

The Examiner.

AND SEMI-WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER.

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POETRY.

OUR AGE.

Friends! ye over-praise the times of old,
And ye languish o'er a dead ideal;
If we cannot boast an age of gold,
Men and women yet, thank God, are real.

Knighthood, noble action, simple faith,
Regal church and soldier king delight you;
But a royal life and knightly death,
Even in this age of prose invite you.

Think not that old pieties are fled,
Think not faith and love can ever perish;
Do not mourn that the old forms are dead,
But the enduring spirit seek and cherish.

Trust the soul that dwells in every soul,
Into one brave friendship let men enter;
All the stars and planets, as they roll,
Find in one great sun their common centre.

Gather up the coloured rays ere night,
Save men ere they fade from earth unheeded;
Mould them into pure creative light;
Never, never, was that light more needed.

Wander thro' the many winding ways
Of sweet thought dissolved to feeling sweeter;
Flash the truth from swift and fiery lays,
Smooth rude passion into flowing metre.

Wise and noble action is for man,
Healthy work for all, that none may sorrow;
He alone reveres the world's large plan,
Who with cheerful brow salutes the morrow.

We are children of the ages past;
Trust me, friends, a right good time is ours:
Here is work that brings glad rest at last—
Here are hopes that bear immortal flowers.

Crown and crosier, sword and lyre, are gone,
But a summer dawns when spring is failing,
And majestic days are marching on,
To reproach us for our weak bewailing.

Truer church shall be than in old times,
Lordlier governance shall bless the nation,
Sweeter lips shall murmur sweeter rhymes,
God shall give us holier revelations.

Courage! ye that praise the days of old;
Ye that languish o'er a dead ideal;
If we cannot boast an age of gold,
Men and women yet, thank God, are real.

SELECT TALE.

From Blackwood's Magazine for February, 1850.

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

(Continued.)

"Hold on by the guns that remain," shouted Cormack, in an agony of alarm. "We must turn back with what are left—haul them back to this end of the platform." But, as he spoke, the black edges of the bog were seen rising over the timbers on every side, and the soft peat began to break down and overspread the floor itself. "Oh! boys, off, every man of you; it is our weight that is sinking them!" he cried, leaping into the morass, in the vain hope of lightening that which was already half sunk. "Set your shoulders to the ends of the timbers," he exclaimed; "down on your knees and bellies, and shoulder them up for the love of God. Oh, holy Virgin, hear us! Oh, blessed Kieran, help to save the guns! Oh, boys—brave men—sons of Dempsey! for the honour of the name—for the love of the clan—for the credit of the chief—for the glory of God and all the saints—heave like sons of fortunate fathers! Oh, blessed saints—! we'll be disgraced for ever; they're sinking deeper every heave! Oh, Queen of Heaven! only look at this—they're up to the axletrees in spite of all we can do! It is the timbers that have parted below them, and they're sinking through like lead, the naves are covered, they're up to the trunnions, they're gone, they're gone, and we're disgraced for ever! *Dioul, dioul, dioul, dioul!*" And he wrung his hands in despair, as the breach of the last gun

heaved up, and then sank forward with a sullen dive; and the last of the boasted artillery of Dunmore disappeared in the black fathomless depths of the morass. Just on the completion of this disaster, day broke, and showed the adventurers to one another, pale, dripping, half foundered, besmeared with the black soil, their limbs stiff with cold, and consternation painted on every feature. Careless of extricating himself, Cormack Oge stood up to the knees in the quagmire, gazing with eyes of despair on the spot where the last of his hopes had deserted him. "I wish I was sunk with them!" he exclaimed. "I have brought you all to shame; 'tis disgraced for ever you all are, through my means; but I'll die before I see my kindred dishonoured!" and he rushed forward to cast himself headlong into the deepest of the quag. But James of the chisel, who happened to be standing nearest to him, seized him by the belt with both hands, and held him back.

"Captain, *astore*," said the chief carpenter; "never be so cast down for the loss of three or four old honey-combed demi-sakers. By the helve of my hatchet! if the kindred will but keep the secret, I'd engage to frighten Dunbeg into a surrender with the four that I made out of the long pump last night! May I sink where I stand, if any one would know them from the real metal three yards off. They're light enough, I'm sure, and the devils in it entirely if you can't get them through the bog. By haft and helve! Captain, it's what I would have you to try: there's no need to say a word of it to O'Dempsey. We have them ready on the edge of the bog when he comes; and, I'll stake my life for it, old Brabazon will hang out the white flag the minute he sees them drawn up before his walls. May I never die, if they don't frighten the very life out of him; they look as good as twelve-pounders at the least, every gun of them."

"But, Chisel, what would O'Neill say, if he found we were making game of him?"

"Devil may care, what he says! We've done what we could, and, if it comes to the worst, we are ready to make the best breach we can with picks and sledge-hammers."

"But O'Dempsey will be disgraced, and he bragging as he did of all that he would do, before Roger Moore and all the nobles."

"Never fear, Captain. If we take Dunbeg, O'Dempsey can afford them a laugh; and take it we will, or I'll sink my tool-box five fathom deep in Loghermore, and never ask to be called Shamus-a-t'susual again."

By my hand! then, Chisel, I hardly see what else we can do; and, sure enough, it is deeply myself is indebted to you for the device. The scheme is a good one surely, and if it prospers, our fortunes are made without doubt: if it fails, *Dar m'anim*, we are no worse than we were. Come, then, *Mo k'oga*, there is no use in staying longer here, Shames-a-t'susual has struck out a plan that I'll tell you of when we get to Dunmore; and, with the help of God, if you but behave yourselves discreetly till to-morrow night, for all that has come and gone yet, Dunbeg will be our own, though all the guns in Ireland were at the bottom of the sea."

Slowly and with difficulty the adventurers now extricated themselves from their awkward position, but not until they had discovered that, in the darkness, they had missed a safer passage. This was now carefully marked out as they retreated, and about sunrise the weary and dripping kinel Dempsey regained their gates.

Shortly after these events had taken place in the bog of Tullymore, the governor of Dunbeg was aroused from his morning slumbers by the arrival of a well-spattered messenger, with despatches from the Lords Justices. Sir Simon, throwing his nightgown over his shoulders, broke open the packet, and, sitting on his bedside, read, under the great seal which was impressed on the corner of the enclosure, as follows:

"For the honourable hands of Sir Simon Brabazon, knight, governor of our fort of Dunbeg:

"Trusty and well-beloved, we greet you well: Whereas we repose entire confidence in the zeal and loyalty of our trusty and well-beloved James Earl of Ormond; these are to signify our pleasure that you be aiding and assisting the said earl, in whatever manner he shall require of you, at any time within ten days of the date of these our letters-patent, your commission of military governor and warden of our fort of Dunbeg notwithstanding; and whereas it hath been represented to us that Sir Theobald Verdon, knight, sometime governor of our castle of Dunmore, is evilly affected towards our government, these shall be your warrant to require the present warden or garrison of our said castle to deliver the same into your hands, to be held by you, or by such warden as you shall please to ap-

point, for and on behalf of the king's majesty as aforesaid, until our further pleasure in this matter be made known to you.

"J. BORLASE, W. PARONS, J. TEMPLE.

"Given at His Majesty's castle of Dublin, this 15th of December, 1641."

"So! Lady Brabazon," cried Sir Simon, tossing the letter to his scarcely awakened spouse, "see how the man your daughter likes and you approve of has turned out at last. I said so from the first; I knew him to be a traitor descended of a race of traitors; I told you so from the first, and see now whether I was't right. Hilloa! Watkias, my buff coat and my laced boots; have the white feather fixed in my cocked hat, and get my state saddle-cloth and holsters brushed and furbished. I will show this Teague of a warden how the governor of a British fort ought to turn out to a morning parade. I will teach him a new tune to his matins. I will instruct him—"

"For Heaven's sake! Sir Simon, what does all this mean?" cried Lady Brabazon, sitting up in bed with the open paper in her hand. "What has the Earl of Ormond to do with our neighbour the poor Irish warden? Oh, bless my soul! I see it now," she exclaimed, as the name of Sir Theobald Verdon caught her eye lower down, and she became pale and flushed again, as she hurriedly read the remainder of the letter, while Sir Simon continued his triumphant preparations.

"You see it now, Lady Brabazon!" he cried, while he buckled on his sword. "I saw it all the time; I saw it from the first, though I have but one eye, Lady Brabazon, and you have two."

"Well but, Sir Simon, after all, it is no more than a representation,—Whereas it hath been represented to us. And then again they do not say he is in rebellion, but only ill-disposed, 'evilly affected to our government,'—their government!"

"Yes, their government, Lady Brabazon, and why not? They are the representatives of the King and Parliament of England."

"Well, well, Sir Simon, I will not dispute the point; but you see that this is no more than representation, and perhaps *mis*-representation against poor Sir Theobald."

"Miss or master, Lady Brabazon, it settles the representation of one miss that I know of, at all events."

"I vow, Sir Simon, you look upon your daughter more like a borough, to be bestowed on any favourite that will pay you for his privileges, than as a reasonable being that is to have a will of her own in the election."

"Madam, I hate politics; and as to payment, I trust you don't mean to insinuate—"

"Oh, heaven forbid! I am sure Colonel Coote is a most honourable person; and I am quite sure, my dear, I never meant to hint that you were influenced in wishing the match by any motives unworthy the kindest and best of men—but indeed, my love, poor Lucy is so averse—"

"Lady Brabazon, you are a mistress of the art of war, but I'd have you to know you have an old soldier to deal with. When you commence operations with a 'my dear' before breakfast, I know that you are breaking ground for a regular siege; when this is followed by a 'my love' I perceive that you have already run your first parallel, and will soon proceed to construct your breaching-battery, under cover of a kiss or a squeeze of my hand: but I won't be taken, either by assault or capitulation. You may draw off your forces, Lady Brabazon, and while you are mustering them for an after-dinner attack, I will proceed to make Master Teague beat his chamada by a very different series of approaches." So saying, Sir Simon made an orderly retreat, in spite of a whole detachment of smiles and flying glances sent to intercept him; and, with his letters in his hand, descended to the courtyard, where his garrison were already mustering on early parade. Just as the Governor had taken his place in front of the line, ready to give the word to march, another panting courier galloped up to the gates, with a second packet for the honourable hands of Sir Simon Brabazon. It ran thus:—

"After my hearty commendations. The letter of my Lords of the Council, which by their promise should be your hands, will be my warrant for requiring the attendance of all the foot-soldiers of your garrison, except only those on actual duty as sentries, on his Majesty's urgent service, to-morrow by noon, at the cross of Killmeilar. I am loath to have one of his Majesty's castles so poorly garrisoned; but, trusting that your own domestics and the usual sentries will be a sufficient force to secure you against any sudden attempt of the mere Irish of your neighbourhood; and commending to you