

...ing styles that herald
... of the glories that
... you The Big Store
... be world.

... pale blue, pink, red
... with the Gibson ef-
... of same. Price \$3.95.
... waist made, new style
... with open work and fine
... colorings, pink, pale
... dainty waist for price

...ists in a full range of
... auve, red and black,
... with pin head tucks
... trimmed with open
... a chic waist for price

...very newest style front
... over with pin head
...s and cuffs, a very

...arming creations of ex-
... over with pin head
...ancy silk crochet but-

...trimmed with white
...atin. Price \$8.65.
...tucked silk, lined sat-
... Price \$9.75.

...med Sheets, size 63 by
...gular \$1.40; price \$1.30.
...med Sheets, size 81 by
...gular \$1.85; price

...med Sheets, size 65 by
...gular \$1.85; price

...illow Cases, size 20 by
...gular price 40c; price

...illow Cases, size 21 by
...gular 55c; price 44c.

...ke their pur-
...spring rush.

...ERINGS are
...on, and every
...can be found
...fully executed.

...till Whisky com-
...ondon and Dublin
...and Purity.

...y, Quick.
...ed with
...OLD EXTRACTS
...true
...me!

FROM
"New
Ireland."

The Last Historical Abduction In Ireland!

By A. M.
Sullivan.

ON Sunday, the 2nd of July, 1854, I was standing with some friends outside the walled gateway of Holy Cross Abbey, County Tipperary.

We were examining a curiously sculptured stone of the sixteenth century, built into the wall close by the northern end of the bridge which here spans the Suir, when a cry or shout on the other side of the river, and the noise of a horse in rapid gallop attracted our attention. Looking quickly around, we had barely time to get out of the way when there dashed by us at furious speed a police orderly, his horse all flecked with foam, and mud spattered to the top of his shako. What was it? Not another "rising," surely? "A landlord shot, as sure as we live," exclaimed one of our party; and, standing where we did, on Tipperary soil, in the midst of a famous shooting district, no guess could have been more natural under all the circumstances. After a while we turned into the abbey, and, having spent an hour amidst the ruined aisles of King Donald's Church and the shattered tombs of prince and lord, we forgot for a moment the hurried horseman, and came away. It was only when we returned to Thurles, after a brisk walk of three miles we had an explanation of the incident at the bridge. "Did you hear the news, sir?—did you hear the news? Carden of Barnane—the country is up in pursuit of him; all the police are out, and the mounted men are giving the alarm."

"But, what has he done?"
"Done, sir! Didn't you hear? Miss Arbuthnot—the young English lady, a sister of Mrs. Gough, that he was mad in love with, they say—sure he tried to carry her off; and there was a bloody battle between his men, and the people defending her, and he was beat; but an orderly has brought word to our sub-inspector that they say he was taken an hour ago, on the road below at Farney."

Could we credit our ears? An abduction! Had the worst days of the last century come back on us once more? An abduction, and by Mr. Carden of Barnane, one of the magnates of the county, a great landlord, grand juror, magistrate, deputy-lieutenant. Before nightfall the town was all excitement over the story, which was told in a hundred versions. True it was that an event destined to startle the kingdom from end to end had just befallen within a few miles of where we stood. "For years past," said the "Times" two days subsequently, "no event of any political cast has created greater excitement than the adventurous attempt of the lord of Barnane to possess himself by means beyond the pale of the law, of a bride possessed of all the requisites, personal and pecuniary, which were but too frequently irresistible for the philosophy of the Celtic temperament."

About three miles from Clonmel, the beautifully envired capital of Southern Tipperary, stands Rathronan House. The road to Cashel leads due north for two miles, when at Rathronan Church it turns sharply to the left and west. Here it skirts for a mile the southern boundary of Rathronan demesne, after which it turns again northward. On this road is the avenue entrance to Rathronan House, the gate-lodge being half a mile from the little church already referred to. In 1854 Rathronan was the residence of Captain the Honorable George Gough, eldest son of Field-Marshal Lord Gough, the hero of Sobraon. Captain Gough had married an English lady, daughter of Mr. George Arbuthnot, of Elderslie, Surrey, and at this time two sisters of Mrs. Gough, Laura, the elder and Eleanor, the younger, resided with her. The fame of these fair Saxons filled the county. They were young, handsome, and accomplished. When I add that they were heiresses to considerable fortune, it will be at once admitted they were fascinating and irresistible. So at least, thought all the young gallants of the "upper ten" in Tipperary. Eleanor fairly turned the heads of several of them; yet her heart was obdurate; she was impartially civil and cold to all. Among these suitors was "the lord of Barnane," Mr. John Carden. He had met her at Marlfield, the charming residence of Mr. Bagwell, long time member for Clonmel, and soon the North Riding squire was the most desperately in love of all. He followed her everywhere. Wherever she appeared—at archery meet or at flower show, at concert, evening party, or country ball—there was he, like one under a spell, having eyes for noth-

ing and nobody but her. Between him and Captain Gough there existed the friendly and social relations of one county gentleman with another constantly met in the hunting field and the grand jury room; but the families were not intimate in their intercourse. At length Mr. Carden formally proposed for the hand of the English maiden. He was refused—refused under circumstances that not alone wounded his feelings, but caused him to believe that he owed his repulse not so much to any aversion on the part of the young lady as to unfair opposition on the part of her family. Once this idea took possession of him, there was no displacing it. Trifles light as air were viewed as corroboration; a fancied glance as she passed him in the street, a flourish of her whip as she drove by in the pony-phaeton, were embraced as so many signals that she really loved him, but was under restraint. The plain truth was, she cared not a jot for the lord of Barnane. Very likely she may have been for a while a little pleased with or vain of his attentions; but she did all that a young girl could well do, without being painfully rude, to repress any closer advances once things became serious.

The ladies of Rathronan House were in the habit of attending divine service on Wednesdays at Fethard, a town distant northward six or seven miles. On Wednesday, the 28th of June, 1854, from one reason or another Miss Eleanor and Mrs. Gough stayed at home, and the elder, Miss Arbuthnot, Laura, and a young lady friend, Miss Linden, were driven to the Church at Fethard, by a servant named Hoare. While he was engaged in stabling the horse during the time of service, Hoare was accosted by Mr. John Carden's confidential "man," Rainsberry, who was very inquisitive, and asked quite a number of pumping questions about the young ladies. He elicited from Hoare, at all events, the fact that Miss Eleanor was not of the party. Returning home the ladies encountered on the road, at a place called Market Hill, Mr. Carden, who was on horseback, and it was observed that drawn up close by was a carriage. Furthermore, Hoare noticed that soon after the Rathronan phaeton passed a car drove up, containing Rainsberry and four other men, who joined the attendants of the carriage in the by-way. These circumstances, however, seemed to have aroused no particular suspicion at the time.

Next day there was the Midsummer Flower Show at Clonmel, the favored annual rendezvous of the county gentry, or rather of the county ladies. Mr. Carden was early on the ground. He sauntered through the marquees, and strolled along the stands; but the bloom of June roses had no charm for him. His eyes sought only the flower of Rathronan. In the afternoon she appeared. He accosted her; asked how her sister was. She bowed, answered that her sister was very well, and passed on. All efforts to engage her in conversation were baffled.

On the following Sunday, 2nd of July, 1854, Mrs. Gough, Miss Arbuthnot, Miss Eleanor Arbuthnot, and Miss Linden attended divine worship at Rathronan, Captain Gough being all this time absent in Dublin. The party were driven to the Church on an Irish "outside" car. As they entered the Churchyard they saw standing behind a tombstone, as if idly waiting the commencement of the service, Mr. Carden of Barnane. Considering the incident of Wednesday, the meeting at the flower show, and above all, the fact that Rathronan was not the Church which ordinarily he would attend, they must have felt his presence to be only a new demonstration of that "haunting" process of which they had by this time become painfully conscious. As a matter of fact, he attracted general notice, nearly every one understanding that he came to have a look at "Miss Eleanor." During devotions he exhibited not a trace of nervousness, excitement, or anxiety. He withdrew at the close of the regular service; but as this was Sacrament Sunday the Rathronan ladies waited to communicate and consequently, did not leave at the same time.

The morning had been so fine that the ladies had left home, as I have mentioned, on an open vehicle; but scarcely had they entered the Church when heavy showers came on. The coachman, James Dwyer, quick in thought, drove back to Rathronan (distant three-quarters

of a mile), put up the outside jaunting car, and returned with what is called a "covered car" in its stead. This is a description of vehicle which is entered at the back, the passengers sitting on each side vis-a-vis within. Dwyer little dreamt how much was soon to turn on this change of "traps."

There had meantime drawn up outside the Rathronan demesne gateway a carriage, to which were harnessed a dashing pair of thoroughbreds. Six strange men were observed loitering about close by; and on the road outside the entrance to the church-yard a groom led two saddle horses. When Mr. Carden quitted the Church he mounted one of them, and rode up to where the carriage stood. He spoke a few hurried words, on which the coachman gripped his reins, and the six "guards" or attendants, at once closed in. Mr. Carden got off his horse, and earnestly examined the housings of the two magnificent animals yoked to the carriage. Every strap and buckle, band and trace, was minutely and carefully scrutinized and tested. The examination concluded, he again mounted and rode back toward the Church. He met Captain Gough's covered car returning with the ladies. He at once wheeled round and closely followed it, his horse's head being barely a few feet from the end of the vehicle. Dwyer, the coachman, as he neared the gateway saw the strange carriage and the attendants, and knew that behind was riding Mr. John Carden of Barnane, the importunate suitor of "the young mistress." Some thought that all was not right flashed like lightning through his mind. He had not time to work the problem out to any very clear conclusion; but as he neared the gate, he, with a sort of instinctive alarm, shook the rein and cried to his horse. Before a touch of his whip could fall the six men dashed forward, seized and stopped the car. Then first he recognized in their leader Rainsberry, and divined what was up. He sprang from the driving seat, exclaiming, "Rainsberry, you villain, let go my horse; you'll pay dear for this!" A blow on the head from a skull-cracker tumbled Dwyer to the ground. Rainsberry shouted out, "Cut, cut! Knives, knives!" One of the band pulled from beneath his coat a large garden knife, freshly sharpened, and with one stroke severed the reins of the Rathronan horse; another and another, and the traces hung on the ground. This was but the work of a few seconds; years of terror and agony they seemed to the screaming victims in the car. At the instant the vehicle was stopped, Mr. Carden jumped from his horse, rushed over and grasped at Eleanor Arbuthnot. But the whole chapter of accidents was in her favor that day. She happened to be farthest in; he could touch her only by reaching across Miss Linden, who sitting on the same seat, was next the door. Had the ladies been on the outside car which bore them to Church in the morning, one pull from their assailant would have brought any of them to his feet. But, placed as they now were, they were considerably sheltered from attack, and before Eleanor could be reached the other three had to be pulled out and disposed of. All four showed fight in the most determined manner, fully realizing what was on foot. Mr. Carden succeeded for a moment in gripping Eleanor. With desperate energy he pulled and strained to drag her out. Laura held her back, and Miss Linden, drawing her clenched fist with all the force she could command, struck the underfenced face of the deputy-lieutenant a smashing blow. Blood spurted from his nose and streamed down his face, covering his shirt-front and vest. He loosed his hold and turned sharply on his lady assailant. In vain she shrieked and struggled; he tore her furiously from her hold, and flung her on the side of the road. Mrs. Gough, whose condition of health at the time made a scene like this almost certain death for her, sprang as best she could out of the car, and rushed through the avenue toward the house, screaming for help. A young peasant, named McGrath, was the first to arrive on the scene. He saw Captain Gough's herd at some distance and shouted to him to hurry, that there was murder going on. Then, with genuine Tipperary vehemence he dashed into the fray. Had it been a struggle altogether between men, McGrath would doubtless have been perplexed which side to espouse lest he might by any mischance be striking on behalf of

"law and order," the police, the magistrates, the landlords, or that concatenation of them all "the Government." But he saw women attacked, and he could make no mistake in hitting hard at their assailants. Mr. Carden returned to the car after hurling Miss Linden aside, and renewed his endeavors to drag Eleanor Arbuthnot from her seat. "Eleanor! Eleanor!" he exclaimed, "it is you I want. I know I shall hang for this. My life will be the price!" Laura yet remained with her; and he found he must get rid of the elder sister as he had disposed of Miss Linden. After a long contest he succeeded, and there now remained in the vehicle, but the one whose capture was the object of all his efforts. The hapless girl had seen her companions and protectors one by one torn from her side, and now her turn had come. Bravely, nobly, all undaunted, would she fight to the last! She put her arm through a leather hanging-strap that was fixed outside the window, and held on for dear life. She struggled frantically against the powerful savage, who wildly pulled and tore at her with all his force. Several times had he succeeded but for the interference, at the most critical moment, of some one of her few defenders outside; for all this time a deadly encounter was proceeding on the road. McGrath, his head literally gashed with wounds, Dwyer, the coachman, and Smithwick, the herd, also, bleeding profusely, were, ever and anon, despite the greater numbers of their foes, able to make a dash at Mr. Carden, and drive him from his hold. But by the testimony of all who saw the scene, not one of them fought so daringly as Miss Linden. Again and again she was flung to the ground by Mr. Carden; as often did she spring to her feet and clutch him by the throat, tear his hair by the handful, and pound his face till it bled anew!

Gasping, breathless, almost fainting, he had received a fearful blow of a stone on the temple from McGrath. Mr. Carden cried to his followers, "Cowards! cowards! come on. Why don't you fire? why don't you fire?" But happily they would not fire, though in the carriage close by fire-arms had been provided. The only one of them who seemed ready to proceed to extremities was Rainsberry. The others, as they subsequently complained, had been told that Miss Eleanor Arbuthnot was to be a consenting party to the abduction. When they saw the turn the affair had taken, they wished to be well out of it. Every moment showed them more clearly that their necks were being run into halters, and every moment also lessened their chance of escape. Help was now approaching; shouts were heard in the distance. The maddening thought forced itself on Mr. Carden that he had failed and must fly. Not readily, however, could he be got to realize the astounding fact. His attendants almost forced him into the carriage, and, like arrow from the hended bow, off it flew, two of the finest blood horses in all Munster straining in the traces.

Clonmel was the first to receive the alarm, and quickly Mr. Gould, the resident magistrate, Mr. Fotherberry, the sub-inspector of police, and a strong party of constabulary were in full chase. They rightly guessed that the fugitives would make for Templemore, and they dashed away northward. Meanwhile the Rathronan farm steward had taken horse and galloped to Cashel, where, on receipt of the astounding news which he brought, Mr. McCullough, the sub-inspector, with all the mounted officers of his force, soon took saddle and gave pursuit. About three or four miles north of Holy Cross, and within four or five miles of Branganee gate, is Farney Bridge, close by Farney Castle, the picturesque residence of Mr. Armstrong. Here, after a ride of ten miles at full gallop, they sighted the carriage going at a desperate pace. But Mr. McCullough's horses were fresh, and the run of twenty miles from Rathronan, over very heavy roads, had told severely on Mr. Carden's. The officers soon overhauled the vehicle and summoned the occupants to pull up and surrender. The answer was a shout of defiance. Instantly springing from the stirrup, Mr. McCullough rushed at the horses, managed to seize them, and by turning them slightly ran the carriage into the ditch. Two attendants jumped from the "dickiey," and showed fight, but they were at once overpowered. In fact, Farney police barrack was quite close at hand, and on the first noise of the affray the men turned out,

arriving in time to assist in the capture and disarmament of the whole party. Mr. Carden was discovered to be severely wounded about the head and neck. There were found upon him a loaded six-barreled revolver, a loaded double-barreled pistol, a belt containing three hundred and fifteen pounds in gold and English notes, a memorandum book, and a lady's lace veil. With the prisoner were taken three "life-preservers," one stained with blood, a large knife, and a pouch of revolver ammunition. In the carriage were a coil of rope, coats, rugs, shawls, quite a variety of clothing, and a black leather bag. On opening the bag it was found to contain two bottles of chloroform, one bottle of mixture, a sponge, a bottle of smelling salts, a bottle of tincture of valerian, a small goblet, some ladies' gloves, a pair of ladies' slippers, a crochet vest, a wig, some bandages and lint, besides minor articles. One of the chloroform bottles was marked "a teaspoonful to a cup of water." From the following entry discovered in the memorandum book it would seem that Mr. Carden meant to drive through his own demesne without stopping, dispatching this written message to some trusted agent there:

"Lock the main gate; bully and baffle all pursuers; but don't endanger life. Lead pursuers to suspect that I'm shut up in the tower. Rake the gravel at the house, and remove tracks. Give a hint to Johnson to be a friend and mislead the pursuers. Do not forward my letters, but write yourself to St. James's, and protect the men who were with me."

All, however, was over now. His desperate game was played and lost. He was led a prisoner to Cashel jail.

So incredible did it seem that such an outrage as this could happen in our country in the middle of the nineteenth century, that when the first reports appeared in the Dublin newspapers there were many readers who derided the story as a sensational fiction. It was only when every day and hour subsequent brought irresistible corroboration that men universally accepted as a fact the astounding narrative. The particulars that came later to hand intensified the general excitement. It became known that the measures Mr. Carden had concerted for the abduction of Miss Eleanor Arbuthnot had occupied his attention for a long period, and had involved a considerable expenditure. He had, it was stated, decided upon conveying her to the shore of Galway Bay (distant some fifty miles), where he had a steamer chartered for the purpose of taking her off to sea, relays of horses being placed along the entire route from Templemore to Galway. The vessel with steam up was lying off the shore, and it was stated to be his intention to sail direct for London. These preparations cost him a sum about seven thousand pounds.

On Thursday, the 27th of July, 1854, the Tipperary South Riding assizes were opened in Clonmel by the Right Honorable Judge Ball. Hardly within the memory of the oldest inhabitant was there such a throng of the county families as filled the town upon that day; for the sensational trial of Mr. John Carden was to be the great item of the calendar. The Honorable George O'Callaghan, high sheriff, was in a state bordering on frenzy for several days previously. Ladies, young, old and neuter, hunted him remorselessly from post to pillar with unappealable demands for admission tickets. He piteously explained that a considerable enlargement of the county court house was impracticable at such short notice, and that he feared the judge would not listen to the idea of conducting the trial on the race-course or in the fair-green. All to no purpose. Every fair persecutor was very sure she would take up little room—"hardly any at all"—and could easily, "if he pleased," be provided with a nook whence she could see that poor mad creature, Mr. Carden, dear soul, who had, "loved not wisely but too well," and so forth; and it was nothing but downright ill nature, to be resented to the day of his death for him, the high sheriff or Sam Going, his surly "sub," to say the places were already assigned. He fled the town,—was "not at home," to inquirers,—but they pushed their way into his study all the same. Then he took to his bed, and gave out that he was very ill, a combination of measles and (Continued on Page Twelve.)