

Arthur and the Charters of the Kings

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KING ARTHUR AND THE CHARTERS OF THE KINGS

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PREFACE

In this book we present the evidence, or a very vital selection of it, of the Dark Age history of Britain. The centre of the stage of these events is South Wales; just as today London is the fulcrum and pivotal point of the affairs of Britain. This was the territory of the Kings, or at least the major Dynasty from around 500 B.C., the time of King Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon, of Xerxes the Persian Emperor and his wars with the Greeks, and of the founding of the Roman Republic.

The Kingdom of South Wales was in Roman times known as Siluria, probably an ancient Welsh word 'Essyllwg' — 'abounding in prospects'. From 500 B.C. well up to A.D. 500 most of what is now England lay under undrained marsh and swamp, bushland, and the Welsh terrain of coastal plains and rolling hills was much more attractive to the herdsmen nations of the British, and along their shores and on the hills lived much larger populations. Settlement in England was along the river valleys, on the rolling downs and hills of the South. In Wales the British Kings dwelt on their personal landholdings, grazing their herds, philosophising with their Druids and Bards, worshipping the one God. Theirs was an enlightened society, a civilized and advanced nation with warrior traditions and fiercely protective of its institutions and customs. Of them, quite naturally, the only records which survive are from Wales where the Kingdom was based and these records, although substantial in number, have generally been misunderstood, misinterpreted, and subsequently neglected. In fact there has been a barrier between the Welsh records and the rest of the world for many centuries, and this was the barrier of language. The truth of the matter is that the Welsh language has preserved the culture and heritage of the nation down through centuries of oppression and has become a two-edged sword.

For centuries English Kings, and later Parliaments, actively attacked the Welsh language in a very determined manner in successive bids to eradicate it. Their legislation was savage, brutal and barbaric; and something which they carefully keep out of their modern history books. As far back as the unprincipled Richard II of England, laws were framed to prohibit any school from operating in Wales and any child from being educated, the intention being to brutalise the population into ignorance so that they would forget their past and could be more easily controlled. This went on for some two hundred years. All courts were to be held in English with virtually the entire population speaking only Welsh; no office of any sort could be held by a man who did not speak English. At one period the laws enacted that, whilst English men could marry Welsh women and so inherit lands, no Welsh man could marry an English woman in the same way. The natural reaction was to smoulder in revolt and to pass on their legends and culture in the time honoured way of word of mouth and preservation of old scripts. The Irish were more fortunate, having seventy miles of water between themselves and the English London governments, and even the Scots had the advantage of distance between them. And so the language became the symbol of the national struggle for survival. The English Parliament kept up the pressure, for it is an institution which, although often misguided and wrong, has never admitted to a mistake. All through the nineteenth century they were at it, whilst their missionaries rushed all over the globe bringing "enlightenment" to the peoples in Africa, India and Asia and the new administrators of Empire paid great attention to national and local tradition and culture. In Wales they redoubled their attempts to kill off the language. They had failed with the matter of eliminating the schools and the Welsh had finally opened their own. This time the effort was within the schools and the speaking of even one Welsh word was forbidden. Imagine a school in Pakistan, India, Malaya or Africa, where all the parents speak only their native tongue; as do the shopkeepers, traders, the holy men, — everybody, — and then the schools speaking only English and only employing Englishmen. That is what they did — so much for Victoria and the Empire in Wales. *The same attempt was made to "kill off" the wearing of the kilt in Scotland with the same defiant result by the Scots.*

The system of English only in schools was enforced by punishments; any child who inadvertently spoke even one word of their native tongue had a large block of wood hung around his neck and at the end of the day the child was punished with a beating. This piece of wood was known as the Welsh Knott, and the system was vicious and infamous. There is in fact a stark irony between the treatment of the twentieth century coloured immigrants into Britain and that meted out to the original ancient inhabitants. There should be no space for criticism in English history books of the "bad men" of other nations, they overshadow them with their own.

So the struggle over the preservation of the language and the culture went on and over the passing years it grew more bitter and the Welsh became more determined. With the coming of the printing press books were written in Welsh, and the scholars of the nation wrote more predominantly in Welsh. But they were now locked into a tight circle, for their writings were unintelligible to the men of other European nations and their language was to a great extent proscribed by London government. The tongue had no place in the courts, the legislature, or anywhere else in the land, even the towns and villages were being renamed in meaningless English; whereas the original Welsh names had meaning and told the history of the country in their meanings. Welsh learning inevitably became introverted, and with the coming of the twentieth century, — the age of movement and communication, of not only railways, but of radio, motor vehicles, airplanes, television and space satellites, — the language inevitably went into decline. The overwhelming need to communicate in the modern world demands that there is a common language. So the very language which for thousands of years has enshrined the nation's culture and heritage, becomes a two edged sword for it now threatens to isolate it's people, not only from others but also from each other where fewer speak the tongue and the majority do not. Worse it threatens a situation where the very history may become distorted and lost, a loss to all the peoples of Britain not just to the Welsh.

In this book we present the evidence of several old sources of ancient Welsh records, not the usual mediaeval record of the North Wales princes, but of the earlier Kings of South Wales, and particularly South East Wales. We intend to show how their record has lived on down through the centuries. It can be demonstrated to be consistent, coherent, logical, and true, and where proof is occasionally made possible it is provable as well. Out of all this comes the tale of a warrior society of a "heroic age" — the age known romantically as that of 'Camelot'. Through the dim mists of time emerges the greatly loved and eternally remembered Arthur the British King, valiant and unconquerable.

It was Arthur who made Britain what it is today, for his victories made certain that the invasions of the migrating German tribes (commonly referred to as the Saxons, whereas they were Angles, Jutes, Frisians, Saxons and others) would not result in wholesale massacres and genocide. Instead the migration into and across Britain, was made slow and less violent. There was no great monster massacre, with the British fleeing West into the mountains, instead there was a process of infiltration, integration and assimilation. The Saxons eventually dominated what is now England, but there was no holocaust. The result was a hotch-potch mixture of peoples finally intermingling and intermarrying, in fact the signs are that the surviving British population outnumbered the militarily dominant Saxons. This means that whilst the Welsh unquestionably are of the blood descent of the ancient Britons as was Arthur, so also the people of England carry a very substantial proportion of that same blood in their veins. There was a change of overlordship, leadership and rule in England, but the great slaughter of the British by the new Saxon people never happened. The people of England are therefore in the same way the inheritors of Arthur, who lived in South East Wales as present Kings and Queens live at Windsor. They are also therefore the heirs and inheritors of the history, the traditions, the culture and heritage of the British, for there was a time when their ancestors also spoke the same tongue.

The ancient Triads of the Welsh in fact record seven great migratory movements into Britain, the fifth of which seems to be the migration of the people of South Wales from Byzantium or Constantinople around 500 to 450 B.C. known as "The coming of the Dragon". The sixth invasion was that of the Romans in 43 A.D., and the seventh and last was that of the Saxons beginning around 375 A.D. and onwards. This mixing and intermingling of the races in England we discuss more fully in the "Origins of Arthur". What it really means is that the Englishman has to do what a Welshman does. When a Welshman sees the great tomb cairns piled high on the hills of Glamorgan above Margam and all through the central area, he knows that they are the tombs of the Kings of his ancestors; just as an Egyptian knows that the old Pharoehs built the pyramids. Now the Englishman has to re-learn to say "our ancient ancestors built this" when he views Stonehenge and Avebury, — that some other bygone or previous people did the job. For only along parts of the South coast and in Kent were the stories of the elimination of the indiginous British population true.

In Wales the preservation of Welsh place names has meant the preservation of the signposts and indicators of the history of the country, and it is not enough to tell people in Britain as a whole that these, along with the language and culture, should be preserved. It is necessary to tell them the reasons why, and it is necessary to tell them that this heritage belongs also to them, although they do not speak one single damn word of the tongue — and neither can they pronounce it. Neither of the joint authors of these books speaks Welsh, we do it all the 'hard way', using dictionaries, translations, and so on. To us the

language has "done its job" and fulfilled its function. What is must not do is to be a cause which divides and differentiates between people, neither the Welsh people from each other, nor from the English and others.

In this book we have arranged and presented a group of well known, well authenticated and genuine manuscripts. We have arranged them into their proper order for the first time and explained them. We have interpreted them correctly by correlating and putting them into a correct timescale to tell the story of the British Kings of South Wales and to identify the elusive and magnetic King Arthur. These ancient documents form a very vital and important part of the history of the Dark Age Britain, and, if they are properly explained and fitted into the proper context of the Arthurian Age, then we can begin to understand ourselves and what we are today.

The production of this book has been the result of concentrated hard work and dedication, regardless of the odds. All approaches to any and every one of the "official" offices of Bureaucrats in Britain resulted in completely negative and obstructive responses from the inept, incompetant, useless, spineless, timesaving, parasitic breed of idle, unscrupulous, cynical little men, for example the Arts Council gave a quarter of a million pounds to make a film about the problems of black youths in South London, yet they had no funds at all to spare for this vital British project. **We have used all our own money and resources.**

THE KINGS OF GWENT

There were Kings in South Wales from around 450 B.C. to 1091 A.D. These were the Kings of the British House, the Dynasty which produced the great Beli Mawr and King Caradoc — Caractacus — and later the immortal King Arthur son of King Meurig, the legendary King of the Round Table epics.

The Welsh kept their own record of their Kings and their actions and preserved them exactly as the laws of King Dyrnwal Moelmud enjoined that their Bards should do in his Molumentine codes of around 400 B.C. For some strange, inexplicable, reason these records are suspect, primarily in England; unless they can be substantiated by cross reference with other histories from other nations. Proof which is not required of the legends or the histories of the Aztecs, Mayas, Toltecs and others in Central America, or of the Polynesians and Maories and others in the Pacific or of the old Egyptians, the Mesopotamians, the Assyrians, and particularly the Greeks and Romans in the Mediterranean, proof is demanded of these Welsh records with the confident assumption that it cannot be produced. Frankly, this situation is 'not on' as far as we are concerned, the facts are the facts and we intend to state them for the records are coherent and make sense; here and there where tests are possible they invariably prove to be correct.

The Kings ruling from South Wales from 450 B.C. to 570 B.C. were, without doubt, the Royal line of Britain. Before the arrival of the Legions of Claudius in Britain in A.D. 43, no less than fifteen of them had ruled in unbroken succession. In fact when Julius Caesar made his expeditions into Britain in 55 B.C. and 54 B.C. he never came up against or met with these British Kings and fought with the princes of the South Eastern part of what is now England. When the later Claudian invasion was planned the Romans were able to take advantage of internal squabbles between princes in Britain. The major piece of luck which enabled the Romans to actually successfully invade Britain is in fact rarely mentioned in the history books. Their fleet was made ready at Boulogne and the army assembled. Whilst over in Britain the King hearing of all this assembled his armies to meet the invasion threat. Then, when both sides were ready for the great clash, the Roman army mutinied and refused to take ship for Britain. Now whether this was simple fear of the unknown or a memory in the army of the failures of Julius Caesar, which had been well doctored by the Roman propaganda machine, but which were still common knowledge in the army, we do not know. Either way, the Romans were stuck in Gaul with a mutinous army refusing to sail and the British King with his assembled hosts in their multitudes stood waiting along the Southern Coasts.

A whole month dragged by and the British armies waiting, staring out to sea and probably with their ships scouting offshore to sight the Roman fleets, stood waiting. Nothing happened; possibly the British got word of the Roman mutiny. The British King had his own problems for armies of warriors had to be fed, along with their thousands of chariot horses and the seasons were drawing on. Finally, quite convinced that the Romans were not coming this year in 43 A.D., the British King went home and his hosts dispersed to the South West, to the West into Wales, to the Midlands and away into the East and the far North. The great collision on the beaches never occurred and the massed armies of the British dispersed to their homes. Then in one of the great accidents of history, the Romans got their reluctant army into the ships and they set out for Britain where they were able to land unopposed, much to their amazement. The genie was out of the bottle for the Romans were never very good at fighting improvised or sudden battles, they were the masters of the set piece planned battle, and a combat on the beaches in the surf would definitely not have been in their favour.

At this time the British ruler was King Bran — The Raven — the 16th King of his line, established over in South Wales on his ancestral territory in Glamorgan. His son was the famous King Caradoc who now led his people for nine years in the struggle against the Romans from 43 to 51 A.D. An invading army always has an advantage once it can penetrate the territory of its opponents, for it has no women or children, no homes, crops or cattle to protect. Finally King Caradoc was forced away from skirmishing and guerrilla tactics where he held the advantage, compelled to accept a major set piece battle with the Roman army, when the Romans moved their armies into his homelands. The Silures people of South Wales were joined by Ordovices of North Wales, and by forces under Beli the son of Cynvelyn from areas in the East. The battle probably took place in South Glamorgan at a site which clearly fits the description given by Tacitus the Roman, who was not present at the battle himself, but got the description from his father-in-law Agricola who commanded the Roman army.



THE FIRST KING

King Brutus, Son of Silvanus Julius

The legend of Britain tells how Aeneas, son of Anchises a Prince of Troy, fled to Italy when the Greeks destroyed the Great City in Asia Minor. There he and his followers were welcomed by the King of the Latins. Together they fought King Tarquin the Etruscan King who dominated the Romans and killed him. Aeneas married Lavinia daughter of the Latin King — his son Ascanius followed him and then his grandson Silvanus ruling the lands of Tarquin. Silvanus had an illegitimate son by a cousin of the Latin King who was named Brutus.

In a hunting accident Brutus killed his father Silvanus and fled from Italy back to his Nation's home-lands where he found the people oppressed by Postumus King of Sparta. He fought a guerilla war and out-manoeuvred King Postumus and then in a hundred ships with six thousand men and their women and children he sailed, guided by an oracle, for the Great Island of Albion — Britain. He was joined by other Trojans in North Africa and after fighting a war in Gaul he led the people to Britain. The Druid Bards recorded this as the Fifth Great Migration into Britain — "The Coming of the Dragon". Around 500 B.C.

The Romans won this set piece battle which must have been sizeable conflict, for the Romans had four legions which numbered 6,600 men each and a similar number of auxilliary regiments, making a total of around 50,000 men. So there may have been something like 50,000 men a side. The Welsh Triads recall Caradoc at the time — in Triad 17, we have "The three jury monarchs of the Isle of Britain. The first Caswallon son of Llud son of Beli son of Mynogan. Second Caradoc son of Bran son of Llyr Llediath. Third Owain son of Mascen Wledig. That is to say through the juratory election of the country and nation was the monarchy given to them when they were Elders". Caswallon is in English known as Cassivelaunus — Yellow Head — who fought Julius Caesar. Caradoc is of course King Caractacus who opposed the generals of Claudius and Owain is the son of Magnus Maximus the Emperor of the West from 383 to 388 A.D. by Helen his British wife. King Owain was the first ruler of Britain independant of Rome since 76 A.D., when he ruled from 411 to 426 A.D. Another Triad, No.34, describes these three as "the three conventional monarchs of the Isle of Britain, first Caswallon . . . Second Caradoc the son of Bran when he was invested with the martial sovereignty of all the Isle of Britain that he might oppose the invasion of the Romans . . . third, Owain . . ." So he was a freely elected King, chosen by every nation, cantref and comote in the land.

Well Caradoc lost his great battle and was forced to flee before the Romans and he moved up from Wales to what is now Lancashire. Here he sought the help of the Brigantes, who were ruled at that moment by Queen Aregwedd who was in fact the daughter of Avarwy who had quarrelled with King Caswallon, and then turned to Rome as a traitor for help in his dispute with his British relatives. Queen Aregwedd Voeddawg — Cartismandua the Traitor — promptly betrayed Caradoc and his family and handed him to the Romans and the general Ostorius Scapula immediately sent him to Rome for a triumph. In Britain the Bards remembered Aregwedd along with two other arch-traitors — Vortigern or Gwytheyrn — the Wledig or Pendragon of around 426 to 460 A.D., the treacherous drunkard who allied with Hengist the Saxon, and Medrawd or Modred the nephew of the great King Arthur who turned traitor to his uncle around 537 A.D. according to the Welsh Annals.

So it was that Caradoc and his father the old King Bran, with their family arrived in Rome in 51 A.D. In fact the Romans were very impressed with King Caradoc who had resisted them for so long, so they gave him his freedom and made him a citizen, then installed he and his family in a villa. Tacitus records the speech that Caradoc is said to have made to the Roman Senate — The Annals lib.xii. Now the Welsh Triads record that King Bran the father of Caradoc remained in Rome as a hostage for seven years, 51 to 58 A.D. and that Bran was apparently a Bard. This accounts for other members of the family doing the fighting, for Bards were strictly non-combatant.

This is where British history took a very significant turn, for also living in Rome from 56 to 58 A.D. was Paul the Apostle of Christianity. As one of the main principles of Bardism was 'to believe everything and to believe nothing', which meant everything was to be examined for truth and reason and if found to be truthful, and supported by reason, then whatever it was should be accepted.

Around 53 or 54 A.D., before his arrival in Rome, Paul wrote in Romans I — 8 that the faith of the Roman saints "was then spoken of throughout the whole world". In Romans XVI Paul sends his salutation to a number of named persons, to Phoebe, to Priscilla, Aquila, the church of their homes, to Eperetus, Apelles, Mary, Andronicus, Junia, Amplias, Urbane, Stachys, Aristobulus, and his household, Herodian, Narcissus' household, Tryphena, Tryphosa, Persis, Rufus, Rufus' mother, Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermes, Patrobas, Hermas, and the bretheren that were with them, Philologus, Julia, Nereus, Nereus' sister Olympus and all the saints that were with them. So the Christian organisation was well represented in Rome at the time when Bran lived there. The Narcissus of this list is believed to be the servant and favourite freedman of the Emperor Claudius. Almost incredibly, graffitti found on the walls in the City of Pompeii buried by volcanic lava, confirms that this member of the Royal household was most certainly a Christian. When Paul first arrived in Rome the record states that there were "saints in Caesar's household", meaning Christians — Philipians 4 - 22. So when in Rome the ageing King Bran the Bard undoubtedly had access to, or exposure to the Christians; for he would have been the prime target for their attempts at persuasion and conversion. As Paul kept open house in Rome from 56 to 58 A.D. it is quite probable that the two met, for Paul "dwelt two whole years in his own hired house and received all that came in unto him, preaching these things which concern our Lord Jesus Christ with all confidence, no man forbidding him". The basic concepts of Christianity did in fact match the precepts of the Druids and Bards, and Bran was obviously impressed and convinced, for he then adopted Christianity and upon his return to his manor in Glamorgan in 58 A.D. he introduced the new cult into South Wales.



THE SIXTEENTH KING

King Bran, Son of Llyr Lediath

Bran — The Blessed

King Bran lived around 10 B.C. to 80 A.D. He stepped aside to become a Druid-Bard, and as was the custom his son King Caradoc was the executive King who opposed the Romans in 43 A.D. — King Bran lived at Trevarn in Glamorgan, his confessor was Aristobulus the Aged from Rome. St. Dyvan, St. Illid a Jew and Mawan also preached Christianity — Mediaeval writers believed that King Bran met St. Peter.

King Bran lived in Rome from 51 to 58 A.D., the same time as St. Paul was in Rome. Bran and his family became Christian and brought the religion back to South Wales in 58 A.D. — the Royal Family became "The First Holy Family of Britain". Bran identified the pure Druid religion with Christianity. His other son was Manadwydan.

The Triads duly recorded this event — Triad 18, as "The Three Holy Families of the Isle of Britain. The first, the family of Bran the Blessed, son of Llyr Llediath, that Bran brought the faith of Christ first into this island from Rome where he had been imprisoned through the treachery of Aregweddd Voeddawg — The Traitor, the daughter of Avarwy son of Llud. The second the family of Cunedda Wledig (circa 420 to 480 A.D.). The third the family of Brychan Brecheiniog (circa 490 to 560 A.D.)" All this then duly affirmed in another Triad — No.35 — where the Three Sovereigns of the Isle of Britain are listed, who conferred Blessings. "Bran the Blessed son of Llyr Llediath who first brought the faith in Christ to the nation of the Cymru from Rome where he had been seven years as a hostage for his son Caradoc, whom the Romans had taken captive after he was betrayed by treachery and an ambush laid for him by Aregweddd Voeddawg". "The second Lleirwg the son of Coel, son of St. Cyllin, surnamed Lleuver Mawr, who made the first church of Llandaff and that was the first in the Isle of Britain, and bestowed the privilege of country and nation and judgement and validity of oath upon those who should be in the faith of Christ". "The third was Cadwalladr the Blessed who granted the privilege of his land and all his property to the faithful who fled from the infidel Saxons and the unbrotherly ones who wished to slay them". Cadwalladr died around 664 to 686 A.D. There is a memorial stone to his father King Cadfan at Llangadwaladr.

This Triad No.35 is linking the 16th King Bran to his grandson King and Saint Cyllin the 18th King of the Dynasty who ruled after King Caradoc the 17th King. It then links the 20th King of the line, King Lleirwg — Lleuver Mawr the Great Luminary, through his father Coel the Bard to his grandfather King Cyllin. The other son of King Cyllin was King Owain the 19th King, the brother of Coel. The Kings date from around 1 A.D. to about 180 A.D. Bran, Caradoc, Cyllin, Owain, Lleirwg. The last of this trilogy is King Caradoc who finally abdicated after years of constant warfare and struggle in 16 A.D. Thus it was that King Bran brought the new religion into South Wales when he returned to his manor at Trebran (i.e. Tre meaning 'town' and vran is Bran 'mutated'). All this then is repeated in ancient "Lives of the Saints" or Bonedd y Sant, which state "Bran the son of Llyr Llediath was the first of the nation of the Cymru that embraced the faith in Christ". Another states "Bran was the first who brought the Christian faith to the country". So the Bards in the tradition, and as instructed by King Dywwal Moelmud in his Molmutian Laws framed and enacted around 400 B.C. kept on recording as was their duty 'to keep an authentic record respecting privileges, customs, families, pedigrees of nobility by honourable marriages, heroic actions and everything of superior excellence of country and of clan'. This act of Bran was attested by St. Gildas (circa 540 A.D.) by Theodoret — Sermon 9, de ligib opp.tom. iv.p.610 by Eusebius — Demonst. Evang. lib. iii chapter 7 (Paris 1628.p.112) and others.

What had now happened was that the leading Royal family of the central powerbase of Britain had now become Christian and here we have the founding of the faith so firmly defended by the mighty Arthur the Thirty Seventh King of South Wales, a direct descendant of King Bran some five centuries later. Gildas in fact fixes the date of Bran's introduction of Christianity at before Queen Boudicca's uprising in 61 A.D. the Eusebius and Theodoret fix it firmly in Apostolic times. King Bran brought with him at least four named missionaries, Arwystli Hen — Aristobulus the Aged — "a man of Italy" and Ilid, Cyndav and his son Mawan, Ilid and possibly Cyndav and Mawan is recorded as being "a man (or men) or Israel". The first named, Aristobulus, appears to have been the bishop and was the King's personal instructor in the new faith and so South Wales had is apostolically appointed bishop before there was one in Rome in 58 A.D. One ancient Triad attests that "there are three ways in which a Cymro is primary above every other nation in the Isle of Britain; first primacy as a native, primacy as regards social rights and primacy as regards Christianity".

Like his father Bran, King Caradoc is placed firmly and squarely into Glamorgan as the Prince of Siluria, his herds being at Corwenydd, as stated in Triad 85; the same location of flocks and herds also placing King Bran into Siluria — South Wales in Triad 90. It is also stated that King Caradoc ruled many nations. Notably in Glamorgan there is the traditional home of Bran at Trebran and close by is the ancient church of Llanilid. Around 1840 it was recorded that the ancient festival or wake of the church of Llanilid was known as 'Gwyl Ceri' for Ceri and the great grandfather of Bran was Ceri. The sum total of all this is that Llanilid is probably the place where the first place where a Christian congregation gathered in Britain, possibly as early as 58 A.D., whilst most of the twelve apostles were still alive, and well before James was executed at Jerusalem.

The Arwystli Hen, who was Bran's personal chaplain, is supposed to be the Aristobulus who is spoken of in Paul's Epistle to the Romans XVI — 10 quote above. The formation of the name from Greek is said by



THE SEVENTEENTH KING – CALLED CARACTACUS BY THE ROMANS

King Caradoc – Son of King Bran, War King of Britain

Elected King of Britain in 43 A.D. to fight the Romans – King Caradoc son of King Bran, War King of the Silures of South Wales, successfully resisted for nine years. Caradoc was father of King Cyllin a Saint, and Euddav and Saint Eurgene. His personal lands were in Glamorgan where the now Christian family founded the "Choir of Eurgene" when they returned from Rome in 58 A.D.

In 51 A.D. King Caradoc was defeated in a major battle with the Romans in South Wales – Caradoc was then betrayed by Aregwedd Voeldawg, Queen of the Brigantes of Lancashire – and Ostorius Scapula took Caradoc to Rome along with his father King Bran and the rest of the family. The Romans made him a citizen, and they stayed until 58 A.D. – in South Wales the war went on.

philologists to be in perfect accordance with the Welsh language. Again in the Greek Menology this same Aristobulus is said to be ordained by St. Paul as the bishop for the British. In support of this Dorotheus also affirms that Aristobulus was made Bishop of Britain, and further the Menology states that Bishop Aristobulus "establishes churches, constitutes presbyters and deacons in the island". There can be no possibility of collusion between the British and the Greek record, and the Welsh 'Genaeology of the Saints' describes Arwystli Hen as the confessor and the personal spiritual instructor, "periglor" — of King Bran. A good reference is Usher's *Britannum Ecclesiastica Antiquitie* p.9.

So with the wars with the Romans unfinished, the conversion of South Wales to Christianity proceeded. No one seems to have noticed that there was a full scale war in South Wales at exactly the same time as the great Jewish Revolt and war with the Romans of 68 to 75 A.D. In fact the daughter of King Caradoc named Eurgain is said to have sent for Ilid — see the Genaeology of the Saints and the Genaeology of Iestyn ap Gwrgan (the 56th King). Eurgain is said to have set up a "choir" of twelve saints at the church now known as Illtyd. This is said to have been at Caerworgan which, around 500 A.D., became Llanilltyd Fawr; now mangled into Llantwit Major. Most likely Llan-Illtyd should properly be Llan-Ilid. As there are several Llanilltyd churches, the exact location is open to some dispute, but it is most probable that Eurgain's Choir was in the central coastal area of Glamorgan. Ilid was said to have retired to the Isle of Avallon late in life where he spent his last years, died and was buried. Our research indicates Avallon to be Anglesea, but this is of little interest to the present tale.

The whole family of King Caradoc seem to have become Christian for, not only was his daughter Eurgain venerated as a Saint, but also his son and successor King Cyllin was also St. Cyllin. The Princess Eurgain was married to a Roman nobleman, and this is stated in the Genaeology of Iestyn ap Gwrgan. This is confirmed from a Roman source and by St. Paul. In Paul's second Epistle to Timothy, written whilst he was in prison in Rome, he speaks of "Pudens and Linus and Claudia". Then the Roman Poet Martial describes a marriage between Pudens and Claudia and then proceeds to state that Claudia was British. As there can be no doubt that Claudia would have to be of high rank to have poetry written by Martial of her marriage, it is a reasonable assumption that Eurgain and Claudia, both of whom are said to be married to important Roman noblemen at the same period, are the same person, particularly as both are Christians; there can be little risk in this identification.

There is further evidence in this direction, for the first governor of Britain who was appointed by the Emperor was Aulus Plautius, and he married Pomponia Graecina, who, from the ovation of Aulus Plautius was another British woman, presumably another Princess. This Pomponia was in fact tried in 57 A.D. for "foreign superstition" and was apparently a Christian, and yet this was before King Bran returned to Britain. There is, or was, a document said to have been in the library of Merton College, Oxford, said to be a very old manuscript containing a series of letters which appear to be an exchange of letters between St. Paul and the Roman Seneca. These contain allusions to Paul's visit to South Wales — see Pointers Miscellanies p.214. In fact it has until recently, been fashionable to discard anything which did not agree with established views, no matter how true. Then there is also a collection of Triads which are entitled 'Triodd Pawl' — The Triads of Paul, from which comes the idea of Apostolic appointment of the British Welsh church — see the *Cambrian Quarterly Magazine* Vol.vi. p.408.

Incredibly, whilst all this change was going on and the first Christian nation in the world came into being, the war with the Romans was still going on, as the Silures continued fighting until 77 A.D. As a Bard King Bran would have had to submit the new ideas to a convention or Gorsedd of Bards for, whilst in 57 A.D. the main body of the North Wales Bards of the Ordovices were murdered on Anglesea by Suetonius Paulinus, no such massacre of the South Wales Bards ever occurred. In the South of Siluria, the Druid order of the Bards simply now became the ministers of the new religion as they incorporated Christianity into their total function. There was no great massacre and no break in the continuity of the nation's heritage and customs.

Various calculations have been attempted and it seems probable that King Bran died around 80 A.D. and old Arwystli Hen around 99 A.D.; at least as far as can be guessed or estimated. If the British had been in any way primitive or barbaric, then there can be no doubt that the nobleman Pudens would not have married "Claudia" — Eurgain, and neither would Aulus Plautius have married Pomponia Graecina of Britain, and finally the British Prince Arviragus (Taurus Negri) would not have been married to the illegitimate daughter of the Emperor Claudius. Every evidence points to a highly civilized, orderly and advanced society in South Wales, if not in most other parts of Britain.



THE TWENTY-FIRST KING

King Gorwg, Son of King Meirchion, Vawdilwir – The Thumb Soldier

King Gorwg succeeded his father the Druid-Bard Meirchion. Very little is known of King Gorwg who ruled around 180 to 200 A.D. He was responsible for the survival of the British Kingship. After Lleirwg and Meirchion, he was most certainly Christian. Strong enough to stand up to the Roman Emperor.

Very little is known of King Gorwg — he was strong enough to resist the Romans politically. When his father King Meirchion died the Emperor Commodus was persuaded to assume the title "Britannicus" in an attempt to suppress the British Kingship.

King Caradoc was sent home by Claudius, and so he must have returned to South Wales by 54 A.D. when the Emperor Claudius was poisoned. When Caradoc died is not known, but he may well have led the war which re-started and continued with the Romans until 77 A.D. The next King was Cyllin the 18th of the line, the son of Caradoc. Of him it is said "Cyllin the son of Caradoc was a very wise and gentle King and in his time many of the Cymru were converted to the Christian faith through the teaching of the 'Choir of Eurgain', and many godly men from Greece and Rome were in Wales at this time". — From the Genealogy of Iestyn ap Gwrgan the last Lord of Glamorgan. Every Glamorgan King had his genealogy written up and so each one tacked on the history of his predecessors which grew longer and was so preserved, it can either be accepted or not, — we accept it.

King Cyllin was also Saint Cyllin, and he obviously combined the Kingship with leadership of the church, much as the Roman Emperors combined the office of Pontifex Maximus or High Priest, with their secular titles. Byzantine Emperors also remained head of the Eastern orthodox church, and it was not until the empire crumbled that the Bishops of Rome usurped the title. How long Cyllin ruled is not known, but he can be guessed to live until around 130 A.D. and he left two sons. His most well remembered act was to try to prohibit the practice of naming people when they reached their teens and their physical or other characteristics were apparent, and to get names given to infants. Bran means the Raven, and he may have been a restless youth with black hair. Cynvelyn means Yellow Head so he was fair haired, and Arth-Gwyr means 'man like a bear' so Arthur was probably dark and quite ferociously ruthless. So if Cyllin was deciding on infant baptism, he was probably in line with Roman thinking.

From the line of succession it appears that King Cyllin's eldest son was named Coel, who became the Bard or Druid, and the second son was the executive King named Owain. It was not possible for a Druid Bard to have anything to do with weapons in any way, so Coel could not have led the army. King Owain left tangible evidence of his reign, for he not only granted lands to sustain the 'Choir' of Eurgain; surely one of, if not the oldest grant to a Christian church, but Owain also built a palace. King Owain built his palace in the 'Roman' style so it was a great Royal villa and the old records said that it was at a clearly specified place — "it was on the spot where Caradoc the son of Arch had a palace in San Dunwydd". The palace was remembered for centuries and recorded, being finally put down in English in 1794 in William's "History of Monmouthshire" which was in fact a history of South Wales. Later the site was excavated and the great eight acre villa examined, just outside Llantwit Major on the Glamorgan coast. His brother Coel continued with the Bardic search for knowledge and truth and Triad No.91 tells how he introduced wheel driven mills for grinding grain.

The reign of Owain was followed by that of King Lleirwg the son of Coel, whilst the son of King Owain took the bardic position. This was Eirchion Vawdvilwr — Meirchion the Thumb Soldier, who is recorded as killing infidels who attacked Christians with his bare hands, hence the name Vawdvilwr, and this is in keeping with Druids and Bards, being totally prohibited from carrying weapons. Just who these infidels were who attacked the Christians at this time is uncertain, but they were probably Romans for either Caerleon or Caerwent indulging in one of the persecutions, who overestimated Roman power outside their own trading settlements. Certainly at this time, 130 to 160 A.D. Christians were being held in contempt and persecuted throughout the Roman Empire. There is plenty of evidence of this in Christian Martyrologies and, in 140 A.D. Justin Martyr wrote that, at the time every country known to the Romans contained professors of the Christian faith. In 169 A.D. Irenaeus wrote of Christian churches amongst the Celtae, which must presumably include old Wales.

It was in this climate of Roman official hostility that King Lleirwg took some positive action to rationalise the position in South Wales and to clarify the position of Druidic practice and Christianity. The actual Druid order, as distinct from the Bards and Ovates, was in charge of religious affairs and King Lleirwg officially made the Druids the Christian priests and ministers. This transferred also the Druidic rights of privilege and of "tithes" to support them, and established the religion brought in by King Bran as the official state religion. King Lleirwg was in fact attempting to avoid friction with Rome where Imperial Edicts had just been passed which attacked and prohibited the Druid religion and practice, and it was probably to protect the ongoing culture and national heritage that Lleirwg made the union of the cults. At this time King Lleirwg wrote to Eleutherius the Bishop of Rome seeking his advice, for Eleutherius was clearly managing to co-exist with the Roman ideas. The King sent his kinsmen Dyvan and Phagan (Fagan) to see Eleutherius in Rome; Dyvan being the great grandson of Manawydan the brother of King Bran. With them went at least two others, named Medwy and Elvan, obviously Druids who were to be the new generation of Christian priests. The copies of correspondence between King Lleirwg and Bishop

Eleutherius of Rome still exist, copied down in the Genaeology of Iestyn ap Gwrgan (deposed 1091 A.D.). Some scholars hold that these copies cannot be proven, but by the same token neither can they be disproved. As there was very little difference between the Druidic religious precepts and ideas, and those of Christianity, the religious transfer presented no great problem. The idea of sacrificing ones' life for the nation stood very high in Druid mentality, so the Christian religion with its legend of crucifixion was very acceptable. The ancient British had for ages past believed in reincarnation in recurrent earthly life cycles and held that man had an indestructible soul with reincarnation as part of the established order of things. So a story of resurrection and of a future 'coming again' presented no problem. As they also preached peace, kindness, obedience to the laws and charity, there was much common ground.

What was new of course was that Jesus of Nazareth, a descendant of the Hasmonean Kings and Princes of Judea, who had failed in his attempt to recover the throne of the Hasmoneans from the descendants of Herod the Great, the Idumaen House, was the early representative of God. The idea of sacrifice for the nation and state being deeply imbued in the Druidic code, made the inventions of Paul of Tarsus quite understandably notions which were swallowed. So King Lleirwg made a few changes which were ratified by the Congress of the nation's Bards, who previously had been using their ancient stone circles as places of Christian worship after the introduction of the religion by King Bran in 58 A.D. Two stone circles in Glamorgan were called Carn Mosen and Carn-y-Groes, — the Circle of Moses and the Circle of the Cross at Gelli Onen, where there was a very ancient stone cross. Up in Brecon there is Ty-Illyd — the House of Ilid or Illyd, and other similar locations. King Lleirwg is now believed to have built an actual building as a church and for the first time the British moved religion indoors.

This King Lleirwg is in fact recorded in the much later Anglo-Saxon Chronicles; as well as in Vatican and Welsh documents. The Saxons recorded him as King of the British in Wales. The Romans were completely antagonistic towards Druidism because of its totally uncompromising opposition towards foreign influences, invasion and domination and the issue of an edict by the Emperor Marcus Antonius Verus to exterminate the Druids, just before King Lleirwg's policy changes, is the obvious reason for the British King choosing to translate his Druids into Christian Bishops, Doctors and Priests. The Triads then remembered the event as the establishment of the First Archbishopric of Britain. In South Wales (Glamorgan) there are churches dedicated to Lleirwg, to Dyvan, to Fagan and to Medwy, and Dyvan was traditionally considered to be the first Bishop of Llandaff following the vague line from Aristobulus in 58 A.D.

Here now, in c.170 A.D. was the firmly established British church secure under the personal patronage of the Kings of the Line of Bran; Bishops with a claim of Christian Apostolic appointment. A Christian state which, under its young King Arthur three hundred years later, would emerge victorious over the barbarian hordes. Christianity had in effect now become the state religion to preserve the Druids and the Bards and, with them the nation's culture and heritage.

The death of King Lleirwg brought a crisis, for in Rome the totally incompetent and corrupt Emperor Commodus now ruled and this megalomaniac was persuaded by sychophants, to style himself "Britannicus". This was an attempt to get rid of the British Kingship. Chaos followed in the Reign of Commodus and there were rebellions everywhere in the Empire, including several mutinies in the Legions in Britain. The British legionary mutinies were suppressed with great difficulty by Helvius Pertinax, who then overthrew Commodus and replaced him as Emperor in 193 A.D. The fighting went on however and, with Helvius Pertinax murdered by the Praetorian Guard, M.Didus Severus Julianus, actually bought the Empire at an auction. So the British Legions proclaimed the Legate D. Clodius Septimus Albinus as Emperor, and the Pannonian Legions proclaimed their Legate, L.Septimus Severus also as Emperor and the Syrian Legions then proclaimed their Legate C.Pescennius Niger Justus. So there were four Emperors, which was swiftly reduced to three when L.Septimus Severus from Pannonia seized Rome and executed Julianus who had purchased the Empire. He then kept Albinus quiet over in Britain by recognising him as Caesar — his Heir. This freed him to move to Syria where he crushed his other rival in three major battles and finally he caught and executed Niger at Antioch in 194 A.D. Albinus in Britain now claimed full equality with Septimus Severus and a war followed with the two fighting it out in Gaul. Albinus was supported by a British army, their first attempt to actively influence Imperial affairs in Europe, but was defeated at Lugdunum — Lyons on the 19th February 197, and Albinus was killed.

In 207 A.D. the Emperor Severus came over to Britain to get it back into the Empire and to repel the attacks of the Picts from the North. The Welsh Triads recorded that he built a great stone wall across the

North of Britain and this is in fact true. The Northern frontier had been advanced up to the Antonine Turf Wall and the stone wall of Hadrian had fallen into disrepair — as part of his re-organisation, the Emperor Severus drew back to Hadrian's wall which he completely rebuilt. Septimus Severus was unable to leave the Northern area of Britain and he died in York on the 4th February 211 A.D. At this time the great Christian writer Tertulian wrote that "there were districts of Britain which were inaccessible to Roman arms, but subdued by Christ". This undoubtedly means that the Silurian Dynasty in South Wales with its Christian state church was still going strong and was an independent entity. Before the Emperor Severus died at York he took a British wife, in fact he must have married her years before, for she was the mother of his son Caracalla. With Severus dead, Caracalla now fought his half brother Geta for the Roman crown, and was supported by the British into whose Royal family Severus had married. Roman Emperors did not marry barbarians and this is further evidence of the state of British civilisation and intellectual attainment as an enlightened people. They were in fact nothing like the barbarian savages portrayed in the lurid and imaginative writings of the literary hacks of England for centuries. However, the half British Caracalla who had been associated with his father as Augustus since 198 A.D., was able to murder his half brother Geta, and he became sole Emperor. He turned out to be a disappointing immoral tyrant, and he was killed at Edessa in 217 A.D.

In South Wales King Lleirwg had died, possibly around 185 A.D. and had been succeeded by King Gorwg the son of Meirchion — Eirchion the Thumb Soldier. When King Gorwg the 21st King died he was succeeded by King Gorthwfn, his son the 22nd King, who, in his turn, was followed by King Gwrthl his son and the 23rd King of the Dynasty. These Kings would have reigned from around 180 to 240 A.D. Next there came another joint Kingship between King Ensyth — Idnerth — son of King Gwrthl and King Rhun also descended from King Gorwg, the 24th Kingship of the line. Around this period, the Christian writer Origen wrote "the divine goodness of our God and saviour is equally diffused among the Britons, the Africans and the other nations of the world". So the Christian faith first planted by King Bran in 58 A.D., and reinforced by King Lleirwg around 175 A.D., was still intact.

The next Kingship was also a joint affair, with King Arthrael — a version of Arthur — a son of King Ensyth, sharing the throne and 25th place in the Dynasty with King Meirchion, son of King Rhun. It seems that these joint Kingships involved one King taking the executive and military role and the other taking the intellectual Druidic-Bardic and religious role. The next Kings were King Gwrgan Frych — the Freckled — son of Arthrael and King Meurig son of Meirchion as the 26th Kingship. Around this time Constantine, the Roman misnamed Chlorus, married Elen — Helen — the daughter of Coel the British Prince who may have been in the York area — circa 270 A.D. From this marriage was to come Constantine the Great, the Emperor of both the East and the West, another half-British Emperor.

There was trouble brewing however between Britain and Rome when the Emperor Diocletian and his co-Augustus Maximian began a persecution of the Christians. Whilst the British in their Triads and general history recorded that martyrs Julius Aaron and Alban, who died in this persecution, but they also recorded something else. The 27th King of South Wales was King Crair — the Dragon of Gwent — meaning that he was a warrior King and the Welsh claimed that he burned down Roman London. Certainly someone burned down Roman London as modern archaeology reveals and the reason may well be a direct retaliation by King Crair against the Roman religious persecution. This means that the British were long accustomed to the dual position of a British King and a Roman Emperor, and the British Kings were a major force.

What happened next gives proof of the situation which we describe in Britain, for King Crair was succeeded by King Euddav or Enydd — meaning Octavius — the 28th King and, at this time, there was in 285 A.D. another rebellion with Carausius the same King Crair who was the Admiral and Governor of the Island declaring himself independent and Emperor of Britain. As Constantine divorced his British wife in 286 A.D. all British sympathies were with Carausius who was remembered as a national hero. As the Emperor, Carausius ruled quite peacefully in Britain for seven years, before he was murdered by his associate Alectus. Before he died however, Carausius with his fleets seized the coasts and ports of Northern France, so making an invasion of Britain quite impossible whilst he held these ports. British settlement and domination of Northern France was to become a long term and determined policy in the future with the creation of the Lesser Britain — Brittany. After this murder of Carausius, the treacherous Alectus was in his turn killed by Asclepiodotus, said to be from Cornwall — North Wales. This brought a reaction from Coel at York and he claimed the leadership of the Roman areas of Britain, a claim derived from his wife Ystravael, sister of Gweirydd, Iestyn and Cadvrawd, grandsons of Cadvan, himself a



**CARAWN OF MENEVIA – ST. DAVID’S – THE TWENTY-SEVENTH KING
THE “EMPEROR CARAUSIUS”**

King Crair the Dragon of Gwent, Son of Meirchion

King Crair succeeded the joint Kings, Gwrgan Frych – Varius the Freckled – his cousin, and Meurig – Maurice, his brother. He was a powerful independent king who ruled from around 280 to 312 A.D. **His father was King Meirchion**, his son was King Euddav – Octavius.

King Crair was a warrior king as his title “The Dragon of Gwent” shows. Like all British Kings he was Christian. The Emperors Diocletian and Maximian began a persecution of the Christians from 286 to 293 A.D. and King Crair retaliated by burning down Roman London around 303 A.D.

grandson of Caradoc. However, Constantinius arrived in Britain with a powerful army in 296 A.D. and Coel submitted. Over in the West, the British Kings seem to have taken no part in these squabbles over who should rule what is now England. So Coel sat back whilst his former son-in-law Constantinius re-assumed control over Roman Britain and resided at York.

Whether King Crair burned down Roman London during the upheavals of the Carausius, Alectus and Asclepiodotus, or later at the time of the persecutions of 303 A.D. is not clear. As the 28th King Euddav was at the time when Constantine the Great left Britain in his bid to seize the Empire. He had a brother who was long remembered as a great general by the Welsh, the great Casnar Wledig — Casnar the Leader — in the sense of military leader, — the commander of the armies. When Constantine left Britain in 312 the British King Euddav immediately rose in revolt. After some ten years of fighting, by 322 A.D. he dominated Britain, and a compromise with the half British Emperor Constantine was reached apparently. So from 322 until his death in 367 A.D., King Euddav ruled over a Britain loosely connected with Rome. There were Romans in Britain and, again there was a marriage alliance; with Elen the daughter of King Euddav marrying Magnus Maximus, the first cousin of the Emperor Constantine the Great, who also had a British wife. So the persistent pattern of Roman intermarriage with the British Royal house continued and, significantly, the great Emperor was a Christian; an undoubted result of the British connection, although his conversion was said to be the result of a vision before a battle. Not only was Roman/British Royal marriage a continuing feature of the whole period of contact, the British seem to have exerted a considerable religious influence, consistent with the prestige and dignity of the British Royal house. Elen mother of Constantine the Great was a Christian and she reputedly took the "true cross" back from Jerusalem to Constantinople in 336 A.D.

Only Roman Martyrs at Roman towns were remembered after the Diocletian persecutions and this indicates that the Imperial edicts were not enforced outside the Roman towns and colonies. At this time Elen the wife of Constantine had a brother named and remembered as a Saint, and Ystravael had a brother Cadvrawd who was a Bishop. Cad is 'kinsman', and brawd is 'brother', and the Bishop representing York at the Council at Arles in 314 A.D. was named Adelfius, which is from the Greek word meaning "brother". All Celtic Bishops and Saints were of the Royal blood. As we have said earlier, the only three recorded Christian martyrs came from Roman towns and this is proof by omission that Imperial decrees meant little or nothing outside the 33 towns of the Romans, and elsewhere the King was supreme.

Before he left Britain in 312 A.D. Constantine set up the second Archbishopric at York, following that of King Lleirwg at Llandaff some 140 years earlier. During the period of Constantine the Great and King Euddav, the whole of Britain was becoming Christian and Magnus Maximus also set up the third Archbishopric at London.

After the reign of King Euddav the Romans re-established their control over most of Britain when Theodosius came over. The three sons of King Euddav succeeded him in fairly rapid succession, indicating that Euddav had lived to be very old indeed. These three were King Casnar the 29th King, King Edric the 30th King and King Erbin the 31st King. During their time there was yet another upheaval when, in 383 Magnus Maximus declared himself Emperor and invaded Gaul from Britain to take the Imperial throne from Gratian. With Magnus went his sons Marcellus, Victor (Uther in Welsh) and Victor's son Andragathius — Arthun (Arthun, Annhun etc. in Welsh record). Victor — Uther was half British and Arthun his son was three quarters British blood. Along with Magnus went a British army under Conan Meriadauc a nephew or grandson of King Euddav, indicating that Casnar, Edric and Erbin were either not able, or not expected to leave the country. Legend has it that the British forces which accompanied Magnus and his legions were very large, some figures being as high as 60,000 men. Out of this great expedition however, came the epic of a great British invasion led by "Arthur", for Andragathius — Arthun, grandson of Magnus was in charge of the armies. It was this Arthur who defeated the Romans and did indeed kill Gratian the Roman Emperor at Lyons on the 24th August 383 A.D. The victories of this Arthur made his grandfather, the old Magnus Maximus Emperor of the West, his father Victor became the Augustus of Gaul and Conan Meriadauc and the British got all Northern France. And so the Lesser Britain came into being — Brittany, as distinct from Britain — Wales, and with the descendants of King Bran and his forefathers ruling over both areas.

In 388 A.D. Magnus Maximus, aged around 80, Marcellus and Victor his sons and the great Andragathius all perished at the hands of Theodosius and his barbarian allies, and all that was left besides Brittany, was the memory of the total conquest of Western Europe to be enshrined in British folklore. Over



King Octavius the Twenty-Eighth King and Casnar Wledig his Brother

King Euddav rebelled against the Emperor Constantine the Great around 312 A.D. and by 322 he ruled a virtually independent Britain — Constantine had divorced Queen Helen his British wife, and Casnar Wledig defeated the British Trahairn sent over by Constantine. The personal lands of Euddav were in South Wales.

King Euddav — Octavius — was the son of the warrior King Crair, his brother was the mighty Casnar Wledig — Caesar the Leader — General of the British Armies. Helen daughter of Euddav married Magnus Maximus first cousin of the Emperor Constantine who became Emperor himself as an old man. Casnar was "The Dragon of Gwent".

in South Wales the next two joint Kings followed in King Bran the Dragon of Gwent, son of King Edric and King Erb, son of Erbin. Probably before their time in 406 A.D. another great expedition had set out from Britain for Gaul as the whole of Western Europe tottered towards inevitable collapse, this time under Constantine a son-in-law of Magnus Maximus, accompanied by Geraint a Silurian general and another British army. All Gaul was taken but by 411 the cause of the hesitant Constantine was irretrievably lost and Western Europe was doomed to barbarian conquest. The Senate and Council of Britain declared themselves independent and got Honorius the Emperor to confirm this by demanding aid which they knew he could not give.

A son of Magnus Maximus and Elen was elected King of all Britain — the Imperial role — and this was King Owain, who although an old man, ruled from 411 to 426 A.D. Other descendants of Magnus Maximus returned to Wales as well as Owain — Eugene, they were his aged wife and sons Cystennin — Constantine, and Peblig — Publicus and also at least two sons of Arthun — Andragathius named Thathal — Theodorus, and Eidinet. Around 426 a cunning and ambitious Silurian Prince named Gwytheyrn — Vortigern or Vitalianus, succeeded in getting himself elected as the successor to King Owain. Over in South Wales the joint Kings Bran and Erb were probably ruling at this time and the appointment of Gwytheyrn was primarily a military assignment, in line with the Roman office of Vicar of Britain.

Now came disaster as Gwytheyrn was opposed by Emrys — Ambrosius, who had apparently married a daughter of Magnus Maximus, just as Gwytheyrn had. This may be Enyr of Caerwent. Now Gwytheyrn did exactly what the megalomaniac Theodosius had done in 388 in Europe, he sought allies from amongst the German barbarian tribes and he brought some 6,000 of them into Kent. These mercenaries were placed on the Channel coast to prevent a cross Channel invasion from Brittany by heirs of Magnus Maximus. In Britain civil wars raged between forces led by Gwytheyrn — Vortigern and his son Gwythelin Vortimer with armies from what is now England — Loegria, and those of Siluria — South Wales led by Ambrosius and presumably King Bran who was titled the Dragon of Gwent (a military title, so he evidently fought wars). In 437 A.D. Gwytheyrn and his sons Gwythelin, Pascent and Cattergirn won a great battle at Wallop in Hampshire. This was only a prelude to a further disaster for around 448 A.D. Gwytheyrn's Saxon allies imported huge numbers of their kinsmen and embarked upon a great raid which devastated Britain. Gwythelin was elected to replace Gwytheyrn who had in fact married the daughter of the Saxon chieftain Hengist, and in a long war Gwythelin defeated the Saxons, but tragically his brother Cattergirn was killed and Gwythelin was fatally wounded.

Over in Wales the next King Nynniaw had by now been appointed, a brother or son of Erb, the 33rd King followed by Teithfallt his son the 34th King. The great Book of Llandaff records that in the time of Teithfallt and his associate Ithael Hael, there were Saxon raids on South Wales, around 450 A.D. When Gwythelin died of his wounds the crafty old Gwytheyrn — Vortigern somehow returned to the top position in Loegria. There followed one of the most infamous and treacherous acts in history, when at a "peace conference" the defeated Saxons murdered some 300 British leaders in cold blood. The British erupted and Emrys Wledig — Ambrosius Aurelianus, landed with an army from Brittany and chased Gwytheyrn from the throne and established himself as leader of the British in Loegria around 460 A.D. Hengist was chased and executed and some form of order restored. Old Gwytheyrn — Vortigern may have been of the nation of the Coritani who inhabited the area of Hampshire, Wiltshire, Dorset and most of Gloucestershire — the tribal nation remembered as that which more closely and readily adopted Roman ways than any other in Britain. By repute Gwytheyrn came from around Gloucester itself on the Silurian and Coritani borders. He is well recorded in the Welsh Triads, where he is execrated as a drunkard and a traitor.

In Wales however, matters were taking a significant turn, for the new King Teithfallt, Theodorus, had married the Princess Teitfal — Theodora, who was the daughter of Teitheyrn — Theodosius, the son of Thathal — Theodore, the son of the mighty Arthun the conqueror of Europe in 383 to 388, and grandson of Magnus Maximus the Emperor. This meant that the ancient Dynasty of Bran and Caradoc was now fully united with the blood line of the Emperors. Emrys — Ambrosius dominated Loegria with the title of Wledig, or Leader — not King. He died around 500 A.D., and was succeeded by his brother Victor — Uther, now an old man. In South Wales King Teithfallt and Teitfal had a son named King Tewdrig — Theoderic, and the Royal house rose again in stature. This King Tewdrig the Thirty Fifth King made diplomatic marriages with the ruling house of his kinsmen in Brittany and with the ruling house of Cunedda in North Wales, and he consolidated his kingdom which was still firmly Christian.

The struggle for Leogria went on under Emrys and then his brother Victor — Uther, whilst in South Wales Tewdrig married his son King Meurig to Queen Onbrawst daughter of Gwrgan the Great, so re-uniting the two great branches of the Royal clan and then he made an Irish alliance by marrying his daughter Marchel to Anlach the son of Coromac, a King of Ireland. Then when old Uther finally died in 518 A.D. the British were faced with their greatest crisis, for the Germanic invasions had begun in earnest around 500 A.D. and the final struggle for supremacy was about to be decided. King Meurig the 35th King of Glamorgan and Gwent had an eldest son named Arthwyr — Arthur, and this was the leader chosen by the British to lead them in their war with the Germans. So began the mighty legends of King Arthur the undying King of the British — ruler of a strong and united Christian Kingdom — warlord of a powerful warrior race — all perfectly correct.

These South Wales Kings continued to rule until 1091 A.D. after which their descendants became local noblemen and finally country gentlemen. This does not concern us here for we need only to see how there was a Christian King named Arthur and who he was and how the Llandaff Charters and the Llanccarfan Charters help to tell the story. How also the ancient King Lists of Dyfed, and the Brecon manuscripts confirm the story, and match with evidence from the "Lives of the Saints".

There were probably Charters written for the churches in South Wales before 450 A.D., which is the approximate starting date for the Llandaff Charters, but these we do not have in any form. The Charters begin with King Erb, when very old, the 32nd King of Gwent and with his son King Pebiau of Ergyng (South Hereford). They mention King Teithfallt, the 34th King, and there are Charters of Gwyddai and Cynfyn the sons of Pebiau. They tell the story of King Tewdrig the 35th King and there is a charter to a church for his soul. His son King Meurig is prominently figured in many Charters, which tell much of his life and there are Charters of Gwrgan Mawr his father in law, and of other contemporary Kings and Princes of around 500 to 540 A.D. Then there is a charter of King Arthrwys or Arthur the great 37th King of South Wales, and we learn of the murder of both his brothers in other Charters. Both King Morgan and King Idnerth the sons of the mighty Arthur figure in Charters, and then the sons and grandsons. And so the Charters roll on down through the centuries in a mighty roll call of the Kings, Princes and noblemen and of the Bishops, Abbots and Priests of South Wales from 450 A.D. down to 1091 A.D. and beyond. Lowly priests become deacons, readers, presbyters and then Abbots and Bishops and the sons of Princes rise to become Princes and then Kings as the names cascade down through the Charters.

What is revealed is a nation which was organised, united, strongly bound together through ties of blood and kinship, culturally advanced and intellectually civilised to a very high degree. Their Kings dated back to around 450 A.D. and they may well have been the fifth wave of immigrants known as the "Coming of the Dragon", led by their legendary King Brutus from around Byzantium in Thrace. Their laws laid down by King Dyvnwal Moelmud around 450 A.D. they kept faithfully, they were true to their nation and to each other and they incorporated Christianity into their corpus of advanced learning and morality, and philosophy at a very early date.

Out of all this in their hour of crisis, there emerged their mighty King Arthur, son of Meurig, grandson of Tewdrig, a King who stormed forth like a great archangel to win the wars which should have preserved his people for all time. At Arthur's time they fought with everything they had to preserve their independence and their nation and to govern themselves in their own way. Were the King to return, he would undoubtedly die of grief and shame all over again and rage at their pathetic state today.

However, on to the Charters to what was the age of Camelot, when confidence reigned and men were Cymry — kinsmen.

THE LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR

The legend of King Arthur is in effect the story of the apotheosis of the people of South East Wales, for bound up into the legend, the tales and the folklore of the great King Arthur, is the epic take of the "finest hour" of these people. For there was a time when people of Western Europe saw their continent almost as their world — a world which consisted of the Roman Empire of the West.

This Empire was never a satisfactory organisation, and rarely as strong and mighty as the historians would have us believe, but it provided a framework and an association within which civilisation and advancing standards could survive against the wild barbaric other world beyond the frontiers. Inside this Roman world of swaying fortunes where Emperors fought and murdered for supremacy there was little peace, and certainly not the strong central authority that many imagine. Of the first 54 Roman Emperors no less than twenty eight were murdered and two committed suicide to avoid death at the hands of their armies and enemies. Of the other twenty four no less than eight died in battle, four fighting their rivals, leaving only eight to die of natural causes, and even then several of these died of disease and illness whilst on campaign. Those who died naturally were those who could successfully kill other claimants and not be killed themselves, and up until the 54th Emperor Gratian, who was killed in 383 A.D., the British had made no attempt on the Crown.

The Empire was therefore a melting pot, a collection of powerful provinces from which new and powerful leaders might emerge. These provinces were held together primarily by the fact that each of them had powerful and barbaric enemies on their borders, and it was better to be inside the Imperial club than outside it. Probably the only completely subdued and Romanised province of the West was that of Gaul — now France. Yet in Britain the ancient British monarchy survived, and served as a stabilising influence. Several Roman Emperors took British Princesses as their wives, presumably to gain powerful alliance, and also to add the trappings of Royalty and Royal blood to his intended Dynasty. The concept of "pax Romana" of Roman Peace was not therefore what it might first appear to be; it was quite simply a concept which prevailed regardless of centuries of squabbles, major and minor calamities and misfortunes.

After the great British expedition of Magnus Maximus and Conon Meriadauc in 383, the British monarchy finally began the abandonment of all pretence of adherence to Rome. There had been other revolts over the centuries, principally that of King Euddav who paid a perfunctory "lip service" of an alliance to Constantine the Great from 322 to 367 A.D. after first rebelling in 312 A.D. The concept of the Empire being inevitable, as fixed and as permanent as night and day, was not either the attitude or the hope of the British, as their history shows. Unlike every other part of the Western Empire they were not unprepared or inept and incapable, when after a long shuddering series of disasters and catastrophes the Empire of the West collapsed between 383 and 476 A.D. There was no terror of the 'great void' for them, and the thirty three great trading port towns of the Romans vanished, as the Romanic inhabitants mistakenly seeking refuge on the crumbling continent of Europe packed up and abandoned their towns.

Over most of Western Europe there was no entity or organisation capable of replacing the Imperial machinery, and the minds of men seem to have been stunned by the disappearance of what had seemed to be an indestructible state of Empire. Colossal hoards of the warriors of migrating tribes ploughed and boiled around the Empire in Europe in a welter of destruction and slaughter. Massive tribes of barbarians moved Westward from Asia, each human wave being impelled forward by the pressure of the waves behind them in the East. The civilisation of what had been Roman Western Europe was ripped apart. The invaders varied both in their own levels of culture and civilisation and their attitude towards the Empire which they were dismantling. Some like the Ostrogoths and even the Visigoths, sought to preserve the Roman style standards and fabric of civilisation, which it had been their target to attain. Others like the Sueves, the Vandals, the Alans and at the bottom of the barrel, the Frisians, the Saxons, and the Jutes, sought only to destroy.

At the time it must have seemed that the whole of Western Europe was to be totally engulfed by this surging tide of Barbarian conquest, with its Provinces, Cities and Towns split apart from each other, all fragmented and incapable of any form of organised and powerful resistance. In Gaul Aegidius now managed to form a temporary "kingdom" and to delay complete conquest until the Franks were able to themselves see the value of a strong and prosperous state rather than a totally devastated

wasteland. Whilst in Europe there was no-one capable of resisting the onslaught, over in Britain behind the great ditch of the Channel there was the only organised state, capable of defending itself and with the hereditary pride and will to do so. Here out in the furthest reaches of what had been the Western Empire the barbarian tidal wave finally broke on the rock of the Dynasty of the British Kings. The process of invasion when it came was the same long drawn out procedure which had crumbled the Roman frontiers in Europe, refugees being admitted who then formed nucleus settlements for their kinsmen to migrate into, and to then swell the numbers of foreigners of a different culture who would prove hostile to the British state rather than be grateful for sanctuary. Then there were groups of mercenaries first admitted by the Romans, the Saxons very probably by Theodosius before the end of the fourth century, and the long process of infiltration, attrition, raids and creeping settlement. All this culminating in one vast rebellion in a great effort to conquer and to gain supremacy.

Raids by sea had been a problem to the British for centuries, and the settlement by immigrants allowed in as they fled before more powerful continental enemies had long been a mistaken humanitarian policy, and even more dangerous was the recruitment of barbarian auxiliaries to act as coastguard soldiers to help strengthen defences.

In the middle of the fifth century these barbarian auxiliaries had been the mainspring for massive destructive raids throughout Britain, when they conspired with the Scots of Ireland, and the Picts of Scotland to turn on their hosts and benefactors in an orgy of destruction. The struggle dragged on over the whole of the fifth century and reached a new peak around 500 A.D., when, with Europe now prostrate and occupied by powerful invading nations, the full weight of the savage peoples still searching for lands fell upon Britain. What had gone before was a series of wars where the stronger British held the whiphand in warfare as distinct from raids. Now however, fresh and large contingents of Germanic tribes began to invade the shores in force, and there seemed no end to the long wars fought since around 450 A.D.

And so the tremendous contest for Britain was begun around 500 A.D. and the fate of the nation was finally to be decided. During the first years of the century from 500 to 518 A.D. the British were led by Victor — Uther, their Pendragon. It was their custom in times of war to elect the best leader they had to lead them in battle. This was not necessarily the King, for when King Euddav rebelled against the Emperor Constantine in 312 A.D., the armies were led by his brother named Casnar and styled Wledig. Now Wledig meant "leader" in the sense of General, and whilst the line of Kings went on from 400 to 518 there were several such leaders. There was Cunedda Wledig in North and West Wales fighting the Irish from circa 420 to 480 with his sons, there was Emrys Wledig in what is now England from 460 to 500 and Uther the brother of Emrys as Pendragon from around 500 to 518 A.D. The title Pendragon, or Dragon, was very similar to that of Wledig, and Uther — Victor — must have been old when he led the British. In 518 A.D. however, the British held an election and the new Pendragon or Wledig was to be their King himself, for the choice had fallen upon Arthur the son of Meurig, the Thirty Seventh King of the British Dynasty located in South Wales.

The subsequent story known to millions through epic folklore, history, tales and romantic fable, has in fact become so muddled and distorted over the centuries that even his actual true identity became obscure. He was in fact the hereditary paramount King of South East Wales, known today as Glamorgan and Gwent. His Kingdom had been that of Caractacus and Bran who fought the Romans at the time of Claudius, and had been a Christian state since 58 A.D. when Bran brought the new religion back from Rome and established it in South Wales. All through the period of association with the Romans from 76 A.D. the line of these Kings had persisted, ruling their territories outside the 33 colonial trading towns of the Roman administration. They had remained strongly Christian and recorded that their King Crair the father of Euddav had burned down Roman London around 285 to 300 A.D., this being an action apparently provoked by the persecution of the Christians under the Emperors Diocletian and Maximianus which began in 286 A.D. As we have noted the next King Euddav, son of Crair, had with his brother Casnar Wledig ruled a virtually independent Britain from 312 to 367 when he died. The Romans briefly re-established their authority under Theodosius in 367 A.D. bringing Britain back into the Imperial orbit until 383 A.D. when, with the revolt of Magnus Maximus and his British allies, effective control, even in a limited manner, finally vanished. Britain was in fact powerful enough to launch two great expeditions of conquest into Western Europe in 383 to 388, and again in 406 to 411 A.D. So it was from this solid powerbase, and from his unchallenged position as hereditary King that Arthur was able to set about launching his wars of freedom, defence and liberation. He also had the added and considerable

advantage of being descended from the Emperor Magnus Maximus, and as such was King — Emperor of Britain.

The preservation of the British state as a native entity under its own Kings within the Roman Empire for some four hundred years meant that here alone in all Western Europe was an organised nation state capable and able to defend itself. The struggle was epic, even titanic and the victory went to the British under their King. The only part of what had been the Western Empire of Rome which survived the barbarian onslaught was Western Britain, and it survived because it had never been completely Romanised. Out of the great adventure of their great war there sprang a great body of folklore, of prose literature by their Bards, and poetry and saga, as the nation remembered the King who had guaranteed its survival. The old Kingdom was that of South Wales, and the personal landholdings of the Kings lay mainly in the South East, in what is now Glamorgan, Gwent, Brecon, East Carmarthen and South Hereford. Fortunately evidence in the form of copies of documents, or even copies of copies of copies of documents, and occasionally documents themselves, had survived down through the ages to tell the stories of these Kings of Glamorgan and Gwent. These are what we present and explain. They include the Court lists of Hywel Dda, Prince of Dyfed from 900 to 949 A.D., the Charters of Llandaff Cathedral collected and copied down in 1108 A.D. by Galfrid — Jeffery — the brother of Bishop Urban of Llandaff. (Believed to be Gruffydd ap Arthur — Geoffrey of Monmouth). There is also the collection of the fourteen surviving Charters of Llancarfan Abbey some ten miles West of Cardiff and Llandaff, and the preserved lists of the "Lives of the Saints" listing Welsh Saints of before 700 A.D. and their Royal ancestors. Finally, there is the ancient manuscript evidence from Brecon giving corroborative evidence to the rulers of fifth century South Wales and their connections and history.

The Bards also listed the genealogies of these South Wales Kings and handed them on down the centuries, a roll call of the Kings as they succeeded each other down the years of the nation. The record of the years from 58 A.D. down to 1091 A.D. are preserved, and from around 450 A.D. they are in great detail in the Charters of Llandaff. By looking at these various sources, we can see a pattern emerge, a solid consistency of information which fits together and matches — from Dyfed in the West, Brecon in the North, from Llandaff and Llancarfan in the East and the Gwent and Glamorgan Bards; everything matches and fits together to form a whole. Where proof is possible, it is correct and the evidence is accurate. Finally, there in the centre of all this preserved record, we find Arthur the King of Glamorgan and Gwent.

All the information which we include in this volume ties in with and matches the folklore tales and the history hidden in the Mabinogion stories, and is then confirmed by the biographical "Lives of Saints" and most importantly with the Welsh Triads. There are also all the other varied sources which go together to compound the same comprehensive and intelligible story. To understand the people of the Arthurian Age from 400 to 600 A.D. it is necessary to understand their states and their nation, and the political, economic and military background against which the Charters and the other records were produced. What we have is a civilised nation of advanced philosophical enlightenment, cultured and Christian. The hereditary Kings were based in South Wales with their own Druidical and Bardic organisations. This was a nation which came to a compromise solution of mutual co-existence with the Romans, but who, unlike the unfortunate Jewish nation, had no rival House of Idumean and Hasmonean Princes squabbling for the throne to shatter their unity, and where there was no great temple in which offensive images might provoke war if introduced. The Romans ran their Cities and Towns or trading posts and the British Kings ran their own affairs. What emerged was a powerful, well ordered and fiercely loyal state, equipped with its own institutions and customs and, most important, its own recognised leaders and warrior classes.

The problem, if it can be called such, is that the proven record of this British nation conflicts with the widespread vague imaginings of openly biased mediaeval and modern authors from what is now England. The tale is too long to be told in one volume, and so we tell it in "Arthur King of Glamorgan and Gwent", in "Arthur and the Charters of the Kings" and in "The Origins of Arthur".

THE COMPILING OF THE CHARTERS IN 1108 A.D.

When looking at the Charters of Llandaff which chronicle the history of South East Wales and its Kings, we read them as they were reproduced and edited by Galfrid in 1108 to 1132 A.D. This simply means that Galfrid saw the more ancient Charters in the context of his own times. He thought in terms of a centralised bishopric in South Wales based at Cardiff; whereas there were a number of bishops in the South Wales area. The historical evidence does however support Galfrid in that the Triads record that there was a centralised archbishopric with a number of supporting bishops, the central point was however at Caerleon when both Dyfrig — Dubricius — and David, and indeed Teilo, were archbishops. The Triads relate how King Arthur had three archbishops in his highly organised state, one at Penrhyn Rhionedd in the North; probably at, or near Carlisle, one at Caerleon in Gwent and one in Cornouailles in Brittany. The archbishop was not therefore originally at Llandaff, but it is perfectly reasonable that there were a number of Bishops serving in various parts of the Kingdom of Southern Britain, meaning South Wales, as the Charters describe. These were contemporary, and overlapped each other in time.

That there was a church at Llandaff is indisputable. Over the years the quite untenable and completed unfounded charge that the Llandaff Charters are forgeries has on occasion been made; this allegation does not stand in the light of the facts, and would seem to stem from pseudo-academic bloody mindedness and unjustifiable scepticism. There is no evidence to support this form of denigration, and it usually derives from quarters where there is a rush to support even the tiniest fraction of "evidence" which comes to light in 'classical' Greece, Egypt, or very especially, Biblical related countries.

Remarkably, yet not unexpectedly, the Charters are in many cases strongly supported and corroborated by the Ancient King Lists, by the lists of names found in the Genealogies, by the names and arrangements in "The Lives of the Saints", by old tales and folklore as well as the Mabinogion stories. Other ancient records such as the Llancarfan Charters support them fully, as do the Margam and Neath records, and there is of course the evidence carved on stones. In fact the evidence from all the different sources is so strongly identical, that there can be no doubt of their authenticity and accuracy. Generally, we believe that the opposition to the Charters stems from an English fear that a nation of high culture and also of achievement will be seen to have existed in Britain long before they made their own barbaric, primitive and savage entry into the Island of Britain — this is an emotional response and not a rational one, typical of the "upper class" who sought the substitutes of Greek and Roman 'classical' history and culture in preference to their own in the days of the English Empire — all backed up by the equally substitutive book of Hebrew history.

The Llandaff Charters in fact form the most important and most coherent body of information on Dark Age Britain which exists. They provide a solid framework upon which to build and to found the history of Britain. Make no mistake, to admit the Llandaff Charters in this guise, is to admit the truth of Welsh history, and to therefore turn upside down all previous unfounded notions and vague fancies which have dismissed the well proven and substantiated old British histories. History is the basic source of the pride, the courage and the dignity, which is so vital to the life and future of every nation. The history of the British is bound up in these associated groups of ancient information, all very wonderfully and marvellously preserved for us today by the surviving miracle of the Welsh language. As the religion of the Jewish nation rides upon the solid vehicle of their never forgotten language, so also the history of the British has been handed down by the Welsh. Even the high minded and philosophical tenets of their ancient religion have been preserved. They might have done better to adhere to them for history in the form of that of a foreign nation with no similarities as presented in the Bible, is an unacceptable substitute. This we fully discuss in the "Origins of Arthur". Primarily the nation never lost its basic ideals and concepts, and preserved them down through the ages.

King Arthur today is the manifestation in one stylised personality of all that the British-Welsh stood for, and all that they held good. He can be found and discovered to be real, traced and identified, because he was of these people, and they preserved him in their language and their record.

BOOK OF LLANDAFF

The Liber Landavensis, or The Book of Llandaff, is so called because it is the ancient Chartulary, or Register Book of the Cathedral of Llandaff, wherein were recorded Memoirs of its more eminent Prelates, Grants of Endowment, and other interesting and important particulars relating to the Church of Diocese. It has also been called Llyfr Teilo, or the Book of Teilo, because the Diocese sometimes went by the name of Teilo, St. Teilo being one of the most eminent of its Prelates, and also because part of the materials, whereof it was compiled, was contained in a still more ancient Register, that went by his name, to which it makes reference, and which it probably superseded. (*In the Requisition of Urban, Bishop of Llandaff, to Pope Calixtus II at Rheims in the year 1119, the said Bishop refers to the very ancient original Work, saying "as the manuscript of our Patron St. Teilo does testify", (sicut Chirographum sancti patroni nostri Teliau testatur,) pp.84 and 555 of this Book. The manuscript of Teilo is likewise referred to in the account of the Cantrefs of Glamorgan, p.237, where it is called Gref Teliau; but whether such reference is to the more ancient MS. or to this Work, is doubtful.*)

The compiler of the Work is stated to have been Galfrid or Jeffrey, brother of Urban, the last Bishop of Llandaff mentioned therein, whose undertaking appears to be to make the older Register of Teilo his ground-work, and to give in addition such other suitable information as he could obtain, and think proper to communicate, and to relate the particulars according to the mode of description and in the style of language made use of by authors at the time he wrote the compilation. (*Wharton considers Esni, Dean of the Church of Llandaff, who was invited by his brother, Bishop Urban, to be present at the removal of the body of St. Dubricius from Bardsey to Llandaff in 1120, to be the same person as Galfrid — Anglia Sacra, p.xxvii*)

As Urban became Bishop of Llandaff in the year 1107 and died in 1133, and the last document recorded in the Book is considered to be of the date of the preceding year, it may be reasonably inferred that the compilation of the work was completed in the former part of the twelfth century, that is 1132; for had it not been concluded until after his death, such an important event would very likely have been mentioned, if not have constituted one of its articles.

1. The Work, although only once before printed in 1840, has been frequently noticed, and has attracted the attention of various eminent literary characters at different times, and such as have come to the knowledge of the Editor, he deems it appropriate to mention.

1. The MS Chronicle of the Church of Llandaff, preserved in the Cottonian Library, in the British Museum, written in 1439, has a reference to it, and calls it, The Manuscript Book of St. Teilo. The article relates that the Church of Llandaff was honourably endowed with various territories, rents and privileges, by King Meurig ap Tewdrig. It is inserted in the Appendix to this Work, wherein p.277, the manuscript of Teilo is mentioned. *As is fully found in the Manuscript of St. Teilo, (sicut in Graffo Sancti Teliau plenarie reperitur).*

2. Bishop Godwin, in his "Catalogue of the Bishops of England," has expressed reference to this Work. In the first edition, published in the year 1601, when he was Sub-Dean of Exeter, he mentions several particulars of the earlier Bishops of Llandaff, which seem to have been extracted from it, but the name of the Book is not mentioned, nor is there any allusion made thereto. In later editions, however, when he had become Bishop of Llandaff, having succeeded to the See in the year in which the former edition was published, he evidently refers to the Work and says, "Our Church has a Book of venerable antiquity, which was written upwards of five hundred years ago, from whence I have borrowed the greater part of what is related of its Bishops, who were not later than 1110". He relates various particulars of the earlier Bishops of the See, and arranges them in the same order as they are in this Work, except in two instances, where he places Bishop Pater next before Gwgan, instead of next after Bishop Nobis, and Bishop Marchlwys next after Libiau, instead of the next before Bledri. In the notes respecting the accounts given of Bishops Cyfeiliawg, Libiau, and Bledri, reference is made to this Work, and it is called the Register of Llandaff.

3. Archbishop Usher, in his "Antiquities of the British Churches" published in 1639, has frequent reference to this Work, and quotes from it largely. He refers to it with respect to the Lives of St. Samson

and St. Teilo, and calls it the Register of Llandaff, when relating of the former, and the Register of the Church of Llandaff, with respect to the latter. He also refers to it under the name of, The Llandaff Register, in various places; and in the accounts of the Protest of Bishop Urban, it is mentioned that it was inserted in the Register of the Church of Llandaff, called Teilo, which was supposed to have been compiled by Galfrid his brother.

4. Sir Henry Spelman, in his "Concilia", also published in 1639, likewise treats this Work with great respect, and has several large quotations from it. Reference is made to it when speaking of the era of Bishop Oudoceus, under the title of The Book of Llandaff. He gives quotations of three Synods of Llandaff, which took place in the time of that Bishop, which are alleged to have been extracted from the very ancient manuscript of the Church of Llandaff, and also others of eleven more Synods, that took place under various Bishops of the See, which are said to be taken from the Register of Llandaff, and likewise of the Summons of William, Archbishop of Canterbury, to Bishop Urban, to attend the Council of London, and of the decrees of the said Council. He also calls the MS a splendid Book, that was to be had in the Archives of the Bishop of Llandaff, from whence he had made the extracts.

5. Dugdale, in his "Monasticon Anglicanum" the first volume of which was published in 1655, refers frequently to this Work, and has numerous quotations from it. In the first volume is a quotation of the second Synod of Llandaff under Bishop Oudoceus, mentioned to have been extracted from a very ancient MS Book which formerly belonged to the Bishop of Llandaff, but was then in the possession of the celebrated John Selden. In the third volume is a long quotation, containing an account of the first state of the Church of Llandaff, and the nine succeeding documents, including the Life of St. Dubricius; also, one containing the Requisition of Bishop Urban to Pope Calixtus II at Rheims; and likewise others of seven Grants to the Church of Llandaff, in the time of Archbishop Teilo; of twelve Grants in the time of Bishop Oudoceus; of as many as one hundred and ten Grants from the time of Oudoceus to that of Bishop Bledri; of two grants in the time of Bishop Joseph: and of sixteen of those documents in the time of Bishop Herwald. The second volume of the Monasticon Anglicanum was published in 1661, and the third in 1673.

6. Cressy, in his "Church History of Brittany", published in 1668, refers to this Book, makes quotations from it, and calls it, The History of the Church of Llandaff. It has English translations of the three Synods of Llandaff, which took place under Bishop Oudoceus; of the Synod under Bishop Gwgan; and of the Protest of Bishop Urban, addressed to Pope Calixtus II at the Council of Rheims.

7. The Rev. Henry Wharton in his "Anglia Sacra", published in 1691, refers to this Work frequently, and makes long quotations from it; of which there is one containing portions of the Life of St. Teilo; another containing a short history of the first state of the Church of Llandaff, with extracts from the Life of St. Dubricius, expressly stated to have been taken from the ancient Register of the Church of Llandaff, which is called Teilo; and also others containing the Privileges or Charters of St. Oudoceus and Bledri, Bishops of Llandaff; the Charter of Prince Gruffydd to Bishop Herwald; a document mentioning the territories of Ergyng; the Requisition of Bishop Urban to Pope Calixtus II at Rheims; and the Epistle of Pope Honorius respecting the lawsuit of Bishop Urban. Mr. Wharton mentions in the Preface to his Work, that he had made his extracts and quotations from the Teilo Register in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, in addition to what Dugdale had done from the Seldenian copy.

8. The Rev. Edward Lhuyd, in the "Archaeologia Britannica", published in 1707, notices this Work as follows, — "Liber Landavensis, in the library of Robert Davies of Guissaney, Denbighshire, Esq. *The article has merely Dav. but a reference to the commencement of the Catalogue of MSS explains it to signify as above mentioned.* The Register of the Church of Llandaff was compiled by Galfrid, brother to Urban, Bishop of that See, about the commencement of the twelfth century. The Archives of Llandaff contain a very neat copy on parchment, lately transcribed, but more elegantly than accurately written, the handwriting of the ancient Book being preserved. And there is another copy in the library of Jesus College, Oxford. The Work contains some Charters of the Church of Llandaff, written in the Welsh language, which are understood but by few, on account of their antiquity". *This and some other quotations are written in Latin by their respective authors; but they are here given in English, for the information of the general reader.* And he again mentions that there was in the Liber Landavensis a short account of some Privileges of the Church of Llandaff, the beginning of which he gives, as well as some particulars, in the ancient welsh, with an explanation in the modern mode of writing the language.

9. Collier, in his "Ecclesiastical History of Great Britain", published in 1708, has several references to this Work, and gives a quotation extracted from it by Dugdale in his Monasticon, respecting King Lucius sending Elvanus and Medwinus, to Eleutherius, Bishop of Rome, to desire that he might be made a Christian by his instruction. And he also says, "The old Register of Llandaff, after the mention of frequent messages dispatched by the Britons to the Bishop of Gaul, to assist them against the Pelagians and that Germanus and Lupus came over at their request, adds, that they consecrated Bishops in many places, and made Dubricius, Archbishop over all the Britons of the right hand part of Britain." He again states that the old Register of Llandaff, commonly called The Liber Landavensis, contained several censures upon Princes; and also mentions the said Work by the same name, and says that it reported Samson to be descended from a royal family, that his father's name was Amon, and his birth little less than miraculous. Collier's Work likewise contains a copy of the Summons of William, Archbishop of Canterbury, to Urban, Bishop of Llandaff; with a reference to the second volume of Spelman's "Concilia," and to a MS copy of the Liber Landavensis in the possession of the Bishop of Norwich.

10. Bishop Nicholson, in his "English Historical Library," published in 1714, refers to this Work, and says that the Life of St. Teilo, or Eliud, St. David's successor in his Archbishoprick, was penned by Geoffrey of Llandaff, brother to Urban, Bishop of that See, about the beginning of the twelfth century, whose treatise was still to be had at length in an old Register Book of that Church. And he also mentions that Bishop Godwin assures us that all he says of the Archbishops and Bishops of Llandaff, down as far as 1110, was taken out of an old manuscript Register of that Church, which seemed to him to have been penned about that time. This he took to be the very same as that in Sir John Cotton's library, which, on account of its giving a very particular account of the acts and miracles of St. Teliau, bore the name of Teilo; from whence Sir Henry Spelman had the whole account, which he gives us in the Synodical decrees of divers Bishops of the Church of Llandaff; and also, Mr. Wharton had those excellent pieces, which he published as overlooked by Godwin and Spelman.

11. Mr. Browne Willis, in his "Surveys of the Cathedral Church of Llandaff," published in 1718, mentions that in the Cottonian Library, (British Museum), were the following MSS. thus entitled — 1. Antiquum Landavensis Ecclesiae Registrum, (Ancient Register of the Church of Llandaff). MS F. p.85. I take this to be a copy of the Book called Tilo, one of which is in Jesus College Library, Oxford — 2. Names of the Nobility to whom Pope Calixtus wrote that they should restore to the Church of Llandaff the lands of which it had been deprived. MS. Cotton, Otho D. IV.5. — 3. Epistle of Pope Honorius to William, Archbishop of Canterbury, and other Bishops of England, respecting the complaints of Urban, Bishop of Llandaff against Bernard, Bishop of St. David's, and Richard, Bishop of Hereford, relating to some parishes being kept from him. MS Cotton, Vitellius E. IV. 6. — 4. Life of St. Teilo, Bishop written by Galfrid, brother to Urban, Bishop of the Church of Llandaff. Vespasian, A XIV. — 5. Life of St. Dubricius Archbishop of the City of Legions to which is prefixed a short Account of the first state of the Church of Llandaff. Vespasian, A. XIV — These last four articles are considered to be the same as those relating to their subjects, which are in this volume. — 6. Chronicon Ecclesiae Landavensis a Bruto ad A.C. 1370, partim Wallice partim Latine, (Chronicle of the Church of Llandaff from Brutus to A.D. 1370, partly in Welsh and partly in Latin). D. Titus XXII. 1. — This MS has a date which shews that it was written in 1439. It consists of 33 leaves, in very small 4to.; the character is very good, and well preserved. Respecting it, Mr. Willis says, "From the title I conceived great matters, but getting a friend to peruse it, he found the same to be of no manner of consequence, but only some few undigested Notes; very little concerning this Church, but relating to the general history of the Kingdom." Bishop Nicholson was likewise deceived with respect to the value of this MS. for in his English Historical Library he says, "There is another Book in the same (Cottonian) Library, that affords a History or Chronicle of this Church, (Llandaff), which seems to have escaped the notice of both the diligent antiquaries, (Sir Henry Spelman and the Rev. Mr. Wharton). It commences at Brute, and ends A.D. 1370". In the Cymmrodorian Catalogue of Welsh MSS, in the British Museum, it is described as being, in Welsh, 38 pages, then in Latin, 30 pages — The Book was examined for the Welsh MSS Society in 1839, and it was found that the Welsh consisted of a sort of Commentary on the Apocalypse, a Life of St. David, of St. Catharine, and of St. Margaret, and the Latin Chronicle had but a few particulars of ancient British History. This work had from its title misled people to consider it the Liber Landavensis, as it contained a good deal of Welsh, which they, not understanding, erroneously concluded it to relate to Llandaff. It however refers to this Work, for after giving some account of the re-building of the Church of Llandaff with the consent of the King of Glamorgan, and the honourable endowment of it by him with various territories, rents and privileges, it is added, "as is fully related in the Book of Teilo". as before mentioned. The whole of this Chronicle, as far as it relates to Llandaff, is inserted in the Appendix to this Work. Besides these several MSS. said to be in the British Museum, Mr. Willis says, "In the Custody of the Chapter of Llandaff are, as I am informed, only three

FUIT VIR AGGISENŒ NATIONE ELGARUS. NATUS REGIO-
NE DE VUNŒIRA. ET CAPTUS IN INFANTIA A PIRATARUM CLAS-
SE UT SOLITO MORE DUCTUS IN CAPTIVITATEM IN HIBERNI-
AM. & IBI DUCENS SERVILEM VITAM PER TEMPORA TANDEM. DE
FUNCTO SUI DÑO & RELAXATO SIBI ONERE CAPTIVITATIS PERVE-
NIT IN MANUM REGIAM. & REDACTUS ITERUM AD SERVILE IUGUM
IN TANTUM QD' REGALI IMPERIO REGIS REOTRI NEPOTIS CONCH-
OR DABAT PROPRIS MANIB; CAPITALEM SENTENTIAM REIS MOR-
TIS REGALIS CURIE IUDICIO. INUITUS TAMEN & CONTRA VOLUN-
TATEM DUCENS VITAM P' MEROREM 7 TRISTITIAM. & INTER INI-
MICAS MANUS DURAM EXPECTANS DEI MISERICORDIAM & COR-
PORIS & ANIMÆ RELAXATIONEM. P'VEINIT TAMEN AD SUAM DE-
LIBERATIONEM. & ACCEPTA SIBI PENITENTIA ADMODUM SUÆ
MOLIS. TOTAM PATRIAM RELINQUENS REMISSIONE MALORUM

Books, one of which is a large paper Book, wherein their Chapter Acts are registered; this Book was begun to be made in the year 1573. Another Books is, I am told, the old Register, or Liber Landavensis, referred to in the Monasticon, called Tilo, said to be compiled by Bishop Urban. And the third relates to some orders made by Bishop Blethin”.

12. In Nicholl's Antiquities of Lantwit Major, written in 1729, and inserted in the Appendix to Williams' History of Monmouthshire, published in 1796, he mentions the Liber Landavensis by name at the commencement of the article, and calls it a very old manuscript, in which were found many accounts of the Abbots of Lantwit. He again refers to it, and calls it, The Book of Llandaff; and reference is made to it by him a third time, when it is called a manuscript, six hundred years old, and the first part older yet by much. And in the conclusion is a quotation in Latin, from the Readings of the Life of St. Dubricius, extracted from the Liber Landavensis by name, in which it is mentioned that St. Dubricius visited the place (Abbey) of St. Illutus, in time of Lent, for the purpose of correcting what wanted amendment, and confirming what were to be continued.

13. Bishop Tanner, who died in 1732, mentions in his "Notitia Monastica" many particulars of the Church of Llandaff, of its early history, of the death of St. Dubricius, of the seizure of its revenues by the Saxons, and the number of its Canons being in consequence reduced from twenty four to two; of the several Synods held under Bishops Oudoceus, Gwrwan, Berthgwyn, Cerenhir, Cyfeiliawg, Pater, Gulfrid, Gwgan, Joseph and Herwald, and respecting the dispute between the Bishop of St. David's and the Bishop of Llandaff, relating to the boundaries of their dioceses; all of which are by the author mentioned, with references to Dugdale's Monasticon, Spelman's Concilia, and Wharton's Anglia Sacra, but which were doubtless originally taken from the Liber Landavensis. References are also made to the MS, extracts of Brian Twyne, from the Liber Landavensis, in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and to extracts, evidently from the same Work, in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. Mention is also made therein of the ancient Register of Llandaff, in the possession of Richard Davies, Esq., of Llanerch, in the county of Denbigh; and of the notice by Browne Willis, of the Work being in the Cottonian Library, and in the Library of Jesus College, Oxford.

14. In the Catalogue of the MSS. in the Cottonian Library, British Museum, printed in 1802, are the following references to the Liber Landavensis — Vitellius, CX. 4,5. "Extracts from the ancient Register of the Church of Llandaff, which is called Teilo". — "Life of St. Oudoceus, Archbishop of Llandaff, with various documents of Grants to the same Archbishop, Dubricius, Teliaus, and the Prelates of the Church, extracted, it is believed, from the same Register".

15. In the third volume of the "Cambrian Register" published in 1818, which contains a Catalogue of the MSS. in the Library at Hengwrt, Merionethshire, this Work is called Liber Landavensis, and said to be from Mr. Selden's Library; a description is also given of the volume, and particulars of the correspondence which took place previous to Robert Vaughan, Esq., of Hengwrt, obtaining possession of it. The Catalogue was originally written in 1658, but other books were added as they got to the collection, and the Liber Landavensis is mentioned as one of the books not had until Sept. 1659.

16. In Ritson's "Life of King Arthur" published in 1825, is a quotation from the Work of a Grant made by Noe, the son of Arthur, to Archbishop Dubricius, and to Llandaff founded in honour of St. Peter, of territories on the banks of the Taf. The author says that Sir John Price, who appeared to have had the Register of Llandaff, only notices this Grant; and he erroneously observes that the Manuscript was in Lichfield Cathedral, where it was called St. Chad's Book, being a copy of the Gospels. *This ancient MS has been inspected, and facsimiles of some of those grants, taken with the kind permission of the Dean and Chapter of Lichfield, are given in this Volume.* Respecting which it may be mentioned, that such book is not the Register of Llandaff, but of the Gospels of St. Matthew, and St. Mark, with part of that of St. Luke, and what relates to Llandaff is written on the margins of some of the leaves of the book, and consists of entries relating to Grants to the Church, copies of which are in the Appendix to this work.

17. In the Introduction to the "Dictionary of the Welsh Language", by Dr. W. Owen Pughe, published in 1832, we have the following particulars, "The most ancient Welsh Vocabulary is a short Welsh and Latin one in the Book of Llandav, in the British Museum, a valuable manuscript of the twelfth century. See Cott.MSS. Vespasian XXV 2". Respecting which it may be said, that the Vocabulary, instead of being Welsh, is Cornish, in which are many British words disused by the Cornish, but understood by the Welsh — Lhuyd's Archaeologia Britannica, p.4. And it may be further observed, that the contents of this manuscript, besides this Vocabulary, consist of a Latin-Welsh Calendar, in which Welsh Saints are

principally mentioned, and the lives of sixteen Welsh Saints — In addition to the printed works which have reference to, and contain quotations from this Work, the Editor deems it appropriate to give an account of those MS Collections which are to come to his knowledge, that have quotations from it.

II — 1. Archbishop Parker's MS. in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, MS 101, p.310, contains extracts from the Liber Landavensis, of the first state of the Church of Llandaff, and of the Life of Archbishop Dubricius; and MS. 119, p. 435, a large account of the founding of the Cathedral Church of Llandaff, and of its divers privileges. Wharton refers to this MS. in his "Anglia Sacra". where he calls it the Teilo Register, and mentions that he had made his extracts and quotations from it, as before mentioned. Matthew Parker, born in 1504, received his education at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, became Archbishop of Canterbury in 1559, and died in 1575.

2. Rev. Brian Twyne's extracts from the Liber Landavensis, in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, Vol. III p.9 contain the Life of St. Elgar. The author next describes the Lives of Samson and Dubricius, from the latter of which he gives some extracts; then those of Teliavus and Oudoceus, very slightly noticing the intervening contents of the book, and passing over at once to the Record of the Consecration of Bishop Herwald, he finishes his account with an extract from it. He was a Scholar and Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and Keeper of the Archives at that University, where he died in 1644.

3. In the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, are extracts from the Registrum Landavense, in a MS. Common Place Book of Archbishop Usher, which are written in that Prelate's own hand. They occupy six small 4to pages in Latin; the first Extract is, of the Life of Elgar, the Hermit; the second, the Requisition of Urban, Bishop of Llandaff, to Pope Calixtus, at the Council of Rheims, in the year 1119; then follows the Life of St. Teilo, Archbishop of the Church of Llandaff; and afterwards an extract from the Life of Oudoceus, the third Archbishop of Llandaff, which is the last. *The account of these Extracts has been kindly given by the Rev. Dr. Todd, Librarian of the College, and are referred to in the Catalogus MSS. Angliae et Hiberniae, page 30, No. 430, 290, where they are mentioned "Registro Llandavensi Excerpta," (Extracts from the Register of Llandaff).* The Extracts were made by Archbishop Usher, probably with the view of being used in compiling his "Antiquities of the British Churches". On his death in 1655, his Library, after being much pillaged, was given to Trinity College, Dublin, which accounts for these extracts being in the Library of that Institution.

4. Sir Matthew Hale's MSS. in Lincoln's Inn Library, No. XXXII (xxxiv) being a volume of miscellaneous extracts on historic subjects by Selden, contains two extracts from MSS. of the Liber Llandavensis. The first is on one leaf only, and said to be from the Book of the Church of Llandaff, but recently written, and belonging to John Pontesius, and supposed to be a transcript of the time of James I. The second extract is from another MS of the Liber Landavensis, lent to Selden by Theophilus, Bishop of Llandaff, and consists of three pages of rough notes, and said to be from an ancient MS. Mr. Selden had probably obtained the loan of the comparatively modern copy before he procured the more ancient one from Llandaff.

5. A quarto book of MSS. of Lewis Morris in the Welsh School Library, London No. 42, has a copy of the Charter or Privilege of the Church of Llandaff, in the original Welsh Language, stated to have been extracted out of the Liber Landavensis, in the Library of Mr. Davies of Llanerch, in the year 1760. *Lewis Morris, an eminent antiquary and poet, was born in 1702, and died in 1765. He left behind him about eighty volumes of ancient MSS. which are now deposited in the Welsh Charity School Library, Gray's Inn Lane, London.* The writer, who was the Rev. Evan Evans in whose possession the MS. then was, describes the Work as containing the Lives of Dubricius, Teliavus, and Oudoceus, Archbishop of Llandaff, wherein are intermixed a great many legends of those Saints and some slight sketches of British History; and he also mentions that besides those Lives, the MS. contains all the donations made to that See from time to time, down to Bishop Herwaldus, who died in 1104. *The Rev. Evan Evans, an eminent divine and poet, was born about 1730. He applied himself unremittingly to the cultivation of Welsh Literature, and employed all his leisure time in transcribing ancient manuscripts, of which he left behind him, at his death in 1790, about a hundred volumes in various sizes. He was called Y Prydydd Hir (The Tall Poet)* The MS. also contains the Latin text of the account of the effects of the great excommunication which was pronounced on those who transgressed against the liberties and privileges of the Cathedral Church of Llandaff, in the year 1410, in the handwriting of the said Mr. Evans, and a rude imitation of the original writing of the document, beginning "Judhail filius Ediluirth", with his translation of it in English.

III — I. In giving an historical and descriptive account of the several MS copies of the Liber Landavensis, as far as known to the Editor, he observes that the first mention which he has met with of such copies, is of one being in the Church of Llandaff in the beginning of the seventeenth century, which is mentioned by Bishop Godwin in his "Catalogue of the Bishops of Llandaff," and respecting which he says, as before mentioned, that the Church of Llandaff had a Book of venerable antiquity, which was written upwards of five hundred years ago.

2. The mention of this copy which next occurs, is in an article in Lincoln's Inn Library, (No.34), in one of Sir Matthew Hale's MSS. a volume of miscellaneous extracts on historic matters, by the celebrated Mr. John Selden. It contains two extracts from MSS. of the Liber Landavensis, of which the second is stated to have been taken from an ancient MS. lent to Mr. Selden by Theophilus, Bishop of Llandaff, as before mentioned. The Rev. Theophilus Field became Bishop of Llandaff in 1619, and was translated to the See of St. David's in 1627, a circumstance which fixes the date of the loan of the MS. before the last mentioned year.

3. The next notice of this MS. copy seems to be that of the Archbishop Usher, in his "Antiquities of the British Churches," published in 1639, as aforesaid, where it is in some places called "The Register of Llandaff," and in others, "The Register of the Church of Llandaff;" and from his mentioning the name of the place, together with its Register, may be inferred, that he alludes to the book then kept in the Archives of the Cathedral, which may be considered as having been at that time returned by Mr. Selden.

4. Mention of this MS. seems likewise to be made by Sir Henry Spelman, in his "Concilia," aforesaid; a book which was published in 1639, the same year as the preceding by Bishop Usher. Sir Henry calls it, "The Book of Llandaff," and "The very ancient MS. of the Church of Llandaff." It is also described by him as a "splendid manuscript by some author who lived in the twelfth century, and was to be had in the Archives of the Church of Llandaff," from which the particulars related by him had been extracted; which minute description is rather conclusive that the ancient MS. had been returned by Mr. Selden, and was at that time at Llandaff.

5. The next mention of this MS. copy is in the first volume of the "Monasticon Anglicanum," by Sir William Dugdale, published in 1655, as before mentioned, in which a document therein given, is said to have been extracted from a very ancient book, which formerly belonged to the Bishop of Llandaff, but was at that time in the possession of the celebrated John Selden; and as the quotations of the same articles, both by Dugdale and Spelman, aforesaid, refer to the same folios of the book, from which they extracted them, it may be inferred that they copied them from the same MS. It should seem that Mr. Selden had procured the MS. possibly by purchase, that had been lent to him before, and which he was desirous to obtain on account of the value he attached to it, and probably to secure it from the effects of the civil war that then raged, and which was perhaps the more readily parted with on account of the sum offered for it, and a transcript in similar characters being executed, which would supply its place, and be thought by many of equal value, if not considered to be the same, as it seems was subsequently the case. As Mr. Selden died in 1654, the year before the first volume of the Monasticon was published, Dugdale must have referred to the MS. from having seen it, and copied extracts from it in the life time of Mr. Selden, some time before they were published.

6. When Mr. Selden died, he left his very valuable and curious Library, in which was the ancient MS. to his Executors, Matthew Hale, John Vaughan and Rowland Jones, Esquires, which they intended to bestow on The Inner Temple, if a proper place were prepared to receive it, but this being neglected, they gave it to the University of Oxford, and the collection, with some few exceptions, was placed in the Bodleian Library, in the month of September, 1659.

7. Mr. Hale, who was afterwards Sir Matthew Hale, being thus appointed one of Mr. Selden's Executors, accounts for the volume with extracts from the Liber Landavensis by Mr. Selden, being met with among Sir Matthew's MSS. deposited in Lincoln's Inn Library, as before mentioned, the same having come into his possession in consequence of such circumstance. *Sir Matthew Hale was born in 1609. Soon after the Restoration in 1660, he was made Chief Baron of the Exchequer, from which Court he was called in 1671, to preside in that of the King's Bench. He died in 1676.*

8. And as Mr. Vaughan, who was subsequently Sir John Vaughan, was another of Mr. Selden's Executors, he was considered by Robert Vaughan, Esq. of Hengwrt, Merionethshire, the great collector of Welsh MSS. to have it in his power to lend him the MS. of Liber Landavensis, which he was very anxious to procure

that he might transcribe it; and accordingly, he entered into a correspondence to obtain it for the purpose, which was protracted for five years, but at length he succeeded in his application, and thereby the ancient MS. came into his possession. *Sir John Vaughan was born in Cardiganshire, in 1608. After the restoration he was elected Member of Parliament for his native country; and in 1668, became Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. His death took place in 1674. He was grandfather of the first Viscount Lisburne, and direct ancestor of the Earl of Lisburne.* As the result of the correspondence was the making the Transcript, the text of which forming the basis of this Publication, and this correspondence being otherwise interesting, the Editor thinks it appropriate to present the reader with an abstract of it, from the Letters published in the third volume of the Cambrian Register in 1818.

IV — 1. The first letter on the subject by Mr. Vaughan, of Hengwrt, is dated Feb. 5, 1654, 5, little more than two months after the death of Mr. Selden, which took place the 30th day of the preceding November, and is addressed to Mr. Meredith Lloyd, of London, inclosing a letter addressed to Mr. Vaughan, of Trowscoed, (*Trowscoed, or more correctly Trawsgoed, is the Welsh name for Crosswood, the seat of the Earl of Lisburne*), in whose possession he had been informed Mr. Selden's MS. copy of the Liber Landavensis then was, requesting him to use his endeavours for obtaining the loan of the Book of Llandaff, for it had been long since conveyed to England, and there was not a copy of it in any part of Wales that he knew of. And if the book would not be lent for his own transcribing, of which he was desirous, he wished Mr. M. Lloyd to enquire whether it could be had, and a person engaged in London to transcribe it for him. — The letter inclosed in the above, and addressed to Mr. Vaughan, as aforesaid, was dated on the same day; and the writer therein requested his favour, and furtherance to procure the loan of a Book, which was, as he had been lately informed, in the possession of his friend the great antiquary Mr. Selden, and called the Book of Llandaff, or Llyfr Teilius. He said that he wished to have it no longer time than he might conveniently write it out; and for the safe keeping and returning therefore, he, and three other gentlemen, would enter into a bond, with what penalties he pleased. Or if it was not to be had that way, he humbly desired that a friend of his might have access to it, to write it out, though that way would not give him such content as if he himself had the perusing and writing of it, for besides its being an ancient MS. which would require some skill in the reading, it contained many ancient Charters and Donations of lands bestowed upon the See and the Bishops thereof, whose measures and bounds were therein written in the ancient British tongue, which but few could understand, and truly write out.

2. The negotiation seems to have stood still, or proceeded very slowly until the following year, when it was revived, as a letter addressed by Mr. Vaughan to his cousin, Mr. Richard Herbert, of Llwyn Iorwerth, Cardiganshire, shews. — In this letter, which is dated March 25th, 1656, he mentions to Mr. Herbert that Mr. Vaughan, of Trowscoed, had promised to him the loan of the old Book of Llandaff to copy, upon caution being given for the re-delivering of it at a limited time, and desires of him to join in security with his son for the book, and he would give them a bond doubling their penalty, for their indemnity. — In his letter to Mr. Vaughan, of Trowscoed, in which the preceding was inclosed, and was dated on the same day, he says, that as the winter was past, he found himself in good condition to call on the writing of the Book of Llandaff, which he had promised to lend him upon security being given for the safe restoring it at a time appointed, and that he desired to know upon what terms he might have it. And as to the time of the restitution, he desired that it might be as long as possible with convenience, because he intended, according to promise, to write a copy for him and for himself, if God lent him life and health.

3. The business again lingered for two years, and new obstructions to the accomplishment of the Antiquary's wishes seem to have arisen, for in a letter addressed to Mr. Vaughan, of Trowscoed, dated May 20, 1658, he says, "In regard the loan of the Book of Llandaff may not, upon any terms, be obtained to be by myself copied in the country, I humbly desire you to favour me with a letter by the bearer, directed to your friends in London, who have the keeping of Mr. Selden's books and it; whereby my agents may have access to it all the while they be in the transcribing of it." — This letter seems to have had no effect, at least for some time, for it was not until sixteen months subsequently, that at last the Antiquary obtained what he had so anxiously wished, when he received from Mr. Vaughan the following letter, dated Trowscoed, Sept. 24 1659, "Worthy Sir, I have, according to my undertaking at my last being in London, procured that manuscript which you desired to transcribe, and have it with me for your use. It now belongs to the public Library at Oxford, where Mr. Selden's whole library is disposed. If you desire to make use of it at your own house, for your better conveniency, I am required to take caution for the restitution by bond, to prevent accidents that may happen on death, or otherwise which I suppose you will not grumble at, the property belonging to such a corporation as the University. Sir, as I have done my endeavour for your satisfaction in this, so I shall most readily upon any other occasion, wherein the service and affection may be acceptable to you of your assured friend, Jo. Vaughan (*Super-scribed*.) For my worthy and honoured Friend, Robert Vaughan Esq. at his house, Hene Court."

V. — 1. In the Catalogue of the MSS. in the Hengwrt Library, collected by the said Robert Vaughan, and copied in the said volume of the Cambrian Register, it seems to have been entered therein, as one of those belonging to it, and it is described as follows, "162 Liber Landavensis, from Mr. Selden's Library, folio, in parchment, three inches thick, having Teilio's picture in brass on the lid thereof, formerly overlaid with gold and silver, but now almost worn out by age" *According to the references of Spelman and Dugdale, the Liber Landavensis took up only about 114 folios, or 228 pages; and consequently, the volume must have contained something in addition, or the vellum and covers have been of very thick quality.* This Catalogue was written in 1658, but other books were inserted therein in addition, as they came into the collection; thus the Liber Landavensis is entered as one of those which was in the Library, although it was not procured until Sept. 1659, as aforesaid. Although Mr. Vaughan, of Trowscoed, as before mentioned, had stated that the said ancient MS. belonged to the public Library at Oxford, and that he was required to take caution by bond for its restitution to the University, yet, as it was not in the collection, nor entered in the Catalogue of Mr. Selden's MSS. and books when they were deposited therein, *the MSS. and Books of Mr. Selden were received into the public Library at Oxford, in the same month as the MS. of the Liber Landavensis, was lent to Mr. Robert Vaughan* nor any memorandum discovered of its having been subsequently received, it is confidently believed never to have been in the said Library. *In the Life of Mr. Robert Vaughan, contained in the edition of his "British Antiquities Revived," published at Bala in 1834, it is inaccurately mentioned that this MS. was, after much enquiry, at length discovered in the public library at Oxford, and transmitted to Mr. Vaughan for transcription; with reference to the third volume of the Cambrian Register; whereas it is there, as aforesaid, merely stated to have belonged to that library.* That it was removed from Hengwrt Library, is certain, but whether during the life time of Mr. Robert Vaughan, is unknown; and where it may be at present, although enquiry has been made, no information has been received of its existence.

2. Although Mr. Robert Vaughan promised in his correspondence to write out two copies, it is not known that he executed more than one, which was beautifully written, in the very same character with the prototype, on vellum, in 1660, and was one of the last things done by the writer, who died in 1667. This transcript is still in existence, and consists of 181½ pages, which relate to the Liber Landavensis, before which is written the Life of St. Cadoc, also in Latin, occupying 44½ pages of the volume, which, exclusive of its covers, is about nine inches in length, five in breadth, and one and a quarter in thickness, whereof the Liber Landavensis takes up about one inch. On one of the blank leaves at the end, is a portrait, done with the pen, considered to be a copy of what is stated to have been in brass on the cover of the ancient MS. and to represent St. Teilo; a Facsimile of which forms the frontispiece to this Volume. The transcript is now in the possession of Col. Vaughan, a lineal descendant of Mr. R. Vaughan, and has been removed from the Library of Hengwrt to that of Rug, in the same county of Merioneth, another residence of its possessor. Col. Vaughan kindly allowed this transcript to be collated in preparing the present Work for the Press; and on collation, it was found so valuable as to be made the basis of the text for this Publication, as aforesaid. Several facsimile specimens of this important transcript are given in this Volume. *A gentleman well acquainted with ancient MSS. observed of this copy, that it was the best written facsimile for its extent that he had ever seen, and that, though it resembled Miss Elstob's famous copy from the Textus Roffensis, (a similar MS.) it was a greater task, being a very large volume. The account of the Hengwrt Library, given in Carte's MSS. deposited in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, is as follows, "Bibliotheca Vachiana — 165 parchments, and other books, among which is the Liber Landavensis, copied from Mr. Selden's Library."*

VI. — 1. The ancient MS copy of the Liber Landavensis, which belonged to the Bishops of Llandaff, having come into the possession of Mr. John Selden, as before mentioned, the imitation copy supplied its place, for the next particulars met with by the Editor relating to the MS. in the Church of Llandaff, is in Lhuys's "Archaeologia Britannica," published as before stated, in 1709, p.259, where it is mentioned that the Archives of Llandaff contain a very neat copy on parchment, lately transcribed, in which the handwriting of the ancient book was preserved, but more elegantly than accurately written. From which it appears that the ancient MS. was not then at Llandaff, and it may be concluded that the neat copy written in similar characters, was obtained to supply its place; and being a good imitation of the ancient mode of writing used in the old MS. was by subsequent authors believed to be such ancient MS. itself.

2. In the "Survey of the Cathedral Church of Llandaff," by Browne Willis, Esq. published in 1718, aforesaid, he mentions that there were three books in the custody of the Chapter of Llandaff, one whereof, he was told, was the old Register Book, or Liber Landavensis, referred to in the Monasticon, called Tilo, said to be compiled by Bishop Urban, as before mentioned. From which it appears that he

was informed that the MS. or rather transcript of the Register was then at Llandaff, although he mistakes in saying that it was compiled by Bishop Urban, as the compiler was the Bishop's brother, Galfrid.

3. In the "Antiquities of Lantwit Major," by the Rev. David Nicholl, (1729,) before mentioned, the Liber Landavensis is referred to, and called a very valuable manuscript, which was above six hundred years old. The MS. which Mr. Nicholl saw, and from which he extracted his information, must have been the transcript described by Lhuyd, which resembled the ancient MS. and was consequently believed to be the same.

4. In the "Bibliotheca Britannico-Hibernica," by Tanner, Bishop of St. Asaph, who died in 1735, which was published in 1748, it is mentioned that the author had seen the Liber Landavensis in the possession of the Bishops of Llandaff, in his time, and that it was the same book as was used by Spelman; where he seems to be under the same mistake with respect to its identity with the ancient copy, as Mr. Nicholl.

5. In the Prospectus of Collections for a new History of Wales, by Mr. Edward Williams, 1819, he mentions the original Charter of Llandaff being still extant in Welsh, a copy of which was in the Archives of Llandaff, and in other places by him stated. This Prospectus, although then published, was written many years before; for from information received by the Editor, the MS. has been missing from Llandaff since before the year 1790. Mr. Edward Williams frequently mentioned to his son that he had often seen and perused the old Book at Llandaff; and he has written a marginal note on the right hand of page 301 of the third volume of the Cambrian Register, commencing at that part of Mr. Robert Vaughan's letter to Mr. Meredith Lloyd, where the following expressions occur, — "Apply all your endeavours for obtaining the loan of the Book of Llandaff, for being long since conveyed to England, there is not a copy of it in any part," which note is as follows, — "It was at Llandaff, where I have seen it, and I then compared my copy of the Llandaff Charter from Jesus College, Oxon. Bishop Watson some time after took it to Calgarth Park." With respect to which last particular, enquiry has been made, and the information received is, that the relatives of the Bishop, who lived and remained with him until his death in 1816, never saw or heard of such MS. and that shortly after his decease, a catalogue was made of his Library, and no trace appeared that it had ever been in his possession. From which particulars it may be inferred, that Mr. Edward Williams, who died about 1829, aged above 80 years, had seen the MS. that subsequently it became missing, and that when he afterwards asked for it, he was told it was gone to Calgarth Park, for the purpose of putting an end to his enquiries, for it appears from the foregoing account, that it never was there. It may be further observed, that although several enquiries have been made respecting this MS. no information relating to its present existence has been obtained.

VII. — 1. The next ancient MS. copy of the Liber Landavensis, to which the Editor will advert, is the Llannerch MS. so called because it was for a considerable time in the library at Llannerch, Denbighshire. The first notice which the Editor has met with of this MS. occurs in the Collection of MS. extracts by the Rev. Brian Twyne, who died in 1644, as before mentioned, which are stated to be from the very ancient Book of Llandaff, where it is mentioned that on its left cover there was, either in brass or copper, a picture of Teilo, the Patron of the Church, holding a book, (*it appears from this description that the same kind of portrait was on the cover of both the Selden and this MS. but here it is more particularly described as being on the left cover, and of St. Teilo holding a book, as given in the Frontispiece, from the representation in the Hengwrt Transcript aforesaid*), and that the first part of the volume contained the Gospel of St. Matthew, which last circumstance identifies it with the Llannerch copy, as hereafter mentioned, but whether it was then at Llannerch there is no account. This Collection of MS. extracts is in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Oxford as before mentioned.

2. The next mention of the MS. is in the "Archaeologia Britannica," by the Rev. Edward Lhuyd, published in 1707, page 259, where, as before noticed, the Liber Landavensis is said to be in the library of Robert Davies, Esq., of Guissaney, in the county of Denbigh, and that it was the Register of the Church of Llandaff, compiled by Galfrid, brother or Urban, Bishop of that See about the commencement of the twelfth century.

3. In Tanner's "Notitia Monastica," published in 1744, a notice occurs of the MS. and it is described, "The very ancient Register of Llandaff on parchment, in the possession of Richard Davies, Esq., of Llannerch, in the county of Denbigh."

4. In the quarto MS volume of Mr. Lewis Morris, in the Library of the Welsh School, London are Extracts

Incipit uita
 sctę Wenefrede uirginis & martyris.
*Per Clerum Britannum Monachum. An^o 680
 tanto ope regis archa aut Rober
 tum Salopea
 infem an^o 440*

Quam opire salubre i
 tantope dei magnalia

non reuelare tot membris solit.

Quā nobrem quicquid de
 beata Wenefreda fauente
 dō nobis fēditione ueterum
 manifestatū est: ad laudem
 ipsius dei & ad iurgium sue
 merita declaranda ut pote
 dignum est inchoandum.

In diebus q̄ quibz katuamus
 sup̄ uenedocie puuntias reg-
 nabat: strenuus quidam m-
 les cum duntaxat possessor
 uillarum. nō tēgth oylus *ful*

filius. in tekeynglia manebat.

Quarum p̄ma abeluyr. sc̄a
 maynguen. t̄cia guenphenna-
 un appellabantur. Huic ten-

th ppago non fuit clara: filia
 sola excepta Wenefreda nūp̄n-
 pata. H̄ statim ab inuente ce-
 pit etate sponsum ad ama-
 re celestem hominesq; tran-
 sponos tēspueus sibi soli nā
 dicauit uirginitatem. Quod

which are stated to be taken out of the *Liber Landavensis*, in the library of Mr. Davies, of Llannerch, A.D. 1760, as already mentioned, which was described to be a fair, beautiful MS. on vellum, very ancient, all written in the same kind of handwriting, the capitals being generally red. It was a long folio, of about an inch and a half thick, and contained the Gospel of St. Matthew in Latin, which was one fourth of the volume; and there was at the end some short account of the successors of Bishop Urban in the See of Llandaff, in old French, in a different hand and character from the body of the book. — According to the Catalogue of Welsh MSS. by Miss Angharad Llwyd, published in the Transactions of the Cymmrodorion, or Metropolitan Cambrian Institution, Vol. II. 1828, pp. 45, 46. The Llannerch library then belonging to the Rev. G. Allanson, and there were only five MSS. in it, which were all that remained of what was once the most celebrated Collection of ancient MSS. in the Principality; and the books were a moiety of the Gwasanau library, which was divided between the co-heiresses Mr. Puleston and Mrs. Leo. Also, the Gwasanau Collection belonged to Philip Davies Cooke, Esq. and had then only five MSS. the same number as the Llannerch library, and the *Liber Landavensis* was not in either of the collections.

5. In the Appendix to a quarto pamphlet, containing a Charge to the Chapter of St. David's by Dr. Burgess, Bishop of that Diocese, in 1811, and published the following year, is the following notice, "Library of Bryan Cooke, Esq., M.P. for Malton. Regestum Landavense; or Book of Llandaff; a very ancient manuscript in vellum, containing the Lives of Elgar, Dubricius, Teilo and Oudoceus; communications between the Papal See and the three first Popish Bishops of Llandaff; and a Register of Bishops from Urban to the 16th century." The same notice, or rather copies, thereof, may be seen in page 285 of Vol. I of Sermons by the Rev. Richard Davies, Archdeacon of Brecon, published in 1815; and in the List of Books relating to Glamorganshire, at the end of the volume entitled South Wales, or Original Delineations of that part of the Principality, by the Rev. T. Rees, published in 1818. This book appears to have been the Llannerch MS. from its having the list of Bishops described to be in that copy, which is not mentioned to have been in any other. Further enquiries have been made respecting the MS. but no information could be obtained, so that its existence, and the place where it is deposited, as well as of the Selden MS. and of the Llandaff Transcript, are at present unknown.

VIII. Reference is next made to the MS copy of the *Liber Landavensis* which is in the Library of Jesus College, Oxford, of which mention is made in Lhuyd's "Archaeologia Britannica," 1707, p.259, as aforesaid, where after giving particulars of the Llannerch MS. it is said, "and there is another copy in the Library of Jesus College, Oxford." Browne Willis likewise refers to it in his "Survey of the Cathedral Church of Llandaff," where, after mentioning the ancient MS. Register of the Church of Llandaff in the Cottonian Library, British Museum, he says, "I take this to be a copy of the book called Tilo, one of which is in Jesus College, Oxford." It is also referred to by Mr. Edward Williams, in his Prospectus of "Collections for a new History of Wales," 1819, before mentioned, where it is said that there were copies of the original Charter of Llandaff in Jesus College Library, Oxford, in the Archives of Llandaff, British Museum, Hengwrt, Merionethshire, and at Llannerch in Denbighshire. This copy is still to be met with in the said library, from which, a transcript was kindly allowed to be taken, in the first instance, with reference to the printing of this Work; it is however, stated to have been found, on examination, in a very unsatisfactory state, having been written by some person who was both ignorant and careless — letters and parts of words being frequently omitted, not from any known principles of abbreviation, but from obvious carelessness; his blunders appeared in every line, so that a critical revision of the text for its correction was necessary to prepare it for publication. The MS. is said to have been given to the College by Dr. Jonathan Edwards, a former Principal of that Society, and is supposed to have been written between the years 1690 and 1707.

IX. When the National Record Commission was instituted, the *Liber Landavensis* was one of the Works which engaged the attention of the Commissioners, and Aneurin Owen, Esq. of Egryn, Denbighshire, was employed to make a Transcript of the Hengwrt MS. which he nearly completed with an English translation of the Welsh boundaries, when the Commission was dissolved on the death of King William IV. and the use intended to be made of the Transcript apparently abandoned. Of the said English translation, use has been made in writing this Volume.

X. With respect to the Teilo Register, said to be in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, from which the Rev. Henry Wharton has made extracts for his "Anglia Sacra," it appears from Tanner's "Notitia," that it was not from the Register, but only from portions of it there deposited, that the said extracts were made. — As to the MS copy of the *Liber Landavensis* in the possession of the Bishop of Norwich, to which Collier refers in his "Ecclesiastical History of Great Britain," no further mention has

been met with, relating to it. — And the same may be said of the Book of Llandaff, one of the books of John Pontesius, which had been lent to Mr. Selden before he had the ancient Llandaff MS. and was then considered to have been recently written. With respect to the ancient Register of the Church of Llandaff, mentioned by Browne Willis in his "Surveys of the Cathedral Church of Llandaff," to be in the Cottonian Library, British Museum, MS. F. p. 85, such book is not at present in the Collection. — The Liber Landavensis mentioned in the Catalogue of the Bodleian Library, Oxford, p. 261, as contained in the MSS. Collectanea of Dr. James, librarian of that Collection, No. 24, p. 132, is not the Book of Teilo, as its name would imply, nor extracts from it, but a Chartulary or Register of the Church of Llandaff in the fourteenth century.

XI. Although the name adopted by the Welsh MSS. Society may be thought to imply that its object is confined to the publishing of ancient MSS. written in the Welsh language, yet such was not its original intention, but it had in prospect a wider field, and its design was to publish the contents of ancient MSS. connected with Welsh literature, without any particular regard to the language in which they were found. Accordingly, the Liber Landavensis, although only partly written in Welsh, and principally in Latin, was, on account of its being the very ancient Register of one of the Welsh dioceses, and containing many interesting historical notices of the southern portion of the Principality in general, and having engaged the attention, and been thought worthy of extensive quotation by our most eminent Ecclesiastical Historians, deemed by the Committee to be a work peculiarity appropriate to be published by the Society, and accordingly was fixed upon to be its first Publication, around 1840 A.D.

XII. — 1. This measure being determined on, enquiries were made respecting the MSS. in existence, to enable the Committee to fulfil their intention; and it was found that the copy, the use of which could be most easily obtained for the desired purpose, was in the Library of Jesus College, Oxford. On examining this MS. the text was found to be in an incorrect state, and William Henry Black, Esq. a gentleman conversant with ancient MSS. was engaged to transcribe it, and prepare a copy for the Press. In proceeding with his engagement, Mr. Black found the copy to be very unsatisfactory, and that in transcribing it, great care and industry were necessary to prevent the errors of the original to be imputed to himself. Accordingly, for the correction of the text, there was occasion for his entering into a thorough critical revision of it, using his knowledge of the barbarous Latin, and of the abbreviations, and orthography of the age to which it belonged, and his long habit of emendation both by collation and conjecture, for the purpose. And for his assistance he had recourse to collating with the quotations made from the Work by Usher, Spelman, Dugdale, Wharton and other writers, and success attended his industry and critical ability.

2. The copy being almost prepared for publication, the Rev. Rice Rees, Professor of Welsh in St. David's College, Lampeter, and author of the "Essay on the Welsh Saints," being deemed, from his previous studies, a proper person to be the Editor, on application, accepted the office; but before he could do anything to it besides commencing a correspondence, the Society and his country were deprived of him and his services by a sudden death. Another person being wanted in his room, to proceed in accomplishing the object of the Society, his kinsman, the Editor, on application, readily undertook to endeavour to supply his place in this respect, considering it as a kind of legacy bequeathed to him by his beloved nephew, whose studies were much in unison with his own.

3. On undertaking the office, and Mr. Black's Transcript being placed in his hands, it was found to be very desirable that it should be collated with the MS. written by Robert Vaughan, Esq. of Hengwrt, aforesaid, which was then removed to Rug, and in the possession of Col. Vaughan, the proprietor also of Hengwrt, and his lineal descendant. Permission, and opportunity for collation having been kindly obtained, it was soon discovered that the text of this MS. was in a much more satisfactory state than that of the Jesus College copy. It was also found to confirm many of Mr. Black's suggested emendations, and authorized, in addition, several other evident improvements; but it was not faultless, and the Jesus College MS. was sometimes more accurate, and Mr. Black's suggestions were in some cases still more correct than either. It is necessary to mention the variations at the bottom of the page, where the letter O. designates the Oxford or Jesus College copy, — H. the Hengwrt copy, — MSS. both of the said manuscripts, — B. Mr. Black, — and E. the Editor, W.J. Rees.

4. The copy having been collated, and the Hengwrt MS. in consequence of its being the most correct, made the basis of the text for the proposed Publication, the Editor observes, that in preparing a fresh copy for the Press, no alteration whatever was made in the arrangement of the several articles, and that

the whole of the work was written verbatim, without anything being omitted or added, except merely supplying the punctuation and marking the aforesaid variation of the text in the notes at the bottom of the page, and placing the words *Liber Landavensis* at the top, whereas some pages of the MS. had the names of the Bishops to which their subject-matter referred, there written; the heading titles of the Sections are the same, without the addition of any new ones where they might be wanted; and the length of the paragraphs also the same as in the Latin original.

XIII. — 1. In the English Translation, however, the same strict regard to the original arrangement of the articles, and to other minor particulars, has not been observed, but such Editorial alterations have been introduced, as the translators conceived would render the Work more intelligible and interesting to the general reader. Of these, however, the principal one is the transposing of the documents relating to the time of Urban, the last Bishop of Llandaff mentioned in the Work, from the former portion, where they were placed, to constitute three Chapters in the latter part, after the particulars related of the other Bishops who preceded him in the See. *For want of observing that the particulars mentioned to have taken place in the time of Bishop Urban, occurred at a period later than those recorded at the end of the MS. Bishop Godwin concluded that the account did not extend to later than 1110, and Evan Evans, as mentioned in Lewis Morris' MSS. no later than 1104, the time of the death of Bishop Herwald, whereas it extended to 1132, nearly the death of Bishop Urban, as appears in the arrangement of the articles in the English Translation.* Besides this alteration there is no change in the arrangement of the articles, although they might be more chronologically placed; and they are left to remain as originally arranged, that reference to them may be the more easily made from one of the languages to the other. The Translation is likewise divided into Chapters, with the contents of each placed at its commencement; the Sections are numbered, and new heading titles given to such as were without them; the longer paragraphs are divided into smaller ones, and explanatory running titles given at the top of the page, for the information and convenience of the reader. With respect to the Translation itself, it is clear that one of the professed objects of the Society, being to publish English Translations, as well as the original MSS. and many persons having become members on such object being announced, and with the understanding that it would be adhered to, he produced a Translation of the whole Work. They likewise think proper to mention, that this aim in executing it, was, to give as close a rendering as possible of the original Latin in the English language. However, as the sentences of the writers of the age were frequently inconveniently long, they are sometimes divided into shorter ones; and when their members were confusedly arranged, and involved, he has often transposed them, to render such sentences more intelligible. But in general it has been the endeavour, not only to give the meaning but also the style of the writer, deeming it more appropriate in a work of this kind than if he had rendered it into more elegant language. Also, as the Translation, is a kind of commentary on the original, it will be found useful in ascertaining its meaning..

2. With regard to the English Notes, the reader will observe, that for the most part they have reference to places whose names mentioned in the Work, have through lapse of time, either been disused, or so changed as to be scarcely recognized, and that their identity cannot be ascertained except by conjecture, and an intimate acquaintance with the localities of the districts in which they are situated. How far correct the explanations given may be, will be best known to those who are resident in those places, and it may be interesting to the investigating enquirer to ascertain the accuracy of the account given, and to discover the identity of the other places mentioned in the Work, of which there is no explanation.

XIV. In perusing the Work, the observant reader will notice that the several articles and documents therein inserted, are not in regular chronological order, which has already been noticed and adverted to in some respects, in regard to what took place during the time of Bishop Urban; but there are other chronological inaccuracies with respect to what is mentioned of the several of the preceding Bishops, which have occasioned much confusion in the accounts relating to some of the earlier ones, and have justly thrown considerable doubts on the authenticity of the Work. As has been observed by Wharton of the Bishops of Mercia, and quoted by Willis with reference to those of Llandaff, there is in the account of them no-where greater obscurity, no-where more difficulties, and which appear to have been occasioned by our Author not clearly understanding his subject, and compiling the Work without a careful examination of the nature of his materials. *Wharton's "Anglia Sacra," Vol. I. p. 423. Brown Willis's "Survey of the Cathedral of Llandaff," p. 41.* To remove, therefore, the obscurity and difficulties, with which the subject has been evidently encompassed for ages, and the doubts of authenticity they have occasioned, and to render the Work more intelligible and satisfactory, it has been thought proper to give a Chronological Series of the Bishops of Llandaff at the end of the Volume, wherein an endeavour is made

by reference to the Kings of the districts, and the Witnesses mentioned in the Grants given in their respective eras, to fix the true order of the succession of the Bishops, and the time when they respectively lived. *The insertion of a continued Series of the Bishops is in accordance with the addition to the Liber Llandavensis in the Llannerch MS. which contained a Register of the Bishops of Llandaff from Urban to the sixteenth century.* It will be observed that the succession inferred from the order of the documents in this Work, and adopted for the most part by Godwin, Leland, Enderby, Heylin, Le Neve, Browne Willis, and others, who have given lists of the Bishops of Llandaff, is herein in some respects considerably altered, and a Chronological List given of them different from what has been before published. In this list it will be seen that several of the earlier Bishops, who were deemed to have independently enjoyed the See of Llandaff, were only suffragan or local Bishops, stationed in different districts of the diocese under Archbishop Dubricius and Teilo, and of course contemporary with them, and with each other. In Dugdale's "*Monasticon Anglicanum*," last edition, Vol. VI. p. 1217, it is mentioned that there was much uncertainty in the History of Llandaff, as well with respect to what related to the See, as to its Bishops, till the latter end of the ninth century; which uncertainty, it is considered, the Chronological Series herein given, will tend much to diminish, but not entirely to remove.

XV. With regard to the general authenticity of the Work, some explanation is required and many of the grants herein recorded, were made to St. Dubricius and St. Teilo, when they were Archbishops, and exercised their jurisdiction over the whole or greater part of South Wales, which included the diocese of St. David's, as well as that of Llandaff; that St. Teilo, having succeeded St. David as Archbishop, on his death, obtained in addition to his jurisdiction over the diocese of Llandaff, which he held as its Bishop, also that over St. David's, as appears from the numerous churches dedicated to him in various parts of that Diocese, and some within a short distance of the Cathedral Church; and that, having removed the Archiepiscopal See to Llandaff, the members of that Church were disposed to consider a portion of the Diocese of St. David's, which was in his jurisdiction, when it extended over the two Dioceses, as included in the Diocese of Llandaff and to claim it accordingly. Claims to this effect seem to have been made by many Bishops of Llandaff, (*This Work mentions, page 594, that there was a dispute between the Bishops of St. David's and Llandaff, about diocesan boundaries, in the time of Wilfrid Bishop of St. David's, who obtained the See in 1100, and held it till his death in 1115, when he was succeeded by Bernard*) for a length of time, and perhaps were countenanced in proportion as the political power of the Kings of Glamorgan prevailed in that district; and in the eleventh century, during the time of Joseph and the former part of that of Herwald, Bishops of Llandaff, when Rhydderch ab Iestyn, (*According to the Welsh Chronicles, Rhydderch ab Iestyn forcibly assumed the principality of South Wales, about the year 1021, and held it ten years, until his death in 1031, during which time, Joseph Bishop of Llandaff, probably succeeded in obtaining what the Bishops of that diocese had claimed in opposition to those of St. David's; a circumstance which is in a great measure confirmed by the documents of his Charter Grant of this Volume*), and his descendants, Kings of Glamorgan, were Sovereigns of South Wales, they probably through their influences in some measure obtained possession, and subsequently, when the Glamorgan Princes were no longer the Sovereigns of the whole district, the Diocese of Llandaff may have been deprived of what had been allowed to belong to it, and perhaps was possessed for a short time by its Bishops, and the circumstances caused Bishop Urban to prefer his complaints against the Bishop of St. David's to the Papal See in the following century.

And as the Liber Landavensis was compiled by Galfrid, the brother of Bishop Urban, who greatly exerted himself to restore the Diocese of Llandaff to what he deemed its true boundaries, and recover what he thought it had been unjustly deprived of, it may be presumed that the compiler of the Work, which, if not written in direct support of his brother's claims, was in accordance therewith, would adduce every document he could substantiate them, without making minute enquiry into its authenticity. He appears likewise to have written his Work with considerable bias and partiality in favour of the See, and of the district, which may be observed by his calling St. Dubricius Archbishop of Llandaff, when Caerleon was the Archiepiscopal See, and he was only Bishop of Llandaff; and his giving the same title to St. Teilo, when the Diocese of Llandaff was only part of his jurisdiction; and also his calling Rhydderch ab Iestyn King of Glamorgan, Sovereign of all Wales except Anglesey, when he had only obtained the government of South Wales; to which many other instances might be added, and therefore some caution may be advisable in giving credence to every particular related in favour of the extent of the ancient Diocese of Llandaff. However, with attending to these remarks, and making an allowance accordingly, probably the historical particulars herein recorded, will be found considerably more worthy of credit than they may appear on a cursory and inattentive perusal. What has been advanced on the subject, by the Author of the "*Essay on the Welsh Saints*," a Work which may be perused with advantage in connection with the present, is

worthy of notice; he observes, (p. 185,) that the Grants securing endowments and other privileges and immunities to the Bishops of Llandaff, (referring to the Liber Landavensis as quoted by Wharton and Godwin,) should not be rejected without examination, as they supply important links in history, which otherwise would have been wanting; and that it should not be forgotten that such documents of this kind, as were fabricated in the middle ages, were in every practical case palmed upon real personages, in order to obtain credit for genuineness. So the first copy of the great Liber Landavensis was printed in English in 1840 A.D. a printing of only 1500 copies. And today in 1980 we can update and reproduce it.

THE CHARTERS OF THE BOOK OF LLANDAFF

The Book of Llandaff was written and presented in thirteen Chapters when translated from Old Welsh and Latin into English in 1840 A.D. Apart from one obviously misplaced Charter, we reproduce these thirteen Chapters, with the intention of allowing the reader to judge and assess the evidence available concerning the Kings of Glamorgan and their Kingdom.

The Charters name the Kings, their sons; and sometimes their wives. We are given the names of the Kinsmen, minor Kings, Princes and Nobles, and, of course the Bishops, Abbots and Priests. They tell us of wars, of Royal murders, persistence and quarrels. The reasons for many of the Charters being granted, tell of the history and events of the Kingdom and its customs and manners.

There are four "Lives" of Saints — St. Samson, St. Oudoceus, St. Teilo, St. Dyfrig — Dubricus; and of Edgar the Hermit. These give us valuable historical and chronological time fixings and describe events in detail. We find a King Arthrwys — Arthur, granting a Charter to Bishop Comereg at some time around 520 to 560 A.D. and the same King greeting Bishop Oudoceus in 562 A.D. with his father King Meurig. Then we find Prince Noe — Noah, the son of Arthur Granting a Charter to Archbishop Dubricus down in Dyfed West Wales around 520 to 540 when Dubricus had moved on from Llandaff to future retirement in West Wales at Bardsey Island.

Grants from the father of Arthwyr or Arthrwys or Arthur II proliferate, as do Grants from his grandfather King Tewdrig — Theoderic and King Gwrgan Mawr — Vivian the Great. There are grants from his great grandfather and many other previous Kings. Then later come the Grants of King Morgan successor to King Arthur and on down the ages grants from the succeeding generations of Kings spanning the time from King Tewdrig and King Erb around 450 to 480 A.D. until 1091 when the Normans invaded the Kingdom of Glamorgan.

This rolling panorama of monarchs and personalities moves on down through the centuries. Fathers are joined by their sons and grandsons, die and are replaced by them on down the ages, Princes become Kings, Priests become Abbots and Bishops as the years roll on. From this, the history of the Kings of Glamorgan can be reconstructed. They can be compared with other records, genealogical charts, and King lists, and the line of Arthur can be traced forwards from 450 A.D. and back from 1100 A.D.

The areas described in the Charter Grants can, in most cases, still be identified all through South Wales. This further reinforces the clear proof of Arthur's identity as King Arthrwys son of King Meurig of Glamorgan. It would be incongruous to suggest that the chief King of Glamorgan — Southern Britain was Arthrwys at the very same time that another legendary King Arthur ruled the area between C 500 to 570 A.D.

The evidence is here for all to read.

CHAPTER ONE

Contents

There are no charters in this first Chapter, simply historical stories and notices of the history of the Church at Llandaff

1. The Biography or "Life" of Edgar
2. The Biography or "Life" of St. Samson, grandson of King Meurig of Glamorgan by his daughter Anna and so nephew of King Arthur the son of Meurig
3. Notice of the City of Rome
4. Notice of Eleutherius the Bishop of Rome around 165 to 180 A.D. who corresponded with King Lleirwg the Twentieth King of South Wales
5. Notice of the persecution of the Christians under the Emperors Diocletian and Maximian, and of the martyrs in Britain.

This Chapter is used to set the stage for what is to come. It is meant to establish the antiquity of the Church of Llandaff, and to intimately connect it with the Royal family of the Kings of Britain. Each of the first four Chapters contains a biographical "Life" of an important Welsh Saint, and these are all members of the Royal clan of South Wales and its branch in Brittany. They are Saints of the family or Dynastic line of Bran the Blessed, the King who first brought Christianity into Britain in 58 A.D.

The succeeding Chapters of the Book of Llandaff contain the Charters which were granted to the churches of South Wales; finally incorporated into the bishopric or diocese of Llandaff, charters granted by the successive generations of the Kings of the Royal house of Bran, and their kinsmen.

Those granting Charters are King Erb the 32nd King of the line and his son King Pebiau, nephew of King Nynniaw the 33rd King. The 34th King Teithfallt is mentioned in a Charter, and his son King Tewdrig the 35th paramount King is credited with the re-establishment of the Llandaff Church, and is the subject of two grants by his son King Meurig the 36th King. This Meurig figures prominently in the charters listed, and leads us on to his son the 37th paramount King of South Wales, the mighty King Arthur of legend — here spelled as Athrwys, who also makes charter grants.

Along with these senior Kings, a number of minor or sub-Kings make grants to the Church, and after Arthur — Athrwys we have the 38th King the great Morgan Mwynfawr, and also Noe, son of Arthur, and King Ithael; another son. After King Morgan comes King Ithael the 39th King, and then his brother King Idnerth the 40th King, followed by King Rhys, son of Ithael at 41, and his brother Ffernwael, Rhodri, Meurig, Ithael and Arthrael. As the roll call of Charters goes on down the centuries not all the Kings are listed as making grants, but their fathers, brothers, sons and other relatives are listed, along with other important noblemen. Also listed are the Bishops, the Abbots, the Priests and other clergy, who rise through the ranks to become Bishops and Abbots just as the princes become Kings. What evolves is a moving panoramic roll call of all the important people of the Kingdom of South East Wales, down through the centuries from Teithfallt and Erb of around 430 to 490 A.D. right up to Iestyn in 1091 A.D. when he was deposed, the last — the 56th ruler.

The accuracy of the record is remarkable, both in historic content and in the placing of the names — which correlate with the King Lists of Dyfed of around 900 to 950 A.D. with the Brecon Manuscripts, with the Charters of Llancarfan Abbey and with the evidence of the "Lives of the Saints." The evidence also matches the names and relationships of the ancient Mabinogion tales, and with that of epic poetry and the preserved genealogies of the Glamorgan and Gwent Kings. It is evidence re-copied from 1108 to 1132 A.D. from older rotting and fading ancient documents. We either accept it or reject it, — but it bears the unmistakable ring of truth.

THE CHARTERS OF THE KINGS

CHAPTER 1

The English Translation is divided into Chapters, both for the sake of reference, and the ease and convenience of the reader.

Account of Elgar, the Hermit — Biographical Memoir of St. Samson, Archbishop and Confessor — Notice of the City of Rome, and its principal Churches, and Cardinals — of Eleutherius, Bishop of Rome — and of the persecution of the Christians under the Roman Emperors, Diocletian, and Maximian. *The order of the sections is the same as in the Latin original but they would have been more chronologically placed if arranged as follows, — Of Eleutherius — Persecution of the Christians — Memoir of St. Samson — Notice of the City of Rome — Account of Elgar. As these sections have but slight reference to the Church of Llandaff, the whole Chapter may be considered to be as an Introduction to the Liber Landavensis.*

1. — ACCOUNT OF ELGAR, THE HERMIT *This title is supplied*

There was a man named Elgar, a native of England, and born in Devonshire, who in his infancy, was taken prisoner by a set of pirates, and as was usual, conveyed to Ireland, where for some time he led a servile life. At length his master dying, he was released from captivity, and came into the possession of the king, when he was again obliged to bear the yoke of servitude; and so far that, during the reign of King Roderic, the grandson of Conchor, he performed with his own hands, the office of executioner on those who had been condemned to suffer death by the judgment of the regal court. *If it could be ascertained when this king reigned, the time when Elgar lived would be known, but for want of this, it cannot well be made out. We are informed that Rothericke O'Conghir, prince of Connaught, was made king and monarch of Ireland in 1166 — Camden's Britannia, Annals of Ireland, p. 150, — but Elgar must have lived during some other reign, for according to the account given at the end of this section, some of his remains were removed from Bardsey, where he had been buried, to Llandaff, in the year 1120.* Being greatly dissatisfied, and leading a life contrary to his inclination, in grief and sorrow, and among his enemies, he hoped for the mercy of God to release him by death, but he at length obtained his liberty. Having performed penance suitable to his state, he left the country altogether, and being mindful of his misfortunes, embraced the life of a sailor, when suffering shipwreck he landed on the isle of Bardsey; a place, which according to the British custom, was called the Rome of Britain, on account of the dangerous passage by sea to it, and its distance, being situated at the extremity of the kingdom, and for its sanctity and dignity, because there were buried therein the bodies of twenty thousand holy confessors and martyrs; it was surrounded on all sides by the sea, having a lofty promontory on the eastern side, its western coast was plain and fertile with a sweet flowing fountain; it was partly maritime and abounded with dolphins; was completely free from serpents and frogs, and no one died therein in the life time of a brother who was older than himself. *This island is situated at the end of the promontory of Lleyn, Carnarvonshire, from which it is separated by a strait called Bardsey Race, three miles wide. It is two miles and a half in length, and a mile and a half in breadth and the tract is a very fertile plain, and well cultivated, and productive of every thing which the neighbouring main land affords. There was formerly an Abbey at the place, which was considered to have been built by the fugitive monks of Bangor, when St. Dubricius resided there. It was dedicated to St. Mary, and continued to flourish till the general dissolution at the Reformation. There are only some small portions of it now remaining; the Abbot's house is a large stone building, inhabited by several of the natives; not far from it is a singular chapel, or oratory, being a long arched edifice, with an insulated stone altar near the east end; in this place one of the inhabitants reads prayers, all other clerical offices are performed on the main land, at Aberdaron. The British name Ynys Enlli, or the Island of the current, it obtained from the violence of the current which rages between it and the main land; and the English name it probably received from the Saxons, on account of its being a favourite retreat of the Bards, who retired there, preferring solitude to the company of invading foreigners. — Pennant's Tour in North Wales, Vol. II. p. 380 — 384.*

When he had a knowledge of the fertility, and especially of the sanctity of the place, he commended the sailors to Christ, and resolved to lead the life of a hermit, and being uninstructed from his having been brought up without education, he daily reaped improvement. Having spent the space of seven years with a religious community of brethren, and sometimes in solitude, led a holy, glorious, and chaste life, with scant food, slight clothing, and an emaciated countenance; he, in the following seven years, when all North Wales was desolated, dwelt in his hermitage, and had nothing for his maintenance, except the support which he received, through the providence of God, from the fish of the sea, and what the eagles, or, as we may say, angels, brought to him.

On a certain day, the Teacher Caradog came to see whether he were alive or dead; and, to his joy, finding him living, said to him, "O beloved! who has maintained thee, being so completely separated from all mankind? no one, I am certain, from our country, which is desolated, and for a long time estranged from thee through want of communication by sea." These, and other enquiries having been made, the good man, who was the most learned of all Wales, being skilled in the knowledge of both kinds of law, ancient and modern, descended from a noble family, and eminent in secular learning; with bended knees before the holy person, and with sighs, and the shedding of tears, strongly intreated him to give him an account of his life, which was unknown to man, and known only to God. Having been prevailed on at length by intreaty, he related to him the particulars of his solitary life, as to his lord and master. "Now, dearly beloved Father, I will make known to thee the mercy that has been shewn to me, not on account of my very inconsiderable merit, but through the bounty and goodness of God, who has always given comfort to me; holy Spirits, assuming to themselves, with divine concurrence, the likeness of corporeal substance, according to the belief supported by Scripture, which testifies that a Spirit hath not flesh and bones, (*Luke xxiv. 39*) do constantly day and night administer to me, as one poor and infirm, and suffering shipwreck; through whose care I know not the want of joy and prosperity, nor the presence of penury and poverty: they always declare to me what is true, and always promise what is right, describing to me the present life to be as a flower of the field, and the future as the odour of balm, comforting me that I might not faint in the way, who having vanquished the enemy, should be rewarded with a heavenly crown. Although separated from me when they meet together, I know them, by our frequent intercourse with each other, to be Dubricius, Archbishop of Western Britain, (*the name by which Wales, and more particularly the southern part of it was then called*) Daniel, Bishop of the Church of Bangor, St. Padarn, and many others, whose bodies are buried in this island. (*Of St. Dyfrig, or Dubricius, and St. Padarn, several particulars are mentioned in the course of this work. Daniel is the same as Deiniol Wyn, son of Dynawd Fyr, by Dwywe, daughter of Gwallog ap Llenog; he assisted his father in the establishment of Bangor Iscoed; and founded another monastery in Carnarvonshire, called Bangor Deiniol and Bangor Fawr, of which he was Abbot; soon afterwards, this place was raised by Maelgwn Gwynedd to the rank of a Bishop's See, of which Deiniol was the first Bishop; he flourished about the middle of the sixth century, and was buried in the Isle of Bardsey. — Professor Rees' Essay on the Welsh Saints, p. 258.*) One of them told me on a certain time, Go to-morrow to the cave of the confessor Greit; and when there, fatigued by the journey, and intent on prayer, lie down, and God will give thee, wherewith in those days thou mayest sustain thy body; and thus on every third day in the morning, God will give thee a fish from the rock, although it be apart from the sea, and elevated many paces above it. The fish which was sent me in this manner, at length became tiresome, and the taste disagreeable, and my appetite failing, owing to the meagre and aquatic nature of its daily food, it was taken away, and I received nothing in consequence of the complaint which I made."

"Another time, I was told, 'Go to the harbour, and thou wilt have a sea-fish of great size, wherewith thou mayest be maintained;' and I pierced, with a small knife, the side of the fish I found, which feeling the wound, leaped, and precipitated itself into the sea, completely escaping out of my hands; and reflecting on my hasty and hostile act, I repented having inflicted the wound, and returned unprovided to my residence. And after some time, my appetite inciting me, I sought for aid as usual; on the following night the holy persons appeared, and said, 'O though incredulous person! Why wert thou so hasty? what God has sent to thee, he will not take away; what he has taken from thee to-day, he will restore to-morrow. Go to the same place, and there thou wilt find the said fish dead, and also the knife.' And it was so."

"Another time, when hunger was pressing me, the accustomed persons said. 'Go thy usual road,' and I went, and found a large white stag, and I said, What need have I of so much food, and of

which I have not been accustomed to partake? I returned to the oratory, and as usual, they said to their servant, 'The Lord will give thee nothing else for food this time, besides what thou has found to-day,' and returning to the harbour, I found the stag again, which was food for me for some considerable time, Sometimes the eagles administered to me, by divine appointment, of the fishes of the sea in the usual manner, and as was necessary, with likewise some herbs, and water, and small sea-fish."

These and many other particulars having been related, the Teacher Caradog hastened to the harbour, and said to his brother, "O pious! O beloved! Leave the solitude, that thou mayest be comforted, and restored to thy former state, and thou shalt receive from me for some time the comforts of food, and clothing." Having heard these words, he hastened to the oratory, and having received an answer from the holy persons, said, "O Father, I have not so much liberty, nor rashness, as to follow thee any more in this life! Depart, Brother, with great speed, while the wind is favourable, on giving to thee my small blessing, and receiving from thee thy large one." After these things, he led his life, present to the Lord, and unknown to man; and having prepared a grave for himself in the oratory, he lay down close by it, and expired. While the body was yet warm, some sailors came to the place, and buried what they found there ready for sepulture. *As Elgar received information in his Oratory from the holy spirits, in an oracular manner, the building had the designation of Oracle, and it is here, and elsewhere in the Latin original, so called by Elgar.*

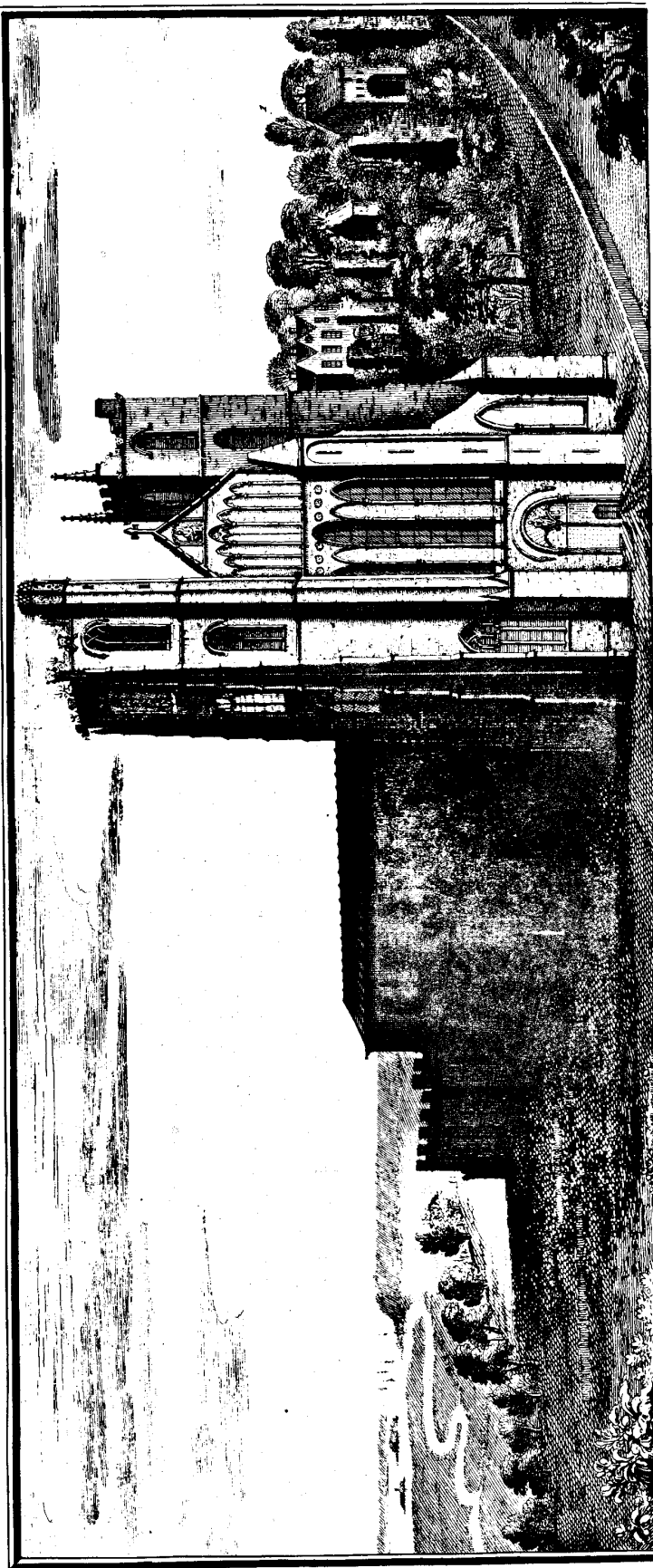
On Friday, the 7th of May, in the year One thousand one hundred and twenty, being leap year, his teeth were removed from the island, on the same day that the relics of St. Dubricius were translated to Llandaff, by Urban the Bishop, with the consent of Ralph, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the assent of David, Bishop of Bangor, and Griffith, King of North Wales, and the applause of all the clergy and people; and on Sunday the 23rd day of May, they were received into the Church of Llandaff.

Ralph or Rodolph, was Archbishop of Canterbury from 1114 to 1122.

David was Bishop of Bangor from 1120 to 1139.

Griffith ap Cynan was King of North Wales from 1079 to 1137.

THE N. W. VIEW OF THE CHURCH & PALACE OF LLANDAFFE IN THE COUNTY OF GLAMORGAN.



LLANDAFFE, so called from its Situation in a Bottom near the River Taff. This was made an Episcopal See by St. Dubricius about A.D. 490, who was succeeded by St. Teilo, to whom the Cathedral is Dedicated. Bp. Urban abt. A.D. 1120 built this Church with 2 Towers at the West End 89 feet high, of which the South one now remains, the 2 Pinnacles of it were thrown down by the Storm A.D. 1703. The North Tower was pulled down & rebuilt in an elegant Manner, & raised to the height of 105 feet At the Expense of Jasper Duke of Bedford, in the Reign of R. Hen. VII. But the goodly Pinnacles & Battlements hereof were demolished by the above-mentioned Storm. This Church, in length above 263 feet in Breadth 65 feet, having suffered by several Storms. The body of it has been lately rebuilt of the same Dimensions in the manner represented above. Sam. & Nathl. Buck delin. & Cneph. Published according to an Act of Parliament March 25. 1741. The Palace.

2. — HERE BEGINS THE LIFE OF ST. SAMSON, ARCHBISHOP AND CONFESSOR

St. Samson was a grandson of King Meurig of Glamorgan and a nephew of King Arthur II; he was also a nephew of St. Illtyd the first cousin of Arthur, or alternatively his brother-in-law.

There was a certain man named Amon (*Amwn Ddu*: he married Anne, daughter of Meurig, King of Glamorgan; he resided in a small island near Llanilltyd Fawr, or Lantwit Major, until he removed to a desert on the banks of the Severn, where he seems to have passed the remainder of his life. — *Rees' Welsh Saints*, p. 218, Barry Island and then Merthyr Mawr sand dunes) descended from a royal family, of the district of Meath, (*There are two counties in the province of Leinster, in Ireland, of this name, East and West Meath; of the former of which, Trim, and of the latter, Mullengar, is the county town.*) whose wife was Anna, and whose younger brother Umbrifel, married his wife's sister, Affrella, who had three sons, but Anna remained for a long time childless. Both Amon and his wife grieved much at her long barrenness, and were apprehensive lest after their death, the inheritance of the head of the family would be lost without remedy, so as not to be by any means recovered; old age, and the time of the sepulture also fast approaching, and being almost without hope of offspring, they said to one another, "Did not barren Elizabeth become pregnant of St. John (the Baptist,) after she was hopeless of children? *Luke i.5 — 13.*) Is not the Lord who has created all things, always the same throughout ages, both adorable, and wonderful; and to whom all things are possible, and all things which are conceived and effected by thought, word, and deed, are manifest; and what is past, present, and future to us all present to him, and who of his good will hath redeemed mankind from their sinful state, and ancient corruption, — he, the same in all things, will deliver us sinners from this childless and barren state. Let us, therefore, have recourse to fasting, prayer, and almsgiving; and he who delivered Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, three youths, from being burnt in the furnace, and from their prison, will release us from sin, and cause us to rejoice in our offspring and heir." Prayer having been made, together with fasting, they intreated St. Dubricius, Archbishop of Western Britain, and the Abbot Illtyd, that by their supplication the great Creator and Governor would give them offspring, and which, they vowed to God, that should he grant, they would in an especial manner dedicate to him for the acquisition of learning, and the performance of holy offices. *St. Illtyd was by birth an Armorican, and lived about the first half of the sixth century; he was the son of Bicanys, by a sister of Emrys Llydaw, called Rienigulida, and was therefore the great nephew of St. Germanus. In another account it is said that his mother was Gweryla, daughter of Tewdrig, King of Glamorgan. Having built a church, and afterwards a monastery, at Lantwit Major, under the patronage of Meirchion, a chieftain of Glamorgan, he opened a school, which was filled with a large number of disciples. — Rees' Welsh Saints, p. 179.*

These things being done, they went with presents to a certain learned man, who lived at a considerable distance northwards, and had prophesied what was true to many persons; to visit whom they proceeded, and at whose residence they arrived the third day. Receiving them kindly and with hospitality, he mentioned to them the cause of their journey, and said, "I know the occasion of your coming; make a silver rod, equal in height to thy wife, and bestow alms on poor Christians, and thou shalt obtain offspring, and the object of thy wishes." Which Amon hearing, said, "I will give three silver rods equal in height to her." On the following night, the blessed Anna saw in a dream an angel, who said unto her, "The Lord hath deigned to comfort thy sorrow, and thy tears shall be turned into joy, for thou shalt bear a son, and call him Samson, one worthy of the Episcopal office, and he shall be seven times whiter than that silver which thy husband gave for thee to God." All the things which she heard from the angel she truly related to her husband. The learned man rising in the morning, spoke to Anna, saying, "The Lord revealed to me this night respecting thee, and thy offspring, that he will be such as Britain never has produced, nor ever will produce." And as it is said, "The Lord is wonderful among his saints;" by the supplication of the holy men, the woman conceived, and bare a son; and the name of Samson was given him by St. Illtyd, who lifted him up at the sacred font, and baptized him.

Being returned to his father's residence, the child increased daily in personal comeliness and stature; and when he attained some growth, his countenance was lovely, and his form pleasing, not only to his family, but also to strangers. Who as he increased in stature, increased in wisdom, and discretion; and when he spoke, he was heard with great attention on account of his intelligence, so that the clergy and people said, "This boy will become to us a man, who will be the comfort and hope for all the country; a man of wonderful reflection, and great prudence, and as is said of a good son, the joy of all his family."

His father Amon, when sleeping one night, was affrighted, and suddenly awoke by a fearful vision; and speaking aloud, said, "How affrighted I am! How I tremble! O, how feeble I perceive myself! I am scarce able to raise my hand, or move my foot." His wife hearing his cry, and observing his stupor, said to him, "O, good man! O, my husband! you cry out; what do you cry for? You mourn; what is the cause of your mourning? Have you seen anything unpleasant in a dream, or before it? For it is usual, that when anything is thought of before sleep, the same will engage the mind during it." He said, "I was thinking of my only son, and noticed his eminent qualities in all things, and suitable for a regal court, as became his family, and not fit for any other purpose, besides governing the people with the sword and civil law; to which improper thought, impiously and unjustly occupying my mind, I did not assent, because God had given him, at a particular time, that I might be comforted, and because I had promised to him before the time of conception, and after birth engaged the same to him, and to my exalted father Dubricius, the patron Illtyd; and could I, in his early age, take him away? For he whom I proposed to be an heir in this world, will shortly be an heir in paradise, and we shall be partakers together of eternal happiness and glory." Both the father and mother agreeing to the same thing, they voluntarily brought up their only son for the performance of what was good; and although he was but of small stature, yet, with very much joy wished to go again and visit Illtyd; who, having their son entrusted to him for ever when he was five years old, taught him, so that he excelled in learning those of his age; and he who was a scholar, became forthwith, in a wonderful manner, both master and scholar at the same time. His lord and master, St. Illtyd, so loved him, that at all times he held him dearer than all the other scholars, and he performed with him more often the service of the church.

St. Illtyd labouring that he might obtain rest, and living by labour that he might procure a livelihood, had a corn field, to keep which in autumn he sent his scholars by turns, that they might prevent the sparrows from devouring the barley, as they were accustomed to do. At length, the employment came to the turn of Samson, who, with great joy, undertook the office; he collected together, like a flock of sheep, all the white sparrows that were flying about, and brought them to the barn; and having shut the door, he returned to the corn, and as there was not a sparrow there, he slept for some time. His associates wondering at the long delay of Samson, and being seized with envy, at length said, "Let us go, and see, for we do not know what the favourite boy may be doing." And finding him asleep; being glad, they came to the master, and said, "Him whom thou lovest, we have found sleeping, 'lazy, and disobedient,' and together with him returned to the boy. When they came to him, they awoke him, saying, 'Boy! are the sparrows, thine and our enemies, asleep? or hast thou killed them all with thy sling?' Who at length deliberated, and without any warmth, said, 'I found the plunderers in the corn, and with the aid of God, I keep them in prison for the common benefit of both us and you; and while they are all confined in the barn, we shall not any more have occasion to take care of, and keep watch over them.'" And thus it was done.

The Abbot Illtyd, disciple of St. Germanus, skilled in human and divine learning, of noble birth, and foreknowing future things, gave thanks to God, and looking towards heaven, said, "God has been pleased to send to us this Samson to be a light to the country. Lo! a venerable head of us all, and eminent priest, who will greatly benefit the church of God! Lo! an excellent minister. Lo! the most skillful founder of churches since the apostles." Charity and wisdom increased in him in so wonderful a manner, that in a few years he seemed to excel his master in knowledge: with whom he led for a length of time, a holy, excellent, and honourable life, and the longer he remained with him, the more he gained improvement; what he spoke with his mouth, he believed in his heart, and what he believed, afforded him delight. On a certain day, he and his master meeting with an abstruse question, which they could not understand, St. Samson had recourse to fasting, and watching, and requested to obtain from the Lord what he could not through his master. In the third night of fasting, he heard a voice saying unto him, "Fatigue thyself no more; those things, and whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, thou shalt obtain."

On a certain time, in the summer, when the brethren went to work at the harvest, a serpent gliding suddenly from a bush, bit one of the brethren in the groin, who being about to draw his last breath, St. Samson set the mark of the cross on the bite of the serpent, and giving him water mixed with oil, restored him in health to the brethren. St. Illtyd, observing St. Samson to increase in performing miracles, caused him to be consecrated to the order of deacons. And when Bishop Dubricius, together with Illtyd, celebrated the mass of his ordination, he saw a dove sent from heaven standing on St. Samson in a wonderful manner; and when the Bishop lifted up his hand to him, the dove descended to his right shoulder, and remained there as long as the Bishop performed the office. Not many years after these things took place, he was consecrated to the order of priests, and a dove from heaven descended upon him

as before, and by its innocence marked him to be elect of God.

This Illtyd had in his monastery two nephews, who were cousins, of whom one was a clergyman, and the other, who was without a degree, was his butler. The clergyman was desirous to possess the monastery after the death of his uncle, but fearing lest St. Samson should be unanimously chosen Abbot on account of his virtues, and by that means he should be deprived of the monastery, he, with his brother, entered into a deadly design. The brethren of that place having a custom of drinking a potion of herbs after mass; the butler, by the advice of his brother, prepared poison, and having skilfully proved it to be mortal, he poured it into the cup of St. Samson; which he, by the Holy Spirit, understanding to be the case, blessed the cup, drank it all up, and felt no ill effects from it. On the same day after dinner, St. Samson had some familiar discourse with the butler. "My dear brother," said he, "May God heal thee of every disorder, because the cup which thou didst give me to-day has produced great benefit to my body." Hearing these things, being repentant, he sighed, and admonished his brother, the instigator of the crime, to repent; but he refused.

On the following Sunday, when the same clergyman received the Holy Communion from the hands of St. Samson he was that instant seized by the Devil. Being pale, and tearing himself forthwith, and gnashing with his teeth, he said to those who were standing by, "Why do ye stand here? If I did not see Samson my master present, I should care nothing for you." Illtyd, when he saw this, ordered him to be bound, and led out; but his brother hearing these things, confessed the crime of both, and besought pardon of St. Samson; and St. Samson being affected with grief, wept, and having blessed water and oil, directed them to be given him to drink, and thereby he released him from the influence of the Devil. Therefore it came to pass, by the just judgment of God, that the primacy, which he wickedly sought for, he could never obtain.

There was, not far from this monastic establishment, a certain island, in which was a monastery built by one named Peirio; to that place St. Samson went speedily, God conducting him, and the master favouring the proceeding, and there he led a glorious and angelic life, amiable in his manners, intent on good works, and constant in his devotions. After these things, at a certain time, in winter, the father of St. Samson being afflicted with severe illness, was admonished by his neighbours, that, as was usual, he should receive the sacrament of the Holy Communion; but he strongly affirmed that he should not taste of death, that he should not receive the sacrament, that he should not recover his health before he saw his son Samson, and that on his account he should receive the health of his body, and of his soul, at the same time. His relatives therefore sent messengers to him, requesting that he would visit his father, who was lying on the brink of death: but Samson affected with grief, said, "God is able without me to heal the sick." At length, being prevailed on by the intreaty of the Abbot, he sent back the messengers, and consented that he would come: therefore, in the morning, having received the blessing of his Abbot, he commenced his journey with a young man, who was a deacon; and when they had passed through a great desert, they heard a dreadful voice near them. By this voice the deacon being frightened, left his horse, and throwing off his cloak, betook himself to flight; when a hairy and horned witch, who had a three pronged lance, and was flying through the woods, prostrated him half dead. But St. Samson proceeded intrepidly, and seeing the witch escaping at a distance, called after her, saying, "In the name of Jesus Christ, stop, and speak to me;" and he asked her, "Who art thou?" She answered, "I am a Witch; my parents have always been enemies to you, and no one of my kindred has dwelt in this wood except myself. I have eight sisters, and a mother, who are still living, and dwell in the farther wood, and I was given to my husband in this desert, but because he is dead, I cannot depart from this wood." To whom St. Samson said, "Canst thou restore to life the brother whom thou hast smitten, and desist from evil?" She answered, "I cannot either cure him, or become better; for from my infancy, I have always led a wicked life." St. Samson said, "In the name of Jesus Christ, I command thee that thou no longer injure mankind, and that thou very quickly depart from this life." She then immediately gave a precipitous leap, fell down, and expired. St. Samson returning to his brother, who was nearly dead, after the manner of Elisha applied his mouth, and limbs to those belonging to him, and so restored him to health. *Note: mouth-to-mouth resuscitation — a modern practice.*

They then proceeded on their journey, and on the third day came to Amon, who when he saw them, said with great joy, "Lo the remedy for my body, and soul, which the Lord was pleased to show me in a dream;" for on that day he was, by the blessing of St. Samson, healed of his disease; and by his earnest request, he, with his brother Umbrapel, was induced to take the monastic habit: and both the venerable Anna, and her sister Affrella, were consecrated by his blessing. Of his property, he gave part to the poor,

part for the building of a monastery, and part for the use of his mother and brothers. All things being set in order by the favour of the Holy Spirit, he took with him his father, and uncle, and returned to his monastery by a road, different from that by which he came: also, in the same road he found a serpent of wonderful size, which, by his word alone, he destroyed. *Note: Affrella and Anna were both daughters of King Meurig and so were sisters of King Arthur II.*

When he returned to the monastery, he found Bishop Dubricius there remaining, the season of Lent having commenced. The Bishop called to him the deacon, and being informed by him of all things that had been done on the road, received St. Samson and his companions with very great honour; and on that day appointed St. Samson to be butler of the place. He, therefore, and as if divinely directed, administered to the brethren with great diligence, and gave to the poor, as far as he was able; but a brother, who had been before him in the same office, envying his good works, said that St. Samson expended all things wastefully, and had improperly emptied the vessels that had been filled with mead. Which the Bishop hearing, and being desirous to know the truth, went into the cellar; of which Samson being informed by the Holy Spirit, marked the vessels that had been emptied with the sign of the cross, and the Bishop found them full. And the Bishop wondering, believed him to be filled with the Holy Spirit, and adjudged him to be worthy of a higher office. After these things, and an interval of a few days, the death of Peirio took place, and St. Samson was unanimously elected Abbot of the monastery; and he obeying, but not willingly, held the government of that congregation three years and a half.

Afterwards, some very learned Scots returning from Rome, came to him, whom, on examination, he discovered to be eminent persons; with the consent of the Bishop, he, therefore, went with them to their country, where, sojourning for a short time, he was, by all religious persons, received as an angel. He gave sight to the blind, cleansed the lepers, cast devils out of men, and to all shewed the way of salvation. When he had remained some time in the district, he was desirous to return to his own country, and finding a ship ready for the purpose, he was intreated by the sailors to get into it, to whom he answered, "We must do the works of God before we sail from this province." The sailors being provoked to anger, hoisted their sails, to whom he answered, "Go in peace, and return to-day; tomorrow we shall go off together." When they departed, lo! one came to him, requesting that he would visit the neighbouring monastery; and saying, "Our Abbot desires to see thee, for the Devil has seized him, and holds him bound." St. Samson went, and found him so circumstanced, who, on meeting him cried with a loud voice, "Lo! him, whom I have always sought; lo! him, whom I have with great devotion desired to see." On the praying of St. Samson, the demoniac was restored to health, and leaving the monastery, followed him. Having blessed the brethren in the monastery, he departed, and found the ship returned to the harbour, as he had predicted. In the morning, he and his companions went into the ship, and the wind being favourable, he got the next day to the island wherein he had first dwelt.

On entering the monastery, he found his father, and uncle, excelling in conduct all others who lived there; on which account he gave thanks to the Almighty. Therefore he took his uncle Umbrifel, who now performed the office of priest, and sent him to be Abbot of the monastery in Ireland, wherein he had liberated the former Abbot from the Devil. St. Samson, with Amon, and the aforesaid Abbot, and a certain brother, who was a priest, entered into a very large wilderness, and found therein near the river Severn, a cottage, in which was a most delightful fountain, and there he placed the brother, and his two companions. Proceeding into the interior of the wilderness, he found a very secret cave, having its entrance towards the east; with which he was much pleased, as though prepared by God, and therein, by his prayers, he caused a fountain to spring; in this place he gave up his time to God without intermission, and did not fear the snares of the world, being accustomed to the discourse of angels, through whom he commended himself to the Most High; and on every Sabbath-day he visited, and held intercourse with his three brothers, whom he had placed in the wilderness.

When, therefore, a synod was held, and the chief persons of the district enquired where St. Samson resided, one came forward, who said that he knew the cave wherein he led a heavenly life; and being, with others, sent to him, he was brought to the Synod, where, on beholding him, he was received as an angel, and was, against his inclination, appointed Abbot of the monastery that had been built by St. Germanus. In this monastery they had, out of reverence, Bishops to sit in the chair of St. Peter, when they assembled together. It happened that when the annual festival approached, and St. Samson waited for the accustomed arrival of the Bishop, on a certain night he saw himself surrounded with very numerous persons clothed in white, and three eminent Bishops adorned with golden crowns standing before him, and about to enter with them into the church to pray. Whose names and the cause of their coming, he

delicately and humbly enquired; and the prince of the vision said, "I am Peter, the apostle of Christ, and these are James and John the Evangelist, the brothers of the Lord. The Lord Jesus Christ has pre-elected thee to be a Bishop, and has sent us to consecrate thee;" who, when they had confirmed him with a heavenly blessing, vanished out of sight. And the Bishops coming on the appointed day, brought with them two persons to be ordained, yet they were desirous to ordain three in honour of the Holy Trinity, but whom they should choose, they did not know. On the following night, therefore, an angel of the Lord stood by St. Dubricius, and directed him to ordain St. Samson to be Bishop; and St. Dubricius, with joy, on account of the heavenly vision, caused the brethren of the congregation to be assembled together, and they rejoiced, he related to them what he had heard from the angel; therefore, they all with acclamation gave thanks to God, and placed him with the others in the episcopal chair. All who were present, saw a dove sent from heaven steadily standing on him whilst he was consecrated; and on that day, as St. Samson was celebrating the holy mysteries, St. Dubricius with two monks, saw a stream of fire to proceed glittering from his mouth; and at all times of his life, when he celebrated mass, angels were seen to assist him in performing the service of the altar.

On a certain eve of the Resurrection of our Lord, as he watched, and prayed in the church, an angel of the Lord, with great brightness stood by him, and that he might not fear, comforted him, saying, "Samson, dearly beloved of the Lord, act manfully, and depart from our land, and thy kindred; for thou art predestinated by God to be a magnificent founder of monasteries beyond sea, and a glorious governor among the people." These and similar things, the angel throughout the night, congratulating him, predicted to the holy man; and in the morning, he called the clergy and people together, and not resisting, but rather obeying the heavenly vision, with the greatest love, said, "O father, by the laying on of whose holy hand I am, although unworthy, exalted, an angelic vision compels me to leave my native country, and to go speedily beyond sea, and expressly to proceed to the Armorican territory of the British race." Having heard these things, the blessed Archbishop Dubricius hesitated not to permit him to go among the Bretons, because he was acquainted with their language; and knowing him to be endued with divine power, and adorned with good morals and sanctity, said, "Be a strong man, contend in battle, the prayers of Britain will attend thee hence with joy and alacrity." And having received the blessing of the Father Dubricius, and of the Abbot Illtyd, and of all the clergy and people, he departed. Having therefore completed the office of the paschal solemnity, and prepared a ship, he took with him some brethren, and went on this side of the Severn sea, where he visited his country (*The island in the Bristol Channel, where he had for some time resided, as before mentioned.*) and mother, and consecrated the church built by her, and also in those parts restored to health many sick persons. After he had instructed his mother, and other relatives, fully in the words of the Lord, the Almighty leading him, he crossed over the Auferrean sea. *Probably the English Channel, between France and England.*

When they passed through a certain town, which was called Tricurrum, he saw there men revelling with profane rites, and worshipping a certain image; which St. Samson seeing, he sighed, and admonished them with prayers, and intreaties that they should forsake the idols, which were inimical to mankind, and worship the one true God, who was in heaven. To whom their Count Gedian answered, "The God whom you preach, we know not, but the gods whom our parents adored, those we worship." While he spoke these things, a certain boy on horseback, riding rapidly around the image, fell to the ground, and having broke his neck, lay dead. As they all wept, St. Samson said to them, "You see that your image cannot restore life to this dead person; if you will destroy your idols, and believe in my God, on calling on the name of the Lord, I will cause your dead man to arise." As they agreed thereto, St. Samson having poured out prayers, restored him to life openly before them all; and being astonished at this wonderful, and unheard-of sight, they all unanimously destroyed their idols, and believing in Jesus the son of God, were baptized.

In the same province was a serpent of vast size, which by its deadly breath had nearly destroyed two districts; and St. Samson being informed thereof, was grieved at the misery of the people; and taking with him the boy, whom he had lately restored, Count Gedian, with all the people accompanying him, he went to the cave, where it was known the serpent lay hid. On the next day, as the sun shone, they descried, beyond a certain river, the cave, wherein was the serpent; and having there left Count Gedian, and people, he went with the boy, whom he had lately restored, beyond the river. When he came near the mouth of the cave, he ordered the boy to remain at some distance; and being armed with the sign of the cross, he immediately went into the cave, and tied about the neck of the serpent a linen girdle, wherewith he was girt, and drawing him out, threw him headlong from a certain high eminence, and commanded him, in the name of the Lord, to live no longer. And the boy ran back and related to Count Gedian, and all the

people, what he had seen; therefore, they all rejoiced at this great sight, and uttered abundant prayers to God and St. Samson from their very hearts, and Samson directed them to build a monastery near the cave. And he, in the mean time, applied himself to fasting and prayer in the cave; where by his prayers, a fountain sprung, which continues to flow to this day. And when the people had completed the monastery, and St. Samson consecrated it, he fixed his father Amon, and with him his cousin in the same; but he, God leading him, sailed with his companions to Brittany.

When he came into the harbour, and descended from the ship, he saw a cottage, and therein a certain unhappy person miserably wailing, and frequently looking towards the sea; to whom Samson said, "Brother, why wailest thou?" And he answered him, "I have in this house a wife afflicted with the leprosy, and a daughter who is a demoniac, whom the Lord promised to heal by some one from beyond sea, and whom I have been three days expecting, with the hope that he will come into this harbour." St. Samson on hearing these things, went with him to his house, and praying suppliantly restored them to health. In the same district, he found a very suitable place, wherein he built a respectable monastery, which to this day is called Dol, (*Dol is a town in France, in the department of Isle and Vilaine, and late province of Brittany. It was lately an Episcopal See, and is situated in the N.E. portion of Brittany, in a morass five miles from the sea, and twenty one S.E. of St. Malo*) where he performed many remarkable miracles; and throughout the provinces he built many monasteries.

In those days Count Commotus, a foreigner, and a cruel and tyranical person, governed all Brittany, having slain Jonas, the native Count of the Bretons, and delivered up his son Judual to King Hildebert and his Queen, to be kept in captivity. Which St. Samson hearing, he was grieved at their misery, and quickly went to King Hildebert, desiring to redeem Judual from confinement, and to deliver the people from a foreign ruler. When Samson entered into the King's palace, he found a certain Count, that was a demoniac, whom he anointed on the face and breast with consecrated oil, and thereby liberated him from the devil. *Count Commotus is also known as Conmur, Conomurus, Marcus and King Mark of Cornwall — an enemy of Arthur II, a traitor to the British cause.* The King hearing this, and that he came to supplicate for Judual, and having consulted his nobles, received St. Samson with suitable honour, and invited him to dine with him. The Queen, however, as she held Judual bound in captivity, would not release him; and by rejecting the intreaties of St. Samson, and abusing him with reproachful expressions, irritated him; and that she might destroy him, she prepared a deadly drink for him.

And when the King, and the holy Archbishop, sat down to dinner, and all who were present, congratulated him on his arrival, the Queen at the instigation of the devil, mixed poison with wine in a glass, and through her servant offered it to St. Samson to drink. Then he being divinely inspired, made the sign of the cross upon the glass, which thereby broke in four parts, and the poison being shed on the hand of him who held it, the flesh and skin, in the sight of all present, were corroded to the very bone. Then St. Samson said, "this drink is not fit to be drunk;" and the king being disturbed, and all the people wondering, St. Samson marked the hand of him who had been hurt, and completely restored it.

After they had dined, St. Samson, with the permission of the King, hastened to the place where Judual was kept, to meet whom, the Queen sent a furious horse to destroy him, but the chosen of God marked him with the cross, and his saddle being placed on him, he mounted, and the animal became so mild as if he had been tamed by the King of Heaven under his Soldier. Having her heart still hardened, she ordered that a fierce lion, with its keepers, should meet him, that it might seize him, but the hand of God protected his elect, and as if struck with a stake, it betook itself to flight; but St. Samson looking after it, said, "I command thee, in the name of Jesus Christ, that thou hurt no one any more, and that thou speedily die." When it immediately leaped headlong, and expired. And the King beholding so many miracles performed by the holy man, brought forward Judual released from his chains, and gave him up to him. The Queen likewise, with her favourites, prostrate at his feet, asked pardon of the holy man.

Which being done, and all being pardoned by the grace of God, and greatly rejoicing, the King said to St. Samson, "There is a serpent in this province, which afflicts all who dwell around; and because we see thee to shine with miracles, we request that thou wouldst vouchsafe to deliver us from it." To whom St. Samson said, "Find me a guide for the way, and in the power of God, I will expel it from your parts." A guide therefore being found, he took with him two brethren, and leaving the others with Judual in the place, being confident and always exulting in the Lord, he quickly set out upon his journey; and when he came to the cave in which the serpent was, he there, with bended knees, prayed to the Lord, took the serpent by the neck, brought it out, and commanded it to swim beyond the river called Sigona, and there

remain under a certain stone; which soon after, by his word alone, he drowned in the sea. And in the same place he built a monastery, and placed therein brethren who should serve Christ. Lastly, King Hildebert greatly loved St. Samson for having performed such great miracles, and freely gave him valuable gifts, namely in gold, and silver, in precious vessels, in farms, and various possessions, and commended himself to his prayers.

Taking with him Judual, he went to Lesia *Lesieux*, in Upper Normandy, in the department of Calvados and Angia, Anjou, a late province of France, which formerly belonged to the sovereigns of England, and called since in Latin, *Andegavia*; or perhaps *Angers*, an ancient town, and episcopal see in the said province, and there collected an army, and returned with it to Brittany; St. Samson praying and fasting, and Judual fighting with the army against Commotus; Judual, by the prayers of the holy man, at one blow overcame his enemy, and from that time, he and the successors of his family, held the government of Brittany. Soon after, Judual was triumphantly received by his countrymen, and elected Governor over all Brittany; and he rendered himself, and all who belonged to him, subject to St. Samson, and devoutly commended himself to his prayers. "Let the Governor return thanks to the Redeemer, and the people rejoice, being committed to the care of such a Pastor." Whence the government of all Brittany is observed to belong justly to Dol until this day. For what great miracles the Lord, on this side the sea, and beyond it, has by him performed, how much his learning shone, the eloquence of no writer, or doctor doth relate.

Bring perfect in life, and in age, and adorned with all virtues, he was attached by severe illness in the monastery of Dol, and the clergy flocking around, he gave his body to the earth, and his soul to heaven. The clergy buried his body with unguents, and in their hearing, the heavenly host with hymns and praises conveyed his soul to Christ. A proof of his blessedness we have, namely, in those miracles which the Lord daily performs by him to the praise and glory of his name, who with God the Father, and Holy Spirit, lives and reigns throughout infinite ages of ages. Amen.

THE END. AMEN.

The Count Commotus named here as the enemy of Judual is none other than Conmore, or Marcus, or Conomurus or King Mark of Cornwall as he was variously known. He was a real menace to British security having mixed alliances with Frisians, Jutes, Saxons and Norsemen, as well as his own Britons of South Eastern England. The battle took place in 561 A.D.

Judual would also be written Rhival, Rhuval, or Hywel or Ithael.

3. — NOTICE OF THE CITY OF ROME, AND OF ITS PRINCIPAL CHURCHES, AND CARDINALS

The Wall of the city of Rome has 362 Towers, 49 castellated Turrets, 20 Pinnacles, 900 Gates, and 5 Posterns. The circuit of the wall is 22 miles, besides what is beyond the Tiber, and the city of Leomana.

The principal Churches are — the patriarchal Church of the Saviour in the Lateran Palace, the greatest of all — the Church of St. Peter the Apostle — the Church of St. Paul the Apostle — the Church of St. Mary major — the Church of St. Laurence without the walls.

The titles of the Priest Cardinals are — St. Paul's, St. Savin's, St. Prisca's, St. Sixtus', St. Nercus', and St. Achilles', St. Marcellus', St. Balbina's, St. Susanna's, St. Mary major's. St. Eusebius', St. Luke's in Ardea, St. Vitalis', The Holy Apostles', St. Clement's, St. Potentian's, St. Cyric's in the hot Baths, St. Marcellinus', and St. Peter's of Jerusalem. It is the duty of the Cardinals bearing those titles to celebrate Mass in the chapel of St. Laurence in the Palace in mount Palatine.

4. — NOTICE OF ELEUTHERIUS, BISHOP OF ROME

Eleutherius, a Greek by birth, and son of Habundius, of the town of Nicopolis, enjoyed the See 15 years, 6 months, and 5 days; it was in the time of Antoninus, and Commodus, and until that of Paternus, and Bradua. He received a letter from Lucius, King of Britain, requesting that by his means he might be made a Christian. He ordained that no poor cottagers, especially those who embraced the Christian faith, should be despised by Christians, because they were created by God, and moreover were rational creatures. He held three ordinations in the month of December, and ordained 12 Presbyters or Priests, 8 Deacons, and 15 Bishops in divers places, and was buried near the body of St. Peter, within the Vatican, on the 25th day of May; and the See remained vacant 16 days.

5. — NOTICE OF THE PERSECUTION OF THE CHRISTIANS UNDER THE ROMAN EMPERORS, DIOLCLETIAN AND MAXIMIAN

This persecution broke out at Nicomedia, a town of Natolia in Asia Minor, February, A.D. 303, when an imperial edict was published for pulling down churches, and burning the Holy Scriptures; and being no less violent than general, Britain had a share in its severity. It however continued general, until Diocletian and Maximian resigned the empire in 305, upon which Constantius being declared emperor, the persecution ceased in Britain, and other places of the West, where it did not last two years, though it continued in the East. But though this persecution was short, it went to the extremity of punishment, and took away the lives of several Christians. Gildas informs us that St. Alban of Verulam, Aaron and Julius of Caerleon, and others of both sexes in several places, suffered martyrdom with the utmost firmness and resolution. — Collier's Eccl. Hist. Fol. Vol. I. pp. 20, 21. But to this persecution, ecclesiastical writers have fixed different dates; some agreeing with that mentioned in this book, viz. the year 286, and others fixing on the year 303, when Diocletian was the eighth, and Maximian the seventh time consuls. — Stillingfleet's Orig. Brit. p. 70

In the year of our Lord, 286, Diocletian in the East, and Maximian Herculius in the West, ordered the churches to be plundered, and the Christians to be persecuted, and slain. Which persecution was the tenth after that of Nero, and lasted longer, and was more cruel than any of the preceding; for during ten years, it was constantly carried on by the burning of churches, and the murder of innocent martyrs. In the latter part, Britain became exalted by the glory of a devout confession to God; for therein St. Alban suffered, of whom the presbyter Fortunatus, in his work on the Praise of Virgins, when making mention of the holy Martyrs of the whole world who came to Christ, says, —

“Fertile Britain has produced the excellent Alban.”

Julius and Aaron, with a multitude of martyrs, also suffered in the city of the Legions which is situated on the Usk

Caerleon, a market town in Monmouthshire. This place was the Isca Silurum of the Romans in the time of their emperor Claudius, whose second legion being recalled from Germany, was stationed here under the command of Vespasian. During the stay of the Romans in Britain, it continued to be the seat of government for the division of the country denominated Britannia Secunda, and in that period continued the theatre for the display of splendour and luxury. After the persecution under Diocletian, Caerleon; became, under the auspices of Antoninus, the seat of learning and devotion; three Christian churches were erected, two in honour of the martyrs St. Julius and St. Aaron, and a third, to which was added a monastery, that afterwards became the metropolitan see of Wales, of which St. Dubricius was the first archbishop. — Lewis's Topographical Dictionary of England. Beauties of England and Wales, Monmouthshire, p. 125 — 128. Cox's Tour in Monmouthshire, p. 79 — 89.

The Welsh historical version is clear, for this states that there was a Christian mission to Wales in 70 A.D. one year after the destruction of Jerusalem by Vespasian and his son Titus. King Bran, the father of Caractacus, had become interested in Christianity in Rome and brought over three men, — Ilid, Kyndav, and Arwysli Hen, — Aristobulus the Elder, — around 70 A.D. Of these three Ilid is said to have been an Israelite, and is remembered as St. Lide of the Scilly Isles. If St. Paul did not visit Britain, then these three men from Rome would have known of his mission; Ilid being a Jew would have known of St. Peter's mission to Rome and may have been a member of it.

Bran was probably offering them a refuge in Britain, following the great persecutions of the Christians in Rome by the Emperor Nero and his successors. St. Peter died in Rome in 67 A.D. and was succeeded by Linus as Christian leader, over in Britain the powerful King Arviragus — the bane of Nero and his successors lives, — second son of Cynvelyn — ruled. Arviragus would have lost no sleep at all over upsetting the Roman Emperor.

A century later a successor to Bran and Arviragus, named Lleirwg — Lucius — the Prince of the Silures in South Wales, sent for missionaries to Eleutherus the Bishop of Rome — y Pab Elidyr. So Eleutherus sent Damianus and Paganus (Dyfan a Phagan in Welsh), and Meduinus and Albanus (Mydwy ac Elvan in Welsh), to teach the faith of Christianity in Siluria — South East Wales, Glamorgan, Monmouthshire, South Brecon, part of Hereford and Avallon, — in the footsteps of Ilid, Kyndav, and Arwystli Hen. This tradition is maintained in the ancient Welsh Triads, and is the second or true foundation of the See of Llandaff at Cardiff.

Eleutherus was in fact believed to be Bishop of Rome from 175 to 189 A.D., which does coincide with the reign of King Lleirwg. In due course Eleutherus became St. Eleutherus along with another fifty-four of the first fifty-eight Bishops of Rome. What is interesting is that according to this tradition, South East Wales and Northern Somerset were part of the same kingdom or principality, for the mission to Siluria is said to have included Avallon. This makes sense as the powerful Silures would not have left themselves exposed to invasion across the river estuary by foreign forces moving through North Somerset.

There is no mention of Joseph of Arimathea in any of the Welsh traditions. As the English or Saxons did not arrive in the Glastonbury area until sometime around the year 650 to 700 A.D., it is difficult to see how the claim that Joseph visited the site can be maintained.

The picture that emerges is one where the only place in the ancient world where Christians were made welcome and not persecuted during the first and second centuries A.D., was South Wales. Britain probably saved Christianity as such, for later the emperor Constantine came from Britain and made it the official religion of Rome.

CHAPTER TWO

Content

1. The first founding of the church of Llandaff by King Leirwg around 170 to 180 A.D., and the refounding of the church by King Meurig and King Tewdrig at some time around 480 to 520 A.D. The King Lleirwg is Lucius the King of Gwent or South Wales and Tewdrig was the Thirty Fifth King followed by his son Meurig the Thirty Sixth King.
2. Grant of King Pebiau, son of Erb to Archbishop Dubricius, his grandson.
3. Grant of King Pebiau to Bishop Elwystyl on behalf of Dubricius.
4. Grant of King Pebiau to Bishop Arwystyl on behalf of Dubricius.
5. Grant of King Cynvyn and King Gwyddai sons of Pebiau to Bishop Arwystyl.
6. Grant of Bryttwn and Ilinc to Nudd on behalf of Dubricius under King Meurig.
7. Grant of Erb King of Gwent and Eryng to Archbishop Dubricius.
8. Grant of King Pebiau son of Erb to Archbishop Dubricius.
9. Grant of Gwordog to Archbishop Dubricius under King Meirchion son of Glywys.
10. Grant of Noe son of Arthur to Archbishop Dubricius, in West Wales.
11. The Biography or "Life" of St. Dubricius, the grandson of King Pebiau.

The genealogies of Wales show that King Erb or Yrb was the Thirty Second King of South Wales, and that his brother Nynniaw followed him as Thirty Third paramount King, whilst his son Pebiau ruled the Eryng — Hereford region. From King Nynniaw the paramount leadership passed to King Teithfallt his son (34), to his son King Tewdrig (35), to his son King Meurig (36) and to his son King Arthur — Athrwys (37)

St. Dubricius was the son of Eurddil, the daughter of King Pebiau or Eryng. The son of Erb was Pebiau and his sons were Cynvyn and Gwyddai, and Cynvyn's son Gwrgan the Great had a daughter Onbrawst who married King Meurig, son of Tewdrig.

King Meirchion ruled lands along the West coast of Glamorgan, probably Gower. The grant of Noe the son of Arthur is made over in West Wales completely away from all the other grants which are firmly in the East of Wales, and the records hold that Dubricius lived a long life and retired from the senior archbishopric to make way for St. David around 522 A.D. He then went to West Wales into a life of semi-retirement and contemplation, and it may be that at this period 522 to 540 that Noe, the son of Arthur, made him these grants; Arthur being dominant over all South Wales, and Noe a very young prince.

If King Erb made a grant to Dubricius as stated, then he must have been very old at the time he made it. The custom was to appoint Kings when they were 15 or thereabout, and so three, or even four, generations would all be Kings at the same time, a little confusing at first with grandfather King Druid at say 65, the father, the executive King, at say 40 and the grandson, the Young King at 15. Actually the custom makes the recreation of the 'family tree' of these rulers very simple to accomplish.

INTRODUCTION

The purpose of this Book is to tell clearly how the successful search to identify and locate the fabled King Arthur was undertaken. The intention is to present the tangible and vital documentary evidence in a concise and laconic manner- designed for those who do not wish to find themselves submerged in endless and intricate mundane academic arguments.

This volume presents the true nature of the History of the British nation, exhibiting its culture and achievements- and restoring the dignity of our British ancestors. It will show exactly who the legendary King Arthur actually was - where he lived - and precisely where he rests today. The evidence is comprehensive, even massive, and is both authentically documented and of a physical and tangible nature. There can no longer be any doubts about the fabled and legendary King Arthur.

The Authors have several times issued a world wide challenge to debate the issue publicly, and there have been no takers.

Alan Wilson began his research part time in 1956, whilst Baram Blacken started his work in 1976 shortly before persuading Alan to collaborate with him in an all out serious attempt to locate the mysterious King. Both have worked full time on the Project since 1979, when it became apparent that a positive result was imminent. There has been no Government or Administrative help or co-operation of any sort whatsoever, despite the numerous attempts by the discoverers to alert every central and local government and administrative agency known to them.

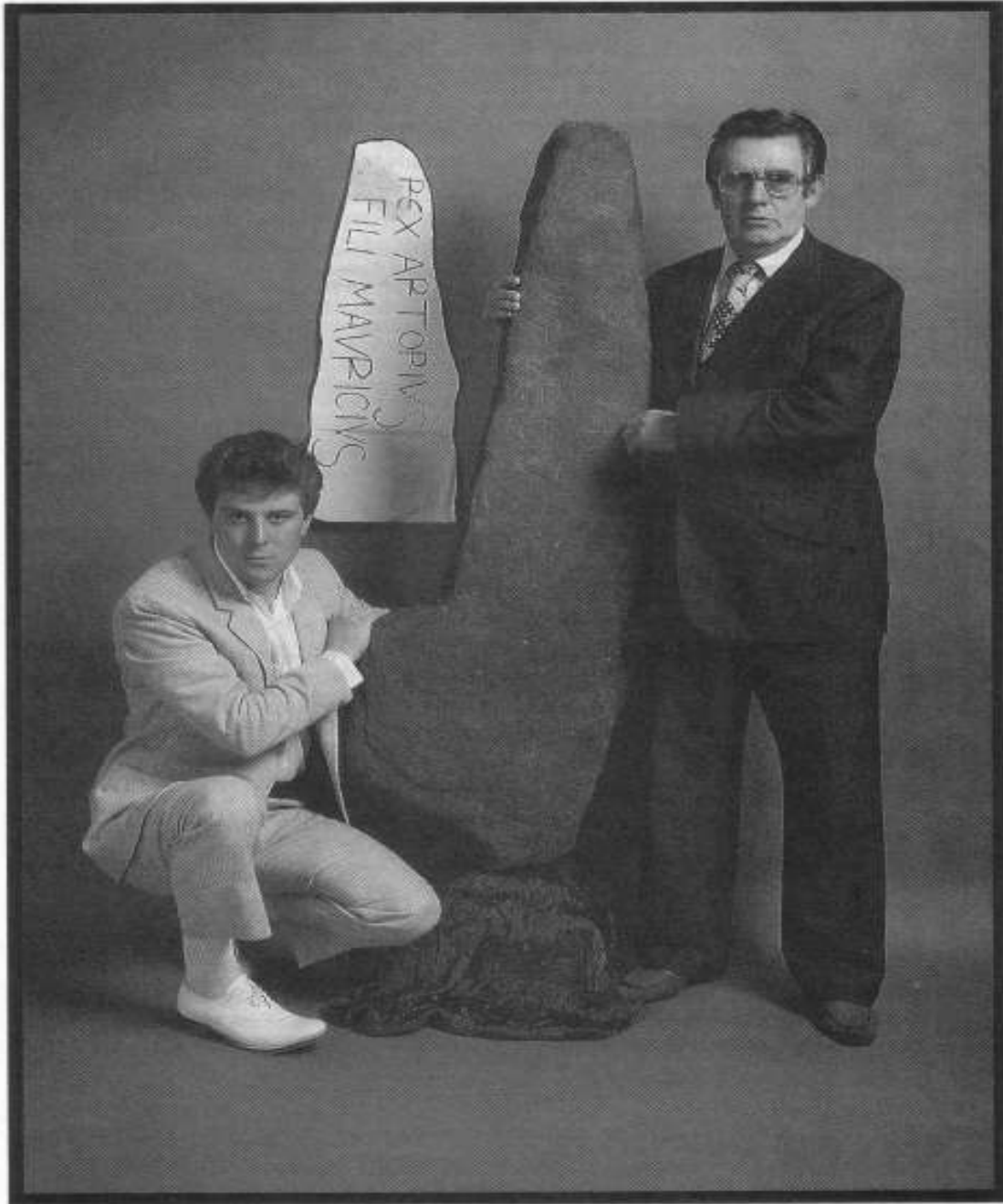
None of the multitude of Agencies and Councils set up to assist in the creation of opportunities or promotion of learning ever showed the slightest interest. Every approach to Officialdom proved to be a total waste of time, energy and money - a depressing exercise in the art of bureaucratic obstructiveness.

Therefore this whole enterprise is a private and individual project. No part of the Establishment in Britain has been involved, and now their interference is not required. It remains the clear duty of central and local Government and organizations to support and protect the King Arthur discoveries in the interest of the British Nation.

*"Lives of great men remind us, We can make our lives
sublime, And departing leave behind us, Footprints in the
sands of time. "*

Longfellow.

Baram (A.T.) Blackett and Alan Wilson right, with the stone from Cor Emrys. The stone is described by Taliesin ap Henwg (Merlyn) as the Mawrnat Uthyrpendragon, circa 579, and by Nennius in his "History of Britain" of 822, and in the "Life of St. Illtyd" copied from older manuscripts in 1104.



BARAM BLACKETT

ALAN WILSON

PART ONE

THE ARTHURIAN DYNASTY

this volume is an abridged version of the Blackett-Wilson papers known as the King Arthur Research Project. The intention in this book is to set out the most basic of information indicating the ancestry of the fabled King Arthur, and showing why the Kings of South East Wales had Imperial ideas.

The story in this volume is that of the discovery of the tombs of King Arthur ap Meurig ap Tewdrig. Examination of the historical reconstructions of the Dynasty shows that this King Arthur was probably born around 503 A.D. and died ;round 579 A.D. He therefore lived in the era of the Battles of Arthur including Baedan and Camlan. It can be shown that his sphere of influence included areas like Caerleon, where the King Arthur of Legend ruled. It can also be shown that his actions and deeds match those of the King Arthur who is known as the King of the Round Table. He can also be shown to be related to the Celtic Saints in whose Lives he is mentioned as the legendary Arthur.

Therefore it is possible to show that this King Arthur, the 61st hereditary King of Glamorgan and Gwent, is the King Arthur of Round Table fame. The discovery of his tombs in his native area of Glamorgan makes this a certainty.

We will demonstrate that the burial customs of these Kings can be established, and that the tombs of a considerable number of them can be found, often with inscribed memorial stones naming them. There were three distinct phases in burial customs - first, in the pre-Christian era up to around c.200 A.D. huge tumulus grave mounds were built over dead Kings - second, from roughly 200 A.D. to around 450 A.D. these huge tomb mounds were built at the South West corner of mortuary chapels - and third, the tomb mound was abandoned and the Kings were buried inside the churches, normally in "the right hand of god" position close to the altar.

The reason for King Teithfallt - Theodosius, great-grandfather of Arthur, being styled "Emperor" will become clear. Equally, the basis upon which King Tewdrig son of King Teithfallt was similarly styled, as was his son King Meurig - the "Emperor Marcian", also becomes apparent. That King Arthur son of Meurig was referred to as the "Emperor Arthur" in ancient literature is in fact quite logical.

Study of the burial customs shows that early period Kings are named and recorded at existing huge tumulus burial mounds. Second phase burial mounds alongside mortuary churches are again named to match the Kings of this later period, and third phase tombs inside churches are again recorded and named to match the rulers of this third period. Memorial stones and tombstones abound, correctly naming the Kings of the Dynasty down through the centuries. We find Gorddyfwn of around 200 A.D. on his inscribed stone and King Crair = Carawn of Menevia = Emperor Carausius of Britain on his stone after his death in 293 A.D. The stone of King Caradoc II is in Cornwall where the Glamorgan histories state that he went to retire. There also is the stone of Brochwael son of King Tewdrig Uthyrpendragon I. We find four stones in Glamorgan naming King

Arthur - Arthfael - Arthmael - Arthrwys, the great son of King Meurig Uthyrpendragon 11. The Prince Budic of Brittany befriended by King Tewdrig has left his name on a stone, with those of his ancestors. King Howell of Brittany, known as "Pompey the Great", has left a stone, as did several others. Time and again Kings who are ancestors or descendants of King Arthur ap Meurig turn up, along with other close relatives and contemporaries.

There is an academic paranoia evident in England whereby Welsh historical sources and evidence is consistently and completely ignored. Then after ignoring ninety per cent of the available evidence - a mystery is proclaimed.

Our detailed research explained in other volumes shows that the Welsh were Gnostic Christians from around 58 A.D. when the young King Bran - then a youth - returned from Rome and brought the Christian cult with him. This was the reason for the Welsh refusal to co-operate with the Roman Catholic St. Augustine in 597 when he came to try to convert the Saxons to Christianity. This can be shown comprehensively. What it means is that there was a fully fledged long established Christian Kingdom in Britain, which memory became enshrined in the Arthurian Legends. This led to dating confusions and mis-interpretation of facts, and extended to concealment and deliberate destruction of evidence once the Roman Catholic church gained the ascendancy on the coat-tails of the Normans after 1100 A.D.

The Secret of the Mismatched Dates

It was not until mid-1984 that we were able to crack open the problem of mismatched dates in Dark Age British-Welsh history. The answer lay with the nature of British Christianity, for the Dark Age British were Gnostic Christians.

The only period date offered in the Bruts of England is the date of the death of King Arthur. This event is said to have taken place "five hundred and forty six years after the incarnation of our Lord." This is deceptively easy.

We have to realise that when the Christian religion was being invented in the early centuries of the Christian Era there was considerable dispute over the nature of Jesus the Nazarene. There were three basic propositions as to his nature -

1. Jesus was human until he was crucified at the age of 33, and then he became spiritually divine.
2. Jesus was both human and spiritually divine during his lifetime, and the' simply spiritually divine after his crucifixion.
3. Jesus was never human at all, he was spiritually divine throughout his stay on Earth and also after his crucifixion.

What this means is that Historians have taken the Roman Christian idea and



The boat grave of King Ceri ap Caid at Hen Eglwys on the Gravelly Cliff. A perfect boat shape of some 80 yards by 18 yards. Photograph by Chris Barber.



The high gravelly cliffs at Nash Point, Glamorgan with Hen Eglwys on the top. Photograph by Chris Barber.

misinterpreted the date of 546 years after "the incarnation of our lord." To Roman Christians this would mean 546 A.D. but the British-Welsh were not Roman Christians and to them the statement meant something totally different. It meant 546 years after the "incarnation" at the time of the crucifixion, which traditionally took place in 33 A.D. Therefore the death of King Arthur took place in $33 + 546 = 579$ A.D. This matches other important information including the misdating of whole groups of princes and events. For example Olwen the daughter of Rhodri Mawr and Angharad of North Wales married King Morgan Mawr of Glamorgan. The second son of Morgan and Olwen was Rhydderch, who was killed in the same battle as his grandfather Rhodri Mawr at the age of 15. This could not have happened in 877 as usually supposed, but is certainly possible in 910 A.D. - 33 years later. The same mismatch occurs in many other records. The Battle of Badon is far more likely in 551 A.D. than in 518, some 33 years earlier. The meaning of "incarnation" has been mistaken for centuries.

What we have is not so much a mystery as an academic muddle. A series of misdirections and misinformations, created for Mediaeval political ends by both church and state. The truth about the Dynasty of King Arthur affected the legitimacy of the British Monarchy, and therefore the truth was obscured and distorted. Facts and evidence were proclaimed as false and legendary by the fake Tudor Kings, and the slanders they and their minions perpetrated have been supported by fearful academics who have failed to investigate the truth for generations.

There has even been a recent attempt to portray the Fifteenth century manuscript of the Life of St. Genovesius as "new evidence". It was published in 1922, 63 years before becoming new in 1985. The idea is that St. Genovesius, a pupil of St. Illtyd, was writing about King Arthur. This is possible as St. Illtyd lived roughly between 510-590 A.D. and St. Genovesius would have been at his college at Llantwit Major - Llan Illtyd Fawr in Glamorgan around 540-580. The Kings of Glamorgan at the time were the Teyrn = Monarch King Meurig, and the Ail-teyrn or Regent his son King Arthur. What is quite amazing is that St. Genovesius is transferred back 100 years to around 450-470, and removed from St. Illtyd's college over to France. This then allows for the misleading guess that one Rhiotavwys (Rhiothamus) is none other than "King Arthur" alive and well in France 60-70 years before the Battle of Badon recorded as in 517 A.D. and some 80-90 years before the Battle of Camlan. All very odd - but it is consistent with a long term pattern whereby the English Establishment dare not admit that King Arthur was exactly who he was - the 61st Paramount King of Glamorgan and Gwent.

Dozens of connecting relationships show that Genovesius was of the 550 period and not of the 100 years earlier Rhiotavwys of the Soissons region. There was a British King at Soissons around 450-480 A.D. and he was Aegidius the King of Soissons and Seven Cities. This is the King Aegidius to whom the British sent a famous letter. Regardless of the obvious truths of this, the English political Academics persist in misidentifying the letter to Aganypus - Acanypps - as

being to a Roman Aetius, and not to King Aegidius. Thus they distort the dates being the histories.

What is even more bizarre is that not only are Illtyd and Genovesius transported -k 100 years out of time along with King Arthur and others, the absurd and : ridiculous claim is made that William the son of Charles Windsor and his wife Dianna is a direct descendant of this thoroughly bogus "King Arthur." There no lengths to which they will not go to conceal the truths, and to obliterate - Glamorgan and Gwent histories. This we discuss in detail elsewhere.

The Hereditary Roman Emperors. B.C. 44-68 A.D.

Julius Caesar founded the first line of hereditary Roman Emperors. He foolishly . invaded Britain in 55 B.C. and again in 54 B.C., and was twice driven out by Caswallon son of Llud ap Beli Mawr ap Manogan - the regional King in the North Thames Area, legate of the British King. According to Nennius, the second nd larger invasion by Julius Caesar had difficulty in landing and had to make two attempts. Caswallon had driven huge log stakes encased in lead into the river bed of the Thames, and the Roman ships ran foul onto them.

After successfully flinging out Caesar, the British Triad records tell how Caswallon celebrated with a great feast where 120,000 animals were killed. The = Roman poet Lucan confirms the defeat and humiliation of the Romans.

"In haste he turned and showed his back, To the British he had attacked."

So for a period Britain remained free of Roman aggression. Cynvelyn, a successor of Caswallon, is said to have visited Rome, and caused a sensation there. Cynvelyn denotes "Yellow Head of Hair." Cynvelyn son of Lludd ap Beli Mawr ap Manogan.

The inevitable collision between the British and the Romans appears to have come as a direct consequence of the Roman attacks and conquest of Northern Gaul - now Normandy and Brittany. These areas were the territories of the . Venitti, who presumably like the other Venetti of Venice in North-East Italy would have been descendants of the Trojans. As the British also claimed Trojan -scent, it is easy to see how Caesar's aggression against the Venetti of Northern] au I would involve the British Kings.

Matters appear to have worsened when the mistress of King Caswallon, a lady named Fflur - Flora - was abducted and taken to Gaul. It seems that Arvarwy nephew of Caswallon, may have been responsible, for he fled Britain and sought Roman help. This of course was the classic route of Roman expansionism. Time me and again they had involved themselves in the internal politics of other nations all over the Eastern Mediterranean and Asia, to back refugee claimants against the ruling Kings. Again British traditional record states that Caswallon and his two nephews Gwenwynwyn and Gwanar crossed over to Gaul with a

large army to try to recover Fflur from "Mwrchan" - not a name but "the Thief."

Perhaps Caswallon was chasing after Avarwy and Fflur, but much more likely he was moving to recover the territories along the Western coast of the European continent. In the ensuing conflict the British claim to have defeated Julius Caesar and this is supported by the Roman Poet Lucan.

The second Roman attempt to invade Britain was a huge affair in the reign of their Emperor Claudius, at the time of King Caradoc I ap Arch of Britain. In 42 A.D. almost a century after Julius Caesar made his abortive attempts. Roman armies again crossed over into Eastern Britain. This time they won some victories and gained a foothold. Again they exploited political divisions between British rulers, and some - notably Cogidubnus on the South coast became Roman allies and client Kings,

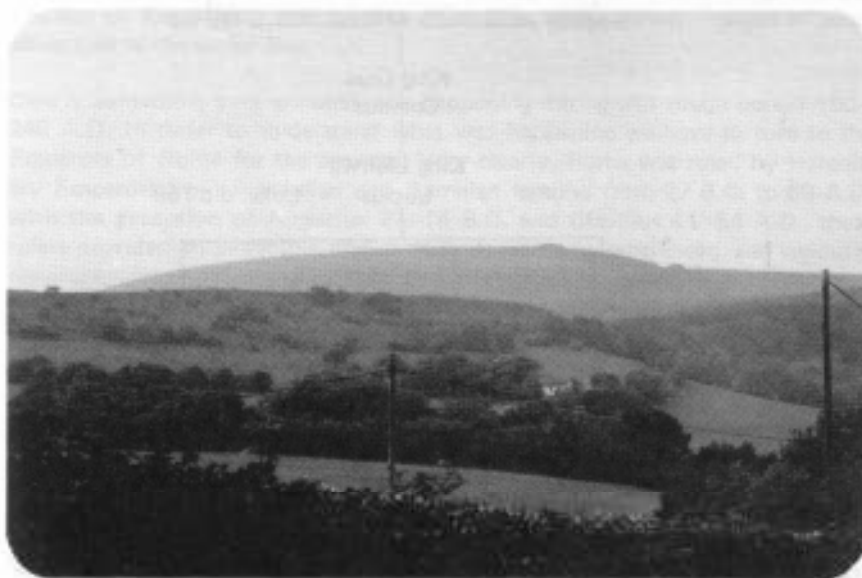
The Romans did not however achieve a conquest of Britain, they simply got footholds and held some areas in South Eastern Britain. They were in fact facing a long expensive and possibly disastrous campaign. Early victories along the Thames estuary where Teneuvian - Togodumnus to Romans - was killed simply defeated the local military strength. The British King of the area was now King Gweirydd - Arviragus - and he was by no means defeated by the Generals of Claudius. King Gweirydd-Arviragus - is said to have married with a daughter of the Emperor Claudius named Genissa. This patched up some form of co-existent arrangement between the South Eastern British and the Romans.

King Gweirydd however already had another wife named "Voada" - possibly Gwyar - who was a daughter of King Caradoc ap Arch, the senior British King. This does not appear to have presented any great problems. There is of course the perennial problem of academics, particularly English, who will not accept British-Welsh evidence of any kind. This is a long standing political manoeuvre and should be regarded as such. There is however some corroborative evidence showing that King Gweirydd was much in evidence in the time of Nero who succeeded Claudius 54--68 A.D. A poem survives showing that Gweirydd as Arviragus worried Nero, and it states that Nero might be fortunate if Arviragus slipped from his chariot pole.

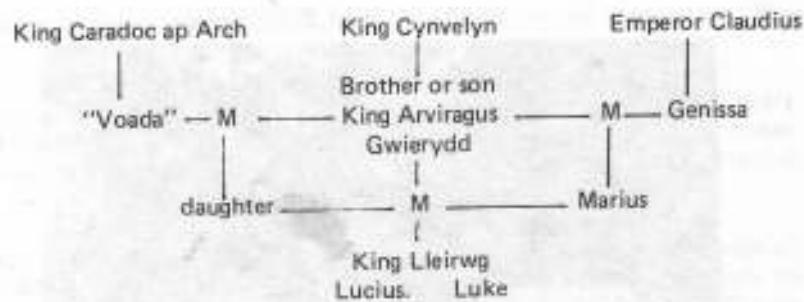
British tradition then reveals that the daughter of King Gweirydd from his wife "Voada" was married to his son from his wife Genissa. So with half-brother marrying half-sister a diplomatic union of some magnitude was formed. The son of Gweirydd - Arviragus and Genissa was a grandson of the Emperor Claudius, whilst the daughter of Gweirydd and "Voada" was a grand-daughter of King Caradoc I ap Arch of Britain. These two then had a son of their own.



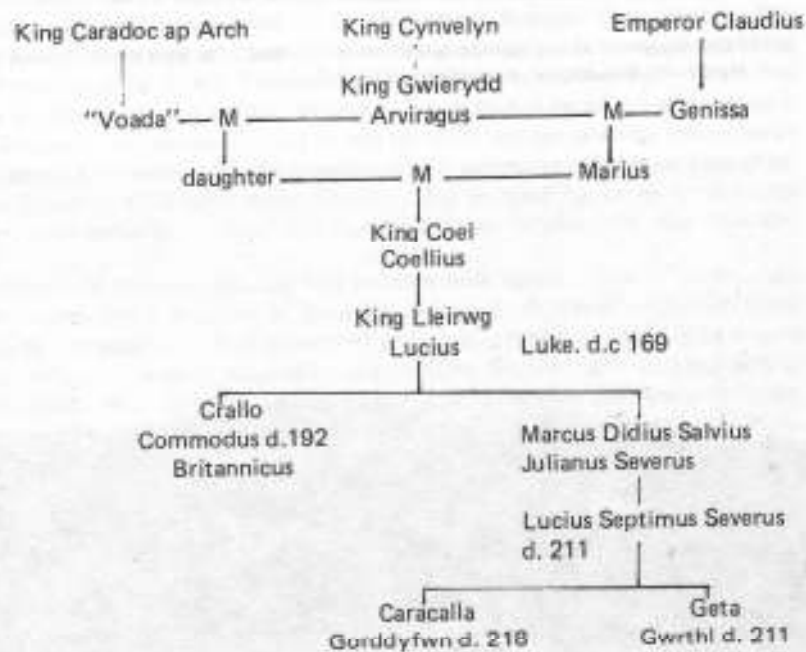
"King Blegywryd who is buried magnificently at Caerleon". The great tumulus mound known as the Mynd – this King Blegywryd was of around 120 B.C.



"Baram ap Ceri fought the Romans many times and he always defeated them" – The Tumulus tomb known as Twyn-Barlwm – The Barrow (Grave) or Baram guarding the plains of Gwent just as King Ceri's grave guards the Glamorgan shore.



This intermarriage between the British Kings and the Roman Imperial House forms the basis of the future of several Hereditary Roman Emperors. Mediaeval writers list Gwerydd, and his son Marius together with a nephew Coellius. The Glamorgan and Gwent records list Coel ap Lleirwg and so we get a different descent.



The Glamorgan and Gwent record takes us as far as King Lleirwg and his son Crallo and the name Crallo became synonymous with a "complete fool", which Commodus Britannicus most certainly was. Mediaeval descents firmly believed that Septimus Severus was a descendant of King Gwerydd (Arviragus) — Marius and Lleirwg. The whole matter makes perfect sense, especially with the memorial stone of King Gorddyfwn — Caracalla still in South Wales, and the Stone of Septimus Severus still in North Wales. There is of course the Cardiff church now called St. Mellons but originally and properly it was Llanlleirwg dedicated to King Lleirwg.

King Lleirwg could by this descent claim that he was a grandson or great-grandson of King Caradoc of Britain, of King Cynvelyn, and of the Emperor Claudius. The British senior line of Kings continued independently however, for King Caradoc son of Arch was made King when his elder brother King Caid ap Arch died. After Caradoc was captured by the Romans the throne reverted correctly to his nephew King Ceri ap Caid ap Arch. This we exhibit, and it explains the strange dual Kingships of this period.

Far Too Many Kings

Anyone making the most cursory study of the Kings of Glamorgan and Gwent, could not fail to identify three very peculiar features concerning the Kings of the period between roughly 100-240 A.D.

First, there are far too many Kings for a stable, well organised dynasty.

Second, the normal practice of descent through the eldest son of the King - except where irrational behaviour or juvenile heirs occur, - does not apply during this period.

Third, quite contrary to normal custom there appear to be dual Kingships, and election of Kings from two or even three lines of the family, instead of strict adherence to the senior line.

Clearly something very peculiar was happening during this rough period 100-240 A.D. In order to understand what was happening we have to turn to the Emperors of Rome for the answers. Very clearly, Rome was ruled by Hereditary Emperors from the Julian and Aemilian families from 27 B.C. to 69 A.D. With the exception of Augustus 27-14 B.C. and Claudius 41-54 A.D., these rulers provided an incredible line of deviant, mentally unbalanced, and viciously dangerous incompetents. The recorded lives of these other six - Tiberius - Caligula - Nero - Galba - Otho and Vitellius - tell a sordid story of misrule, treachery and debauchery.

In order to rid themselves of this appalling tyranny of mad government, the Roman Senate accepted the rule of five successive Generals. These could be called the Good Generals, although one of them, Domitian was in many ways capriciously unstable in his actions. First came Vespasian, a notable General, ruling as Emperor from 69 A.D. to the year 79. After Vespasian came his elder son Titus from 79-81, followed by the younger son Domitian from 81-96 A.D. Next came Nerva from 96--98 and then Trajan from 98-117.

Many historians classify these successive imperial shifts as follows:

The Julian-Claudian Dynasty

Hereditary Emperors

Julius Caesar

Julius Caesar

Augustus 31 B.C.-A.D. 14

Augustus

Tiberius 14-37

Tiberius

Gaius Caligula	37-41
Claudius	41-54
Nero	54-68

Caius Caligula
Claudius
Nero
Galba

Civil War Dynasties

Galba	68-69
Otho	69
Vitellius	

Otho
Vitellius

Flavian Dynasty

Vespasian	69-79
Titus	79-81
Domitian	81-96

Elected and Adoptive Emperors

Vespasian
Titus
Domitian
Nerva
Trejan
Hadrian

Adoptive Generals

Nerva	96-98
Trajan	96 – 98
Hadrian	117-138

This system is not one likely to trace the origins of these Emperors after 96 A.D. Galba, Otho and Vitellius can all be traced into the descent of the Julian-Claudian lines, and are therefore Hereditary Emperors. We are simply trying to establish which Emperors were Hereditary and which were Elective or Adoptive.

There can be no doubt that the tendency was always to establish Dynastic rule, as is shown by Vespasian being followed by his two sons -- Titus and Domitian. Domitian actually succeeded in making himself so unpopular that he was denied burial by the Senate. This then appears to have moved matters into an era of nominated and ratified Emperors. From the time of Trajan onwards there developed a system of Emperors nominating a close relative as their successor, and this nomination being ratified by the Senate. This was a system of CHOICE a son, cousin, or nephew, or uncle, of the current Emperor to be his co-Augustus and successor. The question which has to be posed and answered is - where did the Romans find a Royal House capable of providing suitable Hereditary Emperors?

The question of where did the Roman Senate find a legitimate Hereditary line of Emperors, brings us back to the marriage between King Gweirydd - Arviragus and Genissa the woman said to be the daughter of the Emperor Claudius. Descendants of this marriage, which would have taken place around 43-44 A.D., would have been eminently suitable candidates for nomination as Emperors some 80-100 years later.

The period from roughly 138-238 A.D. certainly records far too many Kings in South Wales. There is also an illogical switching of seniority between three lines of royal descendants. Primarily the senior descent is through King Caradoc and on back to Brutus.

The Astonishing Parallel

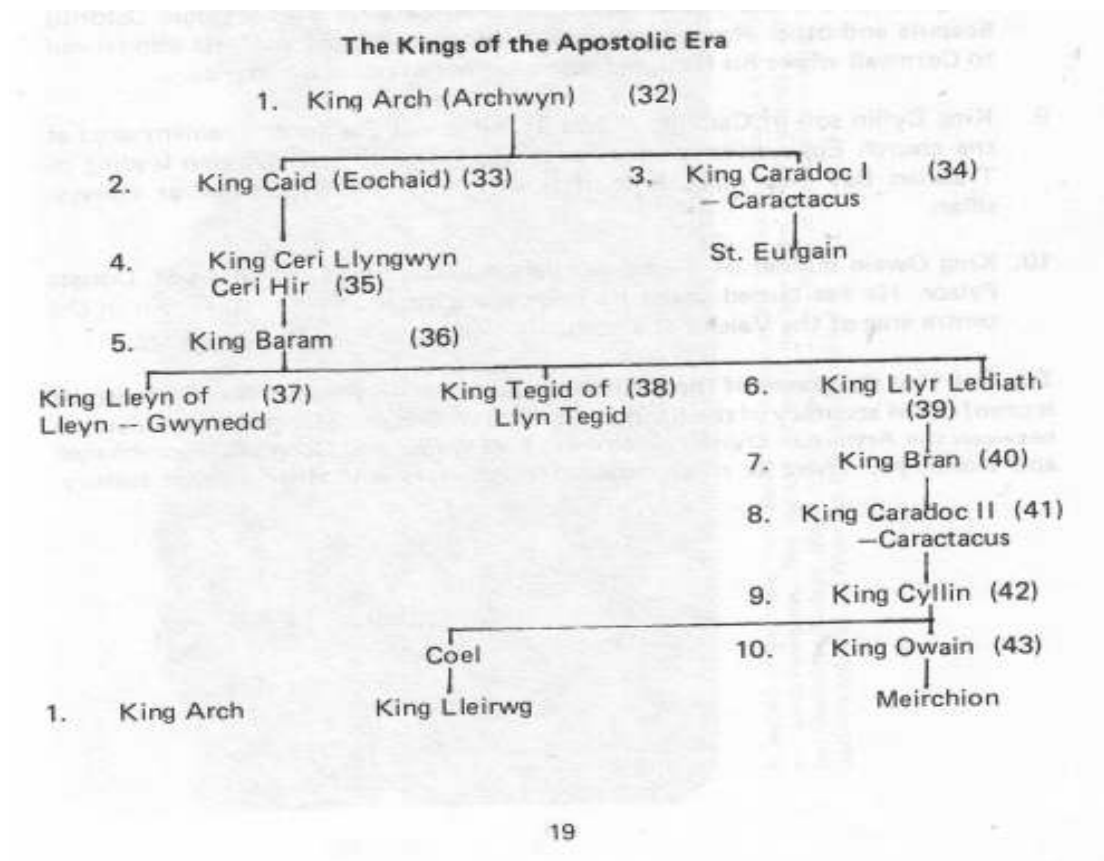
British King Alan Alerw ap Ysbwyth	Emperor of Rome Antonnius Pius c. 138-161 Titus Aurelius Fulvius Boionius Arrius Antoninus Pius.
King IMleirchion Vawdilwyr	Marcus Aurelius c. 161 co-Emperor Marcus Anninus Aurelius Verus
King Lleirwg	Lucius Aurelius Verus c. 161-169 Lucius Ceionius Commodus Verus
Crallo ap Lleirwg	Commodus Britannicus c. 179-192 Lucius Aelius Marcus Aurelius Antoninus Commodus
The Legate of Britain	Pertinax c.192. Chosen by the Senate of Rome Publius Helvius Pertinax
King Corrwg - Gorwg	Clodius Albinus c. 192-197 co-Emperor Didius Clodius Septimus Albinus
Severini	Septimus Severis c. 192-211. Tombstone in North Wales Lucius Septimus Severus
King Gorddyfwn	Caracalla c. 211-218. Tombstone South Wales Marcus Aurelius Antoninus Bassianus Caracallus
King Gwrthl	Geta. c. 209-211 co-Emperor Publius Septimus Geta
King Meirchion ap Rhun	Macrinus c. 217-218 Marcus Opellinus Severus Macrinus
King Ensyth	Elagabalus c. 218-222. Varius Avitus then Marcus Aurelius Antoninus Gessius Bassianus Alexianus adopted as heir by Elagabalus
King Arthfael	Marcus Alexander c. 222-235 Marcus Aurelius Alexander Severus
King Gwrgan Ffrych	Gaius Varus c. 235-238 (Gwrgan = Varus) Gaius Julius Varus Maximianus
King Meurig ap Meirchion	Maximinianus 238 nominated by the Senate of Rome Maximinianus Clodius Pupienus Maximus
King Crair - Carawn son of Meurig	Carausius Emperor of Britain. Tombstone in Wales. 286-293 Carausius
King Casnar Wledig son of Crair	Chrysanthus. (Asclepiodotus) Legate of Britain

King Meuric ap Casnar	Maxentius
	usurped the Empire of Britain and Gaul in 350-353
King Mascen Wledig son of Llewellyn	Magnus Maximus
	usurped the Empire of the West in 383-388

This list shows an astonishing parallel of names, relationships and career characteristics between the traditionally recorded British Kings and the Emperors of Rome who lived at exactly the same times.

The first of the alter-ego King Emperors we list is King Alan-Alerw and Titus Aurelius Fulvius Boionius Arrius Antoninus Pius, 138--161 A.D. The British list his father as Ysbwyth ap Manawydan who appears to parallel Marcus Ulpius Traianus born in Seville; is it not possible that Ysbwyth means Ulpius. Traianus or Trajan nominated his ward and cousin Hadrian as his successor on his deathbed, and there is a suspicion that he did no such thing - his wife Plotina having invented the deathbed adoption.

Certainly the British practice was to name a man by his name plus that of his father, grandfather, great-grandfather, and so on. These Roman Emperors are doing something very similar - naming their most important ancestors to emphasise their claims.

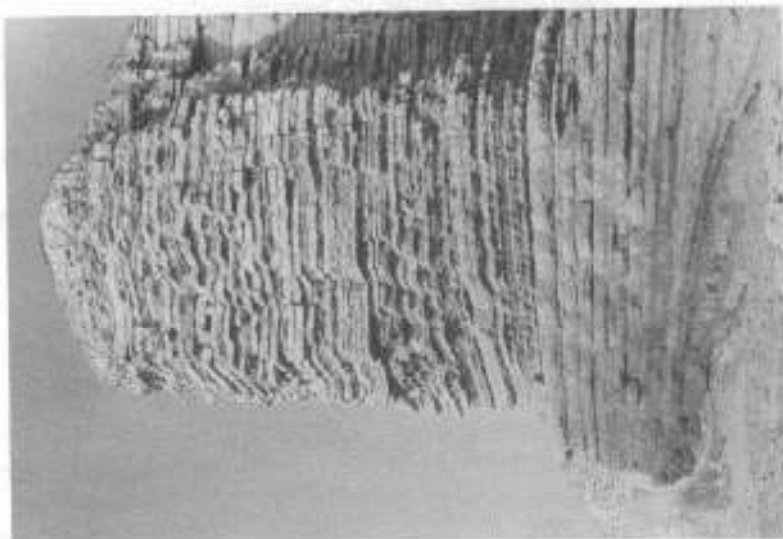


2. King Caid - Eochaid lies buried in his tomb mound at Pen-nant-twrch as stated clearly in the "Songs of the Graves." Central Glamorgan
3. King Caradoc I enemy of the Romans lies buried in his tomb mound at Twyn Caradoc on Mynydd y Gaer in central Glamorgan. Mynydd y Gaer is Fortress Mountain.
4. King Ceri Hir Llyngwyn lies buried in his boat shaped tomb mound at the Hen Eglwys above Nash Point, as stated in the "Songs of the Graves." West of Porth Ceri - Ceri's Port or Harbour, close to Font-y-Gary = Fynnon Ceri, Ceri's Fountain.
5. King Baram lies in his huge mound tomb at the East end of his great mountain fortress of Twyn Baram now Twnbarlwm above Risca.
6. King Llyr seized Cornwall and cleared all Wales of foreigners including Romans and Irish. He retired and died in Cornwall.
7. King Bran also went to reside in Cornwall, which was the major strategic area in repelling the Romans; he left his son as regent in Morganwg - Siluria. There is a burial mound named for Bran in Pembrokeshire - Dyfed.
8. King Caradoc I I is often mistaken for King Caradoc I who fought Ostorius Scapula and other Roman imperialists between 42--51 A.D. He also retired to Cornwall where his inscribed tomb-memorial stone still stands.
9. King Cyllin son of Caradoc II was St. Sillian of Glamorgan, remembered at the church Eglwyssilian above Pontypridd, and at Tresilian glen leading to Tresilian Bay two miles East of Nash Point. Probably buried at Eglwyssilian.
10. King Owain builder of the buried palace at Caermead and or the St. Donats Palace. He lies buried under his huge grave mound at Ystrad Owain in the centre area of the Vale of Glamorgan.

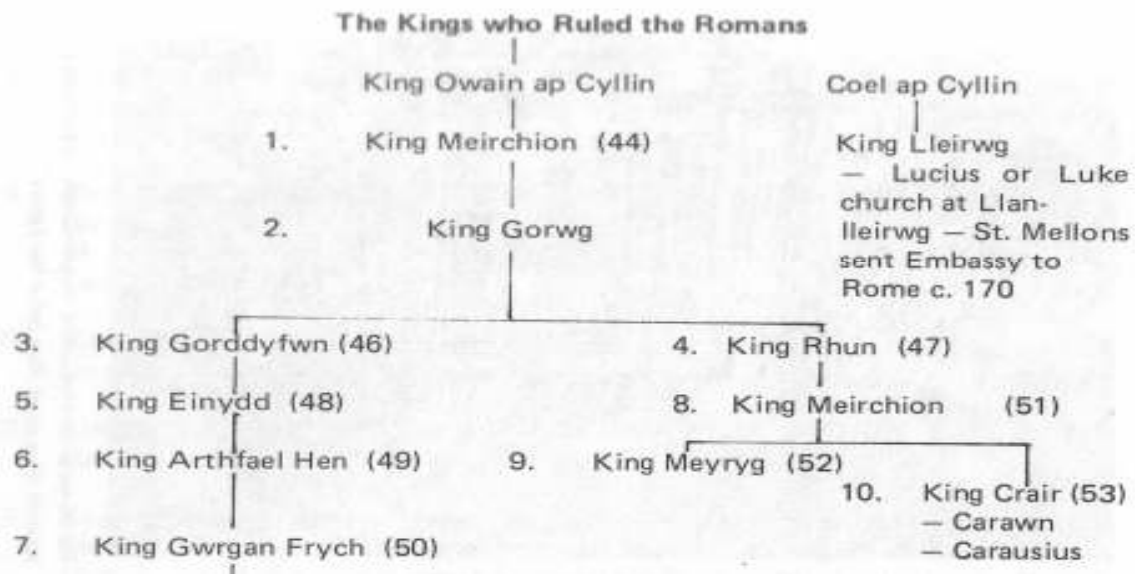
The fact that the graves of these Kings can be accurately traced from old records is proof of the accuracy of the historical record of Britain. The strange connection between the Arthurian Dynasty located in East Wales, and Cornwall is established and explained. There is more proof here than in any other ancient history.



A section of the triple Earth Banks and ditches of the fortifications of Arthur's Buttreasses at Caerai-Forres. This massive hill fort is the key to the ancient defence system of the Glamorgan Valleys. Below is Rhaw Saeson — The Ridge of the Saxons — where local tradition calls that the Jovir Rân Red with their blood.



The sea-ward defensive side of the promontory fort at Nash Point opposite the grave of King Ceri at Hen Eglwys.

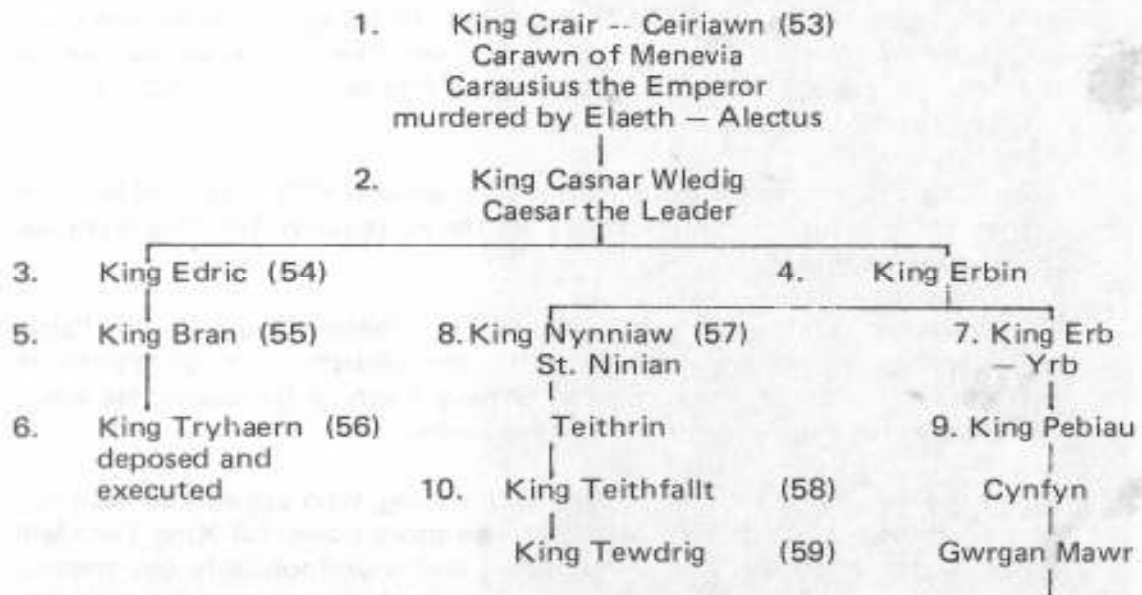


These Kings occupy the period roughly 270 to 480 AD. This was an era of continued attempts to get rid of both the Romans, and other Irish and Saxon invaders.

1. King Crair is one of the best recorded of all Dark Age British Kings. He declared Britain and Northern Gaul - Brittany, to be independent of Rome in 286 AD and to the Romans he was Carausius the Admiral and Emperor of Britain. Also known as Carawn of Menevia -- St. David's, and sometimes as Ceiriawn. His gravestone was found at Penmachno, his palace at Caermead confirmed the story of attack and murder.
2. King Casnar Wledig or Chrysanthus the Legate, is a shadowy figure, who left a clear line of descendants. He was a Dragon of Gwent - obviously a warrior King. He was King at the same time as Euddav-Octavius, and would have taken part in the wars against Constantine the Great's generals. In his time the great Roman fortress of Caerleon was finally overthrown in 337 - the year after Constantine's death.
3. King Edric is virtually unknown, said to be an unwise glutton.
4. King Erbin is mentioned in some histories and not in others. He seems to have been joint king with Edric his brother. The stone pillar in the Llandock church is inscribed "IRBIC" and shows a man on a horse, and a crowned head, and is probably for Erbin.
5. King Bran son of Edric was another failure, a frantic wicked King who died of anger and rage. He probably had a heart attack.

6. King Tryhaern was haughty and impetuous. In his time the Saxons came to Gower, and the King failed to attack them. For this reason he was put to death. This might be the great Saxon and Pict raids of 367 AD, for the Picts are mentioned with the Saxons.
7. Erb son of Erbin was a King at some time around 400 A.D. and later, he appears to be a junior contemporary of the more powerful King Nynniaw ap Erbin his brother.
8. King Nynniaw is again a famous figure. He is better known in his "alter ego" guise as St. Ninian who founded the church of Ynys Wyrddin in Aballach - Whithorn Abbey on the Solway Firth in Galloway. He was a warrior who cleared the country of its enemies.
9. Pebiau the son of Erb was another regional King, who appears to have had some form of junior or joint rule with the more powerful King Teithfallt son of Teithrin. Pebiau is well recorded, and is undoubtedly yet another very real person. His effigy was in a Hereford church and he probably lies buried there.
10. King Teithfallt ap Teithrin - Theodosius son of Theodore, is usually said to have succeeded his grandfather King Nynniaw. Probably his father 24

The Kings who Regained Independance

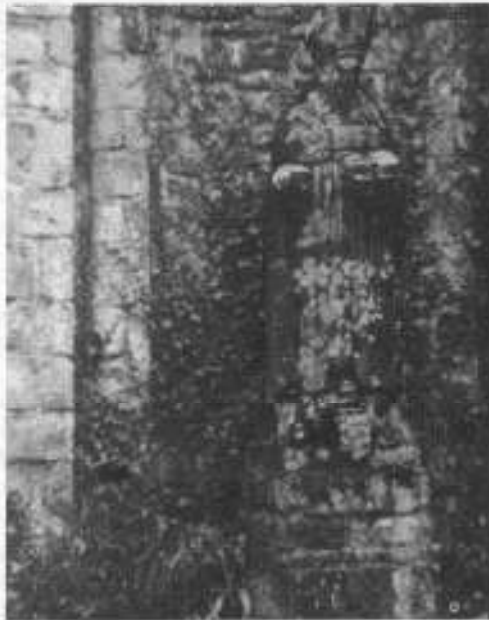


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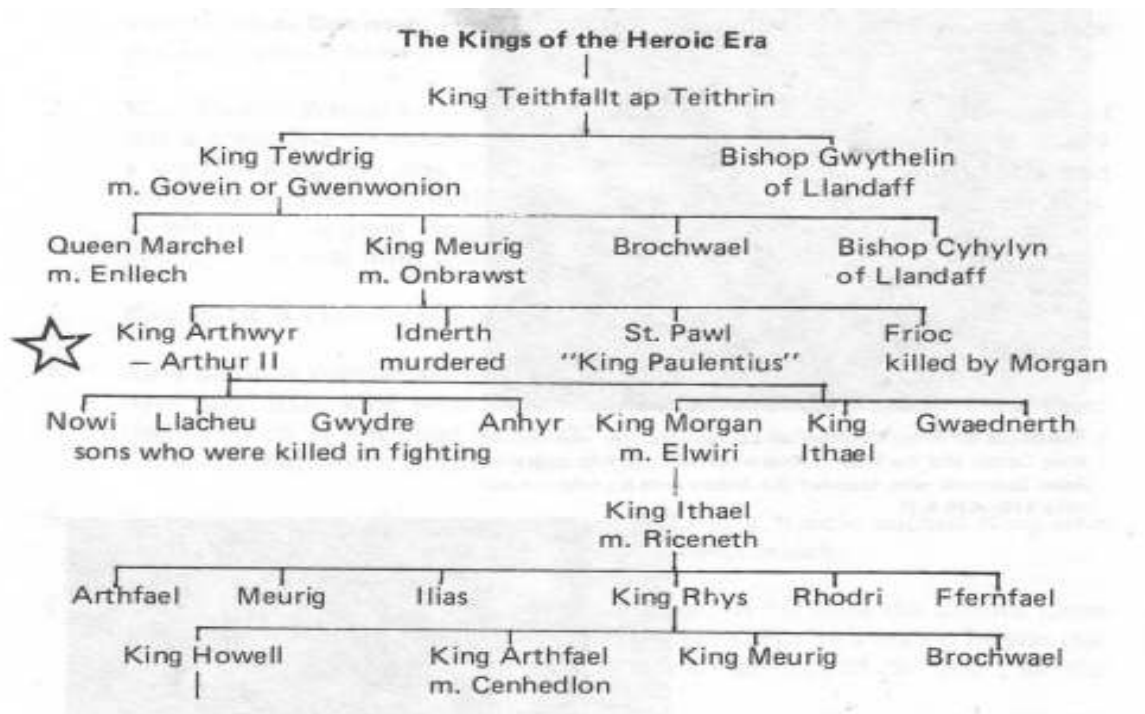
The tomb of King Gradlon at Landevenec. He was son of King Conan and the second King of Brittany – first cousin to Saint Guenole who founded the Abbey with his help – ruled circa 410–435 A.D.



The tomb of St. Guenole at the Landevenec Abbey in Brittany. He was the third son of Prince Brychan—Fracen the brother of King Conan Meriadauc. He and King Gradlon were grandsons of King Eudiau in Britain.

Teithrin died young. He is buried in his church on the Gower at Llandudvwh.

King Teithfallt would have been a contemporary of Emrys Wledig - Ambrosius Aurelianus, the military leader appointed to drive out and subdue the Saxons. His father Teithrin would have been alive at the time of the usurper Gwytheyrn - Vortigern, and the upheavals which took place in what is now England.



These British Kings reigned during rulers of the popular British legends.

the era roughly 470-800 A. D. and are the

King Tewdrig - Theoderic the Uthyr Pendragon I, mortally wounded at Tintern and buried at Mathern. Stone coffin twice excavated in 1625 and in 1881.

2.

King Meurig - Maurice the Uthyr Pendragon II, builder of Llandaff Church, and buried there. Well attested in all sources. Stone of Brochwael his brother in Cornwall.

3.

King Arthwyr - Arthur, the Legendary Round Table King. Buried in the Cave of Pavillions in the Forest of Mystery. The Uthyr Pendragon I 11, well attested in all records. The stones of his brothers Pawl and Idnerth are at Merthyr Mawr and Llandewi Brefi.

4. Frioc brother of Arthur outlived him and reigned after King Arthur's death. He was killed by Morgan ap Arthur in a struggle for the succession when Morgan grew up.
5. King Morgan Mwynfawr the traditional founder of Murgan - now Margam Abbey, where he is said to be buried. Morgan was an infant when his father died, and the supreme power of the Kingdom passed away at this time.
6. King Ithael brother of Morgan, well attested in Llandaff and Llancarfan Charters. Probably the King Ithael of the Rex Ithaeulus stone at Llanilltyd Fawr. The stone names Samson, son of Anna - Arthur's sister, King Ithael, Illtyd son of Gweryla the sister of King Meurig, and Arthmael Teyrn - Arthur the Monarch.
7. King Ithael ap Morgan, again well attested in the Charters. It is possible that he is the King Ithael named on the Llanilltyd Fawr stone and not his uncle.
8. King Rhys, another well recorded King - named on a stone cross at Llanilltyd Fawr.
9. King Howell ap Rhys also named in the same dedication on the stone cross at the church of Llanilltyd Fawr, which he had carved.
10. King Arthfael or Arthur III, said to have married Cenhedlon of Powys. Actually the brother of King Howell and King Meurig, who is misnamed as his son. Probably the King Arthur who defeated the army of Rhodri Mylwonog at Pen-coed in 721 A.D. This King said to be buried at St. Margaret's Church in Cardiff.

The chart we exhibit here contains only the names of the major princes. These rulers held the throne during the upheavals of the Germanic invasions and wars beginning around 450 A.D. At the end of their period around 880 A.D. the Heptarchy of Seven Kingdoms had emerged in England and the Five Confederated States coexisted within Wales. This pattern was about to be violently disturbed by the Danish-Viking invasions of England and Ireland.

The Dating of the Death of King Arthur

The most vexed question of all the uncertainties which have long surrounded King Arthur, is the question of the date of his death. Various guesses and assessments have been made - usually on the most fragile grounds - and the general tendency has been to orientate the estimates around the 537-542 A.D. period. This guessed dating tends to then distort the history of the period.

Our own assessments in the volume "King Arthur's Invisible Kingdom" demonstrate old King Meurig dying around 570 A.D. at a great age. Then his son

King Arthur dying around the year 575 A.D. These calculations were based on a mass of complimentary facts drawn in the most part from the Llandaff Charters, and the Historical scraps which are available including the Lives of the Saints.

This hypothesis of King Meurig dying aged around 90 or more only some nine years before his son Arthur, is supported by the Nennius statement of 822 A.D. that Arthur was not yet King when he led the British armies. It is also supported by the Glamorgan traditions of King Arthur keeping his Queen at Llan-ail-teyrn, now Llaniltern, just north of Cardiff. Ail-Teyrn implies an "alternative King", or a Viceroy or a Regent.

The Mediaevals were under no illusions about the dating of King Arthur's death. This can be demonstrated from the "Bruts of England". We have in our other researches, shown quite clearly that all the early English Manuscripts definitely identify King Arthur as "the King of Glamorgan". Remarkably these early records of England give only one date in the pre-Saxon period of British history. Events are recorded in plenty, but no dates except one. The single dated event is the date of the death of King Arthur. The importance of this event can easily be seen, for Arthur "the Wall of Steel" of V1'elsh poetry held the tribes of Germanic invaders in check until his death - and no- - 577 A.D. did they resume their attacks.

Chapter 88 of the Brut of England concludes with these:-

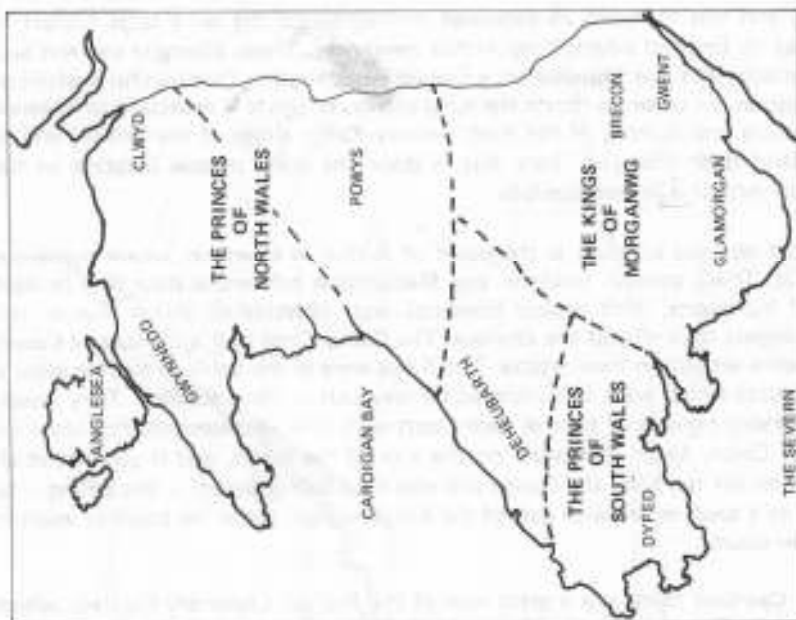
"Arthure was born to Auyoun pe xxij zere of his regne. After pe Incarnacious of oure lorde Ihesu Crist v.C and xlvj zere".

So we are being told that King Arthur went or was taken to Aballach - Valentia in the 22nd year of his reign, and that this was five hundred and forty six years after the date of the Incarnation of Jesus Christ. The Christians believe without exception that the death of Jesus Christ occurred in Jerusalem in 33 AD, and his believed ascension to heaven followed. Therefore with an "incarnation" in 33 AD and King Arthur going to Aballach some 546 years later we have the year 579 A.D.

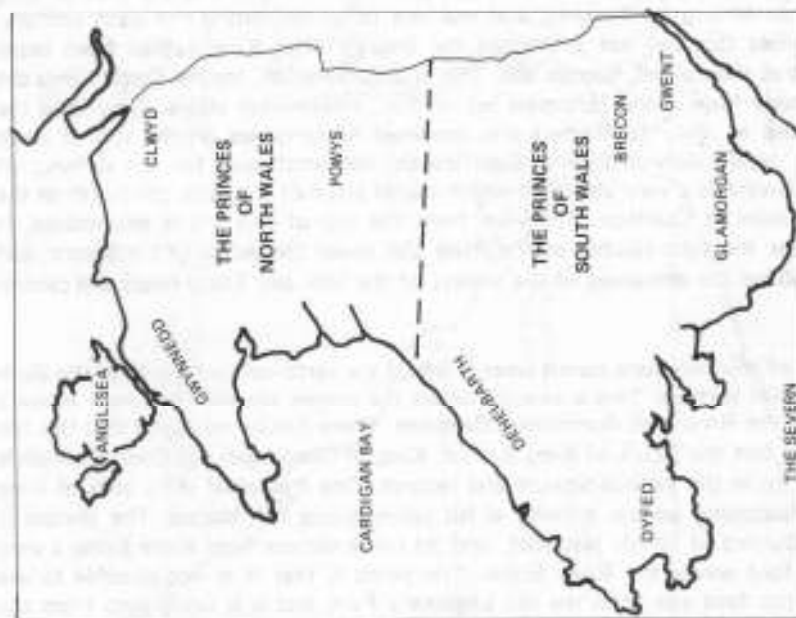
Dating is made even more difficult when we realise that most scholars place the birth date of Jesus at 4 BC and not 0 or 1 A.D. So King Arthur is believed to have died between 575 and 579 A.D. Given the concealment of his death and burial, this is as accurate as can be expected. There is a date given in the Bruts, and therefore until it is disproved by logical argument it stands.

Details such as Gildas being recorded as being in Ireland in 570 AD and then being reconciled with King Arthur after his return make sense under this chronology. Arthur is recorded as executing Huail ap Caw the brother of Gildas at Ruthin, and this caused the division between the King and the Saint.

As Gnostic Christians the Welsh would have believed that the "Incarnation" dated from the time of the supposed crucifixion. Later Roman Catholic scholars blundered in misreading dates from the time of the birth of Jesus the Nazarene, instead of from his death. So we have a 33 year error running through the datings. King Arthur dying in 579 instead of 546, the Battle of Badon taking place in 550-551 instead of 517, and the Battle of Camlann occurring in 572 instead of 538 AD. The huge Christian dilemma of whether their god was human on Earth and spiritual in "heaven", or simple spiritual all the time lies at the root of the dating problems. "Incarnation" meant different things to different sects.



THE CORRECT PICTURE OF WALES 700 - 1200 AD. IN THE LATER PERIOD THE MORGANWIG KINGS AND THE NORTH WALES PRINCES FOUGHT FOR SUPREMACY.



THE TOTALLY FALSE AND MISLEADING PICTURE OF WALES IN THE LATE DARK AGE PERIOD WHICH IS USUALLY EXHIBITED, 700 - 1200 AD.

PART TWO

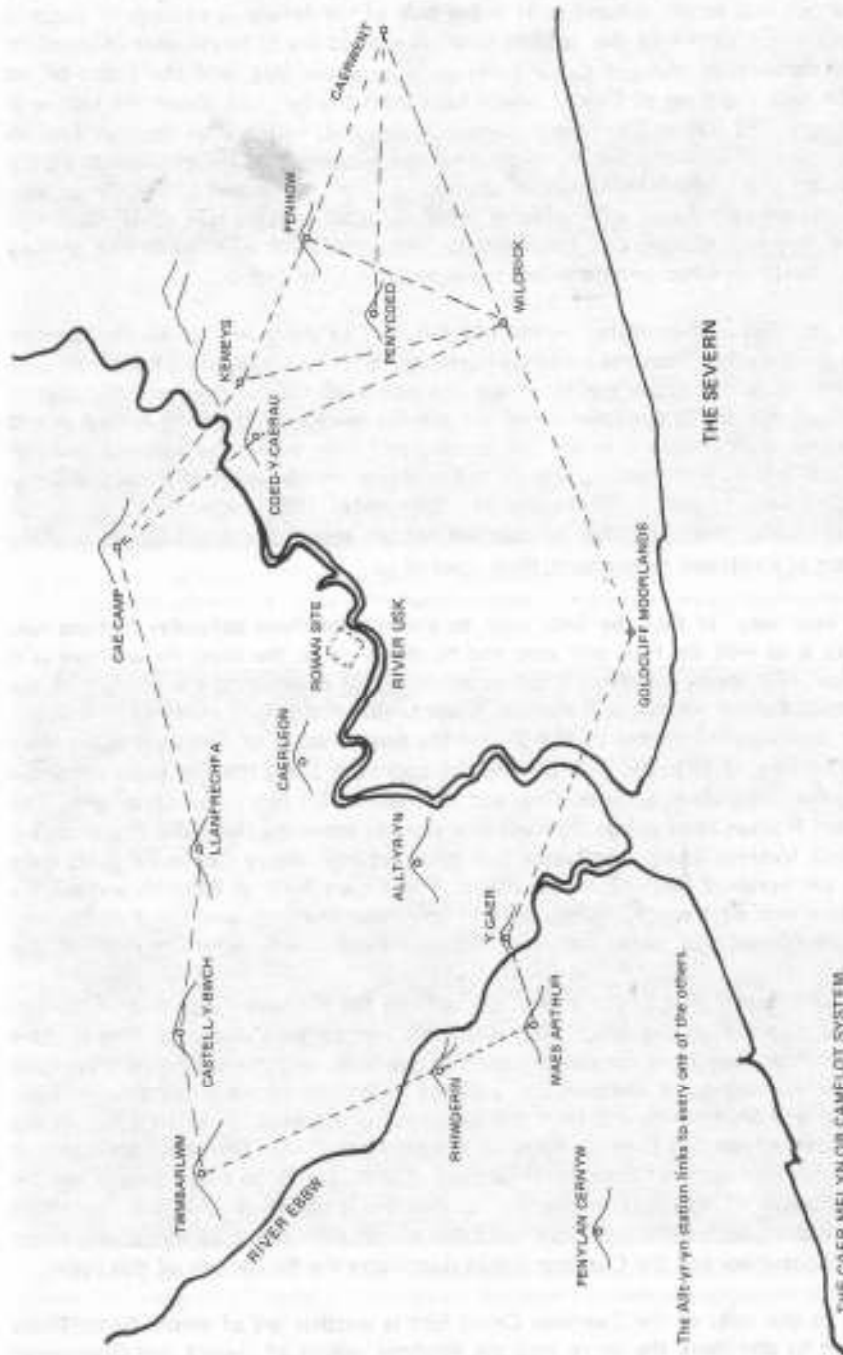
THE COURTS OF KING ARTHUR

Various amateur attempts have been made to locate the court or courts of King Arthur, and this included an extensive archaeological dig on a large hillfort in Somerset in England where King Arthur never was. These attempts can not succeed because they are founded on a romantic hope rather than careful analysis of the situation. In order to locate the King and his courts it is necessary to examine the practice and custom of the sixth century Celtic Kings of the British, and to understand their lifestyle. Once this is done the quite precise location of the Courts of Arthur is in fact possible.

The most obvious location is the court of Arthur at Caerleon, where numerous historical, Triad, poetry, folklore, and Mabinogion references state that he held most of his courts. With typical blindness and obsessed by things Roman, the archaeologists have missed the obvious. The Celtic Kings had a number of Courts which were set out on their estates. The Kings were in the habit of touring around these Courts which were administered by stewards in their absence. They would spend varying periods of time at each Court with their retinues and then move on the next Court. Much depended on the size of the estate, and it was not at all uncommon for the King and Queen and also their heir apparent - the Edling - to each go to a small estate with part of the King's retinue, gathering together again at the larger courts.

Now at Caerleon there was a great ruin of the Roman Legionary Fortress, which covered over forty eight acres. This was abandoned long before the time of King Arthur ap Meurig ap Tewdrig, and was not occupied during the sixth century. Nonetheless this has not prevented the inquiry after King Arthur from being directed at this ruined Roman site. This is in fact foolish, for the Celtic Kings did not occupy huge stone fortresses set on flat, indefensible plains. They used the techniques of their forefathers and occupied hillforts, set on the top of steep sloped, easily defended hills. Significantly the ideal spot for the defence of central Gwent is a very steep hill which stands just half a mile to the North of the Roman ruins at Caerleon. The view from the top of this hill is stupendous. It dominates the tidal reaches of the River Usk down the shores of the Severn, and stands above the entrances of the valleys of the Usk and Ebbw rivers and central Gwent

On top of this hill there stands what is left of the earth embankments of the sixth century hill fortress. This is exactly where the stories say that it is high above a curve of the River Usk dominating Caerleon. There can be no doubt that this hill fort is in fact the Court of King Arthur, King of Glamorgan and Gwent, which is referred to in the various sources and records. One mediaeval story tells of King Arthur watching people arriving at his court across the Malpas. The Malpas is now a district of North Newport, and its name derives from there being a very muddy ford across the River Ebbw. The point is that it is not possible to see the Malpas ford site from the old Legionary Fort, but it is easily seen from the commanding heights of the hill where the sixth century hill fort stands, four hundred feet above the River Usk winding below.



THE HILLFORT SYSTEM AROUND KING ARTHUR'S CAERLEON COURT

THE CAER MELYN OR CAMELOT SYSTEM

The Allt-yr-yn station limits to every one of the others.

The strategic plan is in fact very evident when modern maps are surveyed, for the Caerleon hill fort is the centrepiece of a defensive system of hillforts which are flung out in a screen around it. It is the hub of the defensive strategy of Western Gwent - the centre of the 'spiders web'. A visit to the different sites to stand on these remains of the old Celtic forts soon confirms this, and there can be no doubt that the King of Gwent would have used the hill fort above the Usk over Caerleon. The hill at Caerleon is named Lodge Hill, which is an obvious English corruption of the old Welsh name. The old name seems to be the hill of the Llys, and this is Welsh for Court and somehow Llys has become Lodge. There may be some translated similarity inferring 'hunting lodge', but the fort of Arthur is still there. The fact that no-one has taken any notice of it at all must be one of life's great mysteries when one considers the interest in King Arthur.

Now in 1981 - September - the old hill fort of King Arthur above Caerleon is in great danger from the mindless bureaucrats. They are building houses all over the hill, it is incredible for there are thousands of hills in South Wales, and to build on this one is vandalism. For the present the views that King Arthur would have had, a clear view over the Usk estuary and away across the Severn and down to Cardiff are uninterrupted. The defensive slopes are obvious and the whole construction easy to pick out. On the 21st September 1981 we wrote to the Welsh Office asking that building be stopped for we regard the main Court of King Arthur as a national monument; they ignored us.

The easy way, in fact the only way, to understand these defensive fortress networks is to visit the hills and sites and to climb up to the tops. As we have said 'Lodge' Hill above Caerleon is the strategic hill in controlling the entry into the Monmouthshire valleys and central Gwent. Six and a half miles to the South West down on the shores of the Severn the coastal plain of Gwent is guarded by the hill fort of Wilcrick Hill, barring the approach along the flat plain from the east. An approach towards Caerleon Chepstow Hill North of Langstone. The ancient Roman road passes through this gap. As expected the gap is protected by the hill fortress which dominates this pass, set high above Cathouen (Cats Ash) over six hundred feet above the plains. These two forts at Wilcrick and on the Western end of Kemeys Ridge bar the way from the east, and the Kemeys fort also dominates the upper valley of the Usk river which is very narrow at this point.

On the opposite side of the valley across from the Kemeys Ridge fort on the top of the high hill on the other side, is the hill fortress on Cae Camp. This is three miles North East from the central court at Caerleon, and the linking of these forts is clearly designed to obstruct any advance by hostile forces moving down from Raglan and Monmouth and from the Midlands of England. This third fort in the defensive screen is at Llan-sor Fawr on Llanhennock Fawr. The next fort is almost two miles due north of the central Caerleon Court. The Afon Lwyd runs down the valley south of this fort on its way to join the larger River Usk, and the effect is that this Llanfrechfa fort dominates the North side of the valley coming down from Pontypool and the Caerleon Court dominates the South side of this valley.

Over to the west of the Caerleon Court fort is another set of screen forts. These are set to dominate the entry into the Western valleys of Gwent and Glamorgan valleys. They block the way up onto the valleys leading to Risca, Crosskeys,



The Llys Court, King Arthur's Hill Fortress and court above the Usk at Caerleon — The sixth century hill fort is on the hill centre of the picture — The Roman Legionary ruin is on the riverside, right of picture.



The Caerleon Court Hill Fortress of Arthur — eastern slopes. The mounds indicate the outline of the defences. The whole site is in danger from builders and developers — it stands unexcavated over 400 feet above the river.

and Bargoed, Blackwood, Oakdale, and Newbridge, and they secure the entry to the valley running west through Bedwas and Machen to Caerphilly and the way into the centre of Glamorgan. One hill fort is placed on the Gaer hill on the West of Newport, standing 330 feet above the River Ebbw as it flows down from the valleys and guarding the east side of the river. This fort is three and a half miles south west of the Central Hill fort at Caerleon. Across from this Gaer fort on the hill above the other side of the River Ebbw is another hill fort guarding the other top, less than a mile from the Gaer fort opposite and due east. Then one mile slightly west of north of this position at the point where the two other running West through Machen and Bedwas, there is a third fort of the same earthwork type on the other end of the hill ridge above Rhiwderin. The Maes Arthur fort hill is 380 feet above the river and the outstanding feature of all these defensive positions is the panoramic views available from all of them. They really do dominate the whole area.

This set of forts to the south west of Caerleon stands above the low plain between Newport and Cardiff. Just over a mile to the south west of the Maes Arthur fort there is another hill fort on the top of the hill ridge leading from Caerleon through Malpas on above Kernew to St. Mellons and Cardiff. This hill fort at Penylan is over four hundred feet above the low sea level plains of Marshfield. It is necessary because the ridge on which it stands clearly obstructs the view from Maes Arthur and the Caerleon forts network to the west. This hill fort is the vital link between the fort network encircling Caerleon and the similar network around Cardiff.

The final links in this circle of hill forts flung out around Caerleon seem to be missing, for there should be something to the north west of Caerleon. In fact just over three miles due north west of the Caerleon Court hill fort there is a place named Castell-y-Bwch, or the Castle of the He-Goat, or Billy-Goat. This is in the right place, but the Earthwork fort which should have been there is not visible - or at least not obvious. Two miles due west of this site is the hill fort of Twmbarlwm high on its 900 foot hill, exactly where it ought to be above Risca and Crosskeys. This fort seals off penetration from the North and North West. So what we have is a complete defensive circle of hill forts flung out around the central position at 'Lodge' Hill above Caerleon.

To understand all this, it is necessary to understand the purpose of the Celtic hill fort in Britain. There forts were not defensive positions to be held against a seige by an opposing army. The Norman and other mediaeval castles were built so that they could be defended by the minimum number of men for the maximum period of time. This was possible because the Norman and other nobility in general had become completely divorced from and alienated to the people of the countryside. They literally did not give a damn what happened to the farms, the people, the peasants, their crops and livestock. Usually they were regarded as oppressors and were defending themselves against the Welsh and Irish who they oppressed. Therefore the mediaeval castle performed an entirely different function to the Celtic hill fortress. The hill fort of Arthurian times and earlier, was primarily a watch tower - a look-out point from which invaders could be spotted. In South Wales along the coastal areas, this invariably meant

ARTHUR THE WAR KING - Volume One - Founder of Britain and His People of the
Dark Ages.

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INTRODUCTION

This is a story set into South Wales and there is a language problem. The names of those in this story have been Anglicised away from their Welsh form to make them more understandable to the majority of readers. Tewdrig is Theoderic, Meurig is Maurice, Arthwyr, or Arthmael (Iron Bear) is Arthur, and Gwrgan is Aurelian the Great and so on. Every Welsh name has its Latin or English translation and so wherever possible these other forms are used. Cattwg Doeth is Cadoc the Wise, and Caradoc Vriechfras is Caradoc Brawny Arm - a learned abbot and a mighty warrior.

This is the epic story of the life of Arthur, thirty-seventh King of Glamorgan and Gwent, King of Britain, The North, and of Britanny. King Arthur leader of the only state in western Europe, in the western Empire of Rome which successfully resisted the massive barbarian onslaughts which engulfed the whole of the empire of the west.

King Arthur created not only a mighty legend, of heroism and noble behaviour, but more importantly he created a political situation in Britain which halted the savage barbarian conquests and made possible the long slow process of intergration of the races in Britain. British culture was preserved for the benefit of all. With their ancient beliefs in the rights of free speech, and of universal franchise, and respect for the rule of law as practised by Arthur's people and since 400 BC and before. Britain would not be what it is today, it would have been far poorer in every respect, were it not for King Arthur. By his victories he created in a fifty year period of relative stability and brought order of chaos, stopping the destruction and slaughter. This limited at least temporarily the ambitions of the invading German, Pictish, Irish and Scots tribes, forcing them to settle and develop their own specific areas.

The impact of King Arthur on British History is so enormous it can hardly be gauged. He held his enemies and warlike rebels in peaceful subjection by the sheer terror and might of arms. That he was a military genius is beyond dispute, but he was also a master statesman, capable of dominating the greatly independent and warlike clans of the British.

This story is as closely authentic and accurate as possible. Written in a way that anyone can understand, we have interpreted the now known historical facts as accurately as possible in both time and place.

Modern place names have been used rather than the ancient British or Roman names. So that the events may be easily followed. Arthur the Founder of Britain, the man who began the twelve days holiday at Christmas will compel recognition. Britain today is what Arthur made it.

Other books by A.T.Blackett and A. Wilson are ::'KING ARTHUR'S LOVE FOR GUINEVERE' 'KING BRUTUS, THE FIRST KING OF BRITAIN' 'THE ALFANC'THE SHADOW OF THE SCORPION.' 'ARTHUR AND THE CHARTERS OF THE KINGS' 'ARTHUR KING OF GLAMORGAN AND GWENT'-'ARTORIVS REX DISCOVERED" – "THE HOLY KINGDOM".



ALAN WILSON



A.T. BLACKETT

CHAPTER ONE

THE MARRIAGE

It was late afternoon on a windy Autumn day, with high wide clouds scudding across the skies, and fitful breaks of mild bright sunshine dappled the hills with a moving pattern of light and shade. Three young boys stood idly near the banks of the river Wye, just above its junction with the river Monnow, at the place known as Monmouth. All around them grazed horses, and here and there along the river were other herdsmen.

The boys were dressed in simple shirt-like tunics of brightly coloured plaids woven diagonally. Each had a blanket-like cloak around his shoulders. They were dark haired and carried staves, and were bare legged and barefoot.

The horse herds along the river meadows had been growing all day, as new parties of warriors arrived led by their chieftains. The shields, the spears, the armour and weapons of the helmeted warriors occasionally sparkling and glinting dull in the weak Autumn sunlight. The tree covered hills cast shadows in all directions.

Other groups of mounted men were riding in, some up along the Wye valley from Tintern shouted greetings to each other, some singing, some talking noisily as they rode in. The Princes and Chieftains and their leading warriors rode magnificent huge horses, mostly chestnut brown, some roan, others gleaming black, and the most prized shining white. The Bonheddig - the freeman followers and clansmen of the chiefs, rode less valuable mounts and sturdy mountain ponies. It was the year 502 A.D. and the Kings of Southern Britain - South Wales - were gathering for a meeting.

There was less excitement now than there had been amongst the watchers in the meadows when the first troops had come riding in during the morning. The horses were being unsaddled and watered at the river before being hobbled for the night, each warrior carried small sacks of grain and other bags containing his own food, slung around the back and the front of his saddle. The armoured horsemen of South Wales could travel to Scotland in one week needing only to stop for water on their way.

The warriors led by their chiefs had strutted off proudly to the great encampment at the halls of Gwrgan fawr-Aurelian, the Great, son of King Cynfyn and grandson of King Pebiau the Dribbler, leaving a few servants and boys to take care of the horses. Suddenly there was a larger noise, a distant rumbling of many, many hooves a-pounding the earth like a low distant thunder. One of the boys near the stream climbed into the low branches of a leaning tree and his companions scrambled to join him. As they peered westward, shading their eyes against the setting sun, over the brow of the hill above Trelech and Troy. hundreds of bright spear points and helmets gleamed, silver blue and copper red, as a long column of horsemen made their way down the old track road which led from the top of the hill. Clouds of dust rose from the road, and the noise increased as the head of the column came closer, with more and more men still pouring over the ridge of the hill. The arrival of this large army created a commotion which spread through the meadows affecting the grazing herds, and their watchers. One of the three boys in the tree, a lad of about ten years old, called out to a nearby herdsman watering some horses at the river edge.

"What Chieftain is this?". The herdsman laughed quietly. "It's no Chieftain, that is Theoderic, King of all Southern Britain, and his son King Maurice."

The boys in the tree stared as the long column moved across the meadow, closer and closer. Other minor Kings had arrived during the day. Their magnificent armour and horse trappings gleaming gold and silver, and bright blue and red enamel shining brightly. But here was a much larger regiment and there were many princes and chiefs riding in the column.

Agricola Longhand --Aircol Lawhir---the Prince of Dyfed in West Wales had sailed up to the river Severn and anchored his ships at the mouth of the Wye and marched the twenty miles up to the meeting place. King Iddon of the city of Caerwent, on the plains of Gwent on the banks of the Severn, had arrived first,

travelling up the valley. Then had come King Cadwgan, ruler of the lands beyond the Tawe in the West called Carmarthen, and with him came the great warrior princes Tredecil and Rhun from the far West. From the North had come Awst - Augustus - King of Brecon with his sons, and from Powys had come the mighty King Conan Aurelian son of Cadell.

The fields along the river banks as far as the eye could see were filled with horses and scattered groups of men talking, chatting, sitting around small fires.

The procession of King Theoderic had moved down the hill and across the level ground, and the King led his followers with a great splashing and much laughter, into the shallow ford across the river. They churned through the water and the Kings Theoderic and Maurice his son, rode out of the river close to the tree where the three boys stood on the thick, low branch.

They had never seen the High King before, and they stared with great interest at the thick-set powerfully built man, aged of about fifty-five years, who sat upright on a gleaming huge black stallion.

The King's face was weather-beaten, his dark black curly hair was laced with grey. He was clean shaven as were all the British, and he had piercing grey eyes and a long jagged white, old scar wound ran from his right ear lobe to the corner of his mouth. The King wore a great red cloak fastened across his chest with a solid gold clasp, covering the heavy leather jerkin which was itself covered with gold embossed armoured plates, and scales.

"Good day to you, Lord King." Shouted one of the boys, and the other two quickly repeated the words.

The King glanced at them, "Good day to you, three men in the tree," he called back with a laugh,. answering the greeting as the custom of the land demanded. Three was considered to be the ultimate magical lucky number of the British race. To be greeted simultaneously by three people the moment he rode his horse across the river onto the land of Gwrgan the Great, his cousin, was obviously a very lucky omen. The significance of the fact that the three were in a tree would be something that the Wise Men and Soothsayers would work out.

King Maurice, son of Theoderic, rode with his father, wearing a light blue cloak with red bands. He was aged about twenty-six, leaner and not so heavily built as the older King. With long straight black hair and with the same piercing grey eyes. He wore the typical round domed helmet, covered in bright blue enamel and circled with rings of ornamental silver and gold, and surmounted by a short spike. His shield was slung over his shoulder and in common with all the other warriors he carried a thick twelve foot spear resting over his other shoulder. The young King's horse was a magnificent chestnut beast.

"How has the fishing been in the Wye this year?" he called to the three boys. "Good for Salmon, poor for Trout," shouted back the boy who had spoken first.

Some of the men laughed; and the procession moved on until at least one thousand armoured horsemen had crossed the river nearest the tree.

The hall of Gwrgan the Great was a large long stone walled building with a thick long timber roof supported by a massive row of timber uprights running down the centre of the hall. Two other sets of upright timber baulks encased into the inner side of the walls of the hall held up the wide roof. Other timber buildings with low stone walls rising only for the first three feet of the sides, were grouped in a great square around the hall of the prince. One of the servants saw the procession of King Theoderic crossing the river, and ran to tell Elwin the gatekeeper and steward of the hall. About one minute later Gwrgan the Great stepped out of the door at the south end of his hall, and walked out into his courtyard to wait and greet his cousin, as he had come out and greeted all the other members of the Royal Clan. Gwrgan was a short stocky man, thick set with an immense barrel chest, wide shoulders and a neck like a bull. He had round chubby features and dark brown eyes, his dark hair was cut short, cropped close to his head. Gwrgan was followed by his two sons, Caradoc Brawny Arm, a huge much taller version of his powerfully built father, and Morgan, a medium sized lean man with a sharp intelligent face, a

contrast to his bull-like brother and father. The other Kings and Princes came out of the hall and stood with Gwrgan watching as the leading figures of the column of horsemen came up the slope to the hall. All of them had handed their weapons to Elwin the steward when they entered the hall as was the custom.

"He has still got that big black horse," said Iddon, Prince of Caerwent.

"Beautiful animal, I've got a couple of foals by it." agreed Cadwgan, the Lord of Carmarthen.

"I would not want to control the damn thing," remarked King Augustus of Brecon, "Stallions of that age can be bastards."

"You lot up in Brecon will have to learn to ride horses without falling off," said Gwrgan with a wry smile,

"Horses are different from mountain ponies."

"I can remember you going arse over tip over the back of that little grey mare in the river Ewenny years ago," retorted Augustus, "chasing bloody Saxons and he fell off his horse."

There was an outburst of laughter, and Gwrgan beamed with a huge smile and threw his arms out wide. "Aye, man, it was the stupidest thing ever, everyone chasing Saxons all over the fields and me running in circles trying to catch a bloody horse that would not stand still. They came to raid us and we were waiting for them in the woods."

"It would not have been so bad if you had not been Chief General," said Agricola Longhand, unable to restrain himself from laughing, "if anyone had taken any damn notice of you the whole army would have dismounted and run in circles after their horses." The whole group dissolved into hoots of laughter. "It must have at least confused the Saxons anyway," concluded Gwrgan. "We won easily."

King Theoderic and Maurice with about twenty of their nobles had entered the compound and they all walked forward to greet him. The High King swung himself down from his horse.

"Theoderic boy, good to see you. Welcome, welcome to you. We thought you would be here earlier." The two men clasped hands in greeting. Maurice and the others of the King's retinue got down from their horses and everybody shook hands with everyone else, with a great deal of backslapping and good humour.

"I could hear you lot laughing at us getting our feet wet in that damn river," growled Theoderic in mock seriousness, "it's about time you built a bridge down there Gwrgan."

"Oh, we were talking about the time Gwrgan fell off that grey mare down in the Ewenny river, and the damn thing bolted, with the Saxons running around all over the place." Cadwgan stroked the neck of Theoderic's gleaming black horse.

"By God yes," Theoderic roared with laughter. "I came off three times that day, my horse took an arrow in the rump and kept bucking like a maniac. Not this one, a big beautiful roan it was."

"I remember it well," said Augustus quietly. "A beautiful horse, lovely animal."

Led by King Theoderic and Gwrgan, the whole group of minor Kings and Princes, and Lords of Southern Britain, went into the hall. Outside across the fields and along the river small fires were being lit and small leather tents were erected by the soldiers. Smoke wafted lazily and erratically in the evening. Here and there a horse neighed, and distant voices carried indistinct across the field. Servants from the Prince's hall carried out huge lumps of meat from freshly butchered cattle and flagons of beer. Gwrgan the Great entertained all his guests.

Far away, over a hundred and fifty miles to the south, forty-seven long black boats tossed uneasily on the rolling swells of the cold waters of the Atlantic Ocean where it reaches in to become the great channel which divides Britain from continental Europe. The boats were over thirty feet long and made of rough timber frames, covered with leather hides sewn and bound, and sealed against the water. There were over thirty people crammed into each boat, men, women and children, young and old.

Slowly the Saxon rowers pulled their boats in towards the shore. There was no room for errors, the craft were so low in the water that although they were difficult to spot from the land, they were ;vulnerable as the helmsmen could not see far ahead to where there might be rocks guarding the shore. They were heading for a telltale dip in the line of cliffs along the shore where a stream or river had •s way down to form a valley, and where there would be either a beach or a mud banked estuary.

The tide was full in, and now was the time to come in, under cover of the evening dusk, when they could pull their boats high onto the beach. Or if they were lucky, sail on up a river flooded by the tide. Their most dangerous moment would be when they attempted to step ashore. If anyone had spotted them from the cliffs, and had managed to assemble some of the local British fighting men in time, they would be caught disorganised in the mud and waves. There had been no sign of any activity on the cliffs, no fire beacons had been lit, and the only sounds were the swish of the oars and the slap of the waves. As the men rowed shorewards, the women, children and the old, remained huddled in the centre of the boats.

This was no raiding expedition of pirate warriors sneaking ashore to murder, rape, rob and burn. This was one of the hundreds of settling groups of immigrants which were moving down the channel from the flat swamplands of Holland and Belgium and the mouths of the Rhine.

They came ashore at night along the coasts of Gaul - France - and the South Eastern shores of Britain, setting off again in the early morning, working their way west along the southern shore of Britain. Once ashore they were relatively safe, large areas of Britain were still dense thickets and woods, uncultivated and undeveloped. There were plenty of fish in the sea and the rivers, and rabbits, birds, boars, and deer, and even wild ponies in the woods.

There were over six hundred invaders of fighting age in the total party of fifteen hundred crammed into forty-seven boats. No village or group of British farms would be able to oppose them, and their only real danger would come from the armed force of the local British Chieftain. Armoured horse warriors with long spears, battle axes and swords, supported by spear-carrying infantry and archers. A collision with such a force would mean inevitable death for the relatively poorly armed Saxon men, and possible slavery for the women and children. A larger fleet under one of the Saxon Kings could be much bolder.

As the boats moved closer in-shore the helmsmen could see that there was in fact a river mouth ahead and slowly the two boats of the chiefs, Hortwulf and Witgar, drew ahead, the other boats forming a long line behind them. The evening was closing in fast under a heavy dull cloudy sky, with the same fitful rays of sunshine very low in the west occasionally streaking the blue-grey waves as they also cast fleeting shadows across the hills above Gwrgan Mawr's hall one hundred and fifty miles to the North. The chill evening breezes sweeping across the open sea were stiffening, and breaking waves slapped against the low black hulls of the hide bound boats as they moved in-shore.

The women and the old, quietly baled out water from the bottoms of the boats in a slow methodical manner, and the men at the oars, twenty per boat, pulled steadily and rhythmically together. Hortwulf the senior chief, stood in the bow of the leading boat -- peering towards the land - directing the helmsmen and the rowers. He was a tall powerfully built man with a fierce long moustache which matched his long fair hair, which was bound up into a tight round topknot on the crown of his head. He wore a heavy brown woolen shirt which reached to his knees. A thick leather belt drew in the garment around his waist and a heavy leather scabbard hung from the left side of the belt supporting the short thick bladed sword.

Hortwulf wore thick leather sandals, heavy bronze ornamental bracelets on his forearms, and gold and silver studs ornamented his belt and sword scabbard. His face was brown and wrinkled from years of seafaring, and he looked older than his thirty-eight years. In the second boat some fifty yards behind, Witgar stood in the prow of his boat. A taller man than Hortwulf with light brown hair, already wearing his round iron helmet and dressed in a heavy leather jacket which served for armour. Slowly the boats made their way into the narrowing mouth of the river estuary gliding almost silently over the still water. There were trees and woods stretching back from the mud flats on either side of the flooded river, and no sign of any human habitation. They went on up the river in the gathering gloom and in complete silence, save for the cries of a hungry infant in one of the boats.

Staring ahead, Hortwulf himself was startled when first one, two, and then a dozen ducks scattered and flew noisily from the reeds along the river bank. Wood pigeons thrashed noisily from the trees along the river. The water was getting shallower and the river narrower, and the valley was flanked with long low hills. Here and there large stones could be seen as the water rippled white around them

in the gathering gloom. They were beyond the tidal reach, and when the sea tide ebbed the water level would fall rapidly. Finally the boats began to touch bottom here and there, and at Hortwulf's signals all the men and boys in the boats stopped rowing and slipped over the sides to stand in the fast flowing river water which reached above their knees. Some of the women joined them and now the shallow draught leather boats sat almost on top of the surface of the water without the extra weight. Witgar came splashing up to join Hortwulf in the rippling waters which swirled around their knees and thighs.

"You and my brother Icnar must take three men each, and go - one of you along the left bank of the river and the other along the right bank ahead of us." He whispered hoarsely.
"How far shall we go?" asked Witgar.

"I do not think that we would be able to go more than another mile at the most," said Hortwulf softly, "the river is becoming too shallow and it is getting dark quickly."

"I will find a place where we can bring the boats ashore and be safe for the night." Witgar turned and went back along the boats whispering to various men as he selected those to go with him.

Quickly the chosen warriors reached into the boats for their heavy wooden shields, their short swords and their leather or metal helmets. Then the eight vanished quickly into the evening shadows along the river banks watched silently by the hundreds of quiet men and women who stood shivering in the cold waters of the river. After a minute Hortwulf began to wade ahead along the river and the people with the first boat began to drag it upstream after him, followed by the next and the next, until the whole fleet was being dragged through the white foaming shallows of the river. They moved slowly, stumbling over the rough stones and the hidden hollows in the bed of the river. Finally the children and the old were lifted out to walk in silent groups alongside the struggling column in the river. The boats were empty except for domestic items and the precious jars of seed corn and root vegetables, from which they would grow all their future crops, and they virtually lay on the surface of the ever narrowing river.

Hortwulf at the head of the column heard a splashing as two figures came stumbling along the centre of the river towards him. He halted and so did the boats behind him, and when the two figures were within a few yards of him he recognised the stout figure of his brother Icnar.

"Stop, stop, and be quiet." Icnar was clearly agitated, and even in the dark, Hortwulf could see sweat gleaming on his brother's face. "There's a bend in the river about one hundred yards ahead, and there are some fields. There is a small army of British cavalry camped in the fields along the river, at least three hundred of them."

"How are they armed?" asked Hortwulf, his voice high with anxiety, as he thought of the hundreds of women, children and old men, who were with the tribal migration.

"Lots of armour, heavy spears, axes, swords, they have even got metal all over some of the horses," Icnar stood breathing heavily. "It must be one of the war bands of one of their local princes."

"Where is Witgar and the others?"

Icnar pointed back over his shoulder, "They are up ahead, hidden in the trees and bushes watching the British camp. He sent me back to warn you."

Several other of the leading men of the Saxon tribe had waded forward to join Hortwulf and Icnar. Hortwulf quickly explained the situation to them.

"There is a very strong war band of at least three hundred British heavy cavalry camped in the field ahead around the bend of the river, about two hundred yards away. We have to decide what to do."

Otto, one of the older men of the tribe, much respected for his wisdom, spoke quietly.

"We have four alternatives and we must decide quickly what to do. We can try to get back down to the sea, or we can pull the boats ashore here and try to hide in the woods and hope they move off in the morning. Otherwise we have to attack them and hope to win a victory, or we must wait until nightfall and then try to slip past them. These are the four choices."

Icnar took a deep breath, "We will never make it back to the sea, the tide will be falling, and the river will be too low. Everyone is tired and hungry and the women and the old are soaking wet and freezing with cold."

"We will not go back, we came here to find land and to settle; and we all knew what it would be like."

They would catch us in the river in the morning like fish flapping about in the bottom of a boat." Hortwulf had clearly made up his mind. "It is too great a risk to try to hide all these people in a wood so close to such a powerful war band. We must either keep moving or get somewhere where we can light fires. We would need five times our number to attack the British with any hope of success. We are farmers and fishermen, who do some raiding at sea and get away fast. A stand up battle with these British professionals with their much better arms can only end in a disaster for us."

The decision had been taken, and the leading men moved back down the line of the boats motioning to the people to pull the boats onto the banks of the river and to sit and wait. Hortwulf sent Icnar and the other warrior back to join Witgar, to tell him that they would wait for the dark of the night before trying to move on past the British camp. Two hundred yards further up around the bend in the river, Witgar and the others sat crouched in the trees and bushes on a slope above the river, watching the dim shadowy figures of the British and their horses in the fields across the river. Most of the British soldiers were gathered around the camp fires, and the distant sound of voices with occasional bursts of singing carried clearly across the open Valley to the hidden Saxon scouts. Icnar rejoined Witgar and the others, moving quietly through the bushes.

"We are going to wait until it's dark and then move past them along the river," he whispered sharply. "We don't have much choice," replied Witgar quietly, "We must thank the gods that we did not come ashore an hour earlier, they would have caught us as we moved along here up the river. I don't think they've been there long and they are obviously on the move. It's an overnight camp and they will be away in the morning."

"They are not expecting any trouble judging from the noise they are making," muttered Icnar. "With a bit of luck we will make it, but we must keep a cool head."

The time seemed to drag by endlessly and slowly as the Saxon scouts crouched low in the shadows of the wooded slopes above the river. Gradually the noise from the British camp on the right hand bank died away, and occasionally a figure could be seen moving in the deepening gloom, to throw extra timber upon the fires which glowed golden blue in the distant dark. The whooping of a night owl came clear in the bitter air and the wind rustled through the trees whining and hissing, drowning the noise of the tumbling river. Looming black clouds overhead blotted out the light of the moon.

Down along the river bank the people crouched in groups shivering in the night. Above them the trees bent and the branches swayed as the wind whipped through them and every sound seemed to magnify itself. These were new surroundings for people accustomed to the swampy flat lands of Holland and the North German coast. The Saxons sat patiently in the darkness, the fragrance of the dank vegetation and undergrowth of the woods seeming to offer a strange sense of security. No-one spoke, each sat silently locked into his own thoughts. They were all tired after a rough day at sea, and numb with cold.

Finally Icnar came wading down along the river again. Everyone's eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, but they could hear him long before his figure could be distinguished when he was within a few yards of Hortwulf and the leading group.

"Icnar, Icnar," Hortwulf called softly "over here - over here - this way." Icnar made his way to the bank and some of the men helped him out of the river.

"Is their camp quiet?" demanded Hortwulf.

"It has been quiet for the last hour," Icnar was gasping for breath. "The noise of the wind in these trees and the river itself is a blessing from the gods. If the clouds cover the moon we should get past them easily."

Hortwulf grunted his assent then he turned to Otto, "Go down the line and tell the people to pull the boats into the river. Pass the word that everyone must be completely silent, no matter what happens. Another hour or so, then everyone will be able to rest in peace. Tell them not to be afraid." Otto rose and moved off quietly down the river bank, and everywhere there was a rustling as people moved, and dry scraping sounds as boats were dragged and the sound of distant splashes as people and boats re-entered the river. Hortwulf and Icnar led the way and slowly the column of boats began to move silently up the dark swirling river as the Saxons dragged their boats along against the current.

After about a hundred yards the river bent sharply to the left, and on the right bank was a large open plain backed by a low ridge of hills. The left bank ran along the bottom of a long low curving hill.

Dotted across the open fields along the right bank of the river, the Saxons could see the still glowing camp fires. None were particularly close to the river, but two small distant figures silhouetted against the flickering light of the fires showed that the British had posted sentries to stand watch and to keep the camp fires alight. Horses could be seen standing in the gloom along the river bank looking monstrous in the dark of the night. Half a dozen figures stood waiting quietly in the river, where Witgar and his scouts stood ready to rejoin the main party. Hortwulf and Icnar reached them standing up to their thighs in the black water. Hortwulf spoke hoarsely and quickly, "Go ahead again quickly. Find a place where we can get out of this river and get up onto a hill or into a wood. We don't know which way these British will go in the morning, but if they follow the river we must get away from it."

Witgar and the others turned and moved off upstream, stumbling through the shallow waters, desperately trying to combine speed with silence. And slowly, very very slowly, the first of the long black boats began inching its way up the river with the sweating and shivering men and women heaving to drag it against the current. They pushed and pulled, their hands numb with cold as they gripped the soaking leather hides and wooden struts of the boats. Feeling their way forward over the mud and stones of the uneven river bed with feet that were frozen with cold. They now could all see the glow of the camp fires across the open fields, and everyone of the Saxons strained with a barely controlled frantic desperation to keep the boats moving. Women stumbled alongside carrying babies, and young children held hands together in groups, and water which reached to their fathers' thighs, was up to their waists, even to their chests. Fortunately, the river widened and the current slowed and slackened.

The long line of boats slowly inched their way around the curve of the river until they began to pass up beyond the fields to where the river curved again away out of sight. Hortwulf, the chief, allowed the leading boats to go on ahead and he stood in the river opposite the British camp, softly encouraging and urging his people on. Occasionally someone stumbled and fell, and had to be helped back to their feet. Some of the old people and the youngest children had to be placed into the boats. Then when the whole fleet was strung out around the long bends, a baby began to cry. The sound of the child seemed the most natural sound in the world, yet now it was a deadly terrible sound, and the struggling hundreds held their breath, gripped with a chilling monstrous fear. The woman struggling along in the water tried desperately to soothe the wailing infant, muffling the baby's head against her breast and covering it with her woollen cloak in the nightmare gloom of the river. She risked suffocating the child, knowing that in order to save all their lives, one of the men would have to drown the baby if she could not silence it.

High up on the slopes, in the open fields away from the river, two of the British Sentries leaned on their spears near one of the camp fires. They peered towards the river, unable to see anything in the deep dark of the cloudy night. Another sentry at a fire some forty yards away threw some twigs onto the fire.

"Hear that Llew?" He called softly to the two.

"Aye man, a fox has got a rabbit or a water rat."

Down in the river the whole line of boats lay still as all the Saxons stood motionless against the slow current. The whole tribe held its breath, no-one dared to move. If the British were roused now and caught them stranded in the river, they would all die. Long minutes dragged endlessly by and nothing happened. High up on the open ground away from the river a horse neighed and snorted, disturbing the other animals, and the shivering Saxons could see dim figures of British guards moving away from one of the camp fires to quiet the animals.

Hortwulf lonked up to the skies, and held his breath as a chill of horror swept over him. Faint silver lines around some of the clouds showed large clear stars in spangled, patches of clear night sky. The cloud banks were moving over and the moon was coming out. He had to get his people out of this trap now or they would never leave the place alive. When the clouds passed over the wind would drop and any noise they made would carry up to the British camp. Quickly he passed and slapped the shoulders of the people at the nearest boat. They had to throw caution to the winds, this was now a race against time.

"Move - move - go quickly, fast as you can move." His voice was low and urgent. He pointed skywards and the men caught his meaning. He waded from boat to boat down the line, urging them in

hoarse, desperate whispers, to make the last effort to overcome their fatigue and exhaustion. On the sloping fields above the river the British chieftain Llwydawg - The Killer - stirred uneasily in his sleep and turned over on the cow hide that served as his ground sheet. Clutching his heavy red cloak around his shoulders - a young prince already famous for his minor battles and ruthlessness - he dreamed of future glory. He dreamed of how the Bards would sing of his victories, and of the Saxons and Picts that he would slaughter.

In the river a silent pandemonium was taking place as the Saxons heaved their long black hide-bound boats around the long bend and away out of sight of the British camp. Already the moon was beginning to show fitfully through the thinning clouds above. In a nightmare struggle against the steady river current, like a man trapped on a giant treadmill, racing frantically to get nowhere, the Saxon boats inched their way up river. Hortwulf had waited for the last boat and joined the men and women pushing and heaving to get away out of sight. There were still five boats of the long line still in clear view of the British camp when suddenly the clouds cleared from the face of the moon, turning the whole river into a great twisting sheet of bright silver. The surrounding hills and fields were bathed in the cold bluish light of the full moon.

"They must see us now. They have to see us." gasped Otto. "It's almost as clear as daylight."

"Push, push. If they don't see us within the next three minutes we will be sate. Keep moving - keep moving - we're going to make it. Everybody keep pushing." Hortwulf urged them on.

Nothing happened, there was no sudden shout from the British camp, no alarm was raised. Here in the middle of their own territories, miles from the sea shore, the British warriors expected no trouble. The size of the armed force made them complacent for it would take a very large force of poorly armed invaders to attack them. Away up river, around the bends and out of sight, the Saxons moved on.

They were filled with a sense of elation, almost of victory, and they no longer noticed the cold or their fatigue. About a mile up river Witgar had chosen a landing place and the boats were being heaved out of the river up into a clearing. Already he had organised the people into transporting their food supplies and household goods, and bits and pieces, away through the trees to a wooded hilltop where they could finally rest. They had waited to time their immigration after gathering their harvest for the last time in their old country. They had brought their root crops and grain with them to sustain them through the winter ahead, which they would have to survive.

Finally, after what seemed to be an impossible task the boats were dragged from the river and broken up. The hides would be needed for shelters and only six boats were kept intact. The act of breaking up the boats was watched in complete silence by the assembled people. Now there could be no going back, they had to survive or perish! For the first time the sheer magnitude of their dangerous enterprise dawned on the collective mind of the people. Before they had been too busy, bound up in the excitement of packing and leaving their homeland, battling with the rough seas in the long torturous journey, pulling ashore at dusk and, finally, dragging themselves up the river. This was the moment of truth, they were here and now they had to stay.

One hundred and fifty miles away up to the north west, away from the southern coast of Lloegria - (England) the Kings of Britain - Wales sat in conference in the hall of Gwrgan Mawr. Whilst the Saxons had been rowing ashore in the early evening, the Kings had sat in a large circle around an open hearth. Other minor Kings had arrived after Theoderic the High King, greetings had been exchanged and arms set aside. At the far end of the building the servants and the cooks were at work preparing the evening meal. Behind the Kings stood many of their nearest kinsmen and most trusted companions. The Kings sat on wooden seats as did many of their followers, others leaned against the thick oaken pillars supporting the roof of the hall, and yet others sat on the straw which covered the floor. King Theoderic stood up and the chattering and ribald laughter died away and ceased. He looked around at the assembled chieftains and began to speak slowly and distinctly.

"Cymry - Kinsmen -- there is a time coming for which we must prepare. Our forefathers took this land rightfully and in peace over a thousand years ago. Many times others have sought to take it - from us none have succeeded. Five hundred years ago my ancestor King Caradoc, son of King Bran the Blessed, fought the Romans. In planned battles the Romans defeated us, but in surprise warfare and sudden

battles we were victorious. And so they respected us and we lived together with them, ruling our own land independently whilst they set up their trading towns. We of the Cymry were never a conquered race, nor did we accept the Roman customs."

There was a murmur of assent and a shuffling of movement around the circle. King Theoderic paused and then went on.

"The Romans' main objective was trade, and the security of the boundaries of their Empire. There were many advantages to being within their frontiers. Many Roman nobles and princes and several Emperors had British wives and mothers. Through my father King Teithfallt - Theodosius - I am descended from the Kings of Britain as are you all, and through my mother Teitfal - Theodora - I am descended through Arthur eldest son of Maxim Wledig - Magnus Maximus, Emperor of Rome and the West. My son, young King Maurice is the true heir to both these lines of Kings. My cousin here, Gwrgan Mawr, son of King Cynfyn, is descended of King Pebiau who was the son of King Euddav - Octavius my illustrious ancestor, and also he descends from Constantine the son of Magnus Maximus from his second marriage. and so in his children there is the descent of the other line of our Kings. We have agreed that his daughter the princess Onbrawst will be the wife of my son King Maurice."

There was general applause and acclamation at this announcement which was not actually news to any of the assembled princes. King Theoderic finished and Gwrgan Mawr - Varius the Great - stood up to speak.

"With this marriage we will create a unity of all the great families of our nation. There will be an heir who will be the paramount King and no-one will be able to dispute his claim to be leader of the people of the Cymru. This meeting is not only to confirm the marriage. We need to plan for a war which is coming upon us and we must be united. When the Romans came they sent their armies and then after fighting they took them away. They set up their towns and cities and they traded. When their Empire of the west fell one hundred years ago the people of those towns fled back to Rome and their marks upon our land vanished like a morning mist in the noon-day sun. Now there is a different enemy coming, an enemy who will want all our lands, our homes, our horses, our cattle, everything we own and love. The Ostrogoths rule Italy and Rome, the Sueves, the Alan's and the Vandals, have taken Iberia and North Africa, our people hold lesser Britain in Northern France, and all the rest of France is divided between the Franks and the Visigoths. And still the Germans multiply and pour out from the mud flats along the North Sea, in search of land. All Europe is taken and there is only one place that they can go to, and that is our Island. Since the Romans settled German tribes along the Eastern coasts of Loegria these detestable people have been steadily moving in, infiltrating into the quiet places, moving up along the rivers. The arrant drunkard Gwytheyrn -- Vortigern, in his madness made an alliance with these filthy dogs -the Saxons, and threw the whole Island into a great confusion of wars. Before, the barbarians raided along our coast lines, they could be chased away and driven off. But now they come to stay, and when new people move into the land to take it up, to stay and live, this can only be done at the expense of those who already dwell in our Island."

Gwrgan Mawr began to pace slowly around the fire talking as he went, seeming to address each prince individually. There was silence in the hall, broken only by the crackling of the logs on the fire, and the distant sounds of servants knocking pans and bustling about their duties.

"Victor the General - is at Oxford. He sends word to us almost weekly of fresh landings of these foreigners along the Southern Coasts. Our kinsmen in the North tell us the same news. They are coming in tens by families, and in hundreds by tribes, and the shoreline is too long and too difficult for Victor to stop them. When Gwytheyrn settled them in Kent seventy years ago. they could be contained, but when his son, the Blessed Gwythelin - Vortimer - defeated them in -- battles he could not annihilate them. The survivors hid in marshes, in woods, in forests and in islands off the coast. For thirty years Emrys Wledig the Legate, fought for thirty years to drive them out and control Loegria, and now Victor his brother fights the same battles. These people rabbits and their destruction is as difficult as to catch every fish in the river and to kill every . fox in the woods These people are senseless, cruel and destructive, they know nothing of the Lord God Jesus Christ, and there is no hope of dealing with them."

Gwrgan Mawr sat down and resumed his seat next to King Theoderic. There was silence for a few moments then Aircol Lawhir -Agricola Longhand rose to speak. They listened to the Prince of Dyfed who was a man of few words and a notable soldier on land and sea.

"For many years since the days of my grandfather the prince Tryphaun, the Irish have sought to settle in my lands. Before they came as raiders by sea but then they bought their women and children to make villages and farms. And this was when we could defeat them. When they came by sea to rob and pillage the churches and burn isolated farms they could run back to their ships before soldiers of the army could be assembled against them. We were as a mighty bull attacked and stung by a swarm of wasps. But now when they tried to settle, it was they who had homes and women and children to protect, and they had to stand and fight. We slaughtered them in their thousands, just as the mighty Cuneda - Kenneth - and his sons drove them from North Wales. Now it will be the same with these Saxon pigs. They are farmers with few herds and have no horses. They will never know the time of day or night when our ships will bring horsemen and warriors to destroy them. They will never know upon which day our armies of horsemen will ride out of the woods and valleys to kill them and burn them with all that they have. It is my advice that it is better to let all of them who wish to come to Britain to come, and then we can kill them all. We will teach them the meaning of the word fear."

There was general applause at this fighting speech by the much respected Agricola. One of the younger men behind Agricola stepped forward and threw extra logs upon the fire causing it to splutter and crackle, and throw dancing shadows against the walls of the darkening hall. Then Theoderic King of All Glamorgan and Gwent rose to speak again.

"We all remember the story of the day which will live in infamy down through all the ages, which until the end of our race will be remembered. When King Gwythelin defeated those Saxon swine and drove them like animals into the bogs and marshes of the East and into the Islands off the shore, - they came crawling like whipped dogs for a peace treaty. In the year 457 our fathers met with them, over three hundred of our leading men all totally unarmed as was the agreement. Yet the Saxons came carrying hidden weapons and slaughtered our representatives as they sat at the feast of peace. Our holy men who record history and know many things of many nations can find no similar happening in all history. Not in all our history. Not in the history of the Romans and the many barbaric people that they fought, nor in the histories of the Greeks or Persians or any other nation. Ten years ago when we ourselves were raided by these people I sent my daughter Marchel to Ireland where she married the Prince Anlach and so we made alliance with the family of Anlach descended from Cuneda. The Irish were civilised by Patrick who went out from amongst us, and up in the far north even the Picts received the word of God from the Bishop Ninnan. So if we make alliances with the British in Ireland we have no fear of raids from there. It also means that the Picts cannot raid us either for they rely on being able to go ashore in Ireland to rest and get food after their long journeys from the North, and to be able to run back there to hide from us. My policy is to make our links with Ireland strong and then we will only have one enemy to deal with, -- Germans who are moving into Loegria."

King Theoderic sat down again, and looked around the circle watching the faces in the firelight - trying to gauge their response. Rhun the hot tempered prince of the West rose from his seat and stood with his hands on his hips.

"I agree with all that has been said. We can set watchers all around our coast and we can patrol in our ships all day and every day, and we will not prevent them from landing. Let them come ashore, let them build houses and plant crops and then we can destroy the whole devils brood as we choose. There is however one difficulty. How shall we expect King Anlach to control all Ireland when he does not rule it all. As for the rest I agree that our young men should be encouraged to fight together and kill the Saxons instead of fighting each other."

"What the Prince Rhun says is true," replied King Theoderic, "King Anlach cannot control all the other Irish Princes. But my daughter who is married to his son, took with her to Ireland her lady companions, many servants, and chosen warriors who I appointed as her body guard. From these we get what we need most of all, - information of what the Irish are thinking and what they plan to do. They tell me this, first that the Irish now begin to fear raids from the Picts, and especially from the Saxons. They were taught a great lesson when the abominable Gwytheyrn - Vortigern - turned his Saxon mercenaries loose on their great raid of Ireland over fifty years ago. Secondly they have seen and felt the military strength of Cuneda and his descendants in North Wales and Agricola in the West. They fear that we may one day sail to attack them. The third thing that I know is that they are becoming Christian like ourselves and this will make a common cause between us."

The King paused and looked around and smiled, a great crooked smile the white scar across his face gleaming in the firelight. "I have good news for all our bold young warriors who dream of battle and

of winning glory. Five days ago Prince Fingar of the South of Ireland sailed with his host to attack our kinsmen and brothers of Brittany in France. I knew of this hostile expedition, and the soldiers of the Prince Budic and Prince Howell will be waiting for Fingar on the beaches. He will have no element of surprise and his poorly armed pirates will be driven off."

There was a buzz of excitement among the assembled brothers, cousins and sons of the Kings gathered around the council circle. One of the younger men stepped forward along side King Iddon.

"I am Morwydd, may I speak?"

King Theoderic glanced at Gwrgan Mawr who nodded, "Speak it you wish," said the King.

Morwydd a tall dark haired young man stepped forward into the circle of Kings before the fire.

"I have spoken with many holy men and others who have visited Ireland. They have small boats and they are not as good as ours. I cannot understand how they would undertake such a long voyage around our great Island and across the Ocean to attack our kinsmen in Brittany in such craft. It also seems to me that we should be able to catch them at sea on their return journey if they are driven off from Brittany." This speech drew warm applause from the younger men and the Kings nodded their approval. "You speak wisely Morwydd, and the question which you ask points to the solution of our problems. The Irishman Fingar has made secret alliance with Guinner of Cornwall. All this I know from my spies in Ireland, and the priests who pass back and fore between the churches of our two countries. Fingar has made safe haven in Cornwall. With Guinner in Cornwall he can shelter there on his journey out, and he can retreat there when he is driven off from Brittany. I shall be on the beaches in Cornwall to meet him when he returns."

Gwrgan Mawr stood up the instant Theoderic sat down. "Destroy Fingar utterly in Cornwall and destroy Guinner the Two Faced, so completely that none in Ireland will dare ever again to move against us - and traitors to our Island will fear to act with foreigners."

There was a clamour of excitement and shouts of approval. The prospect of an immediate campaign was bound to cause excitement of the highest order. The High King stood again and held his hands aloft for silence.

"Two days from now I sail from Cardiff and Barry to deal with Guinner and wait for Finbar. I can also tell you this. At this very moment Cadwallon Longhand of North Wales is marching against the last of the Irish who dared to settle in North Wales. He has driven their chieftain Boiia onto Anglesey and has sworn to destroy him. Let us agree to plant as much corn and barley as we can and breed as many horses as we can. Let us unite to destroy our enemies. We must hold Cornwall to maintain communication with our brothers in Brittany and we must hold Anglesey and the Isle of Man to guarantee our links with our kinsmen of Northern Britain. We will speak of these matters again."

The meeting broke up and dissolved into smaller groups. Servants brought beer in huge jugs and tankards, and horns were filled and passed around. In two's and three's they drifted outside to wash their hands and clean themselves before sitting down to the feast.

That night whilst they sat at the long tables in the warmth of the hall, the bards sang of the deeds of their Kings and Princes gathered together, and of their ancestors. Beer flowed, and the guitar was passed around and the young men sang comic songs and love songs. The noble women of Gwrgan's household sat amongst the Kings of the high table and next to the young King Maurice sat the fifteen year old princess Onbrawst, now to be the future Queen of the British. There was no wedding ceremony, ;imply a public declaration of marriage contract.

The young king had regarded the match with Onbrawst as a matter of necessity a duty to perform. He found that the girl was beautiful, with raven black hair and deep blue eyes, and a beautiful face and form. She had high cheek bones and fair white skin, and as he soon found, she was an intelligent and a lively person. Maurice -Meurig looked at the girl and marvelled that she could be of the same family as old Gwrgan and his equally bull-like son Caradoc Brawny-Arm. It would not be difficult to love this young woman.

And so whilst Hortwulf and his Saxon immigrant people shivered in the woods and tried to settle for a few hours sleep in their damp clothing, far to the South - the young King Maurice and his bride -were put to bed amidst much laughter and singing in the warm spacious hall of blessing of the assembled Princes were called upon them, that a son might

CHAPTER TWO

GUINNER OF THE TWO FACES

Five days later a fisherman and his son, fishing from their twelve foot boat off the beach at Falmouth in Cornwall, looked up to see ships rounding the headland. They were ships under sail, large wooden ships quite different from the Saxon and Irish small boats made of leather and with their light framework masts and black hide sails. The man and the boy watched as the three ships already around the headland were followed by a fourth then a fifth, and then ship after ship, a whole fleet steering into the bay. The man sat staring for this was no ordinary sight. British ships often sailed between the main Island and Brittany in Northern Gaul in two's and three's, but here the whole bay was filling with ships. He felt a sudden sense of uneasiness and taking up his oar he motioned to the boy, who quickly caught his meaning, they both began to row frantically for the beach.

The large timber hulled British ships came steadily on in-shore, slackening their sails and shortening them before the wind, bearing down upon the small craft of the fisherman. His boat was old and slow and heavy and there was no way that he would reach the beach before them. Slowly the fisherman eased and rowed quietly in-shore, and the ships closed in moving alongside, then ahead of him. Everywhere on the decks he could see men, far more than the crew of a merchant vessel. And everywhere there was the glint of bright metal as the sun shone on helmets, spears, shields and armour. Some of the men in the large ships waved and called out across the water and the fisherman and his son waved back. Then slowly the ships furled their sails, and anchors were dropped close in shore. Small boats were lowered and the process of putting an army ashore began. Horses were lowered over the sides of the ships and were swum ashore.

Men began to organise themselves into troops, and columns on the beach. And shouts from some of the nearer ships and from armoured men standing in the surf made it clear that the fisherman was to come ashore. The man and his son rowed in towards the beach and when the boat was close in, caught amongst the white surf of the breaking blue-grey waves, soldiers waded out to seize the sides of the boat to help draw it up on the beach. Most of the soldiers were young and in high spirits. From their accent the Cornish fisherman guessed that they were British from South Wales. The soldiers helped them from the boat and pulled it high and dry onto the beach.

"Have you had much luck with the fish today?" asked a lean muscular man with curly brown hair, and a sallow, dark face. He was wearing full body armour and had a shield slung across his shoulders, as had all the others. "We caught quite a few Herring, some Bass and Pollack from near the rocks over there, and a few flat fish. Quite good in fact," replied the fisherman. Several of the soldiers looked at the fish in the tub at the bottom of the boat but none of them touched them. By this the fisherman and his son realized that they were safe.

A man dressed in magnificent ornamental body armour and wearing a thick red cloak and a decorated blue coloured domed helmet, had stood watching the boat being dragged ashore. He beckoned to the fisherman and said briefly, "Come with me." He turned and strode away up the beach and the fisherman and his son followed him. He made his way through the soldiers who were crowding ashore, and the horses which were being run up through the surf after their swim ashore.

The chieftain led them to a spot above the high water line of the beach, beyond the line of stranded seaweed, to where a group of chieftains stood watching the disembarkation. The fisherman could tell that these were Princes from their dress. Fine gold and silver bracelets on their arms, heavy armour. And all along their belts and the handles of their swords and axes, and even along the shafts of their spears were intricate designs and patterns in gold, silver and bronze. The chieftain who was leading them went up to the dark haired, grey eyed man with a jagged white scar stretching across his right cheek and said, "These are the two from the little fishing boat."

"I am Theoderic, King of Glamorgan and Gwent, and I wish you good day."

The fisherman stepped forward and said, "Good day to you Lord King, I am Cynmor son of Eicolf and this is my son Elcu."

The King nodded to both the man and the boy. "Can you tell me, have there been signs of any Irish or Saxon boats along the coast recently, within the last two weeks?"

"Yes, some ten days ago the whole coast was up in alarm, a very great number of Barbarian boats passed by."

The King showed no surprise at this, and again he asked, "Did you see them?" And when Cynmor nodded his head to indicate that he did see them, "How many boats were there, and which way were they headed?"

"There were at least forty boats, Lord King, and they were headed east along the coast," Cynmor flung out his arm and pointed in the general direction in which the foreign boats had been seen. "There had been no talk of any of them coming ashore along this coast, at least not that I have heard."

"Have any of them come back, in small groups maybe, just one or two? Any Irish boats heading west at all?"

The King inquired, watching Cynmor's face closely.

"No Lord King, none that I have seen or heard of."

The King glanced quickly at the other princes who were with him. He smiled broadly and the whole group seemed pleased with the news that Cynmor had given them. "I thank you Cynmor son of Eicoi If you wish to continue fishing my soldiers will help you to put your boat out again."

Cynmor smiled and he and his son wished the King good day, and then made their way back down through the crowds of soldiers who were already beginning to move up away from the beach. A few minutes later the two were rowing out between the large ships anchored off shore on their way back to fish and watch the army moving up from the shore onto the high ground above the beaches.

King Theoderic with his son King Maurice, and with many of his senior Kings and Princes, had got to Cornwall before Fingar the Irish chieftain returned, as he inevitably would when he was driven off from Britanny by the army which was prepared and waiting for him. By sailing wide, away West around Cornwall and Lands End he had come ashore suddenly and unexpectedly, and he could now seize and control the southern shoreline of Cornwall. No message from Guinner of Cornwall would reach the Irishman to warn him of the danger which now waited on the shore for him. Fingar would sail around the south western tip of the Island of Britain and would head directly for Hayles Bay near St. Ives close to the fortress of Guinner.

The smoke drifted up lazily from the hole in the roof of the hall which stood on a low hill, surrounded by low earthen banks and heavy timber pallisades. Cattle were grazing on the slopes of the hill and there were mares with young foals down by the stream at the foot of the hill.

Guinner, ruler of Northern Cornwall, stood at the door of his hall and watched quietly as five cows were driven out from a shed after milking. A herdsman followed them through the open gates of his fortress tapping the slow moving and patient animals on the rump with a short stick. The Prince was tired he had been sitting in court for most of the day hearing cases over rights of inheritance following the death of an old man of noble blood. The patriarch of one of the leading families of the area. The division of the lands and property between the sons and daughters, both legitimate and illegitimate, was always a torturous and complicated business.

Guinner shaded his eyes with his hand and stared into the distance. There was a rider coming fast along the distant track that led down to the river and up across the meadows to his hall. The horseman was traveling fast and this had to mean news of some urgency. Others had noticed the horseman approaching and several of the warriors of Guinner's household joined him in the open yard. Some of the younger men dallying and chatting with a few girls, suddenly lost interest and hurried to join the older men. Guinner himself felt a touch on his arm and turned to see his wife, the beautiful Imogene standing at his side. Guinner smiled and put his arm around his young wife's shoulders, and the young woman, with dark brown hair and matching brown eyes, leaned against him.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I don't know," Guinner gave her a comforting squeeze. "It may be news from Fingar and the Irish host. We shall soon know anyhow."

The rider came galloping through the open wooden gates of Guinner's fort, and dragged his horse to a sudden halt. The gatekeeper caught the bridle of the sweat soaked animal, with white saliva dripping

from its mouth. As the rider swung himself down from the saddle, Guinner recognised Banw, one of his kinsmen from away on the Southern coast of the peninsular of Cornwall. One glance at the face of Banw told Guinner and his household that he did not bring them good news.

"What brings you here to our Northern coast in such great a hurry my cousin Banw? You have almost killed your horse from the looks of it." Guinner motioned to one of the servants to take the horse and attend to it. Banw was breathing heavily, "There is an army landed on the south coast at Falmouth. A fleet of large ships and several thousand men, they are moving inland and maybe heading in this direction." The people crowding around Banw and Guinner stood silent in utter astonishment at this announcement. A large fleet of ships meant that the invading force was not Saxon or Pictish or Irish. There was something strange happening and everyone knew it.

"Who are these people, and who is their leader? Why have they come here to destroy my lands?" Guinner asked the questions in all their minds.

"They are not destroying anything. There is no burning and no killing but they are seizing all the horses. My father sent me to you immediately we knew of it. I have not seen the ships but rumour has it that it is King Theoderic of Glamorgan and Gwent with the terrible Gwrgan Mawr and his other cousin Constantine, and all their brood."

Banw was recovering his breath, and he wiped the sweat from his brow with the back of his hand.

Fear is contagious it can leap through the air across a room from person to person. It is invisible, unseen, soundless and intangible, and yet it is as real as rock or fire or water. Mind communicates with mind, and fear grips rigid and numbs the senses. The news that the Kings of Britain under their paramount King Theoderic had landed on the southern coast caused a stunned silence amongst the group who gathered around Banw near the fort gates. The sound of the animals in the fields, and the noise of household servants in the kitchens and sheds sounded unusually loud and clear. Even the breeze that stirred the first autumn leaves seemed to have a greater noise and life. Without a word Guinner turned and walked towards the main door of his hall, his wife still clutching his arm, and Banw and all the other men followed.

Once inside the long spacious building, Guinner seated himself at his high table. His wife, and his brothers and cousins. His followers and members of his household sat on the stools and benches along the long tables, or stood grouped close behind. They waited whilst Banw washed his hands and face in a bowl of water which a servant girl fetched for him, as was the custom and he handed his sword and other weapons to the doorkeeper. Then the messenger came forward and a place was made for him at Guinner's table. Archan, Guinner's chief counsellor, stood up.

"I will speak," said Archan, "This cannot be Theoderic or the others of Britain for we have word that only five days ago his son young King Maurice took Onbrawst, daughter of Gwrgan Mawr as his wife. They will be celebrating, hunting and drinking for a fortnight. And if it were them, they would surely have come down channel and landed here on the North coast. Our arrangements with Fingar of Ireland were made so that his expedition and our move Eastward would happen at the time of this wedding."

Guinner passed his hand slowly through his hair, and rubbed the back of his neck. "If it is not Theoderic then who in God's name can it be? Perhaps he knows of our alliance with Fingar and has come to destroy us." Archan sighed, and spread his hands wide in an expansive gesture. "If he simply wished to attack us, he would have landed here. So there has to be another reason for his seizing our Southern coast."

One of the men in the hall raised his hand and stood to speak, a tall angular man, with a crooked jaw and a dark ugly hole where once his right eye had been. "I have fought many battles over many years as you know, Lord Guinner, I have traveled widely in Britain. I know something of the minds of these people, for whilst they appear indolent and they love their songs and festivities, their minds are sharp and are as cold as ice when the need arises. If the King Theoderic has landed on our Southern coast, then it must mean that he knows that Fingar sailed to attack Brittany, and he will be waiting here for Fingar when he returns." The old warrior sat down again and there was a silence in the hall.

"But Fingar may remain in Brittany for weeks or even for months, possibly until next year." A young

impulsive fair haired man standing in a group behind one of the benches spoke voicing the thoughts of many in the hall.

The older one-eyed warrior who had just sat down laughed out loud and beat upon the table with his fist. "If King Theoderic knows of our dealings with Fingar, then the army of the Princes of Brittany will be waiting on the beaches for our Irish friend. Fingar and his men will either run for their lives and be back here very soon, or else they are already dead and singing with the archangels. With control of the Southern coast in the hands of King Theoderic there is no way that anyone can warn Fingar."

"Then we must prepare to fight with Theoderic ourselves," said Guinner flatly in a hollow voice. "It must be Theoderic and his army, as the army in Lloegres is at Oxford, and if it were them, they would have come overland."

Archan the chief councillor of Guinner nodded in silent agreement, and began to speak slowly and clearly.

"Then we are all surely dead men, for we live on this long great headland with sea to the North, and to the South, and sea again to the West. Theoderic has cut across from South to the North and he will divide us from most of our kinsmen. He has deliberately split us in two, and even united we would not be able to stand up to him."

"There is no point in delaying the preparation which we have to make," Guinner, the Lord of Cornwall, had made up his mind. "Let us send all the women folk to the churches and the noble women to the Monastery at Tintagel to the care of the Bishop Stinian of Tintagel. Even if we are able to negotiate with Theoderic we must do so from as strong a position as possible. We must gather as many of our clansmen as possible. We shall send ambassadors to speak with them to see if we can discover their intentions, and to delay matters while we gather our forces together."

There was a murmur of assent in the hall, the first feeling of shock at the news of the invasion had died away. There was much to be done, messengers had to be sent out across the countryside to raise the alarm. Volunteers were called for, to try to slip away to the East. Then even when the women were packing their belongings and the carts were being loaded in the yard outside the hall, there came a shout from one of the servant boys and the whole household hurried out into the yard.

There was one of the stable lads standing on the roof of the sheds which housed Lord Guinner's war horses. He pointed excitedly away to the east across the open farmlands. There in the distance was the unmistakable sign of distant camp fires dotting along a low hill in the distance. Guinner shadowed his eyes with his right hand and did what all his kinsmen were also automatically doing. He was counting the camp fires trying to estimate the strength of the force which had arrived to block any movement he might make to the East. He could make out the occasional flash of metal as the late afternoon sun caught a shield or helmet.

"There must be several hundred at least," he said quietly to Archan who stood by his side. "We must send someone out now, quickly to try to speak with them."

"I will go, I know most of the South Wales Princes. I will take old Heylin one-eye who spoke so well in the hall today, he knows their ways also and we must learn as much as we can."

"Go quickly and go carefully." Guinner agreed. "If they have destroyed nothing and killed no one but merely taken a few horses there is no act of war committed yet."

A few minutes later Archan the counselor and Heylin One-Eye rode out of the gates of the fortress on two of Guinner's best horses. They wore no armour and carried no arms, and Archan carried only a short oak staff, carved and notched with the signs of the Herald. They turned and rode east at the gallop, heading for the distant line of camp fires.

At the fortress preparations went on with great haste. The hurriedly loaded carts carrying the women and children and the more valuable household goods, set off down the hill away from the hall, heading west for the monastery at Tintagel. A small guard of four of the younger men escorted the carts, whilst other messengers set out to raise the alarm. Even as they went, small groups of their clansmen were beginning to arrive, heading for the Lord's hall. The news of King Theoderic's sudden arrival had been spreading through the farms and villages like wild-fire. The leading men rode their fine horses and wore armour and helmets, and their freemen followed them on rougher horses, shaggy ponies, and even plough horses, less well armed with leather jerkins, and other men marched on foot.

Archan the councilor and Heylin One-Eye rode up towards the ridge where the camp fires burned. There was a farmhouse on the ridge and this was where they would find the leaders of this invasion force, so they rode towards it. As they passed across the countryside, peasants and serfs were still working in the fields and tending the flocks. Under the rules of warfare they were perfectly safe, for no British King or warrior would demean himself to kill a serf or slave. Nor for that matter would any Saxon King or his house carls do so either. It was beneath the dignity of the warriors of all races to assault such lowly people.

They were approaching the foot of the hill ridge when suddenly seven horsemen fully armoured and carrying long spears rode out in front of them, forcing them to a sudden halt.

"I am Archan, cousin to the Lord Guinner and his Ambassador and this is Heylin One-Eye, a trusted member of his household." The armoured warriors sat astride their horses examining the two heralds impassively. Archan and Heylin could see immediately from their manner of dress and the designs upon their bright metal shields that these were indeed soldiers from South East Wales, the territories of King Theoderic.

"You will remain here." The soldier who spoke was a middle aged man obviously the leader of this patrol. His accent was the pure flat almost nasal sing-song sound of South Glamorgan. The soldier spoke to one of the younger horsemen who immediately wheeled his horse about and galloped away up the hill towards the farmhouse.

Heylin One-Eye crossed his arms on the pommel of his saddle and leaned forward comfortably.

"Are the King Theoderic and his son King Maurice well?" He asked conversationally. There was no answer as the six soldiers stared at him impassively. Heylin tried again, "Many years ago when I was very young I fought under Emrys Wledig - Ambrosius the Battle Leader. In the days of King Teithfallt father of King Theoderic. I remember Theoderic as a very young man."

The soldiers continued to stare at him silently. There was no point in fishing any further for information, they were clearly not going to tell him anything.

There was a bustle of activity around the farmhouse and five warriors mounted their horses and rode down the hill towards the waiting group, followed by the soldier who had ridden up the hill with the message. As they drew close the two heralds could see that as expected these were Princes. Their magnificent armour gleamed silver, bronze and gold from beneath the heavy red cloaks. Blue, red and white enamel caught the fading rays of the sun. The patrol of soldiers drew aside and moved around behind Archan and Heylin making retreat impossible.

The five Princes drew up in front of them and in the centre they recognized Constantine the cousin of King Theoderic, a large strongly built, overweight and ugly man - one of the most able and experienced Generals of the British. They also recognized the redoubtable King Iddon Caerwent. The others were younger men, clearly important Princes from the style of their dress.

"Good day to you Lord Constantine." Archan spoke politely. "We are sent by the Lord Guinner of Cornwall to speak with you."

"I know who you are. What do you want?" Constantine growled, abrupt and aggressive. Archan sat his horse, silent for a moment then he spoke again.

"This is our land and we wish to know why you have brought an army here."

Constantine grunted and leaned back in his saddle, and smiled with his face whilst his eyes remained ice cold, like the unblinking eyes of a snake. "We have heard that large fleets of barbarian pirates are threatening your coasts, and as your distant kinsmen it is our duty to help you keep this great Island free from such savages."

Archan persisted, "Then why my Lord did you sail around our country out of sight of land, and come ashore on our Southern coast? And why have you not ridden to the hall of Lord Guinner to share his hospitality?"

"Tell your Lord Guinner that the winds were contrary, and ships may not sail where they want. Tell him also that whilst he drinks and sleeps in his hall, we will remain here to watch for pirates who may approach the Island." Constantine had clearly decided to end the meeting.

"May we know the names of the Princes who have chosen to come to our land to help us?" Archan was determined to get something out of the meeting.

"You know who I am;" Constantine drawled "And you know my kinsman King Iddon. This is the

noble King Maurice son of Theoderic." He indicated a young man who sat next to him. "And this is my other nephew Caradoc Brawny Arm, son of Gwrgan Mawr." He pointed to an enormous giant of a man sitting on a large grey horse. "And this is the Prince Rhiwallon, son of Augustus King of Brecon." There was a silence as the impact of this information sank into the minds of Archan and Heylin. Then, sure of his protection under the rules which governed the conduct of princes towards ambassadors Heylin One-Eye spoke up.

"Are there no other Kings or Princes come to visit us? We are told that King Theoderic himself has landed at Falmouth this morning."

Heylin had taken a gamble with this impertinent question. Constantine was known to have a vicious temper, and was no respecter of rules or laws when roused. Even the holy apostles would get no mercy should he see red and go berserk. It was said that he was known to have murdered men including priests, in churches. Constantine glared at him and then smiled his evil twisted smile, with his snake eyes piercing Heylin, holding them both in their compelling gaze.

"It is getting late, your dinner will be getting cold. And I have no intention of allowing mine to cool. I suggest you take our salutations to your kinsman the Lord Guinner. Good day to you." Constantine turned his horse abruptly and rode back up the hill, accompanied by the other Princes. Archan and Heylin sat watching them go in silence, and then turned to leave. The mounted spearmen drew their horses aside and allowed them to ride past and they made their way slowly back across the open land in the direction of Guinner's hall.

When the Ambassadors arrived back at Guinner's hall they found a scene of noise and confusion. There were about two hundred men of various ranks gathered at the chieftain's encampment and horses and ponies were tethered in groups outside the main gates.

They rode into the yard and stopped close to the entrance of main building. Guinner's white haired old steward was there to receive them and a groom took their horses and led them away towards the stables. Their arrival had caused a general stirring of interest and the eyes of every man in the fortress followed them as they stepped inside the hall.

Guinner and many of his leading men were seated at the high tables waiting to receive them. The two men washed their hands in the bowl of water brought to them by the servants and then walked along the length of the hall followed by the expectant gaze of the fifty-three men gathered around their Lord.

"What news have you for us?" Guinner rose and put the question. Archan and Heylin One-Eye remained standing to give their report.

"I fear that we bring bad news." Archan cleared his throat and went on. "We met with five Princes." There was a gasp and murmurs of surprise, for five Princes meant a formidable force.

Archan continued, "The soldiers on the hill ridge to the East are under the command of Constantine the Grey Wolf."

This time the murmurs were agitated and the name Constantine was repeated around the hall. The savage reputation of the Grey Wolf of war was all too well known. Archan raised his hand and continued speaking.

"He has with him King Maurice the son of Theoderic, King Iddon of Caerwent, Caradoc Brawny Arm son of Gwrgan Mawr, and Rhiwallon son of Augustus King of Brecon." There was a buzz of apprehensive excitement in the hall, for these were leading Princes of the British and their presence under the skillful General Constantine cousin of King Theoderic indicated a very powerful force.

"You have met with the Grey Wolf and the Tigers Cubs but where are the Tigers? Did you see anything of King Theoderic or Gwrgan Mawr or any of the others? Are they with them or are they at home? And how many men do you estimate that they have? Most important of all why are they here without the courtesy of sending us messengers, and dining with us this night?" Guinner was plainly worried by what he had heard.

"We do not know if there are any other Kings or Princes with them. They evaded our questions or simply did not answer. We have no idea how many men they have with them. We were stopped by a away from their camp and they came out to meet us. Constantine did say quite clearly that they were here to deal with pirates who are reported to be around our coasts. Otherwise, we learned nothing, but their attitude is most definitely not friendly."

When Archan had finished giving this report he turned and walked to sit at the table, and motioned

to one of the attendants to bring him a mug of beer. Old Heylin One-Eye remained standing, and Guinner nodded his agreement that he should speak.

"We do not know if there are fifty men over there with Constantine or whether there are a thousand or even two thousand. For all we know King Theoderic is actually here in Cornwall and not sitting comfortably in South Wales. He and Gwrgan Mawr may be moving against us at this very moment, whilst we sit here mesmerized by the camp fires of Constantine. We have to send out scouts to try and find out."

When he had finished speaking Heylin One-Eye walked over to his accustomed place at the tables and took a seat. A very old man with a bald head and a long grey moustache rose to speak. He had fought in battles many years before most of the men in the hall were born and was renowned for his judgement. He spoke in a slow high pitched old voice, but with an unmistakable air of authority.

"There is no point in running all over the place looking for King Theoderic or the Great Gwrgan. If they are here they will come to us soon enough. We have to spend every moment available gathering in all the men, horses, and arms that we can. If the British know that we of Cornwall have made agreement with Fingar and the Irish, then they will surely attack us. If they are uncertain they will wait to see if Fingar is driven off from Brittany and comes here. If he comes back defeated from Brittany then they will know that we made alliance with them. Our best hope is to wait and prepare, for if Fingar does not return they may go away. With Constantine the Grey Wolf on our doorstep we have a terrible threat to deal with and there is no reason to look for others of his clan. For those who are bold and ambitious it might seem a good plan to move against Constantine and to attack him quickly. Fifty years ago when I was a young man, my blood also would have been hot for battle and my character would be more impulsive. But remember that Constantine Grey Wolf and King Iddon are both very experienced Generals who have won many victories over the Saxons and others, and they bring with them at least three of the bear cubs of their clan." The old man paused for breath and rubbed his thin hair with a few hesitant strokes and then continued. "You can be absolutely certain that they have chosen their camp position with great care, and they will be difficult to attack. If they are there in superior numbers then we have very little chance against them. We must consider that they have stated that they are here to drive pirates from the shores of the Island. And so if we attack them it is a declaration that we side with pirates who could be Saxons, Picts or Irish. My advice is that we gather all the strength that we can, and choose the best defensive position."

When the old man had finished speaking there was a hub-bub of voices, young men wanting action, others indignant at their own helplessness. The majority, particularly the older men, agreed with the words of the ancient patriarch. Guinner rose to speak and the clamour of voices died away to silence. "Theoderic of Essyllwg and Gwent has made alliance with King Coromac in Ireland by marrying his daughter Marchel to the King's son Anlach. We also have made an alliance with Fingar a Prince of Ireland, and so there is no difference between the two policies. Our problem arises from the fact that Fingar has decided to attack the British possessions in France, and as head of the Royal Clan which rules all Britain which is Wales and all the North Country as well as Lesser Britain in France, this King Theoderic is bound to seek to destroy Fingar. The other Irish Kings will do nothing. They will probably seize Fingar's lands if he is killed and it is my opinion that they will maintain their alliance with the British."

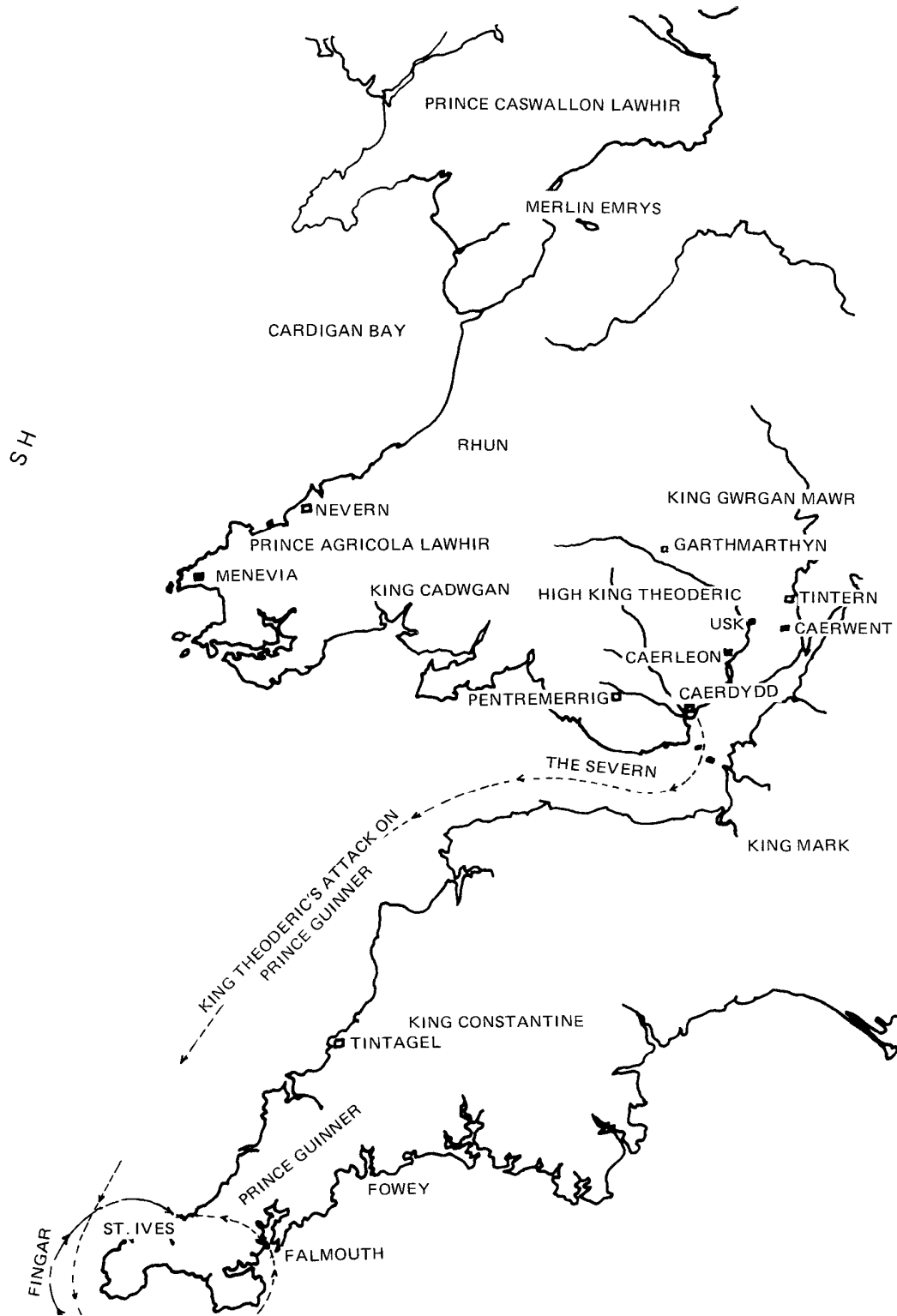
The Lord Guinner paused and continued to speak looking down at the tables unable to meet the eyes of his followers. His voice betrayed his inner feelings as it quavered slightly and he hesitated, stumbling over his words.

"We are caught in a trap which is set for others. We have been taken completely by surprise. Our territories are divided and we face a far superior force, which we can not hope to defeat in open battle. If Fingar lands on these beaches we have a stark choice before us. We either join him immediately and combine our forces and fight against Constantine and who ever else may have landed with him. Or else we stand by and let Fingar take his chances alone - this is the choice that faces us. My own belief is that we have to join forces with Fingar, it is our only chance of survival, and we maintain our honour as soldiers."

The decision had in effect been taken and although a number of other speakers rose to give their opinions none of them contradicted to the conclusion which their leader had reached. They talked on, long into the night after the evening meal had been served and accommodation and bedding had been found for the extra men who had come to join their chieftain.

FINGAR'S RETURN

ROUTE
PRINCE CUNOGLASSUS CONAN-AURELIAN



KING THEODERIC'S ATTACK ON CORNWALL

The next morning saw a dull grey and rainswept dawn break over the rocky shores of Southern Britain. Out in the rolling steel-grey oily swells seven miles off-shore of the southern tip of Cornwall, a cluster of low black hulled boats lay rolling gently in the morning rain. A number of squawking sea-gulls whirled around over-head and glided to settle occasionally on the pitching surface of the water near the boats.

Fingar the Irish chieftain had ordered his crews to put out sea-anchors to ride out the relatively calm night, while waiting for daylight before attempting to close with the dangerous shore and make the dangerous passage past the Lizard Point and on around Landsend.

As the dawn broke the cold and weary crews in the boats hauled in their sea-anchors and began to raise their black hide sails on their double framed lightweight masts. Oars were put out and slowly the flotilla of boats began to move on a steady North Western course. Soon they could see the slate-grey cliffs and tumbled rocks, and the green fields above them, a blurred picture in the constant drizzle and rain. As they drew closer to the land they could hear the crash and the bang and roar of the Atlantic waves battering onto the jagged rocks, and they could see white lines of spray and billows of foaming spume thrown high against the cliffs. Slowly but surely the boats edged their way around the dangerous headland and then turned North East along the northern coast of Cornwall.

The journey had been a nightmare for Fingar and his followers. They had sailed East ten days before across the dangerous waters of the Atlantic, and after a five day journey they had gone ashore in Brittany only to find a whole army waiting for them on the beaches. Sheer luck had enabled most of them to get back to their boats, and to get off on the still rising tide. Horsemen galloping onto the beach had succeeded in slashing at many of the boats by riding into the surf, slicing holes in the sides with their swords and battle axes. Many of the raiders who had been first ashore, had been cut off and had to face large numbers of spear-carrying infantry, against whom they stood no chance. Then whilst many of the others struggled to get back into their boats, swimming after them when those on board cast off to reach the safety of deeper water. They had been showered with arrows fired by a host of archers who waded out into the water, following them to get in their last shots. Many of the boats would hardly move in the waters as the crews desperately sewed up cuts in the leather hulls, bailing furiously as water continued to pour in and arrows continued to plunge down upon them. Finally the boats which had not been smashed on the beach, or sunk in the shallows, took on the last swimming survivors and headed back out to sea. They had been confident of surprising their intended victims, and of plundering food and drink, and now they were desperately short of food and water. They dare not hang about the dangerous coast for the men of Brittany had fine ships and were excellent sailors, and so Fingar headed back out to sea, west towards Cornwall, struggling against the stiff breeze which ran against them.

For five days they had laboured their way across the Ocean, tired, hungry and thirsty. Several men had died of wounds which they had received in the fight on the beach, and others lay in the bottoms of the boats suffering terribly from the constant motion of the waves and the stinging salt of the freezing waters.

The fine rain sleeting down across the open sea made visibility difficult, but finally the helmsmen of the slow moving boats were able to make out the rocks and headlands west of St. Ives bay, and the crews began to pull for the shores. The exhausted men felt a lift in their spirits as they made one final effort to force their boats in-shore against the ebbing tides. No-one in the boats could possibly have seen or known that for hours as they laboriously moved through the rough waters around the Cornish coasts, their progress had been watched by groups of horsemen. Tracking them, sending messengers hurrying off on swift ponies across the rain swept headland pastures.

The scouts sent out to patrol the coast by King Theoderic were doing their job well and reports of Fingar's movements had been reaching the British King all through the morning, as he marched his main army North towards the bay of St. Ives.

It was in the early afternoon when the tired men of Fingar's Irish fleet finally felt the heaving swells of the waves building up towards the near shore beneath their leather boats. The boats began to fan out into a line abreast of each other as they approached the beaches. Finally they were among the

breaking waves, which tossed them high and sideways, pushing them in-shore with a sudden rush, sending white boiling foam and spray flying over the tired oarsmen as they struggled to keep the bows of their boats towards the shore. Then suddenly they were in the shallow waters of the beach, where the high breaking waves had lost their impetus and were running smoothly to die and disappear amongst the sand and millions of pebbles. The sucking rumble of each retreating wave as it drew back, shifting countless small stones against each other sounded as a welcoming roll of applause in the ears of the weary rowers.

Their shallow boats grounded on the beach, and wearily the rowers shipped their oars and clambered over the sides of the boats to stand knee deep in the freezing waters. Some of the less badly wounded were helped and carried up onto the beach, and with the boats coming in ashore in a long line across the beach the crews were suddenly aware of the sharp damp breeze whipping around them and of the steady chill rain slashing down. Slowly they gathered about their boats and began to drag them up out of the water, lifting the lightweight craft high onto the damp beach. Fingar walked up the beach and stood wiping the raindrops and salt spray from his face and eyes. There up at a corner of the beach some hundred yards away were a group of men walking slowly towards him, and a little way further off he could see a handful of horsemen. Fingar felt glad, some of Guinner's men must have seen his boats coming in, soon they would all be in dry warm houses and there would be hot food and warm drinks. He waved to the men who were approaching, their cloaks wrapped close about them in the drizzling rain, and they began to wave back at him. Some of his crews had paused at pulling their boats out of the water, they also waved and again the men who were moving towards them waved back. Fingar turned back to superintend the lifting of the boats and the disembarkation, wrapping his arms around his body, hugging himself against the damp cold, scarcely able to feel his toes or fingers. He was pleased that he had brought his men back to safety.

The last of the boats was being carried clear of the water, when suddenly Fingar was aware of different sounds rising above the crash of the waves, the scrabble of the pebbles and the blustering of the wind. He turned and stood in shocked amazement, unable to grasp what was happening with his tired numbed mind. Hundreds of horsemen were racing through the shallows from the east and the west, and hundreds of heavy infantry were advancing at the run right across the beach, coming straight down at him in a long line of glittering steel. Many of the Irish crews stood in amazement, whilst others scrambled desperately in the bottoms of the boats, searching for and unwrapping weapons from grease covered and oiled, bundles. It was too late, the horsemen were amongst them, charging through the scattered ranks of the Irishmen as they stood at their boats. The great war horses knocking men aside like chaff as the riders went for the boats, slashing at them with their long swords and heavy battle axes, whilst others drove at the crews with their thick twelve foot spears. Fingar seized an oar and lashed out at a horseman galloping at him, and was lucky when the rider's battle axe sliced clean through the oar and was deflected onto his helmet, sending him spinning backwards to the edge of the water. Slowly Fingar rose to his feet conscious of the blood running from his nose, and of the screams and shouts of dying men, and the war cries of their attackers all around him. The heavy infantry were amongst his men and the slaughter was inevitable. In a sudden frenzy he threw off his helmet and ripped open his leather jerkin and threw it down into the dying waves, and he began to run naked to the waist through the unequal battle.

"Throw down your weapons. Stand still, don't move." He screamed at his men in desperation. "Stand still, drop your weapons. Stand still."

He ran from wrecked boat to wrecked boat, pushing past armoured infantry, screaming at his own leather-clad sailors and blundering against wheeling horsemen. Most of his men were already dead and of those who heard him not all obeyed. But suddenly the commotion of battle died down, and those who had heard and obeyed Fingar found themselves standing unharmed surrounded by their enemies. Fingar stood dazed near the bow of one of the shattered boats on the beach, only barely aware of the shouts and laughter of the victors. He could smell the vomit thrown up by terrified and badly wounded men, mingled with the sweet, sick smell of blood and battered brains. There was the stench of excrement and urine from the bowels of shocked, terrified and dying men, rising above the fresh salt smells of the sea. A man close to him spoke in a fierce whisper.

"We have been betrayed by Guinner. He told the men of Brittany we were coming, and now he has attacked us himself."

Fingar stared at the lines of infantry and horsemen nodding his head in agreement, and then suddenly realization came upon him. These men wore heavy bright red cloaks and away to his left he could see

a banner which bore a bright red and purple dragon on a white background fringed with green and gold. These were not Guinner's men, this was part of the army of Theoderic, High King of the Welsh! Fingar stood with his men as some of the enemy soldiers moved amongst them tying their hands together behind their backs with heavy leather thongs, herding them at spear point up the beach like a flock of tired sheep. They were halted at the top of the beach and many of them sat or knelt in exhaustion, whilst soldiers stripped their boats of weapons, ropes and utensils, and then set the wrecks on fire. The oil and grease of the lightweight boats burned black and smouldered in the heavy drizzling rain. The dark grey-black rain clouds almost seemed to press down upon the dejected band of prisoners, who watched silently as the columns of cavalry and infantry formed up and marched noisily away from the beach. Less than sixty of eight hundred and forty men had survived, and they were left with their guards on the silent empty beach. Bodies lay scattered in heaps around the boats where they had fallen, and others rolled gently, rocked by the spent waves in the low water. It had all been over in less than twenty minutes and seagulls whirled around in numbers like vultures venturing in between the burning boats and the scattered bodies. The host of Fingar had ceased to exist.

All through the morning tension had been rising up at Guinner's fortress hall. More and more of his followers had succeeded in joining him during the night and morning hours. He now had over eight hundred men, some were heavily armoured nobles and freemen, and others were leather clad spear men and bow men. Many of the later arrivals brought news of the strange armies in their country. A large army had marched up from Falmouth and lay some six miles to the West on the other side of St. Ives bay, in addition to the forces led by the formidable Constantine only some three miles to the East. Reinforcements would find it very difficult to get past these armies.

At noon Guinner called together his leading men to a council, and the whole of his hall was packed with men squeezing inside to escape the steady cold rain which pattered down silently on the long thatched roof. Guinner rose to address his kinsmen and followers, and there was complete silence in the hall, broken only by the distant sound of horses in the yard and the lowing of disturbed cattle. "My friends, we are here in council but there are no decisions that we need to take. King Theoderic supported one faction of the Princes in Brittany in their wars, and we supported others of our kinsmen. And so the fighting between princes in Brittany brought us to be on opposite sides of a conflict. This brought us to make an alliance with Fingar the Irishman, and now King Theoderic has sent some of his armies against us. We do not know if he has come in person, but it is obvious that sooner or later we will be attacked. I have decided that we will choose the moment and not our enemies."

There was a general murmur of assent and a stirring of movement in the hall as Guinner paused. Then his listeners fell silent as he carried on speaking.

"To our North lies the sea, and across land to the South lies the sea and to the West there is Lands End and then the boundless Oceans to the end of the world. It would be foolish therefore to move against our enemies in the west for then even if we win the battle we will be trapped and boxed in by the merciless Constantine who stands barring our way to the East. We have no choice but to attack Constantine in the East, and to break out from between these two armies, and with God's help we may defeat him."

There was a clamour in the hall when Guinner made this statement and a tall heavily built man rose to speak, his hands held high above his head. Slowly the voices died away and there was silence once again, as the heavy man began to speak in a deep harsh voice.

"This cannot be my Lord Guinner, for if we get through to the East we will be abandoning our lands to this enemy." He paused and there were murmurs of agreement from several parts of the hall. "We cannot simply march to the East, battle or no battle, and desert our lands. We shall become wanderers and outcasts and men of no honour."

"You speak bravely and wisely, and yet you are wrong. This army cannot remain here indefinitely - and to the East we can reach others of our kinsmen and become stronger. Then we can return and recover our property, it does not matter how long it takes or how difficult it becomes."

Guinner smiled slowly and looked around at his audience, "We could even keep on going Eastwards up around the Severn until we get to Essyllwg, the lands of King Theoderic himself."

There was a roar of laughter in the hall, at the thought of this highly improbable, yet not impossible, feat. The idea of entering the Tiger's own den, whilst the Tiger himself was away hunting those who

invaded his own lands, appealed to their Cornish humour. Everyone in the hall knew that there was little chance of such a venture succeeding against the heavily populated lands of the Silures whose ancestors had even fought the mighty Romans to a stand-still. This defiant utterance by Guinner was well timed and badly needed to restore the confidence of his men.

"I intend to attack Constantine without delay, and to destroy him if I can. Then we will only have one enemy host to oppose us, and we can retreat to the East and wait for Fingar to return from Brittany and join with us. Even if Fingar seizes great treasure and booty in Brittany, it will not be long before he returns. Then we shall be two armies against one, and it will be our enemies who will be in the trap." Guinner stood smiling as a great roar of approval went up in the hall. Warriors shouted their support and beat upon the tables with their fists.

One hour later as the mists began to lift and the rain ceased, two of the Silurian scouts came running up the hill slopes to where the Prince Constantine leaned against the trunk of a tree. Constantine pulled himself erect, and stepped forward to meet them, large drops of rain dribbling down from the outer branches and leaves of the tree splashing down on his magnificent armour and helmet. He knew instinctively that the approaching soldiers brought him the news that he had been waiting for.

The two soldiers arrived before him, panting and sweating after their run up the slopes. "The Lord Guinner has left his halls, and is coming against us."

The tall dark haired soldier stood before Constantine leaning on his spear, his eyes gleaming with excitement. "How many men does he have?" asked Constantine in his gravely voice, his small dark eyes betraying no emotion. The soldiers had partially regained their breath, the shorter man had removed his helmet and was wiping the rain and sweat from his face with the back of his hand.

"They are between five and seven hundred, Lord Prince, and they have pack animals with them - many horses and mules."

Constantine actually smiled, his face twisting into its wolf-like grin. "So they are going to try to break out past us?"

"Yes Lord, that is how it appears. Most of them are on foot, and they cannot move quickly." Constantine nodded and slapped the man heartily on the shoulder in a rare display of good humour. "You have done well this day, and it shall not be forgotten."

The other princes had come out of the farmhouse fifty yards away, with a number of the leading warriors, and everywhere men were standing up away from their camp fires watching and waiting for Constantine. When he turned and strode quickly away from under his tree towards the lines of war horses and ponies, they did not need the wave of his arm to tell them to prepare to move. The other princes joined him, and within seconds the trumpeters were sounding the call for arms. Everyone took off their long cloaks and heavy sheepskin over-jackets, tying them behind their saddles so that they would be free from interference of this clothing in battle.

Without haste and with very little noise the small army soon organized itself into troops, and Constantine arranged them into a long line along the crest of the hill. And then they stood down to await Guinner, the older men checking and re-checking every strap and clasp of their horses harness, examining their own foot gear and their weapons for the hundredth time. The younger men followed their elders example, a broken sandal strap, a loose saddle, a faulty bridle, or even a wet and slippery sword hilt could cost anyone of them their life. The fact that they were only two hundred and seventy-three men in this decoy army to oppose more than twice their number was a matter of no concern at all to any of them. Every man knew of the superior military skills and experience of their generals. They were the warriors of the mighty Silures, better trained, better armed, better led and arrogant and confident.

The clouds had lifted a little, the wind had dropped to a light breeze. Occasional weak shafts of sunlight filtered through the lead coloured clouds, and irregular light drizzle pattered down upon the horses and : Constantine sat menacingly and huge on his war horse, out in front of the long line of men, and each of the other princes sat with his own troop of followers, and they waited.

Guinner rode at the head of his long column of followers, surrounded by his nearest relatives and personal body guard. The drizzle had almost ceased and now that they were embarked upon a definite line of action the spirits of his men were rising by the minute. Men chatted and talked to each other, some shouted and everywhere was the rumble of the hooves of the horses and the smell and creak of leather. There was no point in attempting secrecy, as their movements would have been watched by scouts and they would have to fight their way past Constantine, Maurice and the others. Soon they approached the long hill where their enemies were camped and Guinner could see the distant gleam of metal reflected by the sun, and he could make out the long dark line of the enemy. They were still about a mile distant from the hill ridge when Guinner's own scouts came galloping back, in an obvious state of excitement. The column halted as they wheeled alongside their chieftain in a flurry of nervous horses and waving cloaks. The leading scout was obviously highly elated, and breathless to bring his news.

"There are no more than three hundred of them, Lord Guinner," his voice was sharp and hoarse with excitement, "Not even that number, nearer two hundred and fifty. We outnumber them two-to-one." There was a murmur of voices around Guinner, and this news quickly passed down along the column of men.

"There are no others hidden from sight," Guinner frowned slightly, for the news seemed too good to be true,

"They have dug no ditches, laid no traps, there is no ambush?"

"No my Lord, nothing at all. They are just sitting up there in a long line on the hill. We have questioned some of the local peasants who have been watching them, they have done nothing except wait there for us."

Archan the cousin of Guinner leaned forward in his saddle resting his arms on his spear which lay across his thighs.

"They have underestimated us, and over-rated themselves. They thought we would stay at our fort like so many sheep in the fold, and now we have called their bluff. The arrogance of the Silures is their downfall this day."

There was a murmur of agreement. Guinner scratched his cheek and looked thoughtfully at the distant line of the enemy on the hill ahead.

"Then we have to destroy them quickly." Guinner spoke slowly and smoothly. He was indecisive, an outstanding character trait of a weak man.

Heylin One-Eye urged his horse forward.

"We must attack them quickly my Lord. When we have destroyed this party on the hill ahead, it will be King Theoderic who will be in the trap and not us. We will become stronger and push him down to Lands End and into the great western ocean."

There was a silence as Guinner sat on his horse and looked thoughtfully at the little army on the hill ahead of him. He had been persuaded to intrigue and plot with the Irish against his own kinsmen in Brittany, he had been persuaded to move out of his fortress hall to attack Constantine, or to break out past him. Now he was under pressure to launch an immediate attack up a fairly steep hill. There was something wrong and Guinner knew it. Constantine was one of the ablest Generals of Britain and yet here he was acting with apparent stupidity. If Guinner did not attack then he knew that he would be thought of as over cautious, foolish or even timid. Every instinct that he had, warned him to turn around and get back to his fortress and make the enemy come to him. If he did that however they would brand him as a coward. He sat silent unable to decide what he should do, and finally he spoke,

"I think it is a trap," his lips were dry and his voice sounded rather high and hoarse, "They may be arrogant but they are certainly not stupid. We are doing what they want us to do."

There was a stunned silence and his kinsmen glanced uneasily at each other, their mood of optimism temporarily shattered. Archan stepped down from his horse and walked over to Guinner.

"My Lord, there is no trap, that is what they want us to believe. If we had stayed at your halls, then we would indeed have been in the trap." He pointed up towards the hill where Constantine's small army stood. "It is we who have outwitted them, and now neither we nor they have any alternative." Guinner leaned down in his saddle and spoke urgently to his cousin.

"In God's name, can't you see what is happening. Constantine is a great General and a warrior and yet these are the actions of a military idiot. And there is an alternative - we can go back now while we still have time." Archan laid his hand on the bridle of Guinner's horse and spoke in a low urgent whisper.



A.T. Blackett 10.7.81

CONSTANTINE KING OF CORNWALL

Descended from King Euddav—Octavian 29th King of Britain. Close kinsman of King Arthur. A capable yet ferocious and utterly ruthless General. After King Arthur — son of Meurig, was wounded at Camlan he pursued the sons of Modred, chasing one into a church killing him, and then disguising himself as a Monk and waiting in another church to kill the second of Modred's sons when he entered, to seek sanctuary. King Arthur gave Constantine the crown when he was wounded knowing he could get it back easily, as Constantine was an older man of Arthur's grandfather and father's generations.

The descent of King Constantine is, King Euddav — then Cynan (which is Conan Meriadauc of Brittany) then Caden, then Eurmwr, then Tutwal then Cynfor then Constantine himself. His son was Erbin, King of Cornwall, who was followed by Geraint, his nephew who died in 562-3 A.D. (Sir Geraint of the Mabinogion, and other Arthurian Tales.)

KING CONSTANTINE WAS APPOINTED KING AFTER KING ARTHUR WAS WOUNDED, HE RULED AND TOOK REVENGE FOR HIS NEPHEW THE INJURED KING ARTHUR.

"Cousin, you do not inspire sufficient confidence in your followers for you to lead them back, and to convince them that this is the correct and wisest military tactic. You have to attack that hill and clear the way out to the East."

Guinner nodded sadly and straightened up in his saddle. He knew in his heart that he wanted to go back, and he knew that he the leader was being led again, as he had been all his life. He had always been swayed and influenced by the advice and opinion of others, leaning this way, and that way, like a leaf in a breeze. Guinner knew that it was too late now to show authority and firmness in this crisis. There should have been no speech-making in his halls, he should have been giving orders, directing the preparations for defence, strengthening the barricades, bringing in provisions. He knew that this was his one last chance to make a decision of his own, based upon his own judgement regardless of the opinion of others.

The moment passed and Guinner did what they wanted him to do.

"We will attack the hill, and sweep these invaders from our path." He spoke with the bogus firmness of a politician, converting his doubts and indecision into the actors rhetoric. "We will move up the hill slowly, in case they decide to charge down upon us, and so that we will not exhaust ourselves in getting to the top."

And so Guinner's army formed up at the foot of the hill. He placed a body of cavalry under his own command in the centre, flanked on either side by his spear-carrying infantry and two other groups of cavalry outside these foot soldiers to protect the wings. They were going to spread out very wide and to get around behind the enemy. The trumpets sounded and Guinner raised his spear high above his head and the army began to move slowly up the hill.

Up above, Constantine sat on his horse, which quietly grazed on the lush grass on the hillside, he watched the on-coming army of Guinner with dispassionate unconcern as if he was studying a shepherd with a flock of sheep. As the lines of men below began to move up the slopes, they began to spread out, and the lines began to bend and break up as they followed the uneven contours of the sloping ground. Constantine was waiting for the moment when Guinner's army would be moving of its own volition rather than being led. Then when the toiling lines of men below were about one-third of the way up the hill, he gave a gentle tug on the reins of his horse. Slowly and deliberately he turned the animal around to ride at a slow walk back over the crest of the hill. The entire cavalry force did exactly as their leader did and slowly wheeled their horses and rode quietly away over the crest of the hill. Most of the men below were too busy concentrating on the ground before them as they climbed slowly up the ever steepening slopes, but some here and there had seen what was happening above them. There were shouts and cries of triumph and exaltation and in a moment all control was lost. Men scrambled wildly to race to the top of the hill, knights and nobles on their horses frantically galloped their animals in zig-zag courses to be first to the top in pursuit of their fleeing enemy. What had been an orderly advance up the slopes of the hill now became a totally disorganized scramble to reach the top. Lord Guinner's whole army was strung out all over the slopes of the hill, infantry mixed with cavalry all in a great scattered rabble.

Guinner was frantic, as he realized that his people were in terrible danger, and he flogged his horse forward up the slopes to try to get ahead of the leaders to stop them. Others seeing their Lord urging his horse upwards took this for an example and the pandemonium on the slopes spread. The leading horsemen and infantry straggled exhausted and triumphant to the crest of the hill, confident of having driven their enemy from the battlefield. There a hundred and fifty yards ahead of them was the long line of the enemy still moving slowly away from them. The sight of this retreat was too much for the now over-excited and tired mob that was coming over the crest of the hill, and they charged off in pursuit. Then suddenly when they were spread out all over the uneven ground at the top of the hill, with more than half the army still toiling up the slopes below, without most of the charging pursuers realizing what was happening, the Silurian cavalry had suddenly wheeled about into a long line and was charging upon them. The long line of spears of the compact group of heavily armoured horsemen smashed down the scattered and now bewildered leaders of Guinner's forces. The cavalry charge ended near the top of the hill where they had been originally positioned, and then they wheeled about again and charged back in the direction from which they had come. As they rode back they slaughtered those stragglers and the wounded who had survived the first charge. Guinner had arrived at the top of the hill

away to the right of the main action. No-one seemed to have gone straight up the hill, as every man had raced for the easiest slopes and what looked to be the quickest ways up to the top. Men were still arriving at the top of the hill who had seen none of the opening battle from the slopes below. All they had heard was the sound of war cries and the screams of the wounded and dying mixed with the thunder of the horses' hooves. Now as they came up onto the more level ground above the steep slopes there were dead men and wounded down everywhere. Horses lay kicking and screaming in pain. Weapons lay scattered and broken, and here and there lay dismembered hands, arms, even heads. There was the stench of entrails and guts, the sweet smell of blood soaked into the dank earth, the horse manure and blood and sweat mixed with the camp fire smells. So, as the other parts of Guinner's army came up over the hill, they saw ahead of them the carnage of a battle. Ahead of them the enemy was retreating from the battle, or so it appeared. Once more reason was abandoned, and as Guinner's men came over the hill they rushed passed the fallen men and horses thinking that they had won a victory. There was now no resemblance of any organization or control whatsoever, and in the middle of the chaos that followed Guinner found himself riding forward with the others. Then the nightmare began all over again as with the disorganized soldiers of Guinner scattered over a wide area, advancing singly or in small groups, the heavy cavalry of Constantine turned and came charging back yet again. The compact mass of armoured horsemen did not gallop at breakneck speed without control, but came on at a well controlled, well organized gallop, moving ponderously as if in slow motion. Lord Guinner's men had no chance whatsoever and they began to turn and run, whilst here and there proud men stood and prepared to die.

Guinner himself did what he had done all his life. He remained undecided and in two minds whether to stand or run, and as a result he rode almost diagonally in front of the advancing line of spears. Suddenly the wall of steel and horsemen was upon him, and although he took a spearpoint upon his shield, his horse went down with a crash, sending him spinning from the saddle. The fall jarred every bone in his body, and he gasped for breath as he staggered to his feet. Even in his dazed condition he knew that they would have recognized him, and he thought that they would try to seize him as a valuable prisoner. Without warning there was a horseman towering over him, and Guinner looked up to see the evil mask of Constantine son of Cynfor. That was the last thing on this earth that Guinner was ever to see, as Constantine brought his battle axe swinging down with tremendous force in a gleaming perfect arc. The blow took Guinner on the right side of his neck, slicing down through his collar bones, ripping into his chest. He was dead before he slumped towards the ground, and as Constantine's war horse continued past him he was dragged along for several yards before the axe came free, tearing from the flesh and entangled chainmail armour. Constantine's armour and his horse, were splattered with Guinner's blood which had gushed and spurted from his terrible wound. The stench disturbed the animal, causing it to snort and toss its head in fear. Constantine turned his horse about and rode past the dead and the dying to where his soldiers had stopped at the edge of the top of the hill. A number of Guinner's men had been trapped on top of the hill by his cavalry and he called upon them to surrender. He told them that their Lord Guinner was dead, and that they must think of their wives and children and the future protection of their country against pirates and sea raiders. The whole gruesome mockery of a battle on the hilltop had lasted for about ten minutes. Some two hundred of Guinner's men laid dead or seriously wounded and another seventy were being forced to surrender. The majority of Guinner's fleeing army was scrambling down the lower slopes of the hill, where some of the senior warriors were attempting to regain control and to reorganise their ranks. The defeated remnant on the hilltop stood undecided, fearing the shame of defeat if they cast down their weapons, and unwilling to accept the certainty of death if they did not.

"Keep your weapons, it is not my wish that you surrender like women. There shall be no shame upon you this day." Constantine edged his horse forward as he called out his message. "There are wounded to be cared for and the dead must be given honourable burial."

There was a stunned surprise on both sides, for all men knew that Constantine was the great butcher. He was renowned as a man of no mercy, and the bards sang in the halls of the Kings of how he wallowed in blood and gore. The Prince Maurice rode up to his uncle, curious to know why a relatively large group of armed men should be allowed to retain their arms, whilst almost five hundred of their comrades were regrouping at the foot of the hill.

"Is it wise that you do this thing uncle?" asked Maurice, "For they still outnumber us."

Constantine grunted "Huh, we have killed a great many men today and for that we shall be hated for

a hundred years. By sparing these seventy and so granting their whole army its honour, they will actually thank us. Besides, I've just killed Guinner back over there." Constantine turned slightly in his saddle and waved his arm in the general direction of where Guinner lay dead. "There will be a need for a King in this area."

Maurice stared at his uncle and slowly a half smile spread over his face. "You have killed Guinner and now you claim the right to his kingdom."

Constantine looked at his nephew with his bland expressionless face showing none of his inner feelings. Only the glittering dark eyes gave any indication of the nature of the man.

"That I should be King and hold these lands here for our clan is exactly what I shall propose to the great King Theoderic your father."

Maurice nodded, "There is wisdom in what you say and we will no longer fear the loyalty of those who control this area."

Whilst these two chieftains had been speaking together the men who had been invited to tend their wounded and bury the dead, feeling themselves to be totally ignored, began to move quietly across the battle fields, doing exactly as Constantine had suggested. The two chieftains turned and rode to the crest of the hill. Down below what was left of Guinner's forces had discovered the loss of their leader, and they were beginning to move off back in the direction from which they had come.

"Shall we follow them?" Maurice asked his uncle.

Constantine did not even bother to turn his head, "No, there is no purpose in it. When they get back to Guinner's hall your father our King Theoderic will be waiting for them with two thousand men. He will offer them peace, hold a conference and tell them what wonderful men they are. How he admires them and what a rat Guinner the Two-faced was, and they will all finish up thanking him. He's very good at this sort of thing and he will be in a wonderful mood after having smashed up Fingar and his Irish on the beach and then having Guinner's army surrender to him, all in one day."

"What you mean is that he would be in such a good mood that he will agree to you being King in these southern parts." Maurice was laughing openly at Constantine allowing Guinner's army to surrender to his father when he might have claimed the victory himself. "They call you the wolf my uncle, but you are very largely a cunning fox."

"Ha! If you would learn the ways of the fox, then watch your father, Maurice my boy."

And they both sat watching as Guinner's defeated forces marched away into the distance to where King Theoderic lay waiting for them.

CHAPTER THREE

A CHILD IS BORN

That evening rain came again and the wind gusted through the trees and moaned around the hall of Guinner. Outside the victorious army of King Theoderic crowded into the out-buildings and pitched their tents against the stockade and beneath the trees below. These were hardy men used to discomfort and rain, and tonight they could stuff themselves on the meat of captured animals which the King had ordered to be slaughtered. Their war had been quick and easy and tomorrow they would be going home.

Up in the hall, justice had been dealt out. Fingar and the other Irish prisoners had been offered a clear alternative, that either they submit to their hair being tonsured and they swore upon oath that they would enter the church as monks for the rest of their days, or they would be killed instantly. And so the church received another fifty monks. King Theoderic had agreed and so had the other assembled princes that Constantine should be King in the South West. He would hold all the lands of Guinner, and none of Guinner's kinsmen or followers were to be harmed or dispossessed. The dead ruler had been condemned for leading his people into treacherous foreign alliances, contrary to all natural laws which should have bound him to his kinsmen in Britain. After all these delicate matters had been decided upon, and gifts had been made to the other princes and nobles on the expedition, King Theoderic stated that he was going to inspect his horses, and he motioned for his son Maurice to follow him.

The King and his son walked across the crowded yard through a fine drizzle, and crossed to the stables. These buildings were crowded with men and horses, and Theoderic simply glanced inside and walked on climbing the mound of earth that made up the rampart wall of the fortress. The sentries seeing the King and his son standing close to the stockade wall of the fortress, drew back away from them to afford the King privacy. The King looked out across the land under the rapidly darkening twilight of evening and pulled his heavy red cloak tightly about his neck.

"I'll swear that it rains more here than it does at home," said Maurice conversationally.

"Then you are going to get very wet tonight." replied his father grimly. "The wife of Guinner and the children are being taken to the monastery at Tintagel. You must tell everyone that you are desperate to return home to your beautiful new wife. Pick the most trustworthy and the bravest of your own followers and leave as soon as you can. You will go first to Tintagel and take the women and the children to your ship with all the speed that you can make. Do not stop for anyone or anything, and do not let the monks delay you with their holy arguments. Do not even tell your own men where you are going until you are outside these gates, my chaplain is familiar with this area and he will go with you to guide you."

"Why do we need to do this?" asked the prince shaking the rain from his mantle, and staring out into the gathering gloom.

"For God's sake, why do you think we educate you in law and teach you in the colleges. Guinner is dead and his wife and children inherit. The children can be handed over to the church to become monks but that still leaves the woman. If the wrong man gets his hands on her then he can claim Guinner's lands, and we will have another war. If Constantine gets her then I won't have any hold over him. So we must hold Guinner's wife. In that way Constantine will have to behave or we will marry her to someone else, and come against him if we have to. Take the woman to your uncle Gwrgan the Great he will know what to do."

The King turned away and walked down from the rampart heading back towards the great hall. Prince Maurice stared after his father for a few moments, and then he set off to round up his closest friends and the most able of his soldiers. Twenty minutes later he rode out of the fortress gates together with the King's chaplain and twenty-five armed men.

Later that evening when the meat had been eaten and the wine, the mead and the bragget had been passed around and drunk there was laughter in the hall at the haste of the Edling Prince Maurice to go his beautiful young wife. The Bards sang of the King's victory over Guinner deu-Vreuddwyd – Gorlois the Two Faced, and the defeat of Fingar. The atmosphere was one of rejoicing and festivity.