

MICHAEL DWYER.

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

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CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BEST MAN IN WICKLOW.

When Dwyer vacated the cell of St. Kevin, he made his way to a favorite cave of his on the side of Lugduff—a natural excavation, covered with briars and brushwood, laced with big, broad braun ferns, and ornamented all around with tufts of golden gorse. This cavern was very precipitous and deep, and went away far into the heart of the mountain. Here only the shepherd and the goatherd ventured, and some few venturesome urchins, seeking the nest of the crested linnet. The peasantry were well acquainted with it, however, and often answered the outlaw's summons when with his large sea-whistle he blew a blast. Sometimes the querulous note demanded meat and drink, very often a replenishing of his powder-flask, and as often news about the proceedings of the common enemy. Those applications were attended to without delay, for the applicant was always at the call of the oppressed when the yeomen threatened vengeance upon them or their. Nightly, whilst the Hig'landers held guard about the glen, the lake, or at the foot of the mountain passes, and when the watchful sentry, at the close of the day, cried out the usual "All's well!" another "All's well!" came rolling down from the hills, from the darling voice of the desperado. This, however, passed for an echo with the soldiers, but Dwyer's friends understood it, literally as a "sifted" from their chief. This wondrous man had several other caves in the valley and amongst the hills, as well as several hiding-places extemporized as necessity required—many of them at the junction of two thatched house-roofs, or on high thurds-trees within the dwellings. Once the peasantry say he escaped a very close pursuit by alighting in a crevice between the rock and the waterfall of Powerscourt. Such a place of concealment none other than himself would have dreamed of. The feat is barely possible, particularly when the water is falling in such a volume as to afford a secret refuge to anything so large as the human form. When such punnets become more frequent than usual, Dwyer usually conveyed his young wife and young children to some farmers' houses, where they were always sure, not only to be received with a hundred thousand welcomes, but also to be treated with the greatest respect and tenderness. The wife was fit mate for the man. Of the same flesh and blood—of the same mind and spirit—of the same national temperament—with the same jealousy and fiercest detestation of the enemies of their country—with the same resolute determination to persist to the end in open defiance of the red devil that made war upon liberty and virtue.

She was the outlaw's bride, and would not change her lot for all the world's wealth—for all the world's blandishments. Such were her feelings on her bridal morning, and throughout her long and happy life, in-screaming but with time as the stream becomes a brook, and then a river, and then is only stayed in-screaming when swallowed up in the eternity of ocean.

One evening, about the firsides of a farmer named Kelly, a merry group assembled, consisting of the man and woman of the house, a few male and female sports, and Dwyer and her two children. The conversation turned on the subject of an Orangeman, at which some of the party assembled had attended that day; for many of the Orange and Protestant impostors were much respected by their neighbors, and took no part whatever in the oppressive and cruel proceedings authorized by the government.

"Pat Kennedy had a dropin'," said the cheery sportsman, "and he was in the habit of being the promiscuous spokesman; and, says Pat, with an oath that brought a cloud over us, 'The best man in Wicklow was the big Jack Sutcliffe' (the first cousin of the deceased). I demurred a bit, and mentioned Hugh Byrne and a few more of our friends. Jack is a good fellow, and he is not his own master. He is a united man, and he brings together in a twelvemonth, the Dwyer would not like to aggra-

"Dwyer fears no man on earth," interposed Mary quietly, and the two children clung to her closely as they heard her speak.

"We all know that," asserted Kelly; "but a man might not fear another, and yet be in no hurry to come across him."

Mary laughed ironically, and the children crowded out mirthfully, delighted to hear their mother's mirth. "There was a long argument about it," persisted Kelly; "but Kennedy offered to back his man for any money."

The gossiping farmers had it all to themselves, Mary was silent, and the other guests were too busy amusing each other to mind how the tide of tongues went. And so the evening waned and night came on, and the circle about the firsides began insensibly to diminish, until at last the whole party broke up, and bidding a hearty "good-night" to their worthy though talkative host, wended away to their several homes in the neighborhood. Mary remained, however; for Kelly's house was her home for the night, as it had been for several nights previously.

Now, although all their friends had departed, none of the Kelly family seemed inclined to retire to their slumbers, nor Mary, nor the children, they were all waiting for a fresh visitor; and a light tap at the door very soon announced their arrival. A single query, and as curt a response, and the next moment Michael Dwyer, the insurgent leader of the gallant Wicklow men, walked in upon the earthen floor. Mary met him first. It was indeed she who made signals to him in the beginning. The children clung to his legs. Kelly had a hard grasp for him, and the woman of the house a hot mess and a hearty welcome. Sentinels were then set for the night, and the family very soon after left the rebel group together to discuss their own private affairs at greater ease. You may be sure, reader, that Mary told her husband of the gossip at the firsides, and how Sutcliffe was announced as the best man in Wicklow. At any rate, the sequel looks like it indeed.

The next day Kennedy, Sutcliffe, and a few more were recalling themselves at one of the snug little public-houses in Donard, when, quite unexpectedly, they were joined by Dwyer and Byrne. Moore opened a parley at once, by asking Kennedy what he still of the same opinion about the best man in Wicklow as he was at the funeral on the previous day.

"I am so," shouted Kennedy with a horrid oath; "and Jack is here on the spot, able and willing to meet the pair of ye, one down and another come on."

"Is that the case, Sutcliffe?" said Dwyer.

The man addressed made no reply. "Silence gives consent," continued Dwyer, throwing off his clothes; "stand up, and when I am down, Hugh there will be ready to receive the same treatment at your hands."

Sutcliffe answered the challenge without hesitation, and with a cry of exultation the whole drinking party formed a ring about the combatants. Both were men over six feet high bare of flesh and of iron muscles—Sutcliffe the heavier man of the two, but Dwyer the more active. Hour after hour they battered at each other's bodies without much resting at intervals, and taking stimulating drinks from their second-order "dittie" at last, on one of those intervals, Sutcliffe struck Dwyer on the face before he was entirely ready for the combat, and when the blood spouted from his nose up to the ceiling, Byrne became so enraptured that with a tremendous blow, he knocked Sutcliffe into the empty fire-place. There was instantly a cry of foul play, and Dwyer was the first to acknowledge that his friend had won with too much precipitation, adding that Sutcliffe evidently acted under a mistake, and that he forgave him, but that Byrne spoiled his victory, for his antagonist now was the worse of the fall, and might stop the fight without any imputation on his courage.

Sutcliffe, however, told his friends to be quiet, that the fault was not Dwyer's, and that he was not a whit the worse of the tumble, and then stood before his man nothing daunted, whilst Byrne, in a spirit of penitence, offered to take up any friend of Sutcliffe's, and give him every satisfaction in his power. The invitation was not accepted, and the original battle again commenced.

Twice the two men closed and grappled; and twice Sutcliffe's seconds warned him to beware of coming to close quarters any more, for they well knew that the brave insurgent was never equalled by any man

at a dead grasp and a pitch over. However, Dwyer saw that this was his only chance of crushing his adversary, so, making a feint blow, he suddenly dropped on one knee, avoiding the counter bit, and had Sutcliffe in his arms. "Give him the foot, and hip him," cried Byrne. Then up shot the heavy, tall man into the air, as if he were a mere child, twisted round by the long, boy arms of the athlete, and the next moment he was beaten almost into the earth by the violence with which he was projected downwards.

CHAPTER XXIV.

EMMET—DWYER—BYRNE.

From the report of the secret service money in Dublin Castle, we now find Dwyer's name honored by special notice.

A Mr. McIlroy Hayden, of Wicklow, writes to Major Sirr, offering to capture the insurgent leader without loss of time:

"Sir: You know my handwriting (writes another correspondent of the same old worthy), so I need not write my name. Dwyer is continually at Monastown, at Michael Byrne's, Castlehaven, and John Byrne's, Monastown. Dated April, 1803."

Mr. Hayden writes again to the Major, to the following effect, on 28th May, 1803: "Offers to take Dwyer, on condition that he would be well rewarded; that he would be appointed to some situation in the country near his residence, that he might get acquainted among those who harbored Dwyer, or to get an assign's pay and a permanent situation."

The Major, however, does not seem to have paid much attention to Mr. Hayden and his boasted magnanimity.

Again, we have an abstract from the book of the hideous magistrates' proceedings, stating that "Peter Hamilton was told by John Duff and Martin, all of Naas, that there was a French officer in Naas, organizing the people, and that Dwyer was to go to Dublin with a great force." Then there were rewards of from £300 and upwards for the Wicklow man's apprehension.

In July, 1803, Dwyer, accompanied by Martin Burke and Hugh Byrne, visited Robert Emmet in Butterfield Lane, at the express invitation of the latter; and often did Dwyer boast that on that occasion he slept in the same bed with the poor young patriot-martyr.

Dwyer was totally opposed to the rising of 1803, and endeavored to dissuade Emmet from the attempt, alleging that he saw no end in it, no future, and the past a blank without light.

But Emmet had gone too far to recede. There was a want of union of intention of caution of proceeding that appeared to make a complicated puzzle of the whole insurrectionary movement, caused, no doubt, in a great measure, by the numerous bands of impostors, the great vigilance of the enemy, and the uncertainty of foreign aid.

When Dwyer found he could not prevail with his young friend, he at once began to concert measures to help him on with his daring project. Emmet gave him a colonel's commission, and to Burke and Byrne he also gave captain's commissions in the army of the people.

It was then arranged that the newly-appointed colonel should instantly raise 500 men, and march without delay to the little village of Rathfarnham, there to await further orders. To that place of trust Dwyer and his men came, faithful to the day and to the hour; but no message came from their young commander; indeed the first news they had of him and the rising in Dublin was that it was all over, and all a defeat. Had Dwyer and his 500 men got the expected signal, and, crossing the canal, entered the streets of the metropolis, the Castle would have been seized and the city in flames. But it was not to be.

What position Michael Dwyer filled in the engagements of '03, there are no reliable means of ascertaining. All that is well known is, that he was in every one of them, and escaped unhurt through them all. He seems to have been second in command at Hackestown. An anecdote is told of him which proves at once his courage and moderation. He and Hugh Byrne were one night on an outpost, when they captured a spy from the enemy, bearing a letter to Holt, proposing terms of surrender. They were evidently in reply to some proposition of his. The "rebels," on reading the letter, proceeded directly to the quarters of Holt, and led him away from the main body. There they met for him

the letter addressed to himself, proving his guilt, and told him that the fact of his being a Protestant saved him from instant death, and warned him never to show his face again among the people.

How many men shared the privations and perils of Dwyer's mountain warfare is not known, nor, in fact, were there anything like the same number always with him. He says himself that as the winter set in, and the air became chill, they sensibly diminished. There is no doubt but, on several occasions, he could rally hundreds for the execution of a particular purpose. Those of his companions and comrades who were best known and most trusted were Hugh Byrne, his brother-in-law; Samuel McAllister, Costello, Martin Burke, Andrew Thomas, Harman, Arthur Devlin, John Mead, and Thomas Brangan.

One of the means used by the government of the day to bring Dwyer into disrepute with the people, as a snare for his betrayal, was to report that he lived by plunder. This was a calumny as wanton as it was base. Dwyer, even if in need, would sooner starve than rob; and he was not in need, by any means, as was distinctly proved by the very illiberal who circulated the calumny; for they stated that "he and his men received their rations as regularly as the soldiers in the barracks." So far was the attempt to libel the outlaw carried, that a robbery was concocted. Private information was given to a man near Rathfarnham that he was to be robbed. Convenient times these, when robbers sent information of their purpose beforehand! The man getting the notice, as was natural, and, as correspondents say, "in due course," gave information to the yeomanry officers. Great caution and secrecy were observed, as the account of the affair commendably relates, and the yeomanry surrounded the house that was to be robbed. (One man named Williams, a crack shot, was stationed inside, and ordered not to fire unless in immediate danger; evidently Williams was not in the secret. He took his post, however; and his zeal or pride superseded his orders. He thought it a good chance to win two honors first, that of proving the accuracy of his aim, and second that of shooting down Dwyer: Dwyer's person was described to him. In due time the robbers made their appearance, unobstructed by the yeomanry in ambush around the house. They deliberately proceeded with their work, satisfied, no doubt, that they were safe in their operations. But woe to them! Williams waited till they had lighted a light; and then, slinging out the man he believed to be Dwyer, took deliberate aim, and shot him dead. The rest fled. Their flight does not seem to have been obstructed. The men of the yeomanry corps believed they had performed a great service. They surrounded the slain robber with exultation, and stripped him of his disguise. He turned out to be, not Michael Dwyer, but a notorious Orange man, who had served the king with unscrupulous brutality. Dr. Madden does not state whether the officers feigned or felt surprise, though all the circumstances of the performance prove that the dead man was the instrument of the wicked contrivance.

The date of this adventure is not stated; but it may be presumed to have been early in the period of the outlawry of Dwyer. Indeed, few scenes described by his enemies bear any date; and there are many others of equal, and perhaps far greater, interest not described at all.

In December, 1800, Dwyer's party had to cross the river Avon, near the Seven Churches. Their arms got wet without their knowledge. They were on their way to a refuge in the bog, where their quarters were in a turf clump. All the people in the neighborhood were aware of this resort, and they visited occasionally the neighboring houses. The government somehow or other found out their place of concealment, and a troop of cavalry was sent to arrest them. One of the party was in the act of shaving himself when the cavalry appeared. At first they (the cavalry) seemed undetermined, and passed on. The outlaws held council, and decided that they should remain where they were. This resolution was fatal to some of them. The yeomanry returned, and began to pull down the clump. Andrew Thomas attempted to fire; but his gun missed. "It is the first time," said he, in bitter despair, "I ever missed."

The heroes then rushed out of their hold—alas! how poor a one for spirits as brave as theirs!—and escaped—all except Thomas. He was wounded in the thigh, but made a

resistance desperate in itself and fatal to many, before he was despatched. His dead body was mutilated shockingly, and, being thrown across a horse, was borne with savage triumph to Rathdrum, a distance of eight miles, where his head was cut off and spiked on Flannel Hall. Thomas would have made good his escape, and had passed the ranks of the cavalry, when he was shot by a Mr. Weeks, who was out fowling, and thus had an opportunity of proving his cowardly loyalty by shooting down a man pursued by a whole troop of cavalry. Another of the party—Harman—made his escape in his shirt, which with his useless gun was his only impediment. He was pursued by a yeoman named Thomas Manning, a man of great bodily strength. Harman, however, outstripped him, and made good his escape, after a chase of three miles. Here he found himself confronted by a new danger; for, having to cross a very narrow bridge, his passage was disputed by a Mr. Darby, who was posted there on horseback, and armed to the teeth. Harman did not hesitate, but advanced on him with his gun levelled, saying, "Come, Darby, you or I for it." Darby was astonished or terrified, and turned his horse aside to make way for the naked desperado, who was soon beyond the reach of pursuit.

Thomas Brangan has been noticed as one of this noble band. He was a carman in the Irish town. His carts were used to convey stores and ammunition to and from the different depots. He was the principal agent of Robert Emmet, who employed him in the most delicate and desperate affairs. While concealed at Mr. Butler's, in Fishamble street, he became so ill as to be despaired of. A clergyman was sent for, the Rev. Dr. R., and who refused to minister to him unless he gave information respecting a quantity of arms concealed in the ruined vaults of St. Mary's Abbey. Brangan peremptorily refused. He sent for another clergyman, who declined to attend him. He finally recovered and escaped to Portugal, whence he went to France, and joined the 3rd Regiment of the Irish Brigade, in which he soon rose to the rank of captain. He distinguished himself in several of the engagements of the Peninsular War. He was killed in a duel in 1811, and thus ended what promised to be a brilliant career. The personal history of the other survivors of this gallant band I am unable to trace.

CHAPTER XXV.

LAYING THE MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

In the early part of 1803, Mr. Hume of Humewood, sent several messages to Dwyer, begging of him to surrender, as his tenantry on his mountain estates were much harassed by the soldiery in pursuit of him—at the same time, promising to use his influence to procure his pardon, or, at all events, the security of his life. Mr. William Jackson, commonly called "Billy the Rock," was the negotiator between the two parties. Dwyer, however, refused to comply unless Burke and Byrne were included in the terms which he himself should propose, which were to be supplied with money, and to be permitted to go to America. Mr. Hume waited on the Lord Lieutenant and the Castle authorities, who were so pleased to be rid of their troublesome neighbors that they readily agreed to let Dwyer have £500, and his companions £200 each.

Still Dwyer feared to trust the slippery totem. The Castle was the emporium of everything venial and bloody, the reproaches and informers. He refused, and that he was right in doing so, the sequel will show. Mr. Hume greatly exasperated at this rejection of government clemency, determined to concert sure measures to reduce the refractory insurgent to obedience. Accordingly, he resolved upon placing three or four soldiers in every house suspected of favoring the fugitive, or of giving him any assistance, and to extend this cordon of guards all over the Glen of Imale, the Seven Churches, and that entire district. A yeoman named Perry was called into Mr. Hume's counsel; this man declared the plan quite practicable, and that the only difficulty was in obtaining a sufficient number of men for the purpose.

Mr. Hume again waited upon the representative of the government, and forthwith obtained full authority over all Wicklow, to call upon any number of soldiers that he might deem necessary; and, moreover, the same beneficent executive sent even a gratuity over his request, by despatching after his heels the entire Monaghan Militia, who instantly commenced to distinguish

themselves by the perpetration of every cowardly barbarity.

A list was now prepared, which included all the suspected premises along the sides of the mountains, from Balinglass to Aughavannagh. This was entrusted to a sergeant, with orders to press a young man named O'Brien into his service to point out each dwelling mentioned within it.

(To be concluded.)

TO BE GIVEN A CHANCE.

How to be Provided for Discharged Convicts.

The permanent reformation of convicts and the supplying of honest employment for them when their terms of imprisonment are over is a problem which has puzzled reformers and social economists for years. A new student of the problem has appeared in the person of Mrs. Ballington Booth. She believes that she has solved the problem.

Mrs. Booth has formulated two plans, one for the benefit of discharged convicts and the other for the benefit of those still in confinement. For discharged convicts she proposes to establish homes. To these homes convicts may go as soon as they have secured their release. There the discharged convict will be surrounded with Christian influences. When he has shown that he has a sincere desire to reform and earn an honest living, Mrs. Booth will endeavor to find employment for him. She fully appreciates how difficult in most cases this will be. She proposes to put herself in communication with the chief employers of labor in New York, such as contractors, builders and the managers of surface and elevated railroads, and to secure their co-operation if possible.

No man will be recommended for employment who has not shown in the prison home that he will, if he gets a chance, be glad to become a law-abiding citizen. As for convicts who had places of trust before they were imprisoned, such as bookkeepers and accountants, if any of these apply to Mrs. Booth for help, she will do what she can for them. She will try to find employers who will take the discharged convicts at their word and be willing to give them a chance.

The first of the Volunteers' prison homes, as they will be called, will be opened in New York. Following the first one, others will be established in other parts of the state, near to but not in the towns where state prisons are located. Just when the New York home will be opened has not been determined. To carry out the plan Mrs. Booth must have funds. A suitable building must be rented, furnished and provisioned. All this takes money. Already Mrs. Booth has received promises of pecuniary aid and other support from a number of wealthy persons. She held a drawing room meeting in Sing Sing recently in the interest of the prison work, and a number of liberal subscriptions were pledged. She hopes to have the first home open by Sept. 1.

The plan for helping the men whose terms of imprisonment will not soon expire is this: A sort of prison guild of the Volunteers will be formed. The members of the guild will confine their work entirely to visiting the prisoners. They will become acquainted with the prisoners and find out each one's special need, and the needs, if any, of his family. The prisoners will be urged to accept Mrs. Booth's invitation, to correspond with her. The Volunteers' Gazette, the official organ of the Booth's new organization, will be put into the hands of every prisoner who cares to have it. An effort will be made to convert the men.

Then, if a prisoner's family is in need, Mrs. Booth will visit the family and do whatever she can to help them. Only the other day there was an instance of what may be done in this direction. The family of a convict, whom Mrs. Booth had met at Sing Sing was about to be evicted for nonpayment of rent. Mrs. Booth got the address and called. She found the family consisted of a wife and one child, a baby boy. There was little food in the house, and the woman had no money. Mrs. Booth found employment in the country for the woman during the summer and placed the baby in a home. When the husband gets out of prison, in the latter part of August, Mrs. Booth will have a place for him, obtained from a man who believes that she has solved the problem of prison reform and wishes to show his belief in a practical way. In the autumn the family will be reunited, with the husband earning an honest living.

It is Mrs. Booth's desire to establish prison homes ultimately in every state in the Union. It is her intention to make these homes places of industry as well as places of refuge, for every inmate will be expected to do some work. In this way Mrs. Booth hopes to make the Volunteers' agency not only of evangelizing America, but also of reclaiming convicts.—New York Sun.

In proportion to the size of the world 86 times as fast as a human being.

Fifty-two per cent of the United States' population are engaged in farming.

An infant weighing 7 pounds at birth will weigh 7 1/2 on the tenth day and 11 on the thirtieth.

Certain parts of the hippopotamus' hide attain a thickness of two inches.

A Flag of Warning.

Beware of the dry, tickling, hacking, morning cough, for it warns you that consumption lurks near. The famous Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will cure it. "I had a very bad cough. One doctor pronounced it consumption. I used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and was completely cured; the cough left me and has never come back. Simon Smales, 375 31st Street, Chicago, Ills." Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup costs but 25 cents. Ask for Bull's, take only Bull's.