KILKEE (CO. CLARE) AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

PART I.

KILKEE TO CROSS.

BY THOMAS JOHNSON WESTROPP, M.A., M.R.I.A.

Kilkee, the best known and most favorite resort on the coast of Co. Clare, must now be examined in order to complete my long series of papers on the pleasure places of the county. Though, as a rule, the district most favoured by the antiquary lies far off the tourist track, I think these papers have been justified from the standpoint of an Archæological Society by the interesting remains noted. I also have found that these accounts were welcome to pleasure seekers, and gave them a new interest in these beautiful spots along the hem of the Atlantic. Clare is, indeed, fortunate in its three seaside towns (Lisdoonvarna being too far inland). In other centres we rarely stand "on the edge of the Old World face to face with the glory and terror of the ocean of the sunset." None of the others have such noble ranges of cliffs to either side and many are far less accessible. Even such charming spots as Dingle, Valentia, Waterville, and Glengarriff, shrink back into shelter, but Kilkee and Ballybunnian stand out boldly—like the old headland forts—

"Out on the edge of the land,
Alone on the cliff I stand,
While the fierce sea roars at my feet."

Few more impressive hours can be spent than above the Diamond Rocks in the full glory of the gale, especially on a moonlight night, when the glare of the surf, the roar of the hungry waves, and the dull boom of the caverns add weirdness and awe to the dimly-seen outlines of the black headlands and islands. Though lacking the rich rock tints of Kerry, the colouring of sea and sky, and the clear light and water give to the Clare coast gorgeous colour effects beyond the power of painter to reproduce.
A place gains much by the avenue through which we approach. In older days, before the railway extended past Miltown Malbay, which it only reached in 1887, the only approach was by the Shannon from Limerick or Foynes. How delightful it was to steam from the quays of the city (better furnished with shipping then than now) leaving the clustered houses and the dark battlemented tower of St. Mary’s Cathedral. Thinking, perhaps, of the beautiful legend of its bells and their founder, the aged Italian, who sought for the plundered bells vainly till one glorious evening, as he approached the town (1) by water, he heard and recognised their chimes, and was found dead with a smile on his face. Every turn brought a new memory of history or legend. Carrigogunnell, with its tale of the witch, the death-dealing candle and its story of the O’Briens “Lords of the Rock,” rose over the woods of Tervoe. We saw Bunratty, with its memories of de Musegros and de Clare; of the hapless King, Brian the Red, torn from his host’s banquet to be “dragged to death by a stern steed”; of the sieges by King Torlough O’Brien, by his son, King Murchad, who won it from the Normans at last in 1334; and that of the Confederate Catholics, when the Legate Rinuccini, so admired the building and its fine parks, and the Parliamentary garrison was expelled. The tall tower of Canons’ Island recalls Donaldmore, the last King of Munster, his fierce cruelty, his craft and his remorse that gave us Holycross and St. Mary’s Cathedral Corcomroe, and many another abbey and church before 1194. The fragments of the lofty seated church of Knockpatrick, behind Foynes, have their memory of our Patron Saint blessing the people in Corcovaskin, who swarmed across the stream to meet him. He blessed their ships and foretold the birth of their Saint, Senan, the pure and austere father, and his monastery “in yonder green island at the mouth of the sea” (2). Soon we round Kilkerrin Point and Tarbert, and see the island with its lofty, slender round tower.

---

(1) Limeric is one of the few inland towns marked on the early Italian Portolano Maps from 1339 onward.

With the railway, fewer and fewer, enjoy this prelude. Well might its remembrance inspire Sir Aubrey De Vere's ode:—

"River of chieftains, whose baronial halls
Like veteran warders guard each time-worn steep,
Carrig's stern rock, Bunratty's regal walls,
Portumna's towers, the Geraldins grey keep."

Still the more prosaic approach, though far less enjoyable, save in bad weather, is far from lacking interest. The view of the old city and the many coloured hills as we cross the Shannon, the wide view of the river valley, as we pass above the cromlech and ivied church of Croaghane, over the shoulder of Cratloe hill, and see Bunratty and the towers of Drumline and Rosmanagher, is rich and pleasant.

"On its grassy rock well founded,
With its ivy mantle round it,
By a belt of dark trees bounded,
Frowns Rosmanagher's castle tall."

Under the wooded ridge of Moghane, in the cutting near the lake to the south of Moghane bridge, was found some 65 years ago the wonderful mass of gold ornaments (3), probably dating from 500 to 700 years before our era. If (as is most probable) they were plundered from the huge triple-walled fort or hill town, on the ridge, then it may date over 2500 years back. We get glimpses of the Abbeys of Quin, Clare and Ennis, of the peel towers of Ralahine, Mountcashel, Rosroe (4), of the great battlefield at the end of the lake near Dysert, where, in May, 1318, Richard de Clare and his chivalry fell. Then we pass Corofin, seeing the strangely-terraced grey hills of the Burren, and ivied Tirmicbrain and the wooded ridge of Ceanntsliabh the site of the legend of the Feis tighe chonain. On through the bogland of Inagh, past the bay and sandhills of Lehinich, with the tall castles of Dough and Liscannor and memory of the Armada, and finally through the drearier country below Dunbeg, we run past the green mote of Lisanaleagaun into Kilkee. In a few minutes we see the beautiful bay, with its golden crescent of sand, and the dark cliff of George's Head, carved by sea and storm into a grim human face, like some ancient colossus, and enter on our heritage of the untold wonder of the Atlantic and "the rampart of the Old World to the west."

(3) Proc. R. I. Acad., vol. xxvii (c) p. 220
(4) Also of Clarecastle, Ballyhannon (Castlefergus) and Ballygriffy.
The history of even the district is obscure; I must recall to my readers the leading facts. Ptolemy, after A.D. 144, places the Ganganoi in the angle north of the Shannon, they are the Irish tribes of Gann, Gennan, and Sengan, and the latter subsisted long enough to be connected with what was then the southern part of Connacht on the Shannon (or at least at Mount Callan) when our traditions got recorded. A dim legend of the Martinigh, a Firbolgic race, tells how they held the same district and were defeated by the High King, Aenghus Olmochaidh, in A.M. 3790, on Sliabh Calige. The latter place was also very possibly Callan, but local historians (forgetting that Corcovaskin in early times met Corcomroe, probably at the Daelach river and estuary near Lehinch) sought for some southern hill, and fancied they found it in the ridge of Moveen near Kilkee. Then the historic period opens and shows as no new settlers the Corca Bhaischoinn (or Corcovaskin) tribes, descendants in one legend of Queen Medb and her lover, Fergus, son of Roigh, and in another tale, of Cairbre Bhaiscoín, brother of Cairbre Muc and the hero of a cycle of crudely pagan legends, often very repellent (no less to the early clerics than to modern feelings), which generations of scribes confused and made contradictory in vain attempts to expunge objectionable features (5). Conaire, High King of Ireland, at about the time of Ptolemy's great work, A.D. 165, had three sons, Cairbre Muc, ancestor of the Muscraigne (whence the existing name Muskerry), Cairbre Riada, ancestor of the Dalriada in the north-east of Ulster and in Scotland, and Cairbre Bhaiscoín, of Corcovaskin, in S. W. Thomond, but Thomond was not then known by the name till Lughaidhe Meann added eastern Co. Clare to the real Thomond in Co. Limerick, about A.D. 370. Not to go into the details, some said that the youngest Cairbre had a son, Duben, or according to others, a daughter or sister of the name. The latter was ancestress by him of the Corca-Duibhe, whose territory was then far larger than the present barony of Corca-Guiny. What is probably the earliest version made Duben not the sister, but the mother of Cairbre. When the battle of Cenn Fehbrat, in Co. Limerick, was fought between Lughaidh MacCon and Eoghan Mór, son of Oilioll Olum, the three Cairbes, of the race of Ith, son of Breogan, slew

(5) For these tales see "Silva Gadelica." (S. H. O'Grady). Vol. II. p. 535, and Borlase's "Dolmens of Ireland."
their father in their mother's arms. From Cairbre Bhaiscinn and Duben sprang the Corca Duibhne, and how ancient the name is can be shown by the Ogham inscriptions "maqi muoi dovinnias" in the Dingle peninsula and by one to "the name of Duben," "Anm dovinnias," (6) on the hill, within the fortified promontory of Dunmore, overlooking the Blasket Sound, amid some of the most lovely scenery in Co. Kerry.

Early, but unscientific Philologists derived the brothers epithets Musc as "mo aisge," inordinate desire; riadha, "rigfhada," long forearm, and baschain from "bas caein," euthanasia "pleasant death" for "he died on his pillow," but if "pleasant" it was a reproach in those fierce days so to die, as it was to the Norse and Danes in later times—

"A leech death, a bed death, a straw death, a cow's death—
Such death suits not me.
Me, happier, the Valkyrs shall waft from the war deck,
Shall hail from the holmgang of helmet strewn moorland,
And sword strokes my shift be, with heroes hot corpses
High heaped for my pillow."

Angus was Cairbre Musc's real name, Eocho was Cairbre Riata's, and Oillill was Cairbre Bhaiscinn's. The whole confusion shows how early the legend must have been, and how much it was disliked, but too well rooted to be eliminated by more civilized genealogists. It is also said that when the ill-conceived son was born all nature revolted and was blighted. It was only when a druid charmed the more than original sin from the child into the wonderful cow "Bui," and the latter swam away and became one of the rocks ("Bui," on the early Italian maps still called "the Bull and Cow"), off the south coast of Kerry, that the blight ended. At every side, in morals, thought and beliefs, the stories stand, confessedly pagan and primitive.

Of the Corcovaskin, near Kilkee, definite history only begins after the year 700. Little were to be gained by giving the names of the chieftains and whether they fell in battle or not, or how the tribal group, once tyrannized even over central Clare, or how their importance died out after the weakening of the first forty years of the Norse wars, by 850 (7). In fact the only name of any real interest, and it overlaid by uncertainty and myth, is that of Senan of Iniscatha, before 550. We hear of a daughter of Niall, son of Mechar, of Corca Bhaiscinn, of

the race of Conaire, of Leim Conchulainn (Loop Head), who, by her husband, Sinell, was mother of St. Mobaí of the Ui Muiredagh (8). The O'Domhnaills were chiefs in the 11th and 12th centuries and were equally undistinguished, and the ruling house of the Dal-gCais slipped into the district first as the O'Briens of Tromra, and then another branch as the chiefs of the MaclMathgamhains or MacMahons of Correvaskin. The first befriend King Thordheabhagh Mór (Torlough) when, in 1276 (at the alarm of his deposed uncle with his Norman allies Thomas de Clare and his followers, having taken his rath palace at Clonroad) fled up the coast to Corcomroe (9). The last were probably the people plundered by King Murchad O'Brien in 1315. The Bruce's expedition had reached to Limerick—

"Which is the southmost town, perfay! That in Ireland may founden be." (10)

as Barbour sings. Murchad had thrown in his lot with the English who flattered him by saying that they must win for they had the King of Erin with them (11), his rivals supported the Scottish King of Ireland, Edward Bruce. The great war ran its course little affected by the English skulking at Loddon till the Bruces went away (12), or by a small skirmish of the MacNamaras with the Scotch at Castleconnell (13). It had, however, a bearing on this remoter district, King Donchad O'Brien had made a tactical mistake, for his friends and allies, Richard de Clare and the Norman Colony in Tralee, could not now support an open ally of "the King's Scottish felons." Murchad, as soon as possible, set on his rival and drove him back into the wedge-like district ending in Loop Head called "Western Irros." He then wasted it from Knockalough to Cuchullin's Leap and left no stronghold unburned (14). Kilkee, however (to my knowledge), only appears about the close of the 14th century, in about 1390, where it is called Cil Cæidhe. There is still a holy well called Tubberkee, Tóbar Cæidhe, on the cliffs near Fooragh, but no church site is known at or near Kilkee unless it be the

(8) "Martyrology of Donegal." The name Mechar is interestidg as bearing on the Machairis of Dun Mechar (named in the "Life of St. Senan") in this district.
(9) Cathaireim Thoirdeabhagh.
(10) Barbour's poem on Bruce; written 1375, Book XVI, line 264.
(11) Cathaireim Thoirdeabhagh.
(13) Cathaireim Thoirdeabhagh.
(14) Ibid.
old "Killeen" Graveyard, near the fallen dolmen, in the field behind Moore's Hotel. The MacSweenys held Cil Caeidhe under the MacMahons (15) and built the castle, probably late in the 15th century, when numbers of such structures were being built in Co. Clare—1460 to 1500. A grant of the family alludes to it in 1550 when Edmond Roe MacSweeney, son of Gilladuff, held it; the next recorded owner of Cil Caeidhe is Collo MacSweeney, who died in 1575, his son and successor Aedh MacSweeney (or Hugh, as the English called him) owned it, but a certain Owen MacSweeney claimed it under a mortgage of Morrogh, Collo's brother. Torlough MacMahon, as overchief, is named as its owner in 1585, but of course it was in MacSweeny's actual occupation. When the prudent MacMahon was succeeded by his son Teige Caech, "the shortsighted," as he well deserved to be nicknamed, a change in the overlords occurred leaving the occupants unscathed. He saw fit to defy the not too patient government and to rouse the enmity of the all-powerful O'Briens, although the weakest of the Clare chiefs. He plundered an English Merchant ship and captured the brother of the Earl of Thomond, one Daniel O'Brien, and, almost before the English could act the Earl flung him out of Clare. The imprisoned Daniel was more than repaid by the grant of his captor's ample lands. MacMahon fell accidentally by the hand of his only son, at Dunboy, and the innocent parricide carried his remorse to Spain and gave no more trouble. Under O'Brien, as under MacMahon, Hugh MacSweeney still sat in his dark old flagstone tower looking over the bay and the crescent strand, and far towards the sunset. He, or a namesake was there in 1651; the castle is marked as Quilqui in one of the few surviving maps of Co. Clare in the Down Survey, and was maintained, with Carrigaholt, as barracks for the Cromwellian garrisons. At Kilquiee the supply of oats, contributed by the inhabitants of the Barony of Moyarta, was stored in 1652. The influence of Daniel O'Brien's family (augmented by the court favour of his grandson and the title the latter had procured for his house—the Barony of Clare) was again predominant after the Restoration. Little is told of the castle and district, and that little is bare mention between 1660 and 1691, but in the interim Lord Clare

(15) For what follows see Inquisitions, list of Clare Gentry holding Castles, 1585 (MS. T.C.D.). Down Survey map of Moyarta (No. 61).
had staked all on the cause of James II, and lost, so the whole district was confiscated in 1688. William, forgetting that he held the throne on entirely different lines from his predecessors, granted the huge estates of Lord Clare to Keppel, Earl of Albemarle, and the act of favouritism raised a storm of envy and justifiable anger in England. The grantee was quick to see his own precarious tenure, and speedily and silently sold all his grant to a syndicate of local gentry, Francis Burton, W. Westby, and Charles MacDonnell, the last a prominent member of an Antrim family of Scotch descent. The patent to First Earl of Albermarle was dated 16th February, 1698, and his sale to the Syndicate, March 9th, 1695, for £2,500. They got the estates confirmed under the Commissioners of the Confiscated Estates in 1703, and divided the land among them. A portion (16) was bought by the Amory family from Cambridge, but they never lived in Clare and sold their estates there to the Westroppps and others later in the century.

The MacDonnells lived at Kilkee castle and have the credit of protecting the last of the old local bards, the Curtins, whom, especially Andrew, they hospitably entertained on occasion at “Cil Caeidhe of the Jewels” as he termed it in his poems. When the family succeeded to large estates about Ennis from Christopher O’Brien they settled at Killone, now Newhall, and Kilkee was left to a widowed mother as a dower house. Daughter of the O’Briens, and widow of Charles MacDonnell, she lived there to a great age, dying at the centenary of the great confiscation in 1788. Ten years earlier John Lloyd described it in his “Impartial Tour in Co. Clare” as “a spacious old-modelled house with many outoffices”; after the death of its occupant the family left it to decay. Standing on the storm-beaten plateau, behind the angle of the “West End,” it soon fell to ruin, and in 1816 Mason found its remains were “imperceptible.” I have been told that its “vaults were standing some 40 years since,” but (as I often played in the field where it stood before that period and even then had an interest in abbeys and castles, and I have no recollection of any old building other than Dunlecky on my visit of 1868) I believe my informants mistook imagination for fact in a way common, at least to sea side haunts.

(16) Moveens, Kilcashin, Drumellihy, and perhaps other lands.
People, such I remember, describing Beltard signal tower as an "old castle," and the well house at the village as "an old church," were probably responsible for the tale; so much for the castle; the only trace of old work near its site is a low defaced ring fort, perhaps the homestead of the MacSweeney's before the Peel tower was raised.

The village, however, now demands our attention, for, by the close of the reign of William IV, it had risen to some importance. When, in 1778, Lloyd described it as "Kilkee, the most western seat on the coast is a spacious and regular old modelled house with many out offices situated on the brink of a delightful bay and a pleasant beach decorated with sandhills and sheltered from the N.W. wind by a commanding eminence"—there was evidently not even a hamlet. He does not tell of it as he does of Liscannor Bay that people frequented it in summer for the bathing.

At the beginning of the late Queen's reign a number of lodges had been built with a schoolhouse and a new Roman Catholic Church. The old Parish Church of Kilferagh had been let to ruin. Kilkee had 153 houses in 1837, which had greatly increased six years later. Hot baths were established by a Mr. Jonas Studdert, and a police barracks, a coastguard station, "a penny post to Kilrush," and a courthouse (replacing the old irregularly held manor court for small debts) had sprung up. Protestant service was still celebrated in the schoolhouse, but subscriptions were then being collected for a new church (17). The Kilkee fishery was worked by 25 canoes, twice the number being employed at Farighy; before leaving the subject, I may cite John Lloyd in 1778, for though the popular idea that only one copy of his little work survived in the National Library of Dublin, is quite unfounded) his little shilling handbook is now rare. "There is an artificial curiosity made use of by certain individuals in the upper part of this dangerous coast. It is a kind of canoe or currach, composed of wattles covered with raw hydes. With this Indian-like construction they fish successfully in the proper season, and paddle some leagues out in calm weather. In the month of August there is often a large squadron of them together in the Bay of Liscannor, and in this posture they appear

(17) This was intended to be built in the Square before Moore's Hotel, but was fortunately established at the head of the bay in open fields.
like so many porpoises on the surface. Each man carries his wicker boat or canoe on his back occasionally to and from the shore.” The large wheat trade with Limerick, Tralee and Ennis existing at that time seems to have died out by 1837, but large supplies of turf were shipped from Poulnisherry to Limerick. A second old manorial court was occasionally held by the Seneschal at Lisdeen. There is little in the history of Kilkee to detain us farther; the not very thrilling round of pleasure, bathing and boating in the summer months, stagnation in the winter, a wreck at long intervals, a sea monster or apparition of Hy Brazil, are its main annals. The steamboat made it very accessible from Limerick, and though possibly less “fashionable” than when I first remember it in “the sixties” it is more popular and crowded, while the new light railway, the motor and the golf links, have all played their part in adding to its prosperity.

Let us first explore the coast southward from Kilkee. In the field behind Moore’s Hotel, as I noted, is an unfenced killearn for unbaptized children, near it lie two slabs of flagstone, and I think a third under the others, to all appearance the ruin of a dolmen. The cover measures 6 feet 7 inches by 5 feet 3 inches, and is about a foot thick, the under slab, 5 feet 6 inches by 5 feet 9 inches. It probably was a burial cist of the usual type, the small end slabs were first removed, then the weight of the cover heeled it over northward, for, as usual, the sides were only slightly set in the surface of the field, and were probably as dependent on each others support as a house of cards unless (as so often) they were embedded in a small mound up to the level of the cover slab. Mrs. Tufnell Oakes first called my attention to it. I know of no other cist or dolmen south of Carncreagh at Doolough, though especially in places like Ross, thick, loose slabs abound of the very dimensions most suitable for a cist. These are long enough to leave space for a recumbent human body with the knees bent in the attitude of sleep so common a posture for the laying out of the pre-historic dead, so the absence of slab cists is the more remarkable.

The Edmond Rocks derive their name from a ship which was wrecked one night (Nov. 12th, 1850) in that apparently improbable place. It is said that had the “Edmond” not been turned in towards
the lights of the houses it would have stranded safely and probably without loss of life. It probably attempted to anchor on seeing the lights near it, and so was swung on to the rocks.

As I noted there was a rath, a low ring mound, and a peel tower of the MacSweenys (which with the additions of the MacDonnellis has not left a trace) on the hill in the angle of the West End. At the foot of the western slope, near Duggerna, there is, however, an interesting relic of the castle, its embanked fish pond, which untold hosts of visitors pass without notice. It is a great oblong hollow about 450 feet long and 150 feet wide, with banks 5 to 6 feet high, fed by a little stream which now runs through it undammed in a forest of yellow iris where the cliff road ends.

Beyond are the well-known fields (now Golf Links) along the cliffs fringed by the best known lesser cliff scenery at Kilkee, the Diamond Rocks and the curved "Amphitheatre." Near the lowest edge of the latter a beautiful little cave, with a natural wonderfully regular bath, enamelled with pink coralline, may be visited to the left at low water and beyond are the ridges of Duggerna. The latter great wave breaker—Doncharna, "the obstacle," partly keeps the heavier waves from the southern side of the bay. It is full of endless rock pools, gardens of weeds (pink, green, brown, purple and old gold); starred with sea anemones (crimson, amber and green) some full of fish and strange creatures (18), others black-purple with sea urchins. The latter recall a quaint story told by the first historian of Kilkee, Mrs. Knott (19). She commenced her "Two Months at Kilkee" by arriving delicate, hungry, tired out by the long journey from Limerick, and then having to wait for the slow cart that brought her luggage and provisions from Kilrush. A knock came—heaven gives relief—the provisions had arrived, the invalid thought, but a peasant girl entered with the query "do you want any dillisk or porcupines," and the visitor had only to laugh off her hungry disappointment at the quaint wares. Let explorers of Duggerna, however, be very careful to watch the tide as the deep hollows near the

---

(18) The beautiful violet "Portuguese Man of War" is sometimes found on these coasts. Mrs. Knott mentions the violet shells of the Janthina. "Two Months at Kilkee," p. 86.

(19) "Two Months at Kilkee," 1835, p. 34 for "Duggana and the Rock Pools," see p. 69.
land fill between the pools long before the tide reaches the rocks at the outer end, and they may be cut off from the shore, though few such accidents have occurred. Westward lies the curious rock like an elephant's head called variantly "The Pulpit," "The Lion," and "The Ruined Tower." Farther on are the Diamond Rocks, breasting the full force of the magnificent waves, and with a glorious view of the gloomy Intrinsic Bay with its three islets, Illaunawhilla, "Bird Island," Illaunpoultoohy, or "Lamb Island." and the outer, the wrecked headland of Bishop's Island, with a glimpse of the cliffs at Loop Head, through the gap and northward, cape beyond cape, George's Head (once called Cream Point (20) now named from the huge human face on it which was supposed to resemble George III.) Lackglass, Farighy, Doonegall, and, far beyond, Hags Head and the Aran Isles with occasionally (and an ominous weather sign) the huge pyramids of Connemara.

"Viewed from the vantage of those giant rocks
That vast in air lift their primeval blocks
Screening the sandy cove of lone Kilkee.
I scan the dread abyss till the depth mocks
My straining eyeballs and the eternal shocks
Of billows rolling from infinity.
Here man alone is naught, Nature supreme
Where all is simply great that meets the eye,
The precipice, the ocean and the sky." (21)

From the Diamond Rocks I saw more than once between 1868 and 1872 the phantom island (22) to which from the influence of the mediæval maps from 1325 downward the name of Brazil (now Hy Brasail) attached. It appeared immediately after sunset like a dark island far out to sea but not on the horizon. On the last occasion, I made a rough-coloured sketch next day which shows the appearance as having two mountains, one wooded in the low central tract between rose buildings, towers and curls of smoke, rising against the golden sky westward. I have on several occasions since then seen mirages of islands, but never anything so matter of fact as the former "vision of the lost Atlantis.

(20) "Two Months at Kilkee," pp 57-83 ; it is nameless on the map of 1839.
Lackglass Bay was in 1836 most appropriately named the "The Great Horseshoe," behind it "The High Cliff of Corballe," 220 feet high. I cannot find when the name "George's Head" originated, 1836-1866.
(21) Aubrey De Vere.
(22) Proc. R. I. Acad. xxx. (c), p 257.
We ascend the "Look-out Hill" getting a widespread view inland to Mount Callan and up the Shannon to Tarbert and the hills of Luachair, on the borders of Kerry and Limerick, besides the coast and the illimitable ocean. The cruel looking wedge-shaped bay below recalls by its name one of the saddest wrecks of the coast—the INTRINSIC, on January 30th, 1836 (23). The great ship got embayed in a blinding storm, her cables held and the cliffs were crowded with people unable to help. There was no rocket apparatus then, and the question often strikes one whether the "economy" (or rather money-saving spirit) that has abolished so many of the coastguard stations was a safe one. Through the spray the horrified watchers saw the signals of the crew, who at last, in hopeless despair went below. A frightened man ventured to look out of the cabin door and kneel on the deck; they saw two men washed over board, and strange to say, washed back again; and they saw those who proved to be a young officer and his bride again look out to see if any hope remained. At last the struggle ended; the ship, struck by two huge waves in quick succession, sank at its fearful anchorage, and as it disappeared a seabird swooped on the waves, soared and dropped a lady's glove among the people on the cliff. I heard, as a boy, grim traditions among the fishermen, who remembered that terrible day, and what the divers saw when they examined the wreck later on. The officer and his wife were in the cabin, and the crew huddled together in death, swarmed over and preyed on by fishes and gigantic eels; it was said that the men refused to descend again. Mrs. Knott preserves a pathetic poem on the incident of the glove—

"Of the cherished of many a heart and home there's but this relic, tossed,
Fragile and light on the wild sea foam, a type of the loved and lost."

(23) "Dublin University Magazine" (1841) vol. xvii., p. 364; Lady Chatterton's "Rambles in the South of Ireland," vol. ii., p. 225; and "Two Months at Kilkee," p. 205. The INTRINSIC had arrived at Liverpool from Calcutta, and after fourteen days started again for New Orleans to meet her doom. She sailed round the north of Ireland, and was blown out of her course. The wreckage was washed up the coast even to Miltownmalbay.
I heard that for long afterwards the shadowy masts could be seen under the water on bright days.

From this on to Loop Head is one of the loveliest reaches of the Irish coast. Probably its culminating point is at Fooragh, and there we find the first of the fortified headlands south from Kilkee called Doonaunro. From its earthworks we overlook Bishop's Island, and the great pillar to the south far out in the sea called on the maps "Grian Rock," by the fishermen "Bodawogga." The small dark spike of Dunleeky Castle, the once fortified headland of Illanadoon, and the long ranges of precipices on to Tullig are all in view southward, the coast to Aran northward.

DOONAUNROE (24). On the bold promontory of Fooragh Point 185 high, when I sketched it with a camera in 1875, remained a strong drystone wall, still about 5 feet high, of thin flagstones. This rested on an earthwork 25 feet thick at the base and 15 feet above, rising 9 feet over the fosse, and 5 feet over the field. The fosse is much filled up by the levelling of the outer mound, but it was 10 feet wide, and is still 3 or 4 feet deep in parts. The entrance is by a gangway and gap; inside, clearly traceable, though hardly rising over the smooth sward, are the foundations of several huts, and later houses, a range of the latter with four rooms or houses near the southern edge of the cliff has been undermined and has partly fallen away. Beyond it is the site of an early hut, also partly fallen. Then there is a circular foundation and a group of similar cells partly fallen near the N.W. angle of the head. Another oblong hut, probably very late, stood beside the rampart. It is interesting to note (as so frequently in headland forts, not only in Ireland, but in Great Britain) that the fosse is over a fault in the rock, and that a beautiful natural arch runs underneath this. Probably the depression caused by the fault induced the fort makers to

dig their fosse above it. The vanishing of stone walls and huts in these forts is usually caused by idlers throwing the stones over the cliffs. A large stone wall nearly 5 feet high remained in human memory at

Dunruadh cliff fort, on Valencia, but it is now nearly swept away; that at Doonaunroe was probably taken for road metal, another great cause of destruction of these forts.
In the cliffs south from Fooagh, at two places, a most picturesque phenomenon is often seen. Two streams leap over the precipice, and after rain when the west wind is strong we see the cascades rolled up the cliff and blown high into the air, sometimes falling back far inland. The same can be seen at Brumore in Co. Kerry, and elsewhere—

"Some, like the downward amoke,
  Slow dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go
  And some through wavering light and shadow broke
  Rolling a stumberous stream of foam below."

Bishop's Island (25) is locally known as Oillan an easbaig gotaigh or "Illán an aspig usthig," the isle of the hungry (or stingy) bishop. It was evidently cut away, as Fookagh Point is about to be. A cavern was drilled along a fault, it widened and the roof fell in, and the head became an island. It may have been even a promontory fort as at

Dunbriste, Horse Island, and Cashlaunicrobin in Mayo, and Dunmahineena in Bofin Island. At any rate a hut and a cell, most probably an oratory, with a pillar slab, stand on the island. The place being nearly inaccessible (save to an active cragsman, up a very steep slope in the north cliff) has rarely, if ever, been visited by people capable of describing the cells. It has apparently been done, and detailed measurements recorded by some informant of W. F. Wakeman; the drawings, so far as can be seen through a glass from the opposite

cliffs are fairly accurate. The more western hut is circular, he writes (but from Foohagh it looks oblong). It was built in curious retracting offsets and had a domed roof, it measured 34 feet across, and had a low lintelled doorway facing the east. The eastern cell was oblong and probably an oratory, 18 feet by 12 feet, the walls 2 feet 7 inches thick, and battered or sloping. It has a lintelled door in the south wall near the west end and a strange oblong window (the width greater than the height like at Skellig Rock, Co. Kerry) in the eastern gable.

Legend tells of an early bishop who, to escape the duty of feeding the poor, retired one famine stricken year to the island, crossing the narrow chasm by means of a plank. He had laid up a plentiful supply of food, and dwelt comfortably and undisturbed all the winter, but all the time the sea had been sapping the cliffs, and when his supplies came to an end, and he prepared to return to the main land, he found the chasm too wide to be crossed. All access to escape was cut off; help could not reach him, and the heartless pastor died of hunger in sight of those willing but unable to help him.

I have not found the Island mentioned in early records; it is shown, but not named, in the Down Survey Map, about 1655. The Rev. J. Graham in "Mason's Parochial Survey," 1816 (26) only says that the bishop was starved to death. Mrs. Knott, in 1835, while carefully describing how sheep were brought up the cliff (27), says nothing of the cells or of the Legend. O'Curry, 1839 (though his grandfather had lived at Kilcashen (28) near Moven, and his father and he near Liscroneen), had heard no traditional account of the bishop, despite the mention in Graham. There is, however, no reason to doubt that the latter was correct, or that the version told in later days was not genuinely old.

The Spa well of Foohagh, seen inland in the bog, is worth visiting; formerly its iron and sulphur water used to be imported in bottles of doubtful cleanliness, and sold as a panacea to the country folk (along with dillisk, shell fish, and sometimes fruit) on the sea wall near the market place in Kilkee.

(27) loc. cit., p. 77.
(28) Where, during a pestilence, he charitably buried the bodies collected in carts and sledges.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]