MICHAEL DWYER.

Life and Adventures of the Insurgent Captain of the Wicklow Mountains.

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CHAPTER VIII.

DEATH OF A YEOMAN AIDE-DE-CAMP, AND THE EXECUTION OF AN INSURGENT—MOORE AND HIS DESERTERS MUST STILL OCCUPY THE SCENE.

On the day after Reilly's raving fit, Moore and his party adjourned to a public-house, where they continued revelling without limit from the early morning. In the midst of their orgies there rode by the windows a yeoman named Jacob Jackson. He was in plain clothes; but one of the men recognized him instantly, and swore he was on an evil errand. The whole party rushed out and stopped him, demanding whither he was bound, and if he had any despatches. Jackson denied that he had any; but upon being searched, an express was found in his breast-pocket, by which it appeared that he came directly from Humewood, and was bound for Saunders' Grove; and further, that from the latter place information was to be sent to headquarters at Baltinglass that parties of rebels were in Tarbertstown for the last two days, and that a strong force was immediately to be sent out to kill or capture them. Moore and Reilly blazed up upon reading this hapless epistle, and Jackson saw but too plainly that his life was in imminent danger. A crowd of persons had now assembled about the party, to whom he at once appealed to call out Captain Dwyer, who would bear testimony to his good character. Dwyer, his wife, and some of his men were breakfasting at the widow Doyle's house, but, upon hearing of the occurrence just related, he rushed to the scene of action, followed by Walter McDonnell.

"Moore," he exclaimed, "lay no violent hands on this young man; neither he nor his family ever injured anybody."

"Ay," retorted Reilly gruffly, "you are too ready to spare the Orange yeomen in strange places, but you act differently enough in your own neighborhood. But, by G—, die he will, and that instantly, if you were twice as great a man."

"That he will," assented Moore; "his despatches intended the same fate for us all."

Dwyer, seeing he had resolute and dogged spirits to deal with, and deeming it impossible to divert them from their purpose by sheer force, determined upon another mode of action.

"Bring him into the house, then," said he, "and try him for his life; and if he be convicted of one bad action, deal with him as you please."

This proposition was agreed to, and several persons were cited to give evidence concerning the prisoner, but all and every one spoke in his favor, deposing readily to the uniform kindness of the young man and the blamelessness of his family. Upon this evidence he was aquitted, and was advised (in a whisper) instantly to mount his horse and ride back to his home without delay. But here the voice of the woman of the public-house interposed, exclaiming, "Boys, if you let him free, he will inform on us, and the house will be burned, and all my family transported!"

Upon this a rush was made upon Jackson, but Dwyer interposed, and a hot altercation ensued, during which he and McDonnell were severely handled.

Jackson still continued to call upon Dwyer, whilst, with Moore's permission, he sought shelter in an adjoining pound. Here he remained for a short time, until he was perceived by Reilly in the act of scaling the wall to escape. This wretch immediately seized the unfortunate young man, and dragged him outside the pound gate, where, levelling his gun, he shot him through the abdomen. Jackson fell, crying in tones of pain and agony, "Mother! mother! you have now neither husband nor son!"—his father having been killed at the battle of Hacketstown a few months before.

Reilly handed the discharged gun to Moore, requiring him to reload it; but Moore gave him a fresh one, which he fired into his victim's head. Moore gave him a third gun, which was promptly discharged into his breast, upon which the dead man's clothes took fire, and were quenched by an eye-witness (still [illegible] continued to look on in silence and horror. Thus perished the hapless yeoman aide-de camp, and thus Ruffian Reilly's dream was out.

The body of Jackson lay in the pound until five o'clock that evening, its only attendent being his own greyhound—which had accompanied him from his home that morning—sitting at his master's head the whole day; he never once stirred, nor could be induced to leave his melancholy position for a single instant.

Shortly after these events, Moore repaired to Dublin in disguise, and got employment in a carpenter's shop under an assumed name. There was, however, a large reward offered for his apprehension—£500 by the Hume family and an equal sum by the government. This bribe served to hasten the retribution which generally follows the commission of such crimes as his. One of his men (O'Neill) turned informer, giving to his pursuers so accurate a description of his accomplice that he was readily dogged to his carpentry-shed, and, the whole house being carefully surrounded by the military, was seized in the very act of making his escape over a high wall which surrounded the yard where he was working.

He was now tried by court-martial as a deserter; but, at the instance of the government, was handed over to the civil law, to be arraigned for murder. Being found guilty, he was condemned to be hanged on the spot where the crime was committed. For this purpose he was conveyed from Dublin to Baltinglass the day before his execution, and lodged in the guard-house for the night. Moore was not so utterly hardened but that now he began to make some preparation for eternity. He asked for a prayer-book, and was supplied with one by a soldier who heard his request. He spent the short time left to him in meditation and prayer, and the next morning, still holding his book in his hand, and with a calm air, he stepped down the stair-ladder, which led from his prison into the street, and was immediately hurried away to the place of execution. This was at Rathdangan, at the foot of Carrig Mountain, and the gibbet was a large tree which overhung the blessed well of Tubberoran—for it was at this place that Mr. Hume met his fate. Here the parish priest, the Rev. Mr. Blanchfield, waited for the convict, and at once afforded the consolations of religion, of which the penitent man availed himself fully. But the Orange ruffians in attendance could not permit the solemn ceremonies of preparation for death to proceed without offering insult. Not satisfied by having the holy well desecrated by making the tree overhanging it a common gibbet, they now insisted upon hearing from the priest the confession of the poor wretch he had just prepared for eternity. With oaths and clamor they surrounded the clergyman, peremptorily demanding that their request should be complied with, and threatening summary vengeance in case of his refusal. Mr. William Hore Hume, son of the late Mr. Hume, who was sitting on horseback, with other gentlemen who came to witness the execution, perceiving the tumult and confusion, rode up, and enquired the cause, and when he learned, he reprimanded the yeomen severely, commanding them instantly to withdraw, and desist from demanding from the clergyman that which he had not the permission of his Church to divulge. Nobody but the soldiery and gentry was permitted to approach the place of death; and indeed very few were inclined to come at all within ken of the unprincipled yeomen. The rope was now put around Moore's neck, and the car drawn up to the foot of the tree, when Mr. Hume suddenly alit from his horse, and walked up to the gallows. "Moore! you are going to die," said he in a very gentle tone, "but before you leave this world, tell me truly, are you the man that murdered my father?"

Moore looked down quietly, and distinctly replied: "All I will say is, never put any other man to death for him."

At a little distance from this scene, and on a gentle eminence which looked down on all, a single figure appeared, kneeling—a woman—the condemned man's young wife. She had watched him through all the incidents already described, but never ceased kneeling and praying. She saw the rope adjusted and the fatal car drawn up, and still she prayed; she marked the manly form totter, struggle, and swing unsupported in the wind—she prayed, she shuddered, but still she prayed, and with her two arms stretched up painfully tense to the skies, whilst the tears streamed down her white cheeks, and her mouth partly gaped open, in the intensity of her hard-borne agony—she knelt, and prayed, and gazed as if with a horrid fascination. The gentry now rode away; the law was avenged, and man was satisfied—was he? Yes; but the Orange yeomanry was not human. Balked of their vengeance on the priest, and up to this time being constrained to behave with common decency before their leaders, now that these were gone, they let loose to all the inherent savageness of their nature. They tore the dead body from the tree, tore off the clothes, maimed it barbarously, and then dragged it to the top of the hill, where they erected another gibbet, and hung it up there to remain permanently. As they strode up the hill-side for this purpose, the living form of a female rolled down at their feet; it was Moore's wife, who tumbled headlong down the mountain when she saw the horrid barbarities inflicted upon the mortal remains of her beloved husband.

The yeoman merely kicked her helpless body out of their paths, and proceeded with their unholy task.

The gibbet and its burden stood on the mountain's brow for a full fortnight, visited day and night by the poor heart-stricken wife, who spent whole hours together lamenting and praying, with a dark and gloomy moor spreading out sadly before her, and the Douglas rivulet sorrowing at her feet. When each day closed, some sympathizing neighbor brought her away, and forced refreshment and rest upon her; but the next day and night the same mourning and wailing were repeated, until at last the scene became painful in the extreme, so much so that two brothers named Mitchell (Protestants), and who rented the hill, stole out by night, took down the body, and buried it at the foot of the gibbet.

But the yeomen, hearing of this daring act of humanity, instantly sallied forth, exhumed the corpse, and set it up as before upon the gibbet. Moore's afflicted wife then again commenced her incessant watches, her prayers, and lamentations, until, meeting Miss Hume one day, she threw herself on her face before her, and begged her to obtain for her the dead body of her husband to give it a Christian burial.

Miss Hume, who afterwards became Lady Hartland, alarmed at the wild gestures and wilder grief of the suppliant, demanded who she was, and upon being told that she was wife to Moore, whose dead body hung upon the gibbet on the hill, she promised to intercede with her brother, and endeavor to have her request complied with.

The next day the mortal remains of Moore were delivered up to his disconsolate widow, who had them immediately conveyed away from the hated spot, and decently interred in the romantic churchyard of Kilranelagh.

Moore had said over and over again that he would sooner or later suffer death for the murder of Mr. Hume, and so his prediction was accordingly fulfilled, but far sooner, we opine, than he at all anticipated. Thus, between the victim and the informer, Dwyer lost two of the deserters.

CHAPTER IX.

"TARTAR-CATCHING," AND DEATH-STRUGGLES.

In the little hamlet of Donard, sheltered by its cosey belt of hills, which stretch away to the high and lofty summits looking down on Baltinglass, was stationed Captain Heighington's corps of yeomanry. In its ranks was a man named Case, better known by the sobriquet of the Corkman's son, and one of the ablest and most powerful-built man in that part of the country.

Case received information one day that Dwyer was in the immediate neighborhood, and upon enquiry found that the insurgent chief was not, indeed, far away, having ventured to visit a friend's house in the Glen of Imale; and that the low hills of Donard alone stood between him and the prospect of a handsome reward. He determined to capture Dwyer, or perish in the attempt. For this purpose he communicated his design to two other yeomen, who at once volunteered to be participators in the perilous enterprise. Three armed men against one—even although that one was Dwyer—appeared such safe odds that Case was tolerably sanguine as to the issue. Accordingly, the three adventurers crossed over into the glen, on the pretence of purchasing a supply of turf for their barracks, at a bog immediately adjoining the house where they knew that their man was concealed.

Dwyer, however, was duly apprised of their approach, and, with that decision which never deserted him, he determinded to meet his enemies, and prove to them that no yeoman ever lived who could capture him in his native glen.

Case and his companions approached the lion's den, and were proceeding quietly and cautiously to surround it, when forth burst the object of their search, and with him, to their utter dismay, his two trusty henchmen, Hugh Byrne and Martin Burke.

One of the yeos, having instantly turned and fled, ran for his life, pursued by Byrne, who followed closely upon his track.

The Corkman and Dwyer, recognizing each other at a glance, discharged their guns, missed, paused for a second, and then Case, with fixed bayonet, charged his adversary home. Dwyer met the attack with clubbed musket, knocking off the blade as he sprang aside from the thrust.

Both men closed without a word, without a breath. Case, as we said, was a strong, stalwart fellow; he was in the prime of life, too, and over six feet in height, well proportioned, and of indomitable resolution.

Dwyer was equally tall. His form was spare, but muscular.

During a struggle of a few minutes' endurance, the ground seemed to shake beneath their feet. The bodies swayed and twisted, whilst their eyes blazed fire into each other.

At last they swung loose from each other, when Dwyer dropped his long arms suddenly, and, seizing Case about the waist, would have hipped and dashed him violently to the ground, but the heavy yeoman as suddenly wound his adversary's neck in so close an embrace that both men staggered, tottered, stumbled, and fell, Case's great weight bringing Dwyer under. Dwyer's blood was fully up, his trained and tried valor only rising with the emergency. Case battled now for life, and sought to plant his knee into the enemy's stomach, and possibly would have succeeded but that Dwyer's hand came in contact with the fallen bayonet. To seize it, to drive it through the yeoman's neck, was but the work of thought. Again and again to repeat the blow, until Case's bear-like hug began to relax, to feel the red, hot blood streaming down upon his own face, to fling his weakening adversary off, to plunge and replunge the bayonet into his naked throat, were acts of an instant. The yeoman groaned, loosened entirely his twining grasp, turned his gory head painfully and slowly away, and then fell heavily and helplessly on the grass. Dwyer sprang to his feet, looked at his fallen enemy, turned him over, felt at his heart—he seemed to all intents and purposes dead. He took up the body, and flung it into an adjoining ditch.

During Dwyer's combat, Burke and the second yeoman had another desperate contest. Neither had time to discharge their guns, for they grappled with each other the moment after Case and Dwyer fired upon each other. The struggle then was for the bayonet, which each of them secured in turn, inflicting many desperate wounds upon each other. At last Burke became the fortunate possessor of the much-coveted weapon, and was rushing on his antagonist in a blind fury when the yeoman turned and ran, leaving his arms to his conqueror. Byrne, too, who had a flying yeoman of his own, as narrated already, now returned to the scene of conflict. He had pursued the fugitive until he became tired of the chase, and so, at last, he declared that if the yeo would resign his arms, he would follow him no further. The arms were willingly surrendered, and Byrne now displayed them as trophies of his success. Dwyer and his two brave adherents, fearing that the report of fire-arms might have awakened the vigilance of the force at Donard, thought it prudent to leave the locality with all speed, and make good their way to the mountains. The Corkman's son, however, was not dead, although dreadfully wounded. The woman of the house where Dwyer had been found the body warm in the ditch where it lay, and, calling to her husband, they removed the yeoman to their own house and their own bed, gave him restoratives, dressed his wounds, stanched his blood, and finally sent a messenger to his comrades, and had him removed to a place of safety. This poor woman and her husband were harborers of rebels, insurgent, patriots, or by whatsoever other name the reader chooses to designate the defenders of the liberties of their native country; and we mention the fact advisedly, because by-and-by we will have occasion to notice the conduct of a certain Mrs. Valentine, who, under some similar circumstances, acted a very, very different part indeed. Dwyer heard the same evening that the Corkman was not dead. As he returned to assure himself of the fact, he knocked at the poor woman's door, and made the necessary enquiry; but she told him that Case's body had been already removed to Donard by a body of yeomanry, although, at that moment, Case was simply ensconced in her own feather-bed, and sedulously attended by her husband. Case was dangerously ill for a long time, but eventually recovered, and still lives, having a public-house somewhere in Dublin; indeed our authority for this true history saw him but a short time ago.

CHAPTER X.

"DEEP POTATIONS."

Inebriety was not, of a certainty, one of Dwyer's weaknesses; yet, occasionally, when wearied with disaster, perished with bivouacking in caves underground or house-roofs overground, away from his dear wife and little ones, he sometimes was induced to transgress the bounds of propriety and safety, and indulge in a regular spree, reckless and thoughtless of any contingency. It was on some such occasion as one of those alluded to that he and Hugh Byrne called at a public-house at Atestown, belonging to a man named Doody. In a short time they were joined by some young men of the neighborhood, who, delighted with the society of their famous glensman, thought they could never fete him sufficiently or pour half enough of the mountain-dew into his stomach. The consequences were that the captain and his faithful squire got gloriously "screwed," and, after taking leave of their company, proceeded up the Ballinoran road as openly and ostentatiously as if Wicklow was their own and all the yeomanry in the county hidden in the caves and glens, avoiding them. Byrne, indeed, became so confoundedly stupefied that he coolly informed his captain that he was not inclined to stay on foot any longer, and that he would just slip into an adjoining cosey ditch, and indulge himself with a few hours' slumber.

Dwyer took no heed, but proceeded on his way alone. At this moment Mr. James Krutchly, County Treasurer, who was going to the Assizes of Wicklow, drove up in his tax-cart, with a servant perched behind him. Dwyer seized the horse's reins, commanded the servant not to budge for his life, and then addressed the terrified official.

"Krutchly, now I have you. You often tried to take my life—yours is this instant in my power. Hand out your weapons."

"I have no arms," said he, "neither have I ever done more than a man's duty towards you, Dwyer. I am a captain of yeomanry, and when ordered to go out in pursuit of you or others, I only did that which of necessity I was compelled to do."

"If I find arms by you, you will rue it," retorted Dwyer, and immediately broke open the gig-box. No arm appeared, but all the official documents took flight about the road.

"Here is my purse," expostulated the valliant captain and treasurer. "Pray, don't be enraged with me; take it—you are welcome to it—and let me go on my way."

To be continued.

A great deal has been printed in the public press about the danger of an invasion of the markets of the United States by the Japanese which threatens disaster to our domestic industries, and matches, buttons, tooth brushes and bicycles have been mentioned as some of the articles in which their competition will be ruinous. The manufacture of matches in Japan is very extensive and is increasing rapidly. They are mostly of the Swedish kind, which will ignite only upon their own boxes, and they are sold for almost incredible prices. A dozen boxes for 1 cent. But they are made of very soft wood, and the chemical preparations are so imperfect that both materials and methods will have to be improved before there will be any market for Japanese matches in the United States. Wm. E. Curtis says he has seen a man destroy an entire box of matches without lighting one, and so uncertain and imperfect are they that any importer who brings them into the United States would destroy his reputation.

Hard be his fate who makes no children happy; it is so easy. It does not require wealth, or position, or fame; only a little kindness and the tact which it inspires. Give a child a chance to love, to play, to exercise his imagination and affections, and he will be happy. Give him the conditions of health, simple food, air, exercise and a little variety in his occupations, and he will be happy, and expand in happiness.

VERNET'S EASTER DUTY.

Those who have visited the galleries of Versailles are not likely soon to forget the wonderful pictures of Horace Vernet. Like many another man filled with wordly ambition, Vernet was for a time indifferent to his religious duties; but the following incident shows that his heart was really as true and as beautiful as his pictures.

In 1853, just ten years before his death, he went to revisit the battle-fields and the rich scenery of Algeria, which he had immortalized on canvas; and it was then that "a chance meeting" made him acquainted with Dom Francois Regis, the illustrious founder of La Trappe, in Africa. Dom Francois had come to Algiers on an errand of business; and, pausing in the street to greet an old friend, was introduced to the distinguished painter. Vernet was most gracious, and said to the holy man:

"I left Paris with the full intention of visiting you at Stonelli, and I hope to do so."

A few days after this meeting Dom Regis was informed by a lay-brother that a gentleman had called and was waiting to see him. The Abbot happened to be in the fields; and, returning at once, he saw bounding towards him a fine greyhound, closely followed by a huntsman in full attire.

"Do you recognize me, Father?" he asked, bowing respectfully.

"I do, sir," replied the Abbot, "and I am glad you have not forgotten the promise you were good enough to make the other day," and immediately he conducted him through the abbey and its surroundings.

Vernet admired all that he witnessed the pious atmosphere of the palace, the perfect cleanliness, order, and simplicity of the cells, refectory and chapter room.

Dom Regis and his new acquaintance grew more intimate as they continued their walk through the grounds. Soon the painter slipped his arm into that of the monk, and gradually the conversation taking a confidential turn, he unfolded the secrets of his inmost soul and uncovered all that troubled his conscience.

Father Regis was struck with admiration at the frankness of his new friend, and lost no time in turning it to his spiritual good. Pausing abruptly, as if struck by a sudden thought, he said:

"We are on the eve of Palm Sunday. You have done two-thirds of what Christians are accustomed to do at this time of the year; you have now only to fall on your knees and say—'Benedic mihi, Pater.'"

The unexpectedness of the issue did not displease Vernet, whose straightforward disposition would not perhaps have appreciated the more cautious approach of a timorous director. "Very well, Father."

"Let us not go so fast," said the good Father in his amiable way. "I will now leave you to the action of grace, and return to my work.

During a whole week Horace Vernet was so absorbed in religious exercises that he quite forgot his friend at Algiers, who wondered at his prolonged absence. The whole colony was anxious about the brilliant talker whom Algerian society loved to honor and enjoy. When the news came that he was at La Trappe, living the life of a monk, it was greeted with incredulity first, and then with astonishment; but the artist, utterly unconscious of the sensation he was creating, was making a serious retreat in preparation for his Easter duty and edifying the members of the Community by his sincere and simple piety.

On Holy Saturday, his heart overflowing with happiness, Vernet said to Dom Regis:

"Father, I wish to consecrate to God all the decorations that I have ever received, and thus sanctify, as far as may be, this poor human glory."

Despatching a messenger to Algiers he received the case containing the medals and decorations by which the sovereigns of Europe had honored him. With the simplicity of a child he arranged them on his breast on Easter morning, as an homage to the God of the Eucharist: and when he rose to approach the Holy Table tears stood in his eyes. The same day he was allowed at his own request, to sit at the common table, beside the Abbot, and share in the meagre repast of the Community. On taking leave of Dom Regis and the hospitable monastery, where his heart had recovered its peace, he said feelingly:

"This has been the happiest day of my life."