

so much fire and spirit, that the natives stood for some time entranced with the charms of the music. Presently they began to sway from side to side, then to stamp their feet, and finally set off into a dance of the most approved Celtic character, consisting of reels, jigs, and hornpipes, which was kept up with unflagging animation for nearly an hour. Mike suddenly changed from *allegro* to *andante*, and played that heart melting melody, "*Coolin dhas deelin nam bo*," (The pretty maid milking the cow.") The dancers again stood still for a few moments, after which a scene of the most ludicrous character was enacted; first they set up a chorus, beginning in a low whine and ending in a genuine keen; they sobbed and wrung their hands in concert, and as the soft notes of the flute proceeded, they fell on each other's necks, touched cheeks and rubbed noses in a most delightful fashion. When O'Rourke ceased playing, several canoes came from the shore towards the vessel, each occupant carrying a maple bough in his hand as a token of peace and good will, which the white men gladly accepted, rubbed noses with their visitors, and thenceforward lived on friendly terms with the aborigines. O'Rourke managed to guard the whiskey he had on board by representing that it was a dangerous medicine, and proving it to them by giving a small dose, into which he had put some strychnine, to a dog, killing him in a short time. He had studied medicine in his younger days and was a member of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons at Toberuisg, but never practised the profession; that knowledge he now found useful, and always succeeded in effecting wonderful cures among the savages with his whiskey. They soon made him their medicine-man, and finally chief of their tribe, taking the name of "Micks" in his honour, and as an earnest of the veneration they had for him.

About the same time that Mike O'Rourke flourished in Ireland there was a noted Highlander in North Britain, whose name was "Carran McFioll," and known far and wide for his "predatory instincts," and the ease and daring with which he appropriated his neighbours' cattle, and chastised their owners whenever they disputed the justness of his claim to their property. Many a *Gaoll* (Lowlander) and *Sassanach* (Englishman) on rising in the morning, found their cattle missing, and nothing left of them but their tracks to fill the aching void in the plundered men's hearts. But, like all other sublunary things, the pastime of cattle-lifting must come to an end, and after a successful career of many years, Carran found the mountain fastnesses getting too insecure, and the wrath of his victims getting too dangerous even for a man of his prowess, so that he was compelled to seek a new field of operations, where *might* was the supreme law, and where possession constituted ownership, pure and simple. In the course of time he found his way to a place called "Fredericton," somewhere in this wilderness