

"Therefore," pursued Mr. Sackwell, "therefore, when authority says the Union is a necessity, 'tis time for every loyal man to think seriously of it."

"I agree with you entirely, sir," said Mr. Artslade; adding mentally, "Curse the fellow's hypocrisy: why don't he name his price?"

"How-ev-er," said the old gentleman, smiling blandly while reflecting that this vulgar commoner should have no easy triumph, and perhaps the government's no cheap purchase. "However, 'tis well the government should know that in all Tipperary, there's hardly a supporter of the Union. The men of note are all opposed to it"—the "all" was emphasized most delicately—"and I need not tell you how the common people go."

"True" said Mr. Artslade. "The government would have all the more reason to be grateful for support given in the face of so much opposition. Beside," he added, with an awkward bow, "such support as yours would not be long attracting others."

"Well, well," said Mr. Sackwell, rising to go, "I'll think the matter over as every citizen should. If you should be communicating with the Secretary, you may tell him I will be happy to hear from him some reasons for supporting the Union: at present I see few."

"Be assured he will satisfy you, sir," replied the other, without the least disguise of language.

"By the bye, Mr. Artslade," said his visitor, as if suddenly recollecting it. "There's a little mortgage between us, I think—a trifle of £1,000, if I don't mistake——"

"My dear sir, don't mention it," said the other. "This is its proper place," and singling out the mortgaged-deed from among a bundle he thrust it into the fire.

"Oh! come, that's too bad!" cried Mr. Sackwell in a very amiable fit of wrath, "I would not have wished it for ten times the amount."

He was at length, however, persuaded into Christian resignation, and by the time he reached Monard, was so well reconciled to the sad fate of the mortgage deed, that if tradition lie not, he performed something flavouring of an Irish jig for the edification of Mrs. Sackwell and her interesting half dozen of daughters, who thereupon concluded that hope was going mad and executed more correct fits of hysterics.

(To be continued.)

The more a woman's waist is shaped like an hour-glass, the quicker the sands of her life run out.

THE FAITHFUL LOVERS.

"Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

In the barony of Fermoy, and on the bank of the river Funcheon, lie the ruins of the ancient church of Molaga, celebrated for the crowds of devotees that resort there to testify their respect for the Saint and to invoke his intercession. An ancient tradition of the country also relates that this cemetery contains the remains of two lovers, whose matchless constancy and melancholy fate will only be forgotten when the currents of the Funcheon cease to flow.

Mary Fleming was the daughter of a rich farmer that held extensive lands in the fair and fertile tract of Glanworth, or the Golden Vale, so called from its yellow harvests. He claimed descent from the Flemings, the magnificent remains of whose stately castle crowns the bank of the Funcheon at the vilage of Glanworth, which anciently was a considerable town. Mary Fleming was an only child, and her father, a sordid man, was anxious to procure for her the hand of a wealthy suitor—one whose herds and pastures would equal his own. Many of the neighboring farmers, no less smitten with Mary's fortune than captivated with her pleasing exterior and graceful, unaffected manners, at the occasional patron or rural dance of a Sunday afternoon, offered her those tender attentions the meaning of which the most untaught of Eve's daughters are not slow in understanding, but she received their advances with cold civility. Some young men ventured to make formal proposals to Fleming, and though the character and means of those suitors were unexceptionable, yet she unaccountably rejected them. At length a wealthy person from a remote district came and sued for her hand. The advantages of this proposal were too obvious to be contemned. Fleming accepted him as his future son-in-law, and when he placed in review before his daughter the good qualities and extensive pastures of her suitor, she declared with that bluntness of simplicity which is characteristic of the female mind when untainted by the simulating affectations of refinement, that she would not wed the greatest man in the four provinces, for it would be the death of Shamus Oge O'Keefe, who she knew loved her better than his own life.

Some ten months after this, in the twilight of a gloomy November evening, a tall figure wrap-