

young lady, said he, your William is in heaven." Is he, indeed? and shall we meet again? and shall that frightful man (pointing to the keeper) not be there?—Alas! I am growing naughty of late; I have almost forgotten to think of heaven; yet I pray sometimes; when I can, I pray, and sometimes I sing; you shall hear me, hush!

"Light be the earth on William's breast,
And green the sod that wraps his grave!"

There was a plaintive wildness in the air not to be withstood; and except the keeper's there was not an unmoistened eye around her.

"Do you weep again? I would not have you to weep: you are like my William, you are, believe me; just so he looked when he gave me this ring; poor William; 'twas the last time we ever met!" " 'Twas when the seas were roaring—I love you for resembling my William; but I shall never love any man like him." She stretched out her hand to Harley; he pressed it between both of his, and bathed it with his tears. "Nay that is William's ring, said she, you cannot have it, indeed, but here is another, look here, which I plaited to day, from some gold thread from this bit of stuff; will you keep it for my sake? I am a strange girl, but my heart is harmless, my poor heart; it will burst some day; feel how it beats!" She pressed his hand to her bosom, then holding her head in the attitude of listening—"Hark! one, two, three! be quiet thou little trembler; my William is cold! but I had forgotten the ring." She put it on his finger. "Farewell, I must leave you now." She would have withdrawn her hand; Harley held it to his lips; "I dare not stay longer, my head throbs sadly; farewell." Harley looked on his ring. He put a couple of guineas into the keeper's hand—"Be kind to that unfortunate"—He burst into tears and left the house.—*McKenzie.*

THE CREST OF THE WORLD.—One of the finest instances of descriptive power that we have met with, is contained in a passage of the last work of Washington Irving: where the prospect from a lofty peak of the Rocky Mountains is painted with an affluence of language and elegant aptitude of expression which bears with it all the force and the charm of poetry. The traveller, after indescribable toil, has gained the summit of the mountain, far in the region of eternal snows. Here, says Mr. Irving, "here a scene burst upon the view of Captain Bonneville that for a time astonished and overwhelmed him with its immensity. He stood, in fact, as it were upon that dividing ridge which Indians regard as the crest of the world and on each side of which the landscape may be said to decline to the two cardinal oceans of the globe. Whichever way he turned his eye it was confounded by the vastness and variety of objects. Beneath him the Rocky Mountains seemed to open all their secret recesses: deep, solemn valleys, treasured lakes; dreary passes; rugged defiles, and foaming torrents: while beyond their savage precincts the eye was lost in an almost immeasurable landscape—stretching on every side into dim and hazy distance, like the expanse of a summer's sea. Whichever way he looked, he beheld vast plains, glimmering with reflected sunshine; mighty streams, wandering on their shining course toward either ocean: and snowy mountains, chain beyond chain, and peak beyond peak till they melted like clouds into the horizon. For a time the Indian fable seemed to be realized; he had attained that height from which the Blackfoot warriors, after death, first catches a view of the land of souls, and beholds the happy hunting-grounds spread out below him, brightening with the abodes of the free and generous spirits."

BEAUTY.—The following is an extract from Dr. Howe's address before the Boston Phrenological Society, and contains a beautiful idea, on a beautiful subject, beautifully expressed;—"Most heartily do I agree with the sage who said, with a sigh—'Well, philosophers may argue and plain men may fret, but beauty will find its way to the human heart.' And it should be so, for so hath the Creator wisely and kindly ordained it. He hath vouchsafed to man the faculty of perceiving beauty. He hath made the perception a source of delight to him, and he hath filled the earth, the

sea, and the skies with bright and beautiful objects, which he may contemplate and admire. Else, why is the earth and every thing upon it, so varied of form, so full of beauty of outline? Why are not the hills, the rocks, the trees, all square? Why runneth not the river canal-like to the ocean? Why is not the grass black? Why cometh the green bud, the white blossom, the golden fruit, and the yellow leaf? Why is not the firmament of a leaden changeless hue? Why hang not the clouds like sponges in the sky? Why the bright tints of morning, the splendour of the noon, the gorgeous hues of sunset? Why, in a word, does the great firmament, like an everturning kaleidoscope, at every revolving hour present to man a new and beautiful picture of the skies? I care not that I shall be answered that these and all other beauties, whether of sight or sound, are the results of arrangements for other ends. I care not, for it is enough for me that a benevolent God hath so constituted us as to enable us to derive pleasure and benefit from them: and by so doing, he hath made it incumbent upon us to draw from so abundant a source."

W O M A N.

By the author of "Clinton Bradshaw."

How beautiful is woman's life,
When first her suppliant woos and kneels;
And she, with young and warm hopes rife,
Believes he deeply feels!

Then day is gladness—and the night
Looks on her with its starry eyes,
As though it gave her all their might,
Over men's destinies!

Rapt watchers of the skyey gleam!
Then men are like astrologers,
Who gaze, and gladden at the beam
Of that bright eye of hers!

And if a frown obscure its light,
'Tis like a cloud to star-struck men;
Through the long watches of the night—
Oh! for that beam again!

How heart-struck that astronomer,
A gazer on the starry zone,
When first he looked in vain for her,
The lovely Pleiad gone!

But men watch not the stars always—
And though the Pleiad may be lost,
Yet still there are a thousand rays
From the surrounding host!

And woman, long before the grave
Closes above her dreamless rest,
May be man's empress and his slave,
And his discarded jest!

Still may that Pleiad shine afar,
But pleasure-led o'er summer seas,
Who dwells upon a single star,
Amid the Pleiades!

Man courts the constellations bright,
That beam upon his bounding bark,
Nor thinks upon the left lone light,
Till all above is dark!

Then when he knows nor land nor main,
And darkly is his frail bark tost,
He courts the separate star again,
And mourns the Pleiad lost!

REPETITIONS.

BY WILLIAM COX.

There are few things in writing more disagreeable and ungraceful than the ill-chosen and uncalled-for repetition of the same word. It is, as it were, a sort of insult on the language, indirectly accusing it of a want of copiousness and variety: at the same time, be it noted, the fastidious avoidance of the same word, or set of words, when they will best express the meaning, evinces a want of nerve and directness of purpose on the part of the writer, and a consequent sacrifice of sense to mere sound, that is not at all desirable. There is, however, occasionally a singular beauty and propriety in close and frequent repetitions. They give a depth, a force, a simplicity to the sentence or verse they are employed in, that the most elaborate selection or unlimited variety would fail to impart. Of all modern writers, Coleridge seems to have been the greatest master of the felicitous effect to be given by the frequent use of the same words, and to have availed himself of this know-

ledge with the most decided success. His "Ancient Mariner" abounds with instances—

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It crack'd and growled and roared and howled,—
A wild and ceaseless sound."

Again, after the fated ship becomes becalmed—

"Day after day, day after day,
We struck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

Water, water every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water every where
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deeps did rot: O Christ!
That ever this could be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea."

But the most remarkable instance in this poem, or perhaps in the English language, is the Mariner's exclamation after the death of his crew, when he is left the only breathing thing on board—

"Alone, alone, all, all alone—
Alone on the wide, wide sea!"

What a picture of immensity, of wild and fearful solitariness, deep and settled despair, is conjured up by these two lines; and yet there are only eleven words in them, and of the eleven, one is used four times, two others twice each. Instances, though not to the same extent, might be adduced from nearly all the poets. Shakspeare sometimes uses repetitions almost tediously, as in the badinage between Portia and Bassanio about the ring: sometimes impressively, as in Queen Margaret's advice to Buckingham—

"O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog!
Look, when he fawns he bites; and when he bites
His venom tooth will rankle to the death.
Have not to do with him; beware of him:
Sin, death and hell have set their marks on him;
And all their ministers attend on him."

But perhaps no English poet has on the whole, availed himself of the repetition of words with the same closeness, frequency, and effect as Coleridge.

A ROGUE OUTWITTED.

"Talking about roguery, there was a curious incident occurred some time back, in which a rascal was completely outwitted. A bachelor gentleman, who was a very superior draftsman and caricaturist was laid up in his apartments with the gout in both feet. He could not move, but sat in an easy chair, and was wheeled in and out of his chair to the sitting room. A well known vagabond, ascertaining the fact, watched till the servant was sent upon a message. The area door, communicated with the kitchen. Down went the vagabond, entered the kitchen, walked up stairs where as he expected, he found the gentleman quite alone and helpless. 'I am sorry to see you in such a situation,' said the rogue; 'you cannot move and the servant is out.' The gentleman started. 'It is excessively careless of you to leave yourself so exposed; for, behold the consequences, I take the liberty of removing this watch and seals off the table and putting them into my own pocket, and as I perceive your keys are here; I shall unlock these drawers, and see what suits my purpose.' 'Pray help yourself,' replied the gentleman—who was aware that he could do nothing to prevent him. The rogue did so accordingly: he found the plate in the side board, and many other things that suited him, and in ten minutes having made up his bundle, he made the gentleman a low bow and decamped. But the gentleman had the use of his hands, and had not been idle—he had taken an exact likeness of the thief with his pencil, and on his servant returning, soon after, he despatched him immediately to Bow street, with the drawing and account of what had happened. The likeness was so good, that the man was immediately identified by the runners, and was captured before he had time to dispose of a single article. He was brought to the gentleman two hours afterwards, identified, the property found on him sworn to, and in six weeks was on his way to Botany Bay.—*Captain Marryat.*