

incidents of his early youth. He remained with the army but a few days, and was killed on his return. We believe he shot an Indian in a skirmish, while in Canada, and, without however knowing the fact, we may well admit, that he scalped him. He had often fought with the Indians, and his memory was stored with many a tale of their barbarities, and his passions excited to revenge them. The *dental* tearing of the scalp, is doubtless a gratuitous ornament of the writer of this article, to place the story in bolder relief. Was this too in the letter, or was the narrator present to witness an operation, which might bid defiance to a tiger's teeth? As to the captaincy, it is another fabrication. McCulloch was as much a captain in the army of the Grand Lama, as in the American service. He was, as we have seen, a guide—a pilot, through an ocean of forest.

And is this laceration of a dead body, inhuman as it is, to be an offset against a system of pecuniary rewards, which led to murders, that the prescribed voucher might be obtained for their payment? Many of these facts are known to ourselves. And for others, we refer to living witnesses, or to publications or documents, which have long been before the public.

Before quite closing our long article, we must beg the patience of our readers to listen one moment to a curious story told by the Quarterly.

'After Hull's advance into Canada, the little river Canard for some time separated our troops from the enemy; its banks were overgrown with long rushes and rank grass, and the Indians frequently crossing it in their canoes, found cover to watch every motion of the enemy's outposts. One morning a small picquet of twelve or fourteen Americans, were sent forward to the river to reconnoitre, and were observed in their advance by a single Indian, who lay concealed among the rushes. He marked out one of the party, fired, and killed him. While the smoke of his rifle was dissipating, he had already crept round to the rear of the picquet, who had just time to pour a volley into the spot, which he had quitted, when a second shot from behind them, brought another of their companions to the earth. The fire of the party was ineffectually repeated, and immediately followed by a third bullet, as deadly as the two first, from an opposite quarter. Then believing themselves surrounded, and panic struck at the unerring discharge of their enemy, the party precipitately retreated, and left the field to the Indian.' p. 103.

If one man can be found from Johnny Groat's house to the Land's End, who believes this idle rhodomontade, our estimate