

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

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Dwyer took advantage of their in-

Now, this Andrew Thomas had been a game-keeper in his day, and was so well known, both as the bold-
est of the Wicklow leader's men, as
well as an unerring and deadly shot,
that the yeomen, in time of action,
became at once aware of his presence
by the first ball, that gave a certain
and sure galeus to some of their
corps; and so, when the Antrim man
fell, the name of the noted game-
keeper resounded through the ranks.
The next moment another horse bit
the rushes; and Sergeant Agar, who
was bringing up the rear, had his
arm shot off. This was brave re-
venge for poor Magee, who was a
great loss to Dwyer, as well as a
great favorite with his men. Indeed,
he was a right merry companion,
and one who helped to while away
many a heavy and tedious hour in
the wilderness and fastness, and
amongst the mountain passes. Early
on the day of his death he had led
the van of his companions, his feet
dangling from his stirrups, and sev-
eral small tin vessels slung about
his neck, whilst he kept a sharp
lookout for one of those beautiful
crystal wells for which the locality
is so famous. With what a joy-
ous air was he wont to administer
to the refreshment of his thirsting
comrades; and how many a joke and
laugh did they not indulge in! On
the very spot where he fell how of-
ten did he listen to elfin stories of
the famous rath of Krishna, and
how a black cock was always kept
by the peasantry to defeat their ma-
chinations; how the whirlwind came
roaring from the hills, and the cock
crew, and the fairies rode upon the
blast, directing their furious course
to the rath of Mullagbmast, in Kil-
ladare, where, no doubt, a host of
kindred spirits anxiously awaited
their coming! Well, well, poor brave
Magee! your manes were thoroughly
appeased by the immolation of both
men and beasts. The battle now
had lasted three hours; and a Sep-
tember fog began to mount up from
the marshy ground after the heat of
the day. Dwyer's ammunition was
nearly exhausted; and as his fire

Such was the akimish, which the peasantry to this day call "the battle of Kalgeen," and the results of which were, that Dwyer visited his wife and little ones the same night, and that the valorous yeomanry paid a domiciliary visit to Dwyer's father and family the next morning. This was retributive justice, and here they were the victors. Father, mother, sons and daughters were seized by the intrepid soldiery—some of those terrible four hundred who bordered the bog on the yesterday eve, and whose most remarkable strategy consisted in keeping perpetually out of range of the insurgent's fire-arms. Father, mother, sons, and daughters were taken prisoners, jailed, tried, found guilty of being Dwyer's relatives, and upon the strength of that capital offence—transported.

CHAPTER VI.
AN AFFRAY WITH THE HUMEWOOD
HORSE.

almost utterly unmanageable to its unprincipled rulers. The yeoman was then what the Orangemen is now.

The king's forces were leisurely according to their pray, indeed, already in their mind's eye the poor man's tenement was in a blaze, and himself comfortably swinging on an antelope-skin gibelet before his own door, which was the less charitably intended for all those continuation persons, in the days of which we write, who, freely, were guilty of being Papists; secondly, of rebelling against injustice; and, thirdly, loving their native country.—Indeed, the last crime was death to all criminals of all grades or of none, an unfortunate sin for which there was no mercy.

With such feelings towards his fellow-countrymen, the lieutenant and his men rode up along the side of Kilsnashagh. The sun flashed on the blades of the drawn sabres. Dwyer was looking down upon their movements from the side of the mountain. He had twenty men by his side, and Valentine had been sworn foes. The insurgent leader had heard many a bloody story of Bowley, and the sight of him now reassured them as to his true mind, and determined him to inflict on-edging punishment on the offender, if he possibly could. So, ordering his men to strip to their shirts, for their greater speed in pursuit (he well knew the yeas would run), and to raise their loaded arms, down they rushed at one fell swoop upon the astonished enemy. Dwyer's party fired, so did Lieutenant Pender's, but then immediately turned and fled—fled as fast as horse and spur could aid men's speech—fled, firing an odd shot now and then, through sheer shame—fled, helter-skelter, pursued by the white-shirted insurgents, who blazed away after their retreating heels with right good-will. The lieutenant's horse was shot down, and his master was fain to mount behind one of his own men; the delay brought him within range, and one of the insurgents shot the tip of his ear. Thus, indeed, there was spurring for life and death. Dwyer's whistle ran through the valley, and his men yelled, in the track of the retreating cowards, who, flinging away their arms, and all other innumbrances, rode a very stealthy chase over every impediment, until they arrived at the confines of Humewood. Here Dwyer and his men bade them good-day, and left them to recover from their fatigue and consternation. Some of them never recovered. The gallant lieutenant, in particular, had received so great a shock in his nervous system that he took to his bed and died in a few months afterwards. Dwyer returned to the mountains grumbling because he had been thwarted in his intended punishment of Bowley Valentine.

CHAPTER VII
THE MURDER OF MR. HUNT OF HUME
WOOD.

To this day, in Wicklow, the murder of Mr. Hume is remembered with sorrow, and spoken of with regret. That it was perpetrated by one of Dwyer's followers is known and admitted; but it is not equally well known that the insurgent chief was totally free from the slightest imputation or complicity in it. On the contrary, Dwyer was always a great favorite with the Hume family, even from his childhood, and it was to one of the same kin that he at last surrendered at discretion. But to return to our memoir—and we will now proceed to relate events directly from the oral testimony not only of a living witness (a gentleman born and bred on the spot) but

from the conviction of the man who had been the leading spirit of the calamity.

It appears that some weeks after the repeal affair, Dwyer and a majority of his men joined John Moore and his followers—Parrell, Moffly, Andrew Byrne, John Deal, and Peter Kavanagh. All were bound for Westport town, where friends of both parties resided. An incident occurred here worth noticing, as it will give some idea of the sort of desperate men our hero was occasionally obliged to consort with and make use of.

In the house where Moore and his men took quarters, and on the second night of the sojourn, the family and some of the party were assembled in a small sitting room on the ground floor. It was near midnight, and all was as silent and as still as death, when suddenly, from an adjoining bed-chamber, across the furious yell of a man's voice blaspheming in the most horrible manner, and crying aloud:

"I will not let him go! I will shoot him like a dog! I will—I will—" Moore quieted the alarm of the woman-kind, who were endeavoring to rush out of the house, frantic with terror and alarm. "It is only Farrell Reilly," he exclaimed. "He always says that way in his sleep the day before he shoots anybody. He is now, you may be sure, sitting up in the bed, muttering like a lunatic."

They all now listened attentively, whilst again and again the miserable wretch enacted in a vision the bloody drama of the morrow.

The bloodthirstiness and desperation of many of these acres from the fact of their having been torn from different regions is of the kind. For them there was no pardon, no hope. No matter how the insurgents fared, there were no tears for them; said Dwyer was made painfully conscious of this fact at the apex of his career, by being offered a free pardon, without any other conditions than giving these men up to justice. This proposition, however, his spirit of honor and valour prevented him from accepting, even for a single instant. He never could be, and never was, an informer and betrayer of even the most criminal and abandoned of his associates, although he was often bought and sold by casual confederates—his own bodymen and glensmen rarely or never being false to him.

Moore's witness now asked him was the report true that attributed to him (Moore) the death of Mr. Hume. He very coolly replied that it was, and that he knew he would suffer for it. He also admitted that he had shot eight other Orangemen, but that Mr. Hume's murder was the only one that troubled him.

It is necessary to mention here that this murder was not committed through any sectarian or political motive. It was a murder of revenge. Moore's father had opened a public house at a place called Killaleah, between Ballingglass and Humewood, in the early part of the year '93, and had got a sign-board suspended over his door, in testimony of the fact of his having no license. This house was resorted to by Mr. Hume as a rendezvous for many of the insurgents, and, amongst the rest, for his son John. Accordingly, upon passing by the door one day, he called out old Moore, and ordered him to take down the sign. Moore peremptorily refused to do so, whereupon Mr. Hume directed his own servant to remove it, which was not only done, but Moore himself was arrested in a day or two afterwards, and lodged in Ballingglass jail. He was then brought to trial, and fined ten pounds. This sum Moore was unable to pay, as his former holding by the lease in the County Wicklow, and some small property, had been wrecked by the germany some months before, on the plea of his being a rebel, which event had obliged him to come to Killaleah, and in state akin to beggary. The ten pounds, however, were eventually paid by a friend, and the prisoner set at liberty. Here now was the original cause of the feud, and on account of which John Moore vowed a single vengeance against Mr. Hume of Humewood, and never desisted until he fully and entirely accomplished it. Here is the exact account, and nearly in Moore's own words, of the manner in which he committed the crime: "I had been in ambush," said he, "for many weeks in the plantations of Humewood, waiting for my man, but never got a glimpse of him until the very day of his death. On that day I and six of my followers were in the house of a tenant of Mr.

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