

NELSON'S HAND BOOK
TO THE
LAKES OF KILLARNEY

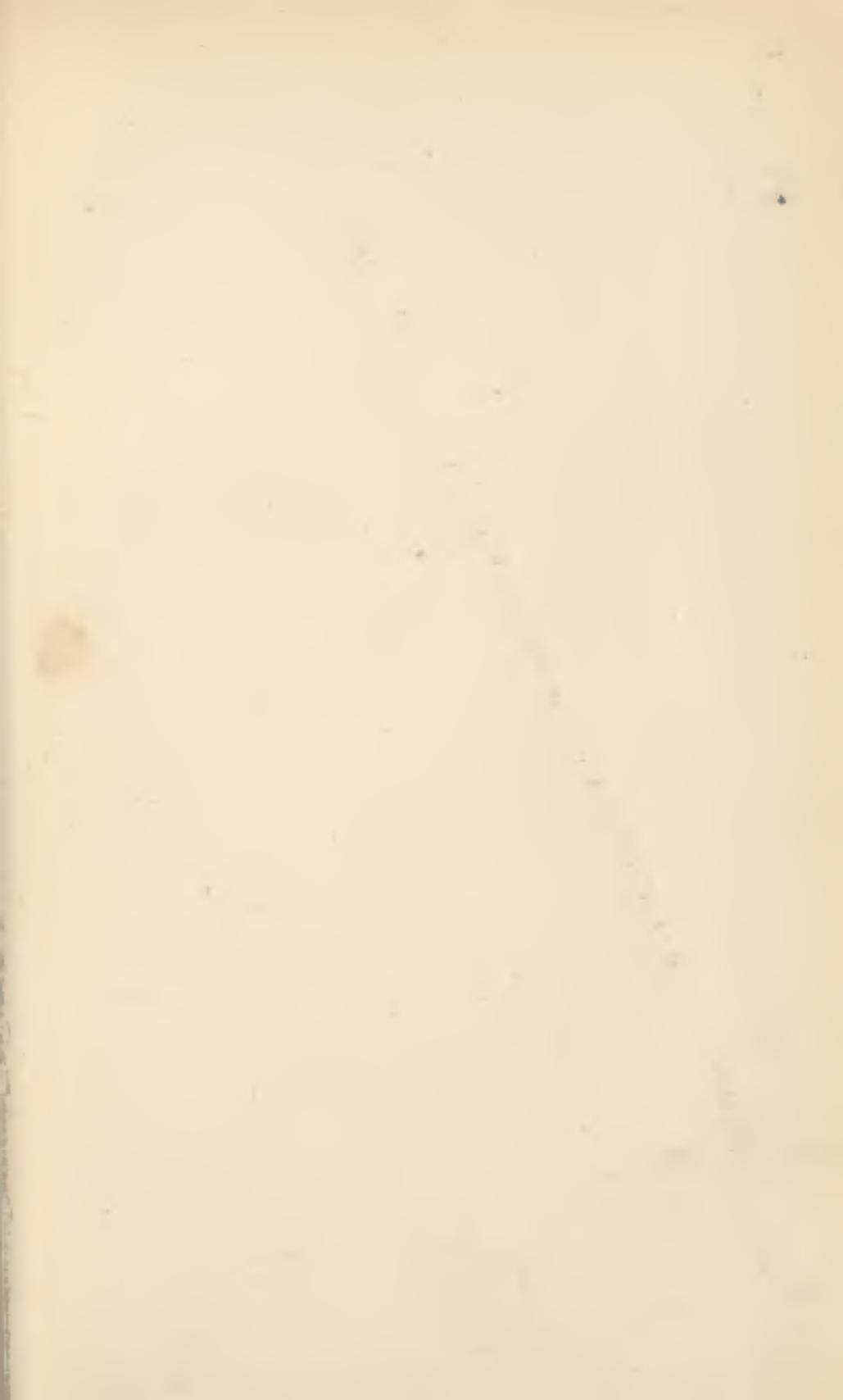
R. M. BALLANTYNE

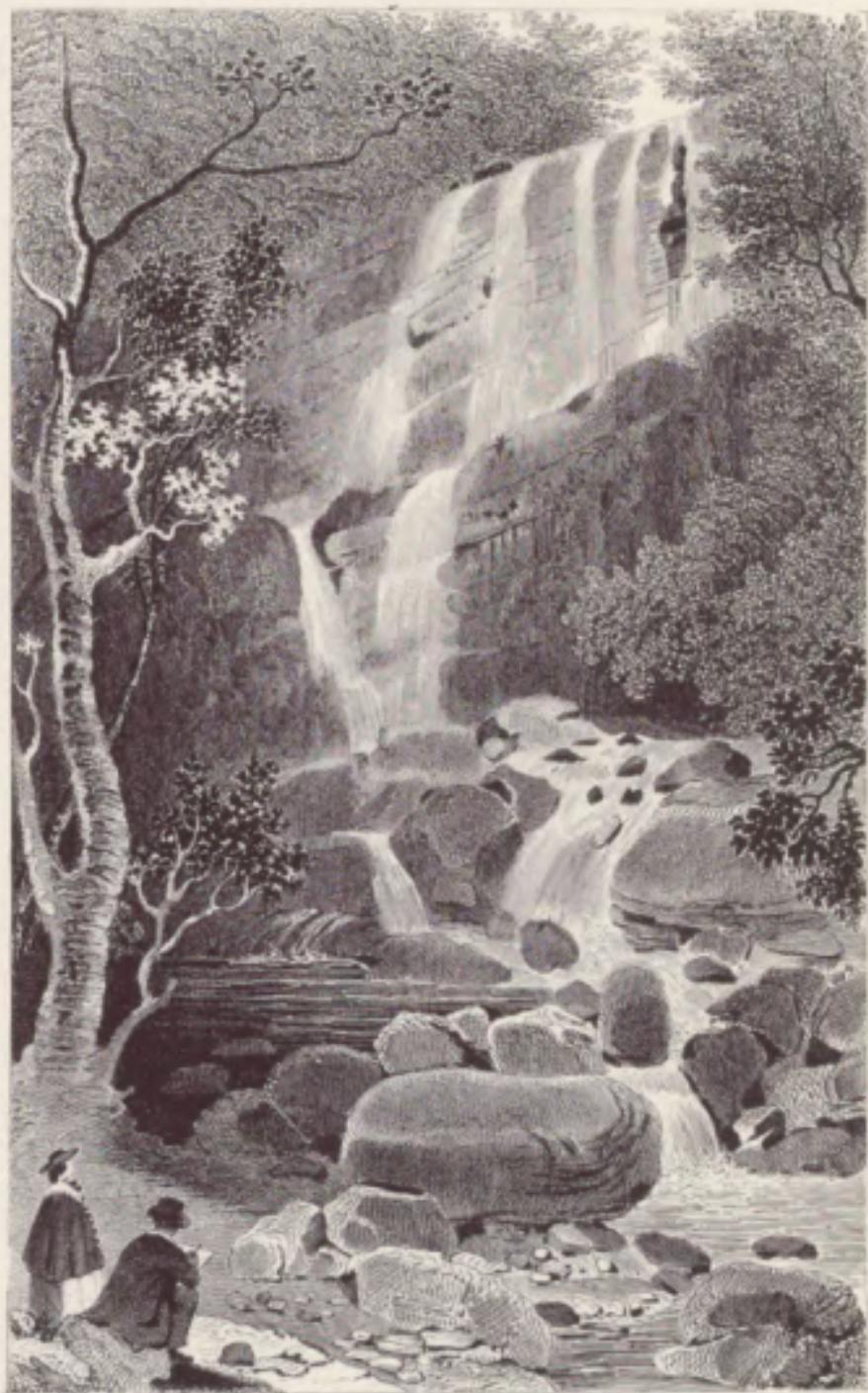
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THE

LAKES OF KILLARNEY.







TORC WATERFALL.

SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION AND DESCRIPTION

THE

LAKES OF KILARENEY

BY

R. M. BALLANTYNE

LECTURER OF "SCIENTIFIC GEOLOGY" IN THE SCOTTISH COLLEGE, DUNDEE

With a sketch of the general geology, and a list of the plants and animals which inhabit the lakes, and a description of the scenery and the history of the lakes.

LONDON:

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96
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THE WATERFALL

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LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

BY

R. M. BALLANTYNE,

AUTHOR OF "HUDSON'S BAY; OR, FIVE YEARS' RESIDENCE IN THE
WILDS OF NORTH AMERICA."

" Wild tracts of forest ground, and scattered groves,
And mountains bare, or clothed with ancient woods,
Surrounded us; and, as we held our way
Along the level of the glassy flood,
They ceased not to surround us; change of place,
From kindred features diversely combined,
Producing change of beauty ever new."

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GENERAL INFORMATION.

KILLARNEY LAKES may be seen in three days, but your visit to each scene must necessarily be hurried; nevertheless most visitors consider that time to be sufficient. But in order to see everything that is worth seeing in a satisfactory and leisurely way, we must spend six days there. This Hand-book is, therefore, arranged for a *six days' sojourn*. For the benefit of those, however, who cannot afford so much time, we subjoin the following:—

To see Killarney in Three Days.

First Day.—The Earl of Kenmare's Demesne and Pleasure-Grounds; Ross Island; Ross Castle; Torc Waterfall; Muckross Abbey and Demesne; Peninsula of Dinas; Middle Lake; Wine Cellar; Lower Lake; O'Sullivan's Cascade and Innisfallen.

Second Day.—Aghadoe; Dunloe Castle and Cave; Gap of Dunloe; Black Valley; Upper Lake; Long Range; Eagle's Nest; Old Weir Bridge and Glens.

Third Day.—The ascent of Mangerton, or of Carran Tual.

Consult the proprietor of the hotel you patronize in reference to your excursions. He will in all cases give you the most reliable information, and will be the best person to select a guide, &c., should you require one.

THE BEST MONTHS to see the Lakes are April and May, August and September, but some prefer the long days of June and July.

HOTELS.—A brief description of the principal Hotels of the district will be found on pages 23, 24.

FISHING.—The best months for salmon are March, April, and May. Close season commences on November 1, and terminates on January 31. After the net and cross-line fishing is over, about July or August, first-rate Salmon Peel fishing can be had in nearly any of the three Lakes. The fishing is open to every one who provides himself with a fishing-license, which costs 10s. Boatmen generally have a fishing-license, which they can transfer to the tourist for the time being.

BOARD AND LODGING.—There are several houses in the town and neighbourhood which accommodate boarders at the rate of from £2, 8s. to £3 per week *during "the season."*

STEAMBOAT ROUTES TO DUBLIN.

There are three principal starting-points from which we may reach Dublin—Holyhead, Liverpool, and Glasgow. Excellent steamers ply regularly between these ports and Dublin, from which city there is a railroad direct to Killarney, the distance from Dublin to Killarney being 186 miles. The following details will enable the traveller to estimate at a glance his travelling expenses throughout:—

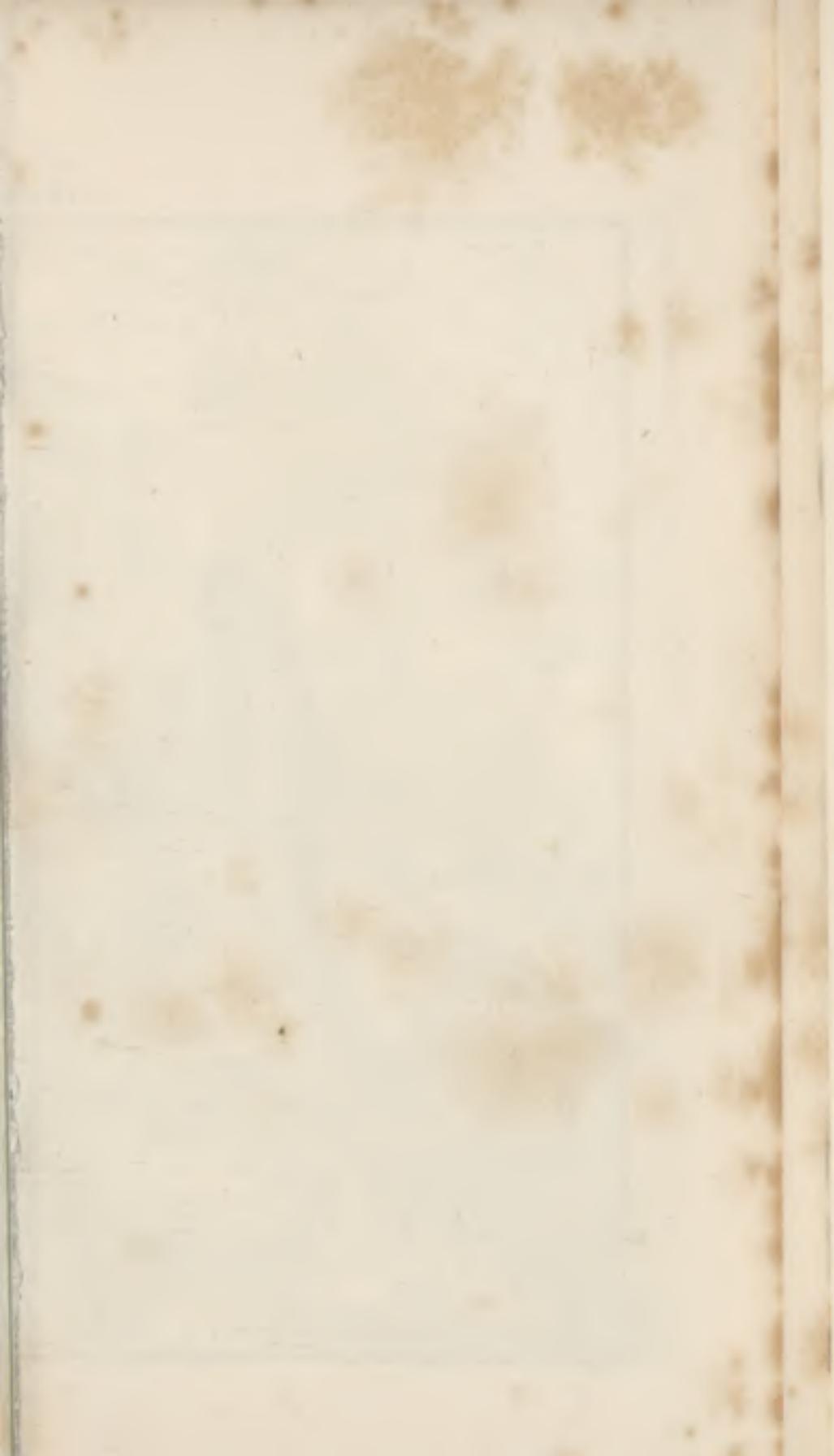
From Holyhead to Dublin is 64 miles; the average passage is under four hours, and there are two communications daily each way;—Fares: 1st Class, 12s.; 2nd Class, 8s. There is also each way a goods-boat daily (Sundays excepted) which carries passengers;—Time, six hours;—Fares: 1st Class, 5s.; 2nd Class, 2s. 6d.

[*From Holyhead to Kingstown* there are two passages each way, morning and evening. The average passage is four hours.]

From Liverpool to Dublin is 133 miles; average passage, twelve hours.—Fares, Cabin, 12s. 6d; Deck, 4s. (including steward's fee). *Return Tickets*, available for fourteen days, may be had for 18s. 9d.

From Glasgow to Dublin is about 223 miles,—there is a delay of about two hours at Greenock, from which port the passage is about fourteen hours.—Fares, Cabin, 15s.; Steerage, 6s. *Return Tickets*, available for fourteen days, 22s. 6d. and 10s. (including steward's fee). Vessels sail twice a week in winter, three times a week in summer. *Through Return Tickets* from Glasgow to Killarney, available for twenty-seven days, at 60s. These are issued between 1st June and 31st October.

ANOTHER ROUTE to the Lakes. In this Guide we have followed the cheapest and most expeditious route to Killarney; but those to whom time and money are no object, will find the road towards the south of Ireland very much more interesting and beautiful, although longer. Both routes are the same as far as Mallow, 145 miles from Dublin. Here you may follow the line to Cork, and proceed thence by Macroom, Gouganbarra, Bantry, Glengariff, and Kenmare. This route is upwards of 80 miles in length (from Mallow), but the beauty of the scenery is great. Kenmare is about 20 miles from Killarney, but only 10 miles from the southern and wildest part of the Lake scenery.

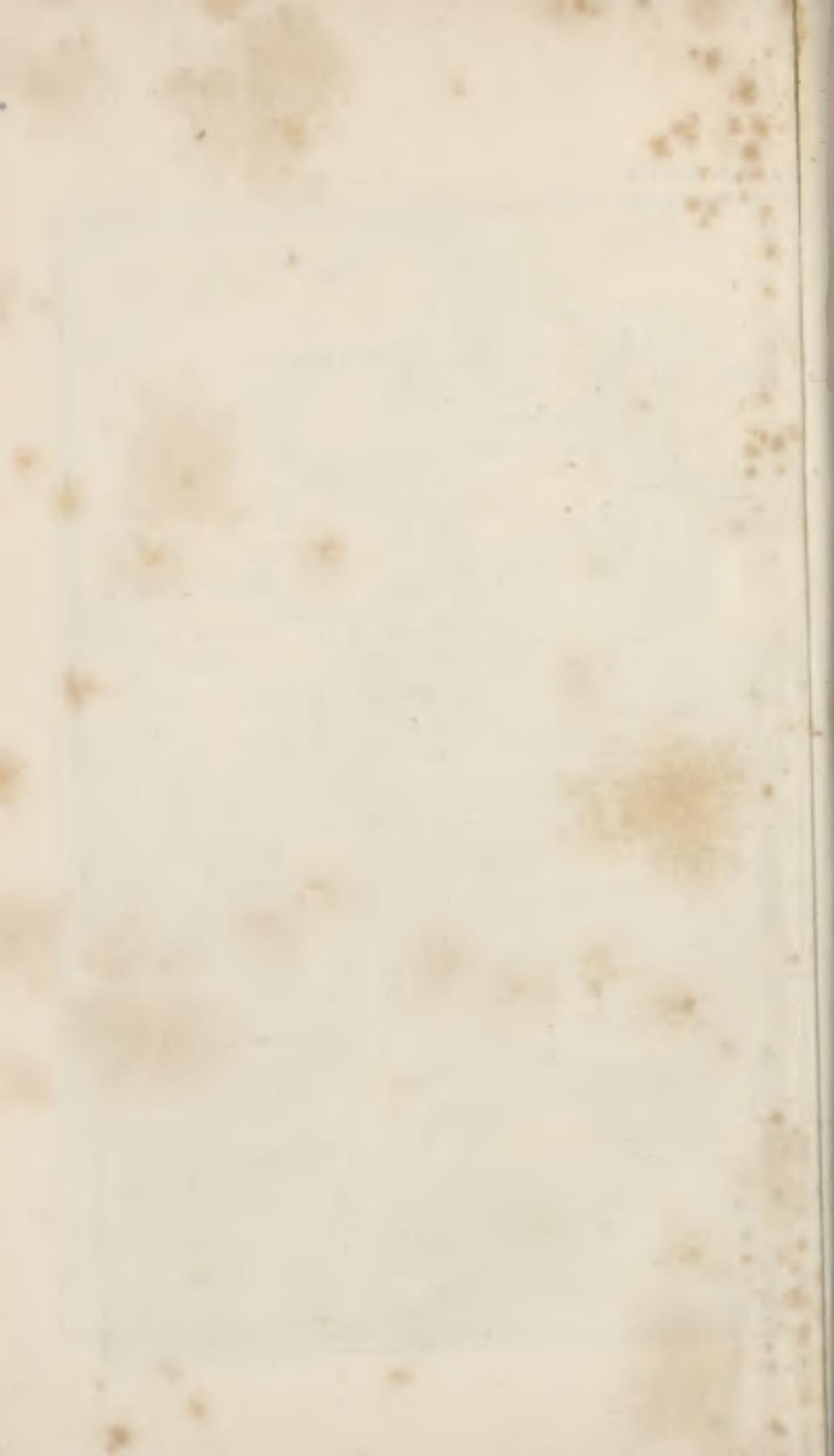




LLARNEY .



V & A Johnson, London



Notes for Tourists.

[Note.—Dublin is 64 miles distant from Holyhead; 133 miles from Liverpool; and 223 miles from Glasgow. Excellent steamers ply regularly. Those from Holyhead accomplish the passage in about 4 hours, and the fares are—First class, 12s.; Second class, 8s. Those from Liverpool take about 12 hours, and the fares are—Cabin, 12s. 6d.; Deck, 4s. Those from Glasgow take about 16 hours, and the fares are—Cabin, 15s.; Steerage, 6s. From Dublin to Killarney Lakes, by Railway, is 186 miles. Fares—First class, 34s. 2d.; Second class, 25s. 6d.; Third class, 15s. 6d. See *General Information*, p. 7, for fuller details.]

PRELIMINARY INFORMATION AND REMARKS.

THERE is not a spot in the length and breadth of the United Kingdom more worthy of being visited than the beautiful Lakes of Killarney.

These lakes are quite different from, and equal, if not superior, to all other noted localities in Britain. The scenery around them possesses a peculiarity, richness, and variety, and the vegetation a wild luxuriance, which cannot be properly understood or thoroughly appreciated until seen; therefore we say, by all means go and see it.

Comparisons, it is said, are odious. Nevertheless they are sometimes necessary, and, assuredly, never more so than when the objects to be compared are unduly estimated, in consequence either of prejudice

or ignorance, or both. It is therefore advisedly that we make the assertion, that, upon the whole, the long neglected Lakes of Killarney are superior, in many points, to those of England, and to the far-famed Trosachs of Scotland. And we do not give this forth as our own opinion; we claim the reader's reception of the fact, until he has had an opportunity of judging for himself, upon the ground that such is the opinion not only of hundreds and thousands of those who have already visited the Irish lakes, but of several men of note who are universally allowed to be competent judges. Among these were Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, and Sir David Wilkie. Wordsworth, whose prejudices, if he had any, must naturally have been in favour of the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, pronounced the region of Killarney to be, "in point of scenery, the finest portion of the British Islands." Sir Walter, whose visit was so short—only one day—that he saw but a few of the chief beauties and attractions of this lovely spot, excepted Loch Lomond, in his otherwise unqualified praise of the Upper Lake, when he said it was "the grandest sight he had ever seen." The great painter's praise was unqualified. Sir David Wilkie wrote of these lakes, that, for beauty and grandeur, he had never seen them surpassed. Such praise from such men is high testimony, but not higher than is merited by this charming spot—this focus of beauty in the green and lovely Isle of Erin.

Besides their beauty the Lakes of Killarney are of great interest on account of the Druidical remains found around them, and the ruins of their celebrated monasteries of Innisfallen, Muckross, and Aghadoe.

where, in days of old, learned (and, doubtless, unlearned) monks resided; two of whom compiled an ancient and curious manuscript history of the world and of Ireland. The name of the Lower Lake, *Lough Lene* or *Leane*—the “Lake of Learning”—is supposed to have reference to these monks.

Before entering upon the minute details of our work, we will offer a few general observations, which, we hope, will prove useful to the tourist, and assist him in laying down the plan of his intended operations.

First, then, let it be borne in remembrance that the Lakes of Killarney cannot be satisfactorily seen and explored in less than *three* days. There are few travellers, we should imagine, who, having travelled so far to behold so glorious a scene, could not afford to spend at least three days in the enjoyment of it; yet it is possible that such may be the case, and to those who are so unfortunate we would remark, that *much* may be seen in two days, and the tantalizing glance obtained even in one is better than not seeing the lakes at all. In three days, however, most of the chief points of interest may be visited, and a pretty fair impression of the country obtained; but those who have leisure, and wish to be more minute in their explorations, may spend several weeks in roaming among the mountains and glens with profit and gratification, for the works of God exhibit new and ever-increasing beauties the closer and the longer they are examined. We feel assured that however long the visitor may sojourn at Killarney, he will find something new to admire every day.

Being situated in the County of Kerry, on the

south-west coast of Ireland, the Lakes of Killarney were, up to a very recent period, visited by but few tourists, and by none except the adventurous; and those who succeeded in penetrating through the country into the romantic scenes of the west, found poor fare and accommodation at their journey's end,—although, we must add, they ever found, as they will still find, a hearty and warm welcome from a people who are proverbially hospitable, and deem it a duty as well as a pleasure to be kind and courteous to the “stranger.” In the present day, however, it is almost unnecessary to say that railways have all but annihilated distance, and brought in their train the usual accompaniments of hotels, lodging-houses, and tourists in abundance. Of the two former, it is sufficient to say that the best hotels are out of the village, situated in different fine positions around the lakes. Those in the village are cheaper but have no nice views. We would earnestly recommend tourists who go there during “the scason” to write and secure rooms several days before setting out on their journey.

The Royal Victoria Hotel, at the northern end of the Lower Lake, is one of the best and most conveniently situated, with a view of some of the finest of the scenery.

The Lakes of Killarney are three in number—the *Lower Lake*, or *Lough Leane*; the *Muckross*, or *Torc*, or *Middle Lake*; and the *Upper Lake*. These lie so close together, and are joined by straits of such insignificant length, that they might almost be considered as one. The entire length of the three, from the end of the Lower to the extremity of the Upper Lake, is about 11 miles; and the breadth of the

largest, the Lower Lake, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles. As all the points of primary interest are upon, or in the immediate vicinity of, these lakes, the tourist may thus form some conception of the extent of the scenery through which we would conduct him.

The lakes are situated in the midst of majestic and lofty mountains, whose sides and steeps are covered with the most luxuriant verdure and shrubbery, and, in many places, with splendid forest trees. The highest mountains are *Carran Tual* and *Mangerton*; the former about 3414 feet, the latter about 2756. The bosoms of the lakes are dotted with islands, some of which are connected by bridges with each other and with the shores. The Lower and largest lake spreads out in one direction towards a comparatively level country, while the Upper and smallest lake lies imbedded in dark, wild, magnificent mountains; and all around are cataracts and waterfalls of every size and form, some of which are prominent points of interest, and are described in succeeding pages.

There are various legends in regard to the origin of the lakes, all of which, however much they may differ in some respects, agree in this, that in former days the valley over which they flow was richly cultivated and thickly peopled, and that the ancient inhabitants, with their chief, the great O'Donoghue, are still living comfortably under water in the enjoyment of health and happiness. Reference shall hereafter be made to some of the romantic legends connected with the district.

Meantime, having made these preliminary observations on the scenes we are about to visit, let us pack

up and set out on our travels. The starting-point shall be

DUBLIN.

Every one knows what a steamboat voyage is ; we will not, therefore, linger over the details of that. If we have not been sick, we have been miserable, or, at best, uncomfortable,—if none of the three, then, undoubtedly, we have been fortunate. But we will forget the discomforts that lie behind, and look forward only to the pleasures that are yet, it is to be hoped, in store for us.

After a short voyage over the glassy ocean, or a rough passage across the stormy sea, as the case may be, we steam into the Bay of Dublin.

Landing at Kingstown, we find a railway train in waiting which carries us into the centre of Dublin—a distance of 7 miles—in about twenty minutes.

The capital of Ireland is situated on the margin of a magnificent bay, which presents great variety of shore, from bold rocky capes to level tracts of sand. The shores of this fine bay are covered with marine villas, country seats, and highly cultivated grounds. On the north it is terminated by the lofty Hill of Howth, with its beacon crest, and on the south by the precipitous cliffs of the evergreen Island of Dalkey. Farther off are seen the Wicklow Hills. Landward it is backed by picturesque mountains. Into this bay flows the river Liffey.

Dublin is a beautiful city ; happily situated, in a commercial as well as a picturesque point of view, and surrounded by varied and exquisite scenery. It is built in a neat, regular manner, and chiefly of

brick, which gives to it somewhat the appearance of an English town. It is about 3 miles in diameter; contains many elegant public buildings of stone, and has a population of about 254,850. The Liffey traverses the city from west to east. It is spanned by seven stone, and two iron bridges, and is lined with substantial quays, wharfs, and warehouses. The Grand and Royal Canals enclose Dublin on three sides, and connect it with the interior of the country. The more ancient part of the city lies on the south side of the river.

Many of the streets and squares are worthy of a great city, Sackville Street in particular—with its noble pillar in the centre and some of the finest public buildings in the world—cannot fail to impress every stranger with its magnificence. Among the public buildings we may briefly particularise the following:—The *Custom House* is a splendid edifice, situated on the North Quay. The *Post Office*, in Sackville Street, is in the Grecian style, with a noble portico in front. A monument to Nelson stands in front of it—a beautiful Ionic column, with a statue of the hero on the top. Near to these are the *Lying-in-Hospital* and the *Rotunda*. The *Bank of Ireland*—celebrated for its beauty; the *University*; the *Four Courts*; the *Exchange*; the *College of Surgeons*; the *Cathedral of St. Patrick*, are all successively pointed out to us, and expatiated on, perhaps, by the driver of the car.

The Castle merits more particular notice, as being intimately connected with the history of Dublin. It stands on slightly elevated ground in the southern part of the city. It has undergone so many changes

in the course of its chequered career that very little of the old building is left. The *Birmingham Tower* alone retains its ancient form, but the materials are comparatively new. The Castle consists of two courts, containing public offices and the apartments of state used by the Lord-Lieutenant.

The finest view-point in the city, and that from which we obtain at a glance the most comprehensive idea of its magnificence, is *Carlisle Bridge*. This ought to be the spot first visited by every stranger.

After driving through the city, we proceed to inspect the interior of some of the buildings and see the "sights." These are as follows:—The interior of the Bank of Ireland, which was formerly, up to the time of the Union, the Irish House of Lords and Commons. There is a good Museum and other objects of interest in the building of the *Royal Dublin Society*, Kildare Street. In the *Royal Irish Academy*, Dawson Street, there is a collection of antiquarian curiosities connected with Ireland. In Stephen's Green there is a *Museum of Native Industry*, and near to it, in the College of Surgeons, there is also a good museum.

Of course we must take a drive in the beautiful Phoenix Park (7 miles in circumference), where we shall see the *Viceregal Lodge*; the *Royal Military Hospital*; the *Wellington Testimonial*; the Phoenix Column, and the plain (immediately opposite the Lodge) called the "*Fifteen Acres*," where duels were wont to be fought in (happily) days gone by, and where Daniel O'Connell shot Mr. d'Esterre, a member of the corporation. The Phoenix Park is upwards of a thousand acres in

extent; and in beauty, as well as in size, it excels the finest of the parks in London. We may also visit the *Zoological Gardens*.

There are also numerous delightful drives in the immediate vicinity of Dublin, which, in our limited space, we can only refer to but may not dwell upon.

THE ROUTE TO THE LAKES.

The distance from Dublin to Killarney by the Great Southern and Western Railway is 186 miles. The station from which we start is at *Kingsbridge*.

CLONDALKIN is the first station out of Dublin. There is a Round Tower here, visible from the line, which is 84 feet high, and is considered one of the most perfect in Ireland. The line, for the first 15 miles after leaving the city, runs along the high southern banks of the Liffey, and it would be difficult to imagine more beautiful scenery than that through which it passes—corn-fields and cottages; villas and villages; mountains and valleys; groves, meadows, and gardens; every species of scenery, in short, that can warm the heart or charm the eye of man. From the midst of this terrestrial paradise, a short time after leaving Dublin we plunge suddenly in a dreary waste called

THE BOG OF ALLEN. Truly, it is a strange desolate scene, rendered all the more gloomy by contrast with that which preceded it. Dark pools, dingy brown heath, miles and miles of slimy morass, alone meet the eye in all directions, with here and there the low-

lying hovel of a turf-cutter to break the dreary monotony of the scene. Yet this immense bog (300,000 acres in extent) was covered with waving forests and cultivated plains in days long gone by, as the quantity of timber and remains of human habitations lying below the surface at the present time testify. The Bog, however, is at an elevation of 270 feet above the level of the sea, and is therefore capable of being drained and reclaimed—a process which is going on steadily. The *Hill of Allen*, in the Bog, is seen to the right before reaching Newbridge Station. The next point of note, within sight of which the train stops, is

KILDARE. Although famous in days of old, this town has dwindled into insignificance now. It is chiefly interesting on account of the remains of its former greatness. The ruins of the Cathedral and the Round Tower are interesting to antiquarians. Here St. Conloeth founded a bishopric about the middle of the fifth century, and about the year 483 the celebrated St. Bridget established a nunnery, in which the nuns for centuries kept up the flame of

“The bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane,
And burned through long ages of darkness and storm.”

The train here passes through the famous race-course—the *Curragh of Kildare*.

THE ROCK OF DUNAMASE. This celebrated rock is about 4 miles distant from Maryborough Station. It is a solitary rock, which rises abruptly in the middle of a fertile plain. The summit is covered with the massive ruins of a fortress, which must have been

well-nigh impregnable in the days of its prime. The view from the top is magnificent.

THE ROCK OF CASHEL is the next celebrated spot we pass. It is a huge, isolated, and partly precipitous limestone rock, which rises out of a luxuriant plain, in Tipperary, and is visible from a very great distance in every direction. The far-famed ruins that crown its summit are deservedly considered to be the finest in Ireland. Cashel was once the residence of the kings of Munster. It is now a town of little importance, with a population of about 6000; but the extensive ecclesiastical remains on the rock render the place an ever-green to antiquarians.

About 9 miles beyond Cashel we reach the Limerick and Waterford Junction. Limerick lies on the right, 22 miles, and Waterford on the left, 48 miles, distant from the junction.

KILMALLOCK is the next station worthy of note. This town was reduced to ruins in the wars of the Commonwealth; but these ruins still attest the former greatness of the city, which was the chief seat of the Desmonds. The most interesting remains are—two of the ancient, castellated gateways; the ruins of the Abbey and the Dominican Priory; and a few of the massive residences of the ancient burgers. Kilmallock has been styled the “Baalbec of Ireland.”

BUTTEVANT. This station is 12 miles beyond Kilmallock. We merely mention it because its neighbourhood is connected with the poet Spenser who composed his “Faery Queen” here.

MALLOW is the next station, and here is the Cork and Killarney Junction. The branch running to the left terminates in the city of Cork, 20 miles distant. The branch trending to the right is that which we are about to follow in our journey to Killarney, about 41 miles distant from this point. There is also a branch to Fermoy, 16 miles distant.

It would seem as if Nature had purposely rendered this part of the route comparatively tame and uninteresting, in order to enhance the value of that bright gem of Erin which she is about to present to the traveller. As we approach the end of our journey, however, the scenery improves; the varied outlines of the "everlasting hills" greet our eyes; the "Paps," and "Mangerton," "Carran Tual," and the "Reeks," rise up before us, and shortly after we rush into the terminus at Killarney.

THE LAKE DISTRICT.

Having now conducted the tourist to the margin of the lakes, we will, before proceeding to the details of our six days' excursions, say a few words about the town of Killarney.

On arriving at Killarney Railway Station, omnibuses and attendants from all the hotels will be found waiting. In order to avoid trouble and annoyance at this point, we recommend travellers to arrange beforehand which hotel they will patronize. (See page 23.) We will presume then, reader, that you have made your selection, and are now prepared to commence your rambles.

KILLARNEY.

The town of Killarney is the property of the Earl of Kenmare, a Roman Catholic peer, and is of comparatively recent date. In 1747, when the fourth Lord of Kenmare came of age, the town consisted only of a few dozen thatched cottages or cabins, in the midst of which stood his lordship's residence and a few slated houses. As the beauties of the neighbouring lakes became more popular, the town gradually improved, until it attained its present flourishing condition. At the best, however, it is but a poor place, and commands no view of the lakes, owing to its own depressed position, and the intervention of the thick woods of Lord Kenmare's estate. Its population was upwards of 5000 in 1861, and there are good hotels and excellent lodging-houses in it, where tourists may rely on being hospitably entertained. Its distance from the north-east shore of the Lower Lake is about a mile. There are few public buildings in the town worthy of notice except the new Roman Catholic Cathedral, which is a splendid building. It stands on a commanding site, and is visible from all parts of the adjacent country. The late Mr. Pugin designed it, and superintended its erection. The new Lunatic Asylum is also a fine building.

The *Arbutus Factories* here are worthy of a visit. Every species of useful article is made out of arbutus and the other woods of the neighbourhood—needle-cases, card-cases, paper-cutters, &c., and large quantities of these are bought by tourists annually. Larger articles, such as desks and work-boxes, are also made in a neat and elegant manner. Young damsels,

carrying basketfuls of the smaller articles, assail tourists constantly; and really some of the products of the factory are worth purchasing on account of their beauty, if not as souvenirs of one's visit to the greenest spot in the Emerald Isle.

Passing onwards, we skirt the northern shore of the lake, and are disappointed to find that, although close to it, the glimpses we obtain through the thick screen of foliage are few and unsatisfactory. But, reflecting that no earthly pleasure is without alloy, we do not murmur, especially when we consider what is yet before us.

Beggars used to be a great pest, and, not unfrequently, a great amusement at Killarney; being possessed of the wit and good-humoured impudence which seems to be the Irishman's birthright. Now, however, a workhouse has been erected, and government provision extended to them, so that they do not beset the tourist in such numbers as they used to do. A short drive from the station brings us to the Victoria Hotel.

GUIDES.

In the various excursions we are about to describe, it is advisable, indeed we may say absolutely necessary, that the tourist should take a guide with him, not only to avoid the discomfort of being lost in the wild mountain glens and forest glades, but also for the sake of having an amusing companion, and one who is well informed as to every object of interest in the district, and brimful of the wild legends and stories with which scenery so romantic is necessarily con-

nected. It is needless to say that these fellows are numerous here, and that they are hardy, stout, energetic men. It is equally unnecessary, we presume, to say that they are obliging and good-humoured. Such qualities are proverbially characteristic of Irishmen.

There are guides attached to each hotel in the district. Of those connected with the Victoria we may mention Myles M'Sweeney and Thomas Murphy. The former, besides being a first-rate guide, is a good fisherman. He is, in fact, considered the "Angler of the Lakes," and will prove a friend in need (also in deed when occasion requires) to the lovers of the gentle art. Murphy is also a good fisherman and excellent guide and companion; indeed his qualities are much the same as those of his comrade, and he is a good boatman.

HOTELS.

The hotels and lodging-houses in the neighbourhood of the lakes are numerous and well-appointed. The chief of these are as follows:—

The *Royal Victoria Hotel*, which is admirably managed by its proprietor, Mr. John O'Leary. Its arrangements and comforts are in all respects unexceptionable, while its position is good, not only as commanding a fine view of the Lower Lake and the mountains beyond, but also as being a good starting-point from which to make excursions through the district. It stands at the northern end of the Lower Lake—*facing* the finest

of the scenery, and cannot be recommended too highly. This hotel is patronized by the Royal Family, by the Vice-Regal Court from Dublin, and by several Princes from the Continent.

The *Railway Hotel* is an exceedingly handsome building, well conducted in all respects. It is close to the terminus. It has 100 bed-rooms and 12 sitting-rooms.

The *Hibernian* and the *Kenmare Arms* are in the town, and are excellent hotels, but have no view of the lakes.

The *Lake Hotel* is charmingly situated close to the shores of Castletlough Bay, at the south-eastern end of the Lower Lake, about 2 miles from Killarney, and 1 from the village of Cloghreen. The views from this hotel are very fine, and the scenery in the midst of which it stands is beautiful.

The *Herbert Arms*, in the village of Cloghreen, is within a short distance of the Abbey of Muckross, close to the foot of Mangerton, and within half a mile of the Torc Waterfall. But although very conveniently situated, the view is entirely shut out by trees.

THE
LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

FIRST DAY.

[Drive to the Upper Lake, and visit Derrycunihy, and Torc Waterfalls, and Muckross Demesne and Abbey, &c.

We would recommend that the first excursion in this beautiful district should be to the Upper Lake, by car, along the eastern side of the three lakes, to the Police Station and Tunnel, about 12 miles from the Victoria, and back, including a visit to Derrycunihy Cascade, Torc Waterfall, and to the Muckross Demesne and Abbey.

This excursion will enable us to form a pretty good notion of the general appearance of the district, as the three lakes and the magnificent scenery in which they are imbedded will be seen from various points of view while we drive along, and the glimpses of the grand and wild, the soft and beautiful, that we shall obtain, will tend to increase our interest in the more minute investigation of details which we shall afterwards undertake.

As the Lower and Muckcross Lakes will be fully described in the third and fourth days' excursion, we will pass by them here in silence, and proceed at once towards the Upper Lake. Muckcross Demesne had better be visited on returning.

Proceeding by the Kenmare Road, past the Kenmare Demesne, &c., towards the Torc Mountain, in the course of which drive we obtain exquisite views of the lakes and scenery, the first object that claims our attention is the

TORC WATERFALL.

This beautiful cascade is justly famous, and is considered, beyond all comparison, the finest about the lakes. Our Engraving gives a good idea of its general appearance; but no engraving, however faithfully drawn, can give a correct idea of a waterfall, for its effect upon the mind lies fully as much in that which is addressed to the ear as in that which meets the eye.

The path that leads to the fall is by the side of the dashing stream, which seems to hasten to throw itself into the placid lake in order to rest after the tumultuous leap which it has just taken. The roar of the water is heard as we approach, but it is concealed from view by the trees, and shrubs, and bushes, until we are close upon it. Then it bursts upon us, plunging down a height of between sixty and seventy feet with a thundering roar. It must be borne in mind, however, that the "roar" depends very much on the condition, at the time being, of the stream which utters it. It is quite possible that, if the weather

VIEW FROM TROLL MOUNTAIN - KILLBUCKET.



As the Lohai and Mochow lakes will be fully described by the third and last chapter, we will pass by them here in passing and proceed straight towards the Chung lake, situated straight below them, to be visited in sequence.

Proceeding to the Southern Peak, just to the Eastward of the Chung lake, towards the Top Mountain in the course of which drive we obtain some fine views of the lakes and country, the first object that draws our attention is the

YONG WUYANGSHAN.

This beautiful cascade is surely famous and is well situated beyond all comparison, the Chung and the lakes. The descending gorges, and the fall of several apparatus, but the roaring, however fallably down, can give a correct view of a waterfall, for its effect upon the rock lies fully as much in that which is addressed to the ear as in that which strikes the eye.

The point that leads to the lake is by the side of the dashing stream, which seems to hasten to throw itself into the placid lake in order to rest after the tumultuous leap which it has just taken. The roar of the water is heard as we approach, but it is concealed from view by the trees and shrubs, and bushes, until we are close upon it. Then it comes upon us, plunging down a height of between ten and twenty feet with a thundering fall. It seems as if it were in mind, however, that the "roar" beyond the bank on the condition, at the same time of the stream which offers it. It is quite possible that, if the weather

VIEW FROM TORC MOUNTAIN - KILLARNEY.



has been dry for some time before the Torc Waterfall is visited, our description may appear overstrained.

The rocks on either side are precipitous and covered with shrubs, trees, and ferns. The descent of the first part of the fall is in a broad sheet; the stream afterwards takes a number of broken leaps, and rushes through a deep narrow gorge and falls into Muekross Lake. A winding footpath conducts to a spot whence we have a fine view of the Torc or Muekross Lake and Demesne. In this neighbourhood stands a cottage belonging to Mr. Herbert. It is pleasantly situated on cultivated ground between the lake and the hill.

Descending to the road we continue our drive round the base of

TORC MOUNTAIN.

Although in this excursion we do not purpose ascending the mountain, it may be as well to describe the view from its summit here. This is indeed most glorious. Our Engraving will give some idea of it to those who do not choose to climb the hill, the ascent of which, by the way, is not very easy.

Torc Mountain is nearly 1800 feet high. It is a beautiful hill of a conical form, standing in an isolated position between Mangerton and the Glens Mountains. From the former it is separated by the river flowing out of the Devil's Punch-bowl, and from the latter by the deep gorge which forms the channel of the stream flowing from the Upper Lake. On all sides the mountain rises up so abruptly as to give the idea almost of inaccessibility, naked precipices here

and there adding to this impression and increasing its picturesque effect. There are few furrows on its sides, and only one small stream, called the *Lein*. The lower parts of the hill are covered with woods. As we have said, the hill is not easy of ascent, being very steep, but, the top being gained, the view that greets us amply repays the labour of ascending. There are some, we are aware, to whom no view whatever could repay the toil of climbing to a mountain top ; so, for their comfort, we would just say that *much* of the same view is to be had from many points in the road we are about to pursue, though not in so perfect or comprehensive a scale. The waters of the lake are deepest at the foot of the Torc Mountain, and it is said that somewhere in this locality the depths are illuminated in fine weather by a marvellous carbuncle of immense value ! There are conflicting accounts as to its exact position, which is not surprising. The word Torc signifies "wild boar," which seems to indicate that wild boars dwelt here in days of old.

After leaving Muckcross Lake we travel along the margin of the Long Range, sighting the Eagle's Nest (described on p. 73), and reach the *Tunnel*. This is the name given to an archway cut through an enormous mass of rock which intercepted the road. The view of the Upper Lake from the top of the Tunnel is magnificent. But indeed this term may be applied to all the romantic scenery into the midst of which we have now penetrated. Huge rocks overhang the road in places ; forest trees cast their shadows round us ; openings reveal the distant mountains with silver thread-like rivulets pouring down their sides ; in short, every variety of beautiful object is presented



UPPER LAKE-KILLARNEY.

to us in every conceivable combination and under ever-varying lights and shadows. It is a perfect paradise.

THE UPPER LAKE.

(For description of boat trip on the Upper Lake, see p. 71.)

Though the smallest, this lake far surpasses the others in grandeur and wildness. From a spot near to the Police Station we obtain a magnificent view of this romantic sheet of water.

The *Police Barrack*, although the name may sound unromantic, is nevertheless a picturesque object in the scene.

The Upper Lake is only $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length and little more than half a mile in breadth at the widest part. Twelve small islands rest on its bosom, one of the largest of which, Arbutus Island, is completely covered with the beautiful plant from which it derives its name.

The scenery of the Killarney district is much enhanced by the tree-shrub called the *Arbutus unedo*, which, with its singularly bright green leaves, causes a rich variety in the foliage of the forest trees by which it is surrounded. In October, when it is covered with scarlet berries and clusters of flowers, it is particularly beautiful. It is uncertain whether or not the arbutus is a native of Ireland. It is found in all parts of the island, though nowhere in such luxuriance as in Killarney. The islands on the Upper Lake are covered with exuberant vegetation, amongst which the arbutus is conspicuous, contrasting well with the varied foliage and the grey rocks around it.

So closely do the mountains surround this lake, that, on looking up at them from the water, it seems as if there were no outlet from the wild vale. Down the sides of the hills rush numerous feeders of the lake; some of them mere streamlets, brawling impetuously down their steep courses; others, of more pretensions, thundering down their respective gorges.

It may be here mentioned, that although these lakes have many feeders, they have but one outlet—namely, the River *Laune*, at the extreme end of the Lower Lake, which, by means of this river, is connected with the sea. The principal feeders are the following:—the Gearhamecn River, flowing from the Black Valley, which falls into the head of the Upper Lake; the rivers flowing from the Devil's Punch-bowl, in Mangerton Mountain, and from the summit of Glena; the Flesk, the Deenab, and several others.

According to most travellers the Upper Lake is considered decidedly the finest of the three, but there are not wanting a singular few whose passion for quiet scenery leads them to prefer the Lower Lake. The difference in the scenery between this and its sister lakes is indeed very marked, the Upper Lake being more thoroughly Alpine in its character and singularly romantic. Every variety of wild scenery meets the eye, intermingled with just enough of a softer character to prevent harshness. Here bold promontories and precipices, crowned with herbage and seamed with rents and fissures, jut out into the dark water; there the verdure slopes more gradually to the margin, and the overhanging boughs kiss the lake. In some places the scene is covered with thick, large, and umbrageous forest trees; in others the

sides of the mountains are enriched by varied hues, where they are covered with green turf or purple heather, contrasting well with the cold grey of spots where the bald rock refuses to receive from the kindly hand of Nature a covering of verdure, which, everywhere else, is indeed superabundant. The whole scene is one of overpowering loveliness and majesty, and the softer features in it—the luxuriant verdure, the green islets resting on the bosom of the deep still water, and the murmur of numberless tiny streams—invest it with an air of profound repose.

The view of the Lake district from the elevated ridges to the south of the Upper Lake is exceedingly fine. Travellers who enter the district by the Kenmare Road see it in perfection; and, although our present excursion does not extend so far, we do not think a description of it here will be out of place.

The Upper Lake is seen, just below, winding at the base of dark mountains. On the left is the range of mountains between which and the reeks, or peaks, of the majestic Macgillicuddy Range is the romantic *Gap of Dunloe*. In the far distance a glimpse of the Lower Lake is caught between two mountains, called *Torc* and *Glena*. A little to the right of *Torc* is *Cromaglouin*, or “The Drooping Mountain;” and from the foot of the lake is seen the twisting channel called the *Long Range*, which connects the Upper and Middle Lakes together. But the wild grandeur of the Upper Lake is not seen from this point of view to so great advantage as lower down in the valley. A scene is generally tamer in a bird’s-eye view than in the reverse, and the magnificence of this prospect consists not in the force or prominence of any one

lake or mountain, but in the sweeping magnitude of the whole gorgeous panorama. During the course of the journey downwards, nearly all the chief mountains of Killarney come into view, under varied and ever-changing aspects,—Carran Tual, Mangerton, the Purple Mountain, Eagle's Nest, Glena, Torc, the Tomies, and others of inferior note. The road passes along the base of the overhanging cliffs, having on the left the sloping woods that fringe the margin of the lake, whose clear surface sustains and reflects within it several islets covered with trees and shrubs. Beyond, the mountains rise abruptly from the shore and lift their summits into the blue sky.

Having lingered as long as possible over this romantic scene, we turn to retrace our steps. Those who wish to do so may return to the hotel by boat, through the lakes; but as we intend to pursue this course in our fourth excursion, it were better perhaps to return by the way we have come. It is generally admitted that a good story will stand being twice told—so, a beautiful road may, we think, be twice travelled with advantage. Before quitting this neighbourhood, Derrycunnihy Cascade ought to be seen.

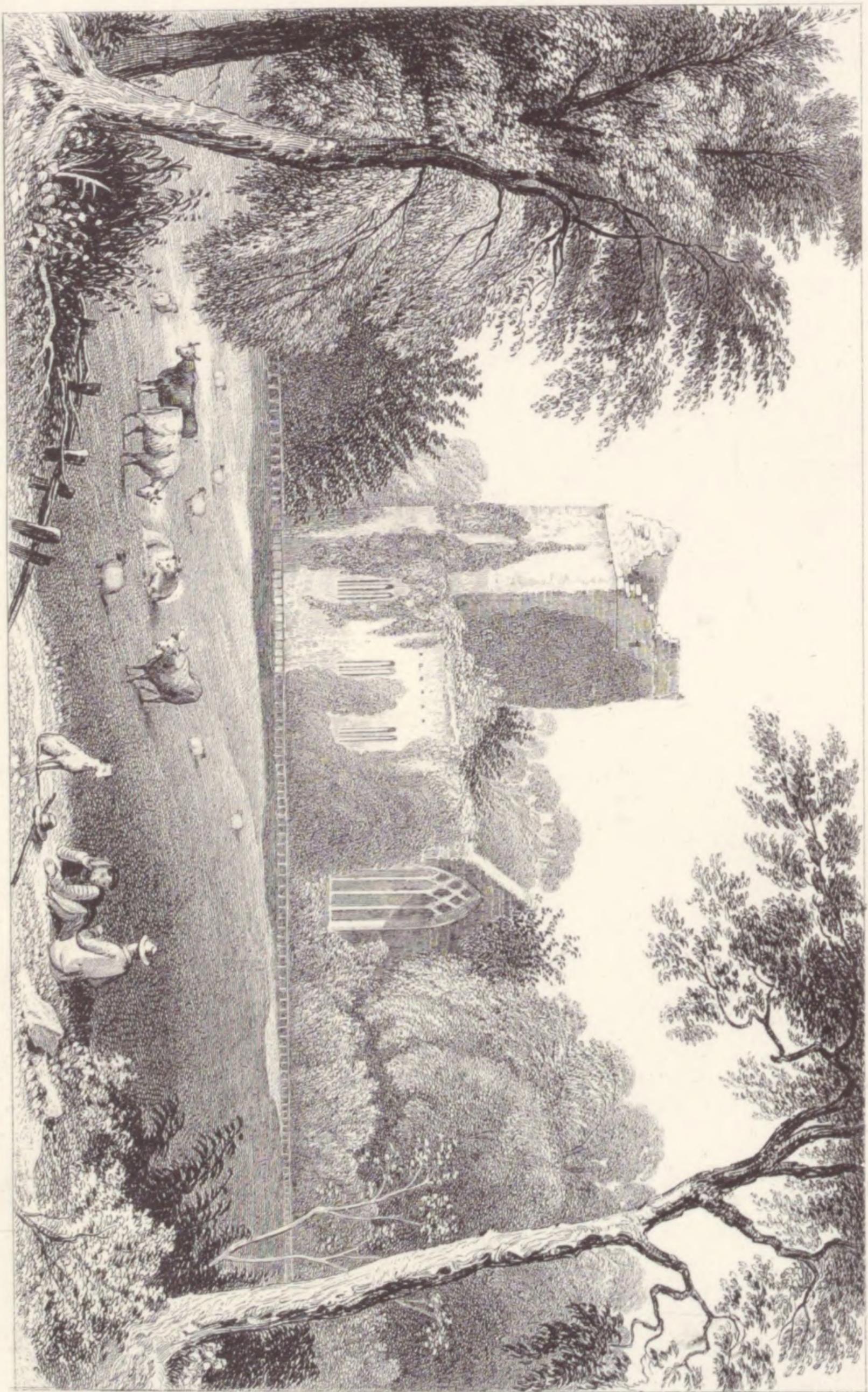
Several bridges pass over the streams that gallop down the mountains here. One of these spans the stream which forms the

DERRYCUNNIHY CASCADE.

It is a beautiful fall, and ought by no means to be passed unvisited. A by-path of quarter of a mile leads to it

In this part of our excursion we may visit the





MUCKROSS ABBEY.

gardens in the midst of which formerly stood a cottage belonging to Mr. Hyde. The cottage has been burned, and the gardens seem to have run wild in luxuriance.

Derrycunihy Cascade is supposed to have derived its name from an eccentric individual who leaped over it and left his foot-prints in a stone! The fall is in the midst of very fine scenery. It plunges through a deep mountain chasm among broken rocks, and leaps over a precipice in white foam, sending a cloud of spray into the air.

Returning now towards our hotel, we turn aside in order to visit

MUCKROSS DEMESNE.

This beautiful spot occupies the peninsula which separates the lake of the same name from the Lower Lake. This peninsula is broken up at its extremity into little islands; which, however, are connected with each other, and with the mainland, by means of bridges.

Proceeding along the wooded peninsula, we are charmed and constantly surprised by the most beautiful and romantic views of the Lower Lake on the right, and Torc Lake on the left. The trees have been cut down in various parts of the grounds to enable the visitor to obtain the finest possible prospect of both lakes; and truly the public are deeply indebted to Mr. Herbert, the proprietor of these beautiful grounds, for the very great pains and trouble he has put upon himself in order to furnish every facility to the enjoyment of visitors to the lakes.

After passing a small lough (*Doolagh*), and the "old mines," the road passes over *Brickeen Bridge*, whose single arch connects the peninsula with *Brickeen Island*. Crossing this, we reach another bridge which connects it with

DINIS ISLAND.

This island is close to the mouth of the Long Range, at the western end of Torc Lake. Its name is derived from *Dine-iske*, the "beginning of the water."

Here there is a pretty, picturesque cottage, erected by Mr. Herbert for the gratuitous use of visitors, whose wants are supplied by a civil and obliging housekeeper. Salmon, fresh caught, sliced and roasted on arbutus skewers, is one of the luxuries here obtained. Dinis Island is almost entirely covered with rich wood, among which the arbutus is conspicuous. There is a small pond on it named *O'Sullivan's Punch-bowl*. Having crossed this island, we reach another bridge which connects it with the mainland on the west side of the lakes soon after we gain the high road.

The Old Weir Bridge connects Dinis Island with the mainland.

Although the Muckross estate is included in our first day's excursion, it ought to be understood, by tourists who have time at their command, that an entire day may be well bestowed upon its varied beauties. First, drive entirely round it—about 10 miles—and then ramble on foot during the rest of the day.

MUCKROSS ABBEY.

This venerable and interesting ruin is situated at a few hundred yards from the village of Cloghreen. It was founded for Franciscan friars, according to some writers, in 1440; according to others, a century earlier, by the M'Carthy's, Princes of Desmond. But it is said that, long before the erection of the present edifice, there existed an ecclesiastical building on the same spot, which was destroyed about the year 1190 by fire. The original name of the abbey was Irelough, or "The Building at the Lake;" and assuredly the monks of old knew how to choose a good site, for that of this venerable ruin is most exquisite. It is so luxuriantly umbrageous that the ivy-covered building is not seen until the visitor stands close beside it, and gazes on the mouldering relics of antiquity. The spot was chosen by the ancient chiefs for their place of sepulture, and among them were O'Sullivan Mor and O'Donoghue. Their tombstones still exist in different stages of decay,—some with, and some without, epitaphs; and all more or less entwined in the embrace of the rank vegetation.

The building consists of two principal parts—the church and the convent. The length of the former is 100 feet; its breadth, 24 feet; and the transept is 36 feet long. It is divided into three compartments, of choir, nave, and south transept, at the intersection of which stands a square massive tower of no great height. An elegant pointed doorway, covered with a soft garb of ivy, forms the entrance; and through this doorway is seen the great eastern

window of the choir, in which part of the building the tombs are very numerous. The best preserved portion of the abbey is the cloister, in the centre of which grows a magnificent yew-tree. It is probable that this tree is as old as the abbey itself. Its circumference is 13 feet. The refectory, the kitchen, and the dormitories, are still in pretty good preservation, and the great fireplace of the first attests the attention that the friars gave to good cheer.

On the tomb which covers the dust of the M'Carthy Mor and the O'Donoghue Mor, of the Glens, are carved the following lines :—

“ What more could Homer's most illustrious verse,
Or pompous Tully's stately prose rehearse,
Than what this monumental stone contains
In death's embrace, M'Carthy Mor's remains?
Hence, reader, learn the sad and certain fate
That waits on man spares not the good and great;
And while this venerable marble calls
Thy patriot tear, perhaps, that trickling falls;
And bids thy thoughts to other days return,
And with the spark of Erin's glory burn;
While to her fame most grateful tributes flow,
Oh! ere you turn, one warmer drop bestow!
If Erin's chiefs deserve thy generous tear,
Heir of their worth, O'Donoghue lies here.”

About a century ago, a man of the name of John Drake took up his abode in the abbey, and dwelt here for several years. Of course he became a subject of superstitious wonder to the peasants, and marvellous things are now related of him by guides to those who are fond of legends.

Close to the abbey graveyard is a walk called “ The Lady's Walk,” which ought by all means to be visited, as it is exceedingly beautiful, leading along the borders of the Lower Lake for 2 or 3 miles. Seats are placed along it at intervals. There is also another

walk, which is even more exquisite, named "The Rock Walk." It extends along the borders of Torc or Muckross Lake for two miles, and is one of the most delightful short rambles that can be found in the neighbourhood.

Innisfallen, a view of which we give on the same sheet with that of Muckross Abbey, will be afterwards described under the head of the Lower Lake.

CLOGHREEN.

The pretty village of Cloghreen is close to the ruins of Muckross Abbey, and within a few minutes' walk of the Muckross and Lower Lakes. Here there are good hotels—Roche's and O'Sullivan's—and other houses of entertainment; at all of which the traveller is sure of comfort and a hearty welcome. But they have one great disadvantage, in having no view whatever of the lakes, from which they are hid by the woods of the Muckross estate. It is true that five minutes' walk to a neighbouring eminence will enable you to overtop the trees; but nothing can compensate for the want of the view of the lake scenery from the windows. The village is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Killarney. Cloghreen Pool, a pretty little lough, lies immediately behind it. The ancient church of *Killaghie* stands on a height above the village, from which we may have a fine view of Torc and Lower Lakes over the tree-tops. This church is said to be the smallest in the kingdom. The entrance-gate to Muckross Demesne is close at hand.

Cloghreen is a neat, clean village, and seems to

thrive on tourists. The village school-house was erected by the Herbert family.

Lingering here until the shades of evening warn us to seek our temporary home, and having rested a short time at the village, we return to the Victoria Hotel, where a sound night's repose (it is to be hoped) recruits our energies for the next day's excursion.

SECOND DAY.

[Ascent of Mangerton and Carran Tual.]

If the weather is fine and the atmosphere clear this day ought to be devoted to the *ascent of Mangerton, or of Carran Tual*. By adopting this course we shall not only be rewarded with an inconceivably magnificent view of the whole lake and mountain scenery, but we shall have the whole district mapped out at our feet, and thus be enabled to form a correct idea of the relative positions of localities which will prove of great advantage to us in our future rambles.

MANGERTON.

Although the second highest in the vicinity, this mountain will be found quite high enough for a good view, and sufficiently trying to our thews and sinews, unless we have been in training for some time previous. Mangerton is about 2756 feet high, and lies between 3 and 4 miles to the eastward of the Upper Lake, and 5 miles from the Victoria Hotel. It is very rugged in many places, nevertheless it may be ascended part of the way on ponies. On these sure-

footed animals we pass over bogs and along broken paths by the brink of precipices until we gain the *Devil's Punch-bowl*, a dark tarn in a chaotic gorge of the mountain. There are no trout in this lake, but they abound in the streams that flow out of it. On the way up, we are sure to be met by a number of girls who offer us potheen and goats' milk "for a consideration." The view from the top is magnificent beyond description, embracing the three lakes, in the immediate foreground, the majestic range of the Macgillicuddy; behind these the west coast; Iveragh; Tarbert; Kilrush; the Shannon; Bantry Bay; the Bay of Dingle and the broad waters of the Atlantic in the distance. The summit is flat, and principally covered with peat moss.

In 1858 the Prince of Wales visited Killarney, and, accompanied by the celebrated guide Spillane, went over the district. We extract the following interesting account of his ascent of Mangerton from a pamphlet printed at the "Echo" printing-office, Killarney, in which the royal visit is fully detailed:—

"At an early hour, Mr. Ross was, as usual, at his post, to meet the wishes of the Prince, who proceeded, with his party, at a smart pace, in Colonel Herbert's carriage, to the foot of Mangerton, where Spillane had ponies in attendance. The day—like every one with which we have been blessed here since the arrival of the Prince—was most auspicious. While riding up the much improved bridle-path to the *Punch-bowl*, His Royal Highness occasionally paused to look back at the scene of enchantment which at every interval assumed a new phase. At length he arrived at the summit of the mountain, at the back of the

Punch-bowl, and, standing at the little mound left by the Ordnance Surveyors, he gazed around him with wonder, exclaiming, from time to time, 'This is glorious!'

. . . . "There was a peculiar element of beauty in the glorious panorama on the occasion of the Prince's visit. Dark clouds enveloped the horizon where the Shannon ceased to be visible, while ever and anon streams of light swept along the bosom of the majestic river, as if to penetrate the dark barrier which would hide that grand area of waters upon which the navy of the world might float. Having drunk in all the glories of this wondrous scene, the Prince amused himself for some time by rolling large stones into the unfathomed depths of the Devil's Punch-bowl, the satanic lake looking, ere thus disturbed, as dark and still as death. Spillane then conducted the Prince to the Horse's Glen, with the weird and gloomy grandeur of which he was almost startled. '*Gloun-na-Coppal*—the Horse's Glen'—observe the writers [Mr. and Mrs. Hall] to whom I have already referred, 'may be likened to a gigantic pit surrounded on all sides by perpendicular mountain rocks, in which the eagle builds his nest without the fear of man. It is inaccessible, except from one particular spot, where its superabundant waters have forced a passage into a still lower valley. Following the course of the stream, we are conducted through rich pasture-ground to the borders of a spacious lake—*Lough Kittane*; in extent it nearly equals Torc Lake, but nature has left it without adornment—surrounded by wide and barren hills.' It is, nevertheless, a lake pregnant with interest, as any one who reads poor Lynch's poem

descriptive of 'Lough Kittane ! Lough Kittane ! amid dark mountains pillowed,' or traverses its weird solitude, will admit, despite the depreciating notice of Mr. and Mrs. Hall. Having taken farewell of Mangerton and its mountain wonders, the Prince and party returned to Cloghreen, the interesting village at its base. Here a scene of animated enjoyment awaited the Prince, Mr. Ross having placed a boat on the lakelet behind Roche's Muckcross Hotel, known as Colonel Herbert's 'Preserves.' The Prince and his party were thus enabled to enjoy some excellent fishing, after which they partook of an elegant lunch *al fresco*, which Mr. Ross, with admirable foresight, had provided. Taking boat then at Muckcross Quay, the Prince and party were borne, as quick as a swift boat and eight gallant oarsmen could waft them, to the Victoria Pier, where a number of beautiful swans were floating about in downy majesty. On arriving at the hotel, the Prince was presented with a sixteen pound salmon—the handsomest fish I ever saw—by Captain Philips (a gentleman who, with his lady, visits the Victoria every year, to enjoy the fishing and other *agremens* with which the land of the lakes abound). This right-royal fish was taken about an hour before, with a fly, by Mrs. Philips, whose good taste at once suggested that it would be a suitable and a welcome present to His Royal Highness. The Prince, in a most gallant manner, expressed his gratification with the compliment paid him ; and I need not add that, both on the table and in the manipulating of the *cuisine*, justice was done to the trophy of the fair disciple of Isaac Walton."

CARRAN TUAL.

This is the loftiest mountain in the district, being 3414 feet above the level of the sea. It is situated to the westward of the lakes, about 12 miles distant from the Victoria Hotel, and forms one of the magnificent range of mountains termed the *Macgillycuddys Reeks*.

Carran Tual, signifies the "inverted sickle," and the mountain is so called from the peculiar form of its top. In this excursion it is usual to take a car to the foot of the mountain, ponies having been previously sent on to await our arrival. We may ride to within 2 miles of the summit. The road to Carran Tual is a wild but not uninteresting one. It skirts the northern end of the Lower Lake, crosses the bridge over the river Laune, and passes, on the left, the entrance to the celebrated Gap of Dunloe, which will be found fully described in our fourth day. It is advisable to make an early start on this excursion, and it is well to make sure that you are able for the work before undertaking it. There are, as we might expect, great diversities of opinion as to whether or not the ascent of Carran Tual is difficult. That which is excessive labour to one, is mere child's-play to another. We can only say that it is constantly ascended by ladies as well as gentlemen, and that when the top is gained, our toil will be well repaid.

The Prince of Wales when here (1858) ascended this mountain as well as Mangerton, but tourists usually content themselves with the ascent of one—

the views from both being, to a certain extent, similar in details though not in position.

Arrived at the foot of the mountain, we find our ponies ready, and are immediately surrounded by a host of guides who proffer their services to conduct us to the summit. It may be as well to remark here, that the guide selected will take as much as you choose to give him, but he will be content with half-a-crown. Here, by the side of a small stream, there is a little cottage or hunting-box which has been—with that hospitality and consideration for the wants of strangers peculiarly characteristic of the Irish gentlemen of the district—built chiefly for the accommodation of tourists. The ascent is rugged in many places, but it is gradual until we reach the “Hag’s Glen,” about 3 miles beyond the cottage, where we dismount and prepare to clamber. The spot is an extremely wild one. Two dark mountain tarns lie on each side of us—said to be the baths of the “hag,” by whom the glen is haunted! Among the surrounding rocks, the hag’s cap, crutch, chair, and even one of her teeth are pointed out. The mountain rises very abruptly here, and the 2 miles of ascent that follow are the most trying part of our day’s work. But if we breast the hill with a stout heart, we may, in less than two hours, gain the summit. It is almost unnecessary to say that the view from the peak of this mountain—the highest in Ireland—is magnificent. We have now overtopped all the surrounding hills, and have a clear prospect all over the country, and all round the horizon. Lakes, rivers, mountains, valleys, gaps, gorges, woods, hills, and sea—in one word, the whole of the finest scene in Ireland lies at

our feet. The highest point is marked by a small heap of stones, the first of which was placed there by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Doubtless this cairn will grow to a considerable size in course of time.

Sometimes the return journey from Carran Tual is made by descending into the Black Valley, proceeding to Lord Brandon's Cottage at the head of the Upper Lake, where a boat is ready to convey us by water to our hotel on the Lower Lake; but as this route is followed in the excursion up the Gap of Dunloe, we will assume that our reader has returned by the road he came. Most tourists prefer Mangerton to Carran Tual, because it is easier of access as well as of ascent, and the view from the top is quite as fine.

THIRD DAY.

[The Islands and Shores of the Lower Lake—Ross Castle—Innisfallen—Glena—O'Sullivan's Cascade, &c.]

The work of the two previous days has, we may presume, given the tourist a good idea of the general features, and grand outlines of the Lake district of Killarney, and prepared him for the less exciting, but by no means less interesting investigation of its minuter details. We will, therefore, devote this day to the *Lower Lake*. As most of it will be spent in our boat, the rest will be grateful after the toils of yesterday. The objects of interest on and around the lake are numerous, and will fully occupy our time from morning till sunset.

Providing ourselves, then, with a boat and crew at





LOWER LAKE — KILLARNEY.

(From the Victoria Hotel.)

our hotel (for charges, see *General Information*), let us embark and shoot forth on our voyage over the

LOWER LAKE.

This lake is also named Lough Leane, and in it there are numerous lovely islets, rowing amongst and landing on which, and listening to the wild legends of the lake, will occupy the greater part of the day.

The Lower Lake, as already mentioned, is by far the largest of the three, being 5 miles long and $2\frac{1}{2}$ broad. Over its ample surface are scattered nearly thirty islands of various sizes and forms; some of which are covered with trees—others are mere rocks. One of these, which formerly had no other designation than the Gun Rock, was named the *Prince's Island*, in commemoration of His Royal Highness' visit in 1858. It lies near the eastern shore of Glena Bay, close to Brickeen Island.

The principal islands in this lake are Ross Island and Innisfallen, both of which shall be visited. Brickeen Island, at its southern extremity, belongs properly to Muckcross or Torc Lake.

A particularly fine view of the Lower Lake (that given in our Engraving) may be had from the Victoria Hotel, at its northern extremity. Those who visit the Upper Lake first, and descend through Torc into the Lower Lake, will probably experience a feeling of disappointment at first on beholding the latter. This, however, will be owing to the unfavourable position from which the lake is viewed, and also to the natural effect of a transition from wild to soft scenery. In writing on this subject, Dr. Forbes says:—

“When leaving these, however” (the scenery of the Upper and Middle Lakes), “we came fairly into the open expanse of the Lower Lake, beauty and grandeur seemed to us to have almost vanished and left us little to admire but a fine expanse of water, such as we may see in any lowland lake. This was certainly the first impression made on my mind, as our boat carried us across it to Ross Island; its tame and flat shores, and the absence of all background of mountains, placing it in striking contrast with all that we had left behind us. This impression, however, was found to be considerably lessened, but by no means removed, when we afterwards traversed the lake in the opposite direction, and when we viewed it from the shores of Ross Island and Lord Kenmare’s Demesue, at the top of the bay, looking south. Then, indeed, when seen with its barrier and background of noble mountains—the Tomies, Glens, the Torc—and while the tameness of its northern, eastern, and western shores, was kept out of sight, its great expanse of surface began to tell as a noble feature, and the whole prospect became harmonized into beauty, at least, if not into grandeur also. While thus admitting that my first unfavourable impressions of this lake were not only based on imperfect observation, but were deepened and coloured by previous prepossessions, I must ever believe that the Upper Lake, with its terminal straits, is in every respect, except that of magnitude of expanse, vastly—I had almost said infinitely—superior to the Lower.”

While we agree with Dr. Forbes in this opinion, we cannot, however, help feeling that the Upper Lake is indebted to the Lower for much of its power over

the mind of the beholder. Indeed, the advantage of each to other is reciprocal, on the principle of contrast—the soft beauty of the one setting off and rendering more agreeably piquant the wild magnificence of the other. In short, we deprecate the upholding of one lake at the expense of the other, being convinced in our own mind that “both are best.”

Among the other points of interest in this lake are several curious islands, connected with which there are innumerable legends, nearly all of which have reference to the great family of O'Donoghue, and will be related by the guides with much gusto. One of the islands is called *O'Donoghue's Prison*, another his *Stable*. His *Table*, his *Honeycombs*, his *Pulpit*, &c., are all pointed out and expatiated on. Formerly, *O'Donoghue's Horse* was one of the lions, and was really a curious rock; but, from some cause or other, probably a storm, it has followed its rider and disappeared.

Our first visit shall be to

ROSS ISLAND.

At times, in dry weather, the narrow channel which separates this island from the eastern shore of the Lower Lake becomes dry, and converts it into a peninsula. A bridge spans the strait and connects it with the mainland. The picturesque ruins of an ancient castle are the chief point of interest here, but the island and neighbouring grounds, which belong to the Earl of Kenmare, afford delightful rambles, and his lordship gives to visitors every facility to view and enjoy them. Ross Island, the largest in the lake, is about 150 acres in extent, and is covered with luxuriant

plantation. Part of it is a beautiful flower-garden, where we find seats placed here and there, in such positions as to command the finest views. We start from the boat quay, not far from the island. Near the landing, immediately under the castle, is a famous echo, called *Paddy Blake*. Of course, in common politeness, we must talk to Paddy before visiting the castle; and it is said that, on being asked, "How d'ye do, Paddy Blake?" the immediate answer is, "Pretty well, I thank ye!" On this point we offer no opinion, but leave visitors to judge for themselves.

Ross Castle is a very fine ruin, much of which is still uninjured by time. It was formerly the stronghold of the great O'Donoghue family, of which the legends are innumerable and most wonderful. Our guide will undoubtedly favour us with as many of these as we desire. One member of this family in particular shines out prominently as a remarkable hero. A window in the castle is pointed out as that through which this chieftain leaped when he left the regions of earth and took up his permanent abode at the bottom of the lake, where, we are given to understand, he now dwells happily!

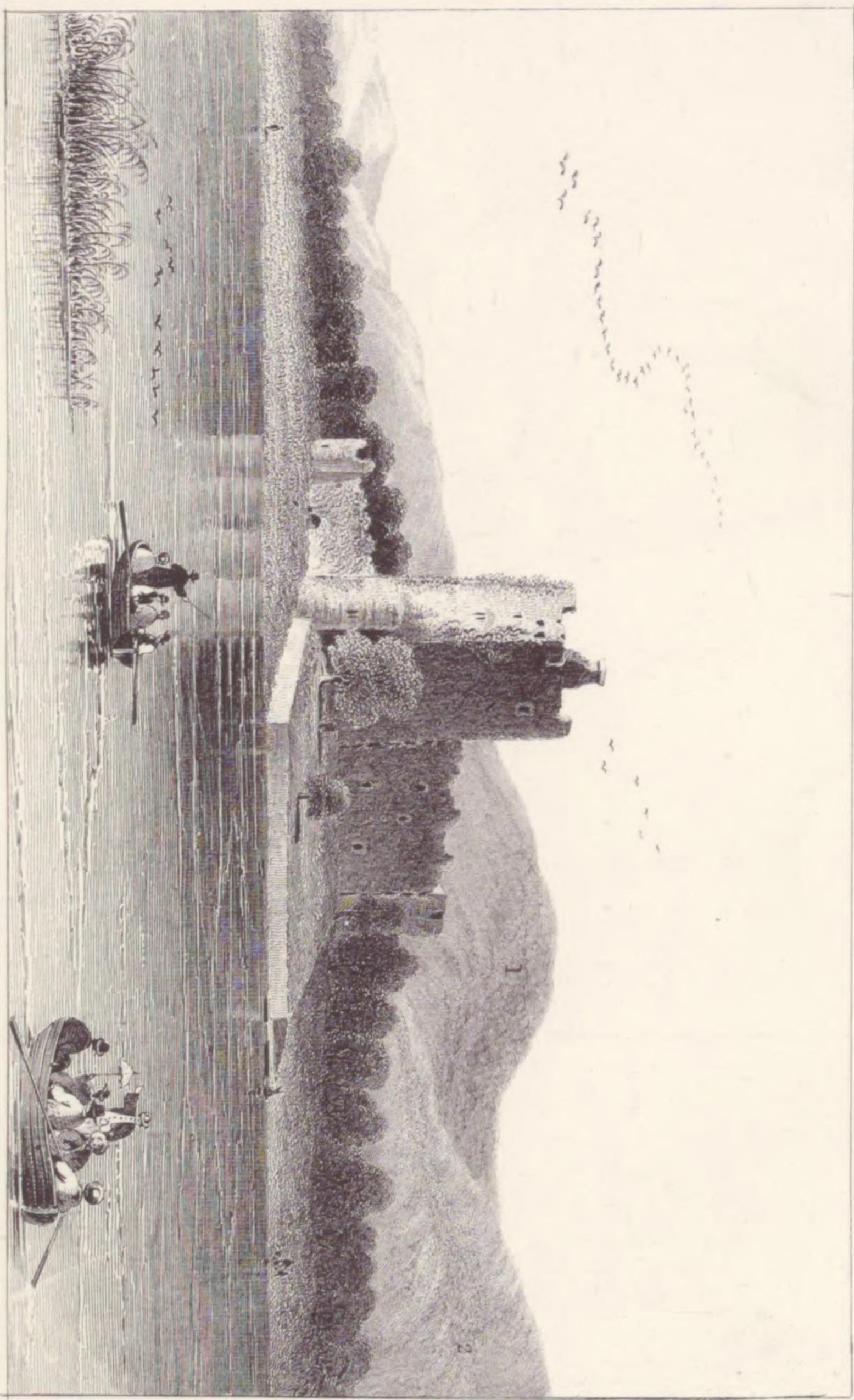
The castle is founded on a limestone rock, and is a massive square building, supported on the land side by strong buttresses. A spiral stone staircase in the interior enables us to mount to the top, whence a splendid view of the lake may be had, but the ascent is not free from danger. In days of old it must have been a place of considerable strength, and now it forms one of the chief ornaments of the Lower Lake, its picturesque ivy-clad walls being visible from almost every point of view.



plantation. Part of it is a beautiful flower-garden, where the best seeds found here and there in such profusion as to surround the forest of trees. We start from the boat here and for some time ascend. Near the landing, immediately under the castle, is a Danish man, called *Paddy Clark*. Of course, in common parlance, we were said to Paddy before visiting the natives and in a talk that, on being asked, "How d'ye do, Paddy Clark?" the immediate answer is, "Pretty well, I thank ye!" On this point we offer no opinion, but leave visitors to judge for themselves.

Staircase is a very fine ruin, much of which is now composed of stone. It was formerly the stronghold of the noble & distinguished family of which the family of the present is now very numerous. One path still substantially living is a stone way of about 200 feet long. This member of this family in particular is not so prominently as a remarkable one. A shadow of the castle is pointed out as that through which this chieftain leaped when he left the region of earth and took up his permanent abode at the bottom of the lake, where, we are given to understand, he now dwells happily!

The tower is situated on a limestone rock, and is a massive square building supported on the land side by strong buttresses. A spiral stone staircase in the interior carries us as usual to the top whence a pleasant view of the lake may be had, but the ascent is not without danger. So long of old it must have been a place of great strength, and now it forms several of the chief fortifications of the Lower Lake, its shattered fragments still being made from almost every point of view.



ROSS CASTLE.

Ross Castle figures in history as holding out resolutely against the Parliamentary forces. In 1652, it was besieged by Ludlow and Sir Hardress Waller, to whom it ultimately surrendered. It was under command of Lord Muskerry at the time. Probably it would have made a stouter resistance had not the superstitious Irish soldiers been intimidated by the appearance of boats, "ships of war," on the lake, which they deemed to be the fulfilment of an ancient prophecy, to the effect that Ross Castle would be impregnable until it should be surrounded by ships. In Ludlow's memoirs the affair is thus related:—

"When we had received our boats, each of which was capable of containing 120 men, I ordered one of them to be rowed about the water, in order to find out the most convenient place for landing upon the enemy; which they perceiving, thought fit, by a timely submission, to prevent the danger that threatened them."

As many of the legends above referred to are both curious and amusing, we shall give one or two as specimens. The first shall be the

LEGEND OF O'DONOGHUE.

Long, long ago, in those romantic ages which are usually spoken of as "once upon a time," the great chief O'Donoghue dwelt in his castle on Ross Island, and ruled over the regions around the beautiful Lakes of Killarney. This chief was a brave, good, and hospitable man; very unlike the other princes of his time. One day he plunged into the waters of the lake and disappeared. Ever since that day he has

paid an annual visit to the scenes of his former residence. Every May morning he is said to be seen galloping over the lake clad in a suit of glittering white armour, mounted on a milk-white charger, and preceded by youths and fair maidens, who scatter flowers in his path. Sometimes he is seen walking on the margin of the lake—at other times playing “hurly” on its surface.

In these same days of old—“once upon a time”—there dwelt in a cottage near the lakes a fair and beautiful maiden whose name was Melcha. She was of a melancholy temperament, and delighted chiefly in gathering wild-flowers on the margin of the lovely Glena, or in solitary rambles among the mountains. One evening, having wandered from home farther than usual, the shades of evening overtook her, and she turned her steps homewards; but being much fatigued, she sat down to rest a while on a green knoll, and gazed pensively on the glassy surface of the water. In a few minutes she fell into a calm slumber, out of which she was awakened by the sound of the most charming and solemn music that seemed to come from a distance floating on zephyr wings over the calm lake. Gradually the music swelled louder in her ears, and she started up in alarm on observing that the surface of the water was agitated and convulsed in a mysterious manner.

While she gazed in fear and surprise, a form arose from the midst of the waves and slowly approached her. It seemed like a knight mounted on a milk-white charger. Melcha would have fled in terror, but her trembling limbs refused to obey her. The knight approached. Dismounting as he reached the land,

he drew near to the maiden, and uncovered his head. Summoning up all her resolution, Melcha turned her eyes towards the knight and beheld,—not, as she had anticipated, a frightful spectre, but,—a handsome and youthful chief, who, with the most respectful tenderness, endeavoured to calm her fears. Melcha immediately fell violently in love with this handsome spirit, and soon listened to the earnest declarations of love which he poured forth as he knelt at her feet.

He told her that his name was O'Donoghue; that, for an offence committed against the Spirit of the Lakes, he was doomed to wander over them until a young and beautiful maiden would consent to become his bride; that he had roamed about for centuries in the hope of obtaining release; and concluded by drawing a glowing and graphic picture of life at the bottom of the lake, and the happiness that awaited them there if she would forsake the material world and dwell with him. To all this the blushing Melcha listened with increasing pleasure, and finally promised to become his on the next May morning.

With anxious impatience, not unmingled with dread, did Melcha wait for the appointed day. It came at length—bright and beautiful under the beams of the rising sun—and she repaired to the trysting-place at Glена, arrayed in her bridal robes, which shone with the dewdrops that fell like living diamonds upon her, as she hastened through the luxuriant woods. As she stood on a high rock overhanging the water, the sweet sounds of unearthly music once more fell upon her ear, and soon she beheld a procession of youths and maidens floating over the placid water, which glowed like a sheet of burnished silver in the morn-

ing light. At the head of the procession rode O'Donoghue on his milk-white steed, and clad in his suit of pure white armour. There was but one bright spot of colour about him, and that was the scarlet scarf which Melcha had given to him at their previous meeting. On reaching the part of the lake opposite to the rock on which the maiden stood, the procession halted and remained motionless. Melcha now perceived that it was expected she should endeavour to join her lover, and trembled as she thought of leaping from the cliff into the water. "Would she not be drowned?" And "had the knight power to save her if she did?" were questions that arose for a moment in her mind, but were instantly dismissed, and she advanced—still fear caused her to falter, when a low voice whispered in her ear—

"Fear not, fear not, lady fair;
Nothing shall harm thee in sea or in air."

At the same moment O'Donoghue extended his arms towards her. With a wild bound she plunged over the cliff; her lover sprang forward and caught her as she fell—then they sank together into the clear lake, and the whole procession disappeared! It need scarcely be added that the fair Melcha was never seen again, and that succeeding generations have recounted the story of her love and her final disappearance, with many remarkable variations, from that day to this.

O'Donoghue is seen by the peasants and guides on many occasions, and most of them relate the legends connected with him with immense gusto. But his great state appearance is, as we have said, on May morning—

“ For when the last April sun grows dim,
The Naiads prepare his steed for him,
Who dwells, bright lake, in thee.”

Before O'Donoghue left the earth he had, of course, many strange adventures. One of these is so graphically described in Mr. and Mrs. Hall's interesting work, that we transcribe it verbatim. It is the—

LEGEND OF O'DONOGHUE'S PIGS.

“ And did you never hear of O'Donoghue's pigs ? Sure, the pigs he had war wonderful—so fat and large and handsome, broad-backed and deep-chested—more like cows—the wonder of the whole country they were. Well, he was a little a' one side for want of money ; and he said to his wife, ‘ My darlin',’ he says,—for he was very fond of her, always,—‘ my darlin',’ he says, ‘ the times are bad enough, and there's so much talk about the pigs that I'll sell 'em.’ ‘ Sell 'em !’ she says, looking all ways at him—for she knew her own know—‘ is it sell 'em ?’ ‘ Whisht !’ he says, ‘ and don't be talking of what you don't understand ; keep to your little parlour, my dear, and leave O'Donoghue to manage his pigs !’ Well, whatever she answered, she said half to herself ; and by that token it wasn't, maybe, agreeable,—for when a woman doesn't care to spake out, there is something she wants to keep in, you may be certain sure of,—and O'Donoghue put a frown upon himself that would terrify the lake into a storm at any hour of the day or night ; and so she made a curtshey to him by way of obedience, and left him to himself. Well, he thought to himself, while he was taking a turn in his library, that as he only wanted the money

for present use he might as well sell the pigs ; and so off he druv them to market the next morning. Ye think it quare he'd drive the pigs ? Bedad ! and so it was ; but he had a rason for it—*they wouldn't be druv by any one else*. So presently a travelling pig-merchant came up to them, as well as he could through the fair—for the crowd round the pigs went beyant all, to see O'Donoghue on his white horse standing at the tail of a hundred o' pigs. Well, he offered for the pigs ; and O'Donoghue, when he buttoned up the money, says, ' My good man,' he says, ' if yer discontinued wid yer bargain, jist let me know, and I'll give ye yer money back again.' But the vagabone thought how soft O'Donoghue must be, for he knew he got the pigs for half their value. And one went home, and the other went home ; but the home of O'Donoghue and the home of the pig-driver did not lie the same road. Well the man druv off his pigs ; and they most broke the heart in him and his men, from the unasy way they wandered—here and there, up and down, in and out. Still when he thought of the fine bacon they'd make, he went on, never heeding the trouble. After two days' weary journey, he came to a river ford ; and if ever there had been a bridge there, it was broken down, and the river was foaming and dancing over and around the rocks, cutting and slashing like fun, and glittering like diamonds. Well, the very minute the pigs saw the wathur, they dashed into it ; and sure enough as they did, every pig became a rush—a green growing rush, rooted under the wathur, quite natural like, waving with its little tuft of brown bud at the top ! There was his beautiful pigs—his broad bacon turned

into green rushes! First of all he set up an ulla-gawn that would shake the Reeks; and then he turned back fairly and softly towards Killarney, to get his money back from the O'Donoghue. When he reached the castle, he knocked at the hall door wid the Dane's hammer that hung there; and out comes the lady. 'And what do you want, my good man?' she says; so he explained to her. 'Then,' she says, 'you must go up to the prince's bedside and shake him up,' she says, 'for he is asleep; and if you find that wont do, pull him by the foot.' He did as she bid him; but sorra a wake he'd wake, so lifting up the golden quilt that covered the bed, he pulled his foot; and if he did, as sure as Glenna is darkening the wathur, foot, ankle, leg, and thigh, came away in his hand! Oh! how he blessed O'Donoghue and his pigs—the *wrong way*—as he stood holding the limb, and the prince sleeping as sweet and as quiet as if the May breezes were playing round his head. So he tucks the leg under the tail of his coat, and though he was trembling from head to foot, he walks past the lady as *bowld as a ram*, and says, 'Thank yer honour,—I've finished my business.' He flew off like the wind, and the leg slipped from under his arm; and as sure as it did, it took to running before him! Whichever way he ran, it was before him. More than once he raised his hand to make the blessed sign, *but he had no power*. And sure his condition was not bettered, when, looking back, he saw O'Donoghue hot foot after him. 'Stop,' he cries, 'ye beggarly pig-driver. What ails ye, that ye can't stop when a gentleman tells ye? Give me my leg,' he says; 'and I think it a very unmannerly thing of

ye, and a proof of yer ill-breeding, to come to a gentleman's house and to stale the leg off his body without his lave, and he asleep. Give me my beautiful leg,' he says, coming up to him. 'Plaze yer honourable honour's glory for ever!' says the fellow, stopping; 'sure it run away, sir—it's on before, sir.' 'Where?' thundered out the prince; and every echo, from the Eagle's Nest to the Gap of Dunloe, shouted, 'Where?' 'There!' answered the nagur. Oh! oh! and O'Donoghue laughed,—the leg was in its own place. 'And there,' said the prince, throwing a purse towards him, 'my pigs are at home, and there's yer money. I only wanted my turn out of the Saxon's goold.'"

O'Donoghue is said to have been endowed with the gift of transforming himself into any shape he chose. One day his wife, under the influence of that curiosity which is slanderously reported to be a characteristic of the fair sex, begged him to perform a few transformations before her. Like a considerate husband, he advised her to restrain her curiosity, and warned her that if, while he appeared to her in any terrible form, she displayed the slightest symptom of fear, they would be separated from each other for ever. Nothing daunted, the dame repeated her request, confident in her powers of self-control. The chief complied—transformed himself into something very hideous—the lady screamed with terror—the chief instantly sprang through the window into the lake, where he has remained ever since, an enchanted spirit.

The *Copper Mines* on Ross Island are a source of great interest from their antiquity. Mining seems to

have been carried on in Ireland at a very remote period ; but the evidence of this fact in ivy-covered ruins is all that now remains to be seen. In 1804 the mine of Ross Island was re-opened. The following account of it is given by Croker :—

“ About the year 1804, Colonel Hall, an English officer, who had been some time quartered at Kilarney (with a regiment he had raised in his own county of Devon), conceiving a favourable opinion of Ross Mine, induced one or two gentlemen in the vicinity to join him in re-opening it. Having succeeded in clearing out the water and rubbish, the little company were encouraged by the flattering appearances to proceed to work it ; which they did on rather an extensive scale, notwithstanding the unfavourable circumstances of its situation, nearly close to the lake, the ground not rising much above, and dipping towards it at an angle of about thirty degrees from the horizon ; so that, in a short time, the workmen had excavated completely under the lake, with every fear of its waters breaking in on them. The richness and abundance of the ore were, however, a sufficient inducement to counteract the dread of this danger and inconvenience, as, during the four years that Ross Mine was worked, nearly £80,000 worth of copper was disposed of at Swansea, some cargoes producing £40 per ton. But this richness was the ultimate cause of its destruction, as several small veins of pure oxide of copper split off from the main lode, and ran towards the surface. The ore of these veins was much more valuable than the other, consequently the miners (who were paid by quality as well as quantity) pursued the smaller veins so near the

surface, that the water broke through into the mine in such an overwhelming degree that an engine of thirty horse-power could make no sensible impression on the inundation; and thus a forcible stop was put to all farther proceedings."

A walk round Ross Island will be found extremely interesting. There are great varieties of evergreens growing upon it; amongst which the most striking, from their great size, are the arbutus, the holly, and the yew.

Leaving the delightful shades of Ross Island behind us with regret, we next direct our course to

INNISFALLEN.

This isle is thought to be the most beautiful and varied among its comrades. It is undoubtedly the most interesting. The foliage is so thick that it seems to be actually growing out of the lake. Magnificent ash-trees, elms, and hollies, cover its emerald surface; but the arbutus, so plentiful elsewhere, is not to be found here. Innisfallen contains about 25 acres of the most fertile land, and is celebrated for its ruined abbey (which we shall visit ere long) and its "Annals." It lies less than half a mile to the north-west of Ross Island, and about a mile from the northern shore of the lake.

On one side the island is rocky and elevated; on the other it slopes towards the lake. Although, at a short distance off, it appears to be one impenetrable mass of foliage, the interior is broken up into every variety of the most charming scenery on a small scale. There are thickets, forests, dells, lawns, knolls,

and hills in miniature, with cattle grazing on the lawns, and birds twittering joyously among the bushes and majestic trees. The shores are everywhere indented with small creeks, bays, and hollows. It is, indeed, a perfect paradise, and we do not wonder that the monks of old selected it as a residence. The verdure everywhere is peculiarly rich, and some of the trees have attained to an enormous size. There is one holly-tree, in particular, which is the admiration of all tourists. It is supposed to be the largest in existence, and measures 15 feet in circumference. There is also another tree on this island which deserves notice: it is a combination of a holly, an ash, a hawthorn, and an ivy, which are so closely united as to have the appearance of being the product of one stem. Moore has sung the praises of this island in the following lines:—

“ Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
 May calm and sunshine long be thine;
 How fair thou art, let others tell,
 While but to feel how fair be mine.

Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
 In memory's dream that sunny smile,
 Which o'er thee on that evening fell,
 When first I saw thy fairy isle.”

INNISFALLEN ABBEY is supposed to have been founded by St. Finian about the year 600. The ruins lie scattered about the island, and the sacristy is now fitted up for the accommodation of visitors. The remains, however, are very meagre. The celebrated “Annals of Innisfallen” were composed here by two monks. This work is among the earliest records of Irish history. It was written on parchment. The original manuscript, containing fifty-

seven quarto leaves, is now in the Bodleian Library, and was preserved for several centuries in the Abbey of Innisfallen. It contains a history of the world down to the arrival of St. Patrick in Ireland in the year 432, and from this period it is a history of Ireland down to 1320. There are several copies of the work in existence, one of which is in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. From many passages in these Annals we learn that the monks do not seem to have enjoyed their little isle altogether unmolested in the so-called "good old times." In one place we read thus:—"Anno 1180. This Abbey of Innisfallen being ever esteemed a paradise and a secure sanctuary, the treasure and the most valuable effects of the whole county were deposited in the hands of the clergy; notwithstanding which, we find the abbey was plundered in this year by Maolduin, son of Daniel O'Donoghue. Many of the clergy were slain, and even in their cemetery, by the M'Carthy's. But God soon punished this act of impiety and sacrilege, by bringing many of its authors to an untimely end."

The legends connected with the island are, of course, innumerable; and it may be as well, perhaps, to refrain from recounting any of them here, as our guides are pretty certain to entertain us with them in their own graphic and forcible language.

Pushing off from Innisfallen, we may now proceed to visit the other islands of the Lower Lake. Although some of these are very beautiful, none are so interesting as the two we have already visited. When satisfied with rowing and landing, and listening to romantic stories, we next push over to the western side of the lake, and visit

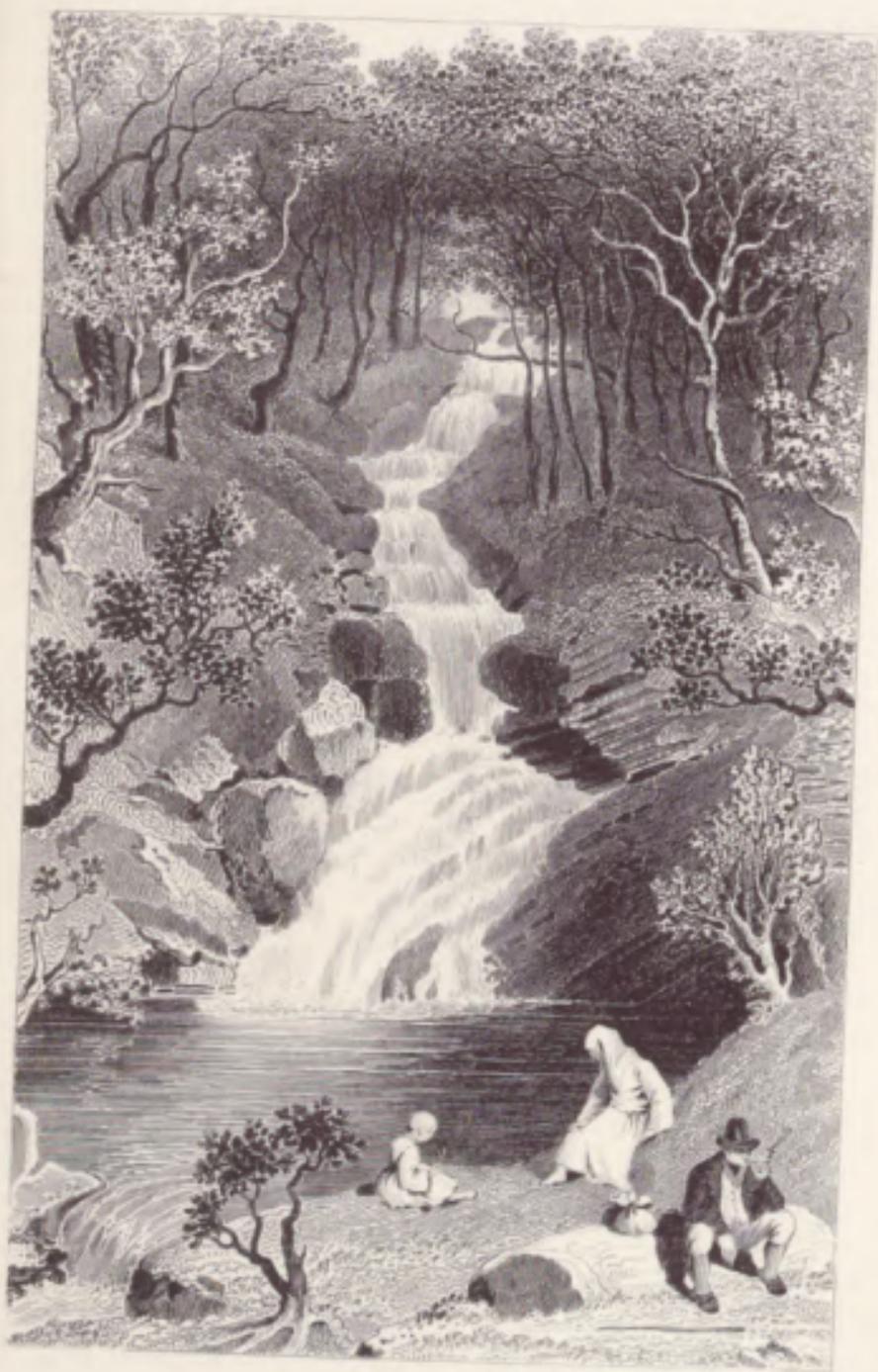


O'DOLLYNANS WATERFALL.

never quite correct, is in the Bodleian Library, and was preserved for several centuries in the Abbey of Inishelien. It is called a history of the world down to the present, and the Parish is Ireland in the year 1700. It is a history of Ireland, and is a history of Ireland. There are several copies of the book in the Bodleian, one of which is in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. From many passages in these Annals we learn that the monks do not seem to have enjoyed their little life altogether unaltered in the so-called "good old times." In one place we read thus:—"Anno 1167. The Abbey of Inishelien being ever esteemed a parish and a monastic priory, the houses and the possessions thereof of the whole were then destroyed by the hands of the king's army, and the monks were slain, and ever is that country, by the McCarthys. But God was punished the sin of impiety and exaltation, by bringing down of us a curse to an untimely end."

The legends connected with the island are of course, like all legends, and it may be as well perhaps to avoid, for presenting any of them here, as our noble and worthy authors do not contain us with them in their rich and noble language.

The island being mentioned, we may now proceed to describe the island of the lower lake. Although the island is very small, it is very interesting in its history, and is very rich in its natural beauties. It is situated on the western side of the lake, and is about



O'SULLIVAN'S CASCADE.

O'SULLIVAN'S WATERFALL.

This cascade is situated at the foot of the *Tomies*, a mountain of about 2413 feet high, which lies near the west shore of the Lower Lake. The stream which forms this waterfall separates the *Tomies* from the mountains of *Glena*.

As we approach, the hills have a grand appearance and broken outline, forming a fine background to the noble lake. Rich wood clothes their base, but farther up they are covered with heath, and here and there furrowed with watercourses. On landing, we follow the track along the rivulet up a glen, at the head of which is the waterfall; but so thick is the foliage of intervening shrubs and trees, that we do not catch sight of it until long after we have heard its roar. Some tourists go the length of saying, that this fall is superior in beauty to all the others in the district, not even excepting those of *Torc* and *Derry-cunnihy*. This, however, is by no means the general opinion.

There are three successive falls. The first drops perpendicularly a depth of 20 feet into a basin, from which, rushing between two overhanging rocks, the stream makes its way over the second precipice into another basin, whence it plunges over the last descent, and rushes onwards to find its level in the lake. The entire height of the cascade is about 70 feet.

Under a projecting rock fringed with creepers and foliage is a cave called *O'Sullivan's Grotto*, where a seat enables the visitor to rest and enjoy the view of the fall and its picturesque scenery. There is a mag-

nificent tree in the vicinity named the "Royal Oak," which is 80 feet in height and 14 in circumference. The

BAY OF GLENA,

a short distance to the south of O'Sullivan's Cascade, is an exceedingly lovely spot. Towards it we next direct our course, cruising along the richly-wooded base of Tomies, passing Stag and Burnt Islands, the "Minister's Back," and "Darby's Garden," and landing at the pretty cottage built by the Earl of Kenmare for the convenience of tourists,—that is, to dine or lunch in. There is attendance, but no refreshments are supplied (except, perchance, fresh salmon and potatoes). All we require in that way must be either sent from our hotel or carried in our wallets. The views from Glena are exceedingly fine, and the scenery around it is thought by many to be the finest in the Lower Lake.

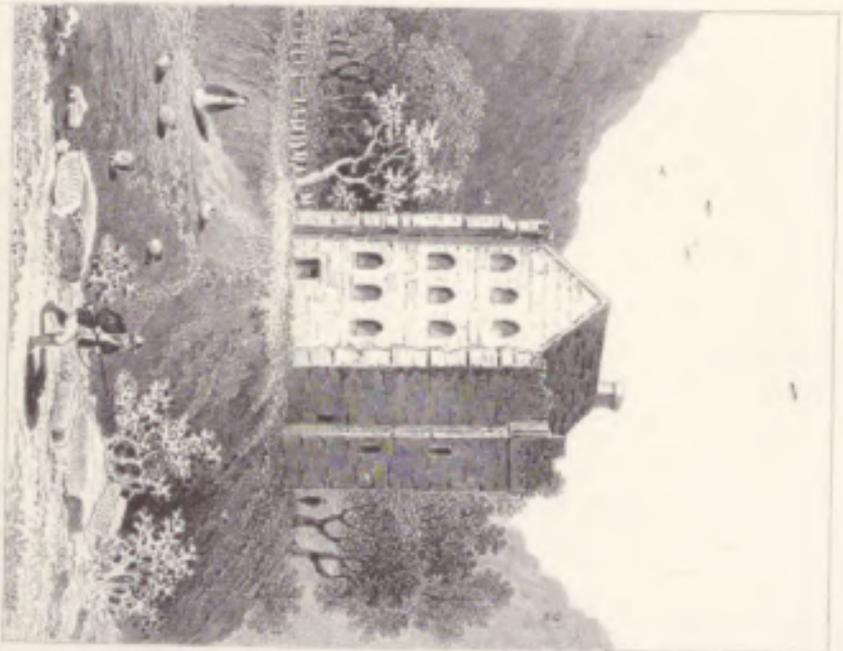
Here we are in the neighbourhood of Brickeen Island, Dinis Island, and the many points of interest that cluster round them; but as these fall to be visited in our fourth day's excursion, we recommend that they should be passed by at the present time, and Castletough Bay, with its islands, be visited instead.

Castletough Bay lies between the Kenmare and Muckcross estates, on the east side of the lake. On our way thither we pass Gun Rock, already mentioned as having been named "Prince's Island," in commemoration of the visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The bay is full of beautiful islets, amongst which we may row for hours with great pleasure; and then, directing our stout boatmen to bend to their



THE TURNPIKE.

(near St. Dunoe.)



DUNLOE CASTLE.

ears, we shoot with a speed almost equal to O'Donoghue's spirit-charger over the water to the north-western end of the lake to visit

DUNLOE CASTLE.

This old stronghold stands on the river Laune, between 4 and 5 miles from the Victoria Hotel. It might be visited on our excursion through the Gap of Dunloe; but as that excursion is a long one, and will require a full day for its accomplishment, it is advisable not to turn aside then, but visit the castle in connection with the objects on and around the Lower Lake.

Dunloe Castle stands on a bold promontory overlooking the river, near the bridge. It has a worn, but wild and hardy look about it, as if it had suffered much at the hand of Time, but remained undaunted and vigorous still. The view from the castle is most exquisite, and the row down the river will be found to be not the least interesting portion of the excursion.

The *Laune River* flows out of the Lower Lake at its north-western extremity. It is of considerable size, and forms the only outlet to the three lakes.

The castle has been kept in good repair by its various proprietors. Its position was, in former days, a strong one; and it was doubtless erected for the purpose of commanding the river and the pass into the mountains. In the times of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth it frequently stood the brunt of warfare; and in 1641 it was besieged and nearly demolished by the Parliamentary forces under Ludlow.

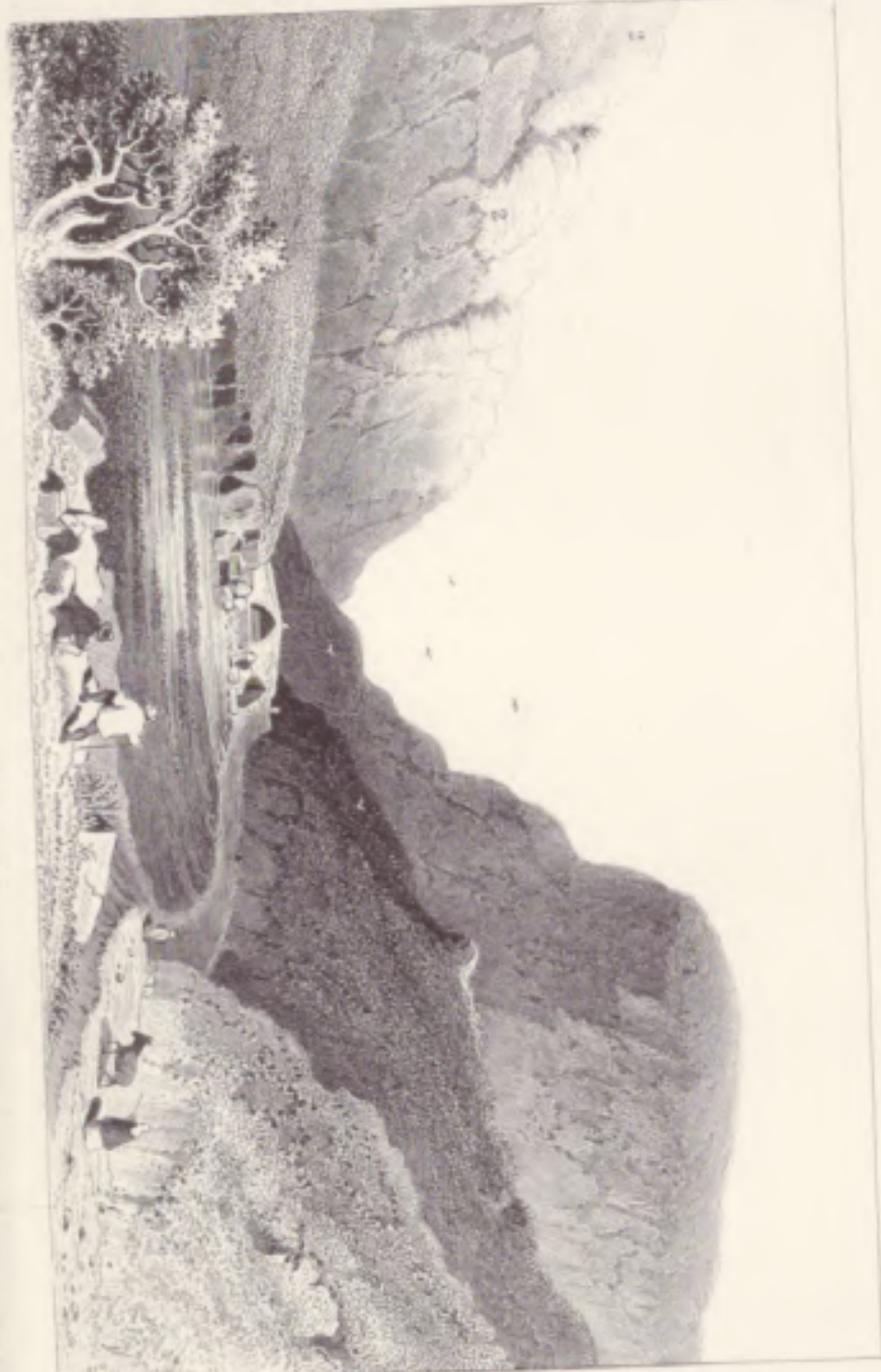
FOURTH DAY.

[The Gap of Dunloe, Black Valley, Upper Lake, Long Range, Eagle's Nest, Muckross Lake, &c.]

This is to be our *great day* at the lakes. The excursion through the celebrated Gap of Dunloe is a long one—see to it, therefore, that the weather be propitious, and start with the early morning. Besides the advantage of gaining time by an early start, there is no period of the day so exhilarating as that which immediately succeeds sunrise. This excursion is a vast sweep, up and down the entire length of the district, both by land and water, and embraces nearly all the beauties and wonders of “the Lakes.”

It is usual, on making the excursion through the Gap of Dunloe, to order ponies to be in waiting at the north end of the Gap, and a boat at the head of the Upper Lake. Our car takes us only a certain distance up the Gap. Beyond the point where the car is left behind there is a ride, or walk, of 4 miles to the place where the boat is waiting.

With a faithful guide at our elbow, and a stout oak stick in our hand, we mount our car and drive along the northern shore of Lough Leane towards the west for a distance of about 4 miles beyond the Victoria, where we come to *Beaufort Bridge*, where the road turns sharp to the left, and crosses the river Laune. The view of the river from the bridge is fine. It is here that the detour to the Castle of Dunloe is made by those who choose to visit it during this excursion. One mile farther over a wild country, and we reach the entrance to the Gap of



THE GAP OF DUNLOE.

The Gap of Dunloe, Co. Kerry, Ireland.

Dunloe; but before penetrating the gorge, let us turn aside to examine the *Cave of Dunloe*. This curious relic of antiquity was discovered in a field adjoining the road by some labourers in 1838. While constructing a fence, they broke into the subterranean cave, which was found to contain several skulls and human bones. On the stones of the roof were found written characters of a kind similar to what is called the *Ogham* writing—a style of writing said to have been practised by the Druids before the introduction of Christianity. Not far from this stands the cottage of the celebrated *Kate Kearney*, in regard to whom the poet asks—

“Oh, did ye ne'er hear of Kate Kearney?
She lives by the Lake of Killarney.”

And we may add—without attempting to throw the fact into the form of verse—that her granddaughter will supply us with capital cakes and goats' milk.

GAP OF DUNLOE.

The road through the Gap runs due south to the head of the Upper Lake, where our boat is in readiness to take us down the lake and the stream of the Long Range, through Torc and the Lower Lakes, and so, back to our hotel.

The Gap of Dunloe is a wild deep pass, running due north and south between the Macgillicuddy Reeks and the Tomies Mountains. It is a singularly wild gorge, about 4 miles in extent, from the northern entrance to the Black Valley, and more like a gigantic split in the mountains than an ordinary glen. There is great diversity of opinion in regard to the Gap. Some

writers express unbounded admiration; others seem to think the praises usually bestowed on it undeserved. Its chief characteristics are its narrowness, and the abrupt steepness of its lofty boundaries. The passage through it is easy both for horsemen and pedestrians; but cars can only advance as far as Cushvalley Loch. The rocks that have fallen from the sides of the precipices are scattered all over the bottom of the pass, and are occasionally receiving accessions to their number. Sterling Coyne writes of the Gap thus:—

“On either hand the craggy cliffs, composed of huge masses of projecting rocks, suspend fearfully over the narrow pathway, and at every step threaten with destruction the adventurous explorer of this desolate scene. In the interstices of these immense fragments, a few shrubs and trees shoot out in fantastic shapes; which, with the dark ivy and luxuriant heather, contribute to the picturesque effect of the landscape. A small but rapid stream called the *Loe*, traverses the whole length of the glen, expanding itself at different points into five small lakes, each having its proper name, but which are known in the aggregate as the *Cummeen Thomeen Lakes*. The road, which is a mere rugged footpath, constructed on the frequent brink of precipices, follows the course of the stream, and in two places crosses it by means of bridges. One of these stands at the head of a beautiful rapid, where the water rushes in whitening foam over the rocky bed of the torrent. The part of the glen which attracts most admiration, is that where the valley becomes so contracted as scarcely to leave room between the precipitous sides for the scanty

pathway and its accompanying strand." Another writer tells us, that the Gap did not seem to him worthy of its reputation. "It is merely a deep valley; but the rocks which flank the valley are neither lofty nor very remarkable in their form." A third writer, on the other hand, says—"The very entrance to the Gap is a sudden introduction to its marvels; the visitor is at once convinced that he is about to visit a scene rarely paralleled for wild grandeur and stern magnificence; the singular character of the deep ravine would seem to confirm the popular tradition, that it was produced by the stroke of the sword of one of the giants of old, which divided the mountains and left them apart for ever." Amid such conflicting opinions, we think it were best to leave the tourist to form his own opinion from his own observation.

There are a few cottages at the entrance of the Gap, and a very little cultivated land is visible here and there. Within the glen itself there are only a few small trees, and a little underwood; yet there are habitations somewhere, as we learn from the sudden appearance of friendly dames, who offer us goats' milk or whisky, either separate or mingled as may best suit our taste.

After passing *Cosaun Lough*, *Black Lake*, *Cush-valley Lough*, and *Auger Lough*, and *Black Lough*—all of which, except the last, abound in fish, we reach a curious mass of rock called

THE TURNPIKE.

Beyond this cars cannot advance; we therefore

alight and proceed on foot or on ponies. Of the Turnpike we give a representation in our Plate. It is a prominent object among the grotesquely-formed rocks that crowd the glen. The enormous masses that have from time to time fallen from the steep cliffs above, formerly rendered this pass almost inaccessible; but human perseverance at length overcame the difficulty by cutting a road among them. Just above the Turnpike we reach the *Serpent Lake*, in the wildest part of the Gap. As we approach, the murmur of the water passing through a subterranean channel is heard. It was here (so saith tradition) that St. Patrick destroyed the last of the serpents,—hence the name of the lake, which lies deep and dark in its gloomy bed, overshadowed by the frowning mountains, without a ripple to disturb the death-like stillness of its black bosom.

All along the pass our ears are filled with the rude music of the brawling stream, which bounds, gambols, dashes, glides, and warbles through it, varying its mood according to the nature of the ground.

Beyond this the valley gradually widens until it attains its highest elevation, near the southern extremity of the glen.

There are some magnificent echoes here, which we must by no means omit to awaken, both by means of the bugle of our guide and by a small cannon which is kept here for the purpose. The shot in itself is insignificant, but the effect produced is absolutely sublime. Shots, peals of sound, thunderbolts, leap, burst, crash from out the surrounding hills. Dells, cliffs, rocks, and peaks, pour forth a torrent of rolling rage, as if the signal had let loose the angry spirits of the moun-

BLAKE VALLEY - BISHOP





BLACK VALLEY - KILLARNEY.

Illustration of McMillan's Books 2 Purple Mountains 3 Green Thaw Mountains

tains. Gradually the sounds decrease, and terminate in fitful mutterings.

Beyond Cushvalley Lough, the road rises upwards of 400 feet in the course of two miles, and passes over the shoulder of *Purple Mountain*, which is 2740 feet high. On emerging from the glen at the southern extremity, a turning in the path suddenly reveals to us the

BLACK VALLEY.

This dark vale is also named *Coom-a-Dhuv*. It bursts suddenly upon our gaze as we issue from the Gap of Dunloe; and the wild, savage grandeur of its gloomy depths is very impressive. Our Engraving gives a view of this valley. Within its dark shades we observe a pure white cascade, which somewhat relieves its gloom, while, in its turn, the Black Valley forms a striking contrast to much of the rich and brilliant scenery that meets our view in other directions. The whole scene from this point is indeed surpassingly grand and beautiful, and for the full appreciation of it we were prepared by our recent toilsome march through the barren Gap of Dunloe.

The Black Valley is a deep, dark, dreary glen, buried in the midst of, and overshadowed by, steep mountains. At one end of it lies a little tarn, or dark still lough, called *Lough-an-bric-dearg*, "The Lake of the Red Trout;" and along the bottom of the vale there are several other lakes of smaller size. The Black Valley is the perfection of lonely wildness.

Its darkness arises partly from the height of the surrounding mountains, and partly from the immense

quantity of peaty matter held in solution by the water. In this neighbourhood we turn aside to visit the

LOGAN STONE.

This is one of those curiously balanced stones which have so long puzzled philosophers in their attempts to ascertain how they got into their extraordinary position. It is a huge rock, which, though upwards of 20 feet in circumference, and many tons in weight, may be moved by a slight touch. Some writers allude to this stone as a work of art, and suppose that it must have been placed in its present position by the Druids, who seem to be saddled with everything in nature and art that is unaccountable! Recent discoveries in science, however, attribute the position of such stones to the action of glaciers, of which, it is believed, there were many on the mountains of Scotland in the ages of remote antiquity. Doubtless the heights of Ireland were also clothed with the same wonder-working agents,—and hence the rocking stone. Indeed, this theory is almost, if not quite, confirmed by the observation of recent arctic voyagers, who saw many large boulder stones left, by the melting ice, balanced on the top of small stones and rocky points.

We now return to the road, and, following for some distance the course of the *Gearhameen River*, which flows out of the Black Valley, and through the demesne that formerly belonged to Lord Brandon, and still retains his name, we arrive at the spot where our boat awaits us. Embarking, we sweep down the stream, and out upon the placid bosom of the

UPPER LAKE.

The descriptions already given of this lake (p. 29) apply to it as seen from the mountains on the east, but the views obtained as we now row over its waters are much finer in many respects, and certainly more picturesque.

“In passing through this lake,” writes Dr. Forbes, “and along the narrow river-like strait that connects it with the Middle and Lower Lakes, I could no longer doubt that the views now presented to us were at once grander, more picturesque, and more beautiful, than any we had seen or could see from its banks. Besides the charm—great in itself—of floating placidly over the calm surface of the mirrored water, the spectator from this central station can command at once the clustering islands of every variety of form and hue—the tree-crowned shores of the lake, the encircling slopes, green far up with impenetrable wood, and then towering to the sky abrupt and dark; while at every turn of his head he has still fresh aspects of the picture, and none alike, except in possessing the common charm of a beauty and a grandeur that touch the heart. It is impossible to convey in words the special features of the landscape, which, when combined, produce so exquisite a result; but I think few of those who have the good fortune to visit the Upper Lake and Long Range of Killarney, will either deny the charm, or think that it may be equalled or excelled by many other scenes of a kindred sort.”

“Once fairly embarked on its waters,” says

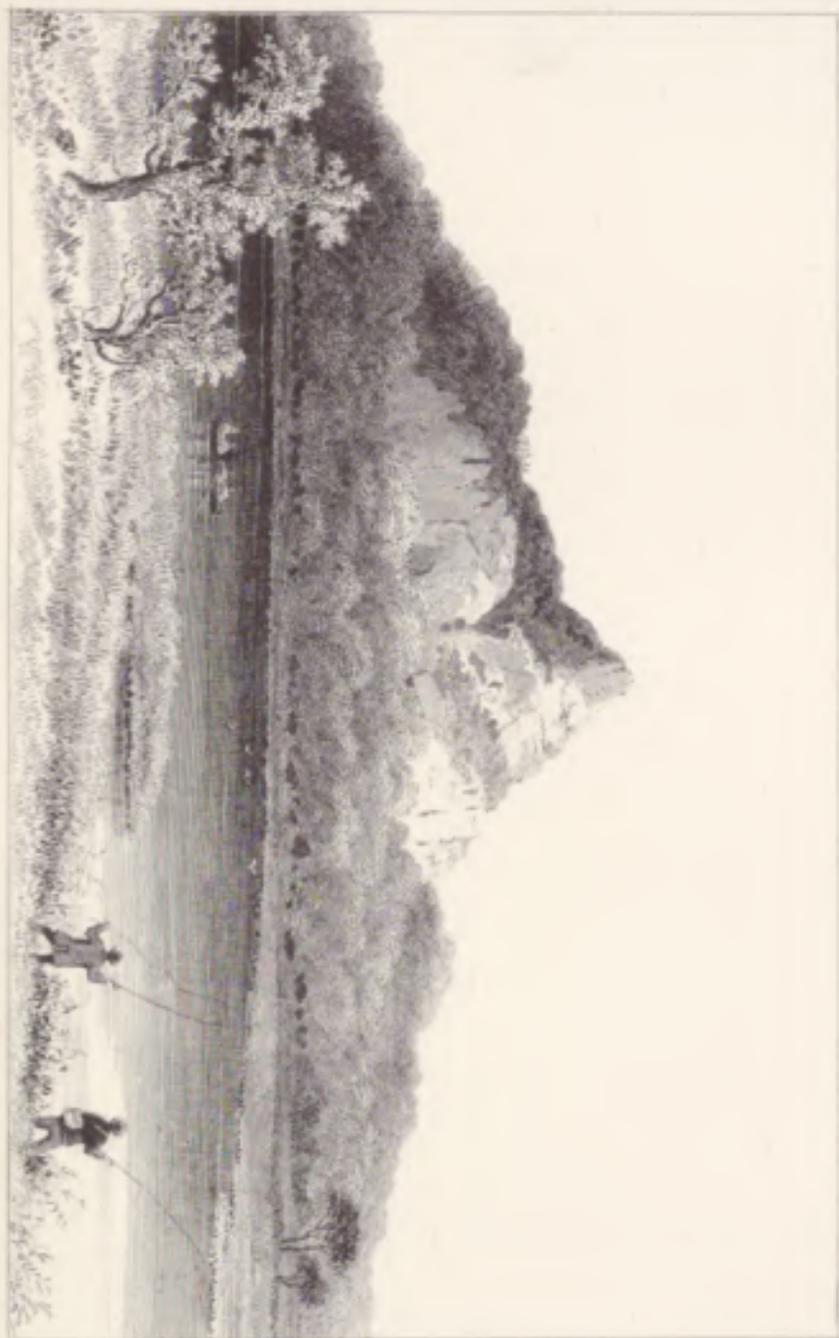
Windele, "and looking back, the illusion of its being altogether land-locked, and enclosed without any opening or mode of egress, seems nearly complete."

"Abrupt and sheer the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink,
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the waters meet the land."

Strange stories, as a matter of course, are related of the islands here. One, *Ronan's Island* by name, is said to have been long ago the residence of an Englishman who was mad, or enthusiastic, or both, and who lived the life of a hermit in these romantic solitudes, subsisting chiefly on the produce of his rod and gun. On another, *Rosburkie*, a little girl one morning early went to milk the cows at sunrise, and to her immense delight discovered a crock of gold. Being unable to lift the treasure, she took the spangle of the cow she was milking and tied it to a tree, to mark the spot. She then leaped into her boat, and rowed to the mainland to obtain help, carrying two gold pieces in her bosom as an evidence of the truth of her story. Instantly father and mother and brothers and sisters rushed to the boat and pulled for the spot, where, lo and behold, a spangle was found attached to every tree on the island, and no crock was to be seen. In amazement the mother laid the two gold pieces in her palm, and looked at them earnestly as if to question the evidence of her senses; while they all gazed, a gust of wind whirled them away, and a shout of laughter burst from the surrounding trees! No doubt this legend is true "intirely!" *M'Carthy's Island* is exceedingly rich and beautiful, being covered from base to summit with arbutus.

THE GREAT HORN





THE EAGLES NEST.

Passing the long promontory named *Coleman's Eye*, at the north-eastern extremity of the Upper Lake, we enter the

LONG RANGE.

This is a rapid stream or strait upwards of 2 miles in length, which conveys the waters of the Upper Lake into Muckcross Lake. The rocks at the entrance to the Long Range are fantastically shaped and marked in several places with the foot-prints of men of gigantic stature. The origin of these marks—of which there are many about the lakes—is uncertain; nevertheless, our guide will give us graphic details thereof on the least encouragement!

Passing rapidly onward with the current amid softer but still beautiful scenery, we arrive, about midway down the channel, at the

EAGLE'S NEST.

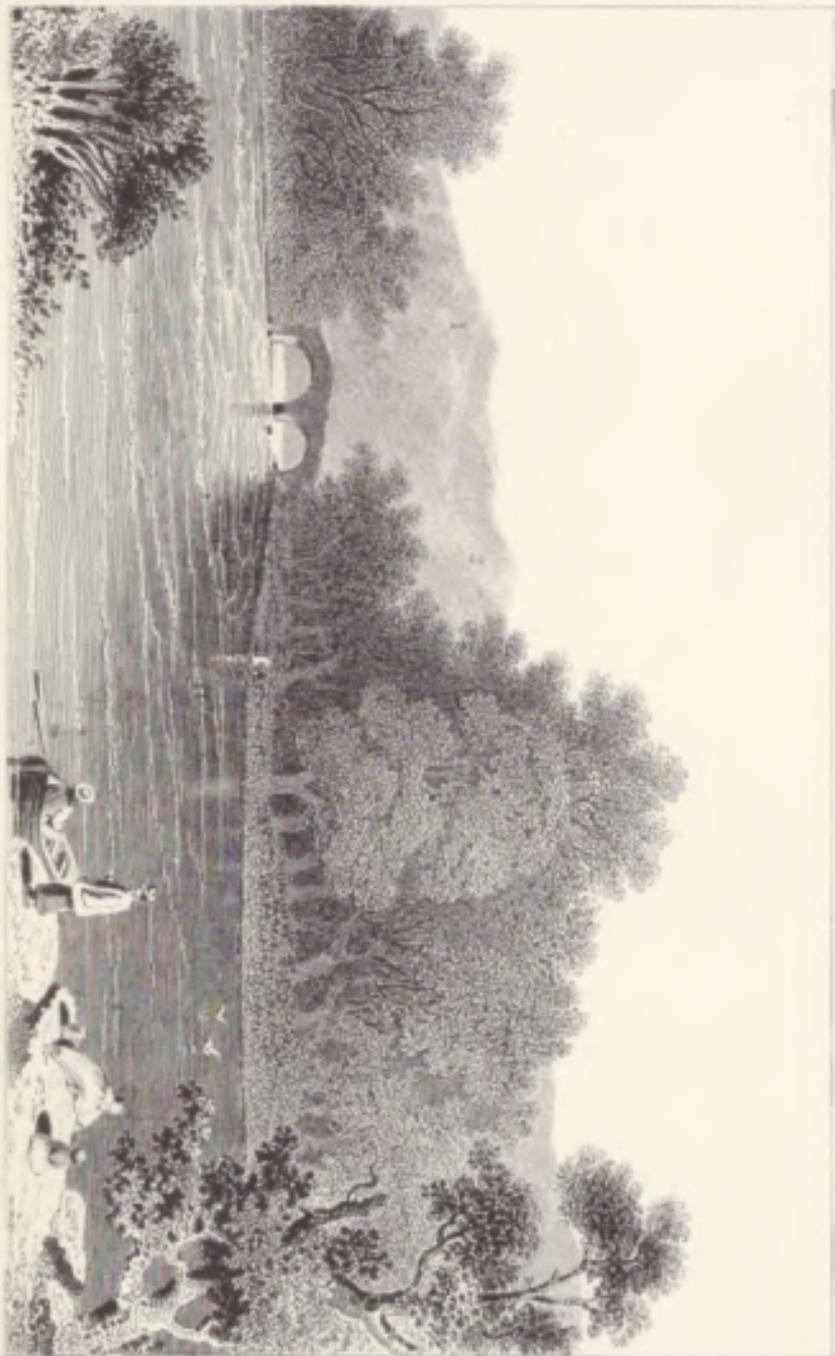
The extraordinary echo here is a point of great interest. It is perhaps the best of all the echoes of Killarney. The hill is conical in form, and covered on its base with evergreens; but the summit is naked, and on the top, which is inaccessible, the eagles have built their nests for centuries: hence the name. Its height is 1100 feet. Rowing into a little creek, our guide, who, like almost all the other guides of the lakes, plays the bugle, steps ashore, and prepares to awaken the echoes. He sounds a single note, the effect of which is inconceivably wonderful. The solitary note rebounds from hill to hill, from cliff to crag—now soft, now loud, sometimes in rapid succession,

at other times pausing, as if for an answer, until it finally dies away in low, soft, faint whispers. Again the bugle is sounded—this time in a succession of rapid notes—and instantly the mountains seem alive with harmony; far and near, around, on every side, note follows note in soft, wild confusion; some reverberating loudly, others mellowed by distance, and the whole producing an effect which words cannot describe.

“It is scarcely,” writes Weld, “in the power of language to convey an idea of the extraordinary effect of the echoes under this cliff, whether they repeat the dulcet notes of music, or the loud discordant report of a cannon.”

Many strange and amusing stories are related by the peasantry (according to Mr. Hall) of those who have attempted to rob the eagles' nests. The boatmen tell of a vagabond soldier “‘Who says, says he, I'll go bail I'll rob it, says he.’ ‘Maybe you will, and maybe you wont,’ says the aigle; and wid that she pertinded to fly off wid herself. So the sodger, when he sees that, lets himself down by a long rope he had with him; and ‘I have ye now by your sharp noses, every mother son of ye,’ says he, when all of a sudden out comes the ould aigle from a thundercloud, and says very civilly, says she, ‘Good morrow, sir,’ says she; ‘and what brings ye to visit my fine family so early, before they've had their break'ast?’ says she. ‘Oh, nothing at all,’ says the sodger, who, ye see, was gratefully frightened; ‘only to ax after their health, ma'am,’ says he; ‘and if e'er a one of 'em has the toothache, for which I have a specific that I brought wid me in my pocket from furrin parts.’





OLD WEIR BRIDGE.

1720. Mountain. 21. View of Mountain.

'Ye brought some blarney in the other pocket, then,' says the aigle; 'for don't I know ye came to stale mee childre?' 'Honour bright,' says the sodger; 'do ye think I'd be doing such a mane thing?' 'I'll lave it to a neighbor o' mine whether ye did or no,' says the aigle. So wid that she bawls out at the top of her voice, 'Did he come to rob the aigle's nest?' In coorse the echo made answer, 'To rob the aigle's nest.' 'Hear to that, ye thief,' says the aigle; 'and take that home wid ye,' giving him a stroke with her bake betune the two eyes, that sent him rowling into the lake; and I'll go bail none of his progenitors ever went to rob an aigle's nest after that day."

Continuing our voyage, while the echoes are still ringing in our ears, we reach an extremely lovely scene named the *Meeting of the Waters*. Here the Long Range is divided into two channels by Dinis Island, by that to the west we may descend to the Lower Lake by the Bay of Glena. The channel to the eastward flows into Muckcross Lake under the

OLD WEIR BRIDGE.

This bridge spans the waters of the Long Range at their most rapid part. It has two arches, only one of which is navigable by boats, and here the tourist will have an opportunity of trying his nerves while the boat is running the rapid. Travellers who happen to be at all nervous, usually disembark above the rapids at Old Weir Bridge; but there is no real danger.

The bridge connects Dinis Island with the mainland, and is the last of the three bridges which

enable tourists to pass from the Muckcross Demesne, in his car, over Brickeen and Dinis Islands, and so accomplish the entire circuit of the Middle Lake. (Part of this drive is described on p. 33.) Passing under the Old Weir Bridge, we now sweep out upon the beautiful expanse of

MUCKROSS LAKE.

This sheet of water is the second in size, and is a little larger than the Upper Lake, being 2 miles long by 1 broad. The Muckross Demesne separates it from the Lower Lake. It is also named *Torc Lake* and the *Middle Lake*. There are several curious and picturesque caves here which we ought not to omit seeing if we have leisure. The echoes, too, although not so remarkable as those elsewhere, are still very beautiful. Dinis Island is the only one of any size belonging to it. It may be said to share Brickeen Island with the Lower Lake. If time permits, we may row round the lake and awaken its echoes on this excursion; but if not, we ought to devote part of another day to it. It is not one-fourth the size of the Lower Lake, and in beauty, as in position, it holds a place between its two sisters. We may land on Dinis Island if so disposed, or, continuing our voyage, row homeward over the Lower Lake, having spent the longest, and probably the most interesting day of our tour through the district.

FIFTH DAY.

[Ruins of Aghadoe—Earl of Kenmare's Demesne—
Killarney, &c.]

This day our excursion shall be a quiet one. We have now seen the wildest and most interesting portions of the scenery, and can afford to meditate on the incidents and sights of yesterday while we ramble through the pleasure-grounds belonging to Lord Kenmare, or visit objects of minor interest in the neighbourhood of our hotel. First we shall proceed to the

AGHADOE RUINS.

These lie at a very short distance from the Victoria. They consist of an Abbey, Round Tower, and Castle, and are said to be the most ancient ruins in Ireland.—

The *Cathedral Church* is a low oblong structure, containing two distinct chapels—the one of which is older than the other. The most interesting portion is the ornamented doorway, which is very beautiful.

The *Round Castle* is a massive building, of about 30 feet in height, which is called sometimes the “Pulpit,” and sometimes the “Bishop’s Chair.” The walls are 7 feet thick, and there is a flight of steps within their thickness. It stands on the hillside within an earthen enclosure, and is evidently very ancient.

The *Round Tower* is worthy of notice, chiefly on account of the view from its summit, which is the finest to be obtained in this quarter.

Being situated on elevated ground, the Lower Lake is seen to great advantage, and the eye wanders with delight over the country where, in days of old, M'Carthy Mor and O'Donoghue held sway and hunted the red deer. And here we may perhaps be permitted to make a short digression in reference to deer. The mountains of Killarney abound with red deer, and among the many attractions to the lakes a stag-hunt is one. It is always a bloodless hunt, for, after the animal has been run down, it is not allowed to be torn by the dogs. Of the several descriptions extant, we quote the following from Mr. and Mrs. Hall as being the best :—

A STAG-HUNT.

“ The place of meeting on this occasion was Derry-cunihy, the beautiful cascade on the Upper Lake. The morning was fine, and we procured one of the many fine boats which are to be hired at Killarney. They were all in requisition; nothing could surpass the beauty of the scene as we threaded along the various windings between the Upper and Lower Lakes; boats, lustily manned, filled with ladies, whose gay attire and cheerful faces caused even the mountains to sing with pleasure,—for the merry laugh from each boat as it passed the far-famed Eagle's Nest was returned tenfold by its echoes, which kept up a constant reply to the view-haloo of the boatmen, the bugle of the helmsman, and the fainter cadence of the female voice. At length we reached the Upper Lake, and were surprised at the number, beauty, and appointments of the various boats; Lord Headley's, with his crew, Mr. O'Connell's, O'Sullivan's, &c.,

the flags bearing their respective mottoes, all eagerly awaiting the moment of action. At length Mr. Herbert arrived in a splendid cutter, manned by some old college friends, himself pulling stroke,—his blue banner bearing the title of his bark, the 'Colleen Dhas' (the Beautiful Maid). The hounds were now laid on, and soon made the echoes ring with their music. We pulled along shore parallel with their cry; at length we turned into a bay at the bottom of the lake, and then lay-to by the advice of our boatmen. We had scarcely reached the spot when the helmsman raised his hand in silence, and pointed towards the glens; we saw a majestic stag bounding towards us. Within a few yards of our boat he dashed into the lake, and was quickly followed by the hounds, tracking him with fatal accuracy. They soon reached the opposite shore, and climbed the mountain side. At length the bugle sounded, and a hundred voices proclaimed that the monarch of Torc had fallen. The novelty of the scene, the excitement of the peasantry, the beauty of the rowing,—all contributed to render interesting this noble pastime."

From this digression we return to visit

LORD KENMARE'S DEMESNE.

In rambling about among the shades of these charming pleasure-grounds, which are generously thrown open to the public, we may spend a summer's day very pleasantly. The demesne extends along the eastern shore of the Lower Lake, views of which we occasionally obtain in openings among the trees, and consists of 1500 acres. Besides these occasional

views and the beauty of the grounds, there are objects of interest here for the antiquary.

The *Clough-na-Cuddy*, or Stone of Cuddy, is a famous Druidical remain, situate in the above demesne. It is surrounded by a circle of hawthorns, and other trees of great size and age. On the surface of it there are two hollows, with the water of which the blind peasants wash their eyes, in the hope of being cured. Sick persons generally visit this stone, which is considered a holy relic.

The *Deer Park* is within walking distance, and strangers are freely admitted to wander at will among its glens of surpassing beauty.

The *Roman Catholic Cathedral*, in the town of Killarney, may also be visited on this day. It is a magnificent structure. Also the *Arbutus Factories of Killarney* (for descriptions of which see p. 21).

SIXTH DAY.

[Glen Flesk—Druidical Remains at Lissivigeen—
Labig Owen, &c.]

Little now remains to be seen. Yet there are one or two points of minor interest which are worth going to see, on account of the beautiful scenery we pass through on our way to them. Let us, then, conclude our rambles by a visit to

GLEN FLESK.

This beautiful glen lies to the south-east of, and quite near to, the town of Killarney. Here we may

visit the "Labig Owen," Flesk Castle, and the Druidical remains at Lissivigeen.

The *Flesk River*, the principal feeder of the Lower Lake, is spanned by a bridge of twenty-one arches. The legends connected with it are innumerable, and somewhat of the fabulous in character. Once it overflowed its banks, and among other freaks floated off a table from a cottage on which was seated a tailor, who not only himself escaped drowning, but also managed to save the three children of his employer. A cat was similarly carried off while asleep on a straw seat or mat. Puss floated about for five days, and was ultimately rescued near the village of Cloghreen. The adventure raised her immensely in the esteem of the peasants, who ever after regarded her as a cat which bore a "charmed life."

The *Circle of Lissivigeen*, or, as it is sometimes spelled, Loisavigeen, is a singular collection of stones, supposed to have been put up by the Druids of old. They lie on the summit of a hill a few hundred yards from the main-road, and about 2 miles from Killarney. There are seven of them, each between 3 and 4 feet in height, forming a circle of 14 feet diameter, which is enclosed by an outer earthen circle 34 feet diameter. A short distance from this are two other stones, the largest of which is 11 feet in height. From the hill on which they stand we have a fine view of the *Glen of Ahahunning*.

The *Labig Owen*, or Bed of Owen, in Glen Flesk, is literally a "robbers' den" which has on more occasions than one afforded shelter to outlaws. It is admirably adapted for concealment and protection, being a flat space or cavern in the "Deamon's Cliff" of about

12 feet square. It requires a ladder to enable us to enter, and the road to it is intricate and difficult. The last outlaw who occupied it, about half a century ago, was a murderer. It is inaccessible on three sides, and might be easily defended by one resolute man against any odds at the solitary approach.

The celebrated Owen who has given his name to the spot was a M'Carthy, an ally of the O'Donoghues of the Glen, a daring, handsome rover, and a man of immense physical strength.

Flesk Castle may be visited on this excursion, and if we are inclined for a longer drive we may return homewards by the old road which passes Lough Kit-tane

There are many Rathes or caves in this neighbourhood, and hundreds of beautiful spots, a visit to which would amply reward us; but our limits forbid our entering upon such objects and scenes. Indeed it is unnecessary, and therefore unadvisable, to be too minute in our descriptions. Half the pleasure that tourists derive from their visits to unknown and picturesque regions arises from the unexpected manner in which beautiful scenes burst upon them. In this view of the matter, we may remark that the sights and scenes of the Lake District are *fortunately* too numerous to be *all* mentioned in detail. We take leave of our reader therefore, with the assurance that there is much more to see than has been described in the foregoing pages; and that description, however vivid and truthful it may be, can never do justice to the beauty of the romantic and far-famed Lakes of Killarney.

A P P E N D I X.

LEGENDS OF THE LAKES.

It rains much and frequently at Killarney. This is a fact; a disagreeable one, no doubt, to tourists, but a *fact* nevertheless which it is well to know beforehand, in order that, when the wet blanket does come, it may not take us by surprise, and damp our spirits as well as our bodies. It is as well to be aware of this fact, also, in order that we may be prepared with some amusing literature wherewith to beguile the weary hours. We feel it therefore incumbent on us to furnish our readers with something that may amuse as well as guide them; and we think that few subjects can be more interesting or more appropriate than the wild and fanciful—not to mention comic—legends of the lakes. These are innumerable and curious; as to their truth, the veracious guides and boatmen vouch for that, and what can we say more? The following have been selected at random from various sources, among which we may mention Croker's interesting work, and "The Land we Live in." Some of the legends have been transcribed verbatim; of others the substance only is given.

THE LAST OF THE SARPINTS.

"The sarpint, is it!" said Picket in reply. "Sure

everybody has heard tell of the blessed Saint Patrick, and how he druv the sarpints and all manner of venomous things out of Ireland—how he ‘bothered all the varmint’ entirely. But for all that there was one ould sarpint left, who was too cunning to be talked out of the country and made to drown himself. Saint Patrick didn’t well know how to manage this fellow, who was doing great havoc, till at long last he bethought himself and got a strong iron chist made, with nine boults upon it. So, one fine morning, he takes a walk to where the sarpint used to keep; and the sarpint, who didn’t like the saint in the least—and small blame to him for that—began to hiss and show his teeth at him like anything.

“ ‘Oh!’ says Saint Patrick, says he, ‘where’s the use o’ making such a piece o’ work about a gentleman like myself coming to see ye? ’Tis a nice house I’ve got made for you agin the winter; for I’m goin’ to civilize the whole world, man and beast,’ says he, ‘and you can come and look at it whenever you plaze, and ’tis myself will be glad to see you.’

“The sarpint, hearin’ such smooth words, thought that though Saint Patrick had druv all the rest of the riptiles into the sea, he meant no harm to himself, so he walks fair and easy up to see him and the house he was speaking about; but when he saw the nine great boults upon the chist, he thought he was sould, and was for making off with himself as fast as ever he could.

“ ‘ ’Tis a nice warm house, you see,’ says the saint; ‘and ’tis a good friend I am to you.’

“ ‘I thank you kindly, Saint Patrick, for your civility,’ says the sarpint, ‘but I think it’s too small

it is for me,'—meaning it for an excuse, and away he was goin'.

" 'Too small!' says Saint Patrick; 'stop, if you plaze,' says he, 'you're out in that, my boy, any how. I am sure it will fit you completely; and, I'll tell you what,' says he, 'I'll bet you a gallon o' porter,' says he, 'that if you'll only try and get in, there'll be plenty of room for you.'

"The sarpint was as thirsty as could be with his walk, and 'twas great joy to him the thoughts of doing Saint Patrick out of the gallon of porter; so, swelling himself up as big as he could, in he got into the chist, all but a little bit of his tail.'

" 'There now,' says he, 'I've won the gallon, for you see the house is too small for me, for I can't get in me tail.'

"When, what does Saint Patrick do, but he comes behind the great heavy lid of the chist, and, putting his two hands to it, down he slaps it, with a bang like thunder. When the rogue of a sarpint saw the lid coming down, in went his tail like a shot, for fear of being whipped off, and Saint Patrick began at once to boul't the nine iron boul'ts.

" 'Och! murder! won't you let me out, Saint Patrick—avic?' says the sarpint. 'I've lost the bet fairly, and I'll pay you the gallon like a man.'

" 'Let you out, my darling?' says the saint, 'to be sure I will, by all manner of manes; but, you see, I haven't time just now, so you must wait till to-morrow.' And so he took the iron chist with the sarpint in it and pitches it into the lake there, where it lies to this day for sartin; and 'tis the sarpint struggling down at the bottom that makes the waves

upon it. Many is the livin' man besides myself has heard the sarpint crying out from the inside of the chist under the water, 'Is it to-morrow yet? Is it to-morrow yet?' which, to be sure, it never can be; and that's the way Saint Patrick settled the last o' the sarpints."

JERRY AND THE ROYAL HURLERS.

"It was sleepin' he was, the poor innocent boy with not enough brains in his head to make it ache—an innocent chap entirely, sleepin' sometimes, and sometimes watching the cows' tails to see if rain was coming, and sometimes counting the stars, or hallooing to the echoes, the only company he had, the craythur, on the mountain. Well, he was sleepin', and all of a sudden some one shuck him by the showlder.

" 'Wake up, Jerry!' says a fine dark gentleman in black. 'Wake up, Jerry, and take this letter for me to the Emperor of Proosha.'

" 'The Emperor of Proosha, is it?' says Jerry, rubbing his eyes. 'Oh! but I don't know where to find him, sure.'

" 'Get up, you scamp,' says the dark gentleman—'get up;' and he shook his head with a three-cocked hat on it at the poor boy. 'Here's my horse standing ready, and he'll take you to him at once.'

" 'I'll go with all the pleasure in the world,' says Jerry, 'if your honour 'ill just tell me who'll be minding the cows till I come back.'

" 'I'll mind them,' says the gentleman.

" 'Oh! your honour's glory, I'd be sorry to throuble the likes of yer honour.'

" 'If ye don't be off to Dublin this minute,' says

the dark gentleman, 'and give this letter to the Emperor of Proosha, who you'll meet with the King of Roosha, and the Prence of France, all walking arm-in-arm into the Parliament House in College Green; if you don't fly this minute, and give it to the Emperor of Proosha—the shortest of the three he'll be, with sandy whiskers, and a stoop in his neck (for his crown,'—goes on the dark gentleman with a wink,—'for his crown, like many another crown in the world, is more than he can conveniently carry); give him the letter, and don't wait for an answer; and if you don't do it, I'll ——;' and as he shook his fist in the poor boy's face, every single mountain, even the three reeks that form the crest of the Macgillycuddy, trembled like young rushes.

" 'It's done, yer honour,' shouted Jerry, brave as a lion and bould as a ram, springing on the horse's back; and off he went, making the mountains his stepping-stones until he stopt in College Green; and then turning his head to Jerry, the horse says, says he, 'Get down, you fool, and don't be keeping me waiting, for the smoke of the city makes me sneeze.'

" So poor Jerry got down, and sees the King of Roosha, and the Emperor of Proosha, and the Prence of France, all a walking into the Parliament House; and he up at once to the Emperor of Proosha, and making a bow, gave him the letter, and then mounted his horse that was trying to keep in the sneeze, and away he went, till he came to where he had left the dark gentleman, who was no other than O'Donoghue himself.

" 'Yer a nate boy,' says the chief to him, 'mighty nate, and if ye want to see rael sport, come down

to-morrow morning to Castle Lough, and make this sign over yer eyes, and it's there you'll see fun,—*only*, if ye dare to open yer lips it'll be worse for you.'

"So Jerry thought he'd take one day's divarsion out of himself, and sure enough he was earlier than the sunbeam at Castle Lough, and doin' as he was bid; and there he saw the Emperor of Proosha and his hurlers, and the King of Roosha and his hurlers, and the Prence of France and his hurlers, all walking on the lake and trying their bits of hurleys. All of a suddent up rose O'Donoghue and his boys, with black oak hurleys, and every man of them had a white silk shirt tied about his middle with green, and the pipers playing O'Donoghue's Whistle as grand as Gandsey; and wasn't Jerry, by the same token, as proud as a red-deer that he belonged to the kingdom of Kerry? Well, it was O'Donoghue agin' Roosha, and Proosha, and France, and one Kerry boy to three furriners; but Kerry had the best of the day, until something—Jerry never could tell *what*—turned the luck, and whir-r—the Irish were bet—just for a while—and the poor boy, clapping his hands in a fair agony, he shouted out, 'Oh! O'Donoghue, are ye goin' to live and stand *that*?'

"As hespoke, something rowled in the heavens above his head, and he was struck down between the two eyes; and when he did rise up, he rose up a blind boy upon his own mountain, and remained blind to the day of his death. Some said he was struck by lightning, but, considering everything, it is more natural he was struck by O'Donoghue for not mindin' what he towld him."

BILLY THOMPSON AND HIS COW.

“There was once a poor man who rented a few stony acres near the foot of Mangerton. Billy Thompson, the owner of this poor farm, was a very little chap, about five feet nothing high, and as smart and tight a boy was he as any man of his inches; and what was better than all this, Billy was a very industrious, hard-working lad entirely; and, by the same token, a very good proof he gave of it, for his bit of ground, when he got it, was powdered all over with huge stones, so that a weasel could hardly thrust his snout between them; and over these again there was a thick coat of furze, so that the whole place looked for all the world like a great green hedgehog. But Billy had a long lease and a short rent, so he went to work with all his might and main, and burned the furze, and made fences of the stones, and built himself a cabin on the top of the hill,—and a mighty bleak place it was to build on. However, Billy didn’t much mind that, for if he had a little body he had a great sowl, and scorned to be looked down upon by any one; besides, he was fond of a prospect,—and, if he was, he had it to his heart’s content.

“No sooner had Billy Thompson his bit of land cleared, his potatoes sown, and his cabin built, than he began to think it was high time to look for a wife. Before long he was married to Judy Donoghue of Glenflesk, who got a good fortune from her father, it being no less than a feather-bed, six rush-bottomed chairs, an iron pot, a settle-bed, a collop of sheep, a Maol cow, and a pig; though there was great huxter-

ing about this last matter, and the match was broken off at least six times on account of it; but Billy stood out stoutly for the pig, till the owld man gave in at last, and so they was married. It's an owld saying, and a true one, 'That there are more married than keep good houses,' as Billy soon found to his cost; for Judy was very prolific, presenting him occasionally with two youngsters at a time, till at last it was said of Billy, as of the wren, 'Although he's little, his family's great.' Now it happened unfortunately for Billy, that while Judy was increasing his family, one misfortune after another was decreasing his stock: his sheep died of the rot, and his pig got the measles, so that he was obliged to sell it for little or nothing. 'Well,' said Billy, who was a good-humoured fellow, and wished to make the best of everything—'well, it can't be helped, so there's no use in breaking one's heart; and anyhow we can't want the drop of milk to our praties as long as the Maol cow's left to comfort us.' The words were hardly out of his mouth, when Paddy Glissane came running up to tell him that the Maol cow was clifted in the Horses' Glen; for Billy, you must know, had sent his cow that very morning to graze on the mountain.

" 'Och! ullagone!' cried Billy, 'what'll we do now at all? we're ruined for ever and a day. Och, Maol! how could you be such a cruel unnatural baste as to clift yourself, you that I thought was so cunning, when ye knowed as well as meself that we couldn't do without ye; for sure enough the childer will be crying for the drop of milk to their praties; and Judy 'll leech the life out of me for sending you to the mountain, and she agin' it all along.'

“Such was Billy Thompson’s lament, as, with a sorrowful heart, he made the best of his way to the Horses’ Glen, intending to get the hide of his clifted cow, and conceal the carcass under some rock until he could borrow a horse to bring it home; ‘For,’ thought he, ‘’tis better to have something than nothing, and there’ll be a good price got for the skin surely, and the mate ’ill make fine broth for the children anyhow.’ The sun was riding high by the time he got to the glen, and then it took him some time before he could find where the poor beast was lying; but at last he did find her, all smashed to pieces at the foot of a big rock. ‘Worse and worse!’ cried Billy; ‘there’ll be hardly anything got for the skin, and the mate’s scarcely worth a thraneen; but where is the use to make bad worse?’ and he began to skin the cow as fast as he could; but having no one to lend him a hand, by the time the job was finished, the sun had gone down. A faint light, however, still streaked the top of the mountain, while the hollow of Cown-na-Coppul was dark with the shadow of the rocks around it. A low wind murmured over the dark face of the deep pool which lay at the bottom of the valley, and its black waters answered back to the night wind with a hollow growl. From the south-eastern edge of the water the mountains rose sheer up, but to the west they sloped a little more; so that in this place there was a marshy plain between the pool and the hill; this plain was all covered over with big grey rocks, that looked for all the world like spectres.

“Now, Billy Thompson was so set on his job, that he took no thought of time; but when his work was finished, he raised his head, and, looking about, was

surprised at the lateness of the hour ; and when he heard the murmuring wind, mingled with the hoarse reply of the dark waters of the pool, multiplied as these sounds were by a thousand hill-born echoes, his heart failed him. All the tales he had ever heard of the pooka, the banshee, and the little red-capped mischievous fairy, floated through his mind ; when, hoping by an effort to end his fears, he suddenly snatched a tuft of grass, wiped his knife, and seized hold of the reeking hide, intending to make the best of his way out of the glen. It is well known that a four-leaved shamrock has power to open a man's eyes to all sorts of enchantment, and it so happened that there was one in the little tuft of grass with which Billy had wiped his knife. Whether from grief, or fear, or from both together, I know not, but instead of throwing it away, he put the grass into his pocket along with the knife ; and when he turned to take a last look at the carcass of his cow, he beheld, instead of his poor Maol, a little old curmudgeon sitting bolt upright, and looking as if he had just been flayed alive. If Billy was frightened at the sight, it was still worse with him when the little fellow called after him, in a shrill, squeaking voice, 'Bill Thompson ! Bill Thompson ! you spalpeen, you'd better come back with my skin. A pretty time of day we're come to, when a gentleman like me can't take a bit of a sleep, but an Ounshaugh of a fellow must come and strip the hide off him ; but you'd better bring it back, Bill Thompson, or it'll be worse for ye !'

"Now, Billy Thompson, though he was greatly frightened at first, had a stout heart of his own in him ; so he began to muster up his courage, for he

saw it was a clare case that his Maol cow was carried away by the good people, and he thought if he was stiff with the little curmudgeon, he might maybe get her back again ; besides, if the worst came to the worst, he thought he could safely defy him, as he had a black-handled knife in his pocket, and whoever has that, 'tis said, may look all the ghosts and fairies in the world full in the face without quaking. Billy Thompson, therefore, took heart, and, secing there was a civil distance between them, he began to discourse with the little fellow ; at the same time, however, keeping his fist on the black-handled knife, for fear of accidents.

“ ‘ Why, then, your honour, if it's the skin you're wanting, you must know it's the skin of my poor Maol cow, that was clifted yonder there ; and a better baste never walked on four legs ; 'tis a long day till I see the likes o' her again ; but it can't be helped, and there's no use o' talking, so good day to yer honour'— and Billy made as if he would take his departure.

“ ‘ Why, then, is that what you'd be after, Billy my boy ?' said the little imp, at the same time jumping before him with the speed of a greyhound. ‘ Do you think I'm such a gomal as to let you walk off with my skin, without so much as ‘ by your lave ?' But I'll tell you what it is, if you don't drop it in the turn of a hand, you'll sup sorrow, maybe.’

“ ‘ Bathershin !' said Billy, at the same time drawing out his black-handled knife and putting himself in a posture of defence ; ‘ maybe you will ; but the niver a one o' me will give you the skin, till you give me back my Maol cow.’

“ ‘ You'd better keep a civil tongue in your head

anyhow,' said the little fellow, who seemed to be quite soft at the sight of the knife; 'and how do you know but I'd befriend you? for you'r a stout fellow, Bill Thompson, and I've taken a fancy to you; so if you'd just be after giving me the skin, I don't say but I might get you the cow again.'

" 'Thankee kindly,' said Billy, with a sly wink. 'Give me the cow first, and then I will.'

" 'Well, there she's for you, you unbelieving hound,' said the imp. And for certain what would he hear but his Maol cow screeching behind him for bare life—for he knew the screech of her among a thousand; and when he looked behind, what should he see but his cow running over the rocks and stones, with a long spancel hanging to one of her legs, and four little fellows with red caps on them hunting her as fast as they could!

" Well, you see, two of the little chaps that were after her belonged to another faction, so they began to fight for her, and the way their black thorns went was a sight to behold; so while they were making the glen resound with their blows, Billy druv off the cow. But the little curinudgeon stuck close by him, asking back his skin; so Billy threw it on the ground. Then he wanted the spancel, which, he said, was his; but Billy wouldn't give it; so the little fellow says, says he, 'Well, if ye want the spancel, you're welcome to it—I'll give it to ye for the little tuft o' grass in yer pocket.' But Billy was taken up watching the fight; and at last he got so excited,—for ye see he had a natural taste that way—that he shouted, 'Well done, Red Cap!' 'You're done for now!' said the imp; 'but hand me the tuft, and I'll give ye a lift.' And Billy gave it

to him; but the moment it left his hand, he got a blow that dashed him to the ground and quite stunned him; and when he came to himself again, he found himself lying close to his own farm, with the Maol cow grazing beside him, and the spancel hanging to her leg. And that was the lucky spancel to him, for, from that day out his cow gave more milk than any six cows in the parish; and Billy began to look up in the world, and take farms, and purchase cattle, till at last he became as rich as Damer; but the whole world would niver after that get him to go to the Horses' Glen. So that's how it happened; and it's quite true, if there's any truth in Moll Bardin, who towld me the whole story just as she says it happened, and as I have towld it to you."

THE TWO WISHES.

"Sure Tig na Vauriah is the farthest distance in all Ireland from Donaghadee, and I'll tell you how it happened to be so. Once on a time, there was a poor crature of a man, named Donagha Dee, and he lived in a small cabin near to a forest in County Kerry. At that time Ireland was not so bare as it is now, but was covered with great forests; and it is said that a squirrel might have travelled from Dingle de Couch to the city of Cork without once touching the ground. Now, you must know that Donagha was a very poor man, and had a scolding wife, so that between his wife and his poverty he could scarcely get a moment's peace. A man might, perhaps, put up with a cross word now and then if she was pretty, or had any other good about her; but, unluckily, Donagha's wife had nothing at all to recommend her, for, besides

being cross, she was as owld and as ugly as ye could wish to see; and ye may belave they lived the life of a cat and dog entirely. Well, one beautiful May morning, as Donagha Dee was quietly sitting smoking his doodeen in the chimney corner, his wife comes in from the well with a can of water, and opens on him all at once—‘You lazy, good-for-nothing stocagh,’ said she, ‘have ye nothing else to do this blessed morning but to sit poking over the ashes with your doodeen stuck in your jaw? Wouldn’t it be better for ye now to be gathering firewood, than to be sittin’ there as if ye were fastened to the stool with a twelvepenny nail?’ All this she said and a great deal more; to which Donagha made no reply, but quietly took up his bill-hook and gad, and away with him to the forest. I don’t know what made him so quiet with her; maybe he wasn’t in a fighting humour, or maybe he thought it best to get out of her way, for they say that a good retrate is better than a bad fight any day.

“A beautiful fine day it was, sure enough; the sun was dancing through the trees, and the little birds were singing like so many pipers at a pattern, so that it was like a new life to Donagha, who, feeling the cockles of his heart rise within him, took up his bill-hook and began to work as contented as if he had nothing at home to fret him. But he wasn’t long at work when he was amazed at the sound of a voice, that seemed to come out of the middle of the wood; and, though it was the sweetest voice he had ever heard, he couldn’t help being frightened at it too a little, for there was something in it that wasn’t like the voice of man, woman, or child.

“ ‘Donagha ! Donagha !’ said the voice ; but Donagha didn’t much like to answer. ‘Donagha !’ said the voice again ; so Donagha thought maybe it would be better for him to speak.

“ ‘Here I am,’ said he.

“ ‘Don’t be frightened,’ said the voice ; ‘for, sure, I’m only Saint Brandon, that’s sent to tell ye, because you’re a good man and minds your duty, you shall have two wishes granted to you ; so take care what ye wish for, Donagha.’

“ ‘Och, success to you for one saint, anyhow !’ said Donagha, as he began to work again, thinking all the time what in the wide world he had best wish for. Would he take riches for his first wish ? And what should he take for his second ? a good wife ? or, wouldn’t it be better not to have a wife at all ? Well, he thought for a long time without being able to make up his mind what to wish for. Night was coming on, so Donagha gathered a great bundle of firewood up, he tied it well with his gad, and heaving it on his shoulder set off away home. Donagha was fairly spent with the work of the day, so that it was no wonder he should find the load on his shoulder rather too much for him ; and, stumbling with weariness, he was at length obliged to throw it down.

“The night was closing fast, and he knew well what kind of a welcome he would get at home, so he sat there on his bundle in a great state of mental botheration what to do. ‘Would to Heaven,’ says he, in his distress, and forgetting the power of his wish—‘would to Heaven this bundle would carry me instead of me being obliged to carry it !’ The words had barely left his lips when the bundle began to move on with

him ; and, seated on the top of it, poor Donagha cut a mighty odd figure surely ; for, until he reached his own door, he never stopped roaring out a thousand murders, he was so vexed with himself for having thrown away one of his wishes after this fashion. His wife Vauria, which manes Mary, was standing at the door on the look-out for him, ready to give him a good scold, but she was fairly struck dumb at seeing Donagha so queerly mounted, and at hearing him crying out in such a manner. When she came a little to herself, she asked Donagha a thousand questions about how he came to be riding upon a bundle of sticks ; and, poor man, being so questioned, he could not help telling her the whole story just as it happened. It was then that she was mad angry in earnest with him, to think that he would throw away his luck. Donagha, worn out and perplexed, was not able to bear it, and at length cried out as loud as he could,—

“ ‘I wish to Heaven, ye owld scold, that’s the plague of me life, I wish to Heaven that Ireland was between us!’ No sooner said than done, for he was whipped up by a whirlwind and dropped at the north-east end of Ireland, where Donaghadee now stands ; and Vauria, house and all, was carried off at the same moment to the farthest off pint in the south-west, beyand Dingle, and not far from the great Atlantic Ocean. The place is known to this day by the name of Tig na Vauriah, or Mary’s House ; and it’s become a sort of proverb to say that places are as wide asunder as Tig na Vauriah and Donaghadee.”

THE LEGEND OF TORC WATERFALL.

“ D’ye see the big black rock there, with the water

roaring and tumblin' over it? Well, there's riches there that would bate the Mint, not to spake of the Treasury. But they're all shut up now for iver and a day beyond; and this is how it happened.

"Long, long ago, when the spirits and pookas were about in the world to a far greater extent than they are now, there was a farmer, Larry Hayes by name, that lived at Cloghreen. Everything wint wrong in the world with Larry, for he couldn't put a cow or a sheep out on the farm but he was sure to find it in the morning all smashed and torn to smithereens. Poor Larry was very much astonished, and couldn't diskiver no how what it was that did the mischief; for he was a rael good fellow, and didn't think there was any crature in the world that owed him a grudge. But Larry was a stout and a bowld man, and he determined one night to watch and see what it could be, though he was mighty frightened at the thoughts of the spirits; but seeing there was no help for it, he plucked up his courage, and wint out to the fields at the dead hour of night. He hadn't walked long when he sees a man standing beside him, all at once, which took a great start out of him, for he didn't know how he came there; however, he had made up his mind to go through with it, so he began to discourse with him, when, all of a sudden, while they were talking together, the man vanished away, and a big wolf stood before him!

"It was Larry was half dead with the sight, you may be sure, and his courage began to ooze out at his toes. 'Who are you?' says he; 'and where's the man that was here this minute?'

"'I'm the man,' said the wolf. 'I'm enchanted, and

it was I that killed your sheep, and I couldn't help it; but if you'll follow me, and do my bidding, I'll make a rich man of you: you needn't be afraid, I'm not going to harm you.'

"Well, after no small amount of consideration, Larry said he would; and the wolf brought him up the glen here to the big black rock, jist where the waterfall is now, but there was none at all then; and he opens a door in the rock, and takes Larry into a beautiful room, where he was changed all at once from a wolf into a beautiful young man. After giving Larry plenty of beef and mutton and whisky-punch, he took and showed him a room full of gould, and gave him a big bag full of it. And wasn't Larry's heart glad when he got the gould, and gladder still when he was tould to come for more as often as he pleased? So when he was done, Larry wint away, and as he was going the young man says to him,—

"'Don't let mortal know what you've seen this night; and if you keep the sacret for seven years, yer a made man, and everything 'ill prosper with you; but if ye whisper a word to any one, worse luck to ye,—it's a ruined man you'll be, and I'll be destroyed entirely.'

"'Trust me,' says Larry, buttoning up the bag of gould, and setting out home as fast as his two legs would carry him.

"Well, you may be sure there was a great talk entirely among the neighbours, how Larry had come by so much money, without any raison for it, all at once; and his wife, Nell Flanigan, torminted the sowl a'most out of his body axing him to tell her where he got it. But it was no use at all; he wouldn't tell

on no account, and his wife all but died out of curiosity. Oh! it's the women that bates all for curiosity! At last she resolved to follow him one night, and saw him go into the rock; and when he came out again, she set on him and taezed and upbraided him and vexed him to that extint, that he was forced to tell her all about it. But when he finished, the wolf appeared all at once on the top of the rock, and roared in a voice like thunder,—

“‘You're done for now, Larry Hayes!’ and immediately he was whipt up in a flame of blue fire to the top of Mangerton, where he plunged into the lake; and he was no sooner in than the water burst a hole in the side of the bowl, and, tearing down the mountain like mad, covered the rock with the foaming fall. Poor Larry and his wife had hard work of it to get out of the way of the water, and in a short time he became poorer than he was at first, and at last had to travel through the country with a bag on his back; and from that day to this no one has got at the cave with the gould in it.”

"WAKES."

The funeral ceremonies of the Irish are very remarkable and interesting. Most people have heard of the "wake," but there may be some who do not know much about its details; for their benefit we subjoin the following account.

When the last breath is expired the wake begins. The body is laid out and the priest says mass for the repose of the soul that has just left its tenement of

clay. If the departed was an adult and married, the corpse is usually adorned with black ribbons; but if unmarried, with white; and if a child, flowers are strewn over it. Besides this, it is covered with a white linen sheet, and plates of tobacco, and salt, with lighted candles, are placed around it. The ceremonies differ in minute details in different districts, but the main features are similar everywhere. When all has been thus arranged, and mass said, the *keen* begins. This *keen* is a wild and mournful wail, which is carried on almost without cessation for a lengthened period of time by the women of the deceased's household. The *keen* is usually conducted by a professional keener, who is employed and paid for her services. She takes the initiative in the wail, and the prominent part. But sometimes a friend of the family is capable of taking this duty on herself, and conducts the ceremony without an eye to remuneration, which varies from a few shillings to above a pound, according to the circumstances of the bereaved family.

The *keen* commences by the mourners moving their bodies and arms to and fro in a peculiar manner, at the same time uttering the most dismal and heart-rending wail; which is interrupted now and then to afford the leading keener an opportunity of pouring forth a wild poetical eulogy of the virtues of the deceased, and pronouncing curses of the most terrible nature on his or her enemies. The Irish language is peculiarly adapted for giving forcible expression to impassioned feeling, whether of grief, tenderness, or hatred; and as the leading keener is almost always an aged woman, who can speak with great excitement

and volubility, the effect of her bursts of rude eloquence is sometimes awful. The withered outstretched arms, the piercing expressive eyes, and dishevelled hair, lend additional force to a voice which sometimes falls into tones of melting tenderness, and sometimes rises into a thrilling shriek of denunciation. At the end of each stanza, the wild cry of the mourners rises in chorus, and after a time again sinks while the old woman resumes her dirge. To those unaccustomed to it, there is something quite appalling in the keen, with its accompaniments of the death-chamber, the dim lights, the still form of the dead, and the wild woful looks of the living.

In former times, an Irish wake used to be a scene of drunkenness and revelling as well as of sorrow; for whisky was freely used. But things have improved, and in the Killarney district one never hears of the revolting scenes and deeds which too frequently characterized the wakes of other days.

IRISH BAGPIPES.

Those who visit the Killarney Lakes ought not to omit listening to a tune on this national instrument. To fastidious ears the pipes will sound harsh, no doubt, but when well played their tones are very pleasing. In form they are somewhat like the Scotch bagpipes, but they are much softer in tone, and more *bearable*. Improvements and additions have been made on them from time to time, and they have now obtained the name of the Union Pipes. The chief difference between the Irish and the Scotch bagpipes is, that the air in the former is supplied to the bag by a pair of small bellows instead of by the mouth. The bellows

are worked by one arm, and the bag is pressed by the other, forcing the air into the chanter, which is perforated with holes somewhat after the manner of a flute. The pipers of the lakes are not so good as they used to be. The superior charms and power of the bugle seem to have driven them into the background; but in days of old the pipes were held in high esteem, and the piper used to be a man of immense importance. Gandsey was the last of the great pipers. He was long known as Lord Headly's piper, and brought such sweet music out of his instrument as has not been heard since the old man died. Nevertheless, there are still some who are worth hearing.

THE BRISTLE FERN.

This beautiful plant deserves special notice on account of its extreme rarity, Ireland being the only country in Europe in which it is found. The guides charge five shillings a plant for it, and they pretend that it is found only in one place at the lakes, and that only one person knows where that spot is. He goes out, they say, in the dark, and collects the fern, and hence its high price, as there is no competition.

We extract the following account of it from "The Ferns of Great Britain:"—

"*Trichomanes* (Bristle Fern) *T. radicans*, (Rooting Bristle Fern).—Fronds three or four times pinnatifid; segments alternate, linear, entire or two-cleft, obtuse; *involucres* solitary in the axils of the upper segments.

"This is an exceedingly beautiful fern, both in its form and in the delicate transparency of its texture. It is unknown in any European countries except Ireland, though it formerly grew at Belbank, in York-

shire ; but in warmer climates the species, or one closely allied to it, is of frequent occurrence. Specimens from Madeira are found in the herbariums of most persons who have visited that island, more luxuriant, perhaps, but not more beautiful, than those found at Killarney. Humbolt remarks that every traveller mentions the elegant *Trichomanes* which covers the walls and roofs of the antique houses and chapels at Teneriffe ; which, he says, in their deserted condition, offer great treasures to the botanist. He adds that the ferns are nourished by the fogs which abound in the neighbourhood. Mr. Backhouse saw a beautiful *Trichomanes* covering the dark sides of rocks in Norfolk Island.

“Our Bristle Fern delights in shade and moisture. It is found in several stations in Ireland ; the Torc Waterfall, near Killarney, being one often visited by botanists, who have recorded the enthusiastic delight with which they have looked on the hundreds of delicate fronds which form green masses there. It was formerly seen by Mr. Newman very near the waterfall, but the guide of the place has sold so many pieces of this rare treasure to visitors, that the plant is almost exterminated at that spot. It occurs, however, in several other localities, forming by its masses a rich verdant drapery to the wet rock ; for it is only in places constantly moist that it can be found, the slightest exposure to drought withering its frail frond.

“It was owing to the occasional dryness of the atmosphere, that, until the introduction of Mr. Ward’s closed cases, this fern withstood all attempts of the cultivator to rear it. If we take up any work on ferns written a few years since, we find the author

commenting on the absolute impossibility of domesticating the Bristle Fern, as an ornamental plant; though in the glass-cases it is now often to be seen, producing larger fronds than in its native locality, and by its green beauty delighting the eye of the dweller in the smoky town, or cheering the heart saddened by long sickness and absence from the scenes of nature.

“ In Mr. Ward’s interesting work on the growth of plants in closed cases—a little book honourable alike to the thoughtful intellect and kind heart of the writer—this gentleman says, that when making the experiments that led to his plan of glass-cases, he was induced to commence with this, the most lovely of our cellular plants, in consequence of its being the most intractable under ordinary culture; of its being, in fact, as he says, the ‘ opprobrium hortulanorum.’ ‘ Loddiges,’ says Mr. Ward, ‘ who had it repeatedly, never could keep it alive; and Baron Fischer, the superintendent of the botanic establishment of the Emperor of Russia, when he saw the plant growing in one of my cases, took off his hat, made a low bow to it, and said, “ You have been my master all the days of my life !” On some rock-work in Mr. Ward’s fern-house, this plant produced fronds fifteen inches in height, by seven or eight in breadth,—one-fourth larger than uncultivated specimens, either from Killarney or elsewhere.’

“ Mr. N. B. Ward, in a letter to the author, says of it, ‘ Some years since, when I had the pleasure of visiting Killarney with Dr. Harvey, we determined to find out, if possible, another locality for *Trichomanes radicans*; and to this end directed the driver

to convey us to some portion of the shores of the lake into which one of the mountain streamlets was continually discharging; well knowing that, in the course of such a rill from the mountain top, there would occur many places suited to the growth of this moisture-loving plant. We were landed, accordingly, on the south side of the lake, amid a mass of *Osmunda*; and after making our way up the stream a few hundred yards, surrounded by masses of rock confusedly hurled, and coated with fine *Hymenophyllum*, and various mosses and liverwort, Dr. Harvey, who was in advance, called out "Eureka! Eureka!" I hastened onwards, and saw a sight which might have repaid a much more lengthened and laborious search. In the inside of a natural cave, about five feet square, formed by four large masses of limestone, the *Trichomanes* was growing in its native beauty. One specimen, with a creeping rhizome three or four feet in length, and containing forty-eight perfect fronds, we divided, and my portion is now in the hands of your artist. The mouth of the cave faced the north, so that not a ray of solar light ever reached the plant within; and to this cause I attribute the total absence of fructification on any one of the specimens.'

"The Bristle Fern has a slender, creeping, horizontal stem, which winds and branches so as to form a network over the rock, and is covered with black down. This woolly substance has been found by Mr. Andrews, when viewed under a lens of high power, to consist of articulated bristles, analogous to the scales on the stems of other ferns. The whole frond is so pellucid, the veins so prominent, and the green part so like a membranous wing around the veins, that it has more

the appearance of a sea-weed than a fern. The frond is between lanceolate and triangular in form, the divisions being so much waved as to give it a crisped appearance. It is three or four times pinnatifid, and the slender segments of which it is composed are either entire or two-cleft at the apex, and a strongly marked and stout vein runs up the centre. Indeed, the veins are so prominent and rigid, that they seem the most conspicuous part of the fern, and the frond might very well be said to consist of a number of firm veins, three or four times branched, and edged by a thin green membrane-like wing. Some of the terminations of the veins are surrounded by the green part, which forms a little cup in which lie the capsules of fructification. The involucre, as this is usually called, most commonly projects beyond the margin of the frond, but it sometimes lies within it, and the bristle is often four or five times the length of the cup, though in many cases scarcely exceeding it in length. The fronds are from three inches to a foot long, and mostly droop over the sides of the rocks. Though appearing in May, they are not matured till about November, nor do they attain their whole size or bear their fructification until the third year of their growth.

“ Now that it is discovered to thrive so well in the closed cases, this plant is a favourite subject of the cultivator’s care. It requires a pure and constantly humid atmosphere, shade and warmth ; and these conditions can all be given by the glass-case. It may be grown also in an earthen pot standing in water and covered with a bell-glass. A variety of this fern, of broader lanceolate, somewhat egg-shaped form, has been termed *Andrewsii*, after its discoverer. The

Bristle Fern is by various writers called *Trichomanes brevisetum*, *Speciosum*, or *alatum*, and also *Hymenophyllum alatum*."

THE ARBUTUS.

Reference has been made, in the body of this work, to the tree-shrub called the Arbutus, which gives to the scenery of Killarney a peculiarity of aspect and beauty. A few words on this singular plant may perhaps be acceptable.

The arbutus is not confined to Killarney. It is found in all parts of Ireland, but it attains to a luxuriance of growth in the neighbourhood of the Lake district, that gives it a conspicuous place in the landscape. The humidity of the climate fosters its growth, and causes it to become a goodly sized tree. There is now standing on Dinis Island the stump of an arbutus-tree which measures seven feet in circumference, and there are several others in the neighbourhood not much smaller. These, however, are the exceptions; most of the trees, although luxuriant, being of smaller size. Like some of the tropical trees, the arbutus bears flower and fruit, ripe and unripe, at the same time. Its foliage is of a bright green colour, the flowers hang in rich clusters, and the berries are brilliant scarlet. By itself, the tree is not very picturesque; but mingled with other trees, it has a very striking and beautiful effect indeed. The berry is almost tasteless, but not disagreeable, although Pliny tells us that it is called "Unedo" (*Arbutus unedo*), because he who eats one will never desire to eat another! The arbutus is seen

to greatest advantage in the month of October, when it contrasts most vividly and agreeably with the red and brown hues of the surrounding foliage.

There is much difference of opinion as to whether this shrub is indigenous to the soil or not. Some are of opinion that it is so ; others think that it was imported by the monks. The berries take twelve months to come to perfection ; and although not eatable in this country, are considered good and wholesome in the Levant, where they are larger and more agreeable to the taste. The tree, when young, grows at the rate of about one foot in the year for the first ten years, and the plant is of considerable durability. It is a native of the south of Europe, also of various parts of Asia, and of Africa, about Mount Atlas and Algiers, where it forms hedges ; and it is particularly abundant in Italy, in the woods of the Apennines. It also grows in France, but requires protection in the winter in the neighbourhood of Paris. The arbutus was known to the Greeks and Romans. Virgil recommends the young shoots as winter food for young goats, Horace praises the tree for its shade, and Ovid celebrates its loads of "blushing fruit." Sugar and spirit have been extracted from the fruit in Spain, and wine in Corsica ; the bark has been used by tanners there and in Greece and Spain ; and good charcoal has been made from the wood. In Killarney, the wood is converted into beautiful boxes, &c., for sale to the tourists, who crowd thither in the months of spring and summer.



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