

Milan harness. Still they smote on without let or stay, till it was almost a miracle how mortal sinews could support such a strain—unrefreshed by a second's breathing-space. None that looked on that passage of arms had ever seen ~~the~~ like, and De Clisson himself, in after days, was wont to quote as the most notable feat of his famous life his having held his own so long. It was ended at length in this wise: The Breton, in fetching a desperate stroke, over-reached himself, and stumbled slightly forward; before he could recover himself, the Free Companion's blade descended in full swing on the crest of the other's helmet. The edge was sorely notched and blunted, nevertheless it clove sheer through the outer plate, and crushed steel *coiffe* down on the brain-pan so that Olivier de Clisson dropped as one dead—blood streaming from nose and mouth through his vizor bars.

The Free Companion made no attempt to follow up his victory; he dropped his *épée d'armes*—in that last blow it had been so injured as to be well-nigh useless—and catching up his mace, again stood ready for the attack. Howbeit none of the assailants offered to advance, till two Breton squires had raised their lord's body from the spot to which it had rolled, and borne it to the rear. It was a stricken hour before the remedies of the camp-leech conquered the obstinate swoon, and it was days before the swimming left Olivier de Clisson's brain, or that his hand was steady enough to couch lance.

That the Bretons were for the moment greatly discomfited by their captain's fall may not be doubted; but the panic lasted not long, nor was there any lack of