

"I made thee Bishop to preach at *my* bidding," said Henry; and turning to Harold, "Tell us here how thy people fought us?" said he. "Their sons serve me now against my Brother Robert!"

"The old man shook his head cunningly. "Na—Na—Na," he cried. "I know better. Every time I tell my tale men stone me. But, Thanes, I will tell you a greater thing. Listen!" He told us how many paces it was from some Saxon Saint's shrine to another shrine, and how many more back to the Abbey of the Battle.

"Ay," said he. "I have trodden it too often to be out even ten paces. I move very swiftly. Harold of Norway knows that, and so does Tostig my brother. They lie at ease at Stamford Bridge, and from Stamford Bridge to the Battle Abbey it is——" he muttered over many numbers and forgot us.

"Ay," said De Aquila, all in a muse. "That man broke Harold of Norway at Stamford Bridge, and came near to breaking us at Santlache—all within one month."

"But how did he come alive from Santlache fight?" asked the King. "Ask him! Hast thou heard it, Rahere?"

"Never. He says he has been stoned too often for telling the tale. But he can count you off Saxon and Norman shrines till daylight," said Rahere, and the old man nodded proudly.

"My faith," said Henry after a while, "I think even my Father the Great Duke would pity if he could see him."