

FATHER BURKE.

HIS SERMON IN BATHFARNHAM.

"THE ANNUCIATION."

The following sermon was preached on the Feast of the Annunciation by the Very Rev. T. N. Burke, O. P., on the occasion of the consecration of the new Parish Church of the Annunciation at Bathfarnham. The Very Rev. Preacher took his text from the 21st chapter of the Apocalypse:—

"Behold the tabernacle of God with men, and He shall dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself will be with them and be their God."
 Among all the festivals of the Christian year, dearly beloved brethren, which bring joy to the heart of the man of faith, this feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary is the greatest. Whether we consider the mystery of Divine mercy that was accomplished in Mary today, or whether we consider it as the beginning of all mysteries—the great centre and source of all the graces that we can receive or have ever received from God—it is the greatest of festivals. What do we commemorate? What graces have we received today, dearly beloved? For four thousand years the human race, sunk in sin, and idolatry, covered up with pride, was separated from the Almighty God. The cloud of His anger overshadowed the whole earth; men in their successive generations seemed to live only to outrage and insult the majesty of God; few and far between were the rays of divine grace or favor that shone upon the earth; small, indeed, was ever the light of divine knowledge which was able to pierce this cloud of the anger of God. But whilst men were filling up the measure of their iniquity, the Almighty God was preparing the fullness of His mercy; and, when the hour and the fullness of the blessed time of mercy had come, then the mighty counsel of the Eternal God resolved itself in the Mystery of the incarnation; then that which was hidden for ages—the Word Incarnate—was manifest unto men.

"For us men and for our salvation," the Almighty and Eternal Word of God, the second person of the blessed Trinity, came down from Heaven and was incarnate of the Holy Ghost, and was made man for us men, and for our salvation. He humbled Himself that we might be raised, He impoverished Himself that we might be enriched; He became the child of man upon this earth, "that man," says St. Augustine, "might be made the child of God." And this is the mystery that we commemorate today, accomplished in Mary—accomplished through the agency and operation of the Holy Ghost, the third person of the adorable Trinity. God became man and changed this earth, as it were, into a Heaven by His presence; God became man, no longer in the highest Heaven, separated from us by the awful distance of our sin and His anger, but in the very midst of us upon this earth. He, the fountain of majesty and greatness, of sanctity and glory, became man, and was incarnate in the most pure and holy womb of Mary. When Jesus was commanded by Almighty God to go forth and to proclaim:—"Hear ye, therefore, O House of David! The Lord Himself shall give you a sign. Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, and his name shall be called Emmanuel;" when the same prophet was commanded to announce all the humiliations and all the sufferings that were to follow, he answered:—"Oh Lord! and if I speak this word who will believe me?" Even Solomon, in the day of the opening of the Temple, made this prayer to God and said:—"Shall it be said, then, because we have built a house for Thee, shall it be said that Thou shalt dwell among men?"—He immediately and sorrowfully adds, "No, we know that this is but a house of prayer, where Thy name shall be prayerfully invoked. Shall it be said that God dwells amongst men?" The answer comes loud and clear from the inspired lips of the Evangelist:—"I saw the Holy City, the new Jerusalem coming down out of Heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice from the throne saying:—"Behold the tabernacle of God with men, and He shall dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself will be with them and be their God."

Now I ask you, dearly beloved, to consider how this Word was fulfilled, and to consider how in the very festival that we are celebrating to-day, how much more deep and significant becomes the notion of consecrating this beautiful temple to Almighty God, and consequently how much deeper and more significant must our joy be entering into the house of God, and feasting our eyes with the beauty of the place where dwell His glory and majesty. How was this Word first fulfilled? I answer, it was first fulfilled in Mary, the mother of God, the woman who in this day's Gospel and in this day's festival and mystery is represented to us kneeling lowly in her prayer in that little humble house of Nazareth, absorbed in the contemplation of God, pouring forth the inspired words which she had learned in the Temple, saying to the Lord God, "Grant us, O Lord! Thy salvation, and show us Thy mercy. Send forth the Lamb, the ruler of the earth from Petra of the desert to the Mount of the daughter of Zion." And no sooner was the prayer come forth from the Virgin's heart, and from her pure lips, than before her, bright, dazzling in his brilliancy, appears the mighty Archangel Gabriel. At the sight of the kneeling Virgin the Archangel from Heaven dropped down to make reverence. He saw in his wonder a being greater than himself in the order of divine grace, though little less than the angels in the order of nature; he saw a vision of sanctity such as he never beheld even in Heaven among his fellow angels, and he cried out, "Hail, O Mary! Thou art full of grace; the Lord is with thee!" She was disturbed when she heard this word of his, when he announced to her that she was to conceive and bring forth a Son, and that her son was to be great, and was to save all the people, and that He was to be called the Son of God; She trembled with fear, and she said to the angel:—"How can this be? I know not man, I am a virgin consecrated to God, and such I am determined to remain." Then came the unfolding of the awful mystery:—"Fear not, Mary," said the angel; "trouble not with fear lest that bright virginal crown shall be ever taken from thee. No; for ever shall it rest upon thy brows; fear not, thou hast found grace before the Lord. The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee; the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee; therefore, the Holy One that is to be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." Then Mary's mind opened first to the conception of the designs of God; then Mary's heart and will opened in conformity with those designs of God, and she said:—"Be it done unto me according to Thy Word, for I am the handmaid of the Lord," and the moment Mary said "Fiat," the Eternal Word was made Man in her immaculate womb. Then, for the first time, beheld the tabernacle of God with man; then, for the first time in the history of man since the day when an angry God withdrew from our sinful parents in Paradise—withdrew into the cloud of his own anger and of his own unapproachable brightness, never again to appear, except in tempests of thunder and lightning, until he appeared in Mary's womb—now, for the first time, beheld the tabernacle of God with man, the most holy and sacred bosom of Mary.

He did come to her and made her his living temple, how Almighty God labored as the child of Mary in the great work of man's salvation. First consider how God prepared that living tabernacle. She was a miracle of divine grace. The Angel said to her "fear not, oh Mary, but rather rejoice because thou hast found grace." And in truth, dearly beloved, one of the most vivid joys of life is to find some precious thing that was lost. Thus, for instance, we read in the Gospel that when the wise woman lost the silver draught, or great, how she searched the house diligently, and the moment she found it, she was so rejoiced that she went and called her neighbors, and said, "Rejoice with me, because I have found the draught that was lost." The angel with Mary rejoiced because she had found something that was lost, the most precious of all things, the greatest of God's graces, that grace which makes us friends with God, that grace which brings divine influence into the soul, that grace that is called by St. Peter "the absorption of the divine nature," that grace which alone ensures our eternal happiness in that world beyond the grave;—all this was lost by our sinful mother, Eve—grace sufficient to save the world from sin and death, grace sufficient to change that universal sorrow which is the history of the world into joy, grace which if it had been preserved by our first parents would have made this earth a very Paradise for man, from which he would pass by a painless transition into heaven. All that was lost by Eve was found by Mary; all that the first woman lost the second and the greater woman found. "Thou hast found grace." It means she found as much as the first great mother lost, consequently that in her was concentrated all those wonderful graces of God which would have sanctified all the generations of men. No wonder, then, that that same angel said, "Thou art full of grace." This grace began from the first moment of her life, for Almighty God resolved to build up in Mary both in body and soul His own tabernacle the whole tabernacle of God; and, therefore, He laid the very foundation of Mary's existence upon the summit of His own mountain of sanctity. Mary was conceived without sin; Mary came into existence by an immaculate conception. Who has saved all men by His passion and death, saved Mary, His mother; and so she began in her immaculate conception with the grace of perfect sanctity and perfect transparent immunity from even the slightest stain of sin, which made her in the very first moment of her being more holy than any other creature that God ever made, and that is the meaning of the words of Scripture: "This one immaculate one is but one; there is no second to her." And the Holy Ghost, her spouse, says, "Thou art all fair, my beloved, and there is no spot or stain in thee;" and to the grace of her immaculate conception, to which she responded with a grace of perfect devotion, to this were added subsequent graces. "The holy and the prudent woman heaps grace upon grace." Every highest gift of God was lavished upon Mary only to be taken by her and by the action of her magnificent will to be multiplied again and again. Thus was she prepared, and it was not until every faculty of her will was enriched with its own grace to the fullness of its power—it was not until her mind was enlarged and enlightened with divine knowledge, her heart expanded like an ocean to contain the greatness of her love, her body and soul beautiful as a strong substance in the beauty of her immaculate innocence and purity—it was only when she was thus prepared, that the angel came and announced to her that she was to be the living tabernacle of God with man, and that her most sacred bosom became the dwelling place of God. Now she holds her God within her; now the angel, who came and saluted her, saying, "Hail, full of grace,"—he had saluted only a creature—prostrated himself before her recognizing the presence of his God in His holy mother.

His Church, and thus remaining in His Church on her altars and in her tabernacles pouring out mystically, but how really and truly, in the sacrifice of the Mass, pouring out the blood shed on Calvary. Thus abiding, I say, this Great God remains as He remained with Mary; and, as in Mary's womb He sanctified John the Baptist, so from His tabernacle in the Church He goes forth upon the sanctification of all men. Every form of divine grace that is required He has provided in His Church—light for the darkened—for the word of faith is found in the sacramental grace—grace beginning with us in the font of baptism, where, as little, newborn, unthinking children, we are made sons of God; mercy, never letting us go beyond its reach, even in the hour of our folly and sin; grace, following us from this Church out beyond the grave, tracking us even into the other world, into our eternity, and surrounding us there with the voice of suffrage and of intercession that ever goes on in the Church of God. Thus does our Lord, in this new tabernacle, perpetuate the action in His first great tabernacle. And now, I say, all this which we commemorate in the mystery of the Incarnation renders more significant and more joyful the action for which we are come here to-day.

The Lord Himself has come, and He has come to remain. Oh! wonderful and immeasurable blessing! He comes to remain all day long waiting for you, His children, to come to Him in your joy, and sanctify your joy, and in your sorrows that He may help you to carry your cross. He remains all day long within the gates of this tabernacle, that those who require help may find it from Him, that those whose souls are darkened may find themselves in His light. He remains waiting for the rapturous pleasure which the voice of prayer brings to the heart of God and throughout the long nights with that lamp slowly wasting its life away in a golden flame. Yet while He remains the light of Heaven abides in the dark place for our love, and within those silent walls legions of angels will pay their homage to God until the morning breaks and the sound of the bell calls the faithful souls to take their place. And for what does He remain, oh my brethren. He remains for these purposes—first of all His voice shall resound, you shall hear the voice of Jesus Christ, His own words, just the same as they were heard by the multitudes who followed Him to the mountain side, and there sat entranced listening to Him; I say the voice of the Son of God, and I claim this as the special privilege of this Church and such as these, no voice of man dare speak; a man may speak, but he must not speak unless he be appointed and consecrated; a man may speak, but he dare not speak his own sentiments; he must bring every word of his to the standard measure of the divine faith, he must prove that his words are the very words of Jesus Christ, and here is the beauty of the Catholic Church; the true liberty of the children of God is found only in that Church, where the teacher, indeed, is not at liberty at all, if I or any other man were to breathe one syllable that the Church of God does not teach, and does not commission me to teach, the Church should rise up and cry "Anathemas!" You are free, you have that freedom of which God spoke, "you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." But not only shall that word resound here, but every form of grace that is necessary to fill souls you will find here, from the grace of Holy Baptism, which you must come to look for here for your children in their infancy; that they may belong to God, down to the last grace on that day when the priest from this altar will take the Viaticum, and the Holy Oils to find you dying, down to the day when your dead bodies having been laid before this altar will receive the outburst of prayer from the lips of the Church of God; every single grace, every light every consolation, every power of God will be found here. Behold how grace remains. Is it not then truly the tabernacle of God with men. "He shall dwell with them, and they shall be His people." His people truly, who are always privileged to come to Him, for this is a blessed privilege given to us by the incarnation that no sinner may live; and say he dares not approach the throne of God, no sin that can be committed or devised by the perverted ingenuity of man can dry up the infinite powers of Divine mercy. And so, dearly beloved, "they shall be His people and He, the Lord God in the midst of them shall be their God." All this has come to pass today; this spot of earth is consecrated for evermore, this building has now found its proper object for which it was raised. He is God, and we have come here to offer Him welcome. Let us rejoice and be glad. When the prophetic eye of David, actuated by love, looked down into the future and saw the Church, when he saw it only in that strong fancy of his, he was rejoiced and cried out, "I have loved O Lord, the beauty of Thy house, I have rejoiced in the things that have been told me, we shall go into the house of our God." That which he saw only dimly we have beheld to-day. We have saluted our God. He has come to remain with us to make us His people, and let us, in the joy of our hearts, accept and receive and cherish Him as our God. And surely for those who, with kind hearts and generous hands, have labored in this work which has happily terminated to-day to raise up this beautiful thing for God, I promise them that God, who is not outdone in generosity, will build and prepare a place of exceeding joy and glory for them in His own bright and everlasting Heaven.

THE ARBUTHNOT ABDUCTION.

FROM "NEW IRELAND," BY A. M. SULLIVAN, M.P.

On Sunday, the 2nd of July, 1854, I was standing with some friends outside the ivied 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 spans the river, 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 a furious speed a police orderly, his horse all decked with foam, and mud splattered to the top of his shank. "What was it? Not another 'rising,' surely?" "A landlord shot, as sure as we live," exclaimed one of our party; and standing where he 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, and—" "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, all armed, and the people defending her, and he was beaten, but an orderly has brought word to our sub-inspector that they say he was took an hour ago, on the road below at Farney."

once more? An abduction, and by Mr. Carden, of Barnane, one of the magnates of the country, 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 requisite personal and pecuniary, which were but too frequently irresistible for the philosophy of the Celtic temperament."

About three miles from Clonmel, the beautifully environed 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 northwards. 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 Honourable George Gough, eldest son of Field Marshal Lord Gough, the hero of Sobrova. 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 country. They were young, handsome, and accomplished. When I add that they were heiresses to considerable fortunes, it will be at once admitted they were fascinating and irresistible. So at least thought all the young gallants of the "upper tier" in Tipperary. Eleanor fairly turned the heads of several of them; yet her heart was obdurate; she was impartially civil and cold to all. Amongst 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 suite was the most desperately in love of all. He followed her everywhere. Whenever she appeared—at archery—meet or at flower-show, at concert, evening party or county ball—there was he, like one under a spell, having eyes for nothing 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-phalanx, 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 on his part.

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 23rd 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 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 suspicions at the time.

Next day there was the Midsummer Flower Show at Clonmel, the favoured 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 eye 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 effort to engage her in conversation was bauld.

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 devoutness 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 left home, as I have mentioned, in 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-à-vis within. Dwyer little dreamt how much was soon to turn on 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 churchyard 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 the 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 scrutinised and tested. The examination concluded, he again mounted and rode back to

wards 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 impudent 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 recognised 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 road. This was 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 were in her favour 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 realising 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 undefended 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 loosened 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 towards 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 valour, 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 in 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 endeavours 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 protector 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 beside 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 interference, at the most critical moment, of some of her few defenders outside; for all this time a deadly encounter was proceeding on the road. Mr. Gough, his hand literally gashed with wounds; Dwyer the coachman, and Smithwick the herd, also bleeding profusely, were, ever and anon, despite the greater numbers of their foe, able to make a dash at Mr. Carden, and drive him from his hold. But, by the testimony of all who saw that 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—Eleanor 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 firearms had been provided. The only one of them who seemed ready to proceed to extremities was Rainsberry. The other, 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 them more clearly that their necks were being run into baiters; and every moment also lessened their chance of escape. Help was now approaching; shouts were heard in the distance. The maddening thought for ed itself on Mr. Carden that he had failed and must fly. Not readily, however, could he get to realize the astounding fact. His attendants almost forced him into the carriage, and like arrow from the bent bow, off it flew, two of the finest blood horses in all Munster straining in the traces.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT.)

"He is, I believe still alive, and now in a very respectable position. Miss Arbuthnot presented him with a handsome gold watch, suitably inscribed; and Lord Gough obtained for him a situation in the Exercise."

REMARKABLE.

"It is curious," says the London Daily News, "that almost all the more violent crimes which mark Irish society are perpetrated in districts in which there is a strong infusion of English and Scotch blood. Tipperary, where the soldiery of Cromwell were settled, has been the centre and headquarters of the most brutal outrages. Kerry, which is almost purely Celtic, is as peaceful as Kent or Wiltshire—perhaps more so. Ulster, the most Scotch and English settlers abound, is the most violent and turbulent of the provinces. The mixture of the Saxon and Celtic blood seems to produce a violent and inflammable compound possessing dangerous qualities from which the separate elements are free." We have no doubt that if there be a "bad drop" in the Irish blood, it did come from the English union.—Pilot.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Some Protestants have been attacking Mr. Sullivan, M.P., because that honourable, learned, and eloquent gentleman declared that St. Patrick's Day is even with Protestants a religious holiday. All we can say is that if it be not it ought to be for Protestants are always declaring that St. Patrick was a Protestant, and surely they ought to honour his memory even from their own mistaken point of view.

*He was cousin of Sir John Carden, of the Priory, Templemore, and was called "Woodcock Carden," so often had he been fired at when at one period of his life he was carrying out extensive evictions.