

50 BCE TO 40

Dindshenchas Mag Raigne

I have heard of a brave man, leader of troops,
whose name was Raigne the Roman,
how he came with desired fame swiftly
into the powerful territory of Narbonensis.
Three tasks they put on Raigne,
the populace of Gaul splendid and vast:
to pile clay on wains,
to level a wood with tangled roots,
To *spread* the mighty inlet of the sea
that the pure impetuous Liger visiteth,
so that *there should be a kind of island*
by the stately side of Torinis.
Raigne of the noble spade completed the tasks —
(he was free from poverty and misadventure,
a man whom want did not visit —)
in just three full days.
The warrior escaped from them,
with his excellences ever-manifest,
that he might not stay there under strict bondage;
he took with him hatchet, bill-hook, and spade.
He fared to the seat of Fotla
without warning, without kingly proclamation;
he settled, the noble fiery scion,
in cheerful Imlech Meconn.
The keen commanding prince felled
The conspicuous royal-branching forest:
so it is called the Plain of Raigne the champion,
rich in prosperity and in noble qualities.
The son of Ugaine, with hostages unnumbered,
Raigne the poetic, the royal-generous,
held the populous plain a while;
I have heard that he was a brave man.

(Ed, The above probably does not refer to a soldier of Caesar's 10th Legion, returning north after retiring to Narbone in the South of France. But I include it anyway.)

Titus Lucretius Carus

Our earth hath then contracted stench and rot.
Seest thou not, also, that whoso arrive
In region far from fatherland and home
Are by the strangeness of the clime and waters
Distempered?--since conditions vary much.
For in what else may we suppose the clime
Among the Britons to differ from Aegypt's own
(Where totters awry the axis of the world),
Or in what else to differ Pontic clime

From Gades' and from climes adown the south,

Sextus Propertius

(Extract) So whenever the Fates demand my life, and I become a brief name in slight marble, Maecenas, the hope and envy of our youth, true glory of my death or life, if by chance your road take you by my tomb, halt your chariot from Britain, with its engraved yoke, and as you weep, lay these words on the silent dust: 'A hard mistress was this wretch's fate.'

(Extract) A moment ago Bactra saw you in the east again, now the Neuric enemy with armoured horses, the wintry Getae and Britain with its painted chariots, and the dark-skinned Indians pounded by the eastern waves.

(Extract) Now do you even imitate the Britons, stained with woad, you crazy girl, and play games, with foreign glitter painting your cheeks? Everything's proper form is as Nature made it: Belgian colour looks foul on Roman cheeks. May there be many an evil for that girl, in the underworld, who, false and foolish, dyes her hair! Get rid of it: I'll still see you as beautiful, truly: your beauty's sufficient for me, if only you come often. If some girl stains her forehead dark blue, does that mean dark blue beauty's fine?

Gaius Valerius Catullus *translation* © copyright 17-9-1997 by Bryn Stromberg

Furius and Aurelius, companions of Catullus,
whether he penetrates the furthest of the Indies,
or the shore where the beating of the eastern
waves resonates far and wide,
whether he penetrates into the Hyrcanos or the gentle Arabs,
or the arrow-carrying Parthians,
or the seven fold Nile which
which colors the plains,
whether he will go across the great Alps,
intending to see the great monument to Caesar,
or the Gallic Rhine or the horribly distant **Britain**,
you who are prepared to try all these things,
and whatever else the will of the gods will bring,
announce to my girl a few nasty words.

Let her live and let her flourish with her adulterers,
whom having embraced 300 of them at the same time, she owns and keeps them,
truly loving none of them, but repeatedly breaking the groins of
all of them;
nor, let her no longer look back for my love as before,
which by her fault, has fallen,
just like the farthest flower of the field
has been killed by a passing plow.

Gaius Valerius Catullus *Carmen 29 translated by Johnny Brezhnev* © copyright 21-5-2002 by Johnny Brezhnev

Who is able to see this, who is able to endure it
Except someone who is shameless and a glutton and a gambler,
Mamurra has what the province of Gaul
Used to have in value as well as that of farthest **Britain**?
Cinaedus Romulus, will you see these things and put up with them?
And now that (man) thinks he is better than everyone and is overflowing
And he will walk through everyone's bedroom,

As a white dove or Adoneus?
Cinaedus Romulus, will you see these things and put up with them?
You are shameless and a glutton and a gambler.
Is it for this reason, unique commander,
You were on that farthest island of the west
So that he could gobble up everything 200 and 300 times?
What else is this except for wicked liberality?
First squandered was his good inheritance,
Second the plunder from the Black Sea, third
That of Spain, which the gold-bearing Tagus (river) knows:
Now there is fear in Gaul and **Britain**.
Why do you nurture this wickedness? What is this man able to do
Besides devour an oily inheritance?
Is it for this reason everything extravagant in the city
Has been destroyed, father-in-law and son-in-law?

Gaius Valerius Catullus

*Now first completely Englished into Verse and Prose, the Metrical Part by Capt.
Sir Richard F. Burton, R.C.M.G., F.R.G.S., etc., etc., etc.,*

A PARTING INSULT TO LESBIA.

Furius and Aurelius, Catullus' friends,
Whether extremest Indian shore he brave,
Strands where far-resounding billow rends
The shattered wave,
Or 'mid Hyrcanians dwell he, Arabs soft and wild,
Sacaë and Parthians of the arrow fain,
Or where the Seven-mouth'd Nilus mud-defiled
Tinges the Main,
Or climb he lofty Alpine Crest and note
Works monumental, Caesar's grandeur telling,
Rhine Gallic, horrid Ocean and remote
Britons low-dwelling;
All these (whatever shall the will design
Of Heaven-homed Gods) Oh ye prepared to tempt;
Announce your briefest to that damsel mine
In words unkempt:--
Live she and love she wenchers several,
Embrace three hundred wi' the like requitals,
None truly loving and withal of all
Bursting the vitals:
My love regard she not, my love of yore,
Which fell through fault of her, as falls the fair
Last meadow-floret whenas passed it o'er
Touch of the share.

TO CAESAR OF MAMURRA, CALLED MENTULA.

Who e'er could witness this (who could endure
Except the lewdling, dicer, greedy-gut)
That should Mamurra get what hairy Gaul
And all that farthest **Britons** held whilome?
(Thou bardache Romulus!) this wilt see and bear?
Then art a lewdling, dicer, greedy-gut!

He now superb with pride superfluous
 Shall go perambulate the bedrooms all
 Like white-robed dovelet or Adonis-love.
 Romulus thou bardache! this wilt see and bear?
 Then art a lewdling, dicer, greedy-gut!
 Is't for such like name, sole Emperor thou!
 Thou soughtest extreme Occidental Isle?
 That this your ---- Mentula
 Millions and Milliards might at will absorb?
 What is't but Liberality misplaced?
 What trifles wasted he, small heirlooms spent?
 First his paternal goods were clean dispersed;
 Second went Pontus' spoils and for the third,--
 Ebro-land,--weets it well gold-rolling Tage.
 Fear him the Gallias? Him the **Britons'** fear?
 Why cherish this ill-wight? what 'vails he do?
 Save fat paternal heritage devour?
 Lost ye for such a name, O puissant pair
 (Father and Son-in-law), our all-in-all?

ON ACME AND SEPTUMIUS.

To Acme quoth Septumius who his fere
 Held on his bosom--"Acme, mine! next year,
 Unless I love thee fondlier than before,
 And with each twelve month love thee more and more,
 As much as lover's life can slay with yearning,
 Alone in Lybia, or Hind's clime a-burning,
 Be mine to encounter Lion grisly-eyed!"
 While he was speaking Love on leftward side
 (As wont) approving sneeze from dextral sped.
 But Acme backwards gently bending head,
 And the love-drunken eyes of her sweet boy
 Kissing with yonder rosy mouth, "My joy,"
 She murmured, "my life-love Septumillus mine!
 Unto one master's hest let's aye incline,
 As burns with fuller and with fiercer fire
 In my soft marrow set, this love-desire!"
 While she was speaking, Love from leftward side
 (As wont) with sneeze approving rightwards hied.
 Now with boon omens wafted on their way,
 In mutual fondness, love and loved are they.
 Love-sick Septumius holds one Acme's love,
 Of Syrias or either **Britains** high above,
 Acme to one Septumius full of faith
 Her love and love-liesse surrendereth.
 Who e'er saw mortals happier than these two?
 Who e'er a better omened Venus knew?

Annals of the Four Masters

41 BCE Conaire, son of Ederscel, after having been seventy years in the sovereignty of Ireland, was slain at Bruighean Da Dhearg, by insurgents. It was in the reign of Conaire that the sea annually cast its produce ashore, at Inbhear Colptha.

Great abundance of nuts were annually found upon the Boinn Boyne and the Buais during his time. The cattle were without keepers in Ireland in his reign, on account of the greatness of the peace and concord. His reign was not thunder producing or stormy, for the wind did not take a hair off the cattle from the middle of Autumn to the middle of Spring. Little but the trees bent from the greatness of their fruit during his time.

40 BCE The first year of Ireland without a king, after Conaire.

35 BCE The first year of Lughaidh Sriabh nDearg in the sovereignty of Ireland.

10 BCE Lughaidh Sriabh nDearg, after having been twenty six years in the sovereignty of Ireland, died of grief.

9 BCE Conchobhar Abhradhruadh, son of Finn. File, son of Rossa Ruadh, son of Fearghus Fairrghe, was one year in the sovereignty of Ireland, when he was slain by Crimhthann, son of Lughaidh Sriabh nDearg.

8 BCE The first year of Crimhthann Niadhnaig, son of Lughaidh, in the sovereignty of Ireland.

7 BCE The second year of Crimhthann.

Annals of the Four Masters

The first year of the age of Christ, and the eighth year of the reign of Crimhthann Niadhnaig.

PSEUDO-ARISTOTLE Then a little above the Scythians and the land of the Celts the Ocean binds together the inhabited world, towards the Gallic gulf and the Pillars of hercules mentioned before, outside which the Ocaean flows round the world. In it there are very large islands, two in number, called the **Brettanic** Islands Albion and Ierne, larger than those already mentioned and lying above the Celts...There are not a few small islands around the Brettanic islands and Iberia, wreathing the inhabited world, which as we have said is in itself an island, in a ring

ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE.

A.D. 1 . Octavianus reigned fifty-six winters; and in the forty- second year of his reign Christ was born. Then three astrologers from the east came to worship Christ; and the children in Bethlehem were slain by Herod in persecution of Christ.

A.D. 3 . This year died Herod, stabbed by his own hand; and Archelaus his son succeeded him. The child Christ was also this year brought back again from Egypt.

A.D. 6 . From the beginning of the world to this year were agone five thousand and two hundred winters.

Annals of the Four Masters

9.The sixteenth year of Crimhthann in the sovereignty of Ireland, when he died at Dun Crimhthainn, at Edair, after returning from the famous expedition upon which he had gone. It was from this expedition he brought with him the wonderful jewels, among which were a golden chariot, and a golden chess board, inlaid with a hundred transparent gems, and the Cedach Crimhthainn, which was a beautiful cloak, embroidered with gold. He brought a conquering sword, with many serpents of refined messy gold inlaid in it; a shield, with bosses of bright silver; a spear, from the wound inflicted by which no one recovered; a sling, from which no erring shot was discharged; and two greyhounds, with a silver chain between them, which chain was worth three hundred cumhals; with many other precious articles.

10. The first year of the reign of Cairbre Cinncait, after he had killed the nobility, except a few who escaped from the massacre in which the nobles were murdered by

the Aitheach Tuatha. These are the three nobles who escaped from them at that time: Fearadhach Finnfeachtnach, from whom are sprung all race of Conn of the Hundred Battles; Tibraide Tireach, from whom are the Dal Araidhe; and Corb Olum, from whom are the kings of the Eoghanachts, in Munster. And as to these, it was in their mothers' wombs they escaped. Baine, daughter of the king of Alba, was the mother of Fearadhach Finnfeachtnach; Cruife, daughter of the king of Britain, was the mother of Corb Olum; and Aine, daughter of the king of Saxony, was the mother of Tibraide Tireach.

ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE.

11 . This year Herod the son of Antipater undertook the government in Judea.

12 . This year Philip and Herod divided Judea into four kingdoms.

12 . This year Judea was divided into four tetrarchies.

Tiberius Emperor 14 BCE – 37 AD

Annals of the Four Masters

14. Cairbre Caitcheann, after having been five years in the sovereignty of Ireland, died. Evil was the state of Ireland during his reign; fruitless her corn, for there used to be but one grain on the stalk; fruitless her rivers; milkless her cattle; plentiless her fruit, for there used to be but one acorn on the oak.

Son to this Cairbre was the very intelligent Morann, who was usually called Morann mac Maein.

15. The first year of Fearadhach Finnfeachtnach as king over Ireland; good was Ireland during his time. The seasons were right tranquil. The earth brought forth its fruit; fishful its river mouths; milkful the kine; heavy headed the woods.

ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE.

16 . This year Tiberius succeeded to the empire.

Tacitus Annals 16-19 AD

Meanwhile the commotion in the East was rather pleasing to Tiberius, as it was a pretext for withdrawing Germanicus from the legions which knew him well, and placing him over new provinces where he would be exposed both to treachery and to disasters. Germanicus, however, in proportion to the strength of the soldiers' attachment and to his uncle's dislike, was eager to hasten his victory, and he pondered on plans of battle, and on the reverses or successes which during more than three years of war had fallen to his lot. The **Germans**, he knew, were beaten in the field and on fair ground; they were helped by woods, swamps, short summers, and early winters. His own troops were affected not so much by wounds as by long marches and damage to their arms. **Gaul** had been exhausted by supplying horses; a long baggage-train presented facilities for ambuscades, and was embarrassing to its defenders. But by embarking on the sea, invasion would be easy for them, and a surprise to the enemy, while a campaign too would be more quickly begun, the legions and supplies would be brought up simultaneously, and the cavalry with their horses would arrive, in good condition, by the rivermouths and channels, at the heart of **Germany**.

To this accordingly he gave his mind, and sent Publius Vitellius and Caius Antius to collect the taxes of **Gaul**. Silius, Anteius, and Caecina had the charge of building a fleet. It seemed that a thousand vessels were required, and they were speedily constructed, some of small draught with a narrow stem and stern and a broad centre, that they might bear the waves more easily; some flat-bottomed, that they might

ground without being injured; several, furnished with a rudder at each end, so that by a sudden shifting of the oars they might be run into shore either way. Many were covered in with decks, on which engines for missiles might be conveyed, and were also fit for the carrying of horses or supplies, and being equipped with sails as well as rapidly moved by oars, they assumed, through the enthusiasm of our soldiers, an imposing and formidable aspect.

The island of the **Batavi** was the appointed rendezvous, because of its easy landing-places, and its convenience for receiving the army and carrying the war across the river. For the Rhine after flowing continuously in a single channel or encircling merely insignificant islands, divides itself, so to say, where the **Batavian** territory begins, into two rivers, retaining its name and the rapidity of its course in the stream which washes **Germany**, till it mingles with the ocean. On the Gallic bank, its flow is broader and gentler; it is called by an altered name, the **Vahal**, by the inhabitants of its shore. Soon that name too is changed for the Mosa river, through whose vast mouth it empties itself into the same ocean.

Caesar, however, while the vessels were coming up, ordered Silius, his lieutenant-general, to make an inroad on the Chatti with a flying column. He himself, on hearing that a fort on the river Luppia was being besieged, led six legions to the spot. Silius owing to sudden rains did nothing but carry off a small booty, and the wife and daughter of Arpus, the chief of the Chatti. And Caesar had no opportunity of fighting given him by the besiegers, who dispersed on the rumour of his advance. They had, however, destroyed the barrow lately raised in memory of Varus's legions, and the old altar of Drusus. The prince restored the altar, and himself with his legions celebrated funeral games in his father's honour. To raise a new barrow was not thought necessary. All the country between the fort Aliso and the Rhine was thoroughly secured by new barriers and earthworks.

By this time the fleet had arrived, and Caesar, having sent on his supplies and assigned vessels for the legions and the allied troops, entered "Drusus's fosse," as it was called. He prayed Drusus his father to lend him, now that he was venturing on the same enterprise, the willing and favourable aid of the example and memory of his counsels and achievements, and he arrived after a prosperous voyage through the lakes and the ocean as far as the river Amisia. His fleet remained there on the left bank of the stream, and it was a blunder that he did not have it brought up the river. He disembarked the troops, which were to be marched to the country on the right, and thus several days were wasted in the construction of bridges. The cavalry and the legions fearlessly crossed the first estuaries in which the tide had not yet risen. The rear of the auxiliaries, and the **Batavi** among the number, plunging recklessly into the water and displaying their skill in swimming, fell into disorder, and some were drowned. While Caesar was measuring out his camp, he was told of a revolt of the **Angrivarii** in his rear. He at once despatched Stertinius with some cavalry and a light armed force, who punished their perfidy with fire and sword.

The waters of the Visurgis flowed between the Romans and the Cherusci. On its banks stood Arminius with the other chiefs. He asked whether Caesar had arrived, and on the reply that he was present, he begged leave to have an interview with his brother. That brother, surnamed Flavus, was with our army, a man famous for his loyalty, and for having lost an eye by a wound, a few years ago, when Tiberius was in command. The permission was then given, and he stepped forth and was saluted by Arminius, who had removed his guards to a distance and required that the bowmen

ranged on our bank should retire. When they had gone away, Arminius asked his brother whence came the scar which disfigured his face, and on being told the particular place and battle, he inquired what reward he had received. Flavus spoke of increased pay, of a neck chain, a crown, and other military gifts, while Arminius jeered at such a paltry recompense for slavery.

Then began a controversy. The one spoke of the greatness of Rome, the resources of Caesar, the dreadful punishment in store for the vanquished, the ready mercy for him who surrenders, and the fact that neither Arminius's wife nor his son were treated as enemies; the other, of the claims of fatherland, of ancestral freedom, of the gods of the homes of **Germany**, of the mother who shared his prayers, that Flavus might not choose to be the deserter and betrayer rather than the ruler of his kinsfolk and relatives, and indeed of his own people.

By degrees they fell to bitter words, and even the river between them would not have hindered them from joining combat, had not Stertinius hurried up and put his hand on Flavus, who in the full tide of his fury was demanding his weapons and his charger. Arminius was seen facing him, full of menaces and challenging him to conflict. Much of what he said was in Roman speech, for he had served in our camp as leader of his fellow-countrymen.

Next day the **German** army took up its position on the other side of the Visurgis. Caesar, thinking that without bridges and troops to guard them, it would not be good generalship to expose the legions to danger, sent the cavalry across the river by the fords. It was commanded by Stertinius and Aemilius, one of the first rank centurions, who attacked at widely different points so as to distract the enemy. Chariovalda, the **Batavian** chief, dashed to the charge where the stream is most rapid. The Cherusci, by a pretended flight, drew him into a plain surrounded by forest-passes. Then bursting on him in a sudden attack from all points they thrust aside all who resisted, pressed fiercely on their retreat, driving them before them, when they rallied in compact array, some by close fighting, others by missiles from a distance. Chariovalda, after long sustaining the enemy's fury, cheered on his men to break by a dense formation the onset of their bands, while he himself, plunging into the thickest of the battle, fell amid a shower of darts with his horse pierced under him, and round him many noble chiefs. The rest were rescued from the peril by their own strength, or by the cavalry which came up with Stertinius and Aemilius.

Caesar on crossing the Visurgis learnt by the information of a deserter that Arminius had chosen a battle-field, that other tribes too had assembled in a forest sacred to Hercules, and would venture on a night attack on his camp. He put faith in this intelligence, and, besides, several watchfires were seen. Scouts also, who had crept close up to the enemy, reported that they had heard the neighing of horses and the hum of a huge and tumultuous host. And so as the decisive crisis drew near, that he ought thoroughly to sound the temper of his soldiers, he considered with himself how this was to be accomplished with a genuine result. Tribunes and centurions, he knew, oftener reported what was welcome than what was true; freedmen had slavish spirits, friends a love of flattery. If an assembly were called, there too the lead of a few was followed by the shout of the many. He must probe their inmost thoughts, when they were uttering their hopes and fears at the military mess, among themselves, and unwatched.

At nightfall, leaving his tent of augury by a secret exit, unknown to the sentries, with one companion, his shoulders covered with a wild beast's skin, he visited the camp streets, stood by the tents, and enjoyed the men's talk about himself, as one extolled his noble rank, another, his handsome person, nearly all of them, his endurance, his gracious manner and the evenness of his temper, whether he was jesting or was serious, while they acknowledged that they ought to repay him with their gratitude in battle, and at the same time sacrifice to a glorious vengeance the perfidious violators of peace. Meanwhile one of the enemy, acquainted with the Roman tongue, spurred his horse up to the entrenchments, and in a loud voice promised in the name of Arminius to all deserters wives and lands with daily pay of a hundred sesterces as long as war lasted. The insult fired the wrath of the legions. "Let daylight come," they said, "let battle be given. The soldiers will possess themselves of the lands of the **Germans** and will carry off their wives. We hail the omen; we mean the women and riches of the enemy to be our spoil." About midday there was a skirmishing attack on our camp, without any discharge of missiles, when they saw the cohorts in close array before the lines and no sign of carelessness.

The same night brought with it a cheering dream to Germanicus. He saw himself engaged in sacrifice, and his robe being sprinkled with the sacred blood, another more beautiful was given him by the hands of his grandmother Augusta. Encouraged by the omen and finding the auspices favourable, he called an assembly, and explained the precautions which wisdom suggested as suitable for the impending battle. "It is not," he said, "plains only which are good for the fighting of Roman soldiers, but woods and forest passes, if science be used. For the huge shields and unwieldy lances of the barbarians cannot, amid trunks of trees and brushwood that springs from the ground, be so well managed as our javelins and swords and closefitting armour. Shower your blows thickly; strike at the face with your swords' points. The **German** has neither cuirass nor helmet; even his shield is not strengthened with leather or steel, but is of osiers woven together or of thin and painted board. If their first line is armed with spears, the rest have only weapons hardened by fire or very short. Again, though their frames are terrible to the eye and formidable in a brief onset, they have no capacity of enduring wounds; without, any shame at the disgrace, without any regard to their leaders, they quit the field and flee; they quail under disaster, just as in success they forget alike divine and human laws. If in your weariness of land and sea you desire an end of service, this battle prepares the way to it. The Elbe is now nearer than the Rhine, and there is no war beyond, provided only you enable me, keeping close as I do to my father's and my uncle's footsteps, to stand a conqueror on the same spot."

The general's speech was followed by enthusiasm in the soldiers, and the signal for battle was given. Nor were Arminius and the other German chiefs slow to call their respective clansmen to witness that "these Romans were the most cowardly fugitives out of Varus's army, men who rather than endure war had taken to mutiny. Half of them have their backs covered with wounds; half are once again exposing limbs battered by waves and storms to a foe full of fury, and to hostile deities, with no hope of advantage. They have, in fact, had recourse to a fleet and to a trackless ocean, that their coming might be unopposed, their flight unpursued. But when once they have joined conflict with us, the help of winds or oars will be unavailing to the vanquished. Remember only their greed, their cruelty, their pride. Is anything left for us but to retain our freedom or to die before we are enslaved?"

When they were thus roused and were demanding battle, their chiefs led them down into a plain named Idistavisus. It winds between the Visurgis and a hill range,

its breadth varying as the river banks recede or the spurs of the hills project on it. In their rear rose a forest, with the branches rising to a great height, while there were clear spaces between the trunks. The barbarian army occupied the plain and the outskirts of the wood. The Cherusci were posted by themselves on the high ground, so as to rush down on the Romans during the battle.

Our army advanced in the following order. The auxiliary **Gauls** and Germans were in the van, then the foot-archers, after them, four legions and Caesar himself with two praetorian cohorts and some picked cavalry. Next came as many other legions, and light-armed troops with horse-bowmen, and the remaining cohorts of the allies. The men were quite ready and prepared to form in line of battle according to their marching order.

Caesar, as soon as he saw the Cheruscan bands which in their impetuous spirit had rushed to the attack, ordered the finest of his cavalry to charge them in flank, Stertinius with the other squadrons to make a detour and fall on their rear, promising himself to come up in good time. Meanwhile there was a most encouraging augury. Eight eagles, seen to fly towards the woods and to enter them, caught the general's eye. "Go," he exclaimed, "follow the Roman birds, the true deities of our legions." At the same moment the infantry charged, and the cavalry which had been sent on in advance dashed on the rear and the flanks. And, strange to relate, two columns of the enemy fled in opposite directions, that, which had occupied the wood, rushing into the open, those who had been drawn up on the plains, into the wood. The Cherusci, who were between them, were dislodged from the hills, while Arminius, conspicuous among them by gesture, voice, and a wound he had received, kept up the fight. He had thrown himself on our archers and was on the point of breaking through them, when the cohorts of the Raeti, Vendelici, and **Gauls** faced his attack. By a strong bodily effort, however, and a furious rush of his horse, he made his way through them, having smeared his face with his blood, that he might not be known. Some have said that he was recognised by Chauci serving among the Roman auxiliaries, who let him go.

Inguiomerus owed his escape to similar courage or treachery. The rest were cut down in every direction. Many in attempting to swim across the Visurgis were overwhelmed under a storm of missiles or by the force of the current, lastly, by the rush of fugitives and the falling in of the banks. Some in their ignominious flight climbed the tops of trees, and as they were hiding themselves in the boughs, archers were brought up and they were shot for sport. Others were dashed to the ground by the felling of the trees.

It was a great victory and without bloodshed to us. From nine in the morning to nightfall the enemy were slaughtered, and ten miles were covered with arms and dead bodies, while there were found amid the plunder the chains which the **Germans** had brought with them for the Romans, as though the issue were certain. The soldiers on the battle field hailed Tiberius as Emperor, and raised a mound on which arms were piled in the style of a trophy, with the names of the conquered tribes inscribed beneath them.

That sight caused keener grief and rage among the **Germans** than their wounds, their mourning, and their losses. Those who but now were preparing to quit their settlements and to retreat to the further side of the Elbe, longed for battle and flew to arms. Common people and chiefs, young and old, rushed on the Roman army, and

spread disorder. At last they chose a spot closed in by a river and by forests, within which was a narrow swampy plain. The woods too were surrounded by a bottomless morass, only on one side of it the **Angrivarii** had raised a broad earthwork, as a boundary between themselves and the Cherusci. Here their infantry was ranged. Their cavalry they concealed in neighbouring woods, so as to be on the legions' rear, as soon as they entered the forest.

All this was known to Caesar. He was acquainted with their plans, their positions, with what met the eye, and what was hidden, and he prepared to turn the enemy's stratagems to their own destruction. To Seius Tubero, his chief officer, he assigned the cavalry and the plain. His infantry he drew up so that part might advance on level ground into the forest, and part clamber up the earthwork which confronted them. He charged himself with what was the specially difficult operation, leaving the rest to his officers. Those who had the level ground easily forced a passage. Those who had to assault the earthwork encountered heavy blows from above, as if they were scaling a wall. The general saw how unequal this close fighting was, and having withdrawn his legions to a little distance, ordered the slingers and artillerymen to discharge a volley of missiles and scatter the enemy. Spears were hurled from the engines, and the more conspicuous were the defenders of the position, the more the wounds with which they were driven from it. Caesar with some praetorian cohorts was the first, after the storming of the ramparts, to dash into the woods. There they fought at close quarters. A morass was in the enemy's rear, and the Romans were hemmed in by the river or by the hills. Both were in a desperate plight from their position; valour was their only hope, victory their only safety.

The **Germans** were equally brave, but they were beaten by the nature of the fighting and of the weapons, for their vast host in so confined a space could neither thrust out nor recover their immense lances, or avail themselves of their nimble movements and lithe frames, forced as they were to a close engagement. Our soldiers, on the other hand, with their shields pressed to their breasts, and their hands grasping their sword-hilts, struck at the huge limbs and exposed faces of the barbarians, cutting a passage through the slaughtered enemy, for Arminius was now less active, either from incessant perils, or because he was partially disabled by his recent wound. As for Inguiomerus, who flew hither and thither over the battlefield, it was fortune rather than courage which forsook him. Germanicus, too, that he might be the better known, took his helmet off his head and begged his men to follow up the slaughter, as they wanted not prisoners, and the utter destruction of the nation would be the only conclusion of the war. And now, late in the day, he withdrew one of his legions from the field, to intrench a camp, while the rest till nightfall glutted themselves with the enemy's blood. Our cavalry fought with indecisive success.

Having publicly praised his victorious troops, Caesar raised a pile of arms with the proud inscription, "The army of Tiberius Caesar, after thoroughly conquering the tribes between the Rhine and the Elbe, has dedicated this monument to Mars, Jupiter, and Augustus." He added nothing about himself, fearing jealousy, or thinking that the consciousness of the achievement was enough. Next he charged Stertinius with making war on the **Angrivarii**, but they hastened to surrender. And, as suppliants, by refusing nothing, they obtained a full pardon.

When, however, summer was at its height some of the legions were sent back overland into winter-quarters, but most of them Caesar put on board the fleet and brought down the river Amisia to the ocean. At first the calm waters merely sounded

with the oars of a thousand vessels or were ruffled by the sailing ships. Soon, a hailstorm bursting from a black mass of clouds, while the waves rolled hither and thither under tempestuous gales from every quarter, rendered clear sight impossible, and the steering difficult, while our soldiers, terrorstricken and without any experience of disasters on the sea, by embarrassing the sailors or giving them clumsy aid, neutralized the services of the skilled crews. After a while, wind and wave shifted wholly to the south, and from the hilly lands and deep rivers of **Germany** came with a huge line of rolling clouds, a strong blast, all the more frightful from the frozen north which was so near to them, and instantly caught and drove the ships hither and thither into the open ocean, or on islands with steep cliffs or which hidden shoals made perilous. These they just escaped, with difficulty, and when the tide changed and bore them the same way as the wind, they could not hold to their anchors or bale out the water which rushed in upon them. Horses, beasts of burden, baggage, were thrown overboard, in order to lighten the hulls which leaked copiously through their sides, while the waves too dashed over them.

As the ocean is stormier than all other seas, and as **Germany** is conspicuous for the terrors of its climate, so in novelty and extent did this disaster transcend every other, for all around were hostile coasts, or an expanse so vast and deep that it is thought to be the remotest shoreless sea. Some of the vessels were swallowed up; many were wrecked on distant islands, and the soldiers, finding there no form of human life, perished of hunger, except some who supported existence on carcasses of horses washed on the same shores. Germanicus's trireme alone reached the country of the Chauci. Day and night, on those rocks and promontories he would incessantly exclaim that he was himself responsible for this awful ruin, and friends scarce restrained him from seeking death in the same sea.

At last, as the tide ebbed and the wind blew favourably, the shattered vessels with but few rowers, or clothing spread as sails, some towed by the more powerful, returned, and Germanicus, having speedily repaired them, sent them to search the islands. Many by that means were recovered. The **Angrivarii**, who had lately been admitted to our alliance, restored to us several had ransomed from the inland tribes. Some had been carried to **Britain** and were sent back by the petty chiefs. Every one, as he returned from some far-distant region, told of wonders, of violent hurricanes, and unknown birds, of monsters of the sea, of forms half-human, half-beast-like, things they had really seen or in their terror believed.

Meanwhile the rumoured loss of the fleet stirred the **Germans** to hope for war, as it did Caesar to hold them down. He ordered Caius Silius with thirty thousand infantry and three thousand cavalry to march against the Chatti. He himself, with a larger army, invaded the Marsi, whose leader, Mallovendus, whom we had lately admitted to surrender, pointed out a neighbouring wood, where, he said, an eagle of one of Varus's legions was buried and guarded only by a small force. Immediately troops were despatched to draw the enemy from his position by appearing in his front, others, to hem in his rear and open the ground. Fortune favoured both. So Germanicus, with increased energy, advanced into the country, laying it waste, and utterly ruining a foe who dared not encounter him, or who was instantly defeated wherever he resisted, and, as we learnt from prisoners, was never more panic-stricken. The Romans, they declared, were invincible, rising superior to all calamities; for having thrown away a fleet, having lost their arms, after strewing the shores with the carcasses of horses and of men, they had rushed to the attack with the same courage, with equal spirit, and, seemingly, with augmented numbers.

The soldiers were then led back into winter-quarters, rejoicing in their hearts at having been compensated for their disasters at sea by a successful expedition. They were helped too by Caesar's bounty, which made good whatever loss any one declared he had suffered. It was also regarded as a certainty that the enemy were wavering and consulting on negotiations for peace, and that, with an additional campaign next summer the war might be ended. Tiberius, however, in repeated letters advised Germanicus to return for the triumph decreed him. "He had now had enough of success, enough of disaster. He had fought victorious battles on a great scale; he should also remember those losses which the winds and waves had inflicted, and which, though due to no fault of the general, were still grievous and shocking. He, Tiberius, had himself been sent nine times by Augustus into **Germany**, and had done more by policy than by arms. By this means the submission of the Sugambri had been secured, and the Suevi with their king Maroboduus had been forced into peace. The Cherusci too and the other insurgent tribes, since the vengeance of Rome had been satisfied, might be left to their internal feuds."

When Germanicus requested a year for the completion of his enterprise, Tiberius put a severer pressure on his modesty by offering him a second consulship, the functions of which he was to discharge in person. He also added that if war must still be waged, he might as well leave some materials for renown to his brother Drusus, who, as there was then no other enemy, could win only in **Germany** the imperial title and the triumphal laurel. Germanicus hesitated no longer, though he saw that this was a pretence, and that he was hurried away through jealousy from the glory he had already acquired.

In the consulship of Caius Caecilius and Lucius Pomponius, Germanicus Caesar, on the 26th day of May, celebrated his triumph over the Cherusci, Chatti, and **Angrivarii**, and the other tribes which extend as far as the Elbe. There were borne in procession spoils, prisoners, representations of the mountains, the rivers and battles; and the war, seeing that he had been forbidden to finish it, was taken as finished. The admiration of the beholders was heightened by the striking comeliness of the general and the chariot which bore his five children. Still, there was a latent dread when they remembered how unfortunate in the case of Drusus, his father, had been the favour of the crowd; how his uncle Marcellus, regarded by the city populace with passionate enthusiasm, had been snatched from them while yet a youth, and how short-lived and ill-starred were the attachments of the Roman people.

That same year the **Frisii**, a nation beyond the Rhine, cast off peace, more because of our rapacity than from their impatience of subjection. Drusus had imposed on them a moderate tribute, suitable to their limited resources, the furnishing of ox hides for military purposes. No one ever severely scrutinized the size or thickness till Olennius, a first-rank centurion, appointed to govern the **Frisii**, selected hides of wild bulls as the standard according to which they were to be supplied. This would have been hard for any nation, and it was the less tolerable to the **Germans**, whose forests abound in huge beasts, while their home cattle are undersized. First it was their herds, next their lands, last, the persons of their wives and children, which they gave up to bondage. Then came angry remonstrances, and when they received no relief, they sought a remedy in war. The soldiers appointed to collect the tribute were seized and gibbeted. Olennius anticipated their fury by flight, and found refuge in a fortress, named Flevum, where a by no means contemptible force of Romans and allies kept guard over the shores of the ocean.

As soon as this was known to Lucius Apronius, propraetor of Lower **Germany**, he summoned from the Upper province the legionary veterans, as well as some picked auxiliary infantry and cavalry. Instantly conveying both armies down the Rhine, he threw them on the Frisii, raising at once the siege of the fortress and dispersing the rebels in defence of their own possessions. Next, he began constructing solid roads and bridges over the neighbouring estuaries for the passage of his heavy troops, and meanwhile having found a ford, he ordered the cavalry of the Canninefates, with all the **German** infantry which served with us, to take the enemy in the rear. Already in battle array, they were beating back our auxiliary horse as well as that of the legions sent to support them, when three light cohorts, then two more, and after a while the entire cavalry were sent to the attack. They were strong enough, had they charged altogether, but coming up, as they did, at intervals, they did not give fresh courage to the repulsed troops and were themselves carried away in the panic of the fugitives. Apronius entrusted the rest of the auxiliaries to Cethegus Labeo, the commander of the fifth legion, but he too, finding his men's position critical and being in extreme peril, sent messages imploring the whole strength of the legions. The soldiers of the fifth sprang forward, drove back the enemy in a fierce encounter, and saved our cohorts and cavalry, who were exhausted by their wounds. But the Roman general did not attempt vengeance or even bury the dead, although many tribunes, prefects, and first-rank centurions had fallen. Soon afterwards it was ascertained from deserters that nine hundred Romans had been cut to pieces in a wood called Braduhenna's, after prolonging the fight to the next day, and that another body of four hundred, which had taken possession of the house of one Cruptorix, once a soldier in our pay, fearing betrayal, had perished by mutual slaughter.

The **Frisian** name thus became famous in **Germany**, and Tiberius kept our losses a secret, not wishing to entrust any one with the war.

ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE.

26 . This year Pilate began to reign over the Jews.

30 . This year was Christ baptized; and Peter and Andrew were converted, together with James, and John, and Philip, and all the twelve apostles.

St Peter Pope 32-67

GILDAS Meanwhile these islands, stiff with cold and frost, and in a distant region of the world, remote from the visible sun, received the beams of light, that is, the holy precepts of Christ, the true Sun, showing to the whole world his splendour, not only from the temporal firmament, but from the height of heaven, which surpasses every thing temporal, at the latter part, as we know, of the reign of Tiberius Caesar, by whom his religion was propagated without impediment, and death threatened to those who interfered with its professors.

ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE.

33 . This year was Christ crucified; about five thousand two hundred and twenty six winters from the beginning of the world.

The Annals of Clonmacnoise.

Eochie Oireaw was the next King & Brother to the former King; reigned 15 years & was then slaine & burnt by lightning fire from heaven. Edersgel More succeeded, he reigned 5 years, and was then slaine by Nuada Noaght. Nuada Noaght was the next King after Edresgell. He Raigned half a year & was slain by conry m c Edersgell in the battle of Cliah in the Country of Idrona. Conary was King 60 years & was burnt

by Anckell, King of **Wales**, his sonn by night in Brwyne da Dearg. Jesus Christ was crucified in his time, but some of the antiquarists afirm that our Saviour Jesus Christ was borne in the Raigne of K. Eochy Feyleagh, & not in the reign of Faghna fathagh & crucified by Tiberius Caesar in the raigne of Edersgall, K. of Ireland.

ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE.

34 . This year was St. Paul converted, and St. Stephen stoned.

35 . This year the blessed Peter the apostle settled an episcopal see in the city of Antioch.

Annals of the Four Masters

36 Fearadhach Finnfeachtnach, son of Crimhthann Niadhna, after having spent twenty two years in the sovereignty of Ireland, died at Teamhair.

37 . The first year of Fiatach Finn, son of Daire, son of Dluthach, in the sovereignty of Ireland.

ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE.

37 . This year Pilate slew himself with his own hand.

Gaius (Caligula) Emperor 37-41

37-8 Tacitus Annals.

About the same time, from the same causes, the legions of **Germany** rose in mutiny, with a fury proportioned to their greater numbers, in the confident hope that Germanicus Caesar would not be able to endure another's supremacy and offer himself to the legions, whose strength would carry everything before it. There were two armies on the bank of the Rhine; that named the upper army had Caius Silius for general; the lower was under the charge of Aulus Caecina. The supreme direction rested with Germanicus, then busily employed in conducting the assessment of **Gaul**. The troops under the control of Silius, with minds yet in suspense, watched the issue of mutiny elsewhere; but the soldiers of the lower army fell into a frenzy, which had its beginning in the men of the twenty-first and fifth legions, and into which the first and twentieth were also drawn. For they were all quartered in the same summer-camp, in the territory of the Ubii, enjoying ease or having only light on hearing of the death of Augustus, a rabble of city slaves, who had been enlisted under a recent levy at Rome, habituated to laxity and impatient of hardship, filled the ignorant minds of the other soldiers with notions that the time had come when the veteran might demand a timely discharge, the young, more liberal pay, all, an end of their miseries, and vengeance on the cruelty of centurions.

Nor did their commander check them. Indeed, the blind rage of so many had robbed him of his resolution. In a sudden frenzy they rushed with drawn swords on the centurions, the immemorial object of the soldiers' resentment and the first cause of savage fury. They threw them to the earth and beat them sorely, sixty to one, so as to correspond with the number of centurions. Then tearing them from the ground, mangled, and some lifeless, they flung them outside the entrenchments or into the river Rhine. One Septimius, who fled to the tribunal and was grovelling at Caecina's feet, was persistently demanded till he was given up to destruction. Cassius Chaerea, who won for himself a memory with posterity by the murder of Caius Caesar, being then a youth of high spirit, cleared a passage with his sword through the armed and opposing throng. Neither tribune nor camp-prefect maintained authority any longer. Patrols, sentries, and whatever else the needs of the time required, were distributed by

the men themselves. To those who could guess the temper of soldiers with some penetration, the strongest symptom of a wide-spread and intractable commotion, was the fact that, instead of being divided or instigated by a few persons, they were unanimous in their fury and equally unanimous in their composure, with so uniform a consistency that one would have thought them to be under command.

Meantime Germanicus, while, as I have related, he was collecting the taxes of **Gaul**, received news of the death of Augustus. He was married to the granddaughter of Augustus, Agrippina, by whom he had several children, and though he was himself the son of Drusus, brother of Tiberius, and grandson of Augusta, he was troubled by the secret hatred of his uncle and grandmother, the motives for which were the more venomous because unjust.

But the nearer Germanicus was to the highest hope, the more laboriously did he exert himself for Tiberius, and he made the neighbouring Sequani and all the Belgic states swear obedience to him. On hearing of the mutiny in the legions, he instantly went to the spot, and met them outside the camp, eyes fixed on the ground, and seemingly repentant. As soon as he entered the entrenchments, confused murmurs became audible. Some men, seizing his hand under pretence of kissing it, thrust his fingers into their mouths, that he might touch their toothless gums; others showed him their limbs bowed with age. He ordered the throng which stood near him, as it seemed a promiscuous gathering, to separate itself into its military companies. They replied that they would hear better as they were. The standards were then to be advanced, so that thus at least the cohorts might be distinguished. The soldiers obeyed reluctantly. Then beginning with a reverent mention of Augustus, he passed on to the victories and triumphs of Tiberius, dwelling with especial praise on his glorious achievements with those legions in **Germany**. Next, he extolled the unity of Italy, the loyalty of **Gaul**, the entire absence of turbulence or strife. He was heard in silence or with but a slight murmur.

As soon as he touched on the mutiny and asked what had become of soldierly obedience, of the glory of ancient discipline, whither they had driven their tribunes and centurions, they all bared their bodies and taunted him with the scars of their wounds and the marks of the lash. And then with confused exclamations they spoke bitterly of the prices of exemptions, of their scanty pay, of the severity of their tasks, with special mention of the entrenchment, the fosse, the conveyance of fodder, building-timber, firewood, and whatever else had to be procured from necessity, or as a check on idleness in the camp. The fiercest clamour arose from the veteran soldiers, who, as they counted their thirty campaigns or more, implored him to relieve worn-out men, and not let them die under the same hardships, but have an end of such harassing service, and repose without beggary. Some even claimed the legacy of the Divine Augustus, with words of good omen for Germanicus, and, should he wish for empire, they showed themselves abundantly willing. Thereupon, as though he were contracting the pollution of guilt, he leapt impetuously from the tribunal. The men opposed his departure with their weapons, threatening him repeatedly if he would not go back. But Germanicus protesting that he would die rather than cast off his loyalty, plucked his sword from his side, raised it aloft and was plunging it into his breast, when those nearest him seized his hand and held it by force. The remotest and most densely crowded part of the throng, and, what almost passes belief, some, who came close up to him, urged him to strike the blow, and a soldier, by name Calusidius, offered him a drawn sword, saying that it was sharper than his own. Even in their

fury, this seemed to them a savage act and one of evil precedent, and there was a pause during which Caesar's friends hurried him into his tent.

There they took counsel how to heal matters. For news was also brought that the soldiers were preparing the despatch of envoys who were to draw the upper army into their cause; that the capital of the Ubii was marked out for destruction, and that hands with the stain of plunder on them would soon be daring enough for the pillage of **Gaul**. The alarm was heightened by the knowledge that the enemy was aware of the Roman mutiny, and would certainly attack if the Rhine bank were undefended. Yet if the auxiliary troops and allies were to be armed against the retiring legions, civil war was in fact begun. Severity would be dangerous; profuse liberality would be scandalous. Whether all or nothing were conceded to the soldiery, the State was equally in jeopardy.

37-8 Tacitus Annals.

Germanicus meantime, though he had concentrated his army and prepared vengeance against the mutineers, thought that he ought still to allow them an interval, in case they might, with the late warning before them, regard their safety. He sent a despatch to Caecina, which said that he was on the way with a strong force, and that, unless they forestalled his arrival by the execution of the guilty, he would resort to an indiscriminate massacre. Caecina read the letter confidentially to the eagle and standardbearers, and to all in the camp who were least tainted by disloyalty, and urged them to save the whole army from disgrace, and themselves from destruction. "In peace," he said, "the merits of a man's case are carefully weighed; when war bursts on us, innocent and guilty alike perish."

Upon this, they sounded those whom they thought best for their purpose, and when they saw that a majority of their legions remained loyal, at the commander's suggestion they fixed a time for falling with the sword on all the vilest and foremost of the mutineers. Then, at a mutually given signal, they rushed into the tents, and butchered the unsuspecting men, none but those in the secret knowing what was the beginning or what was to be the end of the slaughter. The scene was a contrast to all civil wars which have ever occurred. It was not in battle, it was not from opposing camps, it was from those same dwellings where day saw them at their common meals, night resting from labour, that they divided themselves into two factions, and showered on each other their missiles. Uproar, wounds, bloodshed, were everywhere visible; the cause was a mystery. All else was at the disposal of chance. Even some loyal men were slain, for, on its being once understood who were the objects of fury, some of the worst mutineers too had seized on weapons. Neither commander nor tribune was present to control them; the men were allowed license and vengeance to their heart's content. Soon afterwards Germanicus entered the camp, and exclaiming with a flood of tears, that this was destruction rather than remedy, ordered the bodies to be burnt.

Even then their savage spirit was seized with desire to march against the enemy, as an atonement for their frenzy, and it was felt that the shades of their fellow-soldiers could be appeased only by exposing such impious breasts to honourable scars. Caesar followed up the enthusiasm of the men, and having bridged over the Rhine, he sent across it 12,000 from the legions, with six-and-twenty allied cohorts, and eight squadrons of cavalry, whose discipline had been without a stain during the mutiny.

There was exultation among the **Germans**, not far off, as long as we were detained by the public mourning for the loss of Augustus, and then by our dissensions. But the Roman general in a forced march, cut through the Caesian forest and the barrier which had been begun by Tiberius, and pitched his camp on this barrier, his front and rear being defended by intrenchments, his flanks by timber barricades. He then penetrated some forest passes but little known, and, as there were two routes, he deliberated whether he should pursue the short and ordinary route, or that which was more difficult unexplored, and consequently unguarded by the enemy. He chose the longer way, and hurried on every remaining preparation, for his scouts had brought word that among the Germans it was a night of festivity, with games, and one of their grand banquets. Caecina had orders to advance with some light cohorts, and to clear away any obstructions from the woods. The legions followed at a moderate interval. They were helped by a night of bright starlight, reached the villages of the Marsi, and threw their pickets round the enemy, who even then were stretched on beds or at their tables, without the least fear, or any sentries before their camp, so complete was their carelessness and disorder; and of war indeed there was no apprehension. Peace it certainly was not- merely the languid and heedless ease of half-intoxicated people.

Caesar, to spread devastation widely, divided his eager legions into four columns, and ravaged a space of fifty miles with fire and sword. Neither sex nor age moved his compassion. Everything, sacred or profane, the temple too of Tamfana, as they called it, the special resort of all those tribes, was levelled to the ground. There was not a wound among our soldiers, who cut down a half-asleep, an unarmed, or a straggling foe. The Bructeri, Tubantes, and Usipetes, were roused by this slaughter, and they beset the forest passes through which the army had to return. The general knew this, and he marched, prepared both to advance and to fight. Part of the cavalry, and some of the auxiliary cohorts led the van; then came the first legion, and, with the baggage in the centre, the men of the twenty-first closed up the left, those of the fifth, the right flank. The twentieth legion secured the rear, and, next, were the rest of the allies.

Meanwhile the enemy moved not till the army began to defile in column through the woods, then made slight skirmishing attacks on its flanks and van, and with his whole force charged the rear. The light cohorts were thrown into confusion by the dense masses of the **Germans**, when Caesar rode up to the men of the twentieth legion, and in a loud voice exclaimed that this was the time for wiping out the mutiny. "Advance," he said, "and hasten to turn your guilt into glory." This fired their courage, and at a single dash they broke through the enemy, and drove him back with great slaughter into the open country. At the same moment the troops of the van emerged from the woods and intrenched a camp. After this their march was uninterrupted, and the soldiery, with the confidence of recent success, and forgetful of the past, were placed in winter-quarters.

Germanicus accordingly gave Caecina four legions, five thousand auxiliaries, with some hastily raised levies from the **Germans** dwelling on the left bank of the Rhine. He was himself at the head of an equal number of legions and twice as many allies. Having established a fort on the site of his father's entrenchments on Mount Taunus he hurried his troops in quick marching order against the Chatti, leaving Lucius Apronius to direct works connected with roads and bridges. With a dry season and comparatively shallow streams, a rare circumstance in that climate, he had accomplished, without obstruction, rapid march, and he feared for his return heavy rains and swollen rivers. But so suddenly did he come on the Chatti that all the helpless from age or sex were at once captured or slaughtered. Their able-bodied men

had swum across the river Adrana, and were trying to keep back the Romans as they were commencing a bridge. Subsequently they were driven back by missiles and arrows, and having in vain attempted for peace, some took refuge with Germanicus, while the rest leaving their cantons and villages dispersed themselves in their forests.

After burning Mattium, the capital of the tribe, and ravaging the open country, Germanicus marched back towards the Rhine, the enemy not daring to harass the rear of the retiring army, which was his usual practice whenever he fell back by way of stratagem rather than from panic. It had been the intention of the Cherusci to help the Chatti; but Caecina thoroughly cowed them, carrying his arms everywhere, and the Marsi who ventured to engage him, he repulsed in a successful battle.

Not long after envoys came from Segestes, imploring aid against the violence of his fellow-countrymen, by whom he was hemmed in, and with whom Arminius had greater influence, because he counselled war. For with barbarians, the more eager a man's daring, the more does he inspire confidence, and the more highly is he esteemed in times of revolution. With the envoys Segestes had associated his son, by name Segimundus, but the youth hung back from a consciousness of guilt. For in the year of the revolt of **Germany** he had been appointed a priest at the altar of the Ubii, and had rent the sacred garlands, and fled to the rebels. Induced, however, to hope for mercy from Rome, he brought his father's message; he was graciously received and sent with an escort to the Gallic bank of the Rhine.

It was now worth while for Germanicus to march back his army. A battle was fought against the besiegers and Segestes was rescued with a numerous band of kinsfolk and dependents. In the number were some women of rank; among them, the wife of Arminius, who was also the daughter of Segestes, but who exhibited the spirit of her husband rather than of her father, subdued neither to tears nor to the tones of a suppliant, her hands tightly clasped within her bosom, and eyes which dwelt on her hope of offspring. The spoils also taken in the defeat of Varus were brought in, having been given as plunder to many of those who were then being surrendered.

Segestes too was there in person, a stately figure, fearless in the remembrance of having been a faithful ally. His speech was to this effect. "This is not my first day of steadfast loyalty towards the Roman people. From the time that the Divine Augustus gave me the citizenship, I have chosen my friends and foes with an eye to your advantage, not from hatred of my fatherland (for traitors are detested even by those whom they prefer) but because I held that Romans and **Germans** have the same interests, and that peace is better than war. And therefore I denounced to Varus, who then commanded your army, Arminius, the ravisher of my daughter, the violator of your treaty. I was put off by that dilatory general, and, as I found but little protection in the laws, I urged him to arrest myself, Arminius, and his accomplices. That night is my witness; would that it had been my last. What followed, may be deplored rather than defended. However, I threw Arminius into chains and I endured to have them put on myself by his partisans. And as soon as give opportunity, I show my preference for the old over the new, for peace over commotion, not to get a reward, but that I may clear myself from treachery and be at the same time a fit mediator for a **German** people, should they choose repentance rather than ruin, For the youth and error of my son I entreat forgiveness. As for my daughter, I admit that it is by compulsion she has been brought here. It will be for you to consider which fact weighs most with you, that she is with child by Arminius or that she owes her being to me."

Caesar in a gracious reply promised safety to his children and kinsfolk and a home for himself in the old province. He then led back the army and received on the proposal of Tiberius the title of Imperator. The wife of Arminius gave birth to a male child; the boy, who was brought up at Ravenna, soon afterwards suffered an insult, which at the proper time I shall relate.

The report of the surrender and kind reception of Segestes, when generally known, was heard with hope or grief according as men shrank from war or desired it. Arminius, with his naturally furious temper, was driven to frenzy by the seizure of his wife and the foredooming to slavery of his wife's unborn child. He flew hither and thither among the Cherusci, demanding "war against Segestes, war against Caesar." And he refrained not from taunts. "Noble the father," he would say, "mighty the general, brave the army which, with such strength, has carried off one weak woman. Before me, three legions, three commanders have fallen. Not by treachery, not against pregnant women, but openly against armed men do I wage war. There are still to be seen in the groves of **Germany** the Roman standards which I hung up to our country's gods. Let Segestes dwell on the conquered bank; let him restore to his son his priestly office; one thing there is which **Germans** will never thoroughly excuse, their having seen between the Elbe and the Rhine the Roman rods, axes, and toga. Other nations in their ignorance of Roman rule, have no experience of punishments, know nothing of tributes, and, as we have shaken them off, as the great Augustus, ranked among dieties, and his chosen heir Tiberius, departed from us, baffled, let us not quail before an inexperienced stripling, before a mutinous army. If you prefer your fatherland, your ancestors, your ancient life to tyrants and to new colonies, follow as your leader Arminius to glory and to freedom rather than Segestes to ignominious servitude."

This language roused not only the Cherusci but the neighbouring tribes and drew to their side Inguiomerus, the uncle of Arminius, who had long been respected by the Romans. This increased Caesar's alarm. That the war might not burst in all its fury on one point, he sent Caecina through the Bructeri to the river Amisia with forty Roman cohorts to distract the enemy, while the cavalry was led by its commander Pedito by the territories of the Frisii. Germanicus himself put four legions on shipboard and conveyed them through the lakes, and the infantry, cavalry, and fleet met simultaneously at the river already mentioned. The Chauci, on promising aid, were associated with us in military fellowship. Lucius Stertinius was despatched by Germanicus with a flying column and routed the Bructeri as they were burning their possessions, and amid the carnage and plunder, found the eagle of the nineteenth legion which had been lost with Varus. The troops were then marched to the furthest frontier of the Bructeri, and all the country between the rivers Amisia and Luppia was ravaged, not far from the forest of Teutoburgium where the remains of Varus and his legions were said to lie unburied.

Germanicus upon this was seized with an eager longing to pay the last honour to those soldiers and their general, while the whole army present was moved to compassion by the thought of their kinsfolk and friends, and, indeed, of the calamities of wars and the lot of mankind. Having sent on Caecina in advance to reconnoitre the obscure forest-passes, and to raise bridges and causeways over watery swamps and treacherous plains, they visited the mournful scenes, with their horrible sights and associations. Varus's first camp with its wide circumference and the measurements of its central space clearly indicated the handiwork of three legions. Further on, the partially fallen rampart and the shallow fosse suggested the inference that it was a shattered remnant of the army which had there taken up a position. In the centre of the

field were the whitening bones of men, as they had fled, or stood their ground, strewn everywhere or piled in heaps. Near, lay fragments of weapons and limbs of horses, and also human heads, prominently nailed to trunks of trees. In the adjacent groves were the barbarous altars, on which they had immolated tribunes and first-rank centurions. Some survivors of the disaster who had escaped from the battle or from captivity, described how this was the spot where the officers fell, how yonder the eagles were captured, where Varus was pierced by his first wound, where too by the stroke of his own ill-starred hand he found for himself death. They pointed out too the raised ground from which Arminius had harangued his army, the number of gibbets for the captives, the pits for the living, and how in his exultation he insulted the standards and eagles.

And so the Roman army now on the spot, six years after the disaster, in grief and anger, began to bury the bones of the three legions, not a soldier knowing whether he was interring the relics of a relative or a stranger, but looking on all as kinsfolk and of their own blood, while their wrath rose higher than ever against the foe. In raising the barrow Caesar laid the first sod, rendering thus a most welcome honour to the dead, and sharing also in the sorrow of those present. This Tiberius did not approve, either interpreting unfavourably every act of Germanicus, or because he thought that the spectacle of the slain and unburied made the army slow to fight and more afraid of the enemy, and that a general invested with the augurate and its very ancient ceremonies ought not to have polluted himself with funeral rites.

Germanicus, however, pursued Arminius as he fell back into trackless wilds, and as soon as he had the opportunity, ordered his cavalry to sally forth and scour the plains occupied by the enemy. Arminius having bidden his men to concentrate themselves and keep close to the woods, suddenly wheeled round, and soon gave those whom he had concealed in the forest passes the signal to rush to the attack. Thereupon our cavalry was thrown into disorder by this new force, and some cohorts in reserve were sent, which, broken by the shock of flying troops, increased the panic. They were being pushed into a swamp, well known to the victorious assailants, perilous to men unacquainted with it, when Caesar led forth his legions in battle array. This struck terror into the enemy and gave confidence to our men, and they separated without advantage to either.

Soon afterwards Germanicus led back his army to the Amisia, taking his legions by the fleet, as he had brought them up. Part of the cavalry was ordered to make for the Rhine along the sea-coast. Caecina, who commanded a division of his own, was advised, though he was returning by a route which he knew, to pass Long Bridges with all possible speed. This was a narrow road amid vast swamps, which had formerly been constructed by Lucius Domitius; on every side were quagmires of thick clinging mud, or perilous with streams. Around were woods on a gradual slope, which Arminius now completely occupied, as soon as by a short route and quick march he had outstripped troops heavily laden with baggage and arms. As Caecina was in doubt how he could possibly replace bridges which were ruinous from age, and at the same time hold back the enemy, he resolved to encamp on the spot, that some might begin the repair and others the attack.

The barbarians attempted to break through the outposts and to throw themselves on the engineering parties, which they harassed, pacing round them and continually charging them. There was a confused din from the men at work and the combatants. Everything alike was unfavourable to the Romans, the place with its deep swamps,

insecure to the foot and slippery as one advanced, limbs burdened with coats of mail, and the impossibility of aiming their javelins amid the water. The Cherusci, on the other hand, were familiar with fighting in fens; they had huge frames, and lances long enough to inflict wounds even at a distance. Night at last released the legions, which were now wavering, from a disastrous engagement. The **Germans** whom success rendered unwearied, without even then taking any rest, turned all the streams which rose from the slopes of the surrounding hills into the lands beneath. The ground being thus flooded and the completed portion of our works submerged, the soldiers' labour was doubled.

This was Caecina's fortieth campaign as a subordinate or a commander, and, with such experience of success and peril, he was perfectly fearless. As he thought over future possibilities, he could devise no plan but to keep the enemy within the woods, till the wounded and the more encumbered troops were in advance. For between the hills and the swamps there stretched a plain which would admit of an extended line. The legions had their assigned places, the fifth on the right wing, the twenty-first on the left, the men of the first to lead the van, the twentieth to repel pursuers.

It was a restless night for different reasons, the barbarians in their festivity filling the valleys under the hills and the echoing glens with merry song or savage shouts, while in the Roman camp were flickering fires, broken exclamations, and the men lay scattered along the intrenchments or wandered from tent to tent, wakeful rather than watchful. A ghastly dream appalled the general. He seemed to see Quintilius Varus, covered with blood, rising out of the swamps, and to hear him, as it were, calling to him, but he did not, as he imagined, obey the call; he even repelled his hand, as he stretched it over him. At daybreak the legions, posted on the wings, from panic or perversity, deserted their position and hastily occupied a plain beyond the morass. Yet Arminius, though free to attack, did not at the moment rush out on them. But when the baggage was clogged in the mud and in the fosses, the soldiers around it in disorder, the array of the standards in confusion, every one in selfish haste and all ears deaf to the word of command he ordered the **Germans** to charge, exclaiming again and again, "Behold a Varus and legions once more entangled in Varus's fate." As he spoke, he cut through the column with some picked men, inflicting wounds chiefly on the horses. Staggering in their blood on the slippery marsh, they shook off their riders, driving hither and thither all in their way, and trampling on the fallen. The struggle was hottest round the eagles, which could neither be carried in the face of the storm of missiles, nor planted in the miry soil. Caecina, while he was keeping up the battle, fell from his horse, which was pierced under him, and was being hemmed in, when the first legion threw itself in the way. The greed of the foe helped him, for they left the slaughter to secure the spoil, and the legions, towards evening, struggled on to open and firm ground.

Nor did this end their miseries. Entrenchments had to be thrown up, materials sought for earthworks, while the army had lost to a great extent their implements for digging earth and cutting turf. There were no tents for the rank and file, no comforts for the wounded. As they shared their food, soiled by mire or blood, they bewailed the darkness with its awful omen, and the one day which yet remained to so many thousand men.

It chanced that a horse, which had broken its halter and wandered wildly in fright at the uproar, overthrew some men against whom it dashed. Thence arose such a panic, from the belief that the **Germans** had burst into the camp, that all rushed to the

gates. Of these the decuman gate was the point chiefly sought, as it was furthest from the enemy and safer for flight. Caecina, having ascertained that the alarm was groundless, yet being unable to stop or stay the soldiers by authority or entreaties or even by force, threw himself to the earth in the gateway, and at last by an appeal to their pity, as they would have had to pass over the body of their commander, closed the way. At the same moment the tribunes and the centurions convinced them that it was a false alarm.

Having then assembled them at his headquarters, and ordered them to hear his words in silence, he reminded them of the urgency of the crisis. "Their safety," he said, "lay in their arms, which they must, however, use with discretion, and they must remain within the entrenchments, till the enemy approached closer, in the hope of storming them; then, there must be a general sortie; by that sortie the Rhine might be reached. Whereas if they fled, more forests, deeper swamps, and a savage foe awaited them; but if they were victorious, glory and renown would be theirs." He dwelt on all that was dear to them at home, all that testified to their honour in the camp, without any allusion to disaster. Next he handed over the horses, beginning with his own, of the officers and tribunes, to the bravest fighters in the army, quite impartially, that these first, and then the infantry, might charge the enemy.

There was as much restlessness in the **German** host with its hopes, its eager longings, and the conflicting opinions of its chiefs. Arminius advised that they should allow the Romans to quit their position, and, when they had quitted it, again surprise them in swampy and intricate ground. Inguiomerus, with fiercer counsels, heartily welcome to barbarians, was for beleaguering the entrenchment in armed array, as to storm them would, he said, be easy, and there would be more prisoners and the booty unspoilt. So at daybreak they trampled in the fosses, flung hurdles into them, seized the upper part of the breastwork, where the troops were thinly distributed and seemingly paralysed by fear. When they were fairly within the fortifications, the signal was given to the cohorts, and the horns and trumpets sounded. Instantly, with a shout and sudden rush, our men threw themselves on the **German** rear, with taunts, that here were no woods or swamps, but that they were on equal ground, with equal chances. The sound of trumpets, the gleam of arms, which were so unexpected, burst with all the greater effect on the enemy, thinking only, as they were, of the easy destruction of a few half-armed men, and they were struck down, as unprepared for a reverse as they had been elated by success. Arminius and Inguiomerus fled from the battle, the first unhurt, the other severely wounded. Their followers were slaughtered, as long as our fury and the light of day lasted. It was not till night that the legions returned, and though more wounds and the same want of provisions distressed them, yet they found strength, healing, sustenance, everything indeed, in their victory.

Meanwhile a rumour had spread that our army was cut off, and that a furious **German** host was marching on **Gaul**. And had not Agrippina prevented the bridge over the Rhine from being destroyed, some in their cowardice would have dared that base act. A woman of heroic spirit, she assumed during those days the duties of a general, and distributed clothes or medicine among the soldiers, as they were destitute or wounded. According to Caius Plinius, the historian of the **German** wars, she stood at the extremity of the bridge, and bestowed praise and thanks on the returning legions. This made a deep impression on the mind of Tiberius. "Such zeal," he thought, "could not be guileless; it was not against a foreign foe that she was thus courting the soldiers. Generals had nothing left them when a woman went among the companies, attended the standards, ventured on bribery, as though it showed but slight

ambition to parade her son in a common soldier's uniform, and wish him to be called Caesar Caligula. Agrippina had now more power with the armies than officers, than generals. A woman had quelled a mutiny which the sovereign's name could not check." All this was inflamed and aggravated by Sejanus, who, with his thorough comprehension of the character of Tiberius, sowed for a distant future hatreds which the emperor might treasure up and might exhibit when fully matured.

Of the legions which he had conveyed by ship, Germanicus gave the second and fourteenth to Publius Vitellius, to be marched by land, so that the fleet might sail more easily over a sea full of shoals, or take the ground more lightly at the ebb-tide. Vitellius at first pursued his route without interruption, having a dry shore, or the waves coming in gently. After a while, through the force of the north wind and the equinoctial season, when the sea swells to its highest, his army was driven and tossed hither and thither. The country too was flooded; sea, shore, fields presented one aspect, nor could the treacherous quicksands be distinguished from solid ground or shallows from deep water. Men were swept away by the waves or sucked under by eddies; beasts of burden, baggage, lifeless bodies floated about and blocked their way. The companies were mingled in confusion, now with the breast, now with the head only above water, sometimes losing their footing and parted from their comrades or drowned. The voice of mutual encouragement availed not against the adverse force of the waves. There was nothing to distinguish the brave from the coward, the prudent from the careless, forethought from chance; the same strong power swept everything before it. At last Vitellius struggled out to higher ground and led his men up to it. There they passed the night, without necessary food, without fire, many of them with bare or bruised limbs, in a plight as pitiable as that of men besieged by an enemy. For such, at least, have the opportunity of a glorious death, while here was destruction without honour. Daylight restored land to their sight, and they pushed their way to the river Visurgis, where Caesar had arrived with the fleet. The legions then embarked, while a rumour was flying about that they were drowned. Nor was there a belief in their safety till they saw Caesar and the army returned.

By this time Stertinius, who had been despatched to receive the surrender of Segimerus, brother of Segestes, had conducted the chief, together with his son, to the canton of the Ubii. Both were pardoned, Segimerus readily, the son with some hesitation, because it was said that he had insulted the corpse of Quintilius Varus. Meanwhile **Gaul**, Spain, and Italy vied in repairing the losses of the army, offering whatever they had at hand, arms, horses, gold. Germanicus having praised their zeal, took only for the war their arms and horses, and relieved the soldiers out of his own purse. And that he might also soften the remembrance of the disaster by kindness, he went round to the wounded, applauded the feats of soldier after soldier, examined their wounds, raised the hopes of one, the ambition of another, and the spirits of all by his encouragement and interest, thus strengthening their ardour for himself and for battle.

39 ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE. This year Caius undertook the empire.

39 Annals of the Four Masters

Fiatach Finn (from whom are the Dal Fiatach in Uladh), after having been three years in the sovereignty of Ireland, was slain by Fiacha Finnfolaidh.

Strabo BookXVI, Chapter2

Now Pompey clipped off some of the territory that had been forcibly appropriated by the **Judaeans**, and appointed **Herod** to the priesthood; but later a certain **Herod**, a descendant of his and a native of the country, who slinked into the priesthood, was so superior to his predecessors, particularly in his intercourse with the Romans and in his administration of affairs of state, that he received the title of king, being given that authority first by Antony and later by Augustus Caesar. As for his sons, he himself put some of them to death, on the ground that they had plotted against him; and at his death left others as his successors, having assigned to them portions of his kingdom. Caesar also honoured the sons of **Herod** and his sister Salomê and her daughter Berenicê. However, his sons were not successful, but became involved in accusations; and one of them spent the rest of his life in exile, having taken up his abode among the **Allobrogian Gauls**, whereas the others, by much obsequiousness, but with difficulty, found leave to return home, with a tetrarchy assigned to each.

Geoffrey Ashe in King Arthurs Avalon says that Dorothea of Tyre wrote a list of the 70 disciples from Lukes Gospel. One of the disciples is listed as Aristobulus Bishop of Brittainia. Geoffrey Ashe wonders if this is the Aristobulus that Saint Paul wrote to.

<http://www.mailarchive.com/irishcatholicchurch@yahoo.com/msg00111.html>

[IrishCatholicChurch] [celt-saints] 16 March. Celtic and Old English Saints 16 March

St.Aristobulus, One of the Seventy, Bishop and Martyr in Britain
Feastday also 15 March and 31 October. 1st century.

Saint Aristobulus is one of the 72 disciples commissioned by our Lord Jesus to preach the coming of the Kingdom. Saint Paul mentions him in Romans 16:11. He has been identified with Zebedee, the father of the "sons of Thunder," Saints James and John. He is said to be St. Peter's father-in-law, and to have been followed to Britain by his brother Barnabas. Like the others, Barnabas returned, but Aristobulus is said to have met a martyr's death at the age of 99 in the mountainous heart of Wales. (Benedictines).

'Ireland & the Celtic Church' by G.T.Stokes Page 6 which says:-

Aristobulus of Romans XVI said by the Greek Menaea to have been ordained Bishop for the Britons by St.Paul.

From Chapt 10 of **Fr.Lionel Smithett-Lewis's** Book entitled "St.Joseph of Arimathea at Glastonbury." "The Greek Menology for March 15 says: Arsitobulus was one of the 70 Apostles and a follower of St.Paul. He was chosen by St.Paul to be a Missionary Bishop for Britain.'

St.Dorotheus Bp.of Tyre AD303 says that 'Aristobulus who Paul saluted, writing to the Romans, was Bishop of Britain. '(Synopsis de Apostol,Synops.23 "Aristobulus").

Hippolytus makes reference to Aristobulus as being Bishop of the Britons.

St.Ado Abp. of Vienne (AD800-874) in the Adonis Martyrologia for March 17 says: "Natal Day of Aristobulus Bp.of Britain." Said to be brother of Barnabas and father-in-law of St.Peter.

Achau Saint Prydain (Genealogies of the Saints of Britain): "There came with Bran the Blessed from Rome to Britain -- Arwystli Hen (Aristobulus the Aged), Ilid Cyndaf man of Israel (Joseph of Arimathea) and Mawan (Josephes son of Joseph)."

Saint Paul

I commend unto you Phebe our sister, which is a servant of the church which is at Cencrea:

That ye receive her in the Lord, as becometh saints, and that ye assist her in whatsoever business she hath need of you: for she hath been a succourer of many, and of myself also.

Greet Priscilla and Aquila my helpers in Christ Jesus:

Who have for my life laid down their own necks: unto whom not only I give thanks, but also all the churches of the Gentiles.

Likewise greet the church that is in their house. Salute my well beloved Epaenetus, who is the firstfruits of Achaia unto Christ.

Greet Mary, who bestowed much labour on us.

Salute Andronicus and Junia, my kinsmen, and my fellow prisoners, who are of note among the apostles, who also were in Christ before me.

Greet Amplias my beloved in the Lord.

Salute Urbane, our helper in Christ, and Stachys my beloved.

Salute Apelles approved in Christ. **Salute them which are of Aristobulus' household.**

Salute **Herodion** my kinsman. Greet them that be of the household of Narcissus, which are in the Lord.

Salute Tryphena and Tryphosa, who labour in the Lord. Salute the beloved Persis, which laboured much in the Lord.

Salute Rufus chosen in the Lord, and his mother and mine.

Salute Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, and the brethren which are with them.

Salute Philologus, and Julia, Nereus, and his sister, and Olympas, and all the saints which are with them.

Salute one another with an holy kiss. The churches of Christ salute you.

Now I beseech you, bretheren, mark them which cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine which ye have leaned; and avoid them

For they that are such serve not our Lord Jesus Christ, but their own belly; and by good words and fair speeches deceive the hearts of the simple.

For your obedience is come abroad unto all men. I am glad therefore on your behalf: but yet I would have you wise unto that which is good, and simple concerning evil.

And the God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Amen.

Timotheus my workfellow, and Lucius, and Jason, and Sosipater, my kinsmen, salute you.

I Tertius, who wrote this epistle, salute you in the Lord.

Gaius mine host, and of the whole church, saluteth you. Erastus the chamberlain of the city saluteth you, and Quartus a brother.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.

Now to him that is of power to stablish you according to my gospel, and the preaching of Jesus Christ, according to the revelation of the mystery, which was kept secret since the world began,

But now is made manifest, and by the scriptures of the prophets, according to the commandment of the everlasting God, made known to all nations for the obedience of faith:

To God only wise, be glory through Jesus Christ for ever. Amen.

From wikipedia

Josephus relates that Herodias, jealous at Agrippa's success, persuaded Antipas to ask Caligula for the title of king for himself. However, Agrippa simultaneously presented the emperor with a list of charges against the tetrarch: allegedly, he had conspired against Tiberius with Sejanus (executed 31 AD) and was now plotting

against Caligula with Artabanus. As evidence, Agrippa noted that Antipas had a stockpile of weaponry sufficient for 70,000 men. Hearing Antipas' admission to this last charge, Caligula decided to credit the allegations of conspiracy. In the summer of 39 AD, Antipas' money and territory were turned over to Agrippa, while he himself was exiled. The place of his exile is given by Josephus' *Antiquities* as "Lugdunum" in Gaul. (This may mean the city of Lugdunum now known as Lyon, or the less important Lugdunum Convenarum, modern Saint-Bertrand-de-Comminges¹) Caligula offered to allow Herodias, as Agrippa's sister, to retain her property. However, she chose instead to join her husband in exile.

Antipas died in exile. Cassius Dio seems to imply that Caligula had him killed, but this is usually treated with skepticism by modern historians.

SBG St Arwystl is probably not the Aristobulus mentioned by St Paul.

SBG St Claudia. CLAUDIA, the wife of Pudens, to whom S. Paul sent a salutation in his Second Epistle to Timothy, has been supposed to have been a British princess. Possibly the daughter of Claudius Cogidubnus, or Caractacus. The Pudens and Claudia of Martial are the Pudens and Claudia of S. Paul,

Martial LIII. ON CLAUDIA RUFINA.

Although born among the woad-stained Britons, how fully has Claudia Rufina the intelligence of the Roman people! What beauty is hers! The matrons of Italy might take her for a Roman; those of Attica for an Athenian. The gods have kindly ordered that she proves fruitful to her revered husband, and that, while yet young, she may hope for sons-in-law and daughters-in-law! May heaven grant her ever to rejoice in one single husband, and to exult in being the mother of three children.

SBG St Eigen, (or Eigan, Eurgen, Eurgain, and Eurgan) is supposed to have lived towards the end of the first century, the first female Saint among the Britons. Eigen, the daughter of Caradog ab Bran ab Llyr Llediaith, married a chieftain named Sarllog, who was lord of Caer Sarllog (Old Sarum), and she was the first female Saint of the Isle of Britain. Her husband is said to have been "Sallog, lord of Garth Mathrin"; and he was a Roman chieftain who accompanied her to Wales, and that Cor Sarllog was in Llandaff, for thirty Saints, Sarllog being principal. She had a brother Cyllin, also a Saint. At Rome, she, together with her father, was converted to the Faith in Christ by S. Hid, a man of Israel, [elsewhere identified with Joseph of Arimathea]; which Hid came from Rome to this Island with Caradog and Eurgen, and they were the first that converted the Cymry to the Faith in Christ. Eurgen formed a cor for twelve Saints; and Lies ab Coel gave possessions to that cor [for a hundred Saints], and after that it became the most eminent cor in the world. Illyd made there three new cells through the endowment of Marcian [the Emperor]. Previously to this the place was called Bangor Lleufer Sant, and afterwards Bangor Illtyd, and Llanilltyd." Again, she founded the church and cor of Eigan in Caer Urgan, otherwise Caer Worgorn, but later Llanilltyd. It was for twenty-four Saints, and was ultimately destroyed by the Saxons. Eigen, or Eurgen, was thus the daughter who, with her mother and uncles, was taken captive to Rome, as related by Tacitus, and afterwards liberated with her father and friends.

SBG St Lucius. A homily of the ninth century in the Library of S. Gall gives the following story. S. Paul sent his disciple Timothy into Gaul. Encouraged thereto by a Gaulish king, Timothy pushed on into Britain, where King Lucius ruled over a pagan people. Lucius summoned Timothy before him, believed, and was converted and

baptised along with his family and a great number of his subjects. Later, he resolved on leaving his kingdom, and preaching the Gospel elsewhere. He passed through Gaul, and visited Augsburg, where he was well received by the patrician Campesterius, and founded the first Christian community in that city. Stow in his Chronicle says that the Church of S. Peter, Cornhill, London, was founded by S. Lucius, and he gives an inscription in that church testifying to this. Stow says “he was after some chronicle bueried in london and after some chronicle bueried at Gloucester”. Gloucester to this day claims his tomb.

Annals of the Four Masters

40 The first year of the reign of Fiacha Finnfolaidh over Ireland.

40 Pomponius Mela. De Chorographia.

Europe has as its boundaries on the east of the Tanais (Don), the Maeotis (Sea of Azov) and the Pontus (Black Sea), on the south the rest of our sea (the Mediteranean), on the West the Oceanus Atlanticus and on the north the Oceanus Britannicus.

The Pyrenees first of all run down to the Oceanus Britannicus

In the Celtic regions there are several islands which, since they are rich in tin, are all called by the one name of the Cassiterides.

Sena, (Sein off Brittany) in the Mare Brittanicum opposite the Ossismican shores, is notable for the oracle of a Gaulish divinity whose priestesses, sancified by perpetual virginity, are said to be nine in number. They call them Gallizenae and think that they are endowed with special abilities to rouse the seas and winds with their songs, to turn themselves into whatever animals they wish, to cure things which for others are incurable and to know and predict the future, though they only do this for people who sail who sail there for the specific purpose of consulting them. What Britannia is like and what sort of people it produces we shall soon know more certainly and in greater detail, for behold, the greatest of emperors is now revealing this land so long hidden and, victor over races not merely unconquered but even unknown before him, having, having established the credibility of his own deeds in war, is soon to carry it in triumph.

But so far as we know at present, it stretches between the north and the west and with a wide angle looks towards the mouths of the Rhine, then draws its sides back obliquely, with one long one facing Gaul, with the other Germany; then again with a continuous boundary of straight shore it is drawn back behind and very like Sicily, huge with plains that are fertile, though with things that benefit herds rather than men. It has woods and groves and very large rivers which with alternate motions flow now towards the sea, now backwards from it, and some of them produce gems and pearls. It has peoples and kings of peoples, but they are all uncivilized and the further they are from the continent the less they know of other kinds of wealth, being rich only in herds and lands; whether for appearance or for some other reason, they paint their bodies with woad. Nevertheless they find occasions for wars and do fight them and often attack each other, mostly from a wish for domination and a desire to carry off what they possess. They fight not only on horseback and on foot but also from vehicles and chariots equipped in the Gaulish fashion: they are called covini those in which they use scythes axles. Above Britannia is Ivernia, nearly equal to it in extent but oblong, with equal sides to each of its shores, and with a climate unfavourable to the ripening of crops, but so rich in grass which is not only in plentiful but sweet that the herds satisfy themselves in a very small part of a day, and unless they are kept off the pastures they would feed to long and burst. Its farmers are uncouth and more ignorant of all virtues than other races, and almost entirely lacking in piety. There are

30 Orcades, separated from one another by narrow spaces, and seven Haemodae, located towards Germany... Thyle, famous in the poems of the Greeks and our own writers, is situated opposite the shores of the Belgae. In it because there the sun rises so far from its settings, the nights are short; in winter they are dark as elsewhere, but light in summer, because at that time the sun raises itself higher and although it is not seen itself, yet it lights up the parts nearest to it with its neighboring glow; but at the solstice there are no nights, because then it reveals not merely a glow but even the most part of itself.

Cassius Dio Cocceianus

40 Meanwhile (Emperor) Gaius sent for Ptolemaeus, the son of Juba, and on ascertaining that he was wealthy put him to death and a number of others with him. Also when he reached the ocean and was to all appearances about to conduct a campaign in **Britain** and had drawn up all the soldiers on the beach, he embarked on the triremes but after putting out a little from the land he sailed back again. Next he took his seat on a high platform and gave his soldiers the watchword as if for battle, while the trumpeters urged them on. All of a sudden, however, he ordered them to gather the shells. Having secured these "spoils" (you see he needed booty for the celebration of his triumph) he became immensely elated, assuming that he had enslaved the ocean itself; and he gave his soldiers many presents. The shells he took back to Rome for the purpose of exhibiting the spoils to the people there as well. The senate did not see how it could remain inactive in the face of this procedure, inasmuch as it learned he was in an exalted frame of mind, nor yet again how it could praise him. For, when anybody bestows great praise or extraordinary honors for a small success or none at all, that person becomes suspected of making a mock and jest of the affair. Still, for all that, when Gaius entered the City he came very near devoting the whole senate to destruction because it had not voted him divine honors. But he contented himself with assembling the populace, upon whom he showered from a raised position quantities of silver and gold. Many perished in the effort to seize it; for, as some say, he had mixed small knife-blades in with the coin.

As a result of his adulteries he repeatedly received the titles of imperator and Germanicus and **Britannicus** no less than if he had subdued Gaul and **Britain** entire.

Suetonius Tranquillus. Life of Caius Caesar Caligula.

He invented besides a new kind of spectacle, such as had never been heard of before. For he made a bridge, of about three miles and a half in length, from Baiae to the mole of Puteoli, collecting trading vessels from all quarters, mooring them in two rows by their anchors, and spreading earth upon them to form a viaduct, after the fashion of the Appian Way. This bridge he crossed and recrossed for two days together; the first day mounted on a horse richly caparisoned, wearing on his head a crown of oak leaves, armed with a battle-axe, a Spanish buckler and a sword, and in a cloak made of cloth of gold; the day following, in the habit of a charioteer, standing in a chariot, drawn by two high-bred horses, having with him a young boy, Darius by name, one of the Parthian hostages, with a cohort of the pretorian guards attending him, and a party of his friends in cars of **Gaulish** make.

Most people, I know, are of opinion, that this bridge was designed by Caius, in imitation of Xerxes, who, to the astonishment of the world, laid a bridge over the Hellespont, which is somewhat narrower than the distance betwixt Baiae and Puteoli. Others, however, thought that he did it to strike terror in Germany and **Britain**, which he was upon the point of invading, by the fame of some prodigious work. But for myself, when I was a boy, I heard my grandfather say, that the reason assigned by

some courtiers who were in habits of the greatest intimacy with him, was this; when Tiberius was in some anxiety about the nomination of a successor, and rather inclined to pitch upon his grandson, Thrasyllus the astrologer had assured him, "That Caius would no more be emperor, than he would ride on horseback across the gulf of Baiae."

Persons were often put to the torture in his presence, whilst he was dining or carousing. A soldier, who was an adept in the art of beheading, used at such times to take off the heads of prisoners, who were brought in for that purpose. At Puteoli, at the dedication of the bridge which he planned, as already mentioned [438], he invited a number of people to come to him from the shore, and then suddenly, threw them headlong into the sea; thrusting down with poles and oars those who, to save themselves, had got hold of the rudders of the ships.

Only once in his life did he take an active part in military affairs, and then not from any set purpose, but during his journey to Mevania, to see the grove and river of Clitumnus. Being recommended to recruit a body of **Batavians**, who attended him, he resolved upon an expedition into Germany. Immediately he drew together several legions, and auxiliary forces from all quarters, and made every where new levies with the utmost rigour. Collecting supplies of all kinds, such as never had been assembled upon the like occasion, he set forward on his march, and pursued it sometimes with so much haste and precipitation, that the praetorian cohorts were obliged, contrary to custom, to pack their standards on horses or mules, and so follow him. At other times, he would march so slow and luxuriously, that he was carried in a litter by eight men; ordering the roads to be swept by the people of the neighbouring towns, and sprinkled with water to lay the dust.

On arriving at the camp, in order to show himself an active general, and severe disciplinarian, he cashiered the lieutenants who came up late with the auxiliary forces from different quarters. In reviewing the army, he deprived of their companies most of the centurions of the first rank, who had now served their legal time in the wars, and some whose time would have expired in a few days; alleging against them their age and infirmity; and railing at the covetous disposition of the rest of them, he reduced the bounty due to those who had served out their time to the sum of six thousand sesterces. Though he only received the submission of **Adminius**, the son of **Cunobeline**, a **British** king, who being driven from his native country by his father, came over to him with a small body of troops, yet, as if the whole island had been surrendered to him, he dispatched magnificent letters to Rome, ordering the bearers to proceed in their carriages directly up to the forum and the senate-house, and not to deliver the letters but to the consuls in the temple of Mars, and in the presence of a full assembly of the senators.

At last, as if resolved to make war in earnest, he drew up his army upon the shore of the ocean, with his balistae and other engines of war, and while no one could imagine what he intended to do, on a sudden commanded them to gather up the sea shells, and fill their helmets, and the folds of their dress with them, calling them "the spoils of the ocean due to the Capitol and the Palatium." As a monument of his success, he raised a lofty tower, upon which, as at Pharos, he ordered lights to be burnt in the night-time, for the direction of ships at sea; and then promising the soldiers a donative of a hundred denarii a man, as if he had surpassed the most eminent examples of generosity, "Go your ways," said he, "and be merry: go, ye are rich."

In making preparations for his triumph, besides the prisoners and deserters from the barbarian armies, he picked out the men of greatest stature in all **Gaul**, such as he said were fittest to grace a triumph, with some of the chiefs, and reserved them to appear in the procession; obliging them not only to dye their hair yellow, and let it

grow long, but to learn the German language, and assume the names commonly used in that country. He ordered likewise the galleys in which he had entered the ocean, to be conveyed to Rome a great part of the way by land, and wrote to his comptrollers in the city, "to make proper preparations for a triumph against his arrival, at as small expense as possible; but on a scale such as had never been seen before, since they had full power over the property of every one."