family expenses rather cramped our small income. So, after making various domestic arrangements, one of which was to settle our dear boy Johnnie under the care of a kind friend, Sir Alexander McKenzie, of Devlin, near Dunkeld, until he was of age for an India appointment, we took ship for North America. The others went with us, my youngest girl excepted, whom I left with friends; she was only nine years old. Ann was a fine young woman, and my sons as promising fellows as ever a mother could desire. Believe me, dear Maggie, in packing the things, the Prince's sheet was put up in lavender, so determined was I to be laid in it whenever it might please my Heavenly Father to command the end of my days. On reaching North Carolina, Allan soon purchased and settled upon an estate; but our tranquillity was ere long broken up by the disturbed state of the country, and my husband took an active part in that dreadful War of Independence. The Highlanders were now as forward in evincing attachment to the British Government as they had furiously opposed it in former years. My poor husband, being loyally disposed, was treated harshly by the opposite party, and was confined for some time in jail at Halifax. After being liberated, he was officered in a royal corps—the North Carolina Highlanders; and although America suited me and the young people, yet my husband thought it advisable to quit a country that had involved us in anxiety and trouble almost from the first month of our landing on its shores. So, at a favorable season for departure, we sailed for our native country, all of us, excepting our sons, Charles and Ronald, who were in New York expecting appointments, which they soon after obtained; Alexander was already, dear boy, at sea. Thus our family was reduced in number. On the voyage home all went well until the vessel encountered a French ship of war, and we were alarmed on finding that an action was likely to take place. The captain gave orders for the ladies to remain below, safe from the skirmish; but I could not rest quiet, knowing my husband's spirit and energy would carry him into the thick of the fighting; therefore I rushed up the companion-ladder—I think it was so called—and I insisted on remaining on deck to share my husband's fate, whatever that might be. Well, dear Maggie, thinking the sailors were not as active as they ought to have been—and they appeared crest-fallen, as if they expected a defeat—I took courage and urged them on by asserting their rights and the certainty of the victory. Alas! for my weak

endeavors to be of service; I was badly rewarded, being thrown down in the noise and confusion on deck. I was fain to go below, suffering excrutiating agony in my arm, which the doctor, who was fortunately on board, pronounced to be broken. It was well set, yet from that time to this it has been considerably weaker than the other. So you see I have periled my life for both the houses of Stuart and Brunswick, and gained nothing from either side!"

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