

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

GIENANAAR

A STORY OF IRISH LIFE BY VERY REV. CANON P. A. SHEEHAN, D.D., AUTHOR OF "MY NEW CURATE," "LUKE DELMOG," "UNDER THE CEDARS AND THE STARS," "LOST ANGEL OF A RUINED PARADISE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

A WEDDING AND A WARNING.

The lights that he saw in his delirium were the lanterns of the wedding party, who had been sent forward to search for him, after their unavailing quest for Nodlag in the mountains; and the voices were the voices of his brother Owen and the men-servants. When he awoke from his stupor and delirium he found himself lying on the hard settle in the kitchen, propped by pillows; and as the cells of memory began to awaken, and he wandered over the events of the night, he turned suddenly, and said:

"Nodlag?" "Thanks be to the great God," said his mother, coming over, "you're yourself again." "Where is Nodlag?" "She's all right. She's in bed; and nothin' the worse for her so-called." He relaxed into silence. They gave him some drinks of milk and whiskey. But for a long time he could not catch on to what had occurred; and the dream of his delirium was yet haunting him. Then he asked:

"Who saved us?" "Where were we?" "You were near enough," said his sister, "in the ditch at the end of the church-field. But a miss is as good as a mile. You must change, and be a good boy now, for you were never so near your end before."

"Was it so bad?" he asked. "Twas, and worse. You were talking all the rainin' in the world. I felt my mind wanderin' before I fell," he said. "It was the quarre thing out and out, altogether."

"Butter got on to bed, now," said his mother. "Tis time for us all to be there." "What time is it?" said Donal. "Just four o'clock!" said his mother. "And the boys must be up at five."

like a big snowball for all the world." "How is the night?" said the old man, anxious to change the conversation. "Do you think ye'll have everythin' in for the weddin', Beas?" he said to his wife. "How many gallons of sperrits did ye order?"

"We ordered thirty," said the wife. "But sure we can get more." "An' the rounds of beef?" "They're all right!" "An' the hams?" "They're all right," said the wife, impatiently. "Can't you love them things to ourselves; and not be interfering with our work? Did you settle wid the priest yourself?"

"I did, God bless him!" said her husband, "an' 'twas aisy settlin'." "He'll have twinty weddin' that day, and more comin' in; but he'll be here at 3 o'clock to the minit, he says; so that we can have nine hours rule Keel, before Ash Winesday breaks upon us!"

And they had a real, downright, tumultuous, Irish fun and frolic. From North, South, East, West, the friends came, as heedless of the snow that lay caked upon the ground, and the drifts that were piled in the ditches and furrows, as a Canadian with his horses and sleds. There was the house far off and the objective of all the country that night—with its small square windows blazing merrily under the fierce fires upon the hearth; and afar off, clearly outlined against the white pall on the ground, were the dark figures of the guests who had gathered to do honor to a family on which no shadow of a shade of dishonor had ever rested.

And they feasted, and drank, and danced; and, late at night, the old people gathered around the fire in the kitchen, and told stories, whilst the youngsters, to the sound of bagpipes and fiddles, danced themselves into a fever in the decorated and festooned barn. And Donal led out Nodlag, and insisted on dancing an Irish reel with her, much to the disgust of his intended bride, who watched the child with no other eye than that of a mistress of Glennanar farm, out that wail and Glennanar should go, and seek a home elsewhere. But no shadow crossed the mind of the child, now thoroughly recovered from her illness; but she danced, and danced with Donal, and Owen, and Jerry; and some old people shook their heads, and said 'twas the fairies brought her and left her, and that somehow there was something uncanny about it all.

found her meself amongst the ows." Burke walked on in silence, till they came to the forge just at the crossroads above the bridge where old Edmond Connors had interviewed Nodlag and her mother. Here he stood still, and hailed the cars that were beneath them in the hollow where the bridge was sunk. He held out his hand.

"I see ye don't know it, nor suspect it," he said in a hollow voice, "tho' it is the talk of the country side, and is spoke of where you wouldn't like to hear. Thyggin' th'! Well, I'm your brother-in-law now; and wan of the family. So I put you on your guard. If the boys," he whispered, hoarsely, looking around cautiously at the time, "and out that what they suspect is true, there'll be a bonfire at Glennanar before St. John's Eve."

"Yerra, what is it all about?" asked Donal, affecting great ignorance and alarm. "What do they suspect? Or, what harran can a poor little girl, like Nodlag, be to any way? If they want to do mischief, haven't they Bond Lowe and his likes—worse than Bond Lowe," said Burke, meaningly. "The traitor within dures is worse than the inimy without."

And swinging his hands loosely, he passed on, and overtook the cars that held his young bride and the members of his own family. Donal stood still for a moment, shocked at the unexpected revelation of his father's secret. Then, when he thought of all he had suffered for Nodlag that night, three weeks gone, when he rescued her from the snow, and the winning ways of the child, and her utter helplessness, he muttered between his teeth:

"Why the d— I can't they keep their selves quiet? There's always some backguardin' and ruffianism brewin' behind them. What's it to them, but, be the powers—"

heavy hands upon them. The smouldering fire of hatred were newly lighted by the startling report that had gone far and wide over the country. Those boys, too, were first cousins to Nodlag, Donal's future bride. There were few preliminaries. At least, there were no syndical prayers. "Boys," said young Lynch, "ye know what ye're here for. It has gone round the country that the seed and breed of that infernal ruffian, Cloumper Daly, is in our midst, led here by her father and mother. And, the question is, what's to be done?"

"It's that what we're summoned for?" said a young farmer, no great friend of the Lynchs'. "Tis, and isn't it enough?" hotly replied Lynch. "Do ye mane to say that we're goin' to stand by, and see that hellpaw amongst decent people, who never had shame, altho' they had their fill of sorrow at their dure?"

"Tis a quare thing, though," said the former speaker, "that we should be called upon to make war upon a slip of a child that never did nobody harm. How can she help those from whom she was got?"

"Tis aisy for you to talk, Connor Brien," said Lynch, "but if you knew what it was to rise in the mornin', and think of your father swung by the throat by them Sassanachs in Cors; and he, before the High God, innocent—"

Here the poor fellow's emotion smothered him; and he could not proceed. But it had the effect of the most deadly eloquence upon his audience. "Throne for you, Dan," said a great, burly fellow, rising. "Tis only when it comes home to our own dures, that we feel for other's troubles."

that none of ye, nor of them belongin' to ye, ever swung for yere ored or country." "Begor, you're right, Dan," said one of the "boys," passing his finger inside his collar. "Taat's a oravat that must be out to be loosened. None of us ever wore it."

"Tisn't too late a yet," said Lynch, moving away. "High hangin' and the moving away. Come, Murty! I see before ye die. Come, Murty! Come, Darby! All the sperrits is died out of the country!"

"An' he and his brother and the one follower left the meeting. "Wisha, in the name of God," said one of the boys, rising up to return home, "is that what we're brought here for this cowlid night, whin we ought to be in our warm beds? Begor, some people will snore a hare, or spear a salmon."

"An' ye thinkin' to-night's meetin' won't ind here!" "I'm thinkin' to-night's meetin' won't ind here!" "I'm thinkin' to-night's meetin' won't ind here!"

"What can they do?" said Jim. "What can anny wan do whin the devil inteths into him? Whin I inteth, I'm thinkin' to-night's meetin' won't ind here!"

said Jim. "He did many a good turn for me." "You can't," said Thade, sententiously. "Why can't I?" said Jim. "Haven't you yer oath, you ruffian?" said Thade. "Didn't ye swear on the crossed shloiks not to revalle is, aye or no, that'd happen here?"

"Throne for you, begobas," said Jim. "Shure I forgot meself. But it will be no harrum a I have it conveyed to Donal, that he may expect a visit, but that they won't ahtay long."

"Well, that's another question," said Thade, balancing the morality of the thing in his mind. "It's wan thing to tell, another thing to convey. Well," he said at length, "I suppose you may, but don't let the Lynches ever hear it, av ye vally yer life, an' dont care to be tied to the settle."

"Are ye cowlid, Thade?" said Jim. "It's a mortal cowlid here." "Take another shaugh," said Thade. "N-no!" said Jim. "But I'll take the lind of a loan of your 'bacy-box till to-morrow. Ah!" he said, lovingly as Thade handed him the little flat tin box, "Sure, av is atin' and drinkin', and sleepin'—all together!"

"A few nights later there was a little scene at the forge. A few of the boys met as usual to talk over events; and the conversation turned upon Nodlag. "Whatever they say, the Lynches are right," said one, lighting his pipe at the forge furnace.

I decided, however, to sit up that night also. What happened next I copy from my diary which I wrote the next day. THURSDAY SIXTY JAN. 31st. ABOUT 6 A. M. I TOOK second Somali gun-bearing men and started out down after giraffe again. I saw giraffe until I had crossed the next valley, where I saw two old ones and a young three quarters grown. The giraffe on plain about half a mile was obliged to wait pat half an hour until the giraffe into the bush and down a steep started out after the cedeed in getting within 400 I was confronted with an old 150 yards on which I cam into feeding. I succeeded, safely negotiating this by pent-like crawl on my hands, thereby reaching the cover of bushes, from which latter I successfully stalked within a hundred yards, with examination with the glass disclosure that they were very much to my disappointment now walking about and decided to stop and have a drink; then returned reaching it about 6.30 some dinner, I then, with head Shikari, took up my kill. I was very tired twelve hours walking down and was soon fast asleep; to keep watch, a servant suit later on, for about suddenly awakened by the crunching noise and the partially dried flesh, for peculiar noise. I shall now the lion mottled the great chunk it had heart commenced thumping hammer for there was no sound. No other animal tear and succeeded this flesh eating, quickness of padded feet, which lion or whatever it was and my hopes dropped to however, and with emerged from my blind into position so that I could the small peep hole in that taking, a servant double cordite rifle across my further developments. moon but it was obscure clouds which made sight. A few minutes passed lions were suddenly he case; one at each end of a tear and then both of off again to return on short interval. This apparently satisfied the danger for they commenced tearing away at a giraffe straining my eyes I g make out a moving form away at its midnight continued to strain my eye came clearer and I could take a bite and while its head and stare right not 100 yds away. I was not certain. The next got the rifle into position, or a guess without the least bit meant good-bye to the slightest sound was it, between bites, muzzle of the rifle; turning its head; the until I was within 450 of great tension as I to their utmost to try and get their lined on to thought would be its shoulder but it was simply to guess my must leave to Allah as the dream of my eyes upon the line that it is I pulled a servant 450 soft nosed me. Then a report like a boom on the side to be immediately for most equally loud roar of two lions simultaneous see dimly two objects vision and then blazed down on me at the missed the only chance ever have of bagging lions was indistinguishable. In the same position with the barrel of the through the "Port K at my shoulder; just not say (as I seemed stupor of misery) who electrified to life again seemed to come from distance in front and limited to zoo I could only be true. Nevertheless to see or verify I mented by doubts a the advent of daylight thus I must wait would muster for the minute, I was abs I had hit facial minute, when I conditions, not I con very haz object realized how easy I lay down in my tried to sleep but anxious to see the might go out to se lion, if wounded it I lay thus for p when a slight noise

HUNTING WILD ANIMALS.

In Camp on the Summit of the Man Mountains.

FEBRUARY 8, 1907.

The following interesting paper is from the pen of Mr. Frank N. Gibbs, son of Mr. Chas. T. Gibbs, accountant of the Senate of Canada. The writer is a graduate of the Royal Military College, Kingston, and a civil engineer. He went to South Africa with the last contingent. When the war was over he was employed by the Portuguese Government, and succeeded in bringing water from the mountains to supply the city of Lorenzo Marquis, a distance of seventy miles.

Am returning from my trip towards the German East African border and expect to be in Natal in two days. I have not shot, and I am going to have a try for three of these yet. They are elephant, kudoo, oryx and buffalo. Elephant, I shall have to give up an idea of this time, as it is the wrong season of the year for this country, and I do not want to go into Uganda for them as it is in the bad fever districts where they are found.

The camp I am now writing from is about 12,000 ft. elevation on the summit of the Man Escarpment and it is quite cold, ice at night, think of it! and almost on the equator too. I think one of the happiest days of my life was the day following the night when I bagged my first lions. I suppose there are not 25 per cent. of the sportsmen who come here and spend five and six months who go away as lion. This is how it happened. On the 25th I shot a lion by mistake. It is difficult to tell the difference between the cow and the bull at a distance and as my Shikari said one of five, was the largest and a bull, I promptly shot it at a distance of 300 yards. It is against the law to kill a female and you are only allowed to kill one bull giraffe for which you have to pay a special license of £5 which I had taken out. An infringement of this law is liable to a fine of some 800 rupees so as there was only the Shikari and myself present at the time we left the giraffe and came away. The next morning being again out for giraffe, my Shikari, whom I sent on ahead with the pony to scout for lions at some kills I had left out for then (it being about 5.30 a. m.) came back and reported that he had come across a giraffe which had been killed by lions and partially eaten. (This was about a cow giraffe by the name of camp followers who were with me.) The fact that lions had visited the carcass and eaten a portion of the giraffe was, however, quite true enough as I plainly saw on visiting it, so I decided to sit up that night and had a clump of bushes arranged within about 10 ft. of the carcass. That night two lions came within 40 to 50 yards and roared, but they evidently suspected danger and did not pay a visit to the giraffe, so nothing came of the first night's vigil.

CHAPTER XIV. A MIDNIGHT SYNOD. It was in an old gray keep, one of the square frontier fortresses, built in Queen Elizabeth's time, that the midnight synod was held. The castle rose from a little swell, or knoll, which probably was in ancient days the moraine of some mighty glacier that had slid down from the mountain valleys and pushed the detritus of sand and earth before it. It was built of gray limestone, and stood full square to all the winds that blow. Here, in past ages, were entrenched the mail-clad warriors, who held the whole country side against the raparces; and here this moonlit, frosty night, with the snow still glittering all around, were gathered the descendants of these same raparces, as fierce, as generous, and as vindictive as their sires of three hundred years gone by. Some sat on the stone steps that led to the upper stories of the old castle; and two or three were on the summit, hidden behind the parapets, sentinels against the approach of strangers or enemies. They were all young men, of the farming and laboring class. A few were still members of the White Boy vendetta. All had worn the white shirt in their time. Two were the sons of the Dan Lynch who was executed at the same assizes at which Edmond Connors had been acquitted. Years had wrought no change in their hearts, although time and trouble had laid