

Now, Tim is a downright good fellow, and has travelled; he has been to Baltimore, and he knows much of the world; besides, he is the son of the old man, the wise one.

On another occasion, a man with the appearance of sixty years was asked how old he was; he replied, 121 years. They keep no note of time, and remark no other object than the full moon.

On Sunday morn, April 22, the old man arrived, and, with his grand counsellors, appeared in the cabin of the steamer, which was cleared for a council chamber. The old man possesses the most amiable, intellectual and pleasant physiognomy of any of his tribe, and he presided with great dignity. Col. Hughes and suite occupied seats in the council. The following talk was then held by means of an interpreter:—

COL. HUGHES.—I come from Washington in America. My old man—great chief, chief of twenty millions of Americans—sends me to talk to the old man of Mandingo's great tribe. My old man loves the old man of Mandingo, and sends him his regards.

OLD MAN.—Old man of Mandingo loves old man of America.

"Huoo, huoo, huoo," repeated similar to groans by all the council.

Col. Hughes.—Old man of America has much land afar off, on the Pacific, too much days to catch 'em by land, too much days to catch 'em by water round Cape Horn; wants to make a road nearer—catch 'em quick; wants old man to send some faithful Indians to escort him over the land, to the Pacific, to let him see if the land is good for a road.

Old Man.—Land not good; can't catch 'em there; better catch 'em by Cape Horn; no make a road in Mandingo Country—God Almighty get vexed.

Col. Hughes.—Will you allow us to go across?

Old Man.—No!

"Huoo, huoo, huoo," responded again the Indians, and the council broke up.

Previous to the interview with the old man, Col. Hughes had satisfied himself of the character of the harbors, of the coast, and of the rivers, and had already pronounced them unfit for his purpose—the deep waters presenting no convenient anchorage, and the rivers having but two or three feet depth of water. Thus ended the expedition to Mandingo bay.

[We have admitted the whole of the above into our columns, believing our readers would receive therefrom, a more correct idea of the locality of said Indians, as connected with the great interior passes across the isthmus, than they could from any maps in the valley.—We.]

AN IRISH HIGHWAYMAN.

BY BENSON F. 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 post chaise, 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 on with his best speed, when a fellow leaped from behind a pile of loose stones, and accompanying the flourish of a huge club with a demoniac 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, than with another whirl with 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 tinpennies! It's the Gould I'll have or I'll splatter 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 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 sure as I'm not a good fellow, I haven't done with you yet; I must search you for your note case, for I'll engage you 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 hopes of assistance from his servant was unavailing, the carriage had disappeared, but the bishop made an instinctive movement as though anxious to escape from any further pillage.

'Wait a while, 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 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 any thing I'd be sorry for; but without any bother, just give me the watch, or by all that is holy—'

And he jerked the bludgeon from his right hand to his left, spat in the horny palm of the former, and regressed 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 sigh handed it to his spoiler, who, rolling the chain and seals round it, found some wider 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 wid ye, and thank the blissed 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 bish-

op 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 endeavored to redouble his speed. Alas! what chance had he in a race with 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 ye!'

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 will I be after loosing the chance of that elegant hat and wig? Off with them this moment, and then you'll be quit o'me.'

The footpad quickly 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 repress their laughter at seeing their master in such strange and motley attire; but there was in his face such evidence 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 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.'

'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 pu' 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, 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 glingling 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 is used by farmers, containing about thirty guineas.

The surprise and joy of all parties may be imagined; they reached the inn where they proposed stopping for the night, and as the portmanteaus had escaped the dangers of the