

house was ordering breakfast, I went to take a solitary turn and met a well dressed man in highland cloaths also taking the morning air. After civil salutations to each other, I entered into discourse with him about former transactions in that Country. He of himself began to tell me about French officers that came to Lochbroom—how the 1000 guineas had been cut out of one of their portmanteaus by Colin Dearg, Major Wm. M'Kenzie of Kilcoy, and Lieutenant Murdoch M'Kenzie from Dingwall—all officers of Lord Cromartie's Regiment, being all equally concerned; and how not only those who acted the scene, but all the people in that part of the country had been despised and ridiculed for their mean and dastardly behaviour; but that had his (M'Kenzie who was speaking to me) advice been taken, there should never have been a word about the matter. The following dialogue then ensued. *Question.* "And pray Sir what did you advise?" *Answer.* "To cut off both their heads, a very sure way, indeed!" *Q.* What were they, or of what Country? *A.* "The oldest and a stout like man, was Irish. The youngest and very strong like, was a M'Donell of the family of Glengary." *Q.* "How was the money divided?" *A.* "Colin Dearg got 300 guineas, William Kilcoy got 300 guineas, and Lieutenant Murdoch M'Kenzie got 300 guineas." *Q.* "What became of the other hundred?" *A.* "Two men who stood behind the Irish Captain with drawn dirks ready to kill him, had he observed Colin Dearg cutting open the portmanteau got 25 guineas each; and I and another man prepared in like manner for the young Captain M'Donell, got 25 guineas each." *Q.* "You tell the truth, you are sure." *A.* "As I shall answer I do." *Q.* "Do you know to whom you are speaking?" *A.* "To a friend and one of my own name." "No, you d——d rascal," seizing him suddenly by the breast with my left hand, at the same instant twitching out my dirk with the right, and throwing him upon his back, "I am that very M'Donell." I own I was within an ace of running him through the heart, but some sudden reflection struck me—my being alone, and in a place where I was in a manner a stranger, among people which I had reason to distrust. I left the fellow upon his back, and re-entered the house in some hurry. My landlord Mr. M'Kenzie of Torridon met me in the entry, asked where I had been.—I answered "taking a turn." "Have you met any thing to vex you?" "No," I returned smiling. "Sir," says he, "I ask pardon, you went out with an innocent and harmless countenance, and you come in with a fierceness in your aspect past all description." Mr. M'Kenzie, said I, "none of your scrutinizing remarks, let us have our morning!" "With all my heart," he replied. Soon after, being a little composed, I related to him my morning adventure. He remarked that the man was a stranger to him, and had been a soldier in Lord Cromartie's Regiment. That very day I quitted that part of the country and returned home, where I continued some time.

John M'Donell of Glengary, my cousin, whose Castle, by the Duke of Cumberland's positive orders, was burnt, the foundation undermined and blown up, to prevent the possibility of its being repaired in future, and who was himself sent a prisoner to Edinburgh Castle, on suspicion of attachment to Charles, but for want of evidence against him, was set at liberty, was my Chief. I went to Invergarry to pay my respects to him, and in course of the visit I informed him of my