

THE IRISH ROBBER.

Dr. W. was 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 well-fed horses, instead of trusting his bones to the tender mercies of an Irish post chaise and the unbroken "garraons" 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 it a point of quitting his boxes 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 agricultural appearance, and the change that sterile aspect would 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 bush, mistaking for a noisier 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 buy him time to get to the station in a copious rent in his tattered garment, then with another whirl of his bloodgeon, and an awful oath, he exclaimed—

"And is it with the likes of this, I'm after to you off a few paltry tenennies, that I'm to be put in the matter 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 whistone."

His lordship most reluctantly yielded his well-filled purse, instead of the smaller one he had in his pocket. "There it is, don't I tell 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, you must see. I'm a man of my word. 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 vanishing. 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 sales, 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 parent, 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'll be sorry for—but, without any more bother just give me your watch, or by all that's holy."

The Bishop kicked the bloodgeon from his right hand to his left, spat on the thorny point of the former, and grasped the formidable weapons, though seriously bent on bringing it into operation; this action was not unheeded by his victim—he drew forth the first of his pieces, 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 fallen by its own gravity, a place of refuge 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 from the spot, and to deposit his worldly goods, and having no weight to reach the set off at what questions term a "hard center"; 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, or I'll have you by the year's end!" 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 "I've claimed his affectionate wife for a better coat on your back than my own; and I'll 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 fact-pod quittedly deserted the Bishop, his single-brusted 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 if he had just had been the victor in a meritorious 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; and he, in return, with an air of indifference 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 wife," he 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, and we can seek 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, and I was in his fact, convincing evidence 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 wife," he 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, and we can seek the next stage, and then you will be able to purchase some habit better suited to your station and calling."

"Never mind your watch, or anything else just now—only pull off that mass of filth, I implore; who knows what horrid contagion is in each 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 lady long 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, but her father had been deprived of several of his articles, which were 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, on 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 the opening of the Sabbath-school at that place, and made there a most impressive address. He said, that his first serious impressions were received in a Sabbath-school; that 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 reappeared. He said, that the application of the Spirit of God 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!* I am sure that the reward which you are to receive in your grave.—*Parisian Recorder.*

In writing of authors and books, the thought is naturally suggested, who, of all the men and women, whose ideas have stirred the world, have been the most active members of society? ROBERTS, 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 the names of our latest successors. The names in Science are still valuable; so in Theology, in Romance, and in History; and age has not withered the "infinitive variety" of Victor Hugo, and LAVAYGNE, or BAYLY, 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 write our history 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, and will be a most interestingly written some stirring lines, addressed to "the students," but 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 book-stalls. In a volume in exile, fulminates *antheus maruialis* against the third NAPOLEON, and defends the memory of the patriots. Our own poets are marshall'd by Mr. BEYANT, who steadily pursues his poetical life, and allows the muse fall away only on rare occasions. The younger American poet, 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 LOWELL, FELLOW, WHITTIER, Saxe, HOLMES, or TAYLOR. Mr. THACKERAY, having taken up the operation of dissecting dead monarchs, and performing it to the great amusement of the public who are 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 visit to our shores has just terminated. His 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 his new novel, which will be republished here simultaneously with the London edition. G. P. R. JAMES, settling down into a steadfast aim, of free action and broad fields, has invested largely in the United States, and has been in the United States. DOUGLAS JERROLD is editing Lloyd's Weekly newspaper. ROBERT BROWNING, the HOWITTS, CHARLES KINGSLEY, CARLYLE, BELWER, and DISRAELI, have been brought more or less into notice during the year. DISRAELI is in politics. LAYARD and HUGH MILLER chiefly discuss men's and nature's marks upon old stones, and read lessons from them. Mr. HORACE MERRILL has commenced his literary 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. MAYNEW may be the rougher, and more successful, than the other; better than it is, but the task is unpromising. VON LIEBIG and HUMBERT, Sir CHARLES LYELL, FARADAY, AIRY, Sir DAVID BREWSTER, are still at work in the laboratory of the American Association, and GUYOT, HENRY BACIE, MARY MITCHELL, and ALEXANDER, here. It is hoped that LIEBIG, AIRY, and possibly HUMBERT, may be induced to visit this country during the coming summer. It seems 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. INYING with WASHINGTON, Mr. MERRILL with the History of the United States, and ALISON with the continuation of his History of Europe, Mr. MARVEL with VEICOR. Mr. EVERETT has been lecturing to immense audiences upon the life and career of WASHINGTON; and Mr. CURTIS has discussed the political 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 many that stand in the 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 Drs. Wayland, and Spring, and Barnard, and those like them, and Mr. 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 lives and views, we are glad to know, are still unaltered.

THE CORN-GROWING DISTRICTS OF CENTRAL RUSSIA.

With a different policy than that which has hitherto ruled the destinies of Russia there is hardly a limit to her capabilities of production. She possesses forests able to supply navies to every sea-portion in the world, and corn regions extensive and fertile enough to make her the granary of Europe, and to support 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 Kizanz to Koursk, for example, that stretches through the valley of the Riazan of "Vostok" 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 wood, and with a soil, and a better culture 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, and with no 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, and other articles of domestic value. 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 soil in England or Saxony, 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 times 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. That great and good object has been attempted 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 corn, and wheat, and rye, and oats, and boasting a prodigious number of windmills, which of themselves suffice to show the productivity of the land, the knolls of ground being in many cases completely covered with them. There are also many fine 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 covered with them. There are also many of 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, that eminent which has been sought to that eminent, which her Czars have sought to gain for her war, is the full development of those appliances which are consumed 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.