

MICHAEL DWYER.

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

Written by John Thomas Campbell, M. D.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued. ANNE DEVLIN.

The following ballad may be fairly taken as an epitome of the life of this Irish heroine. Unfortunately, she was allowed to die in poverty. For did she seem aware that she had any claim upon her country. For a long time she lived in Thomas street, Dublin, where she often entertained her admirers, as described in the ballad. Later still, she took up her residence in Harold's Cross, and earned a livelihood by washing. Had she made application to any nationalist, no doubt such a claim would be duly honored; but heroic Anne wanted nothing for doing her duty, and she died, leaving Ireland her debtor. When her young master's tomb is inscribed, we hope that her humble grave shall not be forgotten.

"Come, Anne," they cried (a group of men,

Of women, girls, and boys, Taking their seats about the door With anxious faces and noise), "Tell us a tale of 'twenty-eight'— Of some brave Irish clan."

"Tell us," cried one tall, sturdy youth, "Of Robert Emmet, Anne."

"Are we to have the yeos again?" Said old Anne, redd'ning up Her heart was beating, as she asked, And sat amid the group. "Are we to have the yeos again?" Another pawn from hell! I saw them last in '98— I know the coward well. "A young man," said the sturdy youth, "Was he an Irishman?" "Yes, with an Orange-English heart, A stag's slave!" cried Anne.

"Of Master Robert you would hear? And of poor old Anne, too? God bless ye it will, ye say," hark! And what I'll tell is true. I would not tell ye of him— The poor, young, pure-would man Nor of myself, though weak and old. "We know you would not, Anne."

"Well, the day they came a-hunting him— Oh long, long years ago— I was a black-haired colleen then, Though now I'm white as snow, But the same heart is in my breast, And the love and loss.

As when they came a-hunting him That day at Harold's Cross. Some traitor-dog was in the camp Who let out all their pish. "Who was he?" cried a sturdy smith— "Who was that traitor, Anne?"

"No matter now, he's not alive— Leave him to God, aron; A heavy debt lies at his door— We won't forget it soon. They came—the bloody yeoman came— And sacked the rooms and doors, And every box and press they burst— They tore the very floors. The bird is flown! Where is he, jade!

"Where has the rebel ran?" "How did you answer the red rague?" "How could you face them, Anne?"

"I'll tell ye; never a word at all I said. Some drew their swords, Some screeched their shining bayonets."

"The yeos that fought the boards! Speak!" and they stabbed my throat through!

"Speak!" and they pierced my neck! I was all wet with my own blood; "Hill no, I would not speak!" "Why, blast the scoundrels!" sworn the smith,

"They were all a hellish clan To bayonet a poor helpless girl!" "That was not all," said Anne.

"They swore they'd hang me from a tree— That stood up in the yard; They put the rope about my neck, And tugged it tight and hard. I prayed to the great God of heaven— I knew my hour was nigh; And the next moment, sure enough, I swung up in the sky! Living there a few moments long, To their great joy and mirth; And then they loosed the rope—I fell Down senseless to the earth!"

"That was the sturdy Irish youth Who said a young man was he?"

"Oh," groaned the horror-stricken smith, "Such men! such times! such laws!" "Oh! if I had a hundred lives," A weeping strapping cried, "To risk them all to face the yeos, And stand by poor Anne's side!" "But, boys, agra, that wasn't all." "What, more?" they all roared out. "Oh! yes; they thought the devil's brood!

They'd try another bout. So then a sleek old ruffian came, A real limb of sin— The man we seek is sought to you In name, or kith, or kin; So give him up—five hundred pounds I'll give you for a trace Of where he fled—I'd give the sum To spit into his face!"

"No, no!" I said, "your guns, and bribes, And ropes will not avail; I'll never tell." "Then, off with her, And let her rot in jail!" They shed my blood, they offered gold, Tried every threat and plan. "Ah! Ireland never would be sold By you or yours, brave Anne!"

"I saw the master once again; They brought me from the jail, To see him die a martyr's death— To make my spirit quail. I saw them lift his dripping head Up high with villain hand!

I never flinched; I gulped my grief, Though I could scarcely stand! My darling's face was white with death. Whilst from his neck the blood Flowed freely; but I held my breath, To spite the devil brood. I could not look again—oh no; I could not trust my eye. My heart was bursting—I must weep, Or cry aloud or die. I cried aloud—I cursed aloud The yeomen and their king! I could not help it—I was mad With all my suffering!

They dragged me to the jail again, And hung me in a cell. It soon would be my grave, I knew; They knew the same too well; But here a good poor English soul, The jailer's English bride, Filled the lone young Irish girl Who was so sorely tried; God bless her now! where'er she is, Where'er she stays or goes; 'Twas Irish traitors cursed this land Much more than English foes! And so it is this very day; The mongrel Irishman Is the worst enemy of all— The stag of stags," cried Anne.

"Nelson, April, 1805. Poor Anne Devlin lived and died in misery and poverty. A sum of about £10 was subscribed for her (says Dr. Madden) after her liberation from prison, and a further small sum through an application made in the Nation newspaper of September, 1805. The worthy doctor was the author of that application, as well as the contributions afterwards from time to time, from his own private purse, to the alleviation of the wants of our poor sufferer and heroine. That humane gentleman did more. Upon finding, at last, that Anne Devlin was no more, and that she had found a pauper's grave in the cemetery of Glasnevin, with a few friends he discovered her place of sepulture, and the usual fees being kindly remitted, and leave given for the purpose, a monument was raised over her remains near the spot where those of O'Connell repose. On the stone is figured an Irish wolf-dog crouching on a bed of shamrock, beneath which is the following inscription:

"To the Memory of ANNE DEVLIN (CAMPBELL). The faithful servant of Robert Emmet, Who possessed some rare and noble qualities, who lived in obscurity and poverty, And so died, the 18th September, 1805, Aged 70 years."

Dr. Madden deserves the hearty thanks of the Irish nation for his act of thankfulness, humanity, and national feeling. The late lamented Dr. Robert Cane gives the following history of Anne Devlin in the Weekly Celt of November, 1857:

"ANNE DEVLIN—A REMINISCENCE OF 1803. 'Man is great in daring, woman in suffering.' Never did aphorism speak more truly, and never was it better illustrated than in the conduct of the humble peasant girl whose name heads this article. 'Anne Devlin was the daughter of a dairyman, and the niece of the celebrated outlaw—Michael Dwyer. At the period of the Emmet insur-

gent movement of 1803, she was twenty-six years of age, and acted in the capacity of housekeeper and general servant to Robert Emmet at his residence in Butterfield Lane.

"After the unfortunate night of the 23rd of July, when Emmet and his companions were obliged to fly from Dublin, and to seek shelter in the Wicklow Mountains, Anne remained in charge of the house. Upon the 26th the house was searched by a body of yeomen, headed by a magistrate, looking for the late resident, Mr. Ellis, the assumed name of Robert Emmet. Four of the yeomen took charge of Anne as their prisoner, while the body of them proceeded to search the corners for her master. Failing in that object, they proceeded to question Anne about the gentleman with whom she lived. But all inquiries were fruitless: they could elicit nothing from a woman faithful to her trust and firm in her purpose.

"The threat of death, certain and immediate, if she did not reveal what she knew, failed to extract even a single reply beyond the resolute declaration that she had nothing to tell—would tell nothing. Then it was that a brutal official directed his still more brutal followers to convey her to the yard, and there execute her, as one participating in the treason of her master, in refusing to reveal the secret they knew she held. With riotous shouting and an indecent savagery, men, dragging this young and devoted female to the place appointed for her death. And some of them hastened to erect a temporary gallows by elevating the shaft of a common cart, and securing a rope to its back-board—a process which she was compelled to witness by being kept erect, with her back close to the opposite wall, while the fiends kept their sharp bayonets pointed to her naked bosom, pressing them as it were with gentle touches against her tender skin, until the blood flowed freely down her person. But the heart within that breast was of no common nature—it throbbed firmly, its pulses did not quail, it sickened not under the tortures inflicted or the contemplation of the death preparing for her. Fidelity and honor were a part of her very nature, and they served her to that stern firmness which will die ere it will betray—die nobly rather than live dishonored; endure personal annihilation rather than bring that annihilation upon the object of her devotion."

"And ever as they pressed her to tell, they pierced the woman's skin with soldier-weapons, to torture the secret from her keeping; but still came the one firm answer—I have nothing to tell; I will tell nothing." Then they pointed to the ready gallows there, with its noosed rope, pendulum-like, swinging from its top, and measuring the minutes of her life, and cried, Tell us where Mr. Ellis has gone to, or die! Steadily was her response—"You may murder me, but I will not tell you a word about him." Then they hurried her forward; ready executioners affixed the rope upon her neck, while others seated themselves upon the cart to steady it, and as she uttered a single cry, "Lord Jesus, have mercy upon my soul," she was raised aloft, her body swung heavily in the air, her eyes darkened, her senses failed, the world was disappearing, eternity opening. But it would not suit their purposes to murder her yet; other means should be tried to win her secret. The rope was lowered, her feet rested upon the ground, and the light of heaven once more shone upon her opening eyes, amid the yells and laughter of her heartless tormentors. When suddenly recovered, she was sent into the city, and brought before the great manager of the torture and corruption of the day—Major Sir. He had learned that torture had failed, and adopted a new mode of attack. With soft and soothing words he endeavored to reason her out of her secret, and closed the persuasiveness of his argument by offering her £500—a fine fortune for a peasant girl—if she would only tell him where Mr. Ellis had gone. Soft words could not delude, gold could not corrupt, the girl who had already confronted death sooner than betray her secret.

"Forty years after the sad period of her sufferings, when Dr. Madden was eliciting from her these details, he said to her, in reference to the offer of £500, 'You took the money, of course,' and he adds in his 'Memoir,' 'The look the woman gave was one that would have made an admirable subject for a painter—a regard in which wonder, indignation, and mingling of the seriousness of the person who addressed her were blended.' He takes the money

—the price of Mr. Robert's blood. No, I spurned the rascal's offer. "Finding it impossible to mould the stern nature of the girl to their purpose, she was cast into a solitary prison. There she remained in utter ignorance of the fearful events passing around her, and would have perished for the want of suitable sustenance but for the tenderness of one of the officials' wives, an Englishwoman, who shuddered at the atrocities of the time, and sought to mitigate Anne's sufferings and to prolong her life by a thousand feminine kindnesses.

"One day Anne was ordered into one of the yards for air or exercise; but when she entered the place, her stewardess discovered the cause of her seeming mercy. She was conscious eyes were glaring upon her from one of the grated windows—the eyes of the officials—and pacing up and down the yard was one whose figure she instantly recognized was that of the unfortunate Robert Emmet. She knew she had been sent out to identify him. She passed him as though she had never before seen him, and by a town derailed from recognizing her. A few days later she was sent to the Castle for examination; and by the directions of her jailer she was ordered to be shown the gallows in Thomas street, by which she had to pass. Accordingly, the cavalcade stopped at that scene of so many murders. How her woman-nature must have shuddered as she gazed upon the fearful spot! Fresh-drawn blood had dribbled over its boards, and from the boards to the pavement, where but a few hours gone by stairs were visible too; but the dogs had lapped them up. The blood had disappeared from off the street, but still clung to the boards; and as her eyes rested upon it, they told her it was the blood of a young traitor—of one she knew—it was the blood of Robert Emmet. We have not heard how her devoted but yet strong heart bore up against the sight; but we can well imagine the deep agony of the feelings of that girl who, when an aged woman, forty years later in life, upon looking again upon the chamber he was wont to inhabit, wept woman's tears, and shook with all the awakened tenderness of woman's devotedness. Noble-minded girl! tender-hearted old woman! may the blessings of another, a purer and a better world compensate you for your sufferings here, and reward you for the nobleness with which you held true and faithful to the patriot, to the cause, and to the country, leaving to that country an example bright as ever graced Rome in her proudest days! Well may woman feel proud of her sex as she reads her story, while proud man himself shall find within it not merely matter for praise, but for imitation too!"

CHAPTER XXI. AN UNWELCOME GUEST, AND AN APTIFICIAL MORNIGHT. There was a wedding-party near Hamilton Lodge, and the bride was daughter of a farmer who was purveyor to the army. In compliment to his military customers, the farmer invited the lieutenant commanding in the district; and that gentleman came to the scene of conviviality accompanied by two orderlies. The dinner was not served up until long after nightfall; and candles were lit, and window-shutters closed, before the guests were summoned to do justice to the good things prepared for them.

The officer said grace upon being called upon to do so; and, indeed, he did so with a very bad grace, and with half a sneer too, as if he were ashamed of having performed even one single devotional act in a lifetime. But if the prayer was not devoutly prayed, it seemed to have been not only listened to with attention, but responded to with fervor and piety; for, as he concluded, two men, suddenly opening the dining-room door, uttered a sonorous "Amen," and most unceremoniously took their places at the board.

The farmer looked dismayed, and the bride turned pale as death; the bridegroom forgot his joyousness, and the bidden guests appeared to be very uncomfortable indeed. The newcomers were tall, athletic men, very plainly attired. Nevertheless, they proceeded to regale themselves without the slightest hesitation, and to pay all sorts of gracious compliments to the company assembled.

As the banquet proceeded, the officer could plainly see there was something wrong somewhere, and that the bridal party were anything but entirely at their ease. However, after a while, a better sort of feeling seemed to prevail; the novelty, strangeness, unpleasantness, or whatever else it was, seemed to wear

away, and the guests began again to enjoy themselves without any further restraint. His Britannic majesty's official, too, thawed and waxed merry and gay and communicative withal, and proceeded to interest the company with some of his own peculiar opinions. Amongst the rest, he entered into a most malignant invective against the rebel called Captain Dwyer, assured his audience that he was to be out in search of him on the next night, and could not for the life of him conceive what there could be in one individual man to create such excitement through the length and breadth of a whole country.

One of the newcomers asked him should he very much like to see this Dwyer.

"Very much indeed," he replied. Nay, he would willingly give his commission for a sight of him.

"Well, then," said the man, "I am Michael Dwyer!" "You!" exclaimed the officer.

"Yes, I—look at my hand, which wants the thumb! All your people know me by that mark."

"By G—! you are a rebel!—and here's at you!" So saying, he seized two forks from the table, and firmly grasping the reversed hafts of both within his hand, let the steel project above and below, and doing the same with the pointed carving knives, was armed in an instant in a most formidable manner. Without a moment's hesitation he sprang on Dwyer; but the other man, who was Hugh Vesty Byrne (not the informer), as instantly interposed, and with a single terrible blow dashed off the assailant's then, closing with him, wrung the weapons from his grasp, and flung him across the table. Nothing daunted, the hardy officer came once more to the encounter (Dwyer preventing anybody else from intervening between the combatants), and, plunging at Byrne, struck right and left, not only with intrepidity, but effect.

Vesty, however, was a very powerful man, and more than a match, twice over, for his youthful assailant; and his blood, too, being now up, he dashed the officer on the ground, several times with great violence.

"Ah! Hugh," expostulated Dwyer, "don't hurt the king's servant!" "Hal hal!" laughed Byrne, "the king has worse servants than he is; and, upon my conscience, I scruple striking him, but you see he won't give up."

"Hugh, you're wearing his affections from me; you know I am the man he wants."

"Out of the frying-pan into the fire," retorted Byrne, knocking the officer down a tenth time.

"Hang him up, Hugh; it is a pity to beat him any longer."

Acting on this amiable suggestion, Byrne gave his headstrong victim a few point-blank bangs about the face, and soon diminished the vision of King George's Own—so much as to put an end to the unequal contest. The two orderlies were soon permitted to come in and escort their master to his quarters—Dwyer first, however, having taken possession of their arms, which he had borne away in triumph.

To be continued.

If the report should prove true that the youngest emperor of Russia will confer religious liberty on the many people who compose his realm, then he will take one of the greatest steps forward that will be made in the close of the nineteenth century. He is also credited with the intention to abolish corporal punishment for offenses against the law in all the Russianias, and not only that, but with the intention to pardon thousands of political prisoners in Siberia. These reforms will mean that Russia receives at one stroke much which the nihilists have been dynamiting emperors for the past fifty years to obtain. It will mean that the Jew can worship as he chooses and remain in Russia, that the horrors of the knout and of Siberian penal servitude will be relegated to the shades of barbarism, along with the torture chair and thumbscrew. If the young czar fulfills these promises to his people, he need not fear being blown up by his subjects.

Li Hung Chang has never been out of China before, and the only language he knows is Chinese.

During the Franco-Prussian war the cost to the French nation of each Prussian killed was \$100,000.

A Life Saved. Marvelous cures of throat and lung affections are made daily by Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Miss Annie Swan, Petersburg, Va., writes: "My brother was attacked by a bad cough and cold, and it was thought he had consumption. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup was used, and to our great surprise it made him well and hearty. There is no better cure in the world than this Syrup." Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is sold everywhere for 25 cents.

The Editor's Incubus. There is one affliction which even long endurance scarcely renders supportable, the true incubus of the hapless editor of newspaper or magazine—the poetical contributor. It is doubtless true that much of the world's divinest poetry has owed its finest inspiration to the emotion of horror; or the passion of love; hence, naturally, enough, the youthful messengers and the boyish or girlish lover hastens to express in verse the grief or the love which "whispers the oft-fraught heart and bids it speak."

I used to ask myself—a question for ever unanswered—why the vast majority of young writers (deliberately chosen, as the method of newspaper readers, the ode, the sonnet, or the more difficult Spenserian stanza, rather than the simpler form of prose.—Lippincott's Magazine.

How do you get His 25¢. A magical instrument, dealer tells a good story at the expense of a manly by himself and wealthy resident of the little Missouri town of Hermann, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Being time ago he was a fine fellow and searched the local market for one that would suit him. The store he spent was of sufficient value to pay for an ordinary instrument, and yet he did not succeed in getting anything that quite satisfied him. Convinced that there was nothing in this country that would answer he wrote to European dealers and finally ordered one that he thought would go ahead of anything ever seen in the section.

His friends were all posted and swathed the arrival of the instrument in anxious expectancy. It came a few days ago and the package was carefully opened in the presence of half a dozen admiring friends. The sifter was a beauty, there was no mistake taking that, but on closer examination there was the maker's stamp, indeed placed on the frame, and it read: "Washington, Md., U. S. A.," a neighboring town of Hermann. The gentleman might have saved \$20, in addition to the expense and imparting charges, had he avoided all the waiting, which he had to endure. But he would never have been satisfied.

The sifter is an expensive instrument and difficult to manufacture, being very delicate and requiring the best of material and most efficient workmen, but dealers say it is a fact that the manufacturers of this country make the best ones placed on the market. There are but three factories in this country, one in the State and two in the East. Their instruments are sold largely in Europe, some of them without being branded, and then sent back to this country at prices 100 per cent above what they should be. The ocean trips may improve them, but the Hermann gentlemen cannot see just where it comes in.

Abner Byes. The eyes of fish and birds are round, with no eyelids at the corners. The eyes of birds that fly by night are generally about double the size of day birds.

The Horrible "Jiggers" of Africa. The village of Marjole is surrounded by a belt of stakes, chiefly four feet up, the three sides are firmly closed at night. The natives do not venture outside at night for any purpose, and this gives the village a very pretty aspect. The place is horribly infested with the burrowing flea, "the jigger," the pest of men, women and children, who are a mass of horrid sores. Through lack of washing and removing the fleas when he first enters, big sores are found all over the feet. I felt very sorry for the children, who were all more or less lame, and many stamping about on their heels, unable to put feet to ground, owing to swollen toes. The moaning of women at night, and the howling of youngsters, were most distressing to hear. I tried to impress on them that constant washing and attention to their feet and occasional flogging of the low, clayey ground in and about street would cure the evil; but it was too much like hard work to be adopted. The flogging could be done without the slightest injury to property, as the streets are quite level, and the clay floorings of grass brick are raised about a foot above the ground; but no precautions are taken, and even the babies are permitted to squat on the bare ground as though the jigger did not exist.—Century.

Restored His Autograph. A well-known public man, who has an excellent opinion of himself, received not long since, a well-merited rebuke. It had been stated that this celebrity knew how to make a most excellent cup of coffee. An epicurean country gentleman wrote to him cordially asking for the recipe. The request was granted, but at the end of the letter was the following unique manifestation of splendid self-conceit: "I hope this is a genuine request, and not a surreptitious method of securing my autograph." To this the country gentleman replied: "Accept my thanks for the recipe for making coffee. I wrote in good faith, and in order to convince you of the fact allow me to return what it is obvious you infinitely prize, but which is of no value to me—your autograph."

A timely friend. With perfect propriety may we call that excellent remedy, Salvation Oil, a timely friend. This liniment rapidly cures rheumatism, neuralgia and pains, when other remedies fail. Mr. Jno. M. Hall, Ashland, Va., writes: "I suffered with rheumatism in the ankle and the muscles connected therewith. Salvation Oil at once relieved the soreness, reduced the swelling, and cured the pain. No other liniment that I ever used did me so much good."