

of harness, thunder of hoofs, and fluttering of banners. Then might be seen, or ever they reached the foe, a wavering in the ranks; a score or so of men-at-arms fell crashing, horse and man, as the treacherous pitfalls did their deadly work. Those behind pressed on, or, pulling aside to clear their fallen comrades, were mired in the boggy ground. The whole array was in confusion before a blow could be struck; but still the cry was, "Forward!" They did not flinch from it, the brave fellows; by twos and threes they struggled through the labyrinth, but leaving half their number behind. The captains reformed their troops under the hill on the Scottish side of the brook; they were within bowshot of the enemy now, but the shafts fell almost harmless among them, for men and horses were mail-clad.

Forward again! A thousand spears were lowered to rest as Gloucester, shouting "Saint George! Saint George!" led the charge upon Edward de Brus's schil-trom. But the ground was against him; the weight of armour on man and horse, which ought to have lent force to the impact, told against the assailants charging up hill. The solid square never rocked or flexed. The attack completely failed; but Gloucester, frantic at the miscarriage, rallying a few of his best round him, launched them in a supreme attempt. He succeeded in breaking the ranks, and dealt death around him with whirling mace. But it was to no avail; the men of Ayr and Lanark closed up as their comrades fell. Gloucester's horse went down; the rider stood a few moments at bay, for he was a prize too rich for common butchery; but he would accept no quarter: a bruised and bloody corpse was soon all that remained of the noblest of England's chivalry.

Of all this Marmion beheld not the details from his