

# MICHAEL DWYER.

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

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## CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

When this young man boasted that he would lose his commission for a sight of the insurgent chief, he was not at all aware that in point of fact he was doomed to pay no less a price for such a sight. Poor fellow, he was tried afterwards in Dublin by court-martial for permitting himself to be worsted by a mere rebel, whilst having two of his men to assist him. All explanations were of no avail; the army was disgraced in his person, and he was cashiered for cowardice, although, if all the members of the court had been at the wedding-party in that eventful evening, they might, not collectively, have dared half as much as the man they condemned.

The two orderlies were also punished; and so the honor of the army was vindicated.

Dwyer deeply regretted his unmerited harshness to one of the Luckinset red-coats he had ever met with, and often said that had he continued in the service he would always spare him, even if he hunted him to the last extremity.

King George's battalions, deeply incensed by the daring of the insurgents, in not at once fleeing before their presence, determined to root them all out at one fell swoop. For this purpose, and having ascertained that Dwyer's strongest force was in and about the Glen of Imale, they proceeded to fortify all the approaches, and cut off all supplies, by building a large barrack at Glenmalur, which was to command the whole neighboring district. The barrack was to shut up the mouth of the glen, and the mountain-passes being already secured, the insurgents, hemmed in on every side, should either die of starvation in their fastness, fight their way out, or surrender at discretion. Of so much importance was barrack-building considered that numerous places besides Glenmalur were beautified with those picturesque edifices—Glenore, Laragh, Drumoff, Aghavaneah, and Leitrim. Well the red-coats set to work. The work went on apace, and the walls arose with astounding rapidity. The captain's friends trembled for his safety, and his own immediate followers became restless and uneasy—so much so that three of them, stealing away in the darkness of the night, went over to the enemy and betrayed their leader's retreat. This, however, was effected with so much secrecy, and after so very quiet a fashion, that the three traitors stole back again early the next morning, thinking that their absence was unnoticed. But Dwyer's vigilance never slept; and when the soldiery came that same night to a part of the glen where they were to meet their three guards, their dead bodies alone were found at the trying-place. In the meantime, the barracks were half built, and a portion of them was to be occupied in a short time, in order to commence active operations against the glenmen. Dwyer got dissatisfaction of this interesting fact, but did not seem to heed it in the slightest degree; however, it was seen by the men that he and young O'Brien were now in constant communication, and that the gallant youth ventured almost daily across the mountains, bringing at every visit as much as he could conveniently carry of powder and ball. By this proceeding, it was quite clear that something unusual was afoot—so that the band were not at all surprised when, one fine night, their captain called them together, and gave them his own private opinion about the strategy of the military in general, and their projected barracks at the mouth of the glen in particular. In a few words he explained to them his intentions and mode of frustrating all these manoeuvres, and for that purpose commanded all hands to turn out, and accompany him to the site of the new building. Off the whole party started accordingly, not forgetting to bring with them young O'Brien's contribution to their undertaking—namely, a goodly repose of gun-powder, some tow, ropes, and a small quantity of easily-ignited material. Slowly and cautiously they

toiled within the enemy's work. It was but the act of a moment to drop the barrel of powder in the center of the main floor. Dwyer himself then proceeded to lay the train, and looking admiringly on, the whole body retreated step by step, the black trail accompanying them led by the unstirring hand of their leader, until they had reached what was considered a safe distance. Then the flint was struck, the tinder set in a blaze, the train fired, and spitting and spluttering flame, like a fiery serpent, it furiously made its way to the doomed building. Dwyer and his men crouched down into a deep ravine, held their breaths, in expectation of the terrible explosion. It came—a dazzling mid-day light—a roar as if the whole glen were torn asunder—and echo after echo, so hollow, so threatening, and so unnatural, that even those fearless men could not forbear shuddering at the strange effect. "That was the trick that Patrick Sarsfield played on the English on the hill of Ballynety," whispered Dwyer; "only we have not the good luck to have the red-coats in the midst of it." So that night the barracks were shut up—and the mouth of the glen opened—opened with a vengeance!

## CHAPTER XXII. AT BAY.

There was considerable sensation at Dublin Castle when the news arrived that one Michael Dwyer, with other persons and persons unknown, took the unwarrantable liberty of blowing the government barracks sky-high, without having the smallest fear of his sovereign majesty King George before their eyes.

His lordship, the representative of English power in England, could scarcely credit the fact. Nevertheless, there were numerous witnesses ready to prove that a few days since a goodly building stood upon the floor of the green vale of Glenmalur, of which structure no one stone now covered the other.

In Wicklow the people were not at all surprised at the disappearance of a mere barrack. They were well aware that Captain Dwyer was capable of more than that. In fact, they firmly believed that their favorite and intrepid glen-king was the true monarch, if not of all Ireland, at least of all Wicklow; and they never thought of wishing for a better.

In this state of affairs it occurred to the valiant yeomanry to astonish the natives by an act of signal magnanimity and daring. Thinking that now that Glenmalur was free, the insurgent chief must have at once vacated the locality, they assembled in force, resolved to make a show of scouring the country in search of the enemies of their adopted government. Up the glen they marched, and through the mountain, with rolling drums and sounding trumpets, setting fire to hill-side dwellings and arresting and insulting every individual who had the misfortune to cross their exultant path.

Still they marched, and marched, and burned and plundered, until the storm of their approach reached at last the man they pretended to be in search of, and whom they never either anticipated, or hoped, or wished to find.

Dwyer jumped up in wrath, and summoning his men once more around, cried out:

"Do these fellows imagine that twenty armies of such white-livered bodkins would be able to put the Wicklow glenmen a single yard out of their path! The yeo, boys, the yeo!"

A fierce cheer followed this curt address; and then the whole band present, only numbering ten men, armed to the teeth, and headed by their indomitable leader, made directly for the locality of the prowling militia.

The yeomanry marked their resolute advance, and forthwith called a halt. The bump of caution urged them strongly to "look before they leaped"; the bump of destructiveness declared for mental glory; but the appearance of the desperado and his men put an end to all doubt, for the five senses were aggregated and unanimously insisted upon a retreat. Away, accordingly, ran those magnanimous Minotaur (half Bulls and half Irishmen) as fast as their expeditious hoofs could carry them. Dwyer and his party fired a volley after them in contempt, and then returned slowly into the peaceful files of the ever-venered Glendalough.

But the yeoman is a vindictive animal. Of course, there are some exceptions, as far as individuals are concerned, but the exception only goes to prove the rule; and in representing the character of this class,

in '08, as cruel, cowardly, and brutally bigoted, the writer of this book only copies what has been cried into his ears in every part of Ireland, and from every Irish history, oral or written, as long as he has been able to hear or learn. So, to proceed—the yeoman is a vindictive animal, and not to be hunted from his prey whilst any chance exists of getting it into his power by means personally safe, no matter how infamous. Accordingly, what those prudent companions feared to undertake on their own account, they caused at once to be attempted and carried into effect by others; for, by urgent representations at headquarters; they were supplied on the next day with a strong body of Highlanders, commanded by the colonel of their regiment, escorted by whom they now came boldly, resolutely, and with flying colors.

"To beard the lion in his den—  
The Douglas in his hall!"

For such an onset as this, and for such determined customers as the gallant Scotchmen, Dwyer was totally unprepared. So that when they appeared in sight in the gray of the morning, and were promptly reported by the men on the watch, the motto became, "Every man for himself, and God for us all!" The men immediately sought the most secret recesses of the numerous grottos and ravines, whilst Dwyer, well armed, crept up the rock overhanging the lake, and dropped quietly into the little stony keep, called the "bed of St. Kevin."

This little scene of recedure was enacted slowly and systematically, but not with entire secrecy, as the sequel will show—for the yeo had bribed a wretched cripple residing in the neighborhood to hide himself in one of the mountain-hallows, and to keep a sharp lookout from thence on the movements of the unconscious outlaws. And so, indeed, he did, and with his unlucky eye, unfortunately, perceived the fatal desperado clambering most leisurely into his place of refuge and concealment. On came the Highlanders with their craven squad in tow, until they tramped up to the borders of the lake, when they came to an abrupt halt, and grounded arms with a crash that set all the echoes wondering.

"Where next?" said the Highland colonel, turning to the leader of the yeomen, and looking about him incredulously enough, amongst those peaceful solitudes, for some appearance of the argument of an enemy. The yeomanleader made a signal, towards a certain point in the mountain, and forthwith there appeared trundling down the declivity a nondescript, distorted being, perched in a bowl, and urging on his lean body by the instrumentality of two little hand-stools, which he plied with such a vigor and such a will upon the receding earth, as easily to keep pace with a moderately-moving pedestrian. This was the hapless cripple already noticed, as the sentinel in pay of the wary and ever-diplomatic yeomen. This miserable specimen of humanity toddled forward, bumping, bumping, and hurrying along, as best he could, until at last he came to the place where his stalwart friends were awaiting him. "Did you see him, Danny?" asked the yeoman, jocosely and familiarly—"Did you see him, Danny?"

"Yes, yes, your honor," panted the deformed one, and he pointed with his long bony fingers significantly and directly to the "bed of St. Kevin" in the black face of the rock; but whilst his arm still remained extended, and the very syllable still quivering on the threshold of his lips, a starry blink of fire glimmered like a north light, and for an instant, at the verge of the cell of the desperado, and then came the impetuous air-craze of a musket, and the cripple swayed in his wooden receptacle, the little walking-stools fell from the grasp of his stilly fingers, he swung down gradually and around, and then dropped suddenly backwards, the red-hot blood literally spouting up out of his chest.

The yeomen stood confounded and horrified, but not so the staunch Highlanders, who now seeing something to be busy about, made ready, presented, and fired a full volley at the words of command into the gaping aperture of the outlaw's retreat. But Dwyer was crouched up too securely to be injured by any fusillade; and although they banged away again and again, he remained unscathed and undaunted. "The unfortunate man is dead!" cried out the colonel petulantly; "let two of you dash into the lake, scale the rock on this side to the right, bring out his remains, and let those fellows have them, and be damned."

This last sentence was muttered between the old commander's teeth, as not being over-complimentary to his heartily-despised allies. Accordingly, two men stepped from the ranks and instantly plunged into the water, swimming easily across to the crag's feet at the opposite side, and being naturally expert climbers, climbed up to the desperado's den without a moment's difficulty or hesitation. From the very strange position of this natural cavity in the midst of perpendicular cliffs, one must balance and swing himself into its interior by an abrupt and steady turn of the whole body, which feat was no sooner performed by the first adventurous cragsman, than the naked arm of the outlaw, garnished with a long glittering skein, met his downward searching glance, and before he could move a step either in advance or retreat, was plunged to the very hilt in his unprotected body, and down fell the carcass of the poor Highlander, stark and lifeless, into the gloomy waters of the lake below.

The second man, not knowing the cause of his fellow's discomfiture, and blindly following his innate reverence for discipline and duty, boldly and dexterously passed into the same dangerous aperture, and instantly saw the horrid sight of the brawny bare arm, and the long, glittering, and now reeking skein, and the next moment met the same fate as his predecessor, tumbling back headlong and helplessly into the already-stated element beneath him. The horrid sight of their countrymen's slaughter maddened the minds of the excited clansmen, and they would have plunged instantly into the lake to avenge them, and, of course, would have met the same fate as the deceased, man after man, had not their colonel peremptorily ordered them to desist, commanding a corporal and party to go back into Enniskerry, and procure materials for a broad raft and a brace of stout scaling-ladders. This, of course, was the true way of deciding the destiny of the invulnerable Dwyer.

Away went the party on their ominous mission, whilst the remaining soldiery, backed by the apprehensive civic powers, jealously guarded the dangerous haunt, determined to seize boldly upon its hated inmate, dead or alive, even if they were constrained to occupy the locality until he starved in it. In the meantime the day passed, and the evening began to fall, and, as yet, there was no sign of the raft party returning, and every hour was adding fresh frowns to the skies; besides, there was but scanty moonlight, a fact which Dwyer was well aware, and upon which he depended for the prosecution of his intended plans of operation. The night fell, and a miserable fragment of the silvery orb appeared for a while sickly in the moody sky, and then disappear totally within a bank of sullen clouds, consigning the whole scene to a dull and leaden darkness.

"Light up a watch-fire!" bellowed the colonel, "or this murderous hornet will give us the slip in the dark."

The command had scarcely reached the ears of the alert soldiery, or dist upon the surface of the sounding waters, when a loud, ringing, and scornful laugh broke fitfully across the lake, and echoed again and again in arrested reverberation in the far and barred distance, and at length faded away in a melancholy cadence within the circling arms of night and silence.

Whether intentional or not, no rise could have been half so successful for the desperado in throwing his enemies off their guard. It hit to the heart their national leaning to superstition. It made a bogie or a warlock of a mere Irish insurgent, and prevented the camp-fire from being lit for a good half-hour at least. A quarter of the time sufficed for Dwyer, who, quietly slipping out of his very unsafe retreat, crept down the rugged side of the rock and, dropping into the water at its base, easily gained the land on the same side, and sprung into a young grove of larches and stunted fir-trees, just as the piled-up faggots of the superstitious Sawntes flared up in dazzling brightness on the opposite bank, crimsoning all the mystic lake, over its whole troubled surface, and with a thousand starry sparkles and a lurid glow, wild, unearthly, and refulgent. And now came hurrying in upon the scene the laggard ruffians, trundling all sorts of planks and ladders on rude vehicles at their heels, for the obtaining of which conveniences they had been obliged to travel into the metropolis, so utterly averse were the surround-

ing inhabitants to afford them any countenance or any accommodation. The raft was speedily constructed and set afloat; torches were formed from the young fir-trees, and a whole troop of knocking-kneed liffies advanced uneasily to the escalade. Oh! if it had been to attack a fort howling with bellowing artillery; or a tarretted martello towering up into the skies; or fifty squadrons of cavalry, solid-squared, and menacing! anything! anything! but to march openly and willingly into the arms of this governor-general of all the kelpies, warlocks, and bogies!—nothing! but duty!—inevitable duty!—could have induced them. However, to do the colonel justice, he headed his men unflinchingly, and was the first man who mounted the erected ladder, and plunged headlong, dirk in hand, into the bloody nest of the dangerous outlaw. But, lo! the place was empty! And so ended the military expedition into the labyrinths of Glendalough; but it was not the last, for many other such followed, and in quick succession, but all were utterly unsuccessful. So ingeniously and sturdily did this indomitable Irish rebel stand victoriously upon the defiant against all his Britannic Majesty's available forces at that time quartered upon old Ireland.

## To be continued.

### A Slight Mistake.

Our train stopped for a few minutes at a little way station in Kentucky while the engineer tinkered a hot journal, and I got out to stretch my legs on the depot platform and fill my lungs with pure air.

Several mountaineers, evidently attracted by curiosity, came down to meet the train, and a tall fellow who had been sitting on a box in the shade of the depot arose, shuffled over to the newcomers and accosted one of them.

"Hello!" he said. "I thought I killed you last spring up at Memphis Junction."

"Nope," replied the mountain man.

"You didn't?"

"Well, that's blamed queer," continued the first speaker. "I shot somebody up there that looked for all the world like you."

"Guess you're thinkin' 'bout my brother," slowly remarked the man from Memphis Junction. "He used to favor me considerable in looks."

"That accounts for it then, I allow," drawled the puzzled citizen, as he resumed his seat on the box. "How's politics up your way now?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

### Had the Ozone With Him.

"A misunderstanding as to the meaning of a word sometimes leads to peculiar situations," said Rev. A. L. Smith of Chicago at the Arlington. "In company with several other ministers I was riding in a stage, or hack, which served the purpose of a stage, en route to a camp meeting. The road wound among the mountains, and the air was delightful, while the scenery was almost sublime. I was invigorated as though by a powerful tonic, and several times remarked upon the ozone in the air. After one of these observations the driver stopped the horses, and beckoning to me slyly, climbed from the seat. Wondering what he could want, I followed him, and soon we were behind a large tree, out of view of the wagon. 'Parson,' said the driver, 'I couldn't bear to see you suffer. The ozone you mentioned was in my pocket.' With these words he drew forth a large bottle of whisky, which he offered me. It took several minutes to convince him that it was not whisky I had referred to as ozone."—Washington Star.

### Wants Them Tested.

An old lady applied at an employment office for a maid.

"I want a little girl between 10 and 14 years of age who is fond of mushrooms."

"Fond of mushrooms?" inquired the employment agent. "That is something I never inquired about of applicants. I don't understand."

"Well, I always require it," replied the old lady. "I am very fond of mushrooms myself, and there are so many mistakes made. The idea came to me several years ago, and it was a dispensation of Providence that it did, or I would have been killed. I have my maid eat a portion of all mushrooms brought to the house before any are served to me. I have lost two excellent maids from foodstools during the past five years, and, of course, I could not think of taking the chances of eating mushrooms unless I have a maid to test them."—Washington Star.

When papering a small room, it is well to remember that blue in all light shades makes a room look larger. Dark colors or papers with large patterns have the opposite effect.

Kentucky is known as the Oreen Cracker State from a game bird enjoying the same name which was formerly found in most parts of the state. It is also called the Blue Grass State.

### A Peerless Liniment.

As a pain destroyer and cure for rheumatism, Salvation Oil is the peer of all liniments. Mr. Wm. H. Brown, proprietor of Striebinger House, Cleveland, O., writes: "I suffered from rheumatism for twelve years and my last attack kept me in bed, unable to walk. I used Salvation Oil and soon was up and about. As a pain destroyer this liniment has no equal." Salvation Oil is sold everywhere for 25 cents. Try it and be convinced.

## WASHINGTON LETTER.

Search Profit Sharing Experiments Described by Our Consul—The Scheme a Failure in America.

### [Special Correspondence.]

That complicated question, profit sharing, still occupies the attention of manufacturers all over the world. It has reached its greatest development in England, but other countries have made many experiments, some with no small degree of success, and now our consul at Chemnitz sends to the state department a report on what is being done by a firm of paper manufacturers in Grimma, Saxony.

### Dividing Ten Per Cent.

The concern employs 285 hucls, of whom 70 are women. Although a great many employees own their own houses, the firm has built and let tenements for from \$15 to \$20 a year. The interest on capital invested in these tenements, however, runs up annually from \$45 to \$65. A corporation store sells all kinds of goods except liquors at a small advance on cost prices. Liquors are excepted because of a desire on the part of the manufacturers to discourage their use. The net earnings of the corporation store, amounting annually to 10 per cent, are divided among the patrons. A savings bank, run by the concern, gives its depositors 5 per cent on investments. The usual bank rates are from 1 1/2 to 3 per cent. There is an eating house, run by the concern also, in which the help can get a good "square" meal for 5 cents. Hot spring water is always ready for coffee. After working 10 years each male hand receives, besides a badge of honor, an appreciation of from \$15 to \$16 and each female \$10. After 25 years' work for the firm the former gets \$75 and the latter \$50.

### Sharing the Surplus.

About 1870 the proprietor of the factory began to divide certain surplus earnings with all his labor, except those paid by what they make. The division was made in the following manner: When the earnings went above a certain sum for each machine, a part of such surplus, bearing a ratio to the employee's earnings, was paid him or her. These sums are sometimes very considerable, reaching as high as \$75 or \$100. Out of a pension fund laborers disabled by accident or sickness receive \$25 to \$40 in addition to the amount required to be paid them by law. The pension fund was established by gifts and has today \$16,000 to \$20,000 in cash. To have aid and succor in cases of sickness each employee pays weekly 3 1/2 cents for free medicine and treatment by a physician. Persons called to serve as reserves in the army or for practice in the lawwehr get their full pay during this time. Near by Grimma, in a place called Boehlen, the firm bought land and built villas, in which the officers of the company and the stores spend the summer months, or at least their vacation weeks. The thing is an established fact and a success.

### No Flattering Outlook Here.

Manufacturers in the United States who have made unsuccessful efforts to introduce profit sharing—and they are many—will tell Consul Monaghan that race and community conditions make a great difference in the adoption of any scheme for the improvement of the condition of the laboring man. Reports received at Washington from employers all over the country do not encourage the belief that profit sharing can be made a success under present conditions in America. What seems to be the chief economic obstacle is the refusal of the laboring man to bear any share of the loss, though sharing in the profits. Under this jug handling arrangement American employers have found that American laborers look on their profit share as part of their earnings and are disposed to grumble mightily if they do not get them, while in most cases they give no equivalent in zeal for the profits they receive. In other words, in most cases they show no disposition to earn profits.

### But One American Success.

Only one big employer reports excellent success in profit sharing. He has established a system under which he can revoke the participation of any laborer in his company's earnings and a system of deductions for carelessness or waste. He finds his employees doing better work because the amount of their earnings depends on the work they do. American labor would never be satisfied with the Grimma system, and if the Grimma laborer came to America he would not be content with it very long. CARL SCHOFIELD.

### Paris Fires.

The Paris fires during the reign of the commune in May, 1871, destroyed a frightful amount of property, including the Hotel de Ville and Tuileries palace and many buildings of less prominence. It is estimated that the total value of the property ruined by the incendiary fires, kindled by members of the commune exceeded \$100,000,000, but this sum did not nearly represent the loss, for a great deal of property, such as household effects and the like, was destroyed which was never reported. The fires were checked by blowing up houses in the line of the conflagration, but more effectively by shooting the incendiaries caught in the act.

### Titles of the Saint.

Boniface I, the Roman pontiff, was designated the Saint. The same title of honor was bestowed on Boniface IV, Celestine I, Celestine V, David of Scotland, David of Wales, Eric IX of Sweden, Ethelred I of Wessex, Eugenius I, pontiff of Rome; Felix I, a pontiff; Ferdinand III of Leon and Castile, Heinrich II of Germany, Julius I, pope of Rome; Kang-he, a Chinese emperor; Ladislaus I of Hungary, Leo IX, pope of Rome; Louis IX of France, in honor of whom the city of St. Louis is named; Martin I, pope of Rome; Claus II of Norway, Stephen of Hungary, and several other kings and pontiffs.