

day blessing, that its splendour is unnoticed. Take a child to it, and he claps his little hands with delight; and present it to any one in a new form, and his senses are bewildered. The man of warm imagination, who looks for the first time on Niagara, feels an impulse to leap in, which is almost irresistible. What is it but a delirious fascination—the same spell which, in the loveliness of a woman, or the glory of a sunset cloud, draws you to one, and makes you long for the golden wings of the other?

I trust I shall be forgiven for this digression. It is one of feeling. I have loved the water from my childhood. It has cheated me of my sorrow when a home-sick boy, and I have lain beside it in the summer days when an idle student, and deliciously forgot my dry philosophy. It has always the same pure flow, and the same low music, and is always ready to bear away your thoughts upon its bosom, like the Hindoo's barque of flowers, to an imaginative heaven.—*Stories of American Life.*

**FIELDPATHS.**—Fieldpaths are at this season particularly attractive. I love our real old English footpaths. I love those rustic and picturesque siles opening their pleasant escapes from frequented places and dusty highways into the solitudes of nature. It is delightful to catch a glimpse of one in the old village green, under the old elmtree by some ancient cottage, or half hidden by the overhanging boughs of a wood. I love to see the smooth, dry track, winding away in easy curves along some green slope to the church-yard—to the forest grange, or to the embowered cottage. It is to me an object of certain inspiration, it seems to invite one from noise and publicity into the heart of solitude and of rural delight. It beckons the imagination on through green and whispering corn fields, through the short but verdant pasture,—the flowing mowing grass,—the odorous and sunny hay-field,—the festivity of harvest,—from lonely farm to farm, from village to village,—by clear and mossy wells,—by tinkling brooks and deep wood-skirted streams, to crofts where the daffodil is rejoicing in spring, or meadows where the large blue geranium embellishes the summer way-side: to hearts with their warm elastic sword and crimson dells,—the chattering of grasshoppers,—the foxglove, and the old gnarled oak, in short, to all the solitary haunts after which the city-pent lover of nature pants as the heart pants after the water brooks. What is there so truly English? What is so truly linked with our rural tastes, our sweetest memories, and our sweetest poetry, as stiles and footpaths? Goldsmith, Thompson, and Milton have adorned them with some of their richest wreaths. They have consecrated them to poetry and love. It is long the footpath in secluded fields, upon the siles in the embowered lane, where the wild rose and the honeysuckle are lavishing their beauty and their fragrance, that we delight to picture to ourselves rural lovers, breathing in the dewy sweetness of summer evening, vows still sweeter. There it is that the poet, seated, sends back his soul into the freshness of his youth, amongst attachments since withered by neglect, rendered painful by absence, or broken by death; amongst dreams and aspirations which even now that they pronounce their own fallacy, are lovely. It is there that he gazes on the gorgeous sunset—the evening star following with its silvery lamp the fading day, or the moon showering her pale lustre through the balmy night air, with a fancy that kindles and soars into the heavens before him, there that we have all felt the charms of woods and green fields, and solitary bows waving in the golden sunshine, or darkening in the melancholy beauty of evening shadows, who has not thought how beautiful was the sight of a village congregation, pouring out from their old grey church on a summer day, and streaming off through the quiet meadows, in all directions, to their homes? Or who that has visited Alpine scenery, has not beheld with a poetic feeling the mountaineers silently winding down out of their romantic seclusion on a sabbath morning, pacing the solitary heath-racks, bounding with elastic step down the fern-clad dells, or along the course of a riotous stream, as cheerful, as picturesque; and yet as solemn as the scenes around them?—Howitt's Book of the Seasons.

**WRITING.**—It was Addison, we believe, who observed of the schoolmen, that they had not genius enough to write a small book, and therefore took refuge in folios of the largest magnitude. We are getting as fast as possible into the predicament of the schoolmen. No one knows when he has written enough,—but, like a play at chess, still goes on with the self-same ideas, merely altering their position. This must arise from early habits and prejudices, from having been taught to regard with veneration vast collections of common-places, under the titles of this or that man's works. Tacitus may be carried about in one's pocket, while it will very shortly require a waggon to remove Sir Walter Scott's labours from place to place. Voltaire's FACILITY was his greatest fault,—better he had elaborated his periods, like Rousseau; who, notwithstanding, wrote too much. The latter, however, of all modern writers, best knew the value of his own mind. His prime of life was passed in vicissitude and study. He did not set himself about writing books for mankind, until he knew what they possessed and what they wanted. It was his opinion that a writer who would do any good should stand upon the pinnacle of his age, and from thence look into the future.

## FROM THE PLEDGE OF FRIENDSHIP.

## EGYPT'S LAST PLAGUE.

NIGHT, gentle night!—sweet season of rest,  
When even the slave as the monarch is blest;  
Mother benign!—in whose bounty may share,  
The wearied with pleasure, the wearied with care;  
Once more hast thou shelter'd the land with thy pall,  
And lonely, and lovely, and peaceful is all!  
Breathless the city as yonder dark hill,  
The temples deserted, the palaces still;  
The warrior unmail'd as the infant is calm,  
His banner droops down, like the plumes of the palm;  
The judge hath put off his stately array,  
Only in visions the ruler bears sway;  
Fair eyes have clos'd like their sisters the flowers,  
Watchful ears heed not the flight of the hours,—  
Mother and babe, one soft slumber keep,  
Captive and mourner awhile cease to weep,  
And Egypt the splendid, the warlike, but seems  
A kingdom of silence! a valley of dreams!

'Tis morn,—and the spirit of slumber hath fled:  
Woe now to the living! woe, for the dead!  
Myriads beheld the last setting sun,  
Myriads behold him now day is begun;  
Warrior and Priest, and Ruler are here,  
Maiden, and sire, and stripling appear.  
There is grandeur, and beauty, and prowess at hand,  
But where are the FIRST-BORN, the pride of the land?  
—The Prince in his palace,—where else should he dwell?  
The babe with its mother, the slave in his cell;  
Hunter and herdsman, abroad in the field,  
Chieftain and soldier, each one by his shield;  
How vary those first born in fortune and fame!  
But traverse wide Egypt, their FATE is the same!—  
Not by the pestilence, not by the sword,  
But smitten in slumber, the slain of the Lord:  
Of their late breathing thousands alone may be said,  
“They lay down the living, they lie now the dead!”

Burst forth, glorious sun, on this day long decreed;  
The haughty are humbled, the captives are freed!  
Farewell to four ages of bondage and fears,—  
Farewell to the land they have moisten'd with tears:  
The tribes of the chosen are gathering fast;  
Their lords are crouching,—farewell to the past!  
THEY need not the splendours of martial array,  
Jehovah himself is the guide of their way;  
His bright cloud their banner, his own arm their shield;  
Stern rocks shall be fountains, the desert a field!  
O! shine as at noontide, great Sun, on this host,  
And symbol the glories their future shall boast;  
And thou, hoary Ocean, with all thy wild waves,  
Cease, cease thy vain roaring,—wind rest in thy caves:  
Make ready a path through the dark depths of old,  
For Judah must pass like a flock to the fold,—  
But Egypt shall follow, Priest, people, and throne,—  
Then rage, mighty Ocean, THAT host is thine own.

**GALLANT DAUGHTER.**—Sir John Cochrane, who was engaged in Argyle's rebellion against James the Second, was taken prisoner, after a desperate resistance, and condemned to be hanged. His daughter, having notice that the death-warrant was expected from London, attired herself in men's clothes, and twice attacked and robbed the mails between Belfor and Berwick. The execution was by this means delayed, till Sir John Cochrane's father, the Earl of Dundonald, succeeded in making interest with father Peter, a Jesuit, King James' Confessor, who, for the sum of five thousand pounds, interceded with his royal master, in favour of Sir John Cochrane, and procured his pardon.

**GREATNESS.**—What renders it difficult for ordinary minds to discover a great man before he has, like a tree, put forth his blossoms, is the manner various and dissimilar, in which such persons evolve their powers. For as in nature the finest days are sometimes in the morning overclouded and dark, so the development of

position and circumstance. But to a keen eye there always appear, even in the first obscurity of extraordinary men, certain internal commotions and throes, denoting some magna vis animi at work within. genius follows no rule, but is hastened or retarded by

**A SCOTTISH EASTERLY HARR.**—Earth and heaven are not only not worth looking at in an Easterly Harr, but the Visible is absolute wretchedness, and people wonder why they were born. The visitation begins with a sort of characterless haze, waxing more and more wetly obscure, till you know not whether it be rain, snow, or sleet, that drenches your clothes in dampness, till you feel it in your skin, then in your marrow, and then in your mind. Your blinking eyes have it too—and so, shut it as you will, has your gaping mouth. Yet the streets, though looking blue, are not puddled, and the dead eat lies dry in the gutter. There is no eavesdropping—no gushing of water-spouts. To say it rained would be no breach of veracity, but a mere misstatement of a melancholy fact. The truth is, that the weather cannot rain, but keeps spit, spit, spitting, in a style sufficient to irritate Socrates—or even Moses himself; and yet true, veritably, sincere, genuine, and authentic. Rain could not—or if he could would not—so thoroughly soak you and your whole wardrobe, were you to allow him a day to do it, as that shabby imitation of a tenth-rate shower, in about the time of a usual-sized sermon. So much cold and so much wet, with so little to show for it, is a disgrace to the atmosphere, which it will take weeks of the sunniest which the weather can afford to wipe off. But the stores of sunniness, which it is in the power of Winter in this northern latitude to accumulate, cannot be immense, and, therefore, we verily believe that it would be too much to expect that it ever can make amends for the hideous horrors of this Easterly Harr. O the cut-throat!—*Blackwood.*

**PAGANINI.**—Paganini and his violin enter. A universal clapping welcomes his appearance on the stage. He advances several paces with embarrassment, and bows; and the applause recommences. He proceeds with a gait still more and more awkward, and is again applauded. He bows repeatedly, and endeavours to throw into his countenance a smile of acknowledgment, which is soon, however, replaced by an icy coldness of expression.

He stops, and in a position in which he seems, if possible, still more constrained than during his walk, and his salutations, he seizes his violin, places it between his chin and his breast, and casts on it a proud look, at once piercing and sweet. He stands thus for several seconds, leaving the public time to observe and examine his strange originality; to gaze with curiosity at his lank body, his long arms and fingers, his chestnut-coloured hair flowing over his shoulders, the illness and suffering imprinted in his whole person, his sunken mouth, his long hawk-nose, his pale and hollow cheeks, his large, fine, and open forehead, which Dr. Gall would love to contemplate, and under that forehead, eyes, hidden as if in shade, but every instant darting forth lightning.

Suddenly, his looks descend from his violin to the orchestra. He gives the signal, and, abruptly raising his right hand in the air, lets his bow fall upon his violin. You expect that all the strings are about to be broken. Nothing of the sort. You are surprised by the lightest, the most delicate, the finest of sounds. For several instants he continues to play with your anticipations, and to provoke you. All the caprices which occur to him are employed to rouse you from the indifference which he supposes you to feel. He runs, he leaps from tones to tones, from octaves to octaves, passes with incredible swiftness and precision the widest distances; ascends and descends natural and chromatic gamuts; produces everywhere harmonic chords; draws forth the most extraordinary sounds of which the violin is capable; makes it speak, sing, complain; now there is a murmuring of waves, now a breeze of wind, now a chirping of birds; in short, an incoherent charivari.

This great artist, has however, other resources than such fantasies for the captivation of the public. To this musical phantasmagorie presently succeeds a broad grand and harmonious simplicity. Pure, sweet, brilliant