

THE IRISH ROBBER.

Dr. W——, the Bishop of Cashel, having occasion to visit Dublin, accompanied by his wife and daughter, determined to accomplish the journey by easy stages, in his own carriage, and with his own sleek and well-fed horses, instead of trusting his bones to the tender mercies of an Irish post chaise and the unbroken "garrons" used for drawing those crazy vehicles.

One part of his route was through a wild and mountainous district; and the Bishop being a very humane man, and considerate of his cattle, made a point of quitting his carriage at the foot of every hill and walking to the top. On one occasion he had loitered, to look at the extensive prospect, indulging in a reverie upon its sterile appearance, and the change that agriculture might produce, and in so doing, chanced to suffer his family and servants to be considerably in advance. Perceiving this, he hastened to make up for lost time, and was stepping out with his best speed, when a fellow leaped from behind a heap of loose stones, and accompanying the flourish of a club with a demotic yell, demanded "money!" with a ferocity of tone and manner perfectly appalling.

The Bishop gave the robber all the silver he had loose in his pocket, hoping that it would satisfy him; but he was mistaken, for no sooner had the ruffian stowed it away in a capacious rent in his tattered garment, then with another whirl of his bludgeon, and an awful oath, he exclaimed—

"And is it with the likes of this, I'm after letting you off? a few paltry pennies. It's the gould I'll have, or I'll spatter your brains. Arrah, don't stand shivering and shaking there, like a Quaker in the ague, but lug out your purse, immediately, or I'll bate you as blue as a whetstone."

His lordship most reluctantly yielded his well-filled purse, saying in tremulous accents, "My good fellow, there it is, don't ill use me—I've given you all, pray let me depart."

"Fair and softly, if you please: as I'm not a good fellow. I haven't done with you yet. I must search for your note case, for I'll engage you have a few bits of paper payable at the banks; so hand it over, or you'll sup sorrow to night."

It was given up; a glance at the road showed that all the hope of assistance from his servants was unavailing. The carriage had disappeared, but the Bishop made an instinctive movement as though anxious to escape from further pillage.

"Wait awhile, or maby I shall get angry with you. Hand over your watch and sale, and then you may trudge."

Now it happened, that the Divine felt particular regard for his watch—not so much from its being of considerable value, but because it had been presented to him by his first patron, and he ventured to expostulate.

"Surely you have taken enough; leave me my watch, and I'll forgive you all you have done."

"Who ax'd your forgiveness, you old varmint? Would you trifle with my good nature? Don't force me to do anything I'd be sorry for—but, without any more bother just give me your watch, or by all that's holy!"

And he jerked the bludgeon from his right hand to his left, spat on the thorny palm of the former, and regressed the formidable weapon, though seriously bent on bringing it into operation; this action was not unheeded by his victim—he drew forth the golden time-piece, and with a heavy sigh handed it to his spoiler, who, rolling the chain and seals around it, found some aperture in his apparel into which he crammed it; and giving himself a shake to ascertain that it had found, by its own gravity, a place of safety, he said—

"And now be off with you, and thank the blessed saints that you leave me without a scratch on your skin, or the value of your little finger hurt."

It needed no persuasion to induce the Bishop to turn his back upon the despoiler of his worldly goods, and having no weight to carry, he set off at what equestrians term a "hard canter"; scarcely, however had he reached the middle of the precipitous road, when he perceived his persecutor running

after him. He endeavored to redouble his speed. Alas! what chance had he in a race with one whose muscles were as strong and elastic as highly tempered steel!

"Stop, you nimble-footed thief of the world!" roared the robber—"stop, I tell you! I've a parting word with you." The exhausted and defenceless clergyman, finding it impossible to continue his flight, suddenly came to a stand-still. The fellow approached, and his face, instead of its former ferocity, was lit up with a whimsical roguishness of expression, as he said—"and is it likely I'd let you off with a better coat on your back than my own? and I will be after losing the chance of that elegant hat and wig? Off with them this moment, and then you'll be quit o' me."

The foot-pad quietly divested the Bishop of his single-breasted-coat—laid violent hands upon the clerical hat and full buttoned wig—put them on his person, and then insisted on seeing his late apparel used in their stead; and with a loud laugh ran off, as though his last feat had been the most meritorious of his life.

Thankful at having escaped with unbroken bones, his lordship was not long in overtaking his carriage, the servants could not repress their laughter at seeing their master in such a strange and motely attire; but there was in his face such evidences of terror and suffering that they speedily checked their risible inclinations, particularly, when they learned by a few brief words the danger he had undergone. "My dear W.—!" exclaimed his affectionate wife, after listening to the account of the perils to which her husband had been exposed, "for heaven's sake, take off that filthy jacket, and throw it out of the window. You can put my warm cloak over your shoulders, till we reach the next stage, and then you will be able to purchase some habit better suited to your station and calling."

"This is more easily said than done, my love," he replied; "I have lost all the money I possessed; not a guinea is left to me to pay our expences to-night. My watch too that I so dearly prized! miserable man that I am!"

"Never mind your watch, or anything else just now—only pull off that mass of filth, I implore; who knows what horrid contagion we may all catch, if you persist in wearing it?"

"Take it off, dear papa," observed the daughter, "but don't throw it away; it may lead to the detection of the wretch who robbed you."

The obnoxious garment was removed; and the young lady was about to place it under the seat, when she heard a jingling noise that attracted her attention; and on examination, found in various parts of the coat, not only the watch, pocket book, purse and silver, of which her father had been deprived but a yellow canvass bag, such as is used by farmers, containing about thirty guineas.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER.

Some time since, while paying my annual visit to one of our large towns (writes a missionary in Iowa), I met a distinguished lawyer of the place, who had just indulged a hope in Christ. The Sabbath that I was there was the first that had occurred after his conversion. He hastened to the Sabbath-school, and made there a most impressive address. He said, that his first serious impressions were received in a Sabbath-school, of which he was a member, while a boy; that he had not been in a Sabbath-school for twenty-five years; that his sceptical career commenced, when he forsook the Sabbath-school; but that the influence of early Sabbath-school instruction had ever followed him, until here, in this distant West, the truth treasured up, by the application of the Holy Spirit, had been made the power of God and the wisdom of God, unto his salvation. He is now thinking seriously of entering the ministry.

Sabbath-school teacher! almost discouraged, it may be, and ready to think your labours vain, persevere! You are sowing seed that may bear fruit, when you are in your grave.—*Puritan Recorder.*

In writing of authors and books, the thought is naturally suggested, who, of all the men and women, whose ideas have stirred the blood of the world, are still active members of society? ROGERS, and WORDSWORTH, SOUTHEY, CHARLOTTE BRONTE, and ARAGO, and other great names in literature, have lately disappeared from among the living; but in their places rise up hosts of strong-armed and lusty successors. The names in Science are still valuable; so in Theology, in Romance, and in History; and age has not withered the "infinite variety" of VICTOR HUGO, of LAMARTINE, or BRYANT. LAMARTINE, struggling with adverse fortune, and reduced by political convulsions to the verge of bankruptcy, with his estates embarrassed and his spirits depressed by misfortune, has set himself deliberately down, like a second SCOTT, to wipe out mortgages with his pen, and, through his agents, appeals to his friends in America for aid: let us give it, and cheerfully. His Familiar History of Literature will occupy two years of publication in serial numbers. BERANGER has written some stirring lines, addressed to "the students," which no French publisher dares print, but which circulate about Paris in manuscript, and, having found their way to this city, are now going the rounds of the newspapers. VICTOR HUGO, in exile, fulminates anathema maranatha against the third NAPOLEON, and defends the memory of the patriots. Our own poets are marshalled by Mr. BRYANT, who steadily pursues his newspaper life, and allows the muse full sway only on rare occasions. The younger American poets work lustily, full of Yankee fire and spirit, and rich in imagery, that is free of Yankee stiffness: so that the year hardly runs by without new announcements from LONGFELLOW, LOWELL, WHITTIER, SAXE, HOLMES, or TAYLOR. Mr. THACKERAY, having taken up the operation of dissecting dead monarchs, and performing it to the great satisfaction of the students who were present at the demonstration, has just turned his steps homeward, after a lengthened stay among us; he bears with him the hearty good wishes of the friends whom his visits have called about him; his last public appearance was at the recent dinner of the St. George's Society, in this city, where he made a sparkling little speech, full of his old humor. CHARLES DICKENS, having found in Paris the materials he needed, is writing the history of "Little Dorrit," republished here simultaneously with the London edition. G. P. R. JAMES, settling down into a steadfast admirer of free acres and broad fields, has invested largely in western lands, and remains for the present in the United States. DOUGLAS JERROLD is editing Lloyd's Weekly newspaper. ROBERT BROWNING, the HOWITTS, CHARLES KINGSLEY, CARLYLE, BULWER, and DISRAELI, have been brought more or less prominently before the reading public within a year—DISRAELI chiefly in politics. LAYARD and HUGH MILLER quietly discuss men's and nature's marks upon old stones, and read lessons from them. Mr. HORACE MAYHEW, taking up a new branch of investigation, has commenced with the reform of the swell-mob in London—gentlemen who make £50 at a single pull, but who would now live honestly, if they could; we hope Mr. MAYHEW may hew the rough material he has to work into something better than it is, but the task is unpromising. VON LIEBIG and HUMBOLDT, SIR CHARLES LYELL, FARADAY, AIRY, SIR DAVID BREWSTER, are still at work in the foreign scientific field, and so are AGASSIZ and GUYOT, HENRY BACHE, MAURY, MITCHELL, and ALEXANDER, here. It is hoped that LIEBIG, AIRY, and possibly HUMBOLDT, may be induced to visit this country during the coming summer, in season to be present at the annual meeting of the American Association at Albany. The historians are busy: Mr. BANCROFT, with his History of the American Revolution, Mr. IRVING with WASHINGTON, Mr. MACAULAY with WILLIAM, THEIRS with the Continent, ALISON with the continuation of his History of Europe, ILL MARVEL with Venice. Mr. EVERETT has been lecturing to immense audiences upon the life and career of WASHINGTON; and Mr. CURTIS has discoursed, with power and beauty of the modern school of the English

Fiction. Mr. EMERSON and the Reformers are not just now prolific, and the public misses them. The American clergy, with names that stand high in theology, survive to a good age, and lack none of their accustomed industry; they are fitly represented by the respected class which is headed by Dra. Wayland, and Spring, and Bethune, Sprague, Cox, Alexander, and Barnes. We have neither the time nor space requisite to dwell more fully upon this subject. It is sufficient for our immediate purpose to recall the names of the living authors whose pens are not yet laid aside, and whose health and vigor, we are glad to know, are still unabated.

THE CORN-GROWING DISTRICTS OF CENTRAL RUSSIA.

With a different policy than that which has hitherto swayed the destinies of Russia there is hardly a limit to her capabilities of production. She possesses forests able to supply navies to every sea-power in the world, and corn regions extensive and fertile enough to make her the granary of kingdoms. All that is wanting is a better system of farming, and a law to protect the rights of labour, and give the peasant an interest in his toil. The tract of country between Riazan to Koursk, for example extending through the three Governments of Riazan, Toula, and Orel, along a line of 335 miles, is rich beyond that of any other country in Europe. It lies stretched out, an immense tract of the finest corn land, with hardly the intervention of a single barren acre. As yet however, agriculture is but in its infancy. There is plenty of industry, but little method. The peasant toils from morning till night with old-fashioned, unwieldy implements, cropping on from year to year without rotation of crops, or variation of manures, and without any inducement to trouble himself about such advantages. In addition to grain crops, a considerable portion of the land is occupied by hops, tobacco, hemp, flax, cucumbers, and vegetables of every kind. Many of the farmers also rear horses, sheep, and cattle in immense numbers. It is not, however, to be supposed, that the returns are equal to those of good land in England or Scotland, where farming is in so high a state of improvement. Compared with France, the Russian crops have the advantage, though the soil is not superior, owing to the severer industry of the cultivators. In Russia, the returns are often ten measures for one sown, while in France they seldom exceed six. Each of the Governments we have named, is able to export from three to four millions of tchetverts annually. The farms are generally small, and for some years, the large proprietors have been at considerable pains to improve the system of farming, by establishing model farms, and by procuring experienced stewards from other countries. But great difficulty has been experienced in the attempt to induce the people to accept these innovations. In spite of this, however, the Governments mentioned present an almost unbroken field of great fertility, exhibiting miles upon miles of fields, rarely interspersed with trees, but boasting a prodigious number of windmills, which of themselves suffice to show the productiveness of the land, the knolls of ground being in many cases completely covered with them. There are also not a few brandy distilleries and watermills, situated in low hollows along the streams. Half the cost of life and treasure wasted in the late war, and in the maintenance of threatening armaments, would turn these resources to enormous advantage. And this is only a sample of what may be said of a great portion of Russia. Her powers of water carriage may also be converted into sources of immense wealth; and, indeed, all that is wanting to give Russia that eminence which her Czars have sought to gain for her by war, is the full development of those appliances which are consummated only by peace.

The Warsaw journals state, that the re-opening of the English Protestant church in that city has been authorized by the Russian Government.

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