

would have startled Ali Pasha; the fur is of the genuine Caledonian redness and roughness; and the hide, from long exposure to Eurus and Boreas has acquired such a texture that he shaves with a brickbat!" And when the "Tiger" revisited his former London haunts some years later, and was admitted to the select circle of the "Fraserians", the same facetious writer described him in even more extravagant terms, likening him to "a red and fiery roaring volcano", whose eruptions in the editor's sanctum had a most disturbing effect. Eccentric he was in both appearance and manner, but when someone suggested to Galt that the worthy doctor was "a compound of a bear and a gentleman," the novelist retorted: "I did not know that bears were as good natured."

Beneath the rough exterior and boisterous wit there lay concealed a vein of sentiment and a tenderness of feeling that needed but the occasion to find expression. "Those who enjoyed the friendship of this warm-hearted man," wrote Major Strickland, "had frequent opportunities of knowing his kind and feeling disposition; for there never was a finer jewel, though roughly set, than poor Dunlop." Himself an exile from the land of his fathers, and the guide, philosopher and friend of many immigrants, he knew better than most the spirit of the men "from the lone sheiling of the misty island", understood their longings, and shared with them the feeling expressed in the lines:

When our blood-kindred in the time long
vanished,
Conquered and fortified the keep;
No seer foretold their children could be
banished,
That a degenerate lord might boast his
sheep.

Suggestive too are the allusions in the song to the fighting spirit of the clansmen, for his own "blood kindred" had "in arms around the chieftain's banner" rallied, and "conquered and fortified the keep"; while he himself had proved a worthy descendant of those "leal hearts that would have given blood like water" for the cause they so warmly cherished.

Unconscious of his powers as a writer, as he was heedless in the exercise of them, Dunlop assuredly had it in him to give expression to the deep-rooted sentiment of the exiled Highlander, whether the inspiration came from the chanting of Gaelic ditties, or from his own dreams of the Hebrides. One who enjoyed the friendship and esteem of men of genius like Lockhart, Christopher North and Hogg; who was considered worthy of a seat at the table of the "Fraserians", round which gathered such literary giants as Colebridge, Southey, Thackeray, Carlyle and Hook, must have been more than a "good fellow" and a raconteur of jokes and anecdotes. And when all the circumstances have been considered—his Highland descent and Celtic spirit, his associations with Gaelic boatmen on the St. Lawrence, his friendship with Lockhart and Wilson, his position as a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and the fact that he was in Upper Canada when the poem was published—there seems nothing unreasonable in the view that as surgeon, soldier, traveller, hunter, litterateur, pioneer and colonizer, the claims of "Tiger" Dunlop to be remembered may not improbably include that of having enriched our literature with the "Canadian Boat Song."