

The Knight of The Scarlet Thread

**By
Charles A. L. Totten
Swift Library**



Review by Ella Rose Mast

The Knight Of The Scarlet Thread

Eochaidh The Heremonn

The Renewal Of History - How The

Empire Was Rebuilt And Replanted

By

Charles A. L. Totten

Swift Library (Ella Rose Mast)

'Truth Against The World'
(Motto Of The Ancient Kumree)

'We Can Do Nothing Against The Truth' - Paul

'Great Is Truth, And Mighty Above All Things.' Esdras

'Buy The Truth (Oil) And Sell It Not' - Solomon.

'Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction' - Byron

'What Is Truth?' - Pilate

'I Am The Truth.' - Assertion Of The Christ

‘Our Race Its Origin And Its Destiny’

IN 1892, A SERIES OF BOOKS WERE WRITTEN BY CHARLES A. L. TOTTEN, 1st Lieut. 4th Artillery, U.S.A. Professor of Military Science and Tactics. S.S.S. of Yale University.

Professor Totten made an intense study to try to unravel the ‘Saxon’ riddle. The books he wrote in this study were published by ‘Our Race Publishing Company, New Haven, Conn.’

Dr. Swift had several of these old books which of course are no longer available and in our visit with Mrs. Swift, this September of 1978, she gave me one of these old books and suggested that I prepare a summary of some of the interesting parts of this story ‘The Renewal of History,’ series II; No. 5 of Totten’s works. This is the story of how the Empire was rebuilt and replanted as we are told in scripture and history.

EOCHAIDH, THE HEREMONN The Knight of the Scarlet Thread’

In this study, the author proves that the reigns of the Kings of Israel and the Kings of Judah harmonize. And that what some chronologists failed to see, was that some events were from the sacred calendar and some from the civil calendar. And that the writers of scripture knew exactly what they were telling you, even though some translators and chronologists did not understand. The author also compares the Dynasties of Egypt to bring out that corruption of the office of Pharaoh produced the ruler who knew not Joseph. Thus, brought oppression to Israel in their last years in Egypt. Then he covers the genealogies of **Pharez and Zarah**, the twin sons of Judah to bring you to the conclusion with the story of Eochaidh, the Heremonn, the Knight of the Scarlet Thread. (Genesis 38:27-30)

The work of the author in his series of books was to trace 'our race' out of the Mid-East and Egypt in their Westward journey, then, in this book, conclude the central romance of what is all a romance of unique proportions. Although Israel, struggling through the wilderness of Northern Europe, would be without a King for many days, or all through this weary pilgrimage, but still this being without a king was only from the de facto point of view, for their King 'de jure' was never wanting.

The author also accompanied the Zarah people later called the Milesians in their quest of Empire far enough into these Western regions to anticipate the triple junction which eventually came about. Thus, to the East, 'the House of Israel' is lost, as well as the House of Pharez, and earliest of all, the House of Zarah.' But in accompanying Jeremiah, on his journey, we find that the throne reached its Western sanctuary long before the bulk of the tribes of Israel arrived there to find that Zarah's royal line was in place to greet them. To find that the culmination of all this brings forth the story of 'the Renewal of Israel history in the West through the marriage of our hero and the heroine from the East, from David's line.'

This story is as the mosaic of the Bible story as piece by piece it fits into the whole picture of YAHWEH'S plans for this earth. The background must be laid and then we begin to see the picture as the main characters are put in place. Thus, in effect, 'The Renewal of History' was what resulted from the transfer of the Throne Seat, Bethel, to the Isles.

In the Westward journey, the tribes of Israel received many changes of names and this contributed to blindness on their part as to who they were and where they came from. But they struggles on. And as they journeyed, they found some of their people had prepared the way.

This was the purpose of the tribe of Dan as they took to their ships as well as in their overland journeys. But they also found the people called Phoenicians in many places who were also seafaring people. But they were still of the same race, the Adamic race. In tracing the Zarah people,

the author tells us that they left Egypt before the Exodus, and started moving Westward although a small group first went to the East. They lingered in Spain, and then some moved up the coastline of Western Europe and formed colonies along the Western shore of Europe. Altho the bulk of the people might be Danites, or Phoenicians, or others of this race of people, still many, many times their kings were of the tribe of Zarah, later to be called the Milesians. The name Milesian came from Milesius, Guillam or (William the Conqueror of Ireland at a later date.) But the name came from this soldier of Spain whose name was Milesius. Thus we find that the Kingship of the House of David would be already in the West long before the transfer from the East to the West was accomplished by Jeremiah.

To arrive at the setting of our story, the author tells us that Milesius married an Irish Princess by the name of Muiream. This Princess was the only daughter of the ruler of Ireland at that time. And she was of the ruling line of the tribe of Dan. To this marriage was born Eochaidh, the Heremonn, or Heremon as he is generally known. Heremon was the 8th and last of the legitimate Princes of Spain. As the lad developed and grew, his father determined in his 10th year, to send him to Ireland to complete his education . Also it was decided that his mother, Muiream, was to accompany him and oversee his education.

Muiream, his mother's name, as we have intimated, was the equivalent of Miriam or Mary. She was not only a pure descendant of the Tuatha de Danaans, but was strangely impressed with a presentment that somehow in her the line in due time, would become extinct. Although she never lived to be the last surviving child and heir of Old Ard Ri Mac Greame (son of the sun.) Nevertheless, in subtle premonition of what the fates had yet in store, the constant tenure of her private converse with Eochaidh was the impending downfall of her house.

This came to pass. But not exactly as she had dreamed. And the sunset of this Noble line of Danaan Kings was very glorious, nor yet, without the promise of a still more glorious dawn beyond.

By Irish law the female line was fully recognized. And Muiream was destined to preserve it in a providential manner by her very marriage. It is merely to be noted here that Eochaidh the Heremonn, inherited the Danaan succession as well as the Milesian (Zarah) through his parents. There are other parallel cases to be found in England's history.

Muiream was well equipped to superintend the schooling of anyone, particularly of her own son. Carefully educated in the storied greatness of her own people, and more than usually learned in all the Druid mysteries which could be shared by women, nor were they few in royal quarters, she had been most tenderly reared in her grandfather's court amid surroundings which at an early age had fully developed her superiority and queenly parts. She was the embodiment of an old regime, older by far than its brief Irish past (75 years at that time) and its total short duration of three years. And clung to it's traditions with an open and determined constancy and affection.

Muiream possessed the power of persuasion, that subtle gift that comes of faith in what one teaches. And she lost no opportunity to mold her son who in reality, was birth-marked a Danaan and responded to her impress.

To Muiream, the Milesian (Zarah) union had been at first distasteful. Hence its original delay. But Milesius was a chivalrous soldier and actually won her love before he gained her hand. But the hand of Destiny is still seen in some marriages that at first proposal meet with anything but quick response form all concerned. Yet in the end find deeper reasons and a sound philosophy. As a matter of fact, the union had resulted in naught but good. And the Queen's life had its full share of woman's joys. Nor was it stripped of a far grandeur mission of which she acquitted herself supremely well.

To Muiream's perception, in spite of the Danaan throne, the Milesian (Zarah) conquest of her native land was an accomplished fact. For commerce had already won the issue. The land of Erin was itself entering

upon its Golden Era. Its art, its literature, its culture had already made it famous throughout Europe. But its commerce had developed it. And that island owed to the Phoenicians and latterly to their Western representatives, the Milesian Princes the great 'middle' men of ancient ocean trade, until fate made them principals by moving them to the West and destroying their Easter market places.

It is true that there was a decisive battle in that generation. But after all, we must view the Milesian conquest rather in the light of England's by the Normans, 1635 years later, than as a deluge which swept the land and continent away. Indeed, the similarity between these two invasions in their motives, methods, and results, is noticeably striking. And reading down between the lines possesses more philosophy than modern scribblers on the scrolls of history dream. During the reign of Milesius and the succeeding century, Spain was so completely drained of the wandering sons of Zarah who flocked to friendly coalition with the people of kindred interests, that they have hardly left a trace behind them on the continent. While in the land of their adoption, they have so evidently melted into the general mass of Irish, that as between the Saxon and the Norman, there was soon no possibility of discrimination and there is less today.

But to return to Muiream's love for her father's people which was her ruling motive, and with all the qualities of a race whose women have even been famous, she devoted herself to the fulfilment of her mission, which she, the gods themselves, had prearranged. Heremonn, or as with Danaan learning, she preferred to call him Eochaidh, was a youth of special promise. And like his mother a genuine Danaan. However he was also a son of Milesius and well acquainted with Milesian history.

In the meantime, Muiream was particularly careful that her special charge should be instructed in the lore and history of her own people and she brought to bear upon the task not only her own magnetic influence but secured the best assistance of the Elder Druids. However, in the deeper religious mysteries, his half brother Amhergin, who was already studying Druidism in the same schools, turned out to be far more proficient. Heber,

another half brother, remained at home, and under his mother Scota's constant tutelage, prepared to take the Kingdom when his father should relinquish it. Thus, trouble would naturally come, but Destiny would rule.

Muiream was also busy with designs which looked as steadily toward the consolidation of both realms in one. But although MacGreame, the ranking king of Ireland had no children, save herself, and soon learned to love and admire his Milesian (Zarah) grandson, still to view him as a possible heir of the Danaan throne was far beyond his thoughts, and would have been unwelcome. Aye, even dangerous to all concerned. Thus, Muiream never broached the topic to her father.

Throughout this sojourn in the land of Destiny, she and Eochaidh dwelt at Cathair Crofin, for here the Royal Palace was erected. His going in and out among the Clans and his excellence in manly sports of all descriptions soon endeared him to the people. And far better known as an athlete and a leader in all feats of arms, than as a mere University student, and particularly, ere he left the Irish court, in maritime adventure, he gained the love and admiration of all with whom he came in contact. All this had a beneficial influence upon his fortunes when in later days, an unfortunate occurrence brought about an open rupture resulting in the actual conquest of Ireland by the Milesians. And still later when the Clans took up the topic of supremacy, between Heber and Heremonn, in a partisan spirit.

But to return to this queenly teacher and her son. As the time drew near when she began to anticipate their recall to Spain, she redoubled her efforts to instil Danaan learnings in the young Prince, nor even after the summons and return, were there wanting ample opportunities to pour the legends of her people into his ears. The summons came when he had reached his 18th year, and with reluctance, she obeyed the order to return to Spain.

In Irish history, the Eras (there were five in 497 years) belonged to different dynasties all jealous of each other. And to this day, no one had threaded their labyrinth. But we must not forget that God was also in this

matter, and was disposing its several and dissevered chapters. For purposes then future, and in methods hardly even yet quite manifest and clear, the same Providence was weaving in the East and West the more or less confusing groundwork of the Romance of the Ages. By no possibility could the actors at either of these widely separated termini grasp the true purpose of the whole. They had mutually lost, in fact, the meaning of the threads which tied their parts together, although their halting records show they severely followed them towards each other till their very fibres were entwined.

MOTHER AND SON

Time and again, reclining at his mother's feet, had Eochaidh listened with enjoyment to her graphic way of scanning through the story of her native island. To Muiream, its tale was simply one of continued Danaan settlement and conquest. And in his earliest childhood, Eochaidh had caught from her the spirit of its romance. Nor had his broader education at the Irish Universities ever ruptured the thread which she ran backward through it; indeed continued through thereon among his books had only served to string it more thickly with new beads and fill the spaces here and there, which she in the enthusiasm of a grounded faith, had either hastened over, or else entirely neglected.

Her work was like to that of genius upon canvas which in but a few bold stokes, brings out the whole effect, but is impatient of too studied details and the quick, receptive mind of Eochaidh was facile to her brush, nor such is the power of woman as a mother, did it ever lose the master's outline. Moreover, there was ample fund of interest in this theme which Muiream loved, and which she therefore chose most frequently in converse with her son. For we must not forget that there were earlier chapters in the story of these people.

These chapters stretched still further back into its remotest past, and spanning at least another 1000 years, including the stories of the Tuatha de Danaans proper, The Fir Bolgs, The Fomorians, The Nemhedians, The Parthalonians, The Iberians, and earliest of all the Craunnogs. No wonder our historians have been long a sea since they sailed without a compass

pointing unto Israel as the Pole. Muiream's sole object was to establish the unity of the Irish race down to the Milesian (Zarah) conquest which she foresaw, and which would bring comparatively, but few newcomers to the Island. For as she firmly believed that Eochaidh would be its Ard Ri, she desired to impress upon him that the mass of his subjects would be his mother's people. And that he would be truly King of the Danaans as if he had been the son of Greame himself. She was jealous of her people's ancient prestige, and she wished her son to have good reason to be true to them, that they in turn, might give him their support without reserve.

As wave after wave, the human flotsam of successive immigration which history washed up on the Irish shores was passed in review before Muiream's gaze her own analysis of what the sea gave up bore ample evidence that all of it was but a part of one great Ship of State whose sections derelict upon the tide, had simply come in one by one instead of all at once. The wreckage all bore marks of common origin and gave ample opportunity for rude assortment when it reached the shore. Beyond this Muiream gave the subject little thought.

She viewed it only from its western aspect which gave her summary its greatest value. For as already noted, it shows that God, Himself, was intimately in the case, and was disposing matters not too clearly in the west, so as to counterpart and carry on those we have already seen, HE had begun so quietly in Eastern lands. We must not forget that we view Erin's story through still later heaps of jetsam, more and more confused by those who have disturbed it ever since the Emerald Isle became an object of Anglo-Saxon contention and dispute.

None of its strata have much order now, and long ago their main treasures were mined out. We do however believe that early Irish history as Muiream viewed it, was mostly broadly true. So let us return to those earlier days of Eochaidh, and sitting with him at the feet of Muiream, take from thence a somewhat hasty survey of the previous history of Erin, for

it is only thereafter that we may confidently move forward with our Hero into other scenes.

MUIREAM'S STORY

Well, Eochaidh, thy mother must at once betray the weakness of her sex, and therefore will anticipate the end and fond conclusion of her story at its very start. I shall bring Danaan history with you, to whom it has come fully down, and in whom, I believe, it will literally culminate. You are my son and I the Queen. If not the last, as certainly the youngest of all the Royal Danaans; hence too, you are peculiarly my people's son. For as my uncles have no children, and MacGreame's own line runs out in me, you are the only rightful heir of Erin's 'Craun.'

I am not concerned so much, my son, in your Milesian story. You have come hither to the Western Bournes, guided by the same Destiny that pioneered your predecessors. And now that the Fates have given them an equal promise in the future, for I see in the philosophy of facts, that history will soon repeat itself. It is for you to follow back the special line marked by that 'Scarlet Thread.' (Genesis 38:28)

Danaan history is without beginning. Who we were in the far off 'shadows of the rising son,' was never clear to me. Accounts are so confusing. Although they all conspire to point unto the gods themselves. A long time ago, our ancestors came into a land which they named Dania for their father 'Dan' who was our Posie-Dan, or Father of the Sea. This land was at the very centre of the earth, and therefore always overrun with enemies. For there first, did men congregate, and there the struggle for supremacy began.

There to, I think, that they had many brethren. But very early, they, that is, our own peculiar ancestors, grew weary of pursuits on shore, which so engrossed the others. So they abandoned Dania one by one, for the more daring life upon the waves where they were born. Indeed, they mostly lived upon their ships thereafter, and wandered in them everywhere. And perhaps this is the reason that we know so little of the true history of

ancient Dania, for it soon became an almost Universal name. And so in time, the men whose sons and daughters continued to be born, as at first, upon the sea, in various places, and from generation to generation, there literally was no special Dania left.

But some at last grew weary of having no fixed resting place, and hence it is that we, one branch of their descendants, have now once more become quite reconciled to life on land. Even so, we still love the sea on which this Island home floats safely even though we worship the gods beneath the groves. But enough now, of thee primitive legends, for you know them all from earliest childhood.

In spite of the many names by which the successive colonists who have settled here are known, there are really but two Royal races now in Ireland, your own, and mine. That is, your father's and my father's. For as you know, I am a daughter of one whom I mis-give will be the last Danaan King, and you, your father's son, are a true Milesian. (Zarah) Yet unlike your brothers, Heremonn, you naturally so favour the characteristics of my own people, that to me you seem as one of them, and not a true Milesian. However, to give you briefly but the skeleton of Erin's story, for you to clothe with all the incidents of flesh your education may suggest, I will commence at its earliest colonist.

THE CRAUNNOGS:

This island had no aborigines when Danaan keels first grazed upon its shores. It was a heritage in keeping for them and quite desolate of all, but nature's loveliness, a spot of green, and peaceful that it lured to land even those whose preference had till then, been wedded to the waves. The legend says they drew near to it, at the termination of a dreadful storm which had nearly driven them over the very ocean's furious limit in the West, when turning East, they sighted from afar, its emerald diadem of leaves. And that they landed here at once, and as a sign that they came to stay, we are told that they destroyed their ships using the masts, which saved them from the tempest, as the very piers of their earliest dwellings.

These Craunnogs were really Danaan's people. Of course, they were only the very rudest offshoots of a roving and adventurous people, none of whom had shaped themselves as yet so as to conform to any fixed and positive characteristics, save love of sea and freedom. They lived in lake and river dwellings as their descendants to today, preferring water, after all, to land.

But this very colony had been actually seeking our far off insular abode, when the tempest overtook them. This may seem strange, my son, but from remote times, it had been believed by their own ancestors that somewhere in the strong north-western angle of the earth, the seat of final empire should find a throne of permanence.

This colony had wished to be the first to seize it. And had set out for this purpose when the storm fell on them. Thus, discovering this island under the circumstances that had brought them to it, they settled here, believing it to be the very one meant by the ancient Ollams. This, I believe to be true. For Eochaidh, this same thought has been in the hearts of every set of colonists who ever landed here; even your Milesians (Zarahites) have a similar tradition. However, our earliest colonists had it as part of their very life. They called themselves **'CRAUNNOGS, OR THE CROWNED PEOPLE,'** from this very nation that the true meaning of their name is 'TREE TOPS' and it comes from words common to all our dialects. Craun, meaning a tree, and og, meaning a tuft or termination. We use this same word for a crown as they did.

Muiream continues: You know, my son, that even now no Danaan sailor ever trusts himself upon a ship whose mast head has been trimmed, that is 'stripped' of its 'craunnog' or its top-most tufts of leaves. Our learned Druids tell us that we inherited this custom, not from these early colonists, but with them must have come from the common Eastern origin this idea. The Druids say it is the Universal sign of kinship among all the people who down to the present day, have sought the refuge of this island sanctuary, that is of all except the fierce Milesians who being the last, have conquered it at least commercially. Tradition also points to it as one

of the oldest emblems of Danaan destiny, the very sign of Universal Empire. But who? The fates are still reserving for some future showing. It is also a sign of conquest and defeat. And I doubt now, Eochaidh, that some of the deeper mysteries of the Druids whom I grieve to see you do not like over well, were, in their purer origin, significant of the branch of Empire destined so they say, to be planted here in time. They say the mistletoe, which came with us from Dania, was wrested thence in token of this very promise and I would that thou, my peerless son, might be the one to grasp the leafy sceptre from the hands of Destiny.

But the centuries have waited, and may linger still. Yet, Eochaidh, the heraldry of that blazing Sun of Gold upon a blood red field, which you, the Royal son of Scythia's race, inherit, must be indicative of something. Would that it meant that Dania's sun, which certainly set in great Mac-Greame, has, in his daughter's child, a still more brilliant rising yet in store.

But a final word about these earliest colonists. The pulpits upon which the Druids stand when giving judgement, are to this day called 'Craunnogs.' And they always have the mystic twig of mistletoe above them. Indeed, thy very throne will bear this ancient name, a fact which bids thee bear in constant mind that it is literally founded upon piles which drive their way through every human stratum in the land, down to this very oldest and rudest of them all, and all of this must prove to you that my argument is both just in its beginning, as well as full of moral import to a future king. 'Connaught' as you know is the very land of Dan, one of its earliest Royal Centres. And no one would deny to men from whom we have our finest seamen the plainest title to their ocean birthright. The very tufted 'Craun' they leave above each dwelling is an emblem of their race.

Muiream goes on to describe the next coming of Danaan people, the Iberians, who were richer and more cultivated class of the Danaan people. But still the same race of people. And they soon spread themselves over the Island and were soon more or less absorbed with the Craunnogs into a general people of like pursuits and habits. Muiream tells her son that other colonies are being established in the lowlands of Northern Europe,

and then in a few centuries they too invaded Erin. These were the Fir Bolgs, or the Belgae. Then there also was the Fomorian Sea Kings, and these people were crossing and re-crossing each others tracks so often, that it would require the closest care to avoid confusing them. However, they were, all of them, sons of Dan. And some cases, his brethren. But they all live in their ships and they speak a common language, united in legends of a common origin, and are all impelled by common destiny to seek this very land. The day is coming when these brethren of a mighty race will re-cross each others tracks on the land just as the Danaans have already done upon the sea. But the land must be almost as ample as the sea itself. And therefore will be harder to fill up and overflow, nor can migrations there be rapid as then wafted by the winds.

Muiream continues her story.

THE PARTHALONIANS:

We have not arrived at a period when we may dispense with mere legend and conjecture, no matter how well they may have been fortified by argument and collateral evidence and at last, appeal to records as our certain guide. For with the advent of the Parthalonians upon our shores we may fairly consider that the authentic history of Erin commences. It is true that this unfortunate colony left only their graves among us as their permanent records. But nevertheless, each of the succeeding waves of colonization was so intimately related to that of Parthalon, and was so legitimately its nature outcome, and so certainly recruited from similar sources, that through their unbroken records we may confidently work our way back to it as a positive starting point.

(According to the genealogical table provided by the author in an earlier study, the Parthalonians were really sons of Zarah. So were the Neimheids, and indeed the leaders of the Fir Bolgs and Formorians. Their seafaring traits and common legends and customs, so similar to those of Muiream's own Danaan people that she might not have realized the difference. None the less, she was broadly right as all of these people were of the seafaring branches of the Abrahamic stock. And although the

Craunnogs and Iberians were undoubtedly of Dan, the others equally with the direct generations of Milesians, have a straight descent from Zarah, or a generation back from Judah, himself. There is no doubt however, that the bulk of their followers were sons of Dan. They manned the ships and owned all those that ruled the commerce of their days, at least they shared with the Phoenicians all the privileges of trading the Fairs of Tyre. These latter drew their wares from every harbour known to merchants. And Danish history has roots upon the coasts of India (Eastern Tarshis) as well as on the shores of Erin which was Tarshish of the West.)

Returning now to Muiream's account of the Parthalonians, she finished their history as follows. In the latter days of their successors, they were overtaken by the wrath of heaven as a dreadful pestilence swept over Erin. And by it, not only were the Iberian settlements in the north and south relentlessly decimated, but that of the Parthalonians was almost entirely swept away. They nearly all lie buried now in the Thaum Lacht of Ben Eider near by Lyffy, where the tomb of Parthalon, himself, may still be pointed out. For most of those who survived the pestilence fell victims to their own anarchy in the next thirty years which complete the 300th of the Parthalonian Era.

A pause in Muiream's story then occurs as her son who is now a part of the Danaan Navy, spent his vacation on the sea. At Eochaidh's return, Muiream picks up the story of the;

NEIMHEDIANS (sons of Zarah)

The story of the people whom we are now to consider Eochaidh, form such an important factor in Irish history, that I beg of you a particularly close attention to it. Although it is very brief, it is of great value for my purposes in that it enable us to continue the special Danaan thread now firmly grasped in the Parthalonian recital, through them, and their successors down to the present day. The Neimhedians in fact, form the Golden Clasp in the chain of Danaan identity and kinship which reaches back-

ward to the Parthalonians, and forward to the Fomorians, the Fir Bolgs, and the Tuatha de Danaans themselves. Let us resume our story.

Our chronicles explicitly inform us that Parthalon did not bring his entire family with him when he came. For he left an infant son named Adlah behind him in Javan. Thus at the time the pestilence swept the Parthalonians away, there had descended from this son a lineal successor named Neimheigh. This man was not only of great wealth, but had many followers in Javan where he, himself, was a great warrior. So learning of the misfortunes that had overtaken his lineage, he resolved to proceed to Ealga in person. And thus, secure the Western possessions which he had inherited. In the history of this time, there were wars between the different groups in Ireland. And they were all trying for supremacy and rulership of that land.

(The interesting thing about this time of Irish history is that at the same time that the Neimhedian rule ended in Ireland, it corresponded to the final year of the Siege of Samaria back in the Mid-East. There can be no doubt that the sons of Dan and others of their brethren were busy in those days in escaping to the West.)

(The Fomorian period was a short one for Ireland's history. It commenced with the fall of Samaria in the East and lasted seventeen years. The Fir-Bolgians or Belgians, had settled on the Western shores of Europe where we find Belgium today. These were colonists established by the Danaan people, but into which came many of their brethren as they escaped from the East, rather than going into captivity to Assyria. With the coming of Israel brethren from the East, the people in the West were able to keep up with what was going on in the East as Israel was taken into captivity, or fled before the Assyrian conquerors.)

MUIREAM'S story continues

Eochaidh, Mac Erc, the son of Radhnal, was the final King of the Fir-Bolgian line. He ruled Ireland for ten years and that brought my own

people on the scene. His wife was a Milesio-Iberian princess named Tailte, the sister of your great grandfather Breogan, then the King of Spain, and the place of her interment still bears her name. The Fir-Bolgians ruled Ireland but thirty-seven years. (The author now pauses in Muiream's account to demonstrate the accuracy of her account, for it is at variance with all the histories so far as time.

Yet she is right and they are wrong, and even worse. For they are also inconsistent. But their cause of error was perhaps a very natural one, considering the remoteness from the events transpiring in Greece and Palestine during these very years, and their total ignorance of any straight connection between the Eastern And Western phases of a common history.

The genealogy of the leaders of this time settled the question, as the five leaders of the Fir-Bolgians were the sons of Dela, and they returned in person to avenge the death of more, their own brother who had been slain at Tor Conaing only seventeen years before. Thus at a word, there vanishes like a mirage from the horizon of Irish history, two hundred years or more erroneously interpolated even by the best of her historians. Genealogy and chronology must go hand in hand.

These two important 'lines of time' must agree within reasonable limits of history founded on them is to stand, and Ireland can honestly boast of quite sufficient antiquity without longer endorsing errors that only serve to bring discredit upon her otherwise unimpeachable annals. The errors were made because Erin's accredited historians would not stand strictly by the 'generations.' And thus, could not correctly base the years of each rule of these different Kings. Now, let us return to Muiream's recital as her people are en route to Erin.

THE TUATHA DE DANAAAN

And now, my son, let us turn to the final chapter of our story. And now I can speak with the greatest degree of personal confidence and historical minuteness. For the Tuatha de Danaans are not only my own peculiar branch of this race of 'Sea Kings,' it Royal and Patrician class, but they were its last arrivals here in Erin. Their story will through bring the

Danaan history of Ireland down to date. That is, down to the Milesian conquest. Moreover, I believe most firmly that the so-called Tuatha de Danaans were the last section of our race who left the ancient dwelling place of Dan in the far East, a land which your father, himself, has visited in person, and found it to be almost entirely empty of inhabitants and history.

I would, alas, that we could penetrate those Eastern chapters of our story. But beyond our debarkation and its immediate Easter cause, our history there seems to be as utterly washed as are the countless wakes left by Danaan keels upon the trackless waters which lie between. As well, might we expect to see their phosphorescent glow renewed and fixed forever on the bosom of the deep, as now to hope to penetrate the gloom which covers up that Eastern story. It is true, our actual exodus from Dania was only 112 years ago. But when we children of the sea seem to have been divorced by Fate from any deep concern in Eastern matters, whole centuries before that final strand was cut. Our Western chapters however, are more easily deciphered. For our chronicles are very positive upon their more important facts, to which I now invite your close attention.

(Muiream goes into detail to outline the genealogy of those coming from the East so as to keep in her sons mind the fact of who he was.)

Muiream's story continues

We the Tuatha de Danaans left original Dania, only at the very last moment. And moreover, we left it empty behind us. For we came away as a body with no intention of ever returning there. As for our ancient harborsXXX-we burned them. Moreover, somewhere on our journey it is equally certain we fell in with the Irish Neimhedians and eventually came here under their pilotage. Merely this and nothing more. Our records are equally positive that it was from Assyrian invasion and oppression that we fled from the east. And I doubt that not. For Eochaidh, those were the very Assyrians whom your father found still warring around that Danaan land of desolation in the east. And they are no doubt the natural descendants or at least successors of the ancient enemies of our race. It was just

about 100 years ago before your fathers visit to Riffleoir that the Fir-Bolgian exodus took place. My ancestors left the east in the next generation, although we probably left Dania for Javan soon after the Fir-Bolgians.

However, here we are safe. And far beyond the utmost reach of eastern foes. Their chariots cannot ride the waves where we are indisputably the masters. And even should they ever reach the shores of Europe, all of its Danaan seaboard, untied in such a holy cause, would rise as one and offer them a sacrifice to 'Father Dan.'

It is thus clear that we originally inhabited the far off eastern Dania. And that we left it by way of Javan because of an impending invasion from Assyria. But we the second ones, for the Fir-Bolge left it first, and were pioneered westward by refugees who had but recently returned to the east from Erin, and knew the way back to these Western colonies of our race.

And moreover, from our western chronicles, which are positive thereon, it now appears that fate has taken a hand in steering our ships, guided us out into the ocean, and temporarily directed our prows away from these favoured islands of Atlantis, sent us rather to the Northern mainland colonies of Iberia, in the very wakes of the Belgae, or the Fir-Bolgs who preceded us thither. But who had gone on to Ireland ere we arrived on Spain. By these latter kinsmen we also were well received and treated with great hospitality. They assigned us land for cultivation and also gave us four cities to inhabit. The former we called Dan's Mark, or Dan's resting place (Denmark) and the latter were named Falia, Gorja, Fennia and Mura.

But the chronicles are equally explicit that true to its name, this land was merely one of rest, for we remained in Denmark only twenty-one years. And then the constant cry of our chief men who had grown weary of the mainland, was, 'To the islands, or our ships.' We had deferred to our Neimhedian pilots who advised us to proceed to ports which were already well known as friendly to our countrymen. And thus we avoided warfare.

Hence, it was that we had not gone directly to Erin. I also think that the very fates conspired against our making your Milesian ports in Spain. We were destined, it is true, to meet your people. But in days yet then future. While resting peacefully in the lands of Denmark, just vacated by the Fir-Bolgs, we were not idle by any means, and became fully posted upon Erin's affairs which was at that time under the joint occupancy of the Fomorian and Fir Bolgs. Great errors have occurred in understanding these eras of Ireland's occupation and reigns. It is a great error however to misunderstand and ignore the fact that these occupations and reigns overlap, and thus, to sum them all up to arrive at Erin's age.

This is the habitual method of all who have misconceived the secret of Irish chronology and it is so subversive of her true history that we fear it will endanger the hope of future ages unravelling the story, and thus splicing it on to that of our ancestors in the east, unless we rectify it now. The fact is that from Parthalon down to Milesius, is a period of but 497 years, instead of the 1200 to 1300. And nothing is to be gained by such wholesale misrepresentation. Indeed, much is to be lost for it keeps the matter in derision, which to recognize the truth is to honour Irish history and reveal a truth of mighty moment to all true historians.

(Thus, we find that the family of which Muiream was a part, left Denmark, spent seven years in Albion, and then they went on to Ireland. It was just 121 years after the Tuatha de Danaans left the ancient Eastern home of Dan, that Milesians (Zarah) entered Ireland. And now to prove this by her own genealogy: Eochaidh, her son by Milesius, was the grandson of her father Mc Greame who was the son of Carmada, and the son of Eochaidh, the one for who Eochaidh the Heremonn was named, and who came to Erin from Denmark with the Tuatha de Danaans and was the nephew of Breas.)

THE RETURN TO SPAIN.

Eochaidh and his mother returned to Spain and were welcomed by Milesius, then 62 years of age, and already contemplating a division of his realm between his several sons. Eochaidh had not reached the legal age of twenty-five, but he had given evidence of peculiar ability as a

sailor and had won honour in that line. Thus, the command of the Milesian Navy was given to this young son of Muiream and Milesius. In a successful season, Heremonn's fleet successfully punished the pirates so severely, that commerce was assured of a long spell of safety and Milesius then granted the oft-repeated request of the young Prince to visit Egypt, the famous scene of his father's own early adventures. As a lad, the Prince had listened to his father's stories of the East. And his later converse with his mother had only served to increase his desire to see these famous regions for himself. In correspondence with his father while away at school, he had frequently reverted to this wish, and the hope had been fostered by his now fully assured naval successes.

In pursuing the interests of Milesian commerce, Heremonn had but lately passed through the Gates of Hercules and touched at several kindred colonies along the most Western shores of that great inland sea, upon whose far off eastern coasts the legends of both branches of his ancestry related that his race sprung to power and renown. Heremonn was still but eighteen. And Milesius assented the more readily in that several years yet remained before it would be proper to give him a share in the sceptral affairs at home.

The elderly King looked upon the matter as a feature of his son's education. And was himself anxious to obtain direct news from the regions where he had personally spent many pleasant years. It was true that Necho, his Royal friend, was dead, as was his son. But Hophra, whom he remembered as a youthful Prince, was on the throne of Egypt. And he knew his son would have a friendly welcome at that court.

Accordingly the young Prince hastily prepared for the voyage. A single ship was selected, one of the best in the Navy, a few trusted officers, and a well chosen crew were assembled. Plenty of means for several years of travel were provided by Milesius and rich presents for the reigning Pharaoh. To Muiream, however, the parting was an exciting one. Her feelings were somewhat foreboding. But as the young man's heart was set upon the trip, she stifled all her fears and gave him her maternal

blessing, and steeled herself to wait the outcome, which after all, she viewed with subtle confidence despite an ill-defined excitement.

So it came about that he proceeded to the very confines of Egypt. Visited its marts and ancient temples, and admired its art and architectural wonders. But he spent less than a year at Pharaoh's court. And as the State of affairs in the East was much less settled than he had anticipated, or was prepared for, he left the regions of Tanais toward the end of the year with the intention of touching at Crete and Cyprus. And thus, returning West by way of Getulia according to circumstances.

AN EVENTFUL VOYAGE

It was upon this return trip that Eochaidh experienced a remarkable adventure, and whose mysterious import never ceased to influence his after fortunes, although its most important link seemed to be fatally lacking for many years. Driven out of their course by severe weather, his ship had gladly sought refuge in what appeared to be the ruins of an ancient harbour. It was that of Joppa, already quite dismantled and deserted, save by a few fishermen of the lowest order. But from its inhabitants, he had gleaned enough to suggest the strange fancy that perhaps it was here his ancestors had dwelt.

The storm-stressed Milesians, or Danaan, if you will, for the crew consisted of about equal parts of both peoples, and Heremonn was quite as much the Prince of each, in their own and his own estimation, had tarried there some time, and while his shipmates made such temporary repairs as would enable their craft to start again upon its homeward voyage, Eochaidh the Heremonn had heard of the luxurious city of Jerusalem, situated at some distance inland, and decided to visit it.

Rumour added that it was even then being besieged by powerful Eastern enemies. This however, only served to increase his resolution to journey thither. Thus, in for an adventure, Eochaidh, together with two trusted tribesmen, now planned the short journey inland, for the double purpose of viewing the conflict, and relieving the ennui of their forced delay.

CAPTURED BY THE BABYLONIANS

Just as they were about to start for Jerusalem, a strong detachment of Babylonians swept into Joppa and seized the entire party, and were upon the point of destroying their galley. But upon second thought, and because of the evident value of the ship and the importance of its owners, the captors decided to report the matter to the Commander-in-Chief who was then at Ramah, only a few miles north of Jerusalem. Leaving therefore a strong guard in charge of the merchantmen, they returned with their prisoners to Mizpah, whence they had originally set out on learning of the shipwrecked strangers, intending to move forward to Ramah upon the following day.

At this critical juncture, they were befriended by an unlooked for circumstance. This was no less than the arrival of a party of Hebrew refugees at Mizpah. The latter were by no means prisoners, although they were also under special Babylonian escort. They were of evident rank and consisted principally of a queenly middle-aged woman, named Hamutal and the three young maidens who proved to be her granddaughters. The elder was a pretty child named Scota, a familiar name. The middle one a maid of striking Hebrew type, while the younger was a still lovelier little girl of some three or four summers. They were attended by an Ethiopian Eunuch of commanding presence, by a younger companion apparently a scribe, whose attention to the elder girl was unmistakable, and finally by an austere man, clad in the garb of Hebrew Priesthood.

The latter seemed to be well known to the commander of the original detachment, who had indeed preceded them to Mizpah with the express purpose of providing for the safety of this particular Hebrew party. As soon as the Hebrew Pries learned of the captured prisoners, he seemed deeply moved. And having diligently listened to all the Babylonians could impart, he persuaded a delay until the Commander-in-Chief, himself, who was expected on the morrow should arrive.

The interview which forever after was vividly impressed upon Eo-chaidh's mind was somewhat as follows: As soon as Jeremiah, Nebu-

zaradan and Eochaidh were left alone, the Hebrew thus addressed the Babylonian Captain, 'This stranger is the son of a great Prince whose domain is near 'the blessed Isles' which lie far beyond the Ultima Thule. The kingdom is but small, and is underneath the setting sun. But know O' Nebuzaradan, that the destiny of Babylonia is mysteriously linked with the safety of these mariners, thus let them depart in peace. They will return unto their own land, nor will even their posterity visit these shores again, until the Golden Age has changed to silver, that of silver to brass, and that of brass to iron, in the latter days of earthly empire.'

These words, uttered in Phoenician dialect that was easily comprehended by each of his listeners, produced a marked effect on both, and observing their attention, the Seer continued: 'Thou hast, by order of the king, thy master, hitherto obeyed all the mandates of YAHWEH, and behold Jerusalem again has fallen. So too, all other things unroll, even as the sacred scrolls predict, and I am here according to agreement with the daughters of Zedekiah, whom the king, Nebuchadnezzar placed upon the throne of Judah. Let it be known to thee, O Babylonian, that the victory of the Chaldeans has been brought about not by chariots nor horsemen, but by the LORD of Hosts, before whom even thou has lately trembled in thy visions.'

At this, the Babylonian captain visibly startled, changed color, not angrily, however, though with evident concern. But appearing not to notice his increased attention, the Seer continued as follows: 'Nor yet, without indubitable premonition stands this stranger here today, who hitherto has bowed the knee to Baal only, amid the oaks and cromlechs of his native hills. Be it also known unto thee, O Nebuzaradan, that these shipwrecked strangers have been cast upon the shores of Joppa for a 'sign' and for a 'witness' unto thee, that all my words shall surely come to pass, as well as unto them when Erin's time are also full.'

These remarks of the prophet Jeremiah, particularly the allusion to his mother's land (Erin) and the scenes of his youth, surprised Eochaidh beyond measure. But he held his peace and the prophet continued as follows: 'Behold, I will establish this that thou mayest know that the

words of **YAHWEH** are certain, and his counsels sure. Last night, O Captain, thou wert troubled in thine heart and sleep went from thee, for a vision of deep import haunted thine eyelids. That dream was sent to thee from heaven, nor hast thou mentioned it, or told it to another. Nevertheless, this is the riddle thou didst dream. 'Thou lookest and behold, a vine of low stature, and of unknown virtue, grew upon a mountain high and excellent, and as it spread abroad, behold, a single leaf expanded in the midst thereof, and sent its lobes, the one toward the East, another to the West, and a third toward the North.

And yet a last towards the sunny South. And the growth thereof was terrible. And the shadow of leaf spread over the face of the whole earth. And thou sawest until the strength of the mountain whereon it flourished entered into the leaf, and gold and silver, brass and iron, flowed from the bowels of the mountain into the veins thereof. And yet, its texture seemed to be of stone, for the mountain also poured its quartz into the leaf that grew. And behold. As thou didst view the vine and its growing leaf, one came and plucked a tender twig thereof and gave it to a little child. And lo, the whole earth rejoiced and all creation dwelt in peace beneath the shadow of the vine.'

This is the remarkable interpretation of this vision. 'Know therefore, O Nebuzaradan, that this vision is certain, and its interpretation sure. As a sign thereof, I charge thee, cause this stranger to be searched.'

The Captain of the guard commanded that the prophets words be carried out and as the young Prince was searched, lo, beneath the Caims of Eochaidh, was a chain of gold, clasped around his neck. And suspended to it hung a four leaved shamrock, curiously worked in inimitable filigree with gold and silver, brass and iron. And it was set with quartz and glistened in the sun. This Talisman had been the parting gift of his mother, ere he had started upon the eventful voyage and was greatly treasured for supposed Druidic virtues. She had charged him to wear it on his heart, and told him that it was an ancient heirloom of great age. And it certainly was a treasure of great value and with all a work of art.

Now, at this time, the little daughter of the unfortunate King of Judah, (Zedekiah) strayed into the group, and Nebuzaradan impressed with the strange fulfilment of his dream directed that the treasured circlet with its pendant gem be cast around her neck, for her name was Taphah (or Tephi) which in Hebrew signifies a twig, or a maiden. And she was also called by the pet name of Teah (Tea) which is a diminutive signifying 'tender.' Teah Tephi, the Tender Twig. (Ezekiel 17). As this was done, the prophet spake again and said to Nebuzaradan the Captain, 'Behold, thou hast found favour with Nebuchadnezzar, and thy king will make thee Captain of his four-fold host. And thou shalt lead his armies to the North, the South, to the West and to the East. And thou shalt have great honour in thy latter days. As for now, speed these strangers on their way.'

The Captain of the armies gave the orders and the prisoners were released. And the orders were given also to speed the departure of the galley.

THE MYSTERIOUS INTERVIEW:

This night before the merchantmen of Tarshis were to start from Joppa, the young Prince was called into a place apart by the mysterious Seer and blessed. The Prophet took a horn of oil, and anointed him and said, 'Return no more into the East, nor pass the Pillars of Hercules again. Pause not in thy return voyage, obey the light thou hast, for the legends of thy people are well founded. Seek Empire in the West, for thou shalt be ruler in thy father's stead.

The four-fold kingdom of the Sacred Isle shall be united upon the stem of thy posterity. Behold, YAHWEH blesses thee and thou shalt judge thy people. And in the days of thy greatness, thou shalt have a throne of stone, a sceptre, and a Princess fair to see. Thy seed shall dominate the earth, nor shall it fail in the day of trouble. The Zeal of the Almighty shall accomplish this. And for a 'sign' **THE SERPENT SHALL DEPART FROM ERIN.** Meanwhile, return thou unto Western Heshbon, and forget not amid the groves of Baal, that there is a Mighty ONE in Heaven, and that the cromlechs of thy people are too narrow for HIM who dwells in the Universe. Haste not this vision, nor be slow of Faith, for many days

must pass before these things take place in any phase or form. And finally, regret not the gem that thou hast lost. It is the price of thy escape. But when thou findest one amidst the verdure of some Green Realm far away, recall these incidents and wield thy sceptre wisely in thy day.'

Thus, spoke the Seer. And on the morrow the galley proceeded the sun in its Westward journey.

The young Prince returned home and related his personal experiences only to his mother, who concealed the story. Her son was the youngest of several half-brothers and his elders had the Royal precedent. Muiream's observations to her son as to the incidents referred to, brought the observation that the words of the Prophet were a corroboration of much that she had known in her own life. For of all the ancient promises of his mother's people, they based their Faith upon the ONE that looks unto a woman as destined to preserve the Danaans from the serpent that bites the tribal horse's heels. This was darkly symbolized upon the Royal Danaan Heraldry which came West with her family. Muiream then goes on to tell her son:

Your birth was ominous of something strange and great. Enough that I had special reasons for belief in one born with an 'arrow mark' upon his heart. The day when thou shouldst have been passed above the sacred fire, the eldest of the Druids sought me, and forbade the act. He was a strange and silent man, who took no part in any of the outward rites we celebrate within the Cromlechs. But had remained a hermit in a place apart. I knew not he was in Spain. In fact, I had not seen the 'Brehun' since Carmada died, save in a dream ere you were born. And when he came, my vision was fulfilled. He was the one who gave me the talisman which you so strangely lost on this eventful voyage to the East. And with it he bestowed this curious seal which you have never seen before. I give it to you now, son, but charge you never to part with it in life or death.

The Queen now produced a ring of great antiquity and gave it to her son saying, 'It is the cognizance of Dan, himself, who was the founder of our

‘House of Dan.’ A Beryl, pure and precious, and not with what skill its heraldry is graced, a creature which is half man, half horse, is wielding in his hand an arrow-snake. And whose quaint characters below spell out his name, as you can see. For in spite of centuries, I dare not think how many, that is the secret Ogham of the Druids. Dan was a ‘Brehen’ as his name implies, a Royal Monarch and Arch Druid, born to judge among his people always. So thou shalt do and after thee thy sons, until the final fire shall quench the waters whereon Dan abides.

I say thy sons, for when the aged Druid gave to me this seal he bade me know that; ‘In the strength of this child’s thighs, the stars predict an empire shall arise.’ Smile not, my son, that thou preferrest me, thy mother to a wife, for portents such as I have known may tarry, but not fail. Yet, marry no Milesian Princes, Eochaidh, for thy star is double and the colour of its second light must complement thine own. I say, do not marry a Danaan. I know not what to say here on, save that thy counterpart will come.’

Later, Muiream continued her talk with her son. ‘Let me return therefore to these earlier Danaans, the Craunnogs’ with whom my story of Ireland began. You recall the significance I place upon the twigs and leafy emblems we have all inherited equally with them, and to which we still attribute so much subtle meaning. Well, what added weight all this obtains when taken in connection with your adventures. Depend upon it. You have met a Prophet of our race. And there is destiny waiting thee behind the Veil of Isis, whom I believe you said was one of the gods of Egypt.

And certainly has sway in other lands. You have told me, my son, of how forcibly you were struck by the name of that wonderful Eastern city which you failed to reach, but how confident you were that the desolate land upon whose shores you found yourself was in some way related to our own Danaan forefathers. But this was not all. For what convinced you most of all as to its being truly classic Danish ground was the startlingly familiar name of that inaccessible interior city which among other lofty

titles, all signifying the 'Holy Mountain' and which the fishermen thereabouts called Jhireon, Akron and Hierusalem.

The people who gave the name Jeronakron to Erin's most sacred promontory were these identical Iberians of whom we used to talk long years ago in Erin. Yet the name is pure Danaan and signifies to us, as it did to the Iberians 'the Sacred Mountain.' No wonder you were struck by it, my son. And I can only beg of you to be convinced anew that these early Iberians were actually Danaans, and that their ancestors must have known of the earlier Jhieronakron (Jerusalem) so near the ancient city. Yiffey in the land of Dan.

The fact is Eochaidh, the Iberos came Westward seeking the same sceptre and when accident thus, took you to their most ancient land, behold you found it empty. It had been depleted every time that emigrants had gone to Ireland and the West. I shall often wonder what has become of the city and inhabitants of ancient Jhieron or Akron, which the Assyrians were besieging when you yourself fell into their hands, and were so wonderfully delivered. I think Erin is the inner sanctuary of this land of Tarshis, and I would that you were sure of ruling it in days to come.'

The subject was dropped between mother and son as the years rolled on. But Heremonn never disobeyed the Prophet's injunction and confined his voyages to the coast North and South of Spain in the Atlantic.

In the 25th year of Heremonn's life, sorrow came as his mother died and was taken for burial to Ireland. After the funeral, as the Prince returned to Spain, he found that the Empire was in great trouble and the sacred books when consulted, reminded them of the ancient predictions that Ireland would be the 'Promised Land.' First it was decided to send a representative from Spain to the Island to stop the insurrection there. It would have been better to have sent Heremonn as the people knew and loved him. But another was sent in his place and this created more bloodshed and unrest. As you remember there were other sons of Milesius, and now is the time for the sons of Scota the Queen to see if they can

realize the aim of their mother. But also, remember, that all of this is in the hands of the Almighty. And the Prince of the Scarlet Thread who is chosen will be the one to reign in Ireland. At the culmination of trouble between the half brothers, when the feud was now between Heber and Heremonn the Danaan, population arose as one to stand with Heremonn.

CHURCH AND STATE

Heremonn's father's ancestors had left the land of Egypt before Sinai's law had been promulgated. Theirs was but primitive and patriarchal. And although all knowledge of its origin had for long been dissipated in their constant wanderings, still its simple purity was summed up in a belief in **ONE GOD** only whom they named, but rarely, **YAH**. Worshiped with but little ceremony in the deepest heart. The Scarlet Thread had led them to this land of Fate, whose very name they took to be indicative of Supreme favour (for arriving, Ierin had phonetically meant Jar-in or **YAHWEH'S** land. But some say Jurin or Judah's land) had wrapped itself about the very roots of Eochaidh's or Heremonn's deep nature, and he had been drawn to seek in constant converse all that the wisest of the pure Milesians could impart thereon.

In his mothers teaching, she had warned her son that there were people in Ireland who were not of his race. They had come on the ships of Dan and were located in the south of Ireland at that time. She had told him they were never to be trusted with any part in the government, or in the Druids, or any other religious ceremony. She had told him that if ever you let these people gain a foothold over you that you would find yourself in great trouble. The young Prince of Scarlet Thread remembered these things and determined that when he was king of Ireland that things would have to change. He was prepared to renew the ancient struggle between **YAH (JAH)** and **BAAL**.

At this time in Ireland history as Destiny was to move, we find that these strange people had infiltrated even the Druids and some of the Druids and even some of Heremonn's trusted warriors had other plans for Ireland, while the people simply idolized the Heremonn, and loved him quite as

much for his own sake as for that of Muiream's memory. Thus at last Heremonn is made King of Ireland unofficially, and then the preparations were made for representatives of Erin's clans to gather at Cathair Crofinn to install him still more solemnly as the Ard Ri of the island.

AT THIS TIME - THE OLLAM'S SHIP

Milesius was now dead and many of the Milesian people had been coming into Ireland and other places to the North of Spain. As they left Spain and vanished toward the North, a strange ship which was none other than that carrying Jeremiah, made the port of Corunna.

As soon as the Ollam learned the situation of affairs he determined to lose no time in leaving Brigantium, but at the same time resolved to avoid Ireland for the present, or at least until the issue should be settled as to the future King of Ireland. Thus the ship of Jeremiah continued on to the North to the Danish colony, the second stopping place of almost all who came West in search of the 'Blessed Isles,'. Trouble with the ship made it necessary for the purchasing of a vessel and then limiting his crew to a select body of Fir-Bolgians, collected from crews lately discharged and anxious to return home, he made a prosperous transfer and arrived at the Belgian settlement before the year was out. Here Jeremiah and his party were kindly received.

And here he remained with his party until the time of the trouble in Ireland was over. Here in this land Jeremiah buried Hamutal his own daughter, and here we find traces that Baruch was with this party, and that he stayed in this colony as Jeremiah went to Ireland.

EOCHAIDH'S CORONATION:

The events which we have followed had all hastened, in their own set time, toward the fulfilment of a mystery, and our Hero himself, through all this seemed as though unconscious of the underlying cause of his strange impression as the eventful day of Coronation drew near.

The clans had met according to the Irish custom, and had solemnly declared their recognition of his right to succession, and this was far more significant of future peace than any right that came of arms and conquest only. It was a long time ago when these scenes were laid, of which Ireland's legends are so full, and which with colours blend with faith, and newer light, and bonded somewhat with pardonable imagination, we are now called upon to describe.

It was the day of Love and Chivalry, and warm colours may be freely used to fill in such a picture, since all the essential threads of the Romance have come down to us in the Irish Chronicles themselves. In its general aspect, Erin's Isle had become renowned, and with the flight of years, the sons of Dan, and now of Zarah, in reality both kindred peoples, .secure at last in their Western Eden, and now once more united forever, had become mighty in their union, and the future promised well. These were days of war to be sure, but such was the common phase of human life in those early ages. They were chivalrous at least, and the people were relatively better off than any upon the earth.

Such was the peaceful outlook now assured when Eochaidh the Here-monn, Prince of the Tuatha de Danaan by his mother's side, and the direct descendant as well, of Fenesia Farsa, and thus Zarah, twin brother of Pharez of the Royal House of Judah, was about to receive the national recognition as the 'Crowned Horseman' of the four principalities of Ireland. The clan representatives had gathered from near and far to witness the coronation ceremony.

The occasion had been planned so as to follow closely upon the Tailtean games, and to add to his popularity the Heremonn himself had entered into the tilts and tournaments, and successfully won the highest honours. In fact, successful as a warrior, skilled in the lore of his people already famous for their wisdom and culture, handsome and commanding in his presence, and beloved by all the Tuaths, no such Prince had ever yet succeeded to the powerful throne of the Proud Ealgan Isle. But his chieftain's heart was sad in spite of all these gay festivities. 'It is not good for man to dwell alone', nor was this Western Paradise yet wholly perfect.

The young Heremonn was now some 36 years of age and still unmarried. He missed his mother now that the desire of his ambition seemed so close at hand, as she had shared his lifelong aspirations, and thus was sadly needed at this crowning moment of his strange career. He was impatient with the flattery of the aged Druid, who drew near for a sign that the ceremony of the crowning should begin.

Today the young Prince would make his choice of maidens who would be his legal Queen and consort. He would make his choice as part of the ancient rite, and the Druids had summoned from far and wide the beautiful womanhood of Erin. For with Mystic significance the Prince would now stand beneath the sacred mistletoe and kiss his Queen in the presence of the people. But still the Heremonn delayed, no maiden yet had really won his heart, and least of all, did he so desire the haughty Milesian upon whom the priestly fast had with assiduous diplomacy endeavoured to fix his hesitating choice.

Today the Druids were the sole masters of the situation, and when the shamrock crown was assumed the Prince was required by law to seat a consort on the sacred war steed and lead her to the mistletoe.

At a signal the horse was now led forward, and with appropriate ritual was crowned with a single horn of gold. Resting upon his head was a tribal emblem of great antiquity, 'The Unicorn', and was significant of mystic strength on land and sea. Tradition related that the ancestors of the tribe of Dan had formerly borne the serpent only as their heraldic blazon, but that in a conflict with a mighty rival, mounted upon horseback, one of them had overthrown his opponent, slain him and then tamed the captured steed. Hence the blazon of the tribe was now a serpent biting at the horse's heel.

Next: the rich banner of the Proud Milesian line was given to the breeze. Its central device was a 'Rod and Serpent', In commemoration of the adventures of (?)adelas in Egypt, and as the emblem caught his eye, his mind reverted to his latent thoughts he vainly strove to formulate, but now they all materialized at once. The memory of his voyage to Egypt,

and his strange adventure at Joppa awoke with all its intensity, and Muiream's explanations, and their mutual hopes, all realized but, one, crowded his sight so vividly that they were all but real. One by one the incidents passed before his quickened memory and now the crisis of his Destiny was on him and the vision seemed about to fail, for where was the Princess fair to see?

As Eochaidh unconsciously uttered this thought aloud the Unicorn, or crowned horse of Ireland chomped its bit, the assembled Tuaths raised their shrill cry of 'Sluagh-Ghairms', and the Prince at last was startled from his revelry. He arose at once and taking the impatient steed from its Druidic custodian, led him toward the multitude, resolved upon a coup demaitre, as dangerous as it was now.

But **STAY:** Strange news disturbs the gathering. The Druid themselves have a special cause of excitement, for the sacred serpents are manifesting as ominous uneasiness. **SUDDENLY:** a band of shipwrecked mariners, clad in Eastern costume, had emerged from between the neighbouring oak-clad hills and are slowly approaching the gathered multitude.

The halls of Cathair Crofinn are hushed with deep expectancy, as preceded by a venerable man, the strangers advance toward Heremonn, while veiled amid her trusty little retinue, a single maiden pauses somewhat in the background. Two of the new comers bear between them by a stave throughst through its iron handles, **A RUDE BLOCK OF STONE** and others in the group bear chests, and mystery withal comes with them. Instinctively the clans divide and form an avenue of approach and where the shouts just rent the air, hushed stillness, still more oppressive to the ear, marks the deep evidence of interest.

Irish History is about to begin, and the Universal History its Renewal, as Empire has reached the West! At last, to that expectant audience, the elder stranger speaks. They understand him readily, for he employs a dialect of their own tongue, and at his first utterance, Eochaidh, visibly

affected lets go the sacred steed, and now standing calm, lowers his sceptre to the earth.

The speaker now recounts the tale of his adventure. He shows them of his origin, and strangely too, of theirs, for woven into his recital, there are references to legend that are not unknown in Erin. He shows them his commission, announces he had come, 'To build and to plant'. (Ezekiel 17:22-24), a Universal Empire, and relates the legend of the **LIA PHAIL**, or 'stone wonderful' which he has with him.

The bearers now draw near and deposit the sacred block, Lughaidh, Bethel. Or House of God, before the Heremonn, and from its riven side a stream of water gushes, as it did at Horeb centuries before!

(Sir Walter Scott has preserved for us the legend of its virtues in an ancient Gaelic couplet, thus translated:

**Unless the fates are faithless
and prophets voice be vain,
where e'er is found this sacred stone,
the wanderer's race shall reign.**

As Eochaidh, his self-possession now fully recovered, and his heart absorbed in interest, draws near the mystic stone, he chanced to brush it with his seven-coloured kilt, and thereupon another prodigy took place, for at that instant, as though from out the bowels of the block, a groan was heard, prolonged, and penetrating to the remotest edges of the vast assembly. The startled Heremonn fell aback, dismayed, and the hearts of the very Druids sank within them at the sound. But the venerable custodian reassured his witnesses, and explained to them, that, when the rightful heir of the 'Stone Kingdom' touched this Sacred Palladium of Empire, it was often won't to roar aloud its approval. So the clans themselves took up the shout, and rent the air again with acclamations for the new Ard-Ri, or Head King, of the land.

Now: it was noticed that the stream of water had ceased to gush from the **LIA PHAIL**, and the attention of the gathering was directed to four other members of the party, who drew near and placed a closely covered chest which was born also upon staves between them, before the speaker. As it touched the earth, another prodigy took place, and one more ominous than all the rest, for the sacred serpents of the Druids, with many hisses, gasped and died. Then suddenly, the very island seemed alive with snakes, that swarmed out of their coverts, and in terror sought the sea and hastened there to drown themselves.

Far and wide over Erin did this prodigy take place, causing equal terror to its inhabitants, and ominous dismay among the priestly caste, for Druidism thenceforth knew its doom had come. But this prodigy became renowned in Irish History, and was recognized by Eochaidh as the fulfilment of the prediction made to him in Joppa years before. For it was the **ARK OF ISRAEL** that wrought this wonder, for no sooner had its bearers rested their mysterious burden upon the earth and the excited gathering been calmed, then the chief stranger removed its drapery and disclosed in all its wealth of workmanship, the **SHEKINAH**, of the covenant.

(The author has this to say about the Ark of the Covenant; some think that this was merely an authorized copy of the ancient ark that Jeremiah brought with him to Erin, and that the real vessel is still concealed in Horeb. Others hold that the original is hidden in the Great Pyramid of Giza where Jeremiah could have placed it during his long stay in Egypt. We take the mountain of concealment to be the Western 'mountain of the height and greatness of Israel', and opine that it was the Pisgah to which Moses in spirit came, and Jesus in His turn, to see the future of the Kingdoms in their full millennial splendour yet ahead of us.

But be all this as it may, the Prophet Jeremiah brought West with him a potent similitude of Israel's Ark and it gave evidence of his authority. Even as in captivity it had cursed the land of Philistia, in the days of Eli, so now in this, its constant sanctuary ever since, this wondrous chest brought blessing to its land of refuge. This era of this patriarch who

brought it is far older, 1000 years, than Saint Patrick, who in latter days simply assumed the honours of an elder legend.)

With such a sign, in demonstration of his mission, the grey-haired speaker continued his address: he told them of Abraham's Destiny, and wove it strangely into theirs, of the true God's oath to David and the promise unto Dan, their father; and he spoke of Zarah, and the 'Scarlet Thread', of Gadelas and Moses, and of Egypt from whence all are called. He appealed unto the Heremonn for confidence, and persuaded all who heard him with impassioned eloquence, for inspiration was upon him, and persuasion led his hearers captive.

At a sign from the speaker the maiden and her escort now drew nearer, and stood in modesty before the Prince, upon whom the, **OLLAM FALLAH**, cast his piercing glance, and paused awhile, as if to read his innermost heart. Then he lifted the veil of Zedekiah's lovely daughter, and lo, upon her bosom hung his long lost Talisman, for this was, Tea Tephi, 'The Tender Twig', grown to gentle womanhood who stood before him!

She was indiscriminately known to Irish and Welsh legends as Tea, Taffie, Tephi, the Eastern Princess, Tea Tephi, the Kings daughter. And it is simply wilful blindness doubly stultified, not to see in this array of sharply focused and significant names, this the identity of Jeremiah's missing ward. We find her Palace later known in Ireland as Teamor, how like is that to Solomon's city in the wilderness. Tadmor, meaning 'change'.

Solomon also had a daughter, Taphath, from the same root (I Kings 4:11) and the name meant: secret, hidden light, the covered standard. Aye: Publish this in Taphanhes! and let it (now) be known in Noph, that David's 'covered standard' which took hidden flight from thence so long ago, has at last disclosed and its secret is that the soil therein that 'tender twig' took root downward and has born fruit upward, was on the Emerald Isle. But back to Cathair Crofinn and its scenes of romance: Fairer maid

has never shone in loveliness so wonderful beneath the Irish sky. She was indeed 'a Kings daughter', a Princess fair to see. And what a consort for the chosen judge of Dan. How great, how beautiful a Queen for Eochaidh, the son of Zarah! His exclamation had indeed been answered.

The impatient steed neighed and whinnied at the long delay, and as in a prancing mood he pawed the earth, seemed to invite attention, while the gracefully curved neck he lowered his golden unicorn in homage to the Queen. The heart of Heremonn had burned within him as he listened to the eloquence and strange recitals of the venerable prophet, for it was indeed none other than Jeremiah laying a foundation stone, in Israel. Coming thus solemnly to interrupt his very coronation, and supplementing with such fullness the predictions he had listened to at Joppa, the Heremonn was from the first convinced that Providence has now about to round his destiny.

The years that had transpired had wrought great changes in the youth, and YAHWEH had prepared his spirit by strange experiences for this crisis in his life. But now his heart was wholly won, as he gazed entranced at Tea Tephi, and then the King became a suppliant. Impulsively he left his place of state, and bent to kiss the hand of the fair and blushing Princess, whose own heart had from the very first accepted his. As the Royal Suitor knelt before his chosen bride, the Princes of the realm acclaimed again, the Sacred Stone renewed its weird approval, the Royal steed neighed at the clamour, and some of the very Priests of Baal found their hearts reclaimed.

In a moment of enthusiasm the chief of ceremonies seized a branch of mistletoe from one of his attendants and held it o'er the twain, while Tephi, bending, loosed her golden chain and flung the Talisman once more about her lover's neck. When Jeremiah blessed them, and called upon **YAHWEH** to water with his grace, the twig which he had 'planted'.

A nation was thus born within a day; and David's Monarchy rebuilt beyond the reach of Gentile interference. Notable days were those in

Ireland, when these incidents took place. Irish chronicles are naturally rich in tradition of this heroic period. They tell us of the wondrous beauty of Tea; of the building of Teamor; or the royal heraldic standard of the King, the red lion rampant upon a golden field; and the sacred breastplate by which all oaths were taken. They tell of the death of Tephí; of her mysterious burial, and of endless other facts and incidents, that point us back unerringly to Palestine. The Island took a new name from the Sacred Stone of Empire, and is then forth called **INNIS PHAIL**.

The Heremonn and Tea Tephí were crowned upon 'The Stone of Destiny'. The chief city of the Tuaths changed its name, Cathair Crofínn, to TARA and through its famous halls the harp of David shed the soul of music, tuned to the sympathetic voice of David's loveliest daughter.

A college of Ollams, or Prophets, was established by Jeremiah. He became the Prime Minister of the realm and he still holds upon the dome of Dublin's capital, the position as chief of the Masters of Ireland. In Simon Brecus (Baruch) who figures prominently at a later period of Irish history, we find suggestive traces of Jeremiah's trusted scribe, probably the husband of Scota, Tea's oldest sister, or at least of his posterity for there are several of the names both before and after, as in the case of Scota, and many other common names.

While unto this day according to the old proverb

**'There's not a hut, the isle around,
But where a Jerry may be found.'**

In the midst of Ireland itself, Jeremiah's tomb has been shown beyond the knowledge of tradition to the contrary. In Lough Erne, the upper lake, is the small island of Davenish, and there, near its towering hollow pillar is the rock-hewn sepulchre that has been known from time immemorial as that of Jeremiah the Great OLLAM FOLLA of Erin.

As traditions all of these are older than the Christian era, and the idea of later collusion is preposterous. These facts solve the whole mystery of the Prophet's disappearance, and although they are diametrically opposite to the written and accepted history of the world today, the time is not far distant when they will supplant it, for they have too many collaterals to be suppressed to much longer, and the vindication of Jeremiah's own commission requires us to get the truth in order, and uphold the Bible, although all other books and learned commentaries have to stand aside.

Nor should it be forgotten that in this controversy YAHWEH, himself, has some concern since that by his command this prophet was, 'to build and to plant', and did so there in the Western Isles; All who deny it, in the face of testimony such as this, and adhere to the general idea that the mission failed and that Jeremiah was slain by the Jews, to say the least, have read their Bibles blindly.

Baalistic worship there in Ireland was soon succeeded by one based upon that of Moses, and in due time the Druids themselves became enthusiastic priests of truth. The Ark of the Covenant was concealed in Tara by the Ollams (Prophets) of Jeremiah. They placed within it the title deeds of Palestine, and many other sacred treasures, which remain there yet, against their future day of glorious manifestation. Free-Masonry had its renewed birth at this mysterious period, and was undoubtedly established by Jeremiah, 'The Royal Arch Degree', as the guardian of the Ark's secret resting place. It is presumed to be buried in the 'Mergech', or Tomb of Tephi, as the word Mergech is a pure Hebrew word meaning, Repository, and with all traditions maintain to have remained absolutely un-violated down to our own day.

(Free-Masonry, came from the Ancient Mystery Schools of Israel, Masons or builders of OUR RACE. Many Great men of this race have been Masons and understood at least some of this mystery, for instance, George Washington. However today, like most everything else, Satan's children have infiltrated and destroyed much of Masonry until it is a mixed bag, mostly Baal, maybe a little in some places of YAHWEH, in the rituals, but surely adapted to the World Order.)

The author tells us that he has in his possession, direct and personal correspondence with prominent personages in Ireland and England who have been interested in exploring the ruins of Tara, with the express purpose of discovering these 'spolia opima'. The ruins are private property, but permission has been obtained several times to examine them, but all efforts, to explore, have been a failure. There is a mystery connected with the matter, and at least at the times of the former attempts, the 'Set Time' had not come. Thus the great Mergech at Tara Hill, the name of the tomb once thought to be Celtic, now since 1871 known to be Hebrew, a repository, and it undoubtedly contains treasures of great importance to **OUR RACE**.

In later years (A.D. 1024 Cuan O Cochlain who was for a time the Regent of Ireland wrote a poem and this is a brief of some of the stanzas;

'It gave great happiness to the women
When Temor, the strong was erected and named.

The gentle Heremonn here maintained
His lady, safe in an impregnable fortress;
She received from him all favors she desired,
And all his promises to her he fulfilled.
Bregia of Tea was a delightsome abode;
On record, as a place of great renown,
It contains the grave; the great Mergech;
A sepulcher which has not been violated.

The length and breadth of the tomb of Tephi was accurately measured by the sages:-

Was sixty feet of exact measure, As Prophets and Druids have related.

Tephi's death occurred about 10 years after her arrival and marriage. Eochaidh, whose reign is put down as 13 to 16 years survived her only long enough to complete the monument erected to her honour. He was 52 years old at his death. The only son of Eochaidh by Tea Tephi was Irial, the Prophet. This Prince was carefully educated at Mur Ollam, or School of Prophets founded by Jeremiah. At his fathers death he was only 16

years of age, so trouble started for Ireland as the sons of Heber once more took the throne. Later the Heremonian faction recovered the crown and Irial ascended the throne when he was 25 years of age. Heremonn after Heremonn was gathered to the dust, and their spirits returned to the great ARD RI of heaven, but the sceptre of David held its unbroken sway on the earth, and Judah's Royal Remnants prospered in the Isles. Down through the ages king succeeded king and all were crowned at Tara on the LIA PHAIL, but the site was too narrow, and its shadow spread abroad.

At last Fergus, the first king of Scotland (Scotia Minor) left Ireland, (Scotia Major) and again transplanted the Red Lion Rampant, and the throne of David. Taking the 'Stone of Destiny' with him, he was crowned upon it in unbroken successions all the kings of Caledonia took the crown.

Kenneth II removed the Stone to Scone, and there the Sceptre still passed over it, from successor to successor. Finally Edward I captured this Talismaic Stone and took it, with all the Scottish regalia to London, and placed it in Westminster Abbey, where it is today, still the Coronation Chair of Great Britain.

The common people call it 'Jacob's Stone', they believe it to be the token of an indestructible Empire, and that it is indeed the richest jewel in the British Realm.

In due time the royal line of David followed the stone into its new resting place. When James I united the Empire, he brought the Red Lion of the tribe of Judah, with its golden field, from Scotland, and placed it opposite the Unicorn of Israel, uniting thus the British coat of Arms, and between them placed the motto of Benjamin, 'God and my right', for it is the heritage of Little Benjamin to dwell safely by the anointed of YAHWEH, even between Ephraim and Judah.

This is a theme well worthy of the pen of prophecy, and accordingly we find its thread closely woven into the lines of Sacred Writ. Those ancient

Hebrews were beneath the finger of YAHWEH, statesmen of so broad an international and far-reaching type, that we, who live but a generation only, and waste our years amid trivial things cannot comprehend the magnitude of state-craft so consummate. 'Behold! I do a thing in your days,' Utters one of them, 'That ye will in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you.' And it is even so; for done it is, and though 'tis done in stone', men do not stand convinced. And it is well done, by a sculptor who heweth without hands, and whose handiwork is mountainous in constant growth. The vision of Nebuchadnezzar is fulfilling before our very eyes, and the dream of Nebuzaradan. Is A Fact. The four leaf clover casts its shadow upon every land, for North, South, East and West, it is only under the Shadow of Saxon things alone, that men have any hope.

(I hope that you have enjoyed this book review of the Planting of the Empire in the West and realize the Beginning of the Western Empire as the overthrows occurred and placed the great Pillar, Jacob's Stone, where it belonged, as the chief Jewel in the diadem of Britain. Today this Stone. The house of God, is the heart's core of the Stone Kingdom growing into a mountain on a Saxon earth. Nor need we of this hither half of the Anglo Saxon brotherhood, find any cause to Envy Ephraim (British Empire), for American (Manasseh's) greatness is well assured, as pointedly put down in prophecy, as sharply chiselled as a fact of history, as Ephraim's or that of England. America's mission is mapped out beyond the Shadow of the Sceptre, and to set it forth here is foreign to the purpose of this book report, but **IT IS THERE**.

But in the fullness of time, and by the romantic marriage of Eochaidh, and Tea Tephi, we have seen how YAHWEH, our God, kept the integrity of His oath to David and hastened to perform it. We see how the Sceptre delayed its final entrance into the greater, 'City of Merchants', London, England until all the hosts of scattered Israel had come back into the fold.

Ella Rose Mast



Dr. Wesley A. Swift

Dr. Wesley A. Swift, the son of a Methodist minister, was called to preach in his teens. He was a dynamic, inspired speaker who taught uncompromising Biblical truths ignored by modernist ministers. His anointed preaching brought forth a high spiritual dimension of understanding to the Kingdom Identity message, giving “life” and “power” to the Sacred Word. Even the antichrists acknowledge that, “Wesley Swift is considered the single most significant figure in the early years of the Christian Identity movement in the United States.”

Dr. Swift founded the Church of Jesus Christ – Christian in the 1940’s, a ministry that spread the Kingdom Identity message nation-wide to YHVH’s Children, the White spirit-race known Scripturally as “sons of God”. By teaching these truths to true Israel, this warrior-priest put fear in the hearts of the enemies of Christ.



Following Dr. Swift’s death in 1970, his widow Lorraine Swift faithfully carried on the Church of Jesus Christ – Christian. We are highly honoured to be able to continue Dr. Swift’s work, by placing those works that we have in print here on our web site ...preserving and earnestly contending for “the faith which was once delivered unto the saints”...for any and all to read.

We, at the Covenant Church of Yahweh hope that you will study, enjoy, and appreciate Dr. Wesley Swift’s works.

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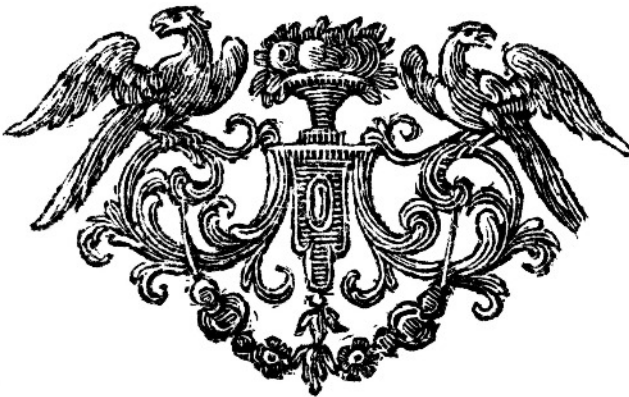
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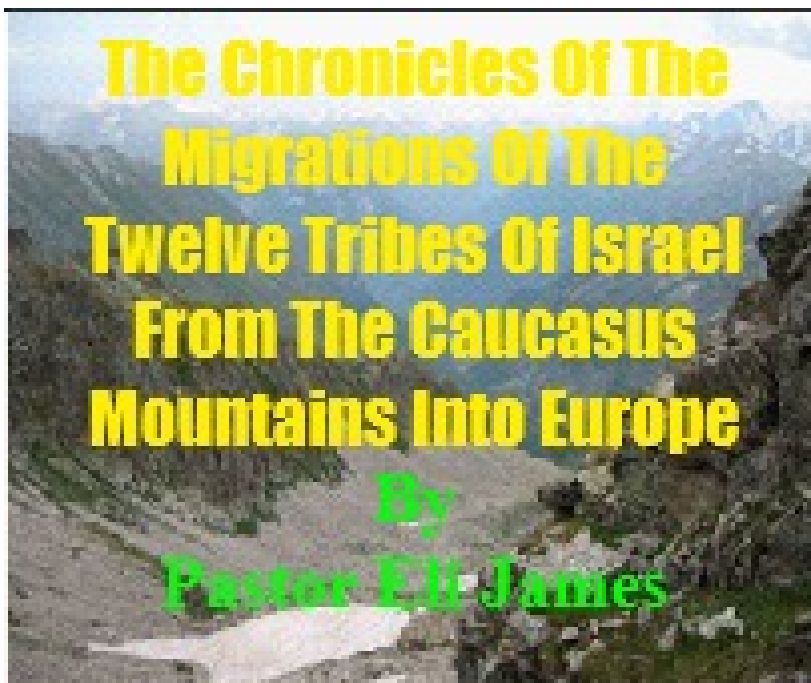
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