

'Well, and that's as good as done, you know; for if they want him, the pension is easily managed.'

'I'm not so sure of that.'

'Why, they're as plenty as black-berries.'

'Very true; but, you see, Lord Goblestown swallows all the pensions for his own family; and there are a great many complaints in the market against him for plucking that blackberry-bush very bare indeed; and unless Sack Scatterbrain has swingeing interest, the pension may not be such an easy thing.'

'But still O'Grady has shown himself not my friend.'

'My dear squire, don't be so hot: he has not shown himself yet—'

'Well, but he means it.'

'My dear squire, you oughtn't to jump at a conclusion like a twelve foot drain of a five-bar gate.'

'Well, he's a blackguard.'

'No denying it; and therefore keep him on your side, if you can, or he'll be a troublesome customer on the other.'

'I'll keep no terms with him;—I'll slap at him directly. What can you do that's wickedest?—latitat, capias—fee-faw-fum, or whatever you call it?'

'Hollo! squire, you're overrunning your game: maybe, after all, he *won't* join the Scatterbrains, and—'

'I tell you it's no matter; he intended doing it, and that's all the same. I'll slap at him,—I'll blister him!'

Murtough Murphy wondered at this blind fury of the squire, who, being a good-humored and good-natured fellow in general, puzzled the attorney the more by his present manifest malignity against O'Grady. But he had not seen the turn-over of the letter; he had not seen 'spoon,'—the real and secret cause of the 'war to the knife' spirit which was kindled in the squire's breast.

'Of course you can do what you please; but, if you'd take a friend's advice—'

'I tell you I'll blister him.'

'He certainly *bled* you very freely.'

'I'll blister him, I tell you, and that smart. Lose no time, Murphy, my boy: let loose the dogs of law on him, and harass him till he'd wish the d—i had him.'

'Just as you like; but—'

'I'll have it my own way, I tell you; so say no more.'

'I'll commence against him at once, then, as you wish it; but it's no use, for you know very well that it will be impossible to serve him.'

'Let me alone for that! I'll be bound I'll find fellows to get the inside of him.'

'Why, his house is barricaded like a jail, and he has dogs enough to bait all the bulls in the country.'

'No matter; just send me the blister for him, and I'll engage I'll stick it on him.'

[To be continued.]

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