

*CHAPTER X.*

Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire  
To pause from toil and trim their evening fire;  
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,  
And every stranger finds a ready chair.

GOLDSMITH.

THERE were two classes of men who had no particular cause of gratitude to Mr. Forsyth. Lawyers, notwithstanding his respect for the profession, he contrived to exclude from the place, for no case of dispute or difference ever passed himself, nor was there ever an appeal from his decisions; and inn-keepers found themselves both robbed of their guests by his hospitality, and in danger of losing their licenses for the slightest irregularity that affected the morals of their neighbors. For at least the last twenty years of his life, his house, from the number of guests which his hospitality had drawn to it, often resembled a crowded inn. Did he meet with a young man of promising talent, however poor, who belonged in any degree to the aristocracy of nature, and bade fair to rise above his present level, he was sure of being invited to his table. Did he come in contact with some unfortunate aspirant who had seen better days, but who in his fall had preserved his character, he was certain of being invited too. Was there a wind-bound vessel in the port, Mr. Forsyth was sure to bring the passengers home with him. Had travellers come to visit the place, Mr. Forsyth could best tell them all what deserved