

Celtic Guide

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LEGENDS
& LORE

ANDREWS

From The Editor . . .



WE NEED YOUR HELP! We are considering some possible changes for next year based on your responses. One change might be to go to an every-other-month publication instead of monthly. Another might be to go strictly with Facebook. We know we have thousands of regular readers and we don't want to undo the good we've done or disappoint anyone, so please shoot us an email with your thoughts. Your email address will not be used for any other purpose except to garner your opinions on this matter. We may make no changes at all depending on what you tell us. Thank you so much for all your support. *celticguide@gmail.com*

“Legends and Lore” are what Celtic stories are made of. Being somewhat isolated from the often-savage destruction of many European communities, and being enamored with the stories of the bards, the Celts kept their legends alive, perhaps not always completely accurate, but generally truthful and often insightful, providing at least a glimpse of ancient Celtic life.

The cover of this issue was provided by artist and author Larry Andrews who has provided many stories and incredible drawings for the *Celtic Guide* over the years. He graces us with another great tale inside this issue relating to the two figures on the cover – Duncan Mor (the man with the axe) and Lachlan Maclean.

The funny thing about legends is that many, if not most, have a ring of truth to them, even if not all the details are correct. Some series of events created the seed that grew into the lore.

The author Cervantes once described history as being similar to gazing at a tapestry with the wrong side out. We can make out the general sewn scene, and yet some areas are fuzzy, some totally unrecognizable. Then we describe what we've seen to another, knowing it is not completely accurate but represents the general though mysterious truth of the matter. And so legend and lore survives year after year, century after century. Perhaps this is exactly what makes legend and lore so enticing.

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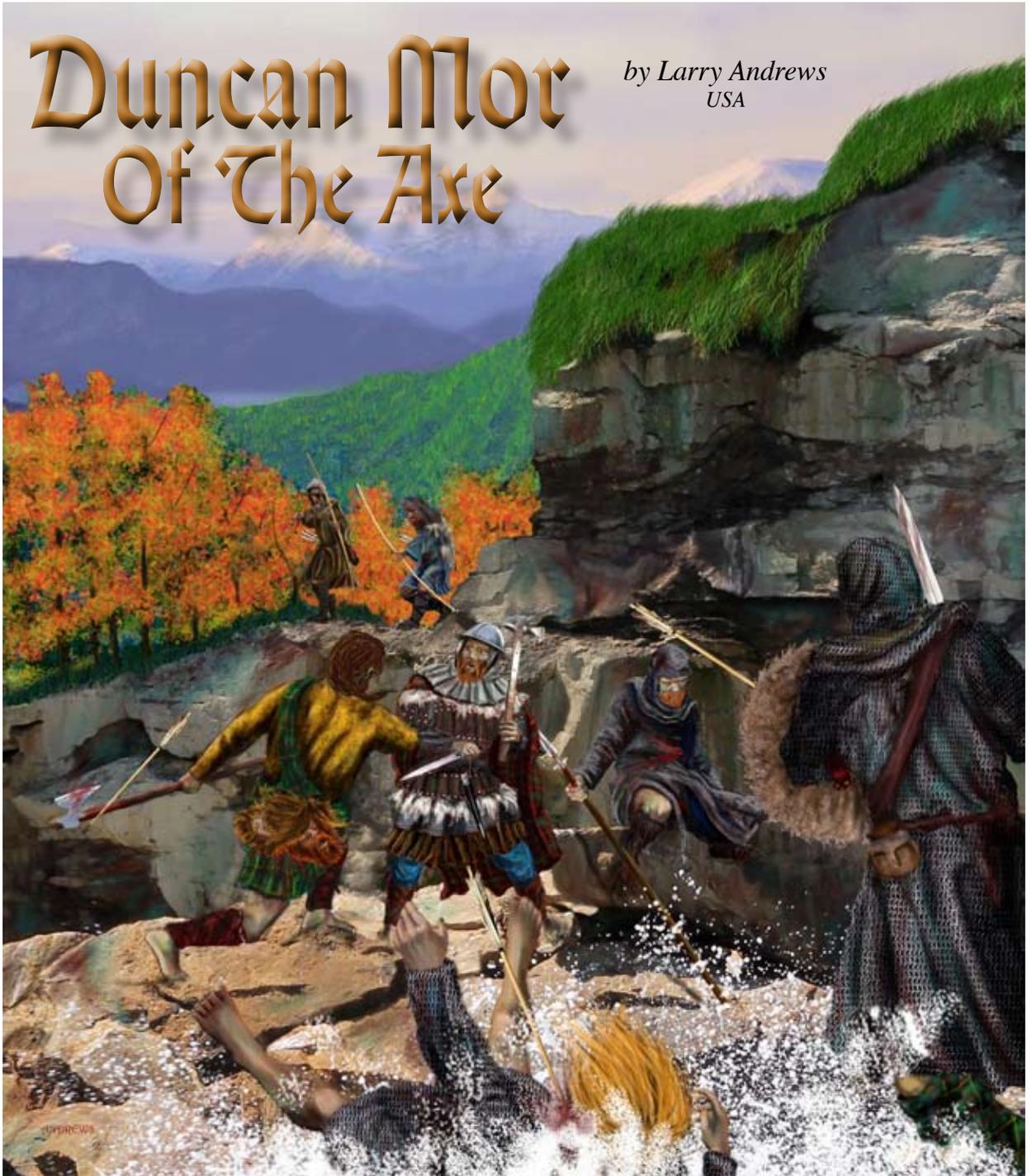

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

<i>Page 3</i>	Duncan Mor of the Axe	<i>by Larry Andrews, USA</i>
<i>Page 9</i>	Top Ten Reasons Fairies Are Scary!	<i>by Carolyn Emerick, USA</i>
<i>Page 14</i>	Zorro?	<i>by James McQuiston FSA Scot, USA</i>
<i>Page 18</i>	Dadga's Enchanted Harp	<i>by Piotr Kronenberger, Poland</i>
<i>Page 20</i>	Postcards From Obie	<i>by Liam O Shea, Ireland</i>
<i>Page 21</i>	The Legend Of Nessie	<i>by Alison MacRae, Canada</i>
<i>Page 23</i>	AC - Changelings Tales	<i>by Carolyn Emerick, USA</i>
<i>Page 26</i>	The Brahan Seer	<i>by Victoria Roberts, USA</i>
<i>Page 28</i>	The Legend Of Darby O'Reilly	<i>by Pollyanna Jones, England</i>
<i>Page 33</i>	Fragments Of Forgotten People	<i>by Toni-Maree Rowe, New Zealand</i>
<i>Page 37</i>	Celtic Lore Of The Honey Bee	<i>by James Slaven, USA</i>

Duncan Mor Of The Axe

by Larry Andrews
USA



CIRCA 1591

The Mightiest of the MacRea Clan is no small title when it comes to Highland heroes. Duncan Mor of the Axe has been the subject of many a tale told where such clan heroes are concerned. Bold and brave, he was a corpse sower whose axe-song sang fear into many a foe's soul. It is said he was built like a bull: barrel-chested

and broad-backed, standing a head and a half above most Highlanders. Duncan Mor, that dealer of whirling doom, was among the rarest of men, one whose might and dexterity were magnificently matched. He was born for the battlefields: a brazen, red-reaping, blade bearer, fleet of hand and foot, fearless in the fray, a wide-ranging lion among wolves.

He was out wandering through the wilds of Park when he heard what had to be an army on the move. Now the MacRea had long been labeled as shields of the MacKenzie. These two clans had long been fast friends and strong allies, each ever looking to the other's aid in times of strife.

So when Duncan Mor heard a host marching, he went to investigate. Through thick forest, he followed that host, ever closing to determine which clans had collected for war or raid. When Duncan Mor came within good sight, he saw his allies the Clan MacKenzie under the war banner of Kenneth, son of that great Celtic chief. Next to the war chief was his bastard brother, the red-maned Hector Roy MacKenzie, a formidable fighter, who went everywhere with twelve brave bodyguards.

This proud Highland host was filled with mail-clad and aketon-covered warriors, all readying for battle near the bog of Park. Duncan Mor made for his friends Kenneth and Hector, and inquired about what news he had missed while roving the wilds. He was told that the MacDonald Clan had come in great force and were raiding and ravaging the lands around Ross and of Clan MacKenzie; they had put a chapel to flame, killing all who had collected there. Clans Maclean, Cameron, Chattan, and Ranald of Garmoran, as well as Lochaber, had joined them. They were raiding in force, a sum of around 3,000 warriors, red from harvesting new widows.

Though Duncan Mor was not geared in a war garment for steel and strife, that hero at once offered his help. Legend says that because Duncan Mor had been in the forest when the fiery cross went round, there were no quality weapons left to be given to him. The Highland Hercules had to make due with a rusty old axe which was all that could be found to fill his hands. Now this burned Duncan Mor a bit. He had long been a champion among the Clan MacRea, and a warrior of his renown deserved a better weapon.

The MacKenzie army was far inferior in numbers to their enemy, but Kenneth had devised a plan to counter the odds collected against them. He divided his host into thirds, two on the flanks led by his powerful brothers hidden in the forest on either side of Park Bog. The last of his Highland horde he would lead into Park Bog to directly face the foe. This bog was a deadly butter-work of muck and mud with many hidden sinkholes which Kenneth had known about all his life. Duncan was to fight on the flank with Hector Roy's force, all armed and ready for an ambush.

When the MacDonald Clan and their allies arrived at the other end of the bog, they laughed aloud at the inferior force Kenneth had brought to meet them. So unmoved were the commanders of the MacDonald alliance by Kenneth's seemingly pathetic host, their war chief Alexander sent only his vanguard to force them from the field. The sword slayer, Lachlan Maclean of Clan Maclean, shield of arm of the MacDonald army, led the vanguard, fleet of foot, for victory. Full force they ran to give the MacKenzie another grim gift.

Now Kenneth knew his land well, like any good Highland chief worth his weight, and so his clansmen could avoid the killer bog holes. Not so for Lachlan and his sword swingers. Kenneth, soon to be king of his clan, ran with axe held high to greet the rapists of his home land. Crazed by their war chief's fear-free heart in the face of such foes, they charged with him calling out their battle cry, "*Tulach Ard! Tulach Ard! Tulach Ard!*"

The opposing clansmen made for each other, weapons waving, with wild war cries echoing out of every mouth.

The enemy vanguard ran right into Kenneth's trap; some sank to their knees, others slipped out of sight altogether. The enemy vanguard faltered fast and fell into utter disarray. It was then that Kenneth and his clansmen came on, killing with wild abandon all those men who did not sink or stick in that bog muck.

The raiders who were stuck and not sucked down to a black doom were dealt with from the flanks. From the woods came a flight of arrows delivering death. They were handed hell's hard hailstorm, barbed and brutal.

The Macdonald vanguard broke and many began to run. Then from the flank Hector Roy hollered, "*Tulach Ard! Tulach Ard! Tulach Ard!*"



Duncan Mor as painted by Larry Andrews

Out of the forest he came with Duncan Mor's rusty axe at the ready. They crashed into the fleeing MacDonald clansmen and cut a terrible, wide wake deep in the enemy nest. Bold blades hacked and hewed hard men down. No mercy was asked and none would be given on this grim day. Dark and woeful would be the MacKenzie war song. They reaped corpses with savage sword swings and heavy axe hits.

Duncan, still stinging from the slight he felt

for the rusty weapon received, moved into the thick, found an enemy chieftain, and cleaved him across the chest. The Highland bull then dragged that corpse from the fray and made a seat of him. Hector caught sight of the big MacRea and called out, "Why do you hold back, Duncan Mor?"

The mighty MacRea called back from his corpse couch, "I have killed my man. If the others had done as much, these foes would be finished."

Hector's hoarse Highland voice called again, "Rise up and I'll pay you double, a good warrior's deed."

So rise Duncan Mor did. He found another enemy chieftain who was killing Mackenzie clansmen and put his rusty axe to its work. That chieftain fell fast before Duncan Mor's blurring blade and he, too, was added to the corpse couch. The mighty MacRea sat again to watch the fray.

Hector caught the eye of the lounging Duncan Mor sitting on two killed MacDonald clansmen. He called one last time to Duncan Mor, "I will not be bargaining with you on this dire day, Duncan Mor." With that the great MacRea warrior leaped to his feet and, like a whirlwind of doom, drove deep into the enemy ranks calling to Hector, "I will not be bargaining with a man who will not be bargaining with me."

Then the bold battle reaper's axe began to sound the corpse song. Duncan Mor was a tiller of death and destruction, sowing MacDonald corpses on left and right. No one could claim in that hot fight that he did not give gifts of crimson gore.

Duncan Mor was a bull in battle with his hard-tempered axe – a hewer of war hosts, cutting, stabbing, and killing without fear or care. None found mercy from that wicked, rusty weapon. The enemy fell fast. It mattered not if

they were free to fight or bogged down in mire and brambles, red fate was their reward. Bold men trembled before his axe blade. Wherever it hit, it did not need to go back again. With its long, red-washed handle in Duncan Mor's hands, that deadly axe was a prodigy of crimson deeds. Clansmen on both sides could not help but marvel at Duncan Mor's wide corpse wake.

The mighty MacRea also caught the eye of Lachlan Maclean, champion of the MacDonald war host and killer of many a warrior clansmen. Maclean, the commander of the vanguard and a powerful sword sower in his own right, could not help but notice the destruction Duncan was dishing out to the vanguard. Lachlan decided to fight his way into the path of Duncan Mor's axe fury and put a stop to the murderous MacRea's wicked axe work. The warriors who had followed Lachlan and Duncan in their push toward each other slew all who got in the way of these champions so that they could seek each other in single combat. Though Lachlan had a hard run into the worst of it, he held his own, cutting down MacKenzies with a wondrous sword craft.

The two great warriors hacked, cut, and killed all those who stood between them. Then they each called out to the other for single combat. Like eagles roused to rush for the river's mouth, the champions came at each other. Duncan Mor made a surge for Lachlan, leaping like a wild cat into a wolf's den. He weaved a blur of axe blows to bring down the far-famed Maclean champion. Lachlan was no mean fighter and easily put aside every blow Duncan Mor bore at him. Though equal in skill, there was a distinct difference between these Highland heroes.

Lachlan had come prepared for war and as such was well-protected, wearing a helmet and full mail coat pulled over an aketon, or padded shirt, the common attire for high-ranking Highland warriors of the time. Duncan, on the other hand, had not been expecting to do battle that day and was wearing much lighter attire. He wore what any Highlander would when

wandering through the wild woods of Scotland, a rough, pitch-covered long coat and plaid mantle to protect from the weather.

Duncan was wearing much lighter clothes which meant easy movement and therefore was allotted much more agility than his challenger. Lachlan, kilted out for killing, was well protected, but also weighed down to a greater degree than his deadly opponent. So, though Duncan could move faster, Lachlan was by far the better fortified for the red fray. This and his skill with the great sword proved a daunting obstacle through which Duncan could find no openings to cut and kill.

The two glory-seekers went at each other with clever cuts and valorous vigor, each coming in hard for a disabling hit or an outright kill. In time, Lachlan began to tire and so sought to press his purpose before he wearied too much from the weight of his war gear. Long had songs been sung about his glory sword and now he put his claymore to its task. With steady, steel-hardened strokes, he drove back that axe-wielding warrior. A furious fighter in the fray, his great sword became a steel stabbing serpent and so sold his life dear for the warrior's fame. Lachlan proudly strode on after Duncan Mor, his claymore painted with gore and keen for the killing.

The mighty MacRea had to fall back from Lachlan's blazing blue blade. He took minor hits here and there, feeling the fate of those who faced the Maclean champion's war wrath. The two fought on, dealing death blows until each had entered the shallows of a natural ditch. Soon Duncan found he had been pressed all the way across that bog ditch and backed to its bank. Seeing Duncan Mor driven to a poor position and growing weary wading and fighting in the shallows of the muck, Lachlan made a desperate thrust with his great sword. He hoped to end, once and for all, the murderous MacRea, and simultaneously rally his clansmen who had been wearing the worst of the killing thus far.

It is here that the light attire of the MacRea

champion paid its purpose. As Lachlan made his thrust, Duncan leaped backward up the bank. The Maclean champion narrowly missed the MacRea's groin, instead driving his blade into the bank. Lachlan had overextended a powerful thrust in a desperate attempt to end the ongoing duel. His blade, buried deep in the bank behind Duncan, caused him to pause a moment to pull it free. Before the mighty Maclean could clear his weapon, Duncan Mor leaped laterally from the height of the bank and delivered a deadly blow that instantly severed Lachlan's head from his shoulders. The Maclean champion's body staggered a slow second then collapsed into the shallows next to his severed head.

Duncan Mor, red splashed and chest heaving heavily, roared in Gaelic the war cry of the MacRea, "*Sgur urain! Sgur urain! Sgur urain!*"

The MacKenzie clansmen who had had the luxury to watch these two lions collide cheered with reverence then turned to keep on killing. Duncan Mor took the helmet from Lachlan's severed head and buckled it to his own. Then with a wild roar ran again right into the enemy's nest, delivering doom with his relentless red axe.

The fall of their champion, yet another mighty warrior slain, put the remaining vanguard into a full rout. Those fleeing warriors ran straight through the rest of their unsuspecting army, putting them all in a state of distress and disorder. Seeing the moment he had been waiting for, the war chief of the Mackenzie Clan sprang the fullness of his ambush. Kenneth had been holding back for the right moment and now let his other brothers' Highlanders loose. The Mackenzie host came crashing into the unready MacDonald war horde, turning them into a routed rabble. Though the MacDonald raiders had a huge numerical advantage, the fox craft of Kenneth and his valorous warriors, like Duncan Mor MacRea, led to a wholly one-sided victory and the capture of the MacDonald war chief.

Duncan Mor took part in the chase after the

routed MacDonald raiders and their allies. One of the routed raiders ran to a church, springing through the doorway with Duncan in hot pursuit. Upon entering the church, the raider called back to the MacRea, claiming safety and sanctuary within the church. Duncan Mor, ever one to keep to a purpose and not to be spoiled of his prey, grabbed the warrior seeking sanctuary and dragged that sorry wretch out of the church stating, "Because ye are nae longer in tha church ye cannae claim sanctuary."

He then delivered several grim and gore-covered strokes, killing the pleading raider on the steps. Then the mighty MacRea set about pursuing more of the routed MacDonald men.

That night after *Blair Na Park*, now called the battle of Park, Hector and Kenneth of Kintail, the very valor of the MacKenzie Clan, sat down to a victory feast. While eating, they realized their champion Duncan Mor was not to be found at the feasting table. When Hector inquired about Duncan Mor's whereabouts, he was told that the mighty axe-wielding warrior had not yet returned from the hunt for routed MacDonalds. No sooner had they inquired on the whereabouts of this axe-wielding wonder than Duncan Mor's huge frame filled in the doorway. He walked over to their table and sat before the MacKenzie chief and chieftain, no less than five enemies' heads locked together with a reed rope. Duncan stated to Hector, "Hae I no done a mon's wark for ye taeday?"

Laughing loud, Hector Roy replied, "By God ye hae, Duncan Mor."

Because Duncan Mor had arrived late at the victory feast, all the food had been already portioned out and nothing was left to fill that champion's big bowl. To solve this, every mighty man there added a part from his own bowl to Duncan Mor's, which both overfilled his big bowl and by custom allotted him the full hero's portion. From that day ever after, the mighty MacRea was called Duncan Mor of the Axe.

An Deireadh

\$25 CLAN T-SHIRTS WITH L L ANDREWS PRINTS

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Carolyn Emerick writes about history, myth and folklore



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Top Ten Reasons Why Fairies Are Scary

by Carolyn Emerick
USA

You thought all fairies were cute and cuddly like Tinkerbell. Well, think again. Sure, Tink has her mischievous side, but her pranks are nothing compared to what fairies have been accused of in the past. These accounts come from Celtic folklore. The stories may sound silly to us today, but bear in mind that people actually believed them.

(1) Fairies Might Kidnap Your Baby...

Have you ever heard of a “changeling”? No? If you grew up in Ireland up through the late 19th century you would have. People believed that fairies might sneak into your home with their own sick infant and swap it for your healthy one. So, when a child came down with an unexplained illness, it might be considered to be a changeling.

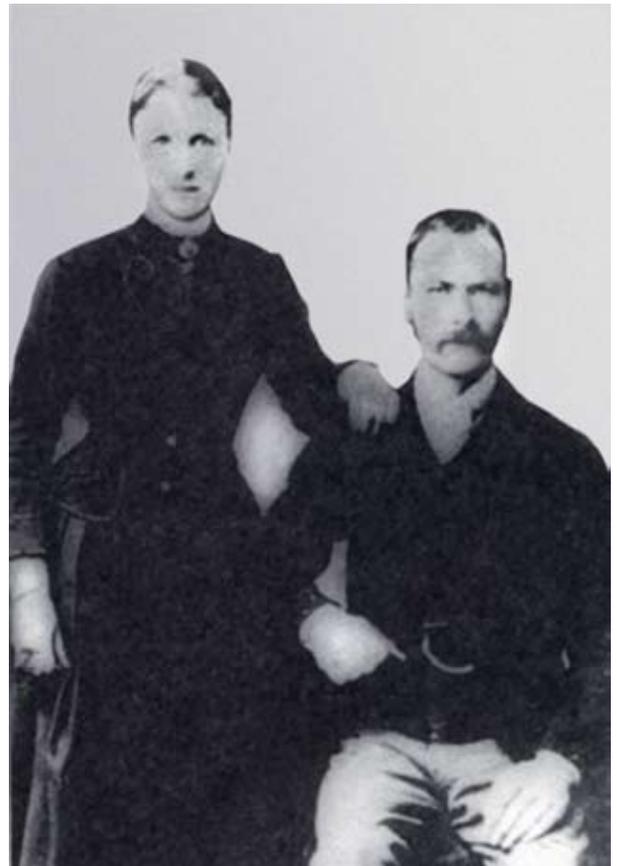
Sadly, the cure for making the fairies return your healthy child often involved beating or throwing the changeling child into the fireplace. As we might imagine, this led to numerous accounts of child abuse [1]. Curious behavior might also arouse suspicion. So children with conditions people didn't understand, such as Down's syndrome and autism, were sometimes thought to be changelings as well [2].



“The Changeling,” by John Bauer

(2) ... Or Your Wife!

In some instances, fully grown adults were also accused of being changelings. Again, this often occurred after the onset of a sudden and unexplained illness. We might think that this sounds like something that would occur in the Middle Ages. But these superstitions lingered on in rural areas of Ireland (and other countries) right up through the 19th century. One example of this is the Bridget Cleary story [3].



Bridget Cleary, the last witch burned in Ireland.

Bridget was an average woman living in Ireland in 1895. Very often we stereotype poor people as being especially superstitious. But, in fact, Bridget Cleary and her husband were

known for earning a decent living by standards of the day. Since they had no children, Bridget spent her time working as a successful dress maker, who sold eggs for extra income. When Bridget fell sick with an illness that lingered, her husband was sure that she was a changeling [4]. In order to banish the creature and make his true wife return, Mr. Cleary and other family members threw lamp oil on his wife's dress and set her on fire. Bridget's body was found in a shallow grave a few days later.

(3) Don't Get Trapped in Their Mounds

The Irish word for fairy is *sidhe*. Originally, the word meant a burial mound. But, since fairies were associated with these mounds, the word came to refer to them as well [5]. There are many instances of Celtic fairies luring unsuspecting bypassers into their mounds. But, you see, fairy time is different than human time. What may seem like just a few hours in the land of the fairy could turn into years in the human world.



"Lochan and Conical Mound," by Dave Fergusson

Such stories are found in the Orkney Islands, off the coast of Scotland. In Orkney, fairies are construed with another creature called the Trow [6]. The Trows are known for their love of music. If you happen to be in Orkney and an excellent musician, they might ask you to play some tunes for them inside their mound. Say no! You may not return to the human world for a year or more! [7]

(4) The Banshee is a Fairy

Most of us know her as a screaming death hag. But, technically, the Irish Banshee is classified as a fairy [8]. The word comes from the Irish *bean* meaning woman and *sidhe* meaning mound or fairy, as explained above [9]. The Banshee is the foreteller of death. She may come to alert families that a loved one will pass. Or, she might be seen around battle sites. She is known by her terrifying wail and horrific visions [10]. If you hear the cry of the Banshee, you can try to run, but you won't get very far.



"Banshee," by Philippe Semeria

(5) Fairies Might Be Dead People

Today we don't equate fairies with ghosts. They seem to be two fairy different things. But remember that fairies were originally associated with burial mounds. The association of fairies with the dead remained common in Celtic folklore through the ages [11]. The famous book *The Fairy-Faith in Celtic Countries*, by W.Y. Evans-Wentz, explains that in folklore there is some confusion between fairies and spirits of the dead. The author also says the Banshee might be the spirit of a dead relative come to warn you [12].



Medieval "plague" art.

We already mentioned that the Trows of Orkney are associated with fairies. Well, the author of www.Orkneyjar.com, Sigurd Towrie, believes they also have a darker association. You see, although Orkney is part of Scotland today, it was once settled by the Vikings. Therefore its folklore contains a mix of both Celtic and Norse influences. Sigurd Towrie believes the Trows may also have an association with a very creepy Norse creature called the Draugr [13]. The authoritative website on Norse history and myth, *The Viking Answer Lady*, describes Draugr as "the walking dead" [14]. According to her website, old Norse descriptions of Draugr described them as "black as death" or "blue as death," like a corpse that has come back to life – EW!

(6) Haunted House? It Might Be A Fairy

As recently as 2014, a house in Ireland was reportedly haunted by fairies!



Ramshackled croft house in Elgol on the Isle of Skye, photo by Carol Walker - Wikimedia Commons

The house is located near the Ballynageragh bog in Lixnaw, County Kerry [15]. A whopping five (FIVE!) occupants of the home have died sudden and violent deaths in just the past twenty years! The deaths range from tragic accidents to more than murder. The most recent murder caused village residents to declare the home haunted by fairies. They stormed local government offices and demanded that the house be torn down [16].

(7) But, if Fairies Live in a Tree, Keep It!

In 1999, in the Latoon region of Ireland in County Clare, the local town council had planned to construct a new motorway. What they hadn't considered, however, was that their plans included bulldozing a tree (more accurately a bush) that was believed by locals to be inhabited by fairies.



The Fairies' Tree in the Fitzroy Gardens, Melbourne. Sculptored by Ola Cohn, 1931-1934.

You see, if you destroy a fairy home, they will become very angry and cause all kinds of problems. They might cause terrible accidents on the new highway, for example [17]. The council took these objections seriously and

changed their plans to keep the tree safely in place [18]. And the good people of Latoon were spared from the wrath of the fairies.

(8) Fairies Are Fond of Revenge

A book called *Ancient Legends, Mystic Charms, and Superstitions of Ireland*, by Lady Francesca Speranza Wilde, reports that when fairies get angry, they take revenge. She says that “fairies have a great objection to the fairy raths, where they meet at night, being built upon by mortal man” [19]. In another section, Lady Wilde explains that a fairy rath is a fort [20], which most likely describes the many Iron Age earthen forts found in Great Britain [21].



Barbury Hill Iron Age fort.

Anyway, Lady Wilde tells a story about Mr. Johnstone, an Irish farmer, who bought land that contain a fairy rath and decided to build his house upon it. The local folk warned him that it was the place where the fairies liked to dance, but he laughed it off as a silly superstition. Not only that, but he had the gall to chop down the hawthorn bush where the fairies “held their revels when the moon was full.” (And we already learned above not to touch the fairies’ favorite trees!). To make matters worse, Mr. Johnstone’s wife offended the fairies as well by refusing to let them borrow some milk.

Well, we can imagine what happened to poor old Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone. Their cow got sick and refused to give milk. Their son was abused by the fairies who beat him as he lay in

bed at night. Then they began kidnapping the child each night and forcing him to dance all night long. Eventually, the poor child died of exhaustion, and Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone lived the rest of their lives in misery.

(9) Fairies Have Weapons, And They Attack

Most of us are familiar with the arrow-sliding character Legolas from the Lord of the Rings trilogy. But what you might not know, is that Tolkien borrowed the idea of elves that shoot arrows from Anglo-Saxon and Celtic folklore. The Webster’s Dictionary from 1828 defines elf-shot as “an elf-arrow; an arrow-head of flint, supposed to be shot by elves; and it signifies also a disease supposed to be produced by the agency of spirits” [22].



Ancient flint arrowheads were often found by Celtic farmers, in later years, and thought to be made by fairies.

The idea that elf-shot caused disease was so common that the Medieval Anglo-Saxons recorded charms and remedies against it, even into the Christian era [23]. The belief also existed in Orkney, where local wise-women were called upon to cure elf-shot cattle [24].

(10) Hanging Out With Fairies Could Get You Accused of Witchcraft

This sounds preposterous to us today, but If you were known to spend time in the company of fairies in the 17th century, you might be killed for it. Most of us are most familiar with King James I of England for commissioning his famous King James Bible. But he wrote another book while he was still James VI of Scotland, called *Daemonologie* (*Demonology*). It was actually a series, and in Book III, Chapter V, James makes a special effort to emphasize the evils of fairies (which he spells “Phairie”) [25]. James equates fairies with demons and insists that anyone who follows the fairies into their mounds to feast and dance with them is dancing with the devil.



“The Fairy Dance,” by Robert Alexander Hillingford

Another book called *Irish Witchcraft and Demonology*, by St. John D. Seymour, tells of a man called John Stewart who learned witchcraft from the King of Fairies during the witch hunt era. He was subsequently thrown in prison where he committed suicide [26].

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Zorro?

by James McQuiston FSA Scot
USA



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS IN 'THE MARK OF ZORRO'

DIRECTED BY FRED NIBLO
FROM THE "ALL STORY WEEKLY" NOVEL
"THE CURSE OF CAPISTRANO"
BY JOHNSTON MC CULLEY



As a child, I was puzzled by why a Spanish/Mexican bandito named Zorro would be played, on screen, by an obviously European-looking actor. Later, his character would appear more Latino, but in the case of Douglas Fairbanks, the first man to play the hero on the big screen, he was obviously not of Spanish descent.

Fairbanks was the son of Douglas Ullman, a German Jew, and his wife, Elle Marsh. It is possible that the Marsh name came from the border areas between Scotland and England known as the Marches. Regardless, Fairbanks could not be further from the epitome of a Mexican hero.

However, as it turns out, Fairbanks may have been closer, ethnically, to the man for whom the character of Zorro is thought to be patterned.

William Lamport (1611–1659) was an Irish Catholic adventurer, known in Mexico as Don Guillén de Lampart (or Lombardo) y Guzmán.

Lamport was tried by the Mexican Inquisition for sedition and executed in 1659, even though he claimed to be an illegitimate son of King Philip III of Spain, and therefore the half-brother of King Philip IV.

In 1642, Lamport tried to foment rebellion in Mexico against the Spanish crown, with the aid of blacks and Indians, as well as Creole merchants.

He was betrayed by a man he had hoped to recruit for his plan and was arrested, languishing in the Inquisition jail for seventeen years.

A statue of Lamport stands just inside the Monument to Independence (the Angel) in Mexico City. At least one writer contends he is the original El Zorro, the Fox, due to his exploits in Mexico. The attribution of the nickname, however, is disputed by others. Still it makes for an interesting bit of legend and lore.

The main source for biographical information about Lamport is his own declaration before the Inquisition. It is difficult to tell how much of it is true.



William Lamport

William Lamport was born in either in 1611 (according to his brother), or 1615 (per other sources), in Wexford, Ireland, to a family of Catholic merchants. He received a Catholic education from Jesuits in Dublin and London, and then at an Irish college located in the great pilgrimage site of Santiago de Compostela, in northwest Spain.

Since the Protestant monarchy in England often restricted opportunities to Catholics, a number of colleges for Irishmen were set up in Spain. There were long-standing ties between Catholic Ireland and Spain, the staunch defender of Catholicism in Europe. Spain recognized Irish nobles on equal footing as Spaniards, and Irish could claim Spanish citizenship.

By the time Lamport was twenty-one, he spoke no fewer than fourteen languages.

In 1627, Lamport claims to have been arrested in London for sedition for distributing Catholic pamphlets.

According to his testimony, he escaped, left Britain for Spain and became a pirate for the next two years. He also fought for the French at the Siege of La Rochelle against the Huguenots.

In Spain, Lamport came to the attention of the Marquis of Mancera, perhaps through Mancera's sister, whose late husband had been posted to London and apparently knew Lamport's tutor there.

In 1633, he joined one of three Spanish-sponsored Irish regiments and took part in the combat against Swedish forces in the Spanish Netherlands. His accord in the Battle of Nordlingen, in 1634, attracted the interest of the Count-Duke of Olivares, chief minister to Philip IV of Spain, who eventually helped him to enter the service of the King. By that time he had Hispanicized his name to Guillén Lombardo (in modern Mexico generally called Guillén de Lamport).

Lamport had prepared a flattering memorial to Philip IV's most important political adviser, the Count-Duke Olivares and became a member of the court as a propagandist. In the 1630s, he became romantically linked to a young woman, Ana de Cano y Leiva, who became pregnant. Initially the couple lived together and Lamport's older brother John, now a Franciscan living in Spain, urged the couple to marry.

Instead, they separated and Lamport left for New Spain, sailing on the same ship that brought the incoming viceroy, the Marquis of Villena, and another man, Don Juan de Palafox y Mendoza, the incoming bishop of Puebla – the official in charge of the review of office (*residencia*) of the departing viceroy, Cadereyta.

Palafox and the new viceroy came into conflict almost immediately, setting the stage for intrigue and treachery.

This may well have prompted Lamport's exit from the court. Lamport claimed that he was sent to New Spain to provide information to the crown about the political situation there,

as a spy or independent source on events. He claimed he was sent to determine if the outgoing viceroy Cadereyta's information about Creole discontent was accurate, but also to report on the new viceroy, Villena. There is evidence he sent a report to the Count-Duke Olivares about Villena confirming negative reports, but in his personal papers there were pro-Villena writings as well.

Political events needed careful monitoring. In 1640, there was a major revolt in Catalonia, which was suppressed. Meanwhile, there was a successful revolt in Portugal, throwing off Habsburg rule of the last 60 years, and placing João, Duke of Braganza as king. The situation in Mexico became politically fraught, since the new viceroy was a relative of the new Braganza monarch.

Some time around 1641, Lamport began hatching a plot to overthrow the viceroy, attempting to persuade blacks, Indians, and Creole merchants to join in an uprising. He divulged his plans to one Captain Méndez.

Rather than signing on with Lamport, Méndez denounced him to the Inquisition after initially attempting to denounce him to the Audiencia, the civil high court. Méndez's testimony before the tribunal provides the information that Lamport claimed to have ties to the Spanish royal family, but Lamport's own testimony does not.

It is unclear why Lamport was tried by the Inquisition, since his alleged crimes did not generally fall under its jurisdiction. Lamport languished in prison for eight years, but escaped for one day, Christmas Eve 1650, with his cellmate, one Diego Pinto Bravo, likely placed as a spy. No guards were on duty that night and the two removed the bars of their cell and escaped. Rather than hightailing it to safety, Lamport attempted to deliver a letter to the viceroy, and failing that, plastered the central area of the capital with accusations against the Inquisition.

In an interesting turn of events, the crown had 200 pamphlets denouncing Lamport printed and distributed. The inference can be that Lamport's escape was anticipated (and perhaps aided) and that the escape provided the rationale to prosecute him for even more severe charges.

During the 60 years that Spain and Portugal had the same monarch, many Portuguese merchants, a number of whom were Crypto-Jews (passing as Christians but practicing Jews) had engaged in business in the Spanish empire and were resident in Mexico City and Lima. With Portuguese independence, these Portuguese merchants became suspected as foreigners, but also potentially Crypto-Jews. The Mexican Inquisition began intensely investigating the Portuguese merchant community, which led to hundreds of prosecutions and ultimately a huge *auto de fe*, or public profession of sins, in Mexico City, in 1649.

Despite evidence that as many accused and convicted as possible were included in the *auto de fe* of 1649, William Lamport was not one of them, perhaps because evidence against him was not strong enough to warrant conviction at the time.

During his imprisonment, he had access to pen and paper, and he composed religious psalms in Latin. Some of Lamport's original writings are now available in digital form.

In 1659, after 17 years in the Inquisition jail, the Mexican Inquisition condemned him to death as a heretic and sentenced him to be burned at the stake. An account of the *auto de fe* is found in the diary of Gregorio Martín de Guijo, who explicitly notes Don Guillén de Lombardo's presence in the procession of those convicted. A contemporary report holds that he struggled out of his ropes before he would burn to death and strangled himself by his iron collar.

In the late twentieth century it was suggested by an historian that Lamport was the inspiration for Johnston McCulley's fictional hero Zorro.

The treatment of this claim in the popular press led to Lamport being labelled in the popular imagination as "The Irish Zorro."

Such claims, along with many others such as the idea that he was either a Latin lover, a famous swordsman, the secret lover of the viceroy's wife, or the subject of a painting by Rubens, are at times disputed by Irish historians.

Apart from his amazingly adventurous life, his only undisputed claim to fame probably lies in the fact that he was the author of the first declaration of independence in the Indies, a document that promised land reform, equality of opportunity, racial equality and a democratically elected monarch over a century before the French Revolution.

The first book ever created to portray the adventures of Lamport was published in 1872. It was written by Vicente Riva Palacio, one of Mexico's most important historians, and was titled *Memorias de un impostor: Don Guillén de Lampart* translated to *Memories of an Impostor: William Lamport*.

It has been said that it was this book that, in 1919, inspired Johnston McCulley to write *The Curse of Capistrano*, with principal character Diego de la Vega, who is best known to be El Zorro, apparently based on William Lamport, an Irishman from County Wexford!

Another unlikely Mexican bandito, Tyrone Power played Zorro in this 1940s film.



DAGDA'S ENCHANTED HARP

by Piotr Kronenberger
Poland

Ancient Ireland was settled by two races, as different from one another as night and day.

The giant Fomorians were dark-haired and dark-eyed. They carried long slender spears made of golden bronze.

I like to think their adversaries were my “ancestors” in a way, for they had golden hair and blue eyes, like myself. They carried short, blunt, heavy spears of dull metal.

They were called the Gaels (Celts) and were led by a legendary chieftain. This greatest god in Celtic Mythology they called Dagda.

Dagda had an enchanted harp. It was beautiful to look upon – mighty in size, made of rare wood, and ornamented with gold and jewels. Its strings were imbued with wondrous music, which only Dagda could call out.

When the men prepared for battle, Dagda would set up his magic harp and sweep his hand across the strings. A *Rosg Catha* (war song) would ring out which would make every warrior buckle on his armor, brace his knees, and shout, “Forth to the fight!”

When the men returned home, weary and wounded, Dagda would take his harp down from the wall where it hung, and strike a few chords. As the magic music stole out upon the air, every man forgot his weariness and the smart of his wounds, and thought of the honor he had won, of the comrade who had died beside him, and of the safety of his wife and children.

Then the song would swell out louder, and every warrior would remember only the glory he had helped win for the king; and each man would raise his cup at the great tables, and shout “Long live the King!”

There came a time when the Fomorians and the golden-haired men were at war.



*Dagda playing his harp – photo from **Best Stories To Tell To Children**, by Sara Cone Bryant, 1873.*

In the midst of a great battle, while Dagda’s hall was left unguarded, some of the of the Fomorian chieftains stole the great harp and fled away with it.

With them went their wives and children and some of their soldiers, and they fled fast and far through the night, until they were a long way from the battlefield. Thinking themselves safe, they turned aside into a vacant castle, by the road, and sat down to a banquet, hanging the stolen harp on the wall.

Taking two or three of his warriors, Dagda followed hard on their track.

While the thieves were in the midst of revelry, the door suddenly burst open. Dagda stood there with his men. Some of the Fomorians sprang to their feet, but before any of them could grasp a weapon, Dagda called out to his harp, “Come to me, O my harp!”

The great harp recognized its master’s voice,

and leaped from the wall. Whirling through the hall, sweeping aside and killing the men who got in its way, it sprang to its master's hand. Dagda took his harp and swept his hand across the strings in three great, solemn chords.

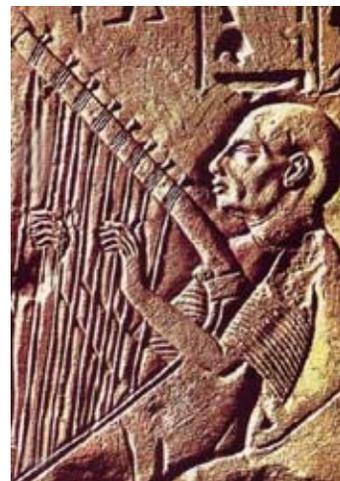
The harp answered with the magic Music of Tears. As the wailing harmony smote upon the air, the Fomorian women bowed their heads and wept bitterly, the strong men turned their faces aside, and the little children sobbed.

Again Dagda touched the strings, and this time the magical Music of Mirth leaped from the harp. When they heard that Music of Mirth, the young warriors of the Fomorians began to laugh. They laughed until the cups fell from their grasp, and the spears dropped from their hands, while the wine flowed from broken bowls. They laughed until their limbs were helpless with excess of glee.

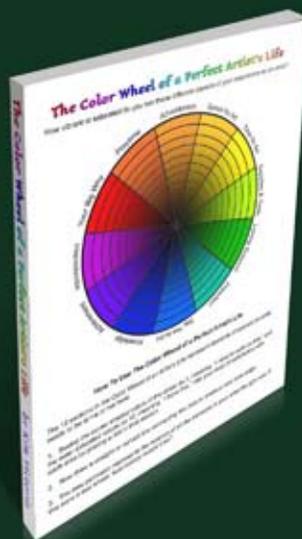
Dagda touched his harp for the third time – very, very softly now. And now a music stole forth as soft as dreams, and as sweet as joy: it was the magic Music of Sleep.

Upon hearing it, the Fomorian women, ever so gently, bowed their heads in slumber. The little children crept to their mothers' laps; the old men nodded; the young warriors drooped in their seats and closed their eyes. One after another all the Fomorians sank into sleep.

When they were all deep in slumber, Dagda took his magic harp, and he and his golden-haired warriors stole softly away, and returned safety to their own homes again.



A harp has been part of human history since Biblical times.



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by Liam O Shea
Ireland



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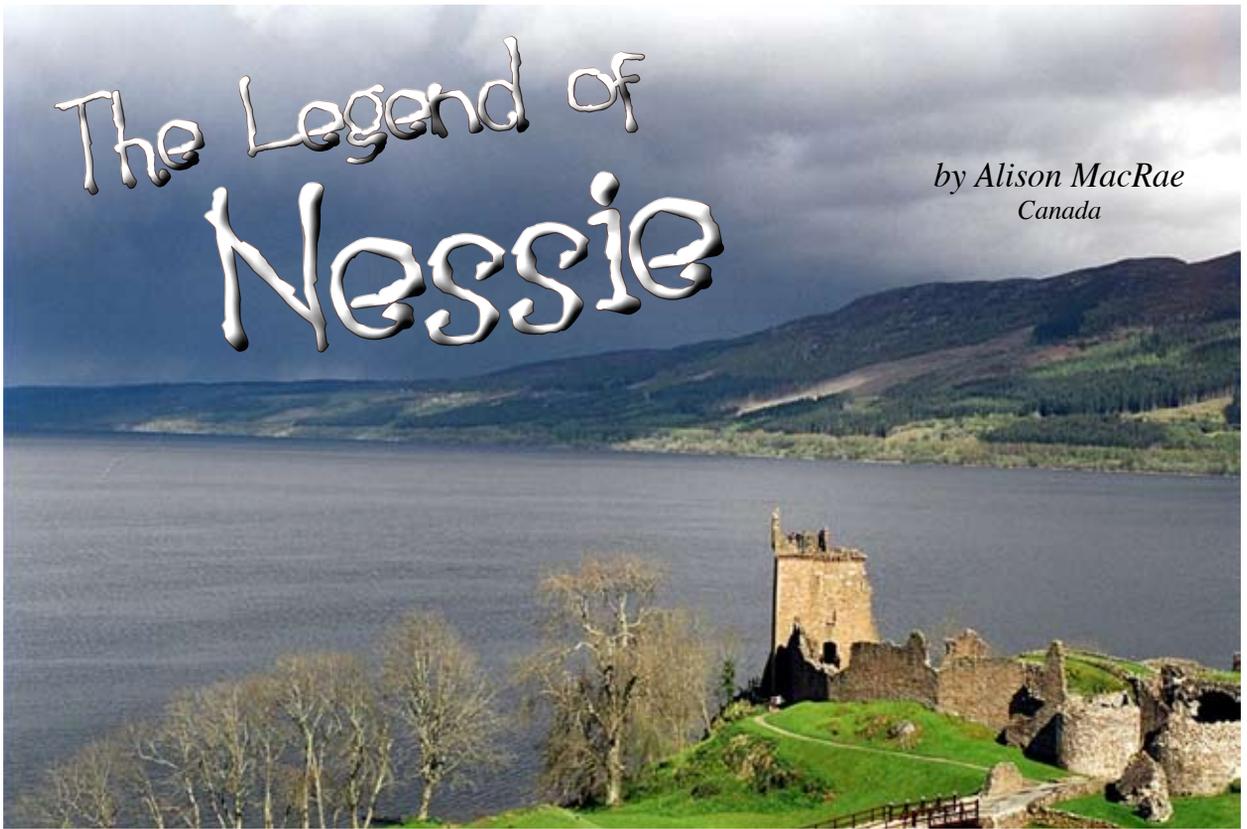
Obie is shown above at Kilcoe Castle, West County Cork, Ireland. This castle is surrounded by legends and lore, both past and present. This region was once under the rule of the McCarthys and O'Mahonys. A string of castles along the coastline bear testament to their strength, and to the strategic importance of this area. Kilcoe Castle was the McCarthy's most westerly stronghold and their only coastal foothold. It is probably West Cork's best preserved castle and has, in recent years, been extensively reconstructed by the actor Jeremy Irons.

Irons is a legend himself, having acted in dozens upon dozens of movies, television productions, and plays. He is one of the few actors who have won the "Triple Crown of Acting" - an Academy Award (for film), an Emmy Award (for television), and a Tony Award (for theater).

*Who knows? Maybe Obie will get a "bit" part in one of Irons' projects. See more of Obie at:
www.facebook.com/mydogObie*

The Legend of Nessie

by Alison MacRae
Canada



Urquhart Castle with Loch Ness in the background. Photo: Asbestos, Wikipedia Commons

As promised in the April “Superstitions” issue of *Celtic Guide*, I am going to tell of the legend of Nessie.

Nessie is known world-wide. There are hundreds of stories about this creature, and here is another. I hope you enjoy it and maybe you’ll find some information you did not know.

Loch Ness is the second-largest Scottish loch by surface area and the largest by volume. It ranges from 60 to 135 fathoms deep and is twice the average depth of the North Sea. The loch never freezes, and holds more fresh water than all of the lakes and rivers of England and Wales combined.

Loch Ness is connected at the southern end by the River Oich and a section of the Caledonian Canal to Loch Oich. At the northern end is the Bona Narrows which open out into Loch Dochfour. A lighthouse with the same name is situated inland at this location. It was built over 160 years ago by Thomas Telford (it now consists of two vacation cottages). The loch feeds the River

Ness and a further section of canal to Inverness. It is one of a series of interconnected murky bodies of water in Scotland. Its water visibility is exceptionally low due to a high peat content in the surrounding soil. Peat is an accumulation of partially decayed vegetation or organic matter that is unique to natural areas called peatlands or mires.

We begin with the first sighting of Nessie. It took place in the year 565 A.D. The first person to report a monster in Loch Ness was an Irish-born holyman by the name of Saint Columba. He also brought the Christian religion to Scotland.

While Saint Columba was visiting Brude, who was King of the Picts at the time, he came across some Picts burying a dead man, who had been bitten while he was swimming in the loch.

The men told Columba that it was a water monster that had bitten the dead man. When Saint Columba heard this, he wanted to take a boat to the centre of the loch to tell the monster to go away, but the boat was on the other side.

So one of his disciples started swimming and splashing around in an attempt to bring the boat back for the saint. While on his way, the man encountered the monster with its mouth open and making a terrible noise. The saint saw this and raised his hand. He then made the sign of the cross and shouted out, "In the name of God thou shalt go no further nor touch the man. Go back!" The monster heard this and disappeared quickly. This is the first-known story of Nessie ever to be reported.

When the Vikings invaded Scotland in the 9th century, they also spoke of the water horses living in the loch.

Then, in the 1700s, some of Oliver Cromwell's soldiers reported they had seen a floating island in Loch Ness.

These people all used different names and descriptions, but all were referring to what we now call "Nessie."

In 1933, a couple spotted something unusual as they drove along the road to Loch Ness, they reported a creature slithering across the road in front of them with something in its mouth, then disappearing into the loch.

Photos then began appearing that people claimed were of Nessie. The most famous of these (below) shows her head and neck, and was taken in 1934. None of these could ever be verified.



In 1987, *Operation Deepscan* conducted the largest search for Nessie, costing around one million pounds. The only information gathered were three sonar contacts of items larger than a

shark, but smaller than a whale. The last sighting of Nessie was on November 2, 2011.

Around one million people visit Loch Ness each year, bringing twenty-five million pounds annually to the economy.

There are around 200,000 searches for the Loch Ness monster on the internet each month.

The Thatcher government seriously considered an official Loch Ness monster hunt - preparing to bring in dolphins to search for the monster. Hollywood's Charlie Sheen even went to Scotland to look for Nessie - allegedly armed with a leg of lamb and a large hook. If you have read anything about Charlie Sheen, it seems like something he might have done.

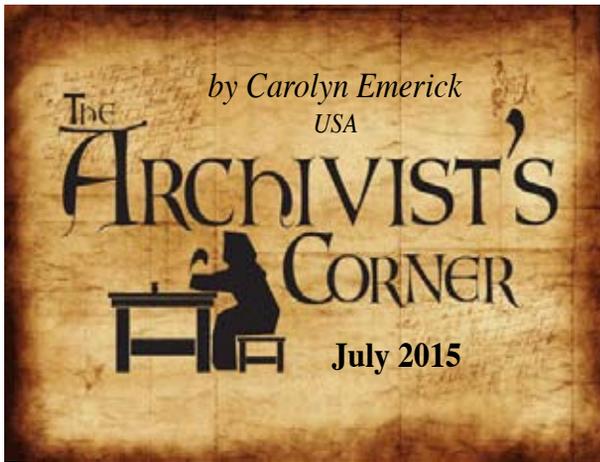
Nessie was named, in a survey, as the most famous Scot, surpassing both poet Robert Burns and actor Sir Sean Connery.

Scientists consider the Loch Ness monster a "legend and lore" myth, and the sightings purely hoaxes and/or wishful thinking.

Well, what do you think? Is Nessie real? Is Nessie a hoax? These questions have, of course, never been answered to everyone's satisfaction. I think this legend will always remain a mystery.



Reconstruction of Nessie as a plesiosaur outside the Museum of Nessie - photo rights, Magnus Manske, Wikipedia.



Changeling Tales

Tales of changelings come up frequently in Celtic folklore. The term “changeling” refers to a human being, usually a child, but sometimes an adult, who has been taken by the fairies and replaced by a look-a-like. Technically, the changeling is the look-a-like, while the real person is thought to be held captive by the fairies. This topic is briefly discussed in my accompanying article “Ten Reasons Fairies are Scary,” which is also in this issue.

Changeling stories come up often in Celtic folklore. So, for this edition of the Archivist's Corner, I have decided to let the folklore speak for itself. Here is a selection of some folkloric accounts of Celtic changeling tales from books that are in the public domain. Both books are available for free download on ProjectGutenberg.org.

The Fairy-Faith in Celtic Countries

by W. Y. Evans Wentz

A schoolmaster says: The belief in changelings is not now generally prevalent; but in olden times a mother used to place a pair of iron tongs over the cradle before leaving the child alone, in order that the fairies should not change the child for a weakly one of their own. It was another custom to take a wisp of straw, and, lighting one end of it, make a fiery sign of the cross over a cradle before a babe could be placed in it. (p58)



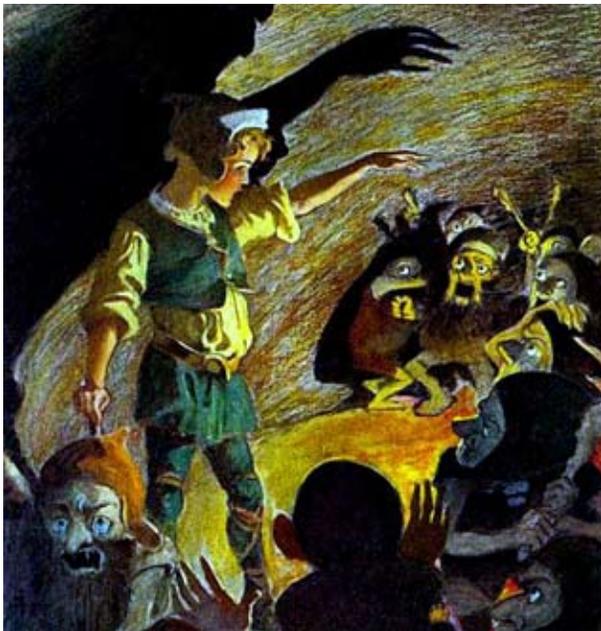
Goblin watches the girl from the tree branches.
Cover image from ***The Princess and the Goblins*** -
by George MacDonald, illustrated by
Jessie Willcox Smith, 1920

In the Highlands: We went on to see the postmaster, Mr. John MacDougall, and he told us that in his boyhood the country-folk round Tomatin believed thoroughly in fairies. He said they thought of them as a race of spirits capable of making themselves visible to mortals, as living in underground places, as taking fine healthy babes and leaving changelings in their place. These changelings would waste away and die in a short time after being left. So firmly did the old people believe in fairies then that they would ridicule a person for not believing. And now quite the reverse state has come about. (p9)

Marian MacLean of Barra says: The Tailor and the Changeling.—‘There was a young wife of a young man who lived in the township of Allasdale, and the pair had just had their first child. One day the mother left her baby in its cradle to go out and do some shearing, and when she returned the child was crying in a most unusual fashion. She fed him as usual on porridge and milk, but he wasn’t satisfied with what seemed to her enough for any one of his age, yet every suspicion escaped her attention. As it happened, at the time there was a web of home-made cloth in the house

waiting for the tailor. The tailor came and began to work up the cloth. As the woman was going out to her customary shearing operation, she warned the tailor if he heard the child continually crying not to pay much attention to it, adding she would attend to it when she came home, for she feared the child would delay him in his work.

All went well till about noon, when the tailor observed the child rising up on its elbow and stretching its hand to a sort of shelf above the cradle and taking down from it a yellow chanter [of a bagpipe]. And then the child began to play. Immediately after the child began to play the chanter, the house filled with young fairy women all clad in long green robes, who began to dance, and the tailor had to dance with them. About two o'clock that same afternoon the women disappeared unknown to the tailor, and the chanter disappeared from the hands of the child also unknown to the tailor; and the child was in the cradle crying as usual.



*A boy with goblins from **The Princess and the Goblins** - by George MacDonald, illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith, 1920*

The wife came home to make the dinner, and observed that the tailor was not so far advanced with his work as he ought to be in that space of time. However, when the fairy

women disappeared, the child had enjoined upon the tailor never to tell what he had seen. The tailor promised to be faithful to the child's injunctions, and so he said nothing to the mother.

The second day the wife left for her occupation as usual, and told the tailor to be more attentive to his work than the day before. A second time at the same hour of the day the child in the cradle, appearing more like an old man than a child, took the chanter and began to play. The same fairy women filled the house again, and repeated their dance, and the tailor had to join them.

Naturally the tailor was as far behind with his work the second day as the first day, and it was very noticeable to the woman of the house when she returned. She thereupon requested him to tell her what the matter might be.

Then he said to her, "I urge upon you after going to bed to-night not to fondle that child, because he is not your child, nor is he a child: he is an old fairy man. And to-morrow, at dead tide, go down to the shore and wrap him in your plaid and put him upon a rock and begin to pick that shell-fish which is called limpet, and for your life do not leave the shore until such a time as the tide will flow so high that you will scarcely be able to wade in to the main shore."

The woman complied with the tailor's advice, and when she had waded to the main shore and stood there looking at the child on the rock, it cried to her, "You had a great need to do what you have done. Otherwise you'd have seen another ending of your turn; but blessing be to you and curses on your adviser." When the wife arrived home her own natural child was in the cradle. (pp111-112)

***British Goblins: Welsh Folk-lore,
Fairy Mythology, Legends and Traditions***

By Wirt Sikes, 1880

In the parish of Trefeglwys, near Llanidloes, in the county of Montgomery, there is a little shepherd's cot that is commonly called the

Place of Strife, on account of the extraordinary strife that has been there. The inhabitants of the cottage were a man and his wife, and they had born to them twins, whom the woman nursed with great care and tenderness. Some months after, indispensable business called the wife to the house of one of her nearest neighbours, yet notwithstanding that she had not far to go, she did not like to leave her children by themselves in their cradle, even for a minute, as her house was solitary, and there were many tales of goblins, or the *Tylwyth Teg*, haunting the neighbourhood.



Handicap or illness might cause a child to be thought to be a changeling. Illustration by Jessie Willcox Smith Dickens Children - Ten Drawings, 1912

However, she went and returned as soon as she could; but on her way back she was not a little terrified at seeing, though it was midday, some of the old elves of the blue petticoat. She hastened home in great apprehension; but all was as she had left it, so that her mind was greatly relieved.

But after some time had passed by, the good people began to wonder that the twins did not grow at all, but still continued little dwarfs. The man would have it that they were not his children; the woman said they must be their children, and about this arose the great strife between them that gave name to the place.

One evening when the woman was very heavy of heart, she determined to go and consult a conjuror, feeling assured that everything was known to him.... Now there was to be a harvest soon of the rye and oats, so the wise man said to her, "When you are preparing dinner for the reapers, empty the shell of a hen's egg, and boil the shell full of pottage, and take it out through the door as if you meant it for a dinner to the reapers, and then listen what the twins will say; if you hear the children speaking things above the understanding of children, return into the house, take them and throw them into the waves of Llyn Ebyr, which is very near to you; but if you don't hear anything remarkable do them no injury."

And when the day of the reaping came, the woman did as her adviser had recommended to her; and as she went outside the door to listen she heard one of the children say to the other:

*Gwelais fesen cyn gweled derwen;
Gwelais wy cyn gweled iâr;
Erioed ni welais ferwi bwyd i fedel
Mewn plisgyn wy iâr!*

Acorns before oak I knew;
An egg before a hen;
Never one hen's egg-shell stew
Enough for harvest men!

On this the mother returned to her house and took the two children and threw them into the Llyn; and suddenly the goblins in their blue trousers came to save their dwarfs, and the mother had her own children back again; and thus the strife between her and her husband ended. (pp60-61)

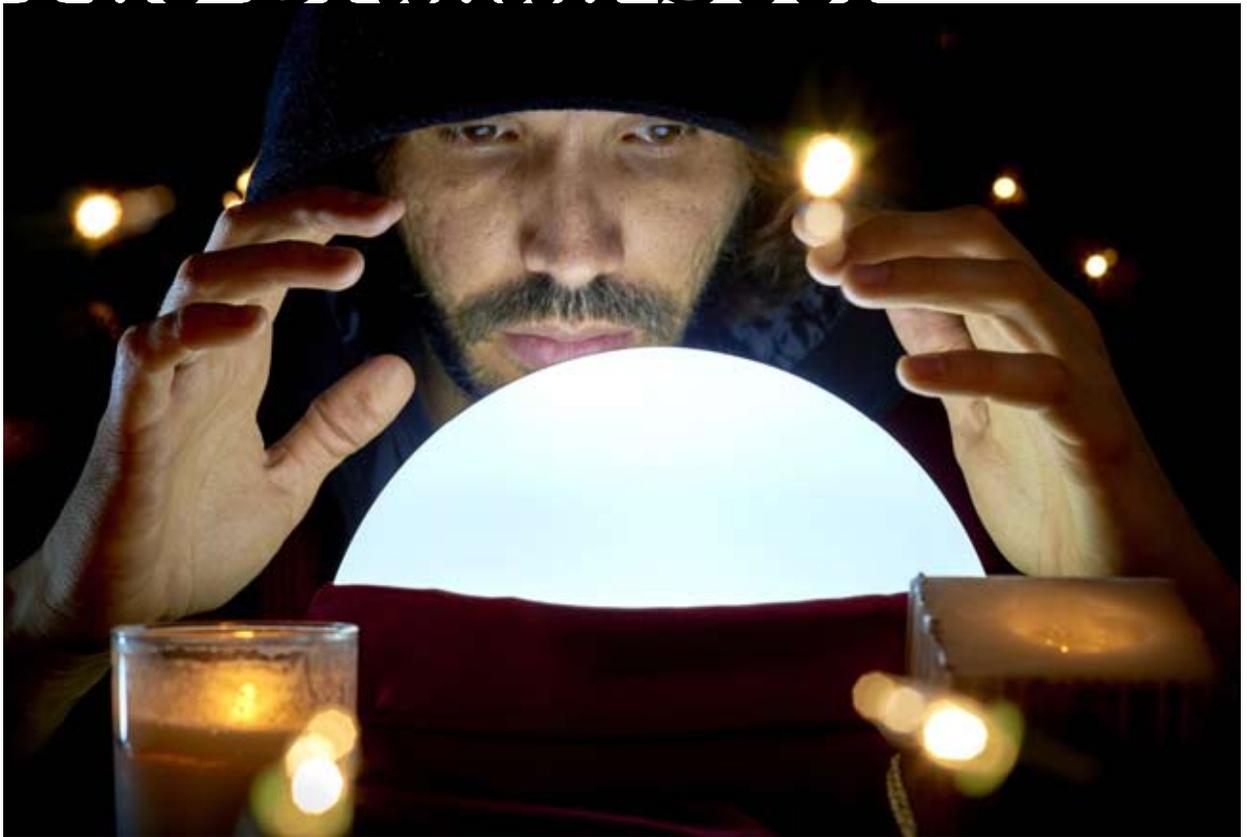
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The Brahan Seer

by Victoria Roberts
USA



“Oh! Drumossie, thy bleak moor shall, ere many generations have passed away, be stained with the best blood of the Highlands. Glad am I that I will not see the day, for it will be a fearful period; heads will be lopped off by the score, and no mercy shall be shown or quarter given on either side.”

—*A prophecy by the Brahan Seer regarding the Battle of Culloden*

Kenneth MacKenzie, known as Coinneach Odhar or the Brahan Seer, was a legendary teller of the future in the early 17th century...or so the story goes. Some people have regarded him as a fictional creation of folklorist Alexander MacKenzie, and others have questioned the existence of the Seer at all. Be that as it may, there is a long tradition of claims to be able to foretell the future and about folks who have the “second sight.”

But was the Brahan Seer fact or fiction?

Legend tells the tale that Coinneach fell asleep on a fairy mound (watch out for those wee folk!) and when he woke up, he found a stone in his coat. This mysterious stone allowed him to see the future.

A man often compared to Nostradamus, many of MacKenzie’s visions for the future are said to have come to pass. Not only had he foretold the site of the Battle of Culloden, the construction of the Caledonian Canal, and the fate of the MacKenzies of Seaforth, but he predicted the “black rain” on Aberdeen, which was claimed by some to be the coming of the oil industry.

The Brahan Seer may have given an accurate history of Scotland’s past, but there are still some unfilled prophecies.

For instance, he predicted that a large stone on the hill opposite of Scallisaig farm-house in

Glenelg “will fall and kill a man.” The boulder is well-known to locals, and the prophecy is so clear that there couldn’t be any mistake about its meaning.

He also foretold that “a severe battle will be fought at the (present) Ardelve market stance, in Lochalsh, where the slaughter will be so great that people can cross the ferry over dead bodies. The battle will be finally decided by a powerful man and his five sons, who will come across from the Strath (the Achamore district).”

Unlike Nostradamus’ vague premonitions, Coinneach’s predictions for the future are clear. “When a holly bush (or tree) shall grow out of the face of the rock at Torr-a-Chuilinn (Kintail) to a size sufficiently large to make a shaft for a *carn-slaoid* (sledge-cart), a battle will be fought in the locality.”

Although there is no historical evidence of this infamous future teller, there are plenty of tales surrounding him.

Will the Brahan Seer’s predictions come to pass? We’ll have to wait and see.



“...a severe battle will be fought at ... Lochalsh, where the slaughter will be so great that people can cross the ferry over dead bodies.”

Her greatest love was her bitter enemy...

DON'T MISS THE NEWEST IN
VICTORIA ROBERTS'S AWARD-WINNING
HIGHLAND SPIES TRILOGY—IMMERSE YOURSELF
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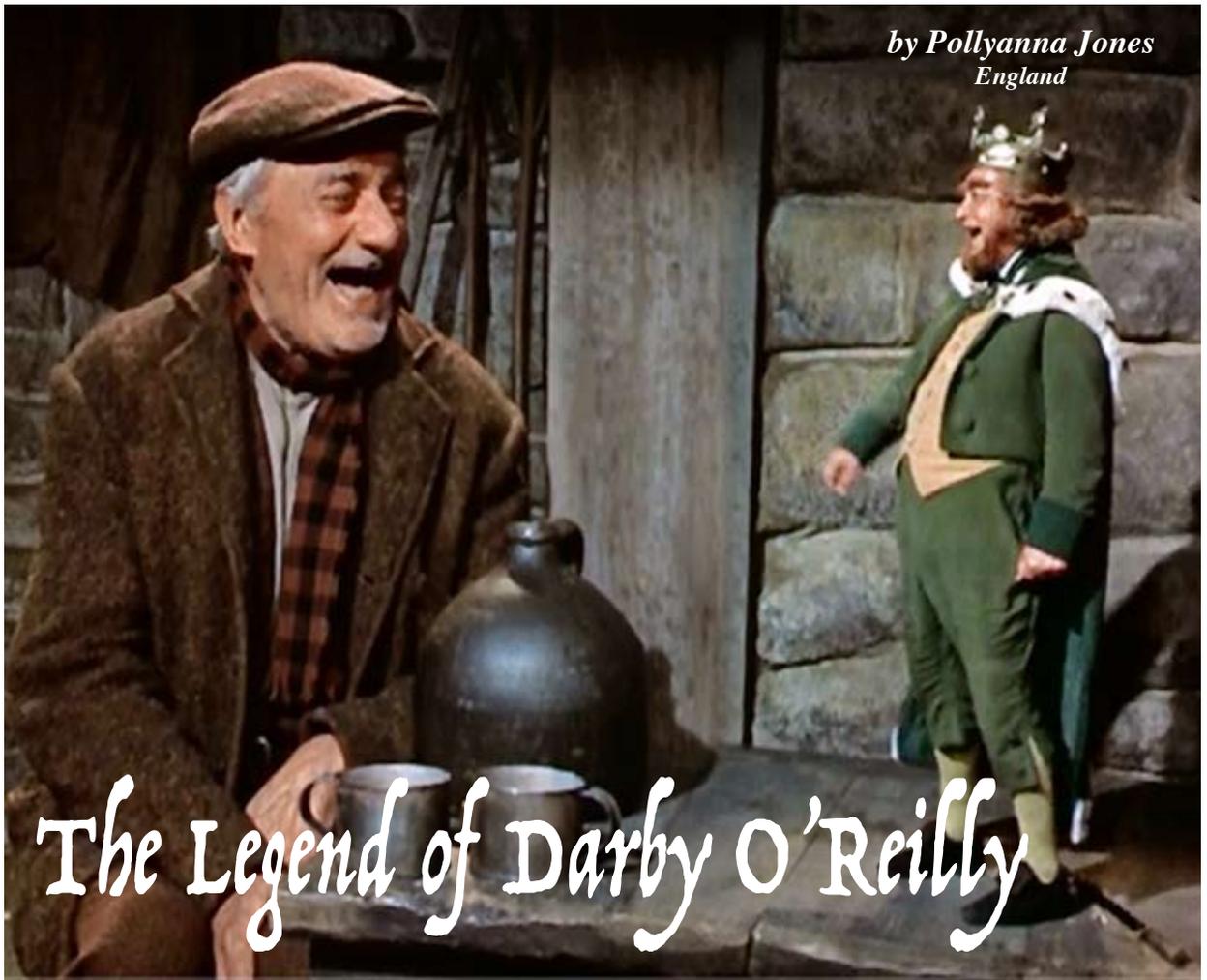


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by Pollyanna Jones
England



The Legend of Darby O'Reilly

Above: a "still-shot" from the Disney movie, *Darby O'Gill and the Little People*.

Many of you will be familiar with the 1959 Disney movie, *Darby O'Gill and the Little People*. Dubbed by some as the scariest Disney film ever, thanks to the appearance of a banshee and a púca, the film is a charming romp through Irish folklore.

Starring Albert Sharpe as Darby O'Gill, Janet Munro, and a young Sean Connery, the film has become something of a cult classic. The forced perspective techniques were groundbreaking. Peter Jackson described how he used the same techniques found in *Darby O'Gill* when filming *The Lord of the Rings* to make the Hobbits appear smaller than the rest of the taller characters.

The screenplay of the film is based on two books by Herminie Templeton Kavanagh (1861-1933). A British writer, she moved to America

where her works were received well. *Darby O'Gill and the Good People* was published in 1903, with *Ashes of Old Wishes and Other Darby O'Gill Tales* published in 1923. These charming stories were based around genuine Irish folklore which she collected when she travelled the country.

Whilst Templeton Kavanagh's Darby O'Gill dwelt in Tipperary, the original fellow came from County Kerry, in southwest Ireland.

T. Crofton Crocker (1798-1854) recorded a tale from Kilcummin, near Killarney about the adventures of a man named Darby O'Reilly. There are some clear similarities to the tale of Darby O'Gill, except Disney made some elaborations and brought in more folklore to draw the tale out into something worthy of a movie.

In Crofton Crocker's tale, we see how Darby O'Reilly gets himself lost in a fairy fort after a night out and a few drinks. With no way out, he meets a Clurricane, who helps him on his way. We all know about Leprechauns, and a Clurricane is of this ilk. Some describe Clurricanes as a spirit or elf, and there are also descriptions of these fellows living in cellars, taking care of the beer and whisky, sometimes taking a drink for themselves!

Crofton Crocker produced three volumes of *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland* between 1825 and 1828, in which "The Legend of Darby O'Reilly" is featured. His collection of folklore was so important and comprehensive that it attracted the attention of the Brothers Grimm, who translated his works into German.



Image of T Crofton Croker from the National Portrait Gallery <http://www.npg.org.uk/collections/search/portraitLarge/mw01588/>
Thomas-Crofton-Croker

A colourful re-telling of the legend by the folklorist and story-teller Sigerson Clifford appears in the publication, "Legends of Kerry". I'll leave it to the man himself to take over, for he has such a way with words I dare not spoil them by replacing them with my own. So without further ado, I present you with T Crofton Crocker's tale of "The Legend of Darby O'Reilly":

In the good old times there existed in Ireland a race of mortals known as poor scholars who used to travel from parish to parish, and county to county, in order to increase their stock of knowledge. These poor scholars were usually men between twenty and twenty-five years of age; and, as they were agreeable social fellows who could tell a good story and never refused to lend a helping hand when needed, they were received with open arms at every farmers house in the country, where they were welcome to stay as long as they pleased.

One evening in the month of July a stout, platter-faced poor scholar named Darby O'Reilly appeared at the house of the Widow Fleming, who dwelt not far from the old Church of Kilcummin. Now, the Widow Fleming, who was trying to manage a large farm on her own, was very glad to see Darby for a variety of reasons. In the first place it was the hay harvest and Darby would lend a helping hand, and keep the men in good humour with his merry stories; he could teach the children the ABC and the three Rs of an evening; and last but not least, she was a lone woman and Darby was a pleasant companion, and an old acquaintance moreover.

That night after a meal to please the bishop, Darby went down to the parish jighouse to shuffle a brogue with his old sweethearts, hear the news, and see how the neighbours were getting along, for it was near a twelvemonth since he had been in that part of the country. Fine fun he had of it, for the pipes played merrily up, while he footed it bravely with the prettiest girls and the best dancers in the barony. He wasn't a bad hand at a jig himself,

for there were few could equal him in the heel-and-toe step, and then he put such life and spirit into his motions that he made the house leap into life with his grinding and the merry snap of his fingers. But dancing is droughty work, even for an O'Reilly, and Darby wasn't short of friends who knew how to cure that disease. His hand reached out for the bottle so often that it must have thought he was working in a glass factory. And what with dancing, drinking and making merry, Darby never gave a single thought to the Widow Fleming who even then was sitting beside her fire waiting for him to return.



Original movie poster for Darby O'Gill and the Little People

The longest day will have an end, and the liveliest night must shut down sometime as Darby found to his sorrow when the party broke up, and he had to stagger away as well as he could. He didn't know whether he was coming or going and, as bad luck would have it, he went

every way but the right, for instead of keeping the straight road he turned off through the fields, and after an hour of wandering found himself in the old fort at Clauteens.

The safest place to get into at the dead hour of night is a double bed, and the most dangerous is a fairy fort when the fairies are going on their rounds, as Darby soon found, for though it was easy enough to get into the fort he couldn't get out again for the life of him. He wandered up and down and round about for a long time without ever finding the exit, and he was obliged at last to content himself where he was, so down he sat on a stone.

"There's small fun sitting on a cold stone in the moonshine," muttered Darby, "and sure 'tis a painful cast to be bewitched by the Good People, and stuck fast like a cobbler to his last in the moony middle of an ould fort. But there's no help for it, so what can't be cured must be endured."

No sooner had he come to this very wise conclusion than he heard a most tremendous hammering under the very stone he was perched on. Plucking up his courage he boldly took a peep beneath the stone, and there he saw a Clurricane whacking as hard as he could at the heel of an old shoe. Although Darby was very much afraid of the fairies, he wasn't a bit in dread of a Clurricane, for they say if you catch that gentleman and hold him fast, he'll give you a fat purse of gold, and make a rich man out of you. But it wasn't purses of gold Darby was thinking of for he'd rather be out of the old fort than own half-a-dozen purses.

"Success to you, my boy, you are a good hand at a shoe anyhow," said Darby, addressing himself to the Clurricane.

"Ah, Darby, my jolly buck, is that yourself?" said the little cobbler, getting up from his work and looking him full in the face.

"The very same and I'm at your service," Darby said.

"Wisha, what brought you here?" asked the Clurricane. "I'm thinking you've got yourself into a bit of a scrape, boy bawn."

“A scrape I’m in right enough if you don’t lend me a helping hand,” said Darby.

So he told him how he stopped at the Widow Fleming’s, how he went down to the jighthouse, and being a little over-taken in liquor, how he wandered through the fields until he found himself in the old fort, and not being able to make his way out again.

“You’re in a whirlpool of trouble, Darby,” the Clurricane said, “for the Good People will be here directly and if they find you before them they clap a puck goat’s head on you, and have you spending the rest of your days lepping from rock to rock on the mountain.”

“O murder!” cried Darby, “I throw myself and my life upon the heel of your honour’s shoe.”

“Well, said the Clurricane, “you’re a rollicking lad as ever squeezed the neck of a quart bottle and it’s a pity any harm should come to you for taking a drop of good drink. So give me your hand and I’ll save you. And as you never did any hurt to me or mine I’ll do more than that for you, Darby. Here, take this charm and you’re a made man for ever.”

“And what’s the nature of it?” said Darby, putting the charm into his righthand breeches pocket, and buttoning it up tight.

“It’s the cure for all your ills,” the Clurricane told him. “Pin it to the petticoat of the first woman in the land and she’ll follow you the wide world over, and that’s no bad thing for a



Photo by Pollyanna Jones looking toward Kilcummin, home of Darby O’Reilly.

Then he took Darby out of the fort, put him on the straight road, wished him success with the charm, burst into a fit of laughing, and disappeared.

When Darby arrived at the Widow Fleming’s she had a scowl on her that would frighten a process server, and no wonder, to be kept up so late by such a drunken bletherum. He remembered the charm in his breeches pocket, and he pinned it slyly to the widow’s gown. Immediately from being as glum as a misty morning she became as soft as butter. She built a good fire for him brought a supper of the best the house could afford, and had as much fussing about him as if he was the champion of Kerry. Darby grinned with delight at his success and would still be smiling for the rest of the day only the widow chanced to see the charm that was pinned to her gown.

“What’s this ugly thing?” she said, flinging it into the fire.

Darby jumped out of his chair with a roar.

“Botheration, woman,” he cried, “you’ll have me hanged, drawn and quartered by that executioner of a Clurricane!”

He made to save the charm but he was too late for the fire jumped off the hearth to consume him, and he cleared out the door as fast as his legs could carry him. He went down the boreen like a greyhound and the fire followed him, roaring and blazing as if there were a thousand tar-barrels in the middle of it. Away he ran for the bare life, across the country, over hedge and ditch, for as good as two miles, neither stopping nor staying till he came to a deep well on a high farm between Tullig and Gleann a Heelah. And there sitting on a rock watching him was his old friend, the Clurricane.

“Yerra, Darby boy, you seem to be in a wonderful hurry,” he remarked. “Where are you going so fast that you haven’t had time to say good-morrow to an old acquaintance?”

“May bad luck sweep the legs from under you, you deceitful hob of my thumb!” Darby cried. “Tis yourself and your charm have me

in the pucker I am this blessed minute!"

"So that's my thanks for saving you from the Good People," said the Clurricane. "Very well, master Darby, there's fire at your heels, and who's to succour you now?"

"If you don't work the miracle I'll find myself scorched to a cinder," Darby told him. "Surely you won't close your good eye on me this time!"

"Well, I'll take compassion on you this once," the Clurricane said. "Here's my advice, leap into the well, and you'll be as safe as an icicle."

"Do you want me to be drowned, you scoundrel!" Darby cried.

"Do you want to be roasted?" said the Clurricane. "You're the scholar. Follow your nose and your toes will guide you. Good luck to you, Darby O'Reilly, and if you end up wet or warm 'tis no skin off my ear."

And slapping his cocked hat on his head he disappeared around a pile of rocks beyond the well.

"You murdering thief, I'm roasted." Darby shouted, for by this time the fire had come so near that it began to scorch him.

Then seeing there was no alternative, and thinking it less painful to be drowned than

burnt, he made a desperate plunge into the well. Souse he went below the surface, and souse went the fire after him. Immediately the water bubbled, sparkled, growled, and rose above the verge of the well, filling with the velocity of lightning all the adjacent hollow ground, until it formed one of those little sparkling lakes which are so numerous in this hilly country.

Darby was borne with the speed of a whirlwind on the top of a curling billow, and cast senseless on the shore. The first thing he saw on awakening from his trance was the sun shining over him. The first voice he heard was that of the Widow Fleming who had travelled far and near in search of him. He sat up and told the good woman the whole history of his night's adventures with the Clurricane.

"Drunk you were, Darby, you playboy," the Widow said. "You're a bold bad boy, Darby O'Reilly, and you needn't go looking for any charm to the Clurricanes for you've plenty of your own, and well you know it."

Charm enough he had for the Widow anyway, for soon after his brush with the Clurricane she became Mrs. Darby O'Reilly, and they lived happily ever afterwards which is more than some people do in this uncertain world, and more luck to them.



<https://www.facebook.com/Pollysfolly>
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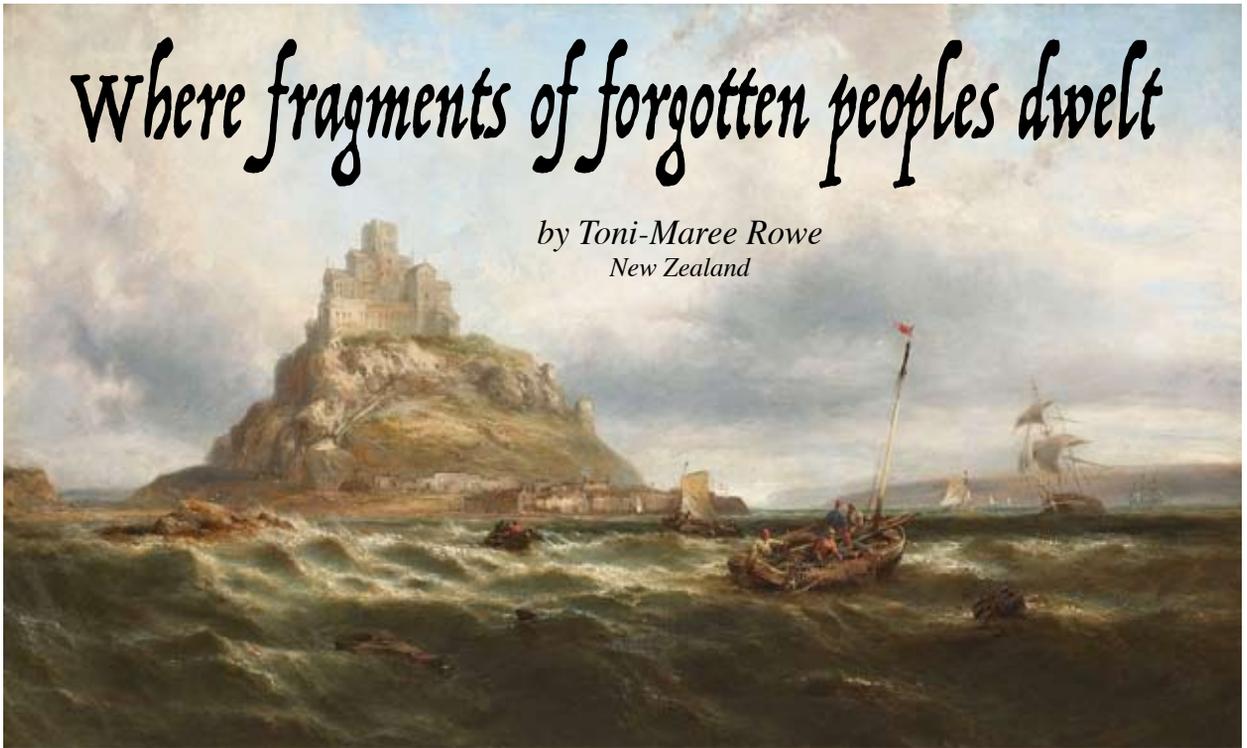
England

INTERESTS:

**Northern Traditions
Celtic, Nordic, Germanic
and Anglo Saxon**

Where fragments of forgotten peoples dwelt

by Toni-Maree Rowe
New Zealand



Above: *St Michael's Mount*, a painting by James Webb, mid-1800s.

The title of this article is taken from *Idylls of the King*, written by Lord Alfred Tennyson

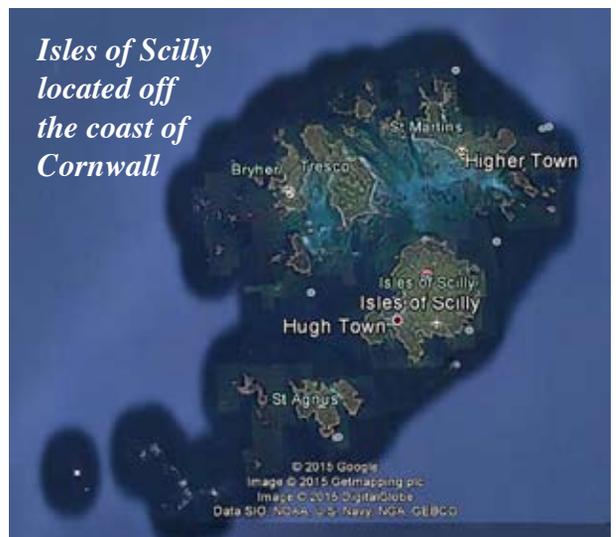
Legends of mysterious lands overwhelmed by the sea are common around the world, and along the European Atlantic seaboard there are several such traditions. Lyonesse, in Cornwall, *Ker Is*, in Brittany, and *Cantre'r Gwaelod*, in South Wales, are the main contenders.

For this article, I want to consider if there might be any fundamental truths which lie buried within the legends. But first, let's familiarise ourselves with the essential elements of these traditions.

Stories of the fabled land of Lyonesse, said to be situated between Land's End and the Isles of Scilly, are an intricate part of the mythology of West Cornwall. Although there are several stories associated with the kingdom of Lyonesse, particularly those attached to the Arthurian legends (such as the story of Tristan and Iseult), it is the legend of the kingdom's devastation which is of most interest. The story tells of a devastating storm which strikes the southwest coast creating massive waves that sweep across the land of Lyonesse, destroying

all in their path and submerging the kingdom forever beneath the sea. Only the high ground to the west survived the onslaught (Isles of Scilly). In some versions of the story, one man, Trevilian, survives by riding his white horse ahead of the waves and up onto high ground at Perranuthnoe (above Mounts Bay). To this day the coat of arms for the Trevalyan family bears a horse issuing from the sea.

*Isles of Scilly
located off
the coast of
Cornwall*





*The menhirs of the cromlech of Er Lannic, Morbihan, Brittany marching into the sea.
The village in the background is Larmor-Bolen.*

This legend is echoed in Breton and Welsh folklore. In Brittany, Ker Is was situated on low-lying land surrounded by dykes to keep the sea at bay. The story says that one night a terrible storm blew up and the king's daughter, who consorted with the devil, stole the key to the gate which protected the people from the ravages of the sea. As she opened the gate, the land was swallowed by the waves. The king managed to flee to safety riding a white horse aided by a holy man, and the daughter was then turned into a mermaid who lured sailors to their death.

In the Welsh traditions, the land is called Cantre'r Gwaelod or the "Low Hundred," a wide but low-lying fertile land situated in what is now Cardigan Bay. Once more, the land is protected by a dyke, and the water within the harbour is controlled by sluice gates. This time however, it is the actions of an inebriated Keeper of the Gate, Seithennin, who failed to secure the sluice gate one night during a huge storm, resulting in the permanent inundation of the kingdom. As with the Lyonesse story, local tradition speaks of bells being heard on stormy nights.



The stumps of an ancient forest on the beach near Borth, Cardigan Bay, Wales.

The similarities between these three traditions are obvious, but the question must be – why are they so similar?

One explanation would be to suggest that, lying behind tradition was an actual event which passed into folk memory and spread along the Atlantic seaways in the period of increased mobility in the fifth and sixth centuries A.D.... (B. Cunliffe 2001, *Facing the Ocean*).

Archaeologically, there is plenty of evidence for landscapes that have become submerged beneath the sea in all three areas.

As mentioned before, the Kingdom of Lyonesse was believed to be situated between Land's End and the Isles of Scilly, which, according to tradition, are all that remain of Lyonesse. As a result of many years of archaeological research, such as the Lyonesse Project, there is a much better understanding of how the landscape of the islands has changed over millennia.

At around 7,000 B.C. there was only one large island. By 4,000 B.C. St Agnes, Annet, and the Western Rocks were separate. At around 2,500 B.C. there was a major flooding event between the northern islands, although Tresco, Bryher, and Samson remained joined. By 1,500 B.C. the island pattern was close to what it is today, although the inner lagoon was at this point a large intertidal area of saltmarsh still good for animal grazing. It was only when a channel opened up north of St Mary's did the saltmarsh erode away quickly. Radiocarbon dating suggests this occurred somewhere between the eighth and eleventh centuries A.D.

At low tides it is possible to see the remains of prehistoric walls and roundhouses amongst the seaweed. Roman texts refer to the islands as *insula* implying it was one island, however this is more than likely to refer to the larger island of St Mary's.

In other areas of Cornwall, such as Mounts Bay, Porthleven and Praa Sands, it is sometimes possible to see the remains of ancient forests and landscapes. Most telling is the Cornish name for St Michael's Mount – *Carrek Loos y'n Coos* – “the grey rock in the wood,” and at extreme low tides, the remains of a long-lost forest of beech trees are revealed in the bay. The date for the inundation of Mounts Bay is believed to be around 2,500 B.C., which coincides with the major flood event on the Isles of Scilly.

In Brittany, the city of Ker Is is said to be situated in the Bay of Douarnenez. Some of the

most remarkable archaeological sites in this area are those which appear to melt into the sea. Stone circles, burial cairns, and stone rows can be found half in and half out of the surrounding water. The dates for these sites are no earlier than the mid-third millennium.

In Wales, at Cardigan Bay, in February 2014, storms uncovered a vast area of preserved forest of oak and yew. This was not the first time the forest had revealed itself. In 1985, during another similar event, the University of Lampeter undertook analysis of the palaeobotanical aspects. Their results showed that a flourishing forest existed in this low-lying area around 5,000 years ago, but by approximately 4,500 years ago, the area was increasingly waterlogged and formed a peat bog which was eventually overwhelmed by the sea about 4,000 years ago. The peat bog aided in the preservation of the tree stumps. In 1846, Samuel Lewis wrote in his *Topographical Dictionary of Wales* about seeing stone walls and causeways beneath the shallow waters of the bay.

Three legends, three different geographical areas, and yet the themes are broadly similar. Do they represent a long-lived folk memory or are they a more recent invention to explain the “unstable relationship between the land and sea?”

Scientifically, we know that sea levels have changed considerably over the last ten thousand years. Melting ice caps and the resulting isostatic lift, which allowed parts of the land to rise and caused others to sink, would at times have had a fairly dramatic impact on low-lying landscapes. In the case of Cornwall, Wales and Brittany, there seems to be a common date for the most significant flooding event, around 2,500 B.C. But was it just a final flourish of rising sea levels or was it something else?

Major storms, combined with spring or king tides, can and have done a lot of damage along the Atlantic seaboard, even today. A common theme in the legends is the presence of huge storms battering the land. But there is another

form of wave which can cause incredible damage – a tsunami.

Although rare, tsunamis are not unheard of along this coast. The earliest reliable record of a tsunami hitting the southwest Cornish coast was in 1755, after an earthquake in Lisbon. Cornish chroniclers record that the sea around St Michael's Mount arose suddenly, then retreated and then rose again rapidly. The eighteenth century writer Arnold Boscowitz wrote that "great loss of life and property occurred upon the coasts of Cornwall."

Another possible tsunami event is recorded in the 11th century A.D. in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*. It recorded widespread flooding in western Britain, in 1014, although the jury is still out as to whether this event was just massive flooding or an actual tsunami. However, William of Malmesbury, writing some years after did have this to say; "A tidal wave...grew to an astonishing size such as the memory of man cannot parallel, so as to submerge villages

many miles inland and overwhelm and drown their inhabitants."

In Welsh bardic chronicles there is also a mention of Mounts Bay where it was "inundated by a mickle seafood when many towns and people were drowned."

So, natural sea level rising, Atlantic storms or tsunami? Early Bronze Age or maybe Late Anglo-Saxon in date? A single devastating event or an amalgamation of two different events? A folk memory of a long-distant moment in time or just a cautionary tale invented to explain the unknown?

In all three legends, the earliest records date to the early medieval period and it is easy to imagine the monks of St Michael Mount coming across the strange undersea forest of oak trees at a low tide and creating stories to explain their presence.

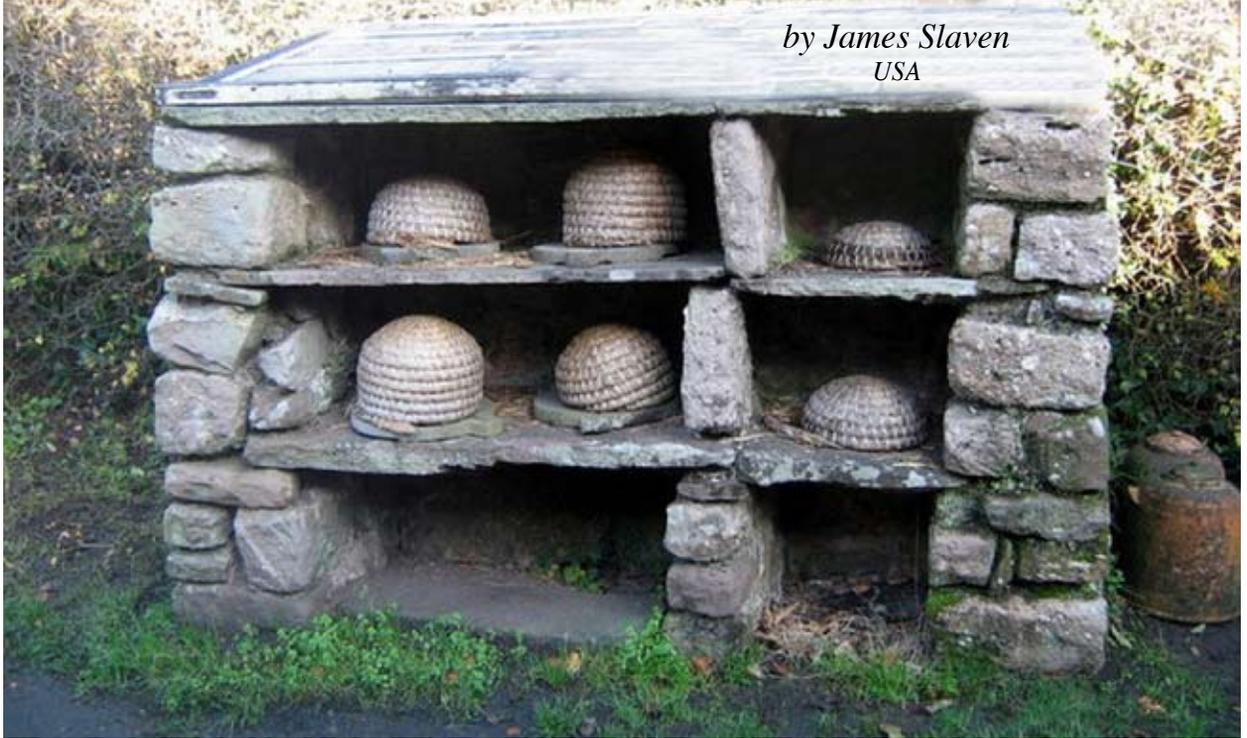
Like all good legends, it is highly unlikely the answers will ever be known and that's okay . . . frustrating, but okay.

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Celtic Lore of the Honey Bee

by James Slaven
USA



Bee skeps (straw or wicker beehives) at St. Fagan's, Wales.

It's been said that the Celts, being a tough race that fits in well with the northern latitudes, came to Britain specifically for the black bee and its honey. Even the Welsh bards of old called Britain the "Isle of Honey" due to the sheer number of wild bees flying to and fro.

It's no wonder then that the Celtic peoples, both ancient and modern, have built up a vast lore around this marvelous insect, giving us an indication as to just how much it was, and still is, honored throughout the Celtic nations.

In Celtic myth, bees were regarded as having great wisdom and acted as messengers between worlds, able to travel to the Otherworld, bringing back messages from the gods. In the western isles of Scotland, bees were thought to embody the ancient knowledge of the druids. This led to the Scottish lore of the secret knowledge of the bees, along with the Scots saying "ask the wild bee for what the druid knew." Highlanders

believed that during sleep or while in a trance, a person's soul left the body in the form of a bee.

This wisdom translated through into the Christian era, with folk tales in Scotland and England stating that bees would hum loudly at midnight on Christmas Day for the Savior's birth. Bees in Cornwall could only be moved on Good Friday. The lore on being able to travel through realms was changed into bees coming directly from Paradise.

It is necessary to treat the bees as members of the family. They should be informed of all family happenings, from births to deaths and events in-between, especially weddings. Beekeepers also needed calm voices, as the bees did not take harsh words lightly. Either offense could result in the hives not producing honey all the way to leaving their beekeeper. Their leaving was considered very dangerous, as owners who lost their bees were surely doomed to die!



Beehive-styled huts near Clochan, Ireland.

The lore of bees and death is especially spoken of. In Wales, if there was a death in the family, it was important that someone in the family told the bees before the funeral, as well as tying a black ribbon to a piece of wood and putting it in the hole at the top of the hive. This would protect against further deaths in the family. In Cornwall, a family member would relate the death to the bees with “Brownie, brownie, brownie, your master is dead,” and in Buckinghamshire with the slightly smaller “Little brownies, your master is dead.” The bees would then hum if they chose to stay with the family. Irish folk tales tell that the hives were to be decorated with black cloth and were to be given their share of the funeral food.

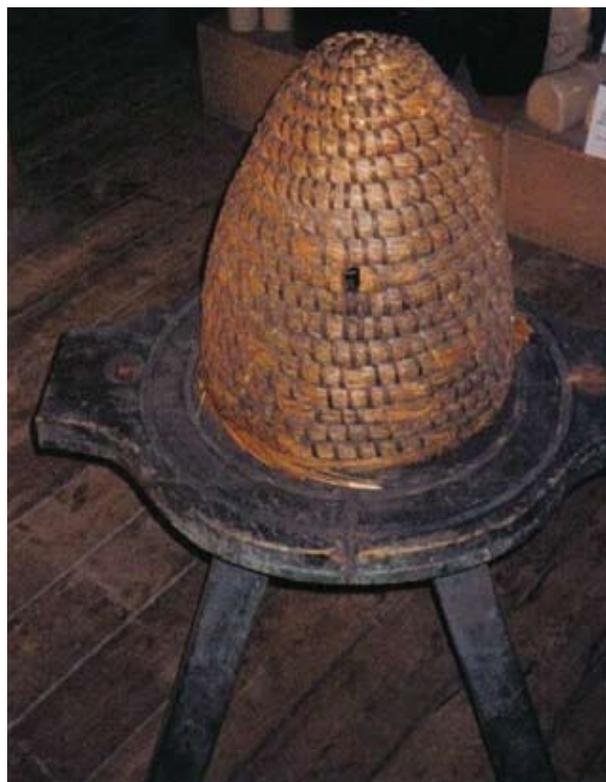
It was considered an ill omen if a swarm settled on a dead branch, indicating death for that beekeeper’s family or the swarm witness.

In Wales, if a swarm entered a house, it was unlucky and foretold death. Other Welsh folklore contradicts this, though, as it’s also been told that a swarm entering a house or garden is good luck, then bad luck if it later leaves. Combine it with the tales of owners dying when their bees leave and you really want them to stay! In Cornwall, if you are able to throw your handkerchief over a swarm, you would claim the swarm and the good luck that went along with it.

When obtaining a hive, one should never pay for a swarm, as that hive would then not produce. Rather, you would pay the original owner back with honey and comb. Nor would a stolen hive give any honey, with Welsh legends speaking of stolen hives dying.

The products of the bee, honey and mead, were used for magic and medicine. The Scots used a potion consisting of equal parts heather honey,

cream, and whisky to cure wasting diseases. The ancient custom of feeding milk and honey to infants comes from giving them hazel milk mixed with honey. Finn mac Cumhaill, Irish hero extraordinaire, was given a goblet of mead to befuddle his senses in order to be tricked into marriage. You can appease the Shining Ones at Beltaine by making honey cakes to leave outside in the garden, with the recipe calling for both honey and white wine, although using mead is also acceptable, of course.



A bee skep from Dalgarnven, Scotland.

The Irish goddess Brigid held bees to be sacred, with her hives bringing their magical nectar from her Otherworld apple orchard. Even the rivers that led into the Otherworld were of mead. St. Gobnait, who is said may be a Christianized version of Brigid, protected her people with bees, using them to stop cattle thieves and using the honey as a healing aid against the plague. Henwen, the mythical sow of Dadweir Dallpenn, left three bees and three grains of wheat in Gwent, which has since produced the best honey and wheat to be found.



Beehives on a heathered moorland.

The *Bech Bretha* are early Irish laws made to protect bees and handle their interactions with people. Don't steal a hive, for that is a capital offense. If you were stung but did not retaliate, you received a meal of honey from the beekeeper. If you died from the sting, your family would receive two hives! In Wales, Hwyl the Good wrote laws concerning the production of mead and the role of mead maker.

All this is just the top of the honeycomb. Delving in even deeper to Celtic bee lore may make you sticky as you work your way through the comb, but it is worth the very sweet time.



*At Left:
a bee on heather.*

Reading:

Notes on the Folk-lore of the North-east of Scotland, by Walter Gregor

Welsh Folk-Lore - a Collection of the Folk-Tales and Legends of North Wales, by Elias Owen Denbighshire

Celtic Folklore Cooking, by Joanne Asala

The Lore of the Honey Bee, by Tickner Edwardes

The Sacred Bee in Ancient Times and Folklore, by Hilda M. Ransome

A Brief Guide to Celtic Myths and Legends, by Martyn Whittock

SO, WHAT'S NEXT?

WE NEED YOUR HELP! We are considering some possible changes for next year based on your responses. One change might be to go to an every-other-month publication instead of monthly. Another might be to go strictly with Facebook. We know we have thousands of regular readers and we don't want to undo the good we've done or disappoint anyone, so please shoot us an email with your thoughts. Your email address will not be used for any other purpose except to garner your opinions on this matter. We may make no changes at all to the Celtic Guide, depending on what you tell us. Thank you so much for all your support. celticguide@gmail.com

We are just beginning the second half of our fourth year with this issue. Soon we will post themes for next year. Meanwhile, there is plenty to read and write about, listed below. As always, we owe such a debt of gratitude to our contributors and to our readers as well. Let us know what you think, what you'd like to see become a theme. We are here, as storytellers, for the audience and we want to make sure we are providing entertainment that keeps you coming back for more. Any comments or complaints, just email us at celticguide@gmail.com, and we'll address your concerns. Thanks for sticking with us. Our remaining themes for the year are listed below.

August - The Animals (we've left these poor creatures out, all along)

September - Wee Folk and Monsters (From Fae to Selkie, and everything in between)

October - Halloween (including the festival known as *Samhainn* in Scottish Gaelic or *Samhain* in Irish, and other Celtic celebrations)

November - Seasons and Cycles (recurring themes from Celtic culture and history)

December - Gifts (our free-for-all, anything-goes, Christmas gift issue)

Been busy again . . .

I've finished another book – this time it's about the very first mayor of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, who came from a Scotch-Irish family, and who lived an incredible life, even before becoming mayor. Though it wasn't meant that way, the book arrived in time for the planning of Pittsburgh's 200th Anniversary in 2016. It is available on Amazon and other sites. Search for:

Ebenezer Denny First Mayor Of Pittsburgh

James A. McQuiston

