

yet we were not to blame. I'd have done anything,—I offered to do anything—for my brother. But he got among vagabonds; he lived the life of the public house; he let his companions abuse and insult me, even when I went to drag him from his ruin! And, now, sir,—now it has come to this!”

It happened that there were many pickpockets, disturbers of the peace, idlers, and the like—apprehended that day: the cell at the police station was crowded with them. It was a close, unwholesome place, destitute of all the requisites of decency, abounding in filth, and utterly unfit for the purpose it was applied to. Into this place Gerald and his uncle were cast,—their wounds undressed, and their sufferings made a mockery of! A sponge and a wooden bowl half-filled with foul water, were handed to them, and with these they had to content themselves, and wash the blood from their faces as best they might!

Their companions smiled when they saw