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oidhreacht ghaelach



FREE INSIDE
1990 CALENDAR in IRISH

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The Independent Magazine of Manchester Irish Education Group and The Irish World Heritage Centre



Oengus and the sorrowing Gráinne with the body
of Diarmaid at Brú na Bóinne (Newgrange)

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**PLUS A 1990 CALENDAR AND INFORMATION ON
THE ORIGIN OF THE IRISH NAMES FOR THE MONTHS**

EDITORIAL

This is the fifth edition of Irish Heritage and we now feel 'established'. We distribute the Magazine through Irish Clubs and shops throughout England. If you could help us in Scotland or Wales we would be grateful. We have been delighted with the great many interesting stories and articles we have received, from people as far away as the USA and Australia. Apologies for those not included this time, but we hope to use them in the future.

The theme for this issue is Winter celebration. There is an article on the Pre-Christian passage grave at Newgrange, which is associated with the winter solstice celebrations and an anthology on Christmas. This issue has a few changes which we hope you will like. We now have two pages in Irish and are running a Prize quiz and competition.

A happy New Year and New Decade. May it bring Peace to our homeland and worldwide. By sharing our culture, heritage and perhaps good humour in the pages of Irish Heritage we may develop esteem in ourselves as an exiled community and an acknowledgement of the immense contribution that Irish women and men have made to countries throughout the world.

Our address is

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Christmas in Cork, 1840

BY

Mr. and Mrs. S.C. Hall

For some weeks preceding Christmas, crowds of village boys may be seen peering over hedges, in search of the 'tiny wren'; and when one is discovered, the whole assemble and give eager chase to, until they have killed, the little bird. In the hunt the utmost excitement prevails; shouting screeching and rushing; all sorts of missiles are flung at the puny mark; and, not unfrequently, they light on the head of some less innocent being. From bush to bush, from hedge to hedge, is the wren pursued until bagged. On the anniversary of St. Stephen (the 26th December) the enigma is explained. Attached to a huge holly-bush, elevated on a pole, the bodies of several little wrens are borne about. This bush is an object of admiration in proportion to the number of dependent birds, and is carried through the streets in procession by a troop of boys, shouting and roaring as they proceed along, and singing 'the wren boys' song.

To the words we have listened a score of times, although we have found them often varied according to the wit or poetical capabilities of a leader of the party, and have frequently heard them drawled out to an apparently interminable length; the following specimen will probably satisfy our readers as to

the merit of the composition:-

*The wran, the wran, the
king of all birds,
St. Stephen's day was
cot in the furze;*

*Although he is little, his
family's grate-
Put yer hand in yer
pocket and give us a
trate.*

*Sing holly, sing ivy -
sing ivy, sing holly,
A drop just to drink it
would drown melan-
choly*

*And if you dhraw it ov
the best,*

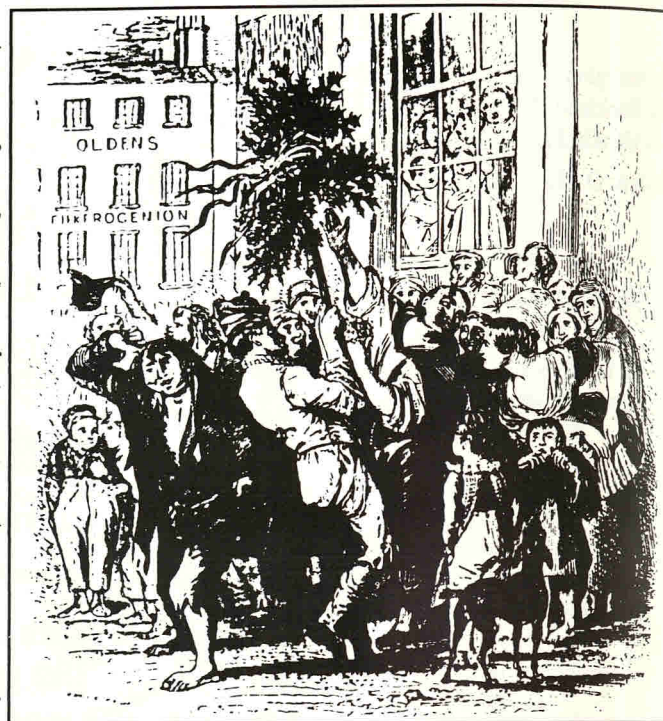
*I hope in heaven yer
sowl will rest;*

But if yer dhraw it ov the small,

It won't agree wid'de wran boys at all.

Of course contributions are levied in many quarters, and the evening is, or rather was, occupied in drinking out the sum total of the day's collection. As to the origin of the whimsical but absurd and cruel custom, we have no data. A legend, however is still current among the peasantry which may serve in some degree to elucidate it.

In a grand assembly of all the birds of the air, it was determined that the sovereignty of the feathered tribes should be conferred upon the one who would fly highest. The favourite in the betting-book was, of course, the eagle, who at once commenced his flight towards the sun; when he had vastly distanced all competitors, he proclaimed with a mighty voice his monarchy over all things that had wings. Suddenly, however, the wren, who had secreted himself under the feathers of the eagle's crest, popped up from his hiding place, flew a few inches upwards, and chirped out as loudly as he could, "Birds, look



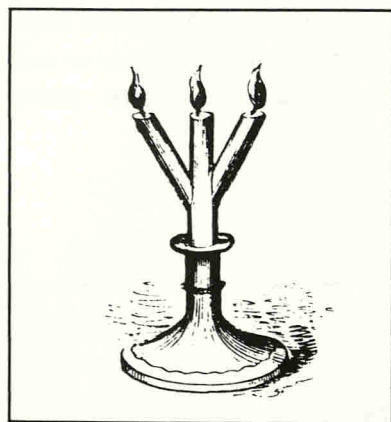
up and behold your king".

There is also a tradition that, when the native Irish were about to catch their Danish enemies asleep, a wren perched upon the drum, and woke their slumbering sentinels just in time to save the whole army; in consequence of which, the little bird was proclaimed a traitor, and his life declared forfeit wherever he was thenceforward encountered.

Another old custom prevails also to some extent. May eve, the last day of April is called, "Nettlemas night", boys parade with large bunches of nettles, stinging their playmates.

These are the only customs peculiar to Cork, if we except that of 'the Christmas candle'. A tallow candle is formed, without question to commemorate 'the Trinity', it is lit at three ends on Christmas eve, and burned until midnight. It is then carefully extinguished, and carefully preserved during the year as a protection against the visit of all evil spirits - except whiskey.

"Ireland, Its Scenery & Character." 1841-3



No Music at Christmas

George Bernard Shaw
20 December 1893

Like all intelligent people, I greatly dislike Christmas. It revolts me to see a whole nation refrain from music for weeks together in order that every man might rifle his neighbour's pockets under cover of a ghastly general pretence of festivity. It is really an atrocious institution, this Christmas. We must be gluttonous because it is Christmas. We must be drunken because it is Christmas. We must be insincerely generous; we must buy things that nobody wants, and give them to people that we don't like; we must go to absurd entertainments that make even our little children satirical; we must writhe under venal officiousness from legions of free-booters, all because it is Christmas - that is because of the mass of the population, including the all-powerful middle-class tradesman, depends on a week of licence and brigandage, waste and intemperance, to clear off its outstanding liabilities at the end of the year. As for me, I shall fly from it all tomorrow or next day to some remote spot miles from a shop, where nothing worse can befall me than a serenade from a few peasants, or some equally harmless survival of medieval mummary, shyly proffered, not advertised, moderate in its expectations, and soon over,

"Music in London, 1890-94", 1932.

Reproduced by permission of the Society of Authors, on behalf of the George Bernard Shaw estate.

Christmas in Ireland Long Ago

Dennis A. McCarthy

At Christmas, Christmas in Ireland long ago,
The blazing log upon the hearth gave out a cheery glow,
And lit the kindly faces that I used to love and know,
At Christmas, Christmas in Ireland long ago!

At Christmas, Christmas in Ireland long ago
The holly on the dresser crowned the dishes in a row,
The Christmas candle beaming threw the light across the snow,
At Christmas, Christmas in Ireland long ago.

At Christmas, Christmas in Ireland long ago,
Without the wind might bluster, and without the wind might blow,
Within was peace among us and the kind word to and fro,
At Christmas, Christmas in Ireland long ago.

At Christmas, Christmas in Ireland long ago,
I mind the merry music of the fiddle and the bow,
I mind a song we used to sing together soft and slow.
At Christmas, Christmas in Ireland long ago.

At Christmas, Christmas in Ireland long ago,
I mind a hand that led me through the darkness and the snow,
To see our Saviour lying in a manger, rude and low,
At Christmas, Christmas in Ireland long ago.

At Christmas, Christmas in Ireland long ago,
Your memories are dearer still the older that I grow,
And harder 'tis to keep them back - the tears so fain to flow
For Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago.

"Green and Gold", 1920.

Did you know?

Did you know that two of the most popular Christmas carols sung today have Irish origins?

'Once in Royal David's City' was written by Mrs Cecil Francis Alexander (1818-1895), a native of Co. Wicklow. She was a prolific hymn writer (she also wrote 'There is a green hill far away') and was married to the Bishop of Derry.

'Whilst Shepherds Watched Their Flocks' was written by the even more prolific Nahum Tate (1652-1715). Born in Dublin, and educated at Trinity College, his output is remarkable for its quantity, rather than for any intrinsic merit. As well as numerous poems and hymns (he wrote 'Through all the Changing Scenes of Life') he was also noted for producing adaptations of plays, the most notorious being a "happy-ending" version of King Lear (in which Edgar marries Cordelia) which succeeded in supplanting Shakespeare's original on the English stage, until the 1850's!

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HISTORY

NEWGRANGE - EARTH'S FIRST OBSERVATORY

BY WALTER CASSIN

The discovery of Newgrange in 1699 seemed to be a most mundane affair. Charles Campbell, the then owner of the land adjoining the River Boyne, had instructed his labourers to remove some stones from the site. This they did, and as luck would have it, they uncovered the entrance to the tomb. Campbell's opinion, on examining "the cave" as he called it, was that the place was for "the burying of some person of note", and that the discovery of "elk or rather moose horns seems to import that the person here buried had been in his lifetime a great lover of the chase". The views of the Welsh antiquary, Edward Lhwyd were those of Campbell and after making a plan of the place, attributed its building to the native Irish. Other writers following him dismissed his claim in this respect, themselves giving no credit to the Irish [they would, wouldn't they, in the seventeenth century?] believing it to be the work of the Danes, with a little outside help from influences emanating from Egypt or India. George Petrie, however, castigated these writers for their "unwillingness to allow the ancient Irish the honour of erecting a work of such labour and grandeur".

Newgrange, or Brú na Boinne (the house of the Boyne) to give it its ancient Irish form, is now believed to have been constructed about 3150 BC by the Neolithic farmers of the Boyne Valley - some farmers! - which makes it older than Stonehenge, and predating the Pyramids of Egypt by about a thousand years. The first thorough excavation was carried out under Professor O'Reilly of Univer-

sity College, Cork, a work which took 13 years and revealed a cruciform structure of some 150 feet long, covered with a dome of earth packed over its stone roof. It had a giant entrance stone as sentinel at the front, and that, together with the kerb stones, revealed a dazzling display of circles, U-shapes, spirals, snake-like zig-zags, herring-bone and triangular-shaped 'lozenges', and triple spirals unique to Newgrange. The interior revealed a cruciform passage-grave, that together with Knowth and Dowth and 29 lesser graves nearby, form a huge cemetery on a low ridge overlooking the

Boyne. Inside were four marvelously-crafted huge stone basins containing whole and cremated bones, with beads, pendants, pins and marble-like balls of stone, and probably used as funeral offerings. Along the passage one comes into a cruciform chamber with a sublime vaulted corbelled roof about 6 metres high. Early Irish literature identifies Newgrange as the Brug Oengusa - the abode of Oengus, son of Dagda. And this could unlock the central mystery that has puzzled scholars for centuries - because Dagda is the Sun-God in the pre-Celtic pantheon. It was also known as Bru Maic Ind

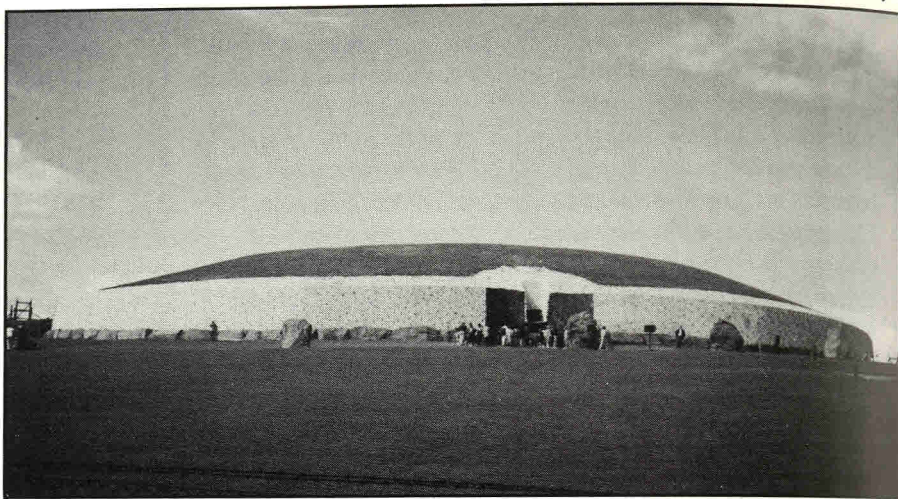
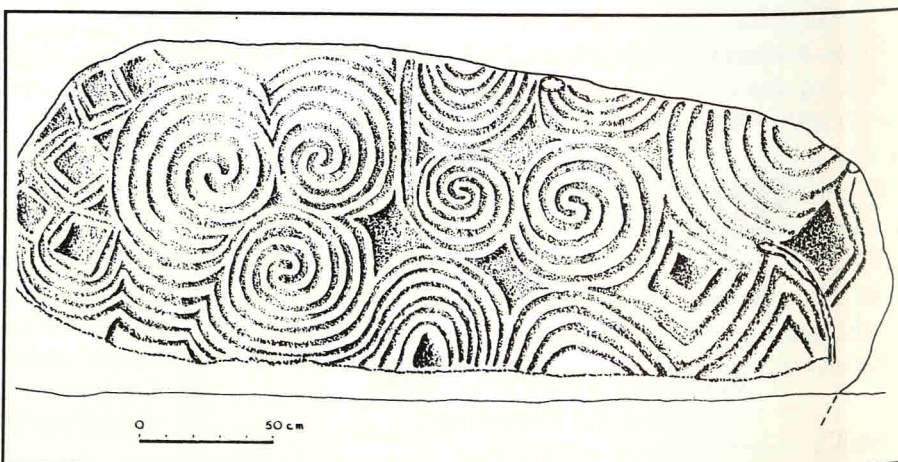
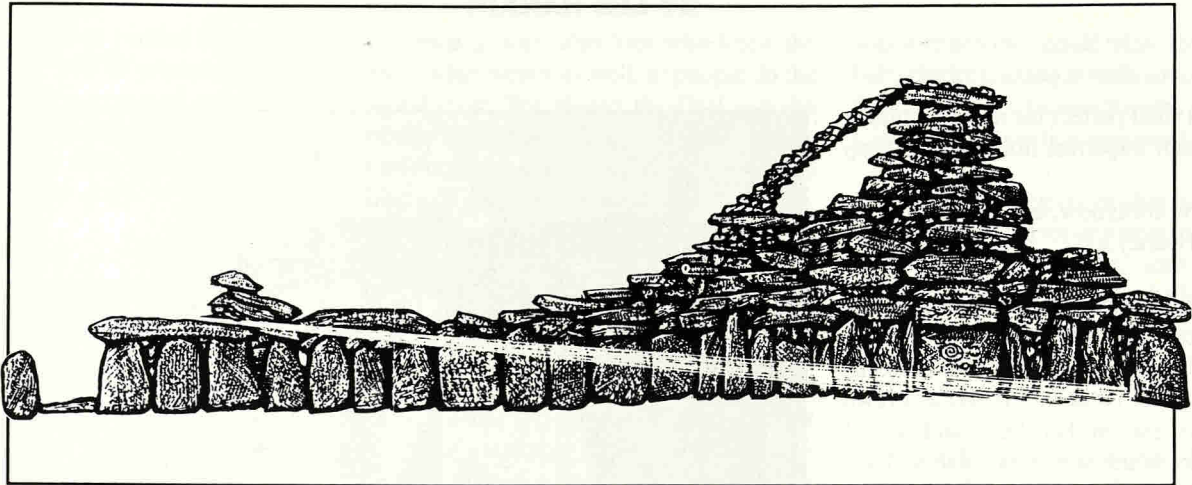


Photo J Flynn



Entrance stone, Newgrange



'Oc in Old Irish- the abode of the youthful hero (Oengus). It must have been a very important place containing as it does 20,000 tons of rock, and taking 30 years to build (So Oengus, if it is his tomb, must have been a popular guy!) Oral tradition in the Boyne Valley has long had it that the sunlight lit up a three-leafed spiral, picked out on the inner walls at a certain time of the year, that there was a mystical meaning and reason for this. A belief that there was a marriage between the Sun God, Dagda, and the Earth, that the Earth was a young fecund Queen who became in time the old unfruitful Cailleach- the hag- and as the cycle went on, and that the Sun - the King- penetrated the Womb of the 'World once every year, and thus began again the cycle of life. But oral tradition hardly constitutes hard evidence!

It was the discovery of the so-called 'roof-box' and its meaning analysed that possibly the true purpose of the tomb was revealed. When the tomb was excavated in the 1960s a curious structure, richly decorated and without any apparent purpose, was discovered above the main entrance,

consisting of a decorated lintel or roof stone with two-sided walls sloping to support the back corbel. But the purpose was puzzling. Could it have been a container for funeral offerings, gifts to the dead, or perhaps food to take with them on their journey? But then an idea struck the excavators. Could it possibly tie in with local legend of sunlight penetrating into the inner chamber? The decision was made to test this theory, and on the early morning of 21st December 1969, before dawn, the following observations were recorded by observers of the tomb:- "At exactly 8.54 hours GMT, the top edge of the ball of the sun appears above the local horizon and at 8.58 the first pencil of direct light shone through the roof box and along the passage to reach across the tomb chamber as far as the front edge of the basin in the end recess. As this line widened to a 17cm band and swung across the chamber floor, the tomb was dramatically illuminated and various details of the side could clearly be seen in the light reflected from the floor" What a splendid moment in history.

One can only come away from this

place with a sense of awe and deep wonder at the skills of these people so long ago. Their skills in astronomy, in the science of construction, in their calendar knowledge of the seasons which would have helped them to calculate the time when to sow their crops. And what a testimony to the oral tradition of these Neolithic people and their Celtic successors, and what a wonder this is, a glory of Western European Art-
**and it is Irish-
the Earth's first observatory!**

FOOT-NOTE BY DARAGH COGAN

Several years ago it was decided to copy a few of the more interesting stone carvings at Newgrange. There were many reasons for this, one being that public access was not always possible at that time as archaeological excavations were in progress. Also space and lighting inside the chamber were limited and often did not afford a good view. The Board of Works engaged Comdt. Maurice F. Cogan (my father) to carry out the copying of the carvings. These copies were then displayed in the Newgrange Information Centre nearby. Interest in the copies spread and more were made including several that were on display at the Irish Pavilion at the World Fair in Osaka, Japan.

EDUCATION

Cheetwood Goes to Ireland

BY LES HANKIN

Photo Cheetwood school

Love, you shall perfect for me this child
Whose small imperfect limits would keep
breaking:
Within new limits now, arrange the world...
(Seamus Heaney.)

It is late June, 1989. The great orange and black loco draws away from the platform, hauling heartbroken Limerick children home from a magical holiday. All about, strewn across the station benches, huddles of Manchester youth sob inconsolably. They weep quite openly at this severing of their short but vivid friendships with people from another world, who are yet so like themselves. We, who have seen it before, glance away towards the strand. Our throats catch and we hope it will happen again.

We had arrived just the week before, for the second year running, two Sherpas full of vibrant kids and a few adults, hot from the B&I ferry Leinster. We were here to experience the 'Magic of Mosney', the beauty of the Boyne Valley and the delights of Dublin. Just getting here makes quite a story.

The children are from Chæetwood Primary School. Cheetwood stands on the crossroads of one of Manchester's inner commercial districts, hard under the glowering Victorian ramparts of Strangeways Gaol.



from its outset. Where not so long ago children attending the school were mostly Jewish, now they come from a rainbow of cultures. Very few of them, right now, are Irish.

Clem Morrison, the deputy head had been exploring Irish heritage and culture with his class of eleven-year olds and, in the way things take off sometimes, they had told the whole school about it. It had turned into a celebration, a way of exploring the great issues of diversity and race that was both pleasurable and meaningful. By engaging his children in the culture of Irish music, dance, drama, art, even food, Clem was not

Cheetwood puts its faith in the overriding value of personal experience. One day, deep into the project, the idea was suddenly there that the class must go and see at first hand this place they had talked so much about.

The vision was tantalising, but the difficulties quite daunting. Ireland is so near, yet so far away. The cost, the transport, a place to stay, all these needs reared up for Clem to sweep aside. Anyone could do it, he still says, if they go about it in the right way, ask the right people and, of course, take a few tips from him.

Clem worked out what the trip would cost and persevered until he had raised what was needed. The Council of Irish Associations in Manchester rallied with moral as well as financial support. What was being attempted was a realisation of their aims: to open the minds of others to the land they loved. Support came from everywhere, from the head, parents, staff, governors, education officials, community radio, local businesspeople who dug deep to sponsor children.

This was to be a holiday, so somewhere to stay was needed that was not too far from Dublin, where the group could work outwards and explore the country. Each day was to be paced to make it feel like a holiday for the children, many of whom had never been away before. Margaret Curry, secretary of the CIA and a local travel agent, knew the very place. Mosney Holiday



The area, Cheetham Hill, is an historic starting point for the successive waves of immigrants who have brought life to the City

only covering the broad curriculum but putting flesh on the school's policy of equal opportunity for all its children.

EDUCATION

Centre, once a fabled Butlins camp to the north of Dublin, was to prove an inspired choice. It offered guaranteed generous accommodation, served beautiful food and stood close to the very landmarks Clem's class had been studying.

Mosney is truly the 'paradise for children' it styles itself, with funfairs, fishing, boating, computers, a cinema, family cabaret, children's disco... The jewel in the crown is 'Funtropica', a sub-tropical water world, a complex of pools and slides and fountains, throbbing with life. Chief among Mosney's virtues is the safe, caring environment in which both children and their teachers can enjoy life without always feeling hemmed in by each other. For the staff there, from the managers to the chefs to the red coats, nothing is too much trouble. From packed lunches, to vegans, to broken heads, they take it all in their stride. Clem was relaxed enough to reach the final of the Mr. Wonderful contest one evening.

fraternising with other kids who knew the name Manchester so well, as people do the world over. We visited the Dail and the Manor House in Dublin, this year to meet the outgoing Lord Mayor, who gave so freely of his time to show us around.

Then there were the visits to historic sites, the Hills of Slane and Tara and that great megalithic religious masterpiece of the New Stone Age, Newgrange. Deep in the heart of this futuristic tomb we could see the abstract sworls, loops and geometric forms of five thousand years ago, in the very spot where Celtic art is said to have begun. The children could see for themselves how advanced, creative and organised was a civilisation that could invent, so long ago, corbelling techniques for the roof and so precisely align the building that the Sun's rays would penetrate to its heart on the shortest day of the year. These days drenched in history always ended in the balmy sunshine of Mosney.

was so much they could relate to! From the baby sharks basking in harbour to the water-fights on the last Limerick night, it was a kaleidoscope of jostling memories.

We've had two years of this magic now. Clem has plans to set up a trust to help other inner-city children enjoy such holidays, involving a sports dinner at the Irish World Heritage Centre, Manchester, to mobilise the Irish business community, ever known for its generosity.

What have we really gained from these visits? For Karen Bates, the teacher accompanying both trips, they were "an affirmation of our progress as a community school. The parents put their faith in us and the children took it all in their stride. They were so caring to the handicapped children we met. There are different attitudes to the less fortunate in Irish society. They don't hide them there. The Cheetwood children were immediately in tune with this."

"The people welcomed us wherever we went," said Andrea.

"I miss Samantha," said Donna. "I miss Samantha," said Mark. "I miss her more," said Abid.

There was a feeling after the first momentous week that something special had happened to us all, and it came flooding back after the second. We were different somehow and as the old poet puts it:

"When my feet first trod Irish soil I felt I had come to a magic country and now, as I said goodbye, I knew it as an enchanted island. That minor note which is like a vibration in the air, something that lives in the light and in the water and in the soil, runs through every Irish thing, but, like the cry of a bat, it is too high to be heard."

(Should you wish to know more about how to set about an Irish trip with schoolchildren, you are welcome to contact either Clem Morrison or Karen Bates at Cheetwood School, Waterloo Rd, Manchester M8 8EG. tel:061 834 2104, or Les Hankin, Liverpool Institute of Higher Education, tel:051 722 2361. There are also videos of the trips available.)

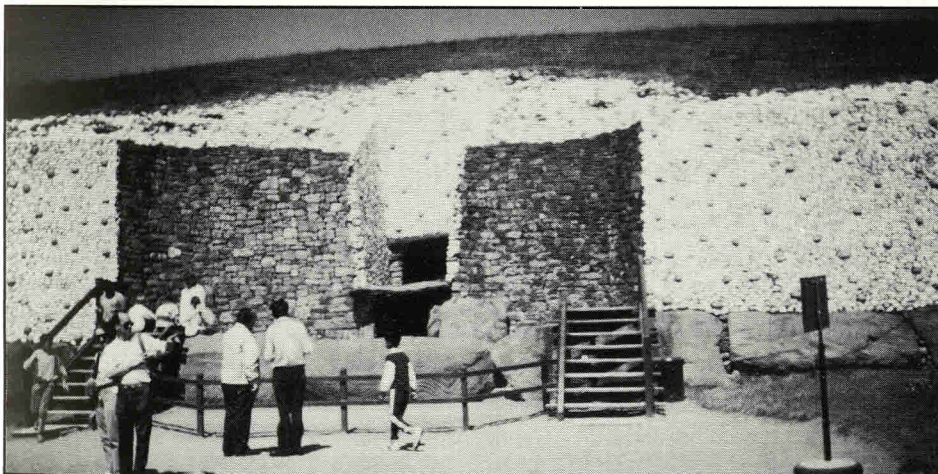


Photo Cheetwood school

So we went last year and everything was running our way. It was the best week's weather all summer, towards the end of June. The things that happened to us were so magical that we fell into a similar pattern when Clem managed once more to raise the funds for a return trip this summer.

There was the ferry voyage, with the first sight of land through the evening mists, the slow glide into Dublin harbour past the brooding docks, the nose of the ferry groaning open as it touched land. The children were at the railings to catch all this. There was the visit to the local school and

So strong had been the bonding the first year with a group of holidaymakers from Limerick, that the second trip was timed to meet up with them again. They were about the same age and they instantly made companions.

There were so many moments that would live in the memory. When we visited the church of Patrick in nearby Drogheda the children were so unsure if (for religious reasons) they should enter. When they pushed open the door of the church which contains the remains of Saint Oliver Plunkett there

BY JANET WALLWORK

The first two articles in this series dealt with the early Irish manuscripts and printed books in the John Rylands University Library of Manchester. This third, and final, article will look briefly at the map collections, and at some more contemporary materials.

The earliest known map of Ireland is that of Claudius Ptolomaeus, dating from c.160 A.D. Although the original has not survived, the map was constantly copied and re-copied by hand, until the advent of printing in the 15th century. One of these manuscript copies was used by the Italian printer, Dominico de Lappi, in Bologna in 1477. The volume he produced contains, therefore, the earliest printed map of Ireland, which is in turn based on the earliest manuscript. Although, as the illustration shows, the outline is inaccurate, it is well to remember that it is based on second and third hand accounts. One cannot help but be impressed at the amount of detail shown on a map of such early date - 5 rivers, 5 promontories, 11 towns, and 9 islands are indicated and named. It is proof that Ireland was well known to writers in the Classical World. The Library has a wide selection of printed maps and atlases of Ireland, including what is probably the best known, the John Speed atlas of 1676, as well as many beautifully engraved examples of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. There are also a number of interesting travellers accounts, and guidebooks, such as the fascinating "Post-Chaise Companion" of 1803. This details the natural wonders, notable buildings, and Inns of the country, and was designed to be carried in a gentleman's chaise, or carriage, just as a modern A.A. book would be taken in the car!

The Library has been fortunate, in recent years, to acquire some contemporary manuscript collections relating to Ireland. The **Hugh Hunt Collection** comprises material donated by Professor Hugh Hunt, the University's first Professor of Drama. He had previously been Director of Plays at the Abbey Theatre, during the 1930's (a connection he renewed in 1967) and the collection includes annotated scripts, production notes, photographs, theatre programmes and press cuttings relating to the Theatre. They document Hugh Hunt's achievements, not



merely as a producer in Dublin, but in bringing Irish Drama to a wider audience through touring performances in Britain, Finland, Germany, Belgium and Australia, There is also a body of his correspondence with important figures such as W.B.Yeats, Jack Yeats, Frank O'Connor, Sean O'Casey, Sean O'Faolain, and Liam O'Flaherty.

Another collection of material relating to Irish Theatre came from **Annie Horniman**. She founded the Irish National Theatre, which later became the Abbey Theatre. As well as some of her correspondence, the Library also has 30 of her scrapbooks, which document the history and development of theatre in Ireland. For example, it is possible to read first-hand accounts of the riots which occurred at the first performance of J.M.Synge's play "The Playboy of the

Western World.” There is also contemporary evidence of controversies such as that surrounding the first performance of G.B.Shaw’s play “The Shewing-Up of Blanco Posnet”, which had been banned in England on the grounds of blasphemy, but which could be produced at The Abbey, since Dublin theatres were outside the Lord Chamberlain’s jurisdiction.

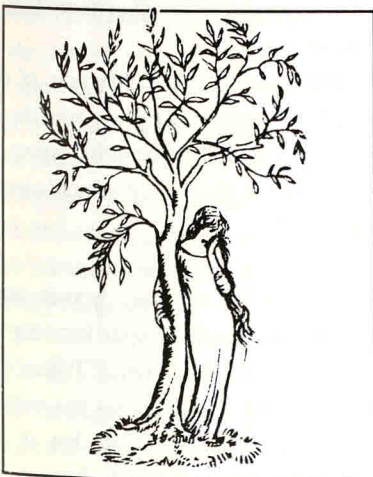
Annie Horniman's connection with The Abbey ended on a bitter note, when a wrangle over promised subsidies developed between her, Lady Gregory, and W.B.Yeats. C.P.Scott, the editor of the Manchester Guardian newspaper, was called in as independent arbiter of the dispute, and the Library possesses an interesting file of the resulting correspondence which was acquired as part of the **Guardian Archives**.

PART 3

This shows that Scott found in favour of Yeats, who then declined further assistance from Miss Horniman; however, despite this final rift, her scrapbooks show that her interest in the fortunes of The Abbey continued unabated, albeit in unobtrusively.

The Manchester Guardian (later The Guardian) always maintained a very positive and compassionate attitude to Ireland, and particularly to the question of Home Rule; indeed the paper was often out of step with public opinion on this point, to the extent that circulation was adversely affected. In 1897-8 the newspaper devoted considerable effort to raising money for the Manchester Relief Fund for Ireland, which aimed to alleviate famine in the West. In 1905 C.P. Scott again took an interest in the plight of the West when he commissioned Jack Yeats and John Millington Synge to travel to the "congested districts" to write a series of articles for the paper. The letters accepting the commission are included in the Archives, and one of Jack Yeats' drawings is reproduced here. The Archive also contains correspondence on Irish topics from such diverse figures as Eva Gore-Booth, John Dillon, David Lloyd George, T.P.O'Connor, John Redmond and Tim Healy. There is a letter from Michael Davitt applying for the post of Dublin correspondent (he was unsuccessful) and a series of letters from Sir Roger Casement, who contributed many articles to the paper.

One of the Library's most exciting recent



The emblem of the Dun Emer press

acquisitions is the **Katharine Tynan Collection**. This consists of the private library and personal correspondence files, of Katharine Tynan Hinkson (1859-1931). Although she is now perhaps best-known for her connection with W.B. Yeats (he is rumoured to have proposed marriage to her) she was in fact a key figure in the genesis of the Irish Literary Revival, and her early work gained great acclaim. Although she was a Catholic, and originally a staunch Nationalist (having been one of the early members of the Ladies Land League), Tynan also had a great affection for England. This led her to support England's position in the First World War. The current exhibition at the Library's Deansgate Building "All over by Christmas: Images of the Great War" (which has been extended to run until 31st January 1990) contains volumes of Tynan's War Diaries, and examples of her War Poetry. There are also holograph poems from her friend, the Irish poet Francis Ledwidge, who was featured in the Autumn Issue of this magazine. (For further information about the exhibition please ring 061-834 5343.)

Finally, one of the Library's special strengths lies in its numerous examples of fine printing, from all places and periods. There are special collections of the major Private Presses, and these include the work of the Cuala (originally Dun Emer) press. It originated at the Dun Emer craft centre, started in 1902 by Evelyn Gleeson, along with two sisters of W.B. Yeats, Lily and Elizabeth. It was named after Emer, wife of the legendary Cu Chulainn, who was famed for her weaving and embroidery. Although the centre originally concentrated on those skills, in 1903 they obtained a small hand-press. Elizabeth Yeats had studied typesetting in London, with the Women's Printing Society, and the early publicity for Dun Emer always stressed the point that all typesetting and printing was done by women. When the



The Emigrant by Jack Yeats Photo JRULM

press moved to Churchtown it was re-named Cuala Press, after the old name for the area. Not surprisingly the work of W.B. Yeats figured heavily in their output, along with that of Synge and Douglas Hyde. One of the most characteristic parts of the Dun Emer/Cuala output was the series of "Broadside", consisting of a single sheet with an illustration and poem or passage of prose. These were produced at monthly intervals over a number of years, and the Library has a complete set, together with copies of most of the books they produced,

Three short articles such as these can do no more than give a brief outline of the Irish material held in a Library of this size and international reputation. Anyone wanting further information about the Irish collections, or who wishes to apply for access, is welcome to contact me at the address below.

Janet L. Wallwork,
Cataloguing Department,
John Rylands University Library of Manchester,
Oxford Road, Manchester M13 9PP.
(Tel. 061 275 3726)

FEATURE

PADRAIC O CONAIRE TALE WEAVER

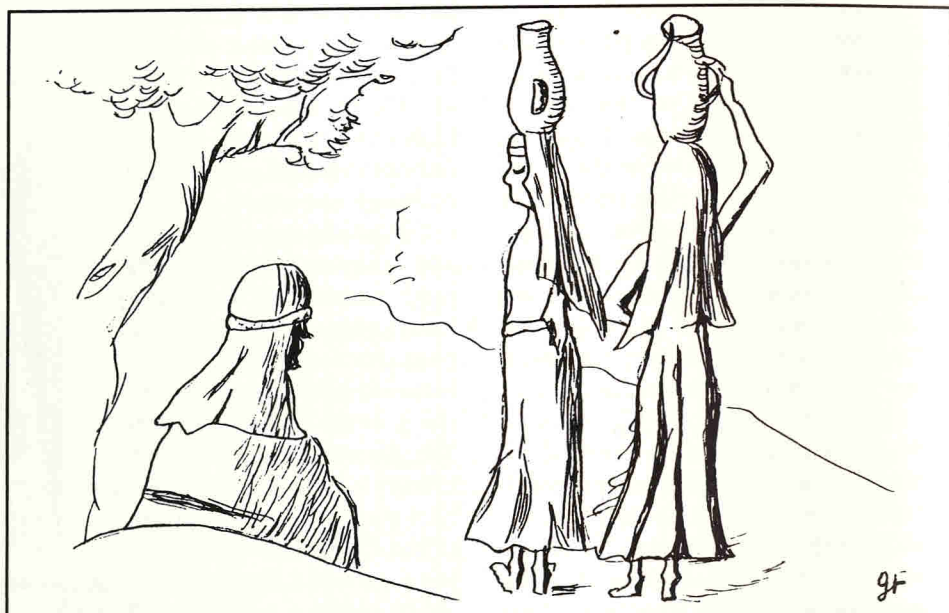
by Caoimhghin O Brolchain

I suppose many of us would connect Pádraic O Conaire with that small gem of a story of his which dealt with the buying of a little black donkey from the Tinkers: *M'Asal Beag Dubh* - we were well fed on it at school 'fad ó shoin' (long ago). In addition, we might have a recollection of seeing a picture of that statue erected in his memory in his home county, where he is represented with his caubeen well back on the poll, as if about to launch into another yarn but that's all that comes to mind.

A small collection of his superbly crafted short stories came my way some time ago: *An Chéad Cloch* (Mercier 1978 - Céad eagra 1914). I couldn't put it down. It is always fascinating to watch a master at work and *An Chéad Cloch* gives us a privileged insight into the writer's technique.

Was it Dickens who answered a critic of his *Tale of Two Cities* who complained that the work twisted history outrageously for the writer's own purposes; "I am no damned reporter! I am an artist!" Pádraic O Conaire might well have made the same riposte. He takes a story he has come across "I gceann de na seanleabhar staire is ársa dá bhfuil i dteanga na Síneach..." (in one of the most ancient of the old history books that is in the Chinese tongue...) - or "Seo scéal eile a bhain mé as an sean leabhar Síneach..." (this is another tale which I got out of the old Chinese book...) and he gives it the O Conaire treatment. Of course, it could allowably be simply a favourite introductory mechanism for a tale wholly his own but there are times when this is demonstrably not so, as when he takes a well-known incident from the Gospel and weaves his own tale around this nucleus. Such an example is found in the intriguing short story '*An Coimhthíoch a raibh Aghaidh an Bháis Air*' (The Stranger Who Had the Face of Death on Him).

"Two young women were filling their water jars at a well, a sabbath day's journey from their small village in Samaria in the time of Christ", he begins. They noticed a young man sitting on a low rise nearby.



"Bhí a cheann faoi aigesean, agus gan cor as...Bhí ceann beag air, ceann beag deachumtha agus folt dubh catach ag titim anuas ar a bhaic..."

(His head was bent and there wasn't a stir out of him...He had a small head on him, a small, beautifully-shaped head and a lock of curly black hair falling on the nape of his neck...)

The girls were fascinated. They began to sing- not taking any notice of him 'mar dheadh' (by the way), but with their Eve's ways, aiming to attract his attention without appearing to do so. Having delayed as long as they could at the water filling, they hoisted the clay jars onto their heads and began the walk back to their village in that lovely, queenly swaying motion that Eastern women have when they carry a balanced load in such a way. They took the fork of the path that could take them by the seated young

man. As they passed, the wind gently shook the curly locks and exposed an alabaster white neck as beautiful as you ever saw and the girls both had a great urge to entwine their slender fingers in his curls- though

neither mentioned this to her companion.

They were gone, perhaps twenty paces past him, when they could not resist looking back to see what sort of young man he was.

"Marach gur fhéach, gabhfadh an bheirt acu san uaigh, agus an barúil acu gurb é scoth na bhfear álainn a bhí ina shuí ar mullach...an lá gréine sin."

(If they hadn't looked, the pair of them would have gone to the grave with the idea that it was the pick of beautiful young men was sitting on the rise of ground...on that sunny day.)

"Isn't it terrible the way women cannot resist looking back - despite knowing well what happened to Lot's wife?" Pádraic asks. The young ladies of the clay jars were not turned into salt, however, but if they weren't, they were so terrified that the jars

fell from their heads and were smashed to bits on the path behind them. "Bhí agaidh an bháis ar an bhfear óg!" (The face of death was on the young man.)

He awoke as if he had been in a trance, at the screams, and his eyes were like two holes that a hot iron would burn in a piece of wood and though they were sunken in his head, they had an unearthly light. No one spoke - it was as if the the young man of the black hair had cast a spell on the young girls. He seemed to compel them to lead him to the small village where they lived...Do you see what I mean about a master story teller? There's no way you could back off from a tale that grips you from the first couple of lines.

They set off, the young ladies ahead by about ten yards and the strange young man following after. Night was falling and every slight sound unnerved the girls. One fell after a stumble and when her companion laid her hand on her shoulder to help her up, she screamed.

"Ar theacht go ceann an bhaile dóibh, in aice le teach an ghréasaí, chonaic siad a lán solas beag ag déanamh orthu, agus chuala siad cantaireacht slua mhóir a bhí ag dul ag déanamh bainis sa cheathrú sin den bhaile de réir nósanna mná na haimsire, agus ní bréag a rá gur tógadh croí na n-ógbhan ar fheiceáil na cuideachta séimhe seo dóibh." (When they arrived at the top of the village, near the cobbler's house, they saw a lot of lights approaching and heard the singing of a large crowd which was going to a wedding feast in that quarter of the village in accordance with the customs of the women of the period, and it is no lie to say that the young women's hearts were relieved at the sight of this kindly company.)

Those of the crowd who were invited went into the house and the rest simply sat outside under the trees in the garden. Again, according to custom, any stranger was welcome at

a wedding and the young man of the corpse-like face went right in. "But wasn't it strange that the two young ladies also followed him, despite not being invited? - He sat in a corner and no-one passed any remarks on him, except that some of the musicians who saw his face dropped their instruments.

Several of the young men of the village grew jealous of the effect he was having on the young women. They even began to guess who he might be. It was a Christian village - and when, occasionally, he gave out a great cry, "Peacach me! Peacach mór me!" (I am a sinner! I am a great sinner!), some thought he might be the man who had hacked the head off John the Baptist. Others had the idea - God help them - that he might be Judas Iscariot! Arguments broke out over him and what should be done with him. Dissension possessed the whole population for several days following uproar in the garden outside the wedding house. A great unease was abroad. Eventually they sent for St. Luke to come and end the unseemly and un-Christian lack of brotherly love.

A great welcome was put before Luke in the village and it wasn't long before a large crowd gathered to hear him - even the young man came and stood in the midst of them. There was anger in the saint's voice, but love in his eyes.

"A bhráithre, séanaigí an t-achrann: a bhráithre, ó chreideann sibh i Mac an Duine a fuair bás ar bhur son; a bhráithre, ó chreideann sibh sa Tiarna a d'éirigh ó mhairbh... (Brethren, shun dissension: brethren since you believe in the Son of Man who died for your sake; brethren, since you believe in the Lord who rose from the dead...)

"D'fhan sé tamall beag ina thost. Bhí sé ag féachaint i dtreo an choimhthígh óig". (He stayed silent for a small while. He was looking in the direction of the young stranger.)

"A bhráithre, má tá aon duine i bhur measc atá lag sa chreideamh agus is cosúil ón

achrann go bhfuil - níl ar an té sin ach ceist a chur ar an bhfear úd thall...."

(Brethren, if there is any in your midst who is weak in the faith - and it is likely from the dissension that there is - that person should do nothing but question that man over there...)

Shín sé a mhéar i dtreo an choimhthígh óig a raibh agaidh an bháis air.

(He stretched out his fingers in the direction of the young stranger with the face of death).

"...níl ar an té atá lag sa chreideamh ach ceist a chur ar an bhfear úd thall a tógadh ó mhairbh trí chumhacht Chríost. Glaoim ort a Lasarus..."

(...that person who is weak in the faith should do nothing but question that man over there who was raised from the dead through the power of Christ. I call on you Lazarus...)

Ach bhí an coimhthíoch óg éalaithe. (But the young stranger had escaped).

Yes- well that would explain everything, wouldn't it? But the masterly way in which Padraic O Conaire holds his riddle-solving climax until the very end, demonstrates his genius for the short story technique superbly. Any hint of didacticism or Holy-Joe sermonising prior to this point and much of his audience would have switched off - but there is none. He has captured our interest, held it throughout, kept us guessing and then had us kicking ourselves for not realising sooner who it might have been. Not an ounce of 'spare fat' anywhere - pared to the bone - every word fighting for its place on the team! A bit of a 'Jack the Lad' our Pádraic was apparently in his day. Not averse to a glass o' malt, and he was pretty destitute when he died. A born storyteller he was too. God be good to him.

AN GHAEILGE

Dia do bheatha, a Naoidhe Naoimh

Dia do bheatha, a Naoidhe Naoimh,
isin mainséar cé ataoi bocht,
meadhach, saidbhir atá tú,
's glórmhar id' dhún féin anocht.

Ar Neamh dhíbh gan mháthair riamh,
gan athair 'nar n-iath anos;
it' Fhírdhia raimh atá tú,
is id' dhuine ar dtús anocht.

Míle fáilte anocht i gclí,
le mo chroidhe dom' Rígh fial;
in dá nádúir ó do-chuaidh,
póg is fáilte uaim do Dhia!

[Aodh Mac Cathmhaoil (Mac Aingil), 1571-1626]

Welcome, Holy Child

Welcome to Thee, Holy Child,
Although naked in the manger,
Honoured, rich, and joyful art Thou
In Thy royal 'doon' this night.

Once in Heaven without a mother,
Without a father now on earth;
Forever the one True God,
Yet human first Thou art tonight.

Tonight a thousand welcomes in the flesh,
To my Noble Lord with all my heart;
In two natures has he come,
My kiss of welcome to my God!

[Translation: Emrys Evans]

Aodh Mac Cathmhaoil or Hugh MacCowell was born at Saul near Downpatrick in the year 1571. As a young man he was made tutor to the sons of Hugh O'Neill, the Great Earl of Tyrone, who later sent him as a legate to Spain. On the Continent, and by now in his mid-thirties, he joined the Order of Franciscans and helped found the Irish College at Rome where he taught Theology. In 1626 he was elevated to the See of Armagh but died in that same year while still an exile. He is best known as a writer of religious prose - in Latin and in Irish, and as such he received the pseudonym Mac Aingil 'the son of the angel'. But three poems of his have come down to us. Above are printed just three verses - the first two and the last-out of a thirteen verse poem on the Nativity of Christ, together with a free translation.

IS YOUR NAME..... by Walter Cassin

..Dunleavy, Mac Duinnshleibhe?

*Mac Dunleavy, Dunleavy,
MacEleavy, MacAleavy, MacAlea,
MacAlee, MacLeavy, MacClew,
MacCloy, Killeavy, Killeavy, Levy
and Leavy (and in Scotland Dun-
lief and Dunlop). .*

The name means "Son of Donn" (lord, strong, brown, dark), sléibe - of the mountain.

The MacDunleavys were an ancient and once powerful family in County Down. They derive their descent from Donnsléibe O h'Eocada, chieftain of Ulster, who flourished in the 11th. century. A remnant of the ancient inhabitants of Ulster, they maintained their independence, though in a greatly circumscribed territory, down to the coming of the English. Their patrimony, which

was known as Ulrad (Latinised Ulidia) then comprised the present Co. Down and the Southern portion of Co. Antrim. The invasion of Ulidia by John de Courcy in the Year 1177 was the turning point in the history of the clan. Marching his army to Downpatrick, he encountered MacDunleavy, defeated him in battle, though only after a brave resistance, and dispersed his clansmen. From this defeat they never recovered. Though they did not cease to exist as a separate clan, their power was for ever broken, and branches of the family sought new homes in different parts of Ireland and even in Scotland. In Tirconnell (the present Donegal from where they originally came) some of them became famous as physicians to the O Donnells.

If you would like to know more about your family name you can write to us and for £3 (including postage) we will send you an A4 sheet with the details printed in the same lettering as this article.

DEFINITIONS

By Emrys Evans

SLOGAN

Nowadays we are all familiar with the use of slogans in one form or another, usually for political, factional, or business purposes. At an earlier time, however, the word 'slogan' had a more warlike purpose, for its origin lies in the Irish (Gaelic) compound word *slua-ghairm* (earlier spelling *sluagh-ghairm*) with the meaning 'host-cry, battle-cry, war-cry' and probably referred to such Gaelic war-cries as *O Dónaill abú!, O Néill*

abú!, Crom abú!, and the like, in the first instance. Once into English it had different spellings, one of them, 'slug-horn', seems to half-suggest its Irish origin. Probably it was this spelling that misled poor Robert Browning into thinking that it was some sort of trumpet or hunting-horn, for at the end of his poem 'Child Roland' we find the lines:

*'And yet
Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set,
And blew. "Child Roland to the Dark Tower
came".*

AN GHAEILGE

Seanfhocla agus ráite

Is binn béal ina thost.

Is deacair damhsa nua a chuir roimh seanmhadaidh.

Is fearr an t-ádh ná éirí go moch.

Is glas iad na cnuic i bhfad uainn, ach ní féarmhar.

Is minic a bhain duine slat chun é féin a bhualadh.

An Chailleach Bhéarra

Níl áit ná aird Eirinn a ngabhfaidh tú nach gcluinfidh tú caint ar an Chailleach Bhéarra. B'fhéidir gur as Béarra i gCorcaigh Thiar a thógann sí a hainm. Ta sé mar sheanfhocla i meas na gConnachtach go bhfuil trí saoil fhada ann: saol an iúir, saol an iolair, agus saol na Caillí Béarra. Maidir le béasa na caillí seo, deirtear mar seo.

Níor thug sí salachar na lathaí seo thar an lathach eile.

Níor ith sí bia ach nuair a bheadh ocras uirthi.

Níor dheachaidh sí a chodladh go mbeadh codladh uirthi.

Níor chaith sí amach an t-uisce salach gur thug sí isteach an t-uisce glan.

(Siamsa an Gheimhridh. O Fotharta)

Fionn Mac Cumhaill

Is geall le mar a chéile Cú Chulainn sna seanscéalta Gaelacha agus Fionn Mac Cumhaill i mórbholg de scéalta níos déanaí. Mórchuradh ab ea Fionn, ag a raibh fios iontach agus dár ghéill complacht mear, lúfar, acmhainneach, ar a ngairtí an Fhiann, nó Fianna Eireann. Mac do Fhionn ab ea Oisín, príomfhíle na hEireann, agus mac dósan arís ab ea Oscar, nárbh fhéidir a shárú i dtréine agus i gcrógacht. Bíonn Diarmaid O Duibhne agus Caoilte Mac Rónáin go coiteann ina bhfochair siúd. B'éachtach an saol a chaith Fianna Eireann ag bruíon, ag rith, ag seilg, agus ag cluicheadh na gcarrianna agus na bhfaolchon. Ní raibh coill, ná gleann, ná sliabh i n-Eirinn i dtaobh amuigh de Chúige Uladh nár thug siad cuairt ann. Ba mhinic go coséadrom iad ag rith ar rébhanta Chill Dara, agus níorbh annamh a rinne siad mórshéilg ar ghormbhruacha Loch Léin... B'éachtach iad macghníomhartha Fhinn, agus is beag áit i n-Eirinn nach bhfuil rian éigin i ndiaidh a láimh. Is iomaí sliabh ar a ngairtear 'Suí Fhinn', agus is iomaí ardán ina bhfuil gallán mór cloiche agus rian a mhéar air; agus fós, níl baile i n-Eirinn nach bhfuil a ainm agus ainm a chomplachta go beacht i mbéal na ndaoine ann, bíodh nár áiríodh riamh ina measc ainm Bhriain na Bórainmhe ná Aodha Uí Néill. (Na Scéalta Fiannuigheachta: Prós Gaedhealach. O Duinnín).

Cúigí agus Contaetha na hEireann by Séamus Morgan

Here, in the modern spelling, are the names of all the counties in Irish. Use them when writing home. Your letters will get there just as quickly and you will be doing your bit for the language. In later issues we will give you the names of cities, towns, villages, townlands and useful addresses in Irish.

Cúigí agus Contaetha na hEireann

Cúige Uladh: Ulster

Co. Aontroma	~ Antrim
Co. Ard Mhacha	~ Armagh
Co. an Chabháin	~ Cavan
Co. Dhoire	~ Derry
Co. an Dúin	~ Down
Co. Fhear Manach	~ Fermanagh
Co. Mhuineacháin	~ Monaghan
Co. Thír Eoghain	~ Tyrone
Co. Dhún na nGall	~ Donegal

Cúige Mumhan: Munster

Co. Chiarraí	~ Kerry
Co. an Chláir	~ Clare
Co. Chorcaí	~ Cork
Co. Luimnigh	~ Limerick
Co. Phort Láirge	~ Waterford
Co. Thiobraid Arann	~ Tipperary

Cúige Laighean: Leinster

Co. Bhaile Átha Cliath	~ Dublin
Co. Cheatharlach	~ Carlow
Co. Chill Chainnigh	~ Kilkenny
Co. Chill Dara	~ Kildare
Co. Chill Mhantáin	~ Wicklow
Co. na hIarmhí	~ Westmeath
Co. Laoise	~ Leix
Co. Loch Garman	~ Wexford
Co. an Longfoirt	~ Longford
Co. Lú	~ Louth
Co. na Mí	~ Meath
Co. Uíbh Fhailí	~ Offaly

Cúige Chonnacht: Connacht

Co. na Gaillimhe	~ Galway
Co. Liatroma	~ Leitrim
Co. Mhaigh Eo	~ Mayo
Co. Ros Comáin	~ Roscommon
Co. Shligigh	~ Sligo

Taken from 'An Irish Reader', Emrys Evans, Aberystwyth, 1989
(Available from Professor Evans, Dept. of Irish, University College, King St., Aberystwyth, price £2.50 + 50p postage.)

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Irish Studies Makes the A Grade

Sixth formers and college students in England and Wales will now be able to study Ireland at 'A'-level and 'A-S'-level for the first time.

The Schools Examination and Assessment Council has approved a package of three syllabuses in Irish Studies submitted by the Joint Matriculation Board. The package is part of the Joint Education Programme which is being developed by the Institute of Irish Studies at the University of Liverpool and the British Association for Irish Studies, and which is being sponsored in part by Allied Irish Bank.

The package is based upon the latest JMB thinking on history in the sixth-form and consists of two Advanced Supplementary syllabuses and an Advanced Level syllabus. The two A/S syllabuses are 'The Irish in Great Britain, 1815-1914' and 'History, Literature and the Irish Identity, 1890-1926'. The A-level syllabus, Modern Irish History, is achieved by a combination of the two A/S syllabuses taken at the same sitting. It thus provides a flexible, multicultural framework for the study of Irish history and the broadening of the sixth-form curriculum by making most effective use of resources and enabling both A-level and A/S students to be taught together.

Dr. Patrick Buckland, Director of the Institute of Irish Studies, says "We welcome the acceptance of the new syllabus which will, at last, put the study of Ireland on a firm footing within the sixth form curriculum, and at the same time act as a useful framework for further A and A/S level developments".

The package explores in different ways notions of Ireland and Irishness and the relationship of Ireland and Irish

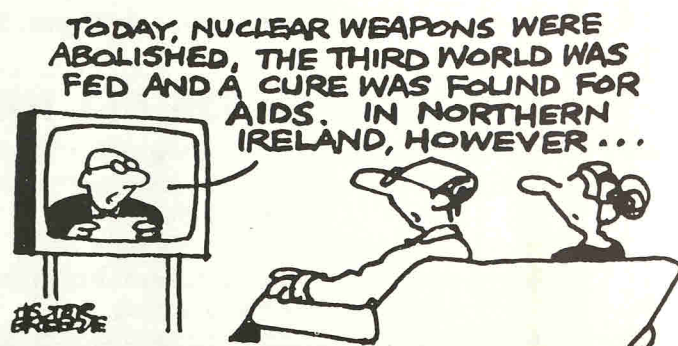
people to the rest of the United Kingdom. "The Irish in Great Britain" provides an historical perspective on the position of immigrants and minorities within an increasingly multicultural society by asking why the Irish migrated to England, Scotland and Wales and how far they preserved a distinctive identity during the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. 'History, Literature and the Irish Identity' highlights issues of national identity and cultural conflict through the study of contemporary Irish writers during a formative period in modern Irish history.

The syllabuses draw upon a wide range of sources and concepts to provide a broad educational experience and underline how the study of the past embraces all aspects of human endeavour. They also reflect the determination of the Institute and the Association not only to raise the status and profile of Irish Studies in schools, but also to use the study of Ireland to address broader issues of general academic interest and contemporary concern.

These new syllabuses will be supported, as part of the Joint Education Programme, by the development of teaching materials and the provision of in-service training.

For further details contact:

Dr. P. Buckland
Director, Institute of Irish Studies
University of Liverpool
P.O. Box 147
Liverpool L69 3BX



Competition Quiz.

A prize of a £20 book token is offered for the first, all-correct answer drawn after the closing date.

1) What is the epitaph on W.B. Yeats grave, and from which poem is it taken?

2) In the following lines by Yeats who are the two girls he is describing?

Great windows opening to the south,
Two girls in silk kimonos, both beautiful
One a gazelle.

3) What subject did James Joyce intend to study when he went to live in Paris, in 1902?

4) When Joyce returned to Ireland, to live in his Martello tower at Sandycove, who lived there with him?

5) In 'Finnegan's Wake', who is Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker's wife?

6) What was Oscar Wilde's full name?

7) Who painted the portrait of Dorian Grey?

8) The following were the pseudonyms of which authors? :

- a) An Pilibín
- b) An Craoibhín Aoibhinn
- c) An Seabhac
- d) Miles na gCopaleen

9) Which Irishman became Poet Laureate of England in 1692?

10) In 1893 a poem, in Irish, first appeared in print, under the title 'Mediae Noctis Consilium.' Who wrote it, and how is it better known?

11) The County of Clare originally formed one of the Counties of Connaught. When was it added to Munster?

12) Name the Irish equivalent of Neptune, God of the Ocean.

13) When and where did Michael Dwyer, the famous Wicklow rebel, die?

14) Which Irish Parliamentarian was

invited to address the House of Representatives in the United States, in 1880.

15) What great pagan idol was destroyed by Saint Patrick?

16) When and where did Hugh O'Neill, Prince of Ulster, die?

17) Which Irish Saint is known as 'the Navigator', and when is his feastday?

18) Where is Lord Antrim's parlour?

19) In 1815 Daniel O'Connell was challenged to a duel. Who challenged him, and why?

20) What was the original name of the street in Dublin where Patrick Pearse was born, in 1879?

Entries should be sent to "Competition Quiz", Irish Heritage Magazine, Irish World Heritage Centre, 10, Queens Road, Cheetham Hill, Manchester, M8 8UQ.

Rules of the Competition:

- 1) Entries must be received by first post Monday, 19th February 1990.
- 2) The first all-correct (or best) answer out of the hat will be the winner.
- 3) Entries will not be accepted from members of the M.I.E.G. or their immediate families.
- 4) The decision of the editorial team is final.

The name of the winner, and the answers to the questions, will be announced in the Spring 1990 issue of 'Irish Heritage'.

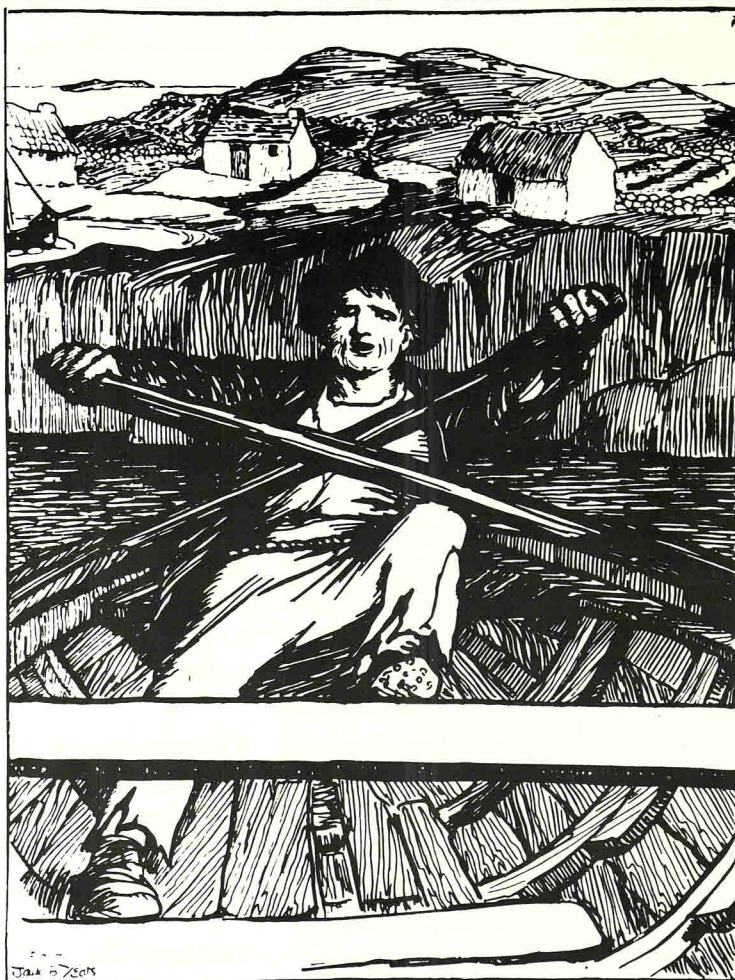


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GENEALOGY

TRACING YOUR ANCESTORS

BY CHRIS KINEALY

The first thing to do is to find out as much as you can about your ancestors in your own country - from books, records and documents in libraries and state archives, tombstone inscriptions etc. Oral evidence is important. Take note of any recollections of old relatives concerning the history of your family; family traditions usually contain some grain of truth and these can provide vital clues in areas where documentary evidence is not available. For example, notes in family bibles, old photographs, newspaper cuttings etc. can provide basic information for your family history. In most states and provinces, cities and towns, there are genealogical societies which will give you advice about your research.

Information about the original emigrant initially tends to be vague but you should try to find out these details about him or her:

1. Where he/she came from in Ireland (village, townland, parish, county).
2. His/her religion. (This is necessary for the use of church registers).
3. His/her 'vital statistics', that is dates of birth/ marriage/ death/ emigration.

If you visit Ireland to pursue a search of your own you will find that the necessary records and documents are spread amongst many different archives. The main ones are:

The Public Record Office of Northern Ireland, Belfast, which has official records of the nineteenth century, large collections of private papers from the seventeenth century and copies of many pre-1900 church and school registers.

The National Archives, Dublin. These include the **Public Record Office of Ireland** and the **State Paper Office**. These archives house collections of many government and private papers including transportation papers, census returns etc.

The Public Record Offices in Belfast and Dublin *do not* undertake genealogical research. Searches of their records can, however, be undertaken by the Ulster Historical Foundation.

The General Registrar's Office, Dublin, and the **Registrar General's Office, Belfast**, between them contain the registers of all births, deaths and marriages in Ireland after 1864, when state registration became compulsory. (Non-Catholic marriages date back to 1845).

If you are unable to travel to Ireland you can commission a genealogical search on a fee-paying basis from:

The Ulster Historical Foundation

The Ulster Historical Foundation is a unique organisation. It is both a genealogical searching agency and a publishing house. The Foundation was established in 1956 in response to a growing demand by Irish Americans to know more about their origins. Since then, this demand has become more widespread and the Foundation has clients in America, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and Britain. In the last few years also within Ireland there has been a growing interest in local and family history. Initially the Foundation was part of the Public Record Office of Northern Ireland but since January 1988 it has been an independent organisation, receiving a grant-in-aid from the Department of the Environment, Northern Ireland. The UHF is a non-profit making organisation.

The Foundation receives over a thousand genealogical enquiries each year. Each letter is answered and an assessment of the sources available for genealogical search is included. This service is provided free of charge. The average cost of commissioning a full search is between £100-£150. For this the client

will receive a full typed report, accompanied by copies of relevant documentation. In both cases, inquirers are asked to include as much information as possible such as place of origin, religion etc.

In 1978 the Foundation established the Ulster Genealogical and Historical Guide which helps to put people with similar research interests in touch with each other. Over three and a half thousand people have benefited from this service. The annual subscription fee is £10.

For over twenty years the publishing activities of the UHF fell into two main categories, the Historical Series and the Gravestone Inscription Series. In 1988 however, the Foundation recognised a gap in the publishing of text books for schoolchildren in Northern Ireland. This resulted in the introduction of the "Educational Series", which recognises the move to source-based learning within the teaching of history. This involves learning by looking at contemporary documents. These publications are subtitled "Using the Evidence."

If, therefore, you have Irish ancestors or are interested in Irish history generally, contact the Ulster Historical Foundation, who will be glad to help you with your query.

Christine Kinealy (Dr.)
Administrator,

Ulster Historical Foundation
68 Balmoral Avenue
Belfast BT9 6NY
tel: 681365

If possible please enclose two international reply coupons to cover postage.

Happy Hunting!

Husband's brothers & sisters	
name	name
married.	married
children	children.
name	name.
married	married.
children	children

Wife's brothers & sisters	
name	name
married	married
children	children
name	name
married	married
children	children

NAME.

FAMILY TREE

OLOL Grandmother	OLOL Grandfather	OLOL Grandmother	OLOL Grandfather	OLOL Grandmother	OLOL Grandfather	OLOL Grandmother	OLOL Grandfather	OLOL Grandmother	OLOL Grandfather	OLOL Grandmother	OLOL Grandfather	OLOL Grandmother	OLOL Grandfather	OLOL Grandmother	OLOL Grandfather	OLOL Grandmother	OLOL Grandfather
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GLGrandmother	GLGrandfather	GLGrandmother	GLGrandfather
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Grandmother

Grandfather

GLGrandmother	GLGrandfather	GLGrandmother	GLGrandfather
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Grandmother

Grandfather

Mother

Father

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Children	

Our Children	
Married	
Children	

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