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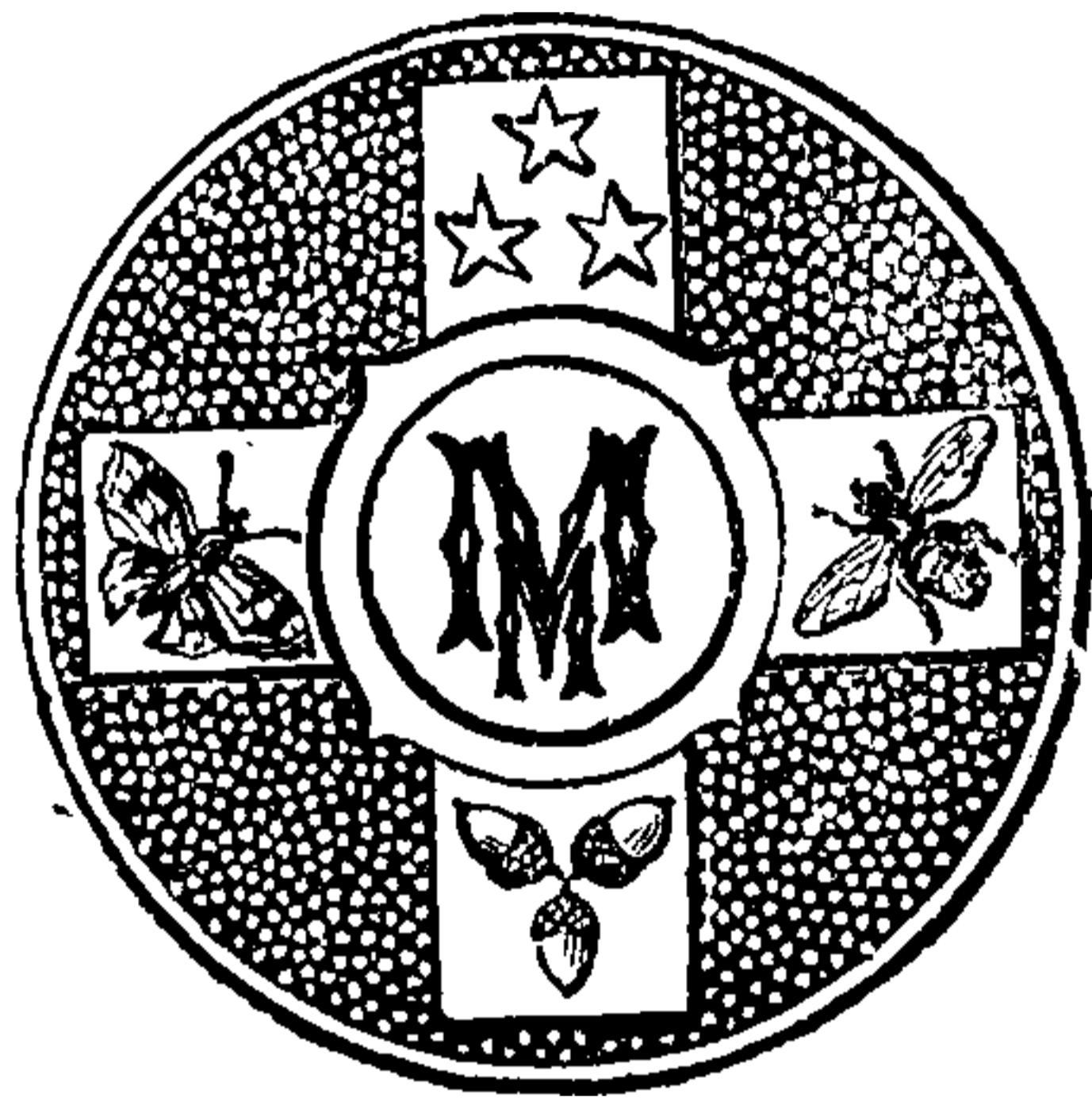
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HEREWARD THE WAKE,

“LAST OF THE ENGLISH.”



# HEREWARD THE WAKE

“LAST OF THE ENGLISH.”

BY

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AUTHOR OF “WESTWARD HO!” “TWO YEARS AGO,” ETC. ETC.

*IN TWO VOLUMES.*

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# HEREWARD THE WAKE,

“LAST OF THE ENGLISH.”

## CHAPTER I.

HOW HEReward WAS MADE A KNIGHT AFTER THE  
FASHION OF THE ENGLISH.

A WILD night was that in Bourne. All the folk, free and unfree, man and woman, were out on the streets, asking the meaning of those terrible shrieks, followed by a more terrible silence.

At last Hereward strode down from the hall, his drawn sword in his hand.

“Silence, good folks, and hearken to me, once and for all. There is not a Frenchman left alive in Bourne. If you be the men I take you for, there shall not be one left alive between Wash and Humber. Silence, again!” —as a fierce cry of rage and joy arose, and men rushed forward to take him by the hand, women to embrace him. “This is no time for compliments, good folks, but

for quick wit and quick blows. For the law we fight, if we do fight ; and by the law we must work, fight or not. Where is the lawman of the town ? ”

“ I was lawman last night, to see such law done as there is left,” said Pery. “ But you are lawman now. Do as you will. We will obey you.”

“ You shall be our lawman,” shouted many voices.

“ I ? Who am I ? Out-of-law, and a wolf’s head.”

“ We will put you back into your law,—we will give you your lands in full husting.”

“ Never mind a husting on my behalf. Let us have a husting, if we have one, for a better end and a bigger than that. Now, men of Bourne, I have put the coal in the bush. Dare you blow the fire till the forest is a-flame from south to north ? I have fought a dozen of Frenchmen. Dare you fight Taillebois and Gilbert of Ghent, with William Duke of Normandy at their back ? Or will you take me, here as I stand, and give me up to them as an outlaw and a robber, to feed the crows outside the gates of Lincoln ? Do it, if you will. It will be the wiser plan, my friends. Give me up to be judged and hanged ; and so purge yourselves of the villainous murder of Gilbert’s cook—your late lord and master.”

“ Lord and master ? We are free men ! ” shouted the holders, or yeomen gentlemen. “ We hold our lands from God and the sun.”

“You are our lord,” shouted the socmen, or tenants.  
“Who but you? We will follow, if you will lead!”

“Hereward is come home!” cried a feeble voice behind. “Let me come to him. Let me feel him.”

And through the crowd, supported by two ladies, tottered the mighty form of Surturbrand the blind Viking.

“Hereward is come,” cried he, as he folded his master’s son in his arms. “Ahoi! he is wet with blood! Ahoi! he smells of blood! Ahoi! the ravens will grow fat now, for Hereward is come home!”

Some would have led the old man away: but he thrust them off fiercely.

“Ahoi! come wolf! Ahoi! come kite! Ahoi! come erne from off the fen! You followed us, and we fed you well, when Swend Fork-beard brought us over the sea. Follow us now, and we will feed you better still, with the mongrel Frenchers who scoff at the tongue of their forefathers, and would rob their nearest kinsman of land and lass. Ahoi! Swend’s men! Ahoi! Canute’s men! Vikings’ sons, Sea-cocks’ sons, Berserkers’ sons all! Split up the war-arrow, and send it round: and the curse of Odin on every man that will not pass it on! A war-king to-morrow, and Hildur’s game next day, that the old Surturbrand may fall like a free holder, axe in hand, and not die like a cow, in the straw which the Frenchman has spared him.”

All men were silent, as the old Viking’s voice,



cracked and feeble when he began, gathered strength from rage, till it rang through the still night air like a trumpet blast.

The silence was broken by a long wild cry from the forest, which made the women start, and catch their children closer to them. It was the howl of a wolf.

“Hark to the witch’s horse! Hark to the son of Fenris, how he calls for meat! Are ye your father’s sons, ye men of Bourne? They never let the grey beast call in vain.”

Hereward saw his opportunity, and seized it. He well knew that there were those in the crowd, as there must needs be in all crowds, who wished themselves well out of the business; who shrank from the thought of facing the Norman barons, much more the Norman king; who were ready enough, had the tide of feeling begun to ebb, to blame Hereward for rashness, even though they might not have gone so far as to give him up to the Normans; who would have advised some sort of compromise, pacifying half-measure, or other weak plan for escaping present danger by future destruction. But three out of four there were good men and true. The savage chant of the old barbarian might have startled them somewhat, for they were tolerably orthodox Christian folk. But there was sense, as well as spirit, in his savageness; and they growled applause as he ceased. Hereward heard, and cried:

“The Viking is right! So speaks the spirit of our fathers; and we must show ourselves their true sons. Send round the war-arrow, and death to the man who does not pass it on! Better die bravely together than falter and part company, to be hunted down one by one by men who will never forgive us as long as we have an acre of land for them to seize. Pery, son of Surturbrand, you are the lawman. Put it to the vote!”

“Send round the war-arrow,” shouted Pery himself; and if there was a man or two who shrank from the proposal, they found it prudent to shout as loudly as did the rest.

Ere the morning light, the war-arrow was split into four splinters, and carried out to the four airts, through all Kesteven. If the splinter were put into the house-father's hand, he must send it on at once to the next freeman's house. If he were away, it was stuck into his house-door, or into his great chair by the fire-side, and woe to him if, on his return, he sent it not on likewise. All through Kesteven went that night the arrow-splinters, and with them the whisper, “The Wake is come again;” till, before mid-day, there were fifty well-armed men in the old camping-field outside the town, and Hereward haranguing them in words of fire.

A chill came over them, nevertheless, when he told them that he must at once return to Flanders.

“But it must be,” he said. He had promised his

good lord and sovereign, Baldwin of Flanders, and his word of honour he must keep. Two visits he must pay ere he went; and then to sea. But within the year, if he were alive on ground, he would return, and with him ships and men, it might be with Sweyn and all the power of Denmark. Only let them hold their own till the Danes should come, and all would be well. So would they show that they were free Englishmen, able to hold England against Frenchmen and all strangers. And whenever he came back he would set a light to Toft, Manthorpe, and Witham-on-the-hill. They were his own farms, or should have been; and better they should burn than Frenchmen hold them. They could be seen far and wide over the Brunswold and over all the fen; and then all men might know for sure that the Wake was come again.

“And nine-and-forty of them,” says the chronicler, “he chose to guard Bourne,” (seemingly the lands which had been his nephew Morcar’s,) till he should come back and take them for himself. His own lands, of Witham, Toft and Manthorpe, Gery his cousin should hold till his return; and they should send what they could off them to Lady Godiva at Crowland.

Then they went down to the water and took barge, and laid the corpse therein; and Godiva and Hereward sat at the dead lad’s head; and Winter steered the boat, and Gwenoch took the stroke-oar.



And they rowed away for Crowland, by many a mere and many an ea ; through narrow reaches of clear brown glassy water ; between the dark-green alders ; between the pale-green reeds ; where the coot clanked, and the bittern boomed, and the sedge-bird, not content with its own sweet song, mocked the notes of all the birds around ; and then out into the broad lagoons, where hung motionless, high over head, hawk beyond hawk, buzzard beyond buzzard, kite beyond kite, as far as eye could see. Into the air, as they rowed on, whirred up great skeins of wild fowl innumerable, with a cry as of all the bells of Crowland, or all the hounds of the Brunswold ; while clear above all their noise sounded the wild whistle of the curlews, and the trumpet note of the great white swan. Out of the reeds, like an arrow, shot the peregrine, singled one luckless mallard from the flock, caught him up, struck him stone dead with one blow of his terrible heel, and swept his prey with him into the reeds again.

“Death ! death ! death !” said Lady Godiva, as the feathers fluttered down into the boat and rested on the dead boy’s pall. “War among man and beast ; war on earth ; war in air ; war in the water beneath” as a great pike rolled at his bait, sending a shoal of white fish flying along the surface. “And war, says holy writ, in heaven above. Oh Thou who didst die to destroy death, when will it all be over ?”



And thus they glided on from stream to stream, until they came to the sacred isle of "the inheritance of the Lord, the soil of St. Mary and St. Bartholomew; the most holy sanctuary of St. Guthlac and his monks; the minster most free from worldly servitude; the special almshouse of the most illustrious kings; the sole place of refuge for any one in all tribulations: the perpetual abode of the saints; the possession of religious men, especially set apart by the Common Council of the kingdom; by reason of the frequent miracles of the most holy Confessor, an ever fruitful mother of camphire in the vineyards of Engedi; and by reason of the privileges granted by the kings, a city of grace and safety to all who repent."

As they drew near, they passed every minute some fisher's log canoe, in which worked with net or line the criminal who had saved his life by fleeing to St. Guthlac, and becoming his man forthwith; the slave who had fled from his master's cruelty; and here and there in those evil days, the master who had fled from the cruelty of Frenchmen, who would have done to him as he had done to others. But there all old grudges were put away. They had sought the peace of St. Guthlac; and therefore they must keep his peace; and get their living from the fish of the five rivers, within the bounds whereof was peace, as of their own quiet streams; for the Abbot and St. Guthlac were the only lords thereof, and neither





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grass, dotted with mighty oaks and ashes; and beyond all those, cornlands of inexhaustible fertility, broken up by the good Abbot Egelric some hundred years before, from which, in times of dearth, the monks of Crowland fed the people of all the neighbouring fens.

They went into the great courtyard. All men were quiet, yet all men were busy; baking and brewing, carpentering and tailoring, in the workshops; reading and writing in the cloister; praying and singing in the church; and teaching the children in the schoolhouse. Only the ancient sempects—some near upon a hundred and fifty years old,—wandered where they would, or basked against a sunny wall, like autumn flies; each with a young monk to guide him, and listen to his tattle of old days. For, said the laws of Turketul the good—“Nothing disagreeable about the affairs of the monastery shall be mentioned in their presence. No person shall presume

ing conditions. That his wife should have clothing of bluet and lambs' skins; and he of grising or halbergit and lambs' skins; and that their food should be such as the monks had. Their two servants were to fare the same as those of the brotherhood. The opinion of Alan de Morton concerning such a bargain may be guessed, at least by those who are aware that it was made for the purpose of escaping certain years of purgatory; *i. e.* of burning alive in the next world.

When we talk of the piety of our ancestors in giving lands to the Church, we should always remember that this was what their piety too often signified. When we complain of the squires, in Edward the Sixth's time, for taking back the treasures and lands of the monasteries, we should remember that they had been got from those squires' forefathers, on such grounds as these, and no other.

in any way to offend them : but with the greatest peace and tranquillity they shall await their end.”

So while the world outside raged, and fought, and conquered, and plundered, they within the holy isle kept up some sort of order, and justice, and usefulness, and love to God and man. And about the yards, among the feet of the monks, hopped the sacred ravens, descendants of those who brought back the gloves at St. Guthlac's bidding ; and overhead, under all the eaves, built the sacred swallows, the descendants of those who sat and sang upon St. Guthlac's shoulders ; and when men marvelled thereat, he the holy man replied, “ Know that they who live the holy life draw nearer to the birds of the air, even as they do to the angels in heaven.”

And Lady Godiva called for old Abbot Ulfketyl, the good and brave ; and fell upon his neck, and told him all her tale ; and Ulfketyl wept upon her neck, for they were old and faithful friends.

And they passed into the dark cool church, where, in the crypt under the high altar, lay the thumb of St. Bartholomew, which old Abbot Turketul used to carry about, that he might cross himself with it in times of danger, tempest, and lightning ; and some of the hair of St. Mary, Queen of Heaven, in a box of gold ; and a bone of St. Leodegar of Aquitaine ; and some few remains, too, of the holy bodies of St. Guthlac, and of

St. Bettelm, his servant, and St. Tatwin, who steered him to Crowland, and St. Egbert his confessor, and St. Cissa the anchorite, and of the most holy virgin St. Etheldreda, and many more. But little of them remained since Sigtryg and Bagsac's heathen Danes had heaped them pell-mell on the floor, and burned the church over them and the bodies of the slaughtered monks.

The plunder which was taken from Crowland on that evil day lay, and lies still, with the plunder of Peterborough and many a minster more, at the bottom of the Ouse at Huntingdon Bridge. But it had been more than replaced by the piety of the Danish kings and nobles; and above the twelve white bearskins which lay at the twelve altars, blazed, in the light of many a wax candle, gold and jewels inferior only to those of Peterborough and Coventry.

And there in the nave they buried the lad Godwin, with chant and dirge; and when the funeral was done, Hereward went up toward the high altar, and bade Winter and Gwenoch come with him. And there he knelt, and vowed a vow to God and St. Guthlac and the Lady Torfrida, his true love, never to leave from slaying while there was a Frenchman left alive on English ground.

And Godiva and Ulfketyl heard his vow, and shuddered: but they dared not stop him, for they too had English hearts.



And Winter and Gwenoch heard it, and repeated it word for word.

Then he kissed his mother, and called Winter and Gwenoch, and went forth. He would be back again, he said, on the third day.

Then those three went to Peterborough, and asked for Abbot Brand. And the monks let them in; for the fame of their deed had passed through the forest, and all the French had fled.

And old Brand lay back in his great arm-chair, his legs all muffled up in furs, for he could get no heat; and by him stood Herluin the prior, and wondered when he would die, and Thorold take his place, and they should drive out the old Gregorian chants from the choir, and have the new Norman chants of Robert of Fécamp, and bring in French-Roman customs in all things, and rule the English boors with a rod of iron.

And old Brand knew all that was in his heart, and looked up like a patient ox beneath the butcher's axe, and said, "Have patience with me, brother Herluin, and I will die as soon as I can, and go where there is neither French nor English, Jew nor Gentile, bond or free, but all are alike in the eyes of Him who made them."

But when he saw Hereward come in, he cast the mufflers off him, and sprang up from his chair, and was young and strong in a moment, and for a moment.

And he threw his arms round Hereward, and wept

upon his neck, as his mother had done. And Hereward wept upon his neck, though he had not wept upon his mother's.

Then Brand held him at arms' length, or thought he held him ; for he was leaning on Hereward, and tottering all the while ; and extolled him as the champion, the warrior, the stay of his house, the avenger of his kin, the hero of whom he had always prophesied that his kin would need him, and that then he would not fail.

But Hereward answered him modestly and mildly :

“ Speak not so to me and of me, Uncle Brand. I am a very foolish, vain, sinful man, who have come through great adventures, I know not how, to great and strange happiness ; and now again to great and strange sorrows ; and to an adventure greater and stranger than all that has befallen me from my youth up until now. Therefore make me not proud, Uncle Brand, but keep me modest and lowly, as befits all true knights and penitent sinners ; for they tell me that God resists the proud, and giveth grace to the humble. And I have that to do which do I cannot, unless God and His saints give me grace from this day forth.”

Brand looked at him, astonished ; and then turned to Herluin.

“ Did I not tell thee, prior ? This is the lad whom you called graceless and a savage ; and see, since he has been in foreign lands, and seen the ways of knights, he

talks as clerkly as a Frenchman, and as piously as any monk."

"The Lord Hereward," said Herluin, "has doubtless learned much from the manners of our nation which he would not have learned in England. I rejoice to see him returned so Christian and so courtly a knight."

"The Lord Hereward, Prior Herluin, has learnt one thing in his travels—to know somewhat of men and the hearts of men, and to deal with them as they deserve of him. They tell me that one Thorold of Malmesbury,—Thorold of Fécamp, the minstrel, he that made the song of Roland—that he desires this abbey."

"I have so heard, my lord."

"Then I command,—I, Hereward, Lord of Bourne—that this abbey be held against him and all Frenchmen, in the name of Swend Ulfsson, king of England, and of me. And he that admits a Frenchman therein, I will shave his crown for him so well, that he shall never need razor more. This I tell thee; and this I shall tell thy monks before I go. And unless you obey the same, my dream will be fulfilled; and you will see Goldenborough in a light low, and yourselves burning in the midst thereof."

"Swend Ulfsson? Swend of Denmark? What words are these?" cried Brand.

"You will know within six months, uncle."

"I shall know better things, my boy, before six month are out."



“Uncle, uncle, do not say that.”

“Why not? If this mortal life be at best a prison and a grave, what is it worth now to an Englishman?”

“More than ever; for never had an Englishman such a chance of showing English mettle, and winning renown for the English name. Uncle, you must do something for me and my comrades ere we go.”

“Well, boy?”

“Make us knights.”

“Knights, lad? I thought you had been a belted knight this dozen years?”

“I might have been made a knight by many, after the French fashion, many a year ago. I might have been knight when I slew the white bear. Ladies have prayed me to be knighted again and again since. Something kept me from it. Perhaps” (with a glance at Herluin)

“I wanted to show that an English squire could be the rival and the leader of French and Flemish knights.”

“And thou hast shown it, brave lad,” said Brand, clapping his great hands.

“Perhaps I longed to do some mighty deed at last, which would give me a right to go to the bravest knight in all Christendom, and say, Give me the accolade, then! Thou only art worthy to knight as good a man as thyself.”

“Pride and vain-glory,” said Brand, shaking his head.

“But now I am of a sounder mind. I see now why





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of knighting him; for for that end, he saw, Hereward was come. Moreover, he was touched with the sudden frankness and humility of the famous champion. So he answered mildly:

“Verily, thou hast a knightly soul. May God and St. Peter so forgive thee and thy companions as I forgive thee, freely and from my heart.”

“Now,” cried Hereward; “A boon! A boon! Knight me and these my fellows, Uncle Brand, this day.”

Brand was old and weak; and looked at Herluin.

“I know,” said Hereward, “that the French look on us English monk-made knights as ‘spurious’ and ‘adulterine,’ unworthy of the name of knight. But, I hold—and what churchman will gainsay me?—that it is nobler to receive sword and belt from a man of God, than from a man of blood like one’s-self; for the fittest man to consecrate the soldier of an earthly king, is the soldier of Christ the King of kings.”\*

“He speaks well,” said Herluin. “Abbot, grant him his boon.”

“Who celebrates high mass to-morrow?”

“Wilton the priest, the monk of Ely,” said Herluin, aloud. “And a very dangerous and stubborn Englishman,” added he to himself.

“Good. Then this night you shall watch in the

\* Almost word for word from the “Life of Hereward.”

church. To-morrow, after the Gospel, the thing shall be done as you will."

That night two messengers, knights of the Abbot, galloped from Peterborough. One rode to Ivo Taillebois at Spalding, to tell him that Hereward was at Peterborough; and that he must try to cut him off upon the Egelric's road, the causeway which one of the many Abbots Egelric had made, some thirty years before, through Deeping Fen to Spalding, at an enormous expense of labour and of timber. The other knight rode south, along the Roman road to London, to tell King William of the rising of Kesteven, and all the evil deeds of Hereward and of Brand.

And old Brand slept quietly in his bed, little thinking on what errands his prior had sent his knights.

Hereward and his comrades watched that night in St. Peter's church. Oppressed with weariness of body, and awe of mind, they heard the monks drone out their chants through the misty gloom; they confessed the sins—and they were many—of their past wild lives. They had to summon up within themselves courage and strength henceforth to live, not for themselves, but for the fatherland which they hoped to save. They prayed to all the heavenly powers of that Pantheon which then stood between man and God, to help them in the coming struggle: but ere the morning dawned, they were nodding, unused to any long strain of mind.

Suddenly Hereward started, and sprang up, with a cry of fire.

“What? Where?” cried his comrades; while the monks who ran up.

“The minster is full of flame. No use, too late, you cannot put it out. It must burn.”

“You have been dreaming,” said one.

“I have not,” said Hereward. “Is it Lammas night?”

“What a question! It is the vigil of the Nativity of St. Peter and St. Paul.”

“Thank heaven; I thought my old Lammas night’s dream was coming true at last.”

Herluin heard, and knew what he meant.

After which Hereward was silent, filled with many thoughts.

The next morning, before the high mass, those three brave men walked up to the altar; laid thereon their belts and swords; and then knelt humbly at the foot of the steps till the Gospel was finished.

Then came down from the altar Wilton of Ely, and laid on each man’s bare neck the bare blade, and bade him take back his sword in the name of God and of St. Peter and St. Paul, and use it like a true knight, for a terror and punishment to evil doers, and a defence for women and orphans, and the poor and the oppressed, and the monks the servants of God.



And then the monks girded each man with his belt and sword once more. And after mass was sung, they rose, each feeling himself—and surely not in vain—a better man.

At least this is certain, that Hereward would say to his dying day, how he had often proved that none would fight so well as those who had received their sword from God's knights the monks. Therefore he would have, in after years, almost all his companions knighted by the monks; and he brought into Ely with him that same good custom which he had learnt at Peterborough, and kept it up as long as he held the isle.

Then he said—

“Have you monks a limner here, who can paint for me?”

“That can I,” said Wilton of Ely.

“Then take my shield, and raze from it this bear which I carry.”

Wilton brought pencil and paint, and did so.

“Now, paint me in a W, that shall stand for Wake; and make it—make it out of the knots of a monk's girdle, for a sign that I am a monk's knight, and not a king's; and that I am the champion of the monks of England against the monks of France, from this time forth for evermore.”

Wilton did it; and made out of two monks' girdles none other than the after-famous Wake knot.

“Now do the same by Winter and Gweñoch’s shields. Monks’ knights are we; and monks’ battles we will fight.”

“You must have a motto to match withal, my good Lord,” said Wilton, throwing his English heart into the work.

“What better than my own name—Wake? These are times in which good Englishmen must not sleep—and sleep. I will not, trust me; nor mine neither.”

“Vigila, that will be in Latin.”

“Ay—let us have Latin; and show these Frenchmen that we are clerks and gentlemen, as well as they.”

“Vigila . . . et Ora,” said the monk solemnly. “Watch and pray; lest thou enter into temptation.”

“Watch—and pray. Thou speakest like a man of God,” said Hereward, half sadly. “Thou hast said: so be it. God knows, I have need of that too, if only I knew how. But I will watch, and my wife shall pray; and so will the work be well parted between us.”

And so was born the Wake motto, and the Wake knot.

It was late when they got back to Crowland. The good Abbot received them with a troubled face.

“As I feared, my Lord, you have been too hot and hasty. The French have raised the country against you.”

“ I have raised it against them, my Lord.”

“ But we have news that Sir Frederick——”

“ And who may he be ?”

“ A very terrible Goliah of these French ; old and crafty ; a brother of old Earl Warrenne of Norfolk, whom God confound. And he has sworn to have your life, and has gathered knights and men-at-arms at Lynn in Norfolk.”

“ Very good ; I will visit him as I go home, Lord Abbot. Not a word of this to any soul.”

“ I tremble for thee, thou young David.”

“ One cannot live for ever, my Lord. Farewell.”

A week after a boatman brought news to Crowland, how Sir Frederick was sitting in his inn at Lynn, when there came in one with a sword, and said, “ I am Hereward the Wake. I was told that thou didst desire greatly to see me ; therefore I am come, being a courteous knight,” and therewith smote off his head. And when the knights and others would have stopped him, he cut his way through them, killing some three or four at each stroke, himself unhurt ; for he was clothed from head to foot in magic armour, and whosoever smote it, their swords melted in their hands. And so gaining the door, he vanished in a great cloud of sea-fowl, that cried for ever “ The Wake is come again.”

And after that the fen-men said to each other, that all the birds upon the meres cried nothing save “ The Wake is come again.”



And so, already surrounded with myth and mystery, Hereward flashed into the fens and out again, like the lightning brand, destroying as he passed. And the hearts of all the French were turned to water; and the land had peace from its tyrants for many days.





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body, if I had one. I must marry. Blessed Virgin! this it is to serve and honour your gracious glory, as I have always done according to my poor humility. Who would have thought that Ivo Taillebois would ever rise so high in life, as to be looking out for a wife—and that a lady, too?”

Then thought he over the peerless beauties of the Lady Lucia, Edwin and Morcar's sister, almost as fair as that hapless aunt of hers, Aldytha, King Harold's widow. *Eddeva faira, Eddeva pulcra*, stands her name in Domesday-book; known, even to her Norman conquerors, as the Beauty of her time, as Godiva her mother had been before her. Scarcely less beautiful was Lucia, as Ivo had seen her at William's court, half-captive and half-guest: and he longed for her; love her he could not. “I have her father's lands,” quoth he; “what more reasonable than to have the daughter, too? And have her I will, unless the Mamzer, in his present merciful and political mood, makes a countess of her, and marries her up to some Norman coxcomb, with a long pedigree—invented the year before last. If he does throw away his daughter on that Earl Edwin, in his fancy for petting and patting these savages into good humour, he is not likely to throw away Edwin's sister on a Taillebois. Well. I must put a spoke in Edwin's wheel. It will not be difficult to make him or Morcar, or both of them, traitors once more and for ever. We

must have a rebellion in these parts. I will talk about it to Gilbert of Ghent. We must make these savages desperate, and William furious, or he will be soon giving them back their lands, beside asking them to Court; and then how are valiant knights like us, who have won England for him, to be paid for their trouble? No, no. We must have a fresh rebellion, and a fresh confiscation, and then when English lasses are going cheap, perhaps the Lady Lucia may fall to my share."

And Ivo Taillebois kept his word; and without difficulty, for he had many to help him. To drive the English to desperation, and to get a pretext for seizing their lands, was the game which the Normans played, and but too well.

As he rode out of Spalding town, a man was being hanged on the gallows there permanently provided.

That was so common a sight, that Ivo would not have stopped, had not a priest, who was comforting the criminal, run forward, and almost thrown himself under the horse's feet.

"Mercy, good my Lord, in the name of God and all His saints."

Ivo went to ride on.

"Mercy!" and he laid hands on Ivo's bridle. "If he took a few pike out of your mere, remember that the mere was his, and his father's before him; and do not send a sorely tempted soul out of the world for a paltry fish."

“And where am I to get fish for Lent, Sir Priest, if every rascal nets my waters, because his father did so before him? Take your hand off my bridle, or, *par le splendeur Dex*” (Ivo thought it fine to use King William’s favourite oath), I “will hew it off.”

The priest looked at him, with something of honest fierceness in his eyes; and dropping the bridle, muttered to himself in Latin: “The bloodthirsty and deceitful man shall not live out half his days. Nevertheless my trust shall be in Thee, O Lord.”

“What art muttering, beast? Go home to thy wife” (wife was by no means the word which Ivo used), “and make the most of her, before I rout out thee and thy fellow canons, and put in good monks from Normandy in the place of your drunken English swine. Hang him!” shouted he, as the bystanders fell on their knees before the tyrant, crouching in terror, every woman for her husband, every man for wife and daughter. “And hearken, you fen-frogs all. Whoso touches pike or eel, swimming or wading fowl, within these meres of mine without my leave, I will hang him as I hanged this man; as I hanged four brothers in a row on Wrokesham bridge but last week.”

“Go to Wrokesham bridge, and see,” shouted a shrill cracked voice from behind the crowd.

All looked round; and more than one of Ivo’s men set up a yell, the hangman loudest of all.



“That’s he, the heron again! Catch him! Stop him! Shoot him!”

But that was not so easy. As Ivo pushed his horse through the crowd, careless of whom he crushed, he saw a long lean figure flying through the air seven feet aloft, his heels higher than his head, on the further side of a deep broad ditch; and on the nearer side of the same, one of his best men lying stark, with a cloven skull.

“Go to Wrokesham!” shrieked the lean man, as he rose, and showed a ridiculously long nose, neck, and legs (a type still not uncommon in the fens), a quilted leather coat, a double-bladed axe slung over his shoulder by a thong, a round shield at his back, and a pole three times as long as himself, which he dragged after him, like an unwieldy tail.

“The heron, the heron!” shouted the English.

“Follow him, men, heron or hawk!” shouted Ivo, galloping his horse up to the ditch, and stopping short at fifteen feet of water.

“Shoot, some one! Where are the bows gone?”

The heron was away two hundred yards, running, in spite of his pole, at a wonderful pace, before a bow could be brought to bear. He seemed to expect an arrow, for he stopped, glanced his eye round, threw himself flat on his face, with his shield, not over his body, but over his bare legs; sprang up as the shaft stuck in

the ground beside him; ran on; planted his pole in the next dyke, and flew over it.

In a few minutes he was beyond pursuit, and Ivo turned, breathless with rage, to ask who he was.

“Alas, sir, he is the man who set free the four men at Wrokesham bridge last week.”

“Set free! Are they not hanged and dead?”

“We—we dare not tell you. But he came upon us—”

“Single-handed, you cowards?”

“Sir, he is not a man, but a witch or a devil. He asked us what we did there. One of our men laughed at his long neck and legs, and called him Heron. ‘Heron I am,’ says he, ‘and strike like a heron, right at the eyes,’ and with that he cuts the man over the face with his axe, and laid him dead, and then another, and another.”

“Till you all ran away, villains.”

“We gave back a step—no more. And he freed one of those four, and he again the rest; and then they all set on us, and went to hang us in their own stead.”

“When there were ten of you, I thought?”

“Sir, as we told you, he is no mortal man, but a fiend.”

“Beasts, fools! Well, I have hanged this one, at least!” growled Ivo, and then rode sullenly on.

“Who is this fellow?” cried he to the trembling English.

“Wulfric Raher, Wulfric the Heron, of Wrokesham in Norfolk.”

“Aha! And I hold a manor of his,” said Ivo to himself. “Look you, villains, this fellow is in league with you.”

A burst of abject denial followed. “Since the French—since Sir Frederick, as they call him, drove him out of his Wrokesham lands, he wanders the country, as you see; to-day here: but heaven only knows where he will be to-morrow.”

“And finds, of course, a friend everywhere. Now march!” and a string of threats and curses followed.

It was hard to see why Wulfric should not have found friends; as he was simply a small holder, or squire, driven out of house and land, and turned adrift on the wide world, for the offence of having fought in Harold’s army at the battle of Hastings. But to give him food or shelter was, in Norman eyes, an act of rebellion against the rightful King William; and Ivo rode on, boiling over with righteous indignation, along the narrow drove which led toward Deeping.

A pretty lass came along the drove, driving a few sheep before her, and spinning as she walked.

“Whose lass are you?” shouted Ivo.

“The Abbot’s of Crowland, please your lordship,” said she, trembling.



“Much too pretty to belong to monks. Chuck her up behind you, one of you.”

The shrieking and struggling girl was mounted behind a horseman, and bound ; and Ivo rode on.

A woman ran out of a turf-hut on the drove side, attracted by the girl's cries. It was her mother.

“My lass ! Give me my lass, for the love of St. Mary and all saints !” And she clung to Ivo's bridle.

He struck her down, and rode on over her.

A man cutting sedges in a punt in the lode alongside, looked up at the girl's shrieks, and leapt on shore, scythe in hand.

“Father ! father !” cried she.

“I'll rid thee, lass, or die for it,” said he, as he sprang up the drove-dyke, and swept right and left at the horses' legs.

The men recoiled. One horse went down, lamed for life ; another staggered backwards into the further lode, and was drowned. But an arrow went through the brave serf's heart, and Ivo rode on, cursing more bitterly than ever, and comforted himself by flying his hawks at a covey of partridges.

Soon a group came along the drove which promised fresh sport to the man-hunters : but as the foremost person came up, Ivo stopped in wonder at the shout of—

“Ivo ! Ivo Taillebois ! Halt and have a care ! The English are risen, and we are all dead men !”





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Whereon Sir Robert told him the terrible tragedy of Bourne.

“Mount the lady on a horse, and wrap her in my cloak. Get that dead villain’s clothes for Sir Robert as we go back. Put your horses’ heads about and ride for Spalding.”

“What shall we do with the lass?”

“We cannot be burdened with the jade. She has cost us two good horses already. Leave her in the road, bound as she is, and let us see if St. Guthlac her master will come and untie her.”

So they rode back. Coming from Deeping two hours after, Azer and his men found the girl on the road, dead.

“Another count in the long score,” quoth Azer. But when, in two hours more, they came to Spalding town, they found all the folk upon the street, shouting and praising the host of heaven. There was not a Frenchman left in the town.

For when Ivo returned home, ere yet Sir Robert and his family were well clothed and fed, there galloped into Spalding from the north, Sir Ascelin, whileome of St. Valery, nephew and man of Thorold, would-be Abbot of Peterborough.

“Not bad news, I hope?” cried Ivo, as Ascelin clanked into the hall. “We have enough of our own. Here is all Kesteven, as the barbarians call it, risen, and they are murdering us right and left.”

“Worse news than that, Ivo Taillebois”—“Sir,” or “Sieur,” Ascelin was loth to call him, being himself a man of family and fashion ; and holding the nouveaux venus in deep contempt. “Worse news than that. The North has risen again, and proclaimed Prince Edgar King.”

“A king of words ! What care I, or you, as long as The Mamzer, God bless him, is a king of deeds ?”

“They have done their deeds, though, too. Gospatric and Merlesweyn are back out of Scotland. They attacked Robert de Comines\* at Durham, and burnt him in his own house. There was but one of his men got out of Durham to tell the news. And now they have marched on York ; and all the chiefs, they say, have joined them—Archill the Thane, and Edwin and Morcar, and Waltheof too, the young traitors.”

“Blessed Virgin !” cried Ivo, “thou art indeed gracious to thy most unworthy knight !”

“What do you mean ?”

“You will see some day. Now, I will tell you but one word. When fools make hay, wise men build ricks. This rebellion—if it had not come of itself, I would have roused it. We wanted it, to cure William of this just and benevolent policy of his, which would have ended in sending us back to France, as poor as we left it. Now, what am I expected to do ? What says Gil-

\* Ancestor of the Comyns of Scotland.



bert of Ghent, the wise man of Lic--nic—what the pest do you call that outlandish place, which no civilized lips can pronounce ?”

“Lic-nic-cole ?” replied Ascelin, who, like the rest of the French, never could manage to say Lincoln. “He says, ‘March to me, and with me to join the king at York.’”

“Then he says well. These fat acres will be none the leaner, if I leave the English slaves to crop them for six months. Men ! arm and horse Sir Robert of Deeping. Then arm and horse yourselves. We march north in half-an-hour, bag and baggage, scrip and scrippage. You are all bachelors, like me, and travel light. So off with you ! Sir Ascelin, you will eat and drink ?”

“That will I.”

“Quick, then, butler : and after that pack up the Englishman’s plate-chest, which we inherited by right of fist—the only plate, and the only title-deeds I ever possessed.”

“Now, Sir Ascelin”—as the three knights, the lady, and the poor children ate their fastest—“listen to me. The art of war lies in this one nut-shell—to put the greatest number of men into one place at one time, and let all other places shift ; so striking swiftly, and striking heavily. That is the rule of our liege lord King William ; and by it he will conquer England, or the world, if he will ; and while he does that, he shall never

say that Ivo Taillebois stayed at home to guard his own manors, while he could join his king, and win all the manors of England once and for all.”

“Pardex ! whatever men may say of thy lineage or thy virtues, they cannot deny this—that thou art a most wise and valiant captain.”

“That am I,” quoth Taillebois, too much pleased with the praise to care about being tutoyé by a younger man. “As for my lineage, my lord the king has a fellow-feeling for upstarts ; and the woodman’s grandson may very well serve the tanner’s. Now, men ! is the litter ready for the lady and children ? I am sorry to rattle you about thus, madame : but war has no courtesies ; and march I must.”

And so the French went out of Spalding town.

“Don’t be in a hurry to thank your saints !” shouted Ivo to his victims. “I shall be back this day three months ; and then you shall see a row of gibbets all the way from here to Deeping, and an Englishman hanging on every one.”



## CHAPTER III.

HOW HEREWARD SAILED FOR ENGLAND ONCE AND  
FOR ALL.

So Hereward fought the Viscount of Pinkney, who had the usual luck which befel those who crossed swords with him ; and plotted meanwhile with Gyda and the Countess Judith. Abbot Egelsin sent them news from King Sweyn in Denmark ; soon Judith and Tosti's two sons went themselves to Sweyn, and helped the plot and the fitting out of the armament. News they had from England in plenty, by messengers from Queen Matilda to the sister who was intriguing to dethrone her husband, and by private messengers from Durham and from York.

Baldwin, the débonnaire marquis, had not lived to see this fruit of his long efforts to please everybody. He had gone to his rest the year before ; and now there ruled in Bruges his son, Baldwin the Good, "Count Palatine," as he styled himself, and his wife Richilda, the Lady of Hainault.

They probably cared as little for the success of their sister Matilda, as they did for that of their sister Judith ;

and followed out—Baldwin at least—the great marquis's plan of making Flanders a retreat for the fugitives of all the countries round.

At least, if (as seems) Sweyn's fleet made the coast of Flanders its rendezvous and base of operations against King William, Baldwin offered no resistance.

So the messengers came, and the plots went on. Great was the delight of Hereward and the ladies when they heard of the taking of Durham and York: but bitter their surprise and rage when they heard that Gospatric and the Confederates had proclaimed Edgar Atheling king.

“Fools! they will ruin all!” cried Gyda. “Do they expect Sweyn Ulfsson, who never moved a finger yet, unless he saw that it would pay him within the hour, to spend blood and treasure in putting that puppet boy upon the throne instead of himself?”

“Calm yourself, great Countess,” said Hereward, with a smile. “The man who puts him on the throne will find it very easy to take him off again when he needs.”

“Pish!” said Gyda. “He must put him on the throne first. And how will he do that? Will the men of the Danelagh, much less the Northumbrians south of Tyne, ever rally round an Atheling of Cerdic's house?”

“Those between Tyne and Forth will join him,” said Hereward. “They are Saxons like himself.”

“And who are they, that three-fourths of England



should be scorned for their sake? If their cousins of Wessex, with my boys at their head, could not face this Frenchman, how will they? It is in my blood and my kin, in the Danelagh and the Danes, that the strength of England lies: and not in a handful of Scotch earls, backed by a barbarian like Malcolm. If the boy Edgar be Gospatric's cousin, or Malcolm's brother-in-law, what is that to England—or indeed to them? The boy is a mere stalking-horse, behind which each of these greedy chiefs expects to get back his own lands in the North; and if they can get them back by any other means, well and good. Mark my words, Sir Hereward, that cunning Frenchman will treat with them one by one, and betray them one by one, till there is none left."

How far Gyda was right, will be seen hereafter. But a less practised diplomat than the great Countess might have speculated reasonably on such an event. The connexion between Scotch and English royalty was, at the moment, most harmful to England. But more harmful far would it have been, had the Danish invasion succeeded; had England been parted, perhaps for ever, from the ruling houses of Scotland; and become a mere appanage of the Scandinavian kings.

Then came darker news. As Ivo had foreseen, and as Ivo had done his best to bring about, William dashed on York, and drove out the Confederates with terrible slaughter; profaned the churches, plundered the town.





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of Flemish Flanders, toward the north. They threatened to send for Robert the Frison to right them.

Hereward was perplexed. He was Robert the Frison's friend, and old soldier. Richilda was Torfrida's friend ; so was, still more, the boy Arnoul ; which party should he take ? Neither, if he could help it. And he longed to be safe out of the land.

And at last his time came. Martin Lightfoot ran in, breathless, to tell how the sails of a mighty fleet were visible from the Dunes.

“ Here ? ” cried Hereward. “ What are the fools doing down here, wandering into the very jaws of the wolf ? How will they land here ? They were to have gone straight to the Lincolnshire coast. God grant this mistake be not the first of dozens ! ”

Hereward went into Torfrida's bower.

“ This is an evil business. The Danes are here, where they have no business, instead of being off Scheldtmouth, as I entreated them. But go we must, or be for ever shamed. Now, true wife, are you ready ? Dare you leave home, and kin, and friends, once and for all, to go, you know not whither, with one who may be a gory corpse by this day week ? ”

“ I dare, ” said she.

So they went down the Aa by night, with Torfrida's mother, and the child, and all their jewels, and all they had in the world. And their housecarles went with

them, forty men, tried and trained, who had vowed to follow Hereward round the world. And there were two long ships ready, and twenty good mariners in each. So when the Danes made the South Foreland the next morning, they were aware of two gallant ships bearing down on them, with a strange knot embroidered on their sails.

A proud man was Hereward that day, as he sailed into the midst of the Danish fleet, and up to the royal ships, and shouted :

“ I am Hereward The Wake ; and I come to take service under my rightful lord, Sweyn king of England.”

“ Come on board, then ; well do we know you, and right glad we are to have The Wake with us.”

And Hereward laid his ship's bow upon the quarter of the royal ship (to lay alongside was impossible, for fear of breaking oars), and came on board.

“ And thou art Hereward ? ” asked a tall and noble warrior.

“ I am. And thou art Sweyn Ulfsson, the king ? ”

“ I am Jarl Asbiorn, his brother.”

“ Then, where is the king ? ”

“ He is in Denmark, and I command his fleet ; and with me Canute and Harald, Sweyn's sons, and Jarls and Bishops enough for all England.”

This was spoken in a somewhat haughty tone, in answer to the look of surprise and disappointment which



Hereward had, unawares, allowed to pass over his face.

“Thou art better than none,” said Hereward. “Now, hearken, Asbiorn the Jarl. Had Sweyn been here, I would have put my hand between his, and said in my own name, and that of all the men in Kesteven and the fens, Sweyn’s men we are, to live and die! But now, as it is, I say, for me and them, thy men we are, to live and die, as long as thou art true to us.”

“True to you I will be,” said Asbiorn.

“Be it so,” said Hereward. “True we shall be, whatever betide. Now, whither goes Jarl Asbiorn, and all his great meinie?”

“We purpose to try Dover.”

“You will not take it. The Frenchman has strengthened it with one of his accursed keeps, and without battering-engines you may sit before it a month.”

“What if I ask you to go in thither yourself, and try the mettle and the luck which, they say, never failed Hereward yet?”

“I should say that it was a child’s trick to throw away against a paltry stone wall the life of a man who was ready to raise for you in Lincolnshire and Cambridge-shire, five times as many men as you will lose in taking Dover.”

“Hereward is right,” said more than one Jarl. “We shall need him in his own country.”

“If you are wise, to that country you yourselves will go. It is ready to receive you. This is ready to oppose you. You are attacking the Frenchman at his strongest point, instead of his weakest. Did I not send again and again, entreating you to cross from Scheldtmouth to the Wash, and send me word that I might come and raise the Fen-men for you, and then we would all go north together?”

“I have heard, ere now,” said Asbiorn, haughtily, “that Hereward, though he be a valiant Viking, is more fond of giving advice than of taking it.”

Hereward was about to answer very fiercely. If he had, no one would have thought any harm, in those plain-spoken times. But he was wise; and restrained himself, remembering that Torfrida was there, all but alone, in the midst of a fleet of savage men; and that beside, he had a great deed to do, and must do it as he could. So he answered—

“Asbiorn the Jarl has not, it seems, heard this of Hereward: that because he is accustomed to comand, he is also accustomed to obey. What thou wilt do, do, and bid me do. He that quarrels with his captain, cuts his own throat and his fellows’ too.”

“Wisely spoken!” said the Jarls; and Hereward went back to his ship.

“Torfrida,” said he bitterly, “the game is lost before it is begun.”



“God forbid, my beloved! What words are these?”

“Sweyn—fool that he is with his over-caution—always the same—has let the prize slip from between his fingers. He has sent Asbiorn instead of himself.”

“But why is that so terrible a mistake?”

“We do not want a fleet of Vikings in England, to plunder the French and English alike. We want a king, a king, a king!” and Hereward stamped with rage. “And instead of a king, we have this Asbiorn—all men know him—greedy, and false, and weak-headed. Here he is going to be beaten off at Dover; and then, I suppose, at the next port; and so forth, till the whole season is wasted, and the ships and men lost by dribblets. Pray for us to God and His saints, Torfrida, you] who are nearer to heaven than I; for we never needed it more.”

So Asbiorn went in; tried to take Dover; and was beaten off with heavy loss.

Then the Jarls bade him take Hereward's advice. But he would not.

So he went round the Foreland, and tried Sandwich—as if, landing there, he would have been safe in marching on London, in the teeth of the élite of Normandy.

But he was beaten off there, with more loss. Then, too late, he took Hereward's advice—or, rather, half of it—and sailed north; but only to commit more follies.

He dared not enter the Thames. He would not go

on to the Wash; but he went into the Orwell, and attacked Ipswich, plundering right and left, instead of proclaiming King Sweyn, and calling the Danish folk around him. They naturally enough rose; and, like valiant men, beat him off; while Hereward lay outside the river mouth, his soul within him black with disappointment, rage, and shame. He would not go in. He would not fight against his own countrymen. He would not help to turn the whole plan into a marauding raid. And he told Jarl Asbiorn so, so fiercely, that his life would have been in danger, had not the force of his arm been as much feared as the force of his name was needed.

At last they came to Yarmouth. Asbiorn would needs land there, and try Norwich.

Hereward was nigh desperate: but he hit upon a plan. Let Asbiorn do so, if he would. He himself would sail round to the Wash, raise the Fen-men, and march eastward at their head through Norfolk to meet him. Asbiorn himself could not refuse so rational a proposal. All the Jarls and Bishops approved loudly; and away Hereward went to the Wash, his heart well-nigh broke, foreseeing nothing but evil.



## CHAPTER IV.

## HOW HEReward GATHERED AN ARMY.

THE voyage round the Norfolk coast was rough and wild. Torfrida was ill; the little girl was ill; the poor old mother was so ill that she could not even say her prayers. Packed uncomfortably under the awning on the poop, Torfrida looked on from beneath it upon the rolling water-waste, with a heart full of gloomy forebodings, and a brain whirling with wild fancies. The wreaths of cloud were grey witches, hurrying on with the ship to work her woe; the low-red storm-dawn was streaked with blood; the water which gurgled all night under the lee was alive with hoarse voices; and again and again she started from fitful slumber to clasp the child closer to her, or look up for comfort to the sturdy figure of her husband, as he stood, like a tower of strength, steering and commanding, the long night through.

Yes; on him she could depend. On his courage, on his skill. And as for his love, had she not that utterly? and what more did woman need?

But she was going, she scarce knew whither; and she





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“Housecarles and mariners! You are following a great captain, upon a great adventure. How great he is you know as well as I. I have given him myself, my wealth, and all I have; and have followed him I know not whither, because I trust him utterly. Men, trust him as I trust him, and follow him to the death.”

“That we will!”

“And men, I am here among you, a weak woman, trying to be brave for his sake—and for yours. Be true to me, too, as I have been true to you. For your sake have I worked hard, day and night, for many a year. For you I have baked, and brewed, and cooked, like any poor churl’s wife. Is there a garment on your backs which my hands have not mended? Is there a wound on your limbs which my hands have not salved? Oh if Torfrida has been true to you, promise me this day that you will be true men to her and hers; that if—which Heaven forbid—aught should befall him and me, you will protect this my poor old mother, and this my child, who has grown up amongst you all—a lamb brought up within the lion’s den. Look at her, men, and promise me, on the faith of valiant soldiers, that you will be lions on her behalf, if she shall ever need you. Promise me, that if you have but one more stroke left to strike on earth, you will strike it to defend the daughter of Hereward and Torfrida from cruelty and shame.”

The men answered with a shout which rolled along the

fen, and startled the wild fowl up from far-off pools. They crowded round their lady ; they kissed her hands ; they bent down and kissed their little playmate ; and swore—one by God and His apostles, and the next by Odin and Thor—that she should be a daughter to each and every one of them, as long as they could grip steel in hand.

Then (says the chronicler) Hereward sent on spies, to see whether the Frenchmen were in the land, and how folks fared at Holbeach, Spalding, and Bourne.

The two young Siwards, as knowing the country and the folk, pushed forward, and with them Martin Light-foot, to bring back news.

Martin ran back all the way from Holbeach, the very first day, with right good tidings. There was not a Frenchman in the town. Neither was there, they said, in Spalding. Ivo Taillebois was still away at the wars, and long might he stay.

So forward they marched, and everywhere the lands-folk were tilling the ground in peace ; and when they saw that stout-array, they hurried out to meet the troops, and burdened them with food, and ale, and all they needed.

And at Holbeach, and at Spalding, Hereward split up the war-arrow, and sent it through Kesteven, and south into the Cambridge fens, calling on all men to arm, and come to him at Bourne, in the name of Waltheof and Morcar the Earls.



And at every farm and town he blew the war-horn, and summoned every man who could bear arms to be ready, against the coming of the Danish host from Norwich. And so through all the fens came true what the wild fowl said upon the meres, that The Wake was come again.

And when he came to Bourne, all men were tilling in peace. The terror of The Wake had fallen on the Frenchmen; and no man had dared to enter on his inheritance, or to set a French foot over the threshold of that ghastly hall, above the gable whereof still grinned the fifteen heads; on the floor whereof still spread the dark stains of blood.

Only Gery dwelt in a corner of the house, and with him Leofric, once a roystering house-carle of Hereward's youth; now a monk of Crowland, and a deacon, whom Lady Godiva had sent thither that he might take care of her poor. And there Geri and Leofric had kept house, and told sagas to each other over the beech-log fire night after night; for all Leofric's study was, says the Chronicler, "to gather together for the edification of his hearers all the acts of giants and warriors out of the fables of the ancients, or from faithful report; and to commit them to writing, that he might keep England in mind thereof." Which Leofric was afterwards ordained priest, probably in Ely, by Bishop Egelwin of Durham; and was Hereward's chaplain for many a year.

Then Hereward, as he had promised, set fire to the three farms close to the Brunewold; and all his outlawed friends, lurking in the forest, knew by that signal that Hereward was come again. So they cleansed out the old house, though they did not take down the heads from off the gable; and Torfrida went about the town, and about it, and confessed that England was after all a pleasant place enough. And they were as happy, it may be, for a week or two, as ever they had been in their lives.

“And now,” said Torfrida, “while you see to your army, I must be doing; for I am a lady now, and mistress of great estates. So I must be seeing to the poor.”

“But you cannot speak their tongue.”

“Can I not? Do you think that in the face of coming to England, and fighting here, and plotting here, and being, may be, an Earl’s Countess, I have not made Martin Lightfoot teach me your English tongue, till I can speak it as well as you? I kept that hidden as a surprise for you, that you might find out, when you most needed, how Torfrida loved you.”

“As if I had not found out already! Oh, woman, woman! I verily believe that God made you alone, and left the devil to make us butchers of men.”

Meanwhile went round through all the fens, and north



into the Brunewold, and away again to Lincoln and merry Sherwood, that The Wake was come again. And Gilbert of Ghent, keeping Lincoln Castle for the Conqueror, was perplexed in mind, and looked well to gates, and bars, and sentinels; for Hereward sent him at once a message, that forasmuch as he had forgotten his warning in Bruges street, and put a rascal cook into his mother's manors, he should ride Odin's horse on the highest ash in the Brunewold.

On which Gilbert of Ghent, inquiring what Odin's horse might be, and finding it to signify the ash tree whereon, as sacred to Odin, thieves were hanged by Danes and Norse, made answer :

. That he Gilbert had not put his cook into Bourne, nor otherwise harmed Hereward or his. That Bourne had been seized by the king himself, together with Earl Morcar's lands in those parts, as all men knew. That the said cook so pleased the king with a dish of stewed eel-pout, which he served up to him at Cambridge, and which the king had never eaten before, that the king begged the said cook of him Gilbert and took him away; and that after, so he heard, the said cook had begged the said manor of Bourne of the king, without the knowledge or consent of him Gilbert. That he therefore knew nought of the matter. That if Hereward meant to keep the king's peace, he might live in Bourne till Doomsday, for aught he Gilbert cared; But that

if he and his men meant to break the king's peace, and attack Lincoln city, he Gilbert would nail their skins to the door of Lincoln Cathedral, as they used to do by the heathen Danes in old time. And that, therefore, they now understood each other.

At which Hereward<sup>a</sup> laughed, and said, that they had done that for many a year.

And now poured into Bourne from every side brave men and true, some great holders dispossessed of their land; some the sons of holders who were not yet dispossessed; some Morcar's men, some Edwin's, who had been turned out by the king; and almost all of them, probably, blood relations of Hereward's, or of King Harold's, or of each other.

To him came "Guenoch and Alutus Gurgan, foremost in all valour and fortitude, tall and large, and ready for work," and with them their three nephews, Godwin Gille, "so called because he was not inferior to that Godwin Guthlacsson who is preached much in the fables of the ancients," and "Douti and Outi, the twins, alike in face and manners;" and Godric, the knight of Corby, nephew of the "count of Warwick, and thus, probably, Hereward's first cousin or nephew;" and Tosti of Davenesse, his kinsman; and Azer Vass, whose father had possessed Lincoln Tower; and Leofwin Moue—that is, the scythe, so called, "because when he was mowing all alone, and twenty country folk



set on him with pitchforks and javelins, he slew and wounded almost every one, sweeping his scythe among them as one that moweth ;” and Wluncus the Black-face, so called because he once blackened his face with coal, and came unknown among the enemy, and slew ten of them with one lance ; and “Turbertin, a great grandson (?) of Earl Edwin ;” and Leofwin Prat (perhaps the ancestor of the ancient and honourable house of Pratt of Ryston), so called from his “Præt” or craft, “because he had often escaped cunningly when taken by the enemy, having more than once killed his keepers ;” and the steward of Drayton ; and Thurkill, and Utlamhe, *i.e.* the outlaw, Hereward’s cook ; and Oger, Hereward’s kinsman ; and “Winter and Liveret, two very famous ones ;” and Ranald the Seneschal of Ramsey—“he was the standard bearer ;” and Wulfric the Black and Wulfric the White ; and Hugh the Norman, a priest ; and Wulfard, his brother ; and Tosti and Godwin of Rothwell ; and Alsin, and Hurkill ; and Hugh the Breton, who was Hereward’s chaplain ; and Whishaw, his brother, “a magnificent knight, which two came with him from Flanders ;”—and so forth :—names merely, of whom naught is known, save, in a few cases, from Domesday-book, the manors which they held. But honour to their very names. Honour to the last heroes of the old English race.

These valiant gentlemen, with the housecarles whom,





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made every battle degenerate into a confusion of single combats.

But Hereward had learned that art of war, which enabled the French to crush piecemeal with inferior numbers, the vast but straggling levies of the English. His men, mostly outlaws and homeless, kept together by the pressure from without, and free from local jealousies, resembled rather an army of professional soldiers than a country posse comitatus. And to the discipline which he instilled into them ; to his ability in marching and manœuvring troops ; to his care for their food and for their transport ; possibly also to his training them in that art of fighting on horseback in which the men of Wessex, if not the Anglo-Danes of the East, are said to have been quite unskilled,—in short, to all that he had learned as a mercenary under Robert the Frison, and among the highly civilized warriors of Flanders and Normandy, must be attributed the fact, that he and his little army defied for years the utmost efforts of the Frenchmen ; appearing and disappearing with such strange swiftness, and conquering against such strange odds, as enshrouded the guerilla captain in an atmosphere of myth and wonder, only to be accounted for, in the mind of French as well as English, by the supernatural counsels of his sorceress wife.

But Hereward grew anxious and more anxious, as days and weeks went on, and yet there was no news of:

Asbiorn and his Danes at Norwich. Time was precious. He had to march his little army to the Wash, and then transport it by boats—no easy matter—to Lynn in Norfolk, as his nearest point of attack. And as the time went on, Earl Warren and Ralph de Guader would have gathered their forces between him and the Danes; and a landing at Lynn might become impossible. Meanwhile there were bruits of great doings in the north of Lincolnshire. Young Earl Waltheof was said to be there, and Edgar the Atheling with him: but what it portended, no man knew. Morcar was said to have raised the centre of Mercia, and to be near Stafford; Edwin to have raised the Welsh, and to be at Chester with Aldytha his sister. And Hereward sent spies along the Ermine Street—the only road, then, toward the northwest of England—and spies northward along the Roman road to Lincoln. But the former met the French in force near Nottingham, and came back much faster than they went. And the latter stumbled on Gilbert of Ghent, riding out of Lincoln to Folkingham, and had to flee into the fens, and came back much slower than they went.

At last news came. For into Bourne stalked Walfric the Heron, with axe, and bow, and leaping-pole on shoulder; and an evil tale he brought.

The Danes had been beaten utterly at Norwich. Ralph de Guader and his Frenchmen had fought like



lions. They had killed many Danes in the assault on the castle. They had sallied-out on them as they recoiled ; and driven them into the river, drowning many more. The Danes had gone down the Yare again, and out to sea northward, no man knew whither. He, the Heron, prowling about the fenlands of Norfolk to pick off straggling Frenchmen and look out for the Danes, had heard all the news from the landsfolk. He had watched the Danish fleet along the shore as far as Blakeney. But when they came to the isle, they stood out to sea, right north-west. He, the Heron, believed that they were gone for Humber Mouth.

After a while, he had heard how Hereward was come again, and had sent round the war-arrow ; and it seemed to him that a landless man could be in no better company ; wherefore he had taken boat, and come across the deep fen. And there he was, if they had need of him.

“Need of you ?” said Hereward, who had heard of the deed at Wrokesham Bridge. “Need of a hundred like you. But this is bitter news.”

And he went in to ask counsel of Torfrida, ready to weep with rage. He had disappointed—deceived his men. He had drawn them into a snare. He had promised that the Danes should come. How should he look them in the face ?

“Look them in the face ? Do that at once : now : without losing a moment. Call them together and tell

them all. If their hearts are staunch, you may do great things without the traitor Earl. If their hearts fail them, you would have done nothing with them worthy of yourself, had you had Norway as well as Denmark at your back. At least, be true with them, as your only chance of keeping them true to you."

"Wise, wise wife," said Hereward, and went out and called his band together, and told them every word, and all that had passed since he left Calais Straits.

"And now I have deceived you, and entrapped you, and I have no right to be your captain more. He that will depart in peace, let him depart, before the Frenchmen close in on us on every side and swallow us up at one mouthful."

Not a man answered.

"I say it again: He that will depart, let him depart."

They stood thoughtful.

Ranald of Ramsey, drove the Wake-knot banner firm into the earth, tucked up his monk's frock, and threw his long axe over his shoulder, as if preparing for action.

Winter spoke at last.

"If all go, there are two men here who stay, and fight by Hereward's side as long as there is a Frenchman left on English soil; for they have sworn an oath to Heaven



and to St. Peter, and that oath will they keep. What say you, Gwenoch, knighted with us at Peterborough?"

Gwenoch stepped to Hereward's side.

"None shall go!" shouted a dozen voices. "With Hereward we will live and die. Let him lead us to Lincoln, to Nottingham—where he will. We can save England for ourselves without the help of Danes."

"It is well for one at least of you, gentlemen, that you are in this pleasant mind," quoth Ranald the monk.

"Well for all of us, thou valiant purveyor of beef and beer."

"Well for one. For the first man that had turned to go, I would have brained him with this axe."

"And now, gallant gentlemen," said Hereward, "we must take new counsel, as our old has failed. Whither shall we go? For stay here, eating up the country, we must not do."

"They say that Waltheof is in Lindsey, raising the landsfolk. Let us go and join him."

"We can at least find what he means to do. There can be no better counsel. Let us march. Only we must keep clear of Lincoln as yet. I hear that Gilbert has a strong garrison there; and we are not strong enough yet to force it."

So they rode north, and up the Roman road toward Lincoln, sending out spies as they went; and soon they

had news of Waltheof. News, too, that he was between them and Lincoln.

“Then the sooner we are with him, the better : for he will find himself in trouble ere long, if old Gilbert comes up with him. So run your best, footmen, for forward we must get.”

And as they came up the Roman road, they were aware of a great press of men in front of them, and hard fighting toward.

Some of the English would have spurred forward at once. But Hereward held them back with loud reproaches.

“Will you forget all I have told you in the first skirmish, like so many dogs when they see a bull? Keep together for five minutes more. The pot will not be cool before we get our sup of it. I verily believe that it is Waltheof : and that Gilbert has caught him already.”

As he spoke, one part of the combatants broke up, and fled right and left ; and a knight in full armour galloped furiously down the road right at them, followed by two or three more.

“Here comes some one very valiant or very much afraid,” said Hereward, as the horseman rode right upon him, shouting :

“I am the king !”

“The king ?” roared Hereward, and dropping his



lance, spurred his horse forward, kicking his feet clear of the stirrups. He caught the knight round the neck, dragged him over his horse's tail, and fell with him to the ground.

The armour clashed ; the sparks flew from the old grey Roman flints ; and Hereward, rolling over once, rose, and knelt upon his prisoner.

“William of Normandy ! yield or die !”

The knight lay still and stark.

“Ride on !” cried Hereward from the ground. “Ride at them and strike hard ! You will soon find out which is which. This booty I must pick for myself. What are you doing ?” roared he, after his knights. “Spread off the road, and keep your line, as I told you, and don't override each other ! Curse the hot-headed fools ! The French will scatter them like sparrows. Run on, men-at-arms, to stop the French if we are broken. And don't forget Guisnes field and the horses' legs. Now, king, are you come to life yet ?”

“You have killed him,” quoth Leofric the deacon, whom Hereward had beckoned to stop with him.

“I hope not. Lend me a knife. He is a much slighter man than I fancied,” said Hereward, as they got his helmet off.

And when it was off, both started and stared. For they had uncovered, not the beetling brow, Roman nose, and firm curved lip of the Ulysses of the middle age, but





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the point of the sword backwards and forwards, nearer and nearer to the lad's throat.

"Master! master!" cried Leofric, clinging to his knees; "by all the saints! What would Our Lady in Heaven say to such a deed?"

"Well, I suppose you are right. And I fear what our lady at home might say likewise: and we must not do anything to vex her, you know. Well, let us do it handsomely, if we must do it. Get water somewhere, in his helmet. No, you need not linger. I will not cut his throat before you come back."

Leofric went off in search of water; and Hereward knelt with the Atheling's head on his knee, and on his lip a sneer at all things in heaven and earth. To have that lad stand between him and all his projects: and to be forced, for honour's sake, to let him stand!

But soon his men returned, seemingly in high glee, and other knights with them.

"Hey, lads!" said he, "I aimed at the falcon and shot the goose. Here is Edgar Atheling prisoner. Shall we put him to ransom?"

"He has no money, and Malcolm of Scotland is much too wise to lend him any," said some one. And some more rough jokes passed.

"Do you know, sirs, that he who lies there is your king?" asked a very tall and noble-looking knight.

“That do we not,” said Hereward sharply. “There is no king in England this day, as far as I know. And there will be none north of the Watling Street, till he be chosen in full husting, and anointed at York, as well as at Winchester or London. We have had one king made for us in the last forty years; and we intend to make the next ourselves.”

“And who art thou, who talkest so bold of king-making?”

“And who art thou, who askest so bold who I am?”

“I am Waltheof Siwardsson, the Earl, and yon is my army behind me.”

“And I am Hereward Leofricsson, the Wake, and yon is my army behind me.”

If the two champions had flown at each other's throats, and their armies had followed their example, simply as dogs fly at each other they know not why, no one would have been astonished in those unhappy times.

But it fell not out upon that wise; for Waltheof, leaping from his horse, pulled off his helmet, and seizing Hereward by both hands, cried:

“Blessed is the day which sees again in England Hereward, who has upheld throughout all lands and seas the honour of English chivalry!”

“And blessed is the day in which Hereward meets the head of the house of Siward where he should be, at



the head of his own men, in his own earldom. When I saw my friend, thy brother Asbiorn Bulax, brought into the camp at Dunsinane with all his wounds in front, I wept a young man's tears, and said, 'There ends the glory of the White-Bears' house!' But this day I say—The White-Bears' blood is risen from the grave in Waltheof Siwardsson, who with his single axe kept the gate of York against all the army of the French; and who shall keep against them all England, if he will be as wise as he is brave."

Was Hereward honest in his words? Hardly so. He wished to be honest. As he looked upon that magnificent young man, he hoped and trusted that his words were true. But he gave a second look at the face, and whispered to himself, "Weak, weak. He will be led by priests: perhaps by William himself. I must be courtèous: but confide I must not."

The men stood round, and looked with admiration on the two most splendid Englishmen then alive. Hereward had taken off his helmet likewise, and the contrast between the two was as striking as the completeness of each of them in his own style of beauty. It was the contrast between the slow-hound and the deer-hound: each alike high-couraged and high-bred; but the former, short, sturdy, cheerful, and sagacious; the latter tall, stately, melancholy, and not over wise withal.

Waltheof was a full head and shoulders taller than

Hereward. He was one of the tallest men of his generation, and of a strength which would have been gigantic, but for the too great length of neck and limb, which made him loose and slow in body, as he was somewhat loose and slow in mind. An old man's child, although that old man was one of the old giants, there was a vein of weakness in him, which showed in the arched eyebrow, the sleepy pale blue eye, the small soft mouth, the lazy voice, the narrow and lofty brain over a shallow brow. His face was not that of a warrior, but of a saint in a painted window; and to his own place he went, and became a saint, in his due time. But that he could out-general William; that he could even manage Gospatric and his intrigues, Hereward expected as little, as that his own nephews Edwin and Morcar could do it.

“I have to thank you, noble sir,” said Waltheof, languidly, “for sending your knights to our rescue when we were really hard bestead—I fear much by our own fault. Had they told me whose men they were, I should not have spoken to you so roughly as I fear I did.”

“There is no offence. Let Englishmen speak their minds, as long as English land is above sea. But how did you get into trouble, and with whom?”

Waltheof told him how he was going round the country, raising forces in the name of the Atheling; when, as they were straggling along the Roman road, Gilbert of Ghent had dashed out on them from a wood,



cut their line in two, driven Waltheof one way, and the Atheling another ; so that the Atheling had only escaped by riding, as they saw, for his life.

“ Well done, old Gilbert ! ” laughed Hereward. “ You must beware, my Lord Earl, how you venture within reach of that old bear’s paw.”

“ Bear ? By-the-by, Sir Hereward,” asked Waltheof, whose thoughts ran loosely right and left, “ they told me that you carried a white bear on your banner : but I only see a knot.”

“ Ah ? I have parted with my old bear, all save his skin ; for keeping which, by-the-by, your house ought to have a blood-feud against me. I slew your great-uncle, or cousin, or some other kinsman, at Gilbert’s house in Scotland long ago ; and since then I sleep on his skin every night, and used to carry his picture in my banner all day.”

“ Blood-feuds are solemn things,” said Waltheof, frowning. “ Karl killed my grandfather Aldred at the battle of Settrington, and his four sons are with the army at York now——”

“ For the love of all saints and of England, do not think of avenging that ! Every man must now put away old grudges, and remember that he has but one foe, William and his Frenchmen.”

“ Very nobly spoken. But those sons of Karl—and I think you said you had killed a kinsman of mine ? ”

“It was a bear, Lord Earl, a great white bear. Cannot you understand a jest? Or are you going to take up the quarrels of all white bears that are slain between here and Iceland? You will end by burning Crowland Minster then; for there are twelve of your kinsmen’s skins there, which Canute gave forty years ago.”

“Burn Crowland Minster? St. Guthlac and all saints forbid!” said Waltheof, crossing himself devoutly.

“Are you a monk-monger into the bargain, as well as a dolt? A bad prospect for us, if you are,” said Hereward to himself.

“Ah, my dear Lord King!” said Waltheof, “and you are recovering?”

“Somewhat,” said the lad, sitting up, “under the care of this kind knight.”

“He is a monk, Sir Atheling, and not a knight,” said Hereward. “Our fen men can wear a mail-shirt as easily as a frock, and handle a twybill as neatly as a breviary.”

Waltheof shook his head. “It is contrary to the canons of Holy Church.”

“So are many things that are done in England just now. Need has no master. Now, Sir Earl and Sir Atheling, what are you going to do?”

Neither of them, it seemed, very well knew. They would go to York if they could get there, and join



Gospatric and Merlesweyn. And certainly it was the most reasonable thing to be done.

“But if you mean to get to York, you must march after another fashion than this,” said Hereward. “See, Sir Earl, why you were broken by Gilbert; and why you will be broken again, if this order holds. If you march your men along one of these old Roman streets—— By St. Mary, these Romans had more wits than we; for we have spoilt the roads they left us, and never made a new one of our own——”

“They were heathens and enchanter,”—and Waltheof crossed himself.

“And conquered the world. Well—if you march along one of these streets, you must ride as I rode, when I came up to you. You must not let your knights go first, and your men-at-arms straggle after in a tail a mile long, like a scratch pack of hounds, all sizes except each others’. You must keep your footmen on the high street; and make your knights ride in two bodies, right and left, upon the wold, to protect their flanks and baggage.”

“But the knights will not. As gentlemen, they have a right to the best ground.”

“Then they may go to—— whither they will go, if the French come upon them. If they are on the flanks, and you are attacked, then they can charge in right and left on the enemy’s flank, while the footmen make a stand to cover the waggons.”





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“He has with him the Holy Father at Rome, and therefore the Blessed Apostle St. Peter of course. And—is a man right in the sight of Heaven, who resists them? I only say it—but where a man looks to the salvation of his own soul—he must needs think thereof seriously at least.”

“Oh, are you at that?” thought Hereward. “Tout est perdu. The question is, Earl,” said he aloud, “simply this. How many men can you raise off this shire?”

“I have raised—not so many as I could wish. Harold and Edith’s men have joined me fairly well: but your nephew, Morcar’s——”

“I can command them. I have half of them here already.”

“Then—then we may raise the rest?”

“That depends, my Lord Earl, for whom we fight!”

“For whom?—I do not understand.”

“Whether we fight for that lad—Child Edgar—or for Sweyn of Denmark, the rightful king of England.”

“Sweyn of Denmark! Who should be the rightful king, but the heir of the blessed St. Edward?”

“Blessed old fool! He has done harm to us enough on earth, without leaving us his second-cousin’s aunt’s malkins to harm us after he is in Heaven.”

“Sir Hereward, Sir Hereward, I fear thou art not as good a Christian as so good a knight should be.”

“Christian or not, I am as good a one as my neighbours. I am Leofric’s son. Leofric put Harthacanute on the throne; and your father, who was a man, helped him. You know what has befallen England, since we Danes left the Danish stock at Godwin’s bidding, and put our necks under the yoke of Wessex monks and monk-mongers. You may follow your father’s track, or not, as you like. I shall follow my father’s, and fight for Sweyn Ulffson, and no man else.”

“And I,” said Waltheof, “shall follow the anointed of the Lord.”

“The anointed of Gospatric and two or three boys!” said Hereward. “Knights! Turn your horses’ heads. Right about face all! We are going back to the Bruneshwold, to live and die free Danes.”

And to Waltheof’s astonishment, who had never before seen discipline, the knights wheeled round; the men-at-arms followed them; and Waltheof and the Atheling were left to themselves on Lincoln Heath.



## CHAPTER V.

## HOW ARCHBISHOP ALDRED DIED OF SORROW.

IN the tragedies of the next few months Hereward took no part ; but they must be looked at near, in order to understand somewhat of the men who were afterwards mixed up with him for weal and woe.

When William went back to the South, the confederates, Child Edgar the Atheling, Gospatric, and their friends, had come south again from Durham. It was undignified ; a confession of weakness. If a Frenchman had likened them to mice coming out when the cat went away, none could blame him. But so they did ; and Asbiorn and his Danes, landing in Humber-mouth, “ were met (says the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle) by Child Edgar and Earl Waltheof and Merlesweyn, and Earl Gospatric with the men of Northumberland, riding and marching joyfully with an immense army ;” not having the spirit of prophecy, or foreseeing those things which were coming on the earth.

To them repaired Edwin and Morcar, the two young Earls ; Arkill and Karl, “ the great Thaness ;” or at least

the four sons of Karl—for accounts differ; and what few else of the northern nobility Tosti had left un-murdered.

The men of Northumberland received the Danes with open arms. They would besiege York. They would storm the new French Keep. They would proclaim Edgar king at York.

In that Keep sat two men, one of whom knew his own mind, the other did not. One was William Malet, knight, one of the heroes of Hastings, a noble Norman, and chatelain of York Castle. The other was Archbishop Aldred.

Aldred seems to have been a man like too many more—pious, and virtuous, and harmless enough, and not without worldly prudence: but his prudence was of that sort which will surely swim with the stream, and “honour the powers that be,” if they be but prosperous enough. For after all, if success be not God, it is like enough to Him in some men’s eyes to do instead. So Archbishop Aldred had crowned Harold Godwinsson, when Harold’s star was in the ascendant.\* And who but Archbishop Aldred should crown William, when his star had cast Harold’s down from heaven? He would have crowned Satan himself, had he only proved himself king *de facto*—as he asserts himself to be *de jure*—of this wicked world.

\* So says Florence of Worcester. The Norman chroniclers impute the act to Stigand.



So Aldred, who had not only crowned William, but supported his power north of Humber by all means lawful, sat in York Keep, and looked at William Malet, wondering what he would do.

Malet would hold out to the last. As for the new Keep, it was surely impregnable. The old walls—the Roman walls on which had floated the flag of Constantine the Great—were surely strong enough to keep out men without battering-rams, balistas, or artillery\* of any kind. What mattered Asbiorn's two hundred and forty ships, and their crews of some ten or fifteen thousand men? What mattered the tens of thousands of Northern men, with Gospatric at their head? Let them rage and rob round the walls. A messenger had galloped in from William in the Forest of Dean, to tell Malet to hold out to the last. He had galloped out again, bearing for answer, that the Normans could hold York for a year.

But the Archbishop's heart misgave him, as from north and south at once came up the dark masses of two mighty armies, broke into columns, and surged against every gate of the city at the same time. They had no battering train to breach the ancient walls: but they had—and none knew it better than Aldred—hundreds of

\* Artillery is here used in its old English meaning, for any kind of warlike engine. Cf. I Samuel xx. 40.

friends inside, who would throw open to them the gates.

One gate he could command from the Castle tower. His face turned pale as he saw a mob of armed townsmen rushing down the street towards it; a furious scuffle with the French guards; and then, through the gateway, the open champaign beyond, and a gleaming wave of axes, helms, and spears, pouring in, and up the street.

“The traitors!” he almost shrieked, as he turned and ran down the ladder to tell Malet below.

Malet was firm, but pale as Aldred.

“We must fight to the last,” said he, as he hurried down, commanding his men to sally at once en masse and clear the city.

The mistake was fatal. The French were entangled in the narrow streets. The houses, shut to them, were opened to the English and Danes; and, overwhelmed from above, as well as in front, the greater part of the French garrison perished in the first fight. The remnant were shut up in the Castle. The Danes and English seized the houses round, and shot from the windows at every loophole and embrasure where a Frenchman showed himself.

“Shoot fire upon the houses!” said Malet.

“You will not burn York? Oh, God! is it come to this?”

“And why not York town, or York Minster, or



Rome itself with the Pope inside it, rather than yield to barbarians?"

Archbishop Aldred went into his room, and lay down on his bed. Outside was the roar of the battle; and soon, louder and louder, the roar of flame. This was the end of his timeserving and king-making. And he said many prayers, and beat his breast; and then called to his chaplain for clothes, for he was very cold. "I have slain my own sheep," he moaned, "slain my own sheep!"

His chaplain hapt him up in bed, and looked out of the window at the fight. There was no lull, neither was there any great advantage on either side. Only from the southward he could see fresh bodies of Danes coming across the plain.

"The carcass is here, and the eagles are gathered together. Fetch me the Holy Sacrament, chaplain, and God be merciful to an unfaithful shepherd."

The chaplain went.

"I have slain my own sheep," moaned the Archbishop. "I have given them up to the wolves—given mine own Minster, and all the treasures of the Saints, and—and—I am very cold."

When the chaplain came back with the blessed Sacrament, Archbishop Aldred was more than cold; for he was already dead and stiff. But William Malet would not yield. He and his Frenchmen fought, day after day,





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1069 the greater part of England seemed lost to William. Many Normans packed up their plunder and went back to France; and those whose hearts were too stout to return showed no mercy to the English, even as William showed none. To crush the heart of the people, by massacres, and mutilations, and devastations, was the only hope of the invader: and thoroughly he did his work whenever he had a chance.

## CHAPTER VI.

HOW HERWARD FOUND A WISER MAN IN ENGLAND  
THAN HIMSELF.

THERE have been certain men so great, that he who describes them in words—much more pretends to analyze their inmost feelings—must be a very great man himself, or incur the accusation of presumption. And such a great man was William of Normandy,—one of those unfathomable master-personages, who must not be rashly dragged on any stage. The genius of a Bulwer, in attempting to draw him, took care with a wise modesty, not to draw him in too much detail: to confess always, that there was much beneath and behind in William's character, which none, even of his contemporaries, could guess. And still more modest than Bulwer is this chronicler bound to be.

But one may fancy, for once in a way, what William's thoughts were, when they brought him the evil news of York. For we know what his acts were; and he acted up to his thoughts.

Hunting he was, they say, in the Forest of Dean, when first he heard that all England, north of the Watling:



Street, had broken loose, and that he was king of only half the isle.

Did he—as when, hunting in the forest of Rouen, he got the news of Harold's coronation—play with his bow, stringing and unstringing it nervously, till he had made up his mighty mind? Then did he go home to his lodge, and there spread on the rough oak board a parchment map of England, which no child would deign to learn from now, but was then good enough to guide armies to victory, because the eyes of a great general looked upon it?

As he pored over the map, by the light of bog-deal torch or rush candle, what would he see upon it?

Three separate blazes of insurrection, from north-west to east, along the Watling Street.

At Chester, Edric, “the wild Thane,” who, according to Domesday-book, had lost vast lands in Shropshire; Algitha, Harold's widow; and Blethwallon and all his Welsh; “the white mantles” swarming along Chester streets, not as usually, to tear and ravage like the wild cats of their own rocks, but fast friends by blood with Aldytha, once their queen on Penmaenmawr.\* Edwin, the young Earl, Algitha's brother, Hereward's nephew—he must be with them too, if he were a man.

Eastward, round Stafford, and the centre of Mercia,

\* See the admirable description of the tragedy of Penmaenmawr, in Bulwer's “Harold.”

another blaze of furious English valour. Morcar, Edwin's brother, must be there, as their Earl, if he too was a man.

Then in the fens and Kesteven. What meant this news, that Hereward of St. Omer was come again, and an army with him? That he was levying war on all Frenchmen, in the name of Sweyn, King of Denmark and of England? He is an outlaw, a desperado, a boastful swash-buckler, thought William, it may be, to himself. He found out, in after years, that he had mistaken his man.

And north, at York, in the rear of those three insurrections, lay Gospatric, Waltheof, and Merlesweyn, with the Northumbrian host. Durham was lost, and Comyn burnt therein. But York, so boasted William Malet, could hold out for a year. He should not need to hold out for so long.

And last, and worst of all, hung on the eastern coast the mighty fleet of Sweyn, who claimed England as his of right. The foe whom he had most feared ever since he set foot on English soil, a collision with whom had been inevitable all along, was come at last: but where would he strike his blow?

William knew, doubt it not, that the Danes had been defeated at Norwich: he knew, doubt it not, for his spies told him everything, that they had purposed entering the Wash. To prevent a junction between them and



Hereward was impossible. He must prevent a junction between them and Edwin and Morcar.

He determined, it seems—for he did it—to cut the English line in two, and marched upon Stafford as its centre.

But all records of these campaigns are fragmentary, confused, contradictory. The Normans fought, and had no time to write history. The English, beaten and crushed, died and left no sign. The only chroniclers of the time are monks. And little could Ordericus Vitalis, or Florence of Worcester, or he of Peterborough, faithful as he was, who filled up the sad pages of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle—little could they see or understand of the masterly strategy which was conquering all England for Norman monks, in order that they, following the army like black ravens, might feast themselves upon the prey which others won for them. To them, the death of an abbot, the squabbles of a monastery, the journey of a prelate to Rome, are more important than the manœuvres which decided the life and freedom of tens of thousands.

So all we know is, that William fell upon Morcar's men at Stafford, and smote them with a great destruction; rolling the fugitives west and east, toward Edwin, perhaps, at Chester, certainly toward Hereward in the fens.

At Stafford met him the fugitives from York, Malet;

his wife, and children, with the dreadful news that the Danes had joined Gospatric, and that York was lost.

William burst into fiendish fury. He accused the wretched men of treason. He cut off their hands, thrust out their eyes; threw Malet into prison, and stormed on northward.

He lay at Pontefract for three weeks. The bridges over the Aire were broken down. But at last he crossed and marched on York.

No man opposed him. The Danes were gone down to the Humber. Gospatric and Waltheof's hearts had failed them; and they had retired before the great captain.

Florence of Worcester says that William bought Earl Asbiorn off, giving him much money, and leave to forage for his fleet along the coast.

Doubtless William would have so done if he could. Doubtless the angry and disappointed English raised such accusations against the Earl, believing them to be true. But is not the simpler cause of Asbiorn's conduct to be found in the plain facts?—That he had sailed from Denmark to put Sweyn, his brother, on the throne. He found on his arrival that Gospatric and Waltheof had seized it in the name of Edgar Atheling. What had he to do more in England, save what he did?—go out into the Humber, and winter safely there, waiting till Sweyn should come with reinforcements in the spring?



Then William had his revenge: he destroyed, in the language of Scripture, "the life of the land." Far and wide the farms were burnt over their owners' heads, the growing crops upon the ground; the horses were houghed, the cattle driven off; while of human death and misery there was no end. Yorkshire and much of the neighbouring counties lay waste for the next nine years. It did not recover itself fully till several generations after.

The Danes had boasted that they would keep their Yule at York. William kept his Yule there instead. He sent to Winchester for the regalia of the Confessor; and in the midst of the blackened ruins, while the English for miles around wandered starving in the snows, feeding on carrion, on rats and mice, and at last upon each other's corpses, he sat in his royal robes, and gave away the lands of Edwin and Morcar to his liegemen. And thus, like the Romans, from whom he derived both his strategy and his civilization, he "made a solitude, and called it peace."

He did not give away Waltheof's lands; and only part of Gospatric's. He wanted Gospatric; he loved Waltheof, and wanted him likewise.

Therefore through the desert which he himself had made he forced his way up to the Tees a second time, over snow-covered moors; and this time St. Cuthbert sent no fog, being satisfied presumably with William's orthodox attachment to St. Peter and Rome; so the





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rolled stones on them from the limestone crags. They prayed to be dismissed, to go home.

“Cowards might go back,” said William; “he should go on.” If he could not ride, he would walk. Whoever lagged, he would be foremost. And cheered by his example, the army at last debouched upon the Cheshire flats.

Then he fell upon Edwin, as he had fallen upon Morcar. He drove the wild Welsh through the pass of Mold, and up into their native hills. He laid all waste with fire and sword for many a mile, as Domesday-book testifies to this day. He strengthened the walls of Chester; trampled out the last embers of rebellion; and went down south to Salisbury, King of England once again.

Why did he not push on at once against the one rebellion left alight, that of Hereward and his fen-men?

It may be that he understood him and them. It may be that he meant to treat with Sweyn, as he had done, if the story be true, with Asbiorn. It is more likely that he could do no more; that his army, after so swift and long a campaign, required rest. It may be that the time of service of many of his mercenaries was expired. Be that as it may, he mustered them at Old Sarum—the Roman British burgh which still stands on the down side—and rewarded them, according to their deserts, from the lands of the conquered English.

How soon Hereward knew all this, or how he passed the winter of 1070-71, we cannot tell. But to him it must have been a winter of bitter perplexity.

It was impossible to get information from Edwin; and news from York was almost impossible to get; for Gilbert of Ghent stood between him and it.

He felt himself now pent in, all but trapped. Since he had set foot last in England ugly things had risen up, on which he had calculated too little, namely Norman castles. A whole ring of them in Norfolk and Suffolk cut him off from the south. A castle at Cambridge closed the south end of the fens; another at Bedford, the western end; while Lincoln Castle to the north cut him off from York.

His men did not see the difficulty; and wanted him to march towards York, and clear all Lindsey and right up to the Humber.

Gladly would he have done so, when he heard that the Danes were wintering in the Humber.

“But how can we take Lincoln Castle without artillery, or even a battering ram?”

“Let us march past it, then, and leave it behind.”

“Ah, my sons,” said Hereward laughing sadly, “do you suppose that The Mamzer spends his time—and Englishmen’s life and labour—in heaping up those great stone mountains, that you and I may walk past them? They are put there just to prevent our walking past,



unless we choose to have the garrison sallying out to attack our rear, and cut us off from home, and carry off our women into the bargain, when our backs are turned."

The English swore, and declared that they had never thought of that.

"No. We drink too much ale on this side of the Channel, to think of that—or of anything beside."

"But," said Leofwin Prat, "if we have no artillery, we can make some."

"Spoken like yourself, good comrade. If we only knew how."

"I know," said Torfrida. "I have read of such things in books of the ancients, and I have watched them making continually—I little knew why, or that I should ever turn engineer."

"What is there that you do not know?" cried they all at once. And Torfrida actually showed herself a fair practical engineer.

But where was iron to come from? Iron for catapult-springs, iron for ram-heads, iron for bolts and bars?

"Torfrida," said Hereward, "you are wise. Can you use the divining rod?"

"Why, my knight?"

"Because there might be iron-ore in the wolds; and if you could find it by the rod, we might get it up and smelt it."





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blood was chilling more and more beneath the bitter sky of Kesteven. The fall of the leaf had brought with it rheumatism, ague, and many miseries. Cunning old leech-wives treated the French lady with tonics; mugwort, and bogbean, and good wine enow. But, like David of old, she got no heat; and before Yule-tide came, she had prayed herself safely out of this world, and into the world to come. And Torfrida's heart was the more light when she saw her go.

She was absorbed utterly in Hereward and his plots. She lived for nothing else, hardly even for her child; and clung to her husband's fortunes all the more fiercely, the more desperate they seemed.

So that small band of gallant men laboured on, waiting for the Danes, and trying to make artillery and take Lincoln Keep. And all the while, so unequal is fortune when God wills—throughout the Southern Weald, from Hastings to Hind-head, every copse glared with charcoal heaps, every glen was burrowed with iron diggings, every hammer-pond stamped and gurgled night and day, smelting and forging English iron, wherewith the Frenchmen might slay Englishmen.

William—though perhaps he knew it not himself—had, in securing Sussex and Surrey, secured the then great ironfield of England, and an unlimited supply of weapons: and to that circumstance, it may be, as much as to any other, the success of his campaigns may be due.

It must have been in one of these December days that a handful of knights came through the Brunewold, mud and blood-bespattered, urging on tired horses, as men desperate and foredone. And the foremost of them all, when he saw Hereward at the gate of Bourne, leaped down, and threw his arms round his neck, and burst into bitter weeping.

“Hereward, I know you, though you know me not. I am your nephew, Morcar Algarsson; and all is lost.”

\* \* \* \* \*

As the winter ran on, other fugitives came in, mostly of rank and family. At last Edwin himself came, young and fair, like Morcar; he who should have been the Conqueror's son-in-law; for whom his true-love pined, as he pined, in vain. Where were Sweyn and his Danes? Whither should they go till he came?

“To Ely,” answered Hereward.

Whether or not it was his wit which first seized on the military capabilities of Ely is not told. Leofric the deacon, who is likely to know best, says that there were men already there holding out against William; and that they sent for Hereward. But it is not clear from his words, whether they were fugitives, or merely bold Abbot Thurstan and his monks.

It is but probable, nevertheless, that Hereward, as the only man among the fugitives who ever showed any ability whatsoever, and who was, also, the only leader



(save Morcar) connected with the fen, conceived the famous "Camp of Refuge," and made it a formidable fact. Be that as it may, Edwin and Morcar went to Ely; and there joined an Earl Tosti (according to Richard of Ely), unknown to history; a Siward Barn, "the boy or the chieftain," who had been dispossessed of lands in Lincolnshire;\* and other valiant and noble gentlemen—the last wrecks of the English aristocracy. And there they sat in Abbot Thurstan's hall, and waited for Sweyn and the Danes.

But the worst Job's messenger who, during that evil winter and spring, came into the fen, was Bishop Egelwin of Durham. He it was, most probably, who brought the news of Berkshire laid waste with fire and sword. He it was, most certainly, who brought the worse news still, that Gospatric and Waltheof were gone over to the king. He was at Durham seemingly, when he saw that;

\* Ordericus Vitalis says that he and his brother Aldred were "sons of Ethelgar, the late king's grandson." In another place he makes Ethelgar a "cousin of King Edward." Mr. Forester in his notes to Ordericus Vitalis says (with probability) that the "late king" may have been Edward the Elder, who had a son named Ailward Snow, whose son Algar (Ethelgar) was probably the father of Siward Barn and Aldred, as well as of Brihtric, who had the largest possessions in Gloucestershire, Herefordshire, and Shropshire. If so, we have a fresh illustration of the fact that the lands of England had, before the Conquest, been accumulated in the hands of an aristocracy numerically small, and closely interrelated in blood; a state of things sufficient in itself to account for the easy victory of the French.





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held York-gate alone with his own axè against 'all the French."

"Well, that was a gallant deed."

"Pish! we are all gallant men, we English. It is not courage that we want, it is brains. So the Yorkshire and Lindsey men, and the Nottingham men too, will go with Waltheof. And round here, and all through the fens, every coward, every prudent man even—every man who likes to be within the law, and to feel his head safe on his shoulders—no blame to him—will draw off from me for fear of this new earl, and leave us to end as a handful of outlaws. I see it all. And William sees it all. He is wise enough, The Mamzer, and so is his father Belial, to whom he will go home some day. Yes, Torfrida," he went on after a pause, more gently, but in a tone of exquisite sadness, "you are right, as you always are. I am no match for that man. I see it now."

"I never said that. Only——"

"Only you told me again and again that he was the wisest man on earth."

"And yet, for that very reason, I bade you win glory without end by defying the wisest man on earth."

"And do you bid me do it still?"

"God knows what I bid," said Torfrida, bursting into tears. "Let me go pray, for I never needed it more."

Hereward watched her kneeling, as he sat moody,



all but desperate. Then he glided to her side and said gently :

“Teach me how to pray, Torfrida. I can say a pater or an ave. But that does not comfort a man’s heart, as far as I could ever find. Teach me to pray, as you and my mother pray.”

And she put her arms round the wild man’s neck, and tried to teach him, like a little child.



## CHAPTER VII.

HOW HEREWARD FULFILLED HIS WORDS TO THE PRIOR  
OF THE GOLDEN BOROUGH.

IN the course of that winter died good Abbot Brand. Hereward went over to see him, and found him moaning to himself texts of Isaiah, and confessing the sins of his people.

“ Woe to the vineyard that bringeth forth wild grapes. Woe to those that join house to house and field to field, —like us, and the Godwinssons, and every man that could—till we stood alone in the land. Many houses, great and fair, shall be without inhabitants. It is all foretold in Holy Writ, Hereward, my son. Woe to those who rise early to fill themselves with strong drink, and the tabret and harp are in their feasts : but they regard not the works of the Lord. Therefore my people are gone into captivity, because they have no knowledge. Ah—those Frenchmen have knowledge, and too much of it : while we have brains filled with ale instead of justice. Therefore hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure, —and all go down into it,





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gorod and the heart of Holmgård, Letts who still offered, in the forest of Rugen, human victims to the four-headed Swantowit; fôul hordes in sheepskins and primæval filth, who might have been scented from Hunstanton Ness ever since their ships had rounded the Skaw.

Hereward hurried to them with all his men. He was anxious, of course, to prevent their plundering the landsfolk as they went—and that the savages from the Baltic shore would certainly do, if they could, however reasonable the Danes, Orkneymen, and Irish Ostmen might be.

Food, of course, they must take where they could find it; but outrages were not a necessary, though a too common, adjunct to the process of emptying a farmer's granaries.

He found the Danes in a dangerous mood; sulky and disgusted, as they had good right to be. They had gone to the Humber, and found nothing but ruin; the land waste; the French holding both the shores of the Humber; and Asbiorn cowering in Humber-mouth, hardly able to feed his men. They had come to conquer England, and nothing was left for them to conquer, but a few peat-bogs. Then they would have what there was in them. Every one knew that gold grew up in England out of the ground, wherever a monk put his foot. And they would plunder Crowland. Their fore-

fathers had done it, and had fared none the worse. English gold they would have, if they could not get fat English manors.

“No! not Crowland!” said Hereward. Any place but Crowland, endowed and honoured by Canute the Great,—Crowland, whose abbot was a Danish nobleman, whose monks were Danes to a man, of their own flesh and blood. Canute’s soul would rise up in Valhalla and curse them, if they took the value of a penny from St. Guthlac. St. Guthlac was their good friend. He would send them bread, meat, ale, all they needed. but woe to the man who set foot upon his ground.

Hereward sent off messengers to Crowland, warning all to be ready to escape into the fens; and entreating Ulfketyl to empty his storehouses into his barges, and send food to the Danes, ere a day was past. And Ulfketyl worked hard and well, till a string of barges wound its way through the fens, laden with beeves and bread, and ale-barrels in plenty; and with monks too, who welcomed the Danes as their brethren, talked to them in their own tongue, blessed them in St. Guthlac’s name as the saviours of England; and then went home again, chanting so sweetly their thanks to Heaven for their safety, that the wild Vikings were awed, and agreed that St. Guthlac’s men were wise folk and open-hearted, and that it was a shame to do them harm.

. But plunder they must have.



“And plunder you shall have!” said Hereward as a sudden thought struck him. “I will show you the way to the Golden Borough—the richest minster in England; and all the treasures of the Golden Borough shall be yours, if you will treat Englishmen as friends, and spare the people of the Fens.”

It was a great crime in the eyes of men of that time. A great crime, taken simply, in Hereward's own eyes. But necessity has no law. Something the Danes must have, and ought to have; and St. Peter's gold was better in their purses, than in that of Thorold and his French monks.

So he led them up the fens and rivers, till they came into the old Nene, which men call Catwater and Muscal now.

As he passed Nomanslandhirne, and the mouth of the Porsand river, he trembled, and trusted that the Danes did not know that they were within three miles of St. Guthlac's sanctuary. But they went on ignorant, and up the Muscal till they saw St. Peter's towers on the wooded rise, and behind them the great forest which is now Milton Park.

There were two parties in Peterborough minster; a smaller faction of stout-hearted English; a larger one which favoured William and the French customs, with Prior Herluin at their head. Herluin wanted not for foresight, and he knew that evil was coming on him.





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he used to shout whenever he wanted to scourge his wretched English monks at Malmesbury into some French fashion.

The men leaped up and poured in, growling.

“Take me this monk, and kick him into the street for waking me with such news.”

“But, gracious lord, the heathen will surely burn Peterborough; and folks said that you were a mighty man of war.”

“So I am; but if I were Roland, Oliver, and Turpin rolled into one, how am I to fight Hereward and the Danes with forty men-at-arms? Answer me that, thou dunder-headed English porker.”

So Ywar was kicked into the cold, while Thorold raged up and down his chamber in mantle and slippers, wringing his hands over the treasure of the Golden Borough, snatched from his fingers just as he was closing them upon it.

That night the monks of Peterborough prayed in the minster till the long hours passed into the short. The corrodiers, and servants of the monastery, fled from the town outside into the Milton woods. The monks prayed on inside till an hour after matins. When the first flush of the summer's dawn began to show in the north-eastern sky, they heard mingling with their own chant, another chant, which Peterborough had not heard since it was Medehampstead, three hundred years ago;—the



terrible Yuch-hey-saa-saa—the war-song of the Vikings of the north.

Their chant stopped of itself. With blanched faces and trembling knees, they fled, regardless of all discipline, up into the minster tower; and from the leads looked out north-eastward on the fen.

The first rays of the summer sun\* were just streaming over the vast sheet of emerald, and glittering upon the winding river; and on a winding line, too, seemingly endless, of scarlet coats and shields, black hulls, gilded poops and vanes and beak-heads, and the flash and foam of innumerable oars.

And nearer and louder came the oar-roll, like thunder working up from the east; and mingled with it, that grim yet laughing Heysaa, which bespoke in its very note the revelry of slaughter.

The ships had all their sails on deck. But as they came nearer, the monks could see the banners of the two foremost vessels.

The one was the red and white of the terrible Dannebrog. The other, the scarcely less terrible Wake-knot of Hereward.

“He will burn the minster! He has vowed to do it. As a child he vowed, and he must do it. In this very

\* “This befel on the fourth day of the Nones of June.” So says the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle; from which the details of the sack are taken.



minster the fiend entered into him and possessed him; and to this minster has the fiend brought him back to do his will. Satan, my brethren, having a special spite (as must needs be) against St. Peter, rock and pillar of the Holy Church, chose out and inspired this man, even from his mother's womb, that he might be the foe and robber of St. Peter, and the hater of all who, like my humility, honour him, and strive to bring this English land into due obedience to that blessed Apostle. Bring forth the relics, my brethren. Bring forth, above all things, those filings of St. Peter's own chains, the special glory of our monastery—and perhaps its safeguard this day."

Some such bombast would any monk of those days have talked in like case. And yet, so strange a thing is man, he might have been withal, like Herluin, a shrewd and valiant man.

They brought out all the relics. They brought out the filings themselves, in a box of gold. They held them out over the walls at the ships, and called on all the saints to whom they belonged. But they stopped that line of scarlet, black, and gold, as much as their spiritual descendants stop the lava-stream of Vesuvius, when they hold out similar matters at them, with a hope unchanged by the experience of eight hundred years. The Heysaa rose louder and nearer. The Danes were coming. And they came.

And all the while a thousand skylarks rose from off the





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In that last thought the cunning Frenchman was not so far wrong. The Danes pushed up through the little town, and to the minster gates: but entrance was impossible; and they prowled round and round like raging wolves about a winter steading: but found no crack of entry.

Prior Herluin grew bold; and coming to the leads of the gateway tower, looked over cautiously, and holding up a certain most sacred emblem—not to be profaned in these pages—cursed them in the name of his whole Pantheon.

“Aha, Herluin? Are you there?” asked a short square man in gay armour. “Have you forgotten the peatstack outside Bolldyke Gate, and how you bade light it under me thirty years since?”

“Thou art Winter?” and the Prior uttered what would be considered from any but a churchman’s lips a blasphemous and bloodthirsty curse.

“Aha? That goes like rain off a duck’s back to one who has been a minster scholar in his time. You! Danes! Ostmen! down! If you shoot at that man, I’ll cut your heads off. He is the oldest foe I have in the world, and the only one who ever hit me without my hitting him again; and nobody shall touch him but me. So down bows, I say.”

The Danes—humorous all of them—saw that there was a jest toward, and perhaps some earnest too, and joined in jeering the Prior.



Herluin had ducked his head behind the parapet ; not from cowardice, but simply because he had on no mail ; and might be shot any moment. But when he heard Winter forbid them to touch him, he lifted up his head, and gave his old pupil as good as he brought.

With his sharp swift French priest's tongue he sneered, he jeered, he scolded, he argued ; and then threatened. Suddenly changing his tone, in words of real eloquence he appealed to the superstitions of his hearers. He threatened them with supernatural vengeance. He set before them all the terrors of the unseen world.

Some of them began to slink away frightened. St. Peter was an ill man to have a blood feud with.

Winter stood, laughing and jeering in return, for full ten minutes. At last—"I asked, and you have not answered : have you forgotten the old peatstack outside Bolldyke Gate ? For if you have, The Wake has not. He has piled it against the gate, and it should be burnt through by this time. Go and see."

Herluin disappeared with a curse.

"Now, you seacocks," said Winter, springing up. "We'll to the Bolldyke Gate, and all start fair."

The Bolldyke Gate was on fire ; and more, so were the suburbs. There was no time to save them, as Hereward would gladly have done, for the sake of the corrodiers. They must go :—on to the Bolldyke Gate. Who cared to put out flames behind him, with all the treasures



of Golden Borough before him? In a few minutes all the town was alight. In a few minutes more, the monastery likewise.

A fire is detestable enough at all times, but most detestable by day. At night it is customary; a work of darkness which lights up the dark; picturesque, magnificent, with a fitness Tartarean and diabolic. But under a glaring sun, amid green fields and blue skies, all its wickedness is revealed without its beauty. You see its works, and little more. The flame is hardly noticed. All that is seen is a canker eating up God's works, breaking the bones of its prey with a horrible cracking uglier than all stage-scene glares, cruelly and shamelessly under the very eye of the great, honest, kindly sun.

And that felt Hereward, as he saw Peterborough burn. He could not put his thoughts into words, as men of this day can: so much the better for him, perhaps. But he felt all the more intensely—as did men of his day—the things he could not speak. All he said was, aside to Winter—

“It is a dark job. I wish it had been done in the dark.” And Winter knew what he meant.

Then the men rushed into the Bolldyke Gate, while Hereward and Winter stood and looked with their men, whom they kept close together, waiting their commands. The Danes and their allies cared not for the great





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But to-day he spoke them fair. However, his fair speeches profited little, not being understood by a horde of Letts and Finns, who howled and bayed at him, and tried to tear the crucifix from his hands : but feared "The white Christ."

They were already gaining courage from their own yells ; in a moment more blood would have been shed, and then a general massacre must have ensued.

Hereward saw it, and shouting "After me, Hereward's men ! A Wake ! A Wake !" swung Letts and Finns right and left like cornsheaves, and stood face to face with Herluin.

An angry savage smote him on the hind head full with a stone axe. He staggered, and then looked round and laughed.

"Fool ! hast thou not heard that Hereward's armour was forged by dwarfs in the mountain-bowels ? Off, and hunt for gold, or it will be all gone."

The Finn, who was astonished at getting no more from his blow than a few sparks, and expected instant death in return, took the hint and vanished jabbering, as did his fellows.

"Now, Herluin the Frenchman !" said Hereward.

"Now, Hereward the robber of saints !" said Herluin.

It was a fine sight. The soldier and the churchman, the Englishman and the Frenchman, the man of the then



world, and the man of the then Church, pitted fairly, face to face.

Hereward tried for one moment to stare down Herluin. But those terrible eye-glances, before which Vikings had quailed, turned off harmless from the more terrible glance of the man who believed himself backed by the Maker of the universe, and all the hierarchy of heaven.

A sharp, unlovely face it was ; though, like many a great churchman's face of those days, it was neither thin nor haggard : but rather round, sleek, of a puffy and unwholesome paleness. But there was a thin lip above a broad square jaw, which showed that Herluin was neither fool nor coward.

“ A robber and a child of Belial thou hast been from thy cradle ; and a robber and a child of Belial thou art now. Dare thy last iniquity. Slay the servants of St. Peter on St. Peter's altar, with thy worthy comrades, the heathen Saracens,\* and set up Mahound with them in the holy place.”

Hereward laughed so jolly a laugh, that the prior was taken aback.

“ Slay St. Peter's monks ? Not even his rats ! I am a monk's knight, as my knot testifies. There shall not a

\* The Danes were continually mistaken by Mediæval churchmen for Saracens, and the Saracens considered to be idolaters. A maumee, or idol, means a Mahomet.



hair of your head be touched. Only, I must clear out all Frenchmen hence ; and all Englishmen likewise, as storks have chosen to pack with the cranes. Here, Hereward's men ! march, these traitors and their French prior safe out of the walls, and into Milton Woods, to look after their poor corrodiers."

"Out of this place I stir not. Here I am ; and here I will live or die, as St. Peter shall send aid."

But as he spoke, he was precipitated rudely forward, and hurried almost into Hereward's arms. The whole body of monks, when they heard Hereward's words, cared to hear no more : but, desperate between fear and joy, rushed forward, bearing away their prior in the midst.

"So go the rats out of Peterborough, and so is my dream fulfilled. Now for the treasure, and then to Ely."

But Herluin burst himself clear of the frantic mob of monks, and turned back on Hereward.

"Thou wast dubbed knight in that church !"

"I know it, man, and that church and the relics of the saints in it are safe therefore. Hereward gives his word."

"That—but not that only, if thou art a true knight, as thou holdest, Englishman."

Hereward growled savagely, and made an ugly step toward Herluin. That was a point which he would not have questioned.

"Then behave as a knight, and save, save,"—as the





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her. "Lady! you are safe. I will protect you. I am Hereward."

She sprang up, and threw herself with a scream into his arms.

"Hereward! Hereward! Save me. I am——"

"Alfruda!" said Hereward.

It was Alfruda; if possible more beautiful than ever.

"I have got you!" she cried. "I am safe now. Take me away—Out of this horrible place—Take me into the woods—Anywhere—Only do not let me be burnt here—stifled like a rat. Give me air! Give me water!" And she clung to him so madly, that Hereward, as he held her in his arms, and gazed on her extraordinary beauty, forgot Torfrida for the second time.

But there was no time to indulge in evil thoughts, even had any crossed his mind. He caught her in his arms, and commanding the maid to follow, hurried down the stair.

Winter and the Siwards were defending the foot with swinging blades. The savages were howling round like curs about a bull; and when Hereward appeared above with the women, there was a loud yell of rage and envy.

He should not have the women to himself—They would share the plunder equally—was shouted in half-a-dozen barbarous dialects.

"Have you left any valuables in the chamber?" whispered he to Alfruda.



“Yes, jewels—robes—Let them have all, only save me!”

“Let me pass!” roared Hereward. “There is rich booty in the room above, and you may have it as these ladies’ ransom. Them you do not touch. Back, I say, let me pass!”

And he rushed forward. Winter and the housecarles formed round him and the women, and hurried down the hall; while the savages hurried up the ladder, to quarrel over their spoil.

They were out in the court-yard, and safe for the moment. But whither should he take her?

“To Earl Asbiorn,” said one of the Siwards. But how to find him?

“There is Bishop Christiern!” And the bishop was caught and stopped.

“This is an evil day’s work, Sir Hereward.”

“Then help to mend it by taking care of these ladies, like a man of God.” And he explained the case.

“You may come safely with me, my poor lambs,” said the Bishop. “I am glad to find something to do fit for a churchman. To me, my housecarles.”

But they were all off plundering.

“We will stand by you and the ladies, and see you safe down to the ships,” said Winter, and so they went off.

Hereward would gladly have gone with them; as



Alfruda piteously entreated him. But he heard his name called on every side in angry tones.

“Who wants Hereward?”

“Earl Asbiorn—Here he is.”

“Those scoundrel monks have hidden all the altar furniture. If you wish to save them from being tortured to death, you had best find it.”

Hereward ran with him into the Cathedral. It was a hideous sight; torn books and vestments; broken tabernacle-work; foul savages swarming in and out of every dark aisle and cloister, like wolves in search of prey; five or six ruffians aloft upon the rood-screen; one tearing the golden crown from the head of the Crucifix, another the golden footstool from its feet.\*

As Hereward came up, crucifix and man fell together, crashing upon the pavement, amid shouts of brutal laughter.

He hurried past them, shuddering, into the choir. The altar was bare; the golden pallium which covered it, gone.

“It may be in the crypt below. I suppose the monks keep their relics there,” said Osbiorn.

“No! Not there. Do not touch the relics! Would you have the curse of all the saints? Stay! I know an

\* The crucifix was probably of the Greek pattern, in which the figure stood upon a flat slab, projecting from the cross.





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Kaiser's treasury. Here, wolves and ravens, eat gold, drink gold, roll in gold, and know that Hereward is a man of his word, and pays his soldiers' wages royally."

They rushed up the narrow stair, trampling each other to death, and thrust Hereward and the Earl, choking, into a corner. The room was so full for a few moments, that some died in it. Hereward and Asbiorn, protected by their strong armour, forced their way to the narrow window, and breathed through it, looking out upon the sea of flame below.

"I am sorry for you, Jarl," said Hereward. "But for the poor Englishmen's sake, so it must be."

"King Sweyn shall judge of that. Why dost hold my wrist, man?"

"Daggers are apt to get loose in such a press as this."

"Always The Wake," said Asbiorn, with a forced laugh.

"Always The Wake. And as thou saidst, King Sweyn the just shall judge between us."

Jarl Asbiorn swung from him, and into the now thinning press. Soon only a few remained, to search, by the glare of the flames, for what their fellows might have overlooked.

"Now the play is played out," said Hereward, "we may as well go down, and to our ships."

Some drunken ruffians would have burnt the church



for mere mischief. But Asbiorn, as well as Hereward, stopped that. And gradually they got the men down to the ships; some drunk, some struggling under plunder; some cursing and quarrelling because nothing had fallen to their lot. It was a hideous scene: but one to which Hereward, as well as Asbiorn, was too well accustomed to see aught in it save an hour's inevitable trouble in getting the men on board.

The monks had all fled. Only Leofwin the Long was left, and he lay sick in the infirmary. Whether he was burned therein, or saved by Hereward's men, is not told.

And so was the Golden Borough sacked and burnt. Now then, whither?

The Danes were to go to Ely, and join the army there. Hereward would march on to Stamford; secure the town if he could; then to Huntingdon, to secure it likewise; and on to Ely afterwards.

“You will not leave me among these savages?” said Alfruda.

“Heaven forbid! You shall come with me as far as Stamford, and then I will set you on your way.”

“My way?” said Alfruda, in a bitter and hopeless tone.

Hereward mounted her on a good horse, and rode beside her, looking—and he well knew it—a very perfect knight. Soon they began to talk. What had brought Alfruda to Peterborough, of all places on earth?



“A woman’s fortune. Because I am rich—and some say fair—I am a puppet, a slave, a prey. I was going back to my—to Dolfin.”

“Have you been away from him, then?”

“What? Do you not know?”

“How should I know, lady?”

“Yes, most true. How should Hereward know anything about Alfruda? But I will tell you. Maybe you may not care to hear?”

“About you? Anything. I have often longed to know how—what you were doing.”

“Is it possible? Is there one human being left on earth who cares to hear about Alfruda? Then listen. You know that when Gospatric fled to Scotland his sons went with him—young Gospatric, Waltheof,\* and he—Dolfin. Ethelreda, his girl, went too—and she is to marry, they say, Duncan, Malcolm’s eldest son by Ingebiorg. So Gospatric will find himself, some day, father-in-law of the King of Scots.”

“I will warrant him to find his nest well lined, wherever he be. But of yourself?”

“I refused to go. I could not face again that bleak

\* This Waltheof Gospatricsson must not be confounded with Waltheof Siwardsson, the young Earl. He became a wild border chieftain, then Baron of Atterdale, and then gave Atterdale to his sister, Queen Ethelreda, and turned monk, and at last Abbot, of Crowland; crawling home, poor fellow, like many another, to die in peace in the sanctuary of the Danes.





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have been a shameful sin ; he would not have committed it for all the treasures of Constantinople : but it was, a not unpleasant thought that Alfruda should fall in love with him. But he only said, tenderly and courteously—

“ Alas ! poor lady ! ”

“ Poor lady. Too true, that last. For whither am I going now ? Back to that man once more.”

“ To Dolfin ? ”

“ To my master, like a runaway slave. I went down South to Queen Matilda. I knew her well, and she was kind to me, as she is to all things that breathe. . . But now that Gospatric is come into the king's grace again, and has bought the earldom of Northumbria, from Tees to Tyne——”

“ Bought the earldom ? ”

“ That has he ; and paid for it right heavily.”

“ Traitor and fool ! He will not keep it seven years. The Frenchman will pick a quarrel with him, and cheat him out of earldom and money too.”

The which William did, within three years.

“ May it be so ! But when he came into the King's grace, he must needs demand me back in his son's name.”

“ What does Dolfin want with you ? ”

“ His father wants my money ; and stipulated for it, with the King. And besides, I suppose I am a pretty plaything enough still.”



“You? You are divine, perfect. Dolfin is right. How could a man who had once enjoyed you, live without you?”

Alfruda laughed, a laugh full of meaning: but what that meaning was Hereward could not divine.

“So now,” she said, “what Hereward has to do, as a true and courteous knight, is to give Alfruda safe conduct, and, if he can, a guard; and to deliver her up loyally and knightly to his old friend and fellow-warrior, Dolfin Gospatricsson, Earl of whatever he can lay hold of for the current month.”

“Are you in earnest?”

Alfruda laughed one of her strange laughs, looking straight before her. Indeed she had never looked Hereward in the face during the whole ride.

“What are those open holes? Graves?”

“They are Barnack stone quarries, which Waltheof the Wittol has just given away to Crowland. Better that, though, than keep them for his new French cousins to build castles withal.”

“So? That is pity. I thought they had been graves; and then you might have covered me up in one of them, and left me to sleep in peace.”

“What can I do for you, Alfruda, my old playfellow, Alfruda, whom I saved from the bear?”

“If Alfruda had foreseen the second monster into whose jaws she was to fall, she would have prayed you to



hold that terrible hand of yours, which never since, men say, has struck without victory and renown. You won your first honour for my sake. But who am I now, that you should turn out of your glorious path for me?"

"I will do anything—anything. But why miscall this noble prince a monster?"

"If he were fairer than St. John, more wise than Solomon, and more valiant than King William, he is to me a monster; for I loathe him, and I know not why. But do your duty as a knight, sir. Convey the lawful wife to her lawful spouse."

"What cares an outlaw for law, in a land where law is dead and gone? I will do what I—what you like. Come with me to Torfrida at Bourne; and let me see the man who dares try to take you out of my hand."

Alfruda laughed again.

"No, no. I should interrupt the doves in their nest. Beside, the billing and cooing might make me envious. And I, alas! who carry misery with me round the land, might make your Torfrida jealous."

Hereward was of the same opinion, and rode silent and thoughtful through the great woods which are now the noble park of Burghley.

"I have found it!" said he at last. "Why not go to Gilbert of Ghent, at Lincoln?"

"Gilbert? Why should he befriend me?"





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said he to himself, crushing them gallantly down, "I had never thought of Lincoln. But there is no other plan."

But he did not tell Alfruda as he had meant to do, that she might see him soon in Lincoln Castle as its conqueror and lord. He half hoped that when that day came, Alfruda might be somewhere else.

"Gilbert can say," he went on, steadying himself again, "that you feared to go north on account of the disturbed state of the country; and that, as you had given yourself up to him of your own accord, he thought it wisest to detain you, as a hostage for Dolfin's allegiance."

"He shall say so. I will make him say so."

"So be it. Now, here we are at Stamford town; and I must to my trade. Do you like to see fighting, Alfruda—the man's game, the royal game, the only game worth a thought on earth? For you are like to see a little in the next ten minutes."

"I should like to see you fight. They tell me none is so swift and terrible in the battle as Hereward. How can you be otherwise, who slew the bear—when we were two happy children together? But shall I be safe?"

"Safe? of course," said Hereward, who longed, peacock-like, to show off his prowess before a lady who was—there was no denying it—far more beautiful than even Torfrida.

But he had no opportunity to show off that prowess. For, as he galloped in over Stamford Bridge, Abbot



Thorold galloped out at the opposite end of the town through Casterton, and up the Roman road to Grantham.

After whom Hereward sent Alfruda (for he heard that Thorold was going to Gilbert at Lincoln) with a guard of knights ; bidding them do him no harm, but saying that Hereward knew him to be a preux chevalier and lover of fair ladies ; that he had sent him a right fair one to bear him company to Lincoln ; and hoped that he would sing to her on the way the song of Roland.

And Alfruda, who knew Thorold, went willingly, since it could no better be.

After which, according to Gaimar, Hereward tarried three days at Stamford, laying a heavy tribute on the burgesses for harbouring Thorold and his Normans ; and also surprised at a drinking bout a certain special enemy of his, and chased him from room to room sword in hand, till he took refuge shamefully in an outhouse, and begged his life. And when his knights came back from Grantham, he marched to Bourne.

“The next night,” says Richard of Ely, or it may be Leofric himself, “Hereward saw in his dreams a man standing by him of inestimable beauty, old of years, terrible of countenance, in all the raiment of his body more splendid than all things which he had ever seen, or conceived in his mind ; who threatened him with a great club which he carried in his hand, and with a fearful doom, that he should take back to his church all that



had been carried off the night before, and have them restored utterly, each in its place, if he wished to provide for the salvation of his soul, and escape on the spot a pitiable death. But when awakened, he was seized with a divine terror, and restored in the same hour all that he took away, and so departed, going onward with all his men."

So says the chronicler, wishing, as may be well believed, to advance the glory of St. Peter, and to purge his hero's name from the stain of sacrilege. Beside, the monks of Peterborough, no doubt, had no wish that the world should spy out their nakedness, and become aware that the Golden Borough was stripped of all its gold.

Nevertheless, truth will out. Golden Borough was Golden Borough no more. The treasures were never restored; they went to sea with the Danes, and were scattered far and wide—to Norway, to Ireland, to Denmark; "all the spoils," says the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, "which reached the latter country, being the pallium and some of the shrines and crosses; and many of the other treasures they brought to one of the king's towns, and laid them up in the church. But one night, through their carelessness and drunkenness, the church was burned, with all that was therein. Thus was the minster of Peterborough burned and pillaged. May Almighty God have pity on it in His great mercy. And thus Abbot Tuold came to Peterborough. . . . When Bishop





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themselves about what had befallen, the wolf and the candles disappeared, and they came whither they had been minded, beyond Stamford town, thanking God, and wondering at what had happened.”

After which Hereward took Torfrida, and his child, and all he had, and took ship at Bardeney, and went for Ely. Which when Earl Warrenne heard, he laid wait for him, seemingly near Littleport : but got nothing thereby, according to Richard of Ely, but the pleasure of giving and taking a great deal of bad language ; and (after his men had refused, reasonably enough, to swim the Ouse and attack Hereward) an arrow, which Hereward, “ *modicum se inclinans,*” stooping forward, says the chronicler—who probably saw the deed—shot at him across the Ouse, as the Earl stood cursing on the top of the dyke. Which arrow flew so stout and strong, that though it sprang back from Earl Warrenne’s hauberk, it knocked him almost senseless off his horse, and forced him to defer his purpose of avenging Sir Frederic his brother.

After which Hereward threw himself into Ely, and assumed, by consent of all, the command of the English who were therein.



## CHAPTER VIII.

HOW THEY HELD A GREAT MEETING IN THE HALL  
OF ELY.

THERE sat round the hall of Ely all the magnates of the East land and East sea. The Abbot was on his high seat; and on a seat higher than his, prepared specially, Sweyn Ulfsson, King of Denmark and England. By them sat the bishops, Egelwin the Englishman and Christiern the Dane; Asbiorn; the young Earls Edwin and Morcar, and Sweyn's two sons; and, it may be, the sons of Tosti Godwinsson, and Arkill the great Thane, and Siward Barn, and Hereward himself. Below them were knights, vikings, captains, great Holders from Denmark, and the Prior and inferior officers of Ely minster. And at the bottom of the misty hall, on the other side of the column of blue vapour which went trembling up from the great heap of burning turf amidst, were housecarles, monks, wild men from the Baltic shores, crowded together to hear what was done in that parliament of their betters.

They spoke like free Danes; the betters from the upper end of the hall, but every man as he chose. They



were in full Thing ; in parliament, as their forefathers had been wont to be for countless ages. Their House of Lords and their House of Commons were not yet defined from each other : but they knew the rules of the house, the courtesies of debate ; and, by practice of free speech, had educated themselves to bear and forbear, like gentlemen.

But the speaking was loud and earnest, often angry that day. “ What was to be done ? ” was the question before the house.

“ That depended,” said Sweyn, the wise and prudent king, “ on what could be done by the English to cooperate with them.” And what that was, has been already told.

“ When Tosti Godwinsson, ye Bishops, Jarls, Knights, and Holders, came to me five years ago, and bade me take my rights in this land of England, I answered him, that I had not wit enough to do the deeds which Canute my uncle did ; and so sat still in peace. I little thought that I should have lost in five years so much of those small wits to which I confessed, that I should come after all to take my rightful kingdom of England, and find two kings in it already, both more to the English mind than I am. While William the Frenchman is king by the sword, and Edgar the Englishman king by proclamation of Earls and Thaness, there seems no room here for Sweyn, nephew of Canute, king of kings.”





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in a terrible voice. "Hereward is right. We shall see what thou sayest to all this, in full Thing at home in Denmark."\*

Then Edwin rose, entreating peace. "They were beaten. The hand of God was against them. Why should they struggle any more? Or, if they struggled on, why should they involve the Danes in their own ruin?"

Then man after man rose, and spoke rough Danish common sense. They had come hither to win England. They had found it won already. Let them take what they had got from Peterborough, and go.

Then Winter sprang up. "Take the pay, and sail off with it, without having done the work? That would be a noble tale to carry home to your fair wives in Jutland. I shall not call you nidding, being a man of peace, as all know." Whereat all laughed; for the doughty little man had not a hand's breadth on head or arm without its scar. "But if your ladies call you so, you must have a shrewd answer to give, beside knocking them down."

Sweyn spoke without rising:—"The good knight forgets that this expedition has cost Denmark already nigh as much as Harold Hardraade's cost Norway. It is hard upon the Danes, if they are to go away empty-handed as well as disappointed."

"The King has right!" cried Hereward. "Let them

\* Asbiorn is said to have been outlawed on his return home.



take the plunder of Peterborough as pay for what they have done, and what beside they would have done if Asbiorn the Jarl—Nay, men of England, let us be just!—what Asbiorn himself would have done if there had been heart and wit, one mind and one purpose, in England. The Danes have done their best. They have shown themselves what they are, our blood and kin. I know that some talk of treason, of bribes. Let us have no more such vain and foul suspicions. They came as our friends; and as our friends let them go, and leave us to fight out our own quarrel to the last drop of blood.”

“Would God!” said Sweyn, “thou wouldest go too, thou good knight. Here, earls and gentlemen of England! Sweyn Ulfsson offers to every one of you, who will come to Denmark with him, shelter and hospitality till better times shall come.”

Then arose a mixed cry. Some would go, some would not. Some of the Danes took the proposal cordially; some feared bringing among themselves men who would needs want land, of which there was none to give. If the English came, they must go up the Baltic, and conquer fresh lands for themselves from heathen Letts and Finns.

Then Hereward rose again, and spoke so nobly and so well, that all ears were charmed.

They were Englishmen; and they would rather die in their own merry England than win new kingdoms in



the cold north-east. They were sworn, the leaders of them, to die or conquer, fighting the accursed Frenchman. They were bound to St. Peter, and to St. Guthlac, and to St. Felix of Ramsey, and St. Etheldreda the holy virgin beneath whose roof they stood, to defend against Frenchmen the saints of England whom they despised and blasphemed, whose servants they cast out, thrust into prison, and murdered, that they might bring in Frenchmen from Normandy, Italians from the Pope of Rome. Sweyn Ulfsson spoke as became him, as a prudent and a generous prince ; the man who alone of all kings defied and fought the great Hardraade till neither could fight more ; the true nephew of Canute the king of kings : and they thanked him : but they would live and die Englishmen.

And every Englishman shouted, " Hereward is right ! We will live and die fighting the French."

And Sweyn Ulfsson rose again, and said with a great oath, " That if there had been three such men as Hereward in England, all would have gone well."

Hereward laughed. " Thou art wrong for once, wise king. We have failed, just because there were a dozen men in England as good as I, every man wanting his own way ; and too many cooks have spoiled the broth. What we wanted is not a dozen men like me, but one like thee, to take us all by the back of the neck and shake us soundly, and say, ' Do that, or die ! ' "





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“What matter? I heard thee sing—

‘A bed-death, a priest death,  
A straw death, a cow death,  
Such death likes not me.’

Nor likes it me either, Hereward Leofricsson.”

So the Danes sailed away: but Sigtryg Ranaldsson and his five ships remained.

Hereward went up to the minster tower; and watched the Ouse flashing with countless oars northward toward Southrey Fen. And when they were all out of sight, he went back, and lay down on his bed, and wept—once and for all. Then he arose, and went down into the hall to abbots and monks, and earls and knights, and was the boldest, cheeriest, wittiest of them all.

“They say,” quoth he to Torfrida that night, “that some men have grey heads on green shoulders. I have a grey heart in a green body.”

“And my heart is growing very grey, too,” said Torfrida.

“Certainly not thy head.” And he played with her raven locks.

“That may come, too; and too soon.”

For, indeed, they were in very evil case.



## CHAPTER IX.

## HOW THEY FOUGHT AT ALDRETH.

WHEN William heard that the Danes were gone, he marched on Ely, as on an easy prey.

Ivo Taillebois came with him, hungry after those Spalding lands, the rents whereof Hereward had been taking for his men for now twelve months. William de Warrenne was there, vowed to revenge the death of Sir Frederick, his brother. Ralph Guader was there, flushed with his success at Norwich. And with them were all the Frenchmen of the east, who had been either expelled from their lands, or were in fear of expulsion.

With them, too, was a great army of mercenaries, ruffians from all France and Flanders, hired to fight for a certain term, on the chance of plunder or of fiefs in land. Their brains were all aflame with the tales of inestimable riches hidden in Ely. There were there the jewels of all the monasteries round; there were the treasures of all the fugitive English nobles; there were there—what was there not? And they grumbled, when William halted them and hutted them at Cambridge, and



began to feel cautiously the strength of the place—which must be strong, or Hereward and the English would not have made it their camp of refuge.

Perhaps he rode up to Madingley windmill ; and saw fifteen miles away, clear against the sky, the long line of what seemed nought but a low upland park, with the minster tower among the trees ; and between him and them, a rich champaign of grass, over which it was easy enough to march all the armies of Europe ; and thought Ely an easy place to take. But men told him that between him and those trees lay a black abyss of mud and peat and reeds, Haddenham fen and Smithy fen, with the deep sullen West water or “Ald-reche” \* of the Ouse winding through them. The old Roman road to Stretham was sunk and gone long since under the bog, whether by English neglect, or whether (as some think) by actual and bodily sinking of the whole land. The narrowest space between dry land and dry land was a full half-mile ; and how to cross that half-mile, no man knew.

What were the approaches on the west ? There were none. Beyond Earith, where now run the great washes

\* I give the supposed etymologies of one of the various spellings of “Alrehede,” now Aldreth. A better is Alre-hythe, the Alder-shore ; a better still perhaps, St. Etheldreda, or Audrey, herself. St. Audrey’s Causeway leads to the spot ; St. Audrey’s well is, or was, on the slope above ; and the name of the place may be simply Audrey’s Hythe.





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then to try that terrible half-mile, with the courage and wit of a general to whom human lives were as those of the gnats under the hedge.

So all his host camped themselves in Willingham field, by the old earth-work which men now call Belsar's Hills: and down the bridle-way poured countless men, bearing timber and faggots, cut from all the hills, that they might bridge the black half-mile.

They made a narrow firm path through the reeds, and down to the brink of the Ouse, if brink it could be called, where the water, rising and falling a foot or two each tide, covered the floating peat for many yards, before it sunk into a brown depth of bottomless slime. They would make a bottom for themselves by driving piles.

The piles would not hold; and they began to make a floating bridge with long beams, say the chroniclers, and blown-up cattle-hides to float them.

Soon they made a floating-sow, and thrust it on before them as they worked across the stream; for they were getting under shot from the island.

Meanwhile, the besieged had not been idle. They had thrown up a turf rampart on the island shore, and "ante-muralia et propugnacula,"—doubtless overhanging "hoardings," or scaffolds, through the floor of which they could shower down missiles.\* And so they awaited

\* Was this "Hereward's Fort," which was still shown in the Fens in the days of Roger of Wendover?



the attack, contenting themselves with gliding in and out of the reeds in their canoes, and annoying the builders with arrows and cross-bow bolts.

At last the bridge was finished, and the sow safe across the Westwater; and thrust in, as far as it would float, among the reeds on the high tide. They in the fort could touch it with a pole.

The English would have destroyed it if they could. But The Wake bade them leave it alone. He had watched all their work, and made up his mind to the event.

“The rats have set a trap for themselves,” he said to his men; “and we shall be fools to break it up till the rats are safe inside.”

So there the huge sow lay, black and silent, showing nothing to the enemy but a side of strong plank, covered with hide to prevent its being burned. It lay there for three hours, and The Wake let it lie.

He had never been so cheerful, so confident. “Play the man this day, every one of you; and ere nightfall you will have taught the Frenchman once more the lesson of York. He seems to have forgotten that. It is time to remind him of it.”

And he looked to his bow and to his arrows, and prepared to play the man himself; as was the fashion in those old days, when a general proved his worth by hitting harder and more surely than any of his men.



At last the army was in motion, and Willingham field opposite was like a crawling ants' nest. Brigade after brigade moved down to the reed beds, and the assault began.

And now advanced along the causeway, and along the bridge, a dark column of men, surmounted by glittering steel; knights in complete mail; footmen in leather coats and jerkins; at first orderly enough, each under the banner of his lord: but more and more mingled and crowded, as each hurried forward, eager for his selfish share of the inestimable treasures of Ely. They pushed along the bridge. The mass became more and more crowded; men stumbled over each other, and fell off into the mire and water, calling vainly for help: but their comrades hurried on unheeding, in the mad thirst for spoil.

On they came in thousands; and fresh thousands streamed out of the fields, as if the whole army intended to pour itself into the isle at once.

"They are numberless," said Torfrida, in a serious and astonished voice, as she stood by Hereward's side.

"Would they were!" said Hereward. "Let them come on, thick and threefold. The more their numbers, the fatter will the fish below be, before to-morrow morning. Look there, already!"

And already the bridge was swaying, and sinking beneath their weight. The men, in places, were ankle





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on ; disappearing under their struggling comrades, who disappeared in their turn.

“ Look, Torfrida ! If they plant their scaling ladders, it will be on a foundation of their comrades’ corpses.”

Torfrida gave one glance through the openings of the hoarding, upon the writhing mass below, and turned away in horror. The men were not so merciful. Down between the hoarding-beams rained stones, javelins, arrows, increasing the agony and death. The scaling ladders would not stand in the mire ; if they had stood a moment, the struggles of the dying would have thrown them down. And still fresh victims pressed on from behind, shouting “ Dex Aie ! On to the gold of Ely ! ” And still the sow, under the weight, slipped further and further back into the stream, and the foul gulf widened between besiegers and besieged.

At last one scaling ladder was planted upon the bodies of the dead, and hooked firmly on the gunwale of the hoarding. Ere it could be hurled off again by the English, it was so crowded with men that even Hereward’s strength was insufficient to lift it off. He stood at the top, ready to hew down the first comer ; and he hewed him down.

But the French were not to be daunted. Man after man dropped dead from the ladder top,—man after man took his place ; sometimes scrambling over each other’s backs.



The English, even in the insolence of victory, cheered them with honest admiration. "You are fellows worth fighting, you French!"

"So we are," shouted a knight, the first and last who crossed that parapet; for, thrusting Hereward back with a blow of his sword-hilt, he staggered past him over the hoarding, and fell on his knees.

A dozen men were upon him: but he was up again and shouting:—

"To me, men at arms! A Deda! A Deda!" But no man answered.

"Yield!" quoth Hereward.

Sir Deda answered by a blow on Hereward's helmet, which felled The Wake to his knees, and broke the sword into twenty splinters.

"Well hit!" said Hereward, as he rose. "Don't touch him, men! this is my quarrel now. Yield, sir! you have done enough for your honour. It is madness to throw away your life."

The knight looked round on the fierce ring of faces, in the midst of which he stood alone.

"To none but The Wake."

"The Wake am I."

"Ah," said the knight, "had I but hit a little harder!"

"You would have broke your sword into more splinters. My armour is enchanted. So yield like a reasonable and valiant man."



“What care I?” said the knight, stepping on to the earthwork, and sitting down quietly. “I vowed to St. Mary and King William that into Ely I would get this day; and in Ely I am; so I have done my work.”

“And now you shall taste—as such a gallant knight deserves—the hospitality of Ely.”

It was Torfrida who spoke.

“My husband’s prisoners are mine; and I, when I find them such gallant knights as you are, have no lighter chains for them than that which a lady’s bower can afford.”

Sir Deda was going to make an equally courteous answer, when over and above the shouts and curses of the combatants rose a yell so keen, so dreadful, as made all hurry forward to the rampart.

That which The Wake had foreseen was come at last. The bridge, strained more and more by its living burden, and by the falling tide, had parted,—not at the Ely end, where the sliding of the sow took off the pressure,—but at the end nearest the camp. One sideway roll it gave, and then, turning over, engulfed in that foul stream the flower of Norman chivalry; leaving a line—a full quarter of a mile in length—of wretches drowning in the dark water, or, more hideous still, in the bottomless slime of peat and mud.

Thousands are said to have perished. Their armour and weapons were found at times, by delvers and dykers,





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## CHAPTER X.

## HOW SIR DEDA BROUGHT NEWS FROM ELY.

A MONTH after the fight, there came into the camp at Brandon, riding on an ambling pad, himself fat and well-liking, none other than Sir Deda.

Boisterously he was received, as one alive from the dead ; and questioned as to his adventures and sufferings.

“Adventures I have had, and strange ones ; but as for sufferings—instead of fetter-galls, I bring back, as you see, a new suit of clothes ; instead of an empty and starved stomach, a surfeit from good victuals and good liquor ; and whereas I went into Ely on foot, I came out on a fast hackney.”

So into William’s tent he went ; and there he told his tale.

“So, Deda, my friend ?” quoth the Duke in high good humour, for he loved Deda. “You seem to have been in good company ?”

“Never in better, sire, save in your presence. Of the earls and knights in Ely, all I can say is, God’s pity that they are rebels ; for more gallant and courteous knights or



more perfect warriors never saw I neither in Normandy nor at Constantinople, among the Varangers themselves."

"Eh? and what are the names of these gallants, for you have used your eyes and ears, of course?"

"Edwin and Morcar, the earls—two fine young lads."

"I know it. Go on," and a shade passed over William's brow as he thought of his own falsehood, and of his fair daughter, weeping in vain for the fair bridegroom whom he had promised to her.

"Siward Barn, as they call him, the boy Orgar, and Thurkil Barn. Those are the knights. Egelwin, bishop of Durham, is there too; and besides them all, and above them all, Hereward The Wake. The like of that knight I may have seen. His better saw I never."

"Sir fool!" said Earl Warrenne, who had not yet—small blame to him—forgotten his brother's death. "They have soused thy brains with their muddy ale, till thou knowest not friend from foe. What, hast thou to come hither praising up to the king's majesty such an outlawed villain as that, with whom no honest knight would keep company?"

"If you, Earl Warrenne, ever found Deda drunk or lying, it is more than the king here has done."

"Let him speak, Earl," said William. "I have not an honest man in my camp; and he speaks for my information, not for yours."

"Then for yours will I speak, Sir King. These



men treated me knightly, and sent me away without ransom.

“They had an eye to their own profit, it seems,” grumbled the earl.

“But force me they did to swear on the holy Gospels that I should tell your majesty the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. And I keep my oath,” quoth Deda.

“Go on, then, without fear or favour. Are there any other men of note in the island?”

“No.”

“Are they in want of provisions?”

“Look how they have fattened me.”

“What do they complain of?”

“I will tell you, Sir King. The monks, like many more, took fright at the coming over of our French men of God to set right all their filthy barbarous ways; and that is why they threw Ely open to the rebels.”

“I will be even with the sots,” quoth William.

“However they think that danger blown over just now; for they have a story among them, which, as my Lord the King never heard before, he may as well hear now.”

“Eh?”

“How your majesty should have sent across the sea a whole shipload of French monks.”

“That have I, and will more, till I reduce these





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“So they have got together all their kin; for among these monks every one is kin to a thane, or knight, or even an earl: and there they are, brother by brother, cousin by cousin, knee to knee, and back to back, like a pack of wolves, and that in a hold which you will not enter yet awhile.”

“Does my friend Deda doubt his Duke’s skill at last?”

“Sir Duke—Sir King I mean now, for king you are and deserve to be—I know what you can do. I remember how we took England at one blow on Senlac field: but see you here, Sir King, how will you take an island with four such saints to guard it as St. Etheldreda, St. Withberga, St. Sexberga, and St. Ermenilda?”

“By promising the holy ladies,” said William, with a smile, “to honour them better than ever did yet an English swine.”

“Amen: but again, how will you take an island where four kings such as you (if the world would hold four such at once) could not stop one churl from ploughing the land, or one birdcatcher from setting lime-twigs?”\*

“And what if I cannot stop the birdcatchers? Do they expect to lime Frenchmen as easily as sparrows?”

“Sparrows! It is not sparrows that I have been

\* I have followed Deda’s account of Ely and its folk, as given both in the Peterborough MSS, and in the *Liber Eliensis*, almost word for word throughout.



fattening on this last month. I tell you, sire, I have seen wild fowl alone in that island enough to feed them all the year round. I was there in the moulting time, and saw them take—one day one hundred, one two hundred ; and once, as I am a belted knight, a thousand duck out of one single mere.\* There is a wood there, with herons sprawling about the tree-tops—I did not think there were so many in the world ; otters and weasels, ermines and pole-cats, for fur robes ; and fish for Lent and Fridays in every puddle and leat—pike and perch, roach and eels, on every old wife's table ; while the knights think scorn of anything worse than smelt and burbot.†

“ Splendeur Dex ! ” quoth William, who, Norman-like, did not dislike a good dinner. “ I must keep Lent in Ely before I die.”

“ Then you had best make peace with the burbot-eating knights, my lord.”

“ But have they flesh-meat ? ”

“ The island is half of it a garden—richer land, they

\* *Ficedulæ* (beccaficos, by which the good monk means wheatears and such small birds) coots, divers, “watercrows,” cranes, and ducks.

† “Innumerable eels, great water-wolves and pickerel, perches, roaches, burbots, and *murænas*, which we call water-serpents.” (These last seem to be mythical, unless the *silurus glanis* still lingered, as it may have done, in the waters of the Ouse). “Sometimes also *isicii* (smelts, I presume, as they are still abundant in the Ouse) and the royal fish *rumbus*” (turbot) : surely a misnomer for the sturgeon.



say, is none in these realms, and I believe it : but, besides that, there is a deer-park there with a thousand head in it, red and fallow, beside hares ; and plenty of swine and goats\* in woods, and sheep, and cattle : and if they fail there are plenty more to be got, they know where."

"They know where ? Do you, Sir Knight ?" asked William keenly.

"Out of every little island in their fens, for forty miles on end. There are the herds fattening themselves on the richest pastures in the land, and no man needing to herd them, for they are all safe among dykes and meres."

"I will make my boats sweep their fens clear of every head——"

"Take care, my Lord King, lest never a boat come back from that errand. With their narrow flat-bottomed punts, cut out of a single log, and their leaping-poles, wherewith they fly over dykes of thirty feet in width—they can ambuscade in those reed-beds and alder-beds, kill whom they will, and then flee away through the marsh, like so many horse-flies. And if not, one trick have they left, which they never try save when driven into a corner : but from that may all saints save us !"

"What then ?"

"Firing the reeds."

"And destroying their own cover ?"

\* That the goat as well as the stag was common in the fens, the horns found in peat and gravel testify.





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whither they went, or how, the English were not likely to tell me. All that I know is, that I saw fresh cattle come in every few days, and fresh farms burnt, too, on the Norfolk side. There were farms burning only last night, between here and Cambridge. Ask your sentinels on the Rech-dyke how that came about? ”\*

“ I can answer that,” quoth a voice from the other end of the tent. “ I was on the Rech-dyke last night, close down to the fen—worse luck and shame for me.”

“ Answer, then ! ” quoth William, with one of his fiercest oaths, glad to have some one on whom he could turn his rage and disappointment.

“ There came seven men in a boat up from Ely yestern-even, and five of them were monks ; they came up from Burwell fen, and plundered and burnt Burwell town.”

“ And where were all you mighty men of war ? ”

“ Ten of ours ran down to stop them, with Richard, Viscount Osbert’s nephew, at their head. The villains came at a foot’s pace up the Rech-dyke, and attacked them at lance-point ; and before we could get to them——”

“ Thy men had run, of course.”

\* See § 23 of the *De Gestis Herewardi*, presumed to be by Richard of Ely, “ And while he had hardly finished his speech,” &c. Those who love to investigate the growth of myths, may profitably amuse themselves by comparing that account with § 106 of the *Liber Eliensis*. The omissions will be as instructive as the insertions.



“They were every one dead or wounded, save Richard; and he was fighting single-handed with an Englishman, while the other six stood around, and looked on.”

“Then they fought fairly?” said William.

“As fairly, to do them justice, as if they had been Frenchmen, and not English churls. As we came down along the dyke, a little man of them steps between the two, and strikes up their swords as if they had been two reeds. ‘Come!’ cries he, ‘enough of this. You are two stout knights well matched, and you can fight out this any other day;’ and away he and his men go down the dyke end to the water.”

“Leaving Richard safe?”

“Wounded a little—but safe enough.”

“And then?”

“We followed them to the boat as hard as we could; killed one of their boatmen with a javelin, and caught another.”

“Knightly done!” and William swore an awful oath, “and worthy of valiant Frenchmen. These English set you the example of chivalry by letting your comrade fight his own battle fairly, instead of setting on him all together; and you repay them by hunting them down with darts, because you dare not go within sword’s-stroke of better men than yourselves. Go. I am ashamed of you. No, stay. Where is your prisoner? For, Splen-



deur Dex, I will send him back safe and sound in return for Deda, to tell the knights of Ely that if they know so well the courtesies of war, William of Rouen does too."

"The prisoner, sire," quoth the knight, trembling, "is—is——"

"You have not murdered him?"

"Heaven forbid! but——"

"He broke his bonds and escaped?"

"Gnawed them through, sire, as we supposed, and escaped through the mire in the dark, after the fashion of these accursed frogs of Girvians."

"But did he tell you nought ere he bade you good morning?"

"He told us the names of all the seven. He that beat down the swords was Hereward himself."

"I thought as much. When shall I have that fellow at my side?"

"He that fought Richard was one Wenoeh."

"I have heard of him."

"He that we took was Azer the Hardy, a monk of Nicole—Licole. And the rest were Turstan the Younger; one Siward, another monk; Leofric the Deacon, Hereward's minstrel; and Boter, the traitor monk of St. Edmunds."

"And if I catch them," quoth William, "I will make an abbot of every one of them."

"Sire?" quoth the chaplain, in a deprecating tone.





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Torfrida was among them. She was always among them now. She was their Alruna-wife, their wise woman, whose counsels all received as more than human.

“I will go,” said she, rising up like a goddess on Olympus. “I will cut off my hair, and put on boy’s clothes, and smirch myself brown with walnut-leaves; and I will go. I can talk their French tongue. I know their French ways; and as for a story to cover my journey and my doings, trust a woman’s wit to invent that.”

They looked at her, with delight in her courage, but with doubt.

“If William’s French grooms got hold of you, Torfrida, it would not be a little walnut-brown which would hide you,” said Hereward. “But it is like you to offer,—worthy of you, who have no peer.”

“That she has not,” quoth churchmen and soldiers alike.

“Nevertheless—to send you would be to send The Wake’s praying half; and that would be bad religion. The Wake’s fighting half is going, while you pray here as well as watch.”

“Uncle, uncle!” said the young earls, “send Winter, Geri, Leofwin Prat, any of your good men: but not yourself. If we lose you, we lose our head and our king.”



And all begged Hereward to let any man go, rather than himself.

“I am going, lords and knights ; and what Hereward says he does. It is one day to Brandon. It may be two days back ; for if I miscarry—as I most likely shall—I must come home round about. On the fourth day, you shall hear of me or from me. Come with me, Torfrida.”

And he strode out.

He cropped his golden locks, he cropped his golden beard ; and Torfrida wept, as she cropped them, half with fear for him, half for sorrow over his shorn glories.

“I am no Samson, my lady ; my strength lieth not in my locks. Now for some rascal’s clothes—as little dirty as you can get me, for fear of company.”

And Hereward put on filthy garments ; and taking mare Swallow with him, got into a barge and went across the river to Soham.

He could not go down the Great Ouse, and up the Little Ouse, which was his easiest way, for the French held all the river below the isle ; and, beside, to have come straight from Ely might cause suspicion. So he went down to Fordham, and crossed the Lark at Mildenhall ; and just before he got to Mildenhall, he met a potter carrying pots upon a pony.

“Halt, my stout churl,” quoth he, “and put thy pots on my mare’s back.”



“The man who wants them must fight for them,” quoth that stout churl, raising a heavy staff.

“Then here is he that will,” quoth Hereward; and, jumping off his mare, he twisted the staff out of the potter’s hands, and knocked him down therewith.

“That will teach thee to know an Englishman when thou seest him.”

“I have met my master,” quoth the churl, rubbing his head. “But dog does not eat dog; and it is hard to be robbed by an Englishman, after being robbed a dozen times by the French.”

“I will not rob thee. There is a silver penny for thy pots and thy coat—for that I must have likewise. And if thou tellest to mortal man aught about this, I will find those who will cut thee up for dogs’ meat; but if not, then turn thy horse’s head and ride back to Ely, if thou canst cross the water, and say what has befallen thee; and thou wilt find there an abbot who will give thee another penny for thy news.”

So Hereward took the pots, and the potter’s clay-greased coat, and went on through Mildenhall, “crying,” saith the chronicler, “after the manner of potters, in the English tongue, ‘Pots! pots! good pots and pans!’”

But when he got through Mildenhall, and well into the rabbit-warrens, he gave mare Swallow a kick, and went over the heath so fast northward, that his pots





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and Little Ouse, with all their fens ; and saw with a curse the new buildings of Weeting Castle—like the rest, of which Sir F. Palgrave eloquently says—“New, and strong, and cruel in their strength—how the Englishman must have loathed the damp smell of the fresh mortar, and the sight of the heaps of rubble, and the chippings of the stone, and the blurring of the lime upon the green sward ; and how hopeless he must have felt when the great gates opened, and the wains were drawn in, heavily laden with the salted beeves, and the sacks of corn and meal furnished by the Royal demesnes, the manors which had belonged to Edward the Confessor, now the spoil of the stranger : and when he looked into the Castle court, thronged by the soldiers in bright mail, and heard the carpenters working upon the ordnance,—every blow and stroke, even of the hammer or mallet, speaking the language of defiance.”

These things The Wake saw : and felt, like others, hopeless for the moment. And there rang in his ears his own message to William. “When thou art king of all England, I will put my hands between thine, and be thy man.”

“He is not king of all England yet !” thought he again ; and drew himself up so proudly, that one passing by jeered him—

“There goes a bold swaggerer enough, to be selling pots abroad.” The Wake slouched his shoulders ; and



looked as mean a churl as ever. Next he cast about for a night's lodging, for it was dark.

Outside the town was a wretched cabin of mud and turf—such a one as Irish folk live in to this day; and Hereward said to himself, “This is bad enough to be good enough for me.”

So he knocked at the door; and knocked till it was opened, and a hideous old crone put out her head.

“Who wants to see me at this time of night?”

“Any one would, who had heard how beautiful you are. Do you want any pots?”

“Pots? What have I to do with pots, thou saucy fellow? I thought it was some one wanting a charm.” And she shut the door.

“A charm?” thought Hereward. “Maybe she can tell me news, if she be a witch. They are shrewd souls, these witches, and know more than they tell. And if I can get any news, I care not if Satan brings it in person.”

So he knocked again, till the old woman looked out once more, and bade him angrily be off.

“But I am belated here, good dame, and afraid of the French. And I will give thee the best bit of clay on my mare's back—pot—pan—panshin—crock—jug, or what thou wilt, for a night's lodging.”

“Have you any little jars—jars no longer than my hand?” asked she; for she used them in her trade, and



had broken one of late : but to pay for one, she had neither money nor mind. So she agreed to let Hereward sleep there, for the value of two jars.—“But what of that ugly brute of a horse of thine?”

“She will do well enough in the turf-shed.”

“Then thou must pay with a panshin.”

“Ugh!” groaned Hereward; “thou drivest a hard bargain, for an Englishwoman, with a poor Englishman.”

“How knowest thou that I am English?”

“So much the better if thou art not,” thought Hereward; and bargained with her for a panshin against a lodging for the horse in the turf-house, and a bottle of bad hay.

Then he went in, bringing his panniers with him with ostentatious care.

“Thou canst sleep there on the rushes. I have nought to give thee to eat.”

“Nought needs nought,” said Hereward; threw himself down on a bundle of rush, and in a few minutes snored loudly.

But he was never less asleep. He looked round the whole place; and he listened to every word.

The devil, as usual, was a bad paymaster; for the witch’s cabin seemed only somewhat more miserable than that of other old women. The floor was mud, the rafters unceiled; the stars shone through the turf roof.





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“Two of them! If I am not roasted and eaten this night, I am a lucky man.”

And Hereward crossed himself devoutly, and invoked St. Ethelfrida of Ely, St. Guthlac of Crowland, St. Felix of Ramsey—to which last saint, he recollected, he had been somewhat remiss: but, above all, St. Peter of Peterborough, whose treasures he had given to the Danes. And he argued stoutly with St. Peter and with his own conscience, that the means sanctify the end, and that he had done it all for the best.

“If thou wilt help me out of this strait, and the rest, blessed Apostle, I will give thee—I will go to Constantinople but what I will win it—a golden table, twice as fine as those villains carried off; and one of the Bourne manors—Witham—or Toft—or Mainthorpe—whichever pleases thee best, in full fee; and a—and a——”

But while Hereward was casting in his mind what gewgaw further might suffice to appease the Apostle, he was recalled to business and common sense by hearing the two old hags talk to each other in French.

His heart leaped for joy, and he forgot St. Peter utterly.

“Well, how have you sped? Have you seen the king?”

“No; but Ivo Taillebois. Eh? Who the foul fiend have you lying there?”

“Only an English brute. He cannot understand us.



Talk on : only don't wake the hog. Have you got the gold ?”

“ Never mind.”

Then there was a grumbling and a quarrelling, from which Hereward understood that the gold was to be shared between them.

“ But it is a bit of a chain. To cut it will spoil it.”

The other insisted ; and he heard them chop the gold chain in two.

“ And is this all ? ”

“ I had work enough to get that. He said, no play no pay ; and he would give it me after the isle was taken. But I told him my spirit was a Jewish spirit, that used to serve Solomon the Wise ; and he would not serve me, much less come over the sea from Normandy, unless he smelt gold ; for he loved it like any Jew.”

“ And what did you tell him then ? ”

“ That the king must go back to Aldreth again ; for only from thence would he take the isle ; for—and that was true enough—I dreamt I saw all the water of Aldreth full of wolves, clambering over into the island on each other's backs.”

“ That means that some of them will be drowned.”

“ Let them drown. I left him to find out that part of the dream himself. Then I told him how he must make another causeway, bigger and stronger than the last, and a tower on which I could stand and curse the English.



And I promised him to bring a storm right in the faces of the English, so that they could neither fight nor see."

"But if the storm does not come?"

"It will come. I know the signs of the sky—who better?—and the weather will break up in a week. Therefore I told him he must begin his works at once, before the rain came on; and that we would go and ask the guardian of the well\* to tell us the fortunate day for attacking."

"That is my business," said the other; "and my spirit likes the smell of gold as well as yours. Little you would have got from me, if you had not given me half the chain."

Then the two rose.

"Let us see whether the English hog is asleep."

One of them came and listened to Hereward's breathing, and put her hand upon his chest. His hair stood on end; a cold sweat came over him. But he snored more loudly than ever.

The two old crones went out satisfied. Then Hereward rose, and glided after them.

They went down a meadow to a little well, which Hereward had marked as he rode thither hung round with bits of rag and flowers, as similar "holy wells" are decorated in Ireland to this day.

\* "Custodem fontium," the guardian spirit.





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back; boldly. The scullions saw him; and called him into the kitchen, to see his crockery, without the least intention of paying for what they took.

A man of rank belonging to the court came in, and stared fixedly at Hereward.

“You are mightily like that villain Hereward, man,” quoth he.

“Anon?” asked Hereward, looking as stupid as he could.

“If it were not for his brown face and his short hair, he is as like the fellow as a churl can be to a knight.”

“Bring him into the hall,” quoth another; “and let us see if any man knows him.”

Into the great hall he was brought, and stared at by knights and squires. He bent his knees, rounded his shoulders, and made himself look as mean as he could.

Ivo Taillebois and Earl Warrenne came down and had a look at him.

“Hereward?” said Ivo. “I will warrant that little slouching cur is not he. Hereward must be half as big again, if it be true that he can kill a man with one blow of his fist.”

“You may try the truth of that for yourself some day,” thought Hereward.

“Does any one here talk English? Let us question the fellow,” said Earl Warrenne.

“Hereward? Hereward? Who wants to know about



that villain?" answered the potter, as soon as he was asked in English. "Would to heaven he were here, and I could see some of you noble knights and earls paying him for me: for I owe him more than ever I shall pay myself."

"What does he mean?"

"He came out of the isle ten days ago, nigh on to evening, and drove off a cow of mine and four sheep, which was all my living, noble knights, save these pots."

"And where is he since?"

"In the isle, my lords, well-nigh starved, and his folk falling away from him daily, from hunger and ague-fits. I doubt if there be a hundred sound men left in Ely."

"Have you been in thither, then, villain?"

"Heaven forbid! I in Ely? I in the wolf's den? If I went in with naught but my skin, they would have it off me before I got out again. Ah, if your lordships would but come down, and make an end of him once for all; for he is a great tyrant, and terrible, and devours us poor folk like so many mites in his cheese."

"Take this babbler into the kitchen, and feed him," quoth Earl Warrenne; and so the colloquy ended.

Into the kitchen again the potter went. The king's luncheon was preparing; so he listened to the chatter; and picked up this at least, which was valuable to him: that the witches' story was true; that a great attack would



be made from Aldreth : that boats had been ordered up the river to Cotinglade,\* and pioneers and entrenching tools were to be sent on that day to the old causeway.

But soon he had to take care of himself. Earl Warrenne's commands to feed him were construed by the cook-boys and scullions into a command to make him drunk likewise. To make a laughing-stock of an Englishman was too tempting a jest to be resisted ; and Hereward was drenched (says the chronicler) with wine and beer, and sorely baited and badgered. At last one rascal hit upon a notable plan.

“ Pluck out the English hog's hair and beard, and put him blindfold in the midst of his pots, and see what a smash we shall have.”

Hereward pretended not to understand the words, which were spoken in French ; but when they were interpreted to him, he grew somewhat red about the ears.

Submit he would not. But if he defended himself, and made an uproar in the king's Court, he might very likely find himself riding Odin's horse before the hour was out. However, happily for him, the wine and beer had made him stout of heart, and when one fellow laid hold of his beard, he resisted sturdily.

The man struck him, and that hard. Hereward, hot

\* Seemingly a lade, leat, or canal, through Cottenham Fen to the Westwater ; probably a Roman work, now obliterated.





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in which he was was washing his hands. Two more knelt, and laced his long boots ; for he was, as always, going a-hunting.

Then Hereward looked at the face of the great man, and felt at once that it was the face of the greatest man whom he had ever met.

“ I am not that man’s match,” said he to himself. “ Perhaps it will all end in being his man, and he my master.”

“ Silence, knaves ! ” said William, “ and speak one of you at a time. How came this ? ”

“ A likely story, forsooth ! ” said he, when he had heard. “ A poor English potter comes into my court, and murders my men under my very eyes for mere sport. I do not believe you, rascals ! You, churl,” and he spoke through an English interpreter, “ tell me your tale, and justice you shall have or take, as you deserve. I am the King of England, man, and I know your tongue, though I speak it not yet, more pity.”

Hereward fell on his knees.

“ If you are indeed my lord the king, then I am safe ; for there is justice in you : at least so all men say.” And he told his tale manfully.

“ Splendeur Dex ! but this is a far likelier story, and I believe it. Hark you, you ruffians ! Here am I, trying to conciliate these English by justice and mercy, whenever they will let me : and here are you outraging them,



and driving them mad and desperate, just that you may get a handle against them, and thus rob the poor wretches and drive them into the forest. From the lowest to the highest—from Ivo Taillebois there, down to you cook-boys—you are all at the same game. And I will stop it! The next time I hear of outrage to unarmed man or harmless woman, I will hang that culprit, were he Odo my brother himself.”

This excellent speech was enforced with oaths so strange and terrible, that Ivo Taillebois shook in his boots; and the chaplain prayed fervently that the roof might not fall in on their heads.

“Thou smilest, man?” said William, quickly, to the kneeling Hereward. “So thou understandest French?”

“A few words only, most gracious king, which we potters pick up, wandering everywhere with our wares,” said Hereward, speaking in French; for so keen was William’s eye, that he thought it safer to play no tricks with him.

Nevertheless, he made his French so execrable, that the very scullions grinned, in spite of their fear.

“Look you,” said William, “you are no common churl; you have fought too well for that. Let me see your arm.”

Hereward drew up his sleeve.

“Potters do not carry sword-scars like those; neither



are they tattooed like English Thanes. Hold up thy head, man, and let us see thy throat."

Hereward, who had carefully hung down his head to prevent his throat-patterns being seen, was forced to lift it up.

"Aha! So I expected. There is fair ladies' work there. Is not this he who was said to be so like Hereward? Very good. Put him in ward till I come back from hunting. But do him no harm. For"—and William fixed on Hereward eyes of the most intense intelligence—"were he Hereward himself, I should be right glad to see Hereward safe and sound; my man at last, and earl of all between Humber and the Fens."

But Hereward did not rise at the bait. With a face of stupid and ludicrous terror, he made reply in broken French.

"Have mercy, mercy, Lord King! Make not that fiend earl over us. Even Ivo Taillebois there would be better than he. Send him to be earl over the imps in hell, or over the wild Welsh who are worse still: but not over us, good Lord King, whom he hath polled and peeled till we are——"

"Silence!" said William, laughing, as did all round him. "Thou art a cunning rogue enough, whoever thou art. Go into limbo, and behave thyself till I come back."

"All saints send your grace good sport, and thereby





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lucky groom-boy : but whether he slew him or not, the chronicler had rather not say.

Then he shook up mare Swallow, and with one great shout of "A Wake ! A Wake !" rode for his life, with knights and squires (for the hue and cry was raised) galloping at her heels.

Who then were astonished but those knights, as they saw the ugly potter's garron gaining on them, length after length, till she and her rider had left them far behind ?

Who then was proud but Hereward, as the mare tucked her great thighs under her, and swept on over heath and rabbit-burrow, over rush and fen, sound ground and rotten all alike to that enormous stride, to that keen bright eye which foresaw every footfall, to that raking shoulder which picked her up again at every stagger ?

Hereward laid the bridle on her neck, and let her go. Fall she could not, and tire she could not ; and he half wished she might go on for ever. Where could a man be better, than on a good horse, with all the cares of this life blown away out of his brains by the keen air which rushed around his temples ? And he galloped on, as cheery as a boy, shouting at the rabbits as they scuttled from under his feet, and laughing at the dottrel as they postured and anticked on the mole hills.

But when he got through Mildenhall, he began to think how he should get home to Ely.

The hue and cry would be out against him. The



ports and ferries to the east of the isle as far south as Cambridge would be guarded ; and all the more surely, on account of the approaching attack. True, he knew many a path and ford which the French could not know ; but he feared to trust himself in the labyrinth of fens and meres, with a mob of pursuers at his heels. A single mistake might pound him among morasses, and force him, even if he escaped himself through the reeds, to leave the mare behind. And to do that was shame and loss intolerable. No. Mare Swallow, for her own sake, must do a deed that day.

He would go south by the Roman roads. He would go right round the fens ; round Cambridge itself ; into the western forests. There he could lie hid till some friend at Somersham or Earith should ferry him over to the western side of the isle. The distance was great ; well-nigh fifty miles : but the land was light and sound, and the going safe and good. It must be done. It should be done.

He gathered the mare together, as he rose the slope of Kennet Heath. She was going steadily and soundly, breathing like a sleeping child. His pursuers were two miles behind ; black dots among the barrows on Barton hill. He had time to rest her ; and trotted on steadily, keeping to the uplands, and the high road, from whence he could see far and wide over the land.

On by Newmarket heath—nameless and desert then—



over smooth chalk turf; through glades of fern and thorn; past barrows where slept the heroes of old times, Briton, Roman, Saxon, Dane; forefathers of his own, perhaps, among them. Ay—that was the place for a hero to sleep in. Not choked in a minster charnel-house, amid green damp and droning monks: but out under the free sky, with his weapons round him, his horse, his dog, the antlers of his game; where he might come up out of his barrow on moonlight nights, and stare at the flying clouds, and scent the rushing breeze. Ah, that he could be buried there: but then Torfrida—he should like to lie by her.

He was at the Rech-dyke now: and warily he looked eastward, as he led the mare up the steep bank, for French scouts between him and the Fens: but none were within sight.

He paused upon the top of that great earth-work. Dangerous as it was to stop in that exposed height, making himself a beacon against the sky, he could not but look down, and back, at all which remained of free English soil.

He looked down over Swaffham, Quy, and Water-beach, and the rest of the tree-embowered hamlets which fringed the fen, green knolls on the shore of a boundless sea of pale-blue mist; and above that sea, to the far north, a line of darker blue, which was the sacred isle. As the sun sank lower, higher rose the mist; and the isle





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the long line of mighty elms, and the little village which clustered, unconscious of its coming glories, beneath the new French keep, beside the Roman bridge.

The setting sun gilded the white flints of the keep; and Hereward looked on them with a curse. But it gilded, too, the tree tops of the great forest beyond; and Hereward uttered something like a prayer to St. Etheldreda and her ladies three. For if he could but reach that forest, he was safe.

The Wake was, of course, too wise to go through Cambridge street, under the eyes of the French garrison. But he saw that the Roman road led strait to a hamlet some mile above the town; and at the road end, he guessed, there must be either a bridge or a ford. There he could cross the Cam. And he rode slowly downward, longing for it to grow dark, and saving the mare, in case she should be needed for a sudden rush.

And a rush was soon needed. For on the hill behind him he saw armour glitter in the red light; and a brace of knights. They paused for a moment; and then espied him. One galloped down the road toward him; the other spurred to the right, strait for Cambridge.

“I shall have the whole pack of wolves out, and on me, in half an hour,” thought Hereward; and struck spurs into the mare.

Into the ford—by Chaucer’s after-famous mill—he dashed, making more splash than ever did geese in Shel-



ford Fen ; and out again, and on to the clay wold, and away for Coton and Madingley rise, and the black wall of oak, and ash, and elm.

And as he entered the forest at Madingley, he rose in his stirrups, with a shout of "A Wake! A Wake!" which was heard, for aught he cared, in Cambridge Castle : and then rode on leisurely toward the Draytons, and the ferry over the Ouse at Holywell ; for well he knew that they who could not catch The Wake in the field, were still less like to catch him in the wood.

And so through the forest, by a clear moonlight (says the chronicler), he came in the early morning to the Isle Somersham, which was then all deep wood, (as the names of Woodhurst and Somersham Parks still testify), and was ferried over at Earith by one of his many friends into the Isle of Ely.

And of all those knights that followed him, none ever saw or heard sign of him, save one : and his horse came to a standstill in "the aforesaid wood," and he rolled off and lay breathless under a tree, looking up at his horse's heaving flanks and wagging tail, and wondering how he should get out of that place before the English found him and made an end of him.

Then there came up to him a ragged churl, and asked him who he was, and offered to help him.

"For the sake of God and courtesy," quoth he, his



French pride being well-nigh beat out of him, "if thou hast seen or heard anything of Hereward The Wake, good fellow, tell me, and I will repay thee well."

"As thou hast asked me for the sake of God and of courtesy, Sir Knight, I will tell thee. I am The Wake. And in token thereof, thou shalt give me thy lance and sword, and take instead this sword which I carried off from the king's Court at Brandon; and promise me, on the faith of a knight, to bear it back to King William; and tell him, that Hereward and he have met at last; and that he had best beware of the day when they shall meet again."

So that knight, not having recovered his wind, was fain to submit, and go home a sadder and a wiser man. And King William laughed a royal laugh, and commanded his knights that they should in no wise harm The Wake, but take him alive, and bring him in, and they should have great rewards.

Which seemed to them more easily said than done.





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ankles ; which she vowed, after the strange, sudden, earnest fashion of those times, never to take off again till she saw the French host flee from Aldreth before the face of St. Etheldreda. So they prayed, while Hereward and his men worked at the forts below. And when they came back, and Torfrida was washing her feet, sore and bleeding from her pilgrimage, Hereward came in.

“ You have murdered your poor soft feet, and taken nothing thereby, I fear.”

“ I have. If I had walked on sharp razors all the way, I would have done it gladly, to know what I know now. As I prayed I looked out over the fen ; and St. Etheldreda put a thought into my heart. But it is so terrible a one, that I fear to tell it to you. And yet it seems our only chance.”

Hereward threw himself at her feet, and prayed her to tell. At last she spoke, as one half afraid of her own words :

“ Will the reeds burn, Hereward ? ”

Hereward kissed her feet again and again, calling her his prophetess, his saviour.

“ Burn ! yes, like tinder, in this March wind, if the drought only holds. Pray that the drought may hold, Torfrida.”

“ There, there, say no more. How hard-hearted war makes even us women ! There ; help me to take off this rough sackcloth, and dress myself again.”



Meanwhile William had moved his army again to Cambridge, and on to Willingham-field, and there he began to throw up those “globos and montanas,” of which Leofric’s paraphraser talks, but of which now no trace remains. Then he began to rebuild his causeway, broader and stronger ; and commanded all the fishermen of the Ouse to bring their boats to Cotinglade, and ferry over his materials. “Among whom came Hereward in a very narrow canoe, with head and beard shaven lest he should be known, and worked diligently among the rest. But the sun did not set that day without mischief ; for before Hereward went off, he finished his work by setting the whole on fire, so that it was all burnt, and some of the French killed and drowned.”

And so The Wake went on, with stratagems and ambushes, till “after seven days’ continual fighting, they had hardly done one day’s work ; save four globos of wood, in which they intended to put their artillery. But on the eighth day they determined to attack the isle, putting in the midst of them that pythoness woman on a high place, where she might be safe freely to exercise her art.”

It was not Hereward alone who had entreated Torfrida to exercise her magic art in their behalf. But she steadily refused ; and made good Abbot Thurstan support her refusal by a strict declaration, that he would have no fiends’ games played in Ely, as long as he was abbot alive on land.



Torfrida, meanwhile, grew utterly wild. Her conscience smote her, in spite of her belief that St. Etheldreda had inspired her, at the terrible resource which she had hinted to her husband, and which she knew well he would carry out with terrible success. Pictures of agony and death floated before her eyes, and kept her awake at night. She watched long hours in the church in prayer; she fasted; she disciplined her tender body with sharp pains; she tried, after the fashion of those times, to atone for her sin, if sin it was. At last she had worked herself up into a religious frenzy. She saw St. Etheldreda in the clouds, towering over the isle, menacing the French host with her virgin palm-branch. She uttered wild prophecies of ruin and defeat to the French; and then, when her frenzy collapsed, moaned secretly of ruin and defeat hereafter to themselves. But she would be bold; she would play her part; she would encourage the heroes who looked to her as one inspired, wiser and loftier than themselves.

And so it befel, that when the men marched down to Haddenham that afternoon, Torfrida rode at their head on a white charger, robed from throat to ankle in sackcloth, her fetters clanking on her limbs. But she called on the English to see in her the emblem of England captive yet unconquered; and to break her fetters, and the worse fetters of every woman in England who was the toy and slave of the brutal invaders; and so fierce a triumph





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fidant in his bridge, and in the heavy artillery which he had placed in his four towers.

Ivo Taillebois was utterly confident in his witch, and in the bridge likewise.

William waited for the rising of the tide; and when the tide was near its height, he commanded the artillery to open, and clear the fort opposite of the English. Then with crash and twang, the balistas and catapults went off, and great stones and heavy lances hurtled through the air.

“Back!” shouted Torfrida, raised almost to madness, by fasting, self-torture, and religious frenzy. “Out of yon fort, every man. Why waste your lives under that artillery? Stand still this day, and see how the saints of heaven shall fight for you.”

So utter was the reverence which she commanded for the moment, that every man drew back, and crowded round her feet outside the fort.

“The cowards are fleeing already. Let your men go, Sir King!” shouted Taillebois.

“On to the assault! Strike for Normandy!” shouted William.

“I fear much,” said he to himself, “that this is some stratagem of that Wake’s. But conquered they must be.”

The evening breeze curled up the reach. The great pike splashed out from the weedy shores, sending the whitefish flying in shoals into the low glare of the setting



sun : and heeded not, stupid things, the barges packed with mailed men, which swarmed in the reeds on either side the bridge, and began to push out into the river.

The starlings swung in thousands round the reed-ronds, looking to settle in their wonted place : but dare not ; and rose and swung round again, telling each other, in their manifold pipings, how all the reed-ronds teemed with mailed men. And all above, the sky was cloudless blue.

And then came a trample, a roll of many feet on the soft spongy peat, a low murmur which rose into wild shouts of “Dex Aie !” as a human tide poured along the causeway, and past the witch of Brandon Heath.

“Dex Aie ?” quoth William, with a sneer. “Deb-bles Aie ! would fit better.”

“If, sire, the powers above would have helped us, we should have been happy enough to—But if they will not, it is not our fault if we try below,” said Ivo Taillebois.

William laughed. “It is well to have two strings to one’s bow, sir. Forward, men ! forward !” shouted he, riding out to the bridge-end, under the tower.

“Forward !” shouted Ivo Taillebois.

“Forward !” shouted the hideous hag overhead. “The spirit of the well fights for you.”

“Fight for yourselves,” said William.

There were fifty yards of deep clear water between Frenchman and Englishman. Only fifty yards. Not



only the arrows and arblast quarrels, but heavy hand-javelins, flew across every moment; every now and then a man toppled forward, and plunged into the blue depth among the eels and pike, to find his comrades of the summer before; and then the stream was still once more. The coots and water-hens swam in and out of the reeds, and wondered what it was all about. The water-lilies flapped upon the ripple, as lonely as in the loneliest mere. But their floats were soon broken, their white cups stained with human gore. Fifty yards of deep clear water. And treasure inestimable to win by crossing it.

They thrust out barks, canoes, pontoons; they crawled upon them like ants, and thrust out more yet beyond, heedless of their comrades, who slipped, and splashed, and sank, holding out vain hands to hands too busy to seize them. And always the old witch jabbered overhead with her cantrips, pointing, mumming, praying for the storm; while all above, the sky was cloudless blue.

And always on the mound opposite, while darts and quarrels whistled round her head, stood Torfrida, pointing with outstretched scornful finger at the strugglers in the river, and chanting loudly what the Frenchmen could not tell: but it made their hearts, as it was meant to do, melt like wax within them.

“They have a counter witch to yours, Ivo, it seems; and a fairer one. I am afraid the devils, especially if





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The cool voice of the great captain arose too late. A line of flame was leaping above the reed bed, crackling and howling before the evening breeze. The column on the causeway had seen their danger but too soon, and fled. But whither ?

A shower of arrows, quarrels, javelins, fell upon the head of the column as it tried to face about and retreat, confusing it more and more. One arrow, shot by no common arm, went clean through William's shield, and pinned it to the mailed flesh. He could not stifle a cry of pain.

“You are wounded, sire. Ride for your life ! It is worth that of a thousand of these churls,” and Ivo seized William's bridle and dragged him, in spite of himself, through the cowering, shrieking, struggling crowd.

On came the flame, leaping and crackling, laughing and shrieking, like a live fiend. The archers and slingers in the boats cowered before it ; and fell, scorched corpses, as it swept on. It reached the causeway, surged up, recoiled from the mass of human beings, then sprang over their heads and passed onwards, girding them with flame.

The reeds were burning around them ; the timbers of the bridge caught fire ; the peat and faggots smouldered beneath their feet. They sprang from the burning footway, and plunged into the fathomless bog, covering their



faces and eyes with scorched hands; and then sank in the black gurgling slime.

Ivo dragged William on, regardless of curses and prayers from his soldiery; and they reached the shore just in time to see between them and the water a long black smouldering writhing line; the morass to right and left, which had been a minute before deep reed, an open smutty pool, dotted with boatsful of shrieking and cursing men; and at the causeway end the tower, with the flame climbing up its posts, and the witch of Brandon throwing herself desperately from the top, and falling dead upon the embers, a motionless heap of rags.

“Fool that thou art! Fool that I was!” cried the great king, as he rolled off his horse at his tent door, cursing with rage and pain.

Ivo Taillebois sneaked off; sent over to Brandon for the second witch; and hanged her, as some small comfort to his soul. Neither did he forget to search the cabin, till he found buried in a crock the bits of his own gold chain, and various other treasures, for which the wretched old women had bartered their souls. All which he confiscated to his own use, as a much injured man.

The next day William withdrew his army. The men refused to face again that blood-stained pass. The English spells, they said, were stronger than theirs, and than the daring of brave men. Let William take



Torfrida and burn her, as she had burned them, with reeds out of Willingham fen : then might they try to storm Ely again.

Torfrida saw them turn, flee, die in agony. Her work was done ; her passion exhausted ; her self-torture, and the mere weight of her fetters, which she had sustained during her passion, weighed her down ; she dropped senseless on the turf, and lay in a trance for many hours.

Then she arose, and, casting off her fetters and her sackcloth, was herself again : but a sadder woman till her dying day.





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William and his French, and drank Torfrida's health much too often for their own good. Hereward did not care to undeceive them. But he could not help speaking his mind in the abbot's chamber to Thurstan, Egelwin, and his nephews, and to Sigtryg Ranaldsson, who was still in Ely, not only because he had promised to stay there, but because he could not get out if he would.

Blockaded they were utterly, by land and water. The isle furnished a fair supply of food ; and what was wanting, they obtained by foraging. But they had laid the land waste for so many miles round, that their plundering raids brought them in less than of old ; and if they went far, they fell in with the French, and lost good men, even though they were generally successful. So provisions were running somewhat short, and would run shorter still.

Moreover, there was a great cause of anxiety. Bishop Egelwin, Abbot Thurstan, and the monks of Ely were in rebellion, not only against King William, but more or less against the Pope of Rome. They might be excommunicated. The minster lands might be taken away.

Bishop Egelwin set his face like a flint. He expected no mercy. All he had ever done for the French was to warn Robert Comyn that if he stayed in Durham, evil would befall him. But that was as little worth to him as it was to the said Robert. And no mercy he craved.



The less a man had, the more fit he was for heaven. He could but die ; and that he had known ever since he was a chanter-boy. Whether he died in Ely, or in prison, mattered little to him, provided they did not refuse him the sacraments ; and that they would hardly do. But call the Duke of Normandy his rightful sovereign he would not, because he was not—nor anybody else just now, as far as he could see.

Valiant likewise was Abbot Thurstan, for himself. But he had—unlike Bishop Egelwin, whose diocese had been given to a Frenchman—an abbey, monks, and broad lands, whereof he was father and steward. And he must do what was best for the abbey, and also what the monks would let him do. For severe as was the discipline of a minster in time of peace, yet in time of war, when life and death were in question, monks had ere now turned valiant from very fear, like Cato's mouse, and mutinied : and so might the monks of Ely.

And Edwin and Morcar ?

No man knows what they said or thought ; perhaps no man cared much, even in their own days. No hint does any chronicler give of what manner of men they were, or what manner of deeds they did. Fair, gentle, noble, beloved even by William, they are mere names, and nothing more, in history ; and it is to be supposed, therefore, that they were nothing more in fact. The race of Leofric and Godiva had worn itself out.



One night the confederates had sat late, talking over the future more earnestly than usual. Edwin, usually sad enough, was especially sad that night.

Hereward jested with him, tried to cheer him: but he was silent, would not drink, and went away before the rest.

The next morning he was gone, and with him half-a-dozen of his private housecarles.

Hereward was terrified. If defections once began, they would be endless. The camp would fall to pieces, and every man among them would be hanged, mutilated, or imprisoned, one by one, helplessly. They must stand or fall together.

He went raging to Morcar. Morcar knew nought of it. On the faith and honour of a knight, he knew nought. Only his brother had said to him a day or two before, that he must see his betrothed before he died.

“He is gone to William, then? Does he think to win her now—an outcast and a beggar—when he was refused her with broad lands and a thousand men at his back? Fool! See that thou play not the fool likewise, nephew, or——”

“Or what?” said Morcar, defiantly.

“Or thou wilt go, whither Edwin is gone—to betrayal and ruin.”

“Why so? He has been kind enough to Waltheot and Gospatric, why not to Edwin?”





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Roger was Lord of Warwick, and all around that once was Leofric and Godiva's.

Morcar lay in a Norman keep till the day of William's death. On his death-bed the tyrant's heart smote him, and he sent orders to release him. For a few short days, or hours, he breathed free air again. Then Rufus shut him up once more, and for ever.

And that was the end of Earl Morcar.

A few weeks after, three men came to the camp at Brandon, and they brought a head to the king. And when William looked upon it, it was the head of Edwin.

The human heart must have burst up again in the tyrant, as he looked on the fair face of him he had so loved, and so wronged ; for they say he wept.

The knights and earls stood round, amazed and awed, as they saw iron tears run down Pluto's cheek.

“How came this here, knaves ?” thundered he at last.

They told a rambling story, how Edwin always would needs go to Winchester, to see the queen, for she would stand his friend, and do him right. And how they could not get to Winchester, for fear of the French, and wandered in woods and wolds ; and how they were set upon, and hunted ; and how Edwin still was mad to go to Winchester : but when he could not, he would go to Blethwallon and his Welsh ; and how Earl Randal of Chester set upon them ; and how they got between a stream and the tide-way of the Dee, and were cut off.



And how Edwin would not yield. And how then they slew him in self-defence, and Randal let them bring the head to the king.

This, or something like it, was their story. But who could believe traitors? Where Edwin wandered, what he did during those months, no man knows. All that is known is, three men brought his head to William, and told some such tale. And so the old nobility of England died up and down the ruts and shaughs, like wounded birds; and, as of wounded birds, none knew or cared how far they had run, or how their broken bones had ached before they died.

“Out of their own mouths they are condemned, says Holy Writ,” thundered William. “Hang them on high.”

And hanged on high they were, on Brandon heath.

Then the king turned on his courtiers, glad to ease his own conscience by cursing them.

“This is your doing, sirs! If I had not listened to your base counsels, Edwin might have been now my faithful liegeman and my son-in-law; and I had had one more Englishman left in peace, and one sin less upon my soul.”

“And one thorn less in thy side,” quoth Ivo Taillebois.

“Who spoke to thee? Ralph Guader, thou gavest me the counsel: thou wilt answer it to God and his saints.”



“That did I not. It was Earl Roger, because he wanted the man’s Shropshire lands.”

Whereon high words ensued ; and the king gave the earl the lie in his teeth, which the earl did not forget.

“I think,” said the rough shrewd voice of Ivo, “that instead of crying over spilt milk,—for milk the lad was, and never would have grown to good beef, had he lived to my age——”

“Who spoke to thee?”

“No man, and for that reason I spoke myself. I have lands in Spalding, by your Royal grace ; and wish to enjoy them in peace, having worked for them hard enough—and how can I do that, as long as Hereward sits in Ely?”

“Splendeur Dex !” said William, “thou art right, old butcher.”

So they laid their heads together to slay Hereward. And after they had talked awhile, then spoke William’s chaplain for the nonce, an Italian, a friend and pupil of Lanfranc of Pavia, an Italian also, then Archbishop of Canterbury, scourging and imprisoning English monks in the south. And he spoke like an Italian of those times, who knew the ways of Rome.

“If his majesty will allow my humility to suggest——”

“What? Thy humility is proud enough under the rose, I will warrant : but it has a Roman wit under the rose likewise. Speak !”





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poor, whom your majesty is bringing in, to your endless glory.”

“But what has all this to do with taking Ely?” asked William impatiently. “I asked thee for reason, and not sermons.”

“This. That it is in the power of the Holy Father—and that power he would doubtless allow you, as his dear son and most faithful servant, to employ for yourself, without sending to Rome, which might cause painful delays—to——”

It might seem strange that William, Taillebois, Picot, Guader, Warrenne, short-spoken, hard-headed, hard-swearing warriors, could allow complacently a smooth churchman to dawdle on thus, counting his periods on his fingers, and seemingly never coming to the point.

But they knew well, that the churchman was a far cunninger, as well as a more learned, man than themselves. They knew well that they could not hurry him; and that they need not; that he would make his point at last, hunting it out step by step, and letting them see how he got thither, like a practised hound. They knew that if he spoke, he had thought long and craftily, till he had made up his mind; and that therefore he would very probably make up their minds likewise. It was the conquest—not of a heavenly spirit, though it boasted itself such—but of a cultivated mind, over brute flesh.

They might have said all this aloud, and yet the



churchman would have gone on, as he did, where he left off, with unaltered blandness of tone.

“To convert to other uses the goods of the Church. To convert them to profane uses would, I need not say, be a sacrilege as horrible to heaven, as impossible to so pious a monarch”——

Ivo Taillebois winced. He had just stolen a manor from the monks of Crowland, and meant to keep it.

“To convert, I say, church lands belonging to abbeys or sees, whose abbots or bishops are contumaciously disobedient to the Holy See, or to their lawful monarch, he being in the communion of the Church and at peace with the said Holy See. If therefore, to come to that point at which my incapacity, through the devious windings of my simplicity, has been tending, but with halting steps, from the moment that your majesty deigned to hear——”

“Put in the spur, man!” said Ivo, tired at last, “and run the deer to soil.”

“Hurry no man’s cattle, especially thine own,” answered the churchman, with so shrewd a wink, and so cheery a voice, that Ivo, when he recovered from his surprise, cried:

“Why, thou art a good huntsman thyself, I believe now.”

“All things to all men, if by any means— But to return. If your majesty should think fit to proclaim to the recalcitrants of Ely, that unless they submit them-



selves to your royal grace—and to that, of course, of His Holiness our Father—within a certain day, you will convert to other uses—premising, to avoid scandal, that those uses shall be for the benefit of Holy Church—all lands and manors of theirs lying without the precincts of the isle of Ely—those lands being, as is known, large and of great value—*Quid plura?* Why burden your exalted intellect by detailing to you consequences which it has long ere now foreseen?”

“\* \* \* \*” quoth William, who was nearly as sharp as the Italian, and had seen it all. “I will make thee a bishop!”

“Spare to burden my weakness,” said the chaplain; and slipt away into the shade.

“You will take his advice?” asked Ivo.

“I will.”

“Then I shall see that Torfrida burn at last.”

“Burn her?” and William swore.

“I promised my soldiers to burn the witch with reeds out of Haddenham fen, as she had burned them; and I must keep my knightly word.”

William swore yet more. Ivo Taillebois was a butcher and a churl.

“Call me not churl and butcher too often, Lord King, ere thou hast found whether thou needest me or not. Rough I may be, false was I never.”

“That thou wert not,” said William, who needed





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“No pay, no play, saidst thou?—so say I. What meant you by having to kill others before Hereward?”

“Beware of Waltheof,” said Ivo.

“Waltheof? Pish. This is one of thy inventions for making me hunt every Englishman to death, that thou mayest gnaw their bones.”

“Is it? Then this I say more. Beware of Ralph Guader.”

“Pish!”

“Pish on, Lord King.” Etiquette was not yet discovered by Norman barons and earls, who thought themselves all but as good as their king; gave him their advice when they thought fit: and if he did not take it attacked him with all their meinie. “Pish on, but listen. Beware of Roger.”

“And what more?”

“And give me Lucia. I want her. I will have her.”

William laughed. “Thou of all men? To mix that ditch-water with that wine?”

“They were mixed in thy blood, Lord King; and thou art the better man for it, so says the world. Old wine and old blood throw any lees to the bottom of the cask; and we shall have a son worthy to ride behind——”

“Take care!” quoth William.

“The greatest Captain upon earth.”

William laughed again, like Odin’s self.



“Thou shalt have Lucia, for that word.”

“And thou shalt have the plot ere it breaks. As it will.”

“To this have I come at last,” said William to himself. “To murder these English nobles; to marry their daughters to my grooms. Heaven forgive me! They have brought it upon themselves, by contumacy to Holy Church. Call my secretary, some one.”

The Italian re-entered.

“The valiant and honourable and illustrious knight, Ivo Taillebois, Lord of Holland and Kesteven, weds Lucia, sister of the late earls Edwin and Morcar, now with the queen; and with her, her manors. You will prepare the papers.”

“I am yours to death,” said Ivo.

“To do thee justice, I think thou wert that already. Stay—here—Sir Priest—do you know any man who knows this Torfrida?”

“I do, King,” said Ivo. “There is one Sir Ascelin, a man of Gilbert’s, in the camp.”

“Send for him.”

“This Torfrida,” said William, “haunts me.”

“Pray heaven she have not bewitched your Grace.”

“Tut, I am too old a campaigner to take much harm by woman’s sharpshooting, at fifteen score yards off, beside a deep stream between. No. The woman has courage—and beauty too, you say?”



“What of that, oh Prince?” said the Italian. “Who more beautiful—if report be true—than those lost women who dance nightly in the forests with Venus and Herodias—as it may be this Torfrida has done many a time?”

“You priests are apt to be hard upon poor women.”

“The fox found that the grapes were sour,” said the Italian, laughing at himself and his cloth—or at anything else, by which he could curry favour.

“And this woman was no vulgar witch. That sort of personage suits Taillebois’ taste, rather than Hereward’s.”

“Hungry dogs eat dirty pudding,” said Ivo pertinently.

“The woman believed herself in the right. She believed that the saints of heaven were on her side. I saw it in her attitude, in her gestures. Perhaps she was right.”

“Sire?” said both bystanders in astonishment.

“I would fain see that woman; and see her husband too. They are folks after my own heart. I would give them an earldom to win them.”

“I hope that in that day you will allow your faithful servant Ivo to retire to his ancestral manors in Anjou; for England will be too hot for him. Sire, you know not this man—a liar, a bully, a robber, a swash-buckling ruffian, who——” and Ivo ran on with furious invective, after the fashion of the Normans, who considered no name too bad for an English rebel.





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But heaven save me, and all I love, from that Hereward. They say he has seven men's strength, and I verily can testify to the truth thereof."

"That may be by enchantment," interposed the Italian.

"True, Sir Priest. This I know, that he wears enchanted armour, which Torfrida gave him before she married him."

"Enchantments again," said the secretary.

"Tell me now about Torfrida," said William.

Ascelin told him all about her, not forgetting to say—what, according to the chronicler, was a common report—that she had compassed Hereward's love by magic arts. She used to practise sorcery, he said, with her sorceress mistress, Richilda of Hainault. All men knew it. Arnoul, Richilda's son, was as a brother to her. And after old Baldwin died, and Baldwin of Mons and Richilda came to Bruges, Torfrida was always with her, while Hereward was at the wars.

"The woman is a manifest and notorious witch," said the secretary.

"It seems so indeed," said William, with something like a sigh. And so were Torfrida's early follies visited on her; as all early follies are. "But Hereward, you say, is a good knight and true?"

"Doubtless. Even when he committed that great crime at Peterborough——"



“For which he and all his are duly excommunicated by the Bishop,” said the secretary.

“He did a very courteous and honourable thing.” And Ascelin told how he had saved Alfruda, and instead of putting her to ransom, had sent her safe to Gilbert.

“A very knightly deed. He should be rewarded for it.”

“Why not burn the witch, and reward him with Alfruda instead, since your majesty is in so gracious a humour?” said Ivo.

“Alfruda? Who is she? Ay, I recollect her. Young Dolfin’s wife. Why, she has a husband already.”

“Ay, but his Holiness at Rōme can set that right. What is there that he cannot do?”

“There are limits, I fear, even to his power. Eh, priest?”

“What his Holiness’ powers as the viceroy of Divinity on earth might be, did he so choose, it were irreverent to inquire. But as he condescends to use that power only for the good of mankind, he condescends, like Divinity, to be bound by the very laws which he has promulgated for the benefit of his subjects; and to make himself only a life-giving sun, when he might be a destructive thunderbolt.”

“He is very kind, and we all owe him thanks,” said Ivo, who had a confused notion that the Pope might



strike him dead with lightning, but was good-natured enough not to do so. "Still, he might think of this plan; for they say that the lady is an old friend of Hereward's, and not over fond of her Scotch husband."

"That I know well," said William.

"And beside—if aught untoward should happen to Dolfin and his kin——"

"She might, with her broad lands, be a fine bait for Hereward. I see. Now, do this, by my command. Send a trusty monk into Ely. Let him tell the monks that we have determined to seize all their outlying lands, unless they surrender within the week. And let him tell Hereward, by the faith and oath of William of Normandy, that if he will surrender himself to my grace, he shall have his lands in Bourne, and a free pardon for himself and all his comrades."

The men assented, much against their will, and went out on their errand.

"You have played me a scurvy trick, sir," said Ascelin to Ivo, "in advising the king to give the Lady Alftruda to Hereward."

"What! Did you want her yourself? On my honour I knew not of it. But have patience. You shall have her yet, and all her lands, if you will hear my counsel, and keep it."

"But you would give her to Hereward!"

X "And to you too. It is a poor bait, say these frogs





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flee with her—maybe escape to Flanders or Denmark. He can escape through a rat's hole if he will. However, then we are at peace. I had sooner kill him and have done with it: but out of the way he must be put."

So they sent a monk in with the message; and commanded him to tell the article about the Lady Torfrida, not only to Hereward, but to the abbot and all the monks.

A curt and fierce answer came back, not from Hereward, but from Torfrida herself—that William of Normandy was no knight himself, or he would not offer a knight his life, on condition of burning his lady.

William swore horribly. "What is all this about?" They told him—as much as they chose to tell him. He was very wroth. "Who was Ivo Taillebois, to add to his message? He had said that Torfrida should not burn." Taillebois was stout; for he had won the secretary over to his side meanwhile. He had said nothing about burning. He had merely supplied an oversight of the King's. The woman, as the secretary knew, could not, with all deference to his majesty, be included in an amnesty. She was liable to ecclesiastical censure, and the ecclesiastical courts.

"Ecclesiastical courts? What is this new doctrine, Churchman?" asked William.

"The superstition of sorcery, my Lord King, is neither more nor less than that of heresy itself; seeing that the



demons whom it invokes are none other than the old Pagan gods : and as heresy——”

William exploded with fearful oaths. He was always jealous (and wisely), for his own prerogatives. And the doctrine was novel, at least in England. Witches were here considered as offenders against the private person enchanted, rather than against the Church ; and executions for witchcraft rarely, if ever, took place, unless when the witch was supposed to have injured life or property.

“Have I not given you Churchmen enough already, that you must assume my King’s power of life and death ? Do I not slay and torment enough, heaven forgive me ! without needing you to help me ?”

The Italian saw that he had gone too far. “Heaven forbid,” he said, “that the Church should stain her hands with the blood of the worst of sinners. All she could do was, having proved guilt, to deliver the offender over to the secular arm, doubtless with merciful entreaties that there might be no shedding of blood.”

“There is none, I presume, when folks are burned alive,” quoth William, with a sneer. “So you are to be the judges, and me your executioner, eh ? An honourable office, truly. Beware, Sir Clerk ! Beware !”

“If the fire of my zeal has for a moment too rashly melted the ice of my modesty——”

“Of thy craft, say——”

“My humility humbly entreats forgiveness. I do not



press the matter. Only it seemed—it seemed at least to me, that after the slight scandal—forgive my fidelity the word—to the faithful caused by your highness's unhappy employment of the witch of Brandon——”

William cursed under his breath.

“Your highness might nobly atone therefore, by executing justice on a far more flagitious offender, who has openly compassed and effected the death of hundreds of your highness's otherwise invincible warriors——”

“And throw good money after bad,” said William, laughing. “I tell thee, priest, she is too pretty to burn, were she the Witch of Endor herself.”

“Be it so. Your royal clemency can always remit her sentence, even so far as to pardon her entirely, if your merciful temper should so incline you. But meanwhile, what better could we have done, than to remind the monks of Ely that she was a sorceress; that she had committed grave crimes, and was liable to punishment herself, and they to punishment also, as her shelterers and accomplices?”

“What your highness wanted,” quoth Taillebois, “was to bring over the monks; and I believe that message had been a good stroke toward that. As for Hereward, you need not think of him. He never will come in alive. He has sworn an oath, and he will keep it.”

And so the matter ended.





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stand by Torfrida till the last ; and then, if need was, slay her.

“ You will not need, King Sigtryg. I can slay myself,” said she, as she took the Ost-Dane’s hard honest hand.

And Hereward went, seemingly by Mepal or Sutton. Then came the message ; and all men in Ely knew it.

Torfrida stormèd down to the monks, in honest indignation, to demand that they should send to William, and purge her of the calumny. She found the Chapter-door barred and bolted. They were all gabbling inside, like starlings on a foggy morning, and would not let her in. She hurried back to Sigtryg, fearing treason, and foreseeing the effect of the message upon the monks.

But what could Sigtryg do ? To find out their counsels was impossible for him, or any man in Ely. For the monks could talk Latin, and the men could not. Torfrida alone knew the sacred tongue.

If Torfrida could but listen at the keyhole. Well—all was fair in war. And to the Chapter-house door she went, guarded by Sigtryg and some of his housecarles ; and listened, with a beating heart. She heard words now incomprehensible. That men who most of them lived no better than their own serfs ; who could have no amount of wealth, not even the hope of leaving that wealth to their children—that such men should cling to wealth ; struggle, forge, lie, do anything for wealth, to



be used almost entirely not for themselves, but for the honour and glory of the convent—indicates an intensity of corporate feeling, unknown in the outer world then, or now.

The monastery would be ruined. Without this manor, without that wood, without that stone quarry, that fishery, —what would become of them?

But mingled with those words were other words, unfortunately more intelligible to this day—those of superstition.

What would St. Ethelreda say? What St. Sexburga, St. Withburga, St. Ermenilda? How dare they provoke their wrath? Would they submit to lose their lands? They might do—what might they not do? Their bones would refuse ever to work a miracle again. They had been but too slack in miracle-working for many years. They might strike the isle with barrenness, the minster with lightning. They might send a flood up the fens. They might——

William the Norman, to do them justice, those valiant monks feared not; for he was man, and could but kill the body. But St. Ethelreda, a virgin goddess, with her three maidens, and indeed, all the host of heaven to back her—might she not, by intercession with powers still higher than her own, destroy both body and soul in hell?

“We are betrayed. They are going to send for the Abbot from Angerhale,” said Torfrida at last, reeling from the door. “All is lost.”



“Shall we burst open the door and kill them all?” asked Sigtryg, simply.

“No, King—no. They are God’s men ; and we have blood enough on our souls.”

“We can keep the gates, lest any go out to the King.”

“Impossible. They know the isle better than we, and have a thousand arts.”

So all they could do, was to wait in fear and trembling for Hereward’s return, and send Martin Lightfoot off to warn him, wherever he might be.

The monks remained perfectly quiet. The organ droned, the chants wailed, as usual ; nothing interrupted the stated order of the services ; and in the hall, each day, they met the knights as cheerfully as ever. Greed and superstition had made cowards of them—and now traitors.

It was whispered that Abbot Thurstan had returned to the minster : but no man saw him : and so three or four days went on.

Martin found Hereward after incredible labours, and told him all, clearly and shrewdly. The man’s manifest insanity only seemed to quicken his wit, and increase his powers of bodily endurance.

Hereward was already on his way home ; and never did he and his good men row harder than they rowed that day back to Sutton. He landed, and hurried on with half his men, leaving the rest to disembark the





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“Hereward? Thank God, I am in time! And the child is safe too. Thanks, thanks, dear saints!” a voice sobbed out.

It was the voice of Torfrida.

“Treason!” she gasped.

“I knew it.”

“The French are in the island. They have got Aldreth. The whole army is marching from Cambridge. The whole fleet is coming up from Southrey. And you have time——”

“To burn Ely over the monks’ heads. Men! Get bogwood out of yon cottage, make yourselves torches, and onward!”

Then rose a babel of questions, which Torfrida answered as she could. But she had nothing to tell. “Clerks’ cunning,” she said bitterly, “was an overmatch for woman’s wit.” She had sent out a spy: but he had not returned till an hour since. Then he came back breathless, with the news that the French army was on the march from Cambridge, and that, as he came over the water at Aldreth, he found a party of French knights in the fort on the Ely side, talking peaceably with the monks on guard.

She had run up to the borough hill—which men call Cherry Hill at this day—and one look to the north-east had shown her the river swarming with ships. She had rushed home, put boys’ clothes on herself and her child,



hid a few jewels in her bosom, saddled Swallow, and ridden for her life thither.

“And King Sigtryg?”

He and his men had gone desperately out towards Haddenham, with what English they could muster: but all were in confusion. Some were getting the women and children into boats, to hide them in the reeds; others battering the minster gates, vowing vengeance on the monks.

“Then Sigtryg will be cut off! Alas for the day that ever brought his brave heart hither!”

And when the men heard that, a yell of fury and despair burst from all throats.

Should they go back to their boats?

“No! onward,” cried Hereward. “Revenge first, and safety after. Let us leave nothing for the accursed Frenchmen but smoking ruins, and then gather our comrades, and cut our way back to the north.”

“Good counsel,” cried Winter. “We know the roads, and they do not; and in such a dark night as is coming, we can march out of the island without their being able to follow us a mile.”

They hurried on: but stopped once more, at the galloping of another horse.

“Who comes, friend or foe?”

“Alwyn, son of Orgar!” cried a voice under breath. “Don’t make such a noise, men! The French are within half a mile of you.”



“Then one traitor monk shall die ere I retreat,” cried Hereward, seizing him by the throat.

“For heaven’s sake, hold!” cried Torfrida, seizing his arm. “You know not what he may have to say.”

“I am no traitor, Hereward; I have fought by your side as well as the best; and if any but you had called Alwyn——”

“A curse on your boasting. Tell us the truth.”

“The Abbot has made peace with the King. He would give up the island, and St. Ethelreda should keep all her lands and honours. I said what I could: but who was I to resist the whole chapter? Could I alone brave St. Ethelreda’s wrath?”

“Alwyn, the valiant, afraid of a dead girl!”

“Blaspheme not, Hereward! She may hear you at this moment! Look there!” and pointing up, the monk cowered in terror, as a meteor flashed through the sky.

“That is St. Ethelreda shooting at us, eh? Then all I can say is, she is a very bad marksman. And the French are in the island?”

“They are.”

“Then forward, men, for one half-hour’s pleasure; and then to die like Englishmen.”

“On?” cried Alwyn. “You cannot go on. The King is at Whichford at this moment with all his army, half a mile off! Right across the road to Ely!”

Hereward grew Berserk. “On! men!” shouted he,





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And they heard the heavy tramp of men within a quarter of a mile.

“Cover the mare’s eyes, and hold her mouth, lest she neigh,” said Winter.

Hereward and Torfrida lay side by side upon the heath. She was shivering with cold and horror. He laid his cloak over her; put his arm round her.

“Your stars did not foretell you this, Torfrida.” He spoke not bitterly, but in utter sadness.

She burst into an agony of weeping.

“My stars at least foretold me nothing but woe, since first I saw your face.”

“Why did you marry me, then?” asked he half angrily.

“Because I loved you. Because I love you still.”

“Then you do not regret?”

“Never, never, never! I am quite happy—quite happy. Why not?”

A low murmur from the men made them look up. They were near enough to the town to hear—only too much. They heard the tramp of men, shouts and yells. Then the shrill cries of women. All dull and muffled the sounds came to them through the still night; and they lay there spell-bound, as in a nightmare, as men assisting at some horrible tragedy, which they had no power to prevent. Then there was a glare, and a wisp of smoke against the black sky, and then a house began burning brightly, and then another.



“This is the Frenchman’s faith!”

And all the while, as the sack raged in the town below, the minster stood above, glaring in the firelight, silent and safe. The church had provided for herself, by sacrificing the children beneath her fostering shadow.

They waited nearly an hour, but no fugitives came out.

“Come, men,” said Hereward, wearily, “we may as well to the boats.”

And so they went, walking on like men in a dream, as yet too stunned to realize to themselves the hopeless horror of their situation. Only Hereward and Torfrida saw it all, looking back on the splendid past—the splendid hopes for the future: glory, honour, an earldom, a free Danish England—and this was all that was left!

“No it is not!” cried Torfrida suddenly, as if answering her own unspoken thoughts, and his. “Love is still left. The gallows and the stake cannot take that away.” And she clung closer to her husband’s side, and he again to hers.

They reached the shore, and told their tale to their comrades. Whither now?

“To Well. To the wide mere,”\* said Hereward.

\* Probably near Upwell and Outwell, in the direction of Wisbeach. There the old Nene and the old Welney Rivers joining, formed vast morasses, now laid dry by the Middle Level and Marshland Drains.



“But their ships will hunt us out there.”

“We shall need no hunting. We must pick up the men at Cissham. You would not leave them to be murdered, too, as we have left the Ely men?”

No. They would go to Well. And then?

“The Bruneswald, and the merry greenwood,” said Hereward.

“Hey for the merry greenwood!” shouted Leófric the Deacon. And the men, in the sudden delight of finding any place, any purpose, answered with a lusty cheer.

“Brave hearts!” said Hereward. “We will live and die together like Englishmen.”

“We will, we will, Viking.”

“Where shall we stow the mare?” asked Geri, “the boats are full already.”

“Leave her to me. On board, Torfrida.”

He got on board last, leading the mare by the bridle.

“Swim, good lass!” said he, as they pushed off; and the good lass, who had done it many a time before, waded in, and was soon swimming behind. Hereward turned, and bent over the side in the darkness. There

The bursting of the Middle Level Sluice in the year 1861, restored for awhile a vast tract in these fens to its primæval state of “the Wide Mere.” From this point Hereward could escape north into Lincolnshire, either by Wisbeach and the Wash, or by Crowland and Bourne.





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of Ely, and hidden themselves “in a certain very small island which is called Stimtench,” where, thinking that the friends in search of them were Frenchmen in pursuit, they hid themselves amongst the high reeds. There two of them—one Starkwulf by name, the other Broher—hiding near each other, “thought that, as they were monks, it might conduce to their safety if they had shaven crowns ; and set to work with their swords to shave each other’s heads as well as they could. But at last, by their war-cries and their speech, recognising each other, they left off fighting,” and went after Hereward.

So jokes, grimly enough, the old Chronicler, who may have seen them come in the next morning, with bleeding coxcombs, and could laugh over the thing in after years. But he was in no humour for jesting in the days in which they lay at Well. Nor was he in jesting humour when, a week afterwards, hunted by the French from Well, and forced to take to meres and waterways known only to them, and too shallow and narrow for the French ships, they found their way across into the old Nen, and so on toward Crowland, leaving Peterborough far on the left. For as they neared Crowland, they saw before them, rowing slowly, a barge full of men. And as they neared that barge, behold, all they who rowed were blind of both their eyes ; and all they who sat and guided them, were maimed of both their hands. And as they came alongside, there was not a man in all that ghastly



crew but was an ancient friend, by whose side they had fought full many a day, and with whom they had drunk deep full many a night. They were the first fruits of William's vengeance; thrust into that boat, to tell the rest of the fen-men what those had to expect who dared oppose the Norman. And they were going to Crowland, to the sanctuary of the Danish fen-men, that they might cast themselves down before St. Guthlac, and ask of him that mercy for their souls which the Conqueror had denied to their bodies. Alas for them! They were but a handful among hundreds, perhaps thousands, of mutilated cripples, who swarmed all over England, and especially in the north and east, throughout the reign of the Norman conquerors. They told their comrades' fate, slaughtered in the first attack, or hanged afterwards as rebels and traitors to a foreigner whom they had never seen, and to whom they owed no fealty by law of God or man.

“And Sigtryg Ranaldsson?”

None knew aught of him. He never got home again to his Irish princess.

“And the poor women?” asked Torfrida.

But she received no answer.

And the men swore a great oath, and kept it; never to give quarter to a Frenchman, as long as there was one left on English ground.

Neither were the monks of Ely in jesting humour, when



they came to count up the price of their own baseness: They had obeyed the apostolic injunction, "to submit to the powers that be, because they are ordained," &c. But they found their return (as the Book of Ely calls it) to "a more wholesome counsel," beset with thorns. The King barred them out of the monastery, lest the monks should come out with crosses and relics to implore his mercy. Going into the minster, he stood afar off from the holy body of St. Etheldreda, and cast a mark of gold on the altar, as a "peace-offering to that terrible lady; and then retired to Witchford, leaving his soldiers to work their wicked will. So terrified were the poor monks, that no mass was celebrated that day: but as the hours wore on, they needs must eat. And as they ate, there entered to them into the refectory Gilbert of Clare—

"Ye English swine, could ye find no other time to feed? The King is in the minster."

Out hurried the monks, but too late. The King was gone; and hardly, by humbling themselves to their old enemy Gilbert, did they obtain grace of the King for seven hundred marks of silver. The which money they took, as they had promised, to Picot the Viscount of Cambridge. He weighed it; and finding it an ounce short, accused them of cheating the King, and sentenced them to pay 300 marks more. Then was lost all the gold and silver which was left in Ely: the image of St. Mary





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and rich manors, and left her to go in russet for many a year, with such strokes as proved that the monks had chosen the less of two evils, when they preferred falling into the hands of an angry king to falling into those of an angry saint. Terrible was the fate of Roger Picot's man Gervase, who dared to harry and bind St. Etheldreda's men ; who even brought an action at law against the Abbot himself. The very night before the trial, St. Etheldreda, and her two sisters St. Withburga and Sexburga, stabbed him to the heart with the spikes of their pastoral staves, and he died, to the terror of all bystanders.

Worse, even, was the fate of Roger Picot himself, "the hungry lion, the prowling wolf, the crafty fox, the filthy swine, the shameless dog," who had said, "Who is this Etheldreda, whose lands ye say that I have taken? I know not Etheldreda, and I will not give up her lands."

"Listen, ye isles, and attend, ye people from afar off, what her Spouse hath done for the Lady of Ely. His sin, saith Scripture, is sought, and shall not be found. By whom is it sought? By Him from whom nothing is hidden. By whom shall it be found? By no man, since none know His day. Whither he is gone, why he fled, or how he has died; whether he has descended alive into the pit with Dathan and Abyrom, or become a beast with Nabuchadonossor; hath vanished utterly,



or by any other mode hath perished, to be damned without end. But one thing we know for certain, that in our bounds he has appeared no more, but has disappeared for ever to-day. Glory to Him who has given us the victory over our enemy.”

Worse again (according to those of Ely) was the fate of Earl William de Warrenne, who violently withheld some farms from St. Etheldreda. For on the night on which he died, the then abbot heard his soul carried off by demons, crying in vain to heaven for mercy. Therefore when his lady, Gundreda (William the Conqueror's step-daughter), a few days after, sent a hundred shillings for his soul to the minster at Ely, the abbot and his monks sent them back, neither deigning nor daring to take the money of a damned man. So there is no hope for Earl Warrenne, were it not that the Cluniac monks, whom he had established at Lewes, holding naturally a different opinion of him and his deeds, buried him there in splendour, and put up over his tomb a white marble slab, on which were set forth his virtues, and the present protection and future rewards which St. Pancras was to procure for him in return for the minster which he had raised in honour of that mighty avenger of perjury.\*

After which—whether St. Pancras did or did not deliver Earl William from the wrath of St. Etheldreda—the Lady of Ely was appeased ; and when almost all the

\* Ordericus Vitalis, book viii. c. 9.



monks were either sick or dying (possibly from one of those fevers which so often devastated the fens), she was seen, after long fastings and vigils, by a holy man named Goderic, staying the hand of some mighty being, who was in act to shoot an arrow from heaven against the doomed borough. After which, watching and praying still more fervently, he beheld St. Etheldreda and her maidens rise from their tombs by night, and walk majestic through choir and cloister, and so to the sick-house and the dying monks. And there the Lady of Ely went round to every bed, and laid her pure hand upon the throbbing forehead and wiped the typhus-gore from the faded lips with her sacred sleeve, and gave the sufferers sudden health and strength; and signified to Goderic, who had followed her trembling afar off, that all was forgiven and forgotten.\*

\* For all these tales (the last is told with much pathos), see the *Liber Eliensis*, book ii. § 119—133.





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With the same friendly yeoman “that was a good felawe,” they would lodge by twos and threes during the sharp frosts of mid-winter, in the lonely farm-house which stood in the “field” or forest-clearing: but for the greater part of the year their “lodging was on the cold ground” in the holly thickets, or under the hanging rock, or in a lodge of boughs.

And then, after a while, the life which began in terror, and despair, and poverty, and loss of land and kin, became not only tolerable, but pleasant. Bold men and hardy, they cared less and less for

“The thornie wayes, the deep valleys,  
The snowe, the frost, the rayne,  
The colde, the hete; for dry or wete  
We must lodge on the plaine,  
And us above, none other roofe,  
But a brake bushe, or twayne.”

And they found fair lasses, too, in time, who, like Torfrida and Maid Marian, would answer, with the nut-brown maid, to their warnings against the outlaw life, that—

“Amonge the wylde dere, such an archere  
As men say that ye be,  
He may not fayle of good vitayle,  
Where is so great plentè:  
And water clere of the rivere,  
Shall be full swete to me,  
With which in hele, I shall right wele,  
Endure, as ye may see.”



Then called they themselves “merry men ;” and the forest the “merry greenwood ;” and sang, with Robin Hood,

“A merrier man than I, belyve  
There lives not in Christentie.”

They were coaxed back, at times, to civilized life ; they got their grace of the king, and entered the king’s service : but the craving after the greenwood was upon them. They dreaded and hated the four stone walls of a Norman castle ; and, like Robin Hood, slipt back to the forest and the deer.

Gradually, too, law and order arose among them, lawless as they were ; that instinct of discipline and self-government, side by side with that of personal independence, which is the peculiar mark, and peculiar strength, of the English character. Who knows not how, in the “*Lytell Geste of Robin Hood*,” they shot at “pluck-buffet,” the king among them disguised as an abbot ; and every man who missed the rose-garland, “his tackle he should tyne ;”

“And bere a buffet on his head,  
Iwys ryght all bare,  
And all that fell on Robyn’s lote,  
He smote them wonder sair.

“Till Robyn fayled of the garlonde,  
Three fyngers and mair.”

Then good Gilbert bids him in his turn



“ ‘Stand forth and take his pay.’

“ ‘If it be so,’ sayd Robyn,  
 ‘That may no better be,  
 Syr Abbot, I delyver thee myn arrowe,  
 I pray thee, Syr, serve thou me.’

“ ‘It falleth not for myne order,’ saith our kynge,  
 ‘Robyn, by thy leve,  
 For to smyte no good yeman,  
 For doute I should hym greve.’

“ ‘Smyte on boldly,’ sayd Robyn, ’  
 ‘I give thee large leve.’  
 Anon our kynge, with that word,  
 He folde up his sleve.

“ And such a buffet he gave Robyn,  
 To grounde he yode full nere.  
 ‘I make myn avowe,’ sayd Robyn,  
 ‘Thou art a stalwarte frere.’

“ ‘There is pyth in thyn arme,’ sayd Robyn,  
 ‘I trowe thou canst well shoote.’  
 Thus our kynge and Robyn Hode  
 Together they are met.”

Hard knocks in good humour, strict rules, fair play, and equal justice for high and low; this was the old outlaw spirit, which has descended to their inlawed descendants; and makes, to this day, the life and marrow of an English public school.

‘One fixed idea the outlaw had—hatred of the invader. If “his herd were the king’s deer,” “his treasure was the earl’s purse;” and still oftener the purse of the





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“ Robyn loved our dere Ladye,  
 For doubt of dedely synne,  
 Wolde he never do company harme  
 That any woman was ynne.”

And even so it was with The Wake when he was in the Brunswald, if the old chroniclers are to be believed.

And now Torfrida was astonished. She had given way utterly at Ely, from woman's fear, and woman's disappointment. All was over. All was lost. What was left, save to die?

But—and it was a new and unexpected fact to one of her excitable Southern blood, easily raised, and easily depressed—she discovered that neither her husband, nor Winter, nor Geri, nor Wenoeh, nor Ranald of Ramsey, nor even the romancing harping Leofric, thought that all was lost. She argued it with them, not to persuade them into base submission, but to satisfy her own surprise.

“ But what will you do ? ”

“ Live in the greenwood.”

“ And what then ? ”

“ Burn every town which a Frenchman holds, and kill every Frenchman we meet.”

“ But what plan have you ? ”

“ Who wants a plan, as you call it, while he has the



green hollies overhead, the dun deer on the lawn, bow in his hand, and sword by his side?"

"But what will be the end of it all?"

"We shall live till we die."

"But William is master of all England."

"What is that to us? He is not our master."

"But he must be some day. You will grow fewer and fewer. His government will grow stronger and stronger."

"What is that to us? When we are dead, there will be brave yeomen in plenty to take our place. You would not turn traitor?"

"I? never! never! I will live and die with you in your greenwood, as you call it. Only—I did not understand you English."

Torfrida did not. She was discovering the fact, which her nation have more than once discovered since, that the stupid valour of the Englishman never knows when it is beaten; and sometimes, by that self-satisfied ignorance, succeeds in not being beaten after all.

So The Wake—if the chroniclers speak truth— assembled a formidable force, well nigh, at last, four hundred men. Winter, Geri, Wenoch, Grogan, one of the Azers of Lincoln, were still with him. Ranald the seneschal still carried his standard. Of Duti and Outi, the famous brothers, no more is heard. A valiant Matelgar takes their place; Alfric and Sexwold and



many another gallant fugitive cast up, like scattered hounds, at the sound of "The Wake's" war-horn. There were those among them (says Gaimar) who scorned to fight single-handed less than three Frenchmen. As for The Wake, he would fight seven,

"Les quatre oscist, les treis fuirent ;  
Naffrez, sanglant, cil s'en partirent  
En plusurs lius issi avint,  
K'encontre seit très bien se tuit.  
De seit hommes avait vertu,  
Un plus hardi ne fu veu."

They ranged up the Brunswald, dashing out to the war-cry of "A Wake! A Wake!" and laying all waste with fire and sword; that is, such towns as were in the hands of Frenchmen. A noble range they must have had, for gallant sportsmen. Away south, between the Nene and Welland, stretched from Stamford and Peterborough the still vast forests of Rockingham, nigh twenty miles in length as the crow flies, down beyond Rockingham town, and Geddington Chase. To the west, they had the range of the "hunting counties," dotted still, in the more eastern part, with innumerable copses and shaughs, the remnants of the great forest, out of which, as out of Rockinghamshire, have been cut those fair parks and

"Handsome houses,  
Where the wealthy nobles dwell;"





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The deer had once been theirs, the game, the land, the serfs ; and if Godric of Corby slew the Irnham deer, and burned Irnham hall over the head of the new French lord, and thought no harm, he did but what he would with that which had been once his own.

Easy it was to dash out by night, and make a raid ; to harry the places which they once had owned themselves ; in the vale of Belvoir to the west, or to the east in the strip of fertile land which sloped down into the fen ; and levy black mail in Folkingham, or Aslackby, or Sleaford, or any other of the “Vills” (now thriving villages) which still remain in Domesday book, and written against them the ugly and significant—

“ In Tatenai habuerunt Turgisle et Suen IIII. carrucas terræ,” &c. “ Hoc Ivo Taillebosc ibi habet in dominio ”—all, that is, that the wars had left of them.

The said Turgisle (Torkill or Turketil misspelt by Frenchmen) and Sweyn, and many a good man more—for Ivo’s possessions were enormous—were thorns in the sides of Ivo and his men, which must be extracted ; and the Brunswald a nest of hornets, which must be smoked out at any cost.

Wherefore it befell, that once upon a day, there came riding to Hereward in the Brunswald, a horseman all alone.

And meeting with Hereward and his men, he made signs of amity, and bowed himself low, and pulled out



of his purse a letter, protesting that he was an Englishman, and a "good felawe," and that though he came from Lincoln town, a friend to the English had sent him.

That was believable enough, for Hereward had his friends, and his spies, far and wide.

And when he opened the letter, and looked first, like a wary man, at the signature,—a sudden thrill went through him.

It was Alftruda's.

If he was interested in her, considering what had passed between them from her childhood, it was nothing to be ashamed of. And yet, somehow, he felt ashamed of that same sudden thrill.

And Hereward had reason to be ashamed. He had been faithful to Torfrida—a virtue most rare in those days. Few were faithful then, save, it may be, Baldwin of Mons to his tyrant and idol, the sorceress Richilda; and William of Normandy,—whatever were his other sins,—to his wise, and sweet, and beautiful Matilda. The stories of his coldness and cruelty to her seem to rest on no foundation. One need believe them as little as one does the myth of one chronicler, that when she tried to stop him from some expedition, and clung to him as he sat upon his horse, he smote his spur so deep into her breast that she fell dead. The man had self-control, and feared God, in his own wild way: therefore it was, perhaps, that he conquered.



And Hereward had been faithful likewise to Torfrida, and loved her with an overwhelming adoration,—as all true men love. And for that very reason he was the more aware, that his feeling for Alfruda was strangely like his feeling for Torfrida ; and yet strangely different.

There was nothing in the letter that he should not have read. She called him her best and dearest friend, twice the saviour of her life. What could she do in return, but, at any risk to herself, try and save his life ? The French were upon him. The posse comitatus of seven counties was raising. “Northampton, Cambridge, Lincoln, Holland, Leicester, Huntingdon, Warwick,” were coming to the Brunswald to root him out.

“Lincoln ?” thought Hereward. “That must be Gilbert of Ghent, and Oger the Breton. No ! Gilbert is not coming ; Sir Ascelin is coming for him. Holland ? That is my friend Ivo Taillebois. Well, we shall have the chance of paying off old scores. Northampton ? The Earl thereof just now is the pious and loyal Waltheof, as he is of Huntingdon and Cambridge. Is he going to join young Fitz-Osbern from Warwick and Leicester, to root out the last Englishman ? Why not ? That would be a deed worthy of the man who married Judith, and believes in the powers that be, and eats dirt daily at William’s table.”

Then he read on.

Ascelin had been mentioned, he remarked, three or





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trust ; one that will never be sleepy enough to put his head into the wolf's mouth, and trust the Frenchman, and that is, I The Wake."

And Hereward boasted to himself, at Gospatric's expense, of his own superior wisdom, till his eye caught a line or two, which finished the letter.

"Oh, that you would change your mind, much as I honour you for it. Oh that you would come in to the king, who loves and trusts you, having seen your constancy and faith, proved by so many years of affliction. Great things are open to you, and great joys ;—I dare not tell you what : but I know them, if you would come in. You, to waste yourself in the forest, an outlaw and a savage ! Opportunity once lost, never returns ; time flies fast, Hereward my friend, and we shall all grow old,—I think at times that I shall soon grow old. And the joys of life will be impossible, and nothing left but vain regrets."

"Hey ?" said Hereward, "a very clerkly letter. I did not think she was so good a scholar. Almost as good a one as Torfrida."

That was all he said ; and as for thinking, he had the posse comitatus of seven counties to think of. But what could those great fortunes and joys be, which Alftruda did not dare to describe ?

She growing old, too ? Impossible : that was woman's vanity. It was but two years since she was as fair as a



saint in a window. "She shall not marry Ascelin. I will cut his head off. She shall have her own choice for once, poor child."

And Hereward found himself worked up to a great height of paternal solicitude for Alfruda, and righteous indignation against Ascelin. He did not confess to himself that he disliked much, in his selfish vanity, the notion of Alfruda's marrying any one at all. He did not want to marry her himself,—of course not. But there is no dog in the manger so churlish on such points as a vain man. There are those who will not willingly let their own sisters, their own daughters, their own servants marry. Why should a woman wish to marry any one but them?

But Hereward, however vain, was no dreamer or sluggard. He set to work, joyfully, cheerfully, scenting battle afar off, like Job's war horse, and pawing for the battle. He sent back Alfruda's messenger, with this answer:—

"Tell your lady that I kiss her hands and feet. That I cannot write, for outlaws carry no pen and ink. But that what she has commanded, that will I perform."

It is noteworthy, that when Hereward showed Torfrida (which he did frankly) Alfruda's letter, he did not tell her the exact words of his answer, and stumbled and varied much, vexing her thereby, when she, naturally, wished to hear them word for word.

Then he sent out spies to the four airts of heaven.



And his spies, finding a friend and a meal in every hovel, brought home all the news he needed.

He withdrew Torfrida and his men into the heart of the forest,—no hint of the place is given by the chronicler,—cut down trees, formed an abattis of trunks and branches, and awaited the enemy.





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many foreigners, as well as landsfolk, who had come to him to practise and learn war, and fled from their masters and friends when they heard of his fame; some of them even the King's courtiers, who had come to see whether those things which they heard were true, whom Hereward nevertheless received cautiously, on plighted troth and oath."

So Ivo Taillebois summoned all his men, and all other men's men who would join him, and rode forth through Spalding and Bourne, having announced to Lucia, his bride, that he was going to slay her one remaining relative; and when she wept, curséd and kicked her, as he did once a week. After which he came to Thorold of Peterborough.

So on the two worthies rode from Peterborough to Stamford, and from Stamford into the wilderness, no man knows whither.

"And far they rode by bush and shaugh,  
And far by moss and mire:"

But never found a track of The Wake or his men. And Ivo Taillebois left off boasting how he would burn Torfrida over a slow fire, and confined himself to cursing; and Abbot Thorold left off warbling the song of Roland as if he had been going to a second battle of Hastings, and wished himself in warm bed at Peterborough.

But at the last they struck upon a great horse-track, and



followed it at their best pace for several miles ; and yet no sign of Hereward.

“ Catch an Englishman,” quoth the Abbot.

But that was not so easy. The poor folk had hidden themselves, like Israel of old, in thickets, and dens, and caves of rocks, at the far-off sight of the foreign tyrants ; and not a living soul had appeared for twenty miles. At last they caught a ragged wretch herding swine, and haled him up to Ivo.

“ Have you seen Hereward, villain ? ” asked he, through an interpreter.

“ Nay.”

“ You lie. These are his fresh horse-tracks, and you must have seen him pass.”

“ Eh ? ”

“ Thrust out one of his eyes, and he will find his tongue.”

It was done.

“ Will you answer now ? ”

The poor wretch only howled.

“ Thrust out the other.”

“ No, not that ! Mercy : I will tell. He is gone by this four hours. How have you not met him ? ”

“ Fool ! The hoofs point onward there.”

“ Ay”—and the fellow could hardly hide a grin—“ but he had shod all his horses backwards.”

A storm of execration followed. They might be



thrown twenty miles out of their right road by the stratagem.

“So you had seen Hereward, and would not tell? Put out his other eye,” said Taillebois, as a vent to his own feelings.

And they turned their horses' heads, and rode back, leaving the man blind in the forest.

The day was waning now. The fog hung heavy on the tree-tops, and dripped upon their heads. The horses were getting tired, and slipped and tumbled in the deep clay paths. The footmen were more tired still, and, cold and hungry, straggled more and more. The horse-tracks led over an open lawn of grass and fern, with here and there an ancient thorn, and round it on three sides thick wood of oak and beech, with under copse of holly and hazel. Into that wood the horse-tracks led, by a path on which there was but room for one horse at a time.

“Here they are at last!” cried Ivo. “I see the fresh foot-marks of men, as well as horses. Push on, knights and men-at-arms.”

The Abbot looked at the dark, dripping wood, and meditated.

“I think that it will be as well for some of us to remain here; and, spreading our men along the wood-side, prevent the escape of the villains. A moi, hommes d'armes!”





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A shout from his nephew, Sir Ascelin, made all turn their heads. Behind them, on the open lawn, in the throat between the woods by which they had entered, were some forty knights, galloping towards them.

“Ivo?”

“No!” almost shrieked the Abbot. “There is the Wake banner. It is Hereward.”

“There is Winter on his left,” cried one. “And there, with the standard, is the accursed monk, Ranald of Ramsey.”

And on they came, having debouched from the wood some two hundred yards off, behind a roll in the lawn, just far enough off to charge as soon as they were in line.

On they came, two deep, with lances high over their shoulders, heads and heels well down, while the green tufts flew behind them. “A moi, hommes d’armes!” shouted the Abbot. But too late. The French turned right and left. To form was impossible, ere the human whirlwind would be upon them.

Another half minute, and with a shout of “A Wake! A Wake!” they were struck, ridden through, hurled over, and trampled in the mud.

“I yield. Grace! I yield!” cried Thorold, struggling from under his horse: but there was no one to whom to yield. The knights’ backs were fifty yards off, their right arms high in the air, striking and stabbing.



The battle was “à l’outrance.” There was no quarter given that day.

“And he that came live out thereof  
Was he that ran away.”

The Abbot tried to make for the wood : but ere he could gain it, the knights had turned, and one rode straight at him, throwing away a broken lance, and drawing his sword.

Abbot Thorold may not have been the coward which Peter of Blois would have him, over and above being the bully which all men would have him ; but if so, even a worm will turn ; and so did the Abbot : he drew sword from thigh, got well under his shield, his left foot forward, and struck one blow for his life, at the right place—his foe’s bare knee.

But he had to do with a warier man than himself. There was a quick jerk of the rein ; the horse swerved round right upon him, and knocked him head over heels ; while his blow went into empty air.

“Yield, or die !” cried the knight, leaping from his horse, and kneeling on his head.

“I am a man of God, an abbot, churchman, Thorold.”

“Man of all the devils !” and the knight lugged him up, and bound his arms behind him with the abbot’s own belt.

“Ahoi ! Here ! I have caught a fish. I have got



the Golden Borough in my purse!" roared he. "How much has St. Peter gained since we borrowed of him last, Abbot? He will have to pay out the silver pennies bonnily, if he wishes to get back thee."

"Blaspheme not, godless barbarian!" Whereat the knight kicked him.

"And you have Thorold the scoundrel, Winter?" cried Hereward galloping up. "And we have three or more dainty French knights, and a viscount of I know not where among them. This is a good day's work. Now for Ivo and his tail."

And the Abbot, with four or five more prisoners, were hoisted on to their own horses, tied firmly, and led away into the forest path.

"Do not leave a wounded man to die," cried a knight who lay on the lawn.

"Never we. I will come back and put you out of your pain," quoth some one.

"Siward! Siward Le Blanc! Are you in this meinie?" cried the knight in French.

"That am I. Who calls?"

"For God's sake save him!" cried Thorold. "He is my own nephew, and I will pay——"

"You will need all your money for yourself," said Siward the White, riding back.

"Are you Sir Ascelin of Ghent?"

"That am I, your host of old."





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Abbot of Burgh, and half-a-dozen knights, safe by the heels. And unless Ivo clears the wood of his men by nightfall, I will hang every one of them up for the crows before morning."

Ivo got the message, and having had enough fighting for the day, drew off, says the chronicler, for the sake of the Abbot and his fellow-captives.

Two hours after the Abbot and the other prisoners were sitting, unbound but unarmed, in the forest encampment, waiting for a right good meal; with Torfrida bustling about them, after binding up the very few wounded amongst their own men.

Every courtesy was shown them; and their hearts were lifted up, as they beheld approaching among the trees great caldrons of good soup; forest salads; red deer and roe roasted on the wood-embers; spits of pheasants and partridges, larks and buntings, thrust off one by one by fair hands into the burdock leaves which served as platters; and last but not least, jacks of ale and wine, appearing mysteriously from a cool old stone quarry. Abbot Thorold ate to his heart's content, complimented every one, vowed he would forswear all French cooks and take to the greenwood himself, and was as gracious and courtly as if he had been at the new palace at Winchester.

And all the more for this reason — that he had intended to overawe the English barbarians by his



polished French manners. He found those of Hereward and Torfrida, at least, as polished as his own.

“I am glad you are content, Lord Abbot,” said Torfrida; “I trust you prefer dining with me, to burning me, as you meant to do.”

“I burn such peerless beauty! I injure a form made only for the courts of kings! Heaven and all saints, knighthood and all chivalry, forbid. What Taillebois may have said, I know not! I am no more answerable for his intentions than for his parentage,—or his success this day. Let churls be churls, and wood-cutters wood-cutters. I at least, thanks to my ancestors, am a gentleman.”

“And, as a gentleman, will of course contribute to the pleasure of your hosts. It will surely please you to gratify us with one stave at least of that song, which has made you famous among all knights,” holding out a harp.

“I blush: but obey. A harp in the greenwood? A court in the wilderness! What joy!”

And the vain Abbot took the harp, and said—“These, if you will allow my modesty to choose, are the staves on which I especially pride myself. The staves which Taillefer—you will pardon my mentioning him——”

“Why pardon? A noble minstrel he was, and a brave warrior, though our foe. And often have I longed to hear him, little thinking that I should hear instead the maker himself.”



So said Hereward ; and the Abbot sang — those wondrous staves, where Roland, left alone of all the Paladins, finds death come on him fast. And on the Pyrenæan peak, beneath the pine, he lays himself, “his face toward the ground ; and under him his sword and magic horn, that Charles his lord may say, and all his folk, the gentle count he died a conqueror ;” and then “turns his eyes southward toward Spain ; betakes himself to remember many things ; of so many lands which he conquered valiantly ; of pleasant France, of the men of his lineage, of Charlemagne his lord, who brought him up. He could not help to weep and sigh, but yet himself he would not forget. He bewailed his sins, and prayed God’s mercy :—True Father, who ne’er yet didst lie, who raised St. Lazarus from death, and guarded Daniel from the lions : Guard my soul from all perils, for the sins which in my life I did. His right glove then he offered to God ; St. Gabriel took it from his hand ; On his arm the chief bowed down, with joined hands he went unto his end. God sent down his angel Cherubim, and St. Michael whom men call ‘del peril.’ Together with them St. Gabriel he came ; the soul of the count they bore to Paradise.”

And the Abbot ended, sadly and gently, without that wild “Aoi !” the war-cry with which he usually ends his staves. And the wild men of the woods were softened and saddened by the melody ; and as many as under-





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if you can charm them thus with song. Would that I could hear you singing thus in William's hall."

"No more of that, Sir Abbot. The only music which I have for William is the music of steel on steel."

Hereward answered sharply, because he was half of Thorold's mind.

"Now," said Torfrida, as it grew late, "we must ask our noble guest for what he can give us as easily and well as he can song—and that is news. We hear nought here in the greenwood, and must throw oneself on the kindness of a chance visitor."

The Abbot leapt at the bait, and told them news, court gossip, bringing in great folks' names and his own, as often and as familiarly mingled as he could.

"What of Richilda?" asked Torfrida.

"Ever since young Arnoul was killed at Cassel——"

"Arnoul killed?" shrieked Torfrida.

"Is it possible that you do not know?"

"How should I know, shut up in Ely for—years it seems."

"But they fought at Cassel three months before you went to Ely."

"Be it so. Only tell me. Arnoul killed!"

Then the Abbot told, not without feeling, a fearful story.

Robert the Frison and Richilda had come to open war; and Gerbod the Fleming, Earl of Chester, had



gone over from England to help Robert. William had sent Fitz Osbern, Earl of Hereford, the scourge and tyrant of the Welsh, to help Richilda. Fitz Osbern had married her, there and then. She had asked help of her liege lord, the King of France, and he had sent her troops. Robert and Richilda had fought on St. Peter's day, 1071—nearly two years before, at Bavinhoven, by Cassel.

Richilda had played the heroine, and routed Robert's left wing, taken him prisoner, and sent him off to St. Omer. Men said that she had done it by her enchantments. But her enchantments betrayed her nevertheless. Fitz Osbern, her bridegroom, fell dead. Young Arnoul had two horses killed under him. Then Gerbod smote him to the ground; and Richilda and her troops fled in horror. Richilda was taken, and exchanged for the Frison; at which the King of France, being enraged, had come down and burnt St. Omer. Then Richilda, undaunted, had raised fresh troops to avenge her son. Then Robert had met them at Broqueroie by Mons, and smote them with a dreadful slaughter.\* Then Richilda had turned and fled wildly into a convent; and, so men said, tortured herself night and day with fearful penances, if by any means she might atone for her great sins.

\* The place was called till late, and may be now, "The Hedges of Death."



Torfrida heard, and laid her head upon her knees, and wept so bitterly, that the Abbot entreated pardon for having pained her so much.

The news had a deep and lasting effect on her. The thought of Richilda shivering and starving in the squalid darkness of a convent, abode by her thenceforth. Should she ever find herself atoning in like wise for her sorceries—harmless as they had been ; for her ambitions—just as they had been ; for her crimes ? But she had committed none. No, she had sinned in many things : but she was not as Richilda. And yet in the loneliness and sadness of the forest, she could not put Richilda from before the eyes of her mind.

It saddened Hereward likewise. For Richilda he cared little. But that boy.—How he had loved him ! How he had taught him to ride, and sing, and joust, and handle sword, and all the art of war. How his own rough soul had been the better for that love. How he had looked forward to the day when Arnoul should be a great prince, and requite him with love. Now he was gone. Gone ? Who was not gone, or going ? He seemed to himself the last tree in the forest. When should his time come, and the lightning strike him down to rot beside the rest ? But he tost the sad thoughts aside. He could not afford to nourish them. It was his only chance of life, to be merry and desperate.





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But in the morning he found, to his sorrow, that Hereward had been as sober as himself.

In fine, he had to pay the money; and was a poor man all his days.

“Aha! Sir Ascelin,” said Hereward apart, as he bade them all farewell with many courtesies. “I think I have put a spoke in your wheel about the fair Alfruda.”

“Eh? How? Most courteous victor?”

“Sir Ascelin is not a very wealthy gentleman.”

Ascelin laughed assent.

“Nudus intravi, nudus exeo—England; and I fear now, this mortal life likewise.”

“But he looked to his rich uncle the Abbot, to further a certain marriage-project of his. And of course neither my friend Gilbert of Ghent, nor my enemy William of Normandy, are likely to give away so rich an heiress without some gratification in return.”

“Sir Hereward knows the world, it seems.”

“So he has been told before. And therefore, having no intention that Sir Ascelin—however worthy of any and every fair lady—should marry this one, he took care to cut off the stream at the fountain head. If he hears that the suit is still pushed, he may cut off another head beside the fountain’s.”

“There will be no need,” said Ascelin, laughing again. “You have very sufficiently ruined my uncle, and my hopes.”



“My head?” said he, as soon as Hereward was out of hearing. “If I do not cut off thy head ere all is over, there is neither luck nor craft left among Frenchmen. I shall catch The Wake sleeping some day, let him be never so Wakeful.”



## CHAPTER XVII.

## HOW ALFTRUDA WROTE TO HEREWARD.

THE weary months ran on, from summer into winter, and winter into summer again, for two years and more, and neither Torfrida nor Hereward was the better for them. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick ; and a sick heart is but too apt to be a peevish one. So there were fits of despondency, jars, mutual recriminations. “ If I had not taken your advice, I should not have been here.” “ If I had not loved you so well, I might have been very differently off.” And so forth. The words were wiped away the next hour, perhaps the next minute, by sacred kisses : but they had been said, and would be recollected, and perhaps said again.

Then, again, the “ merry greenwood ” was merry enough in the summer tide, when shaughs were green, and

“ The woodwele sang, and would not cease,  
Sitting upon the spray,  
So loud, it wakened Robin Hood  
In the greenwood where he lay.”





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were not mended, and she was grumbled at again. And sometimes a foraging party brought home liquor, and all who could, got drunk to drive dull care away; and Hereward, forgetful of all her warnings, got more than was good for him likewise; and at night she coiled herself up in her furs, cold and contemptuous; and Hereward coiled himself up, guilty and defiant, and woke her again and again with startings and wild words in his sleep. And she felt that her beauty was gone, and that he saw it; and she fancied him (perhaps it was only fancy) less tender than of yore; and then in very pride disdained to take any care of her person, and said to herself, though she dare not say it to him, that if he only loved her for her face, he did not love her at all. And because she fancied him cold at times, she was cold likewise, and grew less and less caressing, when for his sake, as well as her own, she should have grown more so day by day.

Alas! for them. There are many excuses. Sorrow may be a softening medicine at last, but at first it is apt to be a hardening one; and that savage outlaw life which they were leading can never have been a wholesome one for any soul of man, and its graces must have existed only in the brains of harpers and gleemen. Away from law, from self-restraint, from refinement, from elegance, from the very sound of a church-going bell, they were sinking gradually down to the level of the coarse men



and women whom they saw ; the worse and not the better parts of both their characters were getting the upper hand ; and it was but too possible that after a while the hero might sink into the ruffian, the lady into a slattern and a shrew.

But in justice to them be it said, that neither of them had complained of the other to any living soul. Their love had been as yet too perfect, too sacred, for them to confess to another (and thereby confess to themselves) that it could in any wise fail. They had each idolised the other, and been too proud of their idolatry to allow that their idol could crumble or decay.

And yet at last that point too was reached. One day they were wrangling about somewhat, as they too often wrangled, and Hereward in his temper let fall the words, "As I said to Winter the other day, you grow harder and harder upon me."

Torfrida started and fixed on him wide terrible scornful eyes. "So you complain of me to your boon companions?"

And she turned and went away without a word.—A gulf had opened between them. They hardly spoke to each other for a week.

Hereward complained of Torfrida? What if Torfrida should complain of Hereward? But to whom? Not to the coarse women round her: her pride revolted from that thought:—and yet she longed for counsel, for sym-



pathy,—to open her heart but to one fellow-woman. She would go to the Lady Godiva at Crowland, and take counsel of her, whether there was any method (for she put it to herself) of saving Hereward ; for she saw but too clearly that he was fast forgetting all her teaching, and falling back to a point lower than that even from which she had raised him up.

To go to Crowland was not difficult. It was mid-winter. The dykes were all frozen. Hereward was out foraging in the Lincolnshire wolds. So Torfrida, taking advantage of his absence, proposed another foraging party to Crowland itself. She wanted stuff for clothes, needles, thread, what not. A dozen stout fellows volunteered at once to take her. The friendly monks of Crowland would feast them royally, and send them home heaped with all manner of good things ; while as for meeting Ivo Taillebois' men, if they had but three to one against them, there was a fair chance of killing a few, and carrying off their clothes and weapons, which would be useful. So they made a sledge, tied beef bones underneath it, put Torfrida and the girl thereon, well wrapped in deer and fox and badger skin, and then putting on their skates, swept them over the fen to Crowland, singing like larks along the dykes.

And Torfrida went in to Godiva, and wept upon her knees ; and Godiva wept likewise, and gave her such counsel as she could,—how if the woman will keep the





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“Not a cloister, not a cloister,” cried Torfrida, shuddering, and half struggling to get away.

“It is the only place, poor wilful child, the only place this side the grave, in which we wretched creatures, who to our woe are women born, can find aught of rest or peace. By us sin came into the world, and Eve’s curse lies heavy on us to this day, and our desire is to our lords, and they rule over us; and when the slave can work for her master no more, what better than to crawl into the house of God, and lay down our crosses at the foot of His cross, and die? You too will come here, Torfrida, some day, I know it well. You too will come here to rest.”

“Never, never,” shrieked Torfrida, “never to these horrid vaults. I will die in the fresh air. I will be buried under the green hollies; and the nightingales, as they wander up from my own Provence, shall build and sing over my grave. Never, never!” murmured she to herself all the more eagerly, because something within her said that it would come to pass.

The two women went into the church to Matins, and prayed long and fervently. And at the early day-break, the party went back laden with good things and hearty blessings, and caught one of Ivo Taillebois’ men by the way, and slew him, and got off him a new suit of clothes in which the poor fellow was going courting; and so they got home safe into the Brunswald.



But Torfrida had not found rest unto her soul. For the first time in her life since she became the bride of Hereward, she had had a confidence concerning him and unknown to him. It was to his own mother—true. And yet she felt as if she had betrayed him: but then had he not betrayed her? And to Winter of all men?

It might have been two months afterwards that Martin Lightfoot put a letter into Torfrida's hand.

The letter was addressed to Hereward: but there was nothing strange in Martin's bringing it to his mistress. Ever since their marriage, she had opened and generally answered the very few epistles with which her husband was troubled.

She was going to open this one as a matter of course, when glancing at the superscription she saw, or fancied she saw, that it was in a woman's hand. She looked at it again. It was sealed plainly with a woman's seal; and she looked up at Martin Lightfoot. She had remarked as he gave her the letter a sly significant look in his face.

“What dost thou know of this letter?” she inquired sharply.

“That it is from the Countess Alfruda, whosoever she may be.”

A chill struck through her heart. True, Alfruda had written before, only to warn Hereward of danger to his life,—and hers. She might be writing again, only for the



same purpose. But still, she did not wish that either Hereward, or she, should owe Alfruda their lives, or anything. They had struggled on through weal and woe without her, for many a year. Let them do so without her still. That Alfruda had once loved Hereward she knew well. Why should she not? The wonder was to her that every woman did not love him. But she had long since gauged Alfruda's character, and seen in it a persistence like her own, yet as she proudly hoped, of a lower temper; the persistence of the base weasel, not of the noble hound: yet the creeping weasel might endure, and win, when the hound was tired out by his own gallant pace. And there was something in the tone of Alfruda's last letter, which seemed to tell her that the weasel was still upon the scent of its game. But she was too proud to mistrust Hereward, or rather, to seem to mistrust him. And yet—how dangerous Alfruda might be as a rival, if rival she chose to be. She was up in the world now, free, rich, gay, beautiful, a favourite at Queen Matilda's court, while she——

“How came this letter into thy hands?” asked she as carelessly as she could.

“I was in Peterborough last night,” said Martin, “concerning little matters of my own, and there came to me in the street a bonny young page with smart jacket on his back, smart cap on his head, and smiles and bows, and ‘You are one of Hereward's men,’ quoth he. ‘Say





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Alfruda came to know aught of each other? and he said that she had been questioning all about the monastery without Abbot Thorold's knowledge, for one that knew Hereward and favoured him well. That was all I could get from the knave, he cried so for fright. So I took his money and his letter, warning him that if he betrayed me, there were those who would roast him alive before he was done with me. And so away over the town wall, and ran here five-and-twenty miles before breakfast, and thought it better as you see to give the letter to my lady first."

"You have been officious," said Torfrida, coldly. "'Tis addressed to your master. Take it to him. Go."

Martin Lightfoot whistled and obeyed, while Torfrida walked away proudly and silently with a beating heart.

Again Godiva's words came over her. Should she end in the convent of Crowland? And suspecting, fearing, imagining all sorts of baseless phantoms, she hardened her heart into a great hardness.

Martin had gone with the letter, and Torfrida never heard any more of it.

So Hereward had secrets which he would not tell to her. At last!

That, at least, was a misery, which she would not confide to Lady Godiva, or to any soul on earth.

But a misery it was, such a misery as none can delineate, save those who have endured it themselves, or



had it confided to them by another. And happy are they, to whom neither has befallen.

She wandered out and into the wild wood, and sat down by a spring. She looked in it—her only mirror—at her wan coarse face, with wild black elf locks hanging round it, and wondered whether Alfruda, in her luxury and prosperity, was still so very beautiful. Ah, that that fountain were the fountain of Jouvence, the spring of perpetual youth, which all believed in those days to exist somewhere,—how would she plunge into it, and be young and fair once more !

No ! she would not ! She had lived her life, and lived it well, gallantly, lovingly, heroically. She had given that man her youth, her beauty, her wealth, her wit. He should not have them a second time. He had had his will of her. If he chose to throw her away when he had done with her, to prove himself base at last, unworthy of all her care, her counsels, her training,—dreadful thought ! To have lived to keep that man for her own, and just when her work seemed done, to lose him ! No, there was worse than that. To have lived that she might make that man a perfect knight, and just when her work seemed done, to see him lose himself.

And she wept till she could weep no more. Then she washed away her tears in that well. Had it been in Greece of old, it would have become a sacred well thenceforth, and Torfrida's tears have changed into



forget-me-nots, and fringed its marge with azure evermore.

Then she went back, calm, all but cold: but determined not to betray herself, let him do what he would. Perhaps it was all a mistake, a fancy. At least she would not degrade him, and herself, by showing suspicion. It would be dreadful, shameful to herself, wickedly unjust to him, to accuse him were he innocent after all.

Hereward, she remarked, was more kind to her now. But it was a kindness which she did not like. It was shy, faltering, as of a man guilty and ashamed; and she repelled it as much as she dared, and then, once or twice, returned it passionately, madly, in hopes——

But he never spoke a word of that letter.

After a dreadful month, Martin came mysteriously to her again. She trembled, for she had remarked in him lately a strange change. He had lost his usual loquacity, and quaint humour; and had fallen back into that sullen taciturnity which, so she heard, he had kept up in his youth. He, too, must know evil which he dared not tell.

“There is another letter come. It came last night,” said he.

“What is that to thee or me? My lord has his state secrets. Is it for us to pry into them? Go.”

“I thought—I thought——”

“Go, I say!”





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outlaws who had grown up in the forest with ruddy cheeks and iron limbs.

“Ah, Winter!” she heard him say, “had I had such a boy as that!——”

She heard no more. She turned away, her heart dead within her. She knew all that those words implied, in days when the possession of land was everything to the free man; and the possession of a son necessary, to pass that land on in the ancestral line. Only to have a son; only to prevent the old estate passing, with an heiress, into the hands of strangers, what crimes did not men commit in those days, and find themselves excused for them in public opinion? And now, her other children (if she ever had any), had died in childhood; the little Torfrida, named after herself, was all that she had brought to Hereward; and he was the last of his house. In him the race of Leofric, of Godiva, of Earl Oslac, would become extinct; and that girl would marry—whom? Whom but some French conqueror,—or at best some English outlaw. In either case Hereward would have no descendants for whom it was worth his while to labour or to fight. What wonder if he longed for a son,—and not a son of hers, the barren tree,—to pass his name down to future generations? It might be worth while, for that, to come in to the king, to recover his lands, to——. She saw it all now, and her heart was dead within her.



She spent that evening, neither eating nor drinking, but sitting over the log embers, her head upon her hands, and thinking over all her past life and love, since she saw him, from the gable window, ride the first time into St. Omer. She went through it all, with a certain stern delight in the self-torture, deliberately day by day, year by year,—all its lofty aspirations, all its blissful passages, all its deep disappointments, and found in it,—so she chose to fancy in the wilfulness of her misery, nothing but cause for remorse. Self in all, vanity, and vexation of spirit ; for herself she had loved him ; for herself she had tried to raise him ; for herself she had set her heart on man, and not on God. She had sown the wind : and behold, she had reaped the whirlwind. She could not repent, she could not pray. But oh ! that she could die.

She was unjust to herself, in her great nobleness. It was not true, not half, not a tenth part true. But perhaps it was good for her that it should seem true, for that moment ; that she should be emptied of all earthly things for once, if so she might be filled from above.

At last she went into the inner room to lie down and try to sleep. At her feet, under the perch where Hereward's armour had hung, lay an open letter.

She picked it up, surprised at seeing such a thing there, and kneeling down, held it eagerly to the wax candle which was on a spike at the bed's head.



She knew the handwriting in a moment. It was Alfruda's.

This, then, was why Hereward had been so strangely hurried. He must have had that letter and dropped it.

Her mind and eye took it all in in one instant, as the lightning flash reveals a whole landscape. And then her mind became as dark as that landscape when the flash is past.

It congratulated Hereward on having shaken himself free from the fascinations of that sorceress. It said that all was settled with King William. Hereward was to come to Winchester. She had the King's writ for his safety ready to send to him. The King would receive him as his liegeman. Alfruda would receive him as her husband. Archbishop Lanfranc had made difficulties about the dissolution of the marriage with Torfrida : but gold would do all things at Rome ; and Lanfranc was her very good friend, and a reasonable man—and so forth.

Men, and beasts likewise, when stricken with a mortal wound, will run, and run on, blindly, aimless, impelled by the mere instinct of escape from intolerable agony. And so did Torfrida. Half undrest as she was, she fled forth into the forest, she knew not whither, running as one does wrapt in fire : but the fire was not without her, but within.

She cast a passing glance at the girl who lay by her, sleeping a pure and gentle sleep—





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“But you are going the wrong way! The wrong way!” said the voice of Martin Lightfoot.

“The wrong way! Fool, which is the right way for me, save the path which leads to a land where all is forgotten?”

“To Crowland! To Crowland! To the minster! To the monks! That is the only right way for poor wretches in a world like this. The Lady Godiva told you you must go to Crowland. And now you are going. I too, I ran away from a monastery when I was young; and now I am going back. Come along!”

“You are right! Crowland, Crowland; and a nun’s cell till death. Which is the way, Martin?”

“Oh, a wise lady! A reasonable lady! But you will be cold before you get thither. There will be a frost ere morn. So when I saw you run out, I caught up something to put over you.”

Torfrida shuddered, as Martin wrapt her in the white bear-skin.

“No! Not that! Anything but that!” and she struggled to shake it off.

“Then you will be dead ere dawn. Folks that run wild in the forest thus, for but one night, die.”

“Would God I could die!”

“That shall be as He wills: you do not die while Martin can keep you alive. Why, you are staggering already.”



Martin caught her up in his arms, threw her over his shoulder as if she had been a child, and hurried on, in the strength of madness.

At last he stopped at a cottage door, set her down upon the turf, and knocked loudly.

“Grimkel Tolison! Grimkel, I say!”

And Martin burst the door open with his foot.

“Give me a horse, on your life,” said he to the man inside. “I am Martin, The Wake’s man, upon my master’s business.”

“What is mine is The Wake’s God bless him,” said the man, struggling into a garment, and hurrying out to the shed.

“There is a ghost against the gate!” cried he, recoiling.

“That is my matter, not yours. Get me a horse to put the ghost upon.”

Torfrida lay against the gate-post, exhausted now: but quite unable to think. Martin lifted her on to the beast, and led her onward, holding her up again and again.

“You are tired. You had run four miles before I could make you hear me.”

“Would I had run four thousand!” And she relapsed into stupor.

They passed out of the forest, across open wolds, and at last down to the river. Martin knew of a boat there.



He lifted her from the horse, turned him loose, put Torfrida into the boat, and took the oars.

She looked up, and saw the roofs of Bourne shining white in the moonlight.

And then she lifted up her voice, and shrieked three times,

“Lost! Lost! Lost!”

with such a dreadful cry, that the starlings whirred up from the reeds, and the wild fowl rose clanging off the meres, and the watch-dogs in Bourne and Mainthorpe barked and howled, and folk told fearfully next morning, how a white ghost had gone down from the forest to the fen, and wakened them with its unearthly scream.

The sun was high when they came to Crowland minster. Torfrida had neither spoken nor stirred; and Martin, who in the midst of his madness kept a strange courtesy and delicacy, had never disturbed her, save to wrap the bear-skin more closely over her.

When they came to the bank, she rose, stepped out without his help, and drawing the bear-skin closely round her, and over her head, walked straight up to the gate of the house of nuns.

All men wondered at the white ghost: but Martin walked behind her, his left finger on his lips, his right hand grasping his little axe, with such a stern and serious face, and so fierce an eye, that all drew back in silence, and let her pass.





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There she dropped at the countess's feet, and laid her head upon her knees.

“I am come, as you always told me I should do. But it has been a long way hither, and I am very tired.”

“My child! What is this? What brings you here?”

“I am doing penance for my sins.”

“And your feet all cut and bleeding.”

“Are they?” said Torfrida vacantly. “I will tell you all about it when I wake.”

And she fell fast asleep, with her head in Godiva's lap.

The countess did not speak or stir. She beckoned the good prioress, who had followed Torfrida in, to go away. She saw that something dreadful had happened; and prayed as she awaited the news.

Torfrida slept for a full hour. Then she awoke with a start.

“Where am I? Hereward!”

Then followed a dreadful shriek, which made every nun in that quiet house shudder, and thank God that she knew nothing of those agonies of soul, which were the lot of the foolish virgins who married and were given in marriage themselves, instead of waiting with oil in their lamps for the true Bridegroom.

“I recollect all now,” said Torfrida. “Listen!” And she told the countess all, with speech so calm and clear, that Godiva was awed by the power and spirit of that marvellous woman.



But she groaned in bitterness of soul. “Anything but this. Rather death from him than treachery. This last, worst woe had God kept in his quiver for me most miserable of woman. And now his bolt has fallen! Hereward! Hereward! That thy mother should wish her last child laid in his grave!”

“Not so,” said Torfrida, “it is well as it is. How better? It is his only chance for comfort, for honour, for life itself. He would have grown a——I was growing bad and foul myself in that ugly wilderness. Now he will be a knight once more among knights, and win himself fresh honour in fresh fields. Let him marry her. Why not? He can get a dispensation from the Pope, and then there will be no sin in it, you know. If the Holy Father cannot make wrong right, who can? Yes. It is very well as it is. And I am very well where I am. Women! Bring me scissors, and one of your nun’s dresses. I am come to be a nun like you.”

Godiva would have stopped her. But Torfrida rose upon her knees, and calmly made a solemn vow, which though canonically void without her husband’s consent, would, she well knew, never be disputed by any there: and as for him,—“He has lost me; and for ever. Torfrida never gives herself away twice.”

“There’s carnal pride in those words, my poor child,” said Godiva.

“Cruel!” said she proudly. “When I am sacrificing myself utterly for him.”



“And thy poor girl?”

“He will let her come hither,” said Torfrida, with forced calm. “He will see that it is not fit that she should grow up with—yes, he will send her to me—to us. And I shall live for her—and for you. If you will let me be your bower woman, dress you, serve you, read to you. You know that I am a pretty scholar. You will let me, mother? I may call you mother, may I not?” And Torfrida fondled the old woman’s thin hands. “For I do want so much something to love.”

“Love thy heavenly Bridegroom, the only love worthy of woman!” said Godiva, as her tears fell fast on Torfrida’s head.

She gave a half-impatient toss.

“That may come, in good time. As yet it is enough to do, if I can keep down this devil here in my throat. Women, bring me the scissors.”

And Torfrida cut off her raven locks, now streaked with grey; and put on the nun’s dress, and became a nun thenceforth.

On the second day there came to Crowland Leofric the priest, and with him the poor child.

She had woke in the morning and found no mother. Leofric and the other men searched the woods round, far and wide. The girl mounted her horse, and would go with them. Then they took a bloodhound, and he led them to Grimkel’s hut. There they heard of Martin.





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for such love as might have tamed lions, and made tyrants mild! Are they all carnal vanities, works of the weak flesh, bruised reeds which break when they are leaned upon? If so, you are right, Martin; and there is nought left, but to flee from a world in which all men are liars."

And Leofric, in the midst of Crowland Yard, tore off his belt and trusty sword, his hauberk and helm also, and letting down his monk's frock, which he wore trussed to the mid-knee, he went to the abbot's lodgings, and asked to see old Ulfketyl.

"Bring him up," said the good abbot, "for he is a valiant man and true, in spite of all his vanities; and may be, he brings news of Hereward, whom God forgive."

And when Leofric came in, he fell upon his knees, bewailing and confessing his sinful life; and begged the abbot to take him back again into Crowland minster, and lay upon him what penance he thought fit, and put him in the lowest office, because he was a man of blood; if only he might stay there, and have a sight at times of his dear Lady Torfrida, without whom he should surely die.

So Leofric was received back, in full chapter, by abbot, and prior, and all the monks. But when he asked them to lay a penance upon him, Ulfketyl arose from his high chair, and spoke.



“ Shall we, who have sat here at ease, lay a penance on this man, who has shed his blood in fifty valiant fights for us, and for St. Guthlac, and for this English land? Look at yon scars upon his head and arms. He has had sharper discipline from cold steel than we could give him here with rod; and has fasted in the wilderness more sorely, many a time, than we have fasted here.”

And all the monks agreed, that no penance should be laid on Leofric. Only that he should abstain from singing vain and carnal ballads, which turned the heads of the young brothers, and made them dream of nought but battles, and giants, and enchanters, and ladies' love.

Hereward came back on the third day, and found his wife and daughter gone. His guilty conscience told him in the first instance why. For he went into the chamber, and there, upon the floor, lay the letter which he had looked for in vain.

None had touched it where it lay. Perhaps no one had dared to enter the chamber. If they had, they would not have dared to meddle with writing, which they could not read, and which might contain some magic spell. Letters were very safe in those old days.

There are moods of man which no one will dare to describe, unless like Shakspeare, he is Shakspeare, and like Shakspeare knows it not.

Therefore what Hereward thought and felt will not be told. What he did, was this.



He raged and blustered. He must hide his shame. He must justify himself to his knights ; and much more to himself : or if not justify himself, must shift some of the blame over to the opposite side. So he raged and blustered. He had been robbed of his wife and daughter. They had been cajoled away by the monks of Crowland. What villains were those to rob an honest man of his family while he was fighting for his country ?

So he rode down to the river, and there took two great barges, and rowed away to Crowland, with forty men-at-arms.

And all the while he thought of Alftruda, as he had seen her at Peterborough.

And of no one else ?

Not so. For all the while he felt that he loved Torfrida's little finger better than Alftruda's whole body, and soul into the bargain.

What a long way it was to Crowland. How wearying were the hours through mere and ea. How wearying the monotonous pulse of the oars. If tobacco had been known then, Hereward would have smoked all the way, and been none the wiser, though the happier, for it ; for the herb that drives away the evil spirits of anxiety, drives away also the good, though stern, spirits of remorse.

But in those days a man could only escape facts by





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she would grow angry, as women do when they are most in the right, and say too much—still more dreadful words, which would be untrue and undeserved. Then he should resist, recriminate. He would not stand it. He could not stand it. No. He could never face her again.

And yet if he had seen a man insult her—if he had seen her at that moment in peril of the slightest danger, the slightest bruise, he would have rushed forward like a madman, and died, saving her from that bruise. And he knew that : and with the strange self-contradiction of human nature, he soothed his own conscience by the thought that he loved her still ; and that, therefore—somehow or other, he cared not to make out how—he had done her no wrong. Then he blustered again, for the benefit of his men. He would teach these monks of Crowland a lesson. He would burn the minster over their heads.

“That would be pity, seeing they are the only Englishmen left in England,” said Siward the White, his nephew, very simply.

“What is that to thee? Thou hast helped to burn Peterborough at my bidding ; and thou shalt help to burn Crowland.”

“I am a free gentleman of England ; and what I choose, I do. I and my brother are going to Constantinople to join the Varanger guard, and shall not burn Crowland, or let any man burn it.”



“ Shall not let ? ”

“ No, ” said the young man, so quietly, that Hereward was cowed.

“ I—I only meant—if they did not do right by me. ”

“ Do right thyself, ” said Siward.

Hereward swore awfully, and laid his hand on his sword-hilt. But he did not draw it ; for he thought he saw overhead a cloud which was very like the figure of St. Guthlac in Crowland window, and an awe fell upon him from above.

So they came to Crowland ; and Hereward landed and beat upon the gates, and spoke high words. But the monks did not open the gates for awhile. At last the gates creaked, and opened ; and in the gateway stood Abbot Ulfketyl in his robes of state, and behind him the Prior, and all the officers, and all the monks of the house.

“ Comes Hereward in peace or in war ? ”

“ In war ! ” said Hereward.

Then that true and trusty old man, who sealed his patriotism, if not with his blood—for the very Normans had not the heart to take that—still with long and bitter sorrows, lifted up his head, and said, like a valiant Dane, as his name bespoke him, “ Against the traitor and the adulterer—— ”

“ I am neither, ” roared Hereward.

“ Thou wouldst be, if thou couldst. Who so looketh upon a woman to—— ”



“Preach me no sermons, man! Let me in to seek my wife.”

“Over my body,” said Ulfketyl, and laid himself down across the threshold.

Hereward recoiled. If he had dared to step over that sacred body, there was not a blood-stained ruffian in his crew who dared to follow him.

“Rise, rise! for God’s sake, Lord Abbot,” said he. “Whatever I am, I need not that you should disgrace me thus. Only let me see her—reason with her.”

“She has vowed herself to God, and is none of thine henceforth.”

“It is against the canons. A wrong and a robbery.”

Ulfketyl rose, grand as ever.

“Hereward Leofricsson, our joy and our glory once. Harken to the old man who will soon go whither thine Uncle Brand is gone, and be free of Frenchmen, and of all this wicked world. When the walls of Crowland dare not shelter the wronged woman, fleeing from man’s treason to God’s faithfulness, then let the roofs of Crowland burn till the flame reaches heaven, for a sign that the children of God are as false as the children of this world, and break their faith like any belted knight.”

Hereward was silenced. His men shrunk back from him. He felt as if God, and the mother of God, and St. Guthlac, and all the host of heaven, were shrinking





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on which he and his true love had lain so many a year.

And Torfrida turned herself utterly to serve the Lady Godiva, and to teach and train her child as she had never done before, while she had to love Hereward, and to work day and night, with her own fingers, for all his men. All pride, all fierceness, all care of self, had passed away from her. In penitence, humility, obedience, and gentleness, she went on : never smiling : but never weeping. Her heart was broken ; and she felt it good for herself to let it break.

And Leofric the priest, and mad Martin Lightfoot, watched like two dogs for her going out and coming in ; and when she went among the old corrodiers, and nursed the sick, and taught the children, and went to and fro upon her holy errands, blessing and blessed, the two wild men had a word from her mouth, or a kiss of her hand, and were happy all the day after. For they loved her with a love mightier than ever Hereward had heaped upon her ; for she had given him all ; but she had given those two wild men nought but the beatific vision of a noble woman.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

## HOW HEReward LOST SWORD BRAINBITER.

“ON account of which,” says the chronicler, “many troubles came to Hereward : because Torfrida was most wise, and of great counsel in need. For afterwards, as he himself confessed, things went not so well with him as they did in her time.”

And the first thing that went ill was this. He was riding through the Brunswald, and behind him Geri, Wenoeh, and Matelgar, these three. And there met him in an open glade a knight, the biggest man he had ever seen, on the biggest horse, and five knights behind him. He was an Englishman, and not a Frenchman, by his dress ; and Hereward spoke courteously enough to him. But who he was, and what his business was in the Brunswald, Hereward thought that he had a right to ask.

“Tell me who thou art who askest, before I tell thee who I am who am asked, riding here on common land,” quoth the knight, surlily enough.



“I am Hereward, without whose leave no man has ridden the Brunswald for many a day.”

“And I am Letwold the Englishman, who rides whither he will in merry England, without care for any Frenchman upon earth.”

“Frenchman? Why callest thou me Frenchman, man? I am Hereward.”

“Then thou art, if tales be true, as French as Ivo Taillebois. I hear that thou hast left thy true lady, like a fool and a churl, and goest to London, or Winchester, or the nether pit—I care not which—to make thy peace with The Mamzer.”

The man was a surly brute: but what he said was so true, that Hereward's wrath arose. He had promised Torfrida many a time, never to quarrel with an Englishman, but to endure all things. Now, out of very spite to Torfrida's counsel, because it was Torfrida's, and he had promised to obey it, he took up the quarrel.

“If I am a fool and a churl, thou art a greater fool, to provoke thine own death; and a greater——”

“Spare your breath,” said the big man, “and let me try Hereward, as I have many another.”

Whereon they dropped their lance-points, and rode at each other like two mad bulls. And, by the contagion of folly common in the middle age, at each other rode Hereward's three knights and Letwold's five. The two leaders found themselves both rolling on the ground;





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of his brains," quoth Wenoche, as the stranger, reeling for a moment, lifted up his head, and stared at Hereward in the face, doubtful what to do.

"Will you yield, or fight on?" cried he.

"Yield?" shouted Hereward, rushing upon him, as a mastiff might on a lion, and striking at his helm, though shorter than him by a head and shoulders, such swift and terrible blows with the broken hilt, as staggered the tall stranger.

"What are you at, forgetting what you have at your side?" roared Geri.

Hereward sprang back. He had, as was his custom, a second sword on his right thigh.

"I forget everything now," said he to himself angrily.

And that was too true. But he drew the second sword, and sprang at his man once more.

The stranger tried, according to the chronicler, who probably had it from one of the three bystanders, a blow which has cost many a brave man his life. He struck right down on Hereward's head. Hereward raised his shield, warding the stroke, and threw in that coup de jarret, which there is no guarding, after the downright blow has been given. The stranger dropped upon his wounded knee.

"Yield," cried Hereward in his turn.

"That is not my fashion." And the stranger fought on upon his stumps, like Witherington in Chevy Chase.



Hereward, mad with the sight of blood, struck at him four or five times. The stranger's guard was so quick that he could not hit him, even on his knee. He held his hand, and drew back, looking at his new rival.

“What the murrain are we two fighting about?” said he, at last.

“I know not; neither care,” said the other, with a grim chuckle. “But if any man will fight me, him I fight, ever since I had beard to my chin.”

“Thou art the best man that ever I faced.”

“That is like enough.”

“What wilt thou take, if I give thee thy life?”

“My way on which I was going. For I turn back for no man alive on land.”

“Then thou hast not had enough of me?”

“Not by another hour.”

“Thou must be born of fiend, and not of man.”

“Very like. It is a wise son knows his own father.”

Hereward burst out laughing.

“Would to heaven I had had thee for my man this three years since.”

“Perhaps I would not have been thy man.”

“Why not?”

“Because I have been my own man ever since I was born, and am well content with myself for my master.”

“Shall I bind up thy leg?” asked Hereward, having no more to say, and not wishing to kill the man.



“No. It will grow again, like a crab’s claw.”

“Thou art a fiend.” And Hereward turned away, sulky, and half afraid.

“Very like. No man knows what a devil he is, till he tries.”

“What dost mean?” and Hereward turned angrily back.

“Fiends we are all, till God’s grace comes.”

“Little grace has come to thee yet, by thy ungracious tongue.”

“Rough to men, may be gracious to women.”

“What hast thou to do with women?” asked Hereward fiercely.

“I have a wife, and I love her.”

“Thou art not like to get back to her to-day.”

“I fear not, with this paltry scratch. I had looked for a cut from thee, would have saved me all fighting henceforth.”

“What dost mean?” asked Hereward with an oath.

“That my wife is in heaven, and I would needs follow her.”

Hereward got on his horse, and rode away. Never could he find out who that Sir Letwold was, or how he came into the Brunswald. All he knew was, that he never had had such a fight since he wore beard; and that he had lost sword Brainbiter: from which his evil conscience augured that his luck had turned, and that he should lose many things beside.





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and again prophesied would bring ruin on Waltheof himself ere all was over.

But Hereward was deaf to their arguments. He had said as little to them as he could about Alfruda, for very shame : but he was utterly besotted on her. For her sake, he had determined to run his head blindly into the very snare of which he had warned others. And he had seared—so he fancied—his conscience. It was Torfrida's fault now, not his. If she left him—if she herself freed him of her own will—why, he was free, and there was no more to be said about it.

And Hereward (says the chronicler) took Gwenoch, Geri, and Matelgar, and rode south to the king.

Where were the two young Siwards? It is not said. Probably they, and a few desperadoes, followed the fashion of so many English in those sad days—when, as sings the Norse scald,

“Cold heart and bloody hand  
Now rule English land,”

and took ship for Constantinople, and enlisted in the Varanger-guard, and died full of years, and honours, leaving fair-haired children behind them, to become Varangers in their turn.

Be that as it may, Hereward rode south. But when he had gotten a long way upon the road, a fancy (says the chronicler) came over him. He was not going in



pomp and glory enough. It seemed mean for the once great Hereward to sneak into Winchester with three knights. Perhaps it seemed not over safe for the once great Hereward to travel with only three knights. So he went back all the way to camp, and took (says the chronicler) "forty most famous knights, all big and tall of stature, and splendid—if from nothing else, from their looks and their harness alone."

So Hereward and those forty knights rode down from Peterborough, along the Roman road. For the Roman roads were then, and for centuries after, the only roads in this land; and our forefathers looked on them as the work of gods and giants, and called them after the names of their old gods and heroes—Irmen Street, Watling Street, and so forth.

And then, like true Englishmen, our own forefathers showed their respect for the said divine works, not by copying them, but by picking them to pieces to pave every man his own court-yard. Be it so. The neglect of new roads, the destruction of the old ones, was a natural evil consequence of local self-government. A cheap price perhaps, after all, to pay for that power of local self-government which has kept England free unto this day.

Be that as it may, down the Roman road Hereward went; past Alconbury Hill, of the old posting days; past Hatfield, then deep forest; and so to St. Alban's, then



deep forest likewise. And there they lodged in the minster; for the monks thereof were good English, and sang masses daily for King Harold's soul. And the next day they went south, by ways which are not so clear.

Just outside St. Alban's—Verulamium of the Romans (the ruins whereof were believed to be full of ghosts, demons, and magic treasures) — they turned, at St. Stephen's, to the left, off the Roman road to London; and by another Roman road struck into the vast forest which ringed London round from north-east to south-west. Following the upper waters of the Colne, which ran through the woods on their left, they came to Watford, and then turned probably to Rickmansworth. No longer on the Roman paved ways, they followed horse-tracks, between the forest and the rich marsh-meadows of the Colne, as far as Denham, and then struck into a Roman road again at the north end of Langley Park. From thence, over heathy commons—for that western part of Buckinghamshire, its soil being light and some gravel, was little cultivated then, and hardly all cultivated now—they held on straight by Langley town into the Vale of Thames.

Little they dreamed, as they rode down by Ditton Green, off the heathy commons, past the poor scattered farms, on to the vast rushy meadows, while upon them was the dull weight of disappointment, shame, all but





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deep, struck out a fresh wandering line for himself across the dreary heath.

Over the Blackwater by Sandhurst, and along the flats of Hartford Bridge, where the old furze-grown ruts show the trackway to this day. Down into the clayland forests of the Andredsweald, and up out of them again at Basing, on to the clean crisp chalk turf; to strike at Popham Lane the Roman road from Silchester, and hold it over the high downs, till they saw far below them the royal city of Winchester:

Itchen, silver as they looked on her from above, but when they came down to her, so clear that none could see where water ended and where air began, hurried through the city in many a stream. Beyond it rose the "White Camp," the "Venta Belgarum," the circular earthwork of white chalk on the high down. Within the city rose the ancient minster church, built by Ethelwold—ancient even then—where slept the ancient kings; Kenulf, Egbert, and Ethelwulf the Saxons; and by them the Danes, Canute the Great, and Hardacanute his son, and Norman Emma his wife, and Ethelred's before him; and the great Earl Godwin, who seemed to Hereward to have died, not twenty, but two hundred years ago;—and it may be an old Saxon hall upon the little isle whither Edgar had bidden bring the heads of all the wolves in Wessex, where afterwards the bishops built Wolvesey Palace. But nearer to them, on the down which sloped



up to the west, stood an uglier thing, which they saw with curses deep and loud,—the keep of the new Norman castle by the west gate.

Hereward halted his knights upon the down outside the northern gate. Then he rode forward himself. The gate was open wide ; but he did not care to go in.

So he rode into the gateway, and smote upon that gate with his lance-butt. But the porter saw the knights upon the down, and was afraid to come out ; for he feared treason.

Then Hereward smote a second time : but the porter did not come out.

Then he took the lance by the shaft, and smote a third time. And he smote so hard, that the lance-butt flew to flinders against Winchester Gate.

And at that started out two knights, who had come down from the castle, seeing the meinie on the down ; and asked :

“ Who art thou, who knockest here so bold ? ”

“ Who I am, any man can see by those splinters, if he knows what men are left in England this day.”

The knights looked at the broken wood, and then at each other. Who could the man be, who could beat an ash stave to flinders at a single blow ?

“ You are young, and do not know me ; and no shame to you. Go and tell William the king, that Hereward is come to put his hands between the king's, and be the king's man henceforth.”



“You are Hereward?” asked one, half awed, half disbelieving at Hereward’s short stature.

“You are—I know not who. Pick up those splinters, and take them to King William; and say, ‘The man who broke that lance against the gate is here to make his peace with thee,’ and he will know who I am.”

And so cowed were these two knights with Hereward’s royal voice, and royal eye, and royal strength, that they went simply, and did what he bade them.

And when King William saw the splinters, he was as joyful as man could be, and said :

“Send him to me, and tell him, Bright shines the sun to me that lights Hereward into Winchester.”

“But, Lord King, he has with him a meinie of full forty knights.

“So much the better. I shall have the more valiant Englishmen to help my valiant French.”

So Hereward rode round, outside the walls, to William’s new entrenched palace, outside the west gate, by the castle.

And then Hereward went in, and knelt before the Norman, and put his hands between William’s hands, and swore to be his man.

“I have kept my word,” said he, “which I sent to thee at Rouen seven years ago. Thou art king of all England; and I am the last man to say so.”

“And since thou hast said it, I am king indeed.





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“ I trust that your Grace has found a knight of higher lineage than him, whom, after so many honours, you honoured with the hand of my niece.”

William laughed. It was not his interest to quarrel with Hereward. “ Aha ! Ivo, the woodcutter’s son. I ask your pardon for that, Sir Hereward. Had you been my man then, as you are now, it might have been different.”

“ If a king ask my pardon, I can only ask his’ in return.”

“ You must be friends with Taillebois. He is a brave knight, and a wise warrior.”

“ None ever doubted that.”

“ And to cover any little blots in his scutcheon, I have made him an earl, as I may make you some day.”

“ Your Majesty, like a true king, knows how to reward. Who is this knight whom you have chosen for my lass ? ”

“ Sir Hugh of Evermue, a neighbour of yours, and a man of blood and breeding.”

“ I know him, and his lineage ; and it is very well. I humbly thank your Majesty.”

“ Can I be the same man ? ” said Hereward to himself, bitterly.

And he was not the same man. He was besotted on Alfruda, and humbled himself accordingly.



## CHAPTER XX.

HOW TORFRIDA CONFESSED THAT SHE HAD BEEN  
INSPIRED BY THE DEVIL.

AFTER a few days there came down a priest to Crowland from Winchester, and talked with Torfrida.

And she answered him, the priest said, so wisely and well, that he never had met with a woman of so clear a brain, or of so stout a heart.

At last, being puzzled to get that which he wanted, he touched on the matter of her marriage with Hereward.

She wished it, he said, dissolved. She wished herself to enter religion.

The Church would be most happy to sanction so holy a desire, but there were objections. She was a married woman ; and her husband had not given his consent.

“Let him give it, then.”

There were still objections. He had nothing to bring against her which could justify the dissolution of the holy bond : unless——

“Unless I bring some myself?”



“There have been rumours—I say not how true—of magic and sorcery——”

Torfrida leaped up from her seat, and laughed such a laugh, that the priest said in after years, it rung through his head as if it had arisen out of the pit of the lost.

“So that is what you want, Churchman? Then you shall have it. Bring me pen and ink. I need not to confess to you. You shall read my confession when it is done. I am a better scribe, mind you, than any clerk between here and Paris.”

She seized the pen and ink, and wrote; not fiercely, as the priest expected, but slowly and carefully. Then she gave it the priest to read.

“Will that do, Churchman? Will that free my soul, and that of your French Archbishop?”

And the priest read to himself:

How Torfrida of St. Omer, born at Arles in Provence, confessed that from her youth up she had been given to the practice of diabolic arts, and had at divers times and places used the same, both alone and with Richilda, late Countess of Hainault. How, wickedly, wantonly, and instinct with a malignant spirit, she had compassed, by charms and spells, to win the love of Hereward. How she had ever since kept in bondage him, and others whom she had not loved with the same carnal love, but only desired to make them useful to her own desire of power and glory, by the same magical arts; for which





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beyond—that, being dead to the world, God might have mercy on her soul.

And she meant what she said. The madness of remorse and disappointment, so common in the wild middle age, had come over her; and with it the twin madness of self-torture.

The priest read, and trembled; not for Torfrida, but for himself, lest she should enchant him after all.

“She must have been an awful sinner,” said he to the monks when he got safe out of the room; “comparable only to the witch of Endor, or the woman Jezebel, of whom St. John writes in the Revelations.”

“I do not know how you Frenchmen measure folks, when you see them: but to our mind she is—for goodness, humility, and patience comparable only to an Angel of God,” said Abbot Ultketyl.

“You Englishmen will have to change your minds on many points, if you mean to stay here.”

“We shall not change them, and we shall stay here,” quoth the Abbot.

“How? You will not get Sweyn and his Danes to help you a second time.”

“No, we shall all die, and give you your wills, and you will not have the heart to cast our bones into the fens?”

“Not unless you intend to work miracles, and set up for saints, like your Alphege and Edmund.”



“Heaven forbid that we should compare ourselves with them ! Only let us alone till we die.”

“If you let us alone, and do not turn traitor meanwhile.”

Abbot Ulfketyl bit his lip, and kept down the rising fiend.

“And now,” said the priest, “deliver me over Torfrida the younger, daughter of Hereward and this woman, that I may take her to the King, who has found a fit husband for her.”

“You will hardly get her.”

“Not get her ?”

“Not without her mother’s consent. The lass cares for nought but her.”

“Pish ! that sorceress ? Send for the girl.”

Abbot Ulfketyl, forced in his own abbey, great and august lord though he was, to obey any upstart of a Norman priest who came backed by the King and Lanfranc, sent for the lass.

The young outlaw came in—hawk on fist, and its hood off, for it was a pet—short, sturdy, upright, brown-haired, blue-eyed, ill-dressed, with hard hands and sun-burnt face, but with the hawk-eye of her father and her mother, and the hawks among which she was bred. She looked the priest over from head to foot, till he was abashed.

“A Frenchman !” said she, and she said no more.



The priest looked at her eyes, and then at the hawk's eyes. They were disagreeably like each other. He told his errand as courteously as he could, for he was not a bad-hearted man for a Norman priest.

The lass laughed him to scorn. The King's commands? She never saw a king in the greenwood, and cared for none. There was no king in England now, since Sweyn Ulfsson sailed back to Denmark. Who was this French William, to sell a free English lass like a colt or a cow? The priest might go back to the slaves of Wessex, and command them if he could: but in the fens, men were free, and lasses too.

The priest was piously shocked and indignant, and began to argue.

She played with her hawk instead of listening, and then was marching out of the room.

“Your mother,” said he, “is a sorceress.”

“You are a knave, or set on by knaves. You lie; and you know you lie.” And she turned away again.

“She has confessed it.”

“You have driven her mad between you, till she will confess anything. I presume you threatened to burn her, as some of you did awhile back.” And the young lady made use of words equally strong and true.

The priest was not accustomed to the direct language of the greenwood, and indignant on his own account,





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that she commanded her to go with him to Winchester. She did not wish to see her. She was stained with many crimes, and unworthy to approach a pure maiden. Besides, it would only cause misery and tears. She was trying to die to the world and to the flesh; and she did not wish to reawaken their power within her. Yes. It was very well. Let the lass go with him.

“Thou art indeed a true penitent,” said the priest, his human heart softening him.

“Thou art very much mistaken,” said she, and turned away.

The girl, when she heard her mother's command, wept, shrieked, and went. At least she was going to her father. And from wholesome fear of that same saying-knife, the priest left her in peace all the way to Winchester.

After which, Abbot Ulfketyl went into his lodgings, and burst, like a noble old nobleman as he was, into bitter tears of rage and shame.

But Torfrida's eyes were as dry as her own sackcloth.

The priest took the letter back, and showed it—it may be to Archbishop Lanfranc, who was well versed in such matters, having already (as is well known to all the world) arranged King William's uncanonical marriage, by help of Archdeacon Hildebrand, afterwards Pope. But what he said, this chronicler would not dare to say. For he was a very wise man, and a very staunch and



strong pillar of the Holy Roman Church. And doubtless he was man enough not to require that anything should be added to Torfrida's penance ; and that would have been enough to prove him a man in those days—at least for a Churchman—as it proved Archbishop or Saint Ailred to be, a few years after, in the case of the nun of Watton, to be read in Gale's "*Scriptores Anglicaniæ.*" Then he showed the letter to Alfruda.

And she laughed one of her laughs, and said, "I have her at last!"

Then, as it befel, he was forced to show the letter to Queen Matilda ; and she wept over it human tears, such as she, the noble heart, had been forced to weep many a time before, and said, "The poor soul!—You, Alfruda, woman! does Hereward know of this?"

"No, madam," said Alfruda, not adding that she had taken good care that he should not know.

"It is the best thing which I have heard of him. I should tell him, were it not that I must not meddle with my lord's plans. God grant him a good delivery, as they say of the poor souls in gaol. Well, madam, you have your will at last. God give you grace thereof, for you have not given him much chance as yet."

"Your majesty will honour us by coming to the wedding?" asked Alfruda, utterly unabashed.

Matilda the Good looked at her with a face of such calm childlike astonishment, that Alfruda dropped her



proud head at last, and slunk out of the presence like a beaten cur.

But William went to the wedding ; and swore horrible oaths that they were the handsomest pair he had ever seen. And so Hereward married Alfruda. How Holy Church settled the matter, is not said. But that Hereward married Alfruda, under these very circumstances, may be considered a "historic fact," being vouched for both by Gaimar, and by Richard of Ely. And doubtless Holy Church contrived that it should happen without sin, if it conduced to her own interest.

And little Torfrida—then aged, it seems, some sixteen years—was married to Hugh of Evermue. She wept and struggled as she was dragged into the church.

"But I do not want to be married. I want to go back to my mother."

"The diabolic instinct may have descended to her," said the priests, "and attracts her to the sorceress. We had best sprinkle her with holy water."

So they sprinkled her with holy water, and used exorcisms. Indeed, the case being an important one, and the personages of rank, they brought out from their treasures the apron of a certain virgin saint, and put it round her neck, in hopes of driving out the hereditary fiend.

"If I am led with a halter, I must needs go," said she, with one of her mother's own flashes of wit, and





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wards as happily as most other married people in those times.

All this, however pleasant to Hereward, was not pleasant to the French courtiers; whereon, after the simple fashion of those times, they looked about for one who would pick a quarrel with Hereward and slay him in fair fight. But an Archibald Bell-the-Cat was not to be found behind every hedge.

Still, he might be provoked to fight. If his foe was slain, so much the worse for both parties. For a duel, especially if a fatal one, within the precincts of the king's court, was a grave offence, punishable, at least in extreme cases, with death.

Now it befel, that among them at Winchester, was Oger the Breton, he who had held Morcar's lands round Bourne, and who was now in wrath and dread enough, at the prospect of having to give them up to Hereward. It was no difficult matter to set the hot-headed Celt on to provoke the equally hot-headed Wake; and accordingly, Oger, having been duly plied with wine, was advised to say one afternoon—

“Hereward feeds well at the king's table. French cooking is a pleasant change for an outlaw, who has fed for many a day on rats and mice, and such small deer.”

“A pleasanter change for a starveling Breton, who was often glad enough, ere he came to England, to rob



his own ponies of their furze-toppings, and boil them down for want of kale.”

“We use furze-toppings in Brittany to scourge saucy churls withal. Speakest thou thus to me, who have the blood of King Arthur and half his knights in my veins?”

“Then discipline thine own churl’s back therewith; for churl thou art, though thou comest of Arthur’s blood. Nay, I will not quarrel with thee. I have had too many gnats pestering me in the fens already to care for one more here.”

Wherefrom the Breton judged that Hereward had no lust to fight.

The next day he met Hereward going out to hunt, and was confirmed in his opinion when Hereward lifted his cap to him most courteously, saying that he was not aware before that his neighbour was a gentleman of such high lineage.

“Lineage? Better at least than thine, thou bare-legged Saxon, who hast dared to call me base-born and starveling? So thou must needs have thy throat cut? I took thee for a wiser man.”

“Many have taken me for that which I am not. If you will harness yourself, I will do the same: and we will ride up to the woods, and settle this matter in peace.”

“Three men on each side to see fair play,” said the Breton.



And up to the woods they rode ; and fought long without advantage on either side.

Hereward was not the man which he had been. His nerve was gone, as well as his conscience ; and all the dash and fury of his old onslaughts gone therewith.

He grew tired of the fight, not in body, but in mind ; and more than once drew back.

“ Let us stop this child’s play,” said he, according to the chronicler ; “ what need have we to fight here all day about nothing ? ”

Whereat the Breton fancied him already more than half-beaten, and attacked more furiously than ever. He would be the first man on earth who ever had had the better of the great outlaw. He would win himself eternal glory, as the champion of all England.

But he had mistaken his man, and his indomitable English pluck. “ It was Hereward’s fashion in fight and war,” says the chronicler, “ always to ply the man most at the last.” And so found the Breton ; for Hereward suddenly lost patience, and rushing on him with one of his old shouts, hewed at him again and again, as if his arm would never tire.

Oger gave back, would he or not. In a few moments his sword-arm dropped to his side, cut half through.

“ Have you had enough, Sir Tristram the younger ? ” quoth Hereward, wiping his sword, and walking moodily away.





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keys, and then twist out of his bowels a line wherewith to let himself down from the top of the castle, would be not only easy, but amusing, to the famous "Wake."

So Robert consented to fetter him so far, but no farther; and begged his pardon again and again as he did it, pleading the painful necessities of his office.

But Hereward heard him not. He sat in stupefied despair. A great black cloud had covered all heaven and earth, and entered into his brain through every sense; till his mind, as he said afterwards, was like Hell with the fire gone out.

A gaoler came in, he knew not how long after, bringing a good meal, and wine. He came cautiously toward the prisoner, and when still beyond the length of his chain, set the food down, and thrust it toward him with a stick, lest Hereward should leap on him and wring his neck.

But Hereward never even saw him or the food. He sat there all day, all night, and nearly all the next day, and hardly moved hand or foot. The gaoler told Sir Robert in the evening that he thought the man was mad, and would die.

So good Sir Robert went up to him, and spoke kindly and hopefully. But all Hereward answered was, that he was very well. That he wanted nothing. That he had always heard well of Sir Robert. That he should like to get a little sleep: but that sleep would not come.



The next day Sir Robert came again early, and found him sitting in the same place.

“He was very well,” he said. “How could he be otherwise? He was just where he ought to be. A man could not be better than in his right place.”

Whereon Sir Robert gave him up for mad.

Then he bethought of sending him a harp, knowing the fame of Hereward’s music and singing. “And when he saw the harp,” the gaoler said, “he wept; but bade take the thing away. And so sat still where he was.”

In this state of dull despair, he remained for many weeks. At last he woke up.

There passed through and by Bedford large bodies of troops, going as it were to and from battle. The clank of arms stirred Hereward’s heart as of old, and he sent to Sir Robert to ask what was toward.

Sir Robert, “the venerable man,” came to him joyfully and at once, glad to speak to an illustrious captive, whom he looked on as an injured person; and told him news enough.

Taillebois’ warning about Ralph Guader and Waltheof had not been needless. Ralph, as the most influential of the Bretons, was on no good terms with the Normans, save with one, and that one of the most powerful—Fitz-Osbern, Earl of Hereford. His sister, Ralph was to have married: but William, for reasons unknown, forbade the match. The two great Earls celebrated the



wedding in spite of William, and asked Waltheof as a guest. And at Exning, between the fen and Newmarket Heath—

“Was that bride-ale  
Which was man’s bale.”

For there was matured the plot which Ivo and others had long seen brewing. William (they said) had made himself hateful to all men by his cruelties and tyrannies; and, indeed, his government was growing more unrighteous day by day. Let them drive him out of England, and part the land between them. Two should be dukes, the third king paramount.

“Waltheof, I presume,” quoth Hereward, “plotted drunk, and repented sober, when too late. The wittol! He should have been a monk.”

“Repented he has, if ever he was guilty. For he fled to Archbishop Lanfranc, and confessed to him so much, that Lanfranc declares him innocent, and has sent him on to William in Normandy.”

“Oh, kind priest! true priest! To send his sheep into the wolf’s mouth.”

“You forget, dear sire, that William is our king.”

“I can hardly forget that, with this pretty ring upon my ankle. But after my experience of how he has kept faith with me, what can I expect for Waltheof the wittol, save that which I have foretold many a time?”

“As for you, dear sire, the king has been misinformed





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Odo of Bayeux and Bishop Mowbray are on their way to Cambridge, where they hope to give a good account of Earl Ralph ; and hope, too, that the English may help them there."

"And they shall ! They hate Ralph Guader as much as I do. Can you send a message for me ?"

"Whither ?"

"To Bourne in the Brunswald ; and say to Hereward's men, wherever they are, Let them rise and arm, if they love Hereward ; and go down to Cambridge, to be the foremost at Bishop Odo's side against Ralph Guader, or Waltheof himself. Send ! send ! Oh that I were free !"

"Would to heaven thou wert free, my gallant sir !" said the good man.

From that day Hereward woke up somewhat. He was still a broken man, querulous, peevish : but the hope of freedom and the hope of battle stirred him. If he could but get to his men ! But his melancholy returned. His men—some of them at least—went down to Odo at Cambridge, and did good service. Guader was utterly routed, and escaped to Norwich, and thence to Brittany, his home. The bishops punished their prisoners, the rebel French, with horrible mutilations.

"The wolves are beginning to eat each other," said Hereward to himself. But it was a sickening thought to



him, that his men had been fighting and he not at their head.

After awhile there came to Bedford Castle two witty knaves. One was a cook, who "came to buy milk," says the chronicler; the other seemingly a gleeman. They told stories, jested, harped, sang, drank, and pleased much the garrison and Sir Robert, who let them hang about the place.

They asked next, whether it were true that the famous Wake was there? If so, might a man have a look at him?

The gaoler said that many men might have gone to see him, so easy was Sir Robert to him. But he would have no man; and none dare enter save Sir Robert and he, for fear of their lives. But he would ask him of Herepol.

The good knight of Herepol said, "Let the rogues go in, they may amuse the poor soul."

So they went in; and as soon as they went, he knew them. One was Martin Lightfoot, the other, Leofric his mass-priest.

"Who sent you?" asked he surlily, turning his face away.

"She."

"Who?"

"We know but one she, and she is at Crowland."

"She sent you? and wherefore?"



“That we might sing to you, and make you merry.”

Hereward answered them with a terrible word, and turned his face to the wall, groaning, and then bade them sternly to go.

So they went, for the time.

The gaoler told this to Sir Robert, who understood all, being a kind-hearted man.

“From his poor first wife, eh? Well, there can be no harm in that. Nor if they came from this Lady Alfruda either, for that matter; let them go in and out when they will.”

“But they may be spies and traitors.”

“Then we can but hang them.”

Robert of Herepol, it would appear from the chronicle, did not much care whether they were spies or not.

So the men went to and fro; and often sat with Hereward. But he forbad them sternly to mention Torfrida's name.

Alfruda, meanwhile, returned to Bourne, and took possession of her new husband's house and lands. She sent him, again and again, messages of passionate love and sorrow: but he listened to them as sullenly as he did to his two servants, and sent no answer back. And so he sat more weary months, in the very prison, it may be in the very room, in which John Bunyan sate nigh six hundred years after: but in a very different frame of mind.





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keeping of a creature of his own. And how easy it was to put out a man's eyes, or starve him to death, in a French keep, none knew better than Hereward.

But he was past fear or sorrow. A dull heavy cloud of despair had settled down upon his soul. Black with sin, his heart could not pray. He had hardened himself against all heaven and earth; and thought, when he thought at all, only of his wrongs: but never of his sins.



## CHAPTER XXI.

## HOW EARL WALTHEOF WAS MADE A SAINT.

A DAY or two after, there sat in Abbot Thorold's lodgings in Peterborough, a select company of Frenchmen, talking over affairs of State after their supper.

“Well, lords and knights,” said the Abbot, as he sipped his wine, “the cause of our good king, which is happily the cause of Holy Church, goes well, I think. We have much to be thankful for when we review the events of the past year. We have finished the rebels; Roger de Breteuil is safe in prison, Ralph Guader unsafe in Brittany, and Waltheof more than unsafe in—the place to which traitors descend. We have not a manor left which is not in loyal hands; we have not an English monk left who has not been scourged and starved into holy obedience; not an English saint for whom any man cares a jot, since Guerin de Lire preached down St. Adhelm, the admirable Primate disposed of St. Alphege's martyrdom, and some other wise man—I am ashamed to say that I forget who—proved that St. Edmund of Suffolk was merely a barbarian kinglet,



who was killed fighting with Danes only a little more heathen than himself. We have had great labours and great sufferings since we landed in this barbarous isle upon our holy errand ten years since ; but, under the shadow of the Gonfalon of St. Peter, we have conquered, and may sing ‘*Dominus Illuminatio mea,*’ with humble and thankful hearts.”

“ I don’t know that,” said Ascelin, “ my Lord Uncle ; I shall never sing ‘*Dominus illuminatio,*’ till I see your coffers illuminated once more by those thirty thousand marks.”

“ Or I,” said Ivo Taillebois, “ till I see Hereward’s head on Bourne gable, where he stuck up those Frenchmen’s heads seven years ago, as his will be, within a week after he gets to Buckingham Castle—where he should be by now. But what the Lord Abbot means by saying that we have done with English saints I do not see ; for the rogues of Crowland have just made a new one for themselves.”

“ A new one ? ”

“ I tell you truth and fact ; I will tell you all, Lord Abbot ; and you shall judge whether it is not enough to drive an honest man mad to see such things going on under his nose. Men say of me that I am rough, and swear and blaspheme. I put it to you, Lord Abbot, if Job would not have cursed if he had been Lord of Spalding. You know that the king let these Crowland monks have Waltheof’s body ? ”





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worthy to be delivered from evil, entered instead into evil, and howls for ever in the pit."

"But all the rest may be true," said one; "and yet that be no reason why these monks should say it."

"So I told them," quoth Taillebois, "and threatened them too; for, not content with making him a martyr, they are making him a saint."

"Impious! Who can do that, save the Holy Father?" said Thorold.

"You had best get your bishop to look to them, then; for they are carrying blind beggars and mad girls by the dozen to be cured at the man's tomb, that is all. Their fellows in the cell at Spalding went about to take a girl that had fits off one of my manors, to cure her; but that I stopped with a good horsewhip."

"And rightly."

"And gave the monks a piece of my mind; and drove them clean out of their cell home to Crowland."

What a piece of Ivo's mind on this occasion might be, let Ingulf describe:

"Against our monastery and all the people of Crowland he was, by the instigation of the devil, raised to such an extreme pitch of fury, that he would follow their animals in the marshes with his dogs, drive them to a great distance down in the lakes, mutilate some in the tails, others in the ears, while often, by breaking the backs and legs of the beasts of burden, he rendered them



utterly useless. Against our cell also (at Spalding) and our brethren, his neighbours, the prior and monks, who dwelt all day within his presence, he raged with tyrannical and frantic fury, lamed their oxen and horses, daily impounded their sheep and poultry; striking down, killing, and slaying their swine and pigs; while at the same time the servants of the prior were oppressed in the Earl's court with insupportable exactions, were often assaulted in the highways with swords and staves, and sometimes killed."

At this moment there was a bustle outside. The door which led from the hall was thrown open, and then rushed in, muddy and gory, Oger the Breton.

"Have a care for yourselves, lordings! The Wake is loose!"

If the earth had opened between them, the party could not have started more suddenly on their feet.

When their curses had lulled somewhat, Oger told his story between great gulps of wine; for he was nigh dead with hard riding.

"We were in a forest, midway between Bedford and Buckingham, when the rascals dashed out on us—Gwenoch and Winter, and the rest, with that Ramsey monk and the Wake Banner—I know not how many there were. We had no time to form, or even arm. Our helmets were hanging at our saddle-bows—it was all over in a minute."



“Cleverly done !” shouted Ivo, in spite of his curses ; for he honestly loved deeds of arms, for him or against him. “One Wake makes many.”

“And that old traitor of Herepol refused to fight. We were past his jurisdiction, he said. Your men, Lord Ivo, and Sir Ralph’s must guard the prisoner, if they would.”

“He has been in league with The Wake all through.”

“That has he. For when The Wake was freed and armed, and hewing away like a devilish dwarf as he is, he always bade spare Sir Robert, crying that he was his friend, and his saviour ; and ere they parted the two villains shook hands lovingly, saying aloud, how Sir Robert should ride post to the king, and give him a good report of Hereward.”

The comments which followed this statement had best be omitted, as they consisted wholly of French oaths.

“And how camest thou alive hither, of all men ?” asked the Abbot at last.

“How ? I was smitten down at once, having no sword arm, as you know. But The Wake, when he saw me down, bade spare me. He would not slay me, lest the king should say he did it for the sake of my lands. I should ride to you here at Peterborough, and carry this message to you all ; that whoso wanted his head cut off, should come to him at Bourne.”

“He has promised to cut my head off long ago,” said Ascelin. “Earl, knights, and gentlemen, do you not





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bower-maiden, and have said that though Abbot Thorold be poor, yet he has a ring or two left, or an owch, or such like, which might be earned by service due. And so forth. Wait for me, my good lords all; and I will not keep you waiting long.”

And so those wicked men took counsel together to slay Hereward.



## CHAPTER XXII.

## HOW HEReward BEGAN TO GET HIS SOUL'S PRICE.

AND now behold Hereward at home again, fat with the wages of sin, and not knowing that they are death.

He is once more "Dominus de Brunne cum Marisco," Lord of Bourne with the fen, "with all returns and liberties and all other things adjacent to the same vill which are now held as a barony from the Lord King of England." He has a fair young wife, and with her farms and manors even richer than his own. He is still young, hearty, wise by experience, high in the king's favour, and deservedly so.

Why should he not begin life again ?

Why not ? Unless it be true that the wages of sin are, not a new life, but death.

And yet he had his troubles. Hardly a French knight or baron round but had a blood-feud against him, for a kinsman slain. Oger the Breton was not likely to forgive his wounded arm. Sir Aswart, Thorold the abbot's man, was not likely to forgive him for turning him out of the three Manthorpe manors, which he had



comfortably held for two years past, and sending him back to lounge in the abbot's hall at Peterborough, without a yard of land which he could call his own. Sir Ascelin was not likely to forgive him for marrying Alfruda, whom he had intended to marry himself. Ivo Taillebois was not likely to forgive him for existing within a hundred miles of Spalding, any more than the wolf would forgive the lamb for fouling the water below him. Beside, had not he (Ivo) married Hereward's niece? And what more grievous offence could Hereward commit, than to be her uncle, reminding Ivo of his own low birth by his nobility, and too likely to take Lucia's part, whenever it should please Ivo to beat or kick her? Only Gilbert of Ghent, "the pious and illustrious earl," sent messages of congratulation and friendship to Hereward, it being his custom to sail with the wind, and worship the rising sun—till it should decline again.

But more : hardly one of the Frenchmen round, but, in the conceit of their skin-deep yesterday's civilisation, looked on Hereward as a barbarian Englishman, who had his throat tattooed, and wore a short coat, and preferred—the churl—to talk English in his own hall, though he could talk as good French as they when he was with them, beside three or four barbarian tongues if he had need.

But more still : if they were not likely to bestow their love on Hereward, Hereward was not likely to win love





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But as with Napoleon and Josephine, so it was with Hereward and Torfrida. Neither throve after.

It was not punished by miracle. What sin is? It worked out its own punishment; that which it merited, deserved, or earned, by its own labour. No man could commit such a sin without shaking his whole character to the root. Hereward tried to persuade himself that his was not shaken; that he was the same Hereward as ever. But he could not deceive himself long. His conscience was evil. He was discontented with all mankind, and with himself most of all. He tried to be good,—as good as he chose to be. If he had done wrong in one thing, he might make up for it in others: but he could not. All his higher instincts fell from him one by one. He did not like to think of good and noble things; he dared not think of them. He felt, not at first, but as the months rolled on, that he was a changed man; that God had left him. His old bad habits began to return to him. Gradually he sank back more and more into the very vices from which Torfrida had raised him sixteen years before. He took to drinking again, to dull the malady of thought; he excused himself to himself; he wished to forget his defeats, his disappointment, the ruin of his country, the splendid past which lay behind him like a dream. True: but he wished to forget likewise Torfrida fasting and weeping in Crowland. He could not bear the sight of Crowland



tower on the far green horizon, the sound of Crowland bells booming over the flat on the south wind. He never rode down into the fens ; he never went to see his daughter at Deeping, because Crowland lay that way. He went up into the old Bruneswald ; hunted all day long through the glades where he and his merry men had done their doughty deeds ; and came home in the evening to get drunk.

Then he lost his sleep. He sent down to Crowland to Leofric the priest, that he might come to him, and sing him sagas of the old heroes, that he might get rest. But Leofric sent back for answer, that he would not come.

That night Alfruda heard him by her side in the still hours, weeping silently to himself. She caressed him : but he gave no heed to her.

“I believe,” said she bitterly at last, “that you love Torfrida still better than you do me.”

And Hereward answered, like Mahomet in like case, “That do I, by heaven. She believed in me when no one else in the world did.”

And the vain hard Alfruda answered angrily ; and there was many a fierce quarrel between them after that.

With his love of drinking, his love of boasting came back. Because he could do no more great deeds—or rather had not the spirit left in him to do more—he must needs, like a worn-out old man, babble of the



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great deeds which he had done; insult and defy his Norman neighbours; often talk what might be easily caricatured into treason against King William himself.

There were great excuses for his follies, as there are for those of every beaten man: but Hereward was spent. He had lived his life; and had no more life which he could live; for every man, it would seem, brings into the world with him a certain capacity, a certain amount of vital force, in body and in soul; and when that is used up, the man must sink down into some sort of second childhood; and end, like Hereward, very much where he began: unless the grace of God shall lift him up above the capacity of the mere flesh, into a life literally new, ever-renewing, ever-expanding, and eternal.

But the grace of God had gone away from Hereward, as it goes away from all men who are unfaithful to their wives.

It was very pitiable. Let no man judge him. Life, to most, is very hard work. There are those who endure to the end, and are saved; there are those, again, who do not endure: upon whose souls may God have mercy.

So Hereward soon became as intolerable to his Norman neighbours, as they were intolerable to him; and he had, for his own safety, to keep up at Bourne the same watch and ward, by day and night, as he had kept up in the forest.



In those days a messenger came riding post to Bourne. The Countess Judith wished to visit the tomb of her late husband, Earl Waltheof; and asked hospitality on her road of Hereward and Alfruda.

Of course she would come with a great train, and the trouble and expense would be great. But the hospitality of those days, when money was scarce, and wine scarcer still, was unbounded, and a matter of course; and Alfruda was overjoyed. No doubt, Judith was the most unpopular person in England at that moment; called by all a traitress and a fiend. But she was an old acquaintance of Alfruda's; she was the king's niece; she was immensely rich, not only in manors of her own, but in manors, as Domesday book testifies, about Lincolnshire and the counties round, which had belonged to her murdered husband—which she had too probably received as the price of her treason. So Alfruda looked to her visit as to an honour which would enable her to hold her head high among the proud French Dames, who despised her as the wife of an Englishman.

Hereward looked on the visit in a different light. He called Judith ugly names, not undeserved; and vowed that if she entered his house by the front door he would go out at the back. "Torfrida prophesied," he said, "that she would betray her husband, and she has done it."

"Torfrida prophesied? Did she prophesy that I



should betray you likewise?" asked Alfruda, in a tone of bitter scorn.

"No, you handsome fiend: will you do it?"

"Yes; I am a handsome fiend, am I not?" and she bridled up her magnificent beauty, and stood over him as a snake stands over a mouse.

"Yes; you are handsome—beautiful: I adore you."

"And yet you will not do what I wish?"

"What you wish? What would I not do for you? what have I not done for you?"

"Then receive Judith. And now, go hunting, and bring me in game. I want deer, roe, fowls; anything and everything, from the greatest to the smallest. Go and hunt."

And Hereward trembled and went.

There are flowers whose scent is so luscious that silly children will plunge their heads among them, drinking in their odour, to the exclusion of all fresh air. On a sudden, sometimes, comes a revulsion of the nerves. The delicious odour changes in a moment to a disgusting one; and the child cannot bear for years after the scent which has once become intolerable by over-sweetness. And so had it happened to Hereward. He did not love Alfruda now; he loathed, hated, dreaded her. And yet he could not take his eyes for a moment off her beauty. He watched every movement of her hand, to press it, obey it. He would have preferred instead of hunting





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For Judith was pleased to be so delighted with her that she kissed her lovingly, and said with much emotion that she required a friend who would support her through her coming trial; and who better than one who herself had suffered so much? Would she accompany her to Crowland?

Alfruda was overjoyed, and away they went.

And to Crowland they came; and to the tomb in the minster, whereof men were saying already that the sacred corpse within worked miracles of healing.

And Judith, habited in widow's weeds, approached the tomb, and laid on it, as a peace-offering to the soul of the dead, a splendid pall of silk and gold.

A fierce blast came howling off the fen, screeched through the minster towers, swept along the dark aisles; and then, so say the chroniclers, caught up the pall from off the tomb, and hurled it far away into a corner.

“A miracle!” cried all the monks at once; and honestly enough, like true Englishmen as they were.

“The Holy Saint refuses the gift, Countess,” said old Ulfketyl, in a voice of awe.

Judith covered her face with her hands, turned away trembling, and walked out; while all looked upon her as a thing accursed.

Of her subsequent life, her folly, her wantonness, her disgrace, her poverty, her wanderings, her wretched death, let others tell.



But these Normans believed that the curse of Heaven was upon her from that day. And the best of them believed likewise that Waltheof's murder was the reason that William, her uncle, prospered no more in life.

“Ah, saucy sir,” said Alfruda to Ulfketyl, as she went out. “There is one waiting at Peterborough now who will teach thee manners ; Ingulf of Fontenelle, abbot in thy room.”

“Does Hereward know that ?” asked Ulfketyl, looking keenly at her.

“What is that to thee ?” said she, fiercely ; and flung out of the minster. But Hereward did not know. There were many things abroad, of which she told him nothing.

They went back, and were landed at Deeping town, and making their way along the King Street to Bourne. Thereon a man met them running. They had best stay where they were. The Frenchmen were out, and there was fighting up in Bourne.

Alfruda's knights wanted to push on, to see after the Bourne folk ; Judith's knights wanted to push on to help the French : and the two parties were ready to fight each other. There was a great tumult. The ladies had much ado to still it.

Alfruda said that it might be but a countryman's rumour ; that, at least, it was shame to quarrel with their



guests. At last it was agreed that two knights should gallop on into Bourne, and bring back news.

But those knights never came back. So the whole body moved on Bourne, and there they found out the news for themselves.

Hereward had gone home as soon as they had departed, and sat down to eat and drink. His manner was sad and strange. He drank much at the midday meal, and then lay down to sleep, setting guards as usual.

After awhile he leapt up with a shriek and shudder.

They ran to him, asking whether he was ill.

“Ill? No. Yes. Ill at heart. I have had a dream—an ugly dream. I thought that all the men I ever slew on earth, came to me with their wounds all gaping, and cried at me, ‘Our luck then, thy luck now.’ Chaplain! Is there not a verse somewhere—Uncle Brand said it to me on his deathbed—‘Whoso sheddeth man’s blood, by man shall his blood be shed?’”

“Surely the master is fey,” whispered Gwenoch in fear to the chaplain. “Answer him out of Scripture.”

“Text? None such that I know of,” quoth Priest Ailward, a graceless fellow, who had taken Leofric’s place. “If that were the law, it would be but few honest men that would die in their beds. Let us drink, and drive girls’ fancies out of our heads.”





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“Till they fire the house over our heads. Shall Hereward die like a wolf in a cave? Forward, all The Wake men! A Wake! A Wake!”

And he rushed out upon his fate. No man followed him, save Winter. The rest, dispersed, unarmed, were running hither and thither helplessly.

“Brothers in arms, and brothers in Valhalla!” shouted Winter as he rushed after him.

A knight was running to and fro in the Court, shouting Hereward’s name. “Where is the villain? Wake! We have caught thee asleep at last.”

“I am out,” quoth Hereward, as the man almost stumbled against him; “and this is in.”

And through shield, and hauberk, and body, as says Gaimar, went Hereward’s javelin, while all drew back, confounded for the moment at that mighty stroke.

“Felons!” shouted Hereward, “your king has given me his truce; and do you dare break my house, and kill my folk? Is that your French law? And is this your French honour?—To take a man unawares over his meat? Come on, traitors all, and get what you can of a naked man;\* you will buy it dear—Guard my back, Winter!”

And he ran right at the press of knights; and the fight began.

\* *i. e.* without armour.



“He gored them like a wood wild boar,  
As long as that lance might endure,”

Says Gaimar.

“And when that lance did break in hand,  
Full fell enough he smote with brand.”

And as he hewed on silently, with grinding teeth, and hard, glittering eyes, of whom did he think? Of Alfruda?

Not so. But of that pale ghost, with great black hollow eyes, who sat in Crowland, with thin bare feet, and sackcloth on her tender limbs, watching, praying, longing, loving, uncomplaining. That ghost had been for many a month the background of all his thoughts and dreams. It was so clear before his mind's eye now, that unawares to himself, he shouted, “Torfrida!” as he struck, and struck the harder at the sound of his old battle-cry.

And now he is all wounded and be-bled; and Winter, who has fought back to back with him, has fallen on his face; and Hereward stands alone, turning from side to side, as he sweeps his sword right and left till the forest rings with the blows, but staggering as he turns. Within a ring of eleven corpses he stands. Who will go in and make the twelfth?

A knight rushes in, to fall headlong down, cloven through the helm: but Hereward's blade snaps short, and he hurls it away as his foes rush in with a shout



of joy. He tears his shield from his left arm, and with it, says Gaimar, brains two more.

But the end is come. Taillebois and Evermuë are behind him now ; four lances are through his back, and bear him down upon his knees.

“Cut off his head, Breton !” shouted Ivo. Raoul de Dol rushed forward, sword in hand. At that cry Hereward lifted up his dying head. One stroke more ere it was all done for ever.

And with a shout of “Torfrida !” which made the Brunswald ring, he hurled the shield full in the Breton’s face, and fell forward dead.

The knights drew their lances from that terrible corpse slowly and with caution, as men who have felled a bear, and yet dare not step within reach of the seemingly lifeless paw.

“The dog died hard,” said Ivo. “Lucky for us that Sir Ascelin had news of his knights being gone to Crowland. If he had had them to back him, we had not done this deed to-day.”

“I must keep my word with him,” said Ascelin, as he struck off the once fair and golden head.

“Ho, Breton,” cried Ivo, “the villain is dead. Get up, man, and see for yourself. What ails him ?”

But when they lifted up Raoul de Dol his brains were running down his face ; and all men stood astonished at that last mighty stroke.





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man, and a friend of King William's ; and my friend he shall be till he behaves himself as my foe. Let them come up in peace."

Taillebois growled and cursed : but the monks came up, and into the hall ; and at their head Ingulf himself, to receive whom all men rose, save Taillebois.

"I come," said Ingulf, in most courtly French, "noble knights, to ask a boon in the name of the Most Merciful, on behalf of a noble and unhappy lady. Let it be enough to have avenged yourself on the living. Gentlemen and Christians war not against the dead."

"No, no, Master Abbot !" shouted Taillebois ; "Waltheof is enough to keep Crowland in miracles for the present. You shall not make a martyr of another Saxon churl. He wants the barbarian's body, knights, and you will be fools if you let him have it."

"Churl ? Barbarian ?" said a haughty voice ; and a nun stepped forward who had stood just behind Ingulf. She was clothed entirely in black. Her bare feet were bleeding from the stones : her hand, as she lifted it, was as thin as a skeleton's.

She threw back her veil, and showed to the knights what had been once the famous beauty of Torfrida.

But the beauty was long passed away. Her hair was white as snow ; her cheeks were fallen in. Her hawk-like features were all sharp and hard. Only in their



hollow sockets burned still the great black eyes, so fiercely that all men turned uneasily from her gaze.

“Churl? Barbarian?” she said slowly and quietly, but with an intensity which was more terrible than rage. “Who gives such names to one who was as much better born and better bred than they who now sit here, as he was braver and more terrible than they? The base woodcutter’s son?—The upstart who would have been honoured had he taken service as yon dead man’s groom?——”

“Talk to me so, and my stirrup leathers shall make acquaintance with your sides,” said Taillebois.

“Keep them for your wife. Churl? Barbarian? There is not a man within this hall who is not a barbarian compared with him. Which of you touched the harp like him? Which of you, like him, could move all hearts with song? Which of you knows all tongues from Lapland to Provence? Which of you has been the joy of ladies’ bowers, the counsellor of earls and heroes, the rival of a mighty king? Which of you will compare yourself with him—whom you dared not even strike, you and your robber crew, fairly in front, but skulked round him till he fell pecked to death by you, as Lapland Skratlings peck to death the bear? Ten years ago he swept this hall of such as you, and hung their heads upon yon gable outside; and were he alive but one five minutes, this hall would be right cleanly swept



again! Give me his body—or bear for ever the name of cowards, and Torfrida's curse."

She fixed her terrible eyes first on one, and then on another, calling them by name.

"Ivo Taillebois—basest of all——"

"Take the witch's accursed eyes off me!" and he covered his face with his hands. "I shall be overlooked—planet-struck. Hew the witch down! Take her away!"

"Hugh of Evermue—The dead man's daughter is yours, and the dead man's lands. Are not these remembrances enough of him? Are you so fond of his memory that you need his corpse likewise?"

"Give it her! Give it her!" said he, hanging down his head like a rated cur.

"Ascelin of Lincoln, once Ascelin of Ghent—There was a time when you would have done—what would you not?—for one glance of Torfrida's eyes.—Stay. Do not deceive yourself, fair sir. Torfrida means to ask no favour of you, or of living man. But she commands you. Do the thing she bids, or with one glance of her eye she sends you childless to your grave."

"Madam! Lady Torfrida! What is there I would not do for you? What have I done now, save avenge your great wrong?"

Torfrida made no answer: but fixed steadily on him eyes which widened every moment.





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“Now, knights, give me—that which hangs outside.”

Ascelin hurried out, glad to escape. In a minute he returned.

The head was already taken down. A tall lay brother, the moment he had seen it, had climbed the gable, snatched it away, and now sat in a corner of the yard, holding it on his knees, talking to it, chiding it, as if it had been alive. When men had offered to take it, he had drawn a battle-axe from under his frock, and threatened to brain all comers. And the monks had warned off Ascelin, saying that the man was mad, and had Berserk fits of superhuman strength and rage.

“He will give it me,” said Torfrida, and went out.

“Look at that gable, foolish head,” said the madman. “Ten years ago, you and I took down from thence another head. Oh, foolish head, to get yourself at last up into that same place! Why would you not be ruled by her, you foolish golden head?”

“Martin!” said Torfrida.

“Take it and comb it, mistress, as you used to do. Comb out the golden locks again, fit to shine across the battle-field. She has let them all get tangled into elf-knots, that lazy slut within.”

Torfrida took it from his hands, dry-eyed, and went in.

Then the monks silently took up the bier, and all went forth, and down the Roman road toward the fen.



They laid the corpse within the barge, and slowly rowed away.

And past the Deeping, down the Welland stream,  
By winding reaches on, and shining meres  
Between grey reed-ronds and green alder-beds,  
And the brown horror of the homeless fen,  
A dirge of monks and wail of women rose  
In vain to Heaven for the last Englishman ;  
Then died far off within the boundless mist,  
And left the Frenchman master of the land.

So Torfrida took the corpse home to Crowland, and buried it in the choir, near the blessed martyr St. Waltheof; after which she did not die, but lived on many years,\* spending all day in nursing and feeding the Countess Godiva, and lying all night on Hereward's tomb, and praying that he might find grace and mercy in that day.

And at last Godiva died; and they took her away, and buried her with great pomp in her own minster-church of Coventry.

And after that Torfrida died likewise; because she had nothing else for which to live. And they laid her in Hereward's grave, and their dust is mingled to this day.

And Oger the Breton got back Morcar's lands, and held them at least till the time of Domesday Book. But Manthorpe, Toft, and Witham, Aswart, Thorold's man,

\* If Ingulf can be trusted, Torfrida died about A. D. 1085.



got back ; and they were held for several centuries by the Abbey of Peterborough, seemingly as some set off for Abbot Thorold's thirty thousand marks.

And Ivo Taillebois did evil mightily all his days ; and how he died, and what befel him after death, let Peter of Blois declare.

And Leofric the priest lived on to a good old age, and above all things he remembered the deeds and the sins of his master ; and wrote them in a book, and this is what remains thereof.

But when Martin Lightfoot died no man has said ; for no man in those days took account of such poor churls and running serving-men.

And Hereward's comrades were all scattered abroad, some maimed, some blinded, some with tongues cut out, to beg by the wayside, or crawl into convents, and then die ; while their sisters and daughters, ladies born and bred, were the slaves of grooms and scullions from beyond the sea.

And so, as sang Thorkel Skallason—

“ Cold heart and bloody hand \*  
Now rule English land.”

And after that things waxed even worse and worse, for sixty years and more ; all through the reigns of the two Williams, and of Henry Beauclerc, and of Stephen ; till men saw visions and portents, and thought that the

\* Laing's *Heimskringla*.





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never rise ; for “ the French\* had filled the land full of castles. They greatly oppressed the wretched people by making them work at these castles ; and when the castles were finished, they filled them with devils and evil men. They took those whom they suspected of having any goods, both men and women, and they put them in prison for their gold and silver, and tortured them with pains unspeakable, for never were any martyrs tormented as these were. They hung some by their feet, and smoked them with foul smoke ; some by the thumbs or by the head, and put burning things on their feet. They put a knotted string round their heads, and twisted it till it went into the brain. They put them in dungeons wherein were adders, and snakes, and toads, and thus wore them out. Some they put into a crucet-house—that is, into a chest that was short and narrow, and they put sharp stones therein, and crushed the man so that they broke all his bones. There were hateful and grim things called Sachenteges in many of the castles, which two or three men had enough to do to carry. This Sachentege was made thus :—It was fastened to a beam, having a sharp iron to go round a man’s throat and neck, so that he might no ways sit, nor lie, nor sleep, but he must bear all the iron. Many thousands they wore out with hunger. . . . They were continually levying a tax from the towns, which they called Truserie, and when

\* Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, A.D. 1137.



the wretched townsfolk had no more to give, then burnt they all the towns, so that well mightest thou walk a whole day's journey or ever thou shouldest see a man settled in a town, or its lands tilled . . . .

“Then was corn dear, and flesh, and cheese, and butter, for there was none in the land. Wretched men starved with hunger. Some lived on alms who had been once rich. Some fled the country. Never was there more misery, and never heathens acted worse than these.”

For now the sons of the Church's darlings, of the Crusaders whom the Pope had sent, beneath a gonfanon blessed by him, to destroy the liberties of England, turned, by a just retribution, upon that very French clergy who had abetted all their iniquities in the name of Rome. “They spared neither church nor churchyard, but took all that was valuable therein, and then burned the church and all together. Neither did they spare the lands of bishops, nor of abbots, nor of priests: but they robbed the monks and clergy, and every man plundered his neighbour as much as he could. If two or three men came riding to a town, all the townsfolk fled before them, and thought that they were robbers. The bishops and clergy were for ever cursing them: but this to them was nothing, for they were all accursed and forsworn and reprobate. The earth bare no corn: you might as well have tilled the sea; for all the land was



ruined by such deeds, and it was said openly that Christ and His saints slept."

And so was avenged the blood of Harold and his brothers, of Edwin and Morcar, of Waltheof and Hereward.

And those who had the spirit of Hereward in them, fled to the merry greenwood, and became bold outlaws, with Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John, Adam Bell, and Clym of the Cleugh, and William of Cloudeslee; and watched with sullen joy the French robbers tearing in pieces each other, and the Church who had blest their crime.

And they talked and sung of The Wake, and all his doughty deeds, over the hearth in lone farm-houses, or in the outlaw's lodge beneath the hollins green; and all the burden of their song was, "Ah that The Wake were alive again!" for they knew not that The Wake was alive for evermore: that only his husk and shell lay mouldering there in Crowland choir; that above them, and around them, and in them, destined to raise them out of that bitter bondage, and mould them into a great nation, and the parents of still greater nations in lands as yet unknown, brooded the immortal spirit of The Wake, now purged from all earthly dross—even the spirit of Freedom, which can never die.





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Where had been lonely meres, foul watercourses, stagnant slime, there were now great dykes, rich and fair corn and grass lands, rows of white cottages. The newly-drained land swarmed with stocks of new breeds : horses and sheep from Flanders, cattle from Normandy ; for Richard de Rulos was the first—as far as history tells—of that noble class of agricultural squires, who are England's blessing and England's pride.

“ For this Richard de Rulos,” says Ingulf, or whoever wrote in his name, “ who had married the daughter and heiress of Hugh of Evermue, Lord of Bourne and Deeping, being a man of agricultural pursuits, got permission from the monks of Crowland, for twenty marks of silver, to enclose as much as he would of the common marshes. So he shut out the Welland by a strong embankment, and building thereon numerous tenements and cottages, till in a short time he formed a large ‘ vill,’ marked out gardens, and cultivated fields ; while, by shutting out the river, he found in the meadow land, which had been lately deep lakes and impassable marshes (wherefore the place was called Deeping, the deep meadow), most fertile fields and desirable lands, and out of sloughs and bogs accursed made quite a garden of pleasaunce.”

So there the good man, the beginner of the good work of centuries, sat looking out over the fen, and listening to the music which came on the southern breeze, above



the low of the kine, and the clang of the wild-fowl settling down to rest, from the bells of Crowland Minster far away.

They were not the same bells which tolled for Hereward and Torfrida. Those had run down in molten streams upon that fatal night when Abbot Ingulf leapt out of bed to see the vast wooden sanctuary wrapt in one sheet of roaring flame, from the carelessness of plumber who had raked the ashes over his fire in the bell-tower, and left it to smoulder through the night.

Then perished all the riches of Crowland; its library too, of more than seven hundred volumes, with that famous Nadir, or Orrery, the like whereof was not in all England, wherein the seven planets were represented, each in their proper metals. And even worse, all the charters of the monastery perished, a loss which involved the monks thereof in centuries of lawsuits, and compelled them to become as industrious and skilful forgers of documents as were to be found in the minsters of the middle age.

But Crowland Minster had been rebuilt in greater glory than ever, by the help of the French gentry round. Abbot Ingulf, finding that St. Guthlac's plain inability to take care of himself had discredited him much in the fen-men's eyes, fell back, Frenchman as he was, on the virtues of the holy martyr, St. Waltheof, whose tomb he opened with due reverence, and found



the body as whole and uncorrupted as on the day on which it was buried ; and the head united to the body, while a fine crimson line around the neck was the only sign remaining of his decollation.

On seeing which Ingulf “could not contain himself for joy ; and interrupting the response which the brethren were singing, with a loud voice began the hymn ‘Te Deum Laudamus,’ on which the chaunter taking it up, enjoined the rest of the brethren to sing it.” After which Ingulf—who had never seen Waltheof in life—discovered that it was none other than he whom he had seen in a vision at Fontenelle, as an earl most gorgeously arrayed, with a torc of gold about his neck, and with him an abbot, two bishops, and two saints, the three former being Usfran, Ausbert, and Wandresigil of Fontenelle ; and the two saints, of course St. Guthlac and St. Neot.

Whereon, crawling on his hands and knees, he kissed the face of the holy martyr, and “perceived such a sweet odour proceeding from the holy body, as he never remembered to have smelt, either in the palace of the king, or in Syria with all its aromatic herbs.”

Quid plura ? What more was needed for a convent of burnt-out monks ? St. Waltheof was translated in state to the side of St. Guthlac ; and the news of this translation of the holy martyr being spread throughout the country, multitudes of the faithful flocked daily to





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And yet—so strangely mingled for good and evil are the works of men—that lying brotherhood of Crowland set up, in those very days, for pure love of learning and of teaching learning, a little school of letters in a poor town hard by ; which became, under their auspices, the University of Cambridge.

So the bells of Crowland were restored, more melodious than ever ; and Richard of Rulos doubtless had his share in their restoration. And that day they were ringing with a will, and for a good reason ; for that day had come the news, that Henry Plantagenet was crowned king of England.

“ ‘ Lord,’ ” said the good old knight, “ ‘ now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.’ This day, at last, he sees an English king head the English people.”

“ God grant,” said the old lady, “ that he may be such a lord-to England, as thou hast been to Bourne.”

“ If he will be—and better far will he be, by God’s grace, from what I hear of him, than ever I have been—he must learn that which I learnt from thee : to understand these English men, and know what stout and trusty prudhommes they are all, down to the meanest serf, when once one can humour their sturdy independent tempers.”

“ And he must learn, too, the lesson which thou didst teach me, when I would have had thee, in the pride of youth, put on the magic armour of my ancestors, and



win me fame in every tournament and battle-field. Blessed be the day when Richard of Rulos said to me, 'If others dare to be men of war, I dare more ; for I dare to be a man of peace. Have patience with me, and I will win for thee and for myself a renown more lasting, before God and man, than ever was won with lance !' Do you remember those words, Richard mine?"

The old man leant his head upon his hands. "It may be that not those words, but the deeds which God has caused to follow them, may, by Christ's merits, bring us a short purgatory and a long heaven."

"Amen. Only whatever grief we may endure in the next life for our sins, may we endure it as we have the griefs of this life, hand in hand."

"Amen, Torfrida. There is one thing more to do before we die. The tomb in Crowland ;—Ever since the fire blackened it, it has seemed to me too poor and mean to cover the dust which once held two such noble souls. Let us send over to Normandy for fair white stone of Caen, and let us carve a tomb worthy of thy grandparents."

"And what shall we write thereon?"

"What but that which is there already? 'Here lies the last of the English.'"

"Not so. We will write—'Here lies the last of the



old English.' But upon thy tomb, when thy time comes, the monks of Crowland shall write—

“ ‘ Here lies the first of the new English ; who, by the inspiration of God, began to drain the Fens.’ ”

EXPLICIT.





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