

ADDRESS TO THE HISTORICAL SECTION OF THE ANNUAL
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I am a second time called by the favour of the Institute to the presidency of its Historical Section in a part of the island which lies far away indeed from that in which I had the honour of holding the same office some years back. I held it then on a spot which still keeps its British name, in a land which our formal geography still acknowledges as part of the land of the Briton, a land from which, if the British tongue is fast passing away, it is passing away mainly through the immediate circumstances of our own day. I am now called to hold that place on a spot whose name speaks alike of Roman and of Teutonic victory, in a land to which Teutonic invasions once gave the name of the Saxon shore, and to part of which Teutonic settlement has given the more abiding name of the land of the East-Saxons. It seems a wide step from the land of the Silures, to the land of the Trinobantes, from Morganwg to Essex, from British Cardiff to Saxon Colchester. And yet there are points of connexion between the two lands and the two spots. Colchester has in its earlier days a privilege which is shared by no other city or borough of England. The first beginnings of its history are not to be found in British legend or in English annals; they are recorded by the pen of the greatest historian of Rome. It is in the pages of Tacitus himself that we read of the foundation of that veteran colony which, swept away in its first childhood by the revolted Briton, rose again to life, first to be emphatically the Colony of Rome, and to become in after days the fortress which the men of the East-Saxon land wrested by their own swords from the grasp of the invading Dane. But, in the very page in which he records the beginnings

of the Trinobantine colony, he brings that colony into a strange, and at first sight puzzling, connexion with movements in the far Silurian land. Later on in his Annals, he has to record the overthrow of the new-born colony, the first of all the sieges of Colchester. His narrative of that stage of British affairs brings in in its first clause a name which, in legend at least if not in history, is held to be preserved in the name of the greatest fortress of Morganwg. Before Tacitus can tell us how much Suetonius did in the east of Britain, he has first to tell us how little Didius had done in the west. Now this same Didius is, at least by a legendary etymology, said to have given his name to Caerdydd, the fortress of Didius, as a more certain etymology sees in the name of the town where we are met the name of the fortress of the Colony. If then there be any truth in the popular etymology of Cardiff, the beginnings of Cardiff and of Colchester must be dated from nearly the same time. And, even without trusting too much to so doubtful a legend, we at least find the land of the Silures and the land of the Trinobantes brought close together in our earliest glimpse of both. The foundation of a Roman colony in the east is directly connected in the narrative of Tacitus with patriotic movements in the west. And, as it was in the earliest days of which we have any record, so it was in the latest days which can be looked on as old enough to claim the attention of such a gathering as this. If the elder Colchester sank before the arms of Boadicea, the younger Colchester had to surrender to the arms of Fairfax. And then too warfare in the Silurian and in the Trinobantine land has to be recorded in the same page. In the royalist revolt of which the fall of Colchester was the last stage, no part of the island took a greater share than the land to check whose earliest revolt Colchester was first founded. When the royal standard was again unfurled at Colchester, it had but lately been hauled down at Chepstow ; it was still floating over Pembroke. And one of the fortresses of the land of Morganwg, one of the lowlier castles which surround the proud mound and keep of Robert Fitzhamon, saw perhaps the last encounter in that last stage of the civil war which even local imagination can venture to dignify with the name of battle. The

fight of St. Fagans does not rank in English history along with the fights of Marston and Naseby; and the siege of Colchester, with all its deep interest, military, local and personal, can hardly, in its real bearing on English history, be placed on a level with the siege of Bristol. Yet the siege of Colchester and the war in South Wales were parts of one last and hopeless struggle. The remembrance of its leaguers and skirmishes lives in local memory there as keenly as the last siege of Colchester lives in local memory here. And if the name of Fairfax may be bracketed in the East with the name of Suetonius Paullinus, in the West the name of Oliver Cromwell has left but small room for the memory of Aulus Didius.

I have then, I trust, done something to establish my point, on that side of it at least which is personal to myself, that there is a certain propriety in the course which this Institute has taken in translating me as it were from the Silures to the Trinobantes, from the *Caer* of Didius to the *Ceaster* of the Colony. But the historical connexion between the two districts in the earliest stage of the history of the two is as clear as it is strange. I am not going here to give you a history of Colchester or of Essex, or to dispute at large on points which will be more properly argued by other members than ruled by the President of the Section. I presume however that I may at least assume that Camulodunum is Colchester, and not any other place, in the kingdom of the East-Saxons or out of it. I feel sure that, if I had any mind so to do, my East-Saxon hearers would not allow me to carry the Colony of the Veterans up to Malton in Yorkshire; and I certainly cannot find any safe or direct road to guide them thither. I trust too that there may be no civil war in the East-Saxon camp, that no one may seek to wile away the veteran band from the banks of Colne to the banks of Panta. Maldon has its own glories: its name lives for ever in the noblest of the battle-songs of England; but I at least can listen to no etymologies which strive to give a Roman origin to its purely English name. Let more minute philologers than I am explain the exact force of the first syllable alike in Northumbrian Malton and in East-Saxon Maldon. Both cannot be contractions of Camulodunum; what one is the other

must surely be; one is the town, the other the hill, of whatever the syllable common to both may be taken to be. I at least feel no doubt that it is the town in which we are now met which has the unique privilege of having its earliest days recorded by the hand of Tacitus.

But if it is Tacitus who records the foundation of the Colony, it is not in what is left to us of his pages that we find our first mention of the name of Camulodunum. That unlucky gap in his writings, which every scholar has to lament, sends us for the first surviving appearance of the name to the later, but far from contemptible, narrative of Dio. Claudius crossed into Britain, and went as far as Camulodunum, the royal dwelling place of Cynobellinus. That royal dwelling place he took, and, on the strength of that and of the other events of his short campaign in the island which men looked on as another world, he enlarged the *pomærium* of Rome and brought the Aventine within the sacred precinct. Whether the royal dwelling place of Cynobellinus stood on the site which was so soon to become the Roman colony, I do not profess to determine. The Roman town often arose on a spot near to, but not actually on the British site. Roman Dorchester—if any trace of it be left—looked up on the forsaken hill-fort of the Briton of Sinodun. Roman Lindum came nearer to the brink of its steep hill than the British settlement which it supplanted. I do not pretend to rule what may be the date or purpose of the earthworks at Lexden.¹ All that I ask is that I may not be constrained to believe in King Coel's kitchen. But wherever the British settlement was, I cannot bring myself to believe that the site of the colony was other than the site of the present town. It was a site well suited for a military post, fixed on a height which, in this flatter eastern land, is not to be despised; it approaches in some faint measure to the peninsular position of Shrewsbury, Bern, and Besançon. On this site then the Colony of Veterans was founded while Claudius still reigned. When he had taken his place among the gods—Seneca to be sure had

¹ It has been suggested that the extensive earthworks to be seen at Lexden are part of a system which took in the site both of an older and a later Camulodunum, a system belonging to the

time of British resistance to Teutonic invasions. They would be a defence raised against the East-Saxons, as Wareham and Wallingford are defences raised against the West-Saxons.

another name for the change in him—the temple of the deified conqueror arose within the site which the Roman occupied to hold down the conquered people. And now comes the difficulty, the strange relation in which two such distant parts of Britain as Camulodunum and the land of the Silures appear in the narrative of Tacitus. The Iceni are subdued; the Cangi have their lands harried; the Brigantes submit. But in the East and in the West, by the banks of the eastern and of the western Colne, another spirit reigns. The Silures, the people of Caradoc, still hold out. Neither gentleness nor sternness will move them; nothing short of regular warfare, regular establishment of legionary camps, can bow those stubborn necks to the yoke. With a view to this warfare in the West, the Colony of Veterans is planted in the East. Some have therefore carried Camulodunum elsewhere—though assuredly matters are not much mended by carrying it into Yorkshire—others, more daring still, have sought to depreciate the authority of Tacitus himself. But, as I read the passage, though the connexion is perhaps a little startling, though the wording is perhaps a little harsh, the general meaning seems plain. In order that the legions and their camps might be more easily established among the threatening Silures, a feebler defence was provided for the conquered Trinobantes. As I understand the terse phrases of the historian, the legions were removed from the East for the war with Caradoc, and a colony of veterans was thought enough to occupy a land where little danger was feared. How little danger was feared, how thoroughly the land was held to be subdued, appears from the defenceless state of the colony eleven years after. The colonists lived at their ease, as if in expectation of unbroken peace. The town was unwalled; the only citadel, the “*arx æternæ dominationis*,” was the temple of the deified conqueror. The mission of the veterans was less to fight than to civilize their barbarian neighbours. They were sent there indeed as “*subsidiū adversus rebelles*”; but they were sent there also “*imbuendis sociis ad officia legum*.” Sterner work than this had to be done among the hills where Caradoc was in arms; but those who founded the unwalled colony

hardly dreamed that, before long, work no less stern was to be done there also. They little dreamed what feats of arms were to be done upon the Roman as well as by him, in the land which they had deemed so thoroughly their own that its capital hardly needed warlike defences against an enemy.

For eleven years the colonists lived a merry life, the life of conquerors settled upon the lands of their victims. The dominion of law which the veterans set up at Camulodunum did not hinder the conquering race from seizing the lands and houses of the natives, and insulting them with the scornful names of slaves and captives. Such doings are not peculiar to the dominion of the Roman; but it does say something for the Roman, as distinguished from the oppressors of our own day, that it is from a Roman historian that we learn the evil deeds of his countrymen. Tacitus neither conceals nor palliates the wrongs which led to the revolt of eastern Britain, as wrongs of the same kind still lead to revolts before our own eyes, as they always will lead to revolts as long as such deeds continue to be done. Crime was avenged by crime, as crime ever will be avenged, till men unlearn that harsh rule which excuses the wanton oppression of the tyrant and bids men lift up their hands in holy horror when his deeds are returned on himself in kind. Fearful indeed was the vengeance of the revolted Briton: but when he used the cross, the stake, the flame, against his oppressors, he was but turning their own instruments of civilization against themselves.

The tale is one of the most familiar, one of the most stirring, in that history of the former possessors of our island which so often passes for the history of ourselves. We see the British heroine, as we might now see some matron of Bosnia or Bulgaria, calling on the men of her race to avenge her own stripes, her outraged daughters, the plundered homes of the chiefs of her people, the kinsfolk of their king dealt with as the bondmen of the stranger. But we are concerned with Boadicea, her wrongs and her vengeance, only as they concerned the Colony of Veterans at Camulodunum. The tale is told with an Homeric wealth of omen and of prodigy. The statue of Victory fell backwards; strange sounds were

heard in the theatre and in the senate-house; frantic women sang aloud that the end was come. The men of the defenceless colony, and the small handful of helpers sent by Catus Decianus, guarded by no ditch or rampart, defended the temple of Claudius for two days till town and temple sank before the assaults of the avengers. So the first Camulodunum fell, in one mighty flame of sacrifice, along with the two other great settlements of the Roman on British ground. London, not adorned like Camulodunum with colonial rank, but already the city of ships, the place where, as in after days, the merchants of the earth were gathered, fell along with the veteran colony. So too fell Verulam, doomed again to arise, again to fall, and to supply out of its ruins the materials for the vastest of surviving English minsters. All fell, as though the power of Rome beyond the ocean was for ever broken. But their fall was but for a moment; the sword of Suetonius won back eastern Britain to the bondage and the slumber of the Roman Peace. The towns that the Briton had burned and harried again arose: a new colony of Camulodunum, this time fenced in with all the skill of Roman engineering, again grew up. It grew up to live on through four unrecorded centuries, carefully marked in maps and itineraries, but waiting for a second place in history till the days when Roman and Briton had passed away, when the Saxon Shore had become a Saxon Shore in another sense from that in which it bears that name in the Domesday of the tottering Empire.

The Roman then passed away from the Colony of Veterans, as he passed away from the rest of Britain. But in the Colony of Veterans he left both his works and his memory behind him. When I say that he left his works, do not fancy that I mean that he left the temple of Claudius behind him. On the grotesque delusion which mistook a Norman castle for a Roman temple I might not have thought it needful to waste a word. Only, when I was last at Colchester, I saw, written up in the castle itself, such names as "Aadytum," "Podium," and the like, implying that there was still somebody in Colchester who believed the story. Perhaps there was also somebody who believed that the earth was flat,

and that the sun was only a few miles from it. The scientific antiquary will give exactly as much attention to the one doctrine as the scientific astronomer will give to the other.¹ Of the two stories I should be more inclined to believe in old King Coel, in his fiddlers, and even in his kitchen. Yet I have come too lately from the Illyrian land, my mind is too full both of its past and of its present history, to let me believe that Helen the mother of Constantine was the daughter of Coel of Colchester. The strange likeness between the names of the river and the settlement, between the *Colne* and the *Colony*, accidental as it doubtless is, is, if not a puzzle, at least a coincidence. But King Coel will be at once sent by the comparative mythologist to the same quarters as Hellen and Romulus and Francus the son of Hector. Saint Helen, says Henry of Huntingdon, surrounded Colchester with walls. So she did many things at Trier which the last and most scientific historian of Trier has pulled to pieces in a way which must grievously shock some of his brethren. I trust that I shall not shock anybody in Colchester by disbelieving in old King Coel. I do not think that I shocked anybody in Exeter by declining to believe that, when Vespasian marched off to besiege Jerusalem, it was because he was bent upon taking some city, and had found Exeter too strong for him.

But the walls are there, whoever built them, the walls which, at some date between the invasion of Boadicea and the invasion of the first East-Saxon settlers, were raised to shelter the Colony. And even the legend of Helen may be taken as pointing to the age of Constantius and Constantine as the most likely time for their building. Those walls are, as far as I have seen, unique among the

¹ It marks how much some branches of knowledge lag behind others in their hold on the popular mind, that since the Colchester Meeting, there has actually been what is called a "controversy" about the date of Colchester Castle. That the castle is a Norman, and not a Roman, building is as certain, to use my old illustration, as that the earth is round and not flat. But when a man has a craze about natural science, it simply passes for a craze; when he has a craze on historical or philological matters, he gets a following, and we hear of a "con-

troversy," a difference of opinion where there is no room for controversy or opinion at all. That Colchester Castle is a building of Roman date, that the Cymry were so called from Cmri, king of Israel, that Alfred founded University College, are positions of exactly the same scientific value as the position that the sun is only three miles from the earth. When historical knowledge has gained the same position as astronomical knowledge, they will be treated in exactly the same way.

inhabited towns of Britain. Neither York nor Lincoln nor Exeter, nor even Chester, can boast of being still girded by her Roman walls in anything like the same perfection in which Colchester is. Nowhere else in Britain, save in fallen Anderida and Calleva, have I ever seen the line of the old defences so thoroughly complete. But unluckily it is the line only. While the circuit of the walls is so much more perfect than at York and Lincoln, the fragments which still remain at York and Lincoln have kept much more of their ancient masonry than can be found at Colchester. Still Colchester can show far more than can be seen at Chester, where, though the Roman lines are all but as perfectly followed by the later defences, little is left of the actual Roman wall beyond its foundations. As the abiding wall of a still inhabited town, the Roman wall of Colchester is, I repeat, unique in Britain. And a Roman wall I do not scruple to call it. In so calling it, I am far from meaning to rule that the whole circuit of the existing wall actually dates from the time of Roman occupation. I have no doubt that the lines are the Roman lines; I have no doubt that part of the wall is the actual Roman wall. But I have just as little doubt that it has been in many places patched and rebuilt over and over again; one great time above all of patching and rebuilding is recorded in the days of Eadward the Unconquered. But the wall has a higher historic interest, it becomes a more living witness of Roman influence, from the very fact that much of it is not actually of Roman date. This very fact shows, far more clearly, far more strikingly, how the arts and the memory of Rome lived on. Whatever be the date of any part of the walls, they are Roman; they are built *more Romano*. It is at Colchester as it is at Trier, as it is at Perigueux, as it is in a crowd of other places where the influence of Roman models had stuck deep. In places of this kind the Roman construction lived on for ages. Here in Colchester we have actual bricks of Roman date in the places where the Roman engineer laid them. We have bricks of Roman date used up again in the construction of later buildings. And we have bricks, not of Roman date but of thoroughly Roman character, made afresh at all times, at least down to the fifteenth century. Here, where brick and timber were of necessity the chief

materials for building, the Roman left his mark upon the bricks, as in some other parts of Britain he left his mark upon the stones. Northern England reproduced the vast stones of the Roman wall in a crowd of buildings built *more Romano*, with masonry of massive stones. With such stones again, no less *more Romano*, did Æthelstan rebuild the walls of Exeter. Here at Colchester Roman models were no less faithfully followed; but here the *mos Romanus* naturally took the form of brick, and to build *more Romano* meant to build with brick and not with stone. It meant to build with bricks, either taken from some Roman building or cast in close imitation of those which the Roman buildings supplied. In this sense the castle of Eudo Dapifer may be called a Roman building. So may the one tower of Primitive Romanesque to be found in Colchester, which, while other towers of its type are of stone, reproduces in material as well as in form the campaniles of Italy. So may Saint Botolf's priory, second only to Saint Alban's as an instance of Roman materials, not so much taught to assume new shapes as brought back to their true Roman use before Italy began her imitation of the arts of Greece. But the walls are Roman in a yet stricter sense than any of the other buildings around them. They are the old walls of the Colony, in many places patched, in some, we may believe, actually rebuilt. But they have undergone no change which at all destroys their personal identity. The wall is not an imitation, a reproduction, of a Roman wall; it is the Roman wall itself, with such repairs, however extensive, as the effects of time and of warfare have made needful. The walls of Colchester are Roman walls in the sense in which the walls of Rome are the walls of Aurelian.

We come then to a time when the walls of the Colony were still standing, but when the legions of Rome were no longer marshalled to defend them. Was there ever a time when those walls stood, as the walls of Bath and Chester once stood, as the walls of Anderida and Calleva still stand, with no dwelling-place of men within them? That question I will not undertake to answer. I think I remember that, in one of his scattered papers and lectures—when will they come together to make the History of the English Conquest of Britain?—the great master of

those times, the discoverer of early English history, told us that of all the towns of England there was none more likely than Colchester to have been continuously inhabited through British, Roman, British, and English days. If I am right in thinking that Dr. Guest said this, he doubtless had some weighty reason for saying it. I have not myself lighted on any direct evidence either for or against such a proposition. It is only in a very few cases that we have any direct evidence as to the fate of this or that particular town during the progress of the English Conquest. And of the circumstances under which the kingdom of the East-Saxons came into being we know absolutely nothing. The Chronicles are silent; no legend, no fragment of ancient song, is preserved to us by Henry of Huntingdon. We have nothing but a dry list of princes, and that given, as might seem at first sight, in two contradictory forms. We hear of Æscwine as the first founder of the East-Saxon settlement; we find his remote descendant Sleda spoken of as the first East-Saxon king. In this I see no contradiction. The story of the growth of Essex is doubtless much the same as the story of the growth of East-Anglia and of the two Northumbrian kingdoms. Several scattered Teutonic settlements were gradually united under a more powerful chief; he then deemed himself great enough, as the head of a nation and no longer the head of a mere tribe, to take upon himself the kingly title. Such was Ida in Bernicia; such, we may believe, was Sleda in Essex. But we have no trustworthy details of the East-Saxons and their kings till their conversion to Christianity in the beginning of the seventh century. We have no trustworthy mention of the town of Colchester till the wars of Eadward the Unconquered in the tenth. All that we can say is that the Colony on the Colne, like the Colony on the Rhine, kept its name. One was Colonia Camulodunum: one was Colonia Agrippina; but *Colonia* was name enough to distinguish either. Latin *Colonia* became British *Caer Collun*; and *Caer Collun* appears in every list as one of the great cities of Britain. British *Caer Collun* passed into English *Colneceaster*, with no change beyond that which the genius of the British and English languages demanded. In British and in English alike it remains the city of the colony.

From this preservation of the name I argue, as I argued elsewhere last year from the like preservation of the name of the sister colony of Lindum,¹ that, if Camulodunum ever was like Deva "a waste *chester*" it was only for a very short time. It became again an inhabited *chester*, a dwelling place of men, while the memory of its Roman rank was still living. It was not, as it was for instance at Isurium, where the Roman name had utterly passed away, and where its first English settlers, seeing and wondering at the Roman walls, turning them again to use as the shelter of a new settlement, but having lost all memory of their former name and history, had nothing to call them but the Old Borough. We may be sure from this that some considerable time elapsed between the overthrow of Roman Isurium and its new settlement as English Aldborough. I infer in the same way, from the fact that Lindum Colonia kept its name in the form of English Lincoln, that, if Lindum Colonia ever lay in the state of a waste *chester*, it was but for a very short time. It was settled again and named again while the memory of its old name and its old rank were still fresh. And I make the same inference in the case of Colchester, though with one degree less of certainty, because I must stand ready to have it thrown in my teeth that the town is called, not from the Roman colony, but from the river Colne. Here is a point on which each man must judge for himself. I cannot get over the succession of *Colonia*, *Caer Collun*, *Colneceaster*. I feel that it is awkward to say that the likeness of the name of the colony and of the river is purely accidental; it would be more awkward still to hint that the river may have taken its name from the colony. But the colony is a fact; the retention of its name is a fact; and, in the face of those facts, all that I can do is to leave the river to shift for itself.

It seems likely then that, whether Colchester was or was not continuously inhabited through all the revolutions of the fifth and sixth centuries, its time of desolation, if it had any, was but short. If it did not become the dwelling-place of Englishmen in the first moment of their conquest, it at least became the dwelling-place of Englishmen before its British and Roman memories were

¹ See *Macmillan's Magazine*, August, 1875, Art, "Lindun Colonia."

forgotten. But, as I just now said, of Colchester itself there is absolutely no mention in history between the days of Boadicea to the days of Eadward the Elder. All that I can find is a dark and mythical reference in the story of Haveloc as told by Geoffrey Gaimar. But we must not forget, even within the walls of the Colony, that Colchester is not the whole of the East-Saxon realm. Colchester is not a city; it has never been the seat of an independent bishopric. That was because another of the Roman towns which was overthrown by Boadicea, lowlier in rank in those early days, had, by the time that the East-Saxons embraced Christianity, outstripped the veteran colony. London, already the home of commerce before her first overthrow—again, under her new name of *Augusta*, the home of commerce in the later days of Roman power—was now, as an East-Saxon city, the head of the East-Saxon realm, again the home of commerce, the meeting-place of merchants and their ships. London, not Colchester, became the seat of the bishopric of the East-Saxons, and remained so till the strange arrangements of modern ecclesiastical geography gave Colchester a shepherd in the realm of Hengest.¹ But the very greatness which made London the head of the East-Saxon kingdom tended to part London off from the East-Saxon kingdom. Among the shiftings of the smaller English kingdoms, London seems to have held her own as a distinct power, sometimes acknowledging the supremacy of Mercia, sometimes the supremacy of Wessex, but always keeping somewhat of an independent being. She parts off from the main East-Saxon body; she carries off a fragment of it along with her, to become what we may call a free Imperial city, bearing rule, like Bern or Venice, over her *περιουκοι*, her *Untertanen*, the still subject district of the Middle-Saxons.² London therefore soon falls out of our special survey of the East-Saxon land. But the East-Saxon land can number within

¹ The creation of the new diocese of Saint Albans has taken away this singularly grotesque piece of geography. But Saint Albans is still, both historically and geographically, a strange centre for Essex.

² I have pointed out more than once that, as long as the county of Middlesex

has sheriffs—more strictly one sheriff, though the office is held by two men—who are neither chosen by the Middle-Saxons nor appointed by the Crown, but chosen by the citizens of a neighbouring city, Middlesex must be looked on as a district subject to London.

its borders not a few historic sites besides the towns which Boadicea overthrew. There is the battle-field of Maldon and the battle-field of Assandun; there is the wooden church of Greenstead where Saint Eadmund rested; there is Earl Harold's Waltham and King Eadward's Havering; there is Barking, where the Conqueror waited while his first tower was rising over London, where Eadwine and Morkere and perhaps Waltheof himself became the men of the stranger, and where Englishmen first bought back their lands at a price as a grant for the foreign King. The East-Saxon land has thus its full share among the great events of our early history; but the history of the kingdom itself, as a kingdom, fills no great place in our annals. Essex supplied no Bretwalda to bring the signs of Imperial dignity to London or Colchester as Eadwine brought them to York. After some flittings to and fro, Essex passed, like the other English kingdoms, under the supremacy of Egberht, and by the division between Ælfred and Guthrum, it passed under the rule of the Dane. It is in the great struggle of the next reign that Essex, and especially its two great historic sites of Colchester and Maldon, stand forth for a moment as the centre of English history, as the scene of some of the most gallant exploits in our early annals, exploits which seem to have had a lasting effect on the destinies of the English kingdom.

It was in the year 913, the thirteenth year of Eadward's reign, the year after he had taken possession of London and Oxford, that we hear for the first time of a solitary East-Saxon expedition. He marched to Maldon; he stayed there till he had built a fortress at Witham, and had received the submission of many who had been under Danish rule. This sounds like the emancipation of all Essex south of the Panta or Blackwater. Our next notice is nine years later, after Eadward and his sister, the Lady of the Mercians, had won back most of the central part of the island to English and Christian rule. We now again find Eadward carrying his sphere of operations into the East-Saxon land. He first fortified Maldon, the goal of his former march, the borough which seventy-three years later was to behold the valour and the death of Brihtnoth. But Colchester was still left in the hands of the enemy.

The next year the Danes again broke the peace ; and, during the whole former part of the year, fighting went on in central England between the Danes and the defenders of the various towns which King Eadward had already fortified. At Towcester, at Bedford, and elsewhere, the English defenders drove off the Danish invaders from King Eadward's new fortresses. Towcester was not yet surrounded by the stone wall which girded it before the year was out ; but the valour of its defenders, fighting, we may suppose, behind a palisade or rampart of earth, was enough to bear up till help came and the enemy was driven away. During all this stage of the campaign, the warfare seems to be purely local. The Danes attack, the English defend ; there is no mention of the King or of any royal army. Presently the tables are turned ; the local force of various English districts begins to attack posts which the Danes still held among them. And now comes our first distinct mention of warfare on East-Saxon soil. Colchester is still held by the enemy, Maldon is held by King Eadward's garrison. The tale cannot be so well told as in the language of the chronicle :--“ There gathered mickle-folk on harvest, either of Kent and of Surrey and of East-Saxons, and of each of the nighest boroughs, and fared to Colchester, and beset the borough all round¹ and there fought till they had won it and the folk all slew, and took all that there within was, but the men that there fled over the wall.” Colchester was thus again an English borough, won, as it would seem, by the force of a popular movement among the men of Essex and the neighbouring shires, without any help from the West-Saxon king. Then, in the same harvest, the Danes of East-Anglia, strengthened by wikinges from beyond sea, set forth to attack the English garrison in Maldon. In the words of the Chronicler, “ they beset the borough all round, and fought there till to the borough-folk there came more force from without to help them, and the host forsook the borough, and fared away from it ; and then fared the men after out of the borough, and eke they that had come to them for out to help, and put the host to flight, and slew

¹ Such I take to be the difference between “ ymbsæton ” which is said both of Colchester and of Maldon, as

distinguished from “ besæton ” which is said of Temsford.

of them many hundred either the *ashmen*¹ and others." Thus, of the two great points in the East-Saxon land, Colchester was won, Maldon was kept, and that without any help from the king. Local energy had done so much that, when shortly the Unconquered King came with his West-Saxon army, his march was little more than a triumphal progress. He came to Towcester; he girded the town with its stone wall, and received the submission of Northamptonshire. He marched to Huntingdon; he strengthened the fortress, and received the submission of the surrounding country. Then comes the fact which immediately concerns us here. That "ilk year afore Martinmas fared Eadward king with West-Saxons' fyrd to Colneceaster, and repaired the borough and made it new there where it tobroken was." Here then we have a distinct record of damage done and of damage repaired in the circuit of the walls of Colchester. Part of the wall was broken down in the siege, and the breach was repaired on the king's coming. It will be for some member of the architectural section to point out, if there be any means of knowing them, those bricks which were set in their place at the bidding of the founder of the English kingdom, and not by any earlier or later hand. If we can find the site of the breach which Englishmen made in winning Colchester from the Dane, Englishmen may look on that spot in the Roman wall with the same eyes with which all Europe looks on that spot in the wall of Aurelian where the newest bricks of all tell us where the army of united Italy entered her capital.

But the two great East-Saxon sieges of this memorable year have more than a local interest. They were the last warfare of the reign of the Unconquered King. After Colchester was won and Maldon saved, no sword was drawn against Eadward and his dominion. The rest of his reign is one record of submissions on the part of his enemies. At Colchester itself the men of East-Anglia and Essex, who had been under Danish rule, first bow to him; then comes the submission of the Danish host itself; then that of all Mercia; then that of all North Wales. The realm of the West-Saxon king now reaches to the Humber. Northumberland, Strathclyde, Scotland,

¹ The men of the ships, the vikings.

have as yet been untouched by his arms or his policy. But next comes the great day of all, the crowning-point of West-Saxon triumph, when the King of Scots and all the people of Scots, and Rægnold and Eadwulf's son, and all that were in Northumberland, Angles, Danes, Northmen, or any other, and eke the King of Strathclyde Welsh, and all the Strathclyde Welsh, bowed to Eadward at Bakewell, and sought him to father and lord. The fights on East-Saxon ground, the storm of Colchester, the defence of Maldon, had taught the whole world of Britain that Eadward and his people were not be withstood. The gallant gathering of the men of Essex, Kent, and Surrey had led to the establishment of an English kingdom bounded only by the Humber, of an English Empire bounded only by the Northern sea.

Thus two East-Saxon sites, one of them our present place of meeting, have won for themselves a foremost place in that struggle with the Dane which welded England into a single kingdom. And one of those sites joins again with a third whose name we have not yet heard to form another pair no less memorable in the struggle which gave the united kingdom of England into the hands of a Danish king. If the days of Colchester and Maldon stand forth among the brightest days of English victory, so Maldon and Assandún stand out among the saddest yet noblest days of English overthrow. Our last East-Saxon memory showed us the invading Dane flying from before the walls of Maldon; our next East-Saxon memory shows us the Dane victorious in the hard handplay, and the Ealdorman of the land dying in defence of the Saxon shore. The fight by the Planta, the fight where Brihtnoth fell, lives in that glorious battle-song which, were it written in any tongue but the native speech of Englishmen, would have won its place alongside of the battle-songs of ancient Hellas. The song is plainly local and contemporary; it comes straight from the soul of the East-Saxon gleeman of the tenth century. It is something to stand on the spot and to call up the picture of the valiant Ealdorman, lighting from his horse among his faithful hearth-band, marshalling his men in the thick array of the shield-wall, refusing to pay tribute to the wíking, and telling them that point and edge shall judge

between them. Then we see the dauntless three who kept the bridge, Wulfstan, Ælfhere, and Maccus—Wulfstan the Horatius, his comrades the Lartius and Herminius, of the fight in which the legend of the Tiber was repeated in sober truth by East-Saxon Panta. Yet among the crowds to whom the legends of distant lands are as household words, how few have ever heard the names of the true heroes of our own soil. Then Brihtnoth, in his "overmood," in his excess of daring and lofty spirit, allows the enemy to pass the water: then comes the fight itself, the Homeric exploits on either side; the death-wound of Brihtnoth and his last prayer; the dastardly flight of Godric on the horse of his fallen lord; the fight over the body of the slain chief; the self-devotion of the true companions who in death are not divided, as they lie "thegn-like" around their lord, their Earl and ring-giver. No tale is told with more spirit, no tale sets better before us that great feature of old Teutonic, and indeed of old Aryan, life, the personal and sacred tie which bound a man to the lord of his own seeking. But the men who fought on that day were Englishmen; the tongue in which their deeds were sung was English; their deeds are therefore forgotten, and the song which tells of them sounds in the ears of their children like the stammering speech of an unknown tongue.

But if the banks of Panta saw the glorious death of the local East-Saxon chief, the banks of another East-Saxon estuary saw, not indeed the death but the last struggle, of the champion, not only of Essex, but of all England. The fight of Maldon is handed down to us in the glowing strains of native song; the song which told of the fight of Assandún has perished: we have only feeble echoes preserved to us in the Latin pages of the historian who has kept so many such precious fragments, from the song of Anderida to the song of Stamfordbridge. As to the site of Assandún, I will not enter on any discussion; I think that no one will doubt about it who has been there. There is the hill on which Eadmund Ironside marshalled his army for the last battle, the hill down whose slope he rushed with his sword, as the faint echo of the ballad tells us, like the lightning-flash, leaving in his charge the royal

post between the Standard and the West-Saxon Dragon, and fighting hand to hand in the foremost rank of his warriors. We hear from the other side how the Raven of Denmark had already fluttered its wings for victory; but it was only through Eadric's treason—treason which no effort of ingenious advocacy can wipe out from the pages which record it—that Eadmund, in the sixth battle of that great year, found himself for the first time defeated. The spot which saw Cnut's victory over all England saw also a few years later his offering in his new character of an English King. Then arose the joint work of Cnut and Thurkill, the minster of stone and lime, whose material was as much to be noted in the timber land of Essex as the material of the wooden basilica of Glastonbury was to be noted among the rich stone quarries of Somerset. Of that minster the first priest was Stigand, the man who won his first lowly promotion at the hands of the Dane, and who lived to be hurled from the metropolitan throne at the bidding of the Norman,

But the East-Saxon land contains a memorial of those times more precious even than the memories of Maldon and Assandun, a memorial too which forms a special tie between Eastern and Western England. It was on East-Saxon soil, just within the East-Saxon border, on the spot to which the willing oxen draw the Holy Cross of Lutgaesbury from the place of its first finding in the West, that Tofig first cleared the wild forest, that he first reared the minster of Waltham in its earlier and lowlier form, and gathered round it a band of pilgrims and devotees who changed the wilderness into a dwelling-place of man. It was on that spot that Earl Harold, patron of the secular clergy in the most monastic period of our history, patron of learning in a day when the light of English literature seemed almost to have died away, enlarged the church and the foundation of Tofig. It was for the good of that spot that he sought in lands beyond the sea, in the kindred land with which England had exchanged so many worthies—the land to which she had given Ealhwine and whence she had received Old-Saxon John—for men to help him in the work which he had planned for the good of Waltham and of England. It was there that the doomed King,

marching forth to the great strife for his land and people, went to make his last prayers and to offer his last gifts, and it was there that, as men of his own day believed, he received that awful warning which led his faithful bedesmen to his last field, standing afar that they might see the end. It was there, in his own minster, that his bones, translated from their earlier South-Saxon resting-place, lay as the most precious among his gifts to the house which he had founded. And it was there, when his foundation had been changed to another form, when a choir in a new style of art had risen over his tomb, that the greatest of his successors, the first of a new line of English kings, lay for a moment by his side. The choir of Waltham has perished along with the choir of Battle; the place of Harold's tomb, like the place of Harold's standard, again lies open to the day; but if the East-Saxon land had nothing to boast of beside the unmarked spot where Harold and Edward met in death, that alone would place the shire where Waltham stands among the most historic shires of England.

Among his other possessions in all parts of England, Earl Harold held four houses in Colchester. This fact, I need not say, comes from the Domesday Survey, which tells us how those houses had passed away to the abbey of Westminster. The Domesday of Essex is very full, Essex being one of the three eastern shires of which we have only the first and fuller account, while in most of the other shires we have only the shorter form which is found in the first volume of the Exchequer Domesday.¹ Essex was one of those shires which came into the possession of the Conqueror, not indeed, like Sussex and Kent, immediately after the great battle, but immediately after the submission at Berkhamstead. Like Kent and Sussex, its men had been in their place in the battle, and it became subject to a confiscation only less sweeping than that of Kent and Sussex. We do not find in Essex, as we do in many other shires, either one or two English landowners still keeping great estates, or a whole crowd of them keeping smaller estates. A few entries of English names

¹ The discovery of the "Inquisitio Comitatus Cantabrigiensis," lately published by Mr. N. E. S. A. Hamilton,

gives another shire, of which we have both the fuller and the abridged account.

towards the end of the record are all. We hear of no revolts in Essex after the coronation of William; the strength of the shire, like the strength of Kent and Sussex, must have been cut off on Senlac, and no foreign prince offered himself as deliverer to the men of Essex as Eustace of Boulogne offered himself to the men of Kent. Still there must have been some confiscations in Essex later than the time of the redemption of lands, for the penalty had fallen on one of the very commissioners by whom the redemption was carried out.¹ Engelric, who must have played much the same part in Essex which Thurkill played in Warwickshire and Wiggod in Berkshire, as the Englishman who, by whatever means, rose high in William's favour, had fallen from his high estate before the Survey was made. Another man, English by birth though not by descent, Swegen the son of Robert, who took the name of the shire as a surname, he whose father had stood by the death-bed of Eadward and had counselled William on his landing to get him back to his own duchy, still keep great estates; but he had lost his office of Sheriff. Most of the familiar names of the Conquest appear in Essex as well as elsewhere; but the East-Saxon shire enjoys a singular privilege in not having had an acre of its soil handed over to the Conqueror's rapacious brother, Count Robert of Mortain. But Bishop Odo is there, and Count Alan, and the Count of Eu, and William of Warren and Hugh of Montfort, and many another name of those who found their reward in almost every shire of England. Among the names specially connected with the district stand out Geoffrey of Mandeville, father of a line of East-Saxon Earls, Ralph Baynard whose name lives in London city, and the names specially belonging to Colchester, Hamo and Eudo. Of Colchester itself the record in the Survey is one of the fullest among the boroughs of England. It ought to be fully illustrated by some one who, to minute local knowledge, adds the power of comparing what the Survey tells us about Essex and Colchester with what it tells us about other shires and boroughs. A general historian from a distance cannot do this; a dull local antiquary cannot do it; it needs a man on the spot who knows the ins and outs of the land,

¹ See *History of the Norman Conquest*, vol. iv., pp. 26, 725.

but who also understands historical criticism and who knows something of other parts of England as well as of his own.

The Survey gives us no such precious notices of the municipal constitution of Colchester as it gives us of the municipal constitution of Lincoln, Cambridge, and Stamford. Colchester had been held by the Danes; but they had been driven out too soon and too thoroughly to allow of the formation of a patriciate of Danish *lawmen*. Nor do we find any such curious notices of municipal matters as we do at Nottingham and Chester. But we see the burgesses of Colchester already forming a recognized body, holding common lands, and claiming other common lands as having been unjustly taken from them. We specially see them holding the land for a certain distance round the walls. The walls are thus distinctly recorded in the Survey; but there is no mention of the castle. There is therefore no entry of the destruction of houses to make room for the castle, such as we find in many other English towns. A long list is given of English burgesses who kept their houses, followed by a list of possessions within the borough which had passed into the hands of Norman owners. Among these, of course, appear the *Dapiferi*, Eudo and Hamo, and about the latter there is an entry of special interest which I trust will be thoroughly explained by some one who has local knowledge. Hamo, besides a house, had a "curia," a rare word whose use here I do not fully understand. And whatever Hamo held had been held in the days of King Eadward by his English *antecessor* Thurbearn. When I was last at Colchester, I was shown a building of Romanesque date which was oddly described as "Hamo's Saxon hall or curia." Why the hall of Thurbearn, if such it was, should be specially marked as a hall more Saxon than any other in this Saxon land is quite beyond my understanding. But I should greatly like to know what is really meant by the "curia" of Thurbearn and Hamo, and what ground there is for identifying it with this particular building. The first entry of all is also one of a good deal of interest, as marking the subdivision of property in Old-English times. The houses and other property of Godric—one of the many bearers of one of the commonest of English names—had

been divided among his four sons. They had died on Senlac, or had otherwise brought themselves under the displeasure of the Conqueror. Of the four parts of Godric's property the King held two; Count Eustace had the third, and John the son of Waleran the fourth. The church of which Godric was patron had passed whole to Count Eustace; but his mill—a most important possession, and one always most accurately noted in the Survey—was carefully divided.

Another point to be noticed in the Survey of Colchester is that the borough had clearly been, before the coming of William, allowed to make a money composition for military service in the *fyrð*. In many towns Domesday records the number of men which the town was to find when the King made an expedition by sea or land. Instead of this we find at Colchester a payment of sixpence from each house for the keep of the King's *soldarii* or mercenaries, that is doubtless the housecarls. It is possible that we have here the key to the fact that so many English burgesses of Colchester remained undisturbed by the Conqueror. The borough, as a community, had served King Harold, not with men but with money. It would have been hard even for the astuteness of William's legal mind to turn this payment of a customary royal due, the last payment of which might actually have been made while Eadward was still alive, into an act of constructive treason against the Norman claimant of the crown. The community then, as a community, was guiltless, and fared accordingly. But volunteers from Colchester, as well as from other places, had doubtless flocked to the Standard of the Fighting Man; and they, whether dead or alive, paid the forfeit of their patriotism.

Here is a point which touches the general history of England. There are other curious entries with regard to the customs of Colchester which I leave to local inquirers to expound to us. I pass to the Ecclesiastical history. The Survey mentions several churches; but there clearly was no great ecclesiastical foundation, either secular or religious, within the walls of Colchester. The two religious foundations which have given Colchester an ecclesiastical name arose after the taking of the Survey

and beyond the ancient walls. They arose on the south side of the town, the side away from the river, a fact which accounts for the way in which the inhabited town of Colchester has spread itself. While on the northern side void spaces have arisen within the walls, houses have grown on the south side round the priory and the abbey, covering a large space which lies outside alike of Roman Camulodunum and of Old-English Colchester. The great abbey of Saint John, the foundation of Eudo, rose on a height opposite that on which the town itself stands; the priory of Saint Julian and Saint Botolf rose between the heights on the low ground just below the hill of Camulodunum. The history of Eudo's foundation is told in a document in the Monasticon, which in all points bearing on general history is highly mythical. Eudo's father, Hubert of Rye, is a well-known man, he who sheltered William on his perilous ride from Valognes before the fight of Val-ès-dunes. But the embassies on which Hubert is sent between William and Eadward simply take their place among the Norman legends of the Conquest. There is also a very mythical air about the extraordinary importance in securing the succession to William Rufus, which the local story assigns to Eudo. We may however accept the purely local parts of the tale. Eudo's special position at Colchester, by whatever name we are to call it, appears in the story as the gift, not of William the Great but of William the Red. This at once falls in with the absence of all mention of the castle in Domesday. The castle was not one of the castles of the Conqueror; it was clearly a work of Eudo, a work dating from the reign of the second William, and not the first. That vast pile, so widely differing in its outline from the towers of London and Rochester, will doubtless find its exponent in the course of this meeting, though the great master of military architecture is not among us.¹ The abbey again gives us in its last days one of the ties which connect the East of England and the West. John Beche, the last Abbot of Colchester, was one of the three prelates who refused to betray their trust. He was a

¹ Mr. Clark was needed very much; but Mr. Parker's exposition was quite enough as against the Roman craze.

sharer in the martyrdom of Richard Whiting on the Tor of Glastonbury.

The great Benedictine abbey began in the later days of Rufus; the priory of Austin canons began a little later in the early years of Henry the First. It boasted the Lion of Justice himself among its benefactors, as appears by his charter dated while Queen Matilda and Bishop Robert Bloet of Lincoln were still living. The abbey, like that of Shrewsbury, arose on a spot where had stood the wooden church of the English priest Sigeric. Of the material of the new building the local history does not speak; the foundation stones whose laying it records are quite consistent with a superstructure of brick. Saint Botolfs, we all know, is built *more Romano, more Camuldunensi*, of bricks which are none the less Roman, even if some of them may have passed through the kiln in the twelfth century. So it is with Eudo's castle also, though there brick is not so exclusively the material. The colony, like its metropolis, remained in all ages and under all masters emphatically a city of brick, and happily no one has been found to change it into a city of marble.

I have now reached the point at which I commonly find it expedient to bring discourses of this kind to an end. I do not often attempt to carry on my comments on local history beyond the stage where local history, for the most part, becomes purely local. I commonly make it my business in any district to show what were the contributions of that district to the general history of England, what part it had in building up the English kingdom and nation. The purely local history, municipal, ecclesiastical, genealogical, or any other, belongs, not to me, but to those who have a special interest in the particular district. Such local history is sure always to supply some matter for which the general historian is thankful; but it is hardly the business of the general historian to seek it out for himself. He accepts it with all gratitude at local hands, and then makes use of it for his own purposes. But at Colchester I must follow another rule, as in some degree I did at Exeter. The place of Exeter in English history would be imperfectly dealt with, if we did not bring the entry of

William the Conqueror into its obvious contrast with the entry of William the Deliverer. So at Colchester I cannot bring myself to stop at the days of William the Red. I must leap over a few centuries. To many the scene which the name of Colchester first calls up will be the scene which followed the last siege, the day when Lucas and Lisle died on the green between the Norman castle and the Roman wall. I have already pointed out that there is, in some sort, an analogy between the beginning and the ending of Colchester history, between the warfare of Boadicea and the warfare of Fairfax. It is hardly allowed to me here to speak as freely of Fairfax as I can of Boadicea. Of Eudo the Dapifer I can perhaps speak more freely than of either. The strife of the seventeenth century is so closely connected with modern controversies and modern party-feelings that it cannot be made purely archæological ground like the strifes of the first century or of the eleventh. I perhaps need hardly tell you that my own personal feelings go with the cause of Fairfax, though I trust that I am fully able to understand and to honour all that was good and highminded and self-sacrificing on the side of his enemies. But in summing up the last stage in the long life of this historic town, I must call attention to one or two obvious facts which are apt to be forgotten in forming an estimate of that great piece of local history. Remember then that the warfare of which the siege of Colchester forms the last, and the most striking scene, was a warfare wholly distinct from the earlier warfare of Edge-hill and Naseby. Colchester was not a fortress which had held out for the royal cause ever since the royal standard was first upreared at Nottingham. During the whole of the first war, Colchester and Essex were hardly touched. The men of Colchester were strong for the Parliament, and they had shown their zeal, a little too fiercely perhaps, against their royalist neighbours at the abbey. The royalist movement of 1648, alike in Essex, in Kent, and in South Wales, was in the strictest sense a revolt, a rising against an existing state of things. Whether that revolt was to be praised or to be condemned I will not argue here; all that I insist on is the plain fact that the enterprise of the Earl of Norwich and Lord Capel was not

a continuation of the war which began at Nottingham, but a wholly new war of their own levying. Before Colchester was besieged by Fairfax, it had in truth to be besieged, though only for a moment, by those who presently became its defenders. Again be it remembered that, in the execution of Lisle and Lucas, Fairfax went on perfectly good technical grounds. They had been prisoners of war, and had given their word of honour never again to serve against the Parliament. I am far from insisting with any undue severity on the obligations of such promises as this. It is a question of casuistry whether such a purely military promise should or should not keep a man back from an enterprise to which he deems that loyalty or patriotism calls him. But, as a matter of military law, his life is fairly forfeit; the man who has been set free on certain conditions cannot complain if the sternest measure is meted out to him when he breaks those conditions. The military justice of Fairfax touched those only whose breach of military honour had fairly brought them within its reach. The escape of Norwich, the execution of Capel—Capel, a man worth Norwich, Lucas, and Lisle all put together—were the work of another power in which Fairfax had no share. Whatever may be thought of the political or personal conduct of either of the two lords, there was no stain on their military honour. The General therefore did not take on himself to judge men who, whatever they were in the eye of the law, were on the field of battle entitled to the treatment of honourable enemies. But, “in satisfaction of military justice,” he let the laws of war take their course on men who, whatever may be pleaded in their behalf on other grounds, had, by the laws of war, lost all technical claim to honourable treatment.¹

One point more there is which brings the last siege of Colchester into direct connexion with earlier times, and which I may therefore plead as a further excuse for carrying my story on into days which I seldom venture to touch. The site of Saint John’s abbey, the house of Lord Lucas within or close to its precinct, play an important part in the siege. The gateway, occupied by

¹ The case of Lucas and Lisle has been fully gone into by Mr. Clements
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Markham in the *Fortnightly Review*,
September, 1876.

the insurgents, was stormed by the parliamentary forces, and doubtless whatever other remains of the abbey were left at the Dissolution, now perished. Saint Botolf's too, standing immediately between the batteries of the besiegers and the walls of the town, was exposed to the fire of both sides, and became in that siege the ruin which we now see it.

I have now brought my tale, and that by somewhat of a bound in its last stage, to the latest point which can well come within the consideration of the present meeting. I have tried to sketch out the chief grounds on which the shire of Essex, and, above all, the town of Colchester, are entitled to a high place among the shires and towns of England. It is for others, with more of local knowledge, to fill up that sketch in detail. I trust that among our members men will be found to do justice to every part of the local history, above all in those five centuries over which the President of the Section has ventured to pass with a bound. I have exhausted nothing; I stand in the way of no one who has specially mastered any portion of East-Saxon history. In the days of Boadicea and in the days of Fairfax I may even be deemed an intruder. But I am no less ready to invite every help, to welcome every light, on the times in which I may say that I myself have lived. That I have lived in those times makes me know, perhaps better than other men, how much there is still to be found out, how many things in them there are that to me at least are grievous puzzles. The greatest of English scholars, once a dweller in the East-Saxon shire, has made the history of the Holy Cross of Waltham plain to all men. But we still need a worthy commentator on the Song of Maldon. Even in those parts of the tale at which I have specially worked, I feel, better perhaps than others, how much I have left uncertain, how much there still is for others to fix by the light of sound and sober historic criticism. But, in any case, there is no part of the isle of Britain in which one who has lived in the tenth and eleventh centuries feels more at home than within the walls which felt the repairing hand of Eadward the Unconquered, in the land which beheld the exploits and the death of Brihtnoth, the land where Eadmund fought the last fight of the year of battles, the land where Harold

knelt before the relic which was brought from the green hill of Montacute, the land to which he himself was borne from the craggy hill of Hastings. It is something that the hero of England should be in this way a common possession of the three branches of the great Saxon colony, that the Saxon of the West, the South, and the East, should be all bound together, as by a threefold tie, by the presence among them in life or death of the last king of the old stock, the king who died on Senlac and who no longer sleeps at Waltham.