

he had changed his name, in consequence, as he said, of a property that had fallen to him in that country. He had long treated her with coldness, and prohibited her from writing to us, using threats that made her tremble for her life. But on arriving in America his indifference gave place to open brutality, and in a few months he basely deserted her and her infants. She sold the few trinkets she had, and with her children, fainting and broken hearted, slowly performed a journey of nearly seven hundred miles to the nearest seaport, where she found a vessel about to sail for Greenock, and her passage money deprived her of her last coin. My poor bairn had been landed in Scotland without a penny in her pocket, and was begging her way to Manchester, to throw herself at our feet, when Providence directed her to our door.

Never do I think of the sufferings which my bairn must at this period have endured, but my heart melts within me; and, I think, what must have been the tortures of her proud spirit before she could seek assistance from the cold and measured hand of charity. Oh, what a struggle there must have been in her gentle bosom between the agonies of hunger, the feelings of the mother, and the shame that burned upon her face and deprived her of utterance!—and while her bits of bairnies clung to her neck, or pulled at her tattered gown, and cried—‘Bread, mother, give us bread,’ while her own heart was fainting within her, how dreadful must have been the sufferings that my poor Betsy endured! The idea that she was perishing, and begging like a wretched outcast from door to door, while we were feasting sumptuously every day, brings the tears to my eyes even to this hour, and often has my heart overflowed in gratitude to the Power that in mercy directed her steps to her father’s house.

From that day she and her children never left my roof, and she shall still be equally with Rachel. About six months I received a double letter from America. The outer one was from a clergyman, that which was enclosed, bore the signature of Charles Austin. It was his confession on his deathbed, begging my forgiveness and the forgiveness of his wife—my poor injured Elizabeth—for the wrongs and the evilities he had committed against her—declaring that she was ignorant and innocent of the crime he had committed against me. He also beseeched me to provide for his children, for their mother’s sake, if yet lived. It was the letter of a dying parent. Four thousand of the sum, with which he had absconded, he had not squandered and it he directed to be restored to me. A letter from the clergyman announced the death and burial of the unhappy young man, and that he had been appointed to carry his dying requests into effect.

I communicated the tidings of his death and his repentance of his conduct to my dear wife, and she received them meekly, wept, as the remembrance of young man’s affliction touched her heart.

Such, sir, is an account of my speculations and the losses and crosses with which they have been attended, but success and happiness have predominated. And I must now bid you adieu. I am happier now than ever; and in the season when Rachel and Thomas come down to see us, with the bairns, and the children run romping about with Elizabeth’s, are two interesting creatures, and the three of us will be crying at once—‘Granny, and Granny that,’ I believe there is no happier and woman in Britain than Priscilla, who first enabled me to speculate to a purpose.”

*The Aellopodes.*—A curious specimen of mechanical ingenuity bearing the above title is at present exhibiting at Aldermanbury. It is a carriage for travelling without horse or steam, propelled solely by the traveller’s own weight.