

company; asked what I had done to offend him, and why he prosecuted me in such a spiteful manner? "I" said he, "I was always very fond of you as my relation, and would be very sorry to do you any harm." "You lie, you scoundrel," I returned, "and I believe I know the cause of your unmanly spite. I called you a coward at Portree by the report of others, and your cowardly uncle who promised to resent the expression and ran away with fear, has without doubt informed you of it.—I have already suffered for that expression, and I now repeat in the presence of all those gentlemen, that you are an arrant coward and a scoundrel." He immediately left the company, and put himself under the protection of the garrison at Glenelg, and afterwards never went from there without being attended by a couple of armed soldiers. I have since been told that he was sorry for what he had done towards me—was afraid that I would spend my all, then kill him, and afterwards make my escape to some foreign country.

In the foregoing sheets you have all that I can at this time remember of the early and most active part of my life. The few following lines will inform you in short words, of what followed. I was in love with your mother at the time I had the misfortune of being taken up for young Borisdale. Some time after my enlargement from prison, for fear of some unlucky accident taking place which might prevent our union, notwithstanding our mutual attachment, we got married and lived a most happy life for a number of years upon my property. At last my disposition given rather to roving, induced me to leave my native soil, and come to this great Continent of America, where I have resided ever since.*

* The following certificate of General M'Donell's is a high testimony in favour of the Colonel, then a young man, but whose promising enterprise was not disappointed by the future events in which he was engaged during the revolutionary war between Great Britain and her Colonies, now the United States.

"Nous Colonel du Régiment d'Infanterie d'Irlande, de St. Jacques, certifions que le Sieur Jean Macdonell de Glengary, sous Lieutenant au dit Régiment, s'est toujours comporté pendant tout le temps qu'il y a servi en Gentilhomme d'honneur, brave Officier, et avec une conduite irréprochable à tout égard; en foy de quoy nous lui avons donné le présent. Fait à Plaisance le douzième Janvier, mil sept cent quarante six."

"MACDONELL."

ERATA.—In page 309, line 31. for "1753," read 1743.

SONG OF THE CHIPPEWA GIRL.

They tell me the men with a pure white face,
Belong to a finer, nobler race;
But why, if they do—and it may be so—
Do their tongues say YES! and their actions say NO!
They tell me that white is a heavenly hue,
And it may be so—but the sky is BLUE;
And the first of men as our old men say,
Had earth brown skins, and were made of clay,
But throughout my life I have heard it said,
There is nothing surpasses a tint of red!
Oh! the white man's cheeks look pale and sad,
Compared to my beautiful Indian lad.
Then let them boast of their race divine,
Their glittering domes, their sparkling wine;
Give me a lodge as my fathers had,
And my tall straight, beautiful Indian lad.