THE CONTRAST.
CHAPTER I

'What a blessing it is to be the father of such a family of children!' said farmer Frankland, as he looked round at the honest affectionate faces of his sons and daughters, who were dining with him on his birthday. 'What a blessing it is to have a large family of children!'

'A blessing you may call it, if you will, neighbour, said farmer Bettesworth; 'but, if I was to speak my mind, I should be apt to call it a curse.'

'Why, as to that, we may both be right and both be wrong,' replied Frankland; 'for children are either a blessing or a curse, according as they turn out; and they turn out according as they are brought up. "Bring up a child in the way it should go;" that has
ever been my maxim: show me a better, show me a happier family than my own; and show me a happier father than myself," concluded the good old man, with pleasure sparkling in his eyes. Observing, however, that his neighbour Bettesworth looked blank and sighed deeply, he checked himself, and said, in a more humble tone, 'To be sure, it is not so mannerly for a man to be praising his own; except it just come from the heart unawares, amongst friends, who will excuse it—especially upon such a day as this. This day I am seventy years of age, and never was heartier or happier! So Tanny, love, till neighbour Bettesworth a glass of your sister's cider. 'Tis my Patty's making, Sir; and better never was drunk. Nay, nay, sit ye still, neighbour; as you happened to call in just as we were all dining, and making merry together, why, you cannot do better than to stay and make one of us, seeing that you are heartily welcome.'

Mr. Bettesworth excused himself, by saying that he was in hasty home.

No happy home had he, no affectionate children to welcome his return. Yet he had as numerous a family as Mr. Frankland's:
three sons and two daughters: Idle Isaac, Wild Will, Bullying Bob, Saucy Sally, and Jilting Jesse. Such were the names by which they were called, by all who knew them in the town of Monmouth, where they lived. Alliteration had "lent its artful aid" in giving these nick-names; but they were not misapplied.

Mr. Bettesworth was an indolent man, fond of his pipe, and fonder of building castles in the air by his fire-side. Mrs. Bettesworth was a vain foolish vixen; fond of dress, and fonder of her own will. Neither of them took the least care to breed up their children well. Whilst they were young, the mother humoured them; when they grew up, she contradicted them in everything, and then wondered how they could be so ungrateful as not to love her.

The father was also surprised to find that his boys and girls were not as well-mannered, nor as well-tempered, nor as clever, nor as steady, nor as dutiful and affectionate, as his neighbour Frankland's; and he said to himself, some folks have the luck of having good children. To be
sure, some children are born better than others.

He should rather have said, to be sure, some children are bred better than others.

Mr. Frankland's wife was a prudent sensible woman, and had united with him in constant endeavours to educate their family. Whilst they were yet infants, prattling at their mother's knee, she taught them to love and help one another, to conquer their little sordid humours, and to be obedient and tractable. This saved both them and herself a great deal of trouble afterward; and their father often said, both to the boys and girls, 'You may thank your mother, and so may I, for the good tempers you have.'

The girls had the misfortune to lose this excellent mother, when one was about seventeen, and the other eighteen; but she was always alive in their memory. Patty, the eldest sister, was homely in her person; but she was so neat in her dress, and she had such a cheerful agreeable temper, that people forgot she was not handsome: particularly as it was observed that she was very
fond of her sister Fanny, who was remarkably pretty.

Fanny was neither prudish nor censorious; neither a romp nor a flirt: she was so unaffected and unassuming, that most of her neighbours loved her; and this is saying a great deal in favour of one who had so much the power to excite envy.

Mr. Frankland's eldest son, George, was bred to be a farmer; and he understood country business uncommonly well, for a young man of his age. He constantly assisted his father in the management of the farm; and, by this means, acquired much experience with little waste of time or money. His father had always treated him so much as his friend, and had talked to him so openly of his affairs, that he ever looked upon his father's business as his own; and he had no idea of having any separate interest.

James, the second son, was bred to trade. He had been taught whatever was necessary and useful for a man in business; he had habits of punctuality, civil manners, and a thorough love of fair dealing.

Frank, the youngest son, was of more
lively disposition than his brothers; and his father used often to tell him, when he was a boy, that, if he did not take care, his hasty temper would get him into scrapes; and that the brightest parts, as they are called, will be of little use to a man, unless he has also steadiness to go through with whatever he begins. These hints, from a father whom he heartily loved, made so strong an impression upon Frank, that he took great pains to correct the natural violence of his temper, and to learn patience and industry. The three brothers were attached to one another; and their friendship was a source of improvement, as well as of pleasure.

The evening of Mr. Frankland's birthday, the whole family retired to an arbour in their garden, and began to talk over their affairs with open hearts.

'Well, Frank, my boy,' said the happy father, who was the confident of his children, 'I am sure, if your heart is set upon this match with Jesse Betts-worth, I will do my best to like the girl; and her not being rich shall be no objection to me; we can make that up amongst us, some way or other. But, Frank, it is fair to tell you my
opinion of the girl, plainly and fully, beforehand, as I have done. She that has jilted others, I think, would be apt to jilt you, if she met with a better offer.'

'Why then, father, I'll not be in a hurry; I'll take time to consider, before I speak to her any more; and I thank you for being so kind, which I hope I shall not forget.'

The morning after this conversation passed, Jilting Jesse, accompanied by her sister, Saucy Sally, came to pay Patty and Fanny Frankland a visit. They were full of some piece of news, which they were eager to tell.

'Well, to be sure, I dreamed I had a diamond ring put on my finger by a great lord, not a week ago,' cried Jesse, 'and who knows but it may come true? You have not heard the news, Fanny Frankland? Hey, Patty?'

Not they: they never hear any news!' said Sally.

Well then I'll tell you,' cried Jesse.

Rich Captain Bettesworth, our relation, who made the great fortin abroad, ever seas, has just broken his neck out a hunting; and the fortin all comes to us

'We shall now see whether Mrs. Crad-
dock shall push by me again, as she did yesterday in the street! We'll see whether I shan't make as good a fine lady as herself; I warrant it, that's all. It's my turn to push by folk now," said Saucy Sally.

Fanny and Patty Frankland, with sincere good-nature, congratulated their neighbours on this increase of fortune; but they did not think that pushing by Mrs. Craddock could be one of the most useful or agreeable consequences of an increase in fortune.

'Lord, Patty! how you sit moping yourself there at your work,' continued Sally: 'but some people must work, to be sure that can't afford to be idle. How you must envy us, Patty!'

Patty assured her she did not in the least envy those who were idle.

'Fine talking! Fine airs, truly, Miss Patty! This is by way of calling me over the coals for being idle, I suppose!' said Sally; 'but I've no notion of being taken to task this way. You think you've had a fine education, I suppose, and so are to set a pattern for all Monmouthshire, indeed: but you'll find some people will be as much thought of, now, as other people; and may
hold their heads as high. *Education's a fine thing, no doubt, but *for'tin's a better, as the world goes, I've a notion: so you may go moping on here as long as you please, being a good child all the days of your life!

"Come when you're called;
And do as you're bid;
Shut the door after you;
And you'll never be chid."

I'm sure, I would not let my nose be kept to the grindstone, as yours is, for any one living. I've too much spirit, for my part, to be made a fool of, as some people are; and all for the sake of being called a vastly good daughter, or a vastly good sister, forsooth!

Nothing but the absolute want of breath could have suspended the remainder of this speech; for she was so provoked, to see Patty did not envy her, that she was determined to say every thing she could invent, to try her. Patty's temper, however, was proof against the trial; and Saucy Sally, despairing of success against one sister, turned to the other.

'Miss Fanny, I presume,' said she, 'wo'nt give herself such high and mighty airs as she
used to do, to one of her sweet-hearts, who shall be nameless.'

Fanny blushed; for she knew this speech alluded to Wild Will, who was an admirer of hers, but whom she had never encouraged.

'I hope,' said she, 'I never gave myself airs to any body: but, if you mean to speak of your brother William, I assure you that my opinion of him will not be changed by his becoming richer: nor will my father's.'

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Frank, who had just heard, from one of the Bettesworths, of their good fortune. He was impatient to see how Jesse would behave in prosperity. 'Now,' said he to himself, 'I shall judge, whether my father's opinion of her, or mine, is right.'

Jilting Jesse had certainly given Frank reason to believe she was very fond of him; but the sudden change in her fortune quite altered her views and opinions. As soon as Frank came in, she pretended to be in great haste to be gone; and, by various petty manoeuvres, avoided giving him an opportunity of speaking to her; though she plainly saw he was anxious to say something to her in private. At length, when she was looking
out of the window, to see whether a shower was over, he went behind her and whispered, 'Why are you in such haste? Cannot you stay a few minutes with us? You were not always in such a hurry to run away!'

'Lord, nonsense! Mr. Frank. Why will you always plague me with nonsense, Mr. Frank?'

She opened the lattice window as she spoke, put out her beautiful neck as far as possible, and looked up eagerly to the clouds.

'How sweet this jasmine smells!' said Frank, pulling a bit of it which hung over the casement. 'This is the jasmine you used to like so much. See, I've nailed it up, and it's finer than ever it was. Won't you have a sprig of it? — offering to put some in her hat, as he had often done before; but she now drew back disdainfully, saying:

'Lord! Mr. Frank, it's all wet; and will spoil my new lilac ribbons. How awkward and disagreeable you are always!'

'Always! You did not always think so; at least, you did not say so.'

'Well, I think so, and say so, now and that's enough.'
'And too much, if you are in earnest; but that I can hardly believe.'

'That's your business, and not mine. If you do n't choose to believe what I say, how can I help it? But this you'll remember, if you please, Sir.'

'Sir!!! Oli, Jesse! Is it come to this?'

'To what, Sir? For I vow and declare I don't understand you!'

'I have never understood you till now. I am afraid.'

'Perhaps not: it's well we understand one another at last. Better late than never.'

The scornful lady walked off to a looking-glass, to wipe away the insult which her new lilac ribbons had received from Frank's sprig of jasmine.

'One word more, and I have done,' said Frank, hastily following her. 'Have I done any thing to displease you? Or does this change in you proceed from the change in your fortune, Jesse?'

'I'm not obliged, Sir, to account for my proceedings to any body; and don't know what right you have to question me, as, if you were my lord and judge: which you are not, nor never will be, thank God.'
Frank's passion struggled with his reason for a few instants. He stood motionless; then, in an altered voice, repeated, 'thank God!' and turned from her with proud composure. From this time forward, he paid no more court to Jesse.

'Ah, father!' said he, 'you knew her better than I did. I am glad I did not marry her last year, when she would have accepted of me, and when she seemed to love me. I thought you were rather hard upon her then. But you were not in love with her as I was, and now I find you were right.'

'My dear Frank,' said the good old man, 'I hope you will not think me hard another time, when I do not think just the same as you do. I would, as I told you, have done every thing in my power to settle you well in the world, if you had married this girl. I should never have been angry with you; but I should have been bitterly grieved, if you had, for the whim of the minute, made yourself unhappy for life. And was it not best to put you upon your guard? What better use can an old man make of his experience, than to give it to his children?'

Frank was touched by the kind manner in
which his father spoke to him; and Fanny, who was present, immediately put a letter into her father's hand, saying, 'I have just received this from Will Bettesworth; what answer do you think I had best give him?'

Now Fanny, though she did not quite approve of Wild Will's character, felt a little partiality for him, for he seemed to be of a generous temper, and his manners were engaging. She hoped his wildness was only the effect of good spirits, and that he would soon settle to some business. However, she had kept these hopes and this partiality a secret from all but her father, and she had never given Will Bettesworth any encouragement. Her father had not a good opinion of this young man; and she had followed his advice, in keeping him at a distance. His letter was written in so vile a hand that it was not easy to decipher the meaning.

"My sweet pretty Fanny,

"Notwithstanding your cruelty, I am more in love with you than ever; and now I have come in for a share in a great fortune; and shall ask no questions from father nor mother, if you will marry me, having no reason to love or care for either. Mother's as cross as ever, and will never, I am sure, agree to my doing
upon having my own way, and I am more and more in love with you than ever, and would go through fire and water to get you

Your true love (in haste),

Will Bettesworth.”

At first reading the letter, Fanny was pleased to find that her lover did not, like Jilting Jesse, change his mind the moment that his situation was altered: but, upon looking over it again, she could not help considering that such an undutiful son was not likely to make a very good husband, and she thought even that Wild Will seemed to be more and more in love with her than ever, from the spirit of opposition; for he had not been much attached to her, till his mother, as he said, set herself against the match. At the end of this letter were the words turn over; but they were so scrawled and blotted, that Fanny thought they were only one of the strange flourishes which he usually made at the end of his name; and consequently she had never turned over, or read the postscript, when she put the epistle into her father’s hands. He deciphered the flourish, and read the following addition:

“I know your father does not like me; but never mind his not being agreeable. As sure as my name’s
Will, I'd carry you hoff, night or day; and Bob would fight your brothers along with me, if they said a word; for Bob loves fun. I will be at your windor this night, if you are agreeable, like a gurl of spirit."

Fanny was shocked so much that she turned quite pale, and would have sunk to the ground, if she had not been supported by her father. As soon as she recovered herself sufficiently to be able to think, she declared that all the liking she had ever felt for William Bettesworth was completely conquered; and she thanked her father for having early warned her of his character. 'Ah! father,' said she, 'what a happiness it has been to me that you never made me afraid of you! Else, I never should have dared to tell you my mind; and in what a sad snare might I have been at this instant! If it had not been for you, I should perhaps have encouraged this man: I might not then, may be, have been able to draw back; and what would have become of me?'

It is scarcely necessary to say that Fanny wrote a decided refusal to Wild Will. All connection between the Bettesworths and Franklands was now broken off. Will was enraged at being rejected by Fanny; and
Jesse was equally incensed at finding she was no longer admired by Frank. They however affected to despise the Franklands, and to treat them as people beneath their notice. The fortune, left by Captain Bettesworth to his relations, was said to be about twenty thousand pounds: with this sum they thought, to use their own expression, they were entitled to live in as great style, and cut as grand a dash, as any of the first families in Monmouthshire. For the present we shall leave them to the enjoyment of their new grandeur, and continue the humble history of farmer Frankland and his family.

By many years of persevering industry, Mr. Frankland had so improved the farm upon which he lived, that he was now affluent, for a man in his station of life. His house, garden, farm-yard, every thing about him, were so neat and comfortable, that travellers, as they passed by, never failed to ask, 'Who lives there?' Travellers, however, only saw the outside; and that was not, in this instance, the best part. They would have seen happiness, if they had looked within these farm-house walls: happiness which may be enjoyed as well in the cottage
as in the palace; that which arises from family union.

Mr. Frankland was now anxious to settle his sons in the world. George had business enough at home, in taking care of the farm; and James proposed to set up a haberdasher's shop in Monmouth; accordingly, the goods were ordered, and the shop was taken.

There was a part in the roof of the house which let in the wet, and James would not go into it till this was completely repaired; so his packages of goods were sent from London to his father's house, which was only a mile distant from Monmouth. His sisters unpacked them by his desire, to set shop-marks upon each article. Late at night, after all the rest of the family were asleep, Patty was sitting up to finish setting the marks on a box full of ribbons; the only things that remained to be done. Her candle was just burnt out; and, as she was going for another, she went by a passing window that faced the farm-yard, and suddenly saw a great light without. She looked out, and beheld the large hay-rick all in flames. She ran immediately to awaken her brothers and
Her father. They used every possible exertion to extinguish the fire, and to prevent it from communicating to the dwelling-house; but the wind was high; it blew directly towards the house. George poured buckets of water over the thatch, to prevent its catching fire; but all was in vain: thick flakes of fire fell upon it faster than they could be extinguished, and in an hour's time the dwelling-house was in a blaze.

The first care of the sons had been to get their father and sisters out of danger; then, with great presence of mind, they collected every thing that was most valuable, and portable, and laboured hard to save poor James's stock of haberdashery. They were all night hard at work; towards three o'clock the fire was got under, and darkness and silence succeeded. There was one roof of the house saved, under which the whole family rested for a few hours, till the return of day-light removed the melancholy spectacle of their ruin. Hay, oats, straw, corn-ricks, barn, every thing that the farm-yard contained, was utterly consumed: the walls and some half-burnt beams remained of the dwelling-
house, but it was no longer habitable. It was calculated that six hundred pounds would not repair the loss occasioned by this unfortunate accident. How the hay-rick had caught fire nobody knew.

George, who had made up the hay-stack, was most inclined to think that the hay had not been sufficiently dried; and that the rick had heated from this cause. He blamed himself extremely; but his father declared he had seen, felt, and smelt the hay, when the rick was making, and that it was as well saved hay as ever was brought into a farm-yard. This, in some measure, quieted poor George's conscience: and he was yet more comforted by Patty's good-nature, who showed him a bucket of ashes which had been left very near the spot where the hay-rick stood. The servant girl, who, though careless, was honest, confessed she recollected having accidentally left this bucket in that dangerous place the preceding evening; that she was going with it across the yard to the ash-hole, but she heard her lover whistle to her from the lane, and she set down the bucket in a hurry, ran to meet him, and for-
got the ashes. All she could say in her own defence was, that she did not think there was any fire in the bucket.

Her good master forgave her carelessness: he said he was sure she reproached herself enough for it, as indeed she did; and the more so when her master spoke to her so kindly: she cried as if her heart would break; and all that could be done, to comfort her, was to set her to work as hard as possible for the family.

They did not, any of them, spend their time in vain lamentations: ready money was wanting to rebuild the house and barns, and James sold to a haberdasher in Monmouth all of his stock which had been saved out of the fire, and brought the money to his father.

'Father,' said he, 'you gave this to me when you were able to afford it; you want it now, and I can do very well without it. I will go and be shopman in some good shop in Monmouth, and by degrees I shall get on, and do very well in the world. It would be strange if I did not, after the education you have given me.'

The father took the money from his son
with tears of pleasure: 'It is odd enough, said he, 'that I should feel pleasure at such a time! But this is the blessing of having good children. As long as we all are ready to help one another in this manner, we can never be very miserable, happen what may. Now let us think of rebuilding our house,' continued the active old man. 'Frank, reach me down my hat. I've a twinge of the rheumatism in this arm: I caught a little cold the night of the fire, I believe; but stirring about will do me good, and I must not be lazy: I should be ashamed to be lazy amongst so many active young men.'

The father and sons were very busy at work, when an ill-looking man rode up to them; and, after asking if their name was Frankland, put a paper into each of their hands. These papers were copies of a notice to quit their farm, before the ensuing first of September, under pain of paying double rent for the same.

'This is some mistake, Sir,' said old Frankland, mildly.

'No mistake, Sir,' replied the stranger. 'You will find the notice is a good notice, and duly served. Your lease I have seen
myself within these few days: it expired last May, and you have held over, contrary to law and justice, eleven months, this being April.'

'My father never did any thing contrary to law and justice in his whole life,' interrupted Frank; whose eyes flashed with indignation.

'Softly, Frank,' said the father, putting his hand on his son's shoulder; 'Softly, my dear boy: let this gentleman and I come to an understanding quietly. Here is some mistake, Sir. It is very true that my lease expired last May; but I had a promise of a renewal from my good landlord.'

'I don't know, Sir, any thing of that,' replied the stranger, as he looked over a memorandum-book. 'I do not know whom you denominate your good landlord; that being no way of describing a man in the eye of the law: but, if you refer to the original grantor, or lessor, Francis Felingsby, of Fplingsby-place, Monmouthshire, esq., I am to inform you that he died at Bath the 17th instant.'

'Died! My poor landlord dead! I am very sorry for it.'
'And his nephew, Philip Folingsby, esq., came into possession as heir at law,' continued the stranger, in an unvaried tone; 'and under his orders I act, having a power of attorney for that purpose.'

'But, Sir, I am sure Mr. Philip Folingsby cannot know of the promise of renewal, which I had from his uncle.'

'Verbal promises, you know, are nothing Sir; mere air, without witnesses: and, if gratuitous on the part of the deceased, are no ways binding, either in common law or equity, on the survivor or heir. In case the promise had been in writing, and on a proper stamp, it would have been something.'

'It was not in writing to be sure, Sir,' said Frankland; 'but I thought my good landlord's word was as good as his bond; and I said so.'

'Yes,' cried Frank; 'and I remember when you said so to him, I was by; and he answered, "You shall have my promise in writing. Such things are of little use, between honest men: but who knows what may happen, and who may come after me? Everything about business should be put into writing. I would never let a tenant of mine be
at an uncertainty. You have improved your farm, and deserve to enjoy the fruits of your own industry, Mr. Frankland." Just then, company came in, and our landlord put off writing the promise. He next day left the country in a hurry; and I am sure thought, afterwards, he had given us the promise in writing.'

'Very clear evidence, no doubt, Sir; but not at all to the point at present,' said the stranger. 'As an agent, I am to know nothing but what is my employer's intent. When we see the writing and stamp, I shall be a better judge,' added he with a sneer. 'In the mean time, gentlemen, I wish you a good morning: and you will please to observe that you have been duly served with notice to quit, or pay double rent.'

'There can be no doubt, however,' said Frank, 'that Mr. Folingsby will believe you, father. He is a gentleman, I suppose, and not like this new agent, who talks like an attorney. I hate all attorneys.'

'All dishonest attorneys, I suppose you mean, Frank,' said the benevolent old man; who, even when his temper was most tried, never spoke, or even felt, with acrimony.'
The new landlord came into the country; and, a few days after his arrival, old Frankland went to wait upon him. There was little hope of seeing young Mr. Folingsby; he was a man whose head was at this time entirely full of gigs, and tandems, and unicorns: business was his aversion; pleasure was his business. Money he considered only as the means of pleasure; and tenants only as machines, who make money. He was neither avaricious nor cruel: but thoughtless and extravagant.

Whilst he appeared merely in the character of a young man of fashion, these faults were no offence to his equals, to whom they did no injury: but, when he came into possession of a large estate, and when numbers were dependent upon him, they were severely felt by his inferiors.

Mr. Folingsby had just gathered up the reins in hand, and was seated in his unicorn, when farmer Frankland, who had been waiting some hours to see him, came to the side of the carriage. As he took off his hat, the wind blew his gray hair over his face.

‘Put on your hat, pray, my good friend; and don’t come near these horses, for I can’t
answer, for them. Have you any commands with me?'

'I have been waiting some hours to speak to you, Sir; but, if you are not at leisure, I will come again to morrow morning,' said old Frankland.

'Ay, do so; call to morrow morning; for now I have not one moment to spare,' said Young Folingsby, as he whipped his horses, and drove off, as if the safety of the nation had depended upon twelve miles an hour.

The next day, and the next, and the next the old tenant called upon his young landlord, but without obtaining an audience, still he was desired to call to morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow. He wrote several letters to him, but received no answer: at last, after giving half-a-guinea to his land lord's gentleman, he gained admittance. Mr Folingsby was drawing on his boots, and his horses were coming to the door. Frankland saw it was necessary to be concise in history: he slightly touched on the principia circumstances, the length of time he had occupied his farm, the improvements he had made upon the land, and the misfortun
which had lately befallen him. The boots were on by the time that he got to the promise of renewal, and the notice to quit.

'Promise of renewal: I know of no such thing. Notice to quit: that's my agent's business; speak to him, he'll do you justice. I really am sorry for you, Mr. Frankland; very sorry; extremely sorry. Damn the rascal who made these boots!—but you see how I'm circumstances; haven't a moment to myself; only came to the country for a few days; set out for Ascot races to-morrow; really have not a moment to think of anything. But speak to Mr. Deal, my agent. He'll do you justice. I'm sure. I leave all these things to him. Jack, that bay horse is coming on—

'I have spoken to your agent, Sir,' said the old tenant following his thoughtless young landlord; but he said that verbal promises, without a witness present, were nothing but air; and I have nothing to rely on but your justice. I assure you, Sir, I have not been an idle tenant: my land will show that I have not.'

'Tell Mr. Deal so; make him understand it in this light. I leave every thing of this'
sort to Mr. Deal. I really have not time for business, but I'm sure Mr. Deal will do you justice.'

This was all that could be obtained from the young landlord. His confidence in his agent's sense of justice was somewhat misplaced. Mr. Deal had received a proposal from another tenant, for Frankland's farm; and with this proposal a bank note was sent, which spoke more forcibly than all that poor Frankland could urge. The agent took the farm from him; and declared he could not, in justice to his employer, do otherwise; because the new tenant had promised to build upon the land a lodge fit for any gentleman to inhabit, instead of a farm-house.

The transaction was concluded without Mr. Folingsby's knowing any thing more of the matter, except signing the leases; which he did without reading them; and receiving half a year's rent in hand, as a fine; which he did with great satisfaction. He was often distressed for ready money, though he had a large estate: and his agent well knew how to humour him in his hatred of business. No interest could have persuaded Mr.
they bore the best of characters, he observed, and no people in Monmouthshire could understand the management of land better. He willingly agreed to let him the farm; but it contained only a few acres, and the house was so small that it could scarcely lodge above three people.

Here old Frankland and his eldest son, George, settled. James went to Monmouth, where he became shopman to Mr. Cleghorn, a haberdasher, who took him in preference to three other young men, who applied on the same day. 'Shall I tell you the reason why I fixed upon you, James?' said Mr. Cleghorn. 'It was not whim; I had my reasons.'

'I suppose,' said James, 'you thought I had been honestly and well brought up; as I believe in former times, Sir, you knew something of my mother.'

'Yes, Sir; and in former times I knew something of yourself. You may forget, but I do not, that, when you were a child, not more than nine years old*, you came to this shop to pay a bill of your mother's: the bill was cast up a pound too little; you

* This circumstance is a fact.
found out the mistake, and paid me the money. I dare say you are as good an accountant, and as honest a fellow, still. I have just been terribly tricked by a lad to whom I trusted foolishly; but this will not make me suspicious towards you, because I know how you have been brought up; and that is the best security a man can have.'

Thus, even in childhood, the foundation of a good character may be laid; and thus children inherit the good name of their parents. A rich inheritance! of which they cannot be deprived, by the utmost malice of fortune.

The good characters of Fanny and Patty Frankland were well known in the neighbourhood; and, when they could no longer afford to live at home, they found no difficulty in getting places. On the contrary, several of the best families in Monmouth were anxious to engage them. Fanny went to live with Mrs. Hungerford; a lady of an ancient family, who was proud, but not insolent, and generous, but not what is commonly called affable. She had several children, and she hired Fanny Frankland for the particular purpose of attending them.
'Pray let me see that you exactly obey my orders, young woman, with respect to my children,' said Mrs. Hungerford, 'and you shall have no reason to complain of the manner in which you are treated in this house. It is my wish to make every body happy in it, from the highest to the lowest. You have, I understand, received an education above your present station in life; and I hope and trust that you will deserve the high opinion I am, from that circumstance, inclined to form of you.'

Fanny was rather intimidated by the haughtiness of Mrs. Hungerford's manner; yet she felt a steady though modest confidence in herself, which was not displeasing to her mistress.

About this time Patty, also, went into service. Her mistress was a Mrs. Crumpe, a very old rich lady, who was often sick and peevish, and who confessed that she required an uncommonly good-humoured person to wait upon her. She lived a few miles from Monmouth, where she had many relations; but, on account of her great age and infirmities, she led an extremely retired life.

Frank was now the only person in the fa-
mily, who was not settled in the world. He determined to apply to a Mr. Barlow, an attorney of an excellent character. He had been much pleased with the candour and generosity Frank showed in a quarrel with the Bettesworths; and he had promised to befriend him, if ever it should be in his power. It happened that, at this time, Mr. Barlow was in want of a clerk; and, as he knew Frank's abilities, and had reason to feel confidence in his integrity, he determined to employ him in his office. Frank had once a prejudice against attorneys; he thought that they could not be honest men, but he was convinced of his mistake, when he became acquainted with Mr. Barlow. This gentleman never practised any mean petty fogging arts; on the contrary, he always dissuaded those who consulted him from commencing vexatious suits. Instead of fomenting quarrels, it was his pleasure and pride to bring about reconciliations. It was said of Mr. Barlow that he had lost more suits out of the courts, and fewer in them, than any attorney of his standing in England. His reputation was now so great that he was consulted more as a lawyer than as an attorney. With such
a master, Frank had a prospect of being extremely happy; and he determined that nothing should be wanting, on his part, to ensure Mr. Barlow's esteem and regard.

James Frankland, in the mean time, went on happily with Mr. Cleghorn, the haberdasher; whose customers all agreed that his shop had never been so well attended as since this young man had been his foreman. His accounts were kept in the most exact manner; and his bills were made out with unrivalled neatness and expedition. His attendance on the shop was so constant that his master began to fear it might hurt his health; especially as he had never, till of late, been used to so confined a life.

'You should go abroad, James, these fine evenings,' said Mr. Cleghorn. 'Take a walk in the country now and then, in the fresh air. Don't think I want to nail you always to the counter. Come, this is as fine an evening as you can wish: take your hat, and away; I'll mind the shop myself, till you come back. He must be a hard master, indeed, that does not know when he's well served; and that never will be my case, I hope. Good servants make good masters,
and good masters good servants. Not that I mean to call you, Mr. James, a servant: that was only a slip of the tongue; and no matter for the tongue, where the heart means well, as mine does towards you.'

Towards all the world Mr. Cleghorn was not disposed to be indulgent: he was not a selfish man; but he had a high idea of sub-ordination in life. Having risen himself by slow degrees, he thought that every man in trade should have what he called "the rough as well as the smooth." He saw that his new foreman bore the rough well; and therefore he was now inclined to give him some of the smooth.

James, who was extremely fond of his brother Frank, called upon him and took him to Mrs. Hungerford's, to ask Fanny to accompany them in this walk. They had seldom seen her, since they had quitted their father's house and lived in Monmouth; and they were disappointed when they were told, by Mrs. Hungerford's footman, that Fanny was not at home; she was gone out to walk with the children. The man did not know which road they went, so they had no
hopes of meeting her; and they took their way through one of the shady lanes near Monmouth. The sun had set some time before they thought of returning; for, after several weeks’ confinement in close houses, the fresh air, green fields, and sweet smelling wild flowers in the hedges, were delightful novelties. ‘Those who see these things every day,’ said James, ‘scarcely notice them; I remember I did not, when I lived at our farm. So things, as my father used to say, are made equal to people in this world. We, who are hard at work in a close room all day long, have more relish for an evening walk, a hundred to one, than those who saunter about from morning till night.’

The philosophic reflections of James were interrupted by the merry voices of a troop of children, who were getting over a style into the lane, where he and Frank were walking. The children had huge nosegays of honeysuckles, dog-roses, and blue-bells in their little hands; and they gave their flowers to a young woman who attended them, begging she, would hold them whilst they got over the stile. James and Frank went to offer
their services to help the children; and then they saw that the young woman, who held the flowers, was their sister Fanny.

'Our own Fanny!' said Frank. 'How lucky this is! It seems almost a year since I saw you. We have been all the way to Mrs. Hungerford's, to look for you; and have been forced to take half our walk without you; but the other half will make amends. I've a hundred things to say to you; which is your way home? Take the longest way, I entreat you. Here is my arm. What a delightful fine evening it is! But what's the matter?'

'It is a very fine evening,' said Fanny, hesitating a little; 'and I hope to-morrow will be as fine. I'll ask my mistress to let me walk out with you to-morrow; but this evening I cannot stay with you, because I have the children under my care; and I have promised her that I will never walk with any one when they are with me.'

'But your own brother,' said Frank, a little angry at this refusal.

'I promised I would not walk with any one; and surely you are somebody: so good
night; good by," replied Fanny, endeavouring to turn off his displeasure with a laugh.

'But what harm, I say; can I do the children, by walking with you?' cried Frank, catching hold of her gown.

'I do n't know; but I know what the orders of my mistress are; and you know, dear Frank, that whilst I live with her, I am bound to obey them.'

'Oh, Frank, she must obey them,' said James.

Frank loosened his hold of Fanny's gown immediately. 'You are right, dear Fanny,' said he, 'you are right, and I was wrong, so good night; good by. Only remember to ask leave to walk with us to morrow evening; for I have had a letter from father and brother George, and I want to show it you. Wait five minutes, and I can read it to you now, Fanny'.

Fanny, though she was anxious to hear her father's letter, would not wait, but hurried away with the children that were under her care; saying she must keep her promise to her mistress exactly. Frank followed her, and put the letter into her hands. 'You
are a dear good girl, and deserve all the fine things father says of you in this letter. Take it, child: your mistress does not forbid you receiving a letter from your father, I suppose. I shall wish her hanged, if she does not let you walk with us to-morrow,' whispered he.

The children frequently interrupted Fanny, as she was reading her father's letter. 'Pray pull that high dog-rose for me, Fanny,' said one. 'Pray hold me up to that large honey-suckle,' said another. 'And do, Fanny,' said the youngest boy, 'let us go home by the common, that I may see the glow-worms. Mamma said I might; and whilst we are looking for the glow-worms, you can sit on a stone, or a bank, and read your letter in peace.'

Fanny, who was always very ready to indulge the children in any thing which her mistress had not forbidden, agreed to this proposal; and when they came to the common, little Gustavus, for that was the name of the youngest boy, found a charming seat for her; and she sat down to read her letter, whilst the children ran to hunt for glow-worms.
Fanny read her father's letter over three times; and yet few people except those who have the happiness to love a father as well, and to have a father as deserving to be loved, would think it at all worth reading even once.

"MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

"It is a strange thing to me to be without you; but, with me or from me, I am sure you are doing well; and that is a great comfort; ay, the best a father can have, especially at my age. I am heartily glad to hear that my Frank has, by his own deserts, got so good a place with that excellent man, Mr. Barlow. He does not hate attorneys now, I am sure. Indeed, it is my belief, he could not hate any body for half an hour together, if he was to do his worst. Thank God, none of my children have been brought up to be revengeful or envious; and they are not fighting with one another, as I hear the poor Bettesworths now all are for the fortune. "Better is a dinner of herbs, where love is, than a stalled ox, and hatred therewith." I need not have troubled myself to write this text to any of you; but old men will be talkative. My rheumatism, however, prevents me from being as talkative as I could wish. It has been rather severe or so, owing to the great cold I caught the day that I was obliged to wait so long at Squire Folingshy's in my wet clothes. But I hope soon to be stirring again, and to be able to take share of the work about our little farm, with your dear brother George. Poor fellow! he has so much to do, and does so much, that I fear he will overwork himself. He is at this present time out in the little field, opposite my window, digging up the docks, which are very hard to conquer; he has made a brave large heap of them, but I wish to my heart he would not toil so desperately.
"I desire, my dear James and Frank, you will not confine yourselves too much in your shop and at your desk: this is all I have to dread for either of you. Give my love and blessing to my sweet girls. If Fanny was not as prudent as she is pretty, I should be in fear for her; hearing, as I do, that Mrs. Hungerford keeps so much fine company. A waiting-maid in such a house is in a dangerous place: but my Fanny, I am sure, will ever keep in mind her mother's precepts and example. I am told that Mrs. Crumpe, Patty's mistress, is (owing, I suppose, to her great age and infirmities) difficult in her humour; but my Patty has so even and pleasant a temper that I defy any one living, that knows her, not to love her. My hand is now quite tired of writing; this being penned with my left, as my right arm is not yet free from rheumatism: I have not James with me to write. God bless and preserve you all, my dear children. With such comforts, I can have nothing to complain of in this world. This I know, I would not exchange any one of you for all my neighbour Bettesworth's fine fortune. Write soon to

"Your affectionate father,

"B. FRANKLAND."

'Look! look at the glow-worms!' cried the children, gathering round Fanny, just as she had finished reading her letter. There were prodigious numbers of them on this common; and they shone over the whole ground, in clusters, or singly, like little stars.

Whilst the children were looking with admiration and delight at this spectacle, their attention was suddenly diverted from the
glow-worms by the sound of a French-horn. They looked round, and perceived that it came from the balcony of a house, which was but a few yards' distance from the spot where they were standing.

'Oh! let us go nearer to the balcony!' said the children; 'that we may hear the music better.' A violin, and a clarionet, at this moment, began to play.

'Oh! let us go nearer!' repeated the children, drawing Fanny with all their little force towards the balcony.

'My dears, it is growing late,' said she, and we must make haste home. There is a crowd of company, you see, at the door and at the windows of that house; and if we go near to it, some of them will certainly speak to you, and that you know your mamma would not like.'

The children paused, and looked at one another, as if inclined to submit; but, at this moment, a kettle-drum was heard, and little Gustavus, the youngest of the boys, could not resist his curiosity to hear and see more of this instrument: he broke loose from Fanny's hands, and escaped to the
house, exclaiming, 'I must and will hear it, and see it too!'

Fanny was obliged to pursue him into the midst of the crowd: he made his way up to a young gentleman in regimentals, who took him up in his arms, saying, 'By Jove, a fine little fellow! A soldier, every inch of him! By G—, he shall see the drum, and beat it too; let us see who dares say to the contrary.'

As the gallant ensign spoke, he carried Gustavus up a flight of stairs that led to the balcony. Fanny, in great anxiety, called after him to beg that he would not detain the child, who was trusted to her care: her mistress, she said, would be extremely displeased with her, if she disobeyed her orders.

She was here interrupted, in her remonstrance, by the shrill voice of a female, who stood on the same stair with the ensign, and whom, notwithstanding the great alteration in her dress, Fanny recognised to be Sally Bettesworth. Jilting Jesse stood beside her.

'Fanny Frankland, I protest! What a pothole she keeps about nothing,' cried Saucy Sally. 'Know your betters, and keep your
distance, young woman. Who cares whether your mistress is displeased or not! She can't turn us away: Can she, pray? She can't call Ensign Bloomington to account: Can she, hey?'

An insolent laugh closed this speech: a laugh in which several of the crowd joined: but some gentlemen were interested by Fanny's beautiful and modest countenance, as she looked up to the balcony, and, with tears in her eyes, entreated to be heard. 'Oh, for shame, Bloomington! Give her back the boy. It is not fair that she should lose her place,' cried they.

Bloomington would have yielded; but Saucy Sally stood before him, crying in a threatening tone, 'I'll never speak to you again, I promise you, Bloomington, if you give up. A fine thing, indeed, for a man and a soldier to give up to a woman and a servant girl! and an impertinent servant girl! Who cares for her or her place either!'

'I do! I do!' exclaimed little Gustavus, springing from the ensign's arms. 'I care for her! She is not an impertinent girl; and
I'll give up seeing the kettle-drum, and go home with her directly, with all my heart.'

In vain Sally attempted to withhold him; the boy ran down the stairs to Fanny, and marched off with her in all the conscious pride of a hero, whose generosity has fairly vanquished his passions. Little Gustavus was indeed a truly generous child: the first thing he did, when he got home, was to tell his mother all that had passed this evening. Mrs. Hungerford was delighted with her son, and said to him, 'I cannot, I am sure, reward you better, my dear, than by rewarding this good young woman. The fidelity with which she has fulfilled my orders, in all that regards my children, places her, in my opinion, above the rank in which she was born. Henceforward she shall hold in my house a station, to which her habits of truth, gentleness, and good sense, entitle her.'

From this time forward, Fanny, by Mrs. Hungerford's desire, was always present when the children took their lessons from their several masters. Mrs. Hungerford advised her to apply herself to learn all those things which were necessary for a governess to young ladies. 'When you speak, your
language in general is good, and correct; and no pains shall be wanting, on my part,' said this haughty but benevolent lady, 'to form your manners, and to develop your talents. This I partly owe you, for your care of my children; and I am happy to reward my son, Gustavus, in a manner which I am certain will be most agreeable to him.'

'And, mamma,' said the little boy, 'may she walk out sometimes with her brothers; for I do believe she loves them as well as I love my sisters.'

Mrs. Hungerford permitted Fanny to walk out for an hour, every morning, during the time that her children were with their dancing-master; and at this hour sometimes her brother James, and sometimes her brother Frank, could be spared; and they had many pleasant walks together. What a happiness it was to them to have been thus bred up from their earliest years, in friendship with one another. This friendship was now the sweetest pleasure of their lives.

Poor Patty! She regretted that she could not join in these pleasant meetings; but, alas! she was so useful, so agreeable, and so necessary to her infirm mistress, that she
could never be spared from home. 'Where's Patty? why does not Patty do this?' were Mrs. Crumpe's constant questions whenever she was absent. Patty had all the business of the house upon her hands, because nobody could do any thing so well as Patty. Mrs. Crumpe found that no one could dress her but Patty; nobody could make her bed, so that she could sleep on it, but Patty; no one could make jelly, or broth, or whey, that she could taste, but Patty; no one could roast, or boil, or bake, but Patty. Of course, all these things must be done by nobody else. The ironing of Mrs. Crumpe's caps, which had exquisitely nice plaited borders, at last fell to Patty's share; because once, when the laundry-maid was sick, she plaited one so charmingly that her lady would never afterwards wear any but of her plaiting. Now Mrs. Crumpe changed her cap, or rather had her cap changed, three times a day; and never wore the same cap twice.

The labours of washing, ironing, plaiting, roasting, boiling, baking, making jelly, broth, and whey, were not sufficient: Mrs. Crumpe took it into her head that she could eat no butter but of Patty's churning. But,
what was worse than all, not a night passed without Patty's being called up to see 'what could be the matter with the dog, that was barking, or the cat, that was mewing?' And, when she was just sinking to sleep again, at day-break, her lady, in whose room she slept, would call out, 'Patty! Patty! There's a dreadful noise in the chicken-yard.'

'Oh, Ma'am, it is only the cocks' crowing.'

'Well, do step out, and hinder them from crowing at this terrible rate.'

'But, Ma'am, I cannot hinder them indeed.'

'Oh yes, you could, if you were up. Get up and whip 'em, child. Whip 'em all round, or I shall not sleep a wink more this night.'*

How little poor Patty slept her lady never considered: not that she was in reality an ill-natured woman, but sickness inclined her to be peevish; and she had so long been use to be humour'd, and waited upon, by relations and servants, who expected she would leave them rich legacies, that she con-

* Taken from life.
sidered herself as a sort of golden idol, to whom all that approached should and would bow as low as she pleased. Perceiving that almost all around her were interested, she became completely selfish. She was from morning till night, from night till morning, nay from year's end to year's end, so much in the habit of seeing others employed for her, that she absolutely considered this to be the natural and necessary course of things; and she quite forgot to think of the comforts, or even of the well being, of those creatures who were "born for her use, and live but to oblige her."

From time to time, she was so far wakened to feeling, by Patty's exertions and good-humour, that she would say, to quiet her own conscience, 'Well! Well! I'll make it all up to her in my will! I'll make it all up to her in my will!'

She took it for granted that Patty, like the rest of her dependants, was governed entirely by mercenary considerations, and she was persuaded that the hopes of the legacy would secure Patty her slave for life. In this she was mistaken.

One morning Patty came into her room
with a face full of sorrow: a face so unlike her usual countenance, that even her mistress, unaccustomed as she was to attend to the feelings of others, could not help noticing the change.

'Well! What's the matter, child?' said she.

'Oh! sad news, Madam!' said Patty, turning aside to hide her tears.

'But, what's the matter, child, I say? Can't you speak, whatever it is, hey? What! have you burnt my best cap in the ironing, hey? Is that it?'

'Oh! worse, worse, Ma'am!'

'Worse! What can be worse?'

'My brother, Ma'am, my brother George, is ill, very ill, of a fever; and they don't think he'll live! Here is my father's letter, Ma'am!'

'Lord! how can I read it without spectacles? and why should I read it, when you've told me all that's in it? How the child cries!' continued Mrs. Crumpe, raising herself a little on her pillow, and looking at Patty with a sort of astonished curiosity. 'Haigbo! But I can't stay in bed this way till dinner-time. Get me my cap.
child, and dry your eyes; for crying won't do your brother any good.'

Patty dried her eyes. 'No: crying will not do him any good,' said she, 'but—

'But where is my cap? I don't see it on the dressing-table.'

'No, Ma'am: Martha will bring it in a minute or two; she is plaiting it.'

'I will not have it plaited by Martha.—Go and do it yourself.'

'But, Ma'am,' said Patty, who, to her mistress's surprise, stood still, notwithstanding she heard this order, 'I hope you will be so good as to give me leave to go to my poor brother to-day. All the rest of my brothers and sisters are with him, and he wants to see me; and they have sent a horse for me.'

'No matter what they have sent; you shan't go; I can't spare you. If you choose to serve me, serve me. If you choose to serve your brother, serve your brother, and leave me.'

'Then, Madam,' said Patty, 'I must leave you: for I cannot but choose to serve my brother at such a time as this, if I can
serve him; which God grant I mayn't be too late to do!'

'What! You will leave me? Leave me contrary to my orders! Take notice, then: these doors you shall never enter again, if you leave me now,' cried Mrs. Crumpe; who, by this unexpected opposition to her orders, was actually worked up to a state unlike her usual peevishness. She started up in her bed, and growing quite red in the face, cried, 'Leave me now, and you leave me for ever. Remember that! Remember that!'

'Then, Madam, I must leave you for ever,' said Patty, moving towards the door. 'I wish you your health and happiness; and am sorry to break so short.'

'The girl's an idiot!' cried Mrs. Crumpe. 'After this you cannot expect that I should remember you in my will.'

'No, indeed, Madam; I expect no such thing,' said Patty. (Her hand was on the lock of the door as she spoke.)

'Then,' said Mrs. Crumpe, 'perhaps you will think it worth your while to stay with me, when I tell you I have not forgot you
in my will? Consider that, child, before you turn the handle of the door. Consider that; and don’t disoblige me for ever.’

‘Oh, Madam, consider my poor brother. I am sorry to disoblige you for ever; but I can consider nothing but my poor brother,’ said Patty. The lock of the door turned quickly in her hand.

‘Why! Is your brother rich? What upon earth do you expect from this brother, that can make it worth your while to behave to me in this strange way?’ said Mrs. Crumpe.

Patty was silent with astonishment for a few moments, and then answered, ‘I expect nothing from him, Madam; he is as poor as myself; but that does not make me love him the less.’

Before Mrs. Crumpe could understand this last speech, Patty had left the room. Her mistress sat up in her bed, in the same attitude, for some minutes after she was gone, looking fixedly at the place where Patty had stood: she could scarcely recover from her surprise; and a multitude of painful thoughts crowded upon her mind.

‘If I was dying, and poor, who would come to me? Not a relation I have in the
world would come near me! Not a creature on earth loves me 'as this poor girl loves her brother, who is as poor as herself.'

Here her reflections were interrupted by hearing the galloping of Patty's horse, as it passed by the windows. Mrs. Crumpe tried to compose herself again to sleep, but she could not; and in half an hour's time she rang her bell violently, took her purse out of her pocket, counted out twenty bright guineas, and desired that a horse should be saddled immediately, and that her steward should gallop after Patty, and offer her that whole sum in hand, if she would return. 'Begin with one guinea, and bid on till you come up to her price,' said Mrs. Crumpe. 'Have her back again I will; if it was only to convince myself that she is to be had for money as well as other people.'

The steward, as he counted the gold in his hand, thought it was a great sum to throw away for such a whim: he had never seen his lady take the whim of giving away ready money before, but it was in vain to remonstrate; she was peremptory, and he obeyed.

In two hours' time he returned; and Mrs.
Crumpe saw her gold again with extreme astonishment. The steward said he could not prevail upon Patty even to look at the guineas. Mrs. Crumpe now flew into a violent passion, in which none of our readers will probably sympathize: we shall therefore forbear to describe it.

CHAPTER III.

When Patty came within half a mile of the cottage in which her father lived, she met Hannah, the faithful servant, who had never deserted the family in their misfortunes: she had been watching all the morning on the road, for the first sight of Patty; but, when she saw her, and came quite close up to her, she had no power to speak; and Patty was so much terrified that she could not ask her a single question. She walked her horse a slow pace, and kept silence.

'Won't you go on, Ma'am?' said Hannah at last, forcing herself to speak. 'Won't you go on a bit faster? He's almost wild to see you.'
"He is alive then!" cried Patty. The horse was in full gallop directly, and she was soon at her father's door. James and Frank were there watching for her: they lifted her from the horse; and, feeling that she trembled so much as to be scarcely able to stand, they would have detained her a little while in the air; but she passed, or rather rushed into the room where her brother lay. He took no notice of her, when she came in; for he was insensible. Fanny was supporting his head: she held out her hand to Patty, who went on tiptoe to the side of the bed. 'Is he asleep?' whispered she.

'Not asleep, but—He'll come to himself presently,' continued Fanny, 'and he will be very, very glad you are come; and so will my father.'

'Where is my father?' said Patty, 'I don't see him.'

Fanny pointed to the furthest end of the room, where he was kneeling at his devotion. The shutters being half closed, she could but just see the faint beam which shone upon his gray hairs. He rose, came to his daughter Patty with an air of re-
signed grief, and taking her hand between both of his, said, 'My love—we must lose him—God's will be done!'

'Oh! there is hope, there is hope still!' said Patty. 'See! The colour is coming back to his lips again; his eyes open! Oh! George, dear George, dear brother! It is your own sister Patty: do n't you know Patty?'

'Patty!—Yes. Why does not she come to me? I would go to her if I could,' said the sufferer, without knowing what he talked of. 'Is not she come yet? Send another horse, Frank. Why, it is only six miles. Six miles in three hours, that is—how many miles an hour? ten miles is it?—Do n't hurry her—Do n't tell her I 'm so bad—nor my father—Do n't let him see me, nor James, nor Frank, nor pretty Fanny, nor any body—they are all too good to me—I only wished to see poor Patty once before I die—But do n't frighten her—I shall be very well, tell her—quite well by the time she comes.'

After running on in this manner for some time, his eyes closed again, and he lay in a state of stupor. He continued in this con-
dition for some time: at last his sisters, who were watching beside the bed, heard a knocking at the door. It was Frank and James: they had gone for a clergyman, whom George, before he became delirious, had desired to see. The clergyman was come, and with him a benevolent physician, who happened to be at his house, and who insisted upon accompanying him. As soon as the physician saw the poor young man, and felt his pulse, he perceived that the ignorant apothecary, who had been first employed, had entirely mistaken George's disease, and had treated him improperly. His disease was a putrid fever, and the apothecary had bled him repeatedly. The physician thought he could certainly have saved his life, if he had seen him two days sooner; but now it was a hopeless case. All that could be done for him he tried.

Towards evening, the disease seemed to take a favourable turn. George came to his senses, knew his father, his brothers, and Fanny, and spoke to each with his customary kindness, as they stood round his bed: he then asked whether poor Patty was come? When he saw her, he thanked her tenderly
for coming to him; but could not recollect he had any thing particular to say to her.

'I only wished to see you all together, to thank you for your good nature to me ever since I was born, and to take leave of you before I die; for I feel that I am dying. Nay, do not cry so! My father! Oh! my father is most to be pitied; but he will have James and Frank left.'

Seeing his father's affliction, which the good old man struggled in vain to subdue, George broke off here: he put his hand to his head, as if fearing it was again growing confused.

'Let me see our good clergyman, now that I am well enough to see him,' said he. He then took a hand of each of his brothers and sisters, joined them together, and pressed them to his lips, looking from them to his father, whose back was now turned. 'You understand me,' whispered George; 'he can never come to want, while you are left to work and comfort him. If I should not see you again in this world, farewell! Ask my father to give me his blessing!'

'God bless you, my son! God bless you, my dear good son! God will surely bless so
good a son!’ said the agonized father, laying his hand upon his son’s forehead, which even now was cold with the damp of death.

‘What a comfort it is to have a father’s blessing!’ said George. ‘May you all have it, when you are as I am now.’

‘I shall be out of this world long, long before that time, I hope,’ said the poor old man, as he left the room. ‘But God’s will be done! Send the clergyman to my boy!’

‘The clergyman remained in the room but a short time: when he returned to the family, they saw by his looks that all was over!

There was a solemn silence.

‘Be comforted,’ said the good clergyman. ‘Never man left this world with a clearer conscience, or had happier hope of a life to come. Be comforted. Alas! at such a time as this you cannot be comforted by anything that the tongue of man can say.’

All the family attended the funeral. It was on a Sunday, just before morning prayers; and, as soon as George was interred, his father, brothers, and sisters, left the churchyard, to avoid being seen by the gay people who were coming to their devotion. As they went home, they passed through the
field in which George used to work; there they saw his heap of docks, and his spade upright in the ground beside it, just as he had left it, the last time that he had ever worked.

The whole family stayed for a few days with their poor father. Late one evening, as they were all walking out together in the fields, a heavy dew began to fall; and James urged his father to make haste home, lest he should catch cold, and should have another fit of the rheumatism. They were then at some distance from their cottage; and Frank, who thought he knew a short way home, took them by a new road, which unluckily led them far out of their way; it brought them unexpectedly within sight of their old farm, and of the new house which Mr. Bettesworth had built upon it.

'Oh! my dear father, I am sorry I brought you this way,' cried Frank. 'Let us turn back.'

'No, my son, why should we turn back?' said his father, mildly; 'we can pass by these fields, and this house, I hope, without coveting our neighbour's goods.'

As they came near the house, he stopped
at the gate to look at it. 'It is a good house,' said he, 'but I have no need to envy any man a good house: I, that have so much better things—good children!'

Just as he uttered these words, Mr. Bettesworth's house door opened; and three or four men appeared on the stone steps, quarrelling and fighting. The loud voices of Fighting Bob and Wild Will were heard too plainly.

'We have no business here,' said old Frankland, turning to his children; 'let us go.'

The combatants pursued each other with such furious rapidity, that they were near to the gate in a few instants.

'Lock the gate, you without there, whoever you are! Lock the gate! or I'll knock you down when I come up, whoever you are;' cried Fighting Bob, who was hindmost in the race.

Wild Will was foremost; he kicked open the gate, but his foot slipped as he was going through; his brother overtook him, and, seizing him by the collar, cried, 'Give me back the bank notes, you rascal; they are mine, and I'll have 'em in spite of you.'
'They are mine, and I'll keep' em in spite of you,' retorted Will, who was much intoxicated.

'Oh! what a sight! brothers fighting! Oh! part them, part them! Hold! Hold! for Heaven's sake!' cried old Frankland to them.

Frank and James held them asunder, though they continued to abuse one another in the grossest terms. Their father, by this time, came up; he wrung his hands, and wept bitterly.

'Oh! shame, shame to me in my old age!' cried he; 'can't you two let me live the few years I have to live in peace? Ah, neighbour Frankland, you are better off? My heart will break soon! These children of mine will be the ruin and the death of me!'

At these words the sons interrupted their father, with loud complaints of the manner in which he had treated them. They had quarrelled with one another, and with their father, about money. The father charged them with profligate extravagance; and they accused him of sordid avarice. Mr. Frankland, much shocked at this scene, besought them at least to return to their house, and
not to expose themselves in this manner: especially now that they were in the station of gentlemen. Their passions were too loud and brutal to listen to this appeal to their pride: their being raised to the rank of gentlemen, could not give them principles, or manners; that can only be done by education. Despairing to effect any good, Mr. Frankland retired from this scene, and made the best of his way home to his peaceful cottage.

' My children,' said he to his family, as they sat down to their frugal meal, 'we are poor, but we are happy in one another. Was not I right to say I need not envy neighbour Bettesworth his fine house? Whatever misfortunes befall me, I have the blessing of good children. It is a blessing I would not exchange for any this world affords. God preserve them in health!'

He sighed, and soon added, 'It is a bitter thing to think of a good son, who is dead; but it is worse, perhaps, to think of a bad son who is alive. That is a misfortune I can never know. But, my dear boys and girls,' continued he, changing his tone, 'this idle way of life of ours must not last for
ever. You are too poor to be idle; and so much the better for you. To morrow you must all away, to your own business.'

'But, father,' cried they all at once, 'which of us may stay with you?'

'None of you, my good children. You are all going on well in the world; and I will not take you from your good masters and mistresses.'

Patty now urged that she had the strongest right to remain with her father; because Mrs. Crumpe would certainly refuse to receive her into her service again, after what had passed at their parting; but nothing could prevail upon Frankland; he positively refused to let any of his children stay with him. At last Frank cried, 'How can you possibly manage this farm without help? You must let either James or me stay with you, father. Suppose you should be seized with another fit of the rheumatism.'

Frankland paused for a moment, and then answered, 'Poor Hannah will nurse me, if I fall sick. I am able still to pay her just wages. I will not be a burden to my children. As to this farm, I am going to give it up; for indeed,' said the old man smiling,
‘I should not be well able to manage it with the rheumatism in my spade-arm. My landlord, farmer Hewit, is a good-natured friendly man; and he will give me my own time for the rent: nay, he tells me he would let me live in this cottage for nothing; but I cannot do that.’

‘Then what will you do, dear father?’ said his sons.

‘The clergyman, who was here yesterday, has made interest for a house for me which will cost me nothing, nor him neither; and I shall be very near you both, boys.’

‘But, father,’ interrupted Frank, ‘I know, by your way of speaking, there is something about this house which you do not like.’

‘That is true,’ said old Frankland: ‘but that is the fault of my pride, and of my old prejudices; which are hard to conquer, at my time of life. It is certain, I do not much like the thoughts of going into an almshouse.’

‘An almshouse!’ cried all his children at once, in a tone of horror. ‘Oh! father, you must not, indeed you must not go into an almshouse!’

The pride, which renders the English yeo-
man averse to live upon public charity, is highly advantageous to the industry and virtue of the nation. Even where it is instilled early into families as a prejudice, it is useful; and ought to be respected.

Frankland's children, shocked at the idea of their father's going into an alms-house, eagerly offered to join together the money they had earned, and to pay the rent of the cottage, in which he now lived; but Frankland knew that, if he took this money, his children would themselves be in distress. He answered, with tears in his eyes,

'My dear children, I thank you all for your goodness; but I cannot accept of your offer. Since I am no longer able to support myself, I will not, from false pride, be the ruin of my children. I will not be a burden to them; and I prefer living upon public charity to accepting of the ostentatious liberality of any one rich man. I am come to a resolution, which nothing shall induce me to break. I am determined to live in the Monmouth alms-house—nay, hear me, my children, patiently,—to live in the Monmouth alms-house for one year; and during that time I will not see any of
you, unless I am sick. I lay my commands upon you not to attempt to see me, till this day twelvemonth. If at that time you are all together able to maintain me, without hurting yourselves, I will most willingly accept of your bounty for the rest of my days.'

His children assured him they should be able to earn money sufficient to maintain him, without injury to themselves, long before the end of the year; and they besought him to permit them to do so as soon as it was in their power: but he continued firm in his resolution, and made them solemnly promise they would obey his commands, and not ever attempt to see him during the ensuing year. He then took leave of them in a most affectionate manner, saying, 'I know, my dearest children, I have now given you the strongest possible motive for industry and good conduct. This day twelvemonth we shall meet again; and I hope it will be as joyful a meeting as this is a sorrowful parting.' His children, with some difficulty, obtained permission to accompany him to his new abode.

The alms-houses at Monmouth are far superior to common institutions of this kind;
they are remarkably neat and comfortable little dwellings, and form a row of pretty cottages, behind each of which there is a garden full of gooseberries, currants, and a variety of useful vegetables. These the old men cultivate themselves. The houses are fitted up conveniently; and each individual is provided with everything that he wants, in his own habitation: so that there is no opportunity, or temptation, for those petty disputes about property, which often occur in charitable institutions, that are not prudently conducted. Poor people, who have their goods in common, must necessarily become quarrelsome.

"You see," said old Frankland, pointing to the shining row of pewter, on the clean shelf over the fire-place in his little kitchen: "you see I want for nothing here. I am not much to be pitied."

His children stood silent, and dejected, whilst he dressed himself in the uniform belonging to the alms-house. Before they parted, they all agreed to meet, at this place, that day twelvemonth, and to bring with them the earnings of the year: they had hopes that thus, by their united efforts, a
sum might be obtained sufficient to place their father once more in a state of independence. With these hopes they separated, and returned to their masters and mistresses.

CHAPTER IV.

Patty went to Mrs. Crumpe's to get her clothes which she had left there, and to receive some months' wages, which were still due for her services. After what had passed, she had no idea that Mrs. Crumpe would wish she should stay with her; and she had heard of another place, in Monmouth, which she believed would suit her in every respect.

The first person she saw, when she arrived at the house of her late mistress, was Martha; who, with a hypocritical length of face, said to her, 'Sad news! Sad news, Mrs. Patty! The passion my lady was thrown into, by your going away so sudden, was of terrible detriment to her. That very night she had a stroke of the palsy, and has scarce spoke since.'

'Don't take it to heart, it is none of your fault: don't take it to heart, dear Patty,'
said Betty the housemaid, who was fond of Patty. 'What could you do but go to your brother? Here, drink this water, and don't blame yourself at all about the matter. Mistress had a stroke sixteen months ago, afore ever you came into the house; and I dare say she'd have had this last, whether you had stayed or gone.'

Here they were interrupted by the violent ringing of Mrs. Crumpe's bell. They were in the room next to her; and, as she heard voices louder than usual, she was impatient to know what was going on. Patty heard Mrs. Martha answer, as she opened her lady's door, 'Tis only Patty Frankland, Ma'am; who is come for her clothes and her wages.'

'And she is very sorry to hear you have been so ill; very sorry,' said Betty, following to the door.

'Bid her come in,' said Mrs. Crumpe, in a voice more distinct than she had ever been heard to speak in since the day of her illness.

'What! are you sorry for me, child?' said Mrs. Crumpe, fixing her eyes upon Patty's. Patty made no answer; but it was plain how much she was shocked.
'Ay, I see you are sorry for me,' said her mistress. 'And so am I for you,' added she, stretching out her hand and taking hold of Patty's black gown. 'You shall have a finer stuff than this for mourning for me. But I know that is not what you are thinking of; and that's the reason I have more value for you than for all the rest of them put together. Stay with me, stay with me, to nurse me; you nurse me to my mind. You cannot leave me, in the way I am in now, when I ask you to stay.'

Patty could not without inhumanity refuse; she stayed with Mrs. Crumpe, who grew so doatingly fond of her, that she could scarcely bear to have her a moment out of sight. She would take neither food nor medicines, but from Patty's hand; and she would not speak, except in answer to Patty's questions. The fatigue and confinement she now was forced to undergo were enough to hurt the constitution of any one, who had not very strong health. Patty bore them with the greatest patience and good-humour; indeed, the consciousness that she was doing right supported her in exertions, which would otherwise have been beyond her
THE CONTRAST.

She had still more difficult trials to go through: Mrs. Martha was jealous of her favour with her lady, and often threw out hints that some people had much more luck, and more cunning too, than other people; but that some people might perhaps be disappointed at last in their ends.

Patty went on her own straight way, without minding these insinuations at first; but she was soon forced to attend to them. Mrs. Crumpe's relations received intelligence, from Mrs. Martha, that her lady was growing worse and worse every hour; and that she was quite shut up under the dominion of an artful servant girl; who had gained such power over her that there was no knowing what the consequence might be. Mrs. Crumpe's relations were much alarmed by this story: they knew she had made a will, in their favour, some years before this time; and they dreaded that Patty should prevail upon her to alter it, and should get possession herself of the fortune. They were particularly struck with this idea, because an instance of undue power, acquired by a favourite servant maid over her doating mistress, happened about this period to be
mentioned, in an account of a trial, in the news-papers of the day. Mrs. Crumpe's nearest relations were two grand nephews. The eldest was Mr. Josiah Crumpe, a merchant who was settled at Liverpool: the youngest was that Ensign Bloomington, whom we formerly mentioned. He had been intended for a merchant, but he would never settle to business; and at last ran away from the counting-house, where he had been placed, and went into the army. He was an idle extravagant young man: his great-aunt was by fits very angry with him, or very fond of him. Sometimes, she would supply him with money; at others, she would forbid him her presence, and declare he should never see another shilling of hers. This had been her latest determination; but Ensign Bloomington thought he could easily get into favour again, and he resolved to force himself into the house. Mrs. Crumpe positively refused to see him: the day after this refusal, he returned with a reinforcement, for which Patty was not in the least prepared: he was accompanied by Miss Sally Bettesworth, in a regimental riding-habit. Jesse had been the original object of this gentle-
man's gallantry; but she met with a new and richer lover, and of course jilted him.—Sally, who was in haste to be married, took undisguised pains to fix the Ensign; and she thought she was sure of him.—But to proceed with our story.

Patty was told that a lady and gentleman desired to see her, in the parlour: she was scarcely in the room when Sally began, in a voice capable of intimidating the most courageous of scolds, 'Fine doings! Fine doings, here! You think you have the game in your own hands, I warrant, my lady Paramount; but I'm not one to be bullied, you know of old.'

'Nor am I one to be bullied, I hope,' replied Patty, in a modest but firm voice. 'Will you be pleased to let me know, in a quiet way, what are your commands with me, or my lady?'

'This gentleman here must see your lady, as you call her. To let you into a bit of a secret, this gentleman and I is soon to be one; so no wonder I stir in this affair; and I never stir for nothing; so it is as well for you to do it with fair words as foul.'
out more preambling, please to show this gentleman into his aunt's room, which sure he has the best right to see of any one in this world; and if you prevent it in any species, I'll have the law of you, and I take this respectable woman, looking at Mrs. Martha, who came in with a salver of cakes and wine, 'I take this here respectable gentlewoman to be my witness, if you choose to refuse my husband (that is to be) admittance to his true and lawful nearest relation upon earth. Only say the doors are locked, and that you won't let him in; that's all we ask of you, Mrs. Patty Paramount. Only say that, afore this here witness.'

'Indeed, I shall say no such thing, Ma'am,' replied Patty; 'for it is not in the least my wish to prevent the gentleman from seeing my mistress. It was she herself who refused to let him in; and I think, if he forces himself into the room, she will be apt to be very much displeased; but I shall not hinder him, if he chooses to try. There are the stairs, and my lady's room is the first on the right hand. Only, Sir, before you go up, let me caution you, lest you should
startle her so as to be the death of her. The least surprise or fright might bring on another stroke in an instant.'

Ensign Bloomington and Saucy Sally now looked at one another, as if at a loss how to proceed: they retired to a window to consult; and whilst they were whispering, a coach drove up to the door. It was full of Mrs. Crumpe's relations, who came post-haste from Monmouth, in consequence of the alarm given by Mrs. Martha. Mr. Josiah Crumpe was not in the coach: he had been written for, but was not yet arrived from Liverpool.

Now, it must be observed, this coachful of relations were all enemies to Ensign Bloomington; and the moment they put their heads out of the carriage window, and saw him standing in the parlour, their surprise and indignation were too great for coherent utterance. With all the rashness of prejudice, they decided that he had bribed Patty to let him in and to exclude their Possessed with this idea, they hurried out of the coach, passed by poor Patty, who was standing in the hall, and beckoned to Mr. Martha, who shewed them into the draw in
room, and remained shut up with them there for some minutes. 'She is playing us false,' cried Saucy Sally, rushing out of the parlor. 'I told you not to depend on that Martha; nor on nobody but me: I said I'd force a way for you up to the room, and so I have; and now you have not the spirit to take your advantage. They'll get in all of them before you; and then where will you be, and what will you be?'

Mrs. Crumpe's bell rang violently, and Patty ran up stairs to her room.

'I have been ringing for you, Patty, this quarter of an hour! What is all the disturbance I hear below?'

'Your relations, Ma'am, who wish to see you. I hope you won't refuse to see them, for they are very anxious.'

'Very anxious to have me dead and buried. Not one of them cares a groat for me. I have made my will, tell them; and they will see that in time. I will not see one of them.'

By this time, they were all at the bed-chamber door, struggling which party should enter first. Saucy Sally's loud voice was heard, maintaining her right to be there, as wife elect to Ensign Bloomington.
Tell them the first who enters this room shall never see a shilling of my money,' cried Mrs. Crumpe.

Patty opened the door; the disputants were instantly silent. 'Be pleased, before you come in, to hearken to what my mistress says. Ma'am, will you say whatever you think proper yourself,' said Patty; 'for it is too hard for me to be suspected of putting words into your mouth, and keeping your friends from the sight of you.'

'The first of them, who comes into this room,' cried Mrs. Crumpe, raising her feeble voice to the highest pitch she was able, 'the first who enters this room shall never see a shilling of my money; and so on to the next, and the next, and the next. I'll see none of you.'

No one ventured to enter. Their infinite solicitude, to see how poor Mrs. Crumpe found herself to day, suddenly vanished. The two parties adjourned to the parlour and the drawing-room; and there was nothing in which they agreed, except in abusing Patty. They called for pen, ink, and paper, and each wrote what they wished to say. Their notes were carried up by Patty herself; for
Mrs. Martha would not run the risk of losing her own legacy to oblige any of them, though she had been bribed by all. With much difficulty, Miss Crumpe was prevailed upon to look at the notes: at last, she exclaimed, 'Let them all come up! all; this moment tell them, all!'

They were in the room instantly; all, except Saucy Sally: Ensign Bloomington persuaded her it was for the best that she should not appear. Patty was retiring, as soon as she had shown them in; but her mistress called to her, and bade her take a key, which she held in her hand, and unlock an escriptoir that was in the room. She did so.

'Give me that parcel, which is tied up with red tape, and sealed with three seals,' said Mrs. Crumpe.

All eyes were immediately fixed upon it, for it was her will.

She broke the seals deliberately, untied the red string, opened the huge sheet of parchment, and without saying one syllable tore it down the middle; then tore the pieces again, and again, till they were so small that the writing could not be read. The spectators looked upon one another in dismay.
Ay! you may all look as you please,' cried Mrs. Crumpe. 'I'm alive, and in my sound senses still: my money's my own; my property's my own; I'll do what I please with it. You were all handsomely provided for in this will; but you could not wait for your legacies till I was under ground. No! you must come hovering over me, like so many ravens. It is not time yet! It is not time yet! The breath is not yet out of my body; and when it is, you shall none of you be the better for it, I promise you. My money's my own; my property's my own; I'll make a new will to-morrow. Good by to you all. I've told you my mind.'

Not the most abject humiliations, not the most artful caresses, not the most taunting reproaches, from any of the company, could extort another word from Mrs. Crumpe. Her disappointed and incensed relations were at last obliged to leave the house; though not without venting their rage upon Patty, whom they believed to be the secret cause of all that had happened. After they had left the house, she went up to a garret, where she thought no one would see her or hear her, sat down on an old bedstead, and
burst into tears. She had been much shocked by the scenes that had just passed, and her heart wanted this relief.

Oh! thought she, it is plain enough that it is not riches which can make people happy. Here is this poor lady, with heaps of money and fine clothes, without any one in this whole world to love or care for her; but all wishing her dead: worried by her own relations, and abused by them, almost in her hearing, upon her death-bed! Oh! my poor brother! How different it was with you!

Patty's reflections were here interrupted by the entrance of Martha; who came and sat down on the bedstead beside her, and with a great deal of hypocritical kindness in her manner, began to talk of what had passed; blaming Mrs. Crumpe's relations for being so hard-hearted and inconsiderate as to force business upon her when she was in such a state. 'Indeed, they have no one to thank, but themselves, for the new turn things have taken. I hear my mistress has torn her will to atoms, and is going to make a new one! To be sure, you, Mrs. Patty, will be handsomely provided for in this, as is, I am sure, becoming; and I hope, if you
have an opportunity, as for certain you will, you won't forget to speak a good word for me!

Patty, who was disgusted by this interested and deceitful address, answered, she had nothing to do with her mistress's will; and that her mistress was the best judge of what should be done with her own money, which she did not covet.

Mrs. Martha was not mistaken in her opinion that Patty would be handsomely remembered in this new will. Mrs. Crumpe, the next morning, said to Patty, as she was giving her some medicine, 'It is for your interest, child, that I should get through this day, at least; for if I live a few hours longer, you will be the richest single woman in Monmouthshire. I'll show them all that my money's my own; and that I can do what I please with my own. Go yourself to Monmouth, child (as soon as you have plaited my cap), and bring me the attorney your brother lives with, to draw my new will. Don't say one word of your errand to any of my relations I charge you, for your own sake as well as mine. The harpies would tear you to pieces; but I'll show them I can
do what. I please with my own. That's the least satisfaction I can have for my money before I die. God knows, it has been plague enough to me all my life long! But now, before I die ——'

'Oh! Ma'am,' interrupted Patty, 'there is no need to talk of your dying now; for I have not heard you speak so strong, or so clear, nor seem so much yourself, this long time. You may live yet, and I hope you will, to see many a good day; and to make it up, if I may be so bold to say it, with all your relations: which, I am sure, would be a great ease to your heart; and I am sure they are very sorry to have offended you.'

'The girl's a fool!' cried Mrs. Crumpe. 'Why, child, don't you understand me yet? I tell you, as plain as I can speak, I mean to leave the whole fortune to you. Well! what makes you look so blank?'

'Because, Ma'am, indeed I have no wish to stand in any body's way; and would not for all the world do such an unjust thing as to take advantage of your being a little angry or so with your relations, to get the fortune for myself: for I can do, having done all my life, without fortune well enough; but I
could not do without my own good opinion, and that of my father, and brothers, and sister; all which I should lose, if I was to be guilty of a mean thing. So, Ma'am,' said Patty, 'I have made bold to speak the whole truth of my mind to you; and I hope you will not do me an injury, by way of doing me a favour. I am sure I thank you with all my heart for your goodness to me.'

Patty turned away, as she finished speaking; for she was greatly moved.

'You are a strange girl!' said Mrs. Crumpe. 'I would not have believed this, if any one had sworn it to me. Go for the attorney, as I bid you, this minute. I will have my own way.'

When Patty arrived at Mr. Barlow's she asked immediately for her brother Frank, whom she wished to consult: but he was out, and she then desired to speak to Mr. Barlow himself. She was shown into his office, and she told him her business, without any circumlocution, with the plain language and ingenuous countenance of truth.

'Indeed, Sir,' said she, 'I should be glad you would come directly to my mistress and speak to her yourself; for she will mind what you say, and I only hope she may do the just
thing by her relations. I don't want her fortune, nor any part of it, but a just recompense for my service. Knowing this, in my own heart, I forgive them for all the ill-will they bear me: it being all founded in a mistaken notion.'

There was a gentleman in Mr. Barlow's office, who was setting at a desk writing a letter, when Patty came in: she took him for one of the clerks. Whilst she was speaking, he turned about several times, and looked at her very earnestly. At last, he went to a clerk, who was folding up some parchments, and asked who she was? He then sat down again to his writing, without saying a single word. This gentleman was Mr. Josiah Crumpe, the Liverpool merchant, Mrs. Crumpe's eldest nephew; who had come to Monmouth, in consequence of the account he had heard of his aunt's situation. Mr. Barlow had lately amicably settled a suit between him and one of his relations at Monmouth; and Mr. Crumpe had just been signing the deed relative to this affair. He was struck with the disinterestedness of Patty's conduct; but he kept silence that she might not find out who he was, and that he might have full opportunity of doing her justice.
hereafter. He was not one of the ravens, as Mrs. Crumpe emphatically called those who were hovering over her, impatient for her death: he had, by his own skill and industry, made himself not only independent but rich. After Patty was gone, he, with the true spirit of a British merchant, declared that he was as independent in his sentiments as in his fortune; that he would not crouch or fawn to man or woman the way or prince, in his majesty's dominion not even to his own aunt. He wished a part old aunt Crumpe, he said, to live and enjoy; all she had as long as she could; and, if she chose to leave it to him after her death, well and good; he should be much obliged to her; if she did not, why well and good: he should not be obliged to be obliged to her; and that, to his humour, would perhaps be better still.

With these sentiments Mr. Josiah Crumpe found no difficulty in refraining from going to see, or, as he called it, from paying his court to his aunt. 'I have some choice West India sweetmeats here for the poor soul,' said he to Mr. Barlow; 'she gave me sweetmeats when I was a school-boy; which I don't forget.' I know she has a sweet tooth still in her head; for she wrote to me
last year, to desire I would get her some; but I did not relish the style of her letter, and I never complied with the order: however, I was to blame; she is an infirm poor creature, and should be humoured now, let her be ever so cross. Take her the sweetmeats; but, mind, do not let her have a taste or a sight of them till she has made her will. I do not want to bribe her to leave me her money-bags; I thank my God and myself, I want them not.'

Mr. Barlow immediately went to Mrs. Crumpe's. As she had land to dispose of, three witnesses were necessary to the will. Patty said she had two men servants who could write; but, to make sure of a third, Mr. Barlow desired that one of his clerks should accompany him. Frank was out; so the eldest clerk went in his stead.

This clerk's name was Mason: he was Frank's chief friend, and a young man of excellent character. He had never seen Patty till this day; but he had often heard her brother speak of her with so much affection, that he was prepossessed in her favour, even before he saw her. The manner in which she spoke on the subject of Mrs. Crumpe's fortune quite charmed him; for he
was of an open and generous temper, and said to himself, 'I would rather have this girl for my wife, without sixpence in the world, than any woman I ever saw in my life—if I could but afford it—and if she was but a little prettier. As it is, however, there is no danger of my falling in love with her; so I may just indulge myself in the pleasure of talking to her: beside, it is but civil to lead my horse and walk a part of the way with Frank's sister.'

Accordingly, Mason set off to walk a part of the way to Mrs. Crumpe's with Patty; and they fell into conversation, in which they were both so earnestly engaged that they did not perceive how time passed. Instead, however, of part of the way, Mason walked the whole way; and he and Patty were both rather surprised, when they found themselves within sight of Mrs. Crumpe's house.

What a fine healthy colour this walking has brought into her face! thought Mason, as he stood looking at her, whilst they were waiting for some one to open Mrs. Crumpe's door. Though she has not a single beautiful feature, and though nobody could call her handsome, yet, there is so much good-
nature in her countenance that, plain as she

is, her looks are more pleasing to

my fancy than those of many a beauty I have

heard admired.

The door was now opened; and Mr. Bar-

low, who had arrived some time, summoned

Mason to business. They went up to Mrs.

Crumpe's room to take her instructions for

her new will. Patty showed them in.

'Don't go, child. I will not have you

stir,' said Mrs. Crumpe. 'Now stand there,

at the foot of my bed, and, without hypo-

crisy, tell me truly, child, your mind. This

gentleman, who understands the law, can

assure you that, in spite of all the relations

upon earth, I can leave my fortune to whom

I please: so do not let fear of my relations

prevent you from being happy.'

'No, Madam,' interrupted Patty, 'it was

not fear that made me say what I did to you

this morning; and it is not fear that keeps

me in the same mind still. I would not do

what I thought wrong myself if nobody else

in the whole world was to know it. But,

since you desire me to say what I really

wish, I have a father, who is in great dis-

tress, and I should wish you would leave

fifty pounds to him.'
THE CONTRAST.

'With such principles and feelings,' cried Mr. Barlow, 'you are happier than ten thousand a year could make you!'

Mason said nothing; but his looks said a great deal; and his master forgave him the innumerable blunders he made, in drawing Mrs. Crumpe's will. 'Come, Mason, give me up the pen,' whispered he, at last: 'you are not your own man I see; and I like you the better for being touched with good and generous conduct. But a truce with sentiment, now; I must be a mere man of law. Go you and take a walk, to recover your legal senses.'

The contents of Mrs. Crumpe's new will were kept secret: Patty did not in the least know how she had disposed of her fortune. nor did Mason, for he had written only the preamble, when his master compassionately took the pen from his hand. Contrary to expectation, Mrs. Crumpe continued to linger on for some months; and, during this time, Patty attended her with the most patient care and humanity. Though long habits of selfishness had rendered this lady in general indifferent to the feelings of her servants and dependants, yet Patty was an
exception: she often said to her, 'Child, it goes against my conscience to keep you prisoner here the best days of your life, in a sick room: go out and take a walk with your brothers and sister, I desire, whenever they call for you.'

These walks with her brothers and sister were very refreshing to Patty; especially when Mason was of the party, as he almost always contrived to be. Every day he grew more and more attached to Patty; for every day he became more and more convinced of the goodness of her disposition, and the sweetness of her temper. The affection, which he saw her brothers and sisters bore her, spoke to his mind most strongly in her favour. They have known her from her childhood, thought he, and cannot be deceived in her character. 'T is a good sign that those who know her best love her most; and her loving her pretty sister, Fanny, as she does, is a proof that she is incapable of envy and jealousy.

In consequence of these reflections, Mason determined he would apply diligently to his business; that he might in due time be able to marry and support Patty. She ingenu-
ously told him she had never seen the man she could love so well as himself: but that her first object was to earn some money, to release her father from the alms-house, where she could not bear to see him living upon charity. 'When, amongst us all, we have accomplished this,' said she, 'it will be time enough for me to think of marrying. Duty first, and love afterwards.'

Mason loved her the better, when he found her so steady in her gratitude to her father; for he was a man of sense, and knew that so good a daughter and sister would, in all probability, make a good wife.

We must now give some account of what Fanny has been doing all this time. Upon her return to Mrs. Hungerford's, after the death of her brother, she was received with the greatest kindness by her mistress, and by all the children, who were really fond of her; though she had never indulged them in any thing that was contrary to their mother's wishes.

Mrs. Hungerford had not forgotten the affair of the kettle-drum. One morning she said to her little son, 'Gustavus, your curiosity about the kettle-drum and the clarionet...
shall be satisfied: your cousin Philip will come here in a few days; and he is well acquainted with the colonel of the regiment, which is quartered in Monmouth: he shall ask the colonel to let us have the band here, some day. We may have them at the furthest end of the garden; and you and your brothers and sisters shall dine in the arbour, with Fanny, who upon this occasion particularly deserves to have a share in your amusement.'

The cousin, Philip, of whom Mrs. Hungerford spoke, was no other than Frankland's landlord, young Mr. Folingsby. Beside liking fine horses and fine curricles, this gentleman was a great admirer of fine women.

He was struck with Fanny's beauty, the first day he came to Mrs. Hungerford's: every succeeding day he thought her handsomer and handsomer; and every day grew fonder and fonder of playing with his little cousins. Upon some pretence or other, he contrived to be constantly in the room with them, when Fanny was there: the modest propriety of her manners, however, kept him at that distance at which it was no easy
matter for a pretty girl, in her situation, to keep such a gallant gentleman. His intention, when he came to Mrs. Hungerford’s, was to stay but a week: but, when that week was at an end, he determined to stay another: he found his aunt Hungerford’s house uncommonly agreeable. The moment she mentioned to him her wish of having the band of music in the garden, he was charmed with the scheme, and longed to dine out in the arbour with the children; but he dared not press this point, lest he should excite suspicion.

Amongst other company who dined this day with Mrs. Hungerford was a Mrs. Cheviott, a blind lady, who took the liberty, as she said, to bring with her a young person, who was just come to live with her as a companion. This young person was Jesse Bettesworth; or, as she is henceforward to be called, Miss Jesse Bettesworth. Since her father had “come in for Captain Bettesworth’s fortune,” her mother had spared no pains to push Jesse forward in the world; having no doubt that “her beauty, when well dressed, would charm some great gentleman; or, may be, some great lord!”
Accordingly, Jesse was dizened out in all sorts of finery: her thoughts were wholly bent on fashions and flirting: and her mother’s vanity, joined to her own, nearly turned her brain.

Just as this fermentation of folly was gaining force, she happened to meet with Ensign Bloomington at a ball in Monmouth; he fell, or she thought he fell, desperately in love with her; she, of course, coquetted with him: indeed, she gave him so much encouragement that everybody concluded they were to be married. She and her sister Sally were continually seen walking arm in arm with him in the streets of Monmouth; and morning, noon, and night she wore the drop-earings, of which he had made her a present. It chanced, however, that Jilting Jesse heard an officer, in her ensign’s regiment, swear she was pretty enough to be the captain’s lady instead of the ensign’s; and, from that moment, she thought no more of the ensign.

He was enraged to find himself jilted thus by a country girl, and determined to have his revenge: consequently he immediately transferred all his attentions to her sister
Sally; judiciously calculating that, from the envy and jealousy he had seen between the sisters, this would be the most effectual mode of mortifying his pernicious fair. Jilt-ing Jesse said her sister was welcome to her cast-off sweet-hearts; and Saucy Sally replied, her sister was welcome to be her breadmaid; since, with all her beauty and all her airs, she was not likely to be a bride.

Mrs. Bettesworth had always confessed that Jesse was her favourite: like a wise and kind mother, she took part in all these disputes; and set these amiable sisters yet more at variance, by prophesying that "her Jesse would make the grandest match."

To put her into fortune's way, Mrs. Bettesworth determined to get her into some genteel family, as companion to a lady. Mrs. Cheviott's housekeeper was nearly related to the Bettesworths, and to her Mrs. Bettesworth applied. "But I'm afraid Jesse is something too much of a flirt," said the housekeeper, "for my mistress; who is a very strict staid lady. You know, or at least we in Monmouth know, that Jesse was greatly talked of, about a young officer here in town. I used myself to see her go trail-
ing about, with her muslin and pink, and fine coloured shoes, in the dirt.'

'Oh! that's all over now,' said Mrs. Bettesworth: 'the man was quite beneath her notice. That's all over now: he will do well enough for Sally; but, Ma'am, my daughter Jesse has quite laid herself out for goodmess now, and only wants to get into some house where she may learn to be a little genteel.'

The housekeeper; though she had not the highest possible opinion of the young lady, was in hopes that, since Jesse had now laid herself out for goodness, she might yet turn out well; and, considering that she was her relation, she thought it her duty to speak in favour of Miss Bettesworth. In consequence of her recommendation, Mrs. Cheviott took Jesse into her family; and Jesse was particularly glad to be the companion of a blind lady.

She discovered, the first day she spent with Mrs. Cheviott, that, beside the misfortune of being blind, she had the still greater misfortune of being inordinately fond of flattery. Jesse took advantage of this foible, and imposed so far on the understanding of her patroness, that she persuaded Mrs. Che-
viott into a high opinion of her judgment and prudence.

Things were in this situation when Jesse, for the first time, accompanied the blind lady to Mrs. Hungerford's. Without having the appearance or manners of a gentlewoman, Miss Jesse Bettesworth was, notwithstanding, such a pretty showy girl that she generally contrived to attract notice. She caught Mr. Folingsby's eye, at dinner; as she was playing off her best airs at the side-table; and it was with infinite satisfaction that she heard him ask one of the officers, as they were going out to walk in the garden, 'Who is that girl? She has fine eyes, and a most beautiful long neck!' Upon the strength of this whisper, Jesse flattered herself she had made a conquest of Mr. Folingsby; by which idea she was so much intoxicated that she could scarcely restrain her vanity within decent bounds.

'Lord! Fanny Frankland, is it you? Who expected to meet you sitting here,' said she; when, to her great surprise, she saw Fanny in the harbour with the children. To her yet greater surprise, she soon perceived that Mr. Folingsby's attention was entirely
fixed upon Fanny; and that he became so absent he did not know he was walking upon the flower-borders.

Jesse could scarcely believe her senses, when she saw that her rival, for as such she now considered her, gave her lover no encouragement. 'Is it possible that the girl is such a fool as not to see that this here gentleman is in love with her? No; that is out of the nature of things. Oh! it's all artifice; and I will find out her drift, I warrant, before long!'

Having formed this laudable resolution, she took her measures well for carrying it into effect. Mrs. Cheviott, being blind, had few amusements: she was extremely fond of music, and one of Mrs. Hungerford's daughters played remarkably well on the piano-forte. This evening, as Mrs. Cheviott was listening to the young lady's singing, Jesse exclaimed, 'Oh! Ma'am, how happy it would make you, to hear such singing and music every day.'

'If she would come every day, when my sister is practicing with the music-master, she might hear enough of it,' said little Gustavus. 'I'll run and desire mamma to ask
her; because,' added he, in a low voice, 'if I was blind, may be I should like it myself.'

Mrs. Hungerford, who was good-natured as well as polite, pressed Mrs. Cheviott to come, whenever it should be agreeable to her. The poor blind lady was delighted with the invitation; and went regularly every morning to Mrs. Hungerford's at the time the music-master attended. Jesse Bettesworth always accompanied her, for she could not go anywhere without a guide.

Jesse had now ample opportunities of gratifying her malicious curiosity; she saw, or thought she saw, that Mr. Folingsby was displeased by the reserve of Fanny's manners; and she renewed all her own coquettish efforts to engage his attention. He amused himself sometimes with her, in hopes of rousing Fanny's jealousy; but he found that this expedient, though an infallible one in ordinary cases, was here totally unavailing. His passion for Fanny was increased so much, by her unaffected modesty, and by the daily proofs he saw of the sweetness of her disposition, that he was no longer master of himself: he plainly told her that he could not live without her,
That’s a pity, Sir,’ said Fanny, laughing, and trying to turn off what he said, as if it were only a jest. ‘It is a great pity, Sir, that you cannot live without me; for, you know, I cannot serve my mistress, do my duty, and live with you.’

Mr. Folingsby endeavoured to convince, or rather to persuade, her that she was mistaken; and swore that nothing within the power of his fortune should be wanting to make her happy.

‘Ah! Sir,’ said she, ‘your fortune could not make me happy, if I were to do what I know is wrong, what would disgrace me for ever, and what would break my poor father’s heart!’

‘But your father shall never know anything of the matter. I will keep your secret from the whole world: trust to my honour.’

‘Honour! Oh! Sir, how can you talk to me of honour! Do you think I do not know what honour is, because I am poor? Or do you think I do not set any value on mine, though you do on yours? Would not you kill any man, if you could, in a duel, for doubting of your honour? And yet you expect me to love you, at the very moment
you show me, mostly plainly, how desirous you are to rob me of mine!'

Mr. Folingsby was silent for some moments: but, when he saw that Fanny was leaving him, he hastily stopped her, and said, laughing, 'You have made me a most charming speech about honour; and, what is better still, you looked most charmingly when you spoke it: but now take time to consider what I have said to you. Let me have your answer to Morrow; and consult this book before you answer me, I conjure you.'

Fanny took up the book, as soon as Mr. Folingsby had left the room; and, without opening it, determined to return it immediately. She instantly wrote a letter to Mr. Folingsby, which she was just wrapping up with the book in a sheet of paper, when Miss Jesse Bettesworth, the blind lady, and the music-master, came into the room. Fanny went to set a chair for the blind lady; and, whilst she was doing so, Miss Jesse Bettesworth, who had observed that Fanny blushed when they came in, slyly peeped into the book, which lay on the table. Between the first pages she opened there was a five
pound bank note; she turned the leaf, and found another, and another, and another at every leaf! Of these notes she counted one and twenty; whilst Fanny, unsuspicious of what was doing behind her back, was looking for the children's music-books.

'Philip Folingsby! So, so! Did he give you this book, Fanny Frankland?' said Jesse, in a scornful tone; 'it seems truly to be a very valuable performance; and, no doubt, he had good reasons for giving it to you."

Fanny coloured deeply, at this unexpected speech; and hesitated, from the fear of betraying Mr. Folingsby. 'He did not give me the book; he only lent it to me,' said she, 'and I am going to return it to him directly.'

'Oh! no; pray lend it to me first,' replied Jesse, in an ironical tone; 'Mr. Folingsby, to be sure, would lend it to me as soon as to you. I'm grown as fond of reading as other folks, lately,' continued she, holding the book fast.

'I dare say, Mr. Folingsby would—Mr. Folingsby would lend it to you, I suppose,' said Fanny, colouring more and more deeply; 'but, as it is trusted to me now, I must return it safe. Pray let me have it, Jesse.'
'Oh! yes; return it, Madam, safe! I make no manner of doubt you will! I make no manner of doubt you will!' replied Jesse, several times, as she shook the book; whilst the bank notes fell from between the leaves, and were scattered upon the floor. 'It is a thousand pities, Mrs. Cheviott, you can't see what a fine book we have got, full of bank notes! But Mrs. Hungerford is not blind at any rate, it is to be hoped,' continued she, turning to Mrs. Hungerford, who at this instant opened the door.

She stood in dignified amazement. Jesse had an air of malignant triumph. Fanny was covered with blushes; but she looked with all the tranquillity of innocence. The children gathered round her; and blind Mrs. Cheviott cried, 'What is going on? What is going on? Will nobody tell me what is going on? Jesse! What is it you are talking about, Jesse?'

'About a very valuable book, ma'am; containing more than I can easily count, in bank notes, ma'am, that Mr. Folingsby has lent, only lent, ma'am, she says, to Miss Fanny Frankland, ma'am, who was just going to return them to him, ma'am, when
I unluckily took up the book, and shook them all out upon the floor, ma'am.'

'Pick them up, Gustavus, my dear,' said Mrs. Hungerford, coolly. 'From what I know of Fanny Frankland, I am inclined to believe that whatever she says is truth. Since she has lived with me, I have never, in the slightest instance, found her deviate from truth; therefore I must entirely depend upon what she says.'

'Oh! yes mamma,' cried the children, all together, 'that I am sure you may.'

'Come with me, Fanny,' resumed Mrs. Hungerford; 'it is not necessary that your explanation should be public, though I am persuaded it will be satisfactory.'

Fanny was glad to escape from the envious eye of Miss Jesse Bettesworth, and felt much gratitude to Mrs. Hungerford, for this kindness and confidence: but, when she was to make her explanation, Fanny was in great confusion. She dreaded to occasion a quarrel between Mr. Folingsby and his aunt; yet she knew not how to exculpate herself, without accusing him.

'Why these blushes and tears, and why this silence, Fanny?' said Mrs. Hungerford,
after she had waited some minutes, in ex-
pection she would begin to speak. 'Are
not you sure of justice from me; and of
protection, both from slander and insult? I
am fond of my nephew, it is true; but I
think myself obliged to you, for the manner
in which you have conducted yourself to-
wards my children, since you have had them
under your care. Tell me then, freely, if
you have any reason to complain of young
Mr. Folingsby.'

'Oh! Madam,' said Fanny, 'thank you a
thousand times for your goodness to me. I
do not, indeed I do not wish to complain of
any body; and I would not for the world
make mischief between you and your ne-
phew. I would rather leave your family at
once; and that,' continued the poor girl,
sobbing, 'that is what I believe I had best;
nay, is what I must and will do.'

'No, Fanny: do not leave my house,
without giving me an explanation of what
has passed this morning; for, if you do,
your reputation is at the mercy of Miss
Jesse Bettesworth's malice.'

'Heaven forbid!' said Fanny, with a look
of real terror. 'I must beg, Madam, that
you will have the kindness to return this book; and these bank notes, to Mr. Folingsby; and that you will give him this letter, which I was just going to wrap up in the paper, with the book, when Jesse Bettesworth came in and found the bank notes, which I had never seen. These can make no difference in my answer to Mr. Folingsby; therefore I shall leave my letter just as it was first written, if you please, Madam.'

Fanny's letter was as follows:

"Sir,

"I return the book, which you left with me, as nothing it contains can ever alter my opinion on the subject of which you spoke to me this morning. I hope you will never speak to me again, Sir, in the same manner. Consider, Sir, that I am a poor unprotected girl. If you go on as you have done lately, I shall be obliged to leave good Mrs. Hungerford, who is my only friend. Oh! where shall I find so good a friend? My poor old father is in the almshouse! and there he must remain till his children can earn money sufficient to support him. Do not fancy, Sir, that I say this by way of begging from you; I would not, nor would he, accept of any thing that you could offer him, whilst in your present way of thinking. Pray, Sir, have some compassion, and do not injure those whom you cannot serve."

"I am, Sir,

"Your humble servant,

"FANNY TRANGLAND."
Mr. Folingsby was surprised and confounded, when this letter and the book, containing his bank notes, were put into his hand by his aunt. Mrs. Hungerford told him by what means the book had been seen by Miss Jesse Bettesworth; and to what imputations it must have exposed Fanny. 'Fanny is afraid of making mischief between you and me,' continued Mrs. Hungerford; 'and I cannot prevail upon her to give me an explanation, which I am persuaded would be much to her honour.'

'Then you have not seen this letter! Then she has decided without consulting you! She is a charming girl!' cried Mr. Folingsby; 'and whatever you may think of me, I am bound, in justice to her, to show you what she has written: that will sufficiently explain how much I have been to blame, and how well she deserves the confidence you place in her.'

As he spoke, Mr. Folingsby rang the bell, to order his horses. 'I will return to town immediately,' continued he; 'so Fanny need not leave the house of her only friend to avoid me. As to these bank notes, keep them, dear aunt. She says her father is in
great distress. Perhaps, now that I am come "to a right way of thinking," she will not disdain my assistance. Give her the money when and how you think proper. I am sure I cannot make a better use of a hundred guineas; and wish I had never thought of making a worse.'

Mr. Folingsby returned directly to town; and his aunt thought he had in some measure atoned for his fault by his candour and generosity.

Miss Jesse Bettesworth waited all this time, with malicious impatience, to hear the result of Fanny's explanation with Mrs. Hungerford. How painfully was she surprised, and disappointed, when Mrs. Hungerford returned to the company, to hear her speak in the highest terms of Fanny! 'Oh, mamma,' cried little Gustavus, clapping his hands, 'I am glad you think her good, because we all think so; and I should be very sorry indeed if she was to go away, especially in disgrace.'

'There is no danger of that, my dear,' said Mrs. Hungerford. 'She shall never leave my house, as long as she desires to stay in it. I do not give, or withdraw, my protection, without good reasons.'
Miss Jesse Bettesworth bit her lips. Her face, which nature intended beautiful, became almost ugly; envy and malice distorted her features; and, when she departed with Mrs. Cheviott, her humiliated appearance was a strong contrast to the air of triumph with which she had entered.

CHAPTER V.

After Jesse and Mrs. Cheviotthad left the room, one of the little girls exclaimed, 'I don't like that Miss Bettesworth; for she asked me whether I did not wish that Fanny was gone, because she refused to let me have a peach that was not ripe. I am sure I wish Fanny may always stay here.'

There was a person in the room who seemed to join most fervently in this wish: this was Mr. Reynolds, the drawing-master. For some time, his thoughts had been greatly occupied by Fanny. At first, he was struck with her beauty; but he had discovered that Mr. Follingsby was in love with her, and had carefully attended to her conduct; resolving not to offer himself till he was sure
on a point so serious. Her modesty and prudence fixed his affections; and he now became impatient to declare his passion. He was a man of excellent temper and character; and his activity and talents were such as to ensure independence to a wife and family.

Mrs. Hungerford, though a proud, was not a selfish woman: she was glad that Mr. Reynolds was desirous to obtain Fanny; though she was sorry to part with one who was so useful in her family. Fanny had now lived with her nearly two years; and she was much attached to her. A distant relation, about this time, left her five children a small legacy of ten guineas each. Gustavus, though he had some ambition to be master of a watch, was the first to propose that this legacy should be given to Fanny. His brothers and sisters applauded the idea; and Mrs. Hungerford added fifty guineas to their fifty. 'I had put by this money,' said she, 'to purchase a looking-glass for my drawing-room; but it will be much better applied in rewarding one who has been of real service to my children.'

Fanny was now mistress of two hundred
guineas; a hundred given to her by Mr. Folingsby, fifty by Mrs. Hungerford, and fifty by the children. Her joy and gratitude were extreme; for with this money she knew she could relieve her father: this was the first wish of her heart; and it was a wish in which her lover so eagerly joined that she smiled on him, and said, 'Now, I am sure, you really love me.'

'Let us go to your father directly,' said Mr. Reynolds. 'Let me be present when you give him this money.'

'You shall,' said Fanny: 'but first I must consult my sister Patty and my brothers; for we must all go together; that is our agreement. The first day of next month is my father's birth-day; and, on that day, we are all to meet at the alms-house. What a happy day it will be!'

But what has James been about all this time? How has he gone on with his master, Mr. Cleghorn, the haberdasher?

During the eighteen months that James had spent in Mr. Cleghorn's shop, he never gave his master the slightest reason to complain of him: on the contrary, this young
man made his employer's interests his own; and, consequently, completely deserved his confidence. It was not, however, always easy to deal with Mr. Cleghorn; for he dreaded to be flattered, yet could not bear to be contradicted. James was very near losing his favour for ever, upon the following occasion.

One evening, when it was nearly dusk, and James was just shutting up shop; a strange looking man, prodigiously corpulent, and with huge pockets to his coat, came in. He leaned his elbows on the counter, opposite to James, and stared him full in the face without speaking. James swept some loose money off the counter into the till. The stranger smiled, as if purposely to show him this did not escape his quick eye. There was in his countenance an expression of roguery and humour: the humour seemed to be affected, the roguery natural. What are you pleased to want, Sir?' said James.

'A glass of brandy, and your master.'

'My master is not at home, Sir; and we have no brandy. You will find brandy, I believe, at the house over the way.'
I believe I know where to find brandy a little better than you do; and better brandy than you ever tasted, or the devil's in it,' replied the stranger. 'I want none of your brandy. I only asked for it to try what sort of a chap you were. So you don't know who I am?'

'No, Sir; not in the least.'

'No! Never heard of Admiral Tipsey! Where do you come from? Never heard of Admiral Tipsey! whose noble paunch is worth more than a Laplander could reckon,' cried he, striking the huge rotundity he praised. 'Let me into this back parlour; I'll wait there till your master comes home.'

'Sir, you cannot possibly go into that parlour; there is a young lady, Mr. Cleghorn's daughter, Sir, at tea in that room; she must not be disturbed,' said James, holding the lock of the parlour door. He thought the stranger was either drunk or pretending to be drunk; and contended, with all his force, to prevent him from getting into the parlour.

Whilst they were struggling, Mr. Cleghorn came home. 'Hey day! what's the matter? Oh! admiral, is it you?' said Mr. Cleghorn,
in a voice of familiarity that astonished James. "Let us by, James; you don't know the admiral."

Admiral Tipsey was a smuggler: he had the command of two or three smuggling vessels, and thereupon created himself an admiral; a dignity which few dared to dispute with him, whilst he held his oak stick in his hand. As to the name of Tipsey, no one could be so unjust as to question his claim to it; for he was never known to be perfectly sober, during a whole day, from one year's end to another. To James's great surprise, the admiral, after he had drunk one dish of tea, unbuttoned his waistcoat, from top to bottom, and deliberately began to unpack his huge false corpulence! Round him were wound innumerable pieces of lace, and fold after fold of fine cambric. When he was completely unpacked, it was difficult to believe that he was the same person, he looked so thin and shrunk.

He then called for some clean straw, and began to stuff himself out again to what he called a passable size." Did not I tell you, young man, I carried that under my waistcoat which would make a fool stare'
The lace that's on the floor, to say nothing of the cambric, is worth full twice the sum for which you shall have it, Cleghorn. Good night. I'll call again to-morrow, to settle our affairs: but don't let your young man here shut the door, as he did to day, in the admiral's face. Here is a cravat for you, notwithstanding,' continued he, turning to James, and throwing him a piece of very fine cambric. 'I must list you in Admiral Tipsey's service.'

James followed him to the door, and returned the cambric in despite of all his entreaties that he would 'wear it, or sell it, for the admiral's sake.'

'So James,' said Mr. Cleghorn, when the smuggler was gone, 'you do not seem to like our admiral.'

'I know nothing of him, Sir, except that he is a smuggler; and for that reason I do not wish to have any thing to do with him.'

'I am sorry for that,' said Mr. Cleghorn, with a mixture of shame and anger in his countenance: 'my conscience is as nice as other people's; and yet I have a notion I shall have something to do with him, though he is a smuggler; and, if I am not mis-
taken, shall make a deal of money by him. I have not had any thing to do with smugglers yet; but I see many, in Monmouth, who are making large fortunes by their assistance. There is our neighbour, Mr. Raikes: what a rich man he is become! And why should I, or why should you, be more scrupulous than others? Many gentlemen, ay gentlemen, in the country are connected with them; and why should a shopkeeper be more conscientious than they? Speak; I must have your opinion.

With all the respect due to his master, James gave it as his opinion that it would be best to have nothing to do with Admiral Tipsey, or with any of the smugglers. He observed that men, who carried on an illicit trade, and who were in the daily habits of cheating, or of taking false oaths, could not be safe partners. Even putting morality out of the question, he remarked that the smuggling trade was a sort of gaming, by which one year a man might make a deal of money, and another might be ruined.

‘Upon my word!’ said Mr. Cleghorn, in an ironical tone; ‘you talk very wisely, for so young a man! Pray, where did you learn all this wisdom?’
From my father, Sir; from whom I learned every thing that I know; every thing that is good, I mean. I had an uncle once, who was ruined by his dealings with smugglers; and who would have died in jail, if it had not been for my father. I was but a young lad at the time this happened; but I remember my father saying to me, the day my uncle was arrested, when my aunt and all the children were crying, "Take warning by this, my dear James: you are to be in trade, some day or other, yourself: never forget that honesty is the best policy. The fair trader will always have the advantage, at the long run."

Well, well; no more of this," interrupted Mr. Cleghorn. "Good night to you. You may finish the rest of your sermon against smugglers to my daughter there, whom it seems to suit better than it pleases me."

The next day, when Mr. Cleghorn went into the shop, he scarcely spoke to James, except to find fault with him. This he bore with patience; knowing that he meant well, and that his master would recover his temper in time.

So the parcels were all sent, and the bills
made out, as I desired,' said Mr. Cleghorn. 'You are not in the wrong there. You know what you are about, James, very well; but why should not you deal openly by me, according to your father's maxim, that "Honesty is the best policy?" Why should not you fairly tell me what were your secret views, in the advice you gave me about Admiral Tipsey, and the smugglers?'

'I have no secret views, Sir,' said James; with a look of such sincerity that his master could not help believing him: 'nor can I guess what you mean by secret views. If I consulted my own advantage instead of yours, I should certainly use all my influence with you in favour of this smuggler; for here is a letter, which I received from him this morning, "hoping for my friendship," and enclosing a ten pound note, which I returned to him.'

Mr. Cleghorn was pleased by the openness and simplicity with which James told him all this; and immediately throwing aside the reserve of his manner, said, 'James, I beg your pardon; I see I have misunderstood you. I am convinced you were not acting like a double dealer, in the advice
you gave me last night. It was my daughter's colouring so much that led me astray. I did to be sure think you had an eye to her, more than to me, in what you said; but, if you had, I am sure you would tell me so fairly.'

James was at a loss to comprehend how the advice that he gave, concerning Admiral Tipsey, and the smugglers, could relate to Miss Cleghorn, except so far as it related to her father. He waited in silence for a further explanation.

'You don't know then,' continued Mr. Cleghorn, 'that Admiral Tipsey, as he calls himself, is able to leave his nephew, young Raikes, more than I can leave my daughter? It is his whim to go about dressed in that strange way in which you saw him yesterday; and it is his diversion to carry on the smuggling trade, by which he has made so much: but he is in reality a rich old fellow, and has proposed that I should marry my daughter to his nephew. Now you begin to understand me, I see. The lad is a smart lad: he is to come here this evening. Don't prejudice my girl against him. Not a
word more against smugglers, before her, I beg.'

'You shall be obeyed, Sir,' said James. His voice altered, and he turned pale, as he spoke; circumstances which did not escape Mr. Cleghorn's observation.

Young Raikes and his uncle, the rich smuggler, paid their visit. Miss Cleghorn expressed a decided dislike to both uncle and nephew. Her father was extremely provoked; and, in the height of his anger, declared he believed she was in love with James Frankland; that he was a treacherous rascal; and that he should leave the house within three days, if his daughter did not, before that time, consent to marry the man he had chosen for her husband. It was in vain that his daughter endeavoured to soften her father's rage, and to exculpate poor James, by protesting he had never, directly or indirectly, attempted to engage her affections; neither had he ever said one syllable that could prejudice her against the man whom her father recommended. Mr. Cleghorn's high notions of subordination applied, on this occasion, equally to his daughter and to
his foreman: he considered them both as presumptuous, and ungrateful; and said to himself, as he walked up and down the room in a rage, 'My foreman to preach to me indeed! I thought what he was about all the time! But it shan't do! It shan't do! My daughter shall do as I bid her, or I'll know why! Have not I been all my life making a fortune for her? and now she won't do as I bid her! She would, if this fellow was out of the house; and out he shall go, in three days, if she does not come to her senses. I was cheated by my last shopman out of my money; I won't be duped, by this fellow, out of my daughter. No! No! Off he shall trudge! A shopman, indeed, to think of his master's daughter without his consent! What insolence! What the times are come to! Such a thing could not have been done in my days! I never thought of my master's daughter, I'll take my oath! And then the treachery of the rascal! To carry it all on so sily! I could forgive him any thing but that: for that he shall go out of this house in three days, as sure as he and I are alive, if his
young lady does not give him up before that time.'

Passion so completely deafened Mr. Cleghorn that he would not listen to James; who assured him he had never, for one moment, aspired to the honour of marrying his daughter. 'Can you deny that you love her? Can you deny,' cried Mr. Cleghorn, 'that you turned pale yesterday, when you said I should be obeyed?'

James could not deny either of these charges; but he firmly persisted in asserting that he had been guilty of no treachery; that he had never attempted secretly to engage the young lady's affections; and that, on the contrary, he was sure she had no suspicion of his attachment. 'It is easy to prove all this to me, by persuading my girl to do as I bid her.' Prevail on her to marry Mr. Raikes, and all is well.'

'That is out of my power, Sir,' replied James. 'I have no right to interfere, and will not. Indeed, I am sure I should betray myself, if I were to attempt to say a word to Miss Cleghorn in favour of another man; that is a task I could not undertake,
even if I had the highest opinion of this Mr. Raikes: but I know nothing concerning him; and therefore should do wrong to speak in his favour, merely to please you. I am sorry, very sorry, Sir, that you have not the confidence in me which I hoped I had deserved; but the time will come when you will do me justice. The sooner I leave you now, I believe, the better you will be satisfied; and, far from wishing to stay three days, I do not desire to stay three minutes in your house, Sir, against your will.'

Mr. Cleghorn was touched by the feeling and honest pride with which James spoke.

'Do as I bid you, Sir,' said he; 'and neither more nor less. Stay out your three days; and may be, in that time, this saucy girl may come to reason. If she does not know you love her, you are not so much to blame.'

The three days passed away, and the morning came on which James was to leave his master. The young lady persisted in her resolution not to marry Mr. Raikes; and expressed much concern at the injustice with which James was treated, on her account:
She offered to leave home, and spend some time with an aunt, who lived in the north of England. She did not deny that James appeared to her the most agreeable young man she had seen; but added, she could not possibly have any thoughts of marrying him, because he had never given her the least reason to believe that he was attached to her.

Mr. Cleghorn was agitated; yet positive in his determination that James should quit the house. James went into his master's room, to take leave of him. 'So then you are really going?' said Mr. Cleghorn. 'You have buckled that portmanteau of yours like a blockhead; I'll do it better; stand aside. So you are positively going? Why, this is a sad thing! But then it is a thing, as your own sense and honour tell you—it is a thing—' (Mr. Cleghorn took snuff at every pause of his speech: but even this could not carry him through it; when he pronounced the words)—'It is a thing that must be done'—the tears fairly started from his eyes. 'Now this is ridiculous,' resumed he. 'In my days, in my younger days I mean, a man could part with his foreman as easily
as he could take off his glove. I am sure my master would as soon have thought of turning bankrupt as of shedding a tear at parting with me; and yet I was as good a foreman, in my day, as another. Not so good a one as you are, to be sure. But it is no time now to think of your goodness. Well! what do we stand here for? When a thing is to be done, the sooner it is done the better. Shake hands, before you go.'

Mr. Cleghorn put into James's hand a fifty pound note, and a letter of recommendation to a Liverpool merchant. James left the house without taking leave of Miss Cleghorn, who did not think the worse of him for his want of gallantry. His master had taken care to recommend him to an excellent house in Liverpool, where his salary would be nearly double that which he had hitherto received; but James was notwithstanding very sorry to leave Monmouth, where his dear brother, sister, and father lived,—to say nothing of Miss Cleghorn.

Late at night, James was going to the inn at which the Liverpool stage sets up, where he was to sleep: as he passed through a street that leads down to the river Wye, he
heard a great noise of men quarrelling violently. The moon shone bright, and he saw a party of men who appeared to be fighting in a boat that was just come to shore. He asked a person who came out of the public house, and who seemed to have nothing to do with the fray, what was the matter?

'Only some smugglers who are quarrelling with one another about the division of their booty,' said the passenger, who walked on, eager to get out of their way. James also quickened his pace, but presently heard the cry of 'Murder! murder! Help! help!' and then all was silence.

A few seconds afterwards he thought that he heard groans. He could not forbear going to the spot whence the groans proceeded, in hopes of being of some service to a fellow-creature. By the time he got thither, the groans had ceased: he looked about, but could only see the men in the boat, who were rowing fast down the river. As he stood on the shore listening, he for some minutes heard no sound but that of their oars; but afterward a man in the boat exclaimed, with a terrible oath, 'There he! There he is! All alive again! We have
not done his business! D—n it, he'll do ours!' The boatmen rowed faster away, and James again heard the groans, though they were now much feebler than before. He searched, and found the wounded man; who, having been thrown overboard, had with great difficulty swum to shore, and fainted with the exertion as soon as he reached the land. When he came to his senses, he begged James, for mercy's sake, to carry him into the next public-house, and to send for a surgeon to dress his wounds. The surgeon came, examined them, and declared his fears that the poor man could not live four and twenty hours. As soon as he was able to speak intelligibly, he said he had been drinking with a party of smugglers, who had just brought in some fresh brandy, and that they had quarrelled violently about a keg of contraband liquor: he said that he could swear to the man who gave him the mortal wound.

The smugglers were pursued immediately, and taken. When they were brought into the sick man's room, James beheld amongst them three persons whom he little expected to meet in such a situation: Idle Isaac, Wild
Will, and Bullying Bob. The wounded man swore positively to their persons. Bullying Bob was the person who gave him the fatal blow; but Wild Will began the assault, and Idle Isaac shoved him overboard; they were all implicated in the guilt; and, instead of expressing any contrition for their crime, began to dispute about which was most to blame: they appealed to James; and, as he would be subpoenaed on their trial, each endeavoured to engage him in their favour. Idle Isaac took him aside, and said to him, 'You have no reason to befriend my brothers. I can tell you a secret: they are the greatest enemies your family ever had. It was they who set fire to your father's hayrick. Will was provoked by your sister Fanny's refusing him; so he determined, as he told me, to carry her off; and he meant to have done so, in the confusion that was caused by the fire; but Bob and he quarrelled the very hour that she was to have been carried off; so that part of the scheme failed. Now I had no hand in all this, being fast asleep in my bed: so I have more claim to your good word, at any rate, than my brothers can have; and so, when we come
to trial, I hope you 'll speak to my charac-
ter.'

Wild Will next tried his eloquence. As soon as he found that his brother Isaac had betrayed the secret, he went to James, and assured him the mischief that had been done was a mere accident; that it was true he had intended, for the frolic's sake, to raise a cry of fire, in order to draw Fanny out of the house; but that he was shocked when he found how the jest ended.

As to Bullying Bob, he brazened the matter out; declaring he had been affronted by the Franklands, and that he was glad he had taken his revenge of them; that, if the thing was to be done over again, he would do it; that James might give him what character he pleased, upon trial, for that a man could be hanged but once.

Such were the absurd bravadoing speeches he made, whilst he had an ale-house audience round him, to admire his spirit; but a few hours changed his tone. He and his brothers were taken before a magistrate. Till the committal was actually made out, they had hopes of being bailed: they had dispatched a messenger to Admiral Tipsey,
whose men they called themselves, and expected he would offer bail for them to any amount; but the bail of their friend Admiral Tipsey was not deemed sufficient by the magistrate.

‘In the first place, I could not bail these men; and if I could, do you think it possible,’ said the magistrate, ‘I could take the bail of such a man as that?’

‘I understood that he was worth a deal of money,’ whispered James.

‘You are mistaken, Sir,’ said the magistrate; ‘he is, what he deserves to be, a ruined man. I have good reasons for knowing this. He has a nephew, a Mr. Raikes, who is a gamester: whilst the uncle has been carrying on the smuggling trade here, at the hazard of his life, the nephew, who was bred up at Oxford to be a fine gentleman, has gamed away all the money his uncle has made, during twenty years, by his contraband traffic. At the long run, these fellows never thrive. Tipsey is not worth a groat.’

James was much surprised by this information; and resolved to return immediately to Mr. Cleghorn, to tell him what he had heard, and put him on his guard.
Early in the morning he went to his house—'You look as if you were not pleased to see me again,' said he to Mr. Cleghorn; 'and perhaps you will impute what I am going to say to bad motives; but my regard to you, Sir, determines me to acquaint you with what I have heard: you will make what use of the information you please.'

James then related what had passed at the magistrate's; and, when Mr. Cleghorn had heard all that James had to say, he thanked him in the strongest manner for this instance of his regard; and begged he would remain in Monmouth a few days longer.

Alarmed by the information he received from James, Mr. Cleghorn privately made inquiries concerning young Raikes and his uncle. The distress into which the young man had plunged himself, by gambling, had been kept a profound secret from his relations. It was easy to deceive them, as to his conduct, because his time had been spent at a distance from them: he was but just returned home, after completing his education.

The magistrate, from whom James first heard of his extravagance, happened to have
a son at Oxford, who gave him this intelligence: he confirmed all he had said to Mr Cleghorn, who trembled at the danger to which he had exposed his daughter. The match with young Raikes was immediately broken off; and all connection with Admiral Tipsey and the smugglers was for ever dissolved by Mr. Cleghorn.

His gratitude to James was expressed with all the natural warmth of his character. 'Come back and live with me,' said he, 'you have saved me and my daughter from ruin. You shall not be my shopman any longer; you shall be my partner: and, you know, when you are my partner, there can be nothing said against your thinking of my daughter. But all in good time. I would not have seen the girl again, if she had married my shopman; but my partner will be quite another thing. You have worked your way up in the world by your own deserts; and I give you joy. I believe, now it's over, it would have gone nigh to break my heart to part with you; but you must be sensible I was right to keep up my authority in my own family. Now things are changed I give my consent: nobody has a right to say
a word. When I am pleased with my daughter's choice, that is enough. There's only one thing that goes against my pride.—Your father—'

'Oh! Sir,' interrupted James, 'if you are going to say any thing disrespectful of my father, do not say it to me; I beseech you, do not; for I cannot bear it. Indeed I cannot, and will not. He is the best of fathers!'

'I am sure he has the best of children; and a greater blessing there cannot be in this world. I was not going to say any thing disrespectful of him: I was only going to lament that he should be in an alms-house,' said Mr. Cleghorn.

'He has determined to remain there,' said James, 'till his children have earned money enough to support him, without hurting themselves: I, my brother, and both my sisters, are to meet at the alms-house on the first day of next month, which is my father's birthday; then we shall join all our earnings together, and see what can be done.'

'Remember, you are my partner,' said Mr. Cleghorn. 'On that day you must take me along with you. My good will is part
of your earnings, and my good will shall never be shown merely in words.

CHAPTER VI.

It is now time to give some account of the Bettesworth family. The history of their indolence, extravagance, quarrels, and ruin, shall be given as shortly as possible.

The fortune left to them by Captain Bettesworth was nearly twenty thousand pounds. When they got possession of this sum, they thought it could never be spent; and each individual of the family had separate plans of extravagance, for which they required separate supplies. Old Bettesworth, in his youth, had seen a house of Squire Somebody's, which had struck his imagination; and he resolved he would build just such another. This was his favourite scheme, and he was delighted with the thoughts that it would be realized. His wife and his sons opposed the plan, merely because it was his; and consequently he became more obstinately bent upon having his own way, as he said, for once in his life. He was totally igno-
rant of building; and no less incapable, from his habitual indolence, of managing workmen: the house might have been finished for one thousand five hundred pounds; it cost him two thousand pounds: and when it was done, the roof let in the rain in sundry places, the new ceilings and cornices were damaged, so that repairs and a new roof, with leaden gutters, and leaden statues, cost him some additional hundreds. The furnishing of the house Mrs. Bettesworth took upon herself; and Sally took upon herself to find fault with every article that her mother bought. The quarrels were loud, bitter, and at last irreconcilable. There was a looking-glass, which the mother wanted to have in one room, and the daughter insisted upon putting it into another; the looking-glass was broken between them in the heat of battle. The blame was laid on Sally; who, in a rage, declared she would not and could not live in the house with her mother. Her mother was rejoiced to get rid of her, and she went to live with a lieutenant’s lady, in the neighbourhood, with whom she had been acquainted three weeks and two days. Half by scolding, half by cajoling her father, she
prevailed upon him to give her two thousand pounds for her fortune; promising never to trouble him any more for any thing.

As soon as she was gone, Mrs. Bettesworth gave a house warming, as she called it, to all her acquaintance. A dinner, a ball, and a supper in her new house. The house was not half dry; and all the company caught cold. Mrs. Bettesworth’s cold was the most severe. It happened, at this time, to be the fashion to go almost without clothes; and as this lady was extremely vain and fond of dress, she would absolutely appear in the height of fashion. The Sunday after her ball, whilst she had still the remains of a bad cold, she positively would go to church, equipped in one petticoat, and a thin muslin gown, that she might look as young as her daughter Jesse. Everybody laughed, and Jesse laughed more than any one else: but, in the end, it was no laughing matter; Mrs. Bettesworth “caught her death of cold.” She was confined to her bed on Monday, and was buried the next Sunday.

Jesse, who had a great notion that she should marry a lord, if she could but once
get into company with one, went to live with blind Mrs. Cheviott; where, according to her mother's instructions, "she laid herself out for goodness." She also took two thousand pounds with her, upon her promise never to trouble her father more.

Her brothers perceived how much was to be gained by tormenting a father, who gave from weakness, and not from a sense of justice, or a feeling of kindness; and they soon rendered themselves so troublesome that he was obliged to buy off their reproaches. Idle Isaac was a sportsman, and would needs have a pack of hounds: they cost him two hundred a year. Then he would have race horses; and by them he soon lost some thousands. He was arrested for the money, and his father was forced to pay it.

Bob and Will soon afterwards began to think, "it was very hard that so much was to be done for Isaac, and nothing for them!"

Wild Will kept a mistress; and Bullying Bob was a cock-fighter: their demands for money were frequent, and unconscionable; and their continual plea was, "Why Isaac
lost thousands by his race-horses; and why should not we have our share?'

The mistress and the cockpit had their share; and the poor old father, at last, had only one thousand left. He told his sons this, with tears in his eyes: 'I shall die in a jail, after all!' said he. They listened not to what he said; for they were intent upon the bank notes of this last thousand, which were spread upon the table before him. Will, half in jest, half in earnest, snatched up a parcel of the notes; and Bob insisted on dividing the treasure. Will fled out of the house; Bob pursued him, and they fought at the end of their own avenue.

This was on the day that Frankland and his family were returning from poor George's funeral, and saw the battle betwixt the brothers. They were shamed into a temporary reconciliation, and soon afterwards united against their father; whom they represented to all the neighbours as the most cruel and the most avaricious of men, because he would not part with the very means of subsistence to supply their profligacy.

Whilst their minds were in this state, Wil
happened to become acquainted with a set of smugglers, whose disorderly life struck his fancy. He persuaded his brothers to leave home, with him, and to list in the service of Admiral Tipsey. Their manners then became more brutal; and they thought, felt, and lived like men of desperate fortunes. The consequence we have seen. In a quarrel about a keg of brandy, at an alehouse, their passions got the better of them, and, on entering their boat, they committed the offence for which they were now imprisoned.

Mr. Barlow was the attorney to whom they applied, and they endeavoured to engage him to manage their cause on their trial, but he absolutely refused. From the moment he heard from James that Will and Bob Bettesworth were the persons who set fire to Frankland's haystack, he urged Frank to prosecute them for this crime. 'When you only suspected them, my dear Frank, I strongly dissuaded you from going to law; but, now, you cannot fail to succeed, and you will recover ample damages.'

'That is impossible, my dear Sir,' replied Frank, 'for the Bettesworths, I understand, are ruined.'
I am sorry for that, on your account; but I still think you ought to carry on this prosecution, for the sake of public justice. Such pests of society should not go unpunished.'

'They will probably be punished sufficiently for this unfortunate assault; for which they are now to stand their trial. I cannot, in their distress, revenge either my own or my father's wrongs. I am sure he would be sorry if I did; for I have often and often heard him say, "Never trample upon the fallen.'

'You are a good, generous young man,' cried Mr. Barlow; 'and no wonder you love the father who inspired you with such sentiments, and taught you such principles. But what a shame it is that such a father should be in an alms-house! You say he will not consent to be dependent upon any one; and that he will not accept of relief from any but his own children. This is pride: but it is an honourable species of pride; fit for an English yeoman. I cannot blame it. But, my dear Frank, tell your father he must accept of your friend's credit, as well as of yours. Your credit with
me is such that you may draw upon me for five hundred pounds, whenever you please. No thanks, my boy: half the money I owe you for your services as my clerk; and the other half is well secured to me, by the certainty of your future diligence and success in business. You will be able to pay me in a year or two; so I put you under no obligation, remember. I will take your bond for half the money, if that will satisfy you and your proud father.

The manner in which this favour was conferred touched Frank to the heart. He had a heart which could be strongly moved by kindness. He was beginning to express his gratitude, when Mr. Barlow interrupted him with 'Come, come! Why do we waste our time here, talking sentiment, when we ought to be writing law? Here is work to be done, which requires some expedition: a marriage settlement to be drawn. Guess for whom.'

Frank guessed all the probable matches amongst his Monmouth acquaintance; but he was rather surprised when told that the bridegroom was to be young Mr. Folingsby.
as it was scarcely two months since this gentleman was in love with Fanny Frankland. Frank proceeded to draw the settlement.

Whilst he and Mr. Barlow were writing, they were interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Josiah Crumpe. He came to announce Mrs. Crumpe's death, and to request Mr. Barlow's attendance at the opening of her will. This poor lady had lingered out many months longer than it was thought she could possibly live; and, during all her sufferings, Patty, with indefatigable goodness and temper, bore with the caprice and peevishness of disease. Those, who thought she acted merely from interested motives, expected to find she had used her power over her mistress's mind entirely for her own advantage: they were certain a great part of the fortune would be left to her. Mrs. Crumpe's relations were so persuaded of this, that, when they were assembled to hear her will read by Mr. Barlow, they began to say to one another in whispers, "We'll set the will aside: we'll bring her into the courts: Mrs. Crumpe was not in her right senses when she made this will: she had received two
paralytic strokes: we can prove that: we can set aside the will.

Mr. Josiah Crumpe was not one of these whisperers; he sat apart from them, leaning on his oaken stick in silence.

Mr. Barlow broke the seals of the will, opened it, and read it to the eager company. They were much astonished when they found that the whole fortune was left to Mr. Josiah Crumpe. The reason for this bequest was given in these words:

"Mr. Josiah Crumpe, being the only one of my relations who did not torment me for my money, even upon my death-bed, I trust that he will provide suitably for that excellent girl, Patty Frankland. On this head he knows my wishes. By her own desire, I have not myself left her any thing; I have only bequeathed fifty pounds for the use of her father."

Mr. Josiah Crumpe was the only person who heard unmoved the bequest that was made to him: the rest of the relations were clamorous in their reproaches, or hypocritical in their congratulations. All thoughts of setting aside the will were, however, abandoned; every legal form had been observed,
and with a technical nicety that precluded all hopes of successful litigation.

Mr. Crumpe arose, as soon as the tumult of disappointment had somewhat subsided, and counted with his oaken stick the numbers that were present. 'Here are ten of you, I think. Well! you every soul of you hate me: but that is nothing to the purpose. I shall keep up to the notion I have of the character of a true British merchant, for my own sake—not for yours. I don't want this woman's money; I have enough of my own, and of my own honest making, without legacy-hunting. Why did you torment the dying woman? You would have been better off, if you had behaved better: but that's over now. A thousand pounds a piece you shall have from me, deducting fifty pounds, which you must each of you give to that excellent girl, Patty Frankland. I am sure you must be all sensible of your injustice to her.'

Fully aware that it was their interest to oblige Mr. Crumpe, they now vied with each other in doing justice to Patty. Some even declared they had never had any suspicions of her; and others laid the blame on the
false representations and information, which they said they had received from the mischief-making Mrs. Martha. They very willingly accepted of a thousand pounds a piece; and the fifty pound deduction was paid as a tax by each to Patty's merit.

Mistress now of five hundred pounds, she exclaimed, 'Oh! my dear father! You shall no longer live in an almshouse! To-morrow will be the happiest day of my life! I don't know how to thank you as I ought, Sir,' continued she, turning to her benefactor.

'You have thanked me as you ought, and as I like best,' said this plain spoken merchant, 'and now let us say no more about it.'

In obedience to Mr. Crumpe's commands, Patty said no more to him; but she was impatient to tell her brother, Frank, and her lover, Mr. Mason, of her good fortune: she therefore returned to Monmouth with Mr. Barlow, in hopes of seeing them immediately.

'You will find your brother,' said Mr. Barlow, 'very busy looking over parchments, in order to draw a marriage settlement. You must keep your good news till he has done his business, or he will make as many
blunders as your friend Mason once made, in the preamble of Mrs. Crumpe's will. I believe I must forbid you, Patty Frankland,' continued Mr. Barlow, smiling, 'to come near my clerks, for I find they always make mistakes, when you are within twenty yards of them.'

Frank was not at work at the marriage settlements. Soon after Mr. Barlow left him, he was summoned to attend the trial of the Bettesworths.

These unfortunate young men, depending on Frank's good nature, well knowing he had refused to prosecute them for setting fire to his father's hay-rick, thought they might venture to call upon him to give them a good character. 'Consider, dear Frank,' said Will Bettesworth, 'a good word from one of your character might do a great deal for us. You were so many years our neighbour. If you would only just say that we were never counted wild, idle, quarrelsome fellows, to your knowledge. Will you?'

'How can I do that?' said Frank: 'or how could I be believed, if I did, when it is so well known in the country—forgive me; at such a time as this I cannot mean to taunt
you—but it is well known in the country that you were called Wild Will, Bullying Bob, and idle Isaac.'

'There's the rub!' said the attorney, who was employed for the Bettesworths. 'This will come out in open court; and the judge and jury will think a great deal of it.'

'Oh! Mr. Frank, Mr. Frank,' cried old Bettesworth, 'have pity upon us! Speak in favour of these boys of mine! Think what a disgrace it is to me, in my old age, to have my sons brought this way to a public trial! And if they should be transported! Oh! Frank, say what you can for them! You were always a good young man; and a good-natured young man.'

Frank was moved by the entreaties and tears of this unhappy father; but his good-nature could not make him consent to say what he knew to be false. 'Do not call me to speak to their characters upon this trial,' said he. 'I cannot say any thing that would serve them: I shall do them more harm than good.'

Still they had hopes his good nature would, at the last moment, prevail over his sense of justice, and they summoned him.
‘Well, Sir,’ said Bettlesworth’s counsel: ‘You appear in favour of the prisoners. You have known them, I understand, from their childhood; and your own character is such that whatever you say, in their favour, will doubtless make a weighty impression upon the jury.’

The court was silent in expectation of what Frank should say. He was so much embarrassed between his wish to serve his old neighbours and playfellows, and his dread of saying what he knew to be false, that he could not utter a syllable. He burst into tears.

‘This evidence is most strongly against the prisoners,’ whispered a juryman to his fellows.

The verdict was brought in at last—

Guilt!—Sentence—transportation.

As the judge was pronouncing this sentence, old Bettlesworth was carried out of the court; he had dropped senseless. Ill as his sons had behaved to him, he could not sustain the sight of their utter disgrace and ruin.

When he recovered his senses, he found

*This is drawn from real life.
himself sitting on the stone bench before the
court-house, supported by Frank. Many of
the town's people had gathered round; but,
regardless of every thing but his own feel-
ings, the wretched father exclaimed, in a
voice of despair, 'I have no children left
me in my old age! My sons are gone! And
where are my daughters?' As such a time as
this, why are not they near their poor old
father? Have they no touch of natural affec-
tion in them? No! they have none. And
why should they have any for me? I took no
care of them, when they were young: no
wonder they take none of me, now I am
old. Ay! Neighbour Frankland was right:
he brought up his children "in the way
they should go." Now he has the credit
and the comfort of them; and see what mine
are come to! They bring their father's gray
hairs with sorrow to the grave!'

The old man wept bitterly: then looking
round him, he again asked for his daughters.
'Surely they are in the town, and it cannot
be much trouble to them to come to me!
Even these strangers, who have never seen
me before, pity me. But my own have no
feeling; no, not for one another! Do these
girls know the sentence that has been passed upon their brothers? Where are they? Where are they? Jesse, at least, might be near me at such a time as this! I was always an indulgent father to Jesse.'

There were people present who knew what was become of Jesse; but they would not tell the news to her father at this terrible moment. Two of Mrs. Cheviott's servants were in the crowd; and one of them whispered to Frank, 'You had best, Sir, prevail on this poor old man to go to his home, and not to ask for his daughter: he will hear the bad news soon enough.'

Frank persuaded the father to go home to his lodgings; and did every thing in his power to comfort him. But, alas! the old man said, too truly, 'There is no happiness left for me in this world! What a curse it is to have bad children! My children have broken my heart! And it is all my own fault: I took no care of them when they were young; and they take no care of me now I am old. But, tell me, have you found out what is become of my daughters?'

Frank evaded the question, and begged
the old man to rest in peace this night. He seemed quite exhausted by grief, and at last sunk into a sort of stupefaction: it could hardly be called sleep. Frank was obliged to return home, to proceed with his business for Mr. Barlow; and he was glad to escape from the sight of misery, which, however he might pity it, he could not relieve.

It was happy indeed for Frank that he had taken his father's advice, and had early broken off all connection with Jilting Jesse. After duping others, she at length had become a greater dupe. She had this morning gone off with a common sergeant, with whom she had fallen suddenly and desperately in love. He cared for nothing but her two thousand pounds; and, to complete her misfortune, was a man of bad character, whose extravagance and profligacy had reduced him to the sad alternative of either marrying for money, or going to jail.

As for Sally, she was at this instant far from all thoughts either of her father or her brothers; she was in the heat of a scolding match, which terminated rather unfortunately for her matrimonial schemes. Ensign Bloomington had reproached her with hav-
ing forced him into his aunt's room, when she had absolutely refused to see him, and thus being the cause that he had lost a handsome legacy. Irritated by this charge, the lady replied in no very gentle terms. Words ran high; and so high at last that the gentleman finished by swearing he would sooner marry the devil than such a vixen!

The match was thus broken off; to the great amusement of all Saucy Sally's acquaintance. Her ill-humour had made her hated by all the neighbours; so that her disappointment, at the loss of the ensign, was embittered by their malicious raillery, and by the prophecy which she heard more than whispered from all sides, that she would never have another admirer either for "love or money."

Ensign Bloomington was deaf to all overtures of peace: he was rejoiced to escape from this virago; and, as we presume that none of our readers are much interested in her fate, we shall leave her to wear the willow, without following her history further.

Let us return to Mr. Barlow, whom we left looking over Mr. Folingsby's marriage settlements. When he had seen that they
were rightly drawn, he sent Frank with them to Folingsby-hall.

Mr. Folingsby was alone when Frank arrived. 'Sit down if you please, Sir,' said he. 'Though I have never had the pleasure of seeing you before, your name is well known to me. You are a brother of Fanny Frankland's. She is a charming and excellent young woman! You have reason to be proud of your sister, and I have reason to be obliged to her.'

He then adverted to what had formerly passed between them, at Mrs. Hungerford's; and concluded by saying it would give him real satisfaction to do any service to him or his family. 'Speak, and tell me what I can do for you.'

Frank looked down, and was silent: for he thought Mr. Folingsby must recollect the injustice that he, or his agent, had shown in turning old Frankland out of his farm. He was too proud to ask favours, where he felt he had a claim to justice.

In fact, Mr. Folingsby had, as he said, "left everything to his agent;" and so little did he know either of the affairs of his tenants, their persons, or even their names,
that he had not at this moment the slightest idea that Frank was the son to one of the oldest and the best of them. He did not know that old Frankland had been reduced to take refuge in an almshouse, in consequence of his agent's injustice. Surprised by Frank's cold silence, he questioned him more closely, and it was with astonishment and shame that he heard the truth.

'Good heavens!' cried he, 'has my negligence been the cause of all this misery to your father? to the father of Fanny Frankland! I remember now that you recal it to my mind, something of an old man, with fine grey hair, coming to speak to me about some business, just as I was setting off for Ascot races. Was that your father? I recollect I told him I was in a great hurry; and that Mr. Deal, my agent, would certainly do him justice. In this I was grossly mistaken; and I have suffered severely for the confidence I had in that fellow. Thank God, I shall now have my affairs in my own hands. I am determined to look into them immediately. My head is no longer full of horses, and gigs, and curricles. There is a time for everything: my giddy days are over.'
I only wish that my thoughtlessness had never hurt any one but myself.

'All I can now do,' continued Mr. Folingsby, 'is to make amends, as fast as possible, for the past. To begin with your father: most fortunately I have the means in my power. His farm is come back into my hands; and it shall, to morrow, be restored to him. Old Bettesworth was with me, scarcely an hour ago, to surrender the farm, on which there is a prodigious arrear of rent: but I understand that he has built a good house on the farm; and I am extremely glad of it, for your father's sake. Tell him it shall be his. Tell him I am ready, I am eager, to put him in possession of it; and to repair the injustice I have done, or which, at least, I have permitted to be done, in my name.'

Frank was so overjoyed that he could scarcely utter one word of thanks. In his way home, he called at Mrs. Hungerford's, to tell the good news to his sister Fanny. This was the eve of their father's birthday; and they agreed to meet at the alms-house in the morning.

The happy morning came. Old Frankland
was busy, in his little garden, when he heard the voices of his children, who were coming towards him. 'Fanny! Patty! James! Frank! Welcome, my children! Welcome! I knew you would be so kind as to come to see your old father on this day; so I was picking some of my currants for you, to make you as welcome as I can. But I wonder you are not ashamed to come to see me in an alms-house. Such gay lads and lasses! I well know I have reason to be proud of you all. Why, I think, I never saw you, one and all, look so well in my whole life!'

'Perhaps, father,' said Frank, 'because you never saw us, one and all, so happy! Will you sit down, dear father, here in your arbour; and we will all sit upon the grass, at your feet, and each tell you our stories, and all the good news.'

'My children,' said he, 'do what you will with me! It makes my old heart swim with joy to see you all again around me looking so happy.'

The father sat down in his arbour, and his children placed themselves at his feet. First his daughter Patty spoke; and then Fanny; then James; and at last Frank
THE CONTRAST. 163

When they had all told their little histories, they offered to their father in one purse their common riches: the rewards of their own good conduct.

'My beloved children!' said Frankland, overpowered with his tears, 'this is too much joy for me! this is the happiest moment of my life! None, but the father of such children, can know what I feel! Your success in the world delights me ten times the more, because I know it is all owing to yourselves.'

'Oh! no, my dear father!' cried they with one accord; 'no, dear dear father, our success is all owing to you! Every thing we have is owing to you; to the care you took of us, from our infancy upward. If you had not watched for our welfare, and taught us so well, we should not now all be so happy!—Poor Bettesworth!'

Here they were interrupted by Hannah, the faithful maid-servant, who had always lived with old Frankland. She came running down the garden so fast that, when she reached the arbour, she was so much out of breath she could not speak. 'Dear heart! God bless you all!' cried she, as soon as she
recovered breath. 'But it is no time to be sitting here. Come in, Sir, for mercy's sake,' said she, addressing herself to her old master. 'Come in to be ready; come in all of you to be ready!'

'Ready! Ready for what?'

'Oh! ready for fine things! Fine doings! Only come in, and I'll tell you as we go along. How I have torn all my hand, with this gooseberry-bush: but no matter for that. So then you have not heard a word of what is going on? No, how could you? And you did not miss me, when you first came into the house?'

'Forgive us for that, good Hannah: we were in such a hurry to see my father, we thought of nothing and nobody else.'

'Very natural. Well, Miss Fanny, I've been up at the great house, with your lady, Mrs. Hungerford. A better lady cannot be! Do you know, she sent for me, on purpose to speak to me; and I know things that you are not to know yet. But, this much I may tell you, there's a carriage coming here, to carry my master away to his new house; and there's horses, and side-saddles beside, for you, and you, and you, and you, and...
And Mrs. Hungerford is coming in her own coach; and young Mr. Folingsby is coming in his carriage; and Mr. Barlow in Mr. Jos. Crumpe's carriage; and Mr. Cleghorn, and his pretty daughter, in the gig; and—and—and heaps of carriages besides! friends of Mrs. Hungerford's: and there's such crowds gathering in the streets; and I'm going on to get breakfast.'

'Oh! my dear father,' cried Frank, 'make haste, and take off this badge-coat before they come! We have brought proper clothes for you.'

Frank pulled off the badge-coat, as he called it, and flung it from him, saying, 'My father shall never wear you more.'

Fanny had just tied on her father's clean neckcloth, and Patty had smoothed his reverend gray locks, when the sound of the carriages was heard. All that Hannah had told them was true. Mrs. Hungerford had engaged all her friends, and all who were acquainted with the good conduct of the Franklands, to attend her on this joyful occasion.

'Triumphant cavalcades and processions,' said she, 'are in general foolish things;