

456 to 476

456. Annals of the Four Masters The twenty eighth year of Laeghaire. Enda, son of Caththeadh, died.

BEDE

CHAP. XVI. How the Britons obtained their first victory over the Angles, under the command of Ambrosius, a Roman. [456 A.D.]

When the army of the enemy, having destroyed and dispersed the natives, had returned home to their own settlements, the Britons began by degrees to take heart, and gather strength, sallying out of the lurking places where they had concealed themselves, and with one accord imploring the Divine help, that they might not utterly be destroyed. They had at that time for their leader, Ambrosius Aurelianus, a man of worth, who alone, by chance, of the Roman nation had survived the storm, in which his parents, who were of the royal race, had perished. Under him the Britons revived, and offering battle to the victors, by the help of God, gained the victory. From that day, sometimes the natives, and sometimes their enemies, prevailed, till the year of the siege of Badon-hill, when they made no small slaughter of those enemies, about forty-four years after their arrival in England. But of this hereafter.

456 The Annals of Ulster Victorious the astronomer flourished. Death of Énna son of Cathub, and the birth of St Brigit, as some say. The emperor Marcian breathed his last. He was emperor for 6 or 4 years and 6 months, as Marcellinus states. Leo succeeded him on his death.

457 The Annals of Ulster The synod of Chalcedon assembled. Repose of the elder Patrick, as some books state.

457 CRONICUM SCOTORUM

Repose of Old Saint Patrick, Bishop, i.e. of the church of Glastonbury.

Majorian Emperor of The West 457-461

457 ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE. This year Hengest and Esc fought with the Britons on the spot that is called Crayford, and there slew four thousand men. The Britons then forsook the land of Kent, and in great consternation fled to London.

457 Annales Cambriae St. Patrick goes to the Lord.

457. Annals of the Four Masters

The twenty ninth year of Laeghaire. The battle of Ath Dara was fought against the Leinstermen by Laeghaire, son of Niall. Laeghaire was taken in that battle; and Laeghaire took oaths by the Sun and the Wind, and all the elements, to the Leinstermen, that he would never come against them, after setting him at liberty.

Ard Machab was founded by Saint Patrick, it having been granted to him by Daire, son of Finnchadh, son of Eoghan, son of Niallan. Twelve men were appointed by him for building the town. He ordered them, in the first place, to erect an archbishop's city there, and a church for monks, for nuns, and for the other orders in general, for he perceived that it would be the head and chief of the churches of Ireland in general.

Old Patrick yielded his spirit.

457. Annals of Inisfallen. Victorious composed the Paschal cycle.

458. Death of Énna, son of Cathub.

458 Annales Cambriae St. David is born in the thirtieth year after Patrick left Menevia.

458 CRONICUM SCOTORUM The battle of Ath Dara gained by the Lagenians over Laeghaire, in which he was taken prisoner; but he was straightway set at liberty, upon swearing by the sun and wind that he would forgive them the Borumha.

458. Annals of the Four Masters

After Laeghaire, the son of Niall of the Nine Hostages, had been thirty years in the sovereignty of Ireland, he died by the side of Caissi, between Eire and Alba, i.e. two hills which are in Ui Faelain; and it was the Sun and the Wind that killed him, because he had violated them. Concerning which the poet said:

1. Laeghaire, son of Niall, died
On the side of Caissi, green its land;
The elements of God, whose guarantee he had violated,
Inflicted the doom of death upon the king.

458 The Annals of Ulster The battle of Áth Dara was won by the Laigin over Laegaire, and in it he himself was taken prisoner, but was then freed on swearing by sun and wind that he would remit to them the cattle-tribute.

459 Bishop Auxilius rested. Or in this year the battle of Áth Dara occurred according to others.

459. Annals of the Four Masters The first year of Oilíoll Molt, son of Dathi, son of Fiachra, in the sovereignty of Ireland.

459 CRONICUM SCOTORUM The battle of Ath Dara gained against Laeghaire by the Lagenians, over whom Crimthand was then commander.

459. Annals of Inisfallen. The battle of Áth Dara [gained] against Laegaire by the Laigin.

SBG St David thirty years before the birth of David, S. Patrick came to Vallis Rosina, or Glyn Rhosyn, in Menevia, and vowed that he would stay there ; but an angel appeared to him, and told him that it was God's will that he should cross over into Ireland, and become the apostle of that island, and further, that the settling at Glyn Rhosyn was reserved for one who would be born thirty years later. In token that this was a true message, the angel showed to Patrick from a seat among the rocks, since called Eisteddfa Badrig, the entire island of Hibernia. The monastery was probably double, or rather it was a school to which were admitted pupils of both sexes. Thus it was that Non Nonna, or Nonnita (Melaria, according to Breton tradition), was in it, as a pupil. Non was the daughter of Cynyr of " Caer Gawch in Mynyw. " Cynyr was the son of Gwyndeg ab Seithenin, and the husband of Anna, daughter of Gwrtheyfyr Fendigaid (Vortimer). Non became the Mother of David.

SBG St Fracan. "There was in the western parts of Britain a certain wealthy man of great repute among his neighbours, Fracan by name, having a wife of like rank, called in their native tongue Guen, which in Latin is Candida. Divine mercy accorded

them three sons, of whom two were twins, the third was born later. The twins were Gwethenoc and James, the third was named Wing-waloe.

"Fracan, accompanied by his two lambs, that is, by his two sons, Wethenoc and Jacut, and by their mother Alba (Guen), embarked with a not very numerous retinue, traversed the British sea, and disembarked in Armorica, a forest-clad land, where he learned that the country was free from war; and the north-west wind breathing softly, they were carried to the port of Brahec. In which, looking about, and arriving about the eleventh hour, Fracan found a fairly extensive tract, suitable for the establishment of a single plou, surrounded on all sides by woods and thorn-brakes, since called after its discoverer, and watered by a certain river called Blood (Gouet). There he began to live, along with his company, secure against sicknesses."

Garaby records a tradition that barbarians having arrived off the coast of L&M in a fleet so large that the masts resembled a forest, Fracan summoned the British to attack them. The marauders attempted to disembark at Guisseny. The commandant of the leading body of British cried out, "Milguern!" (A thousand sails!) And afterwards a cross was erected on the spot, called Croas ar Mil guern. Fracan attacked the camp of the pirates, routed them, cut them to pieces, and burnt their ships.

460. Annals of Inisfallen. Auxilius fell asleep.

460 CRONICUM SCOTORUM

Death of Laeghaire, son of Niall, at Greallach Daiphil, on the side of Cais in Magh Lífé, between the two hills, viz., Erinn and Alba are their names. His guarantees to the Lagenians, i.e. the sun and wind, that killed him there, as the Poet said:—

Laeghaire, son of Niall, died On the side of Cais, green its land;
The elements of God, which he had pledged as guarantee,
Inflicted the doom of death on the King.

460, Annals of Ulster Pope Leo died. He held the see of Peter for 27 or 24 years, 1 month and 13 days, as Bede relates in his chronicle.

SBG St Benignus. "In the year 460 Saint Benignus came to Glastonbury. He was disciple of S. Patrick, and his third successor in the episcopate, as is recorded in their Acts. Benignus, by the counsel of an Angel, leaving his coimtry and pontificate and abandoning his dignity, having undertaken a voluntary pilgrimage arrived at Glastonbury, God being his guide; and there he encountered S. Patrick. Of how great favour he was in with God is manifested by many tokens. This is testified at Feringmere, where a spring rose at his prayers, and a great flourishing tree grew out of his dry staff. Here, finally, after great anguish he came to a blessed end, in the said island, and there rested till the days of William Rufus, when he was translated to Glastonbury."

Benignus, after having spent many years in Ireland as a bishop, at the summons of an angel departed on pilgrimage, and came to Glastonbury where he found S. Patrick, who said to him "Go, my brother. content with your staff, and wheresoever it begins to bud, leaf and bloom, there abide, it is ordained for your resting place." Then Benignus, attended by a boy. Pincius, went through the marsh and willow tangled waste, till they came to an islet or toft in the marsh called Ferramere, and there his rod rooted itself and put forth leaves. At that time the river which now flows by it, took another course, and Benignus had to send his boy Pinch some distance for water.

One day Pinch was bringing a pitcher full, the weather was hot, and he lay down half-way and fell asleep. Whilst he snored a mischievous fellow stole the pitcher. Pinch awoke, and when he found the vessel gone, set up a howl, and presently,

laughing, the practical joker showed himself and restored it. Pinch took the pitcher to his master and told him that the Devil had played him a trick, but had surrendered the vessel when he cried out to the God of Benignus. The hermit, compassionating the labour imposed on Pinch, thrust his staff into the soil and elicited a copious spring.

Benignus was wont at night to walk along a causeway he had constructed to Glastonbury to pray there in the church of S. Mary. One night he found his Passage obstructed by a monstrous form. He addressed it in these words, " You bloody beast! what are you doing here ? " The Demon replied, "I have been awaiting you, you toothless old man, hoping to deceive you." Thereupon Benignus went at him manfully, caught him by the scruff of the neck, belaboured him with his staff, and flung him into a well or mere hard by, where he sank and was never again seen, and this well or mere was held to be bottomless.

When he felt that his time was come, Benignus summoned his disciples to him and announced to them that his hour was at hand, then raising his eyes to heaven, he expired in their arms on November 3.

461 Annals of Ulster Hilary was made 44th pontiff of the Roman Church, and lived 6 years. Or this year Leo died. Here some record the repose of Patrick. Laegaire son of Niall lived for 7 years 7 months and 7 days after the Feast of Temair. The battle of Áth Dara was won against Laegaire by the Laigin, of whom Cremthann was then ruler.

461. Annals of Inisfallen. The repose of Pope Leo, and the ordination of bishop Hilary.

461 CRONICUM SCOTORUM Commencement of the reign of Oilill Molt, son of Nathi.

St Hilarius Pope 461-468

Libius Severus Emperor of The West 461-465

461 CRONICUM SCOTORUM Commencement of the reign of Oilill Molt, son of Nathi.

461 SBG In that year a British bishop, Mansuetus, attended the Council of Tours.

462. Annals of the Four Masters The fourth year of Oilioll. Domhangort, son of Nissi, died.

462 Annals of Ulster Death of Laegaire son of Niall, at Grellach Dabhaill or Grellach Ghaifil on the side of Caisse in Magh Life, between two hills called Eiriu and Albu; for the Laigin thought that it was sun and wind that killed him.

463 Annals of Ulster , Beginning of the reign of Ailill Molt, son of Nath

463. Annals of the Four Masters The fifth year of Oilioll. The feast of Teamhair was celebrated by Oilioll Molt this year.

463. Annals of Inisfallen. The death of Laegaire, son of Niall, at Grellach Dabhaill between two hills, namely Ériu and Alba.

464. Ailill Molt reigned.

464 Annals of Ulster The first battle of Ard Corann, won by the Laigin. The **Angles** came to England.

464. Annals of the Four Masters The sixth year of Oilioll. The battle of Dumha Aichir was fought by the Leinstermen, against Oilioll Molt.

Conall Gulban, son of Niall of the Nine Hostages (from whom are descended the Cinel Conaill), was slain by the old tribes of Magh Slecht, he having been found unprotected, and was buried at Fidhnach Maighe Rein, by Saint Caillin, as the Life of the aforesaid saint relates.

464 CRONICUM SCOTORUM Domangart Mac Nisi quievit.

465 ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE. . This year Hengest and Esc fought with the Welsh, nigh Wippedfleet; and there slew twelve leaders, all Welsh. On their side a thane was there slain, whose name was Wipped.

SBG St Madrun, or Madryn, was the daughter of Vortimer, or Gwrthefyr Fendigaid, and wife of Ynyr Gwent, Regulus of Caerwent. Her sister Anne was married to Cynyr, of Caer Gawch, and mother of S. Non. Madrun had as children, Ceidio, Iddon, Cynheiddon, and Tegiwg. According to other accounts she was sometime also married to Gwgon Gwron, by whom she was the mother of S. Cedwyn.

Her daughter Tegiwg fell in love with a young carpenter engaged in building a palace for her father. The king was vastly incensed, but the girl was headstrong, and the parents had to give way. The carpenter, however, was not so amorous as Tegiwg, or felt overwhelmed with the honour, and being ashamed, we are told, at having only a humble home to which to conduct her, he cut off her head and left her. But S. Beuno raised her 'to life again. The young wife then retired from the world and embraced the religious life.

Ynyr received S. Tathan, an Irish Saint, and settled him at Caerwent, where he formed a college, and became the ecclesiastical director to the king and his family. Tathan's holy life and teaching must have deeply impressed Madrun.

In the troubles that ensued on the bad government of Vortigern, and the wrath of the Britons against him for having introduced the Saxons into the country, that prince was compelled to fly from his own insurgent subjects, and took refuge in a valley under The Rivals, in Carnarvonshire, where he had a dun of wood. If any reliance may be placed on Nennius, then S. Germanus was strong in causing the rebellion, but at the head of the revolted Britons was Aurelius Ambrosius.

According to the legend, Madrun was with her grandfather, and had with her her eldest child, Ceidio, when the wooden castle was surrounded and set on fire. Vortigern perished in the flames, according to one account, but Madrun fled with Ceidio in her arms.

The troubles of her native land probably caused Madrun to take refuge in Cornwall, where she is called S. Materiana. Her father, Vortimer, died about 457, and her grandfather Vortigern about 464, and we may suppose that Madrun died in the first years the succeeding century.

SBG St Iddon. the son of Ynyr Gwent, and brother of SS. Ceidio, Cynheiddon, and Tegiwg. His mother was S. Madrun, the daughter of Vortimer.

465 CRONICUM SCOTORUM Quies of Benignus, successor of Patrick.

465. Annals of the Four Masters The seventh year of Oilioll Molt. The feast of Teamhair was celebrated by Oilioll Molt. Eoghan, son of Niall of the Nine Hostages (from whom are descended the Cinel Eoghain), died of grief for Conall Gulban, son of Niall of the Nine Hostages, and was buried at Uisce Chain, in Inis Eoghain; concerning which was said:

1. Eoghan, son of Niall, died Of tears,—good his nature,—
In consequence of the death of Conall, of hard feats,
So that his grave is at Uisce Chain.

Crimhthann, son of Enda Censelach, King of Leinster, was killed by the son of his own daughter, i.e. Eochaidh Guineach, one of the Ui Bairrche.

465 Annals of Ulster Hilarius, bishop of the Roman Church, died; he occupied the see of Peter for 6 years, 3 months and 10 days. Simplicius was consecrated, and he sat for 12 years, 1 month and days. Eógan son of Niall died.

SBG St Dubricius. Pepiau, or Peipiau, king of Erging or Archenfield, (Madley) in Herefordshire, son of Erb, King of Gwent and Erging, had a daughter named Efrddyl. On his return from a warfaring expedition he asked her to wash his head ; and whilst she was thus engaged, he perceived that she was in the family-way. He was angry, and ordered her to be put in a skin bag and thrown into the river. She was, however, washed ashore, and then he sentenced her to be burnt alive.

Next morning he sent to inquire about her ashes, and the messengers found her sitting on the pyre, nursing her new-born son. Pepiau ordered mother and child to be brought to him, and he took the infant in his arms.

Now Pepiau was afflicted with a drivelling mouth, and two servants attended continually to wipe away the saliva with napkins. It fell out that when the child on his lap stroked his cheeks, he was completely healed of his infirmity. Pepiau then granted to the child the place where it had been born, which was called Matle. Eventually, a stone was set up on the spot in commemoration of the marvellous birth there of the child Dubricius (Dyfrig).

465. Annals of Inisfallen. Isserninus fell asleep.

466.. The battle of Ard Corainn.

466. Annals of the Four Masters The eighth year of Oilioll Molt. The feast of Tara held by Oilill Molt

466 Annals of Ulster An earthquake frightened the city of Ravenna. Domangart Mac Nisi rested.

Sidonius Apollinaris, Letter to his friend Domitius A.D. 461-7(?)

Avitaci sumus. The villa of Avitacum, named from Avitus, is the estate which Sidonius received with his wife Papianilla. Fauchet considered that it was situated by the lake of Sorlieu, then called Abitac, and now, perhaps, Obier (*Antiquites francaises*,). But the position is uncertain; another opinion favours the lake of Aydat, in Puy-de-Dome. In any case, Avitacum was not far from Clermont. The description is modelled ozzzn Pliny's pictures of his country-houses (*Ep.* II. xvii; V. vi). Cf. Chaix, i, pp. 148 ff.

You attack me for staying in the country; I might with greater reason complain of you for lingering in town. Spring already gives place to summer; the sun has travelled his full range to the Tropic of Cancer and now advances on his journey towards the

pole. Why should I waste words upon the climate which we here enjoy? The Creator has so placed us that we are exposed to the afternoon heats. Enough said; the whole world glows; the snow is melting on the Alps; the earth is seamed with gaping heat-cracks. The fords are nothing but dry gravel, the banks hard mud, the plains dust; the running streams languish and hardly drag themselves along; as for the water, hot is not the word; it boils. We are all perspiring in light silks or linens; but there you stay at Ameria all swathed up under your great gown, buried in a deep chair, and setting with many yawns 'My mother was a Samian' to pupils paler from the heat than from any fear of you. As you love your health, get away at once from your suffocating alleys, join our household as the most welcome of all guests, and in this most temperate of retreats evade the intemperate dog-star.

You may like to know the kind of place to which you are invited. We are at the estate known as Avitacum, a name of sweeter sound in my ears than my own patrimony because it came to me with my wife. Infer the harmony which established between me and mine; it is God's ordinance; but you might be pardoned for fearing it the work of some enchantment. On the west rises a big hill, pretty steep but not rocky, from which issue two lower spurs, like branches from a double trunk, extending over an area of about four jugera. But while the ground opens out enough to form a broad approach to the front door, the straight slopes on either side lead a valley right to the boundary of the villa, which faces north and south.

On the south-west are the baths, which so closely adjoin a wooded eminence that if timber is cut on the hill above, the piles of logs slide down almost by their own weight, and are brought up against the very mouth of the furnace.

At this point is the hot bath, which corresponds in size with the adjoining *unguentarium*, except that it has an apse with a semicircular basin; here the hot water pressing through the sinuous lead pipes that pierce the wall issues with a sobbing sound. The chamber itself is well heated from beneath; it is full of day, and so overflowing with light that very modest bathers seem to themselves something more than naked.

Next come the spacious *frigidarium*, which may fairly challenge comparison with those in public baths. The roof is pyramidal, and the spaces between the converging ridges are covered with imbricated tiles; the architect has inserted two opposite windows about the junction of walls and dome, so that if you look up, you see the fine coffering displayed to the best advantage.

The interior walls are unpretentiously covered with plain white stucco, and the apartment is designed by the nicest calculation of space to contain the same number of persons as the semicircular bath holds bathers, while it yet allows the servants to move about without impeding one another. No frescoed scene obtrudes its comely nudities, gracing the art to the disgrace of the artist. You will observe no painted actors in absurd masks, and costumes rivalling Philistio's gear with colours gaudy as the rainbow. You will find no pugilists or wrestlers intertwining their oiled limbs in those grips which, in real bouts, the gymnasiarch's chaste wand unlocks the moment the enlaced limbs look indecent. Enough you will see upon these walls none of those things which it is nicer not to look upon. A few verses there are, harmless lines enough, since no one either regrets perusal or cares to peruse again. If you want to know what marbles are employed, neither Paros nor Carystos, nor Proconnesos, nor Phrygia, nor Numidia, nor Sparta have contributed their diverse inlays. I had no use for stone that simulates a broken surface, with Ethiopic crags and purple precipices stained with genuine murex. Though enriched by no cold splendour of foreign marble, my poor huts and hovels do not lack the coolness to which a plain citizen may aspire.

But now I had really better talk about the things I have, than the things I lack.

With this hall is connected on the eastern side an annexe, a piscina, or, if you prefer the Greek word, baptistery, with a capacity of about twenty thousand modii. Into this the bathers pass from the hot room by three arched entrances in the dividing wall. The supports are not piers but columns, which your experienced architect calls the glory of buildings. Into this piscina, then, a stream lured from the brow of the hill is conducted in channels curving round the outside of the swimming basin; it issues through six pipes terminating in lions' heads which, to one entering rapidly, seem to present real fangs, authentic fury of eyes, indubitable manes. When the master of the house stands here with his household or his guests about him, people have to shout in each other's ears, or the noise of falling water makes their words inaudible; the interference of this alien sound forces conversations which are quite public to assume an amusing air of secrecy. On leaving this chamber you see in front of you the withdrawing-room; adjoining it is the storeroom, separated only by a movable partition from the place where the maids do our weaving.

On the east side a portico commands the lake, supported by simple wooden pillars instead of pretentious monumental columns. On the side of the front entrance is a long covered space unbroken by interior divisions; it may be incorrect to call this a hypodrome, but I may fairly award it the name of cryptoporticus. At the end it is curtailed by a section cut off to form a delightfully cool bay, and here when we keep open festival, the whole chattering chorus of nurses and dependants sounds a halt when the family retires for the siesta.

The winter dining-room is entered from this cryptoporticus; a roaring fire on an arched hearth often fills this apartment with smoke and smuts. But that detail I may spare you; a glowing hearth is the last thing I am inviting you to enjoy just now. I pass instead to things which suit the season and your present need. From here one enters a smaller chamber or dining-room, all open to the lake and with almost the whole expanse of lake in its view. This chamber is furnished with a dining-couch and gleaming sideboard upon a raised area or dais to which you mount gradually, and not by abrupt or narrow steps from the portico below. Reclining at this table you can give the idle moments between the courses to the enjoyment of the prospect.

If water of our famous springs is served and quickly poured into the cups, one sees snowy spots and clouded patches form outside them; the sudden chill dulls the fugitive reflections of the surface almost as if it had been greased. Such cups restrict one's draughts; the thirstiest soul on earth, to say nothing of Your Abstemiousness, would set lip to the freezing brims with caution. From table you may watch the fisherman row his boat out to mid-lake, and spread his seine with cork floats, or suspend his lines at marked intervals to lure the greedy trout on their nightly excursions through the lake with bait of their own flesh and blood: what phrase more proper, since fish is literally caught by fish?

The meal over, we pass into a withdrawing-room, which its coolness makes a perfect place in summer. Facing north, it receives all the daylight but no direct sun: a very small intervening chamber accommodates the drowsy servants, large enough to allow them forty winks but not a regular sleep. It is delightful to sit here and listen to the shrill cicada at noon, the croak of frogs in the gloaming, the clangour of swans and geese in the earlier night or the crow of cocks in the dead of it, the ominous voice of rooks saluting the rosy face of Dawn in chorus, or, in the half-light, nightingales fluting in the bushes and swallows twittering under the eaves. To this concert you may add the seven-stopped pipe of the pastoral Muse, on which the very wakeful Tityri of our hills will often vie one with another, while the herds about them low to the cow-bells as they graze along the pastures. All these tuneful songs and sounds will but charm you into deeper slumbers.

If you leave the colonnade and go down to the little lakeside harbour, you come to a greensward, and, hard by, to a grove of trees where every one is allowed to go. There stand two great limes, with roots and trunks apart, but the boughs interwoven in one continuous canopy. In their dense shade we play at ball¹ when my Ecdicius honours me with his company; but the moment the shadow of the trees shrinks to the area covered by the branches we stop for want of ground, and repose our tired limbs at dice.

I have described the house; I now owe you a description of the lake. It extends in a devious course towards the east, and when violent winds lash it to fury, drenches the lower part of the house with spray. At its head the ground is marshy and full of bog-holes, impassable to the explorer; a slimy and saturated mud has formed there, and cold springs rise on all sides; the edges are fringed with weed. When the wind drops, small boats cleave its changeful surface in all directions. But if dirty weather comes up from the south the whole lake is swollen into monstrous waves and a rain of spray comes crashing over the tree-tops upon the banks. By nautical measure, it is seventeen stadia in length. Where the river comes in, the broken water foams white against the rocky barriers; but the stream soon wins clear of the overhanging crags, and is lost in the smooth expanse. Whether the river itself makes the lake, or is only an affluent, I know not; certain it is that it reaches the other end, and flows away through subterranean channels which only deprive it of its fish, and leave it intact in volume. The fish, driven into more sluggish waters, increase in size, red bodied and white under the belly. They cannot either return or escape; they fatten, and go self-contained as it were in portable jails of their own composition.

On the right, a wooded shore curves with an indented line; on the left, it opens to a level sweep of grass. On the southwest the shallows along the banks look green; overarching boughs lend the water their own hue, and the water transmits it to the pebbles at the bottom; on the east, a similar fringe of foliage produces a like tint. On the north, the water preserves its natural colour; on the west, the shore is covered with a tangle of common growths crushed in many places where boats have rowed over them; close by, tufts of smooth reeds bend to the wind, and pulpy flat leaves of aquatic plants float upon the surface; the sweet waters nourish the bitter sap of the grey-green willows growing near.

In the deep middle of the lake is an islet, at one end of which projects a turning post upon boulders naturally piled, worn by contact with oar-blades during our aquatic sports; at this point competitors often collide and come to cheerful grief. Our fathers used to hold boat-races here in imitation of the Trojan ceremonial games at Drepanum.

It is not in my bond to describe the estate itself; suffice it to say that it has spreading woods and flowery meadows, pastures rich in cattle and a wealth of hardy shepherds.

Here I must conclude. Were my pen to run on much further the autumn would overtake you before you reached the end. Accord me, then, the grace of coming quickly; your return shall be as slow as ever you choose. And forgive me if, in my fear of overlooking anything about our situation here, I have given you facts in excess and beyond the fair limits of a letter. As it is, there are points which I have left untouched for fear of being tedious. But a reader of your judgement and imagination will not exaggerate the size of the descriptive page, but rather that of the house so spaciouly depicted. Farewell.

467. Annals of the Four Masters The ninth year of Oilíoll Molt. Benent, son of Sescnen, Bishop of Ard Macha Armagh, resigned his spirit.

467 CRONICUM SCOTORUM The Feast of Temhair celebrated by Oilill Molt.

Anthemius Emperor of The West 467-472

467 Annals of Ulster Repose of bishop Benignus, successor of Patrick. The Feast of Temair held by Ailill Molt son of Dath Í son of Fiachra son of Eochu Mugmedón. Thus I have found in the Book of Cuanu.

Death of **Uter Pendragon, king of England**, to whom succeeded his son, **King Arthur**, who instituted the Round Table.

SBG St Bedwin is mentioned in The Triads of Arthur and his Men, The Mabinogion, The Dream of Rohanwy, and The Sayings of the Wise, as Arthur's chief Bishop or Archbishop. There are no churches dedicated to this saint, nor is his festival given.

468 Annales Cambriae The death of Bishop Benignus.

St Simplicius Pope 468-483

468 Annals of Ulster Bishop Isserninus dies. The battle of Duma Aichir, i.e. won against Ailill Molt, as I have found in the Book of Cuanu.

468. Annals of the Four Masters The eleventh year of Oilioll. The boxing battle of Bri Ele against the Leinstermen, by Oilioll Molt.

468. Annals of Inisfallen. Repose of bishop Benignus ... dies in Rome. Death of Leo the Minor who reigned sixteen years, and Eman (Zeno) becomes emperor.

469.. The Festival of Temuir [celebrated] by Ailill Molt.

469 Annals of Ulster Or, the Feast of Temair held by Ailill Molt this year, according to others.

The Annals of Ulster The Feast of Temair held by Ailill Molt, as some say.

470. Annals of Inisfallen. The battle of Duma Aichir [gained] against Ailill Molt. Illann was victor.

The Age of Christ, 470. Annals of the Four Masters

The twelfth year of Oilioll. The battle of Dumha Aichir against Oilioll Molt, by the Leinstermen.

SBG St Iltyd was a native of Letavia, i.e. Armorica, or Lesser Britain. Among those who fled from Britain and settled in Lesser Britain was one Bicanus, of noble birth and military prowess. He was married to Rieingulid, daughter of Anblaud, King of Britain. Amlawdd Wledig, was married to Gwen, daughter of Cunedda Wledig, and was the father of Eigyr or Igerna, and grandfather of Arthur.

Iltyd was the fruit of the union, and he had as brother S. Sadwrn. He was educated in " the seven sciences " by Germanus the Armorican who became Bishop of Man,, and was with him for awhile in Paris, and had Brioc as his fellow pupil.

SBG St Oudoceus. The early history of Armorican Cornugallia is most obscure. We know that this portion of the Western peninsula had been colonized from Britain, at an early period. We hear of a king, Grallo, who ruled there about 470 to 505.

471 CRONICUM SCOTORUM The conflict of Brí Ele gained over the Lagenians by Oilill Molt.

471. Annals of Inisfallen. The second prey of the Saxon from Ireland.

471 Annals of Ulster The second prey of the Saxons from Ireland (as some state) was carried off this year, as Maucteus (Mochta) says. Thus I have found in the Book of Cuanu.

Sidonius Apollinaris, Letters. To the Lord Bishop Basilius A.D. 472-3

GOD has permitted us to give this generation a new example of what old friendship means; ours indeed is an attachment of long duration, and equal strength upon both sides. But our respective positions are by no means equal: you are the patron and I the client; perhaps, indeed, I presume too far in saying even so much. For so great is my unworthiness, that even the proven efficacy of your intercession can hardly make good my backsliding. Because you are doubly my lord and master, firstly as my protector, secondly as my friend; because I so well remember (was I not by?) the flow of your eloquence, springing from that fervent zeal of yours, when you pierced with the point of your spiritual testimonies Modaharius the Goth as he brandished the darts of Arian heresy against you; because of all this, I need fear no charge of disrespect towards other pontiffs when I pour into your ears my grief at the ravages of the great wolf of our times, who ranges about the ecclesiastical fold battenning upon lost souls, and biting right and left by stealth and undetected. For that old enemy begins by threatening the shepherds' throats, knowing it the best way to ensure his triumph over the bleating and abandoned sheep. I am not so far oblivious of my own career as to ignore that I am one whose conscience has yet to be washed clean by many tears; but by God's grace my foulness shall at last be cleared away with the mystic rake of your intercession. But since consideration for the public safety must come before everything, even a man's sense of his own unworthiness, I shall not hesitate to proclaim the cause of truth, disregarding all insinuations about my vanity, or doubts as to the sincerity of my faith. Neither a saint like you can fitly here discuss, nor a sinner like myself indict, the action of Euric the Gothic king in breaking and bearing down an ancient treaty to defend, or rather extend by armed force the frontiers of his kingdom. It is the rule here below, for Dives to be clothed in purple and fine linen, and for Lazarus to bear the lash of sores and poverty. So long as we walk in this allegoric land of Egypt, it is the rule that Pharaoh shall go with a diadem on his head, and the Israelite with the carrier's basket. It is the rule that while we are burned in the furnace of this symbolic Babylon we must sigh and groan like Jeremiah for the spiritual Jerusalem, while Assur thunders in his royal pomp and treads the Holy of Holies beneath his feet. Yet when I compare the transient joys of this world with those which are to come, I find it easier to endure calamities which no mortal may escape. For, firstly, when I consider my own demerits, all possible troubles seem lighter than those which I deserve; and then know well that the best of cures for the inward man is for the outward man to be threshed by the flails of suffering. I must confess that formidable as the mighty Goth may be, I dread him less as the assailant of our walls than as the subverter of our Christian laws. They say that the mere mention of the name of Catholic so embitters his countenance and heart that one might take him for the chief priest of his Arian sect rather than for the monarch of his nation. Omnipotent

in arms, keen-witted, and in the full vigour of life, he yet makes this single mistake---- he attributes his success in his designs and enterprises to the orthodoxy of his belief, whereas the real cause lies in mere earthly fortune. For these reasons I would have you consider the secret malady of the Catholic Church that you may hasten to apply an open remedy. Bordeaux, Périgueux, Rodez, Limoges, Javols, Eauze, Bazas, Comminges, Auch, and many another city are all like bodies which have lost their heads through the death of their respective bishops. No successors have been appointed to fill their places, and maintain the ministry in the lower orders of the Church; the boundaries of spiritual desolation are extended far and wide. Every day the ruin spreads by the death of more fathers in God; so pitiful is her state, that the very heresiarchs of former times, to say nothing of contemporary heretics, might well have looked with pity on peoples orphaned of their pontiffs and oppressed by desperation at this catastrophe of their faith. Diocese and parish lie waste without ministers. You may see the rotten roofs of churches fallen in, the doors unhinged and blocked by growing brambles. More grievous still, you may see the cattle not only lying in the half-ruined porticoes, but grazing beside altars green with weeds. And this desolation is not found in country parishes alone; even the congregations of urban churches begin to fall away. What comfort remains to the faithful, when not only the teaching of the clergy perishes, but their very memory is lost out of mind? When a priest departs this life, not merely the holder of the sacred office dies, but the office itself dies with him, unless with his failing breath he gives his blessing to a successor. What hope remains when the term of a man's life implies the end of religion in his parish? If you examine more closely the ills of the body spiritual, you will soon perceive that for every bishop snatched from our midst, the faith of a population is imperilled. I need not mention your colleagues Crocus and Simplicius, removed alike from their thrones and suffering a common exile, if different punishments. For one of them laments that he cannot see whither he is to return; the other that he sees only too clearly where he is to return no more. You for your part have about you the most holy bishops Faustus, Leontius, and Graecus, environed by the city, your order and their fraternal love. To you these miserable treaties are submitted, the pacts and agreements of two kingdoms pass through your hands. Do your best, as far as the royal condescension suffers you, to obtain for our bishops the right of ordination in those parts of Gaul now included within the Gothic boundaries, that if we cannot keep them by treaty for the Roman State, we may at least hold them by religion for the Roman Church. Deign to bear me in remembrance, my Lord Bishop.

472 CRONICUM SCOTORUM Battle of Dumagh Aicher gained by the Lagenians over Oilill Molt.

Olybrius Emperor of The West 472

472. Annals of the Four Masters The fourteenth year of Oilill. Toca, son of Aedh, son of Senach, chief of Cricoch Cualann, in Leinster, died.

472 Jordanes

His (Theodorid King of the Visigoths) brother Eurich succeeded him with such eager haste that he fell under dark suspicion. Now while these and various other matters were happening among the people of the Visigoths, the Emperor Valentinian was slain by the treachery of Maximus, and Maximus himself, like a tyrant, usurped the rule. Gaiseric, king of the Vandals, heard of this and came from Africa to Italy with ships of war, entered Rome and laid it waste. Maximus fled and was slain by a certain Ursus, a Roman soldier. After him Majorian undertook the government of the

Western Empire at the bidding of Marcian, Emperor of the East. But he too ruled but a short time. For when he had moved his forces against the Alani who were harassing **Gaul**, he was killed at Dertona near the river named Ira. Severus succeeded him and died at Rome in the third year of his reign. When the Emperor Leo, who had succeeded Marcian in the Eastern Empire, learned of this, he chose as emperor his Patrician Anthemius and sent him to Rome. Upon his arrival he sent against the Alani his son-in-law Ricimer, who was an excellent man and almost the only one in Italy at that time fit to command the army. In the very first engagement he conquered and destroyed the host of the Alani, together with their king, Beorg.

Now Eurich, king of the Visigoths, perceived the frequent change of Roman Emperors and strove to hold Gaul by his own right. The Emperor Anthemius heard of it and asked the **Brittones** for aid. Their King Riotimus came with twelve thousand men into the state of the Bituriges by the way of Ocean, and was received as he disembarked from his ships. Eurich, king of the Visigoths, came against them with an innumerable army, and after a long fight he routed Riotimus, king of the **Brittones**, before the Romans could join him. So when he had lost a great part of his army, he fled with all the men he could gather together, and came to the Burgundians, a neighboring tribe then **allied** to the Romans. But Eurich, king of the Visigoths, seized the Gallic city of Arverna; for the Emperor Anthemius was now dead.

Engaged in fierce war with his son-in-law Ricimer, he had worn out Rome and was himself finally slain by his son-in-law and yielded the rule to Olybrius.

Glycerius Emperor of The West 473-474

473 ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE. . This year Hengest and Esc fought with the Welsh, and took immense Booty. And the Welsh fled from the English like fire.

Gildas

Some therefore, of the miserable remnant, being taken in the mountains, were murdered in great numbers; others, constrained by famine, came and yielded themselves to be slaves for ever to their foes, running the risk of being instantly slain, which truly was the greatest favour that could be offered them: some others passed beyond the seas with loud lamentations instead of the voice of exhortation. "Thou hast given us as sheep to be slaughtered, and among the Gentiles hast thou dispersed us." Others, committing the safeguard of their lives, which were in continual jeopardy, to the mountains, precipices, thickly wooded forests, and to the rocks of the seas (albeit with trembling hearts), remained still in their country. But in the meanwhile, an opportunity happening, when these most cruel robbers were returned home, the poor remnants of our nation (to whom flocked from divers places round about our miserable countrymen as fast as bees to their hives, for fear of an ensuing storm), being strengthened by God, calling upon him with all their hearts, as the poet says,--"With their unnumbered vows they burden heaven," that they might not be brought to utter destruction, took arms under the conduct of **Ambrosius Aurelianus**, a modest man, who of all the Roman nation was then alone in the confusion of this troubled period by chance left alive. His parents, who for their merit were adorned with the purple, had been slain in these same broils, and now his progeny in these our days, although shamefully degenerated from the worthiness of their ancestors, provoke to battle their cruel conquerors, and by the goodness of our Lord obtain the victory.

SBG ST Ambrosius.

The Church of Amesbury claimed to have been founded by one Ambrosius, but whether this were an abbot, or whether he were Ambrosius who headed the revolt against Gwrtheym ; whether this latter, after having led the Britons to battle against the Saxons, in his old age became a monk and founded a religious house over which he ruled as abbot at Amesbury, is all uncertain, and never will be cleared up ; but the latter supposition is not improbable. Aurelius Ambrosius. or Ambrosius Aurelianus, is the only one of his countrymen against whom the venomous Gildas does not inveigh. The monastery, according to Camden, contained three hundred monks, and was destroyed by ** nescio quis barbarus Gormundus." This Gormund was Gorman, son of Cormac Mac Diarmid, king of the Hy Bairche, who in the middle of the sixth century destroyed Llanbadam Fawr and other churches, and did much havoc in Britain.

In the Welsh Pedigrees, Ambrosius is Emrys Wledig, or as Nennius calls him, Embreis Guletic. The Welsh accounts make Ambrosius son of Cystennin, Constantine, whom they derive from Cynan Meiriadog,^ brother of Elen, wife of Maximus ; and they make Cystennin Gomeu the brother of Aldor, or Audroen, father of Emyr Llydaw, the ancestor of a noble army of Saints who drifted about between Armorica and South Wales. They make, moreover, Emrys, or Ambrosius, brother of Uthur Bendragon, the father of Arthur.'

SBG St Coel. Coel Hen, or Coel Godebog son of Guotepauc, the son of Tecmant Godebog being his father's name, and not his epithet, which was Hen. According to these genealogies he was the father of Garbaniaun and Ceneu. King of Ayreshire. Geoffrey of Monmouth, who styles him Earl of Gloucester, says that he had only one child, Elen Luyddog, or Helen, the wife of Constantius, and the mother of Constantine the Great. However, the old Welsh saga, the Dream of Maxen Wledig, makes Elen Luyddog the daughter of Eudaf, son of Caradog, and the wife of Maxen, Emperor Maximus.

SBG St Owain, sometimes called Owain Finddu, or the Black-lipped, the son of Maccen Wledig (the Emperor Maximus) by Elen Luyddog, of Carnarvon. 3 He had as brothers, Ednyfed, Peblig, and Cystenniri, and is said to have been the father of S. Madog. Triads of the Third (or latest) Series assert that, after the departure of the Romans, he was elected by national convention to be supreme ruler of Britain. Under him, it is said, Britain was restored to a state of independence, and the annual tribute, which had been paid to the Romans since the days of Julius Caesar, was discontinued.

SBG St Peblig. was the son of Maxen Wledig, or Maximus, and Elen Luyddog, 2 and brother of Owain, who, after the death of Maximus, was acknowledged as King of all Britain, and who refused to pay the tribute demanded of Britain by the Romans. Cystennin, Ednyfed and Gwythyr (Victor) were also sons of Maxen. Peblig is esteemed the founder of Llanbeblig near Carnarvon. In this finger of land between the river and the Straits lay the ancient town of Segontium. The neighbourhood teems with memories of Elen, the wife of Maximus, and mother of Peblig. Here, among the crumbling remains of the town, he founded his church. The Irish had taken advantage of the departure of Maximus with the flower of the British youth in 387, to fall upon the coast of Wales, and to occupy it. But probably the Roman walls of Segontium held them at bay, and though they spread over the country and held Mon in force, they did not venture to break into the fortified town. So only can we account for the foundation of Peblig in Segontium.

473 Annals of Ulster The emperor Leo the Elder, having previously appointed Leo the Younger Caesar, died of disease, in the seventeenth year and sixth month of the reign, counting the years of his own rule and the months of this latter Leo's reign. The emperor Leo the Younger, his son, appointed Zeno Caesar. Repose of the holy bishop Doccus, abbot of the Britons. The mêlée of Brí Éile won over the Laigin by Ailill Molt.

Julius Nepos Emperor of The West 474-475

474. Annals of the Four Masters The sixteenth year of Oilioll. Eirc, son of Eochaidh Muinreamhar, died.

474 Annals of Ulster The battle of Duma Aichir won over Ailill Molt by the Laigin. Kalends of January fourth feria, ninth of the moon.

Sidonius Apollinaris, Letters. To his [kinsman] Thaumastus A.D. 474-5

AT last we have discovered who the villains are who have accused your brother before our tetrarch for siding with the partisans of the new Emperor---unless, indeed, the stealthy steps of the informers have deceived the proved sagacity of our friends. They are the wretches, as you yourself have heard me say upon the spot, whom Gaul endures with groans these many years, and who make the barbarians themselves seem merciful by comparison. They are the scoundrels whom even the formidable fear. These are the men whose peculiar province it seems to be to calumniate, to denounce, to intimidate, and to plunder.

These are they who in quiet times make parade of their affairs, in peace of their ample spoils, in war of their evasions, over their cups of their victories. These are the creatures who will spin out a case if they are called in, and block its progress if they are kept out; who grow offensive if reminded of their duty, and if they once pocket your fee, forget their obligation. These are the fellows who buy themselves a lawsuit to sell their mediation; who control the appointment of arbitrators, dictate their sentence, and tear it up whenever it suits them to do so; who incite litigants to sue, and hold the hearing in suspense; who hale off the convicted, and force back into the court those who would fain escape by settlement. These are the men who, asked a favour opposed by none, will promise with reluctance what shame forbids them to refuse, and moan if they have to keep their word.

These are they at whose appearance the world's great scoundrels would confess themselves surpassed, Narcissus, Asiaticus, Massa, Marcellus, Carus, Parthenius, Licinus, Pallas, and all their peers. These are they who grudge quiet folks their peace, the soldier his pay, the courier his fare, the merchant his market, the ambassador his gifts, the farmer of tolls his dues, the provincial his farm, the municipality its flamen's dignity, the controllers of revenue their weights, the receivers their measures, the registrars their salary, the accountants their fees, the bodyguards their presents, towns their truces, tax gatherers their taxes, the clergy the respect men pay them, the nobles their lineage, superiors their seats in council, equals equality, the official his jurisdiction, the ex-official his distinctions, scholars their schools, masters their stipends, and finished pupils their accomplishments.

These are the upstarts drunken with new wealth (I spare you no sordid detail), who by their intemperate use betray their unfamiliarity with riches. They like to march under arms to a banquet, they will attend a funeral in white, and wear mourning at a marriage festival; they go to church in furs, and hear a litany in beaver. No race of men, no rank, no epoch is ever to their liking. In the market they behave like Scyths; in the chamber they are vipers, at feasts buffoons. While they are harpies in exaction,

in conversation you might as well talk to statues, or address a question to brute beasts. In negotiation slow as snails, they are sharp as money-lenders at a contract. In comprehension they are stones, in judgement stocks; swift as flame in anger, hard as iron in forgiveness, pards in friendship, bears in humour, foxes in deceit, overbearing as bulls, fierce as Minotaurs in destruction.

They believe in the unsettlement of affairs; the more troubled the time the firmer their faith in its advantage. Cowardice and a bad conscience destroy their nerves; they are lions in the palace and hares in camp; they dread treaties for fear of having to disgorge, and war for fear of having to fight. Let them but scent from afar a rusty purse, and you will see them fix on it the eyes of Argus, Briareus' hands, the Sphinx's claws; they will bring into play the perjuries of Laomedon, the subtleties of Ulysses, Sinon's wiles; they will stick to it with the staunchness of Polymestor and the loyalty of a Pygmalion.

Such are the morals with which they hope to crush a man both powerful and good. And what can one man do, encompassed on every side by slanderers whose venomous lips distort each word he says? What should he do when nature meant him for honest company, but fortune cast him among thieves whose evil communications would make Phalaris more bloodthirsty, Midas more covetous, Ancus vainer, Tarquin haughtier, Tiberius craftier, Gaius more dangerous, Claudius more slothful, Nero more corrupt, Galba more avaricious, Otho more reckless, Vitellius more prodigal, Domitian more ferocious?

But we have one consolation in our trouble; fair Tanaquil restrains our Lucumon: she waits her chance, and rids his ears by a few coaxing words of all the poison with which the whisperers have filled them. You ought to know that we owe it to her interest if up till now the mind of our common patron has not been poisoned against our brothers by these younger Cibyrites; God willing, it never will be, while the present power holds Lyons for the German race, and our present Agrippina exerts her moderating influence on her Germanicus. Farewell.

SBG St Martin of Torry Island. he laboured in Ireland, and belonged to S. Patrick's mission, but he was a native of Britain. Patrick went into Ossory and founded churches and cloisters there " (this was in 474) ; " and he said that there would be nobles and clerics of the men of Ossory, and that no province would prevail against them long as they should bide as Patrick willed. Patrick afterwards, bidding them farewell, left with them Martin, an Elder, and a party of his people, where is at this day Martharthech in Mag Raigne."

Ciaran, who was at Saighir, held him in the highest respect. From the fact that he himself belonged to the expelled royal family, and that Ossory was in the hands of conquerors, who regarded him with mistrust, he was not able to travel about in Ossory, and was glad of the assistance of Martin, who, as a foreigner, was not looked on with suspicion. So highly indeed did Ciaran appreciate him, that he made Martin promise that, when they died, they should repose side by side. Eventually Martin retired to Torry Isle (Tor Inis), off Donegal, and there died.

SBG St Ciaran. Whither he went we do not know, for all the story of his expedition to Rome and ordination by Pope Celestine must be dismissed as unhistorical. Probably he visited Cornwall and Armorica, whither, apparently, many Ossorians had fled when Aengus devastated Magh Feimhin, and gave it up to the Deisi.

Probably Ciaran returned to Ireland in 474, and went first to his native island of Inis Ciar, for a church and cross are shown there that bear his name, or he may have attempted to settle at Rath Ciaran in Kilkenny, as this place bears his name. But he

was very quickly summoned to the presence of Aengus MacNadfraich, King of Munster. A son of Ere MacDuach, one of his own kinsmen, perhaps the son of Ere his uncle, son of Ruman Duach, and therefore his first cousin, had maliciously 'killed a horse belonging to S. Patrick, whilst the Saint was visiting Aengus. The king, not sorry for an excuse to deal sharply with one of the family of the Hy Duach, obtained his arrest, and declared his intention of putting him to death. Ciaran interceded for his kinsman, and undertook to pay the eric or legal fine for the horse. When, however, he endeavoured to raise the money, he found it impossible to collect the sum required. He was happily succoured by accident. Aengus caught a chill that settled in his eyes, producing acute inflammation. He at once concluded that Ciaran had " ill-wished " him, and in a panic sent for him, made peace, released the man who had killed the horse, and remitted the fine.

However, Aengus would not suffer Ciaran to settle and make a foundation in the land of his fathers, and the saint wandered off to a place just beyond the confines of the intrusive Cucraidh. It was a spot near the centre of Ireland, on the boundary between the northern and southern divisions of Ireland, but on the Munster side. This, Seir-Ciaran or Saighir, is now a small village in the barony of Ballybritt, in King's County, not far from the north-western extremity of the Slieve Bloom Mountains. In the legend, as afterwards elaborated, it was a spot to which Patrick, whom he had met abroad, had bidden him repair, and where was the well of Uaran, probably one to which sanctity attached in pagan times.

According to the story, Ciaran began by occupying a cell in the midst of a wood, living as a hermit, and his first disciples were a boar, a fox, a badger, a wolf and a doe. Happily we are able to unravel this fable. One of his pupils was S. Sinnach, of the clan of the Hy Sin- nach, or the Foxes, in Teffia, near Saighir. Another may have been a member of the Broc tribe in Munster. Os (doe) was unquestionably an Ossorian disciple. S. Ciaran's wolf was none other than his uncle Laig- hniadh Faeladh. But faeladh has a double meaning, it is " hospitable," as well as " wolfish." There is a Kiltorcan, which must have been founded by a Tore (boar), another pupil. By this we can see how marvels were developed out of simple facts.

S. Ciaran induced his mother, Liadhain, to found a religious house for women at Killeen, not far from Saighir. " A maiden came to Ciaran, and he made her a Christian, and a true servant of God ; and Ciaran constructed for her a little honourable cell near to the monastery, and he gathered other holy virgins around her." Who this damsel was we are not informed in the text, but it would seem to have been Liadhain, a namesake of his mother, and a granddaughter of Cucraidh, who afterwards became abbess. Rapidly, however, the monastery grew in size, as disciples came to Ciaran from every quarter. In the treasury was a miraculous bell bestowed by S. Patrick on Ciaran, and which the apostle of Ireland had prophesied should remain mute until the latter arrived at the place designated as the site of his future resurrection. This bell, which was called " Bardan Kierani," had been made under the inspec- tion of Germanus, the Gallican instructor of Patrick. It was extant,, and held in high veneration at Saighir, when the first Life of Ciaran was written ; it was also universally honoured throughout Ossory, being carried to the treaties of princes, sworn on for the defence of the poor, and used to sanction the collection of the tribute due to the monastery by the people of Ossory. The Paschal fire was lighted every Easter and kept burning during the entire year.

Ciaran was given a pupil, Carthach, son, or more probably grandson, of Aengus MacNadfraich, and who succeeded Ciaran as abbot. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that this was due to an arrangement arrived at by Ciaran with the king of Munster and the usurper of Ossory. Aengus agreed to allow Ciaran to organize the religious communities on the Ossorian frontier, on condition that his son or grandson

should be made coarb ; and that when he had arrived at a suitable age, Ciaran should resign in his favour. In like manner Cucraidh sent his granddaughter to Killeen on the stipulation that she was to succeed there. By this arrangement it was provided that the headships of the two great ecclesiastical and educational establishments for Ossory should pass ultimately into the hands of scions of the usurpers. Carthach, who was thrust upon Ciaran, gave him much trouble. He carried on an amour with one of the young pupils of Liadhain's establishment ; and when Cuach, Ciaran's nurse, had either succeeded Liadhain at Killeen, or had founded another convent close by, Carthach carried on the same game with one of her damsels. At length the scandal became so flagrant that Ciaran advised Carthach to travel and sow his wild oats at Rome. S. Itha said of this escapade

A damsel named Bruinech the Slender was with Liadhain at Killeen. She inspired Dioma, chief of the Hy Fiachach tribe in West Meath, with a violent passion, and he carried her off. The relation in which Ciaran stood to S. Patrick is uncertain. That the sons of Ere, Ciaran's cousins, did steal his horses, we are told in the Life of S. Patrick, as also that he cursed them for so doing. There is, however, no mention in it of the intervention of Ciaran. Why they showed such hostility to the great apostle we are not informed. There exists a popular tradition among the natives of Ossory that Ciaran and Patrick were not on good terms, and that when they met Ciaran refused to salute Patrick. The tradition may be worthless. One thing, however, is clear, the apostle did encounter carping criticism and disparagement of his work on the part of some fellow workers, and his " Confession " was written to disarm this opposition.

In the Life of S. Ciaran we read that King Aengus went with S. Patrick to Saighir, twenty years after Ciaran and Patrick had met abroad, and Ciaran slaughtered eight oxen and broached so many casks of wine that it was said he must have turned the water of his well into wine to furnish so much good liquor.

Aengus, no doubt, did visit Saighir at some time before 480 ; and it was between 480 and 490 that Patrick wrote his " Confession." It is possible enough that he may have visited Saighir and have met with a cool reception. There exists jealousy even among the best of men, and Ciaran may have thought that Patrick was taking too much upon him in trying to extend his influence in Munster. Whether on this occasion or on another we do not know, but eight of King Aengus's harpers or bards were laid hold of and concealed in a bog. It is likely that the abduction was committed by some of the Meic Duach, who did not relish hearing the bards sing exaggerated accounts of the achievements of the victor, who had expelled them from the heritage of their fathers. Aengus took the matter in this light, sent for Ciaran, and stormed and threatened. Ciaran was able to appease his resentment only by recovering for him the eight men, who had been kept in concealment in an inaccessible fortress surrounded by morass. In the Life this was developed into a resuscitation of the bards from the dead. In the Irish Life we are told that Aengus consulted Ciaran about his harpers, because, having become a Christian, he did not like to consult a Druid. Now it fell out that Aengus and his wife Ethne Uatach, or " the Odious," at whose instigation Aengus had expelled the Ossorians and planted the Deisi on their lands, arrived on a visit to Cucraidh, the usurper, in his dun. Ethne was daughter of Crimthan and granddaughter of Enna Cinnsealach, who had banished the Clan Cliu, and with it Cuach, Ciaran's nurse. She was the second wife of Aengus, who by this time was an old man, and she was young ; had, in fact, been married to him whilst still a girl. A prophecy had been made to the Deisi, so says legend, that the man who should marry Ethne, who was being fostered among them, would give them wide and fertile lands to colonise. So they fed her on the flesh of infants to ripen her , early. 2 This is the bitter comment of the Ossorians on her conduct in goading on her uxorious husband to invade Magh Feimhin and expel the Ossorians. What is true is that, when she married Aengus,

mindful of her obligations to the Deisi of Waterford, she urged her husband to the wanton invasion of Ossory, and the colonizing of the land by the Deisi after he had driven out the natives.

When the royal pair arrived at the residence of Cucraidh, they were well received, and Ethne conceived a criminal passion for her host. This put Cucraidh in difficulties. He had no desire to embroil himself with his over-king ; and in his dilemma he sent for Ciaran, who arrived, bringing with him a basket of the blackberries he had preserved from the frost, as a present to the queen. The legend writer, so as to distort a very ordinary fact into a marvel, pretends that the season was Easter. It is far more probable that it was Samhain, the great feast and visiting time on November 1 Partaking of the fruit served the purpose of cooling the queen's irregular desires, probably by upsetting her stomach, which blackberries out of season are notoriously liable to do ; whence the popular saying that blackberries after Michaelmas Day belong to the devil.

475. Annals of the Four Masters The seventeenth year of Oilioll. Conall Cremhthoinn, son of Niall of the Nine Hostages, from whom are sprung the Clann Colmain, and race of Aedh Slaine, died.

Romulus Augustulus Emperor of The West 475-476

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

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

476. Annals of the Four Masters The eighteenth year of Oilioll. The battle of Granard by Eochaidh, son of Cairbre, son of Oilioll, son of Dunlaing, son of Enda Niadh, against the King of Leinster, Fraech, son of Finuchadh, son of Garchu, son of Fothadh, son of Eochaidh Lamhdoidh, son of Mesincorb; and Fraech fell therein.

476 CRONICUM SCOTORUM Death of Conall Crimhthann, son of Niall.

476 Romulus Augustulu Last Emperor of The West is deposed.

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