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THE LOST LANGUAGE OF LONDON

By the same author

THE SHAKESPEARE SYMPHONY
A NEW LIGHT ON THE RENAISSANCE
THE LOST LANGUAGE OF SYMBOLISM (2 Vols.)
ARCHAIC ENGLAND

THE LOST LANGUAGE OF LONDON

*A Tale of King Cole Founded
on Folklore, Field-names,
Prehistoric Hill Figures
and other Documents*

by

HAROLD BAYLEY



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To Sally

PREFACE

IN the opinion of a candid friend 'Sometimes I think you put in too many facts for the ordinary mortal to digest and you run the risk that some people's mental stomachs may regurgitate the lot'. Yet it is equally risky to ignore the fate of little Johnny Head in Air who in consequence of neglecting his footsteps came to an unseemly end. My dilemma is increased by the fantastic character of much of my subject matter: the vagaries of folk-memory and ritual are, not infrequently, unbelievable, nevertheless folklorists are aware of the historic interest which at times underlies what have now become but childish games and rhymes. It is, for example, well known that the game of 'Buck, Buck, how many fingers do I hold up?' has survived in unbroken and apparently imperishable sequence from the Romano-British period. Even more astonishing is the antiquity and persistence of the nursery unfile —

The Lion and the Unicorn were fighting for the crown
The Lion beat the Unicorn all around the town.

It has recently been revealed almost beyond any possibility of doubt that the Lion and the Unicorn were fighting in Chaldea 5000 years ago and that in this supposedly astronomical contest the hapless Unicorn was evermore the sufferer. The suggestion that matters of some interest may underlie the familiar activities of King Cole is thus perhaps not so inane as might on a merely

PREFACE

casual consideration appear. There is no doubt whatever that in the childhood of civilization imagination played a more important role than it does to-day, and that without some measure of imagination Celtic mythology will yield no secrets. The real mistake of Little Johnny Head in Air was not his cogitation but his failure to keep one careful eye upon his footwork.

It has been observed by Tyndall that imagination bounded and conditioned by co-operant reason is the mightiest instrument of the physical discoverer. The trouble is that imagination at times outstrips in a flash what 'co-operant reason'⁵ requires much fumbling verbiage to explain and maintain. I have thus done my best to achieve a readable result by maintaining a reasonable compromise between imaginative ideas and the minimum number of collateral facts requisite to drive them home. If in the earlier chapters I am perhaps over-wearisome in marking and indicating every step and foothold, as this necessity decreases and the fairy tale more easily unfolds so I trust the interest of the later chapters becomes greater and of wider attraction.

In one of the prefaces to his invaluable *Etymological Dictionary of the English Language* Professor Skeat observed 'Every day's experience helps to show how great and how difficult is the task of presenting results in a form such as modern scientific criticism will accept. Every slip is a lesson in humility showing how much remains to be learnt'.

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OF LONDON

IN the common words we use every day the souls of past races, the thoughts and feelings of individual men stand around us, not dead, but frozen into their attitudes like the courtiers in the garden of the Sleeping Beauty.

If we dig down far enough into the English language, we reach an old civilization flourishing somewhere round the banks of the Dnieper; of what was going on in these islands at that time we hear scarcely the faintest reverberation.

As to the number of words which are indirectly descended from prehistorical religious feeling, it is not possible to count them. We can only say that the farther back language as a whole is traced, the more poetical and animated do its sources appear, until it seems at last to dissolve into a kind of mist of myth.

History in English Words
BARFIELD

THE LOST LANGUAGE OF LONDON

THE book is an attempt to recover a few fragments of the lost language of London, by which I mean the original sense underlying not only the place-name *London* but also the curious words staring at us from street corners and shop fronts. The City of London preserves in its street-names a certain amount of History: the meanings of many of them are well known and there is little or no obscurity about their origin; the street-names of Greater London offer a wider and less explored field for inquiry. To avoid superfluous digging it is well to have handy not only *The Streets of London: their History and Associations* by Miss Gertrude Rawlings, but likewise the comprehensive *List of Streets and Places* published by the London County Council: in this latter is given, so far as known, not only the origin of each name but also details of pre-existing lanes and alleys. Not a few modern streets owe their titles to the ground landlord or the builder; others commemorate some notable man; some, such as Maypole Alley, Windmill Street, etc, mark bygone features. A very large number trace back to the names of estates or farms; in the majority of instances these themselves perpetuate more ancient field-names.

The value and significance of field-names can hardly be over-estimated, and their importance is particularly stressed in the sixth Report of the Royal Commission appointed to inventory the ancient monuments of Wales

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and Monmouth. In the course of this document the Commissioners state: 'We do not venture to express any opinion on the question whether, or to what extent, farm and field-names are of service to the English archaeologist; but with regard to their importance to the Welsh archaeologist there can be no two opinions. The fact that the Welsh place-names are being rapidly replaced by English names, so that the local lore which is often enshrined in the former is in danger of being lost, was in itself sufficient reason for the undertaking. The results have more than justified our decision. There is hardly a parish, certainly not one of the ancient parishes, of the Principality where the schedule of field-names has not yielded some valuable results. Scores of small but in some cases important antiquities would have passed unrecorded, had it not been for the clue to their presence given by the place-name which was to be found only in the schedule to the Tithe Survey.'⁵

Much of the following material is based upon the theory that when the green hills and valleys of Greater London were over-built in many cases the ancient field-names were incorporated into street-names, and are thus preserved. Whether or not this theory be sound it cannot but be admitted that the origin of many of the curious, sometimes bizarre names of our suburban roads are to-day largely incomprehensible, and to arrive at their meaning it is necessary to survey a far wider area than London itself. There are for example in various parts of England quite half a dozen 'Rotten Rows', dozens of 'Lansdowns', and an exceptionally large number of 'Coldharbour Lanes'. It is happily possible at times to counter-check conclusions by what are

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seemingly synonymous terms; for example Cloudesley Road at Islington. Being aware that the origin of the word *cloud* was *elude*, an ancient and obsolete term for a mass or conglomeration of rocks, it seemed possible that Cloudesley Place marked a *lea*, meadow, or *lieu*, where at one time there stood a *elude* or mass of rock. To my subsequent satisfaction I found that into Cloudesley Square there leads a Stonefield Street, the inference being obvious that Stonefield *alias* Cloudesley was a field-name. This inference was later verified by the discovery that in 1516 a Richard Cloudesley who resided here bequeathed funds for the repair of a causeway, i.e. a stone-paved road, leading from his house to Islington Church.

The place name *coldharbour* which occurs so widely over England is believed to be 'an ironic name' indicating cold shelter: these Coldharbours, occurring nearly always on Roman roads are considered to trace back to the Roman-British period; some inquirers even assign to them a Roman meaning, i.e. *col arborum*.

There is at Streatham a Mount Nod Road, and it is known that prehistoric mounds known as Mount Nod existed likewise at Clapham, Wandsworth, and Lewisham. 'It can,' says a sound authority, 'hardly be doubted that these four hills among the waters of the South of London preserve the memory of the worship of the Celtic water god Nod or Nud.' Balham in this same district figures in Domesday at Belgeham and is believed to have been inhabited by a remnant of the Gaulish Belgae: at Tilbury relics have been found of wattle huts and pottery fragments 'showing clear evidence of native or Belgic craftsmanship'.

The notion that suburban street-names of to-day may

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contain chips of Celtic, or even pre-Celtic speech, is naturally so repellent as to provoke a shudder of dissent. The 'science' of place-names having for the most part discarded the likelihood of Celtic survival in England now relies almost entirely upon a theory of Anglo-Saxon landowners: woods, rivers, towns, leas, for want of any better elucidation are assigned without mitigation or remorse to some suppositious Saxon whose name might have been this or must have been that.

It is pertinent here to pray in aid Professor Skeat, who registered his opinion that 'scientific etymology is usually clumsy and frequently wrong'. As an example of the way in which hypothetical Saxons are foisted on to place-names one may instance the village of Clare in East Anglia, said to 'favour derivation' from a man named Clare. In *Norfolk and Suffolk Churches* Dr. M. R. James comments upon this thus: 'Clare takes its name from an Anglo-Saxon named Clare, but it is not an English name and must be the Latin *clarus*: it gives its name to the Earls of Clare, the county Clare, Clare College Cambridge, the Dukedom of Clarence and the Clarencieux King of Arms.' If the foundation be sound one might add to this imposing edifice Claro in Yorks and a large collection of Claremonts; of these there are eleven in London alone: one of these Claremont Square, is on the commanding summit of Pentonville Hill, almost next door to a Penton Grove. It is not unlikely that the Penton family who owned land at Pentonville derived their name from the Penton or hill town in which they settled, for the majority of family names originate from the places whence the nominees came, and in nine cases out of ten one may deduce from a surname either a town,

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settlement, or field, of that same tide. Stow mentions that in his time London-stone in Cannon Street was suppose by some to have been so entitled because of a certain John Londonstone who dwelt there: but as that common-sense antiquary surmised it was far more likely that John Londonstone derived his name from his dwelling place than that London-stone was so named after John.

Professor Ernest Weekley believes that in some cases families are still inhabiting the same localities as they occupied at the time of Domesday: this argument will also hold good for suburbia (much of it not yet built over) and even in the city itself one may see over shop-fronts names such as Benetfink, neighbouring the Church of St. Benet Fink, and obviously the local survivals of centuries. It is quite certain that the Richard Cloudesley of 1516 derived his surname from a somewhere existing Cloudesley probably from the very Cloudesley on which the family was then settled, for I am unable to trace any village or town so named.

A generation or so ago one was educated to a belief in the appalling ravages of so-called 'phonetic decay', in the course of which words were so clipped and disfigured by constant usage as to become unrecognizable. If this were so we should be talking to-day in monosyllables and elaborate words such as Coldharbour would have disappeared long ago: on the contrary London is supposedly pronounced to-day exactly as it was when Caesar landed on the coast of Kent. If street-names, such as Coldharbour, can survive a thousand years there is clearly no limit to their vitality and, like place-names, they **are** seemingly immune to the drums and tramlings of

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conquest. 'Nothing,' says Sir Edward Anwyl, 'is clearer in Celtic religion than the marvellous persistence of traditional and immemorial modes of thought even in the face of conquest and subjugation.'⁵ It is almost as clpdr that place-names vary but little from age and that in many cases the differences are due not to phonetic decay but to alternative designations of the same site. For example Coleshill in Warwickshire is attributed to a suppositious settler named 'Cola' or 'Colle'; it is however also recorded as Counsylht, whence we may assume that among the folk Coleshill was known *alternatively*, and not *corruptly*, as Counsylht. *The New English Dictionary* gives various meanings to *Cole* which is described as 'a word of unknown etymology and even of uncertain existence inferred from the following examples.'⁵ Amongst those instances is then given *Coleprophet* or *Coldprophet*, defined as one who pretends by magic or occult means to predict the future, tell fortunes, etc, a wizard, sorcerer, diviner, necromancer, fortune-teller. In addition to this interesting word *Coleprophet* the *New English Dictionary* under the caption of *Cole* meaning *conjuror* cites a fourteenth-century extract to the following effect: 'They fained some folly that failed them never and cast it by colis with her *counsel* at even: to have *privy parliament* for profit of himself.'⁵ In view of these passages it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that Coleshill *alias* Counsylht was in times very long ago a place of privy parliament and that 'Counsylht' may be modernized into 'Counsel Hut' But by a consideration of local custom this supposition becomes even more probable: as late as 1826 (according to Hone's *Tear Book* of that date) there was an ancient custom at Coleshill that if the young men of the town

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were able to catch a hare and bring it to the parson of the parish before ten o'clock on Easter Monday the parson was bound to give them a calf's head, one hundred eggs, and a groat of money. Under the caption Coleprophet *The New English Dictionary* cites an example (1559) 'I found I was the hartless hare and not the beast Coleprophete did declare': Queen Boadicea is recorded to have loosed a hare from her bosom in order to augur from its running, and thus to Coleshill or Old Gounsylht one finds the correlation of Cole, privy counsel, cole-prophecy, the hare, augury.

It is often fruitless to separate etymology from folklore: it is equally unwise to ignore the connection between fairy tales and place-names. According to Chaucer there was a time when 'all was this lond fulfilled of faerie': in the Statistical Account of Scotland (1799) 'is said that Fairies held from time immemorial certain fields which could not be taken away without gratifying those merry elves by a piece of money. If field-names are likely to persist anywhere it is thus clear that the fairy lands are most likely to retain their titles, and as further it was a popular belief that any house erected on the site of a fairy ring would prosper amazingly, the names of old houses and estates are liable and likely to preserve the legends at one time pervading their sites. It has been frequently noted that even to comparatively recent times the rights of sacred wells were possessed by near-by farms and that the families of those farms seemingly exercised the inherited right of priest or priestess.

It may even be that the mysterious elusive Lon of London was primarily a Fairy Queen, for according to

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that high authority Rice Holmes 'geographical names testify to the cult of various gods'. He adds 'it is probable that every British town had its eponymous hero, the deities, however, from whom towns derived their names, were doubtless often worshipped near the site long before the first foundations were laid: the goddess Bibracte was originally the spirit of a spring revered by the peasants of the mountain upon which the famous Aeduan town was built'.

'It is,' said Sir Lawrence Gomme, 'a gain to science that it has at last been recognized that we cannot penetrate far back into man's history without appealing to more than one element in that history: someday it will be recognized that we must appeal to *all* elements in that history.⁵ A study of the standard works on place-names leaves one under the impression that the writers have never heard of folk-lore and that to them Fairyland is *terra incognita*, faerie a closed book. Yet even the most grave and academic of Etymologists finds himself at times in a strangely emotional and perplexing atmosphere: thus of Marown (Isle of Man) one reads 'Named from St. Runy or Ronan Bp. of Sodor a.d. 600. *Ma.* is thus common Celtic endearing prefix, "my own"⁵⁵. Endearing diminutives and endearing prefixes were pre-eminently a characteristic of the Celts: like the poetic element in language they trace backward to that period in the history of the world when all men seemingly were poets. 'When,' says Prof. Weekley in *Surnames*, 'we consider the beauty of the oldest of these names, their picturesque connection with gods and heroes, war and the wilds, and with the great elementary abstract concepts which we no longer understand, and compare with

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them the name creations of the Romans and still more of the Middle Ages, commonplace, prosaic, spiteful or obscene, we feel thankful that there was once an age of poetic bandits and imaginative pirates.'

Under the heading of Fairytale one must include much of the material figuring in the lives of the Saints and it is somewhat surprising that Folklorists are seemingly unacquainted with the delightful store of fancies and old custom enshrined in *The Golden Legend*, put into English by Caxton in 1483.

In *Folklore as an Historical Science* Sir Lawrence Gomme lays some stress upon a tale which is common alike to Britain and Brittany, and is therefore supposed to be of earlier date than the separation of Britons and Bretons, This tale which centres at London, is to the effect that a countryman once upon a time dreamed there was a priceless treasure hidden at London Bridge: he therefore started on a quest to London, where on arrival he was observed loitering and was interrogated by a bystander. On learning the purpose of his trip the Cockney laughed heartily at such simplicity, and jestingly related how he himself had also dreamed a dream to the effect that there was treasure buried in the countryman's own village. On his return home the rustic, thinking the matter over, decided to dig where the Cockney had facetiously indicated, whereupon to his astonishment he actually found a pot containing treasure. On the first pot; unearthed was an inscription reading:

Look lower, where this stood
Is another twice as good.

Encouraged he dug again, whereupon to his greater

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astonishment he found a second pot bearing the same inscription: again he dug and found a third pot even yet more valuable.

On the present occasion the quest is Old King Cole of nursery fame, also of Colchester and elsewhere: King Cole brings with him in his train his one and only daughter, the superlatively lovely Helen who in London has been beatified into Great St. Helen. I do not here discuss the tradition that Britain was colonized by Hellenes from Troy and that London was once known as Troynovant, but it is a pertinent fact that Colchester (the oldest recorded town in Britain) was in Caesar's time the headquarters of the Trinovantes. It is also permissible to point out that *ichneia*, the Greek word for tracking, may possibly account for the name of what is probably the most ancient track in Britain — that known as Icknield St.

The Editor of the Everyman edition of Isaac Taylor's *Words and Places* remarks 'In all ages place-names have been favourite beasts of the chase. They are noble game and they have given marvellous sport. They continue to do so and generation after generations they survive to fascinate and to elude us'.

It is rather regrettable that the 'noble game' in question have very largely become verminous, that for instance *Filth Stowe* has been put forward as an explanation for Felixstowe, Dunghill or *Midden Lane* for Maiden Lane, and so forth. In any case the title deeds of prosaic Saxon settlers require to be carefully re-examined and in some cases invalidated, *vide* for example Anerly in South London. This is described as 'Not in Domesday. Meadow of Aner. c.f. B.C.S. 910 Aneres broc. See — ley.'

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But unless misinformed the suppositious Mr. Aner never owned a lea in this neighbourhood; nor is the name likely to be found in Domesday for the railway station named Anerley arose from a commercial transaction of not long ago. When the London Brighton & South Coast Railway were constructing their line the land in this neighbourhood was owned by a Scotsman who had named his house 'Anerley'⁵: he sold the railway their required property with the proviso that the station built upon it should bear that name.

This incident is mentioned not to disparage the marvellously painstaking and invaluable work of scholarly men, but rather as a plea that when I myself make a bad break (at times inevitable) some measure of leniency may be extended. According to Sir Humphrey Davy facts are more useful when they contradict than when they support received theories: thus should it happen that at times I am out of step with the regiment one can only express a pious hope for absolution.

CHAPTER II

GREAT ST. HELEN

THE illustrations herewith taken from *La Religion des Gaulois*, Jacques Martin, Paris 1727, portray the Celtic goddess Nehalennia. In 1647 on the occasion of an exceptionally low tide a votive tablet was uncovered on the foreshore of Holland with an inscription translated thus:

To the goddess Nehalennia
For his goods well preserved
Secundus Silvanius
A chalk merchant of Britain
Willingly performed his merited vow.

Nehalennia figures at Newlyn or Newline near Truro as 'Saint' Niwelinae: she figures again at Noualen in Brittany, founded according to legend by the daughter of a nobleman from Britain; she reappears at Tadcaster in Yorkshire where a local name Helen's Ford is supposed to be a 'corruption' of Nehalennia.

From the native forms Newlyn and Noualen it would seem that Nehalennia or St. Niwelinae was a Latinized extension of the Celtic name; the 'corruption' of Noualen into Helen is no greater than that of Ellen into Nelly. Nehalennia is usually sculptured with a basket of fruit in her lap symbolizing, it is said, the fecundating power of the earth: in this respect she may be equated either with Ceres the Mother or with Persephone the Daughter. Nehalennia is however portrayed not as a formidable

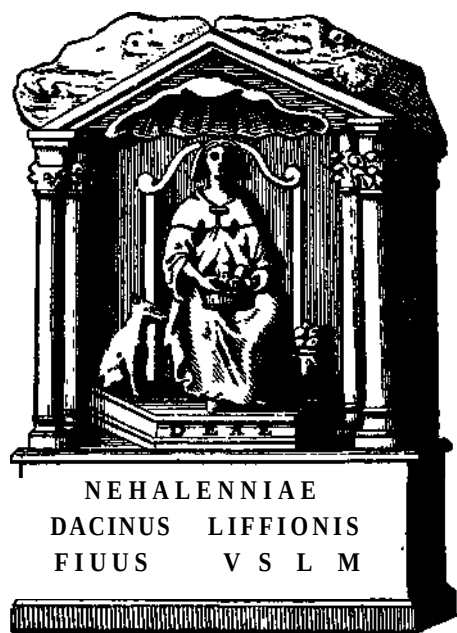


Fig. I. Nehalennia, Niwelinae or Noualen.

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Magna Mater but as a young and simple girl: the first syllable of Newlyn or Noualen is thus, in all likelihood, the Celtic *nou* which is the same as present-day *new*, a term according to Skeat identical with *now*. It may also be connected with the Greek *neo* as in neophyte or new convert. If this suggestion be feasible it would also account for our use of Nellie as a diminutive of Ellen, a British variation otherwise difficult to explain: whether or not the diminutive Nellie is a name found elsewhere than in Britain I do not know.

The connection of Ellen with Nehalennia at Tadcaster may be somewhat paralleled at Newlyn which is particularly associated with a curious festival of the so-called Allan apple. The name of the Celtic Saint Allan is defined as meaning cheerful: in Welsh *alain* meant exceeding fair, lovely, bright; in Ireland *alien* was synonymous with beauty.

The most ancient building in the Scilly Islands is a ruined chapel dedicated to St. Helen: there was another chapel of St. Helen on Cape Cornwall which was at one time known as Cape Helenus. St. Helen figures perplexingly in several aspects: the Saint Helen of Christianity is the historic and material daughter of King Cole of Colchester; behind this Helen is however something — indeed almost everything — fabulous. History records that the British princess Helena, daughter of King Cole, married Constantius a Roman General; that the son of Helena became Constantine the Great (the visionary of the *Chi rho* cross), and that in the reign of Constantine an edict was issued granting freedom of worship and citizenship to all Christians throughout the Roman Empire. Helena the British mother of Con-



Fig. 2. Nehalennia, Niwelinae or Noualen.

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stantine was beatified by the Church as being the alleged discoverer at Jerusalem not only of the True Cross but also of the Holy Coat, the Three Nails of the Passion and the bodies of the Three Kings. The bodies of these Magi were deposited it is said at Cologne or Collen as it was usually spelled: the Three Kings — that very customary inn sign — are the Three Kings of Collen. The ancient name of Colchester was Colenceaster; the arms of Colchester commemorate the momentous achievements of 'Saint' Helena; so too do coins struck at Colchester confirm the historic truth of the Constantine story. In the London Museum is a medal minted in Brittany to commemorate the deliverance of London from the filibuster Carausius by Constantius; it bears a legend to the effect 'Restorer of the Light that shines for ever.

Although St. Helen was undoubtedly historic there are legends current which are seemingly pagan and pre-historic. Elen the Fair of Britain figures, according to Sir John Rhys, like St. Ursula, as the Leader of the Heavenly Virgins: Salisbury Plain was known anciently as Ellendune, and at Dunstable is a Dame Ellen's Wood. St. Helen, the lone daughter of Old King Cole the Merry Old Soul of Colchester, appears in Wales and Cumberland as Elen the Leader of Hosts whose memory was preserved not only in Elaine the Lily Maid but also in connection with ancient pathways such as Elen's Road and Elen's Causeway. These,' suggests Squire, 'seem to show that the paths on which armies marched were dedicated to her.' Stow alludes to the tradition that Helena was responsible for the encircling of London with its first wall; and I surmise that Great St. Helens and Little St. Helens, both immediately adjacent to the



Fig. 3. Nehalennia, Niwelinae or Noualen,

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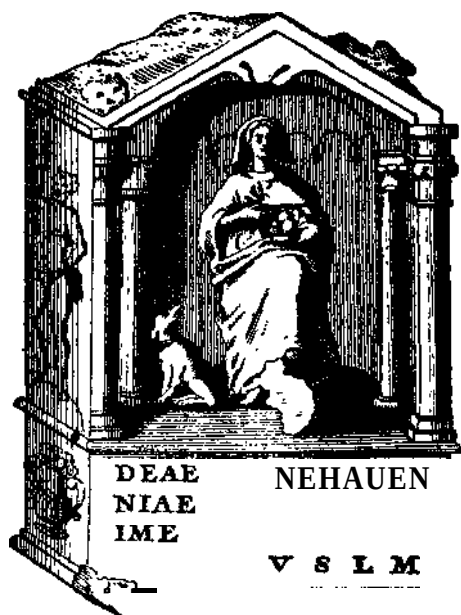
Church of St. Mary Axe or St. Ursula and the 11,000 Virgins, are connected with Helen the Magna Mater and Noualen or Nelly the Daughter.

In Cumberland the year's allowance of horsemeat was allotted to servants on St. Helen's, Eline's, or Elyn's Day, and as horsemeat was banned by the Church (because, supposedly, of its sacrificial consumption by the heathen) it would almost appear that the custom, like the Saint, was a survival of paganism. In the Mediterranean an inauspicious single fire of St. Elmo on the masthead of a ship was known as that of ill-boding Helena; which again brings Helena or Nehalennia *en rapport* with the sea.

The Hellenes claimed for themselves descent from a divine ancestor named Elian or Hellan, a personage esteemed as the Father of the First-born Woman; according to Pausanias the first prophet at the Oracle of Delphi was Olen the Hyperborean.

Stow mentions the fact that the author of Holinshead's *Chronicles* was Reyne Wolf, but that the executors of this grave antiquary increased and published his work under the pseudonym 'Ralf Holinshead'. It would be interesting to know the identity of the Holin to whose head the *Chronicles* were thus curiously attributed, and it is not irrelevant to this inquiry that Alleyn the founder of Dulwich College stipulated in his will that the school should always be under the control of someone bearing the name Alleyn.

Discussing in *Surnames* the mysterious word *hollin-priest*, this says Prof. Weekley, 'suggests a pious hermit among the hollies: it is found in Cheshire where *Hollin*-names such as Hollingshead are numerous; but it is perhaps for *holy priest*.'



Tig. 4. Nehalennia, Niwclinac or Nuualen.

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In Arthurian Romance Elain or Elen is described as sitting lone or alone in a seagirt castle on a throne of ruddy gold: it is said that so transcendent was her beauty that it would be no more easy to look into her face than to gaze at the sun when his rays were most irresistible. The feast of All Hallows was at times mentioned as Alholen, seemingly an alternative plural: but the hallows were the immaterial souls of the dead, the ellies, the fays, the fairies: it is in fact impossible to distinguish between Helen the historic and Helen the Fay.

The existence of St. Helens Chapels on the Scilly Islands and at Land's End, a district known to the Hellenes as the Cassiterides, provokes a wonder as to the truth of the time-honoured tradition that Britain was colonized by Hellenes and that London was once entitled Troynovant. That the Greeks traded with the Cassiterides for tin is I believe not a matter of controversy: according to the Greek historian Diodorus 'Those Britons who dwell near the promontory of Bolerium live in a very hospitable polite manner which is owing to their great intercourse with foreign merchants'. Tyndal, the earliest translator of the Greek Testament into English, asserts that 'the Greek agreeth more with the English than the Latin': there is also of course the familiar testimony of Caesar that in their public and private accounts the Druids 'make use of Greek letters'. There is further some seeming connection between *ichneia*, the Greek for tracking, and the prehistoric British *Ichniel* Street, a name for long associated with the Iceni but now set aside as insoluble.

Among the phenomena of Celtic mythology are numerous identities with tales related by Homer, a

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fact which perplexed Sir Walter Scott: discussing one such instance he suggests: 'perhaps some Churchman more learned than his brethren may have transferred the legend from Sicily to Duncrune, from the shores of the Mediterranean to those of Loch Lomond⁵. It is not my province to discuss the problem whether Hellenic influences reached these islands by culture-deep overland, or by direct sea contact: that the goddess Nehalenna was associated with the sea is sufficiently evidenced by the well-merited votive tablet inscribed to her by Secundus Silvanus of Britain. Whether this chalk merchant sailed from Newlyn or from London is unknown, but, as Newlyn does not provide chalk and London merchanted large quantities, the probabilities are in favour of London. That Nehalennia was the Little St. Helen of London is somewhat implied by the various forms under which a Maiden Lane in east London is recorded. That this Lane (now destroyed) took its title — not from a midden heap — but rather from an inn-sign, or possibly a shrine, is implied by significant variants of the name. In 1282 it figured as Englenelane which implies either Angel Nelane or else Angel Nel Lane: in 1332 Nel seems to have dropped out and the name appears simply as Engleslane, i.e. Angels Lane. But in 1339 Nel comes back again in the form Ingenelane, the preliminary Inge being evidently the Norman-French form of *angel*, i.e. *ange*. In 1310 this Maiden — obviously an ange or angel — appeared as Ingelane and its ultimate form was Ingestrate, i.e. Ange Street. It is possible that traces of the angelic Nelane or Nellie may survive at Nelldale Road in Bermondsey and it might prove worth while to inquire into the origin of the East Anglian name

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Nelson, for which Prof. Weekley proffers no explanation.

In all the four shrines or tablets now illustrated Nehalennia is associated with an animal which is certainly a dog, seemingly a greyhound. In North Wales there is, still standing I believe, a table stone known locally as *Llety-y-filiast* or *the stone of the greyhound bitch*: 'This name,' says Dr. Griffith, 'was given in allusion to the British Ceres or Keridwen, who was symbolized by the greyhound bitch.'⁵ An animal which is unmistakably a greyhound bitch appears on some of the coins of pre-

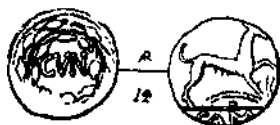


Fig. 5. From Evans.



Fig. 6. From Akerman.

Roman Britain and the greyhound would thus seem to have been a national emblem. It is officially supposed and taught that all our early British coinage, some tracing backward to 200 B.C., was merely a degraded imitation of a certain Greek stater issued by Philip of Macedon. If this were so it would imply a potent Greek influence in England where alone in Britain such coins have been found: it is however manifestly absurd to suppose that the clear-cut charioteer of the Greek stater could by carelessness and incompetence have become 'degraded' into so excellent a greyhound bitch as is here portrayed.

The lettering CUN which occurs in both examples may be connoted with the word *kennet* meaning a greyhound. According to Prof. Weekley the name Kennet is a Norman diminutive *oichien* a dog: Herodotus speaks of a

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race called Kynetes or Kynesii, both of which terms, as Sir John Rhys says, 'have a look of Greek words meaning dogmen'. According to Herodotus 'the Celts are outside the Pillars of Hercules and they border on the Kynetae who dwell the farthest away towards the West of the inhabitants of Europe'. Ancient writers locate the Kynetes in the West of Spain, which, says Sir John Rhys, 'suggests a still more important inference —namely that there existed in Herodotus' time a continental people of the same origin and habits as the non-Celtic aborigines of these islands'. There are in England two rivers Kennet and one river Kent, both assigned to a Celtic root of unknown meaning: of the county Kent or Cantium there is no accepted etymology.

It might thus seem possible that Nehalennia of the Greyhound was a pre-Celtic goddess and that the greyhound was not only a tribal emblem but likewise a royal appendage: not only in England but likewise in Ireland place-names having reference to the dog are so persistent that Sir John Rhys surmised the dog was originally a totem of the country. There used to be a tradition that the Isle of Dogs, now a peninsula, once an islet, in the Thames, derived its name from the greyhounds and spaniels of Edward III: later the mythical 'King' was said to be Henry VIII and later still Charles II. Nowadays this is considered apocryphal and one theory is that the Isle of Dogs derived its name from the possibility that 'so many dogs were drowned in the Thames here'. Norden's map of 1593 shows the place as 'Isle of Dogs Ferme' and it seems scarcely probable that this was a spot conspicuously dangerous to the health of dogs.

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Proud Kenilworth of Warwickshire figures in Domesday as Chinewrde: *wrde* is here evidently *worth* or *farm* and the *chine* is either the Norman *chien* or perhaps *ckuyn*, the Celtic for dog; we thus get the equation Kenil farm or Dog farm. It is just possible that the Ullen St. in the Isle of Dogs neighbourhood perpetuates a trace of Helen or Neheleinnia of the Dog. The triple evidence of the stone of the Greyhound bitch; the appearance of this animal in our pre-historic coinage and its re-appearance on the altars of Neheleinnia argues in any case a high and unsuspected antiquity.

The fact that roads were indubitably named after Elen may perhaps justify the speculation that to this same source of fecundity (symbolized by Neheleinnia's fruit and flowers) are attributable the river names Hollinbourne, Alan, Allan, Alaune, Alone, Aln, EJan, Hen, Len, Lyn, Leen, Lone, and Lune. It is an accepted etymology that all these names are in all probability from the Keltic *alain*, *alwyn* or *alwen* meaning exceeding fair, lovely, bright, and to account for this adjective one may safely postulate a divinity. Irish mythology tells of a certain golden-haired hero named Bress, which means *beautiful*; whence we are further told that every beautiful thing in Ireland, whether *plain*, fortress, or ale, or *torch*, or woman, or man, was compared with him so that men said of them 'That is a Bress'. If this process were elsewhere prevalent (it probably was) we have here an explanation of Helen meaning torch and of *ailean* meaning a green plain: the Irish form of Helen is Aileen and to the same source may perhaps be assigned the Welsh *llan*, Cornish *Ian*, meaning a sacred enclosure.

In the words of Isaac Taylor, 'One class of local names

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is of special value in investigation relating to primeval history. The river-names, more particularly the names of important rivers, are everywhere the memorials of the very earliest races. These river-names survive where all other names have changed, they seem to possess an almost indestructible vitality. Towns may be destroyed, the sites of human habitation may be removed, but the ancient river-names are handed down from race to race; even the names of the eternal hills are less permanent than those of rivers.'

It is an old-standing joke against Etymology that consonants mean very little; vowels nothing at all: this as regards consonants is untrue, but as Prof. Weekley rightly says 'Dialects do as they like with the vowels'. He cites as examples the surnames Long, Lang, Lung, Leng, 'and possibly sometimes' Ling.

It is well known that our 'blind' ancestors paid divine honours not only to rivers but likewise to trees. Place-names such as Allington in Wilts are assigned to *ellen*, an old word for elder tree, and the name is thus interpreted to have meant elder tree hill: similarly Lindon in Dorset is interpreted as flax town. But linum or flax does not grow upon a site till it has been long previously inhabited, and it may be that the linden or lime tree, as also the elm or ullum, and the holm or holen oak, were named after Helen. In Scandinavia the linden or lime tree was supposed to be the favourite haunt of elves and cognate beings and it was considered not safe to be near it after sunset. According to Skeat the holm oak acquired this name from a resemblance to holly; holin, the medieval name for holly, was, he adds, 'sometimes corrupted to holm or holy'. It would thus seem that

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holin, holme and holy are all radically akin: the holly-hock was so named because it came from the Holy land.

There is a tradition that the site of the world-wonder Temple of Diana at Ephesus was originally a small and primitive tree shrine standing on the marshy ground of the river delta, and that in the seventh century B.C. a stone building was erected over and around it. In view of Rice Holmes' belief that probably every primitive British town owed its nomenclature to a presiding Fairy Guardian it may be that London itself may be traced to a prehistoric tree-shrine and that London Stone now preserved in Cannon Street may mark the approximate spot. Although the name London is Celtic it is believed by some authorities that prior to the Roman invasion nothing in the nature of a settlement existed. It is however quite likely that a dun amid the swamps at the delta of the Thames was dedicated to Nehalennia, for this divinity was certainly worshipped in the delta of the Rhine, where she was regarded as 'the tutelary deity of fishermen and the bestower of fruitfulness'. There is an old English word *line* which means to fecundate, and that Nehallennia or St. Niwelinae of the dog was the same as Line may be further inferred from the archaic word *lynehound* or *limehound*: which animal, according to J. O. Halliwell, was a common hound or sporting dog.

The loss of an initial vowel such as in the case of *lone* or *alone* is extremely frequent: 'Lena is a customary contraction of Helena; Ellenburgh (Maryport) a town on the River Ellen or Alne figured in Domesday as *Linehalle*, in 1200 it reappeared as *Ellinhale*. In view of the patent connection between Nehalennia, Helen and London, it is not an irrational suggestion that the primitive dun of

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the fisherfolk took its name from Elen the Fair sitting lone and alone on her throne of ruddy gold. For the Lon of London there is at present no known or accepted etymology: the *don* means by general acceptance the *dun* or fortified hill upon which the ancient settlement stood.

Amid what were once the swamps of South London, now Streatham, is a district bearing the curious name *Lonesome*: to get to it I was directed to Greyhound Lane.

CHAPTER III

COLE PROPHETS

IN 1925 Mr. Alfred Watkins published a suggestive and well-documented book entitled *The Old Straight Track: its Mounds, Beacons, Moats, Sites and Markstones*. Drawing his conclusions from the frequency with which the word Cole or Cold occurs at important cross-roads, ferries, hills and landmarks Mr. Watkins postulated the existence at some remote period of a class of men known as Coles. He surmised further that these supposititious Coles not only surveyed the trackways but that they also acted much like the modern A.A. man as the guides, philosophers and friends of travellers. Although the term cole occurs not infrequently ranging from coles, or cabbages, to Old King Cole, its meaning is completely obscure: it is described in the *New English Dictionary* as a 'word of unknown etymology and even of uncertain existence inferred from the following examples'. Amongst those then cited is Coleprophet, defined as 'one who pretends by magic or occult meaning to predict the future, tell fortunes, etc., a wizard, sorcerer, diviner, necromancer, fortune-teller'⁵. Amongst examples of the use of the term the *New English Dictionary* quotes the form coWprophet, believed to be a perversion by popular etymology and to prove that the sense of cole (whatever that might have been) was forgotten by 1579.

Mr. Watkins has shown by many examples that the words cole and cold vary invariably: it is in fact obvious

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that speech could not possibly preserve from century to century, and from shire to shire, so nice a phonetic distinction.

It seems probable that the form coldprophet is the more correct and that the coldprophets of 1579 may possibly trace back as a survival of the earlier and highly mysterious Culdees. The Culdees were an ancient order of ecclesiastics and their origin, as also their early history, is said to be involved in 'almost hopeless obscurity'. The conclusion to which Dr. Skene arrives is 'that the Culdees originally sprang from that ascetic order who adopted a solitary service of God in an isolated cell as the highest form of religious life, and who were termed *Deicolae*; that they then became associated in communities of anchorites or hermits; that they were clerics, and might be called monks, but only in the sense that anchorites were monks; that they made their appearance in the eastern districts of Scotland at the same time as the secular clergy were introduced, and succeeded the Columban monks, who had been driven across the great mountain-range of Drumalban, the western frontier of the Pictish kingdom; and that they were finally brought under the canonical rule along with the secular clergy⁵. The Culdees were however not confined to Caledonia: they figured at Bardsey in Wales where they are mentioned by Gildas as most devout monks called Colibes or Culdees; they figured in Ireland; they figured also at York. Although brought at one time under canonical rule, the manifold heresies of the order eventually caused its members to be driven out of the Church; they were however still clinging to some of their centres, at St. Andrews as late as 1124, at Sligo as late as 1595. The word Culdeq is

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generally regarded as the Celtic phrase *cele de* meaning, according to some authorities, God's comrade or sworn ally; according to others, companion or faithful servant of God. The writer of the article 'Culdees' in Hastings' *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics* comments upon the special difficulty of accounting for the restriction of a term having this meaning, and obviously applicable to all monks and anchorites, to one particular order. Some authorities regard the Culdees as a drooping remnant of the Celtic church; others prefer to see in them 'not an inert residue but a recrudescence, a burst into flame of the old Celtic religion, stimulated perhaps by conflict with the rival Roman institution. The honourable title *cele de* comes from the people as its native form shows and it must have been elicited at the sight of special devotion and piety.'

That the Culdees were heretical is clear as day: they married, dwelt in colleges, practised music and mechanical arts, celebrated Easter at a period different to that of the Roman church, shaved their heads like Druids in a tonsure from the forehead backward in a crescent form, denied the worship of saints and angels, baptized infants by immersion, condemned the Mass, ridiculed holy relics and refused to offer up prayers for the dead: moreover their Abbots exercised office by hereditary tenure in one instance for fifteen generations. At St. Andrews notwithstanding an ecclesiastical ban in 813 the Culdees continued to worship in a certain corner of the church after their own manner; 'nor', says a register of the Priory, 'could this evil be removed till the time of Alexander of blessed memory in 1124'. Thus, as is pointed out by Mr. Lewis Spence in *The Mysteries of*

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Britain, for 300 years the Culdees were able to defy ecclesiastical authority.

The chief seat of these remarkable monks was the sacred island of Iona known anciently as Inis Druineach or the island of the Druids. It is recorded that when St. Columba first landed on the island he was met by Druids disguised *in the habits of monks* who pretended they were there to preach the Gospel; but Columba discovered the imposture and the field was resigned to the Saint.

In Ireland the line between paganism and Christianity seems to have been rather more marked: here it is recorded that the earliest Christian missionaries found the native religion extinct and themselves took the name of Culdees from inhabiting the Druids' empty cells.

That the Culdees were stained deeply with heresy is sufficiently apparent, but it may be doubted whether St. Bernard was justified in his denunciation of the Irish Keledei as 'Beasts, absolute barbarians, a stubborn stiff-necked and ungovernable generation and abominable; Christian in name but in reality pagan'. The pure Culdees of Caledonia are said to have engaged chiefly in the choral parts of worship, also to have been specially associated with the charitable care of the sick and poor, and the distribution of alms.

In support of his Cole theory Mr. Watkins quotes from Rowland's *Mona Antiqua Restaurata*, where the word *coel* is mentioned in connection with tumuli and cairns; it is also said there are 'grounds of probability that it really was some solemn appurtenance of religion although now quite forgotten'.

In Warwickshire, where the equation Coleshill = Counsylht (Counsel hut) has already been noted, there is

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a **brook** named the Cole, and in the Isle of Wight is a Calbourne. The place-name Colesbourne is defined as having meant bourne or brook of Colle or Cola, a common old English name: Coalbrookdale, which the authorities connote with Colebrook, is expounded as possibly from coal or charcoal and thus to have implied a brook beside which charcoal was burned. In defence of this definition it is explained that old English *col*, *cool*, *cold* 'does not suit well phonetically'. Language began with voice: for unnumbered ages it has been sustained by voice, and to suppose that during this untold period voice maintained an invariable phonetic purity savours of absurdity. The written varieties of the word Culdee range for example from *Culdee* to *Keldee*, *Colidei*, *Culdei*, *Calledei*, *Keldei*, *Keledei*, and doubtless many other forms.

There are several rivers named Coin or Colne, a word which is explained as not from the Latin *colonia* but in all probability pre-Keltic. If there ever were such a noun as Cole the ancient plural form would presumably have been colen, as in brethren, children, clerken, etc. To parallel this suggestion one may note the place-name Friern Barnet, where the friars or friaren of St. John had a Friary; or again *Jewin* Street, the Jews' Street. It is curious to find the old plural *-en* still in use in East Anglia to-day, where one may hear housen for houses and meecen for mice. It may hence be suggested that Colchester or Colncester on the river Colne was like other Colne-brooks a place where the Coles or Colen clustered: that divine honours were paid to rivers by our heathen fore-runners is a fact attested in every direction.

Among the canons of etymology formulated by Prof. Skeat one finds: 'It is useless to offer an explanation of **an**

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English word which will not *also* explain all the cognate forms': that is an expansive proposition but it will elucidate not a few problems to use old Cole of Colchester as a clue. It has recently been said on high authority that there is no town in Britain that can compare with Colchester, inasmuch as it is the oldest recorded town that is known of in these realms. Amongst its ancient appellations were *Kaer Colun* and *Caer Colden*, so that one here finds the same alternation between *col* and *cold* as are apparent in Coleprophet = Colrfprophet, at the London Cole Abbey = *Cold* Abbey, and in many other directions. Amongst the variants of Colchester are Caer Colon, Cair Colun, Caer Coluin, Kair Coel, Caer Coelin, the last being defined as 'fortified town of Coel'. In 1637 Colchester Castle was recorded as King Coles Hall, and there is documentary evidence that the site was once known as Colkings Palace; of this Cole King, Helen of London was the legendary daughter.

The saints connected with the London Churches bearing the sub-titles Cole Abbey, Colchurch, Coleman Church are respectively St. Nicholas, St. Mary, St. Katherine and these three saints as will be seen link up very curiously either with King Cole or with one or another member of his very remarkable family.

The historic existence of the Culdees at York sanctions the theory that they penetrated still farther south and that the numerous Coldharbours and Caldecotts were, quite irrespective of temperature, once cells either of the Culdees, or of some class closely akin.

CHAPTER IV

COLE PITS

IN the days of the King Coel known to History many Britons seem either to have lived habitually in pits, or occasionally to have skulked in them. When Constantius the Roman legate landed at Totnes and started for Colchester on his military mission to restore law and order it is recorded by Layamon that the good news reached the Britons 'where they dwelt in the pits: in earth and in stocks they hid them like badgers; in wood and in wilderness, in heath and in fen, so that well nigh no man might find any Briton except they were in castle or in burgh enclosed fast'. At the stirring call of Constantius out of their hidden haunts and fastnesses the natives then came leaping like deer, even the women clothing themselves like men and helping in the fight.

The higher-land wildernesses neighbouring the Thames of Kent and Essex were at one time pitted thickly with some remarkable excavations known to-day as dene holes: even now northern Kent and southern Essex appear to be studded with them. 'There are,' says the most recent authority, 'thousands of these deneholes in the South of England and several can be seen from below upwards in the Chislehurst Caves, only slightly altered from centuries ago when they were made.' These centuries must be many, for apart from the questionable testimony of deer-pick marks, the deneholes are generally accepted as being those pits to which Pliny refers:

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argentaria, or white chalk, is, he wrote Obtained by means of pits sunk like wells with narrow mouths to the depth sometimes of 100 feet when they branch out like the veins of mines and this kind is chiefly used in Britain'.

Pliny, who described from hearsay, was wrong in his statement 'like the veins of mines': the dene holes of southern Britain are on the contrary of the curiously standard shape of a double trefoil as shown in the diagram reproduced on p. 53; Roach Smith described the form as a six-leaved flower diverging from the central cup which is represented by the shaft. The centre cave of the pair of trefoils is approximately 14 yards in length by 6 in height: the smaller side caves 7 by 2; a side section of the cave itself according to Roach Smith shows 'like the outline of an egg made to stand on its broader end'. The form of the so-called Grimes Graves at Brandon in Suffolk is very much the same except that the side caves of the 'grave' open to public inspection are seven in number instead of six: the industry of flint-knapping still carried on at Brandon is a classic example of continuous occupation and conservative tradition extending in an unbroken sequence from neolithic times till to-day.

If, as is in some quarters supposed, the dene holes of Kent were the identical chalk pits mentioned by Pliny, one might easily believe that Sylvanius Secundus, the Chalk-merchant of Britain, who erected an *ex voto* to Nehalennia drew his supplies from North Kent. But it is difficult to see how the dene hole miners could have competed against the unlimited chalk cliffs of Kent and Sussex where material was lying ready quarried on the sea-shore and inviting cheap shipment To get chalk from a dene hole necessitates boring a narrow shaft through

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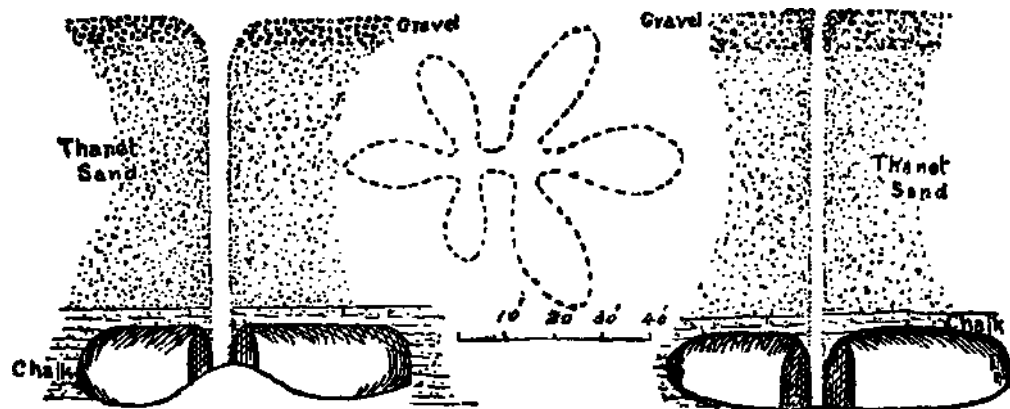
gravel (*see* Plan) descending and ascending 70-100 feet by means of niches cut into the sides for the toes and a fibre rope suspended in the centre. Having arduously reached the surface the material would then require transport through hilly woodlands and final bucketing on board: one is thus necessarily left with the conviction that the primitive chalk-merchants, whether Romano-Britons or pre-Kelts, were singularly lacking in all business ability.

A contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, writing about 150 years ago, stated the existence at a place called Penselwood in Somerset of what were estimated to be 22,000 so-called 'penpits'⁵: these he described as of the form which mathematicians term the frustrum of a cone; not of like size one with another, but from 10 to 50 feet over at top and from 5 to 20 feet in the bottom. The same writer added the information that similar pits existed in Berkshire where they were known as Coles Pits: according to Masfield, Berkshire is peculiarly associated with a legendary King Cole:

And most he haunts the beech-tree pasturing chalk
The Downs and Chi] terns with the Thames between
There still the Berkshire shepherds see him walk.

There may thus be some traditional connection between the Coles pits of Berkshire and King Cole.

A map as recent as 1920 shows near Sidcup in Kent a Coalpit Wood: this eligible district having however been deemed ripe for development Coalpit Wood has unhappily disappeared under bricks and mortar; nevertheless coal being unknown in that neighbourhood one may reasonably assume that the Colespits of Berkshire



Section of a Dene-hole in present condition,
showing shaft widened by weather, and
a heap of *de'bris* below.

flints

Section of a Dene-hole in original
condition, showing walling of
round entrance of shaft.

Sections of a Dene-hole and Ground Plan of Chambers.

[Based upon a plan and description by Mr. T. V. Holmes, F.O.S.)

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were akin to the Colepits from which Coalpit Wood seemingly derived its name. Within a mile of Coalpit Wood was a second larger wood consisting of three portions named respectively Christians Wood, Coldbath Wood, Hollyoak Wood. It has been seen that in the words of Dr. Skene 'the Culdees originally sprang from that ascetic order who adopted a solitary service of God in an isolated cell as the highest form of religious life and who were termed *Dei colae*: that they then became associated in communities of anchorites or hermits; that they were clerics and might be called monks but only in the sense that anchorites were monks'. It is thus permissible to suggest that the Colespits of Berkshire, as likewise the Coalpits and deneholes of Kent, were primarily religious cells constructed by the Coles, Culdees, Coleprophets or Coldprophets. It has been seen that the Culdees were Christians; it is likewise a recorded fact that they baptized by immersion, whence one may further infer that the name Coldbath Wood had no more relation to temperature than it had in Coldharbour or Caldecott. Coldbath Fields in Clerkenwell took its name from a medicinal spring: there is however no reason for the supposition that the waters of that spring were any colder than those of, say, the neighbouring Clerkenwell or of the Holywell from which Holywell Street, Strand, derived its title.

Less than a mile from Coldbath Wood stood a Pope Street Wood from which Pope Street the present title of this North Kent district took its name. There is a Popes Cross at Ealing, a Popes Lane at Brentford and Ealing: near Evesham is a Popesgrove: Pap worth in Cambridgeshire appeared in Domesday as Papeworde,

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and is recorded by the authorities somewhat perplexedly as 'place of Pappa'. Even to-day in some countries papa is a common appellative of the clergy; and there is no doubt that the same term was very prevalent in England. In the course of his London rambles Stow remarked: 'Then come you to the Papey a proper house wherein some times was kept a fraternity or brotherhood of St. Charity and St. John for poor impotent priests, for in some languages priests are called papes.⁵ This fraternity of St. Charity was suppressed among others in the reign of Edward VI, but of the papa's, evangelizing activities there was seemingly no end: one may trace the indefatigable adventurers to Caledonian islets such as Papa Westray, Papa Stour, to which presumably they steered their frail cockleshells from Iona, the prehistoric headquarters of the Culdees.

Popesgrove of Evesham implies not a church but a grove or graving through the forest such as those in which the Kelts traditionally worshipped: Hollyoak Wood of Pope St., Kent, suggests on the face of it that from the dimmest antiquity of time it was a holy wood, for the oak was the supersacred tree of Gaul and Britain.

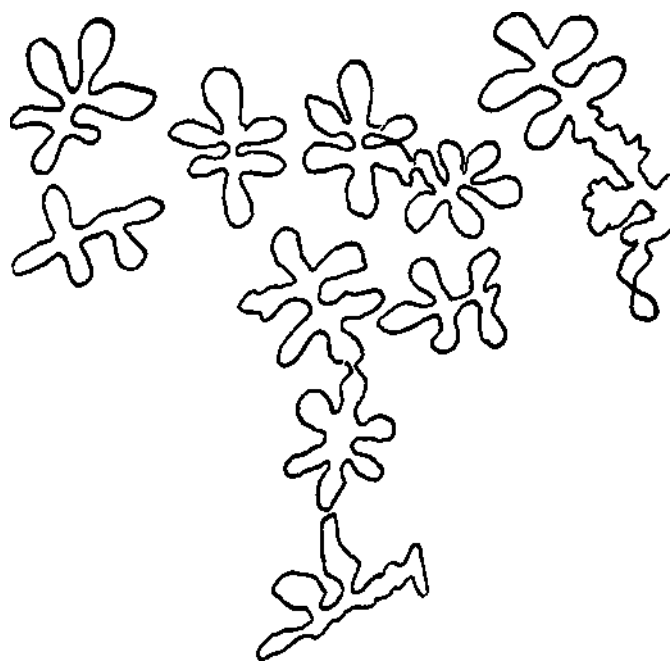
It is a present vogue among archaeologists to decry the Druids as mere tribal wizards, dabblers in magic, medicine-men, dancing dervishes; it is thus with the utmost diffidence that one mentions their name: nevertheless Caesar and other contemporaries who were in a position to judge did not share in the now conventional disdain. The high estimation in which the moral philosophy of prehistoric Britain was regarded may be deduced from the testimony of Caesar, who states: 'It is believed that this institution [Druidism] was *invent*

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in Britannia and thence transplanted into Gaul. Even nowadays those who wish to become more intimately acquainted with the institution generally go to Britannia for instructions sake.⁵

Pliny, whose report on the chalk mines ('and this kind is chiefly used in Britain') was so well-informed, writes with regard to magic: 'Britain now (A.D. 23) celebrates it wonderfully with so many circumstances that it may seem to have imparted it to the Persians'. In A.D. 45 a third contemporary (Pomponius Mela) asserted that the Druids 'profess to know the magnitude and form of the earth and the world, the motions of the heavens and the stars and the will of the gods. They teach the most noble of the nation many things privately and for a long time even for twenty years *in a cave* or *in inaccessible woods*'.

To study the motions of stars during daylight one must necessarily be situated either at the bottom of a well or in the base of a cave having a narrow shaft such as the 70-120 feet drop of the dene holes or chalk cells: the so-called colleges of the Druids may thus have been pit caves which were used *inter alia* as observatories. These either solitary or clustered cells culminate in what at one time must have been the almost inaccessible woods of Chislehurst in Kent: here still exists what must surely be regarded as the most remarkable chalk mine in the world. Twenty-two miles of labyrinthine passages have already been disclosed and explored; the caves are however ranged above and below so that the area (still largely unexplored) forms a huge madrepore. This subterranean honeycomb is known to cover an area of two and a half miles; it is said to embrace in its coils no less than



Ground Plan of Dene-holes in Hangman's Wood, Kent.

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seventy-eight dene holes united to each other by means of tunnels.

Within this catacomb, to be entered until recently only by means of a crawl through a narrow passage shaped like the letter S, is not merely a succession of caves separated in places by a margin of wall only four inches in thickness: there are also some remarkable niches or 'altars'; and it is little to be wondered at that certain archaeologists have in their enthusiasm considered the Chislehurst caves to be a 'subterranean Stonehenge'.

But suggestive and impressive as they are it is quite certain that the Chislehurst caves have from time immemorial been chalk quarries: this fact does however not discountenance the theory that they were originally constructed in their fantastic and unbusinesslike form under some superstitious or ecclesiastical control. Of this system perhaps a parallel instance may be found in the remarkable turquoise mines explored about ten years ago at Maghara near Sinai: 'These mines,' says a writer in *Ancient Egypt* (Part i) 'lie in the vicinity of two adjacent caves facing an extensive site of burning, which has the peculiarities of the high-places of which we hear so much in the Bible. These caves formed a sanctuary which, judging from what is known of ancient sanctuaries in Arabia generally, was at once a shrine and a store-house, presumably in the possession of a priesthood or clan, who, in return for offerings brought to the shrine, gave either turquoise itself, or the permission to mine it in the surrounding district. The sanctuary, like other sanctuaries in Arabia, was under the patronage of a female divinity, the representative of nature-worship, and one of the numerous forms of Ishtar.'

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The impropriety of connoting Britain with Arabia may be softened not only by Pliny's indecision between the British Druids and the Persian Magi but further by the fact that at Royston there is a sculptured 'denehole' almost the counterpart of another in Palestine. According to the author of *The Royston Cave*: 'It is certain that ancient caves do exist in Palestine which in form and circumstance, and to some extent also in decoration, approximate so nearly to the Royston Cave that if any historical connection could be established between them, it would scarcely seem doubtful that the one is a copy of the other'. According to the same authority there are indications at the Royston Cave 'of an extreme and primeval antiquity'⁵, and he adds, 'it bears, indeed, a strong resemblance in form and dimension to the ancient British habitation; and certain marks and decorations in its oldest parts such as indentations and punctures, giving a diapered appearance to the surface, are very similar to what is seen in confessedly Druidical and Phoenician structures'⁵.

That the Royston pit was a sacred cell is evident from the religious carvings in its walls: that the 22,000 penpits in the high place of Penselwood were, like the turquoise mines of Maghara, also an 'extensive site of burning' may be inferred from the fact that Pensaulcoit the ancient British name of Penselwood is translated as having meant *wood of the height like a chimney or smoke hole*. What was happening there to cause such more or less continuous smoke? Neither line burners nor charcoal burners require the accommodation of 22,000 pits, nor would these rustic workers toil unnecessarily to a hilltop. If the penpits of Penselwood were as reported similar to the Colespits of Berkshire the terms and the customs may not only

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link up with Coalpit Wood near Sidcup but also with the Coldharbour Farm less than a mile from Chislehurst. The parish Church of Chislehurst is dedicated to St. Nicholas, the same saint as is linked to the London Cole Abbey or Cold Abbey: although St. Nicholas was the benign Santa Claus, there was obviously some malignant association with him sufficient to cause Old Nick to be a synonym for the devil; 'Some say,' wrote a fifteenth-century writer, 'that the devil is buried in Coldharbour'. In *Motes and Queries*, January 8th and February 19th, 1876, a correspondent drew attention to the remarkable fact that in the year 1770 coal-mining operations in Ireland, at Fair Head, near the Giant's Causeway, disclosed prehistoric quarryings together with stone hammers, 'of the rudest and most ancient form'. It is difficult to believe that prehistoric man, surrounded by inexhaustible supplies of fuel in the form of forest and peat, found it necessary to mine, with his rude implements, for coal fuel, and the description of the supposedly prehistoric mine — 'wrought in the most expert manner, the chambers regularly dressed and pillars left at proper intervals to support the roof — arouses not only a strong suspicion that the souterrain in question was actually a shrine, but also that the place-name Antrim — where these quarryings occur — may be connected with *antre*, a cave. When the Fair Head labyrinth was accidentally disclosed we are told that two lads were sent forward who soon found themselves in 'numerous apartments in the mazes and windings of which they were completely bewildered and were finally extricated, not without some difficulty.' According to *Chambers's Encyclopaedia* 'The use of coal does not seem to have been known to the ancients;

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nor is it well known at what time it began to be used for fuel. Some say that it was used by the ancient Britons; and at all events it was to some extent an article of household consumption during the Anglo-Saxon period as early as 852 A.D. There seems to be reason for thinking that Britain was the first European country in which coal was used to any considerable extent.' Other accounts state that coalmining was primarily in the hands of the monks.

With Fair Head, Antrim, may be connoted a remarkable incident which happened in 1585 at a spot a few miles from north Kent Coalpit Wood, named Fairy Hill: betimes in the morning of August 4th the ground began to sink, so much so that three great elm trees in a certain field were swallowed up into a pit of about eighty yards in circumference and by 10 o'clock no part of them could be seen. This narrative taken from Walford's *Greater London* continues that when in an adjacent field another piece of land sank in like manner 'the inhabitants were greatly terrified'⁵. The ancient Fairy duns were frequently hollowed into caves and the disappearance of three elm trees implies the collapse of a large sou terrain: in the opinion of Lyson the subsidence was occasioned by the falling-in of what had at some remote period been a chalk-pit.

To the fire-worshipping Ancients coal — a rock which burnt — must have seemed something supernatural and sacred. There is no known etymology for coal, or as it used to be spelt *col*: Skeat, according to whom 'of course any connection with the Latin *calere* to be hot is out of the question' considers that the word is probably from the same root as the Sanscrit *jval* — to blaze or burn,

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Although there is no historic connection between the Easterns who wrote the sacred Sanscrit and the British islands, nevertheless etymologeh do not scruple to apply Sanscrit to locked doors; yet it may well be that *coal* derived nearer home and that the term is related to *Cell* an ancient British title for the Creator. The name *Celi* is said by Celtic scholars to have meant concealing or the concealed one: Ked the name of Celi's consort is said to have meant *aid*, and it is here noteworthy that the name of the stream running past the Chislehurst Caves is the Kydbrook. The word *cell* is connoted by Skeat with the Helenic *kalia* a hut and with *kal* to hide; hence it may be that the cells in which the Culdees lived were the sites where these occult monks hid themselves. Coal which is essentially an occult or hidden product may reasonably have received its title from Celi the Concealed One.

The Welsh letter *c* is pronounced like *k* hence *Celi* may likewise explain *kil* the Scotch prefix of so many place-names: it is defined as having meant 'a cell as denoting that this was once the abode of a religious'. The island of Iona — 'that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions' — was known alternatively as I Colum Kille which means the *Island of the Church of Colum*: the most ancient ruin there is named the Culdees Cell. I columkille was also known as *Inis Druineach* said to have meant Island of the Druids, and some very pagan stories hung around it. Isolated spots (frequently on hill tops) must have been cool, chilly and cold: the term *col* was applied not only to the rock that blazed and warmed but also to charcoal; it may thus be Coalpit Wood at Popes Street, Kent, was a site

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of charcoal burners. The same suggestion may be put forward in respect of Colliers Wood at Balham, and various Collingwoods, but charcoal burners will not account for the Coldharbours, the Coleprophets and all their collaterals. It is extremely probable that the Coles in their solitary posts kept themselves warm by burning charcoal fires. The folk-customs with relation to fires leave no doubt that fire was sacred: to this day the Breton peasants dance ecstatically around the Joy fires of St. John. The field in which Grimes graves are situated is still known as Santon Field, and as *tan* is Keltic for fire (a word surviving in tinder and *tandslickors*) there is ground for supposition that Santon Field was a place where the holy fire festivals of Beltane were duly celebrated.

CHAPTER V

COLEGROVES

IT is fairly common knowledge that sacred places mostly occupy aboriginal, time-honoured sites; it is equally known that among the folk the sacred spots prior to Christianity were stones, wells, trees, rivers, groves, woods and hilltops. Only partially and imperceptibly was the Church able to divert this 'animism'⁵ to the honour of Christ: in many parts it has not yet wholly done so.

One can hardly doubt that the primitive Christian monks known as Culdees were semi-pagans whence it follows that the Coldharbours or Caldecotts were half-way houses between Druidism (whatever that may have been) and the Athanasian Creed. It was suggested in a previous chapter that the ill-reputed Coleprophets of the sixteenth century were decadent descendants of the Colideos or Culdees and that the mysterious Coles were hermits who usually maintained their stations in arbours, at fords, wells, hilltops, crossroads, and similarly important sites. Although in their latter days the Coleprophets seem very seriously to have fallen from grace there are many words both in Welsh and English which imply a different story. The Welsh, i.e. British, word *coledd* is defined in Pughe's Dictionary as 'a looking after, a taking care of, a cherishing, a cultivating', and there would seem some connection here with Culdee or *cele de* meaning 'companion or faithful servant of God'. Of the Culdees there is written record that they were

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specially associated with the charitable care of the sick
• and poor and with the distribution of alms.

One of the London Colechurches bears the supplementary title Haw being known as St. Katherine Colechurchhaw: according to Stow *haw* meant a garden; and that the Coles grew vegetables may be inferred from other directions than the words cauliflower, kale, cole, colewort, etc. That the Coles were pacifists and preachers of peace is hinted by *collie* or *colley* a Scotch word meaning to yield in a contest, to knock under: that the Coles were gentle and innocuous as doves is implied by the Keltic word *colomen* or *colemen* which means a dove; *columba* and *culver* likewise mean dove, and the names Colin, Colan, and Colinette all bear the same meaning.

That the Coleharbours were havens of refuge and sanctuaries of peace may be inferred from the fact that certainly one of those in London was a privileged place not subject to the jurisdiction of the City. Hence, like The Clink at Southwark it became a notorious resort of malefactors and in the seventeenth century was known as the Devil's Sanctuary. Precisely the same abuses arose at the Clink, a place and word of unknown origin: if Clink were the same word as clinic it meant originally 'one lying in a bed'; clinical implies 'relating to a bed', so that it may be that the mysterious Clink was once a hostelry associated with the Colen.

One may visualize a colony of Coles at Coldharbour Lane, Brixton: another larger one at Coldharbour Lane, Camberwell. The parish Church and hospital at Camberwell are dedicated to St. Giles, who was the patron saint of cripples: miracles of healing were reported at Cripplegate, and as the Keltic word *cam*, as in Camber-

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well, meant crooked, it used to be seriously maintained that the place took its name from the crooked or crippled men who were straightened at its healing waters. The spring-abounding wooded heights of Camberwell are just the site where one would expect to find the woodland loving Coles: thus when one here finds a cluster of correlated place-names in a comparatively small area the surmise approaches certainty. In addition to Coldharbour there are to-day in Camberwell a collection of street-names in all of which the operative word is clearly Cole: these are Colls Road, Colwell Road, Colegrove Road, Coleman Road, Calton Avenue, Colyton Road, Collyer Place, Colby Road, Caldew Street; near by in Wandsworth (where runs the river Wandle) are Coleford Road, Colford Road and Colistone Road. It is difficult to suppose that a collection such as this happened by casual chance, and further inquiry is worth while.

Colby and Caldew are reminiscent of the *Colibes vel Colideos* i.e. the Celibates or Culdees mentioned by Giraldus Cambrensis (twelfth century) as then flourishing in North Wales. Although the *colibes* of Giraldus are translated celibates this word according to Skeat is the Latin *caelebs*: he similarly assigns *cowl* meaning the habit of a monk to the Latin *cucullus*; caul, a close-fitting hood is however assigned to the Keltic *kelle*. It is difficult to account for the superstitious reverence paid to a child's caul unless some deeply religious ideas were associated with it.

The Camberwell street-name Colegrove implies a sacred Grove such as is traditionally associated with Druidic worship: and the Colegrove Road at Camberwell may be connoted with a Colegrove Road in East

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London. 'The Grove' at Camberwell ana equivalent to the grave, the word grove imp where a grave, cutting, or engraving through «. Yorkshire there is a river Kell which the a connect with the Keltic word *celli* meaning a grove: but flowing water is neither wood nor tree is far more likely that the river Kell, likewise the i bouring woods and groves derived their titles as be either haunted or inhabited by the divinity Celi or ei by the Coles. In Caledonia *calydon* was a generic term foi a forest and there is no doubt that in lone woods and inaccessible forests were situated the dens and duns of the Coles. There is a Calydon Street in Woolwich and the Camberwell street-names Colyton and Calton imply a Cole Town either where they occur or in some other direction. Calton Avenue was named after a sixteenth-century landowner who undoubtedly derived his surname from a somewhere existent Calton.

The Colistone Road in Wandsworth marks in all probability not a Colis town but a Coli stone, i.e. a markstone, a sacred stone: the neighbouring Brixton, figuring originally as Brixes stane, is mentioned by the *Victoria County History* as a probable dolmen.

On Wandsworth Common is a Collamore Avenue so entitled from the name of a house in the vicinity: the inference follows that a part of Wandsworth Common was at one time known as Cole Moor in which respect it may be likened to Culloden Moor.

According to Pughe's Welsh Dictionary *col* means promontory, peak, sharp hillock: this definition concurs exactly with the group of Upper Sydenham street-names, *Peak Hill*, *Collingtree Road*, *Kirkdale*. That Colling-

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a sacred Colen tree may be concluded from
., variation of *n* into *ng*, as for example in
,, alternatively Colingbine, the name of a
named because its flowers are suggestive of a
oves. Collingtree Road, Peak Hill, Kirkdale, is
1 on the culminating peak of the Upper Syden-
highlands and one is left wondering how the
jdonian word *kirk* came to that locality.

Ln the fourteenth century the main road from Kent
ntersecting the eastern portion of Camberwell was
known as Breynghurst or Dredynghurst Road. If we
ignore the superfluous *g* these words resolve into Briton
Wood and Dredyn Wood: among the Anglo-Saxons
dry meant a magician whence it would appear that to
the Anglo-Saxon the Camberwell forest was a den of
magicians, or in other words a dun or stronghold of the
Britons. That the Britons maintained their independence
for centuries in the fastnesses of Wales is common know-
ledge, that they clustered in the inaccessible woods of
Camberwell and Chislehurst is a reasonable inference.
The Saxons had a mania for destroying buildings and
towns but there was nothing in the wilds of South
London to inspire them either to slaughter or rapine:
their penetration into England was originally peaceful.

According to Skeat the Anglo-Saxon *dry* meaning
magician 'is from British', and there is little doubt that
what the British themselves understood by the word was
the Welsh *derwdd* or Druid. Holinshead alludes to 'the
Druyish religion', an expression which wise men of
to-day trace either to the Keltic *druí* meaning sorcerer,
magician, or to the Persian *duru* meaning a good holy
man, or to the Arabic *deri* meaning a wise man. It is

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believed that Dryden Passage, Fetter Lane, was named after the poet who resided there; Prof. Weekley does not discuss the name Dryden but it must have originated from a Dryden either in Fetter Lane or elsewhere.

Various etymologies have been suggested as an origin for the name Camberwell: as an alternative to *cam* — crooked, that is to say a well where the crooked were made straight, *camber*, meaning arch, has been brought forward to imply a well cambered over. But quite apart from the suggestive word Bretynghurst there are inferences that Camberwell like Cambria and Cumberland was a Kymbry district: from Coldharbour Lane, Brixton, leads Cambria Road; close to Coldbath Wood, Sidcup, is a Cambria Nursery, which may of course owe its name to an enthusiastic Cambrian or on the other hand may be the successor to a Cambrian Farm. Caldew Street, Camberwell, occupies the site of what was once termed Cumberland Place: the county of Cumberland is assigned to the Cambry or Kymbry, but the place-name Camberwell is now set aside as too difficult. 'Probably', says authority, 'it is well of Coenbeorht, a common old English name and this is phonetically quite admissible'. Thought is free; nevertheless were one of the Coenbeorht family to bring his supposed title to a Court of Law he would probably have great difficulty in maintaining it. If as authorities declare, Balham or Belgeham implies the Belgae, and as 'it is hardly to be doubted⁵ that the four Mount Nods of South London preserve the metnory of the Keltic water god Nod or Nud, it is perhaps equally admissible to assign prehistoric Camberwell to the Cambri.

CHAPTER VI

GATHERING THE COLES

THE ancient people known as the Kimmeroi, Kymbri, Cynbro, or Cambrians, seem to have been such inveterate catacomb constructors that thence arose the phrase Cimmerian gloom: it is thus not unlikely that the catacombs still existing at Rome were commenced by the Kimmeroi. One of the hills of Rome was named Janiculum: Janus the presiding deity of the city and the origin of January, was represented with two faces; one looking to the past, one to the future. A head of Janus was dug up 200 years ago at Peckham, and the same deity is mentioned curiously in Geoffrey's *Histories of the Kings of Britain*. Geoffrey records: 'Cordelia, now mistress of the helm of state in Britain, buried her father in a certain underground chamber which she had bidden be made under the river Soar at Leicester. This underground chamber was founded *in honour of the two-faced Janus*, and there, when the yearly celebration of the day came round, did all the workmen of the city set hand unto such work as they were about to be busied upon throughout the year.⁵ Geoffrey also makes another interesting statement with respect to Bath: he says that Bladud its founder placed the city under the guardianship of the deity Minerva in whose temple he set fires that could not be quenched, never turned into ashes, but as they began to fail became as it were round balls

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of stone. This experience looks as though the attendants of the shrine kept a coke fire burning.

In Celtic the word *ceall* or *kille* meant a hermit's cell: Priory Road at Kilburn marks the neighbourhood of a Priory which succeeded a hermitage founded by one Godwin, or Goodwyne, on the side of the burn now long gone. The name Kilburn appears indifferently in old records as Keeleburne, Coldburne, or Caleburn. In the same neighbourhood one finds Golindale, Cool Oak, Colesgreen Road and Colin Deep Lane, the last named being mentioned in old records as 'ancient street'. Halliwell in his *Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words* gives *celle* as meaning a religious house, *cellen* as cells. Kilburn is almost the culminating point of the North London heights just as Sydenham and Camberwell dominate the South. The Druids, the Hebrews, the Persians, all alike worshipped in high places, a custom for which antiquaries assign the reason 'The people who prosecuted this method of work enjoyed a soothing infatuation which flattered the gloom of superstition. The eminences to which they retired were lonely and silent and seemed to be happily circumstanced for contemplation and prayer. They who frequented them were raised above the lower world and fancied that they were brought into the vicinity of the powers of the air and of the Deity, who resided in the higher regions.'⁵ But there were also stern practical reasons for the hilltops: they were drier, less wooded and very useful for defence.

The authorities usually explain the name Cambri or Kymbri as meaning a confluence or coming together: at times of emergency the clans (a word for which there is no etymology) were gathered by the symbol of a fiery

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cross. In Welsh *coelcerth* meant omen of danger, beacon, bonfire: as has been seen Camberwell was almost certainly a gathering place of the Coles. At one time I knew a Camberwell family named Gathercole for which patronymic Prof. Weekley accounts by the suggestion that the founder of the family was a gatherer of either coal or cabbage. The same authority tentatively accounts for the surname Littlecole as little coal or firebrand, but the fiery temper of a small person can hardly have formed a sure foundation for a worthy family: for the surnames Cole, Cull and Kell, Prof. Weekley proffers no suggestions.

Halliwell's *Dictionary of Archaic Words* gives *cull* as meaning silly, simple; the same word meant also to embrace; it may be that the word *cull* thus expressed some of the Cole characteristics.

The surnames Littlecole and Collett may be considered in conjunction, for a colet was an acolyte: according to Skeat the term acolyte (from the Hellenic *acolouthos*, a follower) meant in its origin a travelling companion. Leading from Prior Road, Kilburn, is an Acol Road, which associated thus with a priory may denote the erstwhile acolyte quarters. In face of the connection Nicholas Cole Abbey, it is interesting to find in Thanet a St. Nicholas and an Acol in immediate proximity: not far distant at Reculver is a Coldharbour Street and a Keel Farm. Mr. Donald Maxwell in *A Detective in Kent* surmises that Keel Farm was once an arm of the sea and that it meant Ship Farm. Ships certainly were termed keels; the foundation of a ship is its keel; *cule* is given by Halliwell, as having meant 'the fundament'. As monasteries were certainly the first hospitals *colerie* an old word meaning eyesalve is

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suggestive of some Cole Abbey or Coleharbour. The old word *cele* meant strange or wonderful: *cele* is defined as having implied happy, blessed, godly. It may transpire that the word Cole is the foundation not only of Colet or acolyte but likewise of college, ecclesia, and school. The word college is assigned to the Latin *collegium* meaning a society of persons or colleagues: in old English the word was spelled colage and according to Halliwell *college* in Somerset meant an assembly of small tenements having a common entrance from the street. In Southwark is a Collitch Place and I feel sure that the thirty or forty College Streets or Places of London (some unrelated to any known college) have in occasional instances a relation to the older *colage* which was probably the same thing as a hermitage. The suffix *age* evidently meant a dwelling place or house: Skeat who connotes house with the Sanscrit *kosha* meaning an abode or store-room equates it with the Gothic *hus* and he instances *godhus* meaning a god house. The English folk are not over scrupulous about an aspirate and in some parts of East Anglia to-day a cowshed, or neat house, is called a 'nettus': the pagan *godhus* may be equated with the modern conception of Domus Dei or the House of God. It is quite certain that the original schools were started and maintained by monks; in archaic times there can have been no schooling apart from the Druidic clan or clergy. The Druidic schools or colleges were widely of high repute; of the Culdees we are told that they lived in colleges. According to Skeat *school* (Hellenic *schole*) meant rest, leisure, sparetime, employment of leisure, disputation, philosophy, a place where lectures are given; the original sense is a resting or pausing. *School* is thus a good port-

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manteau word, and seems to cover everything likely to occur at the lonely outposts of the Coles.

In view of Professor Skeat having connoted the Sanscrit Kosha with *house* one may be permitted to connote *school* with the Hebrew word *haskalah* which meant enlightenment or wisdom. As it is not unusual for an initial vowel to disappear — as in the case of spirit = esprit, an inference may perhaps be drawn that school (French *ecole*) is a corroded form of *uschool*, or house of Cole. According to Professor Weekley the suffix *-house* is often corroded into *-as*, *-ess*, *-is*, *-os* and *-us*. If this suggestion be feasible it follows that *eccles* meant either Acol house or Cole house, a surmise which in any case is preferable to the current idea that *eccles* is a combination of the Greek words *ek*, out, and *kaleo*, I call. In ecclesiastical circles silence is more the rule than calling out or shouting. A map of London published in 1593 shows the church of St. Dunstan in the West as 'S. Dunshous' : it is thus not illogical to postulate a Cole House comparable with Cole Abbey, Coleharbour, Colechurch.

The East Anglian place-name Beccles is authoritatively believed to have meant *by eccles* or 'by the church'; alternatively *beau eglise* or 'fine church'; in that town Clowes is a familiar surname and one may suggest that the originators of the family were associates of some Cole House. With the Clowes family may be connoted the surname CuUis; to neither of these does Professor Weekley make any reference. Halliwell in his *Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words* gives *coul* as meaning pottage: the Cullis family may conceivably have run a cookhouse where they made coul or cullis; the latter is

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defined as a very fine and strong broth, well strained and much used by invalids. In what respect *cullis* differed from *skilly* ('water in which meat has been boiled, thickened with oatmeal') I do not know, but one may connote the word *skilly* with the word *skillet* which in some directions means a long-handled iron pot, in others (notably Suffolk) a thin brass perforated instrument for skimming cream. The old French form of *skillet* was *escuellette* a further instance parallel to the suggested erosion of *ofeschool* into *school*.

Skill is something usually acquired at schools and it is difficult to accept Skeat's derivation of *skill* as from *skal* — to separate, divide or cleave: such a derivation implies rather the negation of skill. That skill was associated with what Holinshead called 'the Druyish religion' is suggested by the surname *Drew*, which is defined as having meant *skilful*. The *Drew* family are supposed to descend from a certain John le Dreu who came over with Duke William from Normandy: at Stanton Drew and at Drewsteignton, both names meaning it is said Stone Town of the Drews or Druids, a family named *Drew* were settled; it is to be presumed that they derived their name from their dwelling place exactly as John Londonstone derived his patronymic from London Stone by which he had his house.

At the extremity of Drnwall is Sennen Bay: the village of Sennen faces a shall collection of houses on the opposite side of the valley named *Escolls*; one may reasonably assume that Sennen like the neighbouring Penzance (meaning Headland of the Saints) was a settlement of *Senen* the plural of *san* or saint, and that *Escolls* meant house of the Coles. In this Helenus district we

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have Sennen at the west, Penzance at the south, and Zennor (said to mean holy land) at the north; in the centre of this triangle is the village of Nancledra, neighboured by Coldharbour Place, Coldharbour Farm, Coldharbour House, and Coldharbour Moor.

On the borders of Suffolk is a village named Schole; in Norwich is Scholes Green; also Colegate, described as a very ancient route following the northern bank of the river for a quarter of a mile and supposedly deriving its name from the landing of charcoal here. Norwich was once seemingly a home of the Coles or Coleman; it is to-day the headquarters of two leading purveyors of food, the Colmans of mustard fame and the Caley's of ginger-beer and chocolate.

When collating the Coles one must necessarily include St. Clement: the origin of the word clemency is unknown whence it would seem that St. Clement was a pious abstraction akin to St. Charity and that his name is radically the same as *colomen* — a dove. In Ireland alone there are two hundred of dedications to St. Colman and it must necessarily have been that Colman, like Patrick, was the generic title of a fraternity.

The London church of St. Clements Danes is distant less than a mile from St. Dunstons in the West, i.e. 'Dunshous', and it is probable that Dunstan was originally a Dun stane or stone. The theory that St. Clements Danes was specially attended by Danes is singularly unconvincing: the *metier* of the Danes was principally ravage and destruction; piety was not their strong suit.

The time-honoured legend of St. Dunstan tells how when working at his forge he seized the nose of the devil with a pair of tongs. Custom similarly connects St.

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Clement with the forge and on St. Clement's Day it was usual for a masquer to garb himself with a long white beard and to ramble around saying 'I am the real St. Clement, the first founder of brass ore and steel from ore.' In this aspect St. Clement may be compared with the folksong entitled Cole the Blacksmith, of which the refrain is

'He causes the bright hammer to rise and to fall
Here's to Old Cole, the young Cole, and the young
Cole of all.'

This song, Mr. Watkins tells me, was popular in Derbyshire: Nottingham claims to have been the burial place of the King Cole of Colchester; it also displays in its civic arms the three crowns representative of three Kings or Magi whose bodies were miraculously recovered by St. Helena.

The suggestion has already been made that there might have been some connection with Helen the Fair and Hellen the Hellenic Father of the First Born Woman. In his collection of old English fairy tales entitled *Fairy Gold* the editor of Everyman's Library includes a story entitled *Elan the Armourer*. Herein Elan of the Waters is described as a windblown calm-faced giant, terrible in strength: he rides the sea with a moving forge; his hammer plunges among the thunder-clouds and he himself is ruddy in the blaze of his own furnace. Yet this mighty Armourer who filled the night with his great presence, when ashore to redress wrong, walked so carefully that not a mouse was crushed beneath his tread. With Elan the Armourer may be connoted Leane the mighty Artificer whose forge once brightened the shores

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of Lough Leane and from whom Lough Leane derived its name.

As already noted the elder tree was once known as the Ellentree, and the holly as the holintree. The holmoak or evergreen oak is, according to Skeat, a phonetic variation or 'corruption' of holinock; the line or linden is similarly a 'corruption' of lime, and it is little wonder that Halliwell surmised that line or lime was 'used perhaps for tree in general'⁵. In his *Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words* Halliwell gives not only *alme* and *elven* as variants of elm, he also cites *elvene* as meaning elves or sprites. There is indeed little doubt that the ancient British peopled in imagination every tree with elves or sprites; hence possibly the origin of Elven or Elm.

It was the popular creed in Scandinavia that some strange connection existed between elves and trees, and according to Keightley's *Fairy Mythology* 'the linden or lime tree is the favourite haunt of elves and cognate beings'. At the foot of the elder or ellen tree the Fairy Mother known as Hyldemoer or the Elder Mother was believed to sit enthroned.

Among the place-names traceable to an elm tree Isaac Taylor cites Elmham in Norfolk. In the Cathedral of Norwich there is a long list of Bishops of Elmham whence one must assume that Elmham was an ancient title of the See; there are however seven Elmhams in East Anglia, which claim to be the site of the original bishopric. As possession is nine-tenths of law, Norwich presumably possesses the best title to this ancient name, which must have long antedated the word Norwich: this is simply Anglo-Saxon for northern village or fort.

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Opposite the Cathedral Close is a dun or hill named Elmhill, whereon an elm tree is still growing: I was told by a local man that an elm tree was always kept growing on this hill and we may thus be in face of an immemorial tradition, carrying back to that remote period when London was similarly an Ellon dun.

As also in London, St. Helen is conspicuous at Norwich, where is not only an Old St. Hellens but also a St. Hellens 'formerly called St. Giles and ye great Hospital⁵'; in 1548 this institution was refounded under the name of God's House.

The city of Lincoln figures in old records as Lindum-colonia, Lindocolina; it was thus once seemingly another London. The obscure 'London Lane⁵ in Norwich, from its title — lane — can never have been a highway to London on the Thames: the greater probability is that London Lane commemorated an erstwhile Elondun or hill just as Elmham is equivalent to Ellen home.

The local pronounciation of Elmhill I found by personal experience to be Helm Hill, but apart from such evidence there is no doubt that Helen, Ellen, Helium, Hollen were all primarily one and the same.

With Hellen the Father of the Firstborn Woman, the Guide and Leader of the Hellenes, or with Elan the English Armourer of the floating forge may perhaps be connected the helm that guides, the helm that protects.

King Cole was king before the troubles came
, The land was happy while he held the helm
The valley-land from Condicote to Thame
Watered by Thames and green with many an elm.

CHAPTER V I I

COLDHARBOURS

AMONG the longer poems of John Masefield is *King Cole*, a legend all too short yet sufficiently lengthy to have been published in booklet form. To what extent *King Cole* incorporates traditions; to what degree it is pure fantasy I cannot say; the fact remains that almost every line of this poem incorporates some clue or clues relevant to our present inquiry.

According to Masefield, King Cole is a mysterious Being even now haunting the beech-tree pasturing chalk—

There still the Berkshire shepherds see him walk.

He pipes a wooden flute to music old,
Men hear him on the downs, and *lonely inns*.
In valley woods, or up the Chiltern wold;

His piping feeds the starved and warms the cold.
It gives the beaten courage; to the lost
It brings back faith, that lodestar of the ghost.
And most he haunts the beech-tree pasturing chalk
The Downs and Chilterns with the Thames between.

That the ubiquitous Coleharbours were lonely inns is the one point upon which all archaeologists are agreed. Skeat denounces any who think otherwise: according to him Coldharbour means what it says and was a name given to a wayside refuge, 'a place of shelter from the weather for wayfarers, constructed by the wayside'⁵,

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where the travellers could obtain shelter, but no fire or food, 'a cold shelter'.

On the suburban heights of North London is a Cool Oak Lane leading from Colindale; in the same neighbourhood are Colesgreen Road, Colin Deep Lane, and at one time there was a mansion called Cullands Grove. Were one compelled to accept Skeat's somewhat emphatic ruling it would be as logical to define Cool Oak as a remarkable tree with a temperature below normal.

The name Coldharbour figures in medieval London just as frequently in the form Coleharbour; there are also references to an 'inn or place called Coldeharbergh'. The words *cole* pottage, *cullis* a rich broth, *cole* any green vegetable, all imply not merely a cheerless refuge but a reasonable and varied menu; nor seemingly were the Coldharbours unwarmed, for the discovery of charcoal, broken crockery, etc., has led some authorities to derive the name from *col*, charcoal, *har*, ancient, *beork*, a mound. That drink was also available at all reasonable hours may be assumed from the fact that either at or near the Colechurch, by Coleman Street, stood, according to Stow, 'a void place called Le Colebrewous'. Here the brewouse may have been above ground but as Stow describes the site as Void', one must assume that only tradition, or possibly a field-name, kept the memory of a Cole Brew House alive. Possibly it was below in a Cole pit, for it is recorded that in this immediate neighbourhood 'near the Swan's Nest public-house a pit full of vessels was found, having an entire depth of 30 feet; also a brick pavement at a depth of 20 feet.' At one time there was a Coleharbour Lane leading to Coleharbour Stairs in Upper Thames Street; the site, says Harben in

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his *Dictionary of London* is now occupied by the City of London Brewery, to which it forms an entrance.

It is reasonable to assume that the lonely custodians of the primitive ways must not only have provided themselves with food and drink in their Coldharbours but must sometimes have shared their provisions with wayfarers. For this service courtesy would demand some gift in return; thus would come into existence the primal inns, and when in later times shrines arose at the hospitable and sacred sites, the original customs and privileges would maintain. Even in historic times the Churches brewed sacred ale: the word ale, according to some, means holy; and the early parish records show there was usually if not invariably an intimate connection between the Church and the Inn.

The *Daily Express* published recently a startled paragraph entitled 'Beer sold in a Graveyard: Inn and Church neighbours for 600 years'. According to this article the Church of Claines near Worcester 'stands within a few feet of the Mug House *the door of which is always open*. Calling for the evening pint the villager must approach by the churchyard path: there is no other way. No one objects; the sturdy villagers have too much common sense to believe that there is anything wrong in a public-house which stands within a few yards of a church'.

Claines in 1100 was written Cleinesse: this, says authority, is certainly an abnormal name but it can hardly be aught else than 'clear, clean headland'.

Among the places particularly associated with the Irish Culdees was Clones a name with which may be connoted Claines. Assuming clean headland to be a correct definition, one may suggest it was the pure

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Culdees or the lonely Coles who kept it clean: the word *clean* implies as much. As *colen* was almost certainly plural of Cole and as *ess* is mentioned by Professor Weekley as a frequent corruption of *house*, the name Cleinesse resolves it may be into Coles house. In Somerset is a Colehouse Lane.

With the growth of towns the lonely Colen must necessarily have lost a later urban polish: anchorites are essentially un-urbane, and some undoubtedly developed into country clowns. Colin was a term meaning gentle shepherd, and the collie dog was presumably for this reason so named.

Mine Host of Mine Inn is known generically as Boniface, the same presumably as *benefacio* — I do good, or I make good. Although *The Golden Legend* is silent on this subject there were seemingly innumerable 'Saint'⁵ Bonifaces: nine of the Popes assumed this title, and one of the English St. Bonifaces best known to history is the so-termed Apostle of Germany⁵. This enterprising missionary (originally named Winfred) was reared at Nutescelle, Hants; he adopted the title Boniface, and in the seventh century did his best to convert Germany from its then pagan ways. At this period, a movement spreading from England to Ireland was then proceeding for the conversion of the still uncivilized people of Europe: in the year 614 a certain Gallus was dispatched to Allemagne, and a so-called 'Killian' to Bavaria; another Celtic St. Boniface not only converted large numbers of Picts and Scots but likewise built 150 churches.

I know no details of the *modus operandi* of these benevolent missions to Germany: it may however be assumed

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that whatever successes ensued were achieved by the time-honoured Culdee characteristics, alms giving, care for the sick and poor. In Germany the medieval inns were known as *Kalte herbergen* which is the exact equivalent of Coldharbours; it may thus be that these *Kalte herbergen* date back to the English missions of the seventh century.

At Parsons Green in South-West London is Colehill Lane, and it may transpire that at one time the Boniface of Mine Inn was the parson of the parish.

It is recorded by Stow that the builder of the first stone London Bridge was a certain Peter of Colechurch; the work took thirty-three years to complete, and its accomplishment entailed a diversion of the Thames from Radcliffe to 'west about Patricksey now termed Battersea'. At Battersea, the islet of the padres, is Colestown Road: whether this marks the site of Peter's Cole Church I do not know; Peter himself was buried in 1205 in a chapel built on his London Bridge.

There was a Coldharbour on Tower Hill associated with the White Tower which, says Harben, seems to have been a cell or prison within the precincts. That the Coles like the Druids were maintainers of law and order is hardly to be doubted, and as there is no satisfactory etymology offered for the word *culprit* it may diffidently be suggested that the meaning was *cul prit* or Cole-taken. It is recorded that the Druids possessed a magic collar which if the culprit were found guilty contracted on his neck and strangled him to death: this looks very much as though the Coles used to garotte their criminals. The word kill means slay or deaden; it was, says Skeat, originally killen or cullen and he describes it as ⁴a weak

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verb': it may possibly imply that killing either for sacrificial or retributory causes was at one time a prerogative of the Coles or Colen.

For culinary and manufacturing purposes the colen must have used kilns: Halliwell cites *kel* as meaning kiln and in some sort of kiln must have been baked the bowl proverbially associated with King Cole of Nurseryland. Excavations at Colchester on the River Colne have recently revealed no less than eight prehistoric kilns, and among the debris over 200 fragments of moulds for making bowls. Halliwell in his dictionary of archaic words also mentions *coul* or *cowl* as meaning a large wooden tub, formerly any kind of cup or vessel: it would seem that from this root have developed the terms caldron, cauldron, or chaldron.

That King Cole of fairyland is, like so many ancient games and popular fancies, the relic of a once serious philosophy is a matter of high probability and from *Celi* (pronounced *Keli*), the All Father of Keltic mythology, one may in all likelihood derive Cole. According to the Bardic literature of Wales, Celi and his consort Keridwen (the goddess of fertility, symbolized by the greyhound bitch) were the parents of the sun and under the influence of the sun the elements took shape.

It was apparently Celi the concealed one who was worshipped by the Irish Celts under the titles Dagda, Dagda Mor, or Dagadevos. According to Celtic scholars the meaning of these terms is either — 'the good' or 'the great good fire'.

By some authorities Dagda, who is associated with a huge cauldron, is regarded as a personification of fire in its genial sense: from the cauldron of his plenty Dagda is

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said to have fed the whole earth; and although there is no mention of fiddlers Dagda is represented as the possessor of a magic harp by the music of which he played into existence all four seasons of the year. He is sometimes mentioned as 'The Lord of Great Knowledge'⁵ for he was possessed of the perfection of human science; he was known also as 'God of the Earth' for his sway governed corn, milk, and all agricultural produce.

That the magic harp of Dagadevos the Good (query Celi?) was the original of 'The Old Welsh Harp'⁵, an inn still standing in the Cool Oak, Colindale, Colesgreen district, can hardly be doubted. Yet this genial Boniface of the Celtic world is said to have dwelt, like Pluto, in an underworld, the supposed laboratory of all growth and fertility; this idea is obviously in keeping with the underworld of Pluto in which the daughter of Ceres or Keridwen was imprisoned for six months of each year.

Lying off Fair Head, Antrim, where as already mentioned, was a prehistoric coal mine, used to be a whirlpool known as Breacan's Cauldron, and it may be suggested that Celi as Lord of the Underworld, may have been the animating cause not only of that coal mine (a reproduction of the supposed laboratory of God) but likewise for the term coal being applied to the mystifying black rock that blazed with such heat and geniality. The ancients feigned the race of Night and Day as two eternally careering horses; the black striving everlastingly with the white, yet neither ever winning. To Jupiter, the Lord of Heaven and consequently the Prince of Light, the colour white was sacred: four white horses drew his chariot; white animals were his sacrifice; his priests were clad in a white cap: among the Druids white

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bulls and white raiment were similarly sacred; hence the probability that white rock had with them a genial significance. If this were so it might account for that labyrinth of chalk caves at Chislehurst. That caves entered largely into the initiatory ceremonies of the ancients is attested in every direction. Under the Porta Maggiore at Rome there exists a remarkable pagan subterranean basilica wherein it is believed that at certain times a priest occupied the throne of the apse and intoned in presence of his assembled flock passages in confirmation of faith in the doctrine of a blessed after-life. This teaching was pre-eminently that of the Druids and it is unnecessary to assume that the apse and altar in the Chislehurst Cavern were the scene of bloody sacrifice. As already noted the London Coleharbour (later occupied by the City of London Brewery) was evidently a sanctuary: it was, says Harven, 'a privileged place not subject to the jurisdiction of the city⁵.

The present committee rooms of Westminster Palace are situated on the site of an inn named Heaven: Paradise was a messuage in the same neighbourhood; Hell and Purgatory were subterranean passages. In the reign of James I, Hell was the sign of a low public-house frequented by lawyers' clerks, and in the first year of Henry VII Heaven and Hell were mentioned together with a third house named Purgatory. There is little doubt that at the island caverns in Ireland known as Patrick's Purgatory occult experiences happened to the pilgrims who even until recently flocked thither in great numbers.

Masefield markedly connects King Cole not only with chalk but likewise with the Chiltern Hills; the origin of

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Chiltern is not known but it is said that the name was applied to 'a kind of soil'⁵. The Chilterns are on chalk and presumably this is the 'kind of soil' to which the authorities refer.

The word *chalk*, German *kalk*, is attributed to the Latin *calx* or the Greek *calix*; but calyx also meant a bowl or cup, whence chalice. At Glastonbury (the sacred Iona of the South) to which it is said that Joseph of Arimathea brought the Sangrail or sacred cup, is a Chalice well situated in a Chilkwel Street; the inference here would seem to be that Chalice is a relatively modern term and that Chilkwel Street perpetuates a far more ancient form of the same word. It would be a pity to force one's suppositions further than the facts warrant, but if King Cole were associated with the great bowl of the sun the implication follows that he was similarly associated with the calyx or little bowl of every flower, particularly the Celidines or Celandines. The vivid yellow Kingscup of the marshlands cannot have been named except after a fairy King, and it may possibly explain both *chilk*, a chalice, and *chalk*, a white soil, to resolve them respectively into *chilique* and *chalique*. The Chil terns are dotted with place-names such as Chalgrove, Chalfont St. Giles, Chalfont St. Peter, and if the name Chiltern dates back to the time when Britain and Brittany spoke the same language, Chiltern would resolve itself reasonably into Chilterrain. In view of the equation between chalk and kalk it is unnecessary to labour the identity between *chil* and *Celi*. Not only does Masfield associate King Cole with chalk and the Chilterns: he describes him as 'white and wise', arrayed as though in flame, like a white opal glowing from within; again 'as though white flame were

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his caparison'. That Cole and Chal are mere inflections of the same word is further clear from the fact that Columkille was occasionally written Chalumchilli.

It has been seen that the term Coleprophet denoted 'one who pretended by magic or occult means to predict the future, tell fortunes, etc., a wizard, sorcerer, diviner, necromancer, fortune-teller⁵'. This accords closely with the obsolete word *caldese* given by Halliwell as meaning 'to cheat, deceive, especially by fortune telling'; from the same authority I quote *calk* — to cast a figure or nativity, also *calcar*, an astrologer. This last is phonetically *kalker* and implied presumably one who kalked.

That the pure Culdees should have fallen to *caldese*, that the Coldharbours should have degenerated into Devil's Sanctuaries, that Celi should have sunk into Colking of Colchester, and thence into nursery rhyme is a declension not without parallel. The gods of one epoch are almost invariably the bogeys of the next.

The fact that Coleshill in Warwickshire was alternatively known as Counsylht may be connoted with Baring-Gould's remark — 'When the hermit was swept away, into his place as counsellor of the troubled stepped the witch, and to her those had recourse who had previously sought the eremite. The influence of the witch was always for evil, that of the hermit was usually good.' It is surprising that as late as 1911 (according to the same authority) 'A few years ago hermits abounded in Languedoc. They took charge of remote chapels on mountain tops, or in caves and ravines. They were always habited as Franciscan friars, but they were by no means a reputable order of men, and the French *pre/its* in conjunction with the bishops have suppressed them.

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They were always to be seen on a market day in the nearest town, not infrequently in the taverns, and in the evening festooning along the roads on their way back to their hermitages, trolling out convivial songs spiced with snatches of ecclesiastical chants.¹ Here seemingly is a parallel to the supposititious Coles sinking to the status of the degraded Coleprophets. For the word *cowl* meaning a monkish hood or habit there is no satisfactory etymology.

¹ *Cliff Castles and Cave Dwellings of Europe*, pp. 206-7.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CELTIC PIPER

DISCUSSING the Church of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, Stow remarked 'it hath been called of many Golden Abbey, of some Gold Abbey or Cold Bey, but I could never learn the cause why it should be so called and therefore I will let it passe'.

Apart from the interest of finding Abbey here corroded into *bey* the fluctuation of Cold into Gold is evidence of a phonetic necessity exemplified in almost every direction. The word Caldecott figures also as Goldicott: the Church of St. Collen in Wales is known as Llangollen and the Irish *ceile*, a servant, becomes the Gaelic *gille*. As has been seen, the Culdees derived their popular title 'servants of God' from the phrase *ceile de*: the Gaelic equivalent is Gildas, which had the same meaning; kindred names to Gildas are Gillespie, servant of a bishop, Gilles, servant of Jesus, Gilchrist, servant of Christ.

The same mutation of *k* into *g* is apparent between the Greek word *Celt* and the Keltic form *Gael* or *Gaul*. 'Nothing is more evident,'⁵ says authority, 'than that the national name of the first Celts who came to Ireland was *Gall* in the singular and *Gaill* in the plural.'⁵ We are further informed that *gall*, a *Gael* or *Gaul*, was the independent Keltic root from which the Latin words *gallus*, *galli* were formed.

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The best authorities differ among themselves as to the original meaning of the term Celt: some say 'clansmen', others 'warrior', others 'cultivated country'⁵; the probability is that all are correct, for the ancients with their limited vocabularies, like Humpty Dumpty, made their few words do very hard service.

The 'clan' theory is attractive as the cognate word *clean* (Welsh *glain*) is considered by Skeat as possibly derived from a root *gal*, to shine: this root crops up again in gallipot, which means a glazed or shining pot. Hone in his *Tear Book* mentions *gool* as being a country name for the little yellow flower known otherwise as the corn marygold: the yellow marygold is a miniature solar wheel; the solar wheel is a constant emblem on Gaulish coins. It would seem that both *gool*, the golden marygold, and *gal*, to shine, must originally have implied the Sun; further that gala days were Sunday festivals among the Gaels and Gauls. The implication follows that Celi the All Father of Cambria or Galles was like Dagda Mor, 'The Great Good Fire'⁵ of the Gaels, the God of ancient Celtica.

The headquarters or the extent of this vast prehistoric indeterminate territory is not known, it is however a generally accepted fact (based upon the accumulative evidence of place-names) that large portions of Italy, Spain, France, Switzerland, Germany, and Asia Minor, were at some unknown period inhabited by the race which now retains its speech and its nationality only in a few of the Western corners of Europe — Ireland, the Scottish Highlands, the Isle of Man, Wales, and Brittany. Commenting on the far flung influence of the Kelts 'we might,'⁵ says Mr. J. D. Kendrick, 'describe

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them as having *exploded* over Europe, shattering and altering the old established cultural provinces.'

The earliest reference to the Druids assigns these to the Kelts and Galatae: in *The Druids: a Study in Keltic Prehistory*, Mr. Kendrick mentions that even to-day in Galicia and in parts of France the native forests are occasionally regarded as memorials of the Druids, and their destruction tabooed. It is to be presumed that the trees of the Galicia now in question were oaks; in any case Galicia, GWata, *Galwzy*, Portugal, Donegal, and *Argyle* (all officially assigned to the Gals) may be connoted with *gall*, the apple of the oak.

Among the Gauls not only did the *gool* or solar wheel figure largely, but the cock, a solar bird, was and still remains a national emblem. If as authority says, *gallus* was the Latinized form of the Keltic word *gal*, the implication is that *gallus* meaning cock was likewise a Latinized form of *gal* which at one time meant not only Gaul but also cock. Cocks are doughty warriors and cock-fights were without doubt a prehistoric game. Among the causes for the cock being accepted as an emblem of the sun was, in all likelihood, the jagged red ray-like comb which rises from the bird's head. In numerous directions Chanticleer was regarded as the Daily Herald of the Sun: his name Chanticleer implies as it stands either *singer clear*, or singer *of dare* the Light. The gala plumage of the cock lent no doubt an additional lustre to his prestige: in Portuguese *gala* means ornament, festive attire; and that the Sunday fashions of our far away ancestors were at times conspicuous and extreme may be deduced from the old English word *gaily traps* defined by Halliwellas 'any frightful ornaments, headdresses, hood'.

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There is an old French word *gale* which meant show, mirth, felicity: the name nigh *tingale* retains traces of *gal*, another ancient use meaning to sing. As has been seen the Culdees were 'chiefly engaged in the choral parts of worship⁵: they were thus singers, or bards; whence it becomes significant to find that Bardsey or Bards Island in North Wales was the precise spot where the Culdees are recorded as existing as late as the twelfth century. Bardsey was the *Insula Sanetorum* or Island of the Holy Men and it is said to have held the graves of at least 20,000 of these saints.

Whatever relics of ancient British tradition may have come down to us have survived through the tenacity of the bards of Wales or Galles, and a considerable amount of bardic literature was published for the Welsh MSS. Society in 1862 under the title of *Barddas*. Much of this material is accepted as authentic; some has been deemed spurious by reason of later Christian elements which intermingle with the admittedly archaic; if, as I now suggest, the medieval Bards were vehicles of prehistoric lore derived from preceding Culdees or Gildees, the Christian tincture would call for no explanation. In any case the material found in *Barddas* is of profound interest and on comparing the theology there set down (some of it admittedly dating from MSS. of the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries) one can only marvel that the rude theologians of a wild, remote and inaccessible district were so strikingly in advance of the miserable thought of their time—and of to-day.

Among the stories in *Barddas* is this: 'The Birds of Rhianon sang until the Angels of Heaven came to listen to them; and it was from their songs that were first

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obtained vocal song and instrumental music; vocal song being that which is sung by the lips to melody and harp.'

One is sore tempted to equate the words *bird* and *bard*, for birds are Nature's little bards: this however must not be. Bird 'a feathered flying animal' is said to be from the Anglo-Saxon *bredan* to breed, and to have meant simply something bred; yet although bards were human animals and were likewise bred the etymology of *bard* is 'perhaps the word originally meant speaker, cf. Sanscrit *bhash* to speak'. It must however be conceded that the Bards were poets: unquestionably too they played at times upon the old Welsh Harp.

There is probably no land in the world where song is so innate, so vital, a force as it still remains in Wales. The story of Dagda, the Gaelic 'Great Good Fire', represents him as playing into existence all four seasons of the year by the music of his magic harp; it was the doctrine of the Welsh bards that God made the whole wide universe by the utterance of his mystic Name. At the sound of this light and the heavens sprang immediately into existence, 'All music or natural melody is a faint and broken echo of the creative Name'. It was fabled that by the music of the Druids' harps dying souls were wafted up to Heaven; according to Masefield's legend the notes of King Cole's pipe had the correlated effect of bringing down the Living to the spiritually sick:

The Showman toppled like a broken arch.
The line squall roared upon them with loud lips.

A green-lit strangeness followed, like eclipse.

They passed within, but, when within, King Cole
Slipped from the van to head the leading team.

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He breathed into his flute his very soul,
A noise like waters in a pebbly stream,
And straight the spirits that inhabit dream
Came round him, and the rain-squall roared its last,
And bright the wind-vane shifted as it passed.

And in the rush of sun and glittering cloud
That followed on the storm, he led the way,
Fluting the sodden circus through the crowd
That trod the city streets in holiday.
And lo, a marvellous thing, the gouted clay
Splashed on the waggons and the horses, glowed,
They shone like embers as they trod the road.

And round the tired horses came the Powers
That stir men's spirits, waking or asleep,
To thoughts like planets and to acts like flowers,
Out of the inner Wisdom's beauty deep:
These led the horses, and, as marshalled sheep
Fronting a dog, in line, the people stared
At those bright waggons led by the bright-haired.

And, as they marched, the spirits sang, and all
The horses crested to the tune and stept
Like centaurs to a passionate festival.

But in his van the beaten showman bowed
His head upon his hands, and wept, not knowing
Aught of what passed except that wind was blowing.

The allusions here to blowing wind, rain-squalls, the rush of sun and cloud, may be connoted with the archaic word *goll* defined by Halliwell as meaning 'to rush as wind does'; *goll* is evidently the same as *gale*, a term associated by Skeat with the Icelandic *gala*, to sing, enchant; he adds 'there may be an allusion to witches*.

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But the enchanting witchery of Cole's pipe did more than call spirits from the vasty deep: it drew into his train the wild things from the woodland and the mead; it also drew the birds, and they too sang amid a rush of wings. A parallel magic lay in the pipe of the Pied Piper of Hamelyn: 'Please your honours/ said he, Tm able'

By means of a secret charm to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run
After me so as you never saw
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm.

The story of the Pied Piper is not confined to Hamelyn: it is found in Tartary and it is included by the editor of Everyman's Library among his collection of English fairy tales; 'because', says Mr. Rhys, 'there is every reason to believe that Hamelyn was as near home as Newtown, Isle of Wight, and that the river Weser deep and wide was the Solent'⁵.

The opinion of Bacon that the story of Orpheus (whose magic lute enchanted not only the wild beasts but likewise the trees and rocks) was an allegory inculcating the soothing charm of philosophy is somewhat supported by a conversation which occurred in the second century between a Celt and a somewhat inane Greek traveller. The dialogue as recorded by the Greek is Englished by Sir John Rhys in *Celtic Heathendom* as follows — 'The Celts call Heracles in the language of their country Ogmios, and they make very strange representations of the god. With them he is an extremely old man, with a bald forehead and his few remaining hairs quite grey; his

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skin is wrinkled and embrowned by the sun to that degree of swarthiness which is characteristic of men who have grown old in a seafaring life: in fact, you would fancy him rather to be a Charon or Japetus, one of the dwellers in Tartarus, or anybody rather than Heracles. But although he is of this description he is, nevertheless, attired like Heracles, for he has on him the lion's skin, and he has a club in his right hand; he is duly equipped with a quiver, and his left hand displays a bow stretched out: in these respects he is quite Heracles. It struck me, then, that the Celts took such liberties with the appearance of Heracles in order to insult the gods of the Greeks and avenge themselves on him in their painting, because he once made a raid on their territory; when in search of the herds of Geryon he harassed most of the western peoples. I have not, however, mentioned the most whimsical part of the picture, for this old man Heracles draws after him a great number of men bound by their ears, and the bonds are slender cords wrought of gold and amber, like necklaces of the most beautiful make; and although they are dragged on by such weak ties, they never try to run away, though they could easily do it: nor do they at all resist or struggle against them, planting their feet in the ground and throwing their weight back in the direction contrary to that in which they are being led. Quite the reverse: they follow with joyful countenance in a merry mood, and praising him who leads them pressing on one and all, and slackening their chains in their eagerness to proceed; in fact, they look like men who would be grieved should they be set free. But that which seemed to me the most absurd thing of all I will not hesitate also to tell you : the painter, you

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see, had nowhere to fix the ends of the cords, since **the** right hand of the god held the club and his left the bow; so he pierced the tip of his tongue, and represented the people as drawn on from it, and the god turns a smiling countenance towards those whom he is leading. Now I stood a long time looking at these things, and wondered, perplexed and indignant. But a certain Celt standing by, who knew something about our ways, as he showed by speaking good Greek — a man who was quite a philosopher, I take it, in local matters — said to me, "Stranger, I will tell you the secret of the painting, for you seem very much troubled about it. We Celts do not consider the power of speech to be Hermes, as your Greeks do, but we represent it by means of Heracles, because he is much stronger than Hermes. Nor should you wonder at his being represented as an old man, for the power of words is wont to show its perfection in the aged; for your poets are no doubt right when they say that the thoughts of young men turn with every wind, and that age has something wiser to tell us than youth. And so it is that honey pours from the tongue of that Nestor of yours, and the Trojan orators speak with one voice of the delicacy of the lily, a voice well covered, so to say, with bloom; for the bloom of flowers, if my memory does not fail me, has the term lilies applied to it. So if this old man Heracles, by the power of speech, draws men after him, tied to his tongue by their ears, you have no reason to wonder, as you must be aware of the close connection between the ears and the tongue. Nor is there any injury done him by this latter being pierced; for I remember," said he, "learning while among you some comic iambs, to the effect that all chattering fellows have the tongue bored at

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the tip. In a word, we Celts are of opinion that Heracles himself performed everything by the power of words, as he was a wise fellow, and that most of his compulsion was effected by persuasion. His weapons, I take it, are his utterances, which are sharp and well-aimed, swift to pierce the mind; and you too say that words have wings⁵⁵.⁵ Thus far the Celt.

It is unfortunate that this conversation ceased, but such as it is the dialogue throws a most illuminating light on the subtle mentality of our Celtic forefathers.

The word *music* is assigned to the Greek *mousa* 'root uncertain'; I have elsewhere shown that the adjective *og* meant very extensively gigantic or high; there is little doubt that the title *Ogmios* implied the Mighty Muse and that this was one of the many titles of the 'Great Good Fire' alternatively known as Celi or the Occult One. With baldheaded old Ogmios may be connoted the word *calow* which means without hair.

CHAPTER IX

THE COLT PIXY

LEGEND represents the Pied Piper of Hamelyn as being swarthy, tall, and thin: King Cole is similarly described as old, thin, grinning, glittering:

And at his wrinkled eyes a look of mirth
Not common among men who walk the earth.

Among the meanings assigned by Halliwell to the word *gule* are — 'to laugh, to grin'; to *guile* is attributed the sense — 'gay, fine'; before commencing his ratting operations the gaily clad Pied Piper is described as:

Smiling first a little smile
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while.

The gossiping Greek of A.D. 200 was not so far out when he imagined the wrinkled, swarthy, amusing Old Ogmios was 'one of the dwellers in Tartarus⁵, for a variant of the story of the Piper and the Children reappears in Tartary; but the Tartar tale makes the Piper a foal which courses round the world; this foal changes himself into a maiden who sings with such bewitching strains that:

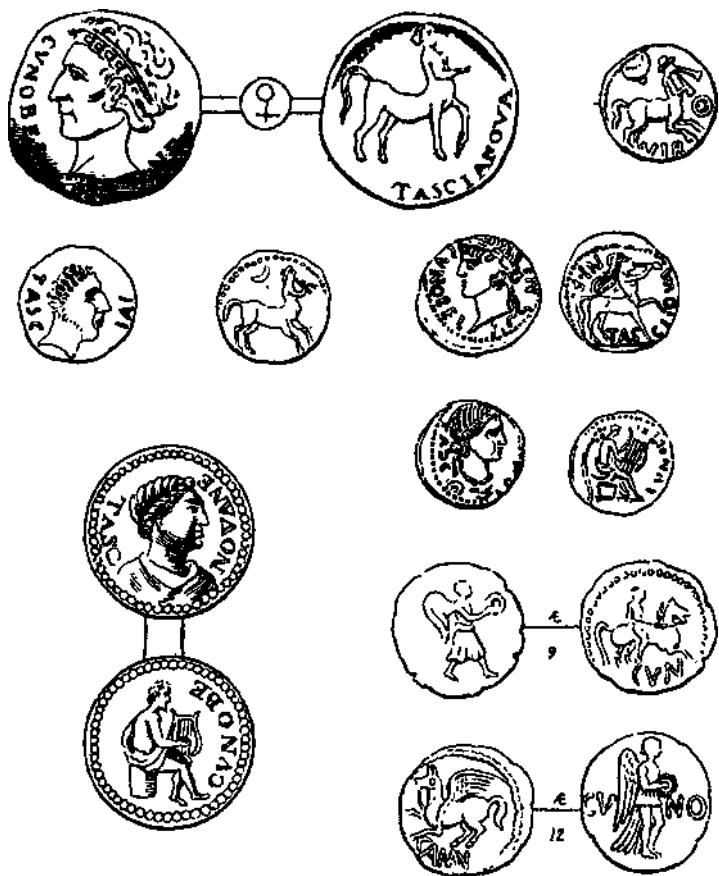
All the creatures of the forest
All the wing⁵d fowl of the air
Come and breathless to her listen.

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This foal-maiden revives with her 'Water of Life' two children who were dead and buried; on the British coins here illustrated the Keltic Piper appears in several forms; enthroned like Orpheus with his lute, also as a cantering foal-maiden. If it be true that these coins are merely degraded imitations of a Greek stater it is obvious that the original charioteer has in the course of his career suffered a very strange and startling sea-change. Nevertheless Sir J. Evans' opinion is undaunted by a parallel metamorphosis, and in his opinion 'the degeneration of the head of Apollo into two boars and a wheel, impossible as it may at first appear, is in fact but a comparatively easy transition'.

It is unlikely that the so-termed 'what-nots' on British and Romano-British coins have anything but a slight relation to Roman mythology for the Romans were matter-of-fact military men and quite untouched by the dreamy imagery of the Kelt. The Romans had neither a mythology nor a religion of their own; most of their ideas on both subjects were either borrowed intact from the Greeks or were merely diluted Greek at second hand; it is thus almost certain that the Kentaurs on these Romano-British coins owed nothing to the theology of ancient Rome.

Even to the Greeks the story of Orpheus the son of Calliope was a very very ancient pre-Homeric myth; nor seemingly could the mythic Kentaurs have been of Greek origin. Although both Greeks and Trojans were accomplished charioteers, riding on horseback was so rare and curious an exhibition in ancient Greece that there is only one solitary reference to it in the poems of Homer. According to Gladstone equestrian exercise was



Examples of early British coins or tokens.

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'the half foreign accomplishment of the Kentauroi' who were fabulously half man, half horse; similarly in most ancient Ireland there are no riders on horseback and the warriors fight invariably from chariots. The reputation of the Kentauroi was indifferent but of Chiron the Kentauroi Chief it was unblemished; he was renowned for his skill in hunting, medicine, music, gymnastics, the art of prophecy, and all the most distinguished heroes of Hellenic story are represented as his pupils. It is difficult to suppose that in their origin Chiron the Master Musician and Charon the Ferryman were not varied conceptions of the same All Father, and the Greek connoisseur of Ogmios quoted in the previous chapter was not far wrong when he said, 'you would fancy him rather to be Charon'. Among the Keltic people it was until recently a common practice to place 'Charon's penny', a small coin, in the mouth of a corpse.

There must be some intimate connection between Chiron the Chief of the Kentauroi and St. Cheiran the patron saint of Kintyre; a suggestion strengthened by the fact that both an Irish manuscript and Ptolemy refer independently and by different terms to the Mull of Kintyre as 'the height of the horse'. The verb to canter is assumed to denote the pace at which pilgrims travelled to Canterbury in Kent; notwithstanding this official etymology Canterbury and Kent were intimately associated with the horse. The arms of Kent are a white horse rampant but the motto *INVIGTA* denotes that the animal was really a gennet, i.e., a little mare. Not only are gennet and Kent radically the same word but both are in all probability allied to the Kentauroi: the word gennet is described as having meant 'a small Spanish

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horse' and again as a 'pretty nag'; in Keltic *chun* or *cun* meant mighty chief whence the words *gennet* and *kennet* in all probability meant Little Mighty Chief. The Cunobel-Tascianova coin unmistakably depicts a girl; the royal seat of Cunobeline was Colchester (where these coins were probably struck) and as St. Helena was unquestionably the pherepolis or fairy of that city it is legitimate to suggest that the horse-maiden is the lone and lovely daughter of King Cole. I am unable to explain the first portion of Tascianova but the Romano-Keltic *nova* implies a feminine *new*: unless I am mistaken the surmounting word is *Lin* but in any case one may regard this centaur gennet as Newluna or Newelyna.

As has been seen Newelyna was symbolized by the greyhound bitch, and kennet meant a greyhound; in view of the fact that as gennet usually implied 'a *Spanish* little horse' we again come into touch with the Celtiberian, i.e. *Spanish* Kynetes, a title which, as Sir John Rhys suggested, 'looks like dog men'. The greyhound is essentially a courser: the Tartars tell the Piper story not of a man but of a coursing foal; the ancients represented Time as two swift-coursing horses, the white one symbolizing Day; the black one Night: neither ever beat the other and the race of Time went on for ever. The inference follows that NewJyna was the white gennet Invicta of Kent, 'the pretty nag', and that her courser the greyhound was similarly named after the Mighty Little Chief. That Newelyna was the goddess of the White Horse is implied not only by the annual allotment of horsemeat on St. Helen's, Eline's, or Elyn's Day: that she was also the goddess of horse-racing might be equally inferred by the frequent association of horses with the

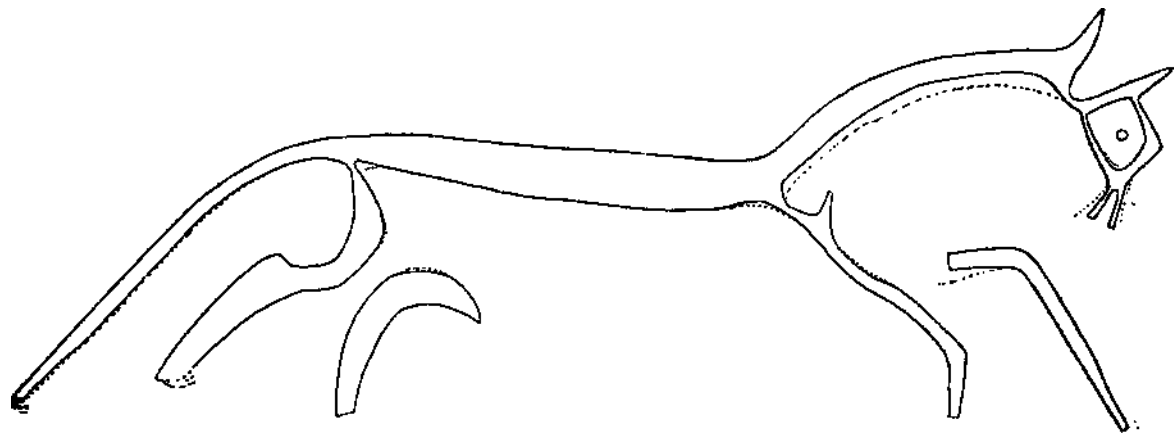
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field-name Lansdown. To attain the amazing dexterity and to furnish the shattered 'rearguard' of the British forces mentioned by Caesar as 4000 chariots, horses and horse-racing must have been a predominating British cult. There was a cursus at Stonehenge and the ancient nearby place-name Ellendune links up in all probability the innumerable Lansdowns: judging from street-names there were at least a dozen of these scattered about in larger London.

Among the coins illustrated are two figuring the Piping gennet in combination with the crescent or new moon. The word *new* when occurring as a place-name is generally found to cover something superlatively old: it is probable that Newelyna the ancient of days yet the dawn of to-day was not infrequently curtailed into New.

Newlyna occasionally figured in Gaulish tablets under the name Neha upon which Martin in *La Religion des Gaulois* (1727) comments — 'the ancient Gauls used indifferently Neha or Neva to mean *nouvelle*. The Armoricans of to-day still say *nevez* instead of French *nouveau* and their *v* accords with that of the Celts; it is in fact merely a strong aspirate'. Martin also remarks that the indifferent use of Neva and Neha by the Gauls 'etoit commun surtout avec les anciens Grecs parce-qu'ils parloient originairement la meme langue qu'eux'.

The authorities decode Newburn in Northumberland as meaning a new or novel stream; Newbury in Berkshire as a new borough and so forth; New Cross in London is connoted with a *Nouajirma* or new farm in Middlesex; telling against this theory New Cross used to be famous for an inn — The Golden Cross — a connection



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Reduced from *The Hill Figures of England* (Petrie)

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possibly to be accounted for by the tradition that Helena *irwenta* or found the True Cross.

That the Britons who designed and minted the Tascio-nova gennet coins illustrated on p. 103 and the greyhound or kennet coins reproduced on p. 38 were a cultured people can hardly be questioned. It is rather curious that in Kent was unearthed a brooch so skilfully enamelled in *cloisonne* as to inspire Mr. Kenrick's criticism: 'The man who made it was among the greatest craftsmen of his age.'⁵ At West Kennet barrow, and at Lanhillbarrow in Wiltshire examples of a conspicuously advanced type of pottery have been unearthed: *kennets* was a term applied to coarse Welsh cloth; *kente* was an archaic word for *taught*. The kenning or cunning of the horse promoted the White horse into an instrument of augury among the Druids: that the kennet or hound was similarly esteemed is implied by medieval Bestiaries 'nothing is more busy and wittier than a hound for he hath more wit than other beasts'. In Heraldry one meets a beast known as the caleygrey hound.

My suggestion that *helm* or *helmet* might have been connected with Hellan or Helium is somewhat supported by the helm on the head of the Piper subscribed VIR. This might be described as the Cole Piper or the Colt Piper for Halliwell in his dictionary of archaic terms quotes *cole* as meaning *colt*. The helm-headed colt may be equated with the fairy once known as a Coltpixy or Colepixy: in Hampshire the Coltpixy was a supposed spirit or fairy which in the shape of a horse neighed and misled horses into bogs. The small helm-like fossil called *echinus* used to be known as Colepixie's head: in Devonshire beating apple trees was called

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Colepixing them. Dr. Rendel Harris considers that the word *apple* is Apollo; that *Cole* was the white horse of Day has already been implied by the association of King Cole with white chalk. Cut into the white chalk of the downs overlooking the Vale of the Whitehorse in Berkshire still stands what was no doubt an emblem of the Celestial Courser: the same bird-beaked symbol figured on the British coinage. The White Horse of Cole-haunted Berkshire is galloping or coursing at full speed ('swift is the sun in its course'): it was customary to scour this hill figure on occasions of high festival; one of which was celebrated on Whit or White Monday 1780 when 30,000 persons were present. Sir Flinders Petrie connotes a parallel festival in Gloucestershire which also was celebrated on Whit Monday; the leader of the games then wore a loose white garment and a tall hat decked with floating ribbons.

The annual parade of London horses takes place on Whit Monday; on that day the animals decked gaudily with gallitrap, half-moon head ornaments, strung with brass hearts, make a fine pageant. If this customary Whitsun pageant is confined to London the fact would strengthen my suggestion that London was primarily an Elia dun. The word *London* is defined in Wright's great dialect dictionary as meaning 'a coloured braid for decorating the manes and tails of plough and cart-horses'; London must thus have been primarily associated with the custom.

There are one or two hill-carved White Horses in England elsewhere than Berkshire; there are none in Ireland and no examples occur on the Continent.

Chariot racing used to be practised in Greece and in

THE SCOURGINGS of the PRIME HORSE





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Ireland on critical days of the solar year as a supposed incentive to the sun to continue swift upon his course, and such races were believed to be best calculated to impart the proper magic. It may hence follow that the word *gallop* has relation to the sun which seems more probable than the official definition 'taken from the sound of a horse galloping compared to the *walloping* or boiling of a pot'.

Modern scholarship not only discountenances imagination; it eliminates from consideration any spiritual origin of the idea of God. 'Track any god right home/ says Miss Jane Harrison in *Ancient Art and Ritual*, 'and you will find him lurking in a ritual sheath from which he slowly emerges, first as a daemon or spirit of the year then as a full blown divinity.' Miss Harrison continues: 'The May king, the leader of the choral dance, gave birth not only to the first actor of the drama, but also, as we have just seen, to the God be he Dionysus or be he Apollo.' The greater probability is that the process was in the reverse order, and that the leader of the choral dance personified a prior conception.

That the ancients gave dramatic semblances of their Mysteries or spiritual beliefs is unquestionable and it may safely be assumed that there were frequent pantomimes or pageants of the Pied Piper. The incident of the Pied Piper is said categorically to have occurred at Hamelyn on January 26th, 1284, during the Feast of St. John and St. Paul; probably it did, being staged as part of a folk drama just as mythical Santa Claus is materialized during the Feast of Christmas.

Professor Weekley in his *Surnames* has a chapter on the various Pageant characters which have originated

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modern surnames and there is no doubt that many families can trace their nomenclature to some stage character which their ancestors either played traditionally or else conspicuously well. The old surname Colepepyr or Cullpepper may be an implication that the jolly picture of Ogmios followed by a long farandole of happy folk or perhaps a choral dance was on certain gala days performed by *dramatis personae* led by an actor personating Old Cole himself merrily playing on the pipe for which on nursery authority the Old Soul called.

This however may be wildly wrong and Professor Weekley may be sounder in his surmise that Colepepyr meant *cull pepper* the name being parallel to Pluckrose. 'Or', thinks Professor Weekley, 'there is just a possibility that this means black pepper, cf. Thomas Piperwyte'. pepper is, however, a product of the tropics; it can never have been grown in Britain and I am doubtful what opportunities ever offered themselves to English cullers of pepper, either white or black. The same difficulty apparently arose in the mind of the jingler who immortalized Peter Piper, for he concludes on the two extremely dubious notes: '*if*' and '*where was?*' The name Piperwyte would harmonize agreeably with my present theory that Peter Piper was interchangeably either Piper white or Colepiper.

Masefield's *King Cole* is very largely relative to horses and the poem circles around a travelling circus:

Gentle he is, and quiet and most wise
He wears a ragged grey, he sings sweet words
And where he walks there flutter little birds.

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'Tell me your present troubles' said the King
Tor you are worn. What trouble makes you sad?⁵

The trouble was that Bet the piebald Talking Mare
had gone curby in the hocks whereby her owner was
prostrated with grief.

Now courage friend, no good can come from tears
I know a treatment for a curby hock.
Good both for inward sprain or outward knock
Here's the receipt; it's sure as flowers in spring:
A certain cure, the Ointment of the King
That cures your mare; your troubles Time will right.

With this magic ointment may again be connoted the
archaic word *colerie* defined as meaning a salve for the
eyes.

CHAPTER X

THE NEW COLE

THE Church of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey is situated a few hundred yards westward of London Stone; as there are no records of any abbey standing at or near the site, the term Cole Abbey is assumed to be a corruption of Coldharbour. Although this is dubious there can be no doubt that Cole and Nicholas were closely akin and both members of the same cult or clan.

There is a second City church of St. Nicholas bearing from immemorial time the curious and unexplained title St. Nicholas Aeon. The kingly name Haakon or Hacon is defined as having meant *high kin*; according to *The Golden Legend* St. Nicholas was born 'of rich and holy kin', and there can be no question that St. Nicholas or Santa Claus was a variant of King Cole.

It is said that Nicholas was a citizen of Patras; that his father was named Epiphanes, his mother Johane. The dictionaries define Johane as meaning favour, mercy, grace; Epiphanes must be a relative of Epiphany which Skeat connects with *phantasia*, a making visible, or imagination. As *phantasia* is allied to phantasy or fancy it would seem that Nicholas was a child of Fancy or Imagination.

Miss Harrison would say that on tracking Santa Claus to his cradle we should find him 'lurking in a ritual sheath'⁵ but the *nucleus* or *nucula* (both words meaning

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kernel .or small nut) of the ritual was human bounty and goodwill; these are realities, not wraiths.

Brand in his *Observations on Popular Antiquities* quotes an author writing in 1511 as follows: 'St. Nicholas keepeth the name of *the child* for he chose to keepe virtues, meakness and simpleness . . . Thus he lyved all his lyf in virtues with *this childs name* and therefore children doe him worship before all other saints.' It would appear from this passage that the writer regarded the name Nichol as a form of *chiel* or child; it may be he was right for in the ritual of the folk Nicholas was always personated by a child. As late as the sixteenth century 'St. Nicholas, that is a boy habited like a bishop in *pontificabilis*, went abroad in most parts of London singing after the old fashion, and was received with many ignorant but well disposed people into their houses and had as much good cheer as ever was wont to be had before, at least in many places.⁵

Brand in his *Antiquities* quotes an undated passage: 'What merry work it was here in the days of our holy fathers (and I know not whether in some places it may not be so still) that upon St. Nicholas, St. Katherine, St. Clement and Holy Innocents Day, children were wont to be arrayed in chimers, rockets, surplices, to counterfeit bishops and priests and to be led with songs and dances from house to house, blessing the people who stood grinning in the way to expect that ridiculous benediction.⁵

But this folk drama with its 'ridiculous benediction' went further than the streets; in full canonicals the children were permitted at times to celebrate a service in the churches and cathedrals. In the Salisbury Pro-

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cessional (1566) is printed the service of the Child Bishop (sometimes a boy, sometimes a girl) and from this document, the words of which are set to music, it appears that the children, all carrying lighted tapers, proceeded to the Altar of the Holy Trinity and All Saints: there they conducted a set service.

In the Statutes of Salisbury Cathedral (1319) it is laid down that the Boy Bishop should be handsome and elegantly shaped otherwise the election would be void: obviously the well-favoured child represented St. Nicholas as he was popularly imagined; clearly Strype was right when he wrote, 'I shall only remark that there might this at least be said in favour of this old custom, that it gave a spirit to the children and the hopes that they might one time or other attain to the real mitre made them mind their books.'

Among places where the ceremony prevailed Colchester is recorded; the Church nearest to Colkings Castle is that of St. Nicholas and the Child Leader of the pageant Singing after the old fashion' was surely of close kin to King Cole.

Among the miraculous achievements attributed to St. Helena of Colchester was the invention or finding of the True Cross. According to legend this cross, originally a tree, grew in Paradise; around its bole was wreathed a frightful serpent and there seems little to distinguish it from the pagan tree growing in the Garden of the Hesperides. The tree of Helena's True Cross grew, we are told, till its branches covered with leaves, flowers, and fruit, reached Heaven, 'but the fairest fruit was a little babe, a living sun who seemed to be listening to the songs of *seven* white doves who circled round his

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head. A woman more lovely than the moon bore the child in her arms'.

The collection of British tales known as *The Mabinogion* means a collection of *mabinogi*; the word *mabon* meant according to some authorities baby-boy, and this title is believed to have been assumed by certain bards because they were worshippers of a divine baby boy. There are unquestionable references and numerous allusions to this doctrine. The title under which the child was known was Hu: the Celtic name Hugh is defined as meaning *mind*, the title Hu is explained by Welsh scholars as *that which is apt to pervade*. According to Bardic literature Hu the Mighty was the founder of Bardism and by the later bards — the suggested Culdees — Hu and Jesus were equated as one.

Thus one finds references to the resuscitation of Hu on the third day, to 'Hu the Mighty Jesus, the Son of God, the least in respect of his worldly greatness whilst in the flesh, and the greatest in Heaven of all visible majesties'. There are also references to Hu as being an atomy and a particle of liquid sunshine is said to have been his car. This fairylike idea cannot fail to connect *mabon* the baby-boy with Oberon the Fairy King and with his Consort atomy Queen Mab.

She comes
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the forefinger of an alderman
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Over men's noses as they lie asleep.

The famous history of Tom Thumb represents the exhausted Mite recuperated by being placed in a nut-

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shell by his mother; for a whole month he lived comfortably on the kernel of one hazel nut. There is no known root for *nux* or *nuculus*, a little nut; the word may be connoted with *nox*, night (from whom the Kelts claimed descent); and both may perhaps be traceable either to Old Nick, or to little Nick or New Nick. Scandinavian fairy-tale tells of a river spirit known as the Neck; this great musician sits on the water and plays upon a golden harp the harmony of which operates on all nature. Sometimes the Neck is represented as a pretty little boy with long hair; at others as a handsome young man but beneath like a horse'; yet again as an old man with a long beard. At times Old Nick was unpleasant in his habits but in general the Nixies or the Nisses were eminently nice. The Scandinavian Neck is obviously the Caledonian water-horse or Kelpie and the word Kelpie must be connected with the Calpe or national Hellenic horse race.

According to Bardic tradition, 'The age of Jesus, the fair and energetic Hu in God's truth was eleven hundred⁵; there was, as will be seen in a later chapter, something remarkably elphin about the number eleven and the word *eleven*. *Elvene* was an archaic English word for *elves*, *elven* was an alternative name for the elm or ullum tree, which tree as I have already suggested was not only an elphin tree but was essentially the home of Helena. In view of the association of Helena with the 'invention' of the True Cross it might almost seem that the elphin tree of Paradise whereof the fairest fruit was 'a little babe, a living sun⁵, was an ullum or elm. It might, however, well have been an oak for *allon* is the Hebrew for the oak.

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Nothing is more certain than that mistletoe, particularly that grown upon an oak, was highly sacred; the habit of the mistletoe growing in mid-air untouched by earth, caused this unique plant to be regarded as ethereal and unearthly; it was poetically known as All Heal. Mistletoe was the sacred Branch or Shoot foreshadowing the Messiah and one of the reasons for its sanctity was perhaps its growth of translucent white berries in groups of three; it was likewise no doubt the magic Golden Bough. Discussing the beginnings of Christianity and the mystic Branch or Sprout with which they are associated, Mr. J. M. Robertson in *A Short History of Christianity* writes: 'In the obscurity which covers most of the prophetic literature it is difficult to say for what historic activities this piece of symbolism stands; but it must have stood for something.⁵ He adds that the symbol belonged primarily to the Gentiles and 'appears to have meant the principle of life, typified in vegetation. The word translated branch is *nazar*; the kindred word *nazir* had the meaning of 'consecrated' or 'holy to the Lord'. According to the legend of the Cross of Paradise, its guardian angel said to Seth: 'I give thee now three seeds taken from that tree: When Adam is dead place these three seeds in thy father's mouth and bury him.' Seth did so and in course of time three trees grew from the seeds of Paradise, a Cedar, a Cypress, a Pine. All grew with prodigious force: after a while the three trees touched one another, then began to incorporate and confounded their several natures in a single trunk or column.

It may be suggested that the three seeds of Paradise were symbolized not only by the berries of the ethereal

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mistletoe but also by the three balls which figure as the pawnbroker's sign. St. Nicholas was adopted by the pawnbrokers as their patron saint owing to a legend that on one occasion the Saint saved three virgins from a life of lechery by throwing into their chamber on successive nights three bags of gold.

The number three which plays so significant a part in the traditions of East and West symbolizes the three attributes or excellencies of God.

The whole of the Druidic teaching seems to have been expressed by Triads or three-fold aphorisms. The Bards reiterate that their three primary strokes or letters /|\ (the Broad Arrow of to-day) signify the three attributes of God; at times these are expressed as Love, Knowledge, Truth; at others as Mercy, Wisdom, Knowledge.

The music of the three beams from Celi may be equated with the harmony of the Pied Piper who:

. . . blew three notes such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave to the enraptured air.

It was thought that when on December 22nd the Sun was reborn as a babe from Keridwen (whom we have equated with St. Helena) myriads of lives apart from physical existence emanated at the same time from Keridwen: as already noted the Consort of Keridwen was Celi and these two were the parents of the Sun under whose influence the atomic elements took solid shape and became a plastic chaos known as *calen*.

In Pughes' Welsh Dictionary the word *col* is given as meaning embryo or foetus and that the Bards were

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extraordinarily advanced in their thought may be judged from the following fragment of a catechism:

¹*Disciple:* Of what, in respect of materials, were formed living and dead beings, which are cognizable to the human sight, hearing, feeling, understanding, perception, and the creation of the imagination?

Teacher: They were made of the *manred*, that is, of the elements in the extremities of their particles and smallest atoms, every particle being alive, because God was in every particle, a complete Unity, so as not to be exceeded, even in all the multiform space of *Ceugant*, or the infinite expanse. God was in each of the particles of the *manred*, and in the same manner in them collectively in their conjoined aggregation; wherefore, the voice of God is the voice of every particle of the *manred*, as far as their numbers or qualities may be counted or comprehended, and the voice of every particle is the voice of God — God being in the particle as its life, and every particle or atom being in God and His life. On account of this view of the subject, God is figuratively represented as being born of the *manred*, without beginning, without end/

Bearing in mind the refrain of the Cole the Blacksmith's folk-song 'Here's to the Old Cole, the young Cole, and the young Cole of all, one must accept Cole as in one sense a conception of Time past, present, and to come. The Hellenes told curious tales of Zeus, yet to the more intelligent among them were references such as 'Zeus is the ether, Zeus the earth, Zeus the heaven, Zeus is the universe, and that which is beyond the universe'.

CHAPTER XI

ST. NICHOLAS

IT was usual for pagan priests to assume the name of the deity they served: that this custom should have survived in Wales as late as 1538 is however surprising. Yet there is no doubt that in that year a pagan idol — 'an image of Darvellgadarn' was brought up from Wales to Smithfield and there burnt in company of a 'friar' who bore the same name as itself. It is believed that this so-called Darvellgadarn was the same as the Hu Gadarn or Hu the Mighty discussed in the preceding chapter.

Against this sixteenth-century idol it was charged that 'the innocent people hath been sore allured and enticed to worship the said image insomuch that there is a common saying as yet among them that whosoever will offer anything to the said image of Darvellgadarn he hath power to fetch him or them that so offers out of Hell when they be damned⁵.

Historians of Christianity tell us that centuries before the Christian era Europe was seething with mystic cults followed by swarms of religious mendicants many of whom carried with them sacred books and ministered consolation while playing on credulity. A careful study of the life of St. Nicholas leaves no loophole of doubt that the legends connected with him were concocted originally from pure fancy, partly from pagan MSS., very largely from a misunderstanding of mystic frescoes. There

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may however be one historic fact truly recorded in the story that St. Nicholas was present in A. D. 525 at the Council of Nice and that he there smote Arius on the jaw: the Nicholas family was a large one but that the Saint himself so far lost his self-control is entirely out of keeping with his character.

Of the infant St. Nicholas it is definitely recorded 'ye first day yat was ybore he gan to be good and clene': on the very first day that he was washed the miraculous child 'addressed him right up in the basin' and stood thus upright in his bowl for two hours. The association of Nicholas with a bowl thus commenced early: it was continued by the story that in later life St. Nicholas rescued three youths who were being wickedly cooked in a cauldron. This legend must have been built round a frescoe representing the solar cauldron of the Great Good Fire from which were emerging the triple Excellencies or three Graces in the form of youths. The three attributes of the Creator may be connoted with the fiddlers three, for whom the Nursery King Cole called, and it will be found that an acceptance of the Persian variant of these divine attributes, i.e. Good Thought, Good Word, Good Deed, is not only simple but sound. Turity is for man, next to life, the greatest good. That purity is procured by the Law of Mazda to him who cleanses his own self with Good Thoughts, Words, and Deeds.⁵ Not only did the good and clene St. Nicholas rescue three youths from a boiling cauldron; he likewise rescued three maidens by means of three bags of gold.

The compiler of *The Golden Legend* (circa 1270) was a keen etymologer and as such he puts forward various meanings of the name Nicholas. Nich he connects with *nike*,

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victory, whence he deduces victory over sins 'which be foul people'; as an alternative he offers us *nichor* meaning resplendour or shining, for he had in him things that make shining and clearness'. That the compiler had in front of him some reference to Good Thought, Good Deed, and Good Word, is implied by his following phrase 'the *Word of God*, very confession, and holy *thought*, make a man clear'. At the time this was written the doctrine of faith alone or very confession was seemingly deemed more important to salvation than good deeds and it looks rather as though the ecclesiastical transcriber committed a little garbling. This suggestion is somewhat verified by the way in which the missing good *deed* is restored in a sequent paragraph — 'He used and haunted gladly holy church and all that he might understand of holy scripture he executed it in *deed* and *work* after his power.' I am unacquainted with any pictures of St. Nicholas: in view of *nike* meaning victory the Saint ought to be represented riding on the white horse Invicta. The cognate name — Nigel — is contracted into Nial which in Celtic meant champion: Nigel however is also translated to mean black; and this brings with it Old Nick or King Coal.

Although St. Nicholas is represented as of such amazing purity there must seemingly have been certain legends connecting him with coal and fire. According to *The Golden Legend* the devil manifested his wrath against the saint by making 'an oil that burned against nature like water and burned stones also'. The only stone that burns is coal and the devil's diabolical display looks like a manifestation of the Old Nick: it is obvious that neither coal nor petrol were known to the originators of the

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story. That the Nichols were smelters and miners may be deduced from the white metal *nickel*: this is officially supposed to have been named after St. Nicholas 'in derision'.

The English folksong Cole the Blacksmith permits the connection of King Cole with *colibrand* 'a contemptuous term for a blacksmith'. Within a mile or so of the Berkshire White Horse are some megalithic remains known as Weyland's 'Smithy': Weyland, who figures elsewhere, was a fabulous blacksmith who shod horses on occasion; and Weyland is in all probability a close connection of Elan the Armourer. This mighty workman with a sea-floating forge is described as a giant 'calm faced'⁵. Wright in his dialect dictionary gives *coil* as meaning 'to become quiet' and it is probable that the word *calm* originated from King Cole.

On the eve of All Hallows which was known as Colcannon Night, a vegetable dish called colcannon formed part of the dinner. All Hallows are All Angels or All Spirits: as has been seen All Hallows answered to the call of the Colepiper; *cannon* meant *kings*, and I have little doubt that Colkings Castle at Colchester (now the site of a Romano British Castle) was primarily a fairy dun around which the spirits of the dead were thought to sweep.

According to Wright the dish colcannon 'usually contained a ring': the verb *coil* means 'to gather a rope into a series of rings one above another hence figuratively to be restored to a state of order'⁵. The series of rings, coils and cup-markings which are so often found on megaliths at prehistoric sepulchral monuments had certainly some close connection with the Celtic idea of God: they may

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also be associated with the folk dance known as the Snail's Creep. The leaders of this strange dance moved in a contracting circle and the followers coiled themselves in concentric circles; directed by young men waving leafy branches (the emblems of life) the spiral was then retraced.

The noun *coil* also meant a haycock or a cornrick: smut on wheat used to be known as collybran or col-brand, an obvious connection with Golibrand the Blacksmith or Blacksmith; with Cole the White may be similarly connected *colere* to cultivate and *coulter*, a plough.

As has been seen the Great Good Fire of Gaeldom (whom I have connected with the British Celi) was essentially the 'giver of corn'⁵: according to *The Golden Legend* St. Nicholas provided corn for starving people; the corn-baby or final sheaf of harvest was in Cornwall known as the Neck. This Neck was presumably at one time the nucleus of the next year's crop and a somewhat similar idea seems to have influenced the yule log.

Come bring with a noise
My merry merry boys
The Christmas log to the firing
While my good Dame she
Bids ye all be free
And drink to your hearts desiring.
With the last year's brand
Light the new block and
For good success in his spending
On your psalties play
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is a teending.

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The yule log was alternatively known as the Gule block: in the north of England it was frequently a huge coal block; sometimes this coal or clog was so colossal that it set the house on fire. In Erse *gul* or *cul* meant a complete circle, an anniversary, a wheel, and there is little doubt that *yule* and *wheel* are cognate terms both related to Heol the Celtic Apollo. That the *gool* or corn marygold was an emblem of the golden wheel has already been suggested; apart from the appearance of this solar emblem on Celtic coins this so-called 'Marygold' decoration is found very frequently on megaliths; it was discussed under this title in *Antiquity* Vol. viii, No. 29. August 1st, when the solar wheel was in full influence, was known as the Gule of August; in Cornwall Guldise Day was the conclusion of harvesting.

The evergreen writhing leaves of the Hollen, Holly, or Holy Tree, were *inter alia* regarded as symbolic of the everlasting Fire: the Fir or Fire tree enlumined like a pyre, and heavy laden with gifts emblemised Santa Claus *alias* Dagadevos 'the Great Good Fire' of the mighty bowl and magic harp, *alias* King Cole with his bowl, his pipe, and his Fiddlers Three.

Without seemingly pushing it may be suggested that the Fiddlers Three correspond to the Three Golden Balls of St. Nicholas and the Three baby balls of the Mistletoe.

According to Martin, from whose *La Religion des Gaulois* (1727) I derived the illustrations of Nehelennia, Mistletoe was peculiarly related to the Keltic divinity Esus: not only was Esus the reputed author of all the marvels which the Mistletoe accomplished, but Esus was likewise the sole God associated by the Druids with the

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Mistletoe cult. It does not seem to have occurred to this scholar to have connoted the names Esus or Hesus with Jesus or Iesus.

That the Mistletoe was the symbol of peace upon earth, goodwill towards men, is evident from Old English ceremony. Within the last century or so it was customary at York to carry on the eve of Christmas a bunch of Mistletoe to the High Altar of the Cathedral and to proclaim a public and universal liberty, pardon, and freedom, to all sorts of inferior, and even wicked, people at the gates of the city towards the four quarters of heaven. At York it was similarly a custom for the Sheriffs at Yuletide to ride through the city commanding on behalf of the King of England that the peace of the King be well kept and mayntayned within the city and suburbs by night and by day; also that no common woman walke in the streetes without a gray hood on her head and a white wand in her hand. The moral to be drawn from the white wand was without doubt the same as that mentioned by Edmund Spenser in connection with an installation which he witnessed in Ireland in 1596, 'Receive the emblematic wand of thy dignity: now let the unsullied whiteness and straightness of this wand be thy model in all thy acts, so that no calumnious tongue can expose the slightest stain on the purity of thy life nor any favoured friend ever seduce thee from dealing out even-handed justice to all.' One may connote with this ceremony the Bardic triad 'God is the measuring rod of all truth; all justice, and all goodness: therefore He is a yoke on all and all are under it and woe to him who shall violate it.' The wand of the Fairy Queen sitting on the topmost shoot of the Christmas Tree is this same

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white wand and it is reasonable to assume that the custom of kissing under the Mistletoe or All Heal was in its origin a sacrament of reconciliation and love. It was usual to pluck — originally perhaps swallow — a berry at each kiss, each little ball representing presumably one of the three seeds of Paradise, good thought, good deed, good word.

Santa Claus is represented as drawn by a team of reindeer : the branching antlers of the buck were regarded as the rays of the uprising sun and a solemn procession headed by the antlers of a buck raised on a pole-wagon — continued by the clergy of St. Paul's Cathedral as late as the eighteenth century. A scandalized observer of this mummery in 1726 describes — 'the whole company blown hunters-horns in a sort of hideous manner, and with the rude pomp they go up to the High Altar and offer it there. You would think them all the mad votaries of Diana.' Diana was Luna the New Moon, Newelyn or the Newe Luna; and in this eighteenth-century ceremony was evidently a survival of the worship of the prime London goddess. The tradition that St. Paul's stands on the site of a pagan temple was substantiated by the discovery some years ago of a statue of Diana: among the Hellenes Diana the young huntress was represented, under the name Artemis, in the company of greyhounds and horses, drawn by a team of bucks with golden antlers. Stags' antlers are still to be found among other mummies' properties in certain English churches; on the occasion of the St. Paul's ceremony the Dean and Chapter wore special vestments, the one embroidered

*** Notably at the church of St. Nicholas at Abbots Bromley: the gold-tipped-antler dancers wear green knee-breeches with a pattern of silver (nickel) leaves and oak-apples (galls),**

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with bucks, the others with does. There is little doubt that the frequent Inn sign of 'The White Hart' was originally connected with New Eluna. The Hellenic word for buck or stag was *elephos* which is radically *elaf*: it is a curious coincidence that among the Cretan paleolithic folk in the Fourth Glacial period, certain signs carved on a fragment of reindeer horn are, according to Sir Arthur Evans, 'specially interesting from the primitive anticipation that they present of the Phoenician letter *alef*'

I believe that in certain African dialects the expression *cala cala* means long, long ago.

It is said that St. Nicholas rendered up his soul in A.D. 343 amid great melody sung by the Celestial company: it was also said that when buried in a tomb of marble a fountain of oil sprang out from the head of St. Nicholas unto his feet 'and unto this day holy oil issueth out of his body which is much available to the health of sicknesses of many men'. A further miracle is recorded that when a bad bishop succeeded to the See the oil of St. Nicholas (ceased to run; on the succession of a better bishop the oil recommenced to flow.

CHAPTER XII

ELAINE THE FAIR

NOT only was St. Nicholas the patron or pater of all children, but, as has been seen, his name Nicholas was held to embody the word *chiel* or child: the term children is seemingly a redundant form of the earlier childer.

Professor Weekley probing for some origin of the mysterious surname Childerhouse observes that although the word does not occur in *The New English Dictionary* Childerhouse presumably meant orphanage and he instances an early reference 'John de la Chyldrehus'. One of the votive tablets to Nehelennia illustrated on p. 33 shows a child seemingly being dedicated by a widow to the care of the goddess: this connection between St. Helena and foundlings is strengthened by the fact that the germ of the modern Foundling Hospital has been traced to Treves. According to some versions at this city Helena was born; Treves also claims to possess the Holy Goat of Christ, which it is said was found by Helena.

Until the time of Helena infanticide was a common practice, and Constantine the son of Helena is recorded as the Emperor who devised legislative measures against the malpractice. In the sixth century the Bishop of Treves built into the porch of his Cathedral a large marble bowl in which unwanted infants might be placed for care by Sisters of Mercy. It will be observed that Nehelennia is receiving the orphan not as a resplendent

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goddess but as a simple nurse or *bonne*. A later development of the bowl or cauldron in the church porch was a bowl revolving on an axle in the wall, by means of which the waif was swung inwards secretly to the foster mothers.

It may be presumed that the childerhouse of oblivion was the forerunner of the orphanage of to-day, and that certain place-names may indicate their ancient sites: discussing Childrey near Wantage the authorities presume a personal name but of Childerley in Cambridge-shire the accepted etymology is *Children's lea*.

Newluna of London cannot but be equated with the Teutonic Lady Holle, for holly as has been seen was originally hollen. Holle the holy is represented as a gentle Lady ever accompanied by the souls of maidens and children who are under her special care: surrounded by these bright-eyed followers she sits in a mountain of crystal and comes forth at times to scatter the winter snow, vivify the spring earth, or bless the fruits of autumn. In Denmark Lady Holle is known as the Hyldmoer: *hyld* is Danish for elder tree; *hyldmoer* means *Elder Mother*', and it was under an Elder Tree that Mother Elder with her ministrant spirits was supposed to sit. As has already been noted the elder tree was known in England as the *ellon*.

The adjective *alain* means in Welsh exceeding beautiful or bright, and it is to this root that are assigned the river names Allen, Alan, Alne, Elan, Hen, Len, Lyn, Leen, Lone, Lune: in view of the frequency with which these Lonsdale river names occur in the neighbourhood of Helvellyn one may suggest that this mountain was regarded as the local habitation of Lady Holle or Hollen and that the name Helvellyn meant elve Ellyn. In the

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hymn of Callimachus to Artemis (New Luna), the maid is represented as invoking her divine Parent 'also give me all hills and mountains for rarely will Artemis go down into the cities'.

There is a tale in *The Mabinogion* relative to Helen of Colchester and her romantic marriage to Constantine: a Roman Emperor is here said to have dreamed that he seemed to come to the fairest island in the whole world; such was its varied beauty that he had never yet dreamed the like. 'And he saw a maiden sitting before him in a chair of ruddy gold. Not more easy than to gaze upon the sun when brightest, was it to look upon her by reason of her beauty. A vest of white silk was upon the maiden, with clasps of red gold at the breast; and a surcoat of gold tissue upon her, and a frontlet of red gold upon her head, and rubies and gems were in the frontlet, alternating with pearls and imperial stones. And a girdle of ruddy gold was around her. She was the fairest sight that man ever beheld.⁵ For three long years the love-lorn Emperor sought the reality of his vision sending, in search of her, messengers both East and West: eventually the reality was found in Britain. Marriage took place and the Bride was invited to name her marriage portion. Her choice was a most curious one: 'Helen bethought her to make high-roads from one castle to another throughout the Island of Britain; and the roads were made. And for this cause are they called the roads of Helen Luyddawc, that she was sprung from a native of this island and the men of the Island of Britain would not have made these great roads for any save her.' That Helen the lone daughter of King Cole should thus have been served implies she was the idol of the realm, and the association

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of the Colleen with road-making is a remarkable confirmation of Mr. Watkins' theory that the earliest **road**-makers were Coles.

The Causeways and 'great roads' of Helen may likewise be connoted with the lanes, for according to Wright's *Dictionary of Provincial Dialects* *laneways* meant lanes, and it would thus appear that lane is merely a contraction of Laneways. In view of Ellen's love of solitude and eschewing of the cities it is probable that the flowery and leafy lanes were far more closely associated with her than the crowded thoroughfares. Amongst the meanings assigned to *lane* is 'new roads are so called' a confirmation that it was only prior to congested traffic that Helen lingered in the lanes. An additional confirmation of this idea may possibly be found in the word *lun*, meaning 'to be still and quiet, on the watch, to listen'. In view of New Lune's love for the solitary highlands, and her association like Diana with greyhounds, one may consider the interesting collection of road-names on or surrounding the heights of Camberwell. Champion Hill, the culminating point, is known as Dog Kennel Hill; below are Alleyn Park, Half Moon Lane and The Greyhound Inn; adjacent are Allendale Road, Holly dale Road, Elland Road, Lanbury Road, Hollingbourne Road, Hollington Street, and Lindo Street. That greyhounds were over-running this neighbourhood until the time of Charles I is obvious from an order by the King instructing his Verderer — a man named Holland — to put a stop to the destruction of the royal deer by mischievous and marauding greyhounds.

There is another Greyhound district near by to Camberwell, where at Wandsworth we find Lynn Street,

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Lynette Avenue, Greyhound Lane; this locality is known locally as Lonesome, and in view of New Luna's love of solitude it may be that all lonely places were once deemed Lone's Homes. At Fulham a Greyhound Road leads into Nella Street, but as other girl-names appear on neighbouring roads the attractive 'Nella' may here be merely an alluring trap.

With Nehelennia may be connected the term Lent which means Spring; also the small lenny or linnet; big birds such as the Great Northern Diver were known as Aulins or Allen Hawks. Such are keen-eyed and in conjunction with *lun* meaning 'on the watch' may be connoted the Daisy or Eye of Day. The Kelts with their exquisite imagination figured the daisy as the symbol of innocence and the newly born; there is an Irish legend to the effect that every unborn babe taken from earth becomes a spirit which scatters down upon the earth some new and lovely flower to cheer its parents. 'Look, oh Malvina, amongst these flowers we distinguish one with a golden disk surrounded by silver leaves; a sweet tinge of crimson adorns its delicate rays; waved by a gentle wind we might call it a little infant playing in a green meadow.'

In his Dictionary of Provincial Dialects, Wright cites *London Daisy* as the white ox-eye, an implication that this flower was either reared by Londoners, or that it was highly popular among them. It may perhaps be a cognate fact that *London* is a dialect name for a children's game similar in many respects to the Oranges and Lemons traditionally connected with the Bells of St. Clement's Dane. It is noteworthy that the famous London Foundling Hospital was bordered on, one side by

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Lansdowne Place, possibly an implication that some sort of childerhouse had stood on Lansdown from time immemorial and that the philanthropic Coram merely rebuilt and endowed it. It is rather curious to find that the arms granted to the Hospital by George II in 1747 consist of a shield supported by Britannia on the right and by a maternal eight-breasted goddess on the left. Surmounting the shield is a lamb holding a sprig of myrtle, below are two stars and a crescent moon, beneath there is a naked cherub; according to the authorities what these symbolized is unknown. The motto *HELP* may be connoted with the meaning attributed by Welsh scholars to *Keridwen*, i.e. *AID*.

It is, under all the circumstances probable that the care of children formed part of the duties performed at Little St. Helens next to Great St. Helens; Stow describes the former as 'a large court called Little St. Helens because it pertained to the nuns of St. Helens and was their house⁵'; he adds, 'there are seven alms rooms or houses for the poor⁵'.

In view of the homely, familiar or couth appearance of *Nehelennia* it may be that the first syllable of *Kathleen* might be written *couth*. Although *uncouth* is familiar *couth* is now so rare a term that Skeat does not give it; under *cuddle*, however, he says, 'from *cunnan*, to know, we have *couth*, known, familiar; and hence again *couthle* or *cuddle* to be often familiar. This solution of the word, certainly a correct one, is due to Mr. Cockayne; see Cockayne's *Spoon and Sparrow*, p. 26' One may thus accept the equation of *cuddle* and *couth* without hesitation or further inquiry.

The couth and cuddly *Aileen* figures in Irish folk-tale

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as the superlatively lovely Countess Kathleen; this adorable maiden dwelling alone in a tower amid a forest finding her people dying of famine sold her vast properties in order to provide corn; when all else had gone Kathleen tendered the pearl of her purity, but the Angels intervened and the self-sacrifice was not necessary. The name Kathleen, a Celtic diminutive of Catherine, means pure: lawn is a fine white linen, launder is to wash and whiten, lawn (originally laund) meant also a glade in a wood. Martin in *La Religion des Gaulois* (1727) not only equates Nehelennia with *la lune*; he mentions that *len* was a Celtic word signifying lake and that the Gauls worshipped Nehelennia at lakes. For many years it was an accepted etymology that the *Lon* of London derived from *lin* a lake, but as no evidence of any existing lake could be produced the etymology has now been dropped.

Martin also connotes with Nehelennia the Breton word *leanes* signifying a consecrated vestal virgin, he thence supposes that the small cloaked figure may be a Druidess, similar to the Druidesses which dwelt in the witch-haunted island of Sein or Sena: *sein* in French means *bosom*: the Welsh for bosom is *col*; *coledd* means (according to Pughe) 'a taking care of, a cherishing'.

Martin also records a votive tablet wherein Nehelennia is represented with two torches: the name Helen means torch or shiner; and to Luna the light in darkness may be assigned lanthorn, a word which Skeat connotes with lamp. Not only is the Man in the Moon associated with a lantern but Shakespeare makes him say 'this dog is my dog'; we thus get back to Nehelennia and her faithful hound.

To what extent London was scattered with field-names

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owing their origin to Helen, Aileen or Lun worship can be judged from still existing street-names, amongst which may be found in the London Directory: Allen, Allendale, Elland, Ellanborough, Olinda, Ullin, Helenslea, Helen, Helena, Hillingdon, Holland, Hollingsbourne, Holly, Landsdown, Lansdown, Lanhill, Lant, Lena, Lenham, Lenton, Linda, Lindale, Linden, Lindfield, Lindley, Lindo, Linnell, Linscott, Lindsey, Lintain, Linton Grove, London, Lonsdale, Lyndhurst, Lyne, Lynette, Lonesome, Lynn, Lynton, Lynwood. Many of these are repeated in distant localities, some may be quite modern and due to chance; others are so inter-related to one another that they must seemingly be ancient.

My attention was first re-awakened to an interest in street-names by a group close-connected at Hackney: these are London Place, London Lane, Lyne Grove, Linscott Road, Ellingfort Road, Lansdown, Helmsley, and in the same district Olinda Road, Elyne Road. London Fields once belonged, I believe, to the See of London and may thence have derived their title: this however will hardly account for the subsidiary streets nor for Queen Eleanor the name of the famous old Inn near by. Tradition connects this Inn with the body of Good Queen Eleanor in whose memory King Edward I erected crosses. There may be sound grounds for accepting the historicity of this legend but the *cortige* would hardly have rested one night at Hackney the next at almost neighbouring Charing Cross. The village of Charing in Kent is situated on a river Len, opposite Charing Cross stood an Inn the Golden Cross. It is hardly likely that the memorial crosses of King Edward

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were golden and it would appear likely that much of the Good Queen Eleanor story was a survival of the traditional association between St. Helena and the True Cross: this very very ancient connection is perhaps responsible for *cross roads* being known in dialect as *lane ends*.

Not only was Helena of Colchester credited with the finding or invention of the cross: she found also the three holy nails, the holy coat, 'our Lady's smock', the bodies of the three kings, the hay in which the infant Christ was laid and the swaddling clothes in which the Holy Child was wrapped. In Arthurian legend Helen the lone daughter of King Coel figures as the wife of Myrddin or Merlin — a character believed by Sir J. Rhys to be a later form of the Celtic Zeus. According to Squire 'Elen, Myrddin's consort, appears in Malory as five different "Elaines". Two of them are wives of the dark god, under his names of "King Ban" and "King Nentres". A third is called the daughter of King Pellinore, a character of uncertain origin. But the two most famous are the ladies who loved Sir Launcelot — "Elaine the Fair, Elaine the lovable, Elaine the lily maid of Astolat", and the luckier and less scrupulous Elaine, daughter of King Pelles, and mother of Sir Launcelot's son, Galahad.'

CHAPTER XIII

THE PRINCESS OF COLCHESTER

SOME accounts represent St. Helena as being the daughter of an innkeeper at Drypanum: thus, if Helen originated in an Inn and concluded by marrying an Emperor, her story was that of Cinderella. There are many variants of this nursery tale, amongst them one which is closely associated with Colchester. At times the version in question was known as *The Three Heads in a Well*, more anciently as *The Three Kings of Colchester*: it appears in *Fairy Gold* (a volume in Everyman's Library) under the title of *The Princess of Colchester*. The story opens: 'Long before Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table there reigned in the Eastern part of England a king who kept his court at Colchester⁵. It proceeds to tell how at the instigation of an envious and ill-favoured mother-in-law the little Princess (who like all saintly virgins was fifteen years of age) was ousted from court and, provisioned with nothing but a poor pittance of brown bread, hard cheese, and a bottle of beer, set out to seek her fortune. For this pitiful dowry she nevertheless 'returned thanks'; then proceeded on her journey, passing through groves, woods, and valleys, until she met an old man sitting on a stone at the mouth of a cave. He begged food, whereupon the little lady pulled out her scanty provisions bidding him eat and welcome. The old man gratefully told her: 'There is a thick thorny

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hedge before you which will appear impassable, but take this wand in your hand, strike three times, and say: "Pray hedge, let me through". A little further on you will find a well; sit down on the brink of it, and there will come up three golden heads which will speak, and whatever they require, that do.⁵ All so happens: the difficult hedge opens and at the well a golden head comes up singing 'Wash me and comb me, lay me down softly'. The second and third heads come up each repeating the same request. The Princess complies; the heads then say, 'What shall we do for this lady, who hath used us so kindly?' The first adds such grace to her beauty as shall charm the most powerful prince in the world: the second endows her with fragrance such as far exceeds the sweetest flowers; the third promises her such fortune as to become the queen of the greatest prince that reigned.

The little lady travels on till she espies a king hunting with his nobles in a park. She eschews the hunt coyly and shyly, trying to escape notice, but the king falls in love with her at sight; offers her the finest horse in his train, and, bringing her to his palace, causes her to be clad magificently in white and gold. The king next orders chariots to be got ready in order to compliment her father with a visit: the chariot was magnificent and adorned with rich ornaments of gold, and on arrival at Colchester rejoicings, feasting, and dancing continued for many days. Envious at the amazing good fortune of her rival the humpy and malicious sister-in-law decides to try her own luck: instead of bread and cheese she provisions herself with sugar, almonds, and sweetmeats in great quantities; taking also a large bottle of malaga sack.

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The proud sister-in-law meets the same old man; treats him with contumely; gets terribly tied up and torn in the thorny hedge, and instead of doing the required service for the three gold heads bangs them unmercifully with her bottle. The three plagues with which the gold heads inflict her are leprosy, hair like pack-thread, and marriage to one of mean station. She walks on into the market place where everyone with the exception of a poor cobbler flies from her in disgust.

It is plain that this Colchester version is archaic and far less sophisticated than Perrault's French variant with which nurseries are familiar: it is also evident that the story is a cunningly devised fable, the wand being the fairy wand of rectitude; the three kings the three excellences Good Thought, Good Deed, and Good Word; the thick and apparently impassable hedge, the thorns and briars of this work-a-day world. In the early days of Christianity the Church embraced two Schools of Thought: one of these oblivious to the warning 'the Letter killeth', accepted as literal history the Gospel story: a second group known as the Gnostics accepted Christianity as an allegory and claimed to know the religious value not only of Christian 'history' but likewise of all pagan fables, fairy tales, and mythologies. Early ecclesiastical history is to a great extent the tragic story of the suppression of Gnostic thought and of substitution in place of anything occult a materialism so crude and sometimes gross as almost to be unbelievable. The Gnostic views on The Nativity may be found perfectly expressed in the following verses written some time prior to 1690:

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Lo! in the silent night a child to GodHs born,
And all is brought again that ere was lost or lorn;
Could but thy soul, O Man, become a silent night,
God would once more be born in thee and set all things
right.

Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,
If He's not born in thee, thy soul is all forlorn;
The Cross on Golgotha will never save thy soul;
The Cross in thine own heart alone can make thee whole.

Christ rose not from the dead, Christ is still in the grave,
If thou for whom He died art still of sin the slave.
Hold there! Where runnest thou? Know Heaven is in
thee;

Seekest thou for God elsewhere, His face thou'lt never see.

In all eternity no love can be so sweet
As where man's heart with God in unison doth beat.
Whate'er thou lovest, man, that, too, become thou must;
Good if thou lovest good, dust if thou lovest dust.

Ah! would the heart be but a manger for the birth,
God would once more become a little child on earth!
Immeasurable is the Highest; who but knows it?
And yet a human heart can perfectly enclose it.

But Gnosticism though stricken by a succession of
damnable 'Crusades' followed by centuries of the
Inquisition (an institution devised to suppress it) never
ceased to exist: allegory survived and according to
Hallam 'The scheme of allegorical interpretation began
among the earliest fathers and spread with perpetual
expansion through the Middle Ages. The Reformation
swept most of it away.'

Long prior to the Reformation are frequent allusions in

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the Borough Records of Colchester to St. Helen's Well, and it is probable that this was the local habitation assigned to the Cinderella story of the Three Heads or Three Kings. There is no mention of 'Kings' in the New Testament story; the three pilgrims bringing gifts are mentioned merely as Magi, Sages, or Wise Men.

The Three Kings of Collen or The Three Kings was a very popular Inn sign, and I think it probable that The King's Head, originally had reference not to any historic monarch but to the fairy King. There was a belief among the Danes that Fairy Kings kept watch and ward over the country: one of these Kings resided at a spot still bearing the name of King's Hill. Keightley in his *Fairy Mythology* says that to Scandinavians the fairy Queen was *elle kone*: it is thus probable that the Ramsgate street-name Hollicondane Road which is found by Ellington Park at a crosswayed dun or hill meant dun or hill of *elle kone*, the Ellie King or Holy King. Similarly it may be that Elgin Crescent at the foot of Lansdown Crescent on the summit of Notting Hill, overlooking Holland Park, meant the crescent of the Fairy *gyne* or Woman. In Hellenic mythology all the Muses dwelt on Mount Helicon and the fountain of poetry is said there to have been opened by a stroke from the hoof of the winged horse Pegasus.

I am unable to trace any legends relative to the Essex place-name Seven Kings: Twickenham in Middlesex is however intimately connected with a tale of two Fairy Kings and the place-name Twickenham seemingly commemorates this local legend; the Seven Sisters perpetuated by Seven Sisters Road were it is said seven elm trees.

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Among the mystifying Inn signs mentioned by Larwood and Hotten is 'The Golden Beard', it is however obvious that when first used there can have been nothing mystifying either to the inn-keeper or to his customers. Mr. Gurney Benham in the *Essex Review* (No. 36, Vol. ix) points out that Peele's play *Old Wives' Tale* (1590) was based upon the Colchester well legend but that according to Peele not three heads arose but only one. From the locks of this solitary King the heroine combs gold, and the head sings:

Fair maiden white and red
Comb me smooth and stroke my head.
And thou shalt have some cockell bread
Gently dip but not too deep
For fear thou make the *golden beard* to weep.

Now the golden locks of Apollo was a poetic expression of the Solar rays and presumably the Golden Beard was an extension of the same idea. To account for the French inn-sign Golden Beard, Hotten quotes a remarkable story relating to a certain Duke of Burgundy who after a great victory was decorated triumphantly with a golden beard. But the victorious Burgundy would hardly have acquiesced in such mummary unless there were strong reasons, such as religious custom which compelled King David to dance naked (to his wife's disgust) before the Ark. The only suggestion that I can put forward is that the Gauls in prehistoric times decorated their supermen with emblems of divinity and that among these insignia was a golden beard. This suggestion is somewhat supported by the existence at Carnac of a St. Barbe and it looks very much as though this saint was

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a Christianization of the *barbe d'or*. According to Le Rouzic the alignments of St. Barbe are composed of about fifty menhirs, nearly all fallen, but many more are to be found buried in the sand: these alignments are bounded on the west by a cromlech facing an east-south-easterly direction; they thus face the rising of the Golden Beard. The popular name in France for the evergreen, *sempervivum* (the ever living) was Jupiter's Beard: in England the wild clematis with its feathery white seed vessels is known familiarly as Old Man's Beard or Travellers' Joy. That 'Good Old Man' St. Clement was, on his annual peregrination, decked out with a long white beard, and there must obviously be some close connection between *clematis* the travellers' joy and good old *Clem*. It is part of Mr. Watkin's theory that the Coles, colen or Coleman were travellers' aids: the hospitality of the coldharbours must indubitably have aroused the travellers' heart-felt joy. Peele's reference Tor fear thou make the golden beard *to weep** may be connoted with the statement of an Hellenic poet:

The Celtic sages a tradition hold
That every drop of amber was a tear
Shed by Apollo when he fled from Heaven
For sorely did he weep and sorrowing passed
Through many a doleful region till he reached
The sacred Hyperboreans.

It is maintained by some that Hyperborea was Britain: the claim is however not universally accepted. Proverbially, and by general consent, Truth dwells at the bottom of a well: one may thus without strain suggest that the Three Kings of Collen, the Three Heads, and the

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Golden Beard were all poetic representations of the Triune Truth. No one has yet satisfactorily answered Pilate's inquiry and even the sonorities of the Athanasian Creed do not simplify Three Incomprehensibles into One Incomprehensible.

In order to reduce their ideas into something like form the allegorists of the Middle Ages employed various emblematic devices amongst which a few are here illustrated. In connection with these symbols or ideo-

Figs. 12, 13, 14, 15

graphs, and keeping in mind the three seeds of the True Cross or the Tree of Paradise, one may here consider an Irish tale relative to a youth named Conneda. Aided by a Druid, Conneda started on a strenuous quest carrying with him a small bottle of extracted Mistletoe or All Heal; led forward by a magic ball rolling ever in advance Conneda plucked Three Golden Apples growing on a Crystal Tree in the midst of a pleasure garden. On his return Conneda planted the Three Golden Apples in his own garden and instantly a great tree bearing similar fruits sprang into existence: this tree caused all the district to produce an exuberance of crops and fruit and in consequence of the extraordinary powers possessed

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by the Golden Fruit the entire neighbourhood became fertile. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the Three Golden Fruits were here nothing more occult or incomprehensible than Good Thought, Good Deed and Good Word.

There is an allusion in *King Cole* to 'The Tricksy Three who juggle and do turns': among the manifestations of these remarkable magicians were I have little doubt the Fiddlers Three of Old King Cole; as Inn signs we may probably recognize them figuring as Three Blue Balls, Three Candlesticks, Three Compasses, etc. etc.

Among ancient signs mentioned by Hotten are the Golden Maid, the Golden Slipper, and the Golden Head: that these were related to the Little Queen of Colchester can hardly be doubted. Both examples of the Golden Head are felicitously recorded in connection with the word Queen: the one in Queen Square, Ormond Street; the other in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn. Before recent reconstruction the latter street consisted of two portions, Great Queen Street and Little Queen Street, possibly an implication that at one time the Golden Head was associated with both the Great Queen and the Little Queen.

The heroine of the Colchester well is indubitably Newelyna or the Little Queen, and on inquiry of my brother who lives near Newlyn, Penzance, whether there were any local legends relative to St. Newlyna he replied: 'You can take it as quite certain that Newlyn East is the headquarters of your friend Newalyna, and the source from which the Cornish legends have sprung. Officially these legends are very few but D——told me this morning several very interesting stories she heard

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when she camped at Holywell some years ago. A glance at the map will show you that the river which comes out at the Gannel flows just below Newlyn, through or past Nancehellan - which means Valley of Hellan. I should say that the Holy Well itself at Holywell was Elian's well as Nic. Roscorrow in 1600 describes Newalyna's well as coming out of a rock. D—tells me that she heard or read a story when she was at Holywell, attached to a farm there which is called by a name sounding like Elinsglaze and that the sand hills are called Ellinsdune. The spelling Elin or Elian is of course immaterial. The story of Elinsglaze is that some wicked person constantly attempted to swamp it with sand but that Ellen's tears on account of her husband formed a stream which swept away the sand. This is the stream which comes into Holywell Bay, not the actual stream which flows through Nancehellan, but in the immediate neighbourhood. There seems a very intimate connection here with the Breton legend of Noualena which I told you about, of the wicked chief Nizam who attempted to destroy her tomb or oratory by damming up the stream on the bank of which it stood, but who was himself drowned by the stream carrying away his dam.'

Martin in *La Religion des Gaulois* mentions an image of Nehalennia bearing the inscription Neha which he rightly regards as 'an abridged form': this image is a mosaic in three colours, white, black and red, and there is little doubt that the three colours are as symbolic as the gold, frankincense and myrrh offered by the Magi. Neha is represented sitting with her dog and a refulgent torch on the borders of a rough sea, and one may assume that Nelly was a divinity of all waters including her

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tears, the falling rain. In Derbyshire even to-day certain wells are decorated with the flowers of Lent or Spring: on Easter day at Pinwell bent pins are thrown into the well and this is known as 'throwing Lent away'.

Halliwell in his dialect Dictionary gives *nailburn* as meaning an intermittent landspring or temporary brook: it may be suggested* that the name *nailburn* or *naylborn* implied a feeble newly born burn not yet functioning in full strength. There is a Newburn Street a mile or some from Newington Causeway in South London and there are two Newingtons in Kent: these appear alternatively as Niweton, a form which may be connoted with London's ten Newton Streets. The Causeway whence Newington Causeway took its name may reasonably be reckoned one of Ellen's roads, and in view of Newluna's love of heights and loneliness it may be that Newlands Corner (a splendid prospect above Guildford) can rightly be assigned to Newlyna.

Celtic authorities believe that the name Newlyna meant *white cloud*: there figures in Gaul a Saint Cloud who was regarded as the patron of nail makers and in art was represented with nails. Between *clou* a nail, and Cloud the Saint of nail makers there must obviously be some close connection: it is surprising to find a similar association between Nell the reputed finder of the Holy Nails and *nail*. The Holy Nails are usually depicted in the same, but reversed, form as the British Broad Arrow, and in their accounts of the traditional Symbols, Speech, Letters and Signs of Britain, according to their preservation by means of memory, voice and usages of the Chair and Gorsedd, the Welsh Bards asserted that the three strokes of the Broad Arrow or Bardic hieroglyph for God

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originated from three diverging rays of light seen descending towards the earth. There is thus a possibility that the Broad Arrow and the Golden Beard were merely alternative expressions of the same idea: a conception originating perhaps in the mind of some primitive philosopher contemplating a cloud-laden sunrise.

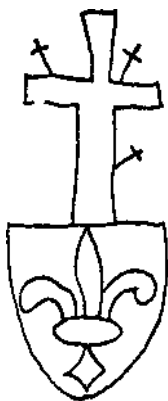
The device of the Broad Arrow appears over and over again on the talismanic eye-amulets or 'whorls' which were found in vast numbers by Schliemann at Troy. The names Troy and Helen are immortally associated: the word *nail* considered in conjunction with the tradition that Helen of Colchester 'inventa' or found the Three Holy Nails is thus one of considerable interest. But the coincidence goes deeper for the footprint of a bird's claw is approximately the same as the Broad Arrow or Three Nails and we thus get the further equation *clou* = *claw*. According to Skeat '*claw* is related to *clew* a ball of thread: it means that by which an animal cleaves or holds on'. Here are additional pointers to Cinderella for in one version of the tale the Fairy God-mother gives Cinderella a clew or ball of thread by means of which 'she can find her way home when mother deserts her': in another version two pigeons appear, bestow upon Cinderella a ball of thread that unwinds of itself and conducts her to an *oak tree*; in a third version Cinderella's enchanted thread consists of three balls or clews of different colours.

It can hardly be doubted that the medieval emblems of three nails, three acorns, and a claw, as here illustrated, had some close relation to the Three Golden Balls; further that the words *nail* and *clou*, *claw*, *clew* were all somehow connected with Nell and her father King Cole.

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It will be noted that the deviser of fig. 16 has designed the three nails as though they were crosses.

In view of the tradition that Helen of Colchester found not only the True Cross and the Three Holy Nails but was likewise responsible for the 'invention' of the hay in which the Infant Christ was born, also the swaddling clothes in which the Holy Child was wrapped, one must



Figs. 16, 17, 18.

necessarily wonder whether Noel, 'a word shouted or sung as an expression of joy at Christmas', was not also associated with Nell.

Sir John Rhys connotes Canoludunon, one of the ancient names of Colchester, with the Teutonic *himmel* meaning heaven: Camelot, the many-towered mystic city of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, will thus probably be connected with the same root. The poet-mystic Blake may have had either place of enchantment in mind when he wrote:

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I give you the end of a golden string
Only wind it into a ball
It will lead you in at Heaven's gate
Built in Jerusalem's wall.

'It is a singular fact,' said Baring-Gould in 1869 'that only the other day I heard of a man in Cleveland, being buried two years ago with a candle, a penny, and a bottle of wine in his coffin: the candle to light him along the road, the penny to pay the ferry, and the wine to nourish him, as he went to the New Jerusalem. I was told this, and this explanation was given me, by some rustics who professed to have attended the funeral. This looks to me as though the shipping into the other land were not regarded merely as a figure of speech, but as a reality.' Unsuspicious of his own glasshouse the scholarly but somewhat acrid Anglican continued—'It would be a study of no ordinary interest to trace modern Protestantism back to the mythologic systems of which it is the resultant. The early Fathers erred in regarding the ancient heresies as bastard forms of Christianity; they were distinct religions, feebly tinged by contact with the religion of the Cross. In like manner, I am satisfied that we make a mistake in considering the Dissent of England, especially as manifested in greatest intensity in the wilds of Cornwall, Wales, and the eastern moors of Yorkshire, where the Keltic element is strong, as a form of Christianity. It is radically different: its framework and nerve is of ancient British origin, passing itself off as a spiritual Christianity.'

CHAPTER XIV

THE TREE OF PARADISE

EXCEPT in title the Asiatic city of Jerusalem has no relation either to the New Jerusalem of the theologians or to Jerusalem of the poets.

And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark satanic mills?

I will not cease from mental fight
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

To the mystic thinkers of the Middle Ages Salem, or Hiero-Solyma the city of the fabulously wise and wealthy Solomon, the Prince of Peace, differed in name only from Paradise the primal home of innocence and bliss.

The mazes which at one time seem to have been a familiar feature of the English village green were known as Ways to Jerusalem: to tread them was a pious exercise.

Associated with many monasteries was a vacant place known as Paradise, so named from the mystery plays representative of Paradise which at one time were enacted upon them. There are seven or eight Paradise Places in various parts of London: there is a Paradise near Eastbourne, another at Margate, another at

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Burnham, Somerset; these however were seemingly unrelated to any religious establishments and I have little doubt that Paradise was a mystery play among the pagan folk long before the Christianity of St. Augustine arrived at Thanet.

The grove of trees outside St. John's College, Oxford, is still called The Paradise: and one of the most essential elements of the Paradise field was almost certainly a Tree of Life. Here we find ourselves back to one of the most fixed and wisely spread traditions of the ancients, that of a World Tree.

In Chaldea the 'stalk' or 'Tree of Life' seems to have been a Cedar: 'Go my son Merodach; let the fire of the Cedar Tree, the tree that destroys the wickedness of the incubus, on whose core the name of Ea is recorded with the spell supreme, the spell of Eridu (and) of purity'.

In the Paradise of the Gael were various trees laden with fruit, perfumes, and magic spells —

The Tree of Life with bloom unchanged
Round it the goodly hosts are ranged
Its leafy crest showers dewdrops round
All Heaven's spreading garden-ground.

There flock bright birds, a shining throng
And sing their grace-perfected song
While boundless mercy round them weaves
Undying fruit, unfading leaves.

In ancient art birds pecking fruit or flowers symbolized the souls of the blessed: the first monasteries founded by St. Columba in Ireland were named after the oak trees which surrounded them: later the Christian Columba wrote:

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Each leaf of the oaks round Deny is found
To be crowded with angels from Heaven above.

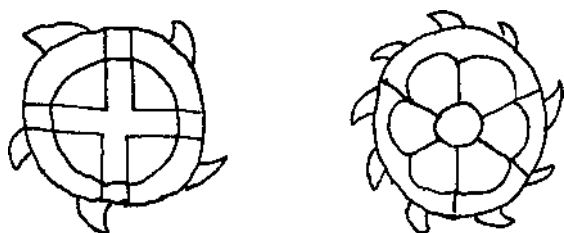
According to *The Talmud*: 'There is not a thing in the world, not even a tiny blade of grass over which there is not an angel set': it was Druidic dogma that immediately after death the soul passed, according to its record, either into Elysium, or alternatively to Hades.

Here were ideas which Christianity did its grim best to suppress: the Druidic teaching that the souls of the dead were the protectors of the living 'militated against Christian doctrine'; ecclesiastically the dead were 'sleeping' until that resurrection day when their bodies would arise from the dust. 'This,' says Baring-Gould, 'was the keynote to the teaching of the Apostles; it runs through the New Testament and is reflected in the writings of the Fathers. It occupies its legitimate position in the creeds and the Church has never failed to insist upon it with no faltering voice⁵. The same authority continues 'The doctrine of the soul being transported to Heaven and its happiness being completed at death finds no place in the Bible . . . yet this was the tenet of our Keltic forefathers and it has maintained itself in English Protestantism so as to divest the doctrine of the resurrection of the body of its grasp on the popular mind'. It is not for me to discuss Theology but merely to register the prehistoric Keltic beliefs: in the Middle Ages, these, like those of Ecclesiasticism, were sometimes incredibly crude, and in one of the Paradise Mysteries we find Cain familiarly addressing the Almighty as 'Hob over the Wall'.

The early conception of Paradise was somewhat in the

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form of a hot-cross bun, the cross representing the four rivers and the circle the round world floating on an encircling river of ocean. But the circle was also the circle of the Sun and the City of the Sun was conceived as surrounded by a wall of impassable fire: these ideas may be seen diagrammatized in the two medieval emblems here illustrated; fig. 19 is a simple four-spoked solar wheel, fig. 20 a gool or marygold. The prevalence of the marygold design in pagan monoliths has already



Figs. 19 and 20.

been mentioned, and there is little doubt that many of the four-leaved Celtic crosses are primarily marygolds or cruciform flowers on stalks. This elementary form is usually decorated with the Celtic coils and twists which denoted Life without beginning and without end: the same idea underlay Mazes of Life, Troy Towns, or Ways to Jerusalem.

The chroniclers say that when Helena of Colchester 'inventa' the True Cross on May 3 A.D. 328 she dug from under ground not one cross but three. In order to dispel the perplexity which ensued a dead man's bier was laid upon one cross after the other; on being placed upon the cross of Christ the body of the dead man sprang immediately to life. It is very evident that in this fable there



Fig. 21.

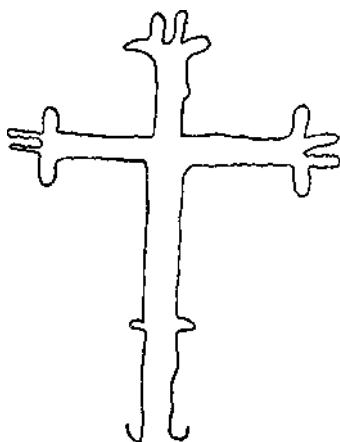


Fig. 22.

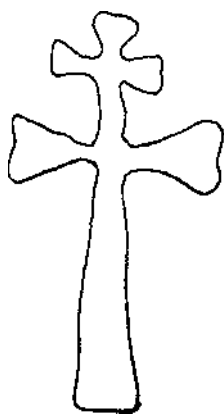


Fig. 24.

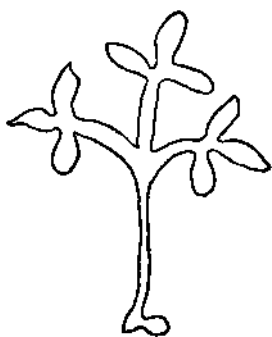


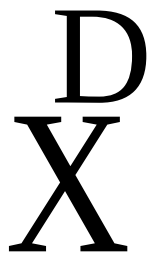
Fig. 25.

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is some play upon the words *three*, *tree*, *true*, the True cross was the Tree cross, the Tree cross was the Three or *tri* cross: all these forms of the magic Tree may be seen combined in the medieval cross emblems here illustrated. According to Baring-Gould the City of Troyes was so saturated with the legend of the Cross that no less than four of the Churches at Troyes portray it. The city of Troyes (whence it is said we derive our Troy weights) claimed like London to have been founded by emigrants from Troy: it may thus be that the True Cross was the

Troy Cross and that it was the emblem of Helen of Troy. This would account for the Helena-Colchester connection, for Colchester was the capital of the Trinovantes, a tribe to be connoted with Troynovant, one of the legendary names of prehistoric London: until recently Colchester was in the diocese of London. It may be that the True, Troy or Triune Cross (as 'found'⁵ by St. Helena) was originally a trinity or trio, one red, one white, one gold. We have in London traces of these three, and only these three, colours in

the forms — Whitecross Street, Redcross Street and Golden Cross Inn. There is a fourth and mysteriously named Cowcross Street which may conceivably be a corruption of *chi* cross: the cross of St. Andrew is the Greek letter *chi* (X), and the Labarum, or Cross of Constantine, is sometimes termed the *chi rho* cross. The letters *chi rho* (here illustrated) are the initials of the name *Christos* and they are said to have been revealed in a vision to Constantine the son of Helena.



I
I
Fig. 27.

THE TREE OF PARADISE

Carved on to an escarpment in the heart of the Chiltern Hills (a district which as has been seen was haunted by King Cole) there still exist two huge Hellenic crosses. Of these Sir Flinders Petrie writes: 'It has naturally been supposed that the crosses are of Christian origin. This is not at all certain for the Greek cross is not used in Western Christianity. Further, the pyramidal base seems unknown; Byzantine coins from the sixth to the thirteenth century often bear the cross on steps, but never above a slope. If the Whyteleaf Cross had been of such origin it would have been as easy to cut steps as to cut a slope on the hill. The Greek cross is known to have been a sacred object during the Bronze Age in Crete; so its presence here is quite as likely to be pre-Christian as not.⁵

On a Cretan ring of the sixteenth century B.C. is a representation of a World Tree having, it is said, many points in common with Yggdrasil the Mighty Ash of Scandinavian mythology: there are in fact several grounds for the supposition that Gnossus, the capital of Crete, was the source of the mystic knowledge known subsequently as the Cnosis. I have elsewhere endeavoured to trace a connection between prehistoric Candia or Crete and Cantium or Kent, and I have little doubt that the marvellous serpentine shell-mosaiced grotto at Margate was built by Cretans. At the entry of this grotto stands a small headless statuette holding a cup: Wisdom was frequently so represented, and it may here again be suggested that Britomart the 'Sweet Maiden' of Candia was one and the same as the primitive Britannia.

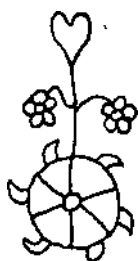
The mighty Ash Tree of Scandinavian mythology

THE LOST LANGUAGE OF LONDON

may be connoted with the place-name Whitnash which the authorities decode into Whiten Ash or White Ash: an ash tree physically white is however surely a very rare object?

As a general rule Calvaries and pyramids were stepped, but the Calvary at Whyteleaf, like the earthen pyramid at Silbury, is unstepped. The chaste significance of this may possibly be found in *Exodus* 'and if thou wilt make me an altar of stone thou shalt not built it of hewn stone, for if thou lift up thy tool upon it, thou has polluted it.

Neither shalt thou go up by steps unto my altar, that thy nakedness be not discovered thereon.⁵



White being almost universally the symbol of purity, the probability is that the *Whyte* of this so-called Whyteleaf Cross carries its face value: so too may *leaf*, for the Cross consists of three white leaves upon a pyre.

In old English *lief* meant dear, beloved, pleasing, and is thus used in the Shakespearean expression 'I had as lief⁵. Skeat assigns the words *lief* and *love* to a Teutonic base *lub*, to covet or desire, and he connotes the Sanscrit *lubh* to covet. This however is a definition of self-seeking and is in direct opposition to the uncovetous character of Love. Skeat similarly assigns *life* to a Teutonic base *lib* to remain, but the distinctive feature of physical life is that it is evanescent and does *not* 'remain'. It may be that the ancients were sufficiently observant to realize that the leaf of a tree was the first evidence of its life and that by stripping a tree of its leaves the life departed.

The medieval designer of the Solar wheel here

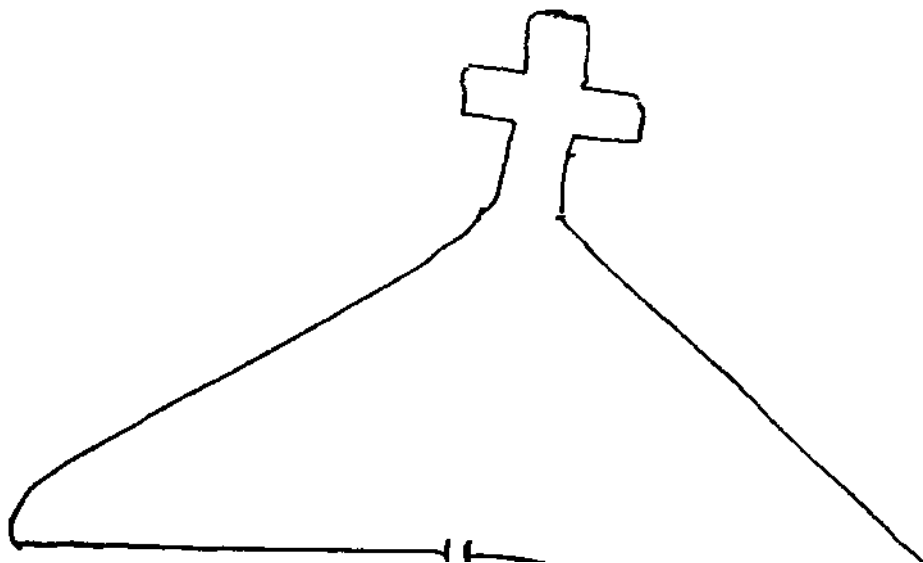


Fig. 28. The Whyteleaf Cross. Reduced from *The Hill Figures of England* (Petrie)

THE LOST LANGUAGE OF LONDON

illustrated seems to have regarded Love symbolized by a heart as the highest point of intellect: of the Tree of Life visualized in *Revelations* xxii it is said 'and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nation'.

About three miles from the Whyteleaf Calvary is a four-limbed Cross, situated at a spot named Bledlow: in Domesday this place figured as Bliteslau, whence the authorities assume that it belonged to a man named Blith. The adjective *blithe* is defined as sweet, glad, happy, and we might leave Blithelieu at that: but Bledlow also suggests that this second symbol was the bleed or blood red cross; of the word *blood* Skeat says: 'Blood seems to have been taken as the symbol of blooming flourishing life.'



The whole of the designs here reproduced from Briquet's monumental collection of continental papermarks are classified by the author as Crosses and there is no doubt that they all illustrate various phases of the time-honoured prehistoric legend: numerous versions of this are extant but all agree that the True Cross originated as a Tree cross and as a Three cross from three seeds of Paradise planted in the mouth of Adam. It will be noted how skilfully the designer of fig. 35 has woven an unbroken chain or intreccia from the letter A and has incorporated into his design the Egyptian idea of the pillar or backbone of Osiris. It will also be noted that the two-directional figures on p. 165 (which may also be seen on East Anglian churches) implies to the heights above to the depths beneath. The design of this example is

Fig. 30.
The Bledlow Cross.

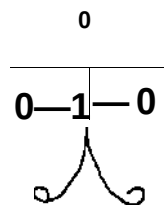
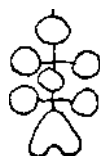


Fig. 31.

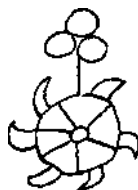


Fig. 33.

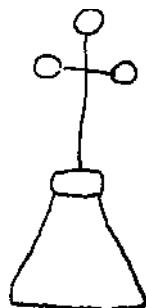


Fig. 34.

THE LOST LANGUAGE OF LONDON

reminiscent of the six-lobed flower form in which, as has been seen, the dene holes of Kent seem traditionally to have been constructed.

In a church window at Long Melford, Suffolk, may be seen a cross constituted entirely of flowers. It is only of comparatively recent years that the cross was regarded as the Tree of Shame and associated with anguish or misery. The essential meaning of the rolling, wheel-like travelling solar cross is etymologically preserved in the word Svastika which according to oriental scholars meant in Sanscrit 'To be well' or 'It is well'. The formalized four feet of the touring Svastika travelling sun-wise became at times, as in the arms of the Isle of Man, three legs: the touring cross means the ever-turning travelling cross and even to-day in some districts blazing cartwheels are sent blithely bounding down from hilltops on the days of the ancient Solar festivals.

The arms of the city of Colchester still incorporate many of the elements of the ancient Helena tradition. In the words of Mr. Gurney Benham, the respected Mayor of Colchester: 'The three crowns (like the three crowns in the arms of Cologne) indicate the Three Holy Kings (the Magi) whose remains (according to legend) were discovered by St. Helena, and taken to Constantinople, afterwards to Milan, and eventually to Cologne, where they are still enshrined. The cross denotes the finding of the True Cross (in two portions) by St. Helena, who is said to have divided it into four pieces. The cross is presumably represented raguly and green to indicate the legends that it was living wood, and part of the 'Tree of Life' of the Garden of Eden, and that it sprouted after being found. The nails are the Three Holy Nails,

THE TREE OF PARADISE

also said to have been discovered by St. Helena. The curious dovetailing in the centre of the cross (in form of a filfot) preserves the old legend that Helena divided the cross into four portions, sending them to four parts of the world, as directed by an angel in a vision.⁵

CHAPTER XV

THE HILL OF HEALTH

LEGEND tells that the three seeds of Paradise having been planted in the mouth of Adam, in course of time three trees grew up: one was a cedar, another a cypress, the third a pine. These grew with prodigious force, thrusting their boughs to right and left: after a while the three trees touched one another, then began to incorporate and confound their several natures in a single trunk. This column in the time of Solomon was the noblest of the trees of Lebanon and surpassed all others as a monarch surpasses those who crouch at his feet. Solomon cut down this cedar with the intention of converting it into a main pillar to support his temple. But all in vain: the column refused to answer the purpose: it was at one time too long, at another too short. Surprised at this resistance Solomon lowered his walls to suit the beam but at once it shot up and pierced the roof like an arrow driven through a piece of canvas or a bird recovering its liberty.

The surprising refusal of the crosstree to be restricted within walls may be connoted with the Persian destruction of the Greek temples on the grounds that it was impious of the Greeks to confine the worship of the All Pervading and the All Expansive within walls.

The magic behaviour of the crosstree may also be connoted with an Icelandic story in connection with a mysterious Wanderer named Magus, *alias* Vidforull.

THE HILL OF HEALTH

'Magus went before the king (Charlemagne), and greeted him courteously. The king received him well and asked him his name. He said he was called "Vidforull". The king said, "You are a vigorous man, though you seem very old".

'Vidforul replied, "Sire, you say right that I am very old, but I have been much older, and it may fall out that I become younger".

' "How can that possibly be," asked the king, "that you could have been older than you are, and will be younger?"

'Vidforul said, "That I will make clear to you. Twice have I cast my old skin, and become each time younger than before."

'When he said this all the guard of the king sprang up, laughing, and said he should not venture to talk such nonsense before the king. Then the king took up the word, and said:

' "Do you mean to say that you have twice cast your skin?"

' "It is quite true, sire!" answered Vidforull.

'The king asked, "Do you suppose that you will cast it again?"

' "I am sure," answered Vidforull, "that in this very month I shall have to slough it off, and that not many days hence."

' "How old are you wont to be," asked the king, "before you cast it?"

'Vidforull replied, "The time is not always the same. The first time I was aged 330, and then when I had undergone the process I was only about thirty, and I regained all the vigour of youth . . . Now, sire, if you

THE LOST LANGUAGE OF LONDON

wish to know my powers, and see me cast my skin, then show me a seat, and I will remain in your court a few days, till the time comes. . ."

'It was one festival, in the morning, that the king and his court went to church, and they saw a great log had come under the hall-wall, and by it stood Vidforull, and he came to the king and greeted him, and he was very cheerful. The king said, 'What is the cause of your merriment?'⁵⁵ To this inquiry the Merry Old Soul replied that the time had arrived for a change of skin.

' "Now I wish, sire, that you and all your suite should take your places, and watch me accomplish my desire, for I have long desired to quit this age and become young again."⁵⁵ . . . Then he bared his head, and stroked his arms, and all his body and belly and his legs, then he rolled together the skin he was in, and lay down before the post, and muttered to himself, "Away with age, that I may have my desire!"⁵⁵ Then all the court laughed as loud as they well could, but he lay a little while motionless. And, when they were least aware, he dragged at the post, and worked himself headforemost into the post, and it closed upon him as his feet entered. The king ran to it with all his men, but the beam was solid. Then they began to discuss what was to be done.

'Earl Uppi said: "It was a Troll, and he has vanished into the earth."⁵⁵ But next they heard a great noise in the beam. They thought it very strange that the post was at one time bigger than at another. And after this had gone on a while, they saw come out of the end of the beam a man's feet, then a man as far as to his middle. They saw the beam shrink and expand, and it was like a

THE HILL OF HEALTH

woman in her pangs; at last the post contracted, and shot Vidforull completely out, and he lay a while as though dead; but when the assistants were least expecting it, he sprang up, rolled up the skin from off his head, stepped up to the king, and saluted him. And they saw that he was no other than a beardless youth, and fair faced.'

There is little doubt that this delectable tale from Iceland is a legend of King Cole, for Iceland was originally a British colony, and its first inhabitants were Culdees. Some of these amazing papas landed with their families circa 795 and found the island uninhabited; other parties of Culdees followed at intervals till 874 when Iceland was permanently colonized by refugees from the Orkneys and from Norway. According to an early Icelandic historian the Culdees were ejected by the subsequent Norsemen but their books were left behind them. Happily these escaped the wholesale destruction of Druidic books 'stuffed with the fables of antiquity' which followed so usually in the wake of later Christian missionaries. In view of the identities between the early languages of Iceland and Britain it may be suggested that 'Vidforull' was Foodforall: such in any case was the concept primarily underlying the crosstree, trunk, or Tree of Life.

The MSS. of the collection of folk tales known as *The Edda* was likewise discovered in the wilds of Iceland and the tales themselves had presumably descended by word of mouth from the original Culdee settlers. It is a matter of agreement among scholars that *The Edda* was composed in Britain and that its language was that of ancient Britain: the only point at issue seems to be whether the

THE LOST LANGUAGE OF LONDON

material was written down by native Britons or by Norwegian bards who were temporarily resident in Britain.

There is an Esthonian collection of folk tales known as *Kalewpoeg*; herein Kalew the All Father figures in the background like Celi the concealed one of Britain. In some cases Colchester was mentioned as Caer Coluin, meaning presumably fortified town of Colu.

In *Kalewpoeg* the Three Sons of Kalew exercise the same music-magic as was associated with the All Father of the Britons and the 'Great Good Fire' of the Irish: but instead of harping all four seasons into existence the *Kalewpoeg* tells of three sons of Kalew each of whom exercises a seasonal function.

In the dusky pine tree forest
Sat the eldest son of Kalew,
Singing neath a branching fir.
As from swelling throat he chanted,
Danced the fir cones on the branches,
Every leaflet was astir;
All the larches thrilled and budding
Burst to tufts of snowy green,
Waved the pine tops in the sunset.

Then the second son of Kalew sang from a birch wood, whereupon all the luscious fruits of autumn mellowed into their red and golden beauty. Next the third son intoned his lay from an oakwood bringing like Orpheus all the birds and the beasts to his feet. It may be suggested that these three sons of Kalew are merely a variant of the three pipers of King Cole.

The *Kalewpoeg* of Esthonia is seemingly closely akin to

THE HILL OF HEALTH

the *Kalevala* of Finland: here the magic Master-musician figures under the *alias* Vainamoinen:

Vainamoinen old and stedfast,
He the great primeval minstrel.

The music of this great magician was of such amazing loveliness that no man's heart remained unmelted:

Wept the young and wept the aged
All the married men were weeping
Likewise all the married women
And the half-grown boys were weeping
All the boys and all the maidens,
Likewise all the little children
When they heard the tones so wondrous
And the noble sage's music
He himself old Vainamoinen
Felt his own tears rolling downward.

But the customary effect of the primeval Piper's music was less dolorous: it evoked a general and universal joy:

All the fair ones flocked together
And in streams they rushed together
Like a river in its flowing;
Merry laughed the younger women
And the mothers all were joyful
As they heard the music playing
And they wondered at their pleasure.

It is quite certain that in times not so very long ago English folk flocked in joyful numbers to the earthworks at the village of Cerne Abbas in Dorset. Surmounting the hill figure here illustrated is an area upon which used to

THE LOST LANGUAGE OF LONDON

be erected a maypole; and even in 1901 the memory of the festival survived. It is on record that the then sexton well remembered a maypole. 'It was made', he said, 'every year from a fir bole and was raised in the night. It was erected in the ring just above the Giant. It was decorated, and the villagers went up the hill and danced round the pole on the 1st May'. 'Possibly,' says Sir Flinders Petrie from whose *Hill Figures of England* I am quoting, 'a further light may be gained from Walter of Coventry who wrote in the thirteenth century that Cerne was "*in Dorsetensi pago*"; "*in quo pago olim colebantur deus Helith*". This may preserve the early name of the Giant'.

So far as I am aware there is no reference either in British or Classic mythology to any deity named Helith: there is however by the church at Wordwell in Suffolk what Dr. M. R. James describes as 'a tall mound called the Hill of Health with fir trees growing on it'⁵. It may reasonably be assumed in view of the fir bole maypole associated with giant Helith that the fir crowned Hill of Health in Suffolk was dedicated to the same deity and that the word *health* was thence derived: that the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations is a point which has already been noted. According to Dr. James there is on the summit of the East Anglian Hill of Health 'a large unhewn block of stone, a rare feature in these parts'⁵: further, on the door of the Norman church there is a carving 'supposed to represent two animals feeding off the tree of Knowledge'. The Hill of Health is in the parish of Culford: the church was associated with St. Michael whose connection with Cul will be seen later.

The unhewn block of stone ('if thou raise thy tool upor'

THE GIANT OF CERNE ABBAS.

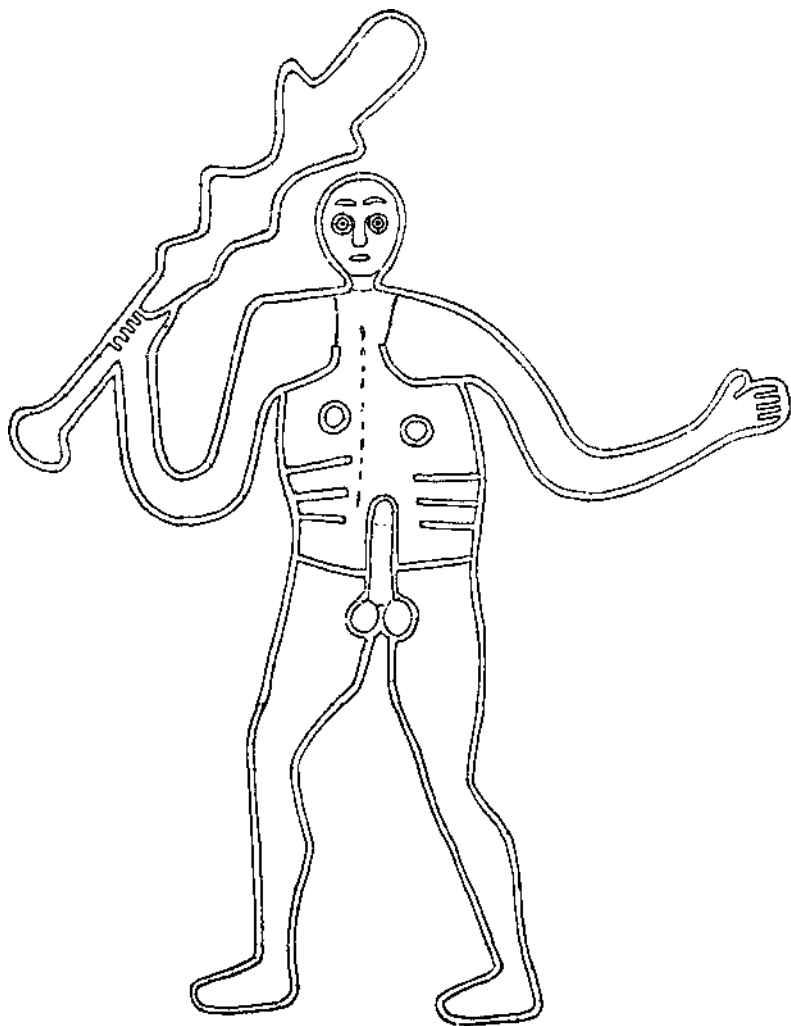


Fig. 36. Reduced from *The Hill Figures of England* (Petrie).

THE LOST LANGUAGE OF LONDON

it thou hast polluted it') may be connoted with the reference in the *Kalevala*:

He the great primeval minstrel
On the stone of joy he sat him,
On the singers⁵ stone he sat him.

This stone of joy may possibly afford some explanation for the surname Gladstone which Professor Weekley believes may have been derived from some stone upon which a glee or kite customarily sat. Practically in the churchyard of Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, is a Gladstone Inn which in view of Gledstanes Road and Gledhow Gardens was I think not named after the statesman whose politics were so uncongenial to publicans, but like the place-name Gledhill meant primarily a hill or stone of gladness similar to the stone of joy upon which the Piper or the Fiddler led the primitive song and dance. The word *glad* is defined as cheerful, happy and is derived by Skeat from the base *gal* meaning shining. On gala occasions such as May ist the populace were undoubtedly gleeful: possibly the choristers sang glees like nightingales while the fir bole was being erected ready for the rising of jocund day.

The tree-like club in the hand of Helith would seem incongruous and inharmonious were it not recollected that Ogmios the Mighty Muse of the Kelts was exactly represented as so equipped — to the perplexity of the chatty Greek previously quoted.

The Fir Tree loaded with Gifts for All is pre-eminently the evergreen of Santa Claus: like the first of the three sons of Kalew the minstrel of *The Kalevala* was similarly friendly with Firs.

THE HILL OF HEALTH

When he walked among the pinewoods,
And he wandered through the firwoods,
All the pines bowed down before him,
To the very ground the fir-trees;
On the grass the cones rolled round him,
On the roots the needles scattered.

When he hurried through the greenwood,
Or across the heath was hastening,
All the leaves called gaily to him,
And the heath was all rejoicing,
And the flowers breathed fragrance round him,
And the young shoots bowed before him.

Like Celi of Britain Kaleva of Finland does not appear in person: he is however represented as the ancestor of all heroes and the title Kalevala means 'the land of Kaleva'. The Romano-British town of Silchester was known more anciently as Calleva: Colchester was also known sometimes as Caercolvin. In *The Kalevala* the cosmic Tree, the All Feeder, is not like Iggdrasil an Ash, but an Oak.

In the dryness of the ashes
There a tender germ he planted,
Tender germ of oak an acorn,
Whence the beauteous plant sprang up-
ward,
And the sapling grew and flourished,
As from earth a strawberry rises.
And it forked in both directions;
Then the branches wide extended
And the leaves were thickly scattered
And the summit rose to heaven
And its leaves in air expanded.

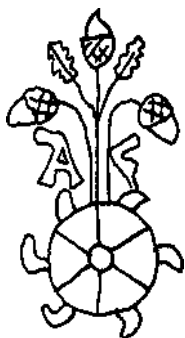


Fig. 37.

THE LOST LANGUAGE OF LONDON

He who took a branch from off it
Took prosperity increasing;
What was broken from the summit
Gave unending skill and magic;
He who broke a leafy branchlet
Gathered with it love unending.

From the evidence of the emblem here illustrated and on p. 192 there is little doubt that the cult of the mystic branchlet of the oak prevailed on the continent *sub rosa* well on into the Middle Ages.

According to the *Kalevala* the lonely virgin, creatrix of the universe and the mother of the great musician, was Ilmatar a name which the authorities decode into tar, daughter of, *ilma*, the air. In view of the frequent interchange between *m* and *n* it is perhaps permissible to read *lima* or *Una*: throughout the *Kalevala* the word *kulta* is a term constantly applied to anything golden, dear, or precious.

The theory enunciated by Mr. Watkins in *The Old Straight Track* is that Cole was a name applied particularly to those who either made or supervised the roads. In support of this he cites the Long Man of Wilmington, Sussex (here illustrated), and he suggests that the figure is holding the two surveying rods with which the primitive surveyors worked. Referring to the figure of Helith at Cerne Abbas Sir Flinders Petrie points out that the Giant is not conspicuous but that on coming to a roadway descending the slope a bend was made and the axis points exactly to the Giant. He adds thus, just where the gentle slope gave a natural sighting far ahead the Giant was used as a foresight in laying out the road'. The same

THE LONG MAN OF WILMINGTON.

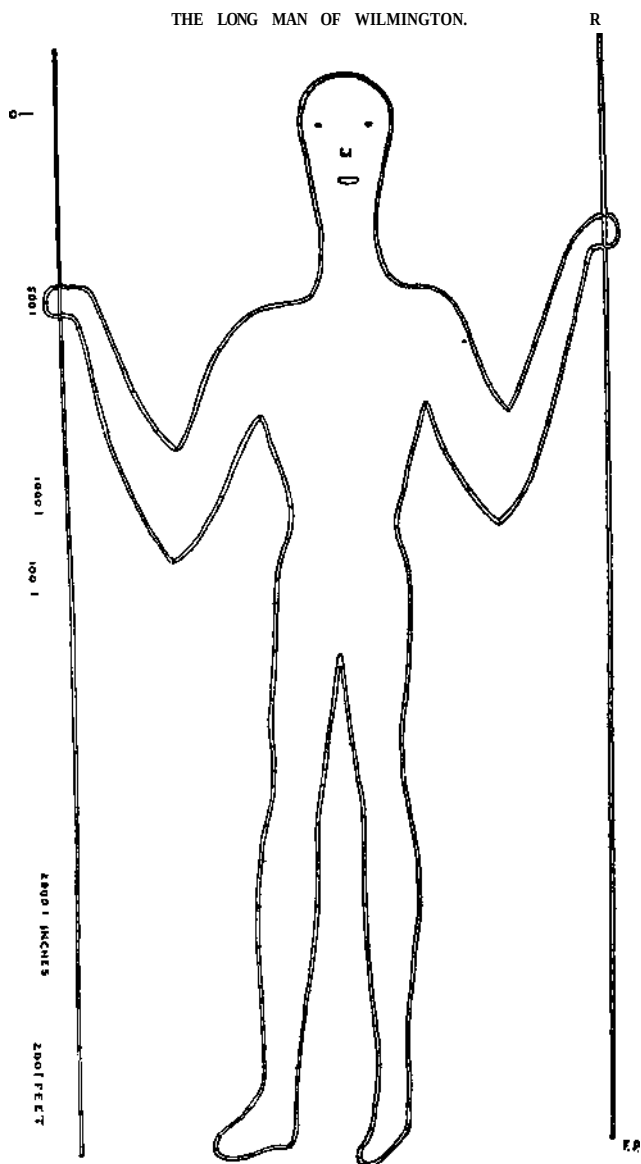


Fig. 38. Reduced from *The Hill Figures of England* (Petrie)

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authority remarks: 'Further west are large banks and two of these have deep pits or shafts in the line of the bank. As no one would lay out a bank thus, it appears that these pits were for flint mines sunk jointly by two adjoining field-holders.' It seems impossible that in an area so sacred as this a firm of enterprising flint miners would have been allowed to conduct their trading operations and it would be interesting to know whether the pits in question are in the usual sixlobed form of the Kentish dene holes.

Summing up his conclusions on the hill figures of England Sir Flinders writes: 'All that we can say at present is that the way lies open historically to a connection between the Aryan gods and the West during the Bronze Age, and there would be no impossibility in such gods being the origin of the hill figures. The importance of the horse in the Aryan worships would also accord with such a possibility. This view may help in the recognition of other pieces of evidence, which may substantiate it or refute it. Half the difficulty of research is to know what to recognize, and how it can be applied'. It has been suggested by various writers that the Long Man of Wilmington may be compared with the Aryan god Varuna opening the gates of day. A parallel to this conception of the poets is found in the Legend of the Cross according to which Seth at the request of Adam sought the gate of Paradise in the hope of procuring a balsam for his dying father. Seth started on his pious quest following the blackened footprints of his unhappy parent and presently amid the desert the walls surrounding Paradise appeared. Around them nature had revived: the earth was covered with verdure and dappled with flowers; the air vibrated

THE HILL OF HEALTH

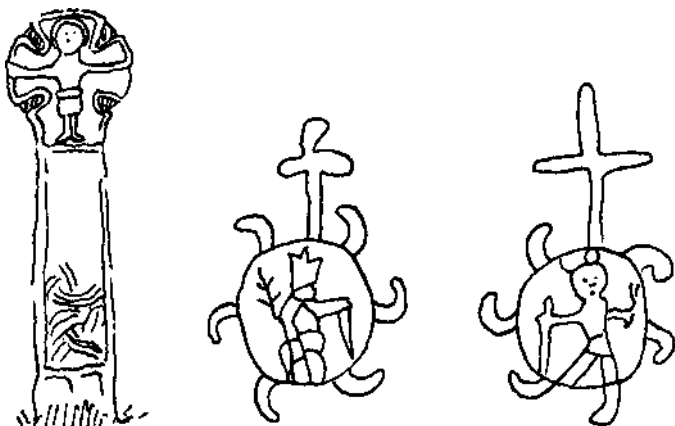
with exquisite music. Seth was dazzled with the beauty which surrounded him, and walked on forgetful of his mission: suddenly there flashed before him a wavering line of fire, upright like a serpent of light continuously quivering. It was the flaming sword in the hand of the cherub who guarded the gate: 'Behold⁵, said the arch-angel, ['what Adam lost by his transgression'. With these words the angel swung open the great portals of gold and fire and Seth looked in. It seems probable that the Long Man of Wilmington is, like the angel of Paradise, thus represented and that with the alteration of the word *victim* to *victor* or Nike the prehistoric throngs waiting upon the rising of the Dayspring from on high might well have joined heartily in singing No. 311 from *Hymns Ancient and Modern*:

O Saving Victim opening wide
The Gate of Heaven to man below
Our foes press in from every side;
Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.
All praise and thanks to Thee ascend
For evermore, blest One in Three
O grant us life that shall not end
In our true native land with Thee.

CHAPTER XVI

PANGRACE

ACCORDING to some traditions the fairest fruit of the Tree of Paradise was 'a little babe a living sun'; other versions represent Seth as seeing, seated in the midst of the Tree of Knowledge, a radiant youth who told him



Figs. 39, 40, 41.

he was the Son of God and promised to bestow the oil of Mercy.

At Sancreed in Cornwall there is a Celtic Cross which has been confidently explained as The Crucifixion: the figure may however be that of a child and the arms are seemingly extended not in suffering but in benediction. It will be remembered that the Child St. Nicholas was

PANGRACE

represented in the Middle Ages as a Boy-Bishop dressed in full canonicals, singing after the old fashion and broadcasting 'ridiculous benedictions'. The small figures in the heart of the solar crosses illustrated opposite carry a sword and branch: one of them appears to be crowned like a king, or, it may be, mitred like a bishop. In all three instances the figure may reasonably be regarded as either the little Babe, the living sun of the True Cross, Paradise Tree, or alternatively the radiant youth, the Son of God.

The flame equipped Guardian of the Gates of Paradise is mentioned as a Cherub, the word here meaning a celestial spirit: it is however quite customary for children to be entitled cherubs.

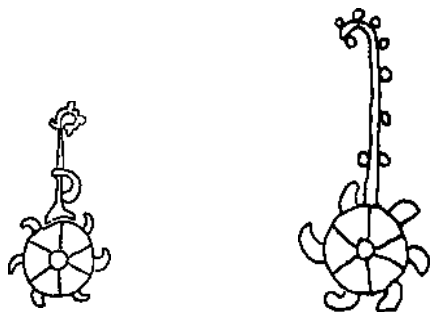
The radiant Youth seated in the Tree of Life was indubitably personified as St. Pancras, who is always represented in art as a boy with a sword in one hand and the palm branch of Nike or victory in the other. In consequence of his youthful age St. Pancras, like St. Nicholas, was regarded as the patron saint of children: he is alternatively depicted with a book and palm branch 'brooding on a strange figure supposed to be intended to symbolize his triumphs over the arch enemy of mankind'.

The solar crosses reproduced overleaf portray the crosier or pastoral staff of Nicky the Boy Bishop: the bishop's crook, crux, or crosier, is a symbol of the Good Shepherd or the Pastor of all souls, and this very ancient idea was absorbed into Christianity in the same way as Orpheus the Master Musician was equated and identified with Christ.

The Church of Sancreed is supposed to be an abstract

THE LOST LANGUAGE OF LONDON

dedication to the Creed: it is however more probable that Sancreed was primarily sacred to Keridwen the Mother of the Baby Sun. The Turkish form of Crete is Kirit, and whenever scholars succeed in deciphering the Cretan inscriptions it will, I think, transpire that there was some connection between Keridwen and Crete. The Cornish Sancreed was alternatively known as Sancris and in St. Cris we are again connected with Crete for Cretans claimed that Cres the Son of Jupiter, by the nymph Idea,



was their first King and that from Cres they had descended. In Celtic *cris* meant pure, holy; *crios* meant the sun: the generic term *Christ* is explained by the authorities as a Greek word denoting *anointed* or *greased*; of these etymologies the Celtic seems preferable. There are references in the Bardic literature of Wales to 'Christ the Concealed, pillar of peace', it would thus seem that Christ was connected by the Culdees with Celi the Concealed One. Christ is further hailed as:

The One Man and our Cauldron
And our deed and our word.

Here we come in contact not only with Cole and his Cauldron but also with good Deed and good Word.

PANGRACE

The Cauldron of inspiration which is so marked a feature of Celtic mythology varies from a dish to a vase or chalice: on the stem of the Sancris cross is carved a vessel from which springs seemingly a lily or flower de luce. Commenting upon this sculpture Mr. J. Harris Stone writes in *The Cornish Riviera* — 'the vessel or chalice is roughly heart-shaped — that is the main body of it — and the head of the so-called spear is distinctly divided and has cross-pieces which, being re-curved, doubtless gave rise to the lily theory of the origin. Now there was an ancient Egyptian cross of the Latin *Cor in Cruce*, *Crux in Corde*, and this is irresistibly brought to my mind when looking at this Sancreed cross. The emblem I am alluding to is that of goodness'.

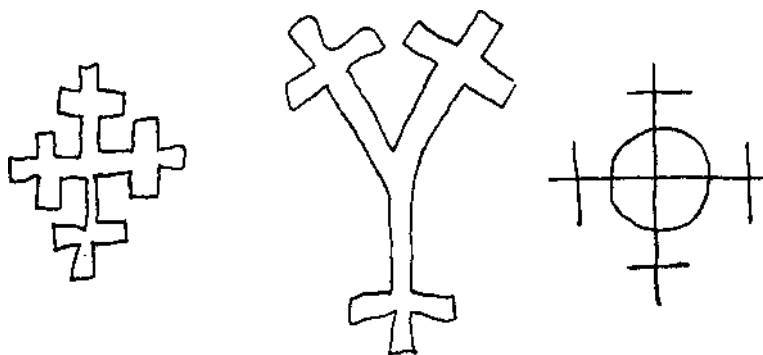
According to the etymology of *The Golden Legend* the name Pancrace was composed of *pan*, all, and *gratus* and *citius*, 'which is as much to say — as courteous in his young age'. As St. Pancras was reputed to have been born in Phrygia the land of Troy the syllable *pan* may be accepted unhesitatingly as meaning all or universal: the second syllable *eras* or *crace* is open to more interpretations. According to an Irish description of the Tree of Life

There flock bright birds, a shining throng
And sing their grace-perfected song
While boundless mercy round them weaves
Undying fruit, unfading leaves.

There are six or seven gracious meanings imbedded in the word *grace*: in addition the *eras* of Pancras or Pancrace might well have been considered as the Universal Cross. This was evidently the idea in the mind of **the**

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designer of the Middle Age crosses here illustrated, all of them representing grace being extended to every quarter of the universe: the same idea was, as has been seen, enacted at York in connection with the mistletoe pageantry. Skeat connotes the word grace with charis or love, and as *k* and *g* are almost invariably interchangeable there is little doubt that Pancras meant at one period or another a very criss-cross of Idea — the



Figs. 42, 43, 44-

Universal Cross, Crosier, Cruse, Crouch or Crutch, perhaps also Creche. One may also connote grist or corn, for the cornstalk was a frequent symbol on British coins: it is supposed (wrongly I think) to denote that our forefathers did an extensive export trade in grist.

In the district now known usually as King's Cross were two parish churches, one Old St. Pancras, the other New St. Pancras: the medieval legends of St. Pancras evidently refer not to the Old but to the New; not to Old Cole but to the young Cole.

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In *A Citizen of the World* (1794) Goldsmith remarks: 'From hence [i.e. Islington] I parted with reluctance to Pancras as it is written, or Pancridge as it is pronounced, but which should be both pronounced and written Pangrace. This emendation I will venture *meo arbitrio*; *pan* in the Greek language signifies *all*; which added to the English word *grace* makes *all grace* or Pangrace; and indeed this is a very proper appellation to a place of so much sanctity as Pangrace is universally esteemed.' In 1628 the London Pancras was mentioned as Pankridge and when we refer to Penkridge in Staffordshire justification is found for Goldsmith's surmise for in 380 Penkridge appeared as *Penno crucis* and in Domesday as Pancriz. Here we have *kridge*, *crucis*, *criz* all in equation: the Crutched Friars were so named because of the cross with which they were badged and Crouch End in North London probably marks some crucial limits. The crutch was a staff with a cross on the top of it and with this word Skeat connotes *crossier* and *crook*. St. Pancras is also seemingly pre-Christian for in *Celtic Heathendom* Sir John Rhys instances Penkridge or Pennocrucium as 'a place-name which bears evidence of the worship of the heathen god in the centre of ancient Britain': the Staffordshire Penkridge is also described elsewhere as 'formerly the seat of the Celtic Zeus'.

The first Church to be founded in Kent by St. Augustine was that of St. Pancras at Canterbury on account, it is said, of the much loved monastery on the Coelian Mount in Italy 'in the very estate which had belonged anciently to the family of Pancras'; the Coelian Mount (one of the seven hills of Rome) looks on the face of it to bear some relation to King Cole or Ciel.

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Standing on the summit of Pentonville Hill is a Penton Grove from which in all probability the Penton family who once owned this neighbourhood derived their name. Here is situated at the top of Risinghill Street the little church of St. Silus which like the imposing monastery on the Coelian Mount was in its nucleus perhaps nothing more than a 'silly' i.e. blessed little cell. Selly Oak at Birmingham is supposed to incorporate a man's name but when in 1900 it was proposed to remove that venerable tree as being an obstruction 'cries of dismay' from the ratepayers prevented the vandalism. There is little doubt that Selly Oak was regarded as a 'luck': it is equally probable that the Irish custom for a chieftain in war time to cut down his enemy's sacred inauguration trees was prompted by the unfriendly desire to destroy his opponents 'Lifes'.

In the Church of St. Just at Land's End is a stone discovered in 1834 with the inscription *Silus Hie Jacet*, and from the Greek letters XP combined with a crozier it has been surmised that the mysterious Silus was a bishop or pastor. The ancient name of St. Just was *Lafrooda* and as *rhoda* meant wheel and rood means cross the name Lafrooda looks remarkably like Life wheel or Life cross.

The Church of St. Silas at Pentonville was (so the Vicar tells me) at one time known as Christchurch: on a shopfront facing it appears the surname Cresswell implying a Cresswell either here or elsewhere. There are numerous Cresswells, Crissbrooks, Carisbrooks, etc., but in every case the authorities assume watercress. Cress for its purifying qualities did indeed figure in the Druidic recipe for the magic cauldron of Keridwen and one may

assume that watercress, coles, cauliflowers **and other** wholesome vegetables were sold in the Grassmarket with which Gracechurch Street by Gt. St. Helens was associated.

According to *The Golden Legend* the St. Benet to whom the London Gracechurch is dedicated (so named 'because he deserved to have blessings or benedictions perpetual') was born in the province of Nursia: the geographical situation of Nursia is not mentioned and it is possibly unnecessary to look further afield than the Nursery. We are told that the blessed St. Benet 'in his infancy left the schools and went into a desert, and his nourice which tenderly loved him went away with him till they came to a place named iEside'. The next event of any importance was an accident on the part of the nourice; she unhappily broke a bowl, whereupon the infant saint dried her tears by restoring the bowl whole; 'then they of the country took it and hung it on the front of the church in witness of one so fair a miracle'. From these words written circa 1270 it would appear that the custom of the foundling's bowl outside the church wall had fallen into desuetude at any rate among the churches with which the compiler of *The Golden Legend* was acquainted. In later life the Blessed St. Benet reproved and corrected so vigorously that an envious priest sent him some poisoned bread: it is similarly on record that the good and clean St. Nicholas was 'cruel in correcting'.

Another notable adventure of St. Benet was his sore temptation by seven maidens, all naked and sent thus into a garden to dance and carol to the saint's undoing; but the allurements of these seven Graces did not prevail. The little sun babe in the Tree of Paradise was

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represented as listening to the singing of Seven Doves: even to-day the dove is regarded as the symbol of the Holy Spirit and of Sevenfold graces.

It happed another day that St. Benet went to visit his sister named Scholastica: this spinster offered him hospitality for the night but (though she was his sister) the saint declined on the grounds that 'he might not live out of his cloister'. Whereupon Scholastica wept and her tears brought down such a storm of thunder and lightning, darkness and rain, that the saint was unable to travel home. 'Fair brother/ said Scholastica, 'God is more courteous than ye be if ye would not accept my prayer but God hath heard me, now go if ye may.' The 'silly⁵ saint and his scholastic sister then spent a sleepless night debating together of God 'till they were both eased': next morning Benet returned to his abbey and three days later the Saint saw the soul of his sister mounting up to heaven in the likeness of a dove.

Eventually the blessed Benet himself mounted heavenward all covered with palls and mantles of gold and full of torches burning which illumined from the saint's cell: he was buried in the year 518 in an oratory that he had made of St. John where was wont to be the altar of Apollo.

It is curious that the only London churches of St. Pancras Old and New should lie in the Vale below Penton Grove. *Pen* is a widespread Celtic word denoting the highest point, head, hill, or summit: our *penny* is supposed to be so named because a head was represented on it; the syllable appears again in pinnacle, and in view of the fact that the Hellenic Pan was termed 'President of the Mountains' it seems quite possible that Pan of the

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woodlands was once worshipped at Penton Grove. The pipes of Pan were seemingly familiar to the creator of Peter Pan: to the older deity Socrates the Wise addressed himself— 'Beloved Pan, and all ye other gods who haunt this place, grant me beauty in the inward soul, and that the outward and the inward may be at one! May I esteem the wise to be the rich; and may I myself have that quantity of gold which a temperate man, and he only, can carry/ It was said that on the birth of Christ voices were heard wailing 'Great Pan is dead', and the Hellenic divinity now remains only among the broken gods of creeds outworn.

The Arcadian Pan was usually regarded as the son of Hermes: the Hermes Hill on the summit of Pentonville was, it is supposed, so named in 1772-1805 by a Swiss physician in honour of Hermes Trismegistus. Whether the same somewhat questionable source was responsible for the neighbouring Cynthia Street I do not know.

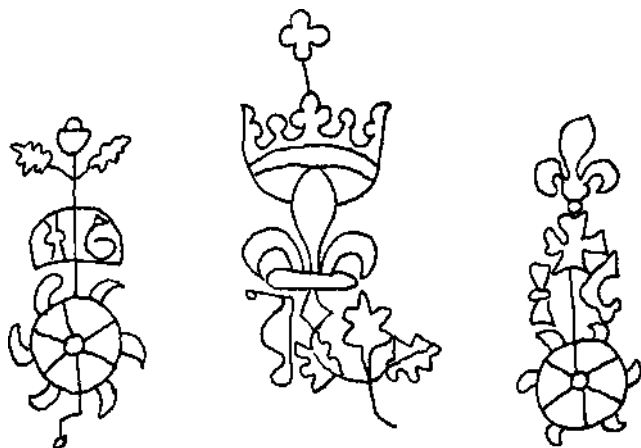
King's Cross which lies below is a neighbourhood of prehistoric interest for it is here at so-called Battle Bridge that Tradition places the last fight between Boadicea and the Romans, a tradition somewhat confirmed by the discovery in 1680 at Coldbath Fields of the skeleton of an elephant together with the shaft and flint head of a British spear. It is expressly stated by Roman historians that Julius Caesar employed elephants against the Britons; and it is believed that the smell of elephants had its customary effect of throwing the British horses into a state of panic fear.

In 1845 at Maiden Lane, King's Cross (supposedly Midden Lane or Dunghill Lane) an iron urn was discovered full of gold and silver coins of the reign of Constantine.

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According to Thornbury's *Old and New London* the name King's Cross originated 'Trom an absurd statue of George IV which was erected at the centre of six roads which there united'. It may be merely a coincidence that all the symbolic Pancrosses now under consideration consist of six-flamed spokes which unite at a central pearl.

One can hardly doubt that *charts*, love, and *cams*, dear,



Figs. 45, 46, 47. Chrysanthemums or Gold Flowers.

are connected with the beloved Ceres, the giver of corn or grist: Ovid tells a story of the sacred grove of Ceres particularly in relation to a mighty oak matured by centuries of growth, itself a grove, and hung around with woollen filets, votive tablets, and wreaths of flowers, mute witnesses to granted prayers.

The Pan crosses, chrysanthemums or *gold flowers*, here shown associate the acorn with the initials I.C. standing for Iesous Christos; also with the flower de luce, or flower of Light. The lily springing from the cruse on the Sancris

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cross may be equated in idea with the crowned lily springing mistletoe-like from the oak branch illustrated in fig. 46. The eight points of the Maltese cross forming a portion of fig. 47 stood for the eight beatitudes, and it may be that the eight breasts of the maternal goddess represented in the arms of the Foundling Hospital of Lansdown Square, St. Pancras, bore some similar interpretation.

To the many-breasted maid Diana the tree most sacred was the pine; hence the prayer of Horace: 'Maiden protectress of hills and groves who hearest the thrice uttered prayer of travailing girls and savest them from death, Goddess of triple shape, may thy pine overshadow my dwelling.'

CHAPTER XVII

THE FAMILY TREE

IT is claimed for St. Patrick that he caused to be destroyed 180—some say 300—volumes relating to the Druidic system: these, said a complacent commentator, were stuffed with the fables and superstitions of heathen idolatry and unfit to be transmitted to posterity. Similar destructions occurred elsewhere in compliance with ecclesiastical edicts that all writings adverse to the claims of Christian religion in the possession of whomsoever they might be found should be committed to the fire.

When the Saxons after their habitual manner pillaged the Romano-British city of St. Albans it is recorded that they uncovered the foundations of 'a vast palace'. 'Here,' says Wright in *Essays on Archaeological Subjects* (I. 273), 'they found a hollow in the wall like a cupboard in which were a number of books and rolls which were written in ancient characters and language that could only be read by one learned monk named Unwona. He declared that they were written in the ancient British language, that they contained the invocations and rites of the idolatrous citizens of Waerlam ceaster with the exception of one which contained the authentic life of St. Alban.' Under circumstances such as these it is not difficult to realize why the Culdees secreted their writings and there was nothing improbable in the discovery of *Edda* MSS. not in England but secure in Iceland.

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When Geoffrey of Monmouth published his *Chronicles of the Kings of Britain*, circa 1150, he prefaced them with the statement: 'Now, whilst I was thus thinking upon such matters, Walter, Archdeacon of Oxford, a man learned not only in the art of eloquence, but in the histories of foreign lands, offered me a certain most ancient book in the British language that did set forth the doings of them all in due succession and order from Brute, the first king of the Britons onward to Cadwallader, the son of Cadwallo, all told in stories of exceeding beauty. At his request, therefore, albeit that never have I gathered gay flowers of speech in other men's little gardens, and am content with mine own rustic manner of speech and mine own writing-reeds, have I been at the pains to translate this volume into the Latin tongue. For had I besprinkled my page with high-flown phrases, I should only have engendered a weariness in my readers by compelling them to spend more time over the meaning of the words than upon understanding the drift of my story.'⁵ Geoffrey is to-day very widely regarded as a liar; his claim, or rather his disclaimer, is considered to have been a literary fraud and the contents of his book are in some directions classified as 'empty tales and foolish dreams of the raving Britons'.

Geoffrey gives some account of two Coles: of the earlier and undated King Coill, we read that he was the son of Marius, a man of marvellous prudence and wisdom. Marius when he had settled the island in absolute peace began to manifest an affection for the Roman people, paid tribute to Rome, exercised justice, law and peace and did all things honourable throughout his kingdom. Geoffrey continues, 'But when he had ended the course of

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his life, his son Coill guided the helm of state,' Coill from childhood had been brought up at Rome, and 'having been taught Roman ways, had conceived a mighty liking for the Romans. Wherefore he also paid them tribute and eschewed all wrangling about it, for that he saw the whole world was subject unto them, and that their power did surpass the power of any one province or any alliance among the smaller nations. He paid therefore that which was demanded, and in peace held that which was his own. None of all the kings ever showed greater honour unto his nobility, for them that were rich did he allow to live in peace, and them that were poor did he maintain with unfailing bounty. Unto Coill was born one single son whose name was Lucius, who, upon the death of his father, had succeeded to the crown of the kingdom, and did so closely imitate his father in all good works that he was held by all to be another Coill.'

Geoffrey continues that to this Lucius the Son of Coill was due the introduction of Christianity and that at the invitation of Lucius blessed doctors came over from Rome and purging away the paganism of wellnigh the whole island dedicated the temples that had been founded in honour of very many gods unto the One God and his saints, fitting them with companies of ordained religious. There were then in Britain, says Geoffrey, twenty-eight flamens as well as three arch flamens; these by precept of the Pope did they snatch away from idolatry and where there were flamens there did they set bishops and archbishops where there were arch-flamens. The seats of the arch-flamens were in the three noblest cities, in London to wit, in York, and in Caerleon whereof the ancient walls and buildings still remaining

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on the Usk in Glamorgan do witness to the former dignity thereof. The Chronicle concludes this subject: 'Meanwhile King Lucius the Glorious, when he saw how the worship of the true faith had been magnified in his kingdom, did rejoice with exceeding great joy, and converting the revenues and lands which formerly did belong unto the temples of idols unto a better use, did by grant allow them to be still held by the churches of the faithful. And for that it seemed he ought to show them yet greater honour, he did increase them with broader fields and fair dwelling-houses, and confirmed their liberties by privileges of all kinds. Amidst these and other acts designed to the same purpose he departed this life, and was right worshipfully buried in the church of the first See in the year from the Incarnation of our Lord one hundred and fifty-six. No issue left he to succeed him, whence at his death dissension arose amongst the Britons and the power of the Romans was sore enfeebled withal.'

This enfeeblement was followed by seemingly a lengthy period of anarchy including the revolt against Rome of 'a certain youth by name Carausius born of low degree'. This youth 'swiftly collecting a number of ships made choice of a number of daring youngsters and putting to sea went round all the shores of the kingdom and raised a passing great disturbance among the people'. But even worse, Carausius the filibuster landed on neighbouring islands, ravaged the fields, sacked towns and cities and plundered far and wide, carrying oil in such wise that all who hankered after other men's goods flocked about him. Eventually Carausius with his gang attained such dominion that none of the neighbouring princes could withstand him. To maintain order Rome

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sent a legate with three legions but before law was finally restored much happened, including a second revolt on the part of a king Asclepiodatus who was eventually slain by a 'Duke Goel of Kaercolvin that is Colchester'. Of this Coel the Histories record: 'Such was his prowess and so great plenty of gold and silver had he that no man was there of whom he was afeard and he had held the Kingdom of Britain happily from that time forward until the days of Gratian and Valentinian.' So congenial was Cole to the Romans that they sent as an embassy to Colchester the wise and hardy soldier, senator and legate Constantius. But within a month Coel died whereupon Constantius took unto himself the crown of the kingdom and therewithal the daughter of Coel unto wife. 'Her name,' records Geoffrey, 'was Helena, and all the damsels of the kingdom did she surpass in beauty nor was none other anywhere to be found that was held more cunning of skill in instruments of music nor better learned in the liberal arts. In due course there reigned a son of Helena who, when he was raised to the honours of the throne, within a few years did begin to manifest passing great prowess, showing the fierceness of a lion in maintaining justice among his people, restraining the ravening of robbers and treading underfoot the cruelties of them that did use oppression, being resolved that everywhere his peace should be made new and firmly established.' It cannot be said that Helena lived happily ever after: her son, Constantine the Great, was born at Colchester in 265; in 292 she was divorced, but upon the accession of her son in 306 she was granted the title of Augusta. In 312 she was baptized at the age of 64 and (as has been seen) in 325 at the age of 77 the unfor-

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tunate lady was, as an expiation for the sins of her husband, sent to Jerusalem. Some accounts say that she died and was buried there in 328; others that she died at Treves.

An endeavour to reconstruct the family tree of the two noble Coles works out as follows: According to Geoffrey,

Claudius

I.

Marius

I

King, Coill

Lucius the Glorious

(died A.D. 146 without issue)

Duke Coel of Colchester

.1

Helena: married Constantine I

I (d.306)

Constantine II the Great

306 - 337

To Constantine II it is said there appeared on high in heaven a cross made of right clear light upon which was written in letters of gold 'In this sign thou shalt overcome'; again the vision appeared to Constantine who was bidden inscribe the shields of his soldiers with the Labarum. Although this momentous incident occurred in 312 the Labarum, according to Gibbon, was not given to the army until 323; but whatever the story may be worth there is no doubt that in 313 an edict was issued

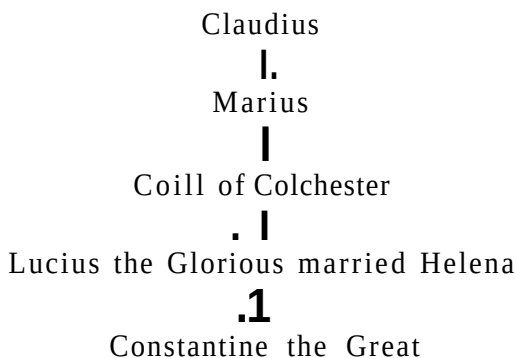
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granting civil rights and toleration to all Christians throughout the Empire.

Although in 324 Christianity became the state religion of the Roman Empire, Constantine himself was apparently not baptized till 337, dying in the same year: there is no reference to the Labarum story until 395.

King Cole, his daughter Helena, Constantine his son-in-law, and Constantine the Great his grandson, are all seemingly hard facts but around this history the fabulists were evidently soon busy. Of Lucius the Glorious the one single son of Coill Geoffrey distinctly says 'no son left he to succeed him'; yet history with equal emphasis records Constantine the Great as being the son of Constantius Chlorus and Helena. It looks as though Geoffrey were wrong and that Lucius the Glorious and Constantius Chlorus were one and the same; according to Skeat the word *gloria* is 'no doubt for *cloricf*.'

The pedigree of the Cole family may then perhaps be thus completed:



The facts of history and the 'romance' of Geoffrey both alike point to the Cole family as prime benefactors to Christianity and a careful consideration of their names

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and titles indicates probabilities deeper than those lying on its surface.

In view of the pedigree Claudius — Marius — Cole — Lucius the Glorious, it is curious to find in South London the close collocation Cloudesdale Road, Marius Road, St. Nicholas Road, Childebert Road. The suffix *-bert* is invariably translated *bright*, whence Childebert must have meant Childbright; the connection between St. Nicholas or the New Child and the bright child or Childebert has already been established. But coincidence does not end here for in the immediate neighbourhood is Louisville Road, and thus within a small area we find the four generations Claudius, Marius, Cole, Lucius.

In connection with Louisville Road and Lucius the Glorious it is noteworthy that one legend of St. Helena claims Lisbon as her burial place. Lisbon was the capital of the Lusitanians: the names Lucy, Lucius, and Louis mean light, hence the French Louises or Lewises adopted as their emblem the three lilies or flowers *de luce*. These three *luc*s were recognized universally in Christendom as a symbol of the Trinity or Good Light, and they were obviously a variant on the three Golden Heads that befriended the princess of Colchester.

In Finland Cinderella is known as 'beautiful Clara'; in Jutland as Lucy, a name to be equated with *luceo* 'I give light'; in some directions Cinderella becomes 'Tuna' which is the diminutive of Christuna or Christine.

Within a mile or so of the Whyteleaf calvary in the Chiltern Hills are the villages of Lacey Green and Loosley Row; in the valley below the neighbouring Pink and Lily Inn is a Lilyvale Farm, and in face of so many significant circumstances the place name Lilyvale may

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be regarded as a folk remembrance of an erstwhile All Holy Vale.

Even to the time of Stakeley, the great eighteenth-century archaeologist, the neighbourhood of the pre-historic Avebury temple was deemed so holy that snakes and other vermin were said to have died on approaching the precincts.

Dr. Wheeler in his admirable London Museum catalogue No. 3 illustrates a medal struck *circa* 296 at Treves in Brittany to celebrate the deliverance by Constantine of the citizens of London from the menace of the marauding Carausius. On the face is a head of Constantius and judging from the portrait Constantius was a very material bull-necked Roman soldier; on the reverse is a knightly horseman in a galley riding to the rescue of a kneeling female lettered below LON; the circular inscription is in Latin to the effect 'Restorer of the Light that shines for ever'⁵.

There is in the Heralds' College what Mr. Gurney Benham describes as 'a well known pedigree' showing the descent of Coel from Noah without a single break and continuing the genealogy to James I. It is indeed impossible to decide how much of the Cole pedigree is romance and how much fact; to inquire too deeply into it leads one inevitably into a twilight land where Truth and Fancy wander hand in hand. The historic existence of King Lucius the Glorious the one single son of Good King Coill, and held by all to be another Coill is regarded by historians as highly suspect.

Before leaving grandfather Claudius and Cloudesdale Road, S.E., it is noteworthy that Clydesdale Road, Notting Hill, is neighboured by the interesting collection

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of street names St. Helen's, Holland, Lansdowne, Lancaster, Lonsdale, Lena. Here also is Clarendon the dun of the Glares or Glares which are behind Ghlorus and Glorious.

Claudius is the masculine of Claudia and the English name Claude is said to have originated as a compliment to Claudius the Roman Emperor who treated British captives in Rome with conspicuous clemency and mercy. In Scotland Claud, we are told, became Glaud; the name it is said then travelled to Cornwall where it became Gladuse; passing thence to Wales it became Gladys in which form it remains with us to-day.

The Dictionaries define Claude as meaning *lame* but no mother would bestow such a title of shame on her offspring. With the Clodd family may be connoted the proverb that there's a spark in every clod: in Catalonia Cinderella is named the 'Tire Blower'; in Jutland her title is 'Whipper of the Ashes'.

It may be that Claudius was transmogrified as stated into Glad yse, but the primitive British Glaud may also be connoted with Cloud. In medieval times this word had several meanings among others a mass of rounded rocks. According to Skeat *clud* properly a round mass came to mean a hill or mass of rock and was easily transferred at a later period to imply the clouds, the towering cumuli. Thus Cloudesdale Row may mark a dale containing rounded rocks: the Cloudesley Road on the summit of Pentonville leads straight into a Stonefield Street and it is obvious that this Stonefield is a later form (in a different language) of the same Clouds lieu. Here stands a Trinity church; near by is Lonsdale Square.

Among the primitive and poetically-minded people

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(such as the Indians of North America) White Cloud is a personal name: the nymph Danae though imprisoned in a brazen tower was reached by Jupiter in the guise of a golden shower; in Kent the *aurorae boreales*, or illuminated clouds, were known as Perry-dancers, the idea being that they were dancing peris, phairys, or fairies. Celtic authorities translate the name Newlyna as *White Cloud*.

CHAPTER XVIII

MARYLEBONE

ACCORDING to Geoffrey during the reign of Marius the marvellously wise and prudent father of King Coill, northern Britain was ravaged by invading Picts. Assembling his people Marius accordingly went to meet them and after sundry battles gained the victory; 'he then set up a stone in token of his triumph in that province which was afterwards called Westmaria after his name, whereon is graven a writing that beareth witness unto his memory even unto this day'.

The authorities decode 'Westmorland' into 'land on the West border of England; the land to the west of this not being English till late'. But in 1131 the name was Westmarieland, in 1194 Westmeriland, in 1200 Westmerland, in 1461 Westmurland. It thus seems simpler to accept Geoffrey and equate the Latinized Marius with Maria, Marie, Meri, Mer and Mur: in many Christian countries the names Maria and Mario are bestowed indiscriminatingly upon male and female.

The adjective *merry* meaning originally happy, agreeable, pleasing, appears in medieval English spelled merie, mirie, murie, etc.; the adjective *mere* meaning pure, simple, absolute, doubtless shows similar variations. Old King Cole was not only a merry old soul, but a merry old soul was he: Cole thus appears not only as the son of Maria, but on nursery authority he was both merry and mere.

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With regard to *merry* Skeat pronounces it 'not a Teutonic word but borrowed from Celtic'; the Celts had a pretty sense of humour; English humour is generally regarded as mild and it may be that the *hu* of *humour* is the *eu ofeulogy*, *Utopia*, etc., i.e. soft, gentle, pleasing and propitious. The land of King Marius is recorded by Geoffrey not as Westmaria but as Westimaria; it would thus appear that as usual the initial vowel very frequently wore off. If this be so the Celtic Mary or Muire was akin to *amare*, to love, and to *amour*; she was thus in all probability a personification of Mother Love. Some confirmation of this suggestion may be found in East Anglia, for among the seven places there named Elmham, one of them — that of St. Mary — is commonly known as Homersfield: of these two titles the folk form Homersfield is presumably the truer and applying thus to a mere field is also probably the more ancient. In some parts of East Anglia a big girl is still called a *mor*; hence it is not unlikely that among the many meanings attributed to Mary one was simply 'the big girl'⁵.

Of the mythical St. Omer *The Golden Legend* has not much to say but that little is to the point: 'There was S. Omer like as he were in paradise terrestrial; all the country thereabout replenished with saints both men and women in great penances, servants and friends of God. Every one forced himself to pass his fellow in weal, without evil and wicked envy, and with great charity, and gave example to another for to do well.' The expression servants and friends of God is an exact translation of the word *coledei* or *culdee* and St. Omer presiding in great charity, like as he were in paradise terrestrial, may surely be equated with Amour,

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The word *amour* is radically the same as *mire* meaning mother and among the Celts certain divinities were known as the Mothers, Maires, Meres, or Matrones: 'No deities,' says Rice Holmes, 'were dearer to the hearts of Celtic peasants.' The aspect of the Maires was that of gentle serious motherly women holding new-born infants in their hands or bearing fruits and flowers in their laps; many offerings were made to them by country folk for their care of farm and flock and home. In East Anglia not only are maidens known as *mors*; they are curiously also termed *mawthers*.

In the remoter parts of Britain the worship of the primitive and prehistoric Mary continues almost to this day: thus when the famous well at Culloden Moor known as the Lady or St. Mary was cleaned out in 1927 small coins to the value of no less than -£21 were found deposited. Aberdeen folk will not be slow in pointing out that a sum of such magnitude represents a value far higher in Caledonia than elsewhere. The place-name Culloden has already been suggested as indicative of the Culdees: that the Lady Mary was a Cole is further pointed by the existence in London of a St. Mary Colechurch. According to Stow this was 'so named from one Cole that built it'; it must, however, have taken far more than one Cole to build the churches of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, St. Mary Colechurch, St. Katherine Colechurch Haw, Cole Church, and Coleman Street.

In *Primitive Beliefs in the North-East of Scotland* Mr. J. M. McPherson states that among wells none was of such high repute as that of St. Mary in the diocese of Moray: this 'superstitious place' was known not only as the Lady of Grace but also as the Chapel of Grace, and up to a

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century or so ago notwithstanding repeated threatenings and injunctions of the clergy it was reported that nothing short of violence could restrain the local customs and superstitions. As late as 1877 fertility rites were practised by Scotch women dancing around a holy well and being sprinkled with its waters by a presiding beldame. In addition to the famous St. Mary of Moray there exists in Loch Maree an islet named Innis Maree in which still remains the nail-studded stump of a super-sacred oak.

But Loch Maree was also associated with an unpleasant bogle named Mowrie; the Celtic Mairies were in fact three and they correspond to the three Hellenic Moirae or three Fates. These three Marys may be connoted with the three Fates spinning at the roots of Yggdrasil; likewise with the three Hesperides guarding the golden apples in the Garden of Hesperus. Hesperus was the Morning Star: in Celtic Mora meant the morning star and by the Roman Church the name Mary is so understood.

It is generally considered that the gold, frankincense and myrrh offered by the three kings of Collen bore some symbolic meaning: gold typified wisdom, frankincense sweetness and myrrh bitterness. The French for bitter is *amere*, there is a Bible story of the bitter waters of Mara being miraculously sweetened, and the most usual explanation for our British Mary is that the name derived from the Hebrew *mar* meaning bitter. Why with so large a choice the authorities should pitch upon so morbid an origin it is difficult to understand.

Mary the Mother of Jesus may be connoted with Myrrha the Mother of Hermes; also with Myrrh the Mother of that proverbially lovely child Adonis. Sir

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James Frazer tells us that the name Adonis simply means the 'Lord' whose 'affinity with vegetation' comes out at once in the legend that he was born from a Myrrh tree.

Frazer continues: 'A faint rationalistic colour was given to the legend by saying that his mother was a woman named Myrrh who had been turned into a myrrh tree soon after she had conceived the child. The use of myrrh as incense at the festival of Adonis may have given rise to the fable.⁵ An equal probability is that Myrrh or Mary was the original name of the fairy Mother, that she was symbolized by the myrrh tree named after her, and that the fairy tale was rounded off by the incense of myrrh. Myrrh of the Sea is one of the titles used by the Catholic Church for the Virgin Mary: one of the three Marys was undoubtedly regarded as black and statues of a Black Mary are found to-day in many Catholic Churches. One of these Black Marys existed at Willesden in North London and at Bagnigge Wells at Islington there used to be a Black Mary's Hole. It is said that this Black Mary was a witch who kept a black cow and it is extremely probable that the tradition is true; the monster Mowrie residing at Loch Maree was said to appear in the form of a black bull; Bagnigge Wells, the old London Spa associated with Black Mary, may under the circumstances be resolved into Big Nicky.

A mile or so west of Black Mary's haunt is the church of St. Marylebone which I think to be not a corruption of Mary-at-the-bourne, but what it says — Mary the Good. But it may also have meant Mary la bonne, or Mary the nurse, for according to some authorities the name Mary and its variants Myrrha, Miriam, Maia,

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Maya, etc., all mean *nurse*; the Virgin Mary is invariably represented nursing the divine Child in her arms.

As has been seen Nehelennia or New Luna the London Madonna was figured as a nurse and the arms of the Foundling Hospital (which was quite near to Marylebone) not only represented a new moon but likewise a dove carrying a sprig of myrtle; the myrtle tree was thus in some probability a symbol of Marylebone.

In the West country the Holly was known as Aunt Mary's tree: the Holly or Hollen tree was surely associated with Mother Holle the Presiding Care who was ever accompanied by the souls of children; and among the reasons for terming the Holly Aunt Mary's Tree some may be found in the old English carol:

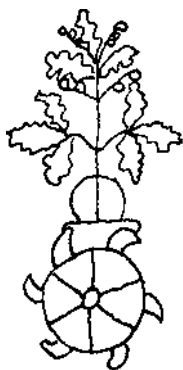


Fig. 48.

Of all the trees that are in the wood
The holly bears the crown
The rising of the sun
The running of the deer
The playing of the merry organ
Sweet singing in the choir.

The holly bears a blossom
As white as lily flower
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To be our sweet saviour
The rising of the sun
The running of the deer
The playing of the merry organ
Sweet singing in the choir.

The continental emblem illustrated in fig. 46 on p. 192 showed either the Holly or the Oak bearing the crowned blossom of a white lily flower or *fleur de luce*; the Tree of

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Paradise herewith springing from an M-shaped vase is indubitably a Holly tree.

The refrain:

The rising of the sun
The running of the deer

has already been somewhat elucidated by the symbolism of the golden antlers and the reindeer team of Santa Claus. That both ideas are, like *Nehellenia*, pre-Celtic and that they originated among the prehistoric folk who built our megalithic monuments is implied by the fact that at Llandudno in North Wales there are (or were) remains of an avenue of standing stones called by a name which signified 'the High Road of the Deer'. This avenue led to a rocking-stone known as *Cryd Tudno* or the Cradle of Tudno, and inasmuch as *tud* or *dud* was the Celtic for father (our modern dad or daddy) there is little doubt that the rocking-stone was the imaginary cradle of the *tud no* or Father New.

Both *cryd* and *cradle* may be assigned to Kerid the Mother of the Baby Son or Sun: the term *Sangraal* is a corruption of *oi graded* which in Celtic meant dish; it also doubtless carried with it the meaning of cradle.

There is in Marylebone a Paradise Place approached by a Grotto Passage; it may be suggested that at some time or other this Grotto enshrined a bambino exactly in the same way as at Noel tide a tableau of the Holy Cradle and the Virgin Mother is a feature in all Catholic churches.

Within my memory at certain seasons children used to dress up a small grotto of oyster shells on the pavements, hailing passengers with the request, Please to

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remember the grotto'. In earlier times the request was 'Please to remember the poor May⁵, the May being a doll or Marionette set amid two hoops at a right angle decorated with flowers and ribbons. The crossed hoops were, perhaps unconsciously, a representation of the Colrod, or Col wheel; this ancient word is defined in Pughe's Welsh Dictionary as meaning, 'two imaginary great circles supposed to intersect each other in the poles of the world'. On Mayday within these circles surmounting a pole sat the Marionette Mary or Ma; the Maypole was an alternative and conventionalized form of the Tree of Life.

On May ist the Maypole pageantries were celebrated amid a pomp, circumstance and enthusiasm almost impossible now to imagine. The ceremonies brought down the wrath of a sixteenth-century puritan as follows: 'But their cheefest Jewell they bring from thence' (the woods) 'is thus. They have twentie or fourtie yoke of oxen, every oxe havng a sweete noseгаie of flowers tyed on the tippe of his homes, and these oxen drawe home this Maie poole (this stinckyng Idoll rather), which is covered all over with flowers and hearbes, bounde rounde aboute with stringes, from the top to the bottome, and some-tyme painted with variable colours, with twdo or three hundred men, women, and children followyng it, with greate devotion. And thus beyng reared up, with handkerchiefs and flagges streamyng on the toppe, they strawe the grounde aboute, binde greene boughes about it, sett up Sommer haules, Bowers, and Arbours hard by it. And then fall they to banquet and feast, to leape and daunce aboute it, as the Heathen people did at the dedication of their Idolles, whereof this is a perfect patterne,

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or rather the thyng itself.' As an antidote to this somewhat jaundiced observer one may quote from a poem of 1634:

Stay, quoth my Muse, and here behold a Signe
Of harmlesse mirth and honest neighbourhood,
Where all the parish did in one combine
To mount the rod of peace, and none withstood.

The Maypole was unquestionably the Holyrod or rood of Peace; from the summit flew the red cross of Paradise usually on a white pennon 'terminating like the blade of a sword'. Not infrequently the pole was painted yellow and black in spiral lines, the yellow doubtless representing the gold of day, *alias* Marygold, *alias* the Whytepot Queen; the black the dark of night, *alias* Black Mary or Myrrha, the dark bitterness.

But the Maypole was not merely a matter of rustic merriment; the column of May was the great standard of English justice. 'Here it was,' quotes Brand, 'that the people, if they saw the

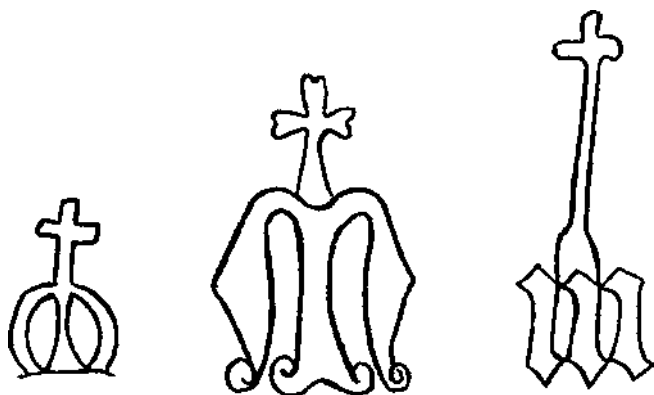
saw cause, deposed or punished their governors, their barons and their kings. The judge's bough or wand (at this time discontinued, and only faintly represented by a trifling nosegay), and the staff or rod of authority in the civil and in the military (for it was the mace of civil power, and the truncheon of the field officers), are both derived from hence.'

The tree selected for the maypole must have varied according to local circumstances; at Cerne and at the Hill of Helith it was a Fir; occasionally the Elm is specified. According to a writer of 1661, 'The tall young oak is cut down for a Maypole and the frolic fry of the town prevent the rising sun and with joy in their

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faces and boughs in their hands they march before it to the place of erection.' It is probable that wherever practicable an oak was the selected tree for it was, we are told, "even believed by some races to be the first mother of mankind".

To account for the widespread reverence paid to the oak Sir James Frazer makes a remarkable suggestion. He thinks that 'our rude forefathers'⁵ might have noticed



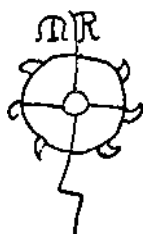
Figs. 49, 50, 51.

that the tree was not unfrequently struck by lightning, 'and they might naturally account for it in their simple religious way by supposing that the great sky god . . . loved the oak above all the trees in the wood and often descended into it from the murky cloud in a flash of lightning leaving a token of his presence or of his passage in the riven and blackened trunk and the blasted foliage. Such trees would henceforth be encircled in a nimbus of glory as the visible seats of the thundering sky-god.⁵ Were there any evidence that our rude forefathers were so

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loose in their logic as to venerate a blasted tree trunk one might possibly accept such shattered relics as hallowed tokens of superabundant Love: meanwhile, however, the frolic fry must surely have questioned what consequences more dire, if such were possible, followed a display of the divine Displeasure.

The medieval emblems here illustrated are all classified by Briquet as forms of the initial letter M. That they



m



Figs. 52, 53, 54-

stood for Mary and that Mary was deemed to be the Tree or Cross of Life can hardly be doubted; in figs. 49, 50, and 51 the three columns or trees coalesce into the True Cross; in figs. 52, 53, and 54 the M of Mary is associated with the three golden apples and the Solar Wheel of Pangrace. In some versions of Cinderella, a tale with which as we have seen Helena was so primarily associated, the name of the heroine is given as Mary, Mara, Marietta and Mariucella.

CHAPTER XIX

THE MERRY MAIDEN

IT has been Sometimes supposed that the Morris or Mores Dance was an importation from the Moors or Mauri of Mauritania; it is undeniable that some of the Morris dancers blacked their faces; this however may have been representative not of Moors, but of morose or Black Mary.

One of the three Fates or Marys was unquestionably the Queen of Night; the Egyptians represented the star spangled goddess Nut as seated in a jewelled sycamore and from the branches of this tree she gave nourishment to the dead.

There is little doubt that the ancients conceived the Tree of Paradise as something personal to themselves and likewise as Cosmic. In the larger aspect the nourishing World Tree towered into the Celestial Dark and carried in its boughs the stars as fruits. In Indian mythology the flowers of the World Tree are described as torches in the dark, as charms against hunger, thirst, sickness, old age, and as giving forth sweet music.

The English form of the Morris dance differed in many respects from the Moorish fandango; notably in the bells which were so prominent a feature of the English custom. The name of the White Lady who rode a white horse with bells on her fingers and bells on her toes is not stated but there is little doubt that this music

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making maiden galloping to Banbury Cross was either Maid Marion or Nehelennia.



In the emblem herewith the Solar Cross is surmounted by three starlike flowers, and without unseemly forcing the lettering AV may be interpreted as AVE. Not only does the Catholic Church assign the name Mary to Mora a star but, although there is nothing maritime connected with any of the three Marys of the Gospel story, the Virgin is hailed

Fig. 55. throughout Christendom as Stella Maris; in fig. 56 the cross is designed rising from a starlike base. Milton opens his ode to a May morning with:

Now the bright morning star, day's
harbinger
Comes dancing from the East and leads
with her
The flowery May, who from her green
lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale prim-
rose.

It is probable that the East Anglian place-name Flordun is not unrelated to the Romano-British Flora; at this flowery spot a modern botanist (oblivious to the name) has located and classified no less than 147 varieties of British flora.

But as has been seen, the May Maiden was not invariably identified with merriment; at times she was associated with ceremonies in which the most decorous dignitaries of the parish played their solemn part. 'It

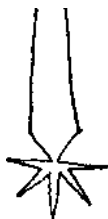


Fig. 56.

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appears/ says Douce, 'that the Lady of the May was sometimes carried in procession on men's shoulders; for Stephen Batman speaking of the Pope and his ceremonies states that he is carried on the back of four deacons, "after the manner of carrying Whytepot Queenes in Western May Games".' As the Pope or Papa was unquestionably regarded as the earthly representative of the Celestial All Father; so must one assume that Maid Marion or the Whytepot Queene symbolized the All Mother. It would in fact seem that two characters figured in the ceremonies of May Day; the one representative of Mary the Maid, the other of Mary the Matron. This probability is pointed in a poetic allusion of 1615, 'His *mother* plaid May-Marion t'other day': there is, however, little doubt that the Maiden was the more usual of the two characters.

From the churchwardens' accounts of Great Marlow it would appear that as late as 1629 dresses for the Morris or Mores dance were thence lent out to neighbouring parishes; one may thus infer that Great Marlow was a local centre of the Mary cult. The neighbouring Maidenhead is assumed by Skeat to have meant Maiden hythe, in other words it denoted an easy landing stage which could be negotiated by simple maidens. But the British maiden of the past was in all probability more athletic and capable even than the maiden of to-day; a likelier and more logical origin of the name Maidenhead was some sign or picture of the Maiden's Head such as has indubitably given rise to Maiden Lanes in various parts of London. The origin assigned to these is usually midden or dunghill; such, however, will hardly account for Maiden Castle in Dorset; certainly not for Maiden

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Castle, Edinburgh, which figures in 1150 as *Castellum puellarum*. Dorset has a Maiden Newton, the combination pointing to the probability that the Maiden was here Newluna.

The ride of white-horsed Godiva in Coventry 'clothed as with chastity' was balanced by a neighbouring May festival ride of a maiden dyed black; Meriden at Coventry (Muridene in 1398, Meryden in 1440) is believed by the authorities to be 'probably not merryvale, but from miry, boggy, swampy ground'⁵. One may look out from prison bars and view impartially either mud or stars; hence Marwood at Barnard Castle as officially explained 'may represent a proper name clipped down, *probably* it is from mara, a goblin: see nightmare.'⁵

As already noted the name Maria or Mario is applied on the Continent indifferently to men and women: the ancients conceived their divinities as androgynous; Venus was occasionally represented with a beard and the May King was depicted as a lovely and girlish youth. It is this ambiguity of sex that originated the priestly habit of wearing a frock and the same uncertainty is found in the lives of certain saints.

There are incidents in the lives of the three inter-related Saints Maur, Maurice, and Martin that contact closely with the King More or Marius of romance. It is clear that all these three saints were Benedictines; they were not only disciples of the blessed St. Benet (to whom the London Gracechurch was dedicated) but there is a reference to the return of the fellowship to Mount Cassin the towering headquarters of the Bonifaces and the Benedicts.

One of the first incidents recorded of St. Maur after

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his parting from St. Benet is his arrival at the house of a [\vddow](#) named Themere: like Elisha who healed the son of his widowed hostess so St. Maur restored the sick son of the widow Themere. St. Maur next journeyed on to seek a certain Bishop Varicam but was told that Varicam was dead; he who was ruling in place of Varicam would not receive either St. Maur or his fellow; they therefore proceeded 'unto a place that is called Restis and there founded he first a house for to adore God in the honour of St. Martin and commanded that he should be buried therein⁵.

Having thus founded what apparently was a Rest House, Hospital, or Coldharbour, St. Maur manifestly became a benefactor to the neighbourhood at large. He seems to have practised dentistry — 'the holy man anon put his hand in their mouths and made the fiend to go out beneath⁵. He raised the dead to life, cured sufferers of the palsy; in fact, 'the second year that this house was founded came many noble men of the country which demanded that their children might be clothed and received into the religion⁵. It seems odd that the children of noblemen were in need of clothes and the inference is that clothing was then a rarity even in exalted circles. In such crowds did people flock that St. Maur was ultimately obliged to limit his accommodation to 140 neither more nor less. The next incident on record is a visit from Clothaire the king, who enriched the monastery with property; St. Maur then issued no more from the abbey, but took up his permanent abode in a side of the church of St. Martin where he had made a house for himself. But before removing from the Abbey, he ordained a certain Bercuses as his successor; this Bercuses

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looks remarkably like *berceuses* meaning cradles, and in philanthropic St. Maur we appear to be getting very close to Muire or Mary the Nurse or Nourisher. In the clothiery activities of St. Maur it is clear that St. Martin was an active partner; indeed the life of St. Martin exhibits him as a lifelong martyr to dress. When but fifteen years of age the young knight attended by only one servant not only insisted on waiting on himself, but he even drew off his servitors' boots. In the depth of winter the knightly young Martin met an unfriended naked man: he clove his own mantle in twain giving half to the beggar and leaving himself semi-naked: the habitual raiment of the Saint is described as 'sharp clothing, blue, and with a great coarse mantle hanging here and there'. On becoming a Bishop he was very piteous to poor people and on one occasion was followed to the church by a nude, unhappy wretch; St. Martin gave orders to his archdeacon to clothe the man but the archdeacon took the instructions so dilatorily that Martin stripped off his own underclothing and bestowed it on the beggar.

When the archdeacon eventually returned he perceived his Bishop covered with his cope and 'wist not that he was naked under'; on being warned by his archdeacon that it was time for him to conduct service St. Martin humorously replied that 'he might not go till the poor man was clothed, and meant himself. St. Martin then said to his obtuse archdeacon, 'Why bring ye nothing for the poor man?' upon which the archdeacon did an ill deed; being constrained he 'went to the market and bought a vile coat and a short for five-pence, which was worth nought and came and angrily threw it down at his feet. And St. Martin took it up and

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clad him withal secretly, and the sleeves came to his elbows, and the length was but to his knees, and so went to sing the mass . . . And when he lifted up his hands at the mass, as it is of custom, the sleeves of the alb slid down unto his elbows for his arms were not great ne fleshly.⁵ It is said that on this occasion a great flare of light descended on St. Martin's head from heaven and that by a gracious miracle sleeves of gold and precious stones were brought to him by angels.

On an earlier occasion the said Bishop while on his visits, found a bed of straw provided: this being a luxury to which he was unwont (for he was accustomed to lie on the bare ground) he rose and threw away the straw which caught alight; the saint was thus environed with fire but at the sign of the cross he abode in the middle of the furnace without any touching of it and found the flames well smelling and sweet.

It is fairly evident that St. Martin was a personification of self sacrifice glowing amid the flames of great charity and it is probable that the name Martin meant great Fire: *tin* as in *tinder* in Celtic meant fire; *tinder* is the same word as *tender*, which is defined by Skeat as 'to regard fondly, to cherish'.

Apart from the conjugation St. Mary *Colechurch* the Merry Maiden of the Maypole and the Morrice dance can hardly fail to connect closely with King Cole the Merry Soul. The word Kail meant a post or pillar and at one time the game of ninepins was known as kails: one may connote the game of Nine Mens Morris.

On turning to the life of St. Moris or Maurice we find *The Golden Legend* defining *Maurice* as from *amarus* — bitter: he was we are told black by despising himself and

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had bitterness for his evil idolatry; it is thus to be inferred that St. Moris was a convert from the heathen.

It is not unlikely that the original country of the wise and good King Marius extended from Westimarialand throughout the ancient kingdom of Mercia and that the river Mersey is traceable to the same source.

The word mercy meaning with us favour or clemency is derived by Skeat from the Latin *merces*, pay, reward; in Low Latin this had the sense of mercy or pity; it may be that the word *mores* meaning manners or morality is derivable from the same source.

With the river Mersey may be connoted Mersea in East Anglia: the latter may be either mire Island, or Island in the mere or possibly an island dedicated to Mary; judging from the number of churches sacred to St. Mary in East Englia the Maiden would seem to have shared largely in the worship paid to St. Helena. The intimate relationship of Cole with Mary or St. Maur is pointed by occasional clusters of eloquent street names such as in Chelsea where in the neighbourhood of Lillieville Road and Lillie Bridge one finds the noteworthy collection, St. Maur Road, Moore Park Road, Moreton Terrace, Marville Road, Colehill Lane, Coleherne, Claro Terrace, Cresswell, Radipole (Roodpole) Road.

At Great Marlow in the Chilterns is a Marefield and a mile or so northward a Coldharbour at the foot of High Heavens Wood, by which remarkably named spot the Ordnance Map shows Ragmans Castle. It may be safely assumed that this High Heavens Wood was not haunted by Mara the nightmare officially postulated in connection with Marwood, and in view of the fact that King Cole the Chiitern Wanderer was reputed to have walked

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the roads of Berkshire disguised and '*huddling in his rags*'
one may perhaps assume that the Ragman was none
other than King Cole.

All through the town the fluting led them on,
But near the western gate King Cole retired;
And, as he ceased, the vans no longer shone,
The bright procession dimmed like lamps expired;
Again with muddy vans and horses tired,
And artists cross and women out of luck,
The sodden circus plodded through the muck.

The crowd of following children loitered home;
Maids shut the windows lest more rain should come;
The circus left the streets of flowers and flags,
King Cole walked with it, *huddling in his rags*.

CHAPTER XX

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS

ACCORDING to *The Golden Legend* St. Maurice was the holy Duke of a chosen legion of six thousand six hundred and sixty-six knights, said to have come from Thebes, the city of a hundred gates. But the Thebes of *The Golden Legend* can scarcely be either the Greek or the Egyptian city for the region is described as beyond the parts of Arabia, full of riches, plenteous of fruit, delectable of trees; 'the in-dwellers of that region be of great bodies, and noble in arms, strong in battle, subtle in engine and right abundant in wisdom'.

Of the mystic legion of St. Maurice the bearers of the banners were St. Candidus, St. Innocent, St. Exsuperius, St. Victor, and St. Constantine; 'all these were captains'. At a crisis Exsuperius supported 'our glorious duke Maurice' whereupon it was decided to cast away fleshly weapons and to rearm with virtues: consequently not only St. Maurice but the whole legion of six thousand six hundred and sixty-six suffered martyrdom.

This story is seemingly a masculine variant of the legend of St. Ursula, who with her attendant train of 11,000 virgins was likewise massacred: the introduction of Constantine as a commandant of the host of Maurice may be connoted with the assertion that Ursula was the daughter of a British king named Maurus. As King Marius the good and wise was the father of King Cole it

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looks as though Ursula the daughter of King Maurus was the sister of Cole; but Geoffrey says nothing on this subject.

The Consort of Ursula is stated as Ethereus: that Ursula was an *ethereal* maid and not of earth is obvious. Baring-Gould identifies her with the Teutonic Mother Holle whose habitat was indifferently a crystal mountain or an elphin Tree: Mother Holle was, as has been seen, ever accompanied by a legion of lovely elven.

In his essay on the Ursula legend Baring-Gould refers to it as being 'generated out of nothing'⁵, and lamenting this and kindred stories he exclaims 'Alas! too often they are but apples of Sodom, fair cheeked, but containing the dust and ashes of heathenism.'⁵ None the less the story of St. Ursula is peculiarly interesting; it is also essentially British. *The Golden Legend* relates how 'By the counsel of the Queen the Virgins were gathered together from diverse realms, and she was leader of them, and at the last she suffered martyrdom with them. And then the condition made, all things were ready. Then the Queen showed her counsel to the Knights of her Company, and made them all swear this new chivalry, and then began they to make diverse plays and games of battle as to run here and there, and feigned many manners of plays. And for all that they left not their purpose, and sometimes they returned from this play at midday, and sometimes another at evensong time. And the barons and great lords assembled them to see the fair game and disports, and all had joy and pleasure in beholding them, and also marvel.'⁵ From this account it would appear that twice a day the followers of St. Ursula enjoyed themselves and

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the onlookers by a sacred ride or ballet, which no **doubt** portrayed in its convolutions the ethereal Harmony and the ordered movements of the stars.

In London *tempus* Edward II a military ride and tournament used to be performed by the young men of the Court on every Sunday during Lent and this so-called Troy game was obviously connected with the ancient Trojan custom described by Virgil in *Aeneid* 79.

In equal bands the triple troops divide
Then turn, and rallying, with spears bent low
Charge at the call. Now back again they ride
Wheel round, and weave new courses to and fro
In armed similitude of martial show,
Circling and intercircling.

Having quitted Britain, St. Ursula and her legion of 11,000 maidens suffered various vicissitudes; eventually circumstances took them to Cologne; whereupon, to quote *The Golden Legend*, 'When the Huns saw them they began to run upon them with a great cry and araged like wolves on sheep, and slew all this great multitude.'⁵ From time to time the monks of Cologne unearthed large deposits of children's bones which they piously claimed to be authentic relics of the 11,000 martyrs.

At Carnac, near the town of *Elven*, is the unique megalithic ruin now consisting of eleven rows of rocks, said to number 'somewhere between nine and ten thousand'⁵: as already suggested it is not unlikely that originally there were 1000 rocks in each of the eleven rows, totalling in all to the mystic 11,000.

Lying between Gracechurch Street and Great St. Helens there is a London church dedicated to St. Ursula

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— that now known better as St. Mary Axe; the axe here associated with St. Mary *cum* Ursula was claimed to be one of the three weapons which did such dreadful execution. Three mortal axes could, however, never have accomplished so dire a massacre, and one may more safely assume that some symbol or sign of Three Axes was wrongly interpreted from a pagan picture. Great numbers of votive axes have been disinterred from the megalithic monuments at Carnac; in Crete the axe, judging from its frequent appearance, was a super-sacred symbol. The axe figured prominently in the Hall of the Double Axe at Cnossus and one of the most remarkable of the Cretan ruins is the so-called Hall of Eleven Pillars. Eleven is not a symmetrical number which would appeal irresistibly to architects, and one may consequently assume that it had some elphin significance. A collateral connection between Elven, eleven and elven or elves exists in French where we find the equation *onze*, eleven == *ange*, angel; the Dutch for eleven is *elf*, the Danish *elleve*. According to Cretan myth the industries of iron and bronze were invented by certain demi-gods named Dactyls or Fingermen; the ten fingers ruled by the brain may possibly account for the mysterious eleven; a conjecture which may be connoted with the English dialect word *mages* stated by Halliwell to mean the hands. It is undeniable that human hands are marvellous mages or magicians.

The word eleven is described by Skeat as 'ten and one', a definition interesting but not explanatory.

Leven or levin, a word of unknown origin, means a flash of lightning, bright light, or flame; in English dialect the Will-o'-the-Wisp was known as Meg with a Wad,

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According to Etruscan mythology *eleven* thunderbolts, or levins, were wielded by nine elemental gods: by divine injunction to the Jews '*eleven* curtains shalt thou make'⁵ as a covering to the Tabernacle. The Caledonian Loch Leven, mentioned specifically by Jamieson as a seat of the Culdees, is known locally as Loch Eleven 'because it is surrounded by eleven hills and is eleven miles round, is fed or drained by eleven streams, has eleven islands, is tenanted by eleven kinds offish'; it is also said to have been surrounded by the estates of eleven lairds.

Overlooking Loch Leven is a megalith entitled 'Carline Maggie'⁵, and there is little doubt that the old Witch Maggie was one and the same as the petrified 'Long Meg', a megalith standing in Westmoreland — the land of King Maria or Marius. This circle known as Long Meg and her Daughters is described by the authorities as about 1100 feet in circumference, and for some extraordinary reason *The Golden Legend* thinks it worthy of record that for eleven years a blind man named Lieven sat in the Church of St. Maurice.

The legion of St. Maurice consisting precisely of 6666 knights seems to bring 'our glorious Duke' a hundred-fold nearer the sinister Beast than his ordinary mark stated as 666. One's interest in mystic numbers is increased by finding that Kains-Jackson in *Our Ancient Monuments* gives the diameter of the circle of Long Meg as 330 feet, a measurement having some seeming relation to the 330 years assigned to Magus (or Vidforall) when he accomplished his magic renewal of youth. If as suggested Vidforall meant 'FoodforalP it brings Magus the Sage into close contact with *magu* the Welsh for nurse, and with *maga* the Cornish for to feed or nourish.

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Maggie or Long Meg may thus be equated with Mary the Nurse or Nourisher, and as *n* and *m* are phonetically almost always interchangeable it may be that St. Maurice or Meurice was Nourrice or Nurse. The latter term figures in the past spelt *nurice* and *norice*.

The 'Daughters' in the Westimarieland Monument of Long Meg were represented by 72 stones of which only 67 now remain; the circle of 'the Merry Maidens'⁵ near St. Just in Cornwall is 72 feet in diameter; the Nine Maidens near Penzance is also 72 feet in diameter. Christ the Corner Stone ('the age of Jesus the fair and energetic Hu, in God's truth was 1100') is said to have had 72 disciples, and all these significant 72's have probably some relation to the 72 dodecans into which the Chaldean and Egyptian zodiac was divided.

We again meet Maggie the witch of Loch Leven at St. Levan a Cornish village with which the notorious witch by name Maggy Figgy was associated. Maggy Figgy is said to have whistled up the fogs and storms from a precipice seat known as Maggie Figgy's chair; a similar chair exists at the neighbouring St. Michael's Mount, there known as Kader Migell.

The name of the family seated at St. Michael's Mount is St. Levan, and in St. Michael the Leader of Hosts and the bearer of the Scales of Justice one is obviously faced with a counterpart to Long Meg, *alias* St. Ursula *alias* St. Maurice. The name Michael is an extension of Mikq or Micah, and there is little doubt that Mike and Maggie were a heavenly pair.

Long Meg figures not only at Westmoreland: London tradition seated a parallel at Westminster, where we find the popular form Long Meg and the more cultured one

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St. Margaret. According to a London ballad Long Meg (whose tombstone was once shown in the cloisters at Westminster) 'did not only pass all the rest of her country in the length of her proportion, but every limb was so fit to her tallnesse that she seemed the picture and shape of some tall man cast in a woman mould⁵. It is in many other directions equally difficult to decide whether St. Michael were a man or a woman, particularly in view of the statement in an Orphic hymn 'Jove is both male and an immortal maid'. At the Church of St. Michael in Glamorgan is a springhead once adorned with the sculptured bust of a woman from the breasts of which the water used to issue; shrines of St. Michael are almost invariably connected with two hillocks or toothhills, and these two toothhills were presumably regarded as the twin teats of the world's nourice or Nourisher. I have little doubt that the Tothill Street at Westminster marks the site of a teat hill associated with the primeval worship of Long Meg *alias* St. Margaret.

According to Hastings⁵ *Encyclopaedia of Religions and Ethics* the power associated with Zeus was in the Christian period attributed to St. Michael and a dedication to St. Michael may often witness to some prehistoric centre of religious worship. The parish church of Penkridge or Pennocrucis in Staffordshire (the place which Sir John Rhys supposed to be a seat of Celtic Zeus-worship) is dedicated to St. Michael: nearly all the most archaic sacred sites in Wales are similarly dedicated to St. Michael, which, says Hastings⁵ *Eycyclopaedia*, 'would seem to support the evidence that the Michael churches occupy the shrines and sites of Celtic heathendom⁵.

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The church of St. Michael at Mickleham in Surrey, surmounted by Tot Hill, is neighboured by a Mugs Well; a few miles away is the curious place-name Mogadur. The springhead at St. Michael's, Glamorgan, whence water once prilled from a woman's breasts, was described in 1915 as 'now nearly filled up with mud', the same fate has presumably befallen the erstwhile super-sacred well of Kirkmichael in Banffshire. What is described as the 'uniqueness' of this Michael well was its association with a prophetic fly, the supposed survival of the ancient local deity. The vicar of Kirkmichael writing in 1793 described the well as even then choked up and derelict; at the same time he reported 'In better days it was not so, for the winged guardian under the semblance of a fly was never absent from duty. Every movement of the sympathetic fly was regarded in silent awe, and as he appeared cheerful or dejected the anxious votaries drew their presages; the guardian fly was believed to be immortal.'

The French for little Michael is Michelet; the French for fly is *mouche*, and there is no doubt that flies were called *mouches* because they were regarded as the winged representatives of Michael's myriad elves or angels. An exact parallel to this fantastic idea may be found in the fact that flies in Cornwall for some unknown reason were sometimes known as 'Mother Margarets': Margaret being merely a more formal synonym for the elemental Meg; we are thus faced both in Caledonia and Cornwall with the curious fly equation *mouche* — michelet, 'Mother Margaret' = Meg, or Madge. According to Payne Knight's *Symbolical Language of the Ancients* 'The common fly, being in the first stage of its existence a principal

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agent in dissolving and dissipating all putrescent bodies, was adopted as an emblem of the Deity⁵: thus it would seem that not only the *mouches* but likewise the *maggots*, or little Mags, were deemed to be among Maggie's millions fighting like the Hosts of Michael or Micah against filth, decay, and death. The adjective mawkish now usually understood to mean *mild* is derived by Skeat from *mawk*, a dialect word for maggot; it is however difficult to realize that mawkish sentiment originated from a maggot: one might more agreeably associate it with *meek* or with the dialect word *mekelich* which is stated by Halliwell to mean meekness.

The connection of ideas between the *mouches* and the elves or elven re-occurs in *The Golden Legend* which, when discussing St. Michael and All Angels, likens lost souls to flies 'By the divine dispensation they descend oft unto us in earth, as like it hath been shewn to some holy men. They fly about us as flies, they be innumerable and like flies they fill the air without number.'

Of one of the wellnigh innumerable St. Colman's it is recorded that he had three pets: a bluebottle, a cock, and a mouse. Chanticleer, the victorious Dispeller of Darkness, has already been considered; in the temples of Apollo it was usual to maintain white mice, and Smintheus or the mouse was one of the titles of Apollo. That Michael was equated with glorious Apollo is pointed by *Dinsul*, the ancient name for the St. Michael's Mount of Cornwall: the term *dinsul* is understood to have meant *dun*, hill fort of, *Sol*, the Sun. Our word *mouse*, Persian *mush*, may be connoted with *mouche*: the symbolism of the mouse is not obvious but according to Mr. Cyril G. E. Bunt {*Antiquity*, Dec. 1930) two mice, one white and

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one black, represented anciently as gnawing at the root of the Tree of Life, 'symbolized day and night'⁵.

In Turkish allegory every man is accompanied by two guardian angels, one on his right shoulder, the other on his left. When Man does anything good the Angel on his right shoulder writes it down and seals it, for what is done is done for ever. When man does evil the Angel on his left shoulder writes it down, but he waits until midnight; if before then the man bows his head and exclaims 'Gracious Allah, I have sinned, forgive me'⁵ the angel rubs it out. If not, at midnight he seals it, and the Angel on the right shoulder weeps.

That Michael was St. Just or Justice is pointed by the scales with which he is always represented: magistrates used to be chosen on St. Michael's Day because the Angels were held to be the executors of God's Judgments. It is said that many a mickle makes a muckle: with Long Meg or with Magus may be connoted *megas* great, which Skeat equates with Magi; hence ultimately *magistrate*. Megale was one of the titles of Juno, whose symbol was the goose: it was said that the cackling of Megale's sacred geese saved the Capitol; the Michaelmas Goose is still a British institution.

The cult of St. Michael was prominent at Colosse in Asia Minor, and angel worship was there so conspicuous that St. Paul's Epistle to the heretical Colossians contains the warning 'Let no man beguile you of your reward in a voluntary humility and worshipping of angels.'

The town of Colosse was within a hundred miles of Rhodes, the site of a Colossus which was one of the wonders of the ancient world: the name Michael is radically Cole, but whether the adjective *mi* meant

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mother or *greatest* is a matter of uncertainty; it probably meant both. The term *IJrsula* means *little bear* and according to *The Kalevala* a bear was situate in the Tree of Life:

Then he sang his songs of magic
And he sang a moon all shining
On the pine tree's golden summit
And the Great Bear in the branches

Around the Pole-star, pointed by the constellation of the Bear, all the hosts of stars everlastingly revolved: thus Homer's reference:

. . . the axle of the sky
The Bear revolving points his golden eye.

The gold-eyed Marguerite is the same flower as the London daisy; the starry Michaelmas Daisy doubtless carried the same idea. The names Margaret, Maggie, Meg, and Mary, are in Britain all contracted into the generic synonym May, i.e. Ma the Mother.

By the symbolists the Bear (as has been shown elsewhere) was regarded as an emblem of the Self Existent, for the presumable reason that the hibernating bear was seemingly capable of living on itself without external nourishment. By the Bestiaries of the Middle Ages it was gravely asserted that the Mother Bear brought forth her cubs in the form of inchoate lumps of flesh which she subsequently by constant licking wrought into shape. It is proverbial that time and experience are still necessary to lick young cubs into shape: some need more; some less; and it is a striking commentary on the mentality of the Middle Ages that a fairy tale so obviously a *jeu*

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d' esprit should have passed muster as a solemn biological fact.

With the British *magu* to breed may be connoted the Scotch Mac which means *bred of*; in some parts of Mauritania the affix Mac has exactly the same meaning and is used in the same way as in Caledonia. To trace the ancestry of the McColls, the McCalls, and the McMichaels will require a deeper research than has hitherto been made.

CHAPTER XXI

ENGLAND

IT is probable that, as in so many other instances, the legend of St. Ursula and her Eleven thousand virgins was grafted on to some solid and historic fact. By the beginning of the fourth century the politics of the Roman Empire were in so disturbed a state that at one period (A.D. 308) there were no less than six more or less contesting Emperors. One of these, Maximian, was firmly established in Britain, and according to Geoffrey, Maximian was an ambitious villain Tor the realm of Britain was not enough for him, but he must needs seek also to subjugate the Gauls⁵. After having achieved a notable and successful slaughter Maximian summoned his British Commander and 'somewhat smiling the while⁵ said Lo we have won us one of the fairest realms of Gaul and herein behold, lieth good hope that we may be able to win the rest : the British expedition accordingly swept on, slaying all the males and sparing only the women. By the bribe of 'swingeing bounties unto recruits' the conquering horde continued to advance, but not without disastrous waste of men: Maximian therefore issued an edict that a hundred thousand of the common folk in the island of Britain should be collected and should come to him, besides thirty-thousand soldiers who should safeguard them that were to remain in the country. **And** when all these things were accomplished

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and the Britons had arrived he distributed them amongst all the nations of the kingdom of Armorica and did thus create a second Britain. 'But/ continues Geoffrey, 'he himself with the rest of his fellow-soldiers went into further Gaul and after diverse and most grievous battles did subdue the same as well as the whole of Germany having obtained the victory in every single battle.⁵

The sequel to this presumably historic explosion of the Celts was that the colonists were minded to have wives of their own nationality. Messengers were sent back to Great Britain (so named in contradistinction to the Little Britain so forcibly founded in what is now Brittany) and in due response the King of Cornwall assembled together from diverse provinces the daughters of nobles to the number of 11,000, and of others born of the common people 60,000, and bade them all meet together within the city of London. 'When the fleet was ready the damsels go aboard and dropping down the river Thames make for the high seas: at last just as they were tacking to make the shore of Armorica a contrary wind sprang up in their teeth and very soon scattered all their company. The ships were all in sore jeopardy in the midst of the sea. The more part of them foundered and those that did escape utter shipwreck were driven on to the barbarous islands where they were either slain or sold into bondage by the uncouth people.⁵ All along the coast of Germany followed horrors for the natives 'beholding the beauty of the damsels would fain have wantoned with them but meeting denial fell upon them and slaughtered by far the most part of them without mercy.

In *The Mabinogion* there is another account of what seemingly was the same great military adventure,

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According to this the Emperor Maxen set forth with an army towards Rome, vanquishing France, Burgundy, and every land on his way until he sat down before the city of Rome. And after him came the brothers of Helen Luyddawc from the island of Britain and a small host with them 'and no man ever saw a fairer or better appointed host for its size, nor more handsome standards'.

The history books tell us that the realm of England derived its title from the arrival here *circa* 400 of an obscure tribe, the Angles, who were one among Frisians, Jutes, Saxons, and others: these kindred peoples 'all learned to call themselves Englisc and by Englaland they understood the whole area occupied by them. There are some curious features about these Angles: they are understood to have come from a district of Sleswick known as Angeln; it is further recorded that 'the greater part of the Angles crossed to England and their place was taken by Danes'. It is very remarkable that seemingly an entire people should vacate their ancient home, 'a district noted for its fertility'⁵, leave it to others and seek their fortunes overseas.

Although England is sufficiently real and historic yet at one time Engelland, or Engelheim, was seemingly a mystic paradise not only of souls unborn but somewhere to which returning souls were ferried. According to *The Science of Folklore* (Krappe) 'all over North Germany, England is simply the "land of angels" i.e. the other-world, or at all events a far-off fairy land'⁵.

In Germany the Ladybird used to be known as the Lady Mary's Key-bearer and exhorted to fly to Engelland, 'Insect of Mary fly away, fly away to Engelland, Engelland is locked, its key is broken'⁵: sometimes the

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invocation ran, 'Gold Chafer up and away to thy high storey to thy Mother Anne who gives thee bread and cheese, 'tis better than bitter death.

These nursery rhymes which sound so like a *cri du coeur* may be connoted with a statement which Geoffrey makes relative to the hapless women who were conscripted and shipped forcibly across the seas to Germany, Tor albeit that in so vast a company many there were that were well pleased with their lot, yet there were more unto whom it was displeasing, for that they loved their kinsfolk and their country with a greater affection.'

One can hardly fail to surmise that the obscure tribe that left their fertile district and trekked to the island of Britain were the descendants of the hapless exiles who a century or so before had been trapped into a hateful exodus and consequently took the earliest suitable opportunity of getting home. And not only the women but likewise the men would doubtless have been animated by a similar home-sickness, for according to *The Mabinogion* 'So they set forth and conquered lands, and castles and cities . . . and thus they continued until the young men that had come with them were grown grey-headed from the length of time they were upon this conquest.'

Although the Saxons were objects of inveterate hatred to the majority of the British there appears to be no manifest hostility on record towards the Angles: Etymology is amazingly friendly towards them and it is impossible to differentiate between the Angles and the Angels. According to Professor Weekley 'Ing the name of a demi-god seems to have been early confused with the Christian *angel* in the prefix Engel common in German names, e.g. Engelhardt anglicised as Engleheart. In Anglo-Saxon we

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find both *Ing* and *Ingel*. The modern name *Ingoll* represents Ingweald (Ingold) and *Inglett* is a diminutive of similar origin. The cheerful *Inglebright* is from Inglebeort.'

In *Antiquity* of June, 1930, Professor Ekwall in an article on the place-name England sums up the most generally accepted opinion of to-day that the old English Engle is derived from the district-name Angel and that it means 'the people of AngeP; among early written references to the realm one finds the variations Engaland (991), Engleneloande (1258), Angel-eyn (975-1002).

In Glamorganshire there is a village known as Angel Town, in Pembroke is Angle (1190 Angulus); Anglesey or Angles Island was the sacred stronghold of the Druids to which they retired and at which the Romans eventually slaughtered them; it is difficult to suppose that this sanctuary took its title from an influx of immigrants from Schleswig four centuries later. For generations the Saxons were penned within comparatively narrow limits and for centuries they did not penetrate, permeate, or dominate the Celtic districts.

Adamnan in his *Life of Columba* records that the saint opened his books and 'read them on the hill of the Angels where once on a time the citizens of the Heavenly Country were seen to descend to hold conversations with the blessed man'; upon which his editor comments, 'this is the knoll called "Great Fairies Hill"; not far away is the "Little Fairies Hill". The fairies hills of pagan mythology became angels hills in the minds of the early Christian saints.' But the conception of angels is older than Christendom, in fact the hymn ^C'I want to be an angel' is condemned in some quarters as being contrary to

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Christian dogma. That the cult of Angels was sufficiently prominent at Colosse as to call forth the condemnation of the Apostle Paul has already been noted; that the cult of All Hallows or All Angels was current in Britain is sufficiently evident. All Saints Day is merely a perpetuation of the pagan Samhaim which was sacred to the spirits of the dead: the Fairy Hills were deemed to be the dwelling places of the souls of human predecessors. The Irish for angel is *aingeal*; the Anglo-Saxon for angel was *engel*, a word supposedly borrowed from the Latin *angelus*: it is said that at the sight of some British children in the slave market at Rome St. Augustine exclaimed 'had they but been baptized *non angli sed angel*V. But infant baptism did not disqualify any belief in Angels, in fact a British priest named Morgan caused almost a split in the Church over this very subject: Morgan adopted the title Pelasgus and was the mainspring of the so-called Pelasgian Heresy.

It may be that the *Angli* of the Elbe derived their name from a fixed belief in elves or Angels; the name Elbe is in fact usually equated with Alpe or Elf. Bede refers to the district from which the angels came as Angulus; elsewhere the form is Angeln. Were the name Angulus submitted to Professor Weekley it is probable that this high authority would resolve it into *Angel House*: in Catholic countries the Angelus bell is rung at morning, noon, and sunset, as an invitation to the faithful to recite the Angelic Salutation.

Angeln, an alternative name for the place whence the Angels came, if not *Angelen*, the angels, may be possibly a variant of Engelheim or Angel Home. According to tradition the fabulous Papesse Joan was born at Engel-

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heim; she was however said to have been the daughter of an English missionary who left England to preach the Gospel to the Saxons. 'It need hardly be stated,' says Baring-Gould, 'that, the whole story is fabulous and rests on not the slightest historical foundation': in view of the fact that some accounts of Papesse Joan give her name as *Margaret* the story gains interest. The mythical Papesse is said to have been early distinguished for her genius and a love of letters: after visiting England, France, Italy, and Athens, she returned to Rome where she was elected Pope, but while in full canonicals suddenly gave birth to a child. In consequence of this scandal, which occurred by the Church of St. Clement, 'the stout Germans, not relishing the notion of her being a daughter of the Fatherland, palmed her off on England'. Baring-Gould sums up the story: 'I have little doubt that Pope Joan is an impersonation of the Great Whore of Babylon'; the shocking scandal of Papesse Joan may however have arisen from the discovery of some primitive picture or statue of Juno holding (like Johane the Mother of St. Nicholas) a babe in her motherly arms. The reference to Pope Joan's 'genius' points again to Juno, for Juno was the goddess of childbirth and every woman was believed to be accompanied through life by an attendant genius known as her Juno. St. Margaret was similarly the patroness of women in travail and if the stout Germans are still wishful to palm off the Lady of Engelheim on to England we may welcome her as Long Meg, an equation which would accord with Juno's alternative title of Megale.

Like St. Michael, St. Margaret was represented as the conqueror of a dragon: at shieling time in the far Hebrides they sing:

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Thou gentle Michael of the white steed
Who subdued the dragon of blood
For love of God and the Son of Mary
Spread over us thy wing, shield us all
Spread over us thy wing, shield us all.

Thou Father, Thou Son, Thou Spirit Holy
Be the Three-One with us day and night
And on the crested wave or on the mountain side
Our mother is there, and Her arm is under our head
Our mother is there, and Her arm is under our head.

The Welsh form of the name Michael is Mihangel; and there is little doubt that primarily this term, akin to Madonna or Mother Lady, meant Mother Angel; later perhaps either Greatest Angel or Archangel.

At the summit of Highgate Hill an Angel Inn stands next an Englefield House; there is an Englefield Green at Runnymede, another at Reading. Engle varies with Ingle a word meaning darling, friend, attendant, paramour, and fire; inglenooks in old houses were not always associated with the fireplaces; they were in some cases mere recesses for retirement. The Lancashire place-name Anglesark is officially decoded into 'shepherd's hut of the angle': I have however been unable to find any English Dictionary that defines the word *ark* otherwise than box or chest.

England is scattered with Engletons, Ingleboroughs, Inglebys, Inglewhites, Ingoldsbys, amongst which group Ingleborough Beacon is peculiarly noteworthy, for this great eminence is not only associated with fire but its summit is crowded with the remains of nineteen horse-shoe shaped huts.

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The sacred fire of St. Bridget was tended by nineteen nuns: according to some authorities the so-called Blue Stones of Stonehenge, a megalithic monument combining the dual form of horseshoe and circle, were nineteen in number; nineteen was a very sacred number among the Celts and it was said that Apollo visited his temple (believed by some authorities to be Stonehenge) once in every nineteen years. We have it on the authority of Pausanias that in Greece the oldest gods of all were rude stones in the temple or the temple precincts: in Achaean Pharae he found some thirty squared stones named each after a god. With this thirty of Pausanias may be connoted the outer circle of Stonehenge which consists of thirty stones, also the thirty stones which constitute the circle of Arborlow in Derbyshire. To the prehistoric inventor of the game of chess are attributed the words 'I fashion thirty men in the likeness of the thirty days and nights; I fashion fifteen white in the likeness of day and fifteen black in the likeness of night; I fashion the movement of each after the likeness of the movement of the constellations, and in the likeness of the revolution of the firmament.' The name Stonehenge (supposed to mean 'hanging stones') figure occasionally in the alternative forms Stonehengels and Senange: as *ange* is the French for angel it is reasonable thus to assume that Stonehenge was a temple sacred to the hengels or *sen ange*, the Holy Angel.

There is in Yorkshire a place named Uncleby of which the earlier forms were Unchelsby, Unglesby; with these the authorities connote the ancient Yorkshire place-name Hunchilhouse. The word *uncle* is described by Skeat as originally an expression of affectionate relationship; he

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adds 'the literal sense is "little grandfather".' In view of the fact that Uncleby varies through Ungle into Hunchil it becomes probable that Engle or Angel originally meant Old Cole for in Celtic the prefix *hen* or *an* meant ancient. The equation between *angel* and Old Cole is further pointed by the fact that Coles Yard in Houndsditch, London, was originally (and presumably alternatively) Angel Alley.

It is quite impossible to draw any line in folklore between the Hallows, the Ellies, the Elves, and the Fairies: the Faith of our forefathers was the Fairy Faith and in ancient times, as Chaucer says, 'all was this lond fulfilled of faerie'. That London was exempt from this 'superstition'⁵ is improbable in face of the many street-names implying the contrary. To cite a few examples: at Mildmay Park is an Englefield Road, at Balham an Englewood Road; at Chalk Farm, Camden Town, an Englands Lane; at Canning Town an Ingcl Road, at Camberwell is Inglis Street; and elsewhere in the London district one may connote Ingelheim, Ingleborough, Inglemore, Inglewood, Ingleton, Ingelow, and Ingledew.

It used to be the gospel of archaeology that with the departure of the Romans London for a certain period ceased to exist; it is now however maintained by Dr. Wheeler that 'whatever may have happened to the cities of the west there is in truth no valid historical reason for supposing that London perished after the Roman period, to be born all over again in a Saxon England'⁵. In her long history London can have witnessed few stranger sights than the Armada of maid-laden galleys sailing away to its tragic conclusion on the uncouth shores of northern Germany. The fact that the worship of Nehel-

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ennia was seemingly restricted to the Elbe delta points to the possibility that the stranded London maidens carried thither the worship of Little St. Helen or Nelly; and it may be that the Holstein of the duchies of Sleswick and Holstein was originally a Holy, Hollen, or Mother Holle Stone set up in supplication to the London Madonna. We have already noted in east London the Maiden Lane which figured alternatively as Engleslane, Englenelane, and Inge Street: according to Stow the Galley Quay and Galley Row of this neighbourhood were so called 'because galley men dwelt there'; there still remains in Southwark a Galley Wall Road.

In his *Dictionary of Archaic Words* Halliwell notes *gal* or *gel* as meaning maid or girl: that Ellen or Mother Holle the Lady of the Linden and the Elder Tree was colloquially 'Old Gal' may be assumed from Lincolnshire folklore. According to Miss Eleanor Hull 'A story which Mrs. Gutch quotes from *Lincolnshire Notes and Queries* shows the dangers attending the cutting down of elder-trees without asking "the old Lady's leave". Having heard that a baby had been pinched till it was black in the face because the rocker of its cradle had been mended with elderwood, the inquirer put a knot of elderwood in the way of an old man who was cutting up firewood, or "Chopping kindling" as he would have said, at the same time asking casually, "You are not feared of chopping that, are you?" "Nay," he replied at once. "I bain't feared of choppin' him, he bain't wick (alive); but if he were wick I dussn't, not without axin' the Old Gal's leave, not if it were ever so . . . You just says, 'Owd Gal, give me of thy wood, and Oi will give some of moine, when I graws inter a tree.'" Here is animism pure and

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simple; the old man can perceive no difference in kind between himself and the tree he is chopping up for firewood/ Lincolnshire is the shire of ancient *Lindum colonia* a term which I have already connoted with London and the Linden tree.

The learned Dr. Johnson excluded *fun* from his Dictionary as being a low word: *gal* is now used only by people of low degree, yet the probability is that the pedigree of the primitive *gal* is unconscionably older than, and quite distinct from, the modern *girl* which nowadays the nicer-minded pronounce '*gairll*'. According to Skeat the term *girl* was formerly used of either sex and signified both a boy or a maid: *girl* is of old low German origin and in Switzerland *gurrli* was 'a depreciatory term'.

The conundrum 'Jove is both male and an immortal Maid' has been answered by the sturdy Germans worshipping their country as the Fatherland; to the French *la belle* France is the indeterminate gender *La Patrie*; to the Englishman England (Latin *Inghilterra*) is never otherwise than a Motherland.

CHAPTER XXII

'THE BARBARIC FRINGE'⁵

THE editor of *Antiquity* mentioned recently that his readers remonstrated at times at the proportion of space which he devoted to British archaeology, the objection being that for several millennia Western Europe was a mere barbaric fringe on the outskirts of a civilization created by peoples of the East and of the Mediterranean. Nevertheless the barbaric fringe of Western Europe is not without archaic assets; some of its past glories are shadowy and unsubstantial yet others are monumental and material. Among the major memorials is the unique White Horse of Berkshire; among the minor monuments are the civilized, pre-Roman British coins, found only in England, upon which the ubiquitous horse so persistently appears. It would be premature at this juncture to embark on anything in the nature of conclusion; it is, however, safe to surmise on the evidence submitted, that the galloping horse of Berkshire, and INVICTA the White mare of Kent were symbols of the Sun swift in its course. It is safe also to assume that behind the British Horse there lurked a philosophical idea for even the prejudiced Gildas after bewailing the 'blindness' of the British in their paying divine honours to the mountains, wells and streams, testified 'Their altars were pillars of stone inscribed with emblems of the sun and moon, or of a beast or bird, which symbolized some force of nature.'⁹

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In the most ancient literature of India entire hymns are addressed to the Solar Horse, and the estimation in which the White Horse was held in Persia may bejudged from the annual salutation ceremony thus described by Williamson in *The Great Law*: 'The procession to salute the God formed long before the rising of the sun. The High Priest was followed by a long train of Magi, in spotless white robes chanting hymns and carrying the sacred fire on silver censers. Then came 365 youths in scarlet, to represent the days of the year, and the colour of fire. These were followed by the chariot of the sun, empty, decorated with garlands, and drawn by superb white horses, harnessed with pure gold. Then came a white horse of magnificent size, his forehead blazing with gems, in honour of Mithras. Close behind him rode the king, in a chariot of ivory inlaid with gold, followed by his royal kindred, in embroidered garments, and a long train of nobles, riding on camels highly caparisoned. This gorgeous retinue, facing the East, slowly ascended Mount Orontes. Arrived at the summit, the high priest assumed his tiara, wreathed with myrtle, and hailed the first rays of the rising sun with incense and with prayer. The other Magi gradually joined him in singing hymns to Ormuzd, the source of all blessings, by whom the radiant Mithra had been sent to gladden the earth, and preserve the principle of life. Finally, they all joined in the one universal chorus of praise, while king, princes, and nobles prostrated themselves before the orb of day/

In a humbler way some of this pageantry was probably enacted in Britain notably perhaps at the cursus or racing track which seems to have been a feature at Stonehenge; there is documentary evidence that at Iona

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the seat of the Culdees it used to be customary at the Feast of St. Michael for the natives to bring their horses to the Hill of the Angels and to course them round and round it.

According to Diogenes Laertius (*circa* 220) 'the Druids among the Britons were the same as the Philosophers among the Greeks, the Magi among the Persians, the Gymnosophists among the Indians, and the Chaldees among the Assyrians'. In face of this definite statement that the Druids and the Chaldees were the same it is impossible to shut one's eyes to the possibility that the Culdees of Caledonia were akin to the Chaldees of Chaldea, and that a connecting link may be recognized in the Hellenic order of monks known as the *kelleotai*.. It is here noteworthy that although the etymology of the Scotch term Culdee or Keldee has greatly engaged the attention of the learned, no positive decision has been finally accepted; Jamieson in his *Historical Account of the Ancient Culdees* discusses nearly a dozen 'possibles' all of which have sundry claims to consideration.

The ancient literature of Wales and Ireland is permeated with the tradition that Britain was peopled by immigrants from the Near East. According to a poem attributed to Taliesin, 'A numerous race, fierce, they are said to have been, were they original colonists Britain first of Isles. Natives of a country in Asia and the city of Gafiz. Said to have been a skilful people, but the district is unknown which was mother to these children, warlike adventurers on the sea. Clad in their long dress who could equal them? Their skill is celebrated, they were the dread of Europe.' Again, according to a Welsh Triad, 'They came over the hazy sea from the

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summer country which is called Deffrobani: that is where Constantinople now stands/

The site of the prehistoric Troy (ruin piled upon older ruins) is within sight of GalHpoli written originally Kallipolis, Callipolis; whether this ancient Hellespontian city of Calli or Galli is etymologically connected with Galles, i.e. Wales, whether as was then the usual custom, it was dedicated to some protective fairy or whether it was simply an anonymous city of the ubiquitous Celts I do not know. Even to-day scholarship is still seeking an answer to the riddles, Who were the Celts? Were they, like the Normans, a conquering aristocracy? Were they only a race of settlers? Why did they leave their original homes? Why did they never achieve a State Organization? Why, of their mighty domain, does nothing now remain but a few outposts in Great Britain and Ireland and in Brittany? To these may be added the query, Why does Ireland possess more Celtic manuscripts than all the rest of Europe put together?

That the cradle of civilization was somewhere in the neighbourhood of Chaldea and that culture crept westward via the Mediterranean is, I believe, still the most generally accepted opinion: immemorial British tradition thus falls into line with modern scholarship.

It is now definitely known that at all events the British Lion and the Unicorn somehow reached us from Chaldea and on a chequer board unearthed by Mr. Woolley at Ur these supporters of our National Shield are unmistakably represented. In *Antiquity* of December, 1930, Mr. Cyril G. E. Bunt illustrated not only the chequer-board in question which he assigns to 'may be as early as 3500 B.C.', but he deals thoroughly with the heraldic

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Lion and the Unicorn proving *inter alia* the high antiquity of the rhyme:

The Lion and the Unicorn were fighting for the
crown,
The Lion beat the Unicorn all around the town.

Mr. Bunt considers that the extraordinary persistence of the subject through fifty-five centuries of symbolic art must have been due to something deeper than mere fancifulness, and he believes that the invariable triumph of the Lion symbolized the triumph of Summer over Spring. That the yellow-maned golden-bearded face of the Lion was regarded as the Summer sun beaming in full strength I do not doubt: that our Unicorn is a variant of the same white horse of spring as is carved into the downs of Berkshire is not improbable. If the Lion and the Unicorn could thus come to us either direct or by gradual culture-creep, much else came probably in their company. Apart from the affinities between Sanscrit and English, learned men who have compared the ancient philosophy of Persia with that of the Druids tell us that the two religious systems were identical. Certain words such as *shamrock* (Pers. *shamrakh*) are common alike to Britain and to Persia; there is, too, a curious tradition that the St. Ive of Huntingdon was Yvo or Ivo, a Persian Bishop who came from Ireland. It must, however, be a very long time since Persia sent any missionaries to these islands and the connection is one not easy to explain. A similar problem seemingly exercised the ancients; hence Pliny writing of Magic as late as the Romano-British period, stated that *even then* (A.D. 23) 'Britain now celebrates it wonderfully with so

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many circumstances that it may seem to have imparted it to the Persians'.

According to Skeat the word *paradise* is of Persian origin and the Hebrews merely borrowed it. In *The British Edda* there is a reference to the Garden of Eden under the name of *Gladsheimr*; upon which Dr. Waddell (who knows nothing of my theories) makes the following comment: '*Glad sheimr* or "Home of the Glads". This *glad* which is often spelt *gald* and *geld* is used as a title of the Edenites, and is seen to be obviously a dialectic spelling of Chaldee, the *Kaldi* or *Kaldu* or the Assyrians.' The river Tigris, one of the traditional four rivers of Paradise, was known alternatively as the river Khal, the Earth-mother of the Chaldees was named Gula, and further investigation may possibly reveal supplementary traces of King Cole in Chaldea or that neighbourhood. From the word *ghoul*, Persian *ghol*, an imaginary sylvan demon supposed to devour men and animals one may reasonably assume that the goddess Gula fell into very bad odour.

There is little doubt that Cole softened in some regions into *Sol*, and a Persian fairy story of white-headed Zal is I think linked somehow with the origin of the Prince of Wales' Three Feathers. The tale runs that Zal the super-wise was born beautiful of face and limb but strange to say with hair perfectly white like that of an old man. Disowned by his misguided father he was reared in the eyrie of a mighty and magnificent Fairy Bird, the Simurgh, or Bird of Fire, who bestowed on the foundling three of its magic feathers; with these potent talismans Zal accomplished his desire. Whether any legends centre round the Three White Plumes of Wales

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I do not know; the probability is that they are either a variant of the Broad Arrow or are connected with some fairy tale and related to the magic Good Thought, Good Deed, Good Word.

In times remote there must indubitably have been majestic thinkers in the region known to-day as England. The museum at Glastonbury contains a bronze ring about three inches in diameter in the form of a serpent with its tail in its mouth; this anything but 'barbaric' object was found at Stanton Drew, the Stone Town of the Druids or Druids, and it was certainly a Gnostic symbol of the Eternal Wisdom. Philosophy of some sort must have animated the prehistoric builders of Silbury Hill, the largest earth-pyramid in Europe; that the name Silbury was like *Dinsul* or St. Michael's Mount, associated with Sol the Sun can hardly be doubted. It may also well be that the proverbially wise, mythic Solomon, Salaam or Salem, a word meaning *peace* was a synonym for Colman the dove of Western Europe, and that the austere priests of the Oak termed *sell* differed little from the *kelli*:

Great King, Dodona's Lord, Pelasgian Jove,
Who dwell'st on high, and ruPst with sov'reign sway,
Dodona's wintry heights; where dwell around
Thy Sellian priests, men of unwashen feet,
That on the bare ground sleep. {Homer}

Adjacent to Silbury Hill is Avebury, once a megalithic monument in serpentine form covering, according to Stukeley, two miles of territory. It is at the moment a vogue to belittle the Druids and to debunk them as mere witch-doctors or tribal medicine men: the pro-

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bability is that the fluctuating pointer of reputation will swing back again and stand permanently at Set Fair.

In *The Axe Age* Mr. T. D. Kendrick, speaking of British dolmens and long barrows, says, 'It is of course a very remarkable thing that the people represented by these magnificent sepulchral monuments should not have possessed the whole country, for anyone who has examined their tombs will find it very difficult to think of them as the work of a fugitive or backward race.' It is believed that the long-headed builders of the long dolmens made their way into England and Ireland from Gaul. Whether this prehistoric culture also reached us *via* Central Asia or whether the 'Long Heads' were chiefly sailormen from Asia Minor and the Mediterranean, are problems yet unsolved. That the megalith builders were pre-eminently sea-rovers is clear from the super-abundance of monuments either near the coast, or on islands as remote as the far-flung Hebrides.

Among the megalithic monuments of Brittany, some of which Time has semi-submerged, are certain so named *galgals*; the galgal of Brittany (a heap of small stones) may be connoted with the Gilgal mentioned in the Old Testament as the Coronation place of King Saul, and also apparently as the seat of a School of the Prophets. The authorities do not seem to know what constituted these mysterious schools; it may possibly prove that Gilgal the High Place of the Israelites was on a par with the schools or colleges of the Coles or Druids.

It must necessarily, I think, be inferred that the Coles were infinitely older than the Keltic Druids; it may also be assumed that the titles of megalithic monuments such as Long Meg and Her Daughters, the Stone of the

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Greyhound Bitch, the Cradle of Tudno, etc., enshrine the actual ideas under which they were constructed by their builders. Mysticism, the most potent of all world-influences, can alone account for the dragging of special megaliths from afar and the prodigious labours bestowed on their erection.

The high estimation in which the mysticism of primitive Britain was regarded may be gauged from Caesar's familiar testimony: 'It is believed that this institution (Druidism) was *'inventa'* in Britannia and thence transplanted into Gaul. Even nowadays those who wish to become more intimately acquainted with the institution generally go to Britannia for instructions sake.'

Among the surviving fragments of Welsh literature occurs the claim, 'Bardism or Druidism originated in Britain—pure Bardism was never well understood in other countries—of whatever country they might be, they are entitled Bards, according to the rights and institutes of the Bards of the Island of Britain.' Before dismissing this as wild and unfounded braggadocio one may well give weight to the unique hill figures of England, and to the sophisticated English coinage, some dating prior to 200 B.C. The authorities also tell us that Britain was the principal home of the stone circle; likewise of the *barrow*, a word for which there is no Gaulish, Latin or Greek term. 'We see these long barrows,' says Mr. Kendrick, 'as the manifestation of a new civilization, as witnesses to an immense and dramatic cultural stimulus.'

It is an axiom of etymology that words of one syllable are more ancient than those of two or more; the theory now prevalent is that the monosyllables **of English speech**

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are phonetically decayed forms of Latin or some other tongue; the assumed 'decay' may, however, be more imaginary than real. Mr. Kendrick observes very rightly that due regard must be accorded to 'the ancient and unalterable spirit of the countryside that can preserve as a living force the immemorial thought and behaviour of the humble folk born of its soil'. In this connection it is noteworthy that Ogham inscriptions are unknown outside the British Isles and that the lost key to the Ogham alphabet was recovered owing to its having been preserved among the folk in the form of a doggerel rhyme; less than a century ago an ultra conservative Irishman named Collins was fined by the magistrates for putting his name on his cart in Ogham letters.

Britain with her traditional conservatism has, it may be, preserved in her traditions and speech (now fossilized) the original sense of a philosophy which among nations that attained to higher material cultures was largely submerged and lost: Britain seems likewise to have preserved in the remote recesses of Ireland and Scotland evidences that a Gnostic form of Christianity was prevalent long prior to the time of the historic Jesus. We have it on the authority of St. Augustine that 'That very thing which is now designated the Christian religion was *in existence among the ancients*, nor was it absent even from the commencement of the human race up to the time when Christ entered into the flesh, after which true religion, which already existed, began to be called Christian/

The chief proof of the great age of certain churches in Ireland and Scotland is that there is no break in the continuity of style between methods of construction em-

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ployed by the Christian Celts. The sites chosen by the first missionaries for their monastic settlements have, says Romilly Allen in his *Monumental History of the British Church*, 'been the means of preserving intact to the present day the most primitive type of Christian church now existing in any part of Europe'.

Thus from whatever viewpoint it be approached the 'barbaric fringe of Western Europe' is found to be not wanting in archaic interest. Basing their theories partly upon skulls some anthropologists contend that the Aryan immigrants or 'Blond Long Heads' of early neolithic times exercised so great and lasting an influence on Britain, that their traits still live deep within many of us. 'These traits of character and of physical conformation are so widely spread and so deep that they could only have been acquired by the permanent occupation of this part of the world by the Aryan race in far distant times.'

In his introductory remarks on the fairy tales of Greece Mr. F. H. Lee observes: 'To the old Greeks each god was beautiful. Earth, air, sea, sky, storm, forest, and flowers were manifestations of an all-pervading spiritual power. Freedom, art and joy were elements of the Greek religion and these were reflected in their stories. There is throughout a radiance of beauty.' The fairy tales of Britain manifest a like spirit and it is an amazing thing that so ancient as they indubitably are they reflect so few traces of the gross and disgusting savagery in which our barbaric ancestors were supposedly wallowing.

On the value of Celtic mythology it is unnecessary to lay stress: in the words of Alfred Nutt, 'No other literature save that of Greece alone can vie with ours in its pictures of the land of fantasy and glamour, or has

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brought back from that mysterious realm of unfading beauty treasures of more exquisite and enduring charm\ To what extent British folk-tales were influenced by Hellas is not within my ken: British mentality and love of sport have however prompted the couplet:

I deem the Englishman a Greek grown old
Deep waters passed and many a watchfire cold.

It is said somewhere by Bacon (probably in his *Wisdom of the Ancients*) that the first Fathers of the Church were the Bards or Poets. From a time immemorial Poets (of the better sort) have claimed to be the Tongues of an Unseen World, the custodians of an inner Certainty, of a Knowledge standing apart from evidence, and of an Understanding that makes darkness Light. 'Poets,' to quote Shelley, 'are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration, the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present; the words which express what they understand not; the trumpets which sing to battle and feel not what they inspire; the influence which is moved not, but moves.'⁵ It is thus due to Masfield (to whose poem I am deeply indebted) not to leave his King Cole huddled in rags amid a foundering circus. Events had a happier sequel: King Cole the mysterious Wanderer once more brought out his magic pipe:

And through the town the liquid piping's gladness
Thrilled on its way, rejoicing all who heard,
To thrust aside their dullness or their sadness
And follow blithely as the fluting stirred
They hurried to the guild like horses spurred.
There in the road they mustered to await,
They knew not what, a dream, a joy, a fate.

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And man to man in exaltation cried:
'Something has come to make us young again:
Wisdom has come, and Beauty, Wisdom's bride,
And youth like flowering April after rain/
But still the fluting piped and men were fain
To sing and ring the bells, they knew not why
Save that their hearts were in an ecstasy.

Then to the balcony above them came
King Cole the shining in his robe of flame;
Behind him came the Prince, who smiled and bowed.
King Cole made silence: then addressed the crowd.

'Friends, fellow mortals, bearers of the ghost
That burns, and breaks its lamp, but is not lost.
This day, for one brief hour, a key is given
To all, however poor, to enter heaven.
The Bringers Down of Beauty from the stars,
Have reached this city in their golden cars.
They ask, to bring you beauty, if you will.

You do not answer: rightly, you are still.
But you will come, to watch the image move
Of all you dreamed or had the strength to love.
Come to the Ring, the image of the path
That this our planet through the Heaven hath;
Behold man's skill, man's wisdom, man's delight,
And woman's beauty, imaged to the height.

Let float your flags, and let your lanterns rise
Like fruit upon the trees of Paradise,
In many-coloured lights as rich as Rome
O'er road and tent; and let the children come,
It is their world, these Beauty Dwellers bring.'

The people came and there followed such a show as
never yet was seen on land or sea; at length they struck

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the green-striped tent, the rumbling wagons disappeared into the countryside and King Cole, moving into the centre of the Ring was left musing lonely and alone:

He watched the night; then taking up his flute,
He breathed a piping of this life of ours,
The half-seen prize, the difficult pursuit,
The passionate lusts that shut us in their towers,
The love that helps us on, the fear that lowers,
The pride that makes us and the pride that mars,
The beauty and the truth that are our stars.

And man, the marvellous thing, that in the dark
Works with his little strength to make a light,
His wit that strikes, his hope that tends a spark,
His sorrow of soul in toil, that brings delight
His friends, who make salt sweet and blackness bright,
His birth and growth and change; and death the wise,
His peace that puts a hand upon his eyes.

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P O S T S C R I P T A

SINCE the preceding chapters were written many supplementary facts have come under my notice; some of these it is expedient here to note.

The illustrations A and B are reproduced from Dr. Waddell's *Phoenician Origin of Britons, Scots and Anglo-Saxons* (1924). 'A' is a British coin of the first or second century B.C.; 'B' a Hittite seal of about 2000 B.C. described by Dr. Waddell as 'Sun-horse of Phoenician archangel Mikal (Michael) and his cross vanquishing Dragon'. It is hardly necessary to stress the similarity between this beast and the coursing white horse of Berkshire a major monument to which curiously enough Dr. Waddell makes no reference. The five-balled tail of the British coin horse and the five balls at the hind-quarters of the Hittite seal provide inevitable evidence that the British and the Hittite horses were intimate relations and in face of this and much other evidence put forward by Dr. Waddell it is hardly credible that the authorities should still cling to their outworn theory of careless 'degradation' from the Macedonian stater. According to Dr. Waddell in ancient Mesopotamia the fuller and apparently original form of the name Michael was Me-ki-gal: in his opinion a large number of the commonest English words are traceable to ancient Sumerian (a language in which I am lamentably deficient). Amongst these words Dr. Waddell has occasion

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to mention *gal*, meaning *girl*, and *es*, a house. The precise district from which Dr. Waddell tracks one of the several treks of Aryan immigrants into Britain is Cilicia, a tract of country once part of the Greek Empire lying along the coast below Cappadocia. It is to Cappadocia that the birthplace of St. George is assigned and, as Cilicia was almost certainly pronounced Kilicia, this place-name (Turkish Golek), considered in conjunction with the neighbouring Galatia, Gallipoli, Callipolis, Colosse, and the Colossus of Rhodes looks not unhopeful as a possible House of Cole. The world-wonder Colossus at Rhodes — represented Helios the Sun; the Hellenic word *colossus* is of unknown origin.

It is perhaps further noteworthy that Kala (Time) was a term applied in the Vedas to Yama. In view of King Cole's association with Time, roadways and a magic pipe it is curious to find Kala (Yama) represented as 'the first of mortals who found out the way' into Paradise: he is described as playing there on a flute as the blessed dead gathered around him under the shade of the Celestial Tree. In contrast to Kala is Kali 'the Black One' whence Calcutta and Calicut.

According to Charles Squire (*The Mythology of the British Islands*, p. 323), Coel was 'the British name of the Gaulish *Camulus*'. The name Camulus is translated either heaven or sky: Coel may thus be connoted with the French *del* meaning heaven or sky; Colchester was at one time Camulodunum. In the opinion of Sir J. Rhys, Merlin of the Arthurian cycle was originally the Celtic Zeus and was the divinity associated with Stonehenge. In view of Ellendune or Salisbury Plain it becomes interesting to find that Helen the only daughter of Coel



Fig. A.

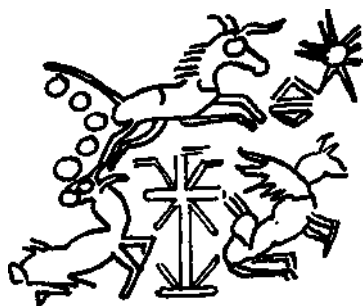


Fig. B.

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is represented as the wife of Merlin-Zeus, a connection pointing again to the equation Coel = Celi.

Amongst the five submissive British tribes mentioned by Caesar (*De Bello Gallico*, Bk. v. 21) are the Ancalites; whether any connection existed between the Ancalites and the later Angli I do not know.

With the Pembrokeshire Angle or Angulus noted on p. 241 may be connoted the Precelly Mountains. According to Mr. A. G. Bradley the Precelly Mountains are a chain of several sharp, shapely heights, running east to west clean across Pembrokeshire. The highest are capped with huge stone outcrops like the tors of Dartmoor and are of about the same height. I never heard of 'devils' occupying them. But the most westerly height over the sea above Newport is the 'Mount of the Angels' and the seat of many saintly legends concerning them. It looks as though in Precelly there may be a survival of Celi.

' G R A N D F A T H E R A L L K N O W

I have only recently become acquainted with the Bohemian fairy story entitled 'The Three Golden Hairs of Grandfather Allknow⁵'. The tale is a masculine variant of Cinderella; its hero, the poor son of a poor charcoal burner, eventually marries a Princess. In order to win her he acquires by fairy help three golden hairs from the head of 'Grandfather Allknow⁵'. This story, says its editor, 'is a variant of Grimm's "Giant with the Three Golden Hairs"⁵⁵. But, whereas in Grimm there is nothing to indicate who the giant is, or whether he has three golden hairs and three only, in the Bohemian tale it is plain that "Grandfather Allknow" is the Sun, and that the three golden hairs are three sunbeams.⁵

The questing hero espies in a green meadow Grandfather Allknow's palace glittering as if on fire. 'Welcome,' says his Fairy Godmother, 'Grandfather Allknow is my son, the bright Sun; in the morning he is a little lad, at noon a grown man, and in the evening an old grandfather. I will provide you with the three golden hairs from his golden head, that I too mayn't be your godmother for nothing.' All at once a wind arose outside and in flew the Sun, an old grandfather with a golden head, by the west window into the room: by guile the three golden hairs are achieved from his head. It is hardly necessary to emphasize the connection between The Three Golden Hairs of Grandfather Allknow, The Three Heads in a Well, The Golden Beard, **the**

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Princess of Colchester, the Old Cole, the Young Cole, the youngest Cole of all. Nor is it necessary to labour interpretations of the Apple Tree which enters into this story, the Golden Apples of Fairyland and their antithesis the dusty Apples of Sodom. Miss Eleanor Hull is hardly exaggerating when after discussing the Apple and other objects popular in folklore she says: 'These we will consider more fully, as they will be a guide to many other old customs of which we have almost lost the clue, but which contain within them relics of beautiful and symbolic ideas. Early man was a symbolist; he saw nothing isolated and apart, but in its relation to the whole life, of which each object formed an integral part. Life and all it contained became to him sacramental; he saw it as a poet sees it, full of strange connections and hidden meanings.'¹

¹ *Folklore of the British Isles*. Eleanor Hull, p. 240.

COLIBES: CHALYBES: KALBION

Among the numerous Cole street-names at Camberwell I connoted Colby Road and Caldew Street, comparing them with the reference of Giraldus Cambrensis to the Culdees as 'Colibes vel Colideos': I likewise suggested that Camberwell was a seat of the Kymry or Kimmeroi. One of the main Kimmeroi districts was the Crimea: what we call the Black Sea presumably derives from the Greek *kimeros* which means *black*. Cook mentions in *Zeus* (vol- i, P- 631) the existence at various points along the southern shore of the Black Sea of an iron-working people named Chalybes: these were described as 'a Scythian tribe where iron is born' and they were identified with certain Chaldoi or Chaldaioi who worked silver as well as iron. The people of Scythia are said to have been originally the same as those of Scotia; the names Scyth and Scot are cognate. The Black Sea district is the traditional home whence the Kymry came to Britain: the phrase Cimmerian darkness has already been noted and it may be that the Greek word *kimeros* came to mean black because of the utterly dark mines of the metal-working Kimmeroi who were notoriously blacksmiths. It is at all events curious to find the three parallels:

Crimea — Chalybes or Chaldoi.

Cambria — Colibes or Colideos.

Camberwell — Colby and Caldew.

In Camberwell are two Coldharbours; there is **another**

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near- Penzance. Strabo alludes to a certain district generally supposed to be Land's End under the name Kalbion which is suggestive that the Cornish tin mines were originally worked by the ironmongering Chalybes or Chalybeen. 'The Kelts/ said Diodorus Siculus, 'are acknowledged to be a very ancient people; they are nevertheless but the children of the Kimori.'

P A R T H O L O N

According to mythology the first-comers to Ireland were under the leadership of a certain Partholon. The extreme antiquity of this primary influx, which is said to have occurred only 300 years after the Flood, is indicated by the statement that there were then in Ireland only three lakes, nine rivers and one plain: the tradition that others were added gradually during the reign of the Partholonians may reasonably mean that Partholon and his colonists drained and civilized the island. Similarly the rude, misshapen, violent and cruel Fomorians, against whom Partholon waged persistent war, were presumably the aborigines. The race of Partholon is recorded to have become extinct: Partholon is, however, reputed to have had three sons 'whose names', says Giraldus Cambrensis, 'having been conferred on localities where they are still extant, their memories have been thus perpetuated so that they still seem to live among us'⁵. It is thus not unlikely that the -Holon of Partholon is commemorated at the St. Helens of Land's End and St. Helens of the Scilly Isles. A mountain near the Irish Hill of Allen is described as having been in ancient times a veritable focus of magic and legendary lore: Killarney was once known as Locha Len or the Lakes of Len of the Many Hammers. Hereby the fairy Gold Smith wrought at his labours surrounded by rainbows and showers of fiery dew: there must thus be a close connection between Len of Killarney, Leane the smith of Lough Leane and Elen of the floating forge,

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the English Armourer whose hammer plunged amid the thunder clouds.

In the mountains of Slievegallion in Armagh dwelt a divinity named 'Cullan the Smith' with whom may be connoted our English Cole the Blacksmith:

He causes the bright hammer to rise and to fall
Here's to Old Cole, the Young Cole, and the Young Cole
of All.

In an Irish Cycle known as the *Colloquy of the Ancients* are dialogues between St. Patrick and a person named Keelta who is said to have possessed a vast amount of topographical and legendary lore; we have here I think without doubt a contemporary account of the merging of the pagan Culdees or Keledes into Christianity. 'The clerics/ says the story, 'saw Keelta and his band draw near them, and fear fell on them before the tall men with the huge wolf-hounds that accompanied them, for they were not people of one epoch or of one time with the clergy.⁵ St. Patrick next sprinkles the heroes with holy water, whereat legions of demons who had been hovering over them fly away into the hills and glens, and 'the enormous men sat down'. Mr. E. W. Rolleston, from whose *Myths and Legends of the Celtic Race* I now quote, says that in some corresponding Scotch dialogues there is rude humour and crude theology; in the *Colloquy* between Keelta and St. Patrick there is however not one word of such coarseness: 'Keelta embraces Christianity with a wholehearted reverence, and salvation is not denied to the friends and companions of his youth.' Patrick, indeed, assures Keelta of the salvation of several of them, including Fian himself. One of

POSTSCRIPTA

the Danaan Folk, who has been bard to the Fianna, delighted Patrick with his minstrelsy; Brogan, the scribe whom St. Patrick is employing to write down the Fian legends, says: 'If music there is in heaven, why should there not be on earth? Wherefore it is not right to banish minstrelsy.'⁵ Patrick made answer, 'Neither say I any such thing'⁵; and, in fact, the minstrel is promised heaven for his art. Such are the pleasant relations that prevail in the *Colloquy* between the representatives of the two epochs. Keelta represents all that is courteous, dignified, generous, and valorous in paganism, and Patrick all that is benign and gracious in Christianity; and instead of the two epochs standing over against each other in violent antagonism, and separated by an impassable gulf, all the finest traits in each are seen to harmonize with and to supplement those of the other.⁵

The Culdee love and practice of music is in the above extract paralleled by the defence of musicianly Keelta, and if my suggestion be well founded the paganism of the pure Culdees is self evident.

'Perhaps,' says Mr. Rolleston, 'no modern country has place-names so charged with legendary associations as are those of Ireland. Poetry and myth are there still closely wedded to the very soil of the land — a fact in which there lies ready to hand an agency for education, for inspiration, of the noblest kind, if we only had the insight to see it and the art to make use of it.'⁵ There is no evidence that Ireland is peculiar in the value of her place-names; I desire here to make acknowledgment of the immense help I have derived from *The Place-Names of England and Wales*, by the Rev. James B. Johnston, M.A., B.D., London, 1915, reprint, 1934.

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