

Mister, I hadn't nothing to do with the drawing---I didn't touch a finger to it. But I purchased a prize here of you t'other day of twenty thousand dollars; and so that's what I am come after now---so none of your fooling.'

'But I tell you sir, that your ticket has drawn a blank.'

'Well, I dont care if it's drawn a blanket that's no consain of mine. All I want is the twenty thousand dollars that I bought and paid for, not a week ago.'

'But consider, dear sir-----'

'Consider? I tell you I wont consider---I'm none of your considering chaps---I always go straight ahead---no quips and quorks for me---none of your ramfoozling. --'

'I tell yo sir, you'er mistaken.'

'Mistaken! So I am deucedly mistaken---I thought you was an honest man. But you see there's no use in trifling with me---I'm a man after my own heart. I purchased the highest prize and I'll have it by the holy poker. P've got a cart here at the door. Here you whipper-snapper, bring in that are large trunk, will you?'

'But I repeat, sir, you have no money to receive; I am sorry to say it.'

'So am I bloody sorry you should say it. But tell me, Mister, will you count out that are money or not?'

'I cannot.'

'Do you see this sledge-hammer?' raising his brawney fist.

'I see it.'

'Do you calculate to pay it in gold, or silver, or bank bills?'

'Here is some very strange mistake, sir; and if you will allow me to explain, I can convince you---'

'Very well---but if you don't convince me you see this ere death-maul,' again elevating his fist.

The lottery man entered into an explanation of the freaks of Dame Fortune, and at length succeeded in convincing his customer that his expected prize was actually a blank. Still the disappointment was so great, that he could not bear it with a calm mind, and he exclaimed---

'Well, if this doesn't beat all my great grandmother's relations then there's no snakes---to pay the sum of ten dollars for the highest prize, and not get a cent at last!'

'Such a thing will happen sometimes.'

'It's jofired hard though, I'll be hanged if it aint. At least, Mister, you ought to circumfund the money.'

'I cant afford that.'

'Well, just pay the cartman then.'

'I'm sorry to say I can't do it; but if you'll purchase another ticket I think I can promise you better luck next time---the highest prize is thirty thousand dollars!'

'Thirty thousand dog's tails! don't tell me none of your palaver---I've been cheated onc't and that's enough for me---I'll never get caught a second time. Here, you cartman, you may load up this ere trunk again---I'll never trust these lottery sellers any more, if I do, dang my gizzard, that's all.' Then giving the broker a look of irreconcilable hatred, he left the office. He, however, pretty soon accommodated his mind again to his humble prospects---declared that houses, horses, and those sort of things were only a plague to a man---and as to Tabitha Tallboy, she might go to the Old Nick for him---he'd never think of her again as long as he lived---N. Y. Constellation.

### Mrs. GIBBANY.

#### HOW TO TELL BAD NEWS.

SCENE.—Mr. G's room at Oxford, enter his father's steward.

Mr. G.—Ha! Jervas, how are you my old boy? how do things go on at home?

Steward.—Bad enough, your honor, the magpie's dead.

G.—Poor Mag! so he's gone---How came he to die?

S.—Overeat himself, sir.

G.—Did he faith! a greedy dog, why, what did he get he liked so well?

S.—Horse-flesh, sir; he died of eating horse-flesh.

G.—How came he to get so much horse-flesh?

S.—All your father's horses, sir.

G.—What! are they dead too?

S.—Aye, sir they died of over-work.

G.—And why were they over-worked pray?

S.—To carry water, sir.

G.—To carry water! and what were they carrying water for?

S.—Sure, sir, to put out the fire.

G.—Fire! what fire?

S.—Ah, sir, your father's house burned down to the ground.

G.—My father's house burned down! how came it set on fire?

S.—I think, sir it must have been the torches.

G.—Torches, what torches?

S.—At your mothers funeral.

G.—My mother dead?

S.—Ah, poor lady she never looked up after it.

G.—After what?

S.—The loss of your father.

G.—My father gone too?

S.—Yes poor gentleman, he took to his bed as soon as he heard of it.

G.—Heard of what?

S.—The bad news, sir, and please your honor.

G.—What! more miseries, more bad news?

S.—Yes, sir, your bank has failed, and your credit is lost, and you are not worth a shilling in the world.—I make bold, sir, to come to wait on you about it, for I thought you would like to hear the news.

AFFECTION.—If there be any thing thoroughly lovely in the human heart, it is affection! All that makes hope elevated, or fear generous, belongs to the capacity of loving. For my own part, I do wonder, in looking over the thousand creeds and sects of men, that so many moralists have traced their system from love. The errors thus originated have something in them that charms us even while we smile at the theology, or while we neglect the system. What a beautiful fabric would be human nature—what a divine guide would be human reason—if love were indeed the stratum of the one, and the inspiration of the other! What a world of reasonings, not immediately obvious, did the sage of old open to our inquiry, when he said the pathetic was the truest part of the sublime. Aristides, the painter, created a picture in which an infant is represented sucking a mother wounded to death, who, even in that agony, strives to prevent the child injuring itself by imbibing the blood mingled with the milk. How many emotions, that might have made us permanently wiser and better, have we lost in losing that picture!—*Engene Aram.*