn Clancy	Margaret Bobicar
Richard Holland	Joshua Bobicar
Catherine Holland	John Bobicar
Thomas Cahill	Thomas Bobicar
Thomas Behan	George Sparks
Bridget Behan	Sarah Sparks
Moses Doyle	Margaret Bobicar
Simon Ryan	Nicholas Ryan
Thomas McDaniel	James Ryan
Judy Ryan	John Downey
John Bolger	Daniel Phelan
Alley Grady	Charles Kavanagh
John Buggy	Elen Kavanagh
Thomas Barnet	John Scallian
Anastasia Barnet	William Scallian
Martin Moore	Pat Cleary
Anne Brennan	John Langford
John Brennan	Judith Boyle
James Costigan	Patrick Carroll
Bridget Costigan	Catherine Carroll
James Kehoe	Patrick Neal
Richard Hanton	John McGlennan
Jane Hanton	Margt McGlennan
William Walker	Joseph Walsh
Elizabeth Walker	Edward Nowlan
Pat Cantwell	Margt Burrows
Michael Nolan	Judith Dempsey
Robert Wilson	Anne Dempsey
Jane Wilson	Margt Dempsey
John Wilson	William Henley
Maria Wilson	Honor Henley
Darby Wilson	Honor Browne
Casper Wilson	Samuel Boyle
Anne Wilson	Elizabeth Bates
Anne Bradley	Pat Broderick
John Howlett	Ansty Broderick
William Passue[?]	Martin Hogan
John Holden	James Bengin
Mary Finn	Daniel Boyle
Kearn Brennan	Judy Boyle



Catherine Brennan	John Boyle
James Fitzgerald	William Smyth
Nancy Fitzgerald	Anne Smyth
Pat Purcell	Edward Dillon
Nancy Purcell	Jane Dillon
Margaret Ryan	Adam Jackson
John Grace	Daniel Brennan
Richard Walsh	Stephen Ryan
Judith Walsh	Judith Ryan
James Kinshellow	Andrew Shore
Anne Kinshellow	Simon Googan
Timothy Finlan	Lawrence Doyle
Elenn Finlan	William Kealey
Joseph Burroney	Murtagh Brennan
Mary Brennan	John Purcell
Martin Reed	John Kinshellow
Eliza Behan	Walter Kinshellow
William Behan	Peter Kinshellow
Johanne Behan	Eliza Kinshellow
Anne Holland	Thomas Dempsey
Anty Holland	Robert Dempsey
Margaret Bobicar	William Dempsey
Margaret Wickhans	Mary Broderick
John Fennell	Judy Broderick
Mary Fennell	John Broderick
Ann Wilson	Kitty Hogan
Robert Wilson	Anne Hogan
Thomas Wilson	Eliza Hogan
Jane Wilson	Ellen Brennan
John Fitzgerald	Alley Brennan
Pat Fitzgerald	Pat Brennan
Mary Fitzgerald	James Brennan
Bridget Fitzgerald	John Bryan
Kitty Fitzgerald	David Wells
Mich' Purcell	Cathe Kealy
Thomas Purcell	Tho <sup>s</sup> Kehoe

New Ross 27 May 1825

*This passenger list was prepared by Cyril Byrne from Colonial Office, London, CO 194/71 f. 322-23. Available on Microfilm from National Archives, Ottawa.*

### IRELAND'S UNCROWNED KING Dominic Larkin

He saw the sea of waves, long dark waves rising and falling, long dark waves under the moonless night. A tiny light twinkled at the pierhead where the ship was entering; and he saw a multitude of people gathered by the waters' edge to see the ship that was entering their harbour. A tall man stood on the deck, looking out towards the flat, dark land.

He saw him lift his hand towards the people and heard him say in a loud voice of sorrow over the waters:

—He is dead. We saw him lying upon the catafalque.

A wail of sorrow went up from the people. —Parnell! Parnell! He is dead! They fell upon their knees, moaning in sorrow...

Thus, as seen in the mind's eye of a shy, dreamy boy, was news brought to Ireland of an event that would leave an indelible mark upon his imagination, and that he would record years later in his autobiographical novel, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. The boy was the nine-year-old James Joyce and the event: the death in England of "Ireland's Uncrowned King," "The Chief," Charles Stewart Parnell. Nineteen ninety-one marks the centenary of that event, the passing of the greatest Irish leader of modern times.

A figure from a Greek tragedy, Parnell died at the height of his fame, but with his reputation blackened by scandal. His life's goal—an Ireland free from British control—once tantalizingly near, was slipping away, and his health was broken by his vain attempt to cling to power.

He was an enigma even to those who knew him well—and a paradox: a wealthy aristocrat, he led an army of ragged peasants; a Protestant in an age of sectarian loyalties, whose following was largely Catholic. His name still has the power to excite controversy. "The young saw him as Sampson, pulling down the

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pillars of the temple," writes the modern historian, Conor Cruise O'Brien, "and forgot that it was a temple he had planned and built for his own people." The poet W. B. Yeats took a more partisan view: "But popular rage/ *Hysterica passio* dragged this quarry down./ None shared our guilt; nor did we play a part/ Upon a painted stage when we devoured his heart."

Joyce saw Parnell (as The Chief saw himself) as a Moses leading his people into the Promised Land. F. S. L. Lyons, Parnell's recent biographer, chooses another image, that of the Messiah, sacrificed by those he tried to save.

Moses, Sampson, Messiah, sacred victim: larger than life even to his contemporaries, Parnell seems more than ever a figure from a myth.

He was born in 1846 into the ranks of the Anglo-Irish Ascendancy. His great-grandfather, Sir John Parnell of Avondale, Co. Wicklow, had served in Grattan's Parliament, the last independent Irish legislature. He achieved distinction by being among the unbribed few to vote against the Act of Union of 1800 which abolished that body. The Chief's mother was an American and the daughter of his namesake, that other Charles Stewart, "Old Ironsides" who won fame in naval engagements against the British in the War of 1812. Parnell inherited from his forbears, but particularly from his strong-willed mother, a suspicion of England and a sympathy for Irish nationalism, even in its republican manifestation among the Fenians in the 1860s.

Parnell's early life was typical for one of his privileged background. Educated at Oxford, he spent his youth in the activities proper to the gentry of his day: riding, shooting, and attending parties. However, a budding interest in politics was encouraged by his family and he won election to the Parliament at Westminster in 1875.

A Home Rule party was already active among the Irish members under the leadership of Sir Isaac Butt, a Donegal landowner. Its goal was repeal of the Union of 1800, but beyond that, its platform was vague and its tactics cautious. With one exception. Joseph Biggar, a Belfast merchant of Presbyterian stock, pioneered a technique that would later become irresistible: "ob-

structionism." Obstructionism has since become a familiar ploy in holding up legislation and was used recently in the Canadian Senate in the debate on the G.S.T. It was a novelty in those days, however, and all the more disruptive because of the rules of parliamentary procedure, much looser then than now, which allowed members to discourse freely with little regard for time or subject. Biggar, though, was a voice rambling in the wilderness. It took Parnell to see what a potent weapon was at hand to force the government to pay attention to Irish matters or face the indefinite postponement of its legislative program. In the heyday of its effectiveness, 1880-1882, the tactic ensured that little other than Irish legislation was debated in the House.

Not all Irish members were as militant as the worthy Biggar, however, and Parnell determined upon a thorough housecleaning of the Irish party. The "gentlemanly" conduct of the Irish members, their respect for parliamentary forms, and their loyalty to the Empire were swept aside when Parnell ousted Butt from the leadership in 1877. The cornerstone of Parnell's policy and the key to its future efficacy, was that (in the words of Conor Cruise O'Brien) "he was from the beginning, and remained, indifferent to what was thought of him in Westminster, provided that he could secure and retain the confidence of the Irish."

The Home Rule party, under Parnell, became the first modern political machine. Members who stood for election in its interest took a pledge to identify themselves with the Party's policies, and to vote with it in the House on all issues. Until the debacle of 1890 which brought Parnell down, no member would break that pledge.

Parnell soon gathered into his hands other reins of political influence. To his chairmanship of the Party at Westminster he added that of the Home Rule Confederation of Great Britain. Then, in 1879, he achieved unrivalled political power with his election to the presidency of the Irish National Land League.

The grievances of the Irish peasantry, which the Land League sought to redress, had their roots in the confiscations of the seventeenth century under Cromwell and William of Orange. A small landowning caste of

largely British and Protestant stock were placed in power over a peasantry who were, as Dr. Johnson said of the Highlanders of his day, "left with nothing but their language and their poverty." Tenants had no security against summary eviction and no incentive to improve their holdings, since improvements might lead merely to higher rents. The Great Famine of the 1840s, when millions died or fled the country, showed the appalling weakness of their position. Irish nationalists began to see that achieving independence might prove a hollow victory without an accompanying solution to the land question. That tenant farmers might help themselves by adopting a common policy in the face of evictions and rack-renting was the aim of Michael Davitt—himself the son of evicted tenants, and an ex-Fenian—when he founded the Land League. The goal of the League quickly expanded to envision the smashing of landlordism itself, and the establishing of what Parnell called a "peasant proprietary."

The League showed its effectiveness in 1880. Captain Boycott, a landlord's agent in Mayo, evicted some tenants whose rent was in arrears, and replaced them with others better able to pay. Parnell seized upon this incident to add a new weapon to his armory, and a new word to the English language: the "boycott." All those who occupied a holding from which others had been evicted, and all those aiding them, were to be shunned as were the lepers of old. The policy became a stunning success, not least because it was often accompanied by more overt manifestations of social pressure. "Agrarian outrages" abounded: cattle maimed; landlords and their agents assassinated. Parnell was careful to condemn the violence, but he played a double rôle. At Westminster he was the constitutional reformer, eschewing illegality; while, in Ireland, he was the popular agitator, using the veiled threat of violence to exact concessions from the government. He realized what Barry O'Brien, his lieutenant and confidant, was fond of saying, that, "English statesmen are always complaining of Irish lawlessness and always surrendering to it."

Even the most extreme Irish nationalists, the Fenians, were impressed by Parnell's success in using constitutional methods to secure the ends that they hoped to

accomplish by violence. They supported what came to be called the "New Departure," the association of land agitation with Home Rule in one great national movement.

Kilmainham Prison in Dublin, recently restored as a place of pilgrimage for Irish nationalists, was the scene of an early triumph of Parnell's two-pronged policy. The Chief and other Irish M.P.s were lodged there—under not very rigorous conditions, it is true—for "conspiracy to withhold rents" and other infractions of the Coercion Act. However, a mood of conciliation was in the air: Gladstone had ousted Disraeli in the election of 1880, and was showing himself sympathetic to the Irish cause. Negotiations through the discreet medium of go-betweens were set on foot, and culminated in April 1882 in the "Kilmainham Treaty." Under its terms, Parnell undertook to contain the land agitation and its attendant illegalities. Gladstone, in return, promised (and soon delivered) improved land legislation incorporating the "Three F's": fair rent, fixity of tenure, and free sale. Parnell's tactics had borne fruit.

Parnell subscribed to the adage that "appetite grows by eating," and that winning one concession from Britain would not moderate Irish demands, but rather increase them. His ability to keep turning up the political heat depended in no small part on his success as a fundraiser—Land League agitation consumed prodigious sums. He turned for help to his mother's birthplace, the United States, whose large Irish immigrant community was rich both in money and in radical nationalism. On one such fund-raising mission in March 1880, Parnell and his fellow M.P., Tim Healy of Bantry, (later, alas, his implacable enemy) made a detour to Toronto and Montreal. It was in Montreal that the mercurial and eloquent Healy introduced Parnell to his supporters by conferring upon him the title by which he is still known: the "uncrowned king of Ireland."

In 1880, too, came another turning point in the Chief's life: his fatal meeting with the wife of Captain William Henry O'Shea. Katharine Woods was a handsome and vivacious Englishwoman of Parnell's age, with family connections to the Liberal party. Her husband was the son of a Dublin solicitor grown rich on

property litigation after the Famine, when many estates failed, their rents having ceased with the starvation of their tenants. A handsome, rakish military man, O'Shea was chronically out-of-pocket and dependent on Katharine's rich aunt for support. Estranged for years, the O'Sheas no longer lived together, and the Captain's rôle as an M.P. in the Home Rule party eventually brought Parnell into the picture. Both he and Katharine were smitten. Soon, her house at Eltham, outside London, replaced Avondale as his real home. For ten years they lived together as man and wife. Katharine O'Shea bore Parnell three children and, after the divorce in 1891, became Mrs. Parnell in name as well as in fact. Through all of this, the Captain's reliance upon the family funds seems to have resigned him to the rôle of *mari complaisant*.

Parnell was dependent upon Katharine too, but for very different reasons. It was a genuine love match and the relationship was an harmonious and tender one. Parnell came to rely on the domestic bliss of Eltham, not only as a respite from the burden of leadership, but for its own sake. In everything but in name, the relationship seems to have been one of the most Victorian respectability. In a curious parody of Parnell's political rôle, the couple referred to each other as "King" and "Queenie." Parnell proved a doting father; indeed, it affords a fascinating glimpse into the complexity of his character that this outwardly cold and aloof man was always attractive to children.

His "secret life" as a happy family man was in stark contrast to his persona as The Chief. Even his closest followers were in awe of him, of a demeanour composed of "equal parts of ice and fire." He was neglectful and even scornful of the desires of his followers, refusing to disclose his motives or his feelings except when it suited him. One of the keys to his personal power, he once said, was "Never explain. Never apologize." He would ignore his correspondence for months at a time. So careless was he of his public image, that once, when presented at a public meeting with a cheque for £40,000, he glanced at it, thrust it into his pocket, and started upon a speech without once referring to the gift. None of this almost incredible indifference to public opinion

seemed to undermine the love and loyalty he educed from his followers, however.

There was, indeed, a softer side to the public Parnell, which was occasionally revealed. When he could relax in company—which was not often—he could be irresistibly charming and graceful, full of warmth and good humour. He was at his most entertaining when talking at length on his pet subject—science. The few who were privileged to see this loveable side of The Chief's nature never forgot it.

Though a political genius, he was not intellectual in the usual sense. He seems to have read little, and with no degree of concentration or discipline. Even his knowledge of Irish history was sketchy and picked up more from popular talk than from books. The only area in which he had expert knowledge was science and engineering. He took a boyish delight in experimentation and would work for hours in a laboratory he had equipped in the basement at Eltham. He had a crank theory that the Avondale estate contained gold deposits and he would assay quantities of local rocks he had shipped to him for that purpose. He was never happier than when his theory seemed confirmed by the discovery of a minute and completely uneconomic particle of gold.

Curiously, for all his interest in science, Parnell was slavishly superstitious. An irrational fear of omens was the bane of his existence. He abhorred the colour green, for example: a distinct inconvenience for an Irish political figure. He wouldn't mount a staircase when someone else was coming down. He refused to sit thirteen at a table. October he dreaded as his "black month" and was not surprised when he fell ill and had to take to his bed in October 1882 during the founding meeting of the Irish National League. That organization was intended to replace Davitt's Land League which had been suppressed under the Coercion Act. Tim Healy visited Parnell in his room to get his opinions on the draft constitution of the League. The room was lit by four candles, and while Healy was taking notes one of them guttered and went out. Parnell immediately sat up and blew out another.

"Why lessen my light?" asked Healy. Parnell re-

garded him with astonishment. "Don't you know," he said, "that nothing is more unlucky than three candles burning? Your constitution of the new League would not have had much success if I allowed you to work with three candles."

Parnell might have heeded the words of Sir Walter Scott: "Superstition is the plague that Heaven inflicts upon those who do not listen to the dictates of their Religion." For Parnell was not a conventionally religious man, and may have had no religious beliefs at all. Neither his own Church of Ireland nor the Catholic Church in those hidebound days would have approved of his friendship with such well-known freethinkers as Victor Hugo and Georges Clemenceau in France, and Charles Bradlaugh, the atheist and birth-control advocate, in England. Parnell could be politically prudent, however, and supported the Catholic Church in its campaign to control public education in Ireland.

The gifts which fitted Parnell to be a tribune of the people were also full of contradiction. Physically, he cut a splendid figure. Frank Harris, the *bon vivant* and man of letters, thought Parnell the handsomest man in the House of Commons. His commanding stature and "great physical beauty" says Conor Cruise O'Brien, ensured that "few leaders in modern times looked so very like a leader." Refusing to exploit this gift, he was the very opposite of a demagogue. Indeed, in an age of great orators, he was a poor public speaker, suffering terribly from stage fright in his early days. He never mastered oratorical techniques and spoke hesitantly in a high and rather weak voice. But he schooled himself in matching his message to his audience. He could be provocative before an Irish crowd and conciliatory, if need be, in the House: he was often subtly ambiguous in both arenas. After 1882, when he reached a *modus vivendi* with Gladstone's Liberals, he showed an uncanny ability to have things both ways. He maintained his popularity in Ireland by heaping criticism upon the government, while, behind the scenes, showing himself ready to be conciliatory.

Parnell's mastery in the popular arena was proven in the election of 1885. Every Irish constituency with a Catholic (therefore Nationalist) majority rallied to his

banner and his party won 85 of the 103 Irish seats. The size of the party and its solidarity under the Pledge ensured that it held the balance of power in the House, and might, therefore, bargain for concessions from both sides. Both Liberals and Tories were being won over to the necessity of land reform.

Home Rule was a thornier problem. Opposition to an independent Irish parliament was most entrenched among the Tories, whose peace was disturbed by the signs of Parnell's growing prestige even among the British electorate. Under the Tory administration of Lord Salisbury, the government eagerly seized a chance to destroy that prestige. Fortuitously—or through collusion—the press supplied that opportunity.

*The Times*, the "Thunderer" of Fleet St., was an organ of unmatched influence in those years, and it put that influence at the service of the government. In March 1887, it published a series of articles on "Parnellism and Crime." Implicating the Irish party in agrarian outrage was an old story, but this time the charge laid at Parnell's own door seemed unanswerable. Facsimile letters, apparently in Parnell's own hand, were printed, condoning the Phoenix Park murders of 1882. The victims in that bloody incident were Sir Frederick Cavendish, the newly-appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland, a popular and well-regarded man; and the much less popular Thomas Henry Burke, Permanent Under-Secretary and a Dublin Castle functionary. They were cut down by members of an extremist secret society, the Invincibles. The brutality and political stupidity of the act shocked Irish opinion, and Parnell had lost no time in condemning it without reservation. Publication now of the facsimile letters seemed to brand him both a liar and one who winked at murder.

Parnell demanded that a select committee of the House be set up to investigate *The Times'* charges. The government, however, saw its chance to subject Parnell and his party to the ordeal of an unofficial State Trial. Instead, a Special Commission, presided over by three eminent judges, was appointed to examine, with much fanfare, not the facsimile letters alone, but the broader issue of "Parnellism and Crime."

Representing the Irish Party before the Commis-

## 12 An Nasc

sion was one of the most distinguished advocates of the day (later Lord Chief Justice of England) Sir Charles Russell. After much publicity, and the grilling of an army of witnesses by both sides (including Parnell himself) Russell brought off a brilliant coup. He called into the witness box an elderly Dublin journalist named Richard Pigott. White-haired, rumped, and avuncular, Pigott suggested to one onlooker a "somewhat seedy-looking Father Christmas." He was known to have supplied the letters, through contacts of anti-Home Rule sentiments, to *The Times*. Russell, in a merciless and beautifully planned cross-examination, revealed Pigott not only as the supplier of the letters, but as their author. The government—and *The Times*—never recovered its ground.

In a speech that lasted eight days, Russell defended the Irish Party and, especially, Parnell: "This inquiry, intended as a curse, has proved a blessing. Designed, prominently designed, to ruin one man, it has been his vindication."

The Special Commission did not bring down its report until February 1890. To no one's surprise, it made much of the Irish Party's association with illegality. But, of much greater moment, in branding the letters as forgeries, it cleared Parnell's name.

Parnell's supporters, English as well as Irish, were exalted by the victory. When he next appeared in the Commons, he received a standing ovation and was cheered to the echo by all sides for minutes on end. Even this unprecedented tribute didn't disturb his customary *sang froid*. He took his seat as if nothing had happened. Later, the Irish Party gave him a resounding and unanimous vote of support and gratitude. But as Conor Cruise O'Brien observes: "He had never seemed higher or more unshakable than then, within nine months of utter ruin."

The interminable sittings of the Special Commission had taken their toll. Parnell was distracted from party concerns, and his health suffered as well. He had never enjoyed robust health and from the mid-eighties on was often laid low with sickness, presenting a horrifying spectacle to his friends, who thought his pallor more corpse-like than human. Modern opinion is that

he suffered from Bright's Disease, a kidney ailment which inexorably sapped his vitality. To compound this problem, the land movement, always turbulent, was displaying new signs of fractiousness. A "Plan of Campaign" begun in 1886, sought to heighten land agitation by forcing landlords to accept reduced rents. Though it won widespread support in Ireland, it was condemned by Rome and added to the unease of Parnell's allies in the Liberal Party, who feared new outbreaks of lawlessness. Parnell's recurrent dilemma of conciliating both his parliamentary allies and his radical Irish followers had to be faced again. He mended his fences in the House by disassociating himself from the Plan. This, however, had the effect of sowing disaffection in the ranks of his Irish followers.

But Parnell was used to playing this double game, and the seeming moderation of his tactics was rewarded. The increasing popularity and respect he won in England in the last days of the Special Commission led to his most promising political coup. This was an invitation in December 1889 to Hawarden Castle, Gladstone's country home, for a council of state with the Grand Old Man himself to settle the questions of land reform and Home Rule once and for all.

The visit was a resounding success. Gladstone and his family were won by that effortless charm which Parnell seemed able to assume only in private, and the atmosphere was all amiability and sweet reason. Parnell's political goals seemed within sight.

But within days the seeds of his destruction were planted. On Christmas Eve 1889, Captain O'Shea filed his petition for divorce, naming Parnell as co-respondent. Why he chose this moment remains a mystery. He had been long aware of the adultery: it had been an open secret for years in Irish Party circles. He may have been pressured by his wife's relatives, anxious to exclude her from her rich aunt's bequest. Or there may have been an intrigue afoot with Liberal Unionists, eager to smash Parnell's understanding with Gladstone. Whatever the motive, the event itself passed unnoticed amid the general rejoicing of early 1890 with Parnell at the height of his fame. The suit went undefended. Another mystery. There were grounds for a counter-suit. But Kathar-

ine, her eye on the impending inheritance, may have wished to spare her family any further scandal.

Monday, November 17, 1890, the verdict went against Parnell and Katharine. In days, the storm broke. Victorian morality was outraged at Parnell's conduct. In our ears, Victorian rectitude has become a byword for hypocrisy. Even then, Parnell's defenders were ready to claim that his real offense was his violation of the Eleventh Commandment: "Thou shalt not be found out." But, hypocritical or not, outraged morality could find expression in electoral returns. The "nonconformist conscience" was the soul of Victorian Liberalism and the cornerstone of its electoral strength in the lower middle-classes. Denounced by his party's rank-and-file for his connection with an adulterer, Gladstone was placed in a difficult position.

If this was England's reaction, what might have been expected of Ireland, where a puritanical Church wielded unrivalled moral authority? "The Bishops and the Party/That tragic story made ..." was Yeats' judgment, a generation and a revolution later.

But Yeats, in his admiration for The Chief, was less than fair to his enemies. The Bishops might gnash their teeth over Parnell's moral lapse, but they were too politically astute to bear the opprobrium of wrecking the national movement in however moral a cause. The Church, after all, had shown itself willing to support Parnell—with reservations, to be sure—as long as he promoted its political agenda. The Bishops and Parnell had, up to a point, a common cause, and the Bishops did not want to be the first to desert it. They waited upon the Party's decision.

And the Party? It was to find itself, however unwillingly, waiting upon Gladstone. At first, with English denunciations of their leader ringing in their ears, its members rallied to his support. Many suspected another smear campaign, the like of which had produced, only a few months before, the Special Commission and the Pigott forgeries. Others, who knew the truth, were prepared to suspend judgment. Few—surprisingly—were troubled in their conscience. But they hadn't given thought to Gladstone's predicament.

Gladstone was not unduly concerned about

Parnell's adultery, either. His chief care was the strength and unity of the British Liberal Party: if that were impaired by the alliance with Parnell, then Parnell would have to go. Only if he were removed from the Chairmanship of the Irish Party, Gladstone decided, could the alliance—and the promise of Home Rule—be maintained. The decision was conveyed to the Irish through the inevitable go-between: Parnell's fate was sealed.

A terrible choice was placed before the Irish Party: loyalty to its leader, or to his program, but not both.

Committee Room 15 at the House of Commons was the meeting place of the Irish Party. There, in late November and early December of 1890, the debate raged, with Parnell in the chair. For all the rancour, the issue of Parnell's sexual morals was seldom raised. It was the utility of the Liberal alliance that was uppermost in members' minds. His critics pleaded with Parnell to step down, at least temporarily. But Parnell begged not to be thrown to the English wolves. He urged the members to eschew English dictation and preserve the independence of the Party. But wasn't it The Chief himself who had forged the very alliance he was now warning against?

When it came to the vote, the majority went against him: Parnell's policy was saved but its author rejected.

Back in Ireland, the Church bided its time until the decision of the Party was released. Then it unleashed its denunciations. Now Catholic pulpits might, like those of the nonconformists, thunder against Parnell.

Reflecting on these events in an essay written in Italian in 1912, the exiled James Joyce heaped savage irony on his own people:

In his final desperate appeal to his countrymen [Parnell] begged them not to throw him as a sop to the English wolves howling around them. It redounds to their honour that they did not fail this appeal. They did not throw him to the English wolves; they tore him to pieces themselves.

Joyce was a hard man. True, in the unhappy days after the Split, when many harsh things were said that could not be called back, it was impossible not to take

sides. But, from a century's perspective, it seems difficult to cast the anti-Parnellite in the Irish Party in the role of unmitigated villain, of "priest's pawn." Unimaginative he surely was (though it suited The Chief to have his followers that way). Timorous, too; and too willing to put his trust in Gladstone ("that unrivalled sophist," in Parnell's words). Some, indeed, like Tim Healy, had become bitter through envy and frustrated ambition. But most were merely ordinary men faced with a terrible dilemma.

Parnell's fierce pride would not let him accept defeat. This made him the apple of Yeats' eye:

For Parnell was a proud man,  
No prouder trod the ground,  
And a proud man's a lovely man  
So pass the bottle round...

Parnell appealed over the heads of Party and prelates to the Irish people. He loved a fight, and he rejoiced in the chance to test his mettle and gauge his popular appeal. He was given his chance in three by-elections scheduled to be held during the coming months: in Kilkenny, Carlow, and North Sligo. He fought each one of them like a tiger. But his defeat was inevitable. Though much of the parish clergy still supported him, the Bishops had set their faces against him and used all their influence to crush him. He lost all three contests.

He had worn himself out in the fight. Though his pride and his indomitable will survived intact, his health succumbed. To those around him in his last struggle, he looked like a dying man. After the contest, he fell grievously ill and died October 6, 1891, in his wife's arms.

The death certificate listed rheumatic fever as the cause, but his longstanding kidney complaint may have been ultimately to blame. Shocked at the rapidity of his decline, his widow asked an opinion of Sir Henry Thompson, the specialist Parnell had consulted on the first onset of his kidney problem in 1886. Sir Henry replied in admirably non-technical style:

A blow had been struck—not so heavy—but his worn-out constitution, of late fearfully overtaxed by a spirit too strong for its bodily tenement, had no power to resist.

That judgment on Parnell's health might also serve as verdict on his political career. The national movement he led presented a solid front, but it needed only "a blow—not so heavy" to strike away its impressive facade and reveal a house divided. The divorce scandal was that blow. The movement never recovered its unity.

Its unity had been the person of Parnell. For only a virtuoso performer could have maintained harmony among the disparate strains in the national movement. Barry O'Brien, Parnell's long-time lieutenant, would observe years later:

Of course the success of the whole movement is due to the skill with which Parnell had used Fenianism, Land Leagueism, and every other "ism" against England. And yet, I suppose, we are to consider him a loyal and constitutional agitator?

The question was not wholly rhetorical. It was The Chief's genius to be able to channel all the political passions of his troubled nation into the course of parliamentary, constitutional reform. With no one to take his place, things fell apart.

Parnell's legacy? The land legislation he fought for found its culmination after his death in the Wyndham Act of 1903. This achieved his aim of establishing a "peasant proprietary", abolishing landlordism, and finally erasing the "Cromwellian settlement." Yeats again:

He fought the might of England  
And saved the Irish poor,  
Whatever good a farmer's got  
He brought it all to pass...

Less appreciated is his political legacy to the Irish people: the parliamentary system itself. The Irish in the nineteenth century had no reason to love that system, which had deprived them of their own legislature, and done little to improve their lot. But Parnell proved so conclusively how parliamentary politics could serve the national movement that the system was embraced even by revolutionaries. As Conor Cruise O'Brien remarks:

The insurgents of 1918-1921 showed, after all, a concern, unexampled in a revolutionary pe-



riod, for not merely the form but the substance of parliamentary democracy.

Both constitutional leaders and insurrectionists were to claim Parnell's mantle. Years later, John Redmond, one of his most loyal followers, led a reconstituted Irish Party, one that finally exacted a Home Rule Act from Britain, before the Great War and the Easter Rising drove both him and Home Rule into the shadows. But the "hillside men," the Fenians, had supported Parnell himself in the early days of the "New Departure," and were to rally round him in his last bitter struggle. Not only do we mark Parnell's centenary in 1991, but also the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Rising of 1916. For Patrick Pearse and the other Easter rebels, that Fenian *imprimatur* assured Parnell of a place among the heroes.

But perhaps Parnell's most moving legacy is the impression he left upon the Irish imagination. Of Parnell's fall, Yeats said in 1935, in a note to his poem "Parnell's Funeral,"

We had passed through an initiation like that of the Tibetan ascetic, who staggers half dead from a trance, where he had seen himself eaten alive, and has not yet learnt that the eater was himself.

One of those initiates was the young James Joyce. But Parnellism was also in his blood. His father and his father's great friend, John Kelly, a "hillside man" in and out of prison all his life, were passionate Parnellites. They are both immortalized in Joyce's autobiographical novel, *Portrait of the Artist*, Kelly as "Mr. Casey."

Christmas dinner at the Joyce's, 1891, only three months after Parnell's death, was one of the most unconvivial meals on record. All the heartbreak of the Split is played out again at the dinner table, seen through the frightened eyes of the nine-year-old James ("Stephen"). The rôle of anti-Parnellite is played by Mrs. Conway ("Dante"), a conservative Catholic outraged by her leader's moral lapse. After a vicious argument that can be heard across the street, Dante storms out:

At the door Dante turned round violently and shouted down the room, her cheeks flushed and quivering with rage:

— Devil out of hell! We won! We crushed him

to death! Fiend!

The door slammed behind her.

Mr. Casey, freeing his arms from his holders, suddenly bowed his head on his hands with a sob of pain.

—Poor Parnell! he cried loudly. My dead king!

He sobbed loudly and bitterly.

Stephen, raising his terrorstricken face, saw that his father's eyes were full of tears.

Perhaps the last word may be given to an Englishman. William Ewart Gladstone was at daggers drawn with Parnell in the bitter days after the Split. But he never lost his admiration for the man, "the most remarkable man I ever met. I do not say the ablest. I say the most remarkable and the most interesting." Years after The Chief's death, Gladstone pronounced this generous epitaph on Charles Stuart Parnell and his career: "A wonderful man, a terrible fall."

*For more information on Parnell, and for the sources of quotations used in the foregoing article, see: Charles Stewart Parnell by F.S.L. Lyons; Parnell and his Party, 1880-1890 by Conor Cruise O'Brien; The Life of Lord Russell of Killowen by R. Barry O'Brien; Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man and Collected Essays by James Joyce; and "Parnell's Funeral" in W.B. Yeats's Collected Poems.*

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## *An tSochraid* Sliocht as saothar próis Pádraig Ó Siadhail

An dufalchóta tarraingthe thart ort. Do lámha sáite go domhain sna pócaí. Tú i do sheasamh ag an doras mór, rud beag aníos ó dhoras Theach Mhic Lochlainn. Foscadh de shaghas ón ghaoth nimhneach fhuar agat ann. Thíos uait, na comharsana cruinn le chéile, ina ndíormaí beaga dóibh. Cogarnach ard na bhfear le mothú. Corrbhabhta gáire ó scaifte ógfhear atá ag moilleadóireacht ag binn Theach Mhic Lochlainn.

"Táthar á tabhairt amach."

Ciúnas míshuaimhneach le mothú anois nuair a thugtar an chónra amach. Lucht na mbalcáis dubha chun tosaigh, á hiompar. An teaghlach ina ndiaidh. Cúl an eileatram oscailte ag duine de na giollaí dubha. Sáitear an chónra isteach. Go cúramach. Slogtar in ionathar an eileatram í. Druidtear an cúl go mall foirmiúil. Gan le feiceáil anois ach na marbhfhleasca.

An sagart. An tAthair Mac Colla. An tsais bhán ina ghlac aige. Á cur thar a mhúineál. Á cóiriú go néata. An bháine i gcodarsnacht le duibhe a chóta mhóir. An-bhán. An-dubh.

"Abair le Mary an raidió mallaithe sin a mhúchadh go mbí siad imithe."

Cluineann tú an chogarnach ón seomra mór istigh. Guth teann feargach. Díríonn d'aird ar an seomra istigh. Siúlann tú isteach arís.

"Ag imeacht atá siad anois."

An t-athair ina shuí ar an tolg sa chúinne thall. Cupán tae ina lámh aige. Deasghnáthas iardhinnéar an Domhnaigh.

"Beidh mé leat i gciann bomaite, a mhic, má bhíonn foighde agat. Bhfuil mórán daoine ann go fóill? Ní dhéanfadh braoinín snasa lá dóchair do na bróga sin, tá a fhios agat."

Ní deir tú a dhath. Cúlafonn an doras amach. Ach leisce ort déanamh ar an tsráid athuair. Fanann sa halla cúng. Pus ort. Dá mbeadh do rogha agat, cuachta taobh istigh cois tine ag amharc ar *The Big Match* a bheifeá. Damnú síoraí ar Bhean Mhic Lochlainn. Gan oiread is

focal fánach labhartha agat léi go toilteanach le do bheo. Lena beo. Nach ar do sheacht ndícheall lena seachaint a bhí tú ó rug sí ort ag sleamhnú thar bhalla cúil an gharáiste thall ar lorg bonn don tine chnámh cúpla bliain ó shin. Gan tú suite de gur aithin sí thú. Ach b'fhearr gan dul sa seans.

Ach cúis eile, mothúchán eile, údar uamhain eile ann anois. Scanradh roimh a corp, roimh a cónra, roimh a heileatram.... Ritheann dairt trí do cholainn. Dairt na corpchuimhne. Faire d'uncaíl, deartháir d'athar, trí bliana roimhe sin. Gan tú ach dhá bhliain déag d'aois ag an am. Tú i do sheasamh taobh leis an chónra sa seomra fuar. An aghaidh gheal shnasta. An aghaidh bhán. Cuma shaorga uirthi. Réamann, mac leis an uncaíl, ar a ghlúine. Lámh leis snaidhmthe i lámh a athar mhairbh. D'éirigh is phóg an aghaidh. Rith tú ón seomra. D'fhill an chorpchuimhne ort an oíche sin agus tú i do leaba. Shamhlaigh an aghaidh ag tarraingt ort, ag iarraidh do do phógadh. Gan ar do chumas cuimhne is uamhan na haghaidh gile righne a scaoileadh uait gur thit néal codlata ort faoi dheireadh.

An mhaidin dár gcionn, tú i do fhriothálaí ag Aifreann na Marbh. Na súile seo agatsa dírithe ar an chónra mhín shnasta.

"Ar aghaidh leat, a Phaidí."

Ceiteann tú. An t-athair, a dhufalchóta air, taobh leat anois.

"Fanfaimid chun deiridh. Ní rachaimid isteach san Ardeaglais. Beidh an mórléirsiú ar siúl thuas sa Chrégán. In am tráth a bheimid dó."

Damnú, damnú, damnú síoraí air. Dearmad déanta agat ar an mhórshiúl máláideach sin. Breasta air. Ní bheadh sibh sa bhaile anois go dtí a cúig, nó b'fhéidir a sé a 'chlog. Cuireann cár ort féin. Go drogallach a leanann tú an t-athair. An t-eileatram is an carr dubh tionlactha ag gabháil suas an bóthar go mall. Tíonn tú an sagart roinnt slat chun tosaigh ar an eileatram. Anois, na fir agus na stócaigh ag gluaiseacht isteach taobh thiar den dara feithicil. Ag cloí leis an traidisiún nach siúlann na mná sa tsochraid. An t-ádh ar Mary go bhféadfadh sé feitheamh sa bhaile ar lá mar seo in ionad a bheith ag cur ama amú ar chamchuart bhómánta ar shráideanna na cathrach.

Greim ag an athair ar d'uillinn. Stiúrann thú isteach i measc na bhfear. Beannaíonn tú do Jackie Mac Suibhne is do Martin Farren. Beirt de ghasúir na dúiche. Cluiche sacair imeartha agaibh thuas i mBrooke Park inné i gcoinne dreama ó Shantallow. Comhscór. Stadann, agus tú idir dhá chomhairle an ceart fanacht leo teacht suas chugat. Glór an athar.

"Sea, seo an mac is óige. Sa Choláiste atá sé. Sa tríú bliain. Cad é mar atá ag éirí leis an leaid seo agaibhse?"

Mick Mac Giolla Chomhaill. Fear an tsiopa bhig sa tsráid eile.

"Is mac d'athar thú, tá a fhios agat. Agus dath rua ar do chuid gruaige fosta, mar a bhíodh ar a chuid."

Deargann do cheannaithe. An teas le mothú ag síothlú aníos. Damnú ort, níl sé ach ag iarraidh a bheith cairdiúil. Cad é a deir an mháthair i dtólamh: Amharc go díreach sa tsúil ar an duine atá ag labhairt leat. Ná hamharc uaidh. I d'ainneoin féin, d'fíonn d'aird ar an siopadóir. Ach Mick i mbun cainte leis an athair athuair.

"Dúirt Séamas seo againne go dtiocfaidh sé ó Bhéal Feirste. Thoir in Aird Mhic Ghiollagáin a bhí sé an tseachtain seo caite. Cúis náire ba ea é, a dúirt sé, an bealach ar thug na saighdiúirí fúthu. Buaileadh Séamas ar an ghlúin le maide. An dream úd, na Paras, a bhí ann, tá a fhios agat. Is beithígh bhruidiúla na boic sin. Ní bheidh lá iontais orm má bhíonn trioblóid ann inniu, má scaoiltear iadsan amach."

Seo iad arís is cúrsaí polaitíochta á ríomh acu. Filleann siad orthu i gcónaí. Gan faic eile idir chamáin acu. Tugann tú sracfhéachaint siar. Gan tásca nó tuairisc ar Jackie nó ar Martin Farren. Caithfidh gur imigh siad leo a thúisce is a bhí siad as amharc an tí. Na máithreacha a thug orthu freastal ar an tsochraid, is dócha. Anois, bailithe leo chun bualadh lena gcairde a bhí siad.

Stopann nuair a stadann an slua ag ceann an bhóthair. Moill mhóimintín sula gcasann an sagart agus an dá charr dhubha ar deis isteach sa bhóthar mór. Northland Road. Iad ag gabháil le fána i dtreo na hArdeaglaise anois. Corrdhuine ina sheasamh ar an chosán. Fear meánaosta agus a chaipín píce ina ghlac aige. An chuma ar an tseanbhean ina aice gur ag rá an Pháidrínn atá sí.

"Mhothaigh tú gur thug an tArm sciúird ar theach Willie O'Donnell arú aréir? Ar lorg mhac Willie a bhí siad."

"Táthar ag iarraidh créatúr éigin a ghabháil as marú na bpéas úd an lá faoi dheireadh." An t-athair.

"Ba bhreá leo greim a fháil ar Jim O'Donnell. Dóbair gur rugadh air. Bhí Willie ag insint dom gur ag stopadh sa teach a bhí Jim. Bhí a fhios acu go raibh na saighdiúirí thart nuair a chrom na mná ar na *bin-líds* a bhualadh. Rug Jim a chosa leis go díreach sular leag an tArm an doras le hord. Chuartaigh na *buggers* an áit ó bhun go barr. An t-ádh ar Jim an iarraidh seo."

Spéis i gcaint na bhfear agat den chéad uair. Brian O'Donnell sa rang seo agatsa. Duine éirimiúil cliste, ag an Laidin go háirithe. An deartháir feicthe go minic agat. Stócach ard fionn. Bhíodh sé ag an Choláiste ach d'fhág i ndiaidh na 'O'-Levels. Ag obair ar láthair thógála ina dhiaidh sin. Achanois .... Ba iad seo na chéad phéas a maraíodh sa chathair ó thosaigh na Trioblóidí. Ar dualgas rúnda a bhí siad, a d'fhógair córas cadrála na cathrach, nuair a scaoileadh iad an Déardaoin roimhe sin. Ar *Thundering Down*, ainm logánta an bhóthair a shníomh ón Ardeaglais, thart le Beairic Chnoc an Róis i dtreo an Chréagaín.

"Bainfead díoltas as diúlach bocht éigin mar gheall air sin, tig leat a bheith suite de sin."

Lámh ag an athair ar mhuintille do chóta, do do stiúradh trasna an chrosbhealaigh. Tarraingíonn tú féin saor ón ghreim. Ancohall ag teachtort athuair. Ceapann sé gur leanbh tú fós. Ag iarraidh ceap magaidh, seó, a dhéanamh díot os comhair an tsaoil mhóir. Brostaíonn tú céim nó dhó chun tosaigh. Saor ón ghreim a bheidh tú ansin. Is gráin leat an dóigh a mbíonn sé ag breith ort i dtólamh mar dá mba earra thú. An t-athair seo ar strainséir é, ar a shon go bhfeiceann tú é achan lá. É ina shuí taobh leat ag amharc an an teilifís, ag iniúchadh na gcóipleabhar scoile, nó sibh ar bhur nglúine ag rá an Pháidrínn um thráthnóna.

An dá ghluasteán agus lucht na sochraide leathbhealach síos Northland Road. An Ardeaglais os bhur gcomhair ag bun an chnoic. Saint Eugene's Cathedral mar a bhfanfaidh an chónra, is an chorp, go léifear Aifreann na Marbh amárach. Ansin a thabharfar an corp chuig an reilig lena adhlacadh.

Spuaicard bhiorach na hArdeaglaise ag síneadh uaibh i dtreo na spéire. B'ait an rud é nárbh fhéidir an

## 18 An Nasc

Ardeaglais a fheiceáil ach ó áiteanna áirithe sa chathair, in ainneoin na spuaice. Líon na gcnoc faoi deara sin, is dócha. I log in ascaill an chnoic atá sí. Baile na gCnocán ba cheart a thabhairt ar an áit seo in ionad Dhoire. Focal Gaeilge. Gan ach rud beag Gaeilge agat, ó thosaigh tú sa Choláiste. Ach a fhios ag achan dochrán dúr cad is brí leis an fhocal. Cé nach dtig leat mórán crann darach a fheiceáil ann na laethanta seo. Connadh na dtinte cnámh nó ábhar maith baracáid a dhéanfaidís.

"Tá na diabhair sin an-neirbhíseach, nach bhfuil? Caithfidh go sileann siad go mbeidh trioblóid ann."

Mick. Ní thuigeann tú i dtús báire cad atá i gceist aige.

"Thosaigh siad ar an chiorcalú damanta síoraí sin ar a hocht a' chlog ar maidin. Cheap mé go raibh fúthu teacht anuas sa mhullach orainn, bhí siad chomh gar sin don díon."

"Déanann siad sin d'aon turas."

Dhá heileacaptar le feiceáil thiar sa spéir uaibh. Gan iad tugtha faoi deara agat gur thrácht na fir orthu. Gnáthchuid de shaol is de fhuaim na cathrach iad faoin am seo. Ní thugann an pobal aon aird orthu, ach amháin nuair a thagann siad an-deas do dhíonta na dtithe. Muintir na cathrach deimhin de go ndéantar sin d'aon ghnó chun scanradha chur orthu. Imeachtaí baothghais-ciúla iad a chuireann *Gulliver's Travels* i gcuimhne duit. An leabhar a bhí idir chamáin ar scoil agaibh faoi láthair. Eachtra sa chéad chuid i Lilliput — gan an rang ach leathshlí tríd an dara cuid anois — nuair a mhún mo dhuine ar Áras an Impire chun dóiteán a mhúchadh. Níor bhac an tAthair Mac Liam leis an alt sin sa rang. Fearacht an ailt úd faoi na cailíní in Brobdingag. Ábhar mór grinn a bhí ann do bhuachaillí an ranga.

Stadann an sagart ag ceann Clarendon Street. Diaidh ar ndiaidh, stopann an t-eileatram, an dara gluaisteán dubh. Ansin lucht na sochraide. Den chéad uair ó d'fhág sibh an tsráid seo agaibhse, díríonn tú d'aoid i gceart ar na daoine thart ort. Seandaoine nó fir mheánaosta is mó atá fágtha sa slua anois. Caithfidh gur bhailigh formhór na n-óg leo i bhfad siar. Cé go raibh sibh díís ar na daoine deireanacha dá ndeachaigh isteach sa tsochraid, i lár an scaifte atá siad anois. Fir ón cheantar thart leat. Phil Mac Diarmada. Sammy Ó Cnáimhsí. Eugene Ó Fríl. An bheirt Lochlannach, Pat is

Frankie, clann mhac na mná mairbhe, le feiceáil chun tosaigh ag siúl go díreach taobh thiar den dara carr dubh. Gan tásca ná tuairisc ar an athair, nó ar éinne de na hiníonacha. Is dócha gur sa charr sin atá siad. Doiligh an t-eileatram a fheiceáil anois fiú amháin, de bharr an ghluaisteáin eile. Mór an trua nach bhfuair Bean Mhic Lochlainn bás inné, in ionad na hAoine. Seans go ligfí duit fanacht ón scoil don Aifreann amárach, don mhaidin ar aon nós. Ach b'fheidir nach ligfí ach oiread. Seans maith dá bhfágfaí faoin mháthair é. Ach an t-athair. Bheadh ort a bheith ar an dé deiridh sula dtabharfadh sé cead d'éinne agaibh lá saor a thógáil. Ag obair amárach a bheadh sé sin. Rachadh an mháthair go hAifreann na Marbh, ach ní shiúlfadh sí suas go dtí an reilig. Ba mhaith léi, gan amhras, go mbeadh duine den teaghlach ann. Í féin is Bridie Mhic Lochlainn an-mhór le chéile. An díís acu ag obair sa mhonarcha léine tráth sular pósadh an mháthair. Is iad gaolta le chéile i bhfad siar, col seisir nó col ochtair ná rud éigin mar sin. Bridie Ní Dhochartaigh. Sloinne na máthar. Ach leathchuid den chathair ina nDochartaigh. An chuid eile pósta leo.

Is iomaí uair a chuala tú an mháthair ag insint scéalta faoi Bhríde Ní Dhochartaigh. Is faoi shaighdiúir Póncánach éigin ag damhsa aimsir an chogaidh. Níor ghreannmhar leat na scéalta ach dhéanadh an mháthair gáire fada i gcónaí. Fiáin a bhíodh Bridie, fiáin amach agus amach. Ach neamhurchóideach a bhí sí fosta, tá a fhios agat, a deireadh sí.

An Ardeaglais bainte amach agaibh. An tAthair Mac Colla stoptha. Beidh sibh ag fágáil slán acu anois, a bhuf le Dia. Tá súil agat, ar aon nós. Corrdhuine eile ag dul síos Great James Street i dtreo lár na cathrach nó Francis Street i dtreo Thaobh an Bhogaigh. An sagart, an dá ghluaisteán dhubha ag casadh ar deis, isteach taobhgheataí chlós na hArdeaglaise. Beireann an t-athair ar do mhuintille, do do stiúradh amach ón slua beag.

"Mick, táimid ag dul suas ionsar an Créagán, go dtí an léirsiú. Ó, is ag dul go teach d'íne atá tú. Ar aghaidh linn mar sin. Buailimid trasna Marlborough Terrace."

An triúr agaibh ag siúl thart leis na Geataí anois. An fhearg ag borradh ionat, de dheasca gheáitsíocht an athar. Ag síordhéanamh amadain díot.

Dhá fheithicil Shairistíneacha armtha páirceáilte ag Mór-Gheataí Brooke Park trasna díreach ón séipéal. An fhearg measctha leis an fhiosracht. An fhiosracht rúnda, ná lig dóibh smaoinemh gur spéisiúil leat iad is a gcuid imeachtaí. Déan neamhiontas díobh. Cúpla saighdiúir ina seasamh go faicheallach i bhfoscadh gheataí na Páirce. An Pháirc féin druidte, ar ndóigh. An Domhnach. De réir dhliete is rialacha na nAlbanach. Na raidhfíil dírithe i bhur dtreo, na saighdiúirí ar tinneall. Radharc coitianta. Is na 'Pigs' gránna ollphéistiúla sin. Ach níorbh ionann an dream seo is na reisimintí atá sa chathair le cúpla mí anuas. Na Greenjackets, na Royal Anglians is na Coldstream Guards. An-chur amach go deo ag an phobal ar an Arm Sasanach. Cad a dúirt mo dhuine ar ball beag? Sea. Ba iad seo na Paratroopers. Na Paras, an dream a bhí thoir in Aird Mhic Ghiollagáin Dé Domhnaigh seo caite. Dath dearg ar bhairéid na reisiminte. Cuma shoibealta ar na saighdiúirí seo. Murab ionann is an dream a tháinig isteach sa chathair cúpla bliain ó shin.

Sea, Lúnasa 1969. Mí sular thosaigh tú sa scoil nua. An coláiste céanna ina mbíodh do chuid deartháireacha roimh d'am. Scoil ghalánta, dar le muintir na cathrach. "College snobs. College snobs," an gnáthghlao a lean buachaillí an Choláiste. Tusa an t-aon ghasúr sa cheantar seo agatsa ar éirigh leis san II-Plus an bhliain sin. Mí Lúnasa, agus tú i ndiaidh casóg nua an Choláiste a fháil. Na comharsana uilig á mholadh. Do do mholadh. Buláí fir. Maith an gasúr. Ádh mór ort. B'fhuaith leat an glóiríú seo, is tú á mhéarú, an chasóg á méarú, ó dhuine go duine.

Is an t-aiféala ort nár éirigh le Jackie Mac Suibhne sa scrúdú. Ba eisean do chara ó bhí sibh i bhur bpáistí bunscóile. Anois, trí bliana nach mór ina dhiaidh sin, bhí deighilt idir tú féin is Jackie. B'annamh a bhuailfeadh sé leat anois. Corrchluiche peile. Scoilt dheimhin dho-mhíneithe. Deighilt an oideachais, b'fhéidir. Nó deighilt an ionchais.

"An dtáitníonn The College leat, a mhic?"

"Tá sé *alright*." Ait leat gurb ionann ábhar comhrá an tsiopadóira is do smaointe féin.

"Bhfuil Mr. Doherty ann go fóill, Kevin Doherty?"

"Tá, ach níl mé sa rang seo aigean." 'Scurvy' a

leasainm.

"Bhínn féin is Kevin an-mhór le chéile, tá na blianta ó shin. An cuimhin leat, Jim, ba ghnách linn gabháil go dtí na céilithe sa Crit. Ó, a Thiarna, na cianta cairbreacha ó shin." An Crit. Ba mhínic a chuala tú an mháthair ag caint ar an Crit. *The Criterion*, thíos i Sráid an Fheabhail. Gan é a bheith ann, anois.

Gáire na bhfear agus iad, is dócha, ag gabháil siar ar ghaiscí a n-óige. Is rud aisteach é, ach ní thig leat an t-athair a shamhlú ina stócach, do dhála féin. Grianghraf den athair feicthe agat. Lá a Chomhneartaithe. Culaith dhonn air. Bríste gairid leathan ar sileadh thart ar a ghlúine. An Choróin Mhuire ina ghlac aige. Cuma sciomartha chráifeach ar a aghaidh agus ribí a ghruaige greamaithe síos le hionlach gruaige (an raibh Brylcreem acu ansin?), nó an uisce a bhí ann? In ainneoin an ghrianghraif, ba dhoiligh smaoinemh ar an athair mar bhuaichaill. Bhí tú in ann an mháthair a shamhlú ina cailín, cé nach bhfaca tú aon phictiúr di ina gearraile, más buan do chuimhne. Ach is mínic a mhothaigh tú í ag cur síos ar na rincí is ar na céilithe is ar na scannáin a bhíodh ar siúl, is ar bhlianta an Chogaidh nuair a bhí na Meiriceánaigh ghustalacha lonnaithe i Springtown, *shanty-town* de bhótháin stáin ar imeall na cathrach a fuair na Náisiúnaithe bochta le hoidhreacht tar éis do na saighdiúirí imeacht. Gan a dhath cluinte agat ón athair ar rudaí mar sin. Níor labhair ach ar na nithe a tharla inné, ná inniu, nó a thitfeadh amach amárach nó an tseachtain seo chugainn. In ainneoin fhianaise dhobhréagnaithe an ghrianghraif, níor léir duit go raibh saol ag an athair roimh do chéad chuimhní air.

Siúlann an triúr agaibh trasna Marlborough Terrace, thart le Bull Park is Laburnum Terrace. Is ansin a fhágann Mick slán agaibh. Cónaí ar an infon is sine leis abhus. Leanann sibh beirt ar aghaidh chomh fada leis The New Road. Óna bhun, tig leat roinnt daoine leathbhealach suas an cnoc a fheiceáil. Iad ar a slí go dtí an léirsiú fosta, ba dhócha. Stiúran an t-athair thú trasna an chrosbhóthair seo, crapann tú uaidh, ach géilleann don bhrú go drogallach, is cromann sibh ar an mhála a thógáil.

Tapafonn tú an chéim. Fanann cúpla troigh chun tosaigh ar an athair.

"Tóg go bog é, a mhic. Is geall le giorria thú, is nílím chomh hóg leatsa, tá a fhios agat."

Cloíonn tú leis an luas céanna go ceann nóiméid. A dhúshlán tugtha agat. Maolaíonn ar do chéim ansin. Siúlann go míchompordach míchéadfach taobh leis.

Monarcha mhór ar bhur dtaobh clé. Essex International, mar a mbíodh an B.S.R. tráth. An comhlucht sin a thréig an baile nuair a thráigh tobar na ndeontas is a chaith na céadta ar charr aoiligh na dífhostaíochta. Páirt mhór de bhéaloideas na cathrach.... Neart graifítí ar na ballaí ísle. 'IRA.' 'McCann's Your Man', 'Touts Beware', 'Sasanach Amach'. Péint bhán, péint dhubh, péint dhearg. Cuid den ghraifítí níos ársa ná an chuid eile. Stair na cathrach, gach casadh in imeachtaí polaitíochta an phobail le ceithre bliana anuas, le léamh sna scríbhinní úd. Bunáit ag an Arm i gcoimpléasc na monarchan anois. Na boscaí fairtheora a scrúdaíonn tú go faicheallach fiarshúileach, clúdaithe le scáthlín chosanta, déanta d'iarann rocach is de thranglam de shreanga dealgacha. Gnáthionad círeibe é seo. Bratach úr de ghloine is de bhríic ón oíche aréir ina fhianaise air sin. Agus sibh ag déanamh ar an bhunáit, gluaiseann sibh dís trasna an bhóthair. Ní gá focal a rá. Ní gá an tarraingt mhuinchille an iarraidh seo. Is iontach a réidhe is a théann pobal i dtaithe rialacha cogaidh.

"Bhí Mick ag rá gur iontach tinn atá an tAthair Coleman. Bhí orthu é a thabhairt go dtí an t-ospidéal aréir." Jumbo. Uachtarán an Choláiste. Sagart ar mór leis na Sasanaigh is a nósanna. Ba mhaith leis 'Public School' Gallda a dhéanamh den scoil seo agaibhse. Ach meas mór ag an athair air, ní de dheasca na polaitíochta ach as siocair gur sagart é.

"Aye, dúradh go raibh sé breoite i gcaitheamh na Nollag. Bhí ráfla ag dul timpeall na scoile go mbeadh air éirí as an phost."

"Ba mhór an chailliúint é. Is gan é ach caoga bliain d'aois, nó mar sin."

"Níl a fhios agam."

Tost.

I ndlúithe atá na tithe a thúisce is a bhíonn sibh thart leis an mhonarcha. An Créagán ag leathadh amach os bhur gcomhair. Ar an taobh clé fútsa, Saint Cecilia's agus Saint Peter's. An dhá mheánscoil nua. Le ghaidh

an dríodair murab ionann is an Coláiste is an Clochar amuigh ar imeall na cathrach gar don Teorainn. Ní foláir go bhfuil an dríodar ag méadú más gá scoileanna nua a thógáil dóibh. Ní hionann iad is sibhse, an dream tofa ar tugadh faill dóibh dul chun cinn sa saol, gabháil chun na hollscoile, imeacht ón chathair. Mar a dhéanfaidh tú féin amach anseo. Mar atá déanta ag do bheirt deartháir Gerald is Liam is do dheirfiúr mhór, Eibhlín. Sibhse an dream tofa, ceart go leor. Murab ionann is Jackie Mac Suibhne... Sea, bhí deighilt ann anois. Gan í tugtha faoi deara agat ar feadh tamaill. Nár lean sibh de bhur ngnáthchaidreamh? An pheil. An iascaireacht sa samhradh. Diaidh ar ndiaidh, áfach, níor tháinig an gasúr eile go dtí an doras ar do lorg a mhinice is a thagadh uair. Is, mar an gcéanna, leisce ortsa dul sa tóir air. Ar ndóigh bhí neart obairbhaile le déanamh agat anois, go háirithe ag an deireadh seachtaine. Deich n-ábhar idir lámha agat. Rudaf nua aisteacha ar dhoiligh duit dul i ngleic leo. An Eolaíocht, an Fhraincis, an Ghaeilge, an Laidin. Is chonacthas duit go raibh dalladh saorama ag Jackie. Ó 3.30 achan lá. Ansin, ghoill sé ort nuair a mhothaigh tú é ag éirí mór agus ag dul thart le Martin Farren ón mheánscoil chéanna. D'imir sibh sacar le chéile gach seachtain nó mar sin go fóill, ach fágadh thú le siúl abhaile leat féin, ós rud é go n-éalódh an bheirt eile leo, cibé áit a raibh siad ag dul.

Amharcann tú suas ar an athair. Cuma smaointeach sheachantach ar a cheannaithe.

Sibh ag druidim le ceann an bhóthair. An Timpeallán mar ar marafodh Eamon Lafferty, Óglach. Greim ag an athair ar chasóg an mhic. Do do stiúradh trasna an bhóthair arís. Teach an phobail go díreach os bhur gcomhair. St. Marys. Foirgneamh nua socúlach i gcomparáid le maorgacht míchompordach na hArdeaglaise. Casann sibh ar clé. Suas an cosán libh, ag taobh an tséipéil. Páirc mhór ag síneadh uaibh. Grúpaí daoine ina seasamh le chéile. Scaifte mór amháin, is doiligh a bheigh cinnte cá mhéad duine atá ann, thuas ag ceann thuaidh na páirce. The Bishop's Field. Ceann tosaithe an léirsithe.

"An gnáthrud atá ann. Bíonn siad mall i gcónaí. Deir siad gur ceart dúinn a bheith abhus ar a 2 a' chlog."

An t-athair. Caint an tseanagóideora. Deich chun a trí atá sé anois.

"Téimis suas go bhfeice muid cad tá ag tarlú." Leanann tú é go leisciúil.

Gnáthruaille buaille na máirseála ann. An gnáthmhí-eagar. Lorraí agus a chúl ar leathadh ag an taobh theas den bhóthar ar Central Drive. Corrghasra ina sheasamh laistiar de. Fógraí ar mhaidí ag roinnt de na daoine. Ceannlitreacha. Ainmeacha scríofa orthu. Na fir atá i ngéibhinn. Formhór na ndaoine ina seasamh ar chosán na sráide. Gan aon deabhadh orthu géilleadh d'achainíoch na Stíobhart atá ag iarraidh na línte a eagrú. An gnáthphatrún. É feicthe ag gach duine faoi thrí, faoi dheich, faoi fhiche. Deasghnátha na máirseála is na hagóide.

Busanna páirceáilté soir uaibh i dtreo an chrosbhóthair. Fanad Drive. Dream Ó Bhéal Feirste. Ó Mhachaire Fíolta. Ó Dhún Geimhín. Is iadsan atá cleachtaithe ar an mháirseáil. Fear féasógach, speaclairí air, ar chúl an lorráí. Finbar Rudéigin. As an chathair dó. Ag útamáil le callaire. Cló mórluachach postúil air. Orduithe á mbeicfl aige. "An rachaidh sibh isteach sna línte, le bhur dtoil. *Come on, keep in line, six abreast please*, le bhur dtoil."

De réir a chéile, freagraíonn daoine aonair dá impí. Tú féin ag iarraidh corrrhónach. An fuacht. Fonn ort do mhíshásamh a léiriú. Abair go rachaimid abhaile. Tá neart daoine eile ann. Beidh lá saor againn, an iarraidh seo. An t-athair ag caint le bean éigin. Ceist, comhrá faoin mháthair, ceist eile. Sea, tá sí *alright*. Sea, tá sé damanta fuar. *Sure*, fad is nach gcuireann sé, ní gearánta dúinn. Sea, tá scaifte breá ann. Chífidh mé thú.

"An bhfuilimid chun siúl leo?"

"Rachaimid síos leo chomh fada le William Street. Seans go mbeadh roinnt trioblóide ann. Fanfaimid chun deiridh."

An chancracht ag borradh ionat. Deánann tú iarracht í a bhrú síos.

An lorráí ag bogadh. A thuilleadh daoine ag glacadh páirte. Gothaí siúil ar an dream is tosaí. Cúpla slat chun cinn. Stopann. Tosaíonn arís. Meirge bhán fhada a shíneann ó thaobh taobh an bhóthair acu. Agus sibh i bhur sheasamh fós ar thaobh an bhealaigh mhóir, is

doiligh a fheiceáil i gceart cad atá scríofa uirthi. Ceannlitreacha móra dubha. Sea, *Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association*, tá tú ag déanamh.

Anois, cruth mórshiúil ag teacht ar na línte. Mothaíonn tú dairt scleondair. Ag géilleadh don atmaisféar atá tú. Na Stíobhairt ag scairteadh. An rithim le brath ar chéim na máirseálaithe. Céim níos daingne. Corrstad go fóill. Ar aghaibh libh anois. Céim thomhastha dheimhin. Riar ceart oraibh. Is sibhse na seanagóideoirí oilte. Béal Feirste. Dún Geanainn. Ard Mhacha. An Caisleán Nua. Caisleán Uidhilín. Aird Mhic Ghiollagáin. Léirsiú agóideach eile faoi lánseol.

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## Léirmheas Leabhair

de Fréine, Seán. *Croí Cine. Baile Átha*  
Cliath: An Clóchomhar, 1990. £IR 10.

## Léirmheas le Pádraig Ó Siadhail

Is é an fotheideal atá ar an leabhar breá seo "Dréachtíní agus Sleachta as Litríocht na Gaeilge," fotheideal a léiríonn ábhar an tsaothair. Sa Réamhrá a mhíníonn an tiomsaitheoir a chuspóir nuair a luann sé gur "tuigeadh le fada i dteangacha eile an gá atá le cnuasaigh agus le d'folaimí sleachta a léireodh stair, ilghnéitheacht agus saibhreas teanga" (7) is gur fhéach sé le téacs Gaeilge a sholáthar a líonfadh an bhearna sin. Mar sin, leabhar blúirí atá againn anseo, ar a shon nach gnáthrangú de réir údair nó aibítire atá déanta ag de Fréine ach rangú leanúnach ábhair a chuireann aontacht neamhchoitianta ar an saothar seo.

Ní mór dom féin a admháil nár thuig mé fiúntas agus tábhacht an tsárleabhair seo nuair a leag mé lámh air i dtús báire. Níorbh fhada mé á léamh go raibh mé faoi dhraíocht ag scoipiúlacht is ag snastacht an fhiontair seo. Ar bhealach amháin, seo an saghas saothair a d'alpfaí in aon lón mór léitheoireachta amháin; ach is minic a d'fhill mé air ó shin i leith chun blaiseadh de na súimíní grinn is saothair léitheoireachta atá breactha tríd.

An bua is mó a bhaineas leis an leabhar seo an dóigh ina bhfuil de Fréine i ndiaidh tarraingt ar an iliomad foinsí, idir fhoinsí scolártha is neamhscolártha. Faigheann tú na míreanna a mbeadh súil agat leo: na hiomann chráifeacha, na rabhcáin mhíchráifeacha, na véarsaí ó na seanfhilí is ó na nuafhilí, seanfhocail ghonta is ghlice agus sleachta ó fhathaigh liteartha (mharbha) na haoise seo, 'Máire,' Ó Cadhain is Ó Tuairisc.

Ach is é an rud a chuir tógáil chroí orm is a bhain geit asam na seoda beaga bídeacha nach raibh aon súil agam leo. Cuirim i gcás, an leagan Gaeilge den *Sash* (295), nó mana an *Lóiste Oráistigh* (295) nó an fógra togh-chánafochta seo ó 1841:

Ceist do lucht dea-chéille:

Cé hiad a fuair órchiste, nó spárán,  
na Ríochta lán, agus a d'fhág folamh é?  
-Na Whigs!

Éire go brách is na *Corn Laws Hurrah!* (235)

Is iomaí uair a baineadh gáire asam agus mé ag smúrthacht is ag tochailt i measc na seanbhlúirí is na gceann nua in *Croí Cine*. Cruthú de shórt é sin, is dócha, gur féidir leis an "bhítsín seo de theanga", mar a dúirt fear léannta amháin ar ócáid neamhléannta, gliondar a chur orm go fóill. Cá beag sin?

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## IRISH SURNAMES

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## TOBIN

Variant: Tóibín, Tobyin

Tobin is a Norman family name, being one of a select group of "saintly" names which lost their sainthood over the centuries. St. Clair (de Sancto Claro) turned into Sinclair in Scotland. In Ireland, de Sancto Andreas (St. Andrew) became Tandy, and de Sancto Leodegardo (St. Leger) sometimes found itself Sallenger. St. Aubyn is in Normandy, near Evreux. The family from there was transformed from de Sancto Aubino into Taubyn, Tobyin, and finally Tobin (Tóibín in Irish). The family is found mainly near its earliest Irish haunts, the counties of Kilkenny, Cork, Tipperary and Waterford.

Following enactment of the Penal Laws, many landed Irish gentry took service in the armies of Catholic powers. One such was James Tobin of Ballydavid (Don Diego Tovin), a captain in the Regiment of Waterford, fighting for Philip V, King of Spain (1725). He and his son were knights of the Order of Santiago. A five-generation family tree which supported the son, Edmund Tobin, in his claim for knighthood connects these Tobins to at least five noble houses of Ireland: McCarty, Marquis of Clancarty; Power, Marquis of Tyrone; O'Dwyer, Lord of Kilnamana; Butler, Viscount Cahir; and Purcell, Baron Loughmoe.

Daniel J. Tobin from County Clare was an immigrant lad who became president of the powerful Teamsters Union in the U.S. from 1907 to 1952. James Tobin is an American economist who believes in government intervention in the economy. He won a Nobel Prize in 1981.

Coming closer to home, we find some Tobins in each of the Atlantic Provinces. In Prince Edward Island, Tobin families resided early in Lot 63, Mount Stewart

and Summerside. New Brunswick's Tobin families occurred at Chatham, Fredericton, White Rapids and Saint John.

Nicholas Tobin is found at St. John's, Newfoundland (1753), and John Tobin at Harbour Main (1755). By the nineteenth century, Tobins were living at St. John's, Carbonear, Bay Roberts, Ferryland district (especially Witless Bay), Trepassey, and at Gaskiers in St. Mary's Bay. There is even a Tobin Point in Newfoundland.



TOBIN

Nova Scotia had Tobins early in the Sydney area of Cape Breton, at Bridgewater, Digby, Canso and Kentville. Thomas Tobin was victualled at Halifax in 1750, while a John and a William Tobin were assessed for property in the town about 1780. John Tobin, a merchant from County Kilkenny, was M.L.A. in Halifax from 1855-1867. He shot himself accidentally in the garden of his home at Halifax, 9 June 1869.

The pre-eminent Tobin family was prominent in both Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. The progenitor, Michael (d. 1804) was a victualler and merchant at Halifax. Two of his sons, James and Michael, were highly successful West Indies merchants. First James (d. 1838), and then Michael (d. 1843) served as the earliest Catholic members of the Nova Scotia Council. A son of James, Hon. James Tobin, Jr. (d. 1881), was on the Council of Newfoundland, while his brother, Hon. Michael Tobin, Jr. (d. 1883), was one of Nova Scotia's first Cabinet under responsible government (1848). Another of the family, Stephen Tobin (d. 1905), was twice major of Halifax, and a Canadian Member of Parliament.

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