

## MR. BRYAN DENIES IT.

Says He Was Never Employed by Silver Kings.

WILL PROVE IT IF NECESSARY.

The Democratic Nominee Challenges the Republican National Council to Come Forward With the Charge or Hold Its Peace Hereafter.

UPPER RED HOOK, N. Y., Aug. 12.—William Jennings Bryan, for the first time since Senator John M. Thurston, as alleged, declared him in the employ of mine owners, made an official denial, coupled with a challenge to the national Republican committee to come out in the open and accuse him or forever be silent. Mr. Bryan's attention had been called to the controversy between Senators Thurston and Stewart and he determined to settle the matter if possible. He therefore demands an open charge, which he says he will refute with details of his private life and his financial affairs, or silence. He said:

"I have already denied this charge on several occasions, but the reiteration of it by Senator Thurston, a distinguished resident of my own state, justified me in answering it again.

"I have never at any time nor under any circumstances been in the employ of any mine owners individually or collectively, directly or indirectly, nor have I ever been in the employ or paid by any bimetallic league or association.

"Aside from my editorial salary of about \$150 per month paid by the Omaha World-Herald and a small amount derived from the legal profession, my income since my retirement from congress has been derived entirely from lectures before the Chautauque lyceum and lecture bureaus which have usually paid me a fixed sum and from contributions made by the people of the localities where I have spoken.

"Having made this answer to Mr. Thurston's letter, I shall hereafter take no notice of individual or newspaper comment on this subject. If the Republican national committee will so officially state I have ever been employed to deliver speeches by any mine owner, group of mine owners, or by any association supported by mine owners, I am ready to make a statement showing in detail all money received by me for speechmaking."

### AMERICAN BAR ASSOCIATION.

Nineteenth Annual Meeting Opened at Saratoga This Morning.

SARATOGA, Aug. 12.—The 19th annual meeting of the American Bar Association formally began this morning in the convention hall. It will be the most largely attended and the most eventful so far in its history.

This learned body, representing every state and territory in the United States, will continue in session three days and will conclude with a banquet on Friday night.

The auxiliary sections of legal education and patent will hold sessions on the same days.

The fact that Lord Russell, chief justice of England, and other distinguished members of the British bar will be guests of the association and will take a prominent part in the proceedings, attaches to the meeting an international importance which will be appreciated to the fullest degree on both sides of the Atlantic, especially as Lord Russell is to speak on Thursday on "International Arbitration."

Lord Russell, Sir Francis Lockwood, Montague Croker-Thorp and the other members of the British party reached Saratoga on the 8:30 train last evening and at once proceeded to the United States hotel where parlor suites had been reserved for them. The Grand Union hotel club parlors assigned to the use of the association for reception purposes have been the center of attraction for members immediately on their arrival.

Secretaries John Hinkley of Baltimore of the association, and George M. Sharp, also of Baltimore, of the section of legal education, and their associates established themselves there early in the day. They arranged the necessary details for the annual session.

Rev. Waterman Discharged. JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Aug. 12.—Rev. Henry B. Waterman of Chicago, who was recently arrested charged with unlawfully taking mail from postoffice boxes, has been discharged by United States Commissioner Haxelline. Waterman went to the Chautauque postoffice to get his mail. The office being closed he removed the glass that covered 10 boxes and took out his mail, replacing the glass. Postmaster Fuller of Chautauque caused his arrest.

Union Veterans' Union. BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Aug. 12.—The first meeting of the national encampment of the Union Veterans' union was held at the armory here. Fully 600 delegates were in attendance, as well as about 900 delegates to the encampment of the Women's Relief union, which meets with the Union Veterans' union. The address of welcome was delivered by Mayor George E. Green. National Commander-in-Chief Louis F. Ellis responded.

Municipal Club at Salina. SALINA, Kan., Aug. 12.—After wrangling several hours over an ordinance to license "joints," which Mayor Hayward had vetoed and prevented from being brought up again for reconsideration, the six aldermen formed a "rump" council by allowing Councilman Miller to assume the powers of mayor. Miller then took things in his own hands against the protests of Mayor Hayward and the measure was passed by a vote of 5 to 2.

Cattlemen's Fatal Quarrel. MONTREAL, Aug. 12.—Napoleon Pateau, aged 29, and Arthur Archambault, aged 19, cattlemen, who had been drinking at a hotel at the Eastern station, got into an altercation. Pateau was hit several times by Archambault. Two hours afterward he was found dead. Archambault is under arrest.

Delaware Democratic State Ticket. DOVER, Aug. 12.—The Democratic state convention here nominated Ebe W. Tunnell of Sussex for governor and L. Irving Hany of New Castle for congress.

Roller Mill Destroyed by Fire. RIDGETOWN, Ont., Aug. 12.—Fire has totally destroyed C. H. Cawthorp & Co.'s large roller mill. Loss, \$25,000.

## MICHAEL DWYER.

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

Written by John Thomas Campion, M. D.

### CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"All right so far, but I am he did not seal it for you. Hand it here, and I'll put the mark the government always wishes to see upon a rebel's credentials."

The young peasant, nothing doubting, handed the required document, which F— seized in an instant, and tore into a thousand atoms; then, raising his musket, he blew out the boy's brains. This is a well-authenticated fact, and only one of the many which might be readily adduced to verify our general statement. Many of the insurgents were forced by the yeomanry to eat their "protections," and then were either tortured or murdered. A peasant in Wexford was flogged to death for wearing a little ring with a shamrock on it; and another for wearing a green tie around his neck. It is tolerably well known that Lord Edward Fitzgerald, with some of his friends, were met on the Curragh of Kildare by some ultra-royal officers of his Majesty's army, who demanded why his lordship wore a green silk handkerchief. The reply was contemptuous and scathing, and his lordship, testing his sword on the insolent questioner, rode on to his hotel, and waited there all day in hopes of the grossly-insulted party demanding satisfaction. But the insolent bullies proved themselves real cowards; they adopted the less glorious course, and swallowed the dishonor.

This murder of Father Ryan of Arklow was another instance of the savage cruelty of those villains whom the paternal government of the day let loose upon the country. He was an old man and a most exemplary priest. He never took any part, either in the politics of the time, nor was he in the slightest way connected with any insurgent movement. But these facts were no security for his life or creed. On the road from Arklow to Coolishan, four yeomen of Arklow's corps coolly concocted a plan for his cold-blooded murder. They were even heard at their horrid council, and absolutely warned by one of the gang of their own party—warned not to dare commit the crime they so deliberately meditated. But the warning was treated lightly enough, and the devil had too powerful a grasp on the minds of the determined homicides.

The same night, in their yeoman uniform, and armed with muskets, with blackened faces (a needless precaution), the four miscreants visited the cottage of their doomed victim. Bursting in the door they rushed up-stairs, and straight into the priest's bedroom. He was in bed; and a nephew of his, a lad of about sixteen years of age, was just preparing to go to rest in a small apartment immediately overhead, so that he distinctly heard every word spoken by the parties in the bloody scene.

"Are you Priest Ryan?" "Indeed I am, gentlemen," meekly replied the poor old man.

"We want money, do you hear? And at once without any palaver." Here the muskets were allowed to crash on the boards.

"Money? Bless your souls, I am not worth any money. God knows, the only coin in the house, one half-crown, lies on the table there by the side of my watch."

"We'll take the watch, then; or you must let us have more cash than this."

"Ah! don't gentlemen; that watch is great company to me, and, besides, it is a gift from a dear friend, now no more."

"Shoot the old dog, if he doesn't shell out the money."

Here the old priest sat up in the bed and wound the blankets around him.

"Wicked men!" he groaned; "it is my life you seek, and not money. Welcome be the will of God. Oh! oh! oh!" Three of the demons discharged their weapons into his body, and left him there a corpse.

One other incident, and we will have done with these horrid details, and return to the hero of our present biography.

There was a yeoman at Ness at this time, named W—, better known by the sobriquet of "Billy the Bottle." This wretch entertained a grudge towards a poor man in his neighborhood, and whom he met one evening returning from his work. Some altercation took place between the parties, when the yeoman drew a pistol and shot his antagonist dead—at least, this is the traditional account of the matter in that locality. Shooting a poor peasant, however, would not have so struck our attention if other and more aggravating circumstances were not connected with the infamous event. On that night, and when the corpse was lying, surrounded by some mourning friends, W—, attended by two fellow-yeomen, entered the miserable cabin, and producing a bottle of whiskey, offered some of it to the women present. But they rejected it with horror, and turned away in loathing from the heartless intruder. "What!" exclaimed W—, with a brutal laugh, "do ye refuse the good liquor? Why, d— it, that is more than the corpse ever did in his lifetime." Then turning to the dead, he continued, "Th. Ruggedy Jack, will you take a small tinct? It will warm you in your new lodging. What! not a word; then, black-you, you beggar, you must have a smoke. And he thrust a pipe, which he snatched from the table, into the mouth of the dead man. With a shriek of horror and rage, the women flew at the unnatural monster; but his companions interposed, and brought him away unharmed. There are other traditional incidents remembered to this hapless man's discredit through Ness and environs, but which we will not now wait to recapitulate.

### CHAPTER III.

A RETROSPECT, AND AN INSURGENT'S BRIDAL.

Beyond all that we have stated, there were many other and urgent reasons for Dwyer's taking to the hills once more; yes, and against his own wish, as well as in opposition to certain feelings natural to the human heart. The insurgent chief had to carry with him into the wildest fastnesses of Wicklow a deeply beloved wife and two rosy little children, who were much better fitted to adorn a quiet cottage door than to begin so early to rough it amongst the mountains.

We have purposely reserved the description of the gallant captain's bridal for the present chapter, although it took place early in his guerrilla life, and in the midst of some of the basest scenes of his most eventful career against the enemies of his country. There is such a dash of Celtic chivalry about it, with regard to all parties concerned, that we will try to enter into its spirit, and record it both in prose and verse, to the best of our ability.

Down from the mountain of Kilkenny, where was planted an insurgent camp, dashed forty horsemen. They wore green cockades on their hats, and on their breasts were crosses of St. Patrick. They were a gallant band, and were armed to the teeth, although their foray was anything but inimical to the peace of the surrounding country. One tall, athletic man, with a joyous face and keen and laughing eyes, dashing led the van. The pace of the whole party was furious and headlong, and the very horses which they bestrode seemed to second the will of their riders in their zealous efforts to bound down the mountain tracks, and speed to the place and the scene of their intended expedition. The men were all garbed as peasants, and their weapons were carbines and pistols, except their leader, who wore a long, straight dagger, which added considerably to the picturesque quality of his exterior.

In the midst of the group was one uncoupled saddle—on a led animal a rough but noble-looking boy, towards which the leader (Dwyer) often looked back with pride and evident satisfaction. Hurrah! On they sped, over brake and torrent, through gorge and gully, down the dell and up the heights, until, by a green hill's side, a few snug farm-houses appeared, and the band halted at the sound of the trampling of the approaching horses. Dwyer now seized the rein of the free charger, and, drawing a sea-whistle from his breast, blew a wild but sweet note, which was lovingly embraced by the echoes, and carried away in triumph into the bosom of the mountains. Then came forth from the snugest homestead a tall, young, blushing maiden, most beautiful even amongst Wicklow girls, where so many contend for the palm. She was Dwyer's Mary, the intended bride of the outlaw, the object of his chivalrous visit. The men

cheered aloud as she stepped from her parents' threshold, and advanced to meet her gallant lover, who had speedily dismounted to receive her beside the saddle. Whilst the neighboring peasantry looked on in the most marked delight, Dwyer's Mary kissed her father and mother, and, waving her hand lovingly to her friends and neighbors, stepped bravely up to the champion boy, and, taking his long sea-whistle in her right hand, lightly sprang into the empty saddle. Dwyer hung the bride to her, and the stout yeoman who had led her, the Wicklow girl only laughed at the leader, and she kept her seat most firmly and gracefully, her fine figure admirably set off with a light-fitting dress of green cloth, and a green silk hat upon her head, which descended her long, slender hair to flow down in rich, thick curls upon her shoulders. Dwyer was again at the head of his men, with his intended bride at his side, and now their course was straight towards Green's River, upon the banks of whose waters stood the unpretending little thatched mansion of Father John Murphy. Here the whole party soon rode up to the same dwelling style, and, better than all, the priest was at home. But an unexpected difficulty came now in the way. Father John looked upon the affair as an abduction, or, at least, that the girl had not the consent of her parents.

With true Irish delicacy, Dwyer hesitated to ask Mary into the priest's parlor for her own marriage; and he a long time was whistling in endeavoring to arrange matters, and allude the objections of the good father. This would never do; Dwyer came out to Mary and told her the state of affairs, and the dear girl blushed rosy-red at the very idea of having these anything which might be construed into evil. Dwyer took her hand, and they entered the house together; and she told her story so simply, so modestly, and so earnestly to the obdurate minister, that, without any further reluctance, and in truth because the night was beginning to fall, he consented to marry the happy pair. And Michael Dwyer and Mary Doyle were then and there united for ever.

We will now let the poet finish his version of this romantic event, and thus briefly indeed, but as well as in to the tale, tell our promise to commemorate the outlaw's bridal in prose and verse:

### THE OUTLAW'S BRIDAL.

And the torrent bounds down from the mountain Of cloud-bathed, stormy Kilkenny, And teems, all foamy and foaming, Through the still glen of low Carrigreen.

So dashed a bold rider of Wicklow, With forty stout men in his train, From the heart of the hills, where the spirit Of freedom has dared to remain.

Of gray fringes their caps and their surcoats, Their carbines were close to their hips, And their feet were well furnished With pistols.

Lids men who knew how to be free! Oh! grace-green the sack on their shoulders, Their caps crested green with cockades, And their leader he wore a long dagger— The brightest and bravest of blades.

To the right ran the leader's lovely wife, And before them was meadow and mound, And the valley of the stream was all white With the foam of the water's rebound.

Thou leader of the mountain, why hasten So fleetly to Brimstone Hill? What speemen, what yeomen await thee, To question in Wicklow, thy will?

No yeomen or yeomen they're seeking, Though furiously onward they ride, But their leader, he loves a young maiden, And he's speeding to make her his bride!

"Halt!" Brides were drawn and they halted, There's a farmstead looming ahead, And the door of the dwelling is open; Now the leader rode forward and said:

"There's somebody seeking thee, Mary;

A toy was this daughter's betrothal, With forty brass harnesses—Lough, With cockades and crosses of green?"

Oh! Mary came out in her beauty, The loveliest maid of the hills, The bravest of the Wicklow hills, In all the wild beauty of the vale.

Arranged in an emerald robe, And the green and the white—her hair— The leader, he sprang from his charger, As light as a hawk from the air— He pressed her fair hand to his forehead.

She felt the big throbs of his heart— My Mary! I'll love thee for ever, Till God on this earth will be part—

They led out a horse on the leader, She patted his neck with her hand, Then sprang on his back like a feather, And stood in the midst of the band!

The leader was soon in his saddle, "Castle Rudyard's rules!" he cried; "The priest's house is near to Green's River, And here is the ring for my bride."

Away dashed the champion leader, By beauty and chivalry led, With their carbines aimed at the sunlight, And the money scattered on their head.

The priest, he murmured, and he pined, The maiden she blushed and she smiled, And the leader's merry voice was heard, And topped with his hat on the ground.

And then went the priest, all eyes, Down to fall down on the grass, And the priest thought a marriage was made.

To be still back the leader said, They were wedded: "Thou leader of the hills, And the bridal pair led him back to light."

And Mary rode Dwyer the leader, To his mountain-cave, but for the night, Of which she was the bride.

One of the most romantic events of the war was the abduction of Mary Doyle, the daughter of a yeoman of Wicklow, who was carried off by Dwyer, and who was married to him in the mountains. The story of this abduction is told in the following verses, which were written by a contemporary poet, and which are now preserved in the archives of the National Library.

The story of the abduction of Mary Doyle, the daughter of a yeoman of Wicklow, who was carried off by Dwyer, and who was married to him in the mountains. The story of this abduction is told in the following verses, which were written by a contemporary poet, and which are now preserved in the archives of the National Library.

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