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AN LEIPREACHÁN :
FROM FOLKLORE TO POPULAR CULTURE

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March 1993

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Brian Froud 77



ABSTRACT

The reference system used throughout this thesis is based on a numbering system. Each time a reference is made in the text, a number in square brackets [] has been inserted. This number corresponds to the same number in the bibliography which can be found in section C of the appendix.

The appendices chapter is split-up into three different sections. Section A comprises a full copy of one edition of the 'Leprecaun Magazine', while section B is a collection of letters sent to me in reference to this thesis which have been referred to throughout the text. Section C is the bibliography which contains a reference to all published books and journals used in the research of this thesis.



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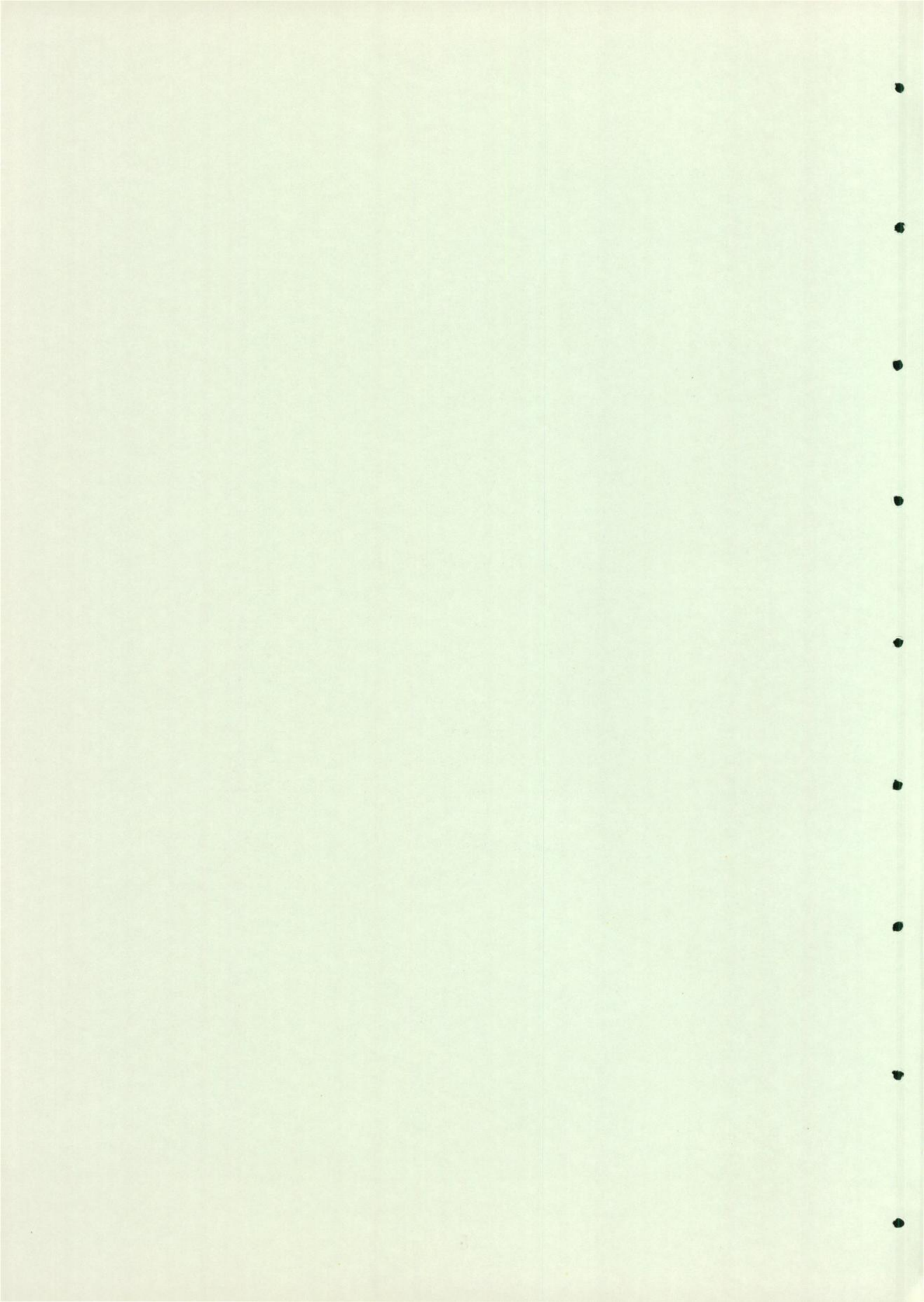


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1. INTRODUCTION



1. INTRODUCTION

There are few more fabled creatures in Irish Folklore than the leipreachán. He is a diminutive being who is not intrinsically good or bad. He induces neither fear nor respect, and has no special powers of magic. He can even be held by a mere stare.

The traditional leipreachán gradually became more redundant. During the nineteenth century there was a great movement towards national identity and national pride. During this time, the leipreachán became a symbol of Ireland. His red coat transformed to a green coat, illustrating the growing national image. He was the product of national and romantic ideals.

As a symbol, the leipreachán is seen to be a direct reflection of the people of Ireland. He is a pseudo-folkloristic equivalent to today's lottery, promising people from all walks of life good luck and fortune.

This thesis begins by looking into the origins of the leipreachán through literature, storytelling and beliefs. The background from which the leipreachán emerged is also examined and it is seen how he competed with other Irish symbols. It is shown how the Irish image in America changed at the turn of the twentieth century due to political reasons, and how this was reflected in the leipreachán.

This thesis examines how and why the leipreachán came from beneath a mushroom, to star in many films and window displays.



2. FOLKLORE AND TRADITION



2. FOLKLORE AND TRADITION

2.1. Local Names of the Leipreachán

The leipreachán is a small solitary being of Irish folklore. He is said to be the guardian of great riches, having knowledge of buried treasures or owning a *Sparán na Scillinge* (an inexhaustible purse) for which he may be feverishly hunted. Though not as strong as mortals, his deviousness and trickery usually outwits them. He is known by many local names, *clutharcán* (East Kerry - West Cork and Waterford South), *geancánach* (South Ulster and Leinster north of the Boyne), *gréasaí leipreachán* (Aran, Far West and East Galway and contiguous parts of Mayo and Clare), *leipreachán* (throughout the land but possibly belonging originally to Leinster and Connaught), *lim(e)racawn* (recorded in Rathvilly, Co. Carlow and South Co. Dublin), *lochradán*, *lochramán* (Ulster and adjacent parts of neighbouring counties, and North-west Mayo), *loiridín* (recorded in Ballindine, Co. Mayo), *lorgadán* (Central Munster from North Kerry to Callan, which is beyond the provincial boundary, in Co. Kilkenny), *luadhacán* (recorded in Doolin, Co. Clare), *lúiricín* (North Wexford, and recorded in Edenderry, Co. Offaly), *lúiridín*, *lúrachán* (Kilkenny and South Wexford), *lutharacán* (Iveragh Peninsula, Co. Kerry), *lutharadán* (recorded in Doolin, Co. Clare) and *lutharagán* (Dingle Peninsula, Co. Kerry) [1].

Some of these local names have been further subdivided. The *lochramáin* of Ulster has been written down as *lucharmán*, *luacharmán*, *luchramán*, etc., though these may be seen as the same word.

The words for leipreachán (except for *geancánach*) are derived from the old Irish *Luchorpán* which originates from *lu* meaning small and *corp* meaning body. This word was then corrupted and reinterpreted causing the many variations. *Geancánach* however is a superstitious euphemism, similar to the use of 'good-people' instead of the name fairies.

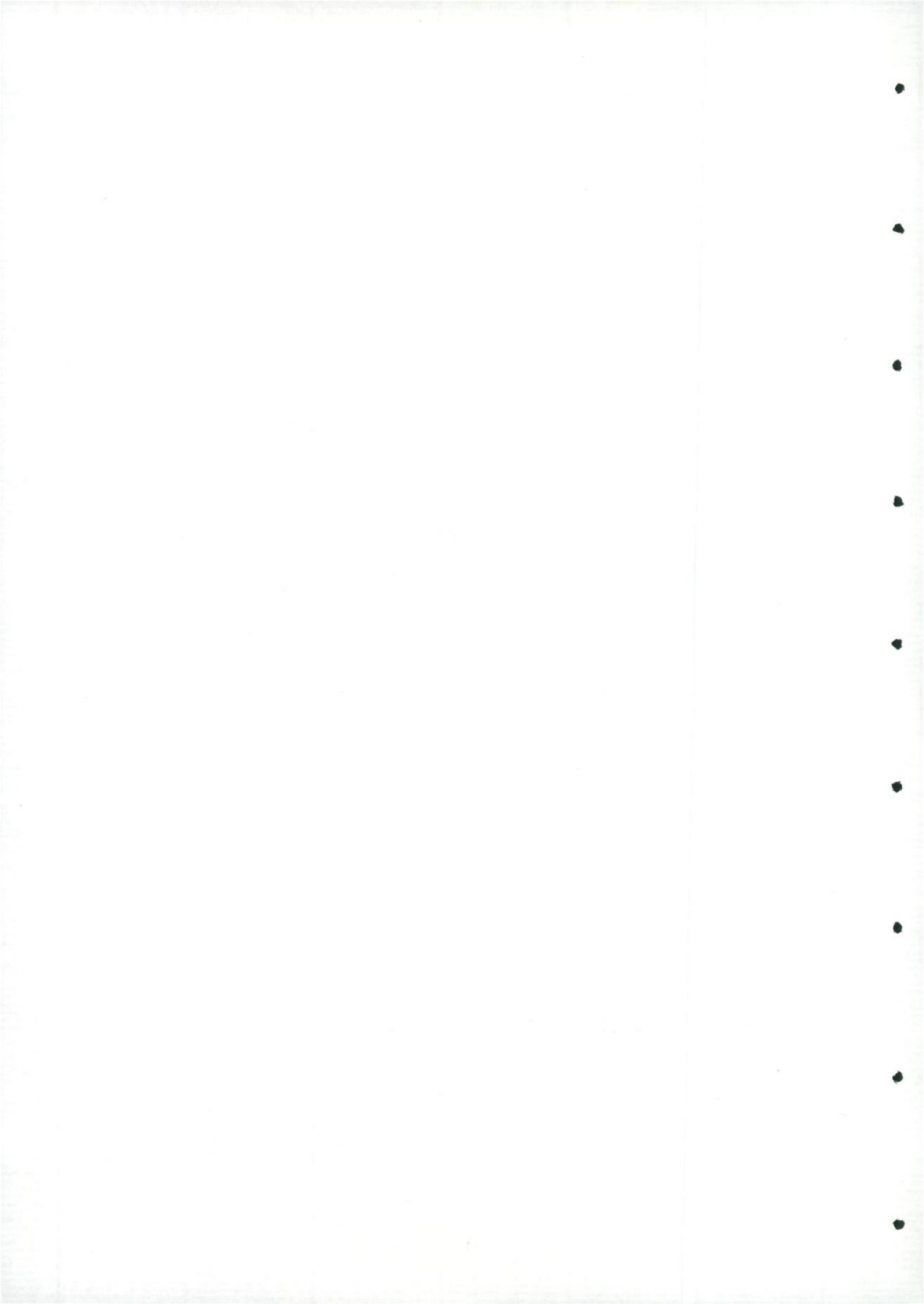
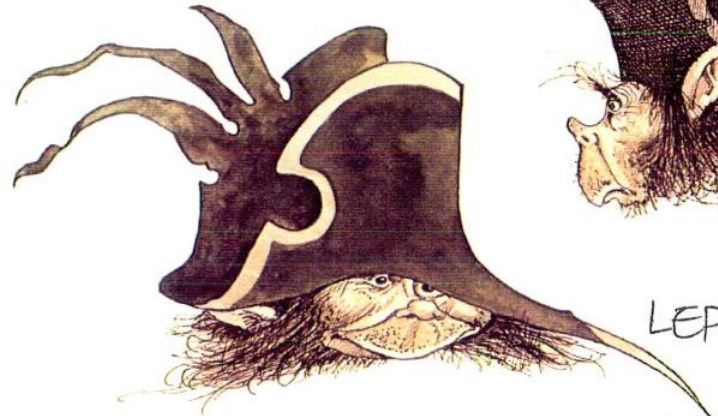
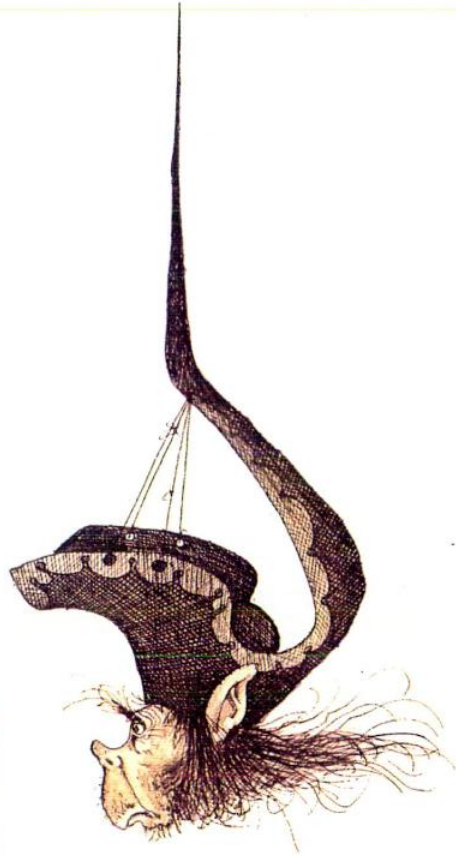




Plate 1. Dancing Leipreachán, *Irish Wonders*, 1888.





LEPRECHAUNS
usually
wear
three cornered hats...

Plate 2. Headgear

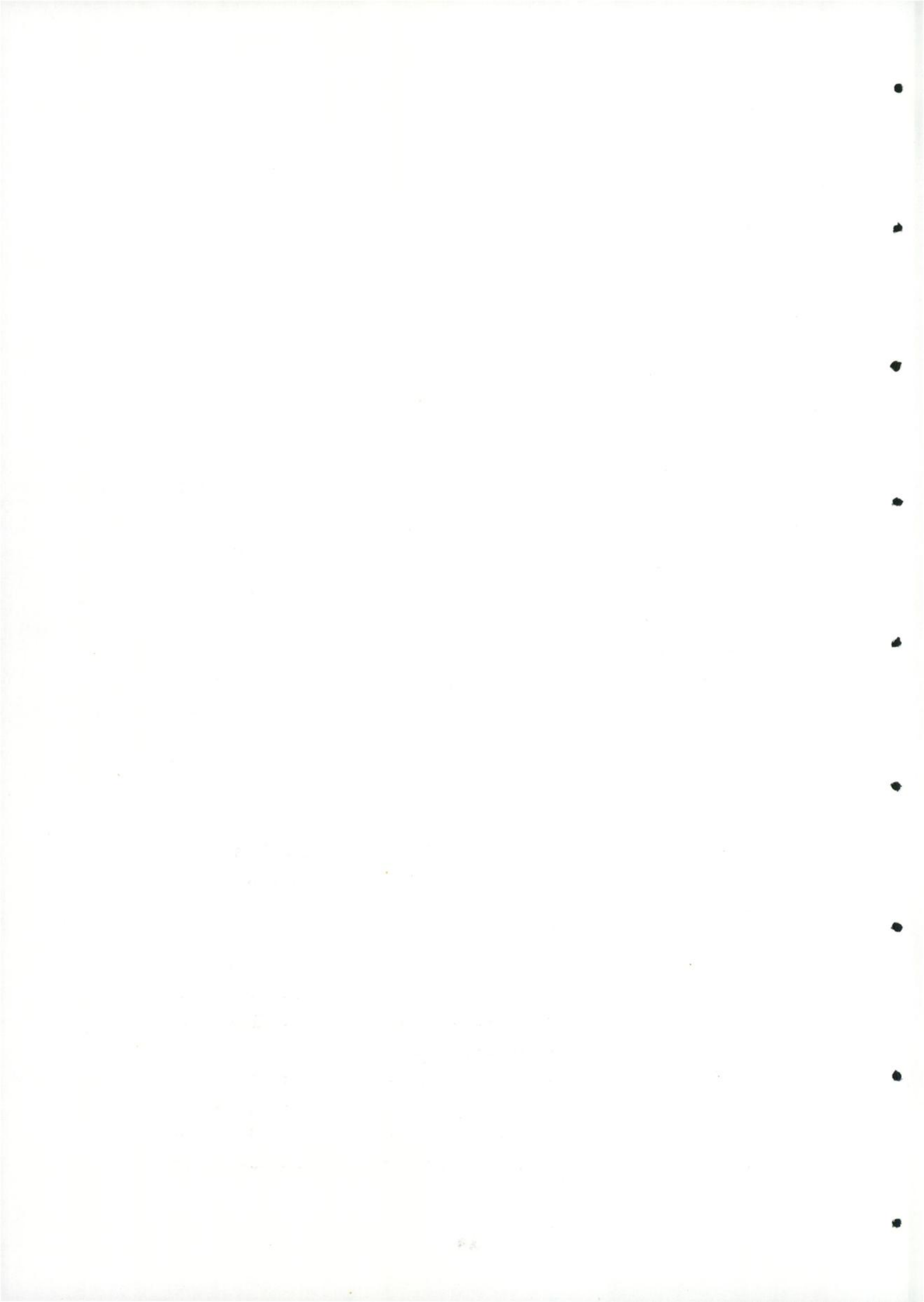


..... on occasions they have
been observed spinning like tops
using their headgear as an axis.





Plate 3. Cluricaun



The leipreachán is popularly associated with the fairies. Regional names such as gréasaí leipreachán, or fairy cobbler and fairy shoe-maker leave little doubt about his occupation but also inextricably link him to the fairies (see p.B3). A supernatural cobbler's clientele would most appropriately be supernatural beings. The leipreachán has been described as the offspring of a degenerate fairy and an evil spirit, [2].

2.2. The Leipreachán in Literature

T. Crofton Croker [3] describes the 'Cluricaune or Lepreachaun' as 'a compound of the Scottish Brownie and the English Robin Good fellow' (see plate 5).

The first mention of luchorpán is in 'Scéal sa Senchus Mór'. The word seems to mean water sprite though Binchy doubts this original meaning [4]. The only similarity between the leipreachán in 'Seanlitríocht' and the folklore leipreachán seems to be his name.

The first literary reference to folk tradition according to Diarmuid O'Giolláin is in O'Reilly's Dictionary (1817):

Leithbhragan a pigmy sprite, supposed to be always employed at making or mending a single shoe, from *leith*, one, or half a pair; *brog*, a shoe, *an*, artifex: he was an emblem of industry.[5]

The first time that an English word for a leipreachán appeared outside of a dictionary was by T. Crofton Croker [3] in which he is described as a 'possessor of an inexhaustible purse'. Thomas Keightley [6] describes the 'leprechaun' (with variants Logheryman, Cluricaun, Luricaun, Luirigadaun). He attributes to him treasure rather than a purse. Philip Dixon Hardy [7] describes the tiny 'Leprawhawns' as artisans of the fairies. Sir William Wilde [8] gives a description of the 'Leprechaun' and mentions his being a cobbler. Mrs. Alfred Gatty [9] tells of a boys encounter with the little man, who 'disappears in a twinkling'. Lageniensis [10] seems to derive his information about the Cluricane from T. Crofton Croker; he distinguishes the Leprechawn from the Cluricane and he





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Plate 4. Leipreachán, *Irish Wonders*, 1888



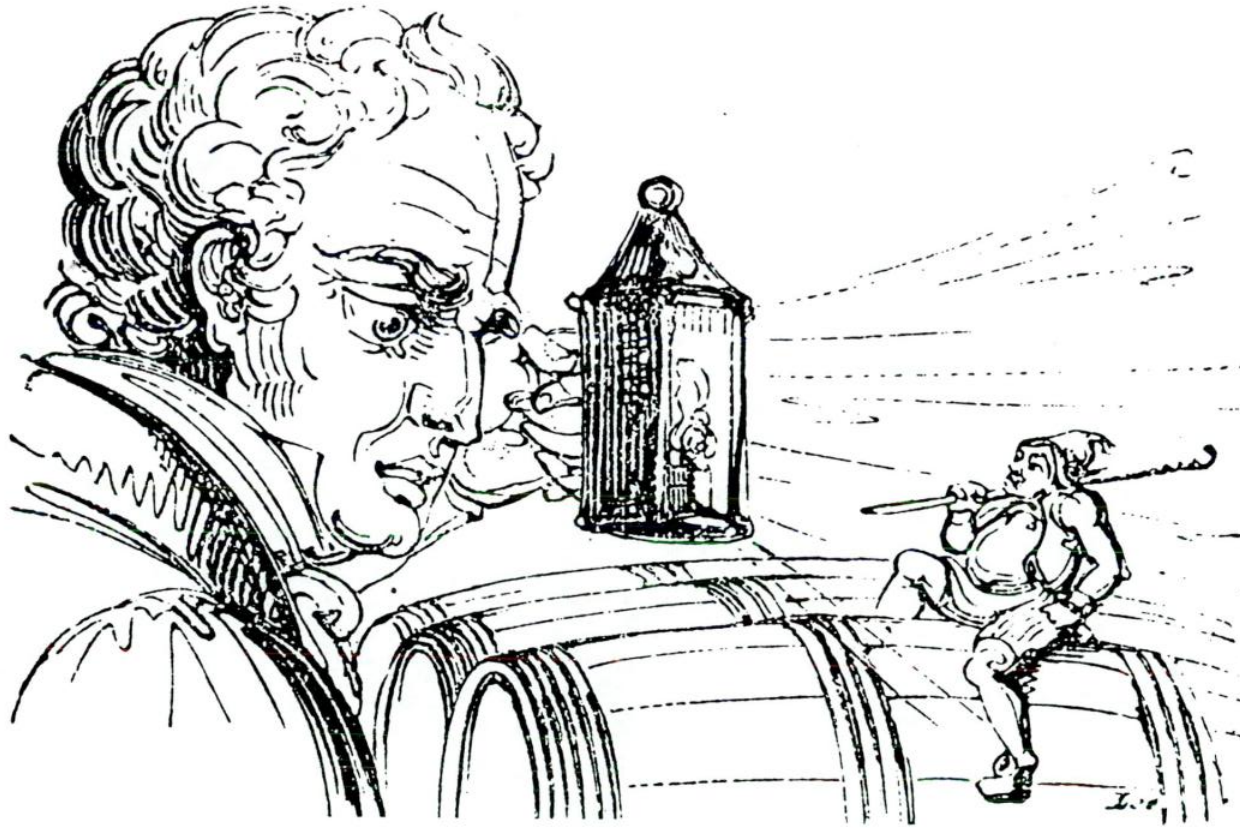
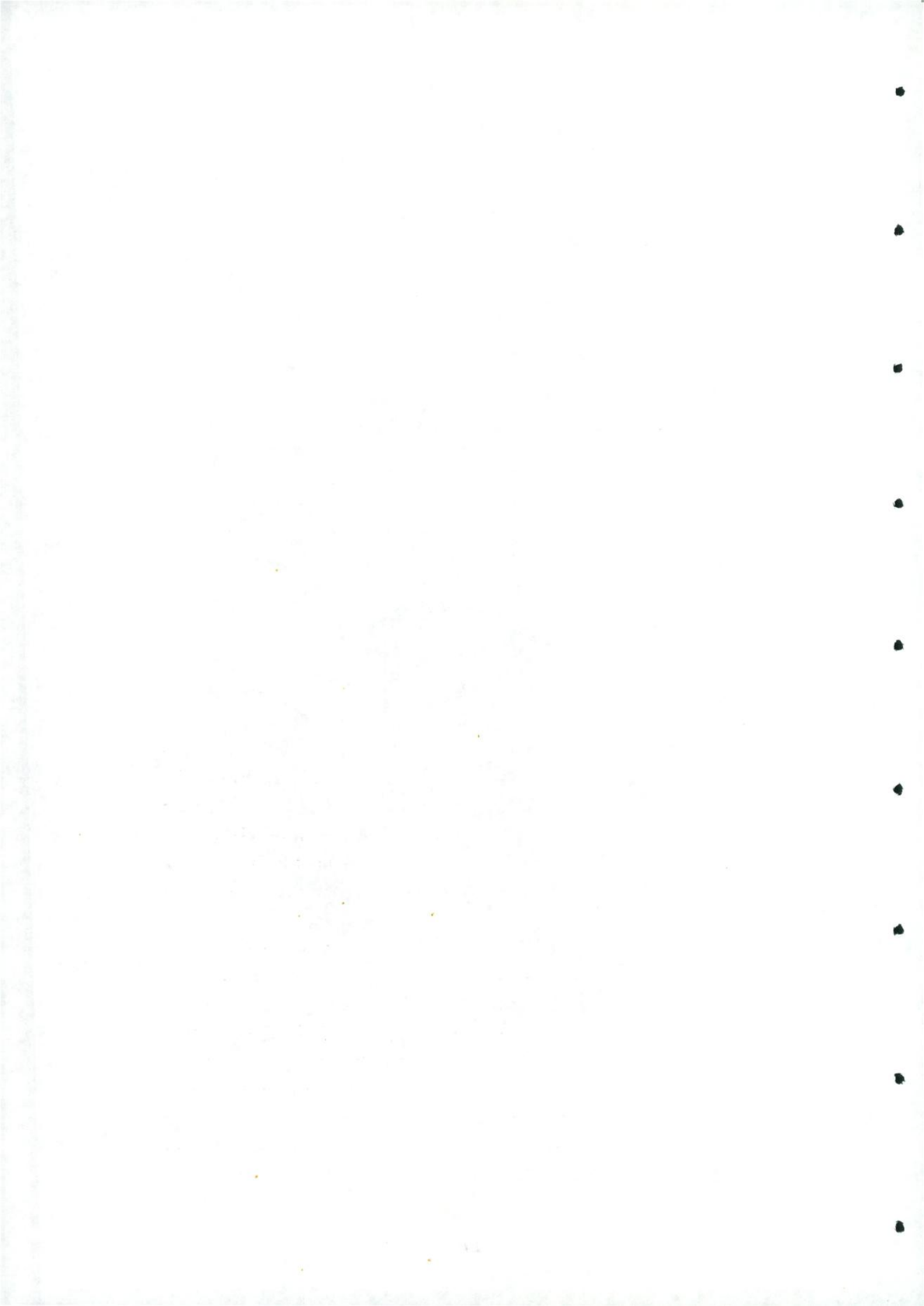


Plate 5. The Cluricaun, Crofton T. Croker



includes reference to the magical purse and knowledge of hidden treasure.

William Hugh Patterson [11] describes :

Loughry men, a race of small hairy people living in the woods. It was said that "they would get your gold." They are very strong.

'Loughry man' is an anglicisation of *lochramán*.

The leipreachán stories are remarkably homogeneous, regardless of what source they were taken from.

The best known stereotyped story is the one which describes how a man catches a leipreachán. With the leipreachán captured, he is forced to show the man where he has hidden his treasure. After nearly being tricked into looking away and letting the leipreachán escape, the man is brought to a field and shown a big *buachalán* (weed) under which the treasure was buried. The man ties a red garter around the weed so he can remember it. The following morning, armed with a spade, the man returns to the field where he finds a red garter tied on every *buachalán* in the field, thousands of them [12] (see plate 6).

Another story which is general in Irish lore tells of a man who catches a leipreachán and holds him firmly in his hand, demanding to know where his crock of gold is. If the man keeps his eyes firmly on the leipreachán, the little fellow must tell. However, the leipreachán manages to deflect the captor's attention by warning him of a ferocious beast approaching, and when the man looks again the leipreachán is gone.

Lady Wilde [13] tells of two stories about the leipreachán; one tells of the good fortune of a boy who captured him, the other of the evil consequences of the leipreachán's capture and ill-treatment.

According to Diarmuid O'Giollán, records in East Galway show a strong tradition of the leipreachán being captured. It was said that if you kept him for a year and a day he would tell you where the gold was hidden. As usual he would use his cunning devices to escape. Normally, the apparent success of a person obtaining the leipreachán's treasure is an illusion; it later turns into something worthless.





Plate 6. The Field of Boliauns, 1843.



2.3. Folklore Beliefs

First hand accounts do not usually contain traditional stories but contain details about size, appearance and occupations of the leipreachán (see p.B1 and plate 8).

The leipreachán is always described as a small male¹. 'To a hare's breath he is just 12 inches in height' [14]. It can often be his small size that makes people realise he is supernatural, 'too small to be human'. He seems to be old and wizened with a wrinkled face and a grey beard². He is often recorded as having an ungainly, grotesque figure. He has a big head, big feet, with bandy legs, black eyes, grey skin or skin the colour of hair. Sometimes he is described as being skinny. The 'grogach' according to Elizabeth Andrews [15] is described as having a large head and soft body, 'a hairy man about four feet in height who could bear heat and cold without clothing'. In the Dublin Penny Journal [16], the solitary fairies are described as 'mostly gloomy and terrible'. Perhaps this was to serve as a warning to mortals not to interfere. His ugliness may have been as an added protection of his wares. (Grotesqueness and ugliness were often used to ward off evil; for example, the repulsive Sheelah-na-gigs in church sculptures showing off their genitals).

Diarmuid O'Giolláin's paper on the leipreacháns [17] contains the following reference:

Red is by far the *leipreachán's* favourite colour, being mentioned in nearly three times as many accounts as its closest rival, green, which in turn is almost five times as common as black. White, blue, yellow, grey, and brown are next in order, though rarely mentioned. Red and green are most frequent in combinations, head-dress usually being red, red jacket and green trousers being commoner than green jacket and red trousers.

He may wear a suit, coat or jacket ... long black

¹ Although the leipreachán is always described as male, E.P. Ripplingille quotes from a Welsh book describing a Welsh apparition of an "old woman with an oblong four-cornered hat, ash coloured clothes, her apron thrown across her shoulder and a pot or wooden can in her hand". He reckons that she would be a fit bride for the Irish cluricaun. "being quite his equal in love of fun and mischief". This is very interesting because it refers to a female equivalent of the cluricaun and also because the cluricaun is never talked about as someone looking for a bride.

² Diarmuid O'Giolláin [13] mentions ric-umen as a name recorded from one man in Co. Mayo. This is probably an anglicised version of Roiceaman- Roc meaning wrinkle in Irish.



trousers, very tight fitting trousers and knee-breeches. Footwear includes “ long boots with curled-up toes” and pointed or turned-up toes are a consistent feature along with buckled shoes.

The leipreachán’s attire was basically that of a countryman of the last century³.

The colour of dress is probably more significant than style of dress. Red is, as mentioned previously, by far the most common colour among leipreacháns, which is also true for fairies. There is even one fairy called *an fir darrig* (dearg being the Irish word for red). He is probably a leipreachán of the North tradition as he is said to resemble the Scottish Brownie. Red is associated with blood and therefore death. Nowadays, red is the colour of warning signs. The colour green was always associated with the fairies. The Scottish highland people were so superstitious that they refused to wear it [19].

One of the most characteristic traits of the leipreachán is his solitary lifestyle. Unlike the fairies who are often seen dancing together, the leipreachán is always sighted alone. Probably his most famous trait is being able to ‘disappear in a twinkling’. He is rumoured to be very strong, in spite of the fact that he can be held by a stare. He appears to be very cunning, usually escaping from the mortal. There are different views about his friendliness. He may seem to be friendly, though sometimes just until someone touches him. As a result of some people interfering with him the leipreachán takes revenge. Some people are afraid of him, fearing death if they see him. Occasionally he has helped people and has brought good luck to them [17].

The leipreachán has been known to smoke a pipe and drink whiskey. He makes his own whiskey from heath, a recipe he

³ It was the last century when the leipreachán was first popularised in print and thus the first drawings may have established a blueprint for him. An archetype for the leipreachán had to be established. Since the leipreachán was a reality for the people, he was probably dressed in the clothes of the people. These drawings then established a certain code of dress for the leipreachán. It has also been said that the leipreachán is recognisable purely by his hat. “On the wild west coasts, where the atlantic winds bring almost constant rains, he dispenses with ruffs and frills and wears a frieze overcoat over his pretty red suit, so that, unless on the look-out for the cocked hat, ye might pass a leprechawn on the road and never know its himself that’s in it at all”[18].





Plate 7. Leipreachán mending brogue, 1843.





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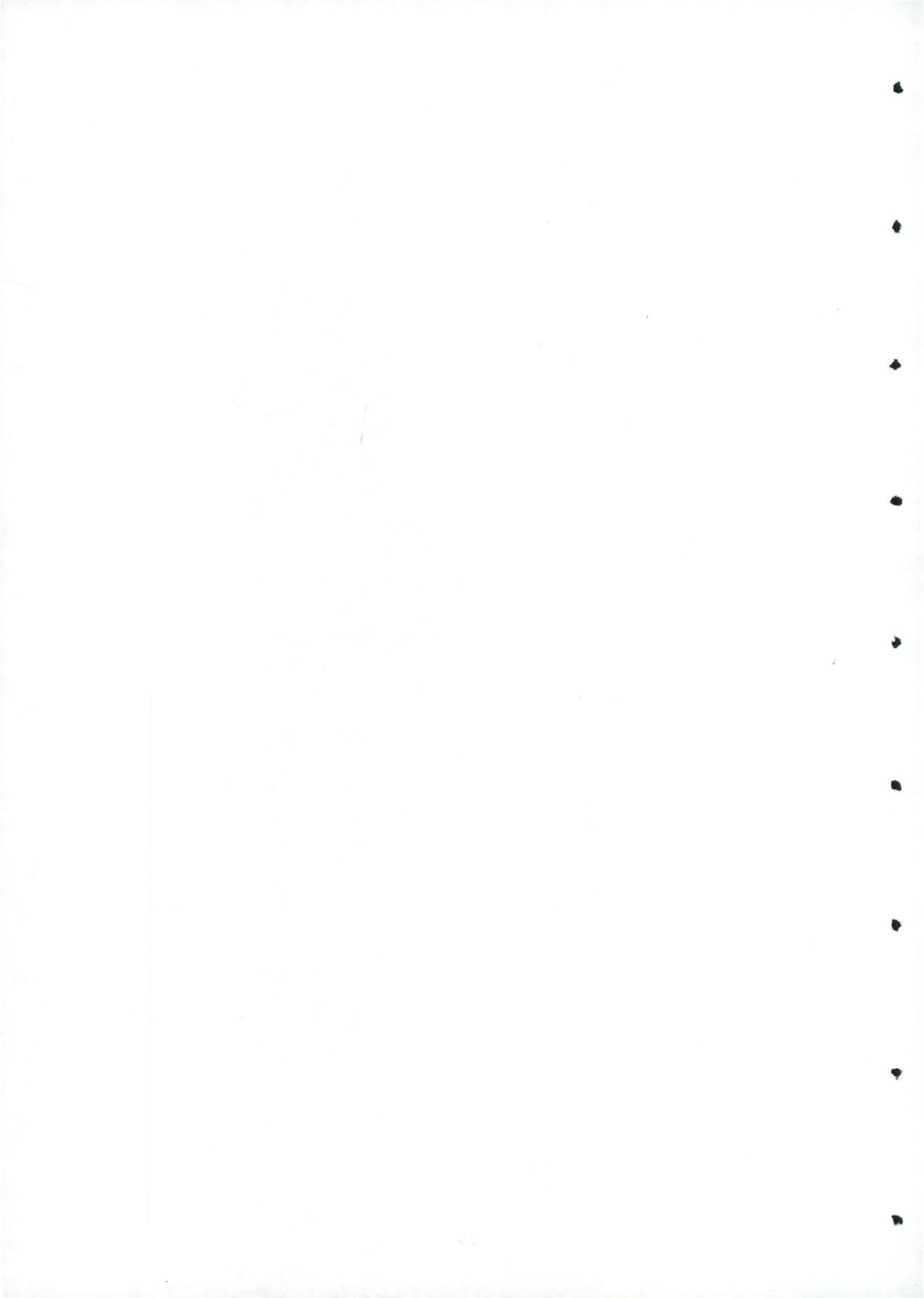
'I saw a leprechaun,' says boy

THE village of Newmarket-Ton-Fergus, near Shannon Airport, has been excited and slightly puzzled since 14-years-old Kevin O'Neill (above) ran into his mother saying: "I've seen a very strange object; it's like a leprechaun."

Kevin added that the leprechaun was sitting on a stone in a field at the back of his home. He had a grey beard and a very wrinkled face and was wearing a red hat with a dark coat. The little man was only about ten inches high.

Kevin is a pupil at the local vocational school.

Plate 8. "I saw a leprechaun"



supposedly learned from the Danes [20].

Generally the leipreachán lives as far away from mortals as possible. Though often associated with mushrooms, he tends to be sighted under rather than living in them. The Irish for mushroom is *fás na haon oíche* which describes its sudden appearance, 'grown in one night'. This fact plus its physical resemblance to a small stool, probably gave a lot of scope for popular association with the leipreachán.

He is mostly seen at night, although there are some reports of sightings in daylight. The only dates recorded in reference to these day sightings have been May day and Halloween. These are the two days of greatest underworld activity:

... the Celtic year was divided in two: a winter half beginning at Samhain, which may also have marked the commencement of the new year, and a summer half at Beltene or Cétshamhain the first of May. Celts have treated the festival of Samhain as a time apart which was charged with a peculiar preternatural energy, During this interval the normal order of the universe is suspended, the barriers between the natural and the supernatural are temporarily removed.[21]

The leipreachán is not intrinsically good or bad. He does not induce fear or respect. It seems extraordinary that out of all the fairy lore of Ireland, the insignificant leipreachán was to become a cultural phenomenon of a changing Ireland.



Leprechaun, Lep' re- kán:

a rarely seen Irish elf who, if caught, can be forced to reveal the hiding place of his pot of gold.

However, if his captor takes his eyes off the leprechaun for a single moment, the leprechaun (and his treasure) will vanish instantly.

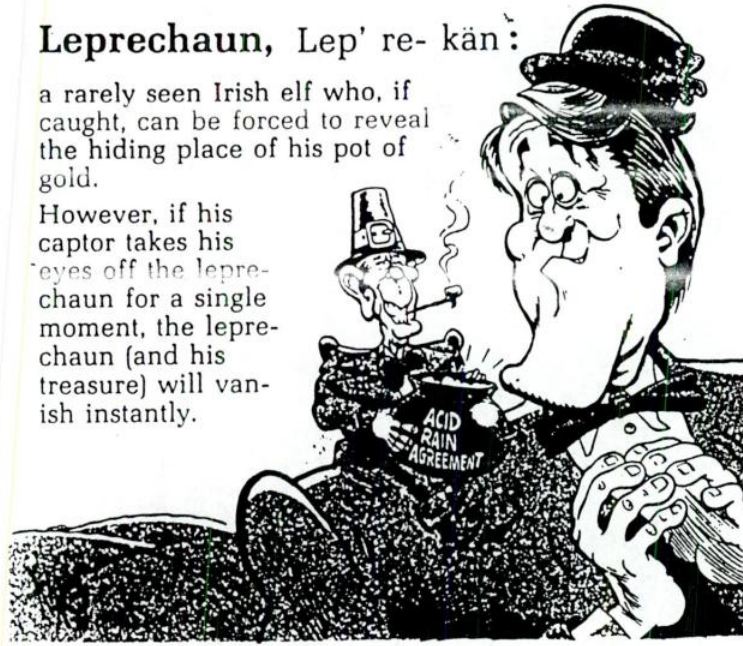


Plate 9. Leprechaun

3. THE IRISH IMAGE



3. THE IRISH IMAGE

3.1. The Celtic Revival & its Adaptation

Irish cultural life in the nineteenth century was marked by a growing sense of national identity, which embraced the whole population, and linked it to the Celtic past. It began (much to the consternation of the British government) with a desire for political autonomy, in spite of the Act of Union (1801). Visionaries began to see the possibility of restoring Ireland's self respect by drawing attention to her great cultural achievements. People looked more and more towards the past and realised that the vestiges of this once magnificent culture remained in the music, storytelling and customs of the Irish people.

The expression of the Irish identity became more a matter of a return to the language and culture of the early Irish. If it wished to proclaim its Irishness it was forced back on recognisably Irish symbols and upon Irish subject matter [22].

"The National Flag, the National Anthem and the National Emblem are the three symbols through which an independent country proclaims its identity and sovereignty and as such, they command instantaneous respect and loyalty. In themselves they reflect the entire background, thought and culture of a nation." This quote is from a pamphlet published by the Indian government in the 1960s [23]. This illustrates the ways in which a common symbolic language of Nationhood is taken for granted today. However, it was not until the nineteenth century that a growing awareness of the connection between Nationality and Culture was realised [24]. The initial impulse came from the pursuit of learning which in turn generated a knowledge of, and respect for, cultural achievements in Ireland in the early Christian period. A very limited number of people appreciated this at first. It was from the Protestant middle class that the drive for a national identity largely came [22].

On 30th June, 1832, the first of the Dublin Penny Journals appeared. It was George Petrie's first foray into Journalism. It

contained biographies, portraits of distinguished natives, topographical views, legends and folklore. These were committed to print for the first time. In the words of D.J. O'Donoghue, the Dublin Penny Journal "made known to the world the priceless value and extent of the material records in stone and metals no less than in manuscript" existing in our land [25]. Although Petrie established symbols in Ireland such as the harp, the shamrock, the round tower and the wolfhound, the leipreachán did not feature among them. Such was the perceived relative insignificance of the creature and of fairy lore in general that there was no mention of it in the Dublin Penny Journal of the 1830's. The only mention of fairy lore at all was a small article on fairy superstitions of Northern Ireland (27th April, 1833). Fairy lore was not seen as noble enough to justify any more attention to it. This was to change radically.

It was the idealistic young men of the Young Ireland Movement who first set out to exploit, for political ends, Irish antiquities and contemporary Irish art. After O'Connell's achievement in obtaining Catholic emancipation in 1839, he founded the Repeal Association in 1840. Over the next few years a group of young men dedicated to raising the national consciousness of Ireland and obtaining freedom rose to prominence. They were Thomas Osborn Davis, Charles Gavan Duffy and John Blake Dillon. Together they founded the Nation newspaper [26]. On neutral ground of ancient history and native art, the Unionists and Nationalists met without much alarm. What the Nation newspaper did was open up to the broader public and wider popular audiences the type of studies that had previously been available only in the publications of learned societies. Davis in particular was interested in the fine arts and had strong convictions about their place in the raising of national consciousness. However, the process of rehabilitation was a slow one. This process was started among the scholars, historians and antiquarians who for the most part were middle class, and then gradually began to filter out to the masses. [22].



3.2. The Irish Paddy

The Irish peasant throughout the nineteenth century was still oppressed, suffered great injury and was treated with ridicule and abuse. In English, American and Canadian cartoons and comics the Irish man was often portrayed as wild, mad, stupid and uncivilised.

The traditional image of 'Paddy' (which was akin to the stage Irish man) was a figure of fun, as chronicled in Arthur Young's 'A Tour of Ireland'. He had a careless attitude and in his drunken state he was more of a threat to himself than to anyone else. However, after the Wexford rebellion, James Gillray etched satirical cartoons of the Vinegar Hill rising of 1848. The drunken Paddy was replaced by a vengeful and pitiless image.

Although the Irish had been satirised before in both pictorial and literary works, few of these had reached a mass illiterate audience [27]. A great deal of discussion took place in the 1840's and 50's between amateur 'Ethnologists' which centred on the 'race and origin of people within the Empire'. The greatest focus of attention was around the Anglo Saxon race and its relation to all other races. In reality they were looking for reasons to justify colonialism. Soon after Darwin's 'Origin of the Species' (1859), the Irish were seen as the missing link in the chain of evolution. The most cruel of all showed a retarded creature with a low forehead, bulging eyes and heavy jaw.

Whilst this was happening, other cartoonists were adding to the picture [28].

The frivolity and lack of intelligent purpose is presented in the Canadian Illustrated News on the 4th June 1870, in a cartoon entitled 'the Campaign of O'Neil the Brave'. In this he is portrayed with features of an orangoutang in collaboration with the authorities (see plate 10).

When the Canadian immigrants had a chance to remember their heritage in 1871, the humorists again lost no opportunity in attacking the allegedly stupid Irish (see plate 11). When at the turn of the century the American illustrators began to publish comics, the Irish-American was one of its prime subjects. However, by 1900 the Irish in America had begun to emerge as an important political constituency. Newspaper editors began to focus on the more



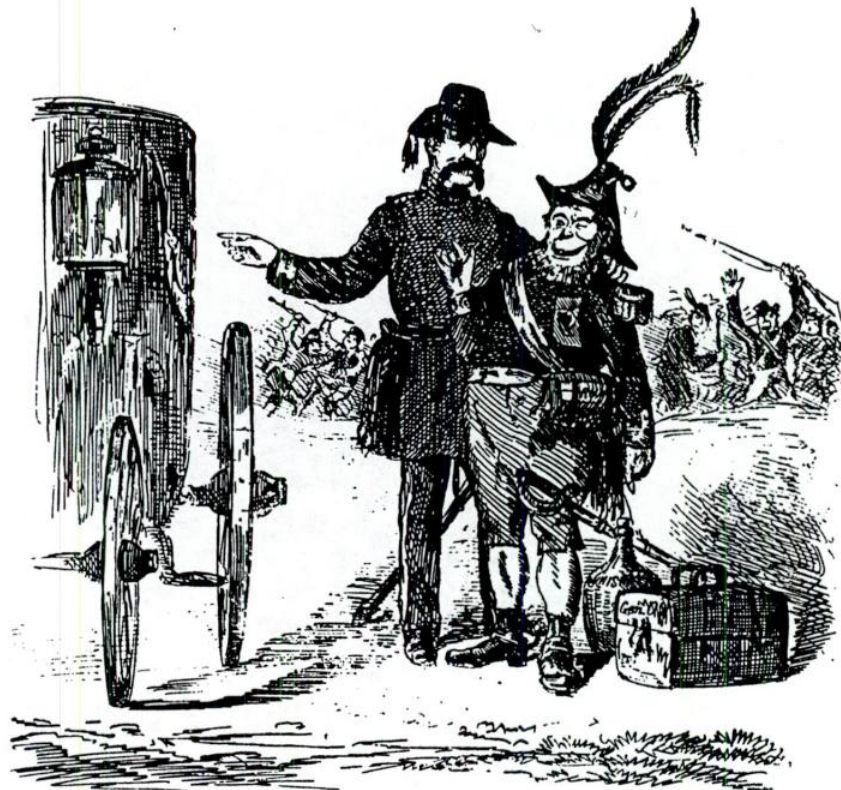


Plate 10. Campaign of O'Neill the Brave





Plate 11. *Canadian Illustrated News*, 1871

TENDER WIFE: "Why, Charles dear, what a noise
you are making. What is the matter?"
CHARLES: "Matter! matter, ha! ha! That's good.
Why, I'm mad. Listen: I have been at
this fearful census for three hours, and
the result is that I was born within
theyear of unsound mind; that my
family consists of 45 bushels of
potatoes; that I occupy 3 houses; that
you are dumb and deaf and of Irish
origin, and ... oh! oh! my poor head".



positive side of the Irish stereotype. And so the Irish image entered a transitional stage which saw the Irishman change to a born loser rather than a hardened criminal, as can be seen in 'the Happy Hooligan' [29] (see plate 12).

3.3. Development of the Irish Image

"The immigrant does not bring along a perfect copy of the Old Country culture, but only some traits of it. He can bring along only what he has and because his social heritage is but a random fragment of some local variation of the culture of his class, it excludes many other important general aspects of the Old Country culture. Thus the peasant immigrant brought over what was the living culture of his home village as he knew it and he had rather poor information about other parts of his national culture" [24]. The Irish immigrant may not have been familiar with all of the old heroic deeds in Ireland, but would most probably have come across fairy lore. The Americans would have been very familiar with the stereotyped Paddy, and in turn the Irish immigrants would have been very aware of their own fairy lore (see plate 13). Thus by assimilating the good characteristics of the stereotyped Paddy with the small Irishman, the modern leipreachán was born.

The leipreachán was a "curious representation of the nation not as a country or state, but as 'the people' which came to animate the demotic political language of the nineteenth century cartoonist and was intended to express national character as seen by the members of the nation itself".

Diarmuid O'Giollain points out that the leipreachán always seems to be dressed in the fashion of an Irishman from the late part of last century [17]. This is important as it shows that the modern leipreachán was truly based on an Irishman from which an archetype was formed. This newly adopted leipreachán was also mixed with other traditional, identifiable symbolism. His red coat



1



2



3



Plate 12. Happy Hooligan





Plate 13. Stage Irish Paddy



was changed to green more truly to represent the Irish⁴ . He was an emblem of industry according to the O'Reilly Dictionary [5].

Therefore the representation of Irish people changed from one of a drunken, stupid, underdeveloped animal to one of an industrious little man dressed in green who perhaps has a fondness for drink but who is clever and cunning and thus always in control of himself.

A nostalgic longing for old time culture which was so rapidly disappearing in the emigrant's new land led to the demonstration of class identity by which the newly prosperous Irish Americans could distance themselves from the clichéd Irish. The old symbolic language was established beyond its limits. The new leipreachán was not only a way of understanding the culture but also a way of manipulating minds.

⁴ According to William J.D. Croke, green is the newest and most popular of all the Irish symbols.



4. FOLKLORISMUS



4. FOLKLORISMUS

4.1. Folklorismus

Folklorismus is referred to as the distinction which is drawn between folk practices and their adaptation. It is “wholly belonging to the innermost life of the people, or something adopted for some understood or ulterior purpose”[30]. Although in 1958 Peter Heintz was first to discuss this, it was Hans Moser who first made *folklorismus* a point of reference. In his paper (1962) he distinguishes three forms of *folklorismus*:

1. The performance of folk culture away from its original context,
2. the playful imitation of popular motifs by another social class,
3. the invention and creation of folklore for different purposes outside any known tradition.

It was the upper classes who were the first to cultivate *folklorismus* in Ireland for educational and political reasons. In the nineteenth century there seems to have been a growing connection between culture and an awareness of nationality. From then on, Ireland became increasingly aware of the differences between herself and England.

“In countries that have had a continuous statehood since the middle ages, where the leading force of national awakening was the nobility and aristocracy The national significance of folk culture was very small. In other countries where liberation and unification have taken place more recently and where national awakening was led by new elites emerging from peasantry, the national importance of peasant tradition was considerably greater”[31].

According to Eric Hobsbawn, the term “invented tradition” (which is previously defined as *folklorismus*), “is used in a broad but not imprecise sense. It includes both ‘traditions’ actually invented, constructed and formally instituted as well as those emerging in a less easily traceable manner. It is taken to mean a set



of practices normally governed by overtly or accepted rules and of a ritual symbolic nature, which seek to inculcate certain values and norms of behaviour by repetition which automatically implies continuity with the past”[32].

The construction of a folk heritage in Ireland insisted on selectivity which was shaped everywhere by national images. Cultural differences to dominating neighbours were stressed. This construction of a national heritage demanded continuous effort and regeneration. The original ‘high culture’ of the revivalists was replaced more and more by peasant culture. High culture was always seen as very cosmopolitan as compared to folk culture, so there was a natural tendency to resort to folk culture to underscore national identity.

Late nineteenth and early twentieth century writers became preoccupied with folk literature for educational and political as well as fashionable and romantic reasons.

4.2. Folklorismus in Literature

According to Justin McCarthy “the literature to which the Celtic spirit responds most quickly and with the happiest results, should form part of the mental nourishment of our young people, in the form of the fairytales and folklore of Ireland.”[33] This surely is the romanticisation of Irish folktales. These writings and types of publications would have had a knock-on effect on the popularity of the leipreachán. The folklorist’s own cultivation of folklore would have added to its process of rehabilitation and rebirth.

The systematic collecting of folktales in English began in Ireland. This collecting reached its peak early this century. According to Diarmuid O’Giolláin in his letter (see p.B8), he states that “popularity is likely to owe a lot to Irish-American whimsy, which in some ways is analogous to an earlier generation of Anglo-Irish and English writers”. He also states that James Stephens’ book ‘*The Crock of Gold*’ (London, 1912) probably went farthest in establishing the leipreachán’s name outside of Ireland.

Such references to the leipreachán have not been scarce in



Larry King of the Leprechauns lived at Tara - as befitting a King. His loyal leprechauns were placed all over Ireland for the benefit of all children in trouble and indeed sometimes adults too. It should come as no surprise to anyone that these little men were seldom idle.

Larry and his Leprechauns

BY JOHN FOLEY

The O'Reilly family were very poor, Ned O'Reilly and his wife Sheila worked for a very mean man called Tight-As Stone. His real name was David Stone but on account of his mean ways everybody called him Tight-As. The O'Reilly's were blessed with two lovely little girls named Mary and Ann and their only son Sean. Dark haired Mary when asked her age would proudly reply "five and a half" while the younger Ann insisted to being "nearly three" and Sean who was seven acted as if he were eleven.

Ned worked as gardener for Tight-As and Sheila as housekeeper and cook. They all lived in a little cottage near the huge house Tight-As owned. New clothes were seldom seen in the O'Reilly household, for Tight-As paid them a miserable sum of money for their work. Only for Mrs. O'Reilly's sewing abilities they would all be in the rags, she would often sigh "learn all that you can when learning your lessons and you'll never have to work for anyone as hard hearted as Tight-As".

One day while the children were playing in Tight-As's garden, little Ann was doing her best to catch a butterfly, when she knocked a ladder over and it fell on Tight-As's greenhouse breaking all the glass. Tight-As who was sitting in the kitchen counting his money came running out of the house red in the face with fury. "Who's going to pay for this" he screamed - then pointing to Sean "boy, fetch your father here at once . . . at once, do you hear me". Sean ran to their cottage where Ned was sharpening a spade. "Dad . . . Dad, come quickly, Ann knocked over the ladder an' smashed all the glass in the greenhouse". Ned jumped up white in the face gasping "We'll never hear the end of this . . . God knows what that man will do".

Tight-As beside himself with rage stormed at Ned "You and your wife will receive no more pay until all this glass is paid for". Ned pleaded with Tight-As "my family will go hungry . . . we'll starve. Tight-As snapped "O very well then, you can help yourselves to some food I feed the dogs with", and stormed off. The next day to add to their troubles - while dusting in Tight-As's hallway, Sheila stepped on Tight-As cat's tail, the cat leapt, knocking over a vase that Tight-As's father had

brought back from China . . . this vase on account of its value held a special place in Tight-As's heart. He would often spend hours gloating over it. Now the vase lay smashed and he would never get any of the large sums of money he used to dream about if he decided to sell it. Tight-As heard the sound of the vase breaking, rushed in to the hallway and when he saw the vase in pieces he nearly had a heart attack. "What happened",

leprechauns - un- seen - he watched the whole sad story unfold barely able to hold his temper (for at the best of times leprechauns are short tempered). He decided enough was enough and it was time to do something about Tight-As. Leprechauns are slow to act but when they decide, the action can be swift indeed. Muttering an ancient spell "for help to fight the foe . . . to Tara I must go" in the twinkling of



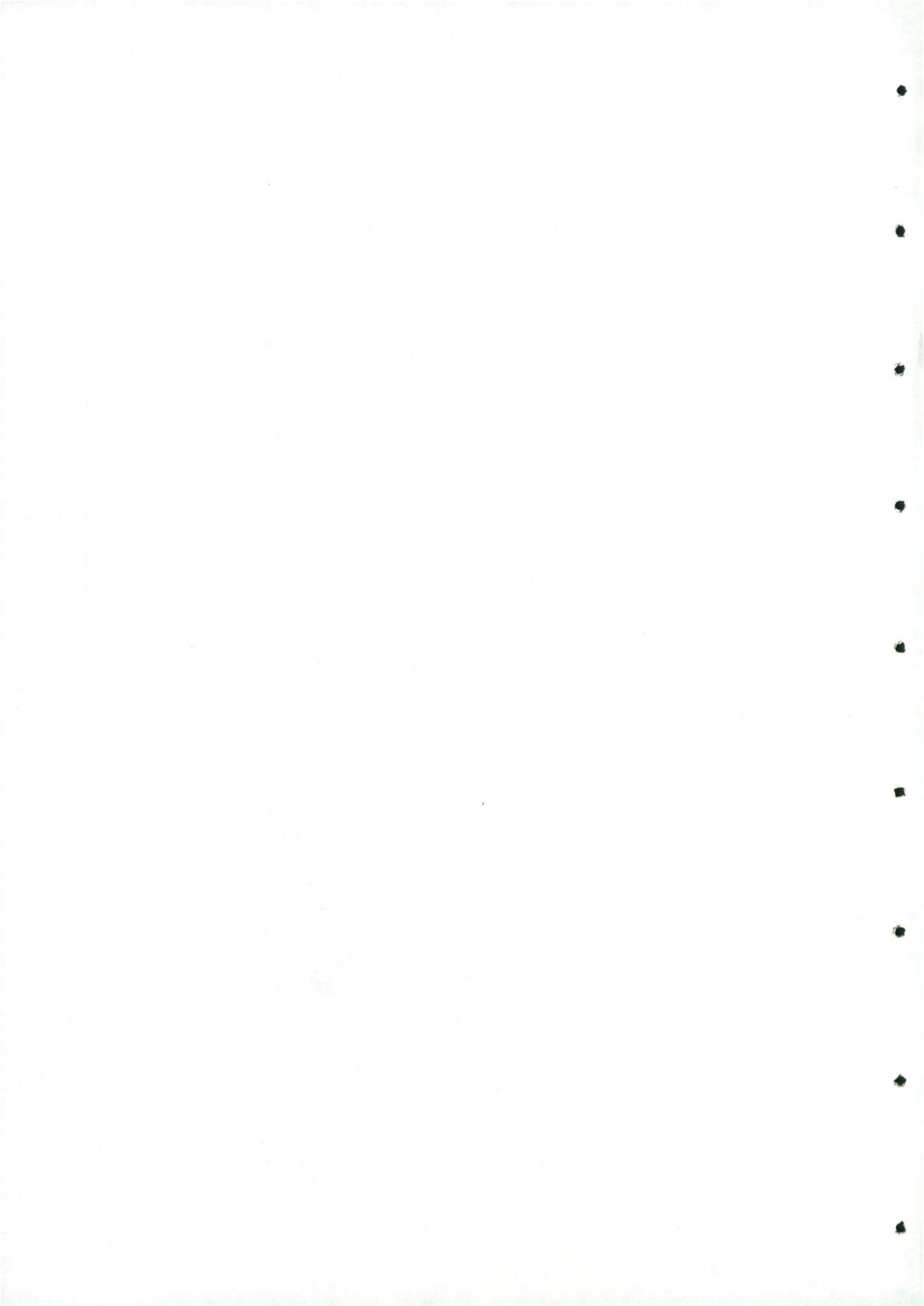
he asked weakly, "what happened". Sheila was standing alongside the broken vase, her hand to her mouth, recovered slightly - "the cat . . . the cat". Tight-As exploded "the cat my foot". Then pointing to the duster in her hand yelled "you broke it . . . you broke it, I have enough of you and your family, get out of my house, you and your husband are fired . . . sacked . . . dismissed . . . do you hear me".

The O'Reilly's were now in terrible trouble . . . but unknown to them one of Larry's

an eye he was standing in front of Larry's Throne at Tara. "An' what is up with you Mickell", Larry commanded (for Larry knew all his leprechauns by their first names). Mickell told Larry all about Tight-As, Larry the wisest of all leprechauns listened patiently until he had finished. Then Larry took a bag of magic dust that he always kept hanging on his belt and presented it to Mickell. Bending forward from his throne he whispered what Mickell should do and with a broad grin dismissed him.

That same night as Tight-As lay in bed, Mickell entered the hallway and sprinkled some of the magic dust on the pieces of the vase. Immediately the vase was restored to its former glory. Going outside he sprinkled more of the dust on to the greenhouse and it was instantly mended, its glass shining and glossy. Next Mickell headed for the O'Reilly's Cottage where he woke up Sean. Sean could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw the little man about a foot high standing on his pillow. "Don't be afraid, I'm Mickell the leprechaun and Larry, King of all the leprechauns has sent me to help your family, now hurry up and wake Mary and Ann, I want you all to go over to Tight-As's house as fast as you can". In the hallway Mickell asked Sean to lift the vase onto its stand and then they went upstairs to Tight-As's bedroom. There (as Tight-As snored loudly Mickell explained "our King Larry gave me a magic spell to change Tight-As, I want ye to stand round the bed reciting the magic spell . . . snakes eyes and fishes eyes don't blink . . . we're going to change Tight-As in a wink . . . we'll even change the way he thinks". With Tight-As still snoring the children returned to the cottage - climbed into their beds and were soon snoring louder than Tight-As himself.

Next morning when Tight-As woke up he felt somehow or another - changed. Going downstairs, in the hallway there stood his precious vase as it had always. When he ventured outside he stared in amazement at the greenhouse, for all of its glass was unbroken and glittered in the sunlight. Rushing round to the O'Reilly's Cottage, he begged for their pardon. "I have not been well recently, he said, scratching his head. I've been imagining things but I feel different now, I want you all to move into my house, as it is far too big for me. I'll live in your cottage. Also I have more money than I'll ever need, so I'm going to share it with you". Ned and Sheila O'Reilly were over the moon with relief. "I wonder what made him change", Sheila sighed. Sean, Mary and Ann smiled, for a small voice shouted out of a nearby bush (that only they could hear) - Larry, King of the leprechauns.



Watching out for Left-Handers

(Elisabeth Inglis)

I REMEMBER the day when I first realised my left-handedness. Grandmother and I were sitting side by side at the table while, urged on by her, I struggled in vain to imitate the copperplate lettering in an exercise book.

Relief was at hand. My two aunts, both infant teachers, came into the room and firmly told granny that she must not try to force me to write with my right hand. Granny looked stubborn, but the aunts won the argument.

At meal times I regularly knocked over my glass of water or cup of tea when lifting them with my right hand. At school I smudged my writing and always came bottom in sewing exams. Writing, sewing, even opening doors are all arranged for the convenience of the right-handed majority. A few years ago, a General Teaching Council of Scotland document described left-handedness as a serious disability in a teacher of technical subjects, which caused a bit of an outcry. It is true, of course, that tools are made with only right-handed users in mind.

We left-handers even suffer prejudice in language. To be right is to be correct. While to be left-handed implies that we are unskilful.

Nobody wants to be called gauche, because that means we are clumsy or tactless. Yet in France Gauche means left as well as awkward.

The Latin word for left is even more defamatory because "sinister" has connotations of evil and misfortune as well as meaning left. Lucky right-handers have "dexter" as their Latin equivalent and so are credited with being dexterous.

Fortunately, there are plenty of us around, to share mutual support and sympathy with each other. In a survey in schools in the U.S., 11.1 per cent boys and 9.7 per cent girls were found to be left-handed. Have you noticed, too, how many first-class sportsmen and sportswomen are left-handed?

When watching t.v. I always look out for left-handed actors, and there are a surprising number. Do you know how to spot left-handers without seeing them use their hands? Look to see where they wear their watches.



CARLINGFORD ABBEY

Frankly Speaking

The Leprechauns of Carlingford

P.J. is an old acquaintance of mine. P.J. O'Hare, publican extraordinaire to the people of Carlingford and the entire Cooley peninsula; a man who has given years of noble service to his fellow citizens as their representative on the Louth County Council. In other words, a man whom you can trust.

Keep that picture firmly in mind while I relate in P.J.'s own words. Coming from anyone else you would find it hard to believe. Listen to what he said:

"I'm not saying I saw — or even heard — a leprechaun on Carlingford Mountain (behind the old Abbey in the engraving) but I am saying I saw something; I am saying I heard something; and I am definitely saying that this suit, these tiny shoes, these gold sovereigns and these bones were found by me, P.J. O'Hare, at the foot of the mountain."

There it is. Any other man would have gone the whole hog and said that he did see a leprechaun. But not P.J. O'Hare. P.J. sticks to the facts. He has the suit and the shoes and he has four gold sovereigns as well: all in his public house where they can be inspected by sceptic or begrudger. (Younger readers might like to know what a sovereign is. A sovereign is a solid gold coin that used to buy a pound's worth of goods in the old days, when money was money. It's worth a small fortune today).

The bones are harder to explain, being slightly larger than the leprechaun suit, but P.J. has a convincing explanation for that. "I have it on good authority," he told the Special Correspondent of the Argus, "that when Leprechauns are caught by the rays of daylight they shed their clothes, turn into hideous looking beings and die."

Presumably their flesh melts and their bones increase in size after death.

"Let everybody make up their own minds," P.J. concluded. "I'm not a dreamer. I heard what I heard and I saw what I saw." And the

evidence is there in his pub to back him up. *There are leprechauns in Carlingford.*

So where do we go from there? Being a native of nearby Newry, all of Cooley is dear to my heart and I feel that P.J.'s discovery should be exploited to benefit the entire locality. But how?

It was a shrewd Dundalkman, Paddy McArdle of Mount Avenue, who put his finger on it. "A leprechaun industry! The entire Cooley area is ripe for something like this. Isn't it steeped in lore and legend? Finn McCool slumbering on the mountain top, his profile clearly visible beyond in Rostrevor across the Lough . . . the Brown Bull of Cooley . . . Queen Maeve, Cuchulainn, the Red Branch Knights and all that crowd . . . the mysterious Long Woman stretched in her grave above Omeath . . ."

"It's quite natural that Carlingford should be inhabited by leprechauns. All it needs is a bit of good publicity and they wouldn't be able to beat the tourists away with big sticks. It would be a bigger addition to the people than a new factory or even an airport. They should appoint a good P.R.O. for a start."

The Cooley folk are a shy, retiring class of people, content to live their quiet lives in that idyllic spot where the mountain meets the lough, a tranquil place that I always think of as 'the land that time forgot'. Therefore I am appointing myself to the post of unofficial, unpaid P.R.O. to Carlingford's forthcoming leprechaun project. Paddy McArdle's idea has great merit — and it would cost little or nothing, apart from the odd press reception. Other places may claim to have leprechauns but only Carlingford can produce a leprechaun suit and shoes — not to mention those four gold sovereigns. That's the clincher. Real money!

Only a few weeks ago Deputy Sean Doherty was urging the Roscommon people to get stuck into a tourist drive. Nothing against Roscommon, but for scenery it's not

a patch on Carlingford. And what did Deputy Doherty propose as a tourist attraction? A weekend summer school to study the life and works of Douglas Hyde, R.I.P., our first President. 'It has great tourist potential'. Deputy Doherty declared.

No disrespect to our late President (or Deputy D. either) but if it came to a straight choice between a dead president and a live leprechaun the leprechaun would win hands down. Every time!

You may say that you couldn't actually see a leprechaun, but you couldn't see Douglas Hyde either? And I am confident that when P.J. O'Hare was finished talking to you, not only would you be seeing leprechauns, you'd be calling them by their first names and exchanging punts for gold sovereigns with them. The Irish tourist industry has need of men like P.J. O'Hare to put a bit of life into the publicity effort. Every television station in the world would be after him.

I don't know whether P.J.'s business activities would leave him enough time to take on this challenging task, but it won't be my fault if he doesn't consent to try. As I see it, Carlingford leprechauns could easily become our largest invisible export.



"It'll be your turn in a moment, sir!"



popular magazines such as '*Ireland's Own*', (first published on 26th November 1902), as well as Chap-books (small, cheap books containing ballads, tales, or tracts), (see plate 14). Not much is known of the Chap-books in Ireland, but W.B. Yeats said that "they are to be found brown with turf smoke on cottage shelves, and are, or were, sold on every hand by the peddlers, but cannot be found in any library of this city of the Sassanach (London). '*The Royal Fairytales*', '*The Hibernian Tales*' and '*The Legends of the Fairies*' are the fairy literature of the people."⁵ [33]

What is known however is that in the decade from 1781 to 1790, it was calculated that 52% of the population in Ireland could read English, and that this proportion remained more or less unchanged until the middle half of the next century ⁶ .[35] What this indicates to us is that with mass literacy, there was the huge possibility of folk culture being able to perform away from its original context.

The first literary reference to the leipreachán in a magazine was by Lady Morgan in March 29th, 1834:

"The leprawauns are supposed to be the artisans of the fairy kingdom, the tailors, brogue makers, smiths and coach builders, and are acquainted with all the hidden treasures of the earth. Still they are of a very inferior grade, and partake in more materialism, if I may use the word, than the rest of the fairy tribe. They are said to be usually seen in the evening in some lonely shrubby spot, pursuing their avocations, during the fine weather; and when caught they are not in the power of flying from you while you keep your eyes steadily fixed on him".[36]

Edgar L. Wakeman writes:

"of all Irish fairies the most exasperatingly impish practical joker is the leprechaun.... He is more familiarly known amongst peasantry as the little imp in green. To a hairs breath he is just 12 inches in height. He is dressed in a little green coat with long dainty tails, a bright scarlet

⁵ According to Justin McCarthy, Ireland's output of literature was as large, if not larger than that of either England or Scotland and the Irish had their Chap-books from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century.

⁶ The number of books sold annually in Ireland is estimated to be 300,000 (mostly Chap-books) which means that on average there was one book bought for every eleven literates [17].

vest, the prettiest knee breaches of pure velvet you ever beheld, with green silk hose, and low pump with buckles studded with either diamonds or sparkling drops of dew. There is a jaunty barrhad or cap on his head, with the daintiest of dudheens stuck under the band at one side, and a jewel of emeralds, in the form of a shamrock, at the other. A film of lace made from the rarest cobweb is gathered at his throat, another foamy rift of the same rolls over the edges of his little vest, and he wears a wonderful fob of wrought and blazing gold. His eyes are no bigger than dolls beads, but they are the merriest that ever glistened; his mouth is very large from continual laughter and his paunch is something wonderful to behold, developed into outrageous proportion from the shaking of sides from uncontrollable merriment, all results of his jokes, deceptions and diversions upon those who endeavour to use him for gain. Indeed the little fellow seems to embody the idea of endless torment and scourge to those who permit themselves to become possessed of unholy greed and avarice. Patient plodding and hard labour, and a cheery spirit are all worthy characteristics of the lowly in Ireland. These are surely more or less rewarded in various ways by the leprechaun, but woe to the sordid spirit who endeavours to amass riches through the agency of this little green imp. He has the power to give sudden and great wealth. He nulls and mines the store of houses of treasure innumerable. He is to every Irish man, woman and child as the end of the seductive rainbow and kettle of gold to our own childhood fancy, with this important difference. The leprechaun is an entity, an actuality. No one dare deny his possession of all the treasure necessary to instantly lift one from poverty to power and riches. Thousands of aching Irish eyes have feasted upon his gorgeous person and tantalising face"[14]

The differences between the texts are astonishing. The first gives very accepted beliefs and the author's own, unenthralled opinion of the leipreachán. In the second text the leipreachán exists as an "unidentified tool", for the promotion of national self-pride.

Richard A. Reuss states (while writing about the Old Left's enthusiasm and belief for folk entertainment, aural and written) that "folk traditions ought not to be merely collected and studied passively but consciously employed in agit-prop". He could almost be talking about Edgar L. Wakeman's intentions. Wakeman has totally romanticised and carefully selected his text, emphasising the humorous and whimsical aspects of the leipreachán. He describes the leipreachán as the "little green imp", green being the most

popular of all Ireland's symbols according to William J.D. Croke [37]. The tradition was ransacked and transformed with imagination and a new leipreachán was born.

Wakeman's article was intended for adults. In it the leipreachán acts as a priest and gives ceremonious warnings against avarice. He serves as a mirror for culture but the image reflected back has been carefully moulded to shape minds. According to Adorno, the "culture industry tends to make itself the embodiment of authoritative pronouncements and thus the irrefutable prophet of the prevailing order" [41]. It was against this kind of background that the 'Lepracaun' magazine budded. The 'Lepracaun' was a political comic that offered an artistic, literary, humorous and satirical view of life.

In the very first edition of 'The Lepracaun' (Vol.1 No.1, May 1905) the lepracaun makes an announcement to his fellow countrymen saying :

"It is with a feeling of patriotic pride that I emerge from my sylvan obscurity in response to the influential and cosmopolitan requisition to become your representative, and to spread light and laughter throughout the land from the majestic petrifications of Benmore to the tumultuous thunder of Roche's Point, and from the billowy retreat of the Clifden bivalve, to the noble bay where the Clupea Harengus Dublinensis disports its silvery radiance in the beams of our dear electric light station, formerly known as 'The House of The Pigeons,' but now a thing of beauty and a joy for ever, constructed from the plumage of that patient and highly auriferous bird - The Ratepayer.

Taking, as I do, a paternal interest in your welfare, it shall be my duty to turn the search-light on the dark spots of municipal and provincial life, with a view to effecting a reform where necessary, and whether the subject be an unscrupulous 'jerry builder' or a political gasometer, I promise to give the matter my whole-hearted attention with pen and pencil.

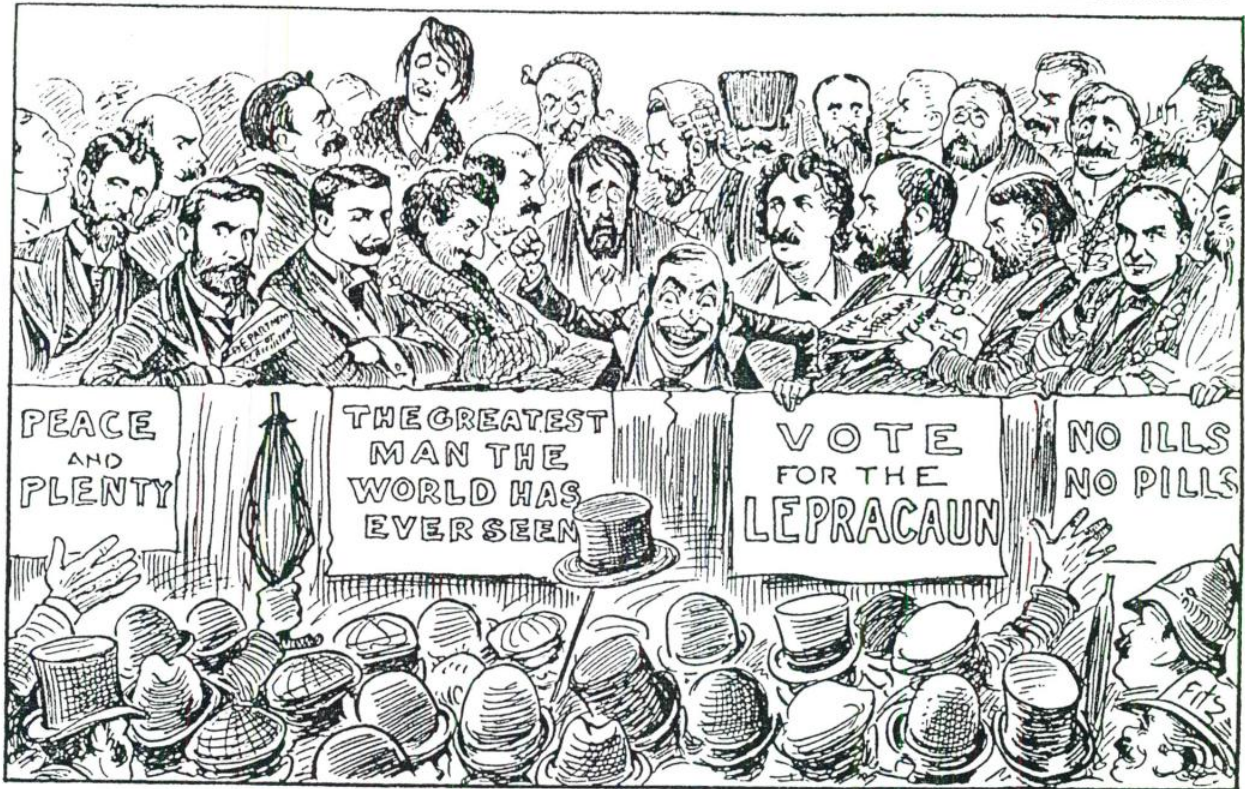
Such is my platform and my policy ; to interest and amuse from month to month, and in the near future I hope, from week to week, and I shall consistently support every effort and movement for the benefit and progress of my country.

I entertain no doubt whatever that you will willingly and enthusiastically emphasise your sentiments by giving an unqualified plumper for

THE LEPRACAUN."
(see plate 16)

As we can read, the "lepracaun" states that he wants to act as a moral leader for the Irish people, using the symbol of the leipreachán as a 'platform' for his views and policies. This was not an expression of national consciousness but rather the adulteration of the well-known leipreachán as a symbol to underscore nationalistic propaganda. Against this image of a friendly wise leipreachán, other well-known symbols were used in conjunction together. It was a blatant attempt to combine the new mood of Irish social and cultural consciousness with a political impetus. This was done during a growing sense of national awareness and a new, unilateral sense of Irish identity. The magazine reflects the attitudes of the parliamentary Nationalistic Party on aspirations of home rule, who wished to withdraw from the British parliament while continuing to share the crown. The magazine can be read without demanding too much attention or effort. Not only does it reflect current views, but it is also a tabloid source of information and entertainment.





Fellow Countrymen.

It is with a feeling of patriotic pride that I emerge from my sylvan obscurity in response to the influential and cosmopolitan requisition to become your representative, and to spread light and laughter throughout the land from the majestic petrifications of Benmore to the tumultuous thunder of Roche's Point, and from the billowy retreat of the Clifden bivalve, to the noble bay where the *Clupea Harengus Dublinensis* disports its silvery radiance in the beams of our dear electric light station, formerly known as "The House of The Pigeons," but now a thing of beauty and a joy for ever, constructed from the plumage of that patient and highly auriferous bird—The Ratepayer.

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I entertain no doubt whatever that you will willingly and enthusiastically emphasise your sentiments by giving an unqualified plumper for

THE LEPRACAUN.

SPECIALITE: "RELYT" BRAND BOOTS UNSURPASSED FOR COMFORT AND DURABILITY.

TYLER'S BOOTS

BRANCHES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CENTRES.





The "Lepracaun's" Dream of Unity.

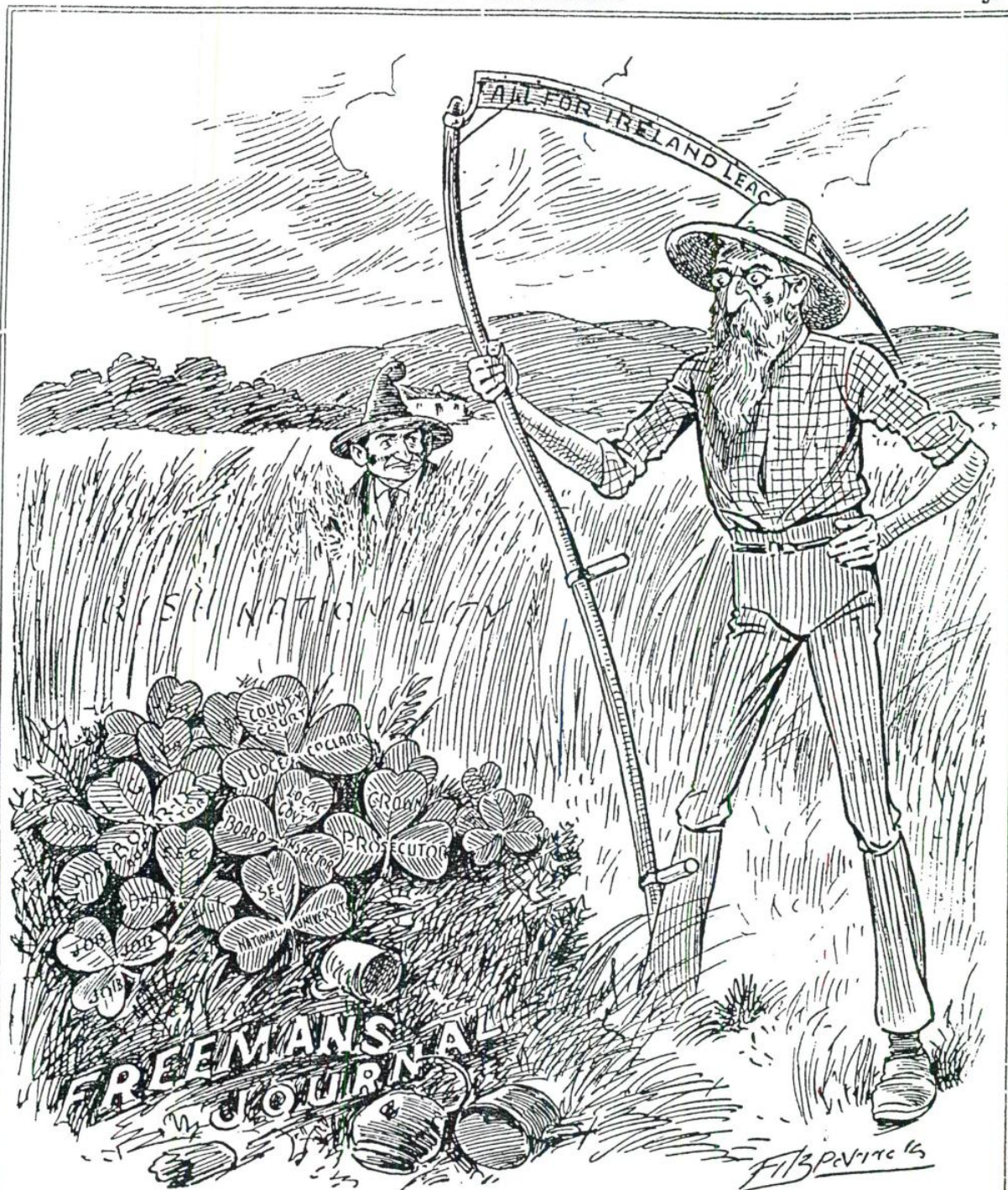
ST. PETER—"I can't let you in."

TIM, THE ANGEL—"But, St. Peter, I have recommendations from His Eminence and His Grace. Isn't that sufficient?"

ST. PETER—"Bedad, a foot inside this door you'll not put. We had one rebellious chap and he got fired out. He is in Business for himself now, and you might do worse than to try him for a job."

Plate 17. The "Lepracaun's" Dream of Unity



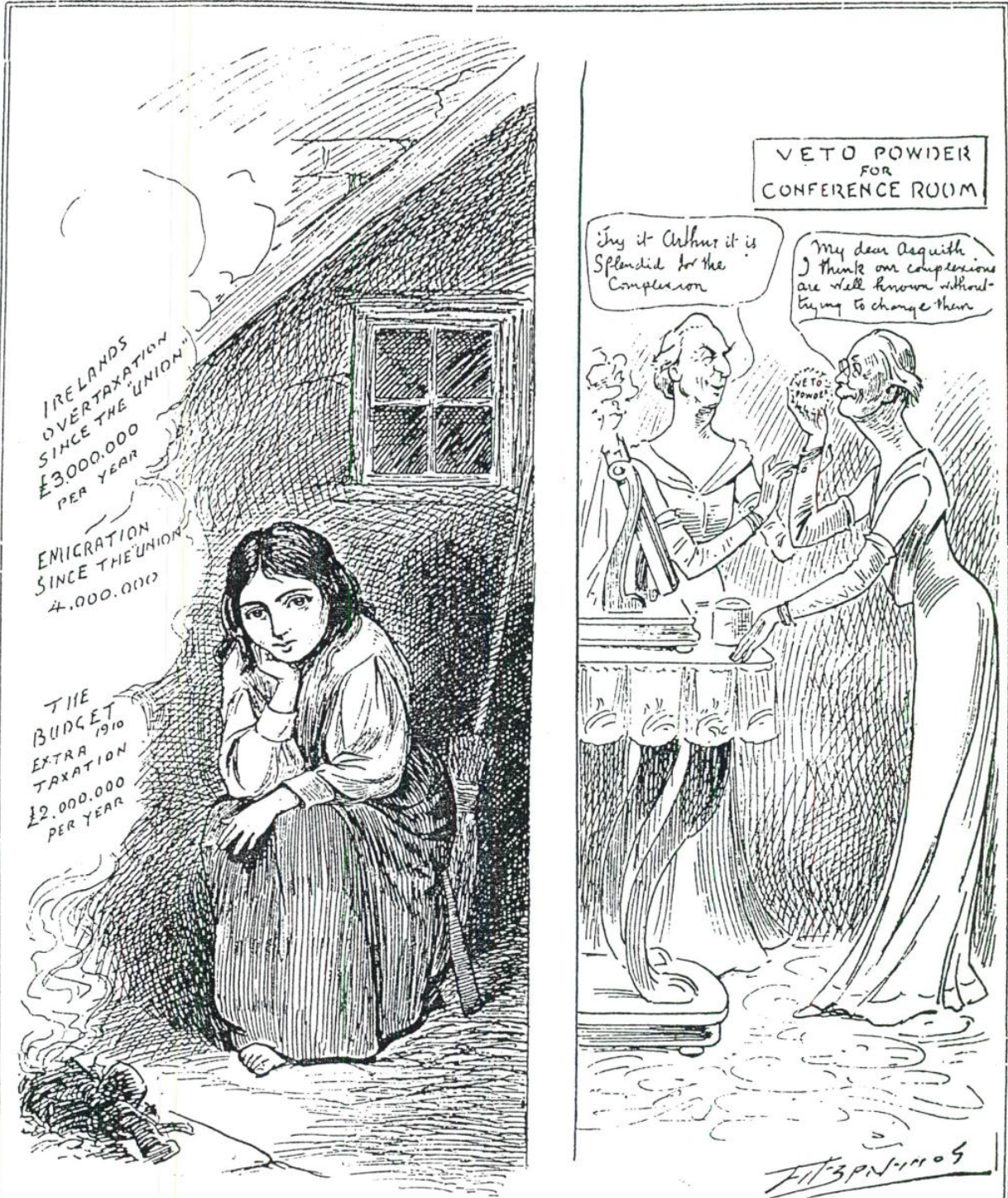


" CLOVER. "

WILLIAM—" There's a nice crop, bedad ; they thrived well out of it."
 THE LEPRACAUN—" An' be the same token, William, you'll find a few of your own growin' there."

[" These Irish Liberals had obtained for themselves or their dependents fifty Dublin Castle jobs or offices for every office bestowed on Saffell and Keogh. Three-fourths of the mischief of the past seven years was done by the writers in *The Freeman's Journal*. Many of these extreme Nationalists with the organ of the Irish Party. It was all a fortuitous concourse of atoms migrating from Prince's Street to Dublin Castle (laughter). In all the annals of Irish political corruption there never was such open, shameless barter and sale in the market of political prostitution. Before there can be any hope for the country, this new crop of Castle hacks must go, and with them the whole system of self-seeking and corruption which was eating into the very heart of the National movement."—Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., speaking at Youghal.]





"The Cinderella of the British Household."

Mr. Asquith's Reference to Ireland in the House of Commons, July 7th, 1910.

Ireland is not alone the "Cinderella" but the "Back Yard" of the British Household, and will remain so under her present Parliamentary representation.

Plate 19. "The Cinderella of the British Household"





AFTER THE STORM.

Head Gardener Asquith showing Miss Erin that, although the Parliamentary storm has been very rough and rude, her plants have not suffered.





“ SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT.”

Twenty dreary years have wing'd their flight
 Since the Autumn day you left her shore,
 Still you find her watching through the night,
 Wenny and heart-sore.

Yet will Erin long your memories hold
 Green as her own Shamrock and as bright,
 And welcome now with joy your hearts of gold,
 To lead her to the ight.

Plate 21. “Auld Acquaintance”



5. POPULAR CULTURE



5. POPULAR CULTURE

5.1. The Emergence of Kitsch

Moser saw *folklorismus* as a result of expanding industrial markets which fulfilled a political and cultural function. This industrial progress swept away old beliefs and customs which in turn invoked a reaction. It was this reaction that caused the invention of new traditions. According to Greenberg, the emergence of kitsch was explicitly connected with the industrial revolution which urbanised the masses. It also established universal literacy out of necessity rather than luxury and leisure. With this urbanisation, folk culture was lost and no longer relevant and so a new capacity for boredom was discovered [38]. Bernard Rosenberg stated that “contemporary man commonly finds that his life has been emptied of meaning, that it has been trivialised”[39]. Thus the mass media are used to fulfil this gap and the boredom is overcome. With mass literacy, folk culture could then be mass-printed and thus perform away from its original context.

5.2. The Kitsch Formula

Greenberg sees kitsch as something that is aimed at those who are hungry for diversion and experience. Kitsch is logically calculated and operates through given formulae. “It borrows from devices, tricks, stratagems, rule of thumb, themes, converts them into a system and discards the rest” [38]. According to C.W.E. Bigsby, kitsch is a simple matter of “packaging, marketing and ultimately consumption”.

The culture industry shifted through all traditions and discarded all of yesterday’s rubbish. The mass production of traditions seems closely related to the upswing of folklore research, which was institutionalised through the establishment of museums, scientific associations and journals. There was a set of rules put into place for the collection of rituals [30].





Plate 22. Today,s Leipreachán





53



Plate 23. "My Irish Trip"



Folk culture became “nationalised and also sacralized. A correct, authorised and timeless version of folklife is produced through the processes of selection and categorisation, relocation and freezing” [23]. This is a complex pattern of accommodation, reorganisation and recycling in which different groups have different claims at stake. This talk of recycling is evident in the literary references of the leipreachán in which he changes from a fairy “of very inferior grade” to the “most exasperatingly impish practical joker”. This changing image was carefully manipulated so as to “confirm - even reassure”[40]. He was transformed from a not-easily-distinguishable fairy to a green commercial Santa Clause (see plate 22). He became a pseudo-folkloristic cultural artefact promising good-luck and gold in every walk of life (quite similar to today’s national lottery). Every detail is uniform and constructed around certain formulae and standards. Due to the fact that millions participate in the culture industry, reproduction processes are necessary, which inevitably require identical needs to be satisfied.

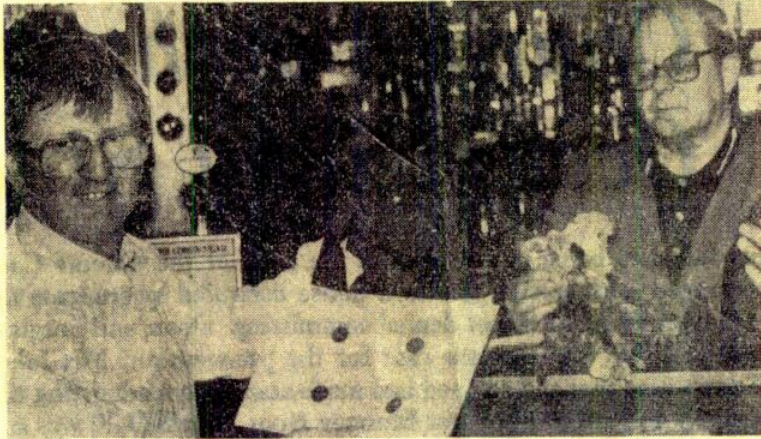
The real power of the culture industry resides in its identification with a manufactured need [41]. Ian Gilmore has noted that modern societies still need “myth and ritual”[42].

5.3. Manufactured Needs

Konrad Kostlin considered *folklorismus* as a form of escapist therapy. We celebrate ourselves and make our present existence brighter by reference to a better past. In this way we folklorise our work, class, group and world. This over-emphasis on homeland provides a stabilising cultural phenomenon for those who must stay where they are. Mass communication acts usually as an agent of reinforcements of existing predispositions, not as an agent of change. Homeland is equated with security, the recognised, the known, the familiar, mutual trust and the sense of belonging to an actual family.

The security of the past is a deception. It never existed. *Folklorismus* provides an escapist’s therapy because it holds the promise of the simple life. Familiarity creates the feeling of well-

COOLEY COMMENT



Carlingford schoolteacher Brendan McKeivitt, and publican, P. J. O'Hare, examine their "find."

★ ... Well, so they say!!

The early decades of the century saw thousands of people make their way to Long's Pub to see the famous 'Wee Man of Cooley,' a leprechaun-like creature which was supposedly found in the area. Now, similar crowds are expected to travel to Carlingford, where local publican, P. J. Hare, has he claims, the clothes and bones of a leprechaun which he found on the mountain recently.

P. J. says he came across the amazing items when he followed a weird wailing sound, heard when he was out making one of his early morning walks through the village. He met with local headmaster, Brendan McKeivitt, who was out jogging and together they came across the items on the mountain, having been led there by strange lights.

Four gold sovereigns were also found, and it is expected that an extensive search of the mountain will be carried out at a later date to see if any more of these can be found.

A number of Carlingford people are confident, they say, that there may be more leprechauns to be found on the mountain, as these wee folk were fond of company. They are planning to get in touch with the natural history museum and the appropriate Government department to see what further steps they should take in the search for the remaining leprechauns, if they exist.

Reports of the finds have already lead to a number of people travelling to Carlingford to see them on display in P. J's. pub.

★ Cl-

Plate 24. Cooley Comment



Plate 25. Terry McKevitt with leipreachán suit.





Plate 26. Leipreachán's remains



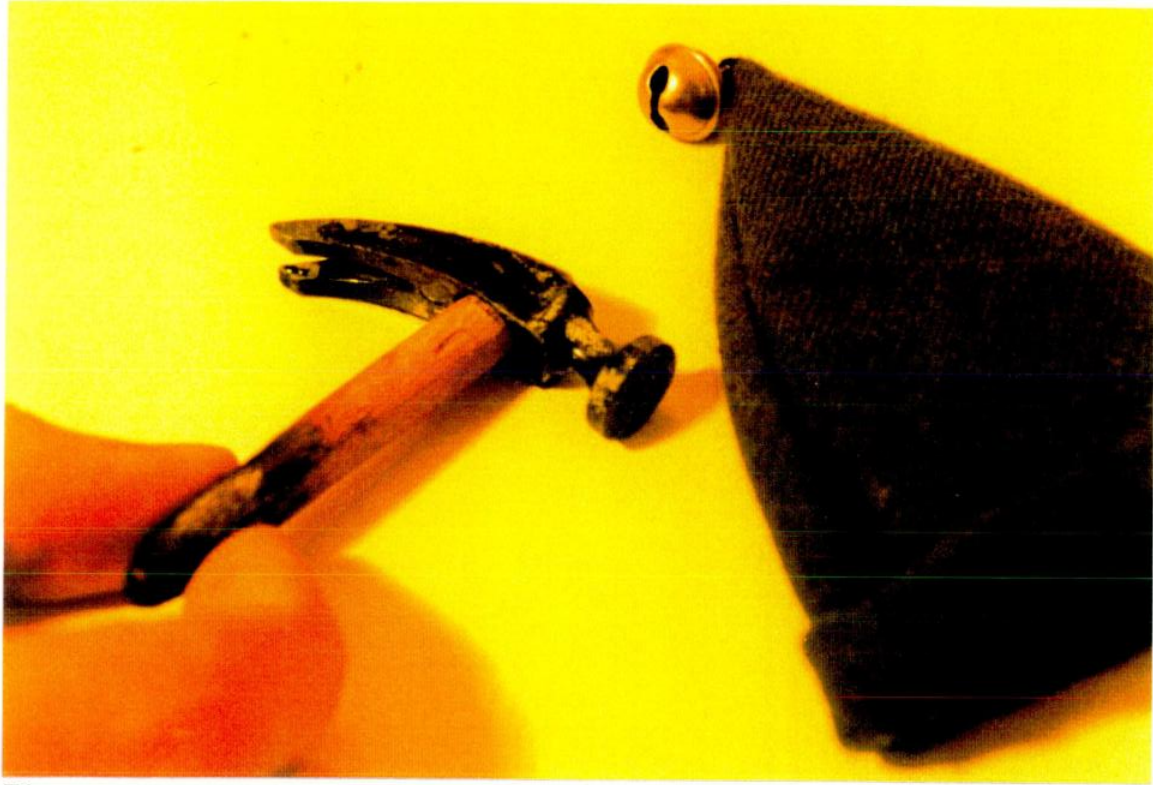


Plate 27. Leipreachán's remains - detail





Plate 28. Leipreachán's cigarettes



being. Those who are unhappy and alienated, for whatever reason, seek order and continuity. A type of hypnosis is induced by enforced familiarity. The use of the leipreachán as a symbol gave Irish emigrants a sense of identity and reassurance. Its potential as an item for consumption is enormous, considering the numbers of ex-Irish patriots, and Irish descendants. The leipreachán was partly compensation for the fading away of old country customs.

This has been recognised by the tourist industry for which culture is carefully marketed, and packaged for consumption. It is the supply of mass needs by careful methodical production which is greatly aided by technology. The leipreachán is not a spontaneous expression of the people. He is carefully manipulated and made into an object of kitsch. It is the leipreachán's ease of access and understanding that sells him to his audience.

Tourism is a major industry in Ireland. It seems that the main task of the tourist industry is the mass production of so-called tradition, the codification and display of national folk culture and of a beautiful heritage, and the creation of traditional awareness so as to sell tradition and the past. The tourist board preserves the past without the help of tradition and often against traditional standards [43].

The tourist industry is an easily-accessible escape route as is the current leipreachán industry, both aimed at satisfying its customers. This was recognised by P.J. O'Hare who invented a 'leipreachán hunt' which is held annually in Carlingford (see plate 24-29). An article in U Magazine reveals that this 'leipreachán hunt' attracts thousands of visitors. They cram into the towns, pubs and hotels (bringing valuable revenue with them) in the hope of finding a leipreachán.

Preserved in a glass case in P.J. O'Hare's pub is a miniature green suit, with a matching pointed hat and some bones, supposedly of the leipreachán. Beside the cash register a minute packet of Players cigarettes is kept. P.J. O' Hare stumbled in timely fashion across the leipreachán suit, bones, tiny shoes and gold sovereigns, and was thus inspired to invent the hunt, "solely and directly for mass consumption"[45]. The newly-acquired visitors come in search of ceramic leipreacháns, and real ones of course. They stay in the



Forget turtles – it's teenage mutant leprechauns that abound in the Irish town of Carlingford. But tracking them down requires a keen eye and a swift hand

Dwarfs perennial: Peter Toner of Carlingford's tourism committee brings legend to life



Plate 29. Peter Toner of Carlingford's tourism committee



village drinking lots of beer and wear “green plastic, tourists-for-the-use-of, souvenir leprechaun hats”[44] (see plate 29). P. J. O’Hare was not undeservedly awarded a certificate by Bord Fáilte commending him for all the work he had done for tourism.

The leipreachán of today is carefully selected and presented to us in various popular magazines. He is shown to be humorous, witty, good-hearted, rural and autonomous, (see plate 30). He represents a nostalgic past and the accomplishment of national and romantic ideals.

The leipreachán had always been used in advertising. There were leipreachán cigarettes as advertised in the ‘Lepracaun’ magazine, (see plate 31).⁷ Leipreacháns were also used to advertise Tylers boots (plate 32). Symbols of the leipreachán were often used in postcards, wishing tourists good luck from Ireland (plate 33). The leipreachán appears in other postcards giving the recipe for Irish coffee. (Irish coffee was invented by a barman in Shannon for the benefit of tourists), (plate 34). The leipreachán is propagated as a selling ploy. In 1964, Seamus Kelly’s book entitled ‘The Leprecaun of Kilmeen’ was reprinted by the Leprecaun Press, (see plate 35). Mulligan’s records and Nestlé’s ‘Lucky Charms’ breakfast cereal use the leipreachán as their mascot (plates 36-37).

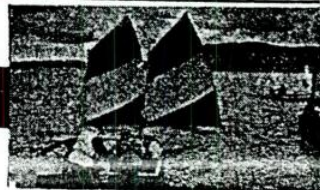
The tourist industry is one of the chief marketing agents for the leipreachán. He is stereotyped and so well marketed that the leipreachán is seen to represent Ireland as a whole. This has led to the use of leipreachán images in Irish pubs, on tea towels etc. The American band ‘House of Pain’ - a political rap group - montages images of St. Patrick’s Day parades, pipers, Celtic crosses, Irish traditional dancers and leipreacháns together with police violence and slum life (plate 38). During an interview on MTV, Everlaz, the lead singer, said:

“Me and Danny you know, we’re of Irish descent..... We were always out having a good time you know, just kind of boasting and bragging about it, and it just became part of it”

⁷ The whole idea of advertising certain symbols to manipulate people to buy is essential to mass culture. By using the same symbol to advertise one product to everyone, it asserts the notion that the audience can be seen as a whole.



Carlingford



Sting in the tail of the Leprechauns

There has been a sting in the tail of the story last week on the Leprechauns in Carlingford. Officials of the Department of Agriculture are rumoured to have been in the area and inspected the find in O'Hare's bar.

Sheep breeders in the area are particularly worried that the department may no longer regard the Cooley Peninsula as a disadvantaged area for sheep headage payments.

A Department of Agriculture spokesman, who declined to be named, said that in view of the new found potential wealth in the area and the possibility of gold in the shape and form of sovereigns being in abundance, the whole question of payments would be re-examined. P.R.O. for Carlingford Sheep Breeders Association declined to comment, but looked extremely worried.

Meanwhile, the town of Carlingford has buzzed with excitement as news of the find spread. Experts in the field of leprechaunology have examined the find and declared beyond doubt that it is authentic.

Proof positive was received when PJ got back the results of the carbon dating process carried out on a piece of cloth from the leprechaun's jacket. It confirmed that while looking like new, that its age even baffled the most sophisticated of modern technology.

English Leprechauns and Fairy Society (ELFS)
The Threatened Acre,
Greenfield County,
c/o Ireland.

Dear Editor,

On 'flying visits' we read your paper regularly. However, one recent article was of great help to us. On 'flight' we lost some items of property recently in the Cooley region. Perhaps you, through your good offices, could arrange that Mr. O'Hare returns them intact and without 'beer stains' as soon as possible.

Yours in the 'air',

I.M.A. SMALLMAN

P.S.—As we are normally invisible, could Mr. O'Hare or his friend supply details of the special ingredients that helped them 'see us'.

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£36,50
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WICKLOW WALLFLOWERS.

The Castle, Dublin,
February 12th, 1906.

Gentlemen,
I am desired by Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen to convey Her Excellency's thanks for your kind thought in sending the case of Wicklow Wallflowers Perfume. She will be very glad to allow this Perfume to be dedicated to her.

I remain, Yours very faithfully,
(Miss) G. Dallas
MESSRS. LEONARD & CO., 19 North Earl Street, Dublin.
BOTTLES FROM 6d. EACH.

THE BRIDGE.

(DEDICATED TO THE WATERWORKS COMMITTEE.)

I stood on the bridge at midnight
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And two moons rose o'er the city,
Behind the new fire-tower.

And I asked a passing policeman
To stop the unruly chime,
But he said he was not permitted
To keep them from beating time.

And the lamps in a grand procession
Marched on through O'Connell Street,
And some of them danced in a circle,
And jostled me off my feet.

And a rare perfume from the river
Arose, like what one gets
When he sits in a tram by a lady
With "Killarney Violets."

Above me lowered Smith O'Brien,
In his usual ghostly stand
(Quite plainly he saw me upended,
But he never offered a hand).

How often, oh! how often,
In the days that had gone by,
Have I sat on that bridge at midnight
Till a jarvey heard my cry!

How often, oh! how often
Have I dreamed I was snug in bed,
Till I woke, and, instead of a pillow,
Found the kerb-stone beneath my head!

I gazed on the grand procession,
And the dancing circle of lamps,
When a genit approached, and whispered—
"Get up, or you're in for cramps."

By a cavern deep he led me,
And I saw in the depths below
The gnomes, all busy a-toiling,
And hurrying to and fro.

And I asked, wherefore were they toiling,
When he looked at me askance,
"And," said he, "We're a-layin' the foundation down
For the Fountain proposed by Vance."
"SHORTFELLOW."

WHEN JUSTICE SMILES.

The quality of mercy was not strained at the Shoreditch County Court recently when a defendant gave as reasons for his inability to pay that he was "a teetotalter, a non-smoker, a strict Wesleyan, a widower with two children, a latchkey voter, and a book-keeper out of work." In consequence of which the order was "No Order."

Lucky it wasn't in Dublin.

"The Irish Emerald,"

THE GEM OF WEEKLY MAGAZINES.

FUN, INTEREST, INFORMATION,
FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

SMOKE LEPRACAUN CIGARETTES
HAND MADE FROM THE FINEST SELECTED TOBACCOS
12 FOR 3!



SOLE MANUFACTURER
WILLIAM O'CALLAGHAN
20 TALBOT ST. DUBLIN.

LYNCH & CONROY,
Merchant Tailors,
57 Dame Street, Dublin,

J.M. GALLAGHER VIOLET SMOKING MIXTURE
MILD, MEDIUM, AND STRONG.
IRELAND'S MOST POPULAR TOBACCO
FOR A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.



5^d Per Oz
6/6 per lb
POST FREE.
**LARGEST AND BEST
SELECTED STOCK
OF TOBACCONISTS
GOODS IN
— IRELAND —**
**LARGEST IMPORTER
OF HAVANA CIGARS
IN IRELAND**

BRANCHES

17, 18 & 19 CHARLOTTE ST
2, HARCOURT ST
33 DAME ST,
UNDER D.B.C.
24, DAME ST.
149, LA BACOT ST,
DUBLIN.



"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE,
MAKES THE WHOLE WORLD KIN."



TYLER'S

ARE THE
BEST

BOOTS

— BRANCHES EVERYWHERE —

Plate 32. Tyler's boots





Plate 33. Good-luck Postcard



Hordes of American and British tourists travel each year to Ireland to rediscover themselves and to search for their roots in the National Library ⁸. The tourist propaganda markets the leipreachán each year. Laura Jones said, whilst referring to the national costume, "it reflects on one hand the romantic desire to cling onto something unchanging, and on the other..... tourist board culture". This is very applicable to the rigorously-marketed leipreacháns. This holds the promise of a simple life and creates an atmosphere of a world removed from reality.

Modern mass culture in the course of cultural levelling is increasingly interested in regions where life appears to have retained a distinctive original character that finds its expressions in folklore. The leipreachán remains inextricably linked to this whole idiom, dressed in quaint last-century clothes and saying such things as 'top of the morning to you'. Ceremonialisation and commercialisation of the leipreachán is so good that observers assume that they have always been at the centre point of Irish culture.

Recently the leipreachán has been given the seal of approval by Roinn Oideachais (Education Board). Larry the Leipreachán now appears twice in the third class English reading book (see plate 39).

"A correct, authorised and timeless version of folk life is produced through the process of selection, categorisation, relocation". It is the 'national culture' or the 'national school culture'[23]. It's what every Irish person should know.

The real power of the leipreachán resides in the fact that onlookers believe that the leipreachán is a reflection of ourselves onto ourselves. (As was evident from Mr. Kilroy Silk's remarks in the Daily Mail when he referred to us as a country ridden by pixies, priests and fairies). And even those who see through the wishy-washy romanticism and commercialisation of the leipreachán, still participate in this paying, playing game.

⁸ In the case of the Irish abroad and Irish descendants, they claim their Irishness and trace back their roots to establish an identity. They are Irish people, without belonging to this country - without having shared a so-called Irish experience. So they cling onto so-called Irish things with a nostalgic outlook. Hence the popularity of 'Darby O'Gill and the Little People' and 'Finnegan's Rainbow'.



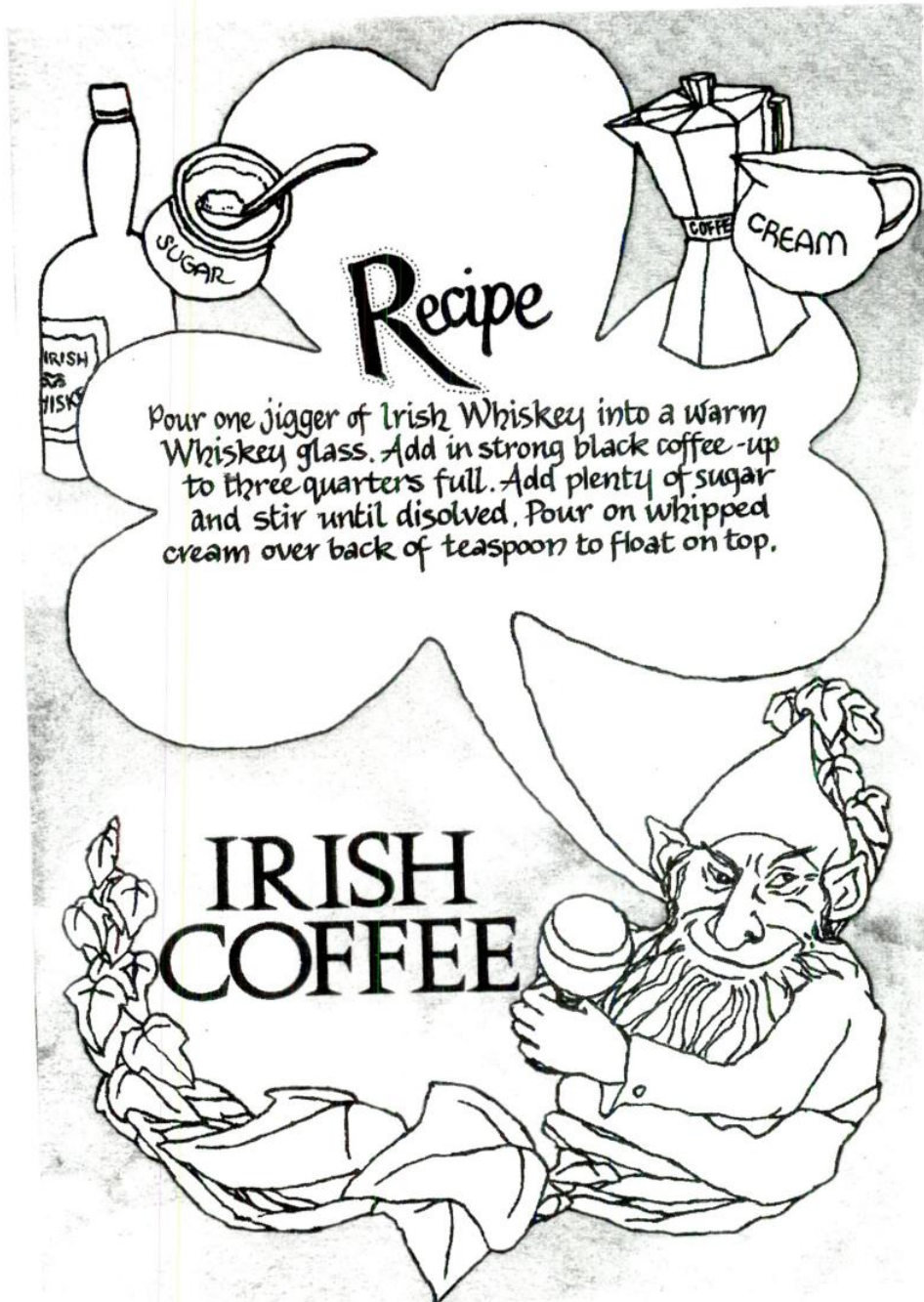
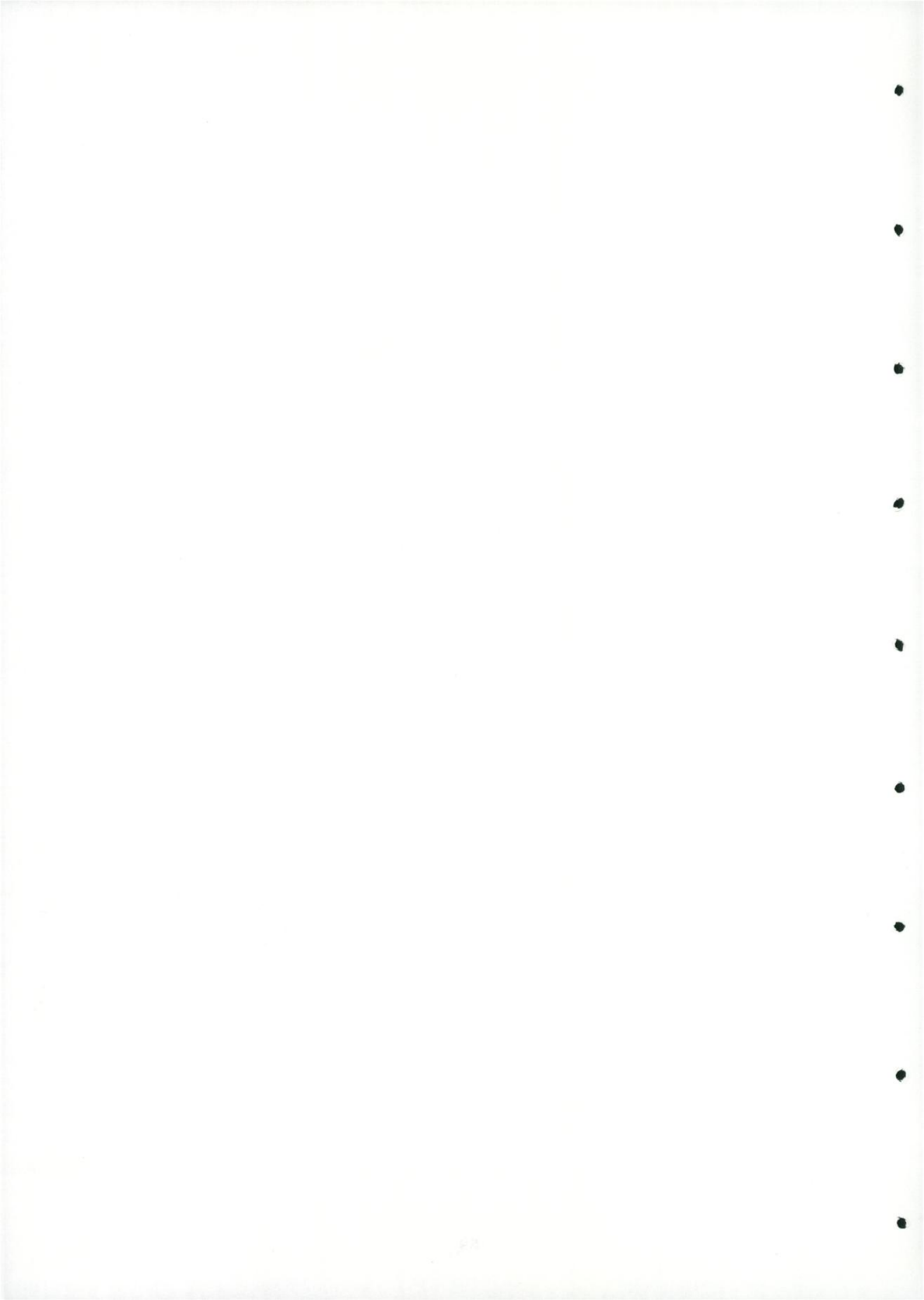


Plate 34. Recipe - Irish Coffee





SEUMAS O'KELLY
1880—1918

SEUMAS O'KELLY was born in Loughrea, Co. Galway. His works are strongly permeated with his boyhood environment in the west having a poetic imagery akin to Yeats, Synge and Lady Gregory. He embraced journalism as a career. His abilities were quickly recognised and he was appointed editor of the *Southern Star* which gave him the distinction of being the youngest editor of an Irish newspaper. Subsequently he was editor of the *Leinster Leader*, *The Dublin Saturday Evening Post* and *The Sunday Freeman* and deputised for his great friend Arthur Griffith in editing the leading national paper *Nationality* in 1918.

He was associated with many of the great literary figures of the period before 1916 which was the age of Yeats, Joyce, A.E., Oliver Gogarty, James Stephens, Seamus O'Sullivan and Padraig Colum. He was a friend and associate of the 1916 leaders. Seumas contributed much to the Irish literary renaissance in his poems, plays, stories and novels. He was one of the early Abbey playwrights and had four plays produced at the Abbey Theatre—"The Shuiler's Child" 1909, "The Parnellite" 1911, "Meadowsweet" 1912 and "The Bribe" 1913. Miss Horniman's Company produced his play "Driftwood" in London in 1913. His published works include five books of short stories, "By the Stream of Kilmee" 1910, "Waysiders" 1917, "Hillsiders" 1917, "The Golden Barque" and "Weaver's Grave" 1920, and "The Leprechaun of Kilmee" 1920. The Weaver's Grave, which was adapted for radio, won the international radio award, the Italia Prize, in Pisa in 1961.

The Weaver's Grave is considered one of the world's great short stories. Two of his novels published were "The Lady of Deerpark" by Methuen 1917 and "Wet Clay" 1919. Poems—Ranns & Ballads 1918.

Many of his stories have been translated and published abroad and have also been produced on international radio circuits.

Seumas O'Kelly gave his life for Ireland on the 14th November, 1918 while he was editor of *Nationality* and was honoured by a national funeral. Most of his books are out of print in Ireland but it is hoped that many of his literary works will soon be re-published.

THE LEPRECHAUN PRESS, UPPER GEORGES STREET, DUN LAOGHAIRE

5/-

Plate 35. The Leprechaun of Kilmee

SEUMAS O'KELLY
The Leprechaun of Kilmee

Seumas
O'Kelly's

The
Leprechaun
of
Kilmee

Published by
The
Leprechaun Press
Dun Laoghaire

A CROCK OF GOLD



69



d Studios Autumn '76

unny
ny Morris
olan



LTD
ad

ram Records Ltd. Ireland.
os. Ltd. Dublin 12.

Plate 36. Mulligan Records

DARE

uki and mandolin
king vocals

HORE

lip and bouzouki



STORE IN A COOL, DRY PLACE

Charms

Nestlé

NEW



Lucky Charms

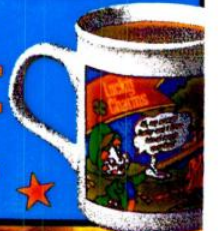
SUGAR FROSTED WHOLE GRAIN OAT CEREAL WITH CRISPY MALLOW PIECES



FREE

Lucky's MAGIC MUG

FOR ONLY 3 SPECIAL TOKENS SEE BACK OF PACK OFFER CLOSES 31.5.93



375 g

FORTIFIED WITH VITAMINS AND IRON

Charms

SPECIAL OFFER
Conditions
of the UK and Eire

Dealers of Cereal
is, suppliers or
made on the official
pack.
to be accepted as
responsibility can be
lost, mislaid or
delivery, from

UK, 1 Bridge Road,
London AL7 1RR.

OFFER
KITCHEN
BASE



to be received by
on Centre, Bell Lane,
1PN or in the R.O.I. by
emption, c/o PHS
5, Crumlin, Dublin 12

to be in a normal retail
payment for Lucky

of your purchase
deal Partners U.K.
(Nominal value 0.001p)

NOTE

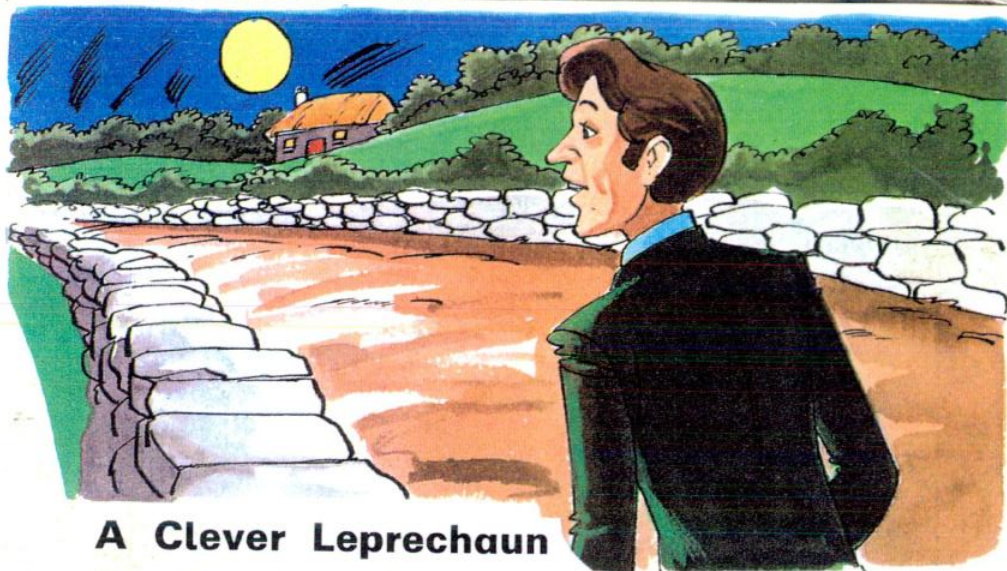
ensure this product
condition. However,
if satisfactory, please
Best Before End
the product to:
Manager,
Partners U.K.
Garden City, Herts

DEALERS U.K.
Garden City
London



Plate 38. Extract from 'House of Pain' video





A Clever Leprechaun

Pat Murphy was on his way home from town.

"It's a nice night," said Pat to himself, "but I would like to be at home in bed. All the birds are fast asleep now, and there is not a sound to be heard."

But, just then, Pat heard something.

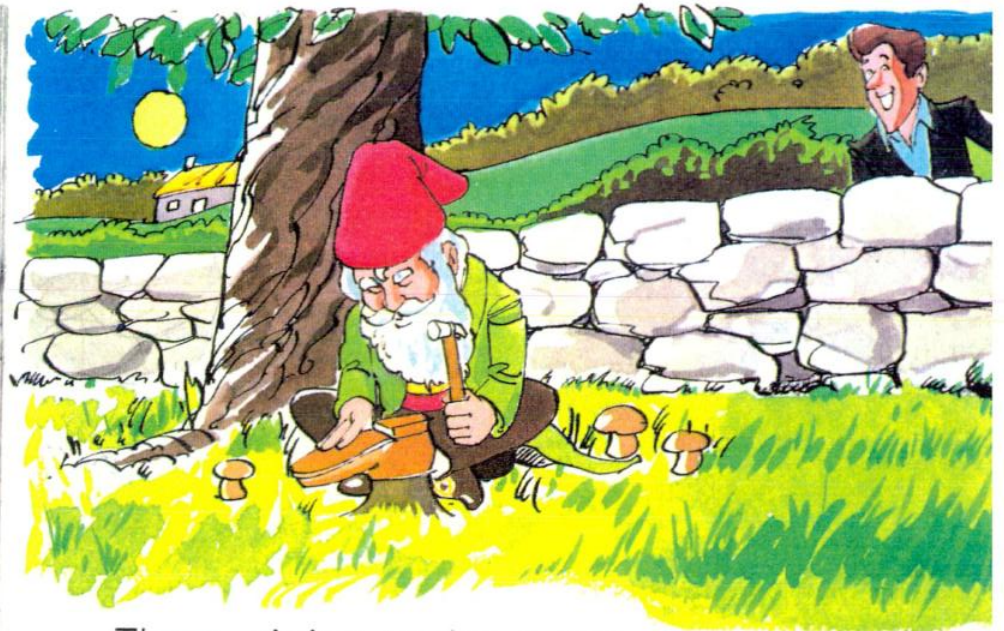
It sounded like tap, tap, tap.

"What is that tapping sound?" said Pat to himself.



"I think it is coming from this big field here."

Pat went to the side of the road and looked into the field.



There, sitting under a tree, was the smallest little man he ever saw.

"He is not as big as a cat," said Pat to himself.

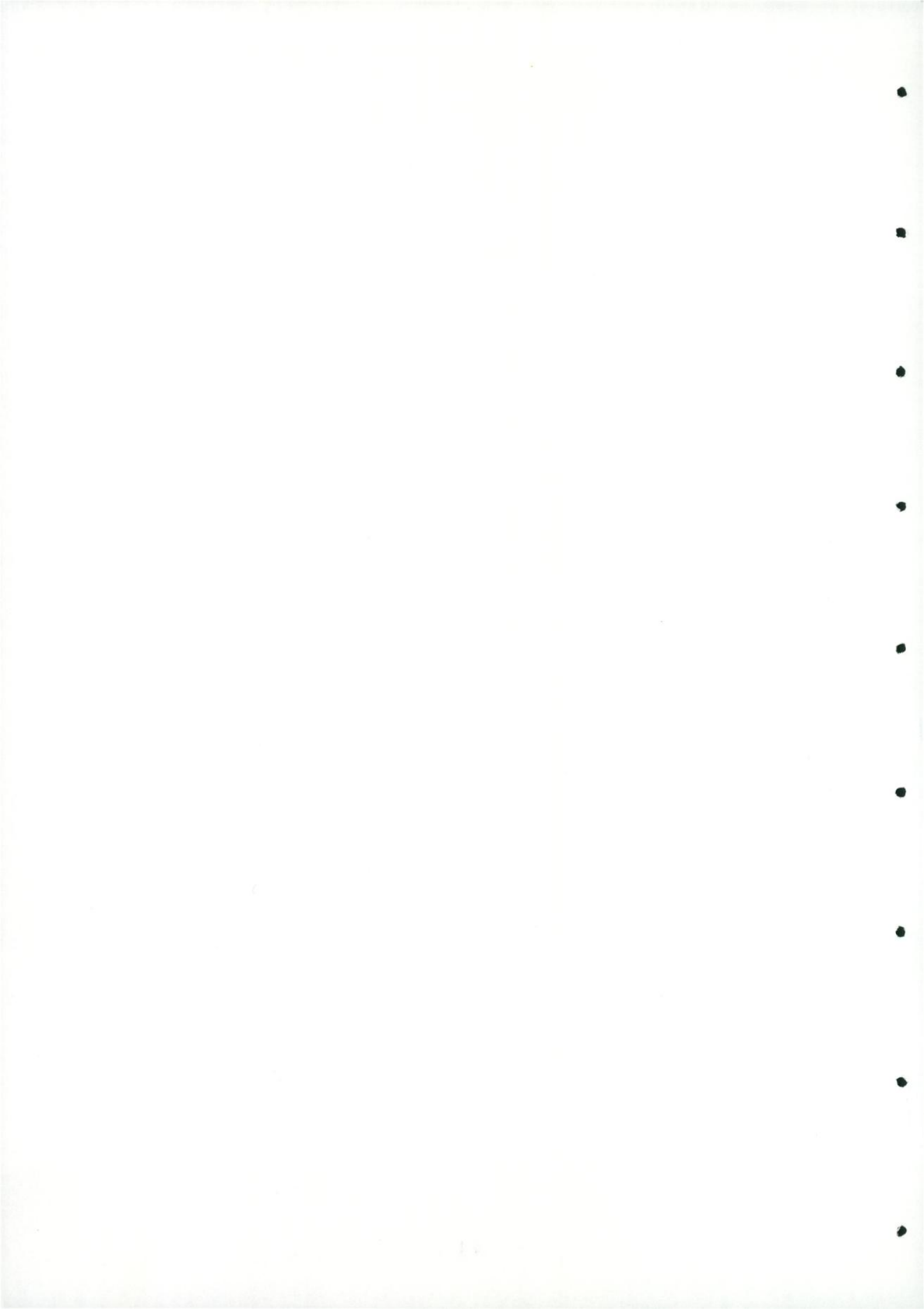
"He must be a leprechaun.

I can see his green coat and his red hat.

There he is tap — tap — tapping, making shoes for all the other leprechauns.

If I can get my hands on him, I'll get his pot of gold.

Then I'll have all the money I want, and I'll never have to work again."



6. CONCLUSION



6. CONCLUSION

The leipreachán is a small solitary being of Irish Folklore. He is said to be the guardian of great riches. He brings neither good luck nor bad luck. During the 19th century, Irish cultural life was marked by a growing sense of national identity. It embraced the whole population. However, the leipreachán was not initially chosen as a national symbol. When the movement began to filter out to the masses, folk tradition was used to underscore this national identity. The Irish peasant of the last century was treated with ridicule and contempt. By assimilating the good qualities of a small Irishman with a stereotyped Irishman, the modern day leipreachán emerged. He was mixed with identifiable Irish symbolism (his red coat changing to green etc.). This new leipreachán was the demonstration of Irish class identity. The image of the leipreachán was cultivated to act as a national awakening. He performs away from his original context. He was romanticised and emphasis was put on his humorous and whimsical aspects. The leipreachán fulfils needs in the mass production of tradition. He is supposed to be the distinctive character of Irish folklore, dressed in quaint, last century clothes. He represents the good old times, of an unspoilt country. The leipreachán is carefully chosen and homogenised so as to fit into such an idiom.

Interestingly enough, folk culture may be seen as preliterate popular culture. The folktales of the leipreachán are remarkably homogeneous. Although the modern day leipreachán is very manipulative, he pretends to satisfy a need and promises the simple yet distinctive life, in spite of all the cultural levelling. This is a false promise, just like the folktales of the leipreachán where the treasure turns into something worthless. This fluffy green toy adds no dignity to our lives. He is merely a commodity - a mechanical reproduction seen as a romantic culture product. The triumph of the leipreachán industry is that consumers feel compelled to buy and use his products, even though they see through them.



7. APPENDICES

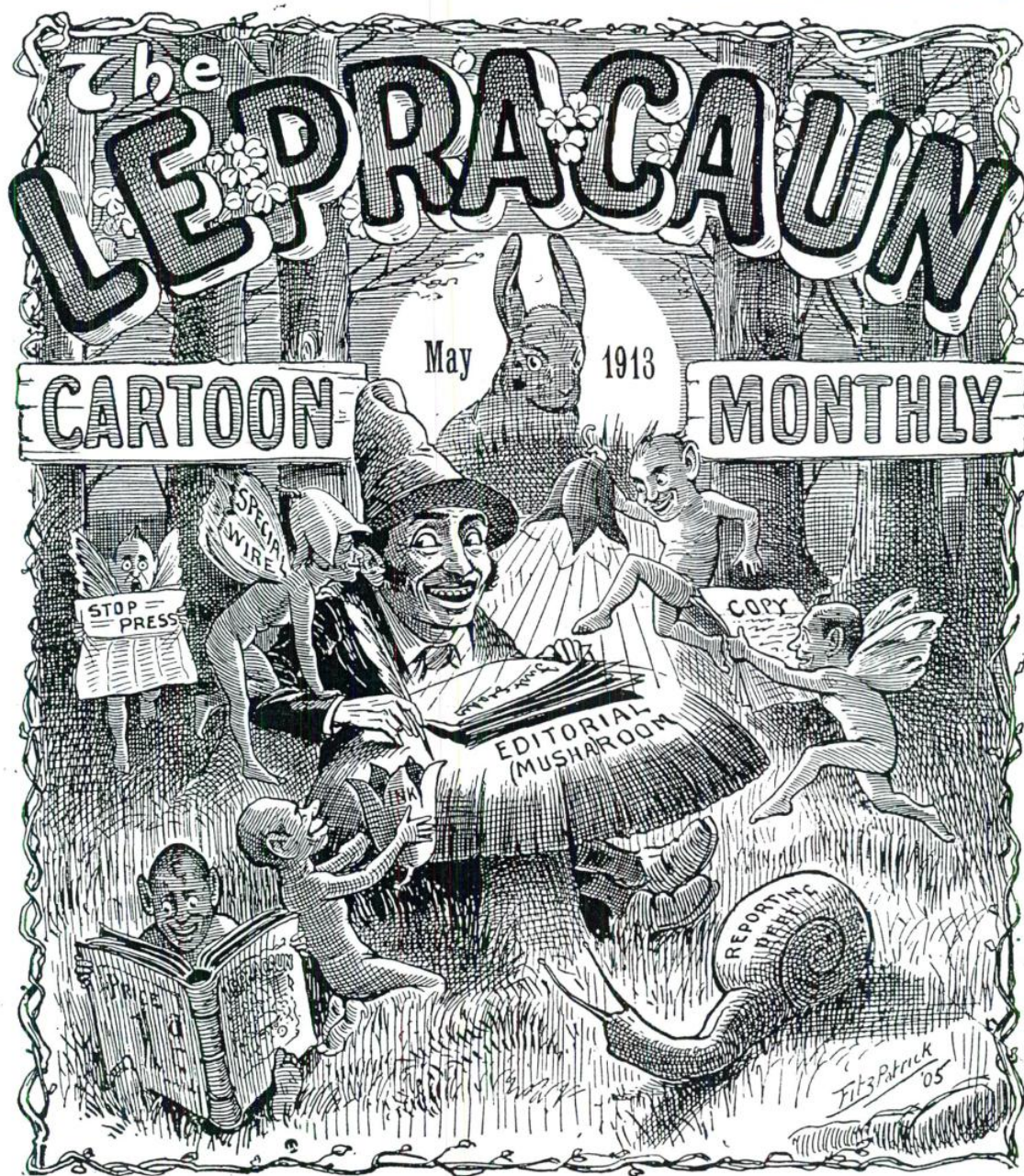


O'CONNELL'S DUBLIN ALES.

BREWERS:—JOHN D'ARCY & SON, Ltd., ANCHOR BREWERY, DUBLIN.

POWER'S Pure Pot Still WHISKEY

Manufactured from Home-Grown Malt and Barley at JOHN'S LANE DISTILLERY, DUBLIN.



Miss Mary FitzPatrick, Illuminating Artist, 6 Up, O'Connell St., Dublin.
Illuminated Addresses at all prices. Write for particulars.

ILLUMINATING ART. Miss Mary FitzPatrick, 6 Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin.

An Ideal "No. 3" GINGER WINE Drink is

FITZGERALD & CO.
Mid. Abbey St.,
Dublin.

THE BEST INK FOR FOUNTAIN PENS AND ALL PENS IS DICHROIC INK.



McBIRNEY & CO.'S

**Waterproof
Coats and
Raincoats,**

In all the Latest
Cloths & Styles,

21/-, 25/-, 30/-,
35/- to 63/-

Best Value to be
found.

"Antistorm" Coat

Most reliable in
all weathers,

42/-, 50/-, 63/-

Aston's Quay, Dublin.

If you would avoid the vexatious troubles attaching to "bargain" Cycles, buy from an old reliable house.



"HUMBER"

KEATING'S,

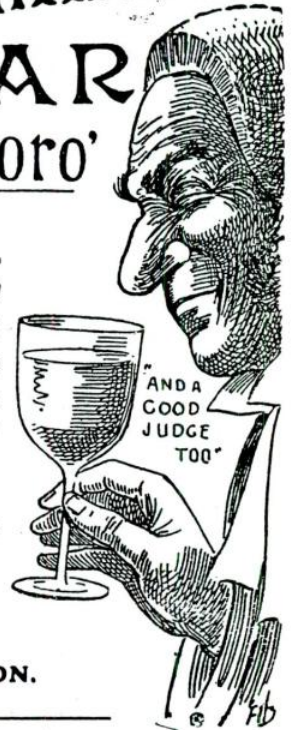
3 Lr. Abbey St., Dublin.

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BAR
Phibsboro'**

The most Up-to-
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Bars, with
Luxurious Lounge
and Smoke Room
on first floor.

Unique, Comfortable,
and Attractive.

ALL DRINKS
HIGHEST PERFECTION.



JOHN DOYLE, Proprietor.

FINEST TURKISH BATHS
in Ireland—

HAMMAM, Sackville St., DUBLIN

Open from 6 a.m. till 6 p.m., 1s. 6d. each.
Open from 6 p.m. till 9 p.m., 1s. each.

JOSEPH DOWNES,

Baker of Plain and Fancy Bread and Confectionery.

First Quality of Confectionery Only. Vans Deliver Daily in City and Suburbs.
A Trial Respectfully Solicited.

6 and 7 NORTH EARL STREET, DUBLIN

Offices and Bakery—1, 2, 3, 13, 14 and 15 Earl Place.

Telephone 1066.

Telegrams—"Auctions, Dublin."

JOSEPH F. KEOGH & Co.,

THE DUBLIN AUCTION ROOMS.

25 Bachelor's Walk, Dublin.

All Property entrusted to the above well-known Auctioneers receives special attention and good prices are realised.

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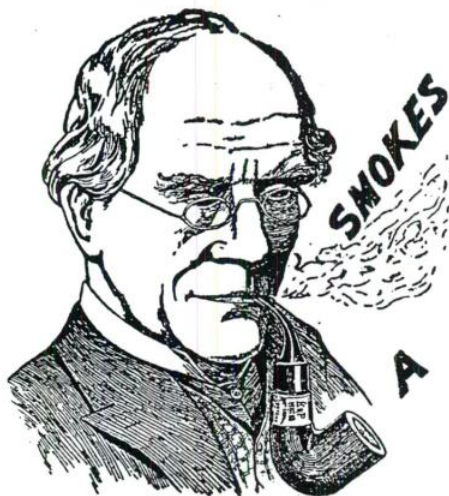


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That the announcement that Sir Edward Carson is "giving up business for politics" is a reminder that it took Ned some thirty years or so to discover that they were not synonymous terms.

That Professor Kettle's declaration at the University College Legal and Economic Society's meeting that "The Coombe is nearer the Kingdom of Heaven than Grafton street at 4 p.m." has set the Smart Set anxiously discussing the advisability of transferring their afternoon promenade to the blessed neighbourhood.

That the public meeting of the Citizens' Association was remarkable for Mr. James Brady's "no-rent manifesto" remedy for the high-rates question, and Alderman E. J. M. Walter's panacea of "a permanent Lord Mayor and Sub-Sheriff." And this to prevent the city from "being bossed by the officials." A permanent Lord Mayor and Sub-Sheriff would naturally be followed by a permanent Corporation. And then—officialism *par excellence*, and rates 20s. in the pound!

That a German mayor recently lost his identity in a fit of mental aberration, and on his recovery found himself in Algiers, having in the meantime enlisted in the French Foreign Legion. Hope the epidemic will not come to Dublin, or we may have the Town Clerk receiving a telegram from London—"Dear Henry—Awful mistake: woke up this morning, and find I have enlisted in the Life Guards.—Lorcan."

That Mr. Cooper, M.P., is urging on the Government the necessity of providing movable platforms for Trafalgar Square orators. Fancy a Cooper not recommending barrels.

That May brings flocks of pretty lambs frisking—in the Commons, as per Mr. William Field, M.P.'s questions there on the injustice of the "twelve hours' detention" of the little dears at English ports before being qualified for the salad accompaniment.

That in a review of Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy's latest book, "Calling the Tune," a writer speculates on the origin of the heroine's name, "Gondoline," as to whether it has any connection with soda-water machines, Venetian boats, billiard balls, or musical instruments. Maybe it is only the short for "All-Gone-doline."

That the Joint Committee of the Richmond Lunatic Asylum has, by 7 votes to 5, negatived a resolution asking for the extension of the Mental Deficiency Bill to this country, out of consideration for the ratepayers. Judging by the way the majority of said ratepayers vote, a course of treatment for "mental deficiency" seems an urgent necessity.

That at a meeting of the Kingstown Urban Council a member diagnosed two of their medical officers as having "fresh air on the brain." From the attitude of the Council of the "Preemyaw" Township until recently, it is to be regretted that the "fresh-air" epidemic was not caught by the slum-preserving section of that loyal and patriotic body.

That the report of the Corporation Housing Committee says that £342,432 have been expended in connection with housing, and adds that "a large proportion of the total expenditure is due to the high prices paid for some of the sites," and that "legal and other expenses are also a heavy item." Yes, the slum-owners and lawyers had a gold mine in the business.

That the Lord Chief Baron, in congratulating Serjeant Moriarty on his recent appointment as Solicitor-General, observed—"We are all very glad to see you as Solicitor-General; it is your proper place." For which the S.-G. expressed his acknowledgments. A dignified rendering of "Are you there, Moriarty?" "Yes, m'lud, thank you, all there."

That the "arrest" by the police in the city of a car bearing anti-enlistment placards to be effective should be followed by the suppression of all the daily and evening papers which publish reports of the numerous cases of window-smashing, robbery, suicide, etc., as practised at present by the hapless "Tommy Atkins," in order to escape from the military horror. Our judges, too, should be directed to refrain from homilies to juries on the motives of military prisoners. The various coroners' inquests are quite enough to make the most enthusiastic military aspirant regard the food-for-powder job with the wholesome aversion of a quaker.

That the Lord Mayor is going in for the Picture Palace business. As this is the second Chief Magistrate of Dublin who has patronised this industry, it is to be hoped that his Lordship the Recorder will see the error of his ways, and remove the strictures placed on Sunday shows, the propriety of which is guaranteed by such distinguished patronage.

That a recent Southern Police Court case illustrated the difficult task which sometimes falls to the lot of the policeman, when a constable in his evidence declared his inability to diagnose a "black eye," which a nigger alleged had been presented to him by another dusky demonstrator. Ebony has its advantages.

That the rumour that the Dublin Votes for Women contingent contemplated a raid on Nelson's Pillar had no foundation. If they could be persuaded to steal away the saw-file obelisk with the old-clothes effigy in front, called the Parnell Monument, they would earn the grateful thanks of everyone not afflicted with artistic ophthalmia.

That the announcement that the authorities are about to take "steps" to deal with the drilling in Ulster will suggest the reflection that, perhaps, after all, the various squads, which are performing evolutions with wooden Winchesters, would be all the better for a course of lessons in walking properly.

That Mr. Drury the other day fined a civv milk-and-Vartry merchant a hundred pounds. The distinguished defendant should now get elected to the Dublin Corporation, and stir up the Public Health Committee on their duty to the citizens.

That Mr. George McSweeney is to be the new Serjeant-at-Law. Fact is that George's genius as an expert jury manipulator should have him ear-marked for the Lord Chief Justice job when "Pether" takes the *otium cum dignitate* notion one of these days.

That the Irish sea fisheries are "protected" by a police patrol of one cruiser for the whole coast line, although the Vice-President of "The" Department says he has asked for more "more than once." And between the Treasury "Bumble" and the Departmental "Oliver Twist" our annual loss is enormous. And they drink "Prosperity to Ireland"—with one eye shut.

That if "The Showing up of the Liffey Site" for our art gallery by George Bernard Shaw has not given the *quietus* to that piece of quixotic vandalism, the Chairman's address at the Irish Architects' meeting, in which he mentioned that we had already one monstrosity—the Loop Line Bridge, which ruined for ever the beauty of Gandon's masterpiece, the Custom House, and we could not afford to have another, should settle the absurdity.

That the Omagh Cemetery Board has had the melancholy experience of only one burial for a whole month. If this depression continues Omagh will be a good second to the American town, where they had to shoot a man in order to start a churchyard.

That, speaking on the Budget in Parliament, Messrs. T. M. and Maurice Healy complained that we were paying a million and a half too much for our Budget, although the Chancellor estimated for only half a million. Fancy one lawyer expecting another to be an epitome of the veracities. Unthinkable!

That the London *Times* says that the recent increase of libel actions "is becoming a scandal and a nuisance," and complains that "newspapers are the chief sufferers." A reminder that the "Thunderer" of Piccott forgery fame was recently quite complimentary in an Irish supplement.





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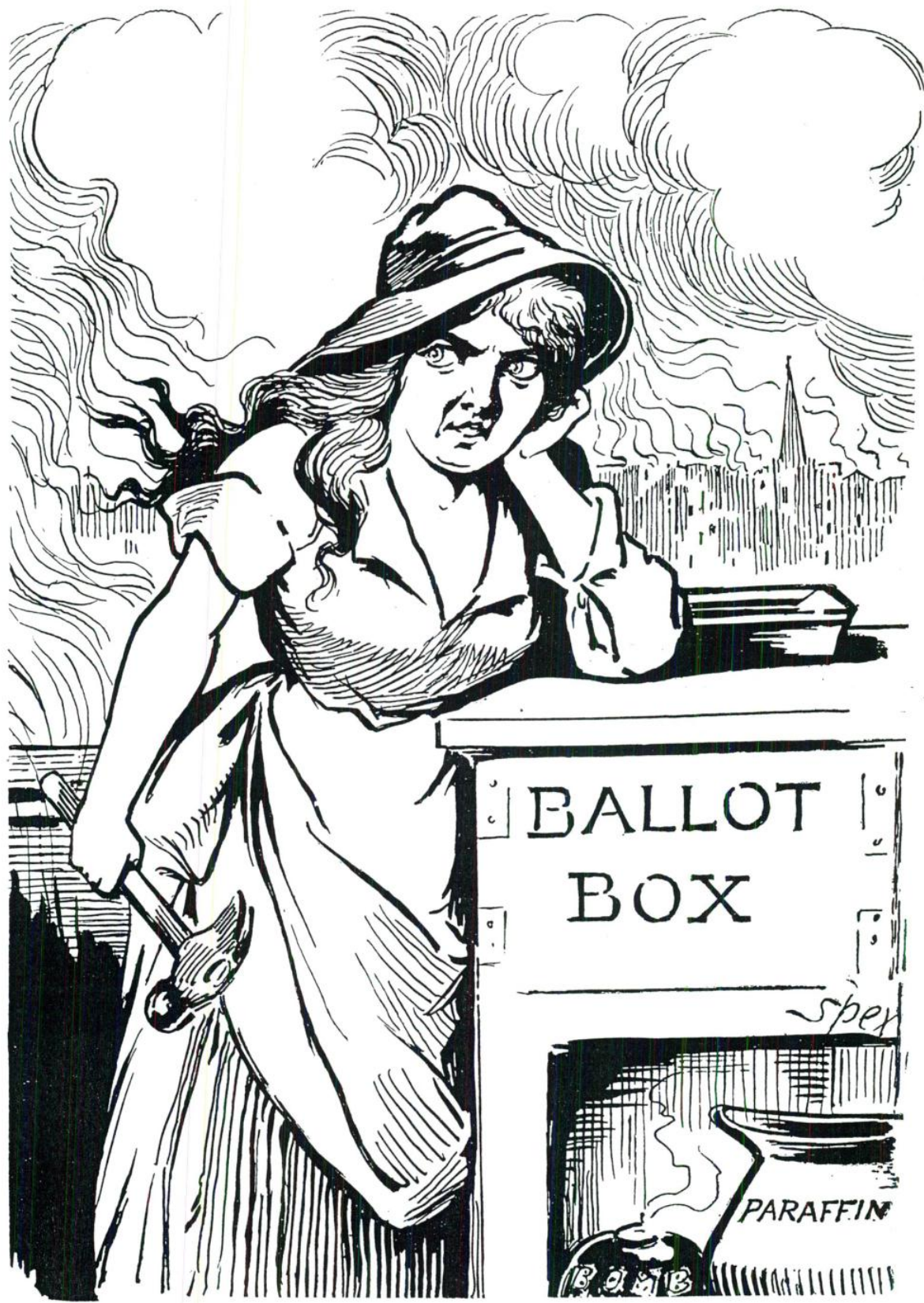
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City Celebrities.—Dr. GEO. SIGERSON, F.L.S., M.D., etc.

George, the son of Siger, made his *debut* "among the green bushes in sweet Tyrone" in the neighbourhood of Strabane in the 'thirties. His ancestors had been in the habit for a considerable time of paying flying visits from the Scandinavian country to Ireland, and on these auspicious occasions they usually "made a collection," having a taste

Sometimes the harmony of the visitations was marred by the natives refusing to part, when arguments ensued, which occasionally resulted in funerals, a typical instance being an episode at Clontarf, in which a certain King Brian Boru entered such an emphatic protest against the Norsemen's levy that several of them died from the damp and many others met with fatal accidents, the King himself being knocked on the head during the discussion. Quite a number of the Danish excursionists having missed the last boat for home on the occasion, settled down and exchanged the somewhat exacting Viking business for the more peaceful if less strenuous occupations of the pastoral description, and of this stock is our hero descended.

At an early age George gave various indications of future greatness by endeavouring to assimilate every document he laid hold of. At this period it is highly probable that a quick lunch consisting of ancient Gaelic MSS. laid the foundation of that appetite for research into Gaelic sayings and doings of the period "beyond the misty space" for which he is now famous. With a view to acquiring, amongst other things, the Munster *blas*, our hero made a descent on the Queen's College, Cork, where having mopped up all the ologies and osculated the Blarney Stone, he came to Dublin and repeated the process at "Old Trinity," and then took a bee-line to Paris, where he added the distinction of Parleyvoo Science to an already long list. The Catholic University, Dublin, having requisitioned him for enlightenment, he was for many years its mentor on matters biological until the advent of the National University, when he switched his light on to that institution, of which he is also a Senator. Literature and Science having both claimed him, it is difficult to say in which he is most distinguished. His published works include books on land tenure, the atmosphere, nervous diseases, botany, heat, Gaelic literature, poetry, the physical geography of Ireland, etc., as well as numerous articles which appeared in *The Nation*, *Irishman*, *Dublin Hibernian Magazine*, and others.

Some twenty-one years ago the Irish Literary Society was founded, a body of which George is still President, being, in fact, the "spirit" of the organisation, a preservative which prevents its deteriorating into a log-rollers' club. George has written some good poetry, which possesses the rare advantage nowadays of being easily understood. His addresses, whether of two hours, or two minutes—as when unveiling the Mangan bust in St. Stephen's Green a few years ago—are always interesting, and one of his early articles in *The Irishman*, "The Holocaust," made that paper so popular with the Government of the day that they had the editor arrested and prosecuted. One would think that George's time-table left him no room for hobbies, but the *connoisseur* occasionally breaks out in him, when he may be seen indulging in the artistic dissipation of miniature hunting. He thinks in Gaelic.



for curios and a commendable appreciation of the precious metals. Collection plates and boxes were unknown at that period and cheques being troublesome to negotiate were ignored, the "ready" being only requisitioned, and the contributions being as a rule enclosed in sacks, the term applied to these highly enjoyable excursions was "sacking."





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A Derry barrister was recently presented with—amongst other things by his admirers—a hundred law books. A gentle hint to "read up," or else a "coals to Whitehaven" compliment.

A defaulting bankrupt named Ham was brought up for inquiry at the Belfast Bankruptcy Court before the Recorder (according to *The Lisburn Standard*), "dressed in a black overcoat." A one-garment costume, which must have made it an examination of cold Ham.

The winning of the "Thousand Guineas" by Mr. J. B. Joel's horse has impressed the owner that many a true word is spoken in "Jest."

An attempt by the crew of H.M.S. "Newcastle" at Shanghai to extinguish a fire in a tallow warehouse proved unsuccessful and the account says that when returning to their ship they had to dive underneath the blazing tallow floating in the harbour. No wonder. A tallow fire extinguished by tars would be quite a respectable miracle.

The conversion of China into a Republic is, it appears, to be followed by the introduction of a new Chinese alphabet. The old one, which consisted of only eight thousand characters, is to be replaced by one of forty-two. The grown-up celestials who had to memorise the eight thousand will envy the present-day nipper with his three-and-a-half dozen. The chief constructor of the new alphabet is a professor with the valedictory name of Solonghella.

A suggestion at a meeting that the Tralee Urban Council invest in a "vertical retort" produced the financial retort that the cost would be £4,000. And the retort vertical project was horizontalised.

A report of an application at the Killarney Quarter Sessions for a hotel licence at Waterville says that a witness deposed that the Waterville people had been "so full" that they had sent people out for want of accommodation. And the Bench was so edified by the statement that, by a large majority, the list of "fulls" was increased by another hotel. A popular Whiskey-and-Waterville decision.

A boy burglar of 15, convicted at Nottingham of sixteen charges of housebreaking, appealed to the court to send him to a training-ship, but the magistrates refused, and sent him to gaol for six months. It would not do to find a navy missing just now.

An advertisement says—"Manufacturers are judged by the goods they sell." This is why the luminous nose of the chronic dyspeptic is sometimes regarded as the result of his own "hardware."

An English judge, in sentencing Suffragettes, has declared that if he could he would send them on a voyage round the world in a sailing vessel. An Arctic expedition might be nearer the mark, as the Votes for Women heroines are dying to get to the "poll."

The Dublin ratepayers should regard with envy the happy islanders of Innishmaan, Innishcrolly, Innishirrer, and Innishbeg, off the Donegal coast. It appears that these arcadians, having regarded themselves immune to the payment of rates, the Dunfanaghy Council discussed the advisability of sending a gunboat "to impress the natives with the majesty of the law," but the project was abandoned on one of the members pointing out that the total amount due would not pay the cost of "one broadside." The County Council was then requisitioned to provide the rate collector with a boat, not a word being said about medical officers, appliances, or even the notification of the coroner. The result of the expedition is awaited with sympathetic interest by local newspaper correspondents and undertakers.

Speaking in the House of Commons, Mr. Bonar Law declared that if the turn-over of votes at the recent Whitechapel election was repeated at a General Election, "150 of the hon. gentlemen opposite would never see the House of Commons again." Political ophthalmia would appear to be the chief danger for Liberals in future—if Bonar is a prophet.

A Wolverhampton rate collector has given up business to become a clergyman. He should be all there when the plate goes round.





AFTER THE STORM.

Head Gardener Asquith showing Miss Erin that, although the Parliamentary storm has been very rough and rude, her plants have not suffered.

Spex





"RUNCY" HAS A LITTLE LAMB.

LAMB FIELD—"I say, Runciman, what's the meaning of tying me up this way for twelve hours?"
SHEPHERD RUNCIMAN—"Oh! don't worry me now; can't you see I'm busy."

A PALATIAL ODE.

In bygone days reformers railed at palaces called "gin,"
As temples of intemperance and monuments of sin;
But temperance taxation having reached high-water mark,
A good many in consequence have passed into the dark.
Now in their place in every street new palaces are seen,
With pictures of the "living" sort projected on a screen.
And crowds enthusiastic throng to see the changing views,
While prosy preachers say the shows have left them empty
pews,
And captious critics make complaint that these displays
are bad;
They say each boy who goes in there becomes an awful lad;
That highwaymen and burglars and other social foes
Are daily manufactured by these horrid picture shows.
Yet the pernicious proprietor, unmoved, remains the while,
While his demoralising "div." he pockets with a smile.
And wicked people at each show throng in and have their
laugh—
The unrepentant sinners of the sin-e-mat-o-graph.

MAC.

Lecturing at the Alexandra College, Professor Macalister mentioned that as a result of the neglect of the Irish language, the name of St. Maelduin, the founder of the Monastery of Tallaght, had been corrupted into "St. Moll Rooney." Hope they have an Irish class in Tallaght to remedy such Whatelyisms.

Condemning the attempted bomb outrage by Suffragettes at St. Paul's Cathedral, the Bishop of London told the congregation that the lever of the internal machine was turned to the right instead of to the left by mistake, thus preventing a serious explosion. Showing that right, although wrong, was luckily right; and Sir Christopher Wren's masterpiece was saved from the devil in petticoats.

An announcement of the Coleraine Madrigal Society's concert says—"Miss Agnes Treacy will sing 'With Verdure Glad.'" The popular soprano evidently favours the wearing of the green toilette.

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The Opening of the Cricket Season

(In Verse and Worse).



Austria, of the "Great Powers" Team,
Bowed down an Ultimatum;
But Nicholas batting at "full steam"
Slammed back the "Ulti" at him.



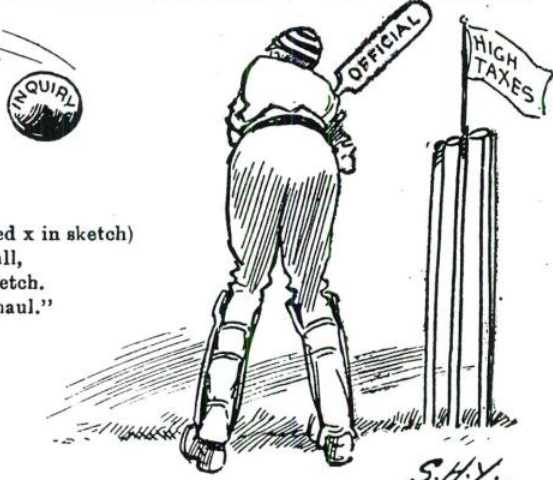
UNIONIST HOPES.



Down London East the Tories
failed
The Liberal team to rout,
And Samuel, who the "googlies"
flailed,
Stands—"166 not out."



Councillor Beattie (marked x in sketch)
Sends down a pretty ball,
Hoping it the bails will fetch.
What ho! the City "haul."





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As the result of having his view in church excluded by matinee hat, Senator Brelsford has brought in a Bill to prohibit the wearing in Texas by women of any head-dress over two inches in height, or with a brim wider than four inches. Offenders at the end of three years to be confined to "a uniform hat, costing less than two dollars." Should this piece of millinery coercion become law, it will not be surprising to find the terrible Senator the recipient of a brand new pitch-cap, the gift of the Texas Smart Set.

On the election of an official by the Magherafelt Board of Guardians, the latter congratulated themselves on the grounds that "it is a good thing to get a sober man to porter." And after?

Discussing the scarcity of the Ennis water supply at the Urban Council meeting, the Chairman mentioned that, "We spent three hours yesterday going into it," that one of the members "got all wet," and another "nearly fell into the reservoir." A damp pilgrimage.

The problem of how to live on fresh air appears to be rapidly nearing solution at the Ennis Union, as per the Master's report that out of 293 loaves of bread, a day's supply, over 200 went to the pigs. The inmates refused to go on musical grounds—it was all "dough."

The advantages of the workhouse as a sanatorium for dipsomaniacs was illustrated at Dundalk, when a defendant was awarded a month's imprisonment for "insubordination." The Workhouse Master deposed that, after being admitted the accused "suddenly got sober," and wanted to leave. In addition, he also got lost, and after a search was discovered in one of the official's sitting-rooms in an arm-chair before the fire, with his boots off. And as he plies his geological hammer for "a month hard" in Dundalk Gaol, he pondered over the perverted casuistry of the Bumble and the Bench that construes sudden sobriety, accompanied by a yearning for comfort and refinement, as "insubordination."

The report of the Registrar of Friendly Societies mentions one with the title of "Loyal Caledonian Corks." The "Friendly Bottles" will, no doubt, turn up later on.

A case of shooting with a toy pistol was heard at the Belfast Children's Court, and the police sergeant having deposed he found the pistol in the defendant's vest pocket, the Chairman declared it illustrated the danger of allowing them to be in the hands of people who are "not competent to have them." The sergeant is now wondering what is the magisterial meaning of the word "competent."

Eggs two years in cold storage are being eaten daily by six dietetic investigators, in order to test their food value. The result of the two-year-old race should be interesting—to the survivors.

The advantage of having a wooden leg was demonstrated off Cape Horn, when the boatswain of the "Aryan" had his timber limb removed by lightning, and the ship's carpenter requisitioned to make a new one. Nervous persons in fear of lightning should soon have the wooden-leg market booming.

The Dundalk Urban Council (says *The Dundalk Examiner*) has issued an order that "the Sanitary Sub-officer prosecute all persons hereafter where *deceased* meat is found on any premises." Looks as if vegetarianism had run amok in Dundalk.

"Gas" was the subject of a discussion at a meeting of the Lisburn Urban District Council, and the meeting of the deficiency of a couple of thousand pounds by a 9s. rate, produced a good deal of gas and caloric, in the course of which the Town Solicitor was criticised by a member, who declared "He reminds me of a couplet by 'Nimrod'—

"He treats his Board as a huntsman his pack.

For he knows when he wants us he can whistle us back."

"Nimrod's" couplet is undoubtedly a vast improvement on the pen-picture of David Garrick by Goldsmith—

"He cast off his friends like a huntsman his pack.

For he knew when he wished he could whistle them back."

With such originals around, it is not surprising to read that at Auburn some time ago a pig-stye was built with

some of the cut-stone which formed part of the house of

Oliver Goldsmith.

USE PATERSON'S MATCHES.





A TEMPTING BAIT.

[The fishing season is now well on, and the emigration agents are casting the usual glittering baits.]
MOTHER ERIN—"Come back, childre'. D'ye know where ye are goin'?"

The ceremony of the installation of the May Queen took place at Dublin Castle on May 1st, when "Her Majesty," after being crowned, entered the hall where her "subjects" were awaiting her, to the strains of "The Minstrel Boy." A curious selection for a queen's enthronement. However, it might have been "Alexander's Rag-time Band," or some similar syncopated horror.

A London policeman, who recently stopped a runaway horse, on being asked by the ubiquitous interviewer what his sensations were, said his thoughts were similar to those of the keeper who, when asked what steps he would take if the Bengal tiger escaped, replied, "Long ones." Should he be an inspector by this.

Judge Todd, the other day, at the Derry Quarter Sessions, complained that some witnesses when taking the oath merely said, "My evidence—truth." That their economy in "swearing" staggered him. Merely saving it up, judge. Have a walk round the Maiden City on the "Glorious Twelfth," and hear 'em at it!

A telegram sent to the new President of the Chinese Republic—"Whole Church of Ireland praying for China next Sunday"—will probably leave some child-like and bland celestial in doubt as to whether it is a supplication for territory or tea-things.

A motion for a deputation of the Coleraine Urban Council to visit the refuse depot, and ascertain whether it constituted a nuisance "when the fire was burning and the wind blowing towards the houses," on being carried, produced the comment from the Clerk—"We might arrange to have the fire, but we could hardly arrange to have the wind." He is now looking up the address of the Clerk of the Weather to arrange the matter with the windy authorities.

The militant lady impressionist who was caught green-handed in the act of painting the effigy of Mr. John Redmond at the Royal Hibernian Academy now realises that she is done brown. Quite a common experience with people who have been on the "bust."

In a letter to the dailies of April 30th, deprecating the militant policy of the Votes for Women leaders, a writer says—"I have been a disappointed woman suffragist for nearly half a century," and complains that "there is something inexpressibly mean in our masculine attitude towards women throughout the whole of this contest." The communication is signed "Thomas J. Haslam." From which it would appear that, in addition to the vote, the heroines of emancipation have gone in for collaring the mere man's Christian name. The name "Florence" is already common to both sexes, but "Miss Tommy"— Ah, 'tis the last drop in the masculine bucket.

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North Earl Street, DUBLIN.



SHIES.—By S. H. Y.

We are to hear more about the "Crown Jewels" case. Well, the case is not much use without the jewels.

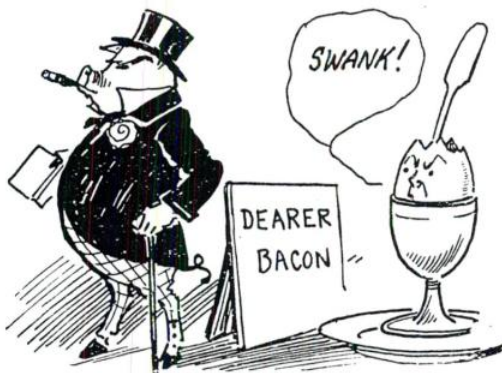
At the great "draw" match between the Kingdom and the Wee County, the record draw was made at the gate.

Very heavy fines were inflicted in recent milk adulteration charges—fines running as high as £100. "What ho! She pumps" no more.



The price of bacon has gone up. We can't imagine anything rasher than these aeroplane fittings of our favourite breakfast appetite tickler.

Our Abbey playboys are back again from the West. Interviewed by our representative, one of the returned players said "he guessed he felt quite abbey to see us all again."



A Belfast witness giving evidence last week in the Four Courts stated "that while it lasted"—a melee in which loyal and true Orangemen were Fenian chasing—"the scene was worse than Spion Kop." But you should have seen the brave "nuts" making "bolts" when the spying "cops" came along.

Miss Olive Purser has been appointed to the Chair of Literature in Trinity College, Dublin. Suffragettes and their supporters should hail this innovation as another case of the Olive branch.

A Russian scientist has discovered a means of curing and preserving fish for a period of three weeks without the aid of ice. He even said "at the end of that time the fish would have bright, glad eyes." Not the first time a glad eye was heard of in cod.

Another professor of the University College, Reading, prognosticates a bad summer. He bases his conclusions on his study of the Irish Sea. Is this Reading, or a mistaking of the summer Irish Sea for the Pierian spring?

Limerick, *a la* Dublin, has a bridge question. There are, it seems, two contending Boards. Why do not the Limerick people get some local carpenter to nail the boards together and convert them into some sort of a footbridge?

Our Royal Dublin Zoo has got a pair of black-necked swans, and a pair of sulphur-breasted toucans were recently obtained. Well, if the Council would find the gift acceptable, we would be delighted to present a collection, which comprises, amongst other things, a land shark (very voracious), a hard-necked toucher, a double-dyed twister, and a smooth-tongued promiser. The specimens mentioned were all captured at the last elections, and received their names from political opponents.



At some sales recently in London a lock of Dean Swift's hair was sold for 35s., and Browning's love-letters realised £6,556. Strange what fame will do. We know of a young man whose locks would make a first-class "advt." for a hair-growing firm, and this young person has written about one million love-letters, and still he can't realise the price of a hair-cut.

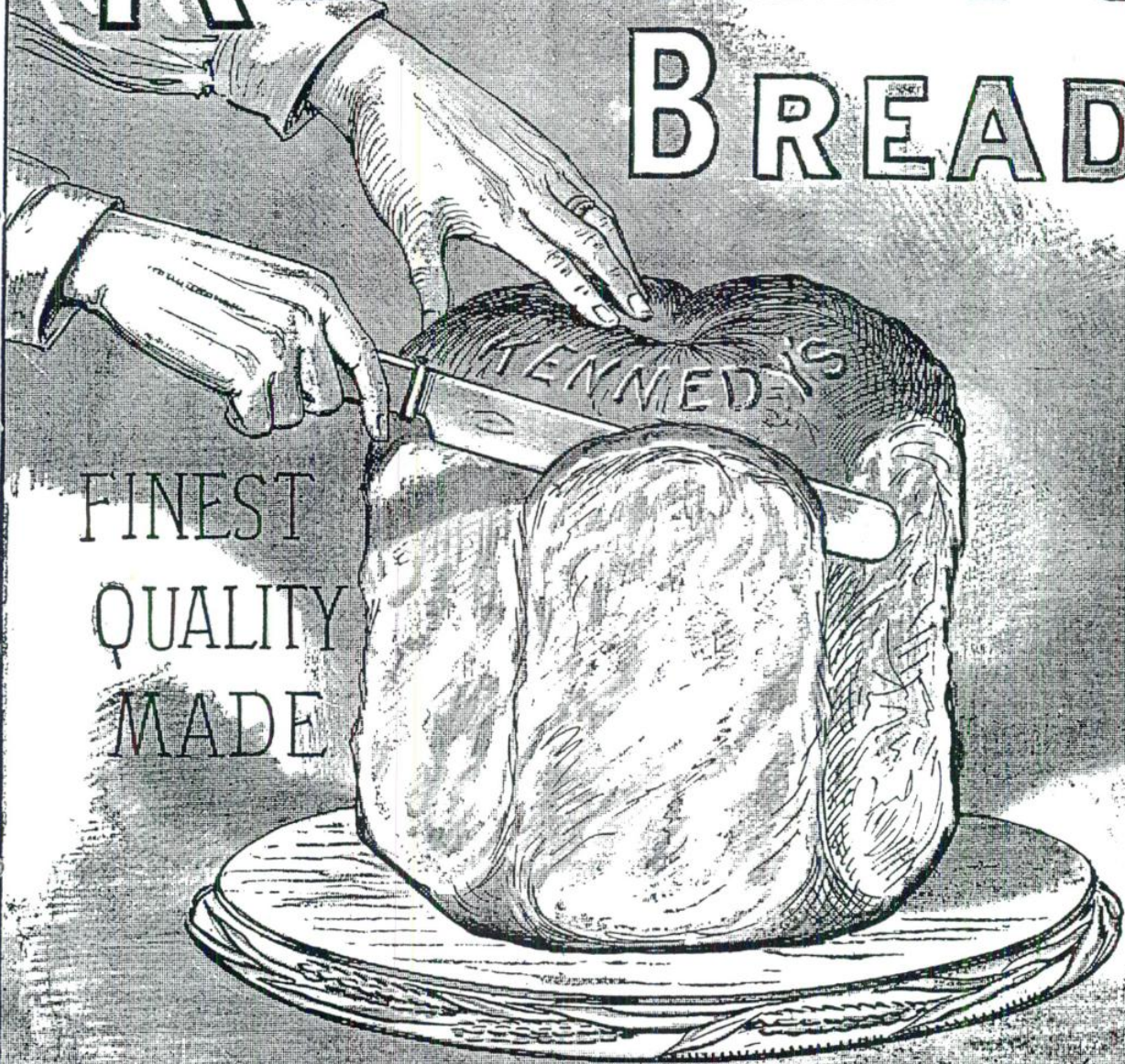
This season at Punchestown there were 2,000 motor cars. Only that a few horses had to do some racing, and required a little space, we believe that there would have been double that number of automobiles.

We are to have a firm for the manufacture of cinema films in Dublin, so we think it well to warn our readers not to get frightened if they should, some of these days, see troops of wild, whooping Indians and shooting cowboys careering round our suburbs, or a murder scene being enacted on the top of Nelson's Pillar. Our motto: "Be ready for anything, and always have your best smile on."

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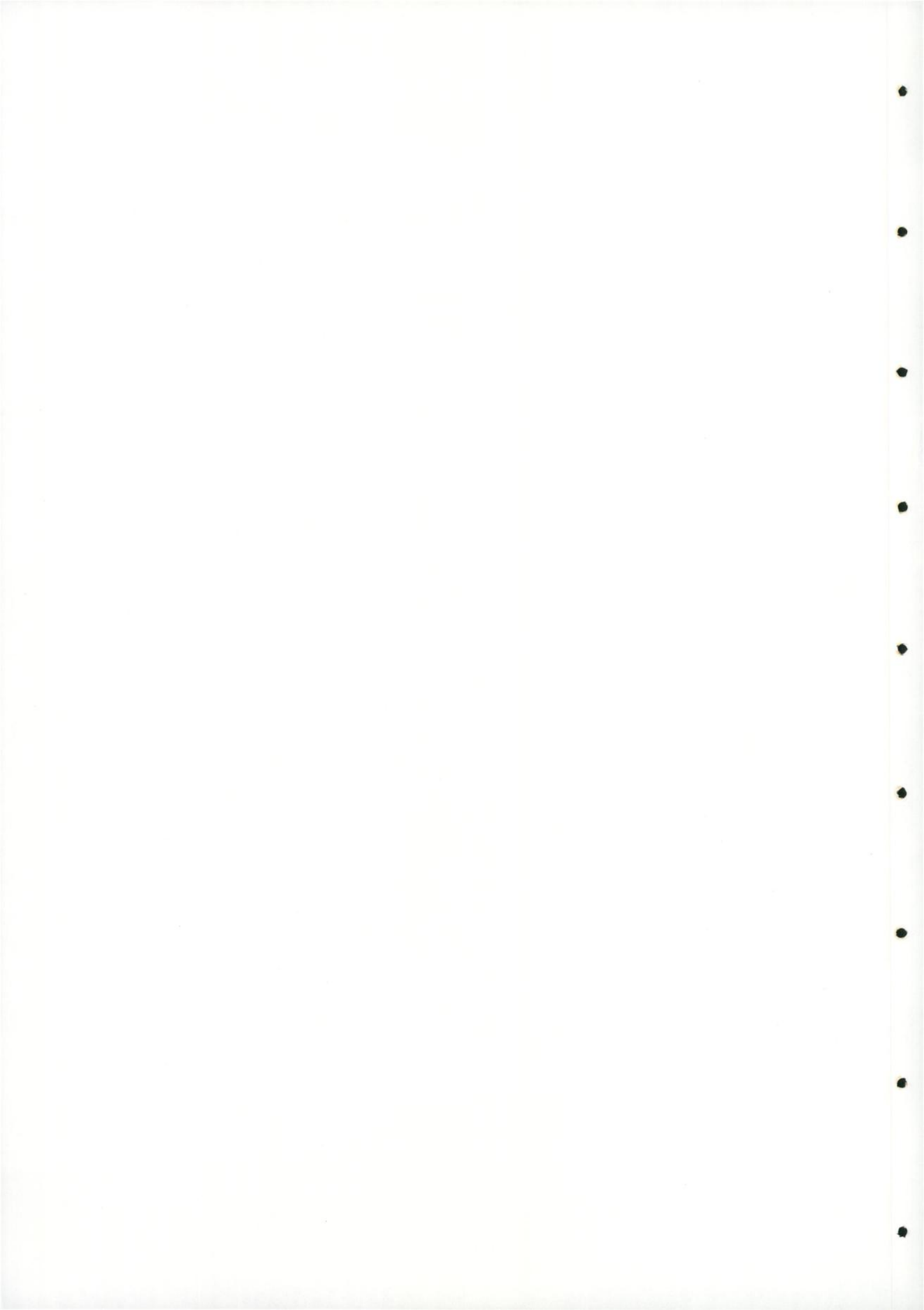


11/12/92

This story was told to me by Mrs Mc Dermott. Her husband was an RVC Police constable stationed at Jomburg RVC Barracks. Mrs Mc Dermott is a convert from Presbyterianism (Glenelg to Antons) and would perhaps be more sceptical than our side of the religious divide. Her son Peter attended the Snahovick PE School on the Joone Rd. to Derry in the early fifties. One day he came home with his school pal and told the following story -

The Headteacher (John Mory who is an ex-county GA player) sent the school children out into the yard to clear up. Whilst doing so and after piling the grass etc. in a heap out from this jumped a little old man dressed in a red skullcap and gown. He was very ugly and commenced to speak to them in a 'gibberish'. The children then started to taunt him and the gibberish changed to cursing. Whereupon they all became afraid and ran into school to tell the master. When he came out there was no one there. He then took each child separately into a room and they all told the same story.

Mrs Mc Dermott spoke to Mr Murphy and he confirmed what she her son and pal had told.



Some of the older ² folk in the district
were told of the incident and they said
"oh it was only a wee Loughrey man"

perhaps a Noctens version of the Leprechaun.
Mister John Murphy is now retired and lives
in Maghera Co Derry.

This area abounds in such stories
as faeries etc but this was my first
experience of hearing a story first hand and
not hearsay I thought it might help your
thesis as it probably will not be recorded
elsewhere. In addition, I have heard of two
people out walking in the fields near
Castle Dawson and one seeing a little man
running across a field and the other pass
seeing nothing. The additional story I have
sent you on the other page is recorded
merely because you are an 'O'Neill' and
it would be of interest to you.

Sean Moe Wilson



Dear Geraldine,

I will try to help you to get your degree. You will excuse my bad grammar and spelling as I was not at school since 1938. I had a interest in all sorts of culture etc. The Milesians were the last people to come to Ireland. They came from Spain. Ireland was occupied at that time by the Tuatha De Danaan, who shaped our land. The Milesians took over Ireland. The Tuatha De Danaan said they would not leave Ireland. But would go into the hills and mountains and forths and raths and along the lake shores and the morning mists. So they are who the fairies & leprechauns are. They are possessed with magic & spells - and are very seldom seen as they draw the cloak of Invisability about ~~they~~ them.



Dear Geraldine,

I have just been reading the Christmas edition of Ireland's Own and came across your letter regarding information on the leprechaun.

I'm afraid I can't help you as far as the traditional folklore and "fact" on the leprechaun is concerned. I have never studied this in any detail and so I really don't know much about the origins and history of this creature.

I have studied the folklore surrounding another of our mythical friends, the banshee, and am convinced that the banshee and the leprechaun are more than loosely linked.

In February 1991, Ireland's Own published my theory on the Banshee/Leprechaun connection. The theory itself was inspired by a letter to I.O. from a woman (an American if I can remember rightly - make what you want of that!) who wanted to know if there was such thing as a female leprechaun. Of course, a reply came from a Dr. Carolyn White, presumably a historian, who informed our American friend that there was no such thing as a female leprechaun - that the leprechaun is a species of males only.

So I got to wondering how any species can possibly continue to exist if it doesn't contain females. Then I got to thinking about the banshee, a species of all females! Male cannot continue to exist without female and vice versa. And so here's my theory;

Long before the human kingdom decided to give names to their mythical creatures, there existed what we now know as leprechauns and banshees, only they lived together, growing up, falling in love, getting married and continuing the line - a race unto themselves, male and female. Banchauns, or Lepshees, call them what you want!

In any case, they were blissfully happy. Until, that was, they somehow fell foul of a wicked fairy. Perhaps this fairy was jealous of the happiness and contentment that the Lepshees enjoyed. Anyway, the fairy cast a curse on the Lepshees. A dreadful and terrible curse - that these mystical lovers should no longer exist together. They were to be separated, and their paths destined never again to cross.

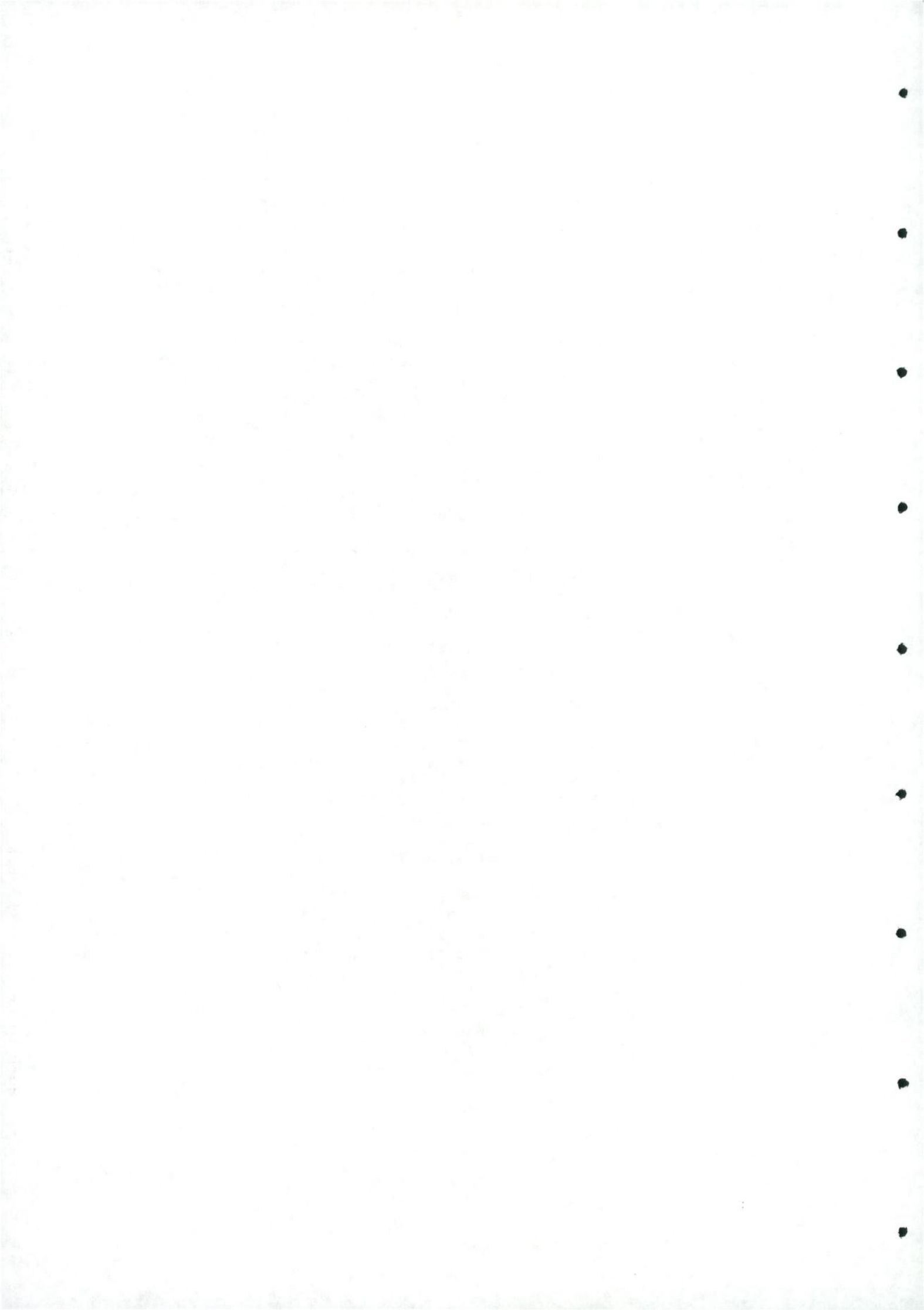
And so it is that in Irish folklore there exists the leprechaun, a little man without a female companion, and the banshee, oftentimes sighted as a small woman, sitting alone in the night, combing her long hair and crying a sorrowful and haunting lament. Could it be that this cry is a lonesome call for her long-lost love?

There you have it! Any self respecting historian's nightmare! In any case, it's myth, and who can ever be sure of such things? I wrote it two years ago and have often thought about it since. The more I do, the more real it seems!

Anyway, good luck with the thesis, and if you have a sentence or two to spare, remember the lonely banshee.

Yours,

John Keogh.



3

it on, a very interesting story was on. It was a woman from Roscommon telling that when she was a child and she was going to mass early in the morning she met this leprechaun and I think he wanted to catch her and she ran home again afraid it's over a year since I heard this & I may not think of all the story exactly. I think her mother went with her then to mass. They told the priest & the priest asked the girl did the leprechaun touch her, and the girl said no. Well the

4

be a very lucky girl indeed. Now this woman claimed she was very lucky. if she was ever short of money etc all she had to do was go to Bingo, buy tickets on something and she would win.



Ms Geraldine O'Neill
11 Finsbury Park
Dundrum
Dublin 14

Dear Ms O'Neill,

I wish you well with your thesis on the leprechaun, and would be anxious to help in whatever small way I could.

I can add little to what you will already have gleaned from Evans-Wentz, MacManus, and other authorities. I might say, though, that I have come across a corruption of the name in Ulster: "Leprahorn" - probably attributable to local dialect.

I have devised one theory of leprechaun sightings. Robert Anton Wilson and other writers speak of seeing the god, or probably deva, or the peyote cactus, after ingesting the hallucinogenic peyote "buttons". Invariably, there is a strong similarity between the various witnesses, and also a certain congruity of appearance between the deva and the plant, both being green-skinned and warty. It has taken my fancy that Irish rural folk, in hungrier times, scavenging for food, might have ingested hallucinogenic mushrooms, by accident - or indeed, design! - and consequently seeing the deva of the mushroom, the leprechaun, who resembles the fungus in the same way that Peyotyl resembles the cactus.



(1)

The Irish word for fairy is sheehogue (sidheóg), a diminutive of "shee" in banshee. -- Fairies are deenee shee (daoine sidhe) (fairy people).

Who are they? "Fallen angels who were not good enough to be saved, or bad enough to be lost," say the peasantry. (The popular belief - blending Christianity with the fairy religion - suggests that before the revolt of Lucifer against God, the fairies were angels in heaven who hesitated about whose side they should take. For this fault they were no longer allowed to remain in heaven, and when they were cast out some of them fell into hell. There they were influenced by the devil who instructed them in the art of doing injury to men. These are described as the malevolent fairies and are said to be few among the Sluagh Sidh (slooa shee), the fairy host. Some of the hesitating angels fell on the earth. These now live in the elf-mounds called Sidh which can be found in every part of Ireland.

In some cases the expelled angels, ^{fell} into the sea, or into one of the numerous lakes throughout Ireland where they live in fairy palaces under the water in ~~Ti~~ fo Thuinn (The Land beneath the Waves).

Some of the angels landed on beautiful islands far out in the Western Sea. These are the highest of the fairy castes - the aristocracy - whose homes have pleasant sounding names like Magh Mel (Plain of Honey) and Tir na mBeo (Land of the Living). Stories of these aristocratic fairies usually tell of a hero who went off to the happy isles, usually on the invitation of a golden haired fairy maiden who had fallen in love with him. The best known of these stories tells how Oisín (usheen) son of Fionn went off to Tir na nÓg (The Land of Youth) with the beautiful Niamh of the Golden Hair. "The gods of the earth," says the Book of Armagh. "The gods of pagan Ireland," say Irish antiquarians, "the Tuatha De Danan (thooatha day dannan). (The Tribes of the goddess Dana. The name used for the members of the Celtic pantheon, now become fairy kings and queens,) who when no longer fed with offerings, dwindled away in the popular imagination, and are now only a few spans high." *Niamh (pronounced Neve)*

Among the Solitary Fairies (the Lepracaun, the Cluricaun, the Ganconer or Gancanagh, the Far Darrig, the Pooka, the Dullahan, the Leanhaun Shee, the Banshee, etc.) are those who are gloomy and terrible in some way. There are, however, some among them who have light hearts and brave attire (jazzy gear - in the vernacular). Unlike the Trooping Fairies (who go around in troops), who wear green jackets, the Solitary Fairies wear red ones. On the red jacket of the Lepracaun, according to McAnally, are seven rows of buttons - seven buttons in each row. On the western coast, he says the red jacket is covered by a frieze one, and in Ulster the creature wears a cocked hat, and when he is up to anything unusually mischievous, he leaps on to a wall and spins, balancing himself on the point of the hat with his heels in the air.

Few Irish writers can agree whether the Lepracaun, Cluricaun, Ganconer and the Far Darrig are four spirits, or one spirit in different moods. These fairies resemble each other in many things. They are withered, old and solitary, in every way unlike the sociable spirits (who are good to the good and evil to the evil - beings so quickly offended that you must not speak of them at all, and never call them anything but the "gentry", or else daoine maíthe - the good people, yet so easily pleased they will do their best to keep misfortune away from you, if you will leave a little milk for them on the window-sill over night).

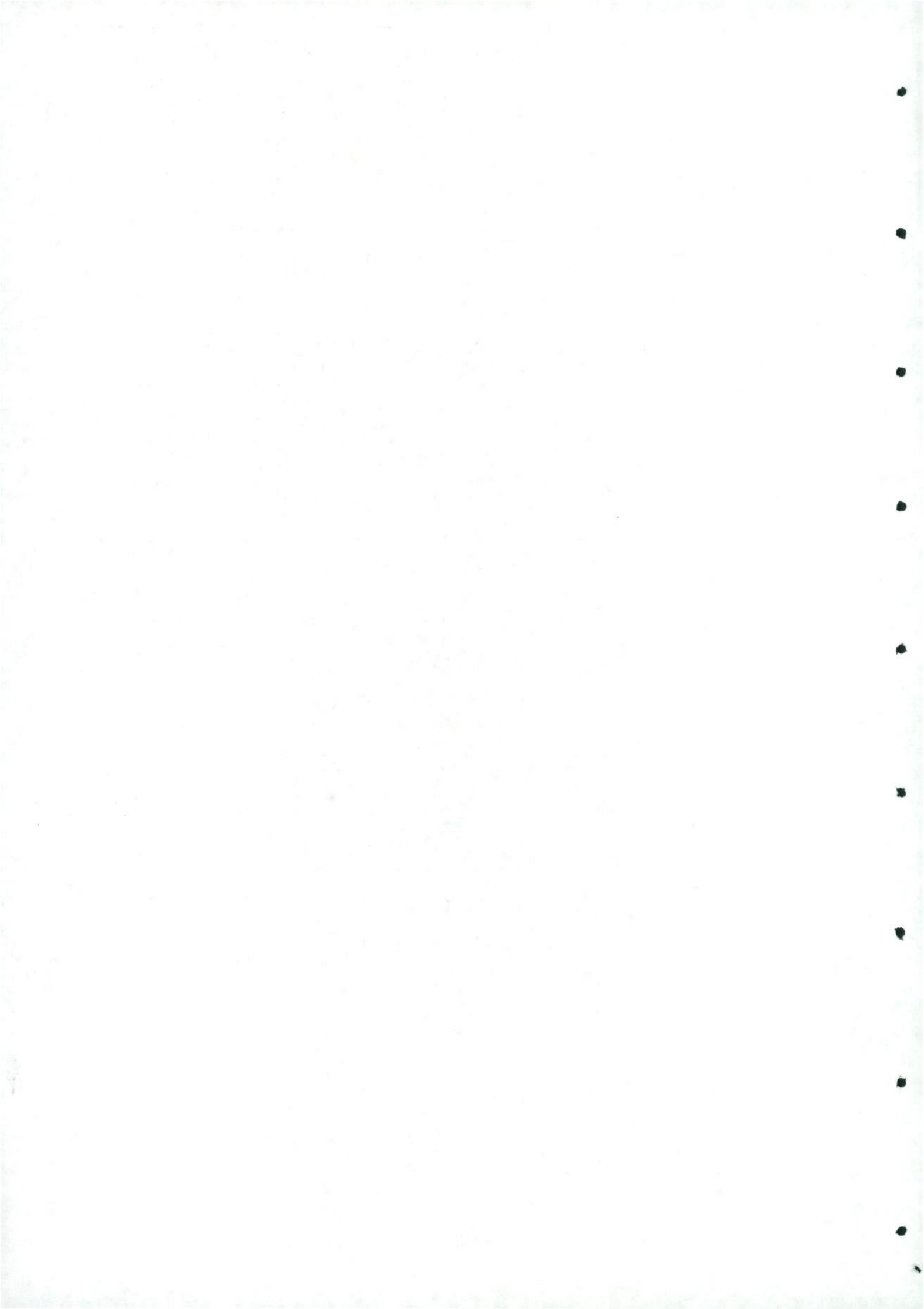
THE LEPRACAUN: In Irish - Leith bhrogan, i.e. the one shoemaker. This creature is seen sitting under a hedge mending a shoe. He has grown very rich by claiming as his own many treasure crocks, buried of old in wartime. Anyone who catches him can make him deliver up his crocks of gold; but if you take your eyes off him the creature vanishes like smoke. He is said to be the child of an evil spirit and a debased fairy. (In the early part of this century, according to Croker, in a newspaper office in Tipperary, they used to show a little shoe forgotten by a Lepracaun).

THE CLURICAUN: Some writers consider this to be another name for the Lepracaun, given him when he has laid aside his shoemaking at night and goes on the spree. The Cluricauns' occupations are robbing wine cellars and riding sheep and shepherds' dogs for a livelong night, until the morning finds them panting and mud-covered. He is almost unknown in Connaught and the north.

THE GANCONER OR GANCANACH: (Ir. Gean-canogh, i.e. love talker). This is a creature of the Lepracaun type, but unlike him, he is a great idler. He appears in lonely valleys, always with a dudeen (ancient Irish tobacco pipe) in his mouth, and it was his custom to make love to shepherdesses and milkmaids. It was considered very unlucky to meet him, and whoever was known to have ruined his fortune by devotion to the fair sex was said to have met a gean-canach. (The dudeen, found in our raths, etc., is still popularly called a gean-canach's pipe).

THE FAR DARRIG: (Ir. Fear Dearg, i.e. red man), This is the practical joker of the other world. Of these solitary and mainly evil fairies there is no more lubberly wretch than this same Far Darrig. He presides over evil dreams. He wears a red cap and coat (red man) and his practical joking is especially gruesome.

The Pooka: (Ir. Puca, a word derived by some from poc, a he-goat). The Pooka seems of the family of the nightmare. He has most likely never appeared in human form. His shape is usually that of a horse, a bull, a goat, eagle, or ass. His delight is to get a rider, whom he rushes with through ditches and rivers, and over mountains, and shakes off in the grey of the morning. Especially does he love to plague a drunkard: a drunkard's sleep is his kingdom.



Dear Ms. Ní Néill,

Thank you for your letter and please forgive my delay in replying.

I must confess that it is a long time since I did any work on the leipreachán tradition, and I would hope that my analytical tools have become much more sophisticated since then.

Unfortunately I don't think that I can help you very much in your study. Certainly I am aware of no sources other than those which you already know from my article. I think that the common present-day depiction and popularity is likely to owe a lot to Irish-American whimsy, which in some ways is analogous to an earlier generation of Anglo-Irish and English writers who emphasized the humorous and whimsical in Irish peasant culture. The leipreachán would hardly be an obvious choice for Irish people to symbolize their country unless they accepted that such a convention already existed (among Irish-Americans, for example).

I am aware of drawings of the leipreachán in Mr & Mrs Hall's *Ireland: its Scenery, Character, &c.* Vol. III (London 1843), p. 32 - there are modern reprints of the book available; in T. Crofton Croker, *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland*, 'new and complete edition, edited by Thomas Wright' (London: William Tegg), p. 73 - this has a memoir of the author by his son, so it was probably published in mid-century since the first edition was in 1825: I assume that the illustrations were made for this new edition; D. R. McAnally, Jr., *Irish Wonders* (Ward, Lock and Co., London and New York 1888), pp. 139 and 150. Doubtless you could find many more such examples. What is perhaps most interesting about these is that the leipreachán looks somewhat different to what we would now expect. The leipreachán now looks much like any other diminutive male spirit of European tradition: from garden gnomes (which I believe Mr John Major's father retailed) to Spanish *duendes* depicted on the lids of chocolate boxes to Walt Disney's Seven Dwarfs, to various commercial representations of German supernatural dwarfs. I

think the present-day depictions of the leipreachán must owe something to these. Consider too the influence of such films as 'Darby O'Gill and the Little People' (by Disney, I think), and 'Finnian's Rainbow' (with Fred Astaire, I believe); or such books as James Stephens's *The Crock of Gold* (1912), which was influenced by the mediaeval text *Aidedh Ferghusa* (see my article), and Seumas O'Kelly's *The Leprechaun of Kilmeen* (1920) - second edition in 1964 by The Leprechaun Press (!), 76 Upper Georges Street, Dún Laoghaire, with a depiction of a leipreachán on the cover. I remember as a young boy having a great interest in American DC Comics. In the late '60s there used to be a short strip cartoon in some or all of them about (Larry ?) the leipreachán, to advertise some type of confectionery.



65 Holland Road,
Hove, Sussex,
BN3 1JZ

Dear Friend,

Here is your "Lucky Leo" and I am sure that if you take care of your little Irish Leprechaun and have faith in his powers, he in turn will repay you by bringing you Good Luck.

In Ireland there are many tales told of the wonderful powers of these "Little People". Some stories tell of the help given by the Leprechaun to the sick and needy. Sometimes the Fairy Shoemakers will leave gifts of food on the doorstep or help with the farm-work, always by stealth so that they are seldom seen by human eyes. On other occasions the "Little People" have helped by warnings of flood disasters, broken bridges and suchlike. Many of the folk-tales relate how the Leprechauns take care of strayed animals and they have been known to watch over the merry midnight reveller, leading his steps away from the bog and putting him on the right road for home. All these legends have one thing in common. They make it clear that the Leprechaun gives his help freely but he hates compulsion. Indeed there are lots of stories which illustrate this clearly by telling of how people have caught a Leprechaun and tried to force him to disclose the whereabouts of hidden treasure but invariably the Leprechaun is too clever for them and they are outwitted.

A typical story is told of Oliver Fitzpatrick, a farmer's son from Kildare, who came across a "wee deeny dawny bit of an ould man" heeling a pair of brogues behind a hedge. He was supping a pitcher of home-brewed beer and singing as he worked. Oliver recognised him as a Leprechaun and catching hold of him he compelled the little man to lead him to a hidden pot of golden guineas. On the way to the field where the treasure was hidden, the Leprechaun tried to trick Oliver into taking his eyes off him for a second, whereupon he would have vanished but the farmer's son was too shrewd for this and eventually they arrived at the field. "Dig under that bush" said the Shoemaker "and you will find the treasure". But Oliver had no means of digging, so he tied his red scarf to the bush in order to mark it and then, letting the Leprechaun go, he ran home to fetch a spade. When he returned, his scarf was still tied to the bush but every one of the bushes in the twenty acre field had a similar red scarf tied to it!

So - we must remember - we cannot compel Good Fortune but perhaps we can do better - we can deserve it! At all events many thousands of people all over the World believe in the powers of the Fairy Shoemakers, so why not give your "Lucky Leo" a chance to prove his worth. If your dreams come true - as I sincerely hope they will - please write me a few lines to tell me of your Good Luck. I'll be so pleased to hear from you and of course your letter will be treated in the strictest confidence, as always.

With Best Wishes and Kind Thoughts,

Yours sincerely,

"Katrina"



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