

AN IRISH HIGHWAYMAN.

BY BARNON E. HILL.

Dr. W——, the Bishop of Cashel, having occasion to visit Dublin, accompanied by his wife and daughter, determined to perform 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 postchaise, and the unbroken garrons used for drawing these 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 of these occasions 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 suffered 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 out from behind a heap of loose stones and accompanying the flourish of a huge club with a demonic 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 roan in his tattered garment, than with a nother 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 tinnennies! It's the gold 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, you devil, immediately, or I'll bate you as bide 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 sure 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 your have a few bits of paper payable at the bank; so hand it over or you'll sup sorrow to night."

It was given up; a glance at the road showed that all 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 may be I shall get angry with you; hand over your watch and seals, and then you may trudge." Now it happened that the divine felt a 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 the watch, or by all that's holy——"

And he jerked the bludgeon from his right hand to his left, spat on the horny palm of the former, and grasped the formidable weapon as 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 eight handed it to the spoiler, who rolling the chains and seals around it, found some wider aperture in his apparel into which he crammed it, and giving it a shake to ascertain that it had found, by its own gravity, a place of safety, he said:

"And now be off wid you, and thank the Blessed saints that you have me without a scratch on your skin, or the value of your little finger hair."

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 "hand canter;" scarcely however, had he reached the middle of the precipitous road, when he perceived his persecutor running after him. He endeavoured to redouble his speed. Alas! what chance had he against one whose muscles were as strong and elastic as high-tempered steel?

"Stop, you nimble-footed thief of the world!" roared the robber—"stop, I tell you! I've a parting word wid 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 roguesness of expression as he said:

"And is it likely I'd let you off wid a better coat on your back than my own? And will I be after losing the chance of that elegant hat and wig? Off wid them this moment, and then you'll be quit o' me."

The footpad soon divested the bishop of his single-breasted coat—laid violent hands upon the clerical hat and full-bottomed wig—put them on his own 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 was 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 suppress their laughter at seeing their master in such 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 learnt 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 the filthy jacket, and throw it out of the window. You saw put my warm cloak over your shoulders till we reach the next stage, and then you will be able to procure some habit better suited to your station and calling."

"That is more easily said than done, my love," he replied. "I have lost all the money I possessed; not a single guinea is left me to pay our expenses 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 you—who knows what horrid contagion we may all catch if you persist in wearing it!"

"Take it off, my 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; 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 secreted 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 farmers use, containing about thirty guineas.

The surprise and joy of all parties may be imagined;—they reached the inn where they purposed stopping for the night, and as the portmanteaus had escaped the dangers of the road, the bishop was speedily able to attire himself canonically. Before the party had retired to rest, intelligence arrived that the highwayman had been taken after a desperate resistance—the notice of the police being attracted by the singular appearance of a man of his station sporting a black frock coat, and covering his shaggy curly locks, with the well-powdered and orthodox peruke of the Right Reverend, the Bishop of Cashel.

THE VALLEY OF THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

THE NEW JERUSALEM OF THE MORMONS.—The Latter Day Saints, whose history and the history of their prophet, Joe Smith, form one of the most singular curiosities of the age, have at last, it would seem, located a permanent site for the New Jerusalem. Expelled by force of arms from Missouri, driven by the enraged people of Illinois from the holy city of Nauvoo and their great temple, scattered and impoverished, it was thought that the community was dispersed, and would soon become extinct. But the fragments were gathered together in the prairies, reinforcements were received from England and Wales, contributions of relief were collected in the States, and the disciples speedily re-organized, crossed the great plains, passed the Rocky Mountains and established themselves in the basin of the Great Salt Lake. Here, removed a thousand miles from the civilized world, they have built up a city, opened a successful system of agriculture and, at the next Congress, will ask for a government for their little territory.

But a few years ago, the exact location of the lake and the valley were unknown. Situated in the north-eastern corner of the great basin, between the latitudes of forty-one and forty-two, half-way from the outlets of the Mississippi valley to the Pacific, the Mormon colony is in a position peculiarly advantageous to its prosperity. The valley at the head of the Salt Lake is described as about sixty miles long and from ten to fifteen miles wide, elevated four thousand feet above the sea, and surrounded by chains of mountains, from three to five thousand feet high. Beyond these, to the west, the great desert basin stretches away five hundred miles to the foot of the Sierra Nevada, and eastwardly the labyrinth of the Rocky Mountains, extends for several hundred miles.—The Mormon colony is therefore, the half-way resting house between the mountains on the east and the desert on the west. It lies upon the great line upon the South Pass, the route indicated by various projectors for the Pacific railroad, and the route of the great overland emigration to Oregon and to California. With the erection of a railroad, touching at the Salt Lake, the Mormon settlement must soon become a flourishing commonwealth, supporting from its crops, cattle, minerals, and manufacture of saltpetre, the population requisite to its admission, as a state, into the Union. Such are the prospects of the Latter Day Saints, who in attempting an escape from the world, have (as it may turn out) located themselves at the central station house of the future commerce between the Mississippi and the Pacific—between Canton and New York. The Saints, too, appear to have improved from experience. Their projectors are not of the Fourier phalanx. Their property belongs to the community; but each family has its separate family government. They are fanatical abolitionists, but shrewd, industrious and calculating business men. They may have great resentments, but they have no loquacity among them. The penalties of their financial excesses heretofore, it is to be hoped, will render them a respectable community for the future.

Thus far they have done well; but let the Saints awake; the great ultimatum is at hand. The conventions of the Mississippi valley are about moving in the matter, and by the act of Congress we may soon have a through ticket, by railroad to the New Jerusalem.

LAUGHTER.—No man who has once heartily and wholly laughed, can be altogether irreclaimably bad. How much lies in laughter—the cypher key wherewith we decipher the whole man! Some men wear an everlasting simper; in the smiles of others lies a cold glitter as of ice; the fewest are able to laugh what can be called laughing, but only snuff, and titter, and snigger from the throat outward, or at least produce some whiffling, husky exclamation, as if they were laughing through wool; of none such comes good. The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils, but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem.—Curlye.

MARCH OF INTELLECT.—A lad in Salem was asked a few days since by his master what *Patrimony* meant?—"Something left by a father," was the prompt reply.—"And what would you call it if left by a mother?" "Why answered the boy, "*Matrimony*, of course."—*Parley's Pic Nic.*

"How beautiful," said a lady, "the face of nature looks after undergoing a shower." "Yes, madame, and so would yours, after undergoing a similar process."

USEFUL INFORMATION.

WOUNDS.—If a person cuts open an artery, put the finger on the wound and press it, then send at once for the doctor. If the wound is in the limb tie a handkerchief twice around it above the cut, and twist it so firm that the blood cannot flow; or fold a piece of soft rag several times, and put it quickly over the aperture, and secure it in its proper place by a piece of broad tape or rag. People should never go to sleep if they have leech bites bleeding. Bleeding sometimes occur profusely from the nose, mouth, throat, lungs, stomach, etc. Put the patient in bed, with the head raised slightly—keep the room cool—enjoin absolute quiet—give a table spoonful of vinegar in sugar and water every half hour, until a surgeon arrives. When a person receives a simple cut, though severe, it should be treated calmly. Carefully clean the wound from dirt or other matter, and dab, with sponge or rag dipped in cold water, until all bleeding stops. Then bring the edges of the new wound together, and secure them with a bandage.

BRUISES AND SPRAINS.—When a person gets a bruised arm or limb, it should be kept perfectly quiet and at rest. Bruises are often attended with the rupture of small blood vessels, which bleed internally, and cause discoloration. Put the patient in bed, cover the injured part with cloth dipped in cold water, or spirits and water, and change the cloth every five minutes, and afterwards make up a poultice of flaxseed meal and warm water. This is one of the best substances for treating bruises and cut surfaces (as there are such wounds) that is known.

POISONOUS BITES.—Tie a bandage tightly around the limb, a little way above the point of injury, and only so tightly that it shall favor out not stop the bleeding. Wash with warm water, and place one end of a large quill over the wound and keep sucking at the other, which will produce a vacuum, and act as a cupping glass. Do this until the surgeon arrives, and you have probably saved a life.

Few people can do this, and snake-bites cannot be treated in this way. They should be treated as above directed by tying the limb, then a piece of tobacco chewed and laid on the wound is always on hand with most people, or some strong whiskey. For poisonous bites, there have been a great number of remedies suggested; one thing should at once be done, tie the limb above the wound as fast as possible and squeeze out the wound.

VALUE OF SLEEP.—We wish we could impress upon all the vast importance of securing sound and abundant sleep; if so, we should feel that we had done immense good to our fellow-beings, not merely in preventing insanity, but other diseases also. We fear that the great praise of early rising has had this bad effect, to make some believe that sleep is of little consequence. Though it may be well to rise with the sun, or when it is light, (not before, however,) yet this is of minor consequence in comparison with retiring early to bed. "I have always taken care," said the worthy Dr. Holyoke, after he was above one hundred years of age, "to have a full proportion of sleep, which I suppose has contributed to my longevity." In our opinion, the most frequent and immediate cause of insanity, and the one most important to guard against, is the want of sleep. To procure good sleep, it is important that the mind should not be disturbed for several hours after retiring to rest.

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—We recommend the following recipe which will be found, upon trial, to be a simple, safe and invaluable remedy for rheumatism:

Recipe.—Take a pint of the spirits of turpentine, to which add half an ounce of camphor; let it stand till the camphor is dissolved; then rub it on the part affected, and it will never fail of removing the complaint. Flannel should be applied after the part is well fomented with turpentine. Repeat the application morning and evening. It is said to be equally available for burns, scalds, bruises and sprains, never failing of success. We can vouch for its efficacy in rheumatic affections.

POISONING BY ARSENIC.—Mr. Herapath recently detected arsenic and proved two children had been poisoned, after their bodies had been "eight years" interred. He said, in giving his evidence, "I wish it to be circulated throughout the country that years have no effect in removing traces of arsenic. The roots of trees, as large as my little finger, had passed through the head and skeleton, had followed the bones in all directions. Treating this skeleton (of an infant) as I did the other, I found arsenic in the bones, in the black mould under the head, and a great quantity in the black mould under the ribs.—I have never found arsenic in a body which was in a natural state. I mention this to correct the ridiculous notions which have gone abroad owing to some sayings which have been attributed to the French chemists. Raspail, for instance, is reported to have said that he could produce arsenic from the legs of chairs; and Orfila, that he could do so from the common soil. I have made experiments on hundreds of bodies of human beings and brutes but have never discovered arsenic unless it had been administered mechanically or for a criminal purpose."—*London Paper.*

CURE FOR DYSENTERY.—We are informed that a medical gentleman, of high standing in his profession, invariably prescribed ice, and ice only, for his patients, in dysentery, and in most cases with success. The ice is to be pounded small enough to swallow it, and the patient is to swallow a small quantity of it every three or four minutes, until the disease ceases. Three or four instances have come within our own knowledge in which violent cases of dysentery have been cured within the course of a single day by this remedy.—*Jour. Com.*

TO STOP BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.—Dr. Negrier, French surgeon, says the elevation of a person's right arm will always stop the bleeding at the nose. He explains the fact physiologically, and declares it a positive fact.