

For the Pearl.

## SONG.

Lady! Affection's early glow  
Hath faded from my breast;  
The love I ne'er again can know—  
The love my youth that blest;  
Yet if, though held in sorrow's thrall,  
Thou lov'st this heart of mine—  
If dear to thee, take—take it all,—  
The boon I ask is thine.

And oh! if in some after hour  
I seem less glad than now—  
If darkness o'er my pathway lower,  
And shadows cloud my brow—  
Think not I love thee less than when  
Our spirits first were bound,—  
For thou wilt be the dearer then—  
My love the more profound!

J. McP.

Queen's County.

## MACNAMARA AND HIS MARE, MOREEN.

FROM CESAR OTWAY'S TOUR IN CONNAUGHT.

"My little guide, Padsey, when I expressed my disappointment at not seeing a king's home, did his best to console me.

"Come, sir, and I will shew you where a great man entirely entirely was buried, and his mare also."

"And who was that, Padsey?"

"Why, Maenamara the robber, and his mare Moreen."

"Well, come shew me his grave."

"So, over rubbish and skulls, and through rank nettles and the roots of dwarf elder, we scrambled until we came to a corner, where was nothing to be seen but a common slabstone.

"Well, now, Padsey, tell me all about this Maenamara."

"Why, sir, he was a terrible man: I believe he was from the County Clare; but, any how, he kept in those parts for the sake of the caves; and it's very near the mountains where he would run to when things came to the worst with him. And he robbed the world from Munster up to Sligo: and, after all, it was not himself that was great, but his mare; for she was a jewel of a crathur. He'd rob a man in the county of Clare, and Moreen, the mare, would carry him off in such a jiffy, that he'd be here in no time. He saved his life in that way. They swore he robbed a man near Limerick. He swore, and proved it too, that he slept that night in Coug. The judges said it was impossible that he could so shortly be in two places, barring he was a bird. It was certainly true for him, only that it was Moreen, the mare, that carried him through. Oh, sir, sure Moreen could leap any where; she lepped up, with Maenamara on her back, into a drawing room window, where a company of Galway squires were carousing, and he robbed them all, and then he bounced out again, but the same Moreen did more than ever she did, one day, in Joyce country. Maenamara made the snug farmers among the mountains pay him what he called the black rint. And once on a time, when he was hunted out of all the flat country, and the sodgers were after him from Tuam, and Castlebar, and Ballinrobe, and he was here amongst the caves and rocks, he bethought him of gathering the rint in Joyce country; and off he set to the foot of Mamture mountain; and he was mighty cross all out, and not a thing would he have but the cash—no meal nor malt would do him, gold he must have, and that was scarce. So one said, and another said, 'Is it not a queer thing that all of us should be paying to this rapparee rapscallion,' (not a people in this wide world fonder of money than these Joyces,) 'and he, after all, but one little man, not so big as any one of ourselves.' So they all rose, and they shouted, and they ran at him; and one man had his scythe, and the other his log, and the other his stone; and they were going to murder him, and they had him hemmed in. On one side was Lough Corribb, and on the other was a high rock; and a big Joyce was lifting his leg to split his skull, when Maenamara gave a chirp to Moreen, and up she sprung. Thirty feet in height was the rock; she made no more of it than she would of skipping over a potatoe trench. She brought him out of their reach in a thrice; and him she carried to Coug as safe as you are, master, and safer. The marks of where she landed upon the rock are there yet—the people will shew it to you, if you go that way; not a word of a lie in it. But maybe, your honour, I have tired you about Mae and Moreen?"

"Oh, no, Padsey! Have you any thing more to say?"

"Och, then, that I have! He once sold his mare, for he was a great card-player; and so it was he lost all he could rap or run. The devil's child that he was, he staked and lost poor Moreen; and if you were to see him next day, when the man came to carry her away, it would make your heart sick. So says he to her owner, 'Sir, would you be pleased just for to give me one ride of her before she goes; I'll be bound I'll shew you what's in her.' So, sir, do you see yonder peers? and here Padsey pointed to an ancient gateway, where there were the remains of very lofty piers—'Sir, the gate was up at this time higher far than a man could reach. So Mac mounted, and dashed Moreen at the gate; and sure enough she topped it in style. But if she did, whether it was that the knowing crathur had a thought in her that her master was going to give

her up or not, any how myself cannot tell, but when she came to the ground, she fell down as dead, and never rose again. Poor Moreen's heart was broke. Maenamara did not long survive her. He ordered himself to be buried along with her in that snug corner; and there they are; and never was the likes of man and mare from that day to this."

"Well, now, Padsey, would you like to be such an one as Maenamara?"

"Och, then, to be sure I would; but where would the likes of me get such a mare as Moreen?"

## THE ROBBER'S HOLE.

"We did not remain long at the abbey; in fact, there was nothing worth seeing in it, except three beautiful windows, or rather screens, that once divided the southern transept from the cloister. If the whole cloister, which is now a thickly planted orchard, were as highly ornamented as this, it must have been beautiful. The carving here is most elaborately executed; and what remains forms a fine specimen of the interlacings of a florid Gothic window."

"In departing from the abbey, and giving sixpence to the stupid old woman who appeared at its gate, I asked Padsey had he any thing more to shew."

"Och, yes, please your honor, plenty! Come, and I'll shew you the robber's hole."

"What's that?"

"Och, then, come along, and when I bring you to it, I'll do my endeavour to make you sensible."

"So, accompanied by my boy and my Connemara man, we again passed through the village, and entered the wide waste of rock that lay to the eastward; and we had not gone far until we came to a chasm about ten feet long by four wide, down which, when you looked, you saw and heard below, about one hundred feet, a stream urging its force."

"This, sir," said Padsey, "is the Robber's Hole."

"And why has it got that name?"

"Och, sir, from a great man entirely, that made use of this place."

"Was it Maenamara?"

"Och, no, but one of his sort; though not with his heart, for Mac, they say, was kind of heart; but this fellow was the very devil all out. Now, your honour, just give the time, and I'll tell yees. He was the greatest robber and murderer that ever was known in Connaught: 'twas death and destruction to travel in those days between Tuam and Ballinrobe. His way was to seize the traveller, and then bring him off the road to this hole, and here rob and strip him, and then toss him down where no one could go look after the corpse, or ever hear what became of it. In this way he stopped a fine lady, who was travelling in a shay, dressed out in a gold-laced scarlet coat—a beautiful creature, goin, as they say, to meet her husband, a great officer, who was quartered in Castlebar. Well, Davy the Devil, as the robber was called, stopped her on the road, not far from this town; and he brought her up here to put an end to her: here, sir, the two were—she, I may say, where I now stand, and Davy beside her. And Davy says, 'Come, mistress, strip off your finery, before you go down where I will send you.' 'And where is that, sir?' says she, mighty civil all out; for the crathur saw she was in a villain's power. 'Down in that hole you must go; so make haste, my deary, and strip in a thrice, or maybe it will be worse for yees.' 'Won't you let me say my prayers?' says the lady. 'Well, and that I won't,' says Davy, 'seeing I know by your cut you're a Protestant heretic, and all the prayers in the priest's book would do you no good.' So the lady began to strip; but you may be sure she did it slow enough, for still she gave a long look over the gray rocks, to see if any one would come to save her; but there was no crathur in sight but the sheep, and no voice but the raven, croaking high and hoarse, as if by some sense he smelled of one that was about to die. Well, my lady had taken off her bright scarlet gown, and her fine hat and feathers, and there was her beautiful hair streaming in the air; and all she had now on was a little bit of a petticoat and a she-miss (as the quality people call it) of fine linen, as white as the snow-drift on Mamture. And now here stood the lady, and there, just where your honour stands, was Davy; and at his foot, as you now see it, this dark, deep, running water.—'Well, sir,' says the lady, 'Mr. Robber, sure you are a decent man, and, for civility sake, you would not be after looking at a lady when she is doing what you are now forcing her to?' 'Oh, no, by no manner of means,' says the robber: 'I'm a decent man, at any rate.' So, sir, very mannerly all out, Davy the Devil turned his back on the lady; and then, as sure as you are there, my lady gives Davy a push, and down he goes with a crash, just as I now push this Connemara boy into this hole—down, down!"

"And, sure enough, Padsey did give the Connemara man a push which did not actually send him down, body and bones, as went the robber; but, taken as he was by surprise, the poor fellow's hat went down; and I never saw a being so astonished as the Connemara man was, when he saw his hat go down where, if we are to believe Padsey's story of the robber, many a good head went down before now. I could not find from Padsey what became of the lady whose presence of mind stood her in such good stead. All I know is, that, after enjoying a hearty laugh at the stolid surprise and subsequent distress of the mountaineer at the loss of the hat

which he declared was nearly new; and when, almost crying, he said he could never face home without a hat, for all the neighbours would be after laughing at him, I had to give him money to buy a new one, and he and I parted: and I dare say little Padsey, when he went home in the evening, enjoyed a hearty laugh at our joint expense, being both, in his view, simples,—one for going in the way of losing his hat, and the other in paying for an old canbeen, as if it were a new felt, fresh from the block."—*Dublin University Magazine.*

## SOME STRANGE OCCURRENCES IN THE LIFE OF COUNT DE NIEPPERG,

THE AFFIANCED OF THE PRINCESS MARY OF WURTEMBERG.

Count de Niepperg is of Hungarian descent, and exhibits on his scroll-armorial a long list of brave and patriotic ancestors. At an early period of life he was subjected to the machinations of one of those unscrupulous monsters, who, for the love of gold, would do any deed, however dark,—appeal to any agency, however diabolical. His name was Bodgaski (a Carpathian or Red-Russian,) who laid claim to the Austrian estates of the Niepperg family, and who was especially desirous to get rid of the heir.

Infinite were the schemes of this man to obtain possession of the present Count Niepperg, while yet an infant; and, at length, he succeeded.

By escalade, he, in the depth of night, gained the nursery, seized upon the child, and escaped before discovery was made.

Arriving at an inn among the mountain-fastnesses of the border, he gave the child into the care of an old crone, who had long been devoted to his guilty purposes, and ordered at the nearest inn a sumptuous repast in exultation at what he had effected. In the midst of this repast the villainous beldame came to him, as by appointment, and agreed for a certain sum to strangle the child that night. Just, however, as she was leaving the apartment, a strange noise arrested her attention, and on turning round she perceived that her fiendish employer had fallen from his chair.

Excess of wine, added to the fury of excitement, had induced apoplexy; he was speechless, motionless—the finger of death was upon him. The old woman was in a dilemma, and the destruction of the infant was postponed.

On the following day she still hoped to make a thriving bargain; a large reward being offered for the discovery of the child.

Her story, when she presented herself at the Chateau Niepperg, was so plausible, that the amount offered was paid to her unhesitatingly; but a just destiny awaited her, for, in returning home, she was waylaid by some lawless foresters, who had heard of her success,—robbed and murdered her. Thus a fearful retribution fell upon both offenders.

The young Count, as he advanced in years, was beloved by all who knew him, and was as remarkable for personal beauty and the lighter accomplishments as for an enlightened and liberal mind, and great moral intrepidity. It was imagined that he would be very hard to please on the score of the affections, but an incident of a singular kind removed this surmise. At a *bal masqué* at the principal theatre in Vienna, he entered the parterre, as was his custom, undisguised, and on looking round the boxes, where were many ladies seated as spectators, he beheld one who at once absorbed his entire contemplation.

She was very young, and less remarkable for regularity of beauty than for intellectuality and sweetness of expression. He stood and gazed for some time, and then sought among the masques some one of his acquaintance from whom to learn who the lady might be. While so engaged he was accosted by Prince P. Est—, and on turning round to indicate the *loge*, it was discovered to be empty!

The Count was *désespéré*: he left the theatre; and for many days afterwards made enquiries, which were unattended with success. Gloomy, and now unfitted for society, he was one day riding out among the wooded lanes of Goritz, near Vienna—which form a sort of frame-work for rich and extensive meadows—when he beheld at some distance two ladies sauntering along, and tranquilly contemplating the beauty of the landscape;—but the scene became suddenly changed, and the most fearful screams were heard. An animal, something like a mastiff, but larger, appeared to be creeping towards them.

Rapid as lightning, the young Count dashed up to it just in time to divert its attention upon himself: and, in truth, it was no ordinary adversary. A lion had escaped from the *Jardin Botanique de l'Empereur* only some minutes before. Though habited *en militaire*, the Count carried no fire-arms, and had therefore to depend wholly upon his sword. Circumstances favoured him; he had scarcely leaped from his horse when the savage adversary, by a natural instinct, sprang upon it. It was the work of an instant to plunge the weapon deep in the part most vulnerable—the heart of his assailant.

Alas! his gallant steed expired *also*, quiveringly, from loss of blood.

On hastening to the ladies, one of them had fainted, and the other could but just inform him that they resided at the Chateau de L—. On the recovery of the former he accompanied them home, and was most enthusiastically welcomed by their father, the Duc de S—a M—.

With some difficulty he was pressed to stay to dinner; and in