

for consolation for his book, and dismissed to lose, for a while, the sense of domestic quietness which he had and a trity pleasing of one of his favourite essays.

Not so, Lady Irwin. The burning indignation which she had violently repressed, burst out in words as face to face with Agnese's chamber, and stood face to face with Agnese, but she found them duties of her office.

"But when you are in my presence, you shall not find me flagging; my own cool, you shall put your advice before; but his weakness made me childish. Now, all that is past, and you need not mind it, and I desire of you to regard me as nothing by my husband and by the boy I saved from the jaws of death. They hold their consultations; they determine what they will do; and I am to do nothing, but to give you the joy the intelligence that my child is counted as nothing in his father's sight, and that he will be a child of a third order of merit."

"I had but hearkened to the voice, that made me listen to you, when he lay senseless and powerless—when disease had done the work ready to be done, and only to leave undone was needful. Now, he is strong again in mind and body, and the strength he has regained, through my help, he uses to insult and injure me!"

"He must be better than I am at once," said she, "but you must own to me and my husband. When was it before, since the day when he first came to me, that Edward, my son, was not the smallest of his affairs without me? Now he consults, he decides, he portions out his income; and when it is done, he tells me thus and thus, as if he were to tell me what you will fear no flinching in me, now."

"Noble Madonna," cried Agnese, with a look of triumph, "how you are yourself again, all will be right; the return of the Curé is never given up; and Edward shall inherit the lands of his father."

"We must be careful what we do, Agnese; we must be subtle and secret. Sir Edward has given to his son, that Frank, who, but for me, might be lying in the vault beside his mother's corpse, and being the son of my husband, and he is quite sure that I must approve of so equitable an arrangement."

"I do not understand," said Agnese, "how you can be so foolish. I suppose, that I should love would banish her pale image from his heart, and that he could soar to no higher height than the house of Agnese, and that he, your son, that he may live there with his wife and children, and that they may enjoy their Paradise, three hundred pounds a year to be taken from our own income, and that he should be bound to send his son to Ealing; he shall alter and furnish to his taste. I will have liberal means, and the garden and the pleasure-grounds shall be re-arranged to his fancy; and he shall dream of the happiness he is never to know, as he wanders through the woods, and the roses and lilies under the trees. He shall return to fetch his bride—she shall twine the orange flowers in her hair—the wedding guests shall number the hundred; and you will be ring out the wedding peal shall toll for a death."

"Will you not destroy the girl with her love?" cried Agnese, eagerly.

"No, I hate her too much; she has won from me the hearts of all I love; but for her smiles and soft voice I might have lived happy and innocent. She loves him, Agnese; he is dear to her as the light of heaven. She shall live to pine for him in hopeless sorrow."

"I will not consent," said Agnese, "to the crime shall be mine, the vengeance yours."

"Never fear, Agnese. The vengeance I will take, and the young man certain, and the eye of the eagle. But enough, we have time to spare; to decide them into security must our present labour."

TAKING THE CENSUS.—*Marshall*.—How many male persons are there in this family? *Old Lady*.—Do you mean children and all? *M*.—Certainly. *O. L.*—Oh then there ain't none, 'cause my children is all girls, 'cept John, and my young man, 'cause he ain't none, but Biddy the hired gal. *M*.—I understood you to say that your children were all girls. *O. L.*—I ain't yes! Well, d'ye count them too? *M*.—Certainly I do; I count all who make their home in your family—old and young—certain, women and all. *O. L.*—Snakes alive! I thought you put down the old gentleman, I suppose—don't you? *M*.—What old gentleman? *O. L.*—My old man, to be sure. *M*.—To be sure I do. I thought you said that he was the only man in the family. *O. L.*—So I did; but didn't 'spose 'a males' meant dear old man, like my husband. Poor dear! He's

been all but dead with the palsy six years past hee'ing. *M*.—Now for the females. *O. L.*—Well, there's Biddy, and Prudence, and Grace, and my young man, and my four of them. *M*.—But you haven't included yourself, here. *O. L.*—Gracious! D'ye put down the old woman too? 'Pears to me the Stato's mighty curious this year.—*American Paper*.

IS FRIDAY AN UNLUCKY DAY. From time immemorial, Friday has been frowned upon as a day of ill-omen. And though the prejudice is less prevalent now than it has been of yore, when superstition had more power than it has at present, in this matter-of-factage of ours, who would hesitate on a day so suspicious, to begin an undertaking of any momentous import—How many brave mariners, whose heart unquailing could not the wildest fury of their ocean foam, would blanch to even bend their sails! But to show that our most reasonable folk are in the right, let us examine the following important facts in connection with our new settlement and greatness as a nation, and we will see how true it is that we Americans have to dread the fatal day.

On Friday, June 21, 1492, Christopher Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery.

On Friday, August 12, 1492, he first discovered land.

On Friday, Jan. 4, 1493, he sailed on his return to Spain, which, if he had not reached in safety, the happy result would have never been known which led to the settlement of this continent.

On Friday, March 15, 1493, he arrived at Palos in safety.

On Friday, Sept. 22, 1493, he arrived at Hispaniola, his second voyage to America.

On Friday, June 13, 1494, he, though unknown to himself, discovered the continent of North America, being the 30th of July.

On Friday, March 13, 1496, Henry VII of England gave to John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America. This is the first American State Paper in England.

On Friday, Sept. 7, 1565, Melendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States by more than forty years.

On Friday, Nov. 10, 1620, the Mayflower, with the pilgrims, made the harbor of Plymouth Rock, the birthplace of the nation, that august compact, the forerunner of our present glorious Constitution.

On Friday, Feb. 22, 1672, the Pilgrims made their final landing at Plymouth Rock, in England.

On Friday, Feb. 22, George Washington, the Father of American Freedom, was born.

On Friday, June 16, Bomker Hill was seized and fortified.

On Friday, Oct. 7, 1777, the surrender of Fort Mifflin, the first American defeat, and influence in inducing France to declare for our cause. On Friday, Sept. 22, 1780, the treason of Arnold was laid bare, which saved the American cause.

On Friday, Oct. 19, 1781, the surrender at Yorktown, the crowning glory of the American arms, occurred.

On Friday, July 7, 1776, the motion in Congress was made by John Adams, seconded by Richard Henry Lee; that the United States should be, and of right ought to be, free and independent.

Thus, by numerous examples we see that however it may be with other nations, Americans, in general, begin a new day, any undertaking, however momentous it may be, on Friday.

THE BOY OF GENIUS.

The boy of genius is not inattentive in the ordinary acceptance of the word; for he is occasionally capable of the highest efforts of attention, and he is always ready to be watching for the moment when a subject suited to his peculiar taste shall present itself; and to a common observer he appears dull, but it is only because his mind proceeds from inward thought. His absence of mind is often mistaken for stupidity; and his laconic, yet significant answers to questions are frequently attributed to stupidity. He is not inattentive, but he has to appreciate him, we should consider what he actually does say. He is a quiet, retiring, unobtrusive, and unassuming man; you do not stand him, he is always doing what he should not do, and rarely does what he is required to do,—he talks when he should be silent, and he is silent when he should be talking. He has to answer a question, nobody can understand him, because nobody will understand him; but all at once he shows a predilection for a subject, and he speaks with such strength asserts her prerogative,—his winged spirit banishes the walls of his prison-house, and mounts on high to the regions of thought. He is a man of every body understands him,—every body knows perfectly well, that his wayward acts were aberrations of genius, and that there was a great deal of sense in what he said; but when that nature had impressed on his brow: poor boy! if he had fallen in taking your ethereal

flight, what scorn, what obloquy would have been yours!

There is the sacred duty, not less than the high privilege, of the scholar-master of the poor to foster and protect the boy of genius, struggling amid the pressures of indigence and persecution, and who, when he is finally singled under the conflict, let him be told of the triumphs of those kindred spirits who had gone before him; Thomas Simpson, who studied mathematics at an early age, and went on to master geology when he was leaving stones,—Michael Faraday, who made chemical experiments when he was only a boy, and who, after his return, secured the patronage of the noble lords, who watched the stars he studied his books, and who studied Latin when he was making shoes,—Peter Nicholson, who wrote his book on the strength of iron, and who, after Robert Burns, who corolled his sweetest songs as he followed the plough,—Benjamin Franklin, who drew the lightning from the clouds when he kept his shop.

M. DEER. DEAN.—An editor—out West," thus talks his nonpaying subscribers and patrons.—

Friends, Patrons, Subscribers and Advertisers:

"Hear us for our debts, and get ready that you may pay; trust us, we are in need, and have no more to give, for you have long trusted, acknowledged, you indebtedness, and dive deep into your pockets, that you may promptly pour it off. If there be any among you who singly take it, do not let us do anything, then to him we say—step aside, consider yourself a gentleman. If the rest will know why we do them, this is our answer, that we will not do cash our selves, but our creditors do."

"Would you rather that we go to jail, and you pay our debts, than we should be still kept moving? As you agreed, we have finished our paper to you; as we promised, we have written on you, but as you do not pay, we will not print you, and we will not print contracts for subscriptions, promises for long credit, and dues for deferred payment. Who is there so mean that he won't take a paper? Every man's health is worth a man's name. Who is there so green that he don't advertise! If any let him slide—he ain't his chap, either. If you don't pay, he don't pay the printer! If any let him stop, for he's the man we're after. His name is *Legion*, and he's been owing us for one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, and ten months, and he make us poor, and himself rich at our expense. If the above appeal to his conscience, doesn't awake him to a sense of justice, we will do it by the law. If you see any of these in writs and constables.

CURIOUS TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.—Professor Trench, in his latest work on the English language, points out a curious typographical error in the 29th page of the 25th chapter of Matthew. The words "which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," the professor thinks contain a manifest, which having been passed over in the edition of 1811, has held its ground ever since. The translators intended to say, "which strain out a gnat and swallow a camel," which is the sense of the original, as appears in Tyndale's and Crammer's translations, both of which have "strained out." It was the custom of the stricter Jews to strain their linen or gauze, lest unawares they should drink down some little unclean insect, as a gnat, and that, in the case of the Jews, it was not only this custom the Saviour alluded, intending to say that the Scribes and Pharisees, while they strain out a gnat from their drink, would yet swallow a camel.

THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN.—The bottom of the ocean is as unequal as the surface of the earth. Beneath the waters of the seas there are mountains, hills and valleys. Some of these have held and precipitous sides, while others swell gradually from the sea level to the top of the mountain of the sea between England and France, in the Channel, is only 80 fathoms, and is uniform, as has been proven by laying down the telegraph cable. The bottom of the Mediterranean sea, on the other hand, is 2,000 fathoms deep, and in one place 350. In laying down a submarine telegraph cable last summer, between Piedmont and Corsica, Mr. Brett, the gentleman who constructed the line, came to a place where the bottom was so uneven, and it was found that the depth suddenly varied from 100 to 350 fathoms. No map better explains the varying depth of the ocean, its hills and valleys, than the one on page 356, volume 9, *Scientific American*, which is taken by American naval vessels. A very good idea of what the bottom of the sea is like, may be obtained from the face of the dry land, and there is abundant proof of many parts of it

being once the floor of the ocean. All Long Island was at one period covered with the sea, and the whole interior of New York State, and a number of our Western States, afford numerous evidences of having once been covered with water.—

THE WAR.

DOGING A CANNON BALL.—One of the English newspaper correspondents of the Crimea says:

Yesterday I was on the French side, apparently out of range, when a large ball was fired, and I saw the smoke over a mound of stones on which I had been standing. When it jumped over the mound there were about twenty soldiers sitting on it but they say it coming, for it ricocheted no less than five times, and the little clouds of dust which it knocked up showed its progress. Every one, therefore, on the mound had time to dodge it, but when it fell the last time, it continued rolling on for about a quarter of a mile.

Soon after it commenced rolling it went through a trench, and some who were coming from the straggling camps, and who had their backs towards the ball as it approached them, I thought several would be knocked over like ninpins, and ran towards them with one eye on the mound, and the other on the noise of the ball itself attracted their attention, and, running in various directions, they made a passage for it, and, with all manner of comic salutations let the messenger of destruction pass, and did not stop to interrupt it. Perhaps nothing is more curious in this war of gunnery than the vast disproportion in the number of hits, more especially now that the men have become cool and familiar on the subject.

AN INCIDENT OF THE ENGLISH WAR.—The Commercial Advertiser of the 12th inst. gives the following extract from a private letter to an officer in the Crimea to a citizen in Buffalo:

A curious thing occurred yesterday. A sapper was brought from the trenches with his jaw broken, and the doctor told me there was a piece of a skull out of the mouth, and he tried to get it. The man said it was done by a round shot, which the doctor disbelieved, but the poor fellow insisted, and said "Yes, and it was a piece of my jaw." The man said it was done by a round shot, which the doctor disbelieved, but the poor fellow insisted, and said "Yes, and it was a piece of my jaw." The man said it was done by a round shot, which the doctor disbelieved, but the poor fellow insisted, and said "Yes, and it was a piece of my jaw." "Oh, yes," was the answer. "The doctor then put his finger into the man's mouth, and with the end of his finger, and at length assured the soldier that it was no jaw of his that was broken, but that of his headless comrade, which had actually been severed from the man's jaw, and was not dangerous wound. Upon this the man's visage, which had been rather lengthened, rounded up most beautifully.

RUSSIAN VIEW OF THE FACILITIES FOR PEACE.

The "St. Petersburg Herald" contains an article concerning the Circular Despatch of Count Walewsky, addressed to the diplomatic agents of France. After expressing his approval of the despatch, the article says: "The ideas between Cabinets whose direct relations are interrupted by war," the writer of the article, which must be looked on as entirely correct, says: "The Circular Despatch of Count Walewsky's argument leads to a suspicion that the Allies were never in earnest in their desire to bring about an end to the active prosecution of the war. The article then asserts that the great difficulties in the way of a pacific solution have been settled—The question of the Principality is regulated."

"So is that of the Navigation of the Danube," the article says. "So is that of the extension to enjoy the advantages resulting from the general system established by the public law of Europe. Moreover, a special clause provides for the case of any future disagreement between the Porte and one of the contracting parties, stipulating that before having recourse to the employment of force, the other Powers shall have the right of mediation, that presenting a treaty by peaceful means."

"The Fourth Question, although not treated in the Circular Despatch, appears to have been solved. All the Powers are agreed on the necessity of placing the religious liberty and general improvement of the lot of the Christian population of the East under the protection of an European enactment. All are equally animated with a desire to clothe that enactment with the forms requisite to harmonize it with