

# MICHAEL DWYER.

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

Written by John Thomas Campion, M. D.

## CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

The King's non-commissioned officer, taking with him eighteen men, went one evening in search of their guide, who was no other than the O'Brien already described as having died of fever, aggravated by a yeomanly domestic visit: this they learned upon the spot. However, they found the young man's brother, the friend of Dwyer, and authority for this veritable history of him and his, which we now write. The boy regarded the Monaghans with no good-will, but did not refuse to accompany them upon their unholy mission. Not at all, on the contrary, he at once entered into their views, and proceeded without hesitation to plant the men at the several houses so plainly indicated. The first four were stationed at Mr. John Bryan's, of Carrig, where they were ordered to remain until daylight; four more at Messieurs Mitchell's, same place; two at Mr. Wilson's, of Magduff, and two more at Mr. Hawkins's.

Now, gentle reader, by some oversight or mistake, every house of these happened to be, instead of rebel dwellings, the homes of the staunchest of his Majesty's yeomen in Ireland—the blackest Burnswickers—the yellowest Peels—some of whom that very night were abroad on the hills in search of the arch rebel. Conceive, then, the horror of those loyal men to find their sacred dwellings thus invaded, and themselves treated no better than the faithless. Conceive their indignation and clamorous disgust, to see those horrid Monaghans laughing them to scorn, taunting them as rebels, kissing their wives, romping with their daughters, cooking the choicest bacon, opening their private cupboards with their bayonets, and drinking bumpers of their oldest "parliament" with the most uproarious merriment and extravagant buffooneries. Many a good joke was cracked upon the absurdity of the Royalists' endeavoring to palm themselves off as good men and true, their repeated assertions and protestations to that effect only provoking more merriment and causing more resolute inroads upon the contents of their larder.

At length the Monaghans, replete with Bacchus, and joyous at the notion of having so many of the ill-affected thus crouching miserably before them, began the old game of infamy and domineering tyranny, and to such an extent, too, that some of the sufferers were obliged to take horse and ride to Rathangan, where the officers commanding the Northerners resided. Upon explaining the misfortune, the officers gave the necessary order for his men to vacate the premises, which they did, but only after a very long remonstrance and the greatest reluctance.

In the meantime the sergeant brought away their guide some two or three miles farther on, and searched several houses about which they had private information, always obliging the young lad to go on in advance. At one respectable house in particular, they knocked several times without receiving any reply, whereupon they forced open the window, and endeavored to thrust the boy through it, but this he most obstinately resisted. They then thundered once more at the hall-door, which at last was opened to them. It rushed the valiant sergeant and his men, charging the beds with fixed bayonets, and transfixing the partitions, bursting open presses and boxes, and thrusting their heads and shoulders into chimney-floes and cock-lofts. Those feats were always performed in the absence of all men from the premises. In this instance an old servant woman appeared, who informed them that her master and his people were at a neighboring fair, and were not expected home until next day. One of the beds, however, was palpably warm, as if very lately occupied. This the old woman most positively denied, and desired them to search the whole house if they doubted her veracity. Of course, they searched and searched, but all in vain. Dwyer had escaped by a back passage, and was already beyond their

yard dogs, just to keep their hands in practice. They then proceeded to Mr. Almy Byrne's of Cullinawa, where they ordered breakfast, which was supplied to them, Byrne taking the young O'Brien aside to question him about their proceedings.

"Leave that boy alone," cried the sergeant, "he is our prisoner, and we are not yet done with him."

"Very pleasant," thought O'Brien, but his courage never deserted him.

At this moment a shot was heard in the valley, and the sergeant and his men ran out to see what was the matter.

Pooh! It was nothing. A boy was working in the field, and perceiving some soldiers coming towards him, became alarmed and fled. The military, laughing at his terror, called after him to stop. This command he disregarded, and they shot him; that was all—a thing of daily occurrence.

The sergeant returned once more to the house, but Master Daniel O'Brien, having taken advantage of his absence, was nowhere to be found; he had decamped, and they never were blessed with a vision of him. No doubt, if they met again, they would have paid him with interest for the trick he played on the hill-side at Aughavannah.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Laid at Last.

Mary Dwyer, that glorious Mary of the mountain, who gave her maiden heart and troth to the daring insurgent chief, who loved him as much because he loved Ireland as for his own intrinsic worth and daring, who left her father's home to share his wild and uncertain life in hill and vale, in mountain cave and fastness, who swore to love, honor, and obey him, and who held her willing finger for the golden bond that bound her for evermore to care and trouble—that Mary that never regretted her choice, but lived on, still loving more and more, exulting in her hero's triumphs—watching for him as his truest sentinel—Mary the friend and relative of noble Anne Devlin.

In this our day Irish maidens sing and sorrow for their native land—sing divinely—sorrow most lovingly—as only Irish maidens can, such grand spirits as Speranza, Eva, Mary, and other sweet stars in the same galaxy. Mary Dwyer, who endured to the last, and without a murmur, all the privations, dangers, and anxieties attendant upon her dear husband's most adventurous life; who saw the fight fought out, and hope after hope extinguished; who witnessed the enemy occupy every angle of the great old land, like an incoming tide, spreading over everything: who heard, and knew, and felt

"What a man could do was done already"—now began to think that it was time to look at home, to consult the safety of the father of her children, and the future of those beloved little ones around whom all her heart's tendrils were clinging. Again, too, she was about becoming a mother, and the feeling became stronger within her for rest and refuge, not for herself, but for him and his, and for the time to come. Therefore she would her arms around his neck, and, kissing him and sobbing—thinking, no doubt, of the days gone by, when she first sprang to his side, amid the forty horsemen on the mountain, and the flashing arms, and the wild hurrahs of the whole country-side, the steed bounding beneath her light weight, and the bright eyes of her rapturous lover devouring her with delight; of the day, too, when he and she looked upon their first-born; of the day when Robert Emmet took her husband's hand, and told him he was an honor to his country; bringing to mind those dear memories—the faithful wife sobbed and sorrowed, and at last fairly uttered out—"We must give up now, Michael, dear; it is time." Dwyer knew how much it cost her to say so much, and how grieved she must be to say it—for she took pride in his unquailing bravery. He, therefore, returned her embrace, and was silent. No words were wasted on the unwelcome and distasteful subject; but in a few days, afterwards, Mr. William Jackson waited on Mr. Hume with the news that the famous desperado of Wicklow was now willing to accede to the terms proposed by the English government. Mr. Hume was to name time and place, and he was to meet his captive alone and unattended. This was agreed to, with the stipulation that Dwyer was to come unarmed to a retired place, called Little Wood, on the borders of the Roodhawn Bog. The passwords were to be, "It is pleasant to travel

by moonlight," the countersign to which was, "Yes, indeed, I think so."

These preliminaries having been arranged, the next step was for the parties to meet. Accordingly, a certain night was appointed; and Dwyer, having first knelt down at his dear wife's bidding by her side, with their children around them, prayed to God, as she directed, that she did right to urge him, and that he did right to comply. The devoted pair, having prayed fervently together, arose and embraced each other again and again. The outlaw took his children in his arms, strained them to his manly bosom, and at last, restoring them to their weeping mother with a heavy and foreboding heart, went forth to the place of meeting.

Mr. Hume was punctual to the time, and was anxiously waiting the coming of Dwyer. It was therefore with great gratification he heard a footstep coming, and a clear, manly voice give the concerted sign. The next instant the two men met, and looked narrowly at each other.

"Dwyer, you are armed," said Mr. Hume abruptly.

"I am armed," replied Dwyer, "because I had far to come, and the way was beset with mortal enemies; but here is my blunderbuss. Handle it carefully; it is loaded to the muzzle."

"I'm sure it is; for truly it is the heaviest piece of firearms I ever felt."

"Are you now satisfied?" asked the insurgent.

"Fully so. Keep close to my side, and come along."

And they walked to Humewood House, the Anglo-Irish captain and his voluntary captive—the man who had so long dared all the police and all the violence of his Britannic Majesty's forces in Ireland. One man—good God! how much might many such men have affected for Ireland, and how much might they still effect! William Hoar Hume and Michael Dwyer, two Irishmen, walked together that night in their native land—the one to rivet the chains of her perpetual thraldom, the other after having risked his life a thousand times to set her free; the one a well-intentioned slave, the other a patriot and a hero.

Next day Mr. Hume wrote to Dublin Castle the very acceptable tidings that Dwyer had surrendered.

Hugh Byrne followed Dwyer to Humewood, accompanied for a garde d'honneur by a Protestant gentleman, and Martin Burke was run down in a few days, after having afforded his enemies a gallant chase—some fifty of them against one. He crossed the Slaney nine times, poor fellow! and was at last captured, up to his neck in the river, directly under Leilrim barracks, in the Glen of Imale. All the military and civil gentry of the county, from its remotest parts, flocked to Humewood House, to feast their eyes on the famous insurgent chief and his brave companions. Among the company was General B——, who requested to see Dwyer without delay. Accordingly, he was ushered into the captain's presence. Regarding him for some time in silence, and with keen scrutiny—

"You are, indeed, the man," he said; "but why did you not surrender to me? Did you not know I have been in the country for the past three months, and residing in Saunders' Grove?"

"Pray, sir, may I ask who are you?"

"I am General B——!"

"Oh! then, indeed, we are old acquaintances, if I do not greatly mistake."

"Can't say, I'm sure," said the general dryly.

"What! don't you recollect when you and I drew home the turf-creels to Mr. Eintan of Knockarrigan; and when we were comrades at the foot-ball kicking against the Carlow boys, in the Glen?"

"Can't say, I'm sure," repeated the general uneasily.

"What! do you mean to say you do not remember when 'Cat o' nine tails' B—— came to Hollywood, and Moll Kearney brought you and your brother to him, and that he laid his hand on your head, and declared that you were a B——, every inch of you; and that he took both of ye away with him to Dublin, and that we were obliged to do without you from that day to this, and that now you turn up trumps, a real live general!"

"Have done with this insolent trifling!" cried the general, now in a fuming rage, to which he had gradually approaching as Dwyer proceeded to jog his memory.

"Mr. Hume, this man is my prisoner."

"Not so," replied Mr. Hume; "he is mine, and shall continue so."

"But I command the district, and will have him."

"But I command the entire county, and you shall not."

"By what authority?"

"By a commission from the government. Look at it."

"You should have said this before, sir."

"I owe you no information, and no courtesy."

"You will hear from me again," retorted the general.

"The sooner the better," was the laconic rejoinder. The general had a bad memory.

Mr. Hume was very curious to see the commissions and uniforms given by Emmet to Dwyer and his true companions, and his captive, anxious to make some return for his great kindness to him, said he could guess where the papers were, and also his own dress, but that he knew nothing of the uniforms of Burke and Byrne.

"Well, then," said Mr. Hume, "tell me where your own are, and I will send a trusty messenger for it and the commissions. Nay, do not hesitate, you have entrusted your life to me—be sure, as well, that I will not play false to you or to your friends."

Dwyer then wrote an order to James Mangan, Boola Hawa, Tarrinstown, for the required articles, and four yeomen were sent with it without delay.

Mangan denied all knowledge of the articles in question, and would give no satisfaction whatever about them; but, when the order in Dwyer's handwriting was produced, Mrs. Mangan delivered them up, without further hesitation. Dwyer has been much censured for this act, but his dependence upon Mr. Hume's honor was illimitable. He had been his patron and friend from childhood, and never deceived him or any other man in the country, and, better still, no harm ever came of the affair.

Dwyer remained in Humewood for ten days before he was escorted to Dublin. On one of these days, as he and his host were conversing together, Dwyer asked did he remember a certain unmanageable setter he once had, when shooting on Magduff about two years past, Mr. Hume did not recollect.

"Don't you remember the dog that was beating wild away, two or three fields from you, and which you called a countryman to catch?"

"Yes, yes; I positively do. She belonged to Captain Innes, and spoiled a good day's sport for me."

"Well, sir, I am the countryman, who brought her to you, and refused to take some silver, which you offered for my trouble."

"You, is it possible? and I never recognized you."

"Ha, ha! I was well muffled up and not easily detected."

They walked together, chatting thus quietly as they went, when Dwyer, looking up as one of the spacious offices called "the brew-house," said with a smile, "There are comfortable quarters in there."

"How do you know? Were you ever in them?"

"I was there a full fortnight, and thought to be a good judge."

"Come now, Dwyer, what sort of a place is it inside?"

"Well, on entering the front door, on the right side, there is something like a bin attached to the boards, and also—"

"Oh! that will do," said Mr. Hume, laughing; "you must have been there, sure enough; but what supported you whilst there?"

"Ah! sir, Humewood was always a hospitable place, and is so still."

The fact was that between the servants of the place, and two friendly yeomen, one of whose lives Dwyer saved, he was concealed in the out office whilst Mr. Hume was in Parliament, and was fed like a son of an Irish prince. But now the day arrived for the captive to be removed to headquarters, and accordingly he got orders to be ready for the journey as soon as possible—a preparation, by the way, not entailing a great deal of labor on our friend and here. A message, however, came from Donard that Mr. Hume should not bring his prisoner through that locality, as a certain Mr. Cheney was determined to have him shot for having killed a near relative of his own; and besides, Donard was filled with a number of bitter and rascalous yeomen, who would not let the rebel chief pass through without immolating him on the spot.

"Are you afraid, Dwyer?" asked Mr. Hume.

"Not in the least," was the tranquil reply.

"Nor I either, as I intend we both shall be well armed, and shall have twelve sturdy honest fellows to accompany us."

On that day they marched through the dangerous pass—but no man

dared to molest them, and so they proceeded on their journey, until they reached the metropolis and the black heart of its bosom—the castle. Here the terms of surrender were again repeated and ratified, Mr. Hume further enjoining that his prisoner, as well as the others who were to follow on the next day, should be well and kindly treated, and afforded every comfort necessary to their condition. Very soon again Mr. Hume came to visit Dwyer, and to see that his guarantee was carried out to the letter, when, lo! he found that he only arrived in time to learn that he, Burke, and Byrne were about to be transferred to Kilmalham jail, preparatory to their being transported beyond the seas. Exasperated at this vile lack of faith and honor, Mr. Hume waited on the Lord Lieutenant, and expostulated with him very warmly on the conduct of the government, and the vile position it placed himself in, when thus utterly unable to fulfill his engagements with the men to whom he had pledged his honor and his word.

His excellency coldly replied that the executive did not feel themselves bound by any promises made to rebels, nor need Mr. Hume feel any way squeamish on that head.

"So squeamish," retorted the incensed gentleman, "that I deeply regret I did not leave the men free on the mountains where I found them, and where your lordship dared not seek them."

"They shall have their lives, sir, and nothing else," observed the high dignitary, turning away abruptly, and thus ended the interview.

Mr. Hume gave Dwyer £10, and Burke and Byrne £5 each all the money he had in his possession—told them, with many an exclamation loud and deep, how the government had deceived him; and foresworn themselves, and how he was not to blame for their falsehood and perfidy; telling them, at the same time, that he would not lose sight of them or their interest as long and as far as he was able, and he kept his word.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

CONCLUSION.

"After some months' imprisonment in Kilmalham," says Dr. Madden, "Dwyer was transported for life, along with his companions, Hugh Byrne, Martin Burke, Arthur Devlin, and John Mearns. Devlin died soon after his transportation, but Burke and Mearns were still living in 1843." Shortly after their arrival in Botany Bay, a plot was formed which was directed against the life of Dwyer. He was tried and acquitted. Governor Brough, however, sent him to Norfolk Island, and kept him there for six months. The same piece of tyranny was practiced on some of the exiles of 1848 for a nominal offense. He was sent then to Van Dieman's Land, where he was left two years. Then Mr. Governor Brough departed this life, and Governor McQuarrie, who succeeded him, not only allowed our hero to return to Sydney, but appointed him to the situation of High Constable. During this time he was in the condition of a free man, and held some land which he farmed, and made a comfortable livelihood upon. He died at a place called Liverpool, in New South Wales, in the year 1805.

His dear, faithful Mary accompanied him from the first into exile, sharing his fortunes to the last, but their children did not go out for several years after his transportation, and then not in time to find him living.

The widow and orphans resided for a long time at Gouldsbourn, and her death is thus recorded in the Sydney Freeman's Journal of February, 1861:

"Death of the widow of Michael Dwyer, the United Irishman.—It is fallen to our lot to record the death of this estimable woman, the relict of one who struggled with all his manhood's vigor for a noble cause some sixty-two years ago. On Wednesday evening, Mary, wife of Michael Dwyer, a well-known '98 man of the County Wicklow, departed this life at the age ninety-three. Through the strong struggles of '98 and 1803, she stood like a guardian spirit near her patriot young husband. Her husband died in the year 1805, in this colony, leaving seven children, all of whom are still alive and in honorable positions. All her wishes in life were accomplished before her eyes closed in death. When she lived to see her two grandchildren sheltered under the guardianship of Mother Church—one a holy young priest, the other a dweller in the peaceful shades of the cloister, she sang her hymn of resignation, 'Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord.' Her funeral obsequies were

attended by a large number of the city and country clergymen. The Bishop's carriage was in the cortège—a mark of respect for departed worth. May she rest in peace.—Amen."

(The End.)

## ARMENIAN REFORMS.

Published in Turkey and Orders Enacted at Osmo.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Nov. 12.—The official summary of the reforms to be put into execution by the Turkish government, in accordance with their promise, has been published and it is announced that the provincial authorities have received instructions to execute them immediately.

The reforms promised by the sultan, as heretofore cabled to the press, are: The liberation from the prisons of the Ottoman empire of all persons against whom no charges have been preferred; the issuance to the police of orders that all peaceable Armenians must not be prosecuted; the immediate convocation of the Armenian national assembly for the purpose of electing a patriarch; the trial by court-martial of Mashaiah Bey, accused of responsibility for the murder of Father Salvator, the dismissal of the wall of Diarbekir (already complied with), and the sending of definite instructions to all valis that they must repress all further acts of violence, an estimate of the cost of rebuilding the Catholic convents partially destroyed in Asia Minor, the giving of aid to the residents of those districts which have suffered during the recent trouble; the issuance of a decree immediately enforcing the reforms granted in 1856 to the six vilayets of Armenia, the extension of these reforms to the other provinces of the empire.

## EQUINE BEAUTY SHOW.

New York's Annual Horse Exhibition Under Full Swing.

NEW YORK, Nov. 6.—The annual horse show opened in Madison square garden. It is the twelfth annual exhibition under the auspices of the National Horse Show association of America, and while the entries for it are less numerous, and the number of rich box holders less than in previous years, the show itself will, it is expected, in other respects be up to the standard of other shows. None of the Astors are among the box holders, and the death of Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt will have the leaders of New York a swell set among the show.

The horse show in recent years has been pronounced more of a human show than an equine exhibition, but while this feature may not be so conspicuous during the coming week the show of horses, it is promised, will be better than ever.

President of Minneapolis Man's Suicide. MINNEAPOLIS, Nov. 12.—(Captain Albert S. Merriman, a wealthy lumberman walked into the Commercial club, entered a room, and shot himself through the head with a revolver. Death was instantaneous. Merriman has been a victim of nervous dyspepsia and recently had suffered much, which probably caused the act. He left no letter and the deed appeared to have been entirely unpremeditated. Mr. Merriman came to Minneapolis from Quincy, Ill., where he was very prominent. He has been here about two years. He leaves a wife and one daughter, both residing here.

Archbishop Ireland in Disfavor. ROME, Nov. 12.—The statement circulated in the United States that the pope has decided to remove Archbishop Ireland from the diocese of St. Paul is untrue. But it is stated by those qualified to know that Archbishop Ireland has lost the greater part of the former consideration in which he was held at the Vatican, and the course he pursued in the late election in the United States has increased this disfavor.

West Resigns His Old Post. SARATOGA, Nov. 12.—George H. West, appointed special agent of the state fish and forest commission, has resigned the office of school commissioner for the First district of Saratoga county. School Commissioner Frank L. Smith has been appointed by County Judge Houghton to fill the vacancy.

Carpenter's Fatal Fall. ITHACA, N. Y., Nov. 12.—Jason N. Merrill, a carpenter, while repairing Williams' dam at Cascadilla gorge, missed his foothold on the dam and was hurled 35 feet to the rocks below, fracturing his brain. He was a cousin of Jason P. Merrill, chairman of the Tompkins county Democratic committee.

Highway Robbery at Lockport. LOCKPORT, N. Y., Nov. 12.—John Slumb of Cambria was held up by three masked men near here. One of the robbers grabbed the horses by the bridle, while the other two tackled Slumb. They relieved him of a watch and \$12 in money. This is the eighth highway robbery in Niagara county.

Prices of Green Bottles Raised. PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 12.—The Eastern Green Bottle Manufacturers' association met in this city and agreed to reduce production 25 per cent and increase prices 5 per cent. This agreement will affect all green bottle manufacturers, members of the association east of Pittsburgh.

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