

Historical Abduction in Ireland Continued.

whooping cough, with a touch of scarlatina the "Chronicle" newspaper said it was; but the delightful beings would penetrate to the side of his couch, and while he groaned out from under the counterpane, that except the dock there was not an inch of space undisposed of, they gave him "bits of their mind" in return, which they assured him he would never be allowed to forget.

It is not to be concluded that the sterner sex were at all less earnest in their persecutions. But it was not Mr. Carden they wanted to see. One glimpse at that lovely, that heroic girl, was begged and scrambled for with wild enthusiasm. "Sure you can see her some other time," expostulated poor Mr. Gough. The result of such observations on his part was his exclusion from "society" in the South Riding for several seasons afterward.

Jamque dies infamously. Old Judge Ball, grandly preceded by halberdiers and pikemen and trumpeters, and attended by the truly unhappy sheriff "in state," went down to the court house. The Honorable Cornwallis Maude, foreman of the grand jury, having listened to his lordships opening address, retired with his brethren for a while. Soon they returned into court with a "true bill" against their long-time friend and fellow-magistrate, Mr. John Carden, for the forcible abduction of Miss Eleanor Arbuthnot of Rathronan. It was known that great legal contention would arise as to whether Mr. Carden could be said in law to have effected the "abduction," as he had not succeeded in removing the young lady from the car. To guard against mishap the Crown sent up minor indictments for attempted abduction and for aggravated assault. On these also true bills were returned. The jury acquitted the prisoner on the charge of abduction. Next day he was arranged for the attempt to abduct, and was found guilty. A third time, on the following Monday, he was put on trial for a felonious assault on Smithwick, the Rathronan herd. This was very generally felt to be an overdoing of the business by the prosecution, and sympathy with the prisoner was openly expressed on all sides. When the jury this time handed down a verdict of "not guilty," there was "loud cheering" in the court, "the ladies waving their handkerchiefs." More astonishing was the fact that the crowd assembled outside the building—belonging to a class with whom Mr. Carden, as a landlord, was no great favorite—gave vent to like demonstrations. Before sentence was passed he obtained permission from the judge to make some observations, and he addressed the court with great ability, exhibiting considerable tact, delicacy, and judgment in all he said. He disclaimed earnestly, and I verily believe with perfect truth, the unworthy motives as to personal resentment, malice or gain that had been imputed to him. He solemnly declared that he had not "the slightest idea or knowledge of the delicate state of Mrs. Gough's health." "If I had been aware of it," he added, "I certainly would have forbidden the making of any such criminal attempt." Lastly, he indignantly repelled the idea that the drugs found in the carriage were intended for the purpose of producing insensibility.

This address was listened to with breathless attention, and beyond all question elicited much feeling for the man against whom but a brief week before every voice was raised. The judge, however, took a just stern view of the facts, and sentenced Mr. Carden to two years' imprisonment with hard labor in the county jail. On the following day the Tipperary "Free Press" announced that already the unfortunate "Lord of Barnane," clothed in prison garb, had commenced the dreary expiation invoked upon him by a passion which even this ordeal was not to extinguish.

Three years rolled by. Every one seemed to have forgotten the Rathronan episode, when suddenly in the newspapers there appeared the startling heading "Mr. John Carden again! Further attempts on Miss Arbuthnot!"

In these sensational announcements he was somewhat wronged; yet the story was strange enough in its simple truth. Imprisonment, humiliation, mental and physical suffering, public scorn, the relentless hostility of her friends, had failed to shake Mr. Carden's infatuation for Miss Arbuthnot. He followed her unseen. He inquired about her movements, and seemed happy only when, at all events, near the spot of earth which she irradiated. The

young lady, on the other hand, suffered the exquisite torture of ever-present apprehension. She knew her tormentor was around. He had managed to reach her presence and speak to her once at least subsequently to his release, having followed her to Elderslie in Surrey. On this occasion his excited manner quite frightened her. In October, 1858, she was staying with her sister, now Lady Gough, at St. Helen's, near Blackrock, County Dublin, when the woman who kept the gate-lodge one morning reported an alarming story. For two or three days consecutively a well-dressed female had been calling at the lodge, inquiring as to Miss Eleanor's movements,—at what time she went out, and whether she ever walked by herself in the demesne. At length—so the lodge-keeper averred—the mysterious stranger revealed that she came from Mr. Carden, and that a large sum of money would be given if he were assisted to an interview with the young lady in the house or grounds. This was not the only story that reached Miss Arbuthnot. She was told her demented persecutor had declared that when the Gough family went to live at Lough Cooter Castle (recently purchased by them), "which was a lonely place, he could easily carry her off." Things seemed to be getting serious; so on the next visit of Mr. Carden's female ambassador to the gate-lodge she was seized and handed over to the police. Informations were sworn against Mr. Carden who was forthwith arrested and called upon to give substantial securities that he would not molest or annoy Miss Eleanor Arbuthnot. Once more we were in the midst of the old excitement. The Police Court at Kingstown was this time the scene of a protracted trial. It became evident there had been a good deal of panic exaggeration on the part of the lodge-keeper. It was equally clear there had been much crafty duplicity practiced by the female ambassador. She had been formerly a domestic in the employ of Miss Arbuthnot's family, and recently saw her advantage in engaging as housekeeper to Mr. Carden. She knew his weakness, and flattered it. She pretended to have interviews with Miss Eleanor, and brought him cheering messages. In short, the magistrate saw that on this occasion Mr. Carden was very nearly "as much sinned against as sinning." Nevertheless, he deemed it prudent to bind him in heavy penalties to be of the peace the space of one year, a requirement which he resignedly fulfilled. That year flew by, and many more, and still he trod his solitary path through life unshaken in the conviction that Eleanor Arbuthnot loved the man she publicly spurned. The fact that she never married another, perhaps strengthened his hallucination. It is said he more than once traveled secretly to Lough Cooter, to catch, unseen, one glimpse of her on the road or in the grounds, and then returned as he went.

Tipperary, the North Riding especially, is full of the most astonishing stories of this remarkable character. At the time of the abduction he was about fifty-four years of age. He was a compactly built, muscular man; about five feet six inches in height; haughty, perhaps it might be said overbearing with strangers, and not given to forming friendships. Yet he was warmly regarded by his dependants; and, fiercely stern as was his dealing with some of his tenants, many of them—those who experienced his better qualities—spoke and speak of him in the highest terms. He was educated in England, and on attaining his majority found his property had been "under the courts," as the people say,—under a Chancery receiver,—for several years, owing to litigation. The tenants making some pretext out of this state of things, thought to escape paying him the rent. He came home to Barnane, summoned them all to meet him on a given day, and announced to them his ultimatum,—rent or land, pay or quit. They had the reputation of being a desperate lot, and they apparently replied on this to intimidate him. The rent they would not pay; the land they would keep; having reasons, they said, to justify the former resolve, and determination to maintain the latter. But they knew not their man. He said nothing more just then, but forthwith proceeded to put Barnane Castle into fortress condition. Blacksmiths and carpenters were set to work to make the doors and window-shutters bullet-proof; and when this was done a goodly stock of provisions was laid in. Local tradition asserts that he had the stairs cut away, and the interior of the castle so arranged that if the first story was forced he could retreat to the next, and, by pulling up a ladder, cut off all communication. He now commenced operations in the law courts. Ejectment decrees were

taken out against the tenants, and the work of eviction began. It was open war between him and them. I am told that when any of "the enemy" surrendered he not only restored them to their land, but treated them liberally as to terms. Those who refused to submit were remorselessly expelled. Of course, he was shot at, again and again; but, with miraculous good fortune, he always escaped. His pluck, his daring, his admiration of friend and foe. One day, as he was riding along the road toward Nenagh, he was fired at by two men in an adjoining field. He faced his horse round, and, although it was truly a stiff jump, cleared the fence at a bound, galloped after his would-be assassins, struck one of them senseless with a blow from his loaded riding-whip, then overtook the other, dismounted, and, after a desperate struggle, captured him. He deliberately took off the strip-leathers, and with them bound his prisoners and marched them to Nenagh jail. They were tried for the crime, convicted on his evidence and hanged. It was, I believe, during this "war" that the insurgent tenantry in a body marched on the castle, but found him so securely barricaded that he could not be got at. They, however, had prepared to take revenge on him in another way. They had brought with them a number of horses and plows, and now commenced to plow up the beautiful and extensive lawn before the hall door. Mr. Carden had a swivel mounted cannon on the top of the castle; he loaded it with grape-shot in view of the plowing party, and then sang out to them that he had ten minutes to depart. They unyoked in five and galloped off.

In the last few years of his life his eccentricity took a curious turn. He converted the castle into a vast hotel, and erected very extensive and costly Turkish baths. I am not sure that he ever threw the establishment open to the public in the ordinary way, but visitors or tourists passing the way were, I am told, very hospitably received. Some six years ago he was attacked with apoplexy, and never rallied. His death once more recalled his name to public notice; and, with all his failings, the general sentiment was one of compassion and regret for one so strangely compounded of merit and demerit. I know not who succeeded to his estates or whether the castle and its beautiful grounds are visited as of yore; but for many a generation yet to come the story of his life and adventures—most of all the Rathronan—will thrill listening groups around the firesides at Tipperary.

FRENCH MISSIONARIES!

Possibly the subject is not as new to us as it is to the good people of Philadelphia; but all the same it has its fund of interest and instruction, of amusement and edification, which, like the ocean, is inexhaustible. When Rev. P. H. Quill, S.J., delivered a lecture on this entrancing subject, under the auspices of the "Celtic Association of Philadelphia," a couple of weeks ago, he opened the eyes and minds of his audience to the grandeur of the theme. We would gladly reproduce the entire lecture, but we do not think it necessary, at least for the readers of the "True Witness," to go over the list of historians—Protestant and Catholic—upon whose works the lecture is based; nor again to make any lengthy reference to the "Relations of the Jesuits"—that unending mine of historical wealth, which has recently been given to the world in the English, as it had been in the French.

The lecturer tells that from 1611 to 1800, the French missionaries who labored in the field of American—indeed largely Canadian—Christianization and civilization—numbered 320. Beginning with Pere Biard, in 1618, and following with Pere Druliet, in 1650, the rev. lecturer came to the oft-repeated story of Father Rale, the enemy of the Puritans towards him and his final martyrdom. We can best give the balance of the lecture in the words of the report before us of the "Catholic Standard and Times."

THE HURONS.—After sketching the character and condition of the Hurons, the speaker dwelt on the heroism of Father Brebeuf, the founder of the Huron mission, who had labored in the western part of what is now the Empire State. Father Brebeuf was held up as the most eminent of the French mission-

ary was proved to be noble in blood, exalted in character, grand in achievements and heroic in death. To him it was given to be the founder, promoter, director and glory of the Huron mission.

After describing the capture, mutilation, torture and death of Father Jogues by the Iroquois in 1646, the thrilling martyrdom of Father Brebeuf and Father Lallemand on the 16th of March, 1649, by the same tribe was sketched at length. "They were the astonishment of their executioners."

Next followed a description of those "tarts of the wilderness" the Iroquois nation and an account of their conversion.

"Is it not the astonishment of the thinking world to find that many of the executioners of Brebeuf and Lallemand were made to forget their ferocity and embrace Christianity? The Iroquois were the most dreaded children of the forest. They were constantly warring on the French colonies, they had carried havoc far and near among the Algonquins, the Montagnais, the Petuns and the Neutrals. They had scattered and almost exterminated the Hurons and cruelly butchered their missionaries. For all that, Le Moyne, Danlon, Chaumonot and a score of others took their lives in their hands and ventured into the Iroquois cantons. In time they converted thousands among the Senecas, Cayugas, Onondagas, Oneidas and Mohawks. In 1708, when these French missionaries were forbid by English law to reside in the land of the 'Five Nations,' as the Iroquois were called, they could point to an Iroquois saint—Katerin Tagaguita—to Iroquois men and women fashioned to fixed habits of Christian virtue, to communities of Christians among the various tribes and to some thousands who had receded into Canada before the missionaries to form Christian communities there."

THEIR SACRIFICES.—Banished from English territory, the missionaries could go elsewhere and hazard their lives, as they had been doing daily for years. "Men defying the severity of climate, wading through water or through snows, without the comfort of fire, having no bread but pounded corn and often no food but the unwholesome moss from the rocks, men laboring incessantly, exposed to live, as it were, without nourishment, without a resting place" were not the men to turn back and give up disheartened. baffled at one point, they pushed forward in another direction.

"In the march of civilization advancing from the North towards the Great Lakes and the great valley below where were these intrepid French missionaries? Did religion follow at the heels of civility? Did the pioneer of Christianity keep up with the pioneer of trade and commerce? Did the missionary go hand in hand, side by side with the trader, or did he outstrip him? Bancroft claims that the missionary took the lead. 'Not a cape was turned, not a river entered but a Jesuit led the way.' That much at least can be said for one Jesuit. Far in advance of the oncoming columns of humanity slowly moving hitherwards marched James Marquette in solitary grandeur. He it was that kindled the torch whose beams, piercing the forest and flashing over lake and river, enabled those venturing amid the perilous glooms to pick their steps in the gray dawn of our American civilization."

FATHER MARQUETTE'S character, purpose and plans for the discovery of the great river were drawn from copious extracts of Father Marquette's letters written from La Pointe and St. Ignace, missions on Lake Superior, a thousand miles away from the habitations of civilized man, and also from the journal that Father Marquette kept of his famous exploration. The death of the missionary at Mackinaw and the solemn funeral that took place two years later, when some Ottawa Indians with a flotilla of thirty canoes conveyed the remains to their final resting place at the mission of St. Ignace at the head of Lake Michigan, were described.

"Our great historian predicted that the West would one day build a monument to Marquette. The West has built his monument. Under the dome of our glorious Capitol in the nation's Hall of Fame, among the worthies illustrious for historic renown, go and single out among the circling figures the grandest marble—it is James Marquette to the life, a noble man, with a soul lifted up to God, a mind inflexibly bent to duty, a heart swelling with tenderness towards his fellow-creatures, so surely treading the pathway lighted to him by education and conscience that suffering, privation, danger, death could cause no shadow of turning it in; yet still the gentle, enthusiastic, generous man, beloved

among his fellows, the man to dare without flinching, to do without boasting the deeds that heroes do when heaven calls."

"In describing the famous statue Senator Vilas has delineated the character of Marquette. The State of Wisconsin did herself honor in honoring Marquette for his pure life, his writings and for his fame as the explorer of the Mississippi, since, according to the spokesman of that State, Senator Mitchell, he was the first white man to traverse its territory and write a description of it. He was the first to map out the confines of that State. He gave a name to the river after which Wisconsin is called, and on the soil of Wisconsin he planned his voyage of discovery."

"The Senate of the nation showed its wisdom in placing in our Capitol the statue of the faithful missionary whose work among the Indians and explorations within our borders in early days are recognized all over the civilized world."

APOSTOLIC SPIRIT.—The lecturer then showed that Marquette and the French missionaries ought to be credited with something more than the mere natural virtues of steadfast courage and utter self-sacrifice; that they drew their strength from the fact that they were priests imbued with the apostolic spirit of a Paul and a Xavier, battling for a great cause and feeling themselves especially called to carry out the mandate of the Great Teacher, "Go teach all nations;" that they were Jesuits standing at their posts in a spirit of enlightened obedience, even though they had to face death; that they were Frenchmen having an element of Celticism in their blood that prompted them to give themselves over to adventure for the very love of it.

Finally the lecturer showed that these French missionaries deserved renown more for their "work among the Indians" than for "explorations within our borders."

Citing a Celtic authority, the Chief Justice of England, from Lord Russell's definition of civilization, he proved that above any material contributions to civilization, is the work of looking after the poor and the suffering, the frank recognition of brotherhood regardless of race and incessant attention to the claims of justice towards all. French missionaries and their countrymen were just towards the Indians. They called them children and brothers and believed in the policy of conversion and amalgamation. The policy of the English was to neglect the Indians and exterminate them. It is a long cry from St. Pius V. to the missionaries of Florida in 1585 to the eloquent appeal of Archbishop Ryan in 1896. The voice of the Church has ever rung clear for justice and generosity and charity towards the Indians. If the fruit of their labors is not seen in this country as in Canada, it is not the fault of the missionaries; it is our fault. This country received from the English colonists a wretched legacy of cruelty towards the redskins. Through cruel wars and broken treaties and changing policies the Indian has almost been exterminated and the policy pursued and the good wrought so successfully by the French missionaries has been brought to naught. By their fruits we may not know them, yet of them it must be said, "Well done, good and faithful servants."

With the Scientists.

ABOUT AIRSHIPS.—The offer of a prize of \$200,000 for a successful airship to be shown at the St. Louis fair has brought out many competitors with widely different ideas. One of the latest inventors hails from South Bend, Ind., and in the operation of his airship he will use what he calls the "cyclonic force." This consists of a series of lifting-wheels located at each side of the body of the vessel, and operated on vertical tubes in the aerial wings, thereby obtaining mechanically the effect of a bird's feathers and wings when in motion. The inventor says the wings will be stationary and serve as aerial planes, while the wheels perform the lifting force. The longitudinal movement is produced in the same manner, thereby forming what he terms a continuous "cyclonic" effect in advance of the travel of the vessel. It is declared that by this method any air currents not favorable to the travel of the vessel are destroyed and conformed to the needs of safety in high speed. The inventor bases all his hopes of success on the "lifting-wheels." There will be eighty-eight of them on the ship, forty-four on each side, and they will be made of aluminum. The ship will be shaped like a cigar, and the speed motion will be produced by wheels located

in two tubes, running the full length of the machine and located in the centre. The engine will be constructed of aluminum and will be steel lined. It will be novel in that it will be a rotary engine, which will allow the hull to travel in one direction while the disk runs in another.

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