William Carleton &
The William Carleton Summer School

Corick House Hotel, Clogher, 3-7 August 2009

For booking and accommodation contact
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Knockmany

You do not forget
and I always come back.
Stepping from the car
outside Clogher, I saw
a brilliant rainbow
lifting its prismatic arch
across Knockmany Hill
as in a healing dream
in savage Chicago. It
shone both a secret
and a sacrament, a promise
and its fulfilment.
I still live by it.

John Montague

Born and brought up in a cottier’s home in Co Tyrone’s Clogher Valley, William Carleton (1794-1869) seems to have forged his distinctive narrative voice from his memories of his father’s telling of ‘old tales, legends and historical anecdotes’, in Irish, and his eclectic if unsystematic reading of such classics as Defoe’s History of the Devil, Fielding’s Tom Jones and, famously, Smollett’s translation of Lesage’s Gil Blas which he claimed to have particularly influenced him.

As he progressed as a writer, Carleton was not totally outside the main stream of literature. He earned the respect of such revered figures as Maria Edgeworth, Samuel Ferguson, William Makepeake Thackeray and Charles Dickens and was considerably gratified by the prospect of an English readership. His initial opportunity to write about the Irish peasants came from the task, entrusted to him by a Church of Ireland clergyman, Caesar Otway, of exposing their so-called Catholic superstitiousness. Carleton obliged with, amongst a number of short pieces, ‘The Lough Derg Pilgrim’. Later, however, he purged the story of its anti-Catholic material and, although he became a member of the Established Church of Ireland in his twenties, he did not share the strident evangelicalism and proselytising activities of both Otway and the movement in the Church of Ireland known as ‘The Second Reformation’.

Although Carleton lived in Dublin for most of his adult life, the world of his imagination remained the Clogher Valley of his youth and young manhood and he remains best known as the interpreter of ‘a class unknown in literature’ in his two volumes of short stories, Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry (1829 and 1833). In the stories, he draws on comedy, farce, melodrama and tragedy to present a tapestry 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 these people in a language they might recognise as, coming from a bilingual family in which English was the language of daily transactions, Irish the vehicle for his father’s stories and his mother’s traditional songs, he makes liberal use of local idioms in the dialogue he provides for his characters.

The world of the Irish peasant is also the setting for Carleton’s succession of novels which includes Fardorougha the Miser (1839), Valentine McClatchy (1845), The Black Prophet (1847), The Emigrants of Aghada (1848), The Tithe Proctor (1849) and The Squanders of Castle Squander (1852). In these works Carleton addresses many of the issues affecting the Ireland of his day such as the influence of the Established Church, landlordism, poverty, famine and emigration.

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 restore his status as a major writer. In more recent times a second rediscovery owes much to such writers as Patrick Kavanagh, Benedict Kiely, John Montague and Seamus Heaney, to critics like Barbara Hayley, Thomas Flanagan, David Krause, Eileen Sullivan and Maurice Harmon, 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, avoided an unduly localised focus and presented Carleton as a writer who produced from his Clogher Valley roots a body of work that merits serious critical attention. Papers by a range of distinguished scholars have, at successive Summer Schools, deconstructed, contextualised, reassessed and celebrated Carleton’s work and in 2006 the Summer School Committee published a selection of these papers in William Carleton, The Authentic Voice.
In his inaugural address as the first Ireland Professor of Poetry, John Montague remarked that ‘there is a line in my early work …an exploration of the hidden Ulster west of the Bann which, except for Ben Kiely, had not found expression since William Carleton’s Traits and Stories’. While Montague here is rightly accepting the role of perpetuator and guardian of a Tyrone literary tradition, he is not grounding himself, as a writer, in his Tyrone parish. The parish, he once remarked, can be ‘A place where you have lived, loved and suffered’. For Montague this could be many places and when he does focus on his Tyrone parish it is as a much travelled man who has achieved international distinction not only for his twelve poetry collections but as academic, critic, translator, short story writer. When he writes about his father’s home territory of Garvaghey or his mother’s Fintona, Montague is also examining the acting out of universal themes, analysing enduring human traits and relationships and observing the perennial tensions and compromises between tradition and progress. When he returned to Garvaghey in his 1972 poetic sequence, The Rough Field—a title deriving from the English translation of the townland name - he clarified his position, which, since the 1970s, he has defined as ‘global regionalist’, by remarking that the new Omagh road ‘runs through Normandy as well as Tyrone’. In a neat oxymoron, Montague declares the locus of his poetic concern to be ‘the Rough Field of the Universe’.

Yet Montague’s treatment of Tyrone is far from abstract. He can be quite proprietorial as when he tells of how he showed John Hewitt ‘my hidden Ulster, touchstones like Knockmany, Seskilgreen, Tullyhogue’. His poems and short stories set in Tyrone present particular locations, individual characters and relationships and the patterns of a specific rural community with a—to borrow a term used of and by Montague—luminosity. His shifting tones as he examines events in national and familial family vary from affection to indignation to nostalgic sadness. As he presents his Tyrone, Montague also salutes William Carleton, his distinguished literary ancestor from ‘across the valley’, in such poems as ‘The Silver Flask’ and ‘A Lost Tradition’.

From the outset of the William Carleton Summer School, John Montague has offered us much support and encouragement. In return we did for him what he acknowledged in a much cherished inscription in my copy of the 1988 collection, Mount Eagle: ‘for Robin who knows Knockmany and brought me back to Clogher.’ This year, he was unable to come back, but a number of his friends and admirers have come together and on the Tuesday afternoon of the Summer School, will celebrate his formidable achievements.

John Montague: An Appreciation

Primal Loss

for John Montague on his 80th Birthday

The loss of the first love of your life
Left you clasping at the blankets of sleep,
Your heart tugging to free itself, dreaming
Of a mother’s smile that failed to show her face.
You took grief for a walk about the fields
Of Garvaghey, staying past the Dolmens
Of Childhood, determined to put your point across,
All roads lead to that primal loss.
You stopped looking in the same direction
As everyone else, mapped a new projection,
Few signposts, you learned the language of verse,
Shaped poems from stones in The Rough Field,
Found the locket your mother wore, revealing
A photo of a boy with curls in Brooklyn.
Monday 3 August

11.15 Official Opening
11.30 Keynote Address: Dairmaid Ferriter
1.15 Lunch
2.45-4.00 Address: The Irish Outlaw: The Making of a Nationalist Icon
Eamonn Ó Ciardha

4.15-5.30 An Audience Discussion: Responding to a Carleton Text,危“Willy Reilly and His Dear Colleenawn”
Gordon Brand

6.00-7.30 Dinner
8.00-10.30 Music and Drama: Humorous Sketches from Carleton
The Carleton Players and musicians Ronan Boyle and James Cooke
Corick House Hotel

Diarmuid Ferriter Diarmuid Ferriter is Professor of Modern History at University College, Dublin. His recent publications include The Transformation of Ireland, 1900-2000 (2004), which drew on much new material in a survey of Irish social, political and cultural developments in the twentieth century. His Judging Dev (2007), a study of Eamon de Valera, won in three categories of Irish Book Awards and was the basis of a nine-part RTE radio documentary. Professor Ferriter is a regular broadcaster and his many radio presentations include the Sunday morning series What If...?


Gordon Brand

Gordon Brand is a member of the William Carleton Summer School Committee. He has edited William Carleton: the Authentic Voice (2006), the proceedings of the William Carleton Summer School, to which he contributed ‘Fardorougha the Miser’, and he is presently compiling a Carleton archive. As a lecturer on literary and historical topics, his subjects include Patrick MacGill (for research on whose work he was awarded an M.A), Oscar Wilde, William Allingham and Anthony Trollope. As a lecturer on literary and historical topics, his subjects include Patrick MacGill (for research on whose work he was awarded an M.A), Oscar Wilde, William Allingham and Anthony Trollope.

The Monday Fringe

The Carleton Players

The Carleton Players are a rag-bag company of poor scholars; mostly members of committee, who so delight in communicating Carleton’s comic wit, that, poor players though they are, must strut and fret their hour upon the stage...

This year their chosen masterpiece demonstrates how to bamboozle and baffle the Excisemen.

Ronan Boyle Ronan Boyle plays violin and flute.

James Cooke James Cooke plays violin and guitar.

Tuesday 4 August

10.30-11.45 Address: Carleton in Mullingar Ruth Illingworth
12.00-1.00 Presentation: The Lesser Known Wildes Gordon Brand
1.15-2.15 Lunch
2.30-3.00 Readings from John Montague
3.30-5.00 Symposium: The Achievement of John Montague
Theo Dorgan, Sophia Hillian, Noel Monahan, Michael Parker
Chair: Marie-Louise Muir
5.45-6.45 Dinner
7.00-9.30 The Carleton Walk: Valley Walkers’ Club
10.00-11.30 Music and song in Jimmy Johnston’s Bar (Augher)

Ruth Illingworth

Ruth Illingworth is a writer, broadcaster, tour guide, local councillor, and lecturer at the National University of Ireland, Maynooth. Her research work centres on Mullingar and Co. Westmeath and she is Chair of the Mullingar Historical and Archaeological Society and President of the Westmeath Historical and Archaeological Society. Dr Illingworth has contributed to Mullingar: Essays on the History of a Midlands Town (2002) and she published Mullingar: History and Guide in 2007.

Theo Dorgan

Theo Dorgan is a poet, lecturer, arts administrator and television presenter. He edited Poetry Ireland and his own poetry collections include The Ordinary House of Love (1991), Rosa Mundí (1995) and Sappho’s Daughter (1998). He has co-edited The Great Book of Ireland (1991) and Revising the Rising (1991) and edited Irish Poetry Since Kavanagh (1996 and A Book of Uncommon Prayer (2007). For his services to Irish culture he was made a member of Aosdana.

Sophia Hillian

Sophia Hillian, former Assistant Director of Queen’s University’s Institute of Irish Studies, is a critic and writer of fiction. Her work includes studies of the Ulster writers Michael McLaverty and Sam Hanna Bell and she is a member of the organising committee for the forthcoming Sam Hanna Bell Centenary Colloquium in October, 2009. Her publications include In Quiet Places: the Uncollected Stories, Letters and Critical Prose of Michael McLaverty (1989); The Silken Twine: A Study of the Works of Michael McLaverty (1992) and The Edge of Dark: A Sense of Place in the Writings of Michael McLaverty and Sam Hanna Bell (2001). Short-listed for a Hennessy Award in 1981, she was runner-up to John Arden in the Royal Society of Literature’s first V.S. Pritchett Memorial Award Short Story Competition (1999). Her short stories have been broadcast on BBC Radio 4 and published in the late David Marcus’s New Irish Writing in the Irish Press and in his Faber Book of Best New Irish Short Stories, 2004-5.

Noel Monahan


Michael Parker

Michael Parker is Professor and Research Manager for Literature and Cultures at the University of Central Lancashire and a Fellow of the English Association. His publications include Seamus Heaney: the Making of the Poet (1993) and, recently, the two-volume Northern Irish Literature, 1956-2006 (2007). He has also co-edited Postcolonial Literatures: a New Casebook (1995) and Contemporary Irish Fictions: Themes, Tropes, Theories (2000).

Marie-Louise Muir

Marie-Louise Muir read Honours English at Trinity College Dublin and studied arts administration at University College Dublin, working, inter alia, with Field Day Theatre Company. In her 17 years with BBC Northern Ireland, she has presented a wide range of daily, weekly and documentary programmes.

A Dramatic Moment, Corick 2008
Wednesday 5 August

10.30-4.00 The Wednesday Tour: Cottage to Castle
Conductor: Jack Johnston
This year’s tour has the theme ‘Cottage to Castle’ and reflects the whole spectrum of domestic dwellings in Carleton’s Clogher Valley. They range from the vernacular cottages of which only a handful survive to the homes of the ‘strong farmer’ and the local landlords.

Lunch will be taken at Blessington House which, although post-Carleton in date, has many cultural, literary and artistic associations.

6.00-7.00 Dinner
8.00-10.00 The Ballyshannon Singers in Concert
Angela Currid (piano)
St Macartan’s Cathedral, Clogher
This will be a programme of traditional songs: Irish and Scottish, secular and sacred, and some from the pen of Percy French.

Jack Johnston
Jack Johnston is a historian with a special research interest in local history and was the first Chairman of the William Carleton Summer School. He has published and edited material on Arvagh (Co. Cavan), Brookeborough (Co. Fermanagh), Ballygawley (Co. Tyrone) and Riverstown (Co. Sligo), has edited Studies in Local History (Co. Monaghan) (2006) and, since 1996, has been editor of The Spark; a Local History Review. Other publications include chapters in Tyrone History and Society (2000) and Fermanagh History and Society (2004) and ‘Carleton’s Clogher’ in William Carleton: the Authentic Voice (2006).

The Ballyshannon Singers
This versatile group of seven singers has performed all over County Donegal and at events in both Ulster and Connacht. The group, under the direction of Mrs Currid, have been together for over 20 years.

Thursday 6 August

10.30-11.45 Address: St John Ervine: Ulsterman
Robin Marsh
12.00-1.00 Poetry Reading:
Gerald Hull
1.00-2.15 Lunch
2.45-3.45 Poetry Reading:
Maurice Harmon
4.15-5.30 Address: The MacDermots of Ballycloghan
Patrick Walsh
6.00-7.30 Dinner
8.00-11.30 Traditional Night: Poetry Music and Song
The Rathmore Bar, Clogher

Robin Marsh
Robin Marsh is a Fellow of the English Association and Director of the William Carleton Summer School since 1993. His principal research interest is Irish writing in English and he was awarded a doctorate by Queen’s University, Belfast, for his work on John Hewitt. He has contributed ‘The Ivy under Imperial Ireland: the Irish Big House Novel since 1960’ to Irish Fiction Since the 1960s (2006) and ‘Carleton, John Hewitt and Regionalism’ to William Carleton: the Authentic Voice (2006).

Gerald Hull
Gerald Hull is a poet, lecturer and educationalist. He has contributed to a range of literary journals including The Honest Ulsterman and Poetry Ireland Review and is a former poetry editor of The Spark; A Local History Review. His poetry collections include Falling into Monaghan (1999), Historiographilia: Poems for the Eleventh William Carleton International Summer School (2002) and Falling into Cornwall (2009). Dr Hull now lives in Cornwall where he has become closely involved with literary, artistic and cultural developments. He gives poetry readings in various parts of the county and played an important role in the 2008 St Ives Literary Festival.

Maurice Harmon

Patrick Walsh
Patrick Walsh is Senior Lecturer in Education at the Queen’s University, Belfast. He has published Strangers: Reflections on a Correspondence between Daniel Corkery and John Hewitt (1996) and his published essays include ‘John Hewitt: Regionalism, Socialism and Partition’ in Irish University Review, (1999), ‘Sean Ó Faolain’s Midsummer Night Madness: Contexts for Revisionism’ in Modern Irish Writers and the Wars (1999) and ‘Something important had changed: Modernisation and Irish fiction since 1960’, in Irish Fiction Since the 1960s (2006).

The Thursday Fringe

Traditional Night
Poetry, Music and Song
The Rathmore Bar
Clogher

Patrick J. Kennedy the Cavan farmer-poet, will read from his work.
The Unconstrained

‘It is not a landscape without figures.’

The hounds of mockery kept yapping at his heels: fourteenth child. Willie Come Lateley. No matter how he turned he could not miss the smirk. Got in the master’s barn, dropped by the hero, astray between the pies of parson and priest. Indulged in one, falsely placed in the other, with no where to lay his head, a month here a month there, with no one to answer to. Well beaten but never taught, he picked up enough to wipe the credulous eye and not be fooled. Without a heart to call his own he made the valley his home. Never absent from dance or wake, head and tail of every sport, had an eye for the girls, took the Ribbon oath, knew curses and cures, gossip and slander, his head in the clouds, his feet stuck in the turf.

Everywhere he went he felt derision. White-blackbird. Beast with five legs, never sure which way to turn, his mother’s pet, his sister’s get, his father’s brat. A spoiled pup, answerable to no one. Half-wit, fool, braggart, a match for any man. He shirked the Munster test, thought he could walk on water, was dupered along the pilgrim path, suffered the stung of clerical disregard. A soft child who could not take the knock and struck back with the only weapon he had.

The years went by, the girls went by, they knew which side his bread was buttered on, without a spade to call his own, educated and useless. His only gift the gift of the gab. Coxcomb. A spade to call his own, educated and useless. Which side his bread was buttered on, without to lay his head, a month here a month there, with no one to answer to. He felt the challenge. Horror. Guilt. Not to get mired, to keep the midden at arm’s length. Not to stand on the hill, his nose stuck in the air. The mind turned in upon itself Desecration, the priest of chaos fragmenting the host, swirling a black oath on the white book.

But central, his, his people, as much part of him as his halved mind and broken sensibility. It was not a landscape without figures. Loony master, spoilt priest, the big word in the big mouth, ragged female, forelocks touched, caps raised, uncins smirking. The man on the horse riding above the stench.

Zennor

Two voices matched divisions in his mind, spoke of barn and hovel, matched the rift, as though within his work, in contradiction and counterpart, he plumbed both sides of himself.

White blackbird. Beast with five legs. Even at the end he could not put it right. Against the odds he made a shape that holds. The world he drew, the field others tillled, reworked through time, now gone beyond constraint.

Maurice Harmon

April

Fallping into Cornwall

Rain sings the wind. Signs run everywhere, no clouds of unknowing. Caer Bran sits over Land’s End, crows in the clouds, his feet stuck in the turf, his nose stuck in the air. The mind turned in upon itself Desecration, the priest of chaos fragmenting the host, swirling a black oath on the white book.

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The story scalded inside like hot stirabout. Soured. He saw it raw, he saw it whole. He felt the challenge. Horror. Guilt. Not to get mired, to keep the midden at arm’s length. Not to stand on the hill, his nose stuck in the air. The mind turned in upon itself Desecration, the priest of chaos fragmenting the host, swirling a black oath on the white book.

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Monday—Responding to a Carleton Text

It is intended that this session should take the form of an open-ended, audience-centred discussion based on Carleton’s novel, *Willy Reilly and His Dear Colleen Bawn* (Almost all of Carleton’s novels and short stories can be found ‘online’ at Project Gutenberg. Just type the name William Carleton in the author search box and click GO.)

If possible, please read this story before Monday’s session. Suitable, short, extracts are given below.

**WILLY REILLY AND HIS DEAR COLLEEN BAWN**

“Oh, rise up, Willy Reilly, and come alongst with me, I mean for to go with you and leave this countrey, To leave my father’s dwelling, his houses and free lands,” And away goes Willy Reilly and his dear Colleen Bawn.”—BALLAD

“Ah, me, for aught that I could ever read, I could ever hear in tale or history, The course of true love never did run smooth.”—SHAKESPEARE

From Carleton’s Preface to the Second Edition: This has been considered by some persons as a historical novel, although I really never intended it as such, it may be necessary to give the reader a more distinct notion of the period in which the incidents recorded in it took place. The period then was that of 1745, when Lord Chesterfield was Governor-General. This nobleman, though an infidel, was a bigot, and a decided anti-Catholic; nor do I think that the temporary relaxation of the penal laws against Catholics was anything else than an apprehension on the part of England that the claims of the Pretender might be supported by the Irish Catholics, who, then, so depressed and persecuted, must have naturally felt a strong interest in having a prince who professed their own religion and who should take place after the 1st field of the Jacobite cause. It was Governor-General Chesterfield who had the spirit to vindicate the nation— and all for the sake of Skull and Skibbereen.* Two poor-houses in the most desolate parts of the County of Cork, where famine, fever, dysentery, and cholera, rendered more destructive by the crowded state of the inhabitants, swept away the wretched inmates to the amount, if we recollect correctly, of five from thirty to seventy per diem in the years ’45 and ’47.

**CHAPTER I.—An Adventure and an Escape.**

Spirit of George Prince Regent James, Esq., forgive me this commencement! * I mean no offence whatsoever to this distinguished and multi-tudinous writer; but the commencement of this novel really resembled that of so many of his that I was anxious to avoid the charge of imitating him.

It was one evening at the close of a September month and a September day that two equestrians might be observed passing along one of those old and lonely Irish roads that seemed, from the nature of its construction, to have been paved by a society of antiquarians, if a person could judge from its obsolete character, and the difficulty, without risk of neck or limb, of riding a horse or driving a carriage along it. Ireland, as our English readers ought to know, has always been a country teeming with abundance—a happy land, in which want, destitution, sickness, and famine have never been felt or known, except through the mendacious misrepresentations of her enemies. The road we speak of was a proof of this; for it was evident to every observer that, in some season of superabundant food, the people, not knowing exactly how to dispose of their shining loaves, took to paving the common roads with them, rather than they should be utterly useless. These loaves, in the course of time, underwent the process of petrification, but could not, nevertheless, be looked upon as wholly lost to the country. A great number of the Irish, within six of the last preceding years—that is, from ’46 to ’52—took a peculiar fancy for food. This appeared to be the most natural and just enemies to say that we then had hard times in Ireland. Be this as it may, it enabled the sagacious epicures who lived upon them to retire, in due course, to the delightful retreats of Skull and Skibbereen,* and similar asylums, there to pass the very short remainder of their lives in health, ease, and luxury.

* Two poor-houses in the most desolate parts of the County of Cork, where famine, fever, dysentery, and cholera, rendered more destructive by the crowded state of the houses and the consequent want of ventilation, swept away the wretched inhabitants to the amount, if we recollect correctly, of sometimes from fifty to seventy per diem in the years ’45 and ’47.

***

The Red Rapparee then had his gun in his hand, and was in the very act of adjusting it to his shoulder, when a powerful young man sprang forward, and dashing it aside, exclaimed: “What is this, Randall? Is it a double murder you are about to execute, you inhuman ruffian?” The Red Rapparee looked at him, but without showing any sign of surprise or indignation, he said subduedly, yet sullen and vindictive, expression. “Stand up, sir,” proceeded this daring and animated young man, addressing Mr. Folliard: “and you, Cumiskey, get to your legs. No person shall dare to injure either of you while I am about. Giddy! Do you forget where we are?—and all for the sake of Skull and Skibbereen,* and all for the sake of wealth and the seductive charms of a rich heiress. No, brother, we cannot sacrifice the interests and welfare of our holy Church to the safety of a single life—to the safety of a person who I foresee will be certain to betray us.” ... As he uttered these words, he shot the air with his gun, which, we presume, caused their white sails to become bloodshot, blazed again; his breath went and came strongly, and he ground his teeth with rage. At length a mild-looking, pale-faced man, with a clear, benignant eye, approached him, and laying his hand in a gentle manner upon the shoulder of the Red Rapparee, he whispered, “Randal, let me entreat your lordship to remember the precepts of our great Master: ‘Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you.’” And surely, my lord, no one knows better than he that this is the spirit of our religion, and that whenever it is violated the fault is not that of the creed, but the man. *****

The life they led here was, at all events, quiet and peaceful. The bishop was a man of singular, indeed of apostolic, piety. He spent most of the day in meditation and prayer; fasting beyond the powers of his enfeebled constitution; and he had accompanied him, for so ascetic were his habits that were it not for his entreaties, and the influence which he had gained over him, it is not at all unlikely that his unfortunate malady might have returned. The neighborhood in which they resided was, as we have said, a remote and exclusive one; and upon Sundays the bishop celebrated mass upon a little grassy platform—or rather in a little cave, into which he led. This cave was small, barely large enough to contain a table, which served as a temporary altar, the poor shivering congregation kneeling on the platform outside. At this period of our story all the Catholic chapels and places of worship were, as we have said, closed by proclamation, and the poor people were deprived of the means of meeting to worship God. It had soon, however, become known to them that the Pretender was about to be heard every Sunday, at the place we have described. Messengers had been sent among them with information to that effect; and the consequence was that they not only kept the secret, but flocked in considerable numbers to attend mass. On the Wednesday following, the Red Rapparee accompanied the bishop and he proceeded to the little cave, or rather cleft, where a table had been placed, together with the vestments necessary for the ceremony. They found about two or three hundred persons assembled—most of them of the humblest class. The day was stormy in the extreme, It...
of God while in the act of worshipping his Creator. My congregation, poor timid creatures, have fled, but as for me, I will not! I dare not! Here, now, I spread out my arms—
and the churl shall know it. Presently, I may befall the venerable clergyman who is before you.
and he stood up side by side with the bishop. The guns were still levelled, the fingers of the men on the triggers,
when Smellpier shouted out, “Ground arms! By—and—”,
primed and loaded. Present.” They accordingly did so;
that God who sends and withholds the storm; bareheaded,
prostrate and heartfelt adoration, in the pious worship of
its complexion—it burned with an expression which it is
received the Host, his pale face had altogether changed
more.” When the bishop turned round again, after having
The position of the table-altar, however, saved the bishop
was a hard frost, and the snow, besides, falling heavily, the
The body was accordingly taken into the prison, and a
the gallows, in order to cut him down, with a hope that
came thundering in the breeze. The elevated
Cooleen Bawn
and because you do you're here snug and fast. I say, then,
Cooleen Bawn
the old P—— to the young P——. As a Protestant,
the Almighty; when, lo! the military party, headed and led
Mr. Folliard from her father's house, with—as the law stood—
his feeble frame, that had been, dining the ceremony
Hastings had heard enough, and too much; and, as the
a horseman riding for life, with a white handkerchief, or
where you're goin'; for the Red Rapparee tould me to
upon by the notorious Captain Smellpriest, came thundering
Mrs. Hastings was heard enough, and too much; and, as the
The elevated position in which the executioner was placed enabled him
to convey the melancholy tidings to the
The judge's charge was brief. He told the jury that they
said: “We—we—we—we have.” “Is the prisoner at the
a skin of the opposite side of the
Hoc est corpus
hasten to the warm corner you're goin' to,
with a dreadful hesitation in his speech, and, as he entered,
with a dreadful intensity of
she knew not. In the meantime the foreman, who had not
The judge's charge was brief. He told the jury that they
but as for me, Dr. Folliard, never and never the know the
from the old P—— to the young P——. As a Protestant,
the verdict?” “Collect yourself, my child—be
eagerness and wildness, which Mrs. Hastings thought
and, because you do you're here snug and fast. I say, then,
the clergyman who is before you.
by the notorious Captain Smellpier, came thundering
the新版

Folliard from her father's house, with—as the law stood—
that he would have had half a dozen bullets in his rear; but, as
I, said I like pluck, and on that account we shall pass him
for you're not able; but listen. You hang'd my brother that
the Red Rapparee tould me to
and I imagine it to be, by the help of your own
the law stood—
I would give you that same satisfaction; but if you're not
When Smellpier shouted out, “Ground arms! By—and—”,
when Smellpier shouted out, “Ground arms! By—and—”,
and, as the sentence was pronounced, she instantly withdrew; but how
to the signal before it could be perceived by the crowd.
brother that you knew to be innocent; and now I hang you that I know to
a horseman riding for life, with a white handkerchief, or
the Red Rapparee tould me to
Mrs. Hastings was heard enough, and too much; and, as the
he was in the act of transgressing his duty, and he accordingly ordered them
and, as the sentence was pronounced, she instantly withdrew; but how
to the signal before it could be perceived by the crowd.
and, as the sentence was pronounced, she instantly withdrew; but how
to the signal before it could be perceived by the crowd.

could afford him no protection in the eye of the Court of
the Court of Chantery. The jury retired; but their absence from the box
was a hard frost, and the snow, besides, falling heavily, the
there's no use in asking you to hold up your head, for
The elevated position in which the executioner was placed enabled him
to convey the melancholy tidings to the
The elevated position in which the executioner was placed enabled him
to convey the melancholy tidings to the
Heard and agreed in your verdict?” There was a solemn silence,
during which nothing was heard but a convulsive working
about the chest and glottis of the foreman, who at length said:
“We—we—we—we have.” “Is the prisoner at the
The elevated position in which the executioner was placed enabled him
to convey the melancholy tidings to the
the law stood—
I, said I like pluck, and on that account we shall pass him
for you're not able; but listen. You hang'd my brother that
the Red Rapparee tould me to
and, as the sentence was pronounced, she instantly withdrew; but how
The elevated position in which the executioner was placed enabled him
to convey the melancholy tidings to the
The elevated position in which the executioner was placed enabled him
to convey the melancholy tidings to the

After an unusual delay the sheriff felt himself called upon
to order both the Rapparee and the baronet for execution.
In waiting so long for a pardon, he felt that he had
transgressed his duty, and he accordingly ordered them
to order both the Rapparee and the baronet for execution.
In waiting so long for a pardon, he felt that he had
transgressed his duty, and he accordingly ordered them
to order both the Rapparee and the baronet for execution.
o’clock, a man in the garb, and with all the bearing of a perfect gentleman, knocked at the door, and inquired of the servant who opened it whether Miss Folliard were not there. The servant replied in the affirmative, upon which the stranger asked if he could see her. “Why, I suppose you must be aware, sir, of Miss Folliard’s unfortunate state of mind, and that she can see nobody; sir, she knows nobody, and I have strict orders to deny her to every one unless some particular friend of the family.” The stranger put a guinea into his hand, and added, “I had the pleasure of knowing her before she lost her reason, and as I have not seen her since, I should be glad to see her now, or even to know her before she lost her reason, and as I have not some particular friend of the family.” The stranger put a token.” “Do you forget that?” he replied, placing in her hand the emerald ring she had given him at the trial. She started on looking at it, and a feeble ash was observed between us, Helen, but it is not fixed his eyes upon her with a look of the most inexpressible tenderness and sorrow. “Oh!” she repeated, “can you tell me where is William Reilly?” “Alas! Helen,” he said, “I am William Reilly.” “You!” she exclaimed. “Oh, no, the wide, wide Atlantic is between him and me.” “It was between us, Helen, but it is not now; I am here in life before you—your own William Reilly, that William Reilly whom you loved so well, but so fatally. I am he: do you not know me?” “You are not William Reilly,” she replied, “if you were, you would have a token.” “Do you forget that?” he replied, placing in her hand the emerald ring she had given him at the trial. She started on looking at it, and a feeble ash was observed between us, Helen, but it is not fixed his eyes upon her with a look of the most inexpressible tenderness and sorrow. “Oh!” she repeated, “can you tell me where is William Reilly?” “Alas! Helen,” he said, “I am William Reilly.” “You!” she exclaimed. “Oh, no, the wide, wide Atlantic is between him and me.” “It was between us, Helen, but it is not now; I am here in life before you—your own William Reilly, that William Reilly whom you loved so well, but so fatally. I am he: do you not know me?” “You are not William Reilly,” she replied, “if you were, you would have a token.” “Do you forget that?” he replied, placing in her hand the emerald ring she had given him at the trial. She started on looking at it, and a feeble ash was observed between us, Helen, but it is not fixed his eyes upon her with a look of the most inexpressible tenderness and sorrow. “Oh!” she repeated, “can you tell me where is William Reilly?” “Alas! Helen,” he said, “I am William Reilly.” “You!” she exclaimed. “Oh, no, the wide, wide Atlantic is between him and me.” “It was between us, Helen, but it is not

She stood back, her eyes flashed, her beautiful bosom heaved; she advanced, looked once more, and exclaimed, “It is he! It is he!” and the next moment she was insensible in his arms.—

Willy Reilly, chap. iv., p. 182.
CONTRIBUTORS INCLUDE


ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The William Carleton Summer School Committee wishes to acknowledge the contributions made by the following:

- The Dean and Select Vestry of Saint Macartan’s Cathedral, Clogher
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- Northern Ireland Tourist Board
- Tom Sheehy (Booksellers), Cookstown
- Proprietors of Corick House
- Ecclesville Printing Services

Programme Summary 3-7 August 2009

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<th>Day</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Location</th>
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<tr>
<td>Monday</td>
<td>11.15</td>
<td>Official Opening</td>
<td>Corick House Hotel</td>
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<td>3.8.09</td>
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<td>11.30-1.00 Keynote Address: Diarmid Ferriter</td>
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<td>2.45–4.15 Address: Irish Outlaws Eamonn Ó Ciardha</td>
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<td>4.30–5.30 Responding to a Carleton text * “Willy Reilly” Gordon Brand</td>
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<td>6.00-7.30 Dinner</td>
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<td>8.00-10.30</td>
<td>Music and Drama Comic Sketches from Carleton Corick House</td>
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<td>Tuesday</td>
<td>10.30-11.45</td>
<td>Address: Carleton in Mullingar Ruth Illingworth</td>
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<td>4.8.09</td>
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<td>12.00-1.00 Presentation: The Lesser-known Wildes Gordon Brand</td>
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<td>2.30, Readings from John Montague 3.30-5.00 Symposium: The Achievement of John Montague Theo Dorgan, Sophia Hillan, Noel Monahan, Michael Parker Chair: Marie Louise Muir</td>
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<td>5.45-6.45 Dinner</td>
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<td>7.00-9.30</td>
<td>A Carleton Walk Valley Walkers’ Club</td>
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<td>10.00-11.30 Light Entertainment Jimmy Johnston’s Bar, Augher</td>
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<td>Wednesday</td>
<td>10.30-3.30</td>
<td>Carleton Country Tour Cattage to Castle</td>
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<td>5.8.09</td>
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<td>5.45-7.00 Dinner</td>
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<td>8.00-10.0</td>
<td>The Ballyshannon Singers in Concert St Macartan’s Cathedral, Clogher</td>
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<td>Thursday</td>
<td>10.30 – 11.45</td>
<td>Address: St John Ervine: Ulsterman Robin Marsh</td>
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<td>6.8.09</td>
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<td>12.00 – 1.00 Poetry Reading: Gerald Hull</td>
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<td>1.00-2.15 Lunch</td>
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<td>2.45 – 3.45 Poetry Reading: Maurice Harmon “The MacDermots of Ballycloran” Patrick Walsh</td>
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<td>4.15 – 5.30 Address:</td>
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<td>6.00-7.30 Dinner</td>
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<td>8.00-11.30</td>
<td>Traditional Night Music, Poetry and Song The Rathmore Bar, Clogher</td>
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<td>Friday</td>
<td>10.30 - 11.45</td>
<td>Address: Barack Obama and the Irish Connection Brian Walker</td>
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<td>7.8.09</td>
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<td>12.00-1.15 Overview and Closing Address: Owen Dudley Edwards</td>
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<td>1.00-2.30 Lunch</td>
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<td>* Responding to a Carleton Text An Audience Discussion: Willy Reilly and His Dear Colleen Bawn</td>
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Selected texts are reproduced on pp.11-15 of this handbook.