

William Carleton Summer School

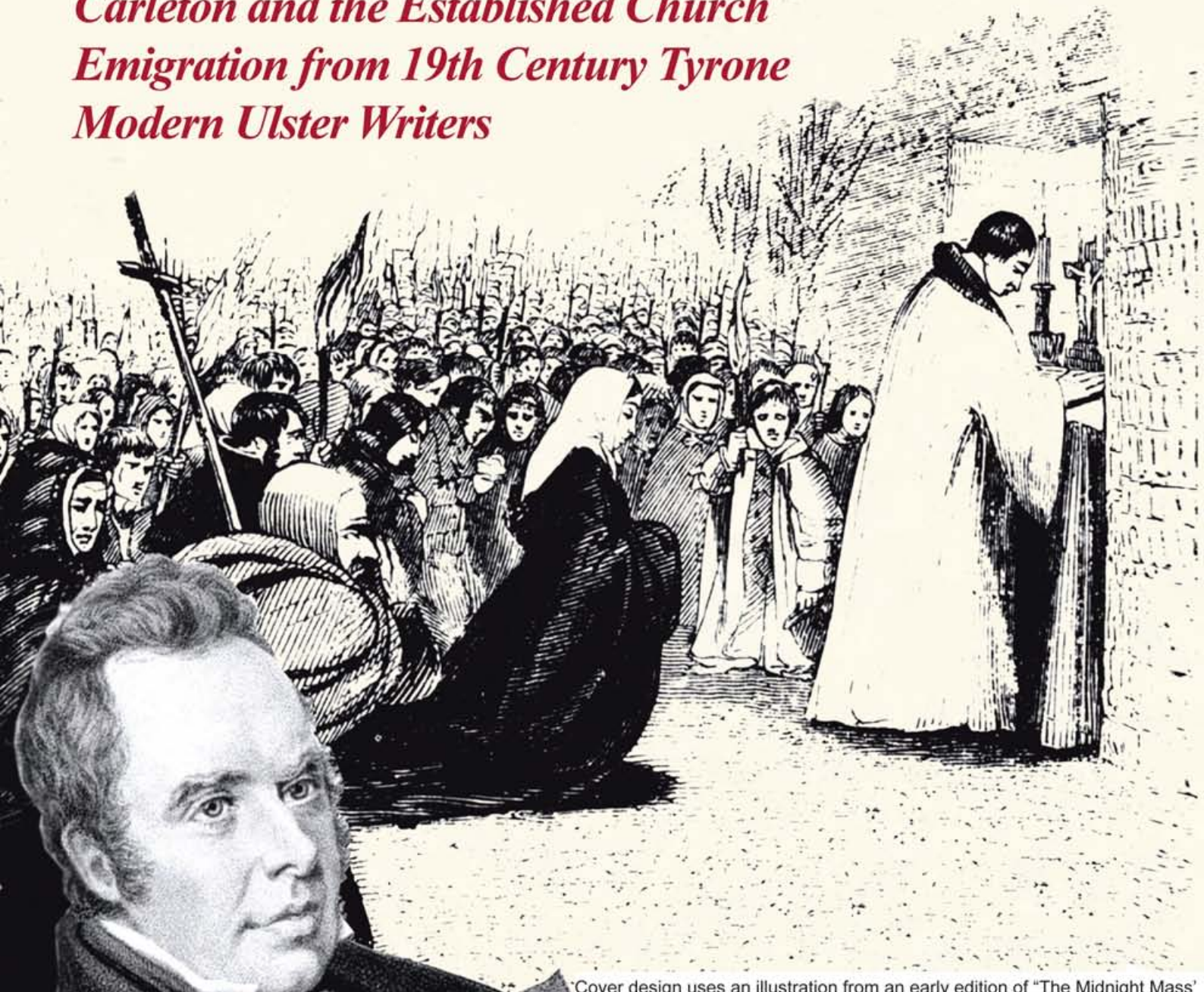
THEMES AND FOCUSES

Should Historians still read Carleton?

Carleton and the Established Church

Emigration from 19th Century Tyrone

Modern Ulster Writers



Cover design uses an illustration from an early edition of "The Midnight Mass"

*Corick House Hotel
Clogher, Co. Tyrone
2-5 August 2010*

SUMMER SCHOOL PATRONS

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The Right Reverend Michael Jackson
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Professor John Montague
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Patrick McDonnell

Two of William Carleton's Dublin Houses



Marino Crescent, Clontarf, Dublin. Carleton lived at number two from about 1842 until at least 1848, after which he moved to Rathgar Avenue.



Rathgar Avenue, Dublin. Carleton lived at number one from about 1848 until at least 1866, when he made his final move to Sandford. This view shows the southern end of the avenue where it meets the Terenure Road.

William Carleton Summer School

*Corick House Hotel,
Clogher,
2-5 August 2010*



**For booking and accommodation
contact**

Killymaddy Tourist Information Centre
Ballygawley Road,
Dungannon,
Co. Tyrone
BT70 1TF

Tel: (028) 8776 7259

Email: killymaddy.reception@dungannon.gov.uk

William Carleton & The William Carleton Summer School

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 Makepeace 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 McClutchy* (1845), *The Black Prophet* (1847), *The Emigrants of Aghadarra* (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*.



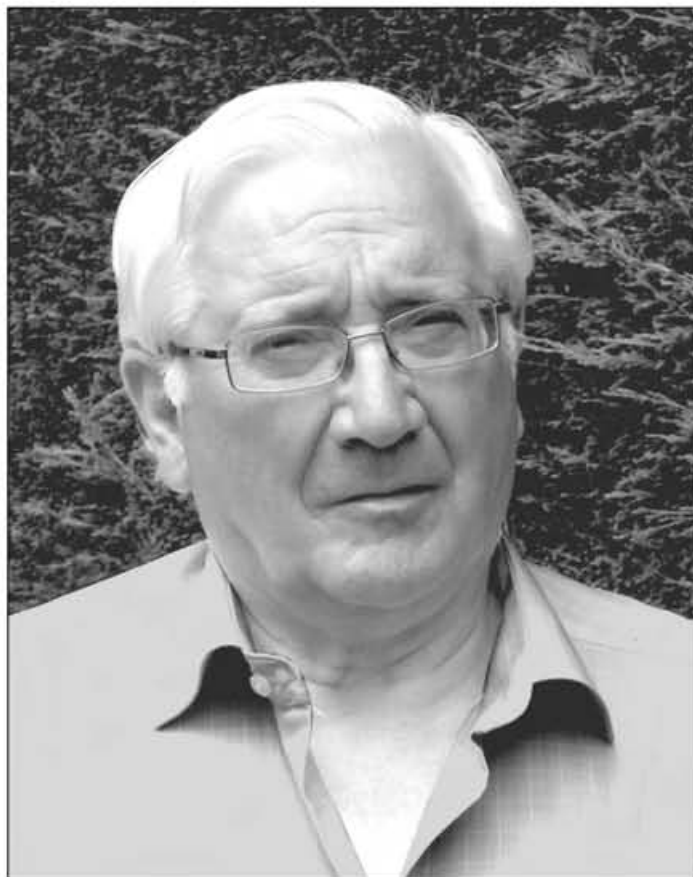
After moving several times Carleton's parents finally settled in Springtown, Augher, and from this cottage William set out to seek his fortune. The house is still in use today.

Robin Marsh

Yeats, in the poems 'Beautiful Lofty Things', 'The Municipal Gallery Revisited' and elsewhere, could make sublime images of friends commensurate with their gigantic services to humankind. It is a measure of Robin Marsh that any attempt to commemorate his services to our Carleton Summer School, to education, to Anglo-Catholicism, to the Church of Ireland, to Christianity, to Ulster Protestant identity and history, to Northern Ireland and its cultural existence, to Ireland and its literature, to the United Kingdom and its roots — any such attempt really needs the majesty, poetry, spirituality of Yeats.

Robin was not a tall man, but any audience which saw the silver sheen of his leonine hair leading its audience, and saw the aquiline concentration of his insights, and saw the aesthetic curve of lips hymning the greatness of God and man, would think it a head to reach the stars. As worshipper, as teacher, as Director, as critic, he was invariably a positive figure, drawing what was good in art, life, and faith to himself, to enchant the rest of us with a magic led by laughter and love. The Protestant Cathedral in Armagh is holy ground for the Church of Ireland, but it is now holy ground also to Robin Marsh's friends and followers from all faiths and none, since the princes of his Church placed his remains below the grass before its threshold. The honour was fitting for its perpetual celebrant whether in prayer, in administration, or in the writing of its history.

Robin would deplore any such concentration on himself, and to him the Carleton Summer School could only be seen as a teamwork of individual specialists of remarkable, sometimes unique, accomplishments and aptitudes, and so it was. His was the leadership which got the best from us all by inspiration, by trust, by patience, and by partnership, as he himself exemplified so well in partnership with his wife Barbara who kept him young all his life. (He would emphatically agree with that last judgment.) His understanding with his great collaborator, Pat John Rafferty, was



Robin Marsh (1937 –2009)

telepathic: and there is a fitness, cruel as it is, in one passing from us so soon after the other. But Robin's was a leadership also which guided by his own work as the student of John Hewitt and his cultural vision, of Benedict Kiely and the Irish imagination, of John Montague and Irish poetry, of St John Ervine and plays from the Ulster people, of Sam Hanna Bell and the rich folk heritage of country and city.

Each of us is the greater and richer human being for having known him, and those who did not know him but come to Carleton in the future will find the survivors in the posts where he wished us. We must also hope that the work of literary criticism and of church history he left virtually completed will be published to instruct and delight the future with the gentle wisdom with which he brought us forward in the past.

Owen Dudley Edwards

Lines to a Comet

William Carleton

Hail to the Seraph glowing
In burning car through heaven's high concave borne
His youthful locks of heavenly light unshorn
In terrible beauty flowing
How rapid through the blue and boundless space
He flashes on his bright careering race!
His fiery Seal of red destruction shewing.

Be dim each trembling star,
God's dread portentous messenger appears.
The diadem of glory which he wears
Shines fearful, fierce and far [Transcends your bright-
ness far].

See from his vengeful hand in ire he hurls
The fate of empires and the fall of worlds
Scattering around plague, pestilence and war.

But did death-flag so bright
Before o'er falling empires ever wave?
Gives heaven a sign that man should be a slave?
No it is freedom's light
Streaming on high a signal for the brave
And shines not to destroy mankind but save
Guiding the oppressed to victory and right.

The tyrant may grow pale
The light that chains the slave to him in gloom
'Twas thy bright beam that wrote Belshazzar's doom:
Angel of freedom hail!
When Michael's host with thy first victory rung
Thine was the Battle-banner o'er them flung
Triumphant floating on the heavenly gale—

Then not—Thou art like some mighty mind
That runs a bright irregular career
In solitary grandeur through its sphere
Too strong for laws to bind
Again I hail thee mystic prince of night
Throwing so proudly every star of light
From thy own orb of splendour far behind.
Or art thou some great Power
Or high Arch-angel fallen still in quest
With troubled spirit of thy long lost rest
Whom awful thoughts devour
Alas! what splendid misery is thine
With ruin'd peace how brightly dost thou shine
Though thy fate passed th' irrevocable hour.
Thus Byron rose and passed;
Like thee along his devious way he shone
Looking for peace unhappy and alone
His course as bright as fast
Imagination thinks she still can view
Where he his parting blaze of glory cast.

The Eagle too of France
And terror of a world Napoleon
Like thee shook guilty tyrants on their throne
With king-dismaying—compelling glance
He made of states and kingdoms mighty wrecks
And planted freedom on their prostrate necks
Shiv'ring their sceptres with his bolt-like lance.

This poem is believed to have been written by Carleton at or around the time of the appearance of Halley's Comet in 1835.

[And extracts from an article about comets in *The Popular Encyclopedia; or, Conversations Lexicon; New Issue Revised* (Blackie & Son, 1895)]

COMETS. Of natural appearances, there are few that have been regarded with more superstitious apprehension than those bodies which occasionally appear in the sky, luminous, like the stars, but generally distinguished from these by a tail, or train of fainter light, bearing some resemblance to a tuft or lock of hair. Of this the Latin name is *coma*, and in consequence these bodies are called *comets*, to distinguish them from the other luminaries, which, whether near or remote, apparently fixed or movable, have not this train-like accompaniment. Comets are one of the three classes into which astronomers divide those celestial bodies that adorn the sky during the night....

...in the early ages the planets were held to have certain influences upon individuals and nations. The comets which are more singular in their form, and most varied in the times of their appearance, were still better adapted for superstitious purposes; and, accordingly, we find that their visits have been connected with the great, more especially the calamitous events of nations. The appearance of a comet is however, no more a prodigy, and has no more influence upon the fate of men or of nations than the appearance of the moon, or of a deciduous leaf upon a tree in spring. They are so distant, and either their motions are so rapid, or their substance is so rare, that none of them have been found to have any material action upon such of the planets as they have come near, although the planets have had a considerable influence upon them. What the comets are, or what purposes they serve in the economy of creation, we do not know....

...ideas thus thrown out by Newton were taken up by Dr. Halley, who collated the observations which had been made of all the twenty-four comets of which notice had been taken previous to 1680... While Halley was engaged on these comparisons and deductions, the comet of 1682 made its appearance, and he set about observing it with great care, in order to determine the elements of its orbit....

Monday 2 August

- 11.00 Official Opening
11.30 Keynote Address: *Should Historians Still Read Carleton?*
Sean Connolly
1.00 Lunch
2.45-3.30 Address: *Carleton and Maria Edgeworth*
Cliona Ó Gallchoir
3.45-4.45 Address: *Carleton and Halley's Comet: Scientific Awareness in Ireland, 1800-1850*
Mark Bailey
5.30-7.00 Dinner
8.00-10.30 Traditional Music Night
Corick House Hotel
Music by *Cinnte*

Sean Connolly

Professor of Irish History at Queen's University, Belfast; previously taught at the University of Ulster and worked as an archivist in the Public Record Office of Ireland; editor of the *Irish Economic and Social History Journal*; principle publications include, as editor, *The Oxford Companion to Irish History*, and, as author, *Religion, Law and Power: the Making of Protestant Ireland 1660-1760*, *Priests and People in pre-Famine Ireland 1780-1845*, *Religion and Society in Nineteenth Century Ireland* and *Contested Island: Ireland 1460-1630*



Cliona Ó Gallchoir

Teaches at University College Cork; research interests include Irish women's writing, Irish and British 18th and 19th century writing, post-colonial writing and children's literature; author of *Maria Edgeworth: Women, Enlightenment and Nation*; published essays include 'Orphans, Upstarts and Aristocrats: Ireland and the Idyll of Adoption in The Work of Madame de Genlis' in *Ireland Abroad*' in *Politics and Professions in the Nineteenth Century*



Mark Bailey

Director of the Armagh Observatory; taught at the Universities of Cambridge, Sussex, and Liverpool, currently Vice President of the Royal Astronomical Society; publications include numerous articles and papers in scientific journals including those published on behalf of the Royal Astronomical Society; author of *Tracing the Heritage of the City of Armagh and Monaghan County*



Evening Events

Traditional Music Night

Cinnte



Cinnte

A young Irish Traditional group, major appearances include the North Coast Folk Festival, RTÉ's *All Ireland Talent Show*, *Blas Ceoil*, BBC's *Young Folk Award*, invited to play at Towersy Village Folk Festival and Cambridge Folk Festival in 2010

From Derry and Tyrone; Michael Lavery plays flute and whistles, Ciaran Hanna, concertina, flute and whistles, Emmet, Dermot and Fintan Mulholland sing and between them play fiddle, banjo, guitar, double bass, bodhrán, bouzouki, mandolin, uilleann pipes, flute, whistles, cajon and drums; currently recording their first CD, recording their own compositions along with traditional tunes and songs; online performances can be enjoyed at *MySpace* and *Facebook*

Tuesday 3 August

- 10.30-11.30 Address: *Carleton's Contemporary Literary Critics*
Emer Nolan
- 11.45-12.45 Address: *Carleton's Contemporaries in the 'Dictionary of Irish Biography'*
Linde Lunney
- 1.00-2.00 Lunch
- 2.15-3.30 Symposium: *The Art and Experiences of Contemporary Professional Writers*
Damian Gorman, David Park and Emma Heatherington
Chair: **Owen Dudley Edwards**
- 4.00-4.45 Address: *Carleton's Squire Story*
Jack Johnston
- 5.30-7.00 Dinner
- 7.00-9.00 A Carleton Walk: **Valley Walking Club**
- 9.00-11.00 Céilí in the Rathmore Bar (Clogher)
Music: **The Maguire Family**
Poetry: **Kate Sutcliffe**

Emer Nolan

Teaches at the National University of Ireland, Maynooth; research interests include nineteenth and twentieth-century Irish writing, modernism, and literary/cultural theory; author of *James Joyce and Nationalism, Catholic Emancipations: Irish Fiction from Thomas Moore to James Joyce*; editor of *Thomas Moore: The Memoirs of Captain Rock*; contributions to journals including *The British Journal for Eighteenth-century Studies*, *Éire-Ireland* and *Field Day Review*



Linde Lunney

Editorial Secretary, since 1983 of the Royal Irish Academy's monumental nine volume *Dictionary of Irish Biography*; contributed to over 550 entries to that work; research interests include genealogy, the history of emigration from Ulster, eighteenth century science, and eighteenth and nineteenth century Ulster poetry, particularly the work of the Ulster-Scots weaver poets



Damian Gorman

A writer; his work has received awards as diverse as A Better Ireland Award and an MBE; a Golden Harp and four Peacock awards; a BAFTA and a major Individual Artist Award from the Arts Council; in 1994 he was founding director of the charity *An Crann* [The Tree] which worked to "Help people tell, and hear, the stories of the Troubles", through the arts



Emma Heatherington

Novelist, author of *Crazy for You*, *Playing the Field* and *Beyond Sin*. *The Truth Between* and *Behind The Scenes* are to be published soon; scriptwriter/arts facilitator for Beam Creative Network; writes educational drama pieces and films; Project Manager of Imagine Action: a children's theatre and sports programme



David Park

Novelist, teacher; author of *Oranges from Spain*, *The Healing*, *The Rye Man*, *Stone Kingdoms*, *The Big Snow*, *Swallowing the Sun* and *The Truth Commissioner*; he has received many prestigious awards including The Authors' Club First Novel Award, Bass Ireland Arts Award for Literature, The Christopher Ewart-Biggs Award and the American Ireland Fund Literary Award for his contribution to Irish Literature



Kate Sutcliffe

Related to the Barnett family at Ballagh, Clogher; she is a software development engineer who writes poetry; other interests include poetry as theatre, and performance, children's poetry and writing, and humour and nonsense



Jack Johnston

Historian; Director of the William Carleton Summer School; editor of *The Spark*; *A local History Review*; published and edited and taught local history over much of south Ulster and north Connacht; editor of *Studies in Local History: Co. Monaghan*; other publications include chapters in *Tyrone History and Society* and *Fermanagh History and Society*; Chairman of the Ulster Local History Trust



Wednesday 4 August

10.00-8.00 *The Wednesday Tour*

Carleton in the Midlands (Granard and Mullingar)

Conductors: **Jack Johnston, Noel Monahan** (Granard) and **Ruth Illingworth** (Mullingar)

This year's tour aims to explore two towns that seem to have been important to Carleton's development as both a writer and a man. In his *Autobiography* he tells us very little of his experiences in the midlands and what he does tell is depressing. He presents events at Granard and later at Mullingar as among the lowest points in his life, yet each place seems to have generated a necessary turning point, changing him and marking out a new path. After Granard he could no longer maintain the irresponsible persona of the Poor Scholar and by the time he left Mullingar he had become a professional writer and a grown man with wife and child to feed.

Lunch: at **The Greville Arms**, Mullingar

Dinner: in Cavan (venue yet to be confirmed)

Evening Events

A 'Carleton Walk'

The Summer School Committee offers its thanks to

The Clogher Valley Walking Club

for organising a short walk along the 'Carleton Trail'

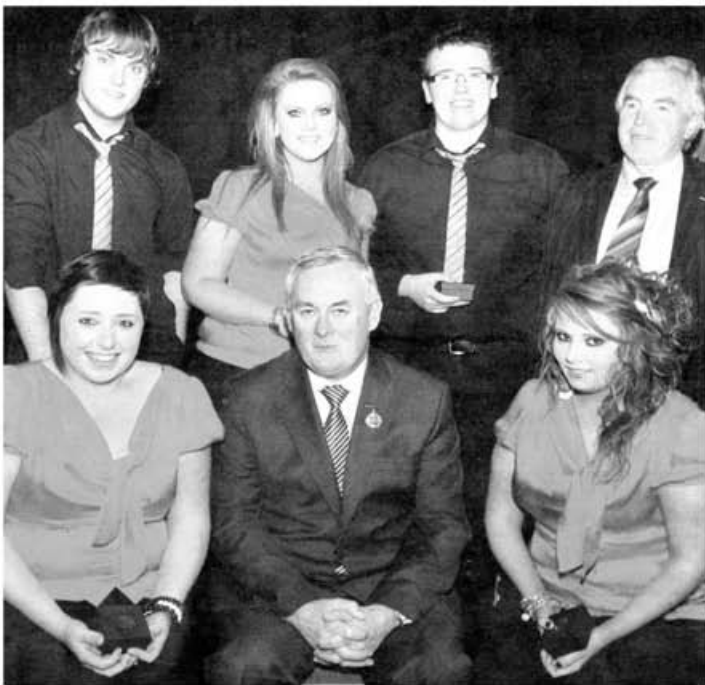
The route that the walkers will follow will be announced beforehand

The walk will finish at The Rathmore Bar, Clogher

Céilí in the Rathmore Bar

Music: **The Maguire Family**

Poetry: **Kate Sutcliffe**



The Maguire Family

From Derrygonnelly, pictured here with National Scór officials following their magnificent win at the All Ireland Senior Scór Finals in the INEC, Killarney, in April 2010

Noel Monahan

Poet, dramatist and former teacher; poetry collections are *Opposite Walls*, *Snowfire*, *Curse of the Birds* and *The Funeral Game* and his plays include *Half a Vegetable* - based on the writings of Patrick Kavanagh and *Broken Cups* which won the P. J. Ó Connor RTÉ radio drama award



Ruth Illingworth

Lecturer at the National University of Ireland, Maynooth; writer, broadcaster and tour guide; Chair of the Mullingar Historical and Archaeological Society and President of the Westmeath Historical and Archaeological Society; author of *Mullingar: History and Guide* and contributor to *Mullingar: Essays on the History of a Midlands Town*



Thursday 5 August

10.30-11.30 Address: *William Carleton, Caesar Otway and the Established Church*

Alan Acheson

11.45-12.45 Address: *Emigration from 19th Century Tyrone*

Paddy Fitzgerald

1.00-2.00 Lunch

2.15-3.00 Dramatised Reading: *The Midnight Mass*

Liam Foley and the Carleton Players

3.00-3.45 Examining a Carleton Text: *The Midnight Mass*

Gordon Brand and the Audience

4.00-4.45 Overview and Closing Address

Owen Dudley Edwards

7.00 Closing Dinner and Dancing
Music by the **Bob Quick Jazz Quartet**
Corick House

Alan Acheson

Historian: specializes in church history; author of *A History of the Church of Ireland, 1691-2001*; currently researching the life of Bishop Jebb of Limerick; now retired, he was previously Headmaster of Portora and later of the King's School, Parramatta, NSW, Australia; his memoirs *Why the Whistle Went* were published in 2009



Paddy Fitzgerald

Formerly Assistant Curator for Emigration History at the Ulster-American Folk Park, Omagh; since 1998 is Lecturer and Development Officer at the Centre for Migration Studies, Omagh; lectures in Irish Migration Studies at Queen's University, Belfast; publications include, with Brian Lambkin, *Migration in Irish History, 1607-2007*



Liam Foley

Summer School Committee member, former teacher; has rewritten the second half of Carleton's short story 'The Midnight Mass' as a play for ten characters. It will be performed as an introduction to Carleton's language prior to the open-ended discussion on Thursday afternoon.



Gordon Brand

Summer School Committee member; lectures on writers including Patrick MacGill, Oscar Wilde, William Allingham and Anthony Trollope; editor of *William Carleton: The Authentic Voice*



Owen Dudley Edwards

Honorary Fellow and former Reader in History at the University of Edinburgh; broadcaster and writer; Honorary Director of the William Carleton Summer School since 1995; published studies of Oscar Wilde, Conan Doyle, P.G. Wodehouse, James Connolly, Burke and Hare and Eamon de Valera; published *British Children's Literature and the Second World War*; editor of *The Easter Rising*, *Conor Cruise Ó Brién Introduces Ireland* and *Scotland, Europe and the American Revolution*; contributed essays to a range of publications including *Scotland and Ulster* and *Fickle Man: Robert Burns in the Twenty-first Century*



Evening Events

Dinner and Dancing

with the

Bob Quick Jazz Quartet

Corick House, Clogher

Thursday 5th August 2010

Dinner 7.00 pm * Dancing 9.00-12.00

Tickets £25 each





Engravings and etchings that were used to illustrate early editions of 'The Midnight Mass'



Exploring A Carleton Text

The following extracts from William Carleton's story 'The Midnight Mass' outline the beginning and first half of the story. They are meant to prepare Thursday afternoon's audience for the session titled 'Exploring a Carleton Text'. Liam Foley's dramatised reading (like a radio play) deals with the events of the second half, and the murderous culmination of the story. It gives us the full range of Carleton's storytelling art and language. It is hoped that these extracts will set the scene for Liam's play, and also assist the audience to take a full part in the subsequent discussion about Carleton's 'Midnight Mass' with Gordon Brand.

'The Midnight Mass' is published in the first volume of "Traits and Stories". All of Carleton's short stories and novels can be found on the internet at Project Gutenberg, a vast, free, international online library at www.gutenberg.org

THE MIDNIGHT MASS

Frank M'Kenna was a snug farmer, frugal and industrious in his habits, and, what is rare amongst most men of his class, addicted to neither drink nor quarrelling. He lived at the skirt of a mountain, which ran up in long successive undulations, until it ended in a dark, abrupt peak, very perpendicular on one side, and always, except on a bright day, capped with clouds. Before his door lay a hard plain, covered only with a kind of bent, and studded with round gray rocks, protruding somewhat above its surface. Through this plain, over a craggy channel, ran a mountain torrent, that issued to the right of M'Kenna's house, from a rocky and precipitous valley which twisted itself round the base of the mountain until it reached the perpendicular side, where the peak actually overhung it. On looking either from the bottom of the valley or the top of the peak, the depth appeared immense; and, on a summer's day, when the black thorns and other hardy shrubs that in some places clothed its rocky sides were green, to view the river sparkling below you in the sun, as it flung itself over two or three cataracts of great depth and boldness, filled the mind with those undefinable sensations of pleasure inseparable from a contemplation of the sublimities of nature. ...

M'Kenna's family consisted of himself, his wife, two daughters, and two sons. One of these was a young man addicted to drink, idle, ill-tempered, and disobedient; seldom taking a part in the labours of the family, but altogether devoted to field sports, fairs, markets, and dances. In many parts of Ireland it is usual to play at

cards for mutton, loaves, fowls, or whiskey, and he was seldom absent from such gambling parties, if held within a reasonable distance. Often had the other members of the family remonstrated with him on his idle and immoral courses; but their remonstrances only excited his bad passions, and produced, on his part, angry and exasperating language, or open determination to abandon the family altogether and enlist. For some years he went on in this way, a hardened, ungodly profligate, spurning the voice of reproof and of conscience, and insensible to the entreaties of domestic affection, or the commands of parental authority. Such was his state of mind and mode of life when our story opens.

At the time in which the incidents contained in this sketch took place, the peasantry of Ireland, being less encumbered with heavy rents, and more buoyant in spirits than the decay of national prosperity has of late permitted them to be, indulged more frequently, and to a greater stretch, in those rural sports and festivities so suitable to their natural love of humour and amusement. Dances, wakes, and weddings, were then held according to the most extravagant forms of ancient usage; the people were easier in their circumstances, and consequently indulged in them with lighter hearts, and a stronger relish for enjoyment. When any of the great festivals of their religion approached, the popular mind, unrepressed by poverty and national dissension, gradually elevated itself to a species of wild and reckless mirth, productive of incidents irresistibly ludicrous, and remarkably characteristic of Irish manners. ...

It was upon the advent of one of those festivals—Christmas—which the family of M'Kenna, like every other family in the neighbourhood, were making preparations to celebrate with the usual hilarity. They cleared out their barn in order to have a dance on Christmas-eve; and for this purpose, the two sons and the servant-man wrought with that kind of industry produced by the cheerful prospect of some happy event. For a week or fortnight before the evening on which the dance was appointed to be held, due notice of it had been given to the neighbours, and, of course, there was no doubt but that it would be numerously attended.

Christmas-eve, as the day preceding Christmas is called, has been always a day of great preparation and bustle. Indeed the whole week previous to it is also remarkable, as exhibiting the importance attached by the people to those occasions on which they can give a loose to their love of fun and frolic. The farm-house undergoes a thorough cleansing. Father and sons are, or rather used to be, all engaged in repairing the out-houses, patching them with thatch where it was wanted, mending mangers, paving stable-floors, fixing cow-stakes, making boraghs [the rope with which a cow is tied in the cowhouse], removing nuisances, and cleaning streets.

On the other hand, the mother, daughters and maids, were also engaged in their several departments; the latter

scouring the furniture with sand; the mother making culinary preparations, baking bread, killing fowls, or salting meat; whilst the daughters were unusually intent upon the decoration of their own dress, and the making up of the family linen. All, however, was performed with an air of gaiety and pleasure; the ivy and holly were disposed about the dressers and collar beams with great glee; the chimneys were swept amidst songs and laughter; many bad voices, and some good ones, were put in requisition; whilst several who had never been known to chaunt a stave, alarmed the listeners by the grotesque and incomprehensible nature of their melody. Those who were inclined to devotion—and there is no lack of it in Ireland—took to carols and hymns, which they sang, for want of better airs, to tunes highly comic. We have ourselves often heard the Doxology sung in Irish verse to the facetious air of “Paudeen O’Rafferty,” and other hymns to the tune of “Peas upon a Trencher,” and “Cruskeen Lawn.” ...

At an early hour all that was necessary for the due celebration of that night and the succeeding day had been arranged and completed. The whiskey had been laid in, the Christmas candles bought, the barn cleared out, the seats laid; in short, every thing in its place, and a place for every thing. About one o’clock, however, the young members of the family began to betray some symptoms of uneasiness; nor was M’Kenna himself, though the farithee or “man of the house”, altogether so exempt from what they felt, as might, if the cause of it were known to our readers, be expected from a man of his years and experience.

From time to time one of the girls tripped out as far as the stile before the door, where she stood looking in a particular direction until her sight was fatigued.

“Och, och,” her mother exclaimed during her absence, “but that colleen’s sick about Barny!—musha, but it would be the beautiful joke, all out, if he’d disappoint the whole of yez. Faix, it wouldn’t be unlike the same man, to go wherever he can make most money; and sure small blame to him for that; what’s one place to him more than another?”

“Hut,” M’Kenna replied, rising, however, to go out himself, “the girsha’s makin’ a bauliore [laughing stock] of herself.”

“An’ where’s yourself slippin’ out to?” rejoined his wife, with a wink of shrewd humour at the rest. “I say, Frank, are you goin’ to look for him too? Mavrone, but that’s sinsible! Why, thin, you snakin’ ould rogue, is that the way wid you? Throth I have often hard it said, that ‘one fool makes many;’ but sure enough, ‘an ould fools worse nor any.’ Come in here this minute, I say—walk back—you to have your horn up!—Faix, indeed!”

“Why! I am only goin’ to get the small phaties boiled for the pigs, poor crathurs, for their Christmas dinner. Sure we oughtn’t to neglect thim no more than ourselves, the crathurs, that can’t spake their wants, except by

gruntin’.”

“Saints above!—the Lord forgive me for bringin’ down their names upon a Christmas Eve!—but it’s beside himself the man is!—an’ him knows that the phaties wor boiled an’ made up into balls for them airly this mornin’!”

In the meantime, the wife’s good-natured attack upon her husband produced considerable mirth in the family. In consequence of what she said, he hesitated; but ultimately was proceeding towards the door, when the daughter returned, her brow flushed, and her eye sparkling with mirth and delight.

“Ha!” said the father, with a complacent smile, “all’s right, Peggy, you seen him, alanna. The music’s in your eye, acushla; an’ the’ feet of you can’t keep themselves off o’ the ground; an’ all bekase you seen Barny Dhal [blind Barney] pokin’ across the fields, wid his head up, an’ his skirt stickin’ out behind him wid Granua Waile [the name of his fiddle].” ...

In fact, Barny, besides being a fiddler, was a senachie of the first water; could tell a story, or trace a genealogy as well as any man living, and draw the long bow in either capacity much better than he could in the practice of his more legitimate profession ... Barny was now silent for some time, which silence was produced by the industry he displayed in assailing the substantial refreshments before him. When he had concluded his repast he once more tasted the liquor; after which he got Granua Waile, and continued playing their favourite tunes, and amusing them with anecdotes, both true and false, until the hour drew nigh when his services were expected by the young men and maidens who had assembled to dance in the barn. Occasionally, however, they took a preliminary step in which they were joined by few of their neighbours. Old Frank himself felt his spirits elevated by contemplating the happiness of his children and their young associates.

“Frank,” said he, to the youngest of his sons, “go down to Owen Reillaghan’s, and tell him an’ his family to come up to the dance early in the evenin’. Owen’s a pleasant man,” he added, “and a good neighbour, but a small thought too strict in his duties. Tell him to come up, Frank, airly, I say; he’ll have time enough to go to the Midnight Mass afther dancin’ the ‘Rakes of Ballyshanny,’ and ‘the Baltihorum jig;’ an’ maybe he can’t do both in style!”

“Ay,” said Frank, in a jeering manner, “he carries a handy heel at the dancin’, and a soople tongue at the prayin’; but let him alone for bringin’ the bottom of his glass and his eyebrow acquainted. But if he’d pray less—”

“Go along, a veehonce [you profligate], an’ bring him up,” replied the father: “you to talk about prayin’! Them that ‘ud catch you at a prayer ought to be showed for the world to wondher at: a man wid two heads an him would be a fool to him. Go along, I say, and do what

you're bid."

"I'm goin'," said Frank. "I'm off; but what if he doesn't come? I'll then have my journey for nothin'."

"An' it's good payment for any journey ever you'll make, barrin' it's to the gallows," replied the father, nearly provoked at his reluctance in obeying him: "won't you have dancin' enough in the coorse o' the night, for you'll not go to the Midnight Mass, and why don't you be off wid you at wanst?"

Frank shrugged his shoulders two or three times, being loth to leave the music and dancing; but on seeing his father about to address him in sharper language, he went out with a frown on his brows, and a half-smothered imprecation bursting from his lips.

He had not proceeded more than a few yards from the door, when he met Rody Teague, his father's servant, on his way to the kitchen. "Rody," said he, "isn't this a purty business? My father wantin' to send me down to Owen Reillaghan's; when, by the vartue o' my oath, I'd as soon go half way into hell, as to any place where his son, Mike Reillaghan, 'ud be. How will I manage, Rody?"

"Why," replied Rody, "as to meetin' wid Mike, take my advice and avoid him. And what is more I'd give up Peggy Gartland for good. Isn't it a mane thing for you, Frank, to be hangin' afther a girl that's fonder of another than she is of yourself. By this and by that, I'd no more do it—awouh! catch me at it—I'd have spunk in me."

Frank's brow darkened as Rody spoke; instead of instantly replying, he was silent and appeared to be debating some point in his own mind, on which he had not come to a determination.

"My father didn't hear of the fight between Mike and me?" said he, interrogatively—"do you think he did, Rody?"

"Not to my knowledge," replied the servant; "if he did, he wouldn't surely send you down; but talking of the fight, you are known to be a stout, well-fought boy—no doubt of that—still, I say, you had no right to provoke Mike as you did, who, it's well known, could bate any two men in the parish; and so sign, you got yourself dacently trounced, about a girl that doesn't love a bone in your skin."

"He disgraced me, Rody," observed Frank—"I can't rise my head; and you know I was thought, by all the parish, as good a man as him. No, I wouldn't, this blessed Christmas Eve above us, for all that ever my name was worth, be disgraced by him as I am. But—hould, man—have patience!"

"Throth and, Frank, that's what you never had," said Rody; "and as to bein' disgraced, you disgraced yourself. What right had you to challenge the boy to fight, and to strike him into the bargain, bekase Peggy Gartland danced with him, and wouldn't go out wid you? Death alive, sure that wasn't his fault."

Every word of reproof which proceeded from Rody's

lips but strengthened Frank's rage, and added to his sense of shame; he looked first in the direction of Reillaghan's house, and immediately towards the little village in which Peggy Gartland lived.

"Rody," said he, slapping him fiercely on the shoulder, "go in—I've—I've made up my mind upon what I'll do; go in, Rody, and get your dinner; but don't be out of the way when I come back."

"And what have you made up your mind to?" inquired Rody.

"Why, by the sacred Mother o' Heaven, Rody, to—to—be friends wid Mike." ...

On advancing, he found himself in one of his father's fields, under the shelter of an elder-hedge. Here he paused, and seemed still somewhat uncertain as to the direction in which he should proceed. At length he decided; the way towards Peggy Gartland's was that which he took, and as he walked rapidly, he soon found himself at the village in which she lived.

It was now a little after twilight; the night was clear the moon being in her first quarter, and the clouds through which she appeared to struggle, were light and fleecy, but rather cold-looking; such, in short, as would seem to promise a sudden fall of snow. Frank had passed the two first cabins of the village, and was in the act of parrying the attacks of some yelping cur that assailed him, when he received a slap on the back, accompanied by a gho manhi Dhea ghud, a Franchas, co wul thu guilh a nish, a rogora duh? [God save you, Frank! Where are you going now, you black rogue?]

"Who's this?" exclaimed Frank: "eh! why, Darby More, you sullin' thief o' the world, is this you?"

"Ay, indeed; an' you're goin' down to Peggy's?" said the the other, pointing significantly towards Peggy Gartland's house. "Well, man, what's the harm? She may get worse, that is, hopin' still that you'll mend your manners, a bouchal: but isn't your nose out o' joint there, Frank, darlin'?"

"No sich thing at all, Darby," replied Frank, gulping down his indignation, which rose afresh on hearing that the terms on which he stood with Peggy were so notorious.

"Throth but it is," said Darby, "an' to tell the blessed thruth, I'm not sarry that it's out o' joint; for when I tould you to lave the case in my hands, along wid a small thrifle o' silver that didn't signify much to you—whoo! not at all: you'd rather play it at cards, or dhrink it, or spind it wid no good. Out o' joint! musha, if ever a man's nose was to be pitied, and yours is: why, didn't Mike Reillaghan put it out o' joint, twiist? first in regard to Peggy, and secondly by the batin' he gave you an it."

"It's well known, Darby," replied Frank, "that 'twas by a chance blow he did it; and, you know, a chance blow might kill the devil."

"But there was no danger of Mike's gettin' the chance blow," observed the sarcastic vagrant, for such he was.

"Maybe it's afore him," replied his companion: "we'll have another thrial for it, any how; but where are you goin', Darby? Is it to the dance?"

Me! Is it a man "wid two holy ordhers an him?" [The religious orders, as they are termed, most commonly entered into by the peasantry, are those of the Scapular and St. Francis. The order of Jesus—or that of the Jesuits, is only entered into by the clergy and the higher lay classes.] No, no! I might go up, may be, as far as your father's, merely to see the family, only for the night that's in it; but I'm goin' to another frind's place to spind my Chris'mas, an' over an' above, I must go to the Midnight Mass. Frank, change your coorses, an' mend your life, an' don't be the talk o' the parish. Remimber me to the family, an' say I'll see them soon.

"How long will you stop in the neighborhood?" inquired Frank.

"Arrah why, acushla?" replied the mendicant, softening his language.

"I might be wantin to see you some o' these days," said the other: "indeed, it's not unlikely, Darby; so don't go, any how, widout seein' me."

"Ah!" said Darby, "had you taken a fool's advice—but it can't be helped now—the harm's done, I doubt; how-an'-ever, for the matther o' that, may be I have as good as Peggy in my eye for you; by the same token, as the night's could, warm your tooth, avick; there's waker wather nor this in Lough Macall. Sorra sup of it over I keep for my own use at all, barrin' when I take a touch o' configuration in my bowels, or, may be, when I'm too long at my prayers; for, God help me, sure I'm but sthrivin', wid the help o' one thing an' another, to work out my salvation as well as I can! Your health, any how, an' a merry Chris'mas to you!—not forgettin' myself," he added, putting to his lips a large cow's horn, which he kept slung beneath his arm, like the bugle of a coach-guard, only that this was generally concealed by an outside coat, no two inches of which were of the same materials of colour. Having taken a tolerably large draught from this, which, by the way, held near two quarts, he handed it with a smack and a shrug to Frank, who immediately gave it a wipe with the skirt of his coat, and pledged his companion.

"I'll be wantin'," observed Frank, "to see you in the hollydays—faith, that stuff's to be christened yet, Darby—so don't go till we have a dish o' discourse about somethin' I'll mintion to you. As for Peggy Gartland, I'm done wid her; she may marry ould Nick for me."

"Or you for ould Nick," said the cynic, "which would be nearly the same thing: but go an, avick, an' never heed me; sure I must have my spake—doesn't every body know Darby More?"

"I've nothin' else to say now," added Frank, "and you have my authority to spread it as far as you plase. I'm done wid her: so good-night, an' good cuttin' [May what's in it never fail] to your horn, Darby!—You damn

ould villian!" he subjoined in a low voice, when Darby had got out of his hearing: "surely it's not in yourself, but in the blessed words and things you have about you, that there is any good."

"Musha, good-night, Frank alanna," replied the other;—"an' the divil sweep you, for a skamin' vagabone, that's a curse to the country, and has kep me out o' more weddins than any one I ever met wid, by your roguery in puttin' evil between frinds an' neighbours, jist whin they'd be ready for the priest to say the words over them! Good won't come of you, you profligate."

The last words were scarcely uttered by the sturdy mendicant, when he turned round to observe whether or not Frank would stop at Larry Gartland's, the father of the girl to whom he had hitherto unsuccessfully avowed his attachment.

"I'd depind an him," said he, in a soliloquy, "as soon as I'd depind upon ice of an hour's growth: an', whether or not, sure as I'm an my way to Owen Reillaghan's, the father of the dacent boy that he's strivin' to outdo, mayn't I as well watch his motions, any way?"

He accordingly proceeded along the shadowy side of the street, in order to avoid Frank's eye, should he chance to look back, and quietly dodged on until he fairly saw him enter the house.

Having satisfied himself that the object of Frank's visit to the village was in some shape connected with Peggy Gartland, the mendicant immediately retraced his steps, and at a pace more rapid than usual, strided on to Owen Reillaghan's, whither he arrived just in time to secure an excellent Christmas-eve dinner.

In Ireland, that description of mendicants which differ so strikingly from the common crowd of beggars as to constitute a distinct species, comprehends within itself as anomalous an admixture of fun and devotion, external rigour and private licentiousness, love of superstition and of good whiskey, as might naturally be supposed, without any great stretch of credulity, to belong to men thrown among a people in whom so many extremes of character and morals meet. The known beggar, who goes his own rounds, and has his own walk, always adapts his character to that of his benefactor, whose whims and peculiarities of temper he studies with industry, and generally with success. By this means, joined to a dexterity in tracing out the private history of families and individuals, he is enabled to humour the caprices, to manage the eccentricities, and to touch with a masterly hand the prejudices, and particular opinions, of his patrons; and this he contrives to do with great address and tact. Such was the character of Darby More, whose person, naturally large, was increased to an enormous size by the number of coats, blankets, and bags, with which he was encumbered. A large belt, buckled round his body, contained within its girth much more of money, meal, and whiskey, than ever met the eye; his hat was exceedingly low in the crown; his legs were cast in at

least three pairs of stockings; and in his hand he carried a long cant, spiked at the lower end, with which he slung himself over small rivers and dykes, and kept dogs at bay. He was a devotee, too, notwithstanding the whiskey horn under his arm; attended wakes, christenings, and weddings; rubbed for the rose [a scrofulous swelling] and king's evil, [for the varlet insisted that he was a seventh son]; cured toothaches, colics, and headaches, by charms; but made most money by a knack which he possessed of tattooing into the naked breast the representation of Christ upon the cross. This was a secret of considerable value, for many of the superstitious people believed that by having this stained in upon them, they would escape unnatural deaths, and be almost sure of heaven. ...

"God save the house!" exclaimed Darby, on entering—"God save the house, an' all that's in it! God save it to the North!" and he formed the sign of the cross in every direction to which he turned: "God save it to the South! + to the Aiste! + and to the Waiste! + Save it upwards! + and save it downwards! + Save it backwards! + and save it forwards! + Save it right! + and save it left! + Save it by night! + save it by day! + Save it here! + save it there! + Save it this way! + an' save it that way! + Save it atin'! + + + an' save it drinkin'! + + + + + Oxis Doxis Glorioxis—Amin. An' now that I've blessed the place in the name of the nine Patriarchs, how are yez all, man, woman, an' child? An' a merry Christmas to yez, says Darby More!"

Darby, in the usual spirit of Irish hospitality, received a sincere welcome, was placed up near the fire, a plate filled with the best food on the table laid before him, and requested to want nothing for the asking.

"Why, Darby," said Reillaghan, "we expected you long ago: why didn't you come sooner?"

"The Lord's will be done! for ev'ry man has his troubles," replied Darby, stuffing himself in the corner like an Epicure; "an' why should a sinner like me, or the likes of me, be without thim? 'Twas a dhrame I had last night that kep me. They say, indeed, that dhrames go by contraries, but not always, to my own knowledge."

"An' what was the dhrame about, Darby?" inquired Reillaghan's wife.

"Why, ma'am, about some that I see on this hearth, well, an' in good health; may they long live to be so! Oxis Doxis Glorioxis—Amin!" + + +

"Blessed Virgin! Darby, sure it would be nothin' bad that's to happen? Would it, Darby?"

"Keep yourself aisy on that head. I have widin my own mind the power of makin' it come out for good—I know the prayer for it. Oxis Doxis!" + +

"God be praised for that, Darby; sure it would be a terrible business, all out, if any thing was to happen. Here's Mike that was born on Whistle Monday, of all days in the year, an' you know, they say that any child born on that day is to die an unnatural death. We named Mike after St. Michael that he might purtect him."

[The people believe the superstition to be as is stated above. Any child born on Whitsunday, or the day after, is supposed to be doomed to die an unnatural death. The consequence is, that the child is named after and dedicated to some particular saint, in the hope that his influence may obviate his evil doom.]

"Make yourself aisy, I say; don't I tell you I have the prayer to keep it back—hach! hach!—why, there's a bit stuck in my throath, some way! Wurrah dheelish, what's this! Maybe, you could give me a sup o' dhrink—wather, or anything to moisten the morsel I'm atin? Wurrah, ma'am dear, make haste, it's goin' agin' the breath wid me!"

"Oh, the sorra taste o' wather, Darby," said Owen; "sure this is Christmas-eve, you know: so you see, Darby, for ould acquaintance sake, an' that you may put up an odd prayer now an' thin for us, jist be thryin' this."

Darby honoured the gift by immediate acceptance. "Well, Owen Reillaghan," said he, "you make me take more o' this stuff nor any man I know; and particularly by rason that bein' given, wid a blessin', to the ranns, an' prayers, an' holy charms, I don't think it so good; barrin', indeed, as Father Donnellan towld me, when the wind, by long fastin', gets into my stomach, as was the case today, I'm often throubled, God help me, wid a configuration in the—hugh! ugh—an' thin it's good for me—a little of it."

"This would make a brave powdher-horn, Darby Moore," observed one of Reilla-ghan's sons, "if it wasn't so big. What do you keep in it, Darby?"

"Why, avillish [my sweet], nothin' indeed but a sup o' Father Donnellan's holy wather, that they say by all accounts it costs him great trouble to make, by rason that he must fast a long time, and pray by the day, afore he gets himself holy enough to consecrate it."

"It smells like whiskey, Darby," said the boy, without any intention, however, of offending him. "It smells very like poteen."

"Hould yer tongue, Risthard," said the elder Reillaghan; "what 'ud make the honest man have whiskey in it? Didn't he tell you what's in it?"

"The gorsoon's right enough," replied Darby. "I got the horn from Barny Dalton a couple o' days ago; 'twas whiskey he had in it, an' it smells of it sure enough, an' will, indeed, for some time longer. Och! och! the heavens be praised, I've made a good dinner! May they never know what that gave it to me! Oxis Doxis Glorioxis—Amin!" + + +

"Darby, thry this again," said Reillaghan, offering him another bumper.

"Troth an' I will, thin, for I find myself a great dale the betther of the one I tuck. Well, here's health an' happiness to us, an' may we all meet in heaven! Risthard, hand me that horn till I be goin' out to the barn, in ordher to do somethin' for my sowl. The holy wather's a good thing to have about one."

“But the dhrame, Darby?” inquired Mrs. Reillaghan. “Won’t you tell it to us?”

“Let Mike follow me to the barn,” he replied, “an’ I’ll tell him as much of it as he ought to hear. An’ now let all of yez prepare for the Midnight Mass: go there wid proper intintions, an’ not to be coortin’ or dhrinkin’ by the way. We’re all sinners, any way, an’ oughtn’t to neglect our sowls. Oxis Doxis Glorioxis. Amin!”

He immediately strided with the horn under his arm, towards the barn, where he knelt, and began his orisons in a tone sufficiently loud to be heard in the kitchen. When he was gone, Mrs. Reillaghan, who, with the curiosity natural to her sex, and the superstition peculiar to her station in life, felt anxious to hear Darby’s dream, urged Mike to follow him forthwith, that he might prevail on him to detail it at full length.

Darby, who knew not exactly what the dream ought to be, replied to Mike’s inquiries vaguely.

“Mike,” said he, “until the proper time comes, I can’t tell it; but listen; take my advice, an’ slip down to Peggy Gartland’s by and by. I have strong suspicions, if my dhrame is throe, that Frank M’Kenna has a design upon her. People may be abroad this night widout bein’ noticed, by rason o’ the Midnight Mass; Frank has, friends in Kilnaheery, down behind the moors; an’ the divil might tempt him to bring her there. Keep your eye an him, or rather an Peggy. If my dhrame’s true, he was there this night.”

“I thought I gave him enough on her account,” said Mike. “The poor girl hasn’t a day’s pace in regard of him; but, plase goodness, I’ll soon put an end to it, for I’ll marry her durin’ the Hollydays.”

“Go, avick, an’ let me finish my Pudheran Partha: I have to get through it before the Midnight Mass comes. Slip down, and find out what he was doin’; and when you come back, let me know.” ...

The Midnight Mass is, no doubt, a phrase familiar to our Irish readers; but we doubt whether those in the sister kingdoms, who may honour our book with a perusal, would, without a more particular description, clearly understand it.

This ceremony—was performed as a commemoration not only of the night, but of the hour in which Christ was born. To connect it either with edification, or the abuse of religion, would be invidious; so we overlook that, and describe it as it existed within our own memory, remarking, by the way, that though now generally discontinued, it is in some parts of Ireland still observed, or has been till within in a few years ago. ...

The night in question was very dark, for the moon had long disappeared, and as the inhabitants of the whole parish were to meet in one spot, it may be supposed that the difficulty was very great, of traversing, in the darkness of midnight, the space between their respective residences, and the place appointed by the priest for the celebration of mass. This difficulty, they contrived to surmount. From

about eleven at night till twelve or one o’clock, the parish presented a scene singularly picturesque, and, to a person unacquainted with its causes, altogether mysterious. Over the surface of the surrounding country were scattered myriads of blazing torches, all converging to one point; whilst at a distance, in the central part of the parish, which lay in a valley, might be seen a broad focus of red light, quite stationary, with which one or more of the torches that moved across the fields mingled every moment. These torches were of bog-fir, dried and split for the occasion; all persons were accordingly furnished with them, and by their blaze contrived to make way across the country with comparative ease. This Mass having been especially associated with festivity and enjoyment, was always attended by such excessive numbers, that the ceremony was in most parishes celebrated in the open air, if the weather were at all favourable. Altogether, as we have said, the appearance of the country at this dead hour of the night, was wild and impressive. Being Christmas every heart was up, and every pocket replenished with money, if it could at all be procured. This general elevation of spirits was nowhere more remarkable than in contemplating the thousands of both sexes, old and young, each furnished, as before said, with a blazing flambeau of bog-fir, all streaming down the mountain sides, along the roads, or across the fields, and settling at last into one broad sheet of fire. Many a loud laugh might then be heard ringing the night echo into reverberation; mirthful was the gabble in hard guttural Irish; and now and then a song from some one whose potations had been, rather copious, would rise on the night-breeze, to which a chorus was subjoined by a dozen voices from the neighbouring groups.

On passing the shebeen and public-houses, the din of mingled voices that issued from them was highly amusing, made up, as it was, of songs, loud talk, rioting and laughter, with an occasional sound of weeping from some one who had become penitent in big drink. In the larger public-houses—for in Ireland there usually are one or two of these in the immediate vicinity of each chapel, family parties were assembled, who set in to carouse both before and after mass. Those however, who had any love affair on hands generally selected the shebeen house, as being private, and less calculated to expose them to general observation. As a matter of course, these jovial orgies frequently produced such disastrous consequences, both to human life and female reputation, that the intrigues between the sexes, the quarrels, and violent deaths resulting from them, ultimately occasioned the discontinuance of a ceremony which was only productive of evil. To this day, it is an opinion among the peasantry in many parts of Ireland, that there is something unfortunate connected with all drinking bouts held upon Christmas Eve. Such a prejudice naturally arises from a recollection of the calamities which so frequently befell many individuals while Midnight Masses were in the habit of being generally celebrated, although it is not

attributed to their existence. ...

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, whilst 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. In fact, there was an unearthly character about it; and the spectre-like appearance of the white-robed priest as he "muttered his prayer to the midnight air," would almost impress a man with the belief that it was a meeting of the dead, and that the priest was repeating, like the Grey Friar, his "Mass of the days that were gone."

On the ceremony being concluded, the scene, however, was instantly changed: the lights were waved and scattered promiscuously among each other, giving an idea of confusion and hurry that was strongly contrasted with the death-like stillness that prevailed a few minutes before. The gabble and laugh were again heard loud and hearty, and the public and shebeen houses once more became crowded. Many of the young people made, on these occasions, what is I called "a runaway;" [rustic elopement] and other peccadilloes took place, for which the delinquents were "either read out from the altar," or sent probably to St. Patrick's Purgatory at Lough Derg, to do penance. Those who did not choose to stop in the whiskey-houses now hurried home with all speed, to take some sleep before early Mass, which was to be performed the next morning about daybreak. The same number of lights might therefore be seen streaming in different ways over the parish; the married men holding the torches, and leading their wives; bachelors escorting their sweethearts, and not unfrequently extinguishing their flambeaux, that the dependence of the females upon their care and protection might more lovingly call forth their gallantry.

The Mischievous Boy

Maurice Harmon

[Robin Marsh seemed to be intrigued by this poem. He read it to me and mentioned it more than once.]

Most of the time the boy is good
He plays in the fields, plays in the woods
He has a dog who likes to run
Who leaps in the grass, who runs in the woods
Together they try to frighten the fox
Together they try to scare the hawk.

Most of the time the boy is good
But some of the time he gets into trouble
He flung his shoes into the churn
He ruined the butter and dirtied the milk
He pulled the plug from the water vat
It gushed out and knocked him flat
His father carried him into the kitchen
Stripped him naked before the woman
And rubbed him hard from head to top
He rubbed his back, he rubbed his bum
The visiting woman had a good look
He knows she is trying to see his mickey
When he was dressed he was asked to perform
He stuck out his chest and let her have it

One, two, three
His mother caught a flea
She put it in the teapot
To make a cup of tea
The flea jumped out
His mother let a shout
And in walked the bobby
With his shirt sticking out

Up in the Castle the Captain is ready
He stands on the steps and looks all about
He is proud of his lands, proud of his trees
This is the day he will go to town
He checks his watch, he takes his stick
Slowly walks down to the line
The man at the crossing is getting ready
Checking the flags, one red, one green
This day the boy has a lot on his mind
He has hung the finch's cage outside
And hears it singing with all of its might
He was told not to do it, told not to do it
But now he has done it and nobody knows
And the goldfinch loves its day in the sun.

The rooster struts about in the yard
He too likes to be in the sun
He has taken a fancy to one of the hens
A soft plump bird, a soft sweet chick.
He strides about, stretching his legs

And gives a resounding crow of assertion
The boy has too many things on his mind
He knows the chick wants to escape
He knows the fox is waiting to strike
He knows the hawk is making a turn
The farmyard echoes the rooster's call
Even the jackdaws pay attention
But something is wrong, the hen missing
The soft white chick has gone on the run
The boy has searched, raced here and there
Into the henhouse, down to the piggery
He has checked the garden, checked the pit
The hen has given them all the slip

The hen in fact has a mind of her own
She wants to pick between the stones
Freshly raked in front of the house
Because the Captain is going to town
She wants to wander across the fields
Where she knows there are lot of things to eat
The fox in the Dell is pricking his ears
If she comes to the fields, he's there with a chance
The hawk once again is making his rounds
He has been to the shore, has searched the cliff
Now crosses the wood, is eyeing the fields
He sees the hen but what can he do
He knows she would make a hullabaloo
She stretches her neck when she feels his shadow
If he wants to attack she will make a racket.
The Captain knows he has plenty of time
The train is leaving a nearest station
There goes the train to Dublin town
Puffing along the line
See how the wheels are turning around
See how the red light shines

The rooster gives another call
The hen has crossed into the fields
At the edge of the wood the fox is waiting
At the back of the house the hawk sweeps low
He wraps his wings about the bars
With a cling and a clatter he scrapes the wires
The finch is shrieking, dashing about
The claws are forcing the bars apart
The beak is striking hard and fast
The mischievous boy is not to be seen
The fox seizes the plump white hen
And throws her lightly across his shoulder
The mischievous boy gives a warning shout
His father reacts and follows the fox
The Captain comes to the level crossing
The mischievous boy must do his duty
He seizes the flags, red and green
Stands bravely across the tracks
And brings the train to a shuddering halt
He helps the Captain into a carriage
Shuts the door with a mighty clap
Seizes the flag, green to go
And sends the Captain off to the city

There goes the train to Dublin town
Puffing along the line
See how the wheels are turning around
See how the red light shines

The mischievous boy has nothing to hide
Nevertheless he's in big, big trouble
The hawk is pulling the cage apart
The terrified bird is limp with fear
When the boy races out to the yard
The hawk is bright in the morning sun
The wings on fire, the eyes like lamps
The boy shouts, the hawk flees
The finch has collapsed, he might be dead
The boy knows he should not have taken him out.
Nobody wins. Even the fox loses his grip
And the hen legs it back to the yard
His father arrives all red in the face
He's not used too all this running about
Furthermore, he's all in a flutter
The cage is wrecked, the hen traumatic
The rooster has to forego his pleasure
The finch has had a heart attack

The boy's to blame for all the bother
Worst of all he hasn't a notion
Which train he waved to a shuddering halt
He stopped the first that came along
It could be going off to the zoo
It could be going to Timbuktu

All they can do is wait and see
Hope the Captain will know what to do
There goes the train to Dublin town
Puffing along the line
See how the wheels are turning around
See how the red light shines

The mischievous boy is sent to his room
They think if they keep him out of the way
The day will proceed with no more trouble
He's supposed to reflect on what he has done
Instead he is waiting for night to come
When once again he will straddle the track
Waving the lantern to and fro

He wants to know what the Captain saw
Did he go to the zoo? Did he take a tram?
Did he feed the monkeys with monkey nuts?
Or take a ride on the elephant?
Did the tigers roar? Did the peacocks cry?
Next time he might take a good little boy

There goes the train to Dublin town
Puffing along the line
See how the wheels are turning around
See how the red light shines.

The William Carleton Summer School: Contributors 1992-2009

1992	Simon Gatrell	Sam Craig	Siobhan Kilfeather
John Montague	Michael Longley	Gordon Brand	Gifford Lewis
Jack Johnston	Pat John Rafferty	Jack Johnston	Brian McCúrta
Seamus Macannaidh	Benedict Kiely	Seamus McCluskey	Richard Warner
Frank Ormsby	John Montague	Noel Monahan	John Killen
Polly Devlin	Thomas Ó Grady	Owen Dudley Edwards	Sydney Aiken
Eileen Sullivan	Stephen McKenna	John Montague	Elizabeth McCrum
Owen Dudley Edwards	Eileen Sullivan	Elizabeth Wassell	Brian McClelland
Benedict Kiely	Denise Ferran	Adrian Rice	Malachi Ó Doherty
	Douglas Carson	Adrian Fox	Robbie Meredith
1993	Thomas Bartlett	John McAllister	Jack Johnston
Sophia Hillan-King	Adrian Rice	Gerry Burns	Liam Kelly
Anthony Cronin	John Wilson Foster	John McArdle	Noel Monahan
Tess Hurson	Clare Boylan	Tommy McArdle	Maurice Harmon
Ian McDowell	Owen Dudley Edwards	John McGurk	Len Graham
Cormac Ó Grada		Bernard McLaverty	John Campbell
Luke Dodd	1999		Susan McKay
James Simmons	John Kelly	2003	Owen Dudley Edwards
Eugene McCabe	Sam McAughtry	R. B. McDowell	
Benedict Kiely	Sean Skeffington	Maurice Harmon	2007
	Norman Vance	Eileen Sullivan	Rolf Loeber
1994	Barry Sloan	John Breakey	Tess Maginness
Augustine Martin	Pat McDonnell	Noel Monahan	Arthur Quinn
Seamus Heaney	Sam Craig	Ruth Dudley Edwards	Maurice Harmon
Bert Tosh	Noel Monahan	Paul Cullen	Peter Denman
Noel Monahan	Mary Ó Malley	Malachi Ó Doherty	Jack Johnston
Gerry Hull	Mary McVeigh	Poilin Ni Chiarain	Barry Sloan
Heather Brett	Declan Kiberd	Eddie McCartney	Tom Dunne
Patricia Craig	John Montague	Jack Johnston	Pat Joe Kennedy
Malcolm Scott	Gerry Hull	Seamus McCluskey	Briege, Clare and Mary Hanna
James Simmons	David Hammond	Owen Dudley Edwards	Robin Marsh
Owen Dudley Edwards	Edna Longley	Clare Boylan	Gordon Brand
Patrick McCabe	Maurice Leitch	Jude Collins	Mary Montague
Gerald Dawe	Owen Dudley Edwards	Peter Hollywood	Michael Fisher
		Keith Anderson	John McGurk
1995	2000	Seamus Ó Cathain	Owen Dudley Edwards
Thomas Flanagan	Robert Welch	Theo Dorgan	
John Montague	Ian Adamson		2008
Gene Carroll	Peter Fallon	2004	John A Murphy
Oliver Rafferty	Maura Johnston	Patricia Craig	Brian Earls
W. J. Smyth	Tony MacAuley	John Killen	Gordon Brand
Brian Earls	Tom Paulin	Gordon Brand	George Watson
Frank Ormsby	Stewart J. Brown	Martina Devlin	Ronan Boyle
Heather Brett	John A. Murphy	Hazel Dolling	James Cooke
Noel Monahan	Pauric Travers	Terence Dooley	Norman Vance
Una Agnew	David Norris	Norman Vance	Patricia Craig
Frances Ó Hare	Richard Warner	Ruth Beeb	Gerald Dawe
Norman Vance	Leon McAuley	Christopher Blake	Eamonn Hughes
Eileen Sullivan	Tom McKeagney	Maureen Boyle	Robin Marsh
Patrick Quigley	Gordon Brand	Maria Mcmanus	Bert Tosh
Glenn Patterson	Ruth McCabe	Sonia Abercrombie	Jack Johnston
Owen Dudley Edwards	Arthur Quinn	Jack Johnston	Maura Johnston
	Eileen Sullivan	Roma Tomelty	Michael Murphy
1996	Sam Craig	Gordon Fullerton	Erno Klepoch
Bill Maguire	Brian Fallon	Marianne Elliott	Magdolna Aldobolyi Nagy
John Montague	Owen Dudley Edwards	Eileen Sullivan	Glenn Moore
Tom McIntyre		Declan Ford	Michael Longley
Diarmid Ó Doibhlin	2001	Brian Walker	Edna Longley
Antoinette Quinn	Maurice Harmon	Owen Dudley Edwards	Sinéad Morrissey
Terence Brown	Edith Devlin		Patrick J. Duffy
Paul Muldoon	Mary McKenna	2005	Owen Dudley Edwards
Desmond Fennell	Bishop Joseph Duffy	Paul Bew	
Colm Toibin	Bishop Brian Hannon	Jack Johnston	2009
Jude Collins	Brian Donnelly	John B. Cunningham	Diarmaid Ferriter
Owen Dudley Edwards	Darragh Gallagher	Michael Longley	Eamonn O Ciardha
	Laurence Geary	Stephen McKenna	Gordon Brand
1997	Jack Johnston	Terence Dooley	Ruth Illingworth
Roy Foster	Pat McDonnell	Maurice Harmon	Theo Dorgan
Eamonn Hughes	Sam Craig	Raymond Murray	Sophia Hillan
Ciaran Carson	Owen Dudley Edwards	Marie Martin	Noel Monahan
James Simmons	Barry Sloan	Claire Millar	Michael Parker
John Montague	Anne Barnett	Margaret McCay	Marie Louise Muir
Elizabeth Wassell	Gene Carroll	Margaret Skeffington	Jack Johnston
Jim Cavanagh	Tom Bartlett	Sean Collins	The Ballyshannon Singers
Patricia Craig	2002	Robin Marsh	Robin Marsh
Patrick Maume	Gearoid Ó Tuathaigh	Sam Craig	Gerald Hull
Ivan Herbison	Peter Denman	Patrick C. Power	Maurice Harmon
Robin Marsh	Frank Falls	Paul Clements	Patrick Walsh
Mary Ó Donnell	Colleen Lowry	Malachi Cush	Brian Walker
Fred Johnston	Seamus Heaney	Alvin Jackson	Owen Dudley Edwards
Owen Dudley Edwards	Brian Ferran	Owen Dudley Edwards	
1998	Frank Galligan	2006	
A. Norman Jeffares	David Hammond	Thomas Charles-Edwards	

William Carleton Summer School

2-5 August, 2010

At Corick House Hotel, Clogher, County Tyrone, telephone 02885548216
For booking and accommodation contact Killymaddy Tourist Information Centre,
tel. 02887767259 or email: killymaddy.reception@dungannon.gov.uk

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Ecclesville Printing Services
Colin Slack @ www.csgwd.eu

Programme Summary 2-5 August 2010

Monday 2 August	11.00 Official Opening	11.30-12.45 Keynote Address: <i>Should Historians Still Read Carleton?</i> Sean Connolly	1.00- 2.00 Lunch	2.45-3.15 Address: <i>Carleton and Maria Edgeworth</i> Cliona O'Gallchoir	3.45-4.45 Address: <i>Carleton and Halley's Comet: Scientific Awareness in Ireland, 1800-1850</i> Mark Bailey	5.30- 7.00 Dinner	8.00-10.00 Traditional Music Night: Music by Cinnté Corick House
Tuesday 3 August	10.30-11.30 Address: <i>Carleton's Contemporary Literary Critics</i> Emer Nolan	11.45-12.45 Address: <i>Carleton's Con- temporaries in the Dictionary of Irish Biography</i> Linde Lunney	1.15- 2.15 Lunch	2.15-3.30 Symposium: <i>The Art and Experiences of Contemporary Professional Writers</i> Damian Gorman, David Park and Emma Heatherington Chair: Owen Dudley Edwards	4.00-4.45 Address: <i>Carleton's Squire Story</i> Jack Johnston	5.00- 7.00 Dinner	7.00-9.00 <i>A Carleton Walk with the Clogher Valley Walking Club</i> 9.00- 11.00 <i>Céili in Rathmore Bar</i> Music: by the Maguire Family Poetry: Kate Sutcliffe
Wednes- day 4 August	10.00 am- 8.00 pm The Carleton Tour: <i>Carleton in the Midlands (Granard and Mullingar)</i> - Tour guides: Jack Johnston, Noel Monahan (Granard) and Ruth Illingworth (Mullingar) - Lunch at the Greville Arms, Mullingar, dinner in Cavan, venue to be confirmed						
Thursday 5 August	10.30-11.30 Address: <i>William Car- leton, Caesar Otway and the Established Church</i> Alan Acheson	11.45-12.45 Address: <i>Emigration from 19th Century Tyrone</i> Paddy Fitzgerald	1.00- 2.00 Lunch	2.15-3.45 Exploring a Carleton Text: <i>The Midnight Mass</i> Liam Foley, Gordon Brand	4.00-4.45 Overview and Closing Address: Owen Dudley Edwards	Closing Dinner 7.00-12.00 Followed by Dancing with the Bob Quick Jazz Quartet	

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The new William Carleton Summer School website
is online at www.williamcarletonsummerschool.org
William Carleton Summer School

Welcome School Programme Venue The Man The Writer Clogher

