

## MICHAEL DWYER.

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

Written by John Thomas Campion, M. D.

### CHAPTER IV.

BACK TO THE HILLS.

Seeing there was no security at home under any circumstances whatsoever, Dwyer took his wife and children with him, and made once more for the mountains. A dreary future, one would say, for his pretty bride and tender younglings. But Dwyer's Mary had too much love for her gallant partner in her fearless heart to cast one thought upon coming events, or to doubt for a moment that the strong arm that struck so effectively for freedom against a host of foes could not, either on hill or vale, beneath God's watching sky or under the shadow of the secret fastness, defend his own from secret or open violence.

Such was Mary Dwyer; nor was she the exception to the women of the land. She was but one of a class—a large, loving class—to be found amongst the peasantry of all grades; for with them always live the brightest purity of Christian faith, the clearest fountain of undying nationality. The government of the day recognized and acknowledged the Wicklow leader's daring and intrepidity, by at once offering \$1,000 for his apprehension and \$250 for that of each of his men, the most remarkably prominent of whom were Hugh Byrne, Martin Bourke and the hero Macdister. It was also declared a capital crime to harbor any of them, or hold any communication with them directly or indirectly. But neither money nor menaces had the slightest effect upon the bold mountaineers of Wicklow. On the contrary, the insurgents were not only liberally and constantly supplied with every kind of necessary provisior, but also with what was equally indispensable—truly weapons and an unstinted supply of bags of effective gunpowder and thousands of balls. We have the story from a Wicklow man now living that he himself, when a mere boy, carried sixteen pounds' weight of powder on his back to the summit of one of the highest and loneliest mountains for the use of the guerrilla captain.

Dwyer's first care was always to lodge his wife and children with some of the far-inland farmers there to remain in concealment and disguise whilst he was abroad himself, and actively engaged with his men, either in reconnoitring the enemy, or contending with them in open warfare. Many and many a time Mary might be seen at the mountain chapel in the midst of the women, kneeling on the earthen floor, imploring the Lord for the safety of her husband. Many and many a time, too, Dwyer himself ventured down to join her in her quiet devotion—armed to the teeth, to be sure, but muffled up from observation or recognition in one of those huge frieze riding-coats which envelop the whole person. And a stirring time it was, on those occasions, with everybody in the detest, when the captain's wife occupied the centre of a group mountain maidens and matrons. Some kept watch and ward on the wall of the old churchyard. Some swept the mountain passes; some perched upon the pinnacle of a dizzy hill, looked down with eagle eyes upon the spreading lowlands; one and all seemed conscious of the implicit trust reposed in them, and only panted to catch a glimpse of any enemy of their chief, upon whom to wreak vengeance. That Dwyer could, and often did, generously forgive an enemy, and forego opportunities of most tempting revenge, could be easily proved, notwithstanding the malignant attempts of his aspersors to represent him as utterly devoid of all high qualities.

We will, at present, satisfy the unprejudiced reader by the recital of an event which took place early in the brave insurgent's career, and then we shall give an incident of much later date, by way of contrast, in order to illustrate our assertions. A certain Mr. Fenton, a gentleman well known in Wicklow, and clearly remembered even to the present day, once took it into his head to endeavor to capture Dwyer. Mr. Fenton was a lieutenant of yeomanry, and at the time we allude to had some two dozen of those worthies under his command. He had, besides, received information that the arch-rebel was concealed not very

far away—in a farm-house, backed by a bare mountain, and with flat, open fields on either side—where there was no place of refuge, not even a brier, to shield a fugitive from the eye or weapon of any deadly pursuer. So far, the intended victim seemed to be an easy prey enough, and Fenton accordingly proceeded with his men, to immortalize his name, for ever by capturing this formidable outlaw. The party stole almost within a hundred yards of the house before a woman detected their advance, and gave the alarm. It was broad daylight, and in the Glen of Imaile—the glen where Lord Grey, in the times of old, left the flower of his English soldiery a sacrifice to Irish valor. The insurgent captain was dining at the moment the unwelcome tidings sounded in his ear; his pistols lay on the table before him, and his hat was on the floor. He was always ready for the field, nor did he now lose an instant in preparing to meet the great and imminent dangers; indeed, as the woman rushed into the room with a cry of terror, Dwyer left it at a single bound, carrying his arms with him, but in his haste leaving his hat behind him. In burst the yeomen and instantly recognized the certain mark that Dwyer had been there. There was the hat! Fenton and his men searched that house as house was never searched before, root and rafter, and dresser, box and drawer, chest and chimney, every place, any place, even when a cat could have scarcely forced her way, but all in vain, all in vain; and what was still more strange, a dozen of yeomen had closely surrounded the whole house, so that a spouse could not have got out than the cat could have concealed herself within, and yet, after all, where had the man, six feet high, vanished? There was no sign of him, unless the earth had swallowed him. The women parlour was obliged to admit that a strange man had been there, and he asked for refreshments, and she gave him some; that she innocently remarked to him, as he sat at the window, and added that the moment she said so, the man sprang from his chair, and was gone like an arrow. The yeomen, of course, were quite eager to burn the house, the poor widow's house! What did they care for widows, or orphans either? Not a jot; they were Irish loyalists. In the present instant, however, Lieutenant Fenton peremptorily forbade the destruction of the farmhouse. He was satisfied that Dwyer had left, and that he must be either in the circumscribed farm-yard abroad, or else have flown up into the sky, and across the overhanging mountain. Well, the farm-yard was searched, researched, trampled upon, bayoneted, blasphemed upon, ransacked and rooted, to the upsetting of carts and barrows, the charging of ricks and hay-stacks—in fine, to the utter disorganization of things in general, and of auspicious-looking things, in particular; but alas! and alas! for the poor yeomen! Dwyer and himself are now quits, and that he had better leave off man-hunting in Wicklow for the rest of his days!

### CHAPTER V.

THE BATTLE OF KAIGEN.

When Dwyer quitted his home the second time, as related in the previous chapter, he joined General Holt and his men on the mountains. The young insurgent and his chivalrous band were of course very welcome indeed to Holt, and the more particularly as large troops of yeomanry, with horse and foot, were on the trail of the insurgent leader for several weeks.

After marching and countermarching through the hills for some time, there appeared no sign of any active service; for the general was cautious, and never fought at a disadvantage if he could avoid it, and always sedulously strived to protect and spare the lives of his own men.

Dwyer was much less particular in those respects, yet, nevertheless, was much more successful. Indeed, he never refused battle, to the enemy, no matter what the odds were; and such was the ferocity of his resources, the daring of his adherents, and the favoring assistance of the surrounding peasantry, that he could not come out of the several skirmishes a triumphant victor, he at least, was sure to make good his retreat with almost total impunity.

On the present occasion, tired of Holt's inaction, and anxious to be moving, our hero took it into his head to pay a visit to his young bride, who was then erected in one of the lonely fastnesses of the Glen of Imaile with his infant children. For this purpose he took with him eight of his staunchest men, and, pursuing the least frequented passes, set off early in the day on his perilous expedition. The little party soon reached the residence of Mr. William Steeles, which lay in their route. Here they halted, and, dismounting, were very kindly received by Mr.

Steele, who not only treated them with great hospitality, but upon Dwyer's representing that his horse was fowndered, and was not well fitted for his intended journey, told him to go to his stable and select the animal there for his use. Dwyer led out a splendid gray hunter; it was the second gray horse in his band, as we will have occasion to notice by-and-by. The party had scarcely gained their saddle when, to their surprise and amazement, they saw at a short distance the whole posse committee of yeomanry, horse and foot, in full pursuit of them. Some young men had assembled about Mr. Steele's house to greet Dwyer, and were now bidding him and his men farewell. The approach of the yeomanry hastened their adieu, but not until a young fellow named Michael O'Brien had concerted a plan with his companions to interrupt the speed of the pursuing fox. Arming themselves with staves and pitchforks, they all proceeded to the brow of Kilranelagh Hill, and in full view of the yeomen brandished their steel in the air, and sent down such yell of defiance at the enemy that there appeared little doubt to the

yeomen that the intrepid Sagam Dearge but that a most formidable army of the insurgents lay before their onward path. In the meantime, Dwyer and his men galloped furiously through a lane behind Mr. Steele's house, and got to the top of the hill before they were perceived by the peasants. They next got down to the road between the hills of Kilranelagh and Raigear. But here they were overtaken by the enemy, who, now, surrounded them on all sides. The horsemen held the highway, the infantry filling the gap, on either side of the intrepid little band of insurgents. These took the Humewood horse and foot, consisting of one hundred men, commanded by young Captain Hume. There also rallied the Anteira Militia, two hundred strong, and also the Blacktown yeomen, numbering one hundred heroes, and led by Lieutenant Barker—four hundred in all, and arrayed against them but nine resolute rebels—Dwyer and eight of his best and boldest companions. The yeomen were in great blood, and only required to be led to the attack to perform prodiges of valor. But the battle was not yet won—no, not even begun.

"Never mind that," remonstrated Dwyer, "remember he presented the yeos from burning the widow's house, and that he was always a good landlord and never oppressed a poor tenant. Come, come, boys, let us give them a lesson in generosity, and not begin the day by shedding innocent blood."

"Well, deliver yourself up to me at once. You cannot escape, surrounded on every side; your very first movement decides your fate. However, surrender immediately, and trust me—I will do everything in my power to save your life."

"I would answer you with a bullet," returned Dwyer, "but for the regard I have for your father, who is a good landlord and a charitable man, but as to you, Mr. Hume, I strongly advise you to return to your corps with all speed, or I will not be any longer answerable for the consequences."

Hume took the hint, and forthwith turned his horse's head. The boldness of the insurgent chief utterly disconcerted the enemies, who naturally concluded that he must have some strong force in reserve, or he would not thus dare to lead their captain.

To be continued.

The Potato.

The potato originally came from South America. Where it grows wild, from Peru it was taken to Spain, passing thence into Italy as early as 1514. In 1568 a professor of the University of Leyden received two tubercles from the Papal Legate, which he cultivated, and, afterwards writing a history of rare plants, described the potato as being much cultivated in Italy as food for pigs. Admiral Drake introduced the vegetable directly into England from Virginia, after having first introduced it into the English colony from South America; but it was only when Sir Walter Raleigh brought it over a second time in 1582 that it began to be grown in the British Isles. In 1592 the innocent vegetable was made the subject of a special law by the parliament of Beaconsfield, its use and cultivation being forbidden as a "pernicious substance," and as being conducive to leprosy. It is very interesting to note the dates after which its growth became general. In Lancashire after 1624, in Saxony after 1717, in Scotland after 1728, in Prussia after 1755, and after the great famine of 1771 throughout the whole of Germany.

Smoking.

Smoking in China is rather a tedious performance. The smoker fills the pipe with a small pinch of snuff-like Oriental tobacco, then lights it, and takes one long puff. This puff empties the pipe, and the smoker has to

## DIOCESAN NEWS.

From Our Special Correspondents.

Falmouth,

Miss Rebecca Curtis and her three, Nellie and Edith Denning, are visiting friends and relatives at Springfield, N. Y.

Mrs. Glass and her daughter Susie, who have been visiting her niece, Mrs. Ed McMurtry, returned to her home in Buffalo last Saturday.

Miss Belle Shultz has returned from her vacation which was spent with friends in Rochester.

William Kelley and sister Julia, of Rochester, were in town Sunday, the guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. Kelley of Johnson street.

Miss Mary Gorham spent last week in Rochester, the guest of her friend, Miss Anna Kliney of Hickory park.

Mr. Coffey and her nephew, Raymond Curran of Fairport, were in town Saturday.

Miss Billie Weber is in New York this week.

Miss Clara Berger of Lyons spent last week with her sister, Mrs. Lawrence Deffen.

Miss Sara Saunders has returned home from Cayuga lake.

Bogart Point.

The yacht race held here Saturday was won by Mr. Meader's boat, the "Hannibal," the prize being the silver cup.

The excursion trains were out by the Northern Central last Sunday, bringing people from Newark and other places along the route.

The vehicle used again here on Monday with Miss Lillian Palmer and Myron Triplett of Medina as teachers.

Dear Marion and Mrs. Frank Denning have returned to their home in Medina after a visit to their parents.

Miss Annie Murphy has returned to her home in Rochester after an extended visit to Mrs. Thomas Doyle.

Lima.

Next Sunday being the fourth day of St. Rose of Lima, our pastor and Rev. Dr. Medien of St. Bernard's Seminary will preside.

Mr. McCarthy of Rochester is visiting Wethersfield, Whistlers' Union of his place. Last week John Ideas of Northfield and Melvin J. T. Gordon and Patrick Hendrick, two of our most noted drivers, met at the greenback association in Syracuse last week.

James Flynn of New York city is spending a few weeks in Liverpool.

Our fair, the Livingston County Fair, is also to be held here.

Quite a number of our people went to Rochester last week to hear Senator Bryan talk.

Miss Maggie Davis of Rochester is visiting in town.

Our school will open Monday, September 14th.

Pine Tree.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor of Rochester are the guests of Mrs. G. O'Connor.

Miss Mindy Bush of Chittenango is the guest of Miss Lucy Coyle.

Miss Anna Bush and Mary McDonald of Syracuse are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Donahue.

Miss Josie Durkin of Catawba has been visiting relatives at Wethersfield. Mr. and Mrs. John Hyland are residing over the bridge at the site.

Mrs. Katherine Morris of Rochester is the guest of Miss E. E. McMurtry.

Miss Anita Brink is visiting Frank Deppeler's residence. Her many friends in this place hope for her speedy recovery.

Mrs. Edward Daniels and family, Miss Dewey and the Misses McDonald, are staying at the Wagner cottage.

Miss Sadie Kelly of Canandaigua visited Miss Anna Hopkins recently.

Mrs. Cornelius Wier of Rochester is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. Marquay.

Misses Neill and Maggie Neville of Rochester attended St. Michael's church picnic on Wednesday, August 26th.

The Yates County Bank will not be opened. Mr. Van Hyphen has been appointed temporary receiver.

The annual picnic held at the residence of St. Michael's congregation of this place was on the 1st grounds on the 1st last. The attendance was much larger than for several years. This was undoubtedly due to the new departure in the administration. The special feature included a half mile and a quarter mile relay race between teams composed of members of the H. A. C. H. and C. M. B. A. societies, which were won by the A. C. H. The game of shinny under the auspices of Michael Ryan and Thomas Miller, and a pony race won by Michael Gordan, drew down the picnickers interested in a social gathering.

The gold watch competition was won by Miss Mary Madigan, Carlisle, and the silver cup was won by Michael Gordan, \$25.00. The amount of several hundred dollars to the church treasury.

Miss Julia J. McLean is spending her vacation with friends in the country.

J. E. Cusack visited his parents at Fonda last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. McMurtry, with their daughter, Mary, are visiting their parents at Wethersfield.

William Berney had the pleasure of meeting his son, William, at the fair.

Ed. Murray visiting St. Michael's for Mass.

Miss Lizzie and Ruth Smith of Wethersfield are visiting their parents.

Giles and Charles Weller had children, George and Raymond, visited Astoria last week.

Nellie Tolson of Wethersfield returned after a short visit with her parents.

Colt's Number One, King's Ferry, attended the Astoria picnic.

M. Murray and daughter, Miss Anna, made a business trip to Paris last Friday.

Mr. Frank Holland gave a speech to his friends last Saturday.

Margaret and Willie Grant of Schuyler visited their aunt, Mrs. Holland.

Miss Lizzie West gave a tea party Saturday.

Miss Mary Mahoney is engaged to teach the Ladybird school.

R. J. Heron of Utica visited his son, Mrs. Murray, last week.

A party of young people from the village of Willard last week.

Misses Neill, etc.

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