

and discriminating. Had his estimate of the Gaelic poets been written and placed on record, it would prove interesting and valuable. With the floating songs, lilts, melodies, tales and proverbs of the Highlands as they were sung and told eighty years ago he has a wide and intimate acquaintance, and of his treasures he is ever free. With many snatches of meritorious songs, with Gaelic words for bag-pipe music, with refrains and old choruses, never printed, he is familiar and has committed some of them to paper. The folklore of Gaelic song is to him a never-ending subject of interest, and his retentive memory enables him to entertain his willing visitors with a rich store of information. His conversation is marked by accuracy of expression and a thoughtful deliberation, while his diction is choice and comprehensive.

To be reminiscent is the privilege of age. Sixty years ago he was already famous and his anecdotes of the celebrities with whom he came in friendly contact, of James Logan, John Mackenzie and kindred spirits, not to mention men of note in other walks of life, are of peculiar interest on personal grounds and otherwise. One by one these early contemporaries are passing the bourne. But two or three remain. Among the dearest was Mr. Colin Chisholm, whose death song echoed with last year's closing notes, mourned by none more sincerely than by the comrade of his early manhood, the Bard of Lochfyne. Yet the Bard is hale and hearty and as he stood on the threshold bidding us good-bye, the strong grasp and cheery smile betokened a reserve energy which will carry him over many years to come.

ALEXANDER FRASER.

Toronto.

A L'Orient.

The following lines are by Mr. Wm. MacCormack, E. R. A., of H. M. S., *Pembroke*, Chatham, and a native of the Ross of Mull, Scotland :

Awake, thee, Britannia ! to arms ! to arms !
 Injured Armenia calls—calls she in vain;
 Thy war dogs, roused by murder's dread alarms,
 Howling for vengeance at their leashes strain,
 The eastern sky is red with bloody rain,
 And Britain's manhood murmurs as she cries
 Of helpless innocence in sad refrain
 Float heavenward; valour wrathful, eyes
 Fell murder rampant 'neath the angry skies.

A l'Orient ! A l'Orient ! awake ! awake !

The helpless wail for help, the assassin's steel

Seeking their life; successive morning's break

To see Armenia writhe 'neath Abdul's heel.

Oh, that the Battle Thunder, peal on peal,

Awake the sleeping echoes, wave on wave,

Then would the barbarous hordes in terror feel

The dreadful hurricane of Britain's brave,

A l'Orient, Britannia, while yet there's time to save.

Mr. James Begg, a Glengarry Pioneer.

Mr. James Beg, of Moose Creek, tells his own story thus to the Montreal Witness :—

I was born in Dundee, Scotland, in the year 1814, Sept. 24. I emigrated to this country in 1827, my father sailing the year before. We arrived in Quebec sometime in May—that was, my step-mother, two children, one an infant and the other two years old ; my full brother, six years old, and myself. We wrote at once to my father at Ottawa, (then Bytown) where we last heard from him ; but he had left and gone to Glengarry, where he had started weaving for the farmers' wives. He wrote from there telling us where to come to ; but instead of sending by mail he gave the letter to a merchant in Martintown, who said he was going straight to Quebec, but who, instead went into the United States and took the letter with him. I don't remember how long we remained in Quebec, but I know we spent all the money we had, and the landlady had a keen eye for our good Scotch blankets ; and we thought they would all go to her. There was no alternative but for me to go and search for my father in Ottawa. I left Quebec with ninepence in my pocket, in, I think, the steam-boat 'John Munn.' No one asked me for pay. The boat was full of Glengarry raftsmen, going home, and they gave me plenty to eat and drink. We were two nights and a day on the passage to Montreal. The men took me to John Grant's Hotel, where I stayed all night. I made my way to Ottawa. My hardest trial was in travelling from Point Fortune to the head of the 'Soo,' sixteen miles, on foot, and in the night. The mosquitoes were in clouds. I went to the house where my father had boarded, and found he had gone to Glengarry. I left Ottawa by boat to the head of the 'Soo,' and then travelled the rest of the way till I found my father near Martintown.