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## “Endless Stories About the Distillery”: Joyce, Death, and Whiskey

FRANK SHOVLIN

Since the initial publication of *Dubliners* in 1914, readers have pondered the significance of three words in the opening paragraph of the collection's first story, “The Sisters,” in order to gain a more profound understanding of the tales that follow. Those puzzling words—“paralysis,” “gnomon,” and “simony”—that the unnamed boy narrator of the story tells us “sounded strangely in my ears” influence, to a greater or lesser degree, all the subsequent stories in the book.<sup>1</sup> I do not intend to rehearse here the many interpretations applied to this odd collection of words but suggest, instead, that the intense critical spotlight shone on that opening paragraph has diverted attention from a seemingly innocuous word a couple of paragraphs later, a scrupulously chosen word that reverberates throughout the collection in the same way as the more celebrated trio. The word is “distillery,” which immediately prompts thoughts of whiskey and its production.<sup>2</sup> Why does Joyce, that most careful of artists, have Cotter, the “tiresome old fool” of “The Sisters,” telling “endless stories about the distillery” (*D*, 1)? Why does the pallid Mr. Duffy of “A Painful Case” live in a house from which “he could look into the disused distillery” (103)? Why is the sour-faced office manager of “Counterparts” named after a former distillery manager whom Joyce believed to have swindled his father? Why does the tragic Michael Furey of “The Dead” sing his last to Gretta in a street synonymous with distillation? Why is Mr. Browne of the same story the only member of the party to drink whiskey? Consideration of these questions will provide a fresh angle from which to think about Joyce's motivations in writing *Dubliners* and will show that whiskey and its production become for him a means by which to criticize and undermine the Anglo-Irish ascendancy, the literary renaissance that it supported, and one of that movement's leading figures, Lady Augusta Gregory.

The search for answers to the significance of whiskey in Joyce's imagination begins in Nora Barnacle's hometown of Galway and, more precisely, in the Nuns' Island of Gretta Conroy's final meeting with her young love, Michael Furey. The lead headline in the *Galway Advertiser* of August 11, 2005, declared that a bottle of Galway-distilled whiskey, long thought to have vanished, had made an appearance in a specialist whiskey shop in Swindon, England. The shop's proprietor valued the bottle at £100,000, making it the most highly priced bottle of whiskey in history.<sup>3</sup> The bottle, with cork and seal intact, had, explained the proprietor, made its way to Swindon via a circuitous route:

This particular bottle has an interesting history. The son of the Persse family, who owned the distillery, decided that his future in life was not in the family business but in racehorse training. He moved to Lambourne, England (not far from this shop) and became a racehorse trainer. He kept one bottle from the distillery which was passed on to a lady friend when he passed away, with the view that it will be worth something one day.<sup>4</sup>

The whiskey in question was a bottle of "Persse's Nuns' Island," from the Persse Distillery located at Nuns' Island, Galway. This business thrived during the second half of the nineteenth century, eventually ceasing production in 1915. Within thirty years of its passing, Persse's was being described by one connoisseur as "the finest whiskey in the world."<sup>5</sup>

Those readers who hold even a passing acquaintance with *Dubliners* will recall that it is in a rain-soaked garden on Nuns' Island that Michael Furey meets Gretta Conroy for the last time. Gretta has been living there with her grandmother and will shortly go to work in a Dublin convent. In the dark quiet of their Gresham Hotel room, Gretta recounts to her husband Gabriel that last fatal encounter:

—Then the night before I left I was in my grandmother's house in Nuns' Island, packing up, and I heard gravel thrown up against the window. The window was so wet I couldn't see so I ran downstairs as I was and slipped out the back into the garden and there was the poor fellow at the end of the garden, shivering.

—And did you not tell him to go back? asked Gabriel.

—I implored of him to go home at once and told him he would get his death in the rain. But he said he did not want to live. I can see

his eyes as well as well! He was standing at the end of the wall where there was a tree.

—And did he go home? asked Gabriel.

—Yes, he went home. And when I was only a week in the convent he died and was buried in Oughterard where his people came from. O, the day I heard that, that he was dead!

She stopped, choking with sobs, and, overcome by emotion, flung herself face downward on the bed, sobbing in the quilt. Gabriel held her hand for a moment longer, irresolutely, and then, shy of intruding on her grief, let it fall gently and walked quietly to the window.

(222–23)

Gabriel has, in a sense, been cuckolded by a ghost. His married life has been a charade, an empty bourgeois arrangement that cannot hope to compete with the grand passion of Gretta’s Galway past and her love affair with a boy who would rather die than live without her. This realization represents the central epiphany of the story and leads to Gabriel’s examination of conscience that makes up the closing pages, culminating in the famous lyrical description of snow falling across the land.

There are a myriad of examples from throughout Joyce’s fiction of his fascination with place names, and Nuns’ Island is no exception. Padraic O’Laoi, a Galway local historian and Nora Barnacle’s first biographer, was puzzled by Joyce’s use of the street at such a crucial juncture in “The Dead” and wondered where Joyce—at the time of the writing of his last story still not having visited Galway—had got the name. He concluded, naturally, that Nora must have been the source and that it held a special romantic significance for her. Beyond O’Laoi, surprisingly little critical attention has been brought to bear on this small Galway street, and many of those Joycean scholars who have stopped to wonder at its significance have been very far off the mark. Joyce enjoyed the notion that one might be in a position to draw a map of Dublin from the details he provided in *Ulysses*, and many critics have, inevitably, found Dublin street maps a major aid in the study of that novel. One might expect, then, that Joyce took similar care with his short but not insignificant detour into Galway. Surprisingly, however, the location of Nuns’ Island, that dark street between the Catholic cathedral and the Garda barracks, has remained flatly elusive to a range of Joycean scholars.

The Clive Hart–edited *James Joyce’s “Dubliners”*: *Critical Essays* (1969), in its appendix on place names in “The Dead,” provides the following

bizarre entry: “Nuns’ Island: off the western coast, in the county of West Meath.”<sup>6</sup> This description could not be more wrong: Nuns’ Island is both a street name and a piece of land surrounded by the fresh water of the river Corrib in the middle of the city of Galway; it is an island only in a rather pedantic sense. It is not off any coast, nor is it anywhere near the entirely landlocked Leinster county of Westmeath. Besides the hopelessly inaccurate information on the location of Nuns’ Island, Hart’s book goes on to make a further, less comical but more important error in claiming that Nora Barnacle went to live with her grandmother on Nuns’ Island at the age of five. The error is an instance of trying to shoehorn art into an imitation of life. Gretta tells Gabriel that she was living with her grandmother on Nuns’ Island, but there is no proof that the same was true of Nora, who lived with her grandmother in a somewhat less poetically named street across the city, Whitehall. The notion that Nora lived on Nuns’ Island is an understandable mistake and stems from an interview with her eldest sister, Mary, in 1953. In the course of this interview, Mary said that her grandmother lived on Nuns’ Island. This information was taken at face value by Richard Ellmann. “When Nora was five,” he writes, “her mother, surrounded by small children and pregnant once more, sent her to stay with a grandmother on Nun’s Island. She was to return after the birth, but when the grandmother offered to keep her, the arrangement continued.”<sup>7</sup> But, as Padraic O’Laoi points out, “it was not to Nun’s Island but to St. Augustine Street that James Joyce, on the 26th August 1909 ‘went to where you (Nora) lived with your grandmother.’”<sup>8</sup> St. Augustine Street leads into the cul-de-sac of Whitehall, home of Kate Healy, Nora’s maternal grandmother, and, in the estimation of another of Nora’s biographers, her “first exile and the one which most shaped her personality.”<sup>9</sup>

Though not correct on the precise location, Ellmann is right in thinking that Nora was sent to live with her grandmother and did not, for much of her Galway childhood, live in the family home. The Barnacle family moved around Galway a great deal in the early years of the marriage, eventually settling in a street across the Corrib from Nuns’ Island named Bowling Green. Nora’s mother, who spent much of the marriage living separately from her husband, lived there from roughly 1896 to her death in 1939. By 1901, her maternal grandmother now dead, Nora was back living with her mother at 4 Bowling Green. It was in this house that Joyce, on visiting Galway in 1909, heard Nora’s mother sing “The Lass of Aughrim.” In his original draft of “The Dead,” Joyce had stuck to the

addresses at which he knew Nora to have lived and decided to be strictly accurate in making Gretta a facsimile version of Nora. Thus he placed Gretta living with her grandmother in Bowling Green, but by 1910 he had decided to change this to Nuns’ Island, a spelling retained in the proofs for the 1914 edition of *Dubliners* but finally and correctly becoming “Nuns’ Island” in the first edition and in all subsequent editions.<sup>10</sup> The point is that Joyce knew that Nora had connections with St. Augustine Street, Whitehall, and Bowling Green, and that she had not lived with her grandmother on Nuns’ Island, yet when publishing “The Dead,” he chose to have Gretta live there.<sup>11</sup>

Joyce’s decision to name-check Nuns’ Island has, naturally enough, prompted several critics to a consideration of Christian symbolism. Marjorie Howes, for instance, sees it as a kind of opposite to the Aran Islands to which the Gaelic enthusiast Miss Ivors invites Gabriel in “The Dead.” As such, Nuns’ Island becomes “a Catholic alternative to supposedly pagan, primitive Aran.”<sup>12</sup> The choice of street name has also exercised Donald T. Torchiana. In his intriguing collection of essays *Backgrounds for Joyce’s “Dubliners”* (1986), he correctly points out that Nuns’ Island is so called because of the location there of a Poor Clare convent.<sup>13</sup> Though the Poor Clares had a presence in Galway since the sixteenth century, associated as they were with the long-established Franciscans, they did not have an independent convent building at their disposal until 1649, when they were given a grant of land by the Galway Corporation. The nuns were not to enjoy their gains for very long, for in 1652, Galway fell to Cromwellian forces under General Coote and they were forced into exile, many of them to Spain. Those who survived this period abroad returned to Galway in 1686 when, in the midst of the Stuart Restoration, conditions were more favorable for the Roman Catholic religious orders. After Williamite successes in the 1690s, the order was again persecuted in 1698 when on May 1 troops ransacked the city’s churches and the nuns were obliged to go into hiding. Again in 1712 and in 1731 official efforts were made to suppress the order in Galway.

For all the historic resonance and intrigue of the Poor Clare settlement, I do not think that the location of the convent on Nuns’ Island is Joyce’s only, nor indeed his primary, reason for using it as a key pivot in his greatest story. There are three other buildings associated with Nuns’ Island that may have stimulated Joyce’s imagination. Two of these—the “Bish” school and the old Gaol—I will discuss briefly; the third, Persse’s distillery, is, I believe, Joyce’s most important focus and will be considered

in some detail. On December 5, 1862, St. Joseph's secondary school, popularly known as the "Bish" because of its first patron Bishop McEvelly of Galway, was established on Nuns' Island by the Presentation Brothers.<sup>14</sup> As Padraic O'Laoi notes, the school's primary objectives were to provide affordable secondary education for Catholic boys and to "counteract the proselytizing influences of the Model Schools in Newcastle Road" (6). Despite such proselytization, Galway was then, and has remained, overwhelmingly Catholic. Nora's maternal uncle, Michael Healy, having proved himself a good student at the Presentation Brothers' primary school, "the Mon," went on to study at the secondary school on Nuns' Island. Again, if but as an echo, the theme of religious and political conflict is evident.

More clearly, this struggle is represented in the shape of Galway Gaol. This large building stood on the site of what is now Galway's Catholic cathedral and adjoining car park and was operational from 1810 to 1939. It was a major Galway landmark and symbol of British dominion through Nora's youth and at the time of Joyce's visits to the city, and he would also have been familiar with the building via *The Gaol Gate*, a Lady Gregory play first staged in the Abbey Theatre in October 1906.<sup>15</sup> This short one-act drama deals with a visit to Galway Gaol by Mary Cahel and Mary Cushin, the mother and wife respectively of a prisoner, Denis Cahel. They have walked through the night from the Slieve Echtge mountains of north Clare and south Galway to visit Denis, having received a letter from prison authorities that they are unable to read. "Isn't it a great pity," says the older woman, "for the two of us to be without learning at all?"<sup>16</sup> The women assume, because of the prattle of neighbors, that Denis has turned informer on two neighbors, Pat Ruane and Terry Fury (a source, perhaps, for Michael Furey of "The Dead"), jailed with him over a shooting incident. However, when they show the letter to the gatekeeper of the gaol, he tells them that the letter was sent to inform them of Denis's imminent execution by hanging. They have come a day too late and Denis lies buried in the prison yard. The play ends with the women keening, proud of Denis's heroism but heartbroken by a death brought about by his refusal to betray his guilty friends.

The injustice is, in some ways, reminiscent of an infamous and all too real miscarriage of justice that occurred in the Joyce country district of County Galway in 1882. The so-called Maamtrasna murders, in which a family named Joyce were massacred in an isolated region of Gaelic-speaking Connemara, led to the arrest and execution of three neighbors in

Galway Gaol. The oldest of the hanged men, Myles Joyce, was widely believed to be innocent, and the trial of the condemned men was compromised by the gap in understanding between an English-speaking court and the Gaelic-speaking accused. James Joyce, always interested in those bearing his name and increasingly fascinated by past injustices brought by British rule in his home country, chose to write about the case for the Triestine newspaper *Il Piccolo della Sera* in September 1907, as an example of the misunderstandings inherent between the Irish and the English and the tragic consequences that such confusion can bring about. Writing of Myles Joyce, he says, “The figure of this bewildered old man, left over from a culture which is not ours, a deaf-mute before his judge, is a symbol of the Irish nation at the bar of public opinion.”<sup>17</sup> Myles Joyce, then, like the two Marys of *The Gaol Gate*, falls victim to an ignorance of language and to the harshness of the British penal system as it operated in Galway. While we can say with some confidence that Joyce, while living in Trieste and in Rome in the 1906–7 period, kept sufficiently abreast of events in Ireland to know of *The Gaol Gate*, we cannot know whether he meant readers to make any association between the Nuns’ Island of “The Dead” and the unmentioned Nuns’ Island of Lady Gregory’s play. However, it is tempting to make the connection, as it is clear that Lady Gregory plays a very significant role throughout the story, which Joyce composed at the same time as he wrote about the murders in Maamtrasna.

The last Nuns’ Island building I wish to discuss is Persse’s distillery, home of the fabulously expensive spirit discussed above and a place very clearly linked with the author of *The Gaol Gate*. Lady Gregory was born Isabella Augusta Persse at Roxborough, south County Galway, on March 15, 1852. Roxborough was the large estate that was home to one branch of the wealthy and landed Persse family. The family had first come to Ireland in 1610 and had come to prominence under the clergyman Dudley Persse who, having established himself in the St. Michan’s parish, Dublin, in 1661, went on to expand his livings across Ireland, becoming the first of the Persses to acquire land in Galway and eventually becoming archdeacon of Tuam and dean of Kilmacduagh. The Persses remained, throughout their history in Ireland, strongly devoted to Protestantism and hostile to Catholicism. The last of the Galway Persses, Burton Walter (d. 1935), “specifically voided his bequests to anyone mentioned in his last will and testament who may have been foolish enough to convert to Catholicism, a condition he equated with death (he may have had his housekeeper or day laborer in mind).”<sup>18</sup>



In the latter half of the nineteenth century the Persses became synonymous with good whiskey. Besides the Roxborough branch, the other most prominent wing of the Persses lived at Moyode House near Athenry; it was this branch that became more closely associated with whiskey distillation. Little trace is now left of the Persse name in Ireland, though two of present-day Galway's most popular hostelries, The King's Head and The Quays, boast wonderful antique mirrors advertising "Persse's Nuns Island Whisky," founded, the mirrors tell us, in 1815 and proud to be official suppliers to the House of Commons. The Persse distillery did not begin life on Nuns' Island but on nearby Earl's Island, as the pub mirror tells us, in 1815. By the 1820s, Burton Persse owned two separate distilleries in Galway, one in Newcastle, the other at Newtownsmyth. There were, in addition to these, two other distilleries in Galway at the time, one owned by Richard Lynch and another by Patrick Joyce of Nuns' Island, whose plant had by 1833 reached an output of 100,000 proof gallons. For whatever reason, the success of the Joyces did not last long and their distillery was, for a few years in the 1840s, converted into a woolen mill. This period was the high point of whiskey distilling in Galway, encouraged by a government keen to stamp out illegal poteen stills in the west of Ireland. The Persses eventually came out on top in the battle for whiskey supremacy in the west. "By 1846," writes the whiskey historian E. B. McGuire, "the Newcastle distillery was being run by Thomas Moore Persse and Company, but shortly afterwards the Newcastle lease expired and Persse restored the old Joyce distillery which became known as Nun's Island distillery."<sup>19</sup> It was not until 1847, as Connacht suffered the most dreadful privations as a result of famine, that the Persse plant moved to the location that gave the best-known expression of the whiskey its name.

For such a successful business and landmark on the Galway map for the best part of a hundred years, surprisingly little information survives on the Nuns' Island distillery in the way of folk memory or historical record. We owe our best description of the place and its product to the nineteenth-century English whiskey lover Alfred Barnard. In the 1880s, Barnard, like Leopold Bloom a one-time advertising agent, wrote a series of articles for *Harper's Weekly Gazette*—the London-published organ of the wholesale wine and spirits trade—on the great array of distilleries in the kingdom. These articles were brought together to form *The Whisky Distilleries of the United Kingdom* (1887), a lively and entertaining travelogue that is not just a fascinating contemporary account of life as it was then in some of the more far-flung corners of the kingdom but is arguably

still the most important book devoted to the study of whiskey and its producers in Britain and Ireland. At the time of writing these articles and putting together the prefatory remarks for the ensuing book, Barnard, while admitting his status as an enthusiastic amateur, could point to the very great importance of distillation as an industry “which brings the largest revenue to the Imperial Exchequer of any industry in the Kingdom.”<sup>20</sup>

Of the twenty-eight extant Irish distilleries at the time of Barnard’s excursion, only one, Perse’s, was still in production west of the Shannon. As with Joyce some twenty-five years later, it is clear that James Hardiman’s *History of Galway* (1820) informs Barnard’s view of the city, and as with Joyce in his later newspaper article for *Il Piccolo*, Galway becomes for Barnard the “City of the Tribes.” One suspects the hand of Hardiman behind Barnard’s descriptions of Galway as “arranged on the plan of a Spanish town,” his insistence that, during the reign of Henry VIII, “Galway supplied nearly the whole of the Kingdom with wine,” and his retelling of the infamous story of Judge Lynch and his actions in having his own son hanged for the murder of a Spanish wine merchant (397). But with his knowledge of the Perse family’s involvement with the whiskey industry, Barnard has, not surprisingly, a good deal more to say than Hardiman, for whom the Perses were just starting out as a family of industrial significance in the city of Galway. For Hardiman, writing prior to 1820, Perse is a name more immediately associated with beer than with whiskey:

A public brewery, on an extensive scale, has been for some years past established at Newcastle, near the town, the property of Mr. Perse, of Roxboro’, and another at Madeira island, beyond the west bridge. The porter made here, but particularly in the former, has been much esteemed, and had for some time a good deal superseded the use of ardent spirits among the lower orders. This, however, interfered but little with Mr. Joyce’s extensive distillery at Newtown Smith, in which superior spirits have, for many years past, been distilled under the superintendence of Mr. Finn.<sup>21</sup>

Thus, it would seem, that in addition to their Nuns’ Island plant, the Joyces also distilled on the other bank of the Corrib. It is difficult to come to any definite conclusion as to who owned what distillery and where, but it is clear, nonetheless, that by 1840 Joyce and Perse were the two key

players in the industry. It is likely that James Joyce would have known about his namesake's rise and fall via both Hardiman and Nora. Nora's family home in Bowling Green was, after all, just across the river from Nuns' Island and adjacent to Newtownsmyth, and she worked for several years in the Presentation convent at one end of Nuns' Island at a time when the Persse plant was still flourishing.

By the time Barnard came to write about Galway's drinks industry, the Persses had moved decisively from brewing to distilling. Crucially, as Barnard tells us, this change was at the expense of the Joyces:

The Nun's Island Distillery was established at the beginning of the century, and is the only Distillery in Connaught. It was purchased from the Encumbered Estates Court in the year 1840, by the father of the present proprietor, who considerably enlarged and improved it. Prior to that date, from 1815 to the period mentioned, it belonged to the Joyce family.

(397)<sup>22</sup>

At the time of Barnard's visit, the distillery's proprietor is listed as H. S. Persse, and it was producing a massive 400,000 gallons of whiskey per annum thanks to the fast-flowing waters of the Corrib, described by Barnard as "a foaming torrent, that would turn all the mills in Manchester" (397).

Did James Joyce read Barnard's *Whisky Distilleries of the United Kingdom* in either periodical or book format? It is not possible to provide a certain answer to this question, though it seems highly probable that, given the preoccupations and past glories of his father, John Stanislaus, James was familiar with Barnard. For John himself had been intimately involved in the distilling industry, and it was a period in his life that he frequently recalled and, as was his wont, misremembered to his benefit. Through much of his later life, John Joyce's chosen reading material was the periodical literature of the drinks trade, a leading example of which was *Harper's Weekly Gazette*.<sup>23</sup> The drinks trade ran on both sides of James Joyce's family, but his father had a particular intimacy with whiskey production, having owned a large number of shares and having been secretary of the Dublin and Chapelizod Distillery, which had been incorporated in 1874 and had operated in Chapelizod through the later 1870s. By the time of Barnard's tour, this distillery had changed hands and become known

as the Phoenix Park Distillery. It is a place remembered directly by Joyce in *Dubliners* as where Mr. James Duffy, the intellectual loner of “A Painful Case,” has his home: “He lived in an old sombre house and from his windows he could look into the disused distillery or upwards along the shallow river on which Dublin is built” (*D* 103). In addition to this being a clear-eyed nod to his father’s happy past and an echo of one of the few books owned by John Stanislaus, Sheridan Le Fanu’s gothic novel *The House by the Churchyard*, there is also here, in the memories of Chapelizod and the Liffey, the first stirrings of *Finnegans Wake*, a novel that from start to finish is fascinated by breweries, distilleries, Guinness, Jameson, publicans, and all the paraphernalia associated with the drinks trade. As I am a very long way from being Joyce’s ideal insomniac reader, I do not intend to spend any great deal of time dissecting the *Wake*, but there are a few moments in the book worth considering if we are to get to the bottom of Joyce’s game with whiskey.

First, of course, Joyce takes the title of his book from the song of the same name, though this time with the expected possessive apostrophe included. In the song “Finnegan’s Wake,” whiskey plays a major part:

Then Micky Maloney raised his head  
 When a noggin of whiskey flew at him,  
 It missed and falling on the bed,  
 The liquor scattered over Tim;  
 Bedad he revives, see how he rises  
 And Timothy rising from the bed,  
 Says “Whirl your liquor round like blazes,  
 Thanam o’n dhoul, do ye think I’m dead?”<sup>24</sup>

Whiskey as a life giver, an *uisce beatha*, would seem to work against the spirit’s negative symbolic function in *Dubliners*, but, as with everything in the *Wake*, this, too, is not straightforward, as we see in the penultimate chapter of the book. As this chapter draws to a close, Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker suffers a series of setbacks, the final and most calamitous being the destruction of his distillery: “Till, ultimatehim, fell the crowning barleystraw, when an explosium of his distilleries deafadumped all his dry goods to his most favoured sinflute and dropped him, what remains of a heptark, leareyed and letterish, weeping worrybound on his bankrump.”<sup>25</sup> This disastrous distillery explosion refers to a real event, an accident at Roe’s distillery, Dublin, in 1860, which Joyce alludes to at least

twice elsewhere in the *Wake* and after which legend had it that whiskey flowed down the streets. However, the passage also refers to the financial collapse of the Dublin and Chapelizod Distillery in which Joyce's father was a major investor. James Atherton, in *The Books at the Wake* (1959), has also suggested a way in which beer—particularly Guinness—comes to stand for genesis and whiskey for apocalypse:

It will be noticed that the word Genesis has been mutated to suggest Guinness's. This trope is repeated two pages later in, 'With a bockalips of finisky fore his feet. And a barrowload of guenesis hoer his head' (6.26). After this the two themes divide and go their separate ways. But when Finnegan is laid out the corpse begins—has its head—under Genesis with the barrow representing a funeral barrow. It ends—has its feet, or has 'finisky'—after the Apocalypse. This symbolizes the way in which the Bible is used in the *Wake*.<sup>26</sup>

Atherton goes on to describe "Finisky" as "a typical word in the *Wake*" insofar as it can be read to mean a wide range of things beyond just whiskey: "Examined more closely it is finis, end, with the Russian suffix for 'son of'. It says 'Finn is sky'. It is 'Phoenix' or Fionn Uisge—the self-resurrecting bird or a clear spring of water, but in either sense Dublin's great park. Finally it could mean, 'The sky is ended'" (173, n. 1). In Joyce's recurring use of the Phoenix Park in *Finnegans Wake* he is inevitably thinking too of the Phoenix Distillery that rose from the ashes of his father's ruined business.

Another way in which whiskey cannot go unnoticed in the *Wake* is that Joyce somehow found the name of Dublin's largest whiskey producers, John Jameson and Son, particularly musical, and he repeats it on several occasions and in several forms throughout the book. As with *Dubliners*, whiskey is there on the opening page of *Finnegans Wake*, with Jameson making a veiled appearance as "Rot a peck of pa's malt had Jhem or Shen brewed by arlight" (3.12–13). Joyce's favorite whiskey then makes various other appearances over the course of his confusing narrative as "Jhon Jhamieson and Song" (126.5), "jammesons" (333.16), "Jon Jacobsen" (424.27), "Shamous Shamonous, Limited" (425.6), and on Shaun's departure we are told that he goes "with half a glance of Irish frisky (a Juan Jaimesan *hastaluego*)" (470.32–33). In one of Joyce's more forlorn periods of composition, when he began to consider the possibility of handing over responsibility for finishing *Finnegans Wake*, he thought of the Dublin

writer James Stephens, for reasons of artistic integrity and because of his devotion to the Jameson’s whiskey trademark. He explains this to Harriet Shaw Weaver in a letter of May 1927:

As regards that book itself and its future completion I have asked Miss Beach to get into closer relations with James Stephens. . . . He is a poet and Dublin born. Of course he would never take a fraction of the time or pains I take but so much the better for him and me and possibly for the book itself. If he consented to maintain three or four points which I consider essential and I showed him the threads he could finish the design. JJ and S [the colloquial Irish for John Jameson and Son’s Dublin whisky] would be a nice lettering under the title.<sup>27</sup>

Of course, Joyce knew only too well that the book would not be finished if he did not do the job himself—the notion of Stephens or anyone else being able to pick up where Joyce left off was preposterous, hence the rather puckish aside about Jameson’s.

Besides Jameson’s, several other brands of whiskey are named in the *Wake*. Powers gets in on a few occasions both under its own name and under its trademark of “three swallows.” Also mentioned are Johnny Walker, Bushmills, Roe’s Distillery, and, of course, Persse’s. There may well be others concealed in the text that I am not seeing, but the name Persse is, unusually for *Finnegans Wake*, right out in the open in the form of Hosty’s scurrilous rhyme about the ever-mutating innkeeper and central character of the novel, H. C. Earwicker, of whom Hosty insists, “I parse him Persse O’Reilly else he’s called no name at all” (44.13–14). Most critics have interpreted “Persse O’Reilly” as a version of the French for earwig, *perce-oreille*, and as a composite of two nationalist heroes of the 1916 Rising, Padraig Pearse and The O’Rahilly.<sup>28</sup> Of course, when addressing the complexities of *Finnegans Wake*, multiple meanings are not just always possible but inevitable. In the case of Hosty’s ballad, however, most critics have passed over or neglected the obvious allusion to Lady Gregory and to her family’s distillery in looking for a key to Joyce’s code.

One exception is William York Tindall, who, on the question of “Persse,” goes further than most exegetes, seeing earwigs, 1916 rebels, Lady Gregory, and the Estonian word for arse.<sup>29</sup> With any other writer and with any other book we could dismiss such claims, but not with

*Finnegans Wake*. Regarding the Gregory allusion, other than the straightforward use of the name Persse, Joyce is referencing Lady Gregory and her husband Sir William Gregory in the third verse of the ballad:

He was fafather of all schemes for to bother us  
 Slow coaches and immaculate contraceptives for the populace,  
 Mare's milk for the sick, seven dry Sundays a week,  
 Openair love and religion's reform,  
     (Chorus) And religious reform,  
     Hideous in form.

(45.13–18)

While the subject of the rhyme is, on a surface level, HCE, if we are to act on the prompt of “Persse,” then we might read “the father of all schemes to bother us” as a reference to Sir William Gregory and an amendment to the Poor Law Act, which he proposed in 1847 and which became known as the Gregory Clause. The Clause was an ill-conceived attempt at famine relief that, by insisting that small landholders abandon their holdings in order to get relief, helped landlords clear their estates and did a great deal more harm than good to the destitute of the Great Hunger of the 1840s. The puritanical “religious reform, hideous in form” that enforces abstemiousness may refer to Lady Gregory and to the Persse family's reputation as proselytizers—a charge to which Lady Gregory was acutely sensitive. Earlier, in *Ulysses*, Joyce has Leopold Bloom associate famine with proselytization as he walks toward the National Library: “They say they used to give pauper children soup to change to protestants in the time of the potato blight.”<sup>30</sup>

Hosty's song is not, of course, the first time that Joyce attacked the Gregorys in ballad form. The first and most notable assault comes in Bartell d'Arcy's singing of “The Lass of Aughrim” in “The Dead.” Although several critics have skated around the issue of the Gregorys and their presence in the song, few have sufficiently pointed to the very obvious malicious intent on Joyce's part. In order to demonstrate this malice, we will have to look closely at the lyrics. All that Joyce permits the reader to see or hear of the song are three abbreviated lines, interrupted by Mary Jane:

*O, the rain falls on my heavy locks  
 And the dew wets my skin,  
 My babe lies cold . . .*

(211)

Paul Muldoon has been particularly alert to Joyce’s evasiveness here. “This is as far as Bartell goes, as much as Joyce quotes,” writes Muldoon. “He resists continuing with the lines ‘My babe lies cold in my arms: Lord Gregory let me in’ because he resists a direct reference not so much to Lord as *Lady* Gregory.”<sup>31</sup> While Muldoon is the first critic to realize the force of the missing lines as they relate to Lady Gregory, I suspect that he does not go far enough in tracing the significance of the Gregory name in “The Dead.” While it will not be necessary to rehearse the thirty-five verses of “The Lass of Aughrim” that Joyce reputedly knew, it will prove helpful to expand slightly if we are to get to the point of the song.

Without some knowledge beyond that which Joyce provides on the page, the significance of the song lies beyond the reader’s understanding. In this case, it is sufficient for us to know just a few more lines:

The rain beats at my yellow locks and the dew wets me still,  
Oh, the rain rains on my yellow locks And the dew drops on my  
    chin,  
Let the rain beat my yellow locks, Let the dew beat my skin  
The babe is cold in my arms, Lord Gregory, let me in.  
My baby is cold in my arms, Lord Gregory, let me in.  
Let the bonny lass of Aughrim And her baby come in.<sup>32</sup>

The song is about a young, abandoned mother who has been Lord Gregory’s lover, returns to seek his help on a stormy night, is turned away from the house by Gregory’s mother—necessarily “Lady” Gregory—and is left to die with her child in the freezing night. In researching the history of the song, the musicologist Hugh Shields found that it had become known by the name of its villain rather than by that of its victim. “Popular tradition still knows it a little,” writes Shields, “though disobligingly it drops the older, more poetic title and labels the song ‘Lord Gregory,’ after its relatively inactive hero. It thus discards an evocative Irish toponym in favour of an unfamiliar personal name: a change which Joyce would surely have found unwelcome” (58). I think that Shields is right in his surmise about Joyce’s preferences, both because losing “Aughrim” would have taken away an important Jacobite subtext from the song and because getting Bartell D’Arcy to sing a song titled “Lord Gregory” would, as Paul Muldoon has pointed out, have been giving the game away—not something Joyce was prone to do.



“The Lass of Aughrim” was, for Joyce, both a convenient way to heap scorn on Lady Gregory and a perfect allegory of the unhappy relationship between Ireland and England. A female Ireland is seduced and abandoned by a male England, the peasantry are left to beg and die in the rain while the landlords turn in their beds. In recent years, several Joyceans have attempted to read “The Dead” as, in certain ways, a response to memories of the potato famine of the 1840s.<sup>33</sup> The year 1852, which many historians give as the final year of famine, was the year in which Lady Gregory was born. Coming to womanhood on a vast Galway demesne, she was part of one of the few west of Ireland families left relatively unscathed by the Great Hunger. Joyce was born just thirty years after the end of that catastrophe, so he would have grown up around people for whom it was a vivid memory. While I am not convinced by the more determined of such theses, I do believe that by indexing Lord Gregory Joyce means for us to remember the notorious “Gregory Clause.”

While it is clear enough, then, why a young man like Joyce, from an Irish Catholic family on the slide, could bear a grudge against a powerful imperial figure like Lord Gregory, it is hard to understand just why he kicked so hard against the late Governor of Ceylon’s widow. Joyce first had contact with Lady Gregory via AE and W. B. Yeats, who had begun, both through reading published pieces such as “The Day of the Rabblement” and through the Dublin literary rumor mill, to understand that they had a new young genius on their hands. Joyce’s first written contact with Lady Gregory of which we have a record was a forlorn letter seeking her assistance, written shortly before he left for Paris in 1902: “I am going alone and friendless—I know of a man who used to live somewhere near Montmartre but I have never met him—into another country, and I am writing to you to know can you help me in any way. I do not know what will happen to me in Paris but my case can hardly be worse than it is here.”<sup>34</sup>

Lady Gregory was kind enough to put a good word in for Joyce with E. V. Longworth, editor of the *Daily Express*. This resulted in a regular though short-lived reviewing slot with the paper for Joyce. But Joyce very quickly bit the hand that fed him with his astringent review of Lady Gregory’s *Poets and Dreamers*, and his attitude to this early patron seems to have remained at best dismissive and at worst hostile for the rest of his life. Joyce’s *Daily Express* review, titled “The Soul of Ireland,” did not impress Longworth, who took the unusual step of including the initials “J. J.” at the end of the piece, thus exposing Joyce’s identity to the woman

who had got him the reviewing work in the first place. Joyce remembers this tactic of Longworth’s in “The Dead,” when Gabriel Conroy is exposed to the nationalist Molly Ivors as a reviewer in the *Daily Express* as a result of the publication of his initials. For Gabriel to write in this newspaper of broadly unionist sympathies makes him, in Miss Ivors’ eyes, a “West Briton” (190).

When leaving Ireland in 1904, Joyce penned a short broadside aimed at literary Dublin titled “The Holy Office.” In a section that parodies Yeats’s “To Ireland in the Coming Times” and that is meant primarily as an attack on the Revival’s most important poet, Lady Gregory is reduced to the status of one of Yeats’s “giddy dames”<sup>35</sup>—this despite the fact that she had forwarded him five pounds with her best wishes for his coming continental adventure. Again in 1912, after the last of his unsuccessful returns to Dublin, Joyce, ventriloquizing the voice of the Maunsell company’s printer, turns his sights on Coole’s celebrated hostess in the scurrilous poem “Gas from a Burner”:

I printed the table-book of Cousins  
 Though (asking your pardon) as for the verse  
 ’Twould give you a heartburn on your arse:  
 I printed folklore from North and South  
 By Gregory of the Golden Mouth<sup>36</sup>

But the best known and funniest of Joyce’s public pronouncements on Lady Gregory comes in the “Scylla and Charybdis” episode of *Ulysses* when, this time, he has Buck Mulligan do his dirty work as he chastises Stephen Dedalus in the National Library for giving *Poets and Dreamers* a bad review. “Longworth is awfully sick, he said, after what you wrote about that old hake Gregory. O you inquisitional drunken jewjesuit! She gets you a job on the paper and then you go and slate her drivel to Jaysus. Couldn’t you do the Yeats touch?” (9.1158–61).

Naturally enough, it was not just in his published work that Joyce was critical of Lady Gregory, as a quick examination of his collected letters reveals. In April 1905, as he stews in Trieste, we find him aggrieved that Nora has chosen Gregory’s *Kincora* as light reading. “O blast Kincora!” he writes to Stanislaus, “Nora is reading the slip by fits and starts to a tune of ‘Old Tom Gregory, Has a big menagerie,’ which seems to me what old Thornton would have called a *double entente*” (II 88). By early 1907, with the first imaginative stirrings of “The Dead” at work in his

mind, we see Joyce anxious for news of home in the wake of the so-called “Playboy riots” surrounding Synge’s play. Again writing to his faithful correspondent Stanislaus, he is delighted to hear of the Abbey’s discomfiture:

I knew, before now, that there was a schism in the theatre: as all of Columb’s plays have been given by the ‘Irish Theatre’ and the reviews of Yeats and Lady Gregory and Miss HORNYMAN’s productions which have appeared lately in Sinn Féin have been hostile. Yeats says the Irish obeyed great leaders in the past but now they obey ignorant committees. I believe Columb and the Irish Theatre will beat Y and L.G. and Miss H: which will please me greatly, as Yeats cannot well hawk his theatre over to London.

(II, 208)

A week later, we see Joyce even surer that the Abbey is in decline. “As I told you before,” he writes to Stanislaus, “I think the Abbey Theatre is ruined. It is supported by the stalls, that is to say, Stephen Gwynn, Lord X, Lady Gregory etc who are dying to relieve the monotony of Dublin life.” But for all of his delight at the demise of Yeats and Gregory’s beloved theatre, his letter is also mixed with a distinct sense of exasperation at being out of the literary loop: “This whole affair has upset me. I feel like a man in a house who hears a row in the street and voices he knows shouting but can’t get out to see what the hell is going on. It has put me off the story I was ‘going to write’—to wit, ‘The Dead’” (II 211–12).

Given her kindnesses to him, it is hard to put Joyce’s dislike for Lady Gregory down to purely private or personal spleen, and my sense is that Joyce, a down-at-the-heel Catholic, feels himself, like the lass of Aughrim, an abandoned waif outside the walls of the Big House life, “out-cast from life’s feast” (*D* 113), as he says of James Duffy in “A Painful Case.” In literary Dublin he saw a Protestant ascendancy-backed Revival winning garlands with landlords like George Moore and Lady Gregory at its helm. No amount of assistance from them could make him feel less aggrieved; indeed, help from those quarters would amount to charity, the worst possible benevolence to bestow on the proud son of a once wealthy Catholic man of property. “The members of the Irish literary

movement were doing their best for Joyce,” as Richard Ellmann memorably puts it, “but all were to discover that he was not a man to be helped with impunity” (104).

The choice of Nuns’ Island as the location for the tragic unraveling of Gretta Conroy’s youthful tryst with Michael Furey is, then—alongside Gabriel’s initials in the *Daily Express* and the singing of “The Lass of Aughrim”—Joyce’s third assault on Lady Gregory in “The Dead.” While the Perse distillery becomes a stick with which to beat his early, unfortunate patron, it is to an earlier distillery that we must look for the origins of Joyce’s morbid fascination with whiskey. As *Finnegans Wake* is set around a Chapelizod licensed premises, so too the root of Joyce’s whiskey obsession must be sought in that pretty west Dublin suburb and John Joyce’s misadventures there.

In the mid-1870s, John Joyce invested the very large sum of £500 (part of a coming-of-age gift from his grandfather) in a new business venture with a fellow Corkman, the wine merchant Henry Alleyn. This business was named the Dublin and Chapelizod Distillery. In later life, John recalled his years in Chapelizod with great fondness. The job of distillery secretary allowed John to indulge in a great deal of what he did best—pressing the flesh, sweet-talking customers, and charming workmen and colleagues alike. It was thanks to his work in the drinks trade that John met the nineteen-year-old May Murray, soon to be his wife and mother of the Joyce brood. May’s father, John Murray, had a long pedigree in the industry, having worked variously as the proprietor of a pub, The Eagle House, in Roundtown, Dublin, and as a sales representative for one of the largest and most successful distillers in the country, John Power’s.

John Joyce was secretary of the distillery for approximately three years, from 1875 through 1878, at which point it ran into financial difficulties leading to closure and significant personal losses. This was the first of the many monetary blunders John made over a life that would bring his family from the comfortable coastal environs of Bray to the penury of Cabra, a journey later recounted in *A Portrait of the Artist as Young Man*. Not surprisingly, the collapse of the distillery left a lasting legacy and became a point of acute resentment for John, who vigorously sought a scapegoat in the shape of Henry Alleyn, who John considered an embezzler and who he blamed for the distillery’s demise. It would seem, given Stanislaus’s clear recollection of this debacle—a crisis which occurred ten years before he was even born—that the rise and fall of the Dublin and Chapelizod Distillery weighed heavily on John Joyce’s mind.

Interestingly, Stanislaus, no admirer of his father's in *My Brother's Keeper*, retells the old story of the embezzled money as fact and it is clear that James was also familiar with the tale of the villainous Mr. Alleyne and, as Stanislaus also reports, chose to exact a delicate measure of revenge in "Counterparts," his story of office unhappiness and the violence attendant upon alcoholic overindulgence. This story looks at a day in the life of its central protagonist, Farrington, as he longs to get away from his desk job at the firm of Crosbie & Alleyne, has a rather pathetic showdown with Mr. Alleyne he later retells as a victory (echoing John Joyce's brush with another Mr. Alleyne), goes on a drinking spree in which several small humiliations further blacken his mood, and returns home drunk, where he beats his little son above the cries of the boy's protestations. David Lloyd has linked the alcoholic excess of "Counterparts" to the despair of a conquered land, describing the story as being "bitterly diagnostic of the paralysis of Irish men in colonial Ireland, of their alienation and anomie which, so often, is counterpointed by drinking."<sup>37</sup> Farrington's defeat at the hands of an Englishman, Weathers, in an arm-wrestling contest certainly lends some credence to such an interpretation. The indirect association of social and economic superiority with whiskey is embodied in "Counterparts" through the figure of Alleyne, an Ulsterman and, judging by his name, almost certainly a Protestant. The direct association of English domination, in the person of Weathers, with the spirit reemerges in the figure of Mr. Browne in "The Dead."

Browne is a neglected and, when considered at all, a frequently misinterpreted and misunderstood character within the story. Willard Potts reads him as "the comic butt of 'The Dead.'" This misreading in turn leads, I believe, to a broader misconception regarding Joyce's feelings about the tension between Protestants and Catholics in the Dublin of his time. "There is one Revival issue," argues Potts, "that Joyce does not take, or at least does not treat, seriously in 'The Dead': the relationship between the two cultures."<sup>38</sup> John Kelleher, Paul Muldoon, and Donald Torchiana all see Browne as a representative of death. "Joyce uses Mr Browne," writes Torchiana, "as might Holbein in his series of woodcuts, *The Dance of Death*" (226). This darker vision of who or what Browne might represent is more convincing than that forwarded by Potts for a number of reasons, but in order to get to the bottom of Joyce's intentions in creating the character of Mr. Browne, we ought to start with the two unique aspects of the man as he attends the Morkans' Christmas party: he is the only Protestant present and he is the only reveler to drink whiskey.

Mr. Browne’s presence on Usher’s Island becomes a little tricky at one point, when Mary Jane has to check Aunt Kate in her criticism of a papal decree barring women from church choirs: “Now, Aunt Kate, you’re giving scandal to Mr Browne who is of the other persuasion” (195). Browne, curious about Catholic practice, is not the slightest bit perturbed and merely smiles at “this allusion to his religion” (195). Browne’s Protestantism alone is an oddity that, as critics have pointed out, seems to work primarily to suggest that there is a certain “West Britishness” to the Usher’s Island gathering. We are told early in the story that among the artworks hanging in the Morkans’ house are a picture of the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet* and a picture of the two murdered princes in the Tower of London. Both of these, one with its associations with England’s national bard and the other nodding toward royalist sympathies, suggest at the very least a household largely uninterested in the budding Irish nationalism of the day as represented by Miss Ivors. As such, one might see the presence of a Protestant as being of a piece with the pictures hanging on the drawing room wall. But if one considers Browne’s other unique attribute—his whiskey drinking—along with his religious affiliation, then another, more complex picture emerges.

Arthur Clery wrote of Joyce’s Ireland that “apart from Drink, which Protestants make and Catholics sell,” all other Irish industries were Protestant controlled.<sup>39</sup> Protestant grandee families with names such as Guinness, Jameson, and Persse had, from the late eighteenth century, made fortunes from the manufacture of alcohol, a product for which there was enormous demand both at home and abroad. The rapid accumulation of wealth by those in the drinks industry fascinates Leopold Bloom as he wanders around Dublin in *Ulysses*:

Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his short four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter.

(5.304–10)

For all the money that is to be made out of beer, it is whiskey that does the real damage to one’s health, as Bloom acknowledges to himself on the

way to Paddy Dignam's burial: "Blazing face: redhot. Too much John Barleycorn. Cure for a red nose. Drink like the devil till it turns adelite. A lot of money he spent colouring it" (6.307–9). "Who distilled first?" Bloom wonders in "Lestrygonians": "Some chap in the blues. Dutch courage" (8.1042–43).

For Joyce's Irish Catholic contemporaries, whiskey and its production were associated with England, with the landlord caste and with imperial domination generally. This association between empire and alcohol was a powerful strand in the temperance movement of the time, as is evident in a late nineteenth-century sermon made by the temperance priest Father Michael Kelly: "With fell design England suppressed our commerce, our factories, our mines, our industries, and left us only the distillery."<sup>40</sup> Given this contemporary view of whiskey, and taking into account the Joyce family's own misfortunes in the failed distillery at Chapelizod, it is not so surprising that Joyce blends the spirit into the mix of *Dubliners* as a consistently negative omen. And it is in this light that we must read the Protestant Mr. Browne's quaffing of the liquor at the Morkans' Christmas party. Mr. Browne, far from being the comic relief of "The Dead," is, as Donald Torchiana asserted, death itself.

However one wishes to interpret Mr. Browne's character, it would be remiss to neglect the drink in his hand. The key intersection in the story, which ties it back to Nuns' Island and the landed Persse family, is that of Protestantism with whiskey. Whiskey is, for Joyce, a complex and multi-layered device by which he can achieve several results: by referencing it and stitching it into the weave of his fiction he can gain revenge for his wronged father, he can draw attention to the caste system of early twentieth-century Ireland, and—I think most significantly—he can attack Lady Gregory, the ascendancy, and the Literary Revival. Revenge and resentment, however unjustified, bubble away under the surface of *Dubliners*, and it is to the distillate of whiskey we must look for traces of how these feelings are worked out and controlled through the book. For Joyce there is always the return to thoughts of the distillery. In the early 1930s, as his first biographers began to circle, Joyce instructed his friend and sometime secretary Paul Léon to assist Frank Budgen, who was then preparing the book which would become *James Joyce and the Making of Ulysses*. On St. Patrick's Day, 1933, Léon passed instructions for Budgen to Harriet Shaw Weaver. "About Mr Budgen," he wrote, "for completion of his book he must go to Dublin in order to paint Chapel Izod (I am not sure of my spelling) the source of the Liffey to illustrate his book" (*LIII* 271). We

may never fully understand the significance of Chapelizod’s “still that was mill” (*FW* 265.1–2) for Joyce, but he provides us with sufficient pointers across his oeuvre, and particularly in *Dubliners*, to see that his own “endless stories about the distillery” reverberate and echo in ways that further enrich and complicate his fiction.

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## NOTES

1. James Joyce, *Dubliners*, ed. Terence Brown (1914; repr. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1992), 1; hereafter cited in the text as *D*. Research for this essay was assisted by generous funding from the Arts and Humanities Research Council (UK) and from the British Academy.

2. At least two critics have touched on the idea of distillation as analogous to Joyce’s artistic process without considering, as I will, aspects of the history of Irish whiskey and its impact on Joyce. See John Gordon, *Joyce and Reality: The Empirical Strikes Back* (Syracuse, N.Y.: Syracuse University Press, 2004), 33–54; and Michael Brian, “‘A Very Fine Piece of Writing’: An Etymological, Dantean, and Gnostic Reading of Joyce’s ‘Ivy Day in the Committee Room,’” in *ReJoycing: New Readings of Dubliners*, ed. Rosa M. Bollettieri Bosinelli and Harold F. Mosher (Lexington: The University Press of Kentucky, 1998), 206–27.

3. This valuation was quickly questioned as overly optimistic by the proprietor of a specialist whiskey store in Dublin, who considered it not worth more than 5,000. See Paul Cullen, “Last of Nun’s Island whiskey for 146,000,” *The Irish Times*, August 13, 2005. A second bottle subsequently turned up in Galway.

4. Quoted in Jennifer Hough, “Bottle of rare Galway whiskey to reach 145,000: Historic Nuns’ Island bottle turns up in UK whiskey shop,” *Galway Advertiser*, August 11, 2005.

5. Maurice Walsh, “Whiskey,” *The Bell* 2, no. 5 (August 1941): 24.

6. Clive Hart, ed., *James Joyce’s Dubliners: Critical Essays* (London: Faber and Faber, 1969), 178.

7. Richard Ellmann, *James Joyce*, rev. ed. (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1982), 157. Further references to this work will be cited parenthetically in the text.

8. Padraic O’Laoi, *Nora Barnacle Joyce: A Portrait* (Galway: Kennys Bookshops and Art Galleries, 1982), 13. Further references to this work will be cited parenthetically in the text.

9. Brenda Maddox, *Nora: A Biography of Nora Joyce* (1988; repr. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 2000), 20.

10. See James Joyce, *Dubliners: A Facsimile of Drafts and Manuscripts*, prefaced and arranged by Hans Walter Gabler (New York and London: Garland, 1978), 556; and James Joyce, *Dubliners: A Facsimile of Proofs for the 1914 Edition*, prefaced and arranged by Michael Groden (New York and London: Garland, 1977), 275.



11. Interestingly, Nora's address for correspondence when visiting Galway in April 1922 was c/o Miss Casey, 5 Nun's Island. I have so far been unable to identify Miss Casey, though clearly the woman was not Nora's grandmother. See James Joyce, *Letters*, ed. Richard Ellmann (London: Faber and Faber, 1966), 3:64. Further references to this collection of letters will be cited parenthetically in the text by volume number (in Roman numerals) and page number.

12. Marjorie Howes, "'Goodbye Ireland I'm going to Gort': Geography, Scale, and Narrating the Nation," in *Semicolonial Joyce*, ed. Derek Attridge and Marjorie Howes (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2000), 68.

13. Donald T. Torchiana, *Backgrounds for Joyce's Dubliners* (Boston: Allen & Unwin, 1986), 245. Further references to this work will be cited parenthetically in the text.

14. See Peadar O'Dowd, *Old and New Galway* (Galway: Connacht Tribune and the Archaeological, Historical & Folklore Society, Regional College, Galway, 1985), 106–7.

15. Galway Gaol was again used as a location by Lady Gregory in one of her most popular plays, *The Rising of the Moon*, first staged in The Abbey in March 1907.

16. Lady Gregory, *The Gaol Gate*, in *Selected Writings*, ed. Lucy McDiarmid and Maureen Waters (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1995), 357.

17. James Joyce, "Ireland at the Bar," trans. Conor Deane, in *Occasional, Critical, and Political Writing*, ed. Kevin Barry, 146.

18. James Charles Roy, *The Fields of Athenry: A Journey Through Irish History* (Boulder, Colo.: Westview Press, 2001), 198–201.

19. E. B. McGuire, *Irish Whiskey: A History of Distilling, the Spirit Trade, and Excise Controls in Ireland* (Dublin: Gill and Macmillan; New York: Barnes & Noble Books, 1973), 359–60.

20. Alfred Barnard, *The Whisky Distilleries of the United Kingdom*, int. Richard Joynson (1887; repr. Edinburgh: Birlinn, 2003), v. Further references to this work will be cited parenthetically in the text.

21. James Hardiman, *The History of the Town and County of the Town of Galway, from the earliest period to the present time, Embellished with several Engravings. To which is added, a copious appendix, containing the principal charters and other original documents* (Dublin: W. Folds and Sons, 1820), 299.

22. Though Barnard is correct about the passing of the distillery from Joyce to Perse, he cannot be correct on the subject of how this occurred, the Encumbered Estates Act not having been passed until 1849.

23. See Peter Costello, *James Joyce: The Years of Growth, 1882–1915* (London: Kyle Cathie, 1992), 45.

24. Quoted in Roland McHugh, *Annotations to Finnegans Wake*, rev. ed. (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1991), 24.

25. James Joyce, *Finnegans Wake* (New York: Viking Press, 1939), 589.35–590.3. Further references to this work will be cited parenthetically by page and line number in the text.

26. James Atherton, *The Books at the Wake: A Study of Literary Allusions in James Joyce's Finnegans Wake* (London: Faber and Faber, 1959), 173. Further references to this work will be cited parenthetically in the text.

27. James Joyce to Harriet Shaw Weaver (May 20, 1927), in James Joyce, *Letters*, ed. Stuart Gilbert (London: Faber and Faber, 1957), 253–54.

28. See McHugh, *Annotations to Finnegans Wake*, 44; and James Fairhall, *James Joyce and the Question of History* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1993), 231.

29. William York Tindall, *A Reader's Guide to Finnegans Wake* (1969; repr. Syracuse, N.Y.: Syracuse University Press, 1996), 6.

30. James Joyce, *Ulysses*, ed. Hans Walter Gabler (New York: Vintage Books, 1984), 8.1171–73. Further references to this edition will be cited parenthetically by episode and line number in the text.

31. Paul Muldoon, *To Ireland, I* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2000), 57.

32. Quoted in Hugh Shields, ‘‘The History of *The Lass of Aughrim*,’’ in *Irish Musical Studies 1: Musicology in Ireland*, ed. Gerard Gillen and Harry White (Dublin: Irish Academic Press, 1990), 64. Further references to this essay will be cited parenthetically in the text.

33. See, for instance, Bonnie Roos, ‘‘James Joyce's ‘The Dead’ and Bret Harte's *Gabriel Conroy*: The Nature of the Feast,’’ *The Yale Journal of Criticism* 15, no. 1 (Spring 2002): 99–126; and Kevin Whelan, ‘‘The Memories of ‘The Dead,’’’ *The Yale Journal of Criticism* 15, no. 1 (Spring 2002): 59–97.

34. James Joyce to Lady Augusta Gregory (n.d. [November 1902]), in James Joyce, *Letters*, 53.

35. James Joyce, *The Critical Writings of James Joyce*, ed. Ellsworth Mason and Richard Ellmann, fwd. by Guy Davenport (Ithaca, N.Y.: Cornell University Press, 1989), 150.

36. James Joyce, ‘‘Gas from a Burner,’’ in *Critical Writings of James Joyce*, 244.

37. David Lloyd, ‘‘Counterparts: *Dubliners*, masculinity, and temperance nationalism,’’ in Attridge and Howes (ed.), *Semicolonial Joyce*, 129.

38. Willard Potts, *Joyce and the Two Irelands* (Austin: University of Texas Press, 2000), 86. Though I disagree with Potts on this point, he does provide an astute reading on the power of the drinks trade in Dublin and how this influenced Joyce's work.

39. Arthur Clery, *Dublin Essays* (Dublin and London: Maunsel and Company, 1919), 46.

40. Quoted in F. S. L. Lyons, *Culture and Anarchy in Ireland, 1890–1939* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1979), 80.