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XXXV.

Of certain gests whereof it ill pleaseth an Englishman to hear, and of other matter which he will brook with the greater patience seeing that it is brief.

THE guard upon the English prisoners in the Scottish camp joined in the maddened throng that flew upon the plunder, thus. Marmion and his fellows found themselves at liberty. A graceless, bootless boon for seven-and-twenty unarmed men with the solid Scottish line of schil-troms between them and their friends.

"Sir Thomas Gray," said Marmion to his chief companion in misfortune, "there are but two courses for us—either to go and die like sheep in yonder slaughter-yard, or to make for the gates of Stirling and help Sir Philip's defence. Say which you will and I am with you."

"I hold little by life after this day," answered the veteran, "yet I care not to go to my death with not so much as a misericorde in my fist. Here we cannot bide, for it pleases me not to look longer upon that ugsome strife. Methinks we will serve a better purpose by going to Stirling; nay, it is our duty, de Mowbray's garrison being the nearest of the king's forces to this place."

They set off without further parley—a downcast mournful band—Sir Thomas Gray having not so much spirit