MICHAEL DWYER.

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

Written by John Thomas Campion, M. D.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

Dwyer flung the purse at his head, and swore that if he had his pistols he would shoot him on the spot. Krutchly now volunteered the most sacred protestations that if Dwyer would only permit him to go free, he would be silent on the matter for ever, and always remember his kindness and forbearance. "Swear to be silent for one day!" exclaimed the victor—"one day, and then you may bawl your shame about all the country."

"I swear it," said Krutchly; "I swear it, Dwyer!"

"Then go about your business," was the matter-of-fact command. Dwyer now felt the effects of his potations becoming more and more overpowering; and becoming conscious that he was getting more top-heavy every moment, he turned into the next house that presented itself. As ill-luck would have it, his place of refuge was no other than the dwelling of Sergeant Agar, the same whose arm was shattered by Andrew Thomas at the battle of Kilgeen. The sergeant recognised the insurgent leader instantly, and courteously invited him to take a seat by the fire. He saw that he was helplessly intoxicated, as indeed he was—so much so that he sank into a chair, and at once fell into a sound sleep. What a sad sight, that he, the gallant, the generous, should thus thoughtlessly first lose his reason and his corporal energies, and then stolidly fling himself into the hands of his bitterest foe! There he lay in a dull stupor, with the Philistines all around him. Agar sent for his brother, another yeoman, to hold counsel with him as to what was best to be done—whether they should bind him, and make him their prisoner, or murder him on the spot. They resolved upon killing him. Agar's wife, however, having overheard them, rushed into the room before they could carry their design into effect. "Agar," she cried to her husband, "the blood of this man shall not be on my hearth. He often spared and saved my dearest friends, and how can we hurt him when he strays unconsciously into our house, asking for shelter?" Agar and his brother remonstrated with the woman, but it was of no avail."

"No, no," said she; "as sure as God hears me, if ye injure a hair of his head, another day I will never spend under this roof."

Then they proposed to make Dwyer a prisoner.

But this also she opposed with the same resolution; and further, she stepped up to the sleeping man, and, shaking him violently by the shoulder, cried out, "Get up, Dwyer; your life is in danger!"

Dwyer sprang to his feet, the short nap and sudden surprise half-sobering him.

"Is there any friend near?" she asked. "whom you would wish to send for to help you away?"

"Yes; William Stanbridge."

She despatched a messenger on the spot, and Stanbridge was by Dwyer's side in a few minutes. Agar and his brother stood aside whilst the two men hurried away from the danger, away with them by Kilranelagh Hill, and on towards Kaigeen, until they reached the mountain-side, where Dwyer took refuge with a farmer named Sharkey.

The report soon got wind that the insurgent chief was in the neighborhood, and accordingly the whole yeomanry corps was immediately under arms.

They tracked the fugitive to Sharkey's, but Dwyer had already left the place. This they would not believe, but ransacked the whole house from top to bottom, and finally proceeded to dig up the garden, having heard that there was a cave concealed there. But they had all their labor for nothing; the bird had flown.

In the meantime Hugh Byrne overslept his debauch in the ditch by the roadside, and having aroused himself, and recalled his senses, thought it high time to look after his leader.

Being soon told that he was a prisoner with the Agars, he armed himself, and, boldly repairing to the house, knocked loudly at the door. Agar raised a window, and, seeing Byrne, told him of his captain's escape, and whither he had gone.

Astonished and delighted, the man thanked her over and over again for her kind conduct to his friend, and, swearing that he would never forget it to her or hers, joyfully went his way. At first view it may appear strange that Byrne should thus immediately credit the account given by the wife of a bitter enemy; but it yet remains to be told that this woman was the daughter of a highly respectable farmer in Wicklow, named Turner Wilson, who, although a Protestant and a yeoman, was never known to be guilty of a cruel or dishonorable act; whose word the peasantry were always wont to depend upon, and whose frequent interference in their behalf gained him the respect and good-will of the whole country around; indeed, he was nearly a solitary exception to the great mass of the men of his class. Turner Wilson, then, being a man of such a stamp, it at once ceases to be a matter of wonder why Hugh Byrne belived the word of his favorite daughter, and went away quite satisfied that his leader was once more free from the toils of the enemy, and placed, for the time at least, in a place of security.

We will have occasion by-and-by to notice the character of another woman of the Orange party, of a painfully opposite kind to that of the grateful and true-hearted Mrs. Agar.

CHAPTER XI.

A RESCUE.

There were races held at Donard, where numbers of the peasantry assembled. Many of the soldiers of the surrounding districts were also there, and among them a certain Sergeant Spence and four of his men, who were part of the force stationed at Knockenarrigan barracks, in the Glen of Imale. The races over, the sergeant and his companions were returning home when they met some of the Donard yeomanry, having in custody a man named Michael Stanbridge, whom they were conducting to Knockenarrigan. Spence demanded what the charge was against Stanbridge; and upon learning that he was accused of uttering seditious language in a neighboring public-house, offered to take care of the prisoner himself, as he was then returning to his quarters at the very place they were bound for. This proposition was readily agreed to; and Stanbridge at once changed guards, the yeomanry retiring to a house of entertainment kept by one of their sort, a certain James Plant, at Castleruddery cross-roads.

Dwyer, who was in the immediate vicinity of the race-course, and was sitting at a friend's house, with a little boy on his knee (the boy, indeed, is the authority for the fact, as well as the other events of this true history), heard of the capture, and also that the victim was a close and particular friend and ally of his own. "They will not take him far, if I can help it," said he. "Or I," added Byrne. "Or I," said a nephew to the prisoner. "Or I either," said a third young men—all athletic peasants, and fit for such dare-devil undertaking. The soldiers were not more than a quarter of a mile in advance, and so the four pursuers very soon came up with them.

Stanbridge's nephew was the first to dart out upon the road, and, laying hold of his uncle, told Spence that he must be under some mistake, as that man was his uncle, and had no right to be in any red-coat's company. The sergeant, not deigning to reply, drew his bayonet, and was about to stab the audacious meddler, when Dwyer seized, tumbled, and disarmed him. The other two men now also closed in upon the soldiers, as did also the liberated captive; and in a few minutes the Sagum Dheargs were without either bayonet or musket, and entirely at the mercy of the infuriated peasants, who beat them violently, and would also have used their weapons before they ended, had not the captain cried out, "Don't stab them in front, boys! If ye are seeking for their hearts, it is behind them they are to be found—very likely in their heels by this time!"

Dwyer's object, of course, was to prevent the murder of any of the foemen; and this he did by adroitly turning aside the wrath of the unruly spirits he was guiding, after a fashion of his own. However, he could not prevent the sergeant and his men from being very hardly used and left insensible upon the ground.

The five insurgents now donned the military accoutrements of the vanquished, and marching back rank-and-file, belted, pouched, and armed with bayonets, entered the house from which they started, to the great surprise and delight of their friends, who were anxiously awaiting the result of their expedition.

All this time the Donard yeomanry remained regaling themselves at Plant's hostelry, and exulting in the fate of their fresh victim.

"I will give them fight," exclaimed Dwyer, "or may be something worse. No doubt they think poor Stanbridge, so far from being in decent men's company, is now being tarred and feathered, or picketed, or strangled." So saying, he loaded his blunderbuss with small pellets, and bent his steps to Plant's public-house. Here he soon heard the uproarious noise of the gallant revellers within, and their loyal toasts, pithy sentiments, and the several complimentary and delicate phrases which men with refined minds like theirs usually put forth when their spirits are rampant and their hearts in jubilee. With a slight flush of rising wrath the insurgent leader stepped up to the window of the room where the company was assembled, and, flinging it open, fired in right amongst them. Some of them on the instant recognized their assailant, and, horror-stricken, shouted out, "Dwyer! Dwyer!" The name, and the shot, which wounded three of them, proved talismanic in their efforts. There was a regular rush for the back door, and then a run for dear life. Every yeoman of them all fled—led like "a cowardly caravan;" whilst Dwyer returned to his friends, who joined in a regular horse-laugh at the poltroonery of the military and the mortal terror of the Donard yeomanry.

CHAPTER XII.

BRAVERY AND POLTROONERY.

Where the Ow, the Derry, and the Aughrim Rivers now form "the Meeting of the Waters," and again twine glidingly along the vast peat-covered plain, black moor, and gloomy morass at the base of Lugnaquilla, Dwyer had, one morning, traveled ahead to meet a young lad at a certain trysting-place, who usually supplied him with powder and ball, as well as other ammunition, better fitted for the refreshment of the inner man.

He was armed with musket and pistols, had breakfasted at daybreak in his cave over St. Kevin's Bed, had no business, his mind at ease, and his spirits rather exuberant. Strolling along one of the wild paths of the mountain, he mused away an hour or more. The guerilla chief felt at home—free in a land of slaves—free to love, and free to live—nay, to rule and to be obeyed. Dwyer feared no man or men, he knew not what fear was—no, not from his birth to his boyhood, not even to his manhood, nor from that to the very last day of his existence, when he yielded up his spirit to his Creator, full of years, but, alas! in a foreign land—far away, far away from the loved country for whose freedom he fought so long and so well.

A certain farmer had a little holding on the mountain's side, and it was hither that our hero was now bending his footsteps. The farmer, too, was looking out for him from his own door, which commanded a view of Imale and all the country around. At this moment he espied a flash of light spring up from the bosom of the valley, and sparkle again and again, now in one spot, and again in another. At first he could not perceive how or what it was, but, shading his eyes with his open palm, he looked steadily and long in the direction of the object, and soon ascertained that it proceeded from the sunlight glinting off the helmets of a large troop of mounted yeomanry, who were steadily and swiftly advancing. To dart down the beaten path by which Dwyer was expected was but the work of a moment; for he well knew if the gallant captain were once surrounded on the heights, his career and his days would end at once and forever.

With furious speed, therefore, he fled along. The thought even crossed his mind that Dwyer might think he betrayed him. Ah! God knows he would suffer to be torn limb from limb before he would be guilty of such an act.

Thinking, fearing, doubting, hoping, the poor farmer plunged down the precipitous roadway, until at length he came to a broad amphitheatre, like a bailly, between juts of hills; here he lay down flat, and looked below upon a ledge of rock, broad and bare, and flanked on either side with wild brier, brushwood, and clumps of furze and ferns. On the rock stood Dwyer, his musket grounded, and supporting his folded arms, upon which rested his chin, as with apparently idle gaze he watched the approach of the horsemen as they spurred furiously towards the victim they considered now, at last, fairly within their power.

The farmer, believing that Dwyer could not possibly see the coming danger, and take the matter so very carelessly, cried out to him at the top of his voice. The rebel chief turned round, looked up, nodded to him and smiled; then coolly once more resuming his former attitude, again contemplated the gallant redcoats with the most provoking tranquillity. The farmer on the bailly shouted and warned. Dwyer leant upon his gun. "The yeos!" screamed the farmer, "they are just on you, just under your feet." Dwyer's broad shoulders shook. The farmer knew he was laughing. "You don't believe, Dwyer. But, O Lord of heaven! I see them from where I lie. Fly! fly! into the ferns, down the gully, into the old quarry, Michael darling, and you'll get into the valley still in spite of them." The warning was absolutely shrieked down to the stubborn captain by his agonized friend, but Dwyer leant upon his gun. "Dwyer is mad," cried the poor fellow, "and I will not stay here to see him a prisoner with the bloody yeomen. Dwyer! Dwyer!" he roared in the last accent of despair, "they are on you. What ails you, what ails you?"

The cavalry were now, indeed, within a few hundred yards of the rock, and had taken every precaution to surround it on every quarter. Dwyer still leant upon his gun. The poor farmer fled for his life, as well as to find out some of the insurgents for a rescue. Closing on their prey, the yeomen slowly and cautiously advanced, until they came within gunshot.

Dwyer stood erect, and, drawing from his breast a large sea-whistle, he blew a shrill note towards the brushwood on one side, and the fern and furze on the other; and, springing from the rock, he cried out in a voice of thunder, "Now, boys, now, surround them!" then dashing forward full charge upon the astounded sagums, discharged his musket at the first rank. The yeos turned—spurred—fled—never once looking behind them. And so it was that from the gaunt side of the monarch of the Wicklow Mountains fifty mounted yeomen, doing duty for his Britannic Majesty in Ireland, spurred wildly through the Southern Vale of Imale, making their desperate retreat and escape from one brave man. The meanest peasant in Wicklow has the story as pat as his prayers; and many a bold youth on the mountain and in the valley pants for a fame like that of the bold insurgent who seemed to hold a charmed life.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE YEOS ON BLOODHOUND DUTY.

Very early on a Sunday morning, in the glorious Glen of Imale, a large body of yeomen cavalry halted. To the muzzle of some of their horses capacious nose-bags of corn were appended, whilst the heads of others were dipped in a limpid stream that flowed away sparkling at their feet. The men dismounted, leaned on their steeds, and chatted away with one another in the highest glee, which was not a little increased by the antics and loquacity of a half-witted young peasant, with whom the whole party seemed already well acquainted. The individual in question bore the singular sobriquet of "The Day after the Fair," for which he was indebted to the fact of his perpetually volunteering information about Dwyer's place of concealment, which, although invariably correct enough, had this one very important drawback—that it came a day too late. He was a little red-headed lad, about eighteen years of age, with large, open, deep-gray eyes, raw red face, bare feet, hard, bony frame, regular features, and very primitive costume, consisting of goat-skin smalls, straw hat, white frieze jerkin, and a girdle of straw and hay artistically intermingled.

"Dinny," asked a facetious old purple-nosed corporal, "where will we find your friend Michael Dwyer this morning?"

"In St. Kevin's Bed," said Dinny. "I saw him climb up with my own two looking eyes."

"He slept there last night, I'll be bound," remarked the corporal.

"Who told you that?" asked Dinny, with evident surprise.

"Did he get up yet?" put in another of the yeomen.

"Will I go and see?" cried Denny, anxiously.

"The day after the fair," laughed another yeo, and a roar of laughter followed the apt application of the old nickname.

"The day after the devil," grumbled Dinny, moving away from the mocking crowd, and directing his steps to where some of the horses were still drinking, attended by a solitary soldier. Dinny sidled up to the man, and taking hold of the head of one of the animals, proceeded to adjust the bit and bridle, whilst at the time, and with his back turned to the troop he had left, he asked, "Where are ye going, and where is he?"

The man made a feint blow at the speaker, whilst he replied "To Rathdangan Chapel, where he is expected at first Mass, with Burke and Byrne. You will hardly have time enough to warn him. Run for your life." Here the man drew a pistol from one of the holsters, and presented it to Dinny, who fled with apparent terror and the wildest precipitation, to the great amusement of all the yeos in view.

It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader that it was a very usual thing in those days to find United Irishmen in the ranks of the yeomanry, sprinkled here and there through several corps, and having communication with each other, as well as with the peasantry, for the protection of the insurgents and the advancement of the national cause. The man just noticed was one of this class.

Dwyer was betrayed. The information was quite accurate, both as to time and place.

Away sped the boy on his mission of warning, any way, every way that promised to shorten the distance an inch; for every moment was precious, not a second to spare. If Dwyer was surrounded within the chapel walls of Rathdangan, he and his two brave associates were surely captured or shot in their attempt to escape.

In the meantime, the yeomen got into their saddles, and spurred forward along the glen at a round trot, which soon increased to a gallop, as the morn broke forth more brilliantly, and the hour of the early Catholic service approached.

The priest had just ascended the altar-steps. Dwyer and his men were kneeling in the midst of the congregation, and Mass began and proceeded until the gospel, when the people arose and were standing silent and still. At this moment the panting boy glided in amongst the crowd, and, quickly espying the tall figure he was in search of, crept up to his side, and whispered, "Fifty yeomen, Captain, five minutes will bring them here, and they will surround the chapel as they advance."

Dwyer quietly moved on to the further end of the chapel, where two or three farmers were leaning against a pillar.

He spoke to them for two or three minutes, and then they slid away noiselessly and in different directions through the assembled people.

The yeomen rode up to the chapel-door with a tramp of horse-hoofs and clank of spurs and sabres that startled the very priest on the altar.

Some of the people rushed out of the building, and were permitted to pass through the horses, but not without the closest scrunity. Among the rest, the farmers before mentioned made their way. Dwyer stood calmly near the sanctuary rails, with his arms folded on his breast. His two comrades stood beside him; but their ears drank in every sound, and each man grasped a brace of heavy-loaded pistols.

Some half-dozen of the yeomen entered the chapel with drawn sabres, but the utter stillness of the people seemed to startle them, and they stood irresolute.

To be continued.

The Hardest.

An experiment, with a view to ascertain the relative resistance, under pressure, of the hardest steel and the hardest stone, was recently made at Vienna. Small cubes, measuring 1 cm. of corundum and of the finest steel were subject to the test. The corundum broke under the weight of six tons, but the steel resisted up to forty-two tons. The steel split up with a noise like the report of a gun, breaking into a powder, and sending sparks in every direction which bored their way into the machine like shot.

Pilgrim Bottle Sells Well.

A pilgrim bottle of Venetian glass was the other day sold at Christie's, in London, for £870.

RODE A MILE IN 1:03.

ANDERSON GOES WITHIN TEN SECONDS OF A MILE A MINUTE.

Was Paced by a Locomotive—No Trouble to Keep Up—Rode a Ninety-two Gear—Will Make Another Attempt on August 23, Most Probably.

The expected trial of E. E. Anderson, the bicyclist, to ride a mile a minute, paced by an engine, came off on the Bluff line tracks in the presence of about 500 people at Oldenburg station. A special train carrying about 300 St. Louis people left Union station at half past 1 o'clock and nearly as many more were at Oldenburg when the train arrived. Most of the enthusiasts found seats on the bluffs at the finishing point.

Anderson made two trials before he attempted his final one. On the first trial he went a half mile at a 45 mile clip without a perceptible effort. His second attempt was expected to be his final, but after going a little more than half a mile Anderson stopped pedaling. The train was then going at almost a mile a minute gait. Anderson then returned to the starting point for another trial. He wore long black gloves reaching all the way up his arms and a pair of smoked glasses to protect his eyes from cinders.

At ten minutes to 4 o'clock he gave the signal to start, and the great race had begun in earnest. As the starting point was reached the train was going at the rate of 50 miles an hour. Anderson was riding easily behind it.

After going about half the distance he dropped back about 12 feet. A quick spurt put him directly behind the train again. Anderson hung on like grim death, and when the engine struck the torpedo announcing that the finishing point had been reached Anderson was less than 15 feet behind the coach. He then began to back pedal, and in less than a sixteenth of a mile had brought his machine to a full stop. The train returned for him and he was carried aboard amid the cheering of his friends.

Douglas W. Robert and William P. Laing were chosen as the timers. An accident to Mr. Robert's watch prevented him from getting the correct time, but Mr. Laing caught the cyclist's speed at 1 minute and 3 seconds. Anderson rode a 92 gear, and, barring the last sixteenth of a mile, he had no trouble in keeping up with the engine. His wheel weighed 19 pounds.

Engine No. 7, which paced Anderson, is one of the fastest locomotives in the west. It paced Anderson perfectly. In less than half a mile it had attained a speed of 60 miles an hour.

William Buckner, Anderson's trainer, occupied a seat in the cab and assisted Eberle, the engineer, and Adams, the fireman, in keeping the pace at an even rate. Anderson said after the race that while he was well satisfied with the result of his ride he felt confident that he could go a mile a minute gait, if not faster. Anderson bore no marks or bruises. He said that he rode much smoother than he did in any of his trials. His wheel stood the journey well. The cement fastenings on the rubber tires had melted, however, and as Trainer Buckner carried it to Anderson's training quarters after the ride the melted cement was seen to drop to the ground.

Not an accident of any kind marred the trial. Anderson met Assistant General Passenger Agent A. C. Williams of the Bluff line and decided to make another trial on Sunday afternoon, Aug. 28.—New York Herald.

Ladybugs the Only Hope.

Farmers in all parts of south Jersey declare that the watermelon and cantaloupe crop will be almost entire failures, due to the ravages of melon lice.

In Camden and Burlington counties there were large plantings and every indication of a large crop up to a short time ago, but H. I. Budd, a leading farmer and agriculturist, known throughout the state, predicts that in two weeks there will not be a melon or citron vine in the county as the result of the lice invasion. Similar information comes from Cumberland and Salem counties and some parts of Mercer county.

In the afflicted sections the farmers are capturing ladybugs and releasing them in their melon patches to eat the vermin. These insects live exclusively on plant vermin and are about the only hope in the present emergency.

Thus Was Scripture Fulfilled.

A pious Norway pedestrian saw the other day what seemed to him a fulfillment of the vision described in the first chapter of Ezekiel—a wheelman coasting down a steep hill with his coat ablaze. He reached the foot, jumped to the ground and threw off the burning garment, saying as he did so: "I lit my pipe, got afire, and could not stop until I got to the bottom. I borrowed that overcoat to keep the rain off." And he looked ruefully at the remains of what was once a coat ere he cast it by the roadside, mounted his wheel and rode away. Many ancient prophecies and visions are realized by the miracles and wonders of the age we live in.—Lewiston Journal.

Another Vanderbilt Rumor.

Chauncey M. Depew is visiting friends at Tuxedo. He was asked whether it was true, as reported, that Willie K. Vanderbilt is engaged to marry Miss Amy Bend and that arrangements for the wedding are progressing. Mr. Depew said that he was ignorant of such engagement or of any preparations for the wedding.

Clara Barton Coming Home.

Miss Clara Barton, president of the American branch of the Red Cross society, has started on her return to the United States, her mission of distributing relief to the Armenian sufferers having been ended.