

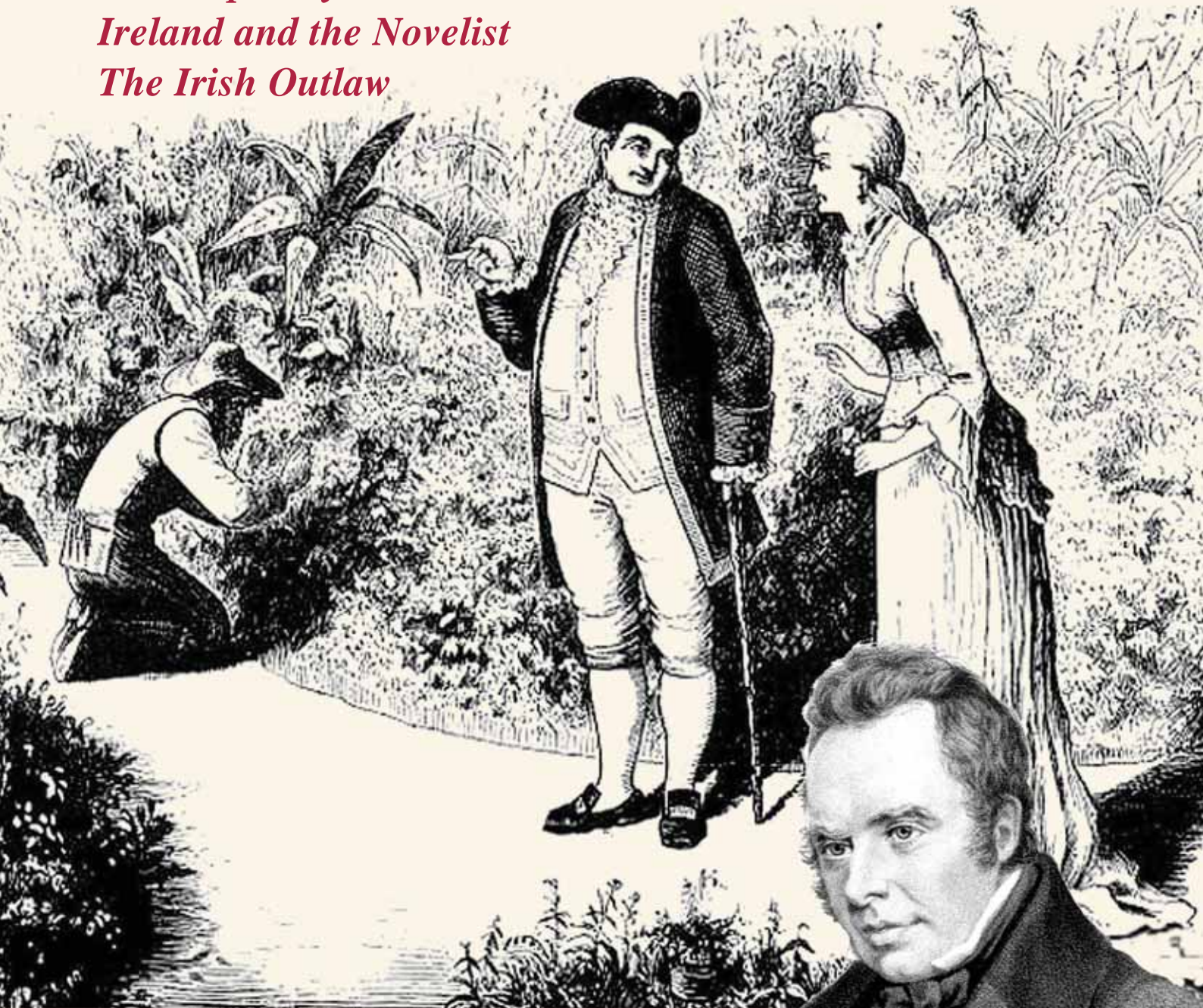
William Carleton Summer School

The Achievement of John Montague

Contemporary Irish Poets

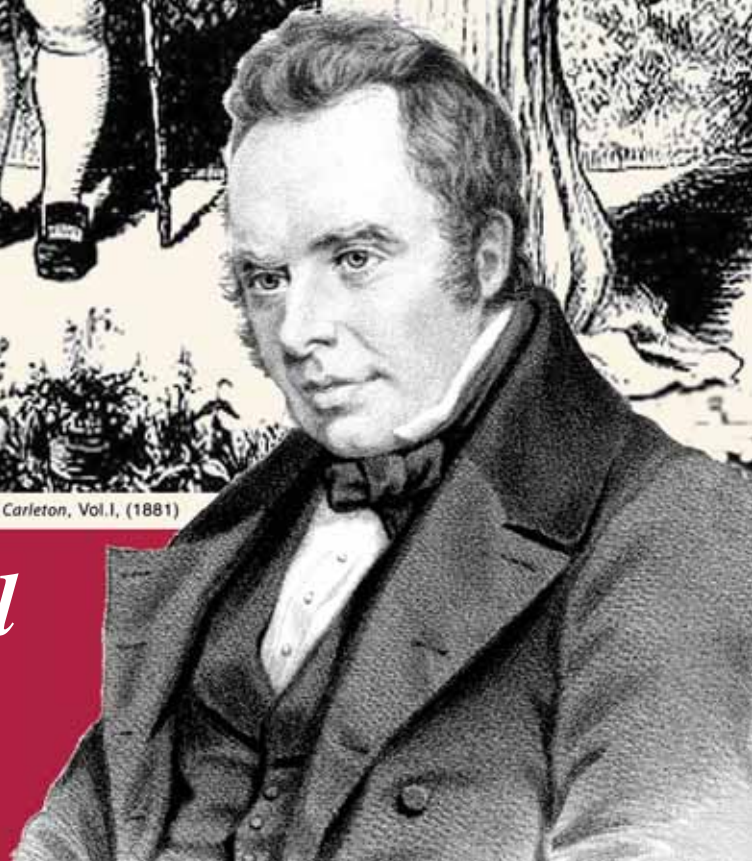
Ireland and the Novelist

The Irish Outlaw



This cover illustration is taken from 'Willy Reilly', Collier's Unabridged Edition, *The Works of William Carleton*, Vol. I, (1881)

*Corick House Hotel
Clogher, Co. Tyrone
3-7 August 2009*



SUMMER SCHOOL PATRONS

The Most Reverend Joseph Duffy
 The Right Reverend Michael Jackson
 Dr Eileen Sullivan
 Professor John Montague
 Mr Jim Cavanagh
 The Lord Maginnis of Drumglass
 Professor Maurice Harmon

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Pat John Rafferty
 (Obiit:28.04.09)

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 Arthur Quinn, Sean Skeffington, Beverley Weir

ASSOCIATE COMMITTEE MEMBERS

Michael Fisher, Seamus McCluskey, Patrick McDonnell

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 fulfillment.
 I still live by it.*

John Montague

William Carleton Summer School

**Corick House Hotel,
 Clogher,
 3-7 August 2009**



**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 prosletysing 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*.

Pat John Rafferty

The William Carleton Summer School will be haunted by Pat John Rafferty, but where most ghosts linger in memories of place, Pat John will be omnipresent. He was, almost literally, everything to us. With head thrown back, nose alert in the air, eye sparkling, he would scent a problem and be off on its hunt like a hero hound. He would install a speaker, perfect the recording, arrange for post-oration hospitality, consolidate a discussion, probe a weakness in anything from logic to management, snap a criticism, grin appreciatively for a good response, and draw a photographic silence together with a single unanswerable word. He symbolised history that would be real but never vengeful, Catholicism which would be fervent but never ostentatious, Irishness that never let tragedy escape from comedy. The love of an austere person doubles its value, and he loved the Summer School he cofounded as he loved the tradition of its predecessor cofounded by his father.

CARLETON was always trisyllabic in his mouth, reflecting his perpetual awareness of the Ulster Gaelic Carleton spoke in words now lost to us, with a name Ulster Gaels knew in three syllables, the rest of Ireland in two. His own perennial preoccupation with speakers' voices in preservation reflected his constant reminder to us to study and seek the sound of Carleton, thus inspiring constant pursuit of Carleton in performance. The music of Ulster placenames became Gaelic poetry in his mouth, delicate or hortatory as required. He stretched the mighty arms of his literary celebration over all Carleton and Carletoniana still possibly within human reach, but he reserved his supreme love for 'The Poor Scholar', where so much of the past and so fervent the potential future unite the great bard's normally conflicting loyalties. Pat John's insistence on our staging Carleton, reading him aloud, repeating passages with the delight of a child in a new word's discovery—cohered in a sumptuous variety of making the dead live.

He was to his conductor-like fingertips a teacher, and as he taught everyone he met, we can say with confidence that he inspired every pupil. He was so because he never for a moment forgot to be a



Pat John Rafferty (1940-2009)

pupil himself, in the joys of learning something new or re-examining something old, in the iconoclasm of schoolchildren and the pleasures of its mockery, in the sheer zeal of youth. His sharp warmth spoke his professional perfectionism, and his delight in its achievement by the common work of friends,

Carleton covers so many disciplines from literary creation to historical source and an empire of artistry between them. Pat John Rafferty made it possible for us to understand how one man could conserve and create so much in so many ways. Like Carleton his reach was vast, his grasp was firm, and the love he gave and received enabled so many to enter into the joy of his learning. There was more than one giant in Knockmany.

Owen Dudley Edwards

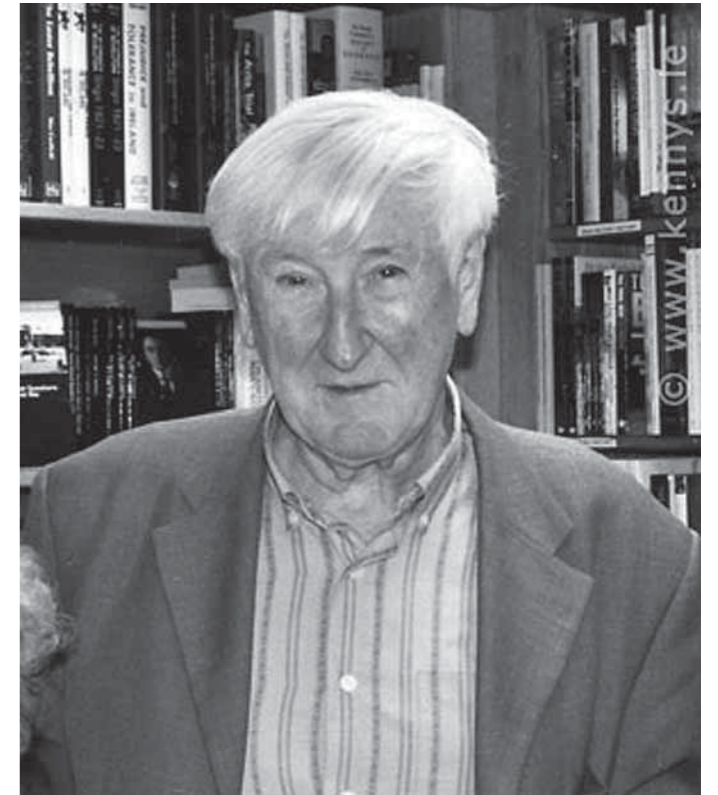
John Montague: An Appreciation

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 history 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.

Robin Marsh



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, straying 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.

Noel Monahan, 2009

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,
“Willy Reilly and His Dear Colleen Bawn”
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

Dairmaid Ferriter

Dairmaid 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...?*



Eamonn Ó Ciardha

Eamonn Ó Ciardha lectures in Irish and English Literary and Historical Studies at the University of Ulster. His research work includes studies of the Irish Outlaw, the Irish Diaspora and Irish military history. Amongst his publications are ‘A voice from the Irish Jacobite Underground: 1753-1760’, in G. Moran (ed.), *Radical Priests in Irish History* (2000), ‘Tories and Rapparees in Armagh in



the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries’, in *Armagh: History and Society* (Dublin, 2001) and *Ireland and the Jacobite Cause, 1685-1766: A Fatal Attachment* (Dublin, 2002)

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.



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.



A Dramatic Moment, Corick 2008

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 Hillan, 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 Mundi* (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 Hillan

Sophia Hillan, 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

Noel Monahan, a regular contributor to the William Carleton Summer School, is a poet, dramatist and educationalist. His poetry collections are *Opposite Walls* (1991), *Snowfire* (1995), *Curse of the Birds* (2000) and *The Funeral Game* (2004) and his plays include *Half a Vegetable* - based on the writings of Patrick Kavanagh, (1991) - and *Broken Cups* (2001) which won the P.J. Ó Connor R.T.E. radio drama award.



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



including *Sunday Sequence*, *Look West*, *This New Day* and *Evening Extra*. She is currently the main presenter for BBC Radio Ulster's classical music programme *Sounds Classical* and the arts programme *Artsextra* for which she has recently interviewed Seamus Heaney to celebrate his 70th birthday, the award winning Irish composer Shaun Davey, novelist and playwright Colm Toibin and poet Michael Longley. Her television work includes *Festival Nights* - the coverage of the Belfast Festival at Queens, the Irish Film and Television Awards (IFTAs) and *Inside Out*, all for BBC Northern Ireland.

The Tuesday Fringe

A 'Carleton Walk'

The Summer School Committee offers its thanks to

The Clogher Valley Walkers' 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

Jimmy Johnston's Bar Augher

where there will be some light entertainment from 10.00 until 11.30.

Dinner at Corick will begin early so that the walk can begin at 7.00.



Aghintain Castle was one of the fortification sites visited during last year's Wednesday Tour. Minutes after this photograph was taken our happy band of scholars had to beat a hasty retreat as possession of the field was regained by an excited herd of cows.

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 Blessingbourne 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 Ballycloran*
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 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), *Historiophilia: 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

Maurice Harmon is Professor Emeritus of Anglo-Irish Literature at University College Dublin. He is a patron of the William Carleton Summer School and has contributed 'William Carleton: Language and Vitality' to *William Carleton: the Authentic Voice* (2006). In 1973, he edited selected stories from Carleton's *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry* (1973). His other publications include *Modern Irish Literature 1800-1967* (1967), *Select Bibliography of Anglo-Irish Literature and its Backgrounds*, *Short History of Anglo-Irish Literature* (with Roger McHugh - 1982), *Sean Ó Faolain: A Life* (1994) and *Selected Essays* (2006). Professor Harmon's published poetry includes *The Last Regatta* (2000), *The Doll with Two Backs* (2004) and, most recently, *The Mischievous Boy* (2008).



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.

Friday 7 August

10.30-11.45 Address:

Barak Obama and the Irish Connection

Brian Walker

12.00-1.15 Overview and Closing Address:

Owen Dudley Edwards

1.15-2.15 Lunch

2.30 Summer School ends

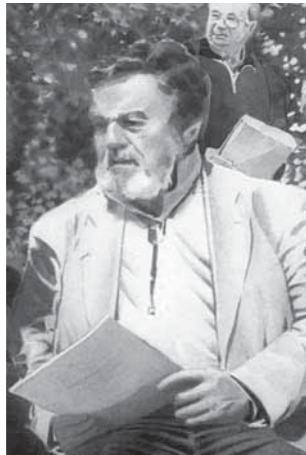
Brian Walker

Brian Walker is Professor of Irish Studies at Queen's University, Belfast and a former chair of the Arts Council of Northern Ireland. His publications include *Faces of the Past* (1974), *Ulster Politics: the Formative Years: 1868-1886* (1987), *Dancing to History's Tune: History, Myth and Politics in Ireland* (1996) and *Past and Present: History, Identity and Politics in Ireland* (2000). Professor Walker has edited selections from Samuel Lewis's *Topographical Dictionary of Ireland – 1837* (2003-5).



Owen Dudley Edwards

Owen Dudley Edwards is Honorary Fellow and former Reader in History at the University of Edinburgh and Fellow of the Royal Edinburgh Society. Since 1995, he has been Honorary Director of the William Carleton Summer School and has contributed an 'Afterword' to *William Carleton: the Authentic Voice* (2006). Other publications include *British Children's Literature and the Second World War* (2003) and studies of Oscar Wilde, Conan Doyle, P.G. Wodehouse, James Connolly, Burke and Hare and Eamon de Valera. He has also contributed essays to a range of publications, including *Scotland and Ulster* (1994) and *Fickle Man: Robert Burns in the Twenty-first Century* (2009), and has edited *The Easter Rising* (1968), *Conor Cruise Ó Brién Introduces Ireland* (1969) and *Scotland, Europe and the American Revolution* (1976).



The Unconstrained

'It is not a landscape without figures.'

The hounds of mockery kept yapping at his heels: fourteenth child. Willie Come Lately. No matter how he turned he could not miss the smirk. Got in the master's barn, dropped by the hen astray between the pews 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 hearth 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 duped along the pilgrim path, suffered the sting 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. His father's son, finding a track in the roots of his mind, in the half-lost, in a broken world. All he need do was bring it up, record. A trade to be learnt, a voice to be found, two worlds to be joined. He served his time to elegance, the balanced phrase, the poise, ways of speech that limned the speaker's world. Taste, education. The more he learnt, the more he felt discrepancy.

Dropped in the valley, he never tried to deny what happened then. Reared to lawlessness. Aware of injustice, Orangemen battering the door, bayonets prodding the bed. Maimed from the start. What could he do but follow a flawed style, fit himself out in the rags of pretence, ape the master, adapt to jaw busting, tongue twisting, become the boy on the hired horse?

Like a cuckoo chick he ate more than his share took advantage of love, drew sibling ire. His self-portrait bites the hand that writes. He carried it off, brought his crooked soul to a crooked place, kissed the girl good-bye, denied feeling and when the harm was done slunk back, married the girl he left behind. Iced a fruitless cake with sentiment.

Rotten water outside every door. Steaming dunghill, cesspool, the slip of a pig. He put it down in shameful, hurtful candour. It could not be in vistas, planned perspectives, porticos, broken columns, arcades. 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, spoiled priest, the big word in the big mouth, ragged female, forelocks touched, caps raised, urchins smirking. The man on the horse riding above the stench.

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 fingering the host, swearing a black oath on the white book. He got it right, felt it right, the shift to common speech, that hinge that let both sides in, grotesque, before the descent. Reprisal. Murder. The woman's head in flames, father and child pitched back, conflagration making the sky sublime. He will show them through the arched eye, the mannered voice, so unnaturally attuned to action outside the norm, to darkness at the heart. These are the unconstrained. Hell's angels loose in the night, mirrored by water, intent.

'To the devil I pitch slavery.' He could not put it mildly. He saw the abyss that gaped between what had been and now was, between what his father had and he had not, a belonging, the past laid out in strips, a pedlar's pack of song, story, custom, what the memory held. The valley drained, stilled. It was up to him not to forget, to look into the chasm, to hear the voice of the man beside the cleevy, the actor-narrator. Found it intractable, made mistakes, lurched into melodrama, made things improbably right. It was as though what he felt exceeded what he could do, his sense of things so clear they could not be brought down to slate accountancy.

Two voices matched divisions in his mind, spoke of barn and hovel, matched the rift, as though within his work, in contradiction and counterpoint, 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 tilled, reworked through time, now gone beyond constraint.

Maurice Harmon

Falling into Cornwall

Rain sings the wind. Signs run everywhere, *no cloudes of unknowyng*. Caer Bran sits over Land's End, crows in alders at Sliabh Beagh (charcoal to write with, dyes from bark and a forest in the sea).

The Irish swan becomes a cuckoo here. Breaca lands. Hibernona helped her prince in paralysis: St Buryan a sun at May Day, full of promise. Lonely friend Sweeney round Sancreed (no house would contain you).

Tinker, Celt, Romany and fish for Friday.
Wireless in the trees, winkles Saturday.
Pilchards in a can sour as poverty.
Buttermilk, cream and ale on Sunday.

Lamorna granite built old London Bridge. Finbar at Fowey, a Barry from Cork in Clerkenwell: my great grandmother's people played music on your watch. On return to the coast we ran down, half fell, to the dangerous.

Gerald Hull

Zennor

High June. Thick wind spins the wheel, soup in the trees (the yew, the church, the quince and comb). We cry out in a mermaid's tenderness, happy as home. Rachel, at the rock's keel, pushes hard. We laugh in distress, a hundred feet above navy.

Then good beer, us banging on tables in the open air, talking postcards. Zennor, a town at the end of the alphabet. Except it is not a town. 'Beware of Death' sits on coast signs, stencilled brown. Black-headed gulls, blow holes gang up, gang down.

Gerald Hull

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.

WILLIE 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 counterie,
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,
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: As 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 about that of 1745, when Lord Chesterfield was Governor-General of Ireland. 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 placed upon the English throne. Strange as it may appear, however, and be the cause of it what it may, the Catholics of Ireland, as a people and as a body, took no part whatever in supporting him. Under Lord Chesterfield's administration, one of the most shocking and unnatural Acts of Parliament ever conceived passed into a law. This was the making void and null all intermarriages between Catholic and Protestant that should take place after the 1st of May, 1746. Such an Act was a renewal of the Statute of Kilkenny, and it was a fortunate circumstance to Willy Reilly and his dear Cooleen Bawn that he had the consolation of having been transported for seven years. Had her father even given his consent at an earlier period, the laws of the land would have rendered their marriage impossible. This cruel law, however, was overlooked; for it need hardly be said that it was met and spurned not only by human reason, but by human passion. In truth, the strong and influential of both religions treated it with contempt, and trampled on it without any dread of the consequences. By the time of his return from transportation, it was merely a dead letter, disregarded and scorned by both parties, and was no obstruction to either the marriage or the happiness of himself and his dear *Cooleen Bawn*.

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 multitudinous 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 shilling 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 them as food, which, we presume, caused their 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 in-mates to the amount, if we recollect rightly, 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 sprung forward, and dashing it aside, exclaimed: “What is this, Randal? Is it a double murder you are about to execute, you inhuman ruffian?” The Rapparee glared at him, but with a quailing and subdued, yet sullen and vindictive, expression. “Stand up, sir,” proceeded this daring and animated young man, addressing Mr. Folliard; “and you, Cummiskey, get to your legs. No person shall dare to injure either of you while I am here. O'Donnel—stain and disgrace to a noble name—begone, you and your ruffians. I know the cause of your enmity against this gentleman; and I tell you now, that if you were as ready to sustain your religion as you are to disgrace it by your conduct, you would not become a curse to it and the country, nor give promise of feeding a hungry gallows some day, as you and your accomplices will do.” Whilst the young stranger addressed these miscreants with such energy and determination, Mr. Folliard, who, as well as his servant, had now got to his legs, asked the latter in a whisper who he was. “By all that's happy, sir,” he replied, “it's himself, the only man living that the Red Rapparee is afraid of; it's 'Willy Reilly.'”

Reilly, from the moment the far-famed *Cooleen Dawn* entered the room, heard not a syllable the old man had said. He was absorbed, entranced, struck with a sensation of wonder, surprise, agitation, joy, and confusion, all nearly at the same moment. Such a blaze of beauty, such elegance of person, such tenderness and feeling as chastened the radiance of her countenance into something that might be termed absolutely divine; such symmetry of form; such harmony of motion; such a seraphic being in the shape of woman, he had, in fact, never seen or dreamt of. She seemed as if surrounded by an atmosphere of light, of dignity, of goodness, of grace; but that which, above all, smote him, heart on, the moment was the spirit of tenderness and profound sensibility which seemed to predominate in her whole being. Why did his manly and intrepid heart palpitate? Why did such a strange confusion seize upon him? Why did the few words which she uttered in her father's arms fill his ears with a melody that charmed him out of his strength? Alas! is it necessary to ask? To those who do not understand this mystery, no explanation could be of any avail; and to those who do, none is necessary. After her father had spoken, she raised herself from his arms, and assuming her full height—and she was tall—looked for a moment with her dark, deep, and terrible eyes upon Reilly, who in the meantime felt rapt, spell-bound, and stood, whilst his looks were riveted upon these irresistible orbs, as if he had been attracted by the influence of some delightful but supernatural power, under which he felt himself helpless. That mutual gaze and that delightful moment! alas! how many hours of misery—of sorrow—of suffering—and of madness did they not occasion!

“You know him not, father,” replied the bishop, for such

he was; “I tell you, and I speak from better information than you possess, that he is already suspected. What has been his conduct? He has associated himself more with Protestants than with those of his own Church; he has dined with them, partaken of their hospitality, joined in their amusements, slept in their houses, and been with them as a familiar friend and boon companion. I see, father, what the result will necessarily be; first, an apostate—next, an informer—and, lastly, a persecutor; 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, his eyes, which had actually 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 his arm, said, “Pray, my dear lord, 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 you do 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 peaceable. 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 indeed it was fortunate that Reilly 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, remote, and exclusively Catholic; and upon Sundays the bishop celebrated mass upon a little grassy platform—or rather in a little cave, into which it 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 an opportunity of public worship was to be had 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 Sunday following the adoption of Reilly's disguise, 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

was a hard frost, and the snow, besides, falling heavily, the wind strong, and raging in hollow gusts about the place. The position of the table-altar, however, saved the bishop and the chalice, and the other matters necessary for the performance of worship, from the direct fury of the blast, but not altogether; for occasionally a whirlwind would come up, and toss over the leaves of the missal in such a way, and with such violence, that the bishop, who was now trembling from the cold, was obliged to lose some time in finding out the proper passages. It was a solemn sight to see two or three hundred persons kneeling, and bent in prostrate and heartfelt adoration, in the pious worship of that God who sends and withholds the storm; bareheaded, too, under the piercing drift of the thick-falling granular snow, and thinking of nothing but their own sins, and that gladsome opportunity of approaching the forbidden altar of God, now doubly dear to them that it was forbidden. As the ceremony was proceeding the bishop was getting on to that portion of the sacred rites where the consecration and elevation of the Host are necessary, and it was observed by all that an extraordinary and sudden lull took place, and that the rage of the storm had altogether ceased. He proceeded, and had consecrated the Host—*Hoc est corpus meum*—when a cry of terror arose from the affrighted congregation. “My lord, fly, and save yourself! Captain Smellpriest and his gang are upon us.” The bishop never once turned round, nor seemed to hear them; but Reilly did, and saw that the whole congregation had fled, and that there only remained the bishop and himself. “Our day of doom,” said he to himself, “is come. Nothing now can save us.” Still the bishop proceeded undisturbed in the worship of the Almighty; when, lo! the military party, headed and led on by the notorious Captain Smellpriest, came thundering up, the captain exclaiming: “You idolatrous Papist, stop that mummerly—or you shall have twelve bullets in your heart before half a minute’s time.” The bishop had consecrated the Host, as we have said, but had not yet had time to receive it. “Men,” said Smellpriest, “you are all primed and loaded. Present.” They accordingly did so; every musket was levelled at him. The bishop now turned round, and, with the calmness of a martyr—a calmness and conduct that were sublime—he said: “Sir, I am engaged in the worship of the Eternal God, and if you wish to shed my blood I should rather it were here and now than in any other place. Give me but a few minutes—I do not ask more.” When the bishop turned round again, after having received the Host, his pale face had altogether changed its complexion—it burned with an expression which it is difficult to describe. A lofty sense of the sacrifice he was about to make was visible in his kindling and enthusiastic eye; his feeble frame, that had been, dining the ceremony of mass, shivering under the effects of the terrible storm that howled around them, now became firm, and not the slightest mark of fear or terror was visible in his bearing; calmly and undauntedly he turned round, and with a voice full and steady he said: “I am willing to die for my religion, but I say to you that the slaughter of an inoffensive man at the foot of God’s altar will not smooth the pillow of your deathbed, nor of those who shoot down a minister

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—fire!” “I also,” said Reilly, “will partake of whatever fate 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 Smellpriest shouted out, “Ground arms! By —,” says he, “here is a new case; this fellow has spunk and courage, and curse me, although I give the priests a chase wherever I can, still I am a soldier, and a man of courage, and to shoot down a priest in the worship of God would be cowardly. No, I can’t do it—nor I won’t; I like pluck, and this priest has shown it. Had he taken to his heels, by —, 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 by this time. To the right about. As to the clerk, by —, he has shown pluck too, but be hanged to him, what do we care about him?”

“Here now are two religions; one’s not sixpence better nor worse than the other. Now, you belong to one of them, and because you do you’re here snug and fast. I say, then, I have a proposal to make to you: you are yourself in a difficulty—you have placed me in a difficulty—and you have placed poor Helen in a difficulty—which, if any thing happens you, I think will break her heart, poor child. Now you can take her, yourself, and me, out of all our difficulties, if you have only sense enough to shove over from the old P—— to the young P——. As a Protestant, you can marry Helen, Reilly—but as a Papist, never! and you know the rest; for if you are obstinate, and blind to your own interests, I must do my duty.” “Your daughter, sir, is too pure in all her moral feelings, and too noble-minded, to take to her arms a renegade husband—a renegade, too, not from conviction, but from selfish and mercenary purposes.” “Confound the thing, this is but splitting hairs, Reilly, and talking big for effect. Speak, however, for yourself; as for Helen, I know very well that, in spite of your heroics and her’s, she’d be devilish glad you’d become a Protestant and marry her.” “I am sorry to say, sir, that you don’t know your own daughter; but as for me, Mr. Folliard, if one word of your’s, or of her’s, could place me on the British throne, I would not abandon my religion. Under no circumstances would I abandon it; but least of all, now that it is so barbarously persecuted by its enemies. This, sir, is my final determination.” “But do you know the alternative?” “No, sir, nor do you.” “Don’t I, faith? Why, the alternative is simply this—either marriage or hanging!” “Be it so; in that case I will die like a man of honor and a true Christian and Catholic, as I hope I am.” “As a true fool, Reilly—as a true fool.”

The judge’s charge was brief. He told the jury that they could not convict the prisoner on the imputed felony of the jewels; but that the proof of his having taken away Miss

Folliard from her father’s house, with—as the law stood—her felonious abduction, for the purpose of inveigling her into an unlawful marriage with himself, was the subject for their consideration. Even had he been a Protestant, the law could afford him no protection in the eye of the Court of Chancery. The jury retired; but their absence from their box was very brief. Unfortunately, their foreman was cursed with a dreadful hesitation in his speech, and, as he entered, the Clerk of the Crown said: “Well, gentlemen, have you 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 bar guilty or not guilty?” Here the internal but obstructed machinery of the chest and throat set to work again, and at last the foreman was able to get out—“Guilty—” Mrs. Hastings had heard enough, and too much; and, as the sentence was pronounced, she instantly withdrew; but how to convey the melancholy tidings to the *Cooleen Bawn* she knew not. In the meantime the foreman, who had not fully delivered himself of the verdict, added, after two or three desperate hiccups—“on the second count.” This, if the foreman had not labored under such an extraordinary hesitation, might have prevented much suffering, and many years of unconscious calamity to one of the unhappy parties of whom we are writing, inasmuch as the felony of the jewels would have been death, whilst the elopement with a ward of Chancery was only transportation. When Mrs. Hastings entered the room where the *Cooleen Bawn* was awaiting the verdict with a dreadful intensity of feeling, the latter rose up, and, throwing her arms about her neck, looked into her face, with an expression of eagerness and wildness, which Mrs. Hastings thought might be best allayed by knowing the worst, as the heart, in such circumstances, generally collects itself, and falls back upon its own resources. “Well, Mrs. Hastings, well—the verdict?” “Collect yourself, my child—be firm—be a woman. Collect yourself—for you will require it. The verdict—Guilty!” The *Cooleen Bawn* did not faint—nor become weak—but she put her fair white hand to her forehead—then looked around the room, then upon Mrs. Brown, and lastly upon Mrs. Hastings. They also looked upon her. God help both her and them! Yes, they looked upon her countenance—that lovely countenance—and then into her eyes—those eyes! But, alas! where was their beauty now? Where their expression? “Miss Folliard! my darling Helen!” exclaimed Mrs. Hastings, in tears—“great God, what is this, Mrs. Brown? Come here and look at her.” Mrs. Brown, on looking at her, whispered, in choking accents, “Oh! my God, the child’s reason is overturned; what is there now in those once glorious eyes but vacancy? Oh, that I had never lived to see this awful day! Helen, the treasure, the delight of all who ever knew you, what is wrong? Oh, speak to us—recognize us—your own two best friends—Helen—Helen! speak to us.” She looked upon them certainly; but it was with a dead and vacant stare which wrung their hearts. “Come,” said she, “tell me where is William Reilly? Oh, bring me to William Reilly; they have taken me from him, and I know not where to

find him.”

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 out for the last ceremony. The hardened Rapparee died sullen and silent; the only regret he expressed being that he could not live to see his old friend turned off before him. “Troth,” replied the hangman, “only that the sheriff has ordhered me to hang you first as bein’ the betther man, I would give you that same satisfaction; but if you’re not in a very great hurry to the warm corner you’re goin’ to, and if you will just take your time for a few minutes, I’ll engage to say you will soon have company. God speed you, any way,” he exclaimed as he turned him off; “only take your time, and wait for your neighbors. Now, Sir Robert,” said he, “turn about, they say, is fair play—it’s your turn now; but you look unbecomin’ upon it. Hould up your head, man, and don’t be cast down. You’ll have company where you’re goin’; for the Red Rapparee tould me to tell you that he’d wait for you. Hallo!—what’s that?” he exclaimed as he cast his eye to the distance and discovered a horseman riding for life, with a white handkerchief, or flag of some kind, floating in the breeze. The elevated position in which the executioner was placed enabled him to see the signal before it could be perceived by the crowd. “Come, Sir Robert,” said he, “stand where I’ll place you—there’s no use in asking you to hould up your head, for you’re not able; but listen. You hanged my brother that you knew to be innocent; and now I hang you that I know to be guilty. Yes, I hang you, with the white flag of the Lord Lieutenant’s pardon for you wavin’ in the distance; and listen again, remember Willy Reilly;” and with these words he launched him into eternity. The uproar among his friends was immense, as was the cheering from the general crowd, at the just fate of this bad man. The former rushed to the gallows, in order to cut him down, with a hope that life might still be in him, a process which the sheriff, after perusing his pardon, permitted them to carry into effect. The body was accordingly taken into the prison, and a surgeon procured to examine it; but altogether in vain; his hour had gone by, life was extinct, and all the honor they could now pay Sir Robert Whitecraft was to give him a pompous funeral, and declare him a martyr to Popery both of which they did.

Better than seven years—and a half had now elapsed, when she and her father came by invitation to pay a visit to a Mr. Hamilton, grandfather to the late Dacre Hamilton of Monaghan, who—the grandfather we mean—was one of the most notorious priest-hunters of the day, We need not say that her faithful Connor was still in attendance. Old Folliard went riding out with his friend, for he was now so much debilitated as to be scarcely able to walk abroad for any distance, when, about the hour of two

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 look on her for a few minutes." "Come up, sir," replied the man, "and enter the drawing-room immediately after me, or I shall be ordered to deny her." The gentleman followed him; but why did his cheek become pale, and why did his heart palpitate as if it would burst and bound out of his bosom? We shall see. On entering the drawing-room he bowed, and was about to apologize for his intrusion, when the *Cooleen Bawn*, recognizing him as a stranger, approached him and said: "Oh! can you tell me where is William Reilly? They have taken me from him, and I cannot find him. Oh, can you tell me any thing about William Reilly?" The stranger staggered at this miserable sight, but probably more at the contemplation of that love which not even insanity could subdue. He felt himself obliged to lean for support upon the back of a chair, during which brief space he 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," said he, "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. iiv,—p.182.

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 flash was observed to proceed from her eyes. "This might come to you," she said, "by Reilly's death; yes, this might come to you in that way; but there is another token which is known to none but himself and me." "Whisper," said he, and as he spoke he applied his mouth to her ear, and breathed the token into it. She stood back, her eyes flashed, her beautiful bosom heaved; she advanced, looked once more, and exclaimed, with a scream, "It is he! it is he!" and the next moment she was insensible in his arms. Long but precious was that insensibility, and precious were the tears which his eyes rained down upon that pale but lovel countenance. She was soon placed upon a settee, but Reilly knelt beside her, and held one of her hands in his. After a long trance she



The William Carleton Summer School: Contributors 1992-2008

1992
John Montague
Jack Johnston
Seamus Macannaidh
Frank Ormsby
Polly Devlin
Eileen Sullivan
Owen Dudley Edwards
Benedict Kiely

1993
Sophia Hillan-King
Anthony Cronin
Tess Hurson
Ian McDowell
Cormac Ó Grada
Luke Dodd
James Simmons
Eugene McCabe
Benedict Kiely

1994
Augustine Martin
Seamus Heaney
Bert Tosh
Noel Monahan
Gerry Hull
Heather Brett
Patricia Craig
Malcolm Scott
James Simmons
Owen Dudley Edwards
Patrick McCabe
Gerald Dawe

1995
Thomas Flanagan
John Montague
Gene Carroll
Oliver Rafferty
W. J. Smyth
Brian Earls
Frank Ormsby
Heather Brett
Noel Monahan
Una Agnew
Frances Ó Hare
Norman Vance
Eileen Sullivan
Patrick Quigley
Glenn Patterson
Owen Dudley Edwards

1996
Bill Maguire
John Montague
Tom McIntyre
Diarmid Ó Doibhlin
Antoinette Quinn
Terence Brown
Paul Muldoon
Desmond Fennell
Colm Toibin
Jude Collins
Owen Dudley Edwards

1997
Roy Foster
Eamonn Hughes
Ciaran Carson
James Simmons
John Montague
Elizabeth Wassell
Jim Cavanagh
Patricia Craig
Patrick Maume
Ivan Herbison
Robin Marsh

Mary Ó Donnell
Fred Johnston
Owen Dudley Edwards

1998
A. Norman Jeffares
Simon Gatrell
Michael Longley
Pat John Rafferty
Benedict Kiely
John Montague
Thomas Ó Grady
Stephen McKenna
Eileen Sullivan
Denise Ferran
Douglas Carson
Thomas Bartlett
Adrian Rice
John Wilson Foster
Clare Boylan
Owen Dudley Edwards

1999
John Kelly
Sam McAughtry
Sean Skeffington
Norman Vance
Barry Sloan
Pat McDonnell
Sam Craig
Noel Monahan
Mary Ó Malley
Mary McVeigh
Declan Kiberd
John Montague
Gerry Hull
David Hammond
Edna Longley
Maurice Leitch
Owen Dudley Edwards

2000
Robert Welch
Ian Adamson
Peter Fallon
Maura Johnston
Tony MacAuley
Tom Paulin
Stewart J. Brown
John A. Murphy
Pauric Travers
David Norris
Richard Warner
Leon McAuley
Tom McKeagney
Gordon Brand
Ruth McCabe
Arthur Quinn
Eileen Sullivan
Sam Craig
Brian Fallon
Owen Dudley Edwards

2001
Maurice Harmon
Edith Devlin
Mary McKenna
Bishop Joseph Duffy
Bishop Brian Hannon
Brian Donnelly
Darragh Gallagher
Laurence Geary
Jack Johnston
Pat McDonnell
Sam Craig
Owen Dudley Edwards
Barry Sloan
Anne Barnett

Gene Carroll
Tom Bartlett
2002
Gearoid Ó Tuathaigh
Peter Denman
Frank Falls
Colleen Lowry
Seamus Heaney
Brian Ferran
Frank Galligan
David Hammond
Sam Craig
Gordon Brand
Jack Johnston
Seamus McCluskey
Noel Monahan
Owen Dudley Edwards
John Montague
Elizabeth Wassell
Adrian Rice
Adrian Fox
John McAllister
Gerry Burns
John McArdle
Tommy McArdle
John McGurk
Bernard McLaverty

2003
R. B. McDowell
Maurice Harmon
Eileen Sullivan
John Breakey
Noel Monahan
Ruth Dudley Edwards
Paul Cullen
Malachi Ó Doherty
Poilin Ni Chiarain
Eddie McCartney
Jack Johnston
Seamus McCluskey
Owen Dudley Edwards
Clare Boylan
Jude Collins
Peter Hollywood
Keith Anderson
Seamus Ó Cathain
Theo Dorgan

2004
Patricia Craig
John Killen
Gordon Brand
Martina Devlin
Hazel Dolling
Terence Dooley
Norman Vance
Ruth Beeb
Christopher Blake
Maureen Boyle
Maria Mcmanus
Sonia Abercrombie
Jack Johnston
Roma Tomelty
Gordon Fullerton
Marianne Elliott
Eileen Sullivan
Declan Ford
Brian Walker
Owen Dudley Edwards

2005
Paul Bew
Jack Johnston
John B. Cunningham
Michael Longley
Stephen McKenna

Terence Dooley
Maurice Harmon
Raymond Murray
Marie Martin
Claire Millar
Margaret McCay
Margaret Skeffington
Sean Collins
Robin Marsh
Sam Craig
Patrick C. Power
Paul Clements
Malachi Cush
Alvin Jackson
Owen Dudley Edwards

2006
Thomas Charles-Edwards
Siobhan Kilfeather
Gifford Lewis
Brian McCúrta
Richard Warner
John Killen
Sydney Aiken
Elizabeth McCrum
Brian McClelland
Malachi Ó Doherty
Robbie Meredith
Jack Johnston
Liam Kelly
Noel Monahan
Maurice Harmon
Len Graham
John Campbell
Susan McKay
Owen Dudley Edwards

2007
Rolf Loeber
Tess Maginess
Arthur Quinn
Maurice Harmon
Peter Denman
Jack Johnston
Barry Sloan
Tom Dunne
Pat Joe Kennedy
Briege, Clare and Mary Hanna
Robin Marsh
Gordon Brand
Mary Montague
Michael Fisher
John McGurk
Owen Dudley Edwards

2008
John A. Murphy
Brian Earls
Gordon Brand
George Watson
Ronan Boyle
James Cooke
Norman Vance
Patricia Craig
Gerald Dawe
Eamonn Hughes
Robin Marsh
Bert Tosh
Jack Johnston
Maura Johnston
Michael Murphy
Erno Klepoch
Magdolna Aldobolyi Nagy
Glenn Moore
Michael Longley
Edna Longley
Sinéad Morrissey

William Carleton Summer School

3-7 August, 2009

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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Programme Summary 3-7 August 2009

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