

army which marched from Wark on the morrow of Saint Barnabas's day, less than twenty thousand ever stood again besouth the Tweed. All the rest perished between Bannockburn and Falkirk, or were slain by the hostile peasantry as they wandered miserably among the moors on their way back to the Border.

It was according to the custom of war that the commander of an army, whose duties in the field prevented him from taking prisoners by his own prowess, was assigned by lot a proportion of the prisoners taken. One prisoner, it has been shown, had yielded to the King of Scots in person; among the others who fell to his share were his kinsman, Sir Marmaduke de Twenge, and his former brother-in-arms, Sir Ralph de Monthermer, who had carried King Edward's shield in the battle. The aggregate ransom of these three wealthy knights would amount to a figure which even a monarch could not despise—nay, to one which many a monarch might deem booty enough for a whole year's campaign. But the King of Scots won more hearts by his grace than he conquered by his arms. Of the twelve prisoners at his own disposal he summoned these three before him, and addressed them thus:—

"Cousin Marmaduke, it grieves us to war against our own kith and kin, and we are rejoiced indeed that you have not suffered hurt from our people in the fight. Sir Ralph de Monthermer, we ourselves beheld how well you bore yourself in the field; and albeit we grieve that our ancient comrade and tried friend should thole the bitterness of defeat, we cannot but rejoice that fortune has put it in our power to show our favour towards him. My Lord of Fontenaye," he continued, turning to Marmion with a smile, "twice already you have refused to give us