



"MARMION'S DEFIANCE TO DOUGLAS"—FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR JOHN GILBERT.

MARMION'S DEFIANCE TO DOUGLAS.

THIS spirited engraving illustrates the moment when, after his precipitate retreat from Tantallon Castle, Lord Marmion halted for an instant to hurl defiance at his foe, before meeting his fate at Flodden Field. To refresh the memory of our readers, we subjoin the stirring lines of the Wizard of the North, which gain a new and vital interest from the exquisite picture:

The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopp'd to bid adieu:
"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your King's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I staid,
Part we in friendship from your land,

And, noble Earl, receive my hand."
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
"My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
Be open, at my Sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, how'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my King's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone;
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burn'd Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—"This to me!" he said;
"An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spar'd
To cleave the Douglas' head!"

And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword),
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!

And if thou said'st, I am not-peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth—"And darrest thou, then,
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?"

Andapest thou hence unscathed to go?
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up draw-bridge, grooms—what, Warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall!"

Lord Marmion turn'd—well was his need—
And dash'd the rowels in his steed:
Like arrow through the archway sprung;
The ponderous grate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the draw-bridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise:
Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reach'd his hand,
He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.