

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, JULY 27, 1850.

Vol. 1: No. 51

POETRY.

FOR THE EXAMINER.

LOVE OF NATURE.

NATURE'S voice has joys to woo me:
The wind-waved leaf is talking to me,
Telling tales of Summer's glory:
As a friend tells friendship's story.

Robins chaunt from bush and spray;
And Rubby-Wren, in freedom gay,
Sings a song that has no sorrow,
Cheers to-day and charms to-morrow.

The wilding-flowers, in modest blow,
The lilies, with their breasts of snow,
And blooming rose on sunny lea,
In native sweetness speak to me.

Stream, rill, and brooklet, singing, roam
In merry waves with lips of foam;
And woo us, with their lisping wild,
They woo'd and won the wand'ring child.

Straw, strew her charms as nature will,
The parted bosom saddens still;
And though her charms are fondly dear,
The pilgrim views them through a tear.

WERAND.

20th July, 1850.

SELECT TALE.

[From Blackwood's Magazine for February.]

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

(Continued.)

While the governor continued to rage in this manner, his lady and daughter stood by without uttering a syllable, so thunderstruck were they by his frantic gestures and astounding assertions. Lady Brabazon first picked up the torn letter and looked at the writing; she was pale as a corpse, and dreadfully agitated. "If it be possible," she said, "that Theobald Verdon has forged Lord Ormond's signature."

"Do not think so, dear mother! do not doubt Theobald Verdon's honour. Father, you are mistaken; Theobald Verdon never forged any person's signature, never betrayed the trust of any one—he is incapable of an act so base; and if these be his men that are coming against us, I will answer for it with my life, they are in rebellion against him, as well as against the King!"

"Minx, do not dare to justify him! Has he not already done what no gentleman of honour ought to do, degraded himself to skulk into my house in a disguise? It is he who leads these men, as sure as it is I who will oppose them; and as sure as you, Lady Brabazon, once boasted that you would stop Sir Theobald Verdon's cannon-balls with your body, so sure you will be fairly challenged to put that boast in execution, before you are an hour older!"

"And if I be, I trust I know how to keep my word!" exclaimed Lady Brabazon with great spirit.

"And if this be he," cried Lucy, who now beheld the near approach of the besiegers, "life is of no value to me, and I care not how soon or in what manner I lose it!"

"Very good, ladies!" cried the governor, "and, by my honour! if it conduce to the safety of the castle, I'll hang ye both out to dry, as I said before, as fast as your laundrymaid hangs out a pair of rumpled petticoats!" So saying, the distracted old gentleman left the apartment to attend the summons of the besiegers, which was now just heard in the

shape of some doleful notes from the bagpipe of Cahill-na-pioba in front of the drawbridge.

"Now, Lucy," cried Lady Brabazon, as the governor closed the door behind him, "give over your trembling, and do as I desire you. I have no idea of losing my life, nor of letting you lose yours, neither, my darling child; but I will make Simon Brabazon rue his taunts to me this day, if the feelings of either husband or father be still alive in his breast! Come here and listen to my instructions,"—but what instructions Lady Brabazon gave to her daughter, history has not further recorded.

In the meantime, Colonel O'Dempsey and Sir Phelim O'Neill, attended by the latter chieftain's train of galloglass, were riding side by side through the Craggan meadows, having made their approach along the eastern side of the Tullymore direct from Trim, without taking Dunmore on their route, a course which would have laid them under the necessity of passing the formidable morass in question. The breast of the Colonel was swelling with emotions of pride, excited by the intelligence which had met him while still at a distance of some miles, of his lieutenant's complete success in transporting his troops and artillery. "By my hand of valour! O'Neill," he said, pointing to the formidable array of men and cannon which crowded the swelling slope before them, as they emerged on the open ground, "when I brought the clan Dempsey to the assistance of the Catholic army, I brought no children to your aid. Look at that bog; may I never drink success to the good old cause, nor a health to Roger Moore again, if it ain't deeper by five fathoms than the Liffey at Dublin bridge, when the tide is full. By all the bells in Ireland! there have been more droves of cattle lost in that bog within my memory, than would victual your camp for three years; for though the summer be ever so dry, that bog is all the year round as soft as butter from the churn; and what is still stranger, by my hand! it is always softer, the dryer the season is; so that to get across it now is next to impossible, by reason of the hot summer we had this year."

"I see the bog is deep and dangerous, Colonel O'Dempsey," said O'Neill, somewhat impatiently.

"You may say so, O'Neill," replied the Colonel with infinite complacency; "I only wish you saw it a bit higher up; but that is not to my present purpose: you see those guns?"

"I see the guns are heavy cannon, Colonel O'Dempsey; twelve-pounders, as I have heard you say," replied O'Neill.

"By my hand of valour then, I've said so, so often," muttered the Colonel, rubbing his eyes, "that I believe in my conscience it has grown to be the truth at last! But such as they are, O'Neill—and, by my hand! they are no trifles, as this churl of a Sassenagh hog shall shortly experience—they have been dragged, every gun of them, right through the middle of that bog by the Kinel Dempsey this very morning! By your head, it is no lie!"

"I do not doubt your word, Colonel Dempsey; and I admit that it is a very extraordinary exploit, and a most important service, for which the gentlemen of your clan have my hearty thanks."

"Show me the man in Leinster that would do the like again, that's all! They thought at Trim the thing couldn't be done. *Dar in 'amin*, they know little of the Kinel Dempsey that said so! If the guns were twice the weight—and, by my hand! I'll venture to say that you haven't seen heavier metal since you saw the great gun of Athlone last—ay, even if they were four-and-twenty pounders, let

alone twelve itself; let me but say the word, and the kindred tackle to, and if they wouldn't pull them through the bog of Allen from the chair of Kildare to the seven churches of Clonmacnoise, at a single haul, may I never drink success—"

"Doubtless, Colonel Dempsey, doubtless; the service was a good service, and the men are active and strong fellows, I grant; but I think you had better proceed to take advantage of their exertions, and not spend time in idle praise of them. I do not myself care to appear in this adventure; I would have my presence in this part of the country kept private. I shall, therefore, wait while you summon the governor of Dunbeg; and as he shows a good force on his walls, I would recommend you to treat for a capitulation on honourable terms rather than incur any unnecessary loss of men. I know these red-coats of old; they stand to their posts very manfully when pressed."

"The churls do show a good front, it is no lie; but wait till I give them a salvo, and if they don't run to their cellars as nimble as emmets off a sod of turf, may I never—"

"Colonel Dempsey," said O'Neill, somewhat sternly, "if you drank to Mr. Moore's health somewhat less deeply and less frequently, the success of the good cause would be much less problematical. Proceed now with your lieutenant to offer Sir Simon Brabazon honourable terms of surrender; if he refuse these, plant your battery against the curtain of his main rampart, and give the assault the moment a practicable breach appears."

The Colonel, conscious of the rebuke, attempted no reply; but, riding forward with a white handkerchief on the end of his sword summoned Cormack Oge to attend him to the gate of the castle. "By the hand of my body! you have done the work well, Cormack," he said, as his lieutenant joined him. "O'Neill does not know what to make of you; he never knew of such an exploit before: by all the bells in Ireland! if I'm not for ever obliged to you, may I never—"

"Never say more about it, Colonel dear: it is more than that we would do for O'Dempsey, or men and pitchforks would be scarce with us."

"A main heavy piece of work it must have been, Cormack."

"Middling, in truth; nothing to complain of," said Cormack, with a careless air.

"By my hand of valour! Cormack, although you may make light of such metal after the great guns of Athlone and Dublin—"

"Make light of them, Colonel dear! Oh, then, by virtue of my baptism, it is light enough I've made them, if you knew but all!" muttered the Captain.

"Though you may make light of the guns, and call them six-pounders," persisted the Colonel, eyeing his battering-train very attentively, "I knew I was right from the first in counting them double that calibre at the least; that is the bore of a twelve-pound shot, if it be the bore of a two ounce bullet, as this churl who is coming to parley on his drawbridge shall shortly be qualified to take his oath of! But confound it, Cormack, now that I look again at the guns—"

"Colonel, the boddagh warden is going to speak to you," cried Cormack; and the Colonel's attention, which had fixed most suspiciously on the counterfeit cannon, was again transferred to the knight, who had stoutly taken his stand on the opposite side of the ditch of Dunbeg.

"How now, Master Teague—Master Dempsey, that is—what seek you at my door with battering cannon and an armed force?" he cried in a loud voice; "or in

whose name do you hold the commission that authorises you to lead your company across the bounds of my military jurisdiction?"

"Sir," said the Colonel, drawing himself stiffly up, "I came here not to answer churlish interrogatories, but to ask an honourable question: Will you surrender the fort of Dunbeg, to be occupied by me on behalf of the Catholic army of Ireland, on the terms of an honourable capitulation—I permitting you to march out with all your arms and baggage, drums beating, ball in mouth, match lighted at both ends, and colours flying; or will you rather taste a salvo from my guns, just by way of a good-morrow to your nightcap, for old acquaintance sake?"

"I return no answer till I know with whom I treat," cried the governor. "Who commands this force?"

"I command this simple battery of eighteen pounders," replied the Colonel with an irresistible swagger. "Let that suffice for the present, Master Saxon."

"I see your commander on horse-back in the rear," cried Sir Simon, "and I am not surprised that he should be ashamed to show his face in front. Tell him he is a traitor and a coward, a liar and a poltroon; and for yourself, Master Teague, you may fall to with your eighteen pounders, as soon as you have a mind!" So saying, Sir Simon withdrew through the narrow opening of the gate out of which he had issued.

"Teague, Teague!" exclaimed the insulted Colonel, "clown Saxon, son of a hag! blow him to atoms! knock his bit of a cashleen into smidhereens, I say! Fire! sons of fortunate fathers?—fire!"

"Stop a bit, Colonel dear," cries Cormack; "It would be against the rules of war to fire upon him till he is summoned in due form."

"*Manim an dioul!* and haven't I summoned him to his heart's content! what more would the son of a hag have? Haven't I offered to let him off bag and baggage, ball in mouth, match lighted at both ends, drums beating, and colours flying as all directed by O'Neill himself, and hasn't he called me Teague for my pains? Teague to my teeth, Cormack! O'Dempsey!—fire, I say; if you have any regard for the honour of your clan, fire!"

"Colonel," said Cormack, "it's little O'Neill knows of the real art of war, though I say it that may be oughtn't to say it, or he'd never ask the captain of your battery to bring disgrace upon himself and his people, by firing upon a fort before it had been summoned, according to the real old and regular form prescribed by King Brian Boru, in his military tactics, and practised in all the famous breaches that valiant general fought against the Danes."

"By my hand of valour! Cormack," exclaimed the Colonel reddening to the eyes, "if I thought O'Neill had wilfully put wrong words into my mouth—"

"Never take it to heart, O'Dempsey," said the captain of the artillery; "it is plain he knew no better, and could not mean to put an affront upon any one: so do you just stand to one side for a minute and give me the white handkerchief till I show you how to summon a fort in style!" With that Captain Cormack moved slowly forward with the flag of truce to the edge of the ditch, muttering as he went, "O blessed Kieran! stand to me this once; and, if through your bounteous assistance, my invention gets me prosperously through without exposing the kindred to disgrace, I vow to keep your high altar at Clonmacnoise in candles of white wax from this till Easter come a twelve-month." In confirmation of which resolution, he devoutly crossed himself as he