

Murray's voice was seldom heard in public, yet he was a good speaker when occasion required. His speech at the Toronto banquet to Logan after his return, newly knighted, from the Paris Exhibition of 1855, was the best of the evening, and was regarded as a very fine effort. On 15th February, 1869, I had the pleasure of listening to his popular lecture on "The Economic Value of a Geological Survey," delivered in the Athenæum Hall in St. John's before a large and intelligent audience, which included the governor of the colony and most of the members of both branches of the legislature. The subject matter of itself, his method of treating it and the delivery, were all excellent and called forth a very hearty vote of thanks.

Usually good natured and genial, Murray was, nevertheless, quick-tempered, and in the heat of provocation sometimes said or did what he immediately after repented. Many stories might be told in illustration of this trait in his character, but two or three must suffice.

On one occasion, when sitting beside Sir William Logan at a public dinner at the St. Lawrence Hall in Montreal, one of the waiters gave him some impudence. In a moment Murray was on his feet and knocked the man's head against the wall behind him. In the morning Murray, hearing that the waiter was about to take out a warrant against him for assault, made haste to have him arrested for using insulting language. Whereupon the man was glad to compromise matters, and the affair dropped.

In 1860, on our return from a coasting voyage along the south shore of Lake Superior, Mr. Murray and I were camped at the head of the portage on the Canadian side of the Sault Ste. Marie. One of our men, Pierre Pilon by name, a well known character in these parts, became somewhat the worse of liquor, and was seized with a desire to have a letter written to his wife at Shi-ba-o-na-ning, of whom he seldom thought when sober. Mr. Murray was lying on his back in his little tent reading a book and enjoying a much needed rest. Every little while Pilon would put his head into the tent door and again request