

"MULVANEY" LIES IN A SANDWICH GRAVE

"Old Dick's" Life Was the Kipling Story Over Again.

A Hero of Delhi, Man of Many Scars, He Was "Rejuiced for Drink" and Became a Rover, Almost a Vagabond.

Back in the catholic cemetery at Sandwich, where the grass is dry, and rank and high, lies "Old Dick." At his feet and at his head rude slabs await the epitaph of a friend, while two tall and broken fir stand like sentinels aiant the new-made grave.

The story of "Old Dick" is that of Kipling's Mulvaney, as Mulvaney is seen in "Soldiers Three."

"Old Dick" was a character in his way, and his way was a good one, had he not, like Mulvaney, been "rejuiced for drink." He stumbled into Sandwich on the wings of a sleet-storm one bitterly cold night about a year ago, a little yellow dog at his heels and with scarcely clothing enough to cover his back. It happened that he fell through the doorway of the Old Homestead hotel, and the proprietor took him in and clothed him and fed him and gave him a home. It was then that "Old Dick," officially recognized in his discharges as Richard E. Fitzgerald, British soldier, American soldier, hero of four wars and 46 years of active service, and a pensioner of two governments, felt contented with the new life that had opened up to brighten his declining years.

Ever since Fitzgerald and his little yellow dog had left the service at Fort Wayne they had tramped together in and out of the riding of Essex, hood companions alike in times of adversity and others of plenty until finally the weariness and homesickness of 70 years induced the old man to seek a quiet bed where he might die. "Old Dick" hadn't received his first pension money from Washington yet, but the shilling a day he received from the British government and the odd chores he did kept him comfortable.

A Real Mulvaney.

Private Richard Fitzgerald, "rejuiced for th' c'ntaminating influence o' drink," was born in the town of Clonmel, Tipperary county, Ireland, 70 years ago, even as Kipling's Mulvaney might have been. At the age of 15 he launched himself body and soul into the fortunes of war and enlisted in the Sixtieth Foot, to which regiment he was attached for 31 years 263 days.

"Old Dick" possessed just two treasures, and he would not have sold one or the other for his life. One, a bronze medal bearing the simple inscription "Richard Fitzgerald—presented for conspicuous bravery displayed at Delhi," was left behind among his worthless effects; but the other, the priceless secret that "rejuiced Old Dick for drink," the secret that kept him for 50 years from the influence of women, good or bad, has died with him in the grave, tucked away in the old catholic cemetery at Sandwich.

And when "Old Dick" met his tragic end, a few nights ago, not one was near to close the dying eyes or to whisper a parting word of consolation and farewell into his ear. He had stepped to the window of his little room in the third story of the Old Homestead to catch a breath of fresh air, had been seized with a fit of dizziness and fallen to his death below.

"I'll tell you 'ow it all 'appened at Delhi," said "Old Dick" in one of the queerest of his reminiscent moods a few nights before he died. Direct association with the living and the dying and the tramping of "Tommy Atkins" for nearly half a century had driven into his veins a few drops of cockney blood, but only for an occasional "h" added here and another dropped there, one would not have suspected this.

bringing a bull's eye o' black men fr' Meerut in its face!

"That's where I won the medal. Somebody said I saved th' lootent's life fr' a bay'nit, but I guess hit mus' ave been a sabber. Hi was took in th' ospital."

Here "Old Dick's" story would always stop. He was extremely reticent in speaking of the heroic act that won him the commendation of the British government, and it was during the healing of his wound "in th' ospital" that the something must have occurred which "rejuiced" him afterward by th' c'ntaminating influence o' drink. When he was buried the other day the long, ugly, circular scar was noticed on his side. By indiscreet words dropped here and there "Old Dick" led some to believe that a woman was in the case, and that her appearance began with his hospital life.

Here is the tragedy. For long years after the night of Delhi and the dandish pandemonium of the Indian mutiny "Old Dick" went

ritory, and enlisted as a musician in the Seventeenth infantry. A report of First Lieutenant and Adjutant Wm. A. Mann shows that for a time "Old Dick" began the writing of a new leaf in his career, but the improvement was only a transitory one.

Was With Custer.

On the 25th of June, 1876, the old soldier was with Custer, and for the first time saw action in the service of the republic. At the end of his term of five years, "Old Dick" re-enlisted, and at the expiration of his service his discharge again, in a bolder hand than before, bore the fatal earmarks of intemperance:—"A good cornetist, but of unreliable habits."

A little later "Old Dick" came to Michigan. The English government had granted the old soldier an allowance of a shilling a day, and upon this he subsisted until he struck Detroit, and saw the old flag again, waving over old Fort Wayne.

Too old for regular service, handicapped by his past record of intemperance, "Old Dick" acknowledged as one of the best cornetists of the country, sought entrance into the band of the Third Infantry, and was enlisted by special authority, Aug. 30, 1893, by C. W. Kennedy, first lieutenant and adjutant.

Once more brave "Old Dick" served his term, and in '97, by a mighty ef-



WOMEN WORKING IN THE FIELDS AT THE-ENGLISH ANARCHIST COLONY.

his lonely way, trod up and down India from the Punjab to Bombay in the service of the queen, but always he was haunted by the something that "rejuiced" him. When he asked for his discharge after 31 years 263 days active service, he was stationed at Halifax, and received the little piece of parchment, together with a gratuity of £10, Dec. 24, 1871. Col. J. McDonald, commanding officer, had written the whole history of "Old Dick's" rejuicement" when he attached these few words: "A brave soldier, a splendid cornetist, but not recommended unless great improvement in his (intemperate) habits."

Then "Old Dick" wandered westward. For several years, lonely, homeless and without a friend on earth, he passed his time on the plains and mountains. Some time in 1875 he turned up at Fort Yates, Dakota, ter-

fort on his own part, and with the help of God, closed his long, rough career as a soldier with an "honorable discharge"—Mulvaney over again, who was once a "corpril, but rejuiced for th' c'ntaminating influence o' drink."

For a time "Old Dick" cooked for the officers at Fort Wayne, but the love of excitement was in his blood, and somewhere he found his little yellow dog and left his friends. And even as it was, "Old Dick" died a mystery to the world. J. O. C.

Looks the Other Way.

"You see," said the waitress confidentially, "my father likes the count very much. But he is afraid the dear boy is inclined to be careless about money matters. What do you think about it?" "The fact that he has proposed to you," said Miss Cayenne thoughtfully, "might possibly be taken as very good evidence to the contrary."—Washington Star.

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"Old Dick" at Delhi.

"'Twas in '57 at dawn of the eleventh day of May that somebody brought in th' news of the Meerut mutineers a-comin' as like 'ell was in their wake fr to fall on Delhi and make it their base of operations in the Hindu empire. Hi was a bugler in 'er majesty's Sixtieth Foot, and only about one of us to twenty of the native troops had been detailed to keep up th' tone of the place 'n watch th' king, at it wera.

"Cap'n Douglass was th' commandant of the guard of th' titular king, 'n 'ow the black haythens turned an shredded 'im till he resembled pieces of rope dipped in a pot o' blood, you mebbe 'ave 'eard. We was gone like sheep hardly afore a shot was fired, 'n when the mutineers passed th' gates everything black in th' city had its an' was stickin us from places we little expected. Before we knew it the citadel was gone and th' king proclaimed imperor of India. When word was passed that the chaplain's beautiful young daughter had been pulled over her father's dead body an' was given up naked to th' blood-daubed mob, we tried to do something, but we on'y saw her pretty face lying dead 'n white, 'n that's when th' loot'ent 'elped me wia th' medal."

"Old Dick's" stories always came in broken bits, and as it was he died a mystery to the world, with no known living relative on earth, no home, yet with a record written down in the archives of the two greatest governments on earth that might have passed with pride from generation to generation of children.

How He Won a Hero's Medal.

As the report of Bugler Fitzgerald's conduct tendered the British government shows, and as Dick's own story runs, early in the evening of Monday, May 11, 1857, a first lieutenant of foot, himself and several officers and men attempted to cut their way through the mutineers out of the city. The streets were littered with dead bodies, and the stench of burning flesh was sickening. At the arsenal, where Lieut. Willoughby and his little garrison of seven brave men had blown up the enormous powder magazine, nearly 2,000 bodies of the mutineers and rabble lay as they had fallen.

"Further on," Old Dick had said, "we come across the women. They had been carried away fr th' noise an' th' shooting, and were lying stripped and dead and bloody about us where th' mob had left 'em. Then th' big, ugly injin moon come up over Delhi, the moon of that night was always one of the old veteran's superstitions, and he would talk of it as though it were human and still lived, and w' hit come 'ell. 'Twas big 'n round 'n hot 'n dripping w' blood, 'n the haythens in the city welcomed it as th' coming o' Brahma an' a god fr to 'elp 'em. Where hit spattered over th' ground it showed in patches o' blood, 'n th' loot'ent's face 'n the others was like a raw cut o' beef. They bez as 'ow it was my eyes, but w'en I pinted stwixt us 'n the moon they saw as 'ow it was th' devil 'at

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