

# 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.

### TO ETHNA.

[The following beautiful lyric is extracted from a volume of Poems, Ballads, and Lyrics, lately issued from the Dublin Press, by D. F. McCARTHY.]

First loved, last loved, best loved of all I've loved!—  
Ethna, my boyhood's dream, my manhood's light,—  
Pure Angel spirit, in whose light I've moved  
Full many a year, along life's darksome night!  
Thou wert my star serenely shining bright  
Beyond youth's passing clouds and mists obscure;  
Thou wert the power that kept my spirit white,  
My soul unsoiled, my heart untouched and pure.  
Thine was the light from Heaven that ever must  
endure.

Purest, and best, and brightest, no mishap,  
No chance, or change can break our mutual ties;  
My heart lies spread before thee like a map,  
Here roll the tides, and there the mountains rise;  
Here dangers frown and there hope's streamlet flies,  
And golden promontories cleave the main:  
And I have looked into thy lustrous eyes,  
And saw the thought thou couldst not all restrain,  
A sweet soft sympathetic pity for my pain!

Dearest and best, I dedicate to thee,  
From this hour forth, my hopes, my dreams, my  
cares,  
All that I am, and all I'er may be,—  
Youth's clustering locks, and age's thin white hairs;  
Thou by my side, fair vision, unawares—  
Sweet saint—shall guard me as with angel's wings;  
To thee shall rise the morning's hopeful prayers,  
The evening hymns, the thoughts that midnight  
brings,  
The worship that like fire out of the worn heart springs.

Thou wilt be with me through the struggling day,  
Thou wilt be with me through the pensive night,  
Thou wilt be with me, though far, far away  
Some sad mischance may snap you from my sight.  
In grief, in pain, in gladness, in delight,  
In every thought thy form shall bear a part—  
In every dream thy memory shall unite,  
Bride of my soul! and partner of my heart!  
Till from the fatal bow flieth the fatal dart!

Am I deceived? and do I pine and faint  
For worth that only dwells in Heaven above?  
Ah! if thou'rt not the Ethna that I paint,  
Then thou art not the Ethna that I love;  
If thou art not as gentle as the dove,  
And good as thou art beautiful, the tooth  
Of venomous serpents will not deadlier prove  
Than the dark revelation; but, in sooth,  
Ethna, I wrong thee, dearest, for thy name is Truth.

## SELECT TALE.

From Blackwood's Magazine for February, 1850.

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

(Continued from last No.)

Next morning brought with it an important arrival. Sir Phelim O'Neill, attended by a train of considerable splendour, had joined his associates in rebellion, on his way to Banagher; and when O'Dempsey and Cormack descended from the turret in which they slept, to mount for their intended journey, they found the court-yard filled with the retinue of the northern chief. Cormack had never before beheld such rude magnificence as was displayed in the arms, the trappings, and general equipment of this proud, able chieftain's train; and the waving of plumes and banners, and flashing of gilded armour and embroidered-horse furniture, joined to the prestige of the name of the great O'Neill, inspired him with a fuller consciousness than he had yet felt of the vast importance to which his own chief had attained, by being admitted, on terms of equality, into such a confederacy, and raised in his breast such a lively anxiety lest his clan should not be adequately represented in the Colonel's first interview with the great visitor, that he could not tear himself away until he had seen the object of his solicitude not only presented to, but cordially embraced by, this great and terrible leader.

But pride was soon succeeded by alarm. O'Neill was journeying westward. "I had proposed to travel," he said, "by the road south of Montrath; but having heard of your honourable undertaking to open the pass at Dunbeg, I altered my route, and will be happy, Colonel Dempsey, to give you the escort of my poor company so far, the morning after to-morrow. It will shorten my route by two days at least; for, as I understand you have heavy battering cannon to bring against the churl, I suppose he will not hold out more than a few hours at farthest, so that I can have the pleasure of assisting at the siege, if siege there be, and afterwards the advantage of marching through the open communication." Captain Cormack did not wait to hear his Colonel's reply—well knowing that O'Dempsey could not refuse the offer of so great a man's company; and, feeling the honour of the clan depended on his own exertions, he sprang on his horse, and in an agony of anxiety hastened to Dunmore.

"He is pledged to it now," he would say, as he spurred on, regardless of the rain, which had been all day descending. "The clan is pledged; the honour of the name is at stake, and if he be degraded, if the clan be dishonoured—if we be laughed at and despised, as we will be if we cannot take this rascal castle, by fair means or by foul, before Sunday next, it will all be my own blame—all will be the fault of my own folly and presumption. And O'Dempsey, my own foster-brother, too!—to think of seeing my natural-born chief and kinsman brought to disgrace! By St. Patrick's staff! it must not be. If men and horses can do the work it shall not be! Though I harness myself to the work like a cart-horse, I will have it done. Though I bridge the bog with my own carcass, I will have every cursed gun of them on the Craggan meadows before to-morrow morning."

He accordingly lost no time, on arriving late that evening at Dunmore, in summoning to the castle workshop James of the chisel and Thomas of the tongs. To each he gave his special instruction; and thenceforth, till near the dawn of the next day, the axe and the auger, the saw and the hammer, were in busy requisition throughout every shed and outhouse of Dunmore. At about two hours from dawn, James of the chisel awakened his captain from a hurried slumber, to say that his orders were executed.

"Wheels, carriages, and all complete—painted and mounted?" demanded Cormack.

"All so complete, captain, that, unless you laid your hand upon them, you would hardly know which was the iron and which the wooden gun; only that the wooden ones are somewhat wider in the bore, and larger; for the pump that we cut into lengths for the barrels is all through as thick as the breach of a twelve-pounder, and we had not time to chip it down."

"Good, Shamus; they will do very well at the distance: they are only intended to prevent the churl's suspicions, should he see our walls without their usual artillery. Have you trained down the real guns off their platforms?"

"We have, Captain avick; and we have also mounted sham cannon in their places, all as directed."

"Then, under God, we'll try the passage of the bog at once. If we wait for to-morrow night, the rains will have made it a hopeless effort; and, by my hand! with the torrent pouring out of the sky, it is almost a desperate one as it is. But come, you are still in time to make the attempt before daylight: if we succeed in getting them across, we will hide them in the copse on the edge of the bog, with a sufficient guard, until O'Neill and O'Dempsey arrive. If we find that we cannot get them over, why, we must only turn back and wait for better times." So saying, he put himself at the head of a chosen body of the garrison, who awaited him at the court-yard with ropes and tackling ready to execute his further orders. A gang of twelve men being allotted to each gun, the pieces of cannon, four in number, were slowly and quietly dragged out of the fortress, along the grass-grown causeway that skirted the bog, to the distance of about a quarter of a mile. Here the morass was narrower and firmer than between the castles, but still presented a wide, and apparently insuperable obstacle to the farther progress of heavy carriages. Cormack's forethought had, however, provided the means of making the attempt to the greatest advantage. At the point where it was proposed that they should enter on the soft ground, a quantity of timber, felled that evening in the adjacent wood, was deposited. The trees were cleared of their branches, and cut of an even length, so that, when laid side by side on the surface of the morass, they formed a sort of planked causeway, extending about ten yards into the

bog like a broad pier projecting into the sea. On this the guns were dragged in succession and ranged abreast, so that, when drawn up at the extremity, they occupied only the former half of the platform, leaving the timbers of the remainder to be lifted from their beds behind, and again laid down in front: this being done, the guns were shifted forward another five yards, and the portion first occupied now furnished the materials of a fresh stage now further on. Thus, by successive transfers and replacements, the cannon destined to batter the walls of Dunbeg gradually gained the centre of the morass, which had hitherto been considered that castle's chiefest defence. But the shifting floor on which they rested had now more the appearance of a raft at sea than of a planked causeway constructed on land; for at each succeeding stage of its advance, the timbers inclined more and more from the level, now sinking to the right, and again to the left, as the inequalities of the surface, and the varying degrees of the consistency of the morass, yielded to or resisted the pressure in different degrees. The plashy expanse around, too, was now so saturated with rain, that the torrents, which still continued to descend from the sky, no longer soaked into the spongy soil, but lay in pools, or overspread the level surface like a shallow lake: add to this the pitchy darkness and the violence of the winter wind dashing the showers in their faces, and it may easily be supposed that it required all the confidence of the men in their captain's courage and resources, and all Cormack Oge's conviction of the necessity for perseverance and exertion on his own part, to keep these adventurous navigators of the fen; if they can so be called, from fainting at their severe and incessant labour. Still the design was so bold and ingenious, the means so simple, and hitherto the success so complete, that feelings of congratulation and pride more than counterbalanced the pain of fatigue and the dread of failure; and the men, although working up to their middles in mud and water, could scarcely be refrained from breaking through the necessary silence, with jests and cries of encouragement at every lift of a heavier log or longer pull at the ropes by which they dragged their cannon forward—"Lift my sons! lift together," cried one; "every stick you shoulder is the coffin of a churl."

"By the bog! then, that has the best part of one in mourning for him," another would reply, "he'd a weighty corpse that is in the same coffin; and he'd need to be a near friend of my own, I can tell you, Shawn acushla, to get me to be one of his bearers from this to Kilmearl."

"He's a heart of oak, anyhow, boys, and deserves a decent burying."

"Dar m'anin, so you may well say, Thady; and if he likes a deep grave, he can have it to his satisfaction: the bog here is as soft as the bottom of the cream-crock."

"Use your legs for churnstuffs, then, Nocher dear, and see if you won't get your brogues full of butter."

"Och, Thady darling, I'm afraid that unlucky eye of yours has spoiled the churning."

"By the hand of my body! Nocher M'Daniel, if it wasn't that I've this lump of a *cran* on my shoulder—and you to cast up my eye to me."

"Aboo! keep silence," interrupted Cormack; "the churl's sentinels are within less than half-a-mile of us: Keep the floor level, mo hoga, or the guns will slide off."

"It won't stay level, Captain; the gun at this side has slipped twice, and it is as much as we can do to keep it from going over," replied one of the men, in a voice of suppressed alarm.

"Make haste with fresh timber," cried a voice at the same moment from the front, "the stage has sunk a foot."

"Hold on by the guns, boys," exclaimed Cormack; "lash them together, carriage to carriage; we must save the guns, though we prop the platform with our shoulders."

"Captain! Captain! we can hold on no longer," cried the first speaker; and immediately after was heard the rush of the piece of cannon as it slid off the stage, in spite of the struggles of a dozen men to detain it: the quagmire received its prey with a sluggish gulp, and the gun with its carriage disappeared almost instantly.

(To be continued.)

The Boston Post says that young tipplers should learn the following by heart:

Men brandy drink, and never think  
The girls at all can tell it;  
They don't suppose a woman's nose  
Was ever made to smell it.