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Monday, 7 November, 1910.

The Rev. Dr STOKES, President, in the Chair.

Mr ARTHUR GRAY read the two following papers.

I. ON THE LATE SURVIVAL OF A CELTIC POPULATION
IN EAST ANGLIA.

It was once an axiomatic belief of historians of the English Conquest of Britain that that conquest resulted in the practical extirpation of the Celtic peoples whom the invaders found in occupation of the island, at least in its southern and eastern parts. For such a belief there are many natural grounds. Not least is that national pride in the name of Englishman, and that consequent conviction of the purity of English blood and the masterful qualities of the English race which very noticeably colour the writings of such otherwise trustworthy historians as Freeman and Green. And in this belief that the British race was practically exterminated throughout wide stretches of once British ground historians were supported by sounder and less sentimental considerations. On that race, if it survived under English dominion, a silence descended which is broken by no reference in the pages of that history which is most nearly contemporary with the age immediately succeeding the conquest. The wrecks of the material civilisation of Rome, the waste "chesters" and abandoned walls of its legionaries, were a perpetual reminder to Baeda and the Anglo-Saxon chroniclers that in the land which they called by their name and recognised as their own by conquest the English had been preceded by a race mightier in war and more skilled in the arts of peace than themselves. But of British arts, of British law, of British Christianity in the conquered lands they either know nothing or have nothing that they deem worth telling. The impression left by the silence of antiquity seemed to the historian to be confirmed by the lack of any evidence pointing to the

perpetuation of the Celtic language or Celtic civilisation in the English area after the English conquest. Anglo-Saxon craftsmanship owed something to ancient Rome, nothing to the Briton. The dialects of Eastern England have borrowed much from the Dane: the language of Wales has left them hardly a recognisable word. And the most overwhelming evidence of the practical obliteration of the Celt throughout Eastern England is to be found in its place names. Here and there an important Roman centre survived as a "chester" or a "coln" into Saxon times. Here and there a "vicus" passed on its name, as a "wick," to the isolated home of an English settler. The rivers and the wastes, the deserted hill-fort and the burial mound of the earlier race might keep the name by which they were known to the Briton, and perhaps to the Briton's predecessor in the land, but from the habitations of man the British name might seem wholly to have passed away.

Yet for evidence of such complete extirpation of the conquered we shall search in vain the records of those writers whose day most nearly approached the English invasions. Once only do we hear of the wholesale massacre of Britons. It was when, in the words of the Chronicle, "Aelle and Cissa beset Andredesceaster and slew all that dwelt therein: there was not one Briton left." The horror of the event stands out of its bald context as something unique. What was possible within the walls of a captured stronghold was not possible in the field, the fen or the forest. Gildas the Wise, from whom alone we draw our knowledge of the fate of the Welsh people after the English conquest—for Baeda merely echoes his words—gives us indeed a grim picture of the savagery of the English, but he lays no such unredeemed blood-guiltiness to their charge. He says:

"Of the wretched survivors some were caught in mountains and butchered in heaps. Others, famine-stricken, came and gave themselves up to their enemies to be their slaves for ever: to be spared from slaughter was matter to them of deepest gratitude. Some, with loud laments, sought homes beyond the sea. Others in mountains and hills,

amid beetling crags or entrenched in deep forests and rocky isles, beset with terror and suspicion, yet persisted in their faith (*credentes perstabant*) in the land of their fathers."

The picture is drawn in lurid colours, yet I hope to show that it accurately portrays the lot of the British survivors in our own East Anglia and its adjacent shires, and that not only in the times of which Gildas writes but for some five centuries afterwards. The materials which I have to offer you are necessarily slight, but the facts, such as they are, give us a definite and consistent picture. In that picture the Welshman, as he was called by his East Anglian or Mercian conqueror, appears as the prædial serf whose life is almost inestimably cheap in the sight of the thane who is his proprietor, as the brigand of the forest or the squalid savage of the fen. And, far down into the Saxon age, we shall find him retaining his Welsh speech, and, more wonderful still, retaining, as Gildas tells us, relics of British Christian faith, though that faith seemed to his converted conquerors little better than the heathenry from which they had themselves been redeemed by Augustine and his followers. And in legend and tradition I shall endeavour to show that he still joined hands with his brethren in Wales and Cornwall and even in distant Brittany. I need not tell you that I shall not find the evidence of this in record that deserves the name of History. The scattered fragments of the Welsh people in Eastern England have no place in History; politically they do not exist. The Christianised Saxon regarded his British co-religionist with simple abhorrence. His creed to Baeda¹ was "impiety," and, as missionary effort was wasted on the Welsh survivors in English lands, he drops out of Ecclesiastical History. Nor will Welshmen be mentioned as owners or witnesses in land charters, for the essential condition of their survival was that they were landless and negligible. The witness to their existence as serfs or outlaws in the Eastern lands which had once been their own is to be gathered mainly from monkish story, from romance or the mythical borderland of History. I do not think that the value of the evidence is much diminished by the

See his account of the battle of Carlegion, *Eccl. Hist.* ii. 2.

circumstance that for the most part it is embedded in fiction. The gleeman and the monastic *raconteur* were bound by the same conditions as a modern novelist. They will not, as Horace says, paint a dolphin in the woods, nor will they introduce Welshmen into their tale in places and at times which their hearers cannot credit.

The first evidence which I shall offer you of this survival of a Welsh-speaking population in Eastern England relates to Crowland, which is in the Lincolnshire fens, and it comes from the life of Saint Guthlac, told by Felix of Crowland, who lived in the first quarter of the eighth century¹. Felix tells us that Guthlac retired to an anchorite's hold at Crowland soon after the year 700, and there made his abode in a tumulus which had been excavated by treasure-seekers. His settlement in the heart of the Fens was much resented by the indigenous population, who happened to be devils, and, to show their displeasure, they practised on him such practical jokes as suggested themselves to their devilish natures. To a saintly man, who knew both and liked neither, the distinction between a Welshman and a devil was not very appreciable. Even to less pious characters such as Dame Quickly and Sir John Falstaff the affinity was obvious: a "Welsh devil" was an expression familiar to the one, and the other thought it the most natural thing in the world for a fairy to talk in the dialect of Sir Hugh Evans. But the devils of Crowland had none of the usual characteristics of devils—horns, tails, talons and goat-feet. On the contrary, they had all the appearance of degraded savages—great heads, lean necks, blubber lips,

¹ Felix says that Guthlac was descended from the ancient stock of the Icelings, the royal family of Mercia. But he also tells us that his father's name was Penwall, or Penwalh, which looks like Welsh. Sir John Rhys (*Celtic Folklore*, p. 676) takes it to mean "Wall's End," i.e. a man who lived at a place called Wall's End, and he surmises that the royal Mercian race, with its un-English names, Pybba, Penda, Peada, was of Brythonic or Welsh origin. Baeda mentions a place Pean-fahel, which he says was at the western end of the last-built of the Roman walls in Britain. Mr Chadwick, however, regards the first element as Saxon and identical with the name Penda; the second being the same as in Cenwalh, the name of a Wessex king: but even so "walh" can hardly be other than *Wealh*, a Briton. If Guthlac's father was Welsh we can the better understand how he came to be acquainted with the Welsh tongue.

ragged hair and beards, bow legs and teeth like horses' teeth. One of the exploits of these devil-savages is told thus by Felix :

"Now it happened in the days of Coenred, king of Mercia, when the Britons, the deadly foes of the Saxon race, were disturbing the English people by their raids and widespread devastations, that one night, about cock-crow, Guthlac of blessed memory was applying himself to prayers and vigils, and was overcome by a dreamy slumber, when he fancied that he heard cries of some disorderly mob. In a moment he awoke from his light sleep, and went out of the cell where he was sitting. There he stood listening intently and caught words of the common people, and saw some bands of Britons approaching his dwelling. For in the course of his former life he had been in exile among the Britons so long that he was able to understand their strident speech. He hastened over the marshes towards his abode, and almost at the same instant saw all his house enveloped in flames, and the Britons, intercepting his approach, began to poise in the air their sharp-pointed darts. Then the man of God, perceiving the craft of the Fiend in assuming a thousand artful shapes, as with a prophetic voice struck up the first verse of the sixty-seventh psalm, 'Let God arise.' On hearing which in a moment the troops of demons vanished from his face like smoke¹."

From saintly legend I pass to the gleeman's Lay of Havelok, and again the scene is in Lincolnshire. Professor Skeat, in the preface to his edition of the English poem on the subject (published by the Early English Text Society) remarks that there can be little doubt that the story of Havelok has come down from Anglo-Saxon times. It exists in various versions, French and English, which differ in respect of the names and incidents introduced in them. All are unhistoric but introduce personages purporting to be historical, and in all the scene is laid in Anglo-Saxon England. Professor Skeat says (Preface, p. xxxiv.) "My theory is that the Lay of Havelok is the general result of various narratives connected with the history of Northumbria and Lindsey (Lincs.) at the close, or possibly at the beginning, of the sixth century, gathered round some favourite Lincolnshire tradition as a nucleus." According to a French version of the tale, told by Gaimar about the year 1135, Havelok was son of Gunter, king of Denmark, who was slain by his rival, Hodulf. Hodulf then usurped the throne and ordered a fisherman, named Grim, to murder Havelok.

¹ p. 29, ed. Birch.

Instead of obeying his orders Grim escaped with Havelok, sailed to England, and landed at the place called after him Grimsby. There Havelok was brought up in the belief that he was Grim's son, and together they followed the calling of fishermen. After twelve years Havelok goes out to seek his fortune and becomes a scullion in the kitchen of king Alsi, who held his court at Lincoln and ruled over Lincoln, Lindsey, Rutland and Stamford. King Alsi, though his name is unquestionably Saxon, is represented as a Briton by race¹. Havelok was treated with derision by his fellow servants. As Gaimar says:

"For a fool they all took him,
And sport they made of him.
Cuaran they called him;
For thus call the Britons
A cook in their language."

And so it happens that in some versions the Havelok story became the Lay of Curan, and from the 16th century English ballad of Curan and Argentille the name descended to Curan whom Shakespeare introduces as a servant about the court of the British king Lear. I am not concerned with the derivation of the name, which Professor Skeat regards as genuinely Celtic. I may note however that Chaucer in *The House of Fame* (1208) introduces "the Bret (*i.e.* Welsh) Glascurion," as a harper, in the distinguished company of Orpheus and Arion; also that a Danish chief, Anlaf Cwirān, is mentioned in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, *anno* 949, and is probably identical with the Northman Anlaf who fought against king Athelstan at Brunanburh and then returned to Dublin. The whole tale of Havelok from the historical standpoint is a welter of confusion, but the names which it brings in are Anglo-Saxon or Danish, not British, and historical fact is so far respected that a Dane is found at Grimsby and a Danish king in Norfolk. So there may be a genuine historical significance in the appearance at Lincoln among Teutonic surroundings of a British speaking people and a British king.

¹ In the English Lay instead of king Alsi it is an earl Godrich who rules at Lincoln. In this version the name Cuaran does not occur.

My next evidence is from a story which is most familiar to us in the version of it which Chaucer makes his Man of Lawes Tale. Chaucer drew the story from the French chronicle of Nicholas Trivet¹, written about 1384, and Trivet says that he got it from "the ancient chronicles of the Saxons." Of course there is nothing about it in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, but I take it that Trivet's source, so far as the story connects itself with England, is not the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, but some old tale dating from Anglo-Saxon times: indeed there is hardly equivocal evidence in his story that such was the fact². The scene of the English part of Trivet's tale is laid on the shore of the Humber—whether on the Yorkshire or Lincolnshire side does not appear—where Elda, a Saxon, is warder of a castle belonging to Alle, the king of Northumberland. King Alle is evidently to be identified with Aelle, who, according to the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, was king of Northumbria from 560 to 588, and is familiar to us in Baeda's story of St Gregory and the English slaves in the market-place of Rome. According to the story of Trivet and Chaucer, Constance, daughter of the Emperor of Rome, is set afloat by herself in a ship which at last is driven ashore close to Elda's castle. There she converts to the Christian faith Hermengild, wife of Elda. By her prayers Hermengild is enabled to restore sight to a blind Christian Briton, who lives near the castle among pagan Saxons. Chaucer's development of the story is interesting. He says that "the christianitee" of the old Britons had taken refuge from the heathen conquerors in Wales, but that some still remained who privily honoured Christ, and three of these dwelt near the castle, the blind man being one

¹ Edited and translated by Mr Brock in *Originals and Analogues* (Chaucer Society, 1888).

² The fact that the names in Trivet's story, Alle, Elda, Hermengild, Domild, are purely Anglo-Saxon points to the antiquity of his story. There are other indications that it is old and indigenous to England. He calls his heroine, Constance: but he says the Saxons called her Couste. The part of the story which brings in Domild, the mother of Alle, is identical with the tale told by Matthew Paris about the queen of Offa the First, which is unquestionably an Anglo-Saxon tale of a very primitive origin. Clearly Trivet did not draw upon the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, which places the death of Alle in 588, whereas he precisely informs us that Constance survived her husband, Alle, and died in 584.

of them. In the sequel the blind man brings a Welsh bishop, Lucius, from Bangor, who converts the Saxons.

My next tale takes us to the Huntingdonshire border of the Fens. In the year 1002 a peasant belonging to the town of Slepe discovered a buried chest. It was revealed to the abbot of the neighbouring monastery of Ramsey that it contained the bones of St Ivo, a Persian bishop, who, with three companions, had wandered to Britain, and there had died "in a muddy province." Slepe, as Professor Skeat¹ informs us, is the A.S. *slēp*, a slippery or miry place. The abbot transported the bones to Ramsey, where they proved as efficacious as was to be expected in producing miracles and money. Of the miracles an ample advertisement was written, about the year 1090, by a certain Ramsey monk, named Goscelin. The story which I quote from him relates to the town of Slepe, or, as it was afterwards called, St Ive's².

"Once upon a time, when the savage and untamable race of the Britons was ravaging far and wide in the province of Huntingdon, the country-folk of Slepe took their property to the church of St Ivo, and committed it to his keeping. When the aforesaid wolfish people learnt this they hastened thither with truculent intent, burst open the church doors, and carried off everything deposited within. One of them, looking up, saw two bells hanging from beams, and, coveting them, climbed up to take them away. But just as he was setting hands on them, in order to lower them, he suddenly fell to the ground, broke all his bones, and was killed. The rest, when they saw this, were horribly afraid that a like fate would befall them. So, seeing that the place was sacred and rendering honour to God and St Ivo, they humbly restored all that they had so haughtily carried off."

The pious chronicler proceeds to compare the fate of the sacrilegious Briton with the punishment of Heliodorus, recorded in the second book of Maccabees, but adds that the Briton, as a nominal Christian, was the worse offender. The incident belongs to the years between 1002 and 1090. It is likely that the raiders were emboldened by a time of national disorder, such as the Danish wars of Aethelred II or the troubles in the Isle of Ely after the Norman Conquest. That there were

¹ *Place Names of Huntingdonshire*, C.A.S. Proceedings, xliv. p. 338.

² *Chronicon Abbatiae Ramesiensis* (ed. W. D. Macray), p. lxxii.

Welsh brigands in England who availed themselves of the license of such times is shown by the terms of the treaty which Aethelred made with the Danes in 991, in which each party undertook not to abet the Welshmen, thieves or foes of the other¹. We gather from the story that the Fen outlaws of the eleventh century still professed the ancient British type of Christianity, and their actions fully bear out the description given of the Britons four centuries earlier by Baeda, that, though they bore the name and professed the faith of Christians, it was their custom in his day not to pay any respect to the faith and religion of the English, nor to correspond with them any more than with pagans.

Here is another story from a Ramsey source, a story which takes us from the Fen to the Forest². On the high Royston downs, looking down on Icknield Way, lies the little Hertfordshire village of Therfield. The Ramsey monks had an estate there, and the Abbey Chronicler tells us how they became possessed of it. Aetheric, bishop of Dorchester, in his boyhood had been a novice of the Abbey. Once a week the novices had a holiday, and were allowed to play outside the cloister, and, on one such occasion, he and three other lads amused themselves by ringing the bells, which hung in the western tower of the church: and they rang them with such vigour that they cracked one of the bells, thereby incurring the grave displeasure of the abbot and brethren. When he became a bishop he set himself seriously to make amends for his youthful misdemeanour by procuring endowments in land for the Abbey, which was in his diocese. Among the properties so acquired was that at Therfield, and it was on this wise that he obtained it. King Cnut had bestowed it on a certain Danish follower, who was so unpopular with his English neighbours that he lived in daily fear of being murdered. Every night his house was guarded by four villagers in turn. One night the Dane lay awake, and heard the four watchers talking outside, and what they said was this: "What's the good of this? How long are we going to put up with this tiresome job? How long are we going to

¹ Freeman, *Norman Conquest*, i. p. 306, note.

² *Chronicon Abbatiae Rameseiensis*, p. 140.

keep nightly watch for this foreign fellow, who deserves to be handed over to the Britons to murder? We are wretchedly poor, and he has piles of money, and bothers us to protect his abominable existence. Let's take heart of grace and stick a knife in his bowels. The village shan't be troubled with him any more." The Dane was so much frightened that he went off to consult his nearest friends before daybreak. They told him that it was out of the question to evict the whole village, and that it was not safe to punish the guilty four, for fear of retaliation. So the Dane went off to London, and, happening to find the bishop talking with King Cnut, sold him the property on easy terms, and returned to Denmark. From the story we gather that there were British bandits not far from Royston in the tenth century.

Next we come to our own county of Cambridge and to the famous Gild of the Thanes at Grantabrycge¹. The terms of the Gild regulations show that the members were country-gentlemen, who probably met at Cambridge but did not reside there. The Gild and its rules probably belong to the tenth century. It was a friendly society the aim of which was mutual support and assistance. One of the regulations relates to the contributions of the members in aid of a gild-brother who has rendered himself liable to a *wergild*, or compensation to the relatives of a man whom he has slain. It runs thus:

"If any of the gild slay a man, and he be an avenger by compulsion (*neadwraca*) and compensate for his violence, and the slain man be a *twelfhynde* man, let each of the gild give half a mark for his aid: if the slain man be a *ceorl*, two *oras*: if he be Welsh (*Wylisc*) one *ora*."

Now I think that there can be no doubt that a *Wylisc* man was a Briton, not a Saxon *theow*; the name was exclusively applied to men of Celtic race. The Welshman for whom compensation was paid was of course not an outlaw, but a serf attached to a lord. It is noticeable that the *wergild* for a Welshman in Wessex law varied from one-tenth to one-fifth of the compensation for a *twelfhynde* man, the man whose *wergild* value was highest, viz. 1200 shillings: in the Cambridge

¹ The Anglo-Saxon version is in *The Memorials of Cambridge* (Wright and Longueville Jones), Vol. II., Parish of Great St Mary's, pp. 3, 4.

scale it is one-fourth. The higher relative value attached to the life of the lowest class in Cambridgeshire corresponds with the fact revealed by Domesday that the proportion of serfs to the whole population was lowest in East Anglia and increased steadily in a westerly direction, becoming highest in Cornwall and the counties near the Welsh border. We may infer that, though a Welsh servile population existed in Cambridgeshire in the tenth century, it was not so numerous as elsewhere, and that there the Welshman's life was more respected.

II. ON THE WANDLEBURY LEGEND.

The legend of Wandlebury has this connection with the subject of a Celtic population in Eastern England that it is apparently drawn from a Celtic source. But it does not support the conclusion that Britons survived in the land in some sort of independence after the Saxons occupied it. We cannot say when the story became incorporated in the folk-lore of the English-speaking inhabitants of the country. They may have learnt it from British lips in the first days of the conquest: they may have acquired it at a later date from British survivors in Cambridgeshire. And there is a feature in the story which should teach us some caution in our inferences. Not indeed in its original version, but in later times, the legend has become connected with the name of Gogmagog. The tale, as first told by Gervase of Tilbury at the beginning of the thirteenth century, has clear relation to the immemorial traditions of Wales and Armorica; but in its later association with the giant Gogmagog it betrays its affinity to the literary fictions of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and, through him, with the Graeco-Persian romance of Alexander the Great, the mountains of the Caucasus, the prophecy of Ezekiel and the Book of Revelation.

The story has always been popular. It forms a chapter in the *Gesta Romanorum*. It was retold by William Harrison, in his *Description of England*, in the sixteenth century. In its most familiar form it is told by Sir Walter Scott in the notes to *Marmion*. As all these versions contain divergences from the original, I will translate the tale from the words of Gervase in his *Otia Imperialia*, written about the year 1211.

"In England, at the boundary of the diocese of Ely, there is a town named Cantabrica, in the neighbourhood of which there is a place called Wandlebiria, from the fact that the Wandali, when ravaging Britain and savagely murdering the Christians, placed their camp there. Now, where they pitched their tents

on the hill-top, there is a level space surrounded with entrenchments and with a single entrance, like a gate. There is a very ancient tradition, attested by popular report, that if a warrior enters this level space at the dead of night, when the moon is shining, and cries 'Knight to knight, come forth,' immediately he will be confronted by a warrior, armed for fight, who, charging horse to horse, either dismounts his adversary or is dismounted. But I should state that the warrior must enter the enclosure alone, though his companions may look on from outside. As proof of the truth of this I quote a story told to me by the country people of the neighbourhood. There was in Greater Britain, not many days ago, a knight redoubtable in arms and possessed of every noble quality, among the barons second in power to few, to none in worth. His name was Osbert, son of Hugh. One day he came as a guest to the town I have mentioned, and, it being winter time, after supper, as is the fashion with great folk, he was sitting in the evening by the fireside in the family of his wealthy host, and listening to tales of exploits of ancient days; and while he gave ear to them it chanced that one of the people of the country mentioned the wondrous legend aforesaid. The brave man resolved to make personal trial of the truth of what he was told. So he selected one of his noble squires, and, attended by him, went to the place. In complete armour he came to the appointed spot, mounted his steed, and, dismissing his attendant, entered the camp alone. He cried aloud to discover his opponent, and in response a knight, or what looked like a knight, came forth to meet him, similarly armed, as it seemed. Well, with shields advanced and levelled lances they charged, and each horseman sustained his opponent's shock. But Osbert parried the spear-thrust of his antagonist, and with a powerful blow struck him to the ground. He was on his feet again in an instant, and, seeing that Osbert was leading off his horse by the bridle, as the spoils of conquest, he poised his lance and, hurling it like a javelin, with a violent effort he pierced Osbert's thigh. Our knight however in the exultation of his victory either did not feel or did not regard the wound, and his adversary having disappeared, he came out of the camp victorious, and gave the

horse which he had won to his squire. It was tall, active and beautiful to behold. He was met on his return by a number of the family, who marvelled at the tale, were delighted at the overthrow of the knight, and loudly applauded the bravery of this illustrious baron. When Osbert took off his arms and discarded his iron greaves he saw one of them filled with clotted blood. The family were amazed at the wound, but the knight scorned fear. The neighbours, aroused from slumber, came thronging together, and their growing marvel induced them to keep watch. As evidence of the victory the horse was kept, still tethered. It was displayed to public view with its fierce eyes, erect neck and black mane; its knightly saddle and all its trappings were likewise black. At cockcrow the horse, prancing, snorting and pawing the earth, suddenly burst the reins that held it and regained its native liberty. It fled, vanished, and none could trace it. And our noble knight had a perpetual reminder of the wound which he had sustained, in that each year, as the same night returned, the wound, though apparently cured and closed, opened again. So it came about that the famous warrior, some years later, went over sea, and, after performing many deeds of valour against the heathen, by God's will ended his days."

Gervase is a born romancer. In his rambling book it is his constant and delightful hint to speak of giants and necromancers, of werwolves and lamias. But he is also an inveterate plagiarist, and the suspicion might naturally arise that he stole the story from Geoffrey of Monmouth or some other literary source. But we may fairly acquit him in this case. Geoffrey has no story at all resembling the Wandlebury legend. The story of the giant Gogmagog is written large in his *History of the Britons*, but in the tale of Gervase there is nothing about Gogmagog, and nothing about a giant. We may take his word for it that his story is, what he affirms it to be, "a very old tradition, attested by popular report, told to me by the country folk of the neighbourhood." As an eastern-county man he may very well have heard the story, as Osbert heard it, at a fireside in Cambridge. His description of the camp is accurate enough to prove his local knowledge. The name, Wandlebury, which he

gives it is an older name than that of Gogmagog Hills, for which I find no authority older than 1574¹. On the other hand Wendlesbiri is mentioned in the Chronicle of Ramsey Abbey² as the place of a hundred meeting in the tenth century, when the title of the Abbey to land at Swaffham was debated. As Wyndilbyry it is again mentioned in the *Historia Eliensis*³ as the meeting place of nine hundreds in the time of King Stephen. I see no reason to quarrel with the derivation of the name given by Gervase. Colonies of Vandals were brought to Britain by the emperor Probus⁴. There is a village called Wandlebury in Oxfordshire, and it is significant that the parish contains the Roman camp of Alchester, and immediately adjoining are the Roman sites of Chesterton and Bicester. It looks as though the story of Gervase was referable to a people who knew the Vandals, or to a time when the memory of them was recent. At the time of the Saxon invasions of the middle of the fifth century the Vandal power was at its height. Genseric sacked Rome in 455, six years after the coming of the Jutes, and his fleets commanded the Mediterranean, which to the Anglo-Saxon chronicler was known as the Wendelsae.

Gervase does not say that the demonic antagonist of Osbert was a Vandal, but I think that that is his suggestion. This too gives a hint that the legend is Celtic, not English. Had it sprung from an English source the conquered warrior would almost certainly have been a Briton. The common feature of the tales to which the Wandlebury legend is related is the victory of the civilised invader over the representative of a vanished, inhuman race, primitive inhabitants of the land, and the scene is some monumental work of prehistoric man. This is clearly brought out in the wonderful legend told in the French romance of Fulk Fitzwarin, which was written in the early part of the reign of Edward I—two generations after

¹ Cooper, *Annals*. The Vice-Chancellor and Heads of Colleges issued an edict prohibiting scholars from attending any "play or game" there.

² Page 79 (Rolls series).

³ *Anglia Sacra*, vol. i, p. 619.

⁴ Gibbon, chap. xii.

Gervase of Tilbury¹. The part of the legend which I quote has for its hero a certain Payn Peverel, who accompanied William the Conqueror in an unhistorical invasion of Wales.

"As King William the Bastard drew near the mountains and valleys of Wales he saw a large town, formerly enclosed within high walls, which was entirely pillaged and burnt. Underneath the town, in a plain, he caused his tents to be pitched, and there he remained that night. Then the king enquired of a Briton what the town was called, and how it was thus destroyed. 'Sire,' said the Briton, 'I will tell you. The castle was formerly called Castle Bran, but now it is called the Old-March. There formerly came into this country Brutus, a very brave knight, and Coryneus, from whom Cornwall had its name, and many others derived from the lineage of Troy. No one inhabited these regions excepting very vile people, great giants, whose king was named Geomagog. They heard of the arrival of Brutus, and marched against him; but in the end all the giants were killed except Geomagog, who was wonderfully tall. The valiant Coryneus said that he would like to wrestle with Geomagog to try his strength. At the first bout the giant hugged Coryneus so tight that he broke three of his ribs. Coryneus grew angry; he gave Geomagog such a kick that he fell from a great rock into the sea, and then was Geomagog drowned. A spirit from the devil forthwith entered into Geomagog's body, and he came into these parts, and defended the country for a long time, so that no Briton dared inhabit it. A long time after this King Bran, the son of Donwal, rebuilt the town, repaired the walls, and cleared out the great ditches, and made a fortress and a great market-place. And the devil came by night, and carried off all that was within; since which time no one has dwelt there.'"

Then follows the nocturnal visit of Payn Peverel to the ghostly city, his combat with Geomagog and his victory, all told in much the same way as the story of Osbert at Wandlebury.

The whole story of Fulk Fitzwarin makes no pretence of being historical. Yet curiously the Payn Peverel who is the

¹ The romance of Fulk Fitzwarin is printed in the Rolls series in the volume containing the Chronicle of Ralf of Coggeshall.

hero in this part of it and the counterpart of Osbert in the tale of Gervase is an actual personage and famous in Cambridge history as the benefactor of Barnwell Priory, who gave the Austin canons the site of their house by Barnwell springs. Both the Fitzwarin story and the Barnwell *Memoranda* mention that his son and heir was named William, and William died, like Osbert, while on a crusade. It is true that Payn died in England—at the Peak in Derbyshire according to the romance, in London according to the *Memoranda*—but the Barnwell chronicler says that he was standard-bearer of the Conqueror's son, Robert Curthose, in the crusades. But the coincidence of his connection with the Welsh legend and with Cambridge may be dismissed as fortuitous.

In the tale of Fulk Fitzwarin, which presents such unmistakable features of affinity with the Wandlebury legend, the defeated warrior is the giant Geomagog. A tradition later than the times of Gervase of Tilbury undoubtedly connected the Wandlebury camp with Gogmagog. Layer says that formerly there was a gigantic figure cut in the turf on the Gogmagog Hills, similar to the Long Man of Willington in Sussex. In the name of Gogmagog we light on a tradition not indigenous to Cambridgeshire, nor of an origin ultimately Celtic. Though the tale of the haunted town and the fight with its ghostly warder seems to be genuinely British and ancient, the writer borrowed the name of Geomagog and the wrestling with Coryneus from Geoffrey of Monmouth, who wrote his *Historia Britonum* at some time before 1147. While there is no doubt that Geoffrey incorporated in his book much genuine British tradition it is equally certain that he "contaminated" his story with audacious fictions drawn largely from literary sources; and the name of Geomagog, or Goemagot, as he spells it, is unquestionably a foreign interpolation in a tale which may otherwise be genuinely Celtic. The traditional scene of the combat of Coryneus with Goemagot is the Hoe at Plymouth. I do not know what credit to attach to Geoffrey's statement that in his day it was still called Lamgoemagot, or Goemagot's Leap¹.

¹ In Geoffrey's story Coryneus becomes duke of Cornwall, which, of course,

But if the name of Gogmagog is foreign to Celtic lands it must have taken early root in them, for name and legend are found on both sides of the English Channel. In the Breton-French chronicle of John de Wavrin, written in the fifteenth century, he is called Gomago or Geomagon¹. Geomagon appears in a modern Breton folk-tale as Gourmalon or Gurmailhon. From the *Traditions de la Haute Bretagne* of M. Sébillot I learn that, near a place called Goven in the department of Ile et Vilaine, there is a circular rampart which is called the Butte or the Tombeau of Gurmailhon. Gurmailhon is locally said to have been an earl of Cornwall and also chief of the Bretons at the time of their wars with the Normans in the tenth century, and he had the same impious character there as in Cornwall and in Wales. Formerly, the story goes, there was a large and fine castle on the spot, and the place was fertile and populous; now it is arid and desolate and lies under a curse. There is a tradition that it conceals a buried treasure, and an old woman informed M. Sébillot that her father once went there at night to dig it up; but at the first stroke of his pickaxe he was confronted by an ugly old goat with long horns, and, recognising it as the embodiment of the former owner of the place, he took to his heels. In the tale of Jack the Giant-Killer we may suspect that Gurmailhon survives as the giant Cormoran, far famed through the distich embroidered on Jack's girdle,

“This is the valiant Cornishman
Who slew the giant Cormoran.”

Incidentally I may remark that learned editors of Shakespeare have been at pains to show that in *King Lear*, for reasons of his own, he wilfully corrupted the text of the nursery rhyme,

“Fee, fie, foh fum,
I smell the blood of an English man,”

derives its name from him. He is the Trojan companion of Brutus, as Corynaeus is a Trojan follower of Aeneas in the *Aeneid*. In the *Faerie Queene* (book II., canto x.) Goemagot is shortened into Goemot:

“mighty Goemot, whom in stout fray
Corineus conquered and cruelly did slay.”

Rabelais makes Gemmagog one of the gigantic ancestors of Pantagruel.

¹ Rolls series, ed. Hardy, p. 60.

by substituting "British" for "English" man; but I submit that his version is the older and more accurate. Jack the Giant-Killer was a Briton, not an Englishman.

The legend of the haunted camp which we have discovered in Wales and Brittany, so far as I am aware is connected with no place in England except Wandlebury. If it had existed in the counties intermediate between Cambridgeshire and Wales or Cornwall we might suspect that it had percolated through them from West Britain to East Anglia. As it does not exist it is at least a reasonable surmise that it has been rooted in Cambridgeshire from the days of the Celtic occupation of the country.

But the name Gogmagog has another pedigree, which is literary. Geoffrey of Monmouth borrowed it from the mediéval cycle of Alexander romances. The original in Europe of all these romances was the *Life and Acts of Alexander the Macedonian*, translated from Persian into Greek about the year 1070 by Simon Seth, keeper of the imperial wardrobe at Constantinople. Translations into Latin, French and other languages soon followed, and Alexander's mythical adventures became one of the commonest subjects of medieval romance. As an English specimen of the type we may take the thirteenth century lay of *Kyng Alisaunder* (edited by Professor Skeat for the E.E.T.S., 1877). There it is recorded that, when the king was in India, he was informed that, far in the north, there dwelt a monstrous people, of unnatural savagery, the godless sons of Nebrot (i.e. Nimrod), builder of the town of Babylon. He thereupon levied a host and sailed to Taracun, the capital of the land of Magog. At first he was unable to overcome the sons of Nebrot, but presently he bethought him that, in a certain land called Meopante, between Egypt and India, which was half water and half land, the amphibious natives built walls of bitumen which became as hard as iron and was impervious to water. He loaded many thousand ships with this substance, and, while part of his army was engaged with the monsters, he stopped the passage from Magog to the sea of Calpias (i.e. the Caspian)—a passage between two rocks—by a wall of bitumen. Thereby he confined within the mountains thirty of these

savage tribes, among which are enumerated the Magogecas and the Gogas; and there they will remain until Antichrist comes to set them free, when they will waste the world and tear with their teeth all who will not serve him.

As Warfton says in his *History of English Poetry*¹, the books of the Arabians and Persians are full of stories of Gog and Magog. They are called Jagiouge and Magiouge, and the wall between the Caspian and Black Seas, which in portions still exists and is traditionally said to have been built by Alexander, is called the wall of Jagiouge and Magiouge². Once a week, the story goes, it was the practice for the governor of a neighbouring castle to ride with attendants to a gate in the wall. He struck the gate three times with a hammer, and in response, from within, was heard a murmuring noise which was supposed to proceed from Jagiouge and Magiouge, confined within the wall.

In Jagiouge and Magiouge it is not difficult to recognise the Calmucks or Tartars of southern Russia and Asia, to prevent whose incursions into Asia Minor the wall was built at some time long before Alexander's. Attila is said to have been a descendant of Magog, and contemporary Christianity recognised in the incursion of the Huns the fulfilment of the prophecies of St John the Divine. Magog according to Genesis (x. 2) was a son of Japhet and brother of Gomer. In Ezekiel (chapters xxxviii., xxxix.) Gog is a prince of the land of Magog and allied with Gomer. He comes from "the north parts" and is the leader of a great invasion of Asia, and his defeat and ruin are foretold by the prophet. He and his host will be buried under a great cairn called Hamon-gog. In Revelation (xx. 8) Gog and Magog typify the host of Satan, gathered after the millennium for the conquest of the world, their number as the sands of the sea. The interpretation of the names Gog, Magog, Gomer is fairly certain. The Gomer of Genesis and Ezekiel represents the Cimmerii who dwelt north of the Black Sea. Professor Sayce³ identifies Gog with Gyges, the first king of

¹ Vol. I. p. xiv. edition 1824.

² See also Gibbon, vol. III. p. 535, edition 1846. The wall was visited by Peter the Great.

³ Hastings, *Dictionary of the Bible*.

Western Asia Minor known to the Assyrians, whose name, like that of Pharaoh, probably became a dynastic title. In Herodotus (i. 16) the Cimmerii are associated with the son of Gyges, as Gomer with Gog in Ezekiel. In Hesiod (*Theogony*, 149) Gyges is a giant. Magog probably means "land of Gog": Josephus identified it with Scythia.

Finally I may observe that in all versions of the Gogmagog legend Gogmagog is a single giant, not two. The names Gog and Magog given to the Guildhall pair are recent. In the sixteenth century they were known as Coryneus and Gogmagog.

Monday, 14 November, 1910.

The Rev. Dr STOKES, President, in the Chair.

Professor RIDGEWAY, F.B.A., made two communications, illustrated with lantern slides, on

1. AN ANCIENT IRISH DUG-OUT CANOE.
 2. A CIST GRAVE IN COUNTY WEXFORD.
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Monday, 21 November, 1910.

The Rev. Dr STOKES, President, in the Chair.

Dr M. R. JAMES, F.B.A., read a paper, illustrated with lantern slides, on the

HORTUS DELICIARUM OF HERRADE OF LANSPERG, A
PICTURE-BOOK OF THE EARLY MIDDLE AGES.

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