



**Newsletter
of the
Monasterevin
Hopkins
Society**



opkins' Anvil

Issue No 1/19 – Summer 2019



Moore Abbey

Photo:

Andreas F. Borchert

Monasterevin Hopkins Society Annual Festival 2019



**Gerard Manley
Hopkins**

Fri, 26 July 2019

Venue: Mercy Convent, Drogheda Street

3.00 pm: Art Exhibition. Curator: Ann Scully RSM

Venue: Moore Abbey Baronial Hall, with the piano of John Count McCormack

8.00 pm: Concert: Dominic McGorian, Tenor

Accompanied on piano by Jillian Saunders, Dominic will sing a varied programme, including Classical, Modern and Irish traditional songs.

Sat, 27 July 2019

Venue: Moore Abbey

10.00 am: Lecture: James Harpur

Topic: Tom and Gerard: the Inverse Lives of T.S. Eliot and G.M. Hopkins

In this talk, poet James Harpur will explore the similarities and differences between two of the greatest spiritual poets of the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Both Eliot and Hopkins were outsiders, converting to faiths different from those in which they were reared, and both suffered from illness, physical and mental.

11.00 am – 11 .30 am: Coffee/Tea

11.30 a.m.: Lecture: Lance Pierson

Topic: Hopkins and Milton

Hopkins admired Milton enormously but it is not always realised how far he was influenced by him. The lecture explores four major areas where Hopkins looked to Milton as a mentor.

12.30 pm to 1.45 pm Lunch Break

Venue: Monasterevin Community Centre, Main Street

2.00 pm: Lecture: Jo O'Donovan RSM

Topic: Hopkins the Poet of Theology

Exploring Hopkins as the poet of theology.

Venue: Monasterevin House, Presentation Generalate, Main Street

3.00 pm: Poetry Reading: James Harpur

James will read his own poetry.

4.15 pm My Favourite Hopkins Poem

All those who wish to do so are invited to read a Hopkins poem of their choice.

See more information on pages 6, 7 and 8



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Note re sources for Hopkins' poems reproduced in Hopkins' Anvil:

Where differences exist between the versions shown as sources, the version given by The Major Works, Ed. Catherine Phillips, Oxford University Press, has been used.



Editorial by Áine Wilton-Jones



Are you ready for the Monasterevin Hopkins Society Festival on 26 and 27 July, 2019? It looks like it will be another great event from when it starts with the opening of the Art Exhibition to the final event when everyone gets a chance to read a Hopkins poem of their choice. Unless you live close by, you will probably want to book somewhere to stay, if you haven't already done so but you don't have to book for the Festival. You just turn up and I feel sure you will find it is worth the trip! More details are on pages 2, 6,7 and 8. I'm looking forward to meeting you there.

If you can't be there for the Festival, though, this copy of the Hopkins' Anvil has other items of interest. There are four of Hopkins' poems, all relating to the seasons, two about Spring, one about the end of Summer and one about Winter. Then there is a Photograph and Poems Quiz – some of the answers are easier than others but all of the poems are to be found on the Internet and in Gerard Manley Hopkins, *The Major Works*, Ed. Catherine Phillips, Oxford University Press if you happen to have a copy. There is also an extended extract from one of the talks given at last year's Festival. You don't have to miss out on the rest of the talk as I can send a copy of the full text, if you email me or if you write to or ring Richard – see the back cover for contact details.

I hope you will enjoy this issue of Hopkins' Anvil and pass it on to your friends, too. They can get their own copy sent to them in future by emailing me and asking to be added to the circulation list. Contact details are on the back cover.

[If you are new to the work of Hopkins or if you do not know about his connection with Monasterevin you may like to read *A brief introduction to Gerard Manley Hopkins, S.J. and to his connection with Monasterevin* (see page 19).]

Submission details

Whether you are new to Hopkins' work or very knowledgeable on the subject, you are invited to send your comments and items to be considered for inclusion in Hopkins' Anvil. Ideally, your submission should be sent by email, either in the body of the email or as a Word, LibreOffice or OpenOffice attachment, so that the text can be easily transferred to another document. Please do not send in PDF format. Please see the back cover for contact details.



‘See how Spring opens with disabling cold’ by Gerard Manley Hopkins

See how Spring opens with disabling cold,
And hunting winds and the long-lying snow.
Is it a wonder if the buds are slow?
Or where is strength to make the leaf unfold?
Chilling remembrance of my days of old
Afflicts no less, what yet I hope may blow,
That seed which the good sower once did sow,
So loading with obstruction that threshold

Which should ere now have led my feet to the field.
It is the waste done in unreticent youth
Which makes so small the promise of that yield
That I may win with late-learnt skill uncouth
From furrows of the poor and stinting weald.
Therefore how bitter, and learnt how late, the truth!

Sources: Poetry Nook (at poetrynook.com) and Gerard Manley Hopkins, *The Major Works*, Ed. Catherine Phillips, Oxford University Press.



Moore Abbey
Photograph by Andreas F, Borchert

Venue for Concert and two of the Lectures



Monasterevin Community Centre
Photograph by Richard O'Rourke

Venue for the third Lecture



Festival News

This year's Annual Monasterevin Hopkins Festival will take place on Friday, 26, and Saturday, 27 July, 2019. Most events take place in stately Moore Abbey but, during the Saturday afternoon, first the Monasterevin Community Centre (a former RIC Barracks) and then Monasterevin House, with its special connections to Hopkins, become the venues.

This means that, if you come to the festival, you will be able to spend time in three historic venues. There is also an art exhibition in Mercy Convent, Drogheda St., Monasterevin and, whilst you are in the town, you can enjoy exploring what it can offer

Monasterevin is a beautiful small town of great antiquity. There is evidence of Neolithic occupation in the area and remains of fortified settlements date back to the Bronze Age. The St Evin who founded a monastic settlement, as reflected in the town's name, was a contemporary of St Patrick.

The town that stands today was mainly built between 1790 and 1860 though the present Moore Abbey was built a little earlier, in 1765-70, and incorporates the fabric of previous buildings from c 1150 and c 1650. The town contains lovely Georgian houses and boasts both the Barrowline from the Grand Canal and the Barrow River. Monasterevin has been called the Venice of Ireland because of all its bridges. Sights worth seeing are, for example, the Lifting Bridge and the Bell Harbour, with its flock of water-birds.

Speaker/Poetry Reading

James Harpur



James Harpur has published six books of poetry. His latest volume is *The White Silhouette* (Carcenet, 2018). This was an *Irish Times* Book of the Year. Other books include *Angels and Harvesters* (2012), which was a PBS Recommendation and shortlisted for the *Irish Times* Poetry Now Award;



Speaker

Lance Pierson



As a poetry-loving actor, Lance Pierson specialises in poetry performance. As a poetry performer, he specialises in Gerard Manley Hopkins and John Milton. As a Hopkins devotee, he is on the steering group of the UK Hopkins Society.

Speaker

Dr Jo O'Donovan



Dr Jo O'Donovan is a Sister of Mercy, who taught in the area of Religious Education and Theology and Religious Studies in Mary Immaculate College, Limerick. Having developed inter-faith dialogue with theology students, she published, on retirement, *Understanding Differently: Christianity and the World Religions* (Dublin: Veritas, 2012).



Performer

Dominic McGorian



Dominic McGorian, Tenor, is Dublin-born and is now based in Waterford. He performs in concerts and at weddings throughout Ireland. He has toured Europe and Russia and, also, America, where he has sung as one of the Three Irish Tenors. He has performed for Presidents Higgins and McAleese and has performed on Irish Radio and television.

Registration

People coming to the Festival may register on arrival on Friday, 26th July, or Saturday, 27th July

.Charges

Art Exhibition	Free
Fri. 26 th , Concert:	€ 15
Sat. 27 th , One Morning Lecture	€ 5
Sat. 27 th , Two Morning Lectures	€ 10
Sat. 27 th , Two Morning Lectures & One Afternoon Lecture:	€ 15
Sat. 27 th , Afternoon Poetry Reading:	€ 5
Full Day Sat, 27 th ,	€ 20
Fri. 26 th , and Sat. 27 th , Full Festival	€ 30



Hurrahing in Harvest *by Gerard Manley Hopkins*

SUMMER ends now; now, barbarous in beauty, the stooks arise
Around; up above, what wind-walks! what lovely behaviour
Of silk-sack clouds! has wilder, wilful-wavier
Meal-drift moulded ever and melted across skies?

I wálk, I líft up, Í lift úp heart, éyes,
Down all that glory in the heavens to glean our Saviour;
And, éyes, héart, what looks, what lips yet gáve you a
Rapturous love's greeting of realer, of rounder replies?

And the azurous hung hills are his world-wielding shoulder
Majestic—as a stallion stalwart, very-violet-sweet!—
These things, these things were here and but the beholder
Wánting; wích two wén they ónce méet,
The heart rears wings bold and bolder
And hurls for him, O half hurls earth for him off under his feet.

Sources: Bartleby.com *and* Gerard Manley Hopkins, *The Major Works*, Ed. Catherine Phillips, Oxford University Press.



Mercy Convent, Drogheda St., Monasterevin

Venue for Art Exhibition



Photo Quiz – Guess the Poems

Each of the photographs below can suggest the title of a poem by Hopkins. Can you guess all six?

1.



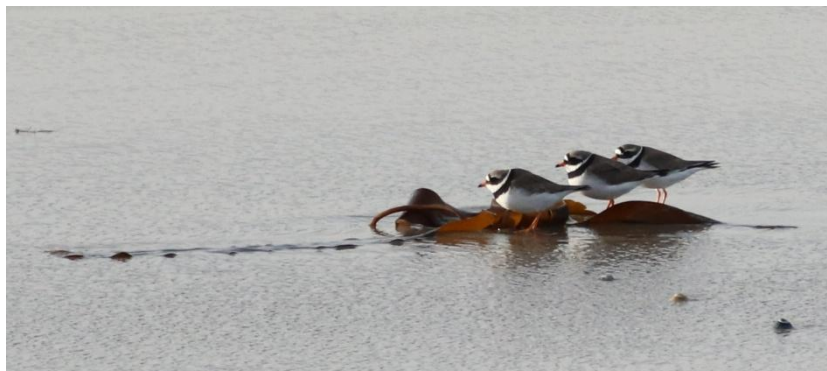
Hint: This lady has a tail to tell.

2.



Hint: What an attractive bird!

3.



Hint: Think numbers.



4.



Hint: All those colours.

5:



Hint: What's my alias?

6.



Hint: How do you know what this tree is?

Answers are on page 18.



Winter with the Gulf Stream *by* Gerard Manley Hopkins

The boughs, the boughs are bare enough
But earth has never felt the snow.
Frost-furred our ivies are and rough

With bills of rime the brambles shew.
The hoarse leaves crawl on hissing ground
Because the sighing wind is low.

But if the rain-blasts be unbound
And from dank feathers wring the drops
The clogged brook runs with choking sound

Kneading the mounded mire that stops
His channel under clammy coats
Of foliage fallen in the copse.

A simple passage of weak notes
Is all the winter bird dare try.
The bugle moon by daylight floats

So glassy white about the sky,
So like a berg of hyaline,
And pencilled blue so daintily,

I never saw her so divine.
But through black branches, rarely drest
In scarves of silky shot and shine,

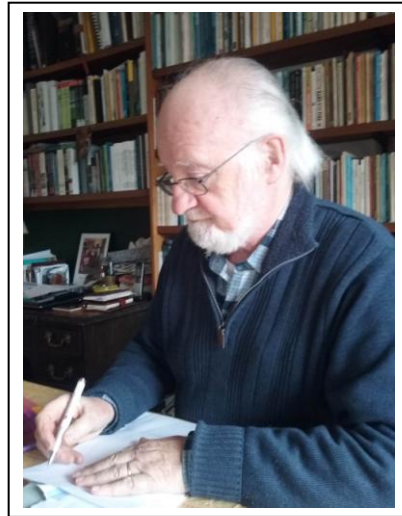
The webbed and the watery west
Where yonder crimson fireball sits
Looks laid for feasting and for rest.

I see long reefs of violets
In beryl-covered fens so dim,
A gold-water Pactolus frets

Its brindled wharves and yellow brim,
The waxen colours weep and run,
And slendering to his burning rim

Into the flat blue mist the sun
Drops out and all our day is done.

Sources: Poetry Nook (at poetrynook.com) and Gerard Manley Hopkins, *The Major Works*, Ed. Catherine Phillips, Oxford University Press.



John F Deane, a biography

Born Achill Island 1943; founded Poetry Ireland - the National Poetry Society - and *The Poetry Ireland Review*, 1979; published several collections of poetry and some fiction; won the *O'Shaughnessy Award for Irish Poetry*, the *Marten Toonder Award* for Literature and poetry prizes from Italy and Romania; shortlisted for both the T.S.Eliot prize and The Irish Times Poetry Now Award; won residencies in Bavaria, Monaco and Paris. His poetry collection *The Instruments of Art* came from Carcanet in 2005; *In Dogged Loyalty*, essays on religious poetry, Columba 2006, and *From The Marrow-Bone*, also from Columba, 2008; latest short story collection *The Heather Fields and Other Stories*, Blackstaff Press 2007. Poetry collection, *A Little Book of Hours*, Carcanet 2008, of which David Morley wrote, in *Poetry Review*: "These are beautiful, solemn, gravid poems, best read aloud for, like John Tavener, Deane has to be heard to be believed".

He is a member of Aosdána, the body established by the Arts Council to honour artists "whose work had made an outstanding contribution to the arts in Ireland". In 2007 the French Government honoured him by making him "Chevalier de l'ordre des arts et des lettres". In 2008, he was visiting scholar in the Burns Library of Boston College. In October 2010, a new novel, *Where No Storms Come*, was published by Blackstaff Press and in December Columba Press published a book of essays, *The Works of Love*, a study of poetry, ecology and Christianity. New poetry collection, *Eye of the Hare*, published by Carcanet in June 2011. A *New and Selected Poems*, titled *Snow Falling on Chestnut Hill* was published by Carcanet in October 2012, and in March 2015, Columba Press published a unique memoir, *Give Dust a Tongue: A Faith and Poetry Memoir*.

May 2015 saw the publication of another collection of poetry, from Carcanet, entitled *Semibreve*. 2016 will see the publication of a new collection, from Carcanet, *Dear Pilgrims*. In 2011, he was awarded the Golden Key of Smererevo award, a Serbian prize given annually for a body of poetry, and in the same year the *Laudomia Bonanni International Award*, organized in l'Aquila, Italy. In April, 2012, John F. Deane was Distinguished Visiting Scholar in Suffolk University, Boston, USA. In the Fall semester of 2016, he was Teilhard de Chardin Fellow in Loyola University, Chicago. He has recently edited eight issues of *Poetry Ireland Review*, and is a contributing editor to *Poem*.

<http://www.johnfdeane.com/>



Becoming Jesus by John F Deane

Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844-1889)

[An extract from a paper presented at the Monasterevin Hopkins Society Festival, July 2018]

The world itself, the physical universe, in Hopkins's sense of things, is shot through with sanctity; the universe is the bones of God, the body of Christ, it is the atmosphere we breathe in and breathe out. From "The Wreck of the Deutschland";

I kiss my hand
 To the stars, lovely-asunder
 Starlight, wafting him out of it; and
 Glow, glory in thunder;
Kiss my hand to the dappled-with-damson west:
 Since, tho' he is under the world's splendour and wonder,
 His mystery must be instressed, stressed;
For I greet him the days I meet him, and bless when I understand.

In a letter to his old schoolfriend, E.H.Coleridge, on 1 June 1864, Hopkins said that the main object of Christian belief was the doctrine of the Real Presence: that is, belief in the actual fullness of Christ's body and blood in the Eucharist. It was this that brought him to Catholicism. Today, the sacraments of Baptism and Eucharist are still the central power-houses of Catholic faith, they are the sacraments that open its adherents up to consciousness of and participation in the life of Christ as it enlivens the whole cosmos in which humanity is involved. Conscious all his life, then, of both the wonder and grandeur of the created universe about him, and of the person of Jesus Christ, it is interesting to focus on his actual and changing view of the relationship with Christ. We speak, of course, of a poet and a priest alive in the last half of the nineteenth century, long before the modern surge in thought and faith began to gather force, long before our awareness of evolution and its consequences for belief. An early poem of 1864, "New Readings", has this first stanza, loosely based on Matthew, Chapter 7:

Although the letter said
On thistles that men look not grapes to gather,
I read the story rather
How soldiers plating thorns around Christ's head
Grapes grew and drops of wine were shed.

Not too promising, perhaps, but here is a young poet practising his craft and thoughtful about the Christ where those grapes that grow into wine become emblems of suffering opening out to joy. About a year later, Hopkins's fluency with the sonnet form comes together with a slightly more promising relationship with the Christ:

Myself unholy, from myself unholy
To the sweet living of my friends I look –
Eye-greeting doves bright-counter to the rook,
Fresh brooks to salt sand-teasing waters shoaly: --
And they are purer, but alas! not solely
The unquestion'd readings of a blotless book.
And so my trust, confused, struck, and shook
Yields to the sultry siege of melancholy.



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He has a sin of mine, he its near brother;
Knowing them well I can but see the fall.
This fault in one I found, that in another:
And so, though each have one while I have all,
No *better* serves me now, save *best*; no other
Save Christ: to Christ I look, on Christ I call.

Echoes of the serious playfulness with language of George Herbert may be heard, that same consciousness of sin and human unworthiness, but not yet the argument with Christ that Herbert had. The consciousness of faults in himself and in others leads him to a seeking of what is purest and best, and this may be foreseeing, but the awareness of faults suggests a response of “melancholy”, something that will take over Hopkins’s life in later years. Then again he will call upon Christ, but the relationship will have greatly matured. As will the poetry!

After his conversion to Catholicism, Hopkins joined the Jesuits. He spent his Novitiate in Roehampton (Sep 1868-Sep 1870). Later, he spent three years studying Theology in St Beuno’s, in North Wales (1874-1877). He had urged himself to give up the writing of poetry as being an occupation unfit to the serious business of being a priest. It is well known how the wreck of the ship, “The Deutschland”, and the loss of so many souls aboard, followed by the hint given to him by his superior that somebody ought to write about the event, moved Hopkins back to poetry. In the intervening years, he had prayed and studied, following the laid-down methods of the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius. There he would have drawn closer to Christ in meditation and in prayer and the need for expression that Hopkins always had would have grown towards a dam-burst of language. It came out in the magnificent “The Wreck of the Deutschland” in late 1875. What struck Hopkins most about this was the fact that five nuns of the Franciscan Order had been expelled from Germany and were on the ship. One of them, “the chief sister”, as Hopkins described her, “a gaunt woman 6ft. high, calling out loudly and often ‘O Christ, come quickly!’ till the end came.” This pushed Hopkins to think more closely of his own relationship to Christ. He recalls a period of spiritual distress he had suffered:

I did say yes
O at lightning and lashed rod;
Thou heardst me truer than tongue confess
Thy terror, O Christ, O God.

He feels that, in a state of spiritual doubt or difficulty, Christ frowns at him, and hell beckons; how is he to get out of it: and he answers

I whirled out wings that spell
And fled with a fling of the heart to the heart of the Host.

Now I always found that phrase intriguing, “fled with a fling of the heart”; he Jesuit training is not sighted towards that impetuous movement of the spirit; for most of his life, Hopkins followed with scrupulous obedience, the orders of his superiors. The “fling of the heart” is a quick acceptance of the urging of the Holy Spirit, and Hopkins struggled always with the urgency that poetry demands, and the strictures that the Jesuit Order demands. His letters to Bridges, Patmore and others, show his ongoing, strained commitment to the suddenness of poetic urging. And the yielding to the Spirit is, indeed, what the frailty of human faith requires, a complete yielding to the presence and the invitations of Christ, knowing there is within the self, “a vein / Of the gospel proffer, a pressure, a principle, Christ’s gift.” The gospel has promised grace; open the heart to receive that gift of grace. (I believe that here, in Monasterevin and the friendship he knew in this place, Hopkins received the deeper gifts of grace he knew in his last



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years) The poem outlines that this grace comes from Christ's incarnation, "dates from day / Of his going in Galilee", through the Passion, and it is only when the human heart is suffering, is "at bay" that the person will call out in anguish for help.

Hither, then, last or first,
To hero of Calvary, Christ's feet –
Never ask if meaning it, wanting it, warned of it – men go.

In her extreme distress, the nun called upon Christ. And Hopkins, who was "Away in the loveable west, / On a pastoral forehead of Wales, / I was under a roof here, I was at rest, / And they the prey of the gales", is brought to tears at her strength. They were Franciscan nuns, and St Francis bore the stigmata, "the finding and sake and cipher of suffering Christ". Out of the bewildering and destroying storm that struck the "Deutschland", the nun calls on "A master, her master and mine!" He asks himself what she may have meant: was it to suffer death as Christ had done?

Or is it that she cried for the crown then,
The keener to come at the comfort for feeling the combating keen?

His conclusion is that it is Christ who tests the soul, and it is Christ who brings relief:

There then! the Master,
/pse, the only one, Christ, King, Head:
He was to cure the extremity where he had cast her.

Thus Christ wins glory, in Hopkins's view, and Hopkins, in stanza 34 of this powerful poem, offers a hymn of praise to that Christ:

Now burn, new born to the world,
Double-naturèd name,
The heaven-flung, heart-fleshed, maiden-furled
Miracle-in-Mary-of-flame,
Mid-numberèd he in three of the thunder-throne!
Not a dooms-day dazzle in his coming nor dark as he came;
Kind, but royally reclaiming his own;
A released shower, let flash to the shire, not a lightning of fire hard-hurled.

A tour-de-force of description, awed and awe-smitten language, but modulating into a more personable softness in the last few lines, this paean of praise remains far from being a personal response to a friend, but an adequate response to a task-master and demanding God. There is even that medieval sense of awe towards the suffering Hero of "The Dream of the Rood". We are still far from the Herbertian love of "my dear", though Hopkins's earlier poems, such as "The Half-Way House", are distinctly influenced by Herbert.

This is only an extract from John F Deane's paper, *Hopkins: Becoming Jesus*, so cannot, of course, contain all the material from John's very detailed and informed discussion. If you would like to read the paper in its entirety, please contact hopkinsanvil.mhs@gmail.com. Have you an article, a paper, an item of news or a comment that you would like to be included in Hopkins' Anvil? If so, please send it to the same email address. Whether you send a few words, a longer email or letter or a full article, it will be considered for publication. If you prefer, the item can be published anonymously but please include your name and contact details when you write to the editor.



Spring by Gerard Manley Hopkins

Nothing is so beautiful as Spring –
When weeds, in wheels, shoot long and lovely and lush;
Thrush's eggs look little low heavens, and thrush
Through the echoing timber does so rinse and wring

The ear, it strikes like lightnings to hear him sing;
The glassy peartree leaves and blooms, they brush
The descending blue; that blue is all in a rush
With richness; the racing lambs too have fair their fling.

What is all this juice and all this joy?
A strain of the earth's sweet being in the beginning
In Eden garden. – Have, get, before it cloy,

Before it cloud, Christ, lord, and sour with sinning,
Innocent mind and Mayday in girl and boy,
Most, O maid's child, thy choice and worthy the winning.

Sources: Poetry Foundation (at poetryfoundation.org) and Gerard Manley Hopkins, *The Major Works*, Ed. Catherine Phillips, Oxford University Press.



Monasterevin House

Venue for the Poetry Readings



Monasterevin Hopkins Society Committee

Honorary President: Rev. Denis O'Sullivan, P.E.

Honorary Vice Presidents: Dr Norman White
Noel Maher

Chairman: Richard O'Rourke

Vice Chair: Irene Kyffin

Treasurers: Ambrose Sharpe,
Paschal O'Brien

Secretary: Dan Carmody

P.R.O.: Áine Wilton-Jones

Members: Wayne Harrington,
Douglas Harrington,
Sr Ann Scully
Timmy Conway

Answers to Photographs and Poems Quiz

1. A Vision of Mermaids

(Photograph: 'The beautiful mermaid of Leenane', on a rock in the innermost part of Killary Harbour, near Aasleagh, Co Mayo/Co Galway border.)

2. Pied Beauty

(Photograph: Pied Wagtail at Easky, Co Sligo.)

3. A Trio of Triolets

(Photograph: Three Ringed Plovers at Ballycastle Bay, Co Mayo.)

4. The Rainbow

(Photograph: Rainbow over Footed Turf, Co Sligo.)

5. The Windhover

(Photograph: Kestrel, St John's Head, Co Donegal.)

6. 'Trees by Their Yield'

(Photograph: Apple Tree, Shoemaker's Arms, Pentre-Bach, Powys, Mid-Wales.)



A brief introduction to Gerard Manley Hopkins, S.J. and to his connection with Monasterevin

Gerard Manley Hopkins, S.J., lived from 28 July 1844 to 8 June 1889. He was an English poet, a Roman Catholic convert and a Jesuit priest, whose posthumous fame established him among the leading Victorian poets. His experimental explorations in prosody (i.e. the patterns of rhythm and sound used in poetry), especially sprung rhythm, and his use of imagery established him as a daring innovator in a period of largely traditional verse.

Hopkins in Monasterevin

Hopkins moved to Dublin in 1884 and died there in 1889. During this time he was a professor of Greek and Latin at University College Dublin. In letters to his mother and friend, English Poet Laureate Robert Bridges, he fondly mentions taking six or seven short breaks at Monasterevin House with the Cassidy sisters, commencing in 1886. The Cassidy family were wealthy Catholic whiskey distillers.

Monasterevin Celebrating Hopkins

Monasterevin has been celebrating the Hopkins' association since 1988, when a module on Hopkins was included in the Monasterevin Canal Festival. The Monasterevin community has supported and organised the Annual Monasterevin Hopkins Festival every year since, under the aegis of a number of community organisations. Since 2010, the Annual Hopkins Festival has been organised by the Monasterevin Hopkins Society.

This is a copy of Issue No 1/19 of Hopkins' Anvil, the newsletter of the Monasterevin Hopkins Society.

Hopkins' Anvil is circulated by email. To be added to the circulation list or to submit items for inclusion in Hopkins' Anvil, please email hopkinsanvil.mhs@gmail.com.

If you do not have access to email, please ring **086-073-8368** to discuss alternative arrangements.

The Monasterevin Hopkins Society organises an Annual Monasterevin Hopkins Festival, a celebration of Hopkins, his poetry and his connection with Monasterevin. The program consists of poetry, literature, lectures and music and aims to educate and stimulate the community.

For more information about the Monasterevin Hopkins Society and the Annual Monasterevin Hopkins Festival, visit monasterevinhopkinssociety.org.

You can also contact the society direct for information or to discuss delivering a paper or talk at a festival. Contact details are as follows:

Phone:

Richard: +353 (0)86 6075601

Email:

info@monasterevinhopkinssociety.org

Postal Address:

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