

House, my charity was solicited by the dirty, ragged sweeper of the street.

The voice, though long unheard, was only too familiar to my ear, and looking earnestly at the suppliant, with mingled sensations of pity and horror, I recognized my long-lost cousin, Theophilus Moncton.

He, too, recognized me, and dropping the tattered remains of his hat at my feet, muttered half aloud :

"Do not betray me, Geoffrey ; I am a lost and miserable man. My punishment is already greater than flesh and blood can well bear."

"What assistance can I render you ?" I asked, in a faltering voice, as I dropped my purse into his hat, for the sight of him recalled many painful recollections.

"You have rendered me the best in your power ;" and flinging away his broom, he disappeared down a dirty, narrow alley, leaving me in a state of doubt and anxiety concerning him.

Wishing to convert this sinner from the error of his ways, and to elucidate, if possible, the mystery which involved his father's death, I repaired to the same place for several days in the hope of meeting with him again, but without success.

A week elapsed, and I found another tattered son of want supplying his place at the crossing of the street. Dropping a shilling into his extended hand, I asked what had become of the poor fellow that used to sweep there.

"Saving your honor's presence," returned the mendicant, in a broad Irish accent, "he was a big blackguard, and so he was, not over-honest neither, and always drunk. T'other day, some foolish body who had more money nor wit, took a fancy to his ugly, unwholesome phiz., and gave him a purseful of gould—or mayhap he stole it—an' he never quits the grip of the brandy bottle till he dies. They carried the body to the poor-house,