

CORNWALL

April 2020 revision



**A fan-made supplement for Ars Magica 5th edition by Timothy Ferguson
Supported by the patrons of the Games From Folktales podcast.**

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A map for this supplement is available at <https://bit.ly/2O0yctm>

Audio of the poem used as a prayer to Dolores, the Lady of Pain is available at <https://bit.ly/2oL7NVk>

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This supplement celebrates the 250th episode of the Games From Folktales podcast. The podcast is only possible because of the support of the following Patreons

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Quotations in this book come from the following works, which are in the public domain and available through Archive.org or Project Gutenberg.

Traditions and Hearthside Stories of West Cornwall by William Botrell
The Survey of Cornwall by Richard Carew
Popular Romances of the West of England collected and edited by Robert Hunt
Traditions and Recollections by Richard Polwhele
Scilly and its Legends by Henry Whitfeld

If you'd prefer modern research, I recommend *From Granite to Sea ~ The Folklore of Bodmin Moor and East Cornwall* by Alex Langstone, and his magazine *Lien Gwerin*

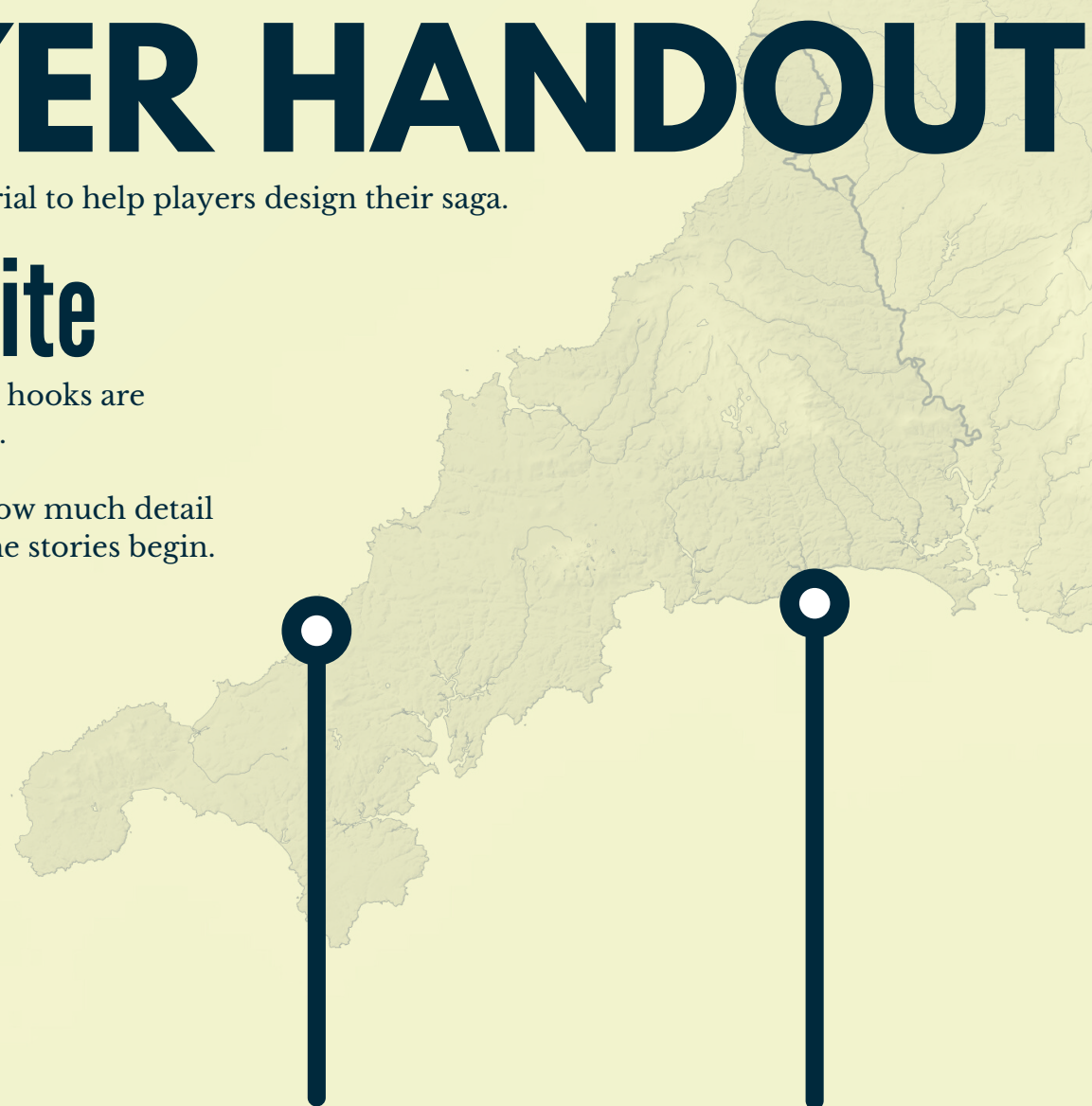
PLAYER HANDOUT

This section contains material to help players design their saga.

Choose a site

These suggested boons and hooks are expanded in a later chapter.

Discuss with your troupe how much detail you want to know before the stories begin.



Lyonesse

The Isles of Scilly are the remnants of the flooded kingdom of Lyonesse. The fate of its people can be adjusted for your saga. Did they die, become faeries, or fall into enchanted sleep? The covenant of Stellasper vanished from Scilly about seventy years ago.

Suggested Boons and Hooks

Distorted Covenfolk
Faerie Aura
Faerie Court / Landlord
Magical Disaster
Massacre site
Monster
Mystical Allies
Rights and Customs
Ruined Covenant - Stellasper
Tribunal Boundary:
Vast Aura:
Unknown Regio:
Warping to a Pattern



Tintagel

The headland of Tintagel was the birthplace of King Arthur, but few of his relics remain. When, five years into the campaign, a prince buys the land and constructs a castle, to reawaken the stories of the Once and Future King, the player characters are drawn into English, then European, politics.

Suggested Boons and Hooks

Divine Aura
Faerie Aura
Favours
Monster
Mundane politics
Natural Fortress
Powerful Ally or Enemy
Tame nobleman
Unknown Regio
Warping to a Pattern



Ictis

Looe Island was an ancient trade site, where the Cornish sold tin to the merchants from the Mediterranean. One of these was Joseph of Arimathea who bought his teenage nephew, Jesus, to the island. It's a pilgrimage site, but may have links to smugglers and ancient lightning magicians.

Suggested Boons and Hooks

Caves
Death visitor
Haunted
Hidden Ways
Island
Pilgrimage site
Regio
Resident Nuisance
Roman Ruin – Ictis

Boons and Hooks

Covenants founded at any Cornish site might have the following Boons and Hooks. Additional ideas are given in the detailed sections for each suggested site.

Centralised Kingdom

There's no unowned land in England. Most of Cornwall belongs to the King personally. Later in the campaign, the Duchy is given to the king's brother, but this makes oversight more stringent. Richard is cleverer than King Henry, and he lives locally.

Healthy Feature

Cornwall's fresh air and abundance of holy wells are thought to lead to longer life. Miners are, sadly, excepted from this.

Hedge Tradition

There are traditions of charmers and nightwalkers in Cornwall, which may serve more powerful magi.

Indiscreet Resource – Smuggling

The golden age of Cornish smuggling is after the game period, but it is so deeply embedded in Cornish folklore that a covenant could have smugglers as an income source. In 1220, it is lucrative to smuggle wool to Europe, avoiding the royal tariff on exports.

Meddlesome Saint

Many Cornish saints are gigantic and several are petty.

Magical Disaster

The vanishing of Lyonesse, the drowning of Langonna, or the loss of the land around Mount St Michael might be repeated. The sea eats the land, and the Cornish don't seem particularly alarmed.

Natural Disaster

Cornwall has great storms and floods, however irregularly, and rebuilding after this disaster provides stories.

Regional Produce – Tin

This area is famous for its mineral riches, and for the skill of its miners.

Sailors

Cornwall cannot sustain itself from agriculture: it needs to import grain, and pays for it with the wealth of the mines, and the fruit of the sea. Many of the covenant's people can sail and fish, even if this is not their primary profession.

A Note on the Future:

Richard of Almain

Henry III, the King of England has a younger brother, Richard. If your saga's history follows that of the real world, he is given the Earldom of Cornwall slightly after the game period. He also gets Exeter in 1227. He's a financial genius, and becomes, arguably, the richest man in Europe.

There are at least three other noblemen called "Richard of Cornwall" in his immediate circle – two uncles and a son. In this supplement he is called Richard of Almain because he effectively buys the role of Holy Roman Emperor at auction. His sons, Henry and Edmund, also call themselves "of Almain", literally "of the Germans" following his coronation.

Character Design

Saxon writers note that the Cornish are generous and brave. They are also long-lived and strong. They are less ostentatious than the Normans, and don't have the Saxon love of war. The Cornish have indelicate manners. The nobles hunt, and cock-fight. The lower classes hurl and wrestle.

Magi

Many Houses can link to Cornwall's culture.

- Bjornaer shapes tied to local folklore include seals, sea lions, snakes, hares and choughs (like ravens).
- Cornwall is known as a source of rare metals, suitable for Bonisagus magi seeking odd research materials.
- A Criamon sept dedicated to astrology disappeared from Scilly.
- Ex Miscellania is native to Stonehenge.
- The ancestors of House Flambeau's lightning sept may be related to the ruins in Ictis.
- The Corruption started in Cornwall: can a Quaesitor ignore foolish children dabbling in the accursed place?
- The smugglers' coast of Cornwall is a great place to recruit crews for House Mercere's private missions, or legitimate business.
- Merinita magi may be drawn to the tribes of faeries, or the sunken kingdom.
- House Tytalus and Tremere may clash in Cornwall, as it is situated between their Domus Magnae in Brittany and Wales.
- The Corruption of Tytalus started in Cornwall: can a Tytalus resist the challenge that defeated the best in the House?
- This is where Verditius magi can get some of the cheapest brass in Europe, aside from other odd treasures.

Companions and grogs

Cornish characters, from humble backgrounds, are likely to have been involved in fishing, smuggling, mining or agriculture, with appropriate professional Abilities. The local sports, wrestling and hurling, give some training in Brawl, Thrown Weapons and Athletics.

Cornish characters have a free virtue. On death, they can appear to the person whom they love the most. Generally they cannot speak more than a few words. This allows them to finish a last piece of business. This power cannot penetrate magical resistance, so it cannot be used to communicate with magi, or covenfolk within an Aegis.

History of Cornwall

The original inhabitants of Cornwall were giants. They made many of the great stone monuments that scatter the land. When Brutus and his retinue fled the fall of Troy, they landed near Totnes and made war on the giants. Brutus's general, Corneus, defeated the giant army. Then he wrestled the general of the giants, and threw him into the sea. Cornwall is named for Corneus.

The giants are gone now. Perhaps the last ones were destroyed by King Arthur, or Jack the Giant-Killer, or the Sorcerer-Lord of Pengerswick. Two were transformed into rivers. Their blood is still found in Cornish veins, and their graves are found near many churches.

After conquest, Cornwall was given to Robert of Mortain, William's the Conqueror's half-brother. Cornwall was heavily involved in the wars of Matilda and Stephen. The Earl of Cornwall was Matilda's brother, and kept all of Cornwall committed to the Empress. Cornwall didn't get raided and wrecked like the Midlands. When Henry II fought in France and Richard I headed off to do horrible things to the Muslims, the Cornish, with few exceptions, ignored the whole thing. Cornwall's wealthy and stable, but not rich enough to be a target of invasion.

Not quite yet.

Cursing Psalm

All Cornish characters know that if a dying person recites the 109th Psalm it calls down a terrible curse on a deserving victim. How much of the Psalm they need to know is unclear. Calling down the wrath of God unjustly is a terrible thing: a player who uses the Cursing Psalm is volunteering the death of the character. A version of the Cursing Psalm is included here for players who want an operatic character death. **The red section might suit your character's final breaths.**

**Hold not thy peace, O God of my praise;
For the mouth of the wicked and the mouth of
the deceitful are opened against me: they have
spoken against me with a lying tongue.
They compassed me about also with words of
hatred; and fought against me without a cause.
For my love they are my adversaries: but I give
myself unto prayer.
And they have rewarded me evil for good, and
hatred for my love.
Set thou a wicked man over him: and let Satan
stand at his right hand.**

**When he shall be judged, let him be condemned:
and let his prayer become sin.**

**Let his days be few; and let another take his
office.**

**Let his children be fatherless, and his wife a
widow.**

**Let his children be continually vagabonds, and
beg: let them seek their bread also out of their
desolate places.**

**Let the extortioner catch all that he hath; and let
the strangers spoil his labour.**

Let there be none to extend mercy unto him:

**neither let there be any to favour his fatherless
children.**

**Let his posterity be cut off; and in the generation
following let their name be blotted out.**

**Let the iniquity of his fathers be remembered
with the Lord; and let not the sin of his mother
be blotted out.**

**Let them be before the Lord continually, that he
may cut off the memory of them from the earth.**

**Because that he remembered not to shew
mercy, but persecuted the poor and needy man,
that he might even slay the broken in heart.**

**As he loved cursing, so let it come unto him: as
he delighted not in blessing, so let it be far from
him.**

**As he clothed himself with cursing like as with
his garment, so let it come into his bowels like
water, and like oil into his bones.**

**Let it be unto him as the garment which
covereth him, and for a girdle wherewith he is
girded continually.**

**Let this be the reward of mine adversaries from
the Lord, and of them that speak evil against
my soul.**

**But do thou for me, O God the Lord, for thy
name's sake: because thy mercy is good,
deliver thou me.**

**For I am poor and needy, and my heart is
wounded within me.**

**I am gone like the shadow when it declineth: I
am tossed up and down as the locust.**

**My knees are weak through fasting; and my
flesh faileth of fatness.**

**I became also a reproach unto them: when they
looked upon me they shook their heads.**

**Help me, O Lord my God: O save me according
to thy mercy:**

**That they may know that this is thy hand; that
thou, Lord, hast done it.**

**Let them curse, but bless thou: when they arise,
let them be ashamed; but let thy servant
rejoice.**

**Let mine adversaries be clothed with shame,
and let them cover themselves with their own
confusion, as with a mantle.**

**I will greatly praise the Lord with my mouth;
yea, I will praise him among the multitude.**

**For he shall stand at the right hand of the poor,
to save him from those that condemn his soul.**

MUNDANE POWER

Saxon writers note that the Cornish are generous and brave. They are also long-lived and strong. They are less ostentatious than the Normans, and don't have the Saxon love of war. The Cornish have indelicate manners. The nobles hunt, and cock-fight. The lower classes hurl and wrestle.

At the end of the Twelfth Century, there were three baronies in Cornwall: Launceston, Cardinham and Trematon. As the Thirteenth Century progressed, in real world history, they merged into the Duchy of Cornwall.

In later sections, the baronies are described as having a number of "knights' fees". In most of England, a fee includes sufficient land to support a knight, so the size of a fee varies with soil fertility and agricultural development. In Cornwall, things are more systematic. A Cornish knight's fee is 4 Cornish acres, which is 36 farthings, which is 1080 English acres. Rent is paid in kind, not in money, in most of Cornwall.

Cornish manors don't follow the English pattern. There are no demense manors as such, because the rulers either live in a castle or are priests. Similarly, there is no strip agriculture in Cornwall. Peasants are divided, in Lords of Men, into free, villeins and cottars, but this isn't the Cornish way of classifying people.

In Cornwall there are free, conventional and villein peasants. The most common type, conventional, are people with seven year leases over land. Free people owe some basic dues. Villeins are rare, and increasingly rare as time goes on. Villeins are tied to land, but the Cornish rulers prefer people to become free. This is, on a continental basis, unusual.

Most tenants are required to

- pay "due capons" which head taxes, not actual poultry.
- make harvest journeys
- grind at the lord's mill
- sue at the lord's court
- discharge the duties of reeve and tithing-man.
- dwell upon the tenement and not till any part without the lord's permission.
- Other agreements are made on lord-and-vassal basis, including paying the heriot (the best beast on death).

Do you really want a castle?

There are effectively only a handful of castles in Cornwall. Most of these are motte and bailey castles, but during the game period those controlled by the barons are being hardened into shell keeps. If a player covenant creates a curtain-walled castle, it is the most extensive defensive architecture in the Duchy, until Richard of the Romans creates his ceremonial castle at Tintagel. That's hard for locals to ignore.

The Duchy and Barony of Launceston

In 1220 there is no Duke of Cornwall: the previous holder of both the Duchy and the Barony of Launceston died without heirs in 1175, so his lands passed back to the Crown. The lands are administered for the Crown by the High Sheriff of Cornwall. This role is slightly different to that of the Sheriffs in England, because there is a vague legal precedent that Cornwall is a separate state that happens to be under the rule of the same king, like Wales, rather than a part of England proper. The High Sherriff calls his courts at the fortified town of Launceston, but the role changes hands rapidly, sometimes annually, and he might well be from anywhere in England.

Launceston Castle was originally built by Robert of Mortain as a Norman motte and bailey. The castle took up the south-west quarter of the town, and had its keep in the north-east corner of the enclosure, so it was near the town centre. In the late 12th century, the keep was replaced in stone, and two stone gatehouses added. Over time towers were added to the walls and the buildings in the bailey were redone in stone. In purely architectural terms, it's the strongest point in Cornwall in 1220.

In real history, when Richard of Almain became Duke, he replaced the keep with a high tower, remade the walls, and tied the castle's defences to those of the town. He also cleared out the bailey and put in a new great hall. Part of this was to allow his guest to view his parkland, which was just beyond the walls of the town. This demonstrated how secure and wealthy he was.

Plot hooks: Launceston

The reconstruction of Launceston fills the area with skilled masons, which the covenant may require. Can the magi steal way skilled labourers without angering the sheriff or, later, the Prince?

The demand for dressed stone is high, and even though there are many skilled miners in Cornwall, some of it may be coming from as far away as Wales. Magic makes finding, dressing and shipping stone easy. If the characters get into the stone business, do they need to make an agreement with Blackthorn, which is a powerful covenant that may be behind some of the shipments from Wales?

If the magi have created one of the few stone castles in Cornwall, then they are the obvious people for Richard to talk to when he wants to build his fortified palace in Launceston. Can they hide their nature, or control their the parameters of their relationship? They do not know that Richard will eventually become an Emperor, and House Guernicus will review his history.

Plot hooks: The Shrievalty

The sheriffs are regularly swapped around, as a favour to various noble houses in England. This lets a rival covenant, or supernatural foe, drop a puppet into a powerful role.

A freshly-planned covenant uses the retinue of a new sheriff to send surveyors amd scouts into the area.

The sheriff changes often, but his work is still completed. The person who provides administrative continuity is a prime target for subversion by mundane and mystical powers. Who is it, how do they keep their role, and what do they want?

The Barony of Cardinham and Restormel Castle

The Barony of Cardinan (now Cardinham) had 79 knight's fees in 1166 (the last comprehensive census. In 1220 Robert de Cardinan holds their ancestral castle at Cardinan, which was originally a motte and bailey put up by one of Robert of Mortain's supporters.

They also hold Restormel Castle, which was the seat of the kings of Cornwall before the Normans came. They are rebuilding it in stone, making it into a shell keep. In real history this happens sometime between 1192-1225 and they set up the village and market of Lostwithiel at the same time. When this work is finished they move the administration of their estates to the refurbished castle.

Slightly later, in real history, Isolda de Cardinham, Robert's granddaughter, was his final descendant, so her husband, Thomas de Tracey, held it until 1264. It was taken by the Baron's Revolt, then taken back by the king's forces in 1265. After some politicking, Isolda gave it to Richard of the Romans in 1270. When Richard died, his son Edmund made Restormel his seat of power in the Duchy.

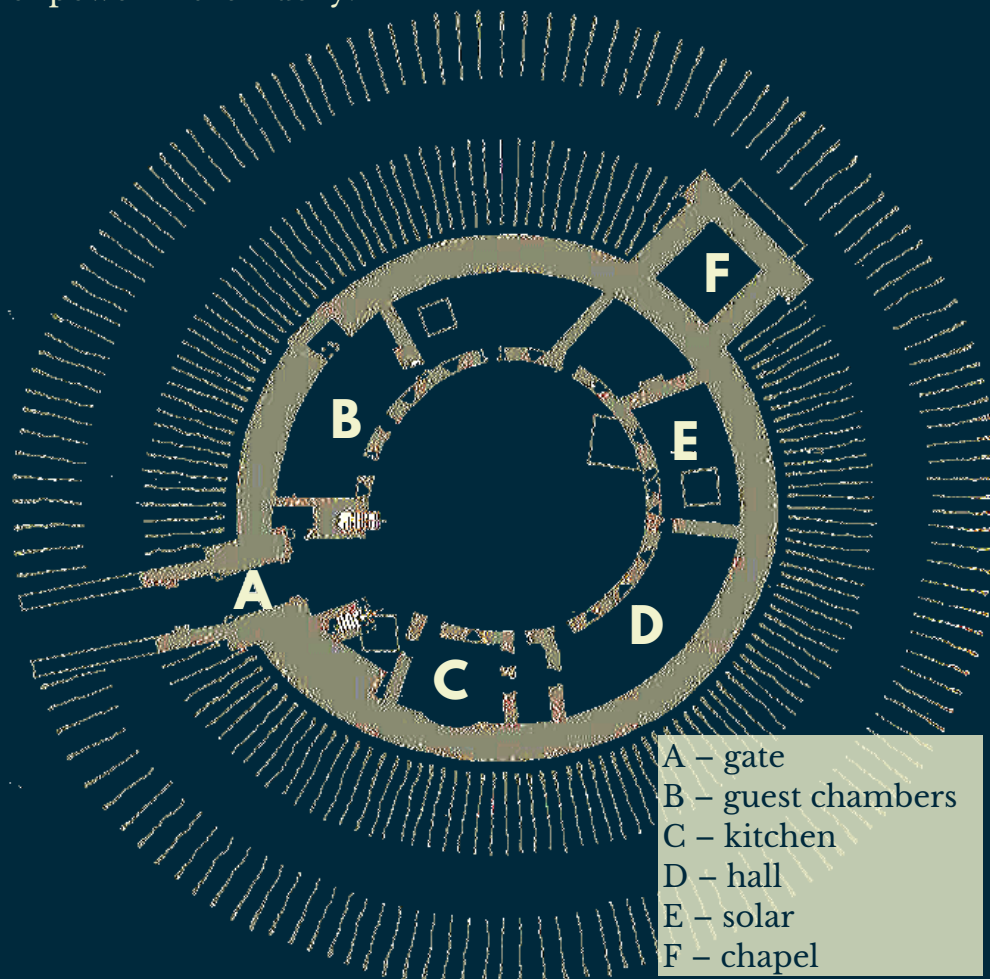
Plot hooks: Cardinham and Restmorel

The movement of a barony from one centre to another gives the magi great opportunities to interfere with a noble enemy.

Restormel was the seat of the kings of Cornwall, so faeries are attracted to those who refurbish the city. Antique objects may be uncovered, and old stories may take material forms.

The new village and its market are important to the baron, and merchants who provide valuable goods, or purchase surplus local production with silver, can negotiate favours, and ensure its business is not investigated too carefully.

Isolda's marriage is a perfect opportunity for magi to meddle, as is her retirement to a nunnery and the transition of the Barony to the Duchy.



Map of Restormel Castle

This is a modern map: in period the gate is defended by a square, stone tower. The outer wall is made of local slate, and has a diameter of 125 feet, and has a walk along the top, which is 25 feet high. This is protected by a parapet with battlements. The ringwork about the wall is a ditch 49 feet wide, by 13 feet deep.

Restormel is similar to the other shell keeps found in Cornwall: its main difference is that its walls are dug deeply into the earth of the motte on which it stands.

The Barony of Tremarton

Tremarton Castle was built upon a Roman fort just after the Norman invasion, and is either a motte and bailey or a shell keep in the game period. In 1166 Tremarton had 59 knights fees. In 1220 it is held by Reginald de Vautort. In real history, Reginald's heir, Ralph, married Joan, the mistress of Richard of Almain. Their son died without children, then Reginald's brother, Roger, wasted most of the family's money and sold the barony to Richard in 1270 for 300 pounds. This was the same year Richard picked up Cardinham.

Plot Hooks based historical land-holding

1204: The Cornish paid a large fee so that there were no more royal forests or forest courts in their county. They still have the Stanneries: courts for miners. When the foresters leave they stopped interacting with, and appeasing, the faeries around many settlements.

1217: Guala Bicchier, the Papal Legate to England, prevents clergy from partaking in the general amnesty offered in the Treaty of Lambeth. This forces a lot of priests, including those from Cornwall, to go to Rome for personal absolution. The loss of spiritual leadership and hole in the civil administration of Cornwall allow demons and faeries to make sport.

1220: Pandulf, the Papal Legate to England, visits Cornwall. He takes the shrievalty from John FitzCount (a natural son of Henry II or King John, sources vary) because Henry had withdrawn from the royal court without permission and was suspected of preparing to rebel. What FitzCount does is secret. If there's anyone willing and able to pay for an assassin, it's him.

1224: John of Bayeux is made keeper of the coasts of Cornwall and Devon. He is required to provide beacons for every coastal parish. If your covenant is on a coastal headland, his people turn up and start stacking a bonfire.

1226: English ships are forbidden to visit French ports. This wrecks smuggling and trading, but Houses Tytalus or Mercere can help, for favours in return.

1230: Ships and crews are requisitioned to invade Brittany. Being in the Royal Navy is not permitted under the code. Can you fake a shipwreck?

1242: William Marisco raids Devon and Cornwall, and seizes Lundy Island. Henry III sends a strike team to capture him, and William is hung, drawn and quartered in London. Reuse the Diabolic Monk Pirate material from *Antagonists*. Henry III then builds and garrisons a castle on Lundy Island.

Other Castles in Cornwall

Bocastle: is a Norman motte and bailey castle.

Ennor is a shell keep in the capital of Scilly.

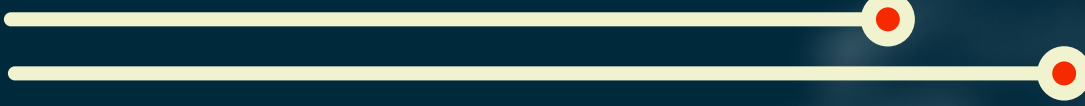
Tintagel is part of the Manor of Boissney. In real history, Richard of Almain refits it to tie his family to the myth of Arthur. Richard used it for feasts, and his son Edmund lived there while his father was still alive.

Tregony: is a new motte and bailey, built on a previously fortified site, by Henry de Pomeroy on behalf of John, Earl of Cornwall, in the reign of Richard I (no later than 1199).

Truro Castle is abandoned and in ruins. In the real world the land it sits on was vacant by 1270, and a new castle was eventually built there. If you need a ruined castle for a story, this seems perfect.

Castles

Bocastle (near Tintagel)



Launceston

Restormel



Truro (ruin)



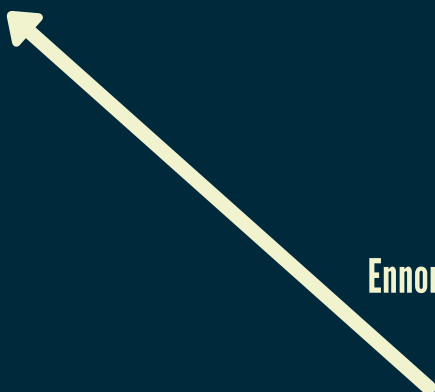
St Michael's Mont



Tregony



Tremarton



Ennor (Scilly)

Church lands

Plot hooks the Church Lands

The Deanery of East is centred on St Germans, which has a collegiate church. It's where magi might seek learned people, scribes, and the materials for book making.

At Anthony is a Benedictine Monastery. Attached to it are a cell of the Black Monks of Angiers. They were originally emigres from France in the reign of Richard I. The group venerates Saints Sergius and Bacchus. This paired set of saints were warrior-brothers. They underwent adelphopoiesis, which is, depending on your theology, a rite that makes two men brothers, or a sort of lifelong romantic union. These saints are important to many modern, gay Catholics. This makes this cell of monks a useful hook for troupes wanting to explore themes around medieval homosexuality.

At Trebeigh there is a preceptory of the Knights of Saint John of Jerusalem. Henry de Pomeroy, who rebelled against the king, was a major benefactor of theirs and they may still have some of his treasure. The Knights have all kinds of odd privileges, freeing them from all law but their own, saving only "life and limb". This makes them excellent foes for a covenant.

West is centred on the collegiate church at St Neot, which is named for the brother of Alfred the Great. This saint was tiny, and may have some link to the diminutive faeries. His story is given in greater detail in the chapter on saints.

Trigg Major centres on St Stephen near Launceston. In 1226, in the real world, the bishop forced the secular canons there to move to a new foundation, "under the Rule of St Austin" beneath the castle. "Secular canons" is sometimes a codeword for magi. There's probably a nunnery at Altarnun. If there isn't the faeries will put one there.

Trigg Minor contains a wealthy monastery of Augustinian canons at Bodmin. In 1180 one of the monks stole the body of the Founder, Saint Petroc, and sailed to Brittany with it. Henry II forced them to give it back. The story might be retold in 1220, with the magi coming to the rescue of the kidnapped saint. In the east of Bodmin there is a place called St Lawrence which is a leprosarium, "well-endowed for 19 lepers". There is a 5 pound fee to join the leprosarium, so it may be for the scions of noble families. This could also be a blind for a covenant: people don't willingly go there.

At Temple there is a small cell or temple of Templars. They run a relocation service for fallen women. Well, the women disappear – where they go is not clear. There are rules for penitent sex workers in *Grogs*.

Before the Norman invasion, there were seven bishops in Cornwall, and they had the right of both secular and sacred justice. When the Normans took over they placed all of Cornwall within the Bishopric of Exeter, then gave that job to a Norman. The older bishoprics became deaneries. The church is a major landholder in Cornwall.

Remaining Deaneries

The three deaneries not listed in the plot hooks for church lands are Pider, Powder and Kerrier.

In Pider, St Crantoc is the premier house, and St Colum is also significant. St Bennet in Lavinet is a nunnery.

In Powder St Probus is the collegiate church. Tywardeeth is a priory of Augustians. St Michael Penkiwell is an ancient endowed house with a chantry. In real history, toward the end of Henry III's reign, a convent of Augustinians settles in Truro.

Kerrier's largest town is Penryn. There's a collegiate church called Glaseney according to one source, but it seems to have been founded in 1265 as the largest collegiate church in Cornwall, with a proctor and 12 canons. St Keverne has a sanctuary. St Martin has a nunnery. St Michael's Mont and the Scilly Isles are in Kerrier. Constantine has a large pre-Norman church

The Grey Rock in the Wood

St Michael's Mount is a monastery, but it gets taken by noblemen and held against the authorities repeatedly, as if it were a castle. Most recently, Henry de la Pomeroy took it by force. When Richard I was off crusading, he left Bishop Longchamp of Ely as his chancellor (the office of regent hadn't been invented at this stage). Henry of Pomery fled the failing Norman possessions in Brittany, and in service of Prince John (who was earl of Cornwall) personally murdered Richard's son. He then fled to Cornwall, to raise it in rebellion against Richard (or Longchamp, which was much the same thing legally). He fortified Mount Saint Michael, and held against Richard's forces until 1196. There is an alternative history in which he committed suicide when Richard I was ransomed, and his ghost hangs about being tormented or causing trouble.

Saint Michael's Mount used to be a hill surrounded by a forest, which was later developed, at least partially. It's name in Cornish is still *Karrek Loos yn Koos*, the "grey rock in the wood". The land used to extend six miles south of the the Mount, to a line from Mousehole to Cudden Point. It vanished in an inundation.

Plot hooks St Michael's Mount

Saint Michael appeared on the rock in 495. People make pilgrimages to the Kader Migell: a stone seat he left there, that is difficult to reach. Sitting on the chair is the traditional end of pilgrimage to the Mount. When Saint Keyne visited the mount she sat on the chair and gave it the same power as her well: whichever of a set of newlyweds uses it first will have the power in the marriage.

Two towns, Lelant and Pillackm near Hayle, were both covered in a single night. Lelant was the mother church of St Ives, which argues it once had a substantial population.

The land around the Chapel Rock at Perran-Porth has been washed away, but the Lord allows pilgrimages to it to continue. It's possible to walk, dry foot, to the island at eleven o'clock, despite the sea clearly being in the way. It's a mystery, or a Divine regio, if you're a magus.

The main anchorage in Mount Bay is called a "Gwavas Lake". The sea has eaten into the land so far that it is now aggregated to the ocean. There is a forest of beech trees visible under the water, which sweeps from Gawas to the Mount. Beech nuts can be collected on the shore after rough tides, at at neap tides, visitors may cut wood from the beech trees. The beech nuts may be a vis source. At certain times, it is a full and verdant woodland? What, or who, dwells therein?

Cornwall has a low Dominion Aura

There isn't a bishop regularly in Cornwall: the closest ones are in Exeter and across the Channel. There being no bishop, there is no cathedral in Cornwall. This makes fighting demons trickier: locals depend heavily on saints, holy wells, and folk magic.

Plot hook: The Silver Table

Cudden Point hides a treasure, sought by children at extreme low tides. Sometimes they even find it, although that may just be faeries starting their games.

"Amongst other things, an especial search is made for a silver table, which was lost by a very wealthy lord, by some said to be the old Lord Pengerswick, who enriched himself by grinding down the poor. On one occasion, when the calmness of summer, the clearness of the skies, and the tranquillity of the waters invited the luxurious to the enjoyments of the sea, this magnate, with a party of gay and thoughtless friends, was floating in a beautiful boat lazily with the tide, and feasting from numerous luxuries spread on a silver table. Suddenly no one lived to tell the cause the boat sank in the calm, transparent waters ; and, long after the event, the fishermen would tell of sounds of revelry heard from beneath the waters, and some have said they have seen these wicked ones still seated around the silver table." - Hunt.

This may be an Infernal aura or regio.

INDUSTRIES

Most of Europe is maintained in an agricultural economy, but Cornwall is an exception. It cannot produce enough food to sustain its population. This means that a covenant cannot simply obscure its croplands with magic and make them fertile with rituals. Similarly, if magi just create food using vis, they are creating a militarily-significant strategic commodity. Subsistence questions, like how you are going to feed your people, matter in Cornwall far more than in other parts of Europe.

Mining

Cornwall has a wide variety of minerals, some from single mines. If your character wants to make a realia collection of minerals, Cornwall's a perfect place to do that. It might, however, be that the riches of the earth are so abundant because the creatures from below have been called up too often.

Tin

Cornwall has been known since ancient times as the source of tin, which is mixed with copper to make bronze. The mines are so important that they have warped Cornish culture. The Cornish use turf and furze (broom) for fuel rather than wood, because it's needed as mine braces. Their national dish is a miner's pastry. Their patron saint discovered tin. The mines also produce an unusually broad array of other minerals.

Cassiterite

Cassiterite, or "black tin" is the main mineral from which tin is smelted. It's a tin oxide, sometimes described as black sand. Cassiterite is about 78% tin.

Rapid expansion in game period

Under King John, tin mining in Cornwall made 100 marks a year for the Crown, but in the time of Richard of Almain, its value is immense. He is said to be able to "spend 100 marks a day for ten years". The Muslim invasion of Spain stopped tin from being purchased there, and it had yet to be discovered in Germany, so Richard essentially had a monopoly. As Lord of the Stanneries, he had the right of first purchase on tin. He regularly sold for seven marks tin he'd bought for three. Volumes exported also increased. Superficial mining, "streaming", continued, but shaft mining became prevalent in the game period, leading to increased extraction.

Plot hook: creating food

Just because it's a bad idea, doesn't mean no-one is going to do it. A covenant which tips the balance of the food economy in this area might be saved by player characters, teaching them discretion, or punished by player characters, teaching them humility.

Plot hook: tin pest

Pure metallic, or "white" tin sometimes rust back into black tin, appearing almost to rot. This is called tin pest. Naturally made tin has impurities that protect it from tin pest, but magically-created tin, being perfectly pure, does not. Much as fungal crop pests may be caused by faeries, so something may eat white tin back to black.,

Mining ore

There are two types of mining: stream and load. First the tinner finds a shoad (a patch of tin on the surface of the ground). Then he either digs a stream (a trench 6 feet deep by three or four wide) or sinks a shaft (four feet long, two feet wide, seven feet deep) then either follows the lode, or sinks a fresh shaft further along his supposed line of the lode.

When a miner fines a lode, he needs to pay a fee to claim it. Most find partners and go shares. The partners choose a captain, who acts as a sort of quartermaster and arranges working times. Carew says the work is so exhausting mostt miners work only four hours on workdays. The basic tool is a pickaxe with a spike on one end, and a mallet on the other for driving in iron wedges. Many spirits in Cornwall use these as weapons.

The lodes may go down to forty or fifty fathoms. Sometimes you can see stars at noon-day if you are that deep. Men go into the mine on a rope that is winched by two other men, and the miner stands in a stirrup on the way down. Miners sometimes only tunnel a foot a week. “Damps” (gases) may “distemper their heads” Carew says that mining wrecks the morals and body of the miner, which can be recovered by changing profession to farming.

Processing ore

After the tin is mined it is carried, in carts or on horseback, to a stamping mill. If the stone is too damp it is dried on a grill before being stamped. Basically the stamping mill is three or five poles, shod in iron, which rise and fall as a waterwheel turns. This grinds the ore down. It's then sent to a crazing mill, where it is ground through water-powered millstones, to a fine sand.

The tinner then takes the sand away, puts it on sheets of turf, and washes it. The heavier tin stays while the lighter clay washes away. The residue is put in a large wooden dish and panned, much like gold. The heavy residue is called “black tin” and this is split between the partners. Tin is weighed by the gill, topliffe, dish and foote, which are a pint, pottel, (half a gallon), gallon and almost two gallons. A foote weighs about 40 pounds.

The miner takes his tin to a blowing house, where it is melted in a coal fire stoked with watermill powered bellows. Two pounds of black tin give one pound of white tin. It is set in thin, square ingots.

Coynages

Tin is sold at markets called coynages. There are two per year in Cornwall. The merchants and miners tell each other lies to shift the price while they haggle. This is expected, but still shocks some priests. Generally the merchant and the owner of a tinwork start each fair with a big sale. This sets an anchor value for the price.

There's a type of banking in Cornwall allows a miner to borrow money, but pay the loan back in white tin. As the price of the tin is not known in advance, there's technically no usury here. The merchant is, legally, a partner. Richard of the Romans had it as a point of honour that he was never an usurer, but he may have partnered with miners.

The Stanneries: the legal customs of the tanners

The king appoints the Sherriff of Cornwall, a role which is rapidly turned over. Richard of Almain is granted the title of "High Sheriff" when he comes of age.

Since 1201 the Warden of the Stanneries has had formal criminal and civil jurisdiction over all tin miners, although tradition claimed this far earlier. Tanners cannot be served warrants from other courts, and may not serve them in other courts, excepting matters of life, limb and land. If a tanner is charged in another court, he may demand that half the jury be other tanners. In 1220, the stanneries claim as tanners everyone who makes tools used by miners, transports or processes tin, or has shares in a mine.

The Warden appoints Stewards, who look after daily business in the local stanneries. There are four in Cornwall.

**"It cannot be of mean price
which has found,
with it, diamonds,
amongst it gold,
and within it silver."
– Carew.**

Plot hooks: lies

Tin is a commodity trade so if magi can get news that alters the value of tin faster than other people, they can make a great deal of money at a coynage.

Some people, not able to learn news quickly, instead manufacture it. If the characters know a plot to alter the price is afoot, do they cash in, run a counter-con, or report the schemers to the stanneries?

The Church and the Stanneries

The Stannery courts annoy the church persistently. In real history, eventually this turns rancorous.

When tin is discovered on church lands, tanners have the right to seek it, regardless of what the land is being used for. In 1237 the Church tries to get the Crown to rule against miners wrecking their land, and failed. After this, churchmen refused to show up in Stannary courts. In 1391 the Church formally tells everyone in England that it will excommunicate anyone who tries to draw the church into the Stannary court system.

Plot hook: Torcs

Lunulae (golden torcs) have been found in Cornwall. Given the paucity of local gold, are these of faerie origin? If a farmer places one around his neck, might he become the vessel for a faerie king, long hidden by those who buried his torc?

Plot hooks: Mining

Ancient shafts

There were shaft mines in ancient times: tools have been found made of wood and horn, which are attributed to faeries or the Jewish slaves who were forced to work the mines by the Romans. The buccas, knocking faeries, pretend to be these Jews. See the Faeries section for more details. They sometimes find small, ancient, brass tool fittings, which they call “thunderheads”. These might have tiny spirits of artifice in them.

Astrology

A magus discovers you can see stars during the day if you are in a deep mine, and decides to set up a research site for an astronomical mystery.

Collapses

Eventually, possibly after the game period, the Cornish start following lodes out under the sea. This makes recovery of miners trapped by cave-ins particularly difficult. Can the magi assist if one of their mines fails?

Flood

If a river gets in the way of a stream, then the miners divert it. This is legal, but land holders hate it because it causes flooding on farmland until they divert it back, wrecking crops. What do the magi do if miners put a river across their lands?

Magical mining

Mine shafts are limited to about 10 meters in depth, because groundwater fills the excavations. During the AGE of Steam, pumps were used to dry out the mines, to allow them to be dug deeper. Magi can make simple, cheap pumps with minor Rego magic. This allows them to work mines exhausted by conventional methods. In Roman times the Camel Estuary, Carvossa and Carloggas were significant sites, so they could prove useful when seeking exhausted mineworks.

Tin regrows

People have noticed that if you look over the spoil heaps of mines, you’ll often find valuable tin, apparently missed by the miners who came before. They don’t know their technology is getting better: they think that tin regrows. Magi know that gemstones bred deep in the earth, and some have tried to farm them. Can they develop techniques by growing tin samples?

Tin regrows, because it is linked

Carew mentions a metaphor that the tine is like a river, or a tree, or the veins of a man’s body, with the main lode deep in the earth, and lesser loads spreading out through the land from it. Is this literal? Are these a giant or dragon beneath Cornwall, which is having its veins mined out? This would explain why Cornish people believe tin lodes regrow. Did Lyonesse sink because this thing moved?

Vis source or monsters

Sometimes the tanners dig up trees, which they see as proof of the flood of Noah. Are these a vis source? Do they harbor strange dryads?

Visions

Some people who have dreams which reveal the location of valuable loads. This is a Story Flaw.

Other Cornish Mining

Copper

Commercial copper mining doesn't begin, historically, in Cornwall until well after the game period. That being said, there's copper widely available, particularly for miners using supernatural techniques to prospect and process. Some of the copper in Cornwall has an arborescent ("plant like") form. Perhaps it is a vis source?.

Copper is found in two main forms in Cornwall. Chalcopyrite, also called "blistered copper" is a sulphide of copper that looks bubbly. It's the main mineral from which copper is smelted. Some chalcopyrite is 30.5% iron and 34.5% copper, and is deep in the ground, which makes it hard to economically mine. Chalcocite is a mineral that's about 79% copper, but it is usually found below the water table, which makes it hard to mine. Olivenite is also found in certain places. It's a green mineral that's an arsenate of copper. There's a lot of arsenic in Cornwall if you know where to look.

Gold

Gold is found in Cornwall, but only in tiny nuggets. The largest recorded was six millimetres long. Such tiny amounts of gold are a lucky bonus for people looking for a different metal, but if a magus wanted it particularly they might instead build a device that scours the earth for it.

Iron

Irons is found in commercial quantities at at least two sites. These are of great interest to the landed nobility of the area, because they allow inexpensive equipping of soldiers, and provide cheap tools to miners of exportable metals.

Lead

Lead is found in the centre and east of Cornwall. It's dangerous to mine – even the Romans knew it caused madness and death – but it is vital in many industries. Magi could make the process far safer. Thoughts on Hermetic lead mining are found in *Tales of Mythic Europe*. In Cornwall it is usually found as galena, a sulphide of lead which is soft and silver, or cerussite, a carbonate of lead that creates fragile, white needles.

Silver

Galena, mentioned above, is the most valuable mineral form of silver in Mythic Europe. Not all galena deposits contain silver, but those that do have up to 2% silver, and are easily smelted due to the low melting point of the lead. They sometimes also contain zinc.

Marl stone

A type of marl stone is baked with furze (brushwood) or coal to make lime, which is a fertiliser. Coal is more expensive but makes a whiter lime. Lime is also used to dispel demons.

Magnesia alba (Manganese)

This mineral is found on Bodmin Moor. The name comes from Magnesia, in Greece, where both the black, masculine form and the white, feminine form of this mineral are found together. Why, in this far part of the world, the feminine form is found on its own is unclear. Magnesia alba can be used to clarify glass, which may be of interest to magi creating laboratory equipment.

Semiprecious stones

"Diamonds are in many places found cleaving to those rocks out of which the tin is digged; they are polished, squared and pointed by nature." -Carew.

Carew knows these are not "right" diamonds, they are darker and less hard, but says they can fool a lapidary at times, and they get as big as a walnut.

Sometimes cassiterite forms large, tetrahedral crystals, which are translucent when small, and opaque when thicker. These are called "tin diamonds", although the same term is also used for quartz.

There are pearls found in the seas here, but they are not as large or round as oriental ones. Agates, topazes, and white coral are also found in Cornwall.

Quarrying

“Rough” (granite) and slate are the core building materials in Cornwall. Wood is far too precious to be used to make houses. Slate, which is slower but surer than rough, when building. There are three types: blue (the best), sage-leaf coloured and gray (the “meanest”). “In substance thin, in colour fair, in weight light, in lasting strong”. The blue type is generally on top as mined, and its found at about the water level.

Kaolinite (china clay) is found in many sites in the north of Cornwall. It’s caused by granite decaying. In the real world this happens as it soaks up water and is warmed by the mild radioactivity decay in granite. Magi can make it happen faster. China clay is used in whitewash, as a white paint, and as a pottery glaze (although this last may not yet be known in Cornwall).

The other common stones are:

- Caracloufe stone, which is black.
- Moorstone, which is used for window and door frames. It sparkles at certain angles. As the name suggests, it’s found on Bodmin Moor.
- Pebble stones, which are sea stones that have been tumbled smooth. They are used for paving.
- Pentuan, dug out of sea cliffs and coloured like grey marble.

Plot hooks: Unknown substances

These three substances may be left over from the fall of the Covenant of Sursum into Corruption, they might not exist in your setting, or they could be natural materials that people have yet to learn how to use safely.

Antimony

This is found in one site in Cornwall, at commercial volume. In the Middle Ages, it is used as a cosmetic, and sometimes as a medicine, but neither of these are common in Britain. The name may mean “monk killer” because it is poisonous, and alchemy was the preserve of the clerical class.

Pitchblende

This mineral, the source of uranium, is found in two places in Cornwall. It’s not recognised as valuable in period, although it would still be fatal, even in small doses. Is it vis left over from the fall of the Tytalus of Cornwall in the Corruption of Sursum, or is it simple concentrated Perdo vis that kills those who touch it?

Wolfram (Tungsten)

Wolfram isn’t even named in period: it’s first described in the 16th Century by German tin miners. It gets its name from its habit of “devouring” tin: if it is smelted with the tin, it forms a lump in which the tin is still contained. This might pose a problem for the mines of the magi. No-one in Mythic Europe knows that tungsten (a Swedish name, again not known in period) can be used to harden metals, crating superior weapons, armor and tools...unless they do.

Food Production

Crops

Few Cornish people farm, comparatively: food is imported from Devon and Somerset. Wild fruits include whorts, strawberries, and raspberries. Orchards provide pears, plums, peareplummes, cherries, mulberries, chestnuts apples, and walnuts. Wine is cheap to import from Europe, and so there is little incentive to make it in Cornwall, despite the limestone soils.

Wheat is the main grain crop, although barley is also raised in certain areas. Sea sand is used to marl the land for tillage, as is a type of seaweed called orewood. Richard of Almain imports wheat into Cornwall. He has his own ships and merchants, both for imports and exports.

Many herbs are found in Cornwall. Garlic turns up in kitchen gardens. Vast amounts of seaholm and samphire grow here. Seaholm is candied or made into a syrup. It's a restorative. Samphire grows wild on cliffs and is harvested by brave men on ropes. It can be exported in barrels of seawater, and has a hot, spicy taste. Hyssop, sage, "pelamountayne", marjoram, and rosemary are also found wild.

Animals

The Cornish sheep are an ancient breed, and their wool is so coarse that it is sold as "Cornish hair". Legally, Cornish people are not required to pay the fees associated with the export of wool, because whatever is coming off their sheep isn't proper wool. The Cornish claim wool combs were invented locally.

Cornwall has a native breed of cow, small and black, and dairying was known in period. They aren't much raised in Cornwall, but beef, leather, tallow are not particularly expensive.

Domestic animals include pigs, goats, sheep, cattle, oxen, horses, and dogs. Small Cornish horses also live semi-wild in waste areas. Mules are not used as often as horses in Cornwall. Goats are raised as a forage animals.

Cornwall has a lot of rats: they are its main vermin. It also has martens, squirrels, foxes, badgers, otters, hares, coneys, and deer.

Birds

Carew notes a wide variety of domestic birds: doves, geese, ducks, peacocks, and barbary hens. Cornish people love hawking. They do not follow Romantic strictures about rank and bird type. Nobles spend wantonly on keeping mews

Wild bird species may become Heartbeasts. These include quails, rails, partridges, pheasants, plovers, snipes, wood cocks and doves. Singing birds include linnets, goldfinches, robins, blackbirds, and thrushes.

Plot hook: The potato?

Polwhele reports, with some incredulity, that according to Hals, the Cornish have had potatoes since the time of the Normans. In the real world this can't be true, but it might be true in Mythic Europe. This begs the question: how can this be true?

Plot hook: Kiss snakes cautiously

Carew mentions a man who caught a snake and broke out its fangs, so that he could use it to scare ladies. He would kiss it as a joke. Eventually it bit his tongue, either with a regrown tooth or a shard he had failed to remove, and he almost died of a swollen tongue. Magi might be called in to save the man.

Plot hooks: Birds

Carew says there are no owls in Cornwall. That's suspicious.

Carew says swallows hibernate in the bottom of quarries and rivers during the winter. He also says barnacles become geese.

Fishing

Fish are caught by line, spiller (a long line with lots of hooks), spear, netting estuaries, fishtraps, and drag netting. Fish include the dab, plaice, flake, sole, thornback, brit, sprat, whiting scad, chad, shark, cuttle, eel, porpoise, whale, salmon, shoat, and trout. The most commercially-important is the pilchard.

Shellfish gathered include winkles, limpets, cockles, mussels, shrimps, sheaths (razorfish), sea hedge hogs (urchins), crabs, lobsters, and oysters. Oysters are pulled at high tide or with a weighted dragnet.

Plot hooks: pilchards

If a character eats pilchards head to tail, rather than tail to head, it damages the fishing for everyone. The mechanism of this is not clear: a mermaid?

Pilchards seem so inoffensive, but a magus might use them in swarms like a bee or ant magus: to see everything and have swarms of workers.

If you are loading pilchards in your boat and they make a particular noise, it is a good sign that your catch will be bountiful that day and you should delay going home. The sound is caused, in the real world, by the rupturing of the swim bladders of the fish. The Cornish say the pilchards are “calling for more”. That is either a natural property of pilchards (they are mildly psychic after death) or that’s a piece of subconscious folk magic, or its a cover story for actual folk magic.

There is a person called a “heva” who watches for pilchard schools from the cliffs, and when they spot them, they give out the “hue”, a great shout. They use a system of white sheets draped on bushes to signal the location of the fish to the boats. These sheets are a primitive semaphore. A turb of grogs trained in flags might spark the invention of the Hermetic telegraph.

Plot hook: aquaculture

If scallops, clams and razorfish, as Aristotle says, emerge spontaneously from sand, magi just need water and sand to create batch after batch. They don’t need to breed them, or even care for them beyond a brief growth stage. Between harvests covenants can drain the growth chambers or swap substrate to make batches of different animals. If they toss the sand out and add slime, they can make oysters. Pour away the slime, add particular types of rock, and the covenant can grow barnacles, including the goose barnacle, has a mature form indistinguishable from a bird. Alternatively, the covenant can grow sponges or some types of eel using the same technique.

Plot hooks: Aquatic vis sources

Oysters have a “milk” in them in May and June which engenders younger oysters and they don’t taste as good at that time.

Crabs breed in the shells of cockles, and lobsters in the shells of winkles.

There are dark nuts found on the shore which are good for women in childbirth.

Starfish are poisonous, and shaped like stars.

Carew also mentions a “blobber” saying not to eat it because it is basically living sea muck.

Trade

There are several small but active harbours in Cornwall. Saltash is the port for the castle of Tremarton. Other significant ports are Bude, Fawey, Heleton, Looe, Padstow, St Ives, and Truro. There is a port on Mont Saint Michael called Ruminella. Scilly was, folkloristically, a port for the tin trade with Saracens in ancient times.

Markets

The biggest market is at Launceston. In the time of King John paid a fee to be allowed to move their market from Sunday to Thursday. Most other markets in Cornwall are on Saturdays, near churches. There are many weekly markets, with annual fairs. The fair at Mazarion is the fair for Saint Michael's Mont. The monks keep a tithing barn in Mazarion. A glove on a pole traditionally marks a fair as open, and these gloves are often a faerie artefact or a saintly relic.

The main exports to other lands, sold at the markets, are wool, tin, pewter, and porcelain.

The main imports are:

- salt, linen and canvas from Brittany
- fruit from Spain
- wood, charcoal, fish and mantles from Ireland
- wood, charcoal and sea coal from Wales

Plot hooks: Buy a market?

In real history, Richard of Almain gives borough charters to Bossiney, Tintagel, Camelford, West Looe, Bodmin, Launceston, Liskeard, and Lostwithiel. This allows each to pay an annual fee to hold markets, run fairs, keep a guidhall, and have a seat at Parliament.

Cornwall suddenly gains a small Parliamentary faction and Richard wonders what he'll do with all of this money.

Smuggling

House Mercere isn't just a merchant company: it also needs to engage in smuggling. It really has no choice. The Golden Age of smuggling is yet to come, but some already occurs, because royal taxes exist.

Prise

The oldest royal tax on merchants is “prise” and for magi it's the most troublesome. This word, which becomes both the modern “prize” and “price”, describes the royal right to seize useful material, then pay for it at a rate that is either historical, or pegged to a particular market. The prise is only levied on material being exported. It is most well known on wine. The king's court needs a heap of wine, and his people have the right to grab as much of it as they like, then pay for it at a rate determined by the merchants of London.

During the game period, prise expands to other luxury goods. Here's a quote from the game period “Within the term of...three tides, the sheriff and the king's chamberlain are to come to the ship and, if there is a vessel of gold or silver of Solomon work, or precious stones, or cloth of Constantinople or of Regensburg, or fine linen, or coats of mail from Mainz, they shall take them for the king's use, by the view and appraisal of the loyal merchants of London and within a fortnight pay the money.” This means that a heap of stuff that House Mercere is moving about for magi, particularly forms for making magic items, can be lawfully seized.

In other accounts, wool, cloth and wax are also prise. These are of value to magi, particularly wax, which is what they use to create light when not using magic.

A larger problem is that the king infeudates the right to collect prise. It's all very well saying the king will take your stuff, then pay for it at the price assessed by your business rivals in the city of London, but when the king sells the prise rights for a port to some minor noble in the middle of nowhere, and that noble gives the right to assess to the local church steward, who may be his brother, things just become ridiculous.

Lastage and scavage

In nine, or perhaps ten, of the biggest ports in England, merchants are required to pay “lastage”. This word has several meanings, and may have multiple derivations. It is paid per ship, on exports. Although some places call it ballastage, there's no proof that it was a charge for rocks to use as ballast – which was apparently a thing in some places. Lastage doesn't affect coastal trade within England, so if you are shipping grain from Kent to Cornwall, you are exempt. Scavage is a similar fee charged on imports.

It only affects goods for sale, but if a redcap is dressed shoddily and he has some magic items for emergencies, it's hard to prove they are personal possessions, not trade goods. Worse, if he's carrying stuff for someone else, that he's doing so without an expectation of sale is hard to prove. Say he's carrying the Robes of Ruby Dawn to the new Primus of Ex Miscellanea, its tricky to prove these are aren't a commissioned work of cloth being taken to a churchman in Normandy. Lastage and scavage are probably farmed out, like the prise. That is, a person pays the king an annual fee to be able to collect it in an area.

Petty port customs

Lords who have the control of a port have a series of rights. These include anchorage, keelage, ballastage, lestage, busselage, prisage, towage, wharfage, morage, houselage, terrage, tronage, cranage, and measurage. Basically the person in charge of the port could nickel and dime you for every little thing, from dropping anchor, to using a crane, using a wharf, putting stuff on his land, using a warehouse, exporting stuff in barrels, and so on. Townsfolk don't pay petty noble customs – which is why so many villages with rich people in them want to become towns, and pay the king for the privilege.

Tin and pewter

Cornish tin was taxed through the Stanneries, a sort of Parliament of miners. Smuggling lets you avoid those. Pewter was exported, at times in large quantities, from Bristol, London, Exeter and Dartmouth. It attracted a tax, so again if your covenant is selling tin, you need to smuggle or pay the tax.

Town customs (custuma ville)

Most towns have a custom which is paid whenever material either enters or leaves the town. One of the key features of this system, however, is that local notables do not pay these tolls. Burgesses do not pay the tolls in their own towns and, if from certain special towns, do not pay town tolls anywhere in England. I believe Bristol is such a town. The king can give the same right to ignore tolls to anyone, and often gives it to his own merchants, and to the representatives of religious houses.

Time for another quote “So great indeed was the list of exemptions by the end of the twelfth century that it was chiefly aliens, the poorer citizens of towns, and peasants, who paid the town tolls.”

As an example the Billingsgate tolls, which are for London, covered wood, cloth, fish, wine, oil, pigs, pepper, gloves, vinegar, fowl, eggs, cheese, and butter in the Eleventh Century. You can see why House Mercere wants its Mercer House in London, and a pawn as its face, so that they can avoid much of this hassle.

Yet, there were others that regarded her as a witch of deeper dye, and who believed that, by her strange dealings with the Old One, her husband had always a favourable wind, so as to make a quicker passage to France and back than anyone else in “the fair trade.” Besides, fish, they said, always came to his hook and net when other fishermen had none. If anyone happened to offend either of the pair some strange run of bad luck was sure to follow; and nothing proved their compact with Old Nick so much as the rich wrecks which were constantly floating into Pendeen Cove when the pair lived there. - Botrell

The Fifteenth of King John

The fifteenth was a tax on all goods exported or imported, but not coastal trade. It was not farmed out: it was enforced by the King’s own men, the chief of whom was called a *customarius*. It was novel in that it was only charged once, no matter how many towns the goods touched in their travel to final owners. This did not replace the local systems, which continued to tax people. The Fifteenth was by weight or value, and so this meant that you owed 16d per pound. It’s around 6 percent, but given that an international trader paid it both on the cargo coming in, then the new cargo going out, and that it sat atop local charges, this creates a price differential which makes smuggling profitable.

Under the new custom of 1275, indefinite prise is discontinued. The custom was not a pure percentage, it was a series of dues on different products. For example, wine was 2 shillings per tun. Wool was 3s/4d per sack, the same for 300 woolfells, and 6s/8d. for a last of hides. Wine and wool are mainstays of the later smuggling trade. Shipping wool to Flanders is so important to the English economy that eventually it caused wars with the French, and the Speaker of the House of Lords still sits on a woosack. Wine was the counter-cargo. To explain the other two, a woolfell is a hide with the fleece still attached, and a last is a standard cargo (in this case 200 hides). Cloth (2s or less, by quality) , wax (12d per hundred pounds) “All other wares, exported or imported, fine cloths, animals, com, and general merchandise at 3 d. per £ value”.

Shape and Material Bonuses

Magical items enchanted in Cornwall are likely to be made with local materials. Italicised entries are new to this work. Plain entries were published in the official line.

Agate: Protection from venom 7, Protection from storms 5, Storms 3

Boat: Sailing 3

Brass: Demons, devils and angels 4, Ignem 3, Music 3.

Bronze: Darkness 5, Terram 3

Chisel: Shatter stone 2

Copper: Effect own shape 4, Deftness 3, Passion 2, Sex magic 2

Dwarf elder: Necromancy 3

Electrum: Muto Terram 4, Deception 3, Scrying 3

Gold: Induce greed 4, Nobility 4, Peace 4, Wealth 4, Heath 2

Iron: Harm or repel faeries 7, Bonds 3.

Lead: Wards 4, Hatred 3, Summon and bind ghosts 3, Summon and bind spirits 3

Mallet: Precision 2

Milpreve: Snakebite recovery 10, Attract serpents 6, Float on water 6, See through illusions 3, Cure nightmares 2.

Mirror: Display images 7, See truth 6, Summon and bind ghosts 5, Illusions 2

Mast: Protection from temptation 2 (useful for maypoles)

Net: Immobilize 5

Pearl: Detect and eliminate poison 5

Pewter: Mending and repair 5, Food and drink 3

Rope / cord : Binding 4, Strangulation 2

Sail: Sailing 4

Sea shell: Sea creatures 3, Sea 2

Serpent glass ring: Control and ward serpents 6

Shovel: Move or destroy earth 4

Silver: Harm lycanthropes 10, Lycanthropes 5, Protect spirits 3, Intellego 2, Terram 1

Tin: *Joviality 4, Weakness 3, Attract faeries 2, Law 1*

Tin "diamond": Aquam 5 (as per crystal)

Topaz: Controlling wild beasts 5, Courage 4, Leadership 4, Pride 4, Strength 4

Tumbled pebble: Prevent change 2

THE CYCLE OF THE YEAR

The Cornish year follows a cycle filled with festivals. Each of these is a time of power for one of the Realms.

Festivals

Festivals are held, at various times, in each village, to celebrate a patron saint. Giant animals are sometimes used as processional pieces. These may be the centre of miracles or faerie games. Some processional pieces are not directly tied to the saints: hobby horses, ships, and giants all appear.

Saints' Processions

February 3 at Saint Blazey: There is an annual parade with a great ram, representing Saint Blaise. Merlin's tutor was named Blaise, but perhaps that's a coincidence.

March 3, there's a festival for St Piran at Mt Folly on Bodmin.

March 9th, there's a festival for Saint Constantine (at Constantine) where they eat pies made out of limpets, raisins and herbs.

June 4: Saint Petroc's Feast. His relics are at Bodmin. He sometimes turns up as a spectral monk in a nearby town. He once removed the splinter from a dragon's eye. He has a stag as a symbol.

June 23: St Peter's Feast. He's the Saint of Fishermen, so he's a big deal in Cornwall. Polperro, particularly.

July: Bodmin Fair. The guilds parade. Each guild is known by the patron saint of its profession, which might happen at your covenant. They have a mock court, sports, and a parade of the relics of the saint.

August 12: The revel at Marhamchrcuh has a mock Queen. She represents St Marwenne.

Plot hook: Your saint

Your covenant should have a saint. Pick a local based on the industries of the covenfolk, venerate the patron of a nearby holy well, or go with Hermetic favourites like Jerome or Cyprian.

St Jerome is a patron of libraries and books. His festival day is 30 September, and the creature to parade is a lion.

Cyprian of Antioch was a favourite of the Founder Jerbiton and is seen as a patron of wizards by some in the Order. His feast day is 26 September, but some Jerbitons celebrate his Orthodox day of veneration on October 2. There's no particular animal associated with him.

New Years' Day: Sanding the steps

It is unlucky for a woman to be the first to enter a house on New Year's Day, so it is traditional to pay boys to put sand on the steps, and in the hall. Packs of boys rove around offering this service.

First Sunday after Christmas: Gigglet Fair

In January in Launceston there is a Gigglet Fair, a gigglet is a young woman, and its attended by men and women looking for spouses. Men are allowed to talk to girls they don't know without anyone getting upset about it. There's some folklore about women being sold and led off in halts. There's also an old folk tale about a pair of con artists who travelled the fairs, selling the wife, She'd then steal all of her new husband's portable wealth and rejoin her partner, to find a new fair to hustle.

January 4: Drinking to the apple trees on Twelfth Night Eve.

"IN the eastern part of Cornwall...it was the custom to take a milk-panful of cider, into which roasted apples had been broken, into the orchard This was placed as near the centre of the orchard as possible, and each person, taking a...cup of the drink, goes to different apple-trees, and addresses them as follows : "Health to the good apple-tree ; Well to bear, pocketfuls, hatfuls, peckfuls, bushel-bagfuls." Drinking part of the contents of the cup, the remainder, with the fragments of the roasted apples, is thrown at the tree, all the company shouting aloud." - Hunt

During the apple wassail, some places dip cakes in cider and then put them into the branches of the trees.

January 5: Twelfth Night Cake

"The custom, apparently a very ancient one, of putting certain articles into a rich cake, is still preserved in many districts. Usually, sixpence, a wedding-ring, and a silver thimble are employed. These are mixed up with the dough, and baked in the cake. At night the cake is divided. The person who secures the sixpence will not want money for that year ; the one who has the ring will be the first married ; and the possessor of the thimble will die an old maid." - Hunt.

Plough Monday (first Monday after Epiphany): Geese dancing

The first Monday after Twelfth-day is Plough Monday, and it is the ploughman's holiday.

At this season, in the Islands of Scilly, at St Ives, Penzance, and other places, the young people exercise a sort of gallantry called "geese-dancing." The maidens are dressed up for young men, and the young men for maidens ; and, thus disguised, they visit their neighbours in companies, where they dance, and make jokes upon what has happened during the year, and every one is humorously "told their own," without offence being taken. By this sort of sport, according to yearly custom and toleration, there is a spirit of wit and drollery kept up among the people. The music and dancing done, they are treated with liquor, and then they go to the next house, and carry on the same sport...The...term...is...derived from "dance deguiser", hence guise-dancing, or geese-dancing, by corruption. - Hunt

Plot hook: Shapeshifter?

Is it a single shape shifting lady this tradition is aimed at? Clearly she's a faerie. Does she personally hate sand? Some vampires hate sand (they need to count the grains).

Plot hook: Vis source

This is a deeply detailed vis source. Apples are linked to fertility (Creo) and plants (Herbam).

Some believe that if this ritual is not followed, the orchard will not yield apples in the coming year. This may enrage local faeries. The Knight of the Windfall Apple is a spirit of the maggot and the rot who is called forth when the powers of fertility at weakened. It causes food to decay, milk to curdle and fish to flee.

Plot hook: Cake favours

Each of these little trinkets allow a +3 bonus on a single roll that suits the blessing of the cake. Some cakes have greater trinkets, which last all year, but where they are found, and how you earn a slice, is known best by the Merinitans.

Plot hooks: Dances

The dancers may be faeries, able to move freely among humans in their masks. Failure to provide them liquor is inhospitable and is punished with tricks.

Being told off by a dancer allows a character to lower undesired Personality traits.

February: Shrove Tuesday

Boys march around in groups, carrying cords weighted with stones, and beating on doors. In St Ives they sing "Give me a pancake, now-now-now. / Or I'll souse in your door with a row-tow-tow" In other places the young men wander around pretending to be imps, stealing stuff that's not taken care of, and demanding pancakes.

Nearest Sunday to April 28th

"The parish feast takes place on the nearest Sunday to the 28th 1 of April. It happened in very early times, when winters extended further into the spring than they now do, that one of the old inhabitants resolved to be jovial, notwithstanding the inclemency of the season ; so he invited all his neighbours, and to warm his house he placed on the burning faggots the stump of a tree. It began to blaze, and, inspired by the warmth and light, they began to sing and drink ; when, lo ! with a whiz and a whir, out flew a bird from the hollow in the stump, crying, Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! The bird was caught and kept by the farmer, and he and his friends resolved to renew the festal meeting every year at this date, and to call it their " cuckoo feast."

This feast is sometimes called "crowder" feast, because the fiddler formed a procession at the church door, and led the people through the village to some tune on his " crowd." - Hunt

May-day

Hunt clearly loved this, so I'll quote him in full, for tone. Note the *Imaginem vis* sources.

"The first of May is inaugurated with much uproar. As soon as the clock has told of midnight, a loud blast on tin trumpets proclaims the advent of May. This is long continued. At daybreak, with their "tintarremes," they proceed to the country, and strip the sycamore-trees (called May-trees) of all their young branches, to make whistles. With these shrill musical instruments they return home. Young men and women devote May-day to junketing and pic-nics.

It was a custom at Penzance, and probably at many other Cornish towns, when the author was a boy, for a number of young people to sit up until twelve o'clock, and then to march round the town with violins and fifes, and summon their friends to the Maying.

When all were gathered, they went into the country, [They] were welcomed at the farmhouses at which they called, with some refreshment in the shape of rum and milk, junket, or something of that sort. They then gathered the " May," which included the young branches of any tree in blossom or fresh leaf. The branches of the sycamore were especially cut for the purpose of making the " Maymusic."

This was done by cutting a circle through the bark to the wood a few inches from the end of the branch. The bark was wetted and carefully beaten until it was loosened and could be slid off from the wood. The wood was cut angularly at the end, so as to form a mouth-piece, and a slit was made in both the bark and the wood, so that when the bark was replaced a whistle was formed. Prepared with a sufficient number of May whistles, all the party returned to the town, the band playing, whistles blowing, and the young people singing some appropriate song." - Hunt

Plot hook: Elfstone

What happens if a boy making his cord uses a stone with a natural hole in it (an elfstone)? Does this create a minor magical item that attract the fae? Such an item may be able to break down doors, locks and wards that are usually not vulnerable to something as simple as a stone and a string.

Plot hook: Vis source

If we assume for story's sake they have a cuckoo wake at every annual feast, how do they know where they are sleeping? Cuckoos of virtue are gelatinous in the winter, and valuable. Could these men have a secret to finding them?

Plot hook: Vis source

If go into a particular graveyard on the evening of the first of May, and run your hand down the tombstone of the most recently buried young person of the opposite sex, you get vis.

Each village puts up a maypole which is a cut fir tree, and tries to steal one from their neighbouring village, during the month of May. This could be a contested vis source with a faerie court. Some places store their poles and reuse them each year: some cut the poles up and use them to make things. There's a note in Langstone about skittles. Is stuff made from a maypole special in some way?

8 May: The Furry in Helstone

Hunt quotes *"The Every Day Book* here:

On the 8th of May, at Helstone, in Cornwall, is held what is called the Furry...The morning is ushered in by the music of drums and kettles, and other accompaniments of a song...So strict is the observance of this day as a general holiday, that should any person be found at work, he is instantly seized, set astride on a pole, and hurried on men's shoulders to the river, where he is sentenced to leap over a wide place, which he, of course, fails in attempting, and leaps into the water. A small contribution towards the good cheer of the day easily compounds for the leap. About nine o'clock the revellers appear before the...school, and demand a holiday for the schoolboys, after which they collect a contribution from houses.

They then fade in to the country...and in the middle of the day return with flowers and oak branches in their hats and caps. From this time they dance hand in hand through the streets, to the sound of the fiddle, playing a particular tune, running into every house they pass without opposition. In the afternoon a select party of the ladies and gentlemen make a progress through the street, and very late in the evening repair to the ball-room. A stranger visiting the town on the eighth of May would really think the people mad, so apparently wild and thoughtless is the merriment of the day. There is no doubt of 'the Furry' originating from the 'Floralia,' anciently observed by the Romans on the fourth of the calends of May." - Hunt

June: Midsummer Night - Visions of love and death

"If on midsummer-eve a young woman takes off [her shift], and, having washed it, turns its wrong side out, and hangs it in silence over the back of a chair, near the fire, she will see, about midnight, her future husband, who deliberately turns the garment..

If a young lady will, on midsummer-eve, walk backwards into the garden and gather a rose, she has the means of knowing who is to be her husband. The rose must be cautiously sewn up in a paper bag, and put aside in a dark drawer, there to remain until Christmas-day. On the morning of the Nativity the bag must be carefully opened in silence, and the rose placed by the lady in her bosom. Thus she must wear it to church. Some young man will either ask for the rose, or take it from her without asking. That young man is destined to become eventually the lady's husband....

"Hemp-seed I sow, Hemp-seed I hoe," (the action of sowing the seed and of hoeing it in, must be deliberately gone through) ; "And he Who will my true love be, Come after me and mow." A phantom of the true lover will now appear, and of course the maid or maidens retire in wild affright.

If a young unmarried woman stands at midnight on Midsummer-eve in the porch of the parish church, she will see, passing by in procession, every one who will die in the parish during the year. This is so serious an affair that it is not, I believe, often tried. I have, however, heard of young women who have made the experiment. But every one of the stories relate that, coming last in the procession, they have seen shadows of themselves ; that from that day forward they have pined, and ere midsummer has again come round, that they have been laid to rest in the village graveyard." - Hunt

Plot hooks

This sounds like a day off for apprentices

The grogs get to tax the magi, or watch as they use magic to cheat the river.

Hunt claims this as a Floralia, which is doesn't seem similar to. Flora was a minor goddess in period, who comes into greater prominence, in real history, when the artists of the Renaissance decide she's a perfect subject for displaying their newly developed colours. Hunt may be incorrect in the real world, but in Mythic Europe a mystery cult dedicated to spring might exist, or a faerie dedicated to beauty and art might be act as the muse for a group of Jerbitons.

Is Flora, here, a code name for Proserpine? Is this a day of power for Dolores, the Lady of Pain? See the Sursum section for details).

Plot hook: Cake favours

Grogs can, on discovering the intention of the maidens, give them a scare.

Can magi prevent a girl who has stood the porch from dying?

What power grants the visions? At Midsummer, you are standing at the threshold of the year, and women contemplating marriage are standing at the edge of a life-stage. Potent faerie forces may be at work.

Midsummer Eve and Day: Fire Festivals

Richard Edmonds, one of Hunt's sources, says this tradition is a Roman survival. This account is from far later, hence the tar barrels. It describes the gaining of a sort of personal magic resistance, and the laying of wards around fields. Does House Flambeau visit for fire tourism?

"It is the immemorial usage in Penzance and the neighbouring towns and villages to kindle bonfires and torches on Midsummer-eve ; and on Midsummer-day to hold a fair on Penzance quay, where the country folks assemble from the adjoining parishes in great numbers to make excursions on the water. St Peter's-eve is distinguished by a similar display of bonfires and torches,

"On these eves a line of tar-barrels, relieved occasionally by large bonfires, is seen in the centre of each of the principal streets in Penzance. On either side of this line young men and women pass up and down swinging round their heads heavy torches made of large pieces of folded canvas steeped in tar, and nailed to the ends of sticks between three and four feet long ; the flames of some of these almost equal those of the tar-barrels.

Rows of lighted candles also, when the air is calm, are fixed outside the windows or along the sides of the streets.... On these nights Mount's Bay has a most animating appearance, although not equal to what was annually witnessed at the beginning of the present century, when the whole coast, from the Land's End to the Lizard, wherever a town or village existed, was lighted up with these stationary or moving fires.

In the early part of the evening, children may be seen wearing wreaths of flowers, a custom in all probability originating from the ancient use of these ornaments when they danced around the fires. At the close of the fireworks in Penzance, a great number of persons of both sexes, chiefly from the neighbourhood of the quay, used always, until within the last few years, to join hand in hand, forming a long string, and run through the streets, playing ' thread the needle,' heedless of the fireworks showered upon them, and oftentimes leaping over the yet glowing embers. I have on these occasions seen boys following one another, jumping through flames higher than themselves.

But whilst this is now done innocently in every sense of the word, we all know that the passing of children through fire was a very common act of idolatry ; and the heathen believed that all persons, and all living things, submitted to this ordeal, would be preserved from evil throughout the ensuing year. A similar blessing was supposed to be imparted to their fields by running around them with flaming torches." - Hunt

End of Harvest: Crying the Neck

“After the wheat is all cut on most farms in Cornwall and Devon, the harvest people have a custom of “crying the neck.” I believe that this practice is seldom omitted on any large farm in these counties. It is done in this way. An old man, or some one else well acquainted with the ceremonies used on the occasion (when the labourers are reaping the last field of wheat), goes round to the shocks and sheaves, and picks out a little bundle of all the best ears he can find ; this bundle he ties up very neat and trim, and plaits and arranges the straws veiy tastefully. This is called ” the neck ” of wheat, or wheaten-ears. After the field is cut out, and the pitcher once more circulated, the reapers, binders, and the women stand round in a circle. The person with ” the neck ” stands in the centre, grasping it with both his hands. He first stoops and holds it near the ground, and all the men forming the ring take off their hats, stooping and holding them with both hands towards the ground. They then all begin at once, in a very prolonged and harmonious tone, to cry, ” The neck ! “at the same time slowly raising themselves upright, and elevating their arms and hats above their heads ; the person with the neck also raising it on high. This is done three times. They then change their cry to ” We yen ! we yen ! ” which they sound in the same pro- longed and slow manner as before, with singular harmony and effect, three times. This last cry is accompanied by the same movements of the body and arms as in crying ” the neck.”

Well, after this they all burst out into a kind of loud, joyous laugh, flinging up their hats and caps into the air, capering about, and perhaps kissing the girls. One of them then gets ” the neck,” and runs as hard as he can down to the farmhouse, where the dairy-maid, or one of the young female domestics, stands at the door prepared with a pail of water. If he who holds ” the neck” can manage to get into the house in any way unseen, or openly by any other way than the door at which the girl stands with the pail of water, then he may lawfully kiss her ; but, if otherwise he is regularly soused with the contents of the bucket.... The object of crying ” the neck ” is to give notice to the surrounding country of the end of the harvest...“we yen”...may probably mean ” we end,”. The ” neck ” is generally hung up in the farmhouse, where it often remains for three or four years.” - Hunt

31 October: Allan-apples at St Ives

“The ancient custom of providing children with a large apple on Allhallows-eve is still observed, to a great extent, at St Ives. “Allan-day,” as it is called, is the day of days to hundreds of children, who would deem it a great misfortune were they to go to bed on ”Allan-night ” without the time-honoured Allan apple to hide beneath their pillows. A quantity of large apples are thus disposed of, the sale of which is dignified by the term Allan Market.” - Hunt

Plot hooks: Cryin'g the Neck

A similar ritual may be necessary to collect a vis source.

The neck dollies may contain vis, or act as the homes of beneficent spirits, like scarecrows.

Could a grog running the neck past a girl bring a faerie through the Aegis?

Plot hook: Avenger of apples

If you disappoint that many children, something like the Krampus will come after you. Sensible magi should take note, or trick their rival into destroying the apples.

5 August - an example of a fair and a saint's glove

“On the 5th of August, St James’s day, a fair is held here, which was originally held in the Church-town of Sithney near Helston. In olden time, the good St Perran the Little gave to the wrestlers in his parish a glove as the prize, and the winner of the glove was permitted to collect the market toll on the day of the feast, and to appropriate the money to his own use. The winner of the glove lived in the Church-town of Sithney, and for long long years the right of holding the fair remained undisputed.

At length the miners of Goldsithney resolved to contest the prize, and they won it, since which time the fair has been held in that village, they paying to the poor of the parish of Sithney one shilling as compensation.

Gilbert remarks ” The displaying of a glove at fairs is an ancient and widely-extended custom. Mr Lysons says it is continued at Chester. The editor has seen a large ornamented glove over the guildhall at Exeter during the fairs.”

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25 December: Christmas

Guise dancing, as described above, is common in the Twelve Days of Christmas in St Ives, and perhaps elsewhere. The guise dances in St Ives include vast pantomime plays, with more participants than viewers. It’s also a time for telling hard truths to friends, and for breaking courtships. Apprentices get three days off after Christmas, not including the Sunday. This means they have a lot of time in which to find trouble.

Sham mayors

Several Cornish towns elect sham mayors. These festivals are not on set days across Cornwall, but vary by locality, some being tied to Saint’s Days for the local church, some to fairs, and some to harvest events.

Plot hooks: Perran's Glove

If this is stolen, can the magi help find it? As a relic, it’s hard to target with magic. Possession of the glove, legitimately, is lucrative for a covenant. How can you prepare a team to take the glove, again, without active magic?

Plot hooks: Christmas

Faeries taking the roles of the characters from the Christmas plays are often reported. They are dressed a little like morris dancers, with baggy, bright clothes and ribbons. Their leader is Saint George, who fights a Turkish Knight and is healed by a Doctor. Father Christmas is a grotesque, tall man who keeps the audience in order with a huge club.

In the standard script of the play, during the fight between the Turkish Knight and Saint George, the Doctor produces a bottle of medicine. He says: “I have a little bottle, which goes by the name of Elicumpane ; If the man is alive, let him rise and fight again.” That’s elecampane, a herb also known as elfwort. It first appeared when it grew from the tears of Helen of Troy, and it is known for healing horses. This magical elicumpane, if taken from a fae doctor, might have a wide variety of beneficial effects: in the play it heals all wounds.

The hobbyhorse, which gets sacrificed to the sea after the play is over, carries off the (supposed) corpse of the Turkish Knight. Is this a ritualised payment to a kelpie?

Penryn and Mylor

"There was a curious custom in the town' of Penryn in Cornwall...On some particular day in September or October...about when the hazel-nuts are ripe, the festival of nutting-day is kept. The rabble of the town go into the country to gather nuts, returning in the evening with boughs of hazel in their hands, shouting and making a great noise.

In the meantime the journeymen tailors of the town have proceeded to the adjoining village of Mylor, and elected one of their number "Mayor of Mylor," taking care the selection falls on the wittiest. Seated in a chair shaded with green boughs, and borne on the shoulders of four stalwart men, the worthy mayor proceeds from his "good town of Mylor" to his "ancient borough of Penryn," the van being led by the "bodyguard" of stout fellows well armed with cudgels, which they do not fail to use should their path be obstructed, torch-bearers, and two "town Serjeants," clad in official gowns and cocked hats, and carrying each a monstrous cabbage on his shoulder in lieu of a mace. The rear is brought up by the rabble of the "nutters."

About mid-day a band of music meets them, and plays them to Penryn, where they are received by the entire population. The procession proceeds to the town-hall, in front of which the mayor delivers a speech, declaratory of his intended improvements, &c., for the coming year, being generally an excellent sarcastic burlesque on the speeches of parliamentary candidates. The procession then moves on to each public-house door, where the mayor, his council, and officers, are liberally supplied with liquor, and the speech is repeated with variations. They then adjourn to the "council-chamber," in some public-house, and devote the night to drinking. At night the streets are filled with people bearing torches, throwing fireballs, and discharging rockets; and huge bonfires are kindled on the "Green," and "Old Wall." The legal mayor once made an effort to put a stop to this saturnalia, but his new-made brother issued prompt orders to his body-guards, and the posse comitatus had to fly.

The popular opinion is, that there is a clause in the borough charter compelling the legitimate mayor to surrender his power to the "Mayor of Mylor" on the night in question, and to lend the town sergeants' paraphernalia to the gentlemen of the shears. - Hunt

St Germans

One of the first objects that attracts attention on entering the village of St Germans is the large walnut-tree, at the foot of what is called Nut-Tree Hill...Many a gay May-fair has been witnessed by the old tree...On the following day, the mock mayor, who had been chosen with many formalities, remarkable only for their rude and rough nature, starting from some "bush-house," where he had been supping too freely of the fair ale, was mounted on wain or cart, and drawn around it, to claim his pretended jurisdiction over the ancient borough, until his successor was chosen at the following fair. Leaving the old nut-tree, which is a real ornament to the town, we pass by a stream of water running into a large trough, in which many a country lad has been drenched for daring to enter the town on the 20th of May without the leaf or branch of oak in his hat.

Plot hooks: Mock mayors

Mock mayors upset moral and social boundaries, so they attract faeries. A sham mayor, or a member of their retinue, may gain minor magical powers, as they embody a faerie role. The imagined manors, like Mylor and Halgaver, may become faerie sites or regiones.

Faeries, curses and demons may assail the false mayor, mistaking him for the real one. Characters who attempt to disrupt the story may be plagued by ill-luck, and seek the aid of the magi to reconcile with the faerie powers.

Grogs may create a sham covenant, with a sham archmagus.

Rego vis is relatively rare, but the regalia of a mock-mayor – the symbol of his power – may capture it.

Halgaver Moor

"The youthlyer sort of Bodmin townsmen use sometimes to sport themselves...with strangers, whom they summon to Halgaver...it is, lying a little without the town, and very full of quagmires. When these mates meet with any raw serving-man or other young master, who may serve and deserve to make pastime, they cause him to be solemnly arrested for his appearance before the Mayor of Halgaver, where he is charged with wearing one spur, or wanting a girdle, or some such like felony, and after he hath been arraigned and tried with all requisite circumstances, judgement is given in formal terms, and executed in some one ungracious prank or other, more to the scorn than hurt of the party condemned.

Sport

Large gatherings through the year are opportunities for sport. The local styles of hurling and wrestling are uniquely Cornish,

“Hurling matches are peculiar to Cornwall... These exercises have their name from “hurling” a wooden ball, about three inches in diameter, covered with a plate of silver, which is sometimes gilt, and has commonly a motto, “Gware wheag yeo gware teag,” “ Fair play is good play.” The success depends on catching the ball dexterously when thrown up, or dealt, and carrying it off expeditiously, in spite of all opposition from the adverse party ; or, if that be impossible, throwing ‘it into the hands of a partner, who in his turn, exerts his efforts to convey it to his own goal, which is often three or four miles’ distance. This sport, therefore, requires a nimble hand, a quick eye, a swift foot, and skill in wrestling ; as well as strength, good wind, and lungs.” – Hunt.

Hurling balls are not of a regular size or weight, but they are roughly twenty ounces.

Hurling at goals

Each team has 15, 20 or 30 men, more or less. It is played stripped to the lightest apparel. The men pair off, sometimes by hugging. The pitch has two goals, perhaps 8-10 feet wide. separated by 100 to 120 feet. Each has a goal keeper. An “indifferent person” tosses the ball, and whoever can carry it through the opponent’s goal wins. The carrier is opposed by his pair from before, who pushes him in the chest with his closed fist, to check his progress. This is called Butting.

If he gets past the first one, he then faces off with another and another, until a part of his body touches the ground, or he yells “hold”. Then he must pass the ball (called “dealing”) to one of his fellow, who can use his agility to avoid many of the defenders. It’s a low scoring game, but there’s prestige in being the one who has the ball longest, who makes the most gain, or causes the most falls.

There are many laws. The key ones are that the hurlers must hurle manto man, no teaming up when pushing for the ball. The man carrying must butt only in the chest. The man opposing above the belt. He may not pass forward. If the ball is caught in mid-deal, the side gains possession of it.

“The least breach of these laws, the hurlers take for a just cause of going together by the ears, but with their fists only, neither do they seek revenge for wrongs or hurts, but at the like play again.” The game is generally held at weddings, where the guests take on all comers. - Hunt

Hurling to country

Two gentlemen bring teams, of whatever size to an appointed place. The goals are generally the houses of the gentlemen. There is no pairing off. A ball is tossed, and the player that grabs it runs and is pursued. He is chased until he is “laid flat on God’s dear earth” which means he may no longer handle the ball during the match, so he throws it to one of his fellows, with the same risk of interception as before. People may pass forward, and spectators may call out to point out the location of the ball to players. The tackled player may rejoin play.

Play may proceed through any barrier, so sometimes you see mats of men fighting for the ball in the river. Horses may be used, but since each side knows this, they tend to put men at choke-points a horse would need to slow down at, to tackle the rider (and sometimes the horse). The possessing team may form a defensive scrum around their carrier, or may form a scrum around a false carrier while the real one goes off a longer way, The one who crosses goal is often given the ball as a trophy, and drinks a lot of beer.
-Hunt.

Plot hooks: Hurlers

The standing stones are used as hurling goals by the fairy folk. A character who wins a match may be given the ball. This is a contested vis source.

Playing hurley gives a character some exposure to useful abilities, like Brawling, Athletics and Awareness. Some towns have two teams, membership determined by living in on a certain side or a street or river, so a covenant could have two teams.

Wrestling

The people at a match form a ring, which they call “making a space”. The men to wrestle strip down to their looser garments. They shake hands. The winner is the one who makes his opponents back, or his shoulder and contrary-side ankle land on the ground. Each wrestler must wear a belt, and only hold his opponent’s belt. Matches are best of three, and the winner takes on the next challenger, not being challenged by one he has beaten in that set of matches. Carew says there are many tricks which allow a weak man to beat a strong one. - Hunt

This is covered by the Brawl skill.

THE GRAVEYARD OF GIANTS

The giants were the indigenous species of Cornwall, but were driven to extinction by humans. The first British, named for their king, Brutus, were emigres from Troy: just like the Romans. Cornwall is named after Cornieus, Brutus's general. The war with the giants ended with King Magog dead, and the giants' war leader, Gogmagog, a prisoner. Cornieus wrestled with him then threw him to his death from Gogmagog's Leap at Plymouth Hoe. Magog's people fled across the ocean, or were gradually hunted down. The spriggans that guard Cornwall's megalithic sites claim to be the ghosts of giants, defending their lands and treasures from the usurping humans.

Every Realm has giants

In Cornish folklore, there are giants from every realm. If something is historical, a giant turns up eventually. There are gigantic saints, elemental creators, ghostly faeries, and wrestling demons.

The ruined castles of the giants

Before the humans came, the giants had feuding kingdoms. Each was centred about a fortress, but these have fallen into disrepair, so they are little more than earthworks and megaliths. Two of the castles sit above ancient tunnels, in which the giants stored their treasure. Monstrous guardians also inhabit the tunnels. These sites have strong faerie or magical Auras, making magic easier.

Plot hook: Subsidence

A covenant falls, and when the player characters investigate, they discover it was founded on top of one of these tunnel complexes. Can they rescue and of the covenfolk who have been added to the larders of the horrors that live within the hills?

Plot hook: Founding a covenant

The strong auras, and reusable building material, found at these ruins make them tempting sites to found a covenant. The gravest problem is that if a creature is already inside when the Aegis of the Hearth is raised, it is not forced outside, it merely has its powers dampened down. There is also the problem that if the tunnels are deep enough the Aegis may not penetrate to them (depending on if you see the Aegis as a cylinder or a sphere).

Trecrobben Hill

“On the summit of this hill, which is only surpassed in savage grandeur by Carn Brea, the giants built a castle the four entrances to which still remain in Cyclopean massiveness to attest the Herculean powers by which such mighty blocks were piled upon each other. There the giant chieftains dwelt in awful state. Along the serpentine road, passing up the hill to the principal gateway, they dragged their captives, and on the great flat rocks within the castle they sacrificed them. Almost every rock still bears some name connected with the giants... The treasures of the giants who dwelt here are said to have been buried in the days of their troubles, when they were perishing before the conquerors of their land. Their gold and jewels were hidden deep in the granite caves of this hill, and secured by spells as potent as those which Merlin placed upon his “hoarded treasures.” They are securely preserved, even to the present day, and carefully guarded from man by the spriggans, or trolls, of whom we have to speak in another page.” - Hunt

Plot hook: The giant of Nanledry

This giant also opposed those at Trecrobben, but ate babies. He also carried boulders in his pockets, to throw at his rivals. This means he invented pockets thousands of years before humans did, and they might discover this most useful of inventions at the ruin of his house. This giant’s house is odd, in that it’s made of cob (packed earth). Giants in Cornwall live in caves or castles: this is the only one recorded as having built himself a house. What other odd inventions and anachronisms might the player characters find in the ruins of his dwelling?

Plot hook: Literally tunnels filled with monsters and treasure.

This site might provide a comfortable environment for groups familiar with other roleplaying games, first learning the Ars Magica system.

Plot hook: Holiburn of Cairn Galva

“Holiburn of the Cairn...was a very amiable and somewhat sociable gentleman ; but, like his brethren, he loved to dwell amongst the rocks of Cairn Galva. He made his home in this remote region, and relied for his support on the gifts of sheep and oxen from the farmers around he, in return, protecting them from the predatory incursions of the less conscientious giants of Trecrobben.” - Hunt

Holiburn could be the source of the Giant Blood Virtue in some characters. His descendants would be particularly prized as grogs.

His little home in Cairn Galva may contain treasures, but a character ransacking them gains the enmity of his extended clan of humans.

At one point, when Henry III was short on funds, he commanded his brother to break open the mounds in Cornwall to search for treasures. That’s unwise on many levels, but it also places him at odds with the desires of the Holiburn clan.

Saint Michael's Mount

A castle was built here by a married pair of giants, Coromoran and Cormelian, who carried cubes of granite from far away to build the walls. While Coromoran slept, Cormelian decided to sneak a bit of local greenstone into the building, carrying it in her enormous apron. Cormorian awoke, saw what was happening and kicked his wife, snapping her apron string so that she dropped the schist.

Back then, the giants of Mount Saint Michael and Trecrobben Hill were friendly, and had only one cobbling hammer between them. They'd just fling it to each other as they needed it. One day, a poor throw by the giant of Trecrobben struck Cormelian on the forehead. She died, and the giants buried her under the schist. A chapel has been placed there since, so it is called Chapel Rock.

Plot hook: Raising the giant

The grave of the giantess is ransacked, and the Quaesitores ask the player characters to investigate. They think it is likely a magus, or folk magicians, merely wanted the vis contained in the body. They are mistaken: giants, as magical beings, can be bought back from death by ritual magic. A group plans to raise this giantess, to interrogate her for information about the defences on the treasures at Trecrobben Hill.

If they succeed, the giantess becomes the focus of a complicated web of intrigue. House Tylalus wants her, to allow the development more powerful Titanoi magic. The Muspeli want her, to help end the world. If these two groups use elemental spirits to feud in Cornwall, the disruption could be tremendous.

Cormorian was, according to 18th century folklore, killed by a farmer's son named Jack, during the reign of King Arthur. He lured the giant into a pit, then lodged a pick in his head. For this he was awarded the giant's land and treasure. Ever after he was known as Jack the Giant-Killer.

Plot hook: The Hunters of Giants

People like Jack, who had an almost magical skill at murder, were recruited by House Tremere during the Schism War. The descendants of most of those traditions are called Hunters, and live in Transylvania. A separate group might be found in Blackthorn Covenant, or may have left records, allowing their tradition to be revived.

Other folklore says that when the final giant of the Mount became very old, he would wade across to the mainland to steal a cow. Lord Pengerswick became annoyed at this reivery. He petrified the still-conscious giant, left him for a cold night, and then horsewhipped him soundly. The giant waded through the sea, back to his home, the salt stinging his wounds, and has not been seen since.

It is said that the a family from Guval became rich from this. Tom, the Giant of Lelant, took one of the women of this family to sell the giant eggs and butter, which he paid for with treasures from vaults beneath the Mount.

Plot hook: So, that's Corpus vis?

Can you mine despite the Dominion Aura on the chapel?

Plot hook: The Hunters of Giants

One of the most important tools for piercing the magical defences of the hoards of the giants are Arcane Connections to the vaults. The treasures this family traded for might suffice. Most will have been spent, but is there a keepsake that has been handed down? If it is buried in the churchyard with the lady who sold the eggs, do the player characters wish to tempt Divine wrath to dig it up? Can they gain the assistance of the Church's authorities, to mitigate the supernatural harm? What does the Church want in exchange?

Treryn

“The giant to whom all the rest of his race were indebted for this stronghold was in every way a remarkable mortal. He was stronger than any other giant, and he was a mighty necromancer. He sat on the promontory of Treryn, and by the power of his will he compelled the castle to rise out of the sea. It is only kept in its present position by virtue of a magic key. This the giant placed in a holed rock, known as the Giant’s Lock, and whenever this key, a large round stone, can be taken out of the lock, the promontory of Treryn and its castle will disappear beneath the waters. There are not many people who obtain even a sight of this wonderful key. You must pass at low tide along a granite ledge, scarcely wide enough for a goat to stand on. If you happen to make a false step, you must be dashed to pieces on the rocks below. Well, having got over safely, you come to a pointed rock with a hole in it ; this is the castle lock. Put your hand deep into the hole, and you will find at the bottom a large egg-shaped stone, which is easily moved in any direction. You will feel certain that you can take it out, but try! Try as you may, you will find it will not pass through the hole ; yet no one can doubt but that it once went in...no one has ever yet succeeded in removing the key of the giant’s castle from the hole in which the necromancer is said to have placed it when he was dying.” - Hunt

A slightly different version has the necromancer transform his wife into the Lady Logan Rock as he dies, stabbed and drowned by her lover. A logan rock is a huge stone that can be rocked like a cradle, with just the strength of a hand. There are many in Cornwall.

Plot hook: Portable castle?

Is Treryn just a regio, with an entry pinned open, or is it, in some sense, portable? If you knew the rituals, could you use the key to make the castle appear anywhere you needed it by constructing a new lock? Are there keys to similar places? Are people or things in them? Whole communities?

Plot hook: Rocking the rocks

The Logan rocks are said to have played a role in Druidic ceremonies. They might be Rego vis related. What happens if you rock all of them at the same time, as would have happened on festival nights during the pre-Christian era?

Plot hook: Clue to raising Lyonesse?

A Merinita magus wishes to examine the stone in the Giant’s Lock. They need magical assistance to deal with the environmental dangers. They hope to learn how to recognise a similar lock, or series of locks, which could be used to restore the sunken kingdom of Lyonesse.

What happens if they make a key, misunderstand the underlying system, and instead of raising Lyonesse, they just draw up a headland filled with faerie giants?

Independent giants

Aside from the three great castles, there were giants who lived either alone or in fortified houses with their immediate families. In addition to these there are many other village giants, some of whom are buried in hallowed ground. Giant graves are everywhere in Cornwall, and are even more prevalent in the Scilly Islands.

Saint Agnes's Beacon : The Giant Bolster

“The giant Bolster became deeply in love with St Agnes, who is reputed to have been singularly beautiful, and a pattern woman of virtue...He followed her incessantly, proclaiming his love, and filling the air with the tempests of his sighs and groans. St Agnes lectured Bolster in vain on the impropriety of his conduct, he being already a married man. This availed not ; her prayers...were also in vain... Agnes appeared at length to be persuaded of the intensity of the giant's love, but she told him she required yet one small proof more.

There exists at Chapel Forth a hole in the cliff at the termination of the valley. If Bolster would fill this hole with his blood the lady would no longer look coldly on him. This huge bestrider-of-the-hills thought that it was an easy thing which was required of him, and felt that he could fill many such holes and be none the weaker for the loss of blood.

Consequently, stretching his great arm across the hole, he plunged a knife into a vein, and a torrent of gore issued forth. Roaring and seething the blood fell to the bottom, and the giant expected in a few minutes to see the test of his devotion made evident, in the filling of the hole. It required much more blood than Bolster had supposed still it must in a short time be filled, so he bled on.

Hour after hour the blood flowed from the vein, yet the hole was not filled. Eventually the giant fainted from exhaustion. The strength of life within his mighty frame enabled him to rally, yet he had no power to lift himself from the ground, and he was unable to stanch the wound which he had made. Thus it was, that after many throes, the giant Bolster died!

The cunning saint, in proposing this task to Bolster, was well aware that the hole opened at the bottom into the sea, and that as rapidly as the blood flowed into the hole it ran from it...The hole at Chapel Forth still retains the evidences of the truth of this tradition, in the red stain which marks the track down which flowed the giant's blood.” - Hunt

Portreath : Ralph (or Wrath)

There's a sea channel here called Ralph's Cupboard. There was a giant here, long ago, who lived in a cave, from which he ventured out to catch fishing boats, and tie them to his belt, before walking home and eating the sailors. After his death, the roof of the cave fell in, leaving the current cutting. There's a second story that says Ralph was just a smuggler, who spread the story of the giant to keep people away.

Vis source

This seems likely to produce Corpus vis. There's a similar story told in Goran, where an ill giant is bled to unconsciousness by a doctor, using the same strategy, then rolled off a sea cliff.

Plot hook: Smugglers' tales

In Mythic Cornwall, both stories can be true. Smugglers tell the story to keep people away from the cave, but once the tale becomes widespread, a faerie takes up the role. How do the player characters deal with a giant large enough to kidnap ships?

The Giant of Morva

“This great man, on the first day of August, would walk up to Bosprenis Croft, and there perform some magical rites, which were either never known, or they have been forgotten. On this day, for, when thus engaged the giant was harmless, thousands of people would congregate to get a glimpse of the monster ; and as he passed them, all being seated on the stone hedges, every one drank ” to the health of Mr Giant.” At length the giant died, but the gathering on the 1st of August has never been given up, or rather, the day shifts, and is made to agree with Morva Feast, which is held on the first Sunday in August.” - Hunt:

The Legend of Tamara

The nymph Tamara was born in a cave, the daughter of two potent earth spirits. She loved the sunlight, so she could not stay hidden, and was beautiful, so she attracted suitors. Two sons of Dartmoor giants, named Tavy and Tewrage, both desired Tamara, and she led both on. Eventually they tried to force her to choose between them. Tamara’s father, who hated giants, demanded she return home. When she refused, he turned her into the river Tamar.

The two giants awoke, and each was broken-hearted. Tavy’s father knew magic, and turned him into a river that eventually mingles with the Tamara, called the Tay. Tewrage found an enchanter who made him into a river, but he mistook the path the Tamar takes, and so, to his sorrow, he pours away from her forever, as the Taw.

Land’s End: Trebregan

In Cornish, the promontory is called “The End of the Land”, but in Saxon it was called Penrlien-gard, which means “headland of blood”. It lies near Bolliant, the “Field of Slaughter” where the Cornish, and their Danish allies, had their last stand against the Saxons. Arrowheads turn up in strange profusion, which are a vis source, and can tell the weather of the morrow.

The ancient name of this headland was Bellerian, named after the giant who built the first castle here. No trace of the castle exists. A village near Land’s End, Tebregan, is named for a giant buried there. He is used as a bogey to gain the obedience of children. He was so large he could pull sailors off ships. He ate children every day, preferably after frying them on a certain flat rock, near a cave which was said to be his lair. Tell children in Mythic Europe a bogeyman will come for them, and you create a story a faerie will fill, so something is in his cave.

At Land’s End, there’s a great square of granite, eight feet long and three feet high. It’s called the Table Stone. There’s a similar stone, with the same story attached, near Bosavern. The table was used for a conference of Anglo-Saxon kings, either three, seven or nine in number. Even if this was not true, Land’s End is so packed with the Fae it must be true enough, by now, to have a mystical effect. Anyone who has read C.S. Lewis may note similarities to the Stone Table on which sacrifices are made.

Plot hook: Ancient Magic

This giant is performing ritual magic, or alchemy. Can the player characters find a way to raise his spirit, to learn these techniques he was using? Are his memories preserved in a spriggan? The characters are aided, accidentally, by the people of Morva: their feast is a huge Magical (or possibly Faerie) ritual that has been performed for thousands of years, and it makes the local Aura spike on the appropriate day. The player characters can make plans so they have a private space near the fairground on the day.

Plot hook: Tamara

What happens if some fool turns them back into human form?

Plot hook: Frankenstein

Necromancers love pagan battlefields. Oddly, in Cornwall, the arrowheads which are called faerie darts in other places are considered to be caused by the strikes of lightning. If you wanted a Verdutus working in flesh, a necromancer reanimating corpses with lightning, this would seem the perfect place.

At Trewithan there’s a battlefield, called the Swordfield, where the blood of the fallen Danes sprouted as “Dane’s-wort” or dwarf elder. Writers from England claim that the Danes planted this tree on the graves of their dead. It has a Material bonus for enchanting necromantic items.

Mazarion (Tom of Lelant)

Tom of Lelant is a folk hero from the area near Mazarion, although his story is known in much of Cornwall. In a saga, he could be a historical figure, a contemporary, an ancestor or a faerie following a role. Tom has a best friend named Jack, who is pretty obviously an avatar of Wayland Smith.

Tom of Lelant was a giant, although small for that race, perhaps only twice the size of a man. He was a lazy fellow initially, but got a job delivering beer from a brewer in Mazarion. A giant, Blunderbuss, built hedges (which in Cornwall means unmortared stone fences) across the road. Tom confronted him, and when the giant pulled up a tree to use as a club, Tom pulled the axle off his cart, and used a wheel as a buckler, and fought the giant. Tom thought this a fair thing, because the giant had a reputation for eating his wives.

During the combat, Blunderbuss demonstrated a disgusting power: the blood that fountained from his wounds was so excessive that it balked Tom. After pulling the axle out of the giant, Tom demanded that, in fairness, the larger giant put his hand over the hole until the battle was over.

The giant liked what a sporting fellow Tom was, as seen in this quote, when he was dying “I have no near relations. There is heaps of gold, silver, copper, and tin down in the vaults of the castle, guarded by two dogs. Mind their names are Catchem and Tearem. Only call them by these names and they’ll let thee pass. The land from this to the sea is all mine. There is more head of oxen, cows, sheep, goats, and deer, than thee canst count. Take them all, only bury me decent.”

Tom claimed the castle, and no-one knew that the giant was dead, save a little human woman named Jane, the giant’s most recent wife. She flirted with Tom, and he thought her quite a catch, so they pretended the giant had survived, and lived comfortably on his treasure for a few years.

After a few years, a tinker named Jack came to challenge the giant for hedging the road, and Tom, pretended to be the giant’s son. He fought the man at singlestick but lost badly. Jack taught Tom the finer points of fencing and they had dinner together. They became friends over time, and the tinker told Tom that he came from a far land (although not across the sea) where there were many giants that mined for tin. Wise men came from further away with tools for the giants, and they had taught Jack his trade.

Jack had been travelling south and heard of Blunderbuss. The story in Jack’s land was that the larger a giant, the more gentle he was, so he decided to seek him out.

Plot hooks: Giant Blood source

Tom and Jane had many children, and are the ancestors of a line of people with a touch of giant blood in modern Cornwall.

Plot hook: Tamara

What happens if some fool turns them back into human form?

Plot hooks: giant who is not there

A group of magi who turn up to fight the giant may have the same experience, of having Tom pretend to be his toddler son.

Jack taught Tom how to till a garden, the first in Cornwall. He also taught the arts of malting and brewing to Jane. The tinker was also the first man in Cornwall to skin a beast as a single piece of hide, and taught the arts of leatherwork made possible by these large pieces.

When they were throwing quoits, Tom broke the surface of the grass on the green banks about the castle, finding dark stuff beneath. Jack identified it as tin, and told Tom he was now rich. Tom had all he desired, and didn't know how to dress tin, but the tinker offered to do it for him, in exchange for a share of the money.

When they had dressed the tin, they took it to Mazarion, where the tinsmelter, who was also the mayor and the brewer, gave them a very fair price. He was such an outstanding man that he's still used as a byword for honesty today. The tin was so good a deal for all around that he broke open a barrel of beer and declared a fair (a courant, in the local terms) which was so loud it attracted the Lord of Pengerswick.

The mayor, who was also the smelter and brewer, was an ally of the Lord of Pengerswick. He introduced Tom, who then invited Pengerswick to his castle. Pengerswick teleported them all to Tom's house, and wouldn't tell Tom how it was done, but was clear Jack knew. Pengerswick tried to fool Tom into telling him where the tin was, but Jack was onto him and politely deflected the conversation.

Eventually the Lord tired of this and cast a spell to make everyone fall asleep. This did not work on Jack, because he was basically awesomeness on a stick, and instead he sat there "whistling like an old troll" which feels lovely and modern. Pengerswick tried to stab Jack, with a sly blow from a dagger of the finest Eastern steel. The dagger was turned aside by Jack's leather clothes. Pengerswick then tried to use a cross on Jack, but Jack had a mirror under his jacket and pulled his shirt open, to reflect the power onto Pengerswick. Jack then seized his cross, and kicked Pengerswick from the castle.

Herbam vis sources

A note on Herbam vis sources, from when Jack teaches gardening "(Tom) had hitherto contented himself with gathering wild herbs, such as nettles, wild beet, mallows, elecampane, various kinds of lentils, and chick or cat-peas. Jack now planted a garden for his friends, the first in Cornwall, and they grew all kinds of good vegetables. The tinkeard also taught Jane to make malt and to brew beer; hitherto they had been content with barley-wort, which was often sour. Jack would take the children and collect bitter herbs to make the beer keep, such as the alehoof (ground ivy), mugwort, bannell (the broom), agrimony, centuary, woodsage, bettony, and pellitory.

Plot hooks: Jack comes back?

Jack turns up and wants to teach people a new skill. It could just break up the current patterns of commerce. If, for example, he teaches the making of alkali out of seaweed, then that wrecks the Venetian monopoly on alum for glass making, which they've enforced with war in the past.

What if he does something more radical? What if he teaches them how to make steam engines, power automata, or grow potatoes? The problem here is that faeries can only teach skills humans, somewhere, already know. The mythical creatures that can teach absolutely novel abilities are the Grigori, a type of demon that now acts as the warders of Hell.

Notes on combat skills

Quoits, wrestling and slinging, the skills in Cornish games, are combat skills for covenfolk in *Ars Magica*.

Plot hooks: One idiot with a pen...

Giants may be extinct, but in the Thirteenth Century a new story starts to circulate. It's about an Anglo-Norman knight called Guy of Warwick. He hunts dragons and fights a Danish giant called Colibrand. The Norman ruling class have a separate set of stories, different to those of the Cornish. Faeries flock to stories. Can one convincing bard bring the giants back, to the amusement of the distant Norman court, and the horror of the locals?

Morva Fair

There's a feast and fair in Morva which celebrates the anniversary of a wedding and a battle. When Tom's daughter was of marriageable age, Jack asked for her hand, but her father would not grant it unless Jack dealt with a giant in the hills above Morva. This was the only ground between Hayle and St Just which Tom did not own. The giant was evil, and demanded tithes from the humans, so Jack didn't mind.

Some of Tom's distant relatives lived in Morva, and his son, young Tom, wanted to marry one of them. Jack proclaimed a day of wedding games around the entire country. When there was a huge crowd, they pitched quoits at the giant's home. The giant threatened the crowd, and Jack taunted it to fight. As it ran down the hill toward the crowd, it vanished: swallowed by a pit trap Jack had dug the night before. The crowd then piled rocks on the giant, whose bones are still said to be there.

Hidden resources covenant hook: Treasure like Bluebeard's

"Jack wandered around the castle, and was struck by seeing a window which he had not before observed. Jack was resolved to discover the room to which this window belonged, so he very carefully noticed its position, and then threw his hammer in through it, that he might be certain of the spot when he found the tool inside of the castle. The next day, after dinner, when Tom was having his snooze, Jack took Jane with him, and they commenced a search for the hammer near the spot where Jack supposed the window should be, but they saw no signs of one in any part of the walls. They discovered, however, a strangely fashioned, worm-eaten oak hanging-press. They carefully examined this, but found nothing. At last Jack, striking the back of it with his fist, was convinced, from the sound, that the wall behind it was hollow. He and Jane went steadily to work, and with some exertion they moved the press aside, and disclosed a stone door. They opened this, and there was Jack's hammer lying amidst a pile of bones, evidently the relics of some of old Blunderbuss's wives, whom he had imprisoned in the wall, and who had perished there. Jane was in a great fright, and blessed her good fortune that she had escaped a similar end. Jack, however, soon consoled her by showing her the splendid dresses which were here, and the gold chains, rings, and bracelets, with diamonds and other jewels, which were scattered around."

Plot hooks: Jack comes back?

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Plot hook: Tamara

What happens if some fool turns them back into human form?

Plot hooks: giant who is not there

A group of magi who turn up to fight the giant may have the same experience, of having Tom pretend to be his toddler son.

The magic of the rocks

The Cornish in Mythic Europe attribute a lot of their odd stones to druids. A modern archaeologist from our world might disagree, but there aren't many of them around to tell the Mythic Peasantry that they are wrong. There is some recognition that cromlechs were once tombs, but many stones are just sacred because that's their nature. Stones which are considered special are called, in Cornish "ambers" or "main ambers". As far as I can tell this bears not relationship to the semiprecious stone of the same name. People don't know why, or how, the stones became that way, just that some are immovable, and others will move back if you manage to shift them.

Many stones are attributed to ancient giants or the Devil. These tend to be in the west of Cornwall. Those in the East are often attributed to King Arthur. For Hunt it's a bit of a running gag that some antiquaries see Druidic ceremonial bowls scooped out of every rock in Cornwall. That being said, water collected in such a bowl is a good way of expressing vis sources. The dew that collects into the cups carved into Arthur's Seat at Tintagel, for example, has Rego vis. The stones which move back to their ancient spots if moved sound like disturbed earth elementals returning to their aura. Many stones move back overnight, so they seem to reappear at their own spot first thing in the morning: that seems like a more fae or demonic timetable. Hunt also mentions a few stones which revolve three times at cock-crow. There seems to be no reason for this, and none sought, but they'd similarly tie into faerie or infernal haunts.

Holed rocks and crick stones

There are many holed stones in Cornwall reputed to have magical powers. The most famous is the Men An Tol, or "holed stone" near Penzance. If scrofulous children are passed through the stone naked, then drawn on the grass three times against the sun, they are cured. This may seem like an odd thing, but curing scrofula by touch is the purview of kings. Some adults have likewise claimed benefit for skin conditions and, strangest of all, people with spinal injuries have been cured by being slid through.

There's a forked stone in Morva which has the same tendency to heal injured backs, but even the people who live nearby say the holed stone is better: it's just less convenient to get to when you have a sore back. There are many other little tunnels, caused by falling rocks, which are said to be good for rheumatism or back pain. Sometimes you need to crawl through them nine times for the charm to work. The stones seems to be able to cure certain types of Aging Crisis.

The Men An Tol also has oracular powers. If you balance two brass pins on the edge, and ask a question, they will move to indicate the answer.

Logan stones

A Logan stone is a rock which rests on a point, such that it can, with minimal effort, be swung rhythmically. The magic of each stone varies. Some test character, so that they can only be rocked by the true of heart, being immobile to cowards, or the dishonest, or to traitors, or bastards, or drunkards. Many are believed to cure children rocked on it, at certain times, of grave diseases. Logan stones are scattered about Cornwall. Some Logan rocks produce Creo, Intelligo or Corpus vis.

Holy rock tables

"There was to be seen, in the town-places of many western villages, an unhewn table-like stone called the Garrack Zans. This stone was the usual meeting place of the villagers, and regarded by them as public property. Old residents in Escols have often told me of one ... This Garrack Zans they described as nearly round, about three feet high, and nine in diameter, with a level top. A bonfire was made on it and danced around at Midsummer.

When petty offences were committed by unknown persons, those who wished to prove their innocence, and to discover the guilty, were accustomed to light a furse-fire on the Garrack Zans; each person who assisted took a stick of fire from the pile, and those who could extinguish the fire in their sticks, by spitting on them, were deemed innocent; if the injured handed a fire-stick to any persons, who failed to do so, they were declared guilty. Most evenings young persons, linked hand in hand, danced around the Garrack Zans, and many old folks passed round it nine times daily from some notion that it was lucky and good against witchcraft." - Polwhele

CHARMERS AND WITCHES

Folk witchcraft is practised by men and women. In Cornish there is no differentiating title for the two sexes, but their powers differ slightly. Male witches can work out how a person was cursed, or which person stole something, but they usually suggest remedies to the friends of the injured. Female witches seem to break spells and throw curses personally, rather than through intermediaries.

“Charmers” are folk magicians of whom the society approves: they use a mixture of natural magic and prayer. “Witches” use darker methods, based on contacting the dead, the more disturbing faeries, or infernal spirits. An untutored person can have difficulty telling these two classes apart, and some, like the Sorcerer of Pengerswick, seem to use both styles of magic. Some charmers charge for cures, others refuse on principle. This isn’t an infallible way of sorting the virtuous ones from the vicious, but it makes a fine first sieve. The power runs in families.

Example charmer families

The Charmers of Zennor can cure a variety of illnesses, but their most famous charm is the stopping of blood. It can keep alive someone who has been deeply injured, much as Hermetic spells to bind wounds do, save that the person seems to heal while the charm is in place. The Zennor charmers are unusual in that they can stop blood merely by thinking their charm: most people need to say it. The charms are passed down within each gender. It’s not clear what happens if this prohibition is broken. The Charmers can use the charm upon themselves, which makes them valuable as grogs and companions – they can bind their own wounds, during combat, merely by wishing to.

The Charmer of St Colomb used to convince people he had magical powers by putting patterns of candles in his fields. He claimed it counteracted, and protected him from, the spells of witches. He would send away evil spirits by banging on wooden furniture, walls, and shutters with his walking stick, and telling the spirits to go away to the Red Sea. He also spoke nonsense words, which are called “gibberish” in Cornish. After a place was exorcised, he would order it cleaned and the walls and ceiling limewashed. This may be a substance inimical to local faeries or demons. The charmer could also show the face of a thief in a tub of water, and made money selling powder to throw over bewitched cattle. Either as a conman or as a folk magician, he’s a useful character available to the covenant.

Plot hooks: Charms

Most Cornish charms are specific to a particular illness. Virtually all of them are Christian prayers, so they are arguably guaranteed miracles. That’s theologically troublesome in period, but that doesn’t stop anyone. Players should just say what one illness they want their character to cure, how the cure looks in game. It costs a fatigue level per person cured.

Serious illnesses may require props or special times. For example, the fonts in Cornwall have locks on them, because people keep stealing the water from after christenings. They call it “holy water” and use it in folk charms. There’s also a belief you can put your warts in a bottle or bag, by touching them with pins or pebbles. As the warts will go to any other person if they touch the bag, some people try to sneak them into newly dug graves. These warts might be a Corpus vis source, or a plague of tiny demons.

Plot hooks: Secrecy

A charmer is dying, and so she needs to pass the charms on to her heir. Can the magi steal her secrets?

Can the magi prevent a rival from ever contesting a vis source again by forcing him to speak his charm?

Public Charms as Boons in Covenant Designs

There are some charms so widely known in a community that they are modelled into the covenant's design, rather than each individual character's. There are many examples in Cornish folklore.

Arthritis silver

Hunt records a lady begging for pennies on the porch of a church. When she has thirty, she goes inside and the priest changes them for a silver coin. The lady painfully hobbles around the altar three times, and then goes off to have her coin made into a ring, which cures her arthritis. Everyone involved knows how the charm works. This is an Environmental Boon, which allows the characters to treat Ageing crises.

Club moss

To quote Hunt *"If this moss is properly gathered, it is good against all diseases of the eyes. The gathering is regarded as a mystery not to be lightly told ; and if any man ventures to write the secret, the virtues of the moss avail him no more. I hope, therefore, my readers will fully value the sacrifice I make in giving them the formula by which they may be guided. On the third day of the moon when the thin crescent is seen for the first time show it the knife with which the moss is to be cut, and repeat, "As Christ heal'd the issue of blood, Do thou cut, what thou cuttest, for good!"*

At sun-down, having carefully washed the hands, the club-moss is to be cut kneeling. It is to be carefully wrapped in a white cloth, and subsequently boiled in some water taken from the spring nearest to its place of growth. This may be used as a fomentation. Or the club-moss may be made into an ointment, with butter made from the milk of a new cow.

Fire circles

There's a tradition that if people light a bonfire and form a dancing ring about it, if they can stamp it out with their feet before breaking hands, no-one in the circle will die within a year. Ill luck to whomever broke the circle first, otherwise. Hunt notes that you can lead beasts over fire, or have humans jump over fire, to break curses.

Thunderstones

The Celtic arrowheads which elsewhere are considered the remnants of elfshot are, in Cornwall, believed to be produced by thunder. They fall from the clouds, and change colour to predict the weather. Water in which they have been soaked also cures diseases. They are an Auram vis source with a secondary use.

Environmental boon or vis source?

Many charms can be modelled as vis sources. Troupes should negotiate if the covenant needs to pay for both the vis source and the environmental boon. Most herbal charms, as an example, use the non-virtuous versions of the plant, and in that case both need to be paid for> If vis must be sacrificed to use the charm, then it's not an Environmental Boon. It may be a Contested Vis Source, if local folk magicians try to harvest the vis before the servants of the covenant can collect it.

Plot hooks: Free charms

A dying, Cornish character can appear to a loved one. The apparitions are only visible to the intended recipient or to those with Second Sight. They not visible to magi because the Parma Magica prevents mental contact.

"It is a general belief, in the western part of Cornwall, that if a greatly injured person, the last thing before death, reads or recites the 109th Psalm, usually called the "Cursing Psalm," applying its comminations to the injurer, the dying maledictions are sure to take effect."

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The hands of hanged men

The hand of a person hanged has many curative properties. Some people claim a hand will only cure those of the opposite sex. Hands are available from executioners. Alternatively, there's a case recorded in Hunt of a woman being led up onto the gallows to take the cure from a freshly hanged man's hand. This might be folk magic, or it could be a grim sort of fae.

Plot hooks: Minor charms

At Dately there's an oak that's over a thousand years old. Its acorns are used by folk magicians to make charms. The tree grants wishes. The tree is hollow and so large you can walk through it, or hold picnics in it.

There are faerie hawthorn trees on the moor. If you sit under them, at dusk or dawn, you see piksies or visions.

Silver is put under new planted trees, for luck. This may be a bribe for the faeries.

Serpent Charms

There are a series of folk beliefs clustered around snakes, and the charms they produce or are obstructed by.

Concerted action

Adders in Cornwall come to each other's aid when one is trapped or attacked. Do they have a communication system, a group mind, or are they the servants of a faerie? Are they like the bees of a hive, serving a great dragon beneath the earth? In the story given by Hunt, a man traps an adder with a pail of milk, and then thousands of others come to aid it. All of the man's neighbours, anticipating this, make a furze (bracken) pile over them and incinerate the lot. Can a Bjornaer magus, or a magus with an adder familiar, use their communication system?

Milpreves

The downs of Cornwall, particularly near Land's End, are thick with adders at certain times of year, and the best way to protect yourself is to carry an adder stone, or "milpreve". One source also calls them "milprers", meaning "thousand worms". These are created when many adders get together. Hunt, rational explanation at the ready, suggests these are madreporae corals which have washed up on the shore. Let us temporise by saying that milpreves look a lot like coralline limestone, even if they are made of young, petrified snakes. These are a vis source.

Time for a quote "*Camden asserts that one of the prevailing superstitions concerning them was that, about midsummer-eve, they all met together in companies, and, joining their heads, began a general hiss, which they continued until a kind of bubble was formed, which immediately hardened, and gave to the finder prosperity in all his undertakings.*" If it gives general luck, then the vis source's secondary power seems to be that it grants a minor Virtue.

Perhaps it gives a reroll or a Confidence point?

Later, Hunt mentions another source which indicates there is a working which creates milpreves. The folk magician finds a sleeping snake, says a charm and then strikes it with a hazel wand in the centre of its "spirae.". This means "coils" but it is included because Spira is a wonderful name for a maga. This transforms the snake into an adder stone, presumably to the delight of nearby magi.

Folk magicians use the stone to make an antivenin. This is Carew in Hunt. "The country people retaine a conceite, that the snakes, by their breathing upon a hazel-wand, doe make a stone ring of blew colour, in which there appeareth the yellow figure of a snake, and that beasts which are stung, being given to drink of the water wherein this stone hath bene socked, will there-through recover." Hunt notes the same things are called "Druid stones" or "Druid glass" in various other Celtic countries.

Plot Hooks: Do charms scale?

Hunt notes that "The body of a dead serpent, bruised on the wound...is said to be an infallible remedy for its bite" **Can you mince up a dragon and turn it into poultices to cure the people made sick by its vapours?**

Similarly, Hunt later says: "When an adder or snake is seen, a circle is to be rapidly drawn around it, and the sign of the cross made within it, while the two first verses of the 68th Psalm are repeated : "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered; let them also that hate him flee before him. As smoke is driven away, so drive them away ; as wax melteth before the fire, so let the wicked perish at the presence of God." Likewise, does this work with dragons? Is it a faerie ward? What do you do once you've caught a dragon in a magic circle?

"She remembered to have heard that the adder-charm was powerful to drive away all mischievous sprights." - Botrell

Plot Hooks: Friendly serpents

A childhood familiar?

It is said that no kind of snake is ever found near the "ashen-tree," and that a branch of the ash-tree will prevent a snake from coming near a person. A child who was in the habit of receiving its portion of bread and milk at the cottage door, was found to be in the habit of sharing its food with one of the poisonous adders. The reptile came regularly every morning, and the child, pleased with the beauty of his companion, encouraged the visits. The babe and adder were close friends.

Eventually this became known to the mother, and, finding it to be a matter of difficulty to keep the snake from the child whenever it was left alone, and she was frequently, being a labourer in the fields, compelled to leave her child to shift for itself, she adopted the precaution of binding an "ashen-twig" about its body.

The adder no longer came near the child ; but from that day forward the child pined, and eventually died, as all around said, through grief at having lost the companion by whom it had been fascinated.

So, that's an origin story for an apprentice, and a Traditional Ward for local snake faeries.

Swarm?

Adders in Cornwall come to each other's aid when one is trapped or attacked. Do they have a communication system, a group mind, or are they the servants of a faerie? Are they like the bees of a hive, serving a great dragon beneath the earth? In the story given by Hunt, a man traps an adder with a pail of milk, and then thousands of others come to aid it. All of the man's neighbours, anticipating this, make a furze (bracken) pile over them and incinerate the lot. Can a Bjornaer magus, or a magus with an adder familiar, use their communication system?

Mining for bird mucus?

“I FIND a belief still prevalent amongst the people in the out-lying districts of Cornwall, that such birds as the cuckoo and the swallow remain through the winter in deep caves, cracks in the earth, and in hollow trees ; and instances have been cited of these birds having been found in a torpid state in the mines, and in hollow pieces of wood. This belief appears to be of some antiquity, for Carew writes in his ” Survey of Cornwall ” as follows : ” In the west parts of Cornwall, during the winter season, swallows are found sitting in old deep tynne-works, and holes in the sea cliffes ; but touching their lurking-places, Olaus Magmts maketh a far stranger report. For he saith that in the north parts of the world, as summer weareth out, they clap mouth to mouth, wing to wing, and legge to legge, and so, after a sweet singing, fall downe into certain lakes or pools amongst the caves, from whence at the next spring they receive a new resurrection ; and he addeth, for prooffe thereof, that the fishermen who make holes in the ice, to dig up such fish in their nets as resort thither for breathing, doe sometimes light on these swallows congealed in clods, of a slymie substance, and that, carrying them home to their stoves, the warmth restored them to life and flight.”

A man employed in the granite quarries near Penryn, informed me that he found such a “slymie substance” in one of the pools in the quarry where he was working, that he took it home, warmth proved it to be a bird, but when it began to move it was seized by the cat, who ran out on the downs and devoured it.

The stuff of shooting stars

There’s a glowing slime found in the quarries of Penryn at night, which folklore says is caused by shooting stars, and may contain some of their substance. Hunt says that it is frogs’ eggs, thrown up by crows, but there’s no reason that should be so in Mythic Europe. At minimum it is Auram vis: at best it is stuff from beyond the lunar sphere that has antimagical properties because of its extraordinary origin.

Cornish Bjornaer magi, with appropriate Heartbeasts, could spend Winter in a bucket, or could vomit up glowing star-stuff.

Cornish crows and roosters can also predict death by seeing the Angel passing over a house. As it’s widely believed killing the bird prevents the death, so they should keep it to themselves.

The Pellar

The Pellar is the folk charmer described in most detail in sources. The quote below is from Botrell. The rituals below post-date the 1220 start date for most campaigns.

"The folks from many parts of the west country make their annual pilgrimage to some white witch of repute, for the sake of having what they call "their protection renewed." The spring is always chosen for this object, because it is believed that when the sun is returning the Pellar has more power to protect them from bad luck than at any other season... There used to be rare fun among the folks in going to the conjuror in the spring, when they were sure to meet, at the wise man's abode, persons of all ages and conditions, many from a great distance. Then the inhabitants of the Scilly Isles came over in crowds for the purpose of consulting the white witches of Cornwall, and that they might obtain their protection, charms, spells, and counter-spells. Many of the captains of vessels, belonging to Hayle, St. Ives, and Swansea, often visited the Pellar before they undertook a voyage, so that, with seaman and tanners, there was sure to be great variety in the company...

The conjuror received the people and their offerings, singly...Few remained closeted with him more than half-an-hour, during which time some were provided with little bags of earth, teeth, or bones taken from a grave. These precious relics were to be worn, suspended from the neck, for the cure of prevention of fits, and other mysterious complaints supposed to be brought on by witchcraft. Others were furnished with a scrap of parchment, on which was written the ABRACADABRA or the following charm:-

These charms were enclosed in a paper, curiously folded like a valentine, sealed and suspended from the neck of the ill-wished, spellbound, or otherwise ailing person. The last charm is regarded as an instrument of great power, because the magical words read the same backwards as forwards.

A gritty substance called witch-powders, that looked very much like pounded brick, was also given to those who required it. An aged crone of the pellar blood...received some of the women upstairs to cure such of the least difficult cases, as simple charming would effect; but the greatest part of them preferred the man, as his charms only were powerful enough to unbewitch them.

Instead of the earthy powder, some are furnished with a written charm, which varies according to the feelings of the recipients. Most of the very religious folks have a verse of scripture, concluded with the comfortable assurance that, by the help of the Lord, the White Witch hopes to do them good.

Plot Hooks: Pellar

The Pellar could be a covenant resource if magically proficient.

If he is a charlatan, he might trade the gossip he learns from the community for subtly cast magic, to guarantee the reputation of his cures.

A charlatan might also be drawn to the covenant if faeries begin tormenting him, for accidentally spreading a useful Ward.

SATOR
AREPO
TENET
OPERA
ROTAS

"She remembered to have heard that the adder-charm was powerful to drive away all mischievous sprights." - Polwhele

But those who have no particular religious sentiments he furnishes with a charm, of which the following is a literal copy:

On one side of a bit of paper, about an inch and a half by one inch, NALGAH.

Here follows a picture of what must have been the conjuror's own creation...The only object we can compare it to is a something which is a cross between a headless cherub and a spread-eagle. Underneath what might have been intended for angel or bird, there is an egg, on which the creature appears to be brooding. There is another egg at the extremity of one of the outstretched legs of the creature...The word TETRAGRAMMATON, is under it. On the reverse,

JEHOVAH.

JAH. ELOHIM.

SHADDAY.

ADONAY.

HAVE MERCY ON A POOR WOMAN.

Another amulet, which is commonly given by the Pellar to his patients, to be worn suspended from the neck, is a small bag of earth taken from a man's grave.

Besides the above-mentioned precious charms, the Pellar gives his neophytes powders, to throw over their children, or cattle, to preserve them against witchcraft, ample directions as to the lucky and unlucky times, and a green salve, which is said to be an excellent healing ointment. I have talked with many who have visited the Pellar every spring, for years running, that they might get their protection renewed. Yet there is no finding out all that takes place at the time of this important pilgrimage, as the directions are given to each individual separately, and all are bound to preserve the greatest secrecy about some portion of the charm, or it will do no good.

Others were supplied with blood stones, milpreves...and other trumpery, manufactured by the pellar family, to be worn as amulets. The blue-stone rings, in which some fancied they saw the figure of an adder, or when marked with yellow veins the pattern of a snake, were particularly prized, because it was believed that those who wore them were by that means safe from being harmed by any reptile of the serpent tribe, and that man or beast, bit and envenomed, being given some water to drink, wherein this stone had been infused, would perfectly recover of the poison. The amulets, reliques, and charms supplied by the white witch served to tranquillize the diseased fancy as well as the bread pills, coloured waters, and other innocent compounds of more fashionable practitioners, or the holy medals and scapulars of other professors."

Hunt mentions the Pellar only briefly. This magician has charms which can scare off faeries and possessing demons. The demons need somewhere to go, and oddly he does not send them to the Red Sea as is so common in Cornwall, he chains them under great and distant rocks.

Plot Hooks: Pellar

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Plot Hooks: Under the rocks

Given that Hermetic magi tend to live secretly in wastelands, the Pellar might force a demon into an area of value to the magi.

The Cornish tendency to mine wherever there's a good chance of ore makes planting demonic landmines seem injudicious.

The Pellar lets others perform magic. As an example he tells a cursed woman to buy a bullock's heart and pierce it with as many pins as she can. The person who placed the curse feels every pin, until the curse is lifted. That's a little like voodoo, but note that the person doing them magic and the person doing the physical actions associated with the spell are separate. This argues that he's a faerie, because he can lend magical abilities.

Witches and Sorcerers

Ill-wishing

Cornish curses seem small by Hermetic standards. People do not believe in witches with the full panoply of Satanic powers necessarily, but they believe in ill-wishing, which is a variant of the Evil Eye Virtue. This is sometimes called “owl blasting”. A well known counter-charm often breaks the curse. If cattle in a herd keep dying due to ill-wishing,, the farmer must collect up every drop of blood of one of the dead animals on straw, and then burn the straw. The witch, or her shadow, will be seen in the smoke.

Burning some of the blood of a witch seems to have protective effects as well: it's one of the things male witches often send the friends of an ill-wished person to do. In Cornwall, burning a little of the blood of the magus who cast a particular spell might reduce its duration. The mechanism for this failure seems to be an intercession by a potent magical spirit or faerie.

Castle Peak

"To the south of the Logan Rock (near Trereen) is a high peak of granite, towering above the other rocks...For ages, this peak has been the midnight rendezvous for witches...on moonlight nights, mounted on...stems of ragwort and bringing with them the things necessary to make their charms potent and strong.

This place was long noted as the gathering place of the army of witches who took their departure for Wales, where they would luxuriate...upon the milk of the Welshmen's cows. From this peak many a struggling ship has been watched by a malignant crone, while she has been brewing the tempest to destroy it ; and many a rejoicing chorus has been echoed, in horror, by the cliffs around, when the witches have been croaking their miserable delight over the perishing crews...whom they were presently to rob of the treasures they were bringing home from other lands. Upon the rocks behind the Logan Rock...every kind of mischief which can befall man or beast was once brewed by the St Levan witches." - Hunt.

This area has a high Infernal Aura.

Plot hook: Sir John's curse

Sir John was a good magistrate, and in the course of his duties he was cursed to die by human hand on yellow sand. He moved his home from Efford, which is on the coast, to Trerice, deep inland. He lived contentedly for many years.

Eventually, though a rebel nobleman took the Mount from the priests, and John was called to subdue him. Even though he knew he was going to fight on the beach, he went anyway, as he was a model of feudal service. He died.

Sir John would be a perfect tame nobleman for a covenant. His curse could be voided by having a spell turn the sand beneath his feet into grass, if only for a moment.

Alternatively, if he was a foe, you could hide sand in his mattress and cut his throat while he slept.

Plot hook: A bad idea

In both examples Hunt gives, a female neighbour turns up to see why there's a bonfire raging in the field, and is badly treated by the farmer until rescued by other members of the community. So, this charm either does not work, in which case you may murder a neighbour, or it does work, in which case you've got an angry witch to deal with.

Plot hook: Touch a rock?

"Touch a Logan stone nine times at midnight, and any woman will become a witch.

A more certain plan is said to get on the Giant's Rock at Zennor Church-town nine times without shaking it. Seeing that this rock was at one time a very sensitive Logan stone, the task was somewhat difficult." – Hunt

A related belief is that anyone touching the Witches' Rock at Trewa rock nine times at midnight was insured against bad luck.

Is this a mystagogic initiation? Are the witches being possessed by creatures that served the druids at the Logan stones? Is this “luck” story just a way for would be witches, on discovery, to explain their behaviour? Might it be useful for magi to have people watching the rocks for potential apprentices, or would such people fall easily to the Infernal?

Madgy Figgy Stories

All those who have visited the fine piles of rocks in the vicinity of the so-called " St Levan," Land's-End, called Tol-Pedden-Penwith,...cannot have failed to notice the arrangement of cubical masses of granite piled one upon the other, known as the Chair Ladder. This remarkable pile presents to the beat of the Atlantic waves a sheer face of cliff of very considerable height, standing up like a huge basaltic column, or a pillar built by the Titans, the horizontal joints representing so many steps in the so-called " Ladder,"

On the top is placed a stone...which is by no great effort of the imagination converted into a chair. There it was that Madgy Figgy, one of the most celebrated of the St Levan and Burian witches, was in the habit of seating herself when she desired to call up to her aid the spirits of the storm. Often has she been seen swinging herself to and fro on this dizzy height when a storm has been coming home upon the shores, and richly-laden vessels have been struggling with the winds. From this spot she poured forth her imprecations on man and beast, and none whom she had offended could escape those withering spells ; and from this "chair," which will ever bear her name, Madgy Figgy would always take her flight.

Often, starting like some huge bird, mounted on a stem of ragwort, Figgy has headed a band of inferior witches, and gone off rejoicing in their iniquities to Wales or Spain. This old hag lived in a cottage not far from Raфра, and she and all her gang, which appears to have been a pretty numerous crew, were notorious wreckers. On one occasion, Madgy from her seat of storms lured a Portuguese Indiaman into Perloe Cove, and drowned all the passengers. As they were washed on shore, the bodies were stripped of everything valuable, and buried by Figgy and her husband in the green hollow, which may yet be seen just above Perloe Cove, marking the graves with a rough stone placed at the head of the corpse.

The spoils on this occasion must have been large, for all the women were supplied for years with rich dresses, and costly jewels were seen decking the red arms of the girls who laboured in the fields. For a long time gems and gold continued to be found on the sands. Howbeit, amongst the bodies thrown ashore was one of a lady richly dressed, with chains of gold about her and not only so, but valuable treasure was fastened around her, she evidently

hoping, if saved, to secure some of her property. This body, like all the others, was stripped ; but Figgy said there was a mark on it which boded them evil, and she would not allow any of the gold or gems to be divided, as it would be sure to bring bad luck if it were separated.

A dreadful quarrel ensued, and bloodshed was threatened ; but the diabolical old Figgy was more than a match for any of the men, and the power of her impetuous will was superior to them all. Everything of value, therefore, belonging to this lady was gathered into a heap, and placed in a chest in Madgy Figgy's hut. They buried the Portuguese lady the same evening ; and after dark a light was seen to rise from the grave, pass along the cliffs and seat itself in Madgy's chair at Tol-Pedden. Then, after some hours, it descended, passed back again, and, entering the cottage, rested upon the chest.

This curious phenomenon continued for more than three months, nightly, much to the alarm of all but Figgy, who said she knew all about it, and it would be all right in time. One day a strange-looking and strangely-attired man arrived at the cottage. Figgy's (husband) was at home alone. To him the stranger addressed himself by signs, he could not speak English...and expressed a wish to be led to the graves.

Away they went, but the foreigner did not...require a guide. He at once selected the grave of the lady, and sitting down upon it, he gave vent to his...sorrows. He sent Figgy's man away, and remained there till night, when the light arose from the grave more brilliant than ever, and proceeded directly to the hut, resting as usual on the chest, which was now covered up with old sails, and all kinds of fishermen's lumber.

The foreigner swept these things aside, and opened the chest. He selected everything belonging to the lady, refusing to take any of the other valuables. He rewarded the wreckers with costly gifts, and left them no one knowing from whence he came nor whither he went. Madgy Figgy was now truly triumphant. "One witch knows another witch, dead or living," she would say ; "and the African would have been the death of us if we hadn't kept the treasure, whereas now we have good gifts, and no gainsaying 'em." Some do say they have seen the light in Madgy Figgy's chair since those times. - Hunt

The foreigner may be the demon which served the dead witch, gathering in his gifts, to distribute to a new pawn. Figgy could have Sensed their Unholiness.

Madgy Figgy goes by many names. Madgy Dowdy, Figgy Dodwy, Madgy Daw, Margaret Daw and Margery Daw are all the same character. She has a curative magical well named for her in Carn Marth. She also has a folk rhyme. The modern version is "See-saw Margery Daw / Jacky shall have a new master / He will have but a penny a day / because he can't work any faster." In my part of Australia, it's "Johnny", not "Jacky", but that's an odd regionalism. A jackdaw is a bird, and another example of adding women's names to birds, like robin redbreast or maggie pie. Might witches may take the jackdaw shape, or have them as familiars?

Opie and Opie give an earlier form of the rhyme as "See-saw, Margery Daw, / Sold her bed and lay on the straw; / Sold her bed and lay upon hay / And pisky came and carried her away. / For wasn't she a dirty slut / To sell her bed and lie in the dirt?" "Slut" isn't a sexual term at this time: it means a dishevelled person. Note the faerie enforcing social boundaries?

Short stories of witches

Hunt also gives a story about a witch who gains a pig through a curse. She offers to buy it, and when the owner will not fix a price she ill-wishes it, so that runs around crazily when on a lead, and gets thinner the more it eats. Eventually it eats the owner out of house and home, and he gives her the pig for a twopenny loaf.

The next Cornish witch takes the form of a hare to travel swiftly, and seems to be able to carry burdens in that form. She has a familiar which can take the forms of a hare, cat and black, demonic shape. These forms can issue a blood curdling howl.

Hunt then tells two stories of witches who send a toad familiar to curse enemies. While it is present the people sicken, but when the toad is thrown in the fire, its owner is burned according to its wounds. Arguably this isn't a familiar at all: it might be a nightwalker's phantasticum.

The Devil's Whetstone was placed by a smith, as part of a bet which kept the devil away from the area. Eventually a man is convinced to take it to use it as building materials, so the devil punishes the town for keeping him away for so long.

After taking a good drink of the brandy, she said, "Don't you be frightened even if you happen to see Old Nick. Perhaps it would be well to tie a handkerchief) over your eyes, because often, in spite of all my charms, mystifications, conjurations, toxifications, incantations, fumigations, tarnations, devilations, and damnations, besides all the other ations ever known to the most learned passon or conjuror, the devil will often be here trying to catch the sperats, and the sight of his saucer eyes of fire, ugly horns, and cloven hoof, is enough to frighten one into fits. And oh! the smell of brimstone he brings along with him es enough to poison one! You aren't afraid, are 'e, that you're trembling so?" – Botrell

Sorcerers

The power of Cornish sorcerers tends to come from evil sources, and be passed from father to son. The most notorious family in this regard lived at Castle Pengerswick, which post dates the period, but its folklore casts a shadow back into the far past. The Lord of Pengerswick turns up in stories often enough that he is sometimes a faerie. Botrell gives the more detailed version of the story, but Hunt gives it a different ending, that ties Pengerswick to a darker realm.

Lord Pengerswick the Sorcerer

In Bottrell's version, the father of the eventual sorcerer goes on Crusade. Despite being married, he seduces a princess.

"She lent Pengersecc her father's enchanted sword a magic weapon that brought success to the rightful possessor and fought by his side ; yet they were conquered ; and the Cornish

rover missed his lady-love in their confused retreat; when, to save himself, as best he could, he took ship for home and left her to her fate....Ho had scarcely settled himself comfortably in his castle with his wife and his son of whom he was very fond when, one night, the Queen knocked at his gate. In her arms she held a babe that had been born at sea ; weeping, she showed it to its father who refused to admit her within his doors. " What can have possessed thee to follow me here thou crazy saracen," said he, "know that I've many years been wed." " Cruel man, dos thou spurn thy little son and me from thy doors," she replied, "now that I am in this strange land poor and needy."...he led her away down by the sea-side. There, standing on a cliff, she reproached him with being a faithless, perjured lover; with having stolen the magic sword, on which the safety of her land depended; and with being the cause of all her misfortunes. He threatened to drown her unless she promised to return at once to her own country....[She dies at sea]...The Queen's remains were taken to her native land, and the good captain reared her child, which passed for his own son.

This old tiger of a Pengersecc spent much of his time in hunting wolves, which were numerous then ; the following day he was in full chase on Tregonning hill until night, when a violent storm arose. By the lightning's glare he saw, cowering around him, a drove of wild animals, that dreaded the awful thunder-storm more than they did the hunter and his dogs. Presently appeared among them a white hare, with eyes like coals of fire, then the dogs and savage beasts ran away howling louder than the tempest ; the horse threw its rider and left him alone on the hill with the white hare that Pengersecc knew to be the vengeful spirit of the murdered lady.

Search being made next day he was found on the hill more dead than alive from the effects of his fall and fright. Worst of all he had lost the enchanted sword, with which he could save his life in any encounter. This mishap troubled him much, for, when in possession of this charmed weapon, he thought it mere fun to lop off the heads of those who offended

Plot hooks

If your dad was a Crusader, you may have a whole other family somewhere.

Suicides, or wronged women, returning as ghostly hares are common in Cornish folklore.

Is the magic sword hidden in Cornwall. Is this a faerie prop? If the hare is a ghost, is the sword an ethereal prop?

him ; but now he became a coward and dreaded to go beyond his castle gate without a priest beside him. Indeed, he could never leave his dwelling but the white hare would cross his path. When the priests vainly tried to dispose of her like other spirits in the Red Sea, she assumed her natural shape and told them not to think they had power to bind or loose her like the spirits of those who had been in their hands from their cradle to the grave ; moreover, that she wouldn't be controlled by them or their gods, but, to please herself, would quit the place until her son came to man's estate.

Pengersec's cruel treatment of his wife shortened her days ; she soon died, leaving her unweaned child, called Marec, to be nursed by the miller's wife, who shared her breast between the young heir and her son Uter. Many years passed during which Pengersec seldom went beyond his castle that he had almost entirely to himself ; a few old servants only remained in the gloomy habitation, out of regard to the young master, that he might be properly instructed and cared for. Marec, when about twenty years of age, excelled in all manly exercises ; being a good seaman, as well as his constant attendant and foster-brother Uter, they would steer their boat through the roughest breakers, to aid a ship in distress, when other men feared to leave the shore. His favourite pastime was taming wild horses of the hills, in which he was said to have remarkable skill.

About this time Pengersec recovered his wonted courage, so far as to venture out to see the young men's sports, and to visit Godolphin castle a few miles off where lived a rich lady whom he wished his son to wed. She had often seen Marec bear away the hurling-ball, win prizes at wrestling and other games, and had a great desire for him and more for the domain to which he was heir. Although she was passable as to looks, and only a year or two older than the young lord, he had no liking for her, because she had the repute of being a sorceress. In all the country side it was whispered that the damsel was too intimate with an old witch of Fraddam, whose niece, called Venna, was the lady's favourite waiting-woman.

They spent much time together distilling or otherwise concocting what they named medicaments, though some called them poisons; and many persons, believing the lady had evil eyes, pointed at her with forked fingers to avert their baneful influence. Yet, from her affected horror of little failings, pretended pity for those whom she slandered by insinuations, and her constant attendance at church, simple people, that she favoured, thought her a good woman ; and crafty ones, from sympathy, were ever ready to further her designs.

As the young man cared more about his sports than for the lady, Pengersec did the courting for his son at first but at length he married the damsel of Grodolphin himself. They had not been long wedded, however, ere she became disgusted with her old lord's gloomy fits, and, from seeing much of Marec, her passion for him became too much for concealment. Fearing lest she might betray her desires to her husband, she shut herself up in her own apartments and, pretending to be ill, sent for the witch of Fraddam, who soon discovered her ailment.

Plot hook

According to the Queen, she cannot be exorcised because she was not a Christian. That's an interesting metaphysical problem. If she's a faerie, it's useful to note that she does go away. Her protestation that its her own choice may be a lie.

Plot hook

Sorceresses offer each other's nieces work. This means if you attack one witch, you need to be very careful not to hurt her laundry-maid.

Plot hooks

The Cornish are using a folk charm to avert ill-wishing.

The witch doesn't have the Gift, or can hide it. She's particularly persuasive.

The lady complained of her dreary life shut up in the lonesome castle with her morose old husband, though he doted on her, after his fashion. Having made him promise, before marriage, that she and her children should inherit his lands and all he could keep from his eldest son, it fretted her to find that, as yet, she was not likely to become a mother. " Behave kinder to Marec," said the wise-woman, "that he and his comrades may cheer your solitude."

" Never name the uncouth savage to me !" exclaimed the lady, " he would far rather chase wolves and ride wild horses around the hills than pass any time, by day or by night, in a lady's bower." The witch being skilled in making love-potions and powders, after more converse, promised to send her a philter, by the aid of which Marec would soon become her humble slave, and pine for her love. The love-drink was fetched without delay by Venna, who waited on her young master at supper and spiced his ale ; but this was a mistake, for it should have been prepared and served by the person in whose favour it was intended to work.

The waiting-maid being a comely lass, and he a handsome man, she forgot her duty to her mistress, when Marec as the custom was with gallant youths pressed her to drink from his tankard to sweeten it. The cordial and charms, that were intended to move his affections in the lady's favour, ended in his strolling on the sea-shore with her handmaid. The step-dame, unable to rest, wandered down on the beach, where she espied the loving pair in amorous dalliance. Her love turned to hate ; without being seen by them, she returned and passed the night in planning revenge.

In the morning early the enraged lady sought an interview with her doting old husband, and told him that she wished to return to her father's house, because she was pining for fresh air, but dared not leave her room when his son was in the castle for fear of being insulted by his unbecoming behaviour ; in fact, she gave the old lord to understand by hints, which might mean little or much that Marec then discovered such a passion for her as she failed to inspire before her marriage. Pengersec raved, and swore he would be the death of him before many hours were passed ; at length, however, his fit of anger having moderated, he assured his wife that he would get him taken so far away that it would be long ere he returned to trouble her, if ever he did.

This being agreed on, the lady somewhat pacified returned to her own apartment, and summoned her woman to attend her. Venna had no sooner entered the chamber than her mistress pinned her in a corner, held a knife to her breast, and vowed to have her heart's blood that instant for her treachery in enticing her young master to the sea-shore unless she drank the contents of a phial which she held to her lips. " Have patience, my dear mistress," said she, " and I will either explain to your satisfaction what seemeth false dealing and disloyalty, or I'll drain this bottle of poison to the last drop." Venna then told her mistress that she was only following her aunt's instructions to get Marec into her toils, and if other means failed induce him, in the dead of night, to visit her chamber by the outer stair from the garden. The woman also proposed to make other arrangements, of which her mistress approved.

Plot hooks

Love philtres create Personality Flaws. Very few love philtres in Cornwall are swallowed by the people they are meant for.

Two witches are fighting for the love of a man, and destroy each other in the process.

Plot hook

Kidnapping occurs a lot in Cornish stories. This may be because most Cornish people believe in death curses – a kidnapped person cannot utter one.

Then the pair devised how to get rid of the old lord speedily, for having excited his jealousy they feared he might kill his son, or send him from the country without delay. They little thought, however, when they had decided to poison him in the evening at his supper, that all their infernal plans were overheard by the priest and steward, who had long suspected the step-dame and her woman of hatching some plot against the young master.

In Pengersec castle, as in many dwellings of that time, there were private passages, contrived in the thickness of its walls. Such places, being known only to the master and his confidential servants, were frequently forgotten ; yet the priests, who were skilled builders and great devisers of mysterious hiding-holes, mostly knew where to find them. From behind a perforated carving, in stone or wainscot, the lady's wicked designs were found out. At supper, the old steward, as was his custom, stood behind his master to hand him the tankard of ale, that he drank with his venison pasty, and a goblet of strong waters, that stood in a buffet prepared and spiced by the lady for her husband beside one for herself, to take with the sweet waffels with which they finished their repast.

The hall being but dimly lighted by the fading twilight and a fire on the hearth, the steward managed to distract the lady's attention, when removing the tankard, by letting it fall and spilling what remained in it on her robe, so that, without being noticed, he exchanged the two drinking-vessels' contents, and the lady took the poisoned draught which she had prepared for her spouse.

But it had little or no effect on her for the time, because, to guard against a mischance of this kind, she had long accustomed herself to imbibe poisons, in increasing doses, until she could stand a quantity that would be fatal to one not thus fortified. After supper the priest informed Marec of the snares laid to entrap him, and of the step-dame's murderous attempt on his father.

The lady despaired of accomplishing her designs, as Marec showed by his behaviour, that he regarded her with loathing. One day, when she was more gracious to him than usual, and made advances not to be misunderstood, looking on her with contempt, he said, "Know, sorceress, that I detest thee and abhor thy shameful intentions, but thou canst neither hurt me by thy witchcraft, nor with the blight of thy evil eyes." She made no reply, but left the hall and soon after told her spouse that his son had most grossly insulted her. "Indeed," said she, "I had to defend myself with all my might to preserve my honour, and threatened to plunge a dagger into his heart unless he desisted and left my apartment." Her fabricated story so provoked the old lord that he determined to dispose of his son without delay.

That evening, the weather being stormy, Marec and Uter noticed, from Pengersec How, a vessel taking a course which would bring her into dangerous ground; the young men launched their boat, rowed towards the ship, and signalled that there were sunken rocks ahead. Night was now fast closing in, and the land could scarcely be discerned through the mist, when the young men beheld something floating at a little distance. On approaching it, they saw it to be a drowning seaman quite exhausted, and unable to keep any longer on the surface; they pulled with might and

Plot hook

Priests being associated with architecture is in period, but their link with hidden passages dates from after 1220. Catholics priests were persecuted in England during the Tudor and Stuart periods, and Catholic families had places to to sequester them if soldiers came searching.

Plot hook

Taking a variety of different poisons so that they can, eventually, survive poisoning, may be a side effect of a mystery initiation.

Plot hook

Why is Marec immune to her magic? Is he lying? Can your characters use the same methods in confrontations with other witches?

main and were just in time to save him. Having reached Pengersec Cove, they bore him to Marec's chamber, stripped off his wet clothing, rubbed him dry, placed him in bed on sheep-skins, and lay on either side that the warmth of their bodies might help to restore him. At length his breathing became regular, and, without speaking, he went off in sound sleep.

The rescued sailor awoke much restored and just as well as need be, though surprised to find himself in a new berth with strange shipmates as he thought his two bed-fellows. He tried to get out of bed and have a look round, when Marec well pleased to see him so far recovered related how they had taken him into their boat the previous evening, when he was seemingly at the last gasp.

The seaman who was called Arluth then said, that he recollected having fallen from the "tops" into the water, and endeavouring to keep himself afloat, in hopes of being seen from his ship and rescued; but of what followed he had no remembrance. He also informed them that he was the son of a captain of an eastern ship, which frequently traded at Cornish ports; fearing his father might be in great distress, from thinking him drowned, he wished to get on board his ship as soon as possible.

Uter fetched, from the butlery, beef, bread, and beer; when the sailor and his master sat beside each other he remarked that they looked like twin brothers, from their close resemblance. Having breakfasted, they took horses and followed by the dogs started for Market-jew. When they came out on uncultivated ground, Marec proposed to hunt as they went along, that the seaman might have some game to take aboard.

They had gone but a little way when a white doe started from a thicket and ran towards the hills followed by the hounds in full cry. The sailor's horse being an old hunter, took after them, and the rider, being an indifferent horseman, lost all control over his steed, which bore him after the hounds near to the top of Tregonning hill, where the doe disappeared and the dogs were at fault.

The sailor alighted near the same cairn where Pengersec had been thrown from his horse many years ago. He had no sooner put foot to ground than lightning struck the rocks close by and they toppled over. Then he heard a voice as if from the ground that said, "Fear not, Arluth, beloved son of mine, to seize thy forefather's sword and with it win thy kingdom." There was no one nigh him; but, on glancing towards the eam, he saw near it a beautiful white hare, which gazed lovingly on him for a moment and then disappeared amongst the rocks.

On going to the spot, where the rocks had been severed, he found a naked sword with sparkling jewels in its hilt, and the blade shone like flame. Arluth, having recovered from his surprise, took up the sword, and, looking round, he saw Marec and Uter near him. Surprised that it should be discovered in such a place, and at what the seaman told him. Marec said, that as he had found the magic weapon, he was destined to achieve great things. Arluth again thought of his father and shipmates, who, not knowing if he were dead or alive would be in great trouble; he begged his companions to let him hasten to Market-jew, and their horses soon took them thither.

Plot hook

This character may have a Destiny. Falling from the tops is fatal to some sailors: falling into a cozy bed with your long lost brother is profoundly unlikely.

On parting the sailor said he hoped to see his friends again ; they proposed to visit him in the evening ; saw him embark in a boat and pull off to his ship. The good captain was overjoyed to see him after having mourned for him as dead.

Arluth related how he had been rescued ; drew the sword from his belt and told the captain where he had found it, with what he had seen and heard on the hill. The captain having examined it, said, “The time is come for me to declare that the only relationship I bear thee is through my regard and loyalty to the murdered Queen, thy mother.” He then related to Arluth how the Queen had lost her kingdom and magic sword, through her ill-requited love for Pengersec ; and how he had saved him when an infant. In conclusion the captain said, ” Thou wilt now understand, my son let me still call thee so how that the young lord of Pengersec, who rescued thee last night, is thy brother. Thy name, too which was given thee by thy mother, as soon as thou wast born belongs to this country’s tongue. The Queen, having heard Lord Pengersec thus called by his Cornish followers who attended him to her land, took that title to be one of his names, and liked it best for thee.”

The captain also told the wondering sailor that he would be the acknowledged heir to their country, which had for many years been rent with civil war between divers pretendants thereto, among whom there was no one sufficiently powerful to secure the throne, since the magic sword on which their country’s safety in some way depended had been lost, and reserved by a protecting power for him. “Now nothing more is wanting,” said he, “to enable thee to reclaim thy mother’s dominions, and its people will gladly receive thee to give peace to the distracted country.” The young sailor was much surprised by what the captain related, and still more so when he said that about the time Arluth was following the white doe Pengersec came on board his ship and proposed to hire him and his crew to kidnap and carry away his son and his servant, merely to gratify a stepdame’s spite. The captain said his only reply to the befooled and unnatural father’s proposal was to tell him he should never leave his vessel alive if he spoke to one of his crew, and to order him over the ship’s side immediately. Being stupefied with grief, he didn’t think, however, of another vessel then anchored at no great distance that came from a city where the people mostly lived by piracy ; the crew of this ship which sailed under any colour that suited their ends made it their business, among other things, to land in lonely places, maraud the country, carry off young people, and sell them in Barbary for slaves.

“Had I but thought of it in time,” said the captain, “we would have taken off Pengersec and given him a taste of the sea, for I knew much more of him than he suspected.” Having seen Pengersec go on board and leave the pirate ship, the captain and Arluth, knowing the gang would even murder their own brothers for a trifle of gold, determined to watch their proceedings, and rescue the young men if need be. It was bargained between Pengersec and the pirates that, for a small sum, they would kidnap his son and Uter, either when they went out a-fishing as was their practice almost nightly or land and steal them from the castle. Meanwhile, Arluth had arms placed in a boat; and when twilight darkened into night he saw a boat leave the pirate ship.

Plot hooks

Arluth is a form of Arthur. He finds a magical sword that shows him to be the true heir to the kingdom. Is he a faerie following a story?

Barbary is in Northern Africa. The term post-dates the game period.

"Now, may the gods help me!" he exclaimed, springing up and brandishing his sword, "my first use of this shall be to save my brother." Arluth with several of his crew gave chase.

Marec and Uter, being on their way to the good captain's ship, were encountered by the pirates, overpowered, and put in irons, when their companion of the morning sprang into the pirate's boat and cut in pieces every one of the gang. Having released and embraced the captives, Arluth bore away to the pirate ship, boarded her, hanged the rest of her crew, and took the craft as a lawful prize; and a rich prize they found her. Arluth, having returned to the good captain's ship and informed Marec and Uter how the old lord intended to serve them, said, "Come with me and never more put foot in the place whilst thy crafty step-mother's head is above ground." Marec replied to the effect that he didn't like to go away until he had furnished himself and Uter with money and needful changes of clothing. "Don't touch a thing in the accursed place," returned Arluth, "for you have a brother belonging to the land whither we are bound, who will share his last stiver with thee, and shed his heart's blood in thy defence. Nay, brother, be not surprised," continued he, in drawing Marec to him, "this brother of thine will ere long be king of the country."

"Would to heaven thou wert my brother, thou heart-of-oak, and I would joyfully go with thee to any land," replied Marec. The captain gave the young men of Pengersec a cordial welcome, set before them the richest wines in his ship, and smiling with satisfaction to see the brothers' attachment, and Marec's puzzled look he related to him the history of his father's exploits, which had been told to Arluth, for the first time, only a few hours before. Marec had been altogether ignorant of much that the old commander related of his father's youthful adventures; he rejoiced, however, to find a brother in Arluth, and to go with him, he cared not whither. Uter had such a strong regard for his master that he would gladly accompany him to the world's-end. Arluth, having taken command of the captured pirate ship, with his brother for mate Uter, and a few hands spared from the other vessel, as his crew they at once made sail.

Whilst the two ships go sailing on, with clear skies and favouring gales, we will return, for a brief space, to Pengersec. About the time they got under way, the priest was told that the old lord had during the day been on board two eastern vessels; the good man, fearing this visit portended mischief, watched all night for Marec. When morning dawned, there being no appearance of the young men nor their boat and the ships having left the bay he sought Pengersec; found him and his wife, early as it was, in the hall. The priest and steward accused the lady of having conspired with her woman and others to destroy her step-son and husband. Venna, being summoned, turned against her mistress; the old lord, seeing how he had been fooled, ordered both women to be cast into the dungeon, mounted his horse and rode in all haste to Market-jew to see if any craft might be procured to sail after the departed ships and recover his son. Finding nothing there to the purpose, he returned at nightfall distracted with remorse and rage fully determined to hang his wife and her woman from the highest tower of his castle.

Plot hooks

Your life is going badly, but as a surprise, your brother is King Arthur and he'd like to whisk you away, possibly into Faerie, and make you into Merlin.

Pirates are a source of treasure you are apparently allowed to murder like orcs. They also have ships, which can be the focus of a covenant.

On nearing the thicket, from which the doe started on the preceding day, out sprang the white hare with flaming eyes, right in face of his horse ; the terrified steed turned, galloped down to the shore, and, to escape the pursuing hare, took to sea. Neither the horse nor its rider were evermore seen.

The lady was released by her father's people; she became covered with scales, like a serpent from the effects of the poison she had taken. It was supposed and she was shut up, as a loathsome object, in a dark room of Godolphin. Venna escaped to her aunt the witch of Fraddam. The old lord having confessed, in his anguish, how he had disposed of his son and Uter, the people of Pengersecc supposed they were taken to Barbary and sold as slaves ; hoping, however, to discover them, the old servants took good care of everything, in order to save money and effect his ransom.

The two ships kept as near as might be on their voyage ; and it was noticed that a beautiful white bird followed them from Mount's Bay ; it often came within bow-shot but no one dared to aim a shaft at it, for the eastern mariners believed it to be the spirit of a departed friend who guarded them from harm. Marec frequently passed to the old captain's vessel, when they were becalmed, for he liked much to hear him tell of eastern magicians and the wonderful things they did.

Having arrived at their destined port, they found their country in great disorder from the war waged by many pretenders to the throne, as before stated by the old commander. He had no sooner, however, presented to the people the young man, whom they had long known as his son, and related to them the history of his birth, and of the recovered magic sword, than they all flocked to Arluth's standard and proclaimed him their king.

Arluth but little valued his new dominions at first, and would have preferred the command of a good ship. Yet, to please his people, he consented to rule them, and soon became fully occupied with the cares of his government, which he regulated like the prudent captain of a well-ordered ship ; he would have no idle hands nor waste of stores in his dominions. King Arluth wished his brother to live with him as chief mate and adviser, and offered to dwell in any place he might choose, so it was near their principal port, that he might superintend the traffic. Marec was loath to part with his brother, but his fancy was so fired with what the captain told him about a people, living near them, who were skilled in magic, that he ardently desired to visit their country, and, if possible, acquire some of their extraordinary wisdom.

Arluth, on becoming acquainted with his wishes, furnished a vessel with such merchandise as would meet with a ready sale in the wise-men's country ; equipped his brother in every way becoming his rank, and dispatched him and Uter under the care of trustworthy persons. Marec remained a long while studying among the magicians, and learned many curious arts, unknown in western lands. He also married a beautiful and rich lady, who was gifted with many rare accomplishments, and Uter wedded her favourite damsel.

Plot hook

A ghost hare causing a horse to shy, so its rider falls down a mine-shaft, is a common trope in Cornish stories. If he was Spirited Away, he might still be in faerie, being punished.

Plot hooks

One of the witches is warped into a scaly thing that goes to live in the sea. The other becomes a human-toad hybrid. I don't want to say Deep Ones too often...but I'll say it here.

Paying a ransom for slaves was a known practice in this region: the slavers from Dublin were not still operating in 1220, but the idea of them persists in folklore, so faeries may take up the role.

You could pay the ransom, or you could send a team of companions to bust heads along the Barbary Coast. If this really was a faerie kidnapping the Barbary Coast you arrive at may be closer and stranger than you prepared for.

Plot hook: a guide to other lands

When he returns to Cornwall, Pengerswick uses a lot of incense. Is he a Coptic or Soqotran magician? The “land of the wise men” seems to suit the Soqotran explanation. In contrary, the Soqotrans so not use laboratory equipment, or books of occult science, both of which might be Egyptian.

In about three years, the old captain who, in the meantime, had made a voyage to Market-jew for tin came to the sage's country on purpose to inform Marec that his father had long been dead, and how the people on his estate had sent him money and wished for his speedy return.

Pengersec's heart then yearned for his home and his people ; he told his wife how in the pleasant land, towards the setting sun, gentle showers descended, all summer long, like dews distilled from Heaven, and kept the fields ever verdant; how crops succeeded crops throughout the year, which was like a perpetual spring compared with the arid land in which they then dwelt. He said how hills and dales were covered with fat herds in that happy land, whose inhabitants had not to hunt half-starved wild animals for their subsistence, but only followed the chase for pastime; how by a process, unknown in other lands, a liquor was there brewed from grain, which made those who drank it as strong as giants and brave as lions ; how the Cornish people merely washed the soil of their valleys and found metals more precious than silver or gold. ” That is the tin, to obtain which your eastern mariners make their longest and most dangerous voyages,” said Pengersec as we shall now call Marec “besides,” continued he, “I have a strong and fair castle in a green valley by the sea; I will build thee a bower by the murmuring shore, where we will have delightful gardens and everything for pleasure.”

“Say no more, my beloved, about the delights of thy land,” she replied, “for I shall little regard that when thou art by; thy home shall be mine wherever thou chooseth to dwell ; and whenever it pleaseth thee let us depart.” After procuring many magical books and other things, necessary for the practice of occult sciences, Pengersec and his lady, with Uter and his spouse, took leave of the sages and made sail for home.

On the way, Pengersec stayed some time with King Arluth, who presented him with a foal of the choicest stock of his country ; he also sent on board, unknown to his brother, bales of brocade, and various rich stuffs of gold and silver tissue, besides pearls, precious stones, and other valuable things ; and, promising to revisit each other, they took loving leave.

The lady passed much time on deck playing on her harp, its sweet music kept the weather fair, drew dolphins and other fishes from the depths of the sea to sport around and follow the ship to Mount's Bay; thence it came to pass that on our coast were found many rare fishes never before seen here. “When the young lord and his beautiful bride landed at Market-jew, the people one and all came from near and far away to welcome them. Bonfires blazed on every hill ; weeks were passed in feasting at Pengersec, where archery, hurling, slinging, wrestling, and other games were carried on that the fair stranger might see our Cornish sports ; at night, minstrels and droll-tellers did their utmost to divert the company.

The lady of the castle took much delight in her new home ; she often passed the mornings with her husband in hunting ; she rode over moors and hills with a hawk on her wrist or a bow in her hand. At eve her harp would be heard in Pengersec towers sending joyous strains over sea and land ; then fishermen would rest on their oars, and sea-birds forgetting their nightly places of rest in the western cleeves remained entranced around the castle.

Plot hooks

The lord is an enchanter, but is the lady using Enchantment or Free Expression? They can build a castle in three days.

They have the best blooded horses in Britain, if they have Arabians. That's worth a fortune on the jousting circuit, or as diplomatic gifts to noblemen. Can you arrange a stud fee, or steal a hair of the horse and grow a copy using Ritual magic?

The lady of Pengerswick plays a harp which enchants the mermaids, fish and spirits, some of whom recite her words. Do any of this chorus remember them?

The people were much pleased with the outlandish lady, who admired, their unbounded hospitality to strangers, their primitive manners, simplicity of heart, and sincerity of intention ; for they appeared to her as absolutely ignorant of fraud or flattery, as if they had never heard of such a thing ; she found them to be of a free, facetious temper, though of a somewhat curious and inquisitive disposition the women especially. The lady thought our ancient language sounded much like her eastern tongue, and that made her feel all the more at home.

Pengersec was no sooner fairly settled than he built two broad and lofty towers united by a gallery on the seaward side of his castle. The easternmost tower was constructed with everything requisite for his magic art ; in the other were placed his lady's private apartments, overlooking pleasant gardens, the green glen, and boundless ocean. When Pengersec returned, his step-mother was still immured in her dark chamber. In a little while, however, she fretted herself to death, and the breath no sooner left her body than she returned to haunt the rooms formerly occupied by her in the castle. Pengersec had that portion of the building at once razed to the ground, but her hideous ghost still continued to wander about the place.

Now it was that the young lord essayed the power of his art to some purpose, for, by his enchantment, he confined her to a hole in a headland, west of Pengersec Cove, called the How, and compelled her to assume the form of an uncommonly large adder, in which shape she is still occasionally seen there, if what people of that neighbourhood say, be true.

Over a few years, Pengersec became so much attached to occult sciences that he devoted nearly all his time to their practice ; he was seldom seen beyond his castle, and, even there, he almost continually shut himself up in his tower, where he was never approached except by his lady and Uter, both of whom assisted him in such operations as required help. Fires would be seen through loop-holes in his tower blazing all night long ; and the flames ascended high above the battlements when he changed base metals into silver and gold. If his fire happened to go out he rekindled it by sparks drawn from the sun, by means of a magic crystal. "With the same glass, or another, he also saw what was being done in distant lands. A person, who came from far to see the magician's wonders, on looking into or through this glass, beheld in the castle-court what appeared to be an uncommonly large bird carrying in its mouth a baulk of timber ; on taking away the glass he could only see a duck with a straw in her bill.

Pengersec paid no attention to his farms, which were left to Uter's management; the lord, indeed, had no reason to care about them whilst he could make gold in abundance. But this untold riches was about the least important fruit of his science, for ere he became middle-aged he concocted a magical elixir, or water-of-life, which preserved him, his lady, and others in their youthful vigour.

The lord of Pengersec was soon renowned in all the west as a most powerful enchanter, whom everybody feared to molest and well they might. Someone from the Mount, having a mind to his fat sheep, carried one of them down to the cliff, tied its legs together, and passed them over his head. At this instant, however, the enchanter, happening to glance at his magic glass, saw what was taking place, and put a spell on the thief

Cornish, in *Ars Magica*, is descended from the language of the Trojans. What the Trojans spoke is unclear: in Homer they speak Greek.

Each magician has a tower, as is traditional.

Plot hooks

She's a skilled witch in animal shape. She might serve as a familiar, monster or mystagogue.

that made him remain in the same spot all the night with the tide rising around him and the sheep hanging from his neck. The enchanter released the thief in the morning and gave him the sheep with a caution not to meddle with his flocks again or he would be served out worse. ‘

Tis said, too, that Venna, who was now a noted wisewom or witch living at St. Hillar Downs often had contests with- the enchanter to test the relative powers of their familiars ; they contended with spells and counter-spells from mere pride of art. We omit the details because they would merely be a repetition of much that has been related in the foregoing stories of witchcraft and pellar-craft.

At times the lord would be seen careering over moors and hills, mounted on his handsome mare, brought from the east ; she excelled every other steed for swiftness ; a whisper from him would make her as docile as a lamb, though she was quite unmanageable with everybody else. The castle servants were frequently alarmed by hearing the enchanter conjuring, in an unknown tongue, the unruly spirits that he required to serve him ; or by loud explosions. Pungent and fiery vapours, that threatened to consume the building, often sent their strong odours for miles around. At such times the frightened inmates sought their lady's aid ; who, on taking her harp to the enchanter's tower, soon drove away or subdued the evil spirits by the power of its melody. One time the magician left his furnaces and their fires to the care of his attendant whilst [he] went to pass a while in his lady's bower ; he had not been long there when something told him that mischief was taking place in his tower.

On hastening thither he found the attendant, Uter, had neglected his duty; and, by reading in one of the magical books, had called up evil spirits in such numbers that in another instant they would have destroyed him ; and it required all the enchanter's power to subdue them. Many years elapsed. The lord had a numerous family of whom he took little heed. Some of them were settled on farms, others had been adopted by their uncle, King Arluth, who frequently sent his brother rare drugs, spices, and other things, required by him for making his precious liquor of life. The lady, having outlived all her children and grand-children, became weary of existence in a world, or amidst a people, that seemed strange to her all those of her own age being long dead and wishing to rest with her children, though loath to leave her husband, she often begged him to discontinue prolonging his life ; and he as on former occasions, for the last hundred years or so always promised her to leave the world when he had perfected some new essay of his art, which was all in all to him. His wife, however, neglected to take the lifecordial, and, at length, rested beneath the sod.

Their numerous descendants were known as the custom was then by the names of places on which they dwelt ; only one of them is particularly mentioned by name in the legend ; this was a lady, who lived in Pengersec Castle at the time that a Welsh Prince, from having heard of the Cornish magician's renown, came over to him for instruction, and before his departure married the beautiful Lamorna, who was the sage's great-granddaughter. The Welsh Prince, having sent a quantity of black stones to Pengersec, he extracted from them a sort of liquid-fire, which, by some mismanagement, burst its containing vessels, and an instant

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It is said that Venna, the witch, prolonged her life also without the aid of Pengersec's elixir by merely enticing to her habitation, and keeping there, goats and young people. From them, by some means of her craft, she drew their youthful vigour to herself and caused them to pine and die. This wicked practice of hers having being discovered, young folks were carefully kept out of her reach ; and to prevent her from doing any more mischief, one night when she was brewing her hellbroth, and the flames were seen rising high, the people to prevent her escape nailed up her door; put a turf over her chimney-top, and smothered her in the infernal vapours that arose from her hearth. All the chief people of the story are ended ; but had it not been for Pengersec's untoward accident he might have lived to this day.

Hunt ending

Years had rolled on, and the people around were familiarised with those strange neighbours, from whom also they derived large profits, since they paid whatsoever price was demanded for any article which they required. One day a stranger was seen in Market-Jew, whose face was bronzed by long exposure to an Eastern sun. No one knew him ; and he eluded the anxious inquiries of the numerous gossips...who, it was surmised by every one, must have some connection with Pengerswick or his lady ; yet no one could assign any reason for such a supposition. Week after week passed away, and the stranger remained in the town, giving no sign. Wonder was on every old woman's lips, and expressed in every old man's eyes ; but they had to wonder on. One thing, it was said, had been noticed ; and this seemed to confirm the suspicions of the people.

The stranger wandered out on dark nights spent them, it was thought on the sea-shore ; and some fishermen said they had seen him seated on the rock at the entrance of the valley of Pengerswick. It was thought that the lord kept more at home than usual, and of late no one had heard his incantation songs and sounds ; neither had they heard the harp of the lady. A very tempestuous night, singular for its gloom when even the ordinary light, which, on the darkest night, is evident to the traveller in the open country, did not exist appears to have brought things to their climax. There was a sudden alarm in Market-Jew, a red glare in the eastern sky, and presently a burst of flames above the hill, and St Michael's Mount was illuminated in a remarkable manner. Pengerswick Castle was on fire ; the servants fled in terror ; but neither the lord nor his lady could be found. From that day to the present they were lost to all.

The interior of the castle was entirely destroyed ; not a vestige of furniture, books, or anything belonging to the "Enchanter " could be found. He and everything belonging to him had vanished, and, strange to tell, from that night the bronzed stranger was never again seen. The inhabitants of Market-Jew naturally crowded to the fire ; and when all was over they returned to their homes, speculating on the strange occurrences of the night. Two of the oldest people always declared that, when the flames were at the highest, they saw two men and a lady floating in the midst of the fire, and that they ascended from amidst the falling walls, passed through the air like lightning, and disappeared.

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Plot hooks : Witch of Fraddham

"Again and again had the Lord of Pengerswick reversed the spells of the Witch of Fraddam...[Eventually Pengerswick defeats the Witch and locks her in a coffin floating in the sea.]

The Witch of Fraddam still floats up and down, over the seas, around the coast, in her coffin, followed by the crock, which seems like a punt in attendance on a jolly-boat. She still works mischief, stirring up the sea with her ladle and broom till the waves swell into mountains, which heave off from their crests so much mist and foam, that these wild wanderers of the winds can scarcely be seen through the mist. Woe to the mariner who sees the witch! The Lord of Pengerswick alone had power over her. He had but to stand on his tower, and blow three blasts on his trumpet, to summon her to the shore, and compel her to peace." - Hunt

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FAERIES

Robert Hunt divided Cornish faeries into five types: small people, spriggans, piskies, buccas and browneys. From a game perspective there are two more tribes, giants and merfolk. Giants have their own chapter.

Small people

Small people are the courtly faeries which Hunt compares to the creatures in Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Nights Dream". These sorts of creatures arguably don't exist in folklore from 1220. They rise to become what people think of as the generic for faeries during the Victorian period. In 1220, faeries don't even have wings. In parts of Cornwall moths, ants, and ferrets seem to be related to faeries. They are also said, by later authors, to be Catholics. He begins with origin myths and, as he notes, they may refer to all types of faeries.

"Of the Small People I have heard two accounts. Indeed, it is by no means clear that the tradition of their origin does not apply to the whole five branches of this ancient family. The Small People are believed by some to be the spirits of the people who inhabited Cornwall many thousands of years ago long, long before the birth of Christ. That they were not good enough to inherit the joys of heaven, but that they were too good to be condemned to eternal fires...When they first came into this land, they were much larger than they are now, but ever since the birth of Christ they have been getting smaller and smaller. Eventually they will turn into muryans (ants), and at last be lost from the face of the earth...In Cornwall, as in Wales, another popular creed is, that the fairies are Druids becoming because they will not give up their idolatries smaller and smaller...These Small People are exceedingly playful amongst themselves, but they are usually demure when they know that any human eye sees them. They commonly aid those people to whom they take a fancy, and, frequently, they have been known to perform the most friendly acts towards men and women."

Changelings

There are many ways of getting your baby back: these are basically child abuse, so let's skate past them rapidly, stopping only to mention a demon might convince step-parents to treat their wards as changelings. There's an argument that there's a Divine protection on the bond between parents and their children (like the True Love virtue).

Plot hooks: Saving children

Cornish faeries are known to kidnap, wash and groom children whose parents are neglectful. They return the child unharmed, asleep, scented with rare oils, and surrounded in flowers. This is deliberately slightly sinister: it's how children are buried in Cornwall at the time he's writing. The parents tend to sober up quickly, and treat their children well afterwards. A redcap with a spare evening and the right magic items could do a world of good for some poor child in Cornwall, by pretending to be a faerie.

Virtue: Cleverman / Cleverwoman

Your character needs a high Lore score so that they know the traditional wards and methods of breaking traditional curses. Faerie Sight would also be useful. Hunt says it can't have been a tough job, because piskies can't hurt someone with a piece of clothing turned inside out. Coats and stockings are popular choices.

Virtue Source: Faerie Ally

There are a few stories of foundlings who are faeries, and are raised by humans, then are called away by their parents. Such creatures could be Faerie Allies for player characters: foster brothers and sisters.

Faerie widower

This story is in *Realms of Power: Faerie*, so a brief version is as follows. A farm girl goes to the Fair seeking a place (a job) or, a woman has recently lost a baby and is offered a job as a wetnurse. She is led away by her new employer, who sometimes blindfolds her (to which she acquiesces on the assumption that he's a lord and the baby is his bastard). They arrive in a splendid room with a banquet laid out, or a great garden, and meet a tiny, angelic boy. The woman is told this is her charge, and one of her duties is to wash his face each day with water from a particular ewer, or put a certain ointment in his eyes, but make sure she does not use the magical material herself. Eventually she gets some of it in one eye, and sometimes this leads to her being thrown out, or she just finishes her contract and goes home. Later she sees the widower in the market, but remarks she can only see him with one eye. The faerie curses her to blindness in that eye, and vanishes. She becomes poor, and pines for the luxuries of the faerie court.

Small people's gardens

Hunt gives a lovely quote about a regio here:

"If the adventurous traveller who visits the Land's End district will go down as far as he can on the south-west side of the Logan Rock Cairn, and look over, he will see, in little sheltered places between the cairns, close down to the water's edge, beautifully green spots, with here and there some ferns and cliff-pinks. These are the gardens of the Small...Folk. They are beautiful little creatures, who appear to pass a life of constant enjoyment amongst their own favourite flowers. They are harmless; and if man does not meddle with them when they are holding their fairs which are indeed high festivals the Small Folk never interfere with man or anything belonging to him.

They are known to do much good, especially when they discover a case of oppressed poverty; but they do it in their own way. They love to do good for its own sake, and the publication of it in any way draws down their censure, and sometimes severe anger, on the object whom it was their purpose to serve.

To prove that those lovely little creatures are no dream, I may quote the words of a native of St Levan: "As I was saying, when I have been to sea close under the cliffs, of a fine summer's night, I have heard the sweetest of music, and seen hundreds of little lights moving about amongst what looked like flowers. Ay! and they are flowers too, for you may smell the sweet scent far out at sea. Indeed, I have heard many of the old men say, that they have smelt the sweet perfume, and heard the music from the fairy gardens of the Castle, when more than a mile from the shore." Strangely enough, you can find no flowers but the sea-pinks in these lovely green places by day, yet they have been described by those who have seen them in the midsummer moonlight as being covered with flowers of every colour, all of them far more brilliant than any blossoms seen in any mortal garden."

Plot hooks: Why is he doing this?

There is awful lot of this going on. He turns up at least three times, and those are just the few recorded by chronologically distant authors on seaside holidays. Is the suffering of the woman what is really needed to suckle the baby? Is this an ordeal for a secret society? What happens to the women who don't misuse the ointment?

Virtue Source: Faerie Ally

The ointment is said to be made of four-leafed clover at gathered at certain phases of the moon and to "render the invisible visible, and men invisible. Seeing faeries and invisibility are certainly enough power for a companion.

An elderly lady from Raftera Down in Penberth, bedridden for years, who was constantly entertained by faeries while no other humans were around. Her family dropped by food once a day, and looked after her, but her house was apparently a constant faerie fair. Why she was so honoured is entirely unclear. Was she the leader of the Faerie Widower's Cult?

Virtue Source: science fiction?

If the characters go into the garden are they full size surrounded by tiny creatures, or shrunk down and surrounded by comparatively massive bugs and beetles?

Faerie fairs and revels

What are faerie fairs like?

Bal Lane

Bal Lane [was] covered all over from end to end, and the Small People holding a fair there with all sorts of merchandise the prettiest sight they ever met with. Champion was sure he saw his child there ; for a few nights before, his child in the evening was as beautiful a one as could be seen anywhere, but in the morning was changed for one as ugly and wizened as could be ; and he was sure the Small People had done it. Next day, telling the story at Croft Gothal, his comrade was knocked backward, thrown into the bobpit, and just killed. Obligated to be carried to his home, Champion followed, and was telling of their adventure with the Small People, when one said, " Don't speak about them ; they're wicked, spiteful devils." No sooner were the words uttered than the speaker was thrown clean over stairs and bruised dreadfully, a convincing proof to all present of the reality of the existence of the Small Folks"

Note the taboo on insulting the fae...the Fair Folk, the Good Neighbours. This isn't just politeness: this is propitiation. In your game, enforce this, but only on characters without Magic

Resistance The Gump of St Just

There's a lengthy story in Hunt about a man trying to sneak into the faerie revel to steal some of the treasures of the faeries. During the revel the music forced him to dance, and his senses were heightened. The court procession began with spriggans forming a perimeter, then children followed, strewing living flowers. These were followed by soldiers and gentlefolk, then a prince and princess were carried in on a throne. The man tried to put his hat over the prince. He failed, because during the procession he was surreptitiously surrounded and chained by spriggans. The chains hold him to the earth and paralyse his tongue until they dissolve at dawn.

What the man hoped to achieve by this is best understood by another story, Hunt gave a faerie revel in Townen. A man tried a similar thing, but failed because he made an exclamation of surprise at one of the marvels he saw, and he was called foolish by his wife because *"had he but touched the end of a table with his finger, it would have been impossible for the fairy host to have removed an article, as that which has been touched by mortal fingers becomes to them accursed."*

Virtue Source: Equipment

These faeries can be the source of money and magic items in character creation.

"Many of the good old people were permitted to witness their revels, and for years they have delighted their grandchildren with tales of the songs they have heard, and of the sights they have seen. To many of their friends those fairies have given small but valuable presents ; but woe to the man or woman who would dare to intrude upon the ground occupied by them at the time of their high festivals." -Hunt

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Plot hook: Familiar away team

A taboo against human touch makes faeries difficult to include in the game. To negotiate with them, maybe send an away team of familiars?

Lelant: Faerie burial

Now for a creepy vis source:

“At length he saw, moving along the centre aisle, a funeral procession. The little people who crowded the aisle, although they all looked very sorrowful, were not dressed in any mourning garments...they wore wreaths of little roses, and carried branches of the blossoming myrtle. [He] beheld the bier borne between six whether men or women he could not tell but he saw that the face of the corpse was that of a beautiful female, smaller than the smallest child’s doll...The body was covered with white flowers, and its hair, like gold threads, was tangled amongst the blossoms. The body was placed within the altar ; and then a large party of men, with picks and spades, began to dig a little hole close by the sacramental table. Their task being completed, others, with great care, removed the body and placed it in the hole...As it was lowered into the ground, they began to tear off their flowers and break their branches of myrtle, crying, ” Our queen is dead ! our queen is dead ! ” At length one of the men who had dug the grave threw a shovelful of earth upon the body...In a moment, all the lights were extinguished, and the fairies were heard flying in great consternation in every direction. Many of them brushed past the terrified man, and, shrieking, pierced him with sharp instruments. He was compelled to save his life by the most rapid flight.”

There are some faeries aligned to each of the moral realms, so presumably these are Dominion faeries.

St Levan

The gate at the end of Trezidder Lane often leads to a faerie revel. A man who disturbed it saved himself by turning a glove inside out and throwing it among the faeries, which scared them off. He collected a tiny set of silver knee-buckles from where the faerie folk were dancing, to prove his claims.

Spriggans

Hunt again: *The Spriggans are quite a different class of beings. In some respects they appear to be offshoots from the family of the Trolls of Sweden and Denmark. The Spriggans are found only about the cairns, coits, or cromlechs, burrows, or detached stones, with which it is unlucky for mortals to meddle. A correspondent writes : “This is known, that they were a remarkably mischievous and thievish tribe. If ever a house was robbed, a child stolen, cattle carried away, or a building demolished, it was the work of the Spriggans. Whatever commotion took place in earth, air, or water, it was all put down as the work of these spirits. Wherever the giants have been, there the Spriggans have been also. It is usually considered that they are the ghosts of the giants ; certainly, from many of their feats, we must suppose them to possess a giant’s strength. The Spriggans have the charge of buried treasure.”*

Plot hooks: Pots of gold

“Mmany persons have dug all about the cairns on Trecrom, of moonshiny nights, in hopes of finding the crocks of gold that the giant buried there, but whenever they dig so deep as to touch the flat stone that covers the mouth of the crock, and hear it ring hollow, out from the crevices of the rocks and cairns come troops of frightful-looking spriggens who raise such dreadful weather that it scares the diggers away.” - Hunt

Virtue Source: Spriggan party

There’s a story about a woman whose house was used as a feasting site by spriggans while she slept. She occasionally found coins that had fallen from the spriggan loot, so she put up with their mess. Eventually stayed awake and surprised the spriggans, scaring them off. She took their money and changed address. In this plot hook, springing up with a cross won’t work: the lady needs the magi to help spring the trap.

Plot hook: Spriggan church

The spriggans meet in the depths of the deepest mines on Christmas Eve and have a Mass. During which they sing a carol that Hunt calls “Now Well!” In a footnote, he amuses by giving the lyrics as “Now Well! Now well! the angel did say / to certain poor shepherds in fields who lay / lay in the night, folding their sheep / a winter’s night, both cold and deep. Now well! now well! now well! Born is the King of Israel!” They have a temple for this purpose, that they built themselves, and it is magnificent.

Piksie

In Cornwall, the will o the wisp is a piksie

This fairy is a most mischievous and very unsociable sprite. His favourite fun is to entice people into the bogs by appearing like the light from a cottage window, or as a man carrying a lantern...Moths, ants, and weasels it would seem are the forms taken by those wandering spirits.

These little fellows were great plagues to the farmers, riding their colts and chasing their cows....So wide-spread were their depredations, and so annoying their tricks, that it at one time was necessary to select persons whose acuteness and ready tact were a match for these quick-witted wanderers, and many a clever man has become famous for his power to give charms against Pigseys. It does not appear, however, that anything remarkable was required of the clever man...

After Michaelmas, it is said, that blackberries are unwholesome because Piskey spoils them then." - Hunt

A lot of Cornish houses have a little hole to let the piksies in and out, so they don't get annoyed. How do they deal with the Aegis? Juneish: the same time, people in Poliperro put up a bun, which gradually reduces in size until they replace it the next year. Sounds like a faerie bribe.

Buccas

In 1220 Jews are kept from many professions. They are allowed to work as merchants and bankers, and Hunt records traditions that they rented the lands that were mined from the Crown, and in turn leased them to miners. Hunt gives the tradition that the churches of Dartmoor were all raised by Jews as a tax for the tin stream licenses.

He goes further though. Mining is a terrible job, uncomfortable, dangerous and giving wages only at random. Jews were not, in some recorded folklore, forbidden from engaging in this profession. The ghosts in the mines are Jews because the people in the mines were Jews: Jews that allow you to have player characters who are not Shakespearean bankers and merchants.

A related idea, mentioned in Hunt, is that the knockers are the ghosts are Jews, but that they were the slaves of Romans, forced into the mines during the Empire. The knockers are also called buccas. Knockers only work productive lodes, so their presence is liked by the miners.

In the parish of Towednack there was a well where those industrious small people might every day be heard busy at their labours digging with pickaxe and shovel. I said, every day. No ; on Christmas-day on the Jews' Sabbath on Easter-day and on All- Saints' day no work was done...Any one, by placing his ear on the ground at the mouth of this well, could distinctly hear the little people at work.

Plot hooks: Piksies

Piksie horsemen ride the roofs of Padstow.

There's a friendly piksie called Joan of the Woad that can be summoned as a guide by people with her brass (later called pewter) charm and the right rhyme. She's a friend of Jack-of-the-lantern.

You can go across the bogs by standing on "piksie beds". Are these trods of some kind?

One story claims that faeries are apparently the ancient, pagan dead. They worship the stars, and can take the form of any bird.

Plot hook: Elfstroke

[A wastrel named Barker laid by the well for weeks, to learn the speech of the buccas.]... "He discovered that each set of labourers worked eight hours, and that, on leaving, they hid their tools.... One evening he heard one say, he should place his tools in a cleft in the rock ; another, that he should put his under the ferns ; and another said, he should leave his tools on Barker's knee.

He started on hearing his own name. At that moment a heavy weight fell on the man's knee ; he felt excessive pain, and roared to have the cursed things taken away. His cries were answered by laughter. To the day of his death Barker had a stiff knee ; he was laughed at by all the parish." - Hunt

This is an odd version of elfstroke.

Knockers

After the knockers become separated from the ghosts of the Jews, in folk stories, they begin to take on impish forms.

"It was nearly dark, he seed scores of knackers restan on their tools. They were miserable, little, old, withered, dried-up creatures the tallest of them no more than three foot six, or thefe away, with shanks like drum-sticks, and their arms as long or longer than their legs. They had big ugly heads, with grey or red locks, squintan eyes, hook noses, and mouths from ear to ear. The faces of many were very much like the grim visages on old cloman jugs...One older and uglier than the rest if possible seemed to take the lead in makan wry faces, and all sorts of mockan tricks. When he put his thumb to his nose and squinted at Tom, all those behind him did the same. Then all turned their backs, stooped down, lolled out their tongues, and grinned at him from between their spindle shanks. Tom was now much scared. He noticed that his candle was burnt down to the clay, and knew that he must have slept nearly two hours." -Botrell

Crumbs for bucca

"I often heard when a child, there are some lines about leaving the buryans (crumbs) for Bucca." And one would think the tribe of small folks always made their speeches in ryhmes. When I was young, it was a custom in the harvestfield, at croust (afternoon's refreshment), observed by most old folks, to pour a few drops of their liquor on the ground for good luck ; and to cast a fragment of bread over their right shoulder for the same reason. Fishermen, too, were in the habit of leaving on the sand, at night, a fish for Bucca ; and they were also very careful to feed and make much of their cats, to insure them good luck in their fishing. If tinnars in going to bal met with a 'bulhorn' (shell-snail) in their path, they always took care to drop before it a crum from their dinner, or a bit of grease from their candle for good luck. - Botrell

Brownies

This spirit was purely of the household. Kindly and good, he devoted his every care to benefit the family with whom he had taken up his abode. The Brownie has fled...and he is only summoned now upon the occasion of the swarming of the bees. When this occurs, mistress or maid seizes a bell-metal, or a tin pan, and, beating it, she calls " Brownie, Brownie ! " as loud as she can until the good Brownie compels the bees to settle. - Hunt

The story of making clothes for brownies is found everywhere in Cornwall.

A faerie trick

"...before the good men came home from work. They would be sure to go out to coursey (gossip) a bit while the cake was baking. Then Bucca would steal in, carry off the cake, and place a turf under the bake-pan carefully covered with fire again. When the gossip came to take up the nice bit, she might be heard to exclaim, "Well, I never thought I'd been out so long; my cake is burned to ashes!" - Botrell

Plot hooks: Jack Harry's Lights

Jack Harry's Lights are a naval will-o-the-wisp. They look like ship lights, or even known ships. People who follow them never catch them, and it causes them time and trouble, although it does not seem to lure ships directly onto rocks. It is generally seen before great squalls, so some sailors take it as a warning.

Wisps are the sort of small faeries some magi take as familiars. They have a lot of uses to a magus, like illumination, signalling and scouting. Could a magus tame Jack Harry's Lights? There's no explanation of the name in Hunt's book.

Statistics

See Realms of Power: Faerie

Small People as Sprites p.85, but powers vary by story.

Piskies as Sprites (p.85) but change the physical description).See also Fool's Fire p.92.

Spriggans: There's no quick way to do these, but I' be tempted to just use the stats for Size 3 giants, but change the physical description so they have ridiculous Strength for their size.

Buccas pp.96-97

Brownies p.81

Mermaids have statistics given in Realms of Power : Faerie and in Transforming Mythic Europe.

Merrymaids

There is a parish in the north of Cornwall called Morva, sometimes written Morveth, which has a name based on the Breton that links it to the “Morgern” (sea women) and “Morverch” (sea daughters). A nearby parish has a lot of mermaid symbolism about the place, based on so many of the apostles being fishers of men. Hunt suggests the same may hold true for two other parishes, Morval and Morwenstow.

Mermaids guard some harbours. Seaton and Padstow are both said to have been cursed, so that their harbours filled with sand. after a person tried to shoot the guardian merrymaid.

The old man of Cury

In “The Old Man of Cury”, a man is having a stroll by the seaside and notices a woman sitting on a rock. She cries out when she sees him and slips into a rockpool. The man thinks she was a bather, and may drown, so he rushes to the pool. He realises the woman is actually a mermaid, and she seems distressed. After coaxing her to the surface, by telling her he’s an old man and no more threatening than her grandfather, he asks her some questions. He learns that her husband and children are napping in a cave, and she wanted to view the land and smell the flowers. These are, we may note, the flowers of Land’s End that mortals can smell but not find save at liminal times. She was distracted by dressing her hair, using the pool as a mirror, and stranded by the tide. She was worried her husband would be angry, if he woke and she was away, as he was terribly jealous. Time to quote Hunt:

“She begged the old man to bear her out to sea. If he would but do so, she would procure him any three things he would wish for. Her entreaties at length prevailed ; and, according to her desire, the old man knelt down on the rock with his back towards her. She clasped her fair arms around his neck, and locked her long finny fingers together on his throat. He got up from the rock with his burthen, and carried the mermaid thus across the sands. As she rode in this way, she asked the old man to tell her what he desired. ” I will not wish,” said he, ” for silver and gold, but give me the power to do good to my neighbours : first, to break the spells of witchcraft ; next, to charm away diseases ; and thirdly, to discover thieves, and restore stolen goods.”

All this she promised he should possess ; but he must come to a half- tide rock on another day, and she would instruct him how to accomplish the three things he desired. They had reached the water, and taking her comb from her hair, she gave it to the old man, telling him he had but to comb the water and call her at any time, and she would come to him. The mermaid loosened her grasp, and sliding off the old man’s back into the sea, she waved him a kiss and disappeared. At the appointed time the old man was at the half-ide rock, known to the present time as the Mermaid’s Rock, and duly was he instructed in many mysteries. Amongst others, he learned to break the spells of witches on man or beast ; to prepare a vessel of water, in which to show to any one who had property stolen the face of

Plot hooks: Old Man of Cury

Note how trusting the man is: some faeries would ride him into the sea.

Do faeries just keep meeting men, and eating the bad ones, so that we only hear this story about a nice old chap?

The man is a nympholept: a human who learns magical powers from a nymph. See Realms of Power : Faerie for the Virtue

Is the comb an External Vis Source?

A plot hook from Hunt: “An old tradition...says that a flock of sheep were blown from the Gwithian Sands over into St Ives Bay, and that the St Ives fisher- men caught them, believing them to be a new variety of fish, either in their nets, or with hook and line, and brought them ashore as their night’s catch.” Strong belief brings faeries. Does this create a merrymaid shepherdess?

Terms with real-world explanations

Shingles is a rash caused by the chickenpox virus.

Tetters is any skin disease that causes pustules. or crusting. Ringworm and eczema are tetters.

Saint Antony’s Fire either refers to ergotism or an inflamed skin infection caused by a strain of strep.

St Vitus Dance is a disease that manifests as spasmodic movements. It is a result of an autoimmune response to rheumatic fever.

the thief; to charm shingles, tetters, St Antony's fire, and St Vitus's dance; and he learnt also all the mysteries of bramble leaves, and the like.

The mermaid...persuaded her old friend to take her to some secret place, from which she could see more of the dry land, and of the funny people who lived on it, "and had their tails split, so that they could walk." On taking the mermaid back to the sea, she wished her friend to visit her abode, and promised even to make him young if he would do so, which favour the old gentleman respectfully declined. A family, well known in Cornwall, have for some generations exercised the power of charming, &c. They account for the possession of this power in the manner related. Some remote great-grandfather was the individual who received the mermaid's comb, which they retain to the present day, and show us evidence of the truth of their being supernaturally endowed. Some people are unbelieving enough to say the comb is only a part of a shark's jaw.

Sceptical people are never lovable people.

Spirits and places

In additions to the Hunt's tribes there are some creatures which stand aloof from classification.

The Hooper of Sennen Cove

Many of the "sawns" in the western cleaves have also similar legends connected with them, only the dwellers in sea-side caverns, are either of the mermaid race, or what we call Hoopers. The latter are beneficent spirits who warn fishermen from going to sea when there is an approaching tempest. The Hoopers shroud themselves in a thick fog which stretches across coves frequented by them.

The Hooper is a fog bank that stretches across the bay, to warn sailors not to venture out. It is rarely seen in modern times, because a man who was desperate for money ignored it, led a crew through it, and they died in the squalls.

That it appears less often when ignored argues that it's a faerie. Can the players get it to come back?

Fiddlers' Green

Cornish Sailors' Isle of Avalon. — It is known to most persons who have mixed much with Cornish sailors that they often speak of the "Green," which they frequently call Fiddler's Green amongst themselves. They describe this place as an "Isle of the Blest," in which honest Tars, after the toils of this life, are to enjoy unmixed bliss with their old comrades and favourite fair ones. In orchards of fruit, ever ripe, they are to be entertained with music, dancing, and everything else in which they delighted in their lifetime.

Plot hook: Old Storm Woman

Domazy Pool has a spirit called the "Old Storm Woman" who creates tempests as she draws power to herself. She is sometimes described as a gigantic, ghostly mermaid.

Plot hook: Lizard folk

The Lizard is a headland in Cornwall.

"There is a tradition that the Lizard people formerly...went on all fours, till the crew of a foreign vessel, wrecked on the coast, settled among them... they became as remarkable for their stature and physical development as they had been before for the reverse. At this time, as a whole, the Lizard folks certainly have among them a very large population of tall people, many of the men and women being over six feet in height." - Hunt

The hunched form of the original Lizard people may be due to faerie blood. Who interbreeds with them to make the locals tall? Is it a covenant's turf? Covenfolk tend to be well-fed and protected from disease spirits by the covenant's magical defences.

Plot hooks : Ants

"The ant is called by the peasantry a Muryan. Believing that they are the Small People in their state of decay from off the earth, it is deemed most unlucky to destroy a colony of ants. If you place a piece of tin in a bank of Muryans at a certain age of the moon, it will be turned into silver." - Hunt

DEMONS AND SPECTRES

Hunt notes it is odd that there are so many stones marked as the Devil's oven, coit, footstep and so on, because there's a myth saying he never comes to Cornwall. A counter myth is that there's a doorway to hell in the shale behind Polperro, and the lake there, shaped like a giant hoofprint, was made by his Satanic horse.

The devil never came into Cornwall, because, when he crossed the Tamar, and made Torpoint for a brief space his resting-place, he could not but observe that everything, vegetable or animal, was put by the Cornish people into a pie.

He saw and heard of fishy pie, star-gazy pie, conger pie, and indeed pies of all the fishes in the sea. Of parsley pie, and herby pie, of lamy pie, and piggy pie, and pies without number.

Therefore, fearing they might take a fancy to a "devil pie," he took himself back again into Devonshire. — Hunt.

Although the Devil himself may stay away, his minions are often seen in Cornwall. Local folklore doesn't properly distinguish infernal and magical ghosts, so they are collected here.

The damned soul of Tregeagle

There is not a lot known about the life of Jan Tregeagle, the most famous damned soul in Cornwall. He is said to be one of the family that owned Trevorder, near Bodmin. He lived a dissolute life, exchanging one sin for another, until his death.

To save him from damnation, a prior, properly paid, indulged his sins and buried him in a church where Satan could not claim him. This did not last him until Judgement, however, because a lawyer called his animate corpse to testify in a court case about a piece of land on which Tregeagle had falsified records. Afterward the lawyer abandoned him to the judge, and the prior who had aided him so much during life.

The churchmen could not merely surrender a soul to the Devil, so they gave Tregeagle an eternal penance. He needed to empty a bottomless pool (Dosemay, on Bodmin Moor, which is said to link to Falmouth Harbour) with a limpet shell with a hole in it, never resting lest Satan take him. Hunt notes this punishment is the

Plot hook: Absence

Another story indicates that the smith's stone at St Mabyn kept away the Devil out of Cornwall until it was stolen. The Devil tempted a farmer to take it, and he cut it up for gateposts. The stone may still stand in Mythic Europe, and the player characters may be tempted to destroy it.

Plot hooks: Evidence

There seem to be a batch of lawyers in this story who can call up the dead, despite Christian burial. Is this some sort of tradition of Infernalists? Is Tregeagle really a faerie impersonating the sinner? Similarly, the priests are skilled controllers of his spirit. Are they all saints, or is there a technique employed?

same as that given to the daughters of Danaus in Greek mythology. After a time, Tregeagle was driven from the Pool by a terrible, possibly infernal, storm, and fled the Black Hunter until he reached St Breoc's Church, and shoved his head into the window. Demons could hurt him, but not drag him away, and so he screamed under their torture for many weeks.

This terrified the locals, so he was assigned a new task, to make ropes of sand on a beach near Padstow. Eventually he terrified the locals there so much that Saint Petroc chained him and took Tregeagle to a beach near Ella's Town, which was then a rich port, where his penance was to carry sand away until the beach is bare rock. Eventually Tregeagle was tripped by a demon and his sack of sand formed a bar across the harbour of the town, destroying its economy. He was then sent to Porthcurnow Cove near Lands End, to sweep the beach's sand around the headland into a cave.

He is still there, other than when he is forced from his task by the Black Hunter, and flees his wish-hounds across Cornwall. His cries are louder than the Atlantic gales. They are louder than the wind whistling through the cairns of Bodmin. His screams of hope, pain, fear and frustration may be heard anywhere in Cornwall.

Barguests, and other hellhounds, and already known in *Ars Magica*, but in Cornwall they are strongly related with the figure of Tregeagle and the Black Hunter who chases him. to the dread blast of his bugle. The demonic figure, also called the Midnight Hunter, is served by headless hounds, which nonetheless howl. The cry of these hounds is fatal to mortal dogs. In Cornwall and Devon these are often called "yell hounds" or "wish hounds". This comes from a local dialect word, whist, which means melancholy and supernatural. Whistman is a term that's suitable for magi, as some writers mistakenly think the word is related to "weird" or "wise" or "Woden".

Tregeagle, in one variant of the story, cannot abide the presence of babies. This may be because they are sacred innocents. A person carrying a baby is proof against his powers, even if they merely scoop up the child of a random nearby person.

In another story Dozmary Pool was an infernal regio, a castle of carnality that Tregeagle traded his soul for access to for a hundred years. Time passed without him noticing while he was there, however. At the end of his time, the Hunter came, killed him with a bolt of flame, and now chases his ghost for sport.

Hunt notes that, in addition to Domesay Pool, wish hounds are often reported in the valley of Dewerstone and in Cheny Downs.

Plot hook: A shield for Tregeagle

Tregeagle seems a potent spirit, so a covenant with a weak Aegis might serve as a new refuge for him. Does this lead to a demonic siege? Tormenting demons being more common in the neighbourhood? Can the characters evict him without asking saints to come in and perform miracles, damaging the magical Aura?

Could a modern sinner be damned in much the same way as Tregeagle? A nobleman or magus, for example?

If a magical battle disturbs the site of his labour, such that Tregeagle needs a new task, what might it be?

The center of House Tytalus is just across the Channel. If one of those magi wants to chase the Midnight Hunter, what trouble could that bring?

Plot hook: Pardoners

Pardoners are called quaestores in Latin.

In Cornwall, one of the non-magical redcaps is a reformed bandit leader who thought a Hermetic quaesitor was a pardoner, tried to rob him, and was recruited after being defeated.

The demon mason and the cobbler

Botrell collected a Cornish folktale with two monsters and a contagious infernal aura.

Most Cornish scholars agree that the name Bosava is composed of Bos (house), and aval (apple), with the signification of Orchard-house...The common saying of the inhabitants of this neighbourhood that "Bosava was the first house built after the flood," implies that they regard it as the most ancient habitation of the vale.

...There might be seen, just below Bosava mill, the ruins of a very old house...the erection of this remarkable dwelling was ascribed to a demon-mason, who engaged to build a house of better workmanship than was ever seen in the parish before, for an old miserly cobbler named Lenine, on the usual conditions—that the employer was to depart with the demon craftsman at a stated time and serve him. They say that one of the boots which old Lenine made for the dark gentleman-mason was much larger than the other, to hide his cloven foot. No one, at first, except the old cobbler, knew whence the dark and silent workman came, nor was it known how or when he departed: yet, in an incredibly short space of time, the building was completed...Old Lenine enjoyed the house in his dismal way for many years after it had been finished, in all respects according to contract, by the honest mason-devil.

At last the term expired. And the cloven-footed craftsman...returned to claim his own...The night he arrived...he found old Lenine mending a pair of shoes...The cobbler desired his visitor, who was for immediate departure, to let him finish the job and the inch of candle remaining, stuck on the edge of the window-seat (that it might not be wasted) before they started together. The good-natured simple devil consented. And then, when he turned his back a moment, and went out to see how his work stood the beating of wind and weather, that instant the old cobbler blew out the candle and placed it in the bible.

The devil, as one may expect, was much enraged to find himself fooled by the old miser, and declared that from that time old Lenine should never be able to keep a whole roof on the house nor anybody else after him, so that he would find himself worse off than if he would go then, like a man to his word. The old cobbler cursed and swore, that, roof or no roof, he would remain in his house, in spite of all the black gentry in the place the dark workman carne from, as long as one stone stood on another. The crow of the cock soon after made the devil decamp, and, in taking his departure, he raised a whirlwind which blew off all the thatch from one side of the roof. The old cobbler didn't mind that, for as soon as the devil departed he cast the candle in tin that it might be safe.

Old Lenine tried every means that he, or anyone else could ever think of, to keep a sound roof over his head, but all in vain...Whether he died in a natural way no one could say for certain. Those who inherited the property thought they would keep a roof on such a fine high house, that they might either live in it, or let it, but they were mistaken, because the he contest between the cobbler and the devil was going on with more

Plot hook: The Flood?

Does this mean the flood of Noah, or the inundation that drowned Lyonesse? If it was built by survivors of the fallen kingdom, what artefacts and secrets does it contain?

If magi create a castle using magic, this story will lead locals to negative interpretations.

than ever. Old Lenine might be heard every night making the walls resound with the noise of his hammer ringing on the lapstone: even by day he would often be heard beating his leather from all over the bottom... The miller begged the parson to come to Bosava without delay, and to exert his power on the devil and cobbler.

They say that when the parson, assisted by Dr. Maddern and the miller, drew the magic pentagram and sacred triangle, within which they placed themselves for safety, and commenced the other ceremonies, only known to the learned, which are required for the effectual subjugation of restless spirits, an awful gale sprung up in the cove and raged up the vale with increasing fury, until scarcely a tree was left standing in the bottom. Yet there was scarcely a breath of wind stirring in other places. As the parson continued to read, the devil swore, howled, shrieked, and roared louder than the raging storm. The parson, undaunted, read on and performed more powerful operations in the art of exorcism, till the sweat boiled from his body so that there was not a dry thread on him, and the parson was beginning to fear that he had met with more than his match, when the whole force of the storm gathered itself around the haunted house, and the tree to which the parson clung, that he might not be blown away, was rooted from the ground, and swept by the gale, parson and all, right across the water. Then the thatch, timbers, and stones were seen, by the lightning flashes, to fly all over the bottom. One of the sharp spars from the thatch stuck in the parson's side, and made a wound which pained him ever after. Yet, not to be baffled, the parson made the black spirit hear spells which were stronger still. A moment after, the devil (as if in defiance of the parson) had made a clean sweep of the roof, from amidst the wreck of the building a figure was soon to rise in the shape of the dark master-mason, and fly away in the black thunder-cloud, with his level, square, plumb-line, compasses, and other tools around him.

After the devil had disappeared there was a lull in the tempest. The brave parson then tried his power on the cobbler, who might still be heard beating his lapstone louder than ever. The parson, after summoning old Lenine to appear, and after much trouble in chasing the obstinate spirit of the old miser from place to place, at last caught him in the pulrose under the mill-wheel. Then the ghost threw his hammer and lapstone at the parson's head; at the same time cried out, "Now, Corker, that thee art come I must be gone, but it's only for a time." Luckily the parson was too well acquainted with spiritual weapons to let ghostly tools do him any harm. The night was passed. The parson's power had compelled the demon and cobbler to depart. After making a wreck of the house between them, the parson could do no more for the miller. But a few days after it was found that the old cobbler had returned to the charge, making more noise and annoyance about the place than ever, by broad daylight even as bad as by night, and that the parson could only hunt him from spot to spot about the wreck of the haunted place, without being able to make the cease from amidst the ruins. It was then decided to demolish all the walls of the devil's building.

Thus the best piece of work ever seen in this part of the country was long ago destroyed, and the stones employed for building hedges and outhouses. No one cared to use them about any dwelling-house, for fear that the old miserly cobbler might claim them and again settle down to beat his lapstone beside them.

Plot hooks: Looking for work

The devilish mason is still about, and looking for work. If the player characters press and enemy too far, might he not employ the honest devil?

Even without a client, if the magi make a house more impressive than Bosava, might the demon not make a finer one again, simply out of professional pride? Could such a house safely be inhabited, or would it be the focus for arguments, given its dark origin?

Plot hooks: Accursed stones

One of these stones can be built into the home of a rival, to make the haunting, and perhaps the destruction of the roof, begin again.

How can a single ghost haunt bricks scattered so far and wide? Is this a suitable subject for magical research? A Criamon magus skilled at taking ghostly form wishes to use it to rediscover the ancient secret of bilocation, lost since the time of Aristotle?

Is having a ghost banging on in an outbuilding such a terrible thing? Particularly if he really mends shoes? A turb of grogs can go through an awful lot of boots, and a free cobbler might prove useful.

The Devil's Money

"The boy didn't venture from his fort for sometime after the bull left. At length he 'cramed' down over a shelving side of the rock on all fours, head foremost it was too dark to see where to put his feet. When he touched ground with his hand he felt and took up what he thought, by the feel of it, to be a penny-piece or a large button. He ran home and saw... that he had found a penny.

Next night, about the same hour as on the preceding, he went on the rock, 'cramed' down again, and found two penny-pieces...and, night after night, he visited the rock, found the money doubled each succeeding night, and picked up silver money in other places where one would the least expect to find it, till his hiding-place was nearly full in a few weeks.

...One night, when he thought there was nobody about, his mother came in and found him standing on the chimney-stool so earnest about something that he didn't see her watching him, and he kept handling his money till she said, "Whatever hast thee got there between the stones, that thee art always stealing into the chimney, whenever thee dost think nobody is noticing of thee."

"Only my buttons and marbles, mother," said he.

"I don't believe thee," replied his mother; "stand away, and I'll see for myself."... "Now tell me, or I'll kill thee, thou lying thief," said she, "where didst thee get this money; if thee hast stole it I'll murder thee, I will."

The boy didn't much mind his mother's threats terrific as they seem he was used to it. Yet she made him tell how he came by the money.

"Oh! good gracious mercy on us," cried she, before he had finished telling her; "oh! thou wicked boy; thee hast frightened me out of my life. Now tell me true," moaned she, wringing her hands, "hast thee used any of the" devil's money, put there to entice thee to sell thyself to him, body and soul?"

"No, mother, please sure I han't," said he, "I was [saving] all to buy a gun."

"Well, thank goodness," groaned his mother, "that I have found all out in time to prevent thee shuttan thyself or somebody else with the devil's gun. I should never more rejoice if I thought thee hast used a farthing of en. Know, thou plague of [my] heart, that what seemed to thee a bull was the Old One hisself. He placed the money there for thee, and, when the bull seemed to vanish, he only changed to an adder, a toad, or something else that suited his purpose, and he was watchan thee all the time."

Whilst talking to the boy she raked all the money on to a fireshovel, and threw it under a brandes, around which there was a good turf-fire. In a few minutes all the money melted away, and was gone like hailstones in sunshine. Next morning she carried out all the ashes, strewed them about the town-place, and swept the hearth nine times before she lighted a new fire. The poor woman never rested till she told old Parson Stephens. He didn't altogether believe the boy's story, but said that if it was the devil's money she did right, or she might have brought it to him.

The boy was so terrified by what his mother said, that, for years after, he never ventured to wander by night, even when he hunted for Sir Rose, and was as stout a man as one might see of a market day; and the sight of a black bull or anything he took for such would always make him tremble. There are many stories of this class about people having been enticed with devil's money, but few of them have so fortunate an ending as the old huntsman's relation. - Botrell

Plot hook: Missing silver

Money keeps disappearing from the payments made to the covenant, and some detective work indicates it vanishes at the Aegis. Magi may think it's just faerie silver, and look for a minor trickster as its source. What do they do when they discover a potent demon, whose money curses everything that was purchased with it?

Diabolic vicars

There are a surprising number of vicars skilled in demon worship in Cornwall. There are many others who can lay or banish ghosts. Hunt says that it's common to cast them to the Red Sea, or Dead Sea.

Jago of Wedron

“Any one visiting the parish of Wendron will be struck with many distinguishing features in its inhabitants. It would appear as if a strange people had settled down amidst the races already inhabiting the spot, and that they had studiously avoided any intimate connection with their neighbours. The dialect of the Wendron people is unlike any other in Cornwall, and there are many customs existing amongst them which are not found in any other part of the county. Until of late years, the inhabitants of Wendron were quite uneducated ; hence the readiness with which they associate ancient superstitions with comparatively modern individuals.

The Reverend Mr Jago was no doubt a man who impressed this people with the powers of his knowledge. Hence we are told that no spirit walking the earth could resist the spells laid upon him by Jago. By his prayers or powers many a night wanderer has been put back into his grave, and so confined that the poor ghost could never again get loose. To the evil-disposed Mr Jago was a terror. All Wendron believed that every act was visible to the parson at the moment it was done day or night it mattered not. He has been known to pick a thief at once out of a crowd, and criminal men or women could not endure the glance of his eye. Many a person has at once confessed to guilty deeds of which they have been suspected the moment they have been brought before Mr Jago.

We are told that he had spirits continually waiting upon him, though invisible until he desired them to appear. The parson rode far and wide over the moorland of his parish. He never took a groom with him ; for, the moment he alighted from his horse, he had only to strike the earth with his whip, and up came a demon-groom to take charge of the steed.”
-Hunt

Jago is mentioned in a later story. There was a suicide called Tucker, who was buried at a crossroads. When people rode past, they could crack a whip and yell “Arise, Tucker!” and his shade would travel with them for a way. Eventually, Tucker became sick of being used for a game, so he did not return to his grave, staying gripped to the rider. This parson locked him into his grave.

Plot hook: Keep it to yourself

There are covenants near the Dead Sea: surely it must be annoying to have the various terrors of Cornwall appear in your lake? The Red Sea is the province of the Soqotrans, a secluded order of magicians served by, and serving, potent tree-spirits. Might they send agents to stop this?

Notes on Wedron

The people of this area might have odd characteristics because they have Faerie Blood, or magical Warping. This may be defined to suit a player character's background.

Notes on Jago of Wedron

From the description, Jago has Piercing Gaze, at minimum, and a demonic groom. He also has the ability to pin ghosts into their graves. It's possible he has faerie powers, or uses the powers of the Divine to control the Infernal. As an alternative, he might really be happy using demons to be a really great vicar. Not every diabolist wants to become Emperor

Peter of Altarnun

This myth is from the reign of Charles II, but you can work it back into 1220 if you wish. The deacon of the church, Peter, was interested in his office only for the luxuries it provided. He was reputed to disinter the recently dead. Some said it was to steal their rings. Others said it was for black magic. What is known is that at the age of a hundred, dark hair grew through his grey ones, and new teeth thrust from his empty jaws. He died when he was over 150 years old.

Dando of Saint Germans

Dando was a “jolly friar” at the priory of Saint Germans. He ate and drank to excess, and gave light, indulgent penances to those seeking confession. He was well-liked by many of the locals, save a few, whose deep curses followed him with effect.

The priest pursued hunting with the same excess as his other vices, and he trampled the fields and gardens of many farmers. Their hatred of him eventually took form. The Devil did not take Dando immediately. He made sure he had good health, and regular money. Dando arranged the drinks, gluttony and sex. Eventually, though, Dando had done all of the damage he could do, and the Devil decided to harvest his soul.

One Sunday, while Dando was out hunting, he called for drink. “Where can I get it?” asked one of his grooms. “You can go to Hell if you can’t get it on Earth!” answered the priest. A dashing man rode up and gave him a flask. The man and the priest argued, and eventually the man lifted the priest onto the front of horse. He galloped toward the river, and when he leapt into the flow, the water boiled and hissed....

The priest was never seen again.

“The old, half-starved horses on the common, with their hides grown rusty brown, like dried and withered grass, by exposure, are ridden by the archfiend at night. He is said to hunt lost souls over this heath ; and an old stile hard by bears an evil name, for there the souls are sure to be caught, none being able to get over it.” - Hunt

Plot hooks: Death customs

When people die, it is necessary to open every lock and bar of the house, to let their spirit escape. Does this include the Aegis? Will the aegis keep annoyed ghosts inside, creating poltergeist activity, until it falls and they vanish with a sigh or a scream?

Plot hooks: Dando's dogs

A carving of this story is found in the oak throne of the bishop of Saint Germans. The hounds of the hunt are often heard on Sabbath mornings. Some people are chased by the dandy-dogs, and a dark hunter with saturnine horns, but if they pray fervently, the hell-hounds are turned aside and seek other prey.

Plot hooks: Rillaton druid

In Rillaton there are two black dogs. The ghost of a druid appears to people and asks for water. He died when refused by a local lord, and so now the local lord is cursed to always give food and water to travellers. The location of the druid’s grave is known (it overlooks the town). He was buried with his sword, knife and cup. The Rillaton Cup is a real world object.

Duffy and the Devil

This is a Cornish version of Rumpelstiltskin. The devil is called "Terrytop" in the local version. It differs a little, in that a beautiful peasant girl gets a job as a spinner by lying about the quality of her work. A devil appears and says he'll do her work for three years, then give her the chance to guess his name. If she fails to guess, she must go away with him. The girl's spinning is so good that she has many potential suitors, but marries her employer, a local nobleman.

Duffy spends a lot of time at the local mill, dancing and gossiping. The miller's wife, Bet, is her best friend and a witch. The witch knew her spinning was done by a demon, because there was always a dropped stitch in the stockings. Demons can't make perfect things. She didn't let on, because she had uses for demons herself, but when he friend appeared sad, toward the end of the three years, she had the whole story from Duffy.

Bet distracts the squire, who is off hunting, with a supernatural hare. She then puts on her red witch's robe and seeks out her fellow witches, who hold a Sabbat at Fugoe Hole. She gets the devil drunk, and encourages him to dance and sing. He foolishly mentions his name. The squire, who has been led to the revel by the hare, hears this, and tells it to his wife the next morning, thinking it but a queer occurrence.

She then gives the creature its name, and all of the spinning it had created disappears. The squire thinks this is because he chased a witch, likely Bet, in hare form, and so has been cursed. He discovers Duffy cannot spin new cloth, and there is some sort of resolution which involves Duffy's previous lover thrashing the squire, but Hunt then clams up, saying that the droll is long and its conclusion to immodest for the modern reader.

Demons of the mines

There is a spirit called Gathan which mocks the miners. He repeats their blows stroke for stroke, fills mines with smoke, and leads them astray with false fires. He seems to be a separate presence from the little imps often spotted. They are seen lounging about underground, near lodes which they work while the miners are away. The imps are considered lucky, but will not let the cross be drawn or made underground.

A dead hand, carrying a candle, has been seen in many mines. It climbs ladders, as though a body were attached. It holds the candle between forefinger and thumb while grasping with the other three, as a miner would. There is a story about how a miner had his hand cut off in an accident: but surely a ghost should haunt a single mine, rather than the many in which it has been spotted? It is perhaps a demon or a faerie.

Plot hook: Same contract

The covenant may hear of a girl who can spin gold, and thinking they are dealing with a faerie, anger this minor demon. How can they extricate themselves, and their new servant? Are there ramifications when their gold disappears?

If a magus has enchanted a cloak of this fabric, might he be willing to sacrifice the girl to ensure his work is preserved?

Notes on Wedron

The people of this area might have odd characteristics because they have Faerie Blood, or magical Warring. This may be defined to suit a player character's background.

Notes on Wedron

Several Cornish stories about battles say "the mill was run by blood that day". Being driven with a stream of blood must somehow create an infernal aura, or attract faeries for the odd bread it creates. Does this make re-enactments of the deaths on the riverbanks more likely?

The Hooting Cairn

Cairn Kenidzhék (pronounced Kenidjack, meaning “Hooting”) is on the road from St Just to Penzance. Devils gather there to watch wrestling matches. The light and noise are obvious in the surrounding land, and so people avoid talking when passing through its shadow, which lies over the road. At night, most avoid the road.

The story that describes the doings on the cairn are given by two miners who, a little drunk, passed along the road at night, and forgetting the prohibition, discussed their mining. A man in black galloped toward them, on a horse they knew as one of those used in the mine, and so they called out, to make sure they were not ridden down by accident. The drunken men spoke to the rider, who told them he was going to the wrestling, and to come along.

The miners found they could not help but obey, and that the climb was effortless. A crowd was gathered about a huge fire, and singing a song that had a hoot as a chorus. Two gigantic men began to wrestle, but the man in black called that there was insufficient light. A demon set his eyes upon the athletes, and they glowed with balefire that illuminated the match. The giants wrestled until one dropped the other, who lay as if dead. One of the miners was a lapsed minister of religion, and in a fit of morality offered the ultimate unction to the fallen giant.

In an instant, the men were lost in the dark and fog: the demons had vanished. The miners lay in each other’s arms for warmth, and waited for the safety of the sunrise.

The Dancing Stones

There are many circles of standing stones in Cornwall. The peasants of Mythic Europe know where they come from: annoy God enough and he’ll turn you, and all of your friends, into rocks. He’s particularly fond of making rockeries on the Sabbath.

The Dancing Stones are near Burian, and are believed to be girls from a neighbouring village who were lured dancing by two demons. Their revel continued into the Sabbath, so God transformed them into stone.

The two demons, likewise, were turned into stones. That shouldn’t stop them for long, most demons can make new bodies, but it does mean the stones may have an infernal aura, sordid vis, or provide an arcane connection to the previous inhabitants.

Flaw source: Perjury

The sun literally does not shine on perjurers. They cannot see its light, or feel its warmth, although this does not affect those near them. They see all things dimly, as if in smoke or moonlight, and are always cold. They become pale, like an invalid kept forever inside. A magus can fabricate this sort of thing with a spell, to vex local judicial practices.

In Cornwall, when sinners convert, they see lights, like Paul on the road to Damascus. Others sometimes see them too.

Plot hooks: Stone circles

There’s a similar story told at various other places, and a related story, told in rivalry at many, many sites, that the stones commemorate some dead nuns. This would give them an aura, particularly if the nuns were martyred during the invasions.

Near Cheesewring are three sets of circles called the Hurlers. Hurling is a sport, and playing it on the Sabbath is pretty common. Some suggest that faeries or demons now use the Hurlers as goals in their own games of hurley, and they are always up for a match if the stakes are right.

Saint Warna: Patron of Wreckers

There's an island called St Agnes containing an area called "St Warna" but pronounced "Saint Waound". It's the home of a cult of wreckers, where it was considered perfectly normal to go to her holy well, throw pins in it, and hope that ships would be wrecked upon the coast. The version that comes from Whitfield has them as deceived by a demon that takes the form of a saint, which in Ars Magica terms is a False God, but I've statted her as an Aerial Power. I have read other accounts of the cultists and their standard prayer was after dropping a pin into the well to say:

*"Good night Mother.
Good night, Father.
Good night enemies and friends,
and a ship for us tomorrow."*

In some other areas the usual prayer was something along the lines of "Blessed lady we do not wish for a wreck, but if there must be a wreck – if it is God's will – please let it be upon our shores." which is less homicidal, given that you could pray for the wreck not to happen at all.

The power that dwelt in St Warna was believed to be strong over those who followed their business on deep waters. Many a time when a gallant ship was seen approaching land in safety, walking grandly upon her way, the dim shadow of the hostile Saint was thought to appear brooding like a cloud above her, and leading her unconsciously upon some one of the concealed terrors that lurked below. Many a time a light burning upon the shore, like a friendly signal, hurried the homeward bound barque and her trusting company upon rocks, from which you no human hand could rescue them. In all these cases St Warna was held to be the presiding influence – the unseen shade that did her terrible spiriting even at her own stone well,

At that period, as i before said, five families alone were left upon St. Agnes. They were unwilling to admit strangers among them, unless they should be obliged to share the advantages of their wicked gain with a greater number, and so diminish their unholy store. They bowed daily before the altar of St Warna, and daily threw pins into her well, and offered up their supplications for wrecks.

Many of these there were and their hearts were gladdened and they grew wealthy on their spoils. The corpses of the crews they stripped and then flung back into the sea. Some missionaries of the reformed belief assayed to come and teach them the things that concerned their peace, but the Islanders stoned them and drove them away. They were like the leeches of a craving for more blood, for those still unsatisfied even by the abundance of their ill got goods.

People prophesied against them and foretold for them an evil end, but those of San Agnes were ever and are now a dour race, disagreeing among themselves and only uniting to oppose some common enemy, so they went on sacrificing to St Warna, and laying snares for unhappy mariners and increasing their profits at the expense of their souls. The preachers of the gospel faith held that the demon was permitted for a time to personate the saint and so to do these

iworks of darkness, and truly it seemed probable for they prospered in their ungodliness, and even went so far as to take up their parable against the new ministers and they appealed to their well-doing as a proof of the efficacy of their prayers, and the influence of St Warna.

One day a vessel was seen to approach the island in a quarter the most dangerous and generally and most carefully avoided. The five households of San Agnes were on the alert. They knelt before the shrine and made their offerings. In case their prayers were heard they then hurried to the shore, and saw there, as they believed, a plain proof of the power of their patroness. The vessel had, by some miraculous chance, passed Annet with its wide reefs and shoals. Tempted by the appearance of deep water and safe anchoring ground, the crew bore up and went straight for shore.

For some time there was no sign of danger. The tall ship came on bravely and without fear. At last however the foam ahead gave notice of breakers on the bow, and the helmsman endeavoured to wear, but in vain. The devoted craft missed stays and was next moment lifted upon a sharp rock, the peaks of which pierced her sides and held her fast. She struggled and reeled, to and fro, but every shock lengthened her agony, and the water rushed in through the leak thus made. Then, as her timbers gaped and yawned from each successive blow, she parted amidships and the sea was covered with her fragments.

Her crew and passengers were beheld in the water, swimming with the energy of despair, or clinging to portions of the wreck on which they hoped to reach the shore, but men held out to them no helping hand. One by one they sunk and was seen no more. The wretched Islanders watched their expiring struggles, but made no effort to aid them. All their exertions were directed towards seizing and dragging forth, high and dry upon the beach, such articles of value as the tide had already begun to cast up.

We will drop out of the legend there. This legend is about how the folk of St Warna were destroyed. During the particular shipwreck that's being described they leave a missionary and a baby to die of exposure. The missionary's ghost appears and challenges the demon. He lays a curse on her followers, saying that they will all be killed.

The following Sunday they travelled to a nearby island to have an official marriage. It's required that they have it on the large island for legal reasons. As they are returning home, God smites them all by sinking all of their boats or, in other versions of the story, he just washes the entire island clear with a great wave.

The legend as you may have guessed, from continuous references to the Reformed faith in the original, and from some of the technology in the ship, is from far later than the usual game period: it's from the 16th or 17th century. In the 12th century, the cult is active – they have their little Infernal aura and their False God. They could wreck the covenant's ship.

The easiest way to stat up this group is just to reuse the material for Demonic Pirates in Tales of Power.

St Warna

Order: Aerial Power

Infernal Might: 25 (Auram)

Characteristics: Int +3, Per +1, Pre +2, Com +2, Str +7, Sta +2, Dex +3, Qik +2

Size: +3 (can appear as human in dream, though)

Confidence Score: 5 (5)

Virtues and Flaws: Enjoys worship +3

Personality Traits: Untameable +4.

Reputations: Goddess of Wreckers 5 (Infernal)

Combat (uses an oar as an improvised weapon, in mockery of the real saint):

Init +2, Attack +17, Defense +15, Damage +14

Soak: +6 – her body is loosely material

Fatigue Levels: OK, 0, 0, -1, -1, -3, -3, -5, Unconscious.

Wound Penalties: -1 (1-8), -3 (9-16), -5 (17-24), Incapacitated (25-32), Dead (33+)

Abilities: Various, including Single Weapon 8 (oar)

Powers:

Coagulation, 1 point, Init -1, Corpus.

Elemental Control, variable points, Init. -1, Auram. May create and Creo, Muto or Rego effect in the Auram for for 1 Might per magnitude of effect. Cannot create an effect with a level higher than the demons current Might, or duplicate Ritual effects.

Envisioning; 1 point, Init +0, Mentem.

Obsession, 1 point, Init -5, Vim: Avaricious.

Recalcitrance: 0 points, Init constant, Vim. Any attempt to control (but not destroy) an Aerial Power with any supernatural power, of any Realm, treats the demon's Might as if it was 50% higher. Ease factors are similarly 50% higher.

Weakness: Cannot directly harm the ordained.

Vis: 6 pawns Auram vis (sordida).

Appearance: Looks like the crude statuette of the Irish saint found by her well, but made of cloud and expanded.

Plot hook: Infernal aura

One tiny teaser of further folklore for Infernal auras: the way that people were put to death in Scilly at this time is that they would be taken out to a particular sea-swept rock and left there with two loaves of rye bread and a pitcher of water. As the tide came in they were swept to their death, and therefore no man had killed them. Still if somewhere's going to have an infernal aura, this is likely the place, because it's where a lot of inveterate sinners met their end.

Scourges of God?

Death token of the Vingoes

“When you cross the brook which divides St Leven from Sennen, you are on the estate of Treville. Tradition tells us that this estate was given to an old family who came with the Conqueror to this country. This ancestor is said to have been the Duke of Normandy’s wine-taster, and that he belonged to the ancient counts of Treville, hence the name of the wstate. Certain it is the property has ever been held without poll deeds. For many generations the family has been declining, and the race is now nearly, if not quite, extinct. Through all time a peculiar token has marked the coming death of a Vingoe. Above the deep caverns in the Treville cliff rises a earn. On this, chains of fire were seen ascending and descending, and often accompanied by loud and frightful noises. It is said that these tokens have not been seen since the last male of the family came to a violent end.” - Hunt.

The Fetch of William Rufus

“ROBERT, Earl of Moreton, in Normandy, who always carried the standard of St Michael before him in battle, was made Earl of Cornwall by William the Conqueror. He was remarkable for his valour and for his virtue, for the exercise of his power, and his benevolence to the priests. This was the Earl of Cornwall who gave the Mount in Cornwall to the monks of Mont St Michel in Normandy. He seized upon the priory of St Petroc at Bodmin, and converted all the lands to his own use.

This Earl of Cornwall was an especial friend of William Rufus. It happened that Robert, the earl, was hunting in the extensive woods around Bodmin of which some remains are still to be found in the Glyn Valley. The chase had been a severe one ; a fine old red deer had baffled the huntsmen, and they were dispersed through the intricacies of the forest, the Earl of Cornwall being left alone. He advanced beyond the shades of the woods on to the moors above them, and he was surprised to see a very large black goat advancing over the plain. As it approached him, which it did rapidly, he saw that it bore on its back ” King Rufus,” all black and naked, and wounded through in the midst of his breast. .

Robert adjured the goat, in the name of the Holy Trinity, to tell what it was he carried so strangely. He answered, ” I am carrying your king to judgment ; yea, that tyrant William Rufus, for I am an evil spirit, and the revenger of his malice which he bore to the Church of God. It was I that did cause this slaughter; the protomartyr of England, St Albyn, commanding me so to do, iwho complained to God of him, for his grievous oppression in this Isle of Britain, which he first hallowed.”

Having so spoken, the spectre vanished. Robert, the earl, related the circumstance to his followers, and they shortly after learned that at that very hour William Rufus had been slain in the New Forest by the arrow of Walter Tirel.” - Hunt

Plot hook: Accuser?

This seems to match the description of an Accuser, a type of demon that says it is a servant of the Lord, sent to punish people for their sins. They are made of flaming chains. See Realms of Power: the Infernal for statistics.

Plot hook: Saints send demons?

Here a demon is claiming to act as an agent of the Divine: in this case as the punisher of a king on behalf of St Alwyn. The orthodox understanding is that this is not how saints operate, but in a Cornish context, does that mean a demon could attack the characters and have Divine Might, because it really is their chastiser, sent from God?

Dominion weaker to the north?

Cornish people are not buried on the north side of the church, because it is gloomy there. Evil spirits may dwell there, which seems odd when you recall this is hallowed ground, but in Cornwall demons claim to work for the saints on a freelance basis, and there are a lot of priests commanding evil spirits to do good things.

Does this mean magi have better luck casting spells at he northern end of the churchyard?

Negotium Perambulans

Order: Accuser

Infernal Might: 20 (Terram)

Characteristics: Int +1, Per +1, Pre -3, Com -5, Str +3, Sta +5, Dex -2, Qik -2

Size: +1: A vast, dark slug.

Virtues and Flaws: Many.

Confidence Score: 5 (5)

Personality Traits: Cruel +6

Reputations: The reason to leave the lights on 5 (locals)

Combat:

Grapple: Initiative -2, Attack +8*, Defense +8*, Damage +0**

* includes specialisation (defiler of its church)

** does not include exsanguination damage.

Soak: +13, Only partially material. In another story by Benson, an identical creature was defeated when broken apart with shotguns, but it can't be grasped effectively.

Wound Penalties: -1 (1-6), -3 (7-12), -5 (13-18), Incapacitated (19-24), Dead (25+)

Abilities: All suitable for story. Area Lore 9 (region). Grapple 9 (defilers of its church).

Powers:

Beyond the Heart: 2 points, Init 0, Vim: Each use of this power allows the demon to know one secret which the target would never admit.

Coagulation, 0 points, Init 0, Terram: The creature takes the form of a vast, luminous slug.

Envisioning, 1 point, Init 0, Mentem: For 1 point, allows the demon to enter and twist dreams. If used to terrify, the victim can ignore it with a Brave Personality trait roll against an Ease factor of 9 or more. Failure to resist leads to a profound physical reaction, like a seizure.

Exsanguination: 0 points, Init 0, Animal: After a successful grapple, the creature can automatically drain blood from its victim. This costs 1 Fatigue level per round until the character is unconscious, then one wound level until death.

Obsession: 1-3 points, Init -5, Mentem: May force characters to make Personality Trait rolls to resist a temporary trait, Cruel, which has a score equal to the Might points spent. If the roll is successful, the trait vanishes. If it fails, they gain the trait permanently at +1, although they can remove it by the usual means of reducing traits.

Whispers Behind the Back: 2 points, Init 0, Mentem: Like Pains of Perpetual Worry, this gives the character the sensation his secrets are known, and discussed, behind their back, for the next month.

Weakness: Shuns light. Seems particularly resistant to the Dominion.

Vis: 4 pawns, ashes (may be sordida)

Appearance: Luminous slug.

E. F. Benson wrote ghost stories and one of his best is set in Cornwall. The creature is a vast elemental slug that destroys those who desecrate the church in which it is imprisoned. It's not from period folklore, but I wrote it up to celebrate the 200th episode of the podcast, so I've included its statistics here.

Spirits of the fuggos

“About a furlong south-west of Trove...is the Fuggo. It consists of a cave about six feet high, five feet wide, and near forty long, faced on each side with rough stones, across which long stone posts are laid...a narrow passage leads into another cave of similar construction and unknown extent...They say that it extends from its entrance, at the foot of Boleigh hill, to the old mansion at Trove ; in proof of this the Old One has often been heard piping under a parlour of the house. It is supposed he meets the witches down there, who have entered by the Fuggo to dance to his music. Hares are often seen to enter the Fuggo which are never known to come out the same way ; they are said to be witches going to meet their master, who provides them with some other shape to return in.

Old folks of the neighbourhood say that there was another Fuggo in Trove Hill, on the opposite side of the Glen, There are traditions that almost all these caves were haunted by beings of a fearful nature, whose path it was dangerous to cross. The fuggo at Bodinnar, called the Giant's Holt, was a few years ago much dreaded, as it was thought to be the abode of ugly spriggans that kept watch and guard over treasures which still remain buried in that ancient hiding-place.

There is a somewhat graceful creation of fancy associated with the Vow, or fuggo, at Pendeen, which is said to extend from the mansion to Pendeen Cove, and some say it has branches in other directions, which spread far away from the principal cavern. At dawn on Christmas Day the “Spirit of the Tow” has frequently been seen just within the entrance, near the Cove, in the form of a beautiful lady, dressed in white, with a red rose in her mouth. There were persons living, a few years since, who had seen this fair but not the less fearful vision; for disaster was sure to visit those who intruded on the spirit's morning airings.”

“If there be any truth in old traditions about that...fougou...it runs for a great distance (some say miles), yet most people believe that the eastern end was once open at the cove. Others will have it that old tanners, who lived before part of the roof had fallen in, travelled in it for ten times the distance from the house to the cove, and burned more than a pound of candles without finding the end. They always returned frightened, and what they saw to scare them they could never be got to tell.”

“Perhaps the Spirit of the Vow, that many have seen at the entrance, in the appearance of a tall lady, dressed in white, with a red rose in her mouth, at all seasons of the year, may take a more fearful form within the cavern.” Who can tell,” he continued, “but that money and treasures may have been secreted there in troublesome times of old, and I wonder why the Squire don't have the mystery about the Vow cleared up...”

“...I believe that many of the fearful stories about the Vow were invented by smugglers. When the fair trade was in its glory the Vow was a convenient place for storage, and I think that the smugglers, who didn't want any faint hearts, with weak heads and long tongues, to come near them, invented many fearful stories to scare such away. “ - Bottrell

Plot hooks: Other mine spirits

There is a spirit called Gathan which mocks the miners. He repeats their blows stroke for stroke, fills mines with smoke, and leads them astray with false fires. He seems to be a separate presence from the little imps often spotted. They are seen lounging about underground, near lodes which they work while the miners are away. The imps are considered lucky, but will not let the cross be drawn or made underground.

A dead hand, carrying a candle, has been seen in many mines. It climbs ladders, as though a body were attached. It holds the candle between forefinger and thumb while grasping with the other three, as a miner would. There is a story about how a miner had his hand cut off in an accident: but surely a ghost should haunt a single mine, rather than the many in which it has been spotted? It is perhaps a demon or a faerie.

There's a mine where many men died in a cave-in. The bodies were pulled to the surface mangled beyond recognition. To spare the feelings of the relatives, one of the miners shovelled the gore in the furnace. Since then, the mine has been haunted by tiny black dogs, which are seen before disasters.

Ghosts

The Ghost of Rosewarne

Exekiel Grosse purchased the land and house of the Rosewarnes, possibly through a lawyerish trick. Grosse was a terribly greedy man, and had heard a folktale saying there was treasure hidden somewhere about the house. He looked, but could not find it.

He began to hear noises about the house. After a time, he saw a shadowy figure. Eventually it manifested as a careworn man in clothes of an old style, making gestures Ezekiel could not understand. After weeks of this, he yelled at the spectre "In the name of God, what wantest thou?"

"To show thee, Ezekiel Grosse, where the gold for which thou longest lies buried." answered the ghost. Ezekiel could not rise from his chair, but the ghost made pleas to Ezekiel's greed and dragged him out to a set of stones, telling him "*Ezekiel Grosse, thou longest for gold, as I did. I won the glittering prize, but I could not enjoy it. Heaps of treasure are buried beneath those stones ; it is thine, if thou diggest for it. Win the gold, Ezekiel. Glitter with the wicked ones of the world ; and when thou art the most joyous, I will look in upon thy happiness.*" The ghost then vanished.

In short, Ezekiel found a bronze urn, filled with ancient gold coins. It was too heavy to lift, so Ezekiel sneaks out each night, bringing the treasure home. Ezekiel expands the house, buys the surrounding land, and buys a coach and four. He lives well for many years: his revels becoming vaster and vaster as time goes on. One Christmas Eve, he is having a massive party, and the ghost appears at the feast: crushing the mood of festivity. Afterward, whenever Ezekiel holds a gathering for his friends, a terrifying vision appears and drains away all goodwill. His friends abandoned him, until the only person he spoke to was his clerk. The ghost began to haunt Ezekiel's every moment.

Eventually they came to terms: Ezekiel would give all his wealth to anyone the ghost nominated, and it would leave him in peace. The spectre selected Call, the clerk, and when the paperwork was done, it explained its motive. Time for some Hunt:

"Grosse was then informed that this evil spirit was one of the ancestors of the Rosewarne, from whom by his fraudulent dealings he obtained the place, and that he was allowed to visit the earth again for the purpose of inflicting the most condign punishment on the avaricious lawyer. His avarice had been gratified, his pride had been pampered to the highest ; and then he was made a pitiful spectacle, at whom all men pointed, and no one pitied. He lived on in misery, but it was for a short time. He was found dead : and the country people ever said that his death was a violent one ; they spoke of marks on his body, and some even asserted that the spectre of De Rosewarne was seen rejoicing amidst a crowd of devils, as they bore the spirit of Ezekiel over Carn Brea."

This was in the time of James I, well after the game period, but use it anyway

Virtue: Ghostly warder

Ghosts of drowned sailors in Cornwall often appear as men with seaweed in their mouths. They follow home people who talk to them. They do not seem to do any particular harm, but their presence is disconcerting.

A character with a Ghostly Warder might have someone who, similarly, looks drowned. Many Ghostly Warders look as the person imagined themselves. This doesn't need to be the case, though. A ghostly warder could take an animal shape, or a damaged one.

Vis source: Hailing by the dead

There are certain wrecks that Cornish fishermen will not go near, particularly at night, because the ghosts of the sailors hail their friends by name. Magi can harvest these ghosts pretty easily, unless something else is making the noise. A faerie that feeds on fear, for example, might take the form of the ghosts, allowing the player characters to ritually clip it after each wreck, providing a vis source and a moral quandary about how safe they should make this harbour.

Spectral Bridegroom

Variants of this story are common to many areas, but it has an interesting bit of folk magic.

It was All-hallows Eve, and two of Nancy's companions persuaded her no very difficult task to go with them and sow hemp-seed. At midnight the three maidens stole out unperceived into Kimyall town-place to perform their incantation. Nancy was the first to sow, the others being less bold than she. Boldly she advanced, saying, as she scattered the seed, "Hemp-seed I sow thee, Hemp-seed grow thee ; And he who will my true love be, Come after me And shaw thee."

This was repeated three times, when, looking back over her left shoulder, she saw Lenine ; but he looked so angry that she shrieked with fear, and broke the spell. One of the other girls, however, resolved now to make trial of the spell, and the result of her labours was the vision of a white coffin. Fear now fell on all, and they went home sorrowful, to spend each one a sleepless night." - Hunt

The boy, Lenine, was a sailor and had great difficulty because his ghost was literally pulled from his body while he was trying to steer through a storm, causing him to faint. The girl who saw a coffin died within a year. The man's boat was wrecked, and he died on the shore. After sunset his ghost appeared, on horseback and dressed in a shroud and grave clothes. to Nancy. She was so surprised to see him she took his hand without noticing his clothes, and once he had pulled her onto his horse, she could not resist him.

As the riders passed a blacksmith's by a church Nancy regained speech, and cried out for aid. The blacksmith grabbed her, pulled her to the ground, but the ghost seized part of her dress, and began to drag her away with supernatural strength. The blacksmith kept hold, and the two were dragged for some distance. The blacksmith, who had been disturbed at his work still had a red-hot iron in one hand. He used it to burn through the dress, and the ghost vanished over the wall of the graveyard in which the sailor was lying.

In the morning, Lenine's horse was found covered in foam, with a swollen tongue, and with rolling, mad eyes. There was a piece of wedding dress on Lenine's grave. Nancy passed away from shock.

Spectral Coach

Near Lanreath there is a moor on which a ghost appears, dressed in black and driving a team of headless horses, which draw a black coach. Those who see the spirit are never right in their minds again. Mortal horses avoid the coach, sensing it well before humans: but when it is within sight they are drawn to it, clearly against their own desires.

Plot hooks: The Irish Lady

There's a rock near Land's End called "The Irish Lady" which is haunted by an Irish woman tossed onto it by a shipwreck. The local fishers could see her, but not save her, because the sea was too rough from the storm that had destroyed her ship. She perished of exposure, and now her ghost is seen, sitting tranquilly on the rock during storms, with a rose in her teeth.

A related story has the woman being seized by a creature that dwelt in a cave by her rock: there is a healing well here, and she tried to find out what was the cause of the cure, dying for her curiosity.

Plot hook: The lady with the lamp

In Saint Ives Bay, sailors look out for lights on one set of rocks and, seeing them, head home, for they know there will be squalls. The light is carried by the ghost of a lady who was on a ship that broken on rocks. She leapt from the damaged vessel to a rescue craft, but missed her footing and fell in the water. In surfacing, she lost her hold on the baby that was in her arms, and before storms, her shade goes to look for it.

Player characters could draw her child from the sea, or harvest her for Mentem vis. If they do that, do they need to warn the fishermen that the weather forecaster is gone?

Spectral Ships

St Ives ghost ship

There's a story from St Ives of a ship that was seen foundering in the bay. Many fishermen rowed out to it, to try and lend aid, and there was some jockeying to be the first aboard. There may be some legal right involved there. When the first man set foot on the ship, it vanished and he tumbled into the sea. A few days later, a ship broke up nearby, and the corpses washed up on the local shore.

Tregaseag lights

There was a pirate turned off his ship on the Cornish coast, for being too terrible for his crewmates. He settled at Tregaseag, and made his living as a wrecker. He hobbled his horse to that its head was near its forefoot, and put a lantern on its neck, so that when he lead the horse along the cliffs. The horse's bobbing gait made it look like a ship's light. Other ships would follow and be wrecked. The pirate waited above the cliff with a hatchet, to cut off the hands, or stave in the heads, of sailors who managed to climb the cliff.

When the wrecker had reached a ripe age, a ship of black wood, with black sails, appeared in the harbour and the words "The time is come, but not the man" floated on the breeze through the town. A storm appeared, but only above the wrecker's cottage. People raced to his house, and it was filled with the sounds of the sea. He was screaming and begging. "The Devil is tearing me with his nails, like the claws of a hawk." he cried. He asked his friends to send away the "bloody-handed sailors" who were threatening him, but no-one else could see what terrified him. The earth quakes, his friends flee the house, and it is struck by lightning.

A few braver souls go back inside and find his body. After coffining, they carry it to the churchyard, and are followed on their way by a black pig. When they rest for a moment, either at the stile of the church or when the coffin is lowered inot the gorund (my notes are incomplete) lightning sets the coffin on fire. The pig and ship vanish, but the wrecker's light is still seen on the clifftop to this day.

Is this an Infernal ghost? Does it make an infernal aura? Are the lights other people using the aura, swapping wrecks for demonic favours.

Plot hook: The St Ives ghost ship

What's the mechanism here? This seems to be a ghost, the locals call it a "ghost ship" but that requires the ghost generating the ship to go back in time. The ship is kind of like a prophecy or warning, but its message can't have been delivered to the people who were about to die. Was it to the local church warden, to get him ready for the care of the bodies about to be deposited on the beach? It's a Vision, in the game sense, but without the chance to change or profit from what is seen, so it would be bad storyguiding in the real world.

Did the first man on the ship cause it to vanish, so that in future, people could learn from his actions? Was he carrying a cross, or whistling or something, so that his knowledge is a treasure the player characters can seek?

Plot hooks: The lugger

Hunt notes there's a ghost ship in Croft Pasco Pool, and that it is unlucky to sight it. He says nothing else, save that "Unbelieving people attributed the origin of the tradition to a white horse seen in a dim twilight standing in the shallow water ; but this was indignantly rejected by the mass of the residents." If a covenant was in this area, would it be safe for the grogs to mount watches, given that they could be cursed by the stray sight of the lugger?

SAINTS AND HOLY WELLS

Saints

Cornish saints are literal giants. There are several sets of stones that were physically thrown by saints, and they are described as completely titanic. When St Just stole a chalice from St Keyene the wronged saint flung boulders at his fleeing enemy. This created the monoliths now known as the Crowza Stones. When Saint Sennen and Saint Just got annoyed and threw stones at each other. God in his wisdom made the stones strike each other and fall from the sky, making another set of monoliths.

Some Cornish saints are petty. As an example, St Leven curses anyone baptised “Joanna” in his parish to imbecility, because he once had a minor dispute with a housewife of that name.

Piran: Patron of Cornwall

Saint Piran had done various miracles in Ireland, but he was to be put to death. He’d fed the armies of ten kings for ten days with just three cows, bought his hounds back from the dead, and then raised fallen warriors. The kings turned against him and sentenced him to death. He was chained to a millstone, which was rolled off a seacliff. In a miracle, it floated to Cornwall.

Piran was baking in an oven he’d made out of stones, and a line of silver metal dripped from it. He discussed this with his friend St Chiwidden, who “knew the mysteries of the East”. They worked out that the black rock that made up part of the oven was an ore, and how to smelt it properly. They called the Cornish together and explained the nature of the treasure they’d found. Days of feasting followed, which is the ancestor of the current saint’s day celebration. The flag of Cornwall: a white cross on black ground, represents the metal and ore.

St Piran lived to the age of 206, and died by falling down a well while drunk. At this time, he still had clear eyes and all of his teeth. His first converts were a fox, badger and a bear.

Plot hooks: Jesus and Paul

The Cornish are sure famous people came to visit them. Jesus himself was brought in his boyhood to the Lizard by his uncle, Joseph of Armithea. Joseph returned later with the Holy Grail, a thorn from the Crown, and bottles of the blood of Jesus He took these to Glastonbury.

The miners of Gwenapp believe that St Paul came to sermonise them in his lifetime. (He preached somewhere along the road from Princetown to Plympton and it is celebrated on Whitmondlay).

Plot hook: A prophecy about magi

Hunt mentions five child saints who were whisked away into an enchanted sleep by the evil sorcerer who lives in the hollows beneath the hills. They will wake when there is a pious bishop and Merlin returns to cast down all evil magicians.

As prophecies go, that’s one the Order should try to find out more about. Is it a good idea to staff the cathedral with venal men, as a safety measure, or does that make them evil magicians? Predestination paradox is a problem, even in Mythic Europe.

Cornish saints

In addition to cursing women, as noted above, St Leven left a couple of other miracles floating around in 1220: the path from his house to his fishing spot is greener than surrounding land, and the rock he sat on to fish is cracked in half. This is because the saint struck it, and then prophesied that when a horse with panniers could walk through the crack, the world would be over. Leven once had two fish miraculously strike his hook at once, not once, but three times in succession. This was god's way of telling him he had guests at home. The bones from the fish caught in the throats of the children who had dinner with him, so the Cornish call them choke-children.

Saint Brechan was a king in Wales. He 28 children, 15 of whom were saints after whom Cornish parishes are named. The most famous is Saint Kenye, whose holy well has the property that if newlyweds drink from it, the one who partakes first will have the power in the relationship.

Saint Denis is named for the patron of Paris. When he was beheaded, blood fell from the sky in St Denis in Cornwall, hence the name. The bloodstains reappeared before plagues struck in London.

St Kea floated to Cornwall from Ireland on a lump of stone, transformed into an impromptu raft by God.

St Neot is only 16 inches high. He seemed to get disciples in an instant: animal or human.

St German was sent to Cornwall to defeat the Pelegian heresy, but failed. When a mob formed to martyr him, his tears became a well, and a burning chariot guided by two angels whisked him away. The burns from the wheels of the chariot are still visible, and Germans cursed his church as he left, stripping it of its holiness.

"A tradition has been preserved in the neighbourhood, that Gerennius, an old Cornish saint and king, whose palace stood on the other side of Gerrans Bay, between Trewithian and the sea, was buried in this mound [at Roseland] many centuries ago, and that a golden boat with silver oars were used in conveying his corpse across the bay, and were interred with him..."

'Probably,' says Whitaker, in his remarks on this quotation, 'the royal remains were brought in great pomp by water from Din-Gerein, on the western shore of the port, to Carne, about two miles off on the northern ; the barge with the royal body was plated, perhaps, with gold in places ; perhaps, too, rowed with oars having equally plates of silver upon them ; and the pomp of the procession has mixed confusedly with the interment of the body in the memory of tradition.' - Hunt

Plot hook: The Bells of Forraburry

There are no bells at Forraburry Church. They were made to rival the local church at Tintagel, and had a speedy voyage to Cornwall. The pilot gave thanks to God, but the wicked captain said the rapid passage was due to his skill. God smote the boat with a great wave, and the bells chimed as it sank. Now, the bells are heard , from the depth, before storms.

Can you recover the bells for the church? As they are blessed, it's difficult to touch them directly with magic.

Temple Moors

There's a place the Knights Templar have on the moors, and women who are shunned from society are welcome there. What happens to these women is not clear. Good and evil rumours haunt the place.

It might be a relocation scheme, much like the ladies mentioned in the Groggs chapter on ex-prostitutes. They might instead be sacrifices.

Plot hooks: St Gerennius's Boat

It's buried treasure, someone is going to dig it up eventually. That leads to an angry saint cursing the countryside, and magi needing to fix things, despite not being able to directly target relics.

A demon keeps getting people to dig the relics up, because he thinks having saints smite people is tremendously amusing. Can you stop him in a permanent way?

Holy wells

Holy Wells are kind of like dependable miracles embedded in the landscape. Players can use them for their miracles, or to get bonuses for the Covenant's Environment modifier since so many cure disease.

The Well of St Ludgvan

After arriving from Ireland and building a church, this missionary prayed for a holy well to appear, to draw people. Time for a bit more Hunt: *"The holy man prayed on, and then, to try the virtues of the water, he washed his eyes. They were rendered at once more powerful, so penetrating, indeed, as to enable him to see microscopic objects. The saint prayed again, and then he drank of the water. He discovered that his powers of utterance were greatly improved, his tongue formed words with scarcely any effort of his will. The saint now prayed, that all children baptized in the waters of this well might be protected against the hangman and his hempen cord ; and an angel from heaven came down into the water, and promised the saint that his prayers should be granted. Not long after this, a good farmer and his wife brought their babe to the saint, that it might derive all the blessings belonging to this holy well. The priest stood at the baptismal font, the parents, with their friends around. The saint proceeded with the baptismal ceremonial, and at length the time arrived when he took the tender babe into his holy arms. He signed the sign of the cross over the child, and when he sprinkled water on the face of the infant its face glowed with a divine intelligence. The priest then proceeded with the prayer ; but, to the astonishment of all, whenever he used the name of Jesus, the child, who had received the miraculous power of speech, from the water, pronounced distinctly the name of the devil, much to the consternation of all present. The saint knew that an evil spirit had taken possession of the child, and he endeavoured to cast him out ; but the devil proved stronger than the saint for some time. St Ludgvan was not to be beaten ; he knew that the spirit was a restless soul, which had been exorcised from Treassow, and he exerted all his energies in prayer. At length the spirit became obedient, and left the child. He was now commanded by the saint to take his flight to the Red Sea. He rose, before the terrified spectators, into a gigantic size ; he then spat into the well ; he laid hold of the pinnacles of the tower, and shook the church until they thought it would fall. The saint was alone unmoved. He prayed on, until, like a flash of lightning, the demon vanished, shaking down a pinnacle in his flight. The demon, by spitting in the water, destroyed the spells of the water upon the eyes and the tongue too ; but it fortunately retains its virtue of preventing any child baptized in it from being hanged with a cord of hemp. Upon a cord of silk it is stated to have no power...The peasantry of the neighbouring districts began to send for the renowned water before christenings ; and many of them actually continue, to this day, to bring it corked up in bottles to their churches, and to beg particularly that it may be used whenever they present their children to be baptized."*

Redruth's Well has similar properties. This saint is known for always wearing a scarlet cloak, which seems odd.

Plot hook: Well of Saint Keyne

Whichever of a newly-married couple is first to drink from the well will have the power in the relationship.

Plot hook: Gulval Well

Gulval Well predicts death and sickness of absent friends and family members. The querent prays by the well, and if the answer is good, the water bubbles, but if the person is ill, mud bubbles up instead. If the named person is dead, there is no change in the surface of the well..

Maddern or Madron Well

This well has several properties in folklore. People take the water away, because it slowly cures bodily infirmities including, in some cases, being crippled. Some sources say you drink the water, others that you bathe in it. It's also handy for lesser problems, like colic. Those who dip their hands in are burned if they are untrue in love. There's a minor ritual which involves lying on the ground and offering little things, like pins to activate the well.

Time for a bit of Hunt: *"I once witnessed the whole ceremony performed by a group of beautiful girls, who had walked on a May morning from Penzance. Two pieces of straw, about an inch long each, were crossed and the pin run through them. This cross was then dropped into the water, and the rising bubbles carefully counted, as they marked the number of years which would pass ere the arrival of the happy day. This practice also prevailed amongst the visitors to the well at the foot of Monacuddle Grove, near St Austell. On approaching the waters, each visitor is expected to throw in a crooked pin ; and, if you are lucky, you may possibly see the other pins rising from the bottom to meet the most recent offering. Rags and votive offerings to the genius of the waters are hung around many of the wells. Mr Couch says : At Madron Well, near Penzance, I observed the custom of hanging rags on the thorns which grew in the enclosure."*

The Well at Altar-Nun

Hunt quotes Carew *"The water running from St Nun's well fell into a square and enclosed walled plot, which might be filled at what depth they listed. Upon this wall was the frantic person put to stand, his back towards the pool, and from thence, with a sudden blow in the breast, tumbled headlong into the pond ; where a strong fellow, provided for the nonce, took him, and tossed him up and down, amongst and athwart the water, till the patient, by foregoing his strength, had somewhat forgot his fury. Then was he conveyed to the church, and certain masses said over him ; upon which handling, if his right wits returned, St Nun had the thanks ; but if there appeared small amendment, he was bowssened again and again, while there remained in him any hope of life or recovery."* The 2d of March is dedicated to St Nun, and the influence of the water is greatly exalted on that day....Its position was, until lately, to be discovered by the oak-tree matted with ivy, and the thicket of willow and bramble which grew upon its roof. The front of the well is of a pointed form, and has a rude entrance about four feet high, and spanned above by a single flat stone, which leads into a grotto with arched roof. The walls on the interior are draped with luxuriant fronds of spleenwort, hart's-tongue, and a rich undercovering of liverwort. At the further end of the floor is a round granite basin, with a deeply moulded brim, and ornamented on its circumference with a series of rings, each enclosing a cross or a ball. The water weeps into it from an opening at the back, and escapes again by a hole in the bottom.

Well divination

As an example, the Holy Well at Little Conan tells the future on Palm Sunday. People pay the priest, and throw a cross into the well. If it floats they will live until next year.

Plot hook: Don't move the wells

"It is a very common notion amongst the peasantry, that a just retribution overtakes those who wilfully destroy monuments, such as stone circles, crosses, wells, and the like. Mr Blight writes me " Whilst at Boscaswell, in St Just, a few weeks since, an old man told me that a person who altered an old Holy Well there, was drowned the next day in sight of his home, and that a person who carried away the stones of an ancient chapel, had his house burned down that very night." - Hunt

Might a magus spread a rumour to their enemies that a weakness was concealed beneath one of these wells, so the enemies are killed when they look for it.

Could you building a monolith into a covenant wall, without moving it, so that if people lay siege to the castle the curse strikes them down?

Saint Cuthbert's Well

It's sometimes called Holy Well because it was discovered on All Hallows Eve. Time for some more Carew in Hunt. *"The same stands in a dark cavern of the sea-cliff rocks, beneath full sea-mark on spring tides, from the top of which cavern falls down or distils continually drops of water from the white, blue, red, and green veins of those rocks. And accordingly, in the place where those drops of water fall, it swells to a lump of considerable bigness, and there petrifies to the hardness of ice, glass, or freestone, of the several colours aforesaid, according to the nature of those veins in the rock from whence it proceeds, and is of a hard, brittle nature, apt to break like glass." The virtues of this water are very great. It is incredible what numbers in summer season frequent this place and waters from counties far distant.*"

Cuthbert's Well is also used to dip children with rickets on the first three Wednesdays in May, so that may point to a better vis harvesting time. The crowd is sometimes so large that there's an impromptu fair.

Penan's Well has similar healing properties.

Plot hooks: A false miracle?

In "Scilly and its Legends" by Reverend Whitfield there's a miracle that's more use for gamers if it is a con. A young heiress is forced to enter a nunnery. Her fiancée flees to the Crusades. The new novice vanishes while in prayer, late at night, on her own in a chapel, but her corpse reappears, unaged, decades later, before the altar.

There is a Jerbiton magus in Normandy who tracks down the heirs of royal families and saves them from assassination: perhaps someone similar has saved the talented, young lady. She is literate. She can illuminate manuscripts. She appears to have beauty that causes ill luck and she seems to be the keeper of a relic. Does she have a particularly effective prayer to Mary, Mother of God and inspirer of romantic troubadours? Might it be a real miracle, with a magus as the practical instrument of the Holy Mother's will?

Is she, alternatively, the sort of person who knows how to head for the hills and live in a covenant? She could live there for an extended period of time, take a longevity potion. When close to death she might arrange to have her body snuck back into the church, so she'll be protected from any of her sins at the Final Day.

Her boyfriend just disappeared off to the Holy Land, apparently. No-one knows where he's gone. Could these two characters be companions in your saga? One of them carries a Relic. They seem to have the True Love Virtue and, between the two of them, some incredibly useful skills.

Well at Chapel Uny

This is similar to St Cuthbert's, but cures mesenteric diseases. Hunt claims changelings were really children with intestinal diseases, so this well switches back stolen children.

The Church and the Barn

The Daunays were a family beset with pride. The priests of St Germans convinced the lord to build a church on his lands in Sheviock. After he agreed, he decided to spend less on the church than he had originally agreed.

His wife was enraged by this, and so she decided to build a barn finer than his church. Wit the visible aid of the devil, her barn, which is attached to the church, was finished first. A careful weighing of accounts indicates that the barn cost one and a half pence more than the church.

Is this an Infernally-tainted church, or a standard church with an infernal site glued to the side? Are there Bonisagus magi wanting to check how all this works? How can you ensure they have access to the site without hindering worship, since that might weaken the Dominion?

A possible covenant?

St Nectan's Kieve is a waterfall and lake near Tintagel. When Saint Nectan was dying, he dropped his silver bell into the pool. After his death two sisters came from the East and tidied up all of Nectan's effects, and his body, and buried them. They diverted the river, drained the kieve, interred the saint and his treasures, and then allowed the river to resume its course.

Time for some Hunt. *"The oratory was dismantled, and the two ladies, women evidently of high birth, chose it for their dwelling. Their seclusion was perfect. Both appeared to be about the same age, and both were inflexibly taciturn. One was never seen without the other. If they ever left the house, they only left it to walk in the more unfrequented parts of the wood ; they kept no servant ; they never had a visitor ; no living soul but themselves ever crossed the door of their cottage. The berries of the wood, a few roots which they cultivated, with snails gathered from the rocks and walls, and fish caught in the stream, served them for food. Curiosity was excited; the mystery which hung around this solitary pair became deepened by the obstinate silence which they observed in everything relating to themselves. The result of all this was an anxious endeavour, on the part of the superstitious and ignorant peasantry, to learn their secret. All was now conjecture, and the imagination commonly enough filled in a wild picture : devils or angels, as the case might be, were seen ministering to the solitary ones. Prying eyes were upon them, but the spies could glean no knowledge. Week, month, year passed by, and ungratified curiosity was dying through want of food, when it was discovered that one of the ladies had died. The peasantry went in a body to the chapel ; no one forbade their entering it now. There sat a silent mourner leaning over the placid face of her dead sister. Hers was, indeed, a silent sorrow no tear was in her eye, no sigh hove her chest, but the face told all that a remediless woe had fallen on her heart. The dead body was eventually removed, the living sister making no sign, and they left her in her solitude alone. Days passed on ; no one heard of, no one probably inquired after, the lonely one. At last a wandering child, curious as children are, clambered to the window of the cell and looked in. There sat the lady ; her handkerchief was on the floor, and one hand hung strangely, as if endeavouring to pick it up, but powerless to do so. The child told its story the people again flocked to the chapel, and they found one sister had followed the other. The people buried the last beside the first, and they left no mark to tell us where, unless the large flat stone which lies in the valley, a short distance from the foot of the fall, and beneath which, I was told some great person was buried may be the covering of their tomb. No trace of the history of these solitary women have ever been discovered."*

The snails and roots are vis sources, harvested and used to create sufficient food that they are entirely self-sufficient. Are they refugees from the loss of Lyonesse? Are they really sisters, or are they a maga and a familiar able to take human shape? Pets look like their owners in a literal sense in *Ars Magica*, and familiars often die slightly before or after their magi.

Plot hooks: Boscastle tower

The tower is missing from the Minster Church

"The tower of the church of the ancient abbey was seen through the gorge which now forms the harbour of Boscastle, far out at sea. The monks were in the habit of placing a light in one of the windows of the tower to guide the worshippers at night to the minster.

Frequently sailors mistook this, by day for some landmark, and at night for a beacon, and were thus led into a trap from which they could not easily extricate themselves, and within which they often perished.

This accident occurred so frequently that the sailors began at last to declare their belief that the monks purposely beguiled them to their fate, hinting, indeed, that plunder was their object. Eventually, a band of daring men, who had been thus lured into Boscastle, went to the abbey, and, in spite of the exertions made by the monks, they pulled down the tower, since which time it has never been rebuilt." - Hunt

**Did your grogs do this?
How do you spread the story about the sailors?
Is the charge that the monks are wreckers true?**

COVENANT LOCATIONS

This section suggests three sites for covenants to be developed in Cornwall. Scilly is a high fantasy site, by the ruins of a sunken kingdom. Tintagel is a castle attributed to King Arthur, that unexpectedly pulls the characters into the centre of the realm's politics. Looe Island is a quieter place, for magi who want to explore the setting without a central arc provided by the location of their home.

Scilly and Lyonesse

“A region of extreme fertility, we are told, once linked the Scilly Islands with Western Cornwall. A people, known as the Silures, inhabited this tract, which has been called Lyonesse, or sometimes Lethowsow, who were remarkable for their industry and piety. No less than 140 churches stood over that region, which is now a waste of waters; and the rocks called the Seven Stones are said to mark the place of a large city. Even tradition is silent on the character of this great cataclysm.” – Hunt

Latin writers call this land, either entire or merely the largest island, Siluria. Strabo says that Silura is divided from the rest of Britian by a narrow channel with fierce currents. It is accompanied by nine smaller islands which his people seek for trade. He calls these the Tin Islands (“Casseriterides”). The Saxon Chronicle says that Lyonesse was inundated on the 11th of November 1099. The Cornish name is Lethowsow. The Cornish name for the places within the Seven Stones Reef is Tregva (“dwelling”) and was the site of the capital of Siluria. The remnants of Silura are called the Scilly Isles.

The Islands of Scilly

The capital of Scilly is called St Mary's. What's now called “Old town” was the capital in 1220. After 1220, in the real world, there was an inundation and the town was moved.

There are a series of charters giving all of Scilly to the abbots of Tavistock. That being said the king sends governors to the island, who are also constables of the castle at Ennor, and they have rights over the islands in addition to those of the Church. The yearly fee for the islands is six shillings and eight pence, or 300 puffins. There is no record of this payment ever actually being made in seabirds. The governor also had to pay for twelve men at arms to keep the peace on the island.

Unusual local industries

In the 17th century ore-weed (kelp) was harvested and burned in kilns, to make alkali for glass and soap. A covenant may begin this business early.

After the game period, Scilly was a famed exporter of cut flowers, particularly varieties of daffodil. There is a white narcissus (called a “Scilly White”) which might be a vis source. A relative is found near St Michael Mount.

Aristotle's great proof of spontaneous emergence of animals from inanimate matter was the glass eel. Glass eels lack genitals, and yet they regularly appear in vast swarms, going up rivers throughout Europe. He said they came from decaying earthworms. Pliny said that tiny fragments of eel that were scraped off in daily life and grew into complete eels. In Mythic Europe leptocephaluses, glass eels, elvers, yellow eels, and silver eels are all separate species, appearing in swarms and likely containing vis. In the real world, they are the life-stages of a single species which develops genitals in the final form.

Boons and hooks for covenants on Scilly

Distorted Covenfolk: Selkie and merrow blood are far more common on the islands than in most of Mythic Europe.

Faerie Aura: All versions of Lyonesse are dramatic stories, which stir faerie kind.

Faerie Landlord / Faerie Court: Selkies or merrow.

Magical Disaster: The Sinking. Regardless of which version of Lyonesse you use, the lost land is of great interest to magi based in Scilly.

Massacre site: In some folklore, Lyonesse fell just before the death of Arthur. Merlin submerged it to drown the army Mordered. Even if it was a freak of nature, thousands of people died in a single night.

Monster: Some people claim that the name “Lyonesse” refers to the roar of the water between Cornwall and the Scilly Isles. That could be a water elemental.

Mystical Allies: Selkies, merrow, sea people.

Rights and Customs: The Scillions are a tiny, isolated community who have developed a separate series of local laws.

Ruined Covenant - Stellasper: Stellasper was a Criamon covenant founded in Scilly during 1025, and its members vanished in 1163. The name means “through the stars” or possibly “during the stars”. They were members of an astrological Clutch. The covenant’s duration bridges the loss of Lyonesse, and it’s not clear if they caused, or were affected by, it. Stellasper’s loss, a mere 57 years before the standard ssaga start date, may explain the lack of a covenant in Cornwall.

Tribunal Boundary: Islands in the English Channel are in the Normandy Tribunal, but Scilly has historically been in Stonehenge. Regardless of which tribunal the covenant is in, the Domus Magnus of House Tytalus is one of its closest neighbours.

Vast Aura: In versions of Lyonesse that define it as a faerie kingdom, its aura covers an area the size of a county.

Unknown Regio: Lyonesse may be in a regio that the player characters do not know how to enter.

Warping to a Pattern: The more often people tell the mermaid and selkie stories about Lyonesse, and the more often people use charms taught to lineages like the family of the Charmer of Cury, the more likely it becomes that locals will being to warp to a pattern.

Plot hook: The rent

Hunt works through a digression in this chapter on the Padstow hobby horse, which locals “ride” into the sea each year. He suggests it is linked to the Padstow mermaid, or the horse that bought someone safely from Lyonesse. The riding of the horse into the sea may be a way of stopping more land being taken by a faerie power.

Plot hook: The tunnel

Hunt says that there’s a cave tunnel which connects Piper’s Hole, on St Mary’s in the Scilly Islands, with a similar cave near Tresco. People who try to take the tunnel often disappear. Dogs lost from one place sometimes turn up at the other with most of their hair missing, and locals seem to insist on having sex in the caves, for reasons Hunt does not seem to fathom, and might be mystical in Mythic Europe.

Scilly giants?

There are two giant sites in the Scilly Isles: Giant’s Castle and Giant’s Punchbowl. The Castle is a ruined clifftop fort with a mild magical Aura, close to St Mary’s. The punchbowl is a logan stone.

Four possible Lyonesses

Troupes tell a variety of stories, and should mix ideas from the main themes freely.

Faerie or Magical Kingdom

Is this where the selkies or merryfolk come from? Are they a faerie race or a group of transformed humans? Might it be possible to live among them? Could a whole kingdom still be there, cordoned off in a regio or ritual effect?

Ruins

There may not be a hidden kingdom off the islands: it could just be a huge, sunken graveyard filled with the treasures of the dead

Sleepers

Hunt notes that a sister of a vicar received a vision in which she was told to prepare a potion and pour it into the waters, so that the land would rise, and its people be reanimated from an unaging, magical sleep. Her technique or faith failed her, and the land did not rise. Maybe the magi might arrange the ritual better?

Reflections in the water

Many of the creatures known on the land are reflected in the depths, either as a natural property of creation, or by faeries who take the shapes that humans expect. In the City of Lions, the most dangerous of these are the sea lions. Mundane sea lions, animals related to seals, are not found in these waters. Aquatic sea lions are halflings, with feline heads, claws, and piscine tails. Some faeries in this area take the form of knights, in scaly armor, and ride hippocampuses. These creatures are similarly divided, with the forepart of a horse and the tail of a fish. If your troupe has based their Lyonesse on Selkie lore, the rear parts of these animals might be seal- or dolphin-like.

Plot hook: the escapees

There's a myth that is encoded in the coat of arms of the Trevilian family of Cornwall. It's "gules a horse argent, from a less wavy argent, and azure, issuing out of a sea proper". Their ancestor fled the encroaching floodwaters on his horse, landing on the Cornish coast. That makes the family one point of inquiry into the nature of the disaster

Plot hooks: Ruins

Near Tregva, Cornish fishermen often catch artefacts in their nets. The oddest mentioned in Hunt are windows. He is unclear, but if he means glass windows, then that argues for supernatural manufacture: flat glass windows are not known in period. Flag this as a contested vis source, at least.

Many Verditius use bronze to construct their devices. Why has none set up a workshop in Cornwall, where both copper and tin are mined? Could one build a submersible and use it to explore, or loot, the ruins?

Curtana: a key for Lyonesse

Curtana, the sword of Tristram, Prince of Lyonesse, was in the English royal treasury until 1215 when it was lost, along with most of the portable wealth of King John, as his baggage train tried to cross a marshy area, called the Wash, during a storm. The sword, the treasury, and the king's hope of victory, were taken by the waters, and he died, it is said, of disappointment.

This was one of the swords made by Wayland Smith, a faerie god or Sandinavian magus trained by dwarfs. Its more famous brothers are Joyeuse, which was wielded by Charlemagne, and Durendal, which was carried by Roland. In the Roland cycle it is carried by Ogier the Dane, and called Cortain. It had an inscription stating it was made at the same time, of the same metal, as the other two.

It's hard to understand how Durendal, which had the power of splitting boulders, and Curtana, which left part of its tip in a man's skull, could be of the same metal, but this missing chip is one of Curtana's defining characteristics. Curtana is named from the Latin "curtus", which means "short". A copy of it, under the same name, is still used in the regalia when crowning a monarch of the United Kingdom: it's the Sword of Mercy, with the tip squared off. In 1220 it did not represent mercy. In the time of Henry V (1400s) it was called the Sword of Justice.

An interesting idea which came up in the St Mary's series is that the treasure was not lost, it was stolen by John himself, to allow him to pay his mercenaries without being seen to give away his grandmother Matilda's Imperial regalia. The author, Jodi Taylor, doesn't cite her sources, but even the most cursory research indicates that John's son, Henry III, used a sword he claimed was Curtana when he married, and then crowned, Eleanor of Provence in 1236. How could he have a sword his father claimed was lost in the Wash? Henry might have just had a second one made. Possibly, though, Taylor's story has the right of it: John stole his own crown jewels.

Can a sword be a key, allowing the rightful prince to return to the sunken realm? How do you steal or borrow it from the king?

An Alternate Origin for Lyonesse

The version of the flooding of given elsewhere in this supplement comes from the *Gesta Romanorum*. As an alternative, there's a story given in *Scilly and Its Legends* which places the sinking far earlier. The story starts just after the end of the Battle of Slaughterbridge.

The next evening, a band of warriors was seen urging their weary steeds across the wild heaths that were common in Cornwall. Their course was in the direction of Cassiteris, and of that fair wide tract of country called, in the Cornish tongue, "Lethowsow." Their numbers were formidable, amounting to several hundreds, but they were in no mood nor condition for resistance, as was shown by their hacked armour, and torn surcoats, and, in many instances, by the blood that welled from their unstaunched wounds. They hurried, for life and death, over the wastes before them. Not a word was spoken. Now and then a straggler fell to the rear from sheer exhaustion, but his absence in the disordered ranks was unmarked. Sometimes they paused for a few minutes at a brook or spring, suffered their horses to take a hasty drink, tightened the saddle-girths, and were gone. Their pace, as may be supposed, was not too quick, but they made some progress, and when, as darkness fell, they drew their reins, and prepared to encamp for the night, it was after thirty miles sped over rough and broken roads. Glory had apparently little to do with that tumultuous disarray. Yet these jaded riders, flying before the face of their pursuer, were all that remained of the chivalry of Britain. Arthur lay dead upon the plain; the banner that had covered his breast, until all was lost, was now borne, torn and bloody, in the van. The survivors of that dreadful day were fleeing for their lives, and Mordred thundered upon their rear.

They arose in the morning, and bouned them again for flight. Veterans as they were, the mere hardship of a rough ride and an unbroken fast was a trifle: they recked little of either. But disgrace and defeat were new and strange evils. These were the true bitterness of death. Nor could they altogether comprehend them, nor believe them as yet to be a sad and stern reality.

They could attribute the dishonour that had tarnished their arms to no particular cause: there was no apparent reason for their fall. The stars in their courses had fought against them, and palsied their stout arms, and made their skill and valour vain. They brooded over these things as they rode on. They did not ponder deeply, for the recent shock had confused and rendered dull their ideas, but thoughts like these floated unconsciously through their brain. Arthur of Britain had gone down, and the best lances in the world were flying for their lives, with a conquering foe in hot chase after them.

The course of these waking visions was interrupted by the notes of a trumpet, which followed them with a prolonged wail through the air. Then it came louder, and yet more loud. They halted for a moment, and looked back. The veteran warriors could not brook to fly. They had submitted to misfortune: they could no longer bear disgrace. As they gazed, the air became radiant with the reflected light of steel, as shields, and morions, and lances, gleamed fitfully from the brow of a distant hill. It was the glimmering of the pursuer's arms. Should they make a stand and die? Should they condescend to purchase life by a farther retreat? There was the traitor, the murderer of his kinsman and sovereign. Should they not breathe their chargers, and await his coming, and strike one stroke for revenge?

While they paused, gloomy and irresolute, and gazed steadily at the advancing forces, there seemed to come between them a shadowy dimness, that assumed gradually the form of a gigantic figure. It was like a mountain mist, but yet it wore the shape and aspect of humanity. There was a likeness in its awful

Plot hook: Bloodlines

In *Ars Magica* there are various virtues that can be passed in the blood: that is they descend through families. If the tiny population of Scilly was bolstered by the sudden arrival of some of the finest knights in Europe could this have kept their blood strong in this relatively isolated community, allowing the characters to have the Blood of Heroes Virtue?

Are any of these people the legitimate claimants of ancient, extinguished titles? Does this allow them to fulfil faerie pacts, use magic items tied to families, or discover hidden treasures?

Could these be the source of a family sword, helm or surcoat allowing the Magic Item or Heir virtues?

If you were looking to re-establish the lineage of the Knights of the Round Table clearly this is the sort of place where one who was interested in a Mercere-style breeding program might begin. If you were from the island of Oleron in the Normandy Tribunal, which grows fairies in ovens and thinks of itself as the Isle of Avalon, Scilly might allow you to collect the missing pieces from your set of knights.

lineaments, a resemblance to one honoured and long departed, which the aged knights recognised at once. It was the awful ghost of Merlin! Like a sullen cloud, but yet instinct with the principle of life, it upreared its huge outlines between the spoilers and their prey, terrible in its indistinctness and with a supernatural and spiritual grandeur, rather felt than seen. It was a gulf between the two parties, impassable as that between the Egyptians and the flying Hebrews, and it troubled the following host, and checked them in their headlong speed.

And so the chase continued. Sullenly the fugitives retired to the refuge they had chosen, and as sullenly did Mordred follow, hating those he had injured, hunting them to the death, and restrained only in his vindictive career by the clouded aspect of that dusky barrier, which he dared not brave.

By the side of the road, not far from the spot where in after days the piety of Athelstan founded the college and church of St. Buryan, there dwelt a holy hermit. In his poor cell one of the knights, whose wounds were mortal, laid down and departed from life. As the hermit knelt and prayed by his body, Mordred rode up. His face was pale as death, and was rendered still more ghastly by a blue livid wound, that traversed his whole forehead, and was lost amid his hair, matted and soaked with blood. He dismounted and entered the hut. The hermit and the dead man were its only tenants, save him. He looked upon the face of the corpse. It was the face of an early comrade of his own. The same blood ran in the veins of each of their mothers. He turned gloomily away and signed the sign of the cross, involuntarily, upon his breast.

The hermit sighed, when he beheld the action. "Alas," said he to Mordred "thou hast in one day done more evil, than all thy ancestry have ever in their whole lives done of good. The crown of Arthur is upon thy brow, but the brand of Cain is there also. Go on, thou traitor to God and man." And Mordred smote him angrily with his gauntlet. "Go on," added the recluse, "thy course is wellnigh done. The shadow of a mighty one is brooding over thee. Go on, and die." And Mordred mounted his horse and urged it furiously forward. But the animal refused to obey the spur. The power of that dread spirit was before him. It had far more terrors for the charger than bit or steel. The avenging spectre would not give place to man's wrath.

After a long and ineffectual struggle, the might of the unearthly prevailed. The ghastly chase was resumed, with the same dogged sullenness as before. And now Mordred reached a lofty slope, from which more clearly than he had hitherto been able to do, he could see his retiring enemies. They were already at a very considerable distance, upon that winding road which then led over the fertile tract of country called in Cornish "Lethowsow," or, in after-days, "the Lionesse." They were so far in advance that he could only follow their course by catching, at intervals, the gleaming of their arms. Around him was that fair land, now so long lost and forgotten, from the bosom of which men for ages had dug mineral wealth, upon which were seen no fewer than one hundred and forty stately churches, and whose beauty and fruitfulness have been the theme of many a romantic lay. Broken sunlight floated over its soft glades. It never looked so grandly glorious as on that hour of its fate.

As Mordred pressed on, full of one thought alone, already in imagination hemming in to slaughter, or driving into the waves, his enemies, his attendants and followers began to be sensible of a change in the atmosphere, of a something oppressive and horrible, though he himself perceived it not. Huge battlemented clouds, tinged with lurid red, hung over the horizon. The air became sultry and choking. A tremulous and wavy motion shook the ground at intervals. A low sound, like distant thunder, moaned around. The soldiers of his train drew closer together, awe-struck and terrified. But Mordred heard only the evil voice of his own passions. The war of the elements gave unmistakable signs of its awaking. But Mordred perceived it not. At last, amid a silence that might be felt, so

Plot hooks: Warrior saints?

It seems that under Tresco Abbey many of the finest Knights of the Arthurian Court were buried. Some took up a life of monastic devotion. Have any of these become local saints? Could these local saints assist the characters if they begin to battle Dolores, the Infernal Saint of Sorrow, who kicked off the Corruption of House Tytalus, and who is a resident in the northern part of Cornwall?

If you know the burial place of a local saint doesn't this mean that you can disinter him to find relics?

Plot hooks: Crystal cave escapee

The Lady of the Lake locked Merlin away in a crystal cave, his soul tormented on a hawthorn bush somewhere under Sailisbury Plain. It seems in this case he is out and about doing things: casting down vast sections of the kingdom. Was that curse the last of his energy or is this a thing that many druid ghosts could do? If that's the case what can the Order do to make sure that similar creatures aren't generated in the places where House Diedne fell?

Plot hook: Unhallowed dead

dreadful was it, and so dull—that fearful shade, which had hitherto gone before him, and restrained his madness, suddenly itself stopped. It assumed a definite shape. It was the form of Merlin, the Enchanter. But it was even more terrible than Merlin, for it united the unearthly glare of the spectre with the grandeur of the inspired man. Right in Mordred’s path, face to face, did the avenger stand. They remained for a few seconds motionless, frowning upon each other. Neither spake, save with the eye. After those few seconds, the great wizard raised his arm. Then there ensued a confused muttering, a sound, as though the foundations of the great deep were broken up. Soon the voice of the subterranean thunder increased, and the firm soil beneath their feet began to welk and wave, and fissures appeared upon the surface, and the rock swelled like the throes of a labouring sea.

With a wild cry of agony, the band of pursuers became in turn the pursued. They wheeled and rushed away in headlong flight. But it was in vain. The earth, rent in a thousand fragments, in the grasp of that earthquake, upheaved its surface convulsively, gave one brief and conscious pause, and then, at once, sank down for ever beneath the level of the deep. In a moment, a continent was submerged, with all its works of art, and piety, with all its living tribes, with all its passions, and hopes, and fears. The soldiers of Mordred were whirled away in the stream created by that sudden gulf, which even now flows so violently over its prey below.

Last of all, Mordred remained, as it were fascinated and paralyzed, gazing at the phantom with a look in which horror struggled with hate, and which was stamped with scorn and defiance to the end. That morning had dawned upon as bright a scene as ever met the eye. At evening, there was nought from what was then first termed the Land’s-end, to St. Martin’s head, but a howling and boiling wilderness of waves, bearing here and there upon its bosom a fragment from the perished world beneath or a corse tossed upon the billows, over which sea birds wheeled and screamed. The remnant that was preserved reached in safety Cassiteris, called afterwards Silura, and now Scilly.

There the wicked ceased to trouble, and the weary were at rest. In their island home, upon which still the sea encroaches daily, they dwelt securely. From St. Martin’s height, on their arrival, they saw the catastrophe that overwhelmed their enemies, and, dismounting, knelt upon the turf, and thanked God for their deliverance.

They never more sought the Britain of their hope and fame. It would have been a changed and a melancholy home for them. Arthur was in his tomb, at Glastonbury. Guenever was dead. The Round Table was broken and its best knights perished or dispersed. Their work was done. In the Isles of Scilly, thus miraculously severed from the main land, and, as it were set apart for their sakes, they lived, and there they died. In after days their children raised a stately religious house, at Tresco, over their bones. But their memory gradually faded away and was forgotten.

Sometimes on a clear day there may be seen the remains of walls or buildings under the sea. Sometimes fishermen bring up relics of other times, and men wonder at them and speculate upon their cause, and use. Strangers make pilgrimages to Scilly, and marvel whether it ever exceeded its present limits. But the account of its isolation is remembered only as a confused dream; it is a mystery, an old world tale; a fragment of which, like a portion of a wreck, floats about, here and there, in the visions of the past. Such is the legend of the Lionesse

The sea in this area is filled, according to this story, with the bodies and spirits of the horde of mercenaries under Mordred’s banner. They might be communicated with, or raised, if an arcane connection can be found. It might be under the sea, or kept as a trophy by one of the local families, or buried with a dead knight.

Mordred himself is also available to necromancers. He was a good knight, and trusted in the counsels of Arthur until a priest told him who his father was. He might be able to locate Arthurian sites and give clues to the location of treasures.

If the Infernal Saint of Sorrow is using Guenivere’s form to dupe the player characters, he might be a troublesome and pnitent ally.

The Priscillian Heretics

Scilly was one of the last holdouts of the Priscillian heresy. It was linked to Manicheanism, sorcery and astrological demons. A covenant of Criamon astrologers disappeared from the islands after a great magical event. Were these connected?

Priscillian was bishop of Avila, in what's now Spain. He was part of a group of bishops who followed a series of doctrines which created a split in the Church. His accusers, unable to bring him to heel, involved the Emperor, but after a period of imprisonment, Priscillian and his fellow bishops were restored to their sees. After a while, the imperial mantle changed hands, and his accusers tried again with the new man, Magnus Maximus.

Magnus Maximus may sound like the sort of made-up name you see in movies, because it means, "Great, really hugely great". That being said, you've met him before if you're interested in British folklore. In Welsh he's called Mascen Wledig, where Wledig is a title that means he's the ruler. He's the emperor who withdrew Roman troops from Britain, leaving the field clear for Arthur's ancestors to sort things out. He's the ancestor of various Welsh kings, his troops founded Brittany, and he was, himself, Galician, and so fortified that little bit of Spain, which was why it never fell to the Moors. Essentially, he's a folk hero and ancestor figure to some Celts.

Priscillian was charged with heresy, which was none of the emperor's business. He was, however, also charged with sorcery. That's a mundane crime, and the punishment at the time was beheading. After Priscillian was put to death, the Pope became incandescent, because this was the first time a heretic had been killed by a Christian emperor and the Pope wanted to establish the right of clergy to be tried only by ecclesiastical courts. Priscillian's body was returned to Avila where he was treated as a martyr, and it was turned into a relic. His sect continued in Iberia for a few centuries, before Leo I anathematized it at a synod in 563. He did this because Priscillians thought people had a direct connection with God and so had no need for the papacy.

At Priscillian's execution, one, or perhaps two, of his fellow bishops were banished to Scilly by the Emperor. The best-attested follower was Bishop Instantius, who presumably led this little church. In 995 a viking raider, and future king of Norway, named Olaf Tryggvason was converted by a Christian seer on the islands. It's not clear if this seer was part of a remnant group of Priscillians, or St Lide, who was active in the area at the time.

Priscillian, according to his detractors, had weird ideas about cosmology. In the beginning there were a Kingdom of Darkness and a Kingdom of Light. When the Darkness attacked the Light, God created human souls to fight back and destroy it. They failed, and were imprisoned in matter. Humans, therefore, contain both the light and darkness. The Twelve Patriarchs, angelic figures

This section follows what was believed about Priscillian in 1220. This is almost entirely based on the claims of his enemies, particularly St Augustine. Augustine was a convert from Manicheanism, and claimed that Priscillian was a Gnostic Manichean. In 1886 a researcher discovered a series of letters by Priscillian that had been preserved in the University of Wurzburg. These have not been translated into an English edition, but they make clear that Priscillian wasn't a Gnostic or a Manichean. He liked Manichean austerities, like fasting, but anathematized their beliefs. He seems like a sort of proto-Protestant.

Plot hook: The Heretical Relic

Priscillian's body may be hidden in a Scillonian ritual apse. Is it a holy relic, an infernal relic, or an odd thing that teaches Enigmatic Wisdom?

Plot hook: Flambeau Manicheanism

Some parts of House Flambeau are deeply interested in Manicheanism. One may come searching for a mystogic initiation site in the Scillonian islands.

If he follows a Manichean script in a Priscillian site, does he get an odd effect as a member of the Army of Light?

Does he have a patron Patriarch? Does his awakening summon an Archon of Matter?

which are representative of human virtues, tried to rescue human souls from embodiment, but failed due to the opposition of the Twelve Archons of Matter, who are the spirits of the Zodiac. God then sent his son, in the semblance of a man, to allow the humans to return to the Kingdom of Light. This is pretty basic Manicheanism. Augustine took this one step further in *Contra Mendacium* (“Against Lying”) where he claimed that Priscillians believed that they were allowed to lie to less spiritual people, provided it was for a good cause.

Plot hook: What happened to Stellasper? The New Stars

In 1220, people think that supernovae are meteorological events. The person who disproved this was Tycho Brahe, of the remarkable prosthetic noses. The stars are believed permanent. This group of Criamon, though, did not agree. There have been three visible supernovae in the time of the Order, and one of them left the Zodiac weakened. The Criamon used that to break out of the world.

In 1006 was the brightest supernova in recorded history: a quarter as bright as the full moon and two or three times the size of Venus. A star died in the constellation of Centarus. In modern times, the star would have been in Lupus, but in 1220 Lupus was thought of as an animal running from, or dying on the tip of, the Centaur’s spear. These constellations are deep in the southern sky now, but were higher then – visible from central Europe. If a constellation killed a star, might this have let the magi see that a star could die?

In 1054 a star just above the horn of Taurus died. This may have weakened the Archon of the Sign, or it may have, again, suggested that stars could die.

In 1181, a star in Cassiopeia died. This may have been aided by the Criamon, because the folklore around this constellation states that it exists to punish, imprison and humiliate the Queen of the Ethiopians. Cassiopeia boasted her daughter was more beautiful than the sea nymphs, so she has been placed on a spinning throne that wheels about the Pole Star, forced to hang upside down for six months of the year, being ducked into the sea (from a Greek observer’s perspective.) She reaches out her

arms toward Andromeda, her daughter, who is similarly tortured.

If she’s a punished mortal, she has no desire to be in the Heavens and is trying to break her bonds. If she’s an evil astral spirit, she’s Vanity, and she’s willing to cut a deal to betray the others, because she will not be mocked. The W shape of stars across her breast is called “the Key” or “the door” by Aratus and it is here the supernova appeared.

To Arab astrologers, the constellation is not a woman, it’s a tattooed hand, marked with diagrams of henna. That’s where we get the modern name for Beta Cassiopeiae from (Caph: “stained hand”). The link between the tattooed hand and the Criamon is obvious.

The pattern of supernovae since 1182 has been statistically unlikely. The next major supernova, SN 1572, was also in Cassiopeia. It was probably the one observed by Tycho Brahe. There was a later supernova in 1602, in Ophiuchus (who was, to the Romans, Asclepius, killed by Zeus with lightning, to stop him making humans immortal) observed by Kepler, and then perhaps a brief one seen either in 1620 or 1680, in Cassiopeia again. There have been none, visible to the naked eye from Earth, since. There are 48 constellations, but three of the last four supernovae have been in Cassiopeia.

Of course, it’s possible that the Criamon didn’t passively wait for a star to die. They may have murdered it. How do you murder a star? Is the weapon they used still available? Is the destruction of a star, like the destruction of the physical form of a demon, a purely temporary measure, such that the creature can return to seek vengeance?

Aratea

House Mercere and Criamon know a little about secretive clutch at Stellasper. If they want to help characters search for Stellasper's site, they'll be sure to mention its guardians, the Aratea.

These creatures are named after a series of poems by an author called Aratus, in which he described each of the constellations. They poems were in Greek, but were translated into Latin by Cicero. In the Ninth Century they were collected and published, each being illustrated by an extract of Hyingus's *Astronomica*, where the words had been shaped into a representation of the constellation.

The guardians were monsters made of living, churning words: like Criamon tattoos come to life. The word-spirits could eat language and incorporate it. They feed directly on spellcasting, by eating the spoken components. They are restored by starlight.

When the Criamon clutch vanished they left these things behind. It's not clear if they are Adulterations or the results of experiments intended to draw down Aspects of astral daemons.

Plot hook: Jellyfish rumours

It is known that the missing magi harvested jellyfish swarms as a vis source, as they traded some of that vis away, but a single, odd, account says that some members of Stellasper took barrel jellyfish as familiars.

A jellyfish is up to 95% water, but their familiars were magical spirits which were 95% vim, the material that makes up the current of mystical energy that allows magic to be performed in Mythic Europe.

The largest are six feet long. They weigh about 70 pounds, so they are Size 0 or -1. They are generally deep blue in colour. They have four feeding arms, but no stingers. It has distinctive frills.

It's usual to bind an animal which has abilities you want to develop yourself. Many combat magi have eagle familiars because it gives them extended Sight Range, for example. There's one species of jellyfish that is effectively immortal: it can repeatedly transform into its adolescent state, age to maturity, and then cycle back. These were not known in medieval Europe, but make a really interesting treasure for a high fantasy game. They don't necessarily overpower the game, because the process of deaging would not prevent Twilight points accruing.

Plot hook: Absent Constellation

Will the player characters notice that one constellation is missing? It's the largest, but who, when fighting the Dragon and Orion, would miss something so mundane as The Ship? Where did it go, and did the Criamon use it to leave?

Bjornaer magi often become enormous versions of their Heartbeats, rather than falling into Twilight. Two are reported in local Mercere stories. One is the Whale Eater, called Moragwr in Cornwall, a vast crocodillian creature. The other is an enormous lion's-maned jellyfish. He is, however, said to have floated north, toward Thule.

Player handouts in the next three pages Aratea sketches by Jania of Mercere titled "The guard of the Waterway" "The guard at the Outer Gate" and "The guard of the Council Chamber"



PRO CYDONIA ANTIQUA CANALIA NORRUM RUM HAC ET
 HISTORIAE ANTIQUAE PRAESENTIUM SIDERUM FALCONIUM BULLI
 MOUARIIS QUI RUM STATILLIUS SIDERUM FALCONIUM BULLI
 UT MALI LAOPIUS SUPRIDA IN NISANUM
 ET INTER CIRCULO CIRCUITUS STIBI BULLI
 JACERENT LUMINANT SICTAS AD OCCASUM
 OCCIDENTIS HORUM QUOD DAMENIUM SEI CANALIA BULLI
 RITUR BULLI SEI CANALIA BULLI
 OCCIDENTIS HORUM QUOD DAMENIUM SEI CANALIA BULLI
 RITUR BULLI SEI CANALIA BULLI

EST ST. EL.
 LIRUM
 TRUVAI
 LAMPE

S. STELLAE
 LIRUM
 TRUVAI
 LAMPE

EST ST. EL.
 LIRUM
 TRUVAI
 LAMPE

EST ST. EL.
 LIRUM
 TRUVAI
 LAMPE



PERSIUS HIC EST HIC CALISA
HIC QUID MOUO CENERI CONCUBIT
NIXES AT NATHIS ADOS DE ANO
PLACERISSE QUIM...
GRANCIA ROS SIX FRUM
HOMUT QUID MINSI
INTISSIMI ENT LARI
TANTURUMORCIA
CLAUSUM QUA SIS
NEAMSI DOCTO PRO
DARI PALESTI...

ET AMAR...
CALACE...
MANTER...
MOURGO...
ACTIVAN
LINDAL...
BITON...
SUNT STELLAE VIII.

SUB QUAE
QUAE MALO
RACCIT
OCCIDUNT
LACIA

ous natum summo ioue per...
meros retinet defixo cor...
summa ab regione, aquiloni...
et un ad sedes intendit casu...

Looe Island

Looe Island is about 22 acres – so it's large enough to sustain a covenant's population, particularly given the resources of the sea, and trade with nearby ports. Looe, the nearest modern port, doesn't seem to exist as a legal entity in 1220, but may be one of the many boroughs that Richard of the Romans sets up. He seems to give them a fair. There's a village at the site before the Normans turn up, and part of what's now Looe is made up of three Domesday manors, one owned directly by William himself.

There is a second, smaller islet nearby. Historically it seems to have been called Little Island. It's close enough to be connected with a simple footbridge, and large enough that the magi might build a separate domicile there, if they preferred to live physically separated from their community.

Insula Ictis

The island is identified by some writers with Ictis, the place where the ancient Cornish set up a trading post to sell tin to international traders. There are some features which do not match the description, for example Ictis is meant to be tidal, but for the purposes of the game, the link might be made. It certainly appears in period, because the Cornish people believe that Joseph of Armithea left his nephew, Jesus Christ, on this island for a while, when he came to Cornwall to buy tin along the coast. This has made the island a local pilgrimage site from early times.

The island belongs to Glastonbury Abbey (from 1144 in real Europe). It is administered by two Benedictines at Lammana Priory. In the real world, the Abbey sold the island to a local landowner, so the covenant could make them an offer. The priory was small, and so was converted to a secular chapel. Glastonbury is the abbey that was so fortunate as to discover the tomb of King Arthur about 40 years ago, and its lucky for them that their good fortune continued, such that they control the only part of the British isles that the Saviour Himself visited in his lifetime.

Etruscan grottoes?

A pair of Victorian antiquarians said that Looe has man-made caves in it, similar to those grottoes built by the Etruscans. The last mention of the Etruscan magi is in 408, when the Visigoths came to sack Rome. The Romans heard that Visigothic forces had been scattered from a town (called Narnia, which is modern Narni) by a magical ritual that called down lightning. The priests of the old religion, Etruscan haruspexes came to the Pope and said they could save Rome by performing the same ritual. The Pope said yes, but demanded it be done in secret, or at least in private, so the haruspexes refused and left.

Plot hooks: Ghosts

There are at least three ghosts of Looe Island. There is a dark-skinned man with blood on his face. There is an aristocratic, long-fingered man with long hair who emerges from a blue light. There is a white hare which warns of storms and is the spirit of a girl who committed suicide when wronged by her suitor. Apparently this happens a lot in Cornwall, so there are several of these hares about as potential familiars.

Plot hook: Smugglers

In later periods, smugglers worked from Looe Island, and spread tales of ghosts to frighten off people who might otherwise be attracted to their lights and noise. In Mythic Europe, that's how you attract faeries. Folklore claims a tunnel to the mainland.

There is some question as to how the story played out, but regardless there were lightning magi actively destroying armies in the 5th Century. Other features of Etruscan (or Rasenna, as they called themselves) culture suit Hermetic magic also. They had comparatively egalitarian sexes, they lived in city states ruled by a small oligarchic caste rather than monarchies. The Etruscans also lived in the area of modern Italy that was the local source of copper and tin, so there's a weak link there. The Etruscans are best known in the modern day from their cavernous, decorated graves, which could be hidden on the island.

Covenant Boons and Hooks for Looe Island

Caves

Death visitor – spectral hare

Haunted – two ghosts described below

Hidden Ways – smuggler tunnels on the mainland

Island

Pilgrimage site – Jesus

Regio – Hunt records the tradition that “from Rame-head to the two Looes very fertile valleys are stated to have extended at least a league southwards, over a tract now covered with sea”. On a smaller level the Black Rock in Falmouth Harbour used to be a tidal island.

Resident Nuisance – there's a blue will-o-the-wisp which pesters people on the island. It may have started with stories caused by smugglers' lights.

Roman Ruin – Ictis

Tintagel

King Arthur was born at Tintagel in Cornwall, according to many versions of the story. During the game period, Arthurian stories were in high fervour. The grave of Arthur and Gwenivere was miraculously discovered at Glastonbury in 1191, making that site popular for pilgrimage (which is what rich people do instead of tourism). The stories about Arthur are popular: Chretien de Troyes's works were finished in about 1190 and a slew of imitators and retellers are constructing the Matter of Britain as the game period arrives.

Arthur's story has yet to cohere into a modern form. He is recorded as a giant killer: in some versions he is the reason they are now extinct in Cornwall. In the east of Cornwall the vast rocks which, in the west, are attributed to giants are instead attributed to Arthur. Jack the Giant Killer was the tutor to Arthur's son and Tom Thumb was his favourite dwarf.

He had various odd relatives this early in the story, including a maternal half-brother called Constantinus who was a tyrant and Duke of Cornwall. Hunt suggests the parish of Constantine (pronounced Cust-ten-ton) may be named after him. Oddly, and Hunt doesn't note this, Geoffrey of Monmouth gives Arthur's heir as a blood relative (of unspecified type) called Constantine. Later writers often call him "Constantine son of Cador" and suggest he's Arthur's nephew, which requires Cador to be his half-brother.

Danish landing and banner fires

Hunt recounts a story where the Danes land in Genvor Cove to pillage the hamlet of Escols. The locals light a beacon-fire, and the beacons burn along a route to Tintagel, to tell Arthur of the threat.

A holy woman called a great storm that threw the fleeing Danish ships high up the rocky beaches, where Arthur and his companions massacred the Danes near Vellan-Druchar. "So terrible was the slaughter, that the mill was worked with blood that day." Arthur and the Kings then make some binding oaths with the waters of St Sennen's well and at Table-Men.

Not all of the Danish arrivals were exterminated by Arthur. In Saint Sennen there's a community of red-headed people who do not speak the local language or interbreed with the Cornish. Hunt says they might be descended of the Danes, but it might be the population of a covenant.

Plot hooks: Stones

On Tintagel there are two Arthur Stones, Arthur's Throne and Arthur's Cups. Each may be a vis source.

Plot hooks: Royal blood

Plot hook: If Arthur had a son, there could be some of his royal blood still about in the population, acting as a source for Virtues. One of his children might be away in Faerie, recoverable with sufficient bravery and guile.

Plot hook: Danes

Anywhere there's been tremendous pagan bloodshed is filled with useful material for necromancers. The Danes presumably owned Caer Dinas (literally "Castle of the Danes") so it's likely also filled with Danish spirits.

Can you relight the beacons to call forth the ghosts of Arthur's horde, or faeries pretending to be them? It seems easy to do via magic, but does the presence in the line of St Agnes Beacon, which has a Divine aura as an act of perpetual charity by a saint, make this more difficult? Hunt records the beacon sites as The Chapel Hill, Castle-an-Dinas, Trecrobben, Carn Brea, St Agnes Beacon, Belovely Beacon, the Great Stone, St Bellarmine's Tor, Cadbarrow, Roughtor and Brownwilly, which is the highest mountain in Cornwall.

Arthur death and grave sites

Hunt mentions an inscribed rock marking Arthur's death site at Slaughterbridge. He also mentions Arthur dying at Camelford, then being buried at Glastonbury. He then quotes Bale's Acts of the English Votaries

"In Avallon, anno 1191, there found they the flesh bothe of Arthur and of hys wyfe Guenever turned all into duste, wythin theyr comnes of strong oke, the bones only remaynyng. A monke of the same abbeye, standyng and behouldyng the fine broydinges of the wommanis heare as yellow as golde there still to remayne. As a man ravyshed, or more than halfe from his wyttes, he leaped into the graffe, xv fote depe, to have caugte them sodenlye. But he fayled of his purpose. For so soon as they were touched they fell all to powder."

Arthur as a chough

It's thought unlucky to harm choughs, because Arthur's soul is said to have taken that form at his death. Imagine a crow with a red beak and red feet, then mix in folklore that indicates this colour is related to blood.

Boons and Hooks for a covenant at Tintagel

Divine Aura: There's a little chapel on Tintagel, to St Materiana. She's not well known, even in Cornwall.

Faerie Aura

Monster – there are things in that sea.

Mundane politics / Favours – if drawn into Richard's alliances.

Natural Fortress

Powerful Ally or Enemy: Richard of Almain

Unknown Regio – Merlin's Cave. This cave isn't the one in which the old enchanter was imprisoned, unless the stories told about its locations were lies. Then again, if you'd trapped an enchanter in a cave, would you tell people where it was?

Tame nobleman: a local knightly family owns Tintagel, but do not live there.

Warping to a Pattern – the Enchantment of Britain: As the Matter of Britain becomes more firmly fixed in the public mind, echoes of the golden age may begin to warp those who live in this place. Tristram, Prince of Lyonesse, was also born here, and parts of his tragic relationship with Iseult were played out at Tintagel. Similar stories of love potions and woe may become common.

Plot hooks: False Arthur?

Is this convenient discovery a fake? Is it a pious forgery to dispel a faerie claiming the role of Arthur, which has been slumbering at the bottom of a lake for a few hundred years, feeding on the story of the secular saviour? Does this rouse the faerie Arthur, or can he not act directly against the priests?

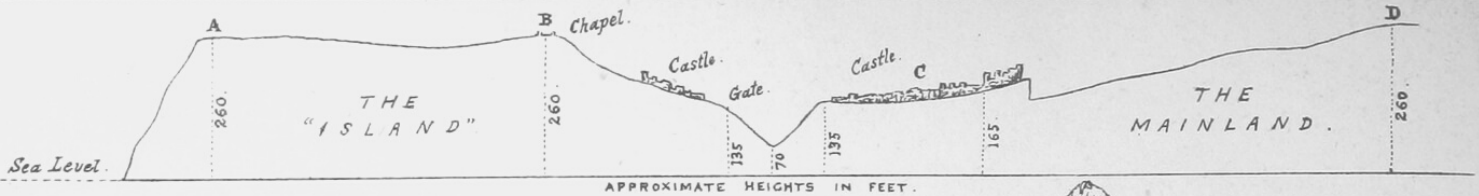
Plot hook: Recovering Caliburn

In 1191 Richard I gave a sword to Tancred I of Sicily, claiming it was Arthur's sword Caliburn. It might be worth stealing that back, but the scabbard is worth ten of the sword.

Plot hook: Court of coughs

Is Arthur is now like one of those Bjornaer magi who become a terrible, titanic version of their heartbeast? He might lead a circle of knights that take the form of ravens or choughs or crows. This cult could be part of House Bjornaer, or a little fragment tradition in Ex Miscellanea. They might be omen-bearing Merinitas or courtly Jerbiton magi. Were they driven to extinction with the Diedne, as a druidic remnant or a strike force? Can they keep their kit when they change shape, like some faeries, and can they teach that trick to the Bjornaer magi?

If the Knights of the Future King still exist, what do they want? Are they guided by the prophecies of Merlin to prevent some great calamity which would force Arthur to return? Do they have a base of operations?



APPROXIMATE HEIGHTS IN FEET.

BARRAS NOSE



PART OF TINTAGEL AFTER McLAUCHLAN, &c.

SAGA

RESOURCES

This section suggests three sites for covenants to be developed in Cornwall. Scilly is a high fantasy site, by the ruins of a sunken kingdom. Tintagel is a castle attributed to King Arthur, that unexpectedly pulls the characters into the centre of the realm's politics. Looe Island is a quieter place, for magi who want to explore the setting without a central arc provided by the location of their home.

Richard of Almain

In 1220 King Henry III has a brother called Richard who is eleven. If game history matches real history, he becomes Earl of Cornwall in 1225. On his way to becoming the richest man in Europe and Holy Roman Emperor, he buys Tintagel from the knight who owns it and rebuilds the castle there, to cement his family's links to King Arthur. For magi, living in Cornwall, he's difficult to ignore. Richard becomes the wealthiest man in Europe, in real life, via mining rights, land income, banking and owning the exclusive right to tax England's Jews. The Quaesitores must come down hard on any magi who have reached an accommodation with Richard. No covenant gets a personal emperor, even if the title is basically honorary.

Richard of Almain – a timeline of plot hooks for the meddling

1215 Prince Richard, aged six, is fostered to Corfe Castle under Peter de Mauley. His mother has returned to France and remarried. A tutor is appointed for him. The tutor, Sir Roger d'Acastre, stays with him until 1223 and disappears into history. Richard's household is his master, two trumpeters, and some washerwomen, at this point. He can speak French and English, and when he's an adult he reads, and orders books in, Latin.

1220 Henry III is crowned. Richard is bought to London by his guardian. Henry is childless, so Richard is the heir to the throne. Falkes de Breauté and Hugh de Burgh are vying for power in England.

Plot hook: An offer...

English covenants often pull the "tame noble family" ruse, to get around the English insistence that the Crown ultimately owns all of the land in the realm. When the King's brother asks to buy the land the covenant is on, so he can build a castle to impress other nobles, what can you do?

Corfe Castle is described in Tales of Mythic Europe (p. 67).

Plot hook: Tutor lost to history

Roger d'Acastre may be a servant of a covenant.

For context, in 1220 the Cornish stanneries are farmed for 1000 marks per year. Richard later gets about 2000 pounds of profit from his stanneries a year, if you include the first right to buy tin, then sell it as a profit.

Richard of Almain – a timeline for the

meddlesome (continued)

1221 Richard is granted the honour of the Eye. He doesn't live there, and it is managed by a steward appointed for him by a Council of Barons, but it gives his people the money to required to maintain his household.

1223: Richard goes on pilgrimage to Canterbury with Alexander II of Scotland. No definite miracles are recorded as occurring.

1224 de Breaute rebels, and after some setbacks, Hubert de Burgh crushes his army and exiles him, taking effective power in England. During this distraction the truce with France expires and the French take Poitou without any significant resistance. The English retain Bordeaux, Gascony and Bayonne, which send for help.

1225: Richard turns 16 and is knighted by his brother. He's also given the title of High Sheriff of Cornwall. This ends the earlier practice of appointing a new sheriff every few years.

The barons send a relief army to the remaining Norman territories in what is now France. Henry sends his brother Richard as nominal leader, as theoretical Count of Poitou. The effective leader is the William Longsword, the Earl of Salisbury, a skilled veteran and the prince's uncle. The force is small, somewhere between 40 and 70 knights, and later, 500 Welsh footmen. 36 000 pounds is sent out to Richard or paid on his behalf. Silver and material are transported by the king's Great Ship, the Templars, and by merchants in the employ of the Royal Wardrobe.

The force pacifies Gascony, but can't save Poitou. It's being led by Hugh de la Marche, who married Richard's mother after King John died, so that is awkward. Richard tries to marry the daughter of the king of Laon, but Hugh de Burgh prevents it. In 1225 Salisbury dies, and there's no veteran campaigner to take his place.

1226 King Louis VIII takes the cross, and declares war on Raymond, the Count of Toulouse, who is a heretic and an ally of the English. This makes attacking Louis's lands morally abominable (you can't invade a crusader's lands.). This also entangles Louis in the Hermetic power struggles of the Languedoc Tribunal. In November Louis VIII dies, leaving a 12-year-old boy in theoretical charge of France. Much of Poitou switches to the English side. Toulouse openly allies with the English, and the French sign a truce. Peace treaty negotiations begin, but eventually fail.. This may be because of House Tytalus, because no-one actually wants a war in 1226.

Plot hook: Sleeper agent

The Eye, in Suffolk, may be significant to one of the other covenants in the Order. This period would allow them to put a spy in his retinue.

Plot hook: Nuts

House Tytalus, who loves this sort of thing, orders wine and scours nearby Tribunals for magic items which grant invisibility.

Plot hook: New sherrif in town

A covenant who has suborned the person who actually did the work of the sheriff, despite the churning title, may need to plant their man in Richard's retinue.

Plot hook: Shipping money

That's a lot of silver afloat in an area known for supernatural piracy and smuggling. See Tales of Power for more on the demonic pirate monk, Eustace.

Plot hook: Aiding Cupid

Player characters who aid the marriage to Laon make it a more substantial kingdom, altering the politics of the Reconquistia.

Richard of Almain – a timeline for the meddlesome (continued)

Henry III gets into arguments with many of his earls about the borders of the royal forests.

1227 Various nobles switch their allegiance back to France and Richard withdraws his forces. He returns home, and is made Earl of Cornwall. He sets up his headquarters in Launceston, which he begins to remodel.

Hubert de Burgh is in charge of England, is made Earl of Kent, and marries the sister of the King of Scotland. She has been at King John's court for many years, presumably to be married to one of the princes. de Burgh has annoyed a lot of people, who coalesce into a faction led by the Earl of Chester.

After Richard has had Cornwall for a few weeks, he and Henry have an argument about possession of eight Cornish demesne manors. Richard offers to have the lawyers sort it out, and Henry's legal adviser suggests imprisoning Richard. Richard hears there's a plot afoot and rides off in the middle of the night. He links up with his friend William Marshal/ Young William, who was holder of much of the Welsh marches, and he took Richard to the Earl of Chester, who held most of northern England. Five other Earls also raise their banners, and they get an army together at Stamford. They send some demands, and Henry's advisers buckle. Henry hands out the bribes and the army goes home. The forest boundaries change back. Richard gets his mother's dowry lands, and a few other bits and pieces.

Richard's income is about 1000 pounds a year after this settlement. He lives at Launceston in Cornwall most of the time, but he also now has two manors just outside London, to live in when going to court. Berkhamstead, which is part of his mother's dowry lands, is taken off him and given to Hugh de Burgh's nephew, so bygones are not bygones.

1229: Richard gets Wallingford under the king's pleasure, and probably gets back Berkhamstead. Wallingford is his English headquarters for a while. Henry sends out a letter to his nobles suggesting they get ready to go with him on a campaign to an unnamed place, at an unnamed time. This worries anyone with any sense. He tells the Cinque Ports to assemble a fleet, and eventually tells his people to assemble in Plymouth in October. This is taken as good news by everyone not near the Channel. England's nobles arrive, but Hubert de Burgh has failed to get a decent fleet together, and so it is all put off until April.

Plot hook: No more foresters

When Henry claims the forests as larger than before, he excludes humans from certain places, which allows faeries to move closer to farmed lands, and take new forms.

Plot hook: Remodeling

If your magi have used magi for masonry, Richard will be trying to find out how your marvels were done.

Plot hook: Blackthorn

House Tremere has ruled Wales, in a mystical sense, for centuries. Pembroke and Chester are within their sphere of influence, if not their direct control.

Plot hook: The king is planning...

When this begins, everyone knows the king is planning to try and kill someone powerful, but they have no idea who or why. Prudent magi make plans. Imprudent magi act on them.

Covenants may need to hide their ships, to prevent them being dragooned into service.

Richard of Almain – a timeline for the meddlesome (continued)

1230: Richard is given the Honor of the Eye and a 1000 marks, to get him behind a war in Brittany. Henry and 450 knights sail to France. They achieve little of significance, and both Henry and Richard catch some sort of camp fever in September so they go home.

1231: Gilbert de Clare, the Earl of Gloucester, dies. His widow is William Marshal's sister, Isabella. Three months later she marries Richard, which annoys Henry, because she's a valuable heiress. Isabella has six children already. Eventually she and Richard have four more, but only one lives to adulthood. Richard gets a fair swathe of Irish land, and the Broase lands in Wales, perhaps as part of the marriage deal. De Burgh then takes the Broase lands from him. and tries to take his Irish castles.

As a wedding gift, Richard's lands in Cornwall, Wallingford and the Eye are changed from being held at the King's pleasure to being held at fee. They are now his. This removes a lot of the friction from his relationship with his brother. At this point he also gets the stanneries of Cornwall. He's given Cornwall and the stanneries for five fees, which is, in hindsight, mightily generous.

1232: Henry III takes the justiciarship from Hugh de Burgh. Peter de Riveaux becomes effective chief minister. He's in charge of the exchequer, which means he has the realm's money in his control. The new Earl of Pembroke (Richard Marshal) and a couple of other Earls defend Hugh from the worst Henry has planned. Richard and Marshal fight Llewelyn in Wales, and win.

1233: Henry takes a manor from one of Richard Marshal's allies on Christmas in 1232, and this causes an argument. This swells in June 1233 when Henry and Marshal fall out over the dower lands of Henry's sister, Eleanor. She had been married to Marshal's older brother, preceding him as Earl of Pembroke. Henry summons the barons to Oxford for a parliament, and takes hostages from prominent families. This goes down about as well as you'd expect. Henry gives the nobility huge bribes, and Richard rejoins the royal side. Marshal doesn't, and the king besieges him at Usk Castle.

The king doesn't bring more than a few days of food for his men, so he can't maintain the siege. He sends some bishops to the marshal, asking him to save the king embarrassment by surrendering Usk, on the understanding the king will hand the castle back after 15 days, and make other concessions. Marshal allows this, but when Henry doesn't give the castle back for a few months, he allies with the Welsh, and with Hugh de Burgh who has escaped a royal prison, and wrecks the king's forces. He then tries to raise the Marshal lands in Ireland, which leads to his death, and Richard picks up some of the Marshal lands.

Plot hook: Camp fever

If Henry and his brother die of dysentery, who becomes monarch? Technically it's the Maid of Brittany, kept prisoner in Corfe. More practically, it is their sister Joan, Queen of Scotland. The Anglo-Normans don't favour the idea of a ruling queen, but the legitimate Plantagenet men have been exterminated comprehensively.

King John made England a fief of the Pope, so he might appoint someone else and order them to marry Joan's younger sister, Eleanor.

Plot hook: Mining?

If your magi have been using Creo magic to make metal, while pretending to own a mine, Richard is now your tax assessor.

...which further indicates that House Tremere is on the side of the Marshals. Odd how none of the Marshal brothers have any children, isn't it? Llewellyn's wife, Joan of Wales, is Richard's half-sister.

Plot hook: Hiding children

House Jerbiton prefers noble children as apprentices. When one is demanded as a hostage, how can the magi trick the king?

Richard of Almain – a timeline for the

meddlesome (continued)

Richard swaps three of his manors for Tintagel. His interest in Arthuriana infects his nephew, the eventual King Edward I, who makes or finds the Round Table, captures the crown of Arthur from the Welsh, and rebuilds the tomb of Arthur at Glastonbury.

1235: Richard picks up more land as a birthday present from his brother, for nominal fees, presumably for sorting their sister's marriage. He's also allowed to protect the Jews in his Honor at Berkhamstead. He asks the pope if he can divorce Isabella because she's barren, and he is told that he needs to give the idea up. His son Henry is then born.

1236: Richard of Cornwall takes the Cross, but the Pope orders him not to actually go on crusade until a special license is sent. He doesn't actually leave until 1240, which gives him a lot of time to prepare. The king marries Eleanor of Provence, and her uncle becomes the centre of a faction of the queen's family which annoys the barons no end. Richard Marshal is a leader of that opposition, and Richard tries to keep the peace.

1237: Richard negotiates extensions of peace with the Welsh and Scots.

1238: Eleanor, the youngest sister of the King, marries Simon de Monfort without the permission. Richard begins a "demonstration", which is a rebellion in all but name. The King folds without a battle, and they reconcile by the time their sister Joan, then Queen of Scotland, passes away in 1239. Richard, henceforth, is almost always on Henry's team. Baldwin, Emperor of Constantinople, visits England this year, and Richard finds out the lay of the land in the East, for his Crusade.

1239: Henry III has a son, Edward, and Richard ceases to be heir presumptive of England. The Pope gives Richard carte blanche for success of his Crusade, including the general protection given to the lands of all crusaders. Richard sends 6 000 marks to the Templars in Paris in preparation. He and the other barons going on Crusade meet at Northampton and swear they will not go to Italy or Greece, which is perhaps because the Pope strongly suggested they go to Constantinople.

1240: Isabella dies, but Richard will not allow her to be buried by her first husband. He isn't, however, eventually buried next to her, himself.

Plot hook: Antiquarian

Even if Richard is not your landlord, you might want to watch what he's doing when he pokes around in Merlin's Cave at Tintagel.

Richard will pay handsomely to assist in the recovery of any of the Twelve Treasures of Britain, or Arthurian relics his family can use for prestige.

Plot hook: Making bank

Once Richard has the right to farm the Jews, he's connected to the financial system of London. He can also get some of your covenant's agents out of trouble simply by claiming them as his.

Plot hook: Joan of Scotland

Joan dies in London, in the arms of her brothers. If magi can heal the aging crisis that precipitates her death, they have great leverage over the king and Richard. If they overuse it, they can expect reprisals.

Plot hook: Divine protection

While Richard is a Crusader, his land enjoys some protection from the Divine. This may make spellworking harder, or may make it easier for magi to defeat demons and rivals.

Richard of Almain – a timeline for the

meddlesome (continued)

1240: The crusade sets out from Dover. They go via Paris, renewing the truce, then through the Rhone. At Vienne the locals offer to buy his boats, and when Richard refuses, they steal them. He goes by land to Arles, and then the people give him his boats back at Beaucaire. He leaves Marseilles, after another bishop tries to get him to go home, and lands in Acre. The Templars and Hospitallers are allied with competing Muslim factions, and Richard ignores them both, to help the Duke of Burgundy rebuild Ascalon.

1241: Richard ratifies a truce with the Sultan of Egypt, and French prisoners are released. He sets off home, and drops in on Frederick II, who is married to Isabella, his sister, on the way. Louis IX of France declares his son Alphonse Count of Poitou. The territory is still controlled by Henry and Richard's stepfather.

1242: Richard arrives at Dover, and travels to London, which has been decorated for his arrival. He brings with him the French prisoner knights, and kits them out. Henry surprises him with a plan to break the truce with the French and invade Gascony and Poitou. He needs money, so he calls a parliament. They tell him that it's a stupid idea and refuse to give him the money. Henry gets his money from Ireland, the Church and the Jews. Then he offers four good manors to Richard, and tells him that if he breaks the truce, Richard is free to go home.

The army has 150 knights and 20 000 marks, but France's army cuts them off from their supplies. They are about to have a battle, but Richard takes off his armour, and walks across the bridge that separates the two armies with only a pilgrim's staff. He manages a day's truce, due to the presence of some of the French knights he'd saved in the Holy Land. The brothers hightail it, and their allies desert them.

1243: Henry spends most of this year tooling about pointlessly in Gascony. He makes Richard Count of Gascony, then changes his mind and takes the title back. Richard argues with Henry, and is allowed to go home. Matthew Paris's book says Henry tries to have Richard imprisoned on his way home, but that doesn't work and he lands in Scilly in October. On the way he almost has a shipwreck, and he does the abbey for miracle deal, eventually building Hailes Abbey in Gloucestershire as his payoff.

Richard marries the Queen's sister, Sanchia. She has only a little marriage portion, and there's no political advantage, so he must have just wanted to. Her portion is 2 000 pounds in money and 1 000 marks per year. Richard stops calling himself Count of Poitou, and hands his lands in Gascony and Ireland off to the Crown. He gets better legal rights to his lands in England in exchange.

Plot hook: En Route

Richard's group travels past several significant covenants. Characters in his train would have protection from many of the ills of the road.

The business with the stolen and returned boats seems inexplicable.

Plot hook: The poor king

Henry is perpetually short of money. Magi are not, and he knows it. If he becomes desperate enough, the player characters need to find a way to placate him.

Plot hook: Smuggling the king

Player characters can help smuggle the royal brothers home.

Plot hook: Unavoidable

Even if you are in the Scillies, eventually Richard will arrive, wanting to make money and trade influence. He's even willing to do deals with God.

Plot hook: Weddings

Celebrations are in order. How can an allied covenant surreptitiously give a gift to the newlyweds?

Richard of Almain – a timeline for the

meddlesome (continued)

1244: Richard arranges an extension of the truce with Scotland. The king is broke and the barons force a council of advisers on him. Richard substantially bankrolls his brother with loans.

1246: The King tries to stand up against the Pope regarding taxes of the Church. Richard opposes him, because the Pope is still letting him collect 1000 pounds a year to defray the expenses of his crusade.

1247: Richard finances and supervises the great recoinage in England. This hasn't been done since 1180, and Richard gets half the profits, and new coins for his old ones on a one-for-one basis. He arranges to mine the Mint for fifteen years. He also has the right to all related contracts, so there's some graft going on there. He then extends this to the Welsh and Irish mints too. Instead of minting in London, he sets up 12 regional mints, and sends out dies from London. The mints at London and Bedford are operating by the end of 1247. Richard sends people to the continent to hire clever silversmiths.

Richard heads across the Channel to parley with King Louis over Normandy. It doesn't work, but he helps set up a shrine to Saint Edmund in Pontigny, and is granted a miraculous cure for a serious, if ill-defined, illness.

1248: The mint at Winchester starts operating around New Year. The London mint tests the new coins and sets the king's rate of farm (sixpence to the pound, with an added 10 pence to the moneyers). If you have pure silver, you can have it assayed and pay only the farm. If you have it assayed and it's more impure than the new coins, you pay a sixpence penalty. Norwich, Exeter, Lincoln and Northampton mints start operation. A thousand pounds of silver and coin dies are sent to them, to get them started. The King sends out inspectors to catch coiners and clippers, and coins not of the king are made illegal: particularly Scottish coins.

1249: Edmund, the son of Richard who, in the real world, inherits his lands and titles, is born. While his father lives, he has his household at Tintagel. Edmund is 14 years younger than his legitimate older brother, Henry, and gets on well with him.

1250: The Bristol Mint closes.

1252: Richard's profit from the Mint and Exchange is 5 513 pounds for this year.

1254: The Irish Mint closes and sends the dies back to London.

Plot hook: Making silver?

If you've been making silver, Richard will send agents to hire your people.

A Verditus with an enchanted item that stamps coins could make a lot of money in 1247.

Magi could farm one of the mints from Richard. That lets them trickle money into circulation, entirely legally from a mundane perspective.

Plot hook: Shipping silver

A pound of silver weighs a literal pound, in 1220, so the amount of silver being carried about is extraordinary. Faeries must notice the silver on their roads. Demons must notice the patterns the silver makes as it surges about the kingdom, drawing out greed.

Plot hook: Missing dies

Note that one Mint sends its dies back and the other does not. Were the first set destroyed, or not? Did the London Mint need a new set, for some reason?

Richard of Almain – a timeline for the meddlesome (continued)

Richard is Regent of England and calls the first full assembly of the knights of the shires. Richard sends his men around England to fine people making their own coins, or changing coins. Richard keeps half the fines. London pays his people 600 pounds to just go away. At this stage the king owes Richard at least 10 000 pounds. Richard is elected King of the Romans, which is basically Holy Roman Emperor, in an impromptu auction with the King of Castille.

1257: Crowned King of the Romans. He takes his sons and wife with him to the ceremony. Matthew of Paris swears Richard took 365 000 marks with him to Germany.. Richard gains rights for “his” merchants which mean they do not pay some of the taxes their competitors pay in England. After this Richard and his sons are sometimes called “...of Almain” which means Germany.

Richard is away in Germany, so Henry tries his hand at this minting business, making a gold penny in Chester, worth 20 silver pennies, later 24.

1258: The King has been trying to arrange the throne of Sicily for his younger son for some time. The nobles, led by his brother in law, Simon de Monfort, are finally sick of it, and trouble brews. Richard returns from the continent. The King is forced to accept that he must put all of his royal actions before a council of noble advisers for ratification. Richard makes a vow not to oppose the reformers when he returns to England, and he makes peace between the king and noble factions, several times, until 1263 when he ceases being able to paper over the cracks and violence breaks out.

1259: The Treaty of Paris: England and France finally stop beating on each other.

1261: Richard’s great coinage ends. He’s made about 20 000 pounds out of the business. At least 800 000 pounds of silver pennies have been manufactured, although much of that comes from melting down older coins.

1264: Henry III goes to France, where King Louis acts as arbiter between the King of England and the English nobles. The king wins his case, and Richard stays at home running the kingdom in his absence. The baronial faction sack one of Richard’s manors, and his palace in Westminster, so Richard gives up on conciliation and joins the royalist side wholeheartedly. The Royal side loses the Battle of Lewes. Richard and his sons are taken prisoner by de Monfort’s baronial forces. They are held in the Tower of London by Eleanor, the wife of de Monfort (and Richard’s sister).

Plot hook: Making silver?

If you’ve been making silver, Richard will send agents to hire your people.

A Verditus with an enchanted item that stamps coins could make a lot of money in 1247.

Magi could farm one of the mints from Richard. That lets them trickle money into circulation, entirely legally from a mundane perspective.

Plot hook: Gold pennies

Even if you had a deal with Richard, you now have to deal with the less-competent Henry.

Plot hook: Peace

House Tylalus hates this, but House Jerbiton is overjoyed.

Plot hook: Peace

At this point, ancient treasure and foreign coins become useless to offer to the Crown.

Plot hook: Jailbreak?

Is it worth the risk?

Richard of Almain – a timeline for the

meddlesome (continued)

1265: Richard and his sons are moved to Wallingford, which they used to own, but was now held by their enemies. A rescue attempt is made, but the castle's defenders threaten to kill the captives, including Prince Edward, so the force withdraws. de Montfort then sends Richard and Edmund to his own castle, Kenilworth, because threatening to murder your in-laws is impolite. Prince Edward escapes from his jailers and rejoins his father, so Richard and his sons are put in chains. Edward defeats the barons at Evesham, and kills de Monfort. Royalist forces surround Kenilworth, and Richard's family are surrendered to them, after taking an oath that they would protect Eleanor de Montfort. They return to Wallingford, which they now own again.

1266: The Hamburg and Lubeck merchants get a Hanse in England.

1268-9: Richard makes his fourth journey to Germany and marries a third time, to Beatrice von Falkenberg. Edmund gets the Holy Blood relic. Richard returns to England and manages the realm, as the king's health is in decline. Richard's sons prepare for Crusade.

1270-1: Richard's sons arrive in Tunis, discover their uncle, Louis IX is dead, and are ordered to take his remains to France. On the way the pause at Viterbo, in northern Italy, where there is a conclave being held to elect a new Pope. Richard's sons attend Mass, but meet Guy, and the younger Simon, de Monfort who had fled England after Eversham. Guy, a priest, repeatedly stabs, them mutilates, Henry of Almain, a crusader, in church. In the process a couple of other priests die. Christendom is appalled, and Edmund is ordered to return to England.

1271: Edmund arrives home with his brother's body. It is interned in Hailes Cathedral, where part of the Holy Blood relic is kept. Henry becomes dangerously ill, Richard is made Protector of the Realm, but late in the year has a stroke and is paralyzed down the right hand side.

1272: Richard and Henry both die this year. Edmund marries Margaret de Clare, and is knighted. He joins the Council that rules England until Edward I returns from the Crusade, and is crowned in 1274. Edmund then continues in royal service as one of Edward's lieutenants. He dies without children in 1297 and his fortune is absorbed into the royal coffers.

Plot hook: Jailbreak!

So, who let the prince out?

If you assist your ally, and someone surreptitiously aided the Prince, how do you repair the alliance.

Plot hook: Mercere

House Mercere uses the Hanse as a convenient blind for their activities.

Plot hook: Conclave

See Tales of Power for a story based around a papal election.

Plot hook: Stroke

At this point, ancient treasure and foreign coins become useless to offer to the Crown.

Plot hook: End?

Is it better to let the line end, so that the power in Cornwall is less concentrated, or support the continuance of the Duchy?

The Curse of Tollman Head - A Scillonian Tale

Richard, Earl of Cornwall, was a powerful prince, surpassing in wealth and resources many sovereigns of his day. The revenue he derived from his Cornish mines was prodigious. He seated a large colony of Jewish merchants at Marazion.. He would not allow the Jews to be oppressed nor wronged, neither would he permit them to oppress nor to wrong others. He upheld all classes of his subjects in their just rights....

The great group of Scilly was not then what it is now,—a vast body of little more than rocks,—but consisted of several large islands, the centre of an important traffic, filled with a numerous and flourishing population, and supporting many religious establishments. St. Martin's, Tresco, Bryher, Samson's, and all the adjacent places, then formed one chief main land, under the rich Abbey of Tresco, and were held of it, for the most part, by bridle and spear, as the fief of a bold Baron of the Norman house of Barentin. St. Mary's was likewise far more extensive than at present. It had wealthy houses also at Old Town, and Friar's Carn, and Holy Vale. The monks and nuns monopolised all the sources of profit, and though their rule was neither unfair nor heavy, yet it generally happens that clerical landlords, from some reason or other, are unpopular; and so it was with the brotherhoods and sisterhoods of St. Mary's.

They took no more than their due, though they took their due, even from the hard-working fishermen. The shaven crowns waxed sadly unpopular. But Earl Richard supported them in their sway, and refused to listen to the charges brought against them. There was a report that he failed continually in all his enterprises, how well planned soever they might be, and that, without giving up his lucrative patronage of the Jews, he wished to propitiate the favour of heaven by showing countenance to its servants. Certain it is, however, that all his schemes miscarried, but, in an equal ratio to their want of success, his kindness to the monastic orders increased. He upheld them with a high hand in all their charters and grants. So that it soon became as dangerous to wag a finger against a frock or a cowl, as against the Earl himself.

The Earls of Cornwall had been a fierce and fiery race, loving war and wassail, as did most of the princes of the house of Plantagenet, the most gallant and magnificent dynasty that ever filled a throne. But in that age it was shrewdly remarked, that, in proportion to the excesses of his life, was a Norman noble's penitence on his death bed; and this penitence was usually shown in substantial gifts to the Church, and not unfrequently by assuming her priestly robes, ere the sinner passed away. It was the same feeling that, in Italy, makes a Brigand consider himself sure of Paradise, if, after a life of murders, he is lucky enough to go to the scaffold, with a priest murmuring absolution in his ear. Now the heirs of a great house had no objection to the death bed repentance, but were apt to oppose very bitterly the cession of worldly substance that, somehow or other, was made to form an indispensable condition of the bargain for heaven.

After this fashion, the Earls of Cornwall had been profuse in penitence. Like old Hugh de Mortimer, as related in Dugdale, they had bought remission at other people's expense, and grievous were the heart-burnings caused by their pious generosity. Earl Reginald, son of Henry the First, had bestowed upon St. Nicholas of Iniscaw, or Trescaw, and upon the shrines of St. Mary, St. Kumon, and St. Warna, and had confirmed to them in fee, every wreck in the islands, "except whale and a whole ship." Edmund, the last Earl, heaped wealth and power upon the Church. The brethren were the virtual lords of the islands, and did not bear themselves very meekly in the discharge of their functions.

At the time of my tale, they were somewhat haughtier and more peremptory than usual. As a counterpoise to his support of the Jews elsewhere, Earl Richard went to the contrary extreme at Scilly. He abetted the good fathers in their vindication of their rights; and not only suffered no man to do them wrong, but, it was whispered, allowed them, on the contrary, to do wrong to others, by stretching the law in their favour to the utmost.

This text comes from "Scilly and its Legends" by Whitfeld, which was written in the 19th century.

Plot hook: Acursed?

If you are allied to Richard of Cornwall, and you had a covenant in that castle, it would be ruinous for him to bring down this curse upon himself. What has he done? One possibility is that by murdering a priest, on what is technically holy ground, he's created an Infernal aura, and that the sea (in which the Spirit of the Lord moves according to the Bible) is washing the Infernal aura away. Is there something that your magicians can do to lift the curse?

Plot hook: Flee to Hugh Town

Perhaps you can't undo the curse and need to relocate your covenant. When you relocate your covenant maybe it's to the new Hugh Town, which is why there's this commercial collapse in the Old Town. If magi are secretly the economic center of the island the relocation could lead to the movement of the market. It also lets the magi design the town to suit their schemes.

The Prior of Trescaw frequently exhorted his flock against covetousness, and was very fond of enlarging on the text "He reprov'd even kings for their sakes," and of applying these words to the defence of their rights by Earl Richard. The Sire de Barentin, a shrewd and stout old warrior, twirled his grey moustache, and said nothing, though there was a curious and humorous expression in his eye, which the worthy Prior did not care to fathom. But he common people, with bated breath, murmured to each other, as they went home, that, of the two parties which their Lord was accused of encouraging too much, they would rather have the Jew than the Priest...

Now among the claims of the good Fathers, there was one that gave especial dissatisfaction, even more than the exclusive right to wrecks. This was a somewhat onerous poll-tax, imposed indiscriminately on every person landing on the island." The principal port was then, as it is now, called Old Town, but it was at that time in a state far different from its present aspect of ruin. Standing in Old Town bay, and facing the sea, you beheld, to the right, a stately church and monastic pile. In front, on the left hand, was a massy landing-place, and pier, the ruins of which are still visible; and, above, towered the noble castle of the Earls of Cornwall, while the whole circuit of the shore was lined with houses, and edifices connected with trade.

The point, however, which my legend principally refers, was a small cluster of buildings a little in advance, to the left. It consisted of an humble shrine or chapel, and a simple kind of guard-house, across the front of which was stretched an iron chain, forming a barrier before a broad flight of steps, that led upwards from the quay, and gave access to the island. It was by this way that strangers first approached land. This projection was called Tolman or Toll-man point, the name being derived from a toll levied by the Monks on every person, without distinction, who set his foot on the shore. They held this power by a grant from a former Earl, confirmed to them by Earl Richard. The revenue they derived from it was not inconsiderable, and was rigidly exacted; nor was there any one of their claims which gave such dire offence. It was not only said to be a Pagan custom (in support of which assertion people showed a huge rock on the spot, called Tolmen or, "hole-stone," and affirmed that it was an object of Druidical adoration, to which they made every worshipper pay toll), but it pressed most unjustly upon the very poorest class, for every fisherman who left the island, though only for a few hours, to gain a little support for his family, was compelled to give his mite, in the way of tribute, on his return. Nay, even holy Palmers from the East, who were always elsewhere considered exempt from tax or charge, were forced to render the dues, ere they were permitted to proceed.

This was said to be an infraction of the charter, and a clear violation of that most pious and equitable statute, that no priest nor pilgrim ought ever, under any circumstances, to pay any thing, the duty of the good men being solely to receive; but the monks, strong in the buckler of the faith, and of Earl Richard, spoiled not only the Egyptians, but their own order, most pitilessly. Complaints were made, long and loudly, to the Earl, who promised redress, and with some intention of granting it, for he was in sad want of a subsidy, and these allegations, if proved, would authorise him to exact a pretty heavy benevolence from the transgressors, or raise a goodly sum, by way of bounty, on their lands.

It was a sunny evening in May when a small company of pilgrims was seen on the deck of a vessel, that neared the harbour of Old Town, with a favourable wind. They bore down directly to the foot of the steps at Toll-man point, which, as it was then high-water, they reached without difficulty. On coming alongside the broad stones that formed a base to the stairs, they sprang ashore, and began to ascend.

At their head was one apparently of higher rank, or of superior sanctity, for he walked alone. His face was partly buried in his large cloak, and partly concealed beneath his wide-brimmed hat, the deep flaps of which, hanging down, were often employed to hide the features. He passed on, neither speaking, nor

Plot hook: Mercere Nexus?

House Mercere needs several additional nexuses in its trade network. Would Scilly be a suitable nexus? It's not badly situated as a central point from which to distribute material to the Hibernian, Loch Leagan, Stonehenge and, perhaps, Normandy Tribunals. It is a little close to Confluensis in Normandy, but there are worse areas. If you are building a town from scratch, you can make their warehouses and wharfs magically private.

Plot hook: Right of wrecks

The chapter also notes that the earls of Cornwall have given the right of all wreck to the various churches around. That means if a ship from any covenant happens to crash against the shore you need to recover it right sharpish. Otherwise the servants of the church turn up to grab it.

There are a couple of exceptions. One is that they can't claim whales and the other is that they can't claim whole ships. How quickly can you repair a ship? Remember your magic only needs to keep it together long enough for it to be assessed.

If a crate washes ashore with a fine horse that you want to turn into your familiar, and the church comes to claim it, could you turn it, however briefly, into a porpoise? Tracking it afterwards if it got out into the sea might prove difficult.

apparently heeding any thing, until he reached the heavy chain, which was drawn across the way. Laying his hand upon it, he found that it was fastened with a padlock. As one of the brothers was sitting in the toll-house, reading, as it seemed, his book of prayers, the Pilgrim, after several vain attempts to undo the chain, called to him, in a firm but courteous voice, to unfasten it, and give him passage.

It chanced that the person thus addressed was the Prior, who, having sent the occupant of the place on an errand, had, during his absence, taken his post. Angry at being thus interrupted, and scarcely seeing who it was that spoke, he bade the new comers wait awhile, and resumed his studies. The Pilgrim, however, seemed in no mood to do as he was told.

“How now, Sir Priest,” replied he, “you are malapert, forsooth. Open as I bid you, and let us pass. There is no toll levied on such as we.” The tone in which he spoke was stern and sharp, but the Prior was an old man, hard of hearing, cold and unbending in his disposition, and too much accustomed to this kind of complaint to pay attention to it. He glanced slightly at the group, but looked down again, and made no reply.

He was not, however, long suffered to remain in peace. Laying his hand upon the chain, the Pilgrim vaulted over, and stood before the Prior’s seat, his form erect, his eyes flashing fire, and his whole figure convulsed with passion.

A prudent man would have let him go unchallenged, but the Prior was spoiled by the habits of unquestioned power, which Ecclesiastics of that day assumed over every rank and class. He was, besides, a proud resolute man, who had been a soldier in his youth, and had ridden through a stricken field. His apathy was gone at once. Rising up, with considerable dignity, and drawing to its full height his spare and ascetic form, he laid his hand upon the Pilgrim’s breast, and bade him stand back.

It was an evil chance that he did so. His hand had scarcely touched the Palmer’s chest, ere the latter flung his cloak aside, raised his mailed arm, and smote the old man rudely upon the head.

“Dog of a Priest, thou coward robber,” he cried, in a voice of thunder, “take that, as a memento of Richard Plantagenet.”

And the Prior sank at his feet, bathed in blood, and over him stood Earl Richard, looking darkly down upon him as he lay. They raised the old man, and tried to stanch the gore that welled from his temples, but in vain. The blow was given by a hand that seldom struck twice.

He opened his eyes, and looked upon the Earl, whose hot fit was already succeeded by sorrow and remorse. Richard took the Prior’s hand, and spoke to him kindly, but the sufferer was already almost beyond the reach of human blame or praise. He glanced at the Prince, and then at the castle that frowned above them. The spirit of prophecy, which is said to visit the dying, seemed to tremble on his lips.

He whispered, rather than said, “Lord Earl, that blow has stricken both thy house, and thee.” And word he spake never more.

The prediction was fulfilled. Earl Richard made all the amends in his power. He abolished the toll, and gave to the brethren, in exchange, great largesses, far surpassing in value what he had resumed. On the spot that had witnessed his crime he founded a chantry, where masses were daily said for the soul of the murdered man. But from that hour the Earl’s affairs declined. He wasted his wealth in unprofitable enterprises, and, finally, went down to the grave, a broken, moody, miserable man.

Nor did the curse fail of its accomplishment on the spot. It never prospered again. The sea gradually encroached upon the land, and swallowed up field after field of fruitful ground. The stately church was injured by a storm, and was rebuilt in diminished size and beauty. The castle fell to ruin, why and wherefore no one could tell. Storms of thunder and lightning, so uncommon in Scilly, occurred constantly. Sailors and traders began to shun the place, and believed it haunted by the ghost of the dead Prior, which, it was said, was often seen at Toll-man head, exacting tribute from a spectral figure, at the head of an equally unsubstantial train.

At last the usual effects of such rumours followed. Merchants first landed in a pleasant bay near at hand called Porcrasa, and then discovered that in St. Mary’s pool beyond there was a safer and surer anchorage. Fishermen took thither their produce for sale. So a town was formed by degrees, and on the hill above, a fort dedicated to the Virgin, and called “Stella Marise,” or the “Star of Mary” was afterwards built. Thus there came down upon the Old Town gloom, and desolation, and decay.

The ancient Druids who worshipped there, seem to overshadow it still with their dim phantom presence. The blackness of the churchman’s malediction is still resting there. The Druid goddess, Onvana, the sea, gains upon it daily, and Taranis, the Thunderer, is often heard. It seems abandoned to gloomy influences, and, seen on a darksome day, is a place whose melancholy is not soon shaken off. At no distant period it will be buried beneath the ocean, which will roll silently over all that remains of its former greatness, and leave only a few sibylline leaves, as records of its past history, with the memory of “the old man’s curse.”

SURSUM

If your covenant is drawn into the shadow of Sursurm the Hooks Ruined Covenant, Corrupt Area, or Demonic Interest may suit your design.

Sursum was a covenant on the northern coast of Cornwall. It was the epicentre for the Corruption of House Tylalus, and was destroyed in 937. The name is an abbreviation of "subversum", which means "to undermine". Initially this was explained as a reference to the covenant's site, in a restored Roman mining complex. After the site was razed by the Order, it became clear that one of the covenant's Founders was hinting at his personal corruption, as the infernally-tainted are often compelled to do.

The City of Langarrow or Langona

Sursum's site is close to an ancient city, destroyed by God because it's people fell into sin.

"We cannot say how many years since, but once there stood on the northern shores of Cornwall, extending over all that country between the Gannell and Perranporth, a large city called Langarrow or Langona. The sand-hills which now extend over this part of the coast cover that great city, and the memory of the sad and sudden catastrophe still lingers among the peasantry."... "This city in its prime is said to have been the largest in England, and to have had seven churches, which were alike remarkable for their beauty and their size. The inhabitants were wealthy, and according to received accounts, they drew their wealth from a large tract of level land, thickly wooded in some parts, and highly cultivated in others from the sea, which was overflowing with fish of all kinds and from mines, which yielded them abundance of tin and lead.

To this remote city, in those days, criminals were transported from other parts of Britain. They were made to work in the mines on the coast, in constructing a new harbour in the Gannell, and clearing it of sand, so that ships of large burden could in those days sail far inland. Numerous curious excavations in the rocks, on either side of this estuary, are still pointed out as being evidences of the works of the convicts. This portion of the population of Langarrow were not allowed to dwell within the city. The convicts and their families had to construct huts or dig caves on the wild moors of this unsheltered northern shore, and to this day evidences of their existence are found under the sand, in heaps of wood-ashes, amidst which are discovered considerable quantities of mussel and cockle shells,

which we may suppose was their principal food...For a long period this city flourished in its prime, and its inhabitants were in the enjoyment of every luxury which industry could obtain or wealth could purchase. Sin, in many of its worst forms, was however present amongst the people.

The convicts sent to Langarrow were of the vilest. They were long kept widely separated ; but use breeds familiarity, and gradually the more designing of the convicts persuaded their masters to employ them within the city. The result of this was, after a few years, an amalgamation of the two classes of the population. The daughters of Langarrow were married to the criminals, and thus crime became the familiar spirit of the place. The progress of this may have been slow the result was, however, sure ; and eventually, when vice was dominant, and the whole population sunk in sensual pleasures, the anger of the Lord fell upon them.

A storm of unusual violence arose, and continued blowing, without intermitting its violence for one moment, for three days and nights. In that period the hills of blown sand, extending, with few intervals, from Crantock to Perran were formed, burying the city, its churches, and its inhabitants in a common grave. To the present time those sand-hills stand a monument of God's wrath ; and in several places we certainly find considerable quantities of bleached human bones, which are to many strong evidence of the correctness of tradition." - Hunt

Dolores: The Lady of Pain

The Infernal Saint of Sorrow masterminded the Corruption of House Tytalus.

Infernal Saints

An infernal saint is technically a dead human being. The human body is given an extended, unnatural life by a possessing, demonic force. This is a reward given by the lords of Hell to humans who exemplify a vice. This encourages other diabolists to attempt to steal the role, by performing acts of increasing evil.. In Dolores's case the human and the demon have been paired for so long that they are effectively a single mind, albeit one with a divided internal narrative.

Infernal saints have weaknesses demons do not have: they are, in many senses, human. This means they can be permanently laid to rest. The thing which dwells inside them, granting them power, usually finds a new host. Infernal Saints can also be redeemed. It's almost unheard of, but miracles occur.

Infernal saints are capable of using virtues to perform vices. They can plan, because they have patience and foresight, which demons lack. The competition to remain an Infernal Saint acts as a filter: player characters are unlikely to meet incompetent or indecisive infernal saint, because they don't survive long. This makes Infernal Saints formidable adversaries.

Calling up Death

House Tytalus rose from a Cthonic cult, linked to the Roman Sybils. During the Schism, a small group attempted to call up the embodiment of Death Herself. They were attempting to call the opposite of the elemental creator-spirits which Hermetic theurgists call the Titanoi. The Tytalus magi sought the embodiment of the natural process of dying, rather a faerie goddess, but they refereed to the creature as "Proserpine" because that is the term in the texts of the Archnecromantrix Gurona.

The creature summoned seemed to be Proserpine. Dolores gradually corrupted first the leaders, then the magical symbolism of the House. Perhaps Tzagilla was tricked into believing that she had discovered Dolores's identity accidentally? Perhaps she was tricked into thinking she could become the Saint of Sorrow? Perhaps, at the final confrontation, Dolores revealed that she, unlike so many creatures from Hell, could lay snares that stoked the Pride of her rival, then draw in her prey implacably. In the end, Tzagilla bowed, and died, and did not regret her death. Death is a form of worship for the followers of the Lady of Pain: suicide, at her altar, grants them, they believe, a place in her Infernal retinue.

Theologically, this is wrong: no human can become a demon. Infernal ghosts, however, exist, and with sufficient dark power poured through them, who is to suggest their limit?

Plot hook: An odd coincidence

Langarrow may have been destroyed by the Lord, but it is inundated, suspiciously, slightly before the formal declaration of the Renunciation of Diedne, in an area where the druids were, presumably, strong. A slightly rounding of the date in folklore places this event during the active phase of the Schism War. If you'd prefer an alternate explanation for the loss of Langarrow: it may have been flooded by the Tytalus, and Sursum built to claim captured Diedne resources.

Dolores: The Lady of Pain

Order: Infernal Saint (new)

Infernal Might: 40 (scaled as Princess of the Furies) (Corpus)

Characteristics: Int +5, Per +3, Pre +7, Com +5, Str +2, Sta +7, Dex +2, Qik +4

Size: Usually between -1 and +1. Her appearance varies with the fashions of the country she inhabits.

Confidence: 5 (15 points)

Virtues and Flaws: Unknown. Change as relevant to your story.

Personality Traits: Cruel +6, Passionate +6. Which of these is higher is a matter of some interest to her followers. Some suggest the demon is one and the human the other.

Reputations: Lady of Pain +9

Combat:

Kisses like poison*: Init +5, Attack +11, Defense +11, Damage +2**

Touches that causes pain*: Init +5, Attack +12, Defense +12, Damage +4**

*Does not include specialisation (skin contact)

**Does not include contact damage from Wounds the Bloom power (+15, Perdo)

Soak: 6, but appears to be -1. She has a body that deliberately suffers a great deal of superficial damage, but because of her passionate fury power, her injuries are less incapacitating than normal.

Wound Penalties: -1 (1-15), Incapacitated (16-20), Dead (21+)

Abilities: unclear, but assume Brawl 9 (when contact is made with skin), Carouse 9 (debauchery), Charm 9 (sinful acts), Houe Tytalus Lore 9 (was there when it happened), Infernal Lore 8 (Order of Hermes).

Powers:

Envisioning 1 or 5 points, Init 0, Mentem: Can enter dreams and cause waking dreams.

Form is shapeshifted human: 0 points, Init. 0 : Technically does not coagulate from ambient matter like a demon. Actually shifts shape into ambient moisture, travels and then turns back into her human shape. Her human shape is always beautiful and female, but can vary to suit the culture she is visiting.

I could hurt thee but pain would delight thee: 0 points, 0 Init. Dolores does not suffer Wound penalties, except on Defense totals.

Obsession: 1 point, Init -5, Vim: Can impose the desire for suffering..

The Serpent Oracle: 2 points, Init. +2: Dolores may cast any Intelligo spell for 2 Might, and automatically knows the context and likely outcome of actions made in response to the information gained.

Shroud the Stench of the Pit: variable points, Init. +7, Vim. This Power makes another Infernal Power appear to be aligned to the Magical or Faerie Realm, at the demon's choice. It has the same cost as the power it disguises.

Waxing Tide of Humors: 3 points, Init +6, Mentem. This power causes passion to overcome sense. A character can resist this effect with a roll against an ease Factor of 9, modified by Traits like Calm.

Wounds that bloom: 3 points, Init -5, Perdo: Makes Dolores's touch do +15 additional damage for the rest of a battle.

Weakness: The Virgin Mary. The cult of the Virgin hasn't really taken off yet in 1220, but it gains a lot of power over the 13th Century. When people start wandering around with Servite scapulars, Dolores is going to go after that Order.

Vis: 8 pawns, Perdo

Appearance: A languid woman, filled with delightful venom. She changes appearance to suit the appetites of the local culture.

Dolores in octopus form

Order: Infernal Saint (new)

Infernal Might: 40 (scaled as Princess of the Furies) (Corpus)

Characteristics: Int +5, Per +3, Pre +7, Com +5, Str +4, Sta +7, Dex 0, Qik 0

Size: +2

Confidence: 5 (15 points)

Virtues and Flaws: Unknown. Change as relevant to your story.

Personality Traits: Cruel +6, Passionate +6. Which of these is higher is a matter of some interest to her followers. Some suggest the demon is one and the human the other.

Reputations: Lady of Pain +9

Combat: Dolores's attacks, are slower, but more damaging when she is in octopus form. Her main advantages are that she can touch or grapple with eight foes simultaneously.

Kisses like poison*: Init +1, Attack +7, Defense +7, Damage +4**

Touches that causes pain*: Init +1, Attack +8, Defense +8, Damage +6**

*Does not include specialisation (skin contact)

**Does not include contact damage from Wounds the Bloom power (+15, Perdo)

Soak: +9, +18 against crushing weapons

Wound Penalties: -1 (1-9), -3 (10-18), -5 (19-27), Incapacitated (28-36), Dead (37+)

Abilities: unclear, but assume Brawl 9 (when contact is made with skin), Carouse 9 (debauchery), Charm 9 (sinful acts), Houe Tytalus Lore 9 (was there when it happened), Infernal Lore 8 (Order of Hermes).

Powers:

Envisioning: 1 or 5 points, Init 0, Mentem: Can enter dreams and cause waking dreams.

Form is shapeshifted human: 0 points, Init. 0 : Technically does not coagulate from ambient matter like a demon. Actually shifts shape into ambient moisture, travels and then turns back into her human shape. Her human shape is always beautiful and female, but can vary to suit the culture she is visiting.

I could hurt thee but pain would delight thee: 0 points, 0 Init. Dolores does not suffer Wound penalties, except on Defense totals.

Obsession: 1 point, Init -5, Vim: Can impose the desire for suffering..

The Serpent Oracle: 2 points, Init. +2: Dolores may cast any Intelligo spell for 2 Might, and automatically knows the context and likely outcome of actions made in response to the information gained.

Shroud the Stench of the Pit: variable points, Init. +7, Vim. This Power makes another Infernal Power appear to be aligned to the Magical or Faerie Realm, at the demon's choice. It has the same cost as the power it disguises.

Waxing Tide of Humors: 3 points, Init +6, Mentem. This power causes passion to overcome sense. A character can resist this effect with a roll against an ease Factor of 9, modified by Traits like Calm.

Wounds That Bloom: 3 points, Init -5, Perdo: Makes Dolores's touch do +15 additional damage for the rest of a battle.

Weakness: The Virgin Mary. The cult of the Virgin hasn't really taken off yet in 1220, but it gains a lot of power over the 13th Century. When people start wandering around with Servite scapulars, Dolores is going to go after that Order.

Vis: 8 pawns, Perdo

Appearance: A languid woman, filled with delightful venom. She changes appearance to suit the appetites of the local culture.

Source: The Octopus, written by A.C. Hinton as Algernon Charles Sin-Burn.

Sinburnian devotee

Order: Corrupted beast (transformed human)

Infernal Might: 5 Animal

Characteristics: Int 1, Per -2, Pre +6/-6, Com -6, Str -8, Sta +3, Dex +4, Qik +8 (* Corrupted beast)

Size: -2

Qualities: Aquatic, Grapple, Slippery x 2, Defensive Fighter, Pack Animal

Virtues and Flaws: Giant, Greater Infernal Power, Puissant Brawl, Horrifying Appearance (human eyes and skin)

Personality Traits: Sadistic +6

Combat: Dodge: Init +6, Atk +5, Dfn +5, Dam -6*

* Does not include Infernal power (+15 Damage)

Soak: +3, +6 against crushing weapons

Fatigue Levels: OK, 0, -1, -3, -5, Unconscious

Wound Penalties: -1 (1-3), -3 (4-6), -5 (7-9), Incapacitated (10-12), Dead (13+)

Weakness: The Virgin Mary

Abilities: Awareness 2 (food), Brawl 2 (grapple), Survival 3 (sea), Swim 5 (sea)

Vis: 1 pawn (Perdo)

Appearance: Large octopi, with human eyes and skin.

Source: The Octopus, written by A.C. Hinton as Algernon Charles Sin-Burn.

The Lady of the Seven Sorrows

The following poem, which was written by Charles Swinburne, can be used as a prayer, and a mystery initiation script, for the cult of the Infernal Saint of Sorrow. I know that the D&D Planescape people have used it for their setting as well, but I'm not familiar with their work, so any resemblance is due to shared source material.

DOLORES (NOTRE-DAME DES SEPT DOULEURS)

Cold eyelids that hide like a jewel
Hard eyes that grow soft for an hour;
The heavy white limbs, and the cruel
Red mouth like a venomous flower;
When these are gone by with their glories,
What shall rest of thee then, what remain,
O mystic and sombre Dolores,
Our Lady of Pain?

Seven sorrows the priests give their Virgin;
But thy sins, which are seventy times seven,
Seven ages would fail thee to purge in,
And then they would haunt thee in heaven:
Fierce midnights and famishing morrows,
And the loves that complete and control
All the joys of the flesh, all the sorrows
That wear out the soul.

O garment not golden but gilded,
O garden where all men may dwell,
O tower not of ivory, but builded
By hands that reach heaven from hell;
O mystical rose of the mire,
O house not of gold but of gain,
O house of unquenchable fire,
Our Lady of Pain!

O lips full of lust and of laughter,
Curled snakes that are fed from my breast,
Bite hard, lest remembrance come after
And press with new lips where you pressed.
For my heart too springs up at the pressure,
Mine eyelids too moisten and burn;
Ah, feed me and fill me with pleasure,
Ere pain come in turn.

In yesterday's reach and to-morrow's,
Out of sight though they lie of to-day,
There have been and there yet shall be sorrows
That smite not and bite not in play.
The life and the love thou despisest,
These hurt us indeed, and in vain,
O wise among women, and wisest,
Our Lady of Pain.

Who gave thee thy wisdom? what stories
That stung thee, what visions that smote?
Wert thou pure and a maiden, Dolores,
When desire took thee first by the throat?
What bud was the shell of a blossom
That all men may smell to and pluck?
What milk fed thee first at what bosom?
What sins gave thee suck?

We shift and bedeck and bedrape us,
Thou art noble and nude and antique;
Libitina thy mother, Priapus
Thy father, a Tuscan and Greek.
We play with light loves in the portal,
And wince and relent and refrain;
Loves die, and we know thee immortal,
Our Lady of Pain.

Fruits fail and love dies and time ranges;
Thou art fed with perpetual breath,
And alive after infinite changes,
And fresh from the kisses of death;
Of languors rekindled and rallied,
Of barren delights and unclean,
Things monstrous and fruitless, a pallid
And poisonous queen.

Could you hurt me, sweet lips, though I hurt you?
Men touch them, and change in a trice
The lilies and languors of virtue
For the raptures and roses of vice;
Those lie where thy foot on the floor is,
These crown and caress thee and chain,
O splendid and sterile Dolores,
Our Lady of Pain.

There are sins it may be to discover,
There are deeds it may be to delight.
What new work wilt thou find for thy lover,
What new passions for daytime or night?
What spells that they know not a word of
Whose lives are as leaves overblown?
What tortures undreamt of, unheard of,
Unwritten, unknown?

Ah beautiful passionate body
That never has ached with a heart!
On thy mouth though the kisses are bloody,
Though they sting till it shudder and smart,
More kind than the love we adore is,
They hurt not the heart or the brain,
O bitter and tender Dolores,
Our Lady of Pain.

As our kisses relax and redouble,
From the lips and the foam and the fangs
Shall no new sin be born for men's trouble,
No dream of impossible pangs?
With the sweet of the sins of old ages
Wilt thou satiate thy soul as of yore?
Too sweet is the rind, say the sages,
Too bitter the core.

Hast thou told all thy secrets the last time,
And bared all thy beauties to one?
Ah, where shall we go then for pastime,
If the worst that can be has been done?
But sweet as the rind was the core is;
We are fain of thee still, we are fain,
O sanguine and subtle Dolores,
Our Lady of Pain.

By the hunger of change and emotion,
By the thirst of unbearable things,
By despair, the twin-born of devotion,
By the pleasure that winces and stings,
The delight that consumes the desire,
The desire that outruns the delight,
By the cruelty deaf as a fire
And blind as the night,

By the ravenous teeth that have smitten
Through the kisses that blossom and bud,
By the lips intertwined and bitten
Till the foam has a savour of blood,
By the pulse as it rises and falters,
By the hands as they slacken and strain,
I adjure thee, respond from thine altars,
Our Lady of Pain.

Wilt thou smile as a woman disdain
The light fire in the veins of a boy?
But he comes to thee sad, without feigning,
Who has wearied of sorrow and joy;
Less careful of labour and glory
Than the elders whose hair has uncurled;
And young, but with fancies as hoary
And grey as the world.

I have passed from the outermost portal
To the shrine where a sin is a prayer;
What care though the service be mortal?
O our Lady of Torture, what care?
All thine the last wine that I pour is,
The last in the chalice we drain,
O fierce and luxurious Dolores,
Our Lady of Pain.

All thine the new wine of desire,
The fruit of four lips as they clung
Till the hair and the eyelids took fire,
The foam of a serpentine tongue,
The froth of the serpents of pleasure,
More salt than the foam of the sea,
Now felt as a flame, now at leisure
As wine shed for me.

Ah thy people, thy children, thy chosen,
Marked cross from the womb and perverse!
They have found out the secret to cozen
The gods that constrain us and curse;
They alone, they are wise, and none other;
Give me place, even me, in their train,
O my sister, my spouse, and my mother,
Our Lady of Pain.

For the crown of our life as it closes
Is darkness, the fruit thereof dust;
No thorns go as deep as a rose's,
And love is more cruel than lust.
Time turns the old days to derision,
Our loves into corpses or wives;
And marriage and death and division
Make barren our lives.

And pale from the past we draw nigh thee,
And satiate with comfortless hours;
And we know thee, how all men belie thee,
And we gather the fruit of thy flowers;
The passion that slays and recovers,
The pangs and the kisses that rain
On the lips and the limbs of thy lovers,
Our Lady of Pain.

The desire of thy furious embraces
Is more than the wisdom of years,
On the blossom though blood lie in traces,
Though the foliage be sodden with tears.
For the lords in whose keeping the door is
That opens on all who draw breath
Gave the cypress to love, my Dolores,
The myrtle to death.

And they laughed, changing hands in the measure,
And they mixed and made peace after strife;
Pain melted in tears, and was pleasure;
Death tingled with blood, and was life.
Like lovers they melted and tingled,
In the dusk of thine innermost fane;
In the darkness they murmured and mingled,
Our Lady of Pain.

In a twilight where virtues are vices,
In thy chapels, unknown of the sun,
To a tune that enralls and entices,
They were wed, and the twain were as one.
For the tune from thine altar hath sounded
Since God bade the world's work begin,
And the fume of thine incense abounded,
To sweeten the sin.

Love listens, and paler than ashes,
Through his curls as the crown on them slips,
Lifts languid wet eyelids and lashes,
And laughs with insatiable lips.
Thou shalt hush him with heavy caresses,
With music that scares the profane;
Thou shalt darken his eyes with thy tresses,
Our Lady of Pain.

Thou shalt blind his bright eyes though he wrestle,
Thou shalt chain his light limbs though he strive;
In his lips all thy serpents shall nestle,
In his hands all thy cruelties thrive.
In the daytime thy voice shall go through him,
In his dreams he shall feel thee and ache;
Thou shalt kindle by night and subdue him
Asleep and awake.

Thou shalt touch and make redder his roses
With juice not of fruit nor of bud;
When the sense in the spirit reposes,
Thou shalt quicken the soul through the blood.
Thine, thine the one grace we implore is,
Who would live and not languish or feign,
O sleepless and deadly Dolores,
Our Lady of Pain.

Dost thou dream, in a respite of slumber,
In a lull of the fires of thy life,
Of the days without name, without number,
When thy will stung the world into strife;
When, a goddess, the pulse of thy passion
Smote kings as they revelled in Rome;
And they hailed thee re-risen, O Thalassian,
Foam-white, from the foam?

When thy lips had such lovers to flatter;
When the city lay red from thy rods,
And thine hands were as arrows to scatter
The children of change and their gods;
When the blood of thy foemen made fervent
A sand never moist from the main,
As one smote them, their lord and thy servant,
Our Lady of Pain.

On sands by the storm never shaken,
Nor wet from the washing of tides;
Nor by foam of the waves overtaken,
Nor winds that the thunder bestrides;
But red from the print of thy paces,
Made smooth for the world and its lords,
Ringed round with a flame of fair faces,
And splendid with swords.

There the gladiator, pale for thy pleasure,
Drew bitter and perilous breath;
There torments laid hold on the treasure
Of limbs too delicious for death;
When thy gardens were lit with live torches;
When the world was a steed for thy rein;
When the nations lay prone in thy porches,
Our Lady of Pain.

When, with flame all around him aspirant,
Stood flushed, as a harp-player stands,
The implacable beautiful tyrant,
Rose-crowned, having death in his hands;
And a sound as the sound of loud water
Smote far through the flight of the fires,
And mixed with the lightning of slaughter
A thunder of lyres.

Dost thou dream of what was and no more is,
The old kingdoms of earth and the kings?
Dost thou hunger for these things, Dolores,
For these, in a world of new things?
But thy bosom no fasts could emaciate,
No hunger compel to complain
Those lips that no bloodshed could satiate,
Our Lady of Pain.

As of old when the world's heart was lighter,
Through thy garments the grace of thee glows,
The white wealth of thy body made whiter
By the blushes of amorous blows,
And seamed with sharp lips and fierce fingers,
And branded by kisses that bruise;
When all shall be gone that now lingers,
Ah, what shall we lose?

Thou wert fair in the fearless old fashion,
And thy limbs are as melodies yet,
And move to the music of passion
With lithe and lascivious regret.
What ailed us, O gods, to desert you
For creeds that refuse and restrain?
Come down and redeem us from virtue,
Our Lady of Pain.

All shrines that were Vestal are flameless,
But the flame has not fallen from this;
Though obscure be the god, and though nameless
The eyes and the hair that we kiss;
Low fires that love sits by and forges
Fresh heads for his arrows and thine;
Hair loosened and soiled in mid orgies
With kisses and wine.

Thy skin changes country and colour,
And shrivels or swells to a snake's.
Let it brighten and bloat and grow duller,
We know it, the flames and the flakes,
Red brands on it smitten and bitten,
Round skies where a star is a stain,
And the leaves with thy litanies written,
Our Lady of Pain.

On thy bosom though many a kiss be,
There are none such as knew it of old.
Was it Alciphron once or Arisbe,
Male ringlets or feminine gold,
That thy lips met with under the statue,
Whence a look shot out sharp after thieves
From the eyes of the garden-god at you
Across the fig-leaves?

Then still, through dry seasons and moister,
One god had a wreath to his shrine;
Then love was the pearl of his oyster,[4]
And Venus rose red out of wine.
We have all done amiss, choosing rather
Such loves as the wise gods disdain;
Intercede for us thou with thy father,
Our Lady of Pain.

In spring he had crowns of his garden,
Red corn in the heat of the year,
Then hoary green olives that harden
When the grape-blossom freezes with fear;
And milk-budded myrtles with Venus
And vine-leaves with Bacchus he trod;
And ye said, "We have seen, he hath seen us,
A visible God."

What broke off the garlands that girt you?
What sundered you spirit and clay?
Weak sins yet alive are as virtue
To the strength of the sins of that day.
For dried is the blood of thy lover,
Ipsithilla, contracted the vein;
Cry aloud, "Will he rise and recover,
Our Lady of Pain?"

Cry aloud; for the old world is broken:
Cry out; for the Phrygian is priest,
And rears not the bountiful token
And spreads not the fatherly feast.
From the midmost of Ida, from shady
Recesses that murmur at morn,
They have brought and baptized her, Our Lady,
A goddess new-born.

And the chaplets of old are above us,
And the oyster-bed teems out of reach;
Old poets outsing and outlove us,
And Catullus makes mouths at our speech.
Who shall kiss, in thy father's own city,
With such lips as he sang with, again?
Intercede for us all of thy pity,
Our Lady of Pain.

Out of Dindymus heavily laden
Her lions draw bound and unfed
A mother, a mortal, a maiden,
A queen over death and the dead.
She is cold, and her habit is lowly,
Her temple of branches and sods;
Most fruitful and virginal, holy,
A mother of gods.

She hath wasted with fire thine high places,
She hath hidden and marred and made sad
The fair limbs of the Loves, the fair faces
Of gods that were goodly and glad.
She slays, and her hands are not bloody;
She moves as a moon in the wane,
White-robed, and thy raiment is ruddy,
Our Lady of Pain.

They shall pass and their places be taken,
The gods and the priests that are pure.
They shall pass, and shalt thou not be shaken?
They shall perish, and shalt thou endure?
Death laughs, breathing close and relentless
In the nostrils and eyelids of lust,
With a pinch in his fingers of scentless
And delicate dust.

But the worm shall revive thee with kisses;
Thou shalt change and transmute as a god,
As the rod to a serpent that hisses,
As the serpent again to a rod.
Thy life shall not cease though thou doff it;
Thou shalt live until evil be slain,
And good shall die first, said thy prophet,
Our Lady of Pain.

Did he lie? did he laugh? does he know it,
Now he lies out of reach, out of breath,
Thy prophet, thy preacher, thy poet,
Sin's child by incestuous Death?
Did he find out in fire at his waking,
Or discern as his eyelids lost light,
When the bands of the body were breaking
And all came in sight?

Who has known all the evil before us,
Or the tyrannous secrets of time?
Though we match not the dead men that bore us
At a song, at a kiss, at a crime—
Though the heathen outface and outlive us,
And our lives and our longings are twain—
Ah, forgive us our virtues, forgive us,
Our Lady of Pain.

Who are we that embalm and embrace thee
With spices and savours of song?
What is time, that his children should face thee?
What am I, that my lips do thee wrong?
I could hurt thee—but pain would delight thee;
Or caress thee—but love would repel;
And the lovers whose lips would excite thee
Are serpents in hell.

Who now shall content thee as they did,
Thy lovers, when temples were built
And the hair of the sacrifice braided
And the blood of the sacrifice spilt,
In Lampsacus fervent with faces,
In Aphaca red from thy reign,
Who embraced thee with awful embraces,
Our Lady of Pain?

Where are they, Cotytto or Venus,
Astarte or Ashtaroth, where?
Do their hands as we touch come between us?
Is the breath of them hot in thy hair?
From their lips have thy lips taken fever,
With the blood of their bodies grown red?
Hast thou left upon earth a believer
If these men are dead?

They were purple of raiment and golden,
Filled full of thee, fiery with wine,
Thy lovers, in haunts un beholden,
In marvellous chambers of thine.
They are fled, and their footprints escape us,
Who appraise thee, adore, and abstain,
O daughter of Death and Priapus,
Our Lady of Pain.

What ails us to fear overmeasure,
To praise thee with timorous breath,
O mistress and mother of pleasure,
The one thing as certain as death?
We shall change as the things that we cherish,
Shall fade as they faded before,
As foam upon water shall perish,
As sand upon shore.

We shall know what the darkness discovers,
If the grave-pit be shallow or deep;
And our fathers of old, and our lovers,
We shall know if they sleep not or sleep.
We shall see whether hell be not heaven,
Find out whether tares be not grain,
And the joys of thee seventy times seven,
Our Lady of Pain.