

**THE DAWN IN
BRITAIN. VOLUME
II; PP. 1-231**

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The Dawn in Britain. Volume II; pp. 1-231 by Charles M. Doughty

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CHARLES M. DOUGHTY

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The Dawn in Britain

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'TRAVELS IN ARABIA DESERTA'

—
VOLUME II



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BOOK V

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ARGUMENT

IN a great battle, at Ariminum, the Italic nations are finally defeated, by Brennus.

The EARTH-MOTHER, goddess.

King Brennus journeys, with Fridia, leading with them their son Sigamer; to visit her father's house, in Almaine. Brennus, ambushed in the high Alps, is wounded to death. He dies. His solemn funerals.

Queen Fridia and Sigamer come to Almaine. The young king, Sigamer, rides to his uncle, Belin. King Belin sends the prince, by ship; and bearing his father's urn; unto Archigal, his son, now a king in Britain. Come to Troy-novant, the young kings, Sigamer and Archigal, depose great Brennus' ashes, in his mother, queen Corwenna's tomb.

Sigamer and queen Fridia return to Heremod, in Italia. The ethling's death and high funerals. Fridia, in her late age, repairs to forest Almaine; and thence she passeth from the world. Arthemail, son to Sigamer, conquers Cimbria.

A late nephew to Arthemail, the Second Brennus, leads a great mingled host, Eastward, forth. In this warfare, he first overruns Macedon, and slays the king of Greeks. Brennus, forced Thermopylæ, enters Hellas. Descended to Delphos, Brennus spoils the great fane of the Pythic god: but, pursued and vanquished by the heavy wrath of heaven, king Brennus slays himself.

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BOOK V

BUT when, again, of many-hewéd Spring,
Is seen the budded green, Gauls wend forth armed,
To ear, not well assured, that conquered field ;
Each people with their ensigns, lords and druids.
Come speeding messengers, then, with word, from
Arunt ;

And warning likewise sends king Biandrante,
Of gathering great Italic armament ;
To wage new warfare, with the Gauls of Brennus.
Then, who late spersed in field, draw to their camps ;
Whence to the Umbrian city, Ariminum,
As foreordained was, all now march to Brennus :
Where come, the third day, enemies them enclose.

Innumerable, their power fills all the plain ;
Like as an harvest field, with wavering helms :
Mongst whom were seen men, like to Romans, armed.
Three days and nights, each other, those observe,

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Knowing the dreadful conflict of their arms
Must be to death, for victory ; in this strife,
Twixt kins of Italy and intruded Gauls,
Transalpine peoples. O'er Ariminum plain,
Look down, from their immortal seats, high gods ;
And tempests hurl through heaven, sign of their wrath.

Now seeing is come of one, or other, nation,
The fine ; not few, which sick, among the Gauls,
Or hurt, or weary of unhopeful lives,
Vow them, with dire rites, to infernal gods ;
For safety of their friends. To-day, those then,
These call, as were to their own funerals ;
And take of them farewell ! Hath any a debt,
He cannot solve, he it promiseth, truly, pay,
In that New Life. Those drink, to their hell-voyage.
They sith, as who already dead, sit lapped,
Apart, in shrouds ; and taste no vital food.

Those sally, at dawn, with loud chant, to their
 gods ;
Whose part it is bring dying souls to rest :
Straining, the most, long spears, and without shields ;
They march to death. Few, mong them, which have
 steeds,
These knit, with chains, to burst the enemies' ranks.
With blowing trumps, Gauls issue from the town,

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Save few, which ward the city's toweréd walls ;
Wherein they leave their wives and little ones.
Lo, shining hundred squadrons of tall Gauls,
And Almans, armed ; whom dukes, as hirds their
flocks,

Lead forth. The brethren kings, the middle hold :
Duke Heremod riding, lo, on his white horse ;
In Britain chariot, Brennus. Biandrante,
Marching in haste, with the Italic aids,
For risen rivers, might not to them pass :
Nor Clusium's lord might send, in aid, whom threaten,
The rest, both of Etruscan states, and Romans.

Then, as their custom is, on the green grass,
Gauls sit ; and wait first onset of their foes.
The sun shines on Italic harnessed legions !
Rank behind rank, wide-glittering waves of bronze,
They phalanxed stand. But past now midday heat,
Gave Nertha sign : then Brennus sends forth chariots,
Whose scythed shrill-running wheels, and aspect
strange ;

And riders launching iron sleet of darts,
Affray, on the two horns, the enemies' horse.
Then Brennus sent out part of the *trimarch*,
Mingled with Almain runners. With dread yell,
Those hurl, and immane brunt of uncouth arms ;