

Mr. Price (the Reeve) that an old man lay at one of the taverns in a dying state—at least people told him so—and that as far as could be ascertained he was destitute of means and had travelled a considerable distance without refreshment. For any one, the constable, therefore, requested Mr. Price to step over, and see him; and to consider him an object worthy of notice. It might perhaps give an interest and effect to the proper authorities in the place. Mr. Price, who was well known to be a kind-hearted man, at once complied with the request, accompanied by Harman, who was also blessed with a compassionate and generous spirit. The old man lay prostrate upon the floor of the bar-room, with a small bundle and a staff by his side; his countenance wore a ghastly look, his brow wrinkled with the cares of three-score years or more, the shoulders stooped from the ponderous burden of life, and the clothing tattered and hanging all shreddy and loose. Poor old soul! he was indeed dying, from what cause could not positively be said; but the supposition was, that it was owing to lack of food, from a few words he faintly uttered when borne from the street to the bar-room. When the Reeve and his son-in-law entered, the bystanders, some of whom chafed the old man's hands and wet his lips with diluted stimulants, moved aside. Abbott advanced and looked pitifully at the death-like form, but instantly drew back, pale with fright and stricken with surprise.

'May Heaven protect me! I know that man,' exclaimed he, clasping his hands. 'Oh, surely it is—it is—no, it cannot be! But still those features, changed though they may be, are so dreadfully real, so horribly familiar!—let me take another look. Ah, yes, it is none else than Bloat—Theodore Bloat, my friends, a fellow-citizen of mine. How he came, or why he's here, is a mystery to me.'

Abbott knelt beside him and gazed silently at the darkened brow, as if to assure himself that his recognition was correct, and in a muffled tone called the old man by his name. With feeble

efforts the dying traveller turned his head and raised the eyes. 'Harman, Harman! oh, Harman!' he muttered, with an almost imperceptible movement of the lips. 'You know me, don't you?'

'You said he! I know you well, how changed, ah! how changed!' said Abbott.

Bloat, for verily he was, reached his withered hand to Abbott, who held it with a soft and tender grasp:

'Life is ebbing; I'll soon be gone.—Forgive me, oh! forgive me Harman, I can say no more,' spoke the dying man.

'Forgive you! yes. God forbid I shouldn't,' said he, as he buried his face in his hands and sobbed aloud.

'Then farewell forever,' uttered Bloat, as he closed his eyes and with a few short gasps gave up the ghost.

Preparations were made the following day for the interment at the expense of his once persecuted clerk. The funeral procession of the late Manager of the Middlesex Bank consisted of eleven persons, Abbott volunteering to act as chief mourner. The remains of him who at one time lived in luxury and fashion, holding a superior position in a great metropolis, now lies enshrouded in beggar's rags, in a rough-made coffin, inside the verdant churchyard of the village of R—.

Not long after his release from Wakefield prison, he was totally bankrupt, his effects seized and sold, and his family cast upon the mercies of the generous Lord. His wife, Louisa, was compelled to engage in the service of a former associate as a housemaid, and the other members of the Rose Castle driven to the acceptance of similar subordinate positions. Bloat himself, having contrived to raise a small sum of money, purchased a steerage passage to New York, where he wandered about day after day in search of employment. Being totally unsuccessful in this, he managed with a portion of the small pittance left to effect his passage into Canada; here he travelled foot-sore and wearied for many weeks, until he was finally reduced to utter want, and was wending his way probably to some hospitable hamlet, to obtain shelter and food, when he fell

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