

lowing his adverse fortunes for years. He returned at length; married, in his native glen, my grandmother, Elizabeth Spalding, a daughter of Mr. Spalding, of Ashintully castle, and my aged mother was the youngest but two of ten children, the fruit of that marriage. The marriage of my parents was not productive of lasting happiness; my father, Daniel Mackenzie, returned to Scotland from Carlisle, where he had been to learn the craft of Rob Roy's cousin, Deacon Jarvie of the Saltmarket, Glasgow, or in other words, the weaving business, took sickness, became blind, and in the second year of his marriage with my mother died, being in his twenty-eighth or twenty-ninth year. I was only three weeks old at his death; my mother took upon herself those vows which our Church prescribes as needful at baptism, and was left to struggle with misfortune, a poor widow, in want and in distress. It is among the earliest of my recollections, that I lay in bed one morning during the grievous famine in Britain, in 1800-1, while my poor mother took from our large Kist (which is an article of furniture of a sort only to be found among the Scotch and Irish) the handsome plaid of the tartan of our clan, which in early life her own hands had spun, and went and sold it for a trifle, to obtain for us a little coarse barley meal, whereof to make our scanty breakfast; and of another time during the same famine, that she left me at home crying from want and hunger, and for (I think) 8s. sold a handsome and hitherto carefully preserved priest-gray coat of my father's to get us a little food. How the mechanics and laborers contrived to exist during these times, is