

"I don't like swearing, Mr. Artslade, said Lord Castlereagh, with a smile that was almost a sneer.

"I beg your pardon, my lord," said the other, obsequiously. "What I meant to say was that, if he does not vote for your lordship's Union, he and Kilsheelan will part company."

"Very kind of you, Mr. Artslade," rejoined his lordship, with an ambiguous bow. "Sackwell, you say, hasn't been so delicate?"

"He jumped at the notion."

"Ah! What would solace *his* wounded feelings, I wonder? "To suffering country, £10,000;" "Indignation of the Community, ditto;" "Sacrifice of honor, *et cetera*, tuppence-ha'penny," Eh?"

"Ha, Ha! He didn't descend to particulars, your lordship," said Mr. Artslade, very ill at ease in this candid style of statesmanship. "His great anxiety was to hear some *reasons* from your lordship for supporting the Union. He seems to be anxious about a Popish rebellion, and about——"

"Yes, yes—of course. Cooke, you'll supply him with some of those reasons he wants—some of those that have worked such miracles of conversion already, you know."

"I hope we aren't too prodigal of "reasons," said the Under-Secretary, significantly.

"Oh! nonsense. Sackwell is an extremely tender soul—he'd die of fright, poor fellow, if he sold his country without reason. We haven't many other friends down your way, Mr. Artslade?"

"No, indeed, my lord," said the gentleman addressed. "Mr. Sackwell and myself are the only supporters of the Union amongst—ah—the upper classes."

Lord Castlereagh coughed a delicate Ahem!

"But they are all bankrupts, aren't they?—any of them worth talking about?"

"With one or two exceptions, my lord," said Mr. Artslade, with emphasis.

"Pooh! they'd easily reconcile themselves to the English connection if it brought clean balance-sheets. But you have been modest enough to forget your own claims, Mr. Artslade."

Mr. Artslade wriggled and grimaced uneasily.

"You have done distinguished service to the State, and the State will not be ungrateful. Cooke, you will arrange this with Mr. Artslade."

"If I might—ah—trouble your lordship, it is not—ah—it is not what I may call money I desire." Thus awkwardly spoke Mr. Artslade.

"Eh?" exclaimed his lordship, in blank amaze.

"I said, my lord, that—ah—money is not any object with me."

"Oh! of course not, Mr. Artslade. Money is no object with any of us—all principle. But in this case we can happily combine exalted principle with reasonable reward. For instance, you'll loose the representation of your worthy city of Fethard. That's a fair subject for compensation."

"'Tisn't that, my lord—'tisn't that," mumbled Mr. Artslade, who was a miserable diplomatist. "If there was any title of honor that would show your sense of my poor services—"

Lord Castlereagh was too polite to laugh, as he had a mind.

"Oh! now I see, Mr. Artslade—something that would lift you above your rebel friends in Tipperary. Well, you see, we can't pitchfork a fellow all at once into the peerage—can we, Cooke?—but if a baronetcy—"

What followed, deponent sayeth not, till Mr. Artslade was gone, and Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Cooke drew their chairs to the fire.

"Precious scoundrel, that," observed his lordship, in manifest allusion to the departed Artslade.

"Rather," drawled the Under-Secretary, sipping his wine reflectively.

"He'd have made a creditable coal-heaver, if the Lord hadn't afflicted him with money. But a baronet!—Ishaw! it's enough to make decent people throw up titles and coronets and turn highwaymen."

"Never mind, my lord; bad as he is, he'll have plenty of *peers* in the Irish aristocracy before the Union is carried."

"Pity O'Dwyer didn't shoot the fellow."

"We want his vote, my lord," said Mr. Cooke.

"True, faith; ours isn't the winning side yet."

"Hardly. At the first whisper of it openly, we'll be stunned with patriotic bawling; they even talk of bringing Grattan back to annihilate us."

"Pooh! let them froth. Words were never as eloquent as guineas—especially with patriots. "Mammon and the Empire," is a grand cry—Mammon always first."

"'Twill cost two millions clear to represent that deity."

"What matter? A grateful country will be paymaster. After all, 'tis a small penalty for a land that breeds such rascals."

Lord Castlereagh emptied his glass with the