

My mother was the eldest of the four daughters of William Richardson, a "manufacturing merchant" in Glasgow, just what that high sounding title implied I am not careful to enquire, I can only surmise that he was an employer of labour in the line of his progenitor's occupation, which was that of a "weaver," and that like his father James, he was a member of the Anti-burgher Church. What matter! He died in 1815, aged 30, leaving one son and four daughters who all married, and had in the aggregate 19 children. One of his brothers, settled in Philadelphia, where he prospered in business, and left a family that is represented in the City of Brotherly Love to this day. Another, Ebenezer, became a calico merchant and died of fever in America, leaving nine children. His brother, John, who was said to be an uncommonly handsome man, and very clever, was an agent of the British Government in Liverpool for many years and died in Leghorn, Italy, in his 80th year, leaving eight children, the youngest of whom survives in San Francisco, and is the father of six children. Matthew, the youngest brother, settled in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and died there in 1860 in the 89th year of his age, having had nine children, so that my maternal grandfather and his five sons contributed no less than sixty-four to the population of the world!

My mother was only 18 years of age when she was married, and on the death of our father the education and up-bringing of a large family devolved chiefly on her. She left nothing undone to bring her children up in the right way. She was in many respects a remarkable woman—clever, highly accomplished, and in her youth accounted beautiful. She lived to the great age of ninety-two. She used to tell us, playfully, that she could trace her descent, through her mother, from the royal Stuarts. That, however, lacks confirmation, and at any rate did not count for much, since they were, at best, but a poor lot, while she herself was as good as gold. I can say of her, as Lord Cockburn in his autobiography says of his mother,—“She was the best woman I have ever known.” Her whole life was a conspicuous example of prudence and piety. ‘Her children arise up and call her blessed.’ When as yet our father's family consisted of only two boys; he had set