KILKEE (CO. CLARE) AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

PART II.

KILKEE TO CROSS.

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

(Continued from Page 228).

To return to Bishop's Island—it is only recently that (by aid of a strong field glass, and by an exhaustive examination from every point of view of it and of the land cliffs) I am able to speak with any assurance on its former state.

The remains of a flagstone wall extend along the top of a grassy slope to the east of the oratory and cells. Three patches over three feet high remain, and elsewhere the foundations have hardly a break till they merge into a low earthen fence at their southward extremity. At a short distance below, the slope is broken into the well-known precipice some 330 feet from the land. In the intervening space lie several tidal reefs the remains of the former neck. The landward cliff has also a steep slope, broken into ledges, and, just where its edge is most accessible from the land, a fortification commanded it. The faint crescent ring with the very slight ditch seen in Kerry, Mayo, and elsewhere, remains unbroken save by the fence and ditch along the edge of the cliff, the ring was evidently the base of a dry stone wall of flags, now all but removed and 6 feet thick about 80' over all to the edge and 54' across. From these existing remains, and from the marked cleavage of the next headland at Doonaunroe, it is certain that the headland now called "Bishop's Island" had, like its neighbour, Illaunadoon, a deep valley across the neck. The seaward slope was strongly walled; upon the platform lay (and lie) a cell probably round or oval (though in certain
lights from its broken condition, apparently oblong) an oblong oratory, 
a pillar, and beside where the grassy slope runs down the north cliff, two 
apparent graves, two slabs in each a few feet apart. The path down the 
steeper landward end was defended by a small stone ring or crescent 
fort. Eventually arches were drilled in at least three places, like the row 
at present being eaten into the south flank of the Island itself; these as 
they were widened fell in. It may well have been that the first collapse 
was only a narrow gully, such as we see behind George's Head, and 
could long be crossed by a plank. The collapse of a second arch might 
well have rendered the rock inaccessible in a few minutes. Whether the 
legend is founded on fact or not, its entire accordance with the geological 
and antiquarian conditions is very noteworthy, and I myself have little 
difficulty in believing it to contain much truth.

The fortified headland of Bishop's Island can now be classified with 
Danes Island and Islandikane in Co. Waterford; Doonadell, Dunclouk, 
and Dun-Oughaniska in Co. Mayo; Ballingarry, Co. Kerry, and withits 
neighbour, Iliaunadoon (though the last seems to have had no 
landward defence), namely, a fortified platform cut off by a deep hollow 
at a narrow neck.

ILIAUNADOON. The "Island of the Dun" was really a 
peninsula divided from the plain by a very deep hollow like Danes 
Island, or Ilaunobrick (29), in Co. Waterford, or Dunclouk in Clare 
Island. When I first remember the place it was accessible, though with 
difficulty, from the steepness of the descent, but a considerable cliff fall 
took place in the autumn of 1875 and since then it is cut off from ordinary 
access. Round the edge the low fence is visible to the S.E. and the N. 
of the platform, and a traverse or cross mound is also faintly visible (30). 
The Sailor's Grave, a lonely mound on a slope, should be noted. Soon 
after passing it and the upblown falls we reach Dunlicky (or, to be 
more accurate, Dunlicka) Castle.

DUNLICKA. It is to be regretted that the interesting (though 
rude) little fortifications on the headlands (nearly always late additions

(29) I have recently found an early record of this name in the Plea Rolls, 
Edward II. No. 121 mems. 18 and 19. "Waiid. Johana que fuit uxor Steph. le 
Poer versus Ric. f. Steph. le Poer red. in dot. I mes 465 ac in Illaniijbryuk" (or 
Ilanybrik) a claim for dower.

to promontory forts) are so rapidly vanishing. Dunkeeghan, the ancient Dunha Caochain, Duncartan (the residence of Certan when Queen Maeve’s army burst into Erris in Co. Mayo to attack Oilill, prince of the Gamanraighe, at Rathmorgen—is it not written in the Tain bó Cuithchais) and the Dangan of Dun Kilmore on Achillbeg (one of our greatest promontory forts) in Mayo have nearly fallen. So have Dunlicka, Cloghansavaun, and Frecagh in Co. Clare, and Leck, Doon, Pookeenee, and Ballingarry in northern Kerry. Ballybunnian and Browne’s Castle were in better preservation, but much of the latter fell in the winter of 1911-12. Ferriter’s Castle met the same fate some 70 years ago. Oūn Lice, as its name implied, was built of the small flat flagstones of the coast set in bad shell mortar, and nearly undermined by mischievous persons, it is no wonder that the little turret fell between my visit in 1875 and 1879. There appears to have been in earlier times a low straight earthwork across the headland 15 feet thick; It was probably
capped by a drystone wall. It had a slight fosse outside (31), as in so many of the promontory forts. This probably sufficed for the inhabitants of the district for "many a vanished year and age," till late in the 15th century. The "fashionable" mortar-built castles (then being constructed everywhere through the west) even attracted the owner, and he proceeded to build one. The drystone rampart, and the friable cliff to the south yielded plenty of material, so he built a turret barely large enough to hold ladders giving access to the battlements of the loopholed wall across the head, and to the summit of the outlook tower. When George Dunoyer sketched the ruin in 1857 (32), a reach of wall as long as the existing one ran on northward from the turret. Only about 10 feet of this remained in 1875, showing, I think, trace of a loophole; the turret was still perfect, but it was greatly undermined by road makers, and fell en masse in (I believe) 1878 or 1879. All the material is now gone; the side wall has not changed in my memory.

As it now stands, the low base of the earthwork and the fosse, fed by a small tunnel from a spring, are seen respectively to the north and south of the ruin. The entire extent of the north wing has disappeared, even the foundations seem to have been dug out. A considerable portion of the west (seaward) wall of the turret stands. The end of the wall is 5 feet 9 inches thick. Then going along its western face we reach the north edge of the turret, which rises on the main wall, without westward projection or seam. From 16 feet 3 inches to 19 feet is the narrow tall door into the turret; it seems to have been in a long recess with a window slit (still preserved) above it. I cannot fix the southern edge of the tower outside. There are three loopholes with slits 3 to 5 inches wide, but tall and in deep bays with flagstone heads and relieving arches over the lintel (33); they occur at 21 feet 9 inches to 26 feet 3 inches, 48 feet to 54 feet, and 65 feet 6 inches to 69 feet from the north. The gateway is from 30 feet 2 inches to 38 feet 6 inches from it; the outer door is 4 feet wide with a pointed arch under a flat relieving arch; the ruin in all is 78 feet 3 inches long; the S. end is

(31) As at Dundahlen, already described, and at Dunnamo in Co. Mayo, a stream runs down the left wing of the fosse, which is largely its natural channel.
(32) See Journal, R.S.A.I., vol. xxxviii, p. 44.
(33) Like Kilcroney, Supra, vol. i, p. 234.
5 feet 7 inches thick. The outer face of the door was protected by a machicholated gallery resting on two corbels, each of 3 stones, each of which blocks project beyond that below it. The width of the turret cannot now be fixed, but the length is 18 feet 4 inches, the side walls only 3 feet thick, the interior 13 feet 2 inches long. Unfortunately, though Mr. George Hewson (34) gave the dimensions inside as 11 feet by 7 feet, the length is over 2 feet wrong; if he is right as to the width, the turret may have been about 19 feet each way, but to my recollection it seemed rather oblong than square. It had no vaults or flag floors, the lower story was gapped to the east, and had a flanking slit to the south, and a curious ambrey in each wall, conjoined in the N.W. angle. There are no floor ledges or corbels above this, but a loft clearly subsisted with a flanking loophole to the north, an ambrey in the the N.W. angle, and a window looking westward over the door. Each story had a window slit to the east. There must have been another floor over this, level with the battlements of the rampart to which skew doors ran back at either side, over this was a set back for another floor. There may have been yet another, for there was a perfect slit at the very top to the west, and a broken one to the east. A number of putlog holes show that a lean-to building adjoined the tower and the rampart, at least past the gateway. A once well marked foundation lay to the north of this against the now vanished wall and about 5 feet north of the turret. I am particular to describe the ruin, for it is rapidly vanishing, and I may not have the opportunity to do so again elsewhere. No trace of battlements remained, nor is it wonderful, for walls less than 2 feet thick could not stand in decay in so exposed a spot. Had the mischievous idlers or the road makers not undermined the turret, it might (despite its thin walls) be still standing a landmark and object of interest on the coast. Unfortunately, public spirit or interest in Ireland's past is conspicuously absent in the district, indeed all through Munster, and we can only hope that the O'Curry College may foster such an object, dear to their sponsor, and to all true lovers of our country whose interest does not evaporate in talk and mere sentiment.

Tradition and history penetrate but a short distance into the past in the case of Dunlicka (35). It stands in Moveen, macmin (36), in the "1390" rental of the O'Briens, and of course was on the tribe lands of the MacMahons. "Donnelykey" Castle was held by Torlough MacMahon in 1584. From him it passed to Teig Caech MacMahon, who mortgaged it to Owen MacSweeny of Kilkee. The latter continued to hold it under that deed after the estates of MacMahon had long been confiscated, down at least to 1609. It was confirmed to Sir Daniel O'Brien by Patent in 1622, being described as "Donlike alias Moyvane," but only the latter name appears in the Surveys of 1655. The castle had evidently ceased to be of any value, and is shown as a ruin in the 1675 Survey, now at Edenvale. It was eventually sold to the Amorys, a Cambridgeshire family, who sold it to John Westropp of Lismehane in 1753 (37), and his descendant sold it to the tenants under the Land Acts in recent years. The sales brought out many curious points; the actual "Boruma" tax had to be redeemed on two townlands in the form of a composition with the representatives of the Earl of Thomond for certain hogs, sheep, etc. It may be remembered that the O'Brien's "head rent" was still called "borowe" in 1586, in the Inquisition taken on the death of John the MacNamara Finn. As a trustee, I had also to make affidavits that the mistress of a certain Monarch in the later 17th century (who had an annuity off certain lands) was dead; that the people of East Clare could not be compelled to use a certain ruined manorial mill, and that there was no coal mine in a coal-less rock! Graham in the "Parochial Survey" (of Kilrush, etc.), describes Dunlecky briefly as "a fortified place on a rock," "a high narrow tower," and a wall on each side including an acre. Mrs Knott in 1835;


(36) Probably "landslip," as at Mountallon (macmin talmain) in this county; the name is certainly not "little plain" in the early records.

(37) I have copies of the papers relating to it. Lease 1737, Thomas Amory of Westminster and Robert Amory his only son to John Westropp of Lismehane, Co. Clare, Moveens and Kilcashem (sic). Lease 1749, Thomas Amory of Chesterton, Cambridge to same 31 years. 1753, the Amorys to same, having suffered a recovery of Moveens East and West and Kilcashem, Grant in fee-farm.
and O'Curry four years later, have less to say save as to the shell mortar of the walls. It was first described at any length by Mr. George Hewson in 1879.

I heard, among my brother's tenants in 1875 on Maveen, that an O'Brien of Carrigaholt used to woo a daughter of MacMahon of Dunlircba. She used to hoist a flag when her father was away to assure her lover of safety, but the old chief got to know, hoisted the flag, admitted O'Brien, who was on horseback, and fell on him with all his warriors. Resistance being hopeless, O'Brien rode full gallop to the northern cliff and leaped over Poulnagat Creek, escaping to Carrigaholt before MacMahon recovered his surprise and disappointment. Strange to say, the same legend, with the incidents reversed and Dunlircba omitted, was told at the less appropriate Carrigaholt (38). Henry O'Brien of Trummera fell in love with the beautiful daughter of Teige MacMahon of Carrigholt, but the course of true love runs, proverbially, roughly and askew, and MacMahon hated his would-be son-in-law. The lady got a message to her lover that she would hang a black scarf out of her window, save during her father's absence, so Henry visited her and their secret was well kept for some time. Careless and engrossed one day, he forgot to notice the scarf, and rode into the courtyard of Carrigaholt before he realized that the terrible MacMahon was "at home." The moment he was recognized, MacMahon and his men fell on him, and he had to leap into the Shannon and swim his horse to land. Teige hurried on his soldiers, got ahead and laid an ambuscade, and O'Brien was badly wounded in the second fray, but succeeded in escaping to Tromra. On his recovery he set off for England, fell at the feet of Queen Elizabeth, and denounced MacMahon, whose lands the angry Queen seized and granted to his hated foe. I am not certain that the marriage of the lady is recorded by the legend mongers. O'Curry tells no story of either place, indeed he seems to regard his recollections of the folklore and tales of Moyarta as "childish things," to be put away with the stories of his fears of Fuadh na h adarcht. (See above, vol I., p. 225.) He only says that "Caisleán dunlicl" in good external preservation stood in Maveen.

(38) Mason loc cit, vol ii., p. 444.
DUNLICKA CASTLE AND ILLAUNANEERAN FROM THE NORTH.

CLOGHANSHAUAN HEAD.
I do not know if there be any foundation for the poem of Michael Hogan telling of the escape of Ceann Dubh Mac Mahon of Dunlica from a burning ship. I met no such story at Moveen only tales of treasure which may have helped to the dilapidation of the castle. One told of a "little grey man" appearing to a youth saying "if you know where to go you need never come to the castle again." The grey man vanished into the tower, and when the boy ventured to look in no one was there, so he got frightened and ran home. He, however, after a time concluded that the dwarf referred to treasure, and remembered how the apparition had pointed towards the cliff. He summoned up courage and searched the headland, but he could not identify the place, and so lost the tide that leads on to fortune. Another tale said that an Englishman came saying that he was to dig at a spot some paces west from the tower if rushes grew there; he found a single rush and dug a pit, still visible, but found nothing.

Driving southward we pass the great wreck-like Illaunaneaúrán broadside to the land and crowded with sea fowl. The old folds and enclosures on top show that it was accessible, and, like Bishop's Island, once used as a sheep pasture, but no place of ascent is perceptible. It has a fine natural arch to seaward, and there is another at the end of Dunlica point, yet another was at Bishop's Island in 1878, but has since been washed away. I may add that besides the tunnel through Foohagh Point there is a lofty and magnificent sea cave opposite Bishop's Island of which it frames a noble view, but the caves should only be visited with experienced boatmen, for, facing seaward, the Atlantic swell sometimes rushes in with dangerous force even on a calm day.

LISDUFF. Bealanaglas, or Goleen Creek, is now reached where the road turns inland to Carragholt. Near this turn, on the shoulder of the hill, is a very fine ring fort, Lisduff (39) which should be visited. It is nearly circular, being 105 to 108 feet across inside, 190 feet over the ring, and 223 feet over all. The mound is of earth with abundance of stone splinters 33 feet thick below and 10 feet wide on top, 6 to 10 feet high inside, and 17 feet or 18 feet over the fosse. There is low

(39) See plan supra, p. 113, vol. ii., No.
offset 3 to 5 feet wide round the inner foot of the mound, a very unusual feature, it is pitted with diggings of a local treasure seeker and a hut site lies near the middle of the garth. The fosse is cut in the shale rock 4 feet to 6 feet deep and 17 to 18 feet wide, round the north; more shallow, and only 6 feet round the south. It is still wet. It is very noticeable that in cutting this ditch a gangway has been left establishing such features where rock cuttings occur as part of the original design though apparently weakening the rampart. I have found other cases at Doon fort near Kilfenora, and the promontory forts of Rinanillán, Co. Waterford, Lissadooneen, Dunruadh, Dundagallán and Duneaner, on or near Valencia in Kerry and Dun Fiachra in the Mullet, Co. Mayo. There are six other ring forts near Lisduff which I need not describe.

GOOLEN. Of the creek a curious story is told (40) recalling Shakespeare’s “tender Rosalind,” and how she was “berimed” when she “was an Irish rat” in her previous existence. A certain Thomas Keane, living near Killinkee about 1820, told Eugene O’Curry that he was able to rhyme rats out of the mill on the creek (41) and the houses near Dunlicka with an obscure Irish charm. Not yet an antiquary, O’Curry did not write it down, though a little later at Killinkee he wrote in jest a charm in Irish which the local rats treated with all the contempt it deserved. He recalled other Clare tales, how John O’Mulconry (like Sir Peter Lewy’s in Athlone folklore) (42) “ratted” to the Established Church and became Protestant Curate of Kilrush and Kilferagh. He lived near the latter churchyard and was horrified to find that it became so infested with rats that accidents occurred at funerals by attacks on the diggers by the vermin, and that bodies were devoured in a few hours. He repented (we are not told that he resigned the curacy) and prayed, and the rats left in swarms. John Foley of Querin, saw a low mist

(41) Mrs. Knott loc cit, p. 79, mentions in this creek “two of the most ancient-looking thatched mills for flour and oatmeal.”
(42) This story probably arose from the contemporary carvings on the bridge of Athlone. One figure holds the pheon the armorial bearing of Sir Henry Sydney; the other (Lewy’s) a porcupine, Sydney’s crest. A later copy reduced the heraldic porcupine to a rat, the wreath under it to a pistol.
crossing a bog and feared the fairy host till he found that it covered a multitude of rats, when they reached the shore of the Shannon, all burrowed in the sand. Next, fishing nets were cut by the undesired settlers and the fishermen gathered a posse comitatus, and dug out and killed myriads till they were exhausted, but myriads remained so fierce and desperate that the men lost heart and fled, O'Curry's father, Eugene Mór Ó Chomraidhe, among the rest. The legend seems probable enough to those who saw the great parliament of rats at Dromgloon, near Dura in the same county. I was told there by the late Mr. Pierce O'Brien and others that the animals literally covered the fields for a few days, but dispersed without doing harm, marching away in large bodies which melted off as they went till in a few miles they had all dispersed. Eugene O'Curry never heard how the Querin rats were got rid of eventually.

I ought, perhaps, to give another legend of Querin as I did not touch on its folklore, and hope that some of my readers may verify it, as some folklorists regard its source with suspicion.

About 1670, on November Eve, a certain kern hid behind a ruined hut on Querin Strand to shoot wild geese. After waiting in vain, he saw a dark mass coming along the beach, which, as it came nearer, proved to be a corpse wrapped in white on a black bier supported by four men. He fired his gun, the bearers fled, and to his astonishment the supposed corpse was a lovely girl apparently sound asleep. He brought her home to his house, but for a whole year she lay speechless and eating nothing. He went the next November Eve to the fort of Lios na fallainge to listen to the good people. There he heard much music, mirth and talking. At last one of the fairies began to tell of last year's failure; the girl was a daughter of O'Conor Kerry whom they had carried off (strange to say across running water!) She had been shrouded in her father's tablecloth, and if she were made to eat off it the spell would break. The kern accordingly disenchanted the girl, who told him that she had been promised to a Lord, and that the fairies told the truth about her. He brought her back to her astonished father who had mourned her as dead, and the chief took her rescuer into his highest favour; at last, learning that his child was in love with her benefactor, who, of course, was fully responsive, he blessed their
love with his consent, and, of course, all (let us hope the disappointed Lord as well) lived happily afterwards (43).

TULLIG CLIFFS. I will only briefly allude to this fine range which is consistently neglected, even ardent lovers of cliff scenery turning inland from the creek at the eastern end. The lack of such bold projecting headlands as abound up the coast prevents us getting a good flanking view. From the sea it is most magnificent with huge and lofty caves and arches, and the rich “rock masonry” of its stratification. The highest point is below Knocknagarhoon Hill which rises 414 feet over the surf. There was a signal tower (44) on the summit, which, like (Beltard) was called a castle, even by Frost. The old map shows it as standing in a fort. I found no trace of any ring enclosure, and the last remains of the foundations, which, on my visit in 1908, were being dug out for building or road making, were of a late thin-walled structure not of a peel tower. No castle is mentioned there in any record known to me. Down the slope southward, in a boggy region abounding in Osmunda fern (which in June is a glorious mass of yellow, russet and bright green, crimson and brown) is a fine two-ringed fort in Carrowna- welaun (Ceathramhádh na bhlasai) townland of the Seagulls. The Liss (45) is 75 feet across inside the ring 18 feet thick and 8 to 10 feet high, the deep wet fosse 21 to 23 feet wide and 5 feet deep. The outer enclosure is usually about 40 to 50 feet outside the fosse, the whole, 268 feet over all and much overgrown with furze and sallows. A stream runs round the outer bank.

Beyond Knocknagarhoon (Cnoc na Ceóthaíman) (46) are two picturesque creeks formed by great collapsed caverns at Pouladav and Illanaglas. The headland to the west was eminently suitable for a promontory fort, having natural fosses in the rock, but if one ever defended it all is now washed away for the headland is nearly bare. We pass a deep gully and reach a pretty bay also called Gowleen (Gaibhlin)

(43) Lady Wilde’s “Ancient Legends, Mystic Charms and Superstitions of Ireland” (1887), vol. i., p. 49.
(44) “Knocknagarhoon, with its dismantled telegraph.” Two Months at Kilkee, p. 79, the view from it is well described.
(45) See plan supra p. 113.
(46) Letter of Eugene O’Curry, August 1835, recently added to O.S. Letters cited supra, vol. i., p. 225, at the end, it had got bound into the Letters of another county, and so got overlooked by myself and others.
"the little fork" in facetious allusion to the great parallel reefs 900 feet long, like a giant fork, cutting the sea at its mouth. The coast again rises giving us a magnificent view over the scene of our former exploration out to Ross, Loop Head, and the Shannon, and across it to Slieve Mish and Mount Brandon in Kerry. As we descend towards the great cliff fort below us we see a levelled house ring 66 feet across, and 9 feet thick near the end of a bold bay.

DUNDOILLROE. The fort is, after Doonegall, the strongest on the Clare coast. A huge mound of earth and rock splinters sheeted with sea pink forms its rampart. It is 45 feet thick and 12 feet on top, 15 or 16 feet high; outside it is a ditch 6 or 8 feet deep and 14 feet wide. The section north of the gangway has (like at Doonaunrooe) been much filled with the outer ring. The latter rises 7 feet over the fosse, and is 23 feet wide, and there are slight traces of yet another ring 12 feet thick outside it. I saw no hut sites, but a steep slope leads
down the north cliff to a rock terrace covered by high tide in which is a beautiful, natural tank of the purest pale green water. Mr. Marcus Keane was told that an underground passage runs westward from the gap and gangway of the Dun across the moor. There is certainly a long green track (perhaps an ancient road leading to the fort) in that direction. A collapsed souterrain filled with stones is said to have been found on or near it. The fort is visible against the sky line far up the Shannon (47). In westerly gales a whirlwind forms in the bay beside it to the south whirling up the foam in spirals higher than the cliff. Farther southward is another “blowing up waterfall” and a low earthwork.

CLOGHANSAVAUN. My wish to keep together the promontory forts between Ross and Kilkee led me to reserve this interesting site for the present paper. It is situated at another most beautiful part of the coast, unknown to the vast majority of tourists whose drivers bring them close to it along the road to Ross, and, so far from sending them to see it, some of these false guides have even assured me, and others, that “there is nothing to be seen there.” A “society for enlightening guides and drivers” is a desideratum in Ireland. It may be seen to the north of the road, about half way between Cross and Ross. There an almost square bay, though nearly landlocked, catches the great waves on every breezy day into a glorious chaos of whirling foam, fenced by dark cliffs with great square-headed portals and regularly moulded arches over deep dark caves, where the breakers boom far under the field. A great pit in one case opens unexpectedly in the field down to the imprisoned waves. On the western headland were an entrenchment and a peel tower.

The name, as usual, first appears in the O’Brien Rental of about 1390 as Chuan Sumain (not as at present Clochan) as paying 8 pence and an ounce of gold to O’Brien of Thomond. The next records, the various Elizabethan maps, especially those of the Hardiman collection of 1570 to about 1610, give the more interesting name of Dún-Sumain in the forms, Dunsumayn, Donesavan, and Done-suane. It is given as a castle of Torlough MacMahon in 1582, and was confiscated from Teig

(47) The Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland has kindly lent the plans of all these forts.
Caech, his son, and given to Sir Daniel O’Brien, eventually first Viscount Clare; it is called Cloghansivan in his grant. The “1675” Survey shows it as a dismantled peel tower, tall and narrow, with the usual single window slit in each of its four storeys, the top one being even then broken into a wide breach, and the gables gone. It is evident that all three names once existed, Dun-Sumain, the promontory fort, perhaps the earliest; Cluan-Sumain, the adjoining plain; and Clochán-Sumain, the stone tower, for Cloch and Clochán are frequently used in the sense of a stone building in Munster and elsewhere—as Cloghnarold and Cloghjordan.

CLOGHANSAVAUN: (DUN SAVAUN) CASTLE.

(Lent by the R.S.A.I.)

The artificially smoothed glacis, 10 feet high, at the head of which the tower stood, slopes down to two fosses, each with a mound outside it; they are 21 feet wide; the intervening mound, 30 feet and 12 feet
on top, usually 7 feet high, and an outer mound 7 feet higher than the fosse and 2 feet to 3 feet above the outer field and 25 thick, 18 feet on top. The works are convex to the land, the neck about 95 feet wide, the sea having cut along the fault directly behind them for 100 feet along the west, and an arch is being driven onward which must some day isolate the headland.

Piles of stones and debris marked the tower when I first recollect it. They were fairly abundant in 1896, but have since then been removed for building and roads, and hardly a stone now remains. The cutting of the sea behind earthworks is very common (for example, at Baginbun, Co. Wexford; Annestown, Co. Waterford; Lisheencankeeragh, Co. Kerry; and Cashlaunmicribin, Co. Mayo) in Irish Cliff Forts. It is also to be seen in Wales at Carn Fai and Llanunwas, and has been supposed to prove that the early fort makers defended the edge of the creeks, but the precipitous and stormy wave traps at the Irish forts preclude this notion being adopted in Ireland.

Tradition said that the tower fell in 1755, at the moment of the great earthquake and tidal wave of Lisbon. Graham (48), however, a far more reliable witness, in 1808 says that it fell in a storm on November 4th, 1803. Mrs. Knott remarked the foundations and outworks of the Castle of Clahansevan and its wonderful cliff structure, but even then most of the stones had been taken to build cottages (49). Graham says that it "was once used for the dreadful purpose of decoying ships to this iron-bound coast" as they mistook it for Loop Head Lighthouse. This seems most improbable; ships gave the Clare coast a wide berth, and Loophead as the end of the cliffs was unmistakable when seen. As far as I have seen the Dublin Castle records, I am able (as Miss Hickson was in the case of Kerry) to say that I found no damning record of the fiendish practice of wrecking against the people of the coast of Co. Clare.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

(48) See Mason (loc. cit.), vol. ii, p. 442, he says "winter of 1802," but in his Annals, the more explicit date, Nov. 4th, 1803 (Ibid).

(49) Two Months at Kilkee, p. 222. See also Geological Survey of Ireland (1860). Explanation, Sheets 141, 142.