

476 Romulus Augustulus Last Emperor of The West is deposed.

**END OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE
IN THE WEST.**

477 to 500

477 ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE. . This year came Ella to Britain, with his three sons, Cymen, and Wlenking, and Cissa, in three ships; landing at a place that is called Cymenshore. There they slew many of the Welsh; and some in flight they drove into the wood that is called Andred'sley.

Ethelwerd's Chronicle. In the fourth year Ella landed in Britain from Germany with his three sons, at a place called Cymenes-Ora, and defeated the Britons at Aldredes-leage.

475 Annals of Ulster The battle alias the mêlée of Brí Éile won by Ailill Molt over the Laigin. So I have found in the Book of Cuanu.

476 Annals of Ulster. The battle of Duma Aichir won against Ailill Molt by the Laigin.

Sidonius Apollinaris, Letters. *To the Lord Bishop Faustus* After A. D. 475

You have lamented our long silence, venerable father, but while I recognize and applaud your desire that it should at last be broken, I cannot admit that any blame attaches to me. When you bade me some time back give you my news, I wrote before receiving your last communication, and my letter actually reached Riez; but though you were at Apt, you aptly escaped its perusal. I was most anxious, both to receive my due credit for having written, and to escape too severe a criticism when you read the missive. But on this point I need say no more at present, especially as you again ask me for a letter, and one as voluminous as I can make it. I long to satisfy you; the goodwill is there, but unfortunately I have no subject for my pen. Greetings should take up little space, unless they introduce some matter of real interest; to spin them out with mere verbiage, is to deflect from the

path defined by Sallust when he said that Catiline had words enough but little wisdom. So my *vale* will have to follow my *ave* at an exceedingly short interval. I beseech your prayers for me.

What a stroke of luck! Just as I was on the point of folding up my letter, something has occurred for me to write about, and if either the pleasure or the annoyance of the event delays my protest a single moment, I will own myself deserving of the indignity to which I have been exposed. You have fallen into my hands, Great Master, I do more than triumph; I have you at my mercy, and in my captive I find one of no less stature than the anticipations of years had led me to expect. I cannot say whether you are caught against your will, but it looks like it. For if you did not mean your books to pass me without my knowledge, you certainly did nothing to prevent the passage. It aggravates the offence that in traversing Auvergne they not merely went close under my walls but almost grazed my person. Were you afraid that I should be jealous? Thank God, I am less open to the charge of envy than any other; and were it otherwise, were I as guilty of this as of other defects, the hopelessness of a successful rivalry would be enough to purge me of emulation. Did you fear the frown of so severe and difficult a critic as your servant? What critic so swollen or so opinionated as not to kindle at your least ardent passages! Was it your low estimate of a junior that led you to ignore and to disdain me? I hardly think it. Was it that you thought me ignorant? I could put up with that if you mean ignorant of the art of writing, not ignorant in appreciation. I must remind you that only those who have taken part in the games presume to pass judgement on the racing chariots. Was there any casual disagreement between us, leading you to suppose that I might decry your work? Thanks be to God, my worst enemies cannot make me out a lukewarm friend. Why waste these words? you ask. Well, I will now let you have the whole story of this secretiveness which so incensed me, and of the discovery which has put me in such high spirits again. I had read those works of yours which Riochatus the priest and monk, and thus twice a stranger and pilgrim in this world, was taking back for you to your Bretons; for you, who may well be called Faustus to-day, since you cannot grow old, since you will always live in the mouths of men, and after your bodily death, attain immortality by your works. The venerable man made some stay in our city, waiting till the agitated main of peoples should calm down, for at that time the vast whirlwind of wars rose dreadful against us on this side and on that. All your other good gifts he freely produced; but managed to keep back, always with the most exquisite courtesy, the chief treasure he conveyed, unwilling perhaps to let me feel the contrast between your roses and my brambles. After rather more than

two months, he hurriedly left us, a rumour having got abroad that he and his company had with them mysterious things of great price, carefully wrapped up from view. I went after him with horses swift enough easily to cancel the day's start he had gained; I came up with my felon, I leapt at his throat with a kiss, laughing like a man but pouncing like a wild beast; I resembled a robbed tigress that with winged feet springs like a flash upon the neck of the Parthian hunter to dash her stolen cub from his grasp. To cut the story short, I embraced the knees of my captive friend; I stopped the horses, tied the bridles, opened his baggage, discovered the volume I sought, dragged it forth in triumph, and began reading away and dismembering it by making lengthy excerpts from the important chapters. I dictated as fast as I could, and the skill of my secretaries yet further abbreviated my task, for they were able to skip letters wholesale, using a system of substituted signs. The story of our parting would be an overlong tale, and after all of no great interest; our cheeks were wet with tears; we embraced and embraced again, hardly able to tear ourselves away. My exultation was justified by my safe return, laden with the spoils of loving-kindness and master of great riches for the soul.

And now for my opinion of this booty. I should rather like to hold it back, in order to keep you in suspense; judgement withheld were vengeance more complete. But I despair of taking down your pride; for you are conscious of so masterly an eloquence that sheer delight in what they read wrings eulogy from your readers, whether they wish to withstand the charm or not. Listen, then, to the sentence which an injured friend now passes on your book. It is a work of the most fruitful labour, varied, ardent, sublime, excellent in classification, rich in apt examples, well balanced by its form as dialogue, and by the fourfold division of its subject. There is much that is inspiring, much that is grand; here I find simplicity without clumsiness, there point not too far-fetched; grave matters are handled with ripe judgement, deep matters with proper caution; on debatable ground you take firm stand; in controversy your argument is always ready. Now persuasive, now severe, always intent to edify, you write with eloquence, with force, and with exquisite discrimination.

Following you over the whole wide field traversed in so many manners, I find you easily superior to all other writers alike in conception and in execution. You must appreciate my sincerity in this the more, when you remember that I pronounce my opinion under the smart of your affront. I think your work could only be improved by one thing----your presence in person to read it, when something might yet be added by the author's own voice, his gesture, his restrained art of physical expression. Endowed thus with all these

intellectual and literary gifts, you have united yourself with a fair woman according to the precept of Deuteronomy. You saw her among the hostile squadrons; and then and there you loved her as she stood in the forefront of the adversary's battle; through all the resistance of the foe, you bore her off in the strong arm of passion. Her name is Philosophy, r poison from the very venom of the serpent. I have said enough for the moment on your spiritual insight and on the soundness of your learning. For no one can follow in your footsteps with an equal stride, since to no other is it given to speak better than the masters who taught him, and to make his actions better than his words. Not without reason shall you be called by those qualified to judge, most blessed above all in our generation, as one who in deed and word enjoys a great and twofold glory; who after numbering years to be counted on the right hand, after being the she it is whom you snatched by force from among the impious arts; and having shorn the locks betokening a false faith, with the eyebrows arched with pride of earthly learning, and cut away the folds of her ancient vesture, which are the folds of sad dialectic, veiling perverse and unlawful conversation, you purified her and joined her to you in a close and mystical embrace. She has been your faithful follower from your early years; she was ever at your side, whether you practised your skill in the arena of the crowded city, or subdued the flesh in remote solitudes; in the Athenaeum she was with you, and in the monastery; with you she abjured the wisdom of the world, with you proclaims that which is from above. Whoever provokes you as her lawful spouse shall soon perceive the noble range of your philosophy, and find himself confronted by the Platonic Academy of the Church of Christ. He shall hear you first declare the ineffable omniscience of God and the eternity of the Holy Spirit. He shall not see you grow long hair or flaunt the pallium or staff as insignia of the philosophic state. He shall not see you pride yourself in nice apparel, indulging the exquisite's pretension, or making squalor your boast. He shall not see you betray your envy when in the gymnasia, or the Schools of the Areopagus; Speusippus is pictured for admiring eyes with bowed head, Aratus with open countenance; Zeno with contracted brows, Epicurus with unwrinkled skin, Diogenes with hirsute beard, Socrates with falling hair, Aristotle with arm freed from the mantle, Xenocrates with his contracted leg, Heraclitus with his eyes closed by tears, Democritus with lips parted in a laugh, Chrysippus counting with clenched fingers, Euclid measuring with open hands, Cleanthes biting his nails over problems both of space and number. Far from all this, whoever challenges you shall see the Stoic, the Cynic, the Peripatetic, the Heresiarch all beaten with their own weapons and crushed by their own devices. Their followers who dare resist Christian faith and dogma to venture a

bout with you shall soon be bound hand and foot and fall headlong into the toils of their own nets. The barbed syllogisms of your logic shall hook these voluble tongues even while they seek escape; you shall noose their slippery problems in categoric coils after the fashion of the clever doctor, who, if need be, will prepare his antidote for model of this century and the desire of every other, shall die honoured for his excellence in every field, leaving his possessions to his own folk, and himself to the nations of the world. Deign to hold me in remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

Faustus. Born in Britain. Abbot of Lerins (433-4) for twenty-seven years, where he established a school. Subsequently Bishop of Riez (462). Preserved the ascetic habits of monastic life. Celebrated for his learning and eloquence. One of the four bishops nominated to treat with Euric. Preached at the dedication of Patiens' new church at Lyons. Published a famous letter maintaining the materiality of the soul, wrote against the Arians, for which he was exiled by Euric to the district of Limoges, where he enjoyed the intercourse of Ruricius; liberated in 484, and died at an advanced age (c. 490). His writings, which give evidence of a modified Pelagianism, were regarded as heretical after his death, but were not condemned in his lifetime.

Sidonius Apollinaris, Letters. To his friend Secundinus c. A.D. 477

WHAT a long time it is since we used to read your masterly hexameters with outspoken admiration! Your verse was equally full of life, whether you were celebrating a wedding, or the fall of great beasts before the prowess of kings. But even you yourself would admit that you have never done anything better than your last poem in triple trochaics constructed in hendecasyllabic metre. What fine malice I found in it; what style, what pungent eloquence! it was impossible for me to keep my enthusiasm to myself. As for your subjects, you were fearless; only the necessity for respecting persons seemed to check somewhat the lightning of your genius and the free course of your irony. I think the Consul Ablabius never thrust more brilliantly at the family life of Constantine with a couplet, or gave more stinging point to the famous distich secretly appended to the palace gates:

'Who wants back Saturn and his golden age? We have the diamond age----Neronian.'

You remember that, when this was written, Constantine had done to death his consort Fausta in a hot bath and his son Crispus with cold poison. I would not have you deterred by anything from your bold and vivid use of satire. You will find the flourishing vices of our tyrant-ridden citizens a rich mine to exploit. For the folk whom we set down as fortunate according to the lights of our age or our locality comport themselves with such an arrogance that the future will not readily forget their names. The infamy of vice and the

praise of virtue are both alike eternal. Farewell.

Sidonius Apollinaris, Letters. To the Lord Bishop Faustus c. A.D. 477

YOUR old loyalty to a friend, and your old mastery of diction are both unchanged; I admire equally the heartiness of your letters, and the perfect manner of their expression. But I think, and I am sure that you will concur with me, that at the present juncture, when the roads are no longer secure owing to the movements of the peoples, the only prudent and safe course is to abandon for the present any regular exchange of messages; we must be less assiduous correspondents; we must learn the art of keeping silence. This is a bitter deprivation, and hard to bear when a friendship is as close as ours; it is imposed upon us not by casual circumstance, but by causes at once definite, inevitable, and diverse in their origin.

First among them I must set the examination of all letter-carriers upon the highways. Messengers may run small personal risk, since nothing can be alleged against them; but they have to put up with endless annoyance, while some vigilant official subjects them to an inquisitorial search. At the first sign of faltering in reply to questions, they are suspected of carrying in their heads instructions which cannot be found upon their persons. The sender of a letter is thus placed in an awkward position, and the bearer is liable to rough usage, especially at a time like this, when fresh disputes between rival nationalities have destroyed a treaty of long duration. In the second place I set the soreness of my heart over my own private troubles, for I was taken from home with a show of great consideration, but really removed by compulsion to this distant spot, where I am broken by every kind of mental anguish, enduring all the hardships of an exile and the losses of a proscrip. It is therefore by no means the right moment to ask me for finished letters, and were I to attempt them, it would be impertinence, for the exchange of a lively or elaborate correspondence should be confined to happy people; to me it seems little less than a barbarism for a man to write gaily when his spirit is vexed within him. How much better it would be for you to give the benefit of your unremitting orisons to a soul conscious of its guilt and trembling as often as it recalls the debts of a sinful career! For you are versed in the prayers of the Island brotherhood, which you transferred from the wrestling-place of the hermit congregation, and from the assembly of the monks of Lerins, to the city over whose church you preside, for all your episcopal rank, an abbot still in spirit, and refusing to make your new dignity a pretext for any relaxation in the rigour of the ancient discipline. Obtain for me, then, by your most potent intercession that my portion may be in the Lord; that enrolled from henceforth among the companies of my tribesmen the Levites, I may

cease to be of the earth earthly, I to whom not a yard of earth remains; and that I may begin to estrange myself from the guilt of this world, as I am already estranged from its riches. recalls the debts of a sinful career! For you are versed in the prayers of the Island brotherhood, which you transferred from the wrestling-place of the hermit congregation, and from the assembly of the monks of Lerins, to the city over whose church you preside, for all your episcopal rank, an abbot still in spirit, and refusing to make your new dignity a pretext for any relaxation in the rigour of the ancient discipline. Obtain for me, then, by your most potent intercession that my portion may be in the Lord; that enrolled from henceforth among the companies of my tribesmen the Levites, I may cease to be of the earth earthly, I to whom not a yard of earth remains; and that I may begin to estrange myself from the guilt of this world, as I am already estranged from its riches.

In the third place, and perhaps this after all is the chief reason why I have given up writing to you, I have a boundless admiration for your tropical figurative style, and for that consummately varied and perfected diction of which your last letter affords such ample evidence. Many years ago I sat a hoarse demonstrative listener when you preached either extempore, or, if occasion demanded, after careful preparation. I especially remember the week's festival of the dedication of the church at Lyons, when you were called upon by the general desire of your venerable colleagues to deliver an oration. On that occasion you proved yourself a master both of forensic and religious eloquence, and held the balance between them with such perfection that we hung upon your words with ears strained and roused emotions; you cared less to indulge our simple predilections because you knew that you had wholly satisfied our reason.

There you have the cause of my present and my future silence; I could not refuse a few words without disobedience, but henceforward I shall hold my peace and learn in silence. In future the word lies with you, my Lord Bishop. It is yours to devote yourself to the teaching of sound and perfect doctrine in works destined to live; for not a man hears you in argument or exposition who does not learn to deserve the praise of others in deed no less than word. Forgive my simple letter, which has at least the virtue of conforming to your desires; I have myself to admit that, by comparison with yours, my style is inarticulate as a child's. But there is little point in all this heavy repetition; the most foolish thing in the world is to be always deprecating one's own follies. Judgement rests with you, and if you put things to a thorough test, you will find much to laugh at, and even more to censure. I shall welcome it if your notorious kindness of heart allows you for once to abandon your dislike of being critical, and condemn such points as need correction. Only if you strike out

passages here and there, shall I have the satisfaction of feeling that you approve what you leave intact. Deign to hold me in remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

Sidonius Apollinaris, Letters. To his friend Aquilinus c. A.D. 477

I FIND it certainly to my advantage, friend capable of every virtue, and I trust you will feel the same, that we should have as many ties to bind us as we have reasons for being united. Such ties are hereditary in our families; I do but recall the experience of the past. Let me summon as my witnesses our grandfathers Rusticus and Apollinaris, whom like fortunes and aversions united in a noble friendship. They had a similar taste in letters, their characters were alike; they had enjoyed similar dignities and undergone the same dangers. They were equally agreed in detesting the inconstancy of Constantine, the irresolution of Jovinus, the perfidy of Gerontius; both singling out the fault proper to each person, and both finding in Dardanus the sum of all existing vices.

If we come down to the years between their time and our own, we find our fathers brought up together from their tender youth until they came to manhood. In Honorius' reign, as tribunes and secretaries, they served abroad together in such close comradeship that among all the grounds of their agreement the fact that their own fathers had been friends appeared to be the least. Under Valentinian, one of the two ruled all Gaul, the other only a region of it; even so they managed to balance their dignities with a fraternal equilibrium; the one who held the lower rank had seniority in office. And now the old tradition comes down to us grandsons, whose dearest care it should be to prevent the affection of our parents and our forefathers from suffering any diminution in our persons. But there are ties of all kinds, over and above that of this hereditary friendship, which needs must bring us close together; we are linked by equality of years no less than by identity of birthplace; we played and learned together, shared the same discipline and relaxation, and were trained by the same rule. So then, for what remains of life now that our years touch upon the threshold of age, let us under the providence of God be two persons with but a single mind; and let us instil into our sons the same mutual regard: let us see that the objects which they desire and refuse, pursue or shun, are the same. It would indeed crown our vows if the boys who bear the honoured names of Rusticus and Apollinaris renewed within their breasts the hearts of those illustrious ancestors. Farewell.

Sidonius Apollinaris, To his friend Lampridius A. D. 478

ON my arrival at Bordeaux, your messenger brought me a letter from you full of nectar, rich with blooms and pearls. You arraign my silence, and ask me for some of my poems, in

a few of those verses of yours which your cadenced voice so often sends echoing from your melodious palate, like music poured from a flute of many stops. In this you take mean advantage of your royal munificence; you have sent your gift; you feel impregnable. Perhaps you have forgotten one satirist's remark about another:

'When Horace says "Evohe", he has plenteously dined.'

Enough! You are right to send a command from your place of ease, bidding me sing because you are in the mood to dance. In any case I must obey; and far from acknowledging compulsion, I yield of my own free will; but spare me, if you can, the criticism of your proud Catonian brow. You know well enough what manner of thing a poet's gladness is; his spirit is entangled in grief as the fish in nets; if sorrow or affliction comes, his sensitive soul does not so lightly work free from the bonds of anguish: I am still unsuccessful in obtaining a decision about my mother-in-law's estate, even provisionally, though I have offered a third part of it as ransom. You must see whether the theme of my verses is such as to please you; but my cares forbid me to live in one mood and write in another. It would be unfair to me were you to institute a comparison between our two poems. I am harassed; you are happy. I am in exile; you enjoy your rights of citizenship. I cannot attain your level; I want of you verse like my own, but receive something infinitely better. But if by any chance these trifles composed in the midst of much mental tribulation obtain indulgence at your hands, I will let you persuade me that they are like the swan's notes, whose song is more harmonious just before his death; or that they are like lyre-strings tensely drawn, which make the sweeter music the tighter they are strained. But if verses without suggestion of gaiety or ease can never really please, you will find nothing satisfactory in the enclosed. Do not forget, moreover, a second point which tells against me, namely that a piece which you only read and cannot hear recited is robbed of all the advantage which delivery by the author lends it. His manuscript once dispatched, the most musical of poets has no further resource; distance does not allow him to do for himself what mimics do by their accompaniment----make bad verse acceptable by dint of fine delivery.

'Lampridius, glory of our Thalia, why urge me now to sing of Cirrha, or the Boeotian Muses, or Helicon's poetic stream called by neighing Pegasus to life at a stroke of his hoof? Why would you make me write as if I had received the Delphic insignia from your Delian god, and, myself a new Apollo, possessed the hangings, and the tripods, the lyre, the quivers, the bows, and gryphons, or tossed from my brow the laurel and the ivy? You, O happy Tityrus, have won your lands again; you may wander through the groves of plane and myrtle, and strike a lyre with which your voice makes perfect harmony. Wondrous is

the music of string and tone and measure.

Twice has the moon risen upon me prisoned here; and but once have I been received into the presence. For scant leisure has the King even for himself, since all the subjugated earth awaits his nod. We see in his courts **the blue-eyed Saxon, lord of the seas**, but timid landsman here. The razor's keen blade, content no more to hold its usual course round the head's extremity, with clean strokes shearing to the skin, drives the margin of the hair back from his brow, till the head looks smaller and the visage longer. We see thee, aged Sygambrian warrior, the back of thy head shaven in sign of thy defeat; but now thou guidest the new-grown locks to the old neck again. Here strolls the Herulian with his glaucous cheeks, inhabitant of Ocean's furthest shore, and of one complexion with its weedy deeps. Here the Burgundian bends his seven feet of stature on suppliant knee, imploring peace. Here the Ostrogoth finds a powerful patron, and crushing the Hun beyond his border, triumphs at home only through his homage to this mighty patron. And here, O Roman, thou also seekest thy protection; if the Great Bear menaces commotion, and the Scythian hordes advance, the strong arm of Euric is invoked, that Garonne, drawing power from the Mars who loves his banks, may bring defence to the dwindled stream of Tiber. Here the Parthian Arsacid himself asks grace to hold, a tributary, his high hall of Susa. He perceives in the regions of the Bosphorus dread war arise with all its enginery, nor hopes that Persia, dismayed at the mere sound of conflict, shall avail to guard alone Euphrates' bank. He who boasts himself kin with stars and near allied to Phoebus, even he becomes a simple mortal, and descends to lowly supplication.

At such a court my days go by in vain. But do you, O Tityrus, refrain, nor invite me more to song. I envy thee no longer; I can but marvel at thy fortune. For myself, I effect nothing; I utter fruitless prayers, and so become another Meliboeus.'

There is the poem. Read it at your leisure, and like a charioteer already crowned, look down from the balcony to the arena where I struggle still in the sweat and dust of contest. Do not expect me to do the like again, whatever pleasure you derive from this present effort, until the happy day arrives when I can turn my mind once more from dark vaticinations to the service of the Muse. Farewell.

478. Annals of the Four Masters

After Oilioll Molt, son of Dathi, son of Fiachra, had been twenty years in the sovereignty of Ireland, he was slain in the battle of Ocha, by Lughaidh, son of Laeghaire, Muircheartach Mac Earca, Fearghus Cerrbhel, son of Conall Cremthainne, Fiachra, son of Laeghaire, King of Dal Araidhe, and Cremhthann, son of Enna Cennsealach, King of

Leinster. It was on this occasion that the Lee and Cairloegh were given to Fiachra as a territorial reward for the battle. It was of this battle Beg Mac De said:

1. The great battle of Ocha was fought,
In which many battalions were cut off,
Against Oilioll Molt, son of Nathi,
Who was defeated by the Dal Araidhe.

479. Annals of the Four Masters

The first year of Lughaidh, son of Laeghaire, in sovereignty over Ireland.

480 Annals of Ulster Death of Conall of Cremthann, son of Niall.

Sidonius Apollinaris, Letters. To his friend Namatius c. A. D. 480

CAIUS JULIUS CAESAR, reputed the greatest master of strategy who ever lived, was a great reader and a great writer also. Though he was the first man of his age, and the arts of war and rhetoric disputed his genius with equally glorious results, yet he never considered himself to have attained the summit in either branch of knowledge until your orator of Arpinum proclaimed him without a rival among men. To compare small things with great, it has been the same in my own case, however vast my inferiority. No one should know this better than yourself, concerned as you have always been for my success and for my modesty in bearing it. I learn that Flavius Nicetius, distinguished above all his countrymen by his birth, his rank, his merit, his prudence, his wise knowledge of the world, has accorded my small work unlimited praise. He has gone further and declared that while yet in the prime of life I have surpassed in the two fields of literature and war the great number of our young men and not a few of the older among us. If I may say it without vanity, I derive real satisfaction from the approval of so eminent a judge. If he is right, his weight counts for much; if partial, I have a fresh proof of his friendship; though nowadays every man of us is but a sluggard in deed, and in word an infant in comparison with his forefathers. To the men of earlier ages the ruler of all ages granted supreme excellence in these arts; but now the world waxes old, the quickening seed is exhausted, the marrow lost; and if in our time aught of admirable or memorable appears, it is manifest in exceeding few. Nicetius may lead all learning and all letters, but I fear that our intimacy may have led him to exaggerate my merit through the bias natural to friendship. And were it so, I will not deny that in the past I used often to attend the delivery of his luminous speeches, and however fleeting or imperfect my memories, I may properly recall some of

them in the present place, even at the risk of being thought to join a game of mutual admiration.

I heard him speak when I was growing to manhood and had just left boyhood behind me; at that time my father was praetorian prefect presiding over the tribunals of Gaul, and in his term of office Astyrius assumed the trabea and in a propitious hour inaugurated his consulship. On that day I hardly stirred from the curule chair; my age gave me no right to a seat, but my rank allowed me to keep in the foreground; so I stood next to the censor's men who in their official mantles stood nearest to the consul. As soon as the largess had been distributed (and that took little time though it was no little one), as soon as the diptychs had been bestowed, the representative advocates of the province who had come in from every district asked with one consent that the assumption of the consul's office might be celebrated in a panegyric. The ceremonies had anticipated the day, and there was yet some time before the late dawn, which otherwise would have been passed in silence. All eyes turned at once towards Nicetius, the first men present were the first to look his way; the assembly called upon him not by a voice here or there, but by general acclamation; he reddened, and cast down his eyes, giving us such an earnest of his modest nature as gained him hardly fewer bravos than the eloquence he subsequently displayed. He spoke with method, with gravity, with fire; if his ardour was great, his fluency was yet greater, and his science greatest of all; his coloured and golden language seemed to enhance the splendour of the consul's palm-embroidered robe, steeped though it was in Sarranian dyes and rich with applied strips that rustled at every movement of the wearer. About that time (to speak like a decemvir) was promulgated the statute of limitations which decreed in summary terms that all cases protracted to thirty years should automatically lapse. It was our orator who first introduced this law, as yet unknown in Gaul; he advocated it at the tribunal; he expounded it to the various parties; and he finally saw it added to the statute-book, before a great audience whose members mostly kept their feet in their excitement and only interrupted by applause. I had many other occasions of observing his intellectual capacity, myself unobserved, and therefore in the best of all positions to see the real man; for though my father governed the province, it was to Nicetius that he went for advice. It must suffice to say that I never heard of a single action of which I did not like to hear, and which I did not admire.

The union in his person of all these fine qualities naturally makes me proud to receive the suffrage of a critic so high in the public esteem. Whatever his opinion, it must have great influence; if rumour is true, he is on my side, and I shall have just as good reason to be reassured as I should have had to feel uneasy had his vote gone the other way. In any

case, I am determined, as soon as I know for certain what he thinks, either to give silence a loose rein, or curb my facility according to the verdict. For if he supports me I shall be inclined to go on talking like an Athenian; if he condemns, no citizen of Amyclae shall hold his tongue like me.

But no more of myself or of my friend: how does the world go with you? I am every whit as eager to hear your news as to give you mine. Are you hunting, or building, or playing the country gentleman? Are you indulging one only of these pursuits or each in turn, or all together? As for Vitruvius and Columella, you do well to study either one or both, for you are competent to deal with either admirably, as one who is equally at home in agriculture and in building. With sport the case is different, and I beg you not to plume yourself upon your prowess. It is useless to invite the boar to meet your spears, so long as you take the field alone with those exceedingly merciful hounds of yours; you just rouse the quarry, but not enough to make him run. It is excusable enough that your dogs should dread close quarters with such formidable beasts as boars; but what apology can you make when they hunt poor helpless kids and timid does, head high and spirits prone, stinting the pace but prodigal of music? You will find it more profitable to net in the rough rocks and likely coverts, and cry the dogs on from a chosen post; if you have any self-respect left, you will give up galloping over the open country and lying in wait for the leverets of Oléron. Indeed it is hardly worth while to worry them on rare occasions by unleashing the hounds in the open, unless our good Apollinaris comes to help you and your father, and gives you a better run.

But, joking apart, do let me know how things go with you and your household. Just as I was on the point of ending a letter which had rambled on long enough, lo and behold! a courier from Saintonges. I whiled away some time talking with him about you; and he was very positive that you had weighed anchor, and in fulfilment of those half military, half naval duties of yours were coasting the western shores on the look-out for curved ships; the ships of the **Saxons**, in whose every oarsman you think to detect an arch-pirate. Captains and crews alike, to a man they teach or learn the art of brigandage; therefore let me urgently caution you to be ever on the alert. For the **Saxon** is the most ferocious of all foes. He comes on you without warning; when you expect his attack he makes away. Resistance only moves him to contempt; a rash opponent is soon down. If he pursues he overtakes; if he flies himself, he is never caught. Shipwrecks to him are no terror, but only so much training. His is no mere acquaintance with the perils of the sea; he knows them as he knows himself. A storm puts his enemies off their guard, preventing his preparations from being seen; the chance of taking the foe by surprise makes him gladly face every

hazard of rough waters and broken rocks.

Moreover, when the **Saxons** are setting sail from the continent, and are about to drag their firm-holding anchors from an enemy's shore, it is their usage, thus homeward bound, to abandon every tenth captive to the slow agony of a watery end, casting lots with perfect equity among the doomed crowd in execution of this iniquitous sentence of death. This custom is all the more deplorable in that it is prompted by honest superstition. These men are bound by vows which have to be paid in victims, they conceive it a religious act to perpetrate this horrible slaughter, and to take anguish from the prisoner in place of ransom; this polluting sacrilege is in their eyes an absolving sacrifice. I am full of anxiety and apprehension about these dangers, though on the other hand there are factors which encourage me mightily. Firstly, the standards under which you sail are those of an ever-victorious nation. Secondly, men of prudence, among whose number you may fairly be included, are not in the habit of leaving anything to chance. Thirdly, very intimate friends who live far from each other are apt to feel alarm without due cause, because it is natural to be apprehensive of events at once incalculable and occurring very far away. You will perhaps argue that the cause of my uneasiness need not be taken so seriously. That may be true; but it is also true that we are most timid in regard to those whom we love best. So take the first opportunity of relieving the fears which your situation has aroused by a good account of your fortunes. I am incorrigible on this head, and shall always fear the worst for friends abroad until they contradict it themselves, especially those harassed by the watchword or the signal for attack. In accordance with your request, I send you the *Libri*

Logistorici of Varro and the Chronology of Eusebius. If these models reach you safely, and you find a little leisure from the watches and the duties of the camp, you will be able, your arms once furbished, to apply another kind of polish to an eloquence which must be getting rusty. Farewell.

480. Annals of the Four Masters The second year of Lughaidh. The battle of Granard, in the land of Leinster, between the Leinstermen themselves, wherein Finnchadh, Lord of Ui Cennsealaigh, was slain by Cairbre.

480. Annals of Inisfallen. The son of Conall, son of Cremthann, son of Niall dies.

481. Repose of Iarlaithe, the third abbot of Ard Macha

481 Annals of Ulster Repose of Iarlaithe son of Trian, third bishop of Ard Macha. Felix was consecrated 46th bishop of the Roman Church and lived 12 or 13 years. From the

beginning of the world according to the Seventy Interpreters 5879 years; according to the Hebrews 4685. From the Incarnation according to the Hebrews 734; but according to Dionysius 481.

481. Annals of the Four Masters The third year of Lughaidh. Saint Jarlaithe, son of Treana, Bishop of Ard Macha Armagh, resigned his spirit.

482 ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE. . This year the blessed Abbot Benedict shone in this world, by the splendour of those virtues which the blessed Gregory records in the book of Dialogues.

482. Annals of Inisfallen. The battle of Uchbath [gained] over the Laigin by Crimthann, or by Fiachra Glomrach, son of Caelub, son of Crund, of Dál Araide.

482 Annals of Ulster The battle of Ochaie i.e. won by Lugaid son of Laegaire and by Muirchertach Mac Erca, in which Ailill Molt fell. From Conchobor Mac Nessa to Cormac son of Art, 308 years; from Cormac to the above battle 116, as Cuanu has written.

A.D.482 CRONICUM SCOTORUM Oilill Molt fell in the battle of Ocha by Muircertach Mac Erca (i.e. King of Erin); and by Lughaidh, son of Laeghaire; and by Fergus Cirrbel, son of Conall Crimthainn; and by Fiachra Lonn, son of Caelboth, King of Dál Aráidhe, of which Bec Mac De said:—

The great battle of Ocha was fought,
Through which many fights were contested;
Over Oilill Molt, son of Dathi,
It was gained by the Dál Aráidhe,
By Lughaidh, by Fiachra Lonn,
And by the great, puissant Muircertach,
By Fergus, son of mild Conall—
By them fell the noble King Ailill;
And by Fergus of the blemish—
By them fell the noble Ailill Molt.

From the time of Conchobhar Mac Nessa to Cormac Mac Art there are 307 years; from Cormac to this battle.

St felix III (II) Pope 483-492

482 ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE. . This year the blessed Abbot Benedict shone in this world, by the splendour of those virtues which the blessed Gregory records in the book of Dialogues.

SBG St Dogfael or Dogwel. Is said to have become the 58th Bishop of Lexovia in Brittany. He died in 498. Lexovia was probably not founded by a follower of Joseph of Aramathea in 72 AD

483 CRONICUM SCOTORUM Commencement of the reign of Lughaidh, son of Laeghaire.

483 Annals of Ulster The slaying of Cremthann son of Anna Cennselach son of Bresal Bélach son of Fiacha ba Aiccid son of Cathaír Már, king of Laigin. Or, this year the battle of Ocha according to others, won by Muirchertach Mac Erca and by Fergus Cerball son of Conall of Cremthann, and by Fiachra Lon son of the king of Dál nAraide.

SBG St Brendan the voyager was born in 483 in Kerry..

484 Annals of Ulster Beginning of the reign of Lugaid son of Laegaire this year.

484 CRONICUM SCOTORUM Criomthann, son of Enna Cennsealach, King of Laighen, mortally wounded by Eochaidh Guinech of the Ibh Bairrche, and by the men of Aradh Cliach. First battle of Graine, in which Muircertach Mac Erca was the victor. Another battle was fought, at Graine, in the land of Laighen, between the Lagenians themselves, in which Finnchadh, King of Ui Cennsealaigh, fell, and Eochaidh Mac Coirpre was the victor.

485 ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE. This year Ella fought with the Welsh nigh Mecred's-Burnsted.

Ethelwerd's Chronicle After eight years, the same people fight against the Britons, near a place called Mearcraedsburn.

485 CRONICUM SCOTORUM Quies of Bishop Mael at Ard Curadh.

485 Annals of Ulster The first battle of Granairt. Coirpre, son of Niall Naígiallach, was victor, and Finnchad fell; or, Mac Erca was victor, as others state. The mortal wounding of Cremthann, son of Éna Cennselach.

485. Annals of Inisfallen. The battle of Granard (Mac Erce victor), in which Finnchad, king of the Laigin, fell; and Cairpre [was] victor, as others say. The mortal wounding of Crimthann Ceinnselach, king of Laigin, whom Echaíd Glúinech slays.

486. Birth of Brénainn, son of Finnlug.

486 Annals of Ulster Or, this year, the first battle of Graineret in which Muirchertach Mac Erca was victor.

486 CRONICUM SCOTORUM Quies of Saint Cianan of Damhliag, on whom Patrick bestowed his Gospel.

487 Quies of Bishop Mac Caille.

The battle of Cill Osnaigh in Magh Fea, in which fell Aengus Mac Nathfraeich, King of Mumhan, and his wife, i.e. Eithne the hateful, daughter of Criomthann, son of Enna Cennselach. Iollann, son of Dunlaing, and Oilill, his brother, and Eochaidh Guinech, and Muircertach Mac Erca, King of Ailech, were victors, as was said:—

A branch of the great spreading tree died— Aengus the praiseworthy, son of Nathfraeich; His head was left with Iollann, In the battle of foul Cill-Osnaigh.

487. Annals of Inisfallen. Death of Crimthann Ceinnselach.

487. Annals of the Four Masters The ninth year of Lughaidh. Mel, Bishop of Ard Achadh, in Teathbha, disciple of Patrick, died.

487 Annals of Ulster . Repose of St Mel, a bishop, in Ardachadh.

488. Repose of St Ciannán, to whom St Patrick presented the Gospel.

488. Annals of the Four Masters The tenth year of Lughaidh. Cianan, Bishop of Doimhliag, died.

488 ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE. . This year Esc succeeded to the kingdom; and

was king of the men of Kent twenty-four winters.

Ethelwerd's Chronicle. After this, at an interval of three years, Esc, son of Hengist, began to reign in Kent.

William of Malmesbury,

THE HISTORY OF THE KINGS OF ENGLAND, BOOK 1

Vortimer, the son of Vortigern thinking it unnecessary longer to dissemble that he saw himself and his Briton circumvented by the craft of the Angles, turned his thoughts to their expulsion, and stimulated his father to the same attempt. At his suggestion, the truce was broken seven years after their arrival; and during the ensuing twenty, they frequently fought partial battles, and, as the [Anglo-Saxon] chronicle relates, four general actions. From the first conflict they parted on equal terms: one party lamenting the loss of Horsa, the brother of Hengist; the other, that of Katigis, another of Vortigern's sons. The Angles, having the advantage in all the succeeding encounters, peace was concluded; Vortimer, who had been the instigator of the war, and differed far from the indolence of his father, perished prematurely, or he would have governed the kingdom in a noble manner, had God permitted. When he died, the British strength decayed, and all hope fled from them; and they would soon have perished altogether, had not Ambrosius, the sole survivor of the Romans, who became monarch after Vortigern, quelled the presumptuous barbarians by the powerful aid of warlike Arthur. It is of this Arthur that the Britons fondly tell so many fables, even to the present day; a man worthy to be celebrated, not by idle fictions, but by authentic history. He long upheld the sinking state, and roused the broken spirit of his countrymen to war. Finally, at the siege of Mount Badon, relying on an image of the Virgin, which he had affixed to his armor, he engaged nine hundred of the enemy, single-handed, and dispersed them with incredible slaughter. On the other side, the Angles, after various revolutions of fortune, filled up their thinned battalions with fresh supplies of their countrymen; rushed with greater courage to the conflict, and extended themselves by degrees, as the natives retreated, over the whole island: for the counsels of God, in whose hand is every change of empire, did not oppose their career. But this was effected in process of time; for while Vortigern lived, no new attempt was made against them.

About this time, Hengist, from that bad quality of the human heart which grasps after more in proportion to what it already possesses, by a preconcerted piece of deception, invited his son-in-law, with three hundred of his followers, to an entertainment; and when, by more than usual computations, he had excited them to clamor, he began, purposely, to

taunt them severally, with sarcastic raillery: this had the desired effect, of making them first quarrel, and then come to blows. Thus the Britons were basely murdered to a man, and breathed their last amid their cups. The king himself, made captive, purchased his liberty at the price of three provinces. After this, Hengist died, in the thirty-ninth year after his arrival; he was a man, who urging his success not less by artifice than courage, and giving free scope to his natural ferocity, preferred effecting his purpose rather by cruelty than by kindness. He left a son named Eisc; who, more intent on defending than enlarging his dominions, never exceeded the paternal bounds.

489 CRONICUM SCOTORUM Patrick, Archbishop and Apostle of the Irish, in the 122nd year of his age, on the 16th of the Kalends of April, quievit, ut dicitur:—

1. Since Christ was born, a joyful reckoning,
Four hundred and fair ninety;
Three exact years after that
To the death of Patrick, Chief Apostle.

489. Annals of the Four Masters The eleventh year of Lughaidh. Bishop Maccaille, died. Aenghus, son of Nadfraech, King of Munster, fell in the battle of Cell Osnadha fought against him by Muircheartach Mac Earca, by Illann, son of Dunlaing, by Ailill, son of Dunlaing, and by Eochaidh Guineach, of which was said:

1. Died the branch, the spreading tree of gold,
Aenghus the laudable, son of Nadfraech,
His prosperity was cut off by Illann,
In the battle of Cell Osnadha the foul.

The battle of Tailtin against the Leinstermen, by Cairbre, son of Niall.

489 Annals of Ulster _ Repose of bishop Mac Caille. The battle of Cenn Losnada or Cell Losnaig in Mag Fea, in which fell Aengus son of Nad-fraích, king of Mumu, as Cuanu has written.

SBG St Iltyd had no desire to embrace the monastic life, and, leaving the Continent, he crossed the sea and served under King Arthur, who was his first cousin. He is said to have been one of " the three Knights of the Court of Arthur who kept the Greal " (the Holy Grail), the other two being S. Cadoc and Peredur. He married Trynihid, a virtuous woman.

SBG St Tathan. Caradog was then king of the two Gwents (Uchcoed and Iscoed), and presently hearing of the arrival of Tathan and his monks, sent him an invitation to come and see him. This Tathan declined, but the king, accompanied by his twenty-four knights, went to him in person. Caradog besought him to come and found a monastic school at Caerwent. Tathan acceded to his request, and the king gave him "a piece of land nigh unto the city, extending from the high road (the Via Julia) even to the river " (the Neddern brook), where Tathan beheld a spot most suitable for " Divine Service and the habitation of clergy." There he founded a collegiate church in honour of the Holy and Undivided Trinity and placed therein twelve canons.

Tathan's college became famous. The five " presbiteri Tathiu " who witnessed King Griffith's privilegium, during the episcopate of Herwald (consecrated Bishop of Llandaff in 1056), were clergy of Caerwent ;

490 Annals of Ulster Zeno Augustus departed from life in the 17th year and 6th month, counting both the years of his own reign as well as those of the tyrant Basilicus. These six months and the six months of Marcian make a year, which the Chronicles do not count. Anastasius was made emperor. Or here, the battle of Cell Losnaidh according to others. Mac Erca was victor, and the king of Caisel defeated.

490 ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE. This year Ella and Cissa besieged the city of Andred, and slew all that were therein; nor was one Briton left there afterwards.

491 Annals of Ulster The Irish state here that Patrick the Archbishop died.

Three score years (we deem it few), And an mystic nine,

Patrick spent preaching in Ireland with many miracles.

And Vincent in the Speculum Historiarum states that Patrick spent four score years in Ireland preaching and that at Patrick's request God restored to life 40 persons; he founded 365 churches and created the same number of bishops, as well as 3000 priests; and he baptized 12,000.

491 CRONICUM SCOTORUM The battle of Taillten was gained over the Lagenians by Coirpre, son of Niall.

491. Annals of Inisfallen. Repose of Cianán of Dam Liac. Death of Zeno, who reigned seventeen years. Anastasius becomes emperor.

492 CRONICUM SCOTORUM The second battle of Graine, in which fell Fraech, son of Finnchadh, King of Southern Leinster. Eochaidh, son of Coirpre, was the victor.

St Gelasius 1 Pope 492-496

492 Annals of Ulster The battle of Sruth. Gelasius was consecrated 47th bishop of the Roman Church and lived 3 years. The second battle of Granairt.

Patrick, arch-apostle, or archbishop and apostle of the Irish, rested on the 16th of the Kalends of April in the 120th year of his age, in the 60th year after he had come to Ireland to baptize the Irish.

From the beginning of the world according to the Seventy Interpreters 5946 years; according to the Hebrews 4697. From the Incarnation according to the Hebrews 746 years, from the Incarnation according to Dionysius 483

492. Annals of the Four Masters The fourteenth year of Lughaidh. The battle of Sleamhain, in Meath was fought by Cairbre, son of Niall, against the Leinstermen.

492. Annals of Inisfallen. Repose of bishop Mac Caille. The battle of Cenn Losnada, in which fell Aengus, son of Nad Fraích, and Eithne Uathach his wife.

493. Annals of Inisfallen. The battle of Srath Echaill, in which Fraech son of Finnchadh, king of Laigin, fell, and Eochu, son of Cairpre, was victor.

Ethelwerd's Chronicle. After three years, Ella and Assa besieged a town called Andreds-cester, and slew all its inhabitants, both small and great, leaving not a single soul alive.

493 CRONICUM SCOTORUM Rest of Cuindidh, son of Cathmogha, i.e. Mac Cuilind, Bishop of Lusca. An eclipse of the sun appeared. Battle of Dunlethglaise. Gelasius quievit.

493 Annals of Ulster The battle of Tailtiu won over the Laigin by Cairpre son of Niall.

493. Annals of the Four Masters The fifteenth year of Lughaidh.

Patrick, son of Calphurn, son of Potaide, archbishop, first primate, and chief apostle of Ireland, whom Pope Celestine the First had sent to preach the Gospel and disseminate

religion and piety among the Irish, was the person who separated them from the worship of idols and spectres, who conquered and destroyed the idols which they had for worshipping; who had expelled demons and evil spirits from among them, and brought them from the darkness of sin and vice to the light of faith and good works, and who guided and conducted their souls from the gates of hell (to which they were going), to the gates of the kingdom of heaven. It was he that baptized and blessed the men, women, sons and daughters of Ireland, with their territories and tribes, both fresh waters and sea inlets. It was by him that many cells, monasteries, and churches were erected throughout Ireland; seven hundred churches was their number. It was by him that bishops, priests, and persons of every dignity were ordained; seven hundred bishops, and three thousand priests was their number. He worked so many miracles and wonders, that the human mind is incapable of remembering or recording the amount of good which he did upoh earth. When the time of St. Patrick's death approached, he received the Body of Christ from the hands of the holy Bishop Tassach, in the 122nd year of his age, and resigned his spirit to heaven.

There was a rising of battle, and a cause of dissension in the province contending for the body of Patrick after his death. The Ui Neill and the Oirghialla attempting to bring it to Armagh; the Ulta to keep it with themselves. And the Ui Neill and the Oirghialla came to a certain water, and the river swelled against them so that they were not able to cross it in consequence of the greatness of the flood. When the flood had subsided these hosts united on terms of peace, i.e. the Ui Neill and the Ulta, to bring the body of Patrick with them. It appeared to each of them that each had the body conveying it to their respective territories, so that God separated them in this manner, without a fight or battle. The body of Patrick was afterwards interred at Dun Da Lethglas with great honour and veneration; and during the twelve nights that the religious seniors were watching the body with psalms and hymns, it was not night in Magh Inis or the neighbouring lands, as they thought, but as if it were the full undarkened light of day. Of the year of Patrick's death was said:

Since Christ was born, a correct enumeration, Four hundred and fair ninety,
Three years add to these, Till the death of Patrick, chief Apostle.

494 CRONICUM SCOTORUM Anastasius was ordained Pope, and lived afterwards two years. The battle of Slemhain of Meath gained over the Lagenians by Coirpre, son of Niall. Mochaoe of Naendruim quievit. Bishop Cormac indernidhe, comharb of Patrick, pausavit.

494. Annals of the Four Masters The sixteenth year of Lughaidh. The battle of Ceann

Ailbhe by Cairbre, son of Niall, against the Leinstermen.

495 ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE. . This year came two leaders into Britain, Cerdic and Cynric his son, with five ships, at a place that is called Cerdic's-ore. And they fought with the Welsh the same day. Then he died, and his son Cynric succeeded to the government, and held it six and twenty winters. Then he died; and Ceawlin, his son succeeded, who reigned seventeen years. Then he died; and Ceol succeeded to the government, and reigned five years. When he died, Ceolwulf, his brother, succeeded, and reigned seventeen years. Their kin goeth to Cerdic. Then succeeded Cynebils, Ceolwulf's brother's son, to the kingdom; and reigned one and thirty winters. And he first of West-Saxon kings received baptism. Then succeeded Cenwall, who was the son of Cynegils, and reigned one and thirty winters. Then held Sexburga, his queen, the government one year after him. Then succeeded Escwine to the kingdom, whose kin goeth to Cerdic, and held it two years. Then succeeded Centwine, the son of Cynegils, to the kingdom of the West-Saxons, and reigned nine years. Then succeeded Ceadwall to the government, whose kin goeth to Cerdic, and held it three years. Then succeeded Ina to the kingdom of the West-Saxons, whose kin goeth to Cerdic, and reigned thirty-seven winters. Then succeeded Ethelheard, whose kin goeth to Cerdic, and reigned sixteen years. Then succeeded Cuthred, whose kin goeth to Cerdic, and reigned sixteen winters. Then succeeded Sigebriht, whose kin goeth to Cerdic, and reigned one year. Then succeeded Cynwulf, whose kin goeth to Cerdic, and reigned one and thirty winters. Then succeeded Brihtric, whose kin goeth to Cerdic, and reigned sixteen years. Then succeeded Egbert to the kingdom, and held it seven and thirty winters, and seven months. Then succeeded Ethelwulf, his son, and reigned eighteen years and a half. Ethelwulf was the son of Egbert, Egbert of Ealmund, Ealmund of Eafa, Eafa of Eoppa, Eoppa of Ingild, Ingild of Cenred (Ina of Cenred, Cuthburga of Cenred, and Cwenburga of Cenred), Cenred of Ceolwald, Ceolwald of Cuthwulf, Cuthwulf of Cuthwine Cuthwine of Celm, Celm of Cynric, Cynric of Creoda, Creoda of Cerdic. Then succeeded Ethelbald, the son of Ethelwulf, to the kingdom, and held it five years. Then succeeded Ethelbert, his brother, and reigned five years. Then succeeded Ethelred, his brother, to the kingdom, and held it five years. Then succeeded Alfred, their brother, to the government. And then had elapsed of his age three and twenty winters, and three hundred and ninety-six winters from the time when his kindred first gained the land of Wessex from the Welsh. And he held the kingdom a year and a half less than thirty winters. Then succeeded Edward, the son of Alfred, and reigned twenty-four winters. When he died, then succeeded Athelstan, his son, and reigned

fourteen years and seven weeks and three days. Then succeeded Edmund, his brother, and reigned six years and a half, wanting two nights. Then succeeded Edred, his brother, and reigned nine years and six weeks. Then succeeded Edwy, the son of Edmund, and reigned three years and thirty-six weeks, wanting two days. When he died, then succeeded Edgar, his brother, and reigned sixteen years and eight weeks and two nights. When he died, then succeeded Edward, the son of Edgar, and reigned..... (There is a gap here.)

Ethelwerd's Chronicle After the lapse of three more years, Cerdic and his son Cynric sailed to Britain with five ships, to a port called Cerdic's-ore, and on the same day fought a battle against the Britons, in which they were finally victorious

495 Annals of Ulster The second battle of Granairt, in which fell Fraech son of Finnchad son of Gairchú son of Fothad son of Eochu Lámhdóid son of Mess Corb, king of Laigin. Eochu, son of Coirpre—i.e. Eochu son of Coirpre son of Ailill son of Dúnlang son of Énna Niad—was victor. An eclipse of the sun was visible. Repose of Mac Cuilinn, bishop of Lusca.

496 Annals of Ulster The storming of Dún Lethglaise. Or here, the battle of Taitiu.

496 CRONICUM SCOTORUM Symmachus, 49th Pope of the Roman Church lived fifteen years. The battle of Cenn Ailbhe gained over the Lagenians by Coirpre, son of Niall

Anastasius II Pope 496-498

496. Annals of the Four Masters Mochaoi, Abbot of Aendruim, died on the twenty third day of the month of June. The battle of Druim Lochmaighe was gained by the Leinstermen over the Ui Neill. Cormac, of Chrioch In Earnaidhe, successor of Patrick, resigned his spirit.

496. Annals of Inisfallen. Repose of Patrick on the 16th of the Kalends of April in the 432nd year from the Passion of the Lord. Repose of Mac Cuilinn of Lusca.

497. Repose of Cormac, bishop of Ard Macha.

497 The Annals of Ulster Mo-Chaí of Naendruim rested. Repose of Cormac, bishop of

Ard Macha, successor of Patrick. Or here, the second battle of Granairret, in which Fraech son of Finnchad, king of Laigin Desgabhair, fell. Eochu, son of Coirpre, was victor.

497. Annals of the Four Masters The nineteenth year of Lughaidh. The battle of Inde Mor, in Crioich Ua nGabhla, was gained over the Leinstermen and Illann, son of Dunlaing, by Muircheartach mac Earca.

497 CRONICUM SCOTORUM The battle of Seghais gained by Muircertach Mac Earca over Duach Tengumha, King of Connacht, in which Duach was slain; of which Cennfaeladh said:—

The battle of Seghais—A certain woman caused it;
Red blood was brought over lances
By Duisech, daughter of Duach.
The battle of Delg, and battle of Mucremhe, And the battle of Tuaim Drubha,
With the battle of Seghais, wherein fell Duach Tengumha.

SBG St Cadoc. Gwynllyw, King of Gwynllywg, had married Gwladys, daughter, or more probably granddaughter, of Brychan, and had carried her off in his arms. Cadoc was their son. Gwynllyw, who was a lawless tyrant, had sent his robber bands into Gwent, beyond the Usk, and had carried off the cow of an Irish hermit, whose name was Tathan or Meuthi. The hermit ventured to the caer of the King to implore its restoration. According to the account in the Life of Cadoc he was well received and courteously treated ; but according to that in the Life of Tathan he was treated with horse-play and insult. However, Gwynllyw retained him to baptize the child that was then born to him, and it was given the name of Cathmail, which occurs in mediaeval Irish as Cathmal, in Welsh Cadfael. Although Cathmail was his name, he is known as Cadoc or Catwg, in Latin Cadocus. In lit manner, Briomaglus is the Brioc of hagiology. In the Quimper cartulary it is Catuodus. Later on, the boy was entrusted to Tathan or Meuthi, to be educate at Caerwent, where he had a college, that had been founded by Yny king of that portion of Gwent. " And he, willingly receiving him and diligently instructed him in Donatus and Priscian, and other arts for twelve years."

498 or 503. Annals of the Four Masters

The twentieth year of Lughaidh. Fearghus Mor, son of Erc, son of Eochaidh Muinreamhair, with his brothers, went to Alba Scotland.

498 Annals of Ulster This year a great earthquake shook the province of Pontus. Repose of Cuinnid son of Cathmug, i.e. Mac Cuilinn, bishop of Lusca. Simmachus was appointed 49th bishop of the Roman Church, and lived 15 years.

St Symmachus Pope 498-514

The Annals of Clonmacnoise.

Anastatius pope died in anno 501. Symmachus reigned pope 15 years. Carbery m c Neale gave the battle of Kynnailve 2 to Leinstermen. The battle of Seaisse was Given by Moriertagh mac Earka to Dwagh eangowa, king of Connaught, where Dwagh was slain. Fergus More mac earka, with Certaine Ulstermen held part of **Brittaine** where the said Fergus Remayned until he dyed.

498. Annals of Inisfallen. Repose of Mo-Chóe of Naendruim.

499.. Repose of bishop Ibar

499 CRONICUM SCOTORUM Battle of Druim Lochmaighe gained by the Lagenians over the Ui Neill. Fergus Mor Mac Erca, with the tribe of Dál Riada, held a part of Britain and died there.

SBG St Ailbe. The Dal-Riadan King, Fintan Finn, had recently been engaged in war against the men of Connaught, who had captured his castle and three sons. On the arrival of Ailbe in his land the King at once sought him and entreated him to accompany his host to battle and show his power by cursing the enemy, after the usual Druidic method. Ailbe consented, and success attended the King, who nearly exterminated the men of Connaught, and recovered his wife and sons.

499 or 504. Annals of the Four Masters The twenty first year of Lughaidh. Cerban, a bishop of Feart Cearbain, at Teamhair, died. The battle of Seaghais was fought by Muircheartach mac Earca against Duach Teangumha, King of Connaught. The cause of the battle was this, viz.: Muircheartach was a guarantee between the King and Eochaidh Tirmcharna, his brother, and Eochaidh was taken prisoner against the protection of Muircheartach. In proof of which Ceannfaeladh said:

The battle of Seaghais; a certain woman caused it;
red blood was over lances, By Duiseach, daughter of Duach.

The battle of Dealga, the battle of Mucramha, and the battle of Tuaim Drubha,
With the battle of Seaghais, wherein fell Duach Teangumha.
Against the Connaughtmen these battles were gained.

499 Annals of Ulster A battle in which Mac Erca was victor. (The battle of Slemain of Mide won, by Cairpre son of Niall over the Laigin. Or here, Mo-Chaí of Naendruim according to another book.)A battle.

SBG St Carannog. Ceredig was King in Ceredigion, from which had been expelled the Gwyddyl (Irish) who had occupied the seaboard of Wales. Notwithstanding that Ceredig had established himself in Ceredigion, these latter made a descent on the coast, and attempted to recover their 'lost possessions. This may be the occasion when Ceredig, whom we equate with Coroticus, captured so many baptized Irish and held them in durance, calling forth the letter of S. Patrick in protest. As Ceredig was aged, and the incursions were frequent, the Bishop of the principality went to him, and said : " Thou art too old to fight, it is therefore well that one of thy sons should be appointed in thy room, and let that one be the eldest." To this he consented. Accordingly they appealed to Carannog to be their king and leader. But he, loving the Kingdom of Heaven above all earthly things, changed clothes with a beggar, took his staff and wallet, ran away and took refuge at a place called Guerit Carantauc.

This place, as appears, was Carhampton in Somersetshire. Carannog resided some time here. On arriving, he borrowed a spade from a poor man, wherewith to dig the ground. And he whittled at intervals, when tired of digging, the staff he had brought with him.

Then he observed a wood pigeon fly out of the nearest grove, and carry off the shavings in its beak. He followed the bird, and found that it had dropped the chips in one particular spot. He determined on building a church there. And this was, as we are informed, the city of Carrov. When running away from home, he had thrown his portable altar into the Severn Sea. It had been washed up, and Arthur, who with Cado ruled in those parts at the time, got hold of it, and resolved on converting it to secular uses. However, there was a dragon in the neighbourhood that created great depredation, and this monster Carannog subdued, and in return for the favour Arthur surrendered to him the altar, but with some reluctance. Arthur held his Court at the time in Dindraithou. This is probably the Dun Tradui, the three-fossed fortress erected by Crimthan Mor (366-378) to hold down the British, when he held dominion from Alba to the Ictian Sea (the English Channel). 3 This is spoken of by Cormac

in his Old Irish

Glossary. Cormac was King-Bishop of Cashel, born 831, and killed in battle 903.

This Dun Tradui was apparently in Map Lethain , " in the lands of the Cornish Britons " (dind map Lethain i tirib Bretan Cornn).

After having completed his church, placed in it his altar, and built the city called Carrov, 5 " in which innumerable persons were buried, whose names are not given," a voice came from heaven bidding him depart for Ireland, and assist S. Patrick in his missionary labours.