

The palatinate of Kerry 1827

Sketches in Ireland : descriptive of interesting, and hitherto unnoticed districts, in the north and south

Cæsar Otway

1827

Good reader.....pray resume your good humour, and come back with me until you see how with all my lingering, I shall extricate myself from Glengariff, almost as enchantingly detentive as the gardens of Armida.

I spent two days there. It cannot be that this time shall be erased from my memory. But as it is easier to talk about rocks and waters, to repeat old legends and apocryphal stories, than to narrate with effect the engagements and amenities of polished life, I shall only say then, that one of these days I spent delightfully on the water, sweeping in a six-oared barge around this *nonpariel* of a bay. Every cove, indenture, promontory and point, we circumnavigated. It was one of the only water parties that ever I engaged in, which begun, continued and ended pleasantly : no storm—no sickness—no woman's terror, and no man's intoxication. No prevailing talker to tire with his wit, or tease us with garrulity.—A calm day, and a beauteous bay—and minds desirous of pleasing and being pleased. Such was our water party. And now we glided into a deep fissure between impending rocks which rose like walls on either side, and whose dark and over-hanging forms served as a contrast to the green translucent sea water, which disclosed many fathoms deep the ocean bed, covered with an astonishing variety of marine vegetation, so that really the bottom of this water seems to rival its over-hanging woods, in the mixture and mutability of its productions. And again we left these rocky straits, and invaded islands studded with holly and arbutus, the secure retreat of the sea bird, and the heron. And again we passed under an island, a smooth and complete flat, unbroken by tree or shrub, consigned to the herring fisher as the convenient position for drying his nets. As we thus careered along, we saw a pleasure boat under weigh—a very pretty vessel, gallant and gay in the full trim of her appointments. Scarce was there a breath of wind to raise her lagging sail ; and slowly indeed it made progress, as if instinct with reluctance to leave her beauteous roadstead, and launch into the wider expanse of Bantry Bay. At length, as it just came opposite a wooded point that headed out into the bay, we observed that she ceased to work forward, and we could distinguish the helmsman preparing to put about. “ O yes ! you do well to put about,” cried one of the lively inmates of Glengariff Castle, “ the lovely Betsy is not gone from us yet—back she must go to her old moorings. She has got into the bog, and not one fathom farther will she get this day.” “ And what is the bog ?” “ Oh ! that part of the bay which stretches in a strait line across from yonder point—that's the bog—an unlucky place : if a vessel is becalmed in any part of the bay it is sure to be there ; her anchor drags if she anchors there ; there is no take of fish in it ; nets are torn—boats upset—men drowned : it is an unlucky place.” “ And what's the matter with it ? why should the shore be unlucky, of that lovely point, wooded almost to the water's edge ?” “ Why this is what ails it—it is the fairies' pass. The king of the fairies makes this part of the bay his high-road, when tired of hunting and dancing through the hills of Muskerry and Ivelearagh, he chooses to change his quarters, and go into Bear ; and often just at hollantide, when the herrings are shoaling into the bay, this little queer king, with a leather hunting cap on his head, comes to yonder point, and crying ‘ tallyho,’ he and thousands upon thousands of tiny green men, riding upon little grey horses, are observed dashing across the water, as if it was firm land, and up they go in the light of the moonbeams to Slieve Goul, in a wild, riotous, rushing rout. Bad luck to the poor fisher that is out on the water that night : it's little chance he has for one week after that. If the whole bay was swarming with herrings, he knows he has no business to go looking after them.”

“ One night in this way, Florence O’Donohoe was a fishing, and its not many years ago—October never gave a brighter or more promising hour for a take of fish ;—the herrings cast up a shining from the deep, as if they desired to outdazzle the moonbeams. All was still and quiet, except here and there you could hear betimes the plunging of a porpoise. It was Florence’s first night to be out, and he had just taken a fine cod, and as it was the first-fruits of his fishing, with all due solemnity, he spit into its mouth for luck—taking also care to make a sign of the cross on the hook, for grace, before he cast it out again. Thus all was well and promising—when of a sudden he heard the shrill ‘ tally-ho’ that sounded as clear as if it came through a silver pipe ; and looking up he saw a troop of the little green men, mounted on cattle not bigger than cats, waving their hunting caps over their heads, and dashing from the point across the water, cantering away over the sea as if it had been a Curragh or a hill-side. Florence drew in all his hooks—he pulled up all his nets, and putting back to land, he went home sorrowful enough to his cabin. And what was worse than all, he dare not give his soul the satisfaction of casting one hearty curse after the green king of the good people, as he rode in his riot up the side of Slieve Goul. Therefore, let no one venture, while the fishermen are out in Glengariff bay, to cry ‘ tallyho’—for the moment that dangerous word is uttered, every man puts about, and gives up fishing.”

As we passed a cove into which there was an entrance from the sea by a narrow strait, Mr. W. said, “ You may talk of your sports, hunting, and shooting, and of your coming home in the evening with your bag full of grouse or partridge ; but commend me to the sporting I had here one day, when we had game worthy of Gargantua, and a day’s sport that the king of Brobdignag would not have despised. Just after breakfast one morning not many years ago, one of my people came running up to me in breathless haste, ‘ O, Sir, come down to us ; bring all your guns, powder and ball ; a whole herd of whales are in the bay, and one of them is already aground.’ Accordingly I went down with all my guns and ammunition ; and certainly found a whale of the bottle-nose species aground, or rather entrapped in the narrow pass at the mouth of this cove. We fired until we despatched it, and then with ropes and boat-hooks drew him to shore. He was succeeded by another, (for they all seemed to follow the leader,) which was despatched in the same way ; and thus thirty-three of them were secured : and many a pound the poor fellows of the neighbourhood made by the oil, &c. which was obtained by this day’s shooting.”

C. O.

TO THE REV. THOMAS P. M—E.

DEAR SIR,

On the following day my kind entertainers took an excursion towards the fall of Adrigoll, or Hungry Mountain. We passed between the sea-shore and the Sugar-loaf mountain, along a new road made to Bearhaven, on the M’Adamized plan ; and nothing could be finer than the road, or grander than the outline of the mountain scenery—to the left, the broad expanse of Bantry Bay—to the right, the mountains. We had no longer in view the woods of Glengariff ; no improvement, no cultivation. At length we came to where the continuous line of hills was interrupted, and room left for an open valley through which a stream descended and joined the sea : a pretty bridge, a sort of a village, a church, and close to the sea shore, a comfortable parsonage house ; and straight before us Hungry Mountain, with the bed of the waterfall, like a dark deep chasm, indented down its side. But the weather had already set in with peculiar dryness, and there was not a rill of water where in winter is a fearful cataract.

“ Did you ever see a dumb church ?” said one of my companions. “ And pray what is

a dumb church ?” “ Why it is a church lately built and consecrated ; but which has now no service in it, and is let to go to neglect and ruin.” “ And how long is this church built—for it, at this distance, from its position, colour, and elevation, appears to be quite a modern structure ?” “ It is not more than ten or twelve years erected—the present Primate consecrated it.” “ Come, let’s take a walk to see this first specimen that has come under my observation of a dumb church.” Accordingly the greater number of the party proceeded to take a view of the church. As we approached it, the desolation became more and more conspicuous ; the windows all broken, sashes destroyed, shutters torn off their hinges, roof all stripped.

You might have supposed that the French, when they came into Bantry Bay thirty years ago, had landed here and made this their bivouac for the night, and left it in the morning, a specimen of what ruthless invaders could perpetrate : but it was no such thing ; this place of worship was not thought of until twenty years after the French, by God’s providence were driven from our shores. Its ruin then, was quite a native work ; and there it stood a monument of desertion by Protestants, and of demolition by Romanists. We climbed in by one of the windows—a goat could have got in, and did get in, the same way ;—and what desolation !—the pews torn to pieces—the floor ripped up, and nothing remaining entire but the pulpit—it seemed left in mockery of the ruin it overhangs. Into it I ascended, and was moved to address Him who heareth prayer, that he might put it into the hearts of those having authority, to restore this desecrated structure—to repair the place where once his honour dwelt ; and that in future times the truth of the Gospel and unsearchable riches of Christ, should be preached with power and converting influence, from this now deserted pulpit. When we reached the entrance door of this degraded temple, it appeared that for some years at least, no entrance was made by this way ; for long stalactites were hanging down from the doorway, formed by the slow combination of water with the lime of the damp wall ; and there they hung like long white fingers, forbidding the door to open on its rusty hinges. Whatever was the cause of all this, my wish was that I could have the use of Aladdin’s lamp, and by giving it a good scrubbing, induce the slave of the lamp to lift up that dumb church, and exhibit it for half an hour to the Lord Primate of Ireland.

But this is not explaining the matter—whence all this ?—what made the church dumb ?—where the parson ?—where the church-wardens, and the Protestant parishioners ? Good Mr. Reader, not so fast, it is easier to exhibit effects than to explain causes ; I was but a stranger—I could only obtain hearsays, and perhaps prejudiced accounts. The parsonage house I saw about a mile off ; it looked at that distance snug and comfortable—a nice green lawn—many trees—prettily, nay, beautifully situated on the shore of the sea, and surrounded by the sublime and various mountains. I heard stories, perhaps not true, how the greater part of the Protestants had turned Catholics ; how even the clerk of the parish had shewn the example, and in order to procure his salary, had actually torn up the pews of the church, and sold the timber. I heard how, some years ago—perhaps a hundred, a clergyman, on being asked, whether in his ministration he had been successful in inducing the natives of his parish to renounce their Romish superstition—laughed outright—“ What, convert the Papists—No, no ! on the contrary, all the Protestants somehow or other are turning Papists.” This certainly would be so unlucky a confession from any Protestant minister, that I hope it never took place—but this is quite certain, that many Protestants in this district have within this half-century joined the Church of Rome—and the loyal and high-spirited yeomanry, that the piety and patriotism of the Boyles, &c. &c. had planted in these districts, has, under the neglect of careless parsons, and the discountenance of greedy landlords, in a great measure, merged into the mass of the Romish population. Not far from the Church was a little hut, with a potato-garden attached to it, surrounded by a stone wall, in which a woman was digging with all the muscular energy of a man : with an old hat on her head, without stockings, coarse clouted shoes, and a simple woollen gown, and short petticoat of the same texture, she exhibited one

of the most succinct and robust figures I ever saw in the costume of a woman. As she was the only person to be seen in the vicinity of the deserted church, I called her from her work, which she seemed to leave reluctantly, and asked, “What was the cause of that house of worship being in such a state?” “Why then in troth. Sir, though it is now no longer the place I desire to go to, yet it is a shame, and grief to me often as I look out of my cabin door, to see it in that state.” “Why, what do you mean, my good woman, by saying that you go no longer to such a place—did you ever go to Church?” “Why, not all out to that place; but all my kiff and kin were Protestants—but I go, as all about go, to Mass.” “Ah, my dear good woman! how could you, if reared in the Protestant faith, condescend to degrade your understanding, by giving up its reasonable service for the system you have adopted?” “Why, it is easy for you, gentlemen, as you are, to talk—but look at me, a desolate widow, without one on the living earth to protect me or give me a meal’s meat—look at that poor cabin—look at this little garden—I have robbed it from the rock—it was I that picked up all the stones out of it, and built these walls—it was I carried earth to it on my back—it was I dug it—it was I carried on my dripping head, weeds out of yonder sea to manure it—and here I am a lone desolate crathur, not a living soul to lift his hand in my favour, and take my part—how could I continue a Protestant—I never knew the difference between the two persuasions—all about me tould me that the old ancient faith was the safe and secure Church—built up as that rock—a Church no more to be moved than the mountain before us, and what better could I do than take the safe side for this world and the next? Oh!, if I had when my poor husband died—and God rest his soul—if I had remained a Protestant, not a herring would I have got to make kitchen for my pratie, nor a lock of wool from a Christian to make this camlet to cover my poor back.” The woman spoke with a feeling and an agitated anxiety to excuse herself, which convinced me that she was not quite satisfied in her mind that she was right.—I asked whether she could read? She said she could.—“Do you ever read the Testament of our Lord Jesus?” “That I do,” said she, “and I am proud to own it to you, but would not like to confess it to another.”—My companions had all deserted me, and were beckoning me to follow, yet still I lingered beside poor Mary Blake—and before I parted, I directed her to passages in her Bible exhibiting the need of one only and all-sufficient Saviour, “the way, and the truth, and the life”—only able to save—only competent to mediate—only sufficient to intercede—as man, touched with the feeling of our infirmities—as God, capable of hearing prayer; why fly to another?—why let go holding to this head, to trust to living priests or dead saints? I spoke with all my soul and with all my strength. Ob, that I had spoken as forcibly as I felt, when seeking thus to turn a sinner from the error of her ways. There was a tear in the woman’s eye as I departed, which convinced me—and yet I might be much mistaken—that though Mary Blake will continue all her life to go to Mass, that living, she will continue to read the Gospel, and dying, she will rest alone on the all-sufficient merits of her crucified Redeemer.

In this neighborhood was the mansion of Ros M’Owen, and the place where it was situated was pointed to me, where dwelt one of, the principal branches of the O’Sullivans of Cork, the two elder branches, those of M’Gillicuddy and M’Fineen Duff, beingh established in Kerry, and the lineal descendants of the O’Sullivan Bear being long settled and ennobled in Spain, where, with the O’Donohue’s, O’Donnells, and O’Higgins, they have cast some fresh blood, and some portion of Irish activity into the stagnant veins of the Castilian nobility. Of Murtongh O’Sullivan’s establishment at Ros M’Owen, I have, received the following curious and characteristic account, from a valuable and venerable correspondent:—

“More than fifty years elapsed since I first visited Bearhaven, and among other excursions, in company with a friend, walked to a place called Ross M’Owen, where was an old mansion-house on the south side of Hungry-hill, at a small distance from the bay.—This dwelling, though it might savour somewhat of the bleak and dreary from without, yet presented nothing of cold or dismal within: on the contrary, hospitality of the warmest kind was

the order of every day, let who would be the comer or the visitant. There was a copse near it, the remains of a considerable oak wood, that the hospitable expenses of O'Sullivan's table contributed to reduce to a very limited size—we had come to it for the purpose of shooting wood-cocks, and were soon joined by O'Sullivan's son, who carried a gun, but had no ammunition, with which, however, we supplied him. After continuing our sport for some time, a message arrived from the old gentleman, desiring the favour of our company at his house, an invitation which I would most gladly have declined did civility permit it, conceiving from the "Mount Dismal" appearance of the outside, that all within was correspondent—but I was agreeably disappointed. Murtough O'Sullivan's person and countenance were prepossessing, his manners and conversation those of a well-bred gentleman, whose youth had been passed in polite society, and who '*mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.*' It was evident that the rays of fortune which shone upon his youth had been withdrawn in his old age, and that the style of his entertainment was at variance with his wishes. But he made no complaint of his altered state ; offered no apologies for the plainness of his fare, and was as cheerful as if he had entertained with claret and venison. We remained longer than might seem prudent, considering that it was a winter's night, and that we had some miles to return over rock and bog, for as to road, that was an accommodation then wholly unknown ; but we were furnished with a sober guide, and two excellent ponied, as expert at climbing rocks as goats, and the only risk we ran was a chance slide into a bog-bole—this being a matter of common occurrence, was only a thing to be laughed at ; and though the night was dark, I think I occasioned but one opportunity for mirth during the entire ride. My companion was not so fortunate.

“ One circumstance concerning the old house of Ros M'Owen I must not omit, as it is curious. It was not uncommon formerly to have water admitted into the kitchen, by means of an aperture in the wall, through which it was introduced by a wooden pipe, and let out again at another opening underneath. In this old house it was managed otherwise, a large stream being admitted near one of the angles, which flowing close to the wall, discharged itself at the opposite side ; at the point of admission a strong iron grating was fixed, allowiing passage to nothing but water, of which a certain quantity was permitted to enter, the overflow during the rains being carried off by an external channel. It will be naturally asked, for what culinary purpose could such a stream be required ? The answer, if not obvious, is very satisfactory—as a ready way not only of supplying the cook with means of washing fish, which constituted a great part of the daily food, but also of catching it. Salmon and sea-trout abound in Bantry Bay, and in their proper seasons seek every stream of fresh water, in which to deposit their spawn—that they will ascend even smaller streams than that of Ros M'Owen, I know from actual experience ; and the proximity of this stream to the bay, renders the fact extremely probable, that salmon and sea-trout were frequently taken as well as dressed in O'Sullivan's kitchen. A salmon which made part of our dinner, we were assured, was so caught in the kitchen not three hours before ?”

A respectable old gentleman who lived near Adrigoll for many years, relates many curious anecdotes of the awkward mixture of pride and pauperism, still operating amongst the fallen classes of the royal race of O'Sullivan. When the formation of roads became an object of public exertion in that quarter, he happened to pass by a small party of labourers just at their dinner hour—all were sitting sociably together, consuming their humble but warm meal, which their wives and families had brought—but one was sitting apart and alone disconsolate on a rock. “ How comes it, my honest fellow, that you are not as well provided as your neighbours, have you no wife to bring you your dinner ?” “ Troth, then, it is I that have a wife, and that's the case as why my dinner is not after coming.” “ Oh, poor woman ! I suppose she is lying'-in, or she is sick ?” “ Arra musha not at all, your honour ; troth she is neither sick, nor sore, nor sorry—I'll be bound, master, she is as big and as brave a body as any man's wife from Bear to Bantry—“ but I'll tell you, master, what's the matter—she's a lady.” “ A lady—

why what do you mean by a lady?" "Arra now don't you know—sure she's of the thick blood, she comes of the O'Sullivans." "Well, but lady as she is, the O'Sullivans must eat—she's not above dining ;—she has mouth and teeth like other people."—"Oh ! then it is she that has—eat—och, then let Biddy O'Sullivan alone for that, a better man than ever I was, she would eat out of house and home ; and then Sir, she would break the Bank in drinking tay. But though, Sir, she will eat dinner with me, aye, and after me—she is not the one to bring it to a poor body that's after working all the day—that would be bringing down her quality stomach too much, your honour— by this pipe I hould in my fist, she would as soon carry Sugar Loaf on her head, or Hungry Hill in her hand, as bring me (and I have been a good man to her) my dinner." "This is a strange story, friend." "Strange is it ?—why it's as true as you are there." "Well, but if she don't work or go abroad, she is surely a good wife at home—she knits your stockings, she mends, she wakes for you."—"Och, the sorrow one stitch—knit my stockings, wash, mend, make for me !—may I never sit under Father Mahony's knee, or ever see mass, if one hole in my stockings she ever darned, or even one needle-full of thread did she ever fill in mending or making for me." "It would appear then, that you have a heavy bargain of this lady wife of your's." "Why, what signifies complain-ing, sure she's mine, and it's the will of God, and that's enough. But harkee, your honour, (and here the poor fellow lowered his voice to a whisper, and inclined his head towards my ear, lest any of the royal O'Sullivans should over hear,) by the powers, if it were to be done over again, I'd sooner go en board a men of war' and live under a cat-o'-nine-tails, than be married to a LADY."

I assure you, my good reader, I made a valliant attempt to get out of Glengariff—I was desirous in order to avoid a distance of forty miles by Macroom and Millstreet, to getover the mountain chain that divides Cork from Kerry—and over which there is a pass not very practicable for horsemen : but for a wheel carriage, there were twenty opinions for and against its feasibility. Come, says my hospitable entertainer at Glengariff Castle, never fear your gig, I will send a gang of men that shall help to push it up the mountain, and when it gets to the top, what with ropes and hand-spikes they can let it down into Kerry. Accordingly I accepted of his offer, and set out on the first of April to pass over the mountains. Some as I sat out seemed to look as if I were about to make an April fool of myself ; but out I set, accompanied by my escort of men, and by two dear friends, who determined not to desert me until I was deposited in the kingdom of Kerry. I would run the risk of wrecking the best gig that ever rolled, to see the interior of this sublime mountain scene.

So taking leave, reluctantly enough, of Glengariff, out I set with my escort, and commenced the ascent of the mountain chain, and we had not proceeded far along the road, or rather horse-path, until the necessity of precaution, and of abundant help of men became evident. Here a broken bridge, over whose ruins my fragile vehicle was to be lifted—there a quagmire across the road, over which my poor mare was obliged to jump upon stepping stones : indeed the poor experienced animal, who had drawn me many a thousand miles, and who, if she could hold a pen with her hoof, might be able to write as good a tour as her master—she, as passing over these uncouth places, with her ears thrown back, and a very hesitating sort of countenance, now and then looked me full in the face, and all as one as said. Master, where are you bringing me, fool as you are, risking a good gig, and better mare, in such a dangerous enterprize ; and, indeed, at this very instant, the foreboding looks of my worthy friend and long tried companion, seemed realized ; for, just as we were attempting to pass what was once designed to be a bridge, the poor animal's foot forced its way through an orifice in the arch, and if the poor creature had not been cool and steady, her broken leg ; would have been the punishment of my rashness ; as it was, her torn knee will long remind me of the Esk mountain. Were it not for these risks and difficulties, the scenery that now surrounded us was of a very grand character : the glen, the lakes, the continuous chain of barrier mountains, extending as far as the eye could reach, out into the Atlantic. On the top of

this lofty chain, ran the boundary between Cork and Kerry. It was a day befitting the season, a fine but characteristic April hour—the atmosphere perfectly clear—the sun now brilliant, now obscured. Here a deep valley laughing in the sunshine, and reflecting from its central lake, the forms of its surrounding mountains, and all the colours and faces of its overhanging precipices ; farther off, towards the west, you might see a hail storm gather on the head of a mountain peak, and the morning sun engendering the half formed arch of the rainbow, on the skirts of the approaching shower ; which, however, took a direction along the hills towards the south, and left us to enjoy the clearness of our prospect, and the glad company of the morning's brightness.

In these mountains, it is said, there is a lake for every day in the year—high or low, or deep in the recesses of the valley, or sparkling on the hill side, the higher you ascend the more you see of them ; and the varieties of their forms, positions, and accompaniments, give a wonderful interest to this otherwise toilsome march into Kerry. If I were a young man, and had health and time, how I should like to ramble from valley to valley, and from lake to lake, filling my mind with the magnificent picture this Alpine territory presented, and my soul with the higher and more adoring conceptions of the Almighty God, “ who, by his strength, setteth fast these mountains.” To the left of our road, as we wound up the long ascents of hill rising over hill, I was shown a lake, one of the loveliest we had yet seen : perfectly circular, it lay in the bosom of a chain of peaked and precipitous hills—it reposed within the circle of their protecting arms, and sparkled like a looking-glass in the sun. “ Once upon a time,” said one of the men who formed my escort from Glengariff, “ that lake there beyond, was fall of as good beer as ever was brewed in Cork town. In good old Catholic times long ago, ere Protestants, saving your presence, came into our land, Denis O'Donohoe lived in a valley in these mountains, and he was a great friend to the *good people*, and their king and queen used to come and dance under the moonshine, in the meadow which lay before Denis's house ; and one evening as Denis was a driving home half a dozen goats that had gone astray across the hills, he met the king of the *good people* sitting on a musheroone that grew large and round under the shelter of the high rock that rises to the north aide of the meadow. “ Denis,” says the wee bit of a king, “ have you anything at home to give me to drink, for I am as dry as a whistle, after dancing my round about that ring yonder.” “ Och then,” says Denis, “ what could a poor crathur the likes of me give your honour and glory, but a drop of goat's milk ; as for water, I suppose as why you know where to get it yourself.” “ Ah then, it's little I value your goat's milk,” said the fairy—“ have you no beer, Denis ?” “ Beer, a cushla machre, where would the likes of me get beer in this place ?” (bye the bye, your honour, *poteen* was not invented in them days.) “ No, but King honey, as I ought and should please you, and all your *good people* if you will just be after putting up for this night with a drop of goat's milk, why at break of day to-morrow I will slip over to Bantry and get a quart of as good beer as Felix O'Sullivan has in his whole cellar, and though it be fifteen miles off, I will be back before night.” “ Why then now, Denis,” says the king, “ you are nothing else but a good-natured fellow, and it's a thousand pities that you and your's should have nothing better to drink than goat's whey, to wash down your pratie. Come along with me, Denis, and I will (provided you promise upon your oath not to tell the priest,) put you in the way of never drinking worse than the best of beer, all the days of your life, and all your kiff and kin to boot.”

“ Now, your honour, there was not a man in all the barony of Bear, that loved strong beer better than Denis, and it was a great while to Easter, when he must needs confess to Father Florence ; so he thanked the fairy very civilly, and said he was at his *sarvice* to command. So the little man desiring him to leave his goats there, and to follow him, off they set in the moonshine over rock and glen, until they came to a hill side, where grew very large heath, the biggest you ever saw. “ Now, Denis,” says the king, “ pull your arm full of these plants, its long and many a day since mortal man pulled a handful before ; not since the days of the

Danes, who were as wise as they were wicked, has the son of a mother made use of this plant—come away with me and I will shew you what it was made the Danes stout and strong, when they carried away poor Irishmen's daughters, and cut off the youngmen's noses." [1] So off they set, and came to yonder pretty lake : " take now, Denis, a wisp of that plant you have in your hand, and whisk it well in the water of this lake, and wait a bit, and you will see what will happen." So Denis did as he was bid, and after waiting and chatting a while with the fairy, he was bid to go, and in the palm of his hand to take a sup of the water. So down he went, and lifting what he could take up in the hollow of his fist, he cried out " by the powers of pewter, please your honour and glory, it's the best beer that ever was brewed—it's as strong as malt can meke it. Och then, isn't it the greatest pity in the world, I have not the piggin to bring home a drop to Judy and the childer." So Denis, after sipping and supping until he was tired, and a little tipsy, turned about to look for the fairy, and he was no where, he had vanished. And sure you may be, that Denis took good care in going home to mark the way to his new beer cellar ; and you may also take for sartain, that from that day forth, Denis and all belonging to him were not slow in resorting to the lake, and Denis was too good natured a fellow not to tell it to the neighbours : why shouldn't he ? All the men in Bear and Bantry could not drink it dry ; and may be it was Denis and all his friends that did not get strong and fat, and his wife Judy's face became as round as a griddle ; but the worst of all was, that the liquor turned their heads, and they all took to fighting : there was not a fair or patron in all the west country, even down to Castletown, that they did not kick up a scrimmage or a row in. Now Father Florence Barret, the priest, saw there was something not right a going on ; and so when confession time came round, he took care to send for Denis O'Donoboe, and Judy his wife, and all the neighbours, and his Raverence was too cute a man, not to squeeze and draw out from the poor people a confession of all ; and then it was that the good Father said, " Oh Denis ! Denis ! how could you be thus after dealing with the powers of darkness : how could you consent to drink the Devil's broth—never, no never Denis, will you get absolution, for dealing with devils, or fairies, which are with me all as bad, until you come with and show me where it is you get this antichristhen liquor." So, sorely against his will, Denis was forced to guide his Raverence to the beloved lough ; and would you believe it, such was the vartue of this man of God—such his abstinence from all things carnal, that though he loved a glass of good liquor as much as any man, and could take it cheerfully when it was *decent* so to do, not one drop of the enchanted stuff, for so he called it would he let between his lips,—no, but flinging a Gospel [2] into the lake, and repeating the proper Latin prayer, and making the sign of the cross at the east, and west, and north, and south side of the lake, in the turning of a hand, the liquor ceased to be malt, and came back to be as clear, and as cold, and as nathral water as ever."

With the recital of the wild story, and others of a similar cast, we were entertained until we attained the crest of the ridge that divides the counties, and here taking the mare from the gig, and lightening it of all my luggage, the six men, by the help of ropes, let my vehicle slide down into the palatinate of Kerry. I had said that the two friends, who had accompanied me from Bantry, attended me to the bounds of their county—here we were to part, and I am sure that it was a painful moment. These excellent, amiable, and highly gifted men, stood on the borders of the county I was leaving, perhaps never to return to it, as representatives of the kindness, favour, and friendship which I met in a long journey up and down, and from north to south of its wide extent ; and here, in this trivial tour, while I presume to declare my deep sense of the hospitality and affection, which, as an utter stranger I received, I cannot help expressing a wish, that all Ireland may be blessed with as pious, painstaking, and efficient a body of Protestant Clergy as the west of the county of Cork enjoys.

After proceeding for about two miles down the Kerry side of the mountains, I having no farther occasion for my escort, dismissed the men, full of thanks for a few shillings divided amongst them. The features of the Kerry side of this mountain district are not so interesting

as those on the Southern side. After descending gradually for some miles, the road gets better, but still very rough and dangerous, and you come to the banks of a river, dividing the estates of the Marquis of Lansdowne, and of Trinity College. An immense district in this quarter was granted to Sir William Petty, the ancestor of the present Marquis, on condition that he should plant it with Protestants, and expel the Tories. I believe Sir William was wise as well as true enough to his undertaking, to do his best in peopling this district with Protestants. I understand that upwards of one thousand were planted here ; but where are they now ? where Sir William's politics are gone. It is a curious circumstance, how Whiggism has changed its spirit. Formerly a Whig was all repulsive of Popery—nothing could be more opposed, or more incongruous ; but to a modern Whig, the Romish religion is quite a beautiful and harmless system, and the once fearful monster, is considered now so tamed as to lose its rabid propensities, or so old as to have lost all its cutting teeth, and therefore, it is quite safe and right to make a pet of it. But what has a tourist to do with politics. To return to Lord Lansdowne's estate on one side of the river, and that of Trinity College on the other, I observed as I drove slowly along, that his Lordship's lands were much better cultivated ; the farms better stocked ; the cabins fewer ; more grass land ; what houses appeared were of a better description than on the Collegiate lands, and on alighting to walk up a hill, I entered into chat with a poor sickly looking fellow, who was going towards Nedeen. There is no countryman in Ireland so easy, or I would say, so polished in his address and manners, as a Kerryman—I was really surprised as I passed through the county, to receive answers and procure directions fraught with civility and intelligence, superior much to what I have met elsewhere. With the man in question I had a good deal of conversation, as he was going my road. “ Are you, my good friend, a tenant of Lord Lansdowne ? ” “ Ah no, Sir, and more is my loss ! No Sir, if it were my luck to be under the great Marquis, I would not be the poor naked sinking crathur that I am—his Lordship allows his tenants' to live and thrive—he permits no middlemen to set and reset over and over again, his estate—he allows no Jack of a Squireen to be riding in top-boots over the country, drinking and carousing on the profits of the ground, while the poor racked tenant is forced, with all his labour, often to go barefooted, and often to live and work on a meal of dry potatoes. No Sir, look across the river there—look yonder at that snug farmer's house—there the man's forefathers lived, and there he himself and his seed after will live and do well, paying a moderate rent, and there's no fear at all of their being disturbed.” “ Well, but, my friend, on your side of the river, is it not the same ? to be sure I see not so much comfort, I see many, very many poor cabins.” “ Oh ! Sir, how could it be otherwise ? There are twenty landlords between the College and the man who tills the ground—the land is let, re-let, and sublet—it is halved and quartered, divided and subdivided, until the whole place will become a place of poverty, and potato gardens. I have four acres of land, how can I live and rear my children, and pay thirty shillings an acre off that ? and I am subject to have my pig or the bed from under me, canted by one, two, three, four—och, I do not know how many landlords—and now I am going to Nedeen, to get some physic from the Poticary, for the dry potatoes, master, agree but poorly with my stomach in the spring of the year. Och, then it's I that wishes that the great College that does be making men so lamed and so wise, would send down some of these larned people here, just to be after making their own poor tenants a little happier and a little asier.”

I left this poor man uttering, what I fear are unavailing regrets, and proceeded to the town of Nedeen, when I left the worst, and proceeded towards Killarney, on the best road in Ireland ; so that it was my fortune on the same day, to pass along the worst and best road in the world. The river Kenmare, which I crossed before I entered Nedeen, is the head water of the estuary that runs up thirty miles from the Atlantic, and how I wished that time was allowed to journey along its shores, and view all the subjects of interest, as to scenery and antiquities which abound here, and in the Barony of Iveragh, but it was my business to proceed straight to Killarney.

The new road I have just spoken of, winds broad and smooth through the magnificent hills, that divide Kenmare river from the lakes ; the whole way is grand, before you the Reeks of M'Gillicuddy, to the right the massive mountain of Mangerton. The state of the atmosphere had quite changed since I left the Esk mountains : the morning which had been sometimes sunny and again showery, had settled into a cold clear steady evening ; a cumulo-stratum of cloud covered the whole sky, and like a curtain a little let down, it enveloped the tops of Mangerton, and the Reeks at a straight and regular defined elevation ; thus you could perceive that these hills were of immense height, but were left to guess how high their tops reached, and as they now appeared, they put you in mind of the massive Egyptian columns supporting the flat roofed temples of Thebes or Tentyra. Below the stratum of clouds the atmosphere was very clear, and all the gorges and chasms and sweeping indentures of the mountain, were as distinct as possible : and thus if you could be content to take the Reeks with their night-caps on, you had an opportunity to enjoy in full perfection all the beauties of their lower regions. In this way, turning my body on this side and that side of my gig, in order to catch a view of the ever varying scene through which I was passing ; at length, at a turn of the road, I came full upon the Upper Lake of Killarney—and my good reader, I beg here to be excused from giving a description of what has been described in tours, travels, and guides, a thousand times over. If you are a rich reader, questionless you have spent some of your superfluous cash in seeing all this magnificent picture with your own eyes ; if you are poor you have nothing better to do than send to a circulating library for Weld's Travels, or any other writer on Killarney that you fancy. One secret I will be good-natured enough to make you master of—I am told it is very expensive, very troublesome, and sometimes attended with infinite discomfort, taking a boat on those lakes—now, I verily believe, that if on horseback, or in a jaunting-car, or gig, you take an excursion from Killarney town for ten miles along this new road towards Kenmare which I travelled, you will see Upper, Middle, and Lower Lake, more to your satisfaction than if you went in a boat. I remained but one day at Killarney—business not pleasure brought me—to be sure when business was done, I was not such a dull dolt as not to make the most of my time, and see Mucruss and Turk mountain, and Mangerton, and the Devil's Punch Bowl. In a word, Mr. Reader, even suppose you were at the Lakes—even suppose you are young and active, and made the most of your time, yet I am bold to say, that I saw as much in four hours as you could, or ever will do in the same space of time.

[1] The Danes after their conquest of Ireland imposed a heavy tribute on the Irish ; every master of a family was obliged to pay in an ounce of gold yearly, and if through misfortune or poverty he was unable to furnish his contribution, he was punished with the loss of his NOSE. This tribute was therefore called the Nose Rent. Can it in this way be accounted for, that the Milesian Irish are a short-nosed race ?

[2] A Gospel means, amongst the lower classes, a verse of St. John's Gospel written on a slip of paper ; it is used as an amulet against enchantment, disease, and bad luck, and is hung round children's necks.

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