

Scenery, Legends, Tales

*Killarney Legends :*

*Arranged as A Guide to The Lakes.*

Edited By

T. Crofton Choker, Esq.

1853.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

Two small Volumes, entitled “Legends of the Lakes, or Sayings and Doings at Killarney,” form the basis of the present publication to which, as it is not exactly a reprint, the new and more obvious name of “Killarney Legends” is given. This volume is, in fact, a new edition of those above mentioned, in a more condensed and popular form ; such passages as appeared to possess merely a temporary or personal interest have been omitted, some additions have been made, and the original work has been carefully revised.

As three years had elapsed since the book was written, there naturally arose a question, whether the numerous individual portraits which were introduced should be retained or rejected ? But since “the lads of the Lakes” must naturally change, like the lights and colouring upon the majestic mountains which surround the lovely waters of Killarney it was determined to preserve the sketches of the guides and boatmen, which it was the Editor’s fortune to find, as faithful prototypes of their fellows, and as the best medium of communicating to the reader the tales of wonder which are the unquestionable inheritance of a scene of enchantment.

Gorham’s Hotel, the mention of which occurs as frequently as a certain passage of Rossini’s in La Donna del Lago, has passed into other hands ; but though the Gorham himself presides not, his Hotel supports its character, and in conclusion of this our Advertisement, we will quote Hagarty’s

“HIBERNIAN HOTEL LATE GORHAM’S.

“D. Hagarty takes leave most respectfully to announce, that he has taken the above Establishment, which he has opened under the most distinguished patronage, in a superior style of comfort and accommodation, and trusts that his own and his Wife’s experience, together with the most unremitting attention and moderate charges, will ensure for him public support, as well as a continuance of the kind and distinguished patronage with which he is now favoured.

His Wines will be found of superior excellence, as also his Posting and Livery Establishment.”

Killarney, April 7, 1831.

A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION TO KILLARNEY.

DEAR KILLARNEY, region there is  
None like you, so formed for fairies ;  
From the cliff where dwells the eagle,  
In his palace high and regal,  
To the depths thy blue waves under,  
Thou'rt a little world of wonder !  
Every glen, of calm seclusion,  
Has its tale of dim delusion ;  
Every rock, and every mountain,  
Every bower, and every fountain,  
Has its own romantic story,  
Or its Legend old and hoary ;  
Thou'rt a land of dream and vision,  
Like no land, save the Elysian.

Hope and fancy, in an attic,  
Can make all things look prismatic ;  
But amid the mountains round thee,  
That in strong enchantment bound thee,  
Hearts of lively thought and feeling  
Know a wild and strange revealing ;  
Mighty forms of mist and vapour  
Charge and wheel, curvet and caper ;  
O'er thy Lake, in furious courses,  
Gallop billowy white horses ;  
While the spray, in moonlight beaming,  
Seems the steel-clad warriors' gleaming ;  
And the waterfall's hoarse foaming  
Voice unearthly gives the gloaming ;  
Shapes and sounds the mind will cherish,  
Till in morning's light they perish.

Once again, on fancy's mission,  
To thy storehouse of tradition,  
Quicker far than thought I travel,  
All its secrets to unravel.  
I would dive into the mystery  
Of O'Donoghue's dark history ;  
And the tranquil home discover  
Of that maiden's airy lover,  
Whose heart-touching tale of sorrow  
Needs no aid from fancy borrow,  
(Worthy theme for gentle Landon.) [1]  
Breast more stern than holy Brandon [2]  
Must be his, who feels not pity  
At that maiden's plaintive ditty. [3]

How I love thee, dear Killarney,  
With thy boatmen's endless blarney ;

Monkish tales of Innisfallen,  
Put to flight by Master Callen, [4]  
Back return in pleasant vision :  
Not that I hold in derision  
Pious fathers, who, with praying,  
Cloister'd walls grew grave and grey in ;  
From whose eye the soul was laughing,  
On whose nose was mark of quaffing.  
They were fellows wise and merry,  
Who loved books, nor hated Sherry. [5]

Then thy reeks, Mac Gilla Cuddy,  
In the sunset looking ruddy,  
How I long their heights to clamber,  
To find echo's secret chamber,  
Where, secure from noisy calling,  
Save when shivered crag is falling,  
Silence reigns sublime and lonely,  
Broken by the tempest only.

O sweet Mucruss, how I love thee,  
From the hills that rise above thee ;  
I have seen thee, dark and darker,  
In the Lake a pointed marker ; [6]  
With thy woods and caves fantastic,  
And thy solemn walls monastic ;  
While from rock to rock the dashing  
Of the torrent's ceaseless plashing  
Made a rude and worldly riot,  
To oppose their blessed quiet.  
These are sights and sounds impressive,  
Which could make me grow digressive ;  
But the limits of a letter  
Are a kind of mental fetter.

Dear Killarney—thy well-wisher  
And admirer, Mr. Fisher,  
For the pocket most compactly  
Has thy Legends framed exactly.  
Let me offer my petition  
On behalf of his Edition :  
Be a patronizing creature ;  
To thy guests 'twill serve as teacher ;  
For no doubt the merry summer  
Will bring many a new-comer,  
Who'll about, wish to be guided ;  
Just as once, you know, that I did,  
In the full and true conviction,  
That of pleasure, half is fiction.

*The Rosery, Barnes, Surrey,*  
1st May, 1831.

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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 guidebook 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 handbook 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 Bushe, or even the fair minstrel, Miss Luby, or the accomplished Hannah Maria Bourke, in her seven cantos about " them days" of O'Donoghue, or Leslie's quarto, or O'Conner's, or O'Kelly's, or O'Sullivan's octavo verses, or D. S. L.'s Moorish " Harp of Innisfail," 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.

*Boo—boo—boo—moo—hé* sounds the horn, as we rapidly descend the hill of Bally-casheen, 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* [7] 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 ? It looks like a prison, or—”

“ 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 Courtaune's Folly, your honour—by the same token.”—But the rest was overpowered by *Boo—boo—boo—moo—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’—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 protruded, to gaze on the arrivals by the Cork mail-coach ; and now we draw up in the Main-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 arrivals, 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,” cries 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,” exclaims another, “ when the likes of you pretend to carry a gentleman’s portmante !”

“ 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 thus 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.

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THE road from Kilbran to Killarney is a continued descent ; on our return, we stopped for a few minutes at the Spa of Tullig, which, as I have before said, is a little stone-capped, neglected, mineral spring, situated on the side of the road, and having a rough furze-clad hill rising immediately behind it. Leaving the Spa, we crossed a little stream near it, regained the Kanturk road, and, turning to the right, entered a pass or hollow in the road formed by two hills which descended on either side. These hills were wild, heathy, and covered with furze ; a few naked rocks were scattered through the hollow, and not unfrequently a patriarchal goat showed his reverend beard as he stood looking down in apparently philosophical contemplation on the travellers below.

As we continued our course through the pass, we had a fine view of the mountains, the Lower Lake reposing at their base, with a broken country, and the rich oak woods of the park, forming a beautiful foreground. On our descent we gradually lost sight of the lake, and, arrived at Tiernabowl, we could only see the tops of the woods and mountains, save where to the left Coltsman’s Castle presented itself to view, backed by the mighty Mangerton, and the mountains of Loch Kittane and Glanflesk.

Tiernabowl is the name given to this district generally. Tierna signifies a lord or chief ; bowl, according to the country people's translation, a spot or place. Hence Tiernabowl appears to imply the chieftain's seat. It was formerly a lordship of the Mac Sweenys, and is still inhabited by many of that name ; but a few miserable cabins by the road-side, with some sheltering trees, are all that Tiernabowl can now boast of.

Instead of pursuing the road to Killarney, we turned off by a pathway to the left, for we had seen, from Tiernabowl, a hollow or glen which appeared worthy of being explored. Following this path, we had immediately beneath us a stony ravine, and bounding the eastern horizon appeared those singularly shaped mountains called the Paps. On reaching a farmhouse, we descended into the Glen of Ahahunnig, and lost sight of every thing, except the hills which immediately enclosed us.

The part of the glen into which we had descended was rugged and uncultivated, having only an unequal covering of furze mingled with grey stones, which lay scattered about the bottom, and are traditionally said to have been the relics of fairy warfare. There was also here a want of correspondence in the sides of the glen ; the one sloping down, while the other fell suddenly to the verge of the brawling stream, and exhibited a white gravelly surface, as if the soil had gradually crumbled away, and left it bare and abrupt.

Pursuing the course of the stream, or rather its bed—for like most hill-born streams, it is nearly dry in summer we entered the wooded part of the glen. Near the commencement of the wood, which is of oak, sweeping at either side down to the stream, we observed one tree of a particular formation, and close to it a large stone bearing the following nearly obliterated inscription :

“ M SWY (M'Sweeny) TOOK ME FROM MY PLACE  
MAY HE, LIKE ME, MEET DUE DISGRACE.”

“ That singular tree,” said Mr. Lynch, “ and the inscription, remain in remembrance of rather a melancholy story.”

“ I should like to hear a melancholy story,” said I, “ above all things—pray make it as dismal as you can, for I see you are inventing.”

“ No ! I give you my word,” replied Mr. Lynch, “ I am not inventing, at least upon the present occasion. It was a long time before I could learn any thing concerning this tree and inscribed stone, although I had made repeated inquiries, till chance threw me in the way of an old man who related the tradition, which tradition, together with the narrator, have since nearly passed away from the memory of man. The Mac Sweenys were originally inhabitants of the north of Ireland. There were three chiefs of that name, all descended from the O'Neils—viz. Mac Sweeny *Fànaide*, Mac Sweeny *Bàdhuine*, and Mac Sweeny *na-dtuadh*, or Mac Sweeny of the battle-axes. These chiefs were all of the same family. In the thirteenth century, a party, headed by the two latter, made an adventuring excursion into Munster, where they joined in the feuds of the south, and, becoming auxiliaries to the Mac Carthys of Muskerry and Carberry, acquired some disputed ground under the chiefs whom they served. From him of the battle-axes the Mac Sweenys of Tiernabowl are descended.”

“ You are as good a genealogist, Lynch, as Ulster himself.”

“ There is now no chieftain,” continued Mr. Lynch, “ of the name in Kerry. The last chief of the Mac Sweenys, many years ago, inhabited a thatched farmhouse in the neighbourhood of Tiernabowl. A proud man he was of his descent, and though he had lost the greater part of his estates in the revolution of 1688, and was outlawed before the surrender of Limerick, he still managed to keep up the style and consequence of an Irish chief. The bard and the jester haunted his fireside ; and crowds of idle followers, who knew no restraint but their lord’s will, were ready to obey him. In fact, under the command of Mac Sweeny, a formidable gang of freebooters, termed Rapparees from the half pikes or short sticks which they carried, sprung up, who devastated the country for miles around. And although plundering both the partisans of James and William, the security afforded by the woods, as well as the strength of Mac Sweeny’s mountain fastnesses, rendered pursuit from either side after cattle or goods an idle task.

“ One evening, in the stormy month of November, the desperate dwellers in Tiernabowl were collected around a blazing turf-fire, anxious for the return of their chief, who had gone the preceding night on some secret expedition, when suddenly above the sighing of the rising wind was heard the tramp of a horse.

“ ’Tis the coppul duve,” exclaimed Gilla-roo, who was Mac Sweeny’s confidential man, and who received his name from the long, matted, red locks which overshadowed his weather-beaten countenance ; ‘ ’tis the coppul duve, and here’s the Mac Sweeny coming, surely.’

“ A shrill and well-known whistle verified Gillaroo’s assertion, and instantly out rushed the clansmen, each bearing in his hand a blazing torch of the dry and splintered bog deal. Great, however, was their wonder at perceiving, seated on his dark horse before the chieftain, the fair form of a maiden, who was consigned with few words to the rough guardianship of Gilla-roo.

“ ‘ Keep her safely,” said Mac Sweeny ; ‘ when I was the lord of unproclaimed lands, the proud Margaret Barry rejected my suit—Now that I am a poor outlaw, with no ground but what I stand on, my own, she shall be mine.’

“ Before daybreak the following morning, Mac Sweeny departed from Tiernabowl at the head of his retainers, on a plundering excursion. It was his last, and few who accompanied him ever returned. Gilla-roo alone, much to his dissatisfaction, was left behind to guard the fair captive—slight guard did so delicate and drooping a girl seem to require. Gilla-roo was kind to her in his own rough way ; he procured for her every comfort in his power, and permitted her to range the glen. Fatal permission ! the second morning after the chieftain’s departure she was found suspended from this very tree, after having carved her malediction on the rock.

It is said that, on the eve of this event, the form of the ill-fated Margaret is seen flitting through the glen, and her voice has been heard, not after the wailing manner of the Banshee, but in shouts of triumphant laughter, which quicken the breath and curdle the blood of the hearer.

“ Years have passed away—more than a century has elapsed, and the story is nearly forgotten. This tree and this stone alone remain as memorials of deeds, and of days, which the peasant no longer remembers, save when, perhaps during the darkness of the night, he traverses the Glen of Ahahunnig, and, piously crossing himself, mutters a prayer for the



repose of ‘ the White Maiden of Tiernabowl’ although in ignorance of her name and unfortunate history.”

When Mr. Lynch had concluded his story, we arose to pursue our way through the glen, and though the golden light of a setting sun made its way through the interstices of the branches, and shot athwart our path, I almost expected to see the form of the White Maiden emerge from some of the recesses of the wood. Issuing from the glen, we found ourselves close to the bridge of Ballycasheen on the Cork road.

“ Suppose,” said Mr. Lynch, as we stood on the bridge, “ that, instead of going direct to Killarney, we visit the Druids’ Circle ; it is not far from this, and there is yet sufficient daylight.”

“ With all my heart,” said I ; “ my object is to see every thing.”

From the bridge we ascended part of the hill, and, turning into a field on the left-hand side of the road, in a short time reached our object.

The Druids’ Circle consists of a circular embankment, resembling those commonly called in Ireland Danish Forts ; within which are placed seven rude upright stones. These stones are about three and a half feet in height, are distant from each other about four feet and a half, and from the embankment twenty-five. The circumference of the area within the embankment is about one hundred and three feet. Thirty-six feet distant from the embankment on the southern side, and seven feet from each other, stand two upright stones, of much larger dimensions than those within the circle. They are about twelve feet in circumference, and seven in height.

While Mr. Lynch and I were busily engaged in measuring this ancient monument, a countryman returning from his day’s work, prompted I doubt not by curiosity, approached us.

“ *Deus Mieregud* (God and the Virgin save you),” said he.

“ *Deus Miragud agus Espadrig* (God and the Virgin, and St. Patrick save you),” replied Mr. Lynch, which is more than many other conscientious Protestants would have said ; for, abhorring all such idolatrous invocations, they usually answer the common salutation of “ *Deus miragud*,” with “ *Ge moo Dea lat*,” that is, God be with you. Mr. Lynch, however, was not quite so scrupulous, and his reply was the more agreeable to our visitor, who quickly began to talk without restraint.

“ Why then,” said he, “ them are quare stones sure enough, and it’s a wonder how they came here ; they must have been very strong men that could lift them any how.”

“ That’s very true, indeed,” said Mr. Lynch, “ but did you ever hear any old story about them ? I suppose it must have been the giants, who lived in Ireland long ago, that brought them here.”

“ Why then that’s the very thing that’s said about them, surely ; but myself believes they were rale people, who was enchanted by Donald Egeelagh, that lives in Loch-lane.”

“ Indeed ! and how was that ?” said I.

“ Your honour must know then, that, a long time ago, there was two giants you see, and they had seven sons, and these two big stones are the giants, and the seven little ones are their childer, and they thought to conquer the country and bate all before them, so they made war upon Donald Egeelagh (Daniel of the lake,) who lived down at Ross there—a mighty great prince he was, and a great enchanter ; so when he couldn’t get the better of the giants and their seven sons by fair fighting, he went to his enchantments, and turned them into stones, and here they are from that day to this. It’s myself wouldn’t believe a word of it, if it wasn’t that Tim Mulcahy swore (and sure he wouldn’t sware to a lie,) that as he was passing by late at night of a May eve, what should he see but the two big stones turned into giants again, and the seven little ones, that are their childer, dancing like any thing round and round in the middle of the fort. And sure there’s something quare in the looks of them, for stones ? there was a jantleman once came axing myself about them, and when I showed them to him, he said they were the very things he wanted, for he saw them all the ways from the top of a big church in the city of Room, and sure how could he do that if there wasn’t enchantment upon them ?”

“ Very fair reasoning certainly,” said Mr. Lynch ; “ but as it is growing late, we must bid you good by——stay, here’s a trifle to drink our healths.”

“ Och, by the powers, and it’s I’ll do that same cleverly, and success to your honour ; and may you and yours never want by night or by day, but have all sorts of luck and fortin.”

The last red streak of light was fading away from the western sky, as we entered the town of Killarney ; and that had again given place to the sober grey of twilight, as we reestablished ourselves in Gorham’s comfortable parlour.

No lamps, as in London, arose twinkling along the street, each after each giving its gaseous star to view, at the magical touch of the lamplighter. The only lamps Killarney can boast of are the two which grace the rival inns. They indeed shine unrivalled ; and by their light, as we looked from the parlour window, might be discovered various groups of boatmen and others, recounting the toils, the gains, and the adventures of the day : by the rays of Gorham’s lamp, I observed my old crew in close consultation.

“ I wonder what the fellows are at !” said I to Mr. Lynch, “ no good, I am certain.” But all wonder was soon put an end to by Doolan, who, perceiving us at the window, approached hat in hand, with—“ Thunder alive ! your honour, only think of the mistake we made in not christening a rock for your honour, that it might ever and always have your honour’s name upon it. Why, then, that was a mistake and a half sure enough ; but it’s no matter, for better late than never ; and there’s Murphy (Father Murphy they calls him, for ’tis he christens the islands) says it will do as well now, and that he’ll engage to christen a rock after your honour.”

“ As to a rock being christened after me, Doolan, my honour is really very indifferent about that honour ; Crofton Croker Island being already quietly established in the north channel of Lake Huron, thanks to my worthy friend Captain Bayfield. But I understand your application all christenings are accompanied by merry-making, so here’s a crown towards the purchasing whiskey. And now I have a right to ask how the ceremony is performed.”

“ Why, then, I’ll tell you that, sir—but, sure wherever else you may have an island, you have not one at Killarney, where, above all places in the wide world, you ought ; so the next

time we go out on the lake, you see, we'll take Murphy with us, because why he'll be the priest ; and when we come to the rock or island that's to have your honour's name upon it, then Father Murphy will stand up, and say, ' In nomine Occuli mei, atque Betty Martini oculi, I call you Croker's Island ;' with that he'll throw a bottle of whiskey agin it, then a shot will be fired, and we'll all give three shouts for Croker's Island ; then we'll land, and drink your honour's health ; and that's the way we christens the islands." [8]

" And a very good way it is, Doolan—wishing you much pleasure at the christening, I now wish you good night."

" And a very good night to your own honour," returned Doolan, " and long life to you."

" He forgot to tell you," said Mr. Lynch, who had remained silent during this audience, " that there is one rock in the Upper Lake which has been christened a thousand times after as many people ; so, you see, you are not very likely to establish your name among the rocks of Loch Lane. Miss Plummer was far more fortunate."

" Miss Plummer," said I, " should be, I fancy, Miss Plumptre—to be sure, there is no use in arguing against popular names, yet allow me to tell you my reasons for venturing this conjecture. If you have read that lady's quarto"—

" I never read quartos," said Mr. Lynch.

" Well, I, who have read it, can inform you that Miss Plumptre gives an account of the naming of an island or rock after Mr. Kean."

" And what of that ?"

" Now I am coming to the point—for which said Miss Plumptre most good-naturally paid the piper, by treating the boat's crew. I have no doubt this was done in a liberal manner, and that the island in question has gone by her name, mispronounced Plummer, instead of Mr. Kean's. I am further confirmed in my conjecture, from not finding Miss Plummer's enumerated in any list of the islands which had been published before the appearance of Miss Plumtre's book look, for instance, at that in the Postchaise Companion through Ireland, where it is not."

" All this is very important ;" said Mr. Lynchj but it is growing late, and I must depart—remember that to-morrow we set out for Loch Kittane and Philadown, and shall probably spend a night in the glens."

[1] Miss Landon is, perhaps, better known by her simple initials of L. E. L.

[2] Of course the Saint, not the Reverend Lord, is meant.

[3] See, or rather hear, Moore's song of O'Donoghue's mistress, in the ninth number of the Irish Melodies.

[4] So written in " Cobbett's Reformation," Part II. for the name of the person to whom, in the 37th of Elizabeth, the Abbeys of Innisfallen and Mucruss were granted by the Crown.—It should be Collam ; but Cobbett's an authority.

[5] After the flattering manner in which J. S. L. has mentioned my came in the introduction and notes to his volume, entitled " the Harp of Innisfail," this passage will, I trust, sufficiently vindicate me in his eyes from " an illiberality and vulgar prejudice against the

friars, which," he is pleased to add, "is disgraceful in a man of my character who ought not to descend to sacrifice truth to bigotry, or to caricature a body of men, that were generally blameless and useful, however much such pictures may agree with the ignorance, or pander to the prejudice, of some of his readers." p. 191.

Now, although I plead guilty to having written in a careless, good-humoured, and what I considered to be a harmless vein, the fairy tale which has called forth these remarks, and which is reprinted in this Volume—I must say, that had I been inclined to draw an offensive picture of monkish life, there were ample materials for doing so within my reach. But to set at rest this matter, which is so seriously charged against me, I appeal at once to the historian Giraldus Cambrensis, a contemporary witness, a Roman Catholic, and a connexion of a distinguished dignitary of that church ; and after the perusal of his words, it will, I might have gone much further in depicting the enjoyments which excited the fancy of honest Father Cuddy, on the evening previous to his wonderful nap.

"Inter tot enim millia, vix unum invenies, qui post jugem tarn jejuniorum quam orationum instantiam vino variisque potionibus, diurnos labores, enormius quam deceret noctu non redimat. Diem itaque naturalem tanquam ex æquo dividentes, lucidaque spiritui, tempora nocturna, quoque carni dedicantes, sicut de luce lucis operibus indulgent, sic et in tenebris ad tenebrarum opera convertuntur. Unde et hoc pro miraculo duci potest, quod ubi vina domuantur Venus non regnat."—*Top. Hib. De Ckricis et Monasticia.*

And here I rest my case.

[6] The long and narrow peninsula of Mucruss stretches nearly across the lake.

[7] Saxifrage, or London Pride, grows profusely on the hills about Killarney.

[8] I cannot resist making a long extract from "poor Anne Plumptre's" Tour in Ireland, that lady having been actually present at a Killarney christening.—"Several islands," writes Miss Plumptre, "were pointed out to me by the names which they bore, some others werenot particularized ; and, inquiring what their names were, I was told they had none.— 'How happens that ?' I asked. They did not know ; the others had been named by different parties visiting the lakes, and nobody had had the fancy to give them names ; if I had no objection, they should like very much to name one after me : then pointing to a rock very near us, they said, that had no name, we might land and christen it. I would not, however, permit my name to be given : as the habit of the world has been ever to pronounce it as if it were a plum-tree, I was sure that the island would never be called any thing but Plum-tree Island ; and a tradition would soon be affixed to it, that it was once covered with plum-trees. I therefore declined being godmother, at least so far as giving my own name to it was concerned ; but the men seemed to have a great desire that it should be christened, and begged that I would give it some name, any that I fancied. 'Very well,' I said ; 'it shall be called Kean's Island, after Mr. Kean, the great actor.' Oh they had often heard of him ; they should like that name exceedingly ; they : wished he would come to Killarney. We landed then ; it was a pretty rock, with some arbutuses and other shrubs and plants growing upon it ; the people were all ranged in a circle, in the midst of which the bugle horn-player, who I found was the established clergyman upon these occasions, came forward in the proper formulary, in a jargon of English, Irish, and Latin, perfectly unintelligible to me ; then applying to me as godmother, I gave the name, which he repeated with the addition of a little more jargon ; and the ceremony was concluded with throwing down upon the rock a bottle of whiskey, which was dashed to pieces. This part, I own, surprised me not a little ; I should never have expected to see a bottle of whiskey thus disposed of ; but the island they all said would not have been regularly christened without it. Now, they added, it could never have any other name than Kean's Island, and as such it would be pointed out to all future navigators on the lake. I should like much to know whether it ever has been so to one. The conclusion was, a hope that the crew might

have a bowl of punch, when they got home in the evening, to drink the godmother's health. I then perfectly understood the general eagerness for the christening.”

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