

for consolation to his book, and contrived to lose, for a while, the sense of domestic disquiet in the brilliant and witty pleading of one of his favourite essayists.

Not so, Lady Irwin. The burning indignation which she had violently repressed, burst out in fiery words as soon as she reached her chamber, and stood face to face with Agnese, busied there with duties of her office.

"Urge what you will now, Agnese, you shall not find me flagging. I was a fool to spurn your advice before; but his weakness made me childish. Now, all that is past, and you need not fear me; I am despised, and counted 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, when it is done, they bid me receive with joy the intelligence that my child is counted as nothing in his father's sight, and that we are to be robbed of a third of our income. O! had I but hearkened to the voice that bade me listen to you, when he lay senseless and powerless—when disease had done the work ready to my hand, 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 needs enter on the estate at once. He must sow enmity between me and my husband. When was it before, since the day when he first called me wife, that Sir Edward decided even 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 it is to be. Devise what you will—fear no finching in me, now."

"Noble Madonna," cried Agnese, with a look of triumph, "now you are yourself again, all will be well; the daughter of the Caro shall never queen it here; 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, to this Frank, who, but for me, might be lying in the vault beside his mother, the house in Devonshire, because it was his mother's, and he is quite sure that I must approve of so equitable an arrangement. The poor simpleton, Ann Irwin, left the house to her husband, thinking, I suppose, that no second love would banish her pale image from his heart, and that he could soar to no higher passion. This house is to be rendered back to her son, that he may live there with his wife; and that they may enjoy their Paradise, three hundred pounds a year is to be taken from our income. Listen, Agnese, I will urge my husband to send his son to Elington; he shall alter and furnish to his taste. I will have liberal means placed at his disposal; 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 newly-adorned rooms, and lingers under the trees. He shall return to fetch his bride—she shall twine the orange flowers in her hair—the wedding guests shall assemble—but the ringers who were to ring out the wedding peal shall toll for a death."

"Will you not destroy the girl with her lover?" inquired 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 as dear to her as the light of heaven. She shall live to pine for him in hopeless sorrow."

"We must be wise and secret," said Agnese. "The crime shall be mine, the vengeance yours."

"Never fear, Agnese. The vengeance I will take, shall be sudden and certain as the swoop of the eagle. But enough, we have time to spare; to deceive them into security must be our present labour."

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been all but dead with the palsy six years next hoeing. M.—Now for the females. O. L.—Well, there's Biddy, and Prudence, and Grace, and Jonima; and that's all—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 State'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 general sway, yet there are many even in this matter-of-fact age of ours, who would hesitate on a day so suspicious, to begin an undertaking of momentous import.—And how many brave mariners, whose heart unquailing could meet the wildest fury of their ocean foam, would blanch to even bend their sails! But to show with how much reason this feeling is indulged, let us examine the following important facts in connection with our new settlement and greatness as a nation, and we will see how little cause 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 vast continent.

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

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

On Friday, June 13, 1494, he, though unknown to himself, discovered the continent of America.

On Friday, March 13, 1496, Henry VII of England gave to John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America.—his 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 Provincetown. And on the same day they signed that august compact, the forerunner of our present glorious Constitution.

On Friday, Dec. 22, 1620, the Pilgrims made their final landing at Plymouth Rock.

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

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

On Friday, Oct. 7, 1777, the surrender of Saratoga was made, which had such power and influence in inducing France to declare for our cause. On Friday, Sept. 22, 1780, the treason of Arnold was laid bare, which saved us from destruction.

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 Colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent.

Thus, by numerous examples we see that however it may be with other nations, Americans need never dread to begin on Friday any undertaking, however momentous it may be.

THE BOY OF GENIUS.

The boy of genius is not inattentive in the ordinary acceptation of the word; for he is occasionally capable of the highest efforts of attention; he sits in a half-dreaming mood watching for the moment when a subject suited to his peculiar taste shall present itself; to a common observer he appears dull, but it is the dulness which 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 a want of a logical concatenation of ideas; but to appreciate him, we should consider what he actually does say. He is a quiet, retiring, reflective, strange boy;—nobody can understand 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 loses his power of speech when he has to answer a question, nobody can understand him, because nobody will understand him; but all at once he shows a predilection for some particular study,—nature at length asserts her prerogative,—his winged spirit bursts the walls of its prison-house, and mounts on high into its kindred sphere of thought; now every body understands him,—every body knows perfectly well, that his wayward acts were aberrations of genius, and that there could be no mistaking the sovereign stamp which nature had impressed on his brow: poor boy! if you had fallen in taking your etherical

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

It becomes the sacred duty, not less than the high privilege, of the schoolmaster of the poor to foster and protect the boy of genius, struggling amid the pressure of indigence and persecution. When his heart is about to sink 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 the loom,—Hugh Miller, who mused on geology when he was hewing stones,—Michael Faraday, who made chemical experiments when he was a journeyman book-binder,—Ferguson, who watched the stars as he tended his flocks,—Gifford, who studied Latin when he was making shoes,—Peter Nicholson, who wrote his work on carpentry when he was at the bench,—Robert Burns, who crooned his sweetest songs as he followed the plough,—Benjamin Franklin, who drew the lightning from the clouds when he kept a printer's shop.

A MODEL DUN.—An editor "out West," thus talks to 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 regard for our need, for you have been long trusted, acknowledge your indebtedness and dive deep into your pockets, that you may promptly fork over. If there be any among you, one single patron, that don't owe us something, then to him we say—step aside, consider yourself a gentleman. If the rest wish to know why we dun them, this is our answer; not that we care about the cash ourselves, but our creditors do."

"Would you rather that we go to jail, and you go free, than you pay your debts, and we still keep moving? As we agreed, we have furnished our paper to you; as we promised, we have waited on you, but as you don't pay, we dun you! Here are agreements for job work, contracts for subscriptions, promises for long credit, and duns for deferred payment. Who is there so mean that he won't take a paper! If any, he needn't speak—we don't mean him. Who is there so green that he don't advertise! If any let him slide—he ain't the chap, either. Who is there so bad, that he don't pay the printer! If any let him shout, for he's the man we're after. His name is Leggin, and he's been owing us for one, two, three, four, five, six, seven and eight years—long enough to 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 shall have to try the law and see what virtue there is 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 20th verse of the 25d chapter of Matthew. The words "which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," the professor thinks contain a misprint, which having been passed over in the edition of 1611, has held its ground ever since. The translators intended to say, "which strain out a gnat and swallow a camel," that being the correct rendering of the original, as appears in Tyndale's and Cranmer's translations, both of which have "strained out." It was the custom of the stricter Jews to strain their wine, vinegar, and other potables through linen or gauze, lest unawares they should drink down some little unclean insect, as a gnat, and thus transgress the Levitical law. It was to 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 at a gulp.

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 bold and precipitous sides, while others swell gradually from base to summit. The average depth 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 very deep, being no less than 220 fathoms, 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 cable flew off with frightful velocity, 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 256, volume 9, *Scientific American* which exhibits the deep sea soundings 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, as 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 been once covered with water.

THE WAR.

DODGING 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 swept by me to the left, and bounded 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 saw 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 string of men who were coming from the trenches, and who had their backs towards the ball as it approached them. I thought several would be knocked over like ninepins, and ran towards them but no one was touched. Some one who got off the mound shouted, and either that or 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 go on its course without attempting 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 EUROPEAN WAR.—The Commercial Advertiser of the 12th inst., gives the following extract from a private letter from 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 it sticking out an inch and a half from his face. The man said it was done by a round shot, which the doctor disbelieved, but the poor fellow insisted, and said "Yes, and it took off the head of the man next me." This was conclusive, and the surgeon proceeded to remove the bone; it came out quite easy, when the doctor said to the man, whose face appeared to preserve its form pretty well: "Can you move your jaw?" "Oh yes, sir," was the reply.—The doctor then put his finger into the man's mouth, and found the teeth were there, 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 driven into his face inflicting a severe but 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 Journal" contains an article commenting on the Circular Despatch of Count Walewsky, addressed to the diplomatic agents of France. After expressing his appreciation of the advantages of "an exchange of ideas between Cabinets whose direct relations are interrupted by war," the writer of the article, which must be looked on as eminently official, hints that a sentence in the opening of Count Walewsky's argument leads to a suspicion that the Allies were never in earnest in the negotiations, but were all along bent on 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 Principalities is regulated."

"So is that of the Navigation of the Danube."

"The Third is partly so. Turkey is admitted 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 an opportunity of preventing that extremity by peaceful measures."

"The Fourth Question, although not treated at the Conference, appears to us to be morally 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 Turkey under the safeguard of an European enactment. All are equally animated with a desire to clothe that enactment with the forms requisite to harmonize it with