

anon, he recognized amidst the hurtling clamour. In this quarter the palisades were the weakest, and the ground the least elevated ; but it was guarded by men on whose skill with axe and shield Harold placed the firmest reliance—the Anglo-Danes of his old East-Anglian earldom.

Thither, then, the Duke advanced a column of his heavy armed foot, which, after a short, close and terrible conflict, succeeded in making a wide breach in the breast-works. But that temporary success only animates yet more the exertions of the defenders, and swarming round the breach, and pouring through it, line after line of the foe drop beneath their axes. The column of the heavy armed Normans fall back, down the slopes—they give way—they turn in disorder—they retreat—they fly ; but the archers stand firm, midway on the descent—those archers seem an easy prey to the English—the temptation is irresistible. Long galled, and harassed, and maddened by the shafts, the Anglo-Danes rush forth at the heels of the Norman swordsmen, and sweeping down to exterminate the archers, the breach that they leave gapes wide.

“Forward,” cries William, and he gallops towards the breach.

On rush the Norman knights. But Harold is already in the breach, rallying round him hearts eager to replace the shattered breast-works.