

She saw how strong was George's hand,
How stout his arm, how keen his brand;
And seeing this, she hoped his life
Might yet pass scatheless from the strife.

Meanwhile, the three remaining foes
Advanced, together, to the close;
Taught, by experience, at length,
That unity is ever strength.
Then Douglas saw his doom was nigh,
And Douglas-like disdained to fly.
He muttered, low, a soldier's prayer,
He called upon his ladye-fair;
His bloody brand on high he flung,
His every nerve he braced and strung;
Then ready stood the fight to dare,
With the cool boldness of despair.

On headlong rushed the foe, but e'er
Steel struck on steel, or shield on spear,
Kirkaldy, who the nearest rode,
Reined the rude war-horse he bestrode,
And loud to Douglas cried:
"Surrender, fool, you fight in vain,
"Tis true that two your arm has slain,
"But three good cavaliers remain
"To take their leader's side;
"And for yon giddy woman's sake,
"Her longings for a crown to slake,
"Enough this day have died;
"Alone you cannot bar the field—
"Then fight no more, but wisely yield."

Answering not a single word,
The Douglas dashed aside his sword,
His dagger keen he drew;
His visage grew as pale as death,
He grasped the hilt, he held his breath,
Then at the speaker flew.

Kirkaldy saw the dreadful spring,
And swerved aside with sudden swing;
While Douglas, swift as light, passed on,
Then turned upon the nearest one;
And held within their vice-like grasp,
His arms the foremost soldier clasp;
His hand is at the foeman's waist,
His foot is in the stirrup braced;
Uselessly may the trooper strain,
His bootless struggles are in vain;
And well the death-doomed wretch may scream,
To see that dagger's fitful gleam;
His breast lies bare, its point is keen,
No friendly steel can intervene.
Down came the dagger's deadly stroke,
Against no guardian rib it broke,
But, cutting deep, the dreaded dart
Lay smoking in the trooper's heart.

Black grew his face,—back rolled his head,—
He staggered,—moved,—and then fell dead;
But, as he fell, his lifeless corse
Dragged the bold Douglas from his horse.

When Mary saw her champion down,
Her high-fetched hopes were overthrown,
Her fond anticipations flown:

Low bent she o'er her charger's side,
And then fair Scotland's lovely queen,
Moved at the sad,—the mournful scene,

Like peasant maiden cried:
"Oh, God! to die,—so young,—so brave,
"All those I love and cherish,
"Like gallant George must find a grave,
"Like Rizzio must perish!"

That shout of woe the Douglas heard,
New life within his veins it stirred;
From the hard ground he swiftly rose,
Returned Kirkaldy's dreadful blows;
Grasped the rude chieftain by the thigh,
And, had no other aid been nigh,—
Had he but fought with single might,
Kirkaldy would have rued the fight.
But darkly closed the other round,
And George once more was hurled to ground.
Unhorsed, unarmed, against the two,
What could his single prowess do?
Queen Mary turned her face away,
She dared not look upon the fray;
And we will, also, draw the veil,
O'er the dire sequel of our tale! * * * *

Reader, if, on a future day,
O'er Langside moor you chance to stray,
Close by, where stands a hawthorn green,
A little hillock may be seen;
And there, the neighbouring shepherds tell,
That Douglas fought, and Douglas fell.

THE ROSE.—Professor Agassiz, in a lecture upon the trees of America, stated a remarkable fact in regard to the family of the rose, which includes among its varieties, not only many of the most beautiful flowers which are known, but also the ribbest fruits, such as the apple, pear, peach, plum, apricot, cherry, strawberry, raspberry, blackberry, &c.: namely, *that no fossils of plants belonging to this family have ever been discovered by geologists!* This he regarded as conclusive evidence, that the introduction of this family of plants upon the earth was coeval with, or subsequent to, the creation of man, to whose comfort and happiness, they seem especially designed by a wise Providence to contribute.