

promise of more, if they should conduct themselves to my satisfaction. He had not received the money many days when they set out for London.

Some time previous to this, I thought I had observed a sort of particular kindness between my daughter Rachel and my clerk Thomas Galloway, of whom I have already spoken, and to whose worth I have borne testimony. He was a native of Newton-Stewart, and a young man of humble parentage like myself, but I liked him nothing the worse upon that account, for, in my opinion, there is no real respectability, save that only which a man purchases through his own merits.—Now I once or twice, when I went out to enjoy the air in the summer nights, after business hours, perceived Rachel and Thomas exerting together along the green lanes, behind a place in the suburbs, that is called Strangeways. Such was the high opinion that I had of him, that I was determined, if there was anything between them, to offer no obstacle in the world to their marriage. I considered that a person with a character, a disposition and a knowledge of business, such as Thomas had, was far before riches. But I knew that in certain respects, both of the two were such bashful creatures, that neither of them would dare to mention the matter to me. So, after their familiarity became every day more apparent, though they tried to hide it, and when, at different times, I had tried humorously to sound both of them in vain, I mentioned the subject to Priscilla. I found that she had perceived it long before me, for women have quick eyes in such matters.—But she said that Rachel was such a strange reserved lassie, that though her own bairn, she could not speak to her with a mother's freedom; though now that she had heard my mind concerning the match, she would ask Rachel how matters stood between her and Thomas Galloway that very day.

She therefore went into the room where Rachel was sitting sewing, and after talking about various matters, by way of not just breaking the matter at once, she said—

'Rachel, dear, are ye aware if your faither has ever made ony sort o' recompense to Thomas Galloway for his trouble in gaun to Gretna after Elizabeth, when the foolish lassie ran away wi' young Mr. Austin?'

'I Do not think it,' replied Rachel.

'Then,' said the mother, 'he has not done right. He should do something for him, for he is a deserving lad. Do ye not think dear?'

This was a home thrust which our lassie was not prepared for, and it brought the veer million to her cheeks. The mother continued—'He is a lad that will rise in the world yet, and he weel deserves it—and I am gladd hinny, that ye hae the good sense to thin' weel o' him.'

'Mother!' said Rachel, greatly confused.

'Com, love,' continued Priscilla, 'ye need not conceal any thing from your mother, she must be a bad mother that a virtuous daughter darena trust with a secret. Dinna suppose that I am sae short sighted but that I hae observed the tender affection springing up between ye—and have not only observed it, but I ha'e done so with satisfaction, for I know not a young man that I could not have more credit by in calling him son-in-law.—Tell me at once, would ye not prefer Thomas to any man ye have seen for your husband?'

'Yes, mother!' faltered my sweet, blushing blossom, and sank on her mother's breast.

'That is right,' said her mother; 'but if ye had tauld me so before, it would ha'e saved you many a weary hour o' uneasiness. I ha'e nae doubt. But ye shall find nae obstacles in the way, for it is a match that will gie baith your faither and me great satisfaction. He has observed the attentions o' Thomas to ye; indeed, he desired me to mention the subject to ye, and if I found that your feelings were as we supposed, that the marriage should immediately take place, and he will also take Thomas into partnership.

Rachel, poor thing, grat with joy: when Thomas heard of it, he could have flung himself at my feet. And in a few weeks they were married, and I took Thomas into partnership, which took a great burden off my shoulders; and more particularly as I had recently entered into a canal speculation.

For twelve months from the time that Elizabeth went to London, we had but two letters from her, and one of them was abusing her sister for what she termed her 'grovelling spirit,' in marrying her father's clerk, and bringing disgrace upon her father's family.

When I saw the letter, my answer back to her was—

'Elizabeth, my woman, do not forget yourself. Your sister has married a deserving