

peared 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 son of want supplying his place at the crossing of the street. Dropping a shilling into his extended hand, I asked him what had become of the poor fellow that used to sweep there.

"Saving your honour'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 and that's all I knows of the chap. 'Tis a lucky thing, yer