

on the table a dirty waiter, containing two stiff glasses of brandy and water.

"No; but one brandy, Burling—this gentleman drinks ale," said Jim, placing sixpence on the waiter to pay for the two glasses, at three pence each.

"I thank you, Jamie," said Donald, decidedly. "I won't drink any thing. I never do, you know I am a sober man!"

"Oh, yes, the gentleman is a sober man, Tom," said Jim, significantly, to the keeper of the cellar, a little offended at the moral superiority over him the words implied; "but never mind, he'll drink with me! Take away the brandy, and give us a mug of Albany;" for Jim had now resolved he should, at all events, drink with him.

"No, no, I don't wish it," said Donald.

The man had already disappeared, and soon returned with the ale foaming white above the top of the pewter mug.

"Set it down, Tom. Now, Donald, here's your health, and success to our being rich men! Take it, take it up, man—what, won't you drink that toast?"

Donald half-extended his hand towards the mug—coloured, hesitated, and then drew it back.

"Now, then, if a man considers himself too good to drink with another," said Jim, setting down, untasted, the glass he had lifted to his mouth, quite offended; "I don't see what he need trouble himself about him for; you may say poor for all I will show you a way to get rich, Mr. Fay; if I aint fit to drink with, I aint fit to sit with;" and with these words Jim got up to leave the box.

"Stop, Jamie," said Donald, forcing a smile; "a glass of ale is neither here nor there, between friends. So sit down, and I'll drink with you this once, though I don't need it, if ye'll never ask me again."

"Well, this once, then, Donald!" said Jim, mollified, and sitting down; "I hate to see a fellow so stiff up, that he thinks nobody good enough for him just because he keeps sober.—O—n such fellows! Give me a boy that'll take his glass with a friend, and grasp his hand over it as if he had a warm heart in his breast. Here, then, is to you, Donald," added Jim, touching Donald's mug, which he had taken in his hand; "and success to our enterprize."

Jim's brandy and water went quickly the way of all brandies and water, in the hands of an amateur like him; Donald's ale disappeared less quickly, but he finally emptied his mug, and the first taste of it inspired a peculiar thirst,

which, though he did not intend to drink but little of it, he could not help yielding to.

"That's a friend, now, Donald," said Jim, taking his hand across the board, and squeezing it in a very tipsy friendly way; "I like to see a man come down to a level with his friends."

These words struck Donald very unpleasantly, and he felt uneasy and sorry he had taken the ale; the reflection forced itself upon him—I have indeed come down to the level which he would drag me to! Instead of elevating him to mine, by dissuading him from drink, I have suffered myself to fall to his! and he inwardly resolved never to drink another glass again under any circumstances. Avarice had thus led Donald to take the first step in intemperance!

"Well, Jamie, now you have got me down here, and made me drink with you, let me know what is the way of getting so soon rich as you spoke of?"

"Well, you see, Donald, it's a dull life this, to work till we are old and worn out, to get rich; and I have made up my mind, as I told you long ago, to quit it! I mean to live like a gentleman."

"But how, Jamie, how?" demanded Donald, impatiently.

"Why, you see, I was yesterday down in Nassau street, and, being thirsty, I wanted something to drink, in course; so finding, you see, I had, somehow, left my purse at home, I hadn't a red cent—no, not a red cent, Donald! A fix, wasn't it for a gentleman to be in that means to ride in his carriage! So, thinks I to myself, I must have a drink if I have to work for it—because, it was a all-fired ways to get at my purse!"

"I dare say, Jamie," said Donald drily.

"Yes, and so I looked about for a chance to do an odd job, for a minute to get a sixpence; and I saw a fellow ragged as a beggar leading an old worn-out horse with two bags filled with street-pickings across his back. Says he, seeing by my looks I wasn't very particular what I did, 'hold my horse till I just go up them are steps, and I'll give you three cents.' I didn't like the chap's looks over much, nor his horse's neither, but when a man's dry, he'll do any thing to get the metal to pay for a drink."

"Water don't cost any thing, Jamie."

"Water don't quench my thirst, Donald; water was only made to mix liquor in—raw water gives a man the cholic. I told the chap if he'd pay me in advance, (for I didn't believe