

the river, and we couldn't get at them, could we, Craunston?"

"No, indeed we could not, Major," replied the Captain, who was as arrant a coward as his master.

"Never mind, Alice, we'll catch some of them before morning yet," said the young Major; "the night is young yet, before it is over we'll make some of them pay for to-day's doings; But order dinner, for it is getting late, and we must be all night on duty. Come in gentlemen."

Dick and his guests enjoyed as comfortable a dinner as was possible under the circumstances; though not overflowing with filial love, and caring little for anything or anybody that did not contribute to his personal vanities or pleasures, he felt savage over the death of his father, and filled with a spirit of vengeance against the authors of his death. He did not regret his demise so much as the manner of his taking off, for he had long looked forward to the day when he would succeed his father, not only in his estates, but also in his position as chief magistrate of the county. He felt chagrined at not recovering the corpse, and his anger became intensified when the body of Knox was discovered in an eddy of the river and forwarded to his friends for decent burial. Knowing the odium in which his father was held by the Catholics of the neighborhood, his tyrannical conduct being such as to obtain for him the name of "the bloody Major," he believed that, should the corpse fall into their hands, they would show their detestation of his conduct in life and their approval of his violent death by stringing him up to a tree in the woods, with an insulting placard pinned to his breast, or some other ignominious and dishonorable act, which the young Major could not brook to think of. The latter's character was well known to the resident gentry, and many had twitted Dick on his shortcomings during a Rapparee hunt, and none more so than his own father. Though always foremost and by his father's side when riding down a priest, he was always careful to keep in the centre of the troop when following a Rapparee. With all his faults, and he had many, Major Crosby was better liked by his associates than was his son,

whom they heartily despised in their hearts for his cowardice. Like all poltroons, he was cruel and vindictive, and, though too cowardly to resent, never forgave a real or fancied insult. Arrogant and overbearing to his dependants, he was sawning to his superiors or equals in society; utterly devoid of moral principles though a great champion of Protestantism, he did not believe in that or any other religion. The only belief he entertained was to enjoy the good things of this life, and if possible, exterminate the Catholics of Ireland. He was better versed in an act of Parliament than in the "Acts of the Apostles," and brought the former into requisition oftener than the latter. Craunston was his tool, the abettor of many of his villainies, and caterer to his passions. He was a low Scotchman, as bigoted as he was vulgar, and as sycophantic as he was unprincipled when personal gain or emolument was in view.

The dinner passed in silence. Dick drank deep; his brow was clouded, and Craunston, who watched every movement of his features, knew that he was meditating some plan of devilry or vengeance. Following the example of their host, the gentlemen indulged in large potations, and it was not until several bottles were emptied that they indulged in conversation.

"It was a devilish lucky thing for the Rapparees," said Craunston, who, like his master, felt his courage rise the deeper he quaffed, "that the river was between us to-day. Had we met them on the open ground, not a man of them would have escaped. I never saw the young Major ride harder or better than he did to-day. I could scarcely restrain him from plunging into the water after the scoundrel Mullen." This, by the way, was a notorious falsehood, for Dick, suspecting an ambuscade near the river, had prudently kept in the background, and was one of the first to run from the Rapparees' volley; but as the doubtful Captain spoke he looked with smiling admiration at the object of his adulation and flattery.

"I cannot say," remarked Lindsay, "that I noticed his promptitude in endeavoring to avenge the murder of his father, but I confess that he far outstripped me in the race to Castletown,