

MICHAEL DWYER.

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

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CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

Dwyer always spoke with the deepest feeling of the gallant M'Allister. He was always his most trusted and faithful follower, and his death was worthy of the fame of the brightest knight of romance. Nay, he was true beyond the grave; for his well-beloved captain avowed over and over that M'Allister's spirit often afterwards appeared to him in sleep, and always to warn him of some impending danger.

"To return to the prisoners. Five of them, having been tightly handcuffed, were about being led away, when one of them said, 'There is no use in leaving Hugh Byrne after us' (who had previously secreted himself in the chimney). The officer demanded where he was, and was told the place. He sent three or four soldiers, who found him there, dragged him down, and brought him off with the rest to Hacketstown. Here they were detained for one night. On the next day official communications reached Colonel Macdonald from some of the leading magistrates in and about Baitinglass, directing him to have these men, five of whom were from that town, sent there, in order that they might be put to death before their parents and friends. A court-martial was held on them, and they were condemned to be shot. Next day they were marched up to the scaffold, now called 'Gallows Hill,' and there shot. Their bodies were given to their friends, who interred them all in one large grave in Killranalagh churchyard. Owing to some information that Hugh Byrne offered to give concerning the murder of Dr. Armstrong, regimental surgeon to one of the cavalry regiments whose headquarters lay at Baitinglass, he was detained in Hacketstown, and had his life guaranteed him.

"Immediately after the death of his five associates, Byrne was taken to Baitinglass, and accused a blameless young man named Case of having cruelly murdered Dr. Armstrong, the particulars of which I will now give, according to Byrne's information. This gentleman was very fond of shooting, and went on the day of his murder to shoot snipe over Mr. Green's bog, at Greenville, where he fell in with Valentine Case, who acted as caretaker. Case told the doctor that he knew a part of the bog higher up the river on which he was sure to meet abundance of game, and induced him to go there. When they came to a lone-some place, Case and one or two accomplices attacked the doctor and soon overpowered him, and pulled him into the river that ran through the bog, and held his head under the water till life was extinct. They then robbed him of his gun and whatever money he had, and carried the body to a barn belonging to Mr. Green (as the family were from home), there stripped it, and thrust it into a heap of threshed oats. During the night Case became apprehensive lest the corpse might be discovered in the barn; he went and had it conveyed to a place called New Inn, about three miles distant from the scene of the murder, and there left it exposed on the high-road.

"It was a fact well known through the country that an enmity existed between Byrne and Case, caused by false insinuations, made to Byrne by some ill-minded wretch, that an improper intimacy had existed between Byrne's wife and Case in the absence of Byrne during the insurrection. Mrs. Byrne was known to be a virtuous woman, and lived in the house with her parents in the absence of her husband; and it seems there had not been the least cause for suspicion. On the other hand, if Case was a man of loose morals or improper conduct, he would not be employed and retained so long in Mr. Green's employment, who was remarkable for being most discriminating in the choice of his servants. It would appear also that Byrne himself must have been the real murderer of Dr. Armstrong, as he was able to detail so minutely all the circumstances of it; and indeed this was, and has always been, the opinion entertained by all the inhabitants of that part of the County Wicklow, and his own sister offered to prove that he, and not Case, was the guilty party; but her testimony

would not be received. Case knew perfectly well that Byrne had been detained in Hacketstown when the five men were sent to Baitinglass to be shot, and consequently that he must be about to give some information, otherwise he would have suffered with the rest; then if Case were guilty of this dreadful crime, it is natural to suppose that he would have absconded. But what was the fact? He remained attending to his master's business until the day of his arrest. On that day some dragoons called at Greenville House, and inquired for Case; they were told where to find him. He had gone out on the side of the mountain, with two or three small dogs, to hunt for rabbits. When he saw the dragoons riding up towards him he instantly walked up to them, and was asked by some of them what his name was. He said 'Valentine Case.' Upon this they shouted vociferously, and waved their caps, and three of them dismounted and seized him, then tied him behind one of the dragoons, and carried him away to Baitinglass. This happened on a Saturday. The next day being Sunday, Byrne was supplied with a hatchet and other implements, and Case was led up the chapel-yard, during the celebration of Mass, guarded by a large body of soldiers, and a gallows was erected there, Byrne, who acted as executioner, adjusted the rope about Case's neck.

"Case was half hanged and then taken down; Byrne was then directed to complete the business, and it was at last seen for what purpose he had brought the hatchet. Some of the soldiers cried out to Byrne that 'he was the boy who would brand him,' and from that time he was known by the sobriquet of Hugh, the Brander; so dextrous was he in the use of the hatchet that the head was taken off before life was extinct. A respectable inhabitant of Baitinglass affirmed that he saw the mouth open and shut after the body was decapitated. Some of the soldiers then kicked the head down from Chapel Hill to the market-place, whilst others of them caught the body by the heels and dragged it most barbarously along the ground, so that its blood marked the entire way: this inhumanity was perpetrated in the presence of persons of every creed, as they were coming at the time from divine service. The head was then dipped in a pot of boiling pitch, and stuck up on the top of the market-house, where it remained for years.

"About a fortnight after the death of Case, Michael Lalor, father-in-law to the Brander, James Hayden, and Peter Whelan, lost their lives in consequence of some remarks they passed about Case. The three were shot on the same night by an armed party unknown. A party of fourteen or fifteen men called at a respectable house in Tarbertstown, on the same night that these men were shot, and demanded some refreshment. The only members of the family at home were the eldest daughter and her youngest brother, who was in bed when they came. But in the absence of the rest of the family, a Protestant young lady of the village used to sleep with the young woman of the house at the latter's invitation, and she was there also this night. The men were cheerfully supplied with whatever food was to be had, and after partaking of it, they departed. The young lady returned home as usual the next day, and related the affair of the night to her friends. Her brother, a yeoman in Mr. Hume's corps, went immediately and gave information of this fact. Captain W. H. Hume and three of his yeomen repaired to this house, and inquired whether or not she knew any of the party who had been there on the previous night. She answered that she did not. When the affair was reported at headquarters, a strong body of dragoons came to Tarbertstown and took the young woman a prisoner to Baitinglass; she was detained in confinement for some weeks, and was frequently examined by the magistrates touching her knowledge of Dwyer and his party. On one of these occasions, an able attorney was appointed to cross-examine her, who did not behave very courteously; and at length his insolence elicited the following remarks: 'I won't answer you,' said she; 'but I will answer a gentleman. Let Captain Stratford interrogate me, and I am ready to reply to him; but since you have forced me to it, I can tell you that you and your fellow-yeomen were the persons who broke open my mother's cupboard about a year ago, and carried off a considerable sum of money out of it, after gorging yourselves with the food and

drink that the house contained. Upon this, Captain Stratford said 'that the lady must be liberated, as there was no charge against her.' She was accordingly allowed to return home, which she did amidst the acclamations of the people of the neighboring district.

"To return to Dwyer. After the escape at Bernamuck he remained in such seclusion for a considerable length of time that most persons thought that he had made his escape to France or America. In the summer of '99 a number of patriotic young women of the neighborhood of Killranalagh, the principal of whom were Mary Dwyer, sister of Captain Dwyer, and Margaret O'Brien, entered into a subscription, in order to have the bodies of the insurgents who were killed in battle or shot by the yeomanry collected and interred in one grave. They succeeded in recovering eight bodies which they caused to be brought to Killranalagh churchyard, and there buried with Dwyer's men who were taken in Bernamuck. Mary Dwyer and Anastasia Devlin, niece to Dwyer and servant to Robert Emmet, accompanied by three other young women and two boys, went at dead of night to the old churchyard of Lettrim to disinter the bodies of Samuel M'Allister (the bosom friend of Captain Dwyer) and Pat Costello. They brought a car and coffin, but were not a little puzzled where to find the exact spot, when Captain Dwyer, suddenly presenting himself, pointed out to them the place, and having reprimanded them for bringing the boys with them, 'for,' says he, 'they may be shot if seen,' he then disappeared. One of the boys got down into the grave, but found himself unable to lift the body. Mary Dwyer instantly jumped in and assisted in raising it, and laying it on the ground, she cried out, 'That's Sam's body,' for she knew it at once. The other corpse was also taken up, and both put into coffins and carried away. The young women had purchased and most tastefully decorated thirteen gurlands and about three hundred rods, which they distributed amongst as many of the people, and when they came within two miles of Killranalagh with the corpses, they were met by thirteen other young women, each bearing a garland, and a vast number of the peasantry, three hundred of whom bore the rods; and in this manner they preceded the bodies up to the churchyard, in which they were laid by the side of their companions, and a garland hung over the head of each 'rebel,' and the rods were planted around the graves.

"About this time a gang of unprincipled ruffians were in the habit of going about the country at night and robbing, under the name of Dwyer; and no one thing that happened to give him so much concern and annoyance as this sort of conduct, for whatever faults he may have had, he was void of any tendency, even in the remotest degree, to dishonesty. Several of these robbers he pursued through the mountain fastnesses, and, as it is said, shot; others of them he fettered and sent into Humewood, in order to have them tried and convicted, but on the day of trial, as the chief prosecutor, which was himself, unwilling to trust himself to the tender mercies of the yeomen, and did not therefore appear, they were discharged. He heard that some of the same gang intended to rob the house of a respectable farmer near Tinnibally, and he determined, if possible, to prevent it, and at the same time punish the robbers. For this purpose he proceeded on the day appointed to the house of this man, and arrived there late in the evening, and made himself known to him. After some time he opened to him the information he had obtained of the intended burglary. He then asked him what family he had in the house; to which the farmer answered, 'His wife, two grown young men, sons of his, and some small children and a couple of servants; and that the only stranger he had in his house was a woman who was traveling, and had not been able to go any farther that night, and to whom the mistress had given lodging.' Dwyer's suspicions were instantly excited, and he entertained an idea that this woman might be an accomplice of the party. He told the farmer he had a wish to see her, in order to have some conversation with her. The farmer said 'that she was sitting at the kitchen-fire telling stories to the children, when he left there.'

"So they both went into the kitchen. Dwyer sat down by the fire, and began to interrogate the stranger, who seemed anxious, by

her answers, to avoid his conversation as much as possible. A riddle happened to be hanging over the fire-place, and Dwyer asked one of the boys to play him a tune, which he complied with cheerfully. After two or three tunes, Dwyer said that it had been now a long time since he had heard such good music, and as he was fond of a dance, that he would trespass on him to play up a jig, for, says he, 'I must try what metal this young woman is in the corner is made of, as she seems to be very active, and of light foot.' The boy played up a smart jig. Dwyer asked the woman then to have a step. She very coolly refused. He said, 'By dad, you must take one step, at any rate,' and finally forced her out. In the course of the dance he capered and whirled the woman around the floor, to the great amusement of the family; but in the height of the merriment he gave her a trip, and tumbled her on the floor, and then cried out, 'Down she tumbles again.' The family instantly jumped up to raise her, but he said, 'Pray, not so fast,' he then tore open her shawl, and pulled out a case of pistols and some utensils necessary for opening locks. By this time all were convinced of the intention of the pretended female, who turned out to be an athletic young man. Dwyer seized him, and said that he would shoot him on the instant, unless he gave a full and true account of his accomplices, and how they meant to act. The captive gave satisfactory information of the names of the party concerned, and told them that they were to come that night when the lights were extinguished in the house, when he was to arise and to open the door, and let them in on a preconcerted signal having been given. Dwyer they said to him, 'At your peril be it, if this turn out false, for I will without doubt shoot you.' They then plintoned and gagged him, and tied him to a bed-post in an inner room of the house. Soon after this Dwyer prepared himself and the two boys and father, in order that they might give a warm reception to the expected visitors.

"The farmer wished to have the door firmly secured, but this Dwyer would not allow, as he said they were strong enough for them. He then latched the door and put out the light. In a short time after this a rap came to the door, and, as it was left nearly open, Dwyer had placed himself and the male part of the family directly opposite the entrance, and as soon as the robbers entered the passage he and the rest fired at them; some of them fell in the hall, but were conveyed away by the rest. It has not been discovered how many of them were killed or wounded, but the blood was tracked beyond two miles from the house the next morning. Dwyer and the others were prepared to pursue them, when the mistress of the house flew to the door and would not suffer her husband or sons to go out to be shot, on that account they were not pursued. Dwyer shortly after left for his old haunts, having first expressly charged the farmer to send for the cavalry to Tinnibally, and resign to them the prisoner, which was soon after done. The tune that Dwyer danced to on that night has continued a special favorite to the present day among the peasantry of Wicklow.

We will now conclude the chapter with the ballads written on some of those stirring incidents. The first is a romance on a commonplace event, and one of no unfrequent occurrence in '98—an attack on a young peasant girl by two yeomen. The actual fact took place in the Glen of Imale, in the beginning of Dwyer's outlawry. Returning to his cave at the close of a summer's day, his attention was attracted by the screams of a woman, which apparently came from an old quarry which bordered the beaten pathway. On reaching the spot, the first sight that met his view was a poor girl struggling with two soldiers. They had torn her clothes to ribbons, and brutally bruised and wounded her, but still she battled on resolutely; and, although extremely slight, young, and weakly-looking, baffled up to that moment her savage assailants. They had just flung her down violently on the earth when her rescuer came up. One rascal he shot through the head, and the other fled precipitately for his life, and barely escaped a pistol-bullet which whizzed by him as he turned an angle of the glen and escaped. In a month after the poor girl was laid in her cold grave; she never recovered the terror and

have been taken by the bard in treating of this event.

ELLIE—A ROMANCE OF IMALE.

"Thou shalt receive one such child as this in my name received me."—Mark, ch. ix. v. 34.

Welcome, welcome, lovely Laragh!
And thou, grand Glen of Imale!
And wild and weirdy Glendalough,
Whose melancholy vale
Looks like an open book of time,
With the grand old names of fame;
Or the gloomy, spectral scenery
Of a poet's troubled dream;
And the great black, monk-like mountains
Folded up in awe and gloom,
As if they died erect in pride,
Too huge for a cell or tomb.
Welcome, welcome, to the solemn lakes,
And to the sainted bed
Where holy Kevin gave to heaven
A heart all hallowed.
Within this grand vale, long ago,
A shepherd dwelt alone,
Poor in his garb, but high of heart
As emperor on his throne.
A fierce, an idol love had he,
Adored beyond what life could be;
It was the heart-born ecstasy
Of liberty—of liberty!
The little lore he learned lent fire
To this kindling, keen desire;
And often to this lonely glen
Came fierce and fearless warrior men,
Whose tales and threats like lightning
flew
In to his heart of hearts anew,
Flapping the banner at his ear,
Beating the glory-golden spear,
Crying with breath of bravery,
For liberty—for liberty!
One day a little, gentle girl
Strayed to this lonely place;
She was a silent, thoughtful child,
All full of light and grace.
Some heartless mother left her
To perish in the wild;
But the God who loves young children
Protected the poor child.
A hearting the wild berries,
And straying here and there,
The shepherd met the fair young
fawn
In the dewy evening air.
She held out her white hands to him,
And looked into his face
With the angel look of childhood,
So full of holy grace.
The strong man gazed upon her
With a father's loving pride,
So pure, so sweet, so innocent,
So helpless by his side.
So gentle were her saint-like eyes,
So heavenly and so mild,
He did not dare, with his dark hand,
To touch the holy child.
But he guided her before him,
Where the thorny way was free,
And he followed the track of her
little foot
With a still idolatry.
Ah! Ellie was an angel—
Ellie, lily-pale—
If ever angel, heaven-led,
Was lured to lone Imale.
This dreamer about freedom
Had a something now to love—
'Twas the eagle of the mountain
Giving shelter to the dove.
And Ellie grew up beautiful
In the valley of Imale—
That moon-like, quiet beauty
Of the blue-eyed and the pale.
And the poor lone shepherd loved
her
As a something bright and good
Sent from above to fill the void
Of his weary solitude.
For Ellie was an angel,
As bright-souled and as pure
As the light that tips its rosy lips
To the brow of Lugunure.
Soft as the golden flower
Was the gloss of her sunny hair;
And her cheeks, with the tinge of
the peerless peach,
Was as the white rose fair.
Her breath was the May-flower's
odor,
When warm rain falls on the tree;
And her voice was the musing of
summer,
When nature's adream on the lea.
And oft with a wistful thinking,
When Memory stood at her ear,
She sang a sweet song, like the
robin's
At the late time of the year.
Ah! Ellie was an angel—
The lily of Imale—
The little, lonely, gentle one,
So beautiful and pale!
'Twas strange to see the strong,
fierce man
So docile to her sway;
She had a fairy power to lull,
To smooth his cares away.
She won his soul with purity,
With wonder and with awe;
'Twas like the dead, unwildly earth
Obeying nature's law.
But the old first-love of liberty
Was fresh within him still,
And it met this magic father-love,
As sister spirits will.

And the spirits twain lived in the glen—

The grand glen of Imale—
Like the children of its mysteries—
The grand Glen of Imale!
To them the gloomy lakes were dear,
And the bright-minded Lugunure,
And Comderry's vastful bulk
Grasping the valley floor.
And the tall brown tower, the signature
Of memory's earthly goal—
The blank remains of tombed fame—
A frame without a soul.
But oftenest by the sullen lake
Was wandering Ellie seen,
Moving in silence, like the shade
Of legend-loved Kathleen.
The shepherd wove her a rusby chair,
To sit in the evening's glow,
And a garland for her golden hair
Of the timid flowers, so few and rare,
Nooked 'mid the silent mountains
bare,
By lonely Anamoo.
And there it was, one calm eve,
That a devil-soldier came,
And met the lily of Imale.
Like the fiend of a dark dream,
He crimsoned her with hellish stare,
He tore her tender bosom bare—
Ah! one so young, so pure, so fair,
Could ill brook looks so wild!
She shrieked till her little heart nigh
broke,
The grand glen to the echoes spoke,
And then the pitying heavens awoke
A savior for the child!
The shepherd heard the cries—he
came,
As with the winds, a cloud of flame;
And there was that in his fierce eye
That dared the sagum Déarg to fly.
The child lay at their feet—the men
Looked rapidly along the glen;
They were alone with the mountains
high
And the sulky lake, and the moody
sky,
And the poor child moaning on the
ground;
Else there was never a stir or sound.
Oh! but it was a fearful strife—
That blood-red rage of life or life!
And nightfall fell, as yell with yell
Mingled in echo-strife as well,
Whilst the poor helpless infant lay
Moaning away—moaning away.
At length the Saxon dropped his
head
On his rift chest—and he was dead.
Upon that melancholy night
Ellie's hurtled brain
The silky reins of reason lost,
And, like a weak bird storm-tost,
The beauteous child gave up the
ghost,
And never moved again.
Out broke the days of "ninety-eight,"
The ruthless days of fire,
The warrior man shook off his griefs,
Like sparks of burning fire.
He had no heart for human thing,
For it was buried deep
Under a tree, Ellie, Ellie!
With your cold corpse asleep.
He met the Saxon soldier
As furnace may meet flax,
And clove his heart with burning ball
And with the glittering axe.
And none dared stem his vengeance
When the thirsty steel was bare,
For his grief had outflowed mercy
On its wild way to despair.
He had no heart for human thing,
For it was buried deep
Under a tree, Ellie, Ellie!
With your cold corpse asleep.
They dogged him with black treachery
The livelong day and night;
They offered for his gory head
Five hundred pieces bright;
And like the white wolves hunted him
From rocky hold to hold,
The coward pack hung on his track,
Poisoning the way with gold.
But rare staunch hearts rose round
him,
With the old land's spirit-cry;
And the night-stars saw the out-law
Girt with Erin's chivalry.
They dogged him with black treachery;
But, spite of all their might,
His spirit-cry spread terror on
The wild wings of the night.
He felled the foeman in his wrath,
The traitor in his sin,
And dragged him to the hungry lake,
And plunged the Judas in.
Ah! he had no heart for human thing,
For it was buried deep
Under a tree, Ellie, Ellie!
With your cold corpse asleep.
At length a calm stole on his soul,
And his vow of vengeance slept—
The silent vow he deeply made
When over the dead he wept.
The light of grace broke in on him,
Like sunlight into gloom;
His vengeance-row he left with Him
Who sees beyond the tomb.
He planted flowers o'er Ellie's bed,
And there wept hours away,
'Twas a strange sight, through the
day and night,
To see the strong man pray.
At last, he could no longer bear
The grief of that young grave,
And Dwyer—the Desperado—
Sailed on the Atlantic wave!
To be continued.