

## *The Scotsman in Canada*

[The City of Mexico, says the Captain, has many warriors as well as cannoneers, who wish to crown Cuthbert Grant.]

Ville de Mexico,  
Beaucoup des guerriers  
Aussi des cannoniers  
Qui vont vous couronner.

### II

[Being refused, "Farewell!" says the Captain. "You have all left me, or will write on the page: 'Dickson, poor warrior!'" ]

Adieu, mes officiers,  
Vous m'avez tous laissé,  
Ou marqu'ra sur papier :  
" Dickson, pauvre guerrier !"

[The disappointed Captain continues to the trader of the Fur Company, "I ought to be thankful for being sent back to the fort on the Mackenzie River." ]

Bourgeois de compagnie  
Je dois remercier  
De me faire ramener  
Au fort de Mackenzie.

[ "Bourgeois!" says the Captain, "I ought to thank you, since with your pennies I am able to find my way back under the guidance of two Bois-Brulés." ]

Je dois vous remercier  
Puisque avec vos deniers  
J'ai pu me faire guider  
Par deux des Bois-Brulés.

### III

[The poet asks, "Who has made this song?" and promises at the end to tell his name]

Qui en a fait la chanson?  
Un poète du canton:  
Au bout de la chanson,  
Nous vous le nommerons.

[To-day at the table we sit to drink and sing: To sing again and again this new song.]

Un jour étant à table  
A boire et à chanter,  
A chanter tout au long  
La nouvelle chanson.

[Friends! drink, drink! Celebrate the song of little Pierre Falcon, the maker of songs.]

Amis, buvons, trinquons,  
Saluons le chanson  
De Pierriche Falcon,  
Ce faiseur de chansons.

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## CHAPTER XIV

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### LORD SELKIRK VISITS HIS SCOTTISH COLONY

LORD SELKIRK sat in his lordly hall in St. Mary's Isle at the mouth of the Dee on Solway Firth, opposite the town of Kirkcudbright. Its very thick stone wall showed that the Manor House had been an old baronial keep or castle. As he received repeated messages, long in their coming across the trackless prairies and through the middle and eastern States of America and reaching him via New York, the old warlike blood of the Angus and Douglas founders boiled in his veins at the outrages which had been perpetrated upon his colonists.

It was late in the year 1815 when he made up his mind what to do. Then with his Countess, his two daughters, and his only son, Dunbar, a mere boy, he crossed the ocean to hear, on his arrival in New York, of the complete ruin of his colony by the flight and expulsion of the people. About the end of October he reached Montreal, but winter was too near to allow him to travel up the lakes and through the wilds to Red River.

The winter in Montreal was long, but the



















