

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.

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POETRY.

[From Bentley's Miscellany.]

THE FOREST TREE

Hail to the lone old forest tree,
Though past his leafy prime!
A type of England's past is he—
A tale of her olden time.
He has seen her sons for a thousand years,
Around him rise and fall;
But well his green old age he wears,
And still survives them all.
Then long may his safeguard the pride and care
Of our children's children be;
And long may the axe and tempest spare
The lone old forest tree!

The Norman baron his steed has rein'd,
And the pilgrim his journey stay'd;
And the toil-worn serf brief respite gain'd,
In his broad and pleasant shade.
The friar and forester loved it well;
And hither the jocund horn,
And the solemn tone of the vesper bell,
On the evening breeze was borne.

Priar and forester, Lord and slave,
Lie mouldering, side by side,
In the the dreamless sleep of a nameless grave,
Where revelling earth-worms hide;
And Echo no longer wakes at the sound
Of the bugle or vesper chime;
For castle and convent are ivy-bound,
By the ruthless hand of time.

But gentle and few, with the stout old tree,
Have the spoiler's dealings been:
And the brook, as of old, is clear and free,
And the turf beneath as green.
Thus nature has scattered, on every hand,
Her lessons since earth began;
And long may her sylvan teacher stand,
A check to the pride of man.
And long may his safeguard the pride and care
Of our children's children be;
Long, long may the axe and tempest spare
The lone old forest tree.

SELECT TALE.

From Blackwood's Magazine for February, 1850.

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

(Continued from last No.)

But Cormack, who well knew how to work upon the feelings of his kindred, took advantage of the first slackening in their ardour to address them thus:—

"Sons of Dempsey, you hear how you have been handled. Sir Tibbot is by this time in the camp of the Malignants; a trumpeter will be at your gates, perhaps, to-morrow morning, to call on your noble warden to render up his keys to some Puritan corporal or Saxon drummer. Boys, gossips, sons of my heart! will you render up this royal castle, to be garrisoned by cheese-mongers and porkers, for a rebel parliament, or will you follow those noble lords and kindly gentlemen of your own race and country by the path of honour to the field of glory? Will you stand by arms rusting in your hands, while the great Earl of Fingal, the bold lords of Gormanstown and Dunsaney, the valiant barons of Mount Garret, Trimblestown, and Slane, are fighting in the open field for church and country? While Roger Moore, Hugh Byrne, and Phelim O'Neill, are bearing the away throughout Leinster, Meath and Ulster, will you lie here like nails driven into a wall, or stones sunk at the bottom of a draw-well? No, my sons; I knew it was not in your natures to hang back at the call of honour or religion. Come forward, then, like true men, and let his nobleness our honourable warden, to lead you to glory in the name of God and the blessed Virgin!" Cormack's oration had the effect desired. In a moment, a hundred *barrads* sought the sky, and a hundred voices proclaimed, "Long life to O'Dempsey! O'Dempsey and the Catholic cause for ever."

"By all the bells in Ireland," cried the flattered warden, leaping up on the carriage of one of his favourite gwas, "I am prouder to be chosen your captain, in

this cause, than to hold a general's commission under the boddagh justices. And sure, my sons, it is my natural right to be the captain and leader of my country, as my father was before me. *Dar m' anim*, I've been too long depending on a shred of sheepskin, for the rank that is my own, both by right and by election! I will take the command you offer me, sons of Dempsey; I'll no longer be warden, nor deputy-warden to any man; but I'll carry my patent this very night to Trim, where the Catholic leaders are assembled, where I will give it up to those who have the best right to grant me a better; and if I come not back by to-morrow night with a commission from the general-in-chief, worthy the chieftain and head of the kinel Dempsey, why, by all the blessed bells in Ireland! I wish I may never drink success to the good old cause, nor a health to Roger Moore again!—Cormack, the meather." So saying, O'Dempsey took off a copious draught of aqua vitae, and, mounting his horse soon after, rode off, attended by his trusty lieutenant, to render up his patent as warden of Dunmore, to the rebel leaders of Trim.

At Trim, the representatives of the clan Dempsey were received with intoxicating honours. Roger Moore, one of the most polite men of his age, himself met them at the gates, and introduced them to the council—rejoiced at so important an accession to the strength and reputation of the Catholic army, and congratulated himself and his friends on their good fortune in securing two so honourable allies, adding, as he turned to the raptured Captain, "Had we but your cousins O'Dunn and M'Coghlan joined with us in this gallant enterprise, we might fairly boast of all the best blood of Leix and Offaly."

"By my hand of valour!" replied O'Dempsey, "the clan Dempsey are no children; it is no lie. I am not myself given to boasting, but I will say this much, that there is not a man of the kindred that is not able for three; and if they make not good what I say, the first time that God sends the Saxons in their road, I wish I may never drink success to the good old cause, nor a health to Roger Moore again!"

"You do me much honour, O'Dempsey," said Moore with a smile.

"And for my part," said Cormack, "though I am but a humble gentleman of the clan, yet I can assure your lordships, that, when the kindred know how honourably their chieftain has been received, it will sharpen their swords against the enemies of the Catholic cause better than twenty scythe-stones."

"I doubt not," said Moore, "they will do their *divoor* very bravely. What effective force of men do you bring to our aid, O'Dempsey?"

"Men enough to scatter all the enemies of the good cause in Leix," replied the warden; "three or four hundred that are no children, I'll answer for it."

"And of guns and military stores, O'Dempsey?"

"Twelve-pounders enough to blow all the stone walls between this and Banagher off their foundations," replied the warden—"a gun itself on every flanker of my bawn."

"And the number of your bastions, Master Dempsey?"

"Some half-a-dozen or so—four that is," said the warden, correcting himself.

"Four twelve-pounders, and from three to four hundred able men," repeated Moore: "it is an effective force—a very effective force. You can undertake, then, to hold Dunmore against all comers?"

"Doubtless, O'Moore; and could think but little of my father's son if I could not do the cause some pretty service in the field besides."

"There is a neighbouring strength of the Malignants, held by one Brabazon, if I mistake not?"

"Dunbeg; I know it well, *Dar m' anim*. Say but the word, and I'll have fifty of the kindred quartered by the old knave's hearth before sunset to-morrow night."

"It is a place that I would much desire to see in the hands of friends: it commands the passes from Slieve Bloom to Tullamore. It is indeed a post of great importance, and taking it will be a service of proportionate moment."

"Never say the word twice—I'll have him summoned before breakfast bell to-morrow."

"There is no need, O'Dempsey, to fatigue yourself by so great a haste: you will stay and see somewhat of our prospects, and the disposition of our forces, for another day; and in the meanwhile, our secretary can make out your patent as captain of your country. I do not mean to say that we can prudently give you a higher commission than that of colonel, for the present, with a captaincy of galloglass for your honourable cousin; but I may with safety promise that, if you suc-

ceed in securing us the castle and the pass of Dunbeg, you shall be created Viscount O'Dempsey by letters patent, the moment a regular Government shall be established."

On this announcement, Lieutenant Cormack, who had been standing by an attentive listener, made as if he would have leaped a yard off the floor; while O'Dempsey, swelling with pride and confidence, swore devoutly that, if the boad'gh Saxon did not open his gates at the first blast of Cahile-na-pioba's trumpet, there should not be one stone of Dunbeg upon another by the next sunset. Moore, smiling at his vehemence, but much too polite to allow his smile to betray either contempt or ridicule, rang a small silver bell that lay upon the table, and, committing his guests and allies to the care of his chamberlain, returned to the arduous duties of the council table.

When the now Colonel Dempsey and his adjutant were left alone, before retiring to rest, a deep and earnest consultation was entered into. "You must ride for Dunmore by day-break, Cormack," said the Colonel. "The kindred will need to be apprised of the exploit, to give them time to get their matchlocks and great guns in order; and, now that I think of it, how are we ever to get our heavy cannon across the bog?"

"By my hand! it is too rash you were entirely, O'Dempsey," replied Cormack. "Did you not see me looking at you, and shutting one eye, when you talked of sitting down by Sir Simon's hearthstone as you did? I would not wonder if it took me a week to make a breach in Dunbeg wall, with the rusty commodities which you dignify with the title of twelve-pounders. They went all into honeycombs and red rust, that last time I was in Munster."

"Tut, man! the very sight of them will frighten the old knave into a surrender. He dare no more stand a salvo of such metal than he dare be hanged!"

"The sight of them, well mounted on a battery under his nose, might move his fears, *go deoin*; but how they are to frighten the stubborn old traitor, at a distance of a good three quarters of a mile, is a great puzzle to me entirely."

"It is clear we must find a way to carry them over the bog: either that, or draw them round by the woods."

"The bog, so help my heaven! is as soft as the cream-crock. The woods are clean impassable."

"By all the blessed bells of Ireland! I care not though the bog was as soft as the cream in the churn. I will have my artillery across it, though I make a causeway through it with the bodies of the best men of my clan! After the promises I made to Roger Moore, I would not, for all the cattle in Leinster, go back in my undertaking."

"*Mo vrone*, O'Dempsey! it was the foolish promise to make at this time of the year; but the honour of the name is pledged to it now, and, come what will, I'll never be the man to ask my chief to go back in his word. What I can do, I will; there is my hand upon it."

"Cormack *astore*, I knew you would not fail me at a pinch. May I never drink success to the good old cause, if I don't make you governor of Dunbeg the minute it is taken! *Dar m' anim* man! you shall marry old Brabazon's widow: she is a lady of gentle blood, Cormack; she will be better than houses and land to you."

"We'll be two happy men, O'Dempsey, myself and my son-in-law."

"I'm your chief and your foster brother already, Cormack; but when I'm married to Lucy of the curls, I'll be your son and your friend as long as I have breath to draw. We'll make a road across the Lallymore, from the one gateway to the other, and we'll dine with one another the alternate days, after hunting in the morning—you in Coolmartin woods to-day; myself in the Craggan woods to-morrow."

"They will be great days for us, surely, O'Dempsey; but this devil of a governor must first be got out of Dunbeg. But never fear: I have it in my head what to do. Make yourself easy about the guns. I'll put a blind on the old knave will prevent any suspicion. The guns shall be on the edge of his ditch, behind a good bank of wattles and sand-bags, before he's two days older. It will be the first sight he'll see after he has rubbed his eyes in the morning."

"Well, Cormack, I trust everything to you; you have a better head for devising plans and means than I have; and I know of old that what you undertake you will go through with. So I will just take another draught, Cormack dear, in honour of God and Roger Moore, and then to bed."

(To be continued.)