

## Old World - New World Diffusion

### Part 2

#### Hypothesized locations

Morias = Meropis, the Americas?	Gorias = Thule, Iceland?
Falias = Hesperides, the Canary Islands or Azores?	Findias or Finias = Albia, Norway or Scandinavia?

Was there more on these fabled lands than just myth and legend?

The maritime Celtic peoples, as their myths and legends testify, were not only aware of the many islands and coastal regions of the North and Irish seas but also settled there.

To quote from the *Lebhor Gabala Erenn, First Book of the Takings of Ireland, The Nemedians and the Fir Bolg*, verses 44 and 45:

“The progeny of Nemed were under great oppression after his time in Ireland, at the hands of More, son of Dela and of Conand son of Febar [from whom is the Tower of Conand named, which to-day is called Toirinis Cetne. In it was the great fleet of the Fomoraig]. Two thirds of the progeny, the wheat, and the milk of the people of Ireland (had to be brought) every Samain to Mag Cetne. Wrath and sadness seized on the men of Ireland for the burden of the tax. They all went to fight against the Fomoraig. They had three champions, Semul son of Iarbonel the Soothsayer son of Nemed, Erglan son of Beoan son of Starn son of Nemed, Fergus Red-Side son of Nemed. Thirty thousand on sea, other thirty thousand on land, these assaulted the tower. Conand and his progeny fell.”

“So, after that capture, More son of Dela came upon the, with the crews of three-score ships, and they fell in a mutual slaughter. The sea came up over the people of Ireland, and not one of them fled from another, so severe

was the battling: none escaped but one ship, in which there were thirty warriors. They went forth, parting from Ireland, fleeing from the sickness and taxation: Bethach died in Ireland of plague; his ten wives survived him for a space of twenty-three years. I bath and his son Baath went into the north of the world. Matach and Erglan and Iartach, the three sons of Beoan, went to Dobar and Iardobar in the north of Alba.”

The Fomoraig or Fomoire (anglicised as Fomorian) were a despised mythical or legendary people who now and then abruptly appear from beyond the waves raiding and spreading havoc and destruction on Ireland. The name Fomoire is from the Celtic root Uo-mori “under the sea”, “submarine”.

These Fomoire intruders who come from beyond the sea held a tower on Tory island:

“Conaing’s tower with store of plunder of a union of the crimes of hundreds of rapine, a fortress of assembly of the art of the rage of the Fomoire of the sea.” “Torinis, island of the tower, the fortress of Conaing son of Faebair.” (source: Macalister, LGE, Vol. 3, p. 175, 183)

Tory island off the coast of Sligo, Co. Sligo, Connaught, northwest Ireland, is now called Dernish, a corruption of “Tor Innis”.

According to Michael Murphy (in comments to the LGE, 2008), “Dobar, one of the places to which the Nemedians and Túatha Dé Danann fled, is generally associated with the river Dour (Macalister, LGE, Vol. 3, p. 192). After the battle of Conaing’s Tower, “Matach and Erglan and Iartach, the three sons of Beoan, went to Dobar and Iardobar in the north of Alba”. “Dobar and Iar-Dobar are also rendered as “Domon and Herdomon” and placed in the north of Scotland”. This placing is difficult to explain in terms of ancient Irish cosmology. Dobar is also thought by Skene to be modern day Aberdeenshire in northern Scotland. Skene (*Celtic Church*, I,166) connects “Dobar” with the river Dour in Aberdeenshire; “but it is not clear what brings this comparatively unimportant river (which is not in Northern Scotland) into the picture; and Iardobar is left unexplained.”

In another version of the *Lebhor Gabala Erenn* (source: Macalister, LGE, Vol. 2, p. 235; Vol. 3, p. 125, 145, 192; Vol. 4, p. 94, 137, 141, 167, 235, 259, 302) also quoted by Murphy:

“The Túatha Dé Danann flee from Greece to Dobur and Urdobur in Alba. The island of Caire Cendfinne is “under concealment between Eire and Alba”. Alba is described as “cold”. Érimón took territory in Ireland “to the borders of Alba”.

And in the tale called *Oidheadh Cloinne Tuireann*, the king of Sicily is named “Dobar”. This is borrowed from the tale of the sojourn of the Túatha Dé Danann in Alba”.

But as Monard suspects, the islands Dobar and Iardobar are probably a misreading or a copyist’s error for “Doban” and “Iardoban”. The transcriber could have easily substituted an ‘r’ for an ‘n’. In the Gaelic alphabet, these letters can be easily confused. The misspellings “Domon and Herdomon” quoted by Murphy here confirm Monard’s hunch in that Doban is the evolved form of Dubna; Dubna being the old name for Lewis island in the Hebrides. Iardoban is then the island “behind Doban”. This island, Eridubna in Old Gaelic, is probably St. Kilda, last of the westward islands.

In my opinion, the old Gaelic names Dubna and Eridubna are rather cosmological and refer to a greater geographical reality than simply Aberdeen or Lewis island and St. Kilda. Eridubna carried the meaning of westerly or occidental in position or situation. Therefore, Dubna can also be taken as an alternative spelling of Dumna, from old Celtic Dumnon “world” (dumn-os/-a/on “profound”), taken as the planetary world. Dubna could therefore imply the adjective dubn-/a/os/on in nominal form for “situation” or “position”.

In light of this, the outer islands Dubna are = to Dumna the “World” and Eridubna are = to Eridumna the “Western world”; that is positioned to the West.

The Fomoiré or Fomorians were probably the Gaelic version of the Viking Skraelingar of Amerindian or Eskimoan origin. Inuit and Native American fishermen could have regularly been sent off course and stranded on any of the Atlantic European coasts. The folklore of Greenlander Inuits does

mention of a rich and fertile land across the ocean called Akilineq and which could be reached after a long sea voyage.

British scholars have traditionally identified the Fomoiré to the Carthaginians. For the Fomoiré, Joseph Monard (in *Celtic Connection*, pp. 78 – 79) is inclined to go for older mythified peoples of mixed provenance:

“Foremost would be the “Eskimoids”, now that ethnographers and prehistorians believe that they frequently visited the coasts of the Northwestern European continent right up to the Neolithic period just after the last Ice Age. Their peculiar features must have been seen as very unworldly by the Proto-Celts. Similarly, when the Vikings first encountered the Inuit and Amerindians, both qualified as “Skraelinger”. On the other hand, at the time of the “thalassocratic Minoan culture” or paleo-Cretan Minoans, more “Peoples of the Sea” were migrating. This culture was flourishing up to 1200 BCE, when it was caught in the midst of major cataclysms, catastrophic to the Mediterranean world.

This suggestion is made more plausible by the fact that the catastrophe caused the migration of many seagoing, particularly the Denen. These Denen, as the Egyptian records report, were driven back on Cyprus, which even to this day is referred to as Dnan. As the Danunna, they contributed to the ruin of the Hittite empire. As the Danaoi, they mixed with the Achaeans with whom they banded during the Trojan war. “Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes (“I fear the (Danan) Greeks even when they bring gifts”) translates in Latin two thousand years later, the apprehensions of Laokoon, *Ereade*, II, 49. It can be supposed that they were (with others) from “Lusacian” stock of undifferentiated proto-Celtic and proto-Illyrian descent. They largely were responsible for the Indo-Europeanization of their hyperborean proto-Finnish neighbors at the origin of the Germanes (see Feist’s thesis). The homeland of the Denen or Danuna was somewhere between the North Sea and the Baltic (compare with the Jurgen Spanuth thesis).

In fact, it is precisely in this zone that many prehistorians place the starting point for the proto-Celtic invasions of the Islands. It is therefore not absurd to think that the Tuatha De Danan (Toutai deuas Danunas) mythified enemies, divinized even, of the diabolical Fomoiré were a fraction of these

Denen/Danunas. Those who remained in the homeland were finally germanicised only to become the ancestors of the Danir, the origin of the Danes. This way all is coherent and defensible.

Evidently, this analysis does not exclude any contacts and ultimate problems with the Iberian and Carthaginian merchant-mariners. In the light of history, these people are only incompatible with the dates furnished through the analysis of the *Lebor na Gabala*. As for the Fomoiré, we can only give them a relative acceptability."

This leaves us with the conclusion that the North Atlantic was at all times a busy world.

In short, the events related in the *Lebor Gabala Erenn* describe events much older than the Punic wars (from 264 BC to 146 BC) of middle Antiquity.

At best, the Fomoiré cannot be identifiable to the Carthaginians, nor the Iberians for that matter. From what can be deduced from Monard's exposé, they had to come to Ireland either from the West or from the East.

Lets return to Bethach (also spelled Beothach) cited above:

"Bethach died in Ireland... I bath and his son Baath went into the north of the world. Matach and Erglan and Iartach, the three sons of Beoan, went to Dobar and Iardobar in the north of Alba."

"The north of the world" is indicative of Iceland; it being to the north of Ireland. As for the expression "Dobar and Iardobar in the north of Alba" suggests the Shetland and Orkney islands. We know that, according to the Icelandic sagas, the Celts had preceded the Vikings in Iceland. Indeed, it was taken as a fact in Antiquity that the Celts had the means and motives to move great quantities of material and people from one place to another.

Ships blown from the islands of the North Atlantic on to Greenland and America, is a reality of the past we need to consider. And as the legend of Bran's sea roving goes...

“He will ask a drink from Loch Ló,  
While he looks at the stream of blood,  
The white host will take him under a wheel of clouds  
To the gathering where there is no sorrow.

'Steadily then let Bran row,  
Not far to the Land of Women,  
Emain with many hues of hospitality  
Thou wilt reach before the setting of the sun.'

Thereupon Bran went from him. And he saw an island. He rows round about it, and a large host was gaping and laughing. They were all looking at Bran and his people, but would not stay to converse with them. They continued to give forth gusts of laughter at them. Bran sent one of his people on the island. He ranged himself with the others, and was gaping at them like the other men of the island. He kept rowing round about the island. Whenever his man came past Bran, his comrades would address him. But he would not converse with them, but would only look at them and gape at them. The name of this island is the Island of Joy. Thereupon they left him there.

It was not long thereafter when they reached the Land of Women. They saw the leader of the women at the port. Said the chief of the women: 'Come hither on and, O Bran son of Febal! Welcome is thy advent!' Bran did not venture to go on shore. The woman throws a ball of thread to Bran straight over his face. Bran put his hand on the ball, which clave to his palm. The thread of the ball was in the woman's hand, and she pulled the coracle towards the port. Thereupon they went into a large house, in which was a bed for every couple, even thrice nine beds. The food that was put on every dish vanished not from them. It seemed a year to them that they were there,--it chanced to be many years. No savour was wanting to them.

Home-sickness seized one of them, even Nechtan the son of Collbran. His kindred kept praying Bran that he should go to Ireland with him. The woman said to them their going would make them rue. However, they went, and the woman said that none of them should touch the land, and that they should visit and take with them the man whom they had left in the Island of Joy.

Then they went until they arrived at a gathering at Srub Brain. The men asked of them who it was came over the sea. Said Bran: 'I am Bran the son of Febal,' saith he. However, the other saith: 'We do not know such a one, though the Voyage of Bran is in our ancient stories.'

Then Nechtan leaps from them out of the coracle. As soon as he touched the earth of Ireland, forthwith he was a heap of ashes, as though he had been in the earth for many hundred years.

'Twas then that Bran sang this quatrain:

'For Collbran's son, great was the folly  
To lift his hand against age,  
Without any one casting a wave of pure water  
Over Nechtan, Collbran's son.'

Thereupon, to the people of the gathering Bran told all his wanderings from the beginning until that time. And he wrote these quatrains in Ogham, and then bade them farewell. And from that hour his wanderings are not known.

*Immram Brain maic Febail* (Voyage of Bran Son of Febal), translation by Kuno Meyer, v. 59-66.

And not so known are the possible visits to America initiated under the reign of Oilliol Olum (or Aillil Aulum), druid king of Munster. Ailill Aulum MacMogha O'Dui (born c. 155 – died c. 234 AD) was the son of Mug Nuadat MacMogha O'Dui (born c. 136 - died c. 195 AD) and . He was mainly

featured in the *book of the Fiana or Fianaigecht* but was also mentioned in the *Annals of the Four Masters* of Ireland. The name is in itself interesting in that Aoilliol or Aillil (from Celtic Alpilis “Elfin”) was the name of a consort of the goddess Medb (from Medua “((Sacred) Intoxication”); Aulum or Olum being an honorary title (from Olamos “Doctor”). The name Olum or Olam (from Ollamos) is a druid’s elite title for “Accomplished, Doctor”. The sons of Ailill Aulomm (Oilliol Olum) were listed accordingly in the annals: Éogan Mór, from whom descend the Éoganachta Munster dynasty; Cian, the Ciannachta of Eile (in Tipperary/Offaly), Breagh (in Meath) and Glinne Gemhin (in Derry); Cormac Cas, the Dál gCais in Déis Tuascirt (in Clare); and Tigernach, the Cenel Cerdraige.

Cúige Mumhan, the Province of Munster, is nowadays comprised of a number of counties: An Clàr (Claire), Luimneach (Limerick), Ciarrai (Kerry), Corcaigh (Cork), Tiobraid Àrran (Tipperary) and the Viking founded Waterford. Ireland is naturally turned to the sea. Munster was the southern tip of Ireland, rich in natural harbors and ports. The harbor of Cork (from Corcach, "Marsh") was settled on Lough Mahon, one of the world's largest natural harbors.

The Ancient divisions of Munster given in the Irish annals were as follows:

Érna Muman	Ernaibh Muman	ancient land of the Ernai tribe
Desmhuman	Desmumu	Desmond, or south Munster
Tuadhhuman	Thomond	north Munster
Urhmunhan	Urmumu	Ormond, or east Munster
Iarmumhan		west Munster
Deissi Muman	Deisi	or the county

		Waterford area
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Here follows Kuno Meyer's translation (Ailill Aulom, Mac Con, and Find ua Báiscne, Incipit of the stories of Mosaulum and Mac Con and Lugaid, section 29, 3):

"Ailill Mosaulum, son of Mug Nuadat, was king over one half of Ireland and was a druid. Sadb daughter of Conn bore sons to him. She received a foster-son from the Dáirine (viz. Mac Con son of Lugaid). Others, however, in the Genealogies say that Sadb was Mac Con's mother and that she went to Ailill after the death of Lugaid, when she was pregnant with Mac Con.

Afterwards she bore Eogan the Great.

Lugaid and Conn of the hundred battles were contemporaries; and 60 were Ailill and Art son of Conn, and again, Mac Con and Eogan.

There was a covenant between Lugaid and Ailill Aulum and between their offspring after them that whenever Aulum's offspring held the kingship, Lugaid's offspring should hold the judgeship; but when Lugaid's offspring held the kingship, Aulum's sons were to hold the judgeship. Lugaid and Ailill made this [arrangement] in the presence of Conn of the hundred battles over one half of Ireland. Thus the men of Leinster and Munster held kingship and judgeship. Five sons of Dare Doimthech (viz. the five Lugaid, "ut supra diximus") son of Sithbalc, son of Fer Uaillne, son of Daigmannair, son of Daig

Dergthine, son of Nuadu Aicnech Luigthine, son of Lug Feidlech, son of Érimón, son of Fidas, son of Guss, son of Sir, son of Mada, son of Lug, son of Ethamon, son of Mál, son of Lugaid (from whom Loch Luigdech is called; Fial was his spouse, from whom is Inber Féile), son of Ith, son of Néil, son of Mil, son of Bile, son of Breogant, son of Bráth, by whom the tower of Breogant (i.e. Brigantium in Spain) was built."

The sons of Ith, Néil and Mil, we indeed of Milesian Celtiberic origin. Breogant was most likely for the Brigantes. The Brigantes, along with the Vodiae, the Uterni and the Iuerni, were from ancient Celtic seagoing peoples of southeast Ireland. Were not the Brigantes, along with the Setantii and Pictones or Pictaves, of those Gaulish nations who had taken settlement in Britain and Ireland?

Then from the Annals of the Four Masters, p. 109 – 111, concerning Oilioll Olum we have the following entries:

The Age of Christ 186.

“The twenty first year of Art, son of Conn of the Hundred Battles, in the sovereignty of Ireland. The battle of Ceannteabhrat by the sons of Oilioll Olum and the three Cairbres, i.e. Cairbre Musc, Cairbre Riada, and Cairbre Bascainn, against Dadera, the Druid; Neimhidh, son of Sroibhcinn; and the south of Ireland; where fell Neimhidh, son of Sroibhcinn, King of the Ernai of Munster; and Dadera, the Druid of the Dairinni. Dadera was slain by Eoghain, son of Oilioll; Neimhidh, son of Sroibhcinn, by Cairbre Rioghfhoda, son of Conaire, in revenge of his own father, i.e. Conaire. Cairbre Musc wounded Lughaidh, i.e. Mac Con, in the thigh, so that he was ever afterwards lame. The cause of this cognomen was: Lughaidh was agreeable to a greyhound that was suckling her whelps in the house of his foster father, and he was used to suckle the teat of the aforesaid greyhound, so that Mac Con son of the greyhound adhered to him as a soubriquet.”

The Age of Christ, 195.

“After Art, the son of Conn of the Hundred Battles, had been thirty years in the sovereignty of Ireland, he fell in the battle of Magh Mucruimhe, by Maccon and his foreigners. In the same battle, along with Art, fell also the sons of his sister, Sadhbh, daughter of Conn, namely, the seven sons of Oilioll Olum, who had come with him against Maccon, their brother. Eoghan Mor, Dubhmerchon, Mughcorb, Lughaidh, Eochaidh, Diochorb, and Tadhg, were their names; and Beinne Brit, King of Britain, was he who laid violent hands upon them. Beinne was slain by Lughaidh Lagha, in revenge of his relatives. Lioghairne of the Long Cheeks, son of Aenghus Balbh, son of Eochaidh Finn Fuathairt, was he who laid violent hands upon Art in this battle of Magh Mucruimhe, after he had joined the forces of Maccon.”

Such a battle torn land is always the setting for population movement and exile. In this situation, it should not be too great a feat of imagination to find the Tuath of Ciarrai (Kerry) in Icaria, Great Ireland.

One native American petroglyph depicting a Ponto type vessel was found on Upper Michigan Keewinaw Peninsula near the town of Grant. Other representations depicted at the site include typical Amerindian symbols such as a bear and bird while the boat is definitely non-native in style and appearance.



Petroglyph of a Ponto type ship, Copper Harbor, Upper Michigan. Judging from the surface weathering, the engraving is very ancient. Photo from I.S. Wakefield Michigan Copper in the Mediterranean p. 3.

According to Scott Wolter, geologist and forensic stone expert, the weathering on the stone indicates that the artwork is more than a thousand years old.



St. Brendan's Voyage, anonymous German woodcut, 1499.

## **Mariners of the Dark Ages The Culdees, St. Brendan, the Vinland Sagas and the Zeno letters**

Following the bold pagan traditions of Bran and Mael Duin, the Irish traveling monks venture out where no brave Christian has ever gone. Henceforth, St. Brandon and his sailor companions set forth at sea on a triple skinned coracle found new missionaries in the name of Christ. The abbots of Clonfert, of the order of St. Benedict, spend many months and years at sea, from island to island, until they venture pass Iceland into the path of Greenland's icebergs and stumble upon a "vast island".

The voyages of Brendan the Navigator, pp. 122 – 123:

“It seems to have been only after seven years of this wandering that they at last penetrated within the obscure fogs which surrounded the Isle of the Saints, and came upon a shore which lay all bathed in sunny light. It was a vast island, sprinkled with precious stones, and covered with ripe fruits; they traversed it for forty days without arriving at the end, though they reached a great river which flowed through the midst of it from east to west. There an angel appeared to them, and told them that they could go no farther, but could return to their own abode, carrying from the island some of those fruits and precious stones which were reserved to be distributed among the saints when all the world should be brought to the true faith. In order to hasten that time, it appears that St. Malo, the youngest of the sea-faring monks, had wished, in his zeal, to baptize someone, and had therefore dug up a heathen giant who had been, for some reason, buried on the blessed isle. Not only had he dug the giant's body up, but St. Malo had brought him to life again sufficiently for the purpose of baptism and instruction in the true faith; after which he gave him the name of Mildus, and let him die once more and be reburied. Then, facing homeward and sailing beyond the fog, they touched once more at The Island of Delights, received the benediction of the abbot of the monastery, and sailed for Ireland to tell their brethren of the wonders they had seen.”

The Irish scholar Dicuil (b. around 755 - d. after 825) was probably a resident monk of the Luxeuil Frankish monastery. In 814, he wrote an astronomy tract which was kept at the Saint-Amand monastery and the *Liber de Mensura Orbis Terrae* which was completed in 825.

In his *Liber de Mensura Orbis Terrae* «Book of the Measure of the earth's Orb» (ca. 825 C.E), Dicuil mentions , along with general geographic and topographic information, that the Faeroe islands and Iceland had been peopled prior to the Vikings. To assert his claims, Dicuil, who was active as a geographer-astronomer at the court of the French king Charlemagne, had privileged access to many classical and Irish clerical sources. Indeed, he quotes and refers to about 30 Greek and Latin writers as well as to one of his contemporaries, the Irish the poet Sedulius. Dicuil had also made his own calculations in order to appraise the size of the earth, the distances between known locations, and the position of far out islands in the North Atlantic. His comment reads as follows:

"A set of small islands, nearly all separated by narrow stretches of water; in these for nearly a hundred years hermits sailing from our country, Ireland, have lived. But just as they were always deserted from the beginning of the world, so now because of the Northman (Norman) pirates they are emptied of anchorites, and are filled with countless sheep and very many diverse kinds of seabirds."

These "small islands" had to be situated further north of the better known and attainable Shetlands. The description given by Dicuil better describes the Faeroes whose name means the "islands of sheep": from Old Norse fár "livestock", thus fær-øer "sheep islands".

The archipelago is formed of a group of 21 volcanic islands in the North Atlantic between Iceland and the Shetland Islands.

He also mentions of an island beyond the Faeroes called Thule which, according to his description, could only be Iceland. He speaks of Irish monks he met that sojourned for six months at Thule and then, in 795 C.E., retired to the Faeroes for the wintery season.

In 1805, Charles Athanase Walckenaer wrote these interesting lines in his book on Dicuil (pp. 135-137: "Our author (Dicuil) reported remarkable details on the length of days on this distant island. Dicuil further adds that, more than a century before the time he wrote, these islands were inhabited by Irish hermits but that they abandoned them to the Normans who had started they sea roving. These words are remarkable in that they still apply to the Faeroe Islands. Dicuil wrote in 825 that following the forceful abandonment of the islands by the hermit monks around 725, this coincided with the first Norman invasions of Ireland, and possibly the Faeroes to which they stopped on route. During those years, the events of their attacks were quite frequent, mainly in 798, 807, 815 and 835. This passage by Dicuil serves to relate of a very curious fact attested by the annals of the North, that where the Scandinavians found Irish books in the Faeroe Islands. Murray believed that they left there by the first Normans after their raids on Ireland but it can be suspected that these pirates pillaging Ireland's coasts were interested in far other things than books. It is better to assume that the books belonged to some of the anachoret monks, who according to Dicuil, sojourned on many of the Faeroe Islands until 725. I now return to the description Dicuil made of Thule after the testimony of the Irish monks who lived there for six months. Let us remark that there

can be no question in this passage of Mainland, the main island of the Shetlands, can be confused with the remotest northern island since Dicuil knew of the Faeroes."

Also, from more recent archaeological digs (2013), it is now certain that the Faeroe Islands were occupied on two occasions prior to 800 AD, the first from between 400-600 C.E. and the second from between 600-800 C.E. A team of scientists from Aberdeen University have also found early cereal pollen from domesticated barley plants, which further suggests the islands were visited much before the Vikings.

So when the Norseman Ingólfr Arnarson landed in Iceland in 870 AD., there were people there overseas from the West which he called Papar in the *Landnámabók*, the Book of the Settlement of Iceland.

"They were Christian, and it is thought that they had come from the British Isles, for people found after them Irish books, bells, and staffs and other objects from which it could be seem that they were men from the West" (Hallberg 1962).

Again, according to the Icelandic *Landnámabók*, the Irish Celts were not only in Iceland but had also set foot on America's Atlantic coast. The saga relates how the Viking seafarer, Ari Marsson landed on the beaches of Ireland the Great after having drifted for six weeks in a north Atlantic gale.

To quote from the *Landnámabók, Settlements of Thorarin Crook, Ketil Broad-sole and Ulf the Squinter where Ari is drifted over the ocean to Whiteman's land or Ireland the Great*, chapter XXII:

"Ulf the Squinter, son of Hogni the White, took the whole of Reekness between Codfirth and Goatfell; he had for wife Bjorg, the daughter of Eyvind Eastman, and sister to Helgi the Lean; their son was Atli the Red, who had for wife Thorbjorg, the sister of Steinolf the Low; their son was Mar of (Reek-) Knolls, who had for wife Thorkatla, the daughter of Hergils 'Hnappraz'; their son was Ari, who was drifted over the ocean to Whitemans'-land, which some call Ireland the Great, and lies west away in the ocean a nigh to Vineland the Good; thither men hold that there is six

days' sailing from Ireland due west. Ari could not get back from this country and there he was christened. This tale was first told by Hrafn the Limerick trader who had spent a long time in Limerick in Ireland. Thorkel, the son of Gellir said that Icelanders, who had heard Earl Thorfin of Orkney tell the tale, avowed that Ari had been recognized in Whitemans'-land, and that he had not been able to get away from there, and was held there in much honor. Ari had for wife Thorgerd, the daughter of Alf o' Dales, and their sons were Thorgils and Gudleif and Illugi; this is the race of the Reeknessings. Jorund was the name of a son of Ulf the Squinter, he had for wife Thorbjorg 'Knarrarbringa,' and their daughter was Thjodhild, whom Eirek the Red had for wife, and their son was Leif the Lucky of Greenland. A son of Atli the Red was named Jorund, he had for wife Thordis the daughter of Thorgeir 'Suða' (Seething? or Humming?) and their daughter was Otkatla, whom Thorgils, the son of Koll, had for wife. Jorund was also father to Snorri."

Great Ireland or the White Men's Land is also mentioned in the Saga of Eric the Red. Thorfinn Karlsefni hears of it through the Marklanders of L'Anse-aux-Meadows as it is related in *Voyages to Vinland* (translated by Einar Haugen, p. 76):

"As they sailed away from Vinland, they got a favoring south wind, and made their way to Markland. Here they found five savages, a bearded fellow, two women and two children. Karlsevni and his men captured the boys, but the rest got away and sank into the ground. They took the boys along, taught them to speak, and baptized them. The boys said that their mother was named Vethildi and their father Uvege. They said that kings ruled the land of the Skraelings, and one of them was named Avalldama, the other Avilldudida. They said there were no houses there, and that people slept under rocks or in caves. They said there was a country on the opposite side from their

own, where people went about in white clothes, uttered loud cries, and carried poles with banners fastened to them. It is generally believed that this must have been White Men's Land or Greater Ireland, so they returned to Greenland and stayed with Eric the Red that winter.”

It didn't take much for Louis Kervran, a Breton, to make the connection that Avalldama and Avilldudida, the kings of Greater Ireland, mentioned in the Vinland saga were Celtic. Isn't *aval* is the Brythonic form of Gaelic *abal* for “apple”?

<b>Celtic etymologies for the names of Great Ireland</b>	
<b>Vethildi</b> < Uidilita	“the Slightly”, “the Neat”
<b>Uvegi or Ovaegi</b> < Auigenos	“Well Born”
<b>Avalldama or Avalldamon</b> (Aval-Daman?) < Aballdamnos / Aballdubnos / Aballdumnos	the “Apple Agent “
<b>Avilldududa or Avaldidida</b> (Aval-Diduda?) < Aballdidiatis,	“the Apples of Didiates”

Then in the *Eyrbyggja saga*, Gudleif Gudlaugson and his crew, despite the weather, attempt to sail from Dublin, Ireland, to Iceland but were instead pushed out into the open sea. After having lost sight of land for some time, they sight an unknown land. They eventually make contact with the inhabitants who spoke to them in Gaelic.

“There was a man named Gudleif, the son of Gunnlaug the Wealthy of Streamfirth, the brother of Thorfin, from whom are come the Sturlungs. Gudleif was much of a seafarer, and he owned a big ship of burden, and Thorolf, the son of Loft-o'-th'-Ere, owned another, when as they fought with Gyrd, son of Earl Sigvaldi; at which fight Gyrd lost his eye.

But late in the days of King Olaf the Holy, Gudleif went a merchant voyage west to Dublin, and when he sailed from the west he was minded for Iceland, and he sailed round Ireland by the west, and fell in with gales from east and north-east, and so drove a long way west into the main and south-westward withal, so that they saw naught of land; by then was the summer pretty far spent, and therefore they made many vows, that they might escape from out the main.

But so it befell at last that they were ware of land; a great land it was, but they knew naught what land. Then such ride took Gudleif and his crew, that they should sail unto land, for they thought it ill to have to do any more with the main sea; and so then they got them good haven.

And when they had been there a little while, men came to meet them whereof none knew aught, though they deemed somewhat that they spake in the Erse tongue. At last they came in such throngs that they made many hundreds, and they laid hands on them all, and bound them, and drove them up into the country, and they were brought to a certain mote and were doomed thereat. And this they came to know, that some would that they should be slain, and other some that they should be allotted to the country folk, and be their slaves.

And so, while these matters are in debate, they see a company of men come riding, and a banner borne over the company, and it seemed to them that there should be some great man amongst these; and so as that company drew nigh, they saw under the banner a man riding, big and like a great chief of aspect, but much stricken in years, and hoary withal; and all they who were there before, worshipped that man, and greeted him as their lord, and they soon found that all counsels and awards were brought whereas he was.

So this man sent for Gudleif and his folk, and when as they came before him, he spake to them in the tongue of the Northmen, and asked them whence of lands they were. They said that they were Icelanders for the more part. So the man asked who the Icelanders might be.

Then Gudleif stood forth before the man, and greeted him in worthy wise, and he took his greeting well, and asked whence of Iceland he was. And he told him, of Burgfirth. Then asked he whence of Burgfirth he was, and Gudleif told him. After that he asked him closely concerning each and all of the mightiest men of Burgfirth and Broadfirth, and amidst this speech he asked concerning Snorri the Priest, and his sister Thurid of Frodiswater, and most of all of the youngling Kiartan, who in those days was gotten to be good man of Frodis-water.

But now meanwhile the folk of that land were crying out in another place that some counsel should be taken concerning the ship's crew; so the big man went away from them, and called to him by name twelve of his own men, and they sat talking a long while, and thereafter went to the man-mote.

Then the big man said to Gudleif and his folk: "We people of the country have talked your matter over somewhat, and they have given the whole thing up to my ruling; and I for my part will give you leave to go your ways whithersoever ye will; and though ye may well deem that the summer wears late now, yet will I counsel you to get you gone hence, for here dwelleth a folk untrusty and ill to deal with, and they deem their laws to be already broken of you."

Gudleif says: "What shall we say concerning this, if it befall us to come back to the land of our kin, as to who has given us our freedom?"

He answered- "That will I not tell you; for I should be ill-content that any of my kin or my foster-brethren should make such a voyage hither as ye would have made, had I not been here for your avail; and now withal," says he, "my days have come so far, that on any day it may be looked for that old shall stride over my head; yea, and though I live yet awhile, yet are there here men mightier than I, who will have little will to give peace to outland men; albeit they be not abiding nearby whereas ye have now come."

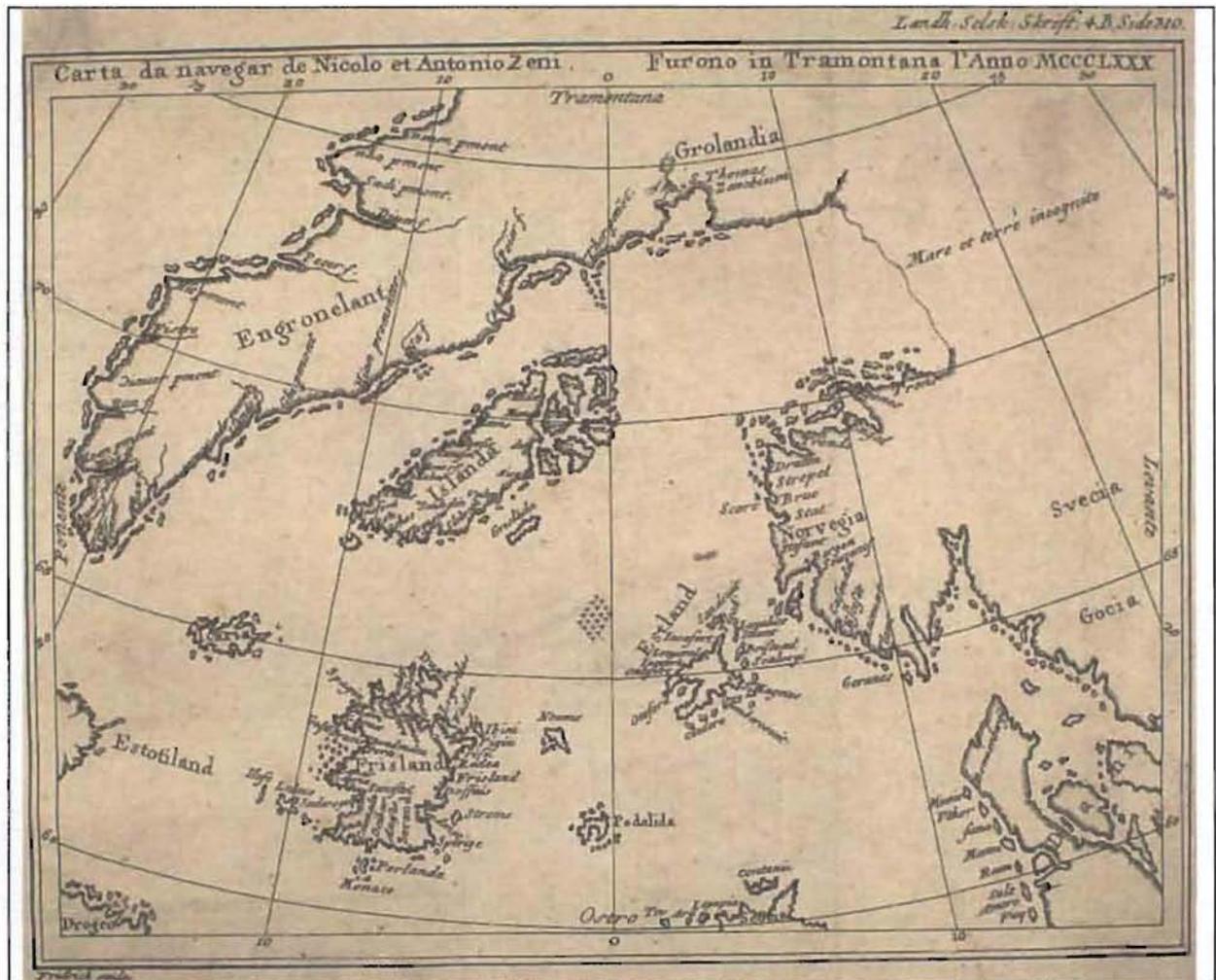
Then this man let make their ship ready for sea and abode with them till the wind was fair for sailing; and or ever he and Gudleif parted, he drew a gold ring from off his arm, and gave it into Gudleif's hand, and therewithal a good sword, and then spake to Gudleif: "If it befall thee to come back to thy foster land, then shalt thou deliver this sword to that Kiartan, the good man at Frodiswater; but the ring to Thurid his mother."

Then said Gudleif: "And what shall we say concerning the sender of these good things to them?"

He answered: "Say that he sends them who was a greater friend of the goodwife of Frodiswater than of the Priest of Holyfell, her brother; but and if any shall deem that they know thereby who owned these fair things, tell them this my word withal, that I forbid one and all to go seek me, for this land lacks all peace, unless to such as it may befall to come a land in such lucky wise as ye have done; the land also is wide, and harbours are ill to find therein, and in all places trouble and war await outland men, unless it befall them as it has now befallen you."

Thereafter they parted. Gudleif and his men put to sea, and made Ireland late in the autumn, and abode in Dublin through the winter. But the next summer Gudleif sailed to Iceland, and delivered the goodly gifts there, and all men held it for true that this must have been Biorn the Broadwick Champion; but no other true token have men thereof other, than these even now told."

(The Eyrbyggja Saga, Chapter 64, *The Last Tidings Of Biorn The Champion Of The Broadwickers*)



North Atlantic Map of Venetian navigators Nicolò and Antonio Zeno, 1558. The map was published after the deaths of the brothers Nicolò (c. 1326–c. 1402) and Antonio (died c. 1403), by one of their descendants, also named Nicolò Zeno. This relative was a well published Venetian historian.

## The Voyages of Nicolò and Antonio Zeno

### Estotiland (the Island of Newfoundland)

“Six and twenty years ago four fishing boats put out to sea, and, encountering a heavy storm, were driven over the sea in utter helplessness for many days ; when at length, the tempest abating, they discovered an island called Estotiland, lying to the westwards above one thousand miles from Frislanda. One of the boats was wrecked, and six men that were in it were taken by the inhabitants, and brought into a fair and populous city, where the king of the place sent for many interpreters, but there were none could be found that understood the language of the fishermen,

except one that spoke Latin, and who had also been cast by chance upon the same island. On behalf of the king he asked them who they were and where they came from; and when he reported their answer, the king desired that they should remain in the country. Accordingly, as they could do no otherwise, they obeyed his commandment, and remained five years on the island, and learned the language.

One of them in particular visited different parts of the island, and reports that it is a very rich country, abounding in all good things. It is a little smaller than Iceland, but more fertile; in the middle of it is a very high mountain, in which rise four rivers which water the whole country.

The inhabitants are very intelligent people, and possess all the arts like ourselves; and it is believed that in time past they have had intercourse with our people, for he said that he saw Latin books in the king's library, which they

at this present time do not understand. They have their own language and letters. They have all kinds of metals, but especially they abound with gold. Their foreign intercourse is with Greenland, whence they import furs, brimstone and pitch. He says that towards the south there is a great and populous country, very rich in gold. They sow corn and make beer, which is a kind of drink that northern people take as we do wine. They have woods of immense extent. They make their buildings with walls, and there are many towns and villages. They make small boats and sail them, but they have not the loadstone, nor do they know the north by the compass. For this reason these fishermen were held in great estimation, insomuch that the king sent them with twelve boats to the southwards to a country which they call Drogio ; but in their voyage they had such contrary weather that they were in fear for their lives. Although, however, they escaped the one cruel death, they fell into another of the cruelest; for they were taken into the country and the greater number of them were eaten by the savages, who are cannibals and consider human flesh very savoury meat.

But as that fisherman and his remaining companions were able to show them the way of taking fish with nets, their lives were saved. Every day he would go fishing in the sea and in the fresh waters, and take great abundance of fish, which he gave to the chiefs, and thereby grew into such favour that he was very much liked and held in great consideration by everybody.

As this man's fame spread through the surrounding tribes, there was a neighbouring chief who was very anxious to have him with him, and to see how he practiced his wonderful art of catching fish. With this object in view, he made war on the other chief with whom the fisherman then was, and being more powerful and a better warrior, he at length overcame him, and so the fisherman was sent over to him with the rest of his company. During the space of thirteen years that he dwelt in those parts, he says that he was sent in this manner to more than five-and-twenty chiefs, for they were continually fighting amongst themselves, this chief with that, and solely with the purpose of having the fisherman to dwell with them; so that wandering up and down the country without any fixed abode in one place, he became acquainted with almost all those parts. He says that it is a very great country, and, as it were, a new world; the people are very rude and uncultivated, for they all go naked, and suffer cruelly from the cold, nor have they the sense to clothe themselves with the skins of the animals which they take in hunting. They have no kind of metal. They live by hunting, and carry lances of wood, sharpened at the point. They have bows, the strings of which are made of beasts' skins. They are very fierce, and have deadly fights amongst each other, and eat one another's flesh. They have chieftains and certain laws among themselves, but differing in the different tribes. The farther you go south-westwards, however, the more refinement you meet with, because the climate is more temperate, and accordingly there they have cities and temples dedicated to their idols, in which they sacrifice men and afterwards eat them. In those parts they have some knowledge and use of gold and silver. Now this fisherman, after having dwelt so many years in these parts, made up his mind, if possible, to return home to his own country; but his companions despairing of ever seeing it again, gave him God's speed, and remained themselves where they were."

**Estotiland** is unquestionably an island on the coast and part of North America; most likely, Newfoundland's northern peninsula. It very well fits Newfoundland's general description: "it is a very rich country, abounding in all good things. It is a little smaller than Iceland, but more fertile; in the middle of it is a very high mountain, in which rise four rivers which water the whole country". There is no question that the following relates of an encounter with the Viking community of **L'Anse-aux-Meadows**: "*The*

*inhabitants are very intelligent people, and possess all the arts like ourselves; and it is believed that in time past they have had intercourse with our people, for he said that he saw Latin books in the king's library, which they at this present time do not understand. They have their own language and letters. They have all kinds of metals, but especially they abound with gold. Their foreign intercourse is with Greenland, whence they import furs, brimstone and pitch. He says that towards the south there is a great and populous country, very rich in gold. They sow corn and make beer, which is a kind of drink that northern people take as we do wine".* The land of Drogio further south could be Beothuck territory. The following agrees well with latter description made of the "Red Indians": "They have no kind of metal. They live by hunting, and carry lances of wood, sharpened at the point. They have bows, the strings of which are made of beasts' skins. They are very fierce, and have deadly fights amongst each other, and eat one another's flesh".

### **Drogio**

"Accordingly he bade them farewell, and made his escape through the woods in the direction of Drogio, where he was welcomed and very kindly-received by the chief of the place, who knew him and was a great enemy of the neighbouring chieftain; and so passing from one chief to another, being the same with whom he had been before, after a long time and with much toil he at length reached Drogio, where he spent three years. Here by good luck he heard from the natives that some boats had arrived off the coast ; and full of hope of being able to carry out his intention, he went down to the seaside, and to his great delight found that they had come from Estotiland. He forthwith requested that they would take him with them, which they did very willingly, and as he knew the language of the country, which none of them could speak, they employed him as their interpreter. He afterwards traded in their company to such good purpose, that he became very rich, and fitting out a vessel of his own, returned to Frislanda (Southwest Greenland), and gave an account of that most wealthy country to this nobleman (that was Zichmni, Henry Sinclair's Italian nickname). The sailors, from having had much experience in strange novelties, give full credence to his statements. This nobleman is therefore resolved to send me forth with a fleet towards those parts, and there are so many that desire to join in the expedition on account of the novelty and strangeness

of the thing, that I think we shall be very strongly appointed, without any public expense at all. Such is the tenor of the letter I referred to, which I [i.e. Nicolo Zeno, Junior] have here detailed in order to throw light upon another voyage which was made by Messire Antonio. He set sail with a considerable number of vessels and men, but had not the chief command, as he had expected to have, for Zichmni went in his own person ; and I have a letter describing that enterprise, which is to the following effect : Our great preparations for the voyage to Estotiland were begun in an unlucky hour, for exactly three days before our departure the fisherman died who was to have been our guide; nevertheless Zichmni would not give up the enterprise, but in lieu of the deceased fisherman, took some sailors that had come out with him from the island. Steering westwards, we discovered some islands subject to Frislanda, and passing certain shoals, came to Ledovo, where we stayed seven days to refresh ourselves and to furnish the fleet with necessaries. Departing thence we arrived on the first of July at the Island of Ilofe; and as the wind was full in our favour, we pushed on ; but not long after, when we were on the open sea, there arose so great a storm that for eight days we were continuously kept in toil, and driven we knew not where, and a considerable number of the boats were lost.

**Drogio** is a large island or tract of land to the south nearby Estotiland, most likely Newfoundland's main body or perhaps Québec's Gaspé Peninsula. The native cannibals were most likely the Skraelinger of the sagas. **Frislanda** "Freeze land" is thought to be the southern tip of Greenland seen as a separate island. Zichmni or Henry I Sinclair (ca. 1345 – c. 1400) was Earl of Orkney, Baron of Roslin. It is entirely possible that Henry Sinclair visited Greenland about 1392. Henricus (Erik), the last Bishop of Greenland known died in 1372. He was consecrated as Bishop of Greenland in 1389 (Robert Sewell, 2002). The name Drogio seems to be of Celtic origin in that Drogios meant "Dwarf" or "Gnome" in the old language. Then again, Drogo is also a personal Norman name. There were many Norman princes with the name and the Zeno brothers could have known of one. A certain Drogo of Hauteville or Altavilla (ca. 1000-1051), who succeeded his brother William the Iron Arm, conquered Sicily around the year 1035. The Hauteville family (Maison de Hauteville, of which I am proud to descend) was a baronial house from Cotentin in Normandy, France. Robert de Hauteville, known as

Guiscard, a cousin of William the Conqueror, was at the head of the Handfield house of Kent.

### **Icaria**

“At length, when the storm abated, we gathered together the scattered boats, and sailing with a prosperous wind, we discovered land on the west. Steering straight for it, we reached a quiet and safe harbour, in which we saw an infinite number of armed people, who came running furiously down to the water side, prepared to defend the island.

Zichmni now caused his men to make signs of peace to them, and they sent ten men to us who could speak ten languages, but we could understand none of them, except one that was from Shetland. He, being brought before our prince, and asked what was the name of the island, and what people inhabited it, and who was the governor, answered that the island was called Icaria, and that all the kings that reigned there were called Icari, after the first king, who as they said, was the son of Dasdalus, King of Scotland, who conquered that island, left his son there for king, and gave them those laws that they retain to the present time ; that after this, when going to sail further, he was drowned in a great tempest; and in memory, of his death that sea was called to this day the Icarian Sea, and the kings of the island were called Icari; that they were contented with the state which God hath given them, and would neither alter their laws nor admit any stranger.

They therefore requested our prince not to attempt to interfere with their laws, which they had received from that king of worthy memory, and observed up to the present time: that the attempt would lead to his own destruction, for they were all prepared to die rather than relax in any way the use of those laws. Nevertheless, that we might not think that they altogether refused intercourse with other men, they ended by saying that they would willingly receive one of our people, and give him an honourable position amongst them, if only for the sake of learning my language and gaining information as to our customs, in the same way as they had already received those other ten persons from ten different countries, who had come into their island. To all this our prince made no reply, beyond enquiring where there was a good harbour, and making signs that he intended to depart. Accordingly, sailing round about the island, he put in

with all his fleet in full sail, into a harbour which he found on the eastern side. The sailors went on shore to take in wood and water, which they did as quickly as they could, for fear they might be attacked by the islanders; and not without reason, for the inhabitants made signals to their neighbours with fire and smoke, and taking to their arms, the others coming to their aid, till they all came running down to the seaside upon our men with bows and arrows, so that many were slain and several wounded. Although we made signs of peace to them, it was of no use, for their rage increased more and more, as though they were fighting for their own very existence.

Being thus compelled to depart, we sailed along in a great circuit about the island, being always followed on the hill tops and along the sea coasts by an infinite number of armed men. At length, doubling the northern cape of the island, we came upon many shoals, amongst which we were for ten days in continual danger of losing our whole fleet; but fortunately all that while the weather was very fine. All the way till we came to the East Cape, we saw the inhabitants still on the hill tops and by the sea coast, keeping with us, howling and shooting at us from a distance to show their animosity towards us. We therefore resolved to put into some safe harbour, and see if we might once again speak with the Shetlander, but we failed in our object; for the people, more like beasts than men, stood constantly prepared to beat us back if we should attempt to come on land. Wherefore Zichmni, seeing that he could do

nothing, and that if he were to persevere in his attempt, the fleet would fall short of provisions, took his departure with a fair wind and sailed six days to the westwards : but the wind afterwards shifting to the south-west, and the sea becoming rough, we sailed four days with the wind aft, and at length discovering land, as the sea ran high and we did not know what country it was, were afraid at first to approach it ; but by God's blessing, the wind lulled, and then there came on a great calm. Some of the crew then pulled ashore, and soon returned to our great joy with news that they had found an excellent country and a still better harbour. Upon this we brought our barks and our boats to land, and on entering an excellent harbour, we saw in the

distance a great mountain that poured forth smoke, which gave us good hope that we should find some inhabitants in the eland ; neither would Zichmni rest, although it was a great way off, without sending a hundred

soldiers to explore the country, and bring an account of what sort of people the inhabitants were. Meanwhile, they took in a store of food and water, and caught a considerable quantity of fish and sea fowl. They also found such an abundance of birds' eggs, that our men, who were half famished, ate of them to repletion. Whilst we were at anchor here, the month of June came in, and the air in the island was mild and pleasant beyond description; but, as we saw nobody, we began

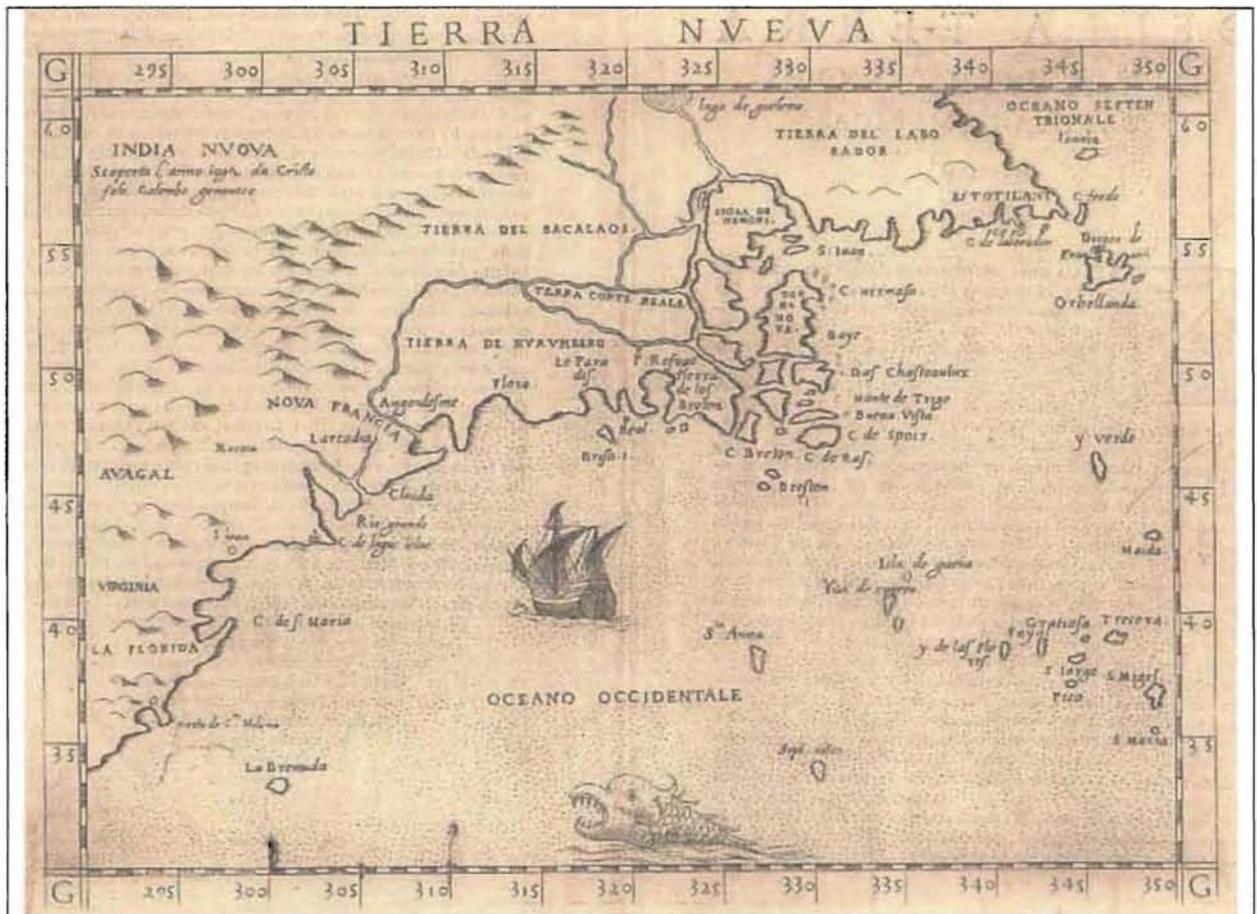
to suspect that this pleasant place was uninhabited. To the harbour we gave the name of Trin, and the headland which stretched out into the sea we called Capo de Trin. After eight days the hundred soldiers returned, and brought

word that they had been through the island and up to the mountain, and that the smoke was a natural thing proceeding from a great fire in the bottom of the hill, and that there was a spring from which issued a certain matter like pitch, which ran into the sea, and that thereabouts dwelt great multitudes of people half wild, and living in caves.

They were of small stature, and very timid; for as some as they saw our people they fled into their holes. They reported also that there was a large river, and a very good and safe harbour. When Zichmni heard this, and noticed that the place had a wholesome and pure atmosphere, a fertile soil, good rivers, and so many other conveniences he conceived the idea of fixing his abode there, and founding a city. But his people, having passed through a voyage so full of fatigues, began to murmur, and to say that they wished to return to their own homes, for that the winter was not far off, and if they allowed it once to set in, they would not be able to get away before the following summer. He therefore retained only the row boats and such of the people as were willing to stay with him, and sent all the rest away in the ships, appointing me, against my will, to be their captain.

Having no choice, therefore, I departed, and sailed twenty days to the eastwards without sight of any land ; then, turning my course towards the south-east, in five days I lighted on land, and found myself on the island of Neome, and, knowing the country, I perceived I was past Iceland ; and as the inhabitants were subject to Zichnmi, I took in fresh stores, and sailed with a fair wind in three days to Frislanda, where the people, who thought they had lost their prince, in consequence of his long absence on the voyage we had made, received us with a hearty welcome."

**Icaria** or **Icara**, probably named after Kerry, Ireland, and a part of **Great Ireland**. The Icarian Sea is most likely the Bay of Fundy; who's sudden and extreme tides explain the "great tempest". Great Ireland was called **Hibernia Major** and also known as **Albania** in Latin. The **Albani** were reported to be white people. The Norse referred to it as **Hvítramannaland** "White Man's Land" said to be located near **Vinland**. Therefore, Great Ireland is identifiable to what the French called **Acadia** in what are now the present Canadian provinces of Nova Scotia, Prince-Edward Island and New-Brunswick. For some obscure reason, the Irish abandoned Great Ireland but continued going to the Gulf of St. Lawrence up until 1608 when Champlain settled the Québec promontory. While near the Basque port of Tadoussac, Champlain in his *Observations made during the Discovery of New France* of 1613, mentions having captured a Basque man dressed as a "Savage" trading with the natives of Percée. Champlain had with him a Greek speaking translator who knew the native languages.



The Newfoundland map showing Icaria, Estotiland (Labrador), Orbellanda (Belle Isle), Terra Nova (Newfoundland), Land of the Breton and Cape Breton, Terra de Nurumberg (Maine), Nova Francia (New England), Virginia and Florida along with the Appalachian range called Avagal.

*“Furthermore that the Savage, interrogated in particular, told us that they had taken a Basque man in the island of Percée trading merchandises with the Savages of Tadoussac. Hoping to learn more, we asked a young translator of the Greek nation to dress as a Savage and go out by canoe to find out the identity of the boats there and so sent him in the accompany of the Savages, for whom we had trust and fidelity, in gratifying service of certain honesty the said Greek was resolved to embark and with everything necessary, he left.”*

Note that Champlain wrote «*le dit Grec* » (the said Greek). I doubt if there could be found in the ports of France a Greek man fluent in the Algonquian and Basque languages. Let's remember that Greek was one of the languages taught in the "henge schools" of Ireland. At that time, Ireland was under British rule and to be humble English arrogance, Greek or Latin was spoken before them.

As shown on the Terra Nova map, Acadia was also called New Brittany in 1504. In 1532 when King Francis the 1st took possession of Brittany and made it a province of France, two years later in 1534, he sent the Breton navigator Jacques Cartier to claim for him the whole of the territories of New Brittany and New France (Louis Kervan, 1978).

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