

arranged by wire for our accommodation, and would not go back on it, there was almost a riot between two rival houses, and I expected any moment to see the old Shillelagh's at work, but we managed to preserve the peace until we reached Killarney, we secured accommodation at Graham's Elbow Hotel, the groom met us at the station, and in a few minutes we were at the hotel, it was fairly late by this time, so after partaking of supper we decided on bed.

Aug 17th 17.

We were up and about early, and after breakfast

we took a stroll through²⁰¹ the town, it is a busy little village, typically Irish, small diminutive donkeys pulling miniature drays, driven generally an old woman barefooted, and wearing a shawl; a good number of our lads were in the town, and they seemed to be quite at home; the previous night we arranged to do the grand tour of the lakes, and at 10 am two drays carried a party of 10 of us, the morning was beautiful, the sun was shining, and we were all in great spirits, our driver pointed out objects of interest as we proceeded, and between times told us Irish

yards, of which he seemed to have an unlimited supply. He was a great character, and with his blenny would make the proverbial cat smile. The tour of the lakes is done in stages, the first is a drive of several miles to the entrance to the gap of Dunloe, this drive is very lovely, most of the way we carried the Earl Kilmartin's property with us, he is the largest land owner in the County of Kerry, about 11.30 am we finished our drive, pulling up at Kete Kearney's cottage, the little white washed cottage has a history all its own. It is said that his lady, Ka-

203
 Kearney was the most beautiful woman in all Ireland, and was greatly sought after by many her lovers; now it is used to supply refreshments, wet and dry, here I first tasted Poteen and mountain dew, the former is whisky made from potatoes, and has a decidedly smoky flavour, mountain dew consists of goats milk mixed with Poteen. I partook of it rather sparingly, for a little of it goes a good way, I bought a pipe here made from bog oak, it was carved fantastically, and was rather a good souvenir, but I afterwards saw

it to a friend of mine, who greatly fancied it; the next stage of our journey was through the beautiful gap of Dumboc, usually this is done on horseback, but when we came to count the ponies we found we outnumbered them by one, and as I was the fittest of our party it fell to my lot to pad the hoof the whole way, I did not mind this, for the gap is not bad walking, and a walk of seven miles had no fears for us; from Kate Kearney cottage we gradually ascended, until we reached the highest point of the road some

1200 ft, all the way we had to patronise some friend or another who for our benefit blew a trumpet, or fired a pistol so that we could appreciate the remarkable echo it produced, when we were not pestered with these gentry it would be some old dame who would hold forth as to the merit of Poter or mountain dew, and shure sorr wauls ye not be thrying a wee drap of the mountain dew, and God bless ye sorr and may ye come back again with a lady as fine looking as yourself; we met with Blarney Blarney everywhere, of course we did