

The Chronicles  
of the  
Caledonian Society  
of London

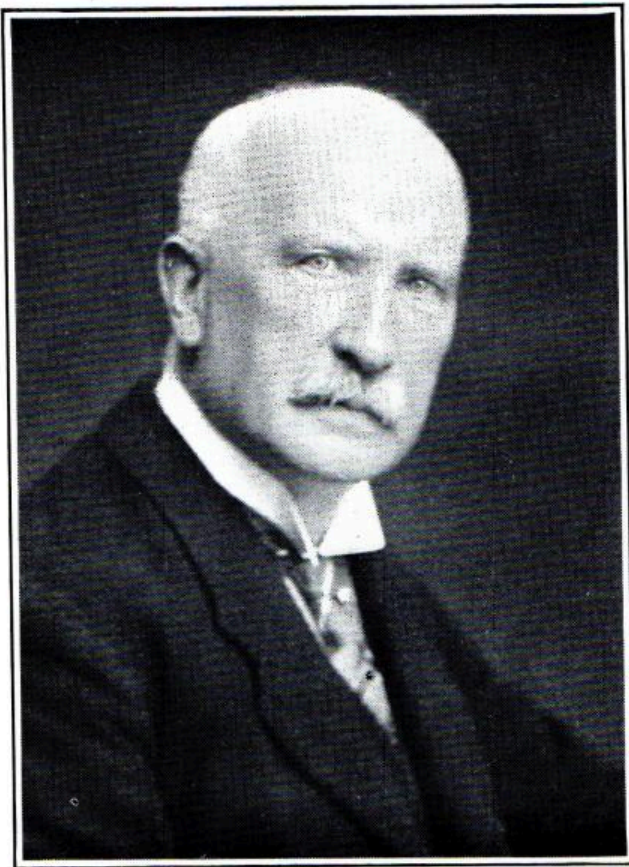
1921-1930



**The Chronicles of  
The Caledonian Society of London**







JOHN DOUGLAS, F.S.A.(Scot.)  
*Honorary Secretary, 1907-1919.*  
*President, 1920-1921.*  
*Honorary Historian, 1923-1930.*



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of  
**The Caledonian Society**  
of **London**  
**1921-1930**

BY  
**JOHN DOUGLAS, F.S.A.(Scot.)**  
and  
**WILLIAM WILL**  
*Honorary Historians of the Society*

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## Foreword

SIX years hence, when the Caledonian Society of London completes the hundredth year of its existence, the historian of that day will have little difficulty in writing the story of the Society's activities. In this volume—1921-1930—and the two volumes previously published—1837-1905 and 1905-1921—are to be found the outstanding events in the history of the Society; and for this desirable circumstance the members have to thank one man, and one man only, namely, Mr John Douglas, F.S.A.(Scot.).

Many years ago Mr Douglas—who joined the Society in 1905, became a member of the Council in 1906; was honorary secretary from 1908-1909 till 1918-1919; and president in 1920-1921—realised that unless the records were methodically kept, the valuable material of which these volumes are composed would be irretrievably lost. So he set to work, and with the thoroughness which characterises everything he undertakes, he rewrote the early but scanty records, and became the unofficial historian of the Society, an office that was officially constituted in 1923 with Mr Douglas, naturally, elected with enthusiasm.

With the completion of the present volume, Mr. Douglas seeks the rest that is surely his due, but he has left for his successors a scheme that will ensure uniformity in the "Chronicles" in the years that lie before the Society.

As some slight recognition of the Society's indebtedness to Mr Douglas for his work as historian, the Council resolved to add a bar to his past-presidential gold badge, and this fact and the thanks of the members were recorded in the minutes.

In the present volume the reader will find that the Society has contributed materially to the records of topographical, biographical, historical, and literary Scotland ; and the Sentiments which make the volume the engrossing thing that it is, are more fully reported than in either of the previous volumes.

The virility of the Caledonian Society of London is reflected in the volume which is now presented.

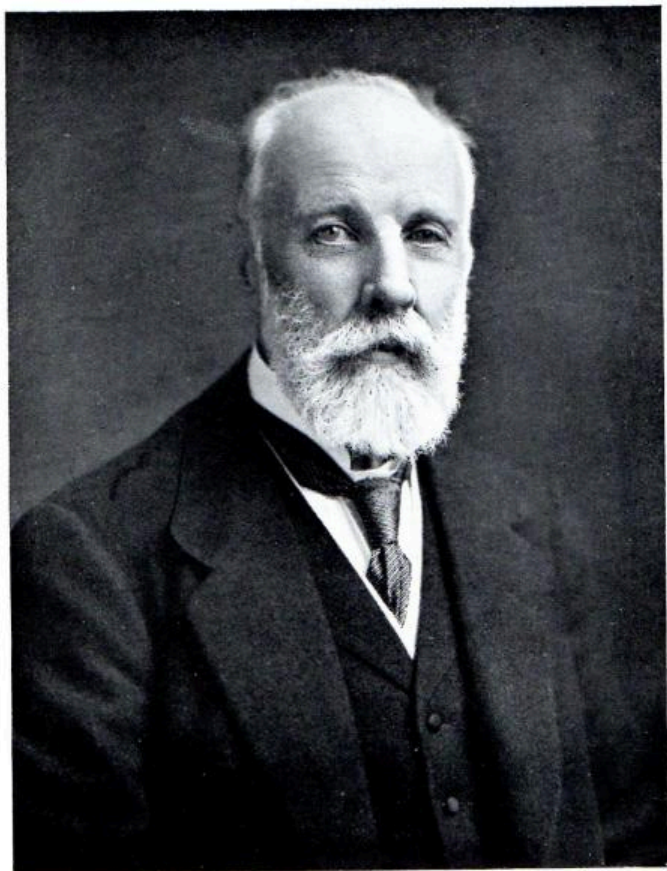
WILLIAM WILL,

*President, 1924-1925.*



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ALEXANDER BRUCE.  
*President, 1921-1922.*



# The Chronicles of the Caledonian Society of London.

## CHAPTER I.

1921-1922 : MR ALEXANDER BRUCE, *President.*

A Glasgow-Sutherlandshire man : His many Business and Artistic Interests ; Sentiments, " The Kingdom of Fife," " Speyside and the Cairngorms " : The President and the Society.

**B**ORN at Clyne, Sutherlandshire, where his father was Parochial Schoolmaster, Mr Alexander Bruce, President for 1921-1922, was at an early age taken from his native county to Lanarkshire. He started his business career in the office of a firm of timber merchants, where he acquired an insight into the details of the industry, and, in 1887, decided to establish himself as a timber preserver and creosoter. His head office was in Glasgow, and he had branches at Grays (Essex), Grimsby, Boston (Lincs.), Leven, Troon, Grangemouth, and other places, with an overseas branch at Ontario, Canada.

With so many business ramifications, it might be inferred that he would have little time for other pursuits, but Mr Bruce was a good example of the busy man who can always find time for useful work. He took an active part in the work of different societies, and was, for nineteen years, President of the Glasgow Sutherland-

shire Association. He also took a keen interest in both the Highland Society and the Celtic Society of Glasgow, and more than a passing interest in many other organisations. He became a Life Managing Governor of the Royal Scottish Corporation, and it was because of meeting so many Caledonians there that he joined the Society in 1907. Practically all his life he was much engrossed in Freemasonry, and was for fourteen years Provincial Grand Master Depute for Glasgow.

Mr Bruce was much interested in Scottish literature and music, and in his library at Clyne House, Pollokshields, Glasgow, were many valuable books and scores. He had some fine examples of rich bindings and valuable illuminated work, and had also a wide range of the best historical books and Scottish family histories.

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At the December meeting of the Society Mr William Jeffrey, F.R.G.S., gave a Sentiment entitled, "The Kingdom of Fife," in which he said :

The prehistoric history of the kingdom, if I may use such an Irishism, is wildly romantic in the stupendous physiographical and climatic changes recorded in what underlies its green hills and smiling fields.

Superimposed on the early strata of Fifeshire is the old red sandstone bed, a deposit which conjures up pictures of a great inland lake, teeming with fish, the remains of many of which are found fossilized, especially in Dura Den, in what is known as the Howe of Fife. Some of these early lake-dwellers, such as the pterichthys, with its formidable head and vicious teeth, would easily hold their own with such present-day specimens as our crocodile. I remember some years ago seeing an almost perfect specimen of this pterichthys cut out of Carmylie Quarry on the Forfarshire side of the Tay.

Between the beds of old and new red sandstone are interspersed thin beds of shale and coal, revealing a rising and falling of the land from time to time with almost bellows-like regularity. Above the new red bed is a vast calcareous deposit, showing clearly that the land had sunk not only to the level of the previous lakes, but had become part of the great ocean bed. Above this lime deposit rest the coal beds laid down after the land had again risen above sea-level. These coal beds reveal the existence of a rank and luxurious tropical vegetation stimulated by a hot humid atmosphere, the only parallel in present times I can think of, being the shores of the River Amazon.



What a contrast from the later glacial epoch when the country was covered by a great ice sheet, many traces of the action of which are still to be seen. Then the hills and beds of trap rock and vents such as Largo Law show how much the land has been disturbed by volcanic eruptions and earthquakes.

You find this ancient lava breaking through the old red sandstone, and you find it overlying much later strata. At Kinghorn you will find large beds of volcanic cinders resembling furnace clinkers. When a child spending a holiday there, I used to wonder if these great clinkers were from the fires of the old giants.

Hundreds of thousands of years may have passed between the time when the surface of the land became approximately what it is now, and what it was when the first authentic traces of man were left. Probably tribes contemporary with the older Piltdown man found in Sussex, not so very far away, lived and moved and had their being in Fife, but no evidence of this has been discovered so far. But, if Professor Keith is approximately correct in his statement relating to the receding of the great ice sheet of the most recent Glacial Epoch, then Fifeshire with the rest of Scotland has been peopled continuously for the past twelve thousand years.

The emergence of Scandinavia and Scotland from the ice is set by Scandinavian geologists at 11,000 B.C. The land level of the country at that time being lower than it is at the present day, the outline would be somewhat different, the estuaries must have been wider, there would be many more lochs and so on, but the general contour of Scotland would be the same as it is now.

To illustrate this change of level I may say that the skeleton of a whale was discovered comparatively recently on the shores of the Forth near to Stirling, embedded in the soil twenty-two feet above the present level, and as whales were not in the habit of flying even then, it is obvious that the land had risen, and the waters of what at that time would be a deep estuary have gradually receded. A horn pick or axe found alongside this skeleton is evidence of our forefathers having found the ponderous mass of some value. This pick was exhibited at a recent Glasgow Exhibition. History repeats itself, for I recall having been taken when a boy to Kirkcaldy to see another whale which had been stranded, also in the Forth, and near to that town. Men were then busily engaged in cutting up the huge carcass.

The Paleolithic and the Neolithic ages no doubt found the man of Fife doing the best he could for himself, or his family, as all good Fifers still do, and while he may not have had strikes, continental wars and telephones to contend with, the poor man would, nevertheless, have his own little worries. What with bears, hyenas and envious neighbours in his day, there isn't much that I can see to choose between the ages.

The evidence of prehistoric life in Fifeshire is very meagre, and what little there is, is similar to that of other parts of Scotland, and indeed of Europe generally—a few flint weapons and tools here, a little bit of pottery there, some stone coffins, primitive dug-out canoes, and so on.

Contemporary Roman writers agree in calling the people of the interior of Scotland, as far north as the Forth, the aborigines, and those on the east coast, Gauls, from which it would appear that the historical

immigration of continental peoples had already set in, probably from Belgium, north of the Forth, and this of course includes Fife; the inhabitants were called barbarians. According to these Roman authorities, the barbarians did not practise agriculture, but stores of a kind of barley, in conjunction with relics of the Stone Age, have been found in various parts of Scotland, and as the inhabitants by the time the Romans arrived had advanced to the Bronze and Iron Ages, that point is open to doubt.

Agricola marched into Fife and sent a fleet into the Tay in order to subjugate the inhabitants; but the Romans seem to have founded no settlement then, except possibly at Lochore, a loch which exists now only in name. History is silent as to what happened after Agricola's venture, certainly few Roman coins or other relics have been unearthed in Fife. The route to the Caledonian Frontier lay through Stirling and Strathearn, that through Fife called for crossing the Forth and Tay, and there being no big bridges in their day, there was little inducement to adopt the Fife route.

Fife was entirely Pictish then. Place names rather than family names show how the "Kingdom" was dominated by the Picts over a long period, and that the language spoken was Gaelic. Indeed, this was the language of the people of Fife until about the eleventh century, by which time Anglo-Saxon had gradually replaced it.

History takes little note of this curious and apparently silent revolution, but it would appear from Skene's "Celtic Scotland" that the Saxon Barons, who fled from the power of the Norman Conqueror, managed somehow to acquire lands in the Province of Fife. The Burghs founded by the Scottish Kings on Crown Lands were filled with Saxon and Flemish traders, many of them obtaining grants of land, but the records are very scanty.

The title "Kingdom" now somewhat facetiously applied to Fife really belonged only to the Pictish times. In those days there was no United Scotland.

Fife, which then included Kinross, for it was only in 1685 that the latter became a separate county, was to all intents and purposes a Kingdom, small certainly, but still a Kingdom.

Although the chief residence of the Pictish Kings had for centuries been at Scone near to Perth, on the north side of the Tay, it would appear there was a Pictish royal residence at, or near to, Markinch, which town was at least the chief seat of justice in those days. Later this was transferred to Cupar.

Abernethy was until the ninth century the ecclesiastical centre of the Pictish Kingdom. The old round tower of Abernethy is still in a good state of preservation. I often had to pass it when a boy, and it had a peculiar fascination for me. It formed the central idea in many stories which children weave out of such things.

St Serf is credited with having converted the county to Christianity. A cave at Dysart, where he is supposed to have landed and an island on Loch Leven, then in Fife, still bear his name. St Serf is also associated with a number of other places in Fife, and he is said to have been buried in Culross.

Legend and myth largely take the place of history until the coming of Malcolm Canmore to the Throne of Scotland. From that time,



historical events and incidents in Fife came tumbling over each other.

During the period of a century and a half from Malcolm's reign, Scotland, as you know, was being welded into one feudal monarchy, and from that time the history of Fife becomes merged in that of Scotland as a whole.

Queen Margaret landed in Fife after her flight from England, and her life is very much interwoven with the history of Dunfermline. There she was married to Malcolm, there her children were born, and there she was buried. Dunfermline Abbey was built in her honour. Queen Margaret left her mark on Scottish civilization, and she certainly made her influence felt in the ecclesiastical policy of the whole nation. Next to Mary Queen of Scots, Margaret's personality is probably the most outstanding feature and least forgotten of all the Scottish Queens.

St Andrews early came into prominence as a great religious centre. Indeed it still is, only the changing centuries have brought to this ancient city a newer cult. It is now the Mecca to which all good golfers wish to make at least one pilgrimage during their earthly sojourn.

Then what of its prominent men—Andrew Wynton the historian, Adam Smith, Sir David Wilkie, Sir Noel Paton, and earlier, the author of that famous ballad, "Sir Patrick Spens," and the writer of that still better known song, "Auld Robin Gray"?

Literature would have been poorer by the loss of one of its gems, had the experience of Alexander Selkirk, a native of Largo, not been made to hang the tale of Robinson Crusoe upon.

Amongst those of our contemporaries such men of Fife as Earl Haig, Admiral Wemyss, Andrew Carnegie and Lord Shaw of Dunfermline, prove that the breed has not deteriorated.

The individuality of the people is still a feature of Fife; probably their being shut off from the rest of Scotland until comparatively recent times had something to do with this. There is an old saying, "Guid-bye, Scotland, I'm awa' to Fife," which illustrates this ancient isolation. There is another one which it may be well for strangers to remember: "It takes a lang spuin to sup wi' a Fifer," and still many others.

Our folks the natives must have been if one considers the murders of eminent men they have to their debit or credit. Amongst them were a Duke of Rothesay, an Earl of Murray, a Cardinal, an Archbishop and so on, but more modern ideas have prevailed, and even London Scots may now enter the Kingdom without fear.

At the February meeting Mr Loudon MacQueen Douglas, F.R.S.E., gave a Sentiment entitled "Speyside and the Cairngorm Mountains," in which he described the attractions of the valley of the Spey, with the river flowing for 98½ miles, usually with great speed and accumulating volume. From Loch Spey in Badenoch, in the centre of the county of Inverness, through Newtonmore, Kingussie, Aviemore, Boat of Garten,

Grantown-on-Spey, it flows onwards to the boundaries of Banff and Elgin, where it joins the sea at Kingston on the Moray Firth. Mr Douglas referred to the advantages of taking Aviemore as a centre, lying as it does within easy reach of Tomintoul, beautifully situated Inverness, and its adjacent historic Culloden Moor, the coast towns along the shores of the Moray Firth, and many other beauty spots and places of interest. Many walks also were available by the rushing brooks, the still waters of the lochs, and the seemingly never-ending pine woods of Rothiemurchus and Glenmore. He then went on to say :

Greatest of all, at least to me, is the fascination of the hills, for, at the very door almost, are the Cairngorm Mountains containing some of the highest peaks in Scotland. They lie to the south-east of Aviemore, and are off the beaten track. Therein lies their charm, for, like the whole valley of the Spey, they have little historic or romantic interest. Such interest as there is, we may discover later, as I propose to invite you to climb some of these high peaks with me, and I daresay you will have some wonderful experiences.

Aviemore stands at an altitude of about 700 feet above sea-level, and many people attribute its healthy aspect to that fact. Whether that be so or not, it has many other attractions.

Coming from the south, the eye is caught by the huge bluff of wooded rock called Craigellachie. It rises only some 750 feet above the highway, but, at that height, from the summit, the view extends along Strathspey for many miles and to the mountains in front. To the south-west may be seen Loch Alvie with its interesting church, Loch Inch, near Kinraig, and the Spey—travelling from Kingussie, passing Aviemore, on to Boat of Garten and beyond.

Craigellachie is tree-clad from the base to the summit, but otherwise gives the appearance of a bold rock, with a front to the river of about a mile at its base. Near the top nestles a little loch (Lochan Dubh), which possesses a special interest, inasmuch as at its northern end I discovered a bank of the carnivorous plants, the *drosera* or *sundew*, of quite abnormal dimensions. There must have been many thousands of plants, and the broad, spreading leaves with their fringes of hairs, tipped with a viscous fluid, looked wonderful in the sun's rays. Many unwary flies had been caught in the leaves, which curled over them, while the plant extracted the substance from their bodies. Not far away the old church and churchyard of Doune are close to the river, and an agreeable half-hour could be spent there, with the legends and stories of the Comyns, the Shaws, and the Grants, the three families associated with Rothiemurchus.

In Rothiemurchus Forest, to the south-east, lies Loch-an-Eilean, the most beautiful of all the lochs in Strathspey, set amid pines, silver



birches, and innumerable juniper bushes. The ruined castle, on the island, forms a conspicuous object in the loch. It was, at one time, a stronghold of the Wolf of Badenoch. In more modern times it was the home of a colony of ospreys or fish-hawks, but these have now gone, owing to the desire of collectors to have their eggs.

Beyond Loch-an-Eilean is Loch Gaun (L. Gamhna), overshadowed by the rugged cliffs of Kennapole Hill, celebrated as the haunt of Black Sandy, who, about a century ago, committed many evil deeds and had to hide himself. He selected a large recess, high up in the rock of Kennapole, for his retreat, and for some reason not recorded this place has been known as the Cat's Den.

Mr Douglas described the fascination of the pine forests of Rothiemurchus and Glenmore, and outlined the main features of the peaks of the great Grampian range of mountains, which extend from Argyllshire to Kincardine, and which, if Ben Nevis is included, vary from 4084 to 4406 feet in height. These are intersected by wild and rugged glens, mountain streams, and lochs. He then gave an account of one of his climbing experiences, as follows :

In September last, a friend and I decided to ascend Ben Muich Dhui, although warned that it was rather late in the season. We consulted a dweller in Rothiemurchus Forest at Loch-an-Eilean and ultimately arranged to take with us a guide familiar with the hills. Foolishly enough, as it turned out, we had no compass, as I had deliberately taken the one I use out of my pocket and left it behind, thinking it would be unnecessary, seeing that the day seemed so fine. We started in the early morning ; and very soon got to Loch Moirlich in Glenmore, eight miles distant by car, by way of the wild Sluggan Pass. There our ascent began, as we proposed to climb to the summit of Cairngorm, then continue on by the col to Ben Muich Dhui.

The ascent of Cairngorm from Glenmore is gradual, and many-changing points of interest arose. To begin, we were closely followed for some miles by a billy and nanny-goat which, it appears, belonged to no one in particular, having been left to their own devices by a Canadian contingent of lumbermen engaged in cutting down part of the forest during the War. The more we chased them back the more nimble they became in finding cross-cuts to our path. Apparently their only desire was human companionship. We finally dodged them, however, and kept up the slopes of the mountain. To our left, in the foreground, arose the Eagle's Cliff, a favourite resting-place of the golden eagle, and the higher we ascended the more distant the view became ; on the one hand the far-away Moray Firth could be seen ; outstretching away below, Glen Avon, Strath Nethy, and the valley of the Spey.

The summit (4084 feet) was reached about ten o'clock ; and as we

sat under the cairn enjoying our lunch and speculating on distant objects clearly visible, all seemed well. Just about then our troubles began, for, as we commenced the descent, as we thought, to the col connecting Cairngorm to Ben Muich Dhui, a dense mist suddenly descended upon us, without warning, and enveloped everything.

From where we were the walk to Ben Muich Dhui can be accomplished in some two hours; and, in the hope that the mist would lift, we started off. In half an hour we had, by the aneroid, descended 700 feet and found ourselves on a precipitous slope, having evidently made a false start. The only thing to do was to wait for an opening in the clouds, and this came after a time, when we realised that we had started off in exactly the opposite direction from the one we should have taken. Then the absence of a compass became a danger.

Where we wandered to thereafter is not very clear; certainly we reached the summit of Ben Muich Dhui, as the aneroid registered 4300 feet on the highest cairn; but that was the only means we had of knowing where we were. Anyway, we started to descend as the fog got thicker and thicker and every possible landmark disappeared. We got a glimpse of what we supposed was Loch Etchachan, 3100 feet up—the highest loch of any size in Scotland—but far below us and in a line with what we supposed to be Loch Avon. From that moment onward our sense of direction was entirely lost. We climbed and descended blindly in the search for some landmark, but failed to find any. We seemed to have crossed the Larig Ghru and climbed Cairn Toul, and somehow got back again on to the southern spur of Cairngorm. Whichever road we now tried we were met with precipices, and several times came back to places we had started from. We made the discovery also that our guide had a strong right-hand bias, and unconsciously was always bearing to the right.

Darkness descended upon us in the midst of our wanderings and found us on the steep slope of a hill with a precipice a few yards off and no place to shelter; so we decided to go no further, and sank down where we were. Luckily there was a boulder there which slightly broke the cutting fierceness of a wind which now sprang up. We were wet through and through. The water had been squelching from our boots, and soon the want of food and the stoppage of physical movement produced a feeling of intense cold. Personally, I never have felt so cold in my life, although I have slept many times in other lands with the stars for a canopy. We had a little liquid left in the flask, and that we used in very small doses as the only means of stopping the intense shivering and chattering of teeth with which we were all attacked.

Our great exertions now began to tell upon us, and notwithstanding the discomfort of our situation, we were longing for sleep and, with rucksacks on a stone for a pillow, were soon oblivious to the world. We slept soundly, at least for a time, and I then realised how the traveller in the snow feels when lost. The desire for sleep is overpowering, and death is the result. As if the weather conditions were not bad enough, it now began to rain, and the weary vigil, waiting for the dawn, became an alternation between keeping up the circulation by stamping our feet and slapping the arms and snatching a little sleep. In the early morning the moon, in its first quarter, came out and could be seen occasionally through the rifts in the clouds as they were torn and hurled along through



the valleys and over the peaks ; but the stars were obscured, and although we watched intently we could not find the Pole Star. Before the dawn it was certainly very weird, and the cloud effects, as the gale increased, were marvellous to see. The only life stirring was the whirring past of flocks of ptarmigan, and somewhere near at hand we heard the characteristic barking of a fox.

By and by light arrived, and in a rift in the clouds we could see the golden yellow of the sunrise. We at once got our direction, and with the aid of the map saw that our road to safety was to the north ; but as yet we did not know where we were ; so after comforting ourselves with the remains of our lunch left from the day before, we struck out. As we had no means of boiling a kettle or getting tea or any other liquid, we had to be satisfied with the clear cold mountain water which, under the circumstances, was very refreshing, but not exactly stimulating. Our guide would, however, bear to the right, and would certainly have circled round again to our camp, had not my companion insisted on bearing to the left. We kept on climbing up and trying to find an opening between the cliffs.

At last we got to a steep slope and agreed to try it, so as to get down, if possible, to lower levels. We were then at 3500 feet and descended fairly rapidly in the hope of striking a path which might lead us somewhere. For a long time we kept picking our way downwards in a diagonal line, pausing occasionally to see if the clouds would break. At last there came a break, and to our joy we saw before us the forest of Glenmore and Loch Moirlich, with its well-known strand, in the valley below. We knew that from that point by the near cut it was only five miles from home. Further down we emerged from the cloudland altogether, to find a clear view all in front, and nothing worse than a tramp of a few miles to Loch Moirlich and thence the other five miles home.

As we struck the Alt Mor stream, there was a wild rushing and scurrying in front of us, as we surprised a herd of red deer in the hollow. They sped away like a flash, some of them bounding along the ridge close by. It was a fine picture to see them silhouetted against the sky, and more particularly one noble stag who, with his antlers high in air, paused just on the sky-line while his attendant hinds got safely away.

Mr Douglas also described a tramp from Aviemore to Braemar and back, via the Larig Ghru, a wild pass between precipitous mountains. On the left is the Lurcher Crag, a spur of Ben Muich Dhui and on the right are the precipitous cliffs of Braeriach. Across the col, where the whirring ptarmigan flee from the golden eagle as the latter wings its flight to the Eagle's Cliff beyond Cairngorm, and then on to the pools of Dee, through the glen to Braemar. In referring to the col of the Larig Ghru he mentioned that he " had stood

on the summit in all weathers, in the midst of a raging storm, when it was difficult to keep a footing, and on the most peaceful days, when scarcely a sound could be heard save the rushing of the Dee from Ben Muich Dhui ; and at all times the scene was impressive, as becomes Scotland's wildest mountain pass."

The Annual Festival was held in the Royal Venetian Room of the Holborn Restaurant, and seventy ladies and eighty-six gentlemen were present. The guests were received in the Phoenix Room by the President and Miss Bruce.

In proposing the toast of the Society, the President said that a great deal of the active work of the Society and its members was of a benevolent character. The collections intimated at the Festivals of the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools were contributed to the extent of nearly half the total by members of the Society and their friends. Moreover, at the monthly meetings of the Committee of Governors of the Royal Scottish Corporation, when applicants for relief are interviewed, a large proportion of the Committee are members of our Society. Besides benevolence there is a social side at our monthly meetings, when good fellowship, song, and story enable us to enjoy ourselves in a way that only Scotsmen can.

Our members differ in their occupations, opinions, and in many ways, but in one thing we are united, and that is in the pride we feel for our native country, and in all the great work done by our ancestors, the result of which is seen to-day in the prominent part taken by Scots in all parts of the world.





WILLIAM LAWRENCE BRODIE.  
*President, 1922-1923.*

CHAPTER II.

1922-1923 : MR WILLIAM LAWRENCE BRODIE, *President*.

A London Scot : Death of Past-President John Wilson : Sentiment, " Glencairn, the Patron of Burns " : Presentation to Colonel B. C. Green, C.M.G., D.L. : Sentiment, " A London Caledonian, the Tutor of Burns and Talleyrand " : Hon. Historian Appointed : Sentiment, " Oor Ain Sel's " : The President toasts the Society : Deaths of Past-President Patrick Gardiner and Mr Alexander Duncan.

**M**R WILLIAM LAWRENCE BRODIE was President for 1922-1923. His forebears on his father's side belonged to Fordyce, near Portsoy, in the county of Banff, but Mr Brodie was born in London. He was educated at Western College, Brighton, and commenced his business career in a shipowner's and broker's office in 1881. In 1889 he became managing director of Messrs N. J. Fenner and H. B. Alder & Co. Ltd., oil and paint manufacturers, from which he retired in 1922.

The influence of their father was felt by the whole family, and, like the others, Mr Brodie always has been keenly interested in charities. He is a Life Managing Governor of the Royal Scottish Corporation, a Director



of the Royal Caledonian Schools, and a Life Governor of the Victoria Hospital, Deal.

He joined the Society in 1907, and was Honorary Treasurer, in succession to his brother, the late Mr John Brodie (1918-1921).

During the War Mr Brodie did much business with various Governments of the Allies, and he also found leisure to help in taking wounded soldiers from the hospitals for motor drives and pleasant afternoons at his own house and elsewhere. His daughter was a V.A.D. during the War, and from 1914 to 1918 performed great nursing service in different hospitals.

A Fellow of the Royal Horticultural Society, Mr Brodie was a lover of flowers, and carried out his ideas in his own garden with marked effect. He was a Life Member of the Burns Club of London, and a member of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society. He lived for some time on the East Kent coast and availed himself of opportunities to investigate the archæological discoveries at the Roman Castle of Richborough, and Canterbury with its cathedral and Roman remains. Fordwych, Sandwich, Reculvers, and Rochester were all well known to him.

Mr Brodie was a keen cricketer, and he was a member of both the Surrey and Kent County Clubs. He was also a Life Member of the North Foreland and other golf clubs.

His son, Mr Alan Brodie, joined the Society in 1920.

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At the November meeting the death was reported of the Senior Past-President, Mr John Wilson, M.Inst. C.E., who joined the Society in 1884, and was President in 1891-1893. Mr Wilson had been in retirement for some years, at his picturesque residence, New Place, Upminster, Essex, and found pleasurable relaxation in his model workshop, where he amused himself in carry-

ing out some engineering hobbies. During the Great War he turned his workshop and plant to practical use in providing splints, bed-rests, and other appliances, which he presented to the St. Marylebone War Hospital Supply Department; and he once naïvely expressed his pleasure that none of his work had been rejected. For the benefit of wounded men, when convalescent, Mr Wilson invented a playing-card holder which was as ingenious as it was useful.

Mr John Douglas, F.S.A.(Scot.), gave a Sentiment entitled "Glencairn, the Patron of Burns," in which he said:

On Monday of last week I had the honour of unveiling the monument erected in Falmouth Parish Church to the memory of James Cunningham, 14th Earl of Glencairn, and it was suggested that I should give a Sentiment on "Glencairn, the Patron of Burns."

In the "Estimate" of the Scottish Nobility, compiled by Alexander Hay in 1577, the first reference to the family appears in history. Hay belonged to a leading branch of the House of Errol, and, on the nomination of Secretary Maitland, had been appointed Clerk of the Privy Council of Queen Mary. His statement may therefore be accepted as reliable.

"The Erle of Glencarne, lord of Kilmaurse called Cuninghame, came first forth of England from Killinge of Thomas Becket of Canterbury: men of fayre landes and of great power in their own surname, from which Erle ar descended the Lordes of Glengarnock, Caprington, Robert Lande, Cunynghame heade, Halkheade, Craganes, Ladylande, Montgrene, and Druquhassil, Captaine of Dumbertaine, men of great livinges. He is well and faithfully searved by them: they lyve for the most part in Cuninghame nigh to Eglington. They be always in freendship and amatie partakers with the Erles of Leuinox, they ar of the mothersyd descended from the House of Angush. The chief houses of this Erle ar Kilmaurse in Cuningham, Fynleston upon the syde of Clide, the castell of Kilmaronok in the Leuenox, and Glencarne in Nithisdale."

The family had really been established in Ayrshire from the twelfth century, and the title, which was conferred in 1488, went into abeyance when John the 15th Earl died in 1796.

Of the long line, few are remembered; the Earl who befriended John Knox and the Reformation party in Scotland, and the Earl whose adherence to Charles II., in that King's time of adversity, cost him so much, are exceptions.

The bright star in the firmament of the Glencairns was James, the 14th Earl, and it was the gratitude of Robert Burns that made him famous. He was born at Finlayston, Renfrewshire, in 1749. His



mother was the daughter of a carpenter and fiddler named McGuire, who lived in Ayr, and her story is known as one of the romances of Ayrshire.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century a boy named McRae left Ayr and went to sea, and many years passed in which nothing was heard of him. In 1725, McRae, who had risen to be Governor of Madras, returned to his native town, the possessor of fabulous wealth, and, with characteristic Scottish love of kith and kin, sought out his humble relations. He found a cousin who was married to McGuire, the fiddler, and at once proceeded to purchase an estate, near Ayr, for McGuire and his wife; then sent their three daughters to the best school that could be found. When the girls came of age, he gave each an estate as a dowry, and, true to the dictates of nature, they soon found husbands. The third daughter received the estate of Ochiltree and a large sum of money, which was used to purchase the land and barony of Kilmarnock, and, through marriage with the 13th Earl of Glencairn, she became the mother of James, the 14th Earl.

James was the second of four boys born to the 13th Earl and his Countess. The youngest died young and the other three were boarded at Dalkeith with Mrs William Creech, widow of the minister of Newbattle parish, and mother of the future bookseller and publisher, of Edinburgh. John Robertson, M.A., a divinity student of Glasgow, was their teacher, and he at a later period was presented by the Earl of Glencairn to the first charge of Kilmarnock. He was the Robertson in Burns's "The Ordination" who was advised to—

"harangue, nae mair  
But steek your gab for ever."

On the death of his elder brother, William, in 1768, James assumed the title of Lord Kilmaurs, and under that designation matriculated at Christ Church, Oxford, in October of that year. He remained at Oxford fifteen months, then made a tour of Holland, France, Switzerland, and Germany. In 1775, on the death of his father, he succeeded to the 300-year-old peerage.

Mr Douglas referred to tours undertaken for the benefit of his health, and the interest the Earl took in public affairs. Keenly interested in sport, the Earl was one of the twelve who formed the Royal Caledonian Hunt, and in 1778 he became a Captain in the West Fencible Regiment. Two years later he was elected a Representative Peer, and sat in the House of Lords during a four years' Parliament.

Reference was also made to the Dowager Countess and the Earl taking a keen interest in the visit of Burns to Edinburgh, which culminated in the Edinburgh

edition of the poems, and lifted the veil which had clouded the poet's life. It also helped towards the appointment as Excise Officer, which Burns afterwards received. Mr Douglas then proceeded :

In 1788 Glencairn sold the ancient family estate of Kilmaurs to Miss Henrietta Scott, afterwards Duchess of Portland. In the autumn of 1790 he went to the south of Europe intending to winter there, but, feeling little better for the change, decided to return to Scotland. He sailed from Lisbon, and the voyage proved a heavy strain on his frail constitution. He died at sea, or shortly after landing at Falmouth.

The *Gentleman's Magazine*, of February 1791, reported that Glencairn's "remains were deposited at Falmouth, being attended to the church by his friend Dr T. Spens, accompanied by the principal gentlemen of that town"; and the *Scots Magazine* records the fact that the remains were placed "in the chancel at Falmouth until the present Earl removes them to the family vault." There is no evidence that his brother, the 15th and last Earl, did anything, and the remains were left where originally placed. It is presumed the grave is under the pulpit, but that is mere conjecture, as a slab found there had no name on it.

The loss to Robert Burns was almost overwhelming. It may be that in his estimate of his indebtedness to the "Good Earl James," the poet was guilty of exaggeration, but when the report of the Earl's death reached Burns, his whole soul was put into the "Lament" which will be remembered as long as the fame of Burns exists; the last verse of which reads—

" The Bridegroom may forget the bride  
 Was made his wedded wife yestreen,  
 The Monarch may forget the crown  
 That on his head an hour has been.  
 The Mother may forget the child  
 That smiles sae sweetly on her knee,  
 But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,  
 And a' that thou hast done for me."

Owing to a chance visit of Dr John Hutchison, Rector Emeritus of Glasgow High School, to Falmouth in the winter months of 1921, it was found that the only intimation of the fact of burial of Glencairn, was contained in a single line of the local "Register of Burials," under date 11th February, 1791; it reads, "James Cunningham, Earl of Glencairn."

Mr Douglas related what took place at the ceremony when the marble tablet, erected by the Burns Federation, was unveiled. The religious ceremony was most impressive, and was conducted by the Rector, Canon Wilkinson. Clergy from different parts of the diocese took part. The civic head of the town, members of



Council with mace-bearers appeared in their robes of office. A public lunch was given to Mr Douglas and Mr Amos, representatives of the Burns Federation, at which the Rector read the Selkirk Grace.

At the December meeting a presentation of some handsome pieces of old plate was made to Colonel Bernard C. Green, C.M.G., D.L., on the occasion of his marriage. Owing to a breakdown of his car, Colonel Green did not reach London, and Mr T. R. Moncrieff volunteered to deliver the plate and verbally convey the good wishes of the members.

At the January meeting a Sentiment, entitled "A London Caledonian: the tutor of Burns and Talleyrand," was given by Mr William Will, who said:

Students of the life and works of Burns—and we are all that here—know something about John Murdoch, and with that something, and the results of my recent inquiries in London, I am now able to present to you a fairly complete, but to-night necessarily greatly condensed, life of one of the two men who assisted most in the development of the character of the Great Magnet of the North, who, more than St Andrew, has united our countrymen into a Universal Brotherhood.

"I have not forgotten, nor ever will forget, the many obligations I lie under to your kindness and friendship," wrote Robert Burns, when nearly 24 years of age, to his old teacher, John Murdoch, then resident in London. The same devotion can hardly be credited to the poet's admirers, for the memory of the man who, next to William Burnes, did most to direct the youthful mind of Burns to its brilliant development has been rather scurvily treated. "Poesie-Nansie" is in the gallery of Burnsian immortals; John Murdoch is scarcely remembered.

The poet's biographers tell that when he was six years of age Burns was sent to a school at Alloway Mill, about a mile distant from his home; and on the teacher, Campbell, being appointed master of Ayr Workhouse, William Burnes, with four other heads of families, in 1765, engaged the services of a young native of Ayr named John Murdoch, son of the Schoolmaster and Session Clerk at Auchinleck, to teach their children. Murdoch was then only 18 years of age, having been born at Ayr in 1747. The arrangement was that the families should in turn "board" the teacher, and in William Burnes's home Murdoch learned to appreciate the man of whom in later years he wrote as "a tender and affectionate father," and of whose "manly qualities and rational and Christian virtues" he would not "pretend to give a description."

Under Murdoch young Burns made great progress. His brother Gilbert—who also was among Murdoch's pupils—writing to Mr Dunlop,

said of this period of their education that "With him we learnt to read English tolerably well and to write a little. He taught us, too, the English grammar. I was too young to profit much from his lessons in grammar, but Robert made some proficiency in it, a circumstance of considerable weight in the unfolding of his genius and character, as he soon became remarkable for the fluency and correctness of his expression, and read the few books that came in his way with much pleasure and improvement, for even then he was a reader when he could get a book. Murdoch, whose library at that time had no great variety in it, lent him 'The Life of Hannibal,' which was the first book he read (the school books excepted), and almost the only one he had an opportunity of reading while he was at school."

John Murdoch's mentorship of the future poet was interrupted after the Burnes family left the "auld clay biggin'" for Mount Oliphant, as the distance between teacher and pupils was ultimately found to be too great for the tuition to continue. This and other changes necessitated Murdoch leaving the school, after having taught there for nearly two and a half years. But although he left for other parts, he kept up connection with William Burnes and his family, for he had an extraordinarily high opinion of the household at Alloway. "In this mean cottage," he wrote, "I really believe there dwelt a larger portion of content than in any palace in Europe." It was while Murdoch was on a visit to the Burnes family, prior to leaving the district in 1767, that an incident occurred which, said Gilbert in the letter to Mrs Dunlop, served to illustrate the early character of his brother. "Murdoch came to spend a night with us," he wrote, and "brought us, as a present and memorial of him, a small compendium of English grammar and the tragedy of 'Titus Andronicus,' and by way of passing the evening, he began to read the play aloud. We were all attention for some time, till presently the whole party was dissolved in tears. A female in the play . . . had her hands chopt off and her tongue cut out, and then was insultingly desired to call for water to wash her hands. At this, in an agony of distress, we with one voice desired he would read no more. My father observed that if we would not hear it out, it would be needless to leave the play with us. Robert replied that if it was left he would burn it. My father was going to chide him for this ungrateful return to his tutor's kindness; but Murdoch interfered, declaring that he liked to see so much sensibility, and he left 'The School for Love' in its place."

When considering Murdoch's influence on the young Burns, it is of interest to note how frequently the tutor's name comes into the life of the family. "About this time [Robert was 13] Murdoch, our former teacher," wrote Gilbert, "after having been in different places in the country, and having taught a school some time in Dumfries, came to be the established teacher of the English language in Ayr, a circumstance of considerable consequence to us. The remembrance of my father's former friendship, and his attachment to my brother, made him do everything in his power for our improvement. He sent us Pope's works and some other poetry, the first that we had an opportunity of reading, excepting what is contained in 'The English Collection' and in the volume of 'The Edinburgh Magazine' for 1772, excepting also *those excellent new songs* that are hawked about the country in baskets or exposed on stalls in the streets."



To the town of Ayr William Burnes sent his eldest son as a boarder, again to sit at the feet of John Murdoch : to revise his English grammar, and generally to improve his education, so that he might be the better able " to instruct his brothers and sisters at home." Burns " was now with me (Murdoch wrote), day and night, in school, at all meals, and in all my walks." But harvest intervened, and young Burns had to return to Mount Oliphant to take a hand in the work. A further two weeks were spent with Murdoch, when the teacher introduced him to French, and so quick was Burns in the " uptake " that soon he was able " to read and understand any French author in prose. This was considered as a sort of prodigy. . . . Thus you see," said the poet's brother, " Mr Murdoch was a principal means of my brother's improvement."

Murdoch continued for some years " a respected and useful teacher " at Ayr ; but he had human frailties, and one of those was a prevailing weakness of his time : he tarried long at the national wine ; and one evening, when he had been, as Gilbert euphemistically termed it, " overtaken in liquor," he spoke disrespectfully of Dr Dalrymple, the parish minister, " who had not paid him that attention to which he thought himself entitled. In Ayr he might as well have spoken blasphemy," for Dr Dalrymple—who, by the way, had christened Burns—was an ex-Moderator of the Church of Scotland and was the amiable and gentle figure referred to in " The Kirk's Alarm " as

" D'rymple mild, D'rymple mild, tho' your heart's like a child,  
And your life's like the new-driven snaw . . ."

From Ayr in—or soon after—1776 John Murdoch went to London. His indiscretion in his native town was not given as the reason for his removal to England, for " The European Magazine and London Review " for February, 1783, in a criticism of Murdoch's " Radical Vocabulary of the French Language," stated that " in this office [schoolmaster at Ayr] he continued for several years with great reputation ; but desirous of having a more extensive knowledge of the world than such a situation would permit, he resigned it and came to London." Murdoch did not stay long in the capital, however, the reason being, according to the same authority, that, " although possessed of a critical, grammatical knowledge of the French tongue while in Britain, he was still uncertain about some niceties in the pronunciation, and therefore made a tour of France, that he might gain by conversation what could not be learned from books. As the just pronunciation of any language is only to be acquired in the polite circles of the metropolis, and by a careful attention to the best public speakers, our author made a considerable stay in Paris, where he had the happiness of being amply recommended to Mr Fullarton, now Colonel, who was then the Secretary to the British Embassy at the Court of Versailles. Mr Fullarton, finding him sober, steady, and intelligent, patronised him while in France, and continued his friendship after their return to England."

Colonel Fullarton was the only son of William Fullarton of that ilk, Fullarton (1754-1808), tutor of the strange author of " Vathek," and began his career as secretary to Lord Stormont's embassy in Paris. Then he entered Parliament ; raised a regiment with his friend the *de jure* Earl of Seaforth ; and greatly distinguished himself as a soldier in



India, writing a book on the subject. In 1803 he was appointed First Commissioner of the Island of Trinidad, and in this capacity criticised the overbearing administration of the governor, Colonel Thomas Picton, who was ultimately impeached in a trial which created an immense sensation in England. A pupil of Murdoch, Dr Tennant, was chaplain to Colonel Fullarton's regiment.

The acquaintanceship of Fullarton and Murdoch ripened into intimacy, and when Murdoch began in London to teach English and French, which he did most successfully at his own home and at the homes of his pupils, Colonel Fullarton was able to introduce to him foreigners of rank, several of whom received from him instruction in English. Among them was the French statesman Talleyrand, who in 1792-94 was in England on diplomatic business.

Murdoch's life in London has not hitherto been definitely traced, but as the result of considerable research, in which a young Scotsman, my friend Mr H. G. Lyall, head of the London Research and Information Bureau, rendered great assistance, I am now able to throw some light on his movements. The work of research was greatly hampered by the fact that there were two John Murdochs in London at the time—one from Ayr, the other from Edinburgh. By a strange coincidence both were French scholars and both published books in French; and even the compilers of the catalogues of the British Museum had mixed up the two authors.

Murdoch's first address in London of which we have knowledge was that to which Burns wrote from Lochlea on 15th January, 1783. "Mr John Murdoch, Schoolmaster, Staple Inn Buildings, London," was how Burns addressed his old friend; but Murdoch must have been a sub-tenant, for a search of the Staple Inn rent-rolls has disclosed no one of his name. Murdoch was not a particularly punctual correspondent, for it took him four years and nine months to reply to that letter. His excuse for the delay was that "we poor, busy, bustling bodies in London are so much taken up with the various pursuits in which we are here engaged that we seldom think of any person, creature, place or thing that is absent. . . . If ever you come hither," he added, "you will have the satisfaction of seeing your poems relished by the Caledonians in London full as much as they can be by those of Edinburgh. We frequently repeat some of your verses in our Caledonian Society, and you may believe that I am not a little vain that I have had some share in cultivating such a genius." He asked Burns if he had "any intention of visiting this huge, overgrown metropolis; it would afford matter for a large poem," and there he would be able to indulge "in the study of mankind, perhaps to a greater degree than in any city upon the face of the globe."

Parenthetically I may say that the Caledonian Society in the work of which Murdoch was taking part was undoubtedly the Society of Ancient Caledonians, whose rules were so accommodating that while one rule had it that the Highland garb was imperative at meetings, members might, if they so wished, substitute a half dress, with nankeen trousers; and if so disposed they could dispense with full dress or half dress, and wear any kind of coloured clothes "provided they are clean and decent." (One would almost recognise ourselves in that, Mr President.) They marked well their officers, for besides designating



Highland attire as their go-to-meeting dress, they wore a kind of Masonic regalia. They had long memories, those Ancient Caledonians, for while we degenerates are quite satisfied to begin our national cock-crowing with Bannockburn, they actually had a rule that among the eight anniversaries that had to be celebrated in full regalia was the 12th of January, in memory of our victory over the Britons at Kyle in Ayrshire in the year 330 B.C.

Murdoch was a member also of The Club of True Highlanders, which met in the Masons' Hall Tavern in Coleman Street. According to the Minutes, "Mr John Murdoch" was on the membership roll on 9th March, 1824, a few weeks before his death.

Burns did not go to London, but his brother William did, to work as a journeyman saddler in the Strand. In a letter written from Ellisland on 16th July, 1790, Burns asked Murdoch to send his brother "a card, and the poor fellow will joyfully wait on you." A fortnight before the letter reached Murdoch, however, William Burns had found his way to Hart Street, where the two men had pleasant intercourse. On the day following the receipt of the poet's letter Murdoch, having heard that William was ill, called at his lodging, only to find that he had died three days before. The schoolmaster-bookseller had therefore the melancholy duty of acting as chief mourner at the funeral, and of sending to the poet the news of his brother's death.

From Staple Inn Murdoch appears to have moved further west—to Fenwick Court, near Great Turnstile, Holborn, for from this address in 1788 he sold one of his books, "The Pronunciation and Orthography of the French Language," on the title-page of which he was designated "Teacher of French and English." We next find him teaching languages, selling stationery, and publishing books from his shop and library in Hart Street, Bloomsbury. It is not known when he took up residence there, for at first he was living as a sub-tenant of a Mr Lee. On the expiry of Lee's lease in 1821, Murdoch became a tenant of the Duke of Bedford at No. 24 Hart Street, and here he resided until his death. This house is not now in existence, the four houses numbered 24 to 27 having been pulled down to make way for Bloomsbury Mansions.

With teaching French and English, compiling books, and selling stationery, Murdoch must have been a fairly busy man. His contributions to literature were not numerous and cannot be called very important, although to those who were learning French they were doubtless valuable. One writer, criticising his "Radical Vocabulary of the French Language," declared it to possess "some share of merit and utility." His proficiency in philological studies enabled Murdoch to render assistance to the publishers of John Walker's "Critical Pronouncing Dictionary and Expositor of the English Language," and he superintended the production of the fifth edition—the "stereotype edition"—of the work, published in 1809. In the "Preface" to the work he tells that, "Having been many years intimately acquainted with the author and greatly profited by the many personal communications we had together, as well as by a careful study of his works, by which, it is presumed, I had acquired a competent knowledge of his principles in regard to accentuation, quantity and notation, Mr Walker did me the honour, a considerable time before his decease, of recommending me as a fit person to edit this 'Stereotype' edition. To the utmost of my power

I have justified the confidence that my worthy friend reposed in me, having sedulously examined and revised every page of this arduous and important work, with no less zeal for the honour of the author than anxiety for my own responsibility." The "Preface" is signed by Murdoch, and dated from "Hart Street, Bloomsbury, May 1, 1809."

Murdoch's published works are :—

1782. A radical vocabulary of the French language. London : Printed for John Murdoch, Teacher of French, &c., in Staple Inn Buildings. ("The Second Edition" of this work is advertised at the end of Murdoch's "Dictionary of Distinctions," 1811, but no copy of it appears to be known.)
1788. The pronunciation and orthography of the French language rendered perfectly easy. London : Printed for and sold by C. Forster in the Poultry, and the Author, in Fenwick Court, near Great Turnstile, Holborn. (A second edition of this work was published in 1795.)
1811. The dictionary of distinctions. London : Printed for C. Law [and others], and for the compiler, at his library, Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square. (A five-page list of 159 "Names of subscribers" in this book is of much interest: "the Names in Capitals are those of Persons who have been the Author's Pupils or Employers.")
1809. A critical pronouncing dictionary and expositor of the English language. By John Walker. The fifth edition, with considerable improvements and large additions [by John Murdoch]. London : Stereotyped and printed for J. Johnson, and T. Cadell and W. Davies.

Notwithstanding an industrious life, John Murdoch fell on evil days, probably because, as he informed Dr Currie, he had been "mostly deprived of the teaching of French by French priests." In concluding one of his letters to Burns (14th September, 1790), where he had expressed a hope that he would one day visit the Burns family, he stated that he was "commonly disappointed in what I most ardently wish for"; whatever his ambitions in life may have been, it so happened that he was to be disappointed even in securing the necessaries of life. He was reduced to a state of destitution, and was incapacitated from further pursuing his work as a teacher of languages which, the "Annual Register" of 1824 stated, had hitherto afforded him and his aged wife a scanty subsistence. His friends printed an address "To the admirers of Burns' genius and abilities, and all friends of humanity and unpretending merit," soliciting them "to assist in rescuing the remnant of the life of a most worthy man from poverty." By this means a small sum of money was raised; but it was barely sufficient, and in a state of penury John Murdoch passed to his rest on 20th April, 1824, at the age of 77; and as the "Burial Register" of St Andrew, Holborn, shows, he was buried five days later. The actual spot where he was buried I have been unable to trace, but his dust lies somewhere in St Andrew's Gardens, Gray's Inn Road, which was opened for interments in 1754 and closed in 1854.

The Registers of St Mary-le-bone show that on 2nd October, 1779,



Murdoch married Isabella Henderson, spinster; and a search at Somerset House disclosed his will, proved on 3rd September, 1824—

THIS IS THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT of me, JOHN MURDOCH, of Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square, in the County of Middlesex, Teacher of the English and French languages. First, I direct all my just debts and funeral expenses to be paid and satisfied, and thereafter I give and bequeath to my dear wife, Isabella Murdoch, the Lease of the house in Hart Street which I now hold of the Duke of Bedford, all my household furniture, plate, linen, books (whether bound, in quires, or in manuscript), money, and all other my personal estate and effects whatever and wheresoever, for the sole use and benefit of my said dear wife; And I do hereby nominate and appoint my said dear wife sole Executrix of this my last will and testament. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this tenth day of June in the year of our Lord One thousand eight hundred and twenty three.—JOHN MURDOCH.—Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the said testator as and for his last will, in the presence of A. K. HUTCHINSON, Crown Court, Threadneedle Street; JOHN I. IMESON, his clerk.

And so we take leave of John Murdoch, "worthy man," who, fortunately for his own fame and fortunately for Burns and for Scotland, had charge of the early education of the poet. Next after his godly father, the poet placed Murdoch as his early inspiration; and Gilbert, as we have seen, mentioned this London Scot as being a principal means of his brother's improvement. While we know that sometimes in his letters Burns was guilty of extravagant language—which has been copied by many of his admirers to-day—we have no reason either to doubt his sincerity when he wrote the words with which this tribute opens, or to think that he had his tongue in his cheek when he wrote of Murdoch as "a masterly teacher."

It was Murdoch who introduced the boy of six, who was to become the Poet of Humanity, to "The Vision of Mirza" in the "English Collection" made by Arthur Masson, the Aberdeen professor's son, and so presented to Burns the first composition in which he took pleasure. It was Murdoch who helped Burns to most of the French he ever knew, and it was not inconsiderable.

It was Murdoch who gave the poet the literary pabulum which helped to form his patriotic prejudices, for he it was who gave his young pupil "The Life of Hannibal" to read—the book, wrote Burns, which "gave my young ideas such a turn that I used to strut in raptures up and down after the recruiting drum and bagpipe, and wish myself tall enough that I might be a soldier."

It was Murdoch who gave Burns, while in his teens, the earliest opportunities of expanding his mind by supplying him with classical literature, and so making possible the expression of his vivid imagination.

In a word, it was John Murdoch—the Ayrshire schoolmaster; the London teacher, bookseller, and publisher; the English tutor of Talleyrand—who helped largely to make Robert Burns articulate.

The question of appointing an Honorary Historian of the Society had been discussed for some time, and

at the March meeting it was unanimously agreed to appoint Mr John Douglas, F.S.A.(Scot.).

The Sentiment on the same evening was given by Mr J. M. Bulloch, LL.D., Editor of the *Graphic*, the subject being "Oor Ain Sel's." Dr Bulloch said :

I do not think I am far out in suggesting that each of us here to-night feels that this Caledonian room is really Caledonia, though the Grant whose marbles line the walls was really Herr Gottheimer. We have set our feet once more among the heather. We fancy we are in Princes Street, the Sautmarket, or in some little country village; or that we are seated fast by an ingle bleezin' finely wi' reemin' swats that drink divinely. In any case we feel far removed for the nonce from the vast, amorphous, but friendly, monster we call London.

Personally I experience this delicious emotion at every Scots gathering. I feel thoroughly at home. I am among kent fowk. We are a' John Tamson's bairns on such occasions, without any effort. We are just Oor Ain Sel's.

What exactly is Oor Ain Sel's? We feel instinctively that Oor Ain Sel's are different from the Sel's of other people, including the English. But when you come to think of it, the phrase means very different things for different Scotsmen. Mr Ernest Newman has recently said that there are 150 ways of being English; but, as the Scot is much more subtle, it is safe to say that there are 500 ways of being Scots.

Nothing proves our sense of ultimate kinship more than the fact that Oor Ain Sel's have so many different and even antagonistic sides to them. We see life in white and in black; whereas the Englishman with a far greater sense of compromise sees it in terms of the entire spectrum. We drink spirits—or we send Scrymgeour to St Stephen's—whereas the Englishman is satisfied with the compromise called beer.

I am not, however, concerned with the differences between Scots and English; but with the differences, including those of dialect, which exist among Oor Ain Sel's. You know the acute rivalry between towns, and the almost universal flout at the Aberdonian. Or take a subject that is very dear to some of us here, notably to my host, Mr Will. The opposition to the whole programme of the Vernacular Circle comes, not from the natural inheritors of standard English, but from Scots in Scotland whose attempt to speak and write standard English as often as not has the same sort of stilted awkwardness which attaches to a schoolboy over a Latin version or a schoolgirl learning French.

Furthermore, the anti-vernacularists in Scotland, whenever they have not instituted a deliberate boycott, pole-axe the vernacularists furth of Scotland with the ferocity of an apprentice slaughterman despatching his first stirk. The anti-vernacularists in Scotland go the length of declaring that the vernacular is vulgar and that its use and cultivation have destroyed our sense of literature: and the immortal 25th of January was celebrated this year by a Dumfries man publishing in Montrose—thus representing two parts of the country intimately associated with Burns—a crudely brutal attack on the Bard and all



that he and his admirers stand for. Similarly, Edinburgh flatly refuses to listen to the Scottish Players, while Glasgow supports them.

On the other hand, the ardent vernacularists may not be a little bit interested in other aspects of Scotsness. I myself have a passion for Scots family history, more particularly for that of one family with which I am in no way connected. That interest has brought me into contact with Scots or the descendants of Scots all over the world; and yet my genealogical enthusiasm leaves most of my fellow vernacularists stone cold. At any rate, I do not know a single London Scot who shares my taste in this direction; and some of them are lost in wonder that I should squander my useful leisure over it. I for my part would far rather spend my Saturday afternoon in the little oasis of the British Museum than on a golf links, or in watching Scotland play England or Wales on a damp football field. Again, I cannot dance a single Scots step and bear the enthusiasts' cry of "Shame" with equanimity.

In coming to present day affairs Oor Ain Sel's take the more diametrically opposite views. Nowhere will you find fiercer Tories than in Scotland: and nowhere such uncompromising Radicals. Scotland gives us Lord Younger of Leckie on the one hand and the Labour Legion from the Clyde on the other. It places Mr Bonar Law at the head of the Conservative party and Mr Ramsay Macdonald at the head of Labour; the *tertium quid* of Liberalism alone being held by an Englishman—and the most typical Englishman at that.

Oor Ain Sel's are strongly Protestant, and Presbyterian at that; and so ardently Roman Catholic that the attempt of the Archbishop of Westminster to take the Scots Mission as it is called under his wing is doomed to failure. England on the other hand, makes an amalgam of Protestantism and Romanism in the shape of Anglicanism, and some Anglicans go the length of calling themselves English Catholics.

I could go on citing hundreds of cases of the differences between Oor Ain Sel's, all pursued with a sincerity and earnestness which makes the tolerant and easy-ozy southerner smile. But we not only differ from one another: Oor Ain Sel's are so complex that they differ within ourselves. Many of us—like the Jews—are a strange mixture of extreme caution and extraordinary recklessness. Each of us knows the type of Scot who takes every proposal *ad avizandum*. Like an impish devil's advocate, he maddens you by his habit of dissection; he pulls everything you propose to pieces; he sprinkles acid on your arguments till you can say no more—not because you have no argument left, but because you put on your gas-helmet to protect you from his mustard gas. But the very same canny type can be capable of plunging like a gambler. You all know the Scot who can drive a very hard bargain with you in the City, and who will give you an excellent dinner in the West End, which will cost him much more than he has taken from you in the skin game. As an example: James Hay was a noted cigar and tobacco merchant in Aberdeen and was always pushing the sale of his cigars, which, by the way, were not very wholesome. Mr Murray happened to call on him one day and was asked if he would have some more cigars. His reply was, "Look here, Mr Hay, I'll gi'e ye five pounds for anything ye like, but for God's sake don't ask me again to buy any of your cigars."

Like most fundamentally religious people, the Scot is a bit of a



casuist, even when he is least aware of the fact. Indeed, it needed a Scot to picture Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde. I know a famous Scot who is a complete cross between a pagan and a Christian. He is at once the bitterest, most acid being I have ever met, and in another mood the most spiritual of Christians. If he had been a man of science instead of a parson, he would have botanised on his mother's tomb beneath the setting sun and spent the evening in his study writing a sort of Margaret Ogilvy sonnet on her memory. Mr Crosland, wielding his crude Yorkshire flail on the Unspeakable Scot, would dismiss such a man as a hypocrite. Dickens would have called him Mr Chadband. But he is neither. A perfect bivalve, he is thoroughly sincere. When he is insincere in his moods he comes an unusual cropper. Few things are, indeed, more grotesque than the Scot with very definite views trying to imitate the opportunism of the people who have none. He is like a hen on a het girdle.

I do not know whether you will accept my diagnoses, for by shamelessly begging the question, I think that, like some of the fowk in Lowden Kirk, we are often thrawn commentators, sweir to gree. But you will all admit that, whatever Oor Ain Sel's may connote, however marked our individual idiosyncrasies, we ultimately feel an instinctive kinship with one another, which grows in intensity, the further furth of Scotland we fare. It was this that made Low, the brilliant Scoto-New Zealand caricaturist of *The Star*, remark the other day, after his chilling first pilgrimage to his ancestral Dundee, that Dunedin is the real capital of Scotland. An English colleague of mine used to say that he noticed that when two Scots were introduced to one another for the first time, they eyed one another like a couple of rival stags. Even if this were true, the fact remains that they do recognise one another as stags, and not like a stag about to butt a stray stirk or a Highland ram.

Certain it is, at any such gathering as this, we are completely at home with one another, sinking our daily differences. The *locus classicus* of the situation was pronounced for all time by old John Skinner when he wrote: "Let Whig and Tory a' agree"—not indeed to form a coalition, but to dance the Reel of Tullochgorum.

At any St. Andrew's Day banquet you will find that Whig and Tory a' agree, perhaps with a Tory chairman and a Labour toast proposer, whereas the supporters of a St. Patrick's Day banquet are to a man Nationalists, while the oratory at the banquets of the Society of St. George is almost entirely Conservative. The Scot, you see, is far too common-sensed to believe that the part is equal to the whole.

In our relationships with other Scots, especially of a social character, the part—that is to say, Oor Ain Sel's, however individualistic, tenacious, and even tacketty—takes its place automatically as a section of the whole, without, however, losing any of its own idiosyncrasy and unity.

Now this is not accidental. There are reasons behind it just as there's aye some water whaur the stirkie droons—and these reasons, they intrigue me intensely, as the lady novelist would say. As this is not an ethnographical or philosophical congress, I can only state briefly and tentatively what seem to me to be some of the causes of our getting together.

One of the chief reasons, I think, is the comparative absence of caste feeling, especially in its social implications. This is one of our



greatest legacies from the old Celtic Law, which, with its greater freedom between chief and clansman, was fundamentally different from the Feudal System, where the Lord of the Manor was a sort of absolute monarch. It is perfectly true that the Celtic Law and custom were ousted by the Feudal Code, but the spirit remained; it caused the collapse of the Jacobites at Culloden, and it still pertains.

Another reason for our mutual understanding is to be found in the fact that our mentality is largely of the same pattern. We have the same logical way of looking at life, of handling our data, although that does not prevent our arriving at different conclusions. We are all immensely interested in the principle involved in the facts before us, whereas the Englishman, without being unprincipled, does not know or care whether principle is spelt "le" or "al." (It certainly saves him a world of trouble.) But, however much one Scot may differ from another Scot's views, he knows at least the line of country by which these views have been reached; he travels, as it were, on the same spiritual plane, and does not need to readjust his apprehension.

Another strong link is to be found in the ordinary mode of speech of the Scot, all the more so when it is in the vernacular, or rather vernaculars, for language is really a mirror of the mind, and, as I have suggested, the minds of Scotsmen are very similar. Furthermore, in the physical production of the voice there are unmistakable similarities, which make at once for friendliness. Precisely the same quality is to be found in music, and marks differences in nationality, which, however difficult to analyse, are unmistakable. It needs no special training in music to spot a typical Scots tune, and few of us would mistake a Russian folk song for a melody by Handel.

Oor Ain Sel's, in fact, is simply our name for nationality, just as the Germans call theirs Kultur, and President Wilson spoke of Self-Determination. Perhaps it is wiser to call it Oor Ain Sel's, for any conscious display of nationality seems to alarm and arouse opposition in the minds of some timid souls. Thus, a few weeks ago, I was at a dinner given as "hansel" to the Scottish Players on the eve of their appearance at the Coliseum. A good deal was necessarily said about the distinctive national quality, or at least aspirations, of the Scottish Players, and when our clever countryman, Mr Ian Colvin, who writes perhaps the most brilliant leaders in this country, was asked to speak, he expressed genuine alarm lest this innocent dramatic movement might precipitate Scotland into the same political chaos as Ireland, where Sinn Fein, which began as literature has ended in loot. Mr Colvin forgot that even the deliberate cultivation of nationalism does not add anything to the nature of a people, but merely brings out in relief what is already there. Furthermore, Sinn Fein means "ourselves alone," whereas Oor Ain Sel's—mark you, we don't say "Our Noble Sel's"—are inherently conscious of the selves of other people, which makes the Scot almost international—Baron von Hugel says he has the European mind—a good mixer and an ideal coloniser. So I, for one, am all in favour of the sincere expression of Oor Ain Sel's. They are an asset to us in a world where personality is still at a premium.

The Annual Festival was held on 13th April, 1923,

when one hundred and eighty-three ladies and gentlemen were present. The President and his daughter received the guests in the Phoenix Room, and dinner was served in the Royal Venetian Room of the Holborn Restaurant.

In proposing the toast, "The Caledonian Society of London," the President gave a historical review of the Society from its inception in 1837 to the present day. He said the Society had been started by a few enthusiastic Scots as a social rendezvous and a centre where the workers in the London-Scottish Charities could with their friends find relaxation. The traditions of Scotland had been maintained throughout. The Society was not only a playground for the workers in the charities, but it formed a training-ground for the Managing Governors and Directors of the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools.

The toast was coupled with the name of Mr Andrew Cunningham, who for many years had, as a Director and Chairman of the Royal Caledonian Schools, taken a practical interest in that charity. He referred to the time when the schools were in the smoky atmosphere of North London, and contrasted the position then with the beautiful country surroundings of the schools to-day at Bushey, Herts.

The toast of "Our Guests" was proposed by Mr John Douglas, F.S.A.(Scot.), who referred to the pleasure it always gave members to have their friends with them, and this was accentuated when at each annual festival ladies were present. In coupling the toast with the name of the Rev. William Main, of Trinity College Church, Edinburgh, Mr Douglas referred to the old Trinity College Church which stood where the Waverley Station now stands; the stones of which had been carefully erected in Jeffrey Street, at the foot of Carrubbers Close. Reference was also made to the



Magdalen Chapel, at the head of the Cowgate, with its bits of pre-Reformation glass, of which Mr Main, in his official position, was partly custodian.

The Rev. William Main, in response, spoke of the pleasure it gave him to be a guest at the Caledonian Society's Festival, and said it was remarkable that he

should come to London and hear so much of the real history of his own church, when, in Edinburgh itself, very few seemed to take much interest in it.

The ceremony of the dirks in connection with saluting the President was carried out. It consists of :



I.



II.



III.



IV.

I. Each Past President approaches the chair and crosses his dirk with that of the President. The slope of the President's dirk being from right to left.

II. The dirks are then reversed, with that of the President sloping from left to right.

III. The President and Past Presidents bring their dirks in a horizontal position to their lips.

IV. Each lifts his dirk to

the salute, bringing the handle flat against the forehead.

V. Each then lowers the point of his dirk with a sweep, so that the arm is fully extended at an angle of about forty-five degrees.



The Past President then passes the chair and sheathes his dirk.

At the Council meeting on 9th May the death was reported of Mr Alexander Duncan, who joined the Society in 1903. He was a member of Council 1904-1917 and again 1918-1921. Like his brother, Mr James Duncan, he was greatly appreciated for his rendering of many of the old Scottish songs. No one who ever heard him sing "Rory Drummond" or "Tattie Soup" could forget the quaint character sketches, just as no one could wish to hear some of his serious songs better rendered. They were of the stalwart band who came from Speyside and made their impress on the Scots community of London.

In August another big loss to the Society came by the death of Mr Patrick Gardiner, who joined the membership in 1898 and was President in 1910-1911. In a newspaper report it was said of Mr Gardiner: "Such was his personality that his passing has left a very decided blank in those circles wherein Scots meet in the metropolis, and although his last mortal remains have now been laid to rest, his name will long be remembered in London as one of the greatest "characters Scotland ever sent to that great city." He was generous to a fault, and his sympathy always went out to the under-dog. A consistent supporter of the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools,



he gave further proof of his keen interest in both institutions by leaving legacies of £1000 to each. A large number of Children's Aid and Sick Poor Societies also benefited, including Dundee Orphan Institution, Dundee Working Boys' Home, and the Institution for Training Homeless and Destitute Boys, in the training-ship "Mars" in the Tay. Altogether the charities of his native city benefited to the extent of between £40,000 and £50,000.



WILLIAM JEFFREY.  
*President, 1923-1924.*



CHAPTER III.

1923-1924 : MR WILLIAM JEFFREY, *President.*

President's Business Career : Sentiment, " The Humour of the Scot " : Death of Past-President Alexander Bruce : Sentiments, " The Charity of the Scot," " Edinburgh in the 'Nineties," " Scottish Song " : The President on the Scot in Peace and War : Visits to the War Cemeteries in France and Belgium.

**I**N an erudite Sentiment, delivered December 1921, Mr William Jeffrey, the President for 1923-1924, told the members that he was born in the Kingdom of Fife. It was in the Lang Toon of Kirkcaldy, celebrated as being the cradle of Adam Smith, the author of the " Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations." Mr. Jeffrey was educated at Sharp's School, Perth, and afterwards at Perth Academy. His father for some years was a London Scot, because, in the 'forties of last century, as a young civil engineer he made the original surveys for sections of the South-Eastern Railway. Amongst these were the Mid Kent Line, Chatham, Maidstone, and other district lines. Unlike most Scots who trek south, he returned to Scotland.

Mr William Jeffrey chose a railway career, and at the age of twenty-one, on the opening of the first Tay

Bridge, was sent to Arbroath to represent the North British Railway in that town. It was then an outpost, cut off from the main line by the Dundee and Arbroath Joint Line. When the Tay Bridge collapsed he was summoned to a conference in Dundee at 5 a.m., and to his surprise he found Mr John Walker, the General Manager of the North British Railway, there before him.

Mr Jeffrey came to London in 1881, in connection with his uncle's jute manufacturing business, and although a few years afterwards he became a director of his company, and remained so for about ten years, he took no active part in it after the first two years. It was in 1883 that he joined Messrs Sells, Limited, which occupied all his time. He is a director and general manager of the famous advertisement agency, and is also president of a publishing company in Paris.

For many years Mr Jeffrey has been a Managing Governor of the Royal Scottish Corporation, and a Director of the Royal Caledonian Schools. He is a member of committee of the Hepburn-Starey Blind Aid Society, a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, a Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts, and a member of several other societies not confined to Scottish interests. He is a writer of no mean order and paints in oils and water-colours.

Mr Jeffrey took to golf twenty-three years ago, and became a member of the Dyke Golf Club, but his favourite hobby is the study of geology.

He joined the Society in 1906, and was a member of committee 1915-1919.

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At the November meeting, Mr John Douglas, F.S.A.(Scot.), gave a Sentiment entitled "The Humour of the Scot." He said :

It is difficult to give a satisfactory definition of humour. It comes to us in many different phases, and the humour of one may be entirely



different from that of another. It can be broad and boisterous ; it can be delicate and refined. The nearest I can get to it is to call it in the abstract a capacity for seeing things in their true and relative proportions.

True humour so often has a germ of pathos about it. It ought always to be kindly, and not sarcastic. It has been well said that " the joke of a man who hasn't the real sense of humour is like the kick of a mule—well-meant, but disconcerting." Anyone with a real sense of humour is in possession of a safeguard against making himself ridiculous ; anyone without the sense of humour is to be pitied. To possess humour is to hold a guarantee of intellectual sanity ; to be without it is a calamity.

Wit is different from humour. The latter requires benignity of soul. Humour might be called a radiation, and wit a coruscation. Both have the quality of light, but humour glows, while wit glitters. It is the kindly contagion of humour which lifts us out of life's grievances and links us together in a happy mutual bond.

Tennyson, in one of his letters to Emily Sellwood, said : " I dare not tell how highly I rate humour, which is generally most fruitful in the highest and most solemn human spirits." Dante is full of it, Shakespeare, Cervantes, and almost all the greatest have been pregnant with this glorious power. It is pleasant to meet a man eminent above other men in the gift called humour ; it is an enjoyment to find oneself in the company of a real wit. The humour is all the more exquisite because it is heightened by natural agencies. Even the dull and careless may be amused by the natural wit which shows them their own reflections in a humorous mirror.

Different nationalities interpret humour in different ways. English humour, for instance, is usually simply fun, but it can be adapted to all kinds of audiences. American humour is usually distinguished by irony with a dash of cynicism. French humour bubbles over whenever it gets a chance. Irish humour simply bubbles over, whether it gets a chance or not. It is drollery or topsy-turvyism that pervades the people, and it is impossible to fix them to logic. Scottish humour oftenest displays itself when the creator of it is entirely oblivious to the splendid part he or she is acting on the stage of life's history.

" Give me a man who can laugh," said Thomas Carlyle, " a fine, fat, healthy laugh," and he was right. Henry Ward Beecher put it in another way—" He that cannot laugh and be gay should look to himself ; he should fast and pray until his face breaks forth into light." The real genius of humour, like the genius of poetry, is indigenous to Scotland. A Sassenach philosopher has suggested that this is not so, by declaring that it requires a surgical operation to get a joke into the head of a Scotsman. By people of ordinary intelligence this statement will be looked upon as a mistake. One is reminded of the Scotsman who met with an accident in a London street and was taken to an hospital. His head had to be stitched, and the professor, before putting in the last stitch, remarked to the dozen English students : " Gentlemen, this is a Scotsman ; how would it do to put a joke into his head before we put in the last stitch ? " The sentiment was much applauded, but not one of the dozen could produce a joke to put in.

Many people labour under fallacies in regard to humour. It is not

uncommon to find people inflicting a story on others and carefully omitting the point of the joke. Story-telling is an art which requires careful study, but how often it is the case that the full value of the story is spoiled by irrelevant remarks. There are many examples of stories purveyed to prove that Scots are anything but gleg in the uptak' and most of these are manufactured by Scots themselves, so that some fireside amusement may be given to their critics. This probably is the best proof that Scots are really humorous, because they can appreciate humour in jokes against themselves. Take, for instance, an example of the popular type. Johnson met Mackay and dilated on the difficulties he had encountered in trying to get Scots to understand humour. He declared it was impossible, even although you fired the jokes at them with a pistol. Mackay looked at him and said: "I don't see hoo ye can fire jokes oot o' a pistol!" and Johnson left him in disgust. Immediately afterwards, Johnson met another Scottish friend, and told him what had happened. The friend, with a solemn face replied: "Aye! he had ye there." Another type of story is that of the Scot who was taking a walk with his boy. Before they had gone far the father said: "Is that yer new shoes ye hae on, Donald?" "Aye, faither!" was the reply. "Weel, then, tak' langer steps!"

I have suggested that Scottish humour is so much a part of nature that it comes out without the slightest intention of being mirthful. A good example is the remonstrance of the elders with their minister who drove his gig with two horses tandem. The minister said it was surely absurd, as it made no difference whether the horses were harnessed as a pair or placed one in front of the other. One of the elders replied: "Na, na, sir! ye're wrang. When ye're askin' a blessin' ye pit yer hands thegither before yer face, but if ye pit them tandem-like it wadna' be seemly."

The old animosities of the kirks were responsible for a large amount of humour. A Burgher and an Anti-Burgher minister decided to exchange pulpits, to show their congregations that their religions were really the same, but as the Anti-Burgher minister was considered the better preacher, the best parts of both congregations made their way to the Burgher Kirk. An Anti-Burgher old lady was sailing up the steps of the Burgher Kirk, and the crowd, in their anxiety to secure seats, jostled her. She became irritated, and turned on the crowd with the exclamation: "Ye nesty Burgher bodies, what are ye shove, shove, shovin' at? If the cage is yours, the bird's oors, an' ye never had a better whistler in it!"

Let me give you a few examples of homely natural humour. An old lady was exhorting her servant about her ways. "Ye serve the deevil," she said. "Me!" retorted the girl, "na, na! I dinna serve the deevil; I serve ae single leddy."

A baby was being wheeled in a perambulator in the garden by a nursemaid. "Is't a laddie or a lassie?" asked the gardener. "A laddie," replied the maid. "Weel, I'm gled o' that, for there's ower mony women i' the world." "Hech, man," was the quick reply, "d'ye no ken there's aye maist sawn o' the best crap."

The difficulty the Highlander has with the Lowland language is responsible for a large amount of humour. It is the result of thinking in Gaelic and trying to express it in English. A farmer who had instructed



his Gaelic shepherd to look for a number of sheep that had strayed, asked: "Well, Tonald, have you found them?" "Aye, maister!" "Where did ye get them, Tonald?" "Weel, I got two by itself, one together, and three among one of McPhearson's!"

Another example is the story of the Highlander who had been attacked by a dog and defended himself with the business end of a hay-fork. The farmer said to him: "Why the deevil did ye no tak' the ither end o' the fork to the dog, you stupid ass?" To this the man replied: "Why the dog did the deevil no' tak' his ither end to me, you stupid ass yourself."

But generally the subconscious humour permeates both Highlander and Lowlander alike. A mistress, noticing something wrong with her maid, exclaimed: "Dear me, Tibbie, what are you so snappish about? What are you knocking the things about for, as you dust them?" "Oh, mem, it's Jock." "Well, what has Jock been doing?" "Oh, he was angry at me, an' misca'ed me, and I said I was juist as the Lord had made me, and—" "Well, Tibbie?" "He said the Lord could hae had little to do when He made me."

Much humour came from the tribe of old family footmen. A story is told of Lady Ruthven, a former leader of Edinburgh society, and her footman, Donald. Donald dared not call his soul his own, let alone his wardrobe. His mistress supplied him with only one suit of livery, and he had to supplement it with other garments. He wore the livery only when she ordained. One day Donald had forgotten to take her ladyship's orders, and there was a dinner-party in prospect; the afternoon was waning. The old lady was engaged with her visitors, when the door opened and an agitated head was thrust in. "Is't ma ain or yer ladyship's breeks I'm to put on the nicht?" inquired Donald.

One could produce a large number of examples to prove the hypothesis with which I started, but I will select only a few to illustrate my point. A minister was engaged on a theological discussion with his landlady. "And what do you think of the character of St Paul?" he asked. "Ah!" was the reply, "he was a guid soul. D'ye remember hoo he aince said we sud eat what is set before us an' ask no questions for conscience's sake? I've often thocht hoo I wad ha'e liked him for a lodger."

A story of Dr Archibald Pitcairne, the physician, Jacobite, and scholar, is told by Francis Watt in "The Book of Edinburgh Anecdotes." Dr Pitcairne was not often a churchgoer, but on one occasion he took refuge in a church from a shower of rain. The sermon was commonplace, but the preacher was emotional, and he wept copiously, and, as it seemed to Pitcairne, irrelevantly. He turned to the only other occupant of the pew, a stolid countryman, and whispered: "What on earth gars the man greet?" "You would maybe greet yoursel'," was the solemn answer, "if you was up there and had as little to say!"

The mistress of a farm was questioning the boys on Sunday evening. It was the turn of the craw-herd. "Geordie," she asked, "what is responsibility?" The reply was: "It's when yer breeks is hadden up wi' ae button an' a preen."

A large amount of homely humour is to be found in precepts meant to be serious. For instance, the old minister to his son: "Jock, dinna marry for siller, ye can borrow far cheaper."

Another instance was the old elder's advice to his son : " Aye min' that a soft answer turneth away wrath ! an' forbye it mak's them far madder."

One more Highland story will conclude my examples. A Highlander had succeeded in bringing one of his sons through the theological college, and, with pride, went to see him for the first time wag his heid in a poo'pit. The service was over, and the old man strode into the middle of the roadway, where he stood and soliloquised as follows (all the time stroking his beard) : " Dugald ! Ay, Dugald ! If she had have known that Dugald was to be such a fine preacher, Shanet wouldn't have been his mother, whatever."

I have confined myself to simple examples of natural-born instinct, which most Scots possess. To my mind, they prove the statement I ventured to make at the start, that " Scottish humour oftenest displays itself when the creator of it is entirely oblivious of the splendid part he or she is acting on the stage of life's history." Incidentally, it proves that the real genius of humour is indigenous to Scotland, and when we speak of the best type of humour we refer to the humour of the Scot.

On the same evening Lord Riddell and Mr S. J. Carruthers of Sydney replied to the toast of " Our Guests." Lord Riddell was in a happy vein, and told some good stories. Mr Carruthers gave some information about the Highland Society of New South Wales, of which he was a member of Council. The Society has fifteen hundred members and on their behalf he extended a very hearty invitation to any Caledonian who might be visiting the Commonwealth, to visit their headquarters, where he promised a good Scottish welcome awaited them.

Mr Alexander Bruce, who joined in 1907, and was President in 1921-1922, had been ailing for some time. He had kept in touch with the Council and members by correspondence, and occasionally a brother Caledonian, finding himself in Glasgow, visited him at his home at Pollokshields. His letters and conversation were usually optimistic until May, when, in a note to the Hon. Secretary, he expressed a doubt as to his ever being able to be present at another meeting. He died on Sunday, 9th December, in his seventy-third year. He was a good Caledonian in every sense, and it was no mere figure of speech when, attached to a wreath sent





ROYAL SCOTTISH CORPORATION.

*The Headquarters of the Caledonian Society.*

In a sentiment entitled "The Charity of the Scot as shown in the History of the Royal Scottish Corporation" (pages 37-45), Mr T. R. Moncrieff, the Secretary of the Corporation, spoke of the wonderful work done by the Corporation since its inception by the formation of the Scots Box in 1611 "for the relief of the poorer brethren."

Above is an illustration of the front of the new buildings in Fetter Lane which were opened by the late Viscount Finlay, G.C.M.G., Treasurer of the Corporation, on 7th June 1927. It is interesting to note that of the four speakers on this occasion, three—Mr (now Sir) George Paton, Sir John S. Young and Mr John Douglas—were past presidents of the Caledonian Society.

The new buildings, which include an improved court-room, a new administration department, several new committee-rooms, and a large hall with seating accommodation for four hundred, cost about £30,000. The buildings provide for the continuously increasing needs of the charity and also for the meetings of the numerous London Scottish Societies.

to his funeral, was a card bearing the words: "In affectionate remembrance of a true Caledonian and Past - President of the Society, from his brother Caledonians."

At the December meeting Mr T. R. Moncrieff, J.P., gave a Sentiment entitled "The Charity of the Scot as shown in the History of the Royal Scottish Corporation," in which he said:

According to Returns in the State Papers under date 1567, there were in that year in London altogether, 2370 strangers. Of this number, 2030 were Dutch, 428 French, 140 Italians, and of Scots, 40. Four years later, 1571, the returns give the number at the much-increased figure of 4269. Of these, 3160 were Dutch, 440 French, 424 Burgundians, 138 Italians, and of Scots, 32, a shrinkage of 20 per cent. in the four years.

As late as 1544, Hertford, missioned by Henry VIII., had burnt all the shipping and houses of Leith, kindled Edinburgh into a blaze seen far and wide for three days and nights, and charred the land thence to the Forth into a desert. Such treatment did not particularly tempt Scots to the hospitalities of England.

With 1603, however, came the transfer of the throne (and therewith of the centre of political gravity) from Edinburgh to London. At once there set in, all along the high-road leading southwards, a rapidly swelling "spate" (Highland and Lowland) of adventurers. All were bound in quest of the golden spoils awaiting them in a land then immensely richer than the then Scotland—a land, over which having imposed her King, Scotland might so far claim for her conquest. Centuries of warfare with a foe materially so much outmatching her had stripped Scotland, naturally leaner, bare to the bone. At the beginning of James's rule in London, prizes not a few and costly fell to the lot of the men of the North Country. Kerr, *e.g.* was created Earl of Somerset; Hay, Lord Doncaster. Other courtiers came in for more modest shares of the spoil—Sir Gideon Murray (Lord Elibank), John Achmouty, James Bailie, John Gib, etc.

The bulk, however, of the southward "spate" consisted of traders and craftsmen. Among the more distinguished prize-winners of this class may be noted George Heriot. Son of an Edinburgh goldsmith, George was, 1597, appointed goldsmith to Queen Anne, and later raised to the rank of Queen's jeweller and goldsmith. On His Majesty's succession to the English throne, George followed the Court to London, and there struck fast footing for the rest of his life. In 1603 he was one of the three appointed jewellers to the King at a joint salary of £150. The official salary was, however, one of the least sources of his fortune. In the ten years 1605-1615, his bill for jewellery and decorations supplied to Her Majesty totalled nearly £40,000. In 1609 George, who the year before had lost his wife, returned to Scotland. Then he brought home to London with him as his second wife, Alison Primrose, aunt of the first Earl of Rosebery



With what jealousy England watched so many prizes dropping into the hands of Scots of uncouth tongue and strange dress is reflected in these lines :

“ Bonnie Scot, we all witness can  
 How England hath made thee a gentleman,  
 Thy blue bonnet, when thou came hither,  
 Could scarce keep out the wind and weather ;  
 But now it is turned to a hat and feather,  
 Thy bonnet is blown—the devil knows whither.”

With the increase of immigrants and the run of the years, the prizes grew rarer, but the blanks rifer. Many flocking to London failed to find employment. It was then that the sentiment of the common country in a strange city induced the formation in 1611 of the “ Scottish Box ” for the relief of the poorer brethren. Its membership then numbered just a score. Its meetings were held in Lamb’s Conduit Street. It is characteristic at once of the manners of the time and of shrewdness in promoting the Society’s object that a fine of half a crown was imposed for every oath escaping a member in the course of the quarterly business. To be drunk involved a larger forfeit of ten shillings. No doubt, from likely offenders, a substantial deposit was required at the door.

A bond of union among exiles, the Box grew in inward strength and outward resource. In 1665, under its still current title of the “ Box,” the Society was granted a Charter of Incorporation, empowering it to hold lands, and erect an hospital for the promotion of its mission. It is interesting to find in this Charter the thriftless Charles II. charging the authorities of the Scottish Hospital that they do, from time to time, take special care not to encourage or receive any vagrant beggars or other idle and dissolute persons of the Scottish nation who are able to work. Not long after, the Society was called to grapple with distress of a magnitude such as must have strained its resources. In the Plague of 1665-1666 as many as three hundred Scots were buried at the Corporation’s sole charge, while many more were nursed through their sickness without making any call for assistance on the parishes in which they resided. In connection with their burial accounts it is to be noted that thirty shillings was the amount in ordinary cases, but only twenty shillings for plague victims—evidently a reduction for taking a quantity.

A second Charter, 1676, extended the Society’s privileges. A few years after the grant of the first Charter, and on the spot in Bridge Street, Blackfriars, now occupied by the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, the Society erected an hospital. So repugnant, however, to the instincts and habits of even the poorest Scots was segregation in a kind of workhouse that the hospital had to be abandoned in favour of the administration of relief to needy Scots in their own homes. It must be remembered, how from the beginning the institution was properly a Mutual Relief Society, including only paying members. Its charity was confined to such only of its members as fell into want. The whole of its income, therefore, together with liberal donations from outside, including a gift of one pound

half-yearly from Gilbert, afterwards Bishop Burnet, sufficed only for each year's disbursements. At the end of a century from the date of its first incorporation, the Society's funds stood at a figure as modest as at the beginning. Indeed, its annual revenue was on the decline.

At this time there was, happily, not wanting patriotic Scots in London to rescue the historic institution from decay, invigorate it with fresh vitality, and establish it on a basis commensurate with its enlarged field. The colony of Scots in London had greatly increased, and in like measure the number of destitute Scots in a city in which they had no parochial settlement. In 1775, therefore, the Hospital was granted a new Charter, under which its government was for all time coming vested in a President, six Vice-Presidents, and an unlimited number of Governors. Its General Courts, moreover, were authorised to make and alter from time to time such bye-laws as they should think fit and useful for its good government.

Till 1782 the business of the Hospital was conducted in their premises at Blackfriars. In that year the Society bought of the Royal Society their Hall in Crane Court for £1000. Thence, till 1877, the work of the Charity continued to be carried on in the identical building consecrated by twenty-four years' presidency of Sir Isaac Newton.

On 14th November, 1877, however, a fire razed the historic pile to its foundations, consuming all its paintings and records. These included: portrait of Duke of Lauderdale, painted by Sir Peter Lely, presented by Mr James Kinnear (1674); portrait of Mr James Kinnear, First Master of the Scots Corporation (1685); portrait of Earl of Bedford (first Duke) painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller (1694); portrait of Duke of Queensberry, painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, presented by Major James Nasmith (1723); portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, by Zuccherò, presented by James Douglas, Esq. (1753); portrait of General Melville, of Strathkinnes, presented by his nephew, John Whyte Melville of Strathkinnes (1811); portrait of James Dobie, thirty-three years Secretary of the Corporation, painted by Thomas Phillip, R.A. (1814); portrait of William the Fourth, painted and presented by Sir David Wilkie, R.A. (1831).

Only two years and eight months after the conflagration, the present hall, occupying the exact site of the old one, was, 21st July, 1880, opened by His Grace the Duke of Argyll.

Architecturally, the building bears pronounced impress of its nationality in its high-pitched roof, small frontal turrets, and in the lion rampant, thistle, and other emblems emblazoning its exterior. Three storeys high, its ground floor comprises the entrance hall from Crane Court and a spacious chapel of 1450 superficial feet, used for the accommodation of pensioners on pay days, and for conducting the monthly religious services. The first floor contains the office for transacting the public business of the Charity, and the hall for holding the various meetings of the Governors. The second floor contains the private apartments of the officers.

Now venerable with the experience of some three centuries of honourable and beneficent work, the Institution, more robust than ever, has, in recent times, mostly within the last century, called into being a number of daughter societies, such as the Highland Society, dating from 1778, with its splendid educational labours and its foundation



in 1815 of the Royal Caledonian Schools, which many will remember as being in the Caledonian Road, near Pentonville Prison, and which, in 1903, were removed to Bushey, Herts. Then there is the Caledonian Society, founded in 1837, with its enthusiasm for the two Charities, and many County Associations, including Aberdeen, Argyll, Ayr, Banff, and Kincardine, Caithness, Dumbarton, Dumfries, Fife, Forfar, Galloway, Glasgow, and Lanark, Inverness, Lothians, Perth, Morayshire, the Border Counties; also the Scottish Clans Association, etc., etc.

All honour and prosperity to these local Scottish Associations! Apart from local, strong national attachment there cannot be. The person that knows no emotion of piety towards his native village or town, the kindly soil and people to which he owes his birth, blood and culture: how can he know the passionate glow of piety towards the many far and wide extended lands, towns, and villages of history kindred with that of his own natal spot? How can he feel the fire of piety towards the one and indivisible Motherland in which all these are indistinguishably united? The strength of local attachment measures the strength of national patriotism. As the one, so the other. Not one county nor one district made Scotland, but all of them, in disinterested and indissoluble union.

No description of the Corporation would be complete without mention of the Scots Box and its extraordinary recovery in February, 1923. It is of oak, richly ornamented with brass scroll-work. It has three locks. A brass plate in the centre of the lid bears the following inscription:

“ This the ancient Scots Box that was founded in ye year of Our Lord 1611 in the reign of King James the Sixth of Scotland and the First of England.”

Psalm the 133.

“ Behold how good a thing it is  
And how becoming well,  
Together such as Brethren are  
In unities to dwell.”

As regards its disappearance from the possession of the Corporation, the date and the circumstance can be only a mere conjecture. It may have been stored in some odd corner of the old premises at Crane Court, which were destroyed by fire in 1877, and carted away among the debris, but in this connection it is to be noted that the Governors of the last century appear to have had no knowledge of the existence of the Box, since the late Mr Robert Hepburn, a Vice-President of the Corporation, of which he was an active worker from about 1840, never made any mention of it. It seems plain, therefore, that the Governors of that time, of whom he was so distinguished a leader, had no knowledge of the Box. It may be that it disappeared when the Corporation vacated the premises in Blackfriars in 1781, and purchased the Royal Society's Hall in Crane Court the following year. At all events it found its way into the premises of a marine store dealer in Whitechapel, where it was purchased by Mr Arnold Mitchell, the well-known architect, in 1887, and taken by him to his seaside residence in Lyme Regis until last



THE SCOTS BOX.

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PSALM THE 133  
BEHOLD HOW GOOD A THING IT IS  
AND HOW BECOMING WELL  
TOGETHER SUCH AS BRETHREN ARE  
IN UNITIE TO DWELL

*Inscription on the Box.*

*Inside the box is the following inscription :*

"This ancient box, the origin of the Scottish Hospital, which was lost for an unknown period, became in February, 1923, the property of Thomas Reid Moncrieff, Justice of the Peace, a Life Managing Governor and Secretary of the Corporation since 1899, who presented it to the charity.

The Governors with gratitude record their appreciation of Mr Moncrieff's work, which has resulted in the greatly increased influence and material resources of the Charity. His judgment, tact, sympathy and unceasing labour have gained the gratitude and admiration of all Scots and the restoration by him of this historic relic is a fitting occasion for the Governors to commemorate his great service to the Scottish community in London."



spring. The sum involved in its purchase was generously provided by an old supporter of the Corporation and a greatly esteemed friend of the Secretary, to whom he presented the Box with an expression of hope that he would wish to convey it to the Corporation. He made the somewhat embarrassing condition, however, that a brass plate should be fixed inside the Box setting out that it was the gift of the Secretary, and that the Managing Governors should add such record of his service as they might deem fitting. This condition had been carried out with a generosity that was still more embarrassing.

Having told you the history of this ancient charity, I should now like to give you some idea of the work it performs. Its primary purpose, of course, is the care of the aged and infirm Scottish poor in the Greater London area. At the present moment there are, on its Pension lists, no fewer than 340 aged men and women, all of whom are over sixty-five years of age, and 272 of them over seventy years.

Some of these old people are of striking personality. I can recall at least four centenarians, while a fifth pensioner, a native of Braemar, missed her centenary this year (1923) by only four months. She was the most vigorous of the lot, and distinguished herself by climbing the monument at Billingsgate, to celebrate her ninety-sixth birthday. The old lady tripped up the 365 steps in splendid style, for her daughter of seventy-three, who accompanied her, lagged far behind. Her father had carried the mails from Braemar to Ballater, and she proudly recounted the occasions when, owing to his ill-health, she took his place and did the journey on foot in any sort of weather.

Perhaps the most interesting of these centenarians was Peter Lawrie. Born in Glasgow in the last year of the eighteenth century, his life overlapped the whole of the nineteenth and edged itself at one end into the eighteenth, and by a wider margin into the twentieth century. Despite the coarse fare of the time, maggoty biscuit and measley pork, he had taken to the sea, but the rough treatment, in which flogging was a staple article, grated with the boy's grain, and incited him to run away from his first ship. He next joined the East India Company, and for five years played as a bugler in their army. After that he joined the Royal Navy and was a boatswain's mate on the frigate in which the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., visited the West Indies. Indeed, as cox of the Duke's gig, he was in close attendance on His Royal Highness, and if half his tales were even partially true, he shared in some exciting doings. I visited the old man officially the day on which he completed his hundredth year. On that occasion I met the local vicar who attended regularly on Peter. The aged man was by no means impressed by the seriousness of the occasion, and indulged in some stories of humour so Rabelaisian in character that he would certainly have forfeited his membership of the Caledonian Society had he belonged to our ranks.

Another of these centenarians, William Haining, was born on Mossiel Farm, in one of the three cottages standing next the farmhouse. His maternal grandfather, he always asserted, was a close friend of the poet farmer of Mossiel. Be that as it may, William was born on the land Burns himself cultivated in an economic and still more in a poetic sense, and was brought up in an atmosphere redolent of personal reminiscences of the bard. Not less distinguished was the date of



William's birth. The day on which Napoleon's portentous career was dashed into irretrievable ruin was the day on which William came crying into the world. So in all the countryside he was the "Waterloo bairn," or simply "Waterloo." After a year or two in Dumfries, where he lived in the Kirk Gate, only two doors off the house where Burns died, he moved with his uncle to Liverpool, and then, when about fourteen, to London, which continued to be his home until his death. In his adult life he had Tom Sayers living with him for two years, and the two used to have friendly bouts for hours together, not always to the advantage of the professional pugilist. I remember visiting him once on an afternoon of scorching heat when in a torrid atmosphere in which to breathe was too much exertion, he recited with inward appreciation and much dramatic expression, without mistake or stammer, the whole of "Tam o' Shanter."

The Corporation's pensioners embrace all classes, but are chiefly aged domestic servants who have outlived former employers and whose savings have become exhausted. We have always on the list a number of old soldiers, and only the other year we successfully claimed a much-belated Indian Mutiny Medal for one of them. Our late Past-President, General Don, of about equal age with the recipient, made the presentation before the assembled pensioners. Among other notables was a claimant to a Scottish Earldom, while another stoutly asserted his title to the chieftainship of the Clan Macnab, and to tell the truth, his tall figure, flowing locks and eagle-shaped features looked the part more truly than Raeburn's famous but somewhat jolly presentment. Indeed, so striking was his appearance that he used to act as an artist's model for distinguished Academicians, including Lord Leighton.

While many inventors achieve fortunes, we have had many pensioners, unfortunately, who failed to gain that happy position. Inventors of collision-mats for use at sea have been known to me by the half-dozen. One pensioner had a solid cork tyre for use in the desert; another had an umbrella, the cover and ribs of which could be rolled up and put inside the stick. The last-mentioned, desirous of obtaining Royal commendation, presented King Edward with one of the patent umbrellas. We have an exponent, happily still alive, who firmly believes he can revolutionise the shipping industry of the world by fixing the propellers at the bow instead of the stern, practically clawing a way over the ocean. Then the same old gentleman has entirely new methods regarding aircraft, which will do the journey to New York in something like ninety minutes. He is of a charmingly sweet and placid disposition, but during the War he directed his efforts to death-dealing explosives and propounded such schemes as would have annihilated the enemy at one fell swoop. If any brother Caledonian present to-night desires to finance any of our inventors, I can always oblige, from a wire puzzle or Venetian blind to a square ship and explosives calculated to rock a continent.

Another phase of the Corporation's work is dealing with those in temporary straits. During the past year, for instance, some seven thousand applicants passed through our hands. The great majority are homeless men tramping the country in search of work. Their first need, obviously, is food and lodging, and it is to the credit of the Corporation that not one deserving case was turned away without assistance. Such help is given rarely in the form of money. Orders for



beds and meals are furnished on various hostels and lodgings, according to the class of the individual, until investigation has been made as to what further help can be applied. In a proportion of cases it has been possible, through the assistance of Governors, to find work for the workless, and in this connection I would mention that an interested Governor who died the other day was actually taken from the gutter to where he had been reduced by dire poverty to carrying a sandwich board for the meagre remuneration of a shilling a day. The donation given enabled him to set up as a hawker, and before he died this year he had so succeeded that he had established a factory where he employed a large number of workers.

Some of these homeless men arrive in such abject rags as to be unfit for any occupation until we have provided them with more respectable garments out of a stock of partly worn clothing sent by Governors to meet such needs. The stock is often low, but, like the widow's cruse, it is, happily, never wholly exhausted. Clothing goes a good way towards making the man, and this reminds me of the transformation effected recently in the case of two brothers whom we were sending out under our scheme for settling lads in Australia. They arrived in Crane Court, unkempt and not over clean, with boots from which the soles had departed; with breeks with ventilation never intended by the tailor, and with their scanty under-raidment conspicuously displaying itself in the rear. Two hours later they had been bathed, their hair cut close, and equipped with boots, stockings, suitable clothing and travelling cases fitted with the requisites for their starting a new life. Indeed, such was *the effect produced that the boys hesitated to return to their humble dwelling for the fear of being chaffed by their neighbours.*

The real difficulties, however, in carrying out the purpose of the Corporation, come in dealing with the mothers afflicted by the loss of the breadwinner, and anxiously facing a darkened future, and with the case of the breadwinner out of work for a long period and who has parted with everything that would pledge for sustenance for himself and his wife and children. In this connection I could give you many instances of the tragic condition to which some of these fellow-countrymen have been reduced, and how perplexing has been the problem to cope with their utter wretchedness and despair. I have visited homes where I have found, in bitter winter weather, no food or firing or bedclothes, and with practically no stick of furniture left to pawn. Only the other day in one home a young mother, with the barest remnants of clothing for herself, had reached the stage when to get bread for her crying children she had actually pledged for a few pence the shawl in which her infant had been wrapped. In relieving such cases as these, by providing the necessaries of life, redeeming pledged tools and clothing, guaranteeing rent, and thereby assuring a shelter, and as far as possible assisting wage-earners to regain employment, the Charity is performing a work in the Greater London area worthy of its traditions and of the Scottish patriotism to which it owes its origin.

This brief summary of the Corporation's work will convey, I hope, to those who are less intimately associated with it, some idea of its extent, its usefulness, and its responsibilities.

There is another side to the picture in the number of rogues who attempt to help or gain countenance from the Charity. On the whole,



however, they fight shy of it, fearing that their tale, subjected to experienced inquiry, made, too, with an intimate knowledge of all parts of Scotland, would be speedily shown to be the fraud it is.

In September, 1921, a dashing young man turned up, describing himself as a medical student of Aberdeen, who had quarrelled with his father, and begged the interposition of the Corporation. His handwriting did not bear out his story, and his spelling was rocky, even for a medical student. He made the mistake, also, of giving as his father's address the house of a generous supporter of the Corporation. There was no difficulty, therefore, in telling the young gentleman that his story must be tested and a post, of course, brought the reply that it was false. Within a month he had been sent to prison from Marlborough Street for defrauding a restaurant in Shaftesbury Avenue under the pretence that he was to entertain the Prince of Wales to dinner.

This conviction brought to light his real history. He was an Aberdonian right enough, of humble origin, brought up by his grandmother, and with a propensity for lying which distinguished him from his cradle. At the early age of twelve he was convicted of theft and sent to an Industrial School. This extraordinary young fellow, who practises under the very un-Scottish name of Algernon Eaton Dallas Yorke, has served since then a series of convictions for fraud in different parts of the country; the latest in Aberdeen, where in November last he was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment. In that connection, one of his exploits was inducing an Aberdeen motor-car driver to drive him to the main doorway of Balmoral Castle, pretending that he had flown from Berlin and had occasion to see the King on important affairs of State.

The most extraordinary impostor during the War was a young man of twenty who had adopted the fancy name of Malcolm Douglas Macdonald, taken Aberdeen for a birthplace, and the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders for a regiment. Both feet had been shot away, and in addition he was suffering from a bayonet wound in the stomach, still in a discharging condition. A kind lady, working on one of the Committees under the Red Cross, had befriended him and interested various people at whose cost he had been sent to the south coast. Here he had excited much sympathy and been one of the star wounded on the sea-front. From various directions representations were made to the Corporation to continue help to the maimed man, but none of us had seen him, and as inquiries at hospitals failed to yield particulars of any such man, it was determined to bring him to London and have a good look at him. Miss Blackwood volunteered to meet him and did so, and in due course the poor fellow stumbled up the stairs at Crane Court, aided by a pair of beautifully-constructed crutches given to him by the ladies to whom I have referred.

He was of the Band, and the late Beadle, Colour-Sergeant Smith, who a good many of you will remember, tried to get from him what marching tune he played. In a minute or two Smith reported that his whistle bore no resemblance whatever to the air used by his redoubtable regiment. The police picked him up in a day or two, and he was given all too light a punishment for the consummate fraud he perpetrated; but I have always regretted that I was not present to see him made to round the square at Horse Guards with his two feet intact and the crutches thrown aside in a corner.



One word in conclusion. Like all institutions of any vitality, the Scottish Corporation had its origin in a religious impulse. It was expressly founded to the Glory of God. In specific attestation of such high origin a monthly Service was established at the beginning of its history, and for three centuries that Service has continued without intermission. At its close the pensioners are entertained with soup, and thereafter the grants and allowances are paid not merely by officials but by Managing Governors who attend in turn for that purpose.

On the same evening the responses to the toast of "Our Guests" were made by the Right. Hon. Lord Balfour of Burleigh and Lord Morris.

At the February meeting Mr Stodart Walker, a nephew of Professor John Stuart Blackie, gave a Sentiment entitled "Edinburgh in the 'Eighties." Mr Stodart Walker said :

If it be expected of me to-night that I make some memorable contribution to your knowledge of Edinburgh of the immediate past, that expectation it is my necessity to shatter. All I think of doing, within the limit of time set for me by Mr Will, is to make a casual call on memory, and with a rude pencil to sketch a few hasty silhouettes of men who dwelt in the city set upon a hill, not far from the murmur of the sea, whose every receding wave calls on more Scotsmen to go forth and bind the earth with the cords of that peculiar brand of civilisation which is only manufactured between Cape Wrath and Berwick-on-Tweed. The response to this call would be the greater did not all Scotsmen realise that the affairs of our Province of England must be conducted by men of brains and character, so many of whom I see around me to-night ! In our leisure hours it is incumbent upon us to give the Southerner lessons in the sense of humour. Every telling joke invented against a Scotsman was invented by a Scotsman. On this count of humour I remember Blackie's repartee to Jowett when he challenged the Scot with the ancient dictum that it takes a surgical instrument to put a joke into the head of a Scotsman. "Yes," said Blackie, "an English joke."

It may seem strange that one of my youthful and irresponsible appearance should be able to talk of those who seem already to belong to a far-distant century. I remember a few years ago an enthusiastic young reader questioned me on Mr Galsworthy and Mr Wells, whereon my host interrupted her by saying : "My dear, you forget that Mr Stodart Walker's contemporaries were Addison and Pope.

The historian of Scotland, John Hill Burton, died in 1881. The year following saw the passing of the gentle spirit of Dr John Brown, and in '83 William Chambers, pioneer of the popular magazine, joined his more illustrious brother on Mount Olympus. Edinburgh in the 'eighties was the beginning of *an* end, not *the* end, for the fretted braes of our eternal city will, I am convinced, remain among the slopes of Parnassus, up which the genius of an indomitable race will climb, to



be seen and heard from afar. But the newer aspirants to the stars will, I think, be guiltless of that genius in fervour, so markedly Scottish, which fired the spirits whose last breaths were being drawn in the blue haze of Edinburgh in the 'eighties and 'nineties. Edinburgh has always been a city of physique. As Professor Huxley once said: "I can quite understand why you Edinburgh men are so strong. Your summer kills off all the weak ones." Certainly the frail timbers of a man still young in the 'eighties, bent beneath the blasts of the northern metropolis, I saw Robert Louis Stevenson taking his last flight from the city by which he refused to be slain. Edinburgh is a city of big wigs and big winds, but it was not the chill of the academic and legal mind which drove him south, that aspect of Edinburgh which inspired Robert Burns to describe the city as "The Greenland Bay of Indifference," but the blasts which challenge you even to mortal combat and which threatened to overwhelm the fragile scaffolding of the author of "Virginibus Puerisque." It was as I took a half-right round the corner of the west end of Princes Street that I caught sight of a cab that seemed a sea of luggage, and in the trough of it the figure of Louis Stevenson waving me a farewell with his large sombrero.

It is characteristic of the pigeon-holes into which Edinburgh society was and is divided, that R. L. S. should have been so little known to John Stuart Blackie. I doubt, however, whether there would have been what I may call a moral sympathy between the older and the younger man. Stevenson was essentially a Bohemian. Had he been a Frenchman contemporary with Murget, he would, I am sure, have figured in the "Vie de Bohême." With all his unconventionality, indifference to externalities and social fearlessness, Blackie was never a Bohemian, and would, I fancy, have felt somewhat uncomfortable in a circle which embraced Walter Simpson, Charles Baxter, William Ernest Henley, and Robert Louis Stevenson. Some of their excursions into the liberties of speech and thought, savouring somewhat of the Restoration dramatists, would hardly have appealed to one who was in most ways an ascetic. Stevenson was what Blackie would call an artistic animal, as Blackie was a moral animal, though artistry and morality were obvious in both. So we were the losers in that these—the two most vivid personalities of the historic city—had only the relationship of professor and student, and knew each other hardly at all; very little, indeed, in comparison with that knowledge which Blackie had of James Matthew Barrie and James Barrie had of Blackie. Barrie, as I knew him, was a shy, timid spirit who soared in his own empyrean without Edinburgh hearing the beating of his wings, those fanes which carried him into that dreamland of fantasy from which he sheds upon us showers of silvery laughter comparable to those shed by the Spirit of Comedy, as portrayed in the immortal essay of George Meredith. The other J. M. B. I knew better before the days he left the shadow of Oldmarchar to be a dominant figure in our Province of England.

As for my own personal impressions of Robert Louis Stevenson, I was but a lad, and hardly yet sufficiently tolerant of a man who wore a velvet coat and did not cut his hair. Boys at that age are sensitive to the male exterior, and impatient of sartorial unconventionalities. At the same time I was one of those who expanded quickly to the new visions which Stevenson was opening to youth, and I still cherish



amongst my most favoured possessions a gift of his, now a much-thumbed and dog-eared first edition of "The Donkey." Stevenson came, a too-fleeting ambassador from Hesperides, drawing down the branches of the sky and spraying us with the dust of stars.

I was a boy of eleven when I first felt the warm handshake of the author of "Rab and his Friends." It was in 1880. I thought him grown suddenly very old, but probably the photograph which my mother always kept in her room was an early one. John Brown looked at me with an expression of sweet benevolence, and I at once loved him. It was in Princes Street. As he spoke to me his gaze was fixed upon a dog that was snuffing its way from leg to leg as if in search of its master. "That is interesting," he said. "There is a dog that I have not seen before." Poor John Brown! He went the mental ways of Charles and Mary Lamb. Mrs Blackie told me that she had met him a few days previously, and that he had said with tragic earnestness: "My dear, I have committed the sin against the Holy Ghost!"

In the 'eighties were many who proved the statement of mine that Edinburgh is a town of physique. There was that giant, Noel Paton, with the head of a Viking and the body of one of the mythical gods of Albyn. A greater man in his body than in his painting, yet Noel Paton is not to be despised. He has left certain designs that show the master draughtsman. To compare him as a colourist with his contemporaries, Fettes Douglas, Wintour, Fraser, McTaggart, and the rest, were the same as to compare the lifeless paint of Leighton with that of Millais in his earlier period. Yet he has left much that will be treasured, and the main interest to us to-night is that he was a poet. Some of his songs linger in my memory as a sound of friendship in still places.

David Masson was hardly a giant. He did not face the four winds as if he laughed at their whips and arrows, but he walked as one who had come through wind and through water to forget that there were such things as plaids and overcoats. His rugged, whiskered face, his steady, penetrating eyes betrayed no signs that he felt any of the blight cast by the sardonic lips of James Russell Lowell, who had so maliciously labelled him as "the dray horse of literature," and who, on reviewing "The Life of Milton," had said something to the effect that whenever a spark of imagination flickered up, Professor Masson crushed it with the soft heavy foot of a hippopotamus. That David Masson could tread lightly, even though he could not soar on wings, was proved by his study of that elusive spirit, Thomas Chatterton.

I saw Masson and his cultured family very often after Masson retired from the Chair of Literature to make room for George Saintsbury. The change was not so dramatic as the substitution of Butcher for Blackie in the Chair of Greek, but it was a sufficient contrast to arouse wonder, in some places doubt, and in others enthusiasm. Saintsbury was an Englishman and a dilettante, somewhat of a *flâneur* and a *bon vivant*. He had the French genius of criticism, which Masson lacked, without possessing Masson's capacity for "the laborious moral deliverance" which Matthew Arnold so inaptly deplored as being absent in the criticism of life as put forward by Heinrich Heine. Both Masson and Saintsbury fulfilled themselves in their own different ways, so that one good criticism may not corrupt the mind, and on the brow of each their pupils have laid the olive leaves.



In those early days I caught only a glimpse of the tall, slim, wiry figure of Andrew Lang, gipsy-coloured and gipsy-minded. Later I saw more of him, mainly at the house of his kinswoman, Mrs W. Y. Sellar. Lang's was probably the best-equipped brain that ever applied itself to the profession of journalism. He was not of the stuff to build for all eternity. Like Vauvenargues, he found it very easy to criticise, but very hard to estimate. True, he achieved much scholarly work. His translation of the "Odyssey" with Butcher was both a pundit's and poet's contribution to the literature that abides our questionings. He wrote much admirable verse. You cannot read anything of his without finding some gem to be treasured, but I think he lacked the graver sanity of those very Greeks which he so delighted to recall. I feel he was more imbued with the romance of the Odyssean circle than with the wonder of the Olympians.

A firm and loyal friend, Lang was a ruthless enemy. It was characteristic of his mentality that when, at the age of twenty-eight, I made what I was fairly entitled to consider my first serious contribution to thought, that he should select an unknown stripling for a fierce attack in one of his leaders in the *Daily News*, simply because I was the nephew of John Stuart Blackie and the friend of Robert Buchanan, both of whom he disliked. However, it was what the comic Jew might call "good bithneth," as Lang's onslaught attracted the public attention to my book which it might otherwise have missed.

I have two vivid memories of Lang. One is of an incident at St. Andrews, when after a lecture Blackie went forward to congratulate him. Lang turned his back upon Blackie and left the hall without speaking a word. This to Blackie, who never spoke or thought evil of any man, and who at all times wished to speak the gracious and encouraging word! The other is of an incident in the drawing-room of Mrs Sellar. His cousin was giving a party in honour of Lang, and had called together all the sages and a few of the saints of Edinburgh. When the room was full Lang looked round with that bored and supercilious expression so characteristic of him in his worst moments, took down a book from a shelf, drew a chair near to the fire, and sat reading with his back to the guests throughout the whole proceedings.

Others I delight to recall include Sheriff Nicholson, "the Shirra," Highland to the finger-tips, a lover of good art and good wine, a writer of excellent verse; Sir John Skelton, whom I used to meet at the Hermitage in the shadow of the Braids, gravely intent, with his cultured pen, on the historical studies of the Stuarts; Robert Flint, one of the most profound students of Biblical criticism Scotland has produced, always busy in his smoke-laden den: "Robert likes a close room," was Mrs Flint's apology; Sir Arthur Mitchell, most charming of antiquaries; and Alexander Whyte, whose vision penetrated into the modern and essential Christianity of the Pagan, and who saw into the hearts of his fellow-men with a flair for the real character behind the mask that was illuminating and often astounding.

Nothing could have been more happy than Dr Whyte's description of John Stuart Blackie: "Like Socrates, he was not unlike the Athenian busts of Silenus, which had pipes and flutes in their mouths; but, open them, and there was the image of a god."

Edinburgh, at all times, has possessed its galaxy of poets, and during



the 'eighties and 'nineties, in addition to Blackie and Noel Paton, Stevenson, and Lang, there were Alexander Anderson, Hugh Haliburton, Sir Douglas Maclagan, and Walter C. Smith. Walter Smith, though not the highest in inspiration was probably the best equipped as a writer of verse. He seemed to me always somewhat of a sombre and sad disposition, a philosopher with a harp, seeing life in meditative calm from afar. He lacked virility and the power to inspire the young. He was "a grave and reverend seigneur," but he was hardly potent. He had, however, the gift of inspiring profound affection. John Stuart Blackie loved him. This because he was real and sincere, because he was imbued with reverence and a great sense of pity. He was no mere *flâneur*, dexterous in finding fault, sardonic in criticism. He was none of that. He was really a great gentleman who sang many songs that will remain amongst the treasures of Scottish verse.

With Walter Smith, as with most sensitive spirits, veiled melancholy had his sovran shrine in the temple of delight. The hand of joy is ever at its lips bidding adieu. To this rule John Stuart Blackie was a noteworthy exception. Into the quaich of his northern heart he had poured "a beaker full of the warm south, full of the true, the blissful Hippocrene," and a vintage which never grew sour but which ever came to his lips as pure as when it was trodden out in the wine-press. But it had been trodden out. It had not come to him as a gift from the gods, nor by surprise. He had a long struggle with the art and science of happiness, but having become a master in the craft, he never lost his skill.

A Scottish journalist, Robertson Nicoll, made the very legitimate remark that it was almost inconceivable that the world could have produced one so gloriously happy as John Stuart Blackie. He was influenced in making the observation by the fact that he had been reviewing in the same issue of his paper the lives of two such dissimilar men as Blackie and George Gissing. The younger man's gloom under the anguish of his environment led Nicoll to marvel that a world which produced such terror could leave Blackie an unflinching optimist. His optimism was the most potent factor in the Grecians' attitude to life. A dramatic experience of this may be found in the fact that when the paraphrase, "O God of Bethel" was sung at family prayers, when we came to the line, "And through this weary pilgrimage," the word "happy" was always substituted for the word "weary." The world, to Blackie, was a wonderful place of beauty and enchantment and goodness. Nobody he hated more—and indeed he hated no man, but pitied many—than a pessimist. Life was a continual revelation of the glory of its creator, and the wondrous possibilities given to man to reverence and admire and enjoy. I do not think Blackie was capable of a mean or an uncharitable thought. Such a thing as a subterfuge, even a piece of sophistical fencing, was as impossible to his character as a lie. He was often impatient and hasty in his denunciations of intellectual points of view which were distasteful to him, especially when they seemed to him to be shadowed by a spirit of irreverence, or even mere metaphysical hair-splitting. He was more of a humorist than a wit, seldom a satirist. His humour found expression in the richness of his metaphor, and was inspired by his remarkable joy of living. No man was more temperate than he, and no one despised more hotly the man who put himself on a level with the swine; but I

remember an incident when, as a small boy, I walked with him on Princes Street, which demonstrated the breadth of his outlook, though it by no means implied a careless latitudinarian. A drunken man accosted us, and I suppose, in a somewhat self-righteous way, I gave expression to some easily called platitudes on the evils of drink and on the squalor of the drunkard's life. Blackie turned to me, and striking the pavement with his stick, said: "Remember, young man, it is better to live and be drunken than not to live at all." Nothing roused him more to protest than pessimistic disquisitions on life. "Is life worth living?" supplied him with an unfailing text for his philosophical humour. I recall a few of his rejoinders when the subject was raised at the dinner table—

"Is life worth living? To propose the question,  
Gives proof of huge conceit or bad digestion."

"Is life worth living? Well, I would not fetter  
A free man's choice; try if death suits you better."

One night on retiring to bed, I found the following pinned to my dressing-table—

"Is life worth living? Ask the blackcocks and the hens  
That pick hard berries in wild Highland glens;  
They die, sometimes by rot, sometimes by shot,  
But all agree that they would rather not;  
Learn, reasoning youth, from the unreasoning bird,  
And when you could be wise, don't be absurd."

I recall a time when there was staying with us a perfervid soul who would regale us with severe denunciations of those who did not agree with his theological opinions. One night our visitor was unusually sweeping in his condemnations. I saw that Blackie had fallen into a fit of abstraction, but in a few moments he jumped to his feet and hurled the following lines at the theological dogmatist—

"What you! a midge, a moth, a mite,  
An atom in God's vast dominions,  
Think you that He would take delight  
To keep His Heaven all right and tight,  
A pocket borough for your opinions?"

sweetening his assault in his usual way by throwing his arms round the person attacked.

Blackie was never ordinary in his merest commonplaces, yet never a *poseur* in the sense of striving to be original. Probably no man would have been more surprised at being told that he was eccentric, for I remember he once defined eccentricity as originality without sense. Some of his impromptus I recall. To Cardinal Manning he said: "I give my right hand to Protestantism, my left to Romanism, and my heart to both, but my head I keep to myself." To Dr Whyte he said: "Few men are good enough for Heaven, few bad enough for Hell."



Discussing happiness with Lord Rosebery he said: "Happiness is comparative, a barn-door hen is not unhappy in respect of locomotive capacity, so long as it is not conscious of the difference between itself and an eagle." Once when handing his contribution to a beggar in the cause of charity, he said—"A gentleman is a man who, when a subscription list goes round, always gives a guinea and never a pound." Once attending a banquet where only water was served, he protested—"Wine is the drink of the gods, milk the drink of babies, tea the drink of women, beer the drink of Germans, and water the drink of beasts. Give me a drink of champagne. Wine is the poetry of water, champagne is the poetry of wine." To John Bright he said—"An absolute Tory is generally a clod or a fool, a Tory with sense is a Liberal more or less, a Liberal with sense is a Tory more or less, but a Liberal without sense is a Radical." In an argumentative dispute with Mrs Oliphant he declared—"There are only three infallibles: the Roman Pope, the editor of a party newspaper, and a woman when she is in the wrong." When I went to live in Paris, his parting words to me were—"Hate no man, but pity sinners; despise cowards, avoid knaves, work with the wise, and amuse yourself with fools."

Some may echo Carlyle's earlier dictum that Blackie was a man of more sail than ballast, but those who knew the man intimately will hasten to accept Carlyle's later expression of his esteem—"Blackie is a man of lively and brilliant intellectual faculties, of ardent friendly character, of wide speculation and acquirement. Very fearless, very kindly, without ill-humour and absolutely without guile."

It was my privilege to live under his moral and mental guidance for many years. The stimulus was unending, the atmosphere was always of joyousness and light, the fervour was a constant flame to set afire the passion for clean and happy living. We talk of some men as great, meaning that they were great writers, great administrators, great artists, great pioneers. Blackie was a great man in the greatest of all senses, that of being a man. He was a triumph of greatness of character. Big himself, he found a constant inspiration in the company of big men. It is characteristic of him that of all his contemporaries he admired Norman Macleod above them all. That great man and jovial priest was a virile and vivifying force, no mere dabbler in ecclesiastical annotations and sacerdotal syllogisms. "Since the death of Robert Burns, Walter Scott, and James Watt," wrote Robert Buchanan to me, "Scotland has produced great painters, great writers, and great thinkers, but I am chiefly glad that it produced two men of superlative character, Norman Macleod and John Stuart Blackie."

I knew several of his gifted daughters, though it has always been a profound regret to me that I did not know Norman Macleod, but I learned to love his joyous, manly spirit. Mrs Blackie told me that only once in her experience did the iron seem to enter into the soul of John Stuart Blackie, and that was when Norman Macleod died. "This," he wrote, "is a blow to my soul." What a man writes and does remains—the printed word, the picture from the easel, the machine from the shop, the wilderness retrieved, the shackles unbound for future generations, to see and appraise; but personality is like a sunbeam which fades. So, as time whitens the face of memory we may forget what Blackie was, the upright, undaunted figure, who, with generous



humour and unceasing love, showed us many of our foibles and fought for Scotland till his dying breath. Of the battalions who knew him, the ranks grow thin, and those who recall him as an intimate friend are one by one gathering up their rags and departing in peace. Already tradition is putting on false masks, and there are few who are able to say they remember him. Falsities are gathering round the picture of the man. It may have amused some of you when I found it my duty recently to point out that Blackie could not possibly have used the exclamation, "Hoots!" and imagination palls before the thought that he used it to Robert Louis Stevenson!

Having travelled thus far, I halt on the road and say to those with whom we have sojourned for a space, and to you who have listened so patiently to my peripatetic talk, Hail and Farewell!

At the March gathering, Mr P. N. McFarlane gave a Sentiment entitled "Scottish Song." He said:

From a perfect orgy of jazz, in which London at least is wallowing, I wish to transport you to an entirely different atmosphere, where eccentric measure and idiotic phrasing are unknown, but where love and war, joy and sorrow, patriotism and independence of mind supply the theme, and grace of diction and intensity of passion witness the execution. To-night I am not to attempt to trace the progress of the Scottish vernacular song from the time that it was first heard on the hillsides, down through the years; nor have I time to inquire into the influence on the Scottish ballad songs of the work of James the First or William Dunbar ("in most qualities the peer of Chaucer"), till Allan Ramsay, the Edinburgh wig-maker, burst upon literary Scotland early in the eighteenth century, and gave the vernacular song an impetus, until the strains were taken up by that glorious band of singers, all born within a period of twenty-five years: Robert Fergusson, Robert Burns, Robert Tannahill, James Hogg, and Walter Scott, to mention only five of our princes of poetry. The subject is too vast for anything short of a library, and for fifteen minutes or so I shall detain you while I sketch lightly certain aspects of our national song.

Where and when Scottish minstrelsy began no man knoweth. Probably long before the writing of the history of our country was begun, lovelorn swains told the old, old story in words set to music; and minstrels proclaimed the stories of their lords' prowess to the accompaniment of their musical instruments. We know that the War of Independence roused the fervour of Scottish minstrels as it roused the enthusiasm of the people—clergy and layman, noble and peasant. The cot and the castle were banded in a determination to free the land from the usurper. It would have been a sluggish land that could have been convulsed as Scotland was convulsed, without throwing up some ardent souls who would be inspired by the theme of Freedom. "Ah, Freedom is a nobil thing," sang John Barbour, who was born two years after Bannockburn, and who came after the mighty deeds of Wallace and Bruce had been sung by the common people. If our later song was the product very largely of the people, the earlier efforts of which we have record were the product of, or fostered by, the Royal Stewarts or their



nobles. James the First, Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth all patronised poets, and most of them wrote poetry, and Queen Mary also wrote verses (in French) and loved music—to the great inconvenience of David Rizzio. The reason why the earlier song which is perpetuated was produced by the upper classes is simple : they were the educated classes and were the only people who could convert their thoughts to paper. The oral song was the product of the common people, and with the passing of generations their songs passed into oblivion, except such fragments as persisted orally.

However and by whom produced, this great song-literature of ours is responsible for two things with which it is not credited : it has helped to form our national character and advertise our native land.

That the songs of a country have an influence on the character of a people and upon their whole outlook on life cannot be gainsaid, and if you ask me to substantiate such a statement in our case, I would, in the good old Scottish custom, answer it by asking another question—What are the outstanding characteristics of the Scottish people?—and I think the answer would be (at least from ourselves)—intense patriotism (that is, love of country), and a considerable independence of mind. Now, the immediate effect of listening to an artist thundering forth our National Anthem, "Scots Wha Ha'e," is mental elation, because of the defiant charge by Bruce to his followers before Scotland's long days of travail were over, the policy of the Hammer frustrated, his son defeated, and Scotland at last set free. And what Scotsman does not feel his back stiffen and his head rise when that Marseillaise of Humanity, "A man's a man for a' that," is declaimed, and who does not feel a personal pride that the man who wrote—

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that,"

was a brither Scot? Why, gentlemen, those songs of ours are fit to be the religion of a free and proud people. And if the immediate effect upon us be what I have said, think of the effect of the constant repetition of those themes upon our whole character. They become part of ourselves, and we act them throughout our whole lives. They have indeed become almost like a religion. The immortal declaration of Fletcher of Saltoun is naturally in one's mind in this connection. In his imaginary dialogue with Sir Christopher Musgrave and the Earl of Cromartie, Fletcher describes Sir Christopher as alluding to the infamous ballads which were sung in the streets of London, and their evil influence on the morals of the people. The Earl of Cromartie suggested that "One would think that this last were of no great consequence," to which Fletcher replied—"I knew a very wise man (sarcastically referring to himself) so much of Sir Christopher's sentiment that he believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who would make the laws of a nation."

I have said that our national songs had advertised Scotland, but unhappily the advertisement has been badly displayed, as only part of it has been read, the convivial songs of Burns have been taken as typical, and "the barley bree" has impressed itself so strongly on the minds of some of our southron friends that the more ignorant of them



have actually come to think of Scotland as a land flowing with mountain dew, and whose only exports are whisky, haggis, and Highland soldiers. But there is hope that in the future we shall be better understood, for the Gramophone Company's faithful records are carrying our best songs into many homes, where fortunately Harry Lauder (valuable though he undoubtedly is in helping to keep the music hall clean) is not new to English people the only songster of Scotland.

All great national upheavals produce singers. Great events stimulate the Muse. The War of Independence, the Reformation, the Union of the Crowns, and the Jacobite Risings had their effect upon our song. The Reformation was influenced by the Earl of Glencairn and Sir David Lyndsay discussing the vices of the clergy, thus assisting the work of the Reform party. But unfortunately the degraded condition of the Scottish minstrelsy when the new faith had been established called the Church to its duty; and Wedderburn's depressing "Book of Godly and Spiritual Ballads" was one of the results.

The Union of the Crowns, unfortunately, saw the degradation of the Scottish Muse, for the poets and song-writers seemed to feel called upon to produce English or Latin verse, instead of the Scots in which they coined their thoughts. There was thus "nae hert" in their work, and to-day no one except perhaps a scholar could quote a verse of one of those writers. They are known only by name, and hardly that. It was not until Allan Ramsay arrived that Scottish song really came into its own, and then came to Scotland the greatest singer of all time, the man who left an heritage of song which has put his name among the Immortals of the world, namely, Robert Burns, who, strangely enough, was inspired by poor, songless Robert Fergusson. The end of the eighteenth century and the whole of the nineteenth were rich periods of Scottish minstrelsy, for round about Burns's period were Mrs Alison Cockburn, "Tullochgorum" Skinner, Jane Elliott, William Mickle, Alexander Geddes, Hector Macneill, and Lady Annie Barnard, to mention only a few of those who contributed to the song of the rich period that followed what may be called the Allan Ramsay period.

The influence of Robert Burns, to whom I shall return later, is apparent down to the present day. Singers of all years since the dismal day when the piercing eyes of the greatest of all Scotland's sons, after Wallace and Bruce, last looked on his wretched surroundings, have had a note to which to set their harps, and coming immediately after the Master were Joanna Baillie, William Reid, Lady Nairne, James Nicol, down to James Hogg, the Ettrick Minstrel and Shepherd, whose life completed another epoch in the history of our song.

In this short Sentiment, the history of Scottish song becomes a mere catalogue, but the mention of Lady Nairne and James Hogg causes us to pause and note that this is the period of that wonderful volume of Scottish minstrelsy which was poured out of singers' hearts over the hapless Stewarts. The wee bird that cam' to oor ha' door and sang of the lad that was born to be king, ower the water, warbled sadly and sweetly through much more sincere Jacobite hearts than Robert Burns's—for Burns was but a sentimental Jacobite—and has provided Scotland with a song-literature that is very dear to us, and whose existence is a tribute to our great loyalty to lost causes.

The robust Scott, with his "Macgregor's Gathering" and "Hail



to the Chief," came to us with poor Robert Tannahill, sweetest of all our singers, who poured out his heart in "Gloomy Winter" and "Jessie, the Flower of Dunblane," "The Bonnie Woods o' Craigielea," and "O, are ye sleeping, Maggie?" What a contrast and what an epitome of the brilliance of our song writers. Let us continue the procession and witness the arrival of William Laidlaw, with "Lucy's Flitting," William Glen with "Wae's me for Prince Charlie," William Motherwell with "Jeannie Morrison," Henry Scott Riddell with "Scotland Yet," poor Willie Thom with "The Mitherless Bairn," John Imlach with "Where Gadie Rins," Andrew Park with "Hurrah for the Highlands," James Ballantine with "Ilka Blade o' Grass," William Miller and James Smith with their songs for the bairns; and so on, down to the present day, when lyrical flowers are being cultivated, which, but for the fact that our garden is already bursting with glorious blooms, would make a great literature of their own.

What may be called the representative Scottish songs can be classified, but I have put them under eight heads; songs that have for their themes Love, Sorrow, Humour, Independence, War, the Stuart Cause, Patriotism (or attachment to country), Conviviality.

No one of our great song-writers has harped on one string, but not one of them, except Robert Burns, has been inspired to play successfully on every chord in the human heart. No song-writer has ever equalled him. It was Carlyle who said—"It will seem a small praise if we rank him the first of all song-writers, for we know not where to find one worthy of being a second to him."

Under almost every one of the headings I have mentioned, Burns is represented by a gem. He is the author of what is undoubtedly the greatest love song in English literature, "My love is like a red, red rose"; his patriotism found vent in that grand pæan, "Scots Wha Ha'e," and in "The Dumfries Volunteers"; his warlike soul gave us as fine a description of a battle ever penned in "Gae bring to me"; his Jacobitism produced "It was a' for our rightfu' King"; his conviviality was the father of "Auld Lang Syne," and "Willie brewed a peck o' maut"; his humour gave us "Whistle ower the lave o't," "The De'il's awa' wi' the Exciseman," and "Duncan Gray"; and his independence of mind was thrown into his noble effort, "A man's a man for a' that."

If we were to take a popular vote of Burns's songs, I think we would find that Scotsmen—I doubt if this would apply to Scotswomen—would vote "Scots Wha Ha'e" to the premier place. The origin of this patriotic outburst is interesting. It was told to Mr Syme, an intimate friend of Burns (but I must interpolate a note here that, like all good stories, some iconoclast has contradicted it). On the 30th July, 1793, Burns and Mr Syme were journeying to Kirkcudbrightshire. "I took him," said Mr Syme, "by the moor road, where savage and desolate regions extended wide around. The sky was sympathetic with the wretchedness of the soil, it became lowering and dark, the hollow winds sighed, the lightning gleamed, the thunder rolled. The poet enjoyed the awful scene; he spoke not a word, but seemed wrapt in meditation. What do you think he was about? He was charging the English army along with Bruce at Bannockburn. He was engaged in the same manner on our ride home from St. Mary's Isle, and I did not disturb him." Next day, 2nd August, he produced "Bruce's address to his army at

Bannockburn," which has been described as "unparalleled in the annals of modern poetry." The air, tradition says, and Burns repeated it, was actually Bruce's march at Bannockburn.

Let us pursue this idea a little further, and let Burns supply a representative convivial or Bacchanalian song. "Willie brewed a peck o' Maut" was the outcome of a house-warming. William Nicol, of the Edinburgh High School, had taken a small farm in Nithsdale, and Allan Masterton, a writing-master, and Burns went to the spree. "We had such a joyous meeting," wrote Burns, "that Mr Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, to celebrate the business. The air is Masterton's, the song is mine."

Burns wrote something like two hundred and fifty and three hundred songs, and probably ninety per cent. of them were love songs. These songs illustrate the various phases of this lover's love. Of the lover's passionate addresses to the lady of his affections, there are: "My love is like a red, red rose"; of the despondent lover, "My heart is sair" and "Ae fond kiss"; of the coquettish, "Whistle and I'll come to ye, my lad"; and of the hopeful and triumphant, "Gae bring to me a pint o' wine."

If "My love is like a red, red rose" be the best of all Burns's love songs, there are, in "Ae fond kiss," four lines of which Sir Walter Scott wrote: "This exquisitely affecting stanza contains the essence of a thousand love tales."

"Had we never loved sae kindly,  
Had we never loved sae blindly,  
Never met—or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

Similar in its despondent note is "My heart is sair," but there is a triumphant, almost defiant note in "Gae bring to me a pint o' wine," which is said to have been written by Burns after he had seen an officer say good-bye to his fiancée on the Pier o' Leith; but if the words had been set to a plaintive air there would have been none of this defiance, but the four lines—

"The trumpets sound, the banners fly,  
The glittering spears are ranked ready;  
The shouts o' war are heard afar,  
The battle closes thick and bloody,"

must have decided Burns that a plaintive air would have been out of place, and that a more martial setting was necessary. In this we see Burns the true artist, just as we saw it when remonstrating with Thomson regarding "Here awa', there awa', wandering Willie." Thomson, with Erskine the advocate, suggested alterations in the song, but Burns wrote: "Give me leave to criticise your taste in the only thing in which it is in my opinion reprehensible. You know I ought to know something of my own trade of pathos, sentiments, and point. You are a complete judge; but there is a quality more necessary than either in a song, and which is the very essence of a ballad. I mean simplicity."

Coquetry is written all over the naïve song, "Whistle and I'll come to ye, my lad," which was written to perpetuate the charms of Jean



Lorimer; and what may be called a personal tribute to womankind was the poet's song, "Green grow the rashes." An example of narrow-minded bigotry which was rampant in the North of Scotland not very many years ago is recalled by this song. A village concert in Scotland, at which "Green grow the rashes" was to be sung was boycotted by a minister who declared that the words—

"Auld Nature swears the lovely dears  
Her noblest work she classes, O:  
Her prentice hand she tried on man,  
And then she made the lasses, O,"

were profane. This happened not a great many years ago.

Burns's humour bubbled up in many places, and the pawkiness of some of his songs provokes not a guffaw but a chuckle. Among these humorous songs I always think "The de'il's awa' wi' the exciseman" contains all the best qualities of Scottish humour. It was his great friend, Lewars, the exciseman (the brother of Jessie, who tended him on his deathbed, and whose name and graciousness he has immortalised), who provoked Burns to this song. You will remember that when left in charge of a few men to watch a smugglers' brig, Burns chafed at the absence of Lewars, who had been sent for soldiers. He was challenged to pillory Lewars, and Burns in his anger—thank God for Burns's anger—dashed off the song.

Let me finish my evidence of Burns's supreme position as our national song-writer by a reference to my example of his humanity. "A man's a man for a' that" is perhaps the noblest song ever sung. The Burns of France, Béranger, called it a song, not for an age, but for eternity. In a letter to Thomson, in 1795, Burns said: "A great critic (Aikin) on songs says that love and wine are the exclusive themes for song-writing; the following is one on neither subject, and consequently is no song, but will be allowed, I think, to be two or three pretty prose thoughts inverted into rhyme."

And now, gentlemen, if what I have had to say about the Auld Scots Sangs has wearied you, the fault must be mine, for there is love and peace and war in them; there is rebellion, liberty, patriotism, dule and sorrow and mirth, and subtle humour; there is everything in them that makes up the sum total of human nature. There are no purely national songs that can quite equal them. They have been built up by the genius of our native land, collected by our early poets and singers, and their successors, and they are a heritage to us which we should cherish, and protect from the lips of those who would degrade them, as we have heard them degraded, to the level of common music hall ditties. Let us remember that they are as the religion of our people.

The Annual Festival was held on 10th April in the Royal Venetian Room of the Holborn Restaurant, when one hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen were present. The guests were received in the Phoenix Room by the President.

In proposing the toast of "The Caledonian Society of London," the President referred to the social and charitable work which had been carried on by the members. He said the clannish spirit of Scots was proverbial, and in London it had always been carried out with a view to furthering good work for the general welfare of the community. He cited examples of what Caledonians had done during the War, and referred to the never-ceasing beneficent work they had always carried out in connection with the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools.

During the summer recess, with the approval of the President, Mr John Douglas, F.S.A.(Scot.), issued an appeal on behalf of St. Barnabas Pilgrimages in connection with an opportunity given to relatives of Scottish soldiers who fell in the War, to visit the graves in Flanders. Caledonians and friends contributed £355, 19s. towards the expenses.

Over one hundred and thirty cemeteries were visited. The places were widely scattered, but each was arranged as part of a uniform plan. Ypres was the distributing centre. Wherever the pilgrims went they saw evidences of the most tender regard for the resting-places of their dead, and it is impossible to describe the sense of comfort and gratitude that filled the hearts of all as they beheld the spots that were dear to them.

Every Scottish regiment was represented. Grandparents, parents, wives, brothers, and sisters had waited for six years for the opportunity. In the early morning they marched behind the pipers of the London-Scottish through the war-stained streets of reborn Ypres to the town cemetery at the corner of the Menin and Zonnebeke roads. The Very Reverend Dr Milligan, Ex-Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, conducted the memorable service, and when



the pipers played the lament, "The Flowers of the Forest," there was pride of race as well as pain of loss depicted on every face.

On the Sunday evening, after the scattered parties had returned, a farewell service was conducted by Professor Milligan in the spacious Station Square of Ypres. Major Ian Hay Beith expressed the mind of all when he said: "We are leaving a little bit of home behind us. Henceforth we shall carry in our hearts the picture of the place where our dead are lying, a picture of the care with which their resting-place is being guarded, which will soften for us the sense of distance and of separation which has so often oppressed and saddened us."

The members of the Caledonian Society who were present as stewards, were the President (Mr William Jeffrey), Mr T. R. Moncrieff, Mr John Douglas, F.S.A.(Scot.), and Mr W. Loudon Douglas, M.C.

Mr J. F. McLeod had intimated that it was his intention to retire from the office of Honorary Secretary, which he had so ably filled for five years (1919-1924) and it was unanimously agreed that the best thanks of the Council be tendered to him for the excellent services he had given to the Society; and to worthily mark the appreciation of the members it was decided to recommend that the Gold Badge of the Society be presented to him. This was unanimously approved at the General Meeting in November.

## CHAPTER IV.

1924-1925 : MR WILLIAM WILL, *President*.

A Journalist President : New Officials : Sentiments, "The Scot as Publisher," "The Scot as Journalist," "The Old Scots Psalms and the Folk who sang them," "The Scot as Soldier," "The Scot as Novelist" : The President on the Scot and the Society : Deaths of Past-President Colonel Green, C.M.G., and other members.

**T**O Fleet Street succeeded Fleet Street, and while Past President William Jeffrey was in the advertising side of the Street of Ink, the new President, Mr William Will, was concerned with the literary and business sides of newspaperdom.

Born at Huntly, the capital of Strathbogie, in the hinterland of Aberdeenshire, Mr Will was educated at the Gordon Schools, founded by the Duchess of Gordon, whose family stronghold dominates the little market town and district. He began his newspaper work in the *Huntly Express* office, and in later years passed, by way of the *Aberdeen Journal* (whose first number contained an account of the Battle of Culloden) and the *Evening Express*, to the editorial side of the old *St. James's Gazette*, and subsequently became associated as managing director with the *Graphic* publications, which





WILLIAM WILL.  
*President, 1924-1925.*

group embraced the *Graphic*, *Daily Graphic*, and *By-stander*. On the formation of Allied Newspapers, Ltd. (which company owned the *Sunday Times* and the *Manchester Daily Dispatch*, *Evening Chronicle*, and other daily and Sunday newspapers), and later Allied Northern Newspapers, Ltd. (which owned the newspaper groups represented by the *Newcastle Chronicle* and *Evening Chronicle*, *Glasgow Daily Record* and *Glasgow Evening News*, *Aberdeen Press and Journal* and *Evening Express*, *Bristol Times and Mirror* and *Evening Times*, and *Derby Daily Express*, Mr Will became a director and London manager of these companies, being also a director and general manager of the *Daily Sketch* and *Sunday Graphic*. In 1926 he was appointed a director of the great news agency, the Press Association, and subsequently he went on the board of Reuters, the world-wide foreign news agency.

Mr Will has for many years taken an active interest in Scottish affairs in London. A lifelong student of the works of Robert Burns, the new president was elected for three years in succession President of the London Robert Burns Club, and since the inception of the Vernacular Circle of the Club, he has been honorary secretary, and has done excellent service to the movement throughout the world. It is no mere figure of words to say that Mr Will has been the apostle of the Scottish vernacular in literature. His pen and his brain have been alike busy, and he has never spared himself where solid work was to be done. In recognition of his services to the movement, he was, in April, 1930, the tenth anniversary of the founding of the Circle, presented with a volume de luxe in which Scots in all parts of the world, to the number of over twelve hundred, had inscribed their names.

Amongst Mr Will's many productions, his book, "Robert Burns as a Volunteer," takes a high place. It is a clear vindication of the loyalty of the poet, and



shows that the harsh criticism so often levelled against Burns on account of what has been called the Dumfries Period had no real basis of fact to support it. He has written, too, much Burnsiana, and his keenness as a volunteer in the Fourth Gordon Highlanders and in the Queen's Edinburgh doubtless prompted his research into the Burns volunteering period, as it undoubtedly suggested to him his booklets on "The Huntly Volunteers" and "The Kincardineshire Volunteers" of the Napoleonic period. His brochure, "John Murdoch, the tutor of Burns," given originally as a Sentiment to the Caledonian Society, has been favourably criticised by Burns devotees.

A Life Managing Governor of the Royal Scottish Corporation, Mr Will was a keen supporter of the scheme for rebuilding the Scots Corporation Hall, and was a member of the Building Committee. He is a Vice-President of the London, Aberdeen, Banff and Kincardineshire Association, and was Chairman of the Federated Council of Scottish Associations in London. As a Life Director of the Royal Caledonian Schools he has also taken an active part in the management of the Institution.

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The opening meeting of the session found an entirely new set of officials. The treasurership, vacant through the elevation of Dr Cameron Stewart to the Vice-Presidency, was filled by the Rev. Dr Fleming of St. Columba's, and Mr P. N. McFarlane succeeded Mr J. F. McLeod as Honorary Secretary.

At the dinner following the General Meeting on 13th November, Mr T. R. Moncrieff proposed the toast of "The New President," and in the course of a complimentary reference to Mr Will, said that they had had a battalion of soldiers as presidents, they had had a crowd of doctors, and now Fleet Street was having its innings, for they had a Fleet Street man succeeding

a Fleet Street man, with another Fleet Street man as honorary secretary. To balance the influence of Fleet Street, they had as their new honorary treasurer, the Rev. Dr Fleming. He wished the President all success in his position, and he predicted a good year.

The President said it would be impertinent for a president to begin his year of office with a protest, but that was how he felt at present, for Mr Moncrieff had said things about him that, if he were not a newspaper man, would make him blush. Whatever his shortcomings in the chair might be, he promised that there would be no lack of effort on his part to maintain the dignity of the office or to uphold the great traditions of the Society.

The Sentiment for the evening was "The Scot as Publisher," and the speaker was Mr A. Bain Irvine, whom the President introduced as one eminently well qualified to speak on the subject. Mr Bain Irvine was a Scot—he had that evening been elected a Caledonian—and he was the head of one of the great English publishing houses, the house of Cassell.

Mr Bain Irvine said :

The Scot is as pre-eminent a publisher as he is an engineer. A list of eminent British publishers will reveal the names of Adam and Charles Black, Blackie, Blackwood, Cadell, Chambers, T. and T. Clark, Constable, Andrew Elliott, Ballantyne, David Douglas, Douglas and Foulis, Alexander Gardner, T. C. and E. C. Jack, John Murray, Macmillan, Smith, Elder, Paterson, and Nelson—the very cream of the publishing world. There is good reason for this preponderance. Century after century Scots people have had to fortify their toil with their intelligence. They have turned resolutely to books, knowing that in learning they could find their social salvation. Their wisdom has been justified.

Let me illustrate my meaning. There was a poor old peasant woman of Irvine, the mother of Daniel and Alexander Macmillan, who was discovered sitting up in bed with a black mutch on her head, dauntlessly reading through Dante's "Inferno" in Cary's translation, and thus, by her example, no doubt, instilling the love of books into the minds of her two sons, who were to become famous publishers.

Nor was this old woman's case exceptional. In the history of the house of Blackie, who first rose into prominence as the purveyors of expensive books in cheap parts, we read that the visit of their travelling bookmen made a stir in the country places of Scotland. So far from having to seek out their customers in their homes, their customers came, cash in hand, for their books to the traveller's lodgings. John Blackie,



when he entered town on his periodical visits, would send the bellman round beforehand to announce that he would be in the Market Place at such and such an hour to sell his books. People flocked to meet him ; they came in droves from far away farms and cottages.

Now, where there existed this great mass of people crying out to be supplied with books, there inevitably arose a class of men who were ready to answer the demand. But the wonderful and providential feature of this matter is that those men were not prepared to supply trashy literature. To be sure, they hoped that their undertakings would be successful commercially, but profitable financial returns were not what they aimed at in the first place. These men were inspired by the same enthusiasm for knowledge as those were to whom they supplied their books. This readiness to supply the public with books which might not give quick returns for outlay may be instanced by the case of W. and R. Chambers. One of these brothers made it a rule never to let a day pass in which he had not acquired some useful fact ; the other was so entranced with the amount of information supplied by an odd volume of an encyclopædia he had stumbled across that the young firm, facing all difficulties and possibilities of disaster, resolved to embark on the publication of an Encyclopædia of their own. The first volume of this work was issued in 1859. This had an immediate and tremendous effect. To-day, by reason of continuous revision, resetting, and rewriting, it is one of the finest works of reference in the language.

It is less easy to follow the fortunes of another such work—the "Encyclopædia Britannica"—and Messrs Adam and Charles Black. Adam Black was an Edinburgh man, Establishing himself as a publisher, he associated with himself his nephew, Charles. On the failure of the Constables he acquired the rights of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and also purchased from Cadell the copyright of Scott's novels for £27,000. It was upon the famous ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," edited by Professors Baynes and Robertson Smith in the years 1875 to 1888, that Messrs Black spent their heart, their labour, and their money. Perhaps they never expected to see any adequate return. At that time it could hardly be called a commercial undertaking which the firm embarked upon in their capacity as the dispensers of knowledge.

Perhaps the most generous, patriotic, and high-minded action of this sort that can be cited is that of the late Mr George Smith, of Smith, Elder and Co., now merged into John Murray. The original Smith came from Elgin, and the original Elder from Banff, which is understood by some to be the best-educated quarter of the habitable globe. The firm devoted itself largely to pure literature. They were the publishers of Thackeray's novels, of the Brontës, Mrs Gaskell, and numerous others, and the founders of the ever-green—or yellow—"Cornhill Magazine." In mid-life, the last George Smith of the firm resolved to devote himself to a work of national importance. If we were a literary nation like the French, the State would have borne the enormous cost of this production. But George Smith betook himself alone to fill the breach. Many a time his heart must have misgiven him. The outlay was stupendous and he knew from the beginning that he would never reap what he had sown. But he craved for no financial harvest ; he wanted to see a thing done that ought to be done. At last, under the brilliant editorship, first of



Sir Leslie Stephen, and then of Sir Sidney Lee, the gigantic task was accomplished, and as surely as St. Paul's Cathedral is the monument of Christopher Wren, so is the "Dictionary of National Biography" an everlasting memorial to the unselfish patriotism of George Smith.

Then there is a little smiling, pawky man who, in addition to a famous publishing business, keeps a bookshop in Paisley. When he began his career he amazed the London publishers. They asked—"Who is this little man in Paisley who is teaching us all how to publish books?" And the answer was—"Alexander Gardner." What Mr Gardner has done in the way of issuing books of Scottish national interest can never be told. His books are a delight to handle and to read. But I should be much surprised if Mr Gardner, in his desire to give his countrymen a good book well produced, has ever left much of a margin of profit to himself. Of him—and, indeed, of all the others of whom I deal—the words might be used which Thomas Hughes, the great judge, and author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays," wrote concerning Daniel Macmillan—"No man who ever sold books for a livelihood was more conscious of a vocation and of its value to humanity, more anxious that it should suffer no shame or diminution through him."

But Alexander Gardner or the Macmillans are young compared with the famous House of Murray. The founder of this firm was born in Edinburgh, that city of famous publishers, in the renowned year 1745. His name was at first John MacMurray, and so it remained until he resigned his commission as lieutenant of marines. At the time he embarked upon publishing, the popular antipathy in London to Scotsmen was very marked—thanks chiefly to Bute and John Wilkes—so the canny John Murray took the prefix Mac out of his name. Although he did not live to see any great financial result of his adventure into the field of publishing, it is interesting to observe how his spirit has animated the policy of the firm he founded. Being half a soldier and half a sailor, he always lent a ready attention to books on battles on land and sea, or tales of adventure in far-away lands, descriptions of foreign ways and countries, and the like. Since his day, Murrays have been noted for their books of travel, their histories of campaigns, their diaries of old soldiers and sailors, their books of adventure in the realms of science. It was the House of Murray that published Darwin's first books—a very daring thing to do, considering the ban put on them not only by the Church, but by eminent men everywhere. As illustrating the adventurous spirit of the Murrays, it may be mentioned that once upon a time, before Darwin's name had become a household word, he approached the then reigning Murray with the manuscript of a book of which he said—"Here is a work which has occupied me for many years and interested me much. But I fear the subject of it will not attract the public much. However, will you publish it for me?" "What is the subject of the book which you fear will not attract the public?" asked John Murray. "Earthworms!" replied Darwin simply. John Murray took the book, published it, and it ran through six editions in a year—a sufficient reward for his daring and his knowledge of what the public wanted.

It cannot be emphasised too often that these great publishers were as truly Empire-builders as any Cecil Rhodes or Sir George Grey. They brought before the people at home the conditions, the prospects, the histories of our far-flung outposts; they laboured continually to increase



our pride in that wondrous heritage which is ours as the Anglo-Saxon race; and they strove without ceasing to make us more worthy of that glorious past by keeping before our eyes high national and Imperial ideals, by widening the borders of our realm of knowledge, by continually whetting our ambition to increase our store of intellectual riches.

To pass from the Murrays to the Macmillans is to jump over nearly two-thirds of a century. Daniel Macmillan, the elder of the two brothers who founded the firm, was born in Upper Corrie, in Arran, in 1813, and apprenticed to Maxwell Dick, a bookseller in Irvine, where Alexander, the younger son, was born in 1818. Daniel came to London, first of all, to be an assistant to Seeley, the publishers, and I myself had the high honour long after he was dead to be called to the post which he then so efficiently filled. The Macmillans began business in Aldersgate Street, London, and in Cambridge in 1843. Both brothers had intense religious convictions, and one of the first books issued by them bore the title, "The Three Questions." The three questions were: "What am I? Whence came I? Whither do I go?" It was Charles Kingsley's stories which, above all, set the young business on its feet. They sold like wild-fire and brought in the Macmillans such profits that they could afford to drop something on the publishing of Anglican Theology. Not that the Macmillans' aim was ever solely commercial. Just as the Murrays were devoted to military histories, diaries, travels, and adventures, so the Macmillans turned to pure literature, theology, science, and education.

I should like to refer briefly to the Blackwoods. William, the founder of the firm, was born in Edinburgh, and it is significant to read that "although the circumstances of his parents were very moderate, he received a sound education." There you have the Scottish passion for education expressed in a sentence. He was apprenticed at fourteen to a bookselling firm, and thus early began to interest himself in antiquarian literature. Afterwards we read, "Having acquired, through industry and frugality, some capital," he set up for himself as a second-hand bookseller in his native city. Then he began his career as a publisher, and not long afterwards took a momentous decision. "The Edinburgh Review," a Whig production, was exercising a powerful influence. How to combat it was the question. William Blackwood answered the question by publishing the "Edinburgh Monthly Magazine"—now and for long known as "Blackwood's Magazine," or "Old Ivory," at first edited by Blackwood himself, and then by John Wilson (or "Christopher North") and Lockhart. He had great trouble with his contributors. The exuberant spirits of "Christopher North" required always to be kept in check, and in the first number an article, entitled "The Chaldee Manuscript," so offended many people by its profanity that it had to be withdrawn. He had caution, no doubt, but enterprise was not lacking.

The President, in giving the toast of "Mr Bain Irvine," referred to the delightful, and, he had no doubt, greatly curtailed Sentiment which Mr Bain Irvine had so kindly and so eloquently delivered to them. He was sure he was echoing the sentiments of the whole

of the members when he thanked Mr Bain Irvine, and asked them to drink to his health and his prosperity in the great publishing business of which he was the head.

Dr Cameron Stewart, the Vice-President, proposed the "Past-Presidents," and referred to the long roll of worthy Scots who had presided over the destinies of the Society. He spoke of the many eminent men who graced the top table at the time when he (Dr Cameron Stewart) joined the Society fourteen years ago. He coupled the toast with the name of Dr John Matheson.

Dr Matheson, in reply, spoke of his forty years' knowledge of the Society and its Past-Presidents, remarking that he knew Mr David Hepburn, one of the early stalwarts and a great Scot. He predicted from what he saw and heard that night that physically or mentally London Scots were not degenerating.

The ever-green Colonel Sir John S. Young, C.V.O., gave the toast, "The Guests." He referred to the excellent essay which Mr Bain Irvine had delivered; he spoke of the delightful singing of Mr Campbell of Stracathro, whose grandfather and grand-uncle he had known intimately; and he spoke of the uplifting gathering they had had, largely because of the presence of their guests. It was a gathering that promised well for the future of the Society.

Mr Elgood, one of the Vice-President's guests, responded as an Englishman, and thanked his Scottish friends for their hospitality.

One of the features of the evening was the delightful rendering of several of the Auld Scots Sangs by Mr Hugh Campbell, the young laird of Stracathro, the guest of the President, who introduced him as the bearer of a name held in great respect in Scotland. Mr Campbell, an officer in the Black Watch, was the grandson of *Mr Campbell of Stracathro*, at one time the member of Parliament for Aberdeen and Glasgow Universities, and consequently the grand-nephew of Sir Henry



Campbell Bannerman. Mr Campbell proved himself a brilliant exponent of the Scottish songs, a true artist ; and the enthusiastic reception by the audience of his renderings was proof of his success. His songs were : " Jennie's Bawbee," " Jock o' Hazeldean," " The Laird o' Cockpen," " Leezie Lindsay," and " Bonnie blue-eyed Scotch lassie Jean."

At the second dinner of the Session, on 11th December, one of London's very particular fogs did not prevent a large company of members and guests from gathering to hear Mr James Heddle's Sentiment : " The Scot in Journalism," and the kind of programme of speech, song, and recitation that has made the dinners the great attraction that they always have been to expatriated Scots.

Before the programme was opened the President said he wished to congratulate the members on the wonderful result of the annual appeal on behalf of the Royal Scottish Corporation Funds. For St. Andrew's Day Festival well over £5000 had been raised, and of this no less than £1297 had been contributed by or through members of the Caledonian Society. The result of the appeal was a great tribute to the quiet enthusiasm of Mr Moncrieff, the Secretary of the Corporation. These Little Dinners satisfied the social side of our existence, but they were merely the cement that bound members together for the work of mercy which it was their privilege to perform.

The President, in calling upon Mr James Heddle to give his Sentiment, " The Scot as Journalist," said that Mr Heddle was well equipped for his task, for he had not only known many Scots journalists in London, the English provinces, and in Scotland, their strength, their weaknesses, and their whimsicalities, but he was himself an outstanding figure in London journalism. His keenness, boldness, tact and good judgment combined to make him the successful newspaper man.

Mr Heddle prefaced his *Sentiment* by saying :

The Scot did not take to journalism in its early days ; with his usual caution he waited till he saw it was a paying concern. It certainly, said Mr Heddle, is a fact that the first newspaper printed in Scotland—the *Mercurius Politicus*, started in 1653, was of English manufacture, and was published in Leith for the express purpose of keeping Cromwell's army informed of affairs in London. I am afraid that wasn't a very remunerative business, and the Scot was well out of it ; but far from the Scotsman waiting till the newspaper business began to pay, it is, I think, nearer the truth to say that it didn't pay at all until he came into it.

Although Leith saw the printing of the first newspaper in Scotland, the chief journalistic movements were initiated in London. The invasion of the Scot did not really begin till about Dr Johnson's time. Boswell was one of the first of the great invaders, and if he was never a journalist in the professional sense he proved himself the first and greatest of interviewers. His "Life of Dr Johnson" is the biggest interviewing feat ever accomplished, and may be said to have revolutionised not only the art of biography but that of journalism also. It is a monumental work, unrivalled during all these hundred and thirty-three years since its publication, and it is to it that Johnson almost entirely owes his immortality.

When Johnson was a young man of thirty he had done some casual reporting of debates in Parliament, but newspapers in those days made but a poor pretence of recording from memory the speeches of politicians. It was left to a canny Aberdonian to show how the thing ought to be done. James Perry came to Fleet Street when that Street of Adventure was more or less the preserve of Johnson, Boswell, Reynolds, Garrick, and other great Bohemian figures of the day. He had no influence of any kind, but he got a start as a writer on the staff of the old *General Advertiser*—then printed and published by two brothers named Urquhart—and ultimately rose not only to be editor but even proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle* (1781). It was Perry who made the *Chronicle* the dominating influence in the London press. The *Chronicle* was not only the first paper to introduce the leading article, but also, through Perry's enterprise, the first to organise a Parliamentary reporting staff, so that debates could be reported in the following day's paper. Before that the public had to wait two or three days for its Parliamentary news, and even then got a garbled account written up from memory by the so-called reporters.

Perry wrote admirably himself, but he also gathered round him a staff which included such notable Scotsmen as Sir James Mackintosh, Thomas Campbell (the poet), and that "plain John Campbell," who afterwards became Lord Chancellor of England. John Stuart Mill was another contributor.

About the same period two other Scotsmen suddenly came into prominence in London journalism by buying up the *Morning Post* for a paltry £600. The paper had been doing badly, but Peter and Daniel Stuart raised it to success very quickly. They were brothers-in-law of Sir James Mackintosh, whose vigorous reply to Burke's "Reflections on the Revolution in France" had given him an established reputation. Daniel Stuart proved himself a great editor, and his brilliant staff



included Charles Lamb, Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth. Stuart was keen on getting the best writers of the day, and when formerly editor of the *Star* had offered Burns a weekly salary to write for him. Stuart was also the first editor to issue a morning paper in more than one edition.

I mentioned that that old Aberdonian, James Perry, was the first man to start the leading article. Mackintosh wrote many of them for him in the *Morning Chronicle*, and also for Stuart in the *Morning Post*, and the success of this feature was so great that *The Times* very quickly adopted the idea. Not only that, but it had the luck to discover Peter Fraser, who gave to its leading articles a new vigour, independence, and authority. *The Times* was not the leading journal in those days, but it soon acquired prestige with Peter Fraser as the power behind John Walter, and easily held the commanding place when that other Celt, the ardent Edward Sterling, became its editor. Sterling came of a Scottish family that had settled in Ireland, and he was the father of John Sterling, the friend of Carlyle. He was a writer of immense force, excited the outspoken admiration of Sir Robert Peel, and was the man who earned for *The Times* the title of "The Thunderer." "He thundered through it," said Carlyle, "to the shaking of the spheres."

In those days an immense number of literary Scotsmen were more or less involved in journalism—Smollett, David Hume, Sir Walter Scott, Lockhart, Macaulay, and Christopher North, for example; but journalism has always been a stepping-stone to authorship, and I dare say Professor Minto, of Aberdeen, did more than anyone else to set adventurous and ambitious Scots on the high road to Fleet Street.

Swift had never been a slashing writer. The first of Tory journalists to merit this description was a Scotsman, Tobias Smollett, the novelist. A Tory and High Churchman, he brought in and made his own that variety of journalistic composition of which the Bungay of Pendennis said: "There's nobody like the capting." The true ring of Captain Shandon's "slasher" may be caught in the following sentences from Smollett's denunciation of a certain naval notoriety of the time, in the *Critical Review*: "An admiral without conduct, an engineer without knowledge, an officer without resolution, and a man without veracity." The individual thus stigmatised, Admiral Knowles, had made himself the pet aversion of the Tory hangers-on at the Court. Smollett's vituperation in the *Critical Review* called forth many congratulations to Bute on the discernment shown by him in importing such a master of abuse from Scotland to London.

It is not till about the middle of last century that we get down to the newspaper in something like its form to-day. The Crimean War brought the first professional war correspondent, and here again the Celt was the pioneer. William Howard Russell, an Irishman of Scottish ancestry, was the first war correspondent, and was sent out to the Crimea by *The Times* as an experiment. It proved an immense success, and Russell's stories from the battlefield, written with a stump of pencil upon any old scrap of paper he could lay his hands on, caused an immense sensation. Not only did he picture the life of the camp and describe the battles, but he also took up the cause of the soldiers' sufferings, and attacked the commissariat arrangements so boldly that his letters



from the Crimea were the direct cause of the downfall of Lord Aberdeen's Government.

Another notable Scot that this campaign brought to the front was William Simpson, the artist—"Crimean Simpson," as he was familiarly known in Glasgow—who sent home from the seat of war the first pictures ever sketched on the battlefield for publication. Russell's exploits were not confined to the Crimea, for he also went through the Indian Mutiny, the Franco-Prussian War, the burning of Paris by the Communards, and the Egyptian campaign of 1882 under Wolseley.

The Franco-Prussian War, however, gave journalism perhaps the greatest of all war correspondents—the brilliant and indomitable Scotsman, Archibald Forbes. At one bound he lifted the *Daily News* into the first place by his glowing descriptive messages—the very first war messages ever telegraphed from the front. This innovation of the *Daily News* took all its contemporaries by surprise, and outdistanced them completely. It was an expensive business, for war telegrams often cost hundreds of pounds apiece; but poor as the *Daily News* was at the time, it took the risk and succeeded triumphantly. As a matter of fact, it was only by a fluke that the *Daily News* ever got Forbes at all. He had been recalled from Metz by the *Morning Advertiser*, whose directors had not the sense to recognise his ability, and after being rebuffed also by *The Times*, he had drifted into Fleet Street, a war-stained figure looking for a job. He carried a long war message in his pocket, and was hesitating whether to try the *Daily Telegraph* or *Daily News*. The toss of the coin gave it to the *Daily News*, and climbing the rickety stairs of the old office, he confronted Robinson, the manager. In a few minutes the whole thing was settled, and Forbes was on his way back to Metz to get "scoop" after "scoop" for his paper, to the acute mortification of those rivals who had turned him down. Forbes was the first newspaper man to enter the besieged city of Paris after the armistice, and his story of the capitulation of the French capital was received in London twenty-four hours before that of any other war correspondent. He was a man of great dash and courage, ready to face any danger or adventure to serve his paper.

Another new feature of journalism following the appointment of war correspondents was that of the woman writer, and here again the Celtic spirit led the way. Mrs Emily Crawford, who succeeded her husband as Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*, was the first of her sex to hold such an appointment. This brilliant Scoto-Irishwoman held great sway in that post for many years, and was almost as much in the counsels of the French political leaders as the famous De Blowitz himself. Mrs Crawford was also, for many years, the Paris correspondent of *Truth*.

That brings me to the weeklies, and in that sphere also the Scot has taken a conspicuous part. Joseph Hume founded the *Atlas*, one of the earliest of the weekly reviews, started in 1836. Robert Rintoul, a Dundee man, was the first editor of the *Spectator*, which he conducted for thirty years. Dr Charles Mackay edited the *Illustrated London News* for a time. Robertson Nicoll's dominating place on the *British Weekly* enabled him to start on authorship such distinguished Scotsmen as J. M. Barrie and Ian Maclaren. Nicol Dunn is remembered not only as the editor of *Black and White*, but later of the *Morning Post*, and



the present editor of the *Graphic* is the kindly and erudite Dr J. M. Bulloch.

I have said nothing yet about the provincial press, because it is natural that the Scottish journalist should be a dominant figure in his own country. Russell, of *The Times*, was not the only great journalist who bore that name. There was Russell of the *Glasgow Herald*. Alexander Russel of the *Scotsman* was an immense power in Scotland for nearly thirty years (1842-1876), and his attacks on the shams and hypocrisies of his day made Russel a name of terrifying significance. He wrote with great vigour and independence on every theme, and Dr Chalmers came in for a good deal of criticism. In fact, Russel once told a friend that whenever he was hard up for a topic, he just had another "dirl at Dr Chalmers." And this reminds me that when J. M. Barrie began his journalistic work as a leader-writer on the *Nottingham Journal*, forty-one years ago, he found Mr Henry George and his Single Tax equally useful. When the news was rather slack, Barrie just had "another tilt at Henry George." It is worth recalling that Barrie wrote several columns of articles every day for the *Nottingham Journal* at a salary of three guineas a week, and then regarded it as a fabulous salary.

Following Russel on the *Scotsman* came Dr Robert Wallace, an editor who added to forcible reasoning a remarkable gift of wit and humour. His leading articles were a source of perpetual amusement to a far wider audience than the people of Edinburgh. An example of the sort of comment he enjoyed is given in his leader on the great libel case, Whistler *v.* Ruskin. Ruskin, who had said some savage things about Whistler's impudence as an artist, was landed in one farthing damages. "It is terrible to contemplate," wrote Dr Wallace, "the awful things Ruskin might have said for half a crown."

Another Dr Wallace—the brother of the editor of the *Scotsman*—was for many years editor of the *Glasgow Herald*. Dr William Wallace was a man of fine culture and high literary ability. The present editor is Sir Robert Bruce, formerly London editor of the paper. Another conspicuous Scottish editor of to-day is Dr Neil Munro, of the *Glasgow News*—a man whose attainments as a novelist mark him out as the true literary successor of Robert Louis Stevenson.

I might go on talking for hours about the great Scotsmen who have taken to journalism and then passed on to literature. Half the poets, novelists, and essayists of Scotland had journalistic beginnings—William Black, Robert Buchanan, Andrew Lang, and John Davidson, all men of distinction in our time, began as journalists. The list is almost endless. I asked a friend the other day what he would say if he had to speak on "The Scot in Journalism." "My dear Heddle," he replied, "there are twenty-two thousand Scotsmen in London—mostly journalists. Isn't that enough?" At any rate, I think sufficient has been said to show that the Scot has not only been a conspicuous but to a large extent a dominating force in the journalism of the country.

In the course of his Sentiment Mr Heddle had something to say about the charge of sensationalism made against present-day newspapers, and quoted from

the newspapers, magazines and books of earlier days to show that the reports of the present were mild compared with the riot of sensational descriptions of crime of former times. He instanced the horrible details served up to the public describing the execution of Mary Queen of Scots ; and, said Mr Heddle, according to the translated versions it is hard to see how a modern Fleet Street reporter could have improved on the grim work of one Emanuel Thomason, who described the last moments of the hapless Queen.

The President, in giving the health of Mr Heddle, spoke of the enjoyable, witty, and informative Sentiment he had given, and mentioned that his essay was a synopsis of the strength of Scotsmen in journalism.

During the evening no fewer than seven new members were introduced to the President, namely, Dr Mackay Huey, Mr A. Bain Irvine, Mr T. B. Ronald, Mr Lachlan Campbell, Dr M. M. Frew, Mr W. Macmillan and Mr J. B. Rintoul.

In proposing the health of these, the President impressed upon the new members that duties elsewhere, absence from home, and sickness were the only reasons accepted for absence from meetings, and that the officers and Council expected members to give them all the support their various talents and opportunities presented.

The Rev. Dr Fleming proposed the toast of " Our Guests," and coupled it with the name of the Rev. Mr Mansie, who, Dr Fleming said, was one of the great slum workers in Dundee. Referring to this, Dr Fleming said that Dr Mansie had told him that so terrible was the overcrowding in Dundee that at one election it was possible for a candidate to get seven votes from one bed.

Among the artistes at this dinner was Mr John Lawrie, the promising young Shakespearean actor, who recited with great feeling and dramatic power,



“ Sir Patrick Spens,” and Violet Jacob’s “ Tam i’ the Kirk.”

There was a large gathering at the January meeting. After the royal toasts, Past-President T. R. Moncrieff sang, as he has done for many years at the first meeting of the year, “ Here’s to the Year that’s awa’.”

The President, in introducing Mr John A. Anderson to give his Sentiment, “ Auld Scots Psalms and the Folk who sang them,” said Mr Anderson was one of the best-informed men on Scottish subjects generally, whom he knew, and as an elder of an important Presbyterian church he had been attracted specially to the subject of Psalmody, which played such an important part in Scottish Church worship.

Mr Anderson said :

I have entitled this Sentiment “ The Old Scots Psalms,” but I will at once anticipate the obvious by saying that the more correct title would be, “ The Psalms of David in Metre according to the version approved by the Church of Scotland and appointed to be used in worship.”

As a matter of common acceptance, the metrical version of the Psalms has, for three hundred years, been associated with the Kirk in Scotland, and until the middle of the last century was practically the Kirk’s only book of praise. It served the Scot for his public worship and his private devotion, the simple lines he learned at his mother’s knee when his infant lips could barely pronounce the words that were making an indelible impression on his mind. It was his highest form of poetry, and was associated in his mind with all that was sweetest and tenderest in his life. The Psalms were the heartbeats that kept the soul of Scotland alive through the killing times. The hunted hillmen, hiding in the caves and the moors, found them their only solace and comfort in danger, and ascribed to their aid the scattering of their enemies on many a bloody field. They were so interwoven with the mesh and texture of the nation’s life as to form the basis of that garment which even to these degenerate days covers the Scottish soul with instinctive piety and reverence for sacred things. So dear to his heart were the Psalms that many besides the old lady of Auchtermuchty believed they were a national product as well as a national possession and resented any evidence to the contrary.

“ I’ll sing the Psalms o’ Davit,” said the stubborn old dame, “ as Davit wrote them, an’ to the tunes Davit set them to,” ignorant, as were hundreds of her fellows, that the originals were written in Hebrew by a King who knew not Scotland, and translated, mostly by Englishmen, into English, originally for use in the Church of England.

It is hard to say when the metrical version of the Psalms first came

into use. It is suggested that the Lollards were singers of psalms, but there is no trace of any metrical version. Luther, in his book of praise, interspersed a few psalms, and may be said to have given the first impulse towards metrical psalmody.

In England Miles Coverdale, the famous translator of the Bible into English, wrote a book of "Goostly Psalms and Spiritual Songs." His object, frankly, was to provide compositions to displace unclean and objectionable songs. "Would," he says, "that our minstrels had none other thing to play, our carters and ploughmen none other thing to sing and whistle, save the Psalms, and such Godly songs as David is occupied withal, and our women sitting at their rocks or spinning at the wheels would be better occupied, than with 'Hey nony nony, hey troy troy' and such like fantasies."

But his book, like Wedderburn's of Dundee, was judged heretical and burned. "Wedderburn's," the first known Scottish translation, is a rare book, and is known as the "Gude and Godly Ballates." It was the composition of three brothers trained in the priesthood of the Catholic Church, and who were among the early Reformers.

Here is a verse of Wedderburn's Twenty-third Psalm, always a favourite in Scotland.

"The Lord is my Pasteur gude  
Abundantly mee for to feed.  
Then hoo can I be destitute  
of any gude thing in my neid?  
He fiedis me in fieldes fair  
so nous sweet pure and pricclair  
he dryes me bot ony dreed."

And so on.

In 1565 what is known as "The Old Scottish Psalter" was published. This was the work of several hands. Their names deserve to be remembered, though many of their translations are now obsolete. Sternhold, whose name is associated with Hopkins, was the author of what is known as the English Psalter of 1560. Many of their psalms are still in use. William Kethe, a Scottish exile, whose memorial is the Hundredth Psalm as we still sing it; Robert Pont and John Craig, also Scotsmen; and William Whittingham, John Pullain, and Thomas Norton, Englishmen. This edition was in use for over one hundred years, and was the version used by the Reformers and sung on many a bloody scaffold. But I do not want to strain your patience with a long story of the psalms and the vicissitudes the various versions had. Francis Rous, a Cornishman, had his version adopted by the Westminster Assembly, an assembly composed of Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Independents, and this version formed the basis on which the 1650 edition of the Psalms was built. Many of these were altered and adapted, and the names of Dr Zachary Boyd of the Barony, and Mure of Rowellan are associated with the translation which for the last two hundred and fifty years has been known as the Scottish version of the Psalms.

Long before the Reformation, in order to encourage singing, Seminaries were established in all the principal towns throughout Scotland for the practice of music. Under the name of Sang Schules vocal music was taught on scientific principles, and for many years



the influence of these "Schules" was felt. The importance of good singing was so deeply impressed on the people that, in 1579, the subject was deemed fit for special legislation, and the Scots Parliament decreed that every parish should have a "Sang Schule."

The schoolmaster was usually the singing teacher, and he also acted as precentor or lettergae in the Sunday Services. The lettergae had been an important functionary in the pre-Reformation Church and was a celebrated personage indeed.

Allan Ramsay sings of him as :

" The lettergae of haly rhyme  
Sat up at the board heid  
An' a' he said was thocht a crime  
To contradict indeed."

The name "lettergae" simply means letting go the tune. He occupied the lectern or lettern and was the precentor or leader of psalmody. Unaccompanied singing until within recent years was the rule in the Scottish Kirk. "A kist o' whussels," as the organ was contemptuously termed, was a thing abhorrent in my youth. In an earlier day no pitchfork was used. "They sang by the licht o' nature," as one old precentor had it. The best precentor was he who could strike the reading so that its final tone was the key on which he raised the psalm. There were no choirs as we know them, but there were usually one or two good singers who helped the precentor with the psalmody. "How d'ye do," someone once asked a precentor, "when you strike the key too high?" "Oh, man," was the reply, "there's some lasses i' the laft, I just let go, and when she's mounting high, I gie a bit cough till the lasses strike the tap notes, and I tak' it up as they come doon." The congregation did not rise to sing. They only stood at prayers, a custom that still persists in a very few communions. I remember there was a namesake of my own—an old man—who kept to the old custom, and I frequently got a wiggling as a small boy for looking round to see if he was on his legs at the prayer. This old custom of reading the line, it may surprise you to know, was of English origin. The Westminster Assembly of 1645 passed a recommendation to the effect that "as many of the congregation cannot read, it is convenient that the minister or someone appointed by him do read the psalms line by line before singing thereof." This was not only adopted in Scotland, but with such fervour, that it became an integral part of the service, and was not generally discontinued until fierce controversies had taken place over its use.

Let me give you an illustration of this old style of singing. I cannot choose a better tune than "Ballerma." Many a time I have heard my grandfather and grandmother use it in family worship. Grandmother had a beautiful voice and in her youth had a more than local reputation as a singer, and she was also something of a humorist. She told me that Ballerma was so frequently sung in Allanton Kirk that all the birds in the kirk plantin could whistle it and it was from them she had learnt it.

I'll give you an imitation of the old precentor who, "hoastin' sair, waled oot the portions, an' yerked the tune into the air, wi' queer contortions." It must be sung slowly, with plenty of breathing spaces. The congregation has been accustomed to the old liltin music of Scotland,

and the notes are embellished with the trills of the fiddle and the grace notes of the bagpipes. Note the quaint slurs, particularly in the last line :

“ I waited for the Lord my God,  
 And patiently did bear  
 At length to me he did incline  
 My voice and cry to hear.  
 He took me from a fearful pit  
 And from the miry clay,  
 And on a rock he set my feet  
 Establishing my way.”

I have said this very quaint old style of singing has been almost obsolete for a hundred years. It has been so generally, but in the remote Highlands—that land of lost causes—it is still continued and practised, and, as sung in the soft Gaelic tongue, it is very beautiful.

I was at such a service a few years ago. The congregation stood for prayers and sat to sing, and as I heard the strains of Kilmarnock—that old air with the hint of the wind and the sea—Martyrdom—our Lady of Sorrows—and Ballerma, soothing as a mother singing to her bairn at the darkening, I felt how good it was to sing the old songs. By a simple mental process it carried my mind back to the days when the psalms were the inspiration of a movement that found a nation's soul. No Scotsman can hear the men of the Covenant lightly spoken of. “ Hill Men,” “ Wild Whigs,” “ Cameronians,” or whatever contemptuous name they were known by, these names have long been held in honour and reverence.

The Psalms were their inspiration and their hope, their consolation and encouragement. The singing of these Covenanting Psalms sets the blood on fire, and brings a vision of a whole army of rugged men before you. You can see them marching under the blue banner of conscience, crossing the wine-red moor where the whaups are crying, with set faces and the light of eternity in their eyes. Great strapping hillmen with their plaids flying in the wind. In their psalms you can hear the exultant cry of battle. You can hear the clash and clang of arms, the song of men who are willing to die for their faith, but not to die cravenly. For two generations the men of the Covenant were hunted and persecuted like the wild beasts of the field. They left home and comfort, left kindred and possessions, all that made life sweet and glad some in order that their Kirk might be free and their bairns left to worship God as their consciences dictated. In the end and at long last, they won, and the royal race that had sought to impose an alien worship on them and rob them of their souls was driven out utterly.

The old precentor had few musical standards. The influence of the old Sang Schules passed away and in many parishes the stock of tunes had sunk to two or three and sometimes only one. Dr Russell, in his delightful reminiscences of Yarrow, tells us that his father had only one tune, “ St. Paul's,” and that was used in morning and evening worship always. One precentor had only the tune of “ Stilt,” still in use, but now known as “ York.” On one occasion he got the assistance of a precentor who had *two tunes*—“ Old Hundred ” and “ Coleshill ”—but even here James got into difficulties, for when the minister gave



out the Hundredth Psalm, he soon found himself among the bars of "Coleshill." To get him out of the difficulty the minister suggested the second version, which is a common metre, but to the astonishment of James, and every one else, he produced the genuine Old Hundred when it was no longer wanted.

Another precentor with a limited stock of tunes got into difficulties with the Hundred-and-forty-eighth Psalm, which is what is known as a "Peculiar" metre, "The Lord of Heaven confess." This old precentor tried it to Old Hundred, and finding it would not go, he angrily looked up at the minister and said: "If ye wull gie oot thae kind o' psalms, ye maun een sing them yersel'. Gie's Auld Hunder."

Dr Anderson of Edinburgh one day gave out a Peculiar Metre, but his precentor was a man of resource, and he calmly proceeded to sing the next psalm on the book. Afterwards, in the vestry, he chuckled as he said: "Aha, Doctor, ye thocht ye had me the day, but the next psalm was as guid as the yin ye gied out."

With the spread of education a number of new tunes crept into the services; being new they were innovations and were resisted. It seems strange to hear of St. Paul's being objected to. "What tune was *that* we had the day?" said a minister to his precentor. "Oh, that's St. Paul's," was the reply. "Saint what?" "St. Paul's." "Humph," was the cleric's response. "Ye may be thankful Paul wasna here to hear ye, or ye'd been bundled oot o' the desk quick. Paul was a man that couldna, and what's mair, he wadna stand the like o' yon. Dinna affront his name by singing a tune like that again."

One precentor, introducing the tune, "Evan," was called before the Session, and after vainly defending the tune, was told he was on no account to introduce new psalm tunes here. He sang "Evan" again next Sunday, and on being remonstrated with, replied: "I'm singing nae new tune. I sung it last Sunday." Like Parliamentary pedants, he had established a precedent. I referred a moment or two ago to the fact that no pitch-pipes were allowed. This, of course, led to difficulties occasionally.

A west-country precentor once explained what has been termed "a terrible mess" by saying:

"Ye see, I sterted her owre heich, then I sterted her owre laigh, then she gaed out the shugh o' my mou' and I neir could catch her again."

Among the new style of tunes that caused great discussion was that known as a repeater. For many years these tunes were great favourites, although at first they were sternly resisted.

The repeating psalms lent themselves to caricature and it is on record that a precentor, with more humour than grace, would occasionally sing words that were not exactly fitted to the tunes:

" Oh, for a man, Oh, for a man,  
Oh for a mansion in the sky,"

and many more too irreverent to be worth our attention.

The singers in the gallery or loft gradually became an institution, and choirs were evolved. The meetings for practising the tunes form a curious chapter in the evolution of church praise. So reverent was the

Scottish mind that they refused to sing the psalms unless it were an act of worship, and the curious result was a whole series of irreverent verses distinguished for their ludicrous and ridiculous effects. For instance, the Hundred-and-twenty-first Psalm was always sung to "French," but in place of using the psalm, the choirs sang at practice :

" Come let us sing the tune of French  
The second measure low,  
The third ascendeth very high,  
The fourth down, down doth go."

" Devizes " was taught to this doggerel :

" A weaver said unto his son  
The day that he was born,  
' My blessings on your curly pow,  
You'll gang for pirns the morn.' "

" Kilmarnock " to a travesty :

" Jerusalem, my happy home,  
When shall I come to thee ?  
When shall the lid flee aff the pot ?  
The kail when shall I see ? "

I referred at the beginning to the famous Zachary Boyd's version of the Psalms. To show how devoid of humour some of these old theologians were, this is a specimen of the Barony poet's practice verses :

" There was a man named Job,  
Dwelt in the land of Uz.  
He had a good gift o' the gob,  
The same as some of us."

Among the precentors such doggerel was only tolerated, but one of these precentors in Kennesswood, named Buchan, asked a lad who had joined his choir to set him some new words for practice singing. Young Michael Bruce, as a result, wrote his gospel sonnets, which were the genesis of the paraphrases—a collection of sixty-seven passages of Scripture in metre which occupies only a second place to the Psalms in the veneration of the Scot. The paraphrases were never adopted officially, but, as Dr Maclean Watt says : " They hang on to the skirts of the Psalms like some stranger who has crept into church by keeping close to the heels of a regular worshipper." Of course, there was opposition to their adoption, and in some parts—though the paraphrases have been bound in the Scottish Bible for over one hundred years—there are congregations who will not sing human hymns even now, despite the fact that some of the paraphrases have a premier place in the album of sacred song.

But this is alien to my subject. The story of the paraphrases is full of romance, but this is not the time for it.

In most of the old Scots books, the Psalms had each the appropriate



tunes printed at the heading, but, as tastes varied, the tunes were printed separately and the psalms and tunes published together in oblong form. Although a variety of tunes is given, the preference is still for fixed tunes to certain psalms, wedded by long association. No congregation would tolerate the Hundredth Psalm sung to anything but Old Hundred. "I to the Hills" is always associated with French, and the Hundred-and-twenty-second with St. Paul's. On one occasion a precentor ventured to sing the Hundred-and-twenty-first to a new tune; after he had finished the minister rose and said dryly: "Now that we have heard this tune to the glory of the choir, we'll sing the psalm again to the glory of God *and* to the tune of French," and he raised the tune himself.

"Effingham" was always the dismissal, the Seventy-second, seventeenth verse to the end. Then there was "Stroudwater," that tune with the sound of flooded rivers, wedded to the Forty-sixth Psalm, "God is our Refuge and our Strength." "Blackburn," "that humdrummost of tunes, long and lean and lank, like the ribbed sea sand," is always sung to the Forty-first. "Elgin" ("noble Elgin," as Burns called it) beats the heavenward flame to the Twenty-second. "Dundee," the cry of a soul in sore trouble, is sung to the Fifty-first. There is "Irish" with its noble depths. "Soldau," with its balanced harmony, solemn and stately, like the march of mourners behind a hearse. But it would be a sad mistake to think that the singers of the old Scots tunes were melancholic souls. These old faded books are full of cheerful airs, gay as the national dances and light as their lilting tunes, for the same singers sang them both. There was: "Arnold's" and "Howard's," "Harrington" and "Desert"; "Tranquillity," "Violet Grove," and "Palestrina"; "Artexerxes," "Warwick," and "Sheffield," and some we have not yet banished to the bookshelf. "Peterborough," "Mornington," "St. Magnus," "Winchester," and "Southwark"; all these echoed in the glens when last century was in its prime.

In closing, I hope it is apparent to you that I am not advocating a return to an almost obsolete form of congregational singing. We have advanced a long way in musical standards since the days I have been trying to recall. Music, like all the arts, is ever in a state of evolution. Standards change and fashions in music are as variable as in millinery. The composers of one generation are voted out of date by their successors; only the classics remain, and that is because they become a part of the tradition and mark the miles on the highway of progress. But, however musical fashions vary, the simple old melodies remain and retain their hold on the affections of the great mass.

Ben Jonson's "Drink to me only with thine eyes" will live when the jazz music of to-day is forgotten. The old tunes of common metre of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries persist to-day, and have a beauty all their own. What I *do* wish to see, is the proper singing of the old melodies. "Dunfermline," is not suited to be ranted like a negro-minstrel melody. It loses all its character as a tune of gratitude and hope. "Martyrdom, our Lady of Sorrows," should not be treated like a music-hall chorus. "Kilmarnock" is for a meditative mood, the world and all its cares shut out. It becomes another "Yankee Doodle" when sung in quick time.

I do not advocate a return to metrical psalm-singing to the exclusion

of everything else. I am an admirer and a student of our magnificent hymnology, though I admit that few chants or anthems move me to enthusiasm. I have the national prejudice for the Psalms. Sir Walter Scott said: "There's many a Scot in England would gang twenty mile to get a guid sing o' the auld psalms."

I admit their poetry does not conform with modern canons, and some of them as poems are doggerel, but they are a noble heritage.

No hymn, to the Scot, can be so uplifting as the old songs of his infancy. The singing of them mirrors on his soul the recollection of long-forgotten days, and dear, dear faces that are only memories now. Scottish sire and son sang them when the big ha' Bible was reverently taken down for family worship. Scottish mothers and daughters for generations crooned them over the cradle. Were there ever more tender lullabys than "Coleshill" and "Selma," "Ballerma" and "Kilmarnock"? How the memories crowd upon us of long dead summer Sabbath mornings, when "frae mony a but an' ben, frae muirland, houm an' glen" they gathered in the country kirk and with untrained but divine voices sang to "St. Paul's."

" I joy'd when to the house of God  
Go up, they said to me,  
Jerusalem, within thy gates  
Our feet shall standing be."

There are memories of long-by Sacrament Sundays, when the pews had each a white cloth, and the Communion table was covered with linen that had been bleached on gowany braes until it rivalled the drifted snow. The old minister, fencing the tables as he said: "Let us gather round the table of the Lord and sing the psalm of our forefathers. The Hundred-and-third to the tune of 'Coleshill.'" The solemn-faced elders in rusty black that knew not Savile Row, with strong rugged faces, kindly though severe, moving silently from pew to pew, with the Bread of Life and the Wine of Sacrifice in pewter vessels, which their forebears for many generations had sanctified by their use.

We have memories of an old kirk with its high-backed pews, its canopied pulpit, its "laft" where sat the laird. We hear again the song of the birds in the eaves, and the distant croon of the burn as it wimples down the glen. And all around the kirk are the "resting graves" of those gone before.

Here, before the bell rings us in—

" We bide a wee  
To dwell among the dead and see  
Auld faces clear in fancy's ee,  
Belike to hear  
Auld voices fa' in saft and slee  
On Memory's ear."

There are memories of trystings and farewells, of courtships, marriages, and burials, and the associations of the Psalms hold their grip always on our lives.

This is not, of course, confined to the Psalms, but happy is he whose



memories thus focus the old *ingle-neuk*, and all that it means, with David's verse.

The Rev. Dr Fleming, Hon. Treasurer, in asking the members and guests to express their thanks to Mr John Anderson, and to drink his health, spoke of the touching way in which Mr Anderson had presented the subject, and of the sacred memories which he had awakened. Dr. Fleming made an illuminating point when he said that the Psalms of David, being almost the only songs sung by the Scottish people, helped largely to form their character. The sternness of David's Psalms was reflected in the serious character of the people.

Colonel Sir John Young, C.V.O., proposed the health of the visitors, and coupled the toast with the name of Mr John W. Hope, to whose many charitable gifts he made reference. Mr Hope thanked the company and remarked that in giving to charity the giver received more than did the receiver.

At the February meeting there was a record number of members and friends present under the chairmanship of Dr Cameron R. Stewart, Vice-President, who, after the loyal toasts, explained that owing to illness, the President, Mr Will, was unable to be present. Dr Stewart said he was sure that he was expressing the wishes of every one that Mr Will would be speedily restored to health, and proposed the toast, "The Absent President," which was received with sympathetic enthusiasm.

General Sir Ian Hamilton was introduced very briefly, and gave his Sentiment, "The Scot as Soldier." He said :

Gentlemen, my subject is the greatest little land that ever felt the plough or bred soldiers. Most Scots are born with soldier-hearts, and when they cease to have them, Scotland, we know, will have "gone West." The blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church. There are no more martyrs, and it is because of the lack of young growth that its enemies are able to insinuate that our Church is running to seed. The

blood of her soldiers has saved Scotland a hundred times, and, of all others, the generation which holds the field to-day is one which deliberately rejected the "Safety first" motive and put "Scotland first" every time they went over the top. If our country is the outstanding portion of this planet we believe it to be, she owes that distinction, first and foremost, to her soldiers.

Things being so, my chief trouble lies in an embarrassment of material. To compress a subject of this size into the space of an after-dinner speech demands an orator like John Buchan, who was to have spoken instead of me to-night—Buchan, on whose shoulders has fallen a "green mantle" strangely resembling in cut the mantle of the Wizard of the North. Publisher, historian, writer of romance, astonishing in his output; coming from a similar ancestral stratum, he is only beginning his career. Perhaps, then, he may yet squeeze the Scot as a Soldier into a nutshell; as for me, I must content myself to-night by trying to explain in a general way why the Scot is born a soldier. The stories I could tell of individuals, each with the handle of some story, humorous or tragic, attached to his name, must positively be postponed to another address, either by me or by somebody more competent.

Looking over the story of Scotland, you will find that to whatever focus the telescope of legend is set, there you will see, each in due sequence, the dirk, the claymore, the bayonet, and the bomb. You may try your best to fix your gaze upon kings, queens, poets, and scientists; upon explorers, merchant princes, divines; upon the millions of persevering workers and the present galaxy of journalists; do your best, yet, sure as Fate, across them falls the shadow of the sword. What does Wordsworth imagine his "Highland Reaper" was singing about?

"Of old, unhappy, far-off things  
And battles long ago."

Turn to our heroes, those in whom we take most pride. Burns is portrayed to us usually as a charming youth wearing a fashionable cravat; sometimes as a ploughman; never in uniform, as a soldier. But my telescope will disclose him to you in "white kerseymere breeches and waistcoat; short blue coat, faced with red, and a round hat surmounted by a bearskin." The writer of "Scots wha ha'e," was not content with prodding his country into bloodshed with his pen, like some of our great war-propagandists. He joined the Territorials; he learnt to handle a musket, even though only with "indifferent dexterity."

Next take Scott. Every one knows the ultra-benevolent presentment of Sir Walter handed down to us by people who were just as fed up with the Napoleonic Wars as we are to-day with the Great War. Those pictures are not Scott; they were the ideas of pacifists as to what Scott ought to have been. Let me show you the real fellow. It won't take a moment. See now: there he stands in a most extraordinary costume, and splashed with mud from head to foot. What *has* the man been doing? He's just ridden one hundred miles on the same horse; he's covered the ground between Cumberland and Dalkeith on the vague rumour of an invasion. And what on earth is this great and good man wearing? Hussar boots; blue breeches; a stable-jacket and a busby. At that time (1805) an intimate friend wrote about him to



another intimate friend in the way intimate friends do write: "Not an idea crosses Scott's mind, or a word from his lips, that has not an allusion to some d—d instrument or evolution of the cavalry. 'Draw your swords; single files to the right of front; to the left wheel; Charge!' I saw them charge on Leith Walk a few days ago, and I can assure you it was by no means orderly proceeded."

Now, I have been asked to give you the Scot as a Soldier. You must admit I have given you Great Scott himself as a soldier! He was indeed a soldier through and through. With what infinite gusto does he not give us the combat between Roderick and FitzJames, as well as the battle climax in "Marmion"!

I would like to go on with it. I would love to introduce Dugald Dalgetty to this festive board, which he'd very soon have cleared; but time flies. During the same period lived Campbell, who wrote the "Battle of the Baltic," the "Mariners of England," and "Hohenlinden." Also Byron, who, though he called himself an English bard and quarrelled with Scots reviewers, would never have barded anything worth a sixpenny review had not his mother chanced to be a Scotswoman, one of those prepotent Gordons.

Quit writers and turn to our most limelit, most unhappy, but also most beloved Queen of Scots. Mary lives by the sword and dies by the axe. You may dwell upon her beauty; you may let your fancy dally with her delicious auburn hair. (I've brought a lock of it here to-night; the King has the other half.) You may call to loving remembrance her accomplishments, her genius. You cannot evade the mortal anguish of Langside, now embedded in Glasgow. There, amidst a circle of gloomily respectable mansions is the very spot where she sat her horse by the side of Lord Herries—Langside, where Hamiltons lie buried by the score, companies of them, sheathed in steel—like partans—falling in stiff rows, rattling to the ground at the impact of the very first cannon-balls made in Glasgow; Langside, from whence the thunder of artillery for the first time, but perhaps not the last, rolled down the fertile valley of the Clyde, bearing the fate of one Queen and the reputation of another in its echoes.

Take next the wise and witty Divines, whose weighty words have left too feeble an imprint upon you, their more slightly built, more nervy descendants. Before you have let yourself go very far in wonderment over all that mass out-turn of sermons, the thought will intrude that some of those ministers of the gospel were so soldierly in their inclinations that they must needs snatch the command of Scotland's splendid army out of the hands of that excellent General, David Lesley, and fling it away as if it were the dust (which it soon became) at the feet of the exultant Cromwell. Oh, my friends, what a military tragedy lies buried at Dunbar. Our dear country robbed of the glory of making prisoner Cromwell and his Ironsides!

There's hardly a locality or an episode in Scottish history that does not suggest some idea of the Scot as a Soldier. The very first picture I remember clearly was that of a struggle between Claver'se and the Covenanters at Drumclog. Still, I seem to see that shepherd's collie dog making his teeth meet in the wrist of a dragoon who is trying to let off his pistol at an old man reading a Bible. This is a companion picture for young Scots with that of Jenny Geddes hurling a footstool at the



head of a bishop, or of John Knox shooting up like a jack-in-the-box out of the pulpit, with clenched fists hurling his imprecations at the weeping Mary, who, no doubt, deserved all she got.

These were the Scot-as-a-soldier spirit in which some services were conducted. And with what spirit were they concluded? My great-great-grandfather, the famous Mass John of the College Church in Glasgow, is said once to have assembled his elders in the vestry after the skailing o' the kirk to teach them a lesson. At a round table were glasses filled with liquor. Before they could drink, my ancestor called a blessing. Reverently they knelt down, but when they raised their heads all the glasses were empty. "Ah, but ye maun watch and pray," said my great-great-grandfather, smacking his lips. I have an old aunt who will be angry with me for telling tales out of the family school. He was a great and good man, she says (and so he was), but she thinks I've got the story mixed up somehow. Anyway, I'm sure the whisky wasn't.

Intellect, industry, perseverance, prudence, thrift; these are our normal peace-time virtues—so we like to think—though, no doubt, foreigners could find synonyms for each of these qualities which might not ring so pleasantly in the ear. But war comes like a surprise-packet to reveal to us, as well as to our enemies, another side of our make-up—the inside. There is a spontaneous effervescence of gaiety and humour which bubbles up within the soul of the Scot whenever the alarm is sounded and the order is passed, "Down tools, my lads, and stand to your arms." I know nothing resembling this in any other country. Upon the hearts of an assemblage of young Scots a declaration of war acts like the removal of a cork from a champagne bottle. We don't feel like that now. We're ten years older, ten times poorer. We see through some of the grossest lies of the hate-propaganda bureau. War to end war, forsooth! Why, that is exactly as if we were to-night to sally forth on a crusade to end whisky by drinking dry all the distilleries. We should only aggravate an inherited taste, and the distillers would soon get busy again to satisfy it. Kill all the young men of one generation because of a security pact you once made, and within a dozen years your statesmen will fix up another security pact, equally binding their successors, to a war which will then become absolutely inevitable. But at the time we swallowed the slogan, "War to end war," as if it was mother's milk. A tremendous upheaval of society laid bare the hidden foundations of our being, just as an earthquake might obligingly disclose to a party of Cook's tourists the fossilised skeleton of *Australopithecus africanus*. We recognised our past, we took stock of the foundations, and so we went with a will.

Let me now give you a glimpse of *Pictopithecus caledoniensis*. At the beginning of the Christian era Scotland made her first recorded splash into western civilisation—and an almighty big splash, too! In the early 'eighties—not the Victorian 'eighties, but the 'eighties without prefix—Julius Agricola, son-in-law of Tacitus, marched into the mystery of Scotland. Up to those times the ancients had believed that Scotland went on for ever—that she was the beginning of space—and now the Roman fleet supporting Julius found out that she was not even so big as England, and was just the north end of a bit of a northern island. All the same, they were right in one respect. She is going on for ever.

The first time Julius Agricola marched in he got up to and across



the Tay. This was in the year 83. There was a good lot of confused fighting, but in those days the Roman commanders were relieved of the curse of the modern commander; there was no enemy chief to write a counter battle-dispatch, so he could pitch his own yarn as he wished it taken. But there was one queer fact which might have occurred to those unsuspecting ancients. Julius fell back upon the Forth and began hastily building a wall, just as if he was afraid of something on the far side of it. That wall took the line of the Forth-Clyde canal for ocean liners which is to be built, I hope, next year. In A.D. 84 Julius and his legions determined to have another cut in, and resumed their northward march. Antiquaries and research experts have raised a lot of dust disputing over the line of march taken by these Romans. I haven't studied their works, but I have studied the map in the light of my own experiences in two amphibious campaigns. After leaving Stirling, whose rich "carse" must have been his base, Julius would never, as has been suggested, have taken the long coast route to the Tay. His admiral would not have allowed it. His admiral would have to get as quickly as he could out of the Forth and into the Tay, and could not chance hanging off St. Andrews, landing supplies. Julius marched, depend upon it, across country, viâ his advanced camps at Braco and Ardoch, across Gleneagles, past Lord Haldane's château at Auchterarder, and rejoined his fleet at Perth. He would cross the Tay about Murthly, because he would be getting too much shut in between the left bank and the mountains; then, knowing nothing of the country in front of him, he would assuredly follow the river. He did so, and one morning in the autumn of A.D. 84, just south of Dunkeld, out from Birnam Wood, marched Galgacus, with thirty thousand warriors covering the Pass of Killiecrankie. A wonderful sight. In the front line were cavalry and armed chariots—small, light chariots, we are told, horsed probably with Shetland ponies. Behind the mounted troops were the Highlanders, marshalled into their clans. They were armed with spears and slashing broadswords without points, luckily for the Romans. The battle lasted all day, at first with advantage to Galgacus, but at close fighting discipline and defensive armour prevailed; and although, as at Hastings, fighting went on into the night, by next morning the Caledonii and the Damnii, as the Romans had learnt to call them, were off through Pitlochry, burning their cottages as they went. After this victory, however, Julius got back behind his wall, and the name now given to the indomitable people of the North was "the Picts," or, in the ancient tongue, "the outsiders."

By holding up the advance of the imperial eagles, Galgacus had won a finer, cleaner victory than that of Arminius the German, when, in the year A.D. 9, he destroyed the legions of Varus. Arminius won from incompetence by treachery and was only saved from the vengeance of Rome by an evacuation dictated by the nerves of Augustus. Galgacus had come out into the open, horse and foot, fought Julius, whose boots Varus was not worthy to brush, and though at the moment forced to quit the field, in the long run forced the Romans out of Scotland. If, then, the retreat of the Romans from the Elbe to the Rhine was only paralleled by their retreat from the Tay to the Forth, the parallel is surely in Scotland's favour?

As to Boadicea, who had also, some twenty-two years previously,

given the Romans a check, the English must admit that Galgacus was more successful. And yet, although they turn up their noses at a picture of the first English stateswoman of the ages, they run up a statue to Boadicea on the semi-sacred site of Westminster. You see, then, how modest we are; how oblivious of our ancestors! Not one soul in Scotland drinks to the memory of Galgacus—although century after century the Germans pile beer, schnapps, sausages, statues unto their Arminius, and the English, less gross, string nosegays and verses round Boadicea. Half the male babies made in Germany are called Hermann, whereas I never met a Scotch baby yet who was decorated with the straightforward, hard-bitten name of Galgacus.

Gentlemen, you may think this first speech of mine has been pitched a long way back, but, after all, it's the tiny speck in the middle of the yolk of the egg that makes the fighting cock, and Galgacus and his Picts—his Celtic Picts—are the folk from whom the Scot as a Soldier draws a fire of the blood, a fury in the contest, and a certain implacable quality which differentiates him from the Saxon or Scandinavian, from whom, one or other, his bones and flesh have now become indistinguishable. You can't analyse those qualities, but you can feel them. All the Northcliffes and all their men cannot make the English soldier hate. He is incapable of it. Though extraordinarily sensitive to sentiment, to romance, and to loyalty, the Scottish soldier knows how to hate—with a vengeance. And he is quite the most adventurous of soldiers. Hark to the joyous escapement from the humdrum into the dangerous which finds expression in these lines:

“ Come fill up my cup;  
 Come fill up my can;  
 Come saddle your horses, and call up your men:  
 Come open the West Port and let me gang free,  
 For it's room for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee!”

So now, gentlemen, I've disappointed you, I fear. Yet some day, and soon, D.V., I'll tell you about the infantry of Robert the Bruce, who made head for thirty-five years against the chivalry of England, helped by oatmeal and eighteen-foot pikes. I'll tell you about the Scottish soldier of fortune, Malcolm Sinclair, whose romance is still sung in Norse or Swedish whenever the punch-bowl goes round. I'll speak of the garb of Old Gaul, the clans, the difference between East and West, the Highland regiments—in fact, I'll put my foot into it all round. And now, winding up, as I must, on a lofty plane, I'll read you a poem which I have just received in the very nick of time from a Scottish soldier living in New Zealand. It's not often a poem from the Antipodes is read for the first time at a banquet—

THE GLORY OF SCOTLAND.

INSCRIBED TO GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON.

“ Gae, strike the harp of Caledon,  
 That I may sing fu' cheery  
 Of her brave sons who wear the kilt,  
 The feather, and glengarry;



## THE CHRONICLES OF THE

Who march to war with footsteps light,  
 And hearts that throb sae proudly,  
 To drum's loud beat, that hills repeat,  
 And pibroch sounding loudly.

" Then here's to Scotland's gallant sons  
 Who wear the kilt and sporan,  
 The buckle, plaid, the glitt'rin' blade,  
 The dirk and cairngorm.  
 Their banners bright emblazoned with  
 Their deathless, martial story—  
 The brave Argyll and Sutherlands,  
 Old Scotland's pride and glory !

" By winding path, frae moor and strath,  
 Past torrents wildly foaming,  
 Frae lochs and isles where nature smiles,  
 I see the Argylls coming.  
 O'er brae and ben, frae vale and glen,  
 'Neath purple peaks high arching,  
 Past lakes that gleam and rushing stream,  
 The Sutherlands are marching.

" Wide o'er the world they've backward hurled  
 The tyrant and his legion ;  
 On Alma's brow and at Lucknow  
 They glorified their nation.  
 'Neath Afric's sun and 'gainst the Hun  
 In gold they wrote their story—  
 Brave Ninety-third, by deed and word,  
 Old Scotland's pride and glory !

" While sun and moon frae lift look doon,  
 Where blooms the purple heather,  
 And Scotsmen meet in friendship sweet  
 To drink a cup together,  
 A wreath they'll twine in every clime  
 Around the glorious story  
 Of the brave Argyll and Sutherlands,  
 Old Scotland's pride and glory !

" R. M. SUTHERLAND, Christchurch, N.Z."

Colonel Sir John S. Young, C.V.O., in an inspiring speech, proposed a vote of thanks to Sir Ian, and recalled past days of comradeship with him in various parts of the world ; and complimented him on his great effort for the British Legion. Sir John also expressed his own deep regret at the absence of the President, and the hope and wish " that the spirit of the present gathering

would reach the sick-bed in Kensington and hearten and cheer Mr Will."

The toast of "Our Guests" was proposed by Mr Alexander Ritchie, J.P., and the response given by Professor J. Addyman Gardner.

An interesting feature of the programme was the recitation by Mr John Laurie (of the Old Vic Company), of Mr Charles Murray's "Whistle," Mr Murray himself being one of the President's guests on this occasion, and afterwards expressing his great pleasure to Mr Laurie.

The fifth and last Little Dinner of the Session was held at the Holborn on Thursday, 12th March, 1925, the President in the chair.

After the loyal toasts, Mr Will said he wished to thank the members for their great kindness to him during his recent illness. Hitherto, he said, he had been of the opinion that Robert Burns expressed uncontrovertible truths on most of the subjects he touched, but he (the President) now knew that Burns did not know everything. Had Burns been in his position a month ago he would have known that influenza and not toothache was "the hell o' a' diseases." He said that the generous way in which his name had been mentioned, and the numerous letters he had received, he would never forget, and that he hoped to express his gratitude by greater service to the Society.

In asking Colonel John Buchan to give his Sentiment on "The Scot as Novelist," the President said they were honoured by having with them that night a Scot whose name was probably as well and as favourably known as that of any Scot living to-day. He had heard John Buchan compared with Walter Scott, but in thinking of John Buchan, his work, and his amazing versatility, he thought rather of the Admirable Crichton, and if John Buchan could not carry on a discussion in twelve different languages—he might be able to do even



that for all he knew—he knew, at any rate, that John Buchan could carry on a discussion in twelve different channels of human thought, ranging from Scottish literature to metaphysics. His literary output and versatility had prompted a friend to say to him (the President) that he believed that John Buchan was not an individual, but a syndicate. But to-night he had other thoughts of John Buchan. He thought of him as a leal-hearted Scot, always ready, although one of the busiest men in London, to do a job of work such as that night's, for his brother Scots and his native land. He (the President) wished the same could be said of other London Scots with much more leisure than their guest, whom it was his pleasure and his great privilege to introduce.

Mr Buchan spoke of the qualities necessary for good fiction writers, and in an informal way gave an address which was received with hearty appreciation.

Mr T. R. Moncrieff, Past-President, in proposing the health of Colonel Buchan, said that by his wonderful versatility he could, as an authority, have delivered every Sentiment that had been given that session. "The Scot as Publisher" would have been a simple matter in the hands of a member of the firm of Nelson & Sons; "The Scot as Journalist" would have come well from a man who was deputy-chairman of Reuters; "The Auld Scots Psalms" was an appropriate subject for an elder of St. Columba's; "The Scot as Soldier" would have been treated brilliantly by an old Scots Fusilier and the author of the "Life of Montrose." They had had a great treat that night, and he asked the Caledonians and their guests to drink to Colonel John Buchan's health, with Caledonian honours.

The toast was enthusiastically honoured, and Colonel Buchan in reply said, amid laughter, that something had been said about his versatility, but nothing had been said quite like the young Oxford athlete's

remark that he (Colonel Buchan) wrote the Thirty-nine Articles and kept goal for Sunderland. He thanked Mr Moncrieff for his toast, and the audience for so kindly honouring it.

Mr G. W. Paton, Past-President, proposed "The Guests," a toast always honoured at their gatherings; and Mr Hector Morrison and Mr A. Kiaer, Managing Director of the British and North European Bank, replied.

Mr Allan Macbeth, the author of "It happened in Ardoran," the clever Scots play produced at the Everyman Theatre, gave two exceptionally amusing Scots recitations; Mr James Heddle told some delightful Scots stories; and Mr John A. Anderson read with perfect Border accent, John Buchan's "Fisher Jimmie."

The Annual Festival, which wound up the session of 1924-1925, was held on 30th April, 1925, in the Venetian Room of the Holborn Restaurant. The Banqueting Hall was filled with an audience of two hundred members and their guests, who were received by the President and Miss Will.

After the loyal toasts, the President gave the toast, "The Caledonian Society of London," but before submitting the toast, he offered to Mr and Mrs John Douglas a welcome on their safe return from their Australasian pilgrimage. He said that such visits to their Scottish brethren were of great national value, much greater than the pilgrims themselves realised.

In the course of his speech, the President referred to the successful leg-pulling by the Scots of the English people. We invent a joke about the surgical operation necessary to put an English joke into our heads, and they say we have no sense of humour; in order to cover our generous blushes we tell stories of our own grippiness; to hide our Sunday golfing proclivities we tell tales of our strict Sabbatarianism; terrified lest our sentiment runs away with our judgment, we encourage the fiction that we are dour and undemonstrative; and we sing about whisky and our indulgence in it, as if we liked it, because, as natives of a whisky-producing country, we are rather ashamed of our abstemiousness. He spoke, too, of the purloining by the Scot of two English dishes—



Scotch collops, originally scotched collops, and haggis. He sometimes thought the capture of the haggis from the English was a greater victory over them than Bannockburn ; but it was Burns who, in his " Address," elevated the haggis to a level with freedom and whisky and the bagpipes.

While at their meetings of the Caledonian Society they did some leg-pulling, they spent more of their time in serious work. Since 1837, the date of their foundation, they had worked hard for Scottish charities in London, and only last St. Andrew's Day, at the Royal Scottish Corporation Festival, the Caledonian lists amounted to over £1500.

They had their social evenings, too, when they forgot " the great wen " in which they lived, and found themselves again in their old homes in Scotland. They remembered at their meetings their Highland and Lowland languages which it was their duty to foster ; and they remembered those great principles which they imbibed with their mother's milk, and which gave them the moral fibre which enabled them, out of all proportion to their population, to occupy positions of trust and public usefulness in all parts of the world. In a word, the Caledonian Society helped them to remain true to the traditions and institutions of their native land.

Dr Cameron Stewart, Vice-President, in a short speech, gave the toast " Our Guests," and referring to the absence of Sir Robert Horne, read a letter from Sir Robert to the President, in which he expressed his regret that the Budget discussion had necessitated his being in his place in the House of Commons. The Vice-President referred to the life-work of Sir Robert Blair in the education of the young, and said that his twenty years' work as education officer to the London County Council would leave a deep mark on the future life of the people of the capital. Dr Cameron Stewart said that the members were always proud to have their guests with them.

Sir Robert Blair said the President had referred to leg-pulling of the English by the Scots ; but the Englishmen had " pooled " their heads, and the fact that the English people knew how to make use of the brains of people of all nations showed how clever they really were, and how clearly they saw what was to their advantage. He thanked the members for their great hospitality.

The Rev. Dr Fleming, in proposing the toast of " The President," said it was an easy thing to propose such a toast. He would express himself under three

heads: Mr Will as journalist, as patriot, and as friend. As journalist he spoke of Mr Will's position as the head of a great publishing house, and his admiration for the endeavour always made by Mr Will to give clean newspapers to the public. Mr Will was one of the best known and highest respected of Fleet Street men, and it would be a good thing if there were more men of his type at the head of the great newspapers. As patriot, Mr Will's work for Scotland, especially in the preservation of the Auld Scots tongue, had a far more than local reputation. His type of Scot was the best, acknowledging as it did the good points of other people, notably our English neighbours, among whom we live. As friend, he could speak of Mr Will from personal knowledge and was glad to pay tribute to his unfailing and unobtrusive generosity, manifested in many ways, but always quietly or without ostentation. Some men are respected and others are loved; Mr Will is one whom to know is to love, and as one proud of his friendship, he asked the company to join him in drinking Mr Will's health.

The President feelingly replied. He thanked Dr Fleming for his generous words and wished he were worthy of one-tenth of what he had said. The President said that, if this year of office had been successful, it was due to the hearty support which he had received from Dr Cameron Stewart, Dr Fleming, and Mr McFarlane, and the Past-Presidents' and Mr McFarlane's enthusiasm and activity had made the meetings the success that they had been.

In accordance with the time-honoured custom, the Past-Presidents saluted the President, and the Gold Badge of the Society was presented to Mr William Jeffrey, immediate Past-President, and to Mr J. F. McLeod, who had served the Society as Hon. Secretary for five years.

The President said: "It is my very pleasant duty



to ask Mr William Jeffrey, the immediate Past-President, and Mr J. F. McLeod, who served the Association for five years so faithfully and well as Hon. Secretary, to accept the gold badge of the Society, as some indication of the members' appreciation of their faithful service. Of Mr Jeffrey I need only say that his year of office as President was one of the most successful in the history of the Society. He brought to the Presidency a beautiful sentiment and a fine culture that at once set him on a high plane, and retained for the chair the esteem and loyalty of the members. Mr McLeod also deserves well of the members, for during five years he discharged the not always easy duties of his office with a smile and a quiet efficiency that appeals so strongly to practical people like the Caledonians.

The toast was enthusiastically drunk with Caledonian honours, the badges were pinned on the recipients' breasts by Miss Will, the President's daughter, and Mr Jeffrey and Mr McLeod returned thanks.

Mr P. N. McFarlane, who had the whole Festival splendidly arranged, presented a delightful musical programme, to which Mr Hugh Campbell, Mr Tom Kinniburgh, Miss Ethel MacLelland, and Mr Will Kings contributed.

During the year the Society lost by death Mr C. J. Healy, who joined in 1913, Mr W. J. Yule, who joined in 1909, Colonel Bernard C. Green, C.M.G., T.D., D.L., who joined in 1904 and was President in 1911-1912, and Mr Robert Henderson, C.B., who joined in 1896, and was President in 1903-1904.

Colonel Green died at St Jean de Luz on 28th March, and his body was brought to London, where it was cremated at Golders Green on 15th April, 1925. He was a keen soldier, and, as will be found on pages 97 to 99 of Volume II of "The Chronicles," gave great service to his country.

Mr Robert Henderson died on 1st May and was buried at Elmers End Cemetery. He was a man of wide interests and sympathies; a Life Managing Governor of the Royal Scottish Corporation and Chairman of the Kinloch Bequest Committee; a Director of the Royal Caledonian Schools, and at Beckenham, where he lived, his activities were many and varied. He had been a member of the Board of Guardians, the Education Committee, and the Local Charities Committee, and was Honorary Treasurer of the Beckenham Cottage Hospital.



## CHAPTER V

1925-1926 : DR CAMERON R. STEWART, *President.*

A Canadian Scot : Sentiments, " Scots of the Southern Seas," " Scotsness," " Scotticisms and their Enemies," " Scots in Canada," " A Scots Architect in London " : The President on the History of the Society : Deaths of Sir James Cantlie, F.R.C.S., and Pipe-Major Peter MacLean.

**D**R CAMERON R. STEWART, the President for 1925-1926, occupied a unique place in the annals of the Society, for he was the first Colonial Scot to have joined its membership.

Dr Cameron Stewart's native land was Canada, but he was of pure Scottish blood, and was as full of enthusiasm for all things Scottish as he was of pride in his Scottish descent. Nothing, surely, could be more Scottish to the ear than the statement of his birthplace—" Perth, on the River Tay, in the township of Drummond, in the county of Lanark"—even if " in the province of Ontario " has to be added.

His father, Robert Stewart, was a native of Dunkeld, Perthshire, who had emigrated to Canada as a young man, at a time when so many Scots were making their way to that country, while it was yet in the making,



Dr CAMERON R. STEWART  
*President, 1925-1926.*



and laying the foundations of its future greatness by their perseverance and industry. Settling first in the Ontario county of Renfrew, he had there married a Scottish-Canadian lass, Barbara Cameron, before moving to Perth.

The first son of Robert and Barbara Stewart, it may be here recorded, became a barrister and solicitor in Perth, where he also interested himself in several business undertakings; and afterwards entering the Dominion Parliament, became a prominent figure in the public life of the Dominion as the Hon. John A. Stewart, LL.B., acting for a short time in 1921 as Minister of Railways and Canals in the Cabinet of the Right Hon. Arthur Meighan.

It was on 3rd April, 1870, that Cameron Robertson Stewart was born at Perth, and he received his education at the Perth Public School and Collegiate Institute. Afterwards, going south to the United States, he studied at the Western Reserve University at Cleveland, Ohio, where, in due course, he graduated Doctor of Dental Surgery.

Not long afterwards, Dr Cameron Stewart came to England and attended the Charing Cross Medical School in order to obtain a British qualification, taking the Licentiate in Dental Surgery of the Royal College of Surgeons of England. He then started practice at Surbiton, but a few years afterwards transferred himself to Harley Street, his subsequent progress in his profession being marked by his removal first to Grosvenor Street and then to Upper Brook Street.

Soon after the outbreak of the World War in 1914, following the arrival of the First Canadian Contingent in England, Dr Cameron Stewart placed his skill and experience gratuitously at the service of the Canadian Army Medical Corps. His generous offer was gladly accepted, and he was appointed Honorary Consulting Dental Surgeon to the C.A.M.C., with the honorary rank of captain. He was at once attached to the

Duchess of Connaught Canadian Red Cross Hospital at Taplow, and remained connected with that institution during the whole of its existence. He was in attendance when the first convoy of Canadian casualties arrived from France in February 1915, and for a time had to work under very great difficulties, only a marquee being at first available for his department. Later on, Dr Cameron Stewart was attached to the Canadian Officers' Hospital in Hyde Park Place, this being afterwards removed to North Audley Street. On the formation of a Canadian Army Dental Corps, when that branch was being established, he superintended the equipment of a first-class dental department, capable of attending to the needs of about two thousand cases. He remained Honorary Consultant Dental Surgeon right to the end of the War.

In 1920 Dr Cameron Stewart obtained an interest in Foreign Chemists, Limited (Wilcox, Jozeau & Company), and in two years' time decided to sever his connection with dental surgery and devote himself exclusively to the business of that firm in the capacity of Managing Director.

It is a curious coincidence that Dr Cameron Stewart's introduction to the Caledonian Society, long before he had any idea of acquiring an interest in the pharmaceutical business, should have been due to the late Mr Peter MacEwan, the then editor of the "Chemist and Druggist," who was his sponsor when he became a member in 1909, his seconder being the late Mr W. Lamond Howie, F.R.S.E. His enthusiasm for the work of the Society was recognised in 1914 by his election to the Committee; from 1922 to 1924 he served as Honorary Treasurer; and in 1924 he was elected Vice-President.

Dr Cameron Stewart was a Life Governor of the Royal Scottish Corporation. He was a keen golfer, and was a member of the R.A.C. at Woodcote Park.

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On 12th November, after the loyal toasts had been drunk with Caledonian Honours, Mr William Will proposed the toast of "The New President," and gave a hearty welcome to Dr Cameron R. Stewart on the opening of his year of office. The President suitably replied, and said he would do his best to uphold the traditions of the high office he had been called to. He knew he could rely on the whole-hearted support of the members and that made him take a very sanguine view.

Mr John Douglas, F.S.A.(Scot.), gave a Sentiment entitled "Scots of the Southern Seas," in which he said :

There are many ways of approaching the Islands of the Southern Seas. If you take a map of the world on Mercator's projection, you will find there are many ocean tracks of commerce leading to the great outposts of the British Empire—across the Atlantic and over Canada or America, through the Panama Canal or round Cape Horn, and then by the great Pacific Ocean, or via the Cape of Good Hope or the Mediterranean and Suez Canal. These ocean tracks lead to Brighter Britain beyond the Seas.

Through the kindness of our brother Caledonian, Mr John Macmillan, who provided excellent facilities for our comfort, we were able to make our approach in the splendid steamer "Mahana," of the Shaw Savill and Albion Line, and it was indeed a voyage *de luxe*. Our course was via Panama, and our landing-place was Auckland.

The first impression was a blending of the old and the new, for, swinging lazily at their anchorages were vessels representing nearly every era of shipbuilding in the latter half of the nineteenth century. There were clippers, Yankee windjammers, and others that, in their time, had made reputations for good or ill in the creeks of the Southern Seas, and now they are tethered as coal hulks to supply fuel for the shipping of the port.

Some of the earlier settlers knew what a voyage in these four-hundred-ton ships meant, and now we were entering the great port in a ship of twelve thousand tons burthen, fitted with everything that comfort could demand. Like most of the ports in New Zealand and Australia, the sites of the large cities follow the early settlements, and in many cases large reclamation work has been done in filching space from the sea. In doing this, deep water wharves have been formed that are valuable assets, because the largest liners afloat can berth at most of the ports.

There is an extensive Scottish population in both Dominions, and it is evident everywhere that the sons and daughters of Scotia have made good in the land of their adoption. There is also a large English population ; and, judging by the way they support each other in their many amusements, there seem to be no racial differences. In many

parts there are distinct evidences that a new race is being evolved, which showed a combination of Scottish, English, and Irish blood, but so far as love of nationality is concerned, it is the Scottish element which always seems to be uppermost.

We were prepared to find the people much like ourselves in their aspirations, with perhaps freer scope for development, but had little previous idea of the breadth of outlook, of the wealth of hospitality that seems to be part of their everyday life.

The conditions of life in Australia and New Zealand are much easier than at home; wages are higher and work is more plentiful, and there are comparatively few poor people. With more money to play with, a larger sphere of organised pleasure is indulged in, and sports of all kinds are the recreations of the bulk of the people. I found that Scots were as much alive to the amenities of existence as their fellows, and the Calvinist creed in which their forefathers had probably all been nurtured had assumed a new meaning. On the other hand, we visited a lady who owned an island of four thousand acres in the Hauraki Gulf, who seemed absolutely happy in her sea-girt home, and in spite of the fact that she had large coal interests in Scotland, preferred the quiet homestead of Moto Tapu to any place else in the world.

It was summer-time when we were in the Dominions, and, like ourselves at home, it was vacation time so far as meetings were concerned, but there seemed to be little difficulty in getting large gatherings together to give us a Scottish welcome. Cars were put at our disposal, and friends vied with friends to give us a good time. Our trip had been planned as a modest pleasure tour, but from the time we landed in Auckland to the time we left the magnificent harbour of Sydney on our homeward journey, it was something like a regal progress. We came into close contact with many virile Scottish Associations, and it was an inspiration to find such intense enthusiasm for the traditions of the Old Country.

We were privileged to meet the Caledonian Society at Auckland, and I also gave a lunch address to the Rotary Club. At Wanganui they seemed to hold carnival for about a week, and the mayor, senior magistrate, and some of the leading citizens, joined the Scots in making it a memorable occasion.

I gave two lectures there, and in each case we were serenaded and led to the halls by a pipe-band of twenty performers. Our old friend, Mr Mackenzie Forbes, was our chief host. He always does things thoroughly. Each day we were motored to new places, and we visited all the items of interest in the neighbourhood. At a recently started woollen mill, staffed by men from Galashiels and Innerleithen, we were shown the full processes of turning wool into cloth, and the Caledonian Society presented us with the first Douglas tartan rug ever made in New Zealand.

At Wellington we met the three Scottish Societies, one of which was the Shetland Society. Incidentally, I gleaned that out of thirty-four sea-captains on the Pacific coast, thirty-two were Shetlanders.

I was asked to speak on Unity, as a proposal was on foot to link the associations into one. Only a fortnight ago I received the good news that their desire had been accomplished, and that a complete amalgamation had taken place. They have purchased property in the



city, which is to be occupied as a great Scottish hall, with administrative offices where visitors will be welcomed and any stranded Scot will be helped.

At Christchurch we had a rousing welcome from the Scottish Society of Canterbury, whose pipe-band greeted us at the hall of the Society, where I gave a lecture.

Dunedin is more Scottish than any other place in New Zealand. The citizen seem to be well off and to take things fairly easy. It is impossible to get away from the Scottish atmosphere, because the names of the streets are the same as you find in Edinburgh, and the Water of Leith runs through part of the city. The Burns Club of Otago is the most influential Scottish Society, but all the societies joined in giving a tea in our honour, and I had the privilege of lecturing to them on "Robert Burns and the Scottish Vernacular."

We had opportunities of visiting the wonderful Thermal Regions, the Waitomo Caves, and Mount Cook, and even in the Maori Settlements, we found that the Scots were held in respect. At Rotorua, at a Maori concert which we were asked to attend, the performers sang "Annie Laurie" for our benefit, and they sang it very well indeed.

It is a five days' voyage from Wellington to Melbourne, then a seventeen hours' voyage to Launceston in Tasmania. Tasmania occupies a position near the mainland, but is still far enough away to be outside the stream of commerce. Recent shipping legislation has left the little State in a backwater. It is making a gallant effort to develop industries, such as zinc works, confectionery works, woollen and cloth mills, etc., and in these a considerable number of Scots are engaged, but there is not the same outlet for business as in the larger States, and the tendency is for the new migrants to remain in one or other of these larger States.

We found some good Scots engaged in fruit-farming, and learned that three million bushels of apples are produced annually. Half of these come to the United Kingdom, a considerable quantity go to the mainland of Australia, and they eat the remainder themselves.

Tasmania has a magnificent climate, and it is a great holiday resort, but this valuable asset is largely lost because of periodical seamen's strikes.

We found some Scots in Hobart who were prominent in the Legislative Council, the House of Representatives, and Municipal Government, but in Launceston there seemed to be a milder type. I gave a lecture to the Caledonian Society of Southern Tasmania to a large audience. It was a pleasant surprise to find as one of the audience our old friend Mr Gray Buchanan, who was also on tour.

Some of the scenery of Tasmania rivals the beauty spots of Scotland, and at some choice bits we found Scots in possession. It was, however, the Almighty who created these pleasant places; the Scots had merely annexed them.

I had an opportunity of perusing the records of the convict system of Van Diemen's Land, as it used to be called, and was glad to find that Scottish names did not often appear. We may well be thankful, because the system was a brutal one, which stained the name of Great Britain. I am convinced that in hundreds of cases it would have been more humane to carry out Lord Braxfield's dictum at the Court of Session, Edinburgh: "Hang a thief when he is young, and he'll no' steal when he is auld."

We encountered the annoyance of a seamen's strike, and, like many hundreds more, were held up in Tasmania. We had a similar experience in getting away from New Zealand, and we did not like it. Eventually, however, we managed to get across the Bass Strait to Melbourne, where we landed under police protection in face of a large crowd, kept in control behind barricades.

The Scots of Melbourne gave us a great welcome. The Royal Caledonian Society gave an official reception in their rooms at Russell Street. A public dinner had been arranged in our honour by the Victorian Scottish Union, but that had to be cancelled owing to the strike detaining us in Tasmania.

The strike was also responsible for our having to miss lunching with the Governor and Lady Stradbroke at Government House, and I was unable to accept an invitation from the Premier to lunch at Government Buildings.

It was under the auspices of the Victorian Scottish Union that I addressed ten thousand Scots on the anniversary of the birthday of Robert Burns at an open-air meeting beside the Burns Statue, St Kilda Road. It was an inspiring gathering, and a magnificent tribute to the memory of our National Bard.

So far as I could judge, Scots seem to have done well in Victoria, and many of them hold outstanding positions in the Government and in public as well as in private affairs.

In the Western District, at Ballarat, we were accorded a municipal reception, and at both Ballarat and Colac we had opportunities of learning something of the excellent work being done on behalf of Scottish immigrants. At Colac we met several lads from Scotland, who had been placed in good positions by the Caledonian Society. Mr John Keith of Ballarat and Mr Allan McKenzie of Colac deserve niches to themselves in the temple of Scottish pioneering, because they have construed their duty into praiseworthy substantial work. Mr McKenzie has placed over a hundred Scottish lads in situations as a first step to their becoming settlers of the right type. I met some of them, who told me of the friendship they had received since settling in the new country, and they paid high tribute to those who had from the start made them realise that their welcome was genuine.

I gave lectures at both places, and in each case there were large audiences. We were motored round the country and saw some of the finest sheep and cattle that ever appeared in a show-ring. Captain Baker, the President of the Colac Caledonian Society, motored us to his place to see his pet herd of kangaroos. He began the hobby with a pair, and now he has over thirty.

The Highland Society of New South Wales, in a large measure, controls the Scottish activities in New South Wales. Their offices and hall are in Phillip Street, Sydney, and the President, Council, and energetic Secretary dispense hospitality with a lavish hand. I looked upon it as an outstanding honour, much appreciated by me, to be elected an Honorary Life Member of this important Society.

We made a host of friends in Sydney, and were impressed with the high esteem in which Scots are held in the capital of the Mother State.

We had opportunities of seeing some of the leading industrial establishments and public institutions. Mr Pringle, of Sydney, took



us through the various departments; the Comptroller-General of Prisons took us to the splendid penitentiary at Long Bay, and others took us round the harbour and to other show places. These men were all Scots.

The gospel of work for others is a strong feature in the Scots of both Australia and New Zealand, and we were privileged to see some fine monuments to their enthusiasm. Than the Burnside Homes at Parramatta, founded by the late Sir James Burns, who has been a guest of our Society here in bygone days, there could be no better national monument. Five hundred boys and girls are housed in a garden city in a dozen separate homes provided by Scots. There are also central halls, schools, and an administrative block, excellently equipped. The Hon. J. A. Murdoch, notwithstanding the claims of the Legislative Council and his business, is an energetic chairman, and through his generosity the school open-air swimming baths and other buildings have come into being. The whole foundation is controlled by the Presbyterian Church of Australia, with Mr Wood, who came from the United Free Church offices, Edinburgh, as financial secretary.

While at Sydney we made an excursion to the Blue Mountains and Jenolan Caves, which really form a wonderland.

In all the places we visited, we found the Scottish societies keenly interested in the Vernacular Movement initiated by the Burns Club of London, and some of the meetings we attended were really tributes to the excellent work that had been accomplished. At Dunedin a large gathering of the combined Scottish Societies passed a definite resolution commending the work of the Vernacular Circle.

The centres of trade and commerce vie with each other in raising the standard of life, and business rivalry has done a great deal in the development of the cities. Like the old rivalries between Edinburgh and Glasgow, the cities of New Zealand and Australia assert their superiority. Wellington claims to be the centrepiece of New Zealand, and Auckland asserts a friendly determination to be equal in the race for overseas trading. Hobart and Launceston have their rivalries to spur them on, and Melbourne and Sydney, in a much larger way, have their own big ideas of expansion.

From the time we landed at Auckland, right through the North and South Islands of New Zealand, in Tasmania, Victoria and New South Wales, our experience was such that we retain vivid memories of lavish hospitality shown to us everywhere. Our experience was sufficient to fix in our minds a determination to try and see closer links formed between ourselves and the Scots of the Dominions, because there can be no doubt that we should gain a great deal by having a closer touch with so many enthusiastic associations. I am convinced that whatever enthusiasm is shown at home will have its counterpart, with interest, by the Scots of the Southern Seas.

In proposing the toast of "Mr John Douglas," the President read a letter from the Highland Society of New South Wales, in which it was announced that their Gold Badge had been presented to Mr Douglas, and

also that he had been elected an Honorary Life Member of their Society.

Mr William Blane, the newly elected Vice-President, proposed the toast of the Past-Presidents, and Mr Alexander MacDonald, the newly elected Hon. Treasurer, proposed the toast of "Our Guests," which was ably responded to by Mr William Martin, LL.D., F.S.A., the Chairman of Council of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society.

Mr J. M. Bulloch, LL.D., gave a Sentiment entitled "Scotsness," at the December meeting, when he said :

One of the most enthusiastic members of this Society, who has frequently heard me hold forth on Scotsness—and nearly all Scots hold forth—recently looked at me as if he wanted to say with the Saxon in the "Lady of the Lake": "I thank thee, Roderick, for the word." As a matter of fact, he didn't say it. On the contrary, with the Scot's desire to make me keep a calm sough, what he did say was: "But just exactly what is Scotsness?"

Personally, I have the clearest idea of what I mean by the word. But now that my friend has got me here to explain to him and to you what I mean, I wish I could act as the auld wifie did when she was asked to define tact. "Weel," she said, "I canna jest explain't. But I'll tell ye fat—fan ye ging to Heaven and meet Peter, dinna say 'Crawing cocks' till him. That's tack!"

Like the wifie, I would have no difficulty in telling you stories to illustrate what I mean by "Scotsness." Scotsmen themselves manufacture these stories by the score, and Englishmen imitate them in various stages of mimicry. But that would be a question-begging method, for stories are not explanations but merely examples of the thing you want to explain. My difficulty is not in singling out the ideas underlying and informing such stories, but in the possibility of trying to convince you that my reading of the case is anything more than a purely personal interpretation. Although I have no possible, probable, manner of a doubt that, for myself at least, the interpretation is valid, I am also quite conscious of the fact that it does not gain universal acceptance in Scotland itself. There is, indeed, a certain school of Scots, happily a diminishing one; of thrawn commentators, sweer to gree, who exhibit a great deal of pernickety and tacketty pertinacity in constantly trying to demonstrate that the theory of different qualities which I call "Scotsness" is a mere maggot in the imagination of effusive exiles; or, alternately, that if there are any such differences, the sooner they are pulled up like a lot of tattie-shaws the better. In my native town we suffer from a sanshach exponent of this school. I admit there is some excuse for him, because he began his ambitious career as a working mason, and has assimilated some of the recalcitrant characteristics of the hard granite that he used to chamfer. He reminds me of



the mannie in a circus entertainment who, when the ring was turned into a committee-room, met every proposal with a popgun "I objeck." My pertinacious fellow townsman never misses an opportunity of "objeckin'," for he insists on promulgating his doctrine whether he is addressing a prayer-meeting or the pupils in an elementary school. His particular *bête noire* is the Doric, or the alleged Doric, as he would say, with a memory of the day when he had to report the proceedings in the police court. Thus, when all the town turned out recently to hear Mr John Buchan present a portrait to Mr Charles Murray, the great modern master of the northern vernacular, our friend chose this particular day on which to demonstrate to the local Rotary Club, for the seventy-seventh time, that there is no such thing as Doric, but that it is only a local and vulgar corruption of standard English. Of course, our friend is never so Scots—though he does not know it—as when he displays his thrawnness, while the curious thing is that, while denying the existence and differences in theory, he spends much of his time ascribing to every stick and stone of his neighbourhood such virtues as religious devotees assign to holy relics.

His attitude, and that of others like him, is largely a reaction from the weakness of what might be called the "Scots wha ha'e" school, which made the Scots a sort of chosen race, monopolising all the virtues. "Wha's like us?" they truculently would say, and immediately some Scots, with a sense of acidic disgust, answered, "Very few, we hope"; and consequently they have gone to the other extreme.

Personally, I take it for granted that we are different from the inhabitants on this side of the Border—not superior to them—just because I know that "ilka blade o' grass keeps its ain drap o' dew," or, as Tennyson put it long after, "God fulfils Himself in many ways, lest one good custom should corrupt the world." I also am convinced that the differences which exist are well worth maintaining—Englishmen themselves are the greatest aiders and abettors of this—in an age which tries to flatten us all out like a tar-macadamised road. In particular, this point of view is the very pivot of the Vernacular Circle, which my colleague, your enthusiastic member, Mr Will, had the honour of establishing in London, and the pleasure of seeing taken up in Scotland itself.

But putting myself aside, I would ask you: Are you conscious in your daily converse with Englishmen of any difference (as I am perfectly sure the Englishman is with you)? Do you feel the presence of a somewhat different point of view, a different way of doing business? Are you conscious of certain drawbacks in your own temperament, certain inhibitions, as the psychologists nowadays say? And if, in your approach to life, you are conscious of any such difference, such as you do not feel in tackling another Scot, what exactly does it consist in?

In my putting this question to you, you may say that, having avoided taking shelter behind the old woman who was asked to explain fact, I am now trying to shelter behind you, and to get you to answer the question which I have been brought here to answer.

First and foremost, we are inveterately, if often unconsciously, logical, and what the theologians call teleological.—Declining to take the appearances of fact at their mere surface value—which accounts for our canniness—we are intensely interested in the principles and



purposes of things, forming our surmises on a grouping of individual facts. This is exactly the opposite of what is called Cockneyism, which is content to deal with the day's darg, forgetting yesterday and not thinking of to-morrow. Of course, Cockneyism is not confined to London, and may appear sporadically in Cockpen or Cockenzie, but speaking generally, we Scots, who are a' John Tamson's bairns, are convinced that there's "aye some water whaur the stirkie droons." The most telling example of this tendency is afforded by the first question of our Shorter Catechism, which at once plunges the child into the colossal and apparently insoluble problem: "What is man's chief end?" whereas the Anglican Catechism asks the English child in the true English manner, "What is your name?" which, except for taxation purposes, is of very little importance.

The late Hume Brown once said that the Larger and Shorter Catechisms have made the Scots a nation of theologians, producing, as he says, "that astonishing precision of thought regarding the mysteries of human destiny, which ever since has been one of the national characteristics." But it seems to me there is some confusion of thought here, for, although the Catechisms came from the Westminster Divines, of whom there were one hundred and twenty-one to Scotland's four, the English people would have nothing to do with them. No doubt the Catechisms affected the Scots temperament; but the soil was in a very suitable condition for their growth even before the advent of John Knox.

From whatever cause, a philosophical grasp of life in all its phases is inherent in the Scots mind, tending in those who are deliberately conscious of its workings, to precipitate itself into definite dogma. A striking example is afforded by "McAndrew's Hymn," the conception of which is probably due to the Scots bit in Mr Kipling, because his mother was a Macdonald. To the average marine engineer, engines and cranks are just a combination of steel and steam, whereas to McAndrew they represent "law, order, duty and restraint, obedience, discipline."

"From coupler-flange to spindle-guide, I see Thy hand, O God—  
Predestination in the stride o' yon connectin' rod;  
John Calvin might ha' forged the same."

McAndrew, you see, is not only a philosopher; he is of the essence of a poet, and nearly all Scots have a touch of the poet, though they may never write verse; though they may even deliberately take pains to suppress the tendency.

This grasp of principles, or ideology, as the French and Germans, who are very like us, say, is seen at work in politics, which, to the bulk of Scots, are not a mere game, but the attempt to realise definite ideas of the art of governance. These ideas shine through a great deal of Burns; nor is it any accident that there should be what are called wild men of the Clyde; for the transportation to Botany Bay in 1794 of Thomas Muir and the other Glasgow martyrs, now honoured by the familiar obelisk in Edinburgh, reminds us that the ferment of ideas in the Scots brain is anything but new. This grasp of principles is proved by the fact that Scotland, to a far greater extent than England, is "thirled" to political parties rather than to individual politicians, even when these parties fail to realise their programmes. The so-called



swing of the pendulum is rarely, if ever, regulated in Scotland by the typically English idea of giving the other fellow a chance, even if he is diametrically opposed to you. And, though we believe a man's a man for a' that, we do not dream of voting for him merely because he happens to be a good fellow, or made one hundred and one not out against Harrow, or is a hero on the golf links.

Fundamentally associated with this philosophical tendency is a strong logical sense which entitles us to draw deductions from facts, though, of course, not necessarily the right deduction. It is the strict logical sense which has made Scotland take to Presbyterianism as a follow-on to Roman Catholicism, which is equally logical from a different angle: whereas Anglicanism does not trouble its head about logic, but has developed along the lines of compromise inherent in the English people, who save themselves a world of trouble by recognising that life is not logical, whereas we Scots are for ever trying to square our practice by our preconceived theory. For example, very few Englishmen believe in conscription as a political dogma—they never let any dogma master them but remain masters of dogma. But they have no hesitation in applying it for a specific purpose such as the Great War, though, when the necessity for it is over, they jettison it without a thought, for, unlike the French or the Germans, they do not regard war as a dogma, but purely as an episodic misfortune. It is indeed no freak of nomenclature that the English have called some of their taverns "The Case is Altered." For the case is always altering, and they adjust themselves accordingly with few reluctant glances at their preconceptions, and with a rapid power of improvising their methods to the necessity of the moment. The Englishman, in fact, is what philosophers call a pragmatist, which leads a logical nation like the French to call them, quite unjustly, hypocrites.

The Scot, on the other hand, has what might be called a cradle-to-the-grave conception of life, which is for him in all phases a unity of cause and effect. With all his intense individuality, which, paradoxical as it may seem, is no contradiction to his clannishness, he is keenly conscious that he is just a link in a chain. Thus his sense of the past is very strong, not only in regard to his national history (think of the popular call of Bannockburn, for which there is no parallel on this side of the Border, not even in Trafalgar and Waterloo), but in regard to himself, as symbolised in "Auld Lang Syne," which the English, with no real slogan of their own, have now adopted as a complement to the national anthem.

The same idea is inherent in the Scots, and for that matter in the Irish and French, reverence for the dead, as shown in the way neighbours and mere acquaintances will attend a funeral, often at great personal inconvenience, whereas, on this side of the Border, and especially in London, the sad ceremony is purely a family affair, on the principle of "The King is dead: long live the King."

If we feel founded in the past, the same sense of the unity of things makes Scots think of the future. That is the real basis of our thriftiness, so often mistaken for miserliness. And it is equally the basis of our intense interest in education. It is one of the most facile things to say, as Mr Baldwin recently did, that education has made Scotland. No doubt it has, just as the Shorter Catechism has done. But Scotland also



made for education, not merely to satisfy a desire for knowledge, but because it recognised that education would make it, in turn—in the shape of the export of brains and industry which have carried us to every corner of the earth. This is the most striking contrast to the Englishman, who has not really been interested in education, least of all in elementary and compulsory education, for he did not adopt the measure until he saw what the Germans were doing. Even to this day he is always complaining about the ever-increasing cost of education. Living, as he does, so much for the moment, that is not in the least remarkable, for the money spent in education is one of those silent and often unfruitful investments which demand time and faith; and the Scot, with all his thrift, possesses that faith to a high degree.

Not only have we had a different attitude from Englishmen to the value of education; but we have tackled the teaching of it in a typically different way; especially in its advanced stages, when, with our philosophical bias, we have taught what English people would call "unpractical" things. This was especially true of the splendid old four years' course in Arts in the Universities, which admittedly did not train you for a definite method of earning your living, like Pitman's Schools or Clark's College. Nearly forty years ago, under bad advice and mimetic impulses, we largely jettisoned this large philosophical basis, the *studium generale*, as it was called, for a series of options which tended to turn the universities into technical colleges, so that a graduate could take his or her "M.A." in nearly a million ways, so that it has become an index to nothing. To-day, Scotland is actually in the process of returning to the broad basis of the old system.

Even in the purely technical subjects, Scotland has always favoured a generous basis of knowledge. Take, for example, medicine. In England every medical school was an appendix to an hospital: that is to say, the study was purely practical, proceeding from the bedside. In Scotland, on the other hand, the hospital was an appendix to the medical school, which taught the broad principles of medicine, without which there can be no sound diagnosis. Indeed, the University of Aberdeen was the first university in the whole of this country to possess a medical faculty, which it did from its foundation in 1494. To-day, of course, all the English universities have medical faculties.

And yet, we cannot but admit that the Scots sense of the future and its insecurities has its drawbacks. As a people we are sometimes credited with cocksureness. As a matter of fact we are very prone to "ha'e oor doots," lacking the "eat, drink, and be merry" philosophy, which is the very essence of easy-ozy Cockneyism. Owing, perhaps, to the severities and the uncertainties of our native climatic conditions, we are prone to feel the immanence of the sword of Damocles, full of strange apprehensions which are based on a perception of the fact that we are but very small fractions of a mysterious cosmos which is really indifferent to our feelings and our futures, whereas people who live in and for the day can pack up their troubles in their old kit-bags, and smile, smile, smile.

This perception of something beyond ourselves has the advantage of making us able to appreciate the ways of other countries besides our own, and is the secret of our capacity as colonists and dwellers even in



countries under a foreign flag, though all the time, in the last resort, we are anything but absorbed by others. We retain our individuality, and are amenable because we are really unamenable.

On the other hand, I am bound to admit that the Englishman, just because he thinks less about the future and its uncertainty, but gives himself up to the job in hand, seems to stand up to misfortune, when it does come, with greater resilience than ourselves, because he has not wasted his nervous energy in anticipating disaster, for his great strength lies, as Mr Galsworthy, a very characteristic Englishman, has said, in his remarkable power of conserving all his nervous energy.

The Scot, on the other hand, if sparing of his material resources, is positively prodigal of his spiritual ones. This comes out very clearly in his capacity for hard work. Equipped, like the Americans, with immense energy, he feels he must use it up to the full in the job in hand, which makes us at once good servants and hard task-masters, not least to ourselves. In this respect we are very like Germans, whose attitude towards work was referred to by Mr Frank Hodges before the Coal Commission last week as "wholesome and good." Scots work hard, not to curry favour with an employer, and not even to "get on," but because they simply must, to satisfy their conscience. Whether this makes the Scotsman always more efficient than his employer, as Mr Caradoc Evans declared, I leave to you to decide.

Like most good qualities, this also has its drawback, for we are apt to feel that nobody can do a job so well as ourselves. Under this obsession—for it is an obsession—the Scot frequently finds it almost impossible to delegate work, going into every point himself and thereby wasting much energy (though he cannot help it) on the minor facts. In few things are we so different from an Englishman than this. He has no hesitation in delegating his functions. Thus, he has nearly always employed foreign dynasties to govern him, and he is quite glad at the moment to delegate his two archbishoprics to our race, arguing quite automatically, "If the other fellow wants to do the job, why not let him?"

We also have the defects of many other good qualities, for human nature, whether Scots or not Scots, is a very complicated affair. Mr John Buchan recently suggested that Scots are full of absolute contradictions. But I think these contradictions are really the reverse and obverse of the same coin and can be traced to our logicity and our inadequate grasp of compromise. Thus, while it is a commonplace to say we are canny, it is equally true we can be very reckless and possess much of the spirit of the gambler. A hundred phrases come to mind: being in a hicht or a howe; living at heck and manger. Our history is punctuated with picturesque examples, such as the Jacobite risings, which, whatever else they were, were indifferent to consequences. Precisely the same quality makes us adventurous in business, for what we are pleased to call "enterprise" must of necessity have a large admixture of the spirit of pure gamble, although the captain of industry tries to convince himself that, in contradiction to the politicians and to the dreamer, he is a dealer in "dead certs." Similarly, Scots who are quite grippy can be generous. In particular, I recall a Scot who would beat you down a halfpenny on a bargain and yet do you immensely well on a lunch or dinner immediately after.



I have dealt only with some salient points in a salient way, avoiding all the fine shades, and I have no doubt that if you were sitting on the benches of a debating society instead of our chairs, which have the quality of pews in a kirk where you cannot contradict the pulpit, many of you could tear my diagnosis to shreds, though in doing so you would at once demonstrate the essential Scots characteristic of taking nothing for granted.

I have said nothing about the causes of the differences between Scots and English, which I believe to be rooted in the question of climate, a very large subject which I cannot possibly enter into here. But I believe these differences to be fundamental and to be to a large extent permanent, because the physical conditions, even in an age of quick transport, remain very much the same. Leopards cannot really change their spots, though they may become so mangy that you think they do. I shall not apply that word to those Scots in Scotland, who, under the influence of more money, adopt the social veneer of the dominant partner—dressing for dinner, setting up billiard-rooms (relegated to adroit lumber-rooms when the boys fly from the paternal nests), sending their sons to English public schools, and all the rest of it. Again, at the other end of the social scale, we find the poorer classes abandoning oatmeal for tea. Beneath all those surface changes you have not to go very far to find the old unmistakable Scot, for hundreds of years of hard tack and strenuous conditions are not to be dighted off the slate on the instant. Even if we did attempt to obliterate these, English people, who are eager for a lot of colour and variety, would be sure to adopt some of our age-long peculiarities.

It is because I believe that these differences are not to be obliterated, that they did not stop John Knox with Culloden or with Burns—although like all live forces, they have undergone certain changes—but that they shall still persist and ought to persist, that I applaud the work of such an organisation as the Vernacular Circle, which has taken one of our characteristics under its wing. If it were merely a question of preserving auld-farrant words without the mentality which these words represent, there would be nothing in it. But I am convinced that the mentality persists. I am perfectly sure, though it might seem rank heresy to say so, that Burns did not say the last word, that he is not the last of the Makars, but that there is much for a new poet to say, if he will only trust himself to say it in his own way, giving a wide berth to the methods and the metres which Burns used in saying it.

My point then, is that we Scots possess certain characteristics, acquired during many centuries of complete independence, and very slowly modified, and that we have to solve the problems of life in terms of those characteristics, however difficult that may be. The Englishman is equipped quite differently, and rarely if ever attempts to solve life in any other way but his own; Shakespeare, in fact, was never so English as when he said, "To thine own self be true." Sensible Scotsmen have got far beyond the view of the prickly writer of the "Thistle," who, posing as "a dispassionate examiner of the prejudice of Englishmen in general to the Scotch nation," declared, "I conclude by assuring you that I envy not your countrymen of their application of Englishmen, believing myself far more honoured by that of a Scot. And let me add that I would be a Laplander, with the character of steadiness, humanity,



loyalty, and sincerity, before I would be an Englishman, with that of fickleness, cruelty, disloyalty, and disingenuity."

Wise Scotsmen and Englishmen to-day feel that through their different, and in many ways complementary, equipment, they can work together for good. Of this, at any rate, I am certain, that the characteristics Scotsmen have acquired in a hard school of experience, in other words, what I call Scotsness, can be brought with advantage to the common stock of equipment of the great Commonwealth of which we are an integral part.

The President, in proposing the toast of "Dr Bulloch," said: "Dr John Malcolm Bulloch is one of the most erudite Scotsmen in London. He is a native of Aberdeen, and a distinguished graduate of the University which has been well called 'the lamp of the North.' Dr Bulloch has rendered great literary service to his country, and in recognition of that service his University conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., an honour which was hailed with great delight by Scotsmen in London, and what is more important from Dr Bulloch's point of view, by his colleagues, by whom he is loved. His services to Scotland in London are many and great. His presence here to-night is an example of his willingness to help the good work, and as chairman of the Vernacular Circle of the Burns Club of London he has rendered a great service to his native land and its language."

In the course of the evening Mr Dunn, a guest, gave a fine rendering of the song "I shot an Arrow into the Air," and Mr Campbell Mitchell Cotts, another guest, recited in a much appreciated way, Alexander Anderson's ("The Surfaceman") poem, "Bairnies, cuddle doon."

At the meeting on 14th January, 1926, after the loyal toasts, Mr T. R. Moncrieff, in accordance with the established custom, sang, "Here's to the Year that's Awa'," and Mr William Will gave a Sentiment entitled "Scotticisms and their Enemies." Mr Will said:

Although love of country and national institutions is as strong in the Scots—Highland and Lowland—as in men of any other nationality,

we have been guilty of an extraordinary remissness in the matter of our languages. While Poles, Finlanders, Alsations, Schleswig-Holsteiners, Friesians, Belgians, Irishmen, the Dutch in South Africa, to mention only a few, have made or are making successful stands for recognition of their languages, we have shown a lethargy quite out of keeping with our struggles for matters of less importance, such, for example, as a sentimentally significant thing like the removal of kilt and feather bonnet from Highland regiments.

We have looked on, apparently indifferent, while our expressive Scots words have gradually withered on our lips; we have seen and heard our idioms ridiculed and thrown back in our teeth as barbarisms, and as the writings and mouthings of vulgarians, for Scotticisms were the butt of wits, and the despair of those weak-kneed Scots whose apologetic attitude encouraged philological critics in their violent attacks.

When we begin to discuss the question, "What is a Scotticism?" we find (leaving out of the question the description of Scotticism applied to John Duns Scotus's metaphysical system) that it is described in some dictionaries as a Scottish idiom; but this is not nearly enough; it need not be idiomatic, and those dictionaries are nearer the mark which call it "a mode of expression peculiar to Scotland or Scotsmen."

A Scotticism is actually composed of Anglified Scots words, or purely English words. I do not necessarily here refer to those English words which were used by Chaucer and his successors, incorporated in the Scots language, disappeared from English speech and literature, and have survived in the Lowland Scottish language—words such as *but an' ben*, the old English *butan* and *binnan*.

I have seen no better description of a Scotticism than that by one of its enemies, Alexander Bain, Professor of Logic and English at Aberdeen University, of whose Higher English Grammar some of us have even yet painful recollections. "The Scotticism," says Bain, "consists not in the employment of purely Scottish words, but the employment of English words in a Scotch meaning or construction."

For example, there is the English word "presently." When we say "Lord Blank is presently staying at Blank Castle," we are challenged because an Englishman would say, "Lord Blank is at present residing at Blank Castle." English critics and Scots rebukers say that "presently" does not mean "at present," "now," "at this moment," but "in the immediate future." My contention is, however, that when a Scotsman says "presently," it does mean "at this moment," and that the Bible has "And presently the fig tree withered away," and that Sir Philip Sidney wrote of "the towns and forts you presently have." So that writers in Scottish country newspapers can go on telling their readers that "Lord Blank is presently residing at Blank Castle," in the knowledge that their greatest offence is that they are loyal to a form of expression used by people who were considered in their day stylists and linguistic purists.

Things have been happening to us "presently" for generations; and for generations, too, we have been feeling smells, and despite the precisionists we shall continue to feel smells, because a smell is an attack on one of our senses. There is a sense of contact; and so we feel it—and often feel it badly. One hundred and fifty years ago the



critics ironically said : " If you can say you can feel a smell, you can as truly say that you can see a sound " ; but when, as we read, that Professor Lowe photographed an irritating humming sound at Hastings Electric Power Generating Station, we may quite easily confound our critics by saying that we can now, at any rate, even see a sound !

The Scotticism, which has long outlived the derision and loathing which it created in the minds of English critics and their Scots admirers, would seem to have first been referred to by Defoe in 1717. " This is a Scotticism in speech," he wrote, and the word was used in " Wesley's Journal," in which the divine wrote : " The book is written, with great accuracy of language, allowing for a few Scotticisms " ; but on how the Scotticism in speech or literature happened, the oracles are dumb.

I have a theory—merely a theory—regarding the formation of certain of the breed which I venture to put to you ; and the phrase " Come away," and other similar contradictions suggest it. When Scots people were satisfied with their own homely way of expressing themselves, they gave utterance to such phrases as " Come yer wa's ben," " It's a coorse day," " Sit inbye to the fire," and on leaving, " Tak' the door tee wi' ye." All these words and phrases are to us natural ; but when their intercourse with English people became so close that they began to ape their words and phrases, our forebears tried to Anglify their Scots words with disastrous results, as we know. " Come yer wa's ben " became " Come away ben," and later " Come away " ; " Sit inbye to the fire " became " Sit in to the fire," not " Sit into the fire," as charged against us ; " Tak' the door tee (to) wi' you " became " Take the door with you," and " It's a coorse day " became " It's a coarse day," to the English ears an absurd phrase. It would not be difficult to justify the expression " A coarse day," because the antithesis of coarse is fine, and if it be permissible to say of good weather, " It's a fine day," why not of bad weather " It's a coarse day " ? We have been calling bad weather coorse weather—and much worse than that—for generations ; and I fear that for generations to come we shall continue to denounce it in our own emphatic Scottish way. We have many examples of this transition from pure Scots to bastard English—or as it was said of the speech of Jeffrey, on his return to Edinburgh from Oxford—from a broad Scots to a narrow English.

But before we go further in justifying or commenting on what the English bards and Scots reviewers denounce as Scotticisms, let us see who were the leading Scottish enemies of Scotticisms, for the greatest enemies have been Scots, and great Scots at that.

The earliest denunciation which I can find was by Robertson, the historian, who in 1759 wrote : " Many of these vicious forms of speech which are denominated Scotticisms have been introduced by them (the lawyers) into the language." But it was some time later before the full flood of denunciation came.

The Scottish people, satisfied with their language for centuries, had neglected it in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to such an extent that no literature of any account in Lowland Scots—from Lindsay to Ramsay—had seen the light, if we except a few contributions of James V (" The Gaberlunzie Man," etc.), Alexander Montgomery (" The Cherry and the Slae "), Francis Sempill (" The Bridal," " Maggie



Lauder," etc.), and Lady Grizell Baillie ("Werna my heart licht"), which merely kept the embers alive. Just when Ramsay and Fergusson had blown those embers into a flame, and when Burns was blazing, a great beacon, from every Scottish mountain top, and lighting up the land with his genius in the Doric, a great flood of icy cold water was poured from half a dozen giant nozzles on the language, on the speech, on Scotticisms, and on Scottish idioms. It might have been the result of the formation of an Anti-Vernacular Circle, so concerted seemed the attack. Few Scots writers escaped the lash. James Mill, the father of John Stuart Mill, was accused of using such a Scotticism as "I know not"; he, poor man, and ninety-nine and nine-tenths of every hundred of his readers being unaware that this was a heinous offence against English and over-sensitive Scottish ears. Men as far apart on philosophy and religion as David Hume and Professor James Beattie, Robertson the historian, Sir John Sinclair, the compiler of the "Statistical Account of Scotland," and Archibald, Duke of Argyll, joined forces with many smaller fry against Scots and Scotticisms.

The reasons for the attack varied. Robertson was dead before Macaulay asked the question: "Are there not in the 'Dissertation on India,' the last of Dr. Robertson's works, in 'Waverley,' in 'Marmion' Scotticisms at which a London apprentice would laugh?" But it may be that Hume was aware that Lord Mansfield once told Boswell that he (Hume) and Adam Smith were both guilty of many Scotticisms, and it may be that Hume had not the courage to say, "Yes, and I can justify them," or the strength of mind of Scott, who electrified his admirers with the wizardry of his words, or of Carlyle, who thundered at his readers in the wonderful Scots vocabulary which he commanded—purely Scots words, some of them, that had, because of their power and expressiveness, willy-nilly to be taken into the English language. But these two great Scots succeeded weaker vessels. Whereas Scott and Carlyle went on their defiant way, looking for no escape from their Scotsness, but rather glorying in it, sending their northern words rumbling and tumbling and bounding over the Border with thousands of their fellow-countrymen, Hume and Robertson and Beattie and Sinclair had previously apologised for and denounced the speech of their own country.

While no doubt all those influential men were anxious that there should be set before their unsophisticated fellow-countrymen those words and phrases which might not be understood by English people whom they wished to address, their enthusiasm for England and English manners and customs led Beattie and Sinclair, if not the others, into a real endeavour to Anglicise Scotland. And the danger was all the greater because of the undoubted ability of the men, and the respect in which they were held by their own compatriots and by the English people of substance and quality.

Both Beattie and Sinclair were remarkable men, Professor Beattie in scholarly attainments and social position, Sir John Sinclair in politics, agriculture, and society. The pride of both men in their association with England led them to advocate a policy that can only be described as degrading to their native land and its Lowland language.

Beattie, although opinions differ about the value of his poetry,



was "one of the most notable personalities of the latter half of the 18th century." He was the friend of George III and his Ministers, Sir Joshua Reynolds, who painted him, Johnson, Garrick, Burke, Bishop Porteous, Wilberforce, Lord Kaimes, the Duchess of Gordon, and Mrs. Montague. He was a man of the people, the son of a Kincardineshire grocer and small farmer. He was educated locally and at Aberdeen University, became a schoolmaster, and ultimately his Alma Mater's Professor of Moral Philosophy. His students loved him because he was a just and generous man; his professional colleagues admired his great gifts of scholarship, the intelligentsia of England and Scotland acclaimed him as a poet. His essay on "Truth" was the talk of the whole philosophic and religious world. Consequently, what he said carried with it conviction to a large body of people. One cannot but have a great admiration for the life and much of the work of Beattie, and I was distressed on reading in his "Life and Letters," by Sir William Forbes, published in 1824, a letter written to the Rev. Dr. Porteous, in 1775, in which Beattie criticised Dr Johnson's account of his Scottish tour. Beattie wrote—

"I am sorry to see in Johnson some asperities that seem to be the effect of national prejudice. If he thinks himself thoroughly acquainted with the character of the Scots as a nation, he is greatly mistaken. The Scots have virtues and the Scots have faults, of which he seems to have had no particular information. I am one of those [and this is the extraordinary sentence to which I wish to draw your attention], who wish to see the English spirit and English manners prevail over the whole island; for I think the English have a generosity and openness of nature, which many of us want." Then he goes on to say: "But we are not all, without exception, a nation of cheats and liars, as Johnson seems willing to believe, and to represent us. Of the better sort of our people, the character is just the reverse."

Beattie published his book on Scotticisms which he said was "designed to correct Improprieties of Speech and Writing" at Edinburgh in 1787, the year after the first edition of Burns's works was published; and by an ironical coincidence Creech had in his Edinburgh printing office at the same moment this attack on Scots and the first Edinburgh edition of Burns's apotheosis of braid Scots.

Beattie's pro-Anglican proclivities were reciprocated by prominent English people, and he was on several occasions pressed by bishops and others—Bishop Porteous among them—to enter the Church of England.

In 1776 Mrs Montague wrote and complimented Beattie on his style which she "considers better than that of any English authors of the day," and "I think it is rather insolent in a native of Aberdeen to outdo us in style. I could forgive your other excellencies, but this rather piques me!"

To this Beattie replied: "You are pleased to say, Madam, that I write English as well as an Englishman. I cannot admit the compliment without renouncing an hypothesis of mine, which is that no Scotchman, unless he go to England very young, and remain long there, can ever attain to a perfect purity of English style. We may avoid gross improprieties and vulgar idioms, but we never reach that neatness and vivacity of expression which distinguish the English authors; and our

best performances compared to theirs have always something of the stiffness and awkwardness of a man handling a sword who has not learned to fence. The reason is, we are always afraid of committing some blunder. I, therefore, constantly recommend it to the young men whose studies I superintend, to study the English tongue in the English authors, and not in the Scotch. I consider this advice as the more requisite, because it is a common opinion in this country, especially in Edinburgh, that Dr Robertson, Mr Hume, and one or two more of our fashionable authors write better English than is written in England. I maintain that no man will say so who has studied the language as it is written and spoken in England, or who has acquired knowledge enough to be a critic in it."

Sic mannie, sic horsie; for of his son, James Hay Beattie, a young man of great promise, his father's Assistant Professor of Moral Philosophy at Aberdeen, who was cut off at the age of 21, the professor said: "When he grew up he never could endure to read what was written in any of the vulgar dialects of Scotland. He looked at Mr. Allan Ramsay's poems, but did not relish them. Whether the more original strains of Mr. Burns ever came his way, I certainly do not know."

Dr Beattie wrote to Sir William Forbes in 1780: "You did very right in sending him (his son) to pass some months in England. At his age it is not so difficult as it comes to be afterwards, to get the better of a provincial dialect; and I am very happy to understand that he has acquired so much of English pronunciation. . . . It will likewise be of singular use to him to have been in a strange country for a little time; for such we may call England, notwithstanding that we all live under the same government; so very different are the customs and modes both of thinking and speaking from those of Scotland." . . . "Youth," he goes on to say, "is the best time to get rid of national prejudices."

Poor Beattie! By November, 1785, he had seen several of the idioms which he had denounced as Scotticisms become part of the English language, for we find him writing to Mr Arbuthnot: "I become every day more and more doubtful of the propriety of publishing the Scotticisms. Our language, I mean the English, is degenerating very fast; and many phrases, which I know to be Scottish idioms, have got into it of late years; so that many of my strictures are liable to be opposed by authorities which the world accounts unexceptionable," and in his book of Scotticisms he says the Scotticism "to militate against" and others such as narrate, adduce, restrict, seem to be getting into the language of England.

But this effect of the iteration of his anti-Scots beliefs had a serious influence on the language. Graham, in the "Scottish Men of Letters in the Eighteenth Century," wrote: "That excellent man, but very mediocre poet, Dr Beattie, whose taste had been over-refined by intercourse with well-bred society in London, in 1771 ventured to affirm that to write in vulgar broad Scotch, yet to write seriously, is now impossible. For more than half a century it has even by the Scots been considered as the dialect of the vulgar."

Then there was Sir John Sinclair, the compiler of the monumental "Statistical Account of Scotland," a man of great social and political



influence. He was a man with high patriotic motives, of great piety, of fine character, and highly respected by all who knew him. Twenty Scottish counties thanked him for his public work. Twenty-five societies in thirteen foreign countries honoured him with diplomas; he was the friend and correspondent of all the great men of his day; he was the author of many volumes, including the "Statistical Account"; and of 367 pamphlets and papers on subjects varying from "A Song for the Rothsay and Caithness Fencibles," and "Information regarding the Carlisle and Keswick Codlin Apples" to works on Agriculture—he was the founder and first Chairman of the Board of Agriculture—Current Politics, and Finance. He is commemorated as the representative of Agriculture by his bust on the façade of the Foreign Office.

His object in publishing his book on Scotticisms was part of an endeavour to submerge Scottish national individuality. His son, who, by the way, was a Church of England clergyman, and published a defence of the Church, states in the Memoirs of his father that "His (Sir John's) object extended certainly beyond that of the ordinary grammarians; for he conceived that assimilation of language, the familiar intercourse of the Scots and English, would be essentially facilitated—national jealousies would die away—and political union be followed by a complete social fusion of the two nations"; in other words, the complete Anglicisation of Scotland.

That Sir John Sinclair's real object was to destroy the Scots language is definitely proved by his own words in the Introduction to his book. Writing of those who wish to take a share in national work, he says: "Old things must then be done away—new manners must be assumed and a new language adopted." And, he says, the same remark applies to the Irish and the Welsh—and they have given us the reply. Baron Varnhagen von Ense, in the "Berlin Critical Review" of June, 1831, says of Sinclair's book: "The subject of the work is philological, but its object political."

I have mentioned that before Beattie's book on Scotticisms was published in 1787, the author was lamenting the fact that many of the things that he had been fulminating against had become part of the English language.

I have compiled a list of those so-called Scotticisms that escaped from the net and to-day disport themselves in English dictionaries. Here are a few:

"To compete," is given by Beattie as a Scotticism. It should be, he says, to contend. But our word has competed successfully with contend.

"To play cards" was in 1787 a Scotticism. In England they "played *at* cards." I wonder what a card-player of to-day would say if you asked, "Will you play *at* cards with me?"

"Debit me with it," our Scottish phrase denounced then, is the English request to-day.

Beattie tells us that the word "Designation," the description of a person following his name—that is the occupation, place of residence, etc., was a Scots word, the English word being "addition." To-day there is no addition. Designation holds the field.

One hundred and fifty years ago objection was taken to a faulty

past tense in Scots. "The enemy was defeat" was used instead of "defeated"; and strangely enough we have a recurrence of this form, for "The music was broadcast" is admitted even in England.

Beattie, Sinclair, *et hoc genus omne*, objected to "I have paid the taylor's account," and said that the correct phrase was, "I have paid the taylor's bill." There, again, the Scotticism has scored; for if Sir John Sinclair had been M.P. for Caithness to-day (as he was then) instead of his great-great-grandson, who represents the county to-day, he would have found that in England now they ask for payment of an account, although in a hotel or restaurant we do ask for our bill.

Our critics pointed out that we were wrong in speaking of butter and bread, which should have been bread and butter, the more important being put first. If the professor and the baronet had known the struggles of the poor in Scotland they would have come to the conclusion that butter was so seldom seen that people made siccar by putting it first.

Sinclair objects to a Scotticism such as "I'll do this job out of hand," instead of "I'll do this job immediately." The idea expressed, and expressed correctly, is that the job of work is in hand, literally in our hands, and will be got out of hand at once. If it be bad English to say "Out of hand," what right had the objector to speak of a man as being "out of his mind"? Besides, Spenser and Shakespeare used the phrase "Out of hand."

Sir John denounces as incorrect the Scottish word—Admiralty for Admiralty, but our word is strictly correct, for it is derived from the Latin *admiralites*.

He also declares that picktooth should be toothpick, but admits that Swift used the word. An English wag, asked why he gave toothpick, replied that for his part he put tooth first because one must have teeth before it was necessary to pick them.

The Member for Caithness also sets down the spelling of connection with a *ct* as Scots, and with an *x* as English, but the English people have since then very effectively buried the *x*.

Beattie assures his readers that milk-cow is a Scotticism, and that milch cow is English, and correct. Where is his milch cow to-day?

"So and so is broke" a Scotticism denounced 150 years ago, is to-day represented in English slang: "So and so is stony broke."

"Four square" was objected to, because of its being a redundancy; but to-day to stand four square to the world is more than a Scotticism or even a poetic thought.

The phrase, "If I am not mistaken" is as common to-day in England as it was in Scotland 150 years ago, when it was condemned by the purists.

Sir John Sinclair objects to the use of "word" as a substitute for "message." "Have you any word to him," he says, should be, "Have you any letter or commands to him," and states that this Scotticism is an old English phrase "now exploded." It may be found also in the Bible, and in current literature and journalism.

Nieveful was objected to, and handful was given as correct, but Shakespeare used neif; the fact that English people had forgotten the language of Shakespeare is no reason why it should be taboo.



Slim, meaning slender, which Sinclair condemns as a Scotticism, was used by Addison, and in the present participle "Slimming" is used to-day by the stout—and not so stout—ladies of all nationalities, a complete triumph for Scotticisms.

Sinclair also objects to the word footless, applied to a stumbling person; but stumbling does not convey sarcasm, whereas fitless does.

The "head" and the "foot" of the table were objected to, and top and bottom substituted, because the foot of the table is what it stands on. His own substitute, the top of the table, is not one end of the table, but the part on which the dishes are laid.

Barber, he says, should be hairdresser, but the barber has survived with the hairdresser. A serviette was condemned as a Scotticism, napkin was the word demanded.

Bain says, "He left his fortune to his brother, and failing him and his heirs to his cousin" should be "in default of" or "in defect of" or "on failure of," but Bain, could he revisit the burial place of his Higher English Grammar, would find that "failing him and his heirs" has been taken into the current phraseology of the English people.

Very many other phrases which Beattie, Sinclair, and others endeavoured to kill have persisted in Scotland, although they are as foreign in England to-day as they were then.

In London buses and tramway cars you will find that there are seats for so many inside, and so many outside; in Glasgow the seats are below and above.

A Scotsman uses a sugar bowl, an Englishman a sugar basin.

We wear glasses in Scotland. When we cross the Border we put on spectacles.

In Scottish churches the collection is taken, in English churches they have the offertory.

In Scotland work is dropped, in England it is stopped. But English workmen condescend to lay down tools, which closely resembles dropping work.

They "shut the door" in England. In Scotland we used to steek the door; but we are now so very polite that we merely close it.

When a person is deaf in England, he or she is only "dull" in Scotland; but he or she may be "dull of hearing" here.

When we say here that we are apt to do something on Saturday next, it is interpreted by Scots people who are not "broken in" as meaning Saturday week, for in Scotland Saturday first means the Saturday immediately following the conversation; and Saturday next would mean Saturday week, or a week come Saturday.

I am hopeful that Scotland "may" win the Rugby international; my English friend hopes that England "will" win.

The tea is masked in Scotland; it is merely made in England.

A thirsty soul in Scotland says, "Give me a drink." Beattie says the English people said, "Give me a draught." Their draught must have been unpalatable, for they have followed the Scotsman's example, and now do not hesitate to call for a drink. Of "I am dry" an expression of personal discomfort unknown to the Englishman of Beattie and Sinclair's day, we have now no monopoly, and it is not now a Scotticism, but a sort of Volapuk understood by all men.

Lord Blank in Scotland has a factor, but on his English estates he has a steward.

The hard fish of Scotland is in England dried or salt fish ; and my recollection of the stuff makes me support our own description.

Greedy (adjective) and greediness (noun), says Beattie, are English, but "Greed is Scotch"; and since he said it 150 years ago the English people have almost established a prescriptive right to the phrase—and the adjective.

We homologate something ; the English ratify it.

"Come here," Beattie says was "Come hither" in England ; for, says he, "here is in this place." Surely, then, if here is this place, "Come here" means "Come to this place."

We say "Indeed no"; the English say "No indeed." While most of us might be excused for thinking that one is as good as the other, Beattie says we should adopt the English phrase. We again say, Indeed no!

He objects to the use of the verb "to implement," and says it should be "to fulfil" or "to perform," but the word is so thoroughly established in the English language that leading statesmen use it freely in their speeches, although it may be claimed that its use is confined to their talk and does not always extend to their actions.

In Scotland we say, "Give me it"; in England, "Give it me."

We are precise when we say, "He is speaking," "The pot is boiling." The 17th and 18th century critics told their readers that "The pot boils" and "He speaks" were correct ; but when we say, "He is speaking," we mean that he is speaking at this moment. "He speaks" might mean that "he is able to speak," as when a child babbles, or the person is accustomed to speak, or even that the person referred to is not dumb.

Beattie and Sinclair tell us that "loppered" or "lappered milk" should be "sour milk," but it is much more than sour ; it is sour and curdled.

"She scoured the knives," Professor Bain says, should be, "She cleaned the knives," but one can clean knives by scouring them, and when Aberdonian meets Aberdonian in philological controversy then comes the tug of Scotsness. Bain says that Scots idiom should be (*pace* Dr Bulloch) Scotch idiom.

In the north country we ask for a clean plate ; in England they merely ask for a plate. Beattie painfully explained that the Scots phrase implied an apprehension that a plate may be brought that is not clean. Who knows!

We have pouches or pooches in Scotland, pockets in England.

A child roars in Scotland ; it cries here, Beattie explaining in his meticulous way that to roar is to make a great noise. After all, then, it is a question of lung power, and we all know that children can roar.

Beattie tells us that we must be careful in the use of the words corn and corns. "Corns," he says, "are painful and hard excrescences on the foot," as if we didn't all know it. "Yet a Scotsman," he continues, "says the wind and rain have lodged or laid flat all my corns."

We distinguish between salted and unsalted butter by calling the unsalted sweet ; in England it is called fresh. Fresh weather, as you know, has a meaning different in Scotland and England. In Scotland



it means a thaw after a frost ; in England it means cold and hard ; but here again we are consistent and England the fickle jade, for while fresh weather here is hard weather and in Scotland a thaw, in England a flood caused by rain or melted snow is a freshet.

Both Beattie and Sinclair say " To think shame " should be " to be ashamed." But uttered in the way that some of us will never forget, " Think shame o' yersel'," it did really make us think so.

A tradesman in Scotland is a qualified manual worker ; in England a shopkeeper who may not work with his hands is called a tradesman.

Bain in his list of Scotticisms gives " My watch is before," " My watch is behind," and substitutes " My watch is fast " and " slow." But " My watch is before " is an elliptical sentence, and means " My watch is before the correct time," for the matter discussed is the correct time.

Beattie and Sinclair, who seem to have quarried in the same hole, both object to the Scots use of the definite article before nouns. " Go to the school, or to the church " should be, they say, " Go to school " or " to church," Sinclair explaining that the insertion of the definite article denotes some particular school, which is precisely what the parents mean when they order the children to go to their school and to their church, so that on a point of precision the so-called Scotticism is correct English.

But I feel that I have wearied you with this dissertation on a phase of Scots philology that, in my opinion, has not been sufficiently explored. Some of our phrases cannot be defended, but this applies to idioms of all languages. Can the English idiom, " To lay the fault at one's door " bear analysis ? Of course not. It is a figure of speech. How can one lay a fault, as if it were a sack of coals, at one's door ?

When we are speaking or writing to the English people, we ought not to use Doric words and phrases generally which they do not understand ; but we ought not to be afraid to use a Scots word or phrase if it expresses to the English people something which you feel and they can understand. In speaking of a large ragged family it would not be permissible for you to say that they are a " smytrie o' wee duddie weans," but just as the English people have taken " Ca' canny " to their hearts and dictionaries and workshops, we might try them occasionally with a few equally expressive words, for there are many excellent Scots words used to-day in Scotland that would enrich the English language, just as it has already been enriched, as I have said, by numerous words used by Burns, Scott, and Carlyle—and who knows, perhaps by the hordes of journalists who from time to time have infested this England. While we have our philological peculiarities, other nations have theirs. We do not, like our English friends, mutilate present participles, bob and shingle 'air, 'ogs and 'osses, and add a new and aitchy terror to hold hage.

When we are told that our Scots idioms are ungrammatical—where for example we use in idioms the singular in place of the plural which would be used by our critics—we must not accept that as just condemnation. Judged by the standards of English grammar some of them may be ungrammatical, but they are not English ; they are Scots ; and therein lies the difference and the explanation. When we

speak French or German—or try to—we do not speak, or try to speak, according to the rules of English grammar. So, when we speak Scots, or use Scots idioms, we do not speak by the rules of English grammar, any more than a Scots judge dispenses justice according to the laws of England.

While admitting that rules are necessary, I cannot help feeling a sneaking regard for the old editor of the Dunfermline weekly paper, who, when charged by Russel of the *Scotsman* that he couldn't write grammar, exclaimed irritably: "Oh, damn grammar, gie's hert!"

During the evening, Mr Kenneth Macrae sang "Flow gently, Sweet Afton," "The wee Cooper o' Fife," "My ain kind Dearie, O," and "Gradh geal mo chridhe" or "Eriskay Love Lilt," and Mr William Forrest recited Hamish Hendry's "Return of Burns."

The toast of "Our Guests" was proposed by Mr Alexander Ritchie, J.P., who referred to the old associations and hospitality of the Society, and Mr Randolph Bruce and Mr Lewis Benjamin responded. Mr Bruce referred to the great outlet in Canada for settlers, and said that Scots were always welcomed. It was well known that Scots were a hardy and persevering race, and on that account were looked upon as ideal settlers. The resources of Canada were great, and solid rewards awaited those who did not grudge hard work and endurance; there was abundant mineral wealth, as yet untapped, and he had no hesitation in saying that before many years Canada would carry a large and prosperous population that would be a bulwark and be worthy of the Empire.

At the February meeting the President, Dr Cameron R. Stewart, gave a Sentiment entitled "Scots in Canada," when he said:

*The Rev. John Alexander McIntosh, who was born in Scotland eighty-five years ago, and has lived all his life in Scotland, has just passed to his great reward, and was buried in Scotland on the 22nd January.*

*The Scotland to which I refer is not our Motherland but a village (twenty miles from my native town) in Dalhousie township, the County of Lanark, in Canada.*



I am, of course, as you know, a Canadian by birth; but I am Scottish as well as Canadian. My father went to Canada from Dunkeld, in Perthshire. I myself was actually born in Perth, on the River Tay, in the township of Drummond, in the county of Lanark—not the Fair City on the river that the Romans compared to the Tiber, but the Canadian Perth, in Lanark County, in the Province of Ontario. So it has occurred to me that it might be appropriate to say something to-night concerning my native heath—to demonstrate to you how strong a Scottish strain has run, like a tartan strand, through the stirring and romantic history of the Dominion of Canada.

Canada has, from time to time, been compared with Scotland in various respects. Some people to-day are calling her the "Scotland of North America," because so many of her sons, like those of Scotland, are crossing the border to seek richer pastures and wider opportunities in the land lying to the south. Others have seen in Canada's natural features resemblances to those of Scotland, though on an infinitely larger scale. What appealed to Neil Munro, in his young days, on a visit to the Dominion, were the "surviving scraps of that ancient, unpossessed, uncultivated, and untamed world whereof Scotland and Canada alike were parts. In both lands," he said, "Nature wore much the same aspect; clothing the bluffs with pine, the plains with northern wild-flowers, spilling her streams down precipices, filling the mountain crevices with snow or mist, or the creeks and bays with the same Atlantic Ocean. The very cold of Canada in winter helped to render her familiar—were our happiest hours not those when the north wind whistled and our lakes were ice? We knew that, with the frost, to men came grandeurs of endurance and reserves of zest incommunicable to the offspring of the south." On the human side also Dr Munro found links. "Then, too, only a tiny period, as time goes in history—less than two hundred years—separated us in our Highland life from many of the customs of the Indian. We had still, though hung upon the wall—the weapons of our forefathers, and our fireside tales were yet of native war-trails, forays, feuds, old passions, and alarms. . . . And one last feature especially of the New World," he goes on to say, "rendered it more alluring to our youth—our folk were there! They had blazed trails and builded flourishing communities, they occupied the outmost forts, and knew the land from sea to sea; they had given their names to the mightiest rivers."

I am afraid I cannot claim that it was a Scot who discovered Canada, though our fellow-countrymen have been pioneers in most departments of Canadian life. It may, however, cause surprise to some of you to learn how far back, and in what direction, we have to go for the beginning of the Scots connection with Canada. The source of the stream that has so richly refreshed Canada through all these centuries is actually to be traced right away back to the "Auld Alliance"—to the days when Scotland and France were so closely hand-in-glove and had so many interests in common, both national and personal.

You must remember that Canada was once a French possession. The French were the first white men to settle on the banks of the St. Lawrence. A Breton sailor, Jacques Cartier, was the forerunner of the Normans who, starting about 1600, did so much to colonise the fertile lands over which only the Indians then hunted; and the names



of famous Frenchmen like Champlain and Maisonneuve have become identified with the early history of Canada. One important point about the French occupation of Canada is that the colonists who were sent out from France were not simply hewers of wood and drawers of water. They represented all grades and all types, and among them were some of the best blood of France. It was those French settlers, French explorers, and French missionaries who laid the foundation of the Great Dominion. They are to-day represented by two and a half millions of French-Canadians, constituting twenty-eight per cent. of Canada's total population—a hard-working, contented community, living mainly in the Province of Quebec, rearing large families, and still speaking the Norman French of their forefathers, but none the less loyal to the British connection, to which they owe the preservation of their liberties of language and religion.

I have dwelt upon the French side of Canada's history, because it was in this way that the first Scots came to Canada. In the days of the "Auld Alliance," as you will remember, many Scotsmen took up residence in France for personal or business reasons, and some of those Franco-Scots crossed the Atlantic with the early French settlers. Some of the names we find at this time in Canadian history are obviously Scottish, in spite of their French disguise, like the *Sieur de Ramsay*. And as a matter of course, almost at once we find some of these Scots coming to the front. For instance, the first-known pilot of the River St. Lawrence was Abraham Martin (*dit l'Ecossais*, as he was registered in 1621), whose land outside Quebec, bearing his name, was to become famous in after days as the Plains of Abraham.

It was in the same year, 1621, that Sir William Alexander secured from King James a charter granting him the territory of New Scotland (known to the French as Acadia), roughly representing the present provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. In spite of the renaming of some of the landmarks, such as calling three of the rivers Tweed, Clyde, and Forth, it proved difficult to colonise the territory, and it was then that the Order of Baronets of Nova Scotia was founded, each contributor of £150 to the King's Privy Purse being given a title and six thousand acres.

The failure of the rebellions of '15 and '45 sent a fresh flow of Scots—mostly Jacobites—to Canada, some going direct and many going from France. Like their predecessors, by inter-marriage and otherwise, they became, in course of time, absorbed into the French community, and in the fighting that ensued against the British, naturally fought on the French side. When Wolfe came to Quebec in 1759, both Franco-Scots and Jacobites were in the French ranks; and it was one of the former, Major de Ramezay, who handed the keys of the citadel to General James Murray. Several regiments of Highlanders took a prominent part in this campaign. Outstanding among these were the Fraser Highlanders, whose feat in scaling the heights is remembered to this day, and whom the French Canadians named "Les Petites Jupes" and "Les Sauvages d'Ecosse." It is related that during the winter following the siege and capture of Quebec a number of the Frasers were quartered in the Ursuline Convent, and that the nuns were so distressed at the bare legs of the Highlanders that they begged General Murray to be allowed to provide the poor fellows with raiment.



An account of one of the other battles of the campaign tells how some Highlanders, taken prisoners by the French and Canadians, huddled together on the battlefield, and, expecting to be cruelly treated, looked on in mournful silence. Presently a gigantic French officer walked up to them, and, whilst exchanging in a severe tone some remarks in French with some of his men, suddenly addressed them in Gaelic. Surprise in the Highlanders soon turned to positive horror. Firmly believing that no Frenchman could ever speak Gaelic, they concluded that his Satanic Majesty in person was before them. It was a Jacobite serving in the French army. However, this was not so remarkable as the reports in the papers a few years ago of a negro colony in Oklahoma who spoke Gaelic, as a result of having lived in a district where the settlers came largely from the Scottish Highlands. One of the newspapers at the time pointed out that these coloured people "spoke the Gaelic with an American accent."

The British conquest of Canada was, of course, followed by a large settlement of Scots. The men of the Fraser Highlanders and other regiments were offered lands, and many of them settled in Lower Canada. From the frequent inter-marriages of that time date some of those seeming anomalies of the present day, such as Frasers or Macphersons, or others with equally Scottish names, who can speak only French. Cases, too, are recorded of the inhabitants of a French-Canadian village turning out on ceremonial occasions in the kilt, led by the bagpipes, with perhaps only one of their number able to speak a smattering of English.

To those days belong some of the pioneer efforts that have always been characteristic of Scotsmen—such as the establishment of the first Sunday School in Canada by James Davidson, and the laying of the first foundation of the Canadian lumber industry by another Davidson, William Davidson from Inverness.

Notable among the direct migrations about this time was the landing at Pictou, in Nova Scotia, from the brig "Hector," in 1773, of one hundred and eighty-nine Highlanders, many of whom, in honour of the occasion, arrayed themselves in full Highland dress, some bearing their broadswords. And as the vessel dropped anchor the piper at their head played his pipes, their thrilling sounds first startling the echoes among the solitudes of the forests. They were the vanguard of other parties of settlers sent out by John Pagan of Greenock, who offered, as an inducement, a free passage to Canada, a farm lot, and a year's provisions.

An important chapter in the history of Canada was the coming of the United Empire Loyalists after the American War of Independence—forty thousand British who had been living in the States, and who, rather than remain under an alien flag, gave up their all and underwent many hardships in order to live on British soil. Those people, of whom their descendants are to-day so proud, were given lands in what is now Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Ontario by the Government, and among them were many brave and patriotic Scots. In the Ontario county of Glengarry—a name to conjure with among Scottish Canadians—there were, for instance, five hundred and eighty-eight families who were entitled to call themselves United Empire Loyalists, of whom eighty-four were Macdonells, thirty-five Grants, twenty-eight Campbells.

twenty-seven Frasers, twenty-five Camerons, twenty-three Andersons, and twenty Rosses. Other causes which, about this time, brought many Scots across the Atlantic were the distress that followed the Napoleonic wars (when the Government subsidised the emigration of many disbanded soldiers and others, offering a free passage and one hundred acres to each adult), and the famous Highland clearances, of which all of you who are familiar with the social history of your native land will recall moving tales.

“ When the bold kindred, in the time long-vanish'd,  
Conquer'd the soil and fortified the keep,  
No seer foretold the children would be banish'd,  
That a degenerate lord might boast his sheep.”

Meanwhile in another direction Scottish Canadians were making a mark in their adopted land. After the capture of Quebec many enterprising Scottish merchants entered the fur trade, taking it over from the French; and to this day it is very largely carried on after the Scottish tradition. With the Hudson Bay Company and the old North-west Company many famous Scottish Canadians have been identified. Among them, in those earlier days were Alexander Mackenzie, David Thompson, and Simon Fraser, whose names are borne by three great Canadian rivers in honour of their voyagings. It was Mackenzie who, after an expedition lasting nine months, full of perils, found his way to the Pacific by canoe. Incidentally, Orkney has furnished many of the redoubtable fur-traders who have braved the winter rigours of the Far North and have added many a romantic chapter to Canada's history. Who of us has not been thrilled in our boyhood by Ballantyne's stories of their adventures, told by one who knew what he was writing about: for the author was himself at one time in the Hudson Bay Company's service. In later days the Company was under the direction of that great Scottish Canadian, Donald A. Smith, better known as Lord Strathcona, a Morayshire lad who played a leading and romantic part in the commercial and political development of his adopted country.

In the bringing together of the provinces of Canada into one Confederation in 1867, men bearing Scottish names were prominent. Two of the greatest of these Fathers of Confederation were John A. (afterwards Sir John A.) Macdonald, a native of Glasgow, and the Hon. George Brown, a native of Edinburgh. Macdonald became the first Prime Minister of the Dominion of Canada. In his Cabinet the Minister of Finance was Sir Alexander Galt, son of John Galt, the Scottish novelist; the Minister of Public Works was the Hon. William McDougall; the Postmaster-General and Minister of the Interior, Sir Alexander Campbell; the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, the Hon. Peter Mitchell; the President of the Council, the Hon. A. J. F. Blair.

Canada's second Prime Minister (a Liberal) as well as her first (a Conservative) was a Scot, the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, a native of Perthshire.

Another prominent politician of those days was William Lyon Mackenzie, a native of Dundee, who achieved notoriety by leading a rebellion. His grandson to-day occupies the office of Prime Minister



of Canada, the Right Hon. William Lyon Mackenzie King, who is of Scottish descent on both sides.

Among her Governors-General, Canada has owed much to the wise guidance, during their terms of office, of the Marquis of Lorne (late the Duke of Argyll), the Earl (now Marquis) of Aberdeen, and the Earl of Minto, just as she did in pre-Confederation days to the Earl of Elgin.

The logical sequel to Confederation was the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway from Atlantic to Pacific to link up the scattered Provinces. Associated with this great achievement, on both its financial and engineering sides, were Scotsmen. Five of the syndicate of seven business men who brought it to completion hailed from our Northern Motherland—George Stephen (later Lord Mountstephen), its first President, belonged to Banffshire; Sandford Fleming, the engineer, to Kirkcaldy; Donald A. Smith, as we have seen, to Morayshire; Sir John Rose to Aberdeenshire; and R. B. Angus to Bathgate; the other being Duncan McIntyre.

It was Donald Smith who drove the last spike of the C.P.R. at Craigellachie (commemorating George Stephen's adjuration to "Stand fast"), in British Columbia, in November, 1885. Of him, Sir Sandford Fleming has said, in a description of that historic incident: "The central figure was more than the representative of the railway company. His presence recalled memories of the Mackenzies, Frasers, Finlaysons, Thompsons, MacTavishes, McLeods, MacGillivrays, Stuarts, and McLoughlins, who in a past generation had penetrated the surrounding mountains."

Canada's great shipping pioneer was Sir Hugh Allan, the son of an Ayrshire captain, who founded the Allan Line, now absorbed by the Canadian Pacific.

The founder of the beautiful city of Victoria on Vancouver Island, was Sir James Douglas, chief factor of the Hudson Bay Company, both of whose parents were Scottish. We were to have had with us to-night another splendid specimen of a true Scot who has "made good" in his adopted country of Canada. I refer to Mr Randolph Bruce, who has been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia. Mr Bruce is the son of the parish minister of Glenrines, and went to Canada about thirty to forty years ago. He has not only achieved such honours as I have mentioned, but at the same time, like all other true Scots, he has taken care of himself handsomely in the process. The Hon. John Norquay, for twelve years Premier of Manitoba, the first of the prairie provinces, was of Orcadian descent.

The first Anglican Bishop of All Canada was Robert Machray, an Aberdonian. The Presbyterian Church of Canada has, of course, drawn from Scotland many outstanding preachers and administrators, of whom I need only mention here Dr James Robertson, the famous Superintendent of Missions in Western Canada, a Perthshire man.

In literature we have such names as Wilfrid Campbell, Duncan Cameron Scott, and Robert Service, the poets; and Robert Barr and C. W. Gordon ("Ralph Connor"), the novelists; and in journalism Dr J. A. Macdonald, late editor of the *Toronto Globe*.

Canada's banking system owes much of its soundness to the fact that it was founded on the Scottish model; and to-day the heads of its chartered banks include an Aird and a Campbell and an Allan.

So with Canada's universities. Several of the oldest were founded



by Scotsmen like James McGill, imbued with a characteristic enthusiasm for education; and to-day half of the Canadian university principals bear Scottish names. The present head of MacGill, Sir Arthur Currie, commanded the Canadian Corps in the War, coming overseas first of all with one of the Canadian-Scottish battalions, which proved so worthy of their great traditions.

The record of the Canadian Corps is one of which not only every Canadian but every Britisher has a right to be proud; for of the first quarter of a million men 62 per cent. were British born. Five hundred and ninety-five thousand Canadians enlisted of their own free will; of that number 410,000 came overseas, nearly all of them to France and Flanders; 2598 officers and 49,100 non-commissioned officers and men were killed in action; more than 180,000 were wounded. Sixty-two Canadians were awarded the Victoria Cross, 710 the Distinguished Service Order, 2800 the Military Cross, and 1987 the Distinguished Conduct Medal. And note particularly these last figures: while the Canadians lost in prisoners (mostly wounded and gassed) only 3700, they captured 45,000 Germans!

Let me give you here the official list of enlistments in the Canadian Expeditionary Force under the various denominations: Church of England, 194,870; Roman Catholics, 142,159; Presbyterians, 132,786; Methodists, 85,434; Baptists, 32,366; Congregationalists, 3510; Jewish, 2722; Lutherans, 9654; other denominations, 42,010.

The first man to take up a homestead in Western Canada was, needless to say, a Scotsman—John S. Sanderson, from Prestonpans, who emigrated from Scotland in 1867. His home is still on the fertile Portage plains of Manitoba, and at the age of eighty-five he is straight and supple in figure and alert in mind. But he is not more so than was Canada's "Grand Old Man," Mr Adam Brown, of Hamilton, Ontario, a native of Edinburgh, whom every one had hoped to see celebrate his hundredth birthday in April, but unfortunately he died a few weeks ago.

And so on. I might easily keep you here all night with such a catalogue. There are over a million Scottish-Canadians to-day. But while they form only one-eighth of the total population, it has been estimated that they hold among them one-half of the positions worth having. They are to be found in every conceivable place, from the humblest of occupations to the highest. Good Canadians all, they are proud of nothing so much as their Scottish birth or descent; and still to-day many a Scottish Canadian echoes in his heart of hearts the old words of the "Canadian Boat Song":

" From the lone shieling on the misty island  
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas.  
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,  
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides."

These are only a few of the countless Scottish landmarks in Canadian history to which I have directed your attention to-night. Behind them, as a background, are the labours and the strivings, the successes and the seeming failures, of an unknown multitude of men and women from the Highlands of Scotland, who have suffered hardship in days when Canada was little but a wilderness, and have helped in their own way to build up the Great Dominion of to-day with their sweat and



their tears. All honour to the pioneers of our race who have blazed the trail for future generations to follow under easier conditions!

The Scot who travels through Canada to-day finds himself in no strange land, but in one where there is no better passport than a Scots accent, and where he never needs to go far to get the hand-grip of a fellow-countryman—whether in Nova Scotia, which still remains true to its name, or on the wide Western prairies, where, as everywhere else, there is nothing like Scottish grit and Scottish adaptability for helping a man or a woman to "make good."

The President was warmly thanked for his Sentiment, and the toast of his health was drunk with enthusiasm.

Colonel Carnegie, in replying to the toast of "Our Guests," made a racy speech in which he twitted the Scots on their characteristics, and at the same time declared that it was something worth while to meet so many as were there on that occasion. He said he could give an assurance for all the guests that each had enjoyed the hospitality extended to them, and their great desire was to have a similar privilege on some other occasions.

On 11th March, 1926, there was a large gathering of members and guests, when Mr G. Topham Forrest, F.R.I.B.A., F.G.S., chief architect to the London County Council, gave a Sentiment entitled "A Scots Architect in London." It was more in the nature of an informal talk about architects and architecture, and was much appreciated. That Mr Forrest was in every way qualified to speak on his subject may be gleaned from the remarks of the President in introducing him. He said:

Mr Forrest is the son of an Aberdeen schoolmaster. I am told his mother was the prettiest woman in Aberdeen in her time. He was educated at the Aberdeen Grammar School, where Lord Byron's education was begun, which also produced James Gibbs, who not only built the Bodleian Library but also left his mark on London by building St. Mary's-in-the-Strand and also St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

As a boy he was impressed by the architecture of Gordon's College, built by one of the Adamsons, who transformed the face of London, not only in the reclamation of the Thames foreshore in the case of the Adelphi, but also in the whole range of interior decoration. Mr Forrest came to London, like many Scots, and he established himself on the doorstep of the late Mr Macvicar Anderson, and simply declined to leave

until that distinguished architect gave him a post. After a thoroughly good training there, he once more had to take to the country, and, as inevitably, he returned to London as architect to the London County Council, the biggest architectural post in this country. Mr Forrest is not content to deal with London of the present and the future, but he has made some invaluable investigations into the architecture of the past, notably in scholarly reconstruction of the Globe Theatre, and other aspects of Shakespearean London.

When Mr Will insisted upon Mr Forrest giving us his personal recollections, Mr Forrest declined definitely because it might appear egotistic on his part. I am quite sure that those who know Mr Forrest will acquit him of any suggestions of egotism.

On the same evening the toast of "Our Guests" was proposed by Mr R. S. F. Hardie, and was responded to by Dr J. M. Bulloch, editor of the *Graphic*, who gave his views on architecture and the modern conception of building.

Although the Festival was postponed from 6th May to 10th June, in consequence of the general strike in sympathy with the miners, the attendance was not greatly interfered with, a large number of members and guests being received by Dr and Mrs Cameron Stewart in the Holborn Restaurant.

The President, in proposing the toast of the evening, "The Caledonian Society of London," said :

A halo of mystery surrounds the early beginnings of the Society, but it seems to have been the natural successor of the Ancient Caledonian Society, which was instituted on 25th December, 1786, and met in the Globe Tavern, Great Titchfield Street. The introduction to the Rules of the Ancient Society sets forth that, "As there is nothing gives men more pleasure and satisfaction when in a distant country than the company and conversation of those whose ancestors' place of birth, language, and customs are their own ; so we, in order not only to enjoy in society the fellowship of one another as countrymen, but likewise that we may be aiding and assisting each other in their several situations, have entered into a friendly association by the name of the Ancient Caledonian Society."

These early pioneers in London claimed to be the descendants of Caledonians whose traditions were loyally upheld, and in explaining why the tartan dress should be worn, they said : "There is white, to show that our intentions are pure, and truly honourable. There is blue, to show that we will be always constant and unchangeable in maintaining the cause of liberty and our country. There is green, to show that our courage is equal to our constancy ; yellow to show that gold shall



never bribe us from our duty ; red, to show that we are willing to shed our blood in defence of the right and liberties of our country ; and black, to show that nothing but death shall ever vanquish us."

It was a great claim, and even if the explanation of the tartan may have been a little far-fetched, it was an augury of diligent adherence to the glories of Scotland that such a claim was made.

It is not now incumbent on the officers of our Society to wear "a short coat, kilt, and plaid, a white dimity waistcoat, tartan hose, a blue bonnet mounted with dark-blue ribbons and black ostrich feathers, a blue cockade charged with the white cross of St Andrew, button and loop proper," but we claim as keen a desire coupled with laudable determination to emulate the old traditions and uphold the honour of Scotland.

We date our own inauguration to the year 1837 when some good men and true—some leal Scots—conceived the idea of forming a Society which should embrace alike men from the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland. The issue may be gauged from the fact that our first festival took place in 1838, and so, for nearly ninety years, we have carried high the Standard of Caledonia.

To begin with, the surplus funds of the Society were appropriated to encourage education by distributing prizes in the parochial schools of Scotland ; but at the Disruption in 1843, in order to avoid internal dissension, the rule was altered and the funds were devoted "to the furtherance of Scottish charitable institutions of London and other objects of charity connected with Scotland."

Our Society is one of the oldest and most liberal contributors to the Royal Scottish Hospital and the Royal Caledonian Schools ; and the personnel of the management of these two institutions has borne so much the impress of the Caledonian Society that our meetings have been rightly called "the playground of the workers in the Scottish Charities of London."

We have always promoted good-fellowship in our efforts to advance the national and philanthropic aims connected with Scotland, and although the wearing of the Highland garb is now optional, we always like to see the splash of colour it gives to our festivals.

Our Society, with the Highland Society, headed the movement which led to the formation of the London-Scottish Volunteer Corps in 1859. A paragraph in *The Times* of 5th July, 1859, states that "a meeting of Scotchmen resident in the Metropolis, convened under the auspices of the Caledonian and Highland Societies, was held at the Freemasons' Tavern for the purpose of considering the propriety of forming a Volunteer Rifle Corps." It will be noted that the meeting was convened at the then rallying place of our Society. It was in October, 1859, that Queen Victoria accepted the services of the London-Scottish.

At our ordinary meetings, Sentiments are given on Scottish history, literature, and art, with occasional biographical sketches of Scottish characters and outstanding Scotsmen, and we are proud of the fact that ours was the first society to invite ladies to public banquets, a practice which is now so universal.

The history of the Society is recorded in the "Chronicles," which were originally begun by David Hepburn, and are now kept up to date by our present honorary historian, John Douglas, to whom we are

indebted for the particulars contained in this description of the history of the Society. The first volume was issued two years ago, the second is on its way to the printers now.

We used to be proud of our Clan banners, but now they are hoary with age and need rejuvenating, but *the* banner which occupies the place of honour to-night is an emblem of which we are justly proud. It represents the Lion Rampant—typical of our Scottish forcefulness. On a silver plate is recorded that it was the gift of Lady Young and was worked by her own hands to commemorate the year of office of our esteemed and patriarchal Past-President, Colonel Sir John S. Young, C.V.O.

Before me also stands the massive silver cup presented by our esteemed Past-President, Mr George W. Paton, which was gifted by him to commemorate his term of office during the exacting years of the Great War.

"Men may come and men may go," but the Society goes on—increasing in usefulness, increasing in helpfulness and upholding the best traditions of Scotland. It is the privilege of every President to see that the honour is, if possible, more enhanced by his term of office, and on this, the last public opportunity during my presidency I shall have of paying a tribute to the Society we all love so much, I give you, from my heart, the toast of "The Caledonian Society of London" with Caledonian Honours.

The toast was honoured with enthusiasm.

The Rev. Dr Fleming, Vice-President, in proposing the toast of "The Guests," said that instead of saying what we thought of the guests, it would be more to the point to ask what the guests thought of us. The Vice-President spoke of guests from overseas, and of the generosity of Colonial Scots to their native land. He welcomed a lady from Melbourne, and he coupled with the toast the name of Professor Caldwell of McGill University, Montreal, who had made for himself a name in the great Scots-Canadian educational centre.

Professor Caldwell, in reply, spoke of the joy with which expatriated Scots returned to their homes in the Old Country. He was now on his way to the continent of Europe to assist in the great work of securing the peace of the world.

In proposing the next toast, "Our President," Mr William Will, Immediate Past-President, said he was privileged to have entrusted to him the toast of the health of Dr Cameron Stewart, who was retiring from



his labours after a more than usually successful year of office. He referred to Dr Cameron Stewart as a patriotic Scoto-Canadian who, although resident long in England, had lost none of his Canadian spirit or his love for the Highland home of his fathers. The Scot was never so much a Scot as when he was on foreign soil, and Dr Cameron Stewart, although born in Canada, was more intensely Scottish in his admiration for their Mother Country and her institutions than many who had never left their northern homes. Dr Cameron Stewart had entered whole-heartedly into the work of Scotland-in-London, had taken a keen interest in the great charities, the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools, and his position as President of the Caledonian Society of London showed the great respect in which his brethren held him.

He (the speaker) was asking them to thank the President for the great services he had rendered the Caledonian Society of London, not only during his successful year as President, but since he became a member, and a very active member, of the Society. Dr Cameron Stewart had conducted the business of the Society in a way that had earned the gratitude of the members. He had, by his *bonhomie*, his couthiness, his ready wit and responsive speech, been an ideal chairman, and he had maintained the dignity and prestige of the Society and its reputation for hospitality and good fellowship.

With his transparent honesty, his frankness, detestation of cant and humbug, his freedom from any side or affectation, was it to be wondered at that Dr Cameron Stewart had made hosts of friends? Every member of the Society was one, and every member of the Society gave proof of that friendship by his willingness to assist him during his year of office. In conclusion, Mr Will said he took the presence of Mrs Cameron Stewart as an excuse for slightly altering the toast, and including

her in the Sentiment. He asked the company to pledge their President, and to drink to the health and happiness of Dr and Mrs Cameron Stewart, which was done with great enthusiasm and with Caledonian honours.

In reply, Dr Cameron Stewart thanked Mr Will for including Mrs Cameron Stewart in the toast, and spoke of her great interest in the work of the Society. He was proud to be President of the Caledonian Society of London, and he spoke of the very happy year which he had spent as President. He thanked his brother officers for their constant support, and spoke of the splendid services rendered to him and the Society by Miss Maxwell. He would never forget all their kindness.

During the evening the Past-Presidents saluted the President, and Mrs Cameron Stewart pinned the Society's gold badge on the breast of the Immediate Past-President, Mr William Will, who responded to the toast of his health, proposed by the President.

Scots songs, beautifully rendered, added to the enjoyment of the successful evening.

During the summer recess the Society lost by death one of its outstanding Past-Presidents, Sir James Cantlie, K.B.E., M.B., F.R.C.S., who joined the membership in 1887, and was President, 1902-1903, died on 28th May. Obituary notices appeared in many of the leading newspapers, and the following is from the *Scotsman* of 29th May, 1926 :

The death took place yesterday, in a nursing home in London, of Sir James Cantlie, the famous surgeon. Whilst in Scotland last March, Sir James Cantlie was taken ill, and was subsequently brought to London, where he entered a nursing home, in which he remained up to the time of his death.

Sir James Cantlie, who was seventy-five years of age, was one of the most distinguished graduates of Aberdeen University. He was a member of the Council of the British Red Cross Society, in which capacity he was prominently associated with Red Cross work during the War. Coming from Aberdeen University, he finished his medical examination in London. Later he went to Egypt with the Cholera Expedition of 1883, and subsequently spent several years in China. He was a great



authority on tropical disease, and was the founder and first president of the Royal Society of Tropical Medicine, and was at one time plague officer for the London County Council.

In his later years Sir James was an enthusiastic exponent of physical exercise as a means of keeping fit, and for the past two or three years he had conducted "physical jerks" classes in London for men and women past the middle age. A noteworthy feature of these classes was that the veteran instructor not only gave his orders, but actually participated in the physical exercises. His book on physical efficiency was published in 1906.

Prior to his visit to Egypt he was Demonstrator in Anatomy at Charing Cross Hospital, and he became a surgeon at the age of twenty-six. In China, where he spent nine years, he was Dean of the College of Medicine of China until 1896, and from that country he went to India. There he visited medical schools and places of interest. On his return to this country he was prominently associated with the London Caledonian Society, of which he was President in 1902, and in later years he acted as consulting surgeon to the London and North-Eastern Railway and to the Seamen's Hospital Society.

His interest in Red Cross work was shown as long ago as 1909, when he became Commandant of No. 1 V.A.D., London, and he held this position for thirteen years until well after the end of the War.

Sir James Cantlie was created a Knight of the Order of the British Empire in 1918, and received the degree of LL.D. of Aberdeen in the following year. His many publications included works on leprosy, beri-beri, and on gunshot injuries.

He was born in Keithmore, Dufftown, Banffshire, in 1851, and was the son of the late Mr William Cantlie, a banker and a farmer, who was well known in the county, and throughout his life Sir James made farming one of his recreations. He shared this hobby with his liking for fishing and shooting. He married in 1884, and was left a widower five years ago. There were four sons by the marriage.

Between his graduation in Medicine at Aberdeen and his departure for Hong-Kong in 1887 Sir James Cantlie held several important medical appointments in London, but perhaps the matter that claimed his greatest energy was the establishment of Volunteer Medical Corps in the Universities, particularly the University of Aberdeen. Those that had the privilege of hearing Major-General Evans and Cantlie plead for the formation of University Ambulance Corps will not readily forget Cantlie's forceful personality. He was a man of middle height, somewhat stout, firmly built, large head, deep chest, full of vigour and force, both in his ordinary activities and in his style of address. It is not too much to say that the distinguished part played by the University Gordon Regiment in the War, and by the Aberdeen ambulance students, was due in no small degree to Cantlie's vigorous initiative about the year 1886.

His nine years in Hong-Kong made him an authority on certain tropical diseases, and he was familiar, in particular, with plague. Perhaps the activities that most distinguished his later years were his eager and unremitting devotion to the importance of physical education. Indeed he pushed his ideas almost to the extreme of oddity, but every one that knew him recognised his sincerity and the force of his character, as well as the technical competence of his advice.

He was a college contemporary and friend of the late Dr Shirra Gibb, Medical Officer of Health for Berwickshire, and he also reckoned among his contemporaries Dr Mitchell Bruce and Sir David Ferrier.

In China he became a personal friend of Sun Yat Sen. When the latter came to London, Cantlie was able to show him much attention, and succeeded in relieving him from the embarrassment of the famous episode at the Chinese Embassy. He wrote a fascinating story about this romantic and capable Chinaman, who has since then taken so great a part in the Chinese revolutions.

In spite of all Cantlie's forcefulness, it is difficult to imagine him having made an enemy. His popularity among Scotsmen in London arose out of his sheer Scottish grit and warm-heartedness. He was ready to be the friend of anyone that needed friendship. He was a man of strong individuality, who did not hide his opinion of the degeneracy of the Londoner, but he expressed himself in ways that gave no offence. He was not, perhaps, taken so seriously as he expected by some, but with his sense of humour he never lost heart, and everybody realised that a man of his special character must be allowed some latitude in the expression of opinion. He belonged to a strong group that left Aberdeen in the 'seventies, and made their mark in London and elsewhere.

Another loss befell the Society by the death of Pipe-Major Peter McLean. He was a great favourite with all the members; his burly frame, which suited the Highland dress so well, was an outstanding feature at the monthly meetings. His quaint Highland and old-fashioned toasts were much appreciated, and it was with a regal air he always proceeded to the President's chair when the call was made for the "Pipe-Major's Selection and Toast." The Rev. F. E. England, M.A., B.D., of Leytonstone, delivered an impressive address at the funeral, which is worth preserving in the "Chronicles."

*"Because I live ye shall live also."*

Our presence here to-day is our characteristically British way of expressing our faith in that word of the Galilean. We meet to pay our tribute of respect and affection, not to one who has gone down with his worn-out body under the sickle of death, but rather to one who, through weariness of body and anguish of pain, maintained a steady grasp of the vital and immortal principle which outlasts the perishable frame.

Peter McLean has carried the lamp of life only a month short of threescore years and ten, and the record of those years entitles him to hand back his lamp to the Great Fountain of Light with something like a soldier's pride. Peter carried on his breast the trophies of military



service from Tel-el-Kebir in 1882 to the Armistice in 1918, with twenty-five years of police service in between. But his medals were a mere external adornment, for Peter's chief trophy was his own remarkable personality.

The legacy of Scottish humour to which he succeeded on the day of his birth in Inverness grew in bulk and subtlety as the years went by. And not all the years of peril and hardship could quench the natural buoyancy of his soul. Peter faced every situation with a smile; and the wizardry of his pipes, by which he could provoke either tears or mirth, was part and parcel of his overflowing love of life. His skill with the national instrument, combined with a never-failing courtesy and respect, gained for him the honourable position of divisional piper in the Metropolitan Police Force, Pipe-Major of the City of London National Guard, and piper to the Caledonian Society of London, and to a number of Masonic Lodges, including Scots Lodge, the Caledonian Lodge, the London Scottish Rifles Lodge, the University of Edinburgh Lodge, Freedom and Courtesy Lodge (of which he was a founder), and also janitor of the Scots Chapter.

## CHAPTER VI

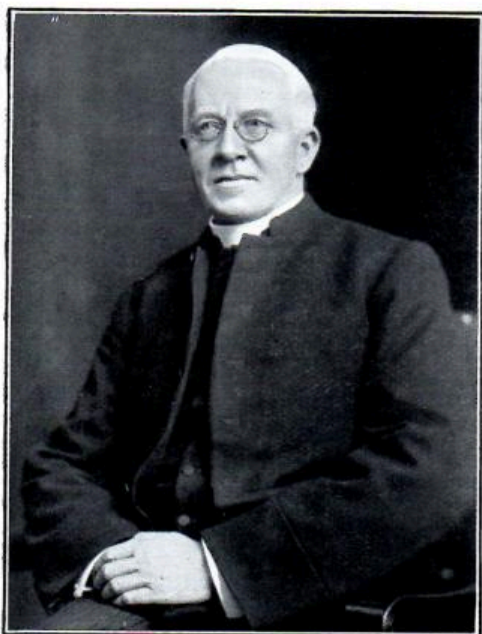
1926-1927: THE REV. ARCHIBALD FLEMING, D.D.,  
*President.*

First Clergyman President: Dr Fleming's Distinguished Career and Outstanding Work in London: Sentiments, "Some Scottish Songs and a Singer," "The Vindication of Robert Burns," "The Scot and his Work Overseas," "Life," "Fire-making from the Earliest Times": The Duchess of Atholl on Education: Deaths of Past-President Alexander Ritchie, J.P., and other members.

**T**HE Session 1926-1927 was distinguished from other sessions by the fact that never until then had a clergyman occupied the chair. For this Session the Council recommended and the members unanimously elected as their President the gifted minister of St. Columba's, Pont Street, the Rev. Archibald Fleming, D.D.

Our record of the work of Dr Fleming can only be in outline, for he has crowded into the years of his ministry in London and in Scotland work that would occupy the time of several busy men; and that outline must very largely concern St. Columba's, with which Dr Fleming's main activities in London have been associated.





Rev. ARCHIBALD FLEMING, D.D.  
*President, 1926-1927.*

A son of the manse, Dr Fleming was born at Perth and was educated at the Academy in the Fair City and at Edinburgh University, where he gained in three successive years the first prize in Divinity. Becoming assistant to the late well-known Dr MacGregor of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, in 1887, he was appointed minister of Newton Parish, Midlothian, in the following year, and after nine years' ministry there, he was (in 1897) called to the historic Tron Church, Edinburgh.

From the Tron, in 1902, Dr Fleming came to St. Columba's, where he built up a great congregation and a wonderful organisation, which had its roots deep, not alone in the national reverence for religious ordinances, but also in the personal magnetism of and affection for the minister. In the number of communicants alone the work of Dr Fleming is reflected—for, while twenty-five years ago the average number of communicants present at a single communion was one hundred and eighty, in 1926 (when he became President of the Caledonian Society), it was nine hundred and fifty. The Communion Roll had then nearly two thousand members; besides many hundreds of "occasional" members; and one outstanding feature of the membership roll was that there were on it the names of at least five or six hundred Scottish girls in domestic service.

St. Columba's became, under Dr Fleming's artistic influence, one of the most beautiful churches in London. Besides the wonderful mosaics, memorial gifts of the donors, the marble Communion Table with its fine carving—given by the late Baroness Strathcona in memory of her distinguished father—is a striking feature of the sanctuary. There are many other memorials, among which may be noted that for the London Scots who fell in the South African War, and another beautiful tablet unveiled by Lord Haig to those brave men of the London Scottish who died in the



Great War ; and later a monument was reared to the memory of Lord Haig himself. There is a tablet, too, to the memory of General Sir James Grierson, who died in France on his way to take command of the Second Army Corps, and one to that great Scotswoman, Dr Elsie Inglis, who gave her life through her devotion in the War. The heroic death is commemorated on a tablet of the son of our Past-President, Sir George W. Paton, Lieutenant Tatham Paton, whose last great deed in the War won him the Victoria Cross. The men of the London Scottish Football Club who fell in 1914-1918 are also remembered on the walls of St. Columba's. There is, besides these, a memorial to the late Lord Balfour of Burleigh (unveiled by the Prince of Wales), and a fine memorial window to the late Dr Donald Macleod, first minister of the church, by Dr Douglas Strachan.

The social activities of the church under Dr Fleming were those of a definitely religious character. The merry weekly gatherings for "lonely Scots" were crowded by hundreds who otherwise would have spent solitary evenings, perhaps aimlessly parading the streets, or in disconsolate loneliness in their lodgings. Besides Sports Clubs, there were organised in Dr Fleming's ministry a Young Men's Guild, a Literary Society, a Women's Guild, a Girls' Guild, a Work Party, and other organisations, in the work of which Dr Fleming has the whole-hearted support of Mrs Fleming and their sons and daughters.

During the Great War the mettle of St. Columba's stood a great test, for more than forty-eight thousand Scottish soldiers on furlough were given hospitality at the church on their way to and from the front and Scotland. They were received at the railway stations, conducted to the church hall, provided with food, amusement, and company, conveyed to the stations once more, and given a hearty send-off by a band of

enthusiastic and willing helpers. There are probably in every parish in Scotland men who still cherish bright and grateful recollections of St. Columba's Church Hall.

As a preacher Dr Fleming earned a high place in the Church. His sermons were cultured and earnest. Here we had a flash of condemnation of the causes of social sores, of the wealth that flaunts itself in the faces of the poor ; and there a crash of indignation showing the preacher's contempt for cant and humbug, or for the national cancers that seemed to go unheeded by those who might have helped to eradicate them. Always there was a kindly and considerate thought for the poor and needy, Dr Fleming emphasising his points with a homely illustration or a literary, classical, or biblical allusion. Whether it was because of the power of his preaching or the personal magnetism of the man, no charge of non-church-going during his ministry could be laid at the door of the congregation of St. Columba's, which was crowded practically every Sunday. Little wonder, then, that several Scottish congregations cast envious eyes on St. Columba's, and endeavoured to beguile the minister to return to Scotland ; but Dr Fleming felt that the loyalty of his congregation could best be repaid by service and loyalty to them.

Dr Fleming has a trenchant and cultured pen, which he uses in many English and Scottish newspapers and magazines, for the furtherance of Church work or the advancement of movements for the moral and spiritual uplifting of the people. He was, under Henley, a contributor to the *Scots Observer*, and later the "National Observer," and was, from 1898 to 1902, editor of the Church of Scotland magazine, "Life and Work." His journalistic and literary work had its reflection in the "St. Columba's Church Magazine," which, under his pen, was one of the best edited of all the congregational magazines.

Outside his Church work—if that had not been



sufficient to occupy the full time of an ordinary man—Dr Fleming has found time to take an active interest in the work of the two great Scottish charities in London, the Royal Scottish Corporation, of which he is an honorary chaplain, and the Royal Caledonian Schools.

Dr Fleming, who wears the Volunteer Decoration, was the Acting-Chaplain of the London Scottish from 1903 to 1922, and of the 9th V.B. Royal Scots from 1901 to 1903. He is a Freemason—an ex-Grand Lodge of Scotland officer ; and he is Chaplain to the Knights of the Round Table.

Hundreds of thousands—probably millions—of people who never saw our President of 1926-1927 have heard his voice, for Dr Fleming was on several occasions invited to preach by wireless. Realising its boundless possibilities, he spoke from 2 LO for several years the last message of the year on New Year's Eve ; and he twice preached specially for the wireless in St. Martin-in-the-Fields, by the special wish of his friend, the Rev. " Dick " Sheppard, while he often gave other addresses, notably that about Queen Alexandra within an hour or so after her death.

Dr Fleming, in the pulpit and out of it, uses his great influence and power to promote Empire and international *rapprochement* ; and to this end he became very early a member of the executives of the " Pilgrims " and the English-speaking Union, and of these bodies he was the chaplain for many years, as well as of the Australian and New Zealand Luncheon Club.

One cannot sum up the work of St. Columba's and Dr Fleming in London better than was done so succinctly by the late Principal Tulloch of St. Andrews, who preached the first sermon in it on Sunday, 30th March, 1884. Dr Tulloch said : " There is no sectarian or polemical interest with this church, which represents the old Church of Scotland in England, and is specially designed to minister to the spiritual benefit of those

who, having left her precincts, yet long after her worship." This policy was followed throughout ; and the cordial relationships existing between St. Columba's and the Church of England on the one hand, and the various Nonconformist bodies—especially the English Presbyterian Church—on the other, were never more cordial. It should be added that the Church Union in Scotland was realised under Dr Fleming in St. Columba's, a large minority of whose members under him were former members of the United Free Church of Scotland.

The great love and loyalty of the members of St. Columba's to Dr Fleming found an explosive point when he celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his induction. In a great outburst of enthusiasm the congregation met on the 4th February, 1927, in the Headquarters of the London Scottish Regiment ; and there, at the hands of Sir Arthur Steel Maitland, Bt., M.P., one of the elders, presented Dr Fleming with a motor car and a wallet of Treasury notes, and Mrs Fleming with a platinum-and-diamond wrist watch.

The encomiums then passed on his life-work voiced the feelings of all who knew the man.

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On 11th November there was a gathering of over one hundred members and guests to greet the new President. The Immediate Past-President, Dr Cameron R. Stewart, extended to Dr Fleming a hearty welcome to the presidential chair and proposed his health. The toast was honoured with enthusiasm. In responding, the President referred to the excellent traditions of the Society, and said it would be his constant endeavour to uphold these in a worthy manner.

A Sentiment entitled " Some Scottish Songs and a Singer " was given by Mr John A. Anderson, who said :

The alliterative title of the Sentiment is the copyright of the Hon. Secretary. With his usual overpowering energy, Mr McFarlane



bore down on me and insisted that I should say a few words on this subject. As a matter of fact I am—to borrow a term from the profession the Hon. Secretary adorns—merely a preface, an introduction or a foreword to the songs in action which Mr Murray Stewart is to sing to us to-night.

Mr Murray Stewart, who has not been with us before, is a tenor of great ability, and he has even a rarer quality than being a good tenor, for he can sing the Auld Scots Sangs with that indefinable charm which their makers breathed into their compositions, a quality which is much rarer than one would suppose. I have known many voices and many people with good verse appreciation, but it is not easy to get a perfect interpreter such as you will find is here to entertain us.

The Scots have always been a musical people with a genius for expressing themselves in song. A self-contained people, they occupied themselves with themselves in that northern portion of the island before the means of locomotion and travel made it possible for them to go out and possess the earth. War and turmoil without and within—for he'd fight his neighbour in the old days if he had no convenient foeman—kept him busy. In his infrequent hours of ease he turned to the family bard and the wandering minstrel for solace and amusement. Round the winter fire the old minstrel would sing his chants of love and war, of heroic deed and bloody battle, or he would make the blood of his hearers curdle as he sang the songs of glamourie, of witches and fairies, that were as real to him and them as the flesh and blood heroes of his sagas.

This was the genesis of our national balladry and song. Rude, uncouth, and ungrammatical as they may be, they have a pristine vigour and a full-blooded youthfulness that the modern bard, with his selected phrases, his polished periods, and his careful scansion can never successfully imitate.

From generation to generation this common stock of song, the heritage of all Lowland Scotland—local names and local incidents varying—was transmitted by sire to son, by mother to daughter, an oral inheritance, many of them changed almost beyond recognition from their original theme, many of them lost in the limbo of forgotten things. Still the melodies persisted, and still in the changing vernacular of the years the old themes in all their winsomeness and preciousness, full of characteristic vigour and truthfulness, tender and compassionate, pawky and humorous and wholesome as the national parritch, they reflected the benmost side of our race as the prosaic historian could never do. In an older time there was a rough homespun freedom of speech that was, of course, reflected in the songs. Dainty ladies used expressions as a matter of course that would shock this company, while their ordinary topics of conversation have long been taboo in ordinary intercourse. So the songs which mirrored their manners and customs would have passed with the changing years but for a succession of bards who clothed the high-kilted dame in a more becoming dress, and smoothed down the strident tones of her voice. The long religious struggle stifled, for many years, the vernacular song; life was too serious in the seventeenth century for lilting music, but as the echoes of the struggle died away, the rhyming Scot returned to his natural expression of jollity.

Francis Sempill, the laird of Beltrees, wrote a song, "Auld Lang Syne," but this has been deservedly forgotten in the classic verses a later and a greater poet wrote on the theme. Sempill is still remembered by his rollicking humorous song, "Maggie Lauder." This again was based on an older and now forgotten song in which the old Church was burlesqued by the Reformation bards; just as another song, "John Anderson my Jo," was a burlesque on the sacraments of the Church of Rome, and written in the indecent manner of a free-spoken age. John Anderson was the town piper of Kelso, and was reputed an amorous wag in his day. Set to a beautiful old melody, the tune was in danger of being lost through the coarseness of the words, until Robert Burns, in his turn, wedded it to the immortal stanzas now sung. Contemporary with Sempill was Robert Crawford, whose beautiful "Bush aboon Traquair" is now in danger of being forgotten because of its difficult compass. Crawford's "Doon the Burn, Davie lad," is still a favourite on the concert-platform, when it is frequently murdered by the vocalists' embellishments, altogether alien to the simplicity of the pastoral theme.

In the early years of the eighteenth century, Allan Ramsay took a hand in reviving the vernacular, and though Allan could not always free himself from the artificial mode of his age, he rescued for posterity many beautiful old melodies. One of these, Mr Murray Stewart is going to sing to us, "The Lass o' Patie's Mill." "The lass" was the daughter of *Black* John Anderson of Patie's Mill, in the parish of Keith Hall, Aberdeenshire. She was famed for her beauty, and had many admirers. The Laird of Boddam attempted to carry her off in the year 1550, and was caught by her father and thoroughly thrashed. The disappointed lover, in revenge, wrote an ill-natured song of which only two lines survive:

"Ye'll tell the gowk that gets her  
He gets but my auld sheen."

But the air survived. Burns tells a story of Allan Ramsay paying a visit to the Earl of Loudon, and, walking at Irvine Water one day, his Lordship pointed out a beautiful country girl near Newmills. On returning to Loudon Castle, Allan, probably with the air of "Patie's Mill" in his mind, produced the song which we are to hear later. Another song which we owe to Ramsay is "Will ye go to the Ewe Bughts, my Marion," a melody of great antiquity that has been known on the Scottish Border for ages.

There is a very remarkable feature in the story of Scottish song unknown in the annals of other nations, a phase that dates back for centuries and persists to this day. The other night the daughter of a hundred Earls—if I may slightly exaggerate Dr Bulloch—addressed the Vernacular Circle on a vernacular subject, and although Lady Margaret Sackville did not attempt to speak the Scottish tongue, that is just what a round dozen of Scottish gentlewomen have done. May I just remind you of some of them. There was Lady Grizzel Baillie, an ancestress of Lady Margaret, who wrote, "Oh, werena my heart licht I wad dee"; Lady Ann Lindsay, who wrote "Auld Robin Gray"; Jean Elliot, sister of the Earl of Minto, who wrote "I've heard the liltin,"



of which more later ; Alison Cockburn, daughter of a Border laird and wife of a judge, who wrote " The Flowers of the Forest " ; Lady Nairne, wife and daughter of Jacobite peers, who wrote " The Laird o' Cockpen " and a score of other lyrics, among them " The Auld Hoose," and " A Hundred Pipers " ; Lady Wardlaw, who imitated successfully the old balladists ; Lady Jane Scott (whom I remember to have seen), the sister-in-law of the Duke of Buccleuch, who wrote, among other and better things, one of the best-known Scottish songs on the English concert-platform, " Annie Laurie," and where could I get a better example of the fascination of the Doric for the peerage than in our present-day poetess, Violet Jacob. Those of us who have met the lady of the house of Dun must have been struck with her aristocratic bearing. There can be no harm in saying she stands in the same degree of blood to George III as his present Majesty, George V. Her conversation is the language of the West End drawing-room, but there is no Scots bard of to-day whose mither tongue is the Doric who can weld the vernacular into such limpid and liquid verse.

" O, it's fine when the New and the Auld Year meet,  
 An' the lads gang roarin' i' the lichtit street,  
 An' there's me and there's Alick an' the miller's loon,  
 An' Geordie that's the piper oot o' Forfar toon.  
     Geordie Faa ! Geordie Faa !  
 Up wi' the chanter, lad, an' gie's a blaw !  
 For we'll step to the tune while we've feet in till oor shune,  
 Tho' the bailies an' the provost be to sort us a' ! "

But that is by the way. We are to have two examples of Scottish songs by Scottish gentlewomen. First there is the old version of " The Flowers of the Forest." The air goes back to Flodden and so does the phrase. All that had escaped the maw of time were the lines :

" I ride single in my saddle  
 Sin' the Flo'ers o' the Forest are a' wede away."

One night Jean Elliot and her brother Gilbert were driving home to Minto House from a ball in Hawick. As the lumbering old coach jolted across the pre-motor roads, they were humming the tune which had probably been part of the music at the dance, when the brother, knowing his sister's poetic gifts, challenged her to write words to it. The words were produced that night and never since has the soft Lowland tongue of the Borders been used with such perfect artistry. For many, many years this song has been sung annually at the June Common Riding in Selkirk toon, where community singing is not a novelty, but a commonplace. The lament is for the men of Flodden who are commemorated in the Riding of the Commons gifted by a King as some compensation for the loss of the manhood of a generation. It was a moving experience to hear it in the old days, but since a dark Gallipoli day in July, 1916, when the Territorial Borderers were decimated, it has been painful almost beyond endurance.

But of course the greatest debt Scottish song owes is to the national bard. All that I have said about the old melodies and the old songs of which we have only the echoes, applies in particular to

Robert Burns. Whatever weight may be given to the question whether he was the beginning or the end of a Scottish literary tradition, there is no question that he was the apostle of Scottish song. Forgive me if I dwell on this, for it is a point that is almost invariably overlooked in dealing with Burns as Scotland's great lyric writer. Burns is the only world's great poet who definitely wrote to music. Most poets, and certainly all modern poets, write literary verse to which music may be accidentally attached. But Burns always associated music with his songs; speaking, for example, of a forgotten old song of which he remarked that the verse and tune were in fine unison with each other, he says that when one would compose to these Scottish airs to sough the tune over and over is the readiest way to catch the inspiration and raise the bard into that glorious enthusiasm so strongly characteristic of our old Scottish poetry. And in one of his letters to Thomson he declines to write for an unfamiliar air, giving as his excuse that until he was master of a tune in his own singing he could never compose for it; adding that his invariable way was "to consider the expression of the music and choose his theme, humming every now and then the air with the verses I have framed."

I have indicated the work of Sempill, Ramsay, and some others prior to Burns, but it is often forgotten that until his day many old airs were wedded to words that were sheer drivel, if not worse. Many had lost the words that once were sung to them, and, floating about in the country then, and now, were tunes that had never seen print, but lived in the voices of the people. Burns had a mania for collecting these. I am putting it baldly and briefly, but I want to point out that the great poet has never been credited, as he ought to be, with a flair for a fine old Scottish tune. Most of his songs were written in the latter part of his brief life, and it is an amazing fact that of over three hundred songs which he wrote, only eighteen were included in the editions of his poems published in his lifetime, and the bulk of them were written and sent to "Johnson's Museum" or to "Thomson's Scottish Airs"; publications for which the bard never charged a penny. We talk very glibly of Burns and his gift to Scottish song, but we cannot underestimate the enthusiasm, to say nothing of the genius, that created it.

There was a period of comparative leisure after his successful Edinburgh edition was published, when he toured the classic scenes of Caledonia, and doubtless picked up many wandering airs, but the most of his collecting and his song-making was done when, broken in health, with a young and growing family, he was acting as a gauger in Dumfries. He had to ride on old Jenny Geddes two hundred miles a week, "searching auld wives' barrels" and hunting for smugglers and shebeeners. Here is a typical day from his official sheet: Left Thornhill 5 a.m. on the morning of 23rd February; rode four miles to Enterkinfoot, where he made one call; thence three miles to Sunkford, where he made another call; thence six miles to Sanquhar, where he paid twenty official visits; thence two miles to Whitehall, where he made two calls; and the return journey to Sanquhar completed his official day's work—at seven in the evening. After a day like this, he'd take out his pen and commit to Thomson some of the songs he had been soughing owre, as he rode. Burns's songs were not written in softness and luxury, but



were the children of pain, born amid the storm. Mr Murray Stewart will sing us "Afton Water" to the poet's original tune, a beautiful pastoral lilt which has been shamefully neglected for Hume's florid tune; and if I don't speak too long he may also sing "The Deil's awa'" by this inspired exciseman.

I have not left myself time to speak of my own brother poets, Hogg and Scott, nor their efforts to capture the old lilt before they were lost among the trills. Scott met Hogg in his mother's cottage, when he heard the old lady sing songs that have never seen printed page. On a later date, after the publication of the "Minstrelsy," he called again, when old Margaret Hogg saluted him thus: "Ye hae gaen and printed my sangs and sp'ilt them a'thegither, for they are neither richt spelt nor richt satten doon. My sangs were made for singin' and no' for reading, an' noo—an' noo they'll never be sung mair."

Another of Scott's helpers was the famous Dr John Leyden, who spoke twenty-seven languages, but did not learn English, because it spoilt his Scotch. Leyden had not a gift for recording music on paper, and once when in the wilds of Liddesdale he heard an old air which he knew Scott would desire. He learnt it from the singer and set off to Edinburgh, when he surprised Scott entertaining a company in his Armoury room. There was a sound like the wind among high masts, and coming nearer, it resembled the rasping tones of a saw. The company stared as Leyden marched in, having sung the ballad the whole forty miles in case he should forget the tune. That is how some of our songs have come to us, and Mr Murray Stewart will sing some of them in all the charm of their own natural melodies, unedited, unimproved by the modern musician, who sometimes does not know when to leave well alone. I hope we shall catch the echo of the blithesomeness that made the glens of auld lang syne a place of joy.

Mr Murray Stewart then sang with a true appreciation of the words and tunes, "The Flo'ers o' the Forest," "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," "The Bush aboon Traquair," "Will ye go to the Ewe Bughts, my Marion," and "The Tinker's Waddin'." On the call of the President the toast of "Mr Anderson and Mr Stewart" was pledged with honours, and Mr Anderson suitably acknowledged the appreciative way the Sentiment and songs had been listened to.

It was Armistice Day, and the Pipe-Major played the Lament, "The Flowers o' the Forest," while the audience rose in their places and remained standing until the playing ceased.

The toast of "Our Guests" was responded to by His Excellency Isaburo Yoshida, C.B., C.V.O., who was on the eve of leaving London to take up the position of

His Imperial Japanese Majesty's Minister-Plenipotentiary to Switzerland. His Excellency referred to Scotland with much enthusiasm, and commented on the beautiful scenery of the country and the active business life of the towns and cities which he had visited in the course of his official duties. He mentioned that, although a confirmed bachelor, he was very much struck with the beauty of the Scottish lasses, and declared that he was a great admirer of Scottish character and tenacity, which he had studied during a fairly long diplomatic career, not only in this country, but in the United States of America and China. Mr Lewis Melville ("Benjamin") also responded, and struck a humorous note that caused much merriment.

The Vice-President, Mr William Blane, proposed the toast, "The Past-Presidents," which was responded to by Colonel Sir John S. Young, C.V.O. Sir John was in a reminiscent mood and gave a retrospect of well-remembered colleagues and things that had happened during his long connection with the Society.

It became known that the Committee supervising the erection of a National War Memorial Chapel at Ottawa, Canada, had selected some verses written by Past-President Mr G. W. Thomson, J.P., for inscription on one of the panels. Bas-reliefs, depicting incidents in which Canadians took a prominent part during the War, were features of the Memorial, and in connection with each there was a panel inscribed with some appropriate words. Those sent by Mr Thomson were for the "Call to Arms," the verses being :

" The trumpet sounds ! At war's alarm,  
 Eager to serve, whate'er befalls,  
 Her sons, from busy town and farm,  
 Come crowding when the Empire calls.

Across the surging ocean's foam,  
 To fight beneath an alien sky,  
 They hasten from each peaceful home,  
 Resolved to conquer or to die.



In days to come, should beacon-fires  
Signal for aid, where Honour leads,  
Recall the story of your sires,  
And rival their immortal deeds ! ”

To worthily mark the appreciation by members of the Immediate Past-President's year of office, the Gold Medal of the Society was awarded to Dr Cameron R. Stewart, and a similar honour was conferred on Mr Robert Davidson, who had been a member of Council since 1900 and had acted as Honorary Auditor since 1913.

At the December meeting the President, the Rev. Archibald Fleming, D.D., gave a Sentiment entitled “ The Vindication of Robert Burns.” He said :

Thirty years have elapsed since Lord Rosebery, on 21st July, 1896, the occasion of the centenary of the death of Robert Burns, delivered two addresses, one in the morning at Dumfries, the town in which Burns died ; the other, in the evening, in St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow. On both occasions he was the eloquent apologist of Burns ; doing his best to explain away the “ vice ” which was alleged to have been the chief cause of the poet's undoing. The question I venture to ask to-night is whether this eloquent advocate was not one more spendthrift of love's labour lost—whether, in fact, there was much, or anything, for Lord Rosebery to explain away.

More than once, Lord Rosebery asserted, in so many words, that Burns's early end was due to “ dissipation.” But for this, said he, at Dumfries, Burns might well have lived “ to the limit of life.” And, in Glasgow, he moralised on the theme of how dear a price the poet paid for the progressive “ dissipation ” of his later years. What ground was there for all this ? It is my thesis to-night that there was none. We need not blame Lord Rosebery. He frankly explained to his Glasgow audience that he was too busy a man to go into the evidence as an expert. He relied on those who then passed for authorities on the subject ; the evidence of Robert Heron, the “ stickit minister ” and drunken literary coxcomb, whom Burns had lampooned in his rhyming letter to Dr Thomas Blacklock, and who “ got his own back ” by introducing posthumous slander into his critique—unfortunately, the first in the field—of the Kilmarnock Edition. He had also the Pecksniffian evidence of Dr James Currie, a medical man who fancied himself as a man of letters, but above all, as temperance reformer ; but who took his cue from Heron, and, as a critic of evidence, was as credulous as were his patients regarding his cold-water cures, and as prejudiced as propagandists, whether prohibitionists or anti-prohibitionists, usually are. He had also Robert Louis Stevenson's facile disparagements to

go upon, and Carlyle's ponderous damnation by faint praise. These later authors of repute, in seeking material for their judgments, all preferred the envenomed slanders of Heron, and Currie's pompous homiletics, to the kindlier and more careful summing up of Alan Cunningham. A year after Lord Rosebery's effort, W. E. Henley dipped his pen in vitriol in place of ink, and reinforced the campaign of malice with such tittle-tattle from here and there as might render the more plausible his phantasy of preconceived depreciation.

It may be interesting to you to be reminded of the occasion of Burns's lampooning of Heron—thus unwittingly liberating the stream of Heron's vindictive spleen. Burns's friend, Dr Blacklock, had written him a letter to which—so he complained—the poet had not replied. In answer to this reproach, Burns sent the doctor a rhyming epistle, dated from Ellisland on 21st October, 1789, in which he explained that he had entrusted to Heron a reply for delivery to Blacklock, but that Heron had evidently failed in his trust. The poet insinuated that Heron's negligence was possibly due to drunken preoccupation in some amatory adventure. The lines, which one can well imagine gave mortal offence, were these :

“ The Ill-Thief blaw the Heron south,  
And never drink be near his drouth ;  
He tauld mysel' by word o' mouth,  
He'd tak' my letter.  
I lippen'd to the chiel in trowth,  
And bade nae better.

But aiblins honest Master Heron  
Had at the time some dainty fair one  
To ware his theologic care on  
And holy study,  
And, tired o' sauls to waste his lear on,  
E'en tried the body.”

It is worth while to note in passing that what alone would give this epistolary trifle a literary immortality is the fact that it contains the magic lines, so often quoted :

“ To make a happy fireside clime  
To weans and wife—  
That's the true pathos and sublime  
Of human life.”

It is a literary point which might be further elaborated by the curious that in these four lines alone, out of a longish poem, does Burns lay aside the vehicle of the broad vernacular. The truth is that good, classic English, not what is called “ the Doric,” was the natural format of Burns's thought and poetical expression, especially in his most exalted moods ; and it is the constant medium of his prose. We hear too much of Burns, the unlettered ploughman ; too little of Burns, one of the best read and most widely cultured men of his day.

But, to return from a digression, the point to which I wish now



to call your attention is this—that we owe it to two living London Scotsmen that the tide of calumny which has so long washed with slime the shore of Burns's memory, has at length been turned back. There had been, as we have seen, for well over a century, a consensus of opinion, on the part alike of his calumniators and biographers, not only that Burns died, at the age of thirty-seven, of "drink and debauchery"—committed suicide by these means, as Stevenson put it—but that, in the last completed year of his life—1795—his downward course became a headlong rush through drunkenness to physical wreck. But about ten years ago our brother Caledonian, Mr William Will, became aware of the existence of a small volume of Minutes, which proved to be those of the Royal Dumfries Volunteers. At the beginning of 1795 this local corps was embodied in order to bear its share in defending the country from the dreaded invasion of Buonaparte. And whom do we find not only joining, but helping to pen recruiting propaganda for this voluntary patriotic association? None other than the so-called broken and besotted Robert Burns. Mr Will has given us the result of his researches in a valuable monograph, entitled "Robert Burns as a Volunteer," from which we gather that the code of discipline of this little corps of sixty odd members was more rigid than was even the stern ecclesiastical discipline of the period. These Minutes show that, time and again, members were censured, punished, fined, even expelled for non-attendance, insolence, drunkenness, and such-like offences. Yet never once does the name of Robert Burns appear among those who failed to attend the frequent strenuous drills of the company two hours a day, two days a week; nor among those who, by inebriety or in any way whatever, offended against its rigidly enforced Draconian code. And this was the man whose life, according to his chief biographers, had by this time sunk into one long debauch, leading headlong, in the following year, to a drunkard's grave. Not content with this calumny, Currie, in his biography, hints that the poet was incapacitated and confined to the house from October onwards by reason of an unnameable complaint. Yet in November we find him busy with the committee-work of the Company, attending its meetings, and helping to prepare, *inter alia*, its patriotic address to the King. According to the denunciatory Henley, he was at that very moment an outcast from society by reason of his vicious habits. On the contrary, he was an accepted leader and exponent of the patriotic movement. There is the contemporary evidence of his colleague, Findlater, and his friend Gray, to the effect that throughout these Volunteering days Burns was a man of most regular habits; unremitting in his drills, keen on the work of collecting accoutrements for his company, and the indispensable finance; and all the time carrying on the distasteful duties of exciseman, by which he earned his bread. Moreover, from his so-called sodden brain, there issued during this period some of his finest lyrics; his poem, "Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?" which became the fiery cross and recruiting song of all broad Scotland; and the trenchant verses, "A man's a man for a' that." What proof there is goes to show two things—one, that Robert Burns, though occasionally convivial, was probably much less so than average men of his time and class (does not his wife testify that only once did she know him come home the worse for drink?), and the second that, in a singularly foul-tongued age, his reported



conversation was so clean as to justify Mr Will in describing him as a "moral purist."

We are now left with the further question : If Burns did not die of drink, of what did he die ? And it is here that our other distinguished living London Scot comes in. Which of us is not proud of that vivid, irrepresible, and sturdy octogenarian Caledonian, Sir James Crichton-Browne ? Sir James is a medical man of high repute ; and little more than a year ago, he set himself the appropriate task of sifting, for the public benefit, the evidence as to the cause of the death of Robert Burns. He found that evidence unexpectedly abundant and easily conclusive ; and he presented it to the public in a series of articles in the *Glasgow Herald* at the instigation of its editor, Sir Robert Bruce. Early this year the articles were collected in a little volume, published by Messrs Hodder and Stoughton, and entitled "Burns from a New Point of View."

Sir James convincingly proves, first, that there is no evidence whatever that the poet was a drunkard at all, or that indulgence in alcohol had anything to say in the matter of his physical breakdown. On the contrary, there are many testimonies, such as those of Dugald Stewart, Dr Hugh Blair and many others, whom Sir James Crichton-Browne quotes, to the opposite effect. That he glorified conviviality in some of his poems was the unfortunate manner of his time—one which we would do well not to perpetuate. That he accused himself, in exaggerated fashion, from time to time, of foolish lapses, is, according to Sir James Crichton-Browne, largely a symptom of the hypochondriasis which was, throughout his life, his nervous curse.

Sir James roundly declares that Burns was the victim of faulty medical diagnosis. Mustering and sifting the evidence, he shows that not one of the symptoms in Burns's last illness gave any indication that alcoholic poisoning had anything to do with his death. Every one of the usual symptoms, indeed, was conspicuously absent. Of what, then, did he die ? Of endocarditis, says Sir James, a disease of the substance and lining membrane of the heart, with the origination of which alcohol had nothing to do. "It was rheumatism that was the undoing of Burns. It attacked him in early years, damaged his heart, embittered his life, and cut short his career." These are Sir James's words, not mine. And he points out ironically that Currie, the biographer of Burns, who said he died of drink, himself died of precisely this same rheumatic endocarditis five years later. Sir James Crichton-Browne deduces from the evidence that the lad was first rheumatic in the "auld clay biggin'" in which his parents lived. From his thirteenth to his fifteenth year, the symptoms of heart-trouble were well to the fore. At twenty-two, and again at twenty-five, his letters and other evidence reveal the multiplying and intensifying signs of cardiac illness. Terrible sufferings, headaches, faintings, pains at the heart, alarming palpitations, mental prostration—these would nowadays be recognised as affording cumulative evidence of the steady progress of the ailment. At length, as his Volunteering days drew to an end, the symptoms were multiplied ; the rheumatic heart was nearing the end of its working days. Rheumatic fever—not Currie's vilely insinuated complaint—confined him for months to bed. All the time his dull-witted doctor never stumbled on the right diagnosis. Had he done so, Sir James Crichton-Browne has no doubt that the



poet's life might have been prolonged. But, instead, the dying man was sent for sea-bathing to the Solway Firth, and horse-exercise within the circuit of the Brown Well. The patient himself soon saw the preposterous folly of the prescription, and came home. In four days he was dead.

It will not be disputed, says Sir James Crichton-Browne, that Burns died of rheumatic endocarditis. His fair fame has been the victim of faulty medical diagnosis. He has been held up to obloquy as a confirmed drunkard, "when all the time he was truly a painful example of the neglect of rheumatism in early life." "The wonder is that he struggled on and survived as long as he did. Burdened and harassed as he was, he did nobly." He has been "sadly misunderstood and vilified for faults which were fatalities." Thanks to our two distinguished friends, his vindication has come at last.

The Vice-President, Mr William Blane, voiced the thanks of the meeting to the President for his excellent Sentiment, and proposed Dr Fleming's health. The toast was heartily drunk, with the usual Caledonian Honours, and the President in response gave a brilliant postscript speech.

Mr W. H. Cullen, a guest, sang: "Up in the Mornin' Early" and "The Deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman," and Mr A. Bain Irvine, J.P., sang "Gae bring to me a Pint o' Wine," "Afton Water," and "When the Kye comes Hame."

The toast of "Our Guests" was proposed by Mr John Douglas, F.S.A.(Scot.), who referred to the significance of the recent celebration of St. Andrew's Day in connection with the Royal Scottish Corporation. He referred to the Caledonian Society as the playground of the workers in the London Scottish charities, and said that into this playground the members liked to welcome their friends. It was a home where the traditions of Scotland were ever present, and it was always a pleasure to join with others in traditional Scottish hospitality.

Responses for the guests were made by Dr J. M. Bulloch and Mr Bernard Gribble, the well-known marine artist and official painter to the Worshipful Company of Shipwrights.

In his speech Dr Bulloch said that Dr Fleming gave distinction to everything he said or wrote, and that he had found a new way of approaching Burns, about whom it is very difficult to say anything new. He was inclined, however, to join issue with the President's hint that Burns excelled in writing English. He thought the poet was at his best in his native vernacular, and that Burns handled English rather awkwardly, in the eighteenth-century manner, from which his vernacular was such a striking departure. But Burns not only was inspired by the verbal vernacular, but also by the spiritual vernacular of his country, and, while a distinct spiritual vernacular distinguishes Scotsmen, it also takes its place side by side with the thought of the Continent rather than with the mentality of England.

Speaking of the references to Sir James Crichton-Browne, Dr Bulloch told an unrecorded story of having once interviewed Sir James on a campaign he was organising against people spitting in the streets and public-places. Having held forth at great length on the question, Sir James, grasping his Dundrearies, said in his broad Dumfries way: "There is no doubt about it, the time is rapidly approaching when expectoration will be made penal."

On 13th January, 1927, after the loyal toasts, in accordance with the usual custom, Past-President T. R. Moncrieff sang "Here's to the Year that's Awa'," after which the Right Hon. Sir William Mitchell-Thomson, Bart., M.P., Postmaster-General, gave a Sentiment entitled "The Scot and his Work Overseas." He said:

No excuse is needed for addressing Scotsmen on the subject of our Empire. A glance at the map of any of our Dominions will show that Scotsmen have played their part in the settlement and development of the overseas nations of the British Commonwealth. Scottish place-



names seem to predominate everywhere overseas. This is particularly so in the eastern provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick. I am told that nearly the whole of the population of Prince Edward Island is of Scottish extraction, and that the names over the shops in Charlottetown, the capital of the island, are almost without exception Scottish. One-fourth of the total annual migration from these islands to the overseas Dominions consists of Scotsmen. This would seem to refute the allegation that all Scotsmen migrate to London.

Scotsmen are particularly fitted for the conditions of life in the Dominions. They are adaptable, they are hardy and thrifty, and they are not so far removed from the land as are the inhabitants of the more highly industrialised parts of the kingdom to the south.

There was never a time when it was more necessary for suitable persons from this country to settle overseas. The Dominions want population for the development of their vast natural resources, and they prefer population of British stock to maintain the British character of their institutions. But they *must* have population to develop their resources adequately and to provide for their future security, and if they cannot get it from these islands they will be compelled to look elsewhere for it.

The Government, in co-operation with the Governments of the overseas Dominions, have embarked on a policy of State-aided Empire settlement with a view to making settlement overseas easier for the individual. Assisted passages are available on so liberal a scale that a married man and his family can go to Australia or New Zealand for about £22 in all—a fraction of the full cost of the passages; single men can go to Australia for £16, 10s., to New Zealand for £11, and to the eastern provinces of Canada for £2 or £3; women for domestic service can go free to Australia and New Zealand, and to Canada for from £2 to £9, according to the final destination, children get free passages to all the Dominions, and juveniles up to nineteen free, or very greatly reduced, passages. The Governments both of this country and of the Dominions have taken in hand the organisation of the arrangements for the reception and placing of new arrivals, and the old haphazard methods, which were so wasteful in human material, have been replaced by proper organisation.

But the State cannot do everything. It cannot create the will to migrate, and the fact that the annual flow of population to the Dominions, in spite of a large measure of State assistance and of a temporary excess of population in this country, is still well below the pre-War level, seems to show that there is a definite lack of desire on the part of our people to try their luck overseas. I am not suggesting that the whole difficulty lies in this country—there are conditions overseas which are, to a large extent, responsible for the slow rate at which the population of the Dominions is increasing. Capital for large development schemes is lacking, and bad trade conditions have prevailed both here and overseas. Moreover, the main openings for new settlers are on the land, and many of our people who would be willing to go—especially is this so in the case of families—cannot be accepted for land work.

Nevertheless the fact remains that the Dominions can at present accept in far larger quantities than they can secure them, young fit men for work on the land with a prospect of becoming independent farmers



within a reasonable time, and young women willing to undertake household work. Boys for farm work are also required in large numbers.

The whole policy of assisted Empire settlement is based upon the need of co-operation between the Imperial Government and the Governments of the Dominions.

There is still a lack of appreciation amongst our people both at home and overseas of the magnitude and importance of the problem.

Education is necessary. Much was achieved at Wembley in the direction of giving a correct idea of the Empire, its peoples and its resources, the inter-relation of its parts, and its great possibilities of development. The work of Wembley can be carried on by organised effort, especially in the schools. But more can be done by direct contact, *e.g.* interchange of teachers, visits of schoolboys, like the visit of Australian schoolboys to the United Kingdom in 1924, and the return visit now being carried out so satisfactorily. The idea of these tours will, it is hoped, be developed, so that there may be interchange of visits with other Dominions besides Australia. Reference may also be made to the tours of the Empire Press Delegation, the Empire Parliamentary Delegation, and others.

I should like to make special reference to the admirable work which is being carried on by Father MacDonnell in his settlement in Western Canada of families from the Hebrides. Father MacDonnell has been engaged in this work for several years and he has established in Canada an organisation—the Scottish Immigrant Aid Society—to organise the reception and settlement on the land of these families. With the assistance of the Government and of the Canadian Pacific Railway, this society has acquired an area of twenty thousand acres of land near Vermilion, in Alberta, known as the Clan Donald Settlement, which is being subdivided into farms. Already one hundred families have been settled in this area, and further extensions are contemplated. This work owes much to the personal energy and enthusiasm of Father MacDonnell. I would also like to refer to the training farm for boys at Craigiellinn, near Glasgow, which is under the supervision of Dr Cossar of Glasgow, where valuable work is being done in the training of boys for farm work in Canada and Australia. The Church of Scotland is also interesting itself in this matter, and is converting its training farm at Cornton Vale, near Stirling, into a farm for training men for settlement on the land overseas. It is also contributing towards the solution of the problem by arranging through the Presbyterian Churches in the Dominions for the nomination of families, *i.e.* the Church overseas undertakes responsibility for the reception and settlement of a family selected by the parent Church in Scotland.

It would be a mistake to suppose that the desired redistribution of population as between this country and the overseas Dominions can be effected by means of the transfer of population in large masses. The rate at which this redistribution can take place must be governed by the rate at which the Dominions can satisfactorily absorb new settlers. Settlement overseas can only be carried out under arrangements designed to secure the settlement of suitable persons under conditions conducive both to their own well-being and to the prosperous development of the Dominion in which they settle.

The policy of State-aided Empire settlement is not a device for



relieving Great Britain of its unemployment difficulties. The history of the policy shows this clearly. The policy was inaugurated mainly as a result of the Report of Dominions Royal Commission, which was published in 1917. The Commission were impressed by the resources of the Dominions, but realised that man-power was essential to their development. At the same time, they felt that this increased man-power should, as far as possible, be drawn from Great Britain. The steps taken upon this Report, namely, the establishment of the Overseas Settlement Committee in 1918, and the passing of the Empire Settlement Act in 1922, were based upon the Commission's survey of the needs of the Empire as a whole, and were quite independent of the unemployment situation in Great Britain. At the same time, it is perhaps inevitable that overseas settlement and unemployment should have become associated in many people's minds, seeing that the passing of the Empire Settlement Act coincided with a period of abnormal unemployment in the United Kingdom. This wrong impression needs to be corrected.

The object of the policy is the distribution of the white population of the Empire to the best advantage of the Empire as a whole, thus promoting the trade and general security of all the nations of the British Commonwealth. The policy receives support from arguments based on theories of over-population, and the difficulties of absorbing into industry the natural increase of population in this country. But it does not arise out of any internal or domestic problem of this nature, nor is there any foundation for the idea that migration is encouraged and assisted in order to relieve this country of the difficulties connected with unemployment. Nevertheless, increased population in the Dominions, by providing additional markets for British goods, will tend to stabilise industrial conditions throughout the Empire, thus minimising the risks of unemployment. The problem must be regarded from the point of view of the Dominions no less than from that of the United Kingdom. A more rapid increase of population in the Dominions is of vital importance to them, and the need of the Dominions for increased population to develop their natural resources and ensure their security is at least as urgent as the need of this country to encourage migration on a large scale in view of the density of its population. In the solution of this problem Scotland is largely interested, and I want all Scotsmen here and in the Dominions to be interested too.

In thanking Sir William Mitchell-Thomson, the President referred to an incident that had happened to him in a bus that forenoon. A lady asked him, "Are you a father?" and, with the knowledge of his family at home, he hesitated as to what his reply should be. It, however, dawned on him that there might be some problem behind the question, and he replied, "No, I am not." The lady then confided the statement, "I've just been at the Oratory, and the fathers there wouldn't give me any help." He proposed the toast of "The

Postmaster-General," and this was accorded a very hearty response.

Mr L. G. Sloan, J.P., proposed the toast of "Our Guests," and in doing so recalled the fact that his father, by his casting vote, put Sir William Mitchell-Thomson's father into the position of Lord Provost of Edinburgh. Mr Sloan also gave some reminiscences of American and Canadian Scots, and declared that they, by deeds, invariably upheld the traditions of the old land. He had, in the course of his travels, met a very large number, and it was always a pleasure to forgather with them.

Brigadier-General Sir William Alexander, K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., M.P., and Colonel Douglas Lyall Grant, M.C., Commanding Officer of the London Scottish Regiment, replied for the guests.

Sir William Alexander referred to a remark of the President, "the pen was mightier than the sword," and said he fully appreciated the connection of the adage with the proposer of the toast. He slyly remarked that it seemed to him that St. Columba's was monopolising the speaking for the evening, and assured those present that it was a great pleasure and an honour to attend such a gathering. Referring to Canada, he said it is going to be a great country. The people of the Dominion were anxious to get more Britishers as settlers. In October, 1925, some of his friends made up their minds to develop an industry in Canada, and were told that the Dominion hadn't the population for such a movement, and they had better stick to the United States of America. His friends were Scots and they were determined to develop Canada. Two hundred and seventy-eight acres of land were secured, on which a three-storey building was being erected as a factory, which was expected to be working full swing in February. Bricklayers were laying twelve hundred and fifty bricks per day, without difficulty, as they were working free



of any Trade Union regulations. These prospectors left this country because they wanted to be free to make more money, and they had already succeeded. There was a big outlet for those who were willing to give of their best in the shape of work.

Colonel Lyall Grant, in a racy speech, referred to the Caledonian Society as being the chief sponsor when the London Scottish Regiment was brought into being, and called upon the members to help to maintain their own offspring. Recruits were needed because the wastage was on a large scale. The best of the young Scots only made London a jumping-off ground, and that was the cause of a large number of excellent men being lost to the regiment. Counter-attractions, such as cheap amusements, kept many young fellows from joining, and he asked support in getting young Scots to answer the patriotic call and realise that making one fit was a better start in life than in spending spare time on cinemas and flappers. The aim was to bring the battalion up to strength and make it a real credit to the Scots of London.

During the evening Mr Tom Kinniburgh, a guest, sang, "Gae bring to me a pint o' wine," "Gae bring my guid auld harp aince mair," and "Corn Rigs"; and Mr Grant, another guest, sang "Ae fond kiss," "O gin I were a baron's heir," and "Bonnie Charlie's noo awa".

After the loyal toasts on 10th February, Mr Herbert Cameron, a guest, sang "Macgregor's Gathering," and immediately after, a Sentiment entitled "Life" was given by the Right Hon. Viscount Haldane of Cloan, K.T., O.M. His Lordship, who was received with great enthusiasm, said :

The song they had just heard, "The Macgregor's Gathering," reminded him that his great-great-grandfather, Abercromby of Tullibody, was a neighbour of the famous outlaw, Rob Roy, and when the robber stole cattle from his great-great-grandfather, the latter, with great native caution, wrote a letter to the Macgregor remonstrating with him,

and requesting the return of his stock. The outlaw replied by inviting the laird to dine with him at his cave. The invitation was accepted, and, on arrival at the cave, Lord Haldane's forebear saw, hanging by the heels, a number of carcasses of his own cattle. In reply to a further request for the return of his stock, his great-great-grandfather was told by the robber chieftain that, if he paid regularly and quietly an annual contribution, not only would Rob Roy see that his followers did not molest his neighbour, but he would also be protected against the unwanted attention of others.

That was a personal reminiscence which reflected life, but not the kind of life which the French people called *la vie*; nor was it the life that has presented itself to him during the past ten days in the House of Lords. There he was hearing evidence in a case concerning the doings of a lady who had carried out transactions in a jeweller's shop. These included the purchase of some articles which, being paid for to lull suspicion, she was allowed to take away two pearl necklaces so that her "husband," who meant to present her with one, could choose which he liked best. The lady, the pearls, and the "husband" had gone away, and the pearls were traced to a pawnbroker's shop. It turned out in evidence that the lady had previously spent a considerable part of her life in jail. It was not that kind of life which he, Lord Haldane, wished to speak about, but of the everyday life of the business man.

He called himself a brother Scot, possessing some of the caution belonging to his race, and it was not his intention to preach a sermon, which could be so much more effectively done by the President, Dr Fleming. It was as a business man, speaking to business men, that he desired to refer to life. Every morning, during the working-week, the man leaves his home about 9.30 and is at business to about seven o'clock in the evening. He then returns after a probably gruelling day, to his home, and finds his jaded wife, who has also been busy with the household duties, and with their sons and daughters. In both cases a feeling of monotony may easily gain possession, and it may also be the fact that the work of the day shows itself in the face. It often interested him to look round the House of Lords and see those who are devoted to making money and those who are not—the latter are more obvious. It is a dull business to have money stamped on your face.

What we want is to widen life. It is a desire not very easy to carry out under modern conditions, but men of business can make progress with it, and, at any rate, we must avoid monotony. It was necessary not to concentrate on business life to the total exclusion of other things, and in asking how we can fashion life, the reply is: only in the way that the soul can use it. Reading, perhaps, most of all, is the best means of keeping in communion with great souls. It is not true that things remain uninteresting, because they are uninteresting at first. Books may assist and give a larger insight even into business by the insight we get into the minds of others. If such insight could be attained between nations it would have a good effect, because it means the right word at the right minute, and that is where the good use of leisure comes in. The use of leisure is to make it the time when the most and the highest may be learned, and we should set ourselves to work—in reading—and in reading, to learn.

Some of the cleverest have also lived at the highest level, and we



have got to learn to keep ourselves at a high level. Idealism is a driving power, and every part of the seven days of the week has its meaning, including Sunday, which should not be divided off, but be connected with the highest things. Goethe said: "The fashion of this world passes away, and I would fain concern myself with the things that are abiding." Don't, therefore, neglect the things that are abiding. You may find them in literature, in art, and in religion. It is in the highest qualities in our experience that every now and then we find the moral of the philosophy of life.

In responding to the toast of his health and thanks proposed by the President, Lord Haldane further said that Scots are very tenacious. This and others are the traditions which make them. "The filling of places by Scotsmen show no signs of falling off. Whether it be in the province of the University or elsewhere."

Mr R. F. S. Hardie proposed the toast of "Our Guests," and in a racy speech referred to the illustrious visitors as men of light and leading of every calling and of every position. He reminded the guests that the Society commenced in the same year as Queen Victoria ascended the throne and had always been a meeting-place of worth—always noted for hospitality.

Sir Alexander Gibb, G.B.E., C.B., and Serjeant Sullivan, K.C., responded. Sir Alexander said that their dinner reminded him somewhat of wireless weather reports, which spoke sometimes of a depression in Iceland. This was a depression in the centre of Scotland which was rapidly filling up. It was the latter report that seemed to fit in with the hospitality the guests had received during the evening.

Serjeant Sullivan said he was the last of the King's Serjeants, and when he departed there would be no more. He spoke of the early mythological tales of how the rulers of Ireland passed on to rule the rugged country which they had so long seen across the seas; and how the Gaels had many things in common. They shared the old traditions, and, in similar clan systems, asserted brotherhood and union, which all Scotsmen have. "We Gaels," said Serjeant Sullivan, "are great dreamers of

dreams," but with the difference that the Gaels of Scotland dreamed of the future while the Gaels of Ireland dreamed of the past. It thus came about that the Irish had spent too much in their dreams, and Scots reaped the reward because they carried out the spirit of their dreams.

In a humorous vein, Serjeant Sullivan referred to the history of Scotland and the law of Scotland, and stated that the latter got as near the legal process as it was ever possible to get in Ireland. He pointed out that Ireland had passed on its surplus religion to Scotland, and told some amusing stories of St. Columba.

In the course of the evening, in addition to his opening song, Mr Herbert Cameron sang "A Man's a Man for a' that," and "The wee Cooper o' Fife," and Mr Mitchell, another guest, sang "Come to my own Love in Devon," and "Tommy Lad."

At the Council and General Meetings preceding the dinner the following resolution was carried unanimously and with acclamation :

"That the members and Council of the Caledonian Society of London wish to join with the members and friends of St. Columba's Church in hearty congratulations to the Rev. Dr Fleming, President of this Society, on the occasion of his semi-jubilee as minister, and wish him many more years of useful service and happiness in his ministry."

In an informal way reference was made to two of our officers who had been honoured for work done elsewhere, and it has been considered fitting that a short report of each should appear in "The Chronicles." On 15th February Mr J. F. McLeod, who for five years (1919 to 1924) so well carried out the duties of Hon. Secretary of our Society, was presented by the Essex County Farmers' Union with a handsome silver tray, inscribed : "Presented to James Findlay McLeod, Esq.,



C.C., by the members of the Wickford and District Branch of the Essex County Farmers' Union, as a token of their appreciation of his services as their chairman, and of the kindly interest he has always shown in their general welfare."

The presentation was made by Mr J. B. Gill, who said :

In Mr McLeod they had had a chairman as good as any branch possessed. They all knew the great interest he had taken in the Wickford branch and its members, and they also had pleasant recollections of his wonderful generosity at their annual dinners. He much appreciated the privilege of making that presentation, but felt very sad at heart that they were losing the services of Mr McLeod, not only from the chairmanship of the Wickford branch, but from the county. Their loss was Hertfordshire's gain. The members felt they would like Mr McLeod to have a little memento in case there might be any danger of him forgetting all about them, and he sincerely hoped that when Mr McLeod brought out his best Sunday tea service he would also use that silver tray which would be a reminder of the friends he had left behind in Wickford.

Mr McLeod, acknowledging the gift, said his virtues had been extolled by Mr Gill to such an extent that he hardly knew where he was. It was twelve years since he first came among them, and it was shortly afterwards that they paid him the compliment of asking him to become the first chairman of the Wickford branch. He had done his best, and took that opportunity of thanking them all for the very able and courteous way they had supported him. Possibly there had been shortcomings on his side, but he thought they could look back and gain experience as a result of their meetings. He wished to thank all the members for the present, which, he said, he would appreciate more than any he had ever received, as that came, as it were, from the tillers of the soil. He would look back with happy memories of his days in Essex. He was not severing entirely his connection with the Union, and therefore hoped occasionally to renew the acquaintance of some of his many friends.

The other presentation was one to Mr Robert Davidson, who, since 1913, had been our esteemed Hon. Auditor. On 18th February, at the annual Festival of the London Morayshire Club, he was made the guest of the evening. Sir Alexander Grant, Bart., who presided, said :

One of the most pleasing features of our annual dinner is the singling out for special mention of one or more of our older members whom we desire to honour. To-night it is my privilege to mention in this connection my old friend, Mr Robert Davidson, than whom there is

none more deserving of our respect and esteem. Mr Davidson has been a member of our Club since 1877, and he thus celebrates his jubilee as a member. He was assistant secretary of the Club from 1882 to 1887, and left the mark of his work behind him when he retired. I remember my first visit to a meeting of the London Morayshire Club, just new from the North, and the welcome I got from him. He has been a leading member of the Committee and a friend of every member for many years. We are delighted to have him with us this evening, and I ask you to charge your glasses and drink with me to the continued health and happiness of our guest and friend, Mr Robert Davidson.

Sir Alexander concluded by presenting, in name of the Vice-Presidents of the Club, a tobacco-cabinet and pipe to Mr Davidson.

Mr Davidson, in reply, said: "I tender you my warmest thanks for the cordial reception you have given to the toast of the jubilee guest, and to you, Sir Alexander, for the kind expressions you have used in proposing it."

After expressing gratitude for the gift so kindly made to him, Mr Davidson went on to say: "Dr Johnson, of dictionary fame, who, by the way, had no great partiality for Scotsmen, is said to have once remarked that 'much may be made of a Scotsman if caught young.' Well, I happened to be caught young by the London Morayshire Club, being enrolled as a member within a fortnight of my arrival in London in 1877, and from the year 1881 to the present day I have had the honour of being an office-bearer in one capacity or another.

It was my great privilege in the early days to become associated with the gentlemen to whom Sir Alexander Grant referred, and others, the then 'fathers' of the Club, from whom I received the greatest possible kindness.

A period of fifty years means many changes in the personnel of the Club, but I am pleased and proud to see here to-night a few of the remnants of 'the old brigade,' and not battered remnants either. In order of membership these are Mr John Shaw, Mr James Leitch, Dr Taylor, Mr John Falconer, Mr Joseph Hay.

On an occasion like the present one cannot avoid being reminiscent, and these references recall pleasant memories of happy meetings in the days when the whisky was a little stronger and a hantle cheaper.

Believe me, the lasting friendships I have formed and the kindness and courtesy I have at all times experienced from the members of this Club more than compensate for any humble services I may have rendered. I can only thank you again for all the pleasure I have had in working with you in the past, and express the hope that the Club may continue to flourish and prosper."

On Thursday, 10th March, 1927, Dr Fleming, the President, was unable to be present owing to illness. The Vice-President, Mr William Blane, occupied the chair.

A Sentiment, entitled "Fire-making from the Earliest Times," was given by Mr George W. Paton, who said:



In just what period and in what way man discovered how to produce fire is problematical. Nevertheless, the explorations of the last few decades have gradually unearthed various prehistoric facts which enable us to fix the first production of fire before a known epoch and between certain periods. Fire-making has been proved to be older than pottery and older than weaving. It goes back before the New Stone Age and well toward the beginning of the Old Stone Age. How man produced fire at that time can only be surmised ; probably from flint, which is known to have been worked largely and regularly. No doubt he may have used two pieces of stick, rubbing them together, but such implements could not stand the ravages of the ages and there is, therefore, no proof.

In Egypt, some six thousand years ago, fire was produced not only from flints, but also by means of the bow drill.

The Old Testament has little to say about the production of fire. The widow told Elijah that she was "gathering two sticks" to make a fire. When Judas Maccabeus recaptured the Temple "they made another altar and striking stones they took fire out of them and offered a sacrifice."

According to Greek mythology fire was stolen from Heaven by Prometheus.

In ancient Italy the Romans kept fires burning continually by the aid of vestal virgins, who dedicated themselves to the service of Vesta, the Goddess of Fire.

Among the vital needs of man, at all times and in all places, three are absolutely imperative—food, shelter, and the use of fire. From the earliest times, man has always been able to obtain the first two with comparative ease, thanks to the bounty of Nature ; but this was not the case with fire, with which, until recent times, he has always had to supply himself by more or less laborious means. It is true that natural fire exists, as, for instance, that emitted from volcanoes or that which often results from lightning ; and, without doubt, in the beginning, primitive man obtained supplies of fire occasionally from such precarious sources. He must have taken immense pains to preserve such supplies of the precious "Element" as he happened to have obtained. This, we may infer from the practice of all modern savages, who do the same, merely to save themselves the trouble of making fire afresh by their primitive methods.

The discovery of a means of creating fire at will has been described quite justifiably as man's earliest and greatest achievement. It is, perhaps, a little difficult for us now, with our extremely easy means of making fire, to realise to the full extent the truth of this statement. Through the ages, man has made use of it, continuously and constantly, for lighting and heating his dwellings, for cooking his food, and has employed it, in one way or another, in every art, industry, and process of manufacture with which he is familiar.

It forms, therefore, a most interesting study ; and the extraordinary variety of the methods employed is a measure of the importance of the matter. For centuries past most observant and intelligent travellers, visiting primitive peoples, have described (not always altogether intelligently) how they saw those peoples make fire, generally either by rubbing together two dry pieces of wood or by knocking

together two lumps of iron pyrites. Moreover, to the archæologist, the historian, the student of domestic customs, and to others, the methods which have been devised in more modern times to achieve the same object are also of much interest; and a host of such students have set themselves to collect and study these—from the flint-and-steel associated with the troublesome tinder-box of our grandparents to the familiar friction match of to-day.

It is, indeed, of so much human interest from so many points of view that few public museums now fail to provide the space necessary for an exhibit, more or less complete, illustrative of its history. Yet never, hitherto, has there been a museum on a really extensive scale, devoted entirely to the elucidation of the subject. Such a museum, however, now exists at Fairfield Works, Bow.

This collection, a portion of which I propose to describe to-night, comprises several thousand exhibits arranged so as to illustrate the historical development of the various methods employed. Most of them are the best and most typical of their kind, and many are of great rarity and value. There is, among them, I believe, not one which is open to suspicion as to its genuineness. Formed, during many years past, through the enthusiasm and diligence of an exceptionally skilled private collector, Mr Edward Bidwell, of London, it grew steadily until it had become so extensive and complete that it might very well have passed into national possession. Fate decided, however, that it should become the property of my company, whose interest in the art and practice of fire-making needs no explanation. Its great value, from the scientific, historical, and educational points of view, make it desirable that it should be known and accessible to the public.

Referring to the origin of the collection, Mr Bidwell, at the opening of the museum, said: "Many years ago I began to make a collection of various things as a boy. The first thing I ever collected was birds' eggs—the thing which has been the beginning of many great collections. After a while it got to be the wish of the nation that birds' eggs should be protected, so I thought my best plan would be to start on another subject. The difficulty was to find something to collect, but fortunately I made the acquaintance of a gentleman from Aberdeen, who kindly showed me his collection, which consisted of objects which had become obsolete by reason of modern inventions. One of the things was the tinder-box. I at once set to work to find some tinder-boxes, and I tried hard to collect in such a way as to be useful. My great idea was to illustrate the evolution of the subject I collected, so I made my collection. When I had spare time I hunted up all the old things used for making fire."

The use of tinder, in some form, was incidental to all fire-making methods. Briefly, tinder may be defined as any finely divided and easily inflammable substance capable of capturing incipient fire (as a spark) readily and nurturing it until it can be coaxed into an active blaze. It was necessary, however, to interpose some other substance, which, though less ready to take fire, would blaze up when once alight. Such was the sulphur match, a slip of wood or cardboard, the tip of which had been dipped in melted sulphur. It should be noted, however, that these so-called matches would not strike, but were used only for lighting up from the smouldering tinder.



Probably the very earliest method of fire-making devised by primitive man was that of rubbing together two dry pieces of wood. The idea of doing this occurred, doubtless, to the mind of some early savage who chanced to see two dead branches of trees take fire through friction when rubbed together by the wind during a storm, a thing which undoubtedly happens occasionally, especially in countries having dry climates.

Another extremely ancient method is the flint-and-pyrites method, by which fire is got by striking together two hard pieces of stone, one of them containing iron in some form, and catching the resultant sparks in some kind of tinder. This was the method followed, during the ages of stone and of bronze, by our remote ancestors.

In those early days a nodule of pyrites and a flint striker were the most necessary and usual of every man's personal possessions, and were regularly buried with him, and have been found repeatedly in burial mounds of the period, generally lying in actual contact with one another and quite close to the hand of the dead warrior, ready for his instant use, to strike a light, when he should awaken in the world beyond. All this shows clearly the very high importance with which, in those early days, men regarded the means of making fire.

As soon as man had acquired the art of smelting iron (that is, in Britain, approximately three thousand years ago) the primitive flint-and-pyrites method was discontinued, and the much more effective flint-and-steel method came into use. In the flint-and-steel process, a piece of flint, having a sharp cutting edge, is struck sharply and at an angle upon the edge of a piece of suitably tempered iron or steel, so as to shave off a tiny fragment of the metal, which, being heated to a white heat, as a result of the concussion, glows as it falls through the air; and, if allowed to fall upon any sensitive tinder, at once ignites it, thus enabling fire to be obtained with the aid of a sulphur match.

Of fire-steels alone, the collection at Bow includes several hundred examples, coming from every part of the world. Many of them (especially those from the East) are really beautiful objects, some even damascened in gold and inlaid with jewels. Tinder, flint, steel, and the sulphur matches were essential to the process. They were usually kept in some kind of tinder-box, which was intended to serve also the very important purpose of keeping the tinder dry. The tinder-box was in use about A.D. 1600, for we read that when Guy Fawkes, of Gunpowder Plot fame, was arrested, there was found in his pocket a piece of touchwood and a tinder-box to light the touchwood, and a watch. Again, Daniel Defoe makes Robinson Crusoe write in his journal: "Resolved to come again the next day provided with candles and a tinder-box which I had made of the lock of one of the muskets, with some wildfire in the pan."

Tinder-boxes were made in an infinite variety of forms and of very varied materials: wood, horn, bone, or metal. The most familiar form was the round kind, made of tin, with a candle-socket on the lid. Up to about the year 1835, a tinder-box of this sort was to be found on the kitchen shelf of every dwelling in the land. The operation of "getting a light" from it, at its best, was tedious in the extreme. Three minutes was reckoned as an average time, but half an hour was nothing unusual in unfavourable circumstances—as when the tinder was damp—



and few things in the world have led to more profanity than damp tinder! Since the usual time for lighting the fire was before dawn, the flint-and-steel were employed under the worst conditions in the dark and cold, and the clink, clink, clink of the kitchen-maid striving to start the fire was often long drawn out.

There were also what may be called mechanical tinder-boxes, in which the flint and the steel were struck together by means of mechanism exactly similar to that of the lock of an ordinary flint-lock gun or pistol. Of these "tinder pistols" there were very many slightly divergent forms, some of them, especially those made on the Continent, of extremely fine workmanship and highly ornamental, the stock being often inlaid with filigree work in gold and silver or with mother-of-pearl.

The wheel-lock tinder-box, dating from about 1500, is now so rare that the example in the museum is the only one now known to exist. It was designed to produce sparks by means of a "wheel-lock" exactly similar to that by means of which the very earliest guns and pistols were fired.

A method allied to, but less effective than flint-and-steel, was the quartzite-and-iron method, which involved the striking together of a piece of quartzite and a pointed piece of soft iron. These yielded sparks when struck together. It came into use in comparatively recent times and was never practised outside the Scandinavian countries, where it was used owing to the almost complete absence, from these countries, of true flint.

Fire has also been got occasionally by optical methods, by concentrating the sun's rays by means of a "burning-glass"; but this method suffers from the disadvantage that it can be used by day only, and even then in fairly bright sunshine. These burning-glasses were chiefly inserted in the lids of tobacco-boxes.

The fire-piston or fire-syringe is certainly the most extraordinary fire-making contrivance ever devised. It has been used by the natives of south-eastern Asia and the adjacent East Indian archipelago, apparently for a long period. It consists of a piston which fits tightly into a small tube or cylinder of either metal, bone, wood, or horn, having a closed end; and it works by compressing a small quantity of air so suddenly and forcibly as to compel it to yield up enough of its latent heat to ignite a minute quantity of tinder placed in a tiny cavity in the face of the piston.

It was about this time that a revolution in the method of fire production was approaching. As the result of the enormous advance in scientific knowledge, and particularly in chemistry, one of its first triumphs was the creation of fire through chemical energy instead of by physical exertion. It reduced the time required to get a light from three, or even thirty, minutes—as we have heard—to as many seconds. The new methods were called "instantaneous light contrivances," by way of contrast with the very tedious tinder-box.

The phosphoric taper, devised about 1780, was the earliest of all the instantaneous light contrivances. It was known also as the "phosphoric candle" and the "ethereal match." It consisted of a small portion of phosphorus placed at the bottom of a glass tube about four inches long, together with a wax taper, the end of which had been slightly frayed, the other end being then sealed hermetically. To obtain fire,



the glass was broken and the taper withdrawn, when the phosphorus, on exposure to the air, oxidised quickly and inflamed.

In 1786 an Italian brought out the phosphorus-box in Paris. It was a small tin box containing a bottle coated internally with phosphorus and some tiny wooden matches tipped with sulphur. When one of the matches was introduced into the bottle and withdrawn, a little of the phosphorus adhered to its tip and inflamed on coming into contact with the air. Similar bottles were brought out in London directly afterwards under the name of "pocket luminaries."

The electro-pneumatic lamp, patented in England in 1807, generated hydrogen gas by means of sulphuric acid, zinc, and water. Upon a tap being turned, the hydrogen rushed out through a fine nozzle and was ignited by an electric spark from an electrophorus placed in the bottom of the apparatus. The gas-flame then lighted a candle placed outside.

The instantaneous light box, introduced from France soon after 1810, consisted of a small box, generally of tin, within which was a tiny, well-stoppered bottle containing some sulphuric acid; also some very small matches headed with a mixture composed of chlorate of potash and sugar and gum made into a paste. When one of these matches was dipped into the sulphuric acid and withdrawn, it burst into flame.

The Promethean Match, patented in 1828 by Samuel Jones, of the Strand, London, consisted of a tiny sealed vesicle of glass, about three-sixteenths of an inch long, containing a drop of concentrated sulphuric acid, surrounded by a mixture of chlorate of potash and finely pounded sugar. This was usually gummed on to a slip of paper rolled up in the form of a spill. When the glass vesicle was broken by a blow, or by a nip between the teeth or jaws of the small pair of pliers which was sold with each box, the acid came into contact with the chlorate of potash and the match at once ignited.

The latest of the instantaneous light contrivances to be brought out was the Dobereiner Lamp, invented by Professor Dobereiner of Jena, in 1823, which soon came into fairly general use among people of a scientific turn of mind.

The contrivance generated hydrogen gas by means of zinc and sulphuric acid. A stream of this gas issued from a fine nozzle, and impinged upon a small quantity of platinum in a very finely divided state, when certain chemical action took place, causing the platinum to become incandescent, thus igniting the hydrogen gas. Most examples have, on their tops, a seated figure of a wizard, with outstretched arms, holding in his hands a cap, which covers the platinum. When his arms are raised, a tap is opened, a fine stream of gas rushes out of the nozzle, and this at once takes fire.

To us now, all these "instantaneous light contrivances" seem mere scientific toys; yet each represented, in its day, the latest triumph of science, and was welcomed and used in practice to a greater or less extent. All were expensive and (as we should consider now) troublesome and unreliable beyond toleration, but were improvements upon the tedious and exasperating tinder-box; but neither any one of them nor all together would ever have driven out of use that very ancient means of getting fire. This was accomplished only on the introduction of the Friction Match, which, after its appearance, quickly rendered obsolete

not only the tinder-box, but all "instantaneous lights" and all other fire-making inventions.

Credit for having invented the friction match (to give it its correct title) has been claimed by many, but belongs unquestionably to one, John Walker, a chemist, of Stockton-on-Tees. Some time in the year 1826 he made a match headed with a composition which ignited when rubbed on any rough substance. The invention was certainly his, for never before had anyone produced a match to be ignited by friction.

Walker was quick to perceive the importance of his happy idea, and soon commenced the sale, charging one shilling for one hundred, and twopence for the round tin box. They took the form of large flat wooden splints, each three inches long, one end being dipped into a paste made by mixing chlorate of potash, sulphide of antimony, gum arabic, and water, which when dry formed a firm, hard "head" on the match. To ignite one, it was necessary to place the head between the folds of a piece of sand-paper, nip it tightly and then draw out the match suddenly and forcibly. Walker's first sale was on 7th April, 1827, just one hundred years ago, as is recorded by an entry in his day-book, which is still preserved at Stockton. No doubt the centenary of this epoch-making invention will be suitably celebrated at Stockton-on-Tees.

The Lucifer Match was brought out under that name by Samuel Jones, of "The Lighthouse," 201 Strand, London. It differed in no essential respect from Walker's "friction light," of which it was a mere copy. The first lucifers were sold in small flat rectangular cardboard boxes, with a loose slip-on lid. Examples are now very rare, but there is, in the museum, one empty box, possibly unique, made by Jones. That Jones found his venture profitable seems clear from the large number of those who followed and competed with him. The chief of these was a near neighbour, one G. F. Watts, also a chemist in the Strand, who brought out an identical match under the name of Watt's chlorate match. There ensued an advertisement-war between him and Jones, which was carried on very acrimoniously in the public press in the course of the year 1831.

The reign of the lucifer was, however, very short. It was soon found that a form of match similar to it, but much more easily ignitable, could be made with phosphorus, and matches so made were soon placed upon the market, becoming popular very quickly. Indeed, before 1840, the phosphorus match seems to have completely driven the lucifer match out of use.

The first phosphorus match was probably invented in 1830 by a young French chemical student, Charles Sauria; but, like Walker, he left it unpatented and made little or no attempt to develop it commercially, and it was pirated by unscrupulous persons. His claims were investigated fifty years later by the French Government, and in 1884 he was granted a "bureau de tabac" as a reward for his invention. Twelve years later the Académie Nationale Agricole presented him with a medal as the discoverer.

Phosphorus friction matches, known as "Congreves," were introduced in 1832 in Austria and Germany, and very quickly came into general use. It was, therefore, not of British invention. For many years, indeed, most of those sold in Britain were of continental manufacture. Later, however, English manufacturers began making Congreves



here, almost exclusively in London, these going out of use finally as lately as the 'seventies.

The custom of dipping the match in sulphur as a lighting-up medium gave way to paraffin, in the manufacture of British matches, at any rate, though it long survived in some continental countries, notably in France, where the evil effects of Government trading are demonstrated by the abominable sulphurous State-made matches still in use there.

The invention of the safety match in 1844 marked a further stage of the friction match, by the separation of the oxydising ingredient (namely, chlorate of potash and sulphide of antimony) from the actively flaming ingredients (phosphorus and sand). The first formed the head of the match, and the latter the prepared surface of the match-box.

The idea of this simple expedient belongs to one Professor Pasch, who was born in Sweden in 1788 and died in 1862. J. E. Lundstrom, also of Sweden, however, patented in 1855 and manufactured the first marketable matches made on this principle. The British rights in Lundstrom's patent were acquired immediately by Francis May, of Bryant and May, then of Tooley Street, London.

To-day, the familiar domestic match has become an absolute necessity. Some six hundred thousand logs or trees are cut up every year for match-making in the United Kingdom.

Though individually so small and inconsiderable, it has grown by slow stages to be collectively one of the most absolutely perfected, most generally useful and beneficent of all human inventions.

In proposing the toast of "Mr George W. Paton," the Vice-President referred to the progress made in the art of making fire through the up-to-date methods of the Company of which Mr Paton was chairman, and also to the many other outlets where he showed his keenness in doing work for the public good—more especially in the realm of helping others less fortunate than himself. In responding to the toast, Mr Paton referred to some incidents during the War, where his company were able to help the War Office, but where the required help was considerably discounted by the red-tape methods in operation in public departments.

Mr Kenneth Macrae, a guest, gave delightful renderings of "My Ain Folk," "The wee Cooper o' Fife," "The Road to the Isles," and "Flow gently, Sweet Afton." The Hon. Secretary, Mr P. N. McFarlane, also gave enthusiastic renderings of "Allister MacAllister" and "Duncan Mackintosh."

Dr Cameron R. Stewart proposed the toast of "Our

Guests," to which responses were given in a humorous speech by Mr Lawrence, editor of the "Quarterly Review," and Mr Fache.

The Annual Festival was held on 12th May, 1927, in the Holborn Restaurant. Seventy-seven ladies and ninety-one gentlemen were present, and the guests were received by the President and Mrs Fleming.

In proposing the toast of "The Caledonian Society of London," the President said it was the ninetieth anniversary. Speaking of the meetings during the session, he remarked that five times in the year we met in our working-clothes, and only at the Festival gatherings did members appear in any other costume. He referred to the keen interest taken by the members in supporting the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools, and claimed that the Society was still the playground of the workers in the London Scottish charities. The Society was a collection of hard heads, tender hearts, and good workers. He did not want to boast of our race, but was proud of the fact that we were the first Society to invite ladies to our festivals. We were also given to hospitality, and always welcomed guests of members at every meeting. It was a special privilege at this festival to welcome Her Grace, the Duchess of Atholl, of whom Scots all the world over were proud. She was a good friend, and as leading lady in the county of Perthshire, was much beloved. The Society was grateful to Her Grace for coming to our gathering.

The Vice-President, in proposing the toast of "Our Guests," caused some merriment by saying that "all our wives and all our sweethearts were with us tonight." He referred to the various guests, and coupled the toast with the name of Her Grace the Duchess of Atholl. Mr Blane said that he remembered the days of the South African War, when Her Grace came to



Johannesburg. It was in his house that she was provided with quarters. It was a great pleasure to recall how hard she worked, and what a favourite she was with every one who came in contact with her.

Her Grace the Duchess of Atholl was cheered heartily when she rose to reply to the toast. After thanking the Vice-President for his speech, and recalling the strenuous times when they first met during the South African War, Her Grace said that at a recent dinner at which she had been the guest of a Welsh society, she had been reminded of some of the qualities which all Celts shared in common—imagination and a love of things of the mind. To-night the references made to the varied and important activities of the Caledonian Society brought forcibly before her not only the imaginative qualities of their race, but also its practicability. In the support given by the Society to the Scottish Corporation and Royal Caledonian Schools was a proof of practical sympathy, typical of the two sides of Scottish character, the realistic and the idealistic. If to-day these two aspects of things, the real and the ideal, sometimes seemed to be in conflict, it was because so many people could only see one or the other, and she was convinced that one of the chief needs of the country to-day was for people who could see both. Scotsmen, therefore, with their blend and balance of these qualities had been able to render rare service to Great Britain and the Empire.

Their grasp of the practical, however, had not been due merely to inherited qualities. She believed that it was largely due to the deficiencies of their soil and climate. Fruits of the soil had not been won easily, and the race had learnt the priceless lessons of hard work and plain living. To these might be added—more especially since the Reformation—the lesson of high thinking.

Their educational system had also been a potent

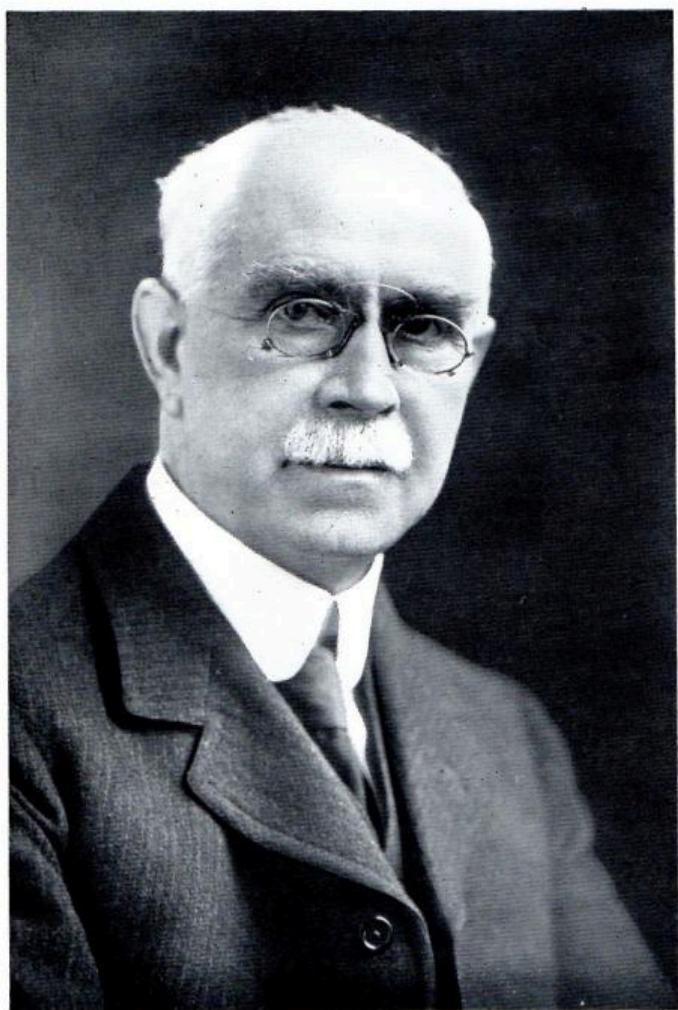
influence in the development of the national character, particularly the bursary system which, from the fifteenth century onwards, had been assisting the "lad o' pairts" from however small a home to reach the University, thence the ministry and other professions. Our educational system to-day was more than ever making its influence felt, and was steadily expanding and developing. But, as in England, the twofold aim of the real and the ideal, of the intellectual and the practical, needed to be kept in view. Culture was needed, but culture related to life, the life to be entered by the child of average ability, as well as the "lad o' pairts." To educate all children to the age of fourteen, and an ever-increasing number to fifteen, was a task widely different from that of educating only a few—and those few necessarily children of special intellectual ability—beyond, say, the age of twelve or thirteen. Children varied infinitely in capacity, and education in the later stages must be sufficiently varied to call out the practical qualities of those children who were not specially gifted from the purely intellectual point of view. If Scottish education could do this—preserve the necessary balance between things of the mind and things of the hand—it would, without attempting to turn out trained workers, develop qualities invaluable in those who were to serve industry as well as those destined for the professions, and would call out the infinitely varied but too often dormant capabilities of children of differing types. In doing this, as the Scottish Education Department she believed were hoping to do through the recently established "Advanced Divisions," Scottish education should, in the future, even more than in the past, be an inspiring and a vitalising force, and help Scots men and women to render even greater services to Scotland, Britain, and the Empire.

During the year the Society lost by death Mr



Alexander Ritchie, J.P., who joined the membership in 1884. He was Hon. Secretary 1890-1891, and President 1893-1894; Mr J. P. McIntyre, who joined in 1890; Mr James Dewar, who joined in 1886; Mr Gordon MacDonald, who joined in 1903, and Mr Thomas Mitchell, who joined in 1909. Mr Ritchie was the father of the Society so far as length of membership was concerned; he was also senior Past-President. The following obituary notice appeared in "St. Columba's Magazine" for July 1927:

In a wide circle among London Scots the death, after long and heroic suffering, of Mr Ritchie, a devoted member of St. Columba's, will cause deep regret; and much sympathy will be felt with his widow and also with his sister-in-law, Mrs Leith. As we write, a funeral service is being arranged for Wednesday, 22nd June, which is sure to be largely attended by London Scotsmen. His large-heartedness was Mr Ritchie's leading public personal characteristic; in private, his wonderful patience, faith, and courage in his long illness. "Born in Glasgow" (says the *Scotsman*) "over seventy years ago, the late Mr Ritchie went to London in the early 'seventies and eventually became director of various companies. He was a member of the City Corporation for many years, and of the London Chamber of Commerce, and Governor of St. Thomas's and other hospitals. A member of all the leading Scottish organisations in the metropolis, he was for years, as an office-bearer and subscriber, an outstanding benefactor of the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools. He was likewise a member of the Board of Benevolence of the Masonic Grand Lodge, and many other charitable bodies. For over thirty years Mr Ritchie was an executive member of the National Liberal Club. He declined many offers to stand for Parliament, having been, with Mrs Ritchie, by whom he is survived, desirous at all times to devote his leisure to benevolent work among societies and individuals."



WILLIAM BLANE, C.B.E., M.I.Mech.E.  
*President, 1927-1928.*



CHAPTER VII.

1927-1928 : MR WILLIAM BLANE, C.B.E., M.I.Min.E.,  
M.I.Mech.E., *President*.

An Engineer-Poet President : Sentiments, " Selections from my own Works," " Alexander Russel of the *Scotsman*," " The Scottish National Memorial," " Scottish Influence on Literature," " The Scot in Surgery " : Annual Festival : Deaths of three Past-Presidents and one Member of Council.

**T**HE presidential chair of the Caledonian Society has oftener than once been occupied by a poet, but never before 1927-1928 had an engineer-poet presided over the Society's deliberations. In this session Mr William Blane, C.B.E., M.I.Min.E., M.I.Mech.E., the joint founder of the firm of Blane and Company, engineers, of London and Johannesburg, and the author of three considerable volumes of excellent verse, was elected President, and right worthily did he uphold the traditions of the Society. To this mixture of prose and poesy in his composition, the President once whimsically remarked to the writer : " Had I had no friends and been allowed to starve on the Embankment I should have had a chance as a poet. Had I had no weakness for verse I might have succeeded as an

engineer." But this was the modest man's estimate of himself.

Mr Blane was born in Newmilns, Galston, Ayrshire, the eldest son and the grandson of an engineer. Educated privately, and being, like many another Scot, of a roaming disposition, Mr Blane, after a Scottish training in engineering, found his way to South Africa, where he worked for some years. He touched life at many points, for he put his hands to whatever came along. As miner, engine-driver, chief engineer, mine manager, general manager, and consulting engineer, he worked his way through many countries and many interesting episodes. As he has written in "Castles in the Air":

" I have dwelt in hall and cottage,  
I have toiled with pick and pen ;  
I have lived, and loved, and sorrowed,  
Like the best and worst of men."

During the World War Mr Blane did much valuable work. In 1915-1916 he was Senior Technical Assistant to the Directorate of Army Contracts, stationed at Sheffield; and in 1917-1919 he was Assistant Director of Army Contracts. In 1920 he gave evidence before the Coal Industry Commission.

Mr Blane has written on many subjects and in many journals. As special Commissioner for the "Engineer" he visited in 1910-1914 India, China, Japan, the United States, and Canada, and he contributed a number of articles on technical subjects to other journals.

Besides what might be called purely journalistic work, the President has made many excursions into pure literature. By 1910 he had a reputation as a poet, for in that year Mr John Macintosh, the author of "The Poets of Ayrshire," dedicated that volume to our President in these words: "To William Blane, Esquire, a distinguished Ayrshire Poet and Prominent Colonial Engineer, this work is dedicated as a mark of



esteem and regard"; and in the volume Mr Blane is represented by a dozen or more poems. Here, too, we are told that the young engineer "attended two night classes. One was conducted by Mr McDonald, of Barr School, where he was . . . so intensely interested that he carried the books to the colliery where he worked, and was often caught poring over them when he should have been attending to other things."

"Mr Blane's poems," says Mr Macintosh, "are remarkable for fecundity and richness of thought, flowing in easy fluent language, and every line is weighed in the balance with painstaking carefulness." His first volume of poems, "Lays of Life and Hope," was published nearly forty years ago; his second, "The Silent Land, and other Poems," in 1906; and still later his third volume, "A Ballad of Men and other Verses." He has contributed also to "The Bookman" and "The Nineteenth Century."

It will be seen that the President for 1927-1928 was a more than usually versatile Scot, and his year of office bore out the promise of his initiation.

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On 10th November Mr Blane gave a Sentiment entitled "Selections from my Works."

The President, in a few introductory remarks, said it might appear egotistic of him to be reading selections from his own works, but he had been pressed to do so by certain members of the Council, and he had selected some which he thought were fitted for such a gathering as he had before him. He said his verses touched on matters of common everyday interest, and they had earned for him a reputation in his native county of Ayr out of all comparison with their merit. He had led a wandering life—an engineer turned poet, or rather by inclination a poet turned engineer. He had made money off engineering and lost it in literature, but although he considered himself somewhat of a failure

as an engineer, he had got a great deal out of life. He said: "A Past-President of the Society, Mr G. W. Thomson, is a remarkable man, and those who had listened to his many Sentiments in that room would bear witness to the statement." It was to Mr Thomson that he dedicated his verses, "Thank God I am Discontented." He never wanted to be contented, and "if Heaven is a place without discontent I do not want to go there."

"Thank God I am discontented,  
 But with discontent at strife—  
 Driven by powers resistless  
 To the stir and strength of life!  
 Pleasure palls with possession,  
 Ardour with triumph dies—  
 The chase is more than the capture,  
 The game is more than the prize.

Be mine the fulness of longing,  
 The ease of struggle and strain,  
 The faith of the feet that falter,  
 The goal I would die to gain!  
 There's joy in the search for wisdom  
 But sorrow for the wise—  
 Seeking is more than finding,  
 The effort more than the prize.

I know not the force compelling,  
 And I strive for no reward—  
 True is the Heaven above me,  
 Kind is the earth's green sward!  
 And it's little all else matters  
 When we've done what in us lies—  
 The fight is more than the conquest,  
 The contest more than the prize."

Mr Blane, who had spent many years in South Africa, was a friend and admirer of that great Empire-builder, Cecil John Rhodes, and he visited, in the heart of the wild Matopos, the grave of the Colossus. While there the President wrote the first of his "African Verses":

"CECIL JOHN RHODES.

"Lone in the heart of his continent sleeping,  
 Deep in the heart of his people enshrined;  
 Silence and solitude watch o'er him, keeping  
 Space and the Ages to vigil resigned.



Great son of England ! Africa called him,  
 Strengthened, inspired him, and ravished his soul ;  
 With her sad story engaged and enthralled him ;  
 Stirred and impelled him to serve and control ;

Showed him the wealth she had hoarded for ages,  
 Drew from her bosom the key of the North,  
 Gave him her scroll with its unwritten pages,  
 Whispered her secret, and bade him go forth !

Slave of her will, with authority vested,  
 Rich with her treasures and true to her trust,  
 Power from the hands of Oppression he wrested,  
 Freedom established, and laws that were just.

Not from a selfish or sordid ambition  
 Dreamt he of Empire—in continents thought :  
 His the response to that mystic tuition  
 From the great throb of the universe caught.

Steadfast of purpose, and strong as the fountains  
 Where the dark Nile and the deep Congo rise ;  
 Calm as the mist in the lap of the mountains  
 Where in the sculptureless granite he lies.

What if he erred—in creation untiring ?  
 Ever to failings the faithful have owned.  
 Noble the falls of unselfish aspiring !  
 Greatly he erred, and—how greatly atoned !

Prince of her patriots Afric has crowned him !  
 Strong in her heroes his spirit shall glow,  
 Long as the moveless Matopos surround him—  
 Long as the mighty Zambesi shall flow !

And, when tradition and fable and story,  
 In the far future, about him shall cling,  
 Still shall his name be the patriot's glory—  
 Still his achievements the poet will sing.

Here, in the mountains, the mist, and the wonder,  
 Here in the wind and the rain and the sun,  
 Here, with the tempest, the storm, and the thunder,  
 Leave him to rest who so greatly has done."

The President read some verses inspired by the  
 awakening of London to the glories of spring, entitled,  
 " The First Touch of Spring."

" The City is sordid and sinful, they say,  
 Yet here, in the City, there's sweetness to-day ;  
 And far to the winds every care would I fling  
 While London awakes to the first touch of Spring.

I've pecked with the sparrow the long winter through,  
 The City providing his crumb, and mine too ;  
 Now gaily he chirrup and gladly I sing—  
 Both pleased we're alive at the first touch of Spring.

The crocus is laughing—the daisy still sleeps—  
 And shy from its sheath the first daffodil peeps ;  
 Soft shadows are flitting like birds on the wing—  
 Such magic is wrought by the first touch of Spring !

The lime in the area, sable with soot,  
 Is bursting with buds just beginning to shoot,  
 And, sun-kissed, about them the jewelled drops cling,  
 All gladdened and gay at the first touch of Spring.

The bare, blackened branches, the fresh budding green,  
 The windows and walls keeping watch o'er the scene,  
 The linotype's click and the telephone's ring  
 Are music and mirth with the first touch of Spring.

I've sailed the seven seas, the Sahara I've trod,  
 I've roved the bare veld and the daisy-flecked sod,  
 But naught to my spirit enchantment can bring  
 Like London renewed by the first touch of Spring.

Oh, never on canvas its spirit hath breathed !  
 And never to song hath its soul been bequeathed !  
 Like passionate Love wooing Life on the wing—  
 So fond and so fleet is the first touch of Spring !"

In conclusion Mr Blane spoke of a rollicking sea-faring brother of his who loved life and the sea. He died at sea, and in " Lat. 24° 30" S. : Long. 10° 30" E." they laid him to rest, and under this peculiar heading the President once, when passing the spot, cried Coronach over his brother's ocean grave :

" It was here they let you go, John,  
 In your seaman's winding-sheet,  
 Into full two thousand fathoms  
 With the lead-load at your feet ;  
 And you took the down ward journey  
 Unpiloted and alone  
 As carelessly as your spirit  
 On the blush of dawn had flown.



Where the counter currents gambol  
 And the strong sea monsters play  
 You passed, as erect and fearless  
 As if you had learnt the way :  
 But you paused while Glaucus gave you  
 That herb from the Bœotian lea  
 Which quickens the earth-born mortal  
 To sea-immortality.

You saw not the halls where Neptune  
 O'er the deities presides,  
 Nor marked where the foaming horses  
 Move and control the tides ;  
 For you were never a thinker,  
 And never a dreamer you ;  
 You left the abstruse and the great things  
 To others who thought they knew.

The sea-gods talked of your coming  
 In the halls where they abode,  
 While nymphs on their sportive dolphins  
 To the great unveiling rode ;  
 And naiads came from the fountains,  
 Their tresses with sea-flowers bound,  
 And tritons blew on their shell-pipes  
 To gather the sea-beasts round.

When you touched the bed of ocean  
 With the lead-load at your feet,  
 Softly, caressing waters  
 Unloosened your winding-sheet,  
 Till you stood in your perfect manhood,  
 Beautiful, strong, and free—  
 The wonder of all the wonders  
 That live in the wondrous sea.

They lured you far from your lead-load  
 With tender touch and caress,  
 And charmed you with love and laughter  
 Into earth-forgetfulness :  
 They taught you their liquid language  
 And the customs of the deep,  
 And shared with you all the secrets  
 That the caves of ocean keep.

Thus, my brother, my playmate,  
 Thus I am thinking of you ;  
 You aye took the good God gave you,  
 And so will you always do ;  
 While fishes frolic around you,  
 In the gardens of the sea,  
 You are playing with nymphs and tritons  
 As you used to play with me."

Colonel Sir John Young, in thanking the President for his Sentiment, said that Mr Blane was like Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde. He had lived a double life—(laughter)—part of it as a practical engineer, and part disporting himself as a poet. In the latter capacity, to the delight of his compeers, he lived in an atmosphere of imagery. He congratulated Mr Blane as engineer, as poet, and as president. He welcomed him to the chair of the Caledonian Society, and wished to add a word in recognition of his services as Vice-President. (Applause.) Every Past-President would support him in his work if for nothing else than out of sheer gratitude for the benefits they themselves had derived from occupancy of the chair. Every Past-President would tell the President that he was entering upon a new era of delight, and that the chair of the Caledonian Society would be a refreshing experience. A merry heart would help him on his way. (Hear, hear.) He (Sir John) was an octogenarian. And why? Because he had been President of the Caledonian Society. (Laughter.) That experience had helped him to enjoy life, and made him feel quite satisfied with this earth. (Applause.) Again he congratulated the President upon his election, and thanked him for his delightful Sentiment.

The evening was made memorable by the singing of several little-known and some well-known Scottish songs by Mr William Heughan, a basso of great power. Mr Heughan sang six songs: "The Hundred Pipers," "The Carle o' Kellyburn Braes," "Callum o' Glen," "Jenny Dang the Weaver," "The Macgregor's Gathering," and "The Laird o' Cockpen," prefacing several of the songs with a few explanatory notes. Mr Heughan's rendering of the songs delighted the Caledonians, and the President's thanks to him were warmly applauded.

The toast of "The Past-Presidents" was proposed by the Vice-President, Mr J. F. McLeod, and replied to by Mr T. R. Moncrieff, J.P., and the toast of "Our



Guests" was proposed by Mr John A. Anderson. Mr Francis Drake, and Mr Weeks, a member of the Savage Club and the Poets' Society, responded. Mr Weeks said he observed that he had not been asked to respond until after the haggis course had been served. He recognised the hospitable atmosphere which reminded him of his visits to Scotland. He was an artist, and in the early days of his career his days had been mainly spent in a back room in an off-street in London. A visit to Scotland at that time was a great event for him, and he would never forget the kind reception and unstinted hospitality accorded to him by the parents of his pal in London, when he reached Wigtownshire.

At the December meeting some verses by Past-President Mr G. W. Thomson, J.P., were read and were much appreciated. The title was "The Gathering of the Clans":

PART I.

Hark to the sound of trampling feet, the march of armed men!  
 They come from cot and castle, from mountain, moor and glen,  
 Lit with renown undying their names like music flow—  
 Douglas, Moncrieff, and Campbell, MacDonal and Munro,  
 Alert in times of trouble their native land to lead,  
 Shrewd in far-seeing counsel, and swift in gallant deed!  
 How many-coloured is their dress; a rainbow from the sky;  
 What sights and sounds uplift and thrill proud gazers standing by;  
 Bright banners float in sunshine, heart-stirring bagpipes play.  
 A nation's splendid valour has crowned a golden day.

PART II.

Far from the scenes of buoyant youth, to which fond fancies turn,  
 The village street, the cloud-capped hill, green wood and crooning burn,  
 The stag's wild rush, the salmon's leap, the eagle soaring high  
 (These little pictures of the Past that live in memory).  
 To-night we haste through crowded streets, where life knows little  
 leisure,  
 To greet our Caledonian friends, and pluck the rose of pleasure.  
 We love this old Society with its exultant story,  
 That bids the heart of Scotland beat 'mid London's gloom and glory.  
 And in the coming months we pray (no patriot will blame us),  
*May floods of song and eloquence make every meeting famous!*

A Sentiment, entitled "Alexander Russel of the *Scotsman*," was given by Mr John Douglas, F.S.A. (Scot.), as follows :

In the present age of vast combinations and wide ramifications in the world of newspapers, it is difficult to know who it is that edits one paper or another. Everybody knows that all daily papers have editors, but only a few know who these editors are, and in most cases nobody cares. In the 'seventies of last century, however, there might often be seen in Princes Street, Edinburgh, a big burly Scot with genial face, full of expression, ornamented by what is sometimes called an interrogation of a nose, keen eyes peering through large spectacles, and wearing a hat that was usually slightly tilted from the back of his head. As he went along, passers-by would often stop their conversations and whisper to their friends, "That's Russel of the *Scotsman*." It was a fact that, in the popular mind, Russel was identified with the *Scotsman*, just as the *Scotsman* was identified with Russel, and out of the mists or mysteries that surround the editor's sanctum, he stood forth a living personality—a giant among Scottish journalists.

Born in Edinburgh on 10th December, 1814, he commenced his business career as apprentice to a printer. His father died when Russel was a boy, and the family were left to the sole care of a mother who was famed for originality and was considered exemplary in shrewdness of character.

From setting up what was written by others, Russel took to writing himself, and it was Mrs Johnstone, wife of the editor of the *Inverness Courier*, and an authoress of no mean calibre, who introduced him to literature as a contributor to "Tait's Magazine," which she edited. Through the Johnstones, "Aleck," as they called him, became acquainted with James Hogg, the "Etrick Shepherd," whose coarse humour supplied him with many ideas for stories. Hogg was a chronic joker of a rough type, and he never let an opportunity pass. It was when he took the Johnstones to St. Mungo's Well that Hogg took up a glass of the water and handed it to Mrs Johnstone with the remark, "Noo, mem, drink this; every leddy that takes a tumblerfu' o' this is sure to hae twins." "Indeed!" replied Mrs Johnstone, "then—I—think—I'll take only half a tumbler."

It was in this somewhat rugged circle that Russel became fired with the ambition of his life and he adopted journalism. In 1839 he was appointed editor of the "Berwick Advertiser" at a salary of £70 per annum, paid in weekly instalments. The proprietor wrote to him: "For this, I will expect you to devote a portion of each day, less or more, to the reading of newspapers, selecting and abridging from them Parliamentary reports and other news. New publications and the literary periodicals must have your notice. And you will also have to write political articles and a summary of news, such as we have hitherto had. On the occurrence of an election or any great meeting, I will require your aid in reporting. And, lastly, the attacks of our political adversary will be expected to produce your retort."

It looked like a big order, but Russel accepted it with equanimity. His nights were occupied with hard reading and jotting down quotations,



interspersed with nights when care was thrown to the winds, and the fun went fast and furious.

In 1842 he transferred, as editor, to the "Fife Herald," when a new existence opened. The atmosphere was more in keeping with his outlook, and his pen revelled in making fun of old-fashioned ways; while quaintly amusing local politics received attention. Russel was soon recognised as a champion by Scottish political leaders. Every week the "Fifeshire Journal" and the "Fife Herald" attacked each other. The "Journal" was under the editorship of James Bruce, who was a good Tory of the old school. The apparent malice of the papers did not detract from the private friendship of the editors, who often made merry at night over the onslaughts of the day. One day they had been more than usually convivial, and Bruce was unable to write the expected onslaught in reply to a furious leader which appeared in the "Herald." It was the chief editorial, and Bruce, in his dilemma, asked his political enemy and boon companion, Russel, to write a reply to the latter's own article. This was done, and the Tories went wild with delight. Bruce was highly praised for the slashing reply, and the two editors made merry over it.

For six months Russel edited the "Kilmarnock Chronicle," and at the same time wrote anti-Corn Law articles for a paper in which Duncan Maclaren of Edinburgh was interested. He was paid £50 per annum for these special articles.

In 1845 he was appointed sub-editor of the *Scotsman* at a salary of £150 per annum. His outstanding ability singled him out as the man for the job, and in course of time he took his place in the editor's chair. He was a born fighter, and simply gloried in getting into the thick of any public controversy. Two books always had a place on his desk: a concordance of the Bible and a concordance of Shakespeare, and he tilted at religious intolerance with a stout pen and a sturdy assurance. Like Hugh Miller, he was responsible for putting some common sense into the heads of some of those who were responsible for the flatulent Calvinism that was so common in the middle of last century. Ministers of the old school did not like his onslaughts, and they let their views be known amongst the members of their congregations; so that, as Henry G. Graham puts it, "some ridiculed town councillor *de jure* and shoemaker *de facto* would remark in his shop, with his fingers inserted defiantly in his waistcoat, and his nose independently in the air, to an afternoon audience of open sympathisers and secret rejoicers round his counter—'A man, gentlemen, who has no regard for the Sawbath, and is weel kent to have nae religion ava.'"

It was said of Russel that he was "fond of bothering the clergy with Burns and the Bible," and he certainly could not brook intolerance. He belonged to that religion which sensible men cultivate and keep to themselves.

Driving in the country one day, Russel passed a well-known daft man who was haranguing a crowd of children, and with a merry twinkle he remarked: "Now give that man a little education and make him a minister, and, bless you, he would never be found out."

A Free Church minister in the Highlands had delivered himself of a tirade against some of his people for dancing, and had threatened the "sinners" with excommunication coupled with the promise of a terrible end to all of them, and the *Scotsman* criticised him in a humorous vein,

putting in some home-truths in the by-gaun. Shortly afterwards, when Russel was about to alight from a coach at a hotel in Sutherlandshire, he overheard the following conversation :

" See that man sitting on the coach ? "

" Yes ; who is he ? "

" Don't you know him ? "

" No ; who is he ? "

" That iss the enemy of the people of God. It is Russel, the editor of the *Scotsman*."

It was Mr George Washburn Smalley, the distinguished journalist, who once wrote from London : " Mr Alexander Russel is here, who edits the *Scotsman*, and Scotland, for that matter—a man more powerful in his way than a duke or than two dukes, and who is stronger and perhaps even more widely known personally than the great paper which he controls. People do not talk of what the *Scotsman* says, so much as of what Russel says and wants ; and what he wants he is likely to get."

Russel used to declare, almost boastfully, that " he would rather do a thing himself than tell anyone else to do it," and it was characteristic of him that when asked by a friend, " What is your coat-of-arms ? " he replied instantly, " My shirt-sleeves." Like the famed terrier, " he just had never eneuch o' fechtin'."

It may be taken for granted that any skilled journalist can write on any subject, but it is the man who believes in his heart in what he writes who produces articles that really move the public. It was because the latter was Russel's inborn conviction that, in spite of his playful humour and jovial nature, he was always taken seriously. He did not believe in keeping a new generation in tight jackets, neither did he believe in short cuts to Utopias. Every proposal was tested by principle, and trickery of all kinds was hateful to him. He tried to bring honesty into politics and never swerved from his purpose. It was with an easy mastery he discussed every political subject, and in far-off villages and towns in Scotland there were many who waited for the train or coach that brought the daily paper. It was no uncommon sight to see men turning the paper outside in to get at the leading article, and a grin might develop into a laugh when acquaintances asked each other : " Have you seen the *Scotsman* this morning ? Russel was simply splendid."

Russel had been brought up in the Whig school of politics and supported his party with ardour, but after 1868, when the Household Suffrage Bill was passed by a Tory Government, he took on new responsibilities, and it was his articles in the *Scotsman*, more than anything else, that produced an overwhelming majority in Scotland for the Liberal Party. The result added tremendously to the prestige of the paper, and Russel was admitted to the highest social, literary, and political circles. He was the idol of the Reform Club, and was acclaimed as the brilliant genius of his day and generation, yet from it all he returned to his desk at the office in Cockburn Street the same genial, kind-hearted Sandy Russel, whose humour and playful fancy made the labours of his fellow-citizens easier and their breakfast-tables happier by his overflow of spontaneous mirth and common sense.

When Duncan McLaren entered the realm of politics as an Independent Radical his views were considered fair game for attack. It was



Russel's firm belief that the general level of comfort of the people could not be raised by class legislation. To him it did not matter who the people were, because he was against giving special privileges to working-men and wealthy idlers alike. He once remarked: "When a man calls himself an independent politician, it means that he is independent of common sense and generally of common honesty." In one of his attacks he called Duncan McLaren "a cold little snake," and a lawsuit followed. A jury, largely composed of "Independent Liberals," awarded McLaren £400 damages. Readers of the *Scotsman* took Russel's side and the damages and costs were raised by public subscription. A further subscription of £1770 was raised "as a mark of respect for his honourable and independent conduct in public and private life." Disraeli had written a letter of praise to McLaren, which was published. It was too good a chance for Russel to miss. His comments began with the words: "When the Hebrew prophet raised the brazen serpent high," and it was received with merriment. On another occasion, when McLaren produced a mass of statistics, Russel wrote that although it was not legal to speak of Mr McLaren as a snake, there could be no doubt that he was a great "adder."

The battle royal between the "Fifeshire Journal" and the "Fifeshire Herald" found a counterpart on a larger scale when the *Scotsman* and the *Courant* took to wordy warfare. Russel certainly had the best of it. Many stories got into circulation about the quips and passes which resulted from a well-established rivalry, and I well remember one good enough to be true. Russel was travelling on the railway. Opposite to him was a young fellow reading the *Edinburgh Courant*, who soon began to take sides on the merits of his own particular journal. "Do you ever read the *Scotsman*?" asked Russel, and the young man, with a superior air, replied: "No; but I find it very useful in the W.C." "Young man," retorted Russel, "keep on doing that, and you'll soon have more brains in your backside than ever you have had in your head."

The *Courant* paid a fine tribute to Russel after death. The editorial said: "We doubt whether any man who has written the same quantity of hard words was ever received in general society with the same smiling goodwill and friendship. He had an unsparing rod for all sorts of shams and affectations; with his political opponents he was everywhere and always at open war. But when the hour of strife was over there was none, whether friend or foe, who was not charmed with an urbanity that was seldom at fault, a kindliness that extended itself to every rank and relation of life, and an intellectual life and joyousness that diffused itself through all the trodden ways and the laughing sunshine of the world."

Russel was a keen fisher, and held that a good trout fisher is a person of higher accomplishments and greater merit than an equally good salmon fisher. "A trout," he wrote, "which knows every pebble in its haunt and is familiar with every kind of worm of the earth and insect of the air, to say nothing of a ripened repugnance to steel and feathers, is a better informed and more sceptical fish than a salmon, which has only left the ocean a few days or hours, and is a stranger to everything that comes before its eyes and is offered to its mouth." Palmerston might declare war; Disraeli might change his policy; Gladstone might denounce the change, but none of these things was allowed to interfere

with a fishing holiday. Wherever it was, he always took fishing seriously. Once, when fishing on the Tweed, a local clergyman sauntered out to make Russel's acquaintance and suggested as an introduction that he, too, was a fisher—a fisher of men. "Aye," retorted Russel, "but you dinna seem to make much of it, for I looked into your creel on Sunday and it was gye toom."

He was smart at repartee, and we recall one of Charles A. Cooper's stories. Cooper was assistant editor of the *Scotsman*, and one day Russel, who was bald, said to him, "Man, Cooper, how white you're getting." Cooper passed his fingers through his hair and replied, "At any rate there's plenty of it." "Oh," came the retort, "mine preferred death to dishonour." But he hadn't it always all his own way. One day, at the Waverley Station, a newsboy came along the platform and said to Russel, "*Scotsman*, sir?" "Is it to-day's?" queried Russel. "Yes," "That's no use to me; I'll give you sixpence for to-morrow's *Scotsman*." "Here you are, sir," said the lad, and pulled out a *Weekly Scotsman*, which, although dated Saturday, was issued on Friday. The sixpence was paid.

Alexander Russel did a great deal for Scotland. He was the pride of Scottish journalists. The position he assumed was conceded because he gave to party warfare a distinction of fairness and honourable uprightness. He had sufficient resources to be able to look facts manfully in the face, and in argument it was always a fair field and no favour that he coveted. In spite of the hard knocks he gave to religious intolerance and sanctimonious humbug, he had within him a real devotion to the institutions of his country. He was a great constitutional writer, and never used a poisoned pen. "Do you forgive your enemies?" asked the father confessor of Narvaez on his deathbed. "I have no enemies," replied the Marshal, "I have killed them all." In a milder sense, Russel might have said the same. He had fought and "licked" his opponents into wholesome respect and the rest he laughed away. That is why so many people did homage to the memory of Alexander Russel of the *Scotsman*.

The President proposed Mr Douglas's health, and in thanking him for his Sentiment, said it was the most perplexing and yet the easiest thing to propose John Douglas's health. He was a great worker and was well known in London and elsewhere for his many activities. Although one of the busiest of men, he always found time to devote to work for Scotland. He (the President) spoke for many Caledonians when he said that Mr John Douglas was one of the most beloved members of the Caledonian Society of London.

The President spoke of the leaving of the Honorary Treasurer, Mr Alexander MacDonald, who was taking up an important professional appointment in Canada.



Mr MacDonald was a greatly respected and valued member of the Society, and would be much missed, but his leaving for Canada was a great personal advancement, and all his friends wished him long life to fulfil the work which he was sent to do.

In reply, Mr MacDonald said he would, in his work in the great country to which he was going, be cheered by the send-off he had received from his brother Caledonians.

Mr John Macmillan proposed the toast of "Our Guests," which was responded to by Mr R. G. Miln, an engineer by profession and a Past-President of the Caledonian Society of Salisbury, Rhodesia, and the Rev. Donald McLeod of Gairloch, Ross-shire, who had come south to conduct the special Gaelic service in Crown Court Scottish National Church on the following Sunday.

Mr A. Bain Irvine, J.P., sang "When the Kye comes Hame," and Mr Lorne Wallet sang "The March of the Cameron Men" and "The Rebel."

After the loyal toasts on 12th January, 1928, Mr T. R. Moncrieff, J.P., in accordance with established custom, sang "Here's to the Year that's Awa'," after which Mr William Will gave a Sentiment entitled "The Scottish National War Memorial," which was profusely illustrated with lantern slides, showing the principal features of the War Memorial, exterior and interior. He said :

We must leave for discussion at some more spacious time the debatable question of when first the Castle of Edinburgh looked from its rock towards the Forth. Let us agree that for well over one thousand years successive generations of kings and queens have piled up on the Castle Rock monuments to themselves, chapels for the worship of God, and repositories of the history of Scotland.

Quite wrongly, we have gradually come to think of Edinburgh Castle as embodying the whole history of Scotland; and it was natural, when a Scottish National War Memorial came to be discussed, that the nation's mind should be focussed on one place, and one place only—the rugged rock round which so much of our nation's turgid history has clustered.

When one thinks of it, the origin of this great War Memorial was a natural one. It was born amid strife and disputation. We are credited with being a contumacious people—thrown and independent—and so, when a Minister of the Crown—an estimable gentleman of German origin—proposed publicly that a comprehensive memorial to the men of these islands who had given their lives in the World War should be erected in Hyde Park, the voice of Scotland was immediately heard in protest. And not for the first time in her troubled history Scotland's heart was voiced by a noble. The Duke of Atholl, the head of a historic house, told the Minister and his Government, and all who cared to listen, that Scotland would have her own national memorial for her own sons, and that that National Memorial would be in Scotland. It was the Duke of Atholl, just returned from his War service, who agitated successfully, in company with a sympathetic Scottish Secretary, Mr Robert Munro, now Lord Alness; and ultimately, against strong opposition, succeeded in placing upon the Castle Rock of Edinburgh this wonderful epitome of the War services of one hundred thousand men and women who died, and hundreds of thousands of others who helped their country in those terrible days from August, 1914, to November, 1918.

We can, at this time, cut out the story of the controversy, and come immediately to the fact that one part of Edinburgh Castle, known by the unpoetic name of Billings' Barracks, of no historic, architectural, or sentimental value, was to be converted into a store, and upon this the Duke and his co-workers seized; and from the shell of Billings' Barracks emerged the beautiful structure that will be for ever a monument to the architectural prowess of Sir Robert Lorimer, whom the Duke and his committee (of which, by the way, our Past-President and present Historian, Mr John Douglas, was a member) fortunately associated with the work.

Billings' Barracks was built almost on the site of the Chapel of St. Mary, founded by King David the First and rebuilt by David the Second about the middle of the fourteenth century. It was afterwards used as an armoury, and was demolished to make way for the barracks. The shell of the barracks with the rough rubble masonry has been retained, and the whole scheme is consequently in perfect harmony with the rest of the Castle buildings.

Here, then, is the Great Memorial, which forms the north side of Crown Square, opposite to it being the Banqueting Hall, whose walls have looked on bloody scenes, where kings and queens have held their courts; where the Scottish Parliament has sat; where the Convenanting Lords and Cromwell and Charles I. have lorded it for a day; and near by, too, are housed the Honours of Scotland, the Regalia used at the coronation of our monarchs; and a stone's throw away is the little room in which Queen Mary gave birth to King James VI., and so probably intensified the hatred of Queen Elizabeth and helped to seal Mary's own fate.

First to be noted is the great doorway to the porch, the Shrine, and the Hall of the Regiments, or Hall of Honour, but which to me, at any rate, will always be the Hall of Memories. Just over the door is graven the dedication: "To the Glory of God and in memory of Scots who fell 1914-18."



Over the doorway is a great, deeply recessed arch with a carved figure symbolising the Survival of the Spirit, rising from a Phoenix, which represents the Resurrection. Windows pierce the wall and light the interior, and filled with stained glass, they represent different phases of the War.

In large niches in the front of the West and East bays are statuettes of Justice, Truth, Freedom, and Learning.

On different parts of the outside walls are the crests of corps and of those four great divisions which brought to our native land undying fame. These divisional signs have now no significance, because their meaning died with the end of the War and the breaking up of the divisions, but no high-spirited Scotsman will ever hear the names of the Ninth Division of Highland and Lowland Scots, the Fifteenth Lowland Division, and of the equally famous Fifty-first and Fifty-second Highland Divisions, without holding high their heads, for the stirring deeds of those deathless divisions are among the great epics of the world's campaigns.

Sir Phillip Gibbs tells us that he saw the Fifteenth Division break through the German lines to the screaming of their bagpipes; and he saw the Fifty-first, too, going with gleaming bayonets through a snow-storm into the Battle of Loos, and saw them return bloody and bedraggled, but with many prisoners.

It was to the bravery of the Fifteenth that one of the finest—perhaps the finest—tributes was ever paid by one body of soldiers to another. At Buzancy the Fifteenth Highland and Lowland Scots and the French Seventeenth Divisions were in contact in July, 1918, and so greatly impressed were the French with the bravery of their Scots comrades that they erected a monument to their memory, selecting as the site the highest point of the plateau, where the body of the Scottish soldier—a private in the Gordons—who had advanced the farthest on that July day was found. And on the monument are inscribed in French these beautiful words: "Here will flourish for all time the glorious Thistle of Scotland amid the Roses of France."

And it was to the Fifty-first that the German soldiers paid a neat tribute. Attached to a small balloon which they sent over to the British lines one day in 1918 was a message: "Good old Fifty-first. Still sticking it. Cheerio!" And so it is well that the memory of those divisions, disbanded for ever, should be perpetuated on the outer walls of the Memorial.

And now, having seen the exterior, we ascend the semi-circular steps, and under the simple words of dedication we enter the door of the Porch or Outer Hall. Inside the Porch, and facing the visitor, is carved a Pelican feeding her young (thus Piety is represented), under which are the words: "Lest we forget."

On the right wall, carved in stone, is the inscription: "Our help standeth in the name of the Lord who hath made Heaven and Earth." On the left wall: "Our soul is escaped even as a bird out of the snare of the fowler. The snare is broken and we are delivered." The two windows lighting the Porch from east and west bear the national arms with the defiant motto: "Nemo me impune lacessit."

Fortified by these emblems and words, we enter the Hall of the Regiments, or Hall of Honour, which is dedicated to the memory of the

men of the various regiments and corps whose fortitude and bravery have enabled the Scottish soldiery to hold their place with the greatest soldiers in the world. The first impression of this great room, simple and sacred, is dignity ; and upon me it left an indelible impression that here is no memorial merely to the one hundred thousand brave souls who laid down their lives in a four years' war that we might be free, but a memorial of the chivalry of a chivalrous people—a memorial of a long line of soldiers who, for centuries, on every national emergency, have sprung from the hillsides and the valleys of our native land, and who, in every part of the world, have established and maintained a reputation for loyalty and bravery that is now synonymous with the name of Scotland. One cannot associate this great hall with anything recent or local, with even the holocaust that followed the German invasion of Belgium. It seemed to me to be an epitome in stone and bronze and glass of the martial history of a martial nation—to embody the whole quivering history of our glorious regiments whose names, every one of them, send a thrill through our frames and the blood coursing through the veins of every loyal son of our Northern mother. It may be that its geographical position in the midst of historic associations, with the ghosts of departed kings and queens hovering round us, has created this feeling of aloofness from modernity, for we cannot—at least I cannot—think of this monument as something that has been created within the past three years.

This Hall, within a few yards of the historic stones which sheltered the kings and queens of Scotland, which have smiled on Queen Mary and frowned on Prince Charlie, is filled not only by the monuments of gallant men and women, but with the spirits of the brave dead. The atmosphere is charged with memories. Round the walls of this Hall are the battle honours of the Great War, forty-seven in number.

Inside the Hall, on a blank wall over the entrance, is an announcement that there is to be placed there a memorial to Scots who died while on duty in English and other non-Scottish regiments.

Moving left on entering this Hall of Memories, the floor of which, by the way, is paved with squares of beautiful grey-green granite from Ailsa Craig, we pass first the monument on each side of the entrance doorway, to Scots who served in various marine units, and beyond this we find two of the four windows in the outer wall. These windows—and indeed all the glass in the Memorial—are by Dr Douglas Strachan.

On the wall of the West Bay we come unexpectedly upon the monument to the Mercantile Marine, on which are commemorated, with others, those who went down to the sea in mine-sweepers, those gallant souls from the East Coast fishing villages who took their lives in their hands when they left their harbours just as much as did those who fought in the trenches of France and Flanders.

Above this is a circular bronze panel in which are seen a cargo steamer and a mine-sweeper afloat. The inscription reads: "To the officers and men of the Mercantile Marine who laid down their lives in maintaining the services of transport and supply during the Great War, and to those ranks and ratings of the auxiliary vessels who sacrificed their lives in home and foreign waters so that the Merchant Fleets might keep the seas."



We are now among the monuments in the West Bay. The first of the purely regimental monuments in this Hall of the Regiments which we reach on this walk round, is to the memory of the Cameron Highlanders. In these regimental monuments, so far as I could gather, there is absence of order in position, and there is, too, a complete absence of monotony, which might have been difficult to avoid, had the creators of the Memorial not had the good sense to consult the regimental associations. And these associations not only suggested the designs, but paid for the monuments, which were made to fit into the general scheme. By the side of each regimental monument were placed the flags of the regiments, and round the monuments are the crests and coats-of-arms of principal places in the regiments' territorial districts.

The monument to the Cameron Highlanders has the dignified and appealing inscription: "Remember with undying gratitude the loyalty and sacrifice of the Cameron Highlanders." Flanking the inscription are the battle honours of the regiment, the first battalion of which was founded in 1793 by Cameron of Erracht. In those battle honours are embedded tales of great valour, the battles of the Peninsula, Waterloo, Alma, Sebastopol, Lucknow, Egypt, South Africa, and the Great War being among them. "We remember," as the monument requests us; "we remember, with undying gratitude, the services and sacrifices of the Camerons in the Great War; we remember, as we stand here, that Homeric struggle in the presence of the Kaiser in October, 1914, when the Emperor expected to ride rough-shod to Paris and the coast; and we remember that in 1915, after a battle at Loos, the fourth battalion lost so heavily that it had to be disbanded, proving the truth of the words of the stirring song, "A Cameron never can yield."

In front of this monument (and of all the regimental monuments) is a gun-metal lectern upon which is a book with all the names of the men of the regiment whose valour is immortalised by this memorial.

Here, in the years to come, as now, pilgrims will be found poring over the pages, and finding names that mean to-day only tears and bitterness, but in God's own time will bring comfort and pride to the searchers.

In succession we reach the monument to the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, the gallant Ninety-third, and we seem to hear, in the Indian Mutiny, Sir Colin Campbell's words: "Ninety-third! You are my own lads! I rely on you to do the work." "Ay, ay, Sir Colin, ye ken us, and we ken you!" was the reply, and the Ninety-third went forward, pipes screaming, to the relief of Lucknow. On this monument we read, cut in the marble, that 431 officers and 6475 of other ranks laid down their lives in the four years, 1914-1918, and their story is the same as is told of other Scottish regiments. In repelling the attack on Rœux the eighth battalion lost over 60 per cent. of their effectives; and in the great advance with Horne's Army in the last phases of the War the same battalion distinguished itself when every one was distinguished.

We pass from the fighting regiments for a moment to the commemoration of works of mercy—and here, with the Camerons and Argylls in the West Bay, are the monuments of the part taken in the War by the women of Scotland. The memorials take form in stone, bronze, and glass. Here we see a noble bronze in strong relief which represents

stretcher-bearers carrying a wounded man attended by nurses, and is appropriately the work of a lady, Mrs Meredith Williams. It is the tribute to the nursing services.

Carved below the panel is this inscription, the words of Laurence Binyon :

" They shall not grow old as we that are left grow old,  
Age shall not weary them nor the years condemn :  
At the going down of the sun and in the morning  
We will remember them."

On the opposite wall is a bronze panel surmounted by the crests of the various women's corps, with the inscription : " In honour of all Scotswomen who, amid the stress of war, sought by their labours, sympathy, and prayers, to obtain for their country the blessings of peace." The panel is flanked by reliefs in bronze also by Mrs Meredith Williams, representing " Charity and Sympathy," and underneath are these words : " Whether their fame centuries long should ring, they cared not overmuch, but cared greatly to serve God and the King." Near these tributes to the work of women, is the West Bay window, which illustrates the services rendered by Scottish women in harvesting, motor-cycle ambulance, shell-making, and nursing.

The window adjoining is devoted to the Air Force, and is one of the finest of all Dr Douglas Strachan's work in the Memorial. In the scheme one finds depicted all the aircraft used during the War. Here we find the apt text :

" I bare you on eagles' wings  
And brought you unto myself."

There is also near by a beautiful bronze relief by Mrs Kennedy which commemorates the work of the Padres. The bronze shows a field communion, a packing-case forming the altar. The colonel of the regiment stands beside the padre, and the soldiers are kneeling. The inscription is : " Ye who pass this way hold in memory those who, ministering to the souls of their fellow-men, gave their lives for their country, 1914-1918."

In these bays is an extraordinary feature of the Memorial, and one which struck me as being the only tribute that seemed foreign to a Scottish National Memorial, namely, that which is grouped under the lines : " Remember also the humble beasts that served and died." Miss Phyllis Bone, in a series of circular carvings, has depicted the heads of an elephant, camel, reindeer, mule, horse, an ox, a dog with a message tied round his neck, and carrier pigeons. " The Tunnellers' Friends " are also shown here—mice and a cage of birds—these humble wood and field folk having been used to detect the presence of gas when tunnelling operations were in progress.

Also in the west end of the Hall of the Regiments is a monument to the only Highland regiment that wears the trews, a regiment, too, which has more battle honours to its credit than any other Highland regiment, namely, the Highland Light Infantry. Of this, the Glasgow Regiment—it was known in the Peninsula as the Glesca Keelies—it is recorded on the marble tablet, that there were raised, in 1777, the first battalion, and in 1787 the second battalion, and that twenty-six regular,



special reserve, territorial, and service battalions were in being during the War, of which fifteen fought overseas; and that the "memorial is erected in homage to those who fell," 568 officers and 9428 other ranks, a total of 9996. These terrible losses were inflicted as the penalty of great bravery, and many valuable lives were lost in their many counter attacks which succeeded the great pressure of the German hordes. In one battle the Glasgow Highlanders flung the Germans out of Neuve Chapelle at the point of the bayonet.

The monument to the officers and men of the Cameronians (the Scottish Rifles): "placed in the capital city of their land that what they did may not be forgotten by their countrymen"—reminds us that it was in 1688 that the regiment was raised among the Covenanters, their leader, Richard Cameron, giving them its name. From Blenheim to the Great War the battle honours include most of the leading campaigns. The twenty-seven battalions of the Cameronians lost 7075 officers and men in the War.

Next in order is the Royal Scots Fusiliers, which is in memory of 319 officers and 5644 men. "The whole earth is the tomb of heroic men, and their story is not graven only on stone over their clay, but abides everywhere without visible symbol, woven into the stuff of other men's lives," is the inscription which occupies half of a circle of bay leaves. The monument reminds us that the regiment was raised originally by Charles, Earl of Mar, in 1678.

Follows the Scots Guards, whose 2841 officers and men who gave their lives are commemorated in a dignified panel with the regimental crest over the inscription. Who can read without being moved, the story of this great unit of the Household Troops—how in 1914 one section of the Guards, with the South Wales Borderers, was largely responsible for stopping the Germans on their effort to capture Calais; and how, with the Black Watch and Camerons, they "shattered the assault of the Prussian Guard."

In our perambulation we have now reached the gates of the Shrine, but in order not to break the tour of the Hall of the Regiments, we shall pass it and return to it when we have seen the last of the regimental monuments.

The oldest regiment in the whole of the British Army is a Scottish regiment, the Royal Scots, the First Foot or Lothian Regiment. The monument in the Hall to the memory of their brave dead claims that they were first raised in 1633 from Scottish companies serving the French Crown since the fifteenth century, but their nickname, Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard, suggests an earlier origin. The Scots Adventurers in France were known as *Le Regiment de Douglas*, and the *Regiment de Picardy*, in boastful spirit, claimed that they were on guard on the night of the Crucifixion. "If we had been," said the Scots, in jocular competition, "we wouldn't have slept at our posts; but that night we were acting as Pontius Pilate's guard." Gustavus Adolphus enlisted in his army the precursors of our Royal Scots. They were great days those, when the Dugald Dalgettys of the North moved from country to country finding work for their mercenary swords. There were no Royal Scots mercenaries in 1914, however, when the challenge of Germany was answered from the capital of Scotland and the Lothians, and of the thirty-five battalions in service, with nearly 51,000 men enlisted, 583

officers and 10,630 other ranks, a total of 11,213 brave men died, the greatest loss sustained by any one Scottish regiment. Little wonder that at the bottom of the memorial is the sentence: "Remember their sacrifice."

The King's Own Scottish Borderers, which was formed in 1689 for the defence of Edinburgh, lost in the Great War, as this beautiful monument tells, 359 officers, including four commanding officers, and 6500 other ranks. This fine regiment was in the retreat from Mons, and at Le Cateau, with the Yorkshire Light Infantry, unwilling to interpret the order to retire, was terribly cut up; and it was at Loos in 1915 that brave Piper Laidlaw blew the second battalion out of the poison-gas laden trenches.

The Black Watch, the Royal Highlanders, the gallant Forty-two of the song of our youthful days, has its place in the Hall of Regiments between the K.O.S.B. and the Seaforths. The story of the Black Watch is almost the story of British arms since the regiment was formed two hundred years ago. It was when two men of the Black Watch, Gregor Macgregor and John Campbell went to St. James's Palace to show their swordcraft to George II. at his invitation, that the King insulted them by giving them a guinea apiece. In high dudgeon the two Highland gentlemen strode from the palace, and as they passed the English footmen they tossed them the gold with a "Hae, you wi' the buttons; here's a plack till ye!"

The story of the Black Watch—indeed, the story of every Scottish regiment—would form the subject of several lectures, and so we must pass on, simply noting that twenty-one battalions of the lads with the red hackle served in the Great War, including the Thirteenth, Forty-second, and Seventy-third Canadian Royal Highlanders. In the retreat from Mons the Black Watch marksmanship was responsible for terrible German losses. In one day in May, 1915, the second battalion did many brave deeds, winning two V.C.'s. In the great German offensive in 1918 the ninth battalion was driven back, but refusing to be beaten, took the position from the Germans. Throughout the War it is recorded that the Black Watch "fought with their accustomed bravery." No higher praise than this could be given to any regiment.

Then come the Seaforth Highlanders, the famous Ross-shire Buffs, and one never sees a Seaforth without thinking of Lord Roberts and his march to Kandahar with this gallant regiment and the Gordons; and when looking at this monument, one thinks instinctively of Festubert, of their terrific fighting in Delville Wood, of their fifth and six battalions—again with the Gordons (sixth)—capturing on the 16th May, 1917, two thousand Germans at Rœux. These two thousand men had penetrated the British lines and not one man escaped. In the great fight at Buzancy, where the Fifty-first Division distinguished itself, the Seaforths were in the van.

We have now reached the East Bay, and here in one of the windows is a beautiful monument of the Royal Navy. The prevailing note is blue, and we have depicted in glass by Dr Douglas Strachan the deck of a battleship, destroyers, submarines, troopships, wave and fish forms supplying the decoration.

The Artillery Monument is in the East Bay, too, one of Dr Douglas Strachan's windows, depicting tanks, a big gun, and a machine gun.



Below the window is a noble bronze in which gunners stripped to the buff are seen at the guns which played such an important part in the Great War. Mr Alexander Carrick, the artist, brings conviction to his work, for he served for two years in France with the big guns.

Here in the East Bay, too, Scotsmen in the Royal Engineers have their monument, a fine bronze representing the repairing of a bridge, and near by a group of signallers receiving orders.

On each side of the Engineers' memorial the Royal Army Medical Corps and the Royal Army Service Corps tributes are also seen. The inscription for the medical men reads: "In honour of all ranks of the R.A.M.C. who, combating sickness, pain, and death, laid down their lives in the service of their fellow-men, 1914-1918."

We see in this east end of the Hall four more heads of the animals which assisted to win the war. In this part of the Hall, too, we find a panel in which the services of all the Yeomanry regiments are immortalised. This, perhaps, more than anything else in the Hall, gives an idea of the care with which every detail of the paraphernalia of war has been recorded in the Memorial. Scrolls commemorate every Yeomanry unit; and the badges of all the units' names are also shown. In the mass of detail there is a broken stirrup, which is meant to convey the fact that the Yeomanry at times fought dismounted.

Near the Yeomanry monument, and on one of the supports, is a finely carved memorial to the brave men of those great regiments, the London Scottish, the Liverpool Scottish, and the South African Scottish. It takes form as a Highland soldier at the grave of a comrade, and over him are crossed swords, dirk, and targe carved in the wall. Under the soldier is the Gaelic motto meaning "My country, my honour, my God."

In one of the recesses of the East Bay is the monument to the famous fighting regiment, the Gordon Highlanders, the original Ninety-second, which lost 453 officers and 8509 other ranks. From the day that the Duchess Jean kissed the famous regiment into being, it has been in every great campaign and many minor ones. By a mere coincidence the Gordons' monument stands next to that of the Scots Greys, and with the famous incident at Waterloo that links the Greys and the Gordons for all time, we fittingly end our tour of the Hall of Regiments. It is a story well known to every Scot, how, when the Greys and the Gordons were commanded to charge, the pipers blew, the Gordons opened their ranks so that the Greys might pass through to the charge, and by some mad inspiration the Gordons seized the stirrups of the Greys, and with a wild yell of "Scotland for ever!" which echoed round the world, Highlanders and horsemen madly charged, sweeping into the French columns, completely paralysing the enemy, smashing the French Division to pieces, and bringing back two eagles and two thousand prisoners. Sir Denis Pack, riding up, shouted: "Highlanders, you have saved the day!"

And now, with the gallant Greys and Gordons, we end our peregrination of the Hall of the Regiments, and if we feel saddened because of what these monuments mean to us personally, we feel elation at the story which, with some knowledge of our military history and a little imagination, these memorials unfold.

We shall continue to fret and to fume and to protest because our native land is with its sister, called England; because there is *English*

justice and *English* fairplay, and because there is, we are told, the *English* Government and *English* this and *English* that, but as long as there is the breed that produced those historic regiments whose records we have been contemplating, as long as those records continue to send a thrill through us, as long as our national sentiment is strong enough and healthy enough, and as long as the Scottish regiments maintain their distinctive characteristics, the kilt, the tartan trews, sporran, and hose, and as long as they retain their distinctive war sense, the army of these two countries will not be the *English* Army, but our regiments will remain a part of the great British Army.

Having ended our tour of the Hall of Honour, we return to the Shrine, an entirely new building on the north side of the Hall of the Regiments and overlooking Princes Street and the Forth. Here the War Memorial reaches sublimity. Guarding this sanctuary are beautiful wrought-iron gates, and by these, and under a great arch forty feet high, we pass, to rest our eyes immediately on the colossal figure of St. Michael, the symbol of Righteousness overcoming Wrong, which is suspended from the ceiling. It is surely a most appropriate symbol to hang there, guarding, as it were, the souls of the departed men, who, though dead, have through their agony triumphed over a brutal autocracy.

The table, or altar, over which St. Michael is poised, is a single block of marble, upon which stands the wrought-steel casket, the gift of the King and Queen, into which the Prince of Wales placed the regimental records of one hundred thousand names of Scots who fell in the War. The cast-iron figures on the casket represent St. Margaret of Scotland and St. Andrew, and six angels holding shields with symbols of all the virtues.

The architect has been inspired. In the Shrine, more than in any other part of the Memorial, the genius of Sir Robert Lorimer is discovered. By a touch of imagination he has done one of those simple things that are the work of great men. Through the floor of the Shrine the living rock of the Castle has been allowed to appear, and on this rock have been placed the altar and the casket. It is one of those unexpected, almost dramatic, things that grip us when we see its significance, and leaves in our minds an unfading impression.

It may be taken as symbolic, like so much of the decoration of this wonderful Memorial. Here, on the highest exposed peak of the actual rock round whose rugged sides have ebbed and flowed the fortune of our native land, a rock that is in itself symbolic of Scotland's loyalty and steadfastness to her national life, have been placed the names of one hundred thousand of her most loyal and steadfast sons, and here on this living rock we mourn the dead, and are uplifted by the thought that they and we had the same blood in our veins, and pray that we may be worthy them and the great sacrifice they made.

I shall not attempt to describe in detail the seven wonderful windows in the Shrine, the work of Dr Douglas Strachan, but Sir Robert Lorimer has given us a little insight into the great care that was exercised with the Memorial when he tells us that "the glass in the Shrine was experimented with, the artist took great slabs of it to pieces and remade them; almost endless changes were tried, all tending towards greater simplicity both in treatment and in colour, and the magical unity of effect ultimately obtained bore little resemblance to the first essays." The subject is not



the War, but "the warring element in the destiny of man." And here we may remark that in the whole of the Memorial there is no suggestion of the glorification of War. War is evil, and should be crushed.

Turning now to the mural decoration and standing on the solid rock, one looks upon the bronzes that run round the walls of the Shrine. In these bronzes are represented every type of Scottish combatant—every regiment, every corps, every garb, from the piper to the midshipman, from the soldier in shorts to the man clothed in furs, every type who served his country in the great conflict. The uniforms have been copied with great care, so that this frieze will, to future generations, show the varied uniforms of the Scottish combatants in the World War of 1914-1918.

On the walls of the Shrine also are carved in bold letters these words: "The Souls of the Righteous are in the hands of God. There shall no evil happen to them. They are in Peace."

The last that we see as we leave this beautiful Shrine is a reference, without definition, to the wandering proclivities of the Scot. On each side of the entrance arch, climbing up the wall and meeting above the keystone, are two trees: that on the right representing the outposts of Empire in the West; that on the left representing outposts of Empire in the East.

Thus we leave the Shrine and the Hall of Honour, and as we pass again into the Crown Square and by the State apartments, we reflect that other nations have their War Memorials, but surely none has raised to their glorious dead so beautiful or inspiring a monument as we have to ours. And we reflect, too, that our National War Memorials represent very clearly traits in our national character that have become almost traditional. On the one hand we have the happy-go-lucky Englishman, too great really to trouble about arranging things methodically, happening along, muddling through, but always *getting* through, caring nothing about himself, and caring less for what anybody thinks of him; and we have the methodical Scot, arranging and card-indexing every detail before he is satisfied that he is ready to begin, so sensitive lest the world forgets him that he tells the world all about himself.

It was by the merest accident that there was conceived the great Cenotaph round which now, every eleventh day of November, the heart of England beats. Hurriedly built of lath and plaster by Sir Edwin Lutyens as a merely temporary structure, the Cenotaph caught the imagination of the English people; and although the intention was to remove it completely, better counsels prevailed, and it was retained to be the centre of a great pilgrimage every succeeding Armistice Day.

Compare that haphazard and accidental happening with our carefully planned Memorial, duly subscribed for by ourselves, every stone of it minutely and reverently arranged, and placed in position, taking three years to complete; but when complete, a thing to be possessed with love and admiration.

With a magnificent comprehensiveness England sang a sweet song in Whitehall without the name of an individual being mentioned therein; we have cried Coronach on the Castle Rock, and with meticulous care have set in that wild music the names of one hundred thousand men who

died, and in which even the birds of the air and beasts of the field have been remembered.

These two monuments, the Cenotaph in Whitehall, London, and the Memorial on the Castle Rock, Edinburgh, will stand (we hope for all time) as characteristic of the Southern and Northern people of this island, who are divided by much more than an imaginary geographical line.

And as we pass down the rough cobblestones of the fortress on the Rock, we instinctively remember the words of Scott :

" Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking.  
Dream of battled fields no more,  
Days of danger, nights of waking."

Soldier, Rest.

In proposing the toast of Mr Will's health and thanking him, the President referred to his having been nurtured in Strathbogie, from where Dr George Mac Donald also sprang, and where Mr Will was no doubt brought up on " The Back o' the North Wind," " The Princess and the Goblin," and where he must have revelled in the perusal of " Robert Falconer," " Marquis of Lossie," and " Salted with Fire." The early atmosphere had blossomed into an active life in London, where he was loved by all who came in contact with him, and where those who worked with him held him in high esteem.

Colonel Sir John S. Young, C.V.O., referred to his connection with the Castle of Edinburgh, where, sixty years ago, he was located and where he learned a service that had taken him all over the world. After hearing the Sentiment, he considered it was right that the Society should show its appreciation of the splendid services rendered by those who had to do with the Memorial, in so well interpreting what the sailors, soldiers, airmen, and women of Scotland had done for civilisation. Sir John described a visit he had paid to the Memorial, and the awe with which it impressed him. The visit was enhanced by the sight of the Seaforth Highlanders taking over the military duties of the Castle, on their return from service in India. He



gave high praise to Sir Robert Lorimer for the majestic design he had produced which had brought out the finest Memorial that could be designed, and remarked that "people speak with hushed voices when they visit the Shrine." He proposed the following resolutions :

"This meeting thanks His Grace the Duke of Atholl for his splendid national spirit in inaugurating and inspiring the movement which led to the erection of a National War Memorial so completely expressing the gratitude of the people of Scotland to their brave countrymen and countrywomen who served during the World War, and particularly to those who laid down their lives in the great struggle, 1914-1918."

It was also resolved that the meeting send to His Grace an expression of its sympathy with him in his recent serious illness, and to convey to His Grace the sincere hope that he would soon be restored to good health and to his work for the welfare of his native land. And also :

"This meeting thanks Sir Robert Lorimer, K.B.E., for the remarkable War Memorial which has been created by his genius, inspired doubtless by the deathless story of the sacrifices of our fellow countrymen and countrywomen in the Great War, 1914-1918."

The resolutions were adopted with great enthusiasm, and it was decided that copies should be sent respectively to His Grace the Duke of Atholl, K.T., and Sir Robert Lorimer, K.B.E.

Mr William A. Bailey proposed the toast of "Our Guests," and spoke of the welcome that was always extended to visitors. He pointed out that there were present a number of distinguished guests, including Mr Caw, Keeper of the National Gallery, Edinburgh, who was probably the greatest authority on painting in Scotland. He was the author of "Scottish Painting" and other books. Mr Bailey remarked that it was appropriate that Mr Caw should be present when Mr

Will's excellent Sentiment was the feature of the evening, as he had taken more than ordinary interest in the Scottish National Memorial. Many of his ideas had been embodied in the work. Another guest was Colonel Hitchins, D.S.O., a Director of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., Ltd., who served with the West Kent Regiment during the Great War. He was an Englishman who had worked with Scots all his life. Other guests were Mr B. Irving, also a Director of Armstrong, Whitworth, Mr Bourke, a visitor from Australia, Mr Hartz, a merchant from Copenhagen, and Mr Loopuit, a distinguished Dutch journalist from Amsterdam.

In responding, Mr Caw said the hospitality of the Caledonian Society of London was well known and was held in good repute in Scotland. In speaking of the Scottish National Memorial, he said it was an entirely Scottish production — Scottish brains and Scottish material. The Memorial had become an effective piece of the landscape of Edinburgh, and the composition and skyline of the castle were greatly improved.

Colonel Hitchin said he had served alongside the Fifty-first Division on the Somme and saw what Scotsmen did. He was not suggesting that Englishmen did not also do their best, because they did ; but he held a high admiration of the courage of the Scots. Referring to the National Memorial, he declared that it was something of which every Scot throughout the world must be proud. He congratulated the Caledonian Society of London, for keeping up a spirit of comradeship that has led and will lead to prosperity.

Mr William Heughan was present as a guest, and sang "The March of the Cameron Men," "The Silent Host," "Scots wha ha'e," and "A Hundred Pipers an' a'." Mr Weller played the pianoforte accompaniments.

On 9th February a Sentiment, entitled "Scottish Influence on Literature," was given by Mr A. St. John Adcock, editor of the "The Bookman." He said :



I should feel very diffident here to-night if our chairman had not assured me that though I am not a Scotsman I ought to have been one ; and, in fact, I have known him so long, and have so many other good Scots among my best friends, that I have persuaded myself I really am one of them, and that in talking of Scottish authors, it would be an affectation if I spoke of them as your authors instead of as ours.

When Mr Blane paid me the compliment of inviting me to come and say something about Scottish influence on English literature, I told him I had made no special study of that subject and would rather talk a little of how Scotland neglects many of her authors who seem to me worthy of more recognition than they receive, and he said I might talk about that, and he knew you would bear it as patiently as you could.

Of course it is obvious that Scott, Burns, Stevenson, and Boswell have all had a great influence on English writers. Ever since he wrote, the hand of Scott has been on the historical romance in France as well as in England. Dumas acknowledged him as his master ; and many of our English novelists have followed in his footsteps, but never overtaken him. I remember some years ago, when I was talking with Stanley Weyman, he said : " The critics sometimes compare me with Scott, but that is nonsense. I know perfectly well I am not in the same street with Scott. I can tell a good yarn, but my stuff is for to-day, and Scott's is still for to-morrow." That is equally true of not a few of his contemporaries and forerunners. Many have lit a torch at Scott's Empire bonfire, but most of the torches have gone out now, and the bonfire is still burning.

The influence of Burns has been subtler and perhaps more far-reaching. When Burns began to write, English poetry was still given over to the formalities and artificialities that are the hall-mark of eighteenth-century verse. The English Muse had left the country and come to live in town, and looked upon raw nature as too vulgar for its purposes. If the poets then wrote pastorals their sheep and shepherds did not belong to the rough, breezy, simple life of the common fields, but were fine and neat and adorned with all the impossible arcadian elegancies of the fabulous golden age. They adopted a special vocabulary, as if the natural language in which real men expressed thought and emotion, though it might pass in prose, was not good enough for verse. Burns broke with all such finicking traditions. He lived with nature, and knew instinctively how to interpret her ; and his poetry is greater and more enduring than that of his eighteenth-century contemporaries, because it is the authentic poetry of human life put magically into the simplest, homeliest language—into the language that was native to him and to those around him ; a language free of all artificialities of phrase and sentiment that went straight to the heart of his reader because it came straight from his own. He threw over those traditions of false delicacy and took the Muse back to nature. His early influence was upon Cowper and upon Wordsworth, and was, I think, largely responsible for the revived simplicity of diction and human feeling that have characterised English and Scottish poetry ever since.

Then for Stevenson—there is no need to name the various novelists, Scottish and English, who have directly profited from his influence. And it is an influence that cannot always be traced, for it is not to be doubted that many of our latter-day novelists, unlike him in everything



else, pay more attention to style, are more careful about word-magic, about jewelling their lines with the right expressive word, because they came under his spell; and it is to some extent owing to him and his conscientious artistry that the modern novel reaches a higher level of literary finish than it had in earlier times.

Before any of these three, as an abiding influence in English and Scottish literature, came James Boswell. In his "Life of Johnson" he created a new form of biography, and though, so far, it has proved inimitable, it remains the great example and has modified the methods of subsequent biographers and taught them to be more outspoken, more intimate, more familiar, to build up and vivify a personality by recording not only incidents and events, but to let it reveal itself in his correspondence, his fireside gossip, in all manner of personal talks and personal recollections.

Of course there have been other Scottish influences at work in English literature—Barrie's, for instance—but, as I say, I have made no special study of that subject, and will, if I may, leave it now and try to say what is in my mind of some Scottish authors to whom I believe we are doing less than justice. When I told my friend, Mr Blane, that I fancied our concentrating so continually, so overwhelmingly, on Burns had resulted in our neglecting, for example, such an author as Alexander Smith, he dissented. He doubted whether any Englishman could understand a Scot's whole-souled worship of Burns. He said every Scot worshipped Burns and did but admire every other Scottish poet from Ossian to Neil Munro and Charles Murray. To explain this, he assured me that Burns was essentially the Scot and wrote essentially of Scottish things, while, to quote his words, "Alexander Smith never condescended to the Scot, but wrote elegant verse after the patterns of English poets, and to such an extent that he was ultimately dubbed a second-rate imitator of Keats and Tennyson." Now that illustrates what I mean by suggesting that a too-exclusive devotion to Burns leads us into being unjust to other Scottish writers.

To begin with, Burns was, no more than Alexander Smith, essentially Scottish in his themes. Mr Blane mentioned how, on occasion, a great assembly of Scots would be profoundly moved by the quotation of that simple, lovely line: "Wee, modest, crimson-tippéd flower." But Chaucer had, three centuries before, greeted the daisy as an English flower. It is, I suppose, common property. Burns wrote much of love, which is surely a cosmopolitan passion. He satirised English statesmen, and one of his most famous poems is an "Address to the De'il," and I, at least, would never dream of saying that the devil is a Scotsman.

The fact is, there are cities in Scotland, as well as fields and villages; townfolk as well as countryfolk. Burns was the poet of the country, and Alexander Smith of the town. As he said in one of his lyrics, "I know the tragic hearts of towns." Glasgow is essentially a Scottish theme, and there has been no finer poem ever written of any city than Alexander Smith wrote of Glasgow. I have always taken it that the narratives in his "City Poems" are stories of Glasgow and Glasgow people. And if for his epic-narrative, "Edwin of Deira," he went just across the border into Northumbria, he was merely following the traditional example of his ancestors, who so often raided that border county. His novel, "Alfred Hagart's Household," is a novel of Scottish life.



His "Summer in Skye" is all about Edinburgh, Stirling, Glasgow, and life and legend and character in the Isle of Skye. His "Dreamthorp," some of the best essays in the language, was written in Scotland, and is full of a Scotsman's musings on the life around him, on Scottish and English literature, and the world in general. I don't see how any writer could be more essentially Scottish than Alexander Smith.

Possibly I am prejudiced. I had never heard of him until one day, many years ago, when, quite young and short of cash, I picked up his "City Poems" on a second-hand bookstall. That book so stirred my admiration that I went round urging others to read it, and seldom met anybody who had so much as heard of him. A slim, brown-covered volume, I remember it was, and in my enthusiasm I lent it to a brilliant young Irish critic, and it so took hold on him, or he took hold on it, that I never got it back again. But Alexander Smith had so captured me that I searched the bookstalls till I had secured not only another and better copy of the "City Poems," but also his "Life Drama," "Edwin of Deira," "Dreamthorp," and every other book he had written, including his posthumous "Last Leaves," and even the anthology of American poetry for which he wrote an admirable introduction.

Also, in those early days, I made acquaintance with Professor Wilson, or Christopher North, in the same manner. I picked up his "Noctes" on a bookstall and revelled in the robust, lively humour of them. I picked up his poems and found pleasure in his "Isle of Palms," "The City of the Plague," and other of his verse, and though he was somewhat influenced in his poetry by Wordsworth, Coleridge, and other of his English contemporaries, I did not feel that this made him any the less a Scotsman. But when I have occasionally been to Edinburgh and walked along Princes Street, and seen Christopher North's statue there, but no memorial to Alexander Smith, so much the finer poet and prose writer of the two, I have wondered at the casual way in which the one was duly honoured and the other disregarded. I might go on and talk of Dunbar, Henryson, Drummond of Hawthornden, Alan Ramsay, Fergusson, Tannahill, Hogg, Motherwell, Thomson of "The Seasons," Susan Ferrier, John Galt, George MacDonald, George Browne, Robert Buchanan—these and others, poets and novelists—to say nothing of living men—and I have wondered whether our profound preoccupation with Burns has not had the effect upon us of too much looking at the sun, so that we have been blinded and somewhat overlooked those other authors and allowed them to fall too much into the background. They are none of them so great as Burns, but neither are they so small as they are made to seem by comparison with the enormous proportions Burns has assumed through our giving him all our worship instead of giving him his full share but sparing a modest allowance of it for some of them. It seems possible that we might have had an even greater Scottish literature than we possess if Scottish authors had not been discouraged by having to live and work always under that gigantic and glorious shadow. It must be disheartening, it must depress the youthful hopes of struggling authors when they find themselves in continual and almost desperate competition with that one enormous reputation, so enshrined and sainted that they must be made to feel it is as impossible for them to write a book that will lift them to his

level as it would be for them to write one that could displace the Bible. It may be significant of this hopelessness that so many Scots have had to come away from their own country and settle in alien places before they could do their best work and obtain some recognition, and it may be that their best work would have been far better if they could have done it under their own skies, encouraged by their own people. These things, I think, are worth considering. I am not for a moment failing in my admiration of Burns or saying he does not deserve our love, our high praise, even our worship; but I *am* saying we should not allow ourselves to be so solely absorbed in him that we have not heart or mind, or eyes, or leisure, or inclination to look round and sufficiently recognise the noble qualities in other, if lesser, authors, for by that preoccupation and that neglect we wrong those others, damp their ardour, check their development, perhaps reduce another potential Burns to a despairing might-have-been, and so, for the sake of exalting one great genius, who is mighty enough to hold his own without our constant assistance, we belittle Scottish literature as a whole.

The President, in expressing to Mr St. John Adcock the sincere thanks of the Society, said that the paper had been both interesting and instructive. He knew that Mr Adcock was the last man to wish us to relinquish our ownership of Burns, but he wanted others, like Alexander Smith, to get what they were entitled to in the way of recognition. There was a great deal in Alexander Smith well worth reading. He proposed the health of Mr Adcock, and this was drunk with enthusiasm.

In reply, Mr Adcock suggested that there may be a turning point in Scottish thought. We must always have a Jupiter, but we must remember that others will always exercise a great influence if given a chance. He thanked the audience sincerely for the reception given to him.

In proposing the toast of "Our Guests," Mr Lachlan Campbell referred to the old Scottish traditions of hospitality, and quoted an apt outstanding description from Sir Walter Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor." Captain Adam, a native of Montrose, the Master of one of the Royal Mail new luxurious motor ships, in replying, said that to speak at a meeting like that made him more confused than when the chief officer came to him



with "It's coming on thick, sir," and a heavy fog was threatening. In his quiet moments at sea, he said (referring to Mr St. John Adcock's Sentiment) nothing gave him greater pleasure, comfort, and inspiration than the reading of the copy of Burns's poems which he had received from his sister. He was proud to be a Caledonian.

In the course of the evening Mr Lloyd Saxton sang : "Mary," "Gae bring to me a Pint o' Wine," "The Land o' the Leal," and "Macgregor's Gathering"; and Mr R. D. Grant sang "Maiden of Morven," "Ae fond Kiss," and "The Nameless Lassie." The President also read one of Mr St. John Adcock's poems, entitled "Travellers":

"Come let us go a-roaming!  
The world is all our own,  
And half its paths are still untrod,  
And half its joys unknown.

The way that leads to winter  
Will lead to summer too,  
For all roads end in other roads  
Where we may start anew.

Hope's dead, but who would linger  
To weep beside her bier,  
And let the shadow of a night  
Make night of all the year?

Life has not closed in darkness  
Because a day has died:  
To-morrow waits behind the hill,  
And still the world is wide!"

On 8th March the Sentiment was entitled "The Scot in Surgery." It was given by W. Anstruther Milligan, M.D., F.R.C.S.E., a guest of the President. In introducing him the President said that Dr Milligan was his own medical adviser and he was getting level with him in persuading him to come to the Caledonian Society and "talk shop." Dr Milligan said:

There is a story told of three Aberdeen farmers returning from market one day. While sitting silent in a railway carriage smoking their pipes, and when the train was just about to start, a youth from the South got in and said, when taking his seat, "Good evening, gentlemen." There was no response. Two stations down the line the youth got out, and in shutting the carriage door he said, "Good night, gentlemen." The train moved on, and then one farmer looked up and said, "Wha's yon drivelling youth?" My sympathies are with the farmers and not with the drivelling youth. Why should I, therefore, have been asked to stand up before you, gentlemen of the Caledonian Society, and deliver an oration, is a mystery Mr Blane alone can explain. Let that be as it may. I must throw myself on your indulgence, and I promise you that it is to no oration you are going to listen, but a few plain words by a plain Aberdonian.

It seems appropriate to talk about the Scot in Surgery, considering that the bi-centenary of the great John Hunter has just been celebrated.

Great as Scotsmen have been in every field of human thought, research, and experiment, none has been greater than John Hunter. All over the world to-day men are reaping the results of his genius, perseverance and rebel mind. For John Hunter was a rebel. He even presumed to alter the date of his birth. His mother told him, and she surely should have known, that it was the 13th of February, 1728, but he preferred to call it the 14th—St. Valentine's Day—and it is the latter date that is always celebrated by Hunterian worshippers.

Again, it was while hotly disputing the established order of things with that conservative body, the Managers of St. George's Hospital, that he met his end.

Born in East Kilbride, Lanarkshire, given next to no education, he was early apprenticed to a cabinet-maker in Glasgow. His elder brother, William, had by then acquired fame as an anatomist in London, and John went to be his humble assistant. Before long the young carpenter was studying anatomy for himself, and before many years had passed, the younger brother had outstripped the elder. We must not forget, however, that William Hunter was a great man, too, so much so that that time has been called "The Age of the Hunters."

William's library and museum, which were left to Glasgow University, contained a valuable collection of classical and natural history books, for he was a great student and a much more cultured man than his brother.

John Hunter's museum contained about fourteen thousand specimens—anatomical, pathological, and physiological, and was, seven years after his death, bought by the Government, who appointed the Royal College of Surgeons its custodians. It is to-day the greatest glory of that body.

Hunter's thirst for knowledge was insatiable. He studied all nature's workings with the utmost care. He never rested till he knew as far as possible the why and the wherefore of every process. He maintained, unlike his contemporaries, that surgery was a science, and as such, its principles must be understood. This attitude was quite incomprehensible to his fellow practitioners, who, as surgeons, were not far removed from the surgeon-barbers of an earlier day. So little was a knowledge of anatomy thought to be necessary to a surgeon that some



surgeons undertook to teach anatomy and surgery in six weeks. Happy days were those for the medical student.

In order to help in his researches, he kept the strangest assortment of beasts, birds, reptiles, and fishes in his garden at Earl's Court. On his lawn all kinds of weird animals disported themselves, and the collection was so much like a zoological garden that the populace looked on Hunter as a lunatic. This idea was further enhanced when he set off from his house in a carriage drawn by buffaloes.

All this was human enough, but it must be confessed that Hunter himself, in his desire for knowledge and specimens, often employed curious and not altogether creditable means of obtaining them. He was always short of money, but if he wanted an animal, *that* never stood in his way. One day he went to a friend, a bookseller, and said, "I say, George, have you five pounds in your pocket?" George said he had. "Well, lend it to me and you shall go halves." "Halves in what?" said the bewildered George. "In a magnificent tiger which is dying in Castle Street." George produced the money, but what he thought of his share in the investment history does not relate.

There is another tale told of how Hunter secured the skeleton of the giant, O'Brien. An Irish giant, O'Brien by name, a man of seven feet seven inches, knowing that Hunter was a body-snatcher, feeling sure he would wish to obtain his, arranged that at his death he should be buried at sea. Hunter was a match for him, for sure enough, when O'Brien died, Hunter arranged with the undertaker, for a consideration, that he would get the body for him. During the journey to the sea an opportunity was found, the corpse removed, and the coffin filled with stones before being committed to the deep. Hunter got the body, and is said to have taken it in his own carriage to Earl's Court, and there boiled it down and secured the skeleton. The skeleton is now one of the most sensational specimens in the Hunterian Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons.

Hunter worked, taught, wrote, and experimented till the last day of his life. He was not a strong man. His mind was that of an intellectual giant encased in a small and sensitive body. In the latter years of his life he was a martyr to nervous symptoms. Any great agitation would bring on a heart attack. Hunter knew this and dreaded it. On the last day of his life, going to a hospital meeting, he told a friend that if anything were said to irritate him, it would mean his death. The discussion was an unusually heated one on medical education. Hunter became excited and suddenly ceased speaking, and fell back lifeless into the arms of Dr Robertson, one of the hospital physicians. Thus, in his sixty-fifth year, died John Hunter, whose activities covered the whole of the natural world, and to whom had been given the genius to interpret, in no small way, the hidden mysteries of nature.

His mortal remains lie in Abbot Islip's Chapel, Westminster Abbey. His name is perpetuated in the Hunterian Museum, and the Hunterian Society, and every year, on the anniversary of his birth, a Hunterian oration is delivered by some distinguished surgeon.

Shortly after Hunter's death there appeared on the scene at 56 Princes Street, Edinburgh, a baby boy, afterwards to become known as "the Napoleon of Surgery." This was James Syme. As a youth his pastimes were chemistry and botany. When a student at the

University, he, along with Robert Christison and other kindred spirits, founded the Chemical Society. Syme's labours led him to the discovery of a solvent for making cloth waterproof, and had it not been for the tardiness of a publisher, he would have won fame and a fortune therefrom. But a Glasgow manufacturer—Glasgow is till to-day Edinburgh's rival—had meantime taken out a patent for the process. His name is well known to us all, MacIntosh.

Syme's name is, however, perpetuated in his most famous operation, viz., amputation at the ankle-joint, which operation he devised in order to save as much as possible of the leg. Before this operation surgeons used to amputate below the knee for any trouble about the ankle, and thus you see that this operation of Syme's gave the unfortunate patient a very much more serviceable leg. On this achievement alone Syme ranks as one of the greatest surgeons who ever lived.

A very interesting point, in its way, and one which will always endear Syme's name in our hearts, is that he was the surgeon who operated on "Ailie," famous in the story of "Rab and his Friends." Dr John Brown, the author, happened to be a clerk to Syme, and it was he—I mean John Brown—who posted up the notice at Minto House,

#### "AN OPERATION TO-DAY."

I need hardly repeat the immortal story of how the gentle Ailie was brought to the table, of how she suffered, and how her husband, "his soul working within him," looked on while the great surgeon removed the cancer which was fast gaining the upper hand of Ailie—a clinical record of such pure poetry that it alone would enshrine the names of Minto House and Syme in our hearts for ever.

Many other are the famous names of the Edinburgh school. There was the great Liston, the most brilliant surgeon of his day. For years he was kept in the wilderness by the managers of the Royal Infirmary on the charge of improper interference with the patients. Undoubtedly this was a case of professional jealousy, for which the management paid dearly. Liston's fame grew and grew in spite of them, and five years afterwards, "his impudence and presumption forgotten," he was appointed one of the surgeons to the Infirmary. It was to Liston's observation that rapidity in operating became an important factor. "Time me, gentlemen," he used to say to his assistants.

One can see that surgeons like Hunter, who had had a carpenter's training, could manipulate the surgical saw and other instruments with a rapidity and dexterity denied to the less fortunate. To saw through a bone was a work of art. Any jamming of the saw greatly increased the time taken, as may be readily understood, and thereby decreased the patient's chance of recovery.

Liston, when he failed to get the Edinburgh Chair of Surgery, came to University College, London. It was there he performed the first major operation done under ether anæsthesia. He did it before a crowd of students, colleagues, and doctors, and just before beginning said quietly: "We are going to try a Yankee dodge to-day, gentlemen, for making men insensible." The excitement was intense. Liston worked rapidly. No one was certain whether the patient would come round. In five minutes, the operation over, the handkerchief removed



from the patient's face, who then tried to rise and said: "When are you going to begin?" Liston turned to his audience, almost too excited to speak, and stammered out: "This Yankee dodge, gentlemen, beats mesmerism hollow." For rapidity and dexterity of manipulation Liston was unrivalled.

"I have great pride in considering myself of the Edinburgh School." These are the words of Sir William Fergusson, who spent the greater part of his life in London, was chosen by the Prince Consort to be his surgeon, and afterwards was appointed sergeant surgeon to Queen Victoria.

Like so many other famous men, Fergusson did not start in the career in which he was to become famous. Apprenticed to a lawyer's office, he very soon found the work uncongenial and turned his attention to medicine. Here his record was brilliant. By the time he was twenty he was acting as demonstrator in anatomy for the famous Robert Knox. In 1840 he was called to the Chair of Surgery in King's College, London. With this introduction to the great metropolis, he had not to face the inevitable struggle that awaits Scotsmen when they seek to invade the country of the Sassenach.

His career in London was one of uninterrupted success, but it was always of his Edinburgh training which he spoke. Scotland lay nearest his heart. When the end came he was carried to West Linton and buried near his beloved home at Spittelhaugh. Generations of students know his name, if only by the instruments he invented, Fergusson's mouth gag, Fergusson's speculum, etc., which have not, so far, been superseded to any great extent. His writings also have been alluded to as "Articles of Faith" for all aspiring surgeons.

To pass from Edinburgh to the northern University of Aberdeen is not to pass from a greater to a lesser light, but from one constellation to another. There we have Sir Alex. Ogston to whom surgery owes a very great debt. He was the first to recognise the benefits of Lister's discoveries, and one of the first to make use of those principles in his everyday work.

Well do I remember attending my first operation in Aberdeen Infirmary. My duty was to supervise the carbolic spray and to see that it was kept playing on the wound during the operation. The object of this was to keep the wound antiseptic.

To Ogston the country owes a very great deal for his bold attack on the methods of the Army Medical Service. He tackled this question in his address given at Portsmouth in 1899 before the British Medical Association. His words roused great wrath in the ranks of the medical department of the War Office. Little cared Ogston. His concern was for the battle-worn soldier. He insisted that the status of the army medical officer must be improved. That the voluntary help, always so forthcoming, must be recognised and used. It was no small matter to overcome the prejudices, jealousies, and smallnesses of the War Office officials, but Ogston succeeded. The status of medical officers was raised, the whole system of voluntary help recognised and organised. Thus, to "Sandy Ogston," as his students loved to call him, and who still lives in his old home in Aberdeen, those responsible for the medical arrangements for the Great War owe a debt of gratitude deeper far than they possibly recognise.

It would be impossible in any account of the Scot in surgery not to speak of James Young Simpson of Edinburgh, who did as much as anyone to advance the progress of surgery. It was he who discovered chloroform, which revolutionised the surgeon's art, and was to prove such an inestimable boon to suffering humanity. The opposition against the use of it was very difficult to overcome, and especially so was this the case at childbirth. It seemed like interfering with "the way of God to women," and was moreover considered dangerous. It was not until after Queen Victoria had allowed herself to be put under its soothing influence at the birth of her son, the late Duke of Albany, that the prejudice was dispelled. What was right and safe for the Queen Mother was surely right and safe for her subjects. All over the kingdom, ever since, mothers have blessed Her Gracious Majesty for her act of courage and faith.

The story of the scene in Simpson's house when he, Matthews, Duncan, and Keith chloroformed themselves, and how they all collapsed in various attitudes on the floor, need not be repeated here.

Time fails me, gentlemen, to speak of the many other names which add lustre to the name of the Scot in surgery.

All those pioneers worked under great difficulties, without the aid of laboratories, etc., and suffered much opprobrium at the hands of their contemporaries, but time has amply justified them. Let their labours be a stimulus to us of to-day to be up and doing, for many are the problems that still await solution.

I have said enough, and will close in the words of our Chairman poet:

"Enough again and again enough,  
 What were applause without rebuff?  
 Life is a game where the Knave and Chuff  
 May score by a chance finesse or ruff.  
 But work will win in the end—Enough."

In thanking Dr Milligan and proposing his health, the President said that although Dr Milligan had been his medical adviser for more than twenty years, and knew more of him than he ever knew of himself, he did not like the profession. The parson and the doctor had brought the fires of hell and the dread of surgery too close to us all to be comfortable, and in spite of the fires of hell having been damped down, the other terror still existed. Prescriptions were written in a language that we did not understand and had to be taken on trust, yet with it all he was glad to affirm that Dr Milligan was the kindest-hearted man that it was possible to find. He thanked the doctor for all his kindness, both to his household and the Society of which he was proud to be President.



Colonel Sir John S. Young asked to be allowed to speak, as he had been greatly moved, almost beyond words, in listening to the Sentiment. It recalled how, as a boy, he witnessed his mother, who had been everything and had done everything for him, being operated on by Dr Syme. It was in their home at Portobello, and he well remembered being turned out of the room when Dr Syme entered. He, however, crept back and watched the skilled operation being performed. His mother had said she would face it, which she did with great courage, and he (Sir John), with a fixed awe, saw the whole operation. He now wished to add his tribute to Dr Milligan for the lucidity with which he had brought to the Society a Sentiment which was a record of Scotsmen who had done a tremendous lot for their country. Sir John added that his work in connection with the Army brought him into close touch with the splendid surgery that had conferred such large and lasting benefits not only on the Army but on the whole human race.

Dr Milligan suitably replied.

Mr William Smith, in proposing "Our Guests," said the Scot exercised thrift so that he might extend hospitality and indulge his charitable instincts. Our hospitality to-day was not so violent as that practised of old, when Lord Seaforth kept two hefty retainers to carry the guests from under the table up to bed. On one occasion some of the guests walked upstairs to bed, and upon seeing this, one of the retainers said to the other, "It is changed days at Castle Grant when shentlemen go to ped sober, and on their nain feet." The Caledonians were always delighted to have with them their guests, and frequently gave them "a lift" home, although for a different reason from that of Castle Grant.

Mr West, who replied, said he was suffering from an inferiority complex. If two Englishmen were seated

in a Glasgow hotel they would view each other with malevolence, whereas if two Scots met each other in London, they would soon discover, and glory in the discovery, that they both knew Kirkcudbright. He hoped his host, Mr Macmillan, would continue to practise economy or thrift so as to give him (the speaker) another opportunity of being with the Caledonians.

A well-selected series of stories, well told, was contributed by Mr John B. Rintoul, and Mr David Bogie sang "Bonnie Wee Thing," "Mary," and "Afton Water."

At the Annual Festival on 19th April, 1928, one hundred and sixty-two were present. The guests were received in the Kingsway Room of the Holborn Restaurant by the President and Mrs Blane. The dinner was served in the Royal Venetian Room.

The President proposed the loyal toasts, and also "The Caledonian Society of London," and in connection with the last-named, said that it was really "Ourselves, to ourselves, by ourselves," or, in other words, "Here's to us, wha's like us?" He referred to the old minister of the Cumbraes whom visitors went long distances to listen to. One of his prayers contained the phrase "Lord gi'e us a guid conceit o' oorsel's," and he went on to say: "Lord bless the people of the Great and the Little Cumbraes and the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland." "Scots," the President said, "were gregarious, silent, and social," and gave as an example the story of the two Englishmen and two Scots who were wrecked on a lonely island. The Englishmen would not speak to each other because they had never been properly introduced, but the Scots immediately formed themselves into a Caledonian Society.

The President recalled the fact that it was in 1837,



the year in which Queen Victoria ascended the throne, that the Caledonian Society of London came into existence. It had always been limited to one hundred members, plus the Council, which meant an average roll of about one hundred and thirty-five, and, in a jocular way, said some of those on the waiting-list called themselves fortunate if they got elected before they became grandfathers. It was the first society to invite ladies to its banquets, and its main objects were to foster fellowship in exile, uphold the traditions of and love for Scotland, and support charities. Caledonians put their hands in their pockets in a generous spirit and helped those not so fortunate as themselves. There were many stories told against Scots, but these were always received with good humour; such as the two Scots who were said to have been walking along the Strand when they noticed on a signboard, "Free Entertainment." They went in, and before long it was announced that a silver collection would be taken; immediately a Jew in the audience fainted and the two Scots carried him out. In spite of such stories, however, there were no more generous people than the Scots of London, and most of the members of the Caledonian Society were keen supporters of the two great London Scottish Charities. Another story told by the President was of the ingenious "tramp" who knocked at a door which was opened by a lady, who asked him what he wanted. His reply was, "Can ye gi'e me a drink o' water, for I'm that hungry I dinna ken whaur I'm to sleep the nicht." At the monthly meetings the talk was usually of things Scottish, when the Sentiments brought a whiff of the heather and memories of our native land.

In proposing the toast of "Our Guests," Lord Riddell said these entertainments had an educational effect, and all over the world Scottish songs, drinks, and golf were now in evidence, although he had noticed the last-mentioned was mostly played by American millionaires. He recalled an incident that occurred at a leading London hotel where he

was a guest at an American banquet. At one part of the proceedings a community song was sung, during which each gentleman was expected to put an arm round the waist of his lady partner. Seeing a rather stern-looking face at the other side of the comely young lady who stood at his right, he did not dare to venture the gesture, and it was a golden opportunity lost. A year or so afterwards, he happened to be at a banquet in America, when a gentleman came up and introduced himself with the remark: "Say, you remember me?" For a moment he could not remember, and the American continued: "At that banquet in London about a year ago, you refused to put your arm round my daughter's waist, and she wasn't pleased with you." He (Lord Riddell) tried to say how sorry he was, but was practically told that he was not so much the attraction, but the young lady wanted to be able to say that a British peer had put his arm round her waist. In a humorous vein Lord Riddell referred to the cat-fish and dog-fish that were placed among others of the finny tribe to keep them lively, and then referred to the Scots as being great advertisers, who, like Henry Ford, kept factories for producing jokes that were repeated in newspapers free of charge. The Scots had elaborated the system and had thus defrauded the newspapers of a large amount of what should have been legitimate revenue. The Caledonian Societies were joke-production factories, and were advertised free of cost all over the world. All the same, Caledonians always considered it a privilege to have guests with them at their meetings, and on Festival nights it was a special privilege to welcome a large number of ladies. That made him feel that he had a very special part in the proceedings, and he had much pleasure in proposing the toast of "Our Guests," coupled with the names of Mr C. G. Macartney, the well-known Australian cricketer, and Miss McLeod, daughter of our esteemed Vice-President.

Mr Macartney expressed the pleasure it gave him to be present, and how much Mrs Macartney and he had enjoyed the hospitality that had been extended to them. Scots, he said, occupied a high place in Australia, and it had always been a great pleasure to him to meet them on both sides of the globe. Miss McLeod said:

There is a feeling within me which, on account of the excellence of the food that has been provided, cannot be indigestion, and must therefore be gratitude—gratitude for the opportunity which this occasion affords me.

I have no mean task to perform, that of responding to such a toast, for men and women are so dissimilar; a man, for instance, never admits to incompetence. When he succeeds—that is cleverness. When he fails—that is bad luck. A woman, on the other hand, never attempts what she has not a reasonable hope of accomplishing. Again, I feel it presumption on my part to respond to such an eminent speaker as Lord Riddell, but in one respect I can pity him from the bottom of my heart: he is a Lowlander, whilst I am the proud daughter of a Highlander



—and who could compare the mystery, the beauty, the poetry of the Island of Skye with Berwickshire? I am confident that if Lord Riddell had been a Highlander it would have taken more than mere looks to have kept him from putting his arm round the American young lady's waist.

Dr Walter Walsh has said the Scottish people have a divine vocation for the simple life, and they must not be compelled to gravitate to London in order to find a livelihood or a career. The fact remains, however, they do gravitate, and it is to the Caledonian and similar societies that the Scot looks for that oases in his London desert where the golden sand is so difficult to achieve.

The toast of "The President" was proposed by the Vice-President, Mr J. F. McLeod, who said :

The toast I am privileged to submit to you is one which will appeal to every one present, viz., "The President and Chairman." We have heard similar toasts eloquently proposed on many occasions, and all in the same happy strain, and on the present occasion it is appropriate that "the same thing over again" should be in our minds when we toast Mr William Blane, who has so well maintained in every way the prestige of the office of President. He is a man of many parts and has distinguished himself in subjects of which I am wholly ignorant, but of his work amongst us I can speak with authority. The session, thanks to the President, has been a singularly successful one; we have had a series of most interesting and instructive Sentiments, while the other entertainments have been everything that could be desired. The first Sentiment was unique; the President gave us some well-chosen extracts from his own published poems, which showed that his work was of a high order. Another much appreciated Sentiment was given by Mr William Will, whose absence to-night we much regret. The subject was "The Scottish National War Memorial," and he illustrated his description by a series of beautifully-prepared lantern slides.

During the session the President has had the pleasure of welcoming quite a number of new members, and on one evening shook hands with no fewer than seven. This was a most unusual occurrence, because owing to our membership being limited, vacancies do not often occur. One is safe in assuming that in the ordinary course a middle-aged applicant may have a tinge of grey in his hair ere he is called upon to pay his entrance fee. Our President has had another happy experience during his term of office; he has celebrated his silver wedding, and we congratulate Mrs Blane and him on the happy event. Mr Blane has successfully steered the destinies of the Society thus far with credit to himself and keen enjoyment to his fellow members. In November he will relinquish the office, when his name will be appended to the list of "Have Beens." I would, therefore, wish to convey to him the heartiest thanks of every member of the Society for his services, so ungrudgingly given. We wish him many years of happiness and health to enjoy the meetings of our Society.

In reply the President referred to his exceptional year of office as something he would always look back on with pride, and paid a tribute to the officials who had been so assiduous in carrying on the work in a manner worthy of the Society.

In the course of the evening the Gold Badge of the Society was presented to the Rev. Archibald Fleming, D.D. (President, 1926-1927). He was accompanied to the chair by those present who had been awarded gold badges on previous occasions. Mrs Blane pinned on the badge amid much enthusiasm.

Miss Ethel McLelland sang "The Bonnie Lass o' Ballochmyle" and "My Heart is sair for Somebody"; Mr Lloyd Saxton sang "Gae bring to me a Pint o' Wine" and "The Land o' the Leal," and Mr Will Kings gave some humorous selections. Mr Cyril Weller accompanied at the piano.

During the recess, death claimed three of our Past-Presidents and one member of Council: Mr George W. Thomson, J.P., who joined the Society in 1905, and was President 1906-1907 (see Vol. II. of "The Chronicles," page 11); Mr W. L. Brodie, who joined the Society in 1907, was Honorary Treasurer 1918-1921, and President 1922-1923 (see pages 11-12); Dr Cameron R. Stewart, who joined the Society in 1910, was Honorary Treasurer 1922-1924, and President 1925-1926 (see pages 96-98); and Mr Hugh M. Reid, who joined the Society in 1910, and was member of Council 1912-1915 and 1916-1919.





JAMES F. McLEOD, F.R.H.S.  
*Honorary Secretary, 1919-1924.*  
*President, 1928-1929.*

CHAPTER VIII.

1928-1929 : MR JAMES F. McLEOD, *President*.

Highlander and Islander, Horticulturist and Stock-breeder: Sentiments :  
 " Alexander Anderson (Surfaceman)," " Our War Graves," " The  
 Forests of Scotland, compared with those of the Baltic States,"  
 " The Road to the Isles," " Rural Life in Scotland " : Annual  
 Festival : Membership.

**I**N Session 1928-1929 the presidential chair was occupied by a Highlander and Islander from Skye. Broadford, the Island of Mull, Glenfinnan, and Blairgowrie, all had their part in the early life of Mr James F. McLeod, who succeeded to the chair. Early work on the farm was followed by the study of horticulture, which was commenced in the gardens of Colonel Ogilvy of Rannagalzion, Perthshire ; and subsequently the gardens of Colonel Steuart Fotheringham of Tealing, Angus ; Mr Gordon of Aikenhead, Cathcart ; Mr Balfour of Balbirnie, Fifeshire, gave up their secrets to Mr McLeod ; and on the estate of the last-named gentleman there was the further attraction of the rearing of pedigree stock, particularly Clydesdales.

From Fifeshire Mr McLeod came south to Roehampton, where he took charge of the estates of Mr Junius Spencer Morgan of Dover House, the father of



the American financier, Mr Pierpont Morgan. This was in 1889, and Mr McLeod continued in charge until the estates were sold to the London County Council in 1921.

His experience led Mr McLeod to take up on his own account the breeding of pedigree stock, and at the leading shows throughout the country he took a goodly share of the prizes.

When, in 1914, Mr McLeod purchased the estate (including a farm) of Wickford Hall, Essex, he took up dairy farming. This was at the time when an agitation was on foot for clean milk, and, with characteristic enterprise, Mr McLeod rearranged his premises so that "A" milk was produced—the second farm in Essex to be so equipped.

Always ready to take his share in work for the public weal, Mr McLeod took a leading part in connection with the Queen Victoria Diamond Jubilee proceedings at Roehampton, and the coronation of King Edward, and was chairman of the committee that arranged, at Roehampton, the local celebrations for the coronation of King George. He was a member of the Roehampton Horticultural Club, the Parish Council, Wickford; Upper Crouch Drainage Board; and the Farmers' Union, Wickford. He was a member of the War Savings Committee for nine parishes; a member of the Wickford War Memorial Committee; and a member of Essex County Council (Billericay Division), from which he retired on leaving the county.

Mr McLeod was also a member of the Horticultural Club, Westminster; and he was a member of the Floral Committee of the Royal Horticultural Society for thirty-three years; Deputy Chairman for many years, as well as having served on many of its sub-committees; a member of the Royal Gardeners' Orphan Fund for thirty-four years, and is now the father of that body. He joined the Hortus Lodge of Freemasons, but never took office.

Mr McLeod's education, due to the lack of schools in the sparsely populated districts where he spent his youthful days, was entirely self-gained, and his hardy upbringing produced an ideal Scot. He was an excellent host and had a large circle of friends who were always welcome guests at his house. As a Managing Governor of the Royal Scottish Corporation, he took a keen interest in the welfare of the aged recipients and others requiring help, and showed his enthusiasm by taking a very active part in the various sub-committees. He also keenly interested himself in the management of the Royal Caledonian Schools.

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On taking the chair at the first meeting under his presidency, on 8th November, Mr McLeod was welcomed by a large company. His first duty, after dinner and the loyal toasts, was to call upon Mr John Douglas, F.S.A.(Scot.), Honorary Historian, to deliver a Sentiment on "Alexander Anderson (Surfaceman)."

Mr Douglas's Sentiment was as follows :

Tucked away in an odd column of some provincial newspaper, usually called "The Poet's Corner," one occasionally comes across a real lyric gem. The debt we owe to editors who allow a poet's corner to exist in their papers is great, because it has often proved a godsend to many a budding genius who has no other means of gaining publicity. It is always difficult for an embryo poet to establish recognition among his or her ain folk, but it is much harder to get his or her work into the hands of strangers. It is frequently the enthusiasm of friends that enables the poet to publish his or her first volume, and the importunity of friends that makes more volumes possible, until ambition asserts itself and genius is finally proclaimed. It was in this way that Alexander Anderson, who wrote under the *nom-de-plume* of "Surfaceman," started on his ladder of fame, which he steadily climbed until he reached the position of being placed among the better-known minor poets of Scotland.

It was at the little Nithsdale village of Kirkconnel, in the shire of Dumfries, on 30th April, 1845, that Anderson was born. The village was mostly composed of a line of cottages cuddling the highway on either side. Behind one row was a long stretch of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway, and behind the other flowed the winding waters of the Nith. When the boy was three years old, the family fitted to Crocketford, in the lower end of Galloway, where, at the



village school, he was educated. It was a good type of the old parochial school, where elementary education was sound, but the boy never was what might be called a brilliant scholar, although he took a great delight in acquiring proficiency in writing.

He was fond of drawing and colour-sketching, and, at an early age, formed a sketching circle among the boys of his class. Free criticism of each other's work was allowed, and this was often pungent and vigorous, so that before long Anderson gave up art so far as pictures were concerned, and, like Robert Burns, "to the crambo-jingle fell." He was also fond of books and the study of languages, and in course of time acquired a working knowledge of French, Spanish, Italian, and German, and had a grasp of all that was best in the literature of these countries. He was able to say: "Now I can appreciate in my own way and in their own tongue the mighty voices of Goethe, Schiller, and Dante."

The family migrated back to Kirkconnel where, as a lad, Alexander distinguished himself as the satirist of the village, and in spite of his natural kindly disposition, his lampoons gave some of the unco' guid a bad time. His father was a quarryman and stone-mason, who showed his genius by erecting a stone-built cottage with his own hands, and, thirled as they were to stone-masonry, it seemed natural that the youth at the age of sixteen, should get a job in the local quarry. Two years later he became a surfaceman on the Glasgow and South-Western Railway, where the arduous work, for a time, seemed to choke off his muse. He had been born into a hard life, but that was the ordinary lot of his neighbours as well as himself, yet in spite of it all his genius triumphed.

The death of a favourite brother in 1864 awoke once more the poetic fire, and from that time onwards a constant flow came from his pen. He adopted the *nom-de-plume* of "Surfaceman," which linked him up with his calling, and his poems show that he was proud of his job. He was a real surfaceman, and it was heavy work, but it kept him always in the open where he breathed the free air of Heaven and enjoyed nature. He also enjoyed the breaks when a fast express or slow goods train rumbled past, and at such moments his thoughts usually strayed into channels of rhyme.

His first appearance in print was in 1869, when "The People's Journal" gave him space in its poet's corner, and in the same year he was a prize-winner in that paper's Christmas Number Competition; he took more prizes in subsequent similar competitions. It was his poem on "John Keats" that attracted attention to the new poet, when Mr Andrew Stewart, of "The People's Friend," recognised the genius that lurked under the rough exterior of the railway worker. A correspondence began then that continued during Anderson's literary life, and a friendship was cemented which never snapped. Many of his poems appeared in "Chambers's Journal," "The Quiver," "Good Words," and "Cassell's Magazine," as well as in lesser-known periodicals. A much-quoted example of his style at this period were the first two stanzas of "He came from a Land":

"He came from a land whose shadows  
Are brighter than our day;  
And he sang of its streams and meadows,  
And then he went away.

Now I curse the heart that ever  
 Would mourn for the clay behind ;  
 When the soul is such glorious liver  
 In the gorgeous realms of mind."

In 1873 his first volume, entitled "Songs of Labour and Other Poems" appeared, when the entire edition of two thousand copies was sold out in a fortnight. In Anderson's own words it was "Respectfully dedicated to my Fellow-Workers with Pick and Shovel, Everywhere." In 1875 a second volume, entitled "The Two Angels and Other Poems," was published with an appreciative biographical sketch by Rev. George Gilfillan, who said : "We believe a purer and simpler-minded man does not exist." Three years later, "Songs of the Rail" appeared, dedicated "To my Fellow-Workers on the Railway," and it was accepted as a proof that a poet with a distinctive note in his song, had arisen ; one who could express his thoughts with vigour and cultivated taste. He personified the throbbing engine as a "type of the soul of the age"—"the tireless monster thundering through the night, with its great eye glistening and gleaming in front."

"In the shake and rush of the engine,  
 In the full, deep breath of his chest,  
 In the swift, clear clank of the gleaming crank,  
 In his soul that is never at rest ;  
 In the spring and the ring of the bending rail,  
 As he thunders and hurtles along,  
 A strong world's melody fashions itself,  
 And this smoke demon calls it his song."

Anderson pointed out in "Songs of the Rail" that some critics had taken exception to his railway poems "as being exaggerated in incident and overdrawn in treatment," and in reply asserted : "That nearly all his railway poems were founded upon fact, and not a few of them upon incidents that had taken place upon the line on which he worked."

The first poem of Anderson's I ever read—and that was over fifty years ago—was "Nottman," which originally appeared in "The People's Friend." It fascinated me and I have always remembered it :

"That was Nottman waving at me,  
 But the steam fell down, so you could not see ;  
 He is out to-day with the fast express,  
 And running a mile in the minute, I guess.

Danger ? none in the least, for the way  
 Is good, though the curves are sharp, as you say,  
 But bless you, when trains are a little behind,  
 They thunder around them—a match for the wind.

Nottman himself is a devil to drive,  
 But cool and steady, and ever alive  
 To whatever danger is looming in front,  
 When a train has run hard to gain time for a shunt.



But he once got a fear, though, that shook him with pain,  
Like sleepers beneath the weight of a train.  
I remember the story well, for, you see,  
His stoker, Jack Martin, told it to me.

Nottman had sent down the wife for a change  
To the old folks living at Riverly Grange,  
A quiet sleepy sort of a town,  
Save when the engines went up and down.

For close behind it the railway ran  
In a mile of a straight if a single span ;  
Three bridges were over the straight, and between  
Two the distant signal was seen.

She had with her her boy—a nice little chit  
Full of romp and mischief, and childish wit,  
And every time that he thunder'd by,  
Both were out on the watch for Nottman and I.

' Well, one day,' said Jack, ' on our journey down,  
Coming round on the straight at the back of the town,  
I saw right ahead, in front of our track,  
In the haze, on the rail, something dim-like and black.

' I look'd over at Nottman, but ere I could speak,  
He shut off the steam, and, with one wild shriek,  
A whistle took to the air with a bound ;  
But the object ahead never stirr'd at the sound.

' In a moment he flung himself down on his knee,  
Leant over the side of the engine to see,  
Took one look, then sprung up, crying, breathless and pale,  
" Brake, Jack, it is someone asleep on the rail ? "

' The rear-brakes were whistled on in a trice  
While I screw'd on the tender-brake firm as a vice,  
But still we tore on with this terrible thought  
Sending fear to our hearts — " Can we stop her or not ? "

' I took one look again, then sung out to my mate,  
" We can never draw up, we have seen it too late."  
When, sudden and swift, like the change in a dream,  
Nottman drew back the lever and flung on the steam.

' The great wheels stagger'd and span with the strain,  
While the spray from the steam fell around us like rain,  
But we slacken'd our speed, till we saw with a wild  
Throb at the heart, right before us—a child !

' It was lying asleep on the rail, with no fear  
Of the terrible death that was looming so near ;

The sweat on us both broke as cold as the dew  
Of death as we question'd—"What can we do?"

'It was done—swift as acts that take place in a dream—  
Nottman rushed to the front and knelt down on the beam,  
Put one foot in the couplings; the other he kept  
Right in front of the wheel for the child that still slept.

"Saved!" I burst forth, my heart leaping with pride,  
For one touch of the foot sent the child to the side,  
But Nottman look'd up, his lips white as with foam,  
"My God, Jack," he cried, "it's my own little Tom!"

'He shrunk, would have slipp'd, but one grasp of my hand,  
Held him firm till the engine was brought to a stand,  
Then I heard from behind a shriek take to the air,  
And I knew that the voice of a mother was there.

'The boy was all right, had got off with a scratch;  
He had crept through the fence in his frolic to watch  
For his father; but, wearied with mischief and play,  
Had fallen asleep on the rail where he lay.

'For days after that on our journey down,  
Ere we came to the straight at the back of the town,  
As if the signal were up with its gleam  
Of red, Nottman always shut off the steam.'

In 1880 Anderson was appointed Sub-Librarian of the University of Edinburgh. For a time he was Secretary of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, and in 1905, he was appointed Chief Librarian of the University. His annual vacations always found him back at the home of his early years, where he continually found fresh inspiration. With the exception of occasional games of bowls, his time was spent in writing poetry and admiring the scenery of his old haunts. In the kirkyard of Kirkconnel he sleeps well. A handsome red sandstone monument, with a bronze relief figure, marks the spot. There is an inscription which reads:

ALEXANDER ANDERSON,

Born, 1845.

*Surfaceman.*

Died, 1909.

"He sleeps among the hills he knew."

It is the place of which he sang:

"I see the Churchyard and the Church,  
The gravestones standing by;  
You need not through our Scotland search  
For sweeter place to lie."



The poems of "Surfaceman" fall, naturally, into three divisions :

- (1) His Railway Poems.
- (2) His Poems of Dialect or Poems of Childhood.
- (3) His later and more serious Poems.

Three years after his death, in 1912, a superior edition of his later poems was published, and none of these, with the exception of "Cuddle Doon," had appeared in any former volumes. They were the poems of his maturer years, and practically all of them can claim a niche in the realm of Scottish literature. In reviewing "Ballads and Sonnets," Professor Saintsbury said : "The remarkable thing about his work is that the more ambitious poems are as good as the more homely, or perhaps we should rather reverse the phrase and say that the more homely poems are as good as the more ambitious. The most perilous effect of culture to those who are not to the manner born, is that they often acquire, more or less imperfectly, the language and ideas of the higher classes, while they unlearn their own natural speech and thought. That is not the case with Mr Anderson. His 'Jenny wi' the Airn Teeth' is as natural and as charming a piece of dialect as we have had for many a long day. On the other hand, his 'In Rome,' his 'Summer Invocation,' and his 'Agnes,' are serious poems in literary English, which rank far up in the lower division of contemporary poets."

Another critic in the "Leeds Mercury" said of the sonnet sequence, "In Rome" : "It seems rather as though the man of letters had become a railway navvy than that a person in that hard and humble walk of life had worked his way up to the place in a lofty walk of literature."

Alexander Anderson was a lovable personality, who was one of nature's gentlemen in whatever circles he moved ; he had a firm grasp of the simplicities of life. He was a man of high aims, proud of his fellow-workmen, whether on the railway or in the University, and possessed the distinction of remaining unspoiled throughout his whole life. It was only natural that his Scottish poems of child-life should show simplicity, pawky humour, and real pathos. They were all bits of his own nature, which seemed to ripple out of his brain without effort. The last stanza of "Jenny wi' the Airn Teeth" gives a glimpse of his vernacular style :

" Mithers ha'e an awfu' wark  
 Wi' their bairns at nicht—  
 Chappin' on the chair wi' tangs  
 To gi'e the rogues a fricht.  
 Alder weans are fley'd wi' less,  
 Weel aneuch we ken—  
 Bigger bowgies, bigger Jennies,  
 Frichten muckle men."

And there were many others, such as "Jamie's Wee Chair," "The Bowgie Man," "The Sand Man," "The Paidlar Man," and his masterpiece, "Cuddle Doon." The last mentioned seems to be the most appropriate example with which to close this Sentiment :

" The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht,  
 Wi' muckle faucht an' din ;  
 O, try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues,  
 Your faither's comin' in.  
 They never heed a word I speak ;  
 I try to gi'e a froon,  
 But aye I hap them up, an' cry,  
 ' O, bairnies, cuddle doon.'

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid—  
 He aye sleeps next the wa',  
 Bangs up an' cries, ' I want a piece '—  
 The rascal starts them a'.  
 I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks,  
 They stop awee the soun',  
 Then draw the blankets up an' cry,  
 ' Noo, weanies, cuddle doon.'

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab  
 Cries oot, frae 'neath the claes,  
 ' Mither, mak' Tam gi'e ower at aince,  
 He's kittlin' wi' his taes.'  
 The mischief's in that Tam for tricks,  
 He'd bother half the toon ;  
 But aye I hap them up and cry,  
 ' O, bairnies, cuddle doon.'

At length they hear their faither's fit,  
 An' as he steeks the door,  
 They turn their faces to the wa',  
 While Tam pretends to snore.  
 ' Ha'e a' the weans been gude ? ' he asks,  
 As he pits aff his shoon ;  
 ' The bairnies, John, are in their beds,  
 An' lang since cuddled doon.'

An' just afore we bed oorsel's,  
 We look at oor wee lambs ;  
 Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,  
 An' Rab his airm roun' Tam's.  
 I lift wee Jamie up the bed,  
 An' as I straik each croon,  
 I whisper, till my hert fills up,  
 ' O, bairnies, cuddle doon.'

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht  
 Wi' mirth that's dear to me,  
 But sune the big warl's cark an' care  
 Will quaten doon their glee.  
 Yet come what will to ilka ane,  
 May He wha sits aboon  
 Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld,  
 ' O, bairnies, cuddle doon ! ' "



The President, in proposing the toast of Mr Douglas's health, said their Honorary Historian had given them many Sentiments, grave and gay, and again that night he had put them under a debt of gratitude to him for a polished essay on one of their minor Scottish poets. Alexander Anderson's sentiments made their appeal to the great mass of the people, for the "Surface-man" was undoubtedly a poet of the people. He (the President) thanked Mr Douglas for a Sentiment that both entertained and educated his brother Caledonians.

Mr Douglas, in reply, referred to the fact that at one time, on behalf of our Society, he asked Mr Anderson, when the latter was librarian at Edinburgh, to assist in getting at the pamphlet from which the Rules of the Ancient Caledonian Society of London were taken. Mr Anderson put himself to a very great amount of trouble to find the lost publication, but unfortunately had to admit failure. He had discovered that the pamphlet had been in the University Library, but it could not be found. Grateful thanks were tendered to him for the disinterested way he had thrown himself into the search, and we all felt that it was an instance of his big-hearted lovable nature, which seemed always to come to the top when dealing with others. Mr Anderson's only regret was that he had been unable to unearth the pamphlet for us.

Mr John Macmillan, Vice-President, proposed "Past-Presidents," to which Mr George W. Paton, the senior Past-President present, responded. Mr John B. Rintoul proposed "Our Guests," and Serjeant Sullivan, K.C., in replying, in a witty speech, said that his hosts that night belonged to a country that had supplied England with everything she required, from kings to kippers. (Laughter.) Referring to the Sentiment, he asked, "Is there another nationality in the world who could show the same appreciation of music and poetry as Scotsmen?" His own countrymen had obliterated

two hundred and fifty years of its existence. Their nations came from a common stock; and music had come from the Gael long before they had left their original home in their wanderings through the world until they reached their ultimate resting-place in these islands. One great thing about Scotsmen and Irishmen was that when they disagreed with each other they could fight, but an Englishman became more civil even than previously. (Laughter.) When St. Columba brought Christianity to Scotland he made as good a job of it as he possibly could. (Laughter.) Serjeant Sullivan said he never felt a stranger in a Scottish gathering.

During the evening Mr P. N. M'Farlane, Honorary Secretary, sang "Mr Duncan Mackintosh," and recited "The Hautograph"; Mr Bathgate sang: "Willie's gane to Melville Castle," "The Piper o' Dundee," "A Man's a Man for a' that," and "Ae fond Kiss," and Mr James MacDonald told an amusing story entitled "Experiences in East Africa."

At the December meeting Mr John A. Anderson read Mr John Buchan's "After the War," immediately before the Sentiment. The Sentiment for the evening was "Our War Graves," given by Lieutenant-Colonel F. R. Durham, C.B.E., M.C. In introducing his subject, Colonel Durham said that few words were necessary to arouse sentiments and feelings towards the graves of those gallant men and women who gave up everything for their king and country. The great national memorial erected to their honour would remain but a small tribute to their loyalty and courage.

It does not (he continued) consist of a great building or structure, but of a vast number of memorials scattered all over the face of the world; memorials varying in size from the Arch and Hall of Remembrance at Ypres, the Menin Gate, to the erection of a single headstone in an out-of-the-way little cemetery, a solitary reminder of the grave of a brave man.

A few figures will be sufficient; the number of cemeteries where construction has taken place exceeds fourteen thousand; the number



of headstones over five hundred and twenty thousand ; the number of names where no grave is known, over five hundred thousand, all of which have or will have an inscription on some memorial. It may further be said with approximate accuracy that there is scarcely a country where a monument in one form or another has not been erected.

Now, without any sense of lack of appreciation to Major-General Sir Fabian Ware, the Vice-Chairman of the Imperial War Graves Commission, whose vision and forethought have been the inspiring influence throughout the work, I, as Director of Works during seven years of the most intense activity, would like to tell you in few words of the devotion of the Works Department.

The War left the world disorganised. The minds of the people were accustomed to war measures, extravagance of expenditure, hasty expedients, and the like, all qualities unlikely to achieve the desire of sound permanent construction. It is to the devotion and patience of the works staff under the trying conditions in which all theatres of war had been left, the lack of comfortable housing accommodation, the lack of easy transport, the lack of supplies, and all such amenities so essential to body and mind that tribute should be paid.

Contracts had to be placed quickly, and estimates made in fluctuating currencies of the various countries, with no certainty as to what values might obtain. Land had to be acquired to secure perpetuity, and construction designed to suit the conditions of after maintenance. There were the devastated areas in France and Belgium, the loneliness of Macedonia, the isolation of the Gallipoli Peninsula, the jungles of British East Africa, and the deserts of Mesopotamia, etc.

The works staff, one and all, entered on the work with the true spirit of adventure, enterprise, and self-sacrifice undaunted ; and here emphasis should be given to the work in Mesopotamia and East Africa, where the vast distances, with the barest means of transport—the native boat on the Tigris, and the safari of the jungle.

Contracts for headstones were problems that had not been previously conceived ; indeed, much of the work was without precedent : no works to refer to, to see the mistakes made and gather experience. Experience had to be won, and at a cost of careful investigation and patience. Conditions required with but few exceptions the use of some home material in all the countries, so that a " piece of home " might mark the grave. Thus it is that all cemeteries contain home material, even though it be but the bronze sword on the cross of sacrifice.

No doubt much might be better, and mistakes have been made ; but the memorials will stand for the future generations to look up to and learn their eloquent lessons of self-sacrifice and devotion.

In closing this Sentiment, I would like to add that the beauty and significance of this great national memorial are due to the architects who have so freely given of their best, namely, Sir Robert Lorimer, A.R.A. ; Sir John Burnet, R.A. ; Sir Edwin Lutyens, R.A. ; Sir Herbert Baker, A.R.A. ; Major Warren, and Major Holden.

Slides were shown picturing cemeteries in France, Belgium, Italy, Egypt, Mesopotamia, Palestine, Gallipoli, and East Africa.

Dr A. Cumming Grant proposed "Our Guests," to which Colonel Burton, M.P., and Mr Brunton responded. Colonel Burton, in a humorous vein, referred to the Scots in Parliament and the difficulties their close attention put in the way of carrying through the Local Government Bill for Scotland. He made an appeal for constant remembrance of those who had not come back from the War. One of those headstones might have been for one of us, and it was well to remember what this means. Mr Brunton referred to his friendships among those present, and mentioned the President, Dr Cumming Grant, Colonel Durham, and Mr Angus Robertson as being of the number.

Mr Murray Stewart sang: "My Love she's but a Lassie yet," "Craigie Burn Woods," "The Deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman," and "Reaping the Brackens in the Glen," and Mr A. Bain Irvine, J.P., sang "O' a' the Airts the Wind can blaw."

The first Little Dinner in 1929 was held at the Holborn Restaurant on Thursday, 10th January.

The President, having given the loyal toasts, introduced Mr D. R. McBeath, J.P., who, he explained, had come all the way from Argyllshire to give them some information about the forests of Scotland and those of the Baltic countries. Mr McBeath was one of the leading authorities on forestry, and he was sure that his Sentiment would be heartily welcomed by Caledonians.

Mr McBeath, in introducing his Sentiment, "The Forests of Scotland compared with those of the Baltic States," said:

It was impossible to give exact figures of the areas covered by the wooded lands of the countries comprised in his address, because of the different definitions of the word "forest." In some countries forest land included bogs, unreclaimed land, deer forests, and other land partly covered with small groups of scattered trees, while in others, forests only included dense woods of commercial timber. The gross areas of forest as given in the available statistics are not occupied by an unbroken forest cover, but include many lakes, swamps, rivers, and mountain tops



above timber lines. In Scotland large tracts of heather land are designated "forests."

Mr McBeath contended that in many parts of Scotland where agriculture would give poor financial returns, afforestation would provide the landowner with a good profit on his land, the outlay in labour and machinery being small as compared with that necessary in cultivating the land.

The forests of Europe occupy thirty-one per cent. of the land area. Russia has the most extensive forest lands, and in the north large areas of virgin forests still exist, untouched by the axe.

Finland is the most heavily wooded country, the northern regions being dominated by pines and firs. Southward there is a transitional belt across the country, with mixed forests of coniferous and deciduous trees, and this, again, gives place to a belt of deciduous trees. The large export mills and factories are mostly located at the mouths of the principal rivers.

The total area of Poland's forests is about 24,000,000 acres, a fourth of its total land area, and of this forest acreage 85 per cent. is productive. Pine, silver fir, and spruce are the trees that predominate. Where trees are felled, seed is artificially sown.

Mr McBeath here showed a photograph of a nursery in Poland belonging to Messrs Bryant & May, where aspen plants are raised from seed and removed to Scotland when one year old, and planted on their Ballochyle estate.

Oak, beech, aspen, maple, and hornbeam are also grown in Poland, and dense spruce forests reach an altitude of 5000 feet higher than the timber line in the Alps. Only 30 per cent. of the timber land of Poland is owned by the State, and 70 per cent. is privately owned.

The domestic consumption of timber in Poland is 365,000,000 cubic feet of constructional timber, and 212,000,000 cubic feet of fuel. Besides, there is a surplus of from 6,000,000 to 8,000,000 cubic metres.

Poland has recently put the control of her forests under more or less independent branches of the Government, and there is here considerable danger of exploitation rather than of conservative handling.

In the Lithuanian forests, after agriculture, the most important source of wealth, conifers predominate among the mixed temperate hardwoods. The forest land area is 2,500,000 acres (17 per cent. of the total area), and of this acreage 95 per cent. is State owned; 27 per cent. of the trees is Scots pine, 35 per cent. aspen, 4 per cent. alder, nearly 2 per cent. oak, and over 5 per cent. other species.

The Forestry Department of Lithuania is taking energetic steps to regulate management, and the area to be cut each year is carefully marked by inspectors. The annual cut ranges from 680,000,000 to 850,000,000 board feet. Afforestation follows felling, but only about 35 per cent. of the felled area is being annually planted. Employed in the forests are inspectors, who each control about 90,000 acres; 330 foresters, and over 2000 assistants of various grades.

Wood is the principal export of Latvia, which has an area of 16,000,000 acres, of which 29 per cent. is forest land, mostly Scots pine and spruce. Over 7,500,000 acres are State owned; 530,000 are in private possession, and 55,000 belong to municipalities. State supervision is being extended to all privately owned forest and waste land. The

annual felling is 35,000 acres, and with the State regulations of felling and afforestation, the forests will soon recover their pre-War extent.

Felling is carried on by farm labourers during their slack winter months, and rafting the timber extends from the end of March till the end of June, the bulk of the wood being exported to Great Britain.

In the forests of Esthonia spruce occupies 42 per cent. of the space, Scots pine 21 per cent., and aspen and alder the rest. About 75 per cent. belongs to the State and 25 per cent. is owned by private individuals. The rotation of felling for coniferous trees is eighty to a hundred years, and of deciduous trees fifty to seventy years. About 25 per cent. of the 3,500,000 cubic metres cut in State-owned forests is sold by auction, about 7 per cent. is manufactured by State sawmills, and the balance is sold by auction to farmers. Great Britain takes the bulk of the export timber as logs, pit props, sleepers, etc. Pulp and paper mills are large consumers of fir and pine. In 1925 over 2000 people were employed in the 306 sawmills, and in 1927 these mills produced 95,881 standards, 77 per cent. of this quantity going to the United Kingdom.

Seventy-three per cent. of Finland is covered by forests, Scots pine occupies over 55 per cent. of the area, spruce 24 per cent., birch over 18 per cent., and alder 1.5 per cent. The bulk of the virgin forests belongs to the State. Eighty per cent. of the total exports are forest products, and 450 sawmills produce these. In 1925 Finland's exported timber was valued at £15,000,000; sawn wood, £24,000,000; and pulp and paper over £78,000,000. Nearly 700,000 people are employed in forestry operations.

Long before man made his appearance in Scotland, its forests had their vicissitudes, and a glance at these changes will supply a perspective from which later happenings can be gauged. After the first Ice or Arctic Period had gone, Arctic plants spread from the hills to sea level. Birch, hazel, and alder took possession of the valleys and gradually climbed the hillsides to elevations of 2000 feet and upwards. In the times of the lower forest of peat, man had not yet reached Caledonia. A second period of glaciers arrived and the lower forest was buried by great stretches of peat. These Arctic conditions gave way, and with a milder climate a new forest growth appeared, which was different from the old. It spread from the lowlands of Wigtownshire to Sutherland, to the Hebrides and Shetland, and clothed the hills to a height of 3000 feet.

The forest comprised oak, elder, alder, birch, aspen, yew, hazel, Scots pine and ash. There is a difficult gulf to bridge. We do not know at what period of man's development the upper forest of peat began to decay. It is well known that these forests were largely destroyed by changes in climatic conditions, and by the submergence of many parts of the land. Man also played his part in the process of destruction. As many of the trees are found in an upright position, there should be no difficulty in acknowledging that they must have grown at the places where now discovered. The Romans describe Caledonia as a land of clouds and rain, bogs and morasses, while they are emphatic regarding the extent of wood and variety of trees which clothed the land. In 1100 wood was the chief fuel, although peat was used towards the end of the twelfth century. The use of coal, first mentioned in a charter of 1291, only became general under compulsion.



Relics of the old Caledonian forests are found in nearly all peat bogs. A few standing trees of this forest still remain at Ettrick Forest, Glen Falloch, Ben Lui, Rannoch, Ballochbuie, and Speyside.

The second great introduction was the planting during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries of European larch, and conifers of the Pacific coast. These trees came in very useful during the Great War, though the best timber came from the earlier woods. The felling of timber during the War denuded the woodlands, mainly coniferous trees, by about half a million acres or about one-third of the resources of the United Kingdom.

The Forestry Commission estimate that there are 1,074,224 acres, or 5.6 per cent. of the total area of Scotland, under woodland of various kinds. The number of persons employed in forestry operations fluctuate from 23,000 to 29,000 in the United Kingdom.

Although the original forests of Scotland have long since disappeared, by far the greatest area of the land surface of the globe is still in forest, and yet, thus far in history, the first product in which the nations of the world have felt a shortage is timber: for instance, in Egypt, China, Spain, Italy, Germany, France, and Great Britain. The reason, of course, is obvious. It may be fifty to a hundred years, instead of one year, before the people realise that the supply of timber is becoming exhausted. It may then take fifty to a hundred years, instead of one year, to correct the situation. Raise the price of wheat ten shillings per quarter, and in three years the area and production would be doubled. Double the price of timber and doubtless the amount logged would be more than doubled, but the forest area would be considerably decreased. We will get short of wicks for our candles long before we become short of tallow.

Mr McBeath's lantern slides were an illuminating part of the Sentiment, for they showed the distribution of the forests and the forest industries of Europe, and in great detail, of the forests of Poland, Esthonia, and Finland. As already noted, we were shown on the screen, too, Messrs Bryant & May's nursery at Suchedniow, Poland, where trees are reared from seed and transplanted for afforestation in Scotland. In a picture of "Rafting on the Vistula" were shown the huts on the rafts where the lumbermen live during the progress of the wood to the sawmills and paper pulp mills.

Perhaps more interesting to the members of the Caledonian Society were the pictures of the forests of Scotland. A map showed the distribution of Scottish prehistoric forest areas; and from a section of a peat moss in Lowland Scotland was seen the relationship of

the early forests to the present vegetation, which covered a period of probably twenty thousand or fifty thousand years. The roots of fir trees laid bare by wastage of peat at Nairn were also described.

Not the least interesting of the pictures shown were those of growing timber in various parts of Scotland—a portion of the old Caledonian Forest at Rannoch; old Scots pines in the King's forest of Ballochbuie, Braemar; seventy-years-old Scots pine at Darnaway, Morayshire; a glorious bit of Pacific Coast Douglas fir wood at Taymount, Perthshire; and the Laird's Walking Sticks, a wood of fine straight Scots pine at Finzean, Aberdeenshire.

The Rev. Archibald Fleming, D.D., Past-President, in a few neatly turned sentences, thanked Mr McBeath for his illuminating Sentiment.

The toast, "Our Guests," was proposed by Mr R. S. Kennedy; and Dr Ward, consulting physician to Middlesex Hospital, replied.

In accordance with time-honoured custom the musical part of the programme was opened by Mr T. R. Moncrieff, J.P., Past-President, singing "Here's to the Year that's awa'"; Mr Kenneth Barclay Brown contributed his old favourite, "Cauld Kail in Aberdeen"; Mr David Bogie sang "Sound the Pibroch," "Flow Gently, sweet Afton," "Bonnie wee Thing," and "Kind, Kind and Gentle is She"; Mr Crawford sang "Scotland Yet," "The Deil's awa'," and "The End of the Road"; Mr Harry Thurston recited "The Night I appeared as Macbeth," and "My Birthday"; and Mr P. N. McFarlane, Honorary Secretary, sang "Mr Duncan Mackintosh."

In the course of the evening the President welcomed, as a new member, Mr H. A. Reid, a son of our late member, Mr Hugh M. Reid.

On 14th February a Sentiment was given by



Mr Lachlan Campbell, entitled "The Road to the Isles," in which he took up the thread of a narrative of his experiences in visiting the islands of the West of Scotland. Dunolly had been passed and the steamer was well up the Sound of Mull (Caol Muile). Mr Campbell reflected that time did not permit of any lingering about Lismore with its ecclesiastical associations, or the land of Lorn, alive with a romance that never tires.

The Sound of Mull itself is undoubtedly the finest stretch of sea water in the inside passage to the Western Isles. At no part more than three miles broad, it stretches for a distance of close on thirty miles. On its right side is a land steeped in the lore of Fingal and the song of Ossian. For these characteristics alone Morven will remain dear to Celtic people, while the Castle of Ardtornish on the coast of it, and where dwelt Edith, Maid of Lorn, allures by the glamour of the opening scenes of Sir Walter Scott's romance of "The Lord of the Isles." On the other side of Caol Muile is the Island of Mull. It is a storehouse of myth and the marvellous, adventure and war, peace and industry, but for the reason that applied to other places in our immediate wake, it must, with regret, be passed by.

We hasten on to Tiree. Here we spent several hours ashore. It is a very fertile island. Its place-name confirms it: Tir land, Iona, the land that in far-off days supplied the monastic settlement at Iona with food-supplies, mainly grain. Its fertility is not confined, however, to things inanimate. An old writer has it that "the ky of this Isle abundis sa of milk that thai are milkit four time in the day." But its most important export now is its people. In two callings, especially, the islanders are prominent. Tirisdeachs are to be found occupying throughout the world important positions in the Mercantile Marine Service, while the Church at home is recruited extensively by representatives, whose scholarly attainments and general equipment have enriched greatly the several Scottish Communion.

At one time another vocation had a great following in the island. Fairies made it a happy hunting ground! But if the story that follows be true, the enchanting elves left it in the early days of Saint Columba, never to return.

As is known, a narrow stretch of water divides Tiree from Coll, and communication is carried on by ferry. Once upon a day of days, a party of travellers had been ferried across from Coll. The boat was returning home empty, but while wind and tide were favourable, the ferryman and his servant found it difficult to make headway. Indeed, the boat seemed to settle deep and yet deeper in the water, and even the oars became stiff and heavy. The skipper in alarm turned to his mate. The latter, possessed of the second sight, said unconcernedly, "Oh, thou are not seeing them." "Seeing whom?" asked the master. "Just the wee folk," was the answer; "but," continued the man, "put thy foot on foot of mine, and look." Having done as was directed, the ferryman was enabled thus to see that the deck, oars, and every available

place were covered with fairies. Greatly amazed, and looking towards one of the hitherto unseen company, he enquired the reason of the presence of them on board. It was explained that Colum of the Cells had, like the winter gales, come to the island unsought and unasked, that the natives since had turned to new and to strange ways; and that, preferring their own winsome ways and canty customs, they were thus crossing over to Coll, where perchance on velvet green the fairy dance could once again be seen; and, toying with the lucky bean,<sup>1</sup> rafted from the Island Green,<sup>2</sup> fun and frolic amongst young and old should be the order as long ago.

How the little people have fared in their adopted home we cannot say! Owing to the damaged condition of the pier, the Captain had to anchor the ship in the bay, and the passengers did not go ashore. But the island doubtless would well repay a visit, were it but to follow up the history of the fairies!

Our leave-taking of Coll we shall never forget. The time was midnight, and quiet reigned around. The moon was high in the heavens and the sea was as glass. As the ferry-boat sheered off, one of the boatmen commenced to sing "An t-Eilean Muileach." The song is familiar to all Celts. It obtains honoured place at the *Ceilidhs* and in the great concert halls. But there was never hall to compare with the Coll waters on this so impressionable midsummer night. Lit by an orb moon, the wide area of sea glistened in front, around were serried galleries of land, towering behind in the far distance was staged "An t-Eilean Muileach" itself, while covering all was the spangled roof of the vaulted heavens above. The acoustic properties of the measureless edifice aided greatly the ringing notes of the tenor as he welled out the praises of the sunny isle, while we, listening and looking, understood in part at least the spirit that animated the bard on the occasion of an affectionate homage.

Continuing our journey, we sailed while—

" Mull was astern, Rum on the port,  
Eigg on the starboard bow "

over the sea to Skye, the south-west end of which we reached before breakfast on Saturday morning. It was our third day out from Glasgow. The island possesses an attraction distinctly its own. The land facing the Outer Minch is mountainous, ragged, and bare. And yet there is a grandeur of outline, grading of rock, greenness of grass that combine to place it, among Hebrid Isles, in a class by itself. The geologic, archæologic, and historic remains are abundant and instructive, while extensive farm lands and crofters' holdings with comfortable-looking dwellings dot the strath and hillsides. The famous Coolins may be seen from many viewpoints, and on the way from Talisker to Dunvegan the scenery is on a grand scale, for the ship sails in the lee of cliffs that rise to a height of close on one thousand feet.

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<sup>1</sup> The seed of a prolific West Indian plant that drifts to the shores of the Hebrid Isles.

<sup>2</sup> The Green Isle (*An t-Eilean Uaine*) of Celtic mythology lay far distant in the western ocean.



At Dunvegan we remained twenty-four hours. Many of the ship's company worshipped in the village church on the Sunday morning, having counted it a privilege to take part in a service that was ornate in the simplicity of it and helpful and reverent throughout. In the afternoon we were permitted to visit the home of the MacLeod chieftain, a stately building and the oldest inhabited castle in Scotland. With the large-hearted consideration that rules the life and work of the venerable father of the people of the Misty Isle, the historic collections of past and present generations of the family were viewed.

In one of the public rooms is the original of the letter of thanks that Dr Samuel Johnson sent to Mrs Macleod of the period. The doctor had intended, as is known, to stay one night only, but the atmosphere of Dunvegan was such that he remained five nights. Boswell does not speak of the savant's tea-drinking indulgence at the castle, although it is said that at another residence in Skye he drank eighteen cups at one sitting! Besides Dr Johnson's epistle there is also an original letter of a later period that Sir Walter Scott sent to the lady of Dunvegan, in which, in his own inimitable style, the Wizard speaks of the friendship accorded to him on the visit to this so hospitable home.

In another public room is seen Rorie More Macleod's drinking-horn that is equal in content size to a bottle and a half measure, and which, filled with claret, each Macleod, as he came of age, had, in proof of manhood, to drink at one breath! Next to it is the fairy flag of apparently silken texture that was, in the days of old, given by the wee folk to the Macleod—a gift of signal distinction. The fairies endowed it with magic protection sufficient for three occasions should the Macleods find themselves ensnared by their enemies. The virtue of the flag has been tested twice successfully! The third time is still to come!

There are also many relics of the '45 period, numerous swords and pistols, the Chevalier's drinking-glasses and other personal belongings. Close by is the dungeon, with a sheer drop of twenty feet, which the Macleods of past days found useful and utilised often.

Climbing to the top of the walls of the Castle, one obtains a view that in grandeur, colour, and variety may possibly be equalled in our country, but cannot surely be surpassed. On the afternoon of our visit the land was basking in the glorious effulgence of the westering sun; and the purple-clad hills in the distance, the glint on the lea near by, the shimmer on the water in front, and the waving woods behind, united to give an effect that was magnificent and memorable. No wonder that Skye generally, and Dunvegan especially, produced, and continues to produce, its full quota of bards and bardesses. The songs of Mairi Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh (Mary Macleod) are well known, two of the most characteristic being "Luinneag Mhic-Leoid" and "Marbhrann do dh'Iain Garbh Rarsaidh." Notable contributions by another of the clan, Sheila Macleod, are not so numerous, but in composing that classic, "McCrimmon's Lament," she has given to the Celtic world a story that is one of its greatest possessions:

"Cha till, cha till, cha till MacCriomain,  
An cogadh no sith cha till e tuille;  
Le airgiod no ni cha till MacCriomain,  
Cha till e gu brath gu la na cruinne."

The circumstances that gave birth to these words of anguish took place at Dunvegan. War was in the air, and as Macleod was going forth to battle, MacCriomain played the chief on board the galley. The famous piper, who, like Sheila Macleod, had the second sight, visualised, what time the units of the clan were gathering, the fate that lay in store for him, and he saw that while others would return to their waiting ones, MacCriomain should never. And so the martial tune changed slowly to the melancholy dirge of a saddened heart. His sweetheart, watching from one of the turrets of the castle, caught the wailing notes of the pipes, and, being of similar blood, saw also and understood the fate that awaited her beloved. Whereupon she, taking the harp upon her knee, crooned to herself and wafted on the chords of time this incomparable outflow of poignant heart-sorrow :

" Return, return MacCrimmon shall never,  
 In war or peace he shall return no more,  
 With wealth, with nothing, MacCrimmon returns never,  
 Return he shall not till the great day of gathering."

An arm of the sea divides the castle from the jointure-house. In past times this place was sometimes let, whereupon the lady in residence used to retire to a small cottage, built beehive shape, about a mile away. The dowager was credited with a fiery temper, so much so that the retention of maids was difficult. On one occasion she was glad to fall back upon the son of the gamekeeper to act as handyman. He also was of a passionate nature. One day they had an angry dispute, or—to use the local phraseology and one that is more expressive—a " terrible tirrivee." Getting, evidently, the worst of it, the young man, in desperation, turned round on his mistress and said : " They're telling me, mem, that they call this the Beehive, but I'll be telling you what it is : it's the wasp's nest, that's what it is !"

Our regret in leaving Dunvegan on this peaceful Sunday evening was tempered by the feeling that, gratifying as had been our experience here and elsewhere, there was a wonderland ahead that should be no less interesting. Steaming across the Minch we reached Lochmaddy in North Uist in the early hours of Monday morning, after which we made for St. Kilda, lying sixty miles west in the Atlantic, which we reached about 9 a.m.

The island lies to the north-west, and standing out alone in the far distance is apparently but a speck in the vast seas around. A nearer view, however, shows that two enormous island rocks guard the south-eastern approach to it. These are covered with myriads of wild birds which become very excited by the passing of the ship. Not all the birds rise on the wing with the blowing of the whistle ; it requires the firing of rockets to make the young ones move ; so fat and heavy and weak on the wing are they.

The old name of St. Kilda was Hirta, and as it is the most north-west of all the outer islands, so Dow Hirta—the *Dhu Heartach* Rocks—is the most south-west. It is girded by a circle of rock, excepting at the south-eastern side, out of which a bay with a landing-place is hollowed. Rising beyond the shore of this bay is the ground on which the natives grow their crops. The surface of the island is comparatively rocky,



and one elevation, called "Conachan," rises to a height of 1380 feet. At the southern base of this large, conical hill is the crescent-shaped hamlet. Here the houses are built in rows facing irregularly one another; these are stone built, the majority having low or flat roofs. The winter gales and occasional hurricanes that visit the island preclude any sky-scraping edifices. The population is not increasing, and yet small as it is to-day the number at one time was, temporarily, considerably less.

Martin, whose journey to the Western Isles in 1690 is an excellent book of reference, found at the time of his visit one hundred and eighty inhabitants. In 1730 one of the St. Kildans went to the neighbouring island of Harris (sixty miles distant) where he contracted fever and died. About a year afterwards his clothes were returned home, and as smallpox broke out soon afterwards among the people, it was supposed that the clothing communicated the dread infection. In any event, it was so fatal that only four grown persons were left alive. When Dr Macdonald, the Apostle of the North, visited the island close on a hundred years afterwards, and exactly one hundred years ago, the people numbered one hundred and two. The population to-day (1925) numbers sixty-five, almost equally proportioned—the oldest female at the time of our visit being eighty-four years of age, the oldest male sixty-nine. There are seventeen children at school. The curriculum is of good standard, and among recent graduates of the seminary is a minister of one of the Scottish Churches.

Between the hamlet and the shore are the patches of land already mentioned, on which are grown oats, barley, grass, and root crops. The soil is of a loamy texture and about six to eight inches deep. It is, because of the method of agriculture and manuring, very fertile, and sowing and reaping are much earlier than elsewhere in the same latitude. In addition, the heat of the sun reflected from the high hill over the cultivated land is very great, and harvesting is generally over before September.

The natives own cattle and about one thousand sheep. Horses there are none; haulage is undertaken by the people, while tillage is carried on mainly by an implement that is known in the Highlands as *An Cas Chrom*. The island is also without poultry; chicken and eggs for the table are provided by the wild birds. Of these latter, the solan goose, the eider duck, and others are sought also for their plumage, as is the young fulmar for its supply of oil.

I landed at the boat-slip with the first load of passengers, and on stepping ashore I hailed my fellow-countrymen in the mother tongue. I was received immediately with open arms, embraced warmly, and during our six hours' stay on the island received that free and full fellowship that an impulsive, affectionate people fail never to offer.

Observing a clergyman among the natives, I made myself known to him. This gentleman, a minister of the United Free Church in South Harris, had arrived on the previous week in order to officiate at the annual observance of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. This service was held on the day prior to our arrival.

The minister introduced me to the resident missionary. The latter invited me to his house, and there we had very interesting intercourse. In the course of our talk in this hospitable home, I asked my new friend from which part of the Highlands he came. And this proud clansman,

throwing out his chest, replied: "I come from the greatest shire in Scotland!" Clearly, he is a man of sound judgment and excellent taste, for upon requesting him to say which part of this, the greatest shire in Scotland—Argyll—claimed him, the patriot answered, "The north-eastern portion of it" (Ballachulish). Contemporaries in age, and living for the first fifteen years of our lives within a few miles of each other, it is singular that he and the writer should meet for the first time on lone St. Kilda.

Our talk was interrupted by the entrance of the minister, who came to make final arrangements with the missionary for a marriage that was to take place on this day—the first on the island for a period of eight years. The churchmen were anxious to have the ceremony in the chapel, but as the lady had demurred to this proposal, they invited me to help them to negotiate the delicate point. So after a time we set off to confer with the bride. Proceeding to the hamlet, the first house with which we met was that of Finlay, the uncrowned king of the island. Waiting at the door was his daughter Mary, and from whom I had bought previously, at the boat-slip—but not without much give and take banter—a web of cloth of her own weaving. Taking my arm, this pretty maid introduced me to her father. Finlay is a voluble man, as indeed St. Kildans all are, and the story of the raid of the German submarine and the damage done by the shelling to his dwelling took time in its telling. The churchmen, tired of waiting, had proceeded on their way, and when I came out I felt and showed, evidently, signs of disappointment. To console me, Mary took again my arm and offered to escort me on the way. Her sister was standing by, and accepting merrily the invitation to form one of the number, the three of us, arm-in-arm, proceeded gaily on our way.

Here let it be said that the women, young and old, are as a class very good-looking. On this day they were dressed, of course, in their best. Covering the heads of them were richly coloured shawls that went, somewhat like a Spanish mantilla, over and down their shoulders. The shawl over the head threw out in relief jet-black hair, fair skin, light-blue eyes, prominent teeth, and smiling faces. The men are of a medium stature, well knit and well nourished.

Later on I walked up the "Pavement" leisurely and alone, observing and enjoying incidents in an environment that provided these plentifully. During my stroll the name of one of the houses puzzled me, and in order to obtain enlightenment upon the singular designation, I took leave to turn the handle of the door, walk in, and ask, in Gaelic of course, why it was that the house bore a name so peculiar. Never was spirited adventure rewarded so bountifully, for I walked right into the room where the bride was being dressed for the wedding! *A righ*, what an all-round surprise! The wife-to-be seemed radiantly happy, and about her were four merry maidens. One was combing the hair, another puffing out the blouse, a third attending to a lower web of intricacy, while the fourth enquired by what right I had entered the room. It is permissible, even in lone St. Kilda, sometimes to accept other than the literal interpretation of the spoken word, and guided by an instinctive understanding of the query, I sat down. The act delighted greatly the quizzical occupants of the room, who without loss of time charged in ready wit and kindly banter. The onslaught was



overwhelming, but the occasion was supremely satisfying; and the interesting episode ended by the bride most graciously inviting me to her wedding. The damsel did not go to church; she felt that if she did the ship's company, ashore on the island—strange faces—would congregate to view the ceremony. Being of a modest and retiring nature, the bride's wishes were respected, and so the marriage took place in the elder's house. After we congregated—and the writer was the only guest outside the island present—the minister at once proceeded with the ceremony. The appropriate chapter in Ephesians was read, then prayer was offered, after which the remaining portion of the marriage celebration was completed. An address suitable and practicable followed, and it was interspersed throughout with winsome wit and homely humour. Speaking to the husband, the minister said: "Now, John, your duty is clear; it is to love your wife with a great affection, to protect her, and to make her happy always. And you, Mary," turning to the bride, "your duty is equally clear: it is to be dutiful to your husband, to see to his comfort, and to help him in all his undertakings; and if by chance he wants his own way, just allow him for a time. It'll do him good. It reminds me of the man I married once. Nothing was right, this was wrong, that was worse, and for the cooking—well, he would take it in hand himself! So the sensible wife said: 'Well, do it yourself.' And he began. On the first morning, while making breakfast, he covered himself and the fireplace with gravy; on the second morning he burned the porridge, and on the third he was breaking dishes. Now, Mary," continued the minister, "no tidy wife can stand the breaking of her new china, so she bundled him out, and out he went, a wiser and a happier man. Indeed, he was heard afterwards to say that he was married to the nicest wee lassie in the countryside—and the best cook!"

Thereafter the minister offered congratulations to the young couple. I did likewise, and for a reason that it is unnecessary to explain, the bride most charmingly kissed me. It was an exceptional honour, one that demanded instant acknowledgment, and in returning the bride's salute never was obligation discharged more quickly or with greater pleasure.

After the ceremony was the marriage-breakfast. The table was laden with good things, comprising scones, oatcakes, loaf-bread, biscuits, butter, cow-milk cheese, jams, etc. But good as was the food, the feast of conversation excelled it far. As the old saying has it: "Cha'n fhiach cuirrm gun a comhradh"—"A feast is worth nothing without its conversation." I learned much as to the manner in which the people employ their time. The women do the domestic duties; also much of the knitting and weaving, the material having, before reaching this stage, gone through the various processes from the time it was plucked (not sheared) from off the back of the sheep. The men engage in tilling the little patches of land, fish when the weather is favourable, and go bird-nesting and harrying in its season.

This latter is very dangerous work, for a man may be suspended from the top of a cliff hundreds of feet high by a rope held by his companions, and should it break, or, as has unfortunately happened within recent times, his foot lose its grip on the slippery edge of rock on which it momentarily rests in his endeavour to reach the bird-nest, there is no chance of rescue from the surging seas underneath.



Each fowling-party consists of four persons, who use a rope about thirty fathoms long, made out of strong cow-hide and twisted most skilfully into a threefold cord. The hardy and agile cliffsmen fail hardly ever to secure by means of the rope the needful supply of birds and their eggs. According to an old chronicler, this rope is the most valuable piece of furniture a St. Kildan man may possess; it makes the first article in the testament of a father, and if it falls to a daughter's share she is esteemed one of the best matches in the island!

The habits of the birds, and the value of them to the islanders, make delightful telling; space permits of making reference to two or three only of the species.

One of the most numerous is the solan goose, otherwise known as the gannet. He is almost as large as a land goose, of a white colour except the tips of the wings, which are black, and the top of the head, which is yellow. The bill is long and sharp pointed, extremely hard, and pierces an inch deep into wood. He is the only wild bird that, from a great height in the air, sees and pounces down upon his prey in the sea. The fish is devoured before the solan goose rises above the surface, and as his gastric apparatus revolves at a very rapid rate, no sooner is the bird finished with the one meal than he soars to the skies to seek another. The sea round St. Kilda is most excellent fishing-ground, and the goose is kept very busy all day. By night time he is glad to crawl on to a rock, where, much fatigued, he sleeps soundly in company with several hundreds, who, watched by a selected sentinel, slumber contentedly. Here is the description given by the Rev. John L. Buchanan near the close of the eighteenth century as to how the sentinel betrays his trust when the cragsman is about: "The fowler, let down by one or more men, who hold the rope with a white towel about his breast, calmly slides over the face of the rocks till he has a full view of the sentinel; then he gently moves along on his hands and feet, creeping very silently, to the spot where the sentinel stands on guard. If he cries 'Bir! bir!' the sign of an alarm, he stands back; but if he cries 'Groy! groy!' that of confidence, he advances without fear of giving an alarm, because the goose takes the fowler for one of the straggling geese coming into the camp, and suffers him to advance. Then the fowler very gently tickles one of his legs, which he lifts and places on the palm of his hand; he then as gently tickles the other, which in like manner is lifted and placed on the hand. He then no less artfully than insensibly moves the sentinel near the first sleeping goose, which he pushes with his fingers; on which he awakes and finding the sentinel standing above him, he immediately falls a-fighting him for his supposed insolence. This alarms the whole camp, and instead of flying off they all begin to fight through the whole company; while in the meantime the common enemy, unsuspected, begins in good earnest to twist their necks, and never gives up till the whole are left dead on the spot."

Another useful bird is the fulmar, which is of a size similar to that of a grouse. Sparing in the production of young, the parents feed their one offspring with such lavish prodigality that it becomes, actually, a ball of fat. Before obtaining the full use of wings it is of double the size of the old birds, and, unable to escape, falls an easy prey to the fowler. In this instance, however, the cragsman is merciful in treatment. Seizing the young bird he presses the breast, and out of the bill comes pure oil.



This is carefully preserved, because in addition to supplying the needs of St. Kildans for lighting purposes, the lubricant is an almost complete remedy for all the ills to which flesh is heir, including rheumatism, pains, aches, disorders, and distempers !

There is one more bird that Celts view with great affection, namely, the oyster-catcher, better known, indeed known by none other to west-coast people as "An Gillebridge"—St. Bride's bird.

As to how this cheery little fellow got the saintly name, the Rev. Kenneth Macleod, of the parish of the island of Gigha, tells the following story of a legend that grew up with the early Church :

"On a skerry, in ebb-tide, sat the Christ ; and through *am bealach*, the mountain pass, came his enemies. A sea bird, the oyster-catcher, looking on, said within himself, 'Yon shall not be ; I will put wandering on the evil men.' And he went and covered his Lord with the tangle of the sea. For remembrance, it was in the mind of St. Michael, and he the warden of the sea, to put the whiteness of an angel on the oyster-catcher. But St. Bride of the Isles, the Foster Mother of Christ, put in her word. 'Let the bird that saved my Child be just as he was, with but a touch of whiteness on him for remembrance !' Ever since, when St. Bride's bird is on the wing, the touch of whiteness on him, as of an angel, is seen of all eyes, as though a cross. . . . St. Bride's bird, being the servant of the Foster Mother, keeps a warm eye on little children.

But while some sitting round the breakfast table were anxious to continue the conversation, experienced eyes in the company observed that the chief guests were becoming restive. The missionary slipped out in search of the time-honoured slipper, and assistants in the ploy followed. Dressing for the honeymoon journey did not occupy much time, and soon the young couple appeared, he proud and manly, she contented and happy on his arm. And so, amidst the cheers and good wishes of the friends, off they went, followed by the best man and maid carrying the luggage, off they went westwards on their honeymoon !

The siren of the steamer reminded that it was time also for me to be off, but in a different direction. Retracing my way to the breakwater, I, after much cordial handshaking, got away with the last boat-load to the ship. And from the stern of the "Hebrides," steaming eastwards, my face looked to St. Kilda of happy memories, so long as sight and light lasted.

Mr Campbell was warmly thanked for the Sentiment he had delivered, and his health was drunk with enthusiasm.

Mr William Macmillan proposed the toast of "Our Guests," to which responses were made by Mr Sanderson and Mr Work.

The musical programme was led by Mr Horncastle, who sang "Mother o' Mine," "Take a pair of Sparkling Eyes," "Annie Laurie," and "My Sweetheart when a Boy." Mr Scott sang "Green Grow the Rashes, O" ;

Mr James MacDonald gave a humorous sketch entitled "A Sea Story," and this was followed by "The Chief Engineer's House on the Mull of Cantyre," and Mr P. N. McFarlane gave two of his inimitable song sketches, "The Great Hielan' Bagpipe," and "Mr Duncan Mackintosh."

The President welcomed three new members: Sir Alexander Gibb, C.B., Mr John Reid, and Mr Andrew W. Russell.

The Sentiment on 14th March was given by Mr John Robertson, J.P., the subject being, "Rural Life in Scotland during the Past Fifty Years." He said:

I must confess to no little pleasure in being in a position to attend one of the monthly dinners of the Caledonian Society during the presidency of my old schoolfellow. At the same time it is not without regret that I recall the fact that I must be quite the oldest of his friends present to-night, and when I reveal the secret that "we grew in beauty side by side" you can understand the justice of the claim; but the pleasure of the evening would have been greatly enhanced had I been permitted to attend as a common or garden guest with nothing to disturb the enjoyment of the dinner and the national music. However, I shall endeavour to submit to you some recollections and reflections on Scottish rural life and its many changes in the last fifty years. So let me:

" Backward, turn backward,  
Oh Time, in your flight;  
Make me a child again,  
Just for to-night."

It is not, however, without certain pangs of regret that I find I can recall scenes and happenings of an older date than fifty years. For instance, it is now fifty-five years since the Scottish Education Act came into operation, and I had been several years at school before then, in a brand new school, too, erected by the charming widow of a prominent professor of Glasgow University, as a memorial of her husband who had been a small owner in the parish, and enjoyed his annual vacation among the people, and I can even recall the old school which stood vacant for two years, since the death of the old teacher, a very decent man, but a cripple who had been considered incapable of undertaking any other work, yet he taught the children of the glen with some success for a considerable number of years.

On the passing of the new Act many of those dominies in the old Church and venture-schools were compelled to retire from active duty, being unable for one reason or another to pass the test set by the new Education Department, and unfortunately the adjustment of their



retiring allowances, left to the new Boards, were far from being on the generous scales of the present day. But we have often been assured, and have no reason to doubt the claim, that many of those old teachers played a very important part in the educational life of Scotland in their day, devoting perhaps the minimum of time to the indolent and slothful, but taking infinite pains with the "lads o' pairts" that they might proceed, suitably equipped, to the Universities, or straight out into the world to become in time leaders of industry and builders of Empire.

The Scots, to their lasting credit, have ever been enthusiastic on education and its influences; so the Education Act was hailed as a boon and a blessing, though perhaps not welcomed with open arms; for we have recollections of those of maturer years, who, having reared and educated a family at their own expense, felt disgruntled at the idea of contributing by a new rate to the education of younger generations, their grandchildren, for instance. Still, they were lulled into acquiescence on the assurance in Parliament of its advocates that the burden would never exceed threepence per pound, but before many years had passed there were School Boards, particularly in the cities and larger burghs, earning the unenviable title of "Bob" Boards. Even that rate has been left far behind. There would be other reasons for opposition too; for we recollect hearing that when a prominent county nobleman of considerable culture and foresight read in his *Scotsman* that the Act had been passed, he shrewdly declared "Farewell to the power of the lairds and ministers now," and lived long enough to recognise that it waned even sooner than he could have anticipated, for there was no denying their influence was all-powerful in their respective parishes. Yet who shall say that influence was unduly exercised, save in some isolated cases, by the clergy especially, who were, generally speaking, men of piety and learning, bound up in their people and the well-being of their parishes.

Within our memory the hamlet or clachan was quite a hive of industry, with its meal and wool mills, its smiddy and carpenter's shop, usually side by side, the latter not infrequently equipped with a circular saw driven by water-power for the conversion of home timber into suitable sizes for farm implements, buildings, or furniture, or perhaps cutting up a few trees for fencing, general repairs by farmers whose proprietors of the period did little to their farm buildings beyond supplying a few trees in the rough from their woods.

Those places have nearly all disappeared, leaving the ruined walls as sad reminders of past activities and industries for which there is now little demand. There are now few country meal mills to grind the oats for meal to make the porridge, the chief food of the people, "wale of Scotia's food," and the oaten cakes for which Scotland has always been famous, and equally few wool mills where the wool from the sheep was taken to be woven into cloth for the entire family: where also it was dyed and tailored on the spot, and lasted for years, as illustrated by the remark of an old man, who, during a period of flooding two or three years ago, on being asked on what date certain damage was done in similar weather about forty years before, replied in all seriousness that he could not remember the precise date, but what he did remember was that he was wearing on that particular day the same coat he had on now.



The introduction of so much light factory-made implements and machinery in place of the former substantial hand-made tools, gradually ousted the blacksmith and carpenter, in combination, of course, with a serious curtailment of the cultivated area and consequent reduction of the horse-teams, for we recall with sincere regret a district where one blacksmith and one carpenter now endeavour to overtake the work of an area which formerly kept six smiddy fires burning all day long and six carpenters fully employed. Consider what that means: a loss of no less than ten families to the district, merchants, schools, and churches.

Hay-time and harvest were seasons of pleasure to us youngsters even before we were of use in the work, for the cutting of the hay heralded the near approach of prize day at the school, to be followed by the usual picnic on the lawn of the laird's mansion-house, and during the harvest we were all on holiday.

The once familiar hook had, by the early 'twenties, ceased to be an implement of general use on the harvest field, reaping being done by the scythe which, in the hands of capable men, was well done too, each scytheman being followed by two women "lifters," who gathered and bound the grain into sheaves, which, in turn, were set up or stooked by a capable man, usually the griever or foreman, or on the places of modest size, perhaps by the farmer himself, being the position from which he could best supervise the work of the others. One such man could stook to three scythes, so a full squad consisted of ten people—three scythemen, six lifters, and one stooker. And a merry band they usually were, for whom two meals a day were carried to the field to save the fatigue of walking home, for it was truly hard work.

I can readily remember the introduction of the first self-delivery reaping machine into our glen, the interest it created, and also the opposition from some of the older hands, who prided themselves on their scythemanship, and their ability to "lay" the "bout" or swathe for easy lifting, some of whom, however, became later on its strongest supporters, and having, in the interval, become farmers themselves, were amongst the first to introduce the self-binder when it came into general use in the early 'nineties.

The advent of the binder changed the character of the harvest field altogether, and gradually squeezed out the woman harvester, who, when the remunerative period of the year had gone, gradually withdrew from all farm work, so that now, instead of a squad of female workers, for whom work was found all the year round, the farmer has to find men for the odd work, which used to be equally well done by the women at much less cost. Potato gathering is really now the only farm work in which women and the older children find employment at remunerative wages; the children so employed obtaining leave of absence from the schools for the purpose.

Another seasonal occupation of considerable importance was the peat harvest in the various mosses, to which the farms and houses were respectively thirled, when the winter fuel was cut and carefully dried before being carted home. Without this local supply we cannot imagine how the cottagers, in particular, could have paid for coals, even at fifteen shillings per ton, with a long cartage from the station in addition. But what a jolly time the peat casting was, leaving home after an extra early breakfast, in a farm-cart into which had been packed provisions



for two meals, consisting chiefly of milk, porridge, scones, to return at dusk fully prepared to sleep the sleep of the tired.

The laird and parish minister, too, had to be provided for, as the farmers were taken bound in their leases to perform the cartage of the laird's peats from the moss to his peat-shed, and a proportion of the minister's as well. The latter has now, however, to find his own fuel, unless some of the more kindly of his parishioners give him "a day," but the obligation towards the laird has changed with the times to carting his season's coal.

The lack of cottage accommodation in Scotland has often been before us, but it applies chiefly to the purely arable districts, and is perhaps more imaginary than real, for in the glens we see many evidences in ruined walls that there had been at one time more cottages than were wanted.

There have always been two kinds of cottages, those for the laird's employees and others attached to his farms for the farm workers, and those rented direct from the laird and occupied by men who specialised in various kinds of work—drainers, dykers, and farm oddmen, many of whom eked out their wages with the loom during the winter. The latter seemed to live a somewhat precarious existence between weather vagaries, loss of work through change of masters, and the like. Yet they knew no other, and were wonderfully contented; and there can be no question, as Burns assures us:

"Buirldy chiels and clever hizzies,  
Were reared in sic a way as this is."

The occupants of the farm cottages were more secure with continuous employment, and even in periods of sickness, which were rare, they were well treated by the farmer, in the full assurance that the lost time would be willingly made up when work pressed. A certain number of those farm cottages on the larger farms had small plots of land—a sort of "three acres and a cow" attached, on which they did keep a cow, reared a calf, a pig, and a few chickens. The cultivation was done with the aid of the masters' horses in the summer evenings, but those unfortunately have disappeared and been merged into the farms, to the regret of the more thoughtful both of the masters and men. Yet it could not be stayed. The younger men refused to spend their evenings, even for their own benefit, after a hard day's work, and the wives rebelled against the additional work falling to them in attending on the live stock, for without their willing aid the allotments were impossible. Indeed, no small holding can be a success unless the wife is prepared to do half the work. There are, however, notable exceptions, and I recall the case of a farm servant who, some twenty years ago, rented a small-holding of some ten or fifteen acres on the estate in which I was in charge, into which he put his family. He continued himself in farm service, living at the farm, and going home over the week-end or an occasional evening. So the wife, with the aid of the older children, had practically all the work to perform; but she came of a thrifty family, the daughter of a small farmer in the parish, and could do it well. Passing one day, I happened to meet her amongst the live stock, and in course of conversation suggested that she would enjoy a much

easier time, and be able to devote more attention to her children in one of the farm cottages where Sandy was employed, than trauchlin' with a small-holding. To this she replied with emphasis and truth, "Aye, Mr Robertson, but there's mair roughness about a place like this for a family of young bairns than in a farm cottage." Such wives and mothers grow scarcer.

We are quite clear that it is to the lasting benefit of the country at large that a virile population of country people should be reared, and an effort has been made in recent years to induce the people by means of the creation of small-holdings to remain on the land and even to bring back a proportion of those who had left or been reared in the towns. The result has been rather disappointing so far. Indeed, it is always difficult to stem a flowing tide such as this of depopulation, which began away back sixty or seventy years ago, though perhaps the Government went about their creation in the wrong way, not unusual in Government measures. Creation by acquisition under compulsion, with the pernicious element of compensation, was unfortunate, for, aided by an army of experts, compensation invariably errs on the side of generosity, whereas if the Government had been able to introduce a system of leasing, and equipped the buildings from the national exchequer, they would have had land thrown at them and small-holders settled at one-fourth the cost of the existing system.

It is to the credit of the Scottish youth who follow the plough after leaving school that they go on the land imbued with an ambition to one day have it on their own; and these are the men we want, who will make a success of it, and while work is hard—much harder and hours longer than under a master—there is the glorious privilege of being independent, and that feeling and desire to become their own masters is the attraction of the land.

I have perhaps laboured this question of rural depopulation, which has probably been the most striking event of the past fifty years, but I am afraid its exact meaning is scarcely appreciated by a large proportion of our countrymen. A friend of ours, of quite a literary turn, but city bred, spent a recent Easter holiday with his wife's friends in a Perthshire glen adjacent to my own, and in his walks with his hostess, who was well versed in the history of the glen, saw many things which opened his eyes to the true meaning of the term—farms turned into sheep runs, and buildings in ruins or utilised in stone dykes, cottages where large families had once been reared, amongst them the cottage once occupied by the father of Ian Maclaren, when on duty in the glen as an excise officer. And along the side of the disused road, now grass grown, quite a dozen foundations could be seen where happy children ran out and in at the doors, and a few bricks showed just what Burns describes in the "Cottar's Saturday Night."

On his return our friend wrote to me most descriptively of the holiday, what he did and what he saw, declaring that until that visit to a Highland glen he never quite realised the meaning of rural depopulation, and demanding to know the cause, and who was to blame. Apportionment of the blame is, however, rather difficult. Landlords and their sporting tenants have been looked upon as the chief sinners; and while in some isolated cases it may have been true, it is not the chief cause. This is particularly true in respect of cottagers whose



livelihood depended on the hand loom, which was killed by the introduction of the power loom. When the erection of power-loom factories in the towns drew families townwards, others answered the call of the colonies, and probably, after all, the exodus was for the Empire's good. From a meagre, pinched existence, the people went to those distant colonies, far from kith and kin, certainly, but to a much fuller and freer existence than they could ever possibly have had at home. Spreading thus over the face of the globe, they seemed to fulfil the destiny of the Scottish race.

I recall many clearances, especially one on the estate on which your President spent his early years, which created considerable sentimental feeling at the time. Six small farmers, whose children were in the school with us, were moved from their stubborn land and decayed buildings to allow the new proprietor, a Dundee jute prince, to resume them for drastic improvement. In fairness, however, it must be said that he treated them with generosity, and offered employment to every one at more remunerative wages than the land returned; but whether they stayed or moved, none ever regretted the change, as mostly all prospered at home and in other lands.

Smuggling had been suppressed before I can remember, although foundations of illicit stills were still visible on the banks of the hill burns, and elderly men regaled us with fascinating tales of their exploits with the Scots Greys.

Another industry, lime burning, was on its last legs, and now few of the many limekilns in our glen remain even in ruins to mark the spot.

I am afraid I have left myself with no time to do justice to the politicians, the introduction of the franchise in 1884, or the people's admiration of Gladstone, the introduction of the house-to-house delivery of letters, and the coming of the first telegraph line, to say nothing of the introduction of the bicycle, motor car, and motor bus, all of immense advantage to the isolated glens, where even wireless is now installed.

Had time permitted I could have said much about the important part played by our ministers—men of eminence, many of them, even though the jealousies between the "Aulds" and the "Frees" were yet strong, though now happily removed—nor of that institution, the beadle, who took care of the minister; and the equally efficient servant, the precentor, who voluntarily led the worship at a time when choirs were not encouraged.

And what, too, could be said of that gallant band of family doctors. One, in our particular district, the prototype of Ian Maclaren's Dr Maclure, was a man of outstanding personality and generosity of heart, who attended the poor without fee or reward, collecting fees only from those who were in a position to pay.

When we consider the changes we have seen during the last fifty years we marvel greatly at what shall be found by those who are interested in Auld Scotland fifty years hence; but, in the meantime, may I ask if the men she is producing now present the characteristics for which our nation has been famed: industry, determination, and cheerfulness? Barrie says we come of a race whose name has swept to the ultimate seas. There is no reason to doubt that Scotsmen are still being called to the big responsibilities, and not in vain.

I cannot hope to have interested you all, but in speaking to Scotsmen

one feels that nothing about our native land could be uninteresting, because we have this in common : we still turn with affection and love towards these " hills of home " which the beloved R. L. S. prayed might be shown to him when he lay dying :

" And to hear again the call,  
Where amidst the graves of martyrs  
The whaups are crying,  
My heart remembers how " ;

and although the events of life have separated us and made us exiles, we are still heart and soul Scottish, proud of the glen-homes that gave us birth, deeply grateful to the father and mother who first taught us the great principles of right and justice, truth, industry, and loyalty,

" From the lone shieling on the misty island  
Mountains divide us and the waste of seas,  
But still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,  
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides."

The toast of " Our Guests " was proposed by Mr A. Proctor Atkinson. In responding, Mr J. A. Gill referred to the Scots farmers who had settled in Essex, and how with their different methods they had saved the county so far as agriculture was concerned. Wherever he went he found that the Scots held a high place in both ability and finance, and their wives, by hard work, had done a great deal to establish the reputation. He had been impressed by the fact that Scots took education seriously, and paid a tribute to the generous dispositions they always exhibited. And in particular he referred to the many kindnesses that had been given to him by the President and Mrs McLeod.

In a racy speech the Rev. Joseph Moffett, B.A., of Crown Court Church, also responded, and referred to the inspiration that all must have felt at being privileged to listen to the excellent Sentiment given by Mr Robertson. He referred to the changing conditions in connection with the Church and the land, but maintained that the real Scottish spirit was still to be found as the backbone of the various Associations in London.

In the course of the evening songs were contributed by members and friends. Mr James McMorran



sang "Hurrah for the Highlands," and "My ain wee dear auld Hoose"; Mr A. Bain Irvine, J.P., sang "The Deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman"; Mr R. D. Grant sang "Bonnie George Campbell" and "Ae fond Kiss"; and Mr Joseph Hay sang "Bonnie Mary of Argyll," and "Kelvin Grove." The toast of "The Officers" was proposed by Mr T. R. Moncrieff, J.P., and was characteristically responded to by Mr T. C. Riddell, Honorary Treasurer and Mr P. N. McFarlane, Honorary Secretary.

The Ladies' Night, under the Presidency of Mr J. F. McLeod, will be remembered as a pleasant, homely gathering, at which good speaking and a varied and delightful musical programme contributed to its success.

The President, who was accompanied by Mrs McLeod, was supported, right and left, by Past-Presidents John Douglas and T. R. Moncrieff, and other members and their ladies and guests.

The President, having proposed the loyal toasts, gave "The Caledonian Society of London." Mr McLeod said :

Ladies, gentlemen, and brother Caledonians, the toast with which I have to deal, as you well know, is that of the Caledonian Society of London, and I approach it with a considerable amount of trepidation. This toast, like that of "the Immortal Memory," has been dealt with for so many years, that it is difficult to bring up any matter, however well hashed and seasoned, that could be of interest to the listeners. I have also to bear in mind that it is really toasting ourselves, and although we, in our own minds, assess ourselves at a somewhat high level, for who has not heard the well-known and well-worn expression, "Wha's like us?" and the answer: "Few, if any," with the usual qualification; yet the native modesty of our race, especially that of the Highlander, is such that anything savouring of self-adulation must be kept securely locked in our breasts; there is also another reason, and a cogent one: there are "Chiels amang us takin' notes." We have with us several Past-Presidents, who with lynx eyes and gleg ears are ready to note anything which they may consider irrelevant to the occasion. I must therefore be prudent in my remarks, for were I to transgress I should have to sit the cuttie stool at our next Council meeting, and I dread to think of the punishment that would be meted out to me.

I dare say many of you who are not included in the select hundred who form our membership, are curious to know what the Caledonian Society really is; what are its aims and what does it stand for? My

wife asked me this question upon my returning from one of our gatherings, where I had been as a guest. Oh, no! the hour was by no means too late or too early, nor was there anything in my appearance to warrant the insinuation underlying the question; and let me here assure any lady whose husband may be an aspirant to membership of this Society, that sobriety is the keynote of all our meetings. Well, in reply I told her the truth—as I always do to my wife—that it was a Society of a charitable, instructive, and social nature, in truth of which I may say we give a handsome sum each year to the Royal Scottish Corporation, a charity that has existed for three hundred years, and has assisted both men and women, natives of Scotland, who have fallen on bad times. We also give a like sum to the Caledonian Schools at Bushey, where the orphans of Scotsmen are carefully brought up; we thus assist both old and young. So much for the charitable side.

During the session we have had highly instructive Sentiments, mostly dealing with our native land, which are listened to with the keenest interest. These, in turn, are embodied in our "Chronicles," and will make interesting reading in years to come.

On the social side we have a homely dinner each month, during the winter, at which our native dish, haggis, is ushered in with the customary honours. There are usually other dishes bearing appropriate Scottish names, but whether of Scots origin it is doubtful to say. After dinner there are a few hours spent in song and story. We do not keep late hours; I wish the ladies to note this, for there is an unwritten law that we must be out of the room not later than ten-fifteen.

The Society further claims to be a training ground or school of instruction for the more serious work of the Royal Scottish Corporation, where to be a managing Governor is a position to be envied, and I think my friend, Mr Moncrieff, who has long been its capable and sympathetic secretary, will readily admit that the Society has prepared many good men for this great work. I say this advisedly, for I served a formal apprenticeship before being allowed to associate with such an august body.

Had this been an annual meeting instead of an annual social gathering, I would have had a balance-sheet and report to submit to you, the former doubtless announcing a glaring dividend, with a substantial amount carried to reserve, which, with the report, it is the chairman's privilege to move. It is with the latter only, however, that I am allowed to deal with on this occasion.

The Society was founded in 1837, since which time it has gone on flourishing year by year. We are still confined, despite many efforts to increase our membership, to one hundred, and have at the present time a long waiting list.

Before giving you the toast, I would like to thank my brother Caledonians for their support during my term of office; to the Past-Presidents, my god-fathers, for their tolerance and guidance; to our Hon. Secretary for his continuous hard work on behalf of the Society, in season and out of season. I happen to know the amount of work entailed in running the Society, and he has fulfilled his office to my entire satisfaction, and I am sure, to yours. When others have failed he has not hesitated to fill the breach himself with song and story. To the staff at Fleur-de-Lis Court with their never-failing kindness and



courtesy, my thanks are bountifully given, and especially to Miss Maxwell, who with Miss Kerr, her colleague, I am pleased to see here to-night.

Mr John Macmillan, Vice-President, in proposing "Our Guests," said that almost every social club and association claimed the copyright of hospitality, but while the Caledonian Society of London made no such claim, it endeavoured, at its Little Dinners every month, to please its guests and to send them away hale and hearty. We make no ostentatious display. The Caledonian Club was not a Highland Club ; it was not a Lowland Club : it was simply a Caledonian Society. He coupled with the toast the name of a Canadian-Scot, Donald Armour, C.M.G., F.R.C.S., a great authority on spinal and brain diseases, who was a graduate of Toronto and London Universities.

Dr Armour, who had a hearty reception, said he was in the same position as the young married couple who, spending their honeymoon in Scotland, produced their marriage certificate in mistake for their railway tickets when the ticket inspector called. "Eh, man," said the inspector, looking at the certificate and addressing the young bridegroom, "Eh, man, that ticket entitles you to a lang, weary journey, but no on the Caledonian Railway." He came from Ontario, which was bounded on the South by the Great Lakes, and on the West by the Great Lakes, and was founded by Scots. And while he came from Ontario he yet boasted of his Scottish ancestry. His mother was a Hamilton of Stirling, and his father an Armour of Ayrshire ; and the result of the migration of the Hamiltons and the Armours to Canada was before them. He thanked Dr George Riddoch, his friend and colleague, for inviting him as a guest, and as a guest, and in the name of all the guests he thanked the Society for their hospitality, and he specially thanked them for the warm reception they had given him.

The annual salute to the President by Past-Presi-

dents and other holders of the Gold Badge of the Society was given by Past-Presidents T. R. Moncrieff, John Douglas, and William Will, and Honorary Auditor Robert Davidson.

At the same time Mrs McLeod pinned the Past-President's Gold Badge on the breast of Mr William Blane, C.B.E., the immediate Past-President.

Mr John Douglas, who proposed the health of the President, said he had for many years enjoyed the friendship of the President, and emphasising this he said they had never had a quarrel, which was saying a good deal for Scotsmen.

From his birthplace in the Island of Skye the President had sought out pastures new and fresh fields for conquest; through the Island of Mull, Glenfinnan, and Blairgowrie he roamed, until the gardens of Rannagalzion, Perthshire, saw him acquire an expert knowledge of horticulture which stamped him as a leading authority on all the requirements of modern high-class gardening. He was also an expert in afforestation and a recognised authority on the breeding and rearing of prize stock, with special gifts in connection with horses and cattle. He gained experience in the gardens of Tealing, Angus, Aikenhead, Cathcart, and Balbirnie, Fifeshire, and it was at the last-named place that he acquired his real knowledge of Clydesdales. He was a prize-winner at most of the leading shows throughout the country, and came south to Roehampton with a reputation that soon proved its value.

If it were asked what was the secret of his success and how did he do it, the answer might be found in the opening paragraph of one of Dr John Brown's entrancing stories: "Pray, Mr Opie, may I ask what you mix your colours with?" said a brisk dilettante student to the great painter. "With *brains*, Sir," was the gruff reply. And for the same reason Mr McLeod was now President of the Caledonian Society of London.

During his sojourn in the south he had taken a keen interest in public affairs and charities. He took a leading part in arranging public rejoicings in connection with the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, the coronation of King Edward, and the coronation of King George. At Wickford, where he purchased an estate, he was a member of the War Savings Committee for nine parishes and a member of the Essex County Council. He was a member of the Floral Committee of the Royal Horticultural Society of long standing, and also of the Horticultural Club, Westminster. He had given thirty-five years' good service to the Royal Gardeners' Orphan Fund; and had worked hard as a managing governor of the Royal Scottish Corporation, and the Royal Caledonian Schools.

The President and Mrs McLeod dispensed hospitality with a lavish hand, and those of us who had the privilege of visiting at their home knew how genuinely happy they were in entertaining their friends. Mrs McLeod, like the President, was truly Scottish, and was keenly interested in everything that was helpful to humanity. Of their kindly



greetings we had experience to-night because the President had been an ideal chairman and was ably supported by Mrs McLeod.

The toast was most enthusiastically drunk with Caledonian Honours.

Mr McLeod replied in a few words in which he expressed his gratitude to Mr Douglas and the Association.

Mr P. N. McFarlane, the Honorary Secretary, had prepared an excellent programme to which Miss Carma Linn and Mr Tom Kinniburgh contributed Scots songs with taste and feeling, and Mr McFarlane, at the request of the President, sang with great gusto, "Mister Duncan Mackintosh," without which no Caledonian programme would now be complete.

The singing of "Auld Lang Syne" brought a successful Ladies' Night and a Caledonian Session to a close.

During the Session ten new members were elected, viz., I. M. Erskine, Sir Alexander Gibb, G.B.E., C.B., G. R. Harris, Richard W. Heard, Robert C. Millar, Colonel Sir Thomas F. Purvis, Dr George Riddoch, John Reid, A. W. Russell, and William Scott. Having completed his twenty-five years of membership, John Menzies was added to the list of Life Members. Death claimed six members, viz., James Shanks, who joined in 1890, J. Braidwood Gray, who joined in 1904, William Weddel, and John C. Blair, who joined in 1908, G. H. Cromar, who joined in 1921, and D. Macnaughton Hope, who joined in 1923. One member fell out under Rule 21, viz., Grahame F. Michie, leaving the membership as follows: Members of Council, 31; Life Members, 12; Ordinary Members, 97; total 140.



JOHN MACMILLAN.  
*President, 1929-1930.*



CHAPTER IX.

1929-1930 : MR JOHN MACMILLAN, *President*.

A Gaelic-Speaking President : His Business Career : Sentiments, " The Celtic Spirit and Its Influence," " Neil Munro," " The Scot as Bookseller," " The Thistle and the Rose, or The Flytings of Scots and English " : Annual Festival : The Membership.

FOR over twenty years—from 1908-1909 to 1929-1930 — no Gaelic - speaking Highlander had occupied the chair of the Society, and consequently the election of Mr John Macmillan was hailed with great satisfaction.

Mr Macmillan is a native of Kintyre, and his youthful education was devised to fit him for the Church. However, he was not destined to " wag his heid in a pu'pit," for commerce called him, and he entered the service of the British India Steam Navigation Company (Messrs Gray, Dawes & Co.), and worked for twelve months in different capacities. Later, to complete his maritime education, he went to sea for eighteen months as a purser, and ultimately he was transferred to the head office of the Company.

The Bucknall Line next claimed Mr Macmillan's services—he went there as chief accountant—and in a

short time he became the General Manager of the Line.

Sir John Ellerman, one of the greatest of the shipping magnates, and a fine judge of men, "spotted" the youthful Macmillan, and in 1906 appointed him Manager of the Shaw, Savill & Albion Company. Subsequently, in 1924, he became General Manager. Mr Macmillan's capacity for work was shown when in 1927 he added to his Shaw Savill duties the Managership of George Thompson & Co., and later the General Managership of the Australian Commonwealth Line, now the Aberdeen and Commonwealth Line.

In 1929 the Shaw Savill directors showed their confidence in Mr Macmillan by appointing him to a seat on the board, promotion as popular among his colleagues as among his personal friends outside business circles.

There is no more popular Highlander among the Gaels of London, and it was no surprise when the members of the Gaelic Society made him their President. He was for a time Honorary Secretary of the London Argyllshire Association, and his loyalty to the natives of the county of his birth resident in London was shown by the success of the organisation during his term of office.

The *Oban Times* of 1st June, 1929, sums up the Caledonian Society President, thus: "Many young Highlanders now occupying important positions of trust and competence owe their initial start in life to his influence and recommendation. Genial to a degree, responsive to the best traditions of his race, sincere in his instincts, and ever ready to help the lame dog over a stile, Mr John Macmillan is a distinctive personality. He believes in doing good for its own sake. Every step in his advancement is certainly unbegrudged by those who claim his intimacy."

Needless to say that the President of the Caledonian



Society is a hearty and generous worker for the Royal Scottish Corporation, he being a Life Managing Governor.

On the night of Mr Macmillan's installation, 14th November, 1929, he at once introduced a strong Celtic note. He had invited Mr Hugh Munro, a well-known Glasgow artist and writer, to give as the opening Sentiment of the session an address on "The Celtic Spirit and its Influence."

Mr Munro referred to the criticisms that had been appearing sporadically in the press on the supposed decadence of the Scottish spirit. Exiled Scots had been perturbed by those derogations; but so far from having a basis in reality, the decadence existed in the imaginations of the purveyors of the one-thousand-word articles for the daily newspapers, rather than in the Scottish people still resident within the country.

As fine ships, engines, bridges, textiles and other finished goods were being created in Scotland as ever. There was undoubtedly a period of stagnation in industry north of the Border, but it was a phase of the industrial development of the country that was traceable to world conditions rather than to local deterioration.

The reports of the speeches of the Clydeside M.P.'s might give the impression that in one centre, at any rate—Glasgow—things had come to an end, and that poverty, unemployment, crime, and inferior housing were the only features of our social polity. But there was an offset to the picture, and it needed to be known in other parts of the country, lest unfavourable views of Scottish activities should gain currency.

The political derogations were in alignment with the effusions of the writing people who tell us that our literary and art spirit has departed.

Mr Munro said it was an easy matter to wail the barrenness in print of the art spirit of Scotland, and emit urgent S O S from time to time for a renaissance. Scotland, from the time of Gawain Douglas, Robert Henryson, and William Dunbar, had produced a steady stream of literature which intensified in the productiveness of the eighteenth-century Edinburgh writers, and had culmination in the works of Sir Walter Scott and Robert Burns.

And in the country to-day there was a group of active literary spirits who were not only maintaining the tradition, but giving to what they produced the necessary vital touch of modernity to make it expressive of the times.

The revival of the interest in the Gaelic writers was an encouraging sign. The works of Neil Munro, the Rev. Kenneth MacLeod, and other Celtic writers had quickened the literary spirit of Scotland, and it would not be long before Scottish literature had a newer and truer orientation in that it would have as inspiration the note of beauty that pervaded Celtic thought from the days of the early Celtic Church.

Mr Munro alluded to the splendid contribution of the Celtic people to the thought of Scotland. He referred to their early art culture as

was exemplified in the Books of Kells, Lindisfarne, Deer, Armagh, and Durrar, and he instanced also the peerless record of the people in song.

No one need lament the barrenness of the Scottish spirit so long as it had the continuance of the infiltration of the Celtic passion for beauty. In the past that passion had animated writers throughout Europe. Ossian's song and story had inspired such writers as Schiller, Werner, Goethe, and Renan. It had impelled men like Matthew Arnold, Dr Stopford Brooke and others to pay tribute to its potentialities, and, properly understood, it would continue to inspire.

Scottish art, Mr Munro said, was in no languishing condition. The Scottish painters were as much alive to modern movements in Continental art as any of their critics; but they were not following the departures to extreme abnormality that pertained to what was being done in France and other places.

Indeed, he claimed that it was easily possible to select Scottish artists who, in the very field of modernity in art that seemed to inspire the critics to decry what was being done north of the Border, were not only the equals of those who were acclaimed masters, but their superiors.

The President, in proposing the toast of the Sentiment-giver, said that few men in the world had such an eye for colour as Mr Munro. The Caledonian Society was largely a society of Lowlanders, but after that night members would realise that they were mostly Highlanders.

Mr Munro feelingly responded.

Mr A. Bain Irvine, J.P., Vice-President, proposed the toast of "Past-Presidents," and in the course of his speech reviewed the lives of the most notable of the men who had held the office of President during the past half-century.

Coming to living Past-Presidents, Mr Bain Irvine said: "That veteran but ever-youthful and eloquent Colonel Sir John Young's presidency was a most interesting one. Sir John, whom we are delighted to see with us to-night, is undoubtedly one of the outstanding Scots, who has served his country well in many parts of the world, and yet has found time to take much more than an ordinary interest in our Scottish Societies. Sir John was President in 1904-1905.

"Among the beautiful and much-prized possessions of the Caledonian Society is a silken banner hand-



woven by Lady Young and presented to the Society in 1910.

“ There is also the Silver Cup which was presented by Mr Geo. W. Paton, who, elected President in 1913, continued to serve during the strenuous and trying years of the Great War, when the Society, co-operating with the Federation of London Scottish Societies, devoted its energies to ministering to the needs of our gallant sailors and soldiers.

“ Of Presidents of the last few years I say nothing, chiefly for want of time, but also because most of you are tolerably familiar with their virtues and good deeds. Suffice it that, in these later years, the very high traditions of the office of President of the Caledonian Society of London have been well maintained.

“ That the Caledonian Society has been able, for well-nigh a hundred years, through weather mostly fair, but sometimes foul, to carry out its objects successfully, contributing largely to Scottish Charities, and doing all that is bound up in the expression ‘ carrying aloft the Scottish Banner ’ in this great Metropolis, is due in great measure to the Society’s good fortune in having had as Presidents a long line of men, who, however much they varied in their physical and mental characteristics, were all true Scots—men of high character and purpose—of sterling integrity, men who were strongly moved to good works because they were full of the fervid spirit of the Scots.

“ These men, whose heads were balanced by their hearts, themselves realised, and by their example made clear to others, that the highest manifestation of love of country is not inconsistent with that generous and altruistic outlook which sees the good in other people, and out of which springs willing and valuable service to communities in the sister country, England, the more widely spread communities of that great Commonwealth of Nations, the British Empire, and of well-nigh

every community on which the Sun, in his progress, shines.

“ I give you the toast ‘ The Past-Presidents of the Caledonian Society of London.’ You will raise your glasses to the Presidents who, their courses run, have passed into that Far Country, the Land of the Leal ; you will drink to the health and prosperity of those others who, to our great joy, are still with us.”

The toast was drunk with Caledonian Honours, and with enthusiasm.

Colonel Sir John Young, in an eloquent reply, said we could not, and had no desire or intention to escape, the influence of the Celtic spirit of which Mr Munro had spoken with such enthusiasm. Sir John said he was glad that he had on his right a man who cherished the Celtic spirit more than many others, namely, Mr George Struthers, who was President of the Caledonian Society in 1896-1897.

Sir John continued to speak of other Past-Presidents, and said the individual who came to his mind as giving evidence of the virility and usefulness of the race was John Douglas. They were proud of John Douglas in a special degree. He saw that our race was worthy to be linked up all over the world by means of literature ; and he conceived the idea of a little book, “ The Douglas Year-Book of Scottish Associations,” which linked up Scots all round the world. It fostered the spirit of Scotland — Celtic and Lowland — and it was John Douglas, one of their Past-Presidents, who had the vision to see it.

Sir John said he could now look back over a long life. He had been near the Valley of the Shadow. He had looked over a precipice, but he came back. However, he was prepared to cross the Styx when a piper could be found to ferry him over.

Mr George Struthers said he was pleased to be at another gathering of the Caledonian Society, which he



had joined under the ægis of Dr Forbes thirty-eight years ago.

Mr Stiven proposed "The Guests," and coupled it with the names of Mr Walter Leitch, C.B.E., Agent-General in London for Victoria, who, in replying, said he could not be looked upon as a stranger, for he was an old member of the Society who had been wandering about the world for many years, a sort of prodigal son who had returned and had been admitted again into the fold. Some of them found it difficult to make a living in Scotland among Scots, but found no difficulty in making ends meet, with a little over, when among foreigners. They went abroad, many of them, and by means of Scottish societies, kept alive the spirit of Scotland, for they were as full of love for the traditions, the music, and the art of Scotland as was any stay-at-home Scot.

Dr Dale, headmaster of Latimer School, said that as a poor Sassenach chiel, he was sair forfoughen. He spoke of the Sentiment, and said the Book of Kells meant a lot to him.

The musical part of the programme was contributed to by Mr Murray Stewart, who sang, with his usual artistry "Ae fond Kiss," "The Deil's awa'," "Johnny Cope," and "Oh, wert Thou in the cauld Blast." Mr Lloyd Saxton sang "Gae bring to me a Pint o' Wine," and "Sleep'st Thou or wak'st Thou."

There was a large audience on 12th December when the Sentiment, "The Spirit of Neil Munro," was given by Mr Angus Robertson, who was introduced by the President as one of the most perfervid, the best-informed, and one of the most eloquent Celtic speakers in Scotland. Mr Robertson said :

In the reading of history we are impressed by those who would seem to be fashioned by nature to immortalise poetic or spiritual truths. These types we term geniuses. Emerson calls them representative men.

Has not science her expounders, philosophy her professors, art her æsthetics, music her votaries, and poetry and literature their bards and sages ?

Greece will be remembered more by the mellifluous numbers of Homer than by the heroes of Thermopylæ, and Rome, by the contributions of her literature, than by the majesty of the Cæsars. Dante, seeking the presence of Virgil in the world invisible, is a greater factor in moral influences than Alexander overthrowing Empires. We surely prefer to contemplate the Chronicles of the Cid than the conquest of Cortes. And so of other nations and other peoples.

Were it not, then, for representative men, the lore and identity of distinct races would be lost to the world's gain and sympathy. Thus it comes that we learn to appreciate and take a sincere delight in great men—remote in order and place—but the labours of whose minds fall pat with every age and people.

To bring my idea nearer my subject, I make bold to say that only a Celt-born Celt, inspired by the feelings and sentiments of his race, can give true expression to the subtle influence—those ideals of the mist-begotten ages, which make him, in a measure, a creature of poetry and music.

In paying homage to the cunning genius of Neil Munro, we are not doing so with a feeling that he has blighted the labours of past gleaners, but in that he has placed in more authoritative relief than they did the typical characteristics of the Celtic mind. Perception and imagery act and react throughout his writings with the vividness of colour and life, while his delineations of scenery and character are panoramic of the ages of tradition and chivalry. He was born, so to speak, of the spirits that people the dark places, who sing the pæans of visionary worlds through misty hills or rumbling seas. There he early imbibed the Gael's love of mystic and sublime imagery of thought. He heard a voice—the voice eternal in the winter's tempest as in the rustling breeze of summer.

He issued from the Hall of Selma on "that night when the moon rode at the full about a vacant sky," translating with Elrigrmore, as it were, ogam symbols of far-off memories into "silver dawns and the ripple of water in dreams." A note of a song aye finds the Hielands at his heart, which, like that of John Splendid, "was better at a pinch than authority in a gold-braided coat." His race, to him, was a potential heritage—a betokening past, full of impulse, a background of legend and song with, if you like, reckless courage but scrupulous honour, as a common birthright. These Neil Munro uses as handmaids to his craft.

Thus do the ideals of a nation create their own outlet. Neil Munro, then, is of a privileged people and, being, as the Mabinogion inscribed, "a craftsman bringing his craft," he is welcomed into the Palace of Arthur.

In a metaphorical sense he borrowed the girdle of time and space.

For has not the expression of Celtic thought leavened historic literature, and imparted life to the dead marshes of antiquity ? His early guides were the fable-forming bards who sang the tale of a day and a year by the sounding shores, or in the glades of the sweeping tempest. The resolute hand and sure-footed huntsman called story into life and the deed of the brave ones inspired the harper's song. To



follow the chase—the battleman's chase and hounds off the leash, was the ambition of youth. And to gladden the heart was to behold the river in red spate, as in emulation of the hunt of Fionn of old.

Who could make those scenes to live again? Who could invoke the spirit of the hillsmen and the mighty men of the spear and target? Who could portray the warrior's fiery flash and the angry impulse of the avenger of blood? I say, who could rouse the Fianns from their dead sleep and rekindle the bale-fire on the scorry hills? The answer echoes from the wakeful past: "The quill must, like Diarmaid's boar, bristle as a polished spear, the point be more piercing than the quiver's shaft." The Celtic people; what a world of associations the expression suggests! Were they not, in a general sense, the cradled of romance and song? But they were also "Children of strife," as Elrigmore, in "John Splendid," so aptly puts it.

It is small wonder that we hail with delight the advent of a true interpreter of the Gael's habits and character. To understand a people thoroughly you must be of them; to express their thoughts, or portray their type, one must inherit their nature. Any musician can learn to play strathspeys and marches on the bagpipe; but only a Celt can play *ceolmor* or *piobaireachd*. Execution and technique, touch and time, may all be there; but one thing is lacking—emotional life. The pipe responds to Gaelic. "It rouses," in the words of his own analytical charm, "a spirit very antique, very religious, and moving too, as the music of his own soul must in every Gael."

Numerous have been the writers who wrote of the Celt and his history. But however much we may appreciate their works, we are always left with a peculiar void, like that which a critical artist should feel when gazing on an unfinished picture.

The outline is certainly clear enough to distinguish the figures; and we have no difficulty in recognising what it professes to teach. But the soul, which ought to bespeak its own existence, is vainly sought for. We can trace the influence through the written page or behind the limner's brush. But the appreciation is like the effect—apparent, not real. Hence the reason that Scott and his disciples failed to convey the Gael's character in faithful perspective. It is not enough to call forth the genius of eloquence and imagination, and clothe it with the trappings of chivalry and romance! What of the language and mode of thought?

Who again but a Celt-born Celt could catch the trembling emotion of the piper's dirge, and transmit its expression to vellum or canvas? Only the child who was cradled in its glow and felt the spell of Ossian's epics. All that the eye can see, it may describe—the belted warrior or the waving plaid, the proud-stepping piper, and the eagle-eyed chief. But the feelings that animate the inherent impulse—pagan and mystic in action and effects—can best be propagated by the clay they shape. Scott used the Gaelic field to create stories, which, as Carlyle remarks: "he wrote impromptu for buying farms." The seeming severity of the stricture is somewhat tempered by its frankness. It suggests that Scott, with his matchless zeal for feudal history, devoted his genius and research more to the production of a chivalric story than to a faithful delineation of character. We must, however, agree with those who would dispute its general application. He was a Scotsman and a patriot.

His pride in his country he made manifest on all occasions. From the Eildon Hills he imbibed the spirit which prompted Sir Alexander Leslie in the middle centuries to protest to the Pope that while one hundred Scotsmen remained alive they would never submit to England. He found in the Border minstrelsy a soil congenial to his art. There, however, is little to distinguish the treatment of this theme from, say, "The Lady of the Lake" or "The Lord of the Isles." In point of imagery they are the same, only the scenes of action are geographically distant. Yet, in all his writings he shows a marked appreciation of the Celtic character, and has probably treated it in as creditable a manner as was possible for an exotic admirer. He but needed the one essential to intensify his genius, since it could not be magnified: that was a Gaelic tongue. This assertion is justified by "The Lost Pibroch," where we have poetry as well as story in an alien language. We have, in a manner, wanton nature holding prejudice on the hip and boldly solving the riddle of her offspring. Neil Munro may justly claim to be the first interpreter in English of Gaelic emotion.

I am not going to attempt an analysis of his stories; that is the province of the reviewers. It is the glamour of the hills, the strains of the pipes, the eerie influence of the Celtic mind—the sparkling retort and magnetic manliness—in a word, the Celtic spirit, acting with a living force that commands and receives my homage.

Could anything be more descriptive of a piper's qualifications than the opening passage in "The Lost Pibroch"? "To the make of a piper go seven years of his own learning and seven generations before him. If it is in it will out, as the Gaelic old-word says; if not, let him take to the net or sword. At the end of seven years, one born to it will stand at the start of knowledge. . . ." And then what mystic humour is in the next sentence: "Or trying his art on laments, he can stand by the cairn of kings, ken the colour of Fingal's hair, and see the moon-glint on the hook of the Druids!"

Observe here the singular charm of the "namely players" and the feeling it recalls: "a long thought and a bard's thought, and they bring the notes from the deeps of time, and the tale from the heart of the man who made it."

The story of Paruig Dall's piping is the cry of the Gael over unpeopled glens. There you can trace the heart's yearnings for the old folks' ways and the rural happiness of a self-contented people. "Dogs! Dogs! O, God of grace—dogs and cowards! I could be dirking a Diarmaid or two," would be no extreme language in the mouth of many an exiled Gael.

The pipe! Let us listen to the effect of her tune. "His heart took a leap back over two generations, and yonder was Glencoe. The grey dawn crawled over the white hills, and the bleak roofs smoked below. Snow choked the pass; eas and corri filled with drift and flatted to the brae-face; the wind tossed quirky and cruel in the little bushes, and among the smoozy lintels and joists; the blood of old and young lapped on the hearthstone, and the bairn, with a knifed throat, had an icy lip on a frozen teat." What a ghastly picture!

It is manifoldly more harrowing than Clan Ogilvie's extermination of the Durwards of Glenhuilagan, as pictured by Scott in "Quentin Durward."



In the reading of "The Lost Pibroch" we feel a savage moistening of the emotional regions, an imaginary fondling of the boss of a dirk, or a playful fingering of an enemy's windpipe. But alas! the murder of the Glencoe Macdonalds has been perpetrated on a modified scale at later periods in other Scottish glens and isles. Was not the expulsion of the Gael from the land of his people, I trow, a little deadlier than a moral massacre?

Nothing could better illustrate the affinity between the musical Celt and his art than the story of "Red Hand." Here you have the feeling of paternal pride and filial duty lost in cruel enmity over a pipe-competition, till Giorsal, the stepmother, put an end to the rivalry by cutting the tendons of young Tearlach's hand. The story itself has its counterpart in the well-known incident of the Mackay pipers. But the elaboration is tastefully artistic, and reminds one of a somewhat similar incident in "Antonina, or the Fall of Rome," by Wilkie Collins. He, likewise, describes a Vandal harridan who, in pursuit of her savage vengeance, treacherously severed the wrist-cords of her own son for sheltering a beautiful Roman fugitive, whose charms had excited both his compassion and love.

"The Secret of the Heather Ale" is of special interest as being the literary harbinger through which Neil Munro came into serious notice. It was first published in "The Speaker," and is a story directly and fiercely of the dirk!

"The Sguel of Black Murdo" is alike ingenious and happy in its portrayal of old blood-feuds and strange power of clan relationship. But 'ille! it is a tale that draws blood in the telling.

The little folk of the hills—the night revellers of our ken—are fancied with the eye of a bard in "The Sea-fairy of French Foreland."

I dwell on the stories of "The Lost Pibroch" for the reason that they contain, to my mind, the very essence of Celtic atmosphere. They are like the pipe: "if you lean a fond ear, you may parley with old folks of old affairs." Where could you find a truer or a more pathetic picture of the proud spirit and native independence of the Gael than in Jean Rob? Here is a type more frequently met with than either John Splendid or Sim MacTaggart. What a measure of devotional sympathy, of self-denial, of glorious sacrifice, of loyalty and unobtrusive love and lone suffering, is conveyed in the touching story of this neglected wife. Such mothers are the glory of nations. We admire them at the cradle as in story.

"John Splendid" contains abundance of practical philosophy and absorbing descriptions of men and manners. Here he is, one of seven broken men in a "silent, peaceful territory, fresh out of the turmoil of battle, in a region haunted in the borderland of morning dreams, where care is a vague and far-off memory, and the elements studying his desires." For his intimate, a soldier of fortune like himself, who augured from the "little bird of hope that fluted within him, that if every clan in the countryside were arraigned against him, the breastplate of fate was on his breast." The section in "John Splendid" which describes the fugitives' flight from Inverlochty to Tigh-an-Righ, is truly Miltonian, and even when they came to a "Night's Shelter" it took more than the native ploy of elders to brace the spirit when the twang and boom of fir branches scooped the snow and flung it in their faces.

What apology there exists for Argyll's conduct at Inverlochry may interest the historian, and how far it differs in treatment of character from the "Legend of Montrose" is really beside my subject. It has situations which are fascinatingly original, while the finger-posts to moral reflections meet the reader's eye on every page. It happily is not the lot of the wanderers of our day to meet the town gibbets stocked with the remains of malefactors. But it is possible we may have heard of the return of an erring son, with "thoughts on a crimson chapter," to find that a loving mother, who longingly and patiently awaited his home-coming, is just bedded under the clods of a Kilmalieu churchyard.

Neil Munro never misinterprets the awkwardness of Gaels when placed amongst strangers. He laughs *with*, not at them. "It is a thing," he asserts, "I've noticed about our own poor Gaelic men. Speaking before them in English or Scots, their hollow looks and aloofness would give one the notion that they lacked sense and sparkle; but take the muddiest-looking of them and challenge him in his own tongue, and you'll find his face fill with wit and understanding."

Although I do not regard "John Splendid" as my favourite of Neil Munro's works, the character to me is supremely well drawn and true to type. It stands for more than the Dugald Dalgettys! It is not fiction but the chiselled statue of human nature cunningly finished in lineament and objective. Perhaps we recognise his counterpart in ourselves when "fleeting ambitions are cold and the divot at his mouth." He was but "seeking the shore and the traveller's illusion—the content that's always to come."

We certainly forgive John Splendid his foibles for the feast of humour and surreptitious pathos with which his name is associated. If he is quirky in his own movements, he is, on the other hand, equally candid in condemning hypocrisy in others. "I have," he says, "a wonderful love for nature that's raw and human, and this session-made morality is but a gloss. Man! I hate the very look of those Lowland cattle sitting here making kirk laws for their emperors, and their bad-bred Scots speech jars on my ear like an ill-tuned bagpipe."

But while the unwelcome black Covenanters from the shires of Ayr and Lanark were brought to Invernaara to teach the clans the arts of peace and merchandise, John Splendid ferries our reflections soilwards with restraining yet corrective colourings. As for instance: "In the field by the river, the harvesters sat at a mid-day meal, contentedly eating their bannocks and cheese. They were young folks all, at the age when toil and plain living but gave a zest to the errant pleasures of life, so they filled their hours of leisure with gallivanting among the mown and gathered grass. And oh! mochrìdhe! but that was long ago. Let no one, remembering the charm of an autumn field in his youth, test its cheerfulness when he has grown up in years. For he will find it lying under a sun less genial than then; he will fret at some influence lost; the hedges, tall and beautiful, will have turned to stunted boundaries upon his fancy; he will ache at the heart at the memory of these old careless crops and reapers when he sits, a poor man or wealthy, among the stubble of grass and youth."

I said I was not going to attempt an analysis of Neil Munro's stories as such. But I may digress a little and say that his treatment of his themes is as varied as it is poetic. His style, measured to the unerring



beat of fascinating cadences, moves along with stately rhythm—each word in place, the very receptacles of poetry in beauty of expression, simple yet direct. We have seen “at ebb-tide the sea-beach whitened and smoked in the sun, and the hot air quivering over the stones and crisping wrack.” There is no mistaking that eeriness of artistry which pictured “owls keening in the darkness—woeful warders of the night telling the constant hours”; or again “when we find the deer-slot dimpling the snow, and, down at the shore, unafraid of man, would be solitary hinds—widows and orphans from their clans—sniffing eagerly to the Cowal shores.” To this let me cite a passage from “The Shoes of Fortune,” when Paul Greig, through the crooking of a finger in a senseless tool, made it the confederate of hate. He killed his rival in love, and now he paints his remorse with Homeric poignancy when under “the eerie influence of that strange conjunction of sin and song.” “The bird was high—a spot upon the blue; his song, I am sure, was the song of his kind that has charmed lovers in summer fields from old time—a melody rapturous, a message like the message of the evening star, that God no more fondly loves than that small warbler in desert places—and yet there and then it deaved me like a cry from hell.” Master Gordon, the merciless Presbyterian in “John Splendid,” is a powerfully executed characterisation. He is a man of peace, and yet he would risk his life to give a cup of water to a dying enemy. Father Hamilton plays equal havoc with our pre-judgments. With the flippant humour of his order, he argued his hesitating Scots secretary “in all to emulate the flea that wastes no time in idle ruminations, but transacts its affairs in a succession of leaps.” But he “could expire upon the ecstasy of the thrush,” and ultimately told the “Lad of Scotland” that “there are but three clean things in the world—a bird, a flower, and a child’s laughter.”

He who runs may read through all Neil Munro’s writings a strange clinging to the best and dominant influence of his language and countrymen. Life there is never turned finally on the cold hinges of the material. Men and women are meeting at the parting of the ways, while all divergences bend towards the eternal of things that matter. The glen is mine! The glen is mine! is ever the cry of the singing bird, the purling of the river, the bellowing cataract, and the strident tempest. A morbid joy is in the atmosphere, the soul vibrant with elusive dreams. Gilean, the abstract embodiment of the hopeful, is walking the earth in mental converse with the shades of his race.

He beheld in the eyes of the Highland girls, as Elrigmaire did “the finest expression in the world, full of melting friendliness—a memory of the deep misty glens and their sights and secrets.” His world, indeed, as well as Innerdora, “hummed with Gaelic and the loud bellowing of cattle.”

Neil Munro is lord of the literary field he has adopted to explore, and is there safe from comparison. If we do compare him it must be with himself. “Doom Castle,” “The Shoes of Fortune,” “Children of Tempest,” and “The New Road,” have the same charm of style and expression. They show a distinct departure from “John Splendid” and “Gilean the Dreamer,” but none in point of interpretation.

If, however, you choose to be lost in the ecstasies of poetic description, and the weird glamour of a Hebridean night in the travail of nature’s mysteries, read “Children of Tempest.”

He has gone into other fields of literary distinction, but his message is always from the hills of his nativity. May he then have a vision of the days when the glens and straths he loves so well will be peopled by the people he loves to recreate in story and song. So, when the waves of time are lashing against a nation's fading memory, there will be rekindled by his art and genius a new world where old faces will be seen again—old stories told anew; and, when youth shall come in the spring-tide, the labours of Neil Munro—redolent and faithful—will be articulating with life in the hearts of his discerning countrymen.

The President, in moving the thanks of the members and guests to Mr Robertson, said that so much had Mr Robertson at heart the future of the Celt and of Celtic Scotland that when he went to America he led the Americans to form the American Iona Society, which was to have as its principal object the founding of a Gaelic University in Iona or some suitable spot in the Highlands. Those men were prepared to spend much money in perpetuating the Gaelic sentiment. Gaelic was not a commercial language, and ought to be perpetuated. Than Mr Robertson no one had more at heart Celtic traditions. The toast was heartily honoured.

Mr Robertson, in thanking the audience, said that if we allowed the Gaelic soul to die, Scotland would perish. Iona, or St. Columba, must continue to be a spiritual force.

Five new members were introduced, Messrs Herd, Hill, Steele, Hay, Dr Finlay, and Dr Simpson.

The President, in asking the Rev. Dr Fleming to propose the toast of "The Health of the New Members," said that there was a day in the Highlands in his youth when they were all friends during the week, but on Sundays they hardly knew each other. The Auld Kirk and Free Kirk folk didn't know each other; and as a mere miserable U.P. he was utterly lost: but, thank God, the great Union in the Churches in Scotland had wiped out all that, and now they stood together.

Dr Fleming, in welcoming the new members, said that he saw among the new members several that were



not to him new faces ; and if they displayed the same zeal in this ancient Society as they did in St. Columba's, the Society would indeed be happy. They came into an influence half Celtic, half Lowland, free from arrogance and boasting. The Scottish concept was no better displayed than in the case of their lecturer that night, for Mr Angus Robertson, with his dream of the Highlands in his eye, crossed the Atlantic, and with the zeal of a company promoter set to work to collect his millions for a University on that misty, dreamy island of his.

Mr William J. Smith proposed "The Health of the Visitors," and Sir John Vicars, the son of an Australian pioneer, and Dr J. M. Bulloch, replied.

Mr Tom Kinniburgh was in excellent voice, and tellingly sang "The MacGregor's Gathering," "When I think of the happy Days," "Gae bring to me," and "The March of the Cameron Men." Mr Munro gave delightful renderings of "Blue Bonnets," "Happy we be a'thegither," and "Sound the Pibroch."

At the December meeting the President had promised that at the January Little Dinner the entertainment would take the form of "a real variety programme," and right well did he and the Honorary Secretary carry out the promise as the following "turns" show. According to time-honoured custom, Mr T. R. Moncrieff, J.P., sang "Here's to the Year that's awa'"; Mr John Douglas, F.S.A.(Scot.), recited "The Broken Bowl"; and songs were rendered as follows: "Humorous Selections," and "There's no Time like the 'Nineties," by Mr George Ellis; "My ain kind Dearie, O!" "Lullaby" (in Gaelic), "Stirling Bridge," and "A Hundred Pipers," by Mr Kenneth Macrae; "A Man's a Man for a' that," "Duncan Gray," and "Gae bring to me a Pint o' Wine," by Mr John Mathewson; "I don't like to do that," by Mr Hathmann; "O, this Love, this Love," and "My Love she's but a Lassie yet," by Mr J. R.

Crawford ; " Phil the Flutist's Ball," and " Mr Duncan Mackintosh," by Mr P. N. McFarlane. Mr James MacDonald recited one of his own pieces : " South Sea Experiences," and Mr Lionel King mystified the audience with some remarkably clever card tricks. The Pipe-Major's Selection and Toast occupied its usual place in the programme.

There was but one toast, " Our Guests," and this was proposed by Mr William Will, Past-President, who chaffed the President and his Gaelic-speaking colleagues on completely capturing the Society. He explained to the visitors that they were that night witnessing the eclipse of the Lowlanders of Scotland by the Highlanders. The Highlanders that session had swept over the Lowlanders as the Scots Greys and the Gordon Highlanders had swept over the French at Waterloo. But while they had their little quarrels he advised the Sassenachs to keep out of them, for there was such a thing as a " reddin' stroke " ; and when any outsider interfered, the ranks closed, and Highlander and Lowlander became one.

He coupled with the toast the names of the Rev. Mr Traill, the Presbyterian minister of Ilford ; Mr Reid, the head of a great colonial commercial business ; Mr Gilpin, president of the Omar Khayyám Club ; and he welcomed to the Society's gathering Mr Forsyth of the New Zealand Meat Board ; Mr Rawlinson, Secretary of the Seamen's Orphanage ; Captain J. J. Cameron, a master mariner ; and Mr T. J. Clapperton, the sculptor of the beautiful Selkirk War Memorial, " The Border Reiver," and of the statue of the Bruce, at Edinburgh Castle.

The Rev. Mr Traill thanked the Society for the welcome that they had given to him, a complete stranger. Mr Reid said that he had come to the gathering a happy man, but he would go away happier, because he had learned since he came that his forebears, named Morgan,



were not necessarily Welsh, but bore one of the oldest, if not the oldest, Scottish surnames. Mr Gilpin said that, as a mere Englishman, he was conscious of belonging to a conquered race. The reference to Bruce reminded him of the chauffeur who, speaking of the two-handed sword of the Liberator of Scotland, said he had seen the sword used by Sir Edgar Wallace when he slew two hundred men.

A few happy remarks by Colonel Sir John S. Young, C.V.O., Past-President, in moving a vote of thanks to the President, and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," brought an eminently successful meeting to a close.

After the loyal toasts had been honoured at the Little Dinner on Thursday, 13th February, Colonel Sir John S. Young, C.V.O., drew the attention of the members and guests to the fact that His Majesty the King had recently honoured Past-President George W. Paton with a knighthood. As a Society loving their brothers, they were proud of Sir George Paton, whose great services to the community through his business connection with Messrs Bryant & May, had now been recognised. The man who had honoured his fellow-workers as Sir George Paton had done by giving his workers a share of the profits of the business did more than bronze or brass could convey. Since Sir George Paton became manager of the firm of Bryant & May they had never had a strike in that great concern. His life and work had been an example to humanity, and in his works of mercy he had had the help of a devoted wife. "It is from our hearts," continued Sir John, "that we tender Sir George Paton and his noble wife our congratulations, regards, and good wishes. That they and their dear daughter, and their son-in-law might be long spared to each other was the fervent wish of the members of the Caledonian Society." (Loud

applause.) The toast was drunk with Caledonian Honours.

Sir George Paton, who was received with great enthusiasm, said he was sure they would understand that he felt deeply the kind words which Sir John had spoken of him and his wife. He need not tell them that he was most grateful for all the tributes that had been offered by their many friends. It had delighted his wife and him to know that the honour that had been conferred upon him had made their friends happy. If he had been able to do something to make others happy, that was all he cared for. In speaking to children he always tried to make them understand that the greatest thing they could do in their lives was to strive to make others happy. He and his wife had tried to leave the world a little better than they had found it, and he hoped their efforts had not entirely failed. He asked the company to accept their grateful thanks.

The President, calling upon Mr John Wilson to give a Sentiment on "The Scot as Bookseller," spoke of Mr Wilson, a partner in the great firm of Bumpus, as one of the bright stars of his profession.

Mr Wilson said :

Bookselling has a long tradition in our own country, but in its earlier stages was very much associated, because of our antipathy to the South, with the Low Countries and with France, to which our students resorted for their teaching, and from which came back the learning of Europe. To this connection may be traced many of the characteristics of the bookseller of to-day.

In the last half of the eighteenth century, such a short time to look back on, it is difficult to realise that London was twelve or fourteen days' distance from Edinburgh or Glasgow ; that the Edinburgh mail-bag to the English capital sometimes contained only one letter, that the postman to Glasgow from our own capital took the best part of a day to make his journey, and on his arrival in the Trongate, a gun was fired to announce his presence. It was really the inauguration of our trading with America, and the use of Glasgow as a channel for the distribution of goods, chiefly through the red-coated tobacco lords, that created the money and leisure necessary to any general development in reading and book-buying.

This feeling of distance, which was such a barrier to the com-



munication of ideas from the civilised southern country, has entirely disappeared, because of our means of fast transport ; but there is no one here present who can fail to remember some echoes of its existence. In my own boyhood I can recall friends who set their faces to the South, being accompanied to the railway terminus by a crowd of cronies and relatives, whose idea seemed to be that they were handing over the body to a dangerous and unknown power. And I can still recall the thrill of the singing crowd, with whom I joined, in " God be with you till we meet again." I need not enlarge on this by telling you about the people who ventured as far as Paris ; hymns were too good for them, and on their return they had to live down what at that time we thought a besmirched reputation.

The firm to which I was apprenticed in Glasgow had existed from 1745, and I should like to submit that a youth, entering such a firm forty-one years ago, which is a big slice in the whole history of our subject, could not but help assimilating the traditions of that firm until he became in himself an epitome of his trade. In addition to that, I had some bookselling forebears, and it was my mother's wish that one of her boys should take up the book business, and, if at all possible, in a shop which she had frequented as a girl.

And so, in February, 1889, I became an apprentice for a term of five years, starting at four shillings a week, with a sixpenny rise each year, if I remembered to ask for it. What an unhandy coin that sixpence is ? When, at the end of the period, I had reached the enormous limit of seven or eight shillings, and I ventured to point out that I was a growing youth, my governor very kindly responded that if I said another word I would be made a partner ! I was soon conscious of tradition in that shop, because my master was a great believer in the discipline of the duster, and the presence of great runs of Bannatyne and Maitland Club Books struck a note that went back a good deal before my time. I remember distinctly that I thought I came across, amongst the records when repacking the old letter parcels, what looked to me then like a Burns manuscript, and to this day I can visualise the writing in a way that makes me believe it actually was the precious thing. But, unfortunately, in moving shortly after, all the papers were destroyed. It was known that Burns had frequented the shop, and it was one of the early proprietors of the business who took Sir Walter Scott on that famous visit to the Cathedral, of which he made such excellent use in his novels.

The continuity of business tradition may be understood when I tell you that the man to whom I served my apprenticeship in the first instance had been in the business since the 'forties, and his grandson came to me in London for his apprenticeship training prior to going back to Scotland to take over the business.

The names on the Roll of Honour relating to our topic are too many to pass in review now. We must remember Allan Ramsay, the barber, and later Foulis, also a barber, who gave Scotland a lasting place in the history of printing. Ramsay was more than a bookseller, and has a reputation all his own in our literary annals. Hill, as Burns's friend, and Creech, as his publisher, are likewise familiar and loved names on the record ; but there are many little-known men who plied their trade in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries among a self-contained

and vigorous literary population, in which the ladies of the time played an important part, hardly paralleled elsewhere.

May I say a word, perhaps presumptuous in a gathering like this, in favour of an author whose books are indispensable to any proportionate view of our national history. I refer to Henry Gray Graham's "Social Life in Scotland in the Eighteenth Century" and his "Scottish Men of Letters," two books that have never been bettered in style or in matter, and must always be held in the highest esteem by every one who loves his own country.

With all the praise given to the younger historians of to-day, I mean the type of Lytton Strachey and his imitators, I can assure you that the younger generation are in no way more new, or more lively, than was Gray Graham in the books I have mentioned.

The Scots who came to London in the early days may be considered a little outside our present discussion, but it is only fair to say that after their hard training in Edinburgh and Glasgow, the young journeymen and apprentices who ventured four hundred miles to the southward were nourished by a happier climate and a more active literary scene than was possible in their own land. Those who remained in chosen exile drew the allegiance of Scottish writers like Adam Smith and David Hume, whose work changed the whole aspect of economic and intellectual affairs, and among them were countrymen of ours who built the foundations of great publishing houses which remain to this day. There were others who escaped from the more confined limits of their early training in the North, but who returned after further experience and refreshment, maybe with a definite desire to retain the works of scholarship in the land of their origin. It was to publishing, of course, that these men came back, and made Edinburgh the most vigorous centre of book production in these islands during the early nineteenth century. Some of these houses are still active, but the tendencies that send everything to the metropolis have likewise transferred much of their vigour to this great centre.

Men like Nelson and Chambers saw the golden opportunity for the spread of popular literature, and took the fullest advantage of the field; while Blackwood, Constable, and Black made, as it were, a corner in literature in the big sense, inaugurating schemes like the great Reviews, the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and others, which to this day have their influences in the land. Many of the characters of that day live before us in Kay's immortal "Portraits."

I myself can recall the tall figures (they all seemed to be tall to me in those days) of James Thin, a name to be conjured with; Andrew Elliott and Giles of Princes Street; and John Grant, who initiated the modern Remainder Book business. All of these, with their contemporaries in Edinburgh, were men of well-defined character, who seemed, from the outside view, to be compact of whimsicality, but they had the root of the matter in them and knew their job, and their good work well done still remains a monument and credit to Scottish bookselling.

If I were to choose a figure embodying the characters of the old bookseller, I think it would be John Rae Smith of Aberdeen, a man I never dared to call on, although I have peeped through the door of his shop and seen him leaning over his desk. Little was known of him outside his city, but he had a wonderful connection amongst the county



folk, to whom his roughness and independent manner were acceptable. In his uprightness the personal character of bookselling was thoroughly exemplified, and he was able to hold his own in conversation and debate with the best of his university clients, who used his shop as a sort of club. It was said that Dr Gray, of Auchterless, usually met him at the door with "Weel, Mr Smith, aye quarrelling with your folks?" "Aye, aye, doctor, come in," was the invariable answer. On one occasion he directed a young apprentice to take a parcel to the station, and give it to a well-known county man. "But," said the laddie, "I don't know him." "Look for a haystack wi' a band round its middle." The haystack was there.

He must have been an enigma to the younger generation of book travellers who called upon him. I remember one of them coming to see me in Glasgow after he had been in Aberdeen, telling me that he had approached Mr Smith, as he thought, very politely, by going up and saying, "Good morning, Mr Smith." No notice was taken of the remark, which was repeated with increasing civility again and again, until the old man beckoned one of his assistants with "Hey, Maggie, come here and tell this buzzer that it's a damn fine morning."

The club atmosphere in the bookshop to which I refer has not altogether gone even in these days, although it cannot be compared with the bookshops of Allan Ramsay, and Creech. But there are still shops where, if you know them, you can go for a smoke and a literary crack. A man of this type was Hugh Hopkins, whose genial attitude to his younger friends in the trade can never be forgotten, a tradition worthily maintained by his son.

When I was at home last autumn, and visiting bookseller friends, I was impressed when waiting on the floor by the alertness and desire to please the customers who came in. There was a distinct confidence in the salesmanship, and, in addition, a pertness in offering advice and personal opinions which I cannot imagine in a London shop.

This personal keenness is entirely due to the careful and rigid discipline observed in the training of apprentices, and is not often met with in England, outside the university centres. And to this may be traced the sources of the Scottish booksellers' conception of business.

The idea of a bookshop as a stall with only the latest books on the shelves was unknown in Scotland in my early days. He was a man who took all knowledge for his province; and because he dealt in old books of achieved reputation, he had sufficient detachment to challenge the new publications. In reality, he knew something of his wares, and while he may sometimes have scorned a book because of its newness, holding that an old book he himself had read was better, at least he was exercising a wise discrimination which kept him alive. When the discount system swept over the country like a plague and ruined practically every business which sold new books only, it was this type of bookseller that weathered the disaster. And I'm firmly convinced that the continued stability of the book trade in Scotland during the last thirty years, when bookselling generally was in a frightfully low condition elsewhere, was due to the tradition that a bookseller must sell books new and old if he is to function properly. I shall be sorry for my colleagues when they

throw over this tradition and sell new books only, for I don't think it can be done at a profit.

I am trying to explain to you why the Scot as bookseller is a man who gives impetus to the sale of books that are worth while. The old and new type alike had little use for mere flummery in writing, and although they may have missed a good deal of the joy of life in the superficial humour of contemporary writing, they are on the right side in the matter of books of serious import. With an attitude of this sort it is not surprising that the regular advertising of books to the public has been for many years a part of the everyday publicity of the Scots bookseller ; it may be surprising that this has always been done at the bookseller's own expense. A group of active booksellers must indicate a lively reading public.

There is no need to praise ourselves in the matter of reading, because to this day the testimony of publishers speak of Scotland as the best book-buying part of the country. We would be wise not to rest on mere reputation. The booksellers can do their part manfully, but they must be supported by a constant reading public. To a greater extent than elsewhere, books are a natural part of one's belongings, and are cherished as things of social value. It is true there were restraints on reading certain kinds of books, particularly novels, and that the drift of advice was towards serious literature. But it is also true that restraint, where not unwisely exercised, created a reserve which stood us in good stead whether in book-reading or in practical everyday affairs. The Scot learned respect for literature, even if he had to cultivate it on a little oatmeal.

I knew an Edinburgh bookseller who, after selling Thomas Hardy's " Under the Greenwood Tree " to a lady, whispered to her as she was leaving : " Of course, I must warn you that Hardy is a dangerous writer " ; and I recall that my own reading of George Eliot was condemned because " the woman with a man's name wasn't quite sound."

On the other hand, I could tell you of very many books and authors whose works fell on an unheeding public in the south, which were known and appreciated because the northern critical sense was more responsive, and found spokesmen in writers like Cunninghame-Grahame and Neil Munro.

I hold that in the list of contributions made by our countrymen to the work done in affairs of the world, an important place must be given to the distribution of the printed book.

Educational methods with starting points in the Middle Ages were made human by our wandering scholars, and in due time, after poverty, political disturbances, and religious dissensions, produced the historians, philosophers, poet, and the novelist, who gave a new complexion to the world's thought. It was that tradition of European learning which informed our culture, and was reflected in the Scot as bookseller. To this broader conception of knowledge as something which must go beyond local or national thought and embrace the world, is to be attributed, I think, the steady predominance in the training and actual performance which has sent our type of bookselling to all parts of the globe. You cannot destroy this characteristic in a people, but you can nourish it ; and your privilege as bookbuyers is to keep it in an active and healthy condition.



The President asked the company to drink to the health of the deliverer of one of the finest Sentiments they had had. Bookselling, he said, he had always thought, was the last occupation he would like to undertake, but after listening to Mr Wilson he realised how interesting the work could be.

Mr Wilson, in replying, said that they in England would realise that the culture of the Scot came not from this country, but from the continent.

A new member, Dr George Riddoch, to whom the President referred as one of the best-known neurologists in this country, was introduced with the usual ritual.

Mr T. M. Stephen proposed "The Guests," and in doing so said they offered their visitors to the Society, Highland hospitality, which included not only the stranger's comfort, but also his safety, ensuring him a freedom more definite and real than the pomp and pageantry of many a City ceremony. He coupled the toast with the name of the Rev. John McNeill, one of the best known and most energetic preachers in the world to-day. Mr Stephen traced Mr McNeill's rise from a railway worker to his charges in the greatest Nonconformist churches in the country. In Canada, he said, they called Mr McNeill John the Evangelist.

Mr McNeill said that in the presence of their accents he felt quite at home. The accent had not changed, in spite of their residence in England. It was as strong and rugged as ever. He congratulated them also on their appearance; they seemed to be making a fairly decent living, while he perhaps would be thrown back on a fund—the Sustentation Fund—that hardly deserved its name. (Laughter.) He had no reflections; he probably got all he was worth. (Renewed laughter.) He did not know what he was coming to, as he was out of the way of banquets—and their accompaniments. His father wasn't a teetotaler and didn't smoke very much—he

couldn't afford it. He was only a quarryman. His father was a quarryman, and he was a railway worker. First in the order of trades there was the quarryman, second the railway worker, and the rest of you can scramble for places. (Laughter.) To show his son a good example, his father became a Good Templar ; so he, the speaker, stopped smoking and drinking before he began. His father at one time smoked and chewed. Quarry work was hard work, and going across the floor of the quarry—chewing kept his mouth from saying other things. (Laughter.)

When he, the speaker, went from railway work at Houston and Inverkip to the head office in Edinburgh, everything turned to dust and ashes, and he took to preaching, and so the world lost a great railway magnate and got an indifferent preacher. (Laughter.)

He had enjoyed the singing. It took his mind back to singing in the churches. He remembered what like the village singing was. He remembered the precentor's admonition : " Johnny, sing couthier." (Laughter.) At the Friday night's practice they had love of the Lord, love of the Church, and may be love of each other.

Mr McNeill kept the audience convulsed with a description of how they looked in their pews from the pulpit. When the minister gave out a hymn he noticed a discrepancy between the words on the singer's tongue and his general appearance. By the words on the tongue the worshippers were all going to Heaven, but their general appearance couldn't look worse if they were going the other way. (Laughter.) " If you just saw yourself in the pew," he said, " when you think you are looking your best, and the minister thinking you never looked worse."

In Canada he enjoyed himself looking at his audience. When he gave out " O, God of Bethel," he could pick them out—the auld folk thinking of the auld



folk and the auld minister, the tear in the eye and the lump in the throat.

He told of his experiences in the Y.M.C.A. huts in France and Palestine ; how by a little humour he held the Tommies' attention. He never took a text, just a verse of a hymn, anything to slide him into higher things. Then he had talked straight to them, hit hard always, but always above the belt. When he had given Tommy a severe talking to, Tommy turned up the next night with his mate, so that he, too, might get a jacketing. Mr McNeill ended with a strong appeal for the practice of family worship.

The President thanked Mr McNeill for his eloquent address.

Mr Grant gave beautiful renderings of " The Herding Song " and " Mary Morrison."

On the 13th March, 1930, the last Little Dinner of the session was held, with the President, Mr John Macmillan, in the chair.

The President, having given the loyal toasts, thanked the members for the splendid support which they had given him during his year of office, the attendance that evening showing no falling off from his previous meetings. He was deeply grateful to the members.

Mr Macmillan then called upon Mr William Will to give his Sentiment of " The Thistle and the Rose ; or the Flytings of Scots and English."

Mr Will said :

When, in his tour through Scotland, Dr Johnson visited St. Andrews, he was grieved to see the dilapidated state of the ancient ecclesiastical and other buildings, once the glory of the country. Being Dr Johnson, he did not disguise his feelings, and at dinner with the professors, he told them in his ponderous language, what he thought of them. The learned men of St. Andrews were overawed, but one young professor ventured to hope that Scotland had answered Dr Johnson's expectations. " Sir," replied the doctor, with great vehemence, " I came here expecting to see savage men and savage manners, and I have not been disappointed."

But Dr Johnson was not by any means the first Englishman to charge Scotsmen with being savage men with savage manners. These

cheerful epithets have been hurled at us from the early history of the countries, and I fear that, if the truth be told, the residents of the northern side of the Border were not without a certain amount of responsibility, for the susceptibilities of their English neighbours were to those Scottish Borderers less important than their live stock.

It would tax your patience and my command of the vituperation of the English language to give you a continuous story of the quarrels, the flytings, of England and Scotland, so that I have been obliged to satisfy myself with one or two notable episodes.

"The Chronicles of Lanercost," a part of which deals with the reigns of Edward I. and II., and the War of Scottish Independence, are full of denunciation of the Scots. Wallace was "a certain bloody man," "chief of the brigands." "The Scots are deceitful," "a perfidious race," "madmen," and so on, so that you will see that the English had their knives and their quills in us as early as the thirteenth century.

The Auld Alliance with France was particularly detested by the English, who attributed it to the baseness of the Scots, so that they might be able to strike a blow at their neighbour, which usually was aimed, naturally, when England was in trouble. And so we find Shakespeare, in "Henry V.," putting into Westmoreland's mouth these biting words regarding an attack, when England was at war with France :

"The eagle England being in prey,  
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot  
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs."

An unappreciative reference to Scotland in a play, "Eastward Hoe," which was performed in London in 1605, just after the Union of the Crowns, created one of the bitterest international "affaires" that have ever broken the peace of these two realms. Captain Seagull, one of the characters, speaking of the glories of Virginia, said that there were there only a few industrious Scots, "than whom there were no greater friends to England" when they are out in the world. "And for my part," he continued, "I would a hundred thousand of them were there, for wee are all countrymen now you know, and wee should finde ten times more comfort of them there [in Virginia] than we do here [in England]."

The heather was on fire, and the rose-bushes, too, for the insinuation concerned the great invasion of England—and London particularly—by Scots who followed King James over the Border. Ben Jonson, Chapman, and Marston were joint authors of the play, and all three were prosecuted. The offensive reference to the needy Scots (who, as you know, were the occasion of the foundation of the Scots Box and the great Corporation whose funds Past-President Moncrieff so ably collects, guards, and dispenses) was cut out.

When we project ourselves to the later period of the internal bickerings and dissensions that came between the Union of the Crowns and the Union of the Parliaments, we find that an avalanche of pamphlets was let loose, fierce diatribes against the Thistle and the Rose. The champions of Scotland and England were equally virulent in their abuse, and they fired their printed venom at each other, the English from London and the Scottish from Edinburgh. "Cocks aye craw crouset on their ain midden heids."



Let me give you a few of the choice titbits. Here is one pamphlet from the capital of Scotland. It is titled "A Pill for Pork Eaters, or a Scots lament for an English swelling." England is "insolent and proud as hell," says the author, reputed to be Alexander Pennecuik, whose satires were pungent and cruel :

"May England for its luxury be damned,  
Base epicures with pork and puddings crammed."

An anonymous author of a London pamphlet thus lampooned the Scots :

"Begging a little of his sire's extortion,  
Lice are his guardians and a pack's his portion."

And this about Scotland :

"A sure retreat for rebels and for thieves,  
A greedy, dark, degenerate place of sin  
For the universe to shoot her rubbish in."

Another London anonymous pamphleteer told his readers, among other things that are unprintable, that "You might with as much safety enter into a league of friendship with a cannibal (who would upon the first opportunity eat you up) as with a Scotchman. . . . They are perfidy itself. The most sacred tyes, as oaths and the like, are snapt asunder by them. . . ." "The conscience of a Customs-house officer . . . and the courage of a town bully amount to full as much." "A Padua physican, a Salamanca Doctor of Divinity, and a Scotch Master of Arts (he says) are three animals sunk below contempt, and not to be paralleled in the universe."

During the progress of this battle by pamphlet, the patriots and the politicians were hammering things out.

The Scots Estates, insistent against the Union of the Parliaments, passed the Act of Security, which gave Scotland the power to put her own King upon the Scottish throne. The air was electric ; Scotland was triumphant ; England was enraged ; war was discussed ; ships were seized ; the Scots were accused of importing large quantities of arms, and of drilling for hostilities. England retaliated by passing the Alien Act, by which Scots in England were treated as aliens ; but the repeal of this Act led directly to the Union of the Parliaments in 1707.

I would have liked to entertain you to a few extracts from a small book in my Scots collection, titled "Bella Scot-Anglica," which was written in 1648 to show the superiority in battle of the English to the Scots.

It shows how, in Northumberland and Cumberland, the English completely overthrew our forebears, and left bitter feelings behind. So intensely hated were the Scots in the two northern counties that for many years they were debarred from membership of the Newcastle Guilds. So detested was the name of Scot in those far-off days that the Guilds, in restraining their members from using bad language, imposed a fine of threepence if one member called a fellow member a fool ; one shilling if he called him a rogue ; three shillings and fourpence if he

called him a "porkey fellow"; and six shillings and eightpence if he dared to call him "a Scot." One of our countrymen in those days was thus nearly seven times worse than a rogue. To the Englishmen we must have been the Bolsheviks of these islands.

Mention of Newcastle reminds me of an amusing incident concerning the ancient Durham Castle, which is really not foreign to my subject. Some little time ago it was found that part of the castle was slipping into the river, and a fund for its preservation was opened in the columns of a local newspaper. The editor sent circulars to all whom he thought it might concern, and to the editor of the *Scotsman* he said that as Durham Castle was erected to keep raiding Scots out of England, he thought the *Scotsman* might give some publicity, if not some money, to the effort to repair the ancient building. The editor of the *Scotsman* replied to say that he had noted what his brother editor had said about Durham Castle having been erected for the purpose of keeping Scots out of England, but as it had entirely failed in its object, he did not see that any good purpose could be served by preserving it.

"Bella Scot-Anglica" was a diet of well-watered milk compared with the strong meat served out eleven years later, in a satirical description of our native land in "Secret Memoirs of the Court of James I.," written by Sir Anthony Welldon, and printed in London in 1659.

"First for the country" (that is, Scotland), wrote Sir Anthony, "I must confess it is too good for those that possess it, and too bad for others to be at the charge to conquer it. The aire might be wholesome, but for the stinking people that inhabit it. The ground might be fruitful had they the wit to manure it.

"Their beasts be generally small, women only excepted, of which sort there are none greater in the whole world. There is great store of fowl, too, as fowl houses, fowl sheets and linen, fowl dishes and pots, fowl trenchers and napkins. . . .

"As for fruit, for their grandsire Adam's sake, they never planted any; and for other trees, had Christ been betrayed in this country (as doubtless he should come as a stranger) Judas had sooner found the Grace of repentance than a tree to hang himself on."

Much of what Sir Anthony wrote is too terrible to repeat, some of the mildest things being:

"At adultery they shake their heads; theft they rail at; murder they wink it; and blasphemy they laugh at; they think it impossible to lose the way to heaven if they can but leave Rome behind them. . . ."

Sir Anthony Welldon concludes his complimentary article with the following: "The men of old did not more wonder that the Great Messiah should be born in so poor a town as Bethlehem in Judea as I do wonder that so brave a prince as King James should be born in so stinking a town as Edinburgh, in lousy Scotland."

These fierce disputations usually followed the lines of intense political feeling; and naturally both the 'Fifteen and the 'Forty-five occasioned robustious outbursts. A great wordy war between writers representing England and Scotland followed the Jacobite Rising of 1745. It was begun by the publication of "Old England; or The Broadbottom Journal," and the nature of this scurrilous attack on Scotland can be judged by the opening words:



" Had Cain been Scot, God would have changed his doom,  
Not forc'd him wander, but confin'd him home."

The Letter was written on the appointment of additional judges to make a peregrination once a year into Scotland to administer justice through that nation ; and the writer hoped that no Scotsmen would sit on an English bench of justice for reasons which he said were obvious to " every person capable of reflection and acquainted with the nature and disposition of those people, who are extremely national, proud, and poor, restless and over-bearing in their temper, and unsufferably insolent in their manners in every station ; but much more so where they are invested with power and authority : there the Scot is ever predominant.

" They have poured upon us (he continued) like swarms of locusts into every quarter, and every scene of life. The army abounds with them, in equal proportions to our own countrymen (meaning Englishmen) ; Divinity is not without them ; . . . and even the Law, which used to be pretty clear of them, begins to abound with their dissonant notes, and ragged Q-1-y. Physic has them plentifully likewise. And where there is anything to be got, you may be sure to find a number of Scotchmen convened like hounds over a carrion, or flies in the shambles."

Then the Rising—the 'Forty-five—was denounced ; the rising which, said the writer of " Old England," sprang partly from " the brutal ignorance of the barbarous Highlander, as in the politer treachery of the false Lowlander, ever faithful confederates and allies to France."

The writer would not tolerate Scots holding commissions in English regiments, for he said : " An Englishman ought not to be put under the dominion of a Scot." This English anti-Scottish commentator would undoubtedly have had a paralytic stroke if he had known that in these days almost the whole British Army would be dominated by Scots, as this list, made in 1928, will show :

Chief of the Imperial General Staff (that is, head of the whole British Army), General (now Field-Marshal) Sir George Milne.  
Chief of the Indian General Staff, Major-General Sir Andrew Skeen.  
Aldershot Command, Lieutenant-General Sir David Campbell.  
Eastern Command, General Sir Robert D. Whigham.  
Commanding First Division, Major-General Sir John Duncan.  
Commanding Second Division, Major-General Sir Edmund Ironside.  
Commanding Third Division, Major-General Sir John Burnett-Stuart.  
Commanding Fourth Division, Major-General A. R. Cameron.  
Director of Movements, Quartermaster-General Department, Major-General A. A. McHardy.

But " Aretine " in " Old England," you may be sure, did not have to wait long for a reply. He soon found that there were, in this matter, two points of view—that in truth what is one man's meat is another man's poison. We all remember the story of how, when Home's tragedy of " Douglas " was played in Edinburgh, its reception was hilarious, and the triumphant voice was heard : " Aye ; whaur's yer Wullie Shake-

speare noo?" But we know also that the play was not held in similar reverence by others, for:

" When Garrick had a' ' Douglas ' read,  
He glowered wi' baith his een ;  
And stampin' wi' his foot he said :  
' Sic damned stuff ne'er was seen.' "

So " Aretine " in " Old England " soon found that the heather was ablaze ; and the result was " The Thistle," a pamphlet published in December 1746 ; and the author, in identifying the writer of the attack on Scotland, said that some people " can perceive in this dull, inaccurate, fulsome, scurrilous invective " the work of " the mean, shuffling, lascivious, lecherous, sage of the law," thus giving early proof that vituperative language was no monopoly of the Sassenach.

" Happy had it been," said the Scots writer, " if your Army had abounded more with Scotchmen. For whatever you may think, the Courage, Politeness, and Good Conduct of the Scots in your Army have always reflected Honour on your Arms, and contributed not a little to the safety and glory of your country. Wherever you have succeeded, it was generally owing to the martial virtues of those whom you depreciate and contemn. As in Liberty, so in Religion," says our Scot ; " an Englishman scorns restraint in either. He will rush into Hell rather than be directed in the way to Heaven."

And so on our perfervid Scottish champion rattles, until he reaches a perfect tornado of indignation in his peroration :

" I conclude by assuring you," he said, " that I envy not your countrymen their appellation of Englishmen, believing myself far more honoured by that of a Scot. And let me add that I would be a Laplander with the character of steadiness, humanity, loyalty and sincerity before I would be an Englishman with that of fickleness, cruelty, disloyalty, and disingenuity."

The inkwells were in full flood. " The Rose," a pamphlet, followed " The Thistle," and the author of " The Rose " dismisses both of the literary combatants as " mean mercenary wretches writing for bread."

The end of this controversy was like the end of all such flytings—it left a lot of bad blood, and it served to show how intense was the bitterness in England against the Scots.

Similar outbursts have occurred from time to time since then, a particularly bitter one having been initiated in 1787 by the publication of a tract, " Scotch Modesty Displayed." You will gather something of its contents from this quotation :

" That the many evils this poor country groans under, and that our distresses at home and the dishonour and insults we meet with from abroad were and are produced by detestable Scotch counsels ; and that ever since the King's accession to the throne, all the power in the Kingdom, and all the employments of dignity, trust and profit have been lavishly bestowed on Scotsmen are truths . . . universally known."

Here I can only shortly refer to several Englishmen of high literary estate who had a dislike, more or less intense, of Scotsmen and Scotland.

Dr Johnson's attitude is notorious. He had many biting things to say about certain traits in our national character, not always undeserved.



He accused us of clannishness. "Nationally," said Boswell, "he considered us as a crafty, designing people, eagerly attentive to our own interest, and too apt to overlook the claims and pretensions of other people."

Johnson attributed the success of Scots in London to this clannishness—or, as he called it, the spirit of nationality.

And there may have been a little truth in Dr Johnson's criticism, for our hearts do aye warm more readily to a decent brither Scot than to one of another nationality. I have heard Sir John Reith tell the story of his appointment to the B.B.C. He was reading the advertisements in a Glasgow paper, and came upon one which our brother Caledonian, Sir William Noble, had inserted, asking for applications for the management of the B.B.C. Young Reith wrote out his application there and then, and before posting it, he looked up "Who's Who" to find who Sir William Noble was. Having read the entry in that reference book, Mr Reith added a postscript: "I dare say you knew my people in Aberdeen." Mr Reith got the job, and what is more, has fully justified his appointment.

Sir David Hunter, the Scottish manager of the Natal Railway, was engaging men, and of one man he asked: "Are you a machinist?" "No," was the wily reply, "I'm a Mackenzie." Mackenzie got the job; and I hope also justified his appointment.

Let me mention parenthetically that the Natal Railway was called the Scotch Railway because of the large number of Scots engaged in its construction. For many a long day a two-shilling piece was known amongst the natives of Natal as a Scotsman, because the Scottish contractor, who had engaged the natives to work for half-a-crown for a specified number of hours, paid them with a two-shilling piece. The natives, on finding the deception, dubbed the two-shilling piece a Scotsman.

Then there were Swift, with biting sarcasm; Charles Lamb in delightful raillery; Cleveland the poet; Sidney Smith, with his surgical operation for a joke; the whole forming sufficient amusement for twenty-five minutes' entertainment at a Caledonian Society dinner.

The latest serious belligerent outburst was made by an old acquaintance of my own, T. W. H. Crosland, who exuded hatred of Scots—and, incidentally, love of Scotch—at every pore. At first I thought this hatred was a pose—mere affectation—but I came to realise that Crosland's irritation against us was genuine. His "Unspeakable Scot" was a masterpiece of invective and venom, and while it made the Scottish bees bum in ilka bike, it came as a godsend to Burns Festival speakers, and for one January, mercifully for many of us, changed the theme from Burns to Crosland. Crosland had a wonderful command of language; he was really a fine sonneteer, but in his "Unspeakable Scot" he used a literary bludgeon. One takes up the book and opens it at random, and finds this: "In twelve hours spent in Edinburgh I saw more drinking than could be seen in an English town of the same population in a couple of days, and I know what drinking means. Whiskey to breakfast, whiskey to dinner, whiskey to supper; whiskey when you meet a friend, whiskey over all business meetings whatsoever; whiskey before you go into the kirk, whiskey when you come out; whiskey when you are about to take a journey; whiskey all along the road; whiskey

at the journey's end ; whiskey when you are well ; whiskey if you be sick, whiskey almost as soon as you are born, whiskey the last thing before you die—that is Scotland." A greater travesty of Scotland was never penned.

While the Englishmen in their flytings of the Scots were vituperative, we were not always effusively courteous about ourselves. We believed in the Scots adage : " Fu' o' courtesy, fu' o' craft." Lowlander attacked Highlander, and Highlander went, with verbal and inky sghiandhu, for the Lowlander.

William Dunbar, who attacked the Highlanders as far back as 1500, did much by his poetry to bind the two countries. He was, to use the Scots adage, " a' honey or a' dirt." He praised London as " the flower of cities all," and kept the roch side of his tongue for his own countrymen, writing thus of them :

" The devil so deived was with their yell  
That in the deepest pot of hell,  
He smothered them with smoke."

John Pinkerton, too, " that hound Pinkerton," as Constable the publisher called him, denounced the Highlanders and praised the Lowlanders.

If we, in more liberal and enlightened years, have come to the end of this stirring up of bad blood between the countries, I would suggest that mainly responsible for the changed feeling of Englishmen to Scotsmen are the four or five men, international figures, who appeared about the same critical period in our national life, or at any rate, rapidly succeeded each other. Burns, Scott, Carlyle, Hume, Adam Smith, made a tremendous impression on the minds of the people of England—particularly Scott, Carlyle, and Hume. Scott's romantic pen cast a glamour over all our land ; what had been rugged mountains and waste moorland became peopled with heroic figures ; thieving caterans were bathed in romance ; and plain Glasgow tradesmen were transformed by the wizard wand of Walter Scott. Scotland was discovered. Burns made Scotsmen proud of Scotland. Scott made the world admire our native land. The world of intellect knew Carlyle, Hume, and Adam Smith, and so the product of Scotland created a reaction in our favour.

Of this, I *am* sure, that for the better feeling that prevails between the two countries, we outlander Scots cannot take all the credit to ourselves, for we are not, as a rule, diffident about proclaiming our virtues to the world. I admit, of course, that we have many, although they may not be always apparent ; but we have not only a defiant motto supporting a defiant emblem, but we have a defiant way of expressing ourselves sometimes that must be irritating to our host. It was during the Great War that a London taxi-driver confided to his fare, who happened to be a Scot, that " once the 'Uns have been licked, the Scotch will have to be tackled, for they're getting too blooming cocky." " Here's tae us ; wha's like us ? " and the emphatic answer, must rankle in the minds of a great people like the English, so cocksure that they themselves are " It " ; and we must realise that a sneer and a smile, if not more, at us are inevitable.

The " Wha's like us," or boasting Scot, is a most objectionable person, and his boasting has not always the merit of the humour that



accompanied the declaration of the bailie, who was boasting of his improved social position, through having become a teetotaler. "Twa year ago," he said, "I hadna a sark to ma back; an' noo I hae baith a sark an' a dickie."

But there is also that Scot who has brought us into the contempt of our English neighbours, the Scot with what, in the present-day jargon, may be called an inferiority complex.

I believe that a great injury was done to Scotland by some of her greatest sons at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries in making a decided effort to Anglicise their native land.

We have such an entirely different outlook on life from our English friends that we need not be surprised that many of them still have a feeling that we are foreigners to them. Scotland is still to them as it was to Sidney Smith, "that garret of the earth, that knuckle end of England, that land of Calvin, oatcakes, and sulphur."

An Englishman is never anything but an Englishman. A German may be a Jerry; an American may be a Yank; an Irishman a Paddy; and a Scotsman may be a Scottie; but there is no undignified appellation for an Englishman. There is only the equally dignified "John Bull." And speaking of diminutive or derogatory or familiar nicknames for ourselves, brings to my memory an entry in the records of a news agency in London with which I have some official connection. A complete record of the messenger boys was kept, with their coming, their sicknesses, their leavings, and dismissals; and on 16th January, 1878, the entry in the records solemnly tells us that one lad was dismissed "for refusing to do his work, and for calling one of the sub-editors, Mr Cuthbert, a bloody Scotch haddock," which suggested either that the Scottish sub-editor was a fishy character, or that the messenger boy had some recollection of a bad breakfast.

Frequently we are poor if vociferous advertisers, and in many of our public appearances make monniments of ourselves (to use a good, if almost obsolete, Scottish word).

If we are not responsible for all the orgy at St. Paul's on Hogmanay Nicht, there are sufficient bottles and accents and hoochs to justify the feeling in the public mind that it is a Scottish gathering. We have, by our Burns Club Concert at Hallowe'en and our Clans Concert on Burns Night at the Albert Hall, gained an unenviable reputation among musically minded people. At no concert in London—not even a music-hall concert—is there such an unmusical audience. A music-loving Englishman once remarked to me when I was claiming for our Scottish folk-songs a high place in the hierarchy of national song: "But you Scots (in London, at any rate) have no musical conscience"; and when, startled, I demanded his reason, I found he had attended a concert in the Albert Hall, when, instead of being allowed to listen to our glorious song tunes, given by a military band, he had to listen to feet-tramping and hooching, which ruined the music to him and other music lovers. Fortunately, I had the Orpheus Choir to fall back upon, and I made the most of that exponent of Scottish music, and the great reverence with which that choir is listened to. But I must claim that a number of the patrons of the Burns Club and Clans Concerts in London are so ill-mannered that to many Scottish song-lovers the performances are

ruined, and we dare not invite our English friends to hear our rudeness.

Another medium through which we are badly served, and by which an altogether wrong concept of our national life, our national culture, is given to our English friends, is the Broadcasting microphone. I took the opportunity some time ago of remonstrating with a leading official of the B.B.C. on this matter ; and I pointed out to him that the representation of Scotland which was being put over the ether to the ignorant listeners, and perhaps the not-so-ignorant listeners, was false and derogatory, and almost libellous, if one can libel a nation. Very little passes from 2LO. or Daventry about Scotland except third-rate and insulting jokes and the bletherings of a fourth-rate so-called Scottish comedian. I asked the official when we ever heard of Scotland on the wireless except from the lips of those capering comedians and low music-hall mummers, until in the minds of the listeners, Scotland itself becomes synonymous with a big joke.

I must qualify these statements by saying here that those who listened to Dr Fleming's broadcast of the service from 2LO. the other Sunday night felt that the reverence of it all, the simple introductions of psalms and hymns, the cultured and original address by Dr Fleming, and the singing by the St. Columba's choir gave us cause for a feeling of pride in our country, in our national Church, and in our own Past-President.

I could have quoted for hours from the noisome pamphlets and other writings, disgraceful lampoons, upon both England and Scotland, but I think I have said enough to show that, despite the efforts of vicious pen-and-ink bugs to create serious trouble between the two peoples, the sound common sense of both countries has combated those attacks.

In those far-off days of which I have spoken, communication between England and Scotland was difficult, and so quarrels were easily begun and fomented and difficult to stamp out, but along with the rise to international fame of many Scots writers and workers, the improving rail and road services caused differences to disappear ; and as people more freely met and mingled, and the better understood each other, such outbursts as those to which I have referred became fewer and fewer, and have now almost entirely disappeared, to be resurrected, perhaps, when the clamour for Scottish Home Rule becomes intensified.

The President thanked and toasted the speaker for his Sentiment, and Mr Will briefly replied.

The toast of " The Guests " was proposed by Mr John Reid, who coupled with it the names of Mr Speakman, of Dalgety Henderson & Co., and Mr Hugh Fraser, the holder of no fewer than twenty-one International hockey caps.

Mr Speakman spoke of the strong connection between Scots and engineering. No self-respecting



novelist would dream of writing a sea-story without having as an engineer a hard-swearing, hard-drinking, pious Scotsman. As an Englishman he was impressed by the fact that the Scots always hang together. (Laughter.) The farther from Scotland, the more jovial was the Scottish gathering. (Laughter.) He felt the inferiority complex of the Englishman and fortified his mind with Dr Samuel Johnson. His great friend Boswell was a Scot; and this was the only case on record in which in an association of this kind an Englishman was top dog. (Laughter.)

Mr Hugh Fraser spoke of the hospitality of Scotland, and hoped that the Caledonian Society would give to their guests that night the invitation that Scotsmen always gave to Englishmen leaving Scotland "Heist ye back!"

Colonel Sir John Young proposed the toast of the office-bearers of the Society, and spoke of the quiet efficient way in which their Hon. Treasurer, Mr T. C. Riddell, filled his office; and of the "resilient and abounding vivacity" of the Hon. Secretary, Mr P. N. McFarlane.

Mr Riddell and Mr McFarlane replied briefly and facetiously.

During the evening three new members were introduced, Messrs Harris, Campbell, and Thomson.

A delightful musical programme was contributed by Mr Kenneth Macrae, who sang "Stirling Bridge" and "The March of the Cameron Men"; Mr Crawford, who sang "Corn Rigs"; Mr Hugh Fraser, who gave "Eriskay Love Lilt"; Mr Stanley Lauder, who sang and played some musical asides, and Mr McFarlane who gave, in his inimitable way "Mr Duncan Mackintosh."

The Festival of 1930 was held on Thursday, 3rd April, in the Royal Venetian Room of the Holborn

Restaurant, under the chairmanship of the President, Mr John Macmillan, who was supported by a large company of members and their friends. There were eighty-four ladies present.

An excellent dinner was followed by the loyal toasts, after which the President gave the Toast of the Society—"The Caledonian Society of London."

Mr Macmillan began by offering to the members of the Society—and particularly to the Past-Presidents and office-bearers—his grateful thanks for the generous way in which they had supported him during the Session, of which this was the last effective meeting.

The monthly meetings of the Society were brilliant examples of good fellowship and conviviality, but if they stood only for these two admirable sentiments they would have little attraction for him and the many Past-Presidents whose work had attracted him to the Caledonian Society. That Society stood for something greater than that, for it was unofficially affiliated—and had been since its creation—to the two great Scottish charities in London. Unless their membership of the Caledonian Society led to active work for either the Royal Scottish Corporation or the Royal Caledonian Schools, or both, their membership of the Society would be lacking in real effectiveness.

Let them consider for a moment those two great charities. Take first the Schools, and consider the noble work that they were doing for the orphan children of Scottish parents. No child of a London Scottish father or mother whose support had gone, was turned away from the doors of the great schools at Bushey, and thousands of boys and girls had lived to bless the day that their footsteps had led them, by way of some kindly Caledonian, to the Royal Caledonian Schools.

Then there was the Royal Scottish Corporation, whose large funds were so ably administered by Caledonians, and guided so shrewdly by Past-President



Moncrieff, who, because of a double bereavement, was unable to be with them that night. They deeply regretted his absence, and the cause of it. The munificent work of that great charity was a tribute to the bigness of heart and business acumen of Scots in London. The poor old souls who had fallen by the wayside had their wants attended to unostentatiously and quietly, all of which was supplemental to the Old Age relief which a beneficent State granted. The Royal Scots Corporation was a refuge for the weary and a buffer between their native independence and the workhouse.

Mr Macmillan concluded by saying that as this was practically the last time he would occupy the chair, he wished to repeat how grateful he was for the support he had received. Because of that support he had thoroughly enjoyed every hour of his office. The memory of the Presidency was something that he would cherish as long as life lasted. (Applause.)

The toast was drunk with Caledonian Honours.

Mr A. Bain Irvine, J.P., Vice-President, said he was greatly honoured that night, for he had been entrusted with the toast "Our Guests." He reminded his hearers that the relation of a host to his guest was, in the olden time, of the most sacred character. Any person, having partaken of a man's bread and salt, at that man's invitation, was henceforth regarded as his friend, to be supported and helped at any cost. He became one of the clan. There was a story of an old chieftain of the Clan Lamont, who entertained a stranger unawares, and discovered by and by that he was not an angel. This stranger was flying hot-foot from his enemies. He was at his last gasp, and, coming in the dark to the house of the chief, cried out to him for succour. The old chieftain took him in, gave him food and lodging and a hiding-place. Then in the morning the old man found that he had been sheltering the slayer of his son. Nevertheless, his word had been

given, and he escorted his guest in safety through the country of his enemies and bade him depart in peace.

“ Well, ladies and gentleman,” said the speaker, “ you are our guests this evening. You have eaten our bread ; you have partaken of our salt, and henceforth, according to the old Highland clan rule, which still runs true, you are our friends, and we are your champions.”

They had many distinguished guests that night, and among them were several who had served their Empire at home and abroad. Mr Angus Robertson, with whose name the toast would be coupled, was a native of the Misty Isles, and he carried with him all the romance and mystery of the place of his nativity. Mr Robertson was a fervid Highlander, and knew his Scotland as few men knew it—its history, its romance, its soul. He had spoken to the Caledonian Society on his favourite theme—the Highlander as the master of Scotland—and in spirit he was eternally wandering through his native fastnesses. Mr Robertson was an authority on Gaelic literature, and he had translated a Gaelic novel into English.

Their Sassenach friends were doubly welcome, for none were more conscious than the members of the Caledonian Society of the kindness and consideration shown to Scots by their friends in England.

The toast was heartily drunk with the usual Caledonian Honours.

Mr Angus Robertson said he spoke as almost a permanent guest of the Society and of their President, his friend, Mr John Macmillan. The Caledonian Society, he said, stood for the hospitality that characterised all that was beautiful and elevating in the instincts of their race. So marked was the generous spirit of the Society that he felt that a statue of hospitality should stand at the entrance to their hall. In returning thanks for



their guests he was sure he echoed their sentiments towards the Caledonian Society when he quoted the prayer of his race :

" May the hills lie low,  
 May the sloughs fill up in thy way ;  
 May all evil sleep,  
 May all good awake in thy way."

The usual salute to the President by the Past-Presidents and other holders of Gold Badges had added interest from the fact that the Society's Gold Badge for exceptional services was conferred upon Mr P. N. McFarlane, who had been Honorary Secretary for the past six years.

When the procession—composed of Past-Presidents Sir John S. Young, Sir George W. Paton, John Douglas, William Will, and William Blane and headed by the Honorary Secretary—reached the President, Mr Macmillan said he was pleased to inform the company that the Society had resolved to honour Mr McFarlane for the meritorious work he had performed as Honorary Secretary. He (Mr Macmillan) could never repay Mr McFarlane for the great kindness and assistance that he had shown him during his term of office. Mr McFarlane had not only been an excellent Secretary, but he had been a good, hearty colleague, ever ready to do anything he could to help. No one had earned the Gold Badge more surely than had Mac. (Loud applause.)

Mrs Macmillan then pinned the badge on Mr McFarlane's breast, and in his brief reply the recipient said it had been a pleasure to serve under Mr Macmillan, and to do what lay in his power for the Society, of which he was proud to be a member, and prouder still to be Secretary. (Applause.)

The Past-Presidents then saluted the President.

Colonel Sir John S. Young, C.V.O., in proposing the toast of " The President," said he had the privilege

of welcoming Mr Macmillan into the chair at the opening meeting of his Presidency, and in saying good-bye to him as President he would like to say that the President had not belied the good opinions formed of him at his initiation. He had proved himself to be a man. He (the President) knew the Caledonian Society, and undertook to hand over unsullied the Presidency to his successor. He would most certainly do that. He had ploughed a straight furrow; and as comparisons would be odious, he (Sir John) would merely say that no President had exceeded in good work for the Society Mr John Macmillan. He said, a few moments ago, that this was his last meeting. It was nothing of the kind. "We elevate our Presidents to be Elder Brethren, and to belong to the Elder Brethren was a training for life." Mr Macmillan as President had given them music, literature, and song, and the best racial qualities of their people. "Ladies and gentlemen," concluded Sir John, "I call on you to drink to the good health and long life of Mr and Mrs John Macmillan, and this with musical and Caledonian Honours."

The toast was enthusiastically honoured, the large audience singing "For he's a jolly good fellow."

Mr Macmillan, in reply, said he would be devoid of sentiment if he were not touched by the words of Sir John Young and the heartiness of the reception of the toast. He had been placed on a pedestal upon which he could not remain. If, however, he had lived up to the traditions of the Caledonian Society and been a worthy successor of the many great men who had preceded him he would indeed be a happy man. (Loud applause.)

The speeches were interspersed with the Piper's Toast, and with bagpipe music by Pipe-Major Murdo Mackenzie, and with Scots songs by Miss Elsa Cameron, Mr Tom Kinniburgh, Mr R. D. Grant, and Mr Fred Morris, Mr Cyril Weller being at the piano. On the



insistent appeal of the President, Mr McFarlane sang with his customary gusto the old favourite "Mr Duncan Mackintosh."

"Auld Lang Syne" wound up a Festival that was marked by great good fellowship and by perfect arrangements, typical of the work of the Honorary Secretary during his six years in office.

During the Session whose work has just been recorded, death removed from the roll three men who had done good service for Scotland in London, namely J. Milne Greig (joined 1908), George A. G. Robertson (1908), and William Williamson (1920). Mr Robertson having been a member of the Council from 1910 to 1926.

Mr Milne Greig was a man whose character might be summed up in the phrase human kindness. In the work of the Royal Scottish Corporation he took an active part, and as one of his colleagues said, "It was always a heartening sight to see him paying the aged pensioners of the Corporation, and to observe the mutual regard and affection in which they held each other." Mr Milne Greig came of a long-lived stock, his mother having died in 1923 at the age of over 100, in full possession of her faculties.

Mr G. A. G. Robertson, a native of Orkney, was destined for the sea, but a storm delayed his arrival in London, so that the ship to which he was to be apprenticed had sailed before he reached the capital. What the sea lost accountancy gained, and he ultimately became head of the firm of Messrs Minton, Robertson & Co., Basinghall Street. His Scots work in London was first in the Orkney & Shetland Association, and later in the Royal Scottish Corporation, of which he was for many years a managing governor, and an active member of its committees. Mr Robertson was a valuable worker in the Presbyterian Church, first at Clapham Road, then at Wallington, and at both places

he was an energetic Deacon and Manager, and at Wallington an ideal Treasurer.

Mr William Williamson was a London Scot whose geniality made friends everywhere he went. As managing director of Messrs Haig & Haig, he was prominent in the advertising pages of *Punch*, where his whisky dialogues attracted much attention. Mr Williamson was later the head of Messrs John Gillon & Co. of Leith and London, a firm founded in 1817.

Mr Williamson had a great store of Scots stories, which he was always ready to draw from for the amusement of his friends; and one of the Sentiments given by him to the Society was on "The Humour of the Scot."

The members on the roll at the end of the Society's year numbered 142, made up of: Council, 32; life members, 12; and ordinary members, 98.

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With the record of Session 1929-30, the third volume of the Society's "Chronicles" closes. From its pages will be gathered something of the social life of Caledonians in London, whose association with their compatriots in the capital, love of their native land, its institutions, and its people, are the main objects of the existence of their Society. That the business of the meetings recorded here has more than a sentimental value is evidenced by the work that members do for the Royal Scottish Corporation and other charities, work that has been in progress for the better part of one hundred years, the Society having been formed in 1837.



MEMBERS OF COUNCIL.

1921-1922.

*President*—ALEX. BRUCE, Esq.

*Vice-President*—W. L. BRODIE, Esq.

*Ex-Officio Members*—(Past-Presidents, etc., who have been awarded the Gold Badges of the Society).

John Wilson, Esq., M.Inst.C.E.	John Matheson, Esq., M.A., M.D., J.P.
Alexander Ritchie, Esq., J.P.	T. R. Moncrieff, Esq., J.P.
George Struthers, Esq.	Patrick Gardiner, Esq.
Colonel Sir James Cantlie, K.B.E., M.B., F.R.C.S.	Colonel B. C. Green, C.M.G., T.D. D.L.
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