

ing up their caps, raised a loud shout of "God save King Charles!" In the ears of their victims it sounded like the knell of death; for, on reaching the promised ford, they beheld its white foaming waves, and the current running with that irresistible rapidity peculiar to the Severn sea.

In vain the soldiers spurred their horses from side to side, brandishing their weapons, and addressing their enemies alternately in the language of furious menace or of abject supplication. They continued inexorable; lying at anchor out of reach of pistol shot, and sternly awaiting the catastrophe, which they well knew to be inevitable. This was not long delayed. The last rays of the setting sun gleamed upon the polished corsets and plumed skull-caps, as the whole body was observed, moving slowly in single file towards the water's edge. They halted for a moment, ere man and horse plunged desperately in, were instantly hurried away, and their bodies cast ashore for several successive days, were the only intimation their party received of their fate.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.—Elizabeth, Queen of England, passionately admired handsome and well-made men; and he was already far advanced in her favour who approached her with beauty and with grace. On the contrary, she had so unconquerable an aversion for ugly and ill-made men, who had been treated unfortunately by nature, that she could not endure their presence. When she issued from her palace, her guards were careful to disperse from before her eyes hideous and deformed people,—the lame, the hunch-backed, &c.—in a word, all those whose appearance might shock her delicate sensations. The origin of Raleigh's advancement in the Queen's graces was by an action of gallantry, which perfectly gratified her Majesty, not insensible to flattery. He found the Queen taking a walk; and a wet place incommoding her royal footsteps, Raleigh immediately spread his new plush cloak across the muddy place. The Queen stepped cautiously on it, and passed over dry; but not without a particular observation of him who had given her so eloquent, though silent, a flattery. Shortly afterwards, from Captain Raleigh, he became Sir Walter, and rapidly advanced in the Queen's favour.

Our errors are too frequently the source of our own chagrins; and we are generally unfortunate because we know not how to appreciate good and evil.

THE BURNING OF THE TOWER.

The Cybele of cities stands veiled with the night;
But why are the turrets that crown her
bright?

Those halls which for ages were silent and
Shine forth as when lit for some banquet of
But what mean the thunders that peal on
breeze?

Ah! surely no sounds of the revel are these
The Tower hath a guest, though in silence
came,

The festival there is a banquet of flame.

Ho! London, awake thee! though many have
been—

Aye, many and changeful—the sights thou hast
Of gladness and sorrow, of splendor and power
What pageants have glittered or gloomed in
thy Tower—

The lists of the tourney, the altar of prayer,
Court, dungeon, and scaffold alike have been
there;

And bright were the banners its battlements
But ne'er had the Tower such a gala before
With terror and tumult from hovel and hall
They come, for one beacon hath summoned
them all,

The far-seen and fire-crested summit, where
Falls fearfully bright on the city below.

O! Queen of the waters, it shines on thy
Through all thy deep hidden vias vast as the
art;

It startles the dream of the captives' repose
On thy eyes of the dying it gleams ere it
close—

It bursts in its power on the halls of the great
Like trumpets that summon to judgment away
For the rod of the Prophet smote only
flood,

But this turns the sky of thy midnight to blue
How vainly you strive the destroyer to quail
O brave hearts of Britain, who served her
well!—

In war, you have shattered both sceptre and
But flee, for a greater than Britain is here.
Thou stronghold of Glory, though wide
thy fame,

And minstrel and story have hallowed
Yet in thee were found the dark stains of
past,

And see, an avenger hath entered at last.
Long, long, hast thou boasted the treasure
Thy victors hath gathered from nation's
The realm of the North gave her iron-
toil,

And lands of the sunrise their gold-coast
But trophies of ages are perishing now,