

good humor, as the bottle circulated, "but I'll wager King William against a five-pound note that he will not so easily escape to-morrow, if I come in sight of him. You say the chase ended at Clandy?"

"Yes, we lost sight of him at the ford," said one who was noted as a celebrated sportsman and betting character, and whose name was Knox; "we lost him among the woods, and on which side of the river he found shelter we could not find out. However, as I intend to join in the hunt to-morrow, and want a good race badly, I'll take your bet."

"All right," said the Major. "I know which side of the river he took. He crossed the ford as you were coming through the woods, and is now safe and secure in one of his hiding places in Urney demesne. These fellows are as cunning as foxes, and know every nook and corner, twist and turning for miles around. But we'll unearth them to-morrow. They think you will be so tired after to-day's hunt that you will not venture abroad for a while. But let us start at daylight in the morning, and, trust me, we shall intercept them on the Strabane road. Some Papist is dying, and has sent for the priest to mutter his *Aves* over his bed. But we'll disappoint them. Won't you join us, Lindsay?"

"I believe I will," replied the individual addressed "though I intended to ride to Derry to-morrow on important business; but as I feel chagrined at to-day's failure I'll remain, and as you, Major, will be with us, I cannot forego the pleasure and excitement of such company."

"Well said," replied the Major, now thoroughly restored to good humor and beginning to feel the effect of the potations he had drank. "But, Captain Craunston, don't you think it would be a good idea to send a couple of your troopers to Clandy Ford to prevent the two Rapparees from escaping during the night? They are both young and inured to hardships, and after a few hours' rest will rise as fresh and vigorous as they were before the chase. One of them will probably be sent to acquaint their friends of the priest's near approach and warn them to be on the look out for him."

"Your idea is a good one," replied the Captain, "but the men are so fatigued after hard riding to-day that I am afraid it will prove a very disagreeable piece of business to those detailed for the duty."

"D—n them," cried the Major, petulantly. "What right have they to feel tired when sent on duty. Order them out immediately, and, hark ye, Captain, send half-a-dozen men, *six* to guard the ford, and if they dare grumble order out the whole company, and tell them from me that I feel ashamed of them; that they must be a lot of d—d cowards and dastards, the whole fifty of them, that couldn't capture one Popish priest and two miserable Rapparees."

"Your command shall be obeyed, sir," said Craunston to his superior, bowing, and leaving the room to put his words into execution.

"Come, gentlemen, and join me in a toast," cried Lindsay, who was of a jovial disposition and much given, when in his cups, to expatiating on the beauty and fertility of his native land, Scotland. "Come, drink this toast with me, and, afterwards I'll give you a song."

The company filled their glasses, and the Scotchman, rising from the table, gave the following loyal and patriotic toast, which was drank with all honors:

Here's to good Anne, our well-beloved  
Queen;  
Up with the red flag and down with the  
green.  
May the rose and the thistle in harmony  
dwell,  
When the Pope and the shamrock are  
trampled in hell!

We confess our inability to depict the baccanalian scene that followed. It would not be becoming at this enlightened day to transfer to our pages the sayings and doings of those whom the English Government more than a century and a half ago placed over us and constituted as our lords and masters. The *regime* has passed away, and along with it, in a great measure, the passions which gave rise to it. A more lenient but more insidious and therefore more dangerous policy prevails, and we may as well draw a veil, as far as the harmony of our story will permit, over the blasphemous sayings and ribald jesting