Ninth William Carleton Summer School

Corick House, Clogher
AUGUST 7-11, 2000
I was born on Shrove Tuesday, the 20th of February, 1794, in the townland of Prillisk, in the parish of Clogher, County Tyrone. Prillisk is distant about three quarters of a mile from the town, or as it was formerly termed the City of Clogher. It is only half a town, having but one row of streets, and contains not more I think than from two hundred and fifty to three hundred inhabitants. Small and insignifcant-looking, however, as it seems, it is the ecclesiastical metropolis of the diocese to which it gives its name. Before the Union it returned a member to the Irish Parliament ... It is, or rather was the residence of the Bishops of Clogher, and the palace, which they occupied for about a month or six weeks every year, is a very fine building ... The name of Clogher is, I believe, of Druidical origin - the word Clogh - oir signifying a 'golden stone'.

(Carleton: The Autobiography)
William Carleton &
The William Carleton Summer School

William Carleton, 1794-1869, is in many ways a literary phenomenon. A contemporary and professed, although not uncritical, admirer of Maria Edgeworth (1767-1849), Lady Morgan (1776-1859) and Samuel Lover (1797-1868), he is far removed from their Anglo-Irish tradition. In fact it is difficult to assign Carleton to any tradition. His gleanings from his father’s telling of ‘old tales, legends and historical anecdotes’, in Irish, his attempts to engage with the classics and his eclectic but unsystematic reading which included such works as Defoe’s History of the Devil, Fielding’s Tom Jones and, famously, Smollett’s translation of Lesage’s Gil Blas, came together in a voice which echoed all of these influences. As he progressed as a writer, Carleton was not totally outside the main stream of literature as evidenced from the mutual respect which existed between him and such revered figures as Samuel Ferguson and Thackeray; and, like another contemporary, Gerald Griffin, Carleton was considerably gratified by the prospect of an English readership.

Nevertheless, Carleton remains primarily the interpreter of ‘a class unknown in literature’, recording them as one of their own; for no-one had written ‘from inside the margins’ of peasant Ireland before. Somewhat embarrassingly, his initial opportunity to write about the Irish peasants came from the task of exposing their so-called Catholic superstitiousness entrusted to him by an evangelical zealot, Cesar Orway, a maverick priest of the Church of Ireland to which Carleton had recently attached himself. This purpose, however, became increasingly irrelevant as Carleton, living in Dublin, re-entered imaginatively the Clogher Valley of his youth and young manhood in his two volumes of short stories, Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry, 1829 and 1833, in which, drawing on comedy, farce, melodrama and tragedy, he presents a tableau of the life of the country people of the north of Ireland before the famines of the 1840s altered their pattern of existence forever. He also presents them in a language they might recognise: coming from a bilingual family in which English was the language of daily transactions, Irish the vehicle for his father’s stories and his mothers traditional songs, Carleton wrote in an English liberally flecked with local idioms, especially in the dialogue given to his characters. The world of the Irish peasant was also the source on which Carleton draws for the succession of novels which followed these early publications and which include Fardorougha the Miser (1839), Valentine McClutche (1845), The Black Prophet (1847), The Emigrants of Aghadarr (1848), The Tithe Proctor (1849), The Squanders of Castle Squander (1852). In these works he addresses many of the issues affecting the Ireland of his day such as the influence of the Established Church and landlordism, poverty, famine and emigration although it has been regretted that he sometimes does so with an earnestness that caused his more creative genius to be swamped in a heavy didacticism.

Carleton’s writings brought him limited commercial benefit and he suffered periods of neglect, despite an abortive attempt in the late nineteenth century by W. B. Yeats to reclaim him. In more recent times a second rediscovery owes much to such writers as Patrick Kavanagh, Benedict Kiely, John Montague, Seamus Heaney and to critics like the late Barbara Hayley, Eileen Sullivan and Thomas Flanagan and, in his own Clogher Valley, to the efforts of the Carleton Society founded in the 1960s. The most sustained effort to celebrate Carleton, however, must surely be the annual summer school, inaugurated in 1992. Encouraged by patrons such as Benedict Kiely, Eileen Sullivan, Owen Dudley Edwards and John Montague, the committee from the beginning steered the School away from what could have been heavily localised whimsy to celebration of a writer who produced from his Clogher roots a body of work that merits serious critical attention. Papers by such a varied collection of distinguished scholars as Anthony Cronin, Augustine Martin, Gerald Dawe, Terence Brown, Thomas Flanagan, John Montague, Declan Kiberd, Edna Longley, Eamonn Hughes, Owen Dudley Edwards, Norman Vance, Simon Gatrell, Barry Sloan have supplied that critical attention as they deconstructed, re-assessed, re-interpreted, and celebrated Carleton’s work. Not only has the Summer School provided a forum for such debate; it has also attempted to bring Carleton to a wider audience through such publications as the recently re-issued Autobiography and Benedict Kiely’s 1948 study of Carleton, Poor Scholar. At present, members of the committee are preparing for publication a collection of papers presented at the school since 1992.
From

Station Island

I was parked on a high road, listening
to peewits and wind blowing round the car
when something came to life in the driving mirror,

someone walking fast in an overcoat
and boots, bareheaded, big, determined
in his sure haste along the crown of the road

so that I felt myself the challenged one.
The car door slammed. I was suddenly out
face to face with an aggravated man

raving on about nights spent listening for
gun butts to come cracking on the door,
yeomen on the rampage, and his neighbour

among them, hammering home the shape of things.
‘Round about here you overtook the women,’
I said, as the thing came clear. ‘Your Lough Derg Pilgrim

haunts me every time I cross this mountain -
as if I am being followed, or following.
I’m on the road there now to do the station.’

‘O holy Jesus Christ, does nothing change?’
His head jerked sharply side to side and up
like a diver surfacing,

then with a look that said, who is this cub
anyhow, he took cognizance again
of where he was: the road, the mountain top,

and the air, softened by a shower of rain,
worked on his anger visibly until:
‘It is a road you travel on your own.

I who learned in the reek of flax
and smelled hanged bodies rotting on their gibbets
and saw their looped slime gleaming from the sacks -

hard-mouthed Ribbonmen and Orange bigots
made me into the old fork-tongued turncoat
who mucked the byre of their politics...

... A lot of what you wrote
I heard and did: this Lough Derg station,
flax-pullings, dances, summer crossroads chat

and the shaky local voice of education...’

Seamus Heaney
(by permission of Faber & Faber)
Monday 7 August

11.15 Official Opening
11.30 Key Note Address: Robert Welch
1.00 Lunch
2.15 Address: Ian Adamson
4.30 Poetry Reading: Peter Fallon & Maura Johnson
6.00 Evening Meal
8.00 Song & Story Tony MacAuley & Ben Sands

Nurchasy [where the Carleton family lived for some years] to me was Paradise. The view from it of Fardress Glen, so beautifully wooded, and of Fardress grazing-fields, so green and extensive, together with the effect of those small circular groves, peculiar to some portions of the north, absolutely enchanted me. Nothing, in fact, could surpass my happiness. I frequently dreamt of the scenery about me, although I had it before my eyes every day in the week ... my father, who did not seem gifted with what phrenologists term inhabitation, took a dislike to Nurchasy but I must admit in his justification, for a very excellent reason. He paid his rent punctually to the middlemann and poteen distiller but the latter did not at all pay his rent punctually to the head landlord. One of my brothers discovered accidentally, and as a friendly scout, that the head landlord was about to come down upon the property for the rent. My father, therefore, having heard that there was a farm of twenty-two acres to be let in a townland called Springtown, took it ... I never liked Springtown much. With one exception the scenery was dull and commonplace. The exception I speak of was a wild but pretty glen which stretched behind our house, and through which ran a mountain stream that was known about a mile further inland as the Mullin Burn.

ROBERT WELCH
Robert Welch, a native of Cork, is Professor of English and Dean of the Faculty of Art, Design and Humanities at the University of Ulster at Coleraine, and Director of the Coleraine Centre for Irish Literature and Bibliography. He is editor of The Oxford Companion to Irish Literature, published to considerable acclaim in 1996 and his The Abbey Theatre 1899 - 1999 was published by OUP last year. Amongst his critical works are Irish Poetry from Moore to Yeats (1980), his 1982 editorship of a collection of essays on George Moore, The Way Back, and Changing States: Transformations in Modern Irish Writing (1993). His published verse includes Muskerry, Secret Societies and The Blue Formica Table and he has published novels in both English (The Kilcolman Notebook and Groundwork) and Irish (Tearma fun). Professor Welch is presently working on A History of the Irish Book which will appear in several volumes.

IAN ADAMSON
Dr Ian Adamson is a paediatrician and a Member of the Northern Ireland Legislative Assembly. He is involved in the Ulster-Scots Academy and the Somme Centre and is Vice-President of the Titanic Trust. Dr Adamson runs his own publishing house and his writings, which include The Cruithin (1974), The Identity of Ulster (1981), The Ulster People, reflect his deep interest in the history of the north of Ireland.

PETER FALLON

MAURA JOHNSTON
Maura Johnston has been a teacher of English including, for three years in Swaziland and is at present Advisory Teacher for English with the Southern Education and Library Board. She has published in a number of literary journals including The Honest Ulsterman and Poetry Ireland and, amongst other anthologies, The Female Line. Her first complete book is Just Suppose (1999).

TONY MacAULEY
Tony MacAuley is a singer and broadcaster and he has made a number of films and programmes for both radio and television. His work has brought him to many parts of the United States and Canada. His forthcoming book on walks in the Glens of Antrim will be published under the title Tony MacAuley's Glens.
**Tuesday 8 August**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Event</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>11.30</td>
<td>Poetry reading: Tom Paulin</td>
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<td>1.00</td>
<td>Lunch</td>
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<td>2.15</td>
<td>Symposium: ‘Carleton in Context: Cultural; Ecclesiastical; Social/Political’</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Panel: Stewart Brown, John A. Murphy, Pauric Travers (Chair: Robin Marsh)</td>
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<td>5.30</td>
<td>Field Trip: Richard Warner</td>
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<tr>
<td>6.30</td>
<td>Evening Meal</td>
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<tr>
<td>8.00</td>
<td>Address: David Norris</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

### TOM PAULIN

Tom Paulin is G.M. Young Lecturer in English at Hertford College Oxford. In 1976 he won an Eric Gregory Award and the following year published his first poetry collection, *A State of Justice*. Since then, he has published five volumes of verse, the latest being *The Wind Dog* (1999), together with his *Selected Poems, 1972 - 1990*. He has also edited the anthologies, *The Faber Book of Political Verse* (1986) and *The Faber Book of Vernacular Verse*. Associated with the Derry-based Field Day Movement from its beginnings, Tom Paulin contributed ‘A New Look at the Irish Question’ to its first series of pamphlets in 1983 and in 1984 appeared a collection of critical essays, *Ireland and the English Crisis*, on Irish literary and cultural topics. From 1983 until 1984 he was Fulbright Scholar at the University of Virginia. In his drama, Tom Paulin has gone back to the Greek dramatists to produce in 1985 *The Riot Act*, based on Sophocles’ *Antigone*, and in 1990 *Seize the Fire*, derived from Aeschylus’ *Prometheus Bound*. Currently, Tom Paulin is a regular contributor to the BBC’s *Late Review*.

### PAURIC TRAVERS

Pauric Travers is Professor of History and Head of Department at St Patrick’s College, Drumcondra, a College of Dublin City University. Amongst his published works are *Settlements and Divisions: Ireland 1870-1922* (1988) and *Eamon de Valera*. A constructive critic of the condition of history teaching in schools, Pauric Travers is also joint author of *Time Traveller*, the Fallon’s Primary History Programme.

### STEWART BROWN

Stewart Jay Brown is Professor of Ecclesiastical History at the University of Edinburgh, currently Dean of Divinity and editor of *Scottish Historical Review*. He is author of *Thomas Chalmers and the Godly Commonwealth in Scotland* (1982) and has recently edited a volume of essays on the ‘Disruption’ or Free Church Schism in the Church of Scotland led by Chalmers. Stewart Brown has co-edited *Piety and Power in Ireland 1760-1960*, essays in honour of Emmet Larkin under whom he studied in Chicago. At present, Professor Brown is completing a study of religious transformation in Britain and Ireland before the Great Famine.
JOHN A. MURPHY
John A Murphy is Professor Emeritus of Irish History at University College, Cork and has written the history of the College. He has held a seat in Seanad Eireann. Amongst his many publications are Ireland in the Twentieth Century (1975) and The French are in the Bay: The Expedition to Bantry Bay 1796. Professor Murphy contributes regularly to learned journals such as Irish Historical Studies and Irish Review. He also contributes a regular column to the Sunday Independent.

RICHARD WARNER
Dr Richard Warner is Keeper of Antiquities at the Ulster Museum. He was the director of the Museum's excavations at Clogher Hillfort in the 1970's and has produced archaeological evidence to suggest that the Romans were in Ireland and possibly visited Clogher. It was largely due to Dr Warner's influence that the hillfort has recently been taken into state care.

DAVID NORRIS
David Norris, formerly on the staff of the School of English at Trinity College Dublin, now represents the university in Seanad Eireann. As a leading authority on James Joyce, he has not only written and broadcast many articles on Joyce's work but played a leading role in the establishment of the James Joyce Cultural Centre at 35 North Great George's Street and is chairman of the Centre's Board of Directors. He is also annually involved in the Bloomsday celebrations of which his one-man show Do you hear what I'm seeing? is a regular feature. As an active member of the Church of Ireland, David Norris is an outspoken and influential commentator on the Church's affairs. A biography of David Norris, The Cities of David, by Victoria Freedman, was published in 1995.

My father possessed a memory not merely great or surprising, but absolutely astonishing. He could repeat nearly the whole of the Old and New Testament by heart, and was, besides, a living index to almost every chapter and verse you might wish to find in it. In all other respects, too, his memory was equally amazing. My native place is a spot rife with old legends, tales, traditions, customs, and superstitions; so that in my early youth, even beyond the walls of my own humble roof, they met me in every direction. It was at home, however, and from my father's lips in particular, that they were perpetually sounding in my ears. In fact his memory was a perfect storehouse, and a rich one, of all that the social antiquary, the man of letters, the poet, or the musician, would consider valuable. As a teller of old tales, legends, and historical anecdotes he was unrivalled, and his stock of them was inexhaustible. He spoke the Irish and English languages with nearly equal fluency. ... My mother, whose name was Kelly - Mary Kelly - possessed the sweetest and most exquisite of human voices. In her early life, I have often been told by those who had heard her sing, that any previous intimation of her presence at a wake, dance, or other festive occasion, was sure to attract crowds of persons, many from a distance of several miles, in order to hear from her lips the touching old airs of her country ... She was not so well acquainted with the English tongue as my father, although she spoke it with sufficient ease for all the purposes of life; and for this reason among others, she generally gave the old Irish version of the songs in question, rather than the English ones.

(Carleton: 'Autobiographical Introduction' to Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry)
Wednesday 9 August

11.00 Tour of the Carleton Country
Leader: Jack Johnston

4.00 Discussion: Your Book and Mine?
Chair: Leon McAuley
(members of the audience present their favourite nineteenth century books)

6.00 Evening Meal

8.00 Musical Evening at the Forth Chapel
Tom McKeagney: Rose Kavanagh: an appreciation

Jack Johnston was a founder member of the Carleton Society and the first chairman of the William Carleton Summer School. As a working historian, he has written and lectured widely on local history, and has a particular knowledge of his native Clogher Valley. He is currently chairman of the Federation for Ulster Local Studies and the Ulster Local History Trust. He has been editor of Spark: a Local History Review since 1993.

Leon McAuley is the presenter of Radio Ulster’s Saturday morning book programme, You’re Booked. He was for several years a schoolteacher and has continued his involvement in education, writing for, contributing to and presenting a number of series for BBC Radio Education. He has produced and presented features including Rivers of Ireland: The Bann and Those Green Remembered Thrills, and is about to start work on a four-part series about relatives in literature to be broadcast after Christmas. His own published work includes two books of photographs and social history - The Fountain and The Right Log Veronica, a volume of poetry: Albert and the Magician, a novel for children. He has been instrumental in starting a number of writers’ groups, visits schools regularly as a writer and has held several exhibitions of photographs, the most recent of which was Writers on the Wall at Clotworthy Arts Centre and at last year’s Aspects festival in Bangor.

Tom McKeagney is a retired primary school principal and long time resident in the Clogher Valley. He has a deep interest in local history and genealogy and has been both a player and coach with the Tyrone County G.A.A. Tom McKeagney has for many years been a member of the William Carleton Summer School Committee.

All flocked to the chapel-green, where Mass was to be said, as the crowd was too large to be contained within the small chapel ... The scene that presented itself was so striking and strange, that we will give the reader an imperfect sketch of its appearance. He who stood at midnight upon a little mount which rose behind the chapel, might see between five and six thousand torches, all blazing together, and forming a level mass of red dusky light, burning against the dark horizon. These torches were so close to each other that their light seemed to blend, as if they had constituted one wide surface of flame; and nothing could be more preternatural-looking than the striking and devotional countenances of those who were assembled at their midnight worship, when observed beneath this canopy of fire. The Mass was performed under the open sky, upon a table covered with the sacrificial linen, and other apparatus for the ceremony. The priest stood, robed in white, with two large torches on each side of his book, reciting the prayers in a low, rapid voice, his hands raised, while the congregation were hushed and bent forward in the reverential silence of devotion, their faces touched by the strong blaze of the torches into an expression of deep solemnity. The scenery about the place was wild and striking; and the stars, scattered thinly over the heavens, twinkled with a faint religious light, that blended well with the solemnity of this extraordinary worship, and rendered the rugged nature of the abrupt cliffs and precipices, together with the still outline of the stern mountains, sufficiently visible to add to the wildness and singularity of the ceremony.

(Carleton: 'The Midnights Mass', from Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry)
Thursday 10 August

11.30 Address: Gordon Brand

1.00 Lunch

2.15 Readings From Carleton
   Ruth McCabe

4.00 A Carleton Meditation
   ‘William Carleton-
   A Publishing Record’: Arthur Quinn
   ‘Carleton’s The Churchyard Bride’:
   Eileen Sullivan

6.00 Evening Meal

8.00 Art Exhibition and Talk: Sam Craig
   (in the rural Centre - Clogher)
   Carleton conviviality
   (in MacSorley’s Tavern, Clogher)

You have now topped the little hill above the village... You descend on the
other side, and having advanced a few perches, look to the left where you see
a long thatched chapel... behind it is a graveyard, and beside it a snug
public-house, well white-washed; then, to the right, you observe a door
apparently in the side of a clay bank, which rises considerably above the
pavement of the road. What do you ask yourself? can this be a human
habitation? - but ere you have time to answer the question, a confused buzz
of voices from within reaches your ear, and the appearance of a little
'gorsoon', with a red, close-cropped head and Milesian face, having in his
hand a short, white stick, or the thigh-bone of a horse, which you at once
recognise as the past of a village school, gives you the full information. He
has an ink-horn, covered with leather, dangling at the button-hole (for he
has long since played away the buttons) of his frize jacket - his mouth is
circumscribed with a streak of ink - his pen is stuck knowingly behind his
ear - his shins are dotted over with fire-blisters, black, red, and blue - on
each heel a kibe - his 'leather crackers', videlicet - breeches, shrunk up upon
him, and only reaching as far down as the caps of his knees. You are now
immediately opposite the door of the seminary, when half a dozen of those
seated next it notice you.

(Carleton: 'The Hedge School', from
Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry)

GORDON BRAND
Gordon Brand has taught English at the Royal School, Dungannon, Rainey Endowed School, Magherafelt and the Falcon College, Zimbabwe. In a very active retirement, he is President of the Enniskillen Amateur Dramatic Society, allegedly the oldest such society in Ireland, serves on the management committees of the Ardhowen Theatre and the Marble Arch Caves and is involved with the Tempo Historical Society. Gordon Brand also lectures on various literary and historical topics and was awarded a Master's degree for his work on the Donegal writer Patrick Magill.

AUTHUR QUINN
Arthur Quinn is a retired schoolteacher. He was a member of the former Carleton Society in the 1960's and is at present a member of the William Carleton Summer School Committee. Arthur Quinn has a deep and specialist interest in antiquarian books and owns an impressive collection of works by and about Carleton.

EILEEN SULLIVAN
Dr Eileen Sullivan has been a patron of the William Carleton Summer School since its inception in 1992 and has frequently addressed the School on a range of topics concerning Carleton. Her doctoral thesis was on Carleton and in 1983 she published William Carleton the Novelist: A Study of Four Novels. In her former post of Professor of English and Irish Literature at the University of Florida and as the Executive Director of the Irish Educational Association at St Augustine, Florida, Eileen Sullivan has done much to make Carleton’s work better known in America. In recent years, she has been working on a new biography of Carleton and conducted research in Ireland, 1994-5, as British Council Senior Research Fellow at the Institute of Irish Studies of the Queen’s University, Belfast.

SAM CRAIG
Sam Craig’s study of art took him from Belfast to London and on to France and the Low Countries. He spent time as an illustrator in Canada and the United States, including work for the National Museum of Canada and exhibited paintings in Toronto and various towns in New Brunswick. On his return to Ireland, he taught art and exhibited with the Northern Ireland Arts Council and in various galleries throughout Ireland. His painting ranges from portrait to landscape and he has recently developed an interest in printmaking. Each year, Sam Craig has provided the painting from which the Summer School publicity material derives.

RUTH MCCABE
Ruth McCabe is an actress who, over the past twenty-five years has played in all the Dublin Theatres. She has recently appeared in My Left Foot by Christy Brown and Roddy Doyle’s The Snapper. She plays the role of mother in the new television comedy series, The Fitz, by the Cookstown writer, Owen O’Neill.
Friday 11 August

11.30 Address: “A Dark Age Reclaimed”:
Brian Fallon

1.00 Lunch

2.15 Overview and concluding address:
Owen Dudley Edwards

Love of learning is a conspicuous principle in an Irish peasant; and in no instance is it seen to greater advantage, than when the object of it appears in the ‘making of a priest’. Among all a peasant’s good and evil qualities, this is not the least amiable. How his eye will dance in his head with pride, when the young priest thunders out a line of Virgil or Homer, a sentence from Cicero, or a rule from Syntax! And with what complacency and affection will the father and relations of such a person, when sitting during a winter evening about the hearth, demand from him a translation of what he repeats, or a grammatical analysis, in which he must show the dependencies and relations of word upon word – the concord, the verb, the mood, the gender, the case...When a lad is designed for the priesthood, he is, as if by a species of intuition, supposed to know more or less of everything – astronomy, fluxions, Hebrew, Arabic, the black art, are subjects upon which he is frequently expected to dilate... It is, indeed, in those brilliant moments, when the young priest is launching out in full glory upon some topic, of which he knows not a syllable, that it would be a learned luxury to catch him.

(Carleton: ‘Going to Maynooth’, from Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry)

SOME CRITICAL PERSPECTIVES ON CARLETON

The true peasant was at last speaking, stammering, illogically, bitterly, but nonetheless with the deep and mournful accent of the people ... He at first exaggerated, in deference to his audience, the fighting, and the dancing, and the merriment, and made the life of his class seem more exuberant and buoyant than it was...As time went on, his work grew deeper in nature, and in the second series [of Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry] he gave all his heart to ‘The Poor Scholar’, ‘Tubber Derg’, and ‘Wildgoose Lodge’. The humorist found his conscience, and, without throwing away laughter, became the historian of his class.

W.B. Yeats (1891)

William Carleton is a strange dark monolithic figure. No man has written better of his folk; no man has written more carelessly. No Irish novelist and few elsewhere has so crammed the landscape of his imagination with lively, laughing, tragic inhabitants. Other men have left us nearer, better documented accounts of great events in our history, but none has given us such vivid report and recreation of the life of the Irish peasant. A dozen Irish writers, now alive, could pen more shapely stories, more delicately-balanced and more expertly composed; but not one of them has a tenth of the vitality and truth of this poor scholar from the Clogher Valley.

John Hewitt (1947)

With Carleton’s writing in the Traits and Stories, The Emigrants of Aghadarr, Fardoronga the Miser and The Black Prophet with its terrible panorama of a country in disease, began the indigenous tradition in Irish prose writing, though not until Joyce did Carleton meet his match for natural gifts. There is more than one point of comparison between the two men; both exiles, one remembering ever after the people of an Ulster valley, the other leaving a city and building it up again in his mind, both aloof and disliked by the majority of their countrymen because of their knack of seeing filth and disorder, and not being frightened by it. There is their extraordinary instinct for authentic dialogue and character; in Joyce the dirty bobbing stream of Dublin pub life, in Carleton the droll Ulster dialect, which has never been used with such effect since.

John Montague (1952)
The richness of Carleton's language at its best, particularly of his dialogue, is one of his great virtues - and much of its idiomatic colour and energy derives from the bilingual elements in it. Likewise in his account of his mother, renowned in her day for the sweetness of her singing and the 'sorrowful but solitary beauty' of her keening, Carleton shows the source of his inherited sensitivity to the differences between Irish and English ... More than any other novelist of his generation Carleton made use of his firsthand knowledge of the two languages, which, in common with his intimate grasp of the details of peasant life, was acquired unconsciously during his boyhood and youth.

*Barry Sloan (1986)*

Carleton became an informer in another, quite admirable sense of the word. With a native's intimate knowledge, a fabulous memory, and a large literary gift, he became the chronicler - the celebrant even - of Ireland's native country culture as it had somehow survived the repressions of the Penal Laws, and as it would not survive the great famine of 1845-48. He gave voice to what had been silenced through the decline in use of the native tongue and the denial of education to the rural masses during several generations; or rather he released a myriad of voices on the far side of a silence that had been all but officially imposed. Carleton made known a world that had become unknown to the world at large and even, in some sense, to itself.

*Jillian Moynahan (1994)*

Joyce should be seen not simply as part of an English-language tradition which includes Sterne, Conrad, Beckett and Nabokov, but seen also as the first modern Irish novelist, the novelist who writes not only in English but also out of Gaelic. William Carleton is perhaps his only predecessor in this regard.

*W. J. McCormack (1994).*

[Patrick] Kavanagh could most easily identify with the Clogher writer, William Carleton. Carleton had visited this locality, and found lodgings for a time with his uncle, the parish priest of nearby Kilanny ... Kavanagh's identification with Carleton began to inspire his own writing. What Carleton did for the Clogher Valley during the early nineteenth century, Kavanagh would attempt to do for south Monaghan in the first half of the twentieth century. Together, though separated by decades, they would investigate country characters, explore the notion of pilgrimage to Lough Derg and to holy wells. Kavanagh knew that Carleton had also come from a poor background, had attended a hedge-school, learned the same catechism as himself, listened to local stories and yarns. He too had seen the literary potential in colourful rural characters, quarrelled with the church and yet retained his own spiritual integrity.

*Una Agnew (1998)*

**SUMMARY PROGRAMME**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>11.30</th>
<th>2.15</th>
<th>4.00</th>
<th>5.30</th>
<th>8.00</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
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<td>Address: lan Adamson</td>
<td>Poetry reading: Peter Fallon Maura Johnston (4.30)</td>
<td>Song and story: Tony MacAuley Ben Sands</td>
</tr>
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<td>Your Book and Mine: Leon McAuley</td>
<td>Musical Evening - (Forth Chapel) Talk: Tom McKeagney</td>
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</tr>
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<td>Readings from Carleton: Ruth McCabe</td>
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<td>Art Exhibition and Talk (Clogher Rural Centre) Poems, songs and Carleton conviviality (MacSorley’s Tavern)</td>
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<td>Overview: Owen Dudley Edwards,</td>
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