

nearest house Mike knew that there was no immediate danger of a second surprise before finishing the business he had in hand. He had a small vessel, with which he carried on his smuggling operations, anchored in a little cove near his head quarters, and into this vessel the captive captors were soon conveyed. O'Rourke knew that the constabulary would visit his cave within a few hours and demolish his effects, and that he could no longer carry on his old pursuits there, so he put the distilling apparatus on board the boat, together with the remaining casks of liquor—the vessel having been previously loaded and nearly ready to sail with the cargo. When all was in readiness, the anchor was lifted, and the little craft shot out from her moorings and sped away in the darkness out among the billows. The storm continued to rage for several days, but the trim little vessel breasted the waves gallantly, and after three weeks' sailing, she entered the harbour at Halifax, where a new field was opened out before the intrepid Mike O'Rourke. He treated his captives during the voyage to such comforts and liberty as were commensurate with his own safety, for although he had been a life-long law breaker, yet he never did an ungenerous act, but was, on the contrary, gentle and kind to all who needed his assistance, and the "*Shuinnach Ruadh*," (the Red Fox, the *soubriquet* by which he was called by his acquaintances,) was as well known and beloved by them as he was hated and hunted by his enemies, the guardians of the law, but at the same time he was fiery in temper, and as prompt to resent as to forgive an injury.

When the "*Boiradair*," (the "Trumpeter,") the name of O'Rourke's little craft, was driven by the gale into the harbour, the natives were assembled on the beach in great numbers, watching, with much apparent interest the approach of what they supposed to be a new manifestation of the Great Spirit, and when the anchor was dropped within a few yards of them, they appeared to be much excited, and made several demonstrations of hostility which boded no good to the little band on the *Boiradair*. Mike, however, was equal to the occasion. He was an accomplished performer on the flute, and having heard Mr. Congreve say at one time at a wake that "Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast," he determined to put that gentleman's truism to the test. Accordingly, he called to one of his retainers to bring him the instrument. His comrades knowing his great Euterpean power, and the influence his music had on themselves whenever they heard it, with one voice called out: "Halloo! Faix that 'ill soother 'em." The savages caught the two first words—the rest having been lost in the wind—and thinking they were intended as a challenge, set up an opposition yell of "Halifax! Halifax! Halifax!" making the welkin ring with the refrain (and that was how the place got the name of Halifax.) Mike played several lively tunes, such as the "Rocky road to Dublin," "Foxhunters' jig," "Haste to the wedding," &c., with