

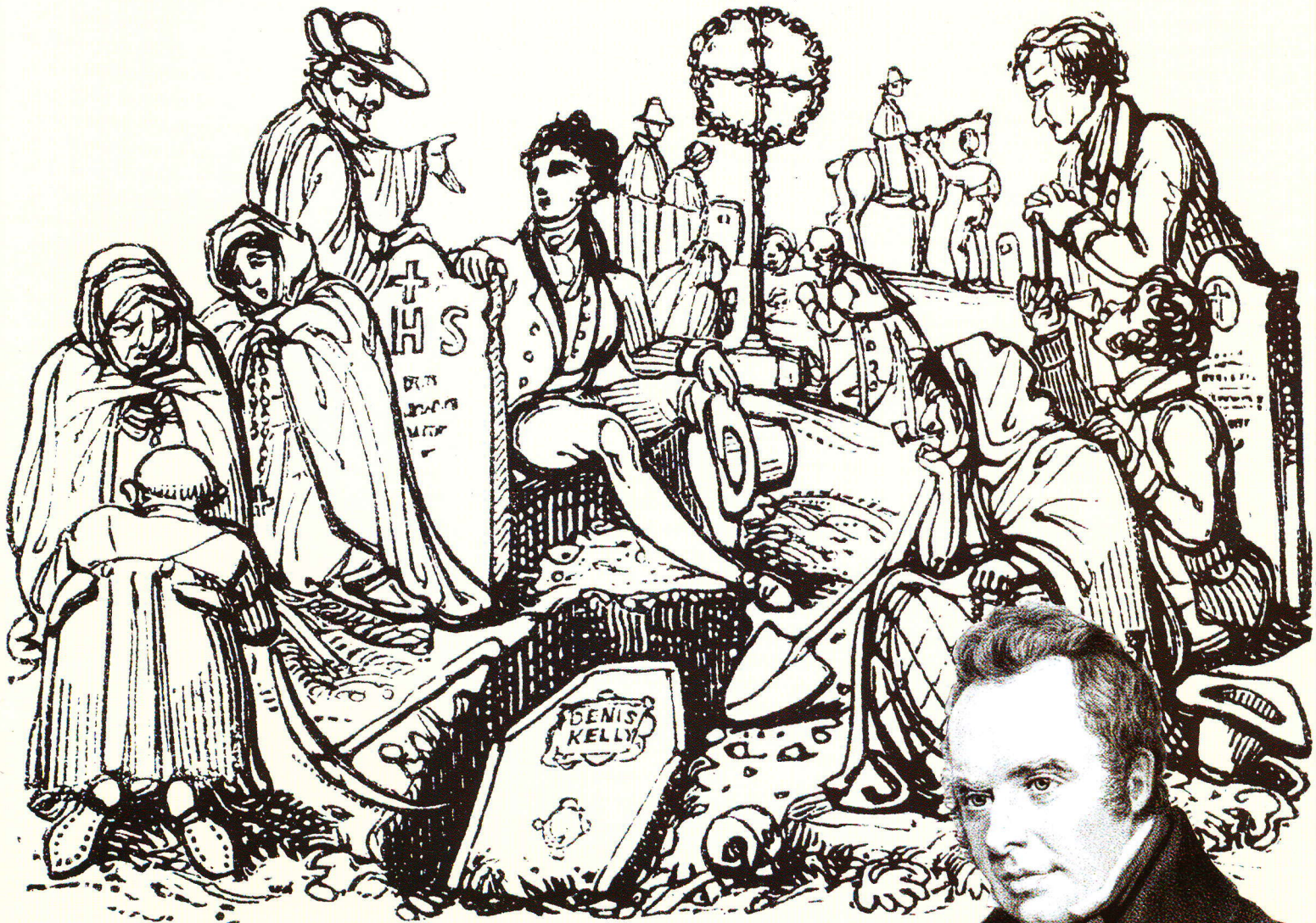
# *William Carleton Summer School*

## *THEMES AND FOCUSES*

*Literary Autobiography*

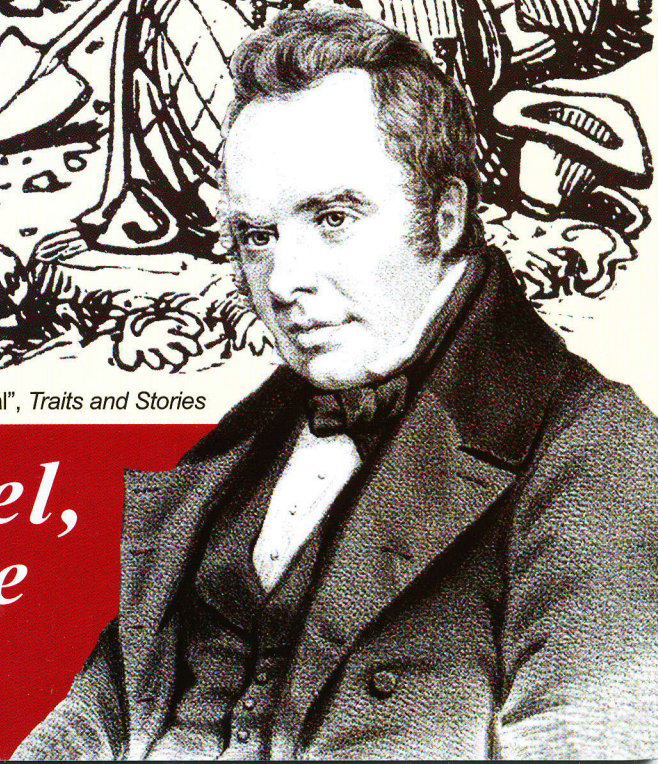
*The Text's the Thing!*

*Carleton's Humour*



A pen drawing illustrating the burial of Denis Kelly for "The Party Fight and Funeral", *Traits and Stories*

*Corick House Hotel,  
Clogher, Co. Tyrone  
4-8 August, 2008*





#### 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

#### DIRECTOR

Robin Marsh

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Patrick Boyle, Gordon Brand, Jim Cavanagh, Sam Craig, Malcolm Duffey, Liam Foley, Mary Hamilton, Billy McCrory, Marie McGrath, Tom McKeagney, Michael Murphy, Arthur Quinn Sean Skeffington

#### ASSOCIATE COMMITTEE MEMBERS

Seamus McCluskey, Patrick McDonnell

### *Biographical note*

*William Carleton was born the youngest of fourteen children in a townland not far from Aughentain, in a place called Prillisk, near Clogher, Co. Tyrone, in 1794. The family shifted around the Clogher valley during his boyhood years with spells in Springtown and Towney. Carleton, like most ordinary country people of the time, got a patchy, if memorable, education through the travelling hedgeschool teachers. Also, as the son of a small farmer who spoke both Irish and English equally well, Carleton was handed down a wealth of folklore and folk tales to draw on in his later literary and journalistic career.*

*His early life, by his own account, was for the most part carefree and while he clearly had a strong liking for books when he could get hold of them, he was far from immune to the attractions of the wake, the dancing match or a bit of a jumping competition not unfortified with 'the native'.*

*Not enamoured of the idea of earning his living as a small farmer, Carleton began the preliminary studies required to fit him for entering Maynooth College in order to become a priest. However, following a visit to Lough Derg, he turned away from the idea and went to earn his living as a tutor for the family of a County Louth farmer.*

*Tired of the drudgery of teaching, in 1818 he drifted towards Dublin with, his Autobiography records, two shillings and ninepence in his pocket. Once again, he scratched together a living as a private tutor. After two years in the capital, he married, Jane Anderson, the niece of one of his early Dublin benefactors.*

*His rise to literary fame was not meteoric. Eventually, after a great*

#### **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](mailto:killymaddy.reception@dungannon.gov.uk)

# William Carleton Summer School

*Corick House Hotel,  
Clogher,  
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*deal of scrambling, he published his first stories in 1828 in the virulently anti-Catholic Christian Examiner. It is clear that by this time Carleton had renounced Catholicism, through the precise date and motivation for his conversion to evangelical Protestantism is still a matter of literary debate. Certainly the charge that he simply 'took the soup' has undergone some stout challenges. His most famous work, Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry, was published in 1830 and quickly went into several editions. The second series of the Traits and Stories published in 1833 was equally successful. In 1834 he published Tales of Ireland and between 1837-1838 Fardorougha the Miser, perhaps his most successful novel, was published in serialisation form. Among the best known of his many literary and journalistic works are The Black Prophet (1846), a novel written in the middle of the Great Famine, The Tithe Proctor (1849), The Squanders of Castle Squander (1852) Willy Reilly and his Dear Colleen Bawn (1855) and Redmond, Count O'Hanlon, the Irish Rapparee (1860). He died, aged 75, on 30 January 1869.*

*Tess Hurson, Inside the Margins (1992)*



# William Carleton & The William Carleton Summer School

In some respects, William Carleton (1794-1869) has no easily recognisable literary progenitors. A contemporary and professed, although not uncritical, admirer of Maria Edgeworth (1767-1849), Lady Morgan (1776-1859) and Samuel Lover (1797-1868), he is far removed from their Anglo-Irish tradition, landed and professional, by his birth and upbringing in a cottier's home in pre-famine Co.Tyrone.

Carleton's distinctive voice seems to have been forged from his memories of his father's telling of 'old tales, legends and historical anecdotes', in Irish and his eclectic but unsystematic reading which included the classics and such works as Defoe's *History of the Devil*, Fielding's *Tom Jones* and, famously, Smollett's translation of Lesage's *Gil Blas*.

As he progressed as a writer, Carleton was not, however, totally outside the main stream of literature as evidenced from the mutual respect which existed between him and such revered figures as Samuel Ferguson and William Makepeace Thackeray; and, like another contemporary, Gerald Griffin, Carleton was considerably gratified by the prospect of an English readership.

Nevertheless, Carleton remains primarily the interpreter of 'a class unknown in literature', recording them as one of their own; for no-one had written 'from inside the margins' of peasant Ireland before.

Somewhat embarrassingly, his initial opportunity to write about the Irish peasants came from the task, entrusted to him by a Church of Ireland priest, Caesar Otway, of exposing their so-called Catholic superstitiousness. Carleton obliged with, amongst a number of short pieces, 'The Lough Derg Pilgrim', which, however, he was later to purge of its anti-Catholic material. Something of a paradox, Otway combined a genuine scholarly interest in Irish antiquities and folklore and an ability to provide written records of aspects of contemporary Irish life with a fanatical proselytising zeal characteristic of the Protestant evangelical movement known as 'The Second Reformation'. It is unlikely, however, that he was an influence in Carleton's joining the Church of Ireland as the rational attitudes which Carleton claimed to find in that Church were far removed from strident evangelicalism.

Carleton continued to write about the Irish country people and, although living in Dublin, he re-entered imaginatively the Clogher Valley of his youth and young manhood in his two volumes of short stories, *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*, 1829 and 1833, in which, drawing on comedy,

farce, melodrama and tragedy, he presents a 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 them in a language they might recognise: coming from a bilingual family in which English was the language of daily transactions, Irish the vehicle for his father's stories and his mother's traditional songs, Carleton's English is liberally flecked with local idioms, especially in the dialogue given to his characters.

The world of the Irish peasant was also the source on which Carleton draws for the succession of novels which followed these early publications and which include *Fardorougha the Miser* (1839), *Valentine 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 he 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 and to critics like the late Barbara Hayley, the late Thomas Flanagan, David Krause and Eileen Sullivan 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 supplied that critical attention as they deconstructed, contextualised, reassessed and celebrated Carleton's work. Not only has the Summer School provided a forum for debate; it has also attempted to bring Carleton to a wider audience by republishing the *Autobiography* and Benedict Kiely's 1948 study of Carleton, *Poor Scholar*. The collection of papers presented at the school since 1992 has been published as *William Carleton, The Authentic Voice*.

Robin Marsh



## *Carrickfergus*

*Louis MacNeice (1937)*

I was born in Belfast between the mountain and the gantries  
To the hooting of lost sirens and the clang of trams:  
Thence to Smoky Carrick in County Antrim  
Where the bottle-neck harbour collects the mud which jams

The little boats beneath the Norman castle,  
The pier shining with lumps of crystal salt;  
The Scotch Quarter was a line of residential houses  
But the Irish Quarter was a slum for the blind and halt.

The brook ran yellow from the factory stinking of chlorine,  
The yarn-mill called its funeral cry at noon;  
Our lights looked over the lough to the lights of Bangor  
Under the peacock aura of a drowning moon.

The Norman walled this town against the country  
To stop his ears to the yelping of his slave  
And built a church in the form of a cross but denoting  
The list of Christ on the cross in the angle of the nave.

I was the rector's son, born to the anglican order,  
Banned for ever from the candles of the Irish poor;  
The Chichesters knelt in marble at the end of a transept  
With ruff's about their necks, their portion sure.

The war came and a huge camp of soldiers  
Grew from the ground in sight of our house with long  
Dummies hanging from gibbets for bayonet practice  
And the sentry's challenge echoing all day long;

A Yorkshire terrier ran in and out by the gate-lodge  
Barred to civilians, yapping as if taking affront:  
Marching at ease and singing "Who Killed Cock Robin?"  
The troops went out by the lodge and off to the Front.

The steamer was camouflaged that took me to England –  
Sweat and khaki in the Carlisle train;  
I thought that the war would last for ever and sugar  
Be always rationed and that never again

Would the weekly papers not have photos of sandbags  
And my governess not make bandages from moss  
And people not have maps above the fireplace  
With flags on pins moving across and across –

Across the hawthorn hedge the noise of bugles,  
Flares across the night,  
Somewhere on the lough was a prison ship for Germans,  
A cage across their sight.

I went to school in Dorset, the world of parents  
Contracted into a puppet world of sons  
Far from the mill girls, the smell of porter, the salt-mines  
And the soldiers with their guns.

---

## *Through The Square Window*

*Sinéad Morrissey*

In my dream the dead have arrived  
to wash the windows of my house.  
There are no blinds to shut them out with.

The clouds above the Lough are stacked  
like the clouds are stacked above Delft.  
They have the glutton look of clouds over water.

The heads of the dead are huge. I wonder  
if it's my son they're after, his  
effortless breath, his ribbon of years –

but he sleeps on unregarded in his cot,  
inured, it would seem, quite naturally  
to the sluicing and battering and paring back of glass

that delivers this shining exterior...  
One blue boy holds a me in his teeth  
between panes like a conjuror.

And then, as suddenly as they came, they go.  
And there is a horizon  
from which only the clouds stare in,

the massed canopies of Hazelbank,  
the severed tip of the Strangford Peninsula,  
and a density in the room I find it difficult to breathe in

until I wake, flat on my back with a cork  
in my mouth, stopper-bottled, in fact,  
like a herbalist's cure for dropsy.

This poem won first prize in the Poetry Society's 2007 National Poetry Competition.





## Monday 4 August

- 11.15 Official Opening  
11.30 Keynote Address: *Carleton's Ireland and my South Munster*  
**John A. Murphy**  
1.15 Lunch  
2.45-4.00 Address: *Introduction to "Traits and Stories"*  
**Brian Earls**  
4.15-5.30 An Audience Discussion:  
*Responding to a Carleton Text,*  
*"The Abduction of Mat Kavanagh"*  
**Gordon Brand**  
6.00-7.30 Dinner  
8.00-10.30 Music and Drama: *Humorous Sketches from Carleton*  
**George Watson with The Carleton Players and incidental music by Ronan Boyle and James Cooke**  
Corick House Hotel

### John A. Murphy

John A. Murphy was Professor of Irish History at University College Cork from 1971 until 1990 and is presently Professor Emeritus. He has served two terms as a member of *Seanad Eireann* and is a member of the Senate of the National University of Ireland. Professor Murphy is a regular commentator on historical and political topics in learned journals and national newspapers and broadcasts frequently. He has edited the collection of essays *The French are in the Bay: The Expedition to Bantry Bay, 1796* (1996) and his full-length publications include *Ireland in the Twentieth Century* (1975 and 1989), and *The College: A History of Queen's/University College, Cork* (1995) which has been abridged and updated as *Where Finbarr Taught: A Concise History of Queen's/University College Cork* (2008).

### Gordon Brand

Gordon Brand is a member of the William Carleton Summer School Committee. He lectures on, *inter alia*, Patrick MacGill (for research on whose work he was awarded an M.A), Oscar Wilde, William Allingham and Anthony Trollope. He is editor of *William Carleton: The Authentic Voice* (2006) and is presently compiling a Carleton Archive.

### Brian Earls

Brian Earls works for the Irish Department of Foreign affairs. He has published widely on such topics as Carleton's literary language and his use of traditional oral sources in *Bealoideas*: (the Journal of the Folklore of Ireland Society), *Studia Hibernica*, *Dublin Review of Books* and other literary journals. He has also contributed to *William Carleton: The Authentic Voice* (2006).

## The Monday Fringe

### George Watson

George Watson, a former schoolteacher, has for many years been deeply involved in the study of local history. He has also had much experience of amateur drama production, both in schools and within the surrounding community, and amongst his many productions are George Shields' *Professor Tim* and W. F. Marshall's *The Corduroy Bag*. He also wrote and produced the historical pageants *Barnard Donnelly* and *The Cot Race*.

### Ronan Boyle

Ronan Boyle plays the violin and the flute.

### James Cooke

James Cooke plays the violin and the guitar.

## The Hedge School at Findramore

[From the Introduction to *Traits and Stories*]

*My father, at the farthest point to which my memory goes back, lived in a townland called Prillisk, in the parish of Clogher, and county of Tyrone; and I only remember living there in a cottage. From that the family removed to a place called Tonagh, or, more familiarly, Towny, about an English mile from Prillisk. It was here I first went to school to a Connaught-man named Pat Frayne, who, however, remained there only for a very short period in the neighbourhood. Such was the neglected state of education at that time, that for a year or two afterwards there was no school sufficiently near to which I could be sent. At length it was ascertained that a master, another Connaught-man by the way, named O'Beirne, had opened a school—a hedge-school, of course—at Findramore. To this I was sent, along with my brother John, the youngest of the family next to myself. I continued with him for about a year and a half, when who should return to our neighbourhood but Pat Frayne, the redoubtable prototype of Mat Kavanagh in "the Hedge School." O'Beirne, it is true, was an excellent specimen of the hedge-schoolmaster, but nothing at all to be compared to Frayne. About the period I write of, there was no other description of school to which any one could be sent, and the consequence was, that rich and poor (I speak of the peasantry), Protestant and Catholic, Presbyterian and Methodist, boys and girls, were all congregated under the same roof, to the amount of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty, or two hundred.*

William Carleton



*Tuesday 5 August*

11.00-12.30 Address: *Northern Fiction after Carleton*  
**Norman Vance**

12.30-2.15 Lunch

2.30-4.30 Symposium: *Literary Autobiography*  
**Patricia Craig, Gerald Dawe, Eamonn Hughes, Robin Marsh**  
Chair: **William Crawley**

5.30-7.30 Dinner

6.30-8.30 ‘Carleton Walk’: **The *Valley Walkers’ Club***

9.00-10.30 Film Night: *title to be announced on Monday*

*Norman Vance*

Norman Vance is Professor of English and Convenor of the M.A. programme in Literature, Religion and Philosophy at the University of Sussex and a Fellow of the English Association and the Royal Historical Society. His publications include *The Sinews of the Spirit* (1985), *The Victorians and Ancient Rome* (1997), *Irish Literature: A Social History* (1990 and 1999) and *Irish Literature Since 1800* (2002). In recent years he has contributed to *Modern Irish Culture* (2005), *The Irish Novel* (2006) and *William Carleton: The Authentic Voice* (2006).

*Patricia Craig*

Patricia Craig is a critic, biographer and anthologist and regular reviewer for the *Irish Times*. Her anthologies include *The Oxford Book of Ireland* (1998), *The Belfast Anthology* (1999) and *The Ulster Anthology* (2006). She has published biographies of Elizabeth Bowen (1986) and Brian Moore (2002) and her memoir, *Asking for Trouble*, appeared in 2007.

*Gerald Dawe*

Gerald Dawe is a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, lecturer in English and Director of the Writing Programme, and presenter of the RTE *Poetry Programme*. He has published seven poetry collections include *Sheltering Places* (1978), *The Lundy's Letter* (1985), *Sunday School* (1991), *Heart of Hearts* (1995), *The Morning Train* (1999) and *Lake Geneva* (2003) and, most recently, *Points West* (2008). His prose works include *How's the Poetry Going* (1991), *A Real Life Elsewhere* (1993), the collected essays *The Proper Word* (2007) and the memoir *My Mother-City*, (2007).

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Eamonn Hughes is Senior Lecturer in English at Queen's University, Belfast and specialises in Irish Literary and Cultural Studies. He has edited *Northern Ireland: Culture and Politics 1960-1990* (1991), (with Fran Brearton) *Last before America: Irish and American Writing* (2001) and (with Edna Longley & Des O'Rawe) *Ireland (Ulster) Scotland: Concepts, Contexts, Comparisons* (2003). He has also contributed to *Stepping Stones: The Arts in Ulster, 1971-2001* (2001) and *William Carleton: The Authentic Voice* (2006). Dr Hughes' current major projects include a book on Irish autobiography from the seventeenth century

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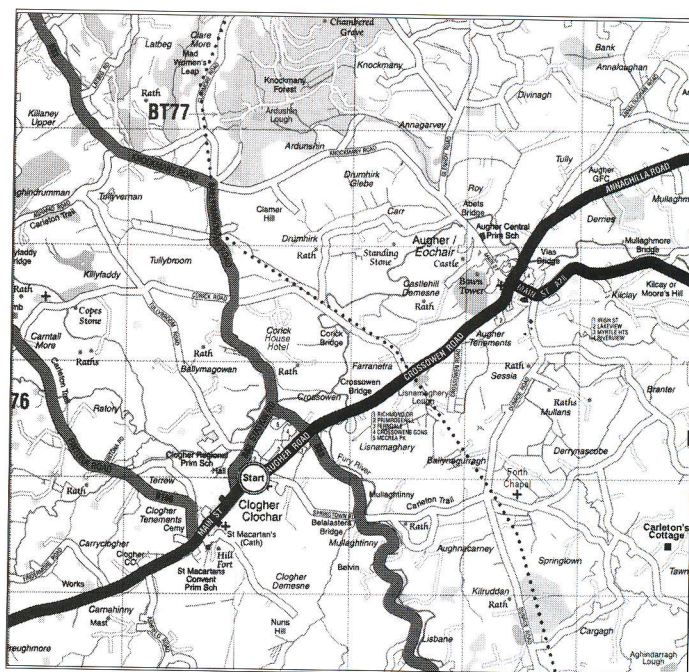
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*William Crawley*

William Crawley is a former university lecturer in philosophy and now a broadcaster with BBC Northern Ireland. He edits the Sunday morning radio religious programme, *Sunday Sequence*, and has presented BBC Northern Ireland's weekly late-night television interview series 'William Crawley Meets ...' in which his interviewees included Richard Dawkins, Melvyn Bragg and Bishop Gene Robinson. His recent television productions include *Sorry For Your Trouble* – a documentary about death, *More Than Meets The Eye* – a series investigating folklore in contemporary Ireland, and *Blueprint* – a three-part television natural history series exploring six hundred million years of Ireland's natural history.

## *The Tuesday Fringe*

The Summer School Committee offers its thanks to **Beryl Boyd** of the Clogher Valley Walkers' Club for organising a short walk along the 'Carleton Trail' from the car park opposite Clogher Fire Station to Carleton's Cottage at Springtown. Dinner at Corick will begin early so that the *wee dander* can begin at 6.30.



## The 'Carleton Walk'

Film Night: *film title to be announced on Monday*



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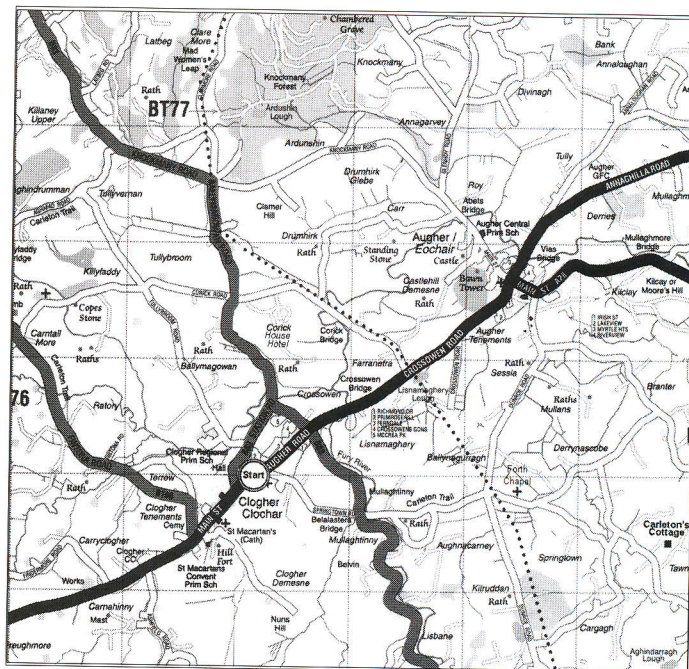
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## Wednesday 6 August

10.30-4.00 *A tour of Plantation sites known to Carleton*

Conductor: **Jack Johnston**

Lunch, *en route*, has been arranged.

2.00-6.00 A Writers' Workshop:

**Maura Johnston** and **Michael Murphy**

6.00-7.30 Dinner

8.30-10.00 A Music Recital:

**Magdolna Aldobolyi Nagy**, **Ernő Klepoch**,  
**Glenn Moore**,

St Macartan's Cathedral, Clogher

### Jack Johnston

Jack Johnston was the first Chairman of the William Carleton Summer School. He is a historian whose specialism is local history and has been editor of *The Spark; A local History Review* since 1996. He has published and edited material in ten of Ireland's counties, including that on Arvagh (Co.Cavan), Brookeborough (Co. Fermanagh), Ballygawley (Co.Tyrone) and Riverstown (Co.Sligo) and has recently edited *Studies in Local History* (Co. Monaghan) (2006). Other publications include chapters in *Tyrone History and Society* (2000) and *Fermanagh History and Society* (2004).

### Maura Johnston

Maura Johnston is a writer and photographer. Her poems have appeared in a range of publications, including *'The Female Line': an Anthology of Women's Writing, Poetry Ireland, Honest Ulsterman, Belfast Review*. Her first collection, *Just Suppose*, appeared in 1999 and was followed by *Patrick* in 2002. She has been shortlisted for the Brian Moore short story competition and has had stories broadcast on BBC Radio Ulster. Maura Johnston has lectured on children's literature and has facilitated creative writing classes for both children and adults. She has held the post of Poet in Residence in the Palace Stables, Armagh.

### Michael Murphy

Michael Murphy is a member of the William Carleton Summer School Committee. He holds a First Class Honours Degree in English from National University at Maynooth and is Head of English at Omagh Academy. He has also contributed significantly to drama production at both school and community level. A research paper, *James Shields and Ireland*, was published in *Seanchas Ardmacha* in 2005.

Maura Johnston

### Magdolna Aldobolyi Nagy

Magdolna Nagy graduated from the Franz Liszt Music Academy, Budapest at the age of twenty-three. She won a two-year-scholarship to the U.S.A. where, at the University of Illinois, she gained the teaching degree of Master of Music, while also regularly assisting at the well-known Banff Chamber Music Summer School in Canada, under Gábor Magyar. Returning home, she became first violinist of the Hungarian State Symphony Orchestra under János

Ferencsik, performing with them all over the world for over twentyfive years. Mainly teaching now, she plays occasional chamber music as a pianist, violinist or viola player.

### Ernő Klepoch

Ernő Klepoch began music studies at the Budapest Conservatory. He accepted a job as concertmaster in Berlin at the age of nineteen, moving to East Germany. He completed his formal violin studies under Professor Garay at the Leipzig Music Academy and became first violinist of the Leipzig Symphony Orchestra. Over the years he regularly performed as a soloist with different orchestras. As a chamber music violinist, he has played most of the classical repertoire, but also performed with two ancient music groups. Back in Hungary he joined the internationally renowned Franz Liszt Chamber Orchestra, touring with them for over twenty years. Since 1998, he has been playing lead-violin for the Hungarian National Philharmonic Orchestra (the earlier State Symphony) under the baton of Zoltán Kocsis.

### Glenn Moore

Glenn Moore studied music, piano and organ at Portora Royal School, Enniskillen with William McBride. He has been organist at Magheraculmoney Parish Church for the past fourteen years, and has been organist at a number of occasions throughout Clogher Diocese and further afield. In 2002 he participated in the Incorporated Association of Organists Congress in Paris. Glenn is Diocesan Secretary for the Church of Ireland Diocese of Clogher.

### Programme for violin, viola and piano:

Schumann: *Marchenbilder* (March pages); Schubert: *Sonata Arpeggione*; Campagnoli: *Theme and Variations*; Debussy: *La plus que lente* (slower than slow – a waltz); Leo Weiner: *Peregi Verbunk* (Pereg recruiting dance); Massenet: *Meditation* [from the opera] *Thais*

### Programme for the organ:

a selection of music from the Baroque and Classical repertoires including Bach, Handel and Haydn



Pen drawing of Augher Castle with the remaining 'bawn tower' in front, near the lake.



## Thursday 7 August

- 11.00-12.30 Address: *Louis MacNeice*  
**Edna Longley**  
Readings from MacNeice  
**Michael Longley**
- 1.00-2.15 Lunch
- 2.45-3.45 Poetry Reading:  
**Sinéad Morrissey**
- 4.15-5.30 Address: 'Yallow Sam', *Agent and Tithe*  
*Proctor*  
**Jack Johnston**
- 6.00-7.30 Dinner
- 8.00-11.30 Traditional Night in McSorley's Tavern with  
**Blind Side**

### Edna Longley

Edna Longley is Professor Emerita of English at Queen's University, Belfast. She has published widely on modern Irish and British poetry and contemporary Irish culture and has been a major influence in the development of the university's English Society and the creation of the Seamus Heaney Centre. She has edited *Edward Thomas: Poems and Last Poems* (1973), *A Language Not to be Betrayed: Selected Prose of Edward Thomas*, (with Gerald Dawe) *Across a Roaring Hill: the Protestant Imagination in Modern Ireland* (1985) and the anthology *The Bloodaxe Book of Twentieth Century Poetry* (2000). Professor Longley's full-length publications include *Poetry in the Wars* (1986), *Louis MacNeice: A Study* (1988), *The Living Stream* (1994), *Poetry and Posterity* (2000) and, most recently, *Edward Thomas: The Annotated Collected Poems* (2007).

### Michael Longley

Michael Longley is a poet, classicist and former Combined Arts Director for the Arts Council of Northern Ireland. He has published seven poetry collections since *No Continuing City* (1969) the most recent being *Snow Water* (2004), two volumes of his selected poems in 1985 and 1998 and the *Collected Poems* in 2006. Amongst the many prizes which he has won are the Whitbread Poetry Award for *Gorse Fires* (1991) and the Queen's Gold Medal for Poetry in 2004. In 2007, Michael Longley was appointed Ireland Professor of Poetry.

### Sinéad Morrissey

Sinead Morrissey is a lecturer in English and Convenor of the M.A. in Creative Writing at the Seamus Heaney Centre, Queen's University, Belfast. She was winner of the Patrick Kavanagh Poetry Award (1990), the Rupert and Eithne Strong Award (2002), the Michael Hartnett Poetry Prize (2005) and, most recently, the National (U.K.) Poetry Prize (2008). Her poetry collections include *There Was Fire in Vancouver* (1996), *Between Here and There* (2002) and *The State of the Prisons* (2005).

## The Thursday Fringe

### Traditional Night McSorley's Tavern, Clogher

### Blind Side

*Blind Side* is a group of musicians from the Ballygawley area: its members are **Brian Gormley** (guitar and fiddle), **Stephen Quinn** (guitar and bass guitar) and **Aaron Monaghan** (songs and guitar).

### "Yallow Sam"

[Part of a conversation between Dominick McEvoy and his son, Jemmy from "The Poor Scholar", *Traits and Stories*]

... "What do you think of Yallow Sam?—honest Sam, that they say was born widout a heart, an' carries the black wool in his ears, to keep out the cries of the widows an' the orphans, that are long rotten in their graves through his dark villany!—He'll get a snug birth!"

"Yallow Sam," replied the old man, slowly, and a dark shade of intense hatred blackened his weather-beaten countenance, as he looked in the direction from which the storm blew: 'twas he left us where we're standin', Jimmy—undher this blast, that's cowl'dher an' bittherer nor a step-mother's breath, this cuttin' day! 'Twas he turned us on the wide world, whin your poor mother was risin' out of her faver. 'Twas he uquenched the hearth, whin she wasn't able to lave the house, till I carried her in my arms into Paddy Cassidy's—the tears fallin' from my eyes upon her face, that I loved next to God. Didn't he give our farm to his bastard son, a purple Orangeman? Out we went, to the winds an' skies of heaven, bekase the rich bodagh made intherest aginst us. I tould him whin he chated me out o' my fifteen goolden guineas, that his masther, the landlord, should hear of it; but I could never get next or near to him, to make my complaint. Eh? A snug birth! I'm only afeard that hell has no corner hot enough for him—but lave that to the divil himself: if he doesn't give him the best thratement hell can afford, why I'm not here."

"Divil a one o' the ould boy's so bad as they say, father; he gives it to thim hot an' heavy, at all evints."

"Why even if he was at a loss about Sam, depind upon it, he'd get a hint from his betthers above, that 'ud be sarviceable."

"They say he visits him as it is, an' that Sam can't sleep widout some one in the room wid him. Dan Philips says the priest was there, an' had a Mass in every room in the house; but Charley Mack tells me there's no thmth in it. He was advised to it, he says; but it seems the ould boy has too strong a houl't of him. For Sam said he'd have the divil any time sooner nor the priest..."

William Carleton



## Friday 8 August

10.30-11.45 Address: **Patrick J. Duffy**

12.00-1.15 Overview and Closing Address:

**Owen Dudley Edwards**

1.15-2.15 Lunch

2.30 Summer School ends

### Patrick Duffy

Patrick Duffy is Associate Professor of Geography at the National University of Ireland at Maynooth, where he lectures in cultural and historical geography. He has edited *To and From Ireland: Planned Migration Schemes c1600-2000* (2004) and co-edited *Gaelic Ireland c1250-1650*. Major published works include *Landscapes of South Ulster: a Parish Atlas of the Diocese of Clogher* (1993) and *Exploring the History and Heritage of Irish landscapes* (2007).

Professor Duffy has also contributed several articles on the history of Farney, Co Monaghan, to the *Clogher Record*.

### Owen Dudley Edwards

Owen Dudley Edwards is a former Reader in History at the University of Edinburgh, broadcaster and writer, and Honorary Director of the William Carleton Summer School since 1995. He has published works on Oscar Wilde, Conan Doyle, P.G. Wodehouse, James Connolly, Burke and Hare and Eamon de Valera and has edited *The Easter Rising* (1968), *Conor Cruise O'Brien Introduces Ireland* (1969) and *Scotland, Europe and the American Revolution* (1976). He has also contributed essays to a range of publications including *Scotland and Ulster* (1994). His most recent work is *British Children's Literature and the Second World War* (2003) a broad-ranging discussion of wartime children's literature and its effects.

## Programme Summary 4-8 August 2008

<b>Monday 4 August</b>	11.15 Official Opening	11.30-1.00 Keynote Address: <i>Carleton's Ireland and my South Munster</i> <b>John A Murphy</b>	1.15-2.30 Lunch	2.45-4.00 Address: <i>Introduction to 'Traits and Stories'</i> <b>Brian Earls</b>	4.15-5.30 Discussion: <i>Responding to a Carleton Text</i> <b>Gordon Brand</b>	6.00-7.30 Dinner	8.00-10.30 Music and Drama: <i>Humorous Sketches from Carleton</i> (Corick House)
<b>Tuesday 5 August</b>	11.00-12.30 Address:  <i>Northern Fiction after Carleton</i>  <b>Norman Vance</b>		12.30-2.15 Lunch	2.30-4.30. Symposium: <i>Literary Autobiography</i> <b>Patricia Craig, Gerald Dawe, Eamonn Hughes, Robin Marsh,</b> Chair: <b>William Crawley</b>		6.00-7.30 Dinner	6.30-8.30 'A Carleton Walk' <b>Clogher Valley Walkers' Club</b>  9.00-10.30 Film Night
<b>Wednesday 6 August</b>	11.00-4.00 <i>Tour of Plantation sites known to Carleton</i>  <b>Jack Johnston</b>			2.00-6.00 A Writers' Workshop <b>Maura Johnston and Michael Murphy</b>		6.00-7.30 Dinner	8.30-10.00 Music Recital (Clogher Cathedral)
<b>Thursday 7 August</b>	11.00-12.30 Address: <i>Louis MacNeice</i> <b>Edna Longley</b> Readings from MacNeice <b>Michael Longley</b>		1.00-2.15 Lunch	2.45 – 3.45 Poetry Reading:  <b>Sinéad Morrissey</b>	4.15-5.30 Address: <i>'Yellow Sam', Agent and Tithe Proctor</i> <b>Jack Johnston</b>	6.00-7.30 Dinner	8.00-11.30
<b>Friday 8 August</b>	10.30-11.45 Address:  <b>Patrick J. Duffy</b>	12.00-1.15 Overview and Closing Address: <b>Owen Dudley Edwards</b>	1.00-2.30 Lunch	2.30 Summer School ends			

## THE EDUCATION OF A LIFETIME [A note on hedge school masters]

*It was an education, sometimes with lethal literalness, in the 'school of hard knocks'. Among the attainments required for completion of the curriculum, Carleton stressed the importance of the scholar graduating from the hedge school proficient in the use of the cudgel.*

*There was on the syllabus also Latin, Greek, Mathematics and English. The classrooms were liberally endowed with furniture, stones or the butt of a tree and the main teaching aids were poteen and a blackthorn stick. Continuity of employment was not de rigueur for the masters of these gracious and illegal establishments; they went where they could get pupils and some place to sleep.*

*Sometimes, like Paddy Deuaun in Wildgoose Lodge, they captained secret societies. But they have one thing common in their many avatars through Carleton's pages; their importance in small rural communities. For Carleton's schoolmasters are not only teachers; they are inditers of letters, makers and settlers of quarrels, men who knew everything that went on in the place—shrewd frequently pedantic, soft-hearted and seldom sober.*

*Tess Hurson, Inside the Margins, Preface to chapter 3 (1992)*



## *The William Carleton Summer School: Contributors 1992-2007*

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



## 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 short story, 'The Hedge School', from *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*. (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. A suitable, short, extract, "The Abduction of Mat Kavanagh", is printed in the last pages of this Summer School handbook.



"The Abduction of Mat Kavanagh", drawn by M. L. Flanery for a late (P. F. Collier) edition of *Carleton's Works*



## 'THE HEDGE SCHOOL'

by William Carleton

### "THE ABDUCTION OF MAT KAVANAGH"

It was one Saturday night, in the latter end of the month of May, that a dozen Findramore "boys," as they were called, set out upon this most singular of all literary speculations, resolved, at whatever risk, to secure the person and effect the permanent bodily presence among them of the Redoubtable Mat Kavanagh. Each man was mounted on a horse, and one of them brought a spare steed for the accommodation of the school-master. The caparison of this horse was somewhat remarkable: it consisted of a wooden straddle, such as is used by the peasantry for carrying wicker paniers or creels, which are hung upon two wooden pins, that stand up out of its sides. Underneath was a straw mat, to prevent the horse's back from being stripped by it. On one side of this hung a large creel, and on the other a strong sack, tied round a stone merely of sufficient weight to balance the empty creel. The night was warm and clear, the moon and stars all threw their mellow light from a serene, unclouded sky, and the repose of nature in the short nights of this delightful season, resembles that of a young virgin of sixteen—still, light, and glowing. Their way, for the most part of their journey, lay through a solitary mountain-road; and, as they did not undertake the enterprize without a good stock of poteen, their light-hearted songs and choruses awoke the echoes that slept in the mountain glens as they went along. The adventure, it is true, had as much of frolic as of seriousness in it; and merely as the means of a day's fun for the boys, it was the more eagerly entered into.

It was about midnight when they left home, and as they did not wish to arrive at the village to which they were bound, until the morning should be rather advanced, the journey was as slowly performed as possible. Every remarkable object on the way was noticed, and its history, if any particular association was connected with it, minutely detailed, whenever it happened to be known. When the sun rose, many beautiful green spots and hawthorn valleys excited, even from these unpolished and illiterate peasants, warm bursts of admiration at their fragrance and beauty. In some places, the dark flowery heath clothed the mountains to the tops,

from which the grey mists, lit by a flood of light, and breaking into masses before the morning breeze, began to descend into the valleys beneath them; whilst the voice of the grouse, the bleating of sheep and lambs, the pee-weet of the wheeling lapwing, and the song of the lark, threw life and animation over the previous stillness of the country. Sometimes a shallow river would cross the road, winding off into a valley that was overhung, on one side, by rugged precipices clothed with luxuriant heath and wild ash; whilst, on the other, it was skirted by a long sweep of greensward, skimmed by the twittering swallow, over which lay scattered numbers of sheep, cows, brood mares, and colts—many of them rising and stretching themselves, ere they resumed their pasture, leaving the spots on which they lay of a deeper green. Occasionally, too, a sly-looking fox might be seen lurking about a solitary lamb, or brushing over the hills with a fat goose upon his back, retreating to his den among the inaccessible rocks, after having plundered some unsuspecting farmer.

As they advanced into the skirts of the cultivated country, they met many other beautiful spots of scenery among the upland, considerable portions of which, particularly in long sloping valleys, that faced the morning sun, were covered with hazel and brushwood, where the unceasing and simple notes of the cuckoo were incessantly plied, mingled with the more mellow and varied notes of the thrush and blackbird. Sometimes, the bright summer waterfall seemed, in the rays of the sun, like a column of light, and the springs that issued from the sides of the more distant and lofty mountains shone with a steady, dazzling brightness, on which the eye could scarcely rest. The morning, indeed, was beautiful, the fields in bloom, and every thing cheerful. As the sun rose in the heavens, nature began gradually to awaken into life and happiness; nor was the natural grandeur of a Sabbath summer morning among these piles of magnificent mountains—nor its heartfelt, but more artificial beauty in the cultivated country, lost, even upon the unphilosophical "boys" of Findramore: so true is it, that such exquisite appearances of nature will force enjoyment upon the most uncultivated heart.

When they had arrived within two miles of the little town in which Mat Kavanagh was fixed, they turned off into a deep glen, a little to the left; and, after having seated themselves under a white-thorn which grew on the banks of a rivulet, they began

to devise the best immediate measures to be taken.

"Boys," said Tim Dolan, "how will we manage now with this thief of a school-master, at all? Come, Jack Traynor, you that's up to still-house work—escapin' and carryin' away stills from gaugers, the bloody villains! out wid yer spake, till we hear your opinion."

"Do ye think, boys," said Andy Connell, "that we could flatter him to come by fair means?"

"Flatther him!" said Traynor; "and, by my sowl, if we flatther him at all, it must be by the hair of the head. No, no; let us bring him first whether he will or not, an' ax his consent afterwards!"

"I'll tell you what it is, boys," continued Connell, "I'll hould a wager, if you lave him to me, I'll bring him wid his own consent."

"No, nor sorra that you'll do, nor could do," replied Traynor; "for, along wid every thing else, he thinks he's not jist doated on by the Findramore people, being one of the Ballyscanlan tribe.—No, no; let two of us go to his place, and purtind that we have other business in the fair of Clansallagh on Monday next, and ax him in to dhrink, for he'll not refuse that, any how; then, when he's half tipsy, ax him to convoy us this far; we'll then meet you here, an' tell him some palaver or other—sit down again where we are now, and, after making him dead dhrunk, hoise a big stone in the creel, and Mat in the sack, on the other side, wid his head out, and off wid him; and he will know neither act nor part about it, till we're at Findramore."

Having approved of this project, they pulled out each a substantial complement of stout oaten bread, which served, along with the whisky, for breakfast. The two persons pitched on for decoying Mat were Dolan and Traynor, who accordingly set out, full of glee at the singularity and drollness of their undertaking. It is unnecessary to detail the ingenuity with which they went about it, because, in consequence of Kavanagh's love of drink, very little ingenuity was necessary. One circumstance, however, came to light, which gave them much encouragement, and that was a discovery that Mat by no means relished his situation.

In the meantime, those who stayed behind in the glen felt their patience begin to flag a little, because of the delay made by the others, who had promised, if possible, to have the schoolmaster in the glen before two o'clock. But the fact was, that Mat, who was far less deficient in hospi-



tality than in learning, brought them into his house, and not only treated them to plenty of whisky, but made the wife prepare a dinner, for which he detained them, swearing, that except they stopped to partake of it, he would not convoy them to the place appointed. Evening was, therefore, tolerably far advanced, when they made their appearance at the glen, in a very equivocal state of sobriety—Mat being by far the steadiest of the three, but still considerably the worse for what he had taken. He was now welcomed by a general huzza; and on his expressing surprise at their appearance, they pointed to their horses, telling him that they were bound for the fair of Clansallagh, for the purpose of selling them. This was the more probable, as, when a fair occurs in Ireland, it is usual for cattle-dealers, particularly horse-jockeys, to effect sales, and “show” their horses on the evening before.

Mat now sat down, and was vigorously plied with strong poteen—songs were sung, stories told, and every device resorted to that was calculated to draw out and heighten his sense of enjoyment; nor were their efforts without success; for, in the course of a short time, Mat was free from all earthly care, being incapable of either speaking or standing.

“Now, boys,” said Dolan, “let us do the thing clane an’ dacent. Let you, Jem Coogan, Brian Murphy, Paddy Delany, and Andy Connell, go back, and tell the wife and two childher a cock-and-a-bull story about Mat—say that he is coming to Findramore for good and all, and that’ll be thruth, you know; and that he ordhered yez to bring her and them afther him; and we can come back for the furniture to-morrow.”

A word was enough—they immediately set off; and the others, not wishing that Mat’s wife should witness the mode of his conveyance, proceeded home, for it was now dusk. The plan succeeded admirably; and in a short time the wife and children, mounted behind the “boys” on the horses, were on the way after them to Findramore.

The reader is already aware of the plan they had adopted for translating Mat; but, as it was extremely original, I will explain it somewhat more fully. The moment the schoolmaster was intoxicated to the necessary point—that is to say, totally helpless and insensible—they opened the sack and put him in, heels foremost, tying it in such a way about his neck as might prevent his head from getting into it: thus avoiding the danger of suffocation. The sack, with

Mat at full length in it, was then fixed to the pin of the straddle, so that he was in an erect posture during the whole journey. A creel was then hung at the other side, in which was placed a large stone, of sufficient weight to preserve an equilibrium; and, to prevent any accident, a droll fellow sat astride behind the straddle, amusing himself and the rest by breaking jokes upon the novelty of Mat’s situation.

“Well, Mat, ma bouchal, how duv ye like your sivation? I believe, for all your larnin’, the Findramore boys have sacked you at last!”

“Ay,” exclaimed another, “he is sacked at last, in spite of his Matthew-maticks.”

“An’, be my sowks,” observed Traynor, “he’d be a long time goin’ up a Maypowl in the state he’s in—his own snail would bate him.” [This alludes to a question in Gough’s Arithmetic, which was considered difficult by hedge schoolmasters.]

“Yes,” said another; “but he desarnes credit for travellin’ from Clansallagh to Findramore, widout layin’ a foot to the ground—Whoo—hurroo! my darlings—success to the Findramore boys! Hurroo—hurroo—the Findramore boys for ever!”

They then commenced, in a tone of mock gravity, to lecture him upon his future duties—detailing the advantages of his situation, and the comforts he would enjoy among them—although they might as well have addressed themselves to the stone on the other side. In this manner they got along, amusing themselves at Mat’s expense, and highly elated at the success of their undertaking. About three o’clock in the morning they reached the top of the little hill above the village, when, on looking back along the stretch of road which I have already described, they noticed their companions, with Mat’s wife and children, moving briskly after them. A general huzza now took place, which in a few minutes, was answered by two or three dozen of the young folks, who were assembled in Barny Brady’s, waiting for their arrival. The scene now became quite animated—cheer after cheer succeeded—jokes, laughter, and rustic wit pointed by the spirit of Brady’s poteen, flew briskly about. When Mat was unsacked, several of them came up, and shaking him cordially by the hand, welcomed him among them. To the kindness of this reception, however, Mat was wholly insensible, having been for the greater part of the journey in a profound sleep. The boys now slipped the loop of the sack off the straddle-pin; and carrying Mat into a farmer’s house, they deposited him in a settle-bed, where

he slept, unconscious of the journey he had performed, until breakfast-time on the next morning. In the mean time, the wife and children were taken care of by Mrs. Connell, who provided them with a bed, and every other comfort which they could require. ...

The manner of building hedge school-houses being rather curious, I will describe it. The usual spot selected for their erection is a ditch on the road-side, in some situation where there will be as little damp as possible. From such a spot an excavation is made equal to the size of the building, so that, when this is scooped out, the back side-wall and the two gables are already formed, the banks being dug perpendicularly. The front side-wall, with a window in each side of the door, is then built of clay or green sods laid along in rows; the gables are also topped with sods, and, perhaps a row or two laid upon the back side-wall, if it should be considered too low. Having got the erection of Mat’s house thus far, they procured a scraw-spade, and repaired with a couple of dozen of cars to the next bog, from which they cut the light heathy surface in strips the length of the roof. A scraw-spade is an instrument resembling the letter T, with an iron plate at the lower end, considerably bent, and well adapted to the purpose for which it is intended. Whilst one party cut the scraws, another bound the couples and bauks [The couples are shaped like the letter A, and sustain the roof; the bauks, or rafters, cross them from one side to another like the line inside the letter], and a third cut as many green branches as were sufficient to wattle it. The couples, being bound, were raised—the ribs laid on—then the wattles, and afterwards the scraws.

Whilst these successive processes went forward, many others had been engaged all the morning cutting rushes; and the scraws were no sooner laid on, than half a dozen thatchers mounted the roof, and long before the evening was closed, a school-house, capable of holding near two hundred children, was finished. But among the peasantry no new house is ever put up without a hearth-warming, and a dance. Accordingly the clay floor was paired—a fiddler procured—Barny Brady and his stock of poteen sent for; the young women of the village and surrounding neighbourhood attended in their best finery; dancing commenced—and it was four o’clock the next morning when the merry-makers departed, leaving Mat a new home and a hard floor, ready for the reception of the scholars.



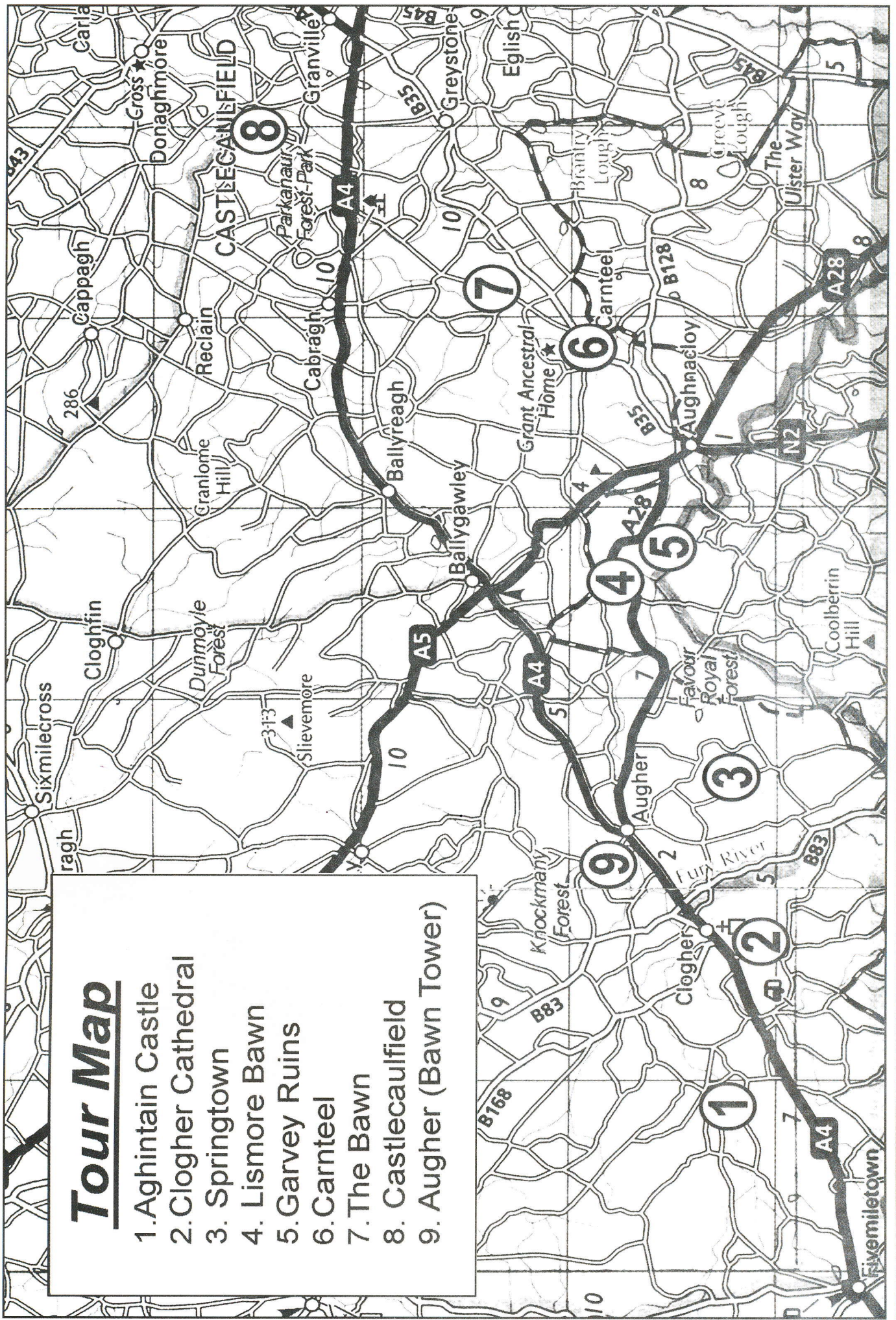
# Notes

A series of horizontal dotted lines for writing notes.



## Tour Map

1. Aghintain Castle
2. Clogher Cathedral
3. Springtown
4. Lismore Bawn
5. Garvey Ruins
6. Carnteel
7. The Bawn
8. Castlecaulfield
9. Augher (Bawn Tower)





# *William Carleton Summer School*

*4-8 August, 2008*

*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](mailto:killymaddy.reception@dungannon.gov.uk)*

## **CONTRIBUTORS INCLUDE**

John A. Murphy, Gordon Brand, Brian Earls, Norman Vance, Eamonn Hughes, Robin Marsh, Patricia Craig, Gerald Dawe, William Crawley, Edna Longley, Michael Longley, Sinéad Morrissey, Jack Johnston, Patrick J. Duffy, Owen Dudley-Edwards, George Watson, Magdolna Aldobolyi Nagy, Ernő Klepoch, Glenn Moore, Blind Side Maura Johnston, Michael Murphy

## **FRINGE EVENTS INCLUDE**

An evening of music and humorous sketches from Carleton

'A Carleton Walk' with Clogher Valley Walkers' Club

A film night

A writers' workshop

A tour of Plantation sites known to Carleton

A classical recital in Clogher Cathedral with members of The Hungarian State Symphony Orchestra, and Glenn Moore

A traditional night of music and craic

## **ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS**

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The Dean and Select Vestry of Saint Macartan's Cathedral, Clogher

Dungannon and South Tyrone Borough Council Arts Council for Northern Ireland

Awards for All

Northern Ireland Tourist Board

Tom Sheehy (Booksellers), Cookstown

Proprietors of Corick House

Proprietors of McSorley's Tavern

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"...a long, grim-looking villain, with a great rusty rapier in his hand, was within a single leap of them..." [Illustration for "The Three Tasks", *Traits and Stories*]