

the "retire," and drew off his shattered squadrons, just as Douglas was approaching with a reinforcement.<sup>1</sup> He left more than fourscore dead horses round the fatal schiltrom, and as many of his knights and soldiers either slain or taken prisoners.

Marmion's golden helmet marked him out as a great prize; indeed he was easily recognised thereby, for the fame of the splendid crest had not been forgotten in Scottish camp-lore. For the second time he stood before the King of Scots, a prisoner taken in open mellay.

"Ha, sir knight!" quoth King Robert, when he saw him, "so the fortune of war has unfriended you once again. Blame us not if your ransom stands at a higher figure than when we last fixed it in the Glen of Trool. It is your own valour which has enhanced its value."

"Your troops have taught us a lesson, sire, this day," said Marmion, "which I trust King Edward's commanders will lay to heart. They are the only foot-soldiers I ever saw that could withstand a charge of de Clifford's horse."

"That is a matter, sir knight, which we will gladly discuss with you at a time of more leisure," replied the king. "Meanwhile, in order that your captivity may be as little irksome to your valiancy as may be, we will accept your parole, if you care to give it, not to go beyond our out-posts, and to surrender to us at sundown to-morrow."

"I thank you, sire," said Marmion; "but seeing that the Earl of Moray has taken many prisoners, we must put him to the trouble of guarding us till such time as fair rescue appears."

<sup>1</sup> Two large stones, set up about a hundred yards west of the high-road leading south from Stirling, mark the position of Randolph Moray's "schiltrom," and the place is known to this day as Randolph's Field.