Legends of the Lakes;

OR,

SAYINGS AND DOINGS

AT

KILLARNEY.

COLLECTED CHIEFLY FROM THE MANUSCRIPTS OF

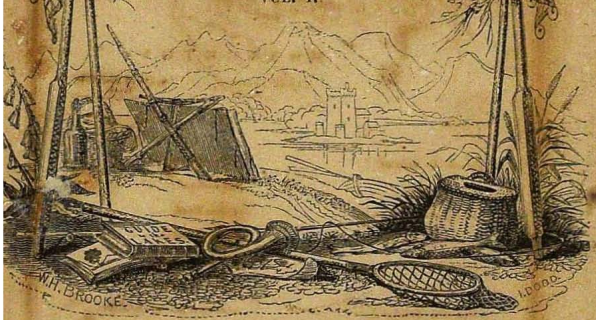
R. ADOLPHUS LYNCH, ESQ.

H. P. King's German Legion.

BY

T. CROFTON CROKER.

VOL. I.



LONDON:
JOHN EBERS AND CO. OLD BOND STREET.
1829.

C. WHITTINGHAM, CHISWICK.

TO

MISS EDGEWORTH,

OF

EDGEWORTH'S TOWN, IRELAND,

These Volumes

ATIVE OF IRISH CHARACTER AND SCENERY

ARE INSCRIBED.

THE Publishers beg to inform the Composers of Music, and Music Sellers, that Mr. James Power, of the Strand, Music Seller, is the only person authorized by them to publish the Verses in this Work, connected with Music.

CONTENTS.

VOL. I.

LEGENDS OF THE LAKES.

CHAPTER I.

THE INN.

TAKING it for granted, that when people go to see the Lakes of Killarney, they do not intend making a very serious business of the excursion, but rather desire, while their eyes are pleased with romantic scenery, that their ears should be tickled by legendary tales: taking, I say, this broad assertion for granted, and further, that romantic scenery and legendary tales should go hand in hand with each other, it is certainly extraordinary that no guide book should exist for the local traditions of Killarney.

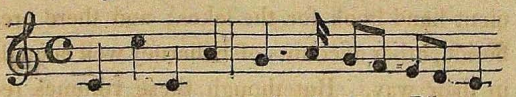
Weld's is an excellent volume—"the work of a gentleman and a scholar, which merits a

place in every library." Wright's is a convenient hand book for the lakes; and there are, beside, other accounts of Killarney well enough in their way. But though these volumes respectively state the names of the rocks, the islands, and the mountains, and in the true spirit of guides describe, in glowing language, various scenic effects, does Weld, or Wright, or Smith, or even the fair minstrel, Miss Luby, or Leslie's quarto, or O'Conner's, or O'Kelly's, or O'Sullivan's octavo verses inform their readers of all the legends of the lakes, the islands, and the mountains? Do they relate all the miraculous events which the pious annalists of Innisfallen have omitted to record? Do they? ——In short a legendary guide book to Killarney is wanted, and about to supply the deficiency, you will be so good, kind reader, as to imagine me seated on the box of the Killarney mail coach, beside Mat Crowley the driver.

Boō—boō—boō—moō—hé sounds the horn as we rapidly descend the hill of Ballycasheen, and now we pause on the bridge which crosses the little river Aha-hunnig.

"Woe ho, neddy!—Hallo, Riley, why don't you take off the drag?

(Sings)



Riley, really, you're the boy, Riley.

"All right there?—Oh bad luck to you, Riley!"

"Why then just keep your wishes of bad luck for yourself, Mat Crowley, if you please, can't you?"

A pretty scene this—the stream issuing from a wooded glen on the right, brawls along to the left, until it joins the broad river Flesk. Below the bridge, on the left bank of the stream, is a cottage and farm yard, backed by an ancient rookery, and above the river Flesk is a wooded hill crowned by the fantastic towers of a modern castle, beyond which appear the rugged mountains that border the southern shore of the far-famed lake of Killarney.

"What castle is that, Crowley?"

"The castle is it? Why then 'tis, it is the castle sure enough, without any kind of doubt! Did your honour never hear what Tool, the guard, said to a gentleman that axed him about that same Droumhoomper Castle—that's the *rale* name for it, though they calls it Coltsman's

Castle. You must know, sir, it was built by one Mister Coltsman, from London—Coltsman he calls himself now, though they say his *rale* name is Coleman, and as good a name it is as Coltsman, any day of the week, for a fine leaper Coleman was, as your honour may plainly see on your way to the upper lake—But what matter about his name? he's a *rale* good gentleman any how, wherever he is, or whatever name is upon him, Coltsman or Coleman, sure 'tis no matter, for 'tis he has spent the power of money, in giving work to the poor people at the castle; and that is more than can be said of many a one that has a better right *nor* him. But as I was saying, What's that? says the gentleman to Tool, just like your honour, pointing over to Coltsman's Castle. O, says Tool, says he, it's only a bit of *London Pride** that grew up on the hill there lately!—Gee-up, countess—just look at the rein, Riley."

"Mind your hits, Crowley, it's all up hill. What have we here? Is this building a castle too? Why it looks like a prison, or a private madhouse, or—"

* Saxifrage or London Pride grows profusely on the hills about Killarney.

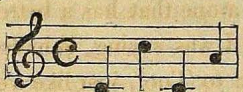
"Fakes then, 'tis few can make head or tail of it—a *quare* place it was to build a castle for *sartin*, and for that very same reason they calls it Courtayne's Folly, your honour—by the same token"—But the rest was overpowered by *boō—boō—boō—moō—hé.*—The coach dashes by the park gate, and here we are just entering the town of Killarney.

"This is Fair Hill, sir."

"Fair is foul, then. What wretched cabins!"

"Never mind, sir, we'll be in Killarney directly.

(Sings)



Riley, really."

Rumble—rumble, we rattle over the paving stones of Hen Street. Every casement thrown open, and every head protuded to gaze on the arrivals by the Cork Mail Coach; and now we draw up in High Street, at the coach office door.

What a crowd, and how clamorous are the beggars! But what are beggars or crowd to the quarrels of rival waiters, who await the ar-

rivals, and who endeavour to carry insides and outsides off, "vi et armis," to their respective establishments. "Your honour won't forget the driver"—"Only one ha'penny for the fatherless *orphins*"—"Sure your lordship's glory will throw a small trifle to the poor widow"—"Oh, then, make way till I see the good gentleman's sweet face, will ye? and my blessing on it; and 'tis his honour is going to give to a poor woman that wants it, and not to the like of ye, for a set of common beggarly blackguards." "'Tis yourself is the gentlewoman then, Moll Drimen, because your husband was transported for mistaking Mahony's cow—Oh she's a drunken blackguard, your honour, never mind her"—"Something for poor Florry, your worship," cried a fellow with a pair of wooden stumps, mounted upon a ragged coated donkey, "hurrah for Kerry"—"The poor blind man, deprived of the blessed light of the glorious day."—"Will I carry your honour's trunk?" roars a raggedly inn-runner. "A pretty time of day we're come to," cries another, "when the likes of you pretend to carry a gentleman's *portmantle!*"—"Don't be after minding either of them, sir, I'm the only boy for your honour."

"This way, sir, to Gorham's Hotel," says Dan Donovan—"No," cries Dennis Donovan, a square built, black whiskered waiter, with green spectacles, "no, his honour will go to the Kenmare Arms."—And now the case stands Daniel versus Dennis, each endeavouring to carry off insides and outsides bag and baggage, running all the time through the whole vocabulary of Irish slang abuse towards each other, and of blarney towards the strangers.

At length a green-coated, black-belted Peeler commands the *pace*, allays the storm, and affords an opportunity of choice. Mine was to establish myself in Gorham's Hibernian Hotel, and I had no reason to regret it. I beg however to say that, in thus particularizing Gorham's, I do not mean any thing to the prejudice of "Master Tommy Finn," proprietor of the well known Kenmare Arms.

Next to a man's own home, an Inn is the pleasantest place in the world; you are always sure of a welcome, and meet with nothing but smiles from the landlord: smiles and welcome increased in exact proportion to the trouble you give.

Ring the bell—pull away—you're heartily

welcome. "Waiter, tell Mr. Gorham I want to speak to him."

"Directly, sir."

"Walk in, Mr. Gorham."

The door opens, and the Gorham appears: a smart, round faced, prinky little man, in a blue coat, drab trowsers, white socks, and well polished pumps. His India silk handkerchief, not willing to hide its bright colours and "blush unseen," contrives to thrust forth a graceful corner, as if escaped by accident from its prison-pocket. His chin buried in a snow white cravat, his head curled according to Jer Sullivan's newest version of the London mode, and with a pair of well combed whiskers, which a Bond Street dandy might envy; the head thrust forward, the features relaxed into a broad grin of self-satisfaction and smiling complaisance. Imagine all this, I say, and Gorham stands before you.

Behind Mr. Gorham appears his step-son, Daniel, Danil, or Dan Donovan, for by all these names is he known.

Gorham (smiling, bowing, rubbing his hands, speaking very fine indeed), "Do you want me, sare?"

"O! Mr. Gorham, I presume; I want to have some chat with you, but first let me know what I can have for dinner."

Dan Donovan interposing, "Sir, if you want accommodation, sir, there's no place, sir, can *pleese* you, sir, like Gorham's Hotel, sir."

"But the dinner, sir?"

"Why, sir, ther's lamb, sir, and beef, sir, and mutton, sir, salmon, sir, and all sorts of *vriety* of vegetables, sir."

"Let me see, 'tis said your Kerry mutton is very sweet: a leg of mountain mutton, if you please, and some of your curdy salmon, fresh from the lake, what vegetables you like, and of course good wine, and some of your mountain dew to wash it down."

All this time Gorham stood smirking and smiling.

"Who are all those gentlemen in blue frocks, lounging about the door of that house? it looks like a coffee house, I think."

"Yes, sare, it is the Killarney club house, and those gentlemen are half pay officers—they spring up in these parts as thick as *musheroons;* mighty idle gentlemen they are, but it's better to let them alone, for if one of them was to

tread on your foot, he'd challenge you for crying oh!"

"Indeed, Mr. Gorham, then I must keep my feet out of their way. I should be much obliged to you to see about a boat for me: to-morrow I intend to visit the lower lake."

"O, sare, Mr. Pool will wait on you after dinner, 'tis he has the care of the boats."—"Good ev'ning, sare."—[Exit Gorham, with a bow and a smile.]—Gorham to Dan Donovan, in the hall—"A neat little fellow that, Dan; pon my honour, I'll be bail he's a rare sketcher."

Having managed to dine tolerably well on the curdy salmon and mountain mutton, and finished my bottle of claret, I had just commenced mixing the whisky punch, when Mr. Pool made his appearance. He was a smart middle aged man, was dressed in a shooting jacket, knee breeches, and leather galligaskins; his countenance bore evident tokens of belonging to one who was no enemy to the good things of this life; he had been in the army, wore a Waterloo medal, and held the place of deputy barrack master to Mr. Christopher Galway, agent to the Earl of Kenmare; and, in addition

to his other honours, was lord high admiral of the Lakes of Killarney.

Having, over a tumbler of whisky punch, bespoke from Mr. Pool a four-oared boat for the ensuing day, and having made it a particular request that Spillane, with his bugle, might be in attendance, I determined on taking a stroll through the town, accompanied by a bare legged guide, who, since my arrival, had stood at the Inn door most anxiously waiting to know "if my honour would be after going up Mangerton to-morrow morning early."

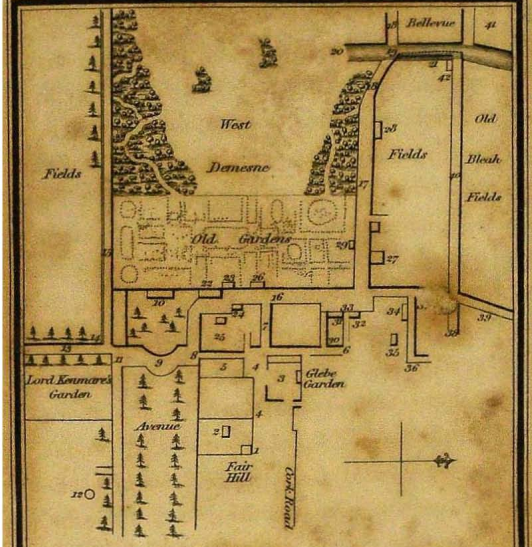
The town of Killarney being like most other country towns, and as I moreover suppose those who visit Killarney to be possessed of their eyesight (indeed I never heard but of one blind man who went to *see* the lakes*), it will be unnecessary here to enter into minute details. I will, therefore, not detain the reader with an account of its shape, size, and situation, for this every other guide book has done to a T., but content myself with merely observing that, for an Irish town, it is remarkably clean; and for the rest refer to the annexed little map, which

* This, I believe, was Mr. Holman, the blind traveller.

was sketched by Mr. Lynch, merely for my information, and is therefore not very likely to render much assistance to the Ordnance trigonometrical surveyors, when they arrive in the south of Ireland.

The principal charm of a ramble through Killarney consists in being accompanied by an entertaini guide; one who can put you in possession of the mind of the place, who can tell a good story, and whose local anecdotes, though slight and sketchy, give you a more characteristic idea of the people than could possibly be gained from more laboured accounts. Such a one was Mahony, or as he was commonly called Mountain Mahony, a tall sun burnt lad, with an arch expression of countenance, dressed in liberator uniform of green, which, in truth, had been an old sporting jacket of Gorham's, with a hare skin cap, peculiarly placed on the left side of his head, having the scut projecting according to the most knowing mode.

In an evening ramble through Killarney, the first thing that will strike a stranger is the number of idle people lounging about the streets, or standing with their backs against the



1 Poor School
2 College
3 Glebe House and Green
4 Hen Street
5 Brewery
6 Market Lane
7 Church Lane
8 Brewery Lane
9 Haha
10 Lord Kenmare's House
11 Sunday's Well Road
12 Sunday's Well
13 Road to Muckruss & Kenmare
14 The Big Tree
15 Ross Road
16 Main Street
17 New Street
18 Bridge Street
19 Bridge
20 River Dinah
21 The Mall
22 Mr Galvey's House
23 Gorham's Hotel
24 Club House
25 Church
26 Kenmare Arms
27 Bishop's House and Chapel
28 Convent
29 Post Office
30 Boheveen Kale
31 Market House
32 Do
33 Entrance to Assembly Room
34 Mrs Falvey's Freeholds
35 Hospital
36 Castle Island Road
37 The Rock
38 Paddy Clane's Row
39 Tralee Road
40 Mill Road
41 Ballydowny
42 The Mill

THE TOWN OF KILLARNEY.

J. & C. Walker Sculp.

Published by Ebers & Co. 27 Old Bond Street.

door-posts of the houses and the shop windows. "Why then, your honour," said Mahony, "is'nt Killarney a fine *plashe?* but if it's a fine *plashe* now, it was'nt always so, it's myself *remimbers,* or if I don't sure my father does well enough, when the ground we're *triding* on, was a wild boggy spot, all full of running *strames;* but the *ould* Lord Kenmare, the Lord *rist* his *sowl* in glory, gave good *incouragement* to the people to build; and, sure enough, many a jackeen would'nt be walking the *pavemints* like gentlemen to-day, if it was'nt for the *ould* lord's giving farms to their fathers and *granfaders,* for little or nothing, and all because they only *builded* a bit of a house; but them were the good lords, that did'nt go out of the country, but staid at home and minded the poor people, just for all the world like his honour, Lord Headly—may the Lord reward him for that same: but, as I was saying, it would be hard enough to get a farm these times, the *jantlemen* are grown so *cute;* indeed, then, they know *de valy* of a penny as well as any poor man of us all. But see if *dare* is'nt *de* bishop's house! it's well I *recollicts* a *strame* in that same *plashe,* and so well I ought, for 'tis often *an*

often, when I was a little brat of a *by*, no bigger then a bee's knee, I used to be catching the *trouteens, wid* a fork, in it. Sure I'll *niver* see the likes of them days *agin*, but where's the use in *fritting?* for they says we'll soon have fine times, when O'Connell and the *clargy* gets 'mancipation for poor *ould* Ireland."

"Well, Mahony, and so I hope you will; but tell me, what kind of people are the clergy?" "The *clargy* is it? why, then, 'tis they're the *blissed* people; only it's too bad for a poor *by* like me to be paying dues and finding for stations; but it's a good thing to have the *clargy* in one's house any way; and sure we'll have merit in the other world for minding our duty, like good *christins*. And is'nt there the *Convent*, quite convenient? there it is, your honour, with the *popular* trees forenent it; 'tis *thim* are the good ladies lives there; for don't they be always praying, and don't they make eye-water and *plashters* for the poor people, and keep a school to *larn* the *grawls* (children) the right way?"

By this time we had reached the bridge over the river Dinah, at the end of the new street; from the left bank of the river, as we

looked up the stream, rose the hill of Bellevue, dotted with trees and orchards, its summit crowned by a modern house, comfortably peeping forth from its sheltering wood; to the right, we had the town, with fields belonging to the inhabitants, and before us stood Galway's mill, backed by the pleasant farm of Ballydowny, and part of the range of hill, on which are the remains of the ancient cathedral of Aghadoe. From the mill, the river ran straight as an arrow, till passing under the bridge, it was lost to the south amid Lord Kenmare's plantations, commonly called the West Demesne. Immediately beneath us, a bevy of smiling girls, with their petticoats tucked up, were merrily dancing on some clothes which they were washing in the river. Along the right bank of the river ran a broad pathway, called the Mall.—"That's the very spot where Darby Minehan saw the fetch of O'Donoghue," said my guide.

"How was that?" said I.

"Ah, then, I'll tell you all about it," replied Mountain Mahony, "for sure I ought to know. The last O'Donoghue, more of the glens, you see, was taken sick,—very bad, entirely so, that he was obliged to go to one Doctor Gibbins

in the city of Cork, all the ways, and a great doctor he was, as I *hard* tell. Well, sir, while he was in Cork, his *ould sarvant*, Darby Minehan, you see, was crossing this very bridge of a night, thinking of nothing at all in life surely, but whistling the *ould* war tune of the O'Donoghues, and a nice tune it is—they calls it the eagle's whistle; and, oh, if your honour could but hear Mister Gandsey play it! But as I was saying, there was Darby Minehan whistling away like a blackbird in a summer's morning, only 'twas night at the time he was on the bridge, just where we are standing now, and the moon shining bright as day, when what would he see but a parcel of *by's* playing hurley on the mall. "Hurrah," says Darby, "hurrah, *by's*," says he, "here's the *lauve laider* (strong hand) for you,"—making over to join the fun, for he was mortal fond of that same hurley. But when he came up to them, the Lord *presarve* us, who should they be but a parcel of dead people, and O'Donoghue's fetch in the middle of them all, pucking the ball about like a May-boy.

You may be sure it was Darby was frightened, when the fetch walked up to him, "I've

a message for you, Darby," says he, "you must go to Father Norris the friar, and tell him that he's the only man to cure O'Donoghue, if he'll only make use of a charm he knows himself." "I will do that same surely, your honour," says Darby, and away he legged to the friar as fast as foot could carry him, for glad enough he was to be rid of the fetch. When Father Norris heard the whole story from Darby he only laughed at it, and said, he would'nt meddle with charms for the world. But 'twas no laughing matter, for O'Donoghue was taken away; and by the same token, the greatest *berrin* 'twas that ever was known to be in the *ould* Abbey of Mucruss. But what makes the story *curus* is that Father Norris himself dropped down dead in the street, just at the door of Tom Sullivan's shop; and, beyond any kind of doubt, it was because he would'nt do the fetch's bidding.

On the conclusion of Mahony's wonderful story I was about to return to the Inn, when he interposed with—"Sure, it would'nt be going back your honour would be, *widout* seeing the West Demesne, and it's only a bit of a step to the hill of Knockrear, where there's

the finest prospect in all the wide world. And is'nt there Clough na Cuddy on that same hill where the *ould* friar from Innisfallen slept for a hundred years and a day, and it's myself will show you the very spot, and the hole that was made in the stone by his two knees, for he was a blessed man, and 'twas praying he was when he was overtaken by the sleep." Unable to resist Mahony's importunities, and seeing there was yet sufficient light to enjoy "the finest prospect in all the wide world," I consented to visit Clough na Cuddy and Knockrear. We therefore entered the Demesne, by an iron gate, a few yards from the bridge. Passing the lodge, we turned to the right, and proceeded along a path cut on the side of the hill, for which, and many other pleasing improvements, the Demesne is indebted to the taste of Lady Kenmare.

Having ascended the hill, the lower lake lay spread before me in all its beauty, dotted and gemmed with islands, its southern shore bounded by noble mountains, the western sky illumined by the bright tints of a setting sun, which threw over the dark breast of Toomies a glow of the most transparent purple, and,

to complete the scene, a returning barge swept over the calm bosom of the lake, to the measured tones of a keyed bugle :—

Killarney! all hail to thee, land of the mountain,
Where roves the red deer o'er a hundred hill tops,
Or silently views, from the depth of the fountain,
His image reflected at eve when he stops.

Where the monarch of birds from his throne on the rock,
Ere he soars, 'mid the storm, sends his wild scream afar;
Where the waterfall rushes with fierce foamy shock,
And echo redoubles the sound of its war.

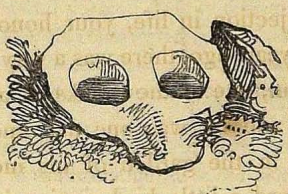
O, who has not heard of thee, land of the lake?
And who that has seen, but enshrines in his heart
The glow of thy charms, and those feelings which wake
At a scene such as this, with a magical start.

The rush of thy torrents are sweet to my ear,
Thy lakes and their wooded isles dear to my sight,
Thy mountains majestic, thy rivulets clear,
Alternately flowing 'mid shadows and light.

Thy wide spreading woods—yonder mountain's green pall,
The mellow toned bugle, the dip of the oar,
Sweet sights and sweet sounds, on my spirits ye fall,
And wake me to gladness and music once more.

Advancing through a pretty plantation, we soon reached Clough na Cuddy, a large stone with two capsular hollows in it, which were

half filled with water. A few stunted trees and bushes grew around it, upon one of which several rags were hung, as is usual in Ireland, near places that are considered holy. Whilst I was engaged in noting the shape of the stone on the back of a letter, (of which sketch here is a fac-simile),



an old woman, who I had not before perceived, peeping over my shoulder, exclaimed:

"Oh, then, is'nt it the very moral image of the blessed stone itself? and there are the two holes put down in it, to be sure, where the holy frair knelt at his devotions." And here she began to scatter some crumbs upon the ground, to which the little birds, from the neighbouring bushes, immediately flew with all the fearlessness of conscious security."

"Ah, then," said their feeder, "ye're a blessed race, and 'tis good right ye have to know this

place, and it would be a mortal sin to hurt or to harm ye—but what are ye to the little bird that sang to the holy friar for as good as two hundred years?"

"That indeed was a wonderful bird," said I, "and, my good woman, if you have no objection, I should like very much to hear all about it."

"No objection in life, your honour—well then, many years ago, there was a very religious and holy man, one of the monks of a convent hereabouts, and he was one day kneeling at his prayers in the garden of his monastery, when he heard a little bird singing in one of the rose trees of the garden, and there never was any thing that he had heard in the world so sweet as the song of that little bird.

"And the holy man rose up from his knees, where he had been kneeling at his prayers, to listen to its song, for he thought he never in all his life heard any thing so heavenly.

"And the little bird, after singing for some time longer in the rose tree, flew away to a grove at some distance from the monastery, and the holy man followed it, to listen to its singing; for he felt as if he never could be tired of

listening to the sweet song which it was singing out of its little throat.

"And the little bird after that went away to another distant tree, and sung there for awhile, and then again to another tree, and so on in the same manner, but ever farther and farther away from the monastery, and the holy man still following it farther, and farther, and farther, still listening delighted to its enchanting song.

"But at last he was obliged to give up, as it was growing late in the day, and he returned to the convent; and as he approached it in the evening, the sun was setting in the west with all the most heavenly colours that were ever seen in all this world, and when he came into the convent it was nightfall.

"And he was quite surprised at every thing he saw; for they were all strange faces about him in the monastery, that he had never seen before, and the very place itself and every thing about it, seemed entirely different from what it was when he left in the morning; and the garden was not like the garden where he had been kneeling at his devotions, when he first heard the singing of the little bird.

"And while he was wondering at all that

he saw, one of the monks of the convent came up to him, and the holy man questioned him—'Brother, what is the cause of all these strange changes that have taken place here since the morning?'

"And the monk that he spoke to seemed to wonder greatly at his question, and asked him what he meant by the changes since morning; for sure there was no change, that all was just as before; and then he said, 'Brother, why do you ask these strange questions, and what is your name? for you wear the habit of our order, though we have never seen you before.'

"So upon this, the holy man told his name, and that he had been at mass in the chapel in the morning, before he had wandered away from the garden, listening to the song of a little bird, that was singing among the rose trees, near where he was kneeling at his prayers.

"And the brother, while he was speaking, gazed at him very earnestly, and then told him that there was in the convent a tradition of a brother of his name, who had left it two hundred years before, but that what had become of him was never known.

"And while he was speaking, the holy man said, 'My hour of death is come; blessed be the name of the Lord, for all his mercies to me, through the merits of his only begotten Son.'

"And he kneeled down that very moment, and said, 'Brother, take my confession, and give me absolution, for my soul is departing.'

"And he made his confession, and received his absolution, and was anointed, and before midnight he died.

"The little bird, you see, was an angel, one of the cherubim or seraphim; and that was the way the Almighty was pleased in his mercy to take to himself the soul of that holy man.

"And there before you is the stone where he knelt all the time of his sleep, or his enchantment, or whatever it was; and there are the prints of that holy man's knees in the stone, that your honour has drawn out so completely*."

It was almost dark when I reached Gorham's Hotel.

* In the Second Volume of the Irish Fairy Legends the reader may find another version of this tale.—Clough na Cuddy signifies Cuddy or Cuthbert's Stone.

"Will your honour be for Mangerton in the morning early?" said Mahony at parting.

"No, not to-morrow, Mahony, I am going on the lower lake—but what music is this?"

Terralilira—Terralie—week-we-hum—bum—bum boodle boo.—I listened more attentively, and heard an excellent performer indeed.

"Waiter, who is the bagpipe player?"

"O, sir, that's Mister Gandsey, Lord Headly's own piper—if you want real music, sir, 'tis he that can give it to you in style."

What Gandsey, of whose pipes I have heard so much!—pray tell Mister Gandsey I shall be most glad of his company."

The person thus invited soon made his appearance; he was blind, and entered the room leaning on his son; but though blind, the light of genius beamed from his countenance, so as to render his want of sight scarcely perceptible. In addition to Gandsey's talents as a musician (which if not of the highest, are of a highly respectable order), he can tell a good story, sing a good song, and cap Latin verses with any man in the classical County of Kerry.

I had a most delicious evening with Gandsey and his pipes. He played for me one old Irish air after another, accompanied by his son with much skill on the violin. He told me their traditionary histories—and, in particular, I remember, he sung for me to a most plaintive melody, the poor man's lamentation for the loss of his cow.

Oh! there was a poor man,
And he had but one cow,
And what way he lost her,
He could not tell how.
Sleek and black was her coat
From the head to the tail,
And copious and pure
Flow'd her milk in the pail.
Agus oro Drimen dubh,
Oro, bo!
Oro Drimen dubh,
Mhiel agrah!
Agus oro Drimen dubh,
O, ochone!
Drimen dubh dheelis
Go den tu slanbo*?

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* And, oh! my black cow; oh! my black cow, a thousand times dear to me; and, oh! my black cow; alas! my black cow; my darling, why did you leave me.

Returning from mass
One morning so gay,
He saw his poor Drimen dubh
Half drown'd by the way;
He clapp'd his two hands,
And the neighbours did call,
To save his poor Drimen,
For she was his all.
Agus oro, &c.

Ah, neighbours, was this not
A sorrowful day,
When I gazed on the water
Where my Drimen dubh lay?
With a drone and a drizzen,
She bid me adieu,
And the answer I made was,
A loud phillilu.
Agus oro, &c.

Poor Drimen duhh sunk—
And I saw her no more,
Till I came to an island
Was close by the shore;
And down on that island
I saw her again,
Like a bunch of ripe blackberries
Rolled in the rain.
Agus, oro, &c.

Arrah, plague on you, Drimen dubh,
What made you die?
Or why did you leave me,
For what and for why?

I would rather lose Paudeen,
Ma boghel beg baun*,
Than part with my Drimen dubh,
Now that she's gone.
Agus oro, &c.

When Drimen dubh lived,
And before she was dead,
She gave me fresh butter
To eat to my bread;
And likewise new milk
That I soak'd in my scon—
But now its black water,
Since Drimen dubh's gone?
Agus oro, &c.

"Good night, Gandsey—good night, I hope to see you again to-morrow—many thanks for your music—Bless me, 'tis just twelve o'clock, I did not think it was ten; really you have given additional wings to time."

"Much obliged to you, sir—good night, sir."

* My little white boy.

CHAP. II.

THE EMBARKATION.

A FINE day any where is a fine thing, but a fine day at Killarney is the finest of all possible things. Only see how clear the mountain looks, with but one little silvery cloud sleeping in the hollow of the Devil's Punchbowl, the broad face of the sun smiling on it, as if he was just going to say, "You brat of a cloud, I'll swallow you up in a twinkling."

It would be a pity to lose a moment—"Hallo, Gorham, breakfast, breakfast, all in a hurry, if you please; tea, coffee, bread, butter, toast, eggs, ham, honey, salmon, all very good—is every thing ready, Gorham?"

"Yes, *sare*."

Away we go then, Tom Plunket, Lord Kenmare's own coxswain, on one hand, Spillane on the other, two of the boatmen in advance, each bearing a great basket of prog, another of the boatmen behind, with a boat cloak thrown over his arm, and, as I soon found, ready to put in his word on all occasions. "That's Lord

Kenmare's house, sir," said Plunket, at the same time pointing from the Haha to an old fashioned mansion on the right. "And there," said Spillane, a handsome military looking man, "and there, sir, to the left, beyond the avenue, you may see the park house looking out of the oak wood."

"Where does that road lead?" said I, pointing to a road on the left of the one we were pursuing.

"The road is it?" said the man with the cloak, "why, then, what road should it be, but the road to Sunday's Well, a fine well it is, and a blessed place, for sure they say, though myself never see it, that if one was to go there at peep of day on an Easter Sunday, they'd see the sun dancing a jig on the rim of the sky for joy; and I suppose that's the reason they calls it Sunday's Well."

"That's a pretty row of trees, Plunket."

"Yes, sir, they were planted by Lord Kenmare's grandfather, along the Mucruss road there, for he was mighty fond of all sorts of improvements; and, to be sure, they do look mighty fine, with their branches making a roof over the road; and this tree here by itself, just

at the corner of the Ross road, they calls it the big tree, it was planted just when the *Lordeen's* father was born; a bad place it is to pass at night, for they say many an evil kind of thing do be seen here, and, for certain, I never pass it myself without a knife in my pocket, for steel and iron they say's good against enchantment."

By this time we had turned the corner of the Demesne wall, and entered on the Ross road, from whence there was a magnificent mountain view—Mangerton, broad and bare, the pointed Turk, behind which appeared part of Cromiglaun trending away towards the mountains of the Upper Lake. The Eagle's Nest, the broken and tufted side of Glenà, and the broad breast of Toomies, beyond which were seen a few points of Macgillicuddy's Reeks. The clearness of the sky served to mark more distinctly the rugged outlines of those gigantic hills, while the intense brightness of the sun caused the air to appear like a lucid veil drawn before the bend of the amphitheatre.

"What's your name?" said I to the man with the cloak, as we proceeded leisurely along the Ross road.

"Fakes then, I've a very good name with me, Doolan, at your honour's *sarvice*."

"They call him Doolan O'Donoghue, sir," said Plunket, with a smile.

"O'Donoghue!" said I, "why there was Miss ——, but I never recollect girls' names, sent me some pretty verses about O'Donoghue. He was a chief who became enchanted I think, and sometimes appears upon the lake."

"Why, then, your honour may say that," said Doolan, with some earnestness, "and that's the reason they put the name of O'Donoghue upon me."

"Oh, he could'nt appear at all," said Plunket, "without Doolan, who's an old friend of his, and knows more about him than any man on the lakes."

"May be it's on your *picky* you are this morning," said Doolan, "but many's the true word is said *on purpose*, and 'tis I that knows my own know in spite of the nation."

"Then, Doolan, as you know so much about him, I suppose you must have seen O'Donoghue."

"See him is it, may be I did'nt, why, but no matter for that, Tim Shea saw him any

how, and went of messages for him; and saw the great hurling match on the lake. May be your honour never heard of the hurlers of Loch Lane."

"No, indeed, Doolan."

"Why, then, I'll tell you all about how I came by the knowledge of it myself. It was a long time ago I was out fishing on the lake with a *jantleman*, a good *jantleman* he was, that did'nt spare a drop of the *cratur* on a poor man. But as I was saying, we was out fishing, the lake was smooth as a lookingglass, and we got on mighty well till the heel of the evening, when the big black clouds, bad luck to them, began to gather about Toomies; besides, there was an ugly swell upon the water, and the wind began to *cugar** like mad among the mountains. 'We're going to have a rout,' says I, 'so the best way's to make the land as fast as we can.' 'Pull away, then, like a gay fellow,' says the *jantleman*; and sure enough I did pull for the bare life; but, as bad *fortin* would have it, down came the storm before we got half-way. Och, it was it that did make

* Literally, to whisper.

the clatter, and our boat was tossed about like a porpoise in the sea; and, to make bad worse, it began to rain like thunder, and it grew as dark as the *dickins*. Well, just as the hope was going out of me, there came a big wave and bounced us high and dry on Reen shore; if your honour'll throw an eye across the bog you'll see the very spot. Glad enough we were to find ourselves there, but seeing we hadn't a dry *tack* on us, we made for Jack Looney's cabin. Jack Looney lived at Reen in them days, and a *dacent by'* he was. It was he was surprised to see us, and made an elegant fire up with turf and bogdeal; and it was we *was* glad enough to turn ourselves before it, like a pair of geese of a Michaelmas Sunday.

"'Indeed then, your honour had great good luck at your side that you wasn't drownded; and so you had,' said Jack to the gentleman, 'and 'tis I that have all the bad fortune; for isn't there all my poor cattle down by the lake yonder there, with never a bit of shelter from the storm? wisha, then,' continued he, 'wisha, then, all sorts of bad luck to you Tim Shea for *laving* 'em there. But I won't be after putting up with you any longer, for you haven't the

heart of a chicken ever since the night you saw O'Donoghue.'

"Tim Shea, who was quietly smoking in the chimney corner, started up, and took the pipe from his mouth, in a huff—'Why, then, is it out of your senses you are, Jack Looney,' said he, 'that you'd be after talking in that kind of way? Fakes then, as stout as you are, may be you wouldn't like to be driving over the country of messages for O'Donoghue.—Chicken, indeed! if I hadn't a heart as big as twenty, I'd be *kilt* entirely by that thief of a big white horse; and his honour there,' said Tim to the gentleman, 'would say the same, if he knew but the half of what I could tell him.'

"Then the gentleman up and *tould* Tim, that as he was to be *refaree* man, he expected to hear the whole story—so with that Tim put his pipe into a hole in the hob, and began the history of his *advintures*.

"'It was,' said he, 'as beautiful a moonlight night as ever came out of the heavens, that I happened to be sitting on a rock by the lake side, watching Jack Looney's cattle; for, be-

sides that, some *ramskallianly* thieves were playing the *dunnus** in the country; your honour must know that the fences were so bad, there was no keeping the black cow out of pound. Well, as I was saying, it was a beautiful night, and I was sitting on a rock looking at the cattle that were grazing about; and when I got tired of that, I turned about to the lake, that was as still as any thing, with the moon and the stars shining in it, just for all the world as if there was another sky in the bottom of it. But it wasn't long until I began to get quite lonesome like; for there was the big black mountains, with the white mist circling about them, that looked like so many ghosts; besides the dark islands and gray rocks in the lake were the dismallest things in life, and their shadows that were dancing a *moreen*† on the water, brought O'Donoghue and his hurlers into my head, so that I began to think what I should do if O'Donoghue was to come up to me; for though they say it's lucky to see him, I didn't much like the thoughts of it then. But that was little good for me; for before

* Mischief.

† A jig, from *Moin*-turf, for a dance upon the turf.

long I *see* something white waving on the lake at a great distance; but I thought I should have died with the fright when it came near me, and I saw O'Donoghue himself riding like mad on a big white horse. Up he comes to me, and without as much as 'by your lave' 'Tim Shea,' says he, 'you must go of a message for me; you must carry this letter to the county of Waterford.' 'To Waterford! my lord sir,' says I, 'and what to do to Waterford? yarrah, then, good Mr. O'Donoghue, don't be after sending a poor *gomal** like me such a journey this blessed night.' 'You thief, you,' says he, 'don't you know I'm O'Donoghue? I'll *tache* you better manners than to be mistering me; so, for that very word, you must be off in a minute, or may be it would be worse with you. And what are you frightened at, you spalpeen? Won't I mind the cattle till you come back? and won't I lend you my own horse? so that you'll be better mounted than e'er a gentleman in the kingdom.' And that was true enough for him; for he was a beautiful horse as you'd meet in a month of Sundays,

* A fool.

and had silver shoes upon him, and gold *sturrups*, and little gold and silver bells upon his bridle, that jingled with every stir of him. So with that down he jumps off of the horse, and makes no more to do, but heaves me upon his back. 'Tim Shea, put this letter in your *spraun**, and when the horse stops in front of a big castle, give it to the first that'll open the door, and bring me back an answer,' says he. 'I will, your honour,' says I. '*Hauld* tight and be off; hurroo, *coppul bawn*†,' says he, and away we flew like the wind. Indeed, then, it gave me enough to do to stick on his back, though I held tight by the neck; for my head was bothered with the jingling of the bells, and he went so fast that he almost knocked the breath out of me. Well, sir, away we went, and we went, till we came to the sweet county Waterford; when, what should my thief of a horse do, but make for a big cliff that *hang'd* over the sea; so, when I see where he was going, I thought it was all over with me. 'Ah, then, my beautiful *baste*,' says I, 'wouldn't you be after turning some other way?' But the

* Purse or pouch. † White horse.

unnatural creature took no more notice of me than if I was a Jew or a heathen just; but when he comes to the edge of the cliff, he turns up his snout and gave a great snort, down he leapt with me all at once clean into the middle of the wide ocean. Splash, splash, went the water, and down we went to the bottom; when, where would I find myself, but in the middle of a fine city. So up we went through the street, and all the people staring at us, until we came in front of a big castle, and there we stopt at last, and my *coppul bawn* began to jingle his bells, like a May boy, till the door was opened, and out walked an elegant lady. 'What's your business, Tim Shea?' says she, for they all seemed to know me as well as if I was bred and born among them. 'Wisha, then, nothing at all, my lady,' says I, 'only a bit of a note from O'Donoghue.' 'Give it here,' says she, 'and I'll bring you an answer in a minute.' So with that in she went, and it wasn't long till she came out again with the answer; and, as soon as I had it safe, away went my *coppul bawn* as fast as ever. Well, sir, it wasn't long till he brought me back again to the big rock, by the lake side; and sure it was I that was

glad to see it; and as soon as he came up to O'Donoghue, he gives himself a shake, and makes no more of tossing me off than if I was a straw. 'Where's the answer, Tim?' says O'Donoghue. 'Here, your honour,' says I, as soon as I could get breath to *spake*. 'Well, Tim,' says he, when he read it, 'you'll see some fun soon, for the boys from Waterford are coming, and there'll be as fine a hurling match as ever you see; but which ever way it goes, don't let a word out of your two lips, if you haven't a mind to sup sorrow.'

"'So with that up he gets on his white horse, and away he gallops into the lake. 'Joy be with you,' says I, 'I'm fairly rid of you at last.' But the words were hardly out of my mouth when the lake was covered over with O'Donoghue's people; and it wasn't long till the boys from Waterford rushed by in a whirlwind, and so to it they went.

"'It would do your heart good to see the beautiful ball and hurlies they had, and to hear the shouts of 'em, as they pucked it about from one end of the lake to the other, till at last the Waterford boys began to get the better of the Kerry men. '*Blug-a-bauns!* what are you

about, O'Donoghue?' says I, quite forgetting that I wasn't to *spake;* but if I did, so well I paid for it, for up jumped a big ugly looking fellow, and hits me a rap over the head with his hurley. Down I dropt as dead as a herring; and when I came to myself, there was nothing to be seen but the gray mist of the morning, creeping calmly along the lake, and the cattle that were quietly grazing around me. But you see, your honour, I've a good right to keep a civil distance from the lake after nightfall any how; for sure it was, I was bothered the whole night with O'Donoghue and his hurlers, and his white horse, and messages, and cities in the sea; but 'twill be many a long day till they catch me *agen*.'—That's Tim Shea's story, sir," said Doolan, as we gained the bridge which connects Ross Island with the main land, from which it is only separated by a cut, evidently made for a defence to the castle. Turning to the right, we passed on to the quay at the back of the castle, part of which is still garrisoned, where we were to embark, after having walked about an English mile and a half, or, as an Irishman would call it, a good mile.

"Good morning, Mr. Pool, but where's the boat?"

"O, sir, it hasn't come over from the boat-house yet, but it will be here directly, and in the mean time you can look at the castle, if you please—here's the key, Doolan." Upon this we entered the tower of the castle, and ascending a flight of stone steps, reached a large room on its upper floor.

"This was O'Donoghue's room, your honour," said Doolan, "and sure a snug room it was in its day, for all it looks so *could* and comfortless now; and there, doesn't you see the blood on them stones, where O'Donoghue killed the soldiers that didn't believe in him at all, at all; but sure that was no wonder, for wasn't they black *Sasenaghs* (Saxons)? but for the matter of that, may be your honour wouldn't be a catholic either." Here Doolan paused, in expectation of a reply, but receiving none, recommenced as follows:—"To be sure there isn't much difference between a catholic and a *rale proteshtant;* for isn't there holy Arthur, there in Killarney, though he's a *proteshtant* and a minister, isn't he a *dacent jantleman,* and good to the poor people, only he'd

knock a man down if he was vexed; but what signifies a blow from a *jantleman* that'll put his hand in his pocket and give a man a two-an'-sixpenny bit as soon as look at him?—it isn't the *likes* of him I *mane*, but 'tis the black orange men that *wants* to keep the poor catholics down; all sorts of bad luck to them."

"Well, Doolan, but what has all this to do with O'Donoghue and the soldiers?"

"I'll tell you that then, they wouldn't believe in O'Donoghue, so nothing would do them, but out of bravery, they should sleep in the stone room here, and so well they paid for it, for O'Donoghue came in the middle of the night and knocked both their brains out *agin* the wall; and sure isn't the blood on the stones to this very day, for all the water in the lake wouldn't wash it out. And there, your honour, is the very *windy* O'Donoghue leaped out of when he was enchanted."

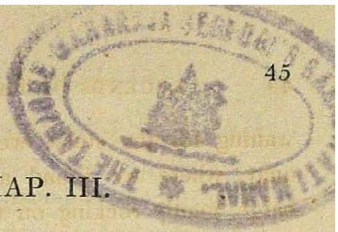
"Aye, I want to hear about his enchantment, Doolan."

"Why, your honour must know,"—

To—too—tooty—too—too—tur—croo.——

"There's Spillane's bugle *soundin* to let your honour know the boat's *riddy*." So without

waiting for the story, we descended to the quay, where we found a pretty four-oared barge, gently rocking on the undulating surface of the water, which broke, with a pleasing murmur, against the rocky shore. The coxswain was already in his place, Spillane seated in the bow, and the boat manned by as stout a crew as ever pulled an oar.



CHAP. III.

THE EXCURSION.

"WHAT house is that?" said I to the coxswain as we left the quay of Ross, and swept rapidly across the water.

"Is it that perched upon the rock, and peeping out of the trees? that's the boatkeeper's house, sir, and there's the boathouse just under it, you see, by the water's side, as handy as can be." Shortly after passing which, the boatmen paused upon their oars; the barge floated calmly in the shadow of a fantastic rock, and Spillane suddenly awakened the echo of the castle, whose ancient walls returned distinctly the wild notes of his bugle.

Scarcely had Spillane concluded, when Thady Begly, a mahogany faced, broad shouldered boatman, started up with—"Will I give your honour Paddy Blake's echo?" and without waiting a reply, put his hand to his mouth and halloed—

"How are you Paddy Blake? Very well, I thank you."

Echo. Well, I thank you.

"We've on board a good gentleman."

Echo. Good gentleman.

"And sure he has plenty of Tommy Walker for the boatmen."

Echo. Tommy Walker for the boatmen.

"There, now, why do you hear what Paddy Blake says?" said Begly, as he resumed his seat.

The hint was not to be misunderstood—"Oh, certainly, Mister Plunket, by all means give the men a glass of whiskey." While "their allowance," as they called it, was serving out, I took Wright's Guide book from my pocket, and read the following account of the sounds which I had just heard: "The first echo is returned from the castle, the second from the ruined church of Aghadoe, the third from Mangerton, and afterwards innumerable reverberations are distinguished, which appear like the faded brilliancy of an extremely multiplied reflection, lost by distance and repetition."

"That's a fine sounding sentence," said I; and read on till I came to "the obstruction of the sound by hills at different distances, situated

as it were in the peripheries of a series of concentric circles, is consequently adapted to the creation of numerous reflections."

"That is quite satisfactory," said I, and I closed the book.

Inspired by the whiskey, the men stretched stoutly to their oars, and we shot gaily by the shore of Ross, where sometimes little marshy meadows opened to the view, surrounded by wood and rock, which frequently approached the water's edge, and often overhung it: while, on the other side, we had a large bog, Reen Cottage, and Cherry Island, backed by part of "the Demesne," Bellevue Hill, and Prospect Hall.

"There's O'Donoghue's pigeon house, sir," said Plunket, pointing to a large mass of insulated rock close to the shore of Ross.

"And there," said Doolan, pointing to a number of great book-shaped stones, which lay scattered along the shore, "and there's O'Donoghue's library."

"Indeed, Doolan! he must have had a *hard* study of it then. But where's the story about O'Donoghue's enchantment?"

"Sure enough, your honour, I'll tell you the

whole story just as it happened. You must know then that O'Donoghue was mighty rich, and powerful he was, and kept a brave house in his day, in the *ould* castle of Ross that's yonder there; and, moreover and above, 'tis said he was the wisest man of his time, and could do wonders by the power of the black art. With all his art, however, he could'nt help growing *ould;* so, not liking to die, he thought he'd try if he couldn't make himself young again. Up he goes to the top of his castle, and shuts himself up in a room, with his black book, for as good as seven weeks. Nobody knew what he was doing all that time, or how he lived, till, at the end of the seven weeks, he called for his wife. Well, sir, up she went to him, and then he *tauld* her what he was about —how he had a mind to grow young again, that there was but one way of doing it, and that he wanted her help. 'Do you see that tub?' says he, 'well, you must cut me to pieces, and put me into it, lock the door, and in seven weeks time you'll find me alive and well, but no bigger than a three years *ould* child.' 'I will,' says she. 'Oh, but I must have a trial of you first,' says he, 'for if you was to get frightened, it

would be all over with me.' So with that he takes his black book. 'Now,' says he, 'I'm going to read, and if you cry out at any thing you see, I'll be taken away from you for ever.' Well, sir, while he was reading, the *frightfulest* things in the world made their appearance, and there was a noise as if the whole castle was going to pieces. The lady, however, stood it out manfully for a long time, till she saw her own child lying dead on the table before her; then she was frightened in earnest, and gave a great shriek; upon which the castle shook like a leaf, and O'Donoghue, leaping out of the *windy*, disappeared in the waves of Loch Lane. His horse, his table, his library, were all taken away at the same time, and may be seen at different parts of the lake turned into stone. That's the way O'Donoghue was enchanted; and 'tis said that he now lives in a brave palace at the bottom of the lake."

By this time our boat was smoothly gliding under a large insular rock, which rises to a considerable height above the surrounding water, and which Plunket called my attention to, as O'Donoghue's prison.

"Once upon a time, sir," said he, "there was a young lady, the most *beautifulest* young *cratur* what could be, and she was *runned* away with by a great murdering outlaw, of the name of Carthy. Well, sir, that was very well. —but what does O'Donoghue do, for 'twas before the time he was enchanted, but he swears by this and by that, that if he caught Carthy, he'd make a holy show of him. For what business had a blackguard like him, tha' was living up and down about the country, tc carry off a young lady born and bred? And sc he fixed two great iron rings into the top of this rock here, and got *Shaune Gow* (Jack the smith) to make a thunder *boult* of a chain, and says he to his men, says he—

* * * * * * *

But the rest of the story has escaped my memory; for here Doolan, who had quietly commenced smoking his pipe while he leisurely pulled the bow oar, presented such an irresistable countenance, that I could not refrain from slily sketching it.

Proceeding onwards towards the base of Toomies mountain, we left the prison rock behind us. To our right lay Innisfallen—the delicious Innisfallen!

On our left was Philequilla point, and the Mouse Island. "A darling little spot, sir, isn't it?" said Doolan, taking the stump of a pipe from his mouth, quietly shaking out the ashes against the gunwale of the boat, and then depositing it in his waistcoat pocket, "a darling little spot surely."

"But why is it called Mouse Island?" said I.

"Sure then, for all the world," replied Doolan, "arn't it like a beautiful little mouse among the other islands upon the lake."

In a short time we got within the shadow of the broad breasted Toomies, whose inverted summit seemed to descend into the water beneath; and just as we approached its wooded base, Spillane, standing up, played most sweetly upon his bugle, "The meeting of the waters," while, as if in unison with the melody, the dash of an invisible cataract was heard among the trees.

"What are we to land here for?" said I to the coxswain.

"Only just to show your honour O'Sullivan's cascade," was the reply. "Here, Doolan, show the gentleman the way."

Ascending a rugged path through the wood, we soon reached the foot of the fall.

"Isn't that as fine a sight as you'd meet with in a month of Sundays," said Doolan. "Only see how the white water comes *biling* like a pot of *praties* over the big black rocks, down it comes, one tumble over the other, the green trees all the while stretching out their

arms as if they wanted to stop it. And then it makes such a *dickins* of a *nise* as it pounces into that black pool at the bottom, that it's enough to bother the brains of a man entirely. Why, then, isn't it a wonder how all that water sprung up out of the mountain? for sure, isn't there a bit of a lake above there, in the hollow of the hill that the waterfall comes out of,—they calls it O'Sullivan's Punchbowl."

"And, pray, who was this O'Sullivan that had such a capacious punchbowl?"

Och, then, 'tis he's the fine portly looking *jantleman*, and has a *vice* (voice) as big as twenty; 'twould do your heart good to hear the cry of him on a stag hunt day, making the mountain ring again."

"Well, Doolan, you haven't told me all this time who O'Sullivan is."

"Why, then, that's the *quare* question for your honour to be after *axing* me. Sure all the country knows O'Sullivan of Toomies, for didn't him, and his father before him, live at the butt end of the mountain, near the neck of the Lawn; and wasn't they great chieftains in the *ould* times; and hadn't they a great sketch of country to themselves: they haven't so much

now, for their hearts were too big for their *manes* (means); and that's the *rason* O'Sullivan was obligated to sell this part of the mountain to Mr. Herbert of Mucruss."

"A sad story this, Doolan; but it seems to me these O'Sullivans' must have been very fond of a bowl of punch, or why is the lake you mentioned called O'Sullivan's Punchbowl?"

"Oh, then, your honour's as sharp as a needle entirely; but about that same lake it's a *quare* story sure enough. A long time before there was a waterfall here at all, one of the *rale ould* O'Sullivans was out all day hunting the red deer among the mountains. Well, sir, just as he was getting quite weary, and was wishing for a drop of the *cratur* to put him in spirits—"

"Or spirits into him," said I.

"Oh, sure, 'tis all the same thing," returned Doolan with a grin, intended for a smile. "'Tis all one surely, if a man can only have the drop when he wants it. Well, what should O'Sullivan see but the most beautiful stag that ever was seen before or since in this world; for he was as big as a colt, and had horns upon him like a weaver's beam, and a collar of real gold round his neck. Away went the stag, and away

went the dogs after him full cry, and O'Sullivan after the dogs, for he was determined to have that beautiful fine stag; and though, as I said, he was tired and weary enough, you'd think the sight of that stag put fresh life into him. A pretty bit of a dance he led him, for he was an enchanted stag. Away he went entirely off by Macgillicuddy's Reeks, round by the mountains of the Upper Lake, crossed the river by the Eagle's Nest, and never stopped nor staid till he came to where the punchbowl is now.

"When O'Sullivan came to the same place he was fairly ready to drop, and for certain that was no wonder; but what vexed him more than all was to find his dogs at fault, and the never a bit of a stag to be seen high nor low. Well, my dear *sowl*, he didn't know what to make of it, and seeing there was no use in staying there, and it so late, he whistled his dogs to him, and was just going to go home. The moon was just setting over to the top of the mountain shedding her light, broad and bright, over the edge of the wood and down on the lake, which was like a sheet of silver, except where the islands threw their black shadows over the water.

"O'Sullivan looked about him, and began to grow quite dismal in himself, for sure it was a lonesome sight, and besides he had a sort of dread upon him, though he couldn't tell the reason why. So not liking to stay there, as I said before, he was just going to make the best of his way home, when, who should he see, but Fuan Mac Cool (Fingal), standing like a big *joint* (giant) on the top of a rock.

"'Hallo, O'Sullivan,' says he, 'where are you going so fast?' says he, 'come back with me,' says he, 'I want to have some talk with you.' You may be sure it was O'Sullivan was amazed and a little bit frightened too, though he wouldn't *pertind* to it; and it would be no wonder if he was; for if O'Sullivan had a big *vice* (voice) Fuan Mac Cool had a bigger ten times, and it made the mountains shake again like thunder, and all the eagles fly up to the moon.

"'What do you want with me?' says O'Sullivan, at the same time putting on as *bould* a face as he could.

"'I want to know what business you had hunting my stag?' says Fuan, 'by the vestment,' says he, 'if 'twas any one else but yourself

O'Sullivan, I'd play the red vengeance with him. But, as you're one of the right sort, I'll pass it over this time; and, as my stag has led you a pretty dance over the mountains, I'll give you a drop of good drink, O'Sullivan; only take my advice, and never hunt my stag again.' Then Fuan Mac Cool stamped with his foot, and all of a sudden, just in the hollow which his foot made in the mountain, there came up a little lake, which tumbled down the rocks, and made the waterfall. When O'Sullivan went to take a drink of it, what should it be but *rale* whiskey punch, and it staid the same way, running with whiskey punch, morning, noon, and night, until the *Sasenaghs** came into the country, when all at once it was turned to water, though it goes still by the name of 'O'Sullivan's Punchbowl.'"

On our return to the boat two or three bare-footed sunburnt damsels started out of the wood with—"Won't your honour have some hurts?" Not wishing, however, for any hurts, anglice bilberries, we re-embarked; and, after comforting the crew with another glass of whiskey, again pursued our excursion.

* Saxons—The English.

The day during our absence had changed; dark clouds scudded through the sky, and the water was broken into little waves, which murmured against the shore. The scene, however, was improved by the sweeps of light and shadow; and for a short time I noticed a very peculiar effect—the rays of the sun darting directly through a rift in one of the dark clouds, illumined a little circular spot on the water, within this circle the waves appeared leaping up with a dazzling brilliancy, while all around was thrown into deep gloom.

Proceeding eastward along the base of the mountain, on whose side I remarked a green spot, which the hand of industry had reclaimed from the wild, we soon came under that part of the hill called "the Minister's Back," and in a short time gained the Stag and Arbutus Islands, which lie close to the shore, and, at a little distance, look like a continuation of the mountain. And here, while I employed myself in gathering some sprigs of arbutus, which struck my fancy, Plunket commenced as follows, respecting what he called the arrabutus:—

"The arrabutus, you see, sir," said he, "is the strawberry tree. And arn't the little red berries that is upon it for all the world like straw-

berries, only they don't be upon the ground. It grows wild hereabouts upon the naked rocks, without the least *taste* of earth in life; and sometimes you will see a tree fairly rising up out of the water. Only the Lake of Killarney isn't a sea, like the wide ocean—there would be no sense in what the *ould* woman, who thought to puzzle the young man, *axed* him. Did you ever hear her question and his answer to it, which was a mighty *'cute* one to be sure?

> 'There was an *ould* woman who *axed* of me
> How many wild strawberries grew in the sea?'
> I made her an answer as well I could,
> As many as red herrings grew in the wood.'

There's the question, and there's the answer then."

Turning the corner of Stag Island, we passed between Darby's Garden and Glená Mountain. "Darby's Garden is rather an odd name for that rock," said I.

"You wouldn't say that, if you knew the *rason* of it," replied Doolan, who seemed to be story-teller general.

"Let me hear the reason then."

"Why, then, sir, you must know the *ould*

Lord Kenmare was a great man for giving encouragement to all sorts of poor people that would be for building houses; granting them long leases:—long life to him—but sure I needn't wish that now, for isn't he dead and gone many the long year ago; and more's the pity—for the good old times of *rale* gentlemen are gone along with him. Oh, then, the *ould* times were the times in earnest, when the *ould* nobility of the country would have the power to break a man or to make a man; and, indeed, they'd just do one as soon as the other, and nobody to call them to 'count for it either."

"And those were the good old times, Doolan," said I.

"To be sure they were—we've no times like them now any way. *Howsomdever*, there was a man, you see, called Darby Mahony—and 'twas good the *ould* Lord Kenmare was to him; first he gave him, rent free, a piece of ground to build a cabin upon, and then he gave him a small patch for his *praties*, and then a field for his cow, and then a piece of bog for his turf, and, after all, a small strip for a haggard, and every inch of this all rent free or for next to nothing.

"Darby Mahony got all these pieces of ground so easy, one after the other, out of the *ould* lord only just for the *axing*, that, as well became him, he thought the next thing he'd *ax* for would be a fine rich meadow, of twenty acres or upwards, that surely was worth all he had before.

"So up he goes, one morning early, to the big house, and there he *sees* the *ould* lord eating his breakfast out under a tree, and says Darby, says he, 'The top of the morning to your lordship's glory.' 'Good morning to you, Darby Mahony,' says his lordship, 'what do you want now?' 'Indeed, then,' says Darby, answering him at once, without making the least bones of the matter, 'I have come to your lordship this morning, my lord, in the expectation that your lordship, would my lord, be after giving me a small bit of ground, that's convenient to the cabin I have built, for me to make a *purty* little flower garden of it.'

"'What ground do you *spake* of?' says his lordship. 'And sure, then, Darby Mahony, 'tis a *quare* thing for you to think of making a flower garden. Why, man-alive, the pigs would soon settle your flowers for you.'

"'Oh, indeed,' says Darby, 'I've a great taste for gardening; and 'twould be a great joy to me making a garden out of the waste ground.'

"'What waste ground are you talking about?' says his lordship.

"'Why, what they calls the butter-cup meadow,' says Darby, 'please you my lord; and sure 'twould make a *purty* flower garden for me.'

"'What, my best meadow!' cried the *ould* lord in a regular fret; 'go 'long with you, Darby Mahony, you impudent scoundrel, go 'long with you, and let me never see your face again.'

"Darby sneaked away, nor said a word more; but the next day the *ould* lord was in his barge you see upon the lake, and as he was passing the rock that is now called Darby's Garden, who should he see but Darby Mahony himself upon it fishing.

"'Long life to your lordship,' says Darby. I hope your lordship's honour hasn't forgot the garden.'

"'The garden is it, Darby,' says the *ould* lord; 'Devil burn me,' says he, 'if I have, and 'tis

thinking I was all last night what garden I could give you, but as you seem to like the spot you're on there, I give you that rock for your garden Darby, and much good may do you with it; and I hope the next time I come this way, 'tis a *purty* garden I'll see growing there with ye.'

"And Darby's Garden 'tis called," said Doolan, "to this hour."

"What a beautiful bay," said I. The wooded side of Glenà descended to its verge, while full before us a neat cottage peeped forth from its leafy nook through the branches of two aged oaks. "Silence." The boatmen rest upon their oars, and Spillane is going to rouse the echoes.

"Thank you, Spillane, that was very good indeed. What do you call this cottage where we are going to land?"

"Glenà Cottage, sir, it belongs to Lord Kenmare." After having seen the cottage, we ascended a little mount near it, from whence is commanded a fine view of the bay, the southern shore of Ross Island, and the northern shore of the Lower Lake. Then, re-embarking, we proceeded eastward, passed the entrance of the river which descends from the Upper Lake,

coasted along the northern shore of Brickeen Island, had a peep under the arch of Brickeen Bridge of the Middle Lake, and Turk Mountain, and landed on the Gun Rock.

"Where's the powder?" said Doolan. "Oh, murder, I'll be bail ye forgot it."

"Forgot it," repeated Thady Begly, "why would I forget it, why—but oh, murder and Irish, if 'tisn't wet it is after all!"

"You may as well think of firing a shot with soup as with that powder," said Plunket, nodding his head.

"'Twas myself thought that some *misfortin* or other would happen to the powder," said Doolan; "sure I never yet was out on the lakes with ye that some *misfortin* didn't come to it, and so I just put a charge in the corner of my pocket on *starten*, and here it is safe and sound. Make ready to fire then. Is the gun loaded?"

"No—but what matter?"

"Ready," said Begly.

"Fire then," said Doolan. Bang!—"How it thunders through the hills!"

"O, your honour, that's nothing at all to the Eagle's Nest," said Begly.

"Well, I suppose I shall see the Eagle's Nest in due time: to-day I must be content with skirting the northern shore of Mucruss," and a fine shore it is, rising bold and rocky above the water, which has fretted its base into caves and fantastic forms: now and then, however, a quiet bay opens to the view some green inviting spot.

"Look to the left, sir, and you'll see the Rough Island and O'Donoghue's Table, and the Hen and Chickens; and there, close to Mucruss shore, don't you see O'Donoghue's Horse, looking for all the world as if he was going to drink up the lake?"

"What that rock shaped something in this way?" said I, as I scratched the form on a bit of paper—"that's it, is it not?"

"Oh, the dead image of itself it is."

"Oh, then," said Plunket, "'tis O'Dono-

ghue's Horse is 'ketched out now completely, as Gorham says."

Here we are just passing under O'Donoghue's Broom. "Don't you see that bare yew tree sticking up out of the rock?" said Begly, as we came in sight of the object to which he called my attention.

> "The yew tree next it comes in view,
> And tall is that tree I must tell to you;
> But if it is tall, it is white and bare,
> And often gentlemen at it do stare."

"Who were these verses composed by, Begly?"

"Why, then, arn't they elegant verses?" said Doolan.

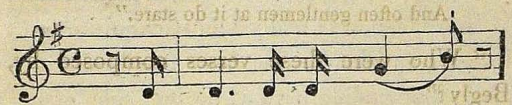
"Were these some of the verses Mr. Moore wrote when he visited the lakes?"

"O yea no," said Begly, "'twas one Mr. William Sullivan, the mason at Cloughereen, a great poet, composed them."

"Is it Billy the mule you're speaking about?" inquired Doolan.

"The same," replied Begly, "but 'tis well he isn't overhearing you, Doolan, for sure what sort of a name is Billy the mule to put upon a born poet?"

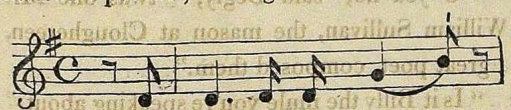
After passing Ash Island, Carrig a hocka, or the Sugar Island, and Mucruss house, we made a sweep to the north, leaving Castle Lough on our right: then, turning to the west, we passed Cahirnane, the mouth of the river Flesk, Alexander's Rock, Carrig a Fourt, Ross Mines, and, returning to Philequilla Point, crossed over to Innisfallen, where we were to dine, after having coasted the eastern extremity of the Lower Lake.



was sounded by Spillane as we approached the island.

"What is that call for?" said I.

"That's put down the potatoes, sir," answered Spillane; and again he sounded.



Accordingly, upon landing, we found a large pot of potatoes steaming away, and little Mrs. Curtin very busy preparing every thing for dinner.

CHAP. IV.

THE ISLAND.

A GOOD dinner any where is a good thing; but after an excursion on the lake, when the appetite has been sharpened by a breeze from the mountain, a good dinner is doubly excellent. And when that good dinner is eaten on the Island of Innisfallen, it is really a most exquisite treat. Imagine an island rising from the bosom of a lake, commanding a view, on one side, of immense mountains, whose wild sublimity is contrasted on the other with a green and cultivated shore; the lake now presenting a wide sweep of water, and now diversified with wooded islets and naked rocks; then the island itself about a mile in circumference, broken into easy undulating swells, with here a rocky point stretching far into the lake, and there a little bay encroaching on the land—here the trees are scattered lightly over the island, and there richly grouped—now you command a view of the lake through the opening woods, and now you can scarcely perceive its twinkle through

the leafy screen which skirts the rocky shore. "Well, Plunket, what do you want?"

"May be your honour would just step round the island while the dinner is getting ready."

"With all my heart." Away we went, and soon reached the western extremity of the island, where Plunket directed my notice to a tree, which he called "the eye of the needle." The name is given to it from a hole caused by the tree rising with a double trunk, and again uniting, something in this way, for my sketch is from memory.

"Sure your honour will thread the eye of the needle; every one that comes to Innisfallen threads the needle," said Plunket.

"Pshaw," said I, "I never shall be able to

squeeze myself through that hole, I'm too fat; besides, where's the use of it?"

"The use, sir, why it will ensure your honour a long life they say; and, if your honour only was a lady in a certain way, there would be no fear of you after threading the needle."

"In that case I must try and get through:" having done so, we proceeded a little further to the Bed of Honour, a shelf of rock which overhung the lake, and was overshadowed by a branching yew.

"The Bed of Honour—why the Bed of Honour, Plunket?"

"Oh then, indeed, because 'twas there a lord lieutenant of Ireland, who came to visit the lakes many many years ago, would go to sleep to cool himself after drinking plenty of the whiskey punch."

"What do you call that island?"

"That's Brown or Rabbit Island—but take care, sir, don't go out so far on that ledge of rock, for that's the very spot the poor author gentleman fell from; they called him Hell—Hell—no, 'twasn't Hell either, but Hal; oh, then, what a head I have upon me—oh, I have it now—Hallam's the name, your honour."

"What the author of the Middle Ages?"

"True for you, sir, he was a middle aged man, and, if he was, he broke the middle of his leg, and was laid a long time on the flat of his back in Reen Cottage over there; I suppose Doctor Mayberry and Doctor Murphy had pretty pickings on the gentleman's leg; and then there was another great writing gentleman, one Sir Walter Scott, came to Killarney about the time, and he used to go and visit the poor gentleman with the smashed leg; and I heard tell—but there's Spillane sounding his bugle, to let your honour know that dinner is ready."

We hastened round the remainder of the island, and returning to the ruins of the old monastery, at its eastern extremity, found Thady Begly and Doolan fiercely disputing the price of a salmon with a fisherman who had just landed.

"Here's Barret, the fisherman," said Begly, "has got a fine salmon—'tis every bit of a ten pounder; and sure your honour would like to see it roasted on the *arrabutus* skivers?"

"Oh, but sure he axes too much entirely for it, quite out of the way it is," said Doolan.

"Indeed, then, Mr. Doolan," said Barret, "it's no way out of the way, what I'm axing for it, begging your pardon."

"Oh, Barret, but I say it is out of the way," interposed Begly.

"Well," said Barret, "I'll leave it to the gentleman's own self; and be said, by his honour, without another word—"

"If a good half-crown will buy the fish, Barret, here it is for you, to end all disputes."

"Oh, God help us, 'tis fun your honour is making of me; indeed, then, I have sold before now a worse salmon than that for three times the money, and 'tis only for me to carry it on to Killarney there, to Mr. Sedgewick the fishman, and 'tis every halfpenny of eight pence a pound—only I wouldn't be after huxtering like with him, seeing your honour was upon the lake to-day; and sure I am none of the kind that would take advantage of a gentleman, because he is at a *nonplush* for his dinner."

"I'm much obliged to you, Barret, for the preference; however, I am not at a nonplus for my dinner; but if you like to take sixpence a pound, here are two half-crowns for you."

"I never was the man to gainsay a gentle-

man; but make it the sixpence halfpenny for luck, sir."

"No, Barret, here are the two half-crowns, I'll give no more, whatever Mr. Sedgewick's price may be."

"Well, your honour, I'll take it sooner than make the least *differ* or have another word about the matter, though 'tis poor payment, God help us, for a man to be out since break of day this morning wet and hungry."

"Here, give Barret a glass of whiskey. You shall have your dinner with the boatmen, Barret."

"Long life and good luck to your honour; and may you never want the finest salmon in the Lakes of Killarney to roast upon the *arrabutus* skivers. Oh, this whiskey is *mortual* strong."

"Take the other hand to it then, Barret," said Doolan, smiling at his own joke.

During the time we were bargaining for the salmon the boatmen had kindled a turf fire within the walls of the ruin; and no sooner was the bargain concluded, than Begly commenced cutting up the fish in junks, which he

placed upon long wooden skewers, and stuck in the ground all round the fire.

"Begly, you arn't doing that the right way," muttered Barret.

"And what do you know about the matter?" said Begly, evidently a little piqued at Barret's interference; "it would be fitter for you to be making shoes than minding what doesn't *concarn* you."

"Making shoes indeed, 'nations to your soul, sure that's a *dacenter* trade than yours, which isn't a trade at all; and sure if I stuck to my shoemaking, I needn't have gone to Carrig a Fourt, where Cromwell, the thief of the world, planted his cannon against the *ould* castle of Ross; but as to dressing a salmon, 'twould be a *quare* thing if I didn't know something about it by this time; and as for you, Begly, you deserve to be whipped from Tig na Vauriah to Donaghadee, for you're a poor ignorant *cratur*, and know as much about a salmon as a horse does about *spaking* Latin."

"And where," said I, "is this Tig na Vauriah? I know where Donaghadee is."

"Why," replied Barret, "'tis the farthest

distance in all Ireland from Tig na Vauriah to Donaghadee; and they tells a sort of story about how they came by their names."

"I should have no objection to hear this story," said I; upon which Barret related the following legend:—

"There was once (a long time ago) a poor man, whose name was Donagha Dee, and he lived in a small cabin, not far from a forest, in the heart of the County Kerry. Ireland at that time was not so bare as it is now, but was covered with great forests; inasmuch that it is said 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 ever get a moment's peace. A man might, perhaps, put up with a cross word now and then from a woman 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 old and as ugly as the black gentleman himself; so you may well suppose they had but a dog-and-cattish sort of life.

"One morning in the beautiful month of May, Donagha was quietly smoking his *doodeen* (pipe) in the chimney corner, when his wife coming in from the well with a can of water, opened upon him all at once, as if there were a thousand beagles in her throat. 'You lazy good for nothing stocagh,' said she, 'have you 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 fitter for you to be gathering a *brosna* (fire wood), than to be sitting there as if you were fastened to the *sieshtheen* (low seat) with a twelvepenny nail?' All this she said and much more, to which Donagha made no reply, but quietly took his billhook and gad, and away with him to the forest. I don't know what made him so quiet with her, may be he wasn't in fighting humour, and may be he thought it best to get out of her way, for they say 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 when Donagha heard it again, he thought may be it would be better for him to speak. 'Here I am,' says he; and then the voice answered back again—'Donagha, don't be frightened,' said the voice, 'for sure I'm only St. Brandon, that's sent to tell you, because you're a good *christin* and minds your duty, you shall have two wishes granted to you, so take care what you wish for, Donagha. 'Och, success to you for one saint any how,' 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? then what should he take for the second? a good wife—or wouldn't it be better

not to have any 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, and so Donagha, gathering a great bundle of fire-wood up, he tied it well with his gad, and heaving it upon his shoulder, away home with him. 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 obliged to throw it down; sitting upon his bundle, 'twas Donagha was in great botheration; the night was closing in fast, and he knew what kind of a welcome he'd have before him if he either staid out too late, or returned without a full load of firing. 'Would to heaven,' says he in his distress, and forgetting the power of his wish, 'would to heaven this *brosna* could carry me instead of my being obliged to carry it.' Immediately the *brosna* 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 at having thrown away one

of his wishes so foolishly. His wife Vauria (Mary) was standing at the door looking out for him, ready to give him a good *saletting*; 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 *brosna;* and poor Donagha, being so questioned, 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, I wish to heaven, you old scold, that's the plague of my 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-eastern side of Ireland, where Donaghadee now stands. And Vauria, house, and all, was carried off at the same time to its most south-western spot, beyond Dingle, and not far from the great Atlantic Ocean. The place, to this day, is known by the name of

Tig na Vauria or Mary's house; and, when people would speak of places wide asunder, it has become a sort of proverb to say, 'as far as Tig na Vauria from Donaghadee.' And that's the reason, sir."——

—"A very good dinner indeed, Plunket, and nicely laid out; and this banqueting room, seated on its rocky promontory, commands a charming view of the lake and mountains: what a curious old doorway! it appears to have been part of the abbey."

"It was a little chapel, sir, that was built by one of the M'Carthy's over the bones of the monks that were killed by him; and, sure enough, when the workmen were repairing the place, they found a sight of bones under a big flag."

"Now, Plunket, I think you had better give the men their dinner, and do not forget some whiskey to wash it down." The important business of eating concluded, preparations were made to re-embark, when Barret, the fisherman, accosted me with, "Did they show your honour the *ould* tomb, with the ash tree growing out of the top of it?"

"No, Barret, they did not."

"Then if you will just step a little to the west of the abbey, sir, I'll shew it to you."

"It certainly does appear to have been a tomb, although here is no inscription; do you know whose tomb it was, Barret?"

"Ah, then, 'tis I who can tell you all about whose tomb it was; it belonged to Father Phelim, one of the *ould* friars that lived in the abbey there; and, more than that, I can tell you how he came to be a friar.

"Many a long day ago, before the lake was a lake at all, there was many a snug bit of a farm, where nothing is now to be seen but the wide spreading waves of Loch Lane. Wisha, then, bad luck to Moll Donoghue, for sure it was all along of her *laving* the spring well uncovered, that the beautiful land was *drownded* (and beautiful fine land it was by all accounts); but the never a four footed beast'll graze there again, barring the trouts and the salmons; for the black lake is flowing over it this many a long day, and the more's the pity. But where's the use in fretting; for what's one man's loss is another man's gain; and isn't there the innkeepers, and boatmen, and buglers, in the town of Killarney yonder there? 'tis they and the

likes of them that ought to be glad of it any how.

"Well, as I was saying, many a long day before the lake was a lake at all, one Diarmid O'Sullivan had a snug little farm of his own, at the butt of Toomies Mountain, just under the 'Minister's Back:' only it wasn't the 'Minister's Back' then, because why there wasn't such a thing as a minister in being at all then, for them were the good *ould* times, and elegant times they were. Snug and comfortable Diarmid O'Sullivan was, and well to do in the world; for it was he that had plenty of yearlings and *shanafaughs** (that had the run of the mountain), and could take a good *gorlogue*† of his own potheen every morning of his life, and had plenty of every thing, and would have been as happy as may be if it wasn't for his son Phelim.

"There wasn't such a *bullamskiagh*‡ in the Barony of Magunihy as Phelim. Och, it was he was the boy for a bit of a *skrimige* (skirmish); and then, as for fun and frolic, there couldn't be a *pattern* or dance, wedding

* Two year old cows. † A small glass.
‡ A bully—literally, a shield striker.

or wake, within ten miles of him, but Phelim was sure to be there.

"It happened that Jack Connor of Fyrées, as sporting a boy as you'd wish to see, took sick of a fever and died; he was the very likeness of Phelim, and there wasn't two such cronies to be found from Knocknacoppul to Tignavauriah. A sorrowful day you may be sure it was when news of Jack's death was brought to the farm; and it was Phelim that took it to heart, and was *braunach** enough on account of it, and set off hot foot to the wake. A beautiful wake he had of it, with plenty of 'givings out,' and such a wonder of a *berrin*, that you might have heard the cry a good mile before they came to the *ould* church of Innisfallen here, that wasn't an island at all then, but only a snug little knop of a hill.

"When the *berrin* was over, the people went off one after another, till at last no one was left but Phelim, who, from the whiskey and the grief mixing together, lost all knowledge of every thing going on around him. He had seated himself forenent his crony's grave, near

* Sorrowful.

a great heap of sculls and bones, and a pitiful sight it was to see them, as bare and as bleached as the brow of Mangerton after a night's snow.

"'Why, then, Jack Connor, 'tis you was the truth of a good fellow,' said Phelim, who was beginning to come to himself; 'and sure and *sartin* I'll never see the likes of you again; and it's a pitiful case that you should lie there in the *could* grave, and many a good for nothing *spalpeen** left behind. Only to think the likes of you should ever come to this,' continued Phelim, at the same time taking up one of the sculls that lay near him; 'to think the likes of you should ever come to this, is enough to break the heart in a stone!'

"'Who is it that meddles with the dead?' said a great, big, tall, old man, stepping at the same time from behind a broken tomb. Phelim was quite daunted at the sound of the voice, and no wonder, for it was not like the voice of one belonging to this world; and, when he looked up, he felt his blood turning to ice within him. There the old man stood, like one of the giants that used to be formerly,

* A cowardly rascal.

with a long white beard, and his large lifeless looking eyes fixed upon Phelim, as he put the question to him for the second time. 'Who is it that meddles with the dead, when the dead have the power to walk?' For, sure enough, it was the dead hour of night; and the moon was shining clear and bright on mountain and wood, on river and rock, and gave, (the Lord *presarve* us!) a ghastly appearance to the grey tombs and upright headstones that were scattered about that lonely spot. Now Phelim wasn't much given to fear any thing dead or alive; so he soon mustered up his courage, and began to excuse himself as well as he could. 'Why then, please your honour,' said he, 'I didn't *mane* any harm at all, at all; for sure it was only thinking of poor Jack Connor I was, that's lying there in the *could* grave.'

"'That's no reason for me,' said the spirit, or whatever it was; 'you had no business meddling with the dead any how; so you'd better put down the scull and follow me, for your penance must be long and heavy."

"'Why, then, isn't it a poor case to be obliged to *folly* a ghost at the dead hour of night?' says Phelim to himself as he walked

after the figure who went before him, swiftly and silently, to the mouth of a dark tomb, that stood open, as if ready to receive them both. 'You must leap down there Phelim,' said the ghost, standing in front of the tomb. 'Why, then, is it to bury me alive you want? the never a one of me will leap down that black dismal looking hole, if you was as big again,' said Phelim. 'You won't!' says the old man, 'we'll see that presently;' so with that he gave Phelim a rap, and down he went. 'You're down now, and 'twill be many a long day before you come up again,' said he, and he said no more.

"Two hundred years after a loud *ullagone** was heard on the shore of Innisfallen; the good fathers who lived in the abbey then went out with all speed to see what was the matter, and they found a fine young man, who seemed lost entirely in sorrow, when he saw the great piece of water that was flowing between him and the mountain of Toomies. And who was this but Phelim, who had just come back to the world again, and was bemoaning the loss

* Lamentation.

of house and home; for it seemed to him as if it was but a day since he had followed Jack Connor to the grave, and now to have the waters flowing over all: but he had been to another world, the secrets of which he was not allowed to tell. When the good fathers heard his story, they took him into the abbey, where he became one of the most blessed among them all, and was sought after far and near by the people, whom he often advised to take pattern by his example, and never be so foolish as to meddle with the dead."

"They are waiting for me, Barret, I believe —here's Spillane—coming Spillane—coming."

"Oh, there's no need to hurry, sir."

"Begly, why don't you push off the boat?" said Plunket—"it's getting cold, sir—you'd better put on the boat cloak."

"Good bye, Barret"—and away we row from the Island of Innisfallen.

*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 is mine!

---

* These verses are copied from the Ninth Number of the Irish Melodies, by the kind permission of Mr. James Power.

Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
And long may light around thee smile,
As soft as on that evening fell,
When first I saw thy fairy isle!

Thou wert *too* lovely then for one,
Who had to turn to paths of care—
Who had through vulgar crowds to run,
And leave thee bright and silent there;

No more along thy shores to come,
But, on the world's dim ocean toss'd,
Dream of thee sometimes, as a home
Of sunshine he had seen and lost!

Far better in thy weeping hours
To part from thee as I do now,
When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers,
Like sorrow's veil on beauty's brow.

For, though unrivall'd still thy grace,
Thou dost not look, as then, *too* bless'd;
But, in thy shadows, seem'st a place
Where weary man might hope to rest—

Might hope to rest, and find in thee
A gloom like Eden's, on the day
He left its shade, when every tree,
Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way!

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle!
And still the lovelier for thy tears—
For though but rare thy sunny smile,
'Tis Heaven's own glance when it appears.

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,
But, when *indeed* they come, divine—
The steadiest light the sun e'er threw
Is lifeless to one gleam of thine!

So sung Moore on his departure from Innisfallen. And feeling that I could not probably write much smoother verses, without taking more trouble than such jingling things are worth, and, moreover, that it would be impossible to leave "sweet Innisfallen" without flinging a verse or two at it, I hope Mr. Moore will forgive my unceremonious appropriation of his beautiful lines.

CHAP. V.

THE RAINY MORNING.

WHAT a day!—rain—rain—rain—"but such things will happen in Ireland," as Miss Edgeworth philosophically remarks, and rain—rain—rain, I fear it will be to the end of the chapter. One of those interminable Kerry showers which are said to be nearly as long and as tedious as a suit in chancery.

No lake to-day—no, there is no chance of that; and as for the town it presents only to the view a long dreary street, each end blocked up by impenetrable mist, with here and there a bare-footed wench, in a ragged blue cloak, trotting hastily through this second deluge, or a solitary peeler driving a pig to pound, and enduring a wetting for the sake of the fine. What's to be done? Here's "THE CORK ALMANACK," an amusing book no doubt, "For the year of our Lord MDCCCXXIV," only four years old! "being a Bissextile or Leap Year. CALCULATED BY THOMAS HOLT."

" The earth's rotation makes the night and day ;
The Sun, revolving through the ecliptic way,"—

A poetic licence: but, alas! no revolving sun appears to day, and, therefore, here am I doomed to be stationary; let's finish the quotation:—

" Effects the various seasons of the year."
BLACKMORE.

What, another quotation!

——— *" the year*
Has found some hours asleep, and LEAPED *them over."*
KING HENRY IV.

" A punning Almanack maker! Ah, merry Master Tommy Holt," said I, and then renewed my study.

" CORK:
Printed by HENESSEY, French-Church-Street Press,
FOR THE PROPRIETORS, KING AND COMPANY."

I turned over the leaf and came to the

" EXPLANATIONS.

The PLANETS and their RELATIONS.

☉ The Sun.
☿ Mercury.
♀ Venus.
⊕ The Earth"—like a hot cross bun on a

Good Friday. Pho! this reminds me of my schoolboy days, when a vague notion of distances by millions of miles, ascending and descending nodes, quadrature and conjunction, concentric and eccentric orbits, immersions and emersions, phases and limbs were conglomerated so completely in my brains, that I have never since been able to arrive at the clear understanding of all these words, with the sound of which I am so long familiar. Well, notwithstanding all the blunders of education, my schoolboy days were happy ones—"the good *ould* times," as Doolan says; "but, sure, where's the use in fretting." Yet fifteen years make sad changes in the world. My schoolmaster, poor old Giles Lee, with his precisely powdered head, button nose, and well polished shoe, he's dead! And my class fellows—There was Bennett, poor Bennett, he and I had a hard struggle once for a premium, and he gained it, he's dead—Walsh, dead—Ross, poor Gibbs Ross, he's dead—Tisdall, a noble fellow, dead too—Deane, dead—Townsend, oh, come, he's not dead, though he had a narrow escape of a desperate

death in the unfortunate Kent Indiaman—Beamish, tunnelizing under the Thames, twice nearly drowned—Wrixon, the last time I saw him was in Bath—but that's seven or eight years since.—I wonder is he alive?—but what may not happen in that space of time?—And yet it seems as yesterday!—This is dull work for a dull day, and very unlike the entertaining reminiscences of other authors! awful word. There was Lynch—ay, he got a commission, wore a braided coat and a pair of jet black mustachios, before his chin had known the edge of a razor—he was at Waterloo—I wonder what has become of him?—by the by, somebody told me the other day that he had settled at Killarney, I'll ring the bell and inquire.

"Did you ring, *sare?*"

"Yes—oh, Mr. Gorham, is it you?—good morning—what a wretched day—no possibility of stirring out—yet I might get to the club-room too, I think, it's just opposite—are strangers admitted, Gorham?"

"Yes, *sare*, strangers are admitted, though 'tis mighty hard for a townsman to thrust his nose among them."

"An extraordinary piece of hospitality that,

certainly, to admit strangers and shut out the inhabitants*."

"Would you like to see a newspaper, *sare?* Here's the last 'Cork Southern Reporter,' and here's 'the Dublin Evening Mail.'"

"No, no," said I pettishly, for the rain had put me out of temper, "I'm sick of all newspapers—of the everlasting catholic question—the immortal O'Connell—and (going to the window) this eternal rain. But I wanted to inquire about a Mr. Lynch—pray does a gentleman of that name live in Killarney?"

"Oh, *sare,* there are several Mr. Lynch's in Killarney—there's Geoffry Lynch of Drummin, who was black beaned at the club-room over—but that was out of party business you know—and there's—"

"Ay, it's all party business in Ireland, I am sorry to say—but Geoffry Lynch is not *my* Lynch certainly. I think his name was,—yes it was, Robert Adolphus, he was in the army,

* "Near this inn (Gorham's) is a public reading room, to which strangers are politely invited by a singular advertisement upon the door, stating that 'none but members or strangers are admitted here.'"

Wright's Guide, p. 6.

and is now, I suppose, one of those terrible half-pay officers, Mr. Gorham, out of whose way you were so kind as to recommend me to keep my toes."

"Wheugh," whistled Gorham, "you've *sketched* the lad now to a hair. The same that took Dicky Hore's lodge and garden, that looks for all the world like a jail. What they used to call Prison Lodge, till he changed its name to Garden Cottage—a queer chap from the German *legions*—a tall thin fellow, with a long nose, that used always to be running about the mountains like a wild man, and kept company with nobody but himself—but sure that's no wonder, for they say he was a bit of a poet, and so was his father before him."

"Yes," said I, "that's *the* Lynch. Can you give me some paper, and a pen and ink?

"MY DEAR LYNCH, Wednesday morning.

IF you have any inclination to renew an old acquaintance with a schoolfellow, you will find one at Gorham's Hotel most happy to see you, and who remains Yours,

&c. &c. &c.
&c. &c.
&c."

"Send this note directly to Mr. Lynch. I suppose you have plenty of Kerry messengers who are but little inconvenienced by a shower, as they call this merciless rain?"

"It will go directly, *sare*," replied Gorham, as he made his exit with a bow—then, popping back his well curled head, inquired "did I wish for any thing else?"

"Let me see—oh yes, some more paper and pens if you please, Gorham"—I'll write some letters.

"MY DEAREST,

SINCE I wrote last——"

No—I must have another sheet; if I write to my sister first, my mother will be jealous, and I can't afford that just now.

"DEAR MA! Killarney, Wednesday.

I ARRIVED here quite safely on Monday to dinner, was on the lower lake yesterday, and am fixed within to-day, it being, as old woman Mathews says, 'Vary wot indeed, vary wot.'——(Now that's all I really have to relate—and surely it is not worth the postage—my

mother will expect something more for her money. I must try and make the agreeable ——) "I have heard one or two rather good stories, which I hope will amuse you on my return, and make my peace with Caroline, to whom I was going to write if I could have found any thing to say; particularly one respecting a miraculous shower of tenpennies, which occurred to-day—not the shower, but the story; for, to my certain knowledge, nothing but water—water—water has fallen here, or I should have been glad to avail myself of them, as a more satisfactory offering to the numerous boatmen, buglemen, great guns, and guides, who absolutely form the very necessaries of life at Killarney. I find I have not accurately calculated on the expenses I should incur, and am beginning to wonder if the *unknown fairy*, to whose bounty I have so frequently been indebted, will continue to make my purse rival the magic *Spré na Skilleen* of my friend the Cluricaune. Of course I do not mean to hint that you should think of sending me a supply! but I shall remain at Killarney until I hear how all are at home. Give my love to

my aunts, to dear Caroline, and remember me to all who take the trouble of inquiring after

Your affectionate son,

T. C. C."

That will do. Now, who's the next to be written to? I owe long letters to every body, and have put every body off on the plea of "official business." And now here am I with a wet day, and nothing to do but to write letters.

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

I OWE you a thousand thanks for your most interesting volumes of Irish Antiquarian Researches, which you had the kindness to send me, but I really——"

"Ah, Lynch, I am glad to see you—'twas very kind of you indeed to come through all this rain; pray sit down, you must be wet: let me order you a pair of slippers. You dine with me?"

"No," said Lynch, "that cannot be; nothing

would have brought me through all this rain but the expectation of your coming to dine with me. Are there any friends with you?"

"My dining with you is quite out of the question,—at least to-day; only see how it rains! you must stay where you are; submit to me this once, and you shall command to-morrow. I have come to Killarney alone with the fancy of writing a Guide Book."

"Writing a Guide Book! Why there's Weld, and Wright, and half a dozen others have written Guide Books."

"But I mean a traditionary one: have you forgotten all the *ould* stories you used to relate so well."

"What the foolish nursery tales of our childhood?"

"Any thing but foolish, if you please, Lynch; I cannot admit your assertion."

"However, metaphysically speaking—"

"Oh, come, if you are about to enter into a metaphysical dissertation, like the bard of Highgate, upon fairy tales—"

"Well, well," said Lynch, smiling, "many of them no doubt are curious; and, as in some measure connected with the rain to-day, I'll

give you the legend of Saint Swithin exactly as it was told to me about a month since.

"I have occasionally employed an industrious poor man, named Tom Doody, to work in my garden—'Well, Tom,' said I to him, 'this is Swithin's day, and not a drop of rain—you see the old saying of "forty days rain" goes for nothing.'

"'O, but the day isn't over yet,' said Tom, 'so you'd better not halloo, sir, till you're out of the wood. I'll go bail we'll have rain some time of the day, and then you may be sure of it for the forty days.' 'If that's the way, Tom,' said I, 'this same Swithin must have been the thirstiest saint in the calendar; and it's quite certain he must be a real Irish saint, since he's so fond of the drop.' 'You may laugh if you please,' said Tom, resting on his spade, 'you may laugh if you please, but it's a bad thing any how to *spake* that way of the saints; and, sure, Saint Swithin was a blessed priest, and the rain was a miracle sent on his account; but may be you never heard how it came to pass.' 'No, Tom, I did not,' said I. 'Well, then, I'll tell you,' said he, 'how it was.

'Saint Swithin was a priest, and a very holy

man, so holy that he went by no other name but that of the blessed priest. He wasn't like the priests now-a-days, who ride about on fine horses, with spectacles stuck upon their noses, and horsewhips in their hands, and polished boots on their legs, that fit them as *nate* as a Limerick glove (God forgive me for *spaking* ill of the *clargy*, but some of them have no more conscience than a pig in a *pratie* garden);' I give you Doody's own words," said Mr. Lynch.—"That's exactly what I wish."—And he continued—"'Saint Swithin was not that kind of priest, no such thing; for he did nothing but pray from morning to night, so that he brought a blessing on the whole country round; and could cure all sorts of diseases, and was so charitable that he'd give away the shirt off his back. Then, whenever he went out, it was quite plain and sober, on a rough little *mountainy garran;* and he thought himself grand entirely if his big *ould* fashioned boots got a rub of the *grase*. It was no wonder he should be called the blessed priest, and that the people far and near should flock to him to mass and confession; or that they thought it a blessed thing to have him lay his hands on their heads.

It's a pity the likes of him should ever die, but there's no help for death; and sure if he wasn't so good entirely he'd have been left, and not be taken away as he was; for 'tis them that are most wanting are the first to go. The news of his death flew about like lightning; and there was nothing but *ullagoning* through all the country, and they had no less than right, for they lost a good friend the day he died. However, from *ullagoning*, they soon came to fighting about where he was to be buried. His own parish wouldn't part with him if they got half Ireland, and sure they had the best right to him; but the next parish wanted to get him by the *lauve laider* (strong hand), for they thought it would bring a blessing on them to have his bones among them; so his own parishioners at last took and buried him by night, without the others knowing any thing about it. When the others heard it they were tearing mad, and raised a large faction, thinking to take him up and carry him away in spite of his parishioners; so they had a great battle upon it; but those who had the best right to him were beat out and out, and the others were just going to take him up, when there came all

at once such rain as was never seen before or since; it was so heavy that they were obliged to run away half *drownded*, and give it up as a bad job. They thought, however, that it wouldn't last long, and that they could come again; but they were out in that, for it never stopped raining in that manner for forty days, so they were obliged to give it up entirely; and ever since that time there's always more or less rain on Saint Swithin's day, and for forty days after.'

"Just as Tom Doody had finished his story there came a tremendous shower. 'There now, why,' said Tom, with a look of triumph, as we ran for shelter, 'there now, why, isn't it a true bill? well, I knew Saint Swithin wouldn't fail us.' And I, as the very elements seemed to be in his favour, was obliged to leave him the victory."

"Thank you, Lynch; often as I have heard of Saint Swithin and his plaguy forty days, I never heard the cause before. Well, really, I am glad to see you."

"Ditto," said Lynch. "How do you like Killarney?"

"Oh, delighted with the Lower Lake and

the people beyond measure, at least those that I have become acquainted with. Your society here, however, from what I can learn, seems to me rather oddly constructed."

"Like that of other country towns, I believe," replied Mr. Lynch; "but I know little of what is called Killarney society."

"Why, you've not been black-beaned at the club, Lynch, like your namesake, and hence turned misanthrope?"

"No, not absolutely black-beaned, though, from my being a man of no party, it is very probable that if I was proposed I should be."

"I really can't understand this," said I; "and yet strangers, without an introduction, are most kindly invited to walk in, by an advertisement painted on the door; this is certainly, as I have remarked to my landlord, most extraordinary hospitality."

"The hospitality of our country," said Lynch, "is proverbial, and has been in many instances carried to singular lengths. Smith, I recollect, in his History of Cork, mentions a stone which once stood on the high road from Cork to Killarney, somewhere near Macroom, with an inscription inviting all passengers to repair to

the house of a Mr. Mac Swiney. National hospitality is our boast; but I wish we could change the *n* into *r*, and make it rational. Irishmen ought to reflect somewhat more on the old adage of 'be just before you are generous.'"

"True; but, seriously speaking, Lynch, when did you hear of an Irishman reflecting? never, until it is too late. The Irishman acts—the German reflects; and from your German friends it is evident to me that you have picked up a smattering of philosophy. However, I quite agree in your remark on our national hospitality, and that the Irish heart is often 'too large for its *manes*,' as one of the boatmen said to me yesterday of a Mr. O'Sullivan, who was obliged to sell part of his estate to Mr. Herbert."

"Nulla manus—tam liberalis atque generalis—atque universalis quam Sullivanis," said Lynch, is the family boast of the O'Sullivans. A Clare gentleman told me the other day a most characteristic story of Irish housekeeping, and, I am sorry to add, dislike to paying debts. The hero of this tale was Murtogh Mac Mahon, a gentleman of considerable fortune, but who, as

might be expected, died in embarrassed circumstances. He was an ancestor, I fancy, of the colonel, or Sir John Mac Mahon, who, some years since, was so much about our present king.

"Murtogh Mac Mahon's mansion was named Cloonina, and though now it is, with its grass covered avenue, the very abstract of desolation and solitude, yet it once was the scene of unrestrained hospitality and mirth. Mac Mahon had a good stud of horses, a noble pack of hounds, and an excellent wine cellar. His deer park was on a hill opposite to the house; and here the gentry of Clare frequently (to express it poetically)

. . . . . "came
The joys of Murtogh's hall to find,
And chase with him the dark brown game
That bound o'er Callan's hills of wind."

"An itinerant pedler, either a Swiss or Italian —by name, as it is traditionally pronounced, John Operrow, one morning went to the house of Cloonina, and displayed his wares, ribands, shawls, knives, and scissars. Murtogh Mac Mahon saw the display, and it found favour in his sight, for he bought, or at least declared

himself the purchaser of the whole stock in trade of the wandering merchant. It was Christmas time, and this stock was in less than half an hour distributed, without much difficulty, among the pretty girls in the neighbourhood; but what was the amount named for the purchase money never transpired, neither, indeed, is it now of any great consequence that it ever should.

"Murtogh Mac Mahon, who was going out to hunt, desired the pedler to wait until 'John White,' his steward, should return from Kilrush in the evening, when he should be paid. He then gave orders that Operrow should be well treated in the servants' hall, mounted his horse, and rode off to his sport.

"It so happened that John White did not return that day, nor even the next; and Operrow, who found himself in excellent quarters, was, to use the local phrase, 'by no manner of means' over anxious for his arrival. Neither when John White did return was he at all pressing for the payment of his demand; and as Murtogh Mac Mahon was 'by no manner of means' pressing on his side of the matter (which is proved by his never having made the

most remote allusion to the subject, from the day of the purchase to the day of his death) John Operrow remained unpaid, the inmate of the house of Cloonina, upwards of fifty years."

As Mr. Lynch concluded his story, the waiter entered with the preparations for an early dinner. We "discussed" (to use a favourite phrase of the author of Waverly) that meal like old friends—filled a bumper to the renewal of our acquaintance, and just as it seemed probable we were about to be even with the day, by making a wet night of it—I mean just as the hot water and tumblers were called for, Lynch jumped up and insisted on taking his departure, pleading an engagement which he had partially broken in consequence of my note, and promising to meet me at the Upper Lake on the following day. "We shall have a fine evening," said Lynch. "Good bye. Though I am prevented from accompanying you through the gap, to-morrow you may depend on seeing me at the Upper Lake; and, in the mean time, I will not forget your traditionary Guide Book. Once more, good bye."

CHAP. VI.

THE ABBEY.

HURRAH! the mist is clearing up from the mountain, the sun is coming out, and Lynch is right—here's a fine evening, contrary to all expectation. "Hallo, Gorham, a horse and a guide for the Abbey." 'Tis done in an instant; and now we pass under the double row of lime trees, which overarch the Flesk road; and now, emerging from their leafy shade, to the right behold, over a green flat, Ross Castle, backed by the mountains; on the left, Droumhall or Violet Hill rising directly from the road, and, full in front, Mangerton and Turk peering above the woods of Cahirnane.

"Where does that road lead us to?" said I to my one handed guide.

"That's the Woodlawn road, sir."

"A fine river this, what do you call it?"

"The river Flesk, at your honour's service, and this is Flesk bridge we are upon; there to the right you may see Flesk Priory and part of Cahirnane, with a distant bit of the lake; here

to the left is Woodlawn House, the Park, and Coltsman's Castle; and here close to us is part of the demesne of Flesk Cottage."

From the bridge proceeding southward, we passed Cahirnane's romantic farm, Flesk Cottage, the residence of Lord Headly, Castlelough, and Dane's Fort. At last we obtained a view of Mucruss, stretching its rocky length across the Lower Lake, till it seemed to touch the opposite mountain of Glenà; and soon entered the little village of Droumirourk or Cloughereen, where Ned Roche admitted us into the demesne of Mucruss, and prepared to accompany us to the Abbey, whose ancient tower just peeped above the surrounding woods.

Crossing a rustic bridge over a stream which runs within a few yards of the gate, we had a pleasant walk through a beautiful lawn, sprinkled and clumped with every variety of tree. We soon came in sight of the eastern window of the Abbey, gracefully rising from a gentle acclivity, which we ascended; and entering by a small iron gate that was opened by Ned Roche, found ourselves within the precincts of its melancholy burial ground. After passing a

large heap of sculls and bones, piled up in an angle of the ruin, we reached the great western portal of the church, and advancing under the ivied tower, paused for a few moments to read the inscription on the tomb of O'Donoghue More, which is placed in the centre of the choir.

" 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 Mac Carthy More's remains?
Hence, reader, learn the sad and certain fate
That waits on man, spares not the good or great!
And while this venerable marble calls
Thy patriot tear, perhaps, that trickling falls,
And bids thy thoughts to other days return,
And with a 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!

O'Donoghue More of the Glens
departed this life
the 21st day of February, 1808.
Aged 31 years*."

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* O'Donoghue is buried in Mac Carthy More's vault, over which a large tomb has been raised, bearing the arms of O'Donoghue, the crest, a pelican feeding her young—the motto, Nihil virtus generosa timet, with the above

"This O'Donoghue More must have been a great man in his day," said I.

"Oh, then, you may say that, master," replied Rooter Leahy, so was my one handed guide named from his iron-tipped wooden stump, "but he was just nothing to his father before him, *ould* O'Donoghue Daniel, it was he was the cleverest man in the county, for he was like a giant, and could knock down a bull with a blow of his fist; and wasn't he out hunting of a day, and his horse stuck up to the neck in a bog, he made no more of taking him by the two ears, and pulling him out, than I would of a bit of a *kippen**. And then, for all he was as strong as *Sampsin*, wasn't he as quiet as a lamb barring when he was fretted; and wasn't he the best you ever see to all his followers and people from Glanflesk, for sure if one of them was to make free with a good fat beef as often as they did, it was only to leave a quarter of it in O'Donoghue's kitchen, and there'd be no questions asked about the matter; little

inscription, written by Mr. Marcus Hare. Close to this tomb is the original covering of Mac Carthy More's vault, a flat stone, level with the floor of the choir, having the coronet and arms of Glencare rudely sculptured on it.

* A switch.

business a constable would have in Glanflesk in them days. And when any of the people would go to O'Donoghue's house, wouldn't he hand the piggins of whiskey to them, and take a shoulder of mutton, and throw a bone to one, and a sliver to another, and make as free with them as if they were his own equals. Och, 'tis the *ould* gentlemen were the right sort."

Regaining the arch under the tower, we turned to the right, and, through a short gloomy passage, entered the cloisters; from the open space in the centre of which there grew a noble yew tree, whose branches, rising above the ruin, spread their green arms on every side. "That's a fine tree," said I; "I wonder Kelly the turner never thought of buying it to make snuff-boxes, 'twould doubtless be a profitable speculation." "Is it to cut down the yew tree you mean, sir?" said Rooter, with a look of astonishment. "Why, then, that's what nobody would do, after what happened to the soldier, who cut off a little branch of it. He was warned by *ould* Drake, the hermit, not to touch it, for it was a holy tree; but he said that was all botheration; so he cut off a branch

of it, and, as sure as you are there, the branch dropped blood, and the soldier fell dead on the spot. And, without doubt, it's a bad thing to meddle with any thing belonging to the Abbey, for, sure, they say it was built by the blessed angels; did you ever hear, sir, how it came to pass?" "No, indeed, Leahy," said I. "Why, then, I'll tell you all about it," said he; and, taking a pinch of snuff, he with great gravity thus proceeded:—

"You must know, sir, that there lived in the neighbourhood of Slieve Loughera, a man whose name was Croohoore Bawn, he had a great deal of land, cattle, and sheep; and one son, who was called Shane-Bawn-a Croohoore. Now Shane-Bawn-a Croohoore was a very promising youth, and had an uncle a priest, who took a great fancy to him; so he sent him to Rome to study, and be made a priest of. Arrived in Rome, Shane was lodged in a monastery, where he studied so hard that in a short time he beat them all out and out; which made the other students so jealous, that they were always watching for opportunities to bring Shane into disgrace. It happened one day, just after Shane was priested, that he

saw one of the students shaving himself on a Monday.

'Mor a smoh, lath veh vuan,
Naw dane lum an Luan,'

said Shane. 'What's that you're saying?' said the student. 'Why,' said Shane, 'it's an old Irish saying; and the meaning of it is, "if you wish to live long, don't shave on a Monday."' 'I have you now,' thought the student, though he said nothing to Shane; but, as soon as he had done shaving, away he goes to the abbot, and *tould* him what Shane said; saying it was a great crime for a priest to believe in any such thing, and that he had no right to be bringing his *ould* Irish *pishogues* (charms) to Rome. So the abbot went and *tould* the pope; and the pope enjoined it as a penance upon Shane, that he should return to his own country, and never stop travelling till he came to a place called Skeheen-a-Vibo; but he wasn't to ask any one where it was; and when he found it, he was to build an abbey there. When Shane arrived in Ireland, you may be sure Slieve Loughera was the first place he made for; but his father was dead, and he found an old herdsman taking care of the place. He stopped

that night with the herdsman, and the next morning, being Sunday, he went up to the top of the mountain to hear mass. The herdsman asked him where he was going, and when Shane *tould* him, he said there was neither mass nor chapel on the mountain. 'No matter for that,' said Shane, 'I've the power to hear, from the top of the mountain, the bells ringing and the mass saying in the city of Rome.' Well, sir, Shane travelled a long time in search of Skeheen-a-Vibo, till at last he came to the village of Cloghereen, at the foot of Mangerton mountain; and there, as he was sitting on a rock, in a very melancholy way, he chanced to hear two little girls that were talking near him. 'Did you see my goats any where?' said one of the little girls. 'Indeed, then, I did,' said the other, 'they're up yonder there, at Skeheen-a-Vibo.' Glad enough Shane was to hear what the little girl said; so he followed her to where she found the goats; and that's where the Abbey is now. Shane immediately gathered all the masons in the country, and began to build the Abbey; but as fast as he built in the day time, it was thrown down at night; who threw it down is more than I can tell, unless

it was the devil himself. Well, this continued for a long time, till at last Shane was obliged to give it up as a bad job. The very night after he gave it up, there was a great noise heard in the air, as if there was a great battle; and the next morning when Shane got up, what should he see but the Abbey built up nearly to the top of the tower. To be sure it was the blessed angels that did it, and they would have finished it entirely, if Shane hadn't cried out with surprise. Then Shane took possession of it, and gathered the friars together, and became the first abbot of Mucruss Abbey.—So that's the story of Skeheen-a-Vibo," said Leahy, taking another huge pinch of snuff; "and it's no wonder the people shouldn't like to meddle with the yew tree, or any thing else belonging to so holy a place."

"Pray, Rooter, who was this Drake, the hermit, you have mentioned?"

"If your honour will just step up the stone stairs here, I'll show you his bed, and tell you all about him."

Accordingly we ascended the screw-like stairs which led from the cloisters to Drake's bed. It was a wide nitch, lighted by a loophole

window, and nearly opposite the huge aperture of an ancient fireplace. "Well, sir," said Rooter, "this Drake was a mighty holy man, as every one thought; and nobody in the wide world could beat him at praying; and he used to be always warning the people to take care of their souls, and not to be going jigging to *patterns* and goalings, and drinking in tents and *shebeen* houses. 'For,' says he, 'tis through the means of that same whiskey, which is the Devil's holy water, that thousands of souls are lost entirely; and them that might be decent and respected to the end of their days, come to sorrow and disgrace—and surely 'twas true for him.

"He was a kind of hermit like, for he used to wear a long beard; and he used to sleep in the Abbey here amongst all the sculls and bones—in that very spot, sir. And he was counted a blessed man, always praying, and at his devotions morning, noon, and night, as every body believed, 'til one summer's morning when the *ould* Colonel Herbert, you see, took a walk out early down to the Abbey, and he thought he heard some one singing the Cruskeen lawn among the tombstones.

"'*Gramachree ma Cruskeen—Slan tu gal*

ma vourneen—olia mēsha Cruskeen lawn—lawn —lawn.'

"'Hubbubbo,' says the *ould* colonel, 'what's the matter now? I never heard such diversion going on in the *ould* Abbey *afore*.' So he takes and steals on tiptoe like a butterfly; and what would he see before him but that *ould* buck of a hermit, Drake, blind drunk, and he singing, like a jolly-boy, the Cruskeen lawn, and a great big black bottle in his hand. 'Oh you *ould* canting vagabond,' said the colonel, 'by this and by that,' swearing a powerful oath, 'you'll stay here no longer blindfolding the people; and sure 'twas a decent holy man that I thought I had given leave to take up his quarters in the Abbey; but 'tis ever and always the way, you may be sure of it, the greater the saint the greater the sinner; out with you, you thief of the world, says he, and let me never see your face again.'

"Drake had no understanding left in him, so he never heeded a word the *ould* colonel said; but there he kept on singing the Cruskeen over and over again. So, seeing there was no use in life to be talking at the *ould* fellow, the colonel walks away with himself. But he hadn't

got far when what should he see but Jer Sullivan and another man coming up the lawn to their work in the garden. 'Come here, boys,' says he, 'I've a job here for ye; ye must just take *ould* Drake, the hermit, neck and heels, and lay him out.'

"'Oh, murder, colonel dear,' says Jer, 'and 'tisn't dead he is? Well, then, a blessed man any how is gone from among us.'

"'Ye must lay him out,' says the colonel, 'and 'tis no where else but on the public road, that he may have a great wake of it; but first, you see, as he looks mighty rosy about the gills, just step up to the house and get a little chalk, 'til we make a *purty* looking corpse of him.' Well, Jer Sullivan ran all the way to the house, and was soon back with the chalk; and, by this time, the *ould* drunken thief of a hermit was fast asleep. So the colonel takes the chalk and whitens Drake's face all over completely, and 'twas Jer Sullivan that clapped his hands when he saw how 'twas with him; for 'twas only the evening before that Drake had overpersuaded him to forswear whiskey for a year and a day.

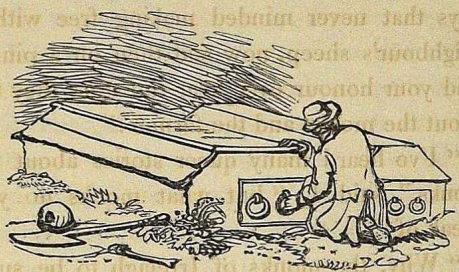
"Then he and the other man, sure enough,

took the *ould* boy, neck and heels, and brought him down to the lodge; and outside the gate they got a big lump of a stone, ('tis there to this hour, and is known by the name of Drake's Bolster,) and they put it under his head; and the *ould* colonel got a *cheeny* plate out of the lodge, and he broke it in two halves, and he put the biggest half, with three pence halfpenny upon it, down on Drake's breast, and there he lay with his white face like a corpse in earnest. 'Twasn't long till the people were going by to their work; and, for certain, every one stopped to look at the corpse as they thought by the road side, and to give a small trifle towards the *berrin* if they had it; but 'twas soon they saw 'twas only a make believe, and a sham corpse after all.

"Oh, 'twas mad angry entirely they were, one and all, and they'd have murdered the vagabond Drake, only he run as well as he could for his life; and whatever became of him after, or where he went to, is not rightly known, but, for certain, he never showed his nose again about this part of the country.—And that's all the story about Drake, sir."

On our return to the choir, we found a mason

busily employed in opening one of those singularly shaped tombs of house-like construction. But a sketch, however rude, is always worth a page of description.



"Ah, then, Bill White, is that yourself, how is every inch of you?" said my guide to the mason.

"*Purty* well, I thank you, Mr. Leahy, and how's all with you?"

"That's a melancholy job you are at," said I.

"And so 'tis, your honour, for one Kathleen Kelly, a nice young creature of a strip of a growing girl as you'd wish to lay your two eyes upon, that took the fever. Oh, then, 'tis her *ould* mother's heart that is broke com-

pletely; and a melancholy place this *ould* Abbey is surely, though 'twas high-go-ding the *ould* friars used to play up here formerly they say, and a rollocking life they had of it, if 'tisn't much belied they are. Them were the boys that never minded making free with a neighbour's sheep, now and then on a pinch. Did your honour ever hear the story they tell about the monks and the farmer?"

"I've heard many queer stories about the monks," said I, "but what monks do you speak of?"

"Why, the monks of Irrelagh to be sure, sir," said White, "what other? That's the name of this Abbey."

"What is the meaning of this name?" said I. "I thought it was called Mucruss Abbey."

"And so it is too," said White; "but, you see, the Abbey of Irrelagh means the Abbey on the lake. Well, not long after, the Abbey was rebuilt by one Father Thady Holen; the poor friars didn't know what in the world to do for want of the victuals, so they all began to talk at Father Holen. 'It was all along of your spending all our money on the building,' says they to Thady, 'that we're in the pucker

we are this blessed day, without a bit or a sup to keep body and soul together.'

"'Whisht, ye fools,' says Thady, 'if I didn't make an elegant building of it, do you think the people would come to mass or confession to us, when they have many a better place nor this was to go to; but if ye'll only hold out for a little while, I'll be bail we'll have the full of the people, and then every thing will go on well enough. In the *mane* time I'll find some way of making the pot boil, and ye must all lend a hand. Can't ye go to the strong farmers' wives and make much of the *childer*, put ye're blessing upon the house, and say an occasional mass, and, I'll answer for it, they won't let you want for any thing.' 'We will,' says they; and away they all went except one young friar, Father John they called him, and, without any doubt, he was the very image of the *ould* Father Thady Holen, as like as could be, and, only that such a thing couldn't be, you'd say he was the *ould* friar's son; but, be that as it may, it's certain they were the greatest cronies in the world, and the young one always did the *ould* one's bidding.

"'Come here, brother Jack,' says Thady,

'I want to have a bit of a talk with you. You see what a way I'm in with those ungrateful hounds, after building such an elegant house over their heads, they can't put up with short allowance for a few days; and surely, if I don't find plenty of the best for them, there'll be open murder, and we'll be all done for; so I'll tell you what I'll do, if you'll only stand by me, and promise not to let on to man or mortal.'

"'Never fear me,' says Father John, 'sure you know I'd go through fire and water to serve you.'

"'Well,' says Thady, 'well,' says he, 'I'll tell you what I have in my head. There's *ould* Ned Cronin above there has plenty of fat sheep, and I can't see why we shouldn't help ourselves to a couple of them, when it's for the good of the church; and sure we can give him the value of them in masses for the good of his *sowl*, and all his fathers before him; that'll be better for him than all the sheep in the world; and sure, exchange is no robbery they say. So, if you have no objection, we'll begin this very night.'

"'No objection in life,' says Father John;

and so away they went to help themselves to *ould* Cronin's sheep. You may be sure it wasn't the worst they took; and, when they came back, there was no want of mutton in the Abbey, nor of plenty of good broth; and the other friars had got *lashens* of meal from the farmers' wives, and 'twas plenty's mothers they had once more among them.

"Poor Cronin didn't know what to do, his best sheep were all going one after another, and, for the life of him, he couldn't make out the thief. 'Ah, then, wisha mother dear,' says he to his *ould* mother-in-law, who sat in the *chimbley* corner, 'isn't it a cruel case to have all my fattest sheep going this way? sure I'll be a ruined man, so I will, and be obliged to cut and run, and give leg bail for my honesty. Oh, then, if I had *hould* of the thief I'd make a mummy of him, so I would, but I can't for the life of me think of who it can be.'

"'Can't you, Agra?' said the *ould* woman quite quietly, 'can't you, Agra? why, then, I'll tell you, it's those thieving beggarly monks that come prowling about the place, like so many foxes after a flock of geese; and, sure enough, they've hardly left me a hen in the world to

lay an egg to eat for my supper; the sorrow take the whole set of them, say I.'

"'Whisht! whisht! mother dear,' says Cronin, 'don't be talking of the *clargy* in that kind of way, or you'll bring a curse on me and mine; for sure we ought to *lave* the *clargy* to God, let them do what they will.'

"'Well, I'll tell you what I'll do for you, my child,' said the *ould* woman, 'and if you'll only give your consent, I'll engage to find out the thief. Put me in the big chest that's up on the loft, and make a little hole in it for me to peep through, and give me something to eat, and a drop to comfort the *ould* heart within me; and take the chest to the Abbey to keep, by the way you're afraid of the robbers, and I'll soon know if it's the friars that's taking your sheep. You can come for the chest next day, *pertinding* you want to get something out of it.'

"Well, sir, Cronin being overpersuaded, did as the old woman desired him, and locked her up in the chest, and took her to the Abbey.

"When the night came the two friars as usual brought in a lump of a fat sheep, and tumbled it down on the floor. 'We have you,'

says they, 'in spite of *ould* Cronin and all his watching.' 'Ho, ho! may be so, I think I have you now, I knew I was right, though Neddy wouldn't believe me,' thought the *ould* woman to herself as she was peeping through the hole in the box, when she saw the two friars killing the sheep. Now, you must know, she had a way with her of taking a power of snuff when any thing fretted her, and the sight of the killing the sheep vexed her so, that she began to take snuff like mad; the snuff was as good snuff as ever was made by Miles Moriarty or Lundyfoot himself, and it so happened that, for the life of her, she couldn't help giving a thundering sneeze, a psha! a psha! 'God bless us!' cried the *ould* woman.

"'By the thumb nail of our blessed lady we're found out; break open the chest at once,' roared Father Thady.

"And, sure enough, they did break open the chest, when what would they see but my *ould* woman.

"'Choke her, Jack,' whispered Thady.

"'Ay, there she's done for now; only stick a lump of bread in her mouth, that it may look like an accident, and fasten up the chest again.'

"'That I mightn't,' said Father John, 'but I'll be revenged of that thief of a Cronin, for giving us such a murdering job.'

"'Leave it all to me,' said Thady, 'I'll manage it so that we'll make a pretty penny, and throw all the blame on the *ould* hag herself, who'll tell no more stories now, that's certain.'

"'The next morning Cronin came for his chest, which he carried home with him, and his stepmother in it, safe and sound, as he thought; but when he opened it and found the *ould* woman as dead as a barn door nail, it was he was dumb foundered, sure enough. 'Och, ullagone, mother dear, and why did you die?' cried he, 'and why wouldn't you take my advice, and not be meddling with the *clargy*? and there, see now if you haven't brought a judgment from God upon yourself for *spaking* ill of those holy men? Och, ullagone, and why were you so obstinate, mother dear?' But all his ullagoning was of no use, it wouldn't bring back the *ould* woman again; so, after a rattling wake, he had her buried in the churchyard of the *ould* Abbey.

"'Now, Jack,' says Father Thady, after the *berrin* was over, 'now, Jack, I'll tell you what,

when the night comes on we'll take the *ould* woman up, and put her against Cronin's door.'

"No sooner said than done; and when Cronin opened his door in the morning, the *ould* woman fell in upon him, and he raised such a hullabaloo with the fright, that he brought all the neighbours about him in a twinkling. Well, sir, he didn't know what to make of it, for he was frightened out of his seven senses, so away he runs to Father Holen to ask his advice.

"'It's a terrible thing indeed,' said the *ould* rogue, 'she must have done something that hinders her from resting in the grave; but I'll tell you what you'll do, give out a great wake, and invite all the brothers to it, and get masses said for the repose of her soul,' says he, at the same time holding open a large pocket he had in his vestment for bagging rabbits. Now Cronin understood what this meant well enough, so he put some money in the friar's pouch for the masses, and invited all the holy fathers to the wake, where there was plenty of every thing, and they were as merry as if it was a wedding; after they had eat and drank enough, and said their masses, the old woman was

buried again. But my boys wasn't satisfied yet, so they took her up once more and fastened her on the back of Cronin's horse that was grazing in the field; and when he went out in the gray of the morning, what should he see but his *ould* mother riding towards him. Away he ran bellowing like a bull, and away the horse trotted after him every foot of the way till he got over the threshold of his own door. If he was in a perplexity before, he was more so now; and, to make bad worse, the friars didn't know what to say to it; however, they advised another wake and more masses, which was accordingly done, and the *ould* woman buried again with all possible speed.

"'Now, Jack,' said Father Thady, as they raised the *ould* lady for the third time, 'now, Jack, for the master stroke of all, that'll finish the work and take all suspicion clear and clean off of us.' So with that they carried the body to Cronin's sheep house, where, after killing three of the sheep, they stuck her up in a corner with a bloody knife in her hand. When Cronin came to let the sheep out, and saw three of them lying dead, and his *ould* mother

standing with the bloody knife in her hand, his anger got the better of his fright.

"'Ah, you *ould* murdering vagabond!' cried he, 'I see how it is now, it was yourself that killed the sheep, and now you can't rest in your grave for belying the holy friars.' With that he ran off and told the whole story to Father Thady, who gave him absolution, and promised, as he now knew the *rason* of her walking, he'd make her lie quiet in the grave for ever after. Then the *ould* woman was buried, and never rose again; and the story flew about the country like lightning, and brought crowds to the Abbey, for they looked upon it as a miracle from God in behalf of the holy fathers, who from that hour never wanted for any thing, till Cromwell, bad luck to him, came and turned them, body and bones, out of house and home."

"*Oh, ullagone—ullagone—ullagone—oh—oh—oh—ullagone—ullagone—ullagone—ullagone.*"

"Fakes, sir, here's the *berrin* coming, don't you hear the cry?' said White, as he finished his story. Then pointing to an inscribed stone

in the wall of the Abbey—" There's the stone has got carved out upon it all about how Father Thady Holen rebuilded the Abbey."

With some difficulty I read—" Orate pro felici statu fratris Thadei Holeni, qui hunc sacrum conbentum, de nobo, reparare curabit, Anno Domini 1626."

A loud shout of " Oh, ullagone—ullagone —ullagone!" sounded close to the Abbey walls, and in a few minutes the interior was filled by an immense crowd. The deal coffin, simply painted black, was borne by white napkins to the tomb, while the female friends of the deceased, with two or three keeners, or professional mourners, loudly crying, occasionally struck it in the violence of their grief, or clapping their hands together, screamed in a wild and fearful manner.

After the coffin was consigned to the silent tomb, the crowd partially withdrew; but many still lingered, wailing over the graves of recently lost relatives, or quietly praying beside the tombs of their long buried ancestors.

CHAP. VII.

THE WATERFALL.

THE last faint cry had died away upon the breeze, and the Abbey was left to its usual solitude and repose, when Ned Roche, as civil a fellow as any in the parish, again ushered us into the lawn.

"Roche," said I, "I wish to visit the green hills and Turk Waterfall."

"Then, sir, you had better order Leahy to take your horse to Bill Mayberry's cottage, at the corner of the plantation, and I will show you the way over the green hills."

This was done forthwith; and we began to ascend the hill to the south of the Abbey. It was a steep green acclivity, planted with rows of the bell shaped lime and the branching chestnut, while here and there a light single tree, or massive clump, sprung from the dark gray rock, which, in picturesque forms, might be seen peeping from beneath the foliage. Rising above the woods, which skirted the

base of this acclivity, we gained the open brow of the hill, and began to enjoy the prospect.

"What do you call that lake?" said I.

"That's Lough na brach darrig, or the Lake of the red trout, sir, it's right in the middle of West Mucruss, near the *ould* copper mine."

"By the by, your copper mine may well be called old; it was worked many hundred years ago, I believe."

"Oh, that's the Ross mine your honour is talking about," said Roche; "they say it was worked by the Danes long before the time of St. Patrick himself; and, for certain, they sometimes find, down in the mine entirely, the *ould* hammers the Danes used to work with—*quare* looking things they are, like a lump of brown paving stone—by the same token that I have one of them down at the house, and if your honour would have any wish for it, you're quite welcome entirely."

"Thank you, Roche, I shall be much obliged, as I am rather curious about such matters." Scarcely had I finished the sentence before I observed a tall broad shouldered man, with high cheek bones, and all that national peculiarity which immediately proclaims a Scotch-

man, coming towards us. "That's Turner, the Scotch steward," whispered Roche.

"Your servant, sir," said the steward; "ye hae been casting an eè o'er thae bonnie birken braes, and thae sma' fish ponds whilk thae ca' the Lakes of Killarney; the whilk, as I said to Sare Walter Scott, are a' naething to our ain Heeland Lochs. Gude faith, I ne'er spared to tell him it was a warld's wonner that a sensible chiel like him should spen his siller in travelling sae far frae the bonnie North, an' a' to glour on thae blinking nievefu's o' water, when he micht hae seen mŭckle better at hame."

"And why didn't you stay in the North?" said Roche, who by no means relished the Scotchman's speech, "and why didn't you stay in the North? faith, then, it would be a long day till we'd send for you. And, if you don't like us, why don't you go back, and not be running down the country in that kind of way?"

"Hoot awa', Roche, hoot awa' wi' your idle havers, ye're a' a pack o' beggarly priest-ridden loons; and you ken ye're fain to send for the cannie lads o' Scotland, to learn ye

how to drive the pleugh or wark your lands, of the whilk ye ken as muckle as an auld aiver hosting in a smiddy. And ye are, I'm jalousing, ettling at wiling the siller out o' the gentleman's pouch wi' your blethrins about thilk lake and thae mountains. But I maun be ganging, for the gloaming shot is bleezin red o'er thae western hills. Gude e'en to ye, sir, but dinna gie credit to a' the clishmaclavers o' that daft chiel; he has na as muckle serious sense as a hen could haud in its gowpen."

"The devil fly away with you," said Roche, as he looked after him, and gave vent to his anger, "the devil fly away with you; if 'twouldn't vex the greatest saint that ever lived, to hear those blackguard Scotchmen running down the country. And don't I remember when that very fellow came here, he hadn't a penny to jingle against a tombstone? but, if he hadn't money, may be he had the *manes* of making it, for sure it was he could play the fiddle to *parfection*."

By this time we had ascended another slope, whose brow was covered with a circular grove, where we paused for a few minutes to rest ourselves, and gaze on the scene below. Fine

dark woods of ash and oak formed the first distance; beyond these the Lower Lake stretched towards the setting sun, its calm surface reflecting the gorgeous hues of a glorious evening sky, while the mountains, the islands, the shores, and the woods reposed in one broad and solemn tint. In the remote distance the lofty Dingle Mountains showed their irregular forms in the most vivid purple, intermingled with clouds which glowed with the brightest orange.

Descending the south-eastern slope of the hill, we crossed a few fields, and gained Bill Mayberry's cottage, where Rooter Leahy was in attendance with my horse, and here Roche consigned me to his guidance. At this point the road divides, one branch, called the old road to Kenmare, going straight up the hill between Mangerton and Turk Mountains, and the other, called the new line, keeping in the low ground, turns off by a plantation of firs towards the base of Turk, which, seen through the vista of a fir grove, seems to block up the passage with its woods and crags. Arrived at the foot of this seeming barrier, we found a small bridge thrown over a mountain stream, which, issuing from a glen on the left

hand side of the road, brawled most musically along till lost amid the woods to the right. Here we entered the glen, and traced the stream upwards by a rude pathway through the wood, till, suddenly emerging from the leafy covert, we found an open space of rock and heath, which, though in a deep hollow between Turk and Mangerton, was still rising ground. Before us was seen the top of the Waterfall gleaming through the trees, while the space, which I have mentioned, opened like a wild amphitheatre cut from the surrounding woods. To the left, as we advanced, the woods were principally composed of larch and Scotch fir, but on the right hand side they were entirely of larch, rising with feathery branches one above the other up the almost perpendicular side of Turk, from whose crags sprung an occasional holly or arbutus. Looking back, as the ground continued to rise, we caught a glimpse of the woods beneath us, of the Middle Lake, the beautiful peninsula of Mucruss, and part of the Lower Lake, with its northern boundary of green and cultivated hills.

The stream, whose upward course we were

tracing, was itself an object of picturesque interest, brawling at the bottom of a deep rent between the pathway and Turk Mountain; large rocks were scattered along its course, over which it sometimes fiercely rushed, flinging its foam to the breeze, like the tail of a snow-white steed; sometimes it gushed through the rocky fissures, and not unfrequently formed peaceful little pools, which my guide informed me were frequently so clear that you might almost count the pebbles at the bottom. Arrived at that point where the glen became so narrow as only to leave a passage for the water between the opposing hills, we stood upon a bank, and, looking down, beheld a wilderness of rocks, among which the stream formed little cascades, overhung at either side by the mountains with their woods and evergreens; and directly in front, down the broad face of a dark rock, thundered the Waterfall. The fall is about eighty feet in height, and was, in consequence of the heavy rain of the morning, full, foaming, and magnificent.

"Ah, then, if I had but half the riches that's hid in the heart of that big black rock, I'd be a made man for ever and a day after," exclaimed

my guide, as we stood gazing upon the Waterfall.

"What riches are you talking about? I don't understand you," said I.

"Why, then, I'll let your honour into the *sacret* of it," said Leahy; "you must know sir, that a long time ago before your great great *granfader* was born, the world was full of all sorts of enchantment and bedevilment; so that a *dacent* man could hardly show his nose out of doors, with the good people and spirits, and phookas.—They ain't half so much in the world now, as they was in them days: but, as I was saying it was hard for a man to show his nose, for, if a man was to vex one of them, he might as well throw himself at once into the middle of Poul an Iffrin.

"Just about that time, there lived at Cloghereen, a strong farmer, by name Larry Hayes, a *dacent* man he was, but every thing was going wrong in the world with him, and the more was the pity;—for he was what you may call a *rale* good fellow. But as *misfortin* would have it, he couldn't put a cow or a sheep upon his little farm, but he was sure to find them in the morning all torn and smashed to

bits. Poor Larry was surprised what could have done him so much mischief, for he didn't think there was a creature in the world, owed him the *laste* grudge in life. At last he determined to watch the farm for one night, though he was mighty frightened at the thoughts of the good people and the spirits, but seeing there was no help for it, out he went at the dead hour of the night. He wasn't long walking about the field, when what should he see but a man standing close beside him, which took a great start out of him, for he didn't know how he came there: however he gathered courage, and began to discourse the man, when all at once, as they were talking together, the man vanished away, and a big wolf stood before him. It was Larry was half dead at the sight, however he blessed himself with the sign of the cross, and then his courage came again. 'In the name of God, and the queen of Heaven,' says he, 'who are you? and where's the man was here this minute?' With that, the wolf began to *spake* just like a natural born *christin*. 'I'm the man,' says he, '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, for no harm shall come to you.'

"So after some consideration Larry said he would, and the wolf brought him up the glen here to the big black rock, where the waterfall is now, there was no waterfall there then; so he opens a door in the rock, and takes Larry into an *illigant* parlour, where he was changed all at once from a wolf into a beautiful young man. After giving Larry plenty of beef and mutton and whiskey punch, he took and showed him a room full of gold, and gave him a big bag of it. You may be sure it was Larry was glad to get the gold, and gladder still, when he was *tould* to come for more as often as he pleased; 'only,' says the enchanted man, 'only don't let mortal know any thing you saw to-night: if you keep the *sacret* for seven years, you're a made man, and every thing will prosper with you; but if you tell it to any one, I'll be destroyed and so will you.' 'Never fear me,' said Larry, and he made the best of his way home with the bag of gold.

"All the neighbours wondered to see Larry

Hayes grow so rich all at once, and without any *rason* for it; and so did his wife Nell Flanigan, she often *axed* him to tell her where he got the gold, but all to no purpose; so one night, she followed him, and saw him go into the rock, for she was *detarmined* to satisfy her *curosity*.—Oh, the women bangs all for *curosity!* Well, when he came out, she taxed him with wanting to keep the *sacret* from his own wife, and the mother of his children; and to make a long story short, she *tazed* him so with her *leeching*, that he was obliged to tell her the whole story. Immediately, the wolf appeared on the top of the rock: 'You're done for now, Larry Hayes,' roared he in a voice of thunder, that made the mountain shake again and again: and then he was *whipt* up in a flame of fire to Poul an Iffrin, on the top of Mangerton, where, he no sooner plunged into the lake, than the water burst a hole through the side of the bowl; and running down the mountain like lightning, covered the rock with the foam of its fall. Larry Hayes and his wife had enough to do, to get out of the way of the water, and, in a short time, he became poorer

than ever, till at last, he had to travel the country, with a bag on his back, like a poor Buckaugh, as he was.

"From that day to this, no one has been able to get at the cave full of gold: though, the *ould* Colonel Herbert did his best; for, didn't he turn the course of the fall; your honour may see the cut he made in the mountain. To be sure, he did say, he only wanted to turn a mill with the water, out of the Devil's Punchbowl, and, have a view of the fall from his parlour *windy;* but, that was only to blindfold the people; for, when he couldn't find the door in the rock, or the cave full of gold, why, he just let the *strame* take its own course again, fair and easy."

Night now began to close around, and obliged us to hasten back to Gorham's Hotel, with all possible despatch. As we passed the gate of Mucruss, on our return, we were startled by a loud halloo, from a man who was evidently trying to overtake us, but, whom the darkness did not permit us immediately to recognise. As he gained ground, I perceived, that he was no other than honest Ned Roche. "Won't your honour take the hammer?" said

he, as he came up, panting and puffing from his race; "the Dane's Hammer that your honour wished for."

"Thank you, Roche," said I, "give it to Leahy to carry; but I am sorry you should have had so much trouble."

"Oh, 'tis no trouble in life, sir, to do any thing at all for a gentleman;" replied Roche, at the same time jingling a couple of shillings, which I had placed in his hand, and then wishing me "good night."

"How are you, Spillane?" said I, as I entered the Inn, "You will be so good as to attend in the morning; I propose visiting the Gap of Dunloe; and, Gorham, you'll have horses ready, and order the boat, with my old crew, to meet me at the upper lake."

"Certainly, *sare*."

This matter arranged, I proceeded to examine my Dane's Hammer: which, at first sight, appeared to be neither more nor less, than "a lump of a brown paving stone," as Roche had called it. But, on closer inspection, I discovered, that, a groove had been cut round it, by means of which the handle was attached; and that the larger end was somewhat chipped

from use. Here, is the Hammer sketched, as it lay on my table.

And, now, as I must be stirring early to-morrow, it is time to retire.

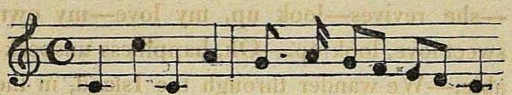
"Waiter, a chamber candle."

I am a batchelor,—therefore, am allowed to dream.

O'Donoghue mounted on his milk white steed, with all his train, are hunting on the waters. Fuan Mac Cool, again, is turning all the mountain streams, into whiskey punch, for the refreshment of the hunters. Bran, from twenty fathoms deep, bays upon the wooded side of Glenà, or, rushes through the Valley of Cliffs. How the lake sparkles! a thousand boats dance upon its fairy billows, their streamers flutter in the breeze, their white sails glance to the sun, like the snowy wing of some

beautiful bright sea-bird. Ha! that barge is overturned—the crew are struggling with the waves—I hear their cry—they sink—one is clinging to an oar—it is a female—she floats—she reaches the shore of Innisfallen—she is—she is my own, my earliest love!—Ah, she stirs not—she is dead—no—no, she breathes—she revives—look up, my love—my own sweet love, look up.—Oh, happiness unspeakable.—We wander through the Island, in the gentle moonlight, the trees wave above our heads, with a light murmur—the calm lake glitters to the broad moon, through the leafy screen, and delicious music, dimly heard, floats around.—She, the first love of my young heart, leans on my arm, and looks in my face, with unutterable tenderness.—She speaks—But, oh, what means that crash? hark! thunder! storm! whirlwind! he comes, the prince of the lakes, O'Donoghue—he snatches her from me—he bears her away—oh, misery!—See, he has left her on a rock, amid the foam of furious billows—she stretches forth her slender arms to me for aid—I come—I come, and, now, I struggle with the waves—I have gained the rock—I just touch her trembling hand—ah,

she is snatched from my grasp—she sinks with O'Donoghue—a thousand demons laugh in my ear, with fiendish triumph—Oh, this mockery is too much to bear—the waters roar—hiss—growl—they close over me—confusion—darkness—ah, here is light and music again—but where is my lost love—yes, I know that strain—



"Yoicks—Yoicks—Tallyho!—"

CHAP. VIII.

AGHADOE.

"YOICKS—Yoicks—Tallyho—down Fan, down you slut—get along Pompey"—roused by such exclamations, I jumped from my bed, and poking my nightcap out of the window, found they proceeded from Gorham, who, dressed in a green hunting frock, was mounted on his famous black horse, which (being not a little vain of his skill) he caused to curvet and prance, like the horses of Phidias on the frieze of the Parthenon. And then he rode from the door followed by his dogs, and the shouts of a crowd of waiters, boatmen and runners, exclaiming—"Well done, Gorham!—'tis you're the fine horseman, any how."

My toilet is not a very tedious operation; my breakfast was soon despatched, and accompanied by Spillane and a guide, I was about to depart for the Gap, when we were delayed by a dispute which arose between Rooter Leahy and the guide who was appointed to conduct us.

"Yerra, *Gineral* Picket, where are you going so fast?" said Rooter, "sure, 'tis myself is to go with the gentleman."

"Badershin!" said Picket, "Badershin! if you're for a walk this fine morning, Rooter, you're quite welcome entirely; but, by my own *sowl*, that's all you'll get by it; for, didn't Gorham, the *dacent* man, tell me to bring back the horses from the Gap."

"You're welcome home to me, Picket," said Rooter, "why, then, do you think to come over an *ould* soldier in that kind of way; don't I know well enough, the *dacent* man never said any such thing, and, if he did itself, it isn't to his saying it would be left, but, to the gentleman himself; sure I was his honour's guide, all along, and, he wont have any one else."

"That'll never do, says Gorham!" shouted Picket, "do you take me for a fool, Rooter, to be *sketched* in that kind of way, by a one-handed *pinshioner* like you? a pretty time of day we're come to, indeed!"

Upon this, Rooter was about to discharge his wooden stump on Picket's crown; when I interfered, and with some difficulty put an end to the dispute by deciding in Picket's

favour; promising, however, to accept of Rooter's guidance on the next occasion.

Mounting our horses, we proceeded down the new street, and, crossing the bridge, took the road which leads over the hill of Bellevue. As we descended the hill, we had through the woods of Prospect an occasional glimpse of the Lower Lake, with its islands and mountains, till we reached Molly Boke's cross, where the Bellevue is joined by the lower or mill road: from whence, proceeding westward, we in a short time left the main road, and began to ascend the hill of Aghadoe, by a narrow lane or Bohereen, leading to the ancient ruin which crowns its summit.

The remains of the church stand at the back of the burial ground, which is covered with house-like tombs: behind the church, close to a gateway, is the base of one of those round towers, whose use and origin have served to amuse and puzzle the antiquary; and in an adjoining field, to the west of the burial ground, are the remains of a circular fortalice, commonly called the Bishop's Chair. From the burial ground there was a map-like view of the Lower Lake and its surrounding country.

Nor wanted peeping hall and castled height,
The bank-divided farm, the ruin brown,
The mazy river wandering blue and bright,
Like veins on beauty's forehead straying down ;
The smoke calm curling from the neighbouring town,
Contrasting fair, with wild and rugged scene,
Primeval mountains, nature's awful throne,
Vast solitudes, where seldom foot I ween,
Save the red antler'd monarch of the wastes, hath been.

"A fine extensive prospect this," said I to General Picket, so was my guide called.

"That's the good truth for your honour," he replied, "only it's a mighty lonesome place, and they say it's haunted by spirits, though Tim Marcks says there's no such thing. May be your honour wouldn't know *Thicus Morckus;* he's a long *stocah* of a fellow, with a big nose, wears knee breeches, corderoy leggings, and takes a power of snuff. And, if your honour would like to see him, he lives at Corrigmalvin, at the top of High Street, in the town of Killarney. To be sure, some people say, all that comes from Tim isn't gospel, but that's neither here nor there; so, as I was saying, 'I don't believe in spirits,' says he to me, of a day he was mending the road here, and I along with him.

"'The dickins you don't,' says I, 'and what's your *rason* for that same?' 'I'll tell you that,' says he; 'it was a *could* frosty night in the month of December, the doors were shut, and we were all sitting by the side of a blazing turf fire. My father was smoking his *doodeen* in the chimney corner, my mother was overseeing the girls that were tonging the flax, and I and the other *gossoons* were doing nothing at all, only roasting *praties* in the ashes.

"'Was the colt brought in?' says my father. 'Wisha, fakes then! I believes not,' says I. 'Why, then, Tim,' says he, 'you must run and drive him in directly, for it's a mortal *could* night.' 'And where is he, father?' says I. 'In the far field, at the other side of the *ould* church,' says he. 'Murder!' says I, for I didn't like the thoughts of going near the *ould* church at all, at all. But there was no use in saying *agen* it, for my father (God be merciful to him!) had us under as much command as a regiment of soldiers. So away I went, with a light foot and a heavy heart. Well, I soon came to the bounds' ditch between the farm and the *berrin* ground of the *ould* church.

Then I slackened my pace a little, and kept looking hither and over, for fear of being taken by surprise. The moon was shining clear as day, so that I could see the gray tombstones and the white sculls; when, all at once, I thought one of them began to move. I could hardly believe my two eyes; but, fakes, it was true enough; for presently it came walking down the hill, quite leisurely at first, then a little faster, till at last it came rolling at the rate of a fox hunt.

"'Twill be stopped at the bounds' ditch,' thinks I; but I was never more out in my reckoning, for it bowled fair through the gap, and made directly up to me. 'By the mortal frost,' says I, 'I'm done for;' and away I scampered as fast as my legs could carry me; but the scull came faster after me, for I could hear every lump it gave against the stones.

"'It's a long stretch of a hill from the *berrin* ground down to the road; but you'd think I wasn't longer getting down, than whilst you'd be saying 'Jack Robinson.' Sure enough I did make great haste; but if I did, 'the more haste the worst speed,' they say, and so by me any how, for I went souse up to my neck in a dirty

Lochaune by the side of the road. Well, when I recovered a little, what would I see but the scull at the edge of the *Lochaune*, stuck fast in a furze bush, and grinning down at me.

"'Oh, you're there,' says I; 'I'll have one rap at you any how, for worse than die I can't;' so I up with a lump of a blackthorn, I had in my fist, and gives it a rap, when what should it be after all, but a huge rat, which had got into the scull, and, trying to get out again, it made it to roll down the hill in that frightful way. To be sure,' said Tim, 'to be sure it was mighty frightful, but it wasn't a ghost after all; and, indeed, (barring that) I never saw any thing worse than myself, though we lived for a long time near the *ould* church of Aghadoe.'"

"Very well, Picket," said Spillane, "so you don't believe in spirits; but what do you say to the ghost of the Nut-cracker?"

"And who was this Nut-cracker?" said I.

"I'll tell you all about him, sir," replied Spillane, "but, in the meantime, we had better move on towards the Gap."

Accordingly we pursued a road which led along the brow of the hill, till we reached the gate of Mieniska Cottage, then, turning down

the hill, we regained the great road at a place called Mieniska Cross. "Well, but what about the Nut-cracker, Spillane?" said I, as we passed by Fussa Chapel, and pursued our way between the woods and orchards which skirted this part of the road.

"Not far from Killarney, sir," said Spillane, "there once lived a poor man, whose name was Paddy Byrne. He was by trade what is called a hedge schoolmaster, because in the summer time he preferred teaching his scholars in the clear open air, to confining them within his small cabin. He is the very same Paddy Byrne of whom Mr. Gandsay sings:

"Mister Byrne was a man
Of very great big knowledge, sir,
And behind a quickset hedge,
In a bog, he kept his college, sir.
He taught 'Reynard, the sly fox,'
Ay, and more he had to brag on—
The 'Irish rogues and rapparees,'
'Saint George, sir, and the dragon.'"

Such a one was Paddy Byrne, who kept his academy by the side of Lochaune bower, under the hill of Aghadoe. The place is well known; and any one will point out Lochaune bower, or the deaf pool, so called because it is said

that if two people were to stand at opposite sides of the pool, they would not be able to hear each other, though they should call ever so loudly."

"Did you ever try the effect of your bugle there, Spillane?"

"No, I can't say that I ever did, sir, for 'tis a small muddy pool by the road side; the country people are afraid to pass it late at night, as it is supposed to be enchanted, and is said to be haunted by the figure of a lady dressed all in white. But I was going to tell you of Paddy Byrne, sir—he not only possessed the peculiarities common to his class, but had also many little oddities of his own: he was a grave, thickset, little man, with immense bushy eyebrows and a lame step, so that when he attempted to walk it was with a one-two-three hopish kind of motion: and then he was so very fond of nuts, which he was continually cracking, that he was universally nick-named the Nut-cracker. It chanced, however, one fine day in the nutting season, that Paddy met with his fate. He had gone to Philequilla Point, in Ross Island, in order to lay in a store of this favourite article (for Philequilla

is famous for nuts), when, unfortunately just as his bag was full, he was tempted to the edge of a rock, by a fine brown glossy bunch. Holding by a branch, and stretching at the nuts, the faithless branch gave way, and down went Paddy.

"Sorely was he bruised and battered by the fall; and in this condition he was discovered by some of the woodmen, who procured immediate assistance, and carried him home, not forgetting the bag of nuts which was the cause of his misfortune. To make a long story short, poor Paddy died, leaving particular directions that the bag of nuts should be placed on his coffin in the tomb. A fine funeral he had; and after seeing Paddy and his bag quietly deposited together, the people as usual returned to their respective homes.

"Among the neighbours who went to the funeral was Tim Murphy, a strong farmer, who lived at no great distance from the ruined church of Aghadoe, where we have just been, sir, and in whose house there was gathered (as usual) at night a knot of people, labourers and others, who were amusing themselves as they sat round the hearth, by talking over the various

news of the day. Among other things, the curious whim of Paddy Byrne was mentioned, in ordering the bag of nuts to be placed on his coffin, and buried with him; and this, of course, brought on many stories of ghosts and apparitions which had been seen at the old church. 'I don't believe a word about such things,' said Jack Sheehy, who had been for some time a quiet listener, 'I don't believe in ghosts at all; and I'll bet a half-pint with any of ye, that I'll go to Paddy Byrne's tomb this very night and bring away his bag of nuts.'

"'Done,' said Tim Murphy, 'it's a bargain.' 'And done,' said Jack, as he left the house and made the best of his way to Aghadoe Churchyard.

"Though the moon was up, it was a foggy night, so that Jack could scarcely see a dozen yards before him, as he walked whistling along the bohereen or little road we came, which winds up the hill of Aghadoe and passes through the old grave-yard. Scarcely had he got there, when he heard a footstep trotting before him. 'Who goes there?' said Jack.

"'Is that Jack Sheehy?' answered a voice which he knew to be Bill Eaton's.

"'The very same,' answered Jack, 'and at your service. But where would you be going this time of night? I suppose you're on a bit of a spree, eh! Billy?'

"'Why, then, it's the very thing I'd be after,' said Billy; 'and if you'll lend a hand you're welcome; a bit of a stray sheep is no bad thing in a poor man's way; and Shaune an Uckrus has a few fat ones up yonder there: besides, where's the harm in taking it from the likes of him? and nobody'll be the wiser of it but ourselves.'

"'By de Hokey, an 'tis I that will,' said Jack; 'for sure it was all along of him that I and my poor little bit of a family was turned out of our snug cabin and *praty* garden. I know well enough he wanted it for a poor relation of his own; for the never a *dacent* fellow he has belonging to him, though he sets up for a gentleman, with his 'dis' and his 'dat,' and his big words, that no one can make out the understanding of. Oh, 'tis he, and the likes of him, is after destroying the country with his bad advices to the old ancient gentlemen; driving the poor people, and counting the very eggs on them. Between him and

Jack Driver, the country is in a bad way, sure enough; but Jack's a gentleman any how, only he's so mighty passionate there's no standing him; and then he puts people to *Bridall*, only because he's a justice of the *pace* and a magistrate. They say he goes to the chapel every morning as regular as the sun, and is the greatest picture eater in the parish; but what matter for that?'

"'Tis the good truth for you,' says Bill; 'but may a body just have the boldness to *ax* where you was going yourself, Jack; sure it wasn't on a spree you was like myself?'

"'Indeed, then, it wasn't,' said Jack: and then he told him all about Paddy Byrne, the bag of nuts, and the wager.

"'Well, then,' said Bill, 'do you stay here and get the bag of nuts, while I go for the mutton:' so away he went. Left to himself, Jack Sheehy made direct to Paddy Byrne's tomb, and, removing the stone from its mouth easily enough, for there was no mortar ready to close it up, possessed himself of the bag of nuts. And, as he had promised to wait for Billy and the sheep, he thought it no harm in the meantime to crack a few. Now it happened

that there was a little boy minding cows in the next field to the grave-yard, who, when he heard the cracking of the nuts going on, didn't know what to make of it; so he had the courage to steal softly along the ditch, 'till he came opposite the place where he heard the work, and there, half seen through the fog, he perceived the figure of a man sitting on Paddy Byrne's tomb, with a bag in his hand.

"The little boy immediately concluded it to be no other than Paddy Byrne himself, 'revisiting the glimpses of the moon;' so away he ran, in a great fright, to tell his master, who lived within a few fields of the place. Mick Finegane was his master's name, who, when he heard the little boy's story, did not feel a bit inclined to venture out to look at Paddy Byrne's ghost; but his old bedridden mother-in-law, who lay in a little room on one side of the chimney, heard also what the boy said.

"A whimsical old hag she was, and used often to annoy Mick with her fancies; but Mick bore them all patiently enough, for she had a good purse in the toe of an old stocking, and Mick, like a prudent man, had an eye to

the main chance. But of all the whims she ever took into her head, her present one was the oddest, and the most annoying to poor Mick; for, calling him to the bedside, she vowed never to leave him as much as a penny piece if he didn't take her on his back to the old grave-yard, to see Paddy Byrne's ghost. What her motive was is more than I can tell; but, I suppose, as she was a woman, it must have been curiosity. Now though Mick had no great good will towards the old lady's freak, yet he thought it a pity to lose the purse after waiting for it so long.

"So, taking her on his back, with many an inward curse, away he went. But when he arrived at the grave-yard, and heard the cracking of the nuts going on, horror almost overpowered all other feelings.

"'Is she fat?' said Jack Sheehy, who was still seated on the tomb, and, in the dim light, very naturally mistook Mick and his mother for Bill Eaton and the sheep, 'is she fat?' Now this was too much entirely for Mick's nerves; and, throwing the old woman down, he roared out, 'fat or lean there's she for you,

Mister Byrne.' And away he scampered as fast as his legs could carry him. What became of the old woman I never heard, or whether, after this, Jack waited for his share of the mutton, is more than I can say; but 'tis certain he won his wager; for the next morning it was reported all over Killarney, that Paddy Byrne was seen cracking his nuts in the grave-yard; and, to this day, many people believe that the ghost of the Nut-cracker still appears in the old church-yard, on the hill of Aghadoe."

CHAP. IX.

THE GAP.

"THERE's the green gates of O'Connell, sir," said Spillane, as we passed the entrance to Grenagh.

"The patriotic colour truly—these O'Connells seem to be great fellows in this part of the world."

"Great! and why wouldn't they be great?" interposed Picket, "ar'n't they the *ould* ancient stock? and isn't James O'Connell married to the Madam's daughter* down at Lakefield there? and isn't the Counsellor doing great good for *ould* Ireland? sure he'll make the nation our own yet, and bring back the *parlimint* in spite of government, though that same government is a strong man they say. And isn't John O'Connell, of Grenagh here, a great

* Speaking of Charles O'Donoghue, Esq. the present representative of the ancient chiefs of Glanflesk, Mr. Wright, in his Guide Book, says, "his mother, who resides in the *village* of Killarney, is universally distinguished by the appellation of 'The Madam,' as a mark of respect to the matron of the family." p. 18.

sportsman, and a justice of the *pace;* and doesn't he keep the hounds, and give the stag hunts, and traverse the roads, and see the whole county justified at the *'sizes?* Sure 'tis they that ought to be great, and why wouldn't they?"

Shortly after passing the green gates of O'Connell, we came to Laun, or, as it is sometimes called, Beaufort Bridge. The morning sun illuminated the fantastic points of Macgillicuddy's Reeks, and the broad heathy side of the gigantic Toomies, while the noble river Laun checquered with a beautiful interchange of light and shadow, not far from where it emerges out of the Lower Lake, swept by the darkening woods of Beaufort, which descended to its bank, and passed rapid, broad, and full beneath the bridge of many arches, on which I paused to contemplate the scene.

"What a lovely landscape—how beautiful is this river!" I exclaimed aloud, forgetful at the moment of the presence of others, till roused from my reverie by the sound of a female voice.

"Why, then, that's no more than the good truth your honour has said. 'Tis a beautiful

river sure enough, God bless it; and sure one ought always to say God bless it, or may be it would be as bad with them as it was with the *ould* hermit that lived here long ago."

I turned to gaze on the speaker—she was a tall elderly woman; her head was covered by a white handkerchief, the ends of which passed round her neck and tied behind; from beneath this covering some stray grizly locks escaped, and hung in wild disorder on her high and wrinkled forehead. She wore a green quilted gown and check apron, and on her shoulders was a large showy cotton shawl; black worsted stockings and a pair of brogues completed her attire. Over her right arm was thrown a blue frieze cloak, decorated by a massive silver clasp, and on her left she carried a basket of gingerbread, with which, I soon learned, she was proceeding to the fair of Killoroglin.

The brown and weatherbeaten face of this woman, her long hooked nose, and expressive black eyes, seemed perfectly familiar to me, and yet I could not recollect where I had before seen her.

"Ah, then, sir," said she, 'twas what your good honour, may the Lord reward you for

the same, gave me on Monday evening last, up at Clough na Cuddy, that helped me to buy this small trifle of gingerbread that's in the basket."

This speech completed my recognition of the speaker. "Well, my good woman," said I, "as we are travelling the same road, and you seem to be acquainted with the old stories of the place, I should be glad to hear about the hermit you were speaking of, if you have no objection."

"Wisha then no objection in life, your honour," replied my companion; "Why, would I? for sure it isn't for the likes of me, to say *agin* a *jintleman*." And, without further preface, she proceeded.

"Your honour then must know, that in the good *ould* times the country was full of holy men, hermits and friars, who did nothing at all, but pray day and night; and their prayers brought a blessing on the country, not to speak of the salvation of their own *sowls*. But the holiest of all the blessed men of those times was the hermit of Sgarrive a Kuilleen, for Sgarrive a Kuilleen is the name of the bridge we were standing on a little while ago, and the English

of it is Holly ford; for in those days, there were no bridges at all, and the people were content to walk barefoot through the water, whenever it came in their way. But if they hadn't bridges, they had plenty of holy men, and plentiful times, and good honest hearts; which, is more than can be said for the people in our days; though to be sure, they're a great deal *cliverer* with their inventions and all that; but, the simple *ould* folks were the best of all.

"Well, your honour, as I was saying, the hermit of Sgarrive a Kuilleen was a blessed man, and he lived in a little hut on the banks of the river, not far from the ford, where the bridge is now; and there was a great resort of people from far and near to him, to get gospels and orations, and be cured of all sorts of sickness and blasts from the good people: for he was a very holy man, and in such favour with God, that he was fed by the blessed angels, who brought him bread from heaven.

"Well, your honour, that was all well and good, till one stormy night, he happened, as bad luck would have it, to be looking out of his hut, 'Tis a desperate night,' says he, and never a word more; for he was very sleepy,

and so he forgot to say 'Glory be to God,' which was a greater sin for him, than the killing of a man would be in the likes of us. But, if he forgot to say Glory be to God, the angels forgot to bring him any bread in the morning. So that he was very sorrowful, for he knew that he must have done something wrong; though for the life of him, he couldn't recollect what it was. At last, he bethought himself of how he looked out at the storm, and that he said it was a desperate night, without saying Glory be to God; and, so when he thought of this, and what a mortal sin it was for him, that was reckoned such a holy man, he got quite in despair, and began to think what penance he should do for his sin. At last, he caught *hould* of a holly stick, which, he used to carry in his hand, whenever he went out to walk, and away he ran, like mad, down into the middle of the river, and planted his stick in it, and made a vow never to *lave* that spot, till his stick should begin to grow.

"Well, sir, he wasn't there long, till a noted thief came driving some cattle over the ford, and he wondered to see the hermit standing in the river, before him. So, he just made *bould*

to *ax* him, what in the world he was doing there? so with that, the hermit up and *tould* him, how he was looking out at the storm, and how he said it was a desperate night, and how he forgot to say Glory be to God, and how he made a vow never to *lave* that spot, till his holly stick would begin to grow.

"When the thief heard the whole story, just as it happened, he was struck with a great sorrow for his sins; for he thought, if it was so bad with such a holy man, it must be a great deal worse with himself; so he resolved to make restitution of all he ever stole; and determining to follow the hermit's example, he cut a holly stick, and ran into the river alongside of him, and made a vow never to stir, till the stick would begin to grow.

"Well, your honour, if he went into the water, he wasn't there long; for sure enough, his stick began to grow in a minute, and send out the most beautiful green sprouts; and so he knew that his sins were forgiven, and went up out of the water with a heart as light as a feather. But, if it was easy with him, it wasn't so with the hermit; for he was thinking more of the bread from heaven, and the loss of his

character with the people, than he was of his sin; till at last, a big flood came in the river, and then he was sorry for his sin in good earnest; and so he was forgiven, for his stick began to grow; but, that didn't prevent the flood from whipping him away, and so he was *drownded*. But, if he was, it was the happy death for him; for the thief that was standing on the bank, heard the most beautiful music, and saw something white going up into the sky; which, without doubt, was the holy angels carrying the hermit's *sowl* to heaven. And so your honour, the place is known ever since by the name of Sgarrive a Kuilleen, and I never passes it, without saying (as a good right I have) God bless it, or, glory be to God."

Such is the legend of Sgarrive a Kuilleen*, as told by the old woman, with whom I parted at the cross leading to Killoroglin, after thanking her for the story, and gladdening her heart by another small gift.

"There are some verses, sir," said Spillane, "about a Killarney Hermit: composed to an

* *Sgarbh*, a Ford, and *Cuileam*, the Holly-tree.

old Irish air, by the Right Honourable George Ogle. Although I can't take upon me to say, whether it was the hermit of Sgarrive a Kuilleen, or not."

"What, the Ogle who wrote the song of 'Molly Asthore?"

'As down by Banna's banks I stray'd
One evening in the spring——'

If you recollect the verses of which you have spoken, Spillane, I should be obliged by your repeating them for me."

"I think I do sir, and moreover, three or four additional verses by Mr. Ogle, which have not been printed.

As on Killarney's bank I stood, near to her crystal wave,
I saw a holy hermit retired within his cave;
His eyes he often turn'd to heaven, and thus exclaimed he:
Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world—thou wert not made for me.

His bed was strew'd with rushes, which grew along the shore,
And o'er his limbs emaciate, a sackcloth shirt he wore;
His hoary beard and matted hair hung listless to his knee:
Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world—thou wert not made for me.

I thought his heart had broken, so heavy were his sighs,
I thought his tears had dried up the fountains of his eyes,
Oh 'twas a grievous thing to hear, a piteous sight to see:
Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world—thou wert not made for me.

His sorrows pierced my bosom, in all I took my share,
My sighs his sighs reechoed, I gave him tear for tear;
I had no comfort left to give, it might intrusive be:
Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world—thou wert not made for me.

Awhile he ceased his mourning, and looked in thought profound,
But anguish soon returning, he started from the ground;
With feeble rage he smote his breast, and thus exclaimed he:
"Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world—thou wert not made for me.

"How weak are foolish mortals, who sigh for pomp and state!
They little know the dangers, that on high station wait;
They little know the various ills, that follow high degree:
Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world—thou wert not made for me.

"Ambition's but a bubble, a circle in the sea,
Extending o'er the surface, and ne'er can ended be;
Till in itself is lost, the breath of vanity:
Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world—thou wert not made for me.

"Why did I trust to honour, I reckon'd by my own;
Why did I trust to virtue, when she to heaven was flown?
Alas! too late, I now lament my fond credulity:
Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world—thou wert not made
for me.

"I thought that there was friendship, but that's a gem
most rare;
I thought that love was sacred, and beauty was sincere;
But these are visions all like dreams, which with the
morning flee:
Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world—thou wert not made
for me.

"Oh, had I been a shepherd upon the mountain's brow,
I ne'er had known those feelings which I experience now;
My flocks had been my only care, from every other free;
Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world—thou wert not made
for me.

"Those toils will soon be over, my pilgrimage is past;
The gates of heaven are open'd, redemption smiles at last;
May all my enemies be blest, my wrongs forgiven be:
Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world—thou wert not made
for me."

He laid him down upon his bed, the threads of life were
broke,
His eyes seemed closed in death's dim shade, I thought
he ne'er had spoke;
Again, with faltering voice he said, 'twas life's last agony,
"Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world—thou wert not made
for me."

"Thank you, Spillane—yours must be an excellent memory, but all old ballads, or, even their modern imitations, sink deeply into the heart.

"Pray, who does Beaufort belong to?" said I, as we journeyed on towards the Gap.

"Why, then," replied Picket, "the right owner is Mr. Day, only, he *sould* it to Parson Mullins, Lord Ventry's brother, and left the country because the priest wouldn't let the *childer* go to his school and *larn* to read the protestant bible. Sorry enough the people was, when he went away; for he was a good gentleman, only he had no *bisness* to meddle with their religion; and sure the priest had no less than *rason* at his side, for wasn't he bound to keep the *craturs* in the right way. But see, your honour, there's Dunloh Castle, and John O'Connell's house opposite it, at the other side of the river."

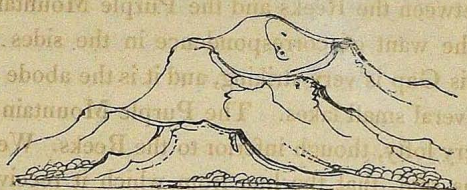
Dunloh Castle is about a mile from the Lake, seated on a steep bank, rising immediately above the river, which forms some beautiful pools shaded by fine trees. This bank is closely covered with wood, and the meadows which surround it are also richly

wooded. The castle commands a noble view of the Lower Lake, and of the singular pass, called the Gap of Dunloh, of the lofty and pointed Reeks, and of the still more lofty and pointed Gheran Tuel*.

From Dunloh Castle we proceeded to the Gap, a deep, narrow, wild, and irregular valley between the Reeks and the Purple Mountain. The want of correspondence in the sides of this Gap is very striking, and it is the abode of several small lakes. The Purple Mountain is very lofty, though inferior to the Reeks. Weld has said, that the hue from which it receives its name, arises from a plant, with which it is covered; but this assertion appears founded in mistake, as the colour is entirely owing to a purple stratum of slaty rock, whose shivered fragments cover the upper parts of the mountain. Glenà and Tomies are branches of this

* Or Carràn Tuàl, i. e. according to Mr. Wright, "the inverted reaping hook, which the outline of the summit strongly resembles." Wright states, that "the late measurements of Mr. Nimmo (Mr. Porter I believe, he should have said), have shown Carràn Tuàl to be three thousand four hundred and ten feet above the level of the sea, while Mangerton (formerly considered the higher), is only two thousand five hundred and fifty."

mountain, and the former is more particularly remarkable for what, in some degree, characterizes the whole mountain—namely, the lap-like form of its parts. Glenà appears something like this from the lake, at which side it exhibits a series of concave lines from top to bottom.



Some of the crags in the Gap are very lofty, and almost perpendicular; and the whole is an exceedingly romantic scene.

"*Tooty—too—té—Tooty—too—té.*"

"A tolerable echo, that, Spillane;—Hark! how it rings through the mountains!—What a wild spot—this dark lake with its surrounding hills!—See, how its black waves roll against the shore, and break upon the rocks with an angry growl. It seems the very abode of melancholy; and I should not wonder, if there was some wild story connected with the place."

"By the by, sir," said Spillane, "I believe there is a story, something about a great serpent, I think—do you know any thing of it, Picket?"

"The serpent is it?" said Picket in reply. Sure, every body has *hard* tell of the blessed Saint Patrick, and how he *druve* the *sarpints* and all manner of venemous 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 chest 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 any thing. 'Oh,' says Saint Patrick, says he, 'where's the use of making such a piece of work, about a gentleman like myself coming to see you. 'Tis a nice house I have got made for you, *agin* the winter; for I'm going to civilize the whole

country, man and beast,' says he, 'and you can come and look at it whenever you please, and 'tis myself will be glad to see you.'

"The *sarpint* hearing such smooth words, thought that though Saint Patrick had *druve* all the rest of the *sarpints* into the sea, he meant no harm to himself; so the *sarpint* walks fair and easy up to see him and the house he was speaking about. But when the *sarpint* saw the nine great *boults* upon the chest, he thought he was *sould* (betrayed), and was for making off with himself as fast as ever he could.

"'Tis a nice warm house you see,' says Saint Patrick, '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 going.

"'Too small!' says Saint Patrick, 'stop, if you please,' says he, 'you're out in that, my boy, any how—I am sure 'twill fit you completely; and, I'll tell you what,' says he, 'I'll bet you a gallon of 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 to the chest, 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 my tail.' When what does Saint Patrick do, but he comes behind the great heavy lid of the chest, 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 him, and Saint Patrick began at once to *boult* the nine iron *boults*.

"'Oh, murder!—won't you let me out, Saint Patrick?' 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 Saint Patrick, 'to be sure I will—by all manner of means—but, you see, I haven't time now, so

you must wait till to-morrow. And so he took the iron chest, with the *sarpint* in it, and pitches it into the lake here, where it is to this hour for certain; and 'tis the *sarpint* struggling down at the bottom that makes the waves upon it. Many is the living man," continued Picket, "besides myself, has *hard* the *sarpint* crying out, from within the chest 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 of the *sarpints*, sir."

"Bless me, what a road!—why it's nothing but a heap of loose rocks!"

"Yes, sir, as far as this a jingle can come," said Spillane—they have a song in the town about a party coming through the Gap, but I don't know it all."

"Well, let me hear what you do know."

And Spillane commenced:

"We set off from Killarney one bright sunny morn,
With clouds on the mountain that threatened a storm;
In a jingle we go to the Gap of Dunloh,
And sometimes drive fast, and sometimes drive slow.
Singing high row, riot, and wont you be quiet?
And can't you sit easy—just like a daisy—fair and easy?

"For the road was not always quite equable there,
But sometimes it was rough, and sometimes it was fair;
And the horse he was lame, and the vehicle bad,
And the driver a fool, and the passengers mad.
Singing high row, riot, and won't you be quiet?
And can't you sit easy—just like a daisy—fair and easy?

That's all I can remember, sir."

"This is really fearful—the pass is so narrow, and the mountains look as if they were ready to crush us. I wish we were fairly through; it would be no joke to have the rock where that thoughtless goat is cutting a caper fall upon us. Picket, can you tell me who made this road?"

"Ah, then, who would it be but myself and the gray major that lives at Dunloh Castle; for sure 'twas he got the *presintment*, and myself broke the stones, and as *nate* a *jantleman* he is, surely, as any in the county—'tis he that keeps the good house, and 'tis he can make the fine speech, for which *rason* they calls him *Tongue Arrigud*, which *manes* the Silver Tongue."

"Will your honour have a drop of the *rale* mountain dew?" said a stout sun-burnt fellow, who suddenly started from behind a rock, and

held a small bottle of whiskey to my nose. He was clad in a frieze coat and old leather breeches, and had neither shoes, stockings, nor hat. His head was covered with a profusion of rough hair, which fell in wild disorder round his weather-beaten features.

"Where did you get it?" said I: upon which he gave a knowing wink, and, pointing towards the mountain, answered, "Indeed, then, that's more than the gauger can tell you, for although he has so 'cute a way with him, fakes, this little drop never paid the duty any how; and sure your honour wouldn't be after telling." By the time our conversation respecting this mountain dew (which

> "Came from a still
> Just under the hill,
> Where the eye of the gauger saw it not,")

was concluded, we were clear of the Gap, and began to descend; when Picket conducted me to a little bank on the mountain's side, from whence is a splendid prospect. The Upper Lake, with all its woods and mountains to the left; immediately beneath, Lord Brandon's demesne, with its round tower peeping above the surrounding trees, and to the right Cowm

Duve or the Black Valley, a deep hollow in the Reeks, with a dark lake at its extremity, and the wall-like mountain, towering above it to an immense height.

For here, amid his Alpine solitude,
The spirit of the mountain sits sublime;
His arm a cataract, his foot a flood,
His wide waist girded by the wrecks of time,
His broad brow bound with wreaths of rolling rime,
His voice a storm, starts Echo from her cell,
Furrows the billow to its bed of slime,
Raves through the passes of each subject fell,
And fitful moans and sighs adown the distant dell.

Stern is his form, but in his calmer mood
Mild beauty dallies with his awful crest;
His storm voice dies along the solitude,
As when an infant sings itself to rest;
And his smile burns along the glassy breast
Of yonder lake, where——

"The boat is waiting, sir," exclaimed my guide.

CHAP. X.

THE UPPER LAKE.

"HERE's the gate into Lord Brandon's place," said Picket, "by my own *sowl*, it's locked it is, and your honour can't get in, for his honourable lordship always takes the key away with him in his breeches pocket. Why, then, isn't it a provoking case that his lordship wouldn't be at home before your honour; I'll be bail if he was, he'd show you every inch of the place himself; for sure 'tis he's the *rale jantleman*, and as mild as mother's milk. 'Tis long till he'd run out with a loaded gun, like some of your *musheroon* quality, to prevent people from landing on his ground. Och, no, that isn't the kind he is, for sure isn't he a minister, ay, and a good one too; 'tis long till he'd distress the poor people for tithes or church money out at Castle Island there, where he has his living. And then when he comes here among the mountains, it isn't to shoot and sport, but to be out of the way of the world, while he's

praying and writing *sarmints*. O, then, isn't it a wonder he isn't made a bishop of?"

By this time we had reached the boat, where we were received with a general shout, which went circling round the hills.

"Oh, then," said Begly, "your honour's as welcome to us as the flowers of May."

"Oh, then, that he is, that's no lie for you, Begly," said the rest of the crew.

"Thank you, lads, I'm glad to see you. Plunket, give the men some whiskey."

"Long life to your honour," said Doolan.

"It's *rale* Tommy Walker, sure enough," said Begly.

"Hand the cup here," said Purty. "Pooh, ho—ho, but it's *tearin* strong."

"Fakes, then it is the right sort," said big Dinny. "Will I give Barret a drop, your honour?"

"Barret! O by all means, I didn't perceive him before.—I am glad to see you, Barret."

"Thank your honour; I just made bold to come up with the boat, to see if I'd catch a bit of a salmon to roast for your honour's dinner."

"Will you have it, Barret?" said big Dinny, at the same time holding up the bottle.

"Will I? may be I won't; why," replied Barret, "will a duck swim? why, Dinny?"

As we crossed the Upper Lake, towards Ronayne's Island, from Plunket's conversation I gathered that Barret, with whom I had made acquaintance at Innisfallen, was by trade a ladies shoemaker, but by inclination so determined a sportsman, that he seldom exercised the gentle craft. He was what in Killarney is termed a Carrig a fourt man, from a rock of that name on the margin of the Lower Lake, where many a broken tradesman may be seen preparing his fishing tackle to delude the finny tribe; hence to say that a man is gone to Carrig a fourt, is equivalent with saying he is a broken merchant—one who is either so idle or so unfortunate as to trust to the art of angling for a precarious subsistence.

I was also given to understand that Barret was rather an entertaining fellow, and valued himself not a little on his knowledge as an antiquary; for he could tell the precise dates when the Abbeys of Mucruss and Innisfallen were founded; and could beguile the time with

many a legendary tale, when the sun was too bright or the wind too high to permit the pursuit of his favourite sport. As long as this sport continued, however, there was no getting a word from him, except a few broken exclamations, such as "Egad, a noble salmon!"—"By Jove, I've hitched him!"—"There's nothing like an orange fly!"

On the Upper Lake, all traces of the lower country are completely lost, and the views are confined to its own valley and the surrounding mountains; but these are so varied and so magnificent, the valley so rich in wood, and the lake, with its numerous islands, so beautiful, as to leave nothing in point of scenery to be wished for. It affords the most exquisite foregrounds and middle distances for the painter, but is not exactly the place in which to study the purple hues of distance, which are so finely exemplified in the Lower Lake.

"This is Ronayne's Island, sir," said Plunket, as the boat struck against the landing-place, "there's a fine prospect from the top of it; Barret will show you the path."

From the verge of the water, Ronayne's Island rises steep and rocky, possessing but

one little green nook, which serves as a landing-place, and on which are the remains of a cottage. The island is covered with wood, and has a double crown, each of which commands a pretty view of the lake, and neighbouring islands.

Behold the winding course of yonder lake,
Not broad, but like a noble river crown'd
With many an island green, whose smiles awake
More lovely, from the shadows cast around
Of those gigantic hills, dark, rugged, and embrown'd.

"Barret, have you brought the large book from the boat? Here, give it to me—Weld says something about this island, I think—let me see.—Ah, Weld wants an index very much indeed—but I have found it." And accordingly I read aloud, as follows:—

"One man, however, there was, upon whose romantic mind a deeper impression was made: he was an Englishman, of the name of Ronayne. The spot which he selected for his retreat was this small island, which yet retains his name. He avoided all society, and seldom left the island."—"Very romantic indeed."

"Psha!" said Barret.

"What are you pshawing about, Barret?" said I.

"Why, then, I'll tell you; did ever any one hear such a story as your honour was reading just now? What, old Philip Ronayne an Englishman? why, sir, he was bred and born in the county Cork, and I don't believe he ever put foot out of *ould* Ireland. And then such stuff about romantic and 'voiding society, psha! Phil Ronayne, sir, was a *quare ould* fellow, with one eye blue and the other gray, that used to come here sometimes in the *sason* for shooting and fishing, mighty fond he was of the sport; by the same token that he was mighty near shooting a boatman once, who stole a brace of birds out of his cabin, that he built down by the landing-place there. They say he built the cabin himself; and, for certain, he was mighty *ingenous* in making rings for pigs' noses; and he made a sort of a machine, that he gave Colonel Herbert; and, as to tying flies, there wasn't a man in the county could come near him; and then as to 'voiding society, why, bless you, he made as free with the people as any thing, and used often to come into Kil-

larney of an evening, and take a tumbler of punch with the *ould* folk. To be sure, he didn't like to have people come *tazing* him, and spying about his cabin, and small blame to him for that same; so at last, when the blackguards were making too great a hand of him entirely, he went away for good an' all."

"Indeed, Barret, your account is quite different from Mr. Weld's; and you really ought not to have spoiled so pretty and so romantic a story;—but we had better descend to the boat."

Leaving Ronayne's Island, we glided by several others, named either after some particular person or some natural peculiarity, as Mac Carty's Island, Arbutus Island, the Eagle's Island, &c.; then, turning to the right, passed a rock called the Giant's Coffin, at the left hand side, as we entered the river Galway.

"Do you see that big black rock, sir?" said Begly; "'tis called the Giant's Coffin, and for a very simple *rason* to be sure, because it looks for all the world like one; and 'tis so big entirely, that if ever it was a coffin at all, which for certain it never was, it must have belonged to the giants of *ould*."

"Ah, Lynch," said I, "how are you?" as that gentleman made his appearance at the landing-place.

"True to my word, notwithstanding Kerry is said to be the land of promise. So now, if you please, I will be your guide and your guest for the remainder of the day."

"Now that is most kindly said—the very thing that will delight me.—Which way do we move?"

"Plunket," said Mr. Lynch, "do you meet us at the Heading with the boat. And now forward, if you please."

"What a charming glen! this is beautiful indeed!—What do you call it?"

"This is Derrycunnihy; but you have not seen half its beauties yet. Ah, here is Mr. Hyde, most apropos for us, as he will give us admission, through this rustic gate, to his pretty cottage, from whence we can proceed to the cascade, and then by the new line of road to the Heading—but here he comes."

The Rev. Arthur Hyde, with much politeness, conducted us through his shrubbery. His cottage, with its projecting thatched roof and flower-covered trellis, is extremely pretty;

it is seated in a garden surrounded by woods, commands a view of the Waterfall, and has the river Galway running, or rather brawling, close beside it.

Crossing a rustic bridge, we proceeded along the northern bank of the river, and, entering a wood at the other side of Mr. Hyde's carriage road, began to climb the steep side of the Waterfall.

"By my word, this is pretty walking for a rheumatic man! If I am only able to scramble up this hill, then Jonathan Green's vapour baths against all the doctors in London."

"Beware of that bramble," said Mr. Lynch. "Now catch hold of this tree, and spring up the rock.—Well done! Great Marlborough Street bath's for ever—Where is the old rheumatism now?—Hurrah! here we are at the top of the fall, where the water gushes between two dark rocks and tumbles foaming beneath us. Cast your eyes down to the depth of the valley, and observe how invitingly the cottage looks, with its little green lawn, the very image of peace and seclusion—then those dark mountains—these surrounding woods, and, looking up the stream, that calm home scene. But

you seem fatigued, my friend, therefore suppose we qualify some of this Derrycunnihy water with a drop of old malt whiskey, and drink to the spirit of the fall."

"I have no objection," said I; "you seem quite inspired, Lynch, however, without the whiskey. I suppose we shall have a poem in quarto on Derrycunnihy Waterfall, from your pen next season, for Gorham, if I mistake not, told me that you were 'a bit of a poet.'"

"Gorham does me infinite honour—but I assure you I have no intention of"——

"Oh, well then, the reason I have no doubt is because you can't get these Irish names to rhyme. Derrycunnihy, for instance, has not a very poetical sound: let me see what hand I can make of it.

The man who would see Derrycunnihy fall
Must come with good whiskey, or not come at all;
Singing—down, down, down, derry down;
And a pocket well lined, for, minus the money, he
May as well stay at home from sweet, sweet Derrycunnihy,
To sing down, down, down, derry down.

But if cash and if whiskey both come at his call,
Oh, then he may see Derrycunnihy fall,
And sing down, down, down, derry down;

And he'll be the boy, like a flower to the honey-bee,
For the lads of the lakes, and sweet, sweet Derrycunnihy.
Sing down, down, down, derry down.

I defy 'the grand master' himself to improvisatorize better!"

"A truce to your badinage," said Mr. Lynch, putting on a prodigiously solemn face, "and listen to this. The verses may be smoother, but they are more in character with the scene than yours.

O, here's a sweet glen! where the foam of the fall
O'er the dark frowning rock rushes on to the lake;
Where the mountain nymph, Echo, awakes at its call,
And the startled deer fearfully fly through the brake;

Where the holly and yew throw their shade o'er the brook,
As onward it brawls by yon cottage so lone,
That peacefully smiles from its own flowery nook,
As charm'd with the musical voice of its moan.

Oft, oft, when my heart 'mid the dwellings of men
In its gloom may repine, will my spirit recall
The brightness and calm of this lone little glen,
Where rushes thy foam, Derrycunnihy fall.

Now, what say you to this? And as for Irish names not being poetical, take the following, from a Cork newspaper, as a specimen to the contrary. The verses, I suspect, are by a young

man named Callanan, who resides, or did recently reside at Bantry.

"'There is a green island in lone Gougane Barra*,
Whence Allu† of Songs rushes forth like an arrow,
In deep-vallied Desmond‡—a thousand wild fountains
Come down to that lake from their home in the mountains:
There grows the wild ash, and a time-stricken willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow,
As like some gay child, that sad monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.
And its zone of dark mountains—to see them all brightning,
When the tempest flings out his red banner of lightning,
And the waters come down, mid the thunder's deep rattle,
Like clans from their hills at the voice of the battle,
And the fire-crested billows are chafing and gleaming,
And wildly from Maloc§ the eagle is screaming:
Oh, where is the dwelling, in valley or highland,
So meet for a bard as that lone little island!
How oft, when the summer sun paused upon Cleara||
And stoop'd o'er the deep blushing waves of I-Vera¶.'"—

"I beg your pardon, Lynch, but that is quite enough at present of 'brightnings' and 'lightnings' and 'gleamings' and 'beamings.'"

* A Lake in the west of the County of Cork.

† The Irish name for the Lee, which has its source in Gougane Barra.

‡ South Munster.

§ A Mountain over Gougane Lake.

|| The Irish name for Cape Clear.

¶ Bear or Beerhaven.

"Ah, you have no soul for poetry I find, therefore let us descend, take a view of the fall from below, and make the best of our way to the Heading, where by this time the boat must be waiting for us."

At the infinite hazard of our necks, we descended from our elevated situation, and with some difficulty gained a rock in the centre of the stream, at the foot of the fall.

"Look up—observe how wide the water spreads from the first compact fall, encroaching on the trees and rocks at either side, so that the very foliage seems to yield a thousand little tributary streams. See, they unite and again fall—fall—foam and fall till lost amid the woods which shadow its course."

"How snowy-white is the foam, and how great the contrast between it and the jetty tint of the rocks!"

From hence, proceeding by Mr. Hyde's carriage road, we gained the new line between Kenmare and Killarney, and, following its course towards the latter place, we in a short time reached the Heading, which is an archway or tunnel of some extent, cut through the rock, to permit a passage for the road.

The road from this spot was worthy of remark, being a platform, cut with great labour, along the base of Cromiglaun Mountain. On one side was the mountain, steep, rocky, and wooded, and on the other a precipice overhanging the Bay of Newfoundland. Many a fantastic branch shot athwart the road, while their bare and gnarled roots wound around the rocks and anchored in their crevices. Frequently immense rocks were seen standing like a wall at either side of the road, for whose passage they had evidently been forced to make way.

Descending from the Heading to the waterside, we found the boat in waiting, and immediately embarked.

"Your honour's welcome to us," said Doolan. "And isn't the Strap an' Gad a fine place?"

"What do you mean by Strap an' Gad, Doolan?"

"Why, then, just the Heading there, your honour; and the reason they calls it the Strap an' Gad is because there was a famous robber, one Martin Mahony, that used to rob and strip the whole country round, like a thief as he was —and whenever he was hunted, he used to run

to the big rock, where the Heading is now, and there he had a strap or gad hanging down, which he used to catch a *hould* of, and make a leap up the rock, and then he'd pull the gad after him, so that there was no one could follow him, and there was no catching him at all."

"Confound the sun!" exclaimed Barret, in a fit of impatience.

"I am heartily glad of it," whispered Mr. Lynch to me, "for now, as he must give up his sport, we shall have some chance of a story. Come here, Barret, I want to speak with you." Barret came aft, and took his seat in the stern. "Barret," continued Mr. Lynch, "I believe that is the Oak Island, it is also called Russ Bourky, and I want to know whether Oak Island is the literal English for Russ Bourky?"

"Russ Bourky is wrong, it should be pronounced Russ Buarach; and the English of it is spansel wood," replied Barret, at the same time assuming a degree of importance, from the supposed superiority of his information.

"Spansel wood? why there seems to be no sense in this interpretation of yours."

"You wouldn't say that, sir," answered Barret, "if you knew the story that gave rise

to it; for the island, you must know, was enchanted by O'Donoghue; but may be you don't believe in O'Donoghue, for there are many that comes on the lakes only to make jest of him, when may be they'd better let it alone."

The fact was, that Barret had told his fairy tales so often, that constant repetition had all the efficacy of demonstration in impressing upon his mind a firm conviction of the truth of his own stories. It was therefore necessary to use a little angling art, in order to hide all appearance of unbelief, which would infallibly have put a stop to his loquacity. "Why do you say that, Barret? I'm sure I have as good a right to believe in O'Donoghue as any one else. Besides, I feel confident there must have been such a person, since the voice of thousands, and the testimony of tradition unite to corroborate the fact; therefore pray tell me the story, for, I assure you in my heart, I love a legendary tale, especially when told by you."

Satisfied that I was not an unbeliever, and tickled by the flattery, Barret commenced his story.

"Why, then," said he, "I suppose you have

heard how O'Donoghue, the great prince that lives in the Lake of Killarney, appears but once in every seven years; but you are not to suppose from that, that he puts on his nightcap and sleeps away all the rest of his time; on the contrary, it is well known that, though invisible, he often walks about the lake, its shores, and its islands, visiting every spot which he loved before the time of his enchantment, while he was yet an inhabitant of this upper world. I have myself often heard, while fishing on the lake, the most beautiful music stealing along the water; and though the lake was quite calm in the immediate vicinity of my skiff, I have seen it rolling in foam at the distance of only a few yards, and have heard the blast of the whirlwind as O'Donoghue swept on his way. Nevertheless, he does not always please with the sweetness of his music, or awe with the terrors of the tempest, but is known sometimes to descend to less dignified amusements; delighting at one time to surprise some bewildered mortal with the magnificence of his palace under the lake, and at other times amusing himself with astonishing the poor mountaineers by some dex-

terous deception; and it is of one of these I am going to tell you. A hem!—

"You must know, then, that a long time ago, Tim Curtin, a comfortable farmer, resided in Esknamucky Glen, a little to the east of this island. He was reckoned the snuggest man among the hills; for besides a large tract of mountain, where he had plenty of yearlings and ponies and large flocks of goats, he had a great deal of low land on the banks of the little river Galway, which runs through the glen, where there was good tillage, and a fine stock of milch cows. Valuable as these holdings were, he thought little of them all, in comparison with his daughter Peggy, who was the cleanest, tightest, and prettiest girl to be seen from Esknamucky to Limerick. Whenever she went to fair, *pattern*, or *berrin*, she was sure to draw all the bachelors after her; while the girls could only vent their anger by finding fault with the colour of her new riband, the fit of her gown, or the cock of her cap. Nevertheless, Peggy Curtin was far from being happy, for she had given her heart to a neighbour's son, who, however worthy, wanted the

one thing needful; and Tim Curtin, with all his riches, was a miserly old fellow. So he told her 'that it wasn't for the likes of her, to be thinking of such a beggarly boy as Tom Sullivan' (for that was the name of the young man); and was always trying to make a match for her with some rich miserly scrub like himself; but, as luck would have it, he was always breaking off about a cow, or a pig, or a horse, more or less, so that Peggy came off clear, with only the fright.

"Now Peggy, for all her father's commands, couldn't for the life of her help thinking of Tom Sullivan; and Tom, some how or other, was always accidentally in the way, whenever Peggy went down the glen to milk the cows, or whenever the old man happened to be from home. Well, sir, things went on in this way for a long time, till at last the old man made up a match for Peggy with the richest farmer in the country; and, as there was no dispute about pig, horse, or cow, poor Peggy saw no chance of getting off this time.

"You may be sure it was she was *bronach* enough when she heard the news; so she sent

word to Tom Sullivan to meet her in the island, to consult about what was best to be done. Now, you must know that in the summer time, when the water is low, this island is joined to the glen by a narrow neck of marshy ground; and it was a beautiful summer evening when Peggy Curtin tripped lightly across it, and entered the wood in search of her lover, who had arrived before her in his little skiff, and, with a thumping heart, was waiting for her coming.

"'Och, Tom,' said Peggy, as she came up to her sweetheart, 'och, Tom, it's all over with us now agrah, for my father has made a match for me, for sure and *sartin*, and I have no way of preventing it; so I don't know what to do in life, for 'twill break the heart in me to part with you, but it can't be helped.' 'Arrah, then, Peggy,' said Tom, 'arrah, then, Peggy my jewel, don't be *talkin* of *partin*, if you wouldn't be after killing me entirely; but sure I'll be *kilt* whether or no, if I see you married to another, and go to the bad entirely, so I will, and die with fretting. Oh, then,' continued he, looking at the lake in the wildness of his grief,

'oh, then, O'Donoghue, if you're alive, as they say you are, wouldn't you take pity on a poor boy for, sure, it is you that have the riches down in the lake there; but where's the use in talking, for you can't hear me, and there's an end of the matter, and the more's the pity!'

"While Peggy and Tom were thus bemoaning their hard fate, Tim Curtin, with a spansel in his hand, was standing in the *bawn* looking at his cows milking, and wondering what was become of Peggy, or where she was gone to; when, as bad luck would have it, who should come into the *bawn* but the little *gossoon* that Peggy sent with the message to Tom; so when he heard the father asking after her, what should he do, but up and *tould* him all about it.

"Away ran Tim, as mad as blazes; but no sooner was he got to the middle of the wood, than he was stopped short by the sight of a large tub full of gold; to be sure, it was O'Donoghue that put it there on purpose, for he knew well enough what kind of a man he was, and had a mind to befriend the young people. Be that as it may, Tim, who, as rich

as he was, had never seen so much gold before in all his life, was ready to go mad with joy, and quite forgot Peggy and Tom, and every thing else, in his desire after so much treasure; but how to remove it he couldn't think, for two of the strongest men in the country would hardly be able to stir the tub, though often he tried with all his strength. And he was afraid, if he went to look for help, that he wouldn't be able to find the place again. At last he bethought himself of the spansel which he held in his hand; so he tied it to a tree, just to mark the place (for all the trees in the wood were of the same kind), and away he run for help as fast as he could. You may be sure the grass didn't grow much under his feet 'till he came back; but if he was looking from that day to this he couldn't find the gold again, for the never a tree in the island but had a spansel tied round it. Tim Curtin was quite distracted with the disappointment, and spent all his time seeking after the gold; and it was many a long day before he came to himself. In the meantime Tom Sullivan grew suddenly to be the richest man in the parish;

and many people suppose that O'Donoghue gave him some of the gold, though Tom would never own to it.

"When the old fellow recovered the use of his senses, he made no objection to the match, for he saw that Tom was richer than himself. So he was married to Peggy at last, and a great wedding they had of it: and the island is known ever since (as a good right it has) by the name of Russ Buarach or Spansel Wood. ——Thunder alive, if there wasn't a great salmon *riz!*" exclaimed Barret, "and the day is getting dark, and a fine curl on the water."

CHAP. XI.

THE DESCENT.

LEAVING the Oak Island, the new road, and the Heading behind us, we passed the Bay of Newfoundland, and proceeded towards Coleman's Eye, a narrow pass between two rocks, which gives entrance to the river, connecting the Upper with the Middle and Lower Lakes. This pass is so narrow as to oblige the boatmen to draw in their oars; while going through, which was the work of a moment, one of the boatmen exclaimed, "Look there, your honour, there's the print of Coleman's foot, that he left on the rock when he leaped across"—and certainly there was a singular impression on the rock, somewhat in the shape of a gigantic foot. "This is, doubtless, the Coleman," said I, "whose leap Crowley, the mail coach driver, regards as a family boast—he seems to have had a very large foot."

"O, then, you may give your *davy* of that," said Doolan, "and a good right he had to have a big foot of his own, and 'tis he that knew

how to handle it any how, after such a leap as that; for sure he was one of the giants of *ould*, and he was at war with Fin Mac Cool, who came with his big dog Bran, and all the other giants, to hunt Coleman; so Coleman was running away from them, as a good right he had; and then, when he came to the place that's called after him, he made a leap across, and ran round the lake and hid himself in the Oak Island, near the Coffin Point—but Fin Mac Cool was up to him, for he and all his giants swam across the lake, and there they found my lad; and if they didn't slain him there, 'tis a wonder to me. And, sure, isn't his coffin there? and isn't the place called Coffin Point? and isn't this called Coleman's Eye, in memory of him? so it must all be true, or how would they come by their names?"

While Doolan was telling his story, we were floating in a little basin or bay at the other side of the pass, from whence we proceeded along the various windings of the river, the boatmen occasionally pointing out particular rocks, to which they had given fanciful names, such as "the Round of Beef," "the Man of War," "the Cannon, and Cannon Balls"—but,

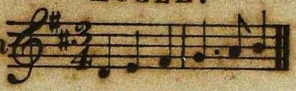
Leave we all these, and every varied change
Of that broad stream, each named and nameless rock,
The long, vast, stony, dark, descending range
Of hills, where rove secure the dun deer flock,

till we arrive at the extremity of the Long Range, where the Eagle's Nest towers bold and abrupt above the river, which sweeps suddenly round its base.

The cliff, called the Eagle's Nest, is famous for its echoes. As Mr. Weld says, "It is scarcely in the power of language to convey an adequate 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 cannon."—I will not attempt it. Yet, strange to tell, notwithstanding his assertion, Mr. Weld has taxed the powers of language to the utmost, through two or three pages of his volume, to describe the aforesaid echoes. I mean to be more moderate, and therefore merely request the reader to cast an eye on the opposite page, which contains a musical notation of the effect; and as for the cannon, here it goes—bang!—the mountains seem bursting with the crash—now it rolls, peal upon peal, through their craggy hollows, till

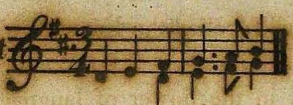
BUGLE.

Spillan



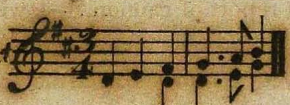
Echo

Echo faint

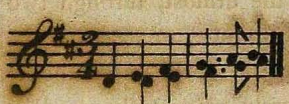


Echo fainter

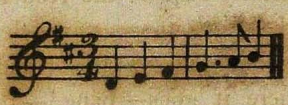
Echo imperfect



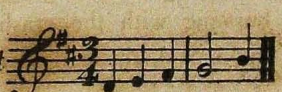
Echo bother'd



Original Echo



Repeat imperfect



at length dying away in the distance, all seems over—hark! it rises again, other mountains mimic the thunder, and now it is lost in a low growl among the distant hills.

"Come all you brisk and *joval* swains,
What loves to rove the *rurial* plains,
Give ear to me whilst I rehearse,
Your pleasing cares give over—
'Tis of these hills and valleys round,
That's all overgrown with roses,
To the Eagle's Nest, we will travest,
And join our notes with *tchoris*.

"*Tchoris*, gentlemen, if you please," shouted Doolan.

"Whack fol de ri do di do."

"Tis a song I always sings for the gentlemen I brings to the Eagle's Nest," said Doolan, "and 'twas for myself 'twas composed it was, by Billy the mule—I beg his pardon ten thousand times surely—I mean Mr. William Sullivan, the poet of Cloghereen."

The river on whose stream we floated was sometimes broad, deep, and calm, and sometimes interrupted by shallows and rapids. Now it wound among the hills, widening into little lakes, and now it became so narrow as scarcely to afford a passage for the boat.

"What are you murmuring to yourself, Lynch?" said I, as we proceeded on our way to Dinis Island. "Are these the verses you always repeat for gentlemen whom you bring to the Eagle's Nest?"

"Oh, it's only a foolish stanza from an old poem, which, if you have any desire to hear, I will give you with all my heart.

Pass we the joys and sorrows boatmen find,
The clear calm lake, the opposing river's roar,
The storm, the rock, the gentle favouring wind,
The drooping branch, the weed entangled oar,
The joy for whiskey got, the growl for more,
The thundering cannon's loud redoubled shock,
The bugle's mellow note, when that is o'er,
Rousing the echoes of the Eagle's Rock,
And——

There's a hole in the ballad, for I have forgotten the last line, which however is no great loss, as Doolan, I have no doubt, can make up for the deficiency, by telling us a story about the Eagle's Nest. Come, begin Doolan, begin."

"Why, then, 'tis I would do that same," replied Doolan, "if I knew what to tell your honour. Let me see—did your honour ever hear how the soldier went to rob the eagle's nest, and

take away the young little eagles? The eagle's nest, as I showed your honour a little while ago, is just on the face of the white rock; the hole of it is something like an eagle's wing; and without any doubt a hard job it would be to get at it; but says the soldier, 'I'll rob it,' says he. 'May be you will why,' says the eagle to himself, for he heard every word the soldier said, so he just *purtended* to fly away out of sight, up into the clouds entirely. When the soldier saw that. 'I have you now,' says he, so with that he lets himself down from the top of the cliff by a big rope, till he came opposite the nest, when just as he was going to lay his hand on the young chaps, who should pop down, out of a thundering cloud, but the *ould* eagle himself. 'Good morrow, mister soldier,' says the eagle, says he, 'and what may your business be with me, that you're after taking so much trouble to call at my lodgings this fine morning?' 'Oh, nothing at all, your honour,' says the soldier, for he was amazed to hear the eagle *spake*, and a little bit frightened, over and above, at the sight of his two bright eyes, with the hooked *bake* between them, 'nothing at all, your honour, only to see how all the family is, and pay my respects to the young gentlemen.'

"'That's all botheration and blarney,' says the eagle, 'don't think to come the *ould* soldier over me with that kind of story, for don't I know well enough it was to rob my nest and steal my *childer* you came, you thief you? but I'll soon know the ins and outs of it, for I'll just make bold to *ax* a neighbour of mine, that lives in the rock here—Hollo there, Mistress Echo, did this fellow come to rob the eagle's nest?'

"'To rob the eagle's nest," says Mistress Echo.

"'There now, do you hear that, you villain you, what have you to say for yourself now?' says the eagle in a great pet—but the soldier, without waiting to answer him, began to climb up his rope as fast as he could.

"'Not so fast, mister soldier,' says the eagle, 'not so fast, my fine fellow: as you came to pay me a visit, 'tis only fair I should show you the shortest way home;' so with that he gave him a clink over the head with one of his wings, and a kick of his claw in the sitting place, that sent him down into the river in a jiffy—it was well for him, it was into the river he fell, or surely he'd be smashed to bits; and I'll engage neither he nor any one else minded

visiting the eagles to rob them of their young ones, from that day to this. But if your honour would like to see an eagle, there's in Gorham's yard a couple of as fine ones as you'd meet with in the whole kingdom of Kerry."

"What in the world, Lynch, are you laughing at so immoderately? What have you got hold of?"

"Here," said Lynch, handing me a scrap of paper, which I perceived had been dropped by Barret, "here, read it."

His Honur Mr. Trant, Esquire,

Dr. to James Barret, Shoemaker.

	£.	s.	d.
To clicking and sowling Miss Clara	0	2	6
To strapping and welting Miss Biddy ...	0	1	0
To binding and closing Miss Mary	0	1	6
	£0	5	0

Paid, July 14th, 1828,

James Barret.

"Look there, your honour, there's Paddy Clane's Leap," exclaimed Begly, at the same time pointing to a rock on the right bank of the river.

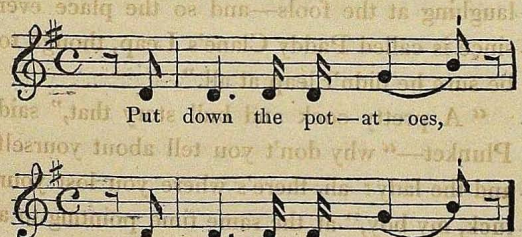
"You have had wonderful leapers at Killarney, Begly—but pray what of Paddy Clane's leap?"

"You must know," said Begly, "that Paddy Clane was a *quare ould* fellow, that kept a public house in Killarney, by the same token, many's the good drop I drank there; but, as I was saying, Paddy Clane was a *quare* fellow and fond of a joke. So off he sets of a stag hunt day from Killarney; and when the boats were all coming up the river, what would they see but Paddy standing on the top of the rock there. 'Stop, *by's*,' says he, 'I'm going to leap across.' So with that they all stopped to see the big leap, and Paddy kept them there, *purtending* every minute to leap, then stopping to take off his coat, and then his waistcoat, and so on, making the offer at it ever so often, till the hunt was over, and then he walked away, laughing at the fools—and so the place ever since is called Paddy Clane's Leap, though to be sure he didn't leap at all."

"A pretty cock and bull story that," said Plunket—"why don't you tell about yourself and the lady? ah, there's where you lost your luck, my boy," at the same time pointing to a

snug nook on the left bank of the river, "there's where you lost your luck, and sure you ought to be shot through a *wran's* quill. A lady, my lady! eh, Begly!" At this allusion the boatmen seemed highly delighted, and continued to tease poor Begly for the remainder of the day, with "a lady, my lady." Now, though I confess myself acquainted with the story which gave rise to this allusion, yet, as a lady is concerned, I beg leave to decline repeating it; and shall therefore merely say, as Mr. Weld does on another occasion, that "Those who visit the delightful regions of Killarney may be gratified, if they please, with the recital of this legendary tale."

Now we wheel round by Miss Plummer's Island, and now we come in sight of the old Weir Bridge. Spillane, as a warning to the people on Dinis Island, as usual, sounds,



and the boatmen prepare to shoot the bridge, that is, to be hurried down the rapids, from the old Weir Bridge to Dinis Pool.

"Is all right?—Barret, do you take the boat hook, to keep her off the rock; now, boys, two or three good strokes to give her way—now draw in your oars—steady there"—and away we go—"hurrah! hurrah!"—we shoot like an arrow into Dinis Pool. "Very well steered indeed, Mister Plunket."

From Dinis Pool the river divides, one branch turning to the right, soon enters the Middle Lake, the other turning to the left, after a longer and more circuitous course between Dinis Island and Glenà Mountain, at length joins the Lower Lake at the beautiful Bay of Glenà.

"How are you, Nelly Thompson?" said Mr. Lynch, as we landed on Dinis Island, to a tall well looking woman, who, surrounded by her children, stood on the shore to receive us.

"Oh, very well, I thank your honour; your honour is welcome to Dinis."

"Well, Nelly, do you get dinner ready as fast as you can, and, in the mean time, we'll take a walk round the island."

"What an enchanting spot! this cottage

peeping from amid the woods, and commanding so delightful a view of the Middle Lake." We pause for a moment to gaze on Glená, and then the river, rushing under the old Weir Bridge, attracts our notice; hark to its roar amid the rocks—how it echoes through the woods of the island; but, above the roar of the river, and the echoing woods, hark to the welcome notes of Spillane's bugle, warning us to dinner.

"A delicious dining room this, with its broad window looking out upon Turk Lake"—but a truce to lakes, islands, and mountains, waterfalls and echoes, while we employ ourselves on the contents of "the Gorham's" budget; a budget which, unlike the Chancellor of the Exchequer's, will, I have no doubt, satisfy all parties concerned.

Dinner was over, and we were quietly sipping some whiskey punch, when my friend, Mr. Lynch, with a look of importance, drew a manuscript from his pocket, and laid it on the table.

"What have you there?" said I.

"A fairy legend," was the reply; "you see I have not forgotten the Legendary Guide

Book; and, if you should like what I am about to read, I may probably be able to supply you with the greater part of your intended volume. The first seven pages of this manuscript are merely an introduction to the story; such introductions, however, are not irrelevant to the subject, when they depict the manners and customs of Irish life. Listen, and judge for yourself, while I read my account of

A FAMILY TRIP TO THE SPA OF TRALEE.

"'I THINK, my dear,' said my wife, one morning in the fine month of June, 'I think, my dear, a little excursion to the Spa of Tralee would do the children a great deal of good. They could bathe in the salt water, you know, and run about the strand, inhaling the fresh breeze from the ocean.' Now, besides that this was said with one of her most winning smiles, I knew perfectly well there was no use in arguing with a woman, when once she has taken a thing positively into her head. So it is, and so it must be—all the arguments in the world would not persuade her to the contrary. I leave it to wiser heads than mine to determine

the *whys* and the *wherefores;* but, for my own part, I have always looked upon the ladies as having less of reason, and more of fancy and feeling, than those rough hewn mortals of the masculine gender. If, therefore, you can tickle their fancies or awaken their feelings, the thing is done at once; but, if you cannot do this, and will not grant what they look for, you have nothing for it but an absolute No.

"Now, every one must know, there are more Noes than one in the language. For instance, there's the No affirmative, that is, when No is uttered in such a manner as to be equal to two negatives, which are equal to one affirmative. Then there's the No equivocal, which leaves you in doubt whether it be intended for *no* or *yes*. And last of all comes the No absolute, which I take to be the most villanous, castle-breaking, heart-galling, down-knocking, up-blowing, hard-hearted monosyllable in the English language, and am therefore very much averse to making use of it.

"To be sure, I did think we were just as well at home, and that it would be quite as well to save our cash as to go and sport it in Tralee, and was, therefore, on the point of rapping

out an absolute *No*, when, in addition to my repugnance to make use of so ungracious a monosyllable, my wife's very winning smile charged me so forcibly, that, gulping down the No absolute, I only made use of the No equivocal.

"When a man begins to give way to a woman, he may as well give up at once, she's sure to conquer; and thus it happened, that my No equivocal was construed into an affirmative.

"'Crack, crack!' went the whip—'the car's at the door, your honour'—'hurroo,' all's bustle and confusion—Mary calling for Joaney—Joaney for Mary—my wife calling for both—the children all the time squeaking like so many guinea-pigs. The box of finery was placed on the car, as also the featherbed, covered with a neat Tameen quilt, wife, maid, and children, all tumbling on the top of it. Thank heaven, all's right at last—oh no, the large bandbox with my wife's best bonnet cannot be left behind—what should she do at Tralee without her best bonnet—here it comes. 'Crack, crack!' went the whip—'creak, creak!' squeaked the wheels, and at last away they rolled.

"O, the pleasures of a trip to the Spa!—'Well, here we are arrived, every bone in our bodies aching from the jolting of our Kerry coach.' What, more misfortunes still? After rolling bag and baggage from door to door, tossed and tumbled from post to pillar, in search of 'good dry lodgings,' we find every decent place engaged, and night coming on; very glad were we to thrust ourselves into Paddy Cahillane's cabin, on the Clogher-Brine road.

"And who is Paddy Cahillane himself? If you had a little patience, gentle reader, you would have found that it was the very thing I was going to tell you. Paddy Cahillane was an honest farmer who, in addition to his other ways and means, had fitted up part of his cabin for the accommodation of those who yearly resorted, for health or fashion sake, to the Spa of Tralee; which some knowing doctor had discovered to be a mineral spring of great efficacy in a variety of disorders; and some enterprising person (a Scotchman I suppose) had built a sort of triumphal arch over it, and enclosed it with a pair of iron gates. As this well was situated within a few yards of the murmuring tide, the place was calculated both

for sea-bathing and water-drinking. Accordingly, a straggling village soon arose, which might with great propriety be called a *watering place*; for no sooner did the tide make its appearance, than man, woman, and child, gentle and simple, began ducking and diving, like so many mermaids, within a few yards of each other. Then hurry-scurry to the well, every one gulping down as much water as possible. From this place to the town of Tralee, which was distant about three miles, there were two roads, the one called the Strand, and the other the Clogher-Brine road, where honest Paddy, if we may credit himself, had fitted up 'most elegant lodgings, fit for any *jantleman* in the kingdom.' These 'elegant lodgings,' however, were nothing more nor less than three little pockets of rooms, divided from the rest of the cabin by a flimsy partition; and, as the door was rather rickety, the pig and the calf would frequently honour the lodgers by a visit, without waiting for the formality of an invitation. But there was no use in grumbling, as that would not mend the matter; so I wisely determined to extract as much amusement as possible from my residence at the Spa. What

with bathing, walking on the strand, and climbing the neighbouring hills, the day passed off well enough; but the puzzle was, how to get through the evenings. Before long I found an expedient which effectually answered the purpose, and it was this: I had not been many days a lodger of Paddy's, until I discovered that mine host and his men used, after their day's labour, to amuse themselves as they sat round the hearth, amongst other chitchat, by telling a variety of tales; I immediately determined to form one of the party; and much have I been amused at the fireside stories of mine host. Among the many that I heard, there was one which particularly struck my fancy, and which honest Paddy assured me happened to a relation of his own, of the same name, and who had once lived in that very house. It was the History of Timothy Cahillane and the little Red Cap, which I shall commence without further preface.

"'Timothy Cahillane was a poor labourer"—

"What do you want, Plunket?" said I to the coxswain, who just then made his appearance, and, with one of his best bows, interrupted the story, by informing us that if we did not

make haste, it would be too late to see Turk Lake properly; and that the boat had been brought round from the river to the shore facing the cottage, where it was waiting for us.

"O, then the story must be deferred to some other time," said Mr. Lynch.—"Plunket, do you send Nelly Thompson here, till we settle our account with her; and that done, we will be with you directly."

CHAP. XII.

THE MIDDLE LAKE.

"WELL, Nelly, what are we to pay you?" said Mr. Lynch, as Nelly Thompson made her appearance.

"Oh, nothing at all, your honour—nothing in life—I won't take any thing from your honour, or any one belonging to you, or any one you ever bring to the island."

"But that won't do, Nelly; you have supplied the boatmen with potatoes, and we have given you a great deal of trouble—here is five shillings—will that pay you?"

"Oh, then, and sure it will, and long life to your honour," said Nelly, quietly pocketing the money, notwithstanding her assertion that she wouldn't take any thing from his honour. "And sure, then," she continued, "'tis as good payment as I've had from many a great lord before now. Indeed, then, 'tis myself would as *live* have a company of tradesmen from the town of Killarney, any day in the year, as some of your poverty-struck quality. Why now,

only think, there was the Marquis of Lansdowne came here with a fine band of music and a poet, your honour, that he was taking about the country with him as a show; for, sure, the people used to run after him wherever he went, only to see him. By the same token, he was a little bit of a man, with a rosy face upon him, and an eye that was never quiet in his head an instant, but kept always going—going—going, and looking now as sharp at you as a hawk, and then as soft as buttermilk. Well, the marquis comes here, and, indeed, down he and the marchioness walk to the kitchen, and her marchionesship sets herself by the fireside, and began sprigging a piece of cambric muslin, while he got a handful of *praties* and put them between a cloth to steam them for himself. And, after all, what do you think, sir? 'tis no matter; but, indeed, he didn't give me a five pound note, which would only be the proper reach to a poor woman from the likes of a prince, as surely the marquis is, for he *ouns* half Kerry. I'd rather have a tinker from Cloghereen, if he'd pay better, than any of your lords."

"*Tooty—too—té—too—too—toō.*"

"Come, come, there's Spillane calling us," said Mr. Lynch; and we were soon gliding over the unruffled surface of the Middle or Turk Lake. As our boat proceeded eastward from the island, the mighty mountain Turk rose on our right, wooded nearly to its pointed summit, and descending sheer and abrupt to the water's edge; while on the other hand we had the rocky and richly variegated peninsula of Mucruss; behind us lay the wooded islands of Brickeen and Dinis, with its peeping cottage, backed by Glenà and the Eagle's Nest; and before us might be seen the broad brow of Mangerton, with part of the cultivated demesne of Mucruss, the green hills, Turk Cottage, and the Devil's Island, rising abruptly between us and the Bay of Dundag. The gentle lake lay outstretched like a broad mirror reflecting the varied tints of a beautiful summer's evening sky, and those of the wild and noble forms of its surrounding shores.

"Now," said Mr. Lynch, "as we are moving on so quietly, I'll read the story of the little Red Cap for you.

"Paddy Cahillane was a poor labourer, who"——

"Plague take you, Barret," exclaimed

Plunket, "why don't you balance the boat fair?" This weighty matter being settled, Mr. Lynch once more resumed his story, with "Paddy Cahillane was a poor labourer,—"

"Never welcome your knees, Begly," ejaculated Doolan, "can't you keep them to yourself, and not be *scrooging* of them through a body's back that way."

"Isn't this very provoking?" said Mr. Lynch; "Plunket, be so good as to order silence."

"Boys, can't you be quiet, boys," roared Plunket, "ye're making such a *nise*, the gentleman can't hear himself *spake*, and so he can't."—Silence procured, the story was recommenced:

"Paddy Cahillane was a poor labourer, who rented a small cabin and potatoe garden on the ——"

"Look over there," exclaimed Doolan, resting on his oar, and pointing towards Turk Mountain; "look over there, that's the deepest part of all the lake, where they say the *corabuncle* is."—"Confound the carbuncle," said Mr. Lynch, as, with a mortified look, he rolled up his manuscript, and re-placed it in his pocket.

"O never mind," said I, "I am sure it is

an excellent story, it commences so well.—You will perhaps have the kindness to read it for me, when we are less likely to be disturbed.—And now, pray, Doolan, what is that you were saying about a carbuncle?"

"Well, Doolan, what was that you said about the carbuncle?" echoed Mr. Lynch, willing to forget his own in Doolan's story.

"Only just that that's the deepest part of the lake, and that 'tis there the *corabuncle* is down at the bottom, and without any doubt, it may be sometimes seen shining up through the water, like a cat's eyes under a bed. *Ould* Ned Williams dived for it, one day he was out with the *ould* Lord Kenmere; but, if he did, he was frightened out of his life, with a great big greyhound, that threw out of his mouth flames of fire and blue blazes at him under the water; so that when he came up again, the *auld* lord, no, nor all the lords in the world, wouldn't get him to go down again."

I could not suppress a smile—"Very wonderful, indeed, Doolan."

"May be you don't believe in it," said Doolan, "and may be, you wouldn't believe in what happened to myself, and Ned Moriarty,

of a day, when we were little *gossoons* in West Mucruss over there."

"And what was that, Doolan?"

"Oh, then, I'll tell you that: does your honour see the rocks over there, near the *ould* copper-mine? well that's O'Donoghue's wine-cellar: Ned and myself was down there, one day, looking for round *shtones* to make *marvels* (marbles) of.—"Ubbubboo, look there," says Ned, "sure the wine-cellar doesn't look the same way it did ever, and always.' Up I looks, and sure enough, there was a doorway like one of the *ould* arches in Mucruss Abbey.—'Let's go in,' says I; so in we went, and what should we see, but a great cellar full of barrels, on golden stillons; 'Let us take a drop out of one of the barrels,' says Ned; 'To be sure, we will,' says I,—but just as he was going to turn the cock, we *hard* a *nise* in the off part of the cellar; so away we legged, as fast as our ten toes could carry us. When we recovered the fright a bit, we thought it was mighty foolish not to bring something away with us, for a token, if 'twas nothing else; so we said we'd go back again; but we lost our luck, for if we was looking from that day to this, we

couldn't find the *ould* arch in the rock, nor the big barrels with their golden stillons under them."

Preparations were now made to land at a little orchard, at the foot of Turk Mountain; through which orchard, we passed on our way, to examine Turk Cottage, with its garden and shrubbery. From thence, returning to our boat, we followed the eastern shore of Mucruss, till we arrived at the Bay of Dundag, and then, turning to the west, proceeded along the coast of the peninsula.

"There, sir, is the Devil's Island," said Plunket, at the same time calling my notice to a large mass of insulated rock; between which, and the shore, we were at that moment passing.

"The Devil's Island?" said I; "his Satanic majesty it would seem, has a pretty estate in the kingdom of Kerry, for there's the 'Devil's Punch bowl,'—'the Devil's Island,'—the Devil's Glen,' and —"

"The Cliff of Damnation," said Mr. Lynch.

"But why is this island called the Devil's Island? do you know the reason, Doolan?"

"Wisha fakes then, I don't," said Doolan, "if it wouldn't be because it belonged to the

devil himself—and sure enough, now I think of it, that's the very *rason*, for they say it wasn't an island always, but that the devil tore it away from the shore, and threw it out there, into the lake, one day, that some of the *ould* monks from Mucruss were teasing him, and trying to drive him out of the country; for he thought as they wouldn't let him live in *pace* and quietness, when he was on the shore, that he'd have a little island of his own, where he could stay in spite of all the monks in the world, and so he had, and so he did—for a long time, playing all sorts of tricks upon them; till, at last, they got the better of him, and drove him away entirely."

"There," said Begly, pointing to some wave-worn rocks, "there is the wine-cellar Doolan was telling your honour about."

"And here," said Plunket, "is the marble quarry, and Mucruss mine; perhaps your honour would like to land, and take a view of Doolagh."

"Oh, certainly, let us land," said Mr. Lynch; "and do you, Plunket, go on with the boat—we will meet you at Brickeen bridge."

Upon our arrival at Doolagh, I found it was

the very lake which I had before seen from the green hills, and which Roche called Lough na brach darrig. It is a beautiful retired pool, in the centre of the peninsula, surrounded by woods, rocks, and gently swelling lawns; indeed, the peninsula is rich in varied beauties.

For here, whate'er boon nature could impart,
Sublime, or beautiful, is scatter'd round,
As if to show her triumph over art,
The goddess plann'd this favour'd spot of ground*.
Now hills ascend, now valleys sink profound,
Here gleams the near, and there the distant lake,
And gentle slopes, and wildwood shaws abound,
For ever changing in the forms they take,
While mingling music steals from vocal bush and brake.

From Doolagh, there is a carriage road, which runs from Mucruss house, through the whole length of the peninsula. Sometimes, as we walked onwards, through the woods we caught

* "It was indeed, a handsome compliment," says Smith, in his history of Kerry, "which was paid to this place, by a late Right Reverend Prelate (Dr. Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne), whose high taste, in the beauties of art and nature, as well as goodness of heart, and solid learning, all the world equally admired and acknowledged; who, being asked what he thought of this seat, immediately answered, that the French monarch might possibly be able to erect another Versailles, but could not, with all his revenues, lay out another Mucruss."

a glimpse of either lake, sometimes could only hear the murmur of the water, and were occasionally surprised by the sudden appearance of a secluded rock-surrounded bay: our path, now winding among rocks, from whose clefts sprung the arbutus, the holly, and the oak; now ascending, now descending, and (to the shame of those who have charge of Mucruss be it spoken,) sometimes interrupted by a marsh; one in particular, called Lochawn Sloch, or the dirty pool, would have obliged us to turn back, if we had not sent our boat on: thus, being under a necessity of venturing forward, we with some difficulty effected a crossing, and shortly after, emerging from the woods, we stood on Brickeen bridge, which connects the extremity of the peninsula with Brickeen Island. On one side was the Lower Lake, and we were particularly struck with the contrast between its agitated waters, and the calmness of Turk or the Middle Lake, which lay on the other side of the bridge.

On either hand a spreading lake doth lie,
Each beautiful, I ween, though not the same;
For one beneath the kisses of the sky,
Serenely rests in joy, like matron dame,
And one, like virgin coy, seems ruffled o'er with shame.

Descending from the bridge, we re-embarked, and passing under its Gothic arch, found ourselves on the Lower Lake, which we began to cross towards Ross Island mine.

"Do you recollect Sir Walter Scott's visit to the lakes?" said I to Plunket.

"O then, and sure I ought, for sure it was myself that steered his lordship. There was a lady and a couple of gentlemen with him. The lady was one Miss Edgeworth, and I *hard* say as how she was a fine writer too entirely, and first came to be thought so through the means of rack rents. But I know this well enough, that 'tis the rack rents are ruining and bedeviling the country completely. A fine *vice* (voice) she had with her any way, for sure she was singing a song about the big gentleman,—

'Row, your *sowls*, row, for the pride of the highlands.'"

"Oh, you're out there," said Doolan, "'tis myself can tell the very words of it—

'Row, my boys, row, for the pride of the islands.'

Them were the very words—

'Stretch to your oars for the evergreen pine.'

And every time the lady would come to 'Row, my boys, row,' then the gentleman, with the long nose and the short chin—one Mister Knockhard, I think they called him, would make us all stretch out, and pull away like so many race-horses."

"And is this all you recollect, Doolan, about the celebrated Sir Walter Scott, the accomplished Miss Edgeworth, and the amiable editor of the Quarterly Review?"

"The never a much more, sir, only the part of the lake Sir Walter liked the best, was the river under Dinis there; but, sure, he didn't stay half long enough to see any thing worth *spaking* about; and they say he's no friend to *ould* Ireland or the *Cat'lics*, and that's the reason, I suppose, John O'Connell didn't give him a stag hunt. But 'twas quite another thing when Moore was here—there was great doings for him."

Here Doolan was interrupted by Plunket, with "You may say that, Doolan; and only think, sir, he went with my Lord Kenmare in his lordship's own boat, and of course myself was there, seeing I am his lordship's own coxswain. That same Mr. Moore, they say, was

a great writer of songs—and 'twas her ladyship called him 'the muses' own little darling Irish nightingale.'"

"'Twasn't *her* ladyship called him so, 'twas the other lady," said Doolan, interrupting Plunket in his turn—"'twas her ladyship called him the great '*steric** poet, whatever she meant by it."

"*Hould* your tongue, Doolan, and have some manners with you, will you?" cried Plunket; then, looking at me, he continued: "Mr. Moore, sir, was a great writer of songs, and, sure enough, Spillane played some of them for him at the Eagle's Nest; and he said that it made him quite proud like, and that he'd write a song all about it, and so he did."

"And 'tis I that have the very song by heart," said Doolan, whom Plunket's reproof had failed to silence, "for, sure, I got it from a *jantleman* that was out with us on the lakes one day last summer.

"Oh, to hear Spillane play on his bugle so *nate*,
To the *sowl* of the bard is a wonderful *trate*;
But when his own song bids the echoes awake,
Och, with pride then his heart is quite ready to *brake*.

* Quere Lyric—Printer's Devil.

"For surely that song shall still dwell in the stone,
And by strangers be woke, when the bard's dead and gone.
And Echo, when asked, by the stranger, who made it,
Will answer "Tom Moore," for Spillane only play'd it."

"I suspect, Doolan, the gentleman was a wag who gave you this silly stuff for Mr. Moore's exquisite poem, which I remember perfectly, and will repeat, to prove that you have been most impudently imposed on."

"'Twas one of those dreams that by music are brought,
Like a light summer breeze, o'er the poet's warm thought,
When, lost in the future, his soul wanders on,
And all of this life but its sweetness is gone.

"The wild notes he heard o'er the water, were those
To which he had sung Erin's bondage and woes;
And the breath of the bugle now wafted them o'er
From Dinis' green isle to Glenà's wooded shore.

"He listen'd, while, high o'er the eagles' rude nest,
The lingering sounds on their way loved to rest,
And the echoes sung back, from the full mountain choir,
As if loath to let song so enchanting expire.

"It seem'd as if every sweet note that died here,
Was again brought to life in some airier sphere,
Some heaven in those hills, where the soul of the strain,
That had ceased upon earth, was awaking again!

"Oh, forgive, if while listening to music, whose breath
Seem'd to circle his name with a charm against death,
He should feel a proud spirit within him proclaim,
'Even so shalt thou live in the Echoes of Fame.

"'Even so, though thy memory should now die away,
'Twill be caught up again in some happier day,
And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,
Through the answering future, thy name and thy song*!'"

By this time we had reached a rude stairs in the embankment, thrown up by the miners on Ross Island, where we landed; and while I was engaged in looking at the works, Mr. Lynch, in a solemn tone, thus commenced:—

"My friend," said he, "this was a favourite retreat of mine, before the speculating genius of commerce had invaded its solitude. At that time there was indeed the remains of a mine to be seen, but it was a neglected grass-grown spot, full of deep pits, the antient shafts of the work, whose watery depths appeared to have been, as was traditionally said, unexplored since the days of the Dane. The few ruined buildings which surrounded them served but to give the place a more deserted and melancholy aspect. Here have I sat for hours, gazing on the wide expanse of that beautiful lake, which lay stretched out in all its glory between me

* These verses are reprinted from the Ninth Number of the Irish Melodies, by permission of Mr. James Power.

and the opposite shores of Mucruss and Glenà; their fantastic caves and wooded crags backed by that noble amphitheatre of mountains. No sounds then disturbed the silence, but the murmur of the waves, or the distant notes of a bugle; but now all is changed, and I seldom visit this spot since speculation has once more peopled its solitude and re-edified its ruined habitations. It is now by far too noisy a spot for me—its quiet character has given place to the roar of engines, the din of hammers, and the thunder of explosions."

"Very fine, indeed. Lynch is in rather a morbid mood of mind this evening," thought I to myself, but I said nothing, and so we quitted the mine and entered Lord Kenmare's nursery grounds. Through this nursery we walked, then stopped to gaze for a few minutes on its pretty little cottage, and then proceeded to Ross Castle, where we mounted one of Gorham's jingles. "Gee up there"—Away we go—the driver singing,

"Arrah, Neddy, my darling, and where are you jogging,
Sure, would you leave Judy, who gave you a noggin
Of real Irish whiskey, and offered herself too
With thirty thirteens in good English white pelf too?

Arrah, what will I do in this doldrum, och, bother!
If Neddy won't have me, I'll look for another.
Sing whillilu, smalilu, Judy, don't pother,
If Neddy won't have you, why, look for another."

As we approached the town of Killarney, the driver again burst out into song.

"If ever I marry again,
I'll marry an inn-keeper's daughter;
I'll sit in the bar all the day,
Drinking nothing but whiskey and water.
Sing tally heigh ho, you know,
Sing tally heigh ho the grinder,
And if ever a woman says no,
'Tis you are the fool if you mind her."

And here we are, safely arrived at the door of Gorham's Hotel.

END OF VOL. I.

C. Whittingham, Chiswick.

ERRATA.

VOL. I.

Page 3, Second bar of music, first note, for a dotted crotchet, read a dotted quaver.
Page 5, line 18, for protuded, read protruded.
Page 5, line 20, for High Street, read Main Street.
Page 36, line 18, for *moreen*, read *moneen*.

DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

Map of the Lakes of Killarney, to face the Title.
Plan of the Town of Killarney, to face page 12.
Musical notation of Echo at the Eagle's Nest, to face page 212.