

blood could stand, and with the fierceness of a mountain goat he sprang upon the offender and struck him a blow that laid him prostrate over the fragments of the broken bottle. The native was soon on his feet again, and seizing McFioll in his powerful arms, a desperate struggle ensued that might have proved serious for the gigantic Hercules, but fortunately for him he succeeded in getting hold of his *biodag* (dirk,) which he buried in his adversary's heart.

The Indians, who witnessed the conflict from a safe distance, were amazed and awe-struck at his prowess in killing the bear, (the only animal which they fear,) and imagined that he was the *Great Manitou*, or some other powerful deity, who had come to deliver them from their enemies. Headed by their chief, who carried a large pipe, (a splendid Meerscham,) they marched in solemn procession to where Carran was, and led him to the centre of the group, the pipe was given him to smoke, a wampum belt tied about him in some way, an eagle's feather stuck in his hair, and then and there he was installed as their chief and great medicine-man, and they took the name of "Macs," in his honour and in contradistinction to their allies, the "Micks'." The years rolled on, and both Michael O'Rourke and Carran McFioll were called to their last account, having first given directions about their burial. They were buried with military honours, as became their exalted position, and laid side by side in a beautiful pine grove on the banks of the river, and at their own request this simple epitaph, "*Mar an Righ misha*," (as a King am I,) was placed on a marble slab at their heads, and to this day the place is called *Miramichi*, being a corruption of the epitaph, as the Indians pronounced it, and their graves are still pointed out to travellers. After the death of these remarkable heroes the two tribes coalesced, and to perpetuate their memories they adopted the compound name of "Mic-Macs," by which they have since been distinguished. It is a long time ago since these incidents took place, and whatever influence for good their former chiefs had over them has been lost, and they are now worse than ever, combining the cunning cleverness of the white people with their own cruel ferocity, so that it is safer to meet a wild boar crouched on the limb of a tree, ready to spring at its intended victim, than to encounter any of those savages. I was peculiarly fortunate in not having met any of them, not because I valued my own personal safety, but the interests of Science and Philanthropy required that I should be governed by the dictates of prudence, and I accordingly avoided every prospect of an encounter.

Halifax is, I think, a very bad place; and my reason for forming that opinion lies in the fact that it is the custom in Canada, when one person gets angry with another, instead of ordering him to go to — that place whence, as old fashioned divines used to tell us, there is no redemption, as we do in our own dear enlightened