[FOR THE NEWS.]

THE FELON..

PART FIRST. I.

Cold blows the blast, and loud the roar Or breakers dashing on the shore. And all unearthly is the sound Of midnight storm, sweeping round lyerigha's dark and crasty side. Whose heather fields wave free and wide, In leaflessness, wild, gaily grand, Defying Winter's blasting hand. And thickly drives the snow (1) and fast Before the bitter biting blast, And lightning flashes low—Now rumbles loud the thunder crash, And deafens ocean's distant dash! And to ngain, another flash!

The heavens are aslow:
While to their centres shake the while, Iveragha,(2) Eirk and Sleivenachoil! Cold blows the blast, and loud the roar

11.

Meet home for ghouls and goblins grim
The caverns of that meantain dim.
Where the Brown Has (3) her goblet fills,
And drinks "The genii of the hilts!"
And drinking deeply, sometimes calls
Valhallah from his godship's halls:
And trifles with great Odin's name:
Ane, often summons him, in flame,
Down to descend from his high throne,
And converse with the Colleach Croan.

III.

Such is the virtue of the Bhoer, (4)
The pirate Dane distilled of yore,
By some unearth, unheavenly spells,
From apple leaves and heather bells;
And hia/in every mountain-vale
In the green isle of limistail:
Who of it drinks, has mazic power
And life eternal from that hour,
And o'er the powers of darkness sway,
O'er elves and gnomes as dire as they,
In deplay of far futurity,
Can see what's hid in mystery;
Can enter every strange disguise,
Or live unseen by motal eyes.
Live on the earth, live in the air,
Live underground, live everywhere,
Controlled by but one runic prayer—
But why delay? our tale, go on!
We tell of the Brown Hag anon.

IV.

Who ever deemed to place so wild A mortal could be reconciled? Yet see where up the mountain's height You lovely, little, lone, red light, Like bearen in a dismal tomb, shines flickering thre' the marky gloom. If meteor failen, it hath force, Nor rock, for earth would stay its course; A hissing mass it buried lay. Deep in the bowels of Iveragh. 'Tis no weird form, on night like this, Sits there aloof from elin bliss; For on the lightning's merry wing They dance around the phantom king. (5) 'Tis not the lightning; for its light Is not as transent, nor as bright. 'Tis man's abode; 'tis mortal hand Has kindled there the glowing brand,—Who must the eccentric mortal be? Who, but the hermit—Red Riasoree; Exempt from toil, and worldly care, Who seeks his soul's salvation there.

V.
To fly the haunts of sin and men.
Sought Father Rozer this wild den:
Here has he lived for weary years.
Here solitude his home endears.
Here does his prayer scarce ever cease;
A life of pentence and peace
Is his: the of the prince of fear. (6)
Of dread, and darkness, ventures near,
Essaying, beneath deep hell's control,
To bring the holy hermin's soul.
In vain: to sin that soul is scaled,
Nor will to hell united yield.

"For faith on this terrestrial clod
Makes very demons quake.
And fervent prayer, and trust in god
Make hell's own centre shake.
So thought Riaoree, whose faith and prayer
Oft shook the luring lucifer;
For gently the' the tempter came,
He went in rage, and fire, and flame,
VI. V.

VI.

Before the door,
Upon the floor
The fire of heather burns;
The facther kneels,
His book and beads
He counts and reads by turns, (7)
And the without the storm may howl,
And mountain breezes blow,
And ghost and ghoul,
May grin and scowl
Along the drifting snow;
He cares not, neither does he heed;
Concentred all in one,
His thoughts portray
That awint day
When life's foor race is run,
When to her king
Man's soul takes wing.
And Sheareach (5) is begun—
"O God!" said he,
"Deliver me,
And Thy great will be done!"

VII.

"Ave Maria! hear the prayer
Of thy poor, helpless child"—
"Thy roof, O father! wilt thou share
With a wand rer of the wild?"

'fis near: and Roger turns to see—
'O evil one! tornment not me!
Thy kind, I've scenthem o'er and o'er,
But one so horrid, ne'er before.
As thou,—thou of infernal mould,
Thou fallen Lucifer of old,
Chief author, centre, source of sin,
Sedacer of the souls of men,
Aloof, aloof! I know thee well,
Archiend of sulph'rous fiery hell;
Dar'st tarry here, I call God's name,
Go! get thee hence, foul prince of flame!"

VIII.

Close by the hermit's fire he stands,
And o'er it spreads his trembling hands,
A living skeleton in skin,
Grim as the patron saint of sin.
Bare are his feet, his head is bare,
But oh! nor head, nor feet are there
That could with living man's compare;
Nor aught did he resemble, save
An automaton from the grave.
What once had been a garb of grey,
But falling now in shreds away,

Encased in part his withered frame,
In an array that none could name.
A tunic, neither cost nor vest,
Hung by a button on his breast,
And reached no farther down, alack!
Than to the middle of his back:
In characters, blood-red, before
A blazoned T and F (9) it bore;
And time behind failed to destroy
That curst, black-lettered word-Mountage, (10)

IX.

IX.

Seem from their sockets out to fly
Those orbs that round the cavern pry,
And dart their glances to and fro
The holy hermit—Rimoree Roe.
The stranger shakes with sudden fear,
He doubts his palsied, withered car,
—"Archffend go hence." 'tis but too true,
He wears the demon's torm and hue. (1)
And what but ghastly could he'be?
And does he dream, or is he free?
And has he really lost his chains,
And fled his torments and his pains?
Yes, once again, a freeman he—
"Forbear, O father! curse not me:
I am but man, but mortal clay,
Denounce me not—nay, father, nay,"

X.

"Thou majesty of darkness! go.
And hide thee in thy realms below!
In convict's garb, and withered form,
Think'st thou, thou fiend! my soul to harm?
Do'st think, in whatsoe'er discuise,
Thou ever can'st deceive mine eyes.
Thou source of human woe?
Hope not for this poor soul of mine;
It never, never shall be thine,
Nor shall it pergons round it whine,
Nor shall it feel the throe
Of those tormented souls that pine
Where fires eternal glow,
Where never lights of comfort shine;
Then go, dark demon, go!"

X.

The hyssop phial the father took,
And slung his beads, and one d his book,
And slung his beads, and one d his book,
And fast prepared him to expel
His majesty from earth to hell:

By Him clevated
On glory's bright pinions,
By the power, which created
Thine own dark dominions,
By the—!

Father, O father!
For merey! conceive me
No demon, but rather
A mortal, believe me:
Weak, worn, and old.
Bent with years of oppression;
Humanity's mould,
Full of sin and transgression;
The spoil of a dungeon,
Racked, tortured, and tern—
Bear witness these limbs
Which rough irons have worn.
The' venseful in mind
As Ethnee's mard rous daughter, (12)
I'm not of hell's kind;—
Prove it by holy water!

XII.
en sprinkled wirt.

When sprinkled with the holy fluid, Nor flinch nor flee did he; But craved the mountain solitude. That night with Red Rinoree.

"Mysterious this - Pray, stranger, rest; Thou art my warmly welcome guest. Thou art the first of Adam's race. That sought me in my dwelling place. Here has my life, my manhood flown, Here thought I to fon this hill's side, Unknown to man) have lived, and died. Oh! blest that now it has been mine, The last, the least of Redmond's (13) line. To give a shilling to the child. Then welcome, welcome child of woe, (Thy garb and form bespeak thee so). To this abode, damp, rude, and low!" When sprinkled with the holy fluid.

XIII.

XIII.

"Draw close beside my little fire, And warm thy trembling, weary limbs; And soothe that feeling, dread and dire, Which in thy watery eyeballs swims. But say, how cam'st thou here to-night? And doth thy garb bespeak thee true? And doth thy garb bespeak thee true? Art thou a felon taken flight? Doth aught thou fearest thee pursue? If so, thou'rt safely lost from view; Who finds thee here 'twere vain avoid,—Who seeks to climb, shall sorely rue, Iveragha's craggy, shelving side. Dost hunger teel, my aged quest? Take herbs and water; 'tis my best." "No, father, no, with thanks to thee, I am of thirst, of hunger free; Not that my wants are satisfied, But that these bones, this shrivelled hide. Have long been lood and drink denied, And can subsist on scantiest fare, And treatment ill, and toil austere. Then many thanks. Good father! why Take thou such pains? full well am I Content a shelter here to find From thunder, snow, and storm, and wind: And Heaven, in thy hour of need, Be thy requital for thy meed.

Strange friend! and why that sudden start?
Does cold benumb thy palsied heart?
Does fear appal? impending ill
Thy mind with gloomy terrors fill?
Thou seem st to hear, borne on the wind,
Some shriek that shakes thy soul with fear.
Some desperate foe pursning near.
From which thou deem'st not safety here.
Perchance thou hast met some weird elf,
In heathered grot, or beetling shelf.
(For many such are here, I ween,
Blue, black, and white, red, brown and green((t4))
Who, for her pleusure—thy torment,
Illused thee on the brown hill's bent,
And chased thee hither, with affright,
In shape of gnome, fay, pooka (15), sprite;
And told thee think long on to-night.
But lo! again, while thus I speak
There's working in thy withered cheek—
O pensive man! I thy mind disclose,
Sny, what thy fears, and who thy foes?"

XVI.

"Good father, if thy life and mine
Thou would'st preserve, to do is thine:
No surer does thy fire here burn
A moment hence, than we in turn
Are corrses, weltering in our gore,
And burning on the cavern floor—
Upon the embers with the snow!
They come, they come—the foe, the foe!" XVII.

The hissing brands no longer blaze. The cave is filled with smoke and haze;

Red Roger whispered, "Are they near?" "Hush," said the stranger, "dost not hear Their rustle nigh?"

Hurrah! hurrah! Hurrah! hurrah! Be all alive—look sharp, I say, A moment since here shone a flame, And as I live, here lurks the game. On, gallants, on; at Britain's feet Let traitors' hearts the last throb heat, thive Irish worms your darkest frown, Spare not the rebels—eat them down!"

XVIII.

Above the storm the soldiers' shout
And clubmen's yoll ring fiercely out;
Through erag, and fell, and cave, and bush.
The furious pack, like heli-hounds, rush.
Upon the rock above his head
The hermit hears their hurrying trend;
While thro' the gloom, with anxious eye,
The asold convict doth espy,
From some high rock's heath-covered crown,
A red-coat man come tumbling down
Thro' brake and bush till stayed before
The mountain sheeling's lowly door.
That outward mansion naught revealed
Of what might be therein concealed;
For, though a tenant long was there,
There was nor path nor passace bare;
Before, behind, above, around,
The thickset heather decked the ground.
What wonder, then, that Britain's horde
Passed and repussed it unexplored.

XIX.

Soon on the night winds died away
The fierce "huzzh!" the loud "hurra!"
And reckoning danger safely past,
The hermit silence broke at last:—
"Lord! be thou honored, praised and blest,
For all thy mercies!—Lives my guest?
O stranger, friend! say, have not we
Escaped a dreadful butchery?
But who thou art, and whither come,
I charge thee tell!"—

"Submit, be damb!
Thy captor I; in England's name,
Here seek I Erin's rebel same.
Speak, thou shalt feel how sharp my dart,
Resist, it quivers in thy heart.
Crouch murd'rons villain, crouch for fear.
Or else I hack thee piecemeal here!
And hack I will, here, limb from limb,
In felon's blood let felon swim—
Oh, for the blood of all thy race.
Thou rebel wretch, my sword to grace!
But die thou dog; thy life"—

"Not so,
Rash British hireling, see thy fee!
Sock'st thou not him who fled Mountjoy?
Then mo behold: tor he am I."
The convict said, and at one bound.
He brought the soldier to the ground;
Wrenehold from his grasp the baked blade,
Above his breast its point displayed:—
"Wow worth the dame that gave thee birth!"
He said, and pinned him to the earth.

XX.

Half stifled in the soldier's breast. A hollow, gurding groun Came ruanding, as the convict pressed The steel through flesh and bone. The smarting flesh convulsive heaved. The shoot came hissing by the blade. The aged convict almost grieved To see the murder he had made. But then, it was in self-defence—The first and chief of nature's laws—Who holds it but fit recompense To draw the sword on him who draws? Retaliation! had thee still! When nation nation would destroy. When man strives blood of man to spill, When spoilers plunder would enjoy. When tyrants every means employ. To work poor Erin's ruin and thrail; A soulless slave, a base alloy, Who falls not him who would him fall. Half stifled in the soldier's breast.

XXI.

The prostrate soldier gasped for breath. His limbs grew stiff and cold. He felt the ley arms of death His human form enfold. As long and lone as Goromèd (16) He sighed and mourofully said:

" My gallant foe will hear my cry, Why thus prolong my pain? Extract the lance, nor fear that I Shall ever rise again.

Alas! that e'er it hath been mine A hireling slave to be. To hoard the gold, and quaff the wine Of British tyranny!

Ah, woe me! to forget I had A Christian soul to save— To how! for blood, a monster mad, O'er Erin's gory grave!

Attest it, heaven, that here I die
By him I would have slain;
Disowned of God and man am I,
Base, worthless, vile and vain.

My spirit onward, onward flies!
Ah! would that flight were go But, 0 my friend! in death these eyes See what in life they should!

Forgive, forgive, my foe, my friend,
The deed I meant to do;
Let not"—— He stopped: nor further could be speak, His mouth was filled with bloody foam; One dread, deep yell--one piercing shrick, His spirit fled its carnal home!

XXII.

The convict grasped the gory blade, And raised it vengefully, "I've suffered long and sore," he said, "Avenger will I be! Oppressors, persecutors -all go may the foes of Erin fall! So may the toes of Erin Int! So may each proud, maranding knave, On sea, on shore, in mountain cave, Find an unblest, unbonored grave, Where freemen yet, with soornful sneer, Shall say, 'A tyrant rotted here.'

Montreal.

NOTES.

DUNBOY.

(1) Snow—It is not unusual on what the Irish term an "Eiha splounkocha agis thornagh," (a night of thunder and lightning) to have a sudden and heavy snowfall on the mountains, while the lowlands are being drenched with rain.

(2) Iveragha, Eirk, and Sleivenaghoil, different eaks of the Caha mountains, between the counties of peaks of the Caha mountains Cork and Kerry.

(3) Brown Hag—The Brown Hag of the ghoil (Coiteach vhour, croan-na ghoila), an arch-witch, noither spirit nor mortal, reigns supreme on those hills: drinking bluer, conversing with gods, and sometimes with mortals.

(4) Bhoer—A drink made by the Danes; said to have the properties mentioned in the text. The sagacious vikings hid it, in stone jars, in the mountain hollows, where large quantities of it still remain, owing to the defeat of the Danes at Clontart in 1014.

(5) Phantom King—Our old Irish mothers believe lightning to be cornscations from the illuminations of elfin revelry, where "Rhee-ma-sheferee" (the elfin king) presides. Thunder is caused by the resistance offered by the atmosphere to the fairy chariots, which are drawn by seven-headed horses to the revels.

(6) Prince of Fear - There are many good stories in Corkabout the stratagems to which "Nick" resorts in tempting virtuous persons; solitaries in particular are said often to have had somewhat of a hand to hand encounter with his satanic majesty.

(7) By turns, i_{fol} , alternately—He doesn't count the book and read the beads; 'tis the reverse,

(8) Sheereacht-Eternity.

(9) T and F-Treason Felony.

(10) Mountjoy-A convict orison in Dublin, which might more aprly be called "Mountsorrow,"

(11) Hue—The treatment of convicts in Ireland, particularly of "high treason" convicts, is shocking to human nature.

(12) Daughter—Ghoulgreina or sun-ghost was begot by the devit upon the body of Ethnee, a Fomorian princess; she was so called from leng invisible while the sun was shions. At night, atter somet, and before sunrise, her custom was to sedace men, in the shape of a beautiful young woman, and women, in the shape of a handsome young man. She allured them into the nearest wood, where she devoured them, in the shape of a monster; in vengeance for her loving human substance mingled with her spirit immateriality.

(13) Redmond-Redmond O'Neil, an Irish chief-

(14) Green-Spirits are of different colors according to their rank in the invisible world; color also indicates the temper of spirits. Blue will territy; Black will test; World decates and ricticules; Red will drown; Brown is harmless. "Have a care o' yer life," says Pat. "when ye find a green specret; for she is shure to inhurdhar ye."

she is share to inhurdhar ye."

(15) Pooka—There is nothing which Paddy dreads or hates no much as the "Pooka." When a "sheetera" wants to have some fun, it assumes the pooka shape; which is, the back of a ennel, the head of a horse, with predictions ears; the four legs of agradic, the hind legs like those of a rabbit, but very thick and clumsy, and the tail long, creet, and armed with bristics like those of a parenpine. Thus self-metamorphoced the pooka forces its head between the legs of poor Pat, and, leasting its neek, shides him back on the hump. It then snorts, sending a blaze of fire through its nose, and in a moment it is some miles into the arr; with meredible rapolity it planges again to the earth, where it legins to hop, almost rupturing the stomach at its vietim with its hump, while with its tail it keeps up a continual happing on his back.

The ride always continues until "ceck-crow."

The ride always continues until "cock-crow.

(16) Goromed—Was the wife of a Kerry farmer, deeply versed in witcheraft. One of her feats was to enarm the batter of her neighbors, and, by the power of speils, bring the produce of their cream into her own charm. This was affected by mixing the dune of and the nutter madestrom her own cows on the morning of May 1st, before survise, and causing it to be swaitowed by the cows, the produce of which she covered.

On her evil journey, one morning, she was met by a monk who transformed her into a rock. Her hody and spirit are doomed to remain until the resurrection. On the Kerry side of the mountain called "The Priest's Leap," near the little barmi place of "Toumpureen teachna," still stands the dismal looking stone, out of which, to this day, on May merining, the imprisoned spirit is heard to sign and moan.

De Naoy.

DUNBOY.

FOOT NOTES.

Among the visitors to Effurt during the days of the Luther Festival, August 8th and 9th, Americans and English will figure in large numbers, many hundreds of them having made timely applications for rooms. The historical costume procession, in which 1,000 students and 300 singers from Beilin and Weimar alone, are to take part, will be a grand affair.

THE " harvest hat," a new freak of fashion, is very unique, and whether or not it will lock well depends entirely upon the wearer. We would not advise a plain person to attempt it. It resembles in shape the Alsatian, and the straw simulates corn-stalks, a large cluster of the golden grain appearing on one side, and a fringe of wheat-ears bordering the brim, with an underlay of cream lace. Over all the top and sides glow a perfect wealth of scarlet poppies, with small buds and fully grown blossoms mixed in wild confusion.

THE city of Nice has decided on offering to her visitors of next winter the attraction of an international exhibition of industry, agriculture and fine arts. The work which has already been accomplished since the month of March is truly surprising; boulevards have been opened, a large space has been levelled, a funicular railway built, a cascade laid out on a grand scale with a fall of water of twenty-one metres, and finally the exhibition building finished with a superficies of twenty thousand metres, flanked by two towers of the height of forty-two metres.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his bands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will sond free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Novre 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y.