

The Examiner.

AND SEMI-WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER.

"THIS IS TRUE LIBERTY WHEN FREE-BORN MEN—HAVING TO ADVISE THE PUBLIC—MAY SPEAK FREE."—MILTON'S EURIPIDES.

New Series.

CHARLOTTETOWN, JUNE 29, 1850.

Vol. 1: No. 43

POETRY.

STANZAS BY THOMAS MOORE.

[First time published in America.]

Oh! give to the hero the death of the brave,
On a field where the night
Of his deeds shed a light
Through the gloom which o'er shadows the grave.

Let him not be laid on the feverish bed,
There to waste through the day,
Like a taper, away,
And live till the spirit be dead.

Oh no! let him lay on Fame's death-bed of pride,
On the hoof-beaten strand,
With his sword in his hand,
And a fresh welling wound in his side.

No—not with the stealth of disease should he die;
He should bound o'er the flood,
Of his fame and his blood
To the glory that waits him on high!

For the life-blood whose stream to our country is given,
In the pride of its worth
Shall be hallowed on earth,
And the soul shall be honored in heaven.

Such fate, gallant Picton! was thine, when the few
Who survived thee in fight
Won the day by the light
That thy deeds shed around Waterloo.

"YES" AND "NO."

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

There are two little words which we use,
Without thinking from whence they came;
But, if you will list to my muse,
The birth-place of which I will name.
The one came from Heaven to bless,
The other was sent from below;
What a sweet little angel is "Yes!"
What a demon-like dwarf is that "No!"

And "No" has a friend he has bid
To aid all his doings as well;
In that delicate arch it lies hid,
That adorns the bright eye of the belle.
Beware of the shadowy frown
Which darkens her bright brow of snow,
As, bent like a bow to strike down,
Her lips give you death with a "No."

But "Yes" has a twin sister sprite—
'Tis a smile, you will easily guess—
That sheds a more heavenly light
On the doings of dear little "Yes;"
Increasing the charm of the lip
That's going some lover to bless—
Oh, sweet is the exquisite smile
That dimples and plays around "Yes."

SELECT TALE.

From Blackwood's Magazine for February, 1850.

The Siege of Dunbeg; or, the Stratagems of War.

At the time of the "Great Rebellion" of 1641, there stood, in the ancient territory of Offaly, now the Queen's County in Ireland, two fortalices, somewhat singularly circumstanced, both in the local situation and in the morale of their respective garrisons. Dunbeg, held nominally for the King, but in truth for the parliament, by Sir Simon Brabazon, a stout testy old Englishman, with a garrison of fifty well-appointed rank and file, occupied the northern bank of a deep and wide bog, extending many miles into the woods on either hand. On the opposite bank, at about three quarters of a mile distant, stood the rival castle of Dunmore, also held nominally for his Majesty, but, in truth, for "Our Lady and Roger Moore," by the warden and retainers of Sir Theobald Verdon, a young knight of the Pale. Between Sir Hugh Verdon, the father of the present captain of Dunmore, and his Roundhead neighbour, there had been many bickerings and contentions; and Sir Theobald, on returning from his travels, after his father's death, found himself separated from his neigh-

bours, not only by the obstacle of the bog, which has been mentioned, and which was usually impassable nine months out of the twelve, but by a ranking and insuperable personal dislike. The grudge of Sir Simon, however, was by no means participated in either by Lady Brabazon, whose tendencies were strongly Royalist, or by their only child, Lucy Brabazon, who more than once, by the banks of the placid Boyne, had wandered at eve, listening, in fact, to the vows of the identical gallant and enamoured knight in question. A protracted visit of the young lady at the residence of one of the nobles of the Pale, hard by the banks of the famous river, whose murmurings have mingled with the tendernesses of so many lovers, may perhaps account for the fact, that affairs at Dunmore had latterly received little attention from Sir Theobald Verdon; and the garrison there, consisting wholly of native Irish of the clan O'Dempsey, were left, in a great measure, to form their own opinions, and pursue their own course, in reference to the exciting events just then going forward. Some intimation of this untoward attachment had reached Sir Simon, and a peremptory recall had brought Lucy Brabazon back to the paternal roof, with a heart no longer her own, shortly before the events which are now to be narrated.

"Lady Brabazon," said Sir Simon taking down a clumsy telescope from his own serviceable eye—it was a dark day in December—"if my eyesight don't deceive me, that Teague of a warden and his wood-kerne are about some mischief in Dunmore."

"Why, Sir Simon, what do you see?"

"He has mounted his fourth piece of cannon on the north flanker;—a villain with a vengeance! He doesn't mean to salute us here with a twelve pound shot, I hope?"

"A twelve-pound fiddlestick, Sir Simon. Don't you know they are but demi-sakers of four, as you often saw in Sir Hugh's time."

"By—, madam, I believe it was a delusion which that Malignant practised on me, to put me off my guard. 'Tis a twelve-pounder I see if it be a gun at all."

"'Tis the mist which magnifies the object. Look you, Lucy, and tell us; can you see anything at this distance over the parapet of Dunmore?"

"Humph!" said Sir Simon; "she'll not see what she'd wish to see over the parapet of Dunmore: but I tell you both, ladies, that the heads of certain traitors will be seen, before all is done, over the parapet of Dunmore, as the head of one traitor ought to be there already."

"Sir Simon, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," exclaimed Lady Brabazon. "You have no reason under heaven, except your quarrel with his father, for imputing treasonable intentions to young Verdon; and you know perfectly well that in that quarrel you were entirely in the wrong."

"Right or wrong, Lady Brabazon, I'd have you to know that I am not to be bullied out of my senses by a pair of chattering women."

"Why, dear father," interposed Lucy, "I haven't opened my lips."

"If you haven't opened your lips, you have opened your eyes, and said quite enough, I can assure you," retorted the Governor. "I have a weighty charge here. This castle is the key to the whole of Ormond. These Irish have been rebels and cut throats ever since Strongbow. I shouldn't be in the least surprised to see your fine Sir Tibbot in a yellow shirt and a glibb like the tassel of your horse-cloth, with his gossips and kindred of vagabonds, laying seige to Dunbeg before New-year's day."

"I am sure you will never see him do anything unworthy of a gentleman," said Lucy.

"Sir Simon," cried Lady Brabazon, "it is a highly unbecoming way to speak to the man your daughter likes, and I approve of. There is not a more loyal gentleman in the Pale than Sir Theobald Verdon."

"The loyalty of the Pale, indeed!—a straw loyalty you may well call it!" exclaimed Sir Simon, punning on the word.

"If ever Sir Theobald Verdon point a gun against Dunbeg," replied Lady Brabazon, with increasing animation. "I shall be willing that you hang me out in this arm-chair, and let the first shot of the rebels come to your walls through my body!"

"And I beside my mother!" exclaimed Lucy.

"Upon my word, I should make a fine appearance," exclaimed Sir Simon, "with my wife and daughter hung out like a parcel of clothes to dry! But by—, ladies, if I took you at your words, it would be no more than the two most mutinous petticoat sergeants in Leinster would well deserve." And so, Sir Simon descen-

ded, in no enviable mood of mind, to the afternoon inspection of his garrison in the court yard.

While the authorities at Dunbeg were thus speculating on the proceedings of O'Dempsey, (for the warden of Dunmore assumed to be the *caunfile*, or head, of his own branch of the clan,) that dignitary, with his lieutenant, Cormack Mac Teige O'Dempsey, was occupied in making some reciprocal observations of a similar kind from the window of the barbican of Dunmore, whither it was Dempsey's custom to retire after dinner.

"Son of Teige," said he, "have you noticed anything particular to-day in the Saxon castle?"

"Nothing beyond the arrival of the young *bantierna* from Meath," replied the lieutenant.

"You could not know the branch of beauty from the great madam at this distance, Cormack?"

"Oh, yes! I'd know the yellow robes of the *bantierna* more even at this distance, as well as the blue mantle of the *bantierna oge*," cried Cormack. "But, in fact, I saw young Madam Lucy and her train riding up the Craggan meadows, and I in the cold Martin woods. I was as near her as we are to that dun heifer that's grazing in the Packnamo, O'Dempsey."

"Son of Teige," said O'Dempsey, "do not disparage the lily of Leix and flower of Offaly by such a comparison."

"I ask pardon, O'Dempsey," replied the lieutenant.

"She is the loveliest young lady in Lienster *go deoin*; and surely the *bantierna more* is a very beautiful lady in herself as well."

"Hark ye, Cormack," said O'Dempsey confidentially; "if the good cause continues to prosper as it has done, I would not wonder if we should have the beating-up of the old hog of a father's quarters before New-year's day."

"She's your's, O'Dempsey!" cried Cormack grasping his hand.

"And the great madam is yours, son of Teige," replied O'Dempsey, "if you choose to have her."

"Have her!" cried Cormack; "by all the bells of Ireland! I'd rather have the little finger of that stately noble lady, than a cartload of the pick of all the rest of the women of Ireland."

"'Tis a thing that is settled, Cormack," said O'Dempsey. "Every eye its own beauty. But who comes here? Hilloa, son of Brien!" he cried, calling out to a horseman who dashed up to the castle-gate, waving his cap—"hilloa! What news? what news?"

"Glorious news, O'Dempsey!" cried the new-comer. "The pale is up!"

"Up for whom, you son of a fortunate father?"

"For God, and Our Lady, and Roger Moore!" was the reply.

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" cried the garrison, swarming down to the entrance archway, where the son of Brien, as fast as his panting lungs would permit, detailed to them the great events which had just taken place in Meath. The nobles of the Pale, irritated by the conduct of the Lords Justices, who would neither afford them protection from the violence of the rebels, nor intrust them with arms with which to defend themselves, had assembled in open convocation on the hill of Crofty, and determined on taking up arms in their own behalf. The son of Brien drew from his pocket a list of the nobility and gentry who had thus virtually declared for the cause so dear to all in Dunmore.—Name after name of the men in high rank and influence was hailed with enthusiastic shouts by the garrison; but amid the long list of Taffs, Flemings, Flunkets, Barnwalls, and other noble families who had given in their adherence to the insurgent cause, there was no mention of the individual whose motions were so all-important to the present audience. Sir Theobald Verdon had not attended the meeting, and there was a prevalent report that he had privately withdrawn from the Pale, and offered his adherence to the Earl of Ormonde, then in arms for the government. The latter announcement called forth an unqualified expression of the feelings of the garrison.

"Down with the heretic Butler, and long life to the noble Gormonstown!" cried Shemus-a-siseal, the head carpenter of the garrison.

"To the *diouul* with the boddagh justices, and success to the Catholic council!" exclaimed Tomas-a-tongas, the chief blacksmith.

"Bad luck to the traitor Tibbot, and here's more power to our own noble warden!" shouted a third in the rear of the crowd; and on his bold declaration of rebellion, there ensued a confused murmur of approbation, but still not loud enough to justify O'Dempsey in coming forward.

(To be continued.)