

I was afterwards convinced, from other sources, of the accuracy of his narrative, in this point, at least, which being of comparatively recent occurrence, could have none of tradition about it.)

Well, sir, (he continued) Nugent managed somehow or other to communicate with the outlaw, and gave him his word of honour that if he would afford him an interview at any convenient time and place, no advantage should be taken, but that he should be suffered to come and go in perfect safety. M'Mahon, who was getting old, and probably weary of the wild life he had led, agreed to the proposal, but declined appointing either time or place; for I suppose he thought it would be only prudent not to rely too much on the faith of an enemy. He merely said he would have the honor of waiting on his worship as soon as he had settled matters with a few worthy gentlemen whose rent had been for some time in arrears. Nugent thought this rather an insolent sort of a reply; but he had to put up with it, and to wait for whatever time might suit the robber's convenience. My grandfather (continued the boy) who was then living where we live at present, happened, though a Catholic, to be on terms of intimacy with most of the other gentlemen of the neighbourhood; and one evening, as Nugent and one or two others were dining at his house, they began the old subject of the terrible state the country was in, and wondering whether it was possible that this formidable banditti could ever be destroyed. It was winter, and the night was very dark and stormy, and they were talking on in this fashion, when they heard a horseman riding up to the door—a loud double knock followed, and presently a stranger was ushered into the room—a fine military looking man, with long silvery hair, and a cloak of the old Irish fashion wrapped around him. He saluted my grandfather with an air of frank courtesy, and then turning round, said, he believed he had the honor of addressing Mr. Nugent, of Castle Marron. Mr. Nugent looked a little surprised at this, for he had never seen the stranger before, neither had any of the others, and they wondered how he knew Nugent, for that he was a stranger they thought was evident—such a distinguished looking person could not possibly have been living in their neighbourhood unknown. My grandfather, of course, welcomed him with all hospitality, but he refused to partake of any thing till he had declared the object of his visit. He said he had come according to appointment; and then it was hardly necessary for him to declare his name, for throwing back his cloak as if without any design, he displayed a belt studded with pistols, and a rich heavy sword that hung almost to his heel. I dare say there was hardly one present who did not feel a little nervous in the presence of the outlaw; but my grandfather perceived at once why he had chosen his house as the scene of conference. "This is a wild night, sir," he said, "and rather an unseasonable time to intrude on your hospitality; but I have sometimes reasons for preferring night to day—not in this case, however—I would not presume to question the good faith of so near a relative as Mr. Nugent."

The other looked at him in amazement.

"Eh!" said he. "I really was not aware, sir, that I had the honor of being connected with such a distinguished individual."

"Were you not, indeed?" said the robber, dryly—"I'm not sure that there is any very great honour in the connexion either one way or other. However, sir," he added, "you have the misfortune—and, I dare say, that expresses your meaning better—of being very nearly related to the man whom you have spent a great deal of useless time in hunting like a wild beast through the country."

The robber's brow darkened as he said this; but the truth of his story flashed on the minds of all present when he drew a miniature from his bosom, richly set in diamonds, and, handing it to Nugent, asked him if he had ever seen a face resembling that? The other looked at the portrait, and, though he had never seen the original, he had seen often enough, in his own castle, where it hung covered with black crape, and apart from all the other family portraits, the likeness of the same sad and lovely countenance.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "who are you, M'Mahon, or what claim have you to this?"

"Merely," replied the outlaw, "the claim that a son has to the only relic of a broken-hearted mother. Are you astonished at this? I'm an outlaw, to be sure, and am standing here among your workshops with a price on my head; but did you never hear before of the son of the elder born being driven out from among men, while his castles and domains were the lordships of another?"

The gentlemen were soon convinced that the robber was really the son of those unfortunate lovers whose fate had been involved in mystery from the fatal night of their elopement; and it was even observed that his dark and weather-beaten countenance bore a strong resemblance to the beautiful image that he wore. They had a great deal of conversation of a rather friendly kind, for they seemed for the time to forget the character of their visitor in the misfortunes of himself and his family; but though M'Mahon spoke with carelessness and freedom of the circumstances of his own life, he evinced a degree of reserve and uneasiness whenever any allusion was made to the history of his unhappy parents. It appeared, however, that they had succeeded on the night they had left the castle, in reaching the dwelling of an old priest, who was living away in some wild and secret part of the mountains, and there they were married. What became of them then he either didn't know or didn't wish to communicate; but, at all events, they both died very young; and he, after a great many adventures, while he was yet a child, fell in among an army of the rapparees, who were at that time very formi-

dable. He was only about ten or twelve years of age when the rapparees were suppressed in this part of the country, chiefly by the active measures of his uncle, John Nugent. The small party to whom young M'Mahon remained attached, after wandering through the greater part of the south and west of Ireland, returned towards the north under his leadership, and this was the origin of the powerful banditti that now kept the country in awe.

"So here I am," said M'Mahon. "The last lord of Ferney trusted to the honor of a Lord Deputy, and was hanged for his pains; and yet I have trusted myself in your power to-night, for I know that under this roof, at least, no act of perfidy can be committed."

"He was cautious enough, however, for when one of the gentlemen happened to rise from his seat, he fixed his eyes upon him, evidently determined that no man should leave the room. He was right in this, to be sure, for it was only Nugent that was on honor with him, and there were troops at hand that could have been turned out in an instant. Well, when they found out who M'Mahon was, this made them still more anxious to have matters brought to some kind of settlement; but the robber was higher in his notions than they had calculated on, and a great deal of angry recrimination passed between them.

"Come, now," said the outlaw, "I am the scourge of the country, you say, and you are one of the people's preservers. I ask you, Nugent, would you mount your horse to-night, and ride from one end of your barony to the other without arms or attendants, and rely for safety on the forbearance or affection of the people?"

"No, faith," said Nugent, "not while your ruffians are abroad."

"No, nor if my ruffians, as you call them, were lying dead in their wild haunts, the only shelter the world affords them. I have plundered the great gentlemen of the country, but I never yet left a cabin tenantless, or a family without a home; and, robber as I am, my name has been uttered in the prayers of many a broken heart."

Well, they went on this way, reproaching each other as the authors of all the misery that it was acknowledged existed in the country, and by this means they only increased the difficulty of a compromise. M'Mahon was well enough disposed to abandon his lawless course, and pass the remainder of his days in peace and retirement; but his principal object was to provide for the safety of his followers. At last it was settled that he and the most notorious of his band should leave the country, and that the others, having dispersed, should be suffered to pursue, unmolested, any honest course of life. M'Mahon, on his part, promised most faithfully that he would suspend all hostile operations until the government should have been applied to, to ratify these conditions, and thus the interview terminated. The next morning Nugent was informed that a wounded prisoner had just been brought into his castle. He went down, and, to his astonishment, there was the old outlaw lying on the floor, in one of the strong rooms, apparently at the point of death. Though in this state, he was heavily ironed, and a couple of soldiers, with fixed bayonets were standing over him. He raised his eyes as Nugent entered the room, and his brow, which was pallid before, grew suddenly as dark as night.

"You perjured villain!" he muttered through his ground teeth, and half rising on his arm; but his eyes rolled vacantly, and he immediately fell back in a swoon. Nugent ordered the bolts to be knocked off, and proper care to be taken of the prisoner, and then he inquired into the circumstances of the case.

It appeared that as M'Mahon drew near the Rocks, on his return home the previous night, he witnessed what he at once regarded as a most flagrant violation of faith. His retreat had been stormed; but the battle, which was now raging at its highest, showed him how desperately it was still defended. He dashed on, and a wild cheer welcomed him to the fray; and there he fought while his men fell round him, till at last he fell himself, covered with wounds. He was the more desperate, as he thought Nugent had broken faith with him; but this was not the case. A fellow of his own, who had fallen under his displeasure, after trying in vain to spread disaffection in the band, had adopted another course, and offered to a magistrate of the neighbourhood to betray camp and garrison into his hands. The magistrate happened not to be on good terms with Nugent, and whether he was ignorant of the negotiation he had on foot, or wished to anticipate him in freeing the country of the banditti, he immediately came into the fellow's proposals. The retreat was surprised, and almost every one of the robbers killed in defending it. M'Mahon died that night in the castle of his ancestors, but not till he had been informed of all the circumstances connected with his downfall, and had asked Nugent's forgiveness for the wrong his suspicions had done him. Nugent was a proud but a generous-hearted fellow, and in the noble form and countenance of the robber, he seemed only to contemplate the ruin of a fallen kinsman. Different as their lives and fortunes had been, they were the children of the two most beautiful beings, and one the most unfortunate that ever graced those ancient halls; and Nugent remembered this, and forgot, for the time, all distinction in their present rank, as he stood by the couch of the dying outlaw.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

A French Abbe, who was extremely corpulent, coming late one evening to a fortified town, asked a countryman whom he met "if he could get in at the gate?" "I should think you might," said the peasant, looking at him jocosely, "for I saw a waggon of hay go in this morning."

For the Pearl.

CRITO THE CRITIC.

"I do remember him,
And hereabouts he dwells, excessive spleen
Hath worn him to the bones."

Let Crito write, and publish, and abuse,—
Invent new venom and traduce my muse,—
His inert liver drowsily complain,
O'erflow with gall and deluge every vein,
Ooze through his heart and stagnate on his brain,
Pale o'er his cheek, shed livid cankering spleen,
Flood his foul eye, and leave it sickly green,
Rank on his breath its morbid currents roll,
Parch his dry lip and drench his paltry soul,—
Nurse him in noxious love of critic strife
To lose his ghastly rancour with his life.
Still let him fume in all his billious fire,
Till self-consumed the creature shall expire;
Yet ere that hour, oh all ye Gods at once,
Crown Critic Crito, Criticising Dunce!

Though still he scoffs, I'll woo the zephyr's wing
That plays o'er ocean like a living thing;—
Poetic dream, amid the glowing isles
That Fancy's Peri with the floweret smiles.
Still sing the fragments of a scattered wreck,
The riven planks of some proud vessel's deck,
And hope the desperate struggler to save
From the fierce terrors of the whelming wave.
Still see the bosom press'd with doubts and fears,
Sworn with pale griefs, anxieties and cares,—
I leave the big sigh, that born of hot despair,
Loads quivering lips and finds expression there.
Again o'er ocean, for Montego Bay
Set my white sails, and brave the sea-girt way,—
Dry the deep tear that love's own essence weeps,
And prize the heart that fond remembrance keeps,
Sigh, "farewell, love," but hie, "I'll come again"
Ere yonder moon shall three times wax and wane.
Still see the storm-fiend in the whirlwind free,
Drive the proud waters downwards to the lee,
Breathe from his nostrils tempest-stirring wrath,
And strew with terror ocean's fearful path.
Still muse when midnight silence reigns around,
And nature calm in holy spell is bound,—
Still hear no sound 'neath Cynthia's silent beam,
Save torrents dash or milder flowing stream.
Still love the muse and woo her witching power
To cheer the soul mid fell afflictions' shower;
Still prattle love in balmy accents sweet,
When heart with heart in unison shall beat;—
Still point my pen to nature's noble theme,
Sing Love and Friendship, no unearthly dream;—
My friends still honor, and forgive my foes,
Even Crito, scavenger of bungling prose:
That canker'd thing, full in my muses ken,
A meagre fragment of the sons of men,—
Diseased in mind, of slanderous repute,
Discord's harsh child, abortion's wither'd fruit,
Hot, arid, selfish, with the world at strife,
A mental shrimp, a very ghost of life.—
But why, my muse, pollute thy generous spring,
Or waste a thought upon so base a thing,
As Critic Crito, senseless braying ass?
So "step aside and let the reptile pass."

(A writer who evidently has thought himself considerably aggrieved by some late critical remarks, has furnished the above poetic retribution. It appears to us rather severe; but coming from a poet, and addressed to a personified signature merely, it may be considered admissible, and so our correspondent get the redress which he desires.)—PEARL.

GAMING HOUSES IN PARIS.

As those establishments which for so many years exercised so powerful an influence upon French society, have ceased to exist, it may be interesting to note down some few facts concerning them, ere the recollection be lost to the present generation.

The licensed gaming houses of Paris were seven in number, of which four were in the Palais Royal. The well known No. 154, being considered the aristocratic one of that quarter, and to obtain admission to which a certain air of respectability and a general propriety of dress were considered indispensable. At No. 129, the society was less exclusive—the only qualification for entrance, being, that the individual should be twenty-one years of age. Then came No. 36, the lineal descendant of the No. 9, so well known in the years of the restoration, and so celebrated for the speedy repayment of the tribute exacted by the allies for the nation. Blucher himself, who came in for a considerable share of the spoil, made rapid restitution at this shrine. Here every source of voluptuous pleasure contributed to the overwhelming excitement of play. The famous Abelard arrived at eleven o'clock, with his far-famed "Chapons au riz," and the conquerors of Europe fell before the all-subduing attractions of the salons of M. Bernard. Amid the clamor