

"Jist a scintilla, sir, thank you—jist a scintilla," said Mr. Murphy, graciously; and more than one scintilla having been disposed of between the gentlemen, the conference became much more cordial and confidential.

"It's a great saycret I'm goin' to tell you," said Mr. Murphy, in a solemn undertone, "an' av we only do the thing properly, it may be the makin' o' both av us."

"Lor! you don't say so?"

"Faith, I do, an' mane it. There has been quare goin's on of late in the owld Castle over, an' many an hour I flagellated my brains till I found what it's all about. There's a rebellion brewin' over in that owld Castle as sure as my name is Jur!"

"A wot?" screeched Mr. Langton, jumping from his seat as tho' it were a powder-barrel ready to go off.

"A rebellion—a bloody rebellion!" repeated the other, solemnly, well pleased with the effect of his communication. "Bless yer simple heart, you don't know what a rebellion is? Why the devil a *gossoon* in Ireland that hasn't seen a couple of them at the laste."

"Yaww—to be sure, yaww," said Mr. Langton, resuming an awful air of intelligence. "I've seen a score of the creatures myself, I ave."

"Lord, you aren't jokin'? I kind o' thought they wor niver seen unless in these parts."

"Aint they though?—they allus keeps a few o' that sort in the Zlog'cles—cage next but one to the crocodiles."

And as Mr. Murphy's acquaintance with Natural History or its haunts, was as slender as his friend's stock of politics, neither ventured to carry these abstruse topics further, but after staring at one another in exquisite bewilderment for several minutes, Murphy solved the difficulty by asking knowingly:

"You wouldn't be after makin' a guess who's at the bottom of it?"

Mr. Langton had to confess with humility he had not the slightest idea, unless 'twas the elegant as kept the keys and the 'ansome young 'oman up at the Castle.

"The owld angishore! 'tis more likely 'tis diggin' his grave he is than pike-makin'. No, but it's a *bouchal* Sir Albin Artslade 'ud sooner get into his clutches than a crock o' gold. Listen! That ould 'oman's safe, eh?"

"Drunk as a fiddler. Go on!"

Murphy leaned over mysteriously and whispered in the valet's ear, making his confident jump again, but now with joy.

"Eavently jingo. 'Im! 'Im! You aint serious?"

"I'd know him in a million. Aisy, aisy, you *omadhausen*: keep dark, an' we're "made" min! I heard his whole story—how he was away in the furrin wars wid Bony, an' how he was sint across here by Bony himself to rise a rebellion; so av we don't spoil his hand, we'll have a Frinch army over in no time, an' all sorts o' ructions an' bloodshed, an' it's tin to wan av you an' I an' ivery other dacent man like us isn't cut into pound pieces be the Papiests 'idout gettin' jidge or jury."

Mr. Langton, who was now beginning to have a vivid notion of what Rebellion meant, shuddered visibly at the doleful prospect, and exclaimed, "Eavently jingo!" with much more pious significance than before.

"But we *will* spoil his hand," said the bailiff, chuckling unpleasantly. "As safe as he thinks himself in his hiding hole, I have him settled as nate as a sum in Jawmethry. An' it isn't him alone—"

"No!"

"Faith it isn't, but yer particular friend, Tade Ryan, that's actin' a kind o' *lifenant* o' the rebels, an' that foolish owld father-in-law o' his—we'll be able to root out the whole nist of 'em. And feather our own nists illigantly into the bargain."

"Well, you are a precious un!" cried Mr. Langton admiringly. "I should never o' thought it; but appearances are so deceitful! However did you find it hall hout?"

"Lave that to me," chuckled Mr. Murphy, slyly.

And Mr. Langton was forced to admit that he seemed every inch a man for any iniquity possible to crafty cowardice.

"Not but I had my share o' patient watchin', an' often ivery bone o' my body thrimblid' wid terror, for I knew well they'd slaughter me like a dog av they wanst got a *sighth* o' me. But, be my sowl, 'twas worth all the throuble. Sir Albin 'ud give one half the blood in his vanes to catch that young fellow red hot in rebellion, an' get him hanged or transported straight off."

"Why not tell him immediately, then?"

"That 'ud spoil the whole beauty of the thing. I know young O'Dwyer is hangin' somewhere about the Castle, but I don't know his hidin' place exactly, an' if I had only half the story to tell Sir Albin I wouldn't get half the thanks. I want to thrack him shure into his lair, an' thin come down on him like thunder. Now, Mither Langton, that's why I towlt you a word about it, because I haven't the whole