

MICHAEL DWYER.

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

Written by John Thomas
Campion, M. D.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

But to return to the opening subject of this chapter in which the farmers of Carlow were concerned.

It appears when Lieutenant B returned from Clonmore, he sent for Valentine, and told him to bring up the men whom he had in charge. "What men?" asked that worthy insolently.

"The farmers from the county Carlow."

"Oh! they were two rebels?" "Bring them here, sirrah! That is for me to determine."

"That is easier said than done."

"Valentine, you villain! where are your two prisoners?" exclaimed the lieutenant.

"In the bog below."

The officer, in a violent fit of rage, drew his sword and made a thrust at the exemplary yeoman; but that alert individual, actively eluding the dangerous weapon, made his escape before the thrust could be repeated.

The next morning found the mortal remains of the two Carlow peasants lying by the side of a bog-hole, and almost backed to pieces with sword and bayonet wounds.

And the next morning found the body of the little boy, stark-stiff and dead, by the hill-side, with a bullet in his brain, his innocent blood defiling the green grass, and the bag of brown bread lying upon his lifeless corpse.

At Carrow, about the same time (says Hay), after burnings, whippings, and tormentings, on Friday, 25th May, the yeos and Antrim Militia shot twenty-eight in a ball-alley, some of them on mere suspicion, their officers sanctioning the bloody deed by their presence. On Sunday, the 28th May, the town of Enniscorthy was defended at all points against rebel aggression by the North Cork Militia, under Captain Snow, Captain Cornock, and Captain Pouden. There were superannuated as well as the Enniscorthy Cavalry, commanded by Captain Richards. Numbers of people fled in from the country to the garrison, and some seeking but mere shelter for the coming storm.

Many of the Catholics amongst those fugitives were imprisoned in the castle, whilst a few were permitted to join the troops on the score of high respectability and property.

Crossing the Slaney by the bridge of Scarawalsh, the victorious insurgents, after the battle of Oulart, poured down from the hill of Ballinacorney upon the yeomen infantry posted at the Duffrey-gate, the pikemen charging the Enniscorthy Cavalry, and the gunsmen blazing away from behind the ditches as fast as they could prime and load. The suburbs were soon set fire to, which favored the assailants, allowing them to assemble in force and make a simultaneous attack upon the garrison, which they did, and with such undaunted impetuosity, that the yeos covered before them, and their drums beat a retreat. This, however, the North Cork swore was premature, and was only done by the treachery of their own drummer, who had been ordered to beat a charge. They fled, however, ran for their lives, but not before they repaired to the castle, with the valorous intent of murdering all the people there confined. Fortunately for the prisoners, their jailer had already abandoned, carrying with him the key of the gate, and was at the moment on the highway of Wexford. The yeos followed the example; the men flinging away their fire-arms, and the officers tearing their epaulettes from their shoulders, with the view of rendering themselves less obnoxious to the enemy.

One little party of the North Cork, however, still clung together, even in flight—a gentle brotherhood, thirsting for bloodshed, and exasperated at the idea of being obliged to forego what they looked upon as a certain holocaust. As fate would have it, they were overtaken a short way from the town, the luckless drummer who was accused of beating the retreat, and who was ordered to be arrested on the spot, but had escaped in the confusion. Again he eluded his pursuers, although almost within their grasp, and made his way across the fields, hotly followed by the yeos, whose yells and execrations smote his heart with terror as he hurried along.

The house of the Rev. Mr. Hancock was the first that met his view, and although he was a Protestant clergyman, there was no choice. In he sprang, piteously imploring protection. Mrs. Hancock heard his appeal with a woman's kindly feeling, and urged him to fly up-stairs, and conceal himself as he best could. No sooner said than done; and the poor drummer, the next instant, was buried deep in the state bed of the mansion. He was scarcely covered up in his hiding-place, when the bloodhounds were at hand. Mrs. Hancock thought to arrest their progress through her house; but they saw their victim enter, and marked the mud-stains on the stairs. So dashing her aside without ceremony, and stepping over her prostrate form as she fell, with the yell of fiends, they sought their prey, and with the keenness of long custom, instantly discovered it.

The lady recovered her feet, and just reached the bedroom in time to see a dozen bayonets plunged into the body of the wretched fugitive, and the blood crimsoning, in torrents, the white coverlets and curtains. Sickened and fainting, she tottered down-stairs toward the hall, in search of the opened door and cool air; for she felt suffocating with terror and wild nervous excitement. As she stepped into the lawn, something huge and heavy fell, with a dreadful leaden sound, at her feet. It was the mangled body of the murdered drummer, which the yeomen flung from the high windows above her.

Back again the poor lady rushed from this new horror, whilst the gallant soldiers, following up their pastime, some seized the senseless corpse once more, and hung it up within the corridor. Satisfied to some extent, they now lost no time in joining their flying comrades, and making their way with all expedition to the town of Wexford.

The Rev. Mr. Hancock, who was from home at the time of their occurrence, now returned. He had been seeking a conveyance to take his wife and family from the vicinity of Enniscorthy, which was in full possession of the insurgents. Excessively alarmed at the account he received, they all set off at once together, accompanying a troop of flying soldiers which they met on their way. All were bound for Wexford, and a motley group they were—men, women, children, gentle and simple, on foot, on horseback—torn, scorched, half-attired—fine ladies and beggars, gentry and peasantry, all jumbled together, and pressing forward for dear life, with all the energy they were capable of. At this crisis, a man was seen approaching at a distance, and as the turn of the road brought the red-coats to his view, he flung a pike which he held in his hand over the ditch beside him. The act was seen, and the yeoman, horse and foot, were immediately upon him. They thought to shoot him down instantly, but Mr. Hancock sprang from his car and interposed, insisting that they should bring the man into Wexford, and have him tried for any offence that they might accuse him of.

"What is my crime?" demanded the culprit boldly.

"The pike you flung over the ditch, yonder."

"First see is there any such thing in it," retorted the accused.

"Just so," interposed the clergyman; "come along."

And they went along, and they found the weapon.

Now nothing could restrain their fury—the hapless man flew behind the minister, and then behind his lady, the yeomen levelling their muskets at him, and endangering his protectors, who again and again entreated them to spare him. The crime was of too appalling a description to be wiped away with anything less than the blood of the offender. Therefore, all interposition was at last savagely set aside, the man thrust out on the open road, and shot down like a dog. He rolled into the ditch, gasping in fearful convulsions of agony, and writhing and twisting in the pangs of death. Some of the cavalry then rode forward, and spurred their horses upon his mangled body, until the crunching of his skull and bones was so hideously audible, that the lady declared she heard it day and night for years after, whenever she found herself alone. Mr. and Mrs. Hancock soon returned again, safely, to the restoration, and young Daniel O'Brien, whom we saw, some chapters back, tempted with a purse of gold in Mrs. Airly's drawing-room, visited the worthy pair, was shown the bed, still stained with blood, where the poor drummer met his fate, and asked whether his

would have any objection to sleep in it during his stay.

"No, no," replied the gallant youth, "none whatever. I will sleep in it, and pray every night for the repose of his soul."

The clergyman smiled.

But O'Brien did sleep in the blood-stained bed, and never forgot his promised intercession to the Lord for the eternal rest of the dead and gone.

CHAPTER XIX. JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE.

The English Government began to be thoroughly exasperated at the pertinacity with which their exterminating edicts were resisted by the mere Irish. Wicklow, Wexford and Carlow came most particularly under its displeasure, and, accordingly, troops of the line without stint were poured into all these contumacious districts. This accession of men, who were less likely to shrink their duty and flee any danger, however threatening, gave great heart to the yeos. Indeed, now, those bastard Militaires began to wax exceedingly valiant.

Wicklow every day was becoming too hot for Dwyer and his men. Skirmishes between them and the military became more frequent and more important; and to render the position of those brave insurgents still more critical, the enemy commenced forming a cordon of military stations round every suspected locality. They were determined to bring the rebels to bay, and to extirpate them, if possible, at one swoop. Dwyer, on the other hand, grew more and more defiant in the face of every threat, and vowed that for every act of atrocity perpetrated upon him or his men, he would take such a signal vengeance as would make every yeo of them all repent that they ever ventured to hunt down Irish rebels. The spirit of the man rose with the emergency, and his threats were never idle sounds. At this time the military had established a new station outside the town of Balinglass. This station completed a circle which embraced a large track of the country all round; and Dwyer was anxious to examine it personally, and judge how far it might prove an obstacle to his plans. For this purpose he set out for the station, bringing with him only one armed follower. They followed the Shraghawa road, and as it happened to be a fair in Balinglass, met numbers of people on their way. Nobody heeded or recognized them, and they traveled along until they came within a few hundred yards of the encampment. Placing his companion at an angle of the road where they could keep each other in view, the captain proceeded boldly almost up to the very vedettes of the enemy, calculated their strength, marked their several positions, satisfied himself on their vulnerable points, and altogether made a very satisfactory reconnaissance indeed, when he turned to retruce his steps to the mountains. Musing and planning, he walked pretty briskly, but had not gone more than a quarter of a mile from the enemy's lines, when he met two men coming towards him, accompanied by two young women. At a glance Dwyer recognized them as two brothers named Magennis, and yeomen to boot, although now clothed in civilian costume. He tried to avoid them, and kept to the other side of the road, but all in vain. They not only eyed him scrutinizingly as he passed, but turned round also, to make more certain. In the act, both parties stood confessed; so Dwyer instantly retraced his steps, and coming up to the party, asked the Magennises did they know him.

"Ay, do we, well, Dwyer!"

"That is rather unfortunate," was the rejoinder.

"Yes, for you, but not for us."

"That as it may turn out," replied Dwyer.

The girls laughed, and the men walked briskly on. But the Wicklow chief was not to be trifled with after that fashion; and so he called out, "Stop, young men! you and I cannot separate on such easy terms as ye seem to imagine." The Magennises pulled up, and the women stood aside as the parties confronted each other.

"Ye are going back to Balinglass, my boys?"

"We are, of course; where else should we go?"

"And to betray me to the garrison?" No answer.

"I will not permit that, you know," said Dwyer firmly.

"Permit? We do not ask your permission."

"Come now, lads, this will not do. I am well aware if the alarm was now given I could not escape, as horse and foot surround this place on

every side, and my place of refuge is very far away. Come; will ye swear not to say ye saw me?"

"We will not," replied one of the brothers.

"Will ye return a few miles of the road back with me?"

"No," said the other brother peremptorily.

"Then ye are determined to give the alarm, and betray me?" No answer.

"See here, my fine fellows, I am not a man to be trifled with. My life is in your hands, and ye seem inclined to sacrifice it. Ye will neither lead nor drive, and there is not much time to spare in such a neighborhood as this. No, once for all, will ye swear to be silent? Yes or no?"

"No."

"Are ye ever resolved to betray me?" No answer.

"Why, curse ye! ye scoundrels!" cried the insurgent in a rage, "do ye think I will allow ye to fool my life away? Come back here at once, or by —, I'll shoot ye like dogs!"

One brother sprang up on the road-side ditch, but had no time to get clear of it, when Dwyer drew a brace of pistols from his breast and shot him through the neck. The other brother fled straight on, but was overtaken by a second ball, which struck him in the spine of the back, and both men fell dead upon the earth. The girls screamed violently, and flew towards the town for safety and for succor; and Dwyer and his man, seeing that everything now depended upon their utmost speed, set off at a furious rate, for they had six long miles to run before they could reach a secret cave, near the hills, which had often stood their friend in greater emergencies even than the present.

Before an hour passed away, horse, foot, and artillery poured out most plentifully from the little town, and despatches sent in all directions. Drums beat, trumpets sounded, chargers neighed, and warriors clanked their swords, and loaded their carbines at their saddle-bows. They called a halt when they came to the two lifeless bodies of the Magennises, and made several very important observations, embodying their own private opinions on the nature of the event. All agreed that it was an unaccountable instance of human audacity, how any man could have been found within the island with so much hardihood as to dare to commit such an act almost under their noses. However, so it was, and more than that, the perpetrator of the deed was, at the very moment they were thus employed, concocting a plan within his fertile brain for the utter destruction of them and theirs, and entertained very sanguine hopes, too, of being able to carry his design into execution, and that at a very distant period of time. As to the fate of the Magennises, he felt no compunction whatsoever, looking upon it as a case of justifiable homicide. They were warned of their fate; they braved and provoked it; and had Dwyer permitted them to return to headquarters, his own head would have garnished a pike in some conspicuous part of Balinglass ere night fell.

CHAPTER XX.

THE COMBAT DEEPENS.

In approaching this chapter (which will treat of Dwyer's hair-breadth escape at Bernamuck, and also of the beginning of a resolute determination on the part of the English government to exterminate the Wicklow insurgents and their gallant leader at any cost, as well as the introduction of the military, properly so called—the soldiers of the line—into the stirring scene), I will confine myself entirely to the bare narrative, taken almost verbatim from Mr. Daniel O'Brien, as related to him by Michael Dwyer, published by Mr. McDonnell in the pages of the well-known Irish periodical, *The Celt*.

With the events of this chapter both historians and poets have been very busy. Gerald Griffin has made them the subject of one of his tales, called the "Antrim Jack;" Dr. Madden has given a historical sketch; and two writers in the *Nation* newspaper have tuned them to the lyre.

"During the period that Dwyer was out, he had many wonderful escapes; but the most miraculous took place at Bernamuck, in the Glen of Imale, on a Friday night at the close of the winter '98. He and nine of his men, being fatigued and nearly exhausted with incessant watching, and oppressed by the intense cold of the day, stopped at night in Bernamuck, in order to take some rest. They were divided into two parties, and lodged in two houses at some short distance from each other; six men—namely, Wat M'Donnell, Darby

Dunne, John Ashe, Martin Hoar, Hugh Byrne (afterwards an informer), and a sixth, who went by the name of the 'Little Dragoon,' remained in one house; and Captain Dwyer, Samuel M'Allister, John Savage, and Pat Costello, took up their residence in the other. They all retired to rest early in the night, and had not long done so when the informer, who is said to have been a man of the name of Connell, hastened direct to Hacketstown, and gave information to the army about the party. A large number of the Glengarry Fencibles, under the command of Colonel Macdonald, Captain Roderick Macdonald, Captain Beaton, and Lieutenant James, hastened to Bernamuck, and suffered very severely on their march thither, as the night was one of the most severe that had been known for many years in this country. The soldiers were drenched with snow, not even their ammunition could be kept dry. They reached the place at the dawn of day, and proceeded to the house in which the six men were, knocked at the door, and summoned the inmates to surrender. The men immediately seized their arms, advanced to a small window, and got a view of the Highlanders. Wat M'Donnell primed his blunderbuss, and encouraged them all to fire out on the soldiers; but they refused, saying that whatever chance they had, it was by giving up their arms quietly. They shortly did. Captain Dwyer and his other three men knew nothing of the presence of their enemies all this time; but he was shortly apprised of it by a very loud knocking at the door of the house in which he lay asleep. He and his men jumped up and found the house surrounded. They were then ordered to give up, or else the house would be instantly set fire to. Dwyer cried out to spare the people's property, as he had taken forcible possession of the house. Shortly after this the firing commenced. Corporal Dougal Cameron fired into the window, and broke M'Allister's arm with the ball. John Savage immediately took aim, and shot Cameron through the heart. They continued to resist until all their ammunition was nearly expended, and the fire had reached the roof of the room in which they were, and the heat from it was so excessive that some tubs of butter which were in it melted into oil, and flowed on the ground. At length M'Allister, turning to Dwyer, said, "Captain, dear, you see that I am rendered useless, and can fight no longer, as my arm is shattered; and I would wish, even in death, to show my sincere affection to you. I think it best to have it open the door, and on the instant Savage and I will present ourselves at it, when we are sure to receive the volley of the Highlanders and fall; but you might perchance escape by rushing out through the midst of them, and being concealed by the smoke and falling snow, be able to gain the glen in safety." As Dwyer saw no alternative but to be buried alive or submit to the enemy, he agreed to the proposal of M'Allister; and having tenderly embraced each other, M'Allister and Savage advanced to the door, dashed it open, and ran out. They were instantly shot down, and in the twinkling of an eye Dwyer bounded out through the midst of the soldiers, leaped a small fence that surrounded the farmyard, and ran along by the end of the cabbage-garden, his foot slipped on the ice, and he fell flat on his face. To this fall he most miraculously owed the preservation of his life and his final escape, for he had scarcely reached the ground, when a score of balls, fired by the Highlanders at him, passed harmlessly over his head, which, had he been on his legs, would have most certainly perforated his body. He was soon up again, and took to his heels and ran like a deer, closely pursued for some time by a powerful young Highlander. Dwyer found himself much exhausted, and feared this man might outstrip and seize him; so he stopped suddenly, stepped aside, and tripped up the Highlander; and by this small advantage Dwyer got rid of him, for by the time he had regained his feet Dwyer was a considerable distance in advance, and never lost his pace till he reached the Slaney, which he crossed without much difficulty, as he was nearly naked on leaving Bernamuck, and soon after gained a place of safety. The soldiers pursued him as far as the river, but there lost all traces of him, and were obliged to return home unsuccessful."

To be continued.

"I have a poem on the sea," said the lover. "I think I'll take John," replied the maiden. "He has a ship there."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

IDEAL CATHOLIC SOCIETY.

Why does it so seldom occur to women who have talent for society, and it is a talent often shown by women of the United States, to turn their gifts to the advantage of those whom they can help. I am not speaking of any form of patronage, for that duty is recognized by all. I am thinking of the delightful centres of innocent pleasure that could be made if Catholic mothers dreg about themselves the young people who are suited to be companions by religion, inherited friendship, and a good education. These would be salons worth creating in America.

Now that young men and women have opportunities to cultivate their talents, there are many clever musicians, good talkers, and expert players of the various games in vogue. I have seen a company of young people all Catholics, who seemed to me more charming in beauty, wit and artistic ability than I had seen elsewhere. That the young Catholic youth and maidens are less attractive or gifted than others, I do not believe; and it is better that they should meet at each other's homes than go to houses where their parents are not known or invited. There are persons who possess the art of surrounding their entertainments with a dividing line, as delicate in appearance and as rigid in reality as a wire charged with electricity.

Young people who love society are sometimes ready to make a sacrifice of self-respect in order to come within that circle from which early friends, too numerous relatives and other annoyances are excluded. But compromise is thrown away; there is more talent, brilliancy, and refinement outside the enclosure than within. Let like draw to like, and make society out of the best gifts of nature.—*Donahoe's*.

FATHER TOM SHERMAN.

Few men have had promise of a more brilliant future than had young Sherman when he joined the famous company of ecclesiastics whose influence extends over the whole civilized world. He was educated at the University of St. Louis and at Georgetown University, graduating from the latter institution at the age of sixteen years. General Sherman had designed his son for the law. Thomas Erwing was sent to Yale, where he earned the degree of Doctor of Laws. Then he returned to St. Louis, in which city worldly success hung ready for his hand to pluck. On his return he helped to organize St. Mary's Literary Society in the St. Louis University, and was one of the rising young men of the town, sought for by the bar, pulpit, and society in general, when one day he suddenly turned his back upon it all and entered the Company of Jesus. It is said that strong influences were brought to dissuade him from this step, but he was true to his resolve and fixed in his determination to give up his life to the Church. The Jesuits sent him to Stonyhurst, England, for his novitiate. His ordination took place some years ago, but his final vows were not registered until August 15, 1896.

DICKENS' DUMMY BOOKS.

The Most Delicious Satire Was Incribed on Their Covers.

"Gad's Hill" was a merry book," writes Stephen Fiske in fondly recalling incidents of his visits to Charles Dickens, in an article telling of the personal side of the novelist in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Dickens was a wellspring of mirth, and his humor infected the whole party. Often, when I came down from London, he would walk out and lean against the doorpost, while I was at the gate, and we would shout with laughter over the fun that we had had and were going to have. When everything else failed, the library was an unending amusement. The room was lined with books from floor to ceiling, even the backs of the doors being bookcases; but the books on the doors and along the floor were bogus. Dummy backs had been lettered with titles and pasted on the glass, and the titles had been selected by such wits as Dickens, Yates, the Collins brothers, Albert Smith, and Mark Lemon of *Punch*. We used to sit on the floor to study this mock library and rove over with delight at some clever satire. I remember "The Virtues of Our Ancestors," a volume so thin that the title had to be printed lengthwise: "Five Minutes in India, by a British Tomriddle," in two volumes as large as an unabridged dictionary; "Lives of the Poets," a mere pamphlet; "Eggs on Bacon," to match "Coke on Littleton"; "Statues Erected to the Duke of Wellington," fifteen portly volumes, and there were dozens of other quips and cranks. A catalogue of these bogus books should have been preserved, but nobody thought of writing it out, nobody realized that Dickens would never die.

How every one abuses "spooning," and how every one is looking for a chance to do it!