

the farmer with cordial frankness. After they were seated, "Mr. Hardman," says Mr. Carleton, "I have often heard a part of your adventures, but never had a regular account of the whole. If you will favour me and my little boy with the story of them, we shall think ourselves much obliged to you."—"Lack-a-day, sir," said he, "there's little in them worth telling of, as far as I know. I have had my ups and downs in the world, to be sure, but so have many men besides. However, if you wish to hear about them, they are at your service; and I can't say but it gives me pleasure sometimes to talk over old matters, and think how much better things have turned out than might have been expected."—"Now I am of opinion," said Mr. C., "that from your spirit and perseverance a good conclusion might always have been expected." "You are pleased to compliment, sir," replied the farmer; "but I will begin without more words.

"You may perhaps have heard, that my father was a man of good estate. He thought of nothing, poor man, but how to spend it: and he had the uncommon luck to spend it twice over: for when he was obliged to sell it the first time, it was bought in by a relation, who left it to him again by his will. But my poor father was not a man to take warning. He fell to living as he had done before, and just made his estate and his life hold out together. He died at the age of five-and-forty, and left his family beggars. I believe he would not have taken to drinking as he did, had it not