

at which Frederick of Prussia had built several small enclosures to secure his bears and wild boars, on the occasion of his famous hunting expedition to this colony. I have no recollection at present of the precise date of that expedition, but it is on record in some German book. When McFioll landed at Fredericton, he felt anxious to conciliate, and get on good terms with, the citizens, whatever they were, and naturally felt convinced in his own mind that the most potent and persuasive agent he could employ to procure that desirable end would be a bottle of Scotch whiskey—the pure mountain dew, gathered by his own hand from the heather blossoms before he left Scotland, so he carefully placed a bottle of the sedative ambrosia in his *sporan* (pouch) and set out—not to stoop, but to conquer. He had not proceeded far when, as he turned the corner of the main street, he came abruptly upon one of the citizens as he supposed, who was in the act of stooping to pick up a gold nugget, or something else, off the street. The citizen stood up on Carran's approach, made a deep bow, and then thrust out his tongue at him. Carran was not surprised to see him without clothing, knowing that natives of newly discovered countries do not dress in the latest fashions, and that instead of kilts and philabeg he was clad in black, shaggy hair; indeed, he remembered that many of his own countrymen, with the exception of a single plaid, in which they wrapped themselves, were as innocent of apparel as the gentleman before him, and equally impolite. He took no notice of the native's rudeness, and to shew the kindness of his intentions, with a beaming smile on his face he held out his hand for a cordial greeting, saying: "*Faillte oirbh, mo dhuinne uasail,*" (Hail, my noble sir.) But instead of returning the salute in the manner expected, the stranger uttered a low growl and glared at Carran with fiery eyes, which the latter thought was a very inhospitable way of treating travellers, but remembering the talisman in his pocket, he pulled out the flask and offered it to the citizen in true Highland fashion, in the words, "*gabh dram-madh*" (take a dram). The new acquaintance, however, was evidently not a drinking character, a phenomenon that the Highlander could not understand, as it was quite beyond his comprehension how this drink of the gods could be refused by any rational being, and to his horror and amazement the native not alone refused the proffered nectar, but drew his fist and dashed the bottle to the ground, spilling the contents. This was too much: Carran would have accepted a blow on his own cheek with the greatest composure under the circumstances, and would not think of resenting it, but rather attribute the motive that brought it forth to the ill-breeding, ignorance and stupidity of one who would not appreciate the virtues of Scotch whiskey. But such an indignity offered to his national beverage, the life's blood, as it were, that was coursing through the veins of his forsaken country, was more than his Celtic