

Tinteán

THE AUSTRALIAN IRISH HERITAGE NETWORK

No 17, September 2011

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Farewell to the Irish Ambassador

Not Just Ned

A true history of the Irish in Australia



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Tinteán No 17, September 2011

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Cover

Thrift shop in Newcastle West, Co
Limerick, Ireland. Photo by Peter Kiernan

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The Australian Irish Heritage Network

Objectives

The Australian Irish Heritage Network aims to build the social, cultural, sporting, historical and literary consciousness of Irish Australians and to explore and celebrate the development of Irish heritage and culture in Australia.

Principal Activity

As its first priority, AIHN produces the literary magazine *Tinteán* (meaning hearth in Gaelic and pronounced 'Tintawne' – the fada on the á giving the syllable the dominant stress and the 'augh' sound, as in 'taught'). The focus of the magazine is to build and explore the Australian Irish identity. The magazine welcomes material which explores the big themes of exile, diaspora and settlement. It also encourages the telling of the micro-stories that express narratives of individuals and families. There will be a continual study of the political and economic evolution of Ireland, and of the contribution which Irish-Australians have made to Australia. The intention

is to explore and celebrate the playing out of the Irish heritage in Australia – past, present and future.

Activities

As well as the magazine, AIHN plans to conduct social and educational events; disseminate news and information via the internet; offer recognition for service to literary and historical endeavours; issue cultural and political comment; and research and record our heritage.

Membership

Anyone identifying with Irish heritage is welcome to join.

AIHN Committee

President: Frances Devlin-Glass

Vice-President: Peter Kiernan

Secretary: Bob Glass

Treasurer: Patrick McNamara

Committee Members: Felicity Allen, Catherine Arthur, Liz McKenzie, Debra Vaughan

News

Clergy child abuse continues

The Cloyne committee, under the leadership of Judge Yvonne Murphy, found that the clergy in the Diocese of Cloyne failed to act on complaints against 19 priests. All but two of these came from people who are now adults and Justice Murphy expressed concern that the two cases involving minors had not been reported to police. The complaints were lodged between 1995 and 2009, long after the Church had issued guidelines meant to protect children. The guidelines and procedures were ignored in practice. The Vatican encouraged this behaviour by criticising the guidelines, which the Vatican's ambassador to Ireland described as 'a study document' in a confidential letter sent to Irish bishops in 1997. This letter warned that the Irish child protection policies violated canon law.

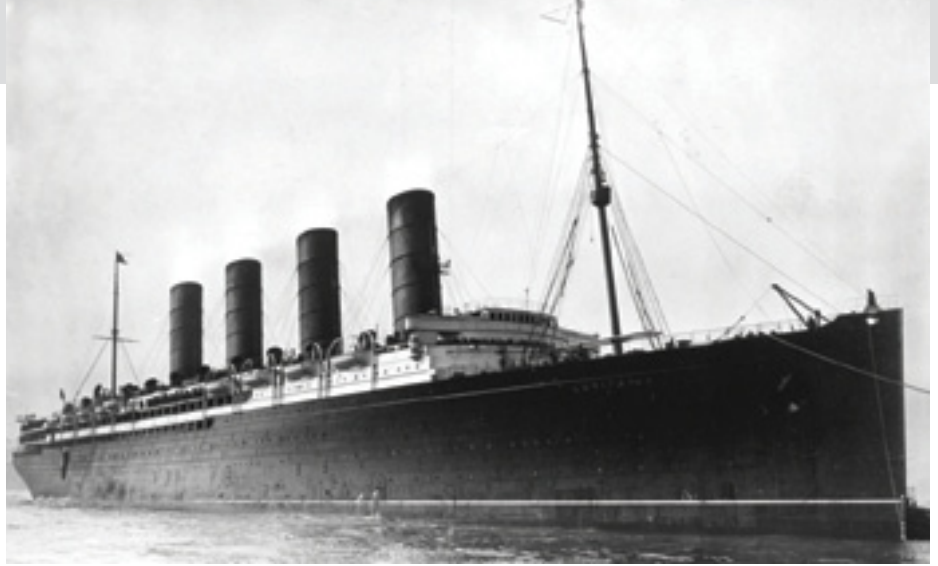
John Magee, former Bishop of Cloyne, resigned March 2010. While he offered 'a sincere apology', he did not accept direct responsibility for the cover-up. He stated that he had supported the child protection procedures but now realised that he '...should have taken a much firmer role in ensuring their implementation.' He is believed to be abroad, but there are calls for him to return to Ireland.

It has been reported that gardai had earlier recommended that Magee be prosecuted for failing to disclose information about an arrestable offence, but the Director of Public Prosecutions said that no charges should be brought. As a result of the findings of the Cloyne Commission, there are now suggestions that priests be required to report cases of child abuse, even if they only hear about them in confession.

Source: The Age 15.7.2011; *thejournal.ie*; Catholic News Agency 14.7.2011

What happened on the Lusitania?

The *Lusitania* was torpedoed by a German U-Boat off the Old Head of Kinsale in 1915 leading to the deaths of about 770 people, despite the best efforts of Cobh fishermen who went to the rescue. The wreck has been dived before, but its current owner Gregg Bemis will supervise another expedition this month to try to find out what was in the hold. Mystery has always surrounded the sinking of the American ship as America was neutral at the time. Bemis has been accused of div-



ing for treasure, but insists that he wants to settle the question of whether there were munitions, intended for the British war effort, aboard the ship.

The real value of the expedition, according to Bemis, lies in trying to answer the controversial question of whether or not *Lusitania* was carrying munitions as well as passengers. After the torpedo hit the ship, the U-boat captain claimed he heard a second explosion. It has long been disputed whether *Lusitania* was carrying large amounts of munitions, thereby making it a viable target.

The wreck lies in shallow water with visibility of about 10m, but its precise position is uncertain now that a century has elapsed and its condition will make the dive tricky. Why is Bemis so interested?

He explained 'Since the beginning of my involvement, over 40 years ago, I have wanted to find out what caused the second explosion. The ship is lying on its starboard side, so there is no easy way of doing it and examining the area the torpedo went in. That area is totally concealed. We have no way of digging down. So what we hope to do is go through the port side and find evidence of what caused the explosion there.'

Source: *irishtimes.com* July 18

Belfast riots

The early days of July have brought further riots to the streets of Belfast in the Broadway and Old Park areas. The disturbances resulted in a bus being hijacked on the Falls Road and driven at police. A total of 22 police were injured trying to contain the violence, but none of the injuries was life-threatening.

Sinn Fein MLA Jennifer McCann, who was at Broadway during the trouble believes that those rioting were not from the area.

Mostly what I saw was people who came from other parts of Belfast, who would be known as anti-social elements,

who had taken a lot of drink and were attacking the police, she said.

Both nationalist and loyalist elements were involved in rioting across the city, described by PSNI chief as a 'wake-up call' when he spoke of his sadness at seeing the province taking 'one step forward and two steps back'. Mr Baggott also confirmed police are investigating post-ceasefire activity by the UVF, which has been blamed for sparking the two nights of trouble.

Mr. Baggott said that it was important to recognise that in some areas the peace was still fragile and that all concerned should redouble efforts to make Northern Ireland a peaceful place. Peter Robinson and Martin McGuinness have both attended public meetings with residents in order to hear their concerns, with Mr. McGuinness vowing to 'lead the charge against the forces of destruction.'

Source: *bbc.co.uk/news*; Belfast Telegraph

Naked Bike Ride in Cork

They banned World Naked Bike Ride in Dublin but the Cork event went ahead. Ninety-three naked heroes pedalled through the city streets on Saturday night. Resplendent in body paint, the cyclists set off at 8pm for safety reasons. The route was restricted, after concerns that the spectacle might upset members of the public. Nothing of the sort, a spokesman said:

We got a great reaction. People were chatting, whooping, whistling, laughing, blowing horns and cheering us on. The only thing we would reconsider for next year is to include more of the city centre itself, because the reaction to the ride was wonderful.

The naked bike ride is the kick-off point for the Cork Cycling Festival, organised and run by volunteers with a passion for two wheels. They don't call it 'the rebel county' for nothing!

Source: *irishtimes.com* July 18

Welcome to Issue 17 of *Tinteán* (with some reflections)

Issue 17 is a critical issue for the Australian Irish Heritage Network (AIHN), publisher of this magazine. As Issue one was free to all, Issue two was the first issue after our subscriber base was established. Now Issue 17 marks the fourth year of renewals for all of you who initially subscribed to our enterprise in September 2007.

It has been a great four years. I believe the magazine has gone from strength to strength in terms of content and presentation. We can justly claim that '*Tinteán* is the high quality, literary, cultural, socio-historical quarterly journal of the Australian Irish Heritage Network'. We have been complimented many times not only on the content but on the 'look' of the magazine, how good it 'feels' as well as how good it is to read. We are justly proud of our efforts. We could not have achieved this without the expertise and dedication of our very patient and highly talented Production Manager, Andrew Macdermid.

We cannot underestimate the valuable input of our contributors. We have never been short of copy: articles, reviews, poetry, news, columns, information about coming events. Content has flowed into our in-boxes. Our writers have been generous with their time, creativity, knowledge and expertise. They have been patient with our demands and 'the glitches' which are often encountered in publishing activities such as ours. Many have become regular contributors as columnists as well as article and review writers.

It has been interesting to observe the general trends that have emerged in the content and style of articles we publish. Tastes have tended towards serious, but not necessarily academic, discussion of fairly broad literary and historical themes and events of interest to the Australian-Irish diaspora. In the present socio-cultural-historical climate, where the contributions of specifically Irish-Australian communities are subsumed under the disputed category 'Anglo-Celtic', it is good to remember the many highly significant achievements of prominent Irish Australians and the equally significant if humbler successes of migrants generally.

There has also been strong input on the more personal level such as genealogy, family histories and memoirs. Judging by the great success of television programs such as 'Who Do You Think You Are?' we are all interested in our own stories. More importantly, we all have stories to tell. We are happy that *Tinteán* provides a forum where people can recount their family history, of connections lost and found, of links established to ancestors and unknown members of the wider family, of photographs and documents discovered, refurbished and cherished. Many of these personal histories resonate with our own story and our own interests. Of some surprise is the ongoing interest and input from Ireland – Irish contributors and readers it seems share many of the same interests and passions of their far-flung Aussie cousins!

The editing committee has had several sharp learning

curves, including being introduced to 'cloud' technology (google docs) as a way of managing and editing copy, as well as editing, publishing and proof reading skills. Much of the main editorial work is carried out by email (and google docs). Quite fiery exchanges, not to mention sharp rejoinders, passionate disagreements and fierce debate have been carried out in cyberspace, even in our fine Celtic Club offices. Indeed meetings around the committee table in real time are not without some arguments and rebellious mutterings. But what endures is not discord but tolerance, patience, laughter and friendship. It was the '*craic*' we enjoyed so much under the tolerant, watchful eyes of our predecessor Val Noone and the encouragement and vision of our initial leader, Terry Monagle (of fond memory), that was the motivating force behind the decision to establish *Tinteán*. And it is the '*craic*' and the vision that are the enduring legacies of our endeavours.

Of course the ultimate reason for our existence, is you, the reader. Your initial generosity enabled us to get going. Your ongoing support has ensured our survival. We are encouraged by your continuing commitment to our ideals and values. Now we need your help again if we are to continue our joint enterprise.

The editing, office and business staff of *Tinteán* – usually interchangeable roles! – are all volunteers, a team of ten to fourteen enthusiasts. This is not to say that there aren't any expenses. There are ongoing printing and postal expenses. On the whole, we are frugal in our efforts to keep expenses to a minimum. Our only income is our subscriber base and advertisements. In spite of the success of *Tinteán*, both these sources of income have been diminishing – the subscriber base from natural attrition (our demographic is an aging one) and/or non-renewals of subscriptions.

There are several ways to help:

a) as an individual by:

- renewing your subscription
- giving a gift subscription (why not for Christmas 2011? or a loved one's birthday?)
- giving a donation
- encouraging friends and family to subscribe

b) as a business by:

- advertising your business or product – we have very competitive rates!
- sponsorship – undertaking the printing costs of one issue, for example
- giving a donation
- taking out a subscription for your business/firm

We're sure that there are many other ways and means of ensuring an ongoing income so that *Tinteán* can continue to entertain, educate and challenge you. We are happy to hear of and consider any suggestions you may have and we look forward to your continuing support and encouragement.

The AIHN editorial committee

What's on

The Bendigo Studio of Vocal Art and Music A Celtic Odyssey

Saturday, 3 September 2011, 8:00 pm
Sunday, 4 September 2011, 5:30 pm.
The Old Fire Station, View Street, Bendigo.

Weaving a tapestry to present an overall picture of the Celtic races in stories, poetry, music and songs from Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Cornwall, Brittany, and Galicia.

Written and directed by John Clancy.

Harpist: Meryl Wilkinson.

The concert is to assist commemorative events to honour the bicentenary in 2012 of the birth of the Irish composer, William Vincent Wallace.

Contact: John Clancy 03 5442 6649
ovens.town@hotmail.com

Melbourne Irish Studies Seminar

The Oratory, Newman College, Melbourne

Tuesday, 6 September 2011, 6:00 pm
Dr Val Noone (University of Melbourne)
Hidden Ireland in Ballarat, c.1900

Maldon Folk Festival 2011

The 38th Festival

28-31 October 2011, in historic Maldon, Victoria

Experience the legendary festival atmosphere.
Enjoy four days of folk music and dance, musical theatre and interactive workshops.

Contact: 03 5475 1167
mail@maldonfolkfestival.com
www.maldonfolkfestival.com

Inaugural Patrick O'Farrell Memorial Lecture

University of New South Wales, Kensington

Wednesday, 9 November 2011, 7:00 pm
Prof David Fitzpatrick (Trinity College, Dublin)
Australia's Irish Question

Contact: 02 9385 4772 irish@unsw.edu.au

Strange Enlightenments:

Flann O'Brien and Modernism Conference
University of New South Wales, Kensington

Friday, 11 November 2011

Flann O'Brien has often been held as a 'post-modern' novelist.

In recent years the category of post-modernism has been supplanted by the rise of the 'New Modernism', unleashing a radical rethinking of how we define and 'periodise' the modern. Organised jointly by the John Hume Institute for Global Irish Studies and the Centre for Modernism Studies in Australia at UNSW, this conference uses the occasion of Flann O'Brien's centenary to reanalyse his major works.

Papers by 16 September 2011.

Contact: irish@unsw.edu.au

In Sight of Raftery

Raftery Festival, Kiltimagh, Co Mayo

7-13 November 2011

A festival of poetry, theatre, readings, film, writers' workshops, music, singing and fun, including a new poetry competition,

The Raftery Award, and a schools' poetry competition.

Terry McDonagh will facilitate writing workshops for the region's schools.

Contact: Terry McDonagh info@kiltimaghwriters.com

Connolly Association Radio Program

09:30 every Saturday
3CR [855 AM]

Irish nationalist and republican current affairs and comment. Charts modern Melbourne's community involvement in Irish politics and affairs.

Contact: Jim Cusack 0407 521 432 www.3CR.org.au

Celtic Folk Radio Program

14:00 every Monday
3CR [855 AM]

Community Radio, Melbourne

Contact: Anne McAllister 0423 397 051 www.3CR.org.au

For inclusion in the *What's On* column, please submit items to editorial@tintean.org.au

Letters

Appreciation from *Not Just Ned*

Thank you for the copies of *Tinteán* with the reviews/stories about the *Not Just Ned* exhibition. Let me say at once, you did us proud. The reviews were very favourable, but also balanced, well written, and not over the top. Certainly, both reviewers have very different styles! Please pass on my thanks to both Patrick McNamara and Peter Moore. Please thank also Rob Butler and Peter Kiernan for their great contributions.

Peter Moore's point about having more local exhibitions is probably the only way forward from here. I doubt we will ever see the likes of *Not Just Ned* in the NMA again, certainly not in our lifetimes. The Irish are really very lucky as an immigrant group to have been granted this privilege because I think others will have to fight hard to have anything like these resources allocated to the task. There might be smaller, more discreet, exhibitions about other ethnic groups but, in my opinion, nothing as all embracing as

Not Just Ned tried to be.

Best wishes and, again, many thanks for the great coverage.

Richard Reid, Canberra

Richard Reid was the senior curator of the Not Just Ned exhibition.

The Editor replies

Many thanks for your letter of 2 June 2011. We are of course delighted that you found the coverage of the *Not Just Ned* exhibition in *Tinteán* so favourable. We aim to please!

I think that the contributors were very impressed with the quality of the artefacts as well as the whole focus and presentation of the exhibition. The 'Irish in Australia' are indeed very fortunate to have this opportunity to reflect on and celebrate their contribution to the history and development of Australian society – not to mention the opportunity to share it with non-Irish Aussies! It is very timely given the resurgence of interest in both personal and political historical events and the ongoing explo-

ration of the role of Australian history encapsulated in the National History curriculum. It is very unfortunate that it is not to be made available to a wider national and international audience.

Tinteán offers its congratulations again and best wishes.

Elizabeth McKenzie

Corrigendum

In *Tinteán* issue 16 (March 2011), we reviewed Perry McIntyre's *Free Passage: the reunion of Irish convicts and their families in Australia*, (Irish Academic Press, Dublin, 2011), a study of case histories of convicts and their families, in an age when it was debated whether the Australian colonies should be reserved for convicts alone or whether their families should be allowed to join them. In the review we listed an incorrect price for the book. The correct prices from bookdepository.co.uk are \$A72 (hard copy) and \$A31 (paperback). Or email perrymcintyre@optusnet.com.au.

Famine Rock Orphan Girls

14th Commemoration Day

Sunday, 20 November 2011, 2:30 pm

We come together in a nicely judged blend of the sacred and cultural to remember the suffering through the Great Famine. The other important and convivial function of the ceremony is to celebrate the survival and bravery of cherished ancestors, particularly the great grandmothers who came on the six Orphan Girls' ships to Melbourne between 1848–1851.

The annual gathering on November's second last Sunday, sunshine or rain, meets at the Famine Rock, The Strand (cnr Stevedore Street), Williamstown.

All are invited to enjoy the music and readings of verse and diaries. Descendants especially are welcome.

Any queries, suggestions and history of the Orphan Girls accepted gratefully.

Contact: Debra Vaughan 03 9397 6619
debonairdv@inet.net.au

Irish Community Radio Program

11:00 Saturday & 18:00 Sunday: 3ZZZ [92.5 FM]

Coordinated by Eugene O'Rourke.

Irish music, news and interviews.

Lake School of Celtic Music, Song and Dance

The 13th Lake School

2-7 January 2012, Koroit, Victoria

The summer home of Celtic music in Australia

Tuition: Fiddle, flute, uilleann pipes, button accordion, tin whistle, bodhran, finger-style guitar and song accompaniment, DADGAD guitar, guitar basics, ukulele, mandolin, harp, five-string banjo, singing, Irish set and sean nos dancing, songwriting, Irish language, slow session, Maity Swallow Ceildhe Band, kids' program, youth program (Lake School newspaper and animations) and James Joyce Reading Group

Featuring: Paddy O'Neill Award Band, Grand Ceilidhe, Song Writers Concert, Singers Concert, Blackboard Concert, House Parties, Spud Poets Award, Kids Concert, Crossley ball, Illowa Ceilidhe, Billy Moran Memorial Welcome Session and Art Exhibition Launch.

Introducing: Kevin Kelly (bodhran), Eamon Naughton (Irish language), Fiona McAlinden (Fiona's Kitchen Rules), Brian Mooney (art exhibition)

Contact: Felix Meagher 0413 801 294

felix@bushwahzee.com

www.bushwahzee.com

Scoil Gheimhridh Sydney

le Artúr de Bastabla

Is é séasúr an Gheimhridh é san Astráil faoi láthair agus coicís ó shin bhí sé ag stealladh báistí go trom in Sydney. Ach bhí Dia ag féachaint anuas orainn agus chuir sé gach rud in ord i gcóir na Scoile Gheimhridh Sydney 2011.

Bhí an eachtra seo ar siúl le linn na deireadh seachtaine fada abhus (Meitheamh) agus d'fhreastail 74 daoine i mbliana. Cuireadh an Scoil ar siúl in Chevalier Resource Centre i mbruachbhaile Kensington in Sydney. Is ionad speisialta é le lóistín agus bialann. Dá bhrí sin chónaigh níos mó dos na daoine san ionad.

Bhíodh deiseanna móra ag gach uile duine a gcuideadh Gaeilge a labhairt idir na focail gnáthúil Maidin Mhaith agus Oíche Mhaith gach lá, agus cuid mór eile i rith an airneáin a bhíodh ar siúl go déanach san oíche in áit a ghlaoitear 'an seomra dearg' uirthi.

D'oscail Ambasadóir na hÉireann, Máirtín Ó Fainnín, an ócáid go h-oifigiúil, tráthnóna Dé hAoine 10 Meitheamh. Indiadh sin thug an t-aoi chainteoir Muiris Ó Súilleabháin, óráid an-mhaith i dtaobh na teanga sa lá atá inniu ann agus sa thodhchaí. Tar éis sos beag tosaíodh Tráth na gCeist.

Le linn na deireadh seachtaine bhíodh gach daoine anghnóthach. Gach maidin le breacadh an lae, bhíodh rogha ag gach duine an tAifreann as Gaeilge a fhreastail. Tar éis an bhriceasta, thosaí na ranganna ó bhun leibhéal go h-ard leibhéal.

Bhíodh ranganna speisialta ar fail gach tráthnóna, ceol, feadóg, ióga, damhsa, Sean-Ghaeilge. Bhíodh seisiúin ar a

dtugtar 'comhar na gcomharsana' freisin. Ar an Satharn, bhí oíche spraoi sa halla mór agus an chead oíche eile, bhí bronnadh teastais agus ceolchoirm.

Tá grianghraif ón Scoil ar fáil ar an suíomh www.IrishLanguageSchoolSydney.org.au agus ar goo.gl/Lg64q

Gluais

- ag stealladh báistí go trom – raining very heavily
- i gcóir – for
- an eachtra – activity
- i mbruachbhaile – in a suburb
- dá bhrí sin – because of that
- gach uile duine – everybody
- focail gnáthúil – usual words
- airneán – late evening
- Meitheamh – June
- ar an lá atá inniu – as it is today
- sa thodhchaí – in the future
- Tráth na gCeist – Quiz
- le breacadh an lae – from daybreak
- comhar na gcomharsana – mentoring
- an chead oíche eile – the next night
- bronnadh teastais – awarding of certificates
- griangraif – photos

Éilish Hurst

Cúpla lá i lár na hAstráile

Um Cásca chuireamar in áirithe turas campála tríd an idirlíon. Chuaigh mé agus mo chairde go Alice Springs ar feadh cúig lá. Bhí dháréag chairde as Éirinn san iomlán agus Astráileach amháin.

Shroicheadar Alice Springs ar Aoine an Chéasta agus bhí gach áit sa bhaile mhór dúnta. Tar éis siúl timpeall na háite, fuairéamar bialann amháin oscailte agus d'fhanamar i mBrú óige an oíche sin. Oíche chiúin a bhí ann.

An mhaidin dár gcionn, d'éiríomar ar a leathuair tar éis a cúig mar bhí an bus réidh le dul. Ar an mbus bhuaileamar le daoine eile ar an turas. Beirt as an Ghearmáin, beirt as an Ollainn, duine amháin as Sasana, beirt Astráiligh agus beirt eile as Éirinn. Bhíomar sa bhus ar feadh cúig uaire ag tiomáint go Ulurú. Roimh dul timpeall Ulurú, stop tiománaí an bus agus d'inis sé scéal faoin gcultúr

bundúchasach. Níl cosc ar Ulurú a dhreapadh, ach tá sé dímhéasúil do na Bundúchasaigh. Shiúlamar timpeall ag an mbun ar feadh cúpla uair. Tá deich ciliméadar ann ach b'álainn an siúl é.

An tráthrona sin bhíomar ag faire ar luí na gréine. Cócaráil an tiománaí an bia ar an tine ag áit champála. Shuigheadar timpeall na tine ag ól beoir agus chuamar a chodladh sna málaí codlata. Dhúisíomar an mhaidin ina dhiadh sin ar a leathuair tar éis a ceathair chun éirí gréine faoi Uluru a fheiscint.

An dara lá, chuamar go dtí Kata Tjuta. Grúpa de fhoirmíocht carraige móra atá ann agus tá an áit go h-álainn. Chaitheadar cúpla uair ag siúl timpeall na carraigeacha. Tá tríocha sé *domes* ag clúdach ceantair 21.68 km² Mt. Olga an pointe is airde.

Ina dhiaidh sin, stopamar ag feirm a

bhfuil deich milliún acra ann. Tá sé cúig huaire níos mó ná Chontae Chorcaí. Thug mé geábh in héileacaptar timpeall na feirme, chonaic mé gaineamhlach agus talamh neamhthorthúil.

Ar an lá deireanach chuamar go Kings Canyon. Tá ballaí Kings Canyon níos mó ná 300 méadar ar airde. Rinneamar sé ciliméadar de shiúl cos agus tar éis an trí lá, ba bhuaic an turais é.

An tráthnóna sin in Alice Springs bhuaileamar le chéile i mbialann agus chaitheadar an oíche ag caint agus ag cur an turais ar fad trí chéile. Is baile mór garbh é Alice Springs. Bhí cúpla troid sa teach tábhairne agus thug an tiománaí rabhadh dúinn dul abhaile i dtacsaí.

Bhíomar tuirseach i ndiaidh an turais, ach bhí am ar dóigh againn agus tá a lán pictiúirí iontach againn.

Eamonn McCormac

The Lake School of Celtic Music Song and Dance

The thirteenth Lake School of Celtic Music Song and Dance will be staged in Koroit from Monday January 2 through to Saturday January 2 2012. For those who don't know it, Koroit is a little town in Western Victoria which is famous for its Irish heritage and a number of buildings and streetscapes that are reminiscent of villages in the West of Ireland.

It is part of the Moyne Shire and close to Warrnambool and the fishing village of Port Fairy, now internationally famous for the Folk Festival in March every year.

The Lake School is unique among festivals in Australia in that it focuses on the teaching and performances of its students. Last year about 200 students enrolled, and learnt songs, tunes and dances before performing them at a series of concerts and ceildhs at the end of the week. Among the instruments taught during the week are:

- fiddle,
- tin whistle,
- flute,
- guitar,
- DADGAD guitar,
- harp,
- banjo,
- concertina,
- mandolin,
- button accordion,
- uilleann pipes,
- bodhran (Irish drum).

The students make choices as to their level of expertise and learn these instruments in beginners, advanced or children's classes.

As well as these levels there is also the Slow Session which is designed for students who feel that they can't keep up with the tempo of the other classes, and who want to practise going over and over tunes slowly.

Students may also choose from a number of other classes –

- singing,
- Irish set dancing and *sean nos* dancing,
- songwriting,
- Irish language,
- James Joyce Reading Group
- the Maity Swallow Memorial Ceildhe Band.

As well as the organised classes there are also a number of un-programmed events such as the impromptu get-togethers widely referred to as 'sessions'. Many people come to the Lake School just to

be part of the sessions and the *craic* (the Irish word for having fun socialising and making music). The most celebrated sessions at the Lake School are those on the beautiful summer evenings outside the famous Micky Bourke's Hotel. On any given night you'll find up to a hundred musicians and singers playing and singing until the 'wee small hours' of the morning. On the opening night, January 2 2012 the Billy Moran Memorial Welcome Session will kick-start the week's sessions.

As the students begin to get some tunes, songs and dances under their feet or their fingers, so to speak, a number of evening events and concerts are organised, and in 2012 they are:

- the Grand Ceilidhe,
- the Songwriters Concert,
- the Singers Concert,
- the Tutors Concert,
- the Blackboard Concert,
- the Crossley Ball,
- the Illowa Ceildhe
- the House Parties at the Commercial Hotel and Kirkstall.

Since its first event in April 2000 the Lake School has made its programming for children and youth an integral part of the whole week, and the program is designed to allow families to participate, and for parents to have time to get to some classes. The Kids and Youth Program runs every morning from 9.30 am to 1 pm, and over the years there have been many memorable moments and highlights. A new addition to the program last year was Lucinda Clutterbuck's Animation class, and that will continue in 2012.

Another part of the Youth Program is an event begun in 2007 known as the Paddy O'Neill Award. For the last five years young musicians and singers (aged between 16 and 25) have auditioned and come to Koroit for the week to create a band. Over the last five years, five bands have been formed, Beltane, Rant, Dram (now Evelyn's Secret), Shanachie and Fianna, and all of those bands have released a CD, played at numerous festivals, and continue to perform with some or all of the original line up. This year the Paddy O'Neill Award will focus on dancers. So young dancers are encouraged to audition for the Paddy O'Neill Award. The auditions will be held at the

Clifton Hill Hotel on Sunday October 16 2011 or by DVD (email felix@bushwahzee.com)

The tutors at the Lake School come from a wide variety of backgrounds, and teach in a wide variety of styles. Some teach exclusively by ear – they don't read or refer to music and their students learn by listening and repeating the phrases over and over. Others teach with notated music, lyric sheets and overhead projector screens. Some tutors focus on the end result, others focus on the process. Many of the tutors are performers and recording artists in their own right, and as a group the tutors bring a remarkable wealth of repertoire, experience and wisdom to share with their students. Their attitude is courteous, warm and friendly, and it is part of the Lake School ethos that everyone listens to everybody else's contributions regardless of age, ability, style, race or gender. At the Lake School 'everybody gets a go!'

To celebrate the work of the tutors, not only at Koroit but in their communities generally, the Lake School has set up a hall of fame at Micky Bourke's Hotel, and stages an annual evening to induct the Legends of the Lake and launch the following year's program. The Inaugural Legend of the Lake was the Galway button accordion player Billy Moran, who was inducted by the then Irish Ambassador, Declan Kelly in 2003. This year's Legends, Mark and Lisa McDonnell, will be inducted on Saturday July 9 2011 by Chris Atwell (Co-ordinator of the Tamar Valley Folk festival TAS).

The Lake School also has a number of special events such as the Spud Poets Award, a competition for Lake School students with a prize of \$1000. Another featured event is the Art Exhibition Launch. Our artist this year is Brian Mooney, an artist and musician from Launceston, TAS. Finally, a new event this year is the Irish bread making course to be run by Fiona McAlinden, *Fiona's Kitchen Rules*. For all you Irish breadmakers out there this is an event not to be missed!

Felix Meagher

For more information about the Lake School you are welcome to visit our website www.lakeschool.bushwahzee.com or email Felix Meagher felix@bushwahzee.com

Miscellany – The Last Rebel

Oh, then tell me Sean O'Farrell tell me why you hurry so?
Hush a buchall, hush and listen, and his cheeks were all aglow,
I bear orders from the captain, get you ready quick and soon,
For the pikes must be together by the rising of the moon.
Folk Ballad – The Rising of the Moon

The Safe House.

Winter 1804. A tall, black-haired man of about thirty years of age trudged through the woods. The full moon cast blue – black shadows on the ground. His boots made crunching sounds on the frozen snow. His breath formed clouds in the chill air. With a price of £500 on his head he was a man hunted relentlessly by the regular army, the militia, and the yeomanry. Fear of betrayal was his constant companion. He hadn't eaten for days. Hunger and exhaustion weighed his footsteps. Only the hope of food and shelter kept his spirit alive. As he neared the safe house his pace increased. He clutched his threadbare tunic tighter against his chest. Trees were sparser now. Crystalline snow glistened like jewelled facets between the shadows. The sounds of nocturnal creatures diminished. He approached the tree line then he stood absolutely still, listening and looking. He heard nothing, only the eerie stillness of the winter's night. In the clear sky, stars, a million pinpricks of light.

He saw the back of the house across an open space. He scanned the area carefully. The surface of the snow lay pristine and undisturbed. He was hyper alert and wary. For the previous five years, since the devastating defeat of the United Irishmen at Vinegar Hill in 1798, and the later capture and beheading of Father Murphy at Tullow, the forces of the Crown had ruthlessly harassed the surviving rebels. After the surrender of Michael Dwyer the hunt for him, John Mernagh, the last of the rebel leaders, was intensified. The penalty for carelessness was capture or death.

He could see no evidence of a possible ambush as he moved forward slowly and cautiously. He remembered that the price on his head would be paid for his capture dead or alive. In the open space he felt exposed and vulnerable, conscious that a marksman's bullet could take him in the back and he would never know the name of the coward who had betrayed him. His mouth was dry. His telltale footprints in the frozen snow worried him. He drew his pistol. After what seemed an eternity he reached the house. The back door was unlocked. Holding his loaded pistol firmly in his right hand he put his left hand against the doorframe for balance and he eased the door open with his right foot. The rasp of the hinge caused his heart to beat even faster. He paused. No sound from inside. He entered the single storey dwelling. He stood motionless on the stone floor of the kitchen, ears searching for the slightest sound. All he could hear was the ticking of a clock. The bright moonlight through the small window lit the table. He saw the promised food. Quickly he surveyed the other rooms. The house was deserted. Standing in the bedroom he was painfully aware of his gnawing hunger. The memory of the food laid out on the kitchen table caused his mouth to water. Senses attuned for the slightest indication of danger, he was just about to return to the kitchen when a noise outside drew him to the window. What he saw chilled him. A company of militia were advancing towards the cottage, spreading out with the intention of surrounding the house. He was betrayed. His only means of

escape was through the back door. He opened the door quickly and looked outside. The militia were still concentrated at the front of the house. Moonlight silvered the distant trees. There was no time for delay.

'I'll make a dash for the woods', he thought as he closed the door behind him and left the shelter of the house. Adrenalin fuelled his legs. As the distance to the relative safety of the trees shortened, he thought,

'I'm going to make it'.

Behind him he heard a shout,

'There he is! He's getting away!'

He forced his aching legs to move faster.

'I'm nearly there,' he thought, pushing himself to even greater effort.

Now the sound of galloping horses reached his ears. He was almost at the edge of the trees when disaster struck. His feet sank into a sandpit. He stretched out his arms to save himself from sinking further. He lost his pistol. He twisted to face his enemy while he struggled to free himself. Suddenly the mounted rider was upon him. The great bulk of the horse loomed above him. He closed his eyes. The horse's hooves descended on his shoulders and pushed his body flat to the ground.

The capture of John Mernagh, the last of the rebel leaders, on 19th February 1804, was a matter of huge satisfaction to The Chief Secretary to Ireland, Sir Evan Nepean. He congratulated Captain Clinch,

'Well done Captain, Mernagh will be transferred to Kilmainham Gaol and I'm sure we'll learn much of value when we cross-examine him.'

Kilmainham Gaol had been built in 1795 near the army headquarters at the Royal Hospital and just one mile from Dublin Castle. Its main purpose was the internment of captured rebels before they were executed or transported. Like many people before him Nepean underestimated Mernagh who steadfastly refused to answer questions. Later, Nepean reported to his superiors.

'Mernagh would not say a word. Though he is a fine young man, there is no doubt, he must be hanged.'

On 25th July 1805, almost eighteen months after his capture and internment in Kilmainham, John Mernagh walked clear of the prison gates. He stepped into the waiting carriage that would take him to the Quays. The cutter *Camden*, under the command of Captain Murphy, was ready to transfer him to the convict ship *Tellicherry* waiting in Cork Harbour to transport him to New South Wales. He saw the other members of his group, Michael and Mary Dwyer, Hugh and Sarah Byrne, Hugh Vesty Byrne, Arthur Devlin and Martin Burke leave the front gate of the gaol and approach the carriages. Behind them the hated Dr, Edward Trevor, a failed apothecary and Medical Inspector of the gaol, watched their departure. Earlier that Thursday Mernagh had wit-

nessed heartrending scenes as the Dwyers and the Byrnes said goodbye to their children not knowing if they would ever see them again. In his heart he suspected that Trevor would not keep his promise to arrange later passage for the children despite the grovelling letters their parents had written to him.

The sight of Trevor brought scenes of horror to his mind: Arthur Devlin's cousin Anne, housekeeper and friend of Robert Emmet incarcerated in what was virtually a sewer. Rivers of effluent inches deep flowed past the door of her narrow cell as she lay on damp straw on the wet earth floor. He shuddered at the thought of Dr. Edward Trevor slicing into the diseased swellings on her legs to relieve the pressure then simply leaving her there in that stinking cell. Despite this brutal and inhumane treatment and its opposite, the offer of substantial sums of money, £500, the equivalent of 40 years wages as a housekeeper, Anne Devlin refused to become an informer. The treatment meted out to other prisoners, particularly the members of Anne Devlin's family, of which there were 20 imprisoned in Kilmainham, sickened him. He tried to forget his own brutal treatment at the hands of Trevor when he too refused to be interrogated. He reflected on the death sentence proposed for himself by the Chief Secretary Sir Evan Nepean. Because of the political turmoil in the months following his imprisonment he was never brought to trial. He was finally forced to agree to the same terms that Michael Dwyer and the other rebel leaders had been forced to accept. They would exile themselves for life as free men, not as felons. However they would not be pardoned. On arrival in New South Wales they would be granted land to enable them to begin new lives and they would each receive a sum of £100.

Once aboard *The Camden* he surrendered to his exhaustion. He slept for much of the journey to Cork. Seven days after their departure from Dublin *The Camden* entered Cork harbour on 1st August. It seemed to John Mernagh that the whole of the British fleet was there to meet them. In fact the East India Fleet had anchored there in order to take on provisions for their voyage to the West Indies and the Caribbean Islands. Bad weather delayed the departure of the fleet. It was not until 31st August that the wind abated sufficiently to allow the fleet set sail accompanied by the convict ships *Tellicherry* and *William Pitt*. Aboard the *Tellicherry* with its human cargo of 130 males and 36 female transportees whose ages ranged from 16 to 65 John Mernagh watched as his beloved homeland slipped from his sight. He said his goodbyes. He had given all that he had to give. He knew that he would never return. He squared his shoulders to face the challenges ahead. He felt his depression lift slightly. It was time now for others to take up the banner.

Well they fought for poor old Ireland and full bitter was their fate
Oh! what glorious pride and sorrow fills the name of ninety-eight
Yet, thank God, while hearts are beating in manhood's burning noon
We will follow in their footsteps at the rising of the moon –

Folk Ballad – The Rising of the Moon.

Sin a bhfuil go fóill ó Sheosamh Ó Murchú. Slán agaibh go léir.

Joseph Murphy, Dublin

Sources. The Tellicherry Five by Kieran Sheedy; Anne Devlin by Micheal O Doibhilin;

Well they fought for poor old Ireland and full bitter was their fate
Oh! what glorious pride and sorrow fills the name of ninety-eight
Yet, thank God, while hearts are beating in manhood's burning noon
We will follow in their footsteps at the rising of the moon



Bolg an tSoláthair / Odds & Ends

By the time you read this, the *Not Just Ned* exhibition at the National Museum in Canberra will have closed on 31 July after record high attendances. In *Tinteán* no 16 (June 2011), Bearnáí Ó Doibhlin, Peter Kiernan, Peter Moore, Ambassador Máirtín Ó Fainín, Patrick McNamara and Rob Butler gave us a range of valuable commentary on the exhibition accompanied by splendid colour photographs. This column builds on that by putting forward some thoughts about what comes next. For those who missed the exhibition, and to remind those who saw it, I will begin with a quick personal tour of the display.

If you missed the Canberra exhibition

As you enter the Museum and look across through the glass wall to Lake Burley Griffin, there are half a dozen big and surprising items in the entrance hall intimating that the evidence about the Irish you are about to see inside will be unpredictable. There is a Union Combine Harvester made by Nicholson and Morrow; a Furphy water cart; an Irish side or jaunting car which survived the deadly 2009 fires at Flowerdale; a piece of CY O'Connor's Kalgoorlie to Perth pipeline; the original Paddy Hannan statue; a Wolseley car; and a 1996 Sydney-made currach.

Then, as you enter the foyer of the exhibition hall, you come to more familiar territory with St Patrick's day materials alongside a map of Ireland and an introductory panel about the half a million Irish who sought a better life in Australia, 'most were ordinary men and women, many with hardly any skills or assets'. Patrick O'Farrell is quoted: 'Our selves are not only where we are but where we have come from.'

The exhibition space is large, a rectangle with one curved side, about 65 by 25 metres, darkened with spot-lit displays. Some visitors found it too dark and captions difficult to read. To the side there is a studio, 25 by 25 metres, occupied by a shop and a genealogy resources area. This is the biggest museum space in Australia.

As you enter the main area you see a painting of the first fleet convict ship, *Charlotte*; a page from surgeon John White's book; and a convict jacket. To

your right is a cabinet with three items from convents: a piece of Irish peat, or turf, brought out by the Loreto nuns around 1875; an hour glass used by the Charity nuns to measure prayer times; and an emu egg clock presented to Mercy nun Mother Vincent Whitty to take back to Ireland in 1871.

The most striking large object ahead of you at the far end of the hall is a high and long banner bearing the initials JTR; it is the owner's flag from the *Catalpa*, the ship on which the Fenian political prisoners escaped from Fremantle in 1876. Also noticeable at the far end is a three-metre-high blow-up of a painting of the troopers attacking the Eureka stockade.

There are interesting sounds coming to you from four corners of the hall: the video of a quality Irish music session at the Quiet Man pub; Chips Rafferty as Peter Lalor and others from the 1948 film about Eureka; Indigenous voices about the St John of God sisters' leprosarium in the Kimberley, including a memorable version of Hail Queen of Heaven; and a voice-over describing the life of Mercy nuns in earlier days. Yes, nuns (several orders only and I did not find the Brigidines) and Catholic matters are strongly represented in this show.

To find the four suits of Kelly armour – it was a coup for the museum to assemble them – you have to go further into the hall and look to your right, past a large cast of Venus de Milo which commemorates the attempts by the judge who sentenced Ned, Redmond Barry, to teach high European culture to the Australian masses. A visit to Glenrowan on the way up had prepared me a little to appreciate the meaning of this once-in-a-lifetime display.

Other large objects include: the stunning quilt made by women convicts and their teachers on the *Rajah*; the anchor from the *Nashwauk* which was wrecked south of Adelaide in 1855; the Duffy map of Victoria 1862 (with a sensational computerised screen next to it where you can merge the old map with today's satellite map – I hope this finds a home at the Public Record Office of Victoria who supplied the map); larger-than-life portraits of Lord Belmore, WC Wentworth and Cardinal Moran.

Layout map needed

The bulk of the exhibition then consists of smaller cabinets and clusters covering some 480 objects from all states and over more than 200 years. Though I worked as a volunteer on some preparatory historical aspects, the final choice of items and the design of the display were new to me. According to the exhibition catalogue (good value at \$29.95 and still available) the curator and staff divided their material into the following categories: Arriving, Settling, Building a new life, Continuing presence, and Reconnecting with Ireland. The last-named applies mainly to recent Irish immigrants and there is no mention of the many Australian Irish groups such as *Táin* and *Tinteán* or the long-running Perth group, The Australian Irish Heritage Association.

By going up the left hand side and coming down the right hand side, and allowing for a bit of overlap, you could get a chronological story. However, in the middle of the hall towards the back is a story circle and beside that an insert on art and literature, both clusters which criss-cross the catalogue's categories.

In the story circle are four armchairs set up with iPads for you to watch and listen to a great range of letters, songs, poems, interviews and so on about Australian Irish heritage. I wish I could buy a DVD with a copy of what is on those iPads and I wish I could buy a DVD with a picture of every object and every caption in the exhibition, but I cannot. With so many interested Australians living far away from Canberra, and with this exhibition not going to the state capitals, the National Museum could multiply its impact enormously by selling such DVDs. That said, the website for *Not Just Ned* is excellent.

The smaller stands cover such items and topics as orphan girls' migration, the Duracks, Burke and Wills, John O'Brien's *Around the Boree Log*, dairy farmers at Kiama, persecution of Catholics, the antlers of an ancient elk, Michael Dwyer's blunderbuss, the gold cup given to William Smith O'Brien, a brooch from Lola Montez, Edmund Finn's *Chronicles of Early Melbourne*, Daisy Bates' gabardine suit, clothing and film footage of Archbishop Daniel Mannix, an original copy of the 1916 declaration of the Irish Republic, replicas of the Cross of Cong,

a Children of Mary outfit, the doors from the Queensland Irish Association club, regalia and documents from Hibernian and Orange lodges, straps from Christian Brothers' schools, a write up on Ned's mother Ellen, the Bagot Cup from Kapunda, Mary Lee's women's suffrage petition, Ben Chifley's chair from St Christopher's, Mary Kelly's branding irons, Henry Handel Richardson's typewriter, stuffed birds from Frederick McCoy's collection, Dr Richard Tracy's ovariectomy instruments, a 1930s red ball dress from T C Beirne, three monstrosities (why was a 1928 Italian one put on the catalogue cover?), one of Slim Dusty's hats, a poster of Ted Egan, a sculpture by Kiera O'Toole, Billy Moran's accordion, a Beale's piano, a dance dress from Kathryn Trenholme, Vintage Crop's Melbourne Cup, Jim Styne's jersey, Tadhg Kenneally's medallions, John Moriarty's fishing rods, Clare Dunne's 3EA t-shirt, the front page of the first issue of *Irish Exile*, and a few hundred more. My prize for most boring and least relevant object goes to Stanley Bruce's cigarette case.

Several people said to me that they came away with a feeling of having seen a heap of wonderful but disparate objects rather than a coherent story. Others say it is about many stories which cannot be reduced to one. Nonetheless, a guide to the layout on an A3 sheet with a list of short titles of displays grouped according to the curator's divisions mentioned above would have helped.

By my calculations the large Maloney harp is about at the geometrical centre of the hall. When all is said and done, music, but not always the harp, has been at the heart of Australian Irish culture, history and identity all along, and it continues to be. The harp on a green flag was the emblem of many Irish rebels and long illegal: not by chance have many Australian pubs been named The Harp.

Every section of the exhibition is fascinating and informative. Overall, Irish migration is presented so as to provide a basis for understanding other migrant and refugee peoples.

Danger of exhibition as last gasp

However, if we rest on our laurels and fail to analyse *Not Just Ned* we may shortly

find out that it was the last gasp of Irish Australia. By looking at it critically, we increase the likelihood that this remarkable achievement will contribute to a reinvigorated understanding and adaptation of Irish ways to Australian realities.

Frontier conflict with Indigenous Australians is marked in the exhibition by weapons taken by John and Robert William von Stieglitz (yes the Stieglitzes came from Ireland) from Wathaurong people near Ballan and Geelong in the 1830s and brought back on this occasion from the National Museum of Northern Ireland. The caption points out that the brothers went out 'to hunt Aboriginal people who had attacked and killed settlers'. The introduction to the Settling In section says: 'The Irish found here something denied to them in Ireland, the possibility of owning their own land, even though that came at the expense of the original owners, the Aboriginal people.'

Nonetheless, the Durack and Ned Ryan displays portray the squatters in heroic mould. An alternative, expressed by Sister Marnie Kennedy on the iPads but not on the wall, is that an awareness of Irish dispossession, clearances and landlordism is a firm foundation for settlers in Australia to understand and support land rights and other claims of Indigenous Australians.

While the exhibition's foyer poster affirms that the majority of Irish immigrants were working class, in terms of objects shown this exhibition is biased in favour of the higher ranks. The possessions and records of Governors and bishops, it seems, are more readily available to museums. The Duracks and Winter Pratts represent wealthy squatters: battling small farmers could have done with more attention. There is a panel on 'Lawyers, barristers and judges' which is good, but we also need a couple of panels on 'Seamstresses, farm labourers, railway gangers, wharfies, domestic servants, home-makers, timber getters and trade unionists'.

Nonetheless, the working-class majority is represented in a few spots in this exhibition. The best of them is the 1881 engraving of 'Digging and bagging potatoes' at Warrnambool which is reproduced across two pages at the front of the catalogue. Unfortunately, on the

wall in the exhibition the image is a small one. However, it shows people at work, manual work, and working together in what looks like a cooperative clan practice from Ireland, a meitheal. Beside that image in the exhibition are a potato fork, some bags and boxes from Koroit which also evoke the world of farm workers. The model railway engine from Phoenix Foundry in Ballarat brings to mind metal workers and railway workers, as does the plough from Down-born blacksmith Tom Wilson from Gatton, Queensland.

As the above examples show, *Not Just Ned* contains some threads at its edges which run counter to its main thrust. The Irish language is another of these. Richard Reid has recently argued for turning 'away from the hallowed heartlands of the last Irish-speaking reserves in Ireland'. Thus, while there are a number of displays which remind us of the hidden Gaelic stream in Irish Australia, the exhibition as a whole does not make it clear that most of those who came to Australia in the nineteenth century spoke two languages, English and Irish.

One exhibit where Irish language appears, and does so clearly, is the display about Gaelic revivalists Nicholas O'Donnell and Morgan Jageurs, which backs on to the Mannix cabinet. Alongside Jageurs' collection of rocks from around Ireland is O'Donnell's manuscript copy of the ancient folk tale, *Táin Bó Cúailgne/ The Cattle Raid on Cooley* which recounts the mighty deeds of Cuchulainn as he defends Ulster against Maeve's Connacht army. It is on loan from Newman College in Melbourne. Some great-grandchildren of O'Donnell saw it, and I have since met up with them to compare notes on their famous great-grandfather.

An inscription in Irish is to be found on the worst lit item in the exhibition, namely the silver casket given to Archbishop Mannix in 1925 to mark the Freedom of Dublin awarded him by the grateful citizens of the Irish capital. Above the engraving of the *Wyvern* intercepting Mannix on the *Baltic* on 8 August 1920 to stop him going to Ireland, are the following words: 'Do bhronn Comhaltas Cathrach Baile Átha Cliath an cofra so ar an Sar Oirbhidneach

Dr D Ó Maincín, Ard Easbag Maelburn ar ócáid a chuaird in nÉirinn, 1925. [The Dublin City Council gave this casket to the Most Reverend Archbishop Daniel Mannix on the occasion of his visit to Ireland, 1925.]

Another glimpse of Irish-language culture is to be found in the singing of Maria Forde in the continuous film footage near the exit from the exhibition hall. In an English song, Forde uses the phrases Slán abhaile, slán go fóill and Astor mo chroi in the chorus.

The next exhibition?

There have been, and continue to be, discussions as to which elements of Australian Irish heritage are worth preserving and which, in the words of the late Terry Monagle, should have been left on the wharf. Without answering such questions the exhibition has brought to light some outstanding material objects the analysis of which will contribute to clarifying this question.

There are, needless to say, many

topics which would benefit from more detailed treatment in a future exhibition. People you meet who have seen the present one are thrilled by it but most of them can name a dozen people or objects that could have been added to the list. Perhaps there might one day be other exhibitions based on one state or region or provincial city.

To mention some possible future topics: what objects could be put on display to show that many Irish migrants and their children who prospered often did so by relying not on self-promotion but on trade union organisation? The Irish national question, that is the centuries-long drive towards independence from England, is represented in the exhibition at several points. However, there would be scope for a future display that gave greater emphasis to Australian Irish republicanism, regarding both Australia and Ireland.

How many of the nineteenth-century Irish migrants lamented or opposed the destruction of the forests and degrada-

tion of the soil? Which ones were like New South Wales attorney-general John Hubert Plunkett (not featured in this exhibition) who in the 1830s actively pursued justice for Aboriginal people? Do the ancient Celtic stories of the Otherworld and the sacredness of the land have parallels in the Australian Aboriginal Dreaming? Is it yet possible that the poems and prayers of Celtic Christian Ireland, many of which have been echoed in Irish Australian forms, may promote a love of nature such as is needed in these days of concern for the future of the planet?

As I said in an earlier column, congratulations to the National Museum and curator Richard Reid and staff and all those who loaned objects. All of us interested in Australian Irish history and traditions are in their debt. They have made present to us the spirits of many people from bygone days; and they have given us much food for thought for discussions on another day.

Val Noone

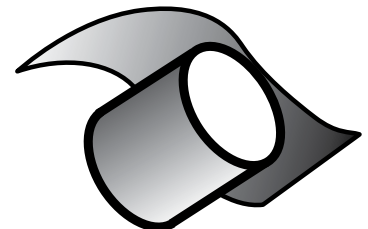


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Winter of the 19th Shamrock

On 7–10 July 2011, the 19th annual Shamrock in the Bush seminar was held again at St Clement's Retreat and Conference Centre, Galong, NSW, originally the homestead of the pioneer pastoralist, Ned Ryan. This year's Shamrock was brought forward slightly to coincide with the *Not Just Ned* exhibition in Canberra and to run contiguously with the 18th ISAANZ Irish Studies Conference, also held in Canberra.

About 30 of the speakers and delegates were from Canberra and environs, about 50 were from Sydney and elsewhere in New South Wales whilst the remaining 15 attendees comprised delegates from the Northern Territory and every other state except Western Australia.

Convened by the ubiquitous Canberra historian, Richard Reid, the seminar was once again most competently managed by Cheryl Mongan and her team at St Clement's. The seminar patron, Fr Brian Maher, was in good form as the respected reference point for clarification of local history.

For the 2011 program the organisers assembled as speakers many of the specialist professional and technical experts who had assisted in identifying or preparing items to exhibit in the *Not Just Ned* exhibition. They included: David Hallam, senior conservator at the National Museum, whose paper, 'Anchors and Armour', discussed the treatment and conservation of metallic objects; Paul Brunton, senior curator, Mitchell Library, whose paper, 'Four tons of books', discussed the influence of the collector, Daniel Henry Deniehy, on the younger collector, David Mitchell; Rob Willis, renowned collector of folklore and photographic collections of social history; Kevin Bradley, curator of oral history at the National Library, who discussed Irish voices and music in the NLA's collection; Robin Scott, Loreto Australia archivist, who discussed Loreto's Irish roots; and Rachel Naughton, archivist and museum manager, Melbourne Diocesan Historical Commission, who discussed the Irish treasures in her collection.

In her keynote address, the famed Irish-born author and broadcaster, Claire Dunne, the study of whose career was an exhibit at *Not Just Ned*, discussed formative experiences that have influenced her thinking about people, culture and philosophy within Irish, Australian and international contexts.

Ann Herraman, a South Australian regional and local history specialist, discussed 'the thrill of the chase [and] the joys of discovery' of objects to illustrate the influence of the Irish in the settlement of South Australia whilst Val Noone, a volunteer consultant to the planning of *Not Just Ned*, looked at the exhibition from a Victorian perspective: the objects and texts on display, compared and contrasted with other states, with some reflections on the Irish in Victoria for any future exhibition.

Amongst other presentations, Keith Johnson discussed the background of the Irish on the first three fleets, referring particularly to the *Queen*, a vessel of the third fleet and the first ship directly from Cork. Peter MacFie discussed the progress of his research into the reunion of Irish convict families by colonial governments, referring particularly to the Bennett family in Tasmania whose daughter, Catherine, married the Young Irishman, TF Meagher, whilst in her paper 'Educating Catholics at University in 19th Century Australia', Perry McIntyre examined the background of St John's College at the University of Sydney and a few early 'Johnsmen'.



At Galong: Richard O'Brien, Ann Harraman, Cheryl Mongan and Richard Reid

New books were featured. Keith Johnson introduced Richard Reid's *Farewell My Children: Irish assisted emigration to Australia 1848-1870* (Anchor Books), the long-awaited publication of Reid's PhD thesis. The social historian and music critic, Jennifer Gall, discussed her new book, *In Bligh's Hand* (National Library of Australia), for which she examined the many primary and secondary sources relating to the career of the controversial William Bligh, to reach a new perspective of the famous mutiny on the *Bounty*.

The much loved singer, songwriter and storyteller, John Dengate, was again in attendance to introduce and complement the speakers' presentations with both music and verse, opting this year to favour his poet laureate hat over his minstrel hat.

The conference included a coach trip to Canberra to the *Not Just Ned* exhibition and also to the Irish embassy for a reception kindly hosted by the retiring ambassador, Máirtín Ó Fainín.

It being July and in the depths of winter, the official 'Wearing of the Green' dinner on Friday evening adopted a 'Christmas in July' theme, with holly and ivy, and with Christmas cake to savour. John Dengate delighted with his stirring rendition of *Ned Ryan's Song* whilst local fiddler Sandy Gibbney provided several medleys of Irish tunes and, as the evening progressed, tunes from wider afield. Keith Amos proposed the toast to Australia, 'the land we live in', whilst Richard O'Brien, a former Irish Ambassador to Australia, proposed the toast to Ireland, 'the old land'.

The dinner guests were treated to an inspiring address from Richard O'Brien who recalled the influence of the Irish in Australian life as displayed at the *Not Just Ned* exhibition, reviewed the evolving relationship between Ireland and its diaspora, and applauded the career of the retiring President of Ireland, Mary McAleese.

With its friendliness and informality, Shamrock retains its popularity over time. If the 2011 was the winter of Shamrocks, its regulars are already marking their calendars and looking forward to the spring of the 20th Shamrock in 2012. Competition for places will be keen. Book early.

Patrick McNamara

I Went Home

I've come to the place that exists inside me, that place I grew up in and loved and still love. It's been a seed of imagination within and always will be. Now after more than forty years away I'm back and here is where the outward and the inward meet.

Some things have remained the same. Some have been destroyed, changed or built over. There is concrete where there was water and where we moored our punts on pulley systems known as frails. The eternal sea is here as ever was, reflecting the whole world on its surface whilst hiding its mysterious vast quantity and substance below. Here are the bays, the shingles, the coves, the great lighthouse in the distance. It's part of me. I'm part of it.

The soft murmur of Waterford voices with an occasional sonorous chuckle comes up from outside the pub across the road. The sound graces the early evening as the people settle into their positions inside and also outside their favourite boozers. I lie on my bed. As the shadows lengthen and an hour or so passes, this murmur gains somewhat in strength with maybe indications of a climatic change imminent. If one were in a canoe on a river it would be as well to keep a look out for rapids ahead. Now comes the occasional crackle from someone's laughing gear. It's eleven or half past and we have already passed over the rapids and are plunging out of control into a waterfall of sound. The voices drone and splatter and the laughter splits against the rocks and stones with a hollow ring. A company of herring gulls on the chimney pots above have joined in

the din with a fierce screeching though I have never heard the gulls so vociferous at night. Maybe they too have changed since my youth. Whether its protest or sympathy I can't tell. Birds and people have become indistinguishable from one another and not even the new fangled double – glazing can keep this sound out. The laughter rolls and echoes across the street and bounces from wall to wall

But where have the skylarks gone from the meadows above the sea cliffs?

between the houses carving out for itself a vast hollow in the night. It amplifies and duplicates itself. This laughter is reproducing diabolic offspring. My only defence against it is to go over and join in but having had too much to drink last night I have a great aversion to getting half pissed tonight and what's more I'm not in the mood at all. The dawn is coming up out of Wexford before a hush falls on the place.

The tall flowering weeds and herbs of high summer crowd the ditches of the narrow roads and I'm bathed in perfume. I lie on the sun-warmed, salt blackened rocks near the deep tide at dusk. It was here long ago we used to cast out our hand lines for the mackerel. I drive through the countryside with Radio na nGaeltacha

playing a sympathetic accompaniment in music to the beauty of the land and I listen deeply moved to the sound of my own native language. I follow the Deise to two of their enterprises on the hurling field and I hear a Waterford woman shout out, 'Gual amhain anois', ('One goal now') from the crowd. For a while the dark laughter is dispelled.

This evening I can see through the blind of my bedroom window the patrons beginning to assemble across the road. Mainly the smokers stay at the outside tables; in the main red faced men with pot bellies and graceless, unhappy looking women. They sit and drink and ease out bouts of smoke into the balmy evening air as tourists go up and down the street. My ear is not attuned. This is not pure Waterford but maybe Polish, Latvian or Serbian coming from the street. The talk begins to rumble and the laughter begins to punctuate the dusk. I should have gone away to the sea cliffs or the woods to find some peace, but I've walked a lot today already. The aural bombardment has started. I never thought it would affect me like this.

Why have I come back to this paradise village of my youth, all changed. What is this persistent empty laughter telling me? It's telling me something over and over. I'm not unaware of change and impermanence. Is it telling me that? No its something else, but what? The laughter rolls out in torrents into the night of the world. I wake and doze, doze and wake to voices talking and laughing, voices fuming and writhing in my half awake state, a dark tornado twisting its entrails deep into the fabric of my mind.

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All is changed. What was is no more. Many have died and I'm a ghost in this place. The other night in a round at the pub, I said I'd have a half pint. He said, "Are you an Irishman or what?" Is it true? Maybe I'm not an Irishman any more or maybe I'm the last Irishman to be soon hunted down like the last wolf was long ago because my time is up. A wretch unable to drink a pint! I'm no longer a Catholic, neither a Protestant, or any other form of God botherer. I don't play golf, the new *lingua franca* and can't handle your big pint of plain. I have no property and no answers and make no claim.

But where have the skylarks gone from the meadows above the sea cliffs? Where are the families of swifts that screamed above the harbour at dusk? Where are the cuckoo and the cornerake that could be heard any day from the main street? Gone as irrevocably as the first girl I ever kissed in the long evening shadow of the sea wall. I may be aware of impermanence but the pain of passing is still with me. Where are all these things and is prosperity their enemy?

I'm at the other end of the village and the night is yet young, it's midnight. I passed along by the public park overlooking the sea where a hedge of grand old fuchsia bushes used to hang over the wall in great opulence their scarlet and magenta bells. They have been rooted out and replaced. Now standing here above the sea like some cardboard cut-outs are half a dozen of those Australian trees of an indeterminate colour that have three or four branches each topped with a fan of

spiky blades. Someone said they were low maintenance and tidy. What more could one say.

Across the road and looking my way I passed the burnt out and blackened shell of a big house lately a popular bar and restaurant, intense in its emptiness and silence. In my time a rich man and his daughter lived there. Long ago it was and that book too is closed for good.

Where are the families of swifts that screamed above the harbour at dusk?

I'm maybe a bit confused at this stage with a sense of past and present mingling and interchanging like disparate currents of the sea and all the while the unstoppable future growing out of them as if it were new. But here we are at the other end of the village where the seaside hotel has carved a great cave of light out of the dark. The young men and women are out in force, shouting out greetings to one another and standing around in noisy groups drinking. I can't help noticing how much out the young women are on this balmy summers night reminding me of long ago lusts that burned within me in this very place. In this very place I am now old and invisible to youth, a ghost, still not without lusts. Now others, handsome

and vigorous youths are playing the part that I once played with relish but have vacated forever. The floor is theirs. Time is theirs too but so little. They will soon join the red faces and pot-bellies up the road. Tonight their eyes shine with immortality and desire.

Just beyond the melee of the youthful drinkers and the penumbra of the hotel lights, the sea occasionally glints mysteriously and the water sighs in the shadow along the sea wall. I feel all the hidden mystery of the earth and its waters as I gaze into the night. Then I always did in this place, my place. I move away from the drinking and talking crowd and walk in the shadow of the trees. The laughter is far away. I stand in laneways talking to ghosts. I look through windows of darkened houses where shades sit around a table. They have long gone but are here forever. And I am tenuously here moving among tourists, shop-keepers, publicans, old friends, fishermen and young families, the fields, the woods, the rock pools, the memories, the ghosts, the lovers.

The whole village is left to me alone after the activity of the pubs is spent. The great shadows of the cliffs lie deep on the water that hardly makes a sound in its ebb and flow. The vast silence of the night has enveloped the land and the sea and has brought peace with it.

Saul Roche

Saul Roche grew up in The Deise. He writes, paints and won the Lawson-Patterson award for his song Confession '55. When young he travelled much and now lives with his family in Central Victoria.



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An account of the foundation of the Carmelite Order in Australia by Joseph Vincent Butler O. Carm.

The first Carmelite foundation in Australia was made in Gawler, South Australia, at the invitation of Bishop Reynolds of Adelaide. We are very lucky in the Library and Archives of the Irish Province of Carmelites to retain an account of this and subsequent foundations written many years later by Fr Joseph Butler, the first Prior. The quotes throughout this article are Butler's own, taken directly from this account. Butler was a distinguished orator, much sought after for his sermons. He was born c.1844 in Limerick, joined the Carmelites in 1860 and was ordained in 1868. He taught in the Carmelites schools at Dominick Street and Terenure College. He served as Commissary General for Australia from 1886-1888. He died in the Carmelite Priory of Whitefriar Street on 28th March 1918.

Clearly writing with an eye on future history (the account is entirely in the third person, with Butler referring to himself by name throughout), he nonetheless allows his own views and opinions of events to shine through. Although short, the account is fascinating and at times most amusing.

The Irish Province had been struggling to re-establish itself throughout the 19th century following Catholic emancipation. Those sent to establish the South Australian foundation were some of the best the province had to offer, among them theologians, scholars, musicians and accomplished public speakers.

Butler begins, 'Dr Reynolds, a Dublin man, fourth Bishop of Adelaide, came to Europe, on his visit Ad Limina in 1880. When he was in Rome, he had an interview with the Fr General of the Grand Carmelites, Fr Angelus Savini, to ask him to establish in his diocese a house of the order attached to the Irish Province of Carmelites.' Savini referred him directly to the Irish province and the Provincial, Fr Michael Moore. In the Carmelite Priory of Whitefriar Street, Dublin, Fr Michael Gilligan, who was a childhood friend of Reynolds, seconded the application. 'The mission offered by the Bishop was Gawler, held by a Benedictine Abbot, Alcock, and Fr Fox OSB ... they had lately given up Gawler and gone to Auckland, NZ'

Five fathers – Patrick Carr, John Leybourne, Joseph Butler, Moses Byrne and the newly ordained Patrick Shaffrey, Butler's nephew – were selected to make the foundation. Fr Butler was to be Prior and Fr Leybourne Sub Prior. However, Butler was not as enthused about the prospect as his brethren. 'It was with extreme difficulty that Fr Butler yielded to the pressing solicitation of Fr Moore of going to Australia. He had the undertaking from the Provincial, confirmed by the General, of permission to return to Ireland any time after a year spent in Australia, if he so willed. The other fathers were very enthusiastic at going.'

On 25th February 1881, 'the five missionaries left Dublin by the North Wall for London' and on 2 March 1881, 'Ash Wednesday, the fathers embarked ... on board an Orient boat, SS Liguria, commanded by Captain Pat Conlon.' After a voyage that was 'most agreeable in every way' the first sight of Australia came on 15 April when 'on the night of Good Friday, the light from Kangaroo Island was sighted and next morning, Holy Saturday, they landed at Port Adelaide, where they were warmly

welcomed by the Vicar General, Fr Frederick Byrne.' The Vicar General and Butler went straight to Gawler, 25 miles north west of Adelaide. On Easter Sunday, 17 April 1881, Butler preached his first mass as Prior in Gawler.

The five fathers arrived with no more than £2 amongst them 'so that the Australian mission began in real poverty.' Problems occurred when they went to the bank where the Vicar General was to give his personal security for £50 to be loaned to the Prior, but the bank refused. They then went to another bank where, according to Butler, 'the VG was well known – the money was at once given.'

When writing about the new mission, Butler is less than impressed with the conditions they met on arrival. The walls of the stone church were split in many places and a new church was needed. They had £200 in the bank for a future building.

The mission also included Virginia, Hamley Bridge, Pinkerton Plains, Stockport, Mallala and The Light.

'The house in Gawler was a cottage with four rooms. Kitchen, coach-house and stable stood apart. There was a nice garden with very excellent orange, lemon, fig trees and vine. For some months two priests were in two bedrooms, the third, occupied by the prior, served as a refectory; the parlour was free. In a few months the house was much

enlarged by three bedrooms, good sized refectory, bathroom and store rooms.' Butler also bought two houses adjoining the garden on the west. These, he tells us, 'were inhabited by disreputable people'. He does not say more than that.

In describing the area, Butler notes the soil was impregnated with salt and stink weed flourished on it, but once the fields were irrigated good crops were raised there. He also comments on the Barossa range of hills, a ride through which 'especially when the perfumed wattle blossom fills the air with scent is very enjoyable.' In Gawler itself the extensive ironworks of Martin & Son and two flour mills afforded employment to many Catholics, who were mostly of 'the labouring class and the farmers not wealthy. In the Irish Famine time very many Co Clare poor people emigrated to South Australia. They are generous, according to their small means.'

Butler was unhappy with the conditions of the mission in general and the description given in Dublin was, he claims, 'entirely overdrawn and its future prospects too roseate painted'. He complains that they were not given North Adelaide instead. Further he tells us that though the Bishop 'drew up in his own hand and signed the conditions binding him and the Province... on his part these conditions were never carried out.'

However, the Carmelites settled in comfortably and within six months Butler was in great demand as a talented preacher. Along with his nephew, Shaffrey, he gave a week's mission in the Cathedral at Adelaide in September 1881, which was very successful and well attended after which they were invited to Melbourne. The trip was made by boat, as no train ran at that time between Adelaide and Melbourne, and 'after an awfully stormy passage in which the captain thought the ship would founder, they reached Port Philip' on Saturday, 22nd October 1881.

The five fathers arrived with no more than £2 amongst them



The Prior preached the next day at the 11 o'clock Mass at St Francis' Church 'to a congregation that overflowed even out into the churchyard.' Writing this account many years later, Butler tells us that the singer at that mass was a Mrs Armstrong and on being introduced afterwards Butler 'predicted to her a most brilliant success if she went to Europe and studied for a time under a master musician.' She is better known to us today as Dame Nellie Melba.

The mission in St Francis was so successful it continued for another fortnight. Many more were to follow. Archbishop Goold 'who had shown the fathers every attention, they often dining with him,' offered a foundation in his diocese, which was at once accepted. Butler tells us that their voyage back to Adelaide was a marked contrast to the stormy one which had brought them to Melbourne. When Bishop Reynolds was informed of the proffered foundations in Melbourne, he reportedly 'received the news very badly and said he deeply regretted it.'

Although he had spent his year in Australia, Butler shows no sign of wanting to return to Ireland. In April 1882 Butler and Shaffrey left Gawler for Melbourne. They were given Sandridge (later split into Port Melbourne and Middle Park) by the Archbishop although according to Butler 'he promised to give a better one as soon as it was in his power.' They lodged for some months in a hotel, focusing on the expansion of the church and on the rebuilding of the school following a fire in February, but were 'glad to quit it for a new-made house in Merton St.' Butler found the hotel experience 'most unpleasant. Often on a Sunday they could not get a bite to eat until three or after.'

In Merton Street they were joined by Frs Moore, Kelly and Stone. Fr Moore came out to collect money for Terenure College, the school run by the Carmelites in Dublin to this day. Butler was not happy about this state of affairs and writing this account many years after the fact does not appear to have forgiven Moore. 'The £100 taken by him was never refunded to Australia. He did no work for the mission in Australia. The

fathers were very straitened for funds to even furnish the house. For a long time the beds were on the boards.'

Further problems arose in October 1882 when Dr Goold offered the Carmelites the mission of Brunswick and Coburg in exchange for Sandridge. Dean Charles O'Hea OSA was in charge and according to Butler 'he and the Archbishop gravely fell out.' Butler went to Coburg but found O'Hea 'in a great passion and threatening law on the Archbishop; under the circumstances he declined going there.'

The account then jumps to 1887 when the new Archbishop Carr wrote to Butler regarding disputes over the boundary of the Carmelite mission, primarily related to the building of a school on Kerferd Road. The boundaries were found to be as originally described by Archbishop Goold. However, in 1890 permission to build a further church on Kerferd Road was withdrawn following protests – Butler tells us that one of the Deans 'took a fright' that it would take away from the congregation at Emerald Hill. At this time the land boom was beginning and the price of land soon ran up. The new church was finally built at the corner of Wright St and Richardson St but cost £3,000. The church was opened and blessed by Bishop Reville on 29 November 1891.

Fr Butler left for Ireland on 20 January 1895. The final paragraph of his account sums up his mission experience. During his time in Australia 'he gave missions, retreats to convents and priests, and preached special sermons at opening of schools, churches, laying foundations stones and other functions in South Australia, all through Victoria, New South Wales, Queensland, Tasmania, and New Zealand. His notebook shows that in 1885 he preached outside his own parish 113 times and travelled 4,500 miles. From 1881 till leaving January 1895 he preached from home 1,265 sermons. In 1883, from April to November, he travelled 8,296 miles on mission work.'

Ruth Long is the Librarian of the Library and Archives of the Irish Province of Carmelites.

The Irish as champions of reform at Eureka

Recalling the story of Eureka and its demands for democracy, Phillip Moore discusses the pre-eminent and pivotal role of the Irish in the strike for liberty and struggle for a principle.

Addressing a Eureka luncheon in 2008, Máirtín Ó Fainín, the Irish Ambassador, said:

Eureka would not have happened without the Irish, and Australia would be a very different country today without the Irish contribution. It was the Irish who introduced to Australia that defiant questioning of 'authority', and their demand for justice that transformed itself into the Australian demand for a 'fair go'.

From the days of the First Fleet, the Irish formed a large part of the immigration into Australia. For a brief period after the Irish Famine, the majority of general immigrants from the then United Kingdom were Irish Catholics. Continuing to rebel against what they believed was a tyrannical government that had dispossessed them, the Irish were a troublesome people to the British.

The background to the Irish dissent and rebelliousness was long-standing. In the 17th century, military defeats at the hands of the British reduced the ownership of land by Irish Catholics to less than 14%. In the 18th century, the Penal Code further marginalised the Catholic population, restricted religious practice and excluded Catholics from all public office. Inspired by the ideals of the French Revolution and with Catholics, Protestants and Dissenters coming together under the name of United Irishmen, the 1798 Rebellion was a determined, if doomed, effort to achieve Irish freedom.

The 19th century ultimately brought Catholic Emancipation and the long struggle for land reform continued. In 1848 the Young Ireland movement and later the Fenian Movement, albeit a military failure, provided inspiration which would eventually lead to Irish freedom. The British handling of the Great Famine demonstrated indifference and neglect of the Irish and fanned the flames of dissent and rebellion.

The British settlement of Australia paralleled these later developments in

Ireland. The Irish who came to Australia and many of those who arrived on the gold fields bore the mental scars of British injustice.

The Young Ireland rebellion of 1848 and more importantly the political philosophy of the rebels would have influenced the leader of the Eureka Stockade, Peter Lalor, and other Irish participants. Lalor's father had long been prominent in opposition to unfair land taxes in Ireland. He had been a Member of Parliament for

The British handling of the Great Famine ... fanned the flames of dissent and rebellion.

County Laois and promoted the return of the Irish Parliament to Dublin. Peter's older brother, James Fintan Lalor, was a prominent Young Irelander with William Smith O'Brien and the others, and a leader in the struggle for land reform in Ireland. He is also remembered for his republican political writings in the *Nation* journal.

When in 1854 the Ballarat Reform League adopted its Charter, its principles were similar to those advocated in 1791 by the United Irishmen – manhood suffrage, equal electoral districts, abolition of property qualifications for voters, annual parliaments, and payment of members of parliament.

The following points further illustrate the strong and distinctive Irish flavour at Eureka:

- Many of the Irish who came to Ballarat during the gold rush were well trained by the O'Connell political campaigns in Ireland, which taught them how to organise political agitations, monster meetings and newspaper campaigns.
- Irishman John Manning of the Ballarat Times was very much the publicist of

the diggers' cause.

- Approximately half of the 1,000 diggers originally at the stockade were Irish. Of the 150 who remained as defenders of the stockade, more than half were Irish.
- The centre for resistance (the stockade) was the Eureka lead, a precinct of the 'Tipperary Men'.
- The password for entry to the stockade was 'Vinegar Hill', reminiscent of the 1798 Battle at Vinegar Hill in Ireland.
- The pike, the symbol of the Irish rebellion of 1798, was the weapon of the diggers who were short of guns.
- Of the 34 names on Lalor's list of those killed or wounded at the Stockade, 20 were Irish.
- Redmond Barry, the judge before whom the 13 men (six of them Irish) charged with treason appeared, was Irish; Richard Ireland, the defence barrister, was also Irish.
- William Stawell, who referred to the miners as 'wandering vagabonds' and 'vagrants' and, as attorney-general, framed the disputed miners' licensing regulations and prosecuted the diggers, was born in Co Cork.
- Although Barry urged a guilty verdict and although no Irishman was among the jurors in the Eureka treason trials, the 13 charged were acquitted, so reflecting a broad Australian acceptance of the stand taken by the diggers.

Whilst the Irish were prominent at the Eureka Stockade, it was not totally an Irish affair. The 10,000 diggers and supporters who assembled at the monster meetings at Bakery Hill represented 30% of Ballarat's population. These people came from some 30 different nations. The Ballarat Reform League, the press in Ballarat and Melbourne, and the public and legal fraternity in Melbourne also supported the campaign. Nevertheless, after the vicious and provocative licence hunt of 30 November, it was principally the Irish who were prepared to build and drill in the stockade to defend their rights and liberties.



Monster meeting outside St Paul's, Melbourne: Supporting the diggers - demanding justice and better government.

Soon after the Eureka Stockade battle and in the wake of government reforms, Peter Lalor lamented that these reforms had not been granted until they had been baptised in human blood, asking why it had come to this. Later, in his first speech in Parliament, Lalor pointed out that King John had granted the Magna Carta to the barons with arms in their hands, and not in response to a petition of the people.

After Lalor was elected to the Legislative Council, he confounded many supporters with his decision to vote in favour of an electoral bill that maintained property qualifications for voting rights, somewhat contrary to a Charter principle. His answer to critics was:

I would ask these gentlemen what they mean by the term 'Democracy'. Do they mean Chartism or Communism or Republicanism? If so, I never was, I am not now, nor do I ever intend to be a democrat. But if a democrat means opposition to a tyrannical press, a tyrannical people, or a tyrannical government, then I have ever been, I am still, and I will ever remain a democrat.

Many would agree with Patrick O'Farrell when he said, "As a member

It was principally the Irish who were prepared to ... defend their rights and liberties.

of a distinguished family, Lalor's passion was for justice, not democracy, and he accepted at Eureka his family's mantle of leadership when he was needed." Whilst Lalor had his own ideas of democracy, he was and still deserves to be considered a hero as the rebel leader in the dramatic events of Eureka.

But it is to all the people of Eureka including the Irish – to those thousands at Bakery Hill who brought down their Charter demanding democracy and who swore by the Southern Cross to defend their rights and liberties,

to those thousands who gathered in Melbourne, and to those in the court room who demanded justice for the diggers and better government – that we are indebted for the advance of democratic rights.

Phillip Moore is a committee member of Eureka's Children and a tireless campaigner for recognition of the role played by the events at Eureka in the establishment of Australian democracy. This article is an extract from 'Demanding democracy: Eureka, the [Ballarat] Reform Charter and the Irish', a paper that Phillip presented at the 18th ISAANZ Conference, at Galong, NSW, 3 July 2011.

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Great Irregularities on the *Duke of Cornwall*

The convict transport *Duke of Cornwall* sailed from Dublin for Van Diemen's Land on 5 July 1850 carrying 200 Irish female prisoners, 32 children and four passengers. The surgeon on board was Charles Smith, who had undertaken a previous voyage to the colony as surgeon in the *Tory* (1848) with English female convicts. As a naval officer, Charles Smith was under instructions from the Admiralty to use:

his utmost endeavours to prevent ... prostitution [of the female convicts] with the Officers, Passengers or Crew, shewing a good example himself in this particular ... (Instructions for Surgeons-Superintendents and Masters on Board Convict Ships, 1838)

On their embarkation, Surgeon Smith reported in his journal that two-thirds of the prisoners were young women from the Irish countryside. He wrote that previously they had been of good character, but many had committed offences to be better fed in jail during the Great Famine. The remaining third were from Dublin and provincial towns. The constitutions of the latter women, he said, were impaired by intemperate habits and irregular living. The transport anchored at Hobart Town on 27 October 1850 following a passage of 112 days. Word apparently began to circulate in the colony of misconduct during the voyage involving the master, surgeon and mates.

The English Catholic bishop, R W Willson, who had dedicated his ministry in Van Diemen's Land to protecting the welfare of convicts, initiated an inquiry into events on board the *Duke of Cornwall*. For the undertaking he enlisted the services of the Irish visiting magistrate to Cascades Female Factory, Mr A B Jones. Specifically the matters raised were whether there were women on this passage who had become pregnant to the master and mates. The senior matron, plus a free settler and nine prisoners, were selected at random for interview. Bishop Willson, on a visit to Ross Female Factory, found that *Duke of Cornwall* prisoners were held there and requested the visiting magistrate, Mr R P Stuart, to take their statements.

The senior matron, Miss Mary Ann Downing, on arrival was employed as a catechist at Brickfields Hiring Depot, where she was interviewed by Mr A. B. Jones. Miss Downing told the magistrate that she had heard of irregularities while

on board. She had communicated these to the surgeon but his response was that the women could not be believed. The Master, John Whitehead, then charged her with telling tales. A prisoner testified that all the women had heard 'the Captain abuse Miss Downing on the quarter deck'. She cried, went to her cabin, and was kept there for some weeks. Miss Downing also confirmed that she was confined to her bed during the last month at sea. She was allegedly sick but there was no entry of any illness in the surgeon's journal.

Miss Downing told the magistrate that she had heard of irregularities while on board

While the inquiry was in progress, the Medical Officer's Register at Cascades Female Factory recorded the stillbirth of a full term male infant on 26 May 1851. The 21-year-old mother, Mary Carroll, had been a prisoner in the *Duke of Cornwall*. The child could only have been conceived during the voyage. She testified that:

the Doctor on board was the father of my child. I was advised by Bishop Willson to make a statement of my case which I did to Mr Jones.

She told the magistrate that the doctor came to see her at Cascades and also wrote to her. The letter was in the possession of Miss O'Flaherty (a matron previously employed in the *Kinnear* transport).

Early in the voyage, Mary Carroll had suffered a fall onto the lower deck. After treatment for bruising, she assisted the surgeon as a nurse in the hospital, with constant access to his cabin. Witnesses stated that it was generally known that she was 'in the family way about two months after we left and one month before we landed'. It was alleged the surgeon had given her a gold locket and had brought bottles of wine down to the prisoners who were allowed to sleep on deck in the tropics.

A witness held at Ross Female Factory told Magistrate Stuart that she saw the first mate come down every other night at 11 or 12 o'clock and unlock the little hatchway near the cuddy. Several prisoners reported

that all three mates had women to sleep with them. Other women stated that a female pimp among the convicts procured females for the master and mates. The pimp allegedly told other prisoners that she hid those selected for assignations in the water closet until the others went below. They were given silk handkerchiefs, money and rings. The pimp and some prisoners later fell out and quarrelled over the ownership of the presents. Witnesses also claimed that one of these women was pregnant to the master on arrival. Bryan O'Conlon, the free settler who worked his passage, reported to Magistrate Jones that 'I did not tell what I saw for fear of becoming a marked man among the sailors'.

Bishop Willson and Magistrate Jones in their report concluded that, though there were discrepancies in the evidence: we cannot but arrive at the conclusion that great irregularities did take place during the voyage and that those who had charge of the convicts must either have been cognisant of them or so easily deceived as to render them unfit for so important a charge.

The report of the Inquiry was passed to the Comptroller General of Convicts, J. S. Hampton, on 12 November 1851. He advised Lieutenant Governor Denison that 'Bishop Willson and Mr Jones are of opinion that great irregularities did occur on board'. At the same time Hampton warned that the statements of the women were to be regarded with extreme distrust. This was the prevailing stereotype about convict utterances. His final judgement was that it was certain that the women were not properly managed during the voyage and 'nearly certain that much immorality was allowed to take place'. He declared, however, that it was not possible to arrive at any positive conclusion as to the truth of the allegations that the still born infant was the offspring of the surgeon. This had previously been acknowledged by Bishop Willson.

In 1852 Denison forwarded the report of the Inquiry with evidence to Sir John Pakington, Secretary for War and the Colonies. No action appeared to have been taken by the Admiralty as Charles Smith was reappointed for a further voyage. He came again to the colony in the following year as surgeon superintendent on the *Duchess of Northumberland* carrying English female convicts.

Anne McMahon

Anne is an historian based in Canberra

Farewell reflections on Irish Australia

Slán – Farewell from Ambassador Máirtín Ó Fainín

In a long career in the Irish diplomatic service, I have served in seven postings including the major Irish diaspora countries – the US (Washington and Chicago), Argentina and Australia. That kinship connection was the key factor in our decision to open the Irish Embassy in Australia in 1946 and in a time of multi-faceted demands on the work of an Embassy, that connection with our own people remains very much a part of the role of an Irish Ambassador to Australia and to the other diaspora countries.

As a nation in a diaspora boasting a global Irish family of more than 70 million, Ireland values very much its links with our people scattered around the globe. My first posting was in Chicago in 1976/77 at a time when Mayor Daly ran the last Irish political machine in the US. Subsequently I served four years in the Irish Embassy in Washington where Tip O'Neill, Ted Kennedy, Daniel Moynihan and Governor Carey of New York headed up what was the most effective ethnic lobby in the US and what would be a long lasting and critical US support for peace with justice in Northern Ireland. Immediately before coming to Australia, I was Ambassador to Argentina, home to one of the most interesting Irish diaspora communities. The half million Irish on the Pampas remain fiercely loyal to their Irish heritage, a testimony to the enduring sense of connection and community among this global Irish family even after the replenishment of new emigration from Ireland has long past.

I feel it is my good fortune and indeed a privilege to have served my last posting before retirement in Australia, this the most Irish of countries outside of Ireland itself. I have never felt like a foreigner in Australia and those of us who pushed the boats out after the Famine recognise the familiar and comforting legacy of our own people in this lucky land. Nowhere else have the Irish so influenced the personality of another country. As a Christian Brothers' boy, I quickly came to recognise that that large slice of the Australian population which came through a Catholic education in Australia had absorbed the same wonderful package, warts and all, as I had. The Irish experience as a marginalised and dispossessed people at home had also

given rise to a crusading commitment to a 'fair go' in their adopted land. Irish music and dance have put down deep and prospering roots in Australia. The Gaelic Athletic Association is flourishing as is the Irish language movement. The many Irish cultural and social groups throughout Australia are testimony to the vibrancy and richness in the present Irish community scene. Truly it has been for me a home from away from home.

Like their American cousins, the Irish in Australia retained a continuing interest in and a fascination with the 'auld country'. We have always looked to our diaspora for solace and support in times of difficulty at home and Australia did not disappoint in this regard. During the long 'Troubles' in Northern Ireland, Irish-Australians have supported the

I have never felt like a foreigner in Australia

search for peace with justice. Today when we have at last a successful power-sharing Government in Belfast, the Australia-Ireland Fund continues to promote reconciliation in what remains a most divided society. During critical times in the peace process the support of the Australian Government has also been important. In my time here Alexander Downer made some very productive and helpful interventions.

Against the background of the current economic difficulties in Ireland, the Irish-Australian business community has been an important source of support and practical assistance. Over the past two years I was pleased to preside over the establishment of an Australian-New Zealand branch of the Global Irish Network. The support of members of the Network like Qantas CEO Alan Joyce, Paul O'Sullivan of Optus, Philip Cronin of Intel and many others for Ireland has been invaluable. Irish professional business and professional organisations like the Irish-Australian Chamber of Commerce in Melbourne and the Lansdowne Club in Sydney have



also provided valuable support for Irish companies as well as being positive voices for Ireland in corporate Australia. Kinship is also a very important factor in making Australia such an important tourism source for Ireland.

The difficult economic times in Ireland have also generated a new wave of Irish immigration into Australia. More than 30,000 Irish young people have settled in Australia in the past three years. They find as I did that Australia is a warm and familiar house for the Irish. This new exodus of young Irish people is a tragedy for those affected and a terrible disappointment to an Ireland which had considered the days of involuntary emigration as passed. It is fortunate, nonetheless, that Australia is open to the Irish and that they have such a warm and welcoming option. They will serve to reinvigorate Irish-Australia and the links with Ireland. The Irish economy will without doubt recover and in these days of easy travel and communication they will have the possibility of returning to Ireland.

One never gets used to departures and in this case my farewell to Australia is very much tinged with sadness. While looking forward to home after the last twelve years on the road, I will sorely miss the many personal friends and friends of Ireland I came to know and love here.

Go raibh fada buan sibh a chairde dhílis na hÉireann.

*Máirtín Ó Fainín,
Ambassador for Ireland*

James Hogan, the first historian of Irish Australia

Patrick O'Farrell probably named his monumental history, *The Irish in Australia* (1986), in homage to the first historian of Irish Australia, James Hogan, who had published his book of the same name a century earlier. Hogan first came to public attention when in 1875, he published in the Geelong *Advertiser* the text of a notorious sermon of his parish priest, Archdeacon Slattery, against Victoria's new secular Education Act:

Were the necessity forced upon us, I would, with free and flashing sword, lead my people against the enemies of the Church – against those who would ruin the souls of our children – and, at the point of the bayonet, resist the attempted extinction of our holy Faith.

This over-the-top outburst heightened sectarian strife. Three years later Hogan published a tract, *The Catholic Case Stated*, lamenting the ending of State Aid to education. In this pamphlet Hogan reveals himself as a strong traditionalist Catholic, a primary allegiance he never relinquished.

James Francis Hogan was born in 1855 in Tipperary, which he was later to represent in the British Parliament. His parents moved from Ireland to the Geelong area when he was two. After showing promise at school he was sent to the Jesuit's St Patrick's College in Melbourne. He was appointed teacher at the Anakie Catholic school near Geelong at 17, then head teacher of St Mary's Geelong in 1874 at the remarkable age of nineteen. His early literary efforts at this stage included short stories, poems, lyrics for music, and an essay on his first hero, Daniel O'Connell.

Hogan moved to Melbourne in 1881, becoming sub-editor of *The Literary Review*, and later a journalist on the *Argus*, the beginning of a lifetime of higher journalism. He was soon a rising star in Melbourne. In 1886 Hogan published his first book, *An Australian Christmas Collection*, a collection of essays on Australian themes, as well as on figures like Newman and Parnell. In the same year he produced a monograph, *A Biographical Sketch of the late Most Rev James Alpius Goold*. This is noteworthy

for its first-hand account of how Catholic politicians manoeuvred to stymie the 1872 secular Education Act. At this stage the small Catholic bloc in parliament almost held the balance of power. Then ensued a complicated set of political manoeuvres, as described by Hogan:

Towards the close of 1879 Sir John O'Shanassy, despairing of success by the ordinary constitutional means, conceived the idea of turning out Ministry after Ministry until the Catholic educational grievance was redressed. With this object Catholic education defence associations were established, with the Archbishop's approval, in every parish throughout the length and breadth of the land. Never before had the Catholic vote been so skillfully and systematically organised.

In his first decade in London Hogan published six books, an impressive total.

But the aging O'Shanassy, thrice Premier of Victoria, found at this stage he could destroy ministries but not create them. Nowhere else is this crucial tactic described, in writing on Victorian political history. Hogan was close to O'Shanassy and obviously got the story directly from him.

In 1887 Hogan became the first historian of Irish Australia with *The Irish in Australia*, published in Melbourne and London simultaneously. The book is a broad-brush, introductory account with a strong bias toward his home state of Victoria. It describes prominent Irish Australian figures, including Protestant Irish, and episodes in which they featured, such as the Eureka Stockade rebellion, and the role of the Irish in each state. The book was well received, being favourably reviewed in Australian, Irish and English journals, and went to three editions.

At least one aspect of this book is original, and important in Australian history generally. Hogan noticed that Catholics were spread fairly evenly over Melbourne. No ethnic ghettos, no Irish towns, developed as they did in large American cities:

There is no such thing as a distinctive Irish quarter in Melbourne, known and recognized by that contemptuous term. The Irish in Melbourne are not to be found herding together...In each of the municipal districts there is a strong contingent of independent Irish ratepayers, men with a stake in the country, freeholders qualified to vote, and good citizens in every respect.

Two contrasting forces were exerting pressure on the Catholic community – a strong Irish Catholic religious identity on the one hand, emphasized by such issues as separate Catholic schools. On the other hand the Irish were not herded into geographic enclaves but mixed daily with the larger community. Hogan's point was that the Catholics of Melbourne were *tribalised*, but not *ghettoised*, which I think was broadly true. This had important political repercussions. Catholics, who wished to have State Aid restored, argued that while they were over 20% of the population, they had only about 5-8% of the members of Parliament. On three or four separate occasions from the 1870s to the 1910s they tried to organise themselves to get a large controlling Catholic bloc in parliament. Their models were the Irish Party at Westminster and the Catholic Centre Party in Germany, both of which held the *balance of power* in their parliaments, but they had not understood the electoral implications of Hogan's point. The Catholic vote was so spread out that this strategy would not work, since no electorates (except for a few isolated rural cases like Port Fairy and Kilmore) had a high enough Catholic vote to get a Catholic elected simply because he was a Catholic. In a speech in August 1914 the politically perceptive Archbishop Mannix was quick to realise the electoral implications of this fact:

Catholics, no doubt, are in a minority in this country. If they were concentrated in certain areas in Victoria, as Catholics are concentrated in Germany and in other lands, we could at once have Catholic representatives in the State Parliament, and we could more easily and effectively press our claims.

Over a decade from 1878 to 1887, Hogan had published four monographs, plus many essays. In 1887, the same year that he published *The Irish in Australia*, Hogan left Melbourne after six years there to further his literary and public career in London. It is pretty clear why he went. He now described himself as a freelance journalist and wrote for many magazines in England and Ireland, for the *Bulletin* and the *Advocate* in Australia, in addition to giving public talks. He continued from a distance to play a part in the Melbourne Catholic scene by writing for over 35 years a well-informed column, 'Letter from London by a Victorian', which appeared about three times a month, on English current affairs for the *Advocate*. Though his column was in its first few decades anonymous, it often recounted the activities – and triumphs – of James Hogan.

Two years after he arrived in London Hogan brought out a book of travel essays on his recent trip from Melbourne called *An Australian in London and America*, with chapters on the obvious stopping places. The only stopping place not mentioned, strangely for the historian of Irish Australia, was Ireland and Dublin, though we know he went to a political meeting there. In London he describes visiting places famous with their historic associations. Hogan was a colonial deeply impressed, almost overwhelmed, by the experience of London:

Coming from a country whose history is but of yesterday, and which on that account possesses nothing of venerable monumental interest, the Australian feels a peculiar reverence in wandering over those scenes and structures in London that are crowded with memories of a long-vanished past...



MR. JAMES FRANCIS HOGAN,

for many years London correspondent of this paper, who died recently. Born in Tipperary, Mr. Hogan spent his boyhood and early manhood in Victoria. A journalist by profession, he returned to the old country, and for seven years (1893-1900) represented Mid-Tipperary in the House of Commons. He is the author of several books.

James Francis Hogan *Courtesy of the State Library of Victoria*

This sense of awe never faded for Hogan over the succeeding decades. It was the great experience of his life. London and England's cultural and historical roots enchanted him, just as they did Robert Menzies visiting London fifty

years later, as we read in Menzies' diary. But Hogan did not succumb to being an uncritical supporter of Britain. He criticised Britain on Home Rule, on its treatment of English Catholics, and on its treatment of the colonies.

Hogan soon became a public figure in his own right. In 1893 he was elected unopposed to Westminster as an Irish nationalist member for a Tipperary electorate, his county of birth, retaining the seat until 1900. In an 1891 article in the prestigious *Westminster Review*, he argued that the example of the Australian colonies showed that granting Home Rule to Ireland would not threaten the British Empire's stability. At the end of *The Irish in Australia* Hogan is indignant that young colonies like Victoria have been granted self-government 'which has (been) so long and so unwisely refused to Irishmen in their own land'. This shameful contrast is the great theme of his political career. It is likely that his book on the Irish in Australia plus the article drew attention to him as a prospective candidate for an Irish seat. He also lived in London and had an independent income. The Irish Party had just split over the Parnell-Kitty O'Shea affair, and Hogan supported the majority Justin McCarthy faction rather than the Parnellite one. At a Nationalist convention at Templemore, Tipperary, in February, 1893, Hogan was declared the party's candidate. In his acceptance speech on being nominated Hogan said: 'A great part of my life has been passed under a Home Rule Government in Australia that has been largely and successfully administered by Irishmen', and went on to instance Sir John O'Shanassy, a Tipperary man, as well as Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, Sir Bryan O'Loughlen and the Hon Peter Lalor. On being elected a few weeks later Hogan stressed that the Home Rule Bill did not have to be perfect, because his experience in Victoria had been that once you got a measure of self-rule you could gradually extend it.

In 1893, a big year, the second Home Rule Bill of Gladstone was going through the British Parliament with high hopes of success. (Gladstone was Hogan's latest hero.) In Hogan's maiden speech during the crucial Home Rule debate in May, he refuted the Unionist Joseph Chamberlain's allegation that whenever Irishmen got into power around the world they were financially extravagant. Hogan

also spoke up in public for the Irish. In the London *Times* of October 1893 he replied to a Unionist who had claimed that 'Ireland had her full share of representation' at Westminster.

Of what practical benefit has that representation been? Had it [Irish representation] not been persistently overborne and set at nought by brute majorities in the House of Commons?... From 1800 until 1885, so far as shaping or governing the course of Irish legislation is concerned, Ireland might just as well have been represented by the Emperor of China, the Grand Lama of Tibet, the Maharajah of Oude, the Sultan of Turkey, the Bey of Algiers and the King of the Cannibal Islands.

But after the failure of the 1893 Bill in the Lords, Gladstone retired and died

He became the person to meet when prominent Australians visited London.

soon after. The Tories obtained a large majority, the Irish Party lost its balance of power position, and as a result the Home Rule issue was on the back burner for the rest of Hogan's term. He developed no other large Irish interest.

During a parliamentary recess in 1894 Hogan toured Canada, the Pacific and Australia. In Melbourne he spoke at the Celtic Club, where he was congratulated by the President for his part in the Home Rule struggle. On his return to England, Hogan published in the *Contemporary Review* an article, 'Australia Revisited'. Hogan had left Melbourne at the height of the boom in 1887 and returned in the depths of the 1890s depression, so the contrast was stark. He revealed he had been shocked at how Melbourne had been hit by the downturn. In 1896 Hogan published a second travel book, *The Sister Dominions*, on this 1894 trip.

Hogan returned to Australia in late 1900

for the Federation celebrations, for which he was a special correspondent for the London *Daily Chronicle*. In Melbourne Hogan gave a lecture on 'Celebrities I have Known', who included Gladstone, Parnell, and Cardinal Manning. At a meeting in May 1900 in London Alfred Deakin had praised Hogan:

They were all in Australia proud of the success that Mr. Hogan, whom they looked upon as one of themselves, had achieved in London, and in particular of his attaining the high honour of a seat in the paramount Parliament of the Empire.

Lest it be thought Hogan was a dupe of conservative propaganda, we notice that when a correspondent in the London *Times* in March 1904 denied that early Australian settler occupation had severely diminished Aboriginal numbers, Hogan wrote to the *Times*:

It cannot be denied that many of the early squatters and their servants did their utmost to exterminate the inconvenient blacks in their districts, and but too often succeeded...during the first half century of Australian colonization most of the aborigines were either shot down, deliberately poisoned or fell victims to the drink and diseases introduced by the Christian and civilizing whites.

Hogan went on to quote Rolf Boldrewood's comment in *Old Melbourne Memories* that 'The Queen's Writ, as in certain historic portions of the West of Ireland, did not run in those parts', which may hint that Hogan saw parallels between the treatment of the Aborigines and the illegal treatment of his own constituents in rural Ireland.

Hogan did not seek re-election in 1900. When he relinquished his seat Michael Davitt, the founder of the Land League and a very prominent Irish Nationalist MP, was scathing on Hogan's performance:

Mr. Hogan has himself to thank for his severance with mid-Tipperary. [Tipperary] bore, patiently, with his quasi-Imperialism on the one hand, and his neglect of his constituency on the other. He had time and effort to spare

for the concerns of the Fiji Islands, the affairs of Hong Kong, and the general and particular interests of the whole Australian Commonwealth, a not unpopular occupation for a member for Tipperary, had he only occasionally remembered it was such a place as mid-Tipperary that sent him to the Imperial Parliament, and that Ireland was a little nearer to Westminster than New Guinea or Honolulu.

There is probably some truth in this satirical assessment! I suspect Hogan was not a frequent visitor to Ireland since he never wrote of visiting Ireland.

In his first decade in London Hogan published six books, an impressive total. His first novel, *The Lost Explorer* (1890), was an imagined story based on explorers like Sturt and Leichhardt trekking into the unknown interior of the Australian continent. Next was an historical work, *The Convict King: Adventures of Jorgen Jorgensen* (1891), a biography of Jorgen Jorgensen, whose extraordinary life went from the heights to the depths – he was briefly ruler (King) of Iceland in 1809 after overthrowing Danish authority and proclaiming Iceland independent. The manuscript of Jorgensen's life had originally been found by Marcus Clarke, a friend of Hogan's from Melbourne days.

Hogan's next book was a biography of the Australian career of *Robert Lowe, Viscount Sherbrooke* in 1893. Lowe was an obvious choice for Hogan because like Hogan he had become a member of the British Parliament after living in Australia. Lowe had been prominent in public life in NSW in the 1840s. He promoted Australian developments, and he was a Liberal who became Chancellor of the Exchequer in an early Gladstone Cabinet. Hogan's last book *The Gladstone Colony* was published in 1898. This described the unsuccessful attempt by Gladstone in 1845 to set up a convict colony on the coast at Port Curtis (now Gladstone). The book ends with chapters on Gladstone's enlightened views on British colonies. In 1899 a new Hogan book was announced but

never published: *Wild White Men – Life Among the Australian Blacks*, to be based on early manuscripts and books on Australian history he had collected, and on his researches in London archives.

After 1900 Hogan was no longer in Parliament and his writing output declined. He gave some popular illustrated talks in London and the provinces on such topics as 'Great Britain – its Romance and Realities' and the Eureka rebellion. His *Advocate* column showed no diminution in standard. It was, I think, his greatest achievement. He became the person to meet when prominent Australians visited London. After two decades in which he had produced ten works, he produced no further book in the remaining two and a half decades of his life. One reason for his decline seems to be he was better suited to immediate journalism and essay writing than to writing book length accounts of topics.

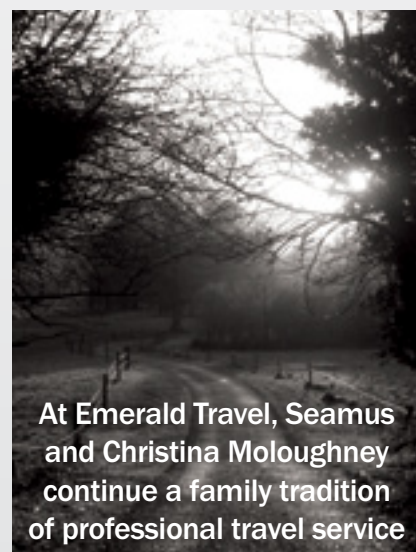
James Hogan, who remained unmarried, died in London in 1924, aged almost 69. The coroner's inquest was told he was considered eccentric and persistently refused to see a doctor; he had been dead for 24 hours before his body was found. The cause of death was from cancer and pneumonia. He was said by some to have died a pauper, but his friends claimed this was simply a matter of a saintly indifference to worldly goods. The first historian of Irish Australia in 1887 and an Irish member at Westminster in the 1890s hardly wrote a word on Ireland after 1895 in a further 30 years of writing. We see Hogan primarily as the author of *The Irish in Australia*, but for him that was only one of ten books, and only one of his varied interests. The centre of his physical world and interests had become London and British affairs. Of Hogan's multiple identities, Catholicism came first, Australia second, Britain third, and Ireland eventually a distant fourth.

Patrick Morgan is a Victorian writer who writes for Tinteán and other journals, and who has recently completed an account of the Melbourne Catholic Archdiocese from 1880 to 1920 entitled Melbourne before Mannix.



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Designing Learning for Remote Indigenous Communities

Designing education and training programs for clients who are disadvantaged geographically requires that a micro perspective be considered.

In an article in *Campus Review*, (6/5/2008), K Bowman suggested that regional Australia depends on low-level vocational and training education. To develop the economic climate of the region, a higher level of customised vocational education and training qualifications must be created by VET.

R Brennan (also in *Campus Review*, 29/4/2008) indicated that indigenous Australians are among the most under-privileged people in the world. While there are programs that have successfully delivered education within the marginalised regions of indigenous Australia, these are low level qualifications and are not transferred easily to employment.

In spite of many innovative programs funded and implemented over the past years, the educational outcomes of the indigenous communities are not improving and will require all involved to work together for a common cause. However, this methodology, 'learning as a community' must, as Brennan suggested, put student and community first and the curriculum content second. This model addresses the needs of the indigenous community.

The employment of indigenous teachers is a vital strategy to engage the indigenous community in education. Teachers are scarce in regional Australia. If a program relied on qualified indigenous teachers, then it would be too small to have any successful impact on improving outcomes. A program that uses community members as facilitators supported by qualified teachers has a greater chance of implementing education reform attuned to the local community and cultural needs.

But how are all the pieces of the bigger picture to be integrated? We can use one of the most commonly owned technologies available, the mobile phone. With ownership in Australia at saturation rate; more phones than people, and greater systems coverage than ever before, we can provide access to the information age to these remote outback communities.

This access to information is not just vocational education and training but is the framework in which other services such as health care, welfare, the banking facilities etc. can be placed. The mobile phone company Ericsson and the United Nations have been working

on systems that provide access to health care in remote places of the world. These are having great success using a model that could be customised to suit our own indigenous community.

This theory is backed by Professor Jeffrey Sacks of Columbia University, Earth Institute, who reports that the mobile phone is a tool that can be used to address poverty, particularly in poor communities and can be a catalyst for empowerment and economic growth.

In a community that still embraces an

We can use one of the most commonly owned technologies available, the mobile phone.

historic culture as a way of life, reform must be driven by members of the community. The project should focus on supporting the elders who are the respected leaders of these communities, in developing their role as educators. This peer educative model uses the influence of significant others to educate the community, both formally and informally. This model is already entrenched in communities through the collective tribal knowledge and skills of aboriginal culture. When addressing the needs of the community, we need to recognise the efforts and capabilities of the community, not just individual members. It is the collective knowledge and capabilities of the community that needs to be shared to ensure a better future for all.

People react more positively to education when the learning activities are directly related to their needs and interests. If the community members are active participants in the design of these activities, they will be introduced to the theories and design processes of education allowing further development and support.

Katrina Verclas, co-founder of mobileactive.org, claims the use of mobile technology to bring about social change is being used mostly for staff coordination rather than as an impetus to activate social change. She believes the barriers to implementing such technology in remote areas can be overcome by developing usable applications that work

on low-end handsets.

An example of implementing educational delivery in remote areas is the Bangladesh education and technology project reported by A Rezwani in 2007. This project has influenced positive social change in the Chalanbeel region of North Bangladesh and has proven to be a model worthy of replication to suit the local indigenous environment.

The model addresses not only the educational, but the social, welfare and human rights issues that were prevalent in the area, such as extreme poverty, domestic abuse, early marriages, illiteracy, child trafficking and adverse environmental impact. The project started by educating farmers about environmentally sustainable farming methods to save the highly polluted local rivers. The realisation that the project was a catalyst for social change fuelled further implementation on a holistic, socialistic community development model.

In the Bangladesh model, the program developers targeted women who are taking control of the key economic functions of the community as males have become less involved in village life because of a need to find work elsewhere. Women have become the source of the common labour supply with 70% of manual labour jobs in agricultural industries undertaken by women.

The women developed a program to support the community to help themselves by having access to communications, a library, health advice, internet access and specialty advice. This is achieved by a network of mobile facilitators who visit once a week. Communications are also offered via the mobile networks to support the community-based peer educators who are females and elders from the local communities. If students do not follow a regime of continual practice in study then the neo-literate student will relapse into illiteracy within a year. Most of the illiterate students are female, with the likelihood of becoming mothers at 12 – 15 years of age, condemned to a life of poverty. The program has grown from agricultural training to a program that now delivers education in technology, human rights, women's rights, biodiversity etc, using locally developed and customised materials. The content is tailored to suit differing audiences and is considerate of the environment by using photovoltaic modules to generate

the electricity required to run the mobile learning facility.

The outcomes of this project are:

- a 60% reduction in the pesticides used in farming techniques resulting in improved water quality in the region
- farmers' income has increased by 55%,
- school enrolments have increased 35%
- the school drop out rate has reduced 30%.
- the reduction of forced marriages by 70%
- the ability for parents to be self reliant and take care of their children via the rise in micro businesses as a result of revolving funds of the community networks.

The cost of this program is significantly lower than a fixed location school model. The communication and data transfer via mobile network capabilities have significantly enhanced the way we work and learn and have reduced our dependence on 'location' for specific education.

Replicating the fundamentals of this mobile project for remote indigenous communities would not be difficult, even if the community were nomadic.

Indigenous students generally achieve a low level of education. However if a program does not provide positive, authentic representations of their race, then poor student performance is a likely outcome. A curriculum that asks learners to abandon their racial/social community and find their identity in the perspectives of our social construct will undoubtedly fail. Any course biased to 'our' social construct rather than that of the intended audience would probably not work. A model where competency is determined by an industry standard, market – related performance, product or commodity wouldn't work as market related performance does resemble the culture of the remote community. The course design would be required to meet the social functions and to contribute to social inclusion of the community.

A positive image of the future relates to a positive present day. If the present day image is low, there is a bleak image of the future. How do we change this focus?

We use positive questioning, questions that relate to the best practice in the community's past and focus on the positives of the community. This rationale to look at where the community wants to be must be based on the positives of what

has been. This focus is grounded in the real experience and the history of the community and is used to drive change that strengthens the best experiences of the existing community and culture.

This model is useful in a community that is already sceptical of educational programmes that rob them of their culture. Community dialogue is critical in moving the community forward, especially when there has been deterioration of social groups and a growing sense of hopelessness.

We need to recognise that experience in this culture is a social product of life histories and storytelling.

While we need to have educational programs considerate of an indigenous remote community, the program must also include the other diverse communities existing within Australia and the world. Allowing the students to analyse and compare other, various social and working groups, provides the opportunity to reduce racial polarisation as the students are less likely to stereotype members of other social or racial groups.

The use of a moblog, a web based log or journal that can be accessed via web 2.0 technologies, including the mobile phone provides the opportunity for the indigenous learners to view collected information from other groups and individuals. The indigenous learner and/or community can submit articles via the mobile devices, allowing differing societies and individuals a snapshot access to the indigenous culture.

We recognise that the learning site, the remote community, has a different social construct and meaning of knowledge in comparison with the wider dominant society. We need to develop ways of recognising the remote community members' prior knowledge and allowing the members of the community to present as themselves rather than how we would expect them to present. We need to recognise that experience in this culture is a social product of life histories and storytelling. We need to use an edu-

cational structure that allows students to work on their real world projects in order to minimise frustration and the socio-cultural differences between curriculum and students.

The same goes for student support. A student at risk of dropping out in a mainstream school is generally seen by a counsellor who understands the problems and sets in place intervention strategies. The issue in a remote indigenous community is that the counsellor may not understand the student's problem. This creates a further need for community support in the value of school. If the community values the school, then the social standing of the person attending school is raised, leading to greater retention in education programs.

Another strategy is to use levels of competency as recognition of educational ability rather than chronological years, recognising that the equivalence to mainstream schooling may take several years longer for some students. Relating progress to chronological years may result in low self esteem for some learners.

This mobile connectivity (moblogs) allows indigenous learner to link instantaneously with local, national and global events as they unfold. Learners and the community become active members of many networks, including their own culture. Exposing learners to the possibilities of a constantly changing future where future phases of learning are informed by the experiences gained and the information gathered in the present.

Opportunities that allow the students to access and embrace global, diverse networks of knowledge, to make sense and construct meaning and apply this knowledge under the collaborative support and guidance of the community, including teachers and specific subject matter experts, is not just a strategy for remote indigenous education, it is a strategy for us all. It is the advent of mobile connectivity that makes this strategy realisable in a remote setting.

Rodger Carroll

Rodger is Manager, Building & Furniture Department, Chisholm Institute. He is currently a Doctoral student at Victoria University and Programs Director and a past President of the International Society for Performance Improvement (ISPI) Melbourne chapter.

The falling star of Charles Stewart Parnell 1846–1891

Even today, 120 years after his death, the story of Charles Stewart Parnell still reverberates through Irish society. The lessons to be learned from these events surrounding his life and death are just as relevant today as they were in 1891. The story of Parnell is a tortuous tale of political intrigue, forgery, corruption, deceit, deception, loyalty, betrayal, murder, spying, a triangular relationship, romance, eloquent subterfuge, political pragmatism, all worked out on the international stage. However, at a human level, it was a tragic romantic story that ended in the untimely death of one of Ireland's most loved heroes.

It was in its time the biggest sex scandal of the age. Ironically, another Irish man, Oscar Wilde (1854–1900) was involved in the other sex scandal of the time. Both Parnell and Wilde were of ascendancy 'Anglo Irish' stock, well-educated, exuded charm, considerable panache and aplomb, and were well heeled and articulate. Neither of them survived for long after their considerable and very public falls from grace.

Charles Stewart Parnell was born on the 27 June 1846 in the family home of Avondale in Co Wicklow near the famed Vale of Avoca's 'Meeting of the Waters'. On the day of his birth, the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* ran a headline 'DISEASE IN THE NEW POTATO CROP'. The Famine which had begun a year earlier in 1845 was to rage on for several more years. By the time of Parnell's second birthday, nearly one eighth of the entire population were on outdoor relief or languishing in workhouses where they died in their hundreds. By his fourth birthday, three million had died of starvation or emigrated to the new world in coffin-ships. Parnell was born into a family inured to poverty and famine and well connected to the higher echelons on society on both sides of the Atlantic. His mother was a daughter of a famous American naval hero, Commodore Charles Stewart, who was a member of George Washington's bodyguard. He could also, through the family name Tudor, claim kinship with England's monarchs.

At the age of thirty-two, and with just four years of parliamentary experience, he had put in place a political coalition without precedent in Irish politics. In October 1879 he was elected president of the newly founded Irish National Land League, signing a militant Land League address and campaigning for land reform. In doing so, he linked the Land League to the parliamentary agitation, with profound consequences for both. It became a mass movement of popular disobedience, challenging rack rents, capricious evictions and exerting massive pressure on the government. Throughout his parliamentary career, Parnell was extremely capable and politically astute. He remained deliberately aloof, yet he was charismatic and impressed all who met him – Irish farmers, Fenians at home and overseas, English politicians of whatever persuasion. He was the consummate politician. His actions and speeches were skilfully crafted and so contrived that they inspired the confidence of his supporters, 'the hillside men', and did not antagonise the British Liberals.

In December 1879 he toured America to raise funds for famine relief and secure support for Home Rule. He and his followers collected £70,000. During this tour, he had an audience with American President Rutherford B Hayes. He addressed the House of Representatives on the state of Ireland and spoke in

62 cities before travelling to Canada. He was so well received in Toronto that TM Healy dubbed him 'the uncrowned king of Ireland'. He strove to retain Fenian support but insisted that he personally could not join a secret society. His political stance was so ambiguous that his supporters and listeners were uncertain about where he stood on some issues. During his tour, he seemed to be saying that there were virtually no limits to activities which would achieve specific political ends. Abolishing landlordism, he asserted, would undermine English misgovernment.

In 1880 Parnell became enamoured with Katharine O'Shea who had married Captain William O'Shea in 1867. O'Shea spent considerable time in Spain, allegedly involved in his father's mining business. Katharine would not have survived but for the assistance of a rich aunt, Mrs Benjamin Wood, who provided her with a lodge close to her home at Eltham and set William up in an apartment in town. In 1880, Parnell and O'Shea successfully ran for two County Clare seats, with Mrs Woods picking up the expenses tab for O'Shea. However, after he entered politics William and Kitty had effectively parted and led their own separate existences.

To promote his political profile and enhance his career chances, the impoverished Captain O'Shea regularly threw dinner parties. He invited Parnell on numerous occasions but he failed to attend. Determined to fill the often vacant chair Katharine decided to call on Parnell in person. She described their first encounter in July 1880:

He came out, a tall, gaunt figure, thin and deadly pale. He looked straight at me smiling and his curiously burning eyes looked into mine with a wondering intentness that threw into my brain the sudden thought: 'This man is wonderful – and different.' (Lyons, p 128)

The acquaintance ripened into friendship and friendship into something more. By 17 October he was writing to Katharine as 'My dearest love'. The intensity of this love is evident in his poem to her:

The grass shall cease to grow,
The river's stream to run,
The stars shall ponder in their course,
No more shall shine the sun;
The moon shall never wane or grow,
The tide shall cease to ebb and flow,
Ere I shall cease to love you. (Lyons, p 17)

In Katharine's words, by 1881 they 'were one, without further scruple, without fear, and without remorse'.

On 13 October 1881 Parnell's rejection of the Gladstone government's Land Act and his continued defiance of the government led to his arrest. Many of his fellow MPs were arrested over the following days and lodged along with him in Kilmainham Gaol. Six months of negotiations followed between the British prime minister at 10 Downing Street and Parnell in Kilmainham Gaol. During the negotiations Captain O'Shea was one of Parnell's channels of communication with Chamberlain. Parnell held a briefing session with O'Shea in Eltham and they were joined by Katharine, wife to one and mistress to the other, who was nursing a dying son they believed to be Parnell's. The conclusion of these negotiations,

The story of Parnell ... ended in the untimely death of one of Ireland's most loved heroes.

the so called 'Kilmainham Treaty', was a major landmark in Irish constitutional history. Parnell was to devote the rest of his life to the parliamentary campaign for Home Rule.

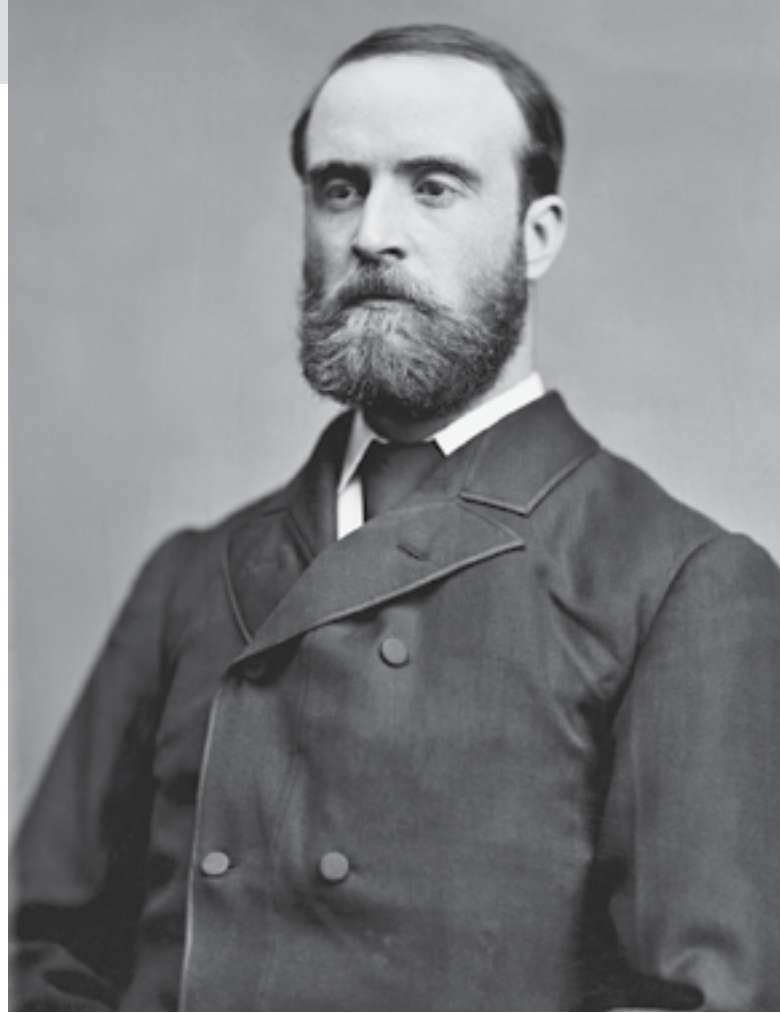
In 1882, Parnell changed his party's name to the Irish Parliamentary Party (IPP). He devised a new selection procedure to ensure the professional selection of party candidates who were committed to taking their seats. In 1884, he imposed a firm 'party pledge' which obliged party MPs to vote as a bloc in parliament on all occasions. The creation of a strict party whip and formal party structure was unique in party politics at the time. The Irish Parliamentary Party was in essence the first modern British political party. Its efficient structure and control ultimately became the model for British parties. The number of MPs increased from 63 to 85 in the 1885 election.

Parnell became the centre of public attention again when in 1887 he found himself accused by the British newspaper, *The Times*, of supporting the murder of the newly appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland, Lord Cavendish and the Permanent Under-Secretary. He was also accused of involving his movement with crime, i.e. with illegal organisations such as the IRB. Forged letters, provided by Richard Pigott, which suggested Parnell was complicit in the murders were published. In 1881 Parnell had bought from Pigott two of his declining newspapers, *The Irishman* and *The Flag of Ireland*, and turned them into United Irishman propaganda organs. By 1885 Pigott was again in financial difficulties. He forged letters and successfully sold them to *The Times* for £500. His success led him to fabricate fresh forgeries. His involvement with the Parnellites made his sources seem plausible. However, a Commission of Enquiry, which Parnell had requested, revealed the letters were a fabrication. Pigott, who broke down under cross-examination, later committed suicide.

Parnell then took *The Times* to court and the newspaper paid him £5,000 damages in an out-of-court settlement. When Parnell entered parliament on 1 March 1890 after he was cleared of all charges, he received a standing ovation from his fellow MPs led by Gladstone and the front bench. Parnell was the lion of liberal society. He received the freedom of Edinburgh and was Gladstone's guest at Hawarden. The prospects for home rule had never seemed brighter. It had been a dangerous crisis in his career, yet Parnell had at all times remained calm, relaxed and unperturbed, which greatly impressed his political friends and foes. Yet, although he was vindicated in triumph, links between the Home Rule movement and IRB militancy had been established.

On 24 December 1889, Captain O'Shea filed for divorce, citing Parnell as co-respondent. It had been widely known among politicians at Westminster that Parnell had been the long-term partner of Mrs O'Shea and had fathered three of her children. O'Shea would not divorce Katharine as she was expecting a substantial inheritance. But in her will Mrs Woods had left the money out of his reach so there was no longer a pecuniary motive for withholding divorce proceedings. On the other hand, the proceedings and resulting slander might ensure Katharine's share of the estate would trickle down to him. Meanwhile, Parnell assured the Irish Party that there was no need to fear the verdict. He would be exonerated. During January 1890, resolutions of confidence in his leadership were passed throughout the country.

As Parnell did not contest the divorce case on 15 November in order to assure that it would be granted and he could marry Mrs O'Shea, Captain O'Shea's allegations went unchallenged. A divorce decree was granted. The next day, the *Irish National*



Charles Stewart Parnell

Library of Congress Prints and Photographs Division. Brady-Handy Photograph Collection

League passed a resolution upholding his leadership. However the reaction of Victorian Britain was different. It could tolerate sexual immorality in its statesmen provided it was decently disguised. But on this open admission of guilt, the liberals and especially the powerful non-conformist elements among them demanded that Gladstone should repudiate all alliance with a party under Parnell's leadership. Gladstone forced the IPP hand. Irish members were forced to choose between loyalty to the political pragmatic principles and loyalty to the man himself; 43 departed and 27 stayed loyal to their uncrowned King. The IPP imploded.

Parnell believed he could carry the country and threw himself into a furious campaign. But now the weight of the Irish Catholic Church influence raged against him. His morality rather than his policies were on trial. He drove himself relentlessly until 20 October 1891 when he collapsed of exhaustion. Four days later he died of rheumatic fever and heart failure in the arms of Katharine, his wife of three and a half months. He was just over forty-five years of age. *The Times*, his archenemy, wrote that death had removed from the political stage 'one of the most remarkable figures of the century'.

Parnell was buried in Glasnevin Cemetery, in a grassy plot once reserved for paupers and the famine victims. Over 200,000 people attended his funeral. Reporting on the funeral, *The Freeman's Journal* stated, 'No greater upheaval of emotion had ever been witnessed in Ireland.' Attending the funeral, a young Maud Gonne recounted to WB Yeats how a shooting star appeared in the sky as Parnell was being buried. The Dunsink observatory validated her story recording that at 6:30 pm 'a remarkable brilliant bluish white meteor appeared lighting up the sky like a flash of lightning'. Parnell, Ireland's brightest political star, had burned out.

Mervyn Ennis is a Dublin writer.

The influence of Irish culture and heritage in Australia

As the after-dinner guest speaker at the 2011 Shamrock in the Bush Conference, Richard O'Brien recalled the influence of the Irish in Australian life as displayed at the *Not Just Ned* exhibition, discussed the emerging relationship between Ireland and its diaspora, and reflected on the glory of the career of the retiring President of Ireland, Mary McAleese. This is an edited extract of his address.

We gather here at Galong this year in the inspiring shadow of the *Not Just Ned* exhibition, a splendid celebration of the story and of the saga of the Irish in Australia. In these surroundings we can further appreciate how the true story of *Not Just Ned* reaches beyond any particular individual to embrace so many who contributed to the making of modern Australia. The Exhibition rightly reminds us that there has been no aspect of the Australian story, no experience of Australian life and culture, that has not been heavily influenced and, on occasion, even dominated by the Irish.

Not Just Ned reminds us of so many occasions when the Irish were at the forefront of the making of this nation. It was to the Irish-born Governor Richard Bourke that Australia owed her first sense of religious liberty. It was to John Hubert Plunkett that New South Wales owed her constitution. It was to William Smith O'Brien that Tasmania in turn owed her constitution. It was Peter Lalor who led the events at the Eureka Stockade in Ballarat, and subsequently it was the Victorian Premiers John O'Shanassy and Charles Gavan Duffy who extended the franchise, promoted responsible government and reformed the land settlement laws.

Yet we should be ever mindful that the Irish presence here is also the story of ordinary and extraordinary people who travelled across this vast land, constructing its roads and its railways; building its settlements, towns and cities; enacting, enforcing and occasionally infringing its laws; establishing its hospitals and staffing its universities; developing its industry and its commerce; and helping to foster one of the foremost democracies in today's international family. Their legacy is captured in the dynamics of contemporary Australian politics. It is evident in the humour, iconoclasm and larrikinism that define the Australian personality, and it was the essential force in ensuring that

the old European order would not be simply replicated in this new nation under the Southern Cross.

I am drawn back to Ned Ryan, 'the King of Galong Castle'. Ryan's story has a certain resonance as we reflect on the story of the global Irish family, as we consider its present circumstances and deliberate about its future. The story of Ned Ryan is the story of the collapse of an Irish economy, following a surge in the country's general prosperity in the second half of the 18th century and continuing into the 19th century. It is a story of anger at financial mismanagement, of protest at the failure to address social disadvantage, of exclusion and of transportation to the other side of the world – the breaking of intimate bonds with family, friends and your native place.

It is a story that is again so tragically being faced by too many in today's Ireland. This was recognised by Minister

**It will be difficult to
envisage the presidency
without the warmth ...
style and personality of
... Mary McAleese.**

Eamon Gilmore in his address to Ireland's Ambassadors at a special conference in Dublin early last month. He spoke of the pain and plight of Irish women and men who have lost their livelihoods, seen their incomes fall and their hopes fade and in so many cases watched their children emigrate. And indeed here with mixed emotions we see a new generation of young and talented Irish arriving in Australia. In one sense we will be glad that the Irish presence here will be rejuvenated but we will deeply regret that once again that rejuvenation will have come about not by freedom of choice but by the compulsion of cruel circumstances.

It would be naive to suggest that our response today to the arrival here of a new generation or to the broader crisis facing the people of Ireland could simply be modelled on that of Ned Ryan or of more recent generations. Clearly the character and composition of Ireland's global family across the generations has never remained static and consequently the nature of both Ireland's relationship with her global fam-

ily and our relationship with Ireland will of necessity be dynamic. The relationship is now provided for in the new Article 2 of the Irish Constitution, which reflects not only the remarkable framework for peace achieved in the 1997 Good Friday Agreement, but also a new commitment that the Irish will build vital relationships between Irish people at home and abroad. For the latter, in the words of the Constitution, 'the Irish nation cherishes its special affinity with people of Irish ancestry living abroad who share its cultural identity and heritage.'

To coordinate its key relationships with Ireland's global family, the Irish Government has established a new directorate which has drawn together the many strands in the network of existing policies and programs that constitute the official relationship between Ireland and the global family.

In early 2009 the previous Irish Government reviewed its relationship with the Irish community across the globe. Becoming largely focussed on the immediate economic crisis facing Ireland, that review resulted in drawing together in the Farmleigh Forum (September 2009) decision makers and opinion shapers from across Ireland's most important international markets to support ambitious measures to recalibrate the economy and assist in re-establishing sustainable social and economic development. The forum was an outstanding success. Its highly impressive outcomes include: an Irish Network established with some 300 highly influential participants from across 37 countries, including Australia; a Technology Leadership Group set up in Silicon Valley; the Ireland Fund's Youth Forum; a year of Irish Culture across the USA, with Gabriel Byrne as Cultural Ambassador; and the Gateway Ireland portal established. The local Irish community in Singapore established the Farmleigh Fellowship program which has already enabled 23 postgraduate students from Ireland to earn Masters degrees on doing business in Asia at a leading Singapore university,

The Farmleigh Forum also sent an important statement externally that Ireland remains one of the world's most profitable countries in which, and with which, to do business, and that the centres of excellence which grew during the Celtic Tiger years will continue to provide important leadership on the road to

Thoughts for a Convention: Memorandum on the State of Ireland

economic recovery. Internally the Forum sent the message that the policies and practices of the past could not be relied upon; that it would be a grave mistake not to reach out to the global Irish family and especially not to listen to those who have innovative ideas about the engagement of the Irish in Ireland with our valued international family and friends.

Farmleigh has had a substantial, indeed transformative, effect in revitalising the relationship between Ireland and her diaspora, which is referred to not only as the global Irish family but also, *inter alia*, as Ireland's 'transnational citizens with transnational citizenship'. The Irish diaspora is not homogeneous; indeed there are a multiplicity of Irish diasporas of genius, talent and colourful complexity, spread across many generations, of many religious beliefs and of none, of a rich variety of occupations and vocations, located in vastly different countries, and embedded in the most contrasting of circumstances. The ongoing challenge will be to develop strategic and structured engagement even further, recognising the benefits for the Irish Government, as well as the important opportunity for the Executive and Assembly in Northern Ireland.

A most important value in a viable diaspora strategy is a respect for reciprocity. In that spirit I hope that *Not Just Ned* will one day travel to Ireland and be celebrated there for what it truly represents – the story of remarkable people who participated exceptionally in the making of a great nation, and in so doing brought honour and distinction to their land of birth and heritage. *Not Just Ned* is a magnificent statement about heritage and culture. As we in Australia know so well, it is culture which transforms stereotypes, overcomes prejudice and builds bridges. All of us who are of Ireland know that culture and heritage are vital companions on the journey across the seas and, at this time in Ireland, are vital companions on the road to national recovery. With most of the last 39 years spent serving Ireland overseas, I have come to appreciate how central culture and heritage are to our identity and to our sense of self-esteem and to our resourcefulness, as well as to our confidence about the future.

Over those years I was fortunate to work with many impressive representatives of Irish culture and heritage. However, the person who has most impressively represented those vital strands in our

There are moments in history when by the urgency of circumstance everyone in a country is drawn from normal pursuits to consider the affairs of the nation. The merchant is turned from his warehouse, the bookman from his books, the farmer from his fields, because they realise that the very foundations of the Society, under whose shelter they were able to carry on their avocation, are being shaken, and they can no longer be voiceless, or leave it to deputies, unadvised by them, to arrange national destinies. We are all accustomed to endure the annoyances and irritations caused by legislation which is not agreeable to us, and solace ourselves by remembering that the things which really matter are not affected. But when the destiny of a nation, the principles by which life is to be guided, are at stake, all are on a level, are equally affected and are bound to give expression to their opinions. Ireland is in one of these moments of history. Circumstances with which we are all familiar and the fever in which the world exists have infected it, and it is like molten metal the skilled political artificer might pour into a desirable mould. But if it is not handled rightly, if any factor is ignored, there may be an explosion, which would bring on us a fate as tragic as anything in our past history. Irishmen can no longer afford to maintain aloof from each other, or to address each other distantly and defiantly from press or platform, but must strive to understand each other truly, and to give due weight to each others' opinions, and, if possible arrive at a compromise, a balancing of their diversities, which may save us from chaos for generations to come.

AE (George William Russell, 1867-1935), April 1917

character as a people is the person who later this year will set aside the high office of President of Ireland. For many of us it will be difficult to envisage the presidency without the warmth, graciousness, inclusiveness, brilliance, style and personality of the truly exceptional Mary McAleese. In reflecting on the themes of culture and heritage it is relevant to recall that in her inaugural address in 1997 the then newly elected President referred to the creativeness of the 'jumble of opposites' – the creative engines of reconciliation, growth, and ultimately hope. Hope was one of the important sub-texts of the first state visit of her presidency, to Australia, as she spoke so emphatically about the then prospects for peace and prosperity, for reconciliation and education, and for personal development and community achievement.

During her visit I was fortunate to see at first hand how she engaged with members of the global family and the friends of Ireland across Australia – from her arrival in Perth and her visit to the Fremantle Gaol, to Tasmania to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the Young Islanders, to Melbourne to unveil the refurbished monument to Daniel O'Connell, to Canberra at the Old and New Houses of Parliament as well as to visit Governor-General Sir William Deane, on to Sydney to lay the foundation stone of the Memorial to the Orphan Girls, to address the New South Wales Parliament and to meet with representatives of Australia's Aboriginal

Community, to Brisbane to celebrate the centenary of the Queensland Irish Association, and indeed across many more locations. I remember 29 speeches in those ten days and almost as many press releases. It was memorable and, above all, its achievements endure because it was a visit that celebrated so much of the culture and heritage of the Irish in a country where they have a unique place and meaning and relevance and story which are both historic and continuous.

In concluding this talk about an exhibition, a diaspora strategy and a remarkable president, I quote from the opening paragraph of AE's 1917 pamphlet, 'Thoughts for a Convention – Memorandum on the State of Ireland', first published in *The Irish Times* on 26, 27 and 28 May 1917 and endorsed by such eminent personalities as Horace Plunkett, Archbishop William Walsh, Lady Gregory, Douglas Hyde, Dermot O'Brien, Oliver Gogarty, George Gavan Duffy and James MacNeill. [See box feature.]

I thank you for inviting me to speak at this special event, as we address each other, grow in our understanding of each other, give due weight to each other's opinions, and celebrate a culture and a heritage – the true story of the Irish in Australia – that has helped to make this country, Australia, among the most respected and admired in the international family.

Richard O'Brien who was Ambassador for Ireland to Australia 1995–2002 now resides in Canberra.

Poetry

Trespass

This morning reading the newspaper
I found myself in the business section,
a place I had no business being;
I, who rarely stray far beyond
the letters or the literary pages:

a land of old photographs,
book reviews, life studies,
and the occasional island of poetry;
a place where criticism and opinion
are merely compass, weathervane or fluff.

Imagine my surprise
when I suddenly noticed
I was in the land of equities,
shareholders and acquisitions.
Nobody seemed bothered I was there.

As I slunk away, I could see
over my shoulder
what had attracted me:
the misfortune, the gloom,
the bleakness of the prose –

a world stripped bare. It was like the
opening of a Chekhov or Beckett play:
the vulnerability of the little man,
the desperation of the unbeliever,
his lips moving in silent prayer.

Tony Curtis was born in Dublin and studied literature at Essex University & Trinity College, Dublin. A winner of the Irish National Poetry Prize and the 2003 Varuna Fellowship to Australia, he is a member of Aosdána, the Irish Academy of the arts. As a teacher and reader, he performs in Ireland, England, Wales, Scotland and America.

Song for Les Darcy

In Maitland town, long years ago, and so begins my song,
There toiled in a blacksmith's forge, a sportsman young and strong.
He'd hands and arms like tempered steel, Les Darcy was his name;
He made the iron anvil peal and punched his way to fame.

High-ranking Yankee middleweights with reputations tall
Were fighting in Australian rings, defeating one and all,
But when they met the Maitland boy, with heads and hearts full sore,
Much sadder and much wiser men, they left Australia's shore.

'Now Darcy, you must go to war!' the militarists they raged
But Darcy's mother would not sign and he was under-aged.
So midst a storm of vile abuse, Les Darcy sailed away
To earn his living with his fists in distant USA.

But death awaited Darcy in the land beyond the sea.
Of poison and a broken heart, he died in Tennessee.
He's buried now near Maitland in the land where he was born
And those who smeared Les Darcy's name, I sing their names to scorn.

(Repeat first verse/Tune: Irish traditional, *The Boys of Wexford* / *The Flight of the Earls*)

John Dengate

Sydney-based John Dengate, teacher, musician, singer, songwriter and storyteller, is an institution at the annual Shamrock in the Bush conference at Galong, NSW.

Child of 1851

Sometimes, with the rains, it looks just like home,
which was none too tidy either.

The crop failed, I sold the horse, but with the rains...?

Paddy came over last night and drank my whiskey –
he gets so mad, I grow afraid.

We dug out the dairy and planted a quince tree.

The kangaroos galloped up the back paddock and disappeared
into the trees, mother and father, if you could see this country.

Mary came out to visit on Mr Cullinan's dray, and she cooked
scones in the fireplace, next year a cow, milk for tea.

Walked into town, carrying my shoes, to register for a water
carrier's licence. Raised my hat to Mr Smith.

Sweeneys Creek flooded. Silly Paddy had chopped down all the trees.
Golden wattle, a winter flowerer, flowered.
It smells waxy and strange.

Doc Grant rode out last week and delivered the Houlihan boy –
still-born. Since buying the Jersey cow, Daisy, am now
hand-feeding a poddy calf.

Shot two wood ducks – good eating.

Two Afghan spice merchants arrived late today, hot and dusty,
but couldn't take the chicken we offered them. Killed the wrong way.
Very polite.

The grass this morning was starry in the frost. It was as cold as
the year I left. The wood here makes grand fires.

It was a grand send-off for Mrs O'Callaghan. Father O'Flaherty
didn't know where to put his feet beside the grave.
All the boys are fools. Then there's Mary.

We chopped down two trees, hand-adzed timber for the barn.
Young Billy almost chopped his thumb off. Three dead lambs
and one dead ewe, eye eaten out by crows. The more I deal with
sheep, the more stupid I think they are.

At the Hibernian Ball, made sure I was on Mary's dance card. Danced
the Pride of Erin. Wore the suit I bought for Mrs O'Callaghan's funeral.
In the supper room, we ate oyster soup, and sherry trifle. Paddy McKew
was more drunk than usual. Didn't raise my glass to Queen Victoria.

Sometimes the new country is like the old country, but with gum trees –
building stone walls – the north wind this February – last of the tomatoes died.

I ride across to Mary's place, on the horse I've called Silver,
ask her to marry me. A bouquet of lily of the valley. Pulled
from this earth I've been forced into.

She said yes. She's got Chinese eyes. The old Irish thing,
before the Gaels arrived.
She's bringing a cupboard full of linen.
I cut my hair with a knife.

Maurice McNamara lives in Melbourne, has had poetry published in journals here and overseas, but particularly likes his repeat appearances in the Moving Galleries, poetry on trains project. His book, Half Hour Country, was published by Small Change Press in 2009

The Celtic Curse

Haemochromatosis is a serious, common inherited disorder where excessive iron is absorbed. Over time, this may damage major organs. The condition is hard to diagnose, partly because its symptoms are similar to those caused by a range of other illnesses. The genes for this condition are more common in people from Ireland and Scotland, giving the disease its nickname, 'the Celtic Curse'.

Iron is vital, but not too much

Iron is an essential trace mineral in our diets especially for red blood cells, which contain a protein called haemoglobin, which carries oxygen. Iron is needed to produce haemoglobin, and the body absorbs iron from the small intestine. Apart from blood loss, the body cannot eliminate iron, so any excess is normally stored in the liver (about 1 gram at a time), usually with no ill effects. The body also limits how much iron it absorbs at any one time.

A person with haemochromatosis absorbs more iron than necessary and iron stores build up. Organs such as the liver, heart and pancreas are affected and ultimately damaged. Without treatment, haemochromatosis can cause premature death.

More common in Celts

Haemochromatosis is more common amongst people of Celtic and Northern European ancestry. Consequently, the condition is common in these countries and Irish and Scottish diaspora areas such as Australia and Canada.

Two gene mutations commonly associated with haemochromatosis are called C282Y and H63D. A person needs to have two copies of the gene mutation (one from each parent) to be affected by the disease. People with only one copy of the mutations are called "carriers". That is, they do not have the disease themselves, but can pass on the gene to any of their children.

Haemochromatosis genes common in Australia

At least 1 in 10 Australians have one copy of the gene and are carriers, at least 1 in 200 people in Australia have two copies of the gene and therefore a predisposition to haemochromatosis. Australia has one of the highest carrier rates of C282Y in

the world, with most of these affected people being of Scots/Irish origin. High rates of dietary iron intake from high meat intake, and other lifestyle factors may also contribute to the high rate of disease in Australia.

Haemochromatosis: common clinical patterns

The commonest type of haemochromatosis can lead to iron overload in around 50–90% of affected people causing vague symptoms such as

- Weakness, fatigue and lethargy
- Weight loss
- Joint pains, usually in the joints of the second and middle fingers
- Liver problems, such as cirrhosis and liver cancer
- Sexual dysfunction, such as low sex drive and impotence
- Disorders of menstruation, including early menopause
- Loss of body hair
- Skin darkening
- Cognitive difficulties, such as poor memory.

In the liver, iron overload can cause cirrhosis or hardening of the liver and predisposes people to developing liver cancer. The risk of developing liver cancer from haemochromatosis is 200 times that of the general population.

Damage to the pancreas can result in diabetes. Combined with the skin darkening symptom, this form of diabetes is called "bronze diabetes". Some medical literature reports that haemochromatosis may cause pancreatic cancer, although the evidence for this is unclear. There is a slightly increased risk of pancreatic cancer associated with diabetes, and that diabetes can occur in haemochromatosis, but the effect of haemochromatosis is still unknown.

Haemochromatosis: treatment and lifestyle changes

The main treatment is removing around 500mls of blood regularly until blood iron levels return to normal. Blood removal may be weekly or twice weekly for a year or two, depending on how severe the haemochromatosis is in the patient. Once iron levels are normal, blood needs to be removed three or four times every year for life.

Lifestyle changes can also help when

an affected person reduces or limits iron-rich foods such as red meat; by avoiding iron supplements and vitamin C supplements, as vitamin C increases iron absorption. Decreasing alcohol intake is also recommended in the presence of any liver damage.

If haemochromatosis is treated before severe organ damage has occurred, there is no decrease in life expectancy.

Early diagnosis is the key

Early treatment can lead to a major long term improvement in this condition, so early diagnosis is the key to treatment.

Haemochromatosis is hard to diagnose as the symptoms are often vague, develop slowly and can easily be attributed to other conditions. Iron overload is rarely considered by doctors when patients present with symptoms of tiredness, fatigue, vague joint pains or symptoms of diabetes.

The condition is often discovered as the doctor investigates tiredness, looking for anaemia and iron deficiency and instead finds haemochromatosis because the iron levels found to be unexpectedly high rather than low. Other cases are found when other family members are diagnosed after an initial source case.

Is haemochromatosis a rare disease?

Many general practitioners will say that they have never seen a patient with haemochromatosis. As 1 in 200 people in Australia have a genetic pattern associated with hereditary haemochromatosis, this seems unlikely. However, haemochromatosis is diagnosed at a much lower rate than this. The indications of who to screen for this condition are still being researched.

Perhaps maintaining a high degree of suspicion in patients of Celtic and European origin could help facilitate early diagnosis, treatment and improved long term outcomes.

Is being 'Celtic' a health risk factor?

Medical students are not taught about Celtic peoples as having particular medical conditions although are taught about health in people from non-English speaking backgrounds.

For example, Australian medical

Does Philosophy Console in a Recession?

Paul O'Grady (ed.)

The Consolation of Philosophy: Reflections in an Economic Downturn, Columba Press, Dublin, 2011. ISBN: 9781856077132; RRP: €12.99

students are taught that thalassaemia, an inheritable genetic disorder of haemoglobin is more common in certain ethnic groups eg Greeks. This is obviously important for clinicians to know, but should they also know about what inheritable conditions affect Celtic peoples, as there are so many people of Celtic origin in Australia?

Is haemochromatosis a Celtic disease?

I believe that haemochromatosis, like some other medical conditions, points to the notion that the Australian medical profession needs to recognise Celticity — or at least people of Irish and/or Scottish origin — as an ethnicity with important health outcomes and redress the way in which we as clinicians look at and use indicators in our daily work in order to address the diagnosis of this disease amongst high prevalence groups in Australia. Public health and ethical issues of screening still need to be resolved, but the diagnostic challenge remains for the “invisible” or “misrepresented” Australian Celts.

What should I do if I think I might have haemochromatosis?

If you have any concerns, talk about this article with your doctor. You can also get more information from the Haemochromatosis Australia Support Group information line Tel. 1300 019 028

Dr Ronald McCoy

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Twenty first century Ireland has suffered profound and brutal changes in a very short period of time; chief among those changes have been the humiliating economic demise of the Celtic Tiger, and the collapse of the Catholic Church in Ireland with the revelations of systematic sexual abuse by Irish clergy and religious. Just recently the Irish Prime Minister, Enda Kenny, has directly attacked the Vatican authorities over their refusal to face up to this latter scandal and the Vatican has retaliated by withdrawing its ambassador to Ireland. All is not well then with the land of saints and scholars, and it is very difficult to see what the remedy for the present malaise might be.

The authors of the present book are all academics at Trinity College in Dublin and they suggest, surprisingly, that some kind of ‘consolation’ might be found in philosophy. Boethius, the early sixth century Christian thinker, faced with execution, wrote a book called *The Consolations of Philosophy* and the Trinity College scholars suggest that philosophy might assist in Ireland’s 21st century travails. The ten short essays that make up the book were originally evening lectures in an extra-mural course at Trinity College and are pitched at a popular level. ‘Professional’ philosophers will no doubt find some of the essays to be rather simplistic, but in my view there is an important role for popular philosophy of the kind presented in this book. (For a more sophisticated approach to some of the questions raised by the book see the excellent work of the Dublin philosopher Patrick Masterson.)

Paul O'Grady's introductory essay is

entitled ‘Boethius and the Consolation of Philosophy’, a text written in 524 when the author was in prison awaiting execution by the Gothic King Theodore. A Roman of noble birth, Boethius became head of the civil service but he fell out of favour with Theodore and thrown into prison and eventually executed. *The Consolation of Philosophy* is a quasi-poetic discussion of the nature of God as the architect of the universe and the problem of evil. The essays following the introduction deal with other philosophers: Plato, the Stoics, Kant, William James and the contemporary Richard Rorty. All are written with a good deal of brio though it is sometimes difficult to see what kind of ‘consolation’ they provide.

Again, there is almost no discussion of crucial contemporary discussions about bioethics, climate questions, multiculturalism, postmodernism (Derrida and others) and evolutionary theories both atheistic and religious. The collapse of Irish Christianity calls for a critical examination of the consolations of religion.

Curiously, one of the best essays is on Buddhism by Donal McGinley who argues that in a Buddhist context it makes no sense to speak of philosophy providing consolation. McGinley's view could easily be translated in to the terms of Christian negative theology where we come to know what God is by knowing what he is not. In other words, philosophy necessarily leaves us disconsolate.

Max Charlesworth, *Emeritus Professor. Author of Religious Inventions, Cambridge U.P. 1997, Philosophy and Religion: From Plato to Postmodernism, One World, Oxford, 2002.*

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How Irish is Australia?

18th Australasian Irish Studies Conference

Under the auspices of the Irish Studies Association of Australia and New Zealand (ISAANZ), the 18th Australasian Irish Studies Conference was conducted at the National Museum of Australia, Canberra, on 1-3 July 2011. About 90 delegates, including 38 speakers, attended. Apart from two speakers from New Zealand and one from the Republic of Ireland the speakers were drawn immediately from Australia.

Of necessity the conference papers were presented in parallel streams, a procedure which ensures opportunities for all of the papers offered to be presented but which, as regrettably happened again on this occasion, also presents the perennial dilemma for delegates to decide which session to attend when attractive topics are scheduled against each other. A published volume of conference papers would go some way to relieving the concern of the frustrated delegate.

The conference featured five plenary sessions and a symposium. In the first plenary, after his extended and exhausting term of curating and presenting the *Not Just Ned* exhibition, Richard Reid took the opportunity for a moment of self-indulgence to discuss 'a few of my favourite things: some objects from the National Museum's *Not Just Ned* exhibition'. In his plenary paper, 'Sorting out the Irish immigrants of colonial Australia', Eric Richards of Flinders University urged the widening of the canvas to see the Irish emigrant to Australia as part of the evolving account of international migration and development in the 19th century.

A highlight of the first day's proceedings was a visit to the Irish embassy for a reception hosted by the retiring ambassador, Máirtín Ó Fainín.

In the first plenary of the second day, Pat Cooke, from the School of Art History and Cultural History at the National University of Ireland, provided insights into the evolution of the ideological history of the National Museum of Ireland whilst Shane Carmody, Director Collections

at the State Library of Victoria, in his paper 'The identity game or how Irish is Australia?', drew on the influence and the mythology of some prominent 19th century Irish-Australian personalities in a provocative assessment of the sometimes turbulent but essentially peaceful and constitutional development of the Australian state. With Pat Cooke, Shane Carmody and Val Noone as panellists, Orla Tunney, the Deputy Head of Mission at the Irish Embassy, chaired a lively symposium on what sort of history of the Irish in Australia is presented in *Not Just Ned*, eliciting spirited contributions, responses and defence.

The second day's proceedings concluded with the conference dinner at the Forrest Hotel where the after-dinner speaker was UNSW Professor Ronan McDonald, who offered some constructive reflections on the significance of the Queen's recent state visit to Ireland.

By way of a memorable diversion the third day of the conference included a coach trip to St Clement's Conference Centre at Galong, the home of the legendary annual Shamrock conferences, where the conference's final sessions were conducted. There, in the last plenary presentation, Hilary Carey, of the University of Newcastle and formerly Keith Cameron Professor of Australian History at University College Dublin, in discussing 'Ireland's spiritual empires', suggested that the experience of Catholics in Australia reflected how the Irish were able to exploit the opportunities for settlement and cultural colonisation opened up by the British empire.

On Friday, 1 July 2010, ISAANZ held its AGM at the National Museum. The principal office-bearers, Elizabeth Malcolm (President), Brad Patterson (Vice-President), Frances Devlin-Glass (Secretary) and Philip Bull (Treasurer) were re-elected unopposed. The meeting accepted the offer of Angela McCarthy to arrange for the 19th conference to be held in Dunedin in 2012.

Patrick McNamara

An Australian tapestry in Dublin

Hazel Dorothy McMahon Peat
(1914-2007)

Hazel Dorothy McMahon Peat was born of Anglo Irish parents, Thomas Molyneux Peat and Mabel Peat, in Dublin in 1914. Her father was a professional army officer. Hazel, her sister Mabel and brother Eric were educated at private schools in Ireland and England. Tall and distinctive in appearance, her interests included the arts and nature, but animals were of particular interest to her.

When she was a young woman, her parents separated and her father eventually settled in South Africa. Eric settled in Australia, at Brighton Beach near Melbourne. Hazel, with her mother and sister Mabel, visited Eric in 1960 and shortly thereafter Hazel herself purchased a house at Brighton Beach. It was understandable, as Hazel loved nature and walked and walked every day of her life. She also purchased a property on the Mornington Peninsula close to a surf beach.

Biannually, Hazel Peat would return to Ireland and stay with her sister Mabel for some months and they would travel to various parts of Europe. In the intervening year Mabel would fly to Australia and spend some months with Hazel. This practice continued until 1992 when Mabel died.

Hazel Peat never ceased to love her native Ireland, but she also loved Australia and wished to commemorate her link between the two countries with the creation of a tapestry to be presented to an institution in Ireland and as the trustee of her Trust, I decided after due consideration, that the Australian Embassy in Dublin was the appropriate place.

The beautiful tapestry, so expertly woven by The Victorian Tapestry Workshop, is based on the work of an indigenous artist and is entitled 'Ngarrooran'. It was presented to the Australian Ambassador in Dublin, the Honourable Mr Bruce Davis, on 2 June 2011 in the presence of the Irish Minister for Children, the Hon Frances Fitzgerald.

The Hazel Dorothy McMahon Peat Charitable Trust was established to benefit the arts, the elderly, animals and young people.

Peter J Walsh

Solicitor and Trustee of the Peat Estate



Acting team, L to R Phil Roberts, Silas James, Susannah Frith, Jim Wright, Jason Cavanagh, David John Watton. *Maireid Sullivan*

Cyclopean monsters – phallic, brutal and ultimately ridiculous

An Irishman and a Jew go into a Pub...

Directed by Brenda Addie,

Open Stage Theatre, University of Melbourne, 16 June 2011

Every year Bloomsday in Melbourne comes up with a new exploration and celebration of Joyce's *Ulysses*. This year the offerings included a theatrical performance of part of the Cyclops chapter of the novel. Titled *An Irishman and a Jew go into a Pub*, it was energetic, fast-paced, and had me hankering to see more.

The Cyclops chapter has a many-layered set of narrators different from the rest of the book. The text presents many challenges to a dramatiser: the complex interplay of narrators requires more than different voices. It's a gory, rambunctious romp of words that – just like a drunk – threaten, bluster and insult, then segue suddenly into orotund rodomontades of special pleading and unreliable patriotic histories.

Brenda Addie and the Bloomsday writers have pulled off an extraordinary achievement to take all these verbal riches – recurring images of violence, blinding and the verbal hammering repetition of the ego/id/eye embodied in the personal pronoun 'I', the satire on romantic, euphemism-laden paeans to Irish nationalism – and make them live for the audience.

Addie's direction was illuminating. Some of the trickier problems of interpretation and exposition were solved with music and back projections. The casting was admirable. Joyce's language comes to explosive life when spoken well, and the actors' engagement was infectious. Susannah Frith was impressive as a Celtic goddess/narrator, while Phil Roberts was excellent as the main narrator, a cynical observer of the dangerous interplay between the Jewish Bloom and the choleric xenophobe Citizen. Jason Cavanagh as The Citizen was marvellous. Addie also gave him the task of being The Dog. It was a bold idea, requiring

physical athleticism and vocal technique and Cavanagh threw himself into it ferociously. It added 'mad dog' as another layer to our appreciation of the anti-Semitic Citizen – truculently unstable, ready to serve a master who can dominate him yet dangerous in the absence of rational control. He *is* the one-eyed supporter, figuratively and literally (Addie even gave him an eye-patch). In him we see the Cyclops, the gigantic, violent and stupid monster; cannibalistic devourer of all that is tender, vulnerable and human. Cavanagh made all this loud, dangerous and credible as he roared, leapt and growled around the confined space Addie allotted to the pub/Cyclops' cave. To emphasise the point, the back projection showed images of Cyclopean monsters – phallic, brutal, pitiless and ultimately ridiculous.

The quiet person of Bloom, (David John Watton) with his rational, educated and informed rejoinders, adds a complex set of possibilities. Meant to calm and defuse tension, they also put us all on tenterhooks – what if the words fail? His cigar (a civilised, pricey and exotic foil to the lumpen parochial Citizen) is the reassuring reminder of Ulysses' stake, used finally to blind the monster and escape. But Bloom's (and Joyce's) words don't fail here: his assertion of Jesus' Jewishness is what finally 'blinds' the Citizen/Cyclops. The performance ends in satisfying noise and chaos as Bloom scarpers, chased unsuccessfully by the mad dog. With such skill and imaginative dramatisation as this, it's a great pity that Bloomsday can't go all year round.

Juliette Hughes

Juliette is a freelance writer and an occasional presenter at Inner FM.

Testing the limits of Musical Transnationalism

Helen O'Shea, *The Making of Irish Traditional Music*, Cork University Press, 2008
€30.00 ISBN-13: 978-1-85918-436-3

'Irish traditional music today is a trans-national cultural form and a commodity consumed by vast audiences world wide'. (p 2) It is Helen O'Shea's aim to trace how a cultural construct as unique as Irish traditional music, with its emphasis on specific regional styles, individualistic playing techniques and esoteric instrumentation practices, could have become both transnational and a sought-after commodity world-wide. Her discussion ranges from the collection of 'the moribund harp repertoire and technique' by Edward Bunting in 1792 – including the music of Turlough Carolan – which did not however include 'the popular music practices of the Gaelic Irish, mainly jigs and reels played on fiddle and uilleann pipes' (p 9), to the considerable success of 'Afro Celtic Sound System' whose distinctive sound 'derives from the blending of lush electronica (techno, trip-hop, etc.) and African beats with singer Iarla Ó Lionáird's ethereal voice, uilleann pipes and occasionally whistle and fiddle' (p 147).

In giving us a comprehensive history of Irish traditional music, O'Shea devotes considerable space and expertise to putting it into the context of the socio/political/cultural history of Ireland – so we get a succinct history of the country/nation as well.

DeValera's ideal draws on the representations of Ireland by the intelligentsia of the 1890s Irish literary revival, self-appointed mythologists of an uncontaminated Gaelic 'peasantry'. (p 81)

These historical discussions are insightful and informative. She is critical of the myths and images of Ireland as 'a land of pre-modern simplicity and authentic musical experiences' (p 87) perpetrated by Irish tourism and even the musicians and audiences looking for the 'tradition and its authenticate sound' which of course has already 'been transformed' by the prosperity brought about by the successes of the Celtic Tiger (which had not yet crashed when this book was published!) She demonstrates that:

An examination of the circumstances of Miltown's history, Willie Clancy's musical career and the summer school's development indicate a far more complex set of relationships between modernity and a traditional way of life, and an economic fortune for more volatile than is widely acknowledged. (p 87)

Such observations are also evident in the chapter devoted to women's place in both Irish society and the Irish music scene (Chapter 5). For most women, even in modern Irish society, joining in a pub 'session' is difficult and in earlier times frowned upon. Women had to resort to other strategies to to nurture their musical talents and their musical communities.

'For these women, kitchen sessions achieved the ideal of conviviality for which the pub session is famous. They did not provide the excitement of playing 'out' in mixed company, but gave the women the opportunity to develop the musical friendships, common repertoire and practice in playing together that allowed them to re-enter the pub session from a stronger position. (p 111)

But it seems that not much has changed for women musicians who aspire to become part of what is essentially a very well established Irish, male activity!

This co-option of Irish traditional music to the masculinist nationalist identification is evident today in music-event advertising, in tourist brochures and books about music, where the generic Irish musician is invariably male. (p 117)

Whether or not a musical culture is either a reflection or a repository of the socio-political culture of a region or even a country is another narrative of interest. Both Henry VIII and Elizabeth I declared war on harps and harpists ordering the instruments to be destroyed and their players to be executed, giving credence to the notion that Irish music was considered to be a repository of Irish culture.

These responses suggest both the perceived power of Irish music to pollute English culture and its associations with anti-colonial resistance. In this way, Irish music historically has been an emblem of both the passive qualities associated with a vanquished people and with their potential for insubordination and violence. (p 7)

Elsewhere, however, it is suggested that, in fact, music had become a reflection of societal values:

Innovators of last century's revival have changed the soundscape to the point where New-Age note-bending on flute, electric bass in performance groups or the Balkanbeats of session guitarists, are widely accepted as part of 'the tradition.' (p 147)

This debate segues into the narratives of identity and authenticity that pervade the book.

Her account of her experiences in East Clare (Chapter 6) in her efforts to assimilate her own fiddle playing to the 'East Clare music' or 'East Clare style' is the most accessible of her narratives East Clare style as a contemporary category of musical performance is generally related to a rather loosely defined landscape, an equally ambiguous set of stylistic features and to an idealised sociality of the past. (p 63)

Almost half of Chapter 3, and all of Chapter 6 are devoted to 'East Clare music/East Clare style'. It was to this specific region and style that the author aspired to be accepted as an 'authentic' fiddler – but particularly in the sessions held in one of the two music pubs, 'Peppers'.

Peppers is widely known as a venue for Irish traditional music at weekly sessions as well as occasional concerts, the annual Feakle International Music Festival and since 2002 the P.J. Hayes memorial weekend, honouring Tulla Céilí Band's former leader.

It was, she discovered, a very well established but ultimately closed community. However 'authentic' her fiddle playing was – and she had gone to considerable lengths to master the art of East Clare fiddling – she remained a 'stranger' and 'foreigner'. She was not the only one and there are several 'case studies' in the chapter (and elsewhere in the book) of similar experiences of rejection of 'strangers' and 'foreigners', i.e., folk from anywhere else in the world besides East Clare, from Dublin to Sydney! Chapter 6 is the most fluent and therefore easiest chapter of the book to read. It gives real insight into the hopes and frustrations of being an Irish music aficionado.

This is a handsomely presented book with impressive footnotes and a comprehensive Index and Bibliography. The text itself demonstrates admirable scholarship and research expertise. While I found the text very academic, even dense, in places, the story itself is compelling and relevant for Irish traditional music in both Ireland and Australia.

One earnest request : I hope that subsequent editions will substitute *craic* for 'the crack'!

Elizabeth McKenzie

True Crime lacking in Analytical Bite

Neil Root and Ian Hitchens: *Who killed Rosemary Nelson?*

John Blake Publishing, London, 2011

ISBN: 978 1 84358 317 2; RRP \$39.95

Ultimately this book is frustrating on many levels. The title suggests that an exploration of the motives behind Rosemary Nelson's murder will be undertaken, but this never happens.

Most readers know the basic facts of Nelson's death: she was killed in 1999 by a bomb planted under her car supposedly by the 'Red Hand Defenders'. This name was taken by the Loyalist Volunteer Force (LVF) when claiming responsibility nevertheless, their limited experience with bombs meant their claim failed to convince experienced observers, who wondered whether breakaway Republicans had been involved. While the LVF allegedly did the dirty work, questions remain about the involvement of the British government and/or military forces in Nelson's death. At the very least, there are questions about why the RUC was unable or unwilling to protect her.

Certainly the authors provide much new information about Rosemary Nelson's achievements in building her life. Few people will have realised in how many ways she was marginalised. Her photograph is usually airbrushed to remove the traces of a large birthmark. In the course of many childhood operations for this, she suffered a medical mishap paralysing the left side of her face. Despite the handicap of a major facial deformity she succeeded in the legal profession with its major 'public performance' element. Doing so as a Catholic woman in Ulster is all the more remarkable, particularly as rumours were spread that she got the scar while making bombs.

RUC members taunted her by referring to her as 'half face' (p 187) while interrogating her clients in her absence. Despite brutally dismissing her as ugly, they spread rumours of her having affairs with clients. Judging a woman's worth on her physical appearance and using sexual allegations to discredit her cry out for a feminist analysis, but none is forthcoming. The strength that she needed to withstand this would have made interesting reading, but the authors do not discuss it either.

There are many parallels between the murders of Nelson and of solicitor Patrick Finucane. Some of the investigations the authors report consider both deaths, making it harder to focus on Nelson, and the

book might have been better presented as a comparison of the two killings. Both were derided by police during client interviews and both received police death threats passed onto them by their clients. Nelson was assaulted by RUC officers when she attended a demonstration. Both were accused of being IRA members, so that it appeared that the accusers' only image of an effective Catholic was that of IRA member. They appeared to lack any conception of Catholics using legal means to defend themselves and others.

As with Finucane, Nelson represented people in high profile cases, notably members of the Garvaghey Road Residents Action Committee, which was attempting to prevent the Orange Order

Few people will
have realised in
how many ways she
was marginalised.

from marching down the road. In the course of this work, Nelson received death threats and mentioned them to her family and colleagues, but there was no point in reporting them to the police: the same people who routinely defamed her and had assaulted her. Nelson also represented Colin Duffy when charges against him of shooting two RUC men were dropped.

The authors depict the low standard of the RUC's homicide investigation. They appealed for information about sightings of vehicles around Lurgan on the day of Rosemary Nelson's death, but using the wrong date for the murder, rendered information useless. When a journalist attempted to call the appeal number, '...there was a voicemail stating that the number was no longer in existence. This was less than three weeks after Rosemary's murder.' (p 117). They also describe the endless, futile inquiries into the death of Pat Finucane. In 1993, the Cory Collusion Inquiry into the deaths of Rosemary Nelson, Patrick Finucane,

Billy Wright and Robert Hamill was established in response to international pressure on the British government.

This Inquiry is discussed in depth, but no conclusion is reached about evidence for collusion against Finucane at the highest level of government. The authors mention the 1989 statement by Douglas Hogg MP, then Under-Secretary of State for the Home Office, viz 'I have to state as a fact, but with great regret, that there are in Northern Ireland a number of solicitors who are unduly sympathetic to the cause of the IRA.' His hearers thought that he referred to Finucane who was killed about a month later. Surely this comment and its aftermath suggest collusion at the highest level!

The Rosemary Nelson Enquiry in 2008 ran for 130 days, so that only key evidence could be considered. Witnesses testified to a woman unable to decide whether she would not be targeted because she was after all, just a solicitor doing a job, or whether as she said to a member of her staff 'They're going to do a Pat Finucane on me.' (p 199). As the threats escalated, she apparently thought that these were only attempts to frighten her, not ominous warnings. UN Special Rapporteur Cumaraswamy testified that of 20-30 Northern Ireland lawyers, all had suffered intimidation, but Nelson was the only one to receive 'direct threats.' (p 211).

Witness statements strongly suggested that her successful defence of Duffy against charges of killing two police officers had determined the RUC that she was a terrorist herself rather than a competent solicitor. There are numerous hints of a cover-up – the surveillance flight photos of Nelson's home could not be found; the UFF expressed concern because one of their bombs (like the one that killed Nelson) had gone missing; but a succinct and compelling summary of the evidence is lacking.

While this book provides links and references, it provides little in the way of analysis of the issues, being mainly descriptive. The absence of either an index or a guide to acronyms make it difficult to use the text. Rosemary Nelson's courageous life and appalling death deserve a better book.

Felicity Allen, Deputy Editor, Tinteán

Resurrection Men, earning an honest living?

Owen Dudley Edwards, *The True Story of the Infamous Burke and Hare*, Birlinn, Edinburgh, 2010
ISBN: 978 1 841 589 855; RRP: \$24.95

William Burke's name is more usually associated with brutal killing than fluency in Irish, yet this complex man, described as 'gentle' by his contemporaries, was skilled in both. Edwards has achieved a number of things in this book, including placing Burke and Hare's entrepreneurial activities firmly within the social structures of the day.

Born a landless labourer in Co Tyrone just six years before the '98 Rebellion, Liam de Búrca as his real name was, entered a world where the demand for disposable human beings was high, fuelled by the twin industrial and knowledge revolutions in neighbouring Scotland. After serving in the Donegal militia, he emigrated to Scotland in 1817 to work as a labourer on the Union Canal. Population pressure meant he had little chance of employment at home. Less is known about Hare, though Edwards speculates that he might have fled his native Newry after involvement in an agrarian outrage. Irish navvies provided an essential pool of labour for the vast 19th century building projects dependent on muscle, spades and a few primitive pulleys to reshape entire landscapes.

Navying work, proverbially strenuous, gave Burke and Hare the strength in shoulders and hands that they would need in their next careers. Beginning on the canal at 26, they finished at 30, when neither would have been able to stand the work much longer. By 1822, both had acquired wives, common-law in Burke's case, from among the women in the encampment. Margaret Hare was acquitted of involvement in the murders, but she is also described as 'wheeling her barrow of stones with the best ... during her Union Canal days' (p 68), which leaves a certain reservation in the reader's mind. Whatever else, she certainly had the strength for 'burking', involving killing people by pressing a hand over the victim's mouth and nose.

Once their navying days were over, Burke and Hare joined the world of poor, semi-nomads living in West Port in Glasgow. Both men tried to maintain themselves and their families by various forms of honest work, including shoe-making, harvesting and casual labouring. Edwards stresses both their industry and its effect on later commentators when he says 'it is not an easy thought that Burke and Hare resorted to murder, not because they were wastrels and dodgers, but because they were economic activists.... They were, in fact, excellent examples of immigrant enterprise whose ultimate business diligently answered the needs of the host culture' (p 78).

What were the needs that two hired assassins could meet? Scotland's medical establishment was enjoying an extraordinary period of development and the 19th century would prove to be their greatest epoch of discovery. To do that, they required the raw material – human bodies for dissection and demonstration to teach the medical students flocking to Edinburgh to be taught, especially by Dr. Robert Knox, a renowned surgeon. The only legal source of corpses was via the hangman, so that most teachers turned to the illegal source; resurrection men, who exhumed the recently buried and sold them to the surgeons. On November 29, 1828, the natural death of an aged pensioner who lived with the Hares suggested to Burke and Hare a way of making money by helping Scottish academics teach anatomy. Donald, the pensioner, died owing £4 to his landlords who sold his corpse to Dr. Knox for £7/10. Jones, one of Knox's assistants, parted with

the vendors by saying that he 'would be glad to see them again when they had any other body to dispose of' (p 82). As a result, Knox lives on in history as 'The boy who buys the beef' in the children's rhyme about Burke and Hare.

While Edwards considers the confessions at length, he rightly casts considerable doubt on their value, given that Burke wanted to spare Helen MacDougal from accusation and the Hares both wanted to tell their captors anything that would let them live. Instead of accepting that the two killers were extraordinary monsters, Edwards inquires about the role of Knox, the surgeon, for whom all this work was being done. Without him, the disposable humans that Burke and Hare preyed upon would have had no monetary value. In a case of fee-paying tertiary education at its finest, Edinburgh's three leading surgeons competed for students. He who had the best access to 'material' to dissect, demonstrate and lecture on would attract the most students and hence make the most money. Economics, and, as later shown, racism made cowards of them all. When the storm broke over Knox, the Scottish legal establishment could only turn to another one of the triumvirate to rule on whether injuries had occurred ante- or post-mortem. Clearly their medical examiner had his own anxieties and successfully played down the involvement of Knox and the others, though the mob were not convinced.

Economic advantage was not his only motive; Knox believed that the (mainly) Irish immigrants he dissected were worthless creatures. Any reader who finds him or herself wearying of 'political correctness' is commended to read Knox's views on 'the Celtic race' (p 136). Describing the Irish Celt as the most to be dreaded, he commends the work of 'The Orange club of Ireland' remarking that 'if left to themselves, they would clear them out, as Cromwell proposed, by the sword; it would not require six weeks to accomplish.' In modern terms, Knox could be accused of war crimes. Standing clear from the appalling physical realities of obtaining the 'material', his money and ideology make it possible and necessary for the work to proceed.

Neither Knox, nor any other member of the medical establishment entered the dock at the extraordinary trial of Burke and MacDougal with the Hares as informers. Scots trials were notorious for their speed and for sitting long hours into the night and early morning and this was no exception. There may have been many reasons for the legal establishment's unwillingness to question some of the obvious contradictions and curiosities in the evidence; their acceptance of Knox's ideology, strong family links with members of the embattled medical establishment, to name two, but 17-hour sittings must have contributed to unquestioning acceptance. As an example of the kind of testimony that should have raised an eyebrow, there is Hugh Alston's claim that 'I heard a woman crying murder, but not in that way as I could consider her in imminent danger herself' (p 169) – try this in the privacy of your own homes!

Although the subject is a terrible one, this book is worth reading. All the actors in the drama emerge as fully realised, complex, human beings rather than monsters to frighten children. The dreadful vulnerability of forced immigrants becomes very clear in the detailed account of Burke's deterioration from the 'gentle' man he was to the man who contributed the word 'burk' to the English language.

Felicity Allen, Deputy Editor, Tinteán

To the end of the earth

Michael Smith, *Great Endeavour: Ireland's Antarctic Explorers*. Collins Press, Cork, 2010.
ISBN: 978-1-84889-023-7; RRP: €29.99.

Few Irish are aware of the exceptional contribution our nation has made to the exploration of the world's most inhospitable continent – the Antarctic. A new book by Polar historian, Michael Smith, *Great Endeavour: Ireland's Antarctic Explorers*, describes the triumphs, tragedies, endurance and hardships of a special breed who courageously trekked into the world's most hostile environment. Some were driven by a quest for adventure and discovery while others were motivated by a desire to enhance scientific knowledge and understanding. Most survived the ordeal, a few perished but, with the exception of Shackleton, all have been largely forgotten, passing into obscurity soon after returning home.

Great Endeavour covers Irish Antarctic feats over a 200 year period beginning with of Edward Bransfield in the early 1800s through to the significant 21st century contributions of Clare O'Leary (2008) – the first Irishwoman to walk to the South Pole, and Simon O'Donnell and Mark Pollock, the latter overcoming blindness to make the journey in 2009.

A map marking their birthplaces shows how many hailed from Ireland's southern counties with their rich seafaring tradition. Bransfield and Patrick Keohane from Cork, Tom Crean from Kerry, and Mortimer and Tim McCarthy from Kinsale. Smith reasons that Ireland played such a significant role in Antarctic exploration because, 'For centuries Ireland had provided thousands of sailors for the British Navy – there were many Irish sailors on James Cook's ships and about 1 in 10 of the seamen who served during the Napoleonic Wars were from Ireland.'

Edward Bransfield was a Napoleonic Wars veteran, master seaman and navigator, who had been 'press ganged' into naval service in 1803. He was the first known man to sight the Antarctic continent. Francis Crozier became the first man to map and name it. The modest self-effacing Crozier had an outstanding career with the Royal Navy for over 40 years. He was involved in the three great maritime quests of the nineteenth century: to discover the North West Passage, to reach the North Pole, and to map Antarctica. With James Ross he visited Van Diemen's Land to set up a magnetic

station. During 1840/41, Hobart Town was a base for his voyages to the 'new' southern continent. He was the only leading naval explorer of the age to be denied a knighthood. His exploits in Antarctica and amidst the Arctic ice must make Crozier Ireland's greatest Polar explorer, but then, being a Banbridge man myself, I may be a tad biased.

Both the first to sight the Antarctic and the first to map and name it were Irish.

Kilkea's Ernest Shackleton, who, it is said, lived his life 'like a mighty rushing wind' was a fascinating character: he wrote poetry; carried on a string of extra-marital affairs; was often racked by debt; but was utterly respected and relied on by his crew for his inspirational leadership, bravery and survival skills. Besotted by Antarctica, his 17 day journey (1916) in an open boat, accompanied by (amongst others) Tom Crean and Tim McCarthy through raging seas and prowling icebergs, from Elephant Island to South Georgia, was an incredible feat of endurance, courage and seamanship. Shackleton managed to locate isolated South Georgia island by taking just four sightings of the sun while at sea. On reaching it, the explorers' ordeal was far from over, with a dangerous climb over a mountain range awaiting them.

Tom Crean, a good humoured, resolute farmer's son was born in Anascaul, Co Kerry in 1877. He ran away to sea at the age of 15 to become a prominent figure on three major expeditions to Antarctica where he served with both Shackleton and Captain Robert Scott. While Shackleton (who also served under Scott) was often at loggerheads with his leader, Crean was implicitly trusted by him and accompanied Scott on the initial part of his tragic and unsuccessful race (1911-3) to the South Pole. During this expedition that Crean made his heroic walk across the Ross Ice Shelf to save the life of Edward Evans, resulting in him receiving the Albert Medal. Modest to the end, Crean never spoke about his exploits and, on his retirement from the Navy in 1920, settled in his beloved Anascaul where he became landlord of *The South Pole Inn*.

The classical era of Antarctic exploration ended with Shackleton's death in 1922 – just 2 days before the Irish Parliament

approved the Anglo-Irish Treaty which gave 26 counties of Ireland independence. This political act somewhat stymied the world recognising the magnificent efforts of Bransfield, Crozier, Crean, Keohane, and McCarthy. According to Smith, 'Every single journey of discovery during the 100 year era of Antarctic exploration was made under a British flag and it was unwise to be associated with the British in the new Ireland. Keohane fled the country, Crean's brother (a policeman) was shot dead and all were compelled to remain silent about their exploits. No statues were erected, no books were written and there was no celebration of what these men had achieved which meant that over the years they were quietly forgotten.'

Great Endeavour ensures that these Irish Antarctic explorers are now recognised, revered and remembered for their remarkable exploits. Learning about Shackleton who, on minimum rations and with a body temperature 4 degrees below normal, suffering from nosebleeds and piercing headaches, hauled a heavy sledge for hundreds of kilometres over the icefloes in conditions registering 70 degrees of frost while battling 120km polar winds, made me catch my breath in awe. It was a reaction I experienced many times as I read. Smith has chosen a truly apt title – *Great Endeavour*.

The book, which contains a selection of quality maps, together with an array of atmospheric, evocative photographs (some never before published) is the first single volume to illustrate and describe Irish participation in unlocking the great southern continent. Smith's meticulous research, together with his eloquent, flowing style makes for absorbing reading. This book is a remarkable tribute to the heroism and fortitude of a unique and remarkable group of Irish pioneers.

John Hagan

John Hagan is freelance journalist based in Hobart (Tasmania). He is a graduate of Trinity College Dublin and the University of Wales. In 1976 he emigrated to Australia to take up a lecturing position in Perth and in 1986 moved to Tasmania. He contributes to a number of newspapers and magazines in South Korea, Canada, New Zealand, Ireland, UK and Australia.

Obituaries

Josephine Hart 1942 – 2011

The author of the bestseller *Damage* (1990), has died at 69 of cancer. Her best known novel, described as savage and shocking, was translated into 26 languages, sold more than a million copies, and was made into a film in 1992.

Born and raised in Mullingar, Co Westmeath, Josephine was one of seven children and educated at a Catholic boarding school. By the time she was 17, three of her siblings had already died. She described herself as ‘...a word child in a country of word children, where life was language before it was anything else. Poets were not only heroes, they were indeed the gods of language.’

Arriving in London at the age of 22, she joined Haymarket Publishing and ultimately became one of its directors. She founded the Gallery Poets group to read aloud the words of WH Auden, Sylvia Plath and above all TS Eliot – her favourite poet. Her production of his poetry ‘Let us go then, you and I’ turned into a six week West End run in 1987 – a first for a poetry program..

Her novels show that she was not afraid of raw feelings, but she was also capable of teasing and banter. Hugely sophisticated and glamorous, the secret of her charm was her passionate belief in art. She gave the world a special appreciation for poetry and for words, believing that words could make it all worthwhile. Two of her novels, *Damage* and *Sin*, are to be published as Virago Modern Classics this year.

She is survived by her husband and two sons.

Sources: guardian.co.uk

Garret FitzGerald 1926 – 2011

Twice Taoiseach during the 1980s, Garret FitzGerald has died aged 85. Both his parents were involved in Sinn Féin during the War of Independence and his father, Desmond, was minister for external affairs in Ireland’s first government. FitzGerald often spoke of his wish to combine the southern Catholic tradition of his father with the northern Protestantism of his mother, Mabel.

Elected to the Seanad in 1969 for the centre-right Fine Gael party, he first made an impression in debates on the arms crisis. He became party leader in 1977 and Taoiseach for the first time in 1981. Despite his firm grip on economics, he had an absent minded professor air about him, once saying of an idea ‘That’s fine in practice, but will it work in theory?’ and famously wearing odd shoes on the campaign trail.

The coalition government of Fine Gael and Labour lost power in 1982, but on regaining it later that year FitzGerald cooperated with Margaret Thatcher to establish the Anglo-Irish agreement in 1985. This gave the Dublin government some input into Northern Irish affairs in the hope of boosting northern nationalist confidence in constitutional politics.

FitzGerald also launched a social reform programme in Ireland with the aim of secularising society to make it more attractive to Protestants in the north. Despite stern opposition from the Catholic Church, he was successful in introducing reforms concerning divorce, contraception and abortion.

He was a well-liked figure on the Irish scene and former president Mary Robinson said of his death ‘There’ll be a sadness way beyond the political.’

Sources: guardian.co.uk, cathnews.com



Grand-daughters Molly (left) and Zoe with Ed

Vale Eddie

Members of the Melbourne Irish community were saddened by the death of Edward John ‘Eddie’ Hayes aged 70 yrs who died after long illness on the 1st July 2011. He was farewelled at a moving service at St Peter and Paul’s Church, South Melbourne, officiated by Fr Bob Maguire.

Eddie, who was born in Tralee and grew up in Cork, came to Australia in 1969, having married an Australian, Anne O’Neill. He had a busy career in musical comedy in Ireland performing in Cork and the Gaiety Theatre in Dublin. In Australia, he became involved in establishing the Irish Theatre group ‘Bunratty Castle’ in Sydney, Melbourne and Canberra with Joseph Locke, becoming the proprietor and performing in the South Melbourne franchise for several years.

His love and knowledge of Irish music was legendary. He was also a fluent Irish speaker. He opened the first ‘true’ Irish pub and restaurant, Molly Bloom’s, which became a centre of Irish culture and music.

His generosity and contributions to the Melbourne Irish community was renowned. He was one of the founding fathers of the Melbourne Irish Festival Committee and one of the first broadcasters on the Irish Radio program. He was also one of the first board members of the Irish Australian Chamber of Commerce. He made the premises of Bunratty Castle in South Melbourne and Molly Bloom’s in Port Melbourne available to Irish organizations for meetings and functions.

Eddie loved Irish music. He had a fine voice and delighted others with his vast knowledge of Irish songs and his great sense of humour. A unique and colourful character, he will be greatly missed.

He is survived by his wife Anne, and his children Sue, Siobhán and Seamus.

Catherine Arthur

Richard Reid’s achievements recognised

To recognise Dr Richard Reid’s roles and achievements as the senior curator of the Not Just Ned exhibition and as the convenor of ISAANZ 18, the Irish Australasian studies conference, and also his continuing role as convenor of the annual Shamrock in the Bush conference, Ann and Richard Harraman of the Irish Research Centre, Kanmantoo, SA, had prepared an illuminated address and, with due fanfare, presented it to Dr Reid at the Shamrock in the Bush conference dinner, Galong, 9 July 2011.



Richard Reid of Ryan's Castle
&
Not Just Ned beside the Lake

To recognise a patriot from Ireland of Presbyterian incline
a graduate from Trinity who left Portrush behind
for the high schools of Kiamta and the rough and ready bush
where he bought the Irish poets, the songs of Galway and Tialac
sensitivities of Ireland across the rolling sea
traditions of a migrant race, the melancholy touch of Erin
softness of an accent within an Aussie heaven
bought memories of Ireland within its vision splendid to authenticity

three years he drove a mighty quest from Moana to Kapunda
he strode across the Nullabor and up the western coast
with the flag of the Catalpa in search of Durack's ghost
he brought a dusty saddle and a habit white and cool
he found the widest antlers on the walls of old Mundal
the uniforms of governors, four suits of Kellys amour
a fragment of Eureka, Daniel Maruix cape and hat,
the map of Gavin Duffy - the largest ever seen,
a golden cup from Melbourne and the Roses of Tialac
golden needle with a royal touch, threads of Darcy's hair,
bejewelled Archbishop's mitre, fortyseven silver trowels
banners of St Patrick's Day, sequined velvet Irish Harp,
sounds of Irish music and the costumes of the dance,
Holy Trinity's first window, a quilt made while at sea,
a needlewoman's sampler book, backpackers canvas bag
gathered stuff of Ireland brought from Sligo and from Cork
the gleaming Bagot trophy, rusted anchor from Nashwauk
tell a story of a migrant race bringing memories from home
the names of female immigrants joint notorious and grand
Maruix, Spence and Kelly, Daisy O'Dwyer, Mary Lee,
true stories of the Irish brought together by a lake
tell the world how dry Australia became a greener land
and an Irish storyteller gave his countrymen their place

With Due Thanks and Recognition of a Creative Masterpiece
Dr. Richard Reid, Senior Curator, Irish Exhibition

Not Just Ned: A true story of the Irish in Australia
National Museum Canberra

Illuminated address presented by Ann & Richard Henaman
Founding Members: Irish Research Centre: Karmanfoo, SA July 2011



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