

**THE DAWN IN
BRITAIN.
VOLUME IV**

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The Dawn in Britain. Volume IV by Charles M. Doughty

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CHARLES M. DOUGHTY

**THE DAWN IN
BRITAIN.
VOLUME IV**

The Dawn in Britain

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VOLUME IV



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BOOK XIII

O if my temples were distain'd with wine,
And girt in girlonds of wilde yvie twine,
How could I reare the Muse on stately stage,
And teach her tread aloft in buskin fine,
With quaint Bellona in her equipage!

EDMUND SPENSER.

The Shepheards Calendar; October.

ARGUMENT

BRITONS' first battle with the Romans. Bodva, war-fury, incites Trugon, an archer, to shoot at Togodumnos. The warlord is wounded; Britons withdraw them to deep woods. The king's last behest and burial. The Britons' host remove, at sunrising. Caratacus, now arrived, is saluted Lord-of-war! Strife, among his captains. Britons send back, to bury their dead. Fugitives bring word, that Calleva was taken by the Romans!

Britons march. Caratacus communes, in the way, with his chief captains. Segontorix, that night, harries the Romans' *castra*. Aulus, at dawn, sends forth his legions. Vespasian is hardly saved, by his son, Titus. Aulus blows repair. Belerions now arrive, and the Silures and Demetans. The warlord, again, leads forth the Britons' army. Till noon, they expect battle. Then comes Thorolf, with his Almain bands! Story of the overthrow of Varus' legions.

Thorolf now proffers himself, to fight, singly, with chief captains of the Romans. Then Moelmabon's four sons fence the Almain ethling, with their strong warriors. Certain Roman Gauls, having Aulus' license, go forth, to chastise those insolent Almans. They are four hundred men; which array them, in four bands. They choose one Bassus their captain. Bassus is slain; and Merion and Ferriog, sons of Moelmabon, fall. Aulus now recalls those Roman Gauls. Waterers of Roman camp, are surprised and slain. Atrebat's course again, by night, the legions' *castra*. At new day, legionaries clamour

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to battle. Britons, enranged in arms, chant war-songs of bard Carvilius. The battle joined. Bodvocos is taken. Caratacus sends chariots, to fall on the hindward of the Romans. Aulus, again, sounds recall. Segontorix, a third time, (now with Camog and Morfran,) courses the legions' night-camps.

Nemeton stirs new strife, among the Britons' dukes. Segontorix, with his Atrebats, withdraw from king Caratacus. An ancient druid arrives, bearing grave word of Mona's oracle. Melyn, warrior-bard, sings of heroes dead. Britons, by night-time, pass over Thames. King Caradoc, now, divides his war-chariots into four courses. Ordovices, with their war-renowned king, Kynan, the Hammeraxe, arrive.

Aulus marches to the conquest of Corinium. Beichiad's chariots assail the marching legions. The Briton dune. Bodvocos, by command of Aulus, is set forth, in the sight of his citizens, which look from the wall. Caer Corinium is taken. In night-tempest, certain of Beichiad's charioteers entered, secretly, in the conquered town, fire the first house-eaves. Those assay, then, to save Bodvocos: but are met with, by the watch, and slain. King Bodvocos' head is impaled, in sight of all the Britons!

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BOOK XIII

THE three kings riding, in one royal chariot,
(For few eyes might discern king Togodumnos !¹)
Hurling, widewhere, swift javelins ; bloody heaps,
Of breathless carcases, make to Camulus,
(Swart battle-god,) of Romans' foot and horse.
Covers, white powderous cloud, the slaughter-field ;
Whence gleam of arms, like tongues of flame, is seen.
There fell a sudden rain then, from the gods :
Which glisters, in the sun, like golden hairs ;
And earth upgave sweet savour of her sod,
Mingled with iron stink of sweat and blood.

But when, anew, the battle-plain appears,
Like to a star, shines, in the warlord's scythe-cart,
The brazen eagle of a Roman legion !
From chariot, which, like royal osprey, stooped,
Mongst Roman glaives, the warlord's hand had cleft
Arm that it bare, from shoulder ; statured soldier,

¹ Dion Cassius' Rom. Hist.

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Whom clothed a wolf's hide, over his bronze harness.
Wherefore that legion, every man, rush on,
With trump and cry of soldiers and centurions!
Like as would each one save, from death, his son ;
Wherein, in vain, confused, long, shielded ranks,
(Still hoping to cut off that royal war-cart,)
They hurl. The king comes lightly, from them, forth,
His brethren him beside : is every dart,
Which issues from his hand, a Roman's death !

Was then, or envying new accord and league,
Mongst Britons wont, by factions, to be rent ;
Or that, among the gods of strife, she was
Not called, to feast of their war-sacrifices ;
Bodva, war-fury, like to hoodie crow,
Flagging her swart-sheen wings, accoasting low,
Flies, shooting out her neck, with serpent's eyes,
(Which make men mad, to pierce their adversaries,)
O'er bloody slaughter-field : and joying crakes
The fiend, to look on mortal miseries !

And she, now, breathed an hollow memory,
In villain breast of wight of Troynovant ;
Light archer, running with the Kentish chariots,
Concerning harm, false-deemed to have been done,
In days forepast of royal Tasciovant,¹

¹ Father of king Cunobelin.

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To the man's sire. That ancient, with last breath,
Bequeathed undying quarrel, to his son ;
Whose son this Trugon. Trugon, to-day, loost,
In field, who valiant bowman, all his shafts ;
Save one remaineth, in his arrows' case.

This curséd forkhead Bodva now drew forth :
And set it, dazing, Trugon, on his string.

Yet made the felon prayer to his war-god ;
That only it might glance, before the face
Of the three kings, then should his soul have rest.
But the hag her hands, unseen, put on his hands,
Which pluck the spended string up to his breast.
And yet his arm so quakes, for dread of gods
And men ; that he the shaft but loosely shot !

Tumbles aloft, as tosst of windy gusts,
The arrow. It snatcht the feathered fiend, in
flight,

And guides the bitter forkhead ; which, ah ! pierced
Hath, from the backward, nape of Togodumnos !
Then she her heinous burnished wings displayed ;
And sought, from view of gods, herself to hide.

The fiend sith flits, like shadow, o'er much forest ;
Till she arrives to dune, in far North March ;
And outrage breathes, in froward woman's breast,
Bright CARTISMANDUA, fell Brigantine queen ;