

Gem of The Western World

KILLARNEY DISTRICT.

Great Southern & Western Railway Guides.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

The Sunnyside of Ireland

Part I.

The Kingdom of Kerry.

Its Lakes and Fiords.

Killarney Parknasilla Valentia Glengarriff &c., &c.

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Annex

Killarney and Glengarriff.

KILLARNEY.—From Limerick Junction to Mallow, where the branch line runs into Kerry, the tourist to Killarney runs by many places of interest. *Emly*, now a dwindled village, was once a diocesan city. During the wars of the Commonwealth, Terence Albertus O'Brien, Bishop of Emly was executed in Limerick by Ireton. His stole and pectoral cross are still at Mitchelstown, in the possession of representatives of the family to which he belonged.

In the rich plain under the Ballyhoura hills, "the land flowing with milk," is the ancient town of *Kilmallock*. It was the citadel of the Earls of Desmond when they held high their crests, and every stone in the place is historical.

Two of its four gates still remain, and among the ruins, which have secured it the name of the "Baalbec of Ireland," are those of the old Dominican Priory and Abbey Church. In the former is the gravestone of the White Knight, a name still loathsome in the peasant's ear, and on whom the bards have let fall their choicest curses.

Lough Gur is of interest to the antiquary. It is ten miles to the north, and was the centre of the Desmond country. Here, of old, the Kings of Cashel kept their Grenan or "Sunny Place" for feasting. The cyclopean circular structure in the vicinity points to the place as being of importance in prehistoric times. From Charleville, a thriving town, runs a line of railway direct to Limerick. We next arrive at Mallow Junction, the gateway to the far-famed Kingdom of Kerry. Here visitors who travel *via* Fishguard, Rosslare, Waterford and the charming Valley of the Blackwater join with those making the journey by the Holyhead route and Dublin.

Beyond the bogland country outside Millstreet is the village of Cullen, where tradition says no smith has been known to thrive. Saint Lateerin, a virgin of early Christian days, near here made her recluse, and every day she walked across the bog, and took "living fire" in her kirtle from the forge to her home. The smith once remarking the prettiness of her white feet, she momentarily forgot her vow of chastity, and the fire burnt through the homespun and

blistered her feet. She went back to her cell, and prayed that no smith should ever thrive in Cullen, and none has ever tried to do so !

Rathmore is on the high road to Gneeveguillia mountain, and to the north of the station, and at Christmas time, 1896, occurred the fearful debacle of the bog, which struck terror into the simple inhabitants, and, not unnaturally, was attributed by them to supernatural causes. Two hundred acres of Bogach-na-Mine formed a landslip and rolled in a huge mass southwards, sweeping away several little farmsteads and suffocating the inhabitants and cattle. At *Headford*, the junction for Kenmare, the scenery is very wild, and all around

“ Kerry is pushing her high headlands out
To give us the kindly greeting.”

At last, after about a four hours' run, if we came by the special tourist train from Dublin, we have completed our one hundred and eighty-six miles, and are in sight of

KILLARNEY,

the home of lakes, which has well been called “ the Gem of the Western World,” its magnificent mountain peaks, its green swards and gushing cascades, all surrounded with an atmosphere of romance and tradition. Outside the Railway Station, we are face to face with the finest hotel in the south of Ireland. Well placed and well managed, it combines all the comforts of a home with the convenience of a well-appointed hostel. It is within easy reach of the principal points of interest.

The grounds adjoin Lord Kenmare's beautiful demesne and Deer Park, which skirts the lake shores, and contain the splendid Golf Links.

Killarney, or “ the Church of the Sloetrees,” lies on a flat plateau, within a mile from the shores of the far-famed Lough Lene, as the three lakes, popularly known as the Lakes of Killarney, are called in Irish. The town is the residence of the R.C. Bishop of the diocese and contains a Cathedral, Churches, besides Monasteries, Convents, and a School of Arts and Crafts. Otherwise it deserves little attention ; but on fair days, when the peasantry from the neighbouring parishes crowd in, it presents a lively and varying aspect. If the town is insignificant, not so its surroundings, for nowhere else in the wide world is there such a combination of charms and variety of beauty, in mountain and lake scenery, thrown together.

“ For how could river, lake, and sea
In softer sister hues agree ?
Or hills of passionate purple glow
Far and near more proudly flow ?
And when will summer kiss awake
Lovelier flowers by lawn or brake ?
Or brighter berries blush between
Foliage of a fresher green ?”

There is a story of a tourist who, lingering long in the Holy Land, was pained at the irreverent hurry of an American, who arrived there one afternoon, scurried over the sacred places, and prepared to depart betimes on the morrow. He timidly inquired of the swift-foot why he, who had come so far, rushed away so quickly. “ Sir,” said the American, “ I am timed to do Europe in a fortnight. I have thrown in the Holy Land, but if I stay here longer than one

night I cannot see Killarney, which takes three days.” He was a wise man in his generation. Although enterprising people have attempted to do the tour of the Lakes in a day, they have always gone away more than satisfied with what they saw, but with Hearts hungry to return at a future date, and behold the beauties they had left unseen.

The *Lakes of Killarney* are three in number, connected by a swift-flowing stream, the Long Range, and emptying their waters through the river Laune into Castlemaine Harbour, on the Kerry coast. The entire journey can be performed by boat, but in the suggested tours given—car, boat and ponies are pressed into our service.

The divisions of the Lough Lene are : The Upper Lake (extreme length, two-and-a-half miles ; extreme breadth, half-a-mile); the Torc, Muckcross or Middle-Lake (extreme length, two miles ; extreme breadth, seven-eighths of a mile) ; and the Lower Lake (extreme length, five and one-eighth miles ; extreme breadth, three miles). The first glimpse caught of the lakes, lying like broad mirrors beneath the high mountains, is a vision of fair delight. Like tall clansmen Mangerton, Carrantual, and the gathering Cruacha dhu M’Gillicuddy—the black reeks of the McGillicuddy—muster around, as it were, to re-tell us

“ The tale of the spell-stricken band,
All entranced, with their bridles and broad swords in hand,
Who await but the word to give Erin her own”—

that old legend of the sleeping warriors garrisoned within the mountain’s sides, which is met with in more than one Irish county. The Upper Lake is characterised by an untamed, peerless outline, and so near to the mountains does it lie, that the fissures in their rugged sides are almost countable, and the fingers of fancy almost touch the gorse on their slopes. over its waters, we readily see in them a land-locked sea. A ridge of the Glena mountains shuts it out from the north, the many-peaked reeks guard the passes to the west, and to the south stands up Derrycunihy—“ The Oak Wood of the Rabbits”—between which and Torc is Cromaglan valley and the Crinnagh river. Between the lips of the Lakes and the feet of the hills there appears no distance

“ Save just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.”

Muffling the boatman’s oars for a moment, we can realise that indescribable solemnity with which silent nature hushes everything. Even the countless streams that have lost their way across the highlands, in their hurry to join the Lakes seem to cease from babbling. But following the sinuous Long Range when we reach the still water beneath the Eagle’s Nest, Nadanullar, is the psychological moment to awaken the echoes that eternally haunt the frowning eyry. A bugle-call sounded here is taken up by the barricades of rock, and is repeated even ten times over. Small wonder that the fairy hosts are credited with passing it along their lines ! The mountains take up their dying tones of sweet sounds, and answer it one to the other until the ear can no longer follow it through space. The ferns and rich foliage of the mountain side trail their long fingers in the water, and cluster and quicken among the crevices of the rocks. Many years ago the late poet laureate, Alfred Austin, visited Ireland for the first time ; hitherto this land of poetry had been to him but “ the damnable country” of the politician. He came, he saw, but Killarney conquered ; and he, like all others who have gazed upon its beauty, renders tribute where it rightly belongs. “ Damnable” is not the adjective to apply to a heavenly land, of which he truly says :—

“ Such varied and vigorous vegetation I have seen no otherwhere ; and when one has said that, one has gone far towards awarding the prize for natural beauty. But vegetation, at once robust and graceful, is but the fringe and decoration of that enchanting district. The tender grace of wood and water is set in a frame-work of hills now stern, now ineffably gentle, now dimpling with smiles ; now frowning and rugged with impending storm ; now muffled and mysterious with mist, only to gaze out on you again with clear and candid sunshine. Here the trout leaps ; there the eagle soars ; and there beyond the wild deer dash through the arbutus coverts, through which they have come to the margin of the lake to drink, and, scared by your footstep or your oar, are away back to crosiered bracken or heather covered moorland. But the first, the final, the deepest and most enduring impression of Killarney is that of beauty unspeakably tender, which puts on at times a garb of grandeur and a look of awe, only in order to heighten by passing contrast the sense of soft insinuating loveliness. How the missel thrushes sing, as well they may ! How the streams and runnels gurgle, and leap, and laugh ! For the sound of journeying water is never out of your ears ; the feeling of the moist, the fresh, the vernal, is never out of your heart. My companion agreed with me, that there is nothing in England or Scotland as beautiful as Killarney—meaning by Killarney its lakes, its streams, its hills, its vegetation ; and if mountain, wood, and water harmoniously blent constitute the most perfect and adequate loveliness that nature presents, it surely must be owned that it has all the world over no superior.”

Leaving the *Upper Lake* behind, and bidding adieu to the green islands that stud its breast with arbutus and the cedars of Lebanon, the Old Weir Bridge meets the eye. 'Neath its arch the waters come down with foam and force ; the oars are shipped, and we shoot straight through the eye of the rapid, thanks to the strong arm and sure nerve of the oarsmen. The beautiful reach here is the bosom “ where the bright waters meet.” Amid exquisite combination of colour, a Vallambrosa strewed with ferns, lichens, mosses, rich green hollies and arbutus with many coloured berries, we tread our way by a passage of beauty round Dinis Island into the *Middle* or *Torc Lake*, sheltered by the broad breast of the mountain from which it takes its name. Like “ Muckcross,” the pleasant “ Point of Wild Swine,” the name Torc is called after the wild boars, which in former years went “ gerasening” over its slopes. Rising abruptly, the mountain stands clear between Mangerton and Glena, the lower sides well wooded. *Innis Dinish*, the island at the “ Beginning of the Waters,” is the port for boats. The Cottage may be visited. The Whirlpool, between the waters of the lake and river, has been called O'Sullivan's Punch Bowl. Drohid-na-Brickeen, “ The Bridge of Little Trout,” or Brickeen Bridge, and Doolah, where the disused marble quarries and copper mines are still pointed out, are within a short distance. At the estuary of the Devil's Stream, which flows through the ravines on the mountain side, is the Devil's Island almost inaccessible on which a few stunted trees manage to secure a precarious existence. Within the little bay of Dundag is Goose Island. The rocks and caves along the lake shores are shrouded with traditions of O'Donoghue, Chieftain of the Glens. A long cave is called “ The Wine Cellar” ; at the end is “ O'Donoghue's Arm Chair” ; his Butler, a solitary crag, is called “ Jackybwee.” The most interesting of the fissures made by the waters in the rock side are what the enterprising boatmen have agreed to call “ Colleen Bawn Rock.” By the beautiful Glena Bay, we enter the Lower Lake, which is the largest and most charming of the group. It sleeps beneath the guardian heights of the Toomies Hills, and a vision of more loveliness is nowhere to be found. Low-lying shores, to the east and north, are jungled with the fronds of the hill ferns.

“ Oh, the Fern ! the fresh hill Fern !
That girds our blue lakes from Lough Ine to Lough Erne ;
That waves on the crags, like the plume of a King,
And bends like a nun over clear well and spring ;

The fairy's tall palm-tree, the heath bird's fresh nest,
And the couch the red deer deems the sweetest and best ;
With the free winds to fan it, and dew-drops to gem,
Oh, what can ye match with its beautiful stem !”

The highest mountain in Ireland, *Carrantual*, [1] at one side lifts its lofty brow, “crowned with tiaras fashioned in the sky.” On its summit an outlaw, known in Munster as the “Shon” or Hawk, after many sleepless nights, footsore and weary, slept here with a prayer, “Thank God, at last I am above all my enemies.” The peasantry pronounce the name “Carntwohill,” which translated means, the “Left-handed or Inverted Sickle.” The expansiveness of the Lower Lake appears at first to minimise its beauty, when compared with its smaller companions. But the more its loveliness is explored, the greater the revelation of the harmony and luxuriance of the landscape. No less than thirty-five islands, like beauty spots of a fairy “drop scene,” bedeck the silver sheen of its surface. The largest of these, *Innisfallen*, almost midway between the eastern and western shores, is some thirty acres in extent, and is engirdled by leafy bowers of green trees. Shaggy sheep are couched in repose, or are busy with its verdant lawn. In the early morning, or tender gloaming which closes the Munster day, the holy place is

“ Quiet as a nun,
Breathless with adoration.”

Shafts of the dawning or waning sun, as the hour may be, illumine the fair pageant. The wavering outlines of the hills make the turret-tops to the dark green of the woods and the emerald of the meadows. The richest of colours from hill, tree, and rock accumulate on the surface of the Lake, burnished like silver. To-day the natural scenery is the same as of old, and few will wonder that here a saint found delights to prepare him in some degree for the pleasures stored in eternity. Of St. Finian the Leper we know little beyond that he was a native of Ely O’Carroll, then a part of Munster, and was a disciple of St. Brendan. But his spirit loiters around *Innisfallen*, and the most casual of travellers will tread lightly on the ground hallowed by his footsteps. The monastic remains are many, but by the enthusiastic antiquary alone can their fragments and chief features be traced. The *Annals of Innisfallen*, which form one of the sources of Irish history, were compiled here about 700 years ago. Leaving the “Holy Island,” we cross the lake and land at the foot of the Toomies Mountains, famous in prehistoric myths, to visit the O’Sullivan Cascade. The legend which is too often wasted on sceptical ears, tells that O’Sullivan, a captain of his people, renowned amongst them for fleetness of foot and prowess as a hunter, on one occasion went to hunt the red deer. The faint yellow rays of morning were lighting up the eastern sky as he went forth. Gaily the deep-mouthed dogs obeyed, sniffing the fresh breeze across the mountain purpled with heather. Scarce had he left home when a magnificent stag bounded across his path. Swift as the lightning flash the dogs sprung upon the track away across the moors and down the glens, on the scent they went. Throughout that livelong day O’Sullivan followed the chase, weary, tired, and thirsty, but still determined to make the prize his own. At length night, and darkness with it, came ; the stag could be seen no more, the dogs, too, were at fault, and the scent was lost. Disappointed, and spent with the labour of the chase, the huntsman blew a shrill blast on his horn to call the dogs to him, and faced for home across the hills. But there was a voice that, loud and clear, called upon him “O’Sullivan, O’Sullivan, turn back !” Brave and fearless, like his race, he turned round, to behold before him the subject of so many cycles of romance Finn MacCool. “Why do you dare chase my stag ?” asked Finn. “Because it was the finest that man ever saw,” answered O’Sullivan. The answer pleased Finn MacCool. “O’Sullivan,” said he, “you are a valiant man, and have been wasted in the long chase. You

thirst, and I will give you to drink.” So saying, he stamped his huge heel upon the hard rock, and forth burst the waters, seething and dashing as they do to this day. O’Sullivan quenched his thirst and sped homeward on his way.

From the innermost recess of the glen the water flows down, in one of the most fascinating spots to be found within all the romantic realm of Kerry. The ivy hangs in dense draperies from the rocks, a sweet disorder of arbutus, evergreens, and all the flowers that grow in a radiant land, daringly lean across the canyon, and vainly try to trip the rushing stream, which, in cascade after cascade, flings itself with passionate energy, and a ceaseless murmur, over the rocks. The placidness of the huge lake is in strange contrast to the noisy stream which so excitedly hastens to meet it, and, as if awed by its dignity, as it comes nearer and nearer the mountain stream, sinks its voice, until in a subdued sigh it falls into the breast of the lake. Underneath the projecting rock, and overhung with luxuriant herbs, O’Sullivan’s Grotto offers a quiet retreat. Following the wooded shores of Glena Bay, we pass Stags, Burnt, and other islands, and come to Glena Cottage, hiding in the foliage of leafy trees. Glena means the “Valley of Good Fortune,” and a name more suggestive of happier thoughts than weird Glownamorra across the lake the—“Glen of the Dead.”

A mile’s drive through the pleasant demesne lands of Muckross brings us to the water’s edge at Castle-lough Bay, in the middle lake, on a promontory of which the ruins of *Muckross Abbey* are to be seen. Here, in the fifteenth century, Donald M’Carthy founded an Abbey for Franciscan friars. The quiet yew-shadowed cloisters in the north-west transept, with their varying pointed and rounded arches, are impressive. The recessed doorway by which we enter is very beautiful. The towers and east window are in fair preservation. The monuments within the ruined pile tell us that it

“contains
In death’s embrace M’Carthy More’s remains,”

and also reminds us that

“If Erin’s chiefs deserve a generous tear,
Heir of their worth, O’Donoghue lies here.”

In the centre of the cloisters there grows a great yew tree, spreading its many branches and shade over them, and above the side walls, forming a dark cowl, which overshadows the old house of the monks. In ancient Erin the yew tree was regarded as sacred, and in its shade the Druids performed their mystic rites. With the early Christians, as an evergreen, it was a symbol of Life Eternal.

The peasants still inherit some of the awe with which the sacred tree was held in former days, and they are loth to hurt it with the loss of a single spray. All impressive is the desolate majesty of Muckross, whatever time it is visited !

“But the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins grey.”

At night, when the pale ghost of the moon looks across the lake, when the mountains are shrouded in shadows, when the waters are lulling the slumbering land,

“And the owlet hoots o’er the dead man’s grave,”

the solemnity of the scene surpasses even that of fair Melrose, by the distant Tweed, immortalised by Sir Walter Scott.

Driving past the modern mansion in the demesne, along *Muckross Lake*, by the groves of Dinish, and through the arches of the Old Weir Bridge, the river is seen glistening and sparkling in the sun, while the distant calmer water lies deep in sleepy shadows. Beyond the peculiar rock known as the White Deer we pass through the Tunnel cut under the huge slope of the mountains. Here is a point of view which fascinates all visitors, and from which an ample picture of the surroundings may be secured. A mile further we cross the Galway river, rushing down a well-worn channel through Cournaglow, the valley sides of which are covered with oak trees. Already the ceaseless chorus of Derrycunihy Cascade fills our ears. With tumult and cries of havoc, the water springs from an altitude on the mountain side, dividing its force into many minor cataracts, as it forces the passage barricaded by rocks and boulders, to unite them again in a deep pool, and after a second's rest, it musters its full strength, and falls in a torrent towards the Middle Lake. Colman's Leap, across the stream beneath the Eagle's Nest, is shown here, and of it a legend similar to others in many parts of Ireland is told. A mile eastward, along the Kenmare road, we come to *Torc Waterfall*, lovely as a capricious "colleen," whose moods are all the more enticing for their uncertainty— Torc, whether tripping gently or rushing angrily, "to one thing constant never," makes its bed in a fairy realm, a leafy garden of ever-changing beauty. Larch and alder, arbutus, oak, and hazel thickly curtain the Fall from the passing glance. But a sylvan path o'er-strewn with leaves, and bordered with many fronded ferns, discovers the fountain in full bearing. White with foam, and angry for its long delay in the grip of Mangerton, and the hollow of the Devil's Punch Bowl, the flood breaks through the wall of rocks seventy feet high, and flings a shower of spray on every futile thing which attempts to stem its course or stay its purpose. The panorama spread out beneath the rocks of Torc comprehends, in all their glory of colour and contrast, the Middle and Lower Lakes beneath the mountains.

Two and a-half miles northwards by the King's Bridge, or about one mile direct from Killarney, within sight of the *Lower Lake* and the Purple Mountains, are the ruins of Aghadoe, the "Church of the two Yew Trees," founded under the blessing of Saint Finian. The remains of the Round Tower and Abbot's Castle can still be seen, but these and the eighth century doorway of the old church are all that have weathered the wind of centuries. The summit of the old tower is a vantage point for a comprehensive view. Dr. Todhunter has written a beautiful ballad, in imitation of the passionate Irish laments, for an outlaw who was buried there.

AGHADOE.

There's a glade in Aghadoe, Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
There's a green and silent glade in Aghadoe,
Where we met, my love and I, love's fair planet in the sky,
O'er that sweet and silent glade in Aghadoe.

There's a glen in Aghadoe, Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
There's a deep and secret glen in Aghadoe,
Where I hid him from the eyes of the redcoats and their spies
That year the trouble came to Aghadoe.

Oh ! my curse on one black heart in Aghadoe, Aghadoe ;
On Shaun Dhuv, my mother's son, in Aghadoe !

When your throat fries in hell's drouth, salt the flame be
in your mouth,
For the treachery you did in Aghadoe !

For they tracked me to that glen in Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
When the price was on his head in Aghadoe ;
O'er the mountain, through the wood, as I stole to him with
food,
Where in hiding lone he lay in Aghadoe.

But they never took him living in Aghadoe, Aghadoe ;
With the bullets in his heart in Aghadoe,
There he lay, the head—my breast keeps the warmth where
once 'twould rest—
Gone, to win the traitor's gold, from Aghadoe.

Oh ! to creep into that cairn in Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
There to rest upon his breast in Aghadoe !
Sure your dog for you could die with no truer heart than I,
Your own love, cold on your cairn in Aghadoe.

The nearest boat place for Innisfallen is at *Ross Castle*. We approach it from the high road across the moat, where once the drawbridge was let up and down. The old keep, wearing a mantle of ivy, still guards the water's edge. By a spiral stone staircase we reach the battlements and look out across the lake.

The Castle held out for Charles the First, but was dismantled by Ludlow. It was originally a fort of "The O'Donoghue," the chief who centres in the many traditions which the boatmen weave around every object of interest in Killarney. He lies enchanted beneath the lake, with a city full of his people. But at times he has come across the water on his fiery steed, or danced to the Rincead-fadda on the shores. Whoever sees him is fortunate, because he gives "good luck, which is better than money," to all whose eyes meet his.

The *Gap of Dunloe* is a gloomy mountain pass cut through the rough rocky slope in the hills between the Toomies and the MacGillicuddy's Reeks. It is a magnificent defile, four miles long. The rough roadway running through it, at times almost on the edge of precipices, beneath which the wild goats flock. It is approached by a winding road, embroidered on one side by a shady little grove of fir, larch, stunted oaks, and mountain ash. Through the little interspaces between the trees, when the sun shines, the reflection of the river Loe is caught, as it creeps humbly on its way to the lakes. On the other side, the mountains throw up a huge wall. Bidding good-bye to the little grove, vegetation apparently fears to enter the desolate, sterile places in the throat of the Gap. Where the river widens, at Cushvalley Lough, the industrious echo-makers most usually greet the visitor. One has scarcely recovered from the warmth of their courteous welcome, when some suggestive volunteer, native to the place, with a "Mr. Bugler, God spare your wind," secures their services ; although you do not call the tune, you are expected to pay the musicians. But the trifle spent on the gunpowder for their cannons, or the breath from their lungs, is well repaid by the mighty mass of air they start into waves of music or thunder. Here, too, the "auxiliary forces," or pony boys, besiege us with their sure-footed, shaggy "coppaleens." They have come galloping down the pass at break-neck speed to lend us the assistance of their light cavalry. Wonderful creatures they are, these horses and riders. The peasant boys are for all the world the modern prototypes of those

“ rake-helly horse boys” of Queen Elizabeth’s reign, who filled so many pages of the State papers. Sinew and muscle knit their loose limbs together, and, in their eyes, mild and calm as those of the quiet cattle in the field, but like the surface of their native lakes, covering unfathomed depths, they conceal souls swept by deep thoughts, and minds clouded by many memories. The long unrenewed, but still to be distinguished Milesian strain is shown in many of their olive-tinted faces and dark features. But guides safe, and true, and courteous are they, who know every perch of the dark Pass, where at times the craggy cliffs shut out the canopy of the sky, and attempt to precipitate themselves across the track. The point where the path is narrowest, the peasants have called the “ Pike.” From it onward the mountains begin to recede, and the Pass is more open until, crossing a shoulder of the *Purple Mountain* past the three expansions of the Commeen Thomeen Lakes, into which St. Patrick is said to have driven the last serpent, we suddenly come on a striking spectacle of magnificent scenery. Here, from the head of the Gap, we see the Upper Lake spread beneath ; to the west lies Coomeenduff, or the Black Valley, dark as the valley of the shadow of death, in charming contrast with the stern grandeur of the mountains. Their melancholy seems to reign supreme ; the long valley is steeped with shadows in which several lakes are set, the light upon which only heightens the sublime darkness of the surroundings. The longest of these lakes is called Lough Nabricderg, or the “ Pool of the Red Trout.” Far and wide beneath us lies what, in the old times, was MacCarthy More’s country, and into which so often the Fiery Cross was sped, when the chief of the great clan went into action.

Ruskin’s ideals of mountains as the great cathedrals of the earth, with their gates of rock, pavements of cloud, choirs of stream and stone, altars of snow, and vaults of purple, traversed by the continual stars, can nowhere be realized more readily than in Killarney. Here the mysterious summits, warm with the morning tints or evening’s glow, will delight and refresh again and again, and reflect to us imperishable memories. Crossing the Flesk, if *Mangerton* be the desired point, seven good miles are to be traversed. From Muckcross, a short detour will, if desired, lead to Flesk Castle, standing on a finely wooded hill above the wide sweeping river. Eastward, along the Kenmare road, and southward for a mile, the mountain path is met. From here, either on foot or on a pony, the ascent of Mangerton may be made. The first important object that comes in view is Lough Guittane, at the eastern base of the mountain. It is nearly five miles in circumference, and its waters contain four islands. The ravine behind the lake, with Mangerton on the west and Crohane mountain on the east, is the “ Mustering-place of the Winds,” Coomnageeha. In this ravine the Blackwater flows. There are two small lakes, Loughnabraude and “ the Lake of Beehcrowned Rock,” Lough Carrigaveha. Away in the bed of the mountains is Keimva Lochlin—the pass of the Danes—reminding the historian of “ Stern Lochlin’s sons of roving war,” and Dereenanawlar, or the “ Little Oakwood of Eagles.” Moving still higher, eastward the mountains melt into the distant counties of Cork and Limerick, and beneath, the smaller highlands recall the Psalmist’s description of

“ The hills like the lambs of the flock.”

To the left, Glown-a-Coppal, the “ Horse’s Glen,” invites the adventurous to fathom its depths. The dark lakes lying in its shadows are shoreless, but for the gloomy rocks which overhang the water’s edge. Where the ground becomes more broken and rugged, suddenly a less inaccessible path arises, and leads to the Devil’s Punch Bowl, a dark tarn, beset with strange echoes that strike a death-song on the heart-strings of the superstitious. The view from the summit is very wonderful ; in the foreground of the huge picture, the forest of mountain tops, while westward in the distance is the fabled and saint-blessed Mare Brendanicum of the old writers, where the fiords embroider the coast-line.

Descents from Mangerton may be made due south from the eastern angle along the Owbeg to Kilgarvan, five miles east from Kenmare ; by the “ Horse’s Glen,” from Lough Garagary, across the moor to the commencement of the bridle-path. Neither way is recommended in the afternoon or without a guide. The best route to Carrantual is from the entrance to the Gap of Dunloe. There is a beaten track by the side of the waterway of the mountain stream, called Gaddagh, the bed of which is filled with glacial moraines, leading into a romantic valley, the Hag’s Glen, which is shut in by the Reeks and Knocknabinaneen. The dark tarn in the Glen, as well as every object of prominence, has been seized upon by the imaginative peasants, and associated in some wise with the witch who here had her local habitation and left it its name. The track across the heather leads to the junction of two rivulets from Lough Gonvogh on the right, and Lough Callee on the left. The beginning of the summit is reached by the rough moraine pavement, and with a little perseverance the “ parkeen,” or “ little pasture,” on top is reached. Here on the wind-swept height it is interesting to find the *London Pride*, or *St. Patrick’s Cabbage*, and the common *Thrift* flourishing. The view is indescribable. Like the jaws of some huge monster, the teeth of the Reeks close in everywhere, each with its own blue lake behind. Of Killarney we see little ; but seawards “ everything between this end of the world and America,” descent may be made, either following the flank of the hill, and half way between the two largest lakes beneath, striking for the Gap of Dunloe road, or through Coomduff to the shores of the Upper Lake.

[1] Heights of The Principal Mountains, according to The Ordnance Survey.

Carrantual . . 3,414 feet.
 Toomies . . . 2,413 feet.
 Mangerton . . 2,756 ,,
 Torc . . . 1,764 ,,
 Purple Mount . 2,739 ,,
 Eagle’s Nest . 1,103 ,,

Elevation of Loughs above The Sea.

Devil’s Punch Bowl	2,206 feet.	Gum-Meem-Na-Copasta .	2,156 feet.
Gouragh . .	1,226 ,,	Callee . .	1,096 ,,
Black Lough	587 ,,	Cush Valley .	337 ,,
Guittane . .	256 ,,	Coom-a-Dhuv .	197 ,,
Upper Lake .	70 ,,	Lower Lake .	66 ,,

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