

ard to get money. Come, drink off your ale." and Jim watching his opportunity, secretly poured into it half of the brandy out of his own glass.

"I don't want it, Jamie," said Donald, taking up, "but seeing it is you, and the last glass, I'll do it to oblige you. Here's to you kindly, Jamie."

"Then here's to you, kindly back again, Donald," answered the plotting Jim, who, having no money himself, had laid and matured this plan to get Donald to buy both for himself and him. He now, that it had progressed so far, resolved not to be defeated in his own expectations of wealth, the basis of which was to be Donald's purse—the purse which he very probably alluded to when relating his adventure with the ragged chifionier and his horse. He knew enough of Donald's principles to know that he would be likely to refuse, much as he loved to grow rich, to adventure money in a lottery; he therefore, determined to tempt him to drink, trusting to his voracious curiosity to lead him into the snare.

"That ale is good, very good—but I think something stronger than the last mug," said Donald, with the tears gushing from his eyes. "I think it has got into my nose! I'll drink no more, Jamie, dear."

"It won't hurt you. It does a man good to take something once in a while. A cold water stomach is like a wet rag. I wonder temperance people don't mortify inside for want of proper keeping! Spirits is the pickle to keep mankind in!"

"Yes, yes, good—pickle—good!" hiccupped Donald: on whose brain the mixed ale and brandy was taking effect. "He, he, he!—You're a d——d good fellow, Jamie."

"I knew you'd say so—I knew it, Donald! Now you're coming out! You'd be a gentleman if 'twant for your confounded sobriety."

"So, s-s-so, sobriety?"

"Yes, I said sobriety, Donald," answered Jamie, who saw with pleasure his friend was getting into the condition he would see him; "you are a good fellow, too!"

"A, a-m I—am I! Jamie! I say, Jamie," and Donald put an arm round his neck; "Jamie, I say?"

"Well, Donald?"

"Do you know, I think—I think, you are a good fellow."

"You just told me so."

"D-d-d—did, did I, Jamie?"

"Yes."

"Then you're I devilish good fel-fel-fel—I say—Jamie?"

"What, Donald?" answered Jamie, whose own experience now telling him, the time was come to make his friend do any thing.

"I say, you know where that, that lot—lot—"

"Lottery," cried Jamie eagerly, completing the word Donald drunkenly stumbled at.

"Yes, lottery! I say, Jamie, do you know?"

"I'll go with you there, now," said Jim rising and taking Donald's arm.

"That's a good fellow—didn't I just say you was a good fellow?"

"Yes—come along!"

"I am coming—I mean to buy a ticket, Jamie."

"Well, let us go," said Jamie persuading and coaxing him as if he feared his game would slip his net, and he led him out of the box, whispering to Burling to order a hackney coach.

Without resistance, but giving his will wholly up to Jim's direction, he suffered himself to be led quite tipsy, to the coach. Jim jumped in after him, and the driver receiving his orders, drove in the direction of Nassau street.

"I—is—is this your coach, Jamie?" asked poor Donald, as they drove rapidly along.

"Yes, Donald, my boy," said Jim, elated; "didn't I tell you I was going to ride in a coach of my own?"

"Oh, yes, yes, I recollect! I say, Jamie, I want to buy one of those lottery tickets, hey?"

"You shall, Donald; we are going there now."

"You are a goo-good fellow, Jamie; give us your hand, Jamie."

"Have you any money with you, Donald, lad?" asked Jamie in a low solicitous tone.

"Money! yes, Jamie I always have money; what should I do without money; I never leave my pur-pur-purse at home, Jamie," said Donald with a drunken shrewdness often seen in men in his state, and winking tipsily at Jim.

Jim did not blush, though nature tried to for him, but the mirror in his cheek through which she would have reflected was too thickly coated with vice and hardihood. He felt, however, that Donald had his wits about him, and that he must play his hand with caution. "Count and see if you have sixteen dollars, Donald."

"Sixteen! s-s-s—sixteen dol-dollars," he repeated, taking out his pocket-book, with the kind assistance of the hardy Jim, and opening it; "sixteen—yes—here is ten—five—that's fif-