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[For the Touch]

HE LAY DEAD.

He lay dead, and she said, "O'er his head,
Roses will blossom at morn and eve,
And the birds will sing around his bed,
And I shall grieve, shall grieve, shall grieve—
I shall grieve through the years that come and
go,
For I loved him! oh, I loved him so!"

He lay dead and the roses shed
Never a leaf above his head,
And few were the tears that fell, 'tis said,
By the side of his poor neglected bed,
For though she loved him, and loved him so,
Her love was the love of the world, you know!
MAURICE O'QUILL.

CHAPTERS FROM NOVELS.

No. 2.

Charles O'Malley.

It was on the march to Fuentes d' Onoro that a picket of us came to a halt in a vineyard during the moonday heat, and as our movements were regulated by those of the main body of which we were considerably in advance, the men proceeded to make themselves comfortable. Scarcely had we taken up our position when a shot fired from an adjacent copse passed within a few inches of the sentry's head. The sound had hardly ceased to ring when we were in the saddle and, thrown out in skirmishing order, hastened to make an investigation. Half an hour's search sufficed to show that the shot had not proceeded from an enemy but from some lurking desperado who probably was actuated by jealousy. We therefore returned to our bivouac without adventure, excepting that a fine frisky calf, that had got upon the highway, persisted in trotting before us a considerable part of the way, provoking many remarks from the men as to the excellent ingredient it would make in an Irish stew.

On return to our temporary resting place thoughts of Ireland, of the great but glorious drama in which we were actors, of dear old uncle Geoffrey, of Count Considine and, last not least, of one dearer than life, oppressed my mind and I retired to the extremity of the vine-

yard, where, lying on my back on a patch of grass, I gave myself up to sweet and bitter fancies. After the lapse of an hour I returned moodily towards the shed where we had fixed our quarters.

It all came out afterwards. It appears that no sooner was I observed by my ingenious follower, Mickey Free, to walk away in a meditative mood, than thoughts of the fatted calf recurred to the fancy of him and his comrades.

A hurdle was therefore improvised and four of the fellows set out past the Spanish picket to bring in, as they said, the body of one of their comrades who had been killed by the shot fired from the copse. The object of their search,—the calf,—was soon found and, having cleverly cut its throat, the mourners placed it on the hurdle and covered it with a calvary cloak. The procession then returned, Mickey Free and another bearing the body and two dismounted troopers with drawn sabres acting as escort. A trail of blood marked the mournful cortege. As they passed the Spanish picket the sergeant of the guard put the question in his broken English:

"Who you there have?"

"Mister O'Malley," replied Mickey, with a tear in his eye.

"Pass, Mister O'Malley," responded the sentinel, "and repose to his soul."

Arrived in camp the body was not long in being cut up and put in the kettle, when, in the midst of the culinary operations, a very greasy priest came puffing in, to reclaim, as he said, a young bull—his only ewe lamb he called it,—which some *ladrones* of *Inglees* had carried away. Despite all Mickey's blarney the padre was inexorable, and threatened to apply for redress to Lord Wellington himself.

Now it happened there stood outside the shed a large wine puncheon used as a receptacle for store wines, but at present empty. It was fitted with a hinged cover secured by a falling hasp, and when the padre, becoming more obstreperous, threatened all and sundry with execommunication, as well as Lord Wellington's vengeance, Mickey made no more ado about it, but clasped his arms around the priest's waist and dropped him into the cask, from which the infatuated ecclesiastic continued to hold forth

as from a pulpit. Meantime I came moodily along,—thinking of Lucy Dashwood,—but seeing something was amiss cried sharply:

"Free! you scoundrel, what is the matter here?"

At the moment of my approach the rogue had banged down the cover of the puncheon and the hasp closed of itself.

"Sure, your honor," said Mickey with the most innocent air, "it is only a bit ov a praste that we have in the barrel to kape him from running away, as some of the men want to make their souls."

"Liberate him this instant, you infernal —"

At that moment a shot, followed by another, and another, rang out from the Spanish sentries.

Instantly all were mounted and in rank. A trumpet from the main body in the rear sounded the advance and an aide, who came dashing up on the spur, pointed with his sword, and exclaimed in a hurried voice, "Enínego!" With a dash like a thunderbolt we galloped forward, and soon found it was more than an affair of outpost. Before it had fairly blown over we were ten leagues distant from the place of the morning bivouac, and still in advance.

It was not for some days afterwards that the affair of the priest came to my recollection.

"Mickey," said I, "of course you liberate^d the padre?"

"Ov course," replied Mickey, with some embarrassment: "I had no time, your honor, to take off the lid of him, but I *took out the bung*."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed I in horror, "then he is there yet?"

"Ov course," said Mike slowly, and, here his face brightened, "except he has crept out of the bung hole."

What further conversation might have ensued I cannot tell, for at the moment a mounted orderly rode up, and informed me I was wanted immediately at the quarters of General Picton.

CHARLES LEVER.

The Boothbay Farmers and Mechanics Club recently discussed the following astounding question: "Resolved, that Neal Dow is a greater man than George Washington."—*Ex.*

Let us all Neal Dow-n and give thanks.