l, and your mother married a packman !'
From her husband I never had a scribe of
pen. But I heard they were flining away
money I had given them ; and also that
izabeth thoughtlessly whirled round with
m in the vortex of worldly dissipation.

The third letter was received from her
ot fourteen months after her marriage, in
strain of the wildest agony—in one line she
plored her full dowry, and in the next she
manded it—and again she entreated me to
lease her ' dear Charles,' who, as she
ed it, had been imprisoned for the paltry
m of five hundred pounds. I was plainly
would be throwing money away to assist
m in their present course of extravgance.
ally, I made up my mind to let them feel
at distress was, so that they might under-
nd the value of money : we held a sort of
family parliament, and Priscilla was dread-
lly distressed. Rachel plead hard for her
ter, which I was pleased to see, though I
d nothing—and Thomas suggested that I
uld release Charles Austin from prison,
d give Elizabeth two hundred pounds for
ir immediate wants, and that I would set
her husband in whatever line of business
might prefer, but that I would not keep
m in idleness. I released him from prison
sent two hundred pounds to my daugh-
, with a long letter of admonition.

We heard no more of them for six months
nd could get no answer to our letters—but
morning Thomas came into the parlour
h an open letter in his hand, and his face
like the face of death. A trembling seiz-
me all over.

Thomas !' cried I, as I saw the letter
e in his hand, ' is my bairn dead ?'

No!' said he, ' but'——and he stood still
handed me the letter.

just glanced my eyes on it. It shewed us
t a forgery had been committed upon our
se to the extent of ten thousand pounds !
oh, horrible ! by my own worthless son-
aw, Charles Austin ! I knew not how to
If I permitted the villain to escape un-
ished, I was doing an injustice to society
nd oh ! how was it possible that I could
to the gallows the husband of my own
n! Thomas set off to London to see what
ld be done—and soon returned bringing
word that the villain had escaped abroad,

and had taken his wife and child with him,
for they had an infant eight months old.

It was not the loss of the money that affect-
ed me, but the disgrace of my bairn. About
twelve months after this melancholy event, I
purchased a property in Dumfriesshire, and
went to reside upon it. I entrusted my busi-
ness to Thomas Galloway.

We had been a year in our house, and Ra-
chel and Thomas had been down seeing us,
and it was a gusty, cold night—and a poor
woman came to our door with a bairn at her
breat, and another on her back, and begging
a morsel and a shelter : one of the servants
came up and told us concerning her, and
asked to give her a seat by the fire. I never
liked to harbor beggars, and says I—

' No : there is a shilling for her ; gie her
some meat, and tell her to go to the village.'

' And give her this,' said Rachel, when the
lass added—

' Poor creature ! I dinna think she is able
to crawl to the village."

The servant added, ' she was a young and
bonny creature.'

' She had better be brought in,' said my
daughter, which was agreed to.

Well, shortly after Rachel went down to
the kitchen, to see if any thing was needed,
but the sound of her footsteps was hardly off
the stairs, when we heard a scream—

' Sister ! sister !'

We all started to our feet and looked at
each other with wonder ; then hurried down
to the kitchen, and there was Rachel weep-
ing on the bosom of the poor wandering wo-
man—my lost, my ruined Elizabeth ! She
sobbed as though her heart would burst, and
embraced our knees, and her mother pressed
her to her bosom, and cried, ' My bairn !'

We clothed her and her children ; and
throughout the evening she sat sobbing and
weeping, and could not be comforted. We
were not in a state of feeling to ask her ques-
tions.

But in a few days she voluntarily unbo-
somed her griefs to her sister. She knew no-
thing of the crime which her husband had
committed, and we agreed that she should
never know, as it would add a heavier load
to her broken spirit. All she knew was that
he had hastened with her to America, where