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PAPERS, ETC.

Camelot.

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"Out of monuments, names, words, proverbs, traditions, ... and the like, we do save and recover somewhat from the deluge of time."—LORD BACON.

THE object of my paper is to try to do this for our own neighbourhood.

At the present day this part of Somersetshire is the very ideal of a land of peace and quietness. No great towns; none of the stir and bustle of busy life; no camps, fortifications or guns, to warn us that the present scenes of peace may one day find themselves the field of battle. It was not always so. There are monuments, names, words and traditions, to show that the country was once a scene of warlike preparations, and of actual war, and that the peaceful green mounds of Cadbury were once a living city, the very heart of the life of a gallant race of men.

No full and clearly written record remains to tell us of these past days, but the remains of early fortifications, roads, names and traditions, eke out scanty passages of the chronicles, and

together they give us a consistent and a trustworthy picture of things which happened 1,200 years ago.

Tradition is not wanting. The air of Cadbury is full of legend and romance.

"There was a deal of fighting about here once, I suppose, Sir," the people say, and then we find ourselves passing into an atmosphere of visions and poetry. Everyone believes that the hill at Cadbury is hollow, and this with some mysterious feeling which no one can quite define. Many times it has been said to me, "I wish, Sir, one of those railroads would come along this way, and run a tunnel through the hill, and then . . . . !"

Moreover we have some evidence. The plain upon the summit of the hill, they say, is gradually sinking in; if so, it follows that it must be hollow, and here are one or two things to prove it.

Many years ago, but in the life time and within the personal knowledge of my informant, the plain upon the hill was arable. One year the crop was barley, which was stacked just within the northern earthwork where the ground dips towards the eastern entrance gate. When the mow was built it was quite visible from the fields below, near Chapel, but it had disappeared, sunk down out of sight from that point, by threshing time. My informant was a man accustomed all his life to farming, and quite aware of the natural tendency of stacks to settle.

Again, there is a well with a stone cover high up upon the hill's eastern face, close by the keeper's house, called King Arthur's Well. There is another spring exactly opposite low down upon the western face, the whole mass of the hill lying between them; let anyone listen carefully beside the western spring, while his friend claps down a cover upon the well with a good rattle, and he will hear the noise. "Now this, Sir, could not be unless the hill were hollow."

One day a few years since I was myself opening a hut dwelling upon the plain of the hill with one of our labouring

men, a native born and bred. The first thing we came upon were some fragments of pottery, and the half of a large quern or handmill. My friend was puzzled, but when its use was pointed out, he said, "Now, Sir, I see what I never could make out afore, what the fairies wanted with carrying corn up here out of Foreside" (an arable field below). "Why, said I, do the fairies bring corn up here?" "Yes, Sir, we all know that, but I never could make out for why, but now I see, for here's their grindstone."

By the help of another authority we are certified of the residence of the fairies upon the hill at a much later date than when querns were in use. "The fairies were obliged to leave when the bells were put into the church, and they left all their gold behind them; and it is a pity our squire won't dig into the hill, for there is lots of gold in it, and folks do say that on the night of the full moon King Arthur and his men ride round the hill, and their horses are shod with silver, and a silver shoe has been found in the track where they do ride; and when they have ridden round the hill they stop to water their horses at the Wishing Well."

To return to our digging. As it went on we presently came to the bottom of the hut, a large rough flagstone. When struck with the pick it sounded hollow, and at once my man got into a great state of excitement, "Here it is, Sir." "What?" said I. "We have found the way in now!" and he tore away at the stone with frantic eagerness. Unhappily, instead of the door of a cavern, the stone, when at last it was moved, revealed another like itself. This too was attacked, though with somewhat diminished energy, but then, alas, it became clear that we were on the natural bedding of the rock. There were running in my friend's mind, no doubt, dreams of wonderful caverns, and visions of certain mysterious iron gates, which the people talk about, but the eye of living man has never seen. That they exist somewhere upon the hill we do not doubt, but where? If they could be found, all

mysteries would be solved. One opinion places them among the entrenchments upon the western slope, close beside the original British roadway into the fort. This is the report of one of my parishioners, who remembers that her father often used to say that when a boy he had seen the upper corner of the iron durns and the corner of an iron door just there. Curiously enough, the other place where they are supposed to be is also by an original entrance way, though that it is so would probably never occur to anyone but to an archæologist. The whole of the upper fortified part of the hill is surrounded by a wall which has been there at least 250 years. All traces of a roadway outside this wall have been entirely swept away by the plough. The hollow of the roadway inside the wall is still distinct, but it is filled with ash trees, certainly of no very recent planting. But one day when sitting by his fire-side, I said to one of my old men, "I wonder where those iron gates are, Mesh?" He answered at once, "Why don't ee know, Sir, up there among they ash trees." Thus clearly showing that country tradition is right in placing the iron gates they dream of at the real entrance of the original fortress.

Our traditions, however, are not all so vague and general, some attach themselves distinctly to a person. The name of Arthur still lives in connection with our hill. One of its two wells is called King Arthur's Well. And then we are told how besides his monthly ride by moonlight around the entrenchments, King Arthur and his knights come riding down from Camelot to drink the waters of a spring beside Sutton Montis Church on the eve of every Christmas Day. It is rumoured also that on the eve of St. John anyone who ventures to ascend the hill will see something strange; exactly what I cannot say, for I do not know of anyone who has put it to the proof.

In more prosaic and practical form the name of Arthur appears in connection with an early British road which, leaving Camelot by its western gate, trends away northward towards

Glastonbury. This track is now almost lost, but even in my time it was a bridle path, and it is evident that it is of early date, earlier than the time of the division of the land into parishes and manors as we have them now, for it has been taken as the boundary of several of them. To the present time this track is called King Arthur's Lane. The evidence of this slipped out one day by accident. When the digging of the day was done, and the tools were being gathered up, I happened to say to the labourer who was working for me, "Which way are you going home?" "Down King Arthur's lane, Sir," he answered. It was the first time I had ever heard it so called, and it naturally led to further talk, and then he told me that at home (his home was about two miles off upon the line of this trackway) he sometimes on rough winter's nights heard King Arthur and his hounds go by along the track.

Perhaps it is only fair to record another answer. Chatting one day to an old man whom I happened to find cutting nettles upon the ramparts, I tried a fishing question, and said, "I wonder what there is under our feet up here." "Why, stones and dirt I suppose, Sir."

Such are the kind of things which have come to me piecemeal, here a little and there a little, during a residence of many years in my native place, and I do not doubt that there are others still floating in the air, if only they could be seized upon and fixed before they pass away for ever.

What the old troubadours may have sang of Cadbury I do not know, but for a date as long ago as that of Henry VIII we have the great authority of Leland. That the Castle hill of South Cadbury is the Arthurian Camelot he had no shadow of a doubt, and he speaks about its then condition, and the traditions connected with it, with the certainty of one who had ample opportunities of knowing, and was also personally acquainted with the place. It would seem quite certain that he did not invent the idea, but spoke of what he heard and saw.

"They (he says) who dwell about the foot of Camelot love to celebrate, extol, and sing the name of Arthur, once a dweller in the camp. That camp upon its mountain height was once magnificent and strong beyond all others. Oh! ye Gods! How vast the depth of the fosses! How wonderful the earthwork of its ramparts! How precipitous its slopes! It seems a very miracle of nature and of art."

> "At seges est ubi Troja fuit, stabulantur in urbe
> Et fossis pecudes altis, valloque tumenti
> Taxus et astutæ posuere cubilia vulpes."

> "Now harvests ripen where great Troy once stood,
> Stalled cattle stand within the city bounds,
> And in the deep dug dykes in search of food
> Flocks wander free, and in the bulging mounds
> Of ramparts, badgers lay their young, and there
> The cunning fox hath hollowed out her lair."—

"Such are the vicissitudes of human things. On the one side Ilchester, that ancient city, on the other Sherborne, the busy mart, look upon it and bewail its fall.

"Meanwhile, as year by year the people furrow its surface with the plough, they seek and find the coins of Rome, gold, silver, brass, so beautiful and so perfect, you almost think the faces live. A few of these I have myself received from them. Francis Hastings, the Earl of Huntingdon, noble among the noble youths of Britain, and once a pupil of my own, is lord of the ruins of Camelot, and of the wide estates around it."

Nor is this mere hearsay—he knew the place. In the Itinerary, he says that on his way from Bruton, "I passed over a brook by a stone bridge, and came straight to North Cadbyrie, a village, and about a mile farther to South Cadbyrie, and there a little beyond lie great crestes of hills. . . . At the very south ende of the Chirche of South Cadbyrie

standith Camalette, sumtyme a famose Town or Castelle, upon a very Torre or Hille, wonderfully enstrengthened of nature. To the which be two enterings up by very stepe way, one by North East, and another by South West. The very Roote of the Hille whereon this Forteress stode is more than a Mile in Cumpace. In the upper Parte of the Toppe of the Hille lie four Diches or Trenches, and a baulky Walle of Yerth betwixt every one of them. In the very Toppe of the Hille above all the Trenches is a magna area or campus of a twenty acres or more by estimation, where in divers places men may see Fundations, and rudera of Walls. There was much dusky blew stone that the people of the villages thereby hath carried away. The top within the upper wall is twenty acres of ground and more, and hath been often plowed and borne very good corne. Much gold, sylver, and copper of the Romaine coins hath been found there in plowing, and likewise in the feldes in the rootes of this hille, with many other antique things, and especial by East. There was found in Hominum Memoria a horse-shoe of silver at Camalat. The people can tell nothing there but that they have heard say that Arture much resorted to Camalat." "Diverse villages thereabout bear the name of Camalet by an addition, as Queen Camallet and other!" To which latter statement I may add that the brook which runs near rises in a hill in Yarlington called Camel Hill.

Since Leland many of the great authorities upon the antiquities of Britain have written about Camelot in terms hardly less enthusiastic than his own. Some at least of them write from personal knowledge.

1586.—Camden describes it as "Camalet, a steep mountain of very difficult ascent. There appear about the hill five or six ditches, so steap that a man shall sooner slide down than go down. The inhabitants call it Arthur's Palace. . . . . Cadbury, the adjoining little village, may by a conjecture probable enough, be that Cathbregion where Arthur (as Nennius has it) routed the Saxons in a memorable engagement."

Stow, Drayton, Selden, Stukely, and Musgrave all speak in similar terms, and tell the same story of Arthurian legends, and Roman coins, and ruins of ancient walls. The description by Musgrave is careful and minute beyond the rest, and the measurements he gives are evidently his own. Both he and Stukely give drawings.

Elizabethan maps write the name Camelleck, and Shakespeare, no doubt, was thinking of this place when he makes the Earl of Kent, in King Lear, exclaim,

> "Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain
> I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot."

There is no smoke without fire. Can we at all find out what was the fire which produced these clouds of legends, and when it was burning?

I think we can.

The name of the hill, whether Cadbury or Camelot, describes its purpose, but carries us back too far. Cadbury is the Celtic "Hill of war." Camelot, it may be, is but another form of the same idea, for Camulus was the Celtic Mars, their god of war.

No doubt as a stronghold it is older even than these names. Long before the Celt, Irish, or Welsh, had come across the sea, from the days when man first quarrelled with his fellow man, and tribes grew powerful and numerous enough to make them strongholds, this hill must always have been a chosen spot. It has always been "a hill of war." Nature herself seems to have formed and fashioned it as the home of fighting men.

It stands in the district where the high, dry lands of the Dorset and Wiltshire borders come abruptly to an end, and fall down with steep escarpments into the long, wide, low-lying vale which stretches northward and westward to Glastonbury, and the Severn estuary, very much like a steep shore line,

with curving bays and jutting headlands running out into the sea. Geologists say that once there was no vale. The summit of Glastonbury and the summits of the hills near Cadbury are one in their formation. The strata are level and undisturbed, and the animal, be it man or beast, that was living then could go from Cadbury to Glastonbury along a level track. But the power of water has come upon the land, and from 200 to 300 feet of rock and soil have been eaten out and carried away, leaving to us the vale of Somerset.

The hill of Cadbury stands out before this ancient line of shore like an island off a harbour's mouth. The harbour is now the Whitcombe Valley. The nearest hill, called Charwell, in form a narrow, steep-sided promontory (made into a camp by a trench and rampart across its neck), is the northern headland of that harbour, jutting out towards our hill, but separated from it by a dip of half-a-mile at least in breadth.

The natural slope of our hill, like the others in the neighbourhood, is very steep all round, and the early makers of the camp, with their usual skill in choice of site and formation of their lines, have taken advantage of this. The summit is a fairly level ridge running from east to west, with a gentle slope on either side, containing in all a space of about twenty acres. The fortifications run round the steep face of the hill in a quadruple line of ditch and rampart. The upper line of rampart forms the boundary of the plain upon the summit, and rises in a mound, in the more perfect parts, some eight or ten feet in height. But we can form little idea now of what height it may once have been, for it has become the home of countless rabbits, and is daily sinking in.

In order to see if this rampart could be made to tell at all its own history, I made a section through it in a low place, until the natural surface of the soil was reached at a depth of about thirteen feet below the crown. The upper part I found was made of earth, retained by rough stone walling of a few courses, and there were two level layers of small rough stones

in the outer face. In this upper part there were many bones, burnt stones, and fragments of common black pottery. But as we went down deeper the pottery decreased in quantity and increased in coarseness, until at the bottom we could pick out only a few pieces, and those of the thickest and coarsest description. A few yards within the rampart, and quite upon the natural surface, we found at another time about one-third of a ring, two-and-three-quarter inches in diameter, and three-eighths of an inch in thickness, apparently of Kimmeridge clay. Hence it seems that there must have been a considerable interval between the beginning and the completion of the rampart, and that a rude race who began it had to give way to another in a higher state of civilization, and this it would seem, from the differences in the remains at different levels, may have happened more than once.

The outer face of the rampart, which at its highest point is now about 50 feet above the bottom of its ditch, was formed by scarping away the face of the hill at as steep an angle as it would bear. In some places where the rock crops out it is even now perpendicular. Below this a second escarpment was made in a similar manner, and a third, together about 60 feet in height from the crown of the upper one to the bottom of the lower ditch; and then a fourth and lowest rampart was thrown up, in some places still some 50 feet in height, its outer face sloping away without any exterior ditch. The fortifications all round the hill are alike in all their main features; but they are bolder towards the eastern end, and the lower rampart is stronger here than elsewhere. This addition may be accounted for by the nature of the ground, and the greater probability of attack coming upon that side. This eastern extremity is the nearest point of our hill to the Charwell promontory opposite. The depth of the valley between them is somewhat less (some 250 instead of 300 feet below the summit) than it is elsewhere. This slight ridge also rises up into a rounded shoulder against the hill, and was the line of ascent

for two roads which met at its base, one coming from the east, the other from the south. Just opposite this point the ramparts are far more formidable than in any other quarter, and the lowest one of all which defends the actual entrace rises up to a height of about 30 feet above the ditch behind it.

Nature and art together have thus reared a fortress here, which, even now, after more than 1,200 years of neglect and decay, stands out as a place of enormous strength. When its ramparts and ditches were of their early steepness, stockaded, moreover, as it is probable they were along their ridges, it must have seemed impregnable.

Besides the actual fortifications there are other earthworks in the form of linches or terraces below the lowest rampart; on the northern side of the hill they are only partial, but on the southern side they form a steep and definite series of wide steps the whole way down, from the bottom of the outer rampart to the little stream at the base of the hill. These have been under the plough within my own memory, as well as similar linches on the neighbouring hillsides, and such was probably the object of their formation. Such linches bear the uniform name of "Whale," or "Wale," throughout this country, for which two derivations may be suggested. Professor Earle, to whom the word was quite unknown before I sent it to him, suggests that it is the same as the second syllable in "gun-wale," or the "weal" which results from the schoolmaster's cane. But Rev. I. Taylor, in "Words and Places," p. 44, note 1, quotes from Pott the Celtic "gwâl" as meaning "cultivated country." If this should pass muster with Celtic scholars we have a very pretty little piece of early history embodied in a common field name, and may believe we see in our linches the Britons' farms and gardens.

Before leaving this part of the subject, two other points which tend to prove the importance of Cadbury in early times ought also to be noticed.

Five or six early roads, some of them clearly British track-

ways, radiate out from Cadbury to every point of the compass, just as Roman roads radiate out from Old Sarum.

It has also been pointed out by General Pitt Rivers that Cadbury is remarkable, if not unique, in the posession of a series of outlying forts. Three at least of the hills which surround the Whitcombe Valley have been fortified. The camps upon them are too small to have been independent works, but they would be of the greatest value to the central Cadbury as outlying defences against a sudden raid upon their flocks and herds, and also as giving to its people the same command of the upland downs to the east and south, as it held for itself over the northern and western lowlands.

Exactly when and by whom all this work was done on and about Cadbury cannot be said. There was some fortification no doubt long before the coming of the Romans, and their conquest of this western country was about A.D. 50. The earliest piece of distinct evidence which I have met with of the presence of civilized man is a British coin of a late and degraded type, but earlier than the Romano-British coinage. I have in my own possession a remarkably fine stone axe which was found here, many flints, and also several pots which I have found in hut dwellings on the hill, a bronze bracelet, and some broken querns. These probably belong to different dates, some ante-Roman, some Roman or post-Roman.

As to any connection of the Romans with this place, the evidence at present rests chiefly upon coins. It is curious that among thousands of pieces of pottery I have met with only one small fragment of Samian ware, and one tile or brick which might be Roman. Roman coins, however, are very numerous still, as they were in Leland's time, and they are still found, as he remarked, most commonly at the eastern end of the hill. It would seem, therefore, that the Romans did not occupy this site in any permanent manner; it is more probable that if their troops were ever here at all they used it as a summer camping ground for the soldiers quartered at Ilchester, only five miles away.

The Romans left the country finally about A.D. 425—450, and it is, I believe, during the 200 years which followed their departure, and especially during the latter part of that time, that the great events took place which raised the hill fort of Cadbury to the dignity of a city; the capital of a kingdom; the stronghold of a gallant people; and gave birth to the stories and traditions which are living among us still.

The Romans had held Britain for about 400 years, very much as England is holding India now, and when they left everything fell into confusion.

> "For when the Romans left us and their law
> Relaxed its hold upon us, and the ways
> Were filled with rapine," etc.—IDYLLS.

Then followed the Anglo-Saxon invasion. That part of it which touches us in the West began with the landing of Cerdic on the Hampshire coast, A.D. 494. After about twenty years of fighting (A.D. 519) the Saxons had established themselves, and they named the country they had won the Kingdom of the West Saxons. In A.D. 552 they took the British capital at Searoburh (Old Sarum). Twenty-five years later (A.D. 577) a battle at Deorham gave them Gloucester, Cirencester, and Bath, and so they go on fighting and pushing their conquests northwards and eastwards for 150 years after their first landing, but never once westward for 100 years after the fall of Sarum. Yet all the while all along their western flank, and only some twenty miles from Sarum, there lay an unbroken, untouched, British Kingdom, rich and well worth the winning, stretching from Wiltshire to the Land's End.

Two things seem to have been the cause of this peculiar state of things; one, the nature of the country upon the borders of Wiltshire, Dorset and Somerset; the other, the gallantry and desperate defence of the Britons who lay behind that frontier.

Though Bath had fallen as part of the prize of the Deorham battle as early as A.D. 577, the broken, forest, Mendip country

behind it, seems to have checked any further advance towards the south-west.

Then from the eastern end of the Mendips the great forest of Selwood, running down due south to the head of the marshy, trackless valley of the Stour, and joining on the forest lands of South Wilts and Dorset, made an exceedingly strong barrier against any direct advance upon that side. All that remained of British strength now lay behind this screen. Much war had trained the people into a fighting race, their country was compact and all their own, and the natural leaders of the nation had found their way to the front, such men as the race has loved to sing of in the story of Arthur, Geraint, and all their noble knights.

The records of those days are written chiefly by the Saxon. If we had the British story there would be many a tale of stubborn defence, and sometimes of British victory, and the heathen scattered before the Christian.

There is a tradition belonging to the very heart of this border country, at Stourhead, which may well belong to this time. One summer's day a Christian and a heathen host met in battle upon the high ground near Alfred's Tower. After the fight had raged some hours both armies became exhausted by the heat and want of water. The Christians prayed to heaven, and springs of water sprang up among their ranks. They drank, and rushing upon the enemy again they drove them back with such enormous slaughter that their blood stained all the stream from Stourhead down to the sea. In memory of this great day the Lords of Stourton had a grant of salmon fishery as far as the blood could be traced, and they have the fishery from Stourton to the sea, the story adds.

Behind this line of frontier lay Glastonbury and Camelot or Cadbury: the one the great religious house, the other the capital town and fortress of the kingdom of the West Welsh.

Both of them had been in existence for many years before this time.

Glastonbury boasts, not without reason, that she was the cradle of the Christian faith, and that a humble little wattle church had been built by men of God who settled there in the first 100 or 150 years of the Christian era. Cadbury, we know, must have been a stronghold for many centuries. But both of them, I think, increased immensely in importance after the fall of Sarum, A.D. 552.

When Sarum fell the great religious house at Amesbury was broken up, and its fugitives would find their natural resting place and refuge with friends and brethren in the Isle of Avalon. The fugitives of Sarum City and the armies that defended it, must also seek another home, and there is no place which would suit them so well, from its position and its strength, as Cadbury. Cadbury, I think, took the place of Sarum as the West Welsh capital, and there were 100 years in which to make it greater and stronger than they found it. After the fall of Sarum in 552 we do not hear of any battle which would touch at all the West Welsh Kingdom, except that at Deorham in Gloucestershire, until the year A.D. 651. Then we read, "In this year Kenwealh fought at Bradford by the Avon." It is the first time that the frontier of Somersetshire is ever touched at all since the fall of Bath in its north-east corner in A.D. 577. Kenwealh, it seems, won the day, and with it a good stretch of fertile lands, for a set of Saxon family names, all within the Somersetshire border in the neighbourhood of Bradford, and all lying in a cluster, seem to suggest a division of conquered lands amongst some of those who had formed a Saxon army. The names are Beckington, Lullington, Hemington, Hardington, and a few more.

But conquest did not proceed further in this direction. There were difficulties of country, possibly another battle which was a check, and undoubtedly Kenwealh had to turn against enemies amongst his own people, and had enough to do to take care of himself. So seven years more passed, and then the end came. The attack this time, instead of following

the line of A.D. 651 at the northern end of Selwood, fell upon the south-east part of the county. Whether the enemy penetrated through Selwood directly from the east by Mere and Wincanton, or whether they turned the defences of this eastern frontier which had baffled them so long, and worked their way up from the southern coast through Dorsetshire, is at present uncertain. For my own part I incline to the latter view. Dr. Guest's identification of Badbury Rings as the scene of Arthur's battle of Mount Badon seems probable, and suggests heavy fighting in that direction. It seems also to me that the traces of a battle field upon the downs near Poyntington, near Sherborne (to be noticed more fully presently) point to an attack as having come from the south rather than from the east. The result, however, of the battle which followed is clear. "A.D. 658. In this year" (says the chronicle) "Kenwealh fought against the Welsh at Peonna, and put them to flight as far as Pedrida."

Some have thought that Peonna is Pen near Gillingham, but Mr. Kerslake has suggested that it is more likely in the neighbourhood of Poyntington, and I believe that he is right. Indeed, a victory near Gillingham, ten miles to the east of the great fortress of Cadbury, with much forest land and hill and swamp between, could hardly be decisive of the fate of that fortress, and of the wide stretch of fertile land between it and the Parret river, some fifteen miles away. The name of Cadbury too appears in the story of these days as a scene of battle. One of the MSS. of Nennius notes that Cathbregion, the name of Arthur's eleventh victory, is Cadbury in Somersetshire, and Camden thinks it a conjecture probable enough! If so, Kenwealh was beaten once when the prize was within sight, to return and win a second time. One cannot but be struck too with the close similarity in sound between our local names, Camelot, Camel, and Camlan, or Kemelen, the name given to Arthur's twelfth victory, where he was wounded to the death, and carried off to the Isle of Avalon, only

fifteen miles away from Camelot, to die and to be buried there.

Besides such hints as these we have the evidence of other names and monuments. The springs of the River Yeo, which rise in the Seven Sisters Pool, a mile or more to the east of Whitcombe Valley, have cut a narrow valley through the downs due north and south. Some small tributary springs have furrowed the down upon the western side into some long, narrow promontories, which run down, with very steep sides into the valley. Immediately over the Seven Sisters Pool, but on its eastern side, there is a steep headland called "Hare Castle." In this, I think, we have the A.S. word "here" "war," a word which occurs very frequently in the country in the form of "Hareput," "Harepit," etc., and which is certainly the old "here-path," the war-path, or highway. If this is so, we may suppose the Saxons had here a fortified camp.

Again, low down upon the western promontories and up along their sides until the more open plain is reached, there are many barrows, in the opinion of competent authorities, Saxon barrows. This I have not yet been able to verify, but hope to do so some day. If they are Saxon we have here the scene of a Saxon victory, for victors only raise mounds of honour for their dead; and if it be the scene of a Saxon victory it can be no other than Kenwealh's crowning fight of Peonna, for there is no reason to suppose that there was ever any other Saxon warfare in this district after his time.

It may be worth mentioning in connection with the idea that Poyntington is a battle-field, that the fields near at hand to the barrows are called Badbury. Now Badbury, I venture to suggest, is from "Beddan" the plural of "Bed"—"grave." The etymology is at least extremely suitable to the facts of the case in the two localities where the name occurs, for there are several burial mounds both at our Badbury and at Badbury Rings in Dorsetshire by Wimborne.

The name Peonna may also help us. It is said to be the

plural of Pen, *i.e.*, "the hills." If any one stands on Cadbury Castle, or on any of the neighbouring heights, and notices the Parrock, the Beacon, Pen, Charwell, and Hicknoll, he will feel that there are few places to which the name may be applied so fitly, certainly not any other place in this neighbourhood. In itself the name Pen has little significance as an argument, for there are a dozen hills so called within a few miles.

The Whitcomb valley, which separates the downs from Camelot itself, is formed by a bright little stream, which rises at the foot of a small triangular shaped fort, upon the very edge of the down. Two sides of the fort are formed of ravines, the beds of early British roads, one of them leading directly from the battle-field at Badbury. The third side is a trench cut across from the one ravine to the other. The springs, four or five in number, which lie immediately under the fort, are called Sigwell, *i.e.*, "Siege-quelle," the "Victory Springs." The name and the site bring to our minds the vision of a Saxon host, panting and weary with the long hot fight, here stopping for awhile to drink. As the battle had rolled up from the valley of the Yeo to the level plain, the small forts around the Whitcombe Valley were the last spot where the Britons could make a stand. Once driven out of these and down the steep face of the valley towards Camelot, there could be no more defence and no return. The battle was lost and won. Here the Saxons were able to stop awhile and refresh themselves, before they pursued the flying enemy and forced their way within the ramparts of Camelot itself, and they named the place the "Springs of the Victory."

One other relic of those days has been found lately. In a field called Westwoods, at the foot of the western end of Camelot, and close beside King Arthur's Lane, there are some trenches filled full with the skeletons of men and boys; no females. The bodies have been thrown in pell mell, with none of the respect and care men bestow upon those who have died

beside them in a battle. Here it seems we have the graves of the last of the Britons of Camelot. It may have been they were slain upon their ramparts, and their bodies dragged down here to a dishonoured grave. It may be they were cut off when the city was lost, and they were flying away by the side opposite to that upon which the attack had fallen.

With the loss of Camelot all was lost. Kenwealh drove the Welsh as far as the Parret. There was no safe resting place, no strong position where they could again make a stand until the fortress on Ham Hill was reached some fifteen miles away.

The Saxon army now had done its work, and it broke up its ranks, divided out the land, and took possession. Hardings, Lofings, Gerlings, Babbings, Horsings, and their brethren, took the place of King Arthur, Sir Launcelot, Sir Bors, and all the Table Round, and they called the lands after their own names.