

MICHAEL DWYER.

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

Written by John Thomas Campton, M. D.

CHAPTER XVI. TEMPTATION.

We will now take a trip to Ballyglass, on the placid and peaceful waters of the Slaney, the grand Ballyglass of the southern states of Leinster, with its Druid altars and heather monuments, and the arched and pillared ruins, in the midst of which lie the mortal remains of Diarmid MacMeerohad; whilst down upon all, from the high hill, from the prominent forts of Rathcoran and Rathnagoe.

We shall not stop in the mean little town itself, but shall step up to Crosby Park, and get into the distinguished society of Captain Airly and his lady, who are entertaining in their hospitable mansion very many of their wealthy neighbors, as well as some officers of the line, quartered in the place, and a sprinkling of gentlemen engaged in his Majesty's corps of Yeomanry in Wicklow County. It is evening, and it is a musical feast, and everything is on the grandest scale, and there is to be a ball and supper, and every sort of gladness and rejoicing, as if, outside doors, there was no such thing as the hot blood of murdered peasants crying aloud to heaven for vengeance.

Mrs. Airly was a lady of high musical taste and much refinement, her mental qualifications of a high order, and her hospitality boundless. This evening, in order to perfect her amateur orchestra, she invited two young lads, sons of a respectable farmer of the district, and the elder of whom was an excellent violinist, the younger a mere child. The time passed pleasantly with music and song, and all the fascination of beautiful women, until, by an unlucky whisper, Colonel Carr, an officer of the line, learned that the two lads were neighbors of Dwyer, and thoroughly conversant with all his movements. From this moment the young violinist received all the gallant colonel's attention, and the younger boy, too, was by no means forgotten. That gallant soldier actually insisted upon conducting the entrancing musician to the supper-table, and some other officer did the same with the brother. What a fine sight to see two brave officers trying to corrupt the innocent minds of two gentle peasant boys! Humphry Spence, Esq., J. P., thought it an admirable scheme, and Master Hugh Kearns, a greasy-faced little monkey of a yeoman ensign, protested by G— and his honor that it was a slap-up piece of acting altogether, and that the colonel was a man after his own heart. And so he was.

After supper, dancing began, and the colonel and some of his military friends coaxed the boy into an ante-room, whilst the other guests were enjoying themselves, and at once began to question him on the subject nearest to their heart.

"You know Dwyer, the rebel?" asked Colonel Carr.

"Oh! yes. I know Michael Dwyer very well."

"You know where he is usually to be found?"

"Very often I do."

"Where he hides?"

"Yes."

"And how he might be arrested?"

"I think I do."

"Well, now, my fine intelligent boy, if you find him I will give you this heavy purse of gold, and also a written promise of a commission in my corps, when you come of age for the appointment."

"Michael Dwyer is my father's cousin," said the boy very quietly.

"Well, your father will never know of it; and Dwyer is a rebel to his Majesty our king."

"And he is my brother's friend," continued the boy.

"Your brother shall have another purse and another commission."

"And the people love him," said the boy.

"And the king hates him," retorted the colonel.

"And I love Michael Dwyer, and I hate the king. Ha! ha! ha!" And the child left the room, his Majesty's officers looking very foolish indeed.

However, they at once repaired to the drawing-room, where the violinist was engaged in the exhibition of his musical skill with the charming

colonel, who was determined to have an audience before his brother

could communicate with him, and therefore, at the first pause of the performance, abruptly observed:

"You play admirably, Mr. O'Brien (the young man's name). I suppose you often amuse Michael Dwyer with your fine fiddle in his mountain solitudes?"

"Never, colonel," replied the musician curtly.

"Never!" retorted Mr. Justice Spence; "yes, you did often play to the d—d rebel; you know you did."

Mr. Morley Saunders of Saunders' Grove now interfered, and reminded Colonel Carr that he was overstepping the bounds of decorum in asking such questions, and particularly at such a time and place. As to Mr. Spence, he was a privileged person at home or abroad. Nobody heeded him except on the bench, and not even there always.

"Mr. Saunders," exclaimed O'Brien, "I have no objection to tell Colonel Carr all I know of Michael Dwyer, and where I saw him last."

"Now, Saunders, now, Saunders, pray do not interfere," said the brave colonel in an ecstasy.

"On honor, you really must not," said the monkey ensign imploringly.

"Upon my soul, no! Now, Saunders," blurted out Mr. Spence, J. P.

"I saw him last in—"

"Where?" asked all the gentlemen at once.

"In Tarbertstown."

"What doing?"

"Pursuing the Humewood yeomanry; he was in his shirt sleeves, and they were running before him like hares."

O'Brien then turned on his heel, and, joining his young brother, both at once left the house together.

That night they informed Dwyer of the whole occurrence, for his cave was not a quarter of a mile from their father's house.

By way of episode, it is as well to add the ultimate proceedings of those two boys, as we may not have again to refer to them directly.

From the time of the Airly banquet, they were both well watched by the sleuth-bound yeomen and their subordinates, until at last the elder was accused of being out with the insurgent captain. He was not, however, immediately arrested, as the informer wished to make sure of his victim by more positive proof.

After a short time, he either procured the testimony he required, or was well prepared to urge it himself, which answered all purposes equally well. Accordingly a party was sent to make the capture, but they found the young man in bed, and in the very midst of a bad, low typhus fever. They would have secured him—and carried him away nevertheless, if they had not been apprehensive of contagion. Ay, they could have hanged him before the crisis, if they could have effected it at anything like a safe distance from the infected victim. As it was, they turned away annoyed and discomfited, resolving, however, to pounce upon him as soon as it might be at all consistent with prudence to do so. In the meantime the poor lad died—the yeomen haunting his home as long as there was a spark of life in him. The younger boy raged at this vile inhumanity, and daily went to his brother's grave to swear vengeance on his murderers.

A very singular event, however, put a stop to the grave visits and the retributive vows of the outraged boy. Nothing less, in truth, than a vision at midnight, in which the deceased appeared to him as he slept, and said to him in a most solemn and impressive manner:

"Daniel, go no more to my grave in Kilmaclesh churchyard. Swear no more vows of vengeance; let no man die on my account. Heed me well, or it will fare worse with you."

Daniel never went to Kilmaclesh again, as he himself has assured us more than once, whilst we learned from his lips the matter of all we have already written about the gallant Dwyer, and the spirit of daring chivalry which filled his manly breast, whilst he stood up—often alone and unassisted—against the enemies and vile oppressors of his native land.

The hardy boy, grown to old age and fair position in the world, only died the other day, resolute to the last—Irish to the last—anxious to the last that his record should soon see the light, and that every justice should be done to the hero of his heart's warmest affections. It was his last wish, and we have carried it out with all the sincerity and labor-loved ardor that the subject must always command in the breast of a true Irishman.

The great Atlantic separates the poor prisoners in the evening, and, having ascertained that there was no overt act of rebellion to be attributed

to any one of them, told them to be quiet and patient, and that he still hoped all would be well.

The next day the men were paraded, handcuffed, and severally asked whether they would give information of the rebellion, or the secrets of the United Confederates. No, they would not.

One man, John Williams, a respectable farmer, and a Protestant, was particularly importuned to make confession of all he knew.

"I know nothing more," said he, "than that I became a United Irishman at my own request; that I swore faith and secrecy to the cause of my country, that I believed I was doing what was right and manly, and that I think so still, and the more so on account of the proceedings of the two past days."

"Your doom is sealed, Williams!" "My doom was sealed when my name was first entered on your list. It was at once death or dishonor: I choose death!"

"And die you shall!"

"Praise be to God!"

"You blaspheme, rebel."

"I am an Irishman, and I die for Ireland!"

"Fughl! summon the court-martial."

The court-martial was forthwith convened, and, as a matter of course, all the men were sentenced to be shot, both soldiers and civilians, thirty-four in number, as we before stated, all supplied for the English shambles by the indefatigable zeal of the yeoman, Joe Hawkins, and aided and abetted by his Majesty's commissioned officer in command at Ballyglass, whose ill-famed name time refuses to disgorge.

The execution rapidly followed the sentence; it was a way the yeomen always had, through mortal fear of either mercy or rescue, therefore, Sergeant Higginbotham, of the Wicklow Militia, was sent forward to Dunlavan-green with a strong guard, having the prisoners tied five and five in their centre. There was one act of retributive justice in the disposition of the doomed. As the human bundles of five were being distinctly parcelled out, there was one found wanting to complete the last group. There was a semblance of incompetency about the affair, so, to mend it, and with a loud laugh, which Lucifer no doubt echoed from his inmost breast, poor Joe Hawkins, notwithstanding kicks, screams, oaths, menaces, and tears, was added; his cup flowed over. He was compelled to supply No. 5 in his own person, and was shot accordingly. The commander followed in state, and with a very severe air indeed. The wife of Matthew Farrell, one of Captain Saunders' tenants, threw herself at the feet of the officer's horse, earnestly supplicating mercy for her innocent husband, who was falsely accused, she was accompanied by eight small children, whose cries of terror and want pierced the very skies.

The king's officer seemed only to think that they might startle his charger and do himself some bodily injury; but, as to dream for a moment of being moved by a mother and orphaned infants, the thought never entered the hero's mind. He was on an errand of public duty, which, with the help of—the devil, he was determined to fulfil to the best of his humble ability—good man!

Arrived at the place of execution, the thirty-five men were put upon their knees, and simultaneously led into by about a hundred yeomen, at about twenty paces' distance. Out of that reeking carnage one man arose from his knees unburt, crying aloud—

"God bless the king! my life is my own!"

The loyal cry, or the horrid scene, or both, too much almost for even a yeoman to witness unmoved, saved the wretch's life. He was allowed to depart.

Another man, named Prendergast, wounded in the bowels, was found still living, and, in the confusion, was slipped over the dug ditch flanking the green, carried away, his wounds cared for, and he finally and perfectly recovered. This man was afterwards taken into the service of Captain Saunders, as well also as his uncle, both living for many years afterwards in that gentleman's employment.

Many and many a ballad was written by the peasant poets years after the tragic occurrence, on "The Murder of Saunders' Men." Some fragments of them still remain to be gleaned here and there through the Wicklow and Wexford hamlets, rude and rough enough to be sure, both in metre and matter, but sufficiently

expressive still to keep the inhuman tragedy alive in the minds of the people, and to enable them to point out to each succeeding generation where the thirty-two Irishmen were shot to death for the pure love of their native soil. Many of those successive generations still bear into time the same names as the immortal patriots.

A correspondent in a recent periodical gives an interesting account of an official ball in a North German duchy. The hour for beginning the ball was eight. Everybody was punctual. The official residence of the state minister was blocked with carriages at 7.50, and armies of footmen ushered the guests to the staircase and dressing rooms. Dance programmes were used, and it was a mark of honor for a lady to grant a square dance. According to this correspondent, the waltzes were played about twice as fast as in America, and as none of the Germans reverse it was not uncommon to see couples so dizzy that they reeled. The buffet was popular all the evening, and was heaped with cheese sandwiches, sausage sandwiches, egg sandwiches, sugared cakes, and oceans of punch, but no beer. At 11 o'clock the supper room was thrown open and an elaborate meal was served, including soup, oysters (after the soup), and great dishes of meat with smoking tureens of gravy. A couple of Americans dancing in the American style, reversing, and the lady dancing backward, filled the Germans with amazement, and all the couples stopped to see it.

Worth More Out of the Way. A savant noted for his eccentricities had a mania for collecting old books. Among other rarities he had a volume which he prized most highly, as he believed it to be the only one extant. Learning, however, that a second copy existed in Paris, he went over and drove straight to the address of his rival. "Sir," said he, "you have such and such a book?" "Yes, you may look at it if you wish." "I will pay you 1,000 francs for it," said the savant. "I am not a dealer in books." "Five thousand francs?" retorted the savant. "I repeat"—said the Frenchman—"Ten thousand francs?" was the sole response. "Well, I am not justified in refusing so generous an offer. The book is yours." The savant took it, paid the money and, after examining the treasure carefully, coolly threw it upon the fire that was blazing in the room. The Frenchman, horror-stricken, tried to snatch it from the flames, but the savant prevented him, saying: "Sir, I also have a copy of the work. It is now the only one in the world. Good morning!"

A French Trick. At a New Year's fair in Paris one of the stall holders who, despite the good weather and the multitude of passers-by, had done very little business had recourse to an original method of clearing out his stock. While uttering his usual speech on the excellence of his 50 centime articles a gentleman, in a state of the greatest excitement, pushed his way through the crowd and exclaimed: "There you are, you rascal! No wonder you can sell these things at 10 sous when you still owe me 14 francs apiece for them. But the matter shall be looked into. I am going straight to the police."

The excited gentleman disappeared. Our salesman trembled in his shoes and entreated the bystanders to relieve him of his wares. This they were ready enough to do in the belief that they were about to get all sorts of nice bargains at a third of their value. And the trick was done, for the pretended wholesale merchant was merely an accomplice of the "cheap jack."—Paris Temps.

A Story of "Lorna Doone." Mr. R. D. Blackmore tells a very interesting story about his great novel, "Lorna Doone." He submitted it to 18 publishers, but all refused it. Then a publisher, just starting, was offered it. He accepted it, but, alas, it did not sell. The reviewers were very lukewarm, and the public would not buy. Then came an event which was the making of the reputation of the novel. The Marquis of Lorne's marriage with the Princess Louise was announced, and everything about that event was greedily read. There seems to have been an impression that "Lorna Doone" had something to do with Lord Lorne, and it at once began to sell. The public found there was nothing in the book about this marriage, but they discovered that it was a most charming story, and from then till now the sale has been large. It is probable that if the Marquis of Lorne had not married the Princess Louise the merit of "Lorna Doone" would never have been recognized.

Heart Beats. A remarkable calculation has been made by Dr. Richardson for The Medical Record. It gives the work of the heart in mileage, the amount of blood thrown through the veins and winds up with giving the exact number of times a human heart will beat in a lifetime of 84 years! A verbatim copy of the most interesting portion of this remarkable calculation is given below:

"Presuming that the blood is thrown out of the heart at each pulsation in the proportion of 60 strokes per minute, and at the assumed force of 9 feet, then we must come to the following startling conclusion: That the mileage of the blood through the body must be taken at 207 yards per minute, 7 miles per hour, 168 miles per day, or 61,320 miles per year. At the above rate in a life time of 84 years the blood mileage of the body is not less than 3,150,880, and in the same long life the grand total of heart beats will approximate 2,980,776,000."

A Nonpreaching Priest. It is said that the pope of Rome is the only priest in Christendom who never preaches a sermon. Only once during the last 800 years has this rule been departed from. This was in 1847, when Pius IX was pope. Father Ventura, a famous orator, was to have preached at a church in Rome. A great crowd assembled to hear him, but at the appointed hour there was no priest. Presently the pope arrived; probably he, too, had come to listen to Ventura. Taking in the situation at a glance, Pius IX was equal to the occasion, for he preached the sermon.—Liverpool Mercury.

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CURRENT MISCELLANY.

CHAPTER XVIII. YEOMANRY LEGISLATION—CONTINUED.

It was usual with the counties surrounding Wicklow to send their cattle and sheep to graze on the rich verdure of the mountains of that district. The yeomanry often killed and ate them as the whim seized them, and even the insurgents, when hard pressed, did not scruple to treat themselves to a meal of beef or mutton when nothing else offered. However, those forays upon private property were not so very frequent as to prevent the owners from still sending their stock to the hills, and running the risk of any untoward accident.

Two farmers from Carlow, who made the usual venture with a lot of sheep, were on their way to Wicklow to look after their property, when they were met near Hacketstown by a band of yeomen, who, as usual, immediately arrested them on chance, and brought them before Lieutenant B—, Eagle Hill, County Carlow. Upon being examined, the men gave their names and residences, and those of their respective landlords, their business, and the purpose of their journey. All this appeared straight enough, and the farmers expected an immediate release. However, the lieutenant, wishing to interrogate them more closely at the instance of their captors, was obliged to remand them until evening, as he was bound in haste for Clonmore, where he had received information of the concealment of some fugitive rebels.

Accordingly, giving the men in charge to a yeoman named Ned Valentine, a brother of Rowley's, he departed on his hurried mission.

The same yeoman, with another named Jackson, and on the same day, were met near Ransshahan by Mr. Henry Evebank and Mr. Goodwin. They made a prisoner of a boy about twelve years old, the child had a bag on his back, containing a few loaves of coarse brown bread.

The gentlemen, knowing the ferocity of the yeomen, and distrusting their savage cruelty, immediately interfered, demanding to know where they were conducting the boy, and of what crime he was guilty.

"He is a young rebel," said Valentine; "and he was bringing provisions to the insurgents on the hills."

The boy cried out piteously that he was going to the bog at Aghavannah, where his father had some men employed cutting turf.

"Valentine," said Mr. Goodwin, "let the child go on his way; know who he is and where he is to be found if necessary."

"We will bring him to the bog," replied the yeoman sulkily, "and see whether his statement is true or not."

The gentlemen rode on, and the yeomen went on their way with the child in safe custody.

To be continued.

What the Vatican Contains. On the whole, the Vatican may be divided into seven portions. These are the pontifical residence, the Sistine and Pauline Chapels, the picture galleries, the library, the museums of sculpture and archaeology, the out-buildings, including the barracks of the Swiss Guards, and, lastly, the gardens with the Pope's Casino. Of these the Sistine Chapel, the galleries and museums, and the library are incomparably the most important.

The name "Sistine" is derived from Sixtus IV., as has been said. The library was founded by Nicholas V., whose love of books was almost equal to his passion for building. The galleries are representative of Raphael's work, which predominates to such an extent that the paintings of almost all other artists are of secondary importance, precisely as Michael Angelo filled the Sistine Chapel with himself. As for the museums, the objects they contain have been accumulated by many popes, but their existence ought, perhaps, to be chiefly attributed to Julius II. and Leo X., the principal representatives of the Rovere and Medic families.—Century.

Printers' Ink complains that the \$20,000,000 annually spent for chewing gum in this country is twice as much as is spent on churches. The comparison is a queer one, and suggests that if the people who eat missionaries had more currency than the expenditures would be equalized.

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