

the man startled even the drunken rioters, and some of them spoke of the danger. But the man himself was fearless; he was used to it; and so, after being charged by the squire to be careful, to hold his breath well in, and being told, that he was to have twenty minutes' law granted, away he went, carrying with him a leaping pole, by the help of which he cleared the ditch as merrily as if off for a run with the fox-hounds. Then were brought forth the hounds, twelve in number, huge, ferocious beasts, standing some twenty-five inches high, forty in length, with flashing eyes and foaming lips, furious to be unloosed upon the prey. At last the signal was given, and in a moment the dogs, like a pack of hungry wolves, with the whole troop of hunters after them, dashed madly away across the country in full cry. After some desperate leaping, they reached a trout stream, and for a moment there was a check. The wretched creature whom they were hunting had not, it seemed, followed the squire's advice, by making at once for some ragged elm trees, among the boughs of which he would have been safe, but gone a little to the right, so as to give "more sport" to the field. But there was no time to think what would be his horrible fate, if the dogs came upon him in the open ground, for they had crossed the stream, and all again were in full cry. On, on they went. Presently the hunters caught a glimpse of him some way ahead, cantering lightly over a rising ground, and then calmly climbing a tree, as the hounds drew nearer and nearer in full cry, and with panting, roaring jaws. The man—named Godroon—had now perched himself across a branch of the tree, which swayed up and down with his weight. Suddenly the branch snapped in two, and Godroon was dashed to the ground, rolling over the other side of the rath. Meanwhile on swept the pack of ferocious hounds; and on swept the hunters, sparing neither whip nor spur, to come up in time to save the poor wretch from being torn to pieces. Little hope seemed left. But when the height was gained, with eager eyes they saw the panting wretch running for his life some hundred of yards ahead. The bloodhounds followed in mad fury, gaining inch by inch on their prey. There were several heavy falls of men and horses; but still all did their best, their very utmost, to save poor Godroon. Two hares sprang up in the path of the dogs, but these they never heeded for an instant. Blood, blood, only would stay them. At last Godroon was seen hurrying up the rough side of the rocky mountain ahead, the hounds closing fast on him, and the men in utter despair of helping him. The next change in the scene was Godroon's gaining the summit, rushing over it, and out of our sight without a moment's pause. "He'll do it," cried the squire, "the witch's tree will save him; he'll scramble up somehow, though the tree has not a screed of

bark on it. Life is sweet, and strength and activity can do anything."

At last the hunters gained the summit, and there before them, 200 yards off, was the lake and the blasted witch's tree with Godroon again and again making fruitless efforts to climb to the overhanging branches, and as often falling in despair to the ground. Horses, men, and dogs were rushing down after him in headlong confusion; the bloodhounds roaring with fury at having the victim almost in their fangs, and the huntsmen shouting madly—"The water! the water! Plunge in! plunge in!" In a few moments he had jumped headlong into the lake, and the ferocious dogs after him, and then in wild confusion followed men and horses, the men striving to ride the hounds down or to batter them to death with heavy hunting whips. It was impossible to describe what followed. Enough, that the wretched man was at last snatched from his bloody destroyers and lifted on to a horse more dead than alive, as the horror-struck procession wound its way down the mountain side. Godroon after all his awful ordeal did survive the night. After a jolly hunting breakfast the sportsmen one and all made up a goodly purse for him, and the bloodhounds were all shot dead on the floor of the kennel.

"God bless ye all, my good friends," said the squire as he took leave of them; "remember, I now reckon you all as men of honour not to mention to any one a hint of this adventure by word of mouth or pen for five years." All promised and all kept their word. It is exactly forty years beyond the five, says Mr. Grattan, when I tell the wild story of the wild sports of Ireland in the olden time.

#### ECCLESIASTIC AL ITEMS.

The Falkirk *Herald* announces the death of Rev. Hugh Young, minister of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, Lauriston.

REV. J. COFFING, an American missionary has been murdered in the north of Syria, by a couple of misersants who followed his party and fired at him.

THE DUNLOP LIBEL CASE.—The proceedings before the Presbytery of Irvine in connection with the Dunlop libel case closed on Tuesday, when the Presbytery agreed to meet on Wednesday next week to pronounce judgment.

THE *Southern Reporter* states that John Scott, Esq. of Rodono, has offered to erect a chapel in connection with the Church of Scotland on his lands of Chapelhope, on the banks of St Mary's Loch, and to provide finished accommodation for the resident missionary who may be stationed there.

WE understand that the patronage of Kilmorack church has been purchased by Mrs.