

The Chronicles
of the
Caledonian Society
of London

1931-1938



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BY
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Published at
THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY OF LONDON
Scots Corporation Hall
Fleur-de-lis Court, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4

Printed in Great Britain

Foreword

IN the year that Queen Victoria came to the throne, and probably to mark that event, a small party of Scots in the capital of the Auld Enemy founded the Caledonian Society of London, which has just celebrated the hundredth year of its existence. Consequently this, the fourth volume of the Chronicles of the Society, may be considered the Centenary volume.

Why this company of Scots called themselves the Caledonian Society of London, and not the Scottish Society of London or the Society of Scots in London, perhaps even the founders themselves could not have explained. It is a remarkable fact that scattered throughout the world, in every British colony and dependency and elsewhere, Scotsmen have banded themselves together in St. Andrew Societies and Caledonian Societies, and Heather and Thistle Societies, and Societies of Sons of Scotland. Some, to leave no doubt in the minds of less exalted neighbours, have even called themselves St. Andrew Scottish and St. Andrew and Caledonian Societies. Why this nomenclature it is difficult to explain unless it be that the word Caledonia, with its five syllables has a more poetic and satisfying sound than Scot or Scottish.

In its hundred years history the Society has never been without names of distinguished Scotsmen on its roll of members, the law, medicine, commerce, and industry having contributed men who have left their impression on the life of the city in which they made their homes. When the founders of the Society met there were among them men with names well known in Scotland, patrons of the Arts and business men. We know that one of the Rose Inneses was a member, that Sir Charles Forbes, Bt., was another, and that

Mr Gordon of Knockespock, the patron of William Thom, the weaver poet, author of "The Blind Boy's Pranks," and "The Mitherless Bairn," was also on the roll. It was our Brother Caledonian of Knockespock who brought Thom to London, where he was honoured and feted by his brother Scots and by great literary men, including Dickens; and we can be sure that Knockespock saw to it that members of the Society were subscribers to Thom's "Rhymes and Recollections" that brought him great honour and wealth.

During the seven years covered by this volume Death has taken heavy toll of members who gave many years of outstanding service to the Society and to Scottish charities in London. Sir John S. Young, C.V.O., president in 1904-1905; Sir George W. Paton (1913-1919); Mr T. R. Moncrieff (1919-1920); Mr John Douglas (1920-1921); Mr William Jeffrey (1923-1924), and Mr Robert Davidson, for many years hon. auditor, the connecting links with a former generation of great Caledonians, have all passed to their rest within the past few years; Mr William Blane, president in 1927-1928 and Mr A. Bain Irvine (1930-1931), representing a younger generation, have also died since the first of the contents of this book were prepared. Those men were great Caledonians, and their lives of service to Scotland in London are an inspiration to those who are left to uphold and further the social and benevolent objects on which the Society was founded.

Looking forward, one can wish for those who prepare the Chronicles of the Society for the second hundred years nothing better, nothing richer than the material provided for those responsible for the records from 1837 to 1938.

W. W.

September, 1938.

List of Illustrations

	FACING PAGE
Andrew Bain Irvine (<i>President</i> 1930-1931)	I
Peter Neil McFarlane (<i>President</i> 1931-1932)	38
Robert Sinclair Kennedy (<i>President</i> 1932-1933)	96
Alexander MacDonald (<i>President</i> 1933-1934)	146
William Miln (<i>President</i> 1934-1935)	196
John Bennett Rintoul (<i>President</i> 1935-1936)	254
Thomas Milne Stephen, J.P. (<i>President</i> 1936-1937)	317
Sir Murdoch MacDonald (<i>President</i> 1937-1938)	368



ANDREW BAIN IRVINE, J.P.
President 1930-1931

The Chronicles of the Caledonian Society of London.

CHAPTER I.

1930-1931 : MR ANDREW BAIN IRVINE, *President*.

A Caithness Native in the Chair : Tributes and Thanks to Past President John Douglas : Income Tax on Society's Dividends : Sentiments— "The Scot as Lawyer," by Lord Riddell ; "Evening," by Sir John Reith ; "Famous People I have met," by Mr William Blackwood ; "The Scot as Doctor," by Dr. Douglas Hay Scott ; "Highland Pipe Music," by Mr Seton Gordon ; Annual Festival : The President on the Society. Obituary—Professor Archibald Leitch ; Colonel James Young ; Mr Robert George Miller ; Mr John Blair.

FOR Session 1930-1931 there came to the chair a Scot from the far north county of Caithness, who, born in Wick, reached London by way of Berwick, whither his father migrated during the early years of his children's lives.

Having served his apprenticeship to the book-selling business, Andrew Bain Irvine spent twelve months in Manchester on his way to the capital, where he entered the service of Richmond Seeley, publisher. Mr Bain Irvine was assistant, and learned the trade of book making, afterwards becoming town traveller to this firm. His enterprize attracted the attention of an American firm which he served for seven years. His

next move on the road to high places in the publishing world was a position in the House of Cassell, one of the most famous publishing firms in the world, of which he ultimately became managing director.

In Cassell's, Mr Bain Irvine showed the stuff that was in him by founding the Waverley Book Company, and making it by his personality and foresight one of the outstanding landmarks in the publishing world; indeed, the Waverley Book Company is known wherever the English language is used. The business became part of the Amalgamated Press, Ltd., the great publishing concern of which Mr. Bain Irvine was a director.

Our President was not long in London ere he took a lively interest in Scottish affairs. Naturally the London Caithness Association hailed him as their chief; he held the highest honours in the Clans Association—president and chief—and he was President of the Burns Club of London.

A man of generous instincts and a free giver, the leading Scottish charities of London naturally early attracted his attention, and he became a life-governor of the Royal Scottish Corporation, and a life-director of the Royal Caledonian Schools, to the latter of which he was for many years a great benefactor, particularly where their literature was concerned.

Mr Bain Irvine was in the Freemason movement Worshipful Master of the Freedom and Courtesy Lodge.

In 1922 he was made a Justice of the Peace, and in 1928 he was elected to be a Fellow of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries.

The Scots Year Book, which was founded by Mr John Douglas to knit more closely the world-scattered Scots folk, was taken over by Mr Bain Irvine, who with great vigour and enterprize carried on the good work of our late President and Hon. Historian.

The list of Mr Bain Irvine's activities would not be

complete without some mention of his local public work. In 1919 he was elected a member of the Wood Green District Council, and three years later he was appointed Chairman. In educational matters in the district he took an active interest ; he was Chairman of the Passmore Edward's Hospital, and Chairman also of the Wood Green Labour Exchange.

A TRIBUTE TO MR JOHN DOUGLAS.

At the meeting of the Council on 13th November, 1930, before he demitted office as President, Mr John Macmillan paid a warm tribute to the work and worth of Mr John Douglas, who, he said, they all missed from their meetings, but who, he was glad to say, was making satisfactory, if slow, progress towards complete recovery. Mr Macmillan referred to Mr Douglas's many fine qualities ; and said that if there was one man outstanding in that Society it was John Douglas, whose grand character they all admired.

THE OFFICIALS FOR 1930-31

The election of the new officers resulted in Mr A. Bain Irvine becoming president ; Mr P. N. McFarlane, vice-president ; Mr John A. Brown, hon. secretary in succession to Mr McFarlane ; Mr T. C. Riddell, hon. treasurer ; Mr Robert Davidson, hon. auditor ; and Mr William Will, hon. historian.

OUR INCOME TAX.

At the meeting of the Council of the Society on 23rd October a discussion had taken place regarding the claim of the Income Tax authorities to tax on the dividends or interest from the Society's investments. To prepare a report for the Council, a committee was

appointed consisting of Col. Sir John S. Young, Mr Thomas M. Stephen, Mr T. C. Riddell, and Mr W. B. Esson. This committee at the meeting on 13th November reported that it was (1) Inadvisable to form a trust; (2) Inadvisable to distribute the invested capital of the Society; (3) The investments should remain and Income Tax should be paid on the dividends or interest thereon. This report was adopted, and the committee heartily thanked for their services.

LORD RIDDELL ON THE SCOT AS LAWYER.

At the Little Dinner following the November Council meeting, Lord Riddell gave a Sentiment, "The Scot as Lawyer," and in the course of his remarks said:

There is a marked difference between the laws of England and Scotland. The laws regarding marriage, divorce, inheritance, land—the constitution of the Law Courts, their procedure and their phraseology are all different. It is surprising how little the two nations know of each other's laws. Although 223 years have elapsed since the Act of Union, in legal matters each is a foreign country to the other. This mutual ignorance is a striking example of the difficulty of bringing about international understandings. If two nations with the same King and the same Parliament, speaking the same language and living next door to each other, are ignorant of each other's laws, is it surprising that nations who have no such bonds of union, who speak different languages, live miles apart and have inherited feelings of mutual mistrust, if not hatred, should find it difficult to understand each other?

When discussing "The Scot as Lawyer," one must inevitably begin with the greatest of all Scottish lawyers, Lord Stair, born 1619, died 1695. He was trained at Glasgow University, Glasgow, then rejoicing in a population of only 14,000. He was twice President of the Court of Session. His celebrated work, "Institutions of the Law of Scotland," published 1680, is *the* landmark in Scottish legal history. Sir Thomas Craig's book, published in 1654, was the only previous work of note. The Institutions, dedicated to Charles II., were a compendium of Scottish Law, and a consummate piece of workmanship. Stair not only recorded the law as he found it, but, being a man of genius, filled in the blanks, mostly by reference to Roman Law. He, however, was careful to remark that Roman Law had no authority in Scotland, although it was revered when there was no positive law or settled custom. This masterly work shows that notwithstanding scientific discoveries, there has been no improvement in brains. Stair's brains were quite equal to those of his successors, either Scottish or English.

Like most of his contemporaries, he was deeply immersed in politics—then a very dangerous game, particularly in Scotland. Owing to the machinations of his enemies, he had to flee to Holland, where he remained for four years. According to Macaulay, "in force of mind and extent of knowledge he was superior to all politicians of his age and nation." He was both intellectual and shrewd. His enemies called him "crafty." Notwithstanding his former political opinions, he served under Cromwell as a judge. When criticized, he made the subtle excuse that lawyers, like butchers and bakers, are necessary for the welfare of the people, and that therefore, in placing his services at Cromwell's disposal, he was really serving his country.

Before leaving Stair I must refer to the romance concerning his daughter Janet. Rumour has it that she murdered her husband on their bridal night in the bridal chamber. The reason given is that her mother, a very masterful lady, had forced the marriage upon her when affianced to another man with whom she was in love. Janet has been immortalized by Sir Walter Scott as Lucy Ashton in "The Bride of Lammermoor." Sir Walter brightens up the story by reminding us of the thirtieth chapter of the Book of Numbers. The tame parson of the Ashton family justified the breaking of the engagement by quoting the following verse. The whole chapter, which deals with the vows of wives and widows as well as those of daughters, is well worth reading.

"If a woman also vow a vow unto the Lord, and bind herself by a bond, being in her father's house in her youth :

"And her father hear her vow, and her bond wherewith she hath bound her soul, and her father shall hold his peace at her : then all her vows shall stand, and every bond wherewith she hath bound her soul shall stand.

"But if her father shall disallow her in the day that he heareth ; not any of her vows, or her bonds wherewith she hath bound her soul shall stand : and the Lord shall forgive her because her father hath disallowed her."

To do justice to Stair and his family would require a complete lecture. His son, also a very distinguished individual, was held to be largely responsible for the Massacre of Glencoe. There is an excellent *Life of Stair* by Mackay, published in 1873.

The next great lawyer I must mention is Professor Bell (1770-1843). His *Commentaries on the Law of Scotland* (1810) and *Principles of the Law of Scotland* (1829) contain a compendium of Scottish Commercial Law.

In the criminal department, Hume's *Commentaries* (1797) form a notable part of Scottish legal literature. In passing I may note that Sir Walter Scott in "The Antiquary" makes Monkbarne give an interesting disquisition on imprisonment for debt. He offers the whimsical explanation that no man is imprisoned in Scotland for not paying his debts, but for disobeying the King's order to pay them. Monkbarne's statement was cited with approval from the Scottish Bench in the case of *Thom v. Black* in 1828. Sir Walter, in his capacity of Clerk of the Court of Session, was in Court at the time.

During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, criminal procedure in Scotland was full of horrors. To quote Omond's "Lord Advocates of Scotland":

"The Court of Session was at this time the scene of shameless bribery and corruption. The Justice Court and the Council Chamber were, on the other hand, the scenes of most horrible cruelties. A mania for trying witches seized the minds of those in power. The King (James Sixth of Scotland and First of England) was often present, and His Majesty's Advocate, who frequently appeared for the prosecution, took care to inflict more exquisite tortures on such occasions, in order to gratify the royal curiosity. An iron frame was fixed round the legs of some unhappy woman, and thrust into a furnace. As the iron grew hotter and hotter and burned into the flesh, the Advocate put questions to her. Sometimes a rope was tied round the victim's head and drawn tight till the eyes started from their sockets. Another torture was pushing needles under the nails or pulling the nails out with pincers. All these tortures were sometimes inflicted on the same person. They were as legal in the sixteenth century as the cross-examination of a witness is in the nineteenth century."

In the *Life of Lord Stair* we read that in 1684 the Earl of Argyle's servant was tortured to make him betray his master.

"He long persevered in refusing to make any discoveries. On 26th July, he had, after torture, been delivered to General Dalzell, who, it was reported, 'by a hair shirt and pricking (as the witches are used) kept him five nights from sleep till he was turned half distracted. On the 7th August his thumbs were crushed with pilliwinks and thumbkins, a new invention brought by Dalzell and Drummond (who now sat constantly on the Privy Council) from Muscovy, and being threatened with the boots, he desired time, promising to declare what he knew.'"

As late as the eighteenth century many of the Scottish judges were fierce creatures, prejudiced, unjust and cruel. For instance :

Lord Braxfield (1722-1799) was like a formidable blacksmith, with rough eyebrows, powerful eyes, threatening lips and low, growling voice. See that delightful book, "*Lord Cockburn's Memoirs*." Braxfield once said to a culprit at the Bar, "Ye're a vera clever chiel, man, but ye wad be nane the waur o' a hanging." And to a juror he remarked "Come awa', Maister Horner, come awa' and help us to hang ane o' thae damned scoondrels."

Lord Kames (1696-1782), to whom frequent reference is made in *Boswell's Life of Johnson* (the great Doctor did not think much of him, frequently censuring him for misrepresentation and unfairness), was called on to try for murder Matthew Hay, with whom he used to play chess. When the verdict of "Guilty" was returned, he exclaimed, "That's checkmate to you, Matthew !"

According to *Cockburn*, up to 1808, the Judges of the Court of Session had wine and biscuits on the Bench :

"The refreshment was generally allowed to stand untouched, and as if despised, for a short time. . . . But in a little, some water was poured into the tumbler, and sipped quietly as if merely to sustain nature. Then a few drops of wine were ventured upon, but only with the water, till at last patience could endure no longer, and a full bumper of the pure black element was tossed over ; after which the thing went on regularly, and there was a comfortable munching and quaffing, to the great envy of the parched throats in the gallery."

Prior to 1808 the Court of Session consisted of fifteen judges, all

of whom sat together. No wonder they seldom agreed, and that all sorts of manipulations by the President were necessary to secure a decision! In 1808, the Court was reorganized. It required repair in more senses than one.

"The Inner House was so cased in venerable dirt that it was impossible to say whether it had ever been painted: but it was all of a darkish brown hue. There was a gallery over the Bar and so low that a barrister in a frenzy was in danger of hitting it. A huge fireplace stood behind the Lord President's chair, with one of the stone jambs cracked, and several of the bars of the large grate broken. That grate was always at least half full of dust. It probably had never been completely cleared since the institution of the Court in the sixteenth century" (*Cockburn*).

To-day there are thirteen judges. Eight sit in two Courts of Appeal—the first and second division, four in each. Five sit separately in the Outer House as *Puisne Judges*. In civil cases juries were introduced into Scotland in 1815. As it was thought that a Scottish judge would not know how to manage a civil jury, three judges were appointed by the King to manage jury cases. In 1830 this system was abolished, but the Scottish Courts still retain English procedure which has been abolished here. In Scotland the points for the jury are still set out in the pleadings, whereas English pleadings to-day are loose and discursive. In criminal cases, unlike the English system, the verdict goes by a majority of the jury. Criminal cases are dealt with by all Judges of the Court of Session, some of whom go on circuit as judges do in England. Being a land of romance, Scotland for its size has been prolific in producing striking murder trials. Some of the most celebrated took place in Scotland—Burke and Hare, Madeleine Smith, the Ardlamont case, and Oscar Slater. A couple of romantic murders might be thrown in—Rizzio and Darnley. In Scotland the Sheriff is a most important person, exercising as he does the functions of County Court Judge, Recorder of Quarter Sessions, and Coroner. An appeal lies from the Sheriff to the Court of Session. In Scotland there are three classes of practising lawyer—advocates, Writers to the Signet (W.S.), and Solicitors before the Supreme Court (S.S.C.). Lord Dunedin wittily remarked, "The chief difference between a W.S. and an S.S.C. is that the W.S. is more decorative!"

Scotsmen have a gift for the law. Lord Chancellor Erskine (1750-1823), the most famous of all advocates, was a Scot.

"He was the greatest political pleader that our Courts have seen. He combined in the highest degree courage and eloquence, judgment and determination, and with these he had also a magical gift of persuasion never surpassed in any arena where men set their wits one against the other. (See 'Oratory: English and Irish,' by Godfrey Locker-Lampson [A. L. Humphreys], which contains a number of his speeches.)"

Unlike most orations of former days, his are still first-class reading.

The "silver-tongued" Lord Chief Justice Mansfield (1705-1793), one of the greatest English judges—the judge who laid the basis of the laws which govern not only our commercial affairs, but those of America and the rest of the English-speaking races—was a Scotsman. Notwithstanding that he was accused by Junius of unfairness, he had a reputation for impartiality, so much so that Lord George Gordon, who had

led the mob that burnt Mansfield's house in Bloomsbury Square, elected to be tried by him.

The fiery, versatile, erratic Lord Brougham (1788-1868), who defended Queen Caroline, and became Lord Chancellor, was a Scot. He helped to suppress the slave trade, advocated many legal reforms, and was one of the earliest supporters of popular education. The extent of his activities may be judged from the fact that his speeches and writings run into no less than 133 volumes. He was the inventor of the type of carriage bearing his name. He died at Cannes, where he had a villa, over the door of which you can still see the Latin inscription he placed there, which, being translated, reads :

" I am home from sea at last.
Fortune and hope farewell,
You have played me tricks enough
Find other fools to sell."

Lord Campbell (1779-1861), author of that most entertaining but caustic work, "Lives of the Chancellors," was another Scot. Someone said that the chief sting of death for a Lord Chancellor was the fact that his life would be written by Campbell, or words to that effect.

Among modern Scottish judges, Lord President Inglis (1810-1891), is an outstanding figure, famed for great judicial qualities. When at the Bar, he defended Madeleine Smith.

Lord Watson (1827-1899), another great Scottish lawyer, was a distinguished member of the Judicial Committee of the House of Lords. Needless to say, Lord Haldane (1856-1928) was also a Scot. He will become historic as the first Labour Lord Chancellor. Lord Finlay (1842-1929) and Lord Loreburn (1846-1923), who were both Scots, were notable Lord Chancellors.

I will not venture to mention the names of any living Scottish legal luminaries, but there would be no difficulty in doing so. Indeed, the profession teems with them. The educated Scot is specially fitted for such avocations. He has all the necessary gifts—a logical, critical mind, a touch of philosophy, the power of precise, energetic statement, a good memory, pertinacity, industry, and ambition. No wonder that the legal roll of fame in both Scotland and England contains the names of so many Scotsmen.

The President, in a toast, thanked Lord Riddell for what he called his lordship's "entrancing speech."

Mr. P. N. McFarlane, the new vice-president, proposed "The Past Presidents," and said that this toast was like eternity—it had no beginning and no end. He divided his toast into two parts: "Presidents I have known" and "Presidents under whom I have suffered." Sir John Young, said Mr McFarlane, was entitled to full marks, for he was a great Caledonian, always in his place, always ready to fill a breach. To Mr John

Douglas he paid a great tribute for his kindness and consideration, his advice and assistance. Mr T. R. Moncrieff was not a man who wore his heart on his sleeve. Mr Moncrieff had been his friend, and a good friend. Sir George Paton's couthiness, his kindness, and his wisdom would stand out strongly in his (the speaker's) memory.

Of Presidents under whom he had suffered, Mr McFarlane had a good deal to say, but he confessed that his sufferings were slight when compared with the pleasure he had in serving the Presidents of the Caledonian Society.

Sir John Young, who replied, said that because he was a member of the Caledonian Society he had got a great deal out of life that otherwise he would have missed.

Mr L. G. Sloan proposed "The Guests," and Dr J. M. Bulloch replied.

Mr Tom Kinniburgh, in splendid voice, charmed the company with spirited Scots songs.

At the Council and general meetings prior to the dinner the annual grants of 40 guineas to each of the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools were approved.

THANKS TO PAST PRESIDENT JOHN DOUGLAS.

At the December meeting the Council considered the printing of the Chronicles of the Society, embracing the years 1922 to 1930, and in this connection there was put on the minutes a resolution expressive of the Society's sense of its indebtedness to Mr John Douglas, who had retired from the position of Hon. Historian on the completion of that volume. Mr Douglas's conscientious work in the editing of the "Chronicles" was referred to, and it was further agreed to show the

Society's gratitude by adding a bar to Mr Douglas's Past President's badge.

"EVENING," BY SIR JOHN REITH.

At the Little Dinner, held on 11th December, 1930, at the Holborn Restaurant, the President had on his right Sir John Reith, the head of the British Broadcasting Corporation, who gave the Sentiment, under the heading "Evening."

In the course of his remarks, Sir John said :

I observe that the title of the Sentiment is given as "Evening." The fact that this was obviously an error for "Sentiment of the Evening" did not prevent one's thoughts dwelling on the possibilities of making it the subject of one's observations, and had I had, in the last hour, a little more quietude than was possible, or even, in view of the edifying conversations on my right and left, desirable, I might have spoken to it. For it is certainly suggestive of profitable contemplation. The evening, for most people, is, or can be, the only quiet time of the day, and we need quiet badly. The conditions of one's work nowadays are disruptive of concentrated thought. Without vision, we are told, the people perish. And the same thought has been expressed in another form—from him who never takes council of the unseen and silent we cannot expect real visibility or speech. Fortunate is he who, like the sage of old, can meditate in the fields at evening. It is tragic that so few people, as it appears, are able profitably and contentedly to occupy their leisure time. The evening hours might mean so much for their own good and for the good of those around them; but all they bring is boredom, or a search for distraction of one kind or another, more or less vicious. And if it should be a time for recreation of mental and spiritual energy, so might it also be a time in far greater degree than it is for strengthening of family ties, the enrichment of home interests generally, upon which so much in the life and character of a nation depend. However, one might go on indefinitely, but I will pass from this somewhat attractive subject, leaving with you the beautiful lines of Milton, when he wrote :

"Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
Had in her sober Liverie all things clad;
Silence accompanied, for Beast and Bird,
They to thir grassie Couch, these to thir Nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful Nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the Firmament
With living Saphirs: Hesperus that led
The Starrie Host, rode brightest, till the Moon
Rising in clouded Majestie, at length
Apparent Queen unvaild her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her Silver Mantle threw."

I still have no title to give this Sentiment, but I hope that one may emerge. Since arriving here this evening, I have been seeking and receiving advice as to what I should speak on. Broadcasting has been suggested in various quarters, but that I rule out firmly and definitely. I have no doubt, however, that a profitable time might be spent by my sitting down and inviting as many of you as might care to give your opinions upon the Broadcasting Service, with the right to me to rise and demolish all your arguments and complaints thereafter.

"Talk about the condition of the country," someone suggested. "But," I demurred, "this is intended to be a festive occasion, and the state of the country is hardly compatible with festivity." That sounds pessimistic, and there is a fairly general tendency for people to gain credit and praise by proclaiming themselves optimists—optimists, on any matter and under any circumstances. Deliver us from the pessimist, they say. I say, and I think as cogently, Deliver us from the optimist. I am not sure that the one is not, on the whole, quite as bad as the other. Convinced and unshakable pessimism is wrong and very dangerous. But is it more dangerous than happy-go-lucky, unreasoning and unreasonable, optimism? We must equally pray and struggle to be delivered from this as from the conviction that somehow or another we shall manage to muddle through. That is a pernicious and silly policy. If we are to be optimists, and I hope we may be, let it only be on considered judgment, on measured security and on determination for the future. Democracy seems to breed optimism and pessimism in equal quantities and with equal absurdity.

And what about Democracy? There is a great deal of talk about it to-day—pessimistic and optimistic. Well, on the lowest terms, Democracy ought to pre-suppose an educational Demos. Do you feel that we have an educated Demos in this country, or, for the matter of that, in any country? Education is a difficult term to define, but when we are referring to it in connection with political issues and in connection with Democracy, it can be used in no narrow sense but only in the most comprehensive. And democratic power and privilege should surely carry with them a recognition of what the power and privilege ought to imply—on the lowest terms a high sense of responsibility, a regard for the State, as such, for others in the State too, and a willingness in return to carry some part of the burden.

Democracy is a much abused term. It is used in ignorance as meaning one thing one moment and another the next. Like Education, it is invoked without due consideration for its significance or the circumstances, as a panacea for varied ills, as an ideal and end in itself. Few stop even to distinguish between democratic principle and democratic method. There are many who would be willing in the main to subscribe to democratic principle, or at any rate to many democratic principles, and who, either by conviction or by sad experience, and perhaps even just by bias, have little faith to put in democratic method. It seems in this country as if democratic principle were pretty generally accepted by all political parties. But to what conclusion can we come with respect to the methods by which it is sought to bring the principle into operation? I leave it to your own observation and experience, but the matter is worth consideration. I think you will agree that, as the weakness of an ambassador detracts from the urgency of his embassy, so

democratic principle may be prejudiced, even vitiated, by the democratic methods adopted in the endeavour to bring it into effect.

More and more we hear that Democracy is a failure. Is it Democracy, or just the method? No one, I imagine, in these days, with any intelligence, with any regard for ethical law, would question the right of equal opportunity for all. Some may question and, in effect, are questioning, the products of that axiom. There is, at any rate, some confusion of thought as between the two high and cardinal principles of Humanity and Justice. They do not mean the same thing. Can a man say he has been wronged in a particular matter if, in that matter, he has not actually had any rights, or if his idea of his rights differs in nature, or in degree, from that of the community?

And is Education making people more intelligent? Here is another conclusion—between Education and Intelligence—very different matters. There are some who believe that if a man be born without intelligence he cannot acquire it. Lack of intelligence is one of the awful problems with which we are confronted. So is the attitude of many towards their work, towards their neighbour and towards themselves, in the sense that so little attention is given to the problems of life, to a man's place in the world, what he is to get out of it or give to it. Is there any general determination among the young to excel? And Character—is there as much attention paid to that as there might and should be in the training of the young? Do we always remember that it is character upon which a nation must, in the last resort, depend? Square pegs in round holes, indeterminates and inefficient—these are not far too frequent? Is it not often easier to do a job oneself than to persuade another man that it is possible to do it, let alone get him to do it. Efficiency is the product of many factors. So is excellence. Are we striving for such, or are we content with mediocrity.

Is mediocrity a by-product of Democracy? Is it inevitable? Is courage gone from us? Have we lost the faculty for thinking and speaking and acting in the first person singular? Is it unfashionable and undemocratic? Are we coming to the stage when a man with ability and intelligence beyond a point is as unpopular and unemployable as a man with ability and intelligence below a point?

Are we no longer to be directed in public and private life by principle? Principle moral, political and economic, used to be of determining importance, and if the world is to be rid of mediocrity, this must be enthroned once more, and then there must be the courage to carry it through.

The Scot was not a mediocrity in days gone by. I do not suggest that he is to-day. But if he drifts with the current now it will be a bad day for the Empire and the world. Is Scotland turning out the kind of men that once she did? Is there the old independence of character, the strong religious faith, the high principle, the stern determination, the diligence, and the great achievement? I doubt it. If these movements of which we hear are based upon the conviction that there is something in Scottish character which must be preserved, and can only be preserved with circumstances somewhat different from what we have to-day, then who will deny that they are at least worthy of study? The Scot has played a splendid part in the past, on every shore, in every type of human activity. He is badly needed to-day. Let us hope that

like Stevenson's lighthouse, Scottish character may be preserved "immovable, immortal, eminent."

Colonel Sir John Young, in thanking Sir John Reith for his Sentiment, said the guest of the evening had that evening broadcast diamonds of thought.

Mr J. B. Rintoul proposed "The Guests," coupling the toast with the names of Mr John Stewart, president of the Highland Society of New South Wales, Mr Cecil Fleming, and Mr Hugh Edwards, M.P.

Mr Stewart was warmly received, and said that after 43 years' absence in Australia he had spent an enjoyable holiday in the old country, and he was now returning with pleasant memories of the Scots whom he had met. He did not care much for the "Wha's like us" Scots, of whom they had a few examples. They in Australia were very well content, as Scots, to regard ourselves—that was the average Scot—at any rate as equal to the average Englishman. Mr Stewart, in presenting the fraternal greetings of the Highland Society of New South Wales, said they looked upon their society as the greatest of its kind in the world. In their society (to which he would carry some report of the ritual of the Caledonian Society of London, and perhaps adopt some of it) the Lowlanders predominated; and their objects were the protection and furtherance of the art and literature of their native Scotland and the study of her history. Their outdoor activities culminated on the 1st January with their sports and patriotic concert. The sports ground was the Mecca of all Scots on New Year's Day, and all of them were animated by the desire to uphold the great traditions of their native land. (Applause.)

Mr Cecil Fleming, at the close of a few appreciative remarks, said that local patriotism sometimes manifested itself in peculiar ways. He was attending the foundation-stone laying of a London Borough Council Baths, and the Mayor, having well and truly

laid the stone, said: "In the nime of the Father, of the Son, of the Owly Gowst, and of this Borough Council, I have great pleasure in laying this stowne." (Laughter.)

Mr Hugh Edwards had some appreciative remarks on Scots hospitality and the position of Scots in the world. He said that since Prime Ministers were created, Scotland had furnished more of them than the other countries put together. His country, Wales, had produced only one—and it didn't look as if he was coming back for some time.

During the evening five new members were introduced, Messrs J. A. Morrison, J. R. Crawford, Dr C. Stewart Hunter, Messrs John Crichton, and Foster Brown.

The musical part of the programme was provided by Mr. Lloyd Saxton, of St. Paul's Cathedral Choir, and Mr J. R. Crawford.

FAMOUS PEOPLE MR W. BLACKWOOD HAS MET.

For many years the first meeting of a New Year has been celebrated by Past President T. R. Moncrieff singing "Here's to the Year that's awa'"; and at the Little Dinner at the Holborn Restaurant on 8th January, 1931, immediately after the loyal toasts had been given and responded to with Caledonian honours, the President called on Mr Moncrieff, who readily responded, and was heartily congratulated on his fine rendering of the appropriate song.

The President introduced Mr. William Blackwood as the editor of "Answers," a director of the Amalgamated Press, and a great Scotsman whom everybody in Fleet Street knew and respected. Mr Blackwood, who was a colleague of his (the President), had kindly consented to give them as a Sentiment some reminiscences of the great Scots whom he had met in the course of his work as a journalist.

Mr Blackwood took for the subject of his Sentiment, "Famous People I have Met." And for forty-five minutes he held us completely delighted with his comments, descriptions, and appreciations of some of the great figures in our country's history during the past thirty years or more.

He said his recollections took him as far back as the time when Lord Rosebery was a prominent personality in politics and literature. As a very young reporter Mr Blackwood listened to Rosebery's twin orations on the genius of Robert Burns—one at Dumfries and the other in the City Hall, Glasgow—and was so enslaved by the texture and the delivery of these famous speeches that for ever afterwards he was a passionate admirer of the wonderful Scottish peer who left such perfect essays to be added to the literature of Britain. Mr Blackwood met Lord Rosebery on more than one occasion, the last being at Dalmeny House a few years before his death.

Stories of Campbell-Bannerman (that homely and honest man who was wont to meet the Scottish reporters in his stockinged feet stretched in front of the fire at Belmont Castle, near Alyth, in Forfarshire), of H. H. Asquith, of John Morley and others of the old political gladiators who were always given verbatim reports twenty and thirty years ago, followed each other in swift succession.

One story of John Morley may be repeated. Mr Blackwood had gone down to Montrose with a team of reporters to take a verbatim report of the great man, and it so happened that during the speech, young Blackwood failed to catch a phrase about the South African war. Not realizing in the excitement of his work that he was speaking so loud, Blackwood cried out to his next-door reporter, "What did Old John say there?" Morley himself heard the anxious question, smiled, came right to the front of the platform, and remarked, "Old John said this"—and he repeated the phrase amidst great laughter and an outburst of cheers for his genial treatment of the youthful reporter.

Mr Blackwood can tell a story against himself with as much gusto as any other—which is surely the hall-mark of the good story-teller.

Of such famous and well-known men as Harry Lauder, between whom and Mr Blackwood there has existed a close friendship since they were boys; James MacBey, the great Scottish etcher; Lord Shaw of Dunfermline, one of the wittiest and most fascinating Scots alive, according to the speaker; Lord Northcliffe, under whose wing Mr Blackwood served for many years; Lord Camrose, the brilliant and lovable William Berry of a few years ago, but now the greatest newspaper magnate in Britain and a man served with affectionate devotion by thousands of newspaper men all over the country; Winston Churchill, a personal friend since the old electioneering days in Dundee; and James Ramsay MacDonald, the present Prime Minister, the speaker gave us many delightful cameos of an intimate and effervescent nature.

With reference to the last-mentioned personality Mr Blackwood told us of a recent visit which he had paid to Chequers as a guest of the

Prime Minister, and the picture he drew of Ramsay MacDonald, away from the cares and worries of politics and state-craft, surrounded by his splendid boys and girls at the fireside, or wandering alone with his guest through the magnificent rooms of Chequers and up over the hills of Buckinghamshire, the while discussing books, from the Bible down to Walter Scott—well, it was indeed a picture which we could all visualize.

Mr P. N. McFarlane, Vice-President, proposed the health of Mr Blackwood, and offered the thanks of the Society for his wonderfully interesting Sentiment. Mr Blackwood, said the Vice-President, was a man who from very small beginnings had climbed to the top of his profession. He was a successful editor, a greatly beloved man, a loyal friend, who did not care a "tinker's cuss" for anything or anybody on earth. His opinions he expressed freely and frankly. One always knew where William Blackwood was.

Mr Blackwood, in his reply, said he was always delighted to be of assistance to brother Scots, and he would come again if he were asked.

Past-President John Macmillan in a few delightfully chosen words gave "Our Guests," and coupled the toast with the name of Mr Donald Grant, the well-known Glasgow bookseller and publisher, and an influential citizen of the capital of the West of Scotland.

Mr Grant spoke of the fine spirit behind their wonderful hospitality; and he paid a beautiful tribute to the memory of the late Dr Neil Munro, whose sense of kinship was a sense of kindness. Scotland had sustained a loss that she could not recover from readily. He spoke also of Barrie, the London Scot, who although Anglicized, gave lustre to his art.

The Hon. J. W. Downie, High Commissioner for Rhodesia, also replied.

Among those who contributed to the programme were Major H. Green, who gave clever recitations, and Mr Herbert Cameron, whose great bass voice was heard in several stirring martial Scottish songs.

THE SCOTTISH DOCTOR.

A goodly company assembled in the Caledonian Room, Holborn Restaurant, at the Little Dinner on 12th February, 1931, under the chairmanship of the President, who, after the loyal toasts, introduced Dr Douglas Hay Scott, who had as a Sentiment "The Scot as Doctor." Dr Scott, said the President, was well qualified to speak to them on the subject, for he was not only a qualified general practitioner, but he was assistant editor of *The British Medical Journal*. Dr Scott said :

In dealing with the comprehensive subject of "The Scot as Doctor," there is a great temptation to let the mind dwell upon many of those historical pictures which illustrate the story of the Scottish Nation and which add the tones and the qualities of colour to the prosaic category of names and dates. In the short time at my disposal, however, I must leave a lot of the background to you, contenting myself with the rough sketches of a few figures which make the main composition. Together we may thus succeed in the production of some incomplete but serviceable impression of the evolution and establishment of medical science in that honoured and glorious race to which we proudly belong.

In the mists of a very uncertain past there are glimpses of the Gaels, with their own customs, their racial ailments, and their medical lore. They understood the mysteries of the juniper, the broom, the foxglove, and many other herbs, but it is in their hydropathic and spa treatment that they are outstanding; they indeed anticipated many of the methods of modern days. Elsewhere we know but little of that thousand years, which, starting in the fifth century, was terminated by new minds like those of Petrarch and Boccaccio, who proclaimed the Renaissance and so put an end to the Dark Ages, that decadent period when Europe and all its countries seemed content with a moral and mental apathy, sleeping in the pseudo-security of an ignorant mentality, stuck in the mire of religious domination and fearful superstition prompted by a tyrannical Church. When the sixteenth century came, Scotland was no better than other nations. She had had the experience of the court physicians to James III., Sheves and Andrewes, two rascally fellows, acknowledged charlatans and sorcerers, mesmerising their Royal patient with black magic and doubtful inspirations from the stars.

We need not marvel at the slow awakening of Scotland in medicine as in other things. Medical erudition came falteringly, with many a set-back to cause the bigots to sneer. Nevertheless the advance went surely on. The barbers stopped their surgery, the surgeon-apothecaries took to more learning, the mediciners, the physicians, the professors,

such as they were, all paved the way for the final product of this evolution, the combined physician, surgeon and accoucheur. Throughout those tumultuous days of the Reformation, the Covenant, the "Killing Times," the '15 and the '45, the influence of the Renaissance kept its steady and certain course, and once more, the forgotten precepts of Galen, Aretaeus, and Hippocrates were revived and elaborated till we find that when the Napoleonic Wars and the Industrial Revolution had become history, discovery was following hot foot upon discovery in the early days of Queen Victoria's reign, and the profession had reached a state when more and more each day the miraculous seemed to happen in science and skill. Throughout these epochs, with their turmoil of social, religious, and political change, as in other walks of life, the Scot as a doctor was outstanding.

Need we mention some names, like Elphinstone, who founded Aberdeen University in 1498, or Maister Peter Lowe, who secured the charter for the Royal Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow one hundred years later? Need we paint into our picture the figure of Alexander Munro, who started the Medical School in Edinburgh, and who thus initiated a faculty whose disciples have carried its glorious banners to the ends of the earth? Must we be reminded of the famous William Cullen of Glasgow, son of the soil and friend of Burns, or of his pupils, the Hunters, names to be conjured with in the whole world of medicine? The list is endless: Black, who taught James Watt how to use the steam he had discovered; Sir Charles Bell; Simpson, the Bathgate baker's son, who introduced chloroform; Pitcairn, Manson, Syme, Ross, Baillie, Gemmill, Gairdner, William MacKenzie, physician to the Queen; the famous Kennedy of Fort William; and the wonderful Beatons of the Western Isles. These men and their like made the Scottish profession what it is to-day—strong, scientific and steadfast, a worthy reflection of a proud and noble race.

The three essentials of a successful doctor have been defined as, first, a precise knowledge of the institutions of medicine and the workings of the various organs; secondly, accurate observation; and thirdly, that speciality of the Scottish intellect, a judicial faculty. The very air of our country seems to lend itself to the breeding of logicians and philosophers; in climate, character, and geographical position, we have the ideal environment for the development of strong men and women. The weakling has a sorry struggle to keep himself from the wall, and his fight against disease is a strenuous one. In such trying conditions, it is only natural that our hygienic warriors should gird their loins, and equip themselves with everything from the armentarium of their professional citadels.

"Don't think; investigate!" was the Scottish advice tendered by John Hunter to Jenner, and this may be said to epitomize the creed of the Scot as a doctor. If we may compare him with his English neighbour, we find that he is less polished, but more definite; less demonstrative but more convincing; less facile, but more fundamental.

In the romantic days of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, there were many "characters," and a goodly few found their way into the ranks of the medical profession. The apprentices were lodged in their masters' houses, and they were no less high spirited or better behaved than our medical students of to-day. A record of punishment

in the register of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh states that for continued licentiousness, a certain youth would not be allowed to "weir ony dager, quihinzard, or knyff, except ane knyff to cut his meit, wanting the point." Truly a terrible deprivation of rights in this period!

Those were the days of inefficient education, of struggle against the witchcraft lingering on from the Dark Ages, and of hunger, penury, and endless faction. The barber surgeon ceased to be recognized in 1722, and all that was left to him was the striped pole and the brass platter, symbols of phlebotomy. His place was taken by the more enlightened surgeon apothecary, in many respects the homologue of our present-day general practitioner. Contrast his drugs, his lancet, and his sand-glass with the complicated machinery and pro-formas of to-day. When a purge was useless, he took to blood letting, and if this did not succeed there was a multitude of nostrums to fall back on—herbs, ant's eggs, spawn of frogs, crab's claws, animal excrement, spiders, worms, slaters, and wood-lice. For jaundice, the remedy was burnt earthworms in decoction of wormwood; for consumption, snails boiled in cow's milk; while a child in a convulsion might have the horrifying experience of the application to his abdomen of a cut sheep's lung, a live whelp, or a chicken slit up the middle. I have not time to go into the rationale of this treatment, if rationale there be. But still more mystifying is the prescription of a certain Dr Clark of Edinburgh, whose dictum was as follows: "For the pleurisy, a ball of horse's dung, well dried, beaten into a powder, and dissolved in water. Drink it, and he will be cured." The fee for this was one guinea.

More popular treatment at this time was a course of the "water" at Moffat, or an excursion to the Highlands to drink goat's milk, usually made more palatable by the addition of mountain dew. In 1726 we read that "all the ministers about Glasgow are out of town at the Goat's milk."

I have discovered a full account of the expenses incurred by the luckless Lord Lovat in 1742. The doctor was called Fraser, of Drimeriack, and the details show his patient to have been afflicted with divers troubles. For nine months the bill came to £36, 10s. 3d., and two of the items were "Five purging powders for your servant," and "To ointment for Mammy Meg, 4s. 2d." There seems to be something behind these statements. The chief and frequently recurrent medicament is lohoch, a thick greasy preparation like hard butter, which melted in the mouth. The price of a pot was 9s. Another account preserved in Edinburgh shows that for curing the Sheriff of Moray of the itch in 1732, a fee of £6, 9s. was charged. Scabies in the eighteenth century was evidently worse than in the Great War.

There was an outstanding figure, mentally and physically, in the eighteenth century—George Cheyne. He belonged to Aberdeen, and at one time he reached the Falstaffian weight of 32 stones. He was granted permission to practise medicine, not because of his skill in the healing art, but because "he was not rich," and was one of the greatest mathematicians in Europe. He must have been a prototype of Arbuthnot Lane, for he wrote many popular books on medicine. Samuel Johnson, himself keenly interested in reduction of corpulency, frequently applauded and commended the anti-fat treatment of Cheyne. Unfortun-

ately the latter had perforce to go to Bath in order to take the cure himself, and it is said that when he began to see his ponderous disease vanish, he vowed he would give up his debaucheries and his libidinous habits. His remorse cost him loss of much custom, as the old habitués of the clubs stopped their custom when he refused to join them in their cups.

In the early nineteenth century we find Glasgow growing rapidly, despite the survival of the nobby and the sedan chair. Bleeding, purging, and inunction with mercury were in vogue, and a rhyme of the time is illustrative. It says :

“ Watt took the blood, and Miller gi'ed wine,
 Graham stuck to calomel in doses sae fine ;
 But Freer gi'ed them naething, and truth I dae tell
 The maist o' the buddies he looked efter got well.”

Not a bad epitome of our own age !

Dr Freeland Fergus tells many stories of his father, who was in practice in Glasgow during the best part of the nineteenth century. Before the passing of the Public Health Act, many scourges were prevalent, chiefly typhus, now almost extinct. On his rounds, old Fergus used to carry a big thick stick, which he facetiously described as his best prescription, as he was in the habit of smashing windows when he thought it essential to let in more fresh air to the vile houses of the period.

When we come to modern days, and the question is put as to the most outstanding figure of recent years in Scotland, and indeed of the whole world of medicine, our thoughts at once turn to James MacKenzie. A simple laddie, born on a Perthshire farm, and apprenticed to a chemist, because he was thought to be the dullard of the family, he struggled eventually through the University, and so on to the uninspiring town of Burnley. For many years he worked quietly, but the routine of practice gave him new ideas, and his matured brain found new conceptions of the laws of health, especially with regard to the heart. Long before the gilded intelligentsia of Harley Street chose to countenance him, his worth was recognized in Germany and America, and perhaps I am right in saying that it is only now that his greatness is being properly appreciated. Two tragedies of his life completed his romantic career. The first was that, despite honour, distinction, and fame, he relinquished his London work because of the conviction in his mind that the real way to study disease was not to see its advanced stages, but to discover it early, and before it had seriously affected the patient. He therefore settled in St. Andrews, where he founded an already-famous institute for general practitioners devoted to the study of the first symptoms and signs of our bodily ailments. The second tragedy was that of his own affliction. He died from angina pectoris, a disease he had studied all his life, and which he had sought to explain and cure. So passed hence the Beloved Physician, and Scotland may wait many years before his like is born.

Looked at from the collective point of view, the Scottish school has reached a pinnacle of fame all the world over on account of the excellency of her general practitioners.

Says David Rorie, in "The Auld Doctor," a book of verses in Scots I commend to you all :

" O' a' the jobs that sweat the sark
Gie me a kintra doctor's wark,
Ye ca' awa' frae dawn till dark,
Whate'er the weather be, O !

There's ae guid wife, we're weel acquaint
Nae trouble's kent but what she's taen't,
Yet aye she finds some new complaint,
O' which I hae the key, O !

I wouldna care a docken blade,
Gin her accoont she ever paid,
But while she gi'es me a' her trade,
There's ne'er a word o' fee, O !

Tak' ony job ye like ava !
Tak' trade, the poopit or the law,
But gin ye're wise ye'll haud awa'
Frae medical degree, O ! "

Of my own days in practice I could speak for much longer than you would allow. A week after graduation I was acting as locum tenens in a large practice, and I was most disappointed when I failed to prevent the death of an octogenarian with bronchitis, heart failure, and numerous other complications. Condoling with the widow, I bemoaned my inexperience, but her reply was one of the most consoling things I have had said to me in all my life.

" Whisht, Doctor," she said, " ye'd naething tae work on."

I wish I could tell you about all my dear old grannies. I had about a dozen of them, and my occasional visits to them were always a joy. Mrs Gordon was a real old " worthy." Bedridden though she was, she ruled her household with a rod of iron, and sat propped up by pillows, under which was the family purse in safe keeping. No Chancellor of the Exchequer ever harassed his people more than that old lady her rebellious family ; and woe betide the unruly member who doubted her decisions.

Another who comes into my memory is old Mrs Doig, who suffered from large ulcers of the leg, and who was confined to bed for many years. She also suffered from a daughter, who considered she belonged to another world altogether. Her great ambition was social progress, and though she aimed at the accents of Mayfair, she inevitably floundered in a morass of malaprop at every second sentence. One day when I arrived I was greeted as follows :

" Doctor, mother is in the ben room to-day. The sweeps has been this morning, sweeping the kitchen lum ; and do you know, Doctor, since they have went awa', the room has been simply *full* of reek."

Another would-be society leader, a former jute spinner, who had married an overseer in an Indian factory, and who had graduated from a room and kitchen to a three-apartment house, remarked as she was untying her child's numerous petticoats :

"Ye see, Doctor, my man always sends silk home for the children and me, and we are never without it."

Forgetful of her English, and struggling with a difficult fastening in the child's napkin, she blurted out :

"Oh! gee; these safety-pins is all roosty with swyte."

I cannot conclude without a brief picture of my favourite Professor (A. M. S.), the man who taught me as a stripling and whose influence and example have been my beacon light in days of storm and darkness. There he sits in the evening of his life, my own private beloved physician, still alert mentally and full of his wonderful philosophies, but physically handicapped by legs that have let him down. Not so many years ago, twenty to be exact, he chastised me on a certain occasion with a pronouncement full of gentle but unimpeachable scorn that made me resolve never to make a mistake again. In front of the large clinic assembled around a case of valvular disease of the heart, I had just finished reading my notes, and there was a certain amount of pride in my heart because I was conscious of the pains I had taken and appreciative of the approving nods of that intellectual head. Question time came, and I regret to confess that I made an "ass" of myself in the "box." My preceptor looked at me for two seconds, then in his modulated and carefully lowered voice, audible, however, through the whole ward, he said :

"Mr Scott, I do not wish in any way to underrate the observations you have made on this case, nor is it my intention to belittle the undoubted knowledge you possess of clinical medicine, but at the same time I hope I may be pardoned on this occasion, unequivocally, and in the presence of all your assembled fellows, in venturing the assertion, here and now, that you are *talking through your hat*."

From that day he had me, entirely and ungrudgingly, as his slave. When I think of him in his retirement, sitting there so contentedly and so free from the bitterness of this world, I am reminded of the words of Walter Savage Landor :

"I strove with none, for none was worth my strife.
Nature I loved and next to Nature, Art.
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks and I am ready to depart."

Dr McDonald, in complimentary terms, proposed the health of Dr Scott, whose Sentiment, he said, had given them pleasure and instruction. The great services to humanity and to the medical profession by Scottish doctors had never before been so convincingly brought home to him.

The toast was heartily drunk, with Caledonian honours.

Dr Scott replied in a happy speech, in which he spoke of the homely feeling at the Caledonian gather-

ings, and ended by declaring that the great essential of life was Home, and that the most kindly *au revoir* that he could utter was : " Good night, friends ; I'll see you the morn."

Mr J. R. Steele, in proposing " The Guests," spoke of the hospitality of the Scot in his native haunts, and declared that we Caledonians in London tried to maintain in this respect and others the great traditions of Scotland. Mr Steele coupled the toast with two eminent London Scots, Colonel Sir Hugh Turnbull and Professor William Bulloch. Colonel Turnbull had the great responsibility of guarding the richest mile in the world, for he was the Commissioner of Police of the City of London. Professor William Bulloch, Professor of Bacteriology at the London Hospital, like his brother, Dr J. M. Bulloch, they were always delighted to see with them. Professor Bulloch was eminent in his profession, for his research work was known throughout the world, and medical science was enriched by his work.

Sir Hugh Turnbull, in a happy little speech, said he was not only a Scot, but he had married a Highland lass. He spoke of the splendid policemen that young Scots from the country made, and suggested that if any of the members of the Caledonian Society knew of young Scots anxious to come to London, they might send them his way. He was always on the look-out for good material for his force.

Professor Bulloch said he had been in London for forty years, and he knew the principal medical men in those years. The Scottish doctor had a high standard, but the English doctor stood highest. One thing he had remarked was that there were no " duds " from Scotland. In the history of medicine they would find that the greatest discoveries had been made by Englishmen. They were pre-eminent in their profession. Harvey, Jenner, and Lister—great names in medicine—

were all Englishmen. The Scottish medical profession had produced a galaxy of good men out of all proportion to our population. He mentioned the names of Sir Alexander Ogston, Sir David Brewster, and Dr Matthews Duncan, as medical men of the first water. Professor Bulloch spoke also of Sir Frederick Treves, whom he knew, and who had always a warm corner in his heart for Aberdonians, as the students had once made him Lord Rector of their University.

The health of a Victoria Cross hero, D. L. McIntyre of the Highland Light Infantry, who was present, was proposed, and heartily drunk.

The programme was augmented by Mr. William Forrest, who gave a recitation, and Mr. J. R. Crawford, who sang several robust Scottish songs.

HIGHLAND PIPE MUSIC.

The last of the Little Dinners of Session 1930-1931 was held on 12th March in the Caledonian Room, Holborn Restaurant, the President occupying the chair.

Prior to the Dinner the Council of the Society approved a letter of congratulation to Mr John Douglas on his recovery to health; and a letter to Sir George Paton on having collected over £6000 for the Caledonian Schools Festival.

The Sentiment after dinner was in the hands of Mr Seton Gordon, the well-known lecturer on Scottish Natural History and Bagpipe Music. He chose as his subject "Highland Pipe Music."

In the old days (said Mr Seton Gordon) a piper was a person of importance. He had a "gille" or servant to carry his pipes, he held his lands rent free, and was on intimate terms with the chief. The three most celebrated families of hereditary pipers were the MacCrimmons, who were pipers to the MacLeods of Dunvegan and were in

the sixteenth century granted the lands of Boreraig and Galtrigil by Alasdair Crottach (1480-1540), the MacArthurs, who were pipers to the MacDonalDs of the Isles, and the MacKays, who were the pipers to the MacKenzieS of Gairloch.

The MacCrimmons were pre-eminent. They had a piping college at Boreraig, and to this college all the best pipers came. These pipers were not accepted unless they showed promise, and even so they were not held to have completed their course until they had studied at Boreraig for seven years.

Mr Gordon mentioned the two origins ascribed to the MacCrimmons. There was, he said, a persistent tradition in the Isles that the MacCrimmons were of Italian origin and that in the seventeenth century MacLeod, while returning through Italy from a crusade, had come across a musician of exceptional gifts and had brought him to Skye. This tradition was handed down from one generation to another in St. Kilda, where the people were almost entirely cut off from the outside world.

The second tradition, which found more favour with Celtic scholars, was a no less romantic one. It was that the MacCrimmons are descended from Ruman MacColman, Poet Royal of Ireland in the eighth century and a kinsman of the Irish King.

In speaking of the MacKays, Mr Gordon mentioned that the most celebrated of that line of pipers was Iain Dall, he who became blind from smallpox at the age of seven. When he was studying at Boreraig, his progress was so rapid that the other pupils became jealous and attempted to kill him by chasing him over a cliff, but he survived. Mr Gordon mentioned that there were three forms of pipe music, and gave illustrations of each. There was the Ceòl Beag (the march, strathspey, and reel), the Ceòl Meadhonach (slow marches), and the Ceòl Mor (piobaireachd). As an example of Ceòl Mor Mr Gordon played Cumha na Cloinne (the Lament for the Children). He mentioned that this was one of the most beautiful compositions we had, and was composed by Padruig Mor MacCrimmon three hundred years ago. A sailing ship came to Boreraig. She had fever on board, and in a very few weeks seven out of eight of Padruig Mor MacCrimmon's sons died of this fever. His grief inspired him to write that great piobaireachd, "The Children's Lament."

Mr Seton Gordon then played in a masterly manner several examples of the Middle Music and Pibrochs with which he had dealt in his remarks.

Past President T. R. Moncrieff asked the company to give hearty thanks to Mr Seton Gordon, and to drink his health with Caledonian honours. He said Mr Seton Gordon was a many-sided man. They knew his natural history studies, and pipe music was but another facet. The Caledonian Society had not been without its piper members. He recalled Mr Mackay

Tait's rendering of pipe music. He was a busy man, but his conscious moments were with the pipes. He remembered an occasion when Mr Tait received a scrap of music from the Isles. He guarded it and fondled it as if it had been a fortune; and when he played it, it was beautiful.

Mr J. B. Rintoul proposed "Our Guests," coupling the toast with the name of Sir John Foster Fraser.

Sir John, in reply, said (referring to a remark by Mr Seton Gordon) that it was a pity that it didn't take seven generations and seven years to make a saxophone player. (Laughter.) The first time he saw Mr Seton Gordon was in Skye, when Mr Gordon was driving a car in which sat a lady, and he, the driver, was in full Highland regalia. The car was being driven at a furious pace, and he (Sir John) had to jump clear to prevent being run down. Amid loud laughter, Sir John continued: "And what I said about Mr Seton Gordon that day I shall not disturb the harmony of this meeting by repeating to-night." Sir John further remarked upon the fact that the Albanians, among whom he had travelled, had the same scenery, the same scanty dress as the Scottish Highlanders, and the same or nearly similar pipes. He commented on the fact, too, that the further Scots get away from Scotland the more patriotically Scottish they became. In Australia there were numerous Scots, "but when you get to New Zealand, why, in Dunedin and Invercargill they won't even speak English."

Mr. Lloyd Saxton sang several Scottish songs in his beautiful tenor voice.

During the evening a new member, Mr John Forbes Somerville, the son of a former highly-respected member of the Society, was introduced to the President.

THE FESTIVAL : THE PRESIDENT ON WHAT THE SOCIETY STANDS FOR.

The Festival, which closed the work of the Society for the winter of 1930-31, was held on Thursday, 16th April, 1931, in the Venetian Room of the Holborn Restaurant.

Among the guests were The Right Hon. Lord Alness, Sir Gordon Nairne, Bt., Lady Paton, Mrs John Douglas, Sir Andrew R. Duncan, Mr Angus Macmurchy, K.C., Toronto, and Mrs Macmurchy, Dr and Mrs J. M. Bulloch.

The toast list was, as usual, a short one, the President opening with "The Caledonian Society of London."

Mr. Bain Irvine said :

My Lord, Mr Vice-President, Brother Caledonians, and Ladies and Gentlemen,—I think we shall agree that there are a few characteristics that distinguish the Scot abroad from amongst his fellows—the first his perfervid patriotism for his country, and next his pride and affection for the town and county of his birth.

When he comes south to dwell among a friendly people his first endeavour, after getting his foot on the ladder, is to become a member of some Scottish Society where he can, after the day's darg, meet men and women from the homeland, where he is continually reminded of the days of his youth as he listens to the auld Scots sangs and the familiar doric, and sometimes his thoughts go flying back to the old country as if in a dream he sees once more the purple heather hills and maybe the cottage nestling in the hollow. And bye and bye down the glen comes a maiden, fair as the spring, rosy as the dawn ; and his eyes grow dim. He dichts awa' a tear, as with a rush the almost intolerable pathos of the old, old song surges in upon him—

" We twa hae paidl't i' the burn
 Frae mornin' sun till dine,
 But seas between us braid hae roared
 Sin' Auld Lang Syne."

If the Caledonian Society served no other purpose than to give us just those glimpses of our youth, you will, I am sure, agree that our gatherings would not be in vain. But the Caledonian Society stands for much more than that. Away back in the year 1837 a band of perfervid Scots founded our Society. That was a historic year. Queen Victoria stepped on to the Throne. John Richard Green, who wrote "A Short History of the English People," was born at Oxford. Swinburne saw the light of day in Belgravia. All of these great people have passed away ; so too

have the Founders of our Society, although their memories remain for ever green.

The Caledonian Society was brought into being by but a handful of men. The first banquet attracted twelve members. The membership grew rapidly. In a very short time at the annual banquet no fewer than 140 gentlemen and 74 ladies were present. The ladies here to-night will be interested to know that to the Caledonian Society of London belongs the honour of having first initiated the good custom of inviting ladies to sit at table at public banquets. (Applause.)

In those early days the Society had many distinguished guests, and one can understand how delighted were the members when Colonel Burns, the son of the immortal Bard, sang with great charm one of his father's songs, "O' a' the airts the wind can blaw."

It was in 1863 that the President, Mr Hepburn, told Lord Palmerston, who had proposed the toast of the Caledonian Society, that a Scot had tried to argue that he, Lord Palmerston, was a Scot, and finished by saying: "Weel, weel, if his Lordship isna a Scotsman he has abilities enough to warrant him in being so." (Laughter.)

Looking through the "Chronicles," one comes across a great array of famous men who have attended our gatherings, but they are too numerous to mention. A few will suffice: Andrew Lang, whose books still live, especially his famous fairy stories, which will continue to enchant the children through the ages; McWhirter, the Royal Academician, whose paintings grow in value from day to day; as far back as 1890 J. M. Barrie was an honoured guest, just after the publication of his "Auld Licht Idylls." (Applause.)

Were I to stop here I would leave you with the impression that the Society carries on merely as a social club. In a foreword to the "Chronicles," the Editor, Mr John Douglas (who we are glad to welcome after his serious illness), says, "The Society has been well called the playground of the workers in the London Scottish Charities, as a large proportion of those who have taken an interest in the management of the two great institutions, the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools, have been connected with the Society." Apart from actual personal service rendered, vast sums of money have been raised by its members for both of those charities. And in this connection it is worthy of mention that Past President Sir George Paton, taking the chair at the Schools Festival this year, has raised the magnificent sum of something over £7000. (Loud applause.)

We are now rapidly approaching the centenary of the Society. We have good reason to be proud of our connection with it, and just as Edinburgh Castle stands for the history of a nation and a language, and sums up within itself all that is worthy, great, memorable, and epoch-making in the nation's life, so does the Caledonian Society of London stand for all that is good and great and noble in the exiled Scot. (Applause.)

Along with the Highland Society we sought, in those early days, to keep the name of Scotland warm in the breasts of the Scot in this great metropolis. As a result, some hundred Scottish associations have arisen, and I think I can say that all of them are flourishing and keeping alive memories of the scenes of the land we love, with its wee white-washed thatched cottages, its green hills and fertile glens, its wimpling

burns, the rowan tree and the heather, the smell of peat fires and bog myrtle—a thousand haunting memories gild the mind and send the pang of gentle regrets—the pain that stabs the breast of the exile when thoughts of home steal upon him. (Applause.)

Mr P. N. McFarlane proposed "Our Guests," and after some humorous remarks said that their principal guest, Lord Alness, although now living in Edinburgh, and one of the great law officers of Scotland, was remembered by them as one always willing to take his share in work that interested and assisted Scots and Scotland. They remembered that it was Lord Alness who was behind the Duke of Atholl in the creation of that noble war memorial on the Castle Rock, Edinburgh, and they remembered that when the Burns Club and other organizations asked him to help them, Lord Alness even at great inconvenience to himself was always ready to give his support.

Mr McFarlane's toast was received with great heartiness, and he also coupled with the toast their genial and erudite friend Dr J. M. Bulloch, who was always welcome at a Caledonian Society gathering.

Lord Alness was heartily cheered on rising to respond. He spoke of his old friends in London. He told of the sardonic judge, Lord Young, who in a similar toast said he would rather reply for the guests than answer for them; and said that Lord Young had not an eye on such a company as he (Lord Alness) had at that moment. He thanked the Vice-President for his toast, and he thanked the audience for its hearty reception.

Mr William Will, Past-President, proposed the health of "The President," and in doing so said:

What can one say to a Caledonian audience about Mr Bain Irvine that aren't mere commonplaces? It is true that he is a standing and visible contradiction of what up till now I have always considered a good Scots proverb: "Guid gear gangs into wee bouk"; and he is a good example of a Highlander in the custody of a Lowlander; for, a chief of the Clans Association, he was born in the famous Lowland fishing town of Wick, which R. L. S. described as the meanest of man's

towns in the baldest of God's bays. But the native of Wick will tell you of the beauties of the town and of its output of fish; that as fish is the finest of foods for the brain, Wick has produced many great men—and you and I, ladies and gentlemen, can name one of the most useful of the lot. (Hear, hear, and applause.)

Our President we know as a successful publisher, a director of one of the largest publishing houses in the country; we know him as a fervid and leal-hearted Scot; we know him as a worker in the two great London Scottish charities, for he has a big heart as well as a big body. We know him as the man on whom the mantle of John Douglas has fallen in the publishing of that valuable link between Scots the world over, the Scots Year Book. (Applause.)

Mention of the Year Book, in conjunction with the Caledonian Society, leads to one reflection. Does the Caledonian Society take note of the great cultural movements that are boiling up in Scotland to-day? Are we not a little bit too reminiscent—too sentimental—too antiquarian? We speak of a bygone Scotland, and of the sacred memories that the word Scotland awakes in us; but have we cognizance of the great national turmoil in literature, in the drama, in art, in the present determined fight for the removal of the stigma of vulgarity that has rested on our Lowland language, and in the present effort to revive the industry and commerce of the country? We are living in a great and critical time in the history of our native land; and the Caledonian Society and the Scots Year Book may be two of the media for directing the attention of London Scots to those cultural movements. (Applause.)

We can assure you, Mr President, that your year of office has been a great success. (Hear, hear.) You have brought to the chair dignity, enthusiasm, and a ready and well-informed speech; you have given the Lowlands learned and well-chosen Sentiments, and to the Highlanders a perfect orgy of bagpipe music. The Session, thanks to you, sir, has certainly been a feast of reason and a flow of soulful bagpipe music. (Laughter and applause.)

Ladies and gentlemen, Mr Bain Irvine has worthily upheld the traditions and the dignity of the Presidency of the Caledonian Society, and we thank him for his splendid services, and drink to the health and happiness of himself and his good lady, whom we couple as well as the President with the toast. (Loud applause.)

The President replied in a few sentences.

During the evening the Past-Presidents, as is their custom at the Festival, saluted the President. The Past-Presidents were: Sir George Paton, T. R. Moncrieff, J.P., John Douglas, F.S.A.(Scot.), William Will, William Blane, C.B.E., and John Macmillan.

The badge having been awarded to Mr. Macmillan, the President said the gold badge had been worthily earned by the Immediate Past-President, who during

his year of office had done yeoman service to the Society.

Mr. Macmillan thanked the members, and said that his year of office had been to him a year of unalloyed pleasure.

The President then pinned on Mr John Douglas's breast his gold badge, to which a bar had been added. This additional bar, said the President, was awarded to Mr Douglas for his great services as Hon. Historian of the Society. Mr Douglas's work as editor of the volumes of the "Chronicles" which had been published and the volume now in the press was such that no award was sufficient. Mr Douglas had rescued for posterity valuable data for which the whole of the members were deeply grateful.

Mr Douglas, who was heartily cheered on rising, said the work of editing the "Chronicles" had been a work of love, and he was glad that the members were satisfied with the publications.

A splendid musical programme had been prepared, Miss Helen Ogilvie, Mr Tom Kinniburgh, and Mr Horace Vincent rendering many Scots songs as only nationals can sing them. They were a pleasure to hear, and with "Auld Lang Syne" a most delightful meeting ended.

THE MEMBERSHIP

At the close of the Session the membership comprised: Members of Council, 33; Life Members, 12; Ordinary Members, 92; Hon. Members, 2; Total, 139.

During the Session there passed away John Blair (joined 1900), Dr Archibald Leitch (1914), Col. James Young, M.D., D.L., T.D. (1927), Robert George Miller (1928).

The following became members during the Session: J. A. Morrison, J. R. Crawford, Dr C. S. Hunter, J. Crichton, F. Brown, J. Abernethy, and J. F. Somerville.

The Hon. John Wallace Downie, High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia, was elected a Temporary Overseas Member.

Obituary

PROFESSOR ARCHIBALD LEITCH.

The death of Professor Archibald Leitch, Director of the Research Department of the Cancer Hospital, Fulham, on 27th January, 1931, at the early age of 52, robbed the Society of one of its most brilliant members. Prof. Leitch joined the Society in 1914.

In the lay and scientific press long appreciative notices of Professor Leitch's work were published. We take the following from *The Times* :

Professor Leitch was born on 3rd June, 1878, and was educated at Rothesay Academy and Glasgow University, where he graduated in medicine in 1902, after holding the Duncan Bursarship in arts, the Paterson Bursarship in natural philosophy and mathematics, the Black Medal in physics, the Dobbie-Smith Gold Medal for original research in botany, and the Bellahouston Gold Medal. His earliest work in London was done in the cancer research laboratories of the Middlesex Hospital, where he was assistant to the then director, Professor Lazarus Barlow. He went then to Dundee as director of the Caird Research Laboratory, but later returned to London. It was as house surgeon at the Cancer Hospital, a post which he held for a much longer period than is usual in these days, that Leitch began to develop those talents for pathological research which won him a little later his appointment as pathologist to the hospital.

During the War he was in charge of a mobile bacteriological laboratory. In 1920, in the post-War rearrangement of staff at the Cancer Hospital, he became Director of the Research Department; and in 1927 he was appointed to the Chair of Experimental Pathology in the University of London, tenable at the hospital. He held many honorary posts, of which the more important were the Research Fellowship of St Andrews University, membership of the Leeuwenhoek Vereeniging (an international society of cancer investigators), and the general secretaryship of the International Cancer Committee. He was the official editor of the Report of the British Empire Cancer Campaign Conference held in London in 1928; and secretary of the Scientific Investigation Committee, a member of the Grand Council and other committees of the campaign. An able and careful writer, he contributed many articles and papers on cancer and other pathological subjects to various learned societies.

Archibald Leitch occupied at his death a commanding position in that army of research workers whose object it is to achieve the conquest

of cancer. His knowledge was unrivalled, and to knowledge he added a judgment at once just and far-seeing. As a consequence his views about any new development in the study of cancer were awaited with eagerness and listened to with respect not only in this country but throughout the world.

If these views were more often critical than flattering, the cause must be sought in the nature of cancer research. That field has proved the grave of countless reputations, but so great is the interest which it arouses that scarcely a month passes in which some new excursion into it is not announced. Leitch realized that his duty to the public, as well as to the medical profession and to his own conscience, demanded that he should bring all his formidable powers of criticism to bear on every discovery or theory which could be taken seriously. He made enemies occasionally, but they were usually men who did not enjoy his personal friendship, and who did not, therefore, know how kind was his heart and how single and sincere was his purpose.

He was great as a critic; but it is not only as a critic that he will be remembered. There is no more illustrious page in the history of cancer research than that devoted to the study of mule-spinners' cancer and to the cancers induced by tar. In this work Leitch and Kennaway have achieved a reputation which is world-wide. Leitch always minimized his own work and his own share in work in which others were engaged. But his colleagues at the Cancer Hospital know how great was his service. With infinite patience he built up a new body of knowledge about cancer-producing substances, which led him to adopt the view that cancer is not caused by any one agent but by many agents. With Kennaway he showed that substances which do not possess carcino-genetic power can be made to acquire that power under the influence of high temperatures, and was thus able to suggest that there may occur in the body at normal temperatures processes having effects similar to those which are produced by great heat outside of the body. Kennaway has built upon this solid foundation of fact a structure of knowledge the value of which cannot be disputed.

Leitch was beloved of his colleagues as he was beloved of his friends. He possessed a sense of humour which made him formidable when attacking any ill-founded idea, but which was never unkind. It is difficult to-day to recall any instance in which his criticism was afterwards shown to have been ill-judged or misinformed. He was greatly interested in life and in all the activities of life, and retained his love of literature and especially of the Latin poets to the end. It was one of his beliefs that the most earnest workers wore a smile on their faces; he never got rid of the idea that solemnity and humbug were partners in many enterprises.

He married, in 1908, Dr Ethel MacLeod, daughter of the late J. M. Lochhead, of Paisley, and leaves one son and three daughters.

A memorial service, conducted by the Rev. Dr Fleming, was held on Friday, 30th January, when the remains were cremated; and on Saturday the interment took place at Rothesay Cemetery.

In a prayer Dr Fleming said :

Especially we give Thee thanks for his life of unselfish devotion to the relief from pain and the saving from death of suffering humanity. We thank Thee for his great gifts of mind and heart ; for his disregard of all inducements of wealth and power, that he might give himself to the conquest of a fell disease ; for his leadership in research, the enthusiasm he inspired, his high ideals, and the discoveries he made. . . . Also we thank Thee for his gifts of faithful and cheerful friendship, and for his humility, patience, and perseverance.

Mrs Leitch received letters of condolence from learned societies and scientific men all over the world, and in them all the great esteem and affection for Professor Leitch and gratitude for his work were generously expressed. Among these were : Professor Dr H. T. Deelman, Society for the Study of Cancer ; Dr Blumenthal, Director of the Institute for Cancer Research, Berlin University ; Dr Lockhart Mummery, Chairman of the British Empire Cancer Campaign ; many American professors and doctors ; and Principal Rait, on behalf of Glasgow University.

COLONEL JAMES YOUNG.

Colonel James Young, T.D., M.D., D.L., who died in London in 1931, joined the Society in 1927. He was the son of the late Thomas Young, J.P., of Stewarton, was born at Stewarton in 1866, and was educated at Kilmarnock Academy and Glasgow University, where he took his M.D. degree in 1890.

Colonel Young settled down in medical practice at Clifton and Bristol, and soon became one of the leading practitioners in the district. He was Hon. Consulting Physician of Cosham Memorial Hospital, Bristol ; an Officer of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem ; and a Deputy Lieutenant of the County of Gloucestershire.

He was for many years a member of the Bristol Caledonian Society and Burns Club, of which he was President in 1904. His speech in proposing " The

Immortal Memory" for the Society in 1922 was so brilliant that it was reprinted in pamphlet form by the Society. His publications included "A Chronology of Medical History" and numerous articles in the medical reviews.

At the outbreak of war, Colonel Young was in command of the 3rd South Midland Field Ambulance (T.F.), and was mobilized immediately. He left his large private practice to go to France, and in 1915 was in France in command of his unit. In 1916 he was mentioned in dispatches and promoted to be A.D.M.S. 61st Division. Colonel Young was finally invalided home and was appointed Chairman of a Travelling Medical Board. He served as Commissioner of Medical Services, Ministry of Pensions, in Bristol 1919-1925, after which he served with the Ministry of Pensions in London.

The following is an extract from a testimonial from Major-General Sir Colin Mackenzie, sent to Colonel Young after the War :

Dr James Young served in France in the 61st Division under my command in 1916, with the rank of Colonel, as Assistant Director of Medical Services, that is, as senior medical officer of the Division.

Colonel Young did excellent service and, apart from his professional knowledge, proved himself to be a most competent administrator, who obtained good work from those serving under him.

The Division was quite new to service and totally inexperienced, a condition which necessitated unusual zeal, capacity, and devotion to duty on the part of an officer in Colonel Young's position. These qualities were further tested when, very shortly after going into the trenches for the first time, the Division was called upon to carry out an attack of a most difficult description, which resulted in 1900 casualties. The medical work, under Colonel Young, in the care and evacuation of the wounded on that occasion was accomplished in a most able and efficient manner. . . . I recommended him in Divisional Despatches for mention and also for reward.

Colonel Young was a modest man of great mental power, and had he been spared would have risen high in the counsels of the Society. We can ill spare such men.

MR ROBERT GEORGE MILLER.

Mr Robert George Miller, who became a member in 1928, was a son of Mr Robert Miller, at one time general manager of the Caledonian Railway. Our late member served his articles of apprenticeship with Messrs S. Easton Simmers & Co., C.A., being admitted a member of the Institute of Accountants and Actuaries in Glasgow in 1903. After a further period with Messrs Turquand, Youngs & Co., C.A., in London, he returned to Glasgow, and in 1908 became a partner in Messrs Wilson, Stirling & Co., C.A., there.

Mr Miller saw considerable service during the Great War. Joining the Navy in 1914, he served afloat for some two years and was transferred to the Air Ministry, where he attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel. After the War he was connected with many public organizations, and was closely identified with Wellington Church, Glasgow, of which he was a manager. He was also a past deacon of the Incorporation of Cordiners in that City. He left Glasgow in 1925 for London, to take charge of the office which his firm opened there.

Mr Miller had a genial personality which endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. His ability and acumen were recognised by all his business associates, and his death was mourned by a host of friends, outside and inside the Caledonian Society.

MR JOHN BLAIR.

Mr John Blair, who died on 6th September, 1931, joined the membership in 1900.

Mr Blair, who was a solicitor, was the second son of the late John Blair, W.S., Edinburgh, and was born in Edinburgh on 4th May, 1875. He was educated partly in Switzerland, afterwards at Collegiate School, Edinburgh, and Edinburgh University. He qualified

as a solicitor in 1900, having served his articles with Messrs Faithfull & Owen, London, of which firm he subsequently became a partner.

At the commencement of the War he joined the Lothians and Border Horse as a trooper. He subsequently obtained a Commission in the Royal Scots in 1915, and with the regiment he saw service in France, retiring with the rank of captain.

He married in 1915 Miss Ethel Venn of London, and is survived by her and by two children, a son and daughter.

He was an appreciative lover of almost every form of art, an excellent man of business, a good all-round sportsman, and possessed a keen sense of humour. With such attributes as these it is no wonder that he made a host of friends and was welcomed into many circles. He was cut off in comparatively early life, but his memory will long endure in the hearts of his friends.

CHAPTER II.

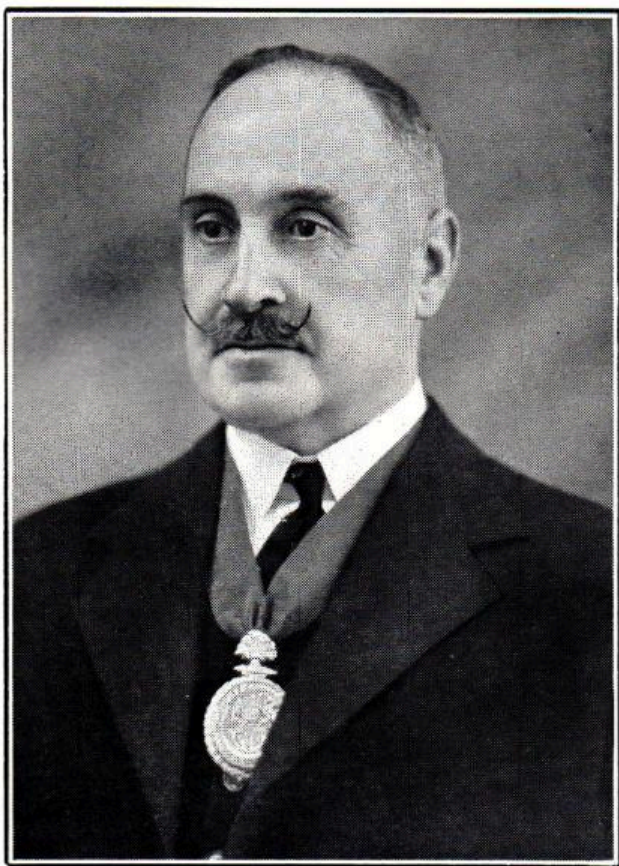
1931-1932 : PETER NEIL MCFARLANE, *President.*

The President a Perthshire man. Sentiments—"A Scotsman's Heritage," by Dr J. M. Bulloch; "Scotsmen and others I have met," by Sir John Foster Fraser; "The Scot in World Enterprize," by Sir Alexander Murray, C.B.E.; "The Scot in Southern Hemispheres," by Sir Walter Leitch, C.B.E.; "Something Scottish," by Mr George Blake. Festival: The President on the Value of the Society's Membership; Mr Justice McCardie's Memories of Scotland. A Revision of the Society's Rules. Obituary—Past-President Colonel Sir John Young, C.V.O., Past-President William Jeffrey, Mr John A. Anderson, Mr T. C. Riddell Mr Archibald Macfadyen, Mr Kenneth Barclay Brown, Mr George Nicol.

THE Highland county of Perth produced the President for 1931-1932, for Peter Neil McFarlane was born at Luncarty (five miles from the Fair City), a village not without its place in Scottish history, for there in 764 a great battle was fought by the natives against the Danes.

Mr McFarlane was blessed with godly parents, his father a pillar of the local Free Church, an engineer and mechanic who later owned a shuttle mill which to-day stands as a tribute to his enterprize; and his mother, a saintly woman, a daughter of the county.

From the local school, young McFarlane at the age of fifteen passed the Civil Service Boy Clerks' examina-



PETER NEIL MCFARLANE
President 1931-1932

tion, and in 1894 was appointed to the General Post Office in London. He did not go further in the Civil Service, but passed several years of his life in City offices, after which he ventured into the publishing business. For ten years he served the firms of Butterwick and Wyman & Sons.

From Messrs Wymans, Mr McFarlane joined the company owning the *Graphic*, *Bystander*, and *Daily Graphic*, as publisher, and was subsequently made a director of the company. From the *Graphic*, Mr McFarlane joined the great publishing house of Cassell & Co. as publisher and director, and when that firm was merged in the Amalgamated Press, Mr McFarlane's tireless energy was transferred to private and wholesale bookselling businesses.

Outside his business the President is known in many circles. He has been for some considerable time a Life Governor of the Royal Scottish Corporation. For several years he acted as hon. secretary of the London Robert Burns Club; and in his secretarial regime many important dinners and lectures were organized. He was elected President of the Club in 1922.

As a Freemason he has held numerous offices under both the English and Scottish Constitutions. Under the English Constitution he is Past-Master of the Cornwallis, City Livery, Ex. Libris and Fleet Wood Lodges. He is P.Z. Ex. Libris and Aquarius Chapters; member of London Rank; Founder Guild of Freemen Mark Lodge; P.E.P. Annus Mirabilis K.T. Preceptory; P.M.W.S. King Edward VII Rose Croix Chapter; 30°; Past-Deputy Provincial Grand Master Royal Order of Scotland (Southern Counties of England Province); Member of the Cryptic and Allied Degrees.

Under the Scottish Constitution he is a Member of Canongate Kilwinning (No. 2) and Scone and Perth (No. 3) Lodges; St Johnston 164, Royal Arch Chapter.

He is a Life Governor Royal Masonic Institution, Royal Masonic Institution for Girls, Royal Masonic Institution for Boys (Vice-President), Freemason's Hospital and Masonic Million Memorial (Hall Stone Steward).

He is a Liveryman of the Stationers Company ; he is a past-president of the City Livery Club ; the Farringdon Ward Club ; also past-president of the Society of Old Friends (an important book trade organization) ; and he is a Freeman of the City of London. He is also Deputy Knight Treasurer of the Knights of the Round Table Club (the oldest in Europe).

These are many and varied spheres of social and business labours, but Mr McFarlane's energy saw them all safely accomplished. It was with great confidence, therefore, that the Council of the Caledonian Society—he became a member in 1920—elected him to the office of Hon. Secretary, and right well did he carry out the duties of his office. Mr McFarlane in his many activities left nothing to chance ; everything was done as if it were the only thing to be done. Consequently success attended all his secretarial and presidential offices ; and with these qualifications he came to the Chair with the hearty unanimity of his fellow-members.

THE NEW OFFICIALS.

At the General Meeting on Thursday, 12th November, 1931, in the Holborn Restaurant, Mr McFarlane was unanimously elected to the Chair. In demitting office and installing the new President, Mr A. Bain Irvine spoke of the great responsibility of a President of the Caledonian Society of London, and said he was sure that knowing what they all did of Mr McFarlane, he would acquit himself like a true Caledonian.

The new President took the Chair amid loud

applause, and in thanking the members for their confidence in him, said he would do his utmost to uphold the great traditions of the Society.

Mr Robert S. Kennedy was unanimously elected Vice-President, and Mr R. R. Wilson Hon. Treasurer. Mr J. A. Brown was re-elected Hon. Secretary; Mr William Will, Hon. Historian; and Mr R. Davidson, Hon. Auditor.

At this meeting the annual grants of 40 guineas to the Royal Scottish Corporation and 40 guineas to the Royal Caledonian Schools were voted unanimously.

It was with the team of officers mentioned that the first Little Dinner was held in the Caledonian Room, Holborn Restaurant, the same evening.

DR BULLOCH ON A SCOTSMAN'S HERITAGE.

After the loyal toasts, the President, in a few words, introduced Dr J. M. Bulloch, who would favour them with a Sentiment on "A Scotsman's Heritage." Dr Bulloch said :

If one of the contributors had not broken down at the last moment, you would have had the opportunity next Monday of buying a little book, published by young Mr MacLehose, called "A Scotsman's Heritage." You would have found that it was a "We-are-Seven" symposium, contributed to by two peers, two professors, a politician, a parson, and a painter. But you would also have found that it contained—and the omission is symbolic—no reference to the heritage of our vivid vernacular, which gave the world Robert Burns.

I am here to-night to contribute the missing chapter. "A Scotsman's Heritage" gives me the sort of clue that all speakers like; but I may as well confess that if my remarks are what journalists call topical, my appearance here to-night is quite accidental. It is simply one of the many wiles of Mr Will. He induced me to travel north to Glasgow the other week to open the session of the Scottish Association for the Speaking of Verse, and my remarks were so widely quoted throughout the country, in spite of, perhaps because of, the deluge of electioneering rhetoric, that he thinks you would like to hear the gist of my arguments to-night.

Personally, I have some doubts on the advisability of my doing so, because Scots living outwith Scotland in general, and this Society in particular, need no conversion. To urge us to be Scots is like carrying coals to Fife. We are enthusiasts. But our enthusiasm is often positively resented by Scots living in Scotland.

You, Mr Chairman, following the ancient custom of this Society, have told us in good Perthshire to take our time from you. But there are larger sections of our countrymen who have not the slightest intention of doing anything of the kind, especially in the matter of our social customs and our language. Such people tell us that we are hugging an illusion; that the Scotland we dream of is a figment of our fond memories; that we have retained those memories because we are living away from them on an alien soil, which, not unnaturally, loves the dramatic side of it all—the kilts, the pipes, the haggis, "Scots" songs, even "Annie Laurie," and Harry Lauder.

We lustily sing "Scots wha Hae," emphasizing with fervour the words "Lay the proud usurper low!" Our ancestors certainly did that sturdily for centuries in their determination to remain themselves and not to be ruled from without. But to-day in many respects the words "Lay the proud usurper low" are, in actual practice, words and nothing more.

We are either accepting the usurper as inevitable—witness the whole trend of business southwards, the multiple shops and the rest of it—or we are putting up a feeble resistance. Or we are inviting him in, either by flouting the resisters—some of them, it is true, rather feather-headed—or by deliberately copying the ways and words of the usurper, or rather usurpers, for there are several of them. Some of them come from Cockaigne, some from the Bowery, some from the Nigger States, and battalions from Hollywood. Another deadly usurpation comes from the fact that national and natural ideals are surrendering to certain social ambitions which are foreign to our genius, especially the social system of England which is divided in a horizontal manner, while ours is vertical, in other words, the feudal against the caste polity.

Our little Scots garrison is, in fact, heavily beleaguered, and most of us know it though we all interpret the attack differently. One mordant group of young Scots, who may have angered you, tell us in forcible language that the resistance of those inside the garrison is feeble.

Thus, only last week, Mr Eric Linklater, the clever young Scots novelist, declared that we are suffering from "moral rickets," attributable to Flodden, Calvinism, land clearances, and the peculiar violence of the industrial revolution, all of which he described as "a compound plague of blood, darkness, and froglike croaking."

Whether we have "moral rickets" or not, we are finding some of the usurpers very difficult, if not impossible to repel. This is specially the case with the drift of business. But as that concerns the grown-ups I leave it to them to fight out for themselves. What I am far more concerned with are the young, the transmission of our spiritual, rather than our material heritage, and the question of our language which is literally the most speaking symbol of that heritage.

Now the younger generation is being infected—or shall I say contaminated?—at both ends of the social scale. At one end the young of the better-off class is sent out from the little garrison under the white flag of Gentility into the usurper's camp, or rather schools. At the other end, the usurper comes into the garrison with rations of Oxford "eccented" wireless or, worse still, of tinned American talkies which can be got as low as twopence a time. Between the two the vernacular is being very hard put to it.

Let me begin with the English wet-nursed young Scot, reared under the lazy system of parenthood-by-proxy, because he is in a position, on returning to the north, to influence the conduct of life and affairs, and is, I venture to think, far less qualified to do so by his training at a very assimilable age, than if he were brought up in his own country.

Scots often pride themselves on avoiding the Englishman's extraordinary instinct—which often makes me mad—for crying stinking fish, of filing their own nests, an instinct which goes far back in John Bull's history, as you can see from its classic expression in the speech about "the precious isle set in a silver sea" moaned out by John of Gaunt in "Richard II." But if we do not cry stinking fish in so many words, certain Scots do so by implication by turning up their noses at a system of education of which we used to be so proud, and by sending their young hopefuls outwith the country to English boarding schools or else to schools in Scotland modelled on the English system. The process of training the young Scot is not new, for Scotland—much less insular than England and well aware that it does not connote the last word of wisdom—has been proud to send its students to Oxford and Cambridge, and in older times to the Universities of the Continent on which its own are based. For a different set of reasons the boys of the Scots landed gentry have long been sent to English public schools, with disastrous consequences, for they have returned alien in spirit to the country and have become practically negligible in the community. What is new, and what we are now witnessing, is the spectacle of the business and professional middle classes following the same course whenever they can scrape up the money. Why? Simply because it is supposed to give the boys a polish far more likely to be taken on when they are young, impressionable, and unformed than if it were left till the time they could go to Oxford or Cambridge. It is not pretended that the actual education received is better. The expense of it is certainly exorbitant, and must strain many a paternal purse. But it is supposed to be worth all the trouble.

Now don't imagine that I am attacking the English public school *per se*. But I do suggest that its whole outlook is fundamentally unsuitable for Scots because it is the product of a much older and much more highly stabilized social system, whereas ours is in a constant state of transition. The English public school was for centuries the educational Newmarket for the feudal aristocracy, which was wholly contemptuous of trade—to this day the word "tradesman" represents something inferior for the middle-class Englishman—and despite an immense amount of criticism and a demand for it to adapt itself to the times, the tradition and spirit of the English public school remain. It is, after all, an Englishman's concern, but I would point out that boys from the board and the secondary schools are plucking many of the plums from its fingers, especially in the case of higher posts in the cushy Civil Service. Again, Mr Siegfried, the mordant French critic of our commercial situation, holds that it has been thoroughly bad for business that the sons of wealthy business people should take on the colour of the English schools. I know cases when it has certainly been disastrous with Scots boys so educated. In one case in my native town two boys proved such tawpies and lacked smeddum to such an extent that neither of them has been able to take up his father's very profitable business,

which has had to be assigned to members of his staff who know the pretty rough-and-ready measures conditioning it.

The Scots boy so educated away from home runs the risk of learning a lot of unmentionable habits, pilloried by Mr Alec Waugh and others, and they acquire an inordinate interest in athletics. When I hear a parent, and especially a Scots parent, tell me that his son has got his blue, it frankly gives me the blues, especially in this time of great stress. Thus, in the midst of our turmoil and anxiety over the gold standard and dumping and all the rest of it, I see a whole newspaper bill devoted to the intentions of Bradman. In such a crisis as ours, I ask you, does Bradman matter? What does any man skilled in hitting a ball with a stick matter? It simply makes one doubt whether there is any sort of national crisis.

If the result is not always as disastrous as in the case I have mentioned, the boomerang effect on snobbish or self-sacrificing Scots parents may be pathetic or grotesque. When their progeny, easily assimilating English ways and words, return to the paternal roof, either on holiday or for good, they frequently have a contempt for their parents, or, if they display no such unfilialness they have a contempt for their environment. Even if they do not think the vernacular vulgar, recognizing that, as Lady Margaret Sackville once said, you might as well say that heather is vulgar, they know neither our vigorous native words, nor our native accent, speaking a strange tongue which Mr William Power has called "synthetic English." I know cases in which the parents of these queer hybrids can hardly make out what their offspring say, much less what they think. Such parents always remind me of a hen hopping round the mill dam as with a terrified cackle she watches the duckling she has hatched taking to the water. As I listen to these hybrids with their embarrassing way of calling me "Sir," I parody Burns on the Haggis:

" Poor devils ! See them owre their trash,
As feckless as a withered rash,
Their spindle shanks a guid whip lash,
Their nieves a nit ;
Through bluidy flood or field to dash
O how unfit."

And that again reminds me of a delicious passage in Neil Munro's book, "The Brave Days," where he recalls an artist named Christie who could give Burns's "Address to a Haggis" with gusto:

" There are shilpit schaulin bodies of no physique and no conviction who do their best to introduce the haggis in the grand style that was Christie's; but, Oh Lord, how unfit. To hear them you might fancy they apologized for the chieftain of the puddin' race, regretting it was not a Pêche Melba."

That's it in a nutshell—the Pêche Melba way of speaking. Burns, you remember, declared that "Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware that jaups in luggies." But our hybrids with their synthetic English, their plus-fours and all the rest of it make one doubt whether the tastes of the New Scotland are identical with those of the Auld.

If their meal, however, was that of really sound standard English

one would not mind so much. But in a great many cases what they have learned to do at great expense is to exchange the vernacular of their particular districts for the vernacular of Cockaigne, for Cockney is creeping in among what is called the "best people." If you have any doubts on the point let me quote Mr Seymour Hicks, who, most thoughtfully, came to my rescue this morning in a little book about acting for amateurs. He says :

"There are quite enough highly educated murderers of our mother tongue in society to-day who, to be thought smart, distort words and their meaning, and as this is probably their chief occupation it would be unfair to rob them of their only creative work.

"The stage must stand sentinel against slang and slovenliness, else will our children grow up steeped in Americanisms and wonder why Dr Johnson troubled to compile such an inaccurate dictionary."

Many Scots parents really believe that this sort of accent pays and that it franks their progeny into good society. I once heard the Principal of University College, Exeter, definitely say so. But here is an experienced and highly paid actor whose business is to sell his voice warning us against this method. Those of us who attend London theatres have to tolerate it, but the well-known American critic, Mr George Jean Nathan, tells us, in his most recent book, that American audiences, who really look in their heart of hearts to England for a lead, will not have it at any price and are deporting to this country such players—they are not human beings, he says, but "funnels of English speech"—who use it :

"With their accordion-pleated trousers, bib waistcoats, and other such sartorial lampoons, with their affected gait and Bloomsbury version of *savoir faire*, and with their 'deah' for 'dear,' 'ware' for 'where,' 'weld' for 'world' they make themselves, the plays they play in, and their profession ridiculous. They are not Englishmen but burlesques of Englishmen. (That, I may intervene, exactly describes the Scot I am describing.) For these London dummies and bastardizers of the English accent (Mr Nathan adds) there will only be obscene mouth noises."

If it is ridiculous for an educated Englishman to talk in this way, how much more unnatural it is for a Scot to do so, and yet, that is the line of attack on our little garrison which we are called upon to repel. As you all know, Mr Will and his supporters have been mostly concerned in the study of our vernacular words, if only that this generation may be able to understand Burns. But we are now called, as I say, to look at the question of accent, because it is being influenced at both ends of the social scale. I am not concerned with what Mr Hicks called the "murderers" of our mother tongue by educated Englishmen themselves, as, for instance, the two well-to-do damsels with a Rolls Royce car whom I found in a theatre foyer asking, "D'ye (k)now w'ere we pawk our clowthes?" But I confess I feel furious when I hear a Scot on whom a lot of money has been spent talking in this way, especially if he is a public speaker like one literary man and politician whom I heard delivering a literary lecture on what he would call "the reg-beg of re-

ection." Why on earth should I swop my "eccent" for this queer sort of noise? The Scot who speaks in this way simply shows that he lacks force of character and fails in the easy mimicry of the parrot which can be made to swear or pray with equal facility according to the company it keeps. A really forceful personality declines to be "contaminated" as Mr Mantalini would undoubtedly have said.

In saying all this I don't want you to think that I object to Cockney as Cockney. It is only a vernacular—a word which for some Scots connotes only their own variety. Cockney, of course, is not merely a form of accent: it also has a spiritual vocabulary of its own which, at its best, is extraordinarily vivid and expressive. But it is not the only vital vernacular. All vernaculars are vital, and for this reason, that no word can go on living in a spoken language unless it is thoroughly alive and useful, whereas it can continue being written long after it has been dead as Queen Anne. I don't care what the vernacular may be, whether Cockney or Scots, Lancashire or Irish, or Bowery or nigger, it has a dramatic value in point of mere sound quite apart from the subject matter.

One of the best tests of the truth of my contention is to watch, as I have done, an English audience at a Burns night listening to "Tam o' Shanter." At first they are puzzled or bored by the strangeness of what they *will* call the "brogue," but, as soon as the speaker comes to the lines spoken (but not printed) thus:

" But to our tale—Ae winter night
 Tam had got planted unco tight
 Fast by an ingle bleezing finely
 Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely"—

I say at this point you can see them emerging from a feeling of boredom or sheer bewilderment, and settling themselves in their chairs with the feeling: "Now what's this fellow going to do?" They may not even understand some of the words, but these are so vivid and so onomatopoeic that their cumulative effect and the general drift of the whole becomes as plain as a pike-staff, and by the end any audience has a very good idea of the great adventures that overtook Tam that eerie night at Alloway Kirk as he watched the witches "linkin" at it in their sarks. But, of course, it must be done naturally, and not in that dreadful meticulous recitation way, which, being essentially timid, simply scunnors you. To my mind, "Tam o' Shanter" comes out of the test far better than anything else Burns did, certainly better than his songs, which are for the most part more indebted to their tune than to the words themselves.

While interested in all vernaculars, I am naturally most interested in our own, which, strange to say, is not nearly sufficiently appreciated in Scotland. How picturesque it can be. To take one example; what a picture is that in which Logie Robertson gives us the Tinkler:

" His hands are in his pooches deep,
 He snooves along like ane in sleep,
 His only movement's o' his legs,
 He carries a' aboon like eggs.

Sma' wecht ! his skeleton an' skin,
 And a dour, heavy thocht within !
 His claes sae weel wi' weet they suit him
 They're like a second skin about him. . . .

Already on the rain-washed wa'
 A darker gloom begins to fa' ;
 Sooms fra the sicht the soakin' plain—
 It's closin' for a nicht o' rain."

Let me give a tribute to our tongue from a highly cultivated Englishman, Mr Herbert Sidebotham, whom you will find every morning as "Candidus" in the *Daily Sketch*. He recently said that every man would be better if he knew his native dialect, for, he added, knowledge of a dialect makes a man to some extent bilingual. "I always envied the Scots," he went on to say, "for their store of dialect words, some of which are wonderfully expressive." We do not need Mr Sidebotham to tell us that, but we are glad to have corroborative testimony from a scholar and a publicist of such distinction.

Mr Sidebotham is speaking of what he knows, for part of his business is to attend the House of Commons daily. He tells us that a vernacular is "very useful in politics," where it is often an advantage to impress people with the idea that you are in earnest and genuine, whether they understand you or not, and dialect will often assist a barrister with a jury in making him appear a plain man searching after truth. As it is, one hears more pedantic English in Parliament House than even at the Law Courts in the Strand, while the characterful Scots-speaking Lord of Session of another day are extinct as the Dodo. This is all the more ineffective as the annexed vocal accent is never able to overcome the ineradicable spiritual vernacular of this idiosyncratic proud-of-itself institution.

I have dealt at length with the deliberate surrender of our little garrison to the English public school, first because it is a thing that can be stopped at will, for, in the jargon of the day, all inferiority complexes—and that is what it really is—can be checked, and secondly because the mimics who pick it up like parrots are often in a position to spread it as teachers or public speakers in Scotland, thereby affecting other birds in the aviary.

But, as I said, in addition to the "eccent" which we go out of the country to acquire at immense expense, there are other "eccents" which are dumped on us which are quite as bad. Think of that recurring decimal effect of the B.B.C. everywhere from a Baron's Ha' to a bothie. Here we get a form of standardization which takes the colour out of life, and the ironic point is that the head of the B.B.C. is a Scot. Yet Sir John Reith is so conscious of the noxiousness of his medium that the last time I heard him he delivered, in these very rooms, a panegyric to Individualism, which wireless is, willy-nilly, destroying. Even then, however, the B.B.C. aim at a certain articulateness, even to the point of pedantry at times, or "tymes," as its announcers would say in their "pryceless" way.

But what can be said of the American abomination of the talkies which, by bringing before us a whole set of interpretations of life essen-

tially alien to our nature, are disastrous to the rising generation. How are we to stop this form of attack on our little garrison ?

Although Mr George Blake has suggested that we might get talkies in Scots, the repelling of this and all the other attacks on our garrison must come, I believe, not from silly little sorties, but as part of a far broader sense of strategy and tactics. The tactics may be varied. Personally, I think a good deal of hearty banter of these humourless mimics, though I do not go the length of suggesting Mr Nathan's use of "obscene mouth noises." On another plane, I would plead for that Dignity which Mr Noel Coward so finely and courageously sets forth in "Cavalcade" as one of the aims to which this country should aspire. As it is, it's certainly most undignified—and futile—for us to try to go shauchlin' about in somebody else's slovenly slippers instead of standing on our own feet and in sound boots—even if they have a few tackets—which will leave some imprints on the sands of time.

We are very fond of singing "For Auld Lang Syne." I wish we would begin, as well as end, every day with it as we do on such an occasion as this, for by repeating it constantly we shall help to remember what made our race, and so maintain our precious Heritage as a people with a history and a purpose of our own instead of being merely a fractional appendage of somebody else's interpretation of the art of life. Having quoted Noel Coward, let me, in conclusion, quote myself :

" The bee that bummles kens its skep,
The lambie kens its yowe,
An' ilka blade o' girse can kep
Its dyow.

It's aye been true for een an' a'
Fae Timbuctoo tae Tain,
Fowk hae a something that they ca'
Their ain.

Give me the Somethings we can claim
As oor partikler floo'ers,
For, though there may be fyow tae name,
They're oors."

The President, in moving the thanks of the audience to Dr Bulloch for his brilliant and characteristic Sentiment, said that Dr Bulloch and he had been associated in business for fourteen years, and his coming there that night was an evidence of the kind heart that beat in this big-hearted Aberdonian's breast.

Mr Robert S. Kennedy, the new Vice-President, proposed the toast, "Past-Presidents," and in doing so, spoke of the meetings of Caledonians in the Portland Place home of the late Robert Hepburn, one of the early

members of the Society. He spoke also of his own father, a man of sterling qualities ; of Mr Pat Gardiner, a man of most generous actions ; of Sir John Young, the eloquent octogenarian ; of Sir George Paton, who kept the flag flying during the War ; of Historians John Douglas and William Will ; and of T. R. Moncrieff, whose name he coupled with the toast.

Mr T. R. Moncrieff, Past-President, responded, and referred to the fact that he joined the Society when Mr Kennedy's father was President. At present, said Mr Moncrieff, by reason of an extraordinary set of circumstances, the Society was denied the presence of many Past-Presidents. In previous times the top table was filled with many eminent men who had passed through the Chair, every one of them contributing in one way or another to the programme. He spoke of men like old General Don, who, in a Sentiment, sang sea-song after sea-song in splendid voice, without showing the slightest sign of strain. He was a great Past-President. By illness and absence in Scotland, the Past-Presidents at our meetings to-day were few in number, but the Society could always depend that those who were left would do their duty.

Sir George Paton, Past-President, gave what he called the toast of the evening, " Our Guests," and coupled it with the names of Mr C. G. Dandridge and Mr David Kennedy, brother of the Vice-President, both of whom replied.

" The President " was given by Mr William Will, Past-President.

I always like to hear Dr Bulloch, said Mr Will, on a Scots or any other subject. He is always as sure as death. Sometimes I think he has a wee bee in his bonnet, but as we see eye to eye in all things Scots, he probably feels that my bonnet is a complete bee skep. He knows what the world thinks of us. He knows that if we attract the antipathy of large numbers of people we have ourselves to blame. We are pictured as a race of people swaggering about the world, clad in Highland costume, with a map of Scotland for a sporran, a sword in one hand and a Bible in the other, with a haggis and a bottle of whisky

between our teeth, shouting, "Here's to us. Wha's like us?" and waiting for the inevitable echo, "Damned few!" (Laughter.)

Apologizing for going off on his hobby-horse, the speaker said that many members could have proposed the toast of "The President" much better and more neatly than he could, but there was no one who knew the subject more intimately than he did. Was it as a Highlander or as a Lowlander that he should present the President? He could speak of him as the best example of a Highlander that he (the speaker) had ever known, with the impetuosity, the utter contempt for convention, with the potential elements of a vendetta in his composition, and all that restiveness and imagination that goes to make up the character of a Highland gentleman. Or he could present him as a Lowlander, but he feared it would be an imperfect Lowlander, for while he had the milk of human kindness in abundance, there was none of that acquisitiveness, or the patience, or capacity for detail that were qualities often found in the Lowland men. He could never fancy Mac, for instance, in the position of the Scottish farmer who was being driven furiously by his nephew in his motor-car. Going down a steep hill, the young man shouted to his uncle that he had lost control of the car; that the brakes widna wirk; and that he couldna stop 'er. "Weel, weel," said the farmer, viewing the possibilities; "weel, weel, gin ye canna stop 'er, for God's sake, laddie, rin 'er into something cheap." (Laughter.) Now he (Mr Will) could not think of Mac caring a little bit what he ran her into, so long as he got to the end of his journey, even if he did the last part in an ambulance. (Laughter.) "But I shall present Mac to you," he said, "not as a Highlander or as a Lowlander; but as a great and loyal Scot, as a great friend, one of those friends you can depend upon if you are in a tight corner, and a great Christian gentleman. If I were asked to produce a man who would never do a disloyal deed, or do a dirty trick, but who would go a long distance out of his way to befriend a fellow, I would produce the President of the Caledonian Society of London, my old friend Mac." (Loud applause.)

The toast was responded to with great enthusiasm.

The President, in responding, said he had spent many happy evenings with Mr Will, but this, the evening when he was installed President of the Caledonian Society of London, was the greatest of all. He thanked the proposer of the toast for what he had said, and the members, not only for their response, but for their confidence in him in putting him in the Chair.

The musical part of the programme was contributed to by a quartette, led by Mr. Crawford, who sang "Scots wha hae" and "Scotland yet"; and Mr Francis Randall, an old Caledonian School boy, who sang "Stirling Brig."

“Auld Lang Syne” ended a most successful opening meeting of the Session.

RULES ALTERATIONS SUGGESTED.

Because of the offer of his resignation by a good Caledonian who for business reasons was unable to attend the Society's meetings, a committee was appointed at the Council meeting on 11th December, 1931, to consider what alteration of the rules would be necessary to prevent the removal of such a member from the roll, and at the same time allow active members to be enrolled. The Committee appointed was: The President, Vice-President, Hon. Secretary, Hon. Treasurer, and Past-Presidents T. R. Moncrieff, John Douglas, William Will, and A. Bain Irvine.

It was announced that the President's list for the Royal Scottish Corporation Festival totalled £852 odds.

SCOTS I HAVE MET.

At the Little Dinner on the same evening a large company assembled under the chairmanship of Mr. P. N. McFarlane, President, who, after the loyal toasts, introduced Sir John Foster Fraser, the well-known journalist and publicist, who gave a Sentiment entitled, “Scotsmen and Others I have met.” Sir John said:

Caledonians, I see from the text from which I am to preach to-night, that the whole world is divided into two parts—Scotsmen and others. Scotsmen I certainly have met in all parts of the world. In New York once I was greatly embarrassed by Sir Harry Lauder. After dinner, Sir Harry was in a particularly melancholy mood. He was very sad and very weary; he told depressing stories about the Great War—it was during the War—and by his sadness greatly impressed the large audience. I thought it necessary to say something to cheer up the Americans, so I told them a lot of amusing stories, and the president afterwards said that when Sir Harry Lauder was speaking there was not a dry eye in the room; and when Sir John Foster Fraser was speaking there was not a dry seat.

Wherever one goes through the world one finds Scotsmen. In Russia I travelled many thousands of miles, and at Alexandrovsky the

Governor showed me over the great prison. In one great building there was nothing but Russians; another was full of Asiatic Russians; and another held only Russian Jews. One of the prisoners in the last-named building was a man who on hearing me speaking asked: "Do you come from England? I come from Glasgow." I didn't care to ask the Glasgow gentleman, "What are you in for?" so I said: "How long have you been in residence?" "I have been here for five years. I wonder if you will tell my father when you go back that I'll be looking in to see him in a year or two." It appeared that this Clydeside gentleman was a clever penman, and had been exercising his undoubted qualities by imitating the signatures of other people.

I have heard twenty-one Budgets and known ten Prime Ministers—from Gladstone to Ramsay MacDonald. I had the privilege of being beaten by the present Prime Minister (at Leicester in 1910); and if Mr MacDonald had been beaten instead of me, then—well, God knows who might have been Prime Minister to-day!

When going to the United States with the Prime Minister two years ago (said Sir John), I was telling Mr MacDonald that my first experience of the Commons as a journalist was when Gladstone was introducing his second Home Rule Bill; and Mr MacDonald said that he also was on his first visit to the House that very day; and on being questioned by Sir John regarding Gladstone's speech on that occasion, the Prime Minister said he couldn't remember a thing that the great old statesman said.

I was for twenty-five years in the House of Commons (continued Sir John), and had many recollections of men who at various times had cut important figures in their parties, but who to-day were totally forgotten. The fame of a politician fades like that of a music-hall artist. I shall never forget one famous afternoon when I listened to the Grand Old Man delivering his last speech. The House of Lords had rejected some Liberal bills; there was considerable dissatisfaction in the Liberal party with the Lords. The old man got on his feet; he was revitalised; his old power returned; his wonderful energy was displayed; and when he finished his speech he sank back on the bench apparently exhausted. The whole of the members trooped out of the House to discuss the wonderful speech; and the old man was the only one left in the House. There he sat like an ivory replica of himself. Then he got on his feet, and haltingly and blindly he fumbled his way behind the Speaker's chair; and left the House of Commons for ever.

I heard, too, Sir Austen Chamberlain deliver his first speech in the House; I have heard Mr Churchill speak from most parts of the Chamber; seen one M.P. punch another on the jaw; frequently heard honourable gentlemen describe one another as damned liars; seen an M.P. collapse and be carried out by John Burns, to die in Westminster Hospital; remember one M.P. who refused to shake hands with the then Speaker; and how, in a Budget speech twenty years ago, Mr Lloyd George started to be incoherent after four hours' talking, so that the sitting had to be suspended for half an hour.

The most humorous speech that ever I heard was one by the late Mr Tim Healy. As usual, Mr Healy wanted to speak on the woes of Ireland, but a speech on Ireland on that occasion was not in order, and the Speaker told him so. "Well, Mr Speaker," said Mr Healy, "what

can I talk about?" The Speaker told him that Uganda was the subject. "Well," said Mr Healy, "I wish to draw the attention of the House to the condition of my constituents in Uganda," and he delivered a long and eloquent speech on the woes of Ireland, but substituting on every occasion the word Uganda for Ireland.

Then there was Lloyd George. I do not intend to disclose to you my political sympathies, but for well over thirty years I have written nastier things about Mr Lloyd George than any other journalist. But Mr Lloyd George is the only big statesman who has never forgotten that he was once a back-bencher, and newspaper men were in those days his friends, and he has always remembered that. It is a fine thing that in this country one can be a bitter opponent in politics and yet retain a kindly regard for such an opponent in private life. On one occasion Mr Lloyd George was going to the United States, and knowing that I had been there several times, he asked me to give him a few tips. So I went to Cheyne Walk and met Mr Lloyd George, Mrs Lloyd George, and Megan. I explained how he must be on his guard against the American journalists, and I told him of the psychology of the American people. "And," I said, "give them plenty of sob stuff." And Megan, looking up in her father's face, said: "Father, you'll be able to give them *that*." And that (said Sir John) was the first time that I had ever seen Mr Lloyd George blush.

There was also President Wilson, who claimed to be part Scots. It is amazing how many people have Scots mothers or something! I got along fairly well with the Yankees on my not infrequent visits to the States.

Most people think it is an easy thing to get an interview with the President of the United States; that you simply walk up to White House, put your chewing-gum under the table—for future use—and there you are! Nothing of the sort. It is easier to meet the King at Buckingham Palace than the President at White House. When you are taken along to see the President you are first of all held up by an Irish janitor who had never heard of the appointment. He 'phones up and later guesses it is all right. The doors are not then thrown wide open to let you in. Three large-bellied men—secret service men—are at a door which just opens far enough to let you in; and you are taken to a room with only three sides. Where the other side should be, one of the men walks to and fro with one of his hands always in his pocket, ready for emergencies; and he parades thus for the three-quarters of an hour or less that the President—in my case it was President Wilson—gives of his time to the conversation.

I remember President Wilson when he came to France. Applauded as the great statesman, his journeys were triumphal; but back in the States he was despised and rejected by his own people. Wilson had a stroke, but kept at his work. He would not give way until he finished his term of office. I was in Washington (continued Sir John) when he laid down his presidential office. Tens of thousands of his fellows were acclaiming the new President with great cheers and huzzas. Wilson, partially paralyzed, came in a small chaise, attended by his wife, and while the crowds cheered his successor, Wilson, a broken man, slithered to the President's room to fulfil his last duty as President, and signed his papers with his palsied hand. Wilson took so long to do this work

that at twelve o'clock, when he ceased to be President, he had not finished. And so, to allow him to end his task while yet he was President, they put back the clock twenty minutes. And so passed out President Wilson, while the thousands on thousands of Americans acclaimed Harding as his successor.

The next celebrity to whom I shall introduce you is the late Lord Elgin, father of that patriotic and musical Scotsman, who gives "The Immortal Memory" in eloquent terms interspersed with songs from the works of the Bard in his lordship's fine voice. I remember the father of Lord Elgin in a memorable scene in the House of Lords. Lord Curzon, that brilliant and gorgeous Viceroy of India, on returning from his period of office in the East, was to address the Peers on the subject of India. A great number of members of the House met to hear what was to be a momentous speech. Ladies and Privy Councillors thronged the galleries, and one of the most brilliant settings presented itself when the Viceroy rose to speak. He delivered himself of a fine if somewhat patronizing address. He told his lordships where India was; he almost wished he had a map to show its position and immensity; he told his great audience of the difficulties of government and of the loyalty of princes and people. Lord Curzon sat down amid great enthusiasm. Then Lord Elgin rose. This little, stoutish, whiskered man, without any graces of oratory, thanked Lord Curzon for his interesting speech, and hoped the noble Lord would forgive him for suggesting that there were a few members of that House who had some little acquaintance with India. Lord Lansdowne, for example, was for a considerable period Viceroy of India; Lord Ripon, also, was the representative of the Crown for quite a good length of time. The gallant and noble Lord, pointing to Earl Roberts, he dared say Lord Curzon knew, was also there for some period of time. And the noble Viscount had forgotten, continued Lord Elgin, that "I was his immediate predecessor." Never had the House of Lords looked on such a scene of merriment. The House rocked with laughter.

The question, said Sir John, is often put to me: Who, of all the men you have met all over the world, has impressed you most of all? And there is no need for hesitancy in the answer: It is Mussolini. Before I went to spend an hour or so with the Italian Dictator, I had read a great deal about him; I knew all about the monster! The day before I had been invited to see him, I went to the opening of the Chamber of Deputies. I recognized Mussolini at once. There was nothing startling about the Dictator. In fact, I had seen many restaurant managers in Soho equal to Mussolini. Instead of glaring, as in the photographs, he was carrying three roses, like Bunthorne in "Patience." In the Italian Chamber they have an excellent arrangement which, when I become Dictator of this country, I shall introduce. In front of the Ministers was a carafe of wine; ordinary members had water; Mussolini had a glass of milk! There sat the Duce, toying with those roses, and smiling at the ladies; not at all like the Blood Taster he is supposed to be.

Next morning I paid my courtesy visit to Mussolini, by appointment of course. In a far corner of a large room sat the Dictator. I gave him the Fascisti salute. He rose and shook hands with me. I remarked that he was not at all like his photos; and shooting out his aggressive chin, he said: "Now I am." We sat down and smoked and talked

about many things—golf part of the time. I could hardly believe my senses, and I found myself saying to myself: "This is not Mussolini I'm talking to!" I saw he was tired, and said so. He told me he had two hours every evening to himself, sometimes reading, and sometimes playing the fiddle. I gave him the joke about Rome burning. "I've heard that one before," said Mussolini.

He struck me at times, too, as a sad man. All great men are sad men, very lonely men. I never met a really great man who did not impress me with his loneliness. Great men think only of the things they had failed in. They have no friends; no close associates. I am glad I am not a great man. I am glad to have had the opportunity of meeting Scots all over the world. There is no race in the world so keen in criticising each other as the Scots; there is no race so keen in getting together. Here we are, Caledonians of London, in the Caledonian Room in Holborn; it is a privilege to be allowed to address you about ourselves—and others.

Sir John sat down amid loud applause, and the President, in proposing the health of our principal guest, said every one had appreciated the brilliant Sentiment to which they had listened. Sir John, as they knew, was a son of the manse; he had travelled much and written much; he had given them something to think about, and to think about him.

The health of Sir John was drunk with Caledonian honours, and in a word he returned thanks.

Mr. Walter Leitch proposed "The Guests," and said they had a company of great Scots with them that night, and among them were Sir Edward Troup, C.B., late Permanent Secretary to the Home Office; Mr James R. Collins, Financial Adviser and Official Secretary of Australia House, and Secretary of the Treasury Commissioners; Mr R. E. Marriott, the well-known Australian etcher, who designed the first cover for the Holborn Restaurant; Captain Williams, Captain of the Gold Mine at Coolgardie; and Mr Andrew Williamson, manager of the English, Scottish, and Australian Bank. Of Mr Collins, who responded, Mr Leitch said his name was on more Australian banknotes than that of any other man. He signed the banknotes for the Australian Bank. Of Sir Edward Troup, who also replied, Mr Leitch said he was a

native of Huntly, in Aberdeenshire; he was a near relative of a favourite novelist of his, Dr George MacDonald; and he had served under more Home Secretaries than any man living.

Sir Edward Troup and Mr Collins (who said he was a descendant of Rob Roy) replied briefly.

The following five new members were introduced to the President: Eric Duncan Macmillan, Dr Donald G. M. Munro, Angus Robertson, Sir Andrew Caird, and Francis Richard Stephen.

The President, in welcoming the new members, said:

It must have fallen to the lot of few Presidents to have the honour of welcoming five new members into the Society in one evening. Not only do I feel it a great honour, but a great responsibility. You, my new Brother Caledonians, may rightly be asking yourselves, "What is the Caledonian Society?" It is a body of one hundred Scots which for ninety-four years has devoted itself to the well-being of the Royal Scottish Corporation primarily, and to other Scottish charitable work in London. It is composed of men to whom the work of the Royal Scottish Hospital makes a very definite and personal appeal.

What is a true Caledonian? He is one who by becoming a member pledges himself to devotion to the cause of Scottish Charity in London.

What sort of men are Caledonians? There is a man who sells matches in the East End of London, millions of grosses of them, and he, in addition to looking after the welfare of thousands of work-people, is a large-hearted and benevolent gentleman. He's a Caledonian. There is a man in the West End of London who for many, many years has devoted his life to the service of God and man, and the results of whose work extends far beyond his own congregation, the Scottish community in London; indeed, to the farthestmost parts of the earth. He's a Caledonian. There is a man who dispenses justice tempered with mercy on the Magistrate's bench, and then spends his life distributing, not charity, but the free-will offerings of his countrymen, with a warmth and sympathy of understanding which is beyond all praise. He's a Caledonian. There is a man who sits in an office that looks like the Albert Hall; is responsible for the production of dozens of newspapers; controls in a kindly and understanding way the destinies of hundreds of a staff, and who even occasionally has been known to pay money to Sir John Foster Fraser. He's a Caledonian. There is a man who controls Father Thames from Twickenham to the Nore, and he is often seen in Whitehall with a couple of dry docks in his pocket, telling the First Lord of the Admiralty to "stop his nonsense." He's a Caledonian. And there is a man who last Tuesday sold newspapers at the Oxford and Cambridge Rugby Match. That was me (I had to get this in as an advertisement for my newspaper). These, with the exception of the poor newspaper fellow, are the class of men who are members of this Society—big men, all of them, who here amongst their friends are

just Willie, Jock, and Tam ; although I must say I have never yet known a Caledonian who had the temerity to call Dr Fleming " Archie " or Mr Moncrieff " Tam." (Laughter.)

My new Caledonian Brothers, I ask you to look on this Society, not as an Irish " Come all ye," a Cockney " Friendly Lead," or, as the baser of type of Scot has it, a " Here's tae us ; wha's like us ? " type of Society. We are a private club of Scottish gentlemen. Your duty as a worthy Caledonian is first of all to look on the monthly meetings as a sacred obligation ; to enter the date in your diary, the second Thursday of each month from November to March, as an appointment which must be kept ; to hold yourself in readiness to accept a share in this great charitable work when called upon, and also without detriment to yourself, your home or your business, give financial support at the due and proper season. Amongst our members will be found wild, warm-hearted Highlanders, and equally warm-hearted men from the North and East, a " body " frae Fife, and two gentlemen from Perth, and on my own behalf and theirs I bid you a sincere and hearty welcome. (Applause.)

The toast, " Our New Members," was responded to with great enthusiasm, and the new members responded.

During the evening Mr William Gray sang " The wee toon clerk," and Mr William Dalgarno gave a recitation " The Fitba' Match " in the broad Doric of Buchan.

An evening rich with Sentiment and Reality closed with the usual hearty singing of " Auld Lang Syne."

THE SCOT IN WORLD ENTERPRIZE.

At the Council meeting on Thursday, 14th January, 1932, at the Holborn Restaurant, the President feelingly referred to the deaths of Mr T. C. Riddell, who had been Hon. Treasurer from 1927 to 1931, and Mr Archibald Macfadyen, who had been a member for seventeen years. Resolutions of sympathy with the relatives were passed.

Sir Alexander Murray, C.B.E., a director of Lloyds Bank, a great Anglo-Indian administrator, was the principal guest later at the Little Dinner, which was well attended.

The President was in the chair, and before he

called upon Sir Alexander to give the Sentiment of the evening, Past-President T. R. Moncrieff, J.P., sang the song which he has contributed for many Sessions to the programme at the first meeting of the year, "Here's to the year that's awa'." Mr Moncrieff was heartily applauded and thanked for marking another milestone in this melodious manner.

Sir Alexander Murray then gave his Sentiment as follows :

"The Scot in World Enterprize" is a Sentiment to which any Scot should be proud to speak, and I am indebted to Sir John Young for the suggestion, amounting almost to a command, that I should talk on this subject this evening.

To do justice to the Scot in World Enterprize, one would require to follow our energetic and hard-working countrymen all over the world, and to survey more enterprizes than can be referred to in the time now at our disposal. I am compelled, therefore, to pass over names and events well worth mentioning, and for these many omissions I tender apologies in advance to those of you who may consider my sense of perspective is at fault.

It has been said that the best view in Scotland is the high road to England. Speaking to an audience, chiefly Scots, in this capital of England, I feel I cannot deny this quite as strenuously as I might have done if speaking at a Caledonian dinner in Edinburgh or some other Scottish town! English histories—I mean histories written by Englishmen—do not, in my opinion, give a fair idea of Scottish life in past centuries. Previous to the Jacobite Rebellions, or at least previous to the Union of Parliaments in 1707, the Scots have been depicted as a backward, if not uncivilized people who, when not fighting the Kings of England, were fighting amongst themselves or quarrelling over religion and politics. And any good thing that comes out of Scotland is said to be due to the Union of the English and Scottish Parliaments and the civilizing effects of contact with the English. Perhaps present-day incidents in the House of Commons may give English M.P.s some justification for saying that the civilizing process even now is not complete. Joking apart, and while willing to give full credit to the Union for the many benefits it brought to Scotland, I would like to make it clear that Scotland in days of old was not always so backward in enterprize as has been represented in some quarters.

As far back as the reign of David I. (1124-1153), according to Hume Brown, "Scotland enjoyed a peace and prosperity which made her a refuge for exiles and a mart for foreign countries." She "had now entered on her commercial development under fairer auspices than any other country in Europe." David and his successors gave charters to seaports that still continue Royal Burghs, and encouraged the manufacture of woollen cloth; and we read of a ship built at Inverness carrying members of the French Royal family and their vassals to

the Holy Land in the thirteenth century. Of the commercial progress of the country at this period there is "emphatic testimony," and it was not until Edward I. of England began to interfere that progress was arrested. At the time of his intervention in Scottish affairs, in 1291, there was a Schothendyke or Scottish quarter in Bruges, Flanders, with which country our east coast towns had been doing business for a long time.

There is on record a letter, written immediately after the Battle of Stirling, in 1297, in which Sir William Wallace and Andrew de Moray thank the Magistrates and Commons of the Hanseatic cities, Lubeck and Hamburg, for their past favour and goodwill, and invite them to continue their commerce with Scotland, as the country is now "recovered by war from the power of the English."

Further evidence of Scotland's overseas trade is found in the fact that Edward I. about this time asked the Earl of Flanders to prohibit all trade with the Scots, a request which was flatly refused. In 1383, when Bruges was in its zenith as a trading centre, the Scots had their Consulate in Place des Écossais, their chapel in St. Giles Square, near which is a lane called Porte des Écossais, while there was also a Quai des Écossais, now the Quai St. Anne. Later, we find Middelburg in the Island of Walcheren the staple of the Scottish trade. Indeed, so important was this trade, that friendly relations were stimulated by the marriage of Mary, fifth daughter of James I. of Scotland, to the son of the Lord of Campvere, now on the maps as Veere, which later became the staple town.

Thirty-three years later the Parliament of James III. of Scotland prohibited the importation of English cloth in exchange for Scottish salmon, cod, and other fish, in the hope that our exports would be paid for in silver and gold instead of cloth.

In the reign of James IV. the Scottish trade with Flanders was at its height, and Scots sailors were more than holding their own in the North Sea. We find the King of Scotland writing a threatening letter to the Magistrates of Dantzic on behalf of Scottish traders in the Baltic, and also claiming damages from the King of France for injury done to three Scottish merchants on the coast of Brittany. Writing to this King, Louis XII., in 1506, James says he has exhausted the timber in Scotland building a fleet, and has had to apply to Denmark and France for a further supply. According to a historian of the period, all the woods of Fife had been wasted in the building of "ane greit and costly ship," the *Great St. Michael*, the largest ship then existing. This vessel was sent to France, and in the year after the death of James IV. was purchased by Louis XII. for 40,000 francs. Scottish naval enterprize was very prominent about this time, and stories of Sir Andrew Wood and of John Barton and his sons, Andrew and Robert, stir the hearts of all Scots.

It is not surprising, therefore, that we find the King of England only too pleased to see his daughter married to James IV. of Scotland, and meeting the objection raised in the English Council—that this marriage might result in the throne of England passing to the King of the Scots—by the ingenuous reply that this could never come about, since the larger kingdom must inevitably absorb the smaller! Although the Battle of Flodden followed soon after, the Reformation brought great

changes to both Scotland and England. The three-century-old alliance between Scotland and France came to an end. England lost Calais, the last of her then overseas possessions, but the defeat of the Spanish Armada cleared the seas of Catholic enemies and cleared the way for further commercial development.

But competition between Scotland and England still continued. In 1597 another Act was passed by the Scottish Parliament strictly prohibiting the importation of English woollen cloth.

One could linger longer over these old times, but I think it may be safely said that the Scot had embarked on a life of enterprise before the Union of the Crowns in 1603. It is true his intercourse had been with countries in Northern waters, with occasional ventures down the coast of France as far as Portugal, but he soon showed he was prepared to go farther afield. During the closing years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Englishmen had been sailing the high seas in all directions, and the Dutch as well as the English had sent ships East to compete with the Portuguese, who had been pioneers of Eastern enterprise throughout the sixteenth century. In 1600 the London East India Company was incorporated, and two years later a Dutch East India Company was incorporated. The Scots asked for similar concessions, and in 1617 King James granted a patent for a Scottish Company to Sir James Cunningham. Under pressure from the English merchants, however, James was forced to recall the grant, being paid handsomely by the London Company for doing so!

Meantime English settlements or plantations were being founded on the east coast of America, and James decided that his Scottish subjects should share in Colonial enterprise. While still King of Scotland only, he had persuaded "the gentlemen adventurers of Fife" to take over the island of Lewis on the west coast of Scotland and colonize it. He now turned his attention to Ireland where, a quarter of a century earlier, Queen Elizabeth had endeavoured with little success to colonize Munster. In 1610 the Province of Ulster was selected as a more favourable quarter for a Plantation, and fifty-nine Scots were allotted 81,000 acres on which to settle. Within thirty years there were said to be 40,000 able-bodied Scots in the north of Ireland. Thus were laid the foundations of the prosperous Ulster of to-day. This success in Northern Ireland, coupled with the progress made in planting the east coast of America, encouraged Sir William Alexander to prepare a scheme for another Scottish Colony "between New England and Newfoundland." The new territory was named "Nova Scotia," but although King James did his best to help the scheme by offering a baronetcy and 30,000 acres of land to any person of means who was prepared to finance plantations, the bait was not such as to secure the right type of colonist.

By this time, according to Hume Brown, "Scotsmen had already given ample proof of their readiness to seek their fortunes in foreign lands. In Poland, Russia, Sweden, and even in Finland, flocks of them had settled and shown the national aptitude for making themselves at home among strangers." George Macaulay Trevelyan, in his "History of England," says that "Scotland . . . sent forth in those days her most adventurous sons to serve abroad, not then as cashiers and foremen throughout a far-flung British Empire, but as captains in the armies of Gustavus Adolphus and other Protestant champions on

the continent." This makes pleasant reading, but of the enterprising Scots then earning a living on the Continent of Europe I am afraid there is little doubt that thousands in those days wandered through Prussia and Poland with packs on their backs and carried the wares of the Scottish draper or pedlar far beyond the shores of Scotland.

During the middle of the seventeenth century, Scotland's trade and commerce were adversely affected by the disputes between the Crown and the Kirk, and her troubles were only temporarily alleviated during the Commonwealth. For although trade with England then was free, the wars with the Dutch had almost put a stop to Scotland's trade with the Netherlands. Thomas Tucker, a Commissioner sent down by the Protectorate in 1655, found the trade of the country almost confined to the seaports, Leith coming first and Glasgow second in importance. Hitherto the east coast ports had been doing the bulk of the export trade, but the increasing population on the coast of North America provided the west coast with new opportunities. By this time Glasgow had been sending her ships as far away as Barbados, to which we read of Covenanters and other Scots being forcibly exported. The Governor of the island, writing to Lauderdale, said: "Some of your nation I find here, and these good subjects. I wish there were more of them."

In the latter part of the seventeenth century, at any rate, we find Scottish traders at home dealing direct with their countrymen in the American plantations, in spite of restrictions imposed by Cromwell's Navigation Acts, which favoured the English Merchant Companies. The Merchants of London complained "that their trade is in a great measure destroyed and ruined by many ships trading directly from Scotland and Ireland (*i.e.* Northern Ireland) to Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, without paying Their Majesties' duties to the undervaluing of Trade." Similar complaints came from Bristol, Liverpool, and other English ports.

It is evident that the Scot was prepared to trade at any cost. On his old trade route in the North Sea we hear of him, in the closing years of the seventeenth century, attaching his ships to English convoys to Rotterdam, thus breaking the staple contract with Campvere, the authorities of which protested to little purpose. The comparative success which had attended Scottish enterprise across both the Atlantic Ocean and the North Sea, created desires for larger ventures after the style of the overseas trading companies existing in other countries. A famous company that still exists, *viz.*, the Hudson Bay Company, had been started in 1670. An Act passed in 1693 authorized Scottish Merchants to form companies for trading in all kinds of commodities in all parts of the world with which His Majesty King William was not at war. This meant that Scotland could now have an East India Company with the sanction of royal authority, which had been refused, or rather recalled, in the early years of the century. William Paterson, of whom I shall have more to say, soon formulated a scheme, and in 1695 the Scottish Parliament passed an "Act for a Company trading to Africa and the Indies." The Act gave this company in Scotland a monopoly of trade with Asia and Africa for all time coming, and in America for thirty-one years. The capital of the company was fixed at £600,000, half of which was immediately subscribed in London, but

once more we find vested interests in the shape of the English East India Company and private traders putting obstacles in the way, with the result that the English participation in the Scottish venture was withdrawn, and a circular letter was issued later to governors of plantations to prevent any assistance being given to the Scottish company. In the circumstances the Scottish promoters would have been well advised to allow the whole scheme to fall through, but Scottish pride was aroused.

Debarred from trading in Asia, in Africa, or in America, by the hostility of the English, the company eventually fixed on the Isthmus of Darien, near where the Panama Canal now runs, as a suitable centre for developing trade between the East and West. Two years were occupied equipping and loading five vessels—part of the cargo being 1500 English Bibles, and by the end of 1698 the expedition reached the Gulf of Darien. The whole enterprize turned out a disastrous failure, due partly to the active hostility of the Spaniards, who claimed the territory, partly to the refusal of supplies from English plantations, and partly to other causes, including bad management. Within a year the settlement was abandoned. Of the original 1200 emigrants only 900 left Darien, and of the five original ships only one returned to Scotland, and that one, curiously enough, was named the *Caledonia*. Two other expeditions followed, but also had to return unsuccessful, and the Darien scheme had to be admitted a complete failure. The Scottish people were furious, and did not hesitate to express their resentment against the King and the English people, on whom the blame was thrown. The differences arising out of the Darien scheme were important factors in bringing about the Union of the English and Scottish Parliaments.

Subsequent history, in the opening of the Panama Canal, shows that Paterson was not far wrong in selecting the Isthmus of Darien for the world's entrepot trade between the East and the West, and perhaps this is the stage at which I should tell you more about this famous Scotsman. William Paterson was born in Dumfriesshire in 1658, the son of a small laird and tenant farmer. At twenty-three years of age we find him in the Merchant Taylors Company of London. Thereafter he visited Amsterdam and other places on the Continent, becoming established as a merchant in London, going to America and settling there as a trader between the West Indies and Boston, and eventually returning to London where, through his agency, a scheme for a National Bank and a permanent National Debt was laid before the English Government. We need not be surprised that it took Paterson three years to persuade Government officials and the public that his scheme was a feasible one, for he was only thirty-six years of age at the time, and had been something of a rolling stone. But what a record he has left behind! Creator of the Bank of England, the most famous bank in the world, and creator of the English National Debt, the greatest in the world! Paterson must have been a man of character and of decision. He died in 1719, and you may see his portrait dated 1708 in the British Museum.

I here also may refer to another famous Scotsman who was a contemporary of Paterson, and who indeed was in competition with him in formulating schemes for dealing with England's National Debt. John

Law of Lauriston was born in Edinburgh in 1671, the son of an Edinburgh goldsmith and banker whose family hailed from Fife. After a few years in his father's business he proceeded to London, gambled, shot his adversary dead in a duel, escaped to the Continent, lived at Amsterdam, returned to Edinburgh, and roamed about Europe until the year 1716, when his friend the Duke of Orleans became Regent of France on the death of Louis XIV. By royal edict, Law and his brother were authorized to establish a bank under the name of Law & Co., the notes of which were to be received as legal tender in payment of taxes. This bank was given the monopoly of the sale of tobacco and of the recoinage of gold and silver, and became the Royal Bank of France, issuing unlimited amounts of paper money with no reference to security. In 1717 Law launched a company to trade on the Mississippi River and in the province of Louisiana. Within a couple of years this company also received the exclusive privilege of trading in the East Indies, China, and the South Seas. Shares were issued to the value of hundreds of millions of livres, speculation became rampant, and by another year the great Mississippi Bubble, of which we have all heard, was burst. Law and all who trusted in him were ruined; he drifted back to Scotland, where he was no longer welcome, and moved on to Venice, where in 1729 he died in poverty.

While on the subject of banking I may as well refer to the part played by Scottish banking in the development of Scottish enterprise. As one writer puts it: "The banking question, whether discussed in London or Paris, always reverts to the history of the Scottish banks as a fragment indispensable to the controversy." I already have mentioned the Act passed by the Scottish Parliament "for the encouraging of Foreign Trade" in 1693, which, you may remember, was only a year after the Massacre of Glencoe. This was followed in 1695 by the Act authorizing the unfortunate Darien Company, and in the same year by another "Act for erecting a Public Bank," namely, the Bank of Scotland, which has thus behind it a brilliant record of 237 years' service to the trade and commerce of this country. In 1727 appeared the Royal Bank of Scotland to which is given the credit of giving the first cash credit.

I am sorry time will not permit me to tell you now about the Scottish Joint Stock Banks with their systems of note issues and cash credits, which have been of such material assistance to Scotland and Scottish enterprise. The development of Scottish banking is a fascinating story, the keen competition for, yet sympathetic treatment of, customers and their accounts, the common understanding and the conservative handling of resources, the opening up of offices in London, the amalgamations and fusions of interests with English banks, all of which leave Scottish banks stronger than ever and better able than most banking institutions to stand the strains and shocks of these troublous times.

What romance, too, there is in the life stories of individual Scots who made names for themselves—and sometimes fortunes—as bankers! We hear of the father of the founder of Drummond's Bank in exile in Holland, and partner in a banking firm there in 1697. The son, Andrew Drummond, walked from Edinburgh to London and founded Drummond's Bank in 1716, the bank that 208 years later was taken over by

the Royal Bank of Scotland, but is still carried on as Drummond's Branch of the Royal, near Charing Cross. Not content with Drummond's, as you all know, the Royal Bank of Scotland has lately taken over Williams Deacons' Bank, Ltd., and also the West End Branch of the Bank of England. If that is not enterprize, what is?

We hear also of the father of the founder of Coutts's Bank as a merchant in Edinburgh in 1696. Some years later we find the Coutts family engaged in Edinburgh in "the negotiation of Bills of Exchange on London, Holland, France, Italy, Spain and Portugal." About the middle of the eighteenth century the banking firm of Coutts & Co. was established in London, became one of the great London Clearing Houses, and is still flourishing at 440 Strand, although its interests are now fused with those of the National Provincial Bank.

One more name that is familiar to all, Barclays! How many of us remember that this famous bank takes its title from Robert Barclay of Ury in Scotland, the famous Quaker, known as "The Apologist," because of a well-known publication of which he was the author in 1676. In the beginning of the eighteenth century we find a son as a merchant in Cheapside and a granddaughter marrying into one house, while a grandson marries the daughter of a goldsmith whose business was founded before 1694. The families joined forces, and as recently as 1896 it was said that all the partners of Barclay, Bevan Tritton & Co. could trace lineal or collateral descent from "The Apologist." Little did the old Laird of Ury imagine 250 years ago that Barclay's Bank would be found with over 2000 branches not only in this country, but in the Dominions, the Colonies, and Overseas, maintaining its dividend in difficult times, providing for abnormal depreciation without recourse to published reserves and carrying Barclay's name high, very high, in world enterprize.

But it is not merely the Scottish bankers in this country nor the Drummonds, the Couttses, or the Barclays that have helped to widespread Scottish banking systems. It is hundreds, or I should say thousands, of young Scots, trained in home banks—and where can one get a better training—who have gone east and west to serve in Eastern, Dominions, Colonial, and other Overseas banks. From personal experience, I can speak of splendid work done in South America, in the East, and in India in particular. In almost every office of the Eastern Exchange banks, Scotsmen are to be found. In the old Bank of Bengal, the senior men were nearly always Scots, and I remember when the heads of the three great Presidency banks in India were Scots.

I must leave banking, however, and return to the enterprize of the Scot in other directions. Seeley in his "Expansion of England" says that the legislative Union of England and Scotland "marks the beginning of modern Scottish history, just as the Armada that of modern English history. It is the entrance of Scotland into the competition for the New World. No nation has since, in proportion to its numbers, reaped so much profit from the New World as the Scottish." Hume Brown is equally expressive when he writes that "under the new conditions determined by the Treaty of Union, Scotland had become one of the international competitors for the markets of the world."

The feature of the first half of the eighteenth century, however, was the enterprize of Glasgow, whose exports of linen, hides, etc., were

being exchanged for sugar and tobacco from the West Indies and America, until Glasgow's "tobacco lords" became the leading citizens of the Western seaport. Tea also was being imported to an extent that caused Lord President Forbes of Culloden to suggest the imposition of a heavy duty on it in order to make up for the loss in customs and excise, and if possible to prevent the people from drinking such an inferior beverage!

By the middle of the eighteenth century the Industrial Revolution had set in. The Carron Iron Works near Falkirk were started in 1760, there was a cotton mill at Rothesay in 1778, and a Turkey-red works, the first in the Kingdom, on the banks of the Clyde in 1783. The owner of the latter was David Dale, who started life as a herdboy in Ayrshire, served as an apprentice weaver in Paisley, "carried a pack" as a pedlar, became a linen draper, agent of the Royal Bank when it opened its first office in Glasgow in 1783, and has been well described as a pioneer of industry and the founder of power spinning in Scotland. It is interesting to note that Robert Owen, who later became famous as a philanthropist employer and democratic leader, was Dale's manager in the New Lanark Mill, married Dale's daughter Caroline, and ultimately took over the New Lanark, then the largest mill of its kind in Britain.

By this time Glasgow and the Clyde were leading the way in industrial enterprise. James Watt, born at Greenock, had patented his steam engine in 1769, and sixteen years later saw the first engine supplied to a cotton factory. Another Scot, William Murdoch, a foreman in Watt's works, invented gas lighting. Another Scottish engineer, William Symington, took out a patent for a marine steam engine in 1786, and sixteen years later saw the first practical marine engine propelling the Charlotte Dundas on the Forth and Clyde Canal, with fully loaded boats in tow. In 1812 Henry Bell of Glasgow produced the Comet, which not only traversed the Canal but ran to Leith and to Helensburgh, and thus became the forerunner of ocean steam vessels.

The genius and enterprise of these three great Scots—Watt, Symington, and Bell—within the lifetime of a single generation, paved the way for the great ship-building industry that has made Scottish shipping and Scottish seamen and engineers famous all over the world. Where would the British Empire and the world have been without the millions of tonnage launched from the yards of Browns of Clydebank, Fairfield of Govan, Stephens of Linthouse, Lithgows and Hamiltons, and Duncans of Port-Glasgow, not to mention Caledon of Dundee and other well-known yards? or without the engines produced not only in the workshops of Browns, Fairfield, and Stephens, but of Beardmores, Rowans, Kincaids, and others. Need we be surprised that Scots engineers are found on every sea and in almost every port of any size?

And how familiar to many of us are the names of the old shipping lines—the Anchor, the City, the Clan, the Henderson, the British India, that sail, or used to sail, from Glasgow to the East, the Donaldson, the Aberdeen, the Bank boats, and others too numerous to mention. Of individual owners or agents—MacIver, Burns, Elder, Smith, MacAndrews, Andrew Weir, or should I refer to some by their present-day titles, Lord Inverclyde, Lord Inverforth, Lord Invernairn, and perhaps best known of all to some of us Lord Inchcape?

Unfortunately ship-building and shipping have been under a cloud of late. Even so this country still leads in output, and I feel confident we shall again see the enterprize of our countrymen receiving its due reward. They faced fierce competition in the olden days and made good. In particular our ship-builders and shippers rose superior to their American rivals last century and should do so again.

Hitherto I have referred to the Scot as a merchant, manufacturer, builder, shipper, and trader at home and overseas, but no account of the Scot in world enterprize is complete without a reference to his wonderful success as a settler and colonizer in all parts of the world. Where would Canada, for instance, be without the hard-working, persevering Scotsmen and Scotswomen and their families? I am not thinking now of the thousands of Loyalists who refused to stay in the New American Republic, and moved across the Border to live under the British flag. I am thinking more of the thousands of farmers and crofters and their families who, to make way for sheep and deer in the glens of Scotland, had to seek new homes in Canada in the latter half of the eighteenth century, and the early years of the nineteenth. I am thinking of the thousands sent over by Lord Selkirk, John Galt, and other enterprising Scots. Who can read the life stories of young Donald Smith and his cousin and learn what they did for the development of trade and transit in Canada without feeling proud of Scotland's direct connection with that country. Nor are Lord Strathcona's and Lord Mountstephen's the only names that should be mentioned. There are hundreds more; but time passes! One more interesting reference, however, I would like to make. As you will remember, the Hudson Bay Company received its charter in 1670 from King Charles II., whose brother the Duke of York was Governor of the Company from 1683 until he succeeded to the throne as James II. To-day the Governor of this great company is another Scot, Patrick Ashley Cooper. He hails from Aberdeen, which thus competes for high honour with Forres, from which Lord Strathcona nearly a century ago sallied forth to ultimately become Governor of this famous concern.

In the other Dominions, too, the enterprize of the Scot deserves far more notice than I can give to-night. Indeed I feel ashamed to pass over famous names and great work without mention. One fine Highlander, however, I must refer to, namely, Captain John McArthur, whose father and grandfather both fought at Culloden. Arriving in Australia as an officer in the N.S.W. Corps in the closing years of the eighteenth century, we find Capt. McArthur settling down to a pastoral life. By importing pure merino sheep from South Africa and elsewhere, he was able to grow fine wool and to lay the foundations of Australia's staple industry. Later, we find Free Kirk Scots, like the Pilgrim Fathers of old, settling down in New Zealand, creating a new city of Dunedin, and establishing traditions which make some parts of New Zealand almost a second Scotland. To Cape Colony also we find Scots emigrants moving freely in the first half of last century, and when later we hear of Rhodesia, who does not think of Dr Jameson, Sir Robert Williams, and other settlers from the old country?

I have said that no account of the Scot in world enterprize is complete that does not refer to his wonderful success as a settler and colonizer. This is true of him not only in the Dominions and Colonies but

also in foreign lands. In the United States of America and in South American Republics such as the Argentine, you find him engaged in business of every description, or should I say in any business in which a living may be made—or a fortune? There is, however, one great country, which is neither a Dominion nor a Colony nor yet a foreign country, where many a Scot spends the best part of his life engaged in a great adventure. I mean India. Of this British Dependency, it has been said, "India was conquered by the Irish and is administered by the English for the benefit of the Scots!" This of course is an exaggeration, for many Scots have become famous in India as soldiers, and in the Civil Service and other branches of the Administration the Scots have a record to be proud of. But we must frankly admit that until long after the Union of the Parliaments it was the English alone who did the pioneer work in India and laid the foundations of our Indian Empire. We read of Major Munro quelling the first Sepoy Mutiny in 1764 by having twenty-four of the ringleaders blown from the guns—an old Moghul punishment. This Scottish major rose to be Sir Hector Munro and Commander-in-Chief of the Army in Madras. And we read of Thomas Munro, son of a merchant in Glasgow, working his way out to India as an ordinary seaman, and rising to be a Major-General, Governor of Madras, and a K.C.B. And there are other instances of Scottish youths earning fame and fortune as soldiers. But it was not until Henry Dundas became associated with Pitt in the administration of Indian affairs that in the words of George Macaulay Trevelyan, "The high traditions of the 'Anglo-Indian' families began to be formed; many of them were Scottish, for Pitt's friend, Henry Dundas, cannily combined his political jobbery beyond the Border with sending out excellent young Scots to India." For eighteen years, from 1784 to 1801, this Scotsman Henry Dundas was the leading member of the Board of Control of the East India Co., the Board to which Sir Walter Scott in 1821 referred as "the cornchest of Scotland, where we poor gentry must send our youngest sons, as we send our black cattle to the south." And in Lord Rosebery's Life of Pitt, you will find a reference to the "Scotticization of India," which continued after Henry Dundas's time, as his son inherited a seat on the Board of Control. At any rate, from that period onwards there was never any lack of Scots in India.

In 1813 the East India Company's monopoly in trade was curtailed, and in 1833 it disappeared entirely. Thereafter private enterprise developed rapidly, and the Scots undoubtedly have played a leading part. In Bengal, Assam, and Behar, where jute, tea, and coal are the principal industries, Scottish firms are managing agents of nearly all the larger concerns. In Cawnpore, the largest industrial town in the interior, the manufacturing industries are largely in the hands of Scottish firms. In Calcutta, practically all the leading firms bear Scottish names—Mackinnon, Mackenzie & Co., Macneill & Co., McLeod & Co., Yules, Jardines, Duffs, Beggs, Dunlops, and such like. The managers and foremen in the jute mills are almost all Scotsmen from Dundee, Angus, or Fife. The river shipping on the Brahmaputra and the Irrawaddy are controlled by Scottish firms. The oil and rice milling industries in Burma are in the hands of Scotsmen. Most of the managers and assistants on tea estates are Scots. In India, therefore, except in the cotton industry, it may safely be said that the Scot is a leader in enterprise.

In India, however, and the same may be said of Ceylon and further East, it is the exception for the individual Scot or other European to settle permanently. Sooner or later he returns to end his days in the old country. But the Scottish interests in India are abiding interests. Their stake in the country continues, and there is always somebody willing to take over that stake for a consideration and to maintain the permanent connection. Of late conditions have been changing rapidly, and it remains to be seen how long the Scot or other European will consider it worth while to pioneer and support Indian enterprize. That, however, is another story.

World conditions are always changing. You remember the old Latin tag of our schooldays—"Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis." "The times are changed, are perpetually changing and we ourselves change with the times." This Latin saying might well have been adopted as a Scottish motto, for the Scots have acted up to the spirit of it, until perhaps in recent times when "ca canny" has been heard in certain quarters. As farmers, fighters, traders, merchants, manufacturers, the Scots have adapted themselves to advancing times, while still retaining their national characteristics, and we hope they will continue to do so.

One thing, however, I have noticed, as no doubt you also have: Scotland no longer throws up original thinkers and inventors to compare with those who stimulated enterprize in the early days of the industrial revolution. If we except Lord Kelvin, Lindsay, and Bell of telephone fame, and Baird, now working on television, who have we to compare with modern inventors in other countries? In these days of quick travel by land, sea, and air, whom have we to take the place of Macadam, the roadmaker, and of Telford and Rennie, the builders of bridges, docks, etc. It is too much to expect another Adam Smith to propound a new Science of Political Economy, or to conduct a new "Enquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Poverty of Nations," instead of "The Wealth of Nations"! Nor may we look for thinkers like David Hume or Joseph Hume or James Stuart Mill, whose writings over a period of a hundred years did so much to make men and women think and act for themselves. John Stuart Mill's father, James Mill, was born in 1773 at Montrose, where four years later was born also Joseph Hume. While James Mill went to India House in London, where his philosopher son succeeded him, Joseph Hume went out to India and retired with a fortune to preach free trade and become a great Radical leader. His son Allan Octavius Hume became a member of the Indian Civil Service and rendered good service during the Mutiny. Allan retired from the Civil Service in 1882, and is best remembered in India as one of those mainly responsible for the organization of the Indian National Congress. Indeed, he has been called "the Father of the Congress," for which he acted as general secretary for many years. The first Congress was held in 1885, and from it has sprung the national movement with which Mr Gandhi and other extremists are now associated.

That, however, is by the way. I only refer to India in this connection because the harvests now being reaped in that country of the teachings of the Mills and the Humes may result in a new orientation of Scottish and English enterprize. But whatever the future has in store, may we not rely on our countrymen to remember that the world

never was and never can be static ; that the forces at work to-day are as dynamic as ever ; and that it is only by continuing to adapt himself to changing conditions that the Scot in World Enterprize can hope to add to the brilliant records of his forefathers.

The Rev. Archibald Fleming, D.D., Past-President, in proposing the health of the speaker, congratulated Sir Alexander on his splendid work for India and the Empire, and thanked him for his noble Sentiment which showed how much our little country had contributed to the world's enterprize.

The toast was given with Caledonian honours, and Sir Alexander replied.

Mr T. M. Stephen proposed " The Guests," and Mr Calderwood, Hon. Sec. of the London Scottish Bowling Association, replied.

During the evening three new members were introduced : Captain J. J. Cameron, Mr I. A. Robb, and Mr J. J. Hamilton.

The programme was contributed to by Mr James Macdonald and Mr J. B. Rintoul, both of whom told delightful anecdotes, and Mr J. R. Crawford, who gave Scots songs.

THE SCOT IN AUSTRALASIA.

The President at the Council meeting on Thursday, 11th February, 1932, at the Holborn Restaurant, made sympathetic reference to the deaths of two life members, Mr Kenneth Barclay Brown, who joined the Society in 1888, and Mr George Nicol, who became a member in 1899, and expressions of the Society's sympathy were ordered to be conveyed to the relatives.

At the Little Dinner on the same evening an Australian Scot was the Sentiment giver. Mr Walter Leitch, C.B.E., Agent-General for Victoria, whose term of office in London is drawing to a close, spoke on " The Scot in the Southern Hemisphere."

Before calling on Mr Leitch, the President mentioned the absence through illness of Mr Robert Davidson, our Hon. Auditor, and suggested that a message of sympathy and good wishes should be sent to him.

Introducing his Brother Caledonian, Mr Leitch, the President said that as they knew, Mr Leitch was a member of the Society for the second time, for on being appointed to his high office in London he wished again to take up the membership which he had resigned on going to Australia.

Mr Leitch explained that if his Sentiment was somewhat unpolished, Caledonians would have to blame an illness from which he was just recovering. He said :

I have said before in this room that as Gaul is divided into three parts, so Scots are divided into three classes :

(1) The Scot in Scotland who has the brains and intelligence and a superiority complex which enable him, with a struggle, to make a living amongst other Scots of equal brains and intelligence in his native land ;

(2) The Scot with a superiority complex and brains quite equal to those of his more stay-at-home brethren but with just that *extra* intelligence to know that he can make a better living, and, possibly, a fortune, with less of a struggle amongst the English, especially in London, and these are the Scots I am addressing now—the super Scots ;

Then (3) There is the Scot, shall we say, with an inferiority complex, who is not content to struggle for his living in Scotland, who may not have the desire to make a comparatively easy living in London, but who prefers the open spaces, the blue skies, and the sunshine of the southern hemisphere, to the confinement and fogs of London. Such is the Scot I would tell you about. Such a Scot am I.

No matter into what part of the world you go, you will find Scotsmen. It is said that the Scots are one of the lost tribes, and their wandering about the world may be to find their lost home. Let me say they invariably do find it, because wherever the Scot settles for the time being, that is his home ; and whilst absence may make his heart grow fonder of the land of his birth, he generally takes a leading part in the commercial, industrial, social, and political life of the country in which he settles.

I am confining my remarks to Scots south of the Equator, and if I may be allowed I would like first to refer to the Scots in South America. Anyone who has visited the Pacific Coast knows how it has been developed by such firms as Balfour, Williamson & Co., Hardie & Co., etc.

In Chile itself, Scotsmen occupy the leading positions in commerce and industry. The Chilean Railways were laid down and equipped by a Scottish Company ; a whole staff of men with their wives and families were sent out from Glasgow to operate the railways, and most of their

descendants have made good. When travelling on the Trans-Andean Railway, I remarked to my wife, "Yonder man and his wife in the corner are Scottish," and sure enough they were. He was one of the original engine drivers, and he told us of the early days of railway development in Chile. He had been visiting his son, a well-to-do man in Buenos Ayres, and all the other members of his family were occupying good positions and prospering.

Walking down the main street of Valparaiso on a Saturday morning, you might think that you were in Edinburgh to hear the voices of Scots women having a morning chat whilst out shopping.

My wife and I found the Scots people in Chile extremely hospitable, and that they are clannish to a degree is borne out by the following fact. A friend of mine many years ago had been travelling through the northern republics of South America, and by the time he arrived in Peru he was extremely ill with dysentery. He decided that he would go south to Chile, and when he arrived at Valparaiso, he was carried off the boat on a stretcher and taken to the hospital. That night a young Scotsman called to see him, and said that he was sorry to see a brother Scot so ill, and that he and three other Scots had a chackra and a very good housekeeper; so they had decided that they would take him from the hospital, where he might not get such good attention, and nurse him up in their own place. They did this, and took night about sitting up with him and pulled him round. These young Scotsmen were men who were just starting life and were not wealthy then, but they had a true spirit of Scottish hospitality.

In Buenos Ayres, the Scottish element is not so noticeable, but on St. Andrew's Night I attended the biggest St. Andrew's Dinner I have ever seen. It was held in the Town Hall, and the hall was packed. Scotsmen came from the extreme border of Argentine, from Patagonia, from Bolivia, Uruguay, Paraguay, and Southern Brazil, to attend the dinner—their yearly Mecca, their week of foregathering. The piper led a whole army of waiters, each carrying a haggis on his head, and marched round the room until each waiter was at his own table. Then the piper got his tot, gave his toast, and tossed the glass over his shoulder in the old style. The guest of honour was Señor Mexia, Minister of Public Works, and in responding to the toast of the Argentine Republic, he closed his remarks by saying: "Gentlemen, if I were not an Argentine, there is nothing I would like so much to be as an *English gentleman*." I am afraid the poor man failed to see the reason of the hearty laughter which his statement provoked.

I am not going to say much about the Scot in South Africa, as I hope my friend and brother Caledonian, The Hon. J. W. Downie, High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia, may give us an evening on this subject, but the Scot is there too, and doing as well as can be expected. I will tell you only one story about a Scot I met in Cape Town in 1902, just after the Boer War. He was a Class 2 Scot—a London Scot—and he was down in South Africa floating companies, and had been very successful with several large Jewish concerns. He had not much sense of humour, but he was very keen about his business, and told me a lot about it and then suggested I should join his firm. I told him I knew absolutely nothing about the company-promoting business, but he assured me that I would soon pick it up, and that I had a good face for

company promoting. Now, to this day, I do not know whether he meant I looked so honest that everybody would believe me and trust me with their money, or whether I was so honest in appearance and so crafty by nature that I would be an ideal man for the job. I was too modest to ask him. He told me the profits were large, and mentioned that his partner had written to him that in one particular deal he should ask £75,000. At a pinch he might take £60,000, but not a penny less than £50,000, because the *moral responsibility* was so great; and he showed me his partner's letter to prove his words.

We will, therefore, leave South Africa, and proceed towards the rising sun, to Australia and New Zealand, the countries I know best; and, I think, next to my native land, the countries I love best. I was speaking last week to a native-born Australian of English descent, who was visiting Europe for the first time. He said that he felt more at home in Scotland than anywhere else he had been on this side, and that he loved the Scottish people because they were so hospitable, natural, and sincere. This was the experience of all our Australian and New Zealand soldiers—our Anzacs. Scotland was the place they made for generally as soon as they landed in Blighty. The reason for this is not far to seek. Australians generally are just as hospitable, and give to visitors just as hearty a welcome as the Scots give them; and should there be any doubt in the minds of my hearers as to the nationality of Australians, let me say they are British—British to the core—98 per cent. of pure British stock—proud of their ancestry on this side and proud of the country of their birth or of their adoption. We are not an agglomerate of nations like America, but 98 per cent. of us are descended from English, Scottish, Irish, and Welsh emigrants.

I have a personal knowledge of three generations of immigrants, or migrants as they are known now. The first generation arrived in Australia in the 'fifties when the rich goldfields were discovered in Victoria and New South Wales, and a finer race of men and women it would be difficult to find. Discontented with the poor living conditions in this country—a divine discontent—they looked for better conditions for themselves and their families in the open spaces and in the undeveloped areas of Australia, or they were of an adventurous spirit and wanted to try their fortune digging for gold. These migrants came from every class of society—younger sons of peers, farm labourers, barristers, lawyers, schoolmasters, cottars, crofters, and shepherds—all came to try their fortunes. They came at that time in sailing ships, and generally brought with them their household goods, and took three to six months on the journey. The late Lord Salisbury was on the goldfields at Bendigo in Victoria for a while. I knew a big railway contractor, a fine type of Scot, who used to tell us young men that when he brought his wife and family out, he was so poor that going to the boat in London by 'bus, he put the family inside and he ran alongside to save the fare; but he made good. These men and women were not too proud to work, nor were they work-shy.

In my early days I knew many very wealthy squatters who were Scots, who started as shepherds or stockmen. Some were generous with their wealth, and some were mean. Old Lauchie McBean was an example of the latter. On one occasion he went to Sydney to buy a station which was to be auctioned. When he got there he found that

the sale had been postponed for a week, so he took a job as a gardener, got free board and lodging for that time, and when he attended the sale, he paid over £200,000 for the station. Many of our most distinguished pioneers were Scots. MacArthur introduced the merino sheep which has brought wealth in millions to Australia. In Victoria we have families of MacKinnons, Cummings, Camerons, Blacks, Fairbairns, and Calverts whose names have been intimately associated with the pastoral industry since the early days. Scotland supplied Australia with many of her Governors-General and Governors, amongst whom I may mention the late Marquis of Linlithgow, Lord Novar, Lord Stonehaven, typical Scotsmen who endeared themselves to Australians, and who, since their return to this country, have championed Australia's cause.

I remember on one occasion in Victoria, our Governor, Premier, and Lord Mayor were all Scotsmen, which fact may have been responsible for this story. An Australian, travelling abroad, was asked whether there were any Scotsmen in Australia, and he replied: "Oh yes, a good many; but rabbits are our greatest pest."

In my own time and generation I have known many Scots who went out in the 'nineties who have done well for themselves in Australia and well for the country. I can hardly mention their names, because many of them are still very much alive. In the wholesale, hardware, and soft goods trades, most of the largest firms were founded and are still controlled by Scots, and in addition to looking well after their own interests, they have rendered great services to the State. Sir William McPherson, who until 1929 was Premier and Treasurer of Victoria (and never were the finances of the State so well or so carefully managed), gave £30,000 of his personal fortune to build a School of Domestic Economy as a memorial to his late wife, and in 1930 he gave a further £25,000 to the Queen Victoria Hospital for Women, of which I may say my wife was one of the founders; and this new wing of the hospital is also named after Lady McPherson.

The largest confectionery and chocolate works in the southern hemisphere was started and is still owned by a Scot, born in great poverty in Leith, as he is not ashamed to tell you. His business is worth now about £4,000,000, and his charities are very large. The largest agricultural implement works south of the line, employing thousands of hands, was started by the late Hugh McKay and is still controlled by his brother, sons, and nephews. The biggest biscuit factory in the south was started by an Edinburgh Scot, and I dined with one of his youngest sons last Monday night. Most of the original shareholders of the Broken Hill Proprietary, were Scots. The works are now huge and controlled by a company.

As is the case in London, the leading doctors, bankers, and shipping men are Scots, and most of the biggest pastoral and finance companies are controlled by Scots. The President of the Chamber of Commerce (The Hon. J. A. Boyd) is a Scot and so is the President of the Chamber of Manufactures (Mr James MacDougall).

Sir Alexander McCormick, whose fame as a surgeon is world-wide, recently presented his magnificent private hospital to the Presbyterian Church in Sydney. The late Sir James Burns, founder of the well-known shipping company of Burns, Philp & Co., founded in Sydney the Burns Homes for Children—an Institution akin to your Royal

Caledonian Schools. Robert McDougall, of Christchurch, New Zealand, gave £30,000 to his city to found an art gallery. The late James Mennie of Auckland, a Turriff man, left a great deal of his property to the Church, and a fine assembly hall to the Auckland Scots; and I could go on telling you of the Scots who have made good in the land of their adoption, and who have been liberal in their public gifts.

I would not have you think, from the instances just quoted, that I measure services rendered in terms of hard cash only. Far from it. All these men gave years of hard work and thought before they were able to give hard cash, and numbers of other Scotsmen have worked hard for the land of their adoption or their birth. Scottish names are prominent in the lists of educationalists. Many of the chancellors of our universities, such as Sir John MacFarland and Professor Sir Anderson Stewart, and many members of the council and professors are Scots. Amongst ministers of religion, the late Dr Alexander Marshall of Melbourne, and Dr John Ferguson of Sydney were men who were esteemed by all sections of the community. Heads of leading public schools number many Scotch names—Dr Morrison, Dr Littlejohn, Dr Wilson, and Dr Roland among them.

We have our fair share of Scottish poets in Australia—Adam Lindsay Gordon, Banjo Peterson, and Will Ogilvie are three.

The southern hemisphere has given to the world some most talented Scots. Dr Morrison, a member of the Morrison family connected with Scotch College, Melbourne, the largest Scotch School in Victoria, acted as Advisor to the Chinese Government for many years, and recently the Chinese residents in Melbourne have raised a memorial to him for his wonderful services to their country. Sir Bertram McKennal, the sculptor of world-wide reputation, was born in Melbourne, and another well-known Australian born of Scottish parents, needs no words of mine to enhance her reputation. I refer to the prima donna, Madame Melba, daughter of David Mitchell.

As I have indicated elsewhere, Scots have played their part in municipal and national affairs. Accountancy and finance are natural avenues of activity. The late Sir William McBeath gave many years' service as chairman of the Commissioners of the Savings Bank of Victoria, as well as to industry. To the level-headed wisdom of Sir Robert Gibson, Chairman of the Commonwealth Bank, the Commonwealth Loan Council and the people of Australia are much indebted, especially at the present juncture. The Rt. Hon. Stanley Bruce, who is to be the Commonwealth Minister in London, is the son of a fine type of Scot, who founded the company of Paterson, Laing & Bruce.

The press, too, is under the sway of Scotsmen. *The Age* in Melbourne was founded by David Syme and *The Argus* by Messrs. Wilson and McKinnon, who are still the proprietors.

Then we have the Scottish migrant of quite recent years. Generally speaking, I think he has not the virility, the grit, and ambition of those who went out in the 'fifties and 'nineties. Of course, conditions have altered much since then. There is more competition. There is a much greater desire for the refinements and luxuries of life. He or she is not content with the simple homely entertainments which we were satisfied with. There must be cinemas, tin hares, and every kind of sport. The younger generation must be amused, instead of making its

own amusement. I suppose it is a case of "other times, other manners."

Emigration to Australia at the present time has practically ceased till better times come, but one of the best emigration organizations is the Big Brother Movement. A man of established position in, say, Victoria, undertakes that if a public school boy comes out to Victoria, he will act as his Big Brother, and see that he is well looked after and gets a fair deal from his employer. I am a Big Brother, and my little brother comes from Fifeshire, and was a Dollar Academy boy. I am going to tell you about him, because I am glad to know that the old Scots spirit still exists, at least amongst some of the younger generation. David Masterton got a boy from Fettes College at the same time. We met the boys on the boat and took them up town to lunch, where our wives met us. During lunch, I emphasized the importance of their saving their money and I said, "Now my motto is—Every penny a prisoner," holding up my closed fist. Then my little brother spent a couple of days with us at our home before going up country. The night before he left, my wife went to bed, and I warned the boy to beware of the wiles of women, of the danger of drink, and then spoke again of the necessity of his putting something, however small, in the Savings Bank every week. He said: "Aye! the lassies rin efter ye jist as bad in Scotland as onywhere else. Aw ken them. Aw dinna drink an' Ah'm no gaun tae. Aw like yer motto an' Aw'm gaun tae mak it mine." This last puzzled me because I had forgotten the incident. However, when he closed his fist and said, "Every penny a prisoner," I understood, and he has carried it out to the full. He is now twenty-one and a fine handsome chap, happy in his work and his new home, and living for the day when he can have a place of his own and can send for his mother and brothers and sisters to join him. He has also a good solid balance at the bank.

Of course, we have celebrations—St. Andrew's Day, and Burns's Birthday, and all such occasions as these. On St. Andrew's Day, the Melbourne Scots, of which I am a member, hold their annual dinner, when we have with us a number of distinguished guests, and have a very enjoyable time. The Burns Birthday addresses are often given around the Burns Statue, when speeches are made and Scotsmen extol their national poet and country. On one occasion an Englishman, who had been listening, addressed the meeting and he said: "I cannot understand all this bragging about Scotland and Scotsmen. Thank God I was born an Englishman, I have lived as an Englishman, and please God I will die an Englishman." Then a voice from the outside of the crowd cried out: "Guid God Almichty, mon, hae ye nae ambeention?"

In Australia, we have numerous Scottish societies and organizations. In Melbourne, in addition to the Melbourne Scots, there are the Caledonian Society, the Scottish Union, and the Thistle Societies. In New South Wales, the big Society is the Highland Society of New South Wales, whose membership is very large. Through the year they have many concerts, lectures, and meetings, but their great day is New Year's Day, when they start the sports at nine-thirty in the morning, and finish up with a grand concert in the Town Hall anywhere about twelve o'clock at night.

Of course, in Australia the usual stories are told, usually by Scotsmen themselves, about the Scotsman's meanness, but it is a significant fact that on Hospital Sunday, when a collection is made in all churches for all the hospitals in Victoria, the Scots Church and the Toorak Presbyterian Church head the list of collections by hundreds of pounds, and have done so for as long as I can remember.

I would have liked, if time had permitted, to talk about the Scotsmen in New Zealand, because the southern portion of the South Island of New Zealand is entirely Scottish, and it would have made Dr Bulloch's heart glad to hear the Doric spoken there as he would have it spoken. This is an example. I arrived in Invercargill on my first visit in pouring rain. It generally rains there. When it faired I went out to reconnoitre the town and found a man harling the roads. A little girl came out of one of the houses and started to walk heel to toe in the mud. The harler, on seeing her, shouted: "Come oot o' that, Jeannie, ye clairy lassie; ye're glaur tae the cuits."

I had an old friend in Invercargill, a descendant of an English family, who had a very good business there, and I tried to sell him a new plant of machinery. He pleaded poverty, when I said: "But man, John, you and your father before you have had the monopoly of the business of this city all these years, and you ought to be very wealthy." He replied: "Man, there are three kinds of folk in this city." And I said: "What are they?" He said: "The Scotch, the demned Scotch, and the awfie Scotch."

From these somewhat disjointed remarks, you will no doubt gather that I am trying to indicate to you that Scotsmen the whole world over, southern hemisphere as well as northern, retain their well-known characteristics, pre-eminent amongst which are generosity, tempered with justice and wisdom and an ability to adapt themselves to their environment, so as to get the best out of any country they settle in. This adaptability is of the greatest service to the Empire, and Scotsmen have proved themselves to be splendid Empire builders. They are clannish, without being insular. They retain a love of their ain country, without being too sentimental. They are even human enough to be failures occasionally, but from what I have told you about down-south Scotsmen, you will realize that the great majority of them are keeping up the good old Scottish traditions, so their northern brethren need never be "sair affronted."

I think that you appreciate the fact that the Scotsman, while never losing his love for Scotland when he emigrates, becomes an excellent citizen in the land of his adoption. He applies his common sense to his business and politics, his relations with his friends, and to his religion, and in my opinion he will act as a cement to bind together the fabric of Empire so much needed at the present time when Empire preference is the all-important subject.

I am sure we all pray that the result of the Imperial Conference to be held at Ottawa will be satisfactory both to this country and the large Dominions and Colonies overseas, because, after all, we're a' John Tamson's bairns.

The President, in asking Mr Leitch to accept the thanks of the members and guests for his delightful Sentiment, said that Mr Leitch was an inveterate globe-trotter, and he knew every inch of Australia, America, and the Isles of the Seas. Their speaker that evening was the first non-politician to be appointed Agent-General of his State. He had done good work for this country in the Ministry of Munitions and in other ways. He was above all a great Scot. He had done splendid work for his country and the Empire; and through it all he had retained his natural couthiness and homeliness.

The toast was heartily received and drunk with Caledonian honours, and Mr Leitch briefly replied.

Mr J. M. B. Lambie proposed "Our Guests," and coupled the toast with the names of Dr A. J. Cronin, the author of "Hatter's Castle," "who had so ably proposed 'The Immortal Memory' at the London Burns Club Festival," and Mr. Hamilton.

Dr Cronin said that although he was trying hard to be an author and not an orator, he would like to say a few unpremeditated words to express his own and his fellow-guests' thanks for the hospitality—traditional hospitality—they had received that night. Their distinguished old Society and the names it held, and the names that Mr Leitch had mentioned as covering the southern hemisphere, reminded him of the fact that although he was born, educated, and brought up in Scotland, he had had many fights at school because of his own name; and that after every fight he had rushed home with, "Oh, mither, mither, why did ye no mairry a man ca'd McGlashan, or something like that?" (Laughter.) Speaking of the passion in our language and our people, Dr Cronin said: "If Robert Burns and Matthew Arnold had been courting the same lass, I know who I would have put my money on."

Mr Hamilton, who also replied, apologized for not saying much, and in this connection he told the story of two Scots soldiers in the same company during the War, who each received a letter by the same post. Both opened their letters, and one of the men immediately put his in his pocket. The other read his long letter, put it carefully away, told his chum all that his wife had said, and asked: "Whit's in your letter?" "Oh, naething ava'." "There maun be something." "No, naething ava'," and he showed a blank piece of paper. "Ye see, it's frae the wife, an' we're no speakin' the noo." (Laughter.)

A splendid musical programme—songs by Mr Pestell and Mr Alex Macrae, and stories by Mr J. R. Crawford—was concluded by the President singing with his usual gusto, "Duncan Mackintosh."

A GIFT OF BOOKS.

At the monthly meeting of the Council on 10th March, 1932, held, as usual, in the Holborn Restaurant, a handsome gift of twenty-two volumes of "The Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland" (1909-1910 to 1930-1931) was accepted with gratitude from Mr W. Forsyth, Gerard's Cross, Bucks.

MR GEORGE BLAKE ON "SOMETHING SCOTTISH."

Following the Council and General meetings, the President took the chair at the last Little Dinner of a notably successful Session.

The speaker at the dinner was Mr George Blake, author and publisher, who was introduced by the President as one of the young men who was making his mark in fiction just as he had done in journalism. He had found his feet in London as the editor of *John o'London* and *The Strand Magazine*, and of all the work

that he had produced he (the President) liked none better than his introductory chapter to Neil Munro's "The Brave Days." It was fitting tribute to a great writer, a great Scotsman, a great man. Mr Blake was also a publisher, being a partner in the well-known firm of Faber & Faber, and it was no secret that the best of the books which that firm had published were the selection of their guest of that night.

The title of Mr Blake's Sentiment was "Something Scottish." Mr Blake said :

As it happened, there reached me only two days ago from Scotland an anonymous letter. It dealt with an article I had written for one of Mr Will's papers, and it was couched in extremely abusive terms. In my article I had taken it upon myself to criticize a certain aspect of contemporary Scottish life, and my correspondent declared in the roundest terms that I had no business to do so inasmuch as I was not resident in Scotland. This line of reasoning seemed to me rather illogical, but thinking it over, it occurred to me that if I was down to speak to-night on "Something Scottish," I might as well speak about ourselves—the London Scottish.

Now it is clear that we Scots resident in London stand in a peculiar and interesting position as between our compatriots at home and our friends the English. The patriot at home is perhaps the worst.

It has always struck me as a strange thing that the Scot who settles in Bombay or Monte Video or Montreal or Hong-Kong is a prophet with a considerable amount of honour in his own country. He becomes a hero, a pioneer of Empire, whereas those of us who settle in London are immediately suspect. According to such people as my anonymous correspondent, something rich and strange and sudden happens to the young Scot who takes a third-class ticket to London. To cross the Tweed, according to these critics, is to be the victim of a transpentine miracle, whereby a man, in the twinkling of an eye, loses all the characteristics that birth, heredity, education and upbringing have given him, and becomes—to quote my anonymous correspondent again—"the spineless slaves of your English masters."

I have examined myself carefully in the light of such accusations, and I have decided that I must be some sort of freak. I do not find that geography has made much difference to my Scottishness: rather the reverse; nor do I discover in my unimportant person any shame of my birthright. The matter is not of great moment, to be sure, but I for one have not the slightest intention of surrendering my right to speak on Scottish affairs from this particular angle. Indeed, I would go so far as to say that the London Scot, provided he preserves a just sense of national pride, is, in his detachment, in a peculiarly advantageous position to comment valuably on Scottish affairs.

But you will observe the reservation I make—"provided he preserves a just sense of national pride." It is an important reservation.

As I see it, the London Scot is subject to some very grave temptations. He is always in danger of becoming for vanity's sake more English than the English. He may, on the other hand, become a Scot of the offensively perfervid kind—a Scot of the Here's-tae-us—Wha's-like-us school—in and out of season. He may too easily fall between the two schools and become neither one thing nor the other—just a colourless cog in the wheels of commerce : a *heimatlos* alien, as the Foreign Office describes those who have lost nationality.

These are the temptations, and you and I know that many a good Scot has fallen into one or other of them. Our position is such that we must continually be on guard against them all if we would save our own souls. I seem to have noticed during eight years in London that the deadliest temptation of all is that of becoming a licensed buffoon, amusing the English at the expense of our own people.

Now these jests are *English* jests, originally invented in contempt of the Scot. They all derive, obviously, from the period following the Union of the Crowns, when a great many innocent Scots followed James VI. and I. to London and caused consternation among the English courtiers. Manifestly, these simple people, coming up against a higher scale of living than that to which they had been used, would be careful of their pence—hence the legend of meanness. Manifestly, being strangers in a strange land, they would tend to get together in the spirit of self-protection and mutual helpfulness—and hence the legend of clannishness. And so on, and so on. The legends have stuck, and the English have never been blate to sublimate their own failings and sentimentalities by fitting them on to other races.

Altogether, it seems to me that there is a necessity upon the London Scot continually to examine the integrity of his position, continually to assure himself that neither by word nor deed is he in danger of sacrificing pride in himself as a man and as a Scotsman. In this connection there often arises in my mind a curious and difficult question, and it is this : " Would you—or I—all things being equal, willingly return from London to Scotland to live and work ? " We all go back to Scotland—to die, and my question naturally does not affect those whose working days are nearly done. But for the man who is still in the full flight of his activity and has years of work before him, the question is surely one of some importance.

Setting aside for a moment the purely practical aspects of the problem, there are certain very onerous points of social and domestic concern to be considered. To put it at its lowest, London is an extremely agreeable city to live in. It is old, beautiful, packed full of variety and interest, and it has a tolerable climate. It has more than that. To live and work in London is to be very near the heart of all things, and he is a poor fish who will not respond to such a stimulus. Above all, London offers the priceless gift of liberty to its citizens. Dr Johnson was surely right when he observed that the man who is tired of London is tired of life, and I don't count myself unfaithful to Scotland in admitting as much.

And most London Scots happen to be tied to London by bonds of a sentimental sort that are difficult to break. Most of us come to London when we are young. We come largely because our native land is by an accident of geology and economics unable to recompense adequately

all the men of brains and the ability it produces. Circumstance has given the Scot ambition, and for that none of us need apologize. So we take the road South in early manhood, and we make our adult careers in London, and when the time comes—and this is important—we marry in London. We may go back to Scotland for our brides, but it is in London that we set up for the first time homes of our own, and it is in London that our children are born. Is it mere sentimentality to suggest that the scene of early marriage, with its warm and abiding memories, receives from a man's heart an affection that rivals—perhaps outrivals—that he has for the place of his birth?

I shall admit at this point that my question is to some extent academic. For, to bring these rambling remarks to a conclusion, the ultimate point I wish to make is that this phrase "London Scot" is one that is criminally misused. It is really no more than a geographical term, whereas the ignorant, like my anonymous correspondent, use it to specify a strange and apparently traitorous breed of men. We have admitted that there are temptations before the London Scot to fall from grace; we have admitted that London for its own sake has a good deal of our affection. What we must never admit is that because we are in London we are any the less good Scots.

Only the other day I was looking through Mr Bain Irvine's *Year-book*—a really marvellous monument to the patriotism and activity of Scots and of Scotland. In my own small way I meet continually men who, if they do live in Hampstead or Wimbledon, are always thinking of Scotland and working for her. If you ask me, I will maintain to the bitter end that the London Scots have, by and large, done more than any other community, and in the right ways, to keep the blue saltire flying among the flags of the world.

The President, in proposing Mr Blake's health, paid tribute to the speaker's deft touches in his descriptions of the London Scots. He remembered that in one of Mr Blake's books there was a description of the water that flowed past his native Greenock, and he (the President) went specially one day to see the water that Mr Blake had so vividly described, a remark which led Mr Blake, in replying, to say that fortunately Mr McFarlane had not made reference to the water that flowed *on* Greenock. (Laughter.)

During the evening Mr Grant was introduced to the President on his election to membership.

The toast of "The Guests" was proposed by Mr A. W. Russell, who said that as a Greenock man he was glad to welcome Mr Blake. He was sorry that another Greenock native, Past-President Sir George Paton, was

not present to welcome their distinguished townsman. The Caledonians at their meetings indulged in no spurious sentimentality, but they met together and recalled their native land. They would not be happy, however, unless they had with them their guests. That night they had several men of outstanding ability who had distinguished themselves in different walks of life. There was the Marquess of Donegall, an Irishman who as a journalist had engaged in and described every queer trade or pastime except that of a Scotsman. He was an earnest young man who had views on politics, including reform of the House of Lords. Captain R. S. Cooke, a Scot from Stirling who had travelled in the East—including Egypt, Mesopotamia, and Irak—on political work during the War, was also present. He was a member of the Baghdad Caledonian Society, and was now living in the seclusion of Harrow. They had with them also, Mr Taylor Darbyshire, the London manager of the Australian Press Association; Mr A. H. Wright, the official Secretary of the Agents-General's Office in Australia House; and Mr W. K. Fullagar, a distinguished member of the bar in Melbourne, who is in London to appear before the Privy Council in two appeal cases. Mr John D. Stewart, of Glasgow, was the representative in Columbia, Venezuela, and other South American countries of British firms in what was unceremoniously called the "rag" trade. He had been in those countries for twenty-three years keeping up the British end. To all these guests and the others they offered a hearty welcome. (Applause.)

The Marquess of Donegall in replying said he was glad to have an opportunity for a second time of sampling Scottish hospitality. The last time was when he was thrown out of the Caledonian Ball. He had picked up a bracelet from the floor, had handed it to an attendant, who, discovering that he (Lord Donegall)

had no "facings" on his dress-coat, unceremoniously ordered him out. His treatment to-night had been somewhat different. He had told his editor, a Scotsman, that he had been invited to the Caledonian Society dinner and did not know why. "Oh," said the editor, "it must be for the same reason that the cavalry was sent to the War." "Why was that?" I asked. "Why," said my Scottish editor, "to give a little tone to what might otherwise have been a drunken rabble." (Laughter.) He would tell that editor that he would have to watch his steps. (Hear, hear.)

Captain Cooke in his reply referred to the fact that Scotsmen are more perfervid Scots the farther they are from Scotland. This had been brought home to him very plainly during his wanderings in the East.

Mr Fullagar, although not a Scotsman, but a native-born Australian, had many intimate friends in Melbourne of Scottish birth or ancestry who had done their share in the building up of that great country.

The President said that that was the last monthly dinner over which he would preside, and consequently he wished, on behalf of the members to thank the officers for their services: Mr R. R. Wilson, Treasurer; Mr John A. Brown, Hon. Secretary; Mr Robert Davidson, Hon. Auditor; and Mr William Will, Hon. Historian. To these worthy Caledonians he offered the grateful thanks of the Society.

Mr Wilson and Mr Brown replied.

The President, at the close of the programme, said that before demitting office he would like to thank the members for the loyal and affectionate support which they had given him during his year of office. He was not only proud of the position in which they had placed him, but he had been extraordinarily happy in it. He had missed from their meetings his old friend Mr John Douglas, whose cheery "You're getting on fine" was a great incentive to him. When new

members joined he always liked to think that they were joining "something different," and not just that they were becoming members of another club.

The musical programme was contributed to by Mr William Davidson, whose lovely tenor voice was heard in several stirring Scots songs; Mr Ratter; and the Piper.

THE FESTIVAL: THE PRESIDENT ON GOOD CALEDONIANS.

The evening of Thursday, 7th April, 1932, will long be remembered by those who had the good fortune to be present in the Holborn Restaurant at the Society's Festival and Ladies' Night, which closed the work of the year.

The great success of the gathering was not due to the speech-making, or to any special flair in the excellent musical programme; but the atmosphere of *bon homie* which the President, Mr P. N. McFarlane, created at the outset held the company to the close of a glorious evening.

The guests, to the number of over 200, were received by the President and Mrs McFarlane in the Caledonian Room, and after the procession to the Venetian Room, and an excellent dinner served up in the Holborn's usual excellent style, the loyal toasts were given from the Chair, with Caledonian honours.

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

Those of you who are acquainted with the Apocrypha (and what good Caledonian is not?) will remember the words in Ecclesiasticus, "To slip on a pavement is better than to slip with the tongue." Until yesterday I profoundly disagreed with these words, for just on six weeks ago I did slip on a pavement and came down an almighty whack on my chassis, what time a horse in an L.M.S. railway van struck my right leg with its left forefoot and in some way bunkered my left leg. (Laughter.) I certainly then thought the ancient writer was wrong, but when yesterday morning I learnt that all the available Past-Presidents of the Caledonian Society of London were to be present to-night,

I thought of the "slip of the tongue" and wished myself back on my pavement. What new thing can I say with regard to this toast which has been proposed for so many years, sometimes in speeches which bored everybody stiff, sometimes in speeches which made everybody proud, and sometimes in speeches which made everybody happy? (Laughter and applause.) Should I "summon the spirits from the vasty deep" and tell you "what Hepburn said in '89 or Mathieson in 1909"? Should I pour out ponderous platitudes with the purblind passion of a perspiring preacher? Or should I recall to your minds Paton's Polished Phrases, Moncrieff's Merry Musings, Douglas's Dashing Dialectics, Will's Whimsical Warblings, Fleming's Fairylike Fancies, or Irvine's Inspiring Invocations? (Laughter.) After all, why should I? They are all friends of mine, and you have got troubles enough as it is. In so difficult a position did I find myself that I resorted to my friend and mentor T. R. Moncrieff, and told him that although I had tried out a hundred speeches, I was fairly stuck, and added, "I must just trust in the Lord to see me through," to which he replied, "Oh, He'll see *you* through all right, ye wild devil." (Loud laughter.) Even now I am doubtful. Shall I tell you what a thravn lot of sowls the Caledonians are, as I found out once when Miss Maxwell, who does the table plans, was away (incidentally she is writing a book—to be bound in asbestos and published by the S.P.C.K.—entitled "Caledonians Stern and Wild"), and I had to do the job. And when that dinner was over, was I popular? Like a boil!! (Loud laughter.) One man from the North-East said: "Fou did you pit me neist a mannie fae Ayr. He could speak about naething but Burns, and had never heard of Chairlie Murray or the Cabrach; my nicht was fair spylt." (Laughter.) Another from the National Liberal said: "How can I enjoy myself when you place me next to a person from the Constitutional Club?" (Laughter.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, the Caledonian Society is a body of one hundred Scottish gentlemen—gentlemen, not by right of birth, but by worth of manhood; not by pride of place, but by capacity for service; not by wealth or riches, but by a willingness to spend and be spent in the great cause with which we are so closely identified. (Applause.) The Caledonian Society is unlike any other Scottish organization, whether it be clan or county association, Burns club, or Masonic lodge. The motto for the true Caledonian should be "Inasmuch." (Hear, hear.) He may not be able to give much money, but he can month by month assist in the grand work of helping our needy kinsfolk, and by a kindly word cheering them on their way; or, if this be impossible, he can in the quietness of his own home ask God's blessing on what his brother Caledonians are doing. (Hear, hear.) Should the apprentice Caledonian wish guidance and direction, he will find qualified foremen in such men as Sir George Paton, John Douglas, Dr Fleming, and Thomas R. Moncrieff.

I appeal to my brother Caledonians not to rush their guests into membership. When a Scot is privileged to attend one of our unique gatherings for the first time he is very apt to say: "This is fine. I must join." Don't let him, but bring him again and again and again; keep him waiting; let him absorb the atmosphere that gives the Society its unique position, and when after long trial and approbation, he is

put forward, then he is likely to make a good Caledonian. To paraphrase the words of Malory in "Morte d'Arthur," "and ye, if ye be called to the goodly fellowship of the Caledonians, then verily are ye more to be held in honour than if ye had gotten half the world." (Loud applause.)

I give you "The Caledonian Society of London"; may it flourish, root and branch, for ever.

The toast was drunk with great heartiness and with Caledonian honours.

The Vice-President, Mr R. S. Kennedy, in proposing "Our Guests," said:

The Vice-President of this Society may be said to be in the chrysalis stage, and this is one of his golden moments, when it is his privilege to propose the health of "Our Guests," a toast very dear to the heart of the Scot. (Hear, hear.) In this respect I am following my father, who thirty-five years ago undertook this same duty; and although I was born in London, my youthful days were steeped in Caledonian lore. While not so venerable as the Royal Scottish Corporation, we date back to the days of Queen Victoria's accession, and are proud of the fact that we were the first society to invite ladies to our banquets. (Hear, hear.)

There are many distinguished guests here to-night, and it would be invidious to select any for special mention; but as this is Ladies' Night, it is the ladies we wish particularly to honour. In fact, this might be the old naval toast of "Sweethearts and Wives." Some of you may have heard it given as "Sweethearts and Wives, may they never meet"; but in this august gathering I prefer another reading, namely, "Sweethearts and Wives, may the sweethearts become wives and the wives remain sweethearts." (Applause.)

The reply to this toast will be made by Mr Justice McCardie, and I am sure that the ladies will feel their interests safe in his capable hands. In recent years the principal duty of a citizen has been to pay up and look pleasant, if he can, but there are other duties not so painful. On two occasions I have had the privilege of serving on a special jury under Mr Justice McCardie. The first case was a rather involved financial transaction, and we were given some eight or nine points to decide. I am not quite sure that his lordship was entirely pleased with us, but he made no sign, and anyhow fortunately we were not in the dock. The second case was concerned with a quarrel between two ladies, and I was lost in admiration of the patient way in which his lordship listened to a mass of what appeared trivial matter. In the summing up, it was made plain to us that while the plaintiff had sustained no measurable damage, still an important legal principle was involved. As foreman of the jury, I shall always remember his lordship's kindly smile of approbation when we gave one shilling damages instead of the proverbial farthing.

As I said before, the ladies will, I am sure, feel that their interests are quite safe with Mr Justice McCardie, but I am not quite sure about the men. Some of his lordship's recent sayings have made us wonder

if women's rights have not taken away any little rights we men may have had, and that "the better half" is not going to be the whole. I trust Mr Justice McCardie, while doing his duty to the ladies, will not put us in the position of the man who, on saying "il faut vivre," was told that his hearer did not see the necessity. (Laughter.)

Brother Caledonians, I give you the toast of "Our Guests," coupled with the name of Mr Justice McCardie.

The toast having been given with Caledonian honours,

Sir Henry McCardie, who was received with great enthusiasm thanked the Vice-President for the most hearty way in which he had commended him (Sir Henry) to the company. He noticed that, although the proposer of the toast was diffident about recommending him to the men, his brethren had joined heartily in the applause which the ladies awarded him.

Mr Justice McCardie rejoiced in being in a Caledonian company, for Scotland and Scots people were very near to his heart. He had many memories of purple-clad bens, wooded hills, tumbling rivers, and pellucid streams; and he had vivid recollections of a kindly and great-hearted and noble people among whom he had spent many pleasant days. He spoke of the value of these associations to expatriated men and women, and said that in these organizations they had an echo of the clans system.

"The President" was the next toast; and, in submitting it, Mr William Will, Past-President, said that this was no formal toast to the Chairman of what had proved an exhilarating gathering, but it was a suggestion of the thanks of the members of that Society to the President for the great services he had rendered them during the Session.

Mr M'Farlane (continued Mr Will) has given in full measure, pressed down and, in his case, bubbling over, the many gifts with which the gods have favoured him. Apart from his intense enthusiasm, his transparent character, his downright-uprightness, he has shown anew that "getting-together" spirit that attracts men; his ready wit and ready address have never failed him; his keen sense of humour has been always with him; his "resilient and abounding vivacity," as our

old friend, Past-President Col. Sir John Young once called it, has been as much in evidence as ever ; and his natural and oftentimes boisterous eloquence has been equal to anything from a clever quip to a serious exhortation of new members to their duties as partners in what we Caledonians consider to be a great society whose seeds were planted in patriotism, and whose roots have been watered by charity. But he has done more, and no inventory of his contribution to the Society would be complete that did not include a reference to our perpetual guest, "Duncan Mackintosh." (Laughter.)

Although he is a Perthshire man, Mac's forebears must have wandered across the hills from their haunts on Loch Lomondside, where McFarlane's lantern, the moon, saw many forays against the Colquhouns, and where the McFarlane's slogan, "Loch Sloy," "Loch Sloy," was often heard o' nights.

For the information of Mr Justice McCardie, I may say that long years before Christopher Columbus stumbled across America, and hundreds of years before Chicago was ever thought of, we had in the Highlands of Scotland expert gangsters and gunmen, and bootleggers. (Laughter.) Al Capone and Jack Diamond, who is said to have had Scottish blood in his veins—and knowing something of the Highlanders I can well believe it—had "nothing on" the ancestors of one or two presidents, and many members of the Caledonian Society of London ; and kidnapping was a minor amusement until golf and football were invented. They were as unstable in their places of abode as that more modern Scotsman who could not settle in one kirk. He tried high and low, established and disestablished, until having for a time given up the quest for a spiritual comforter, a friend asked him if he was attending any church at present. "Na, na," he replied, "I'm jist scutterin' awa' wi' ma sowl masel' i' the noo."

But to return to our President. Forgetting for a moment his distant forebears, Mr McFarlane had the inestimable advantage of the possession of godly parents, and the piety of those two humble Perthshire folks have left their mark on their son. In these material times the early years in a Christian home is a sheet-anchor to many a man and woman ; and the pious couple who sent their son into the world would be glad—and perhaps are glad—to see their piety repeated in their son. In his exhortations to new members we have an echo of his Puritanical origins. (Applause.)

Mr McFarlane has placed every member of the Caledonian Society under a debt ; he has the reflection that every member is his friend ; his triumph as President has been a personal triumph. (Applause.)

In giving you this toast, I would like to associate with it the name of Mrs McFarlane. If ever man had a helpmate in the fullest sense of the word, that man is our President. I have known Mr and Mrs McFarlane for more than twenty years, and I know that in shadow, as in sunshine, Mrs McFarlane has been to our President a wonderful bulwark. (Hear, hear, and applause.)

The toast was drunk with great enthusiasm and with Caledonian honours, the company singing "For he's a jolly good fellow."

Mr McFarlane feelingly replied.

In the course of the evening, the time-honoured ceremony of Saluting the President by Past-Presidents was observed, those forming the procession being in order of seniority: Past-Presidents Sir George Paton, T. R. Moncrieff, John Douglas, William Will, Rev. Dr Fleming, Messrs William Blane, and A. Bain Irvine.

The Gold Badge of the Society was presented to Mr Bain Irvine, the Immediate Past-President. In pinning it to Mr Bain Irvine's breast, the President said that his predecessor in the chair had discharged the duties of his office in a way that had earned the commendation and thanks of the members, and the presentation of that Gold Badge was a symbol of their gratitude to him.

Mr Bain Irvine expressed his grateful thanks not only for the Past-President's Gold Badge, but for the gracious words used by the President in presenting it.

Before the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and the National Anthem, the President was called upon to sing "Duncan Mackintosh," which he did in splendid style.

The musical part of the programme—songs and recitations and pipe music—was contributed by Miss Isobel McLaren, Tom Kinniburgh, William Heughan, William Dalgarno, and Pipe-Major Murdo Mackenzie.

For the smooth running of the gathering the members were indebted to the Hon. Sec., Mr John A. Brown.

THE MEMBERSHIP.

At the close of the Society's year in October 1932, the membership numbered 139, made up as follows: Members of Council, 31; Life Members, 9; Ordinary Members, 97; and Hon. Members, 2.

The following members were elected during the Session: G. G. Eaglesome, I. A. Robb, E. D. Macmillan,

J. J. Hamilton, Dr D. G. M. Munro, Angus Robertson, Sir Andrew Caird, F. R. Stephen, Captain J. J. Cameron, F. W. Rawlinson, R. D. Grant, and Dr Ian McPherson.

THE ACCOUNTS.

The statement of accounts for the year ending 31st October, 1932, showed that the entrance fees and annual subscription produced £169, that £60 came as dividend from £1200 5 per cent. War Loan, the bonus on conversion of the War Loan yielded £12, and that with the proceeds of sale of £100 War Loan, and balance brought forward, the receipts were £685.

On the other side of the statement the printing of the "Chronicles" (1921-1930), income tax, contributions to the two charities, etc., took £620; the balance being £65.

IMPORTANT REVISION OF RULES.

The Council of the Society had frequently expressed the opinion that steps should be taken to replace the few non-attending members with those gentlemen whose names were on the waiting list. The restricted membership of 100, the Council felt, did not permit of any names being on the roll except those who actively supported the President by their attendance. Consequently a committee was appointed at the meeting on 10th December, 1931, to find means to remedy the weakness. The officials, with Past-Presidents Moncrieff, Douglas, and Will, were appointed "to consider the question of non-attendance of members, and to endeavour to find a method of retaining their interest, and at the same time to permit new members to be balloted for."

The Committee reported to the meeting of the Council, held on Thursday, 27th October, 1932, at the Holborn Restaurant.

In the absence of the President, Mr T. R. Moncrieff, Past-President, presided.

Mr William Will, Past-President, on behalf of the Rules Committee, submitted and explained the Committee's recommendations, the principal alterations being embodied in the following :

RULE XI.—Candidates for admission must be Scotsmen by birth or near descent, and must be proposed by one Member of the Council and seconded by another Member of Council, who will be expected to assure the Council that their nominees will be active Members and regular attenders at Meetings. If approved by the Council, candidates, having read and signified their agreement with the Rules, shall be put in nomination at the General Meeting following. They shall be balloted for at a General Meeting as soon thereafter as a vacancy occurs, three black balls to exclude the candidate.

RULE XII.—Should any Member fail to attend five Council or General Meetings or Social Gatherings, in two Sessions, without giving to the Council, on request, what the Council considers to be a sufficient reason, he shall cease to be a Member.

These alterations were adopted by the Council, and the Committee were thanked for their services.

Previous to considering the Rules revision, Mr Moncrieff made feeling reference to the President's illness, and an expression of the Council's sympathy was ordered to be sent to Mr McFarlane.

The Chairman spoke, also, of members who had passed away during the Session, particular mention having been made of Col. Sir John Smith Young, Past-President, and Mr William Jeffrey, Past-President.

Obituary

During the Session twelve names were added to the roll, and death robbed the Society of no fewer than nine members, two of them Past-Presidents and one who had filled the office of Treasurer.

COLONEL SIR JOHN SMITH YOUNG, C.V.O.,

who joined the Society in 1896, and was President in Session 1904-1905, passed to his rest, full of honours, on 16th July, 1932.

In addition to his work for the Caledonian Society, Sir John gave great services to many Scottish societies in and out of London. He was one of the most ardent workers for the Royal Caledonian Schools, and he was also a Life Managing-Governor of the Royal Scottish Corporation. Of the Highland Society in London, whose business it was to collect and distribute comforts to Scottish prisoners of war and others, and to visit the wounded in hospitals.

In the "Chronicles" for 1904-1905, in the volume recording the Society's work from 1837 to 1905, there is a complete record of Sir John's public services from the Abyssinian Expedition (1867-1868), which need not be reproduced in the detail in which they were then recorded. Briefly his wonderful record is:—

Served in the Abyssinian Expedition, 1867-1868; war medal and special promotion.

South African War, 1879-1880, Zulu Campaign; received the thanks of His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor of Natal in Council on behalf of the Public of Natal, also war medal.

Franco-German War, 1870-1871, as Joint Commissioner for the British Red Cross at the German Army Headquarters; German war medal and first silver medal awarded by the Order of St. John of Jerusalem for saving life.

Took part in the relief of the sick and wounded in Paris, taking the first convoy of fresh provisions admitted into Paris on conclusion of Armistice; received the French bronze cross.

Chief Commissioner for the British Red Cross in six different fields of operations:

(1) Russo-Turkish War, 1877-1878, mentioned in despatches H.B.M.'s Ambassador, Constantinople, to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; 4th class Order of Osmanieh and Turkish war medal.

(2) Zulu Campaign, 1879-1880; mentioned in Parliament; vote of thanks from British Red Cross.

(3) Nile Expedition, 1884-1885; received thanks of Lord Wolseley, and of the Sirdar; war medal and Khedive's bronze star and vote of thanks from British Red Cross.

(4) Boer Rebellion Operations, 1881.

(5) Nile Expedition, 1898. Organized river steamer hospital ship, which brought seriously wounded officers and men who took part in the battle of Omdurman from Assouan to Cairo in comfort without the loss of a single life.

Received the thanks of the Secretary for War, and of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Cairo, on behalf of the Khedivial Government with 3rd Class Order of Osmanieh; mentioned in despatch by Earl Cromer; vote of thanks from the Council of the British Red Cross.

(6) South African Transvaal War in its first phase, 1899-1900; war medal with clasp and a vote of thanks from British Red Cross.

Served as Member of Council and Executive Committee of the

British National (Red Cross) Society for Aid to Sick and Wounded in War from 1878 to 1903.

Served as Secretary to the Royal Commission of the Patriotic Fund, 1887-1903; specially mentioned in Final Report (1903) of the Commission.

Served as Secretary to the Royal Patriotic Fund Corporation. Specially mentioned in Report (1910).

MR WILLIAM JEFFREY

became a member in 1906 and occupied the Chair in Session 1923-1924. Mr Jeffrey was born in Kirkcaldy, and was educated at Sharp's School, Perth, and Perth Academy. He entered the service of the North British Railway Company, but later was introduced to the jute industry through his uncle's business, of which he became a director. In 1883 he joined Messrs Sells, the great advertising agency, and later became a director and the general manager.

As a Managing-Governor of the Royal Scottish Corporation and a Director of the Royal Caledonian Schools, he rendered good service to our two great London Scottish charities. He was also a member of Committee of the Hepburn-Starey Blind Aid Society; a Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts, and a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. Mr Jeffrey was an artist in words and oils. He was the author of poetry of great merit and an accomplished painter of pictures in oils. Mr Jeffrey was the contributor of a Sentiment on "The Kingdom of Fife" (see "Chronicles," 1921-1930, page 2), an erudite essay which showed not only the literary qualities of our Past-President, but also his thoroughness. Mr Jeffrey suffered greatly in his last years, but he bore his trouble and pain with splendid courage.

MR THOMAS C. RIDDELL,

a native of the Border country, became a member of the Society in 1921, and six years later he was elected Hon. Treasurer, and acted in that capacity for four years (1927-1931), when illness necessitated his retirement from the work.

Mr Riddell, quiet and undemonstrative, was agent in London of the National Bank of Scotland, and his knowledge of financial matters enabled him on several occasions to render useful service to the Society. He was a Life Managing-Governor of the Royal Scottish Corporation, and a constant attendee at the Corporation's monthly meetings. Mr Riddell left a legacy to that Charity.

MR JOHN A. ANDERSON

was a member of the Society for only eight years—he joined in 1924, and became a member of Committee in 1926—but his upright character, his sound literary judgment, and his ardent Scottish patriotism gained for him a secure place in the hearts of members. Mr Anderson was a native of Walkerburn, on the Tweed, and his knowledge of the history, literature, and topography of the Tweed Valley, and indeed the whole romantic Borderland, was encyclopædic. For many years he wrote a regular weekly well-informed article on the folklore and the historical

and literary connections of his native place and its Peeblesshire neighbours. His Border friends did not forget his services to their beloved land, and, headed by his great friend Mr George Hope Tait, they erected near the bridge over the Leithen Water at Innerleithen a plaque which will forever commemorate his devotion to the Land of Scott.

He was interested in Church Psalmody, and few who heard it will forget the Sentiment which he gave on "Auld Scots Psalms and the folk who sang them." (See "Chronicles," 1921-1930, page 74.) Mr Anderson was a Past-President of the Burns Club of London, and he held an honoured position as elder in the Harrow Presbyterian Church, in which a plaque was placed by the London Burns Club in his memory.

MR KENNETH BARCLAY BROWN,

who joined the Society in 1886, and died on 26th January, 1932, was the son of Mr R. Barclay Brown, who was President of the Society in the year in which his son, then a lieutenant in the London-Scottish, became a member. Mr Kenneth was a member of the Council from 1893 to 1899.

Born in Montrose, "K.B.B." served his apprenticeship as a shipbuilder at Dumbarton, and came to join his father and uncle in a ship-repairing company in London, which was later taken over by Messrs R. & H. Green and Silley Weir, Ltd., of which he became a director. He followed the example of his father by joining the London Scottish Volunteers, and in the famous corps he was one of the crack shots in the country, one year at Wimbledon coming eighth in the "Queen's."

His numerous trophies included many won at shooting and golfing, of which also he was a devotee. At his death he was said to have been the oldest member of any golf club in this country.

As may be gathered, Mr Barclay Brown was a perfervid Scot—skilled bagpipe player, a fine reel dancer, and a good singer of old Scots ballads.

When the Great War broke out and citizen corps were formed, he founded the kilted Scottish Company of the City of London National Guard, and served as captain.

His widow was a descendant of Captain Barclay of Urie, the famous pedestrian whose walk of 1000 miles in 1000 consecutive hours created great excitement; and his son, Robert Barclay Brown, is a captain in the Dogra Regiment, Indian Army.

MR ARCHIBALD MACFADYEN

was not an old member of the Society, having been elected in 1915. From Glasgow Mr MacFadyen came to London in the late "seventies," and in 1881 he became a member of the Stock Exchange. In later years he was a partner in the well-known firm of Messrs Keen, Cobb & Co.

In the "House" he was "Mac" to his friends, and this familiar method of address spoke of the geniality of the man.

"It was truly said of 'Mac,'" wrote a friend, "that love of his native land, its scenery, its history, and its traditions held first place in his heart."

Mr MacFadyen died in January, 1932, in his eightieth year.

MR GEORGE NICOL,

who joined the Society in 1899, was a native of Bridge of Don, Aberdeen, and began business life as an apprentice shipwright in the days when Aberdeen clippers were famous throughout the world of sail.

As a young man he went to Shanghai, where he took a position of responsibility in a shipbuilding and ship-repairing business, run by an American. After some years he returned to Great Britain and became marine superintendent to Adam Brothers of Aberdeen, Newcastle, and London.

At the time of the Dock Trust collapse in London, Mr A. C. Adam purchased several dry docks at a very low price—Poplar, Stewart's, and the West and East India Graving Docks. Four of these he disposed of, and floated a company called The London Graving Dock Co., Ltd., to run the East and West India Graving Docks. Mr Nicol was from 1891 to 1905 the manager of this company, having been transferred from Newcastle to London.

In 1905 Mr Nicol retired from the management, but was appointed managing director, a position created for him. This he retained from 1905 till 1918, when serious illness necessitated retirement from active service. He still retained his seat on the Board, which he resigned in 1927.

Mr Nicol died in February, 1932, at the grand old age of ninety-three.

Mr Nicol, who was the doyen of the old practical shipwrights in the London Docks, was a staunch supporter of the Royal Scottish Corporation, of which he was a Life Managing-Governor.

CHAPTER III

1932-1933 : ROBERT SINCLAIR KENNEDY, *President*.

Son of a former President takes the Chair : Sentiments, "Byways of Scottish Song," by Mr J. B. M. Hodge and London Scottish Choir, "The Humour of the Scot," by Mr A. Newlands, C.B.E. ; "Scottish Clipper Ships," by Captain J. J. Cameron ; "Sir Walter Scott and the Romantic Border Land," by Rev. W. S. Matheson ; "Scottish Lawyers, ancient and modern," by Mr Francis R. Stephen, LL.B. : The President on the work of the Society : The Society's Income Tax : £800 to the Royal Scottish Corporation and Royal Caledonian Schools : Mr John Macmillan on Mr Walter Leitch, C.B.E. Obituary—Mr Andrew Hepburn.

WHEN Mr Robert Sinclair Kennedy was in 1932 elected to the Presidency of the Society he was not the first of his line to fill the position, for in 1896-1897 his father, Mr John Kennedy, a member of a well-known Oban family, occupied the chair. The new President's maternal grandfather, Mr David Mossman of Edinburgh, was a member of Committee from 1879 to 1896. So Mr R. S. Kennedy, who became a member of the Society in 1918 and a member of Council in 1920-1921, was from early youth steeped in the traditions of the Society.

Mr Kennedy, who was born in London, was educated in London and Switzerland, and University



ROBERT SINCLAIR KENNEDY
President 1932-1933

College, London, where he gained the Senior Gilchrist Engineering Scholarship. Practical training and early experience in marine engineering were obtained on the Wear, Tyne, and Clyde, and at sea. He returned to London in 1898, and was for four years a private in the London-Scottish Volunteers.

When he became President, Mr Kennedy was Managing Director of the British Arc Welding Co., Ltd., a director of its three associated companies in Britain, and a director of the Railway and General Engineering Co., Ltd., of Nottingham. He was also a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers, and a vice-president of the Institute of Marine Engineers.

He married in 1904, Annie Flora, daughter of Mr Alexander Ross, chief engineer of the Great Northern Railway, and treasurer of the Highland Society, and they have four children, all of whom have personal knowledge of the meetings of the Society.

Mr Kennedy is a managing-governor of the Royal Scottish Corporation, and a member of the Kinloch Bequest. He is a life member of the Ayrshire Society.

With Mr Kennedy as President, the members elected as Vice-President Mr Walter Leitch ; as Hon. Secretary, Mr John A. Brown ; as Hon. Treasurer, Mr R. R. Wilson ; as Hon. Historian, Mr William Will ; and as Hon. Auditor, Mr Robert Davidson.

At the Council meeting on 10th November 1932, the retiring President, Mr P. N. McFarlane, referred to Past-President John Douglas's return to the meetings after his long illness, and spoke of the affection which the whole membership had for Mr Douglas.

The new President, having been invested with the presidential badge, thanked the members for their confidence in him, and took the chair.

BYWAYS OF SCOTTISH SONG.

At the first Little Dinner of the Session, on the evening of Thursday, 10th November, in the Caledonian Room of the Holborn Restaurant, the President was welcomed by a large company of members and friends, who listened with great appreciation to a Sentiment given by Mr J. B. M. Hodge, leader of the London Scottish Choir, several members of which gave vocal illustrations of the Sentiment.

Mr Hodge said :

I think I may take it for granted that you are all familiar with the well-known phrase, "The Highways and Byways." Poets and composers have sung their praises of "the gay highway"; but those who have sung of the delights of the byways are, I am afraid, in the minority. After all, this is not to be wondered at, because, I suppose, writers find it a more congenial and profitable thing to write of life and movement, rather than of the quietness and the stillness of the places where peace dwells. In the olden days travel was made more adventurous and colourful by the attentions of the highwayman, but I must confess that I have never yet heard of a "bywayman." This evening I propose to constitute myself a "bywayman," and, instead of pointing a pistol at your head with a request to "Stand and deliver!" I am going to endeavour to lead you gently along a few byways in Scottish song, for there are highways and byways in Scottish song just as there are in our country and in everyday life.

Those of you who attend with any degree of regularity the various Scottish concerts given in London must have been struck with the limited number of songs which the average singer is able to draw upon. Indeed, at times one might be pardoned for thinking that there were not more than about a dozen Scottish songs in existence, as far as these singers knew. One finds in practice that the popularity of a song is either made or marred by whether it is sung often in public or not, so I am afraid the first cause must be laid to the charge of our public singers.

Apart from this, one is also reluctantly forced to the conclusion that the average singer is woefully unenterprising and lacking in the expression of personality through the selection of songs. He (or she) is content to sing just those songs that everybody else is singing or has sung, and makes little or no attempt to search the hoards of minstrelsy for such treasures as may be found there. The result is that crowds of singers are ringing such vocal changes as they may on a mere handful of songs—some banal, some good—but most of them having lost all freshness of interest through hackneyed repetition, except when, a comparatively rare occurrence, they are interpreted by a first-rate artist.

The second reason why a great number of fine Scottish songs are

seldom or never heard is, to the practical mind, a very strong one. A great many of these melodies were originally either fiddle or bagpipe tunes, and consequently they have generally a wide compass, so much so that to the average singer they are quite unsingable. It seems to me that one of the things we require to-day is someone who would undertake for Scottish melody what Burns did for Scottish verse, and that is to make these tunes singable while still conserving the Scottish spirit and character in them. In other words, our old tunes need to be freed from what we have now come to regard as crude interpolations and inaccuracies.

No one knows, except those who have devoted years to research and study of the subject, what a wealth of beautiful melody we Scots folk have lying neglected and unknown. I am not without hope that we, as a nation, will come to realize our remissness, and manifest a desire for betterment to such an extent as would enable publishers to give encouragement to those who are qualified and prepared to devote their energies to this work.

There are many instances in our Scots collections in use to-day to show the need for such work as Burns did in his time to improve our folk-songs. Burns's work was, of course, done on the poetical side. We want the problem to be tackled now from the musical standpoint. It is not desired to alter the structural character of the songs, but simply to make them more suitable for the average singer. A good deal has been done in this direction already, but more remains to be done; and it demands the highest skill and experience to deal with a tune so as to leave its national characteristics unimpaired.

Psalm Tune—"Kedron."

It must not be thought that only in the secular music of Scotland may one find musical byways. They exist also in the ecclesiastical music of our country. It is a matter for very great regret that some of the extremely fine old psalm-tunes sung by our forefathers have practically passed out of use as far as the Scottish churches are concerned. These tunes were, as a general rule, entirely typical of the people who sang them. They had a dignity and a strength which, unfortunately, are lacking in some of the more modern church music which is in greater favour to-day. Modern taste seems to demand a certain degree of "sugariness" in its church music, a trend which is strangely at variance with the simple severity of these older tunes. However, one is glad to find that there are definite evidences of an improved taste in this direction, although there is still room for considerable improvement.

As an example of the old type of Psalm tune which has practically passed out of use, we are to sing to you the tune "Kedron" to the words of Paraphrase 30, words which, to my mind, seem to have been made for the tune.

"Kedron" is either an original composition or an adaptation by the late Rev. Andrew Henderson, LL.D. The character of the tune seems to indicate the possibility of its being an adaptation from an older source. Dr Henderson was minister of Abbey Close U.P. Church, Paisley, for many years. He was a distinguished amateur musician, and he had a large share in the compilation of various collections of tunes for the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland.

As a personal opinion I put forward the theory that the tune "Kedron" is of a much earlier period than the lifetime of Dr Henderson. In the collection of tunes edited by him in which it appeared, it is named as "Jewish Chant," and in all probability this name gives some indication of the real origin of the tune.

When we sing this tune, you will notice that the melody is sung by the tenors in alternate verses. This practice of putting the melody in the tenor part is called *faux-bourdon*, and is an old custom that continued until fairly recent times; indeed, the tenor part was so called because it held the melody (Latin, *Tenere*, to hold).

"*Bonnie George Campbell.*"

This is, in my judgment, a real specimen of old ballad literature.

Up to the present no competent critic has been able to define a ballad. The late Professor Ker took refuge in a catalogue of things which were obviously ballads, and said a ballad was a thing like one of these. As Mr Chesterton has remarked, we can't define a ballad, but we know one when we see one. From which it may be inferred that the ballad is a somewhat elusive literary form, and those of you who have devoted any attention to the subject will agree that it is a most fascinating study.

"Bonnie George Campbell" is supposed to be a lament for one of the adherents of the House of Argyle who was killed in the Battle of Glenlivet, 3rd October, 1594. It is said to have been recovered from tradition by John Finlay (1782-1810), a lyric poet of considerable promise, whose career was unfortunately cut short. The twelve lines of verse of which the ballad is composed probably contain more pathos and tragedy than can be found in similar compass in any literature.

The air was included in R. A. Smith's "Scottish Minstrel," 1822, but the ending on the second note of the major scale is evidence of greater antiquity than 1822.

The arrangement we are to sing is one which I have written specially for the London Scottish Choir.

"*My lufe's in Germanie.*"

The poem is by Hector MacNeill. In Hogg's "Jacobite Relics" this melody is given with verses beginning, "Ken ye how to fight a Whig, Aikendrum, Aikendrum?" Its first appearance in print seems to be in Johnson's "Museum," Vol. 4 (1792), where it is adapted to Jacobitical verses by Burns, beginning, "Ye Jacobites by name." In "The Complaynt of Scotland" (1549), chapter 6, a song is mentioned entitled, "My lufe is lyand seik, sent hym ioy, sent hym ioy," which may possibly be the first line of the original ballad sung to this air.

The ballad on the celebrated pirate, Paul Jones, who gave the people of Edinburgh and Leith something of a fright in 1779, which began, "You've all heard of Paul Jones, have you not? have you not?" was sung to this tune.

Shakespeare has said that each man in his time plays many parts, and so, evidently, do some tunes.

"*My tocher's the jewel.*"

The words of this song were partly written by Burns (the most of them are old), and were sent by him to Johnson's "Museum" in 1790.

The air is an exceedingly beautiful pentatonic melody. The pentatonic scale is the basis of much primitive folk-music, and consists of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 5th, and 6th of a major diatonic scale. The characteristic leap between the 3rd and 5th, and between the 6th and 8th of the scale is so common in Scottish melody that many people believe the greater part of our airs to be pentatonic, and do not admit any others to be Scottish, an entirely erroneous point of view.

The air is based, in a general kind of way, on "The muckin' o' Geordie's byre," a tune which also forms the groundwork of "Tam Glen." The chief melodic forms of "My tocher's the jewel" and "The muckin' o' Geordie's byre" are almost identical, though the rhythm has been changed by the introduction of additional measures into "My tocher." The older tune is in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, and the derivative tune is in $\frac{3}{8}$ time, the former being easily convertible into the latter.

Stenhouse was wrong in stating that "My tocher's the jewel" is taken from the subject of an old air called "The highway to Edinburgh." There is no resemblance between the two tunes, except in two cadences.

"She's fair and fause."

One writer has described this as one of the happiest of Burns's songs. It may be happy as a poetical effort, but it is by no means happy in feeling. It is certainly one of his most sarcastic songs, the last verse being particularly bitter.

We are told by Stenhouse that Burns picked up this charming old melody in the country, and then wrote the verses to which it is so well adapted in Johnson's "Museum." Probably this was so, because Burns had the happy knack of recovering comparatively unknown old melodies, and giving them a new lease of life by writing songs to them. In the case of this tune, however, Burns had been forestalled by Oswald, who printed it in Vol. 4 of his "Caledonian Pocket Companion," under the name of "The Lads of Leith."

The repetition of the word "gear" in rhyme in the first verse is rather a weak spot in the poem.

It seems likely that Burns borrowed the idea for the last four lines of his song from a poem called "The Address," which he may have read either in "The Scots Nightingale," 1779, or in a collection called "The Lark" (1765). The last four lines of "The Address" are—

"To bless is Heaven's peculiar grace,
Let me a blessing find;
And since you wear an angel's face,
Oh, show an angel's mind!"

If Burns borrowed the idea, he certainly improved it greatly in his song.

"Will thou be my dearie?"

Burns wrote this song for the fifth volume of Johnson's "Museum." The poem is said to have been composed in honour of the charms of Janet Miller, of Dalswinton, mother of the Earl of Mar. She was reputed to have been one of the most beautiful women in the South of Scotland at that time. Burns is believed to have thought a great deal of the merits of the song.

The air is an old Strathspey tune, known by the name of "The

lutter's daughter." It appeared in Alexander McGlashan's "A Collection of Strathspey Reels, with a bass for the violoncello or harpsichord," 1780, and in Gow's "A collection of Strathspey Reels," 1784. An earlier version of it occurred in Neil Stewart's "A Collection of the newest and best reels," 1761, as "Shoemaker's daughter."

" Mice and Men."

The illustrations to which we have been listening this evening commenced upon an ecclesiastical note with the singing of the psalm tune "Kedron." I propose closing my talk upon an ecclesiastical note also, but of a somewhat different character than the opening item.

Probably you are already aware that it was part of the creed of some of the old Scottish religious sects that the words of the metrical Psalms must never be employed for musical purposes anywhere else than in the kirk. In the event of it being necessary to practise the music on a week-night, other words than those of the metrical Psalms had to be substituted. The result of this rather extraordinary point of view was that a whole series of doggerel verses was in use for the purpose of the week-night practices of the Psalm tunes. As an example, the tune "French," which was always sung to the 121st Psalm, would be practised to these words—

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

A set of verses entitled "The Presbyterian Cat" was also a particular favourite. One version is as follows:—

"There was a Presbyterian's Catt
Was looking for her prey,
And in ye house she catcht a mouse
Upon the Sabath day.
The goodman sitting at his booke
Rose up wi' meikle pain,
And in his hands ye Catt he tooke
And bound her in a chain.
Thou curst, malignant Cratur, thou,
How now blood sheddes, quoth he,
Thinks thou to bring to hell below
My holy wife and me.
But be thou well assur'd in strife
That blood for blood shall pay,
Because thou took ye mouse's life
Upon the Sabath day.
Then unto Execution
Poor baudrons she was drawne,
And on a tree there hanged she.
The minister sung a psalme."

We are to sing to you a version of this about an "auld Seceder's cat" to a psalm tune called "Desert," but in a more condensed set of verses than those I have read.

The President moved the thanks of the audience to Mr Hodge and his accomplished singers for one of the greatest treats that the Society had ever had ; and Mr Hodge's health was drunk with enthusiastic Caledonian honours.

The time-honoured toast of " The Past-President " was given by Mr Leitch, the Vice-President, and Mr John MacMillan, Past-President, replied.

The toast of " Our Guests " was proposed by Past-President John Douglas, who said :

This toast had always held an honourable position at the meetings of the Caledonian Society of London. It was one of the traditions which had never been allowed to change since the Society came into existence in 1837. All through these years the toast had been honoured with enthusiasm, because it had always been looked upon as a privilege to welcome the guests of our members. It had, on every occasion, been a means of deriving pleasure for the members, as hospitality had always been a leading feature in the Society.

When I say the traditions of the Society have always been maintained (continued Mr Douglas), I would like to give an example of the difficulties that come to those who make experiments. The management of a leading Glasgow store came to the conclusion that a change might be beneficial in marketing their goods. The managing-director went to Paris and studied the French methods on the spot. He returned with definite ideas of bringing his establishment into line with the great millinery and other stores of Paris, and the establishment in Glasgow was re-modelled on the Paris pattern.

One day there entered the store a lady who wanted to buy a hat. The new shop-walker approached her with the request, " Moddam, what can we do for you ? " The lady replied that she wished to buy a hat. He at once said, " Moddam, our Mademoiselle Josephine will attend to you." In a short space of time Mlle. Josephine, who had been busy elsewhere, came bustling along with her elbows squared and rather flurried. On approaching the lady she burst out in good Glasgow accent, " Is't a wearin' hat ye want ? " (Laughter.) We do not change our traditions in that way, but we do uphold the character of our old Society.

I couple with this toast the name of Professor Wallace, who I may say originally came from Aberdeen and is, therefore, all right. He was Professor of English at Melbourne University, and is now Vice-Chancellor of the Sydney University and a member of the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

I remember having about seven years ago an interesting conversation with Sir Alexander Redcock in his room in Government Buildings, Melbourne, and learned a great deal about the educational system of Australia. I came to the conclusion that in some respects they could give points to us at home. I brought home with me a trophy which I

greatly value, in the shape of two volumes giving full particulars of the forests and timbers of Australia. I have shown these to various interested people in this country, and they have all agreed that they are a mine of information in connection with forestry and timber production. I give you the toast of "Our Guests," coupled with the name of Professor Wallace of Sydney, a guest of our good friend and brother Caledonian, Vice-President Leitch." (Applause.)

In responding, Professor Wallace referred to the pleasure one like himself felt, when, arriving in the homeland, the genial atmosphere was at once apparent. He had already found a warm welcome from different Scots, not the least of whom was Mr John Macmillan, who could speak fluently in Gaelic, Lowland Scots, English, and a language of his own which was most forcible. (Laughter.) He (Prof. Wallace) was at home in a representative gathering like the present, where hospitality was enjoyed to the full extent. He now called himself an Australian, but nothing could separate him from the kindly association with brother Scots, and he never forgot the advantages and attractions of his native land. (Applause.)

The Commonwealth of Australia, of which he was now a citizen, held great attractions, and its educational system was equal to that of any other country. He was convinced that their universities were abreast of the best, and their schools of medicine were, in many respects, ahead of similar institutions on this side of the globe. (Applause.)

Besides the illustrations to Mr Hodge's Sentiment, Miss Janetta Melrose and Miss Elsie Mackay, members of the Choir, sang several Scottish songs to the great delight of the audience. Miss Melrose gave "My love's in Germanie," and Miss Mackay "When the king comes owre the water."

"Auld Lang Syne" ended a meeting which will live long in the memory of those who were present.

HAIL AND FAREWELL.

At the Council meeting on 8th December, 1932, donations of forty guineas each were voted to the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools.

The Past-President, Mr P. N. McFarlane, heartily welcomed Mr John Douglas, Past-President, whose return to the work of the Society after his illness was hailed with a heartiness that showed the place that Mr Douglas holds in the esteem of the members.

Mr McFarlane also feelingly referred to those members who had recently passed away, among them notably Sir John S. Young, Past-President; Mr William Jeffrey, Past-President; and Mr T. C. Riddell, late Hon. Treasurer.

Thanks were offered to the retiring President, Mr McFarlane, for the great services which he had rendered to the Society during his memorable year of office; and Mr John Douglas moved, Mr T. R. Moncrieff seconded, and it was heartily agreed, that a bar be added to Mr McFarlane's gold medal.

THE HUMOUR OF THE SCOT.

At the Little Dinner on the same evening—the President in the chair—Mr A. Newlands, C.B.E., Chief Engineer of the L.M.S., gave a Sentiment on “The Humour of the Scot.”

Mr Newlands said :

It is in accordance with the proper fitness of things that at a Scotsmen's dinner a Sentiment should be proposed. The custom is a very old one, but like many other old Scotch customs it has, with the passing of time, undergone considerable change of form.

Sentiments in the old convivial days of long dinners and “rounds” of toasts were short epigrammatic sentences expressive of moral feelings or virtues, and were proposed and drunk to as part of the somewhat unbridled conviviality with which the long evening was spent on the conclusion of the dinner proper. According to the custom of those days of at least a century ago, drinking was only engaged in in response to the call of the proposer of a toast or Sentiment, and as the night

wore on it is not surprising to learn that the Sentiments were not only proposed with increasing frequency, but that the tone of them assumed a familiarity and candidness almost, at times, amounting to a lack of good taste. This was often embarrassing to some of those present, and particularly to ladies, who usually retired at an early stage of the proceedings, their retreat being sometimes hinted at by the proposing of such a Sentiment as "The trade of Glasgow and the outward bound."

Time, the ever-flowing stream, has however brought many changes in social practices, and it is difficult for us to-day to envisage a public dinner being conducted in a way that would shock the propriety of the most demure of maidens, although it could probably be contended that, due to the insistence of the weaker sex to take her place alongside the sterner one, she has come to realize that she must not be so susceptible to shock, as the result of this association as her grandmother was.

As distinct from platform oratory, all after-dinner speaking to-day is still usually associated with a toast or Sentiment, and it is not unusual for the speaker to embellish his utterances with an apt joke or flash of humour designed to illustrate or accentuate the point he is endeavouring to make.

If humorous incidents or tales be used for this purpose, why is it that those used have so often reference to characteristics, sayings, oddities, or idiosyncrasies of the Scottish people?

What indeed is humour? It is a word derived from the Latin *humor*, meaning "moisture," and the temper of the mind is supposed to depend upon the state of the fluids in the body, so that humour is probably synonymous with temper and disposition.

This may explain why at times we are "out of humour" or "in an ill humour," but whether or not it be due to the amount or possibly character of the fluids partaken of at dinner—particularly a Scotch dinner—the humour most in evidence on these occasions is indicative of a frame of mind which shows an appreciation of the droll, the pawky, the comical, the absurdity of incongruities, the whimsicality of expression, and the quaintness of the many Scots dialects as compared with the pure English equivalent.

The continued advance in education in Scotland is leading to the more general use of English, rather than of broad Scots or Gaelic as the medium of speech in that country, but no Scotsman wishes to see the disappearance of the quaint pawky incisive form of native speech so characteristic of his race, nor is he likely to.

As an example of the difference between pure English and the colloquial form of speech of the North-east of Scotland the following will serve:

An English commercial traveller on his round had occasion to call at an establishment, let us say in Aberdeenshire, which was owned by two brothers. It was his first call, as he was taking the place of his predecessor who had died, and he introduced himself on that footing, when the following conversation took place:

First Brother: "Aye, aye, so Mr Blank's deid. Weel, weel, it's the wye we maun a' gang. Fat did he dee o'?"

Commercial Traveller: "I beg your pardon."

First Brother. "I'm sayin' Fatdidedeeo?"

Commercial Traveller: "I'm afraid I don't understand."

At this stage the second brother, wishing to simplify the conundrum the traveller was struggling with, interposed with the explanation: "My brither's speirin' Ofatdidhedee."

Our English friends may not require to be told that what the traveller was asked was what his predecessor had died of.

The good understanding that existed between the old Scotch retainer and his master, arising out of what was often a lifelong association together, resulted in the speech of the man to his master being so direct and to the point that to-day it would be classed as amounting to rudeness, although nothing of the kind was intended.

Lord Cockburn, a famous law lord of a hundred years ago, accompanying his shepherd on a stormy day on the hill, observed that the sheep were lying on what to him appeared to be the coldest side of the hill, and remarked: "John, if I were a sheep I would lie on the other side of the hill," which drew from John the reply: "Aye, my lord, but if you were a sheep ye would hae mair sense."

The innate kindly courtesy of the Scots country folk is well exemplified in the following story of the days, not so very long ago, when the shepherd's dog accompanied his master to church. The restraint imposed on the dogs during the service was somewhat trying to them, and they were keenly alert to observe any movement on the part of their masters which indicated an early release to the open air.

Such a movement took place when the congregation rose from their seats to hear the benediction pronounced, this being often the only occasion during the service when the congregation stood up. The dogs, on observing this, usually began to stretch themselves and to exchange doggy pleasantries in the form of snappings and growlings, often ending in a rough-and-tumble fight, all of which happenings were, of course, well within the knowledge of the minister.

On one occasion, however, a strange minister was officiating, and out of compliment to him the shepherds quietly arranged among themselves that the congregation should sit during the benediction. It thus came about that when the minister uplifted his hands as a preliminary to benediction, he was surprised to find the congregation remained seated, until a voice from the body of the kirk put his mind at rest by announcing, "Say awa', sir; say awa'; we're a' sittin' to cheat the dougs."

The faithful old Scots domestic was in her way almost a character. The importance of her daily round of duty completely obsessed her mind to the exclusion of everything else. The members of an Edinburgh household were preparing for church one Sunday morning when an alarm arose consequent upon it being observed that the Greyfriars Church was on fire, and cries of "A fire! a fire!" were at once raised.

Old Katie the cook, who was in sole charge for the day, at once came hobbling upstairs exclaiming, "What ist? what ist?" and was informed, "Katie, look, the Greyfriars Kirk's on fire." Katie's comment was, "Is that a', miss; mighty me, what a fricht ye gied me. I thoct ye said the parlour fire was oot."

Then there was the unconscious, unintentional humour of the small farmer type; he whose farm, with the cares, anxieties, and responsibilities associated with it, represented his whole kingdom and indeed sole interest in life.

Jeems had lost "the wife," and returning from the funeral the following conversation took place.

Neighbour : " Weel, Jeems, she's awa'."

Jeems : " Aye, Sandy, she's awa'."

Neighbour : " Ye'll miss her, Jeems."

Jeems : " O God, aye, I'll miss her ; but man ye ken she was aye a wee thochtie licht for my place."

Here is another illustrating the same point of view—the dominance of the daily round of duty in the outlook on life. Two small farmers met at the march dyke, and after the usual crack about the crops, the one observed to the other : " Jeems, they tell me my dochter's in the family way, and they're blaming your Jock for't," which brought the reply : " Ach, a wadna wonder, the gowkit careless brute, he broke a graip o' mine last week."

It must not be assumed that it is only the masculine of the Scotch race that is endowed with the quality of readiness in repartee. The Scotch women folk are quite able to give as good as they get when occasion arises, and that in as incisive or caustic a manner as is sufficient to justify the commonly accepted view that in debate the woman usually has the last word.

A Frenchman, forming one of a party at dinner in a Scotch household, was rather tactlessly dilating upon the excellence of French cooking as compared with Scottish, and this so exasperated the good lady at the head of the table that she finally and effectually closed the debate by remarking : " Aw weel, some fowk like parritch and some like puddocks."

On another occasion a very self-important individual was invited to be one of a party at dinner. He expressed pleasure at the invitation, but drew attention to the calls upon his time, which, however, in this case must, he said, take second place, and finally assured the hostess that if he were spared he would be delighted to be present on the date in question, which drew from the lady of the house the remark, " Aw, weel, if ye're deid, we'el no expect ye."

In fairness to English friends present I wish to say that no claim is being made that humour is the exclusive attribute of the Scot. What I am attempting to do is merely to illustrate characteristic types of Scottish humour, and for a change I would like to give an example of a good English humorous story—the unconscious humour of the inebriated.

The policeman in Leicester Square about three o'clock one morning observed a young gentleman in crush hat and dishevelled evening dress stooping and stumbling along the kerbstone as if looking for something. He approached him and asked him what he was doing, and got the reply, " Losht me watch." Policeman : " Blimey, lost your watch, have ye." Young man : " Losht me watch." Policeman : " Well, we'll have a look for it," and with the assistance of the police torch and lighting of matches a search was instituted. Policeman, after a time : " Steady up, now ; are you sure you know what you're doing," and again got the reply, " I've losht me watch." The search continued. After a time the policeman said : " By the way, where exactly did you lose your watch ?" and got the reply, " Losht me watch Trafalgar Square." Policeman : " Look here, sir, this is not Trafalgar Square ;

this is Leicester Square," which brought the reply, "Yesh, I know, but light's better here."

I think it would be probably true of the English humour to describe it as crisp and glib rather than as pawky and droll, which are more properly Scottish characteristics.

I know of nothing more purely English than the old story of the driver of a Baby Austin in the days when all cars were started by a starting-handle. The engine of the Austin had stopped on a busy London crossing and was causing a very bad traffic block. Its owner had got out and was frantically cranking it up when a kindly bus-driver, whose bus was ponderously overtopping the tiny vehicle, facetiously suggested to its perspiring owner: "Say, mate, why don't ye buy an eight-day one?"

We all enjoy American humour. Its chief characteristic is a form of extravagant exaggeration. A Pittsburg millionaire, one of a ducal party in the Highlands, being no shot, was sent out salmon fishing, as it was hoped he would acquit himself better there than on the moors. To give him every chance a competent ghillie was sent with him. The ghillie patiently instructed him in the art of fly casting, and as regards the likely spots to try for a fish, and then sat down for a smoke. He had not sat long when he heard a cry from the bank, "Say, shepherd, come and give me a hand; some shark has sucked the bug from the end of my string." I had an amusing experience when on a tour of U.S.A. railways recently, while sitting with American railway officers in the rear of the observation car. The railway trackmen in America have petrol-driven trollies for their work, instead of the hand-pushed trollies in use in this country, and I was concerned to see these men immediately our train had passed them lift their trollies on to the rails and speed after us or away from us according to where they wished to go. I expressed concern for the safety of the men, as no signalling system seemed available to prevent them from being run down by trains, and I explained that in this country trollies were protected from being run down by flagmen walking in front and in the rear of them. The reply I got was, "These guys, gee; it's up to them to look after themselves; they're pretty cute these boys. They hate like hell to be run down."

The Irish humour—the Irish bull—is a sheer delight. When Paddy went to steal the bell rope, having climbed up, he said to himself, "Now, where shall I cut? Begorra, if I cut below meself I won't get down again"; so he cut above.

Then there is the highly diverting attempt of the foreigner when he has to use English with which he is unfamiliar, say in writing to an English business house. Here is a letter from a Scandinavian ironmonger in South America to a firm of engineers in Scotland:

"Gentlemen,—I got a pump which i by from you but wy for gods sake you doan send me no handle, sure i loose to me my cushmer, wats the use a pumpwen she doan have no handle, shure i think you doan treat me rite, i rote 10 days and my cushmer he holler for water like hell from the pump, you no he is hot summer now and the wind he no blow from the pump, she got no handle so what the hel igoan to do with it, doan send me a handle pretty quick and i send her back and i goan order some pump from — Company.—Good-bye, Yours truly, X.

"Since i rite i find the goddam handle in the pump excuse me."

And yet, notwithstanding the wide range within which stories may be garnered, the offer of a good Scots one always causes an audience to prick up its ears in keen anticipation of something good. An Aberdeen story dealing with the alleged close-fistedness of the kindly, hospitable folk in that part of the country is always looked upon as a "bon mot," notwithstanding that it is almost certainly a flagrant travesty of the truth.

The tolerant good nature of the Scot cannot be better instanced than in the way he enjoys stories told against himself. He can thoroughly enjoy one like this. The Bishop of Rhodesia, wishing to know all his people, was making a round of calls. Having called at a house and had a pleasant conversation with the housewife, he said he would like a word with the husband, and was directed to go into the garden where he was at work. The Bishop searched the garden, and returned to the wife and said she must have made a mistake as her husband was not there. The wife was emphatic that her husband was in the garden, and on the Bishop, equally sure of his ground, telling her that there was nobody in the garden except a Chinaman in the potting shed, he got the reply, "Well, that's my husband."

Quite aback the Bishop exclaimed, "Dear me, surely you have not married a Chinaman"; and got the reply, "Certainly; what about that; the woman next door married a Scotsman."

Of course, many of the modern stories told of Scotsmen are not true. It is not true, for instance, that the Scotsman's preventive for sea-sickness is to put a threepenny bit in his mouth. The best Scots stories are probably the old ones. The mass-production output of the comic paper of to-day has all the defects of mass-production work.

It is not unusual to find a pretty wit enlivening the somewhat tedious and often dull proceedings of courts of justice, and this is merely perpetuating a practice of the past even in Scots courts. It is told of Lord Jeffrey, a contemporary of the better-known Lord Cockburn, that in addressing the jury in a case in which an army officer was a witness, he frequently referred to him as "this soldier." The witness bore this for a time, but at last, exasperated, he burst out, "I'm not a soldier, sir, I'm an officer." Thus corrected, Jeffrey calmly resumed his address with the words, "Well, gentlemen, this officer who in his own statement is no soldier," etc.

It is told of Lord Eskgrove, a well-known law lord, that in condemning a tailor convicted of stabbing a soldier, he said the offence was aggravated by reason of the fact that "not only did you murder him, whereby he was bereaved of his life, but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or project, or propel the lethal weapon through the bellyband of his regimental breeches, which were his Majesty's."

That the proprieties were not so strictly observed in those bad old days, even in the law courts, as they are to-day, is exemplified by the following story of a well-known law lord of his time. His Lordship was on circuit, and had been dozing on the bench, when a noise created by the entrance of a new panel woke him up, and he enquired what the matter was, and got the reply, "It's a young woman, my lord, accused of child murder," on which his Lordship was heard to mutter, "And a weel faured b——h, too."

The following is an amusing epigram by a Scottish writer of those days, which is not only clever but is self-explanatory :

" He was a burglar stout and strong,
Who held ' It surely can't be wrong
To open trunks and rifle shelves,
For God helps them who help themselves.'

But when before the Court he came,
And boldly rose to plead the same,
The judge replied, ' That's very true ;
You've helped yourself ; now God help you ! '

It is not easy to commit all good Scots stories to print ; the quaintness of expression cannot appear on the page.

A West Highland steamer was going alongside the pier, let us say at Tobermory, but owing to an off-shore gale was prevented at the first attempt from getting a mooring rope ashore. The captain accordingly had to veer off in a circle to make a second attempt. As the vessel was going out of range, the pier-master, cupping his hands, shouted to the captain on the bridge, " Captain, have you a gentleman comin' ashore to-day ? " and got the reply, " No, Sandy, I've no' got a gentleman for you to-day, I've only got a coo and a gravestone and a commercial traiviller." No offence implied to the commercial traveller ; merely the captain expressing himself as meticulously as possible to the question put to him.

I am not so sure of the intention of Sandy Macrae, a " mearchant " on the West Coast some years ago, who because of his inquisitive disposition was sometimes told of happenings he had a difficulty in believing, and on one such occasion expressed his doubt of what he had been told in the words, " Noo, are ye tellin' me the truth, or are you a commercial traveller ? "

This oddity of expression is well illustrated in a story I once heard the late Lord Forres tell. He was at the time M.P. for Moray and Nairn, and was travelling by rail to Elgin and had to change at Forres. While waiting for his connection, he observed a number of his constituents coming from the refreshment-room where they had obviously been refreshing themselves. They were garbed in " blacks " with the inevitable umbrella and " lum " hat, the " berial " hat, and he asked them if there had been a funeral that day, and got the reply, " Weel, sir, it's a kind o' a funeral, an' yet it's no' a funeral aither. The fac' is the corp's missed the connection."

The keen understanding of human nature and the application of this to the problems of daily life is exemplified in the story of the farmer who called on the Episcopalian minister one day during a period of protracted drought, and asked him if he would pray for rain on the following Sunday. The minister asked him why he had not made his request to his own minister—the parish minister under whom he sat—and got the reply, " Muckle eese it would be askin' him to pray for rain, an' his ain hay no' in yet."

This importance of things within one's knowledge is shown in the story of Jock the village idiot, not now such a common character in

the community since the passing of the Lunacy Acts. Jock was in a company in the village inn, where the conversation was on the subject of the most tragic incidents within the personal experience of those present. Tales of shipwreck, earthquake, murder, etc., had been recounted when someone asked Jock what was the most terrible thing he had ever seen. Jock's reply was, "A gless o' whisky coupit."

What, then, is the outstanding characteristic of the Scot from the standpoint of his humour? It probably is that more than any other race he enjoys a joke against himself. If told such a joke he usually strives to cap it with a better. This is said to be the acid test of the genuine humourist, and the Jew and the Scot are said to possess it in the highest degree. The Englishman rather resents this form of joke, but has the extraordinary quality of being amused at aspersions or abuse of his national characteristics and qualities. This explains why he turned the German Hymn of Hate into a comic song and exalted the Kaiser's "Contemptible little army" into a proud corps of "Old Contemptibles."

The more serious Scot has a difficulty in doing this, and even before laughing at a joke may first consider whether it is worth laughing at. The names which typify various races have a bearing on this question of humorous characteristics; the Scot is Jock, the Irishman is Paddy, the broth of a bhoy; and the Jew is Ikey the world over, while the Englishman is John Bull, the embodiment of stolid invulnerable respectability, the antithesis of any form of flippancy.

The President called for hearty thanks to Mr Newlands, and this was responded to with Caledonian honours.

New members in the persons of Dr Ian McPherson, Mr W. H. Harries, Mr Robert Stewart, and Mr J. Lumsden Stewart were introduced and welcomed by the President.

Sir Andrew Caird proposed the toast of "The Guests," and in doing so said Scots humour was crisp; English humour and Irish wit were entirely different. Most stories were old—chestnuts—but at a dinner recently he heard one that was to him entirely new. Nero was feeding Christians to the lions, and found a fine stout fellow who was sent into the lion's den. What happened amazed Nero. The victim went up to the first lion, whispered something into the animal's ear, and the lion lay down. Another lion came, and yet another and another, and the same thing happened. Nero had a sense of humour, and asked his prisoner to

tell him what was his power over the lions. "Perfectly simple," said the Christian. "I whispered into the lions' ears that after the meal they would be expected to say a few words."

Col. Galbraith, D.S.O., C.M.G., London-Scottish, and Mr McIntosh, F.S.A.(Scot.), Chairman, Croydon Scottish Association, replied.

At the Little Dinner at the Holborn Restaurant on 12th January, 1933, following the Council and General Meetings, when the President presided over a large company, Mr T. R. Moncrieff, J.P., Past-President sang, as he has sung for many years at the first dinner in each year, "Here's to the year that's awa'," and he was heartily complimented on his musical success.

CAPTAIN CAMERON ON SCOTTISH CLIPPERS.

From the atmosphere that developed, a Nautical Night might well describe the evening. Captain Cameron had prepared a Sentiment which he entitled, "Scottish Clipper Ships," and the President, in introducing the Captain, said that he was well known to his audience as a brother Caledonian. He had practical experience of his subject, having spent his early days in sailing ships. He (the President) knew Captain Cameron as a very senior captain in the New Zealand Shipping Company, latterly in command of the S.S. Remuera.

Captain Cameron's Sentiment was as follows :

Early in the nineteenth century the era of the clipper ship began and speed at sea became of increasing importance.

The first clippers seem to have been built in America, and the Old Country was not slow in launching others to match them. It is noteworthy to us Caledonians that the most successful builder of fast clipper ships in the whole of North America was Donald Mackay, a native of Nova Scotia, grandson of a Ross-shire man who had been an officer in

a Highland regiment. Donald Mackay was one of the very few men who brought to the art of building sailing ships the authentic touch of genius. Hood of Aberdeen had it, so had Steele of Greenock, and the designer of many of Barclay Curle's ships. It was then that Alexander Hall of Aberdeen made his reputation as a builder of clipper ships, and, with the Aberdeen White Star Line, whose ships were built by Walter Hood, made the name of the Granite City renowned in the seaports of the world.

The Clyde was not lagging behind, and the first iron clipper, the famous *Lord of the Isles*, was launched by Scotts of Greenock, which is surely the oldest yard in the world, for it was founded in the year 1711, during the reign of Queen Anne, and is still in the first rank. Robert Steele of Greenock was in the running also, and built many crack ships, *Ariel*, *Taeping*, *Sir Lancelot*, *Serica*, *Titania*, and *Lahloo*, to mention a few of those which became famous. The dainty little *Normancourt* was built by Inglis.

It was during the 'fifties and 'sixties of the last century that ocean racing was in its zenith, when those beautiful vessels raced home each year with the first of the season's tea from China. Their names were household words.

The freight for tea was sometimes as high as £7 per ton, with a bonus of £1 per ton for the first ship to arrive home. So rich a prize was a big incentive, but the sense of rivalry and the sportsmanship which are in our race were the chief motives; they were in the blood of every one on board, from the captain to the cabin boy. Wagers were laid even between the seamen of rival ships, who would stake as much as a month's wages on the result.

Throughout the kingdom, and especially in London, excitement ran high as the time drew near when the China clippers might begin to arrive. Each ship had its partisans, who were not loth to back their fancy. By all and sundry, from owners to office boys, the merits of the clippers and their captains were discussed and argued to such a degree that it was not unknown for a black eye to bear witness of an office boy's stubborn support of his favourite.

The most famous and exciting of those ocean races was in the year 1866 from Foochow to London, and one of the best-known marine pictures ever painted is that of the leaders flying up Channel with every stitch of canvas set.

The four leading ships in that race were the *Ariel* (Captain Keay), the *Taeping* (Captain McKinnon), the *Serica* (Captain Innes), and the *Fiery Cross* (Captain Robinson). The last-named captain was a Cumberland man; the other three hailed from the Land o' Cakes, and their ships had been built in Greenock.

The *Fiery Cross* got away from Foochow twelve hours ahead of the other three, and was able to maintain her lead through the baffling winds and intricate navigation of the China Seas. Thereafter sometimes one was in the lead and sometimes another; and there were occasions when two would find themselves in company for a while, but mostly they were out of sight of each other.

The *Ariel* was the first to sight the Scilly Island. She tore up Channel with the *Taeping* in sight barely an hour astern of her, and was still ahead when she took her tug in the Downs; but the *Taeping*

got a better tug and docked twenty minutes before her rival. Meanwhile the *Serica* had been pressing up Channel nearer the French coast than the other two, and docked an hour and a half after them.

What a close and exciting finish that was! Leaving the Min River on the same tide, they had docked in the River Thames on the same tide after a race of more than sixteen thousand miles. It was a proud day for Scotland. The *Fiery Cross* arrived thirty-six hours later.

Those races were a severe test of endurance. The captains never took their clothes off except to have a bath, and the little sleep they had was with one eye open; for speed alone would not avail without the unceasing vigilance, seamanship, judgment, and nerve of the captain.

The renowned *Thermopylae*, built by Hood for the Aberdeen White Star Line, was the sweetest-looking and fastest of the many clippers that came from Aberdeen. She took the water in 1868, and with her maiden voyage of sixty-three days from London to Melbourne leapt at once into fame.

On her main truck was fitted a gilt cock which proclaimed that she was cock of the walk, and could outsail any other ship afloat. But she was soon to be put upon her mettle, for old John Willis of the White Ha resolved to have one which would wrest the laurels from the proud Aberdonian.

This John Willis was a bit of a character like his father before him. The elder Willis, a native of Eyemouth in Berwickshire, ran away to sea at the age of thirteen, rose to command, and subsequently became a shipowner.

That old seadog had a partiality for his countrymen, though not to the extent of his friend old James Anderson of Peterhead, a dour sectarian, with whom it was a *sine qua non* that all applicants should have attended the ministrations of a Free Kirk minister.

Anderson's ship's husband was disgruntled at having to give preference to those raw recruits from the North, and had adopted a sarcastic formula with which he greeted fresh applicants.

"Where are you from?"—"Peterhead."

"Do you belong to the Free Kirk there?"—"Aye."

"All right, trouble yourself no further; your fortune is made."

John Willis was more like the Duchess of Gordon who, irritated by a lady recommending a cook by laying emphasis on the orthodoxy of her religious views, cut short her cackle by exclaiming, "Damn her religion! Can she make good minced collops?"

The second John Willis followed the sea like his father, one of whose ships he commanded before he came on shore to manage the firm.

The order for a ship to challenge the *Thermopylae* was placed with a young firm—Scott & Lynton—which had just started in Dumbarton, and Hercules Lynton, an Aberdonian who had been trained in Hall's yard, designed the ship. Unhappily, the firm became bankrupt through working with insufficient capital, and the new clipper was finished by William Denny & Brothers, that famous old Dumbarton yard, well known to every one here, and of world-wide repute.

By a happy chance—or was it an inspiration?—John Willis had her christened the *Cutty Sark*. Thus it came about, that a phrase

coined by our national poet, and familiar to most Anglo-Saxons, became renowned in every quarter of the globe from Cape Wrath to Cape Horn, from the Clyde to the Torrid Zone.

Three years passed before the *Cutty Sark* had an opportunity of matching herself against the *Thermopylae*. They raced home from China in 1872, but during a gale near the Cape of Good Hope a heavy sea smashed the rudder of the *Cutty Sark*, which lost a week while she lay to and fitted a jury rudder. The *Thermopylae* arrived home a week ahead of her, but it was to the *Cutty Sark* the world gave the credit.

By that time the Suez Canal was enabling steamers to oust the clippers from the China trade. They were being diverted to the Australian trade, and there was a yearly race home with wool.

In 1885 the *Cutty Sark* proved herself the fastest ship of the wool fleet, making the passage home in seventy-three days, while the next best was that of the *Thermopylae*, eighty days. Then was fitted a gilt *Cutty Sark* on the main truck of the winner. But those fine-lined ships were small carriers, competition was keen, and freights were low. The *Cutty Sark* was sold to Portuguese owners, and although re-named *Ferreira*, was always spoken of as *El Pequina Camisola*. Shabbiness and poverty became her lot till, many years later, she was rescued from an ignominious end. Now she rides in Falmouth Harbour rigged as she used to be in the days of her prime, when—given the weather she liked, a good stiff breeze and fairly smooth sea—there was nothing afloat in the whole world she could not pass, neither steamship nor sailing ship, merchant ship nor man-o'-war.

During the 'eighties and 'nineties of the last century the square rigged sailing ship attained its highest expression. Those beautiful vessels, though not quite so speedy as some of the China clippers, were fast ships, and many of them consistently made notable passages. Their graceful shape, with the lofty spars and delicate tracery of rigging, gave to them a picturesqueness and a distinction of their own.

In them man had achieved that rare combination, beauty and efficiency. For, besides being so good to look upon, they were staunch to perfection, if there is such a thing as perfection in this world. The skill and craftsmanship of the designers and builders were such that those ships, handled with good judgment and seamanlike skill, would come through the wildest storm practically unscathed. Each mast and yard, every stay, shroud, and backstay was equal to its duty.

I remember an eleven hundred ton full-rigged ship, of which I was third mate, being hove down on her beam ends by the sheer weight of wind on her bare poles one wild night near Cape Horn. The masts lay over at an angle of 60 degrees from the vertical and her deck was two-thirds submerged. When the hurricane had passed and the old *Zuleika* righted herself, her port bulwarks were found to be bent outwards. That was the only structural damage, though a lot of the running gear was badly chafed and cut.

Of all things created by man I believe the sailing ship to have been the most beautiful, and that opinion is shared not only by artists and sailors but also by a great number of men who are neither.

At sea, running down the "trades" for example, with every stitch of snowy canvas set, and the yards trimmed with precision, the clipper ship made an unforgettable picture, and moved even a tough old shell-

back to admiration, causing him to forget for the moment the hardships of his life.

Nor was the plain ordinary citizen insensible to the appeal of the windjammer. I came up the Firth of Clyde many years ago in one and sailed right up to the Cloch before we were able to get a tug. It was a Saturday in June, one of those perfect summer days for which Scotland is celebrated, perhaps because she has so few of them!

By the afternoon we were well up the Firth, and meeting the paddle steamers crowded with sons and husbands going to join their families for the week-end at the seaside. The interest and excitement at the unusual sight of a full-rigged ship bowling up the Firth under sail were expressed in bursts of cheering from each steamer as it passed. It was a stirring welcome to us on board, after having been four months without seeing land.

Great Britain built more of those iron and steel clippers than all the other nations of the world put together, and about half of them, perhaps more, came from the Clyde yards, which had a world-wide reputation for the ships they turned out.

Many were for Scottish owners—the Loch Line, the Aberdeen White Star Line, whose ships had names from the classics, *Sophocles*, *Miltiades*, etc.; the Shire Line, the Village Line, the Ben Line, with fine resounding names such as *Ben Voirlich*, *Ben Cruachan*, etc.; the City Line, Patrick Henderson's, and many others too numerous to detail.

The seven seas knew them all. With their English sisters they displayed the red ensign, usually called the old red duster, in all the ports and harbours of the world. Many a well-fought race they had with wool from the Colonies, grain from California, and jute from India.

Of all the clipper ships built and owned in Scotland those of the Loch Line seemed to me one of the most distinctly national. They maintained a regular service from Glasgow to Australia. Although like other ships they brought wool cargoes home to London, the Lochs always came round to the Clyde for their outward loading. The Queen's Dock was never without at least one of those beautiful clippers.

They had fine names too, *Loch Torridon*, *Loch Garry*, *Loch Vennachar*, *Loch Rannoch*, to mention a few, and amongst their contemporaries there were no finer vessels.

Similarly, Patrick Henderson's ships ran a regular service from Glasgow to New Zealand. Exactly fifty years ago this month that Line amalgamated with the Shaw Saville Line of London, forming the Shaw Saville & Albion Company, now one of London's foremost shipping companies and fortunate in having as its managing director our Past-President, Mr John Macmillan.

The crews were in keeping with the ships. With hardly an exception every officer and man was master of his duty and took real pride in doing it well. The deepest insult and the one that rankled was to tell a man that he was no sailor.

The foremost hands were a harum-scarum lot, "come day, go day, God send Sunday"; men of extreme contrasts, splendid qualities, and deplorable failings. At sea, smart, active, intelligent, reckless of danger almost to the point of madness, shirking nothing whatever the risk, prompt, obedient and well disciplined provided the hand over them was both firm and just.

On shore between voyages they were as wayward, foolish, and improvident as children, and were usually the prey of the lowest types of land-sharks and harpies.

What a devil-may-care hard-swearing crowd they were! Picture to yourselves a wild night at sea, in darkness so black it could almost be felt, a handful of those men clinging on a topsail yard about the thickness of a telegraph pole eighty feet above the deck, swaying about from the motion of the ship, their foothold a rope no thicker than a man's finger, trying to wrest the struggling sail from the grasp of the storm, and the sail doing its best to buffet them off the yard, thunder crashing overhead, and lightning playing all round—conditions to strike a feeling of awe into their breasts, one would think.

But not so. Those shell-backs would be, to a man, cursing and swearing at the pitch of their voices, damning the ship, the sail, the weather, the cold and wet, and last but not least themselves for being such fools as to go to sea. On one such occasion when a particularly fearsome flash of lightning momentarily lit up the scene one man loudly invoked the Almighty to strike some more matches like that and let them see what they were — well doing.

To say that those men were profane without being irreverent sounds a paradox. Yet I believe that no men who spent a great portion of their lives in conflict with the elemental forces of nature, and who in many a tempest had seen their ship tossed like a mere plaything at the mercy of a destructive fiend, ever could be consciously irreverent to the Creator of all.

Whatever might be a British ship's port of registry, there would likely be found in her fore-castle men from both sides of the Tweed, and I shall not be so ungracious as to make comparisons. The close contact of life afloat from boyhood tended to smooth out their national traits and make of them almost a race apart.

The traditions and ideals of the sea, the common round and daily task, hardships shared and perils faced together, the magic of the Tropics, and the sullen fury of Cape Horn, moulded those men into one great brotherhood—the Brotherhood of the Sea.

In fine weather life was pleasant and the work interesting—keeping the rigging and sails in repair, and making the ship ready for the severe test of the roaring forties. Then would come weeks on end of gales, with seas crashing on the decks, and the weather bitterly cold, when the men were sometimes wet through and were never wholly dry. Some were insufficiently clothed because of their own improvidence. The arduous toil kept them short of sleep, and they were housed in a cold, damp fore-castle, an existence which seemed to be the depth of human discomfort. Some of their quaint sayings, always spoken derisively, and without any note of self-pity, give us a glimpse of their stoic-like philosophy:

“Cheer up, you will soon be dead.”

“Never mind, it is not for ever, it is only for a lifetime.”

The food was scanty and unappetising. Probably none of us sat down to dinner to-night with as good an appetite as those men had when they finished their meagre repast. One voyage we had salt beef which had been seven years in Gibraltar as emergency rations for a potential siege, when the Government sold it to make room for a new

supply, and it was not more salt than we were accustomed to. The biscuit was hard and coarse like dog biscuit. When the last of the pea-soup was served out at midday, the pot was rinsed with seawater, and in it the tea was infused to simmer till the evening meal.

There were no vegetables but potatoes, and they were only for the captain and officers. Yet those seamen were as tough as leather and as active as cats. What part of the dietary provided the vitamins I do not know. Perhaps they were not necessary to health in those days. Anyhow the doctors had not discovered them.

You have heard of the chanties that were sung to lighten a heavy pull on the topsail halliards or a long heave round the windlass. There is one which goes: "Leave her, Johnnie, leave her; the work is hard and the wages low; it's time for us to leave her."

Little did those bygone seamen think, as they sang that refrain, that in the end it would be the ships that would leave them. For the day of the tall clippers is gone. They fought a good fight; they finished their course; and their like will not be seen again.

Surely we Caledonians are justified in the belief that with the memory of those ships will always be linked the name of our country, which was pre-eminent in the number she built, including many of the very first rank.

In proposing the toast, "Captain J. J. Cameron," the President congratulated the Society on the rich treat, and thanked the Captain for the excellent Sentiment. "We are an island people," said the President, "and the sea is in our blood. Campbell's lines were true:

' Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.'

"We live in an age of engineers," continued the President, "and I claim that the influence of the design of the old clipper ships is still in evidence in the designs of our modern leviathans. I was more than ever convinced of this when viewing the *Mauretania* recently. I am sure, too, that Scotland still holds her own in producing ships with beautiful lines."

Captain Cameron feelingly replied.

Mr John Macmillan, Past-President, proposed the toast of "Our Guests," and incidentally said that the claim made by Captain Cameron on behalf of the

Cutty Sark should be reversed in favour of the *Thermopylae*. He thanked Captain Cameron for the shipping atmosphere he had created in the Society and said we always looked upon our guests as a main factor in our proceedings. He coupled the toast with the names of Captain Millett of the *Cutty Sark* and Captain Mackenzie, both of whom had sailed the Seven Seas.

In responding, Captain Millett claimed that the argument in favour of the *Cutty Sark* was incontrovertible. He counted it a high honour to be "blown" into the Caledonian Society's meeting on such a night; and Captain Mackenzie followed with a description of some incidents in sea life. In each case the theme was "the good old days."

Three new members, Dr Douglas Hay Scott, Mr Francis R. Rawlinson, C.B.E., and Mr Andrew Picken, were introduced to the President, and in addressing them Mr Kennedy said:

"The Caledonian Society of London has rightly been termed the playground of the great Scottish Charities.

"Looking backward some three hundred years, we can see those early governors of the Scottish Corporation sitting round the festive board, but with the old Scots Box in their midst. The time passes pleasantly with song and wine, but Dugald the Treasurer has an eye to business and says to Donald: 'What hae ye for the Scots Box the day?' Donald produces a shilling, but Dugald says: 'Hoots, man, hae another dram.' Donald does so, and makes it two shillings. So it went on till the last century, and we know that the money so obtained was always dispensed with the greatest care and much in advance of the methods of the age. But the new generation did not think it seemly to conduct business among cakes and wine. Now here's a nice to-do, here's a pretty mess, no more festive gatherings, everything to be done in a

business meeting. So a few genial souls gathered together and started the Caledonian Society of London, and here we are. My history may be a bit sketchy, but like the great master, Sir Walter Scott, I have tried to give you the essentials, and the point is that the old Scots Box at Fleur-de-Lys Court is always with us in spirit."

The new members briefly replied.

Sea songs and chauties were appropriately the music for such an evening; and Mr Crawford and Mr Gray, a guest, gave "Rolling Home," "The fighting Temeraire," "Shenandoah," "I'm bound for the Rio Grande," and a duet, "Larboard watch ahoy."

A memorable nautical evening was brought to a close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

DISTRIBUTION OF £800.

At the fourth meeting of the Session 1932-1933, on 9th February, 1933, an important decision was taken regarding the invested funds of the Society. For some time the matter of the Income Tax charged on the interest on the £1100 5 per cent. (converted to 3½ per cent.) War Loan belonging to the Society had been discussed, and at this meeting of the Council, Mr R. R. Wilson, the Honorary Treasurer, moved, and Mr William Will seconded, that £800 worth of the War Loan be divided between the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools. This was agreed to unanimously; and it was further moved by Mr William Will, seconded by Mr P. N. McFarlane, and unanimously agreed, that the £800 be divided between the two institutions in the proportions of £500 to the Scottish Corporation and £300 to the Caledonian Schools.

These resolutions were confirmed by the General Meeting which followed.

At the Council meeting on the 9th, reference was also made by the President to the death of Mr Andrew Hepburn, who had been a member of the Society for many years, and the sympathy of the members for the relatives was expressed.

OUR ROMANTIC BORDERLAND.

At the Little Dinner on the 9th, following the business meetings, the President welcomed a large gathering, and, after dinner and the loyal toasts, he introduced the Rev. W. S. Matheson, who was to give the Sentiment on "Sir Walter Scott and the Romantic Borderland." "Mr Matheson," said the President, "has every qualification for the task. Although an Aberdeenshire man he soon showed his shrewdness by moving south to the romantic Borderland, where—at Galashiels—he ministered to a large congregation. Mr Matheson knows the Border country as Sir Walter Scott knew it. He has tramped every foot of that magic land, he knows its history and its literature, and I am sure to-night we shall have a great treat."

Mr Matheson said :

A Caledonian Society of whatever kind or order does well to pay its tribute to the memory of the Great Wizard of the North, for it was he more than anyone else who made Scotland known to the outside world. The most eminent historian of to-day, Prof. G. M. Trevelyan, has given it as his sober judgment that "it was only in the age of Sir Walter Scott that England discovered once and for all that she was linked to a partner not inferior to herself"; while recently at the commemoration ceremony at Selkirk Mr John Buchan declared that our native land might well have its name spelled with two t's as Scotland, seeing its fame and worth were first revealed to outsiders by Sir Walter Scott.

He stands among the Immortals of our country like Wallace and Bruce, Knox, and Queen Mary, and Robert Burns, and he had a distinct passion for all connected with his own country as the well-known outburst of patriotic feeling, "Breathes there a man with soul so dead," emphatically declares. He found, too, many of the subjects about which he sang and read in all parts of the land, alike Highland and Low-

land. But he was first, foremost, and to the last a Borderer. By ancestry on both his father's and mother's sides, by residence, by official position, as well as by love of its scenery, its wondrous story of heroism, chivalry and pathos, and by warm-hearted love of its people he was pre-eminently a son of this Land of Romance.

Born in Edinburgh, where his father practised as a Writer to the Signet, he was descended from "Auld Wat" of Harden, hero of the ballad of "Kinmont Willie," and father of that Sir William Scott of Harden who made the romantic marriage with "Muckle-mou'ed Meg," daughter of Sir Gideon Murray of Elibank, while on his mother's side he could claim connection with a number of other well-known Border families, and through her could trace a pedigree to the "Outlaw Murray." On receiving his baronetcy, he said: "After all, if one must speak for themselves, I have my quarters and emblazonments free of all stain but Border theft and high treason."

Though born in Edinburgh, it was not long before the Borders claimed him, for his delicacy as a child led to him being sent to his grandfather's farm at Sandyknowe, under the shadow of Smailholm Tower. Here he was cared for, as he tells us in one of the introductions in "Marmion," by devoted aunts; but another there did more for him, and that was Sandy Ormiston, worker on the farm, who stirred his childish imagination with the tales of auld lang syne when Border raids were the fashion of the rude times.

After brief sojourns in various other places, he was brought back to Edinburgh to a house taken by his father in George Square, that house from the windows of which the father threw out a saucer used by the traitor Murray of Broughton, who had come to him on business, while the boy kept the cup as a treasure. He was sent to the High School, then housed near the Cowgate, in what was known as the High School Yards. He joined the "Gites" class in 1779.

I doubt if the School did very much for him educationally, but there were other influences which operated on his growing mind. Chief among them was Edinburgh itself—not the beautiful one we know, but the city of the Royal Mile from Holyrood to the Castle, with its high houses and all the history and romance associated with them. For him they would be peopled with the ghosts of bygone days, and each would have its own appropriate tale.

Ill health interfered with attendance at the University, and on reaching the suitable age he served his apprenticeship as a lawyer with his father, and finally was called to the Bar. It was then that he began his Border raids, in company with his friend Shortreed of Jedburgh. He was searching for old Border ballads. He found them in the homes of the fine race of Border yeoman and shepherds, where they had been handed down by word of mouth as in the long winter evenings the family sat round the fireside, mostly by mother to daughter. In this work, which formed the material for the two volumes of "The Border Minstrelsy," he was afterwards helped by the two who after him are the best-known Border poets, Leyden and Hogg.

On one of these raids he passed into England, and at Gillsland met Charlotte Charpentier, daughter of a French refugee, to whom he became engaged, and to her he was married on Christmas Eve 1797, in Carlisle Cathedral. First settled in a cottage at Lasswade, with a

house also in Edinburgh for the winter, he published the two volumes of the "Minstrelsy," but that was not to be his home for long, as it was needful that as Sheriff of Selkirkshire, to which he had been appointed in 1799, he should reside in the county. He found a suitable place at Ashestiel, half-way between Innerleithen and Selkirk. He fain would have bought the place, but it was not for sale. While resident here he produced all his poetical works, beginning with "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." This secured for him in the eyes of the public the honour of being considered the first poet of the land, so high was the work placed, while "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake" added to his fame. After that, though he brought out other works, they were not accorded the same place, for Byron had appeared on the scene, and Scott, recognizing his greater poetic genius, left the field free to him. He declined in favour of Robert Southey the honour of Poet Laureate.

In 1812 Scott purchased the farm of Clarty Hole on Tweedside, nearly opposite the town of Galashiels, and about two miles from Melrose. Here he set to work to build what he at first called a cottage but which in course of time grew into the somewhat strangely designed mansion which he named Abbotsford, and which ultimately became closely associated with his name. It was his home for the remaining twenty years of his life, and here he afterwards passed away.

He found infinite pleasure in planning all the details, both outside and in, in planting the woods round about it, gathering there his treasured books, many curios and antique relics, either presented to him or acquired by him. Much of the interior decoration was copied from Melrose Abbey, Roslin Chapel, and Dunfermline Abbey. Here he entertained with profuse and lavish hospitality the numberless visitors who came from all parts to pay honour to his name and fame, and the many close friends with whom he held close and intimate companionship. These he was in the habit of taking with him on walks in the immediate neighbourhood or on excursions to wider fields. A description of some of these has been given by Washington Irving, and references to them may be seen in some of his own writings and in those of Wordsworth, as in "Yarrow Visited" and "Yarrow Revisited," and by others as well.

It was in 1813 that he began the issue of his novels with "Waverley" as the first, which had been commenced years before but laid aside. One after another they came from his pen in rapid succession. In one year he issued three, each dealing with a different country and a different set of circumstances. Besides these, he was doing a great deal of other literary work, and scrupulously fulfilling his official duties in Edinburgh and Selkirk. In addition, he threw himself into the social life of the district, and was found present at gatherings in Selkirk, some six miles away, of various associations where he was always full of life and gaiety, entertaining, too, French prisoners confined in the neighbourhood. In the midst of all this happiness and activity the financial blow, long impending though unheeded, suddenly fell, and while in the midst of writing "Woodstock" he found himself a bankrupt with liabilities amounting to £117,000.

Lord Cockburn in his "Memorials" has given a singularly graphic and touching account of the way in which he faced the disaster with manly fortitude and independent spirit, for on receiving offers from

friends of financial assistance he declared that "This right hand must pay it all off." By the time of his death rather more than one-third of it had been liquidated, and afterwards, through sales and royalties, all his creditors had their claims fully met. From 1825 for several years he kept a diary, and from its pages we can see the courageous spirit of the man unbroken by his misfortune and without one harsh or bitter word regarding it. Never has any record kept by a man given us such a picture of brave heroic facing of circumstances, combined with a continued liveliness of spirit. But the severe strain of the continuous labour to which he devoted himself told upon his health, which more than once had seriously troubled him before.

In the autumn of 1831 the Government put a warship at his disposal, which took him to Malta and Naples, but health was not restored, and he was brought home through Italy and France and by sea from London to Leith, from which he was driven by road to Abbotsford. He lay in a comatose condition until nearing home, when he recognized and named various hills they passed. On reaching the doorway of his house he was met by his faithful friend and amanuensis, Willie Laidlaw, and on seeing him exclaimed, "Oh, Willie, how I have longed to get home and see you all again." Through the summer he lingered on, but in the middle of September, 1832, passed away in a bed placed in the window of the dining-room that he might see once more his loved silvery Tweed. "It was a beautiful day, so warm that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly heard as we knelt around the bed and his eldest son closed his eyes." So writes Lockhart.

A few days later the funeral cortege wound its way through Melrose, past the camp where Romans had looked on the sweet Vale of Tweed, across that river, and up to Bemersyde where his own horses drawing the hearse involuntarily stopped as they had been accustomed to do when he passed that way that he might look upon the finest bit of Tweedside. Then down to Dryburgh Abbey where, through his mother's descent from Halliburtons, he had right of sepulture. There lies his remains, visited yearly by thousands desirous of paying their heartfelt respect to his greatness as a writer and his greater greatness as a man. Beside him, a century later, I saw laid to rest the remains of another of Scotland's noble sons, one whom Scott would have loved for his simplicity of character and honoured for his achievements, Earl Haig.

In time Scotland raised in Edinburgh that superb monument to his genius and character, designed by one who was but a simple wheelwright, but possessed of singular artistic gifts and imagination. But as we recall him, it is not in Edinburgh that we seem to see him, but on the braesides of his loved Borderland, for as another Borderer has written, "Here in the heart of your own country, among your own grey rounded hills, it is of you and your works that a native of the Forest is brought most frequently in mind. All the spirits of the rivers and the hill, all the dying refrains of ballad and the fading echoes of story, all the memory of the wild past, each legend of burn and loch has combined to inform your spirit and to secure an immortal life in your song. It is through you that we remember them, and in recalling them as we tread each hillside in this land we remember and bless you."

The President proposed the health of Mr Matheson, and thanked the lecturer for his most interesting and informative address and for the admirable slides that had been shown. Mr Matheson, said the President, had given them a lecture that would live long in the memories of all. His love for Sir Walter Scott and the Romantic Borderland and all that that land stands for was apparent in every sentence. He had interpreted the spell of the wonderful Borders and he had given them that night much that was entirely new to him. They were all grateful to Mr Matheson for his great kindness in coming there and entertaining and instructing them.

The toast was drunk with Caledonian honours, and Mr Matheson returned thanks.

Past-President P. N. McFarlane gave the toast of "The Guests" in a speech bubbling over with good humour. He coupled the toast with the name of Mr T. J. Clapperton, the well-known sculptor, whose work, breathing the spirit of the Borders, is such a notable addition to the sculpture prizes of the country. Mr Clapperton's noble Borderer in front of the Galashiels War Memorial, and forming part of the Memorial, his "O Flodden Field" in Selkirk, and the latest Scott bust at Gala, which had been all shown on the screen, were valuable works of art which had enriched their native land.

Mr Clapperton replied and thanked Mr McFarlane for his inspiring words.

Two new members—Mr Robert Stewart and Mr J. M. Napier—were introduced to the President.

Border songs and ballads, splendidly rendered by Mr Menzies and Mr Henderson, formed part of an evening's delightful programme.

MR WALTER LEITCH'S DEPARTURE.

The return to Australia of our greatly respected Vice-President, Mr Walter Leitch, occupied the attention of the members at the Council meeting on Thursday, 9th March, 1933, held at the Holborn Restaurant.

Mr P. N. McFarlane, Past-President, who was acting as Secretary in the absence of Mr J. A. Brown, said that as Mr Leitch would be returning to Australia in May next, it would be necessary to select a President and Vice-President at the meeting in October, and he moved that a committee of the office-bearers, with Past-Presidents John Douglas, T. R. Moncrieff, and William Will be appointed with powers to submit names to the Council.

Mr McFarlane further suggested that there should be placed on the minutes the following resolution :

"The President, Council, and members of the Caledonian Society of London, having learned with much regret that their greatly esteemed Vice-President, Walter Leitch, is returning to Australia, and that in consequence he will be unable to fill the office of President for the ensuing year, desire to place on record their high appreciation of his sterling qualities as a man and a brother Caledonian, and to wish him and Mrs Leitch many happy years of good health and good fortune."

This was heartily approved, and Mr Leitch said that their good wishes would be a precious remembrance to him of many happy associations in London. If for no other reason he would have liked to remain in London so that next year he might fill the Presidential chair of the Caledonian Society. However, in electing him Vice-President the Society had shown a confidence in him which he greatly appreciated, and which he would remember as long as life lasted.

During the meetings on the 9th March the Presi-

dent and others referred feelingly to the absence, through family bereavement, of the Honorary Secretary, Mr John A. Brown, and expressions of the members' sympathy were ordered to be sent to Mr Brown.

SCOTTISH LAWYERS.

At the Little Dinner on the same evening—the President in the chair—the Sentiment, “Scottish Lawyers, Ancient and Modern,” was given by Mr Francis R. Stephen, LL.B.

Introduced by the President as one of our youngest members, Mr Stephen said :

In the history of our nation there are two important movements. The first period I should call the *Struggle for Freedom*. This is the history of Scotland down to the Union of the Crowns. It includes the national movements culminating in Bannockburn and the Reformation, and it recalls to us the figures of Wallace and Bruce and Knox. The other period I should call the *Struggle for Recognition*. It is almost always forgotten that during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, indeed right down to the reign of George IV., there existed in England a strong prejudice against Scotsmen. I consider that it is due to the adventurers who left Scotland during those two centuries to win wealth and fame amid the greater opportunities offered by the South, that despite hatred, ridicule, and spite, this antipathy was finally overcome. Mr G. M. Trevelyan has written that “it was only in the age of Sir Walter Scott that England discovered she was linked to a partner not inferior to herself.” My theme to-night is in part the share of Scots lawyers in this fight for the recognition of their country as the full partner of England, and in part also the distinctive characteristics and qualities of Scots lawyers, ancient and modern, in their own country.

If the history of a nation is the history of its great men, then Scotland is deeply indebted to its lawyers. For although the law in Scotland is comparatively a recent development, yet for the last 150 years Scots lawyers in Scotland—and in England—have occupied a position in public life far out of proportion to the numbers of their profession, or indeed to any standard of comparison whatever.

Law as an organized institution in Scotland was created by James V. when in 1532 he established “a college of cunning and wise men both of temporal and spiritual estate” to form the Court of Session. But the traditions of a great profession are not built in a night, and although in the seventeenth century the Law had a great institutional writer in Lord Stair and an able advocate in Sir George Mackenzie, it was not until the eighteenth century that the Scotsman first found his aptitude for the Law.

The eighteenth century is the Golden Age in the history of Scotland. Throughout its length, great movements and great events marked its

progress. In the world of law, politics was the dominating factor. It divided the lawyers in common with the population into parties. If they supported the movement for reform initiated by the case of the American colonies and stimulated by the French Revolution, they felt a passionate resentment of the Government's measures of repression. On the other hand, if they felt the prevailing terror of what they regarded as a dangerous movement, they declared their opponents were inspired by the spirit of revolution. Outside Parliament the conflict between the parties was fought out largely in the Law Courts, and, as the judges of the period were in the main supporters of Government, so the famous advocates were supporters of reform.

At the same time as these movements were working out their course a centre of culture was springing up in the capital of Scotland embracing its writers and philosophers and a native aristocracy as intellectual as it was noble. And of this social world the nucleus and the framework was a generation of lawyers who were as catholic in their interests as they were eminent in their profession.

In the first half of the century the Rebellions of the '15 and the '45 are the outstanding events. In the national turmoil firm administration of the law was the only guarantee of security, and in the hands of the judges this security was attained. At this time Duncan Forbes of Culloden was the most powerful man in Scotland, first as Lord Advocate and then as Lord President of the Court of Session. Until in the nineteenth century a Secretary for Scotland was appointed, the Lord Advocate was always the Government's principal adviser on Scottish affairs. Forbes discharged these duties with distinction and vision and when he saw the '45 approaching he constantly urged preventive measures and especially the plan afterwards adopted by Chatham of the formation of Highland regiments. But it was not until after the upheaval the Government recognized his wisdom and then desperate remedies were necessary. Feudal tenures were abolished. The hereditary jurisdictions of the chieftains were bought up and transferred to the Crown and the tartan was forbidden by law. The dread of the clansmen died away and the sheriff's writ soon ran in the Highlands with as little resistance as in the streets of Edinburgh.

In the agitation for reforms which occupied the latter part of the century the lawyers still occupy the foreground of the picture. On the one hand, Lord Braxfield—Stevenson's Weir of Hermiston—strong built and dark, with powerful eyes and threatening lips, grim and merciless, growling maxims which must have brought cold comfort to any wrong-doer whose misfortune it was to appear before him. At the trial of the reformer Gerrald, the prisoner urged that Christ himself was a reformer. Braxfield's retort was typical. "Muckle he made o' that. He was hangit." He was the giant of the Bench, the Judge Jeffreys of Scotland. Most of his contemporaries were reactionaries also, Hailes and Eskgrove and Auchenleck—Boswell's father. Lord Eskgrove was ludicrous, but withal a sound lawyer. People seemed to have nothing else to do but tell stories of this one man. Scott was famous for it, and whenever a knot of persons were seen putting their heads together listening and then bursting into peals of laughter, it was quite unnecessary to ask what the joke was or who it was about. One of Eskgrove's characteristic utterances was as follows: "Having now shown you

that the prisoner's case is utterly impossible I will now proceed to show you it is also extremely improbable."

There were, however, others of a different type. Some were convivial, most were sociable, all were talented and had character. Among them were Hermand, Kames, and Monboddo. There is a splendid story told of George Fergusson Lord Hermand. On one occasion Sir John Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon, who was one of the leaders at the Bar in England, was briefed to lead Lord Hermand in an important Scottish entail case, a subject of which Scott was completely ignorant. He was very alarmed and asked Hermand to dine with him at a tavern in London, where he read out a written speech he had prepared and proposed to make to the House of Lords. He asked Hermand if it would do. "Do, sir?" replied Hermand. "It is delightful—absolutely delightful. I could listen to it for ever. It is so beautifully written! And so beautifully read! But, sir, it's the greatest nonsense. It may do very well for an English Chancellor, but it would disgrace a Clerk with us."

As for Kames and Monboddo, they were known far beyond the confines of their own country as scholars and philosophers. Stories of them are innumerable. Pitt is said to have declared that he and his friends were all Adam Smith's scholars. Adam Smith, on the other hand, considered that Lord Kames was the master of them all. As a judge, one counsel remarked, Lord Kames combined the obstinacy of a mule with the levity of a harlequin.

But the glittering galaxy of talent can only be appreciated when we introduce to our picture the famous advocates of the period. Mr G. K. Chesterton has somewhere remarked that "we shall never understand the eighteenth century so long as we suppose that rhetoric is artificial because it is artistic." Certainly it was an age of orators. In addition to Henry Erskine and John Clerk, the two most remarkable figures at the Scottish Bar in their own or any time, there was Alexander Wedderburn, afterwards Lord Chancellor of England, who forsook the Parliament House after one of the most dramatic scenes the Court of Session has ever witnessed. The story goes that the Dean of Faculty of the period, Lockhart, used to adopt an overbearing and offensive manner to young advocates, with the result that a few of them entered into a compact publicly to insult him. As Wedderburn was shortly afterwards engaged in a duel with him before the Lord President, it fell to Wedderburn to do the insulting. Lockhart referred to Wedderburn as a presumptuous boy. When Wedderburn came to reply he delivered one of the most famous examples of personal invective ever heard at the Bar, making full use of certain personal misfortunes in the Dean's domestic life. "The learned Dean," he said, "has confined himself on this occasion to vituperation. I do not say he is capable of reasoning. But if tears would have answered his purpose, I am sure tears would not have been wanting." Lockhart started up and threatened him with vengeance. Wedderburn replied, "I care little, my lord, for what may be said or done by a man who has been disgraced in his person and dishonoured in his bed." Lord Craigie was at last galvanised into action and sternly reproved the excited Wedderburn for language unbecoming to an advocate and gentleman. But Wedderburn merely grew wilder and answered that his lordship had said as a

judge what he could not justify as a gentleman. An apology was at once demanded, but Wedderburn by this time was uncontrollable and instead of retracting stripped off his gown. "My lord," he said, "I will neither retract nor apologize. But I will spare you the trouble of deprivation. There is my gown. I will never wear it more."

Wedderburn's whole career is a drama. As a young man, to gain experience as a pleader, he got himself elected to the General Assembly as the representative for Inverkeithing, where in two passionate harangues he defended the writings of David Hume and the Reverend John Home, the author of the tragedy "Douglas," against votes of censure by a section of the ministers. When he went to London, he followed in the wake of another Scotsman and a greater, William Murray, Earl of Mansfield, the greatest Lord Chief Justice who ever sat on the Bench in England. Like Murray he succeeded at the Bar. Like Murray he succeeded as a Parliamentarian. As Murray in his time was Chatham's only rival, so Wedderburn in his time was the only man in Lord North's Government who could withstand the onslaughts of Burke and Fox and Sheridan. And as Mansfield achieved immortality as the founder of our modern mercantile law, so Wedderburn achieved immortality as the first Scotsman to become Lord Chancellor of England. Both were among the most distinguished figures of their period. Of Mansfield it was said that his mere statement of the facts was worth any other man's argument. Wedderburn is remembered chiefly as a first-class debater and Parliamentarian. When he first entered politics he took America's part and in violent harangues denounced Lord North's colonial policy. Later, when he joined Lord North, he could make our quarrel with America seem just. He had many enemies. Junius wrote of him that there was something about Wedderburn which even treachery could not trust. Certainly, he had few scruples but he lived in a time which did not foster public principle.

Henry Erskine was of a different mould. Though his ancestors were noble, his parents had little material wealth and his upbringing though sound was Spartan. His father, the 10th Earl of Buchan, was a strong churchman. Perhaps it is on this account that the following story has always been associated with his name. Meeting a local character one day in the streets of St. Andrews, his lordship asked, "Why are you looking so sad the day, Whistle Binkie?" "Well, my lord," replied Binkie, "the Lord Almighty asked me the same question yestreen — 'Why art thou looking so sad, Whistle Binkie?' And I answered and said, 'Because they have thrust me out from the Presbytery of St. Andrews, neither will they suffer me to enter therein!' And the Lord answered and said to me, 'Be thou not cast down on that account, Whistle Binkie, for I, the Lord, have been striving to get into the Presbytery of St. Andrews this forty year and I have never won in yet.'"

When, at length, Erskine was admitted to the Bar he became the greatest advocate of his time. He never had a rival then or since. Elegant and persuasive, his advocacy was distinguished by his brilliant wit which he kept at all times under perfect control. All his wit was argument, and in the dim litigious light of the old Parliament House he always gathered a crowd to marvel at his eloquence. A true democrat, when a poor self-educated countryman applied to be admitted to the Bar and was opposed by many members of the Faculty, Erskine

ranged himself on the side of the applicant. "Were he the son of a beggar," he said, "if his talents entitle him, he has a right to the highest distinction in the land." Through Erskine's efforts he was admitted, though he never succeeded as an advocate. When he died someone told Erskine and added, "Yes, he died very poor. He has left no effects." "That," said Erskine, "is not surprising. As he had no causes he could have no effects."

Erskine became Dean of Faculty, but his political opponents deprived him of his office for presiding at a political meeting with whose views he sympathized. Some time later, at a Whig Dinner the chairman proposed the health of the gentlemen of the Faculty who had done themselves the honour of voting for Mr Erskine's nomination. Erskine rose and quietly remarked, "Mr Chairman, would it not be sufficient to propose the health of the gentlemen of the Faculty?"

He was in all the famous trials of the period. In the case of Deacon Brodie, Erskine defended the Deacon, and Clerk defended one of his accomplices. While Clerk was addressing the jury, he complained of the methods adopted by the prosecution and particularly that the case for the Crown depended upon two witnesses who had turned King's evidence. Lord Hailes and Lord Eskgrove, who were on the Bench with Braxfield, felt that Clerk's argument was a flat accusation that they had admitted improper evidence, and Braxfield therefore warned Clerk against pursuing his argument. "Aweel, my lord," said Clerk, "if I go on I beg to assail at the outset the evidence of those two cobbies or infernal scoundrels, Ainslie and Brown. One of these infernal villains is a convicted felon," but the Lord Advocate jumped up and said, "My lords, he has received His Majesty's free pardon." "Yes," retorted Clerk, "but, gentlemen of the jury, can His Majesty make a tainted scoundrel an honest man?" The Lord Advocate answered that the prerogative of mercy was the highest jewel in His Majesty's Crown, but Clerk's reply was better: "I hope, then, His Majesty's Crown will never be contaminated by any villains round it." Braxfield immediately rebuked him for this remark, and Clerk sat down. Braxfield asked him if he had done, but received no reply and called upon Erskine to address the jury. Before he could begin, Clerk sprang to his feet and amid consternation in every part of the Court, burst out, "Hang my client, if ye dare, my lord, without hearing me in his defence." So great was the confusion that the judges retired to consider what they should do, and when at length they returned, Clerk was calmly invited to proceed. His argument was superb but it was impossible to succeed. Braxfield as usual got the verdict.

One other Scotsman of the eighteenth century deserves our attention, Thomas Erskine, Henry's younger brother. Though he practised at the Bar in England, he never encountered any of the prevailing prejudice against Scotsmen in England from which Mansfield and Wedderburn suffered so much. He made his name and fortune in his first case, at the outset of his career, before Lord Mansfield himself, in a fierce onslaught on the Earl of Sandwich, then first Lord of the Admiralty—a speech which completely eclipsed those of his three leaders and won an apparently hopeless case. An incomparable advocate, he was the greatest forensic orator the world has ever known, the second Scotsman in one generation to become Lord Chancellor of England.

The eighteenth century has many claims to recognition as a great epoch in our history. Not the least of the benefits it passed on to its successors was the distinctive code of Scots Law in which Scotsmen have always taken a natural pride. The Scot has always been renowned for an unswerving devotion to principle and philosophy. Scots law itself has been built up on logical deduction from principle. If a short distinction can be drawn between Scots law and the law of England, it might be said that Scots law is deductive and the law of England inductive. In my opinion Scots law has many advantages over the law of England. There are many respects in which Scots law is superior to the law of England, but these differences are decreasing owing to innovations in the law of England. As we leave the lawyers of the eighteenth century we can well afford to recognize the magnitude of their contribution to our history.

Passing from the eighteenth to the nineteenth century, a new and perhaps a milder generation succeeds to the heritage of its predecessor. First of all, the age associated with Brougham, Cockburn, Jeffrey, and the *Edinburgh Review*. With the advent of the new generation, political conflict decreases in intensity and the activities of the lawyers wander to literature and the arts. Under their leadership a second Golden Age seems to dawn in Scotland and as the century wears on, each successive generation strives to maintain the traditions of the past. Nearly all the writers were lawyers. Scott was a Clerk of Session; Jeffrey, Cockburn, and Patrick Robertson were judges; Christopher North and Lockhart, like Boswell in an earlier age, were advocates.

In the middle of the century two lawyers were pre-eminent, Lord Watson and John Inglis. After four years as Lord Advocate, during which he as Lord Advocate prosecuted the fraudulent directors of the City of Glasgow Bank, Watson was made a Lord of Appeal in the House of Lords, where he had an immediate success. Primarily a Scots lawyer, he was equally at home among English and colonial cases, and in later life was considered the most profound lawyer in the kingdom.

John Inglis was a great jurist and advocate. An eloquent pleader, he could rival the finest oratory of the famous advocates of the past. His speech for the defence at the trial of Madeline Smith for murder is a supreme example of his art. In it are combined all the qualities which made Thomas Erskine famous—elegance, imagery, pathos and simplicity of language, all united by the magic of the speaker. Here is a portion of it—the start:

“Gentlemen of the jury, the charge against the prisoner is murder and the punishment of murder is death. And that simple statement is sufficient to suggest to us the awful solemnity of the occasion which brings you and me face to face.

“Gentlemen, the tone in which my learned friend, the Lord Advocate, addressed you yesterday could not fail to strike you as most remarkable. It was characterised by great moderation—by such moderation as, I think, must have convinced you that he could hardly expect a verdict at your hands—and in the course of that address, for which I give him the highest credit, he could not resist the expression of his own deep feelings of commiseration for the position in which the prisoner is placed, which was but an involuntary homage paid by the official prosecutor to the kind and generous nature of the man.

"But, gentlemen, I am going to ask you for something very different from commiseration. I am going to ask you for that which I will not condescend to beg but which I will loudly and importunately demand,—that to which the prisoner is entitled whether she be the lowest and vilest of her sex or the maiden whose purity is as the unstained snow. I ask you for justice and if you will kindly lend me your attention for the requisite period, and if heaven grant me patience and strength for the task, I shall tear to tatters the web of sophistry in which the prosecutor has striven to involve this poor girl and her sad, strange story."

On another occasion Inglis ridiculed the argument of an opposing counsel with evident sincerity, when his opponent produced an opinion which Inglis himself had written in that very case and which the other had, in fact, paraphrased. Inglis looked at it and saw it was written on vacation. "I see, my lord," he said, "that this opinion is written from Blair Atholl, and if anyone chooses to follow me to Blair Atholl for an opinion he deserves what he gets." Inglis, however, was more than a consummate advocate. Scots lawyers consider that Lord Stair alone stands so high as an authority upon their law. Inglis became Chancellor of Edinburgh University in 1809, an achievement which was the greater as his opponent was no other than Gladstone himself.

A few other figures command a word of recognition. First of all Cosmo Innes and Alexander Asher. The former, in addition to his attainments as a national historian and antiquary, was Principal Clerk of Session and Professor of Constitutional Law at Edinburgh, while Asher had the distinction, along with the late Lord Haldane, of pleading the case of the United Free Church in their famous battle with the Wee Frees. That case will not soon be forgotten in Scotland, but I always associate it with the argument of Lord Haldane, which was one of the finest examples of sheer dialectics in the history of advocacy—an argument of which the majority of the members of the House of Lords unfortunately were intellectually unworthy.

The law and lawyers in Scotland still retain their independent character. In our time Scotland has not failed to produce advocates and judges who have maintained the high traditions of the past. Lord Dunedin and Lord Macmillan, and the late Lord Haldane and Lord Finlay, are examples of these. Continuing, too, the literary tradition, Robert Louis Stevenson was a member of the Faculty of Advocates.

Not long ago, a well-known advocate, who had lost a case before a judge not unknown for wrong decisions, opened his appeal before the First Division of the Court of Session with these words: "My lords, this is an appeal from a judgment of Lord —, but that is not the only ground of appeal." That has quite an eighteenth-century flavour. But the march of events is now so fast that the time may not be far distant when a unified system of law will prevail all over Britain. Towards such a fusion, if it ever comes, I am sure Scots lawyers will make an important contribution, not the least part of which will be the judicial tradition of a noble line of lawyers from Stair and Forbes down to the present time.

"Leaders of the people by their counsel and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions.

All these were honoured in their generations and were the glory of their times."

These words might have been written for Scots lawyers.

The President, moving the thanks of the meeting to Mr Stephen, said they had heard "an admirable lecture admirably delivered." They had heard legal history and they had heard good anecdotes for which the Scottish Bar was noted. Mr Stephen had given them new light on a subject that he had made extremely interesting.

After the reception of two new members, Past-President P. N. McFarlane proposed their health, and to this toast Messrs. Wilson and William Gray replied.

Mr Robert Stewart proposed "Our Guests," coupling the toast with the name of Mr Bruce Lockhart, whose outspoken articles on Russia had brought their author great public applause.

Mr Bruce Lockhart said he as a Scot appreciated their enthusiasm—the enthusiasm of the exile. An exile, at least a Scottish exile, never loses that enthusiasm, as he who had travelled and met his fellows on four continents could testify. The Caledonian Society of London was no different from Scottish societies in every part of the world in that they remembered, and remembered with pride, their common origin.

The President, in proposing the toast "The Office-bearers," thanked the Hon. Secretary (Mr Brown) and the Hon. Treasurer (Mr Wilson) for their services during the Session, and mentioned the work of Miss Maxwell for the Society.

Mr R. R. Wilson, Hon. Treasurer, replied.

Mr William Dalgarno, with monologues excellently given in broad Buchans, and Mr William Gray and Mr R. D. Grant, contributed to the programme.

THE FESTIVAL :
HONOUR TO MR WALTER LEITCH.

The social work of Session 1932-1933 was brought to a close by the Festival, or Ladies' Night, which was held in the Venetian Room of the Holborn Restaurant, Kingsway, on the evening of Thursday, 4th May, 1933.

Mr R. S. Kennedy, the President, was in the chair, and after the loyal toasts had been honoured, the President gave "Prosperity to the Caledonian Society of London." In proposing the toast, Mr Kennedy said :

We are now approaching the centenary of this Society ; but as we have always been so closely associated with the Royal Scottish Corporation, we have some claim to consider ourselves really much older. As has so often been said, we are the playground and recruiting centre for the Scottish Corporation and the Caledonian Schools, and after all what has really happened is that while the Scottish Corporation has confined itself to the business of relieving distress, we have attended to the social side of Scottish life in London.

I can well remember in my youthful days, as will my brother David who is here to-night, going with my father and mother to 9 Portland Place, where the Hepburns gave those delightful evenings which some of you also will remember. Robert Hepburn was one of our founders and his gifted son David ably succeeded him. Both were men of high ideals, and consequently the unwritten laws of this Society are of more importance than our printed rules ; and we are proud and tenacious of these traditions recorded in our "Chronicles."

This Society, with the Highland Society, took a leading part in the foundation of the London Scottish Volunteers, and the connection has been closely maintained by our members. During this session we have finished the revision of our rules, principally with the idea of ensuring that our hundred members are really an active body. Despite the difficult times, our last contribution to the Scottish Corporation shows an actual increase, and we also handed over from our reserves £500 to the Scottish Corporation and £300 to the Caledonian Schools. (Applause.)

One cannot mention the Scottish Corporation without thinking of Past-President Moncrieff, whom we all regret is prevented by ill health from being here to-night. Past-President McFarlane, who was to have received a bar to his Gold Badge, has also been similarly prevented, and I am sure we wish them both a speedy and complete recovery.

Mr Moncrieff, as secretary of the Corporation, is the hope of the necessitous Scot in London, and the terror of the imposter. At the Corporation meetings we endeavour to lightly scan the failings of our brother man, but at the same time, as worthy trustees of its funds, temper mercy with justice. This is not the time or place to appeal

for the Corporation, but to save any misunderstanding I must say that our means are not adequate to the needs of the present time.

The Caledonian Society has during the past session been favoured by some excellent Sentiments at our monthly gatherings, and Mr Brown has surpassed himself in the musical arrangements. In January we ventured far from our native shores in the sea chanties.

The President concluded by asking the audience to drink to the prosperity of the Caledonian Society of London. Long may it flourish. (Applause.)

The toast was drunk with Caledonian honours.

Following the toast, the Past-Presidents saluted the President, an old ceremony that has lost some of its picturesque setting by the fact that seldom is a Past-President clad in the kilt, and so the ceremony of salute by the dirk is no longer seen.

On this occasion, however, the ceremony had an added interest. Mr Walter Leitch, C.B.E., Agent General for Victoria, our Vice-President, having been recalled for service in Australia, was presented with a gold badge, on which was recorded the fact that he was Vice-President in 1932-1933, and having the words, "A token of esteem" also engraved on the reverse side. Mrs Kennedy having pinned the badge on Mr Leitch's coat, Mr John Macmillan, Past-President, proposed "Our Guest of Honour, Mr Walter Leitch, C.B.E." Mr Macmillan said :

I am especially privileged to-night to be entrusted with what we Caledonians consider to be "the toast of the evening"—that of my good friend Mr Walter Leitch, a sentiment which I am particularly proud to submit to you, as I have probably had closer relationship with Mr Leitch than any other member of the Society.

I have invariably admired Mr Leitch for his great charm of manner, that wonderfully genial and free disposition, that air of good fellowship which enables him to enter any company or any society and immediately get on the ground floor, and be received by all with the greatest enthusiasm. It may be due to his wonderfully happy married life, for although married for thirty-five years, he and his wife are still lovers. (Applause.)

Mr Leitch is a Border man, having been born in Roxburghshire, and he has had a most varied and successful career. He left the Borders at seventeen and came to London to enter the Civil Service. He only remained there for two years and then joined the engineering firm of

Joseph Baker & Sons. So successful was he there, and so much did the firm think of him, that at the age of only twenty-two he was asked if he would go to Australia to start a business for them there ; and so, in August, 1890, young Leitch went to Melbourne, where he distinguished himself by building up a good business. In doing so he had to travel from time to time from one end of Australia to the other, visiting New Zealand, and paying periodical visits to this country in order to keep himself abreast of modern developments in machinery.

In 1912 Mr Leitch left Australia to join the board of his company in London. In 1914 it was necessary, for business reasons, to return to Australia for about three months. The War broke out, however, and the Commonwealth Government asked him if he would be Director of Munitions, and he served in that capacity (with two other gentlemen) until the termination of the War, only resigning on Armistice Day. He came back to London, but found that the business required his living in America. He joined the board of the new company which Joseph Baker & Son, Ltd., had formed ; but after living three years in America he decided to retire from business and he and Mrs Leitch returned to live in Australia to take life easy. A fortnight after his arrival the Hughes Government asked him to perform a public service, and he was appointed to the Commonwealth Tariff Board. He served for seven years on that Board, and then resigned in order to have a holiday in the Old Country. While he was in the Indian Ocean on the way home, he received a cablegram from the Premier of Victoria asking if he would accept the position of Agent-General for the State of Victoria, in London. He replied that he was "a tired man" and required six months' holiday ; but another cablegram was received pressing him to accept the position and expressing the hope that three months' holiday (instead of six) would be sufficient. He accepted the position. (Applause.)

When he came to London he naturally wished to rejoin the Caledonian Society. This was during my year as President, and by the unanimous vote of the Council he was elected, a new rule enabling him to become a member at once. (Applause.)

With these words of commendation of the toast, I ask you to drink to the continued good health and happiness of Mr and Mrs Walter Leitch. (Loud applause.)

Mr Leitch was heartily received when he rose to reply.

I am deeply moved (said Mr Leitch) by the wonderful eulogy of my friend John Macmillan. I am deeply conscious of the honour which the Caledonian Society of London has conferred upon me in making me their guest of honour, and in presenting me with the Gold Badge of the Society, which I shall wear at all the Scottish gatherings which I am sure I shall attend when I reach the other side.

He could not help, he said, contrasting his position now and when he was earning his living at sixteen years of age, having left his native village of Edgerston to come to London. His assets then were : £5 in British Linen Bank notes, a wonderful constitution, and his friends. The greatest assets a man can have are good friends ; and he, Mr Leitch,

had many such, including many members of the Caledonian Society of London. On the evening in 1913 when he was admitted to the Society, he was presented to the President, Sir George Paton, marched round the room like a haggis, and was quite happy until called upon to speak. He remembered his speech: "Brother Caledonians, speech is silvern, silence is golden, and as Solomon said, 'Brevity is the soul of wit.'" Someone questioned his quotation as being from Solomon's songs, which showed the Scots interest in the Bible. (Laughter.)

Mr Leitch said he was probably the most honoured man in the Caledonian Society. When he went to Australia, of course, he ceased to be a member of the Society, but when he returned to London his name was again submitted for membership. He was told that he might be on the waiting list for five years, and as he was expecting to return to Australia in three years he was despondent about membership; but the Society had the rules altered and he was immediately admitted. To-night the Society had again departed from their rules to honour him with their Gold Badge, which was reserved for Past-Presidents and other officials who had rendered great service to the Society. Naturally, he was proud of the distinction which had been conferred upon him, and he thanked them from the bottom of his heart.

Victoria will very soon celebrate its centenary, and he hoped that among the many British people who were expected, Scotsmen, and particularly members of that Society, would be included. He assured them they would be welcome, for the Scottish connection with Australia was a close one, and he believed that they in Australia knew more about Scotsmen than Scotsmen knew about them. This was not exactly proved by the following cross-examination of some school children at Ballarat:

The late Robert Macgregor (said Mr Leitch) was member of Parliament for Ballarat East. He was on a visit to the Ballarat Orphanage with the Director of Education, Mr F. Tate. At the Orphanage a boys' class was busy at a history lesson. The subject was the Spanish Armada, and Mr Tate asked who were the combatants. "The English and the Spaniards," came the reply. "Where were the Scots?" asked the Director. "Oh, they were at home; they were not fighting." Mr Macgregor did not seem to be satisfied, so he took the class. One boy gave a spirited account of the fight. "What happened next?" queried Mr Macgregor to a boy in the back row. "Please, sir," said he, "the Spaniards tried to creep round the North of Scotland." "Well, what happened next?" The boy answered: "A great storm arose and some of the ships were wrecked." "Yes," said the M.P., "go on." "And a lot of the sailors were drowned," said the boy. "Yes," shouted Mr Macgregor, "go on." "And," faltered the boy, "those that got ashore were eaten by the natives." (Loud laughter.)

Mr Macmillan had referred to his Border origin. Well, he was proud of it. His forebears had to fight to stem the tide of the English invasion on one side and the thieving Highlanders on the other. And when there were neither Englishmen nor Highlanders to fight, they just fought among themselves. (Laughter.) Mr Leitch concluded by saying that any success that had attended him in his life had been mainly through the love and assistance of his wife, who had been his guardian angel. (Applause.)

Proposing the toast, "Our Guests," Mr J. B. Rintoul said :

If anyone should wonder why, when there are a hundred members of the Caledonian Society, I should have been selected to propose this toast, I can only explain it by saying that I was requested to do so by the President, and any request from that direction is always received by every good Caledonian with the highest respect. At the outset, let me say that the toast of "The Guests" on an occasion such as this is different from a similar toast on other occasions; frequently in this toast are included a number of more or less uninteresting men, and probably a more or less uninteresting man responds. But to-night—What makes the Assembly shine, what makes the ball so fine? The Ladies! they add grace and charm and gaiety and colour, and we hope they have enjoyed being with us to-night, so far, as much as we have enjoyed their company.

The President has told you that the Caledonian Society of London has its roots deep in the Victorian age, and there are just two things to which I should like to refer, and which I think the ladies should know with regard to the inner working of the Society to which their husbands and men friends are so proud to belong. The first is that the ordinary monthly meetings of the Society are over at ten o'clock precisely. I think you ought to know that. One member, who lives in the neighbourhood, has stated that if he could run home he could be safe in his connubial hut by ten-fifteen, and in bed by ten-thirty! Not all are so fortunate. Sometimes one meets an old friend, and old ties have to be cemented; or it may be a new one, where the welcome has to be completed. But these delays are, I can assure you, unavoidable, excusable, and sometimes very pleasant. (Laughter.) The other thing is that the Hon. Secretary of the Caledonian Society of London is almost always a total abstainer. Although this is only a tradition, it has almost become an unwritten law. It has been my privilege, since I was admitted a Caledonian about eight years ago, to sit at the Secretary's table. I regard it as a signal act of personal friendship. When I first joined this happy party, Peter McFarlane, whose absence to-night the President has deplored, was the Hon. Secretary, and he had in front of him a jug of abnormal size, containing a multi-coloured fruit drink, which Peter was, I think, compelled to drink himself. When Peter passed on to adorn the office of President, he was succeeded by our honoured friend John Brown. Same old jug! Same old coloured fluid! (Laughter.) And whenever I look round and see a man with a jug of fruit drink in front of him I think to myself, "Next Secretary!" (Laughter.) I think the ladies ought to know these things about our Society and the good company they are in.

Before I leave the "Ladies," and pass on to the more uninteresting part of my toast, I would just like to say this: I have referred to the grace and charm of the ladies. I think it is only right to say that the fact that they are able to exert those charms is due largely to their sympathetic and unselfish husbands and men friends. I think that is only fair! (Laughter.)

And now for the Men. We have many distinguished gentlemen guests to-night, and the toast is to be responded to by a gentleman who

is an Irishman and who is a barrister by profession. He nearly jumped down my throat just now in his haste to tell me that he had married a Scottish lady. I don't know much about lawyers; in fact, I think most modest Scotsmen fight shy of them. My one memorable experience with the profession was many years ago, when I had the unenviable experience of being cross-examined by the late Sir Frank Lockwood, when he was Attorney-General, for two periods of about twenty minutes each, and although I was a disinterested witness, after I had given my evidence I quickly got in touch on the 'phone with my firm, in case I should be put in the clink for not speaking the truth! I think I ought to mention that I went to school with two men who afterwards became great ornaments at the Bar. To be strictly correct I did not really go to school with them. They went to the same school just after I had left. I refer to the late Sir James Melville, K.C., M.P., who was Solicitor-General in the first Labour Government; and Mr J. D. Cassells, K.C., M.P., the present Recorder of Brighton. As one shines by reflected glory, I think it wise to mention these things, first to show that, at least, one did go to school with respectable people! (Laughter.)

One of the conditions imposed upon me by the President when he invited me to speak to-night was that I should be brief—I hope I have not exceeded the bounds of good taste in that respect.

I now ask you to rise and drink the toast of "The Guests"—the ladies and gentlemen, coupled with the name of Mr Lucius Byrne."

Mr Lucius W. Byrne, barrister, in replying, said that, as an Irishman with a Scots mother and a Scots wife, he was in a position to pay a tribute to Scots people, whose hospitality, national unity, and national sentiment were known throughout the world. Here we have a small country, of varied clime and soil, an ill-marked frontier, but with a populace who carry with them wherever they go—and they went to the uttermost parts of the earth—this wonderful national sentiment which welds the whole people together. What the magic of Scotland was, he did not know, but when he and his wife crossed the Border she got a few more revolutions out of the engine of their car, and when she took that glorious road to the Isles the engine sang in unison with her heart. (Applause.)

The Scots people were a warm-hearted hospitable people, and he thanked them that evening for their abundant hospitality. (Applause.)

Mr Walter Leitch proposed "The President," and in doing so said their President was like a broken-down

drum. It can't be beaten ! The fact that Mr Kennedy had been elected President was a sufficient passport to the best society where character counted for more than social position. Not only was he President, but he is the son of a President, and as the Caledonian Society select as their presidents men of sterling character, it was not necessary for him to eulogize Mr R. S. Kennedy, who had conducted their meetings throughout the Session in a manner that left the Society in a stronger position than ever. (Applause.)

The President replied, and in thanking the gathering for the toast, said the support of the officials and the members had made his year of office a pleasant one.

The musical programme was a brilliant one. Miss Catherine Stewart sang with great feeling, in her rich contralto voice, " Braw, braw lads," " Turn ye to me," " The Skye boat song " ; and Mr William Heughan's powerful voice was heard in " Sound the Pibroch," " Tullochgorum," " Macgregor's Gathering," and his last, an encore song, " Scots wha hae," roused the audience to great enthusiasm.

Pipe-Major Murdo Mackenzie, after " The Piper's Toast," played with great spirit, " The barren rocks of Aden," " Munlochy Bridge," and " The wind that shakes the barley."

The great success of the evening was due in large measure to the careful arrangements of Mr John A. Brown, who was entirely responsible for the framing and carrying out of the programme.

OFFICE-BEARERS FOR 1933-1934.

At the Council's last meeting of the Session—the President in the chair—held at the Holborn Restaurant on Thursday, 19th October, the Committee appointed to select a President and Vice-President unanimously nominated Mr Alexander Macdonald and Mr William

Miln as President and Vice-President respectively for Session 1933-1934. The proposals of the Committee were heartily endorsed by the Council.

Sir Walter Leitch, Vice-President, who had received his knighthood when on the high seas *en route* for Australia, sent his thanks for the Society's congratulations. On his return to Australia, Sir Walter had had a most hearty reception; he had been elected President of the Melbourne Scots; and everywhere the gold badge with which the Caledonian Society of London had honoured him had been greatly admired.

RESIGNATION OF HON. AUDITOR.

Members heard at this meeting the sad news that Mr Robert Davidson, who had been Auditor for many years, had been obliged for health reasons to resign his office. A letter in appreciation of Mr Davidson's long service to the Society was ordered to be sent. Mr J. B. Rintoul was elected to be Auditor.

SEVENTEEN NEW MEMBERS.

During Session 1932-1933 the following seventeen new members were elected:

Ian MacDonald Bailey, Ronald Graham Bailey, David Fairley, John Macgregor Forbes, Henry John Gibbons, William George Gray, William Henry Harries, James Murray Napier, Alexander Newlands, C.B.E., Andrew Picken, Donald Alasdair Robertson, Dr Douglas Hay Scott, John Lumsden Stewart, Robert Stewart (1), Robert Stewart (2), Robert Reid Tait, Robert Tweedie Wilson.

Three deaths had to be recorded: Christian H. Gray, who joined the Society in 1922; Andrew Hepburn, 1915; and James Hamilton, 1921.

The present membership is: Council, 30; Life

Members, 17; Ordinary Members, 91; Honorary Members, 2. Total, 140.

Obituary

MR ANDREW HEPBURN.

Mr Andrew Hepburn, who became a member of the Society in 1915, died on 30th January, 1933, the day before the seventy-eighth anniversary of his birthday. He was born in Dundee in the year 1855, came to London when fourteen years old, and entered the office of Messrs Porteous & Senior, shipbrokers. When he left the scene of his early work, he joined the firm which became Messrs Hunt, Leuchars, & Hepburn, London and Durban. In 1882, when twenty-seven years of age, Mr Hepburn became a partner. In 1916 he became a director of Bryant & May, his previous connection with the Lion Match Company of South Africa having given him experience of the match industry.

Besides being a director of the companies mentioned, Mr Hepburn was on the board of the British Match Corporation, the British East Africa Corporation, the Natal Estates, Ltd., and the Dundee Coal Co., Ltd., of Natal.

In an appreciative notice of Mr Hepburn's business and social life, in which reference is made to "his shrewd practical advice and judgment" being of great value and the fact that "his wise counsel will be much missed," "The Brymay Magazine" (the house organ of Messrs. Bryant & May) says:

Through all his business career he was closely associated with South Africa, and so frequent were his visits to that country that we believe he was as well known and esteemed in Durban and Cape Town—in fact, throughout South Africa—as he was in London, and his loss will also be deeply felt there.

Mr Hepburn, who was a keen sportsman, was universally liked and respected by every one with whom he came in contact. His many friends mourn his passing, but will look back on his long life as that of

a shrewd and upright business man, sympathetic, kindly and generous, whose chief aim was to leave the world better than he found it.

The funeral service, which was largely attended, was held on the 2nd February, in Brompton Parish Church, London, and his body was laid to rest at Chingford Mount Cemetery, Essex, beside that of his wife, who died in May 1908.

CHAPTER IV

1933-1934 : MR ALEXANDER MACDONALD,
President.

An Insurance Chief as President : Retirement of Mr T. R. Moncrieff : Sentiments—"The Humour of the Scottish Soldier," by Captain the Hon. Ivan Hay ; "The Bairds of Gartsherrie," by Dr J. M. Bulloch ; "The Scot as Banker," by Mr T. M. Stephen ; "The Scot as Artist," by Mr Joseph Gray ; "A Scottish Layman's Job in India," by Mr T. Collet : The Death of Past-President T. R. Moncrieff. Festival : Sir Thomas Catto on Scots in India ; the President on the Society. A Gift from New South Wales. Obituary—Past-President Thomas Reid Moncrieff ; Past-President Sir George William Paton.

THE insurance world has always been well represented in the membership of the Society, but seldom, if ever, has the Presidential chair been filled by a member of the profession.

Mr Alexander MacDonal, who was called to the chair in 1933-1934, was born in London and after spending several years in general office work in the City of London began his insurance career in the Edinburgh Life Company in 1906. It was in the following year that he began his long and successful connection with the Royal Exchange. In succession he held the offices of South-West London District Manager, Agency Manager, General Manager for Canada,



ALEXANDER MACDONALD
President 1923-1934

Joint Secretary at the Head Office, and ultimately the highest managerial position in the company, namely, General Manager.

Mr MacDonald has taken an active part in insurance matters outside his own company, for he is a vice-president of the Insurance Institute of London; and he is a member of the General Committee of the Insurance Clerks' Institute and of the Insurance Clerks' Benevolent Fund.

Our new President has been active in the work of Scotland in London. He joined the Caledonian Society in 1913; was a member of Council in the following Session; and Hon. Treasurer in 1927.

He has taken a particularly keen interest in the work of the Scottish Clans Association of London. He was Hon. Secretary, 1906-1909; Hon. Secretary of the Burns Night Concert, 1910-1913; President, 1914-1916; and Chief, 1916-1918.

Mr MacDonald is a Managing Governor of the Royal Scottish Corporation, and he was an original member of the Council of Federated Council of Scottish Associations.

He is a member of the Highland Society and of the Council of the Glasgow and Lanarkshire Association.

Mr MacDonald thus entered on his duties as President of our Society fully charged with the importance of the work of our fellow-countrymen in London.

A TRIBUTE TO MR MONCRIEFF.

At the meeting of the Council in October, 1933, it was reported that, owing to continued illness, Past-President T. R. Moncrieff had intimated his retirement from the secretaryship of the Royal Scottish Corporation.

A resolution of sympathy was passed unanimously, and the Hon. Secretary sent the following excerpt from the minutes to Mr Moncrieff :

“ The Council having been informed of the impending retirement of Mr T. R. Moncrieff, Secretary to the Royal Scottish Corporation, it was resolved that the Society enter in its minutes an expression of the members' gratitude to Mr. Moncrieff for the valuable work he had performed for the Society as member of Council, Hon. Treasurer, Vice-President and President ; to offer the Society's thanks to Mr Moncrieff for the many services he had rendered to the Scottish community in London ; and to send an expression of the members' congratulations on the great progress that had been made by the Royal Scottish Corporation during the thirty-five years that he had acted as its Secretary.

“ The fact that in 1898, when Mr Moncrieff was appointed Secretary, the invested funds of the Corporation were £55,000 and that to-day, when he lays down office, those funds are valued at nearly a quarter of a million, gives some idea of the great work that he has done for the Corporation, between which and the Caledonian Society there had ever been a close fraternal connection.

“ The Council further expresses the sincere hope that Mr Moncrieff may be speedily restored to his usual good health, and be able to resume his place in the counsels of the Society.”

OFFICE-BEARERS FOR SESSION 1933-1934.

At the meeting of the Council on 9th November, 1933, the following members were nominated for the other offices for the ensuing Session ; and at the

subsequent General Meeting these were confirmed: Vice-President, William Miln; Hon. Secretary, John A. Brown; Hon. Treasurer, R. R. Wilson; Hon. Auditor, John B. Rintoul; Hon. Historian, William Will; Members of Council: John MacLaren, A. Macmurchie, Capt. J. J. Cameron, Ian C. M. Hill.

THE HUMOUR OF THE SCOTS SOLDIER.

The new President took the chair at the Little Dinner on 9th November, 1933, after the meetings at which his election was confirmed; and when the Royal Family had been toasted he thanked the members for the honour conferred upon him, and asked for their loyal support.

In introducing Captain the Hon. Ivan Hay, who was to give the Sentiment, "The Humour of the Scottish Soldier," Mr MacDonald said that their guest was the son of one of the oldest families in Scotland, and they welcomed him not because of that, but because he was one of themselves, and they were "a' John Tamson's bairns."

Captain Hay first spoke of the reckless bravery of the Scottish soldier, who never lost his keen sense of the humorous. Among the many splendid stories that Captain Hay told was one about two privates in a Scottish regiment during the Great War. They were twins, so much alike that it was almost impossible for anyone to tell one from the other. They were both taken prisoners after a big push. In the prison camp they were detailed for work with different non-commissioned officers. Tiring of his internment, one of the brothers escaped, and the remaining one, to cover up his brother's tracks, reported himself at the different hours necessary to the two non-commissioned officers. Not until night, when the roll call was made, was it discovered that one of the two Privates Macpherson

had left. There immediately arose a hubbub between the two non-coms. as to whose Macpherson had escaped. The men almost came to blows, and there appeared the Camp Commandant to whom the two Germans declared that the Macpherson before him was their servant, for he had attended them at the regular hours. The Commandant turning to the Scot shouted: "Who are you?" to which Macpherson solemnly declared: "Please, sir, Awm my brither."

But the escaping Macpherson was not at large long, for he was captured and brought back to camp. For his offence he was sentenced to six weeks solitary confinement in a building adjoining the camp. In the course of a few days, the free Macpherson was allowed to go to his brother with the contents of a parcel from home. When the prisoner had received his parcel, he immediately, by arrangement with his double, left the prison, returning the next day to relieve the inoffensive brother, and for the remainder of the term of solitary confinement this exhilarating game of shuttle-cock and battledore, this game of Cox and Box, went on.

Captain Hay, who has a great fund of anecdotes referring to Scottish soldiers, kept the members in great good humour for twenty minutes.

The President thanked Captain Hay for his interesting Sentiment, and the Captain happily replied.

Captain Macleod, a brother Scot from Australia, who was on a visit to the old country, was so disappointed with the Chairman's mallet that he there and then offered, through the President, a new mallet.

Captain Macleod further entertained the audience to a racy recitation, "A wee Scots nicht."

The toast "The Past-Presidents" was given by Mr William Miln, the new Vice-President, who spoke of his gratitude to the members for placing him in the Vice-President's chair. He had, he said, served under twelve Presidents: Sir George Paton, T. R. Moncrieff,

John Douglas, William Will, Dr Cameron Stuart, Rev. Dr Fleming, William Blane, J. F. McLeod, John Macmillan, A. Bain Irvine, Peter McFarlane, and, of course, Mr Kennedy, the retiring President. All were men of the highest integrity, who had risen to the top of whatever sphere in life they had entered. "Although," said Mr Miln, "their positions carry great responsibilities, they are all men ever ready to extend a helping hand to those who have been less fortunate in life than themselves."

Mr Miln said that he wished to pay a special tribute to their past and present historians, John Douglas and William Will, for the time and thought they have given and still gave to preserving the history of their Society. Without this history the Society could not maintain its position as being among the foremost associations connected with their dear old land. The Vice-President further spoke of the unbounded energy and good work which Mr McFarlane had given to the business of the Society as Secretary and later as President; and referred to the absence through illness of Mr T. R. Moncrieff and Mr Bain Irvine. Mr Miln suggested that a telegram be sent to Mr Moncrieff conveying their good wishes for a speedy recovery to health.

The toast was coupled with the name of Past-President John Douglas, who, in replying, said he would like first to thank and congratulate Mr Miln on the admirable manner in which he had proposed his first toast from the chair. Mr Douglas said he had known thirty fine men who had been Presidents of the Society, men whom he had been able to call personal friends. These Past-Presidents were all stalwarts, all men eminent in the professions and businesses, for the Caledonian Society had always kept a high standard. He recalled the men, many of whom were known by the songs they sang. There was General Don, who told

Mr Douglas that every time he sang " My bonnie Jean " he saw his wife before him. Sir James Cantley sang with tremendous gusto " The Tinkers' Waddin'," and Mr Moncrieff since ever he (the speaker) could remember sang with great cheerfulness at the first meeting in each year " Here's to the year that's awa'." Mr Douglas referred feelingly to the long and serious illness of Mr Moncrieff, whose whole being was bound up in the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Caledonian Society.

He (Mr Douglas) was a link between the old and the new. He admired the old and he liked the new. He concluded his remarks by saying that it was a personal joy to him to see his son-in-law, Alexander Macdonald, installed that day in the Presidential chair. (Applause.)

Past-President P. N. McFarlane proposed " The Guests," and Dr Macdonald replied.

During the meeting five new members were presented to the President, who, having addressed them, gave the toast of their health. The new members were : Robert Reid Tait, Alexander Newlands, Robert Tweedie Wilson, Donald A. Robertson, and David Fairlie.

A GIFT FROM AUSTRALIA.

At the General Meeting, in the Holborn Restaurant, on 14th December, 1933, the President announced that Mr Murdoch Macleod, New South Wales, who had been present at the November dinner as his guest, had presented to the Society a gavel for the use of the President, as a memento of a very happy evening spent with his brother Scots in London.

The gavel, which is made of timber and copper from Nelson's flagships *Victory* and *Foudroyant*, bears

the following inscription : " Presented to the Caledonian Society of London by Murdoch Macleod, 9th November, 1933."

It was cordially and unanimously resolved to accept the gift and to request the President to convey to Mr Macleod the Council's grateful appreciation of his kindness in making such a valued and acceptable gift to the Society.

THE BAIRD IRONMASTERS.

Dr J. M. Bulloch, who has often given the Society samples of his extraordinarily versatile mind, gave the Sentiment after the Little Dinner on Thursday, 14th December, 1933, at the Holborn Restaurant. Dr Bulloch was introduced by the President as one of the best-informed Scotsmen in London, and in matters concerning the history of leading Scots families he was a walking Debrett. Dr Bulloch was that night to tell them something about that wonderful family the Bairds of Gartsherrie.

Dr Bulloch questioned the authenticity of many of the President's assertions regarding himself, but he was always delighted to be with his ain fowk of the Caledonian Society. Regarding the Bairds of Gartsherrie, he said :

Exactly one hundred years ago to-night a remarkable man, Alexander Baird, was dying on his farm of Newmains, Coatbridge, and he did die nine days later, on 23rd December. Born in 1765 on the small farm of Woodhead, in the parish of Old Monkland, he began working a mine near Dalsersf in 1809. He took another mine at Rochsolloch in 1816, and installed his eldest son, William, in it as manager, ultimately introducing six of his other sons, and before the last of them died, exactly sixty years later, they had left something like nine or ten millions between them.

That is one of the most remarkable episodes in the history of industrial enterprize that Scotland has ever produced, and affords an interesting opportunity for examining how the Scot can apply himself to industry, even under the most unfavourable circumstances.

The Bairds of Gartsherrie, who never have owned Gartsherrie, but simply worked it, and worked it out, had apparently been small farmers for generations in the parish of Old Monkland, where their first known

ancestor was born about 1659. He, too, was called Alexander, and he, too, showed strength, though in a physical sense, for he was known as Double-ribbed Sandy. The father of the eight Baird brothers was his great-grandson.

The latter may be said to have started at zero, for he had not even anything approaching a wheel on his little farm, the crop being brought in by a sledge, and the manure spread from the panniers of ponies, but, fortunately for him, he married a very powerful woman, a servant lass named Jean Moffat, who started a dairy on the little farm with seven cows, and used to carry her butter on her back into Glasgow seven miles, tramping seven miles back again. She ruled her eight sons and two daughters with a rod of iron, allotting every one of them his or her task on the farm, and the same method was used in the mines.

The financial brain of the business was the eldest son, William, to whom and his three younger brothers the father gave over all his leases in 1830, three years before he died. The marketing of the coal was assigned to the third son, Alexander; the mechanical side to James, who was to found the Baird lectures; and the three younger sons each had his tasks, and were admitted with half shares into the firm of William Baird and Company.

The Baird brothers never lost their interest in land, and it was that that made them buy £2,000,000 of estates, situated in nine counties.

It is a notorious fact that great soldiers have few sons or none, and it is equally true of the eight Bairds as captains of industry, for three of them did not marry, one had no issue, and the other four had between them nine sons and eight daughters, and the eight brothers worked so hard that only two of them lived to be septuagenarians, the average age at death being sixty years.

James Baird, in many ways the most forceful, and certainly the most articulate of the eight brothers, was the only one of the group to tell us, as he did in the rare, privately printed history of the family issued in Glasgow in 1875, just how it came about that a farmer and his eight farmer sons could become great mine developers, one blast furnace actually constructed by James with his own hands, and ultimately blossoming out into nearly fifty blast furnaces, producing 300,000 tons of iron a year, and employing 10,000 men.

In his reminiscences printed in this volume he expressed the fear that the "clogs-to-clogs" theory, to use the Lancashire phrase, would in all probability act in the matter of the Bairds; and sure enough it did so in the case of George Alexander Baird, the only child of the seventh son, George Baird of Auchmedden, Aberdeenshire. Incidentally, it may be stated that this estate had been bought by the fifth son, Robert, in 1855, because the lands had been held for two and a half centuries by another family of Baird, with whose line the Gartsherrie group wished to establish contacts. It is a highly ironical fact that Auchmedden should have been inherited from James, with his "clogs-to-clogs" doubt, by his nephew George Alexander, who was born in 1861 and started life with something like £3,000,000. Expelled from Eton, he took to racing in 1879, was warned off the turf in 1882 for trying to ride down Lord Harrington, and on being restored in 1884 under the name of "Mr Abington," was the first gentleman jockey to be licensed to ride with professionals.

In racing he showed some of the intense desire to master his business that had marked his father and uncles, but he ultimately took up with prize fighters, and had a most lurid career in London, figuring, for example, between 29th February and 7th March, 1890, in the Divorce Court as mulcted co-respondent; in the police-court as witness to a brutal assault in his house near Berkeley Square; and then in the High Court as the unsuccessful plaintiff in an attempt to restrain the Pelican Club from expelling him.

He went, in the spring of 1893, to Chicago for the fight between Mitchell and Corbett, whom he backed, between them, for £12,000. Before the fight could take place he acted as second at New Orleans in the fight between Jem Hall and Fitzsimmons, caught pneumonia, and died. He was brought back in the same ship, the *Majestic*, to the same port, Liverpool (from which he had sailed), a month after he set out, lying in his coffin, embalmed, in evening dress, aged thirty-two; and he was buried beside his father at Stichill, one of his estates which he had not seen for years, a touch of drama being lent the situation by Charlie Mitchell, his prize-fighting crony, hanging about the outskirts of the churchyard.

The following table gives some details of the amazing family :

	<i>Age.</i>	<i>Sons.</i>	<i>Daughters.</i>	<i>Estate.</i>
WILLIAM (1796-1864)	68	6	5	Elie
JOHN (1798-1870)	72	2	1	Lochwood
ALEXANDER (1799-1862)	63	Unmarried		Urie
JAMES (1802-1876)	74	Twice married		{ Cambusdoon Knoydart
ROBERT (1806-1856)	50	Unmarried		Auchmedden
DOUGLAS (1808-1854)	46	0	2	Closeburn
GEORGE (1810-1870)	60	1	0	Stichill
DAVID (1816-1860)	54	Unmarried		Stichill
	487	9	8	9 counties

The President thanked Dr Bulloch for his illuminating Sentiment, and Dr Bulloch in reply said he had given but one-tenth part of the interesting story of the family founded by William Baird.

Rev. Dr Fleming, Past-President, in proposing "Our Guests," said that sometimes he had no text and sometimes he had no sermon. To-night he had neither. But nobody could follow Dr J. M. Bulloch without having something to say. Dr Bulloch, he said, was a specialist on the letter B—Baird, Bulloch, and Burns; and on all of these he was an authority. He coupled with the toast Mr Gisborne, solicitor. When giving

the toast of our friends present, let them not forget absent friends. Let them specially remember Mr Moncrieff. Our hearts were with him, as his was with us.

Mr Gisborne, son-in-law of Sir William Noble, suitably replied.

During the evening, Mr Bailey, a new member, was introduced, the President, Mr MacDonald, remarking when proposing Mr Bailey's health that he was the second generation of his family connected with the Society.

Mr John B. Rintoul told some pawky stories, and Mr Davidson sang with great spirit "The March of the Cameron Men."

THE SCOT AS BANKER.

At the Council meeting held at the Holborn Restaurant on the 11th January, 1934, the President referred to the Society's property, cups, banners, etc., and suggested the advisability of having a small committee to draw up an inventory of the property and its whereabouts, and take steps to have it protected.

The suggestion was adopted and the President, Vice-President, Hon. Secretary, and Hon. Historian were appointed a committee to report.

At the Little Dinner, which was largely attended, the President asked Mr T. M. Stephen, a banker himself, to give his Sentiment "The Scot as Banker." Mr MacDonald said that Mr Stephen was an ardent member of the Society; he had studied his subject, and we would hear, he was sure, how the Scot had adapted himself to the banking profession in all parts of the world.

Mr Stephen said :

In a community consisting largely of amateur and professional economists, the financial situation, and its effects on industry and trade, are topics of general and perhaps interminable discussion. Most people

are aware that trade and industry are greatly assisted, directly and indirectly, by credit administered by the banks. In the last few years the banks' administration of credit has attracted a mass of criticism, and all kinds of theories have been advanced as to the true functions of banking institutions in the community.

The principles of banking, which have been evolved through the experience of Scotland from very early times, have provided such an example for the rest of the world that the system has from time to time been regarded as a model for others to follow. Its essential features have been the subject of Government enquiries in the United States, in France, and other Continental countries. It may therefore be of interest to a gathering such as this, briefly to review some of the distinctive features of Scottish banking, its development, and its contribution to banking throughout the Empire.

To the student of history, the outstanding feature of Scottish banking is its suitability to the circumstances of the country and the genius of the people. This is a fact quite unusual in most countries. Elsewhere the State has inspired their foundation, moulded their character, and limited their powers and functions from the beginning. In Scotland, however, the share of the State was practically confined to the grant of Charters to the earliest institutions, with the result that principles and practice founded on the experience of the first Scottish bankers gradually took form in accordance with the requirements of the nation.

When banking began in Scotland at the end of the seventeenth century, she was marked out as one of the poorest countries in the whole world. At that time agriculture was the main industry of the people, but methods of cultivation were so primitive that part of the population was often on the verge of famine. Having no means to buy food abroad, a bad harvest inevitably resulted in people dying from starvation in many districts. Scotland's only exports then were coal, fish, a small quantity of linen, and 20,000-30,000 head of cattle, sold annually to England at prices between £1 and £2 sterling. In these inauspicious circumstances the Bank of Scotland was founded in 1696. Seven of the Bank's first Directors, including the Governor, were London citizens of Scottish descent, and the other seven, including the Deputy Governor, were merchants in Edinburgh. The Bank's first Accountant was a man well known to all those who received their education in Edinburgh—George Watson, founder of the Hospital, now the College, which still bears his name.

The Bank's charter gave it a monopoly for twenty-one years, and another clause of its constitution which reflected the wisdom of its founders prohibited it from employing its funds in any trade or business save that of banking, a provision which had it been inserted in the constitution of many other banks, would have saved them from disaster.

In the year of its foundation, the Bank opened four branches, at Glasgow, Aberdeen, Dundee, and Montrose, but these were closed a year later, as the times were not ripe for this development. The experiment, however, is characteristic of the enterprize of the Scottish banker.

The Bank, from its commencement, issued notes of varying denominations from £100 down to £1. Such was the deficiency of capital and currency in Scotland at the time, that these notes became immedi-

ately of the utmost value to the community, as they gave trade its first impetus by fulfilling the functions of capital.

In 1707 the Union of Parliaments was accomplished. The relations between England and Scotland had been for some time of the worst possible description. Scots were rudely excluded from the English colonies and they had none of their own. Scotland at the time was suffering acutely from the calamitous failure of the Darien scheme, and enlightened men on both sides of the Border realized that if open warfare was to be avoided, a union was the only solution.

The Union, however, completely changed the picture, and before many years had passed the people discovered the material benefits of a union with their wealthy neighbours, as they got complete free trade with England and her colonies.

The financial arrangements were generous to Scotland. As the Scottish taxpayer would have to bear his part of the National Debt, Scotland was given a handsome equivalent, namely the sum of £398,085, settled largely by the issue of debentures, repayable in fifteen to thirty years. The shareholders in the Darien Company, who never expected to see any of their money again, were to get back every penny of their capital and interest at 5 per cent. to boot, and many a Scottish home was brighter for that clause in the Treaty, which was faithfully and fully performed.

The proprietors of the Equivalent soon formed themselves into a company, which was allowed an annuity of £10,000, and £600 per annum for interest, salaries, and expenses. The company seems very early to have entertained the temptation to make further profits by engaging in the business of banking, as the prosperity of the Bank of Scotland had dazzled them and many others.

The Bank of Scotland had regularly paid dividends which ranged from 6 to 30 per cent. Various overtures from time to time were made by the Equivalent Company for an amalgamation with them, but these were steadily declined. As the monopoly of banking granted to the Bank of Scotland had expired, the proprietors of the Equivalent Company petitioned Parliament, and after years of persistent effort they got a Charter enabling them to form a separate company called the Royal Bank of Scotland, which is the largest bank in Scotland. With its establishment a new era began, credit was no longer to run with feeble stream in former narrow channels, competition with its good and evil attendants had begun, new methods of banking were invented. An important and leading feature of Scottish banking was inaugurated at this time and the Royal Bank has the merit of having started it. I refer to the origin of the now well-known cash credit. Its universal adoption in after years by the other banks was an immense benefit to the community at large. In a poor but energetic country there are always many industrious and intelligent people who, from want of capital, are unable to exercise their powers beyond the limits of everyday requirements. If they are enabled, by the operation of credit, to increase their business, their profits are proportionally increased, and they are supplied with the means of repaying their creditors, and eventually accumulating private wealth. At the same time, the wealth of the nation is increased by the greater productiveness of national industry. Thus it was that Scotland advanced through the instrumentality of its

banking system, and in that system the practice of lending money without tangible security in reliance on the respectability of the applicant, guaranteed by two or three responsible persons, has been perhaps the most potent element. The superior effluence of the general public nowadays renders the cash-credit system of less importance in comparison with other departments of banking than formerly; indeed, it may be said to have been largely, if not entirely, superseded by more modern and less expensive instruments.

Relations between the two institutions were the reverse of friendly for the first three to four years. The first notes of the Royal Bank were issued in exchange for as much of the Bank of Scotland paper as could be got for money. Each of the two banks strove to make collections of the paper currency of the other, and by presenting them for payment in coin, without warning, in large quantities, endeavoured to embarrass the other. The Royal Bank was more successful at this business, and as the strife became very acute the directors of the Bank of Scotland decided upon the insertion of the famous Option Clause in their notes, by which they postponed payment for six months in the Bank's option.

The British Linen Company was formed in 1747, originally for the development of the linen industry. They issued notes and gradually their mercantile transactions extended throughout the country. They discounted bills, and granted accommodation, but very early they recognized the difficulty of conjoining trade and manufacture with the operations of banking, and in 1763 they withdrew from the former and have since confined themselves entirely to finance.

About thirty years later they had about twenty branches in full operation throughout the country, and may be said to have laid the foundation of branch banking, which was a significant feature of Scottish banking at a time when branch banking was unknown in any other country.

In the second half of the eighteenth century a large number of private banks came into being, the first and most notable being that of John Coutts & Co., the fortunes of which were amalgamated in 1773 with the banking house of Sir Wm. Forbes Hunter & Company.

With very few exceptions, the private bankers were also merchants and commission agents, a combination which characterized Scottish private banking through its history and which was very destructive to it.

The private banks, in their day, supplied a felt want, and played by no means an unimportant part in encouraging local enterprise. Not a few went into liquidation after a brief and inglorious career, while those of the better class were in course of time absorbed by the public institutions. The connections between a number of the private bankers and the Bank of Scotland and Royal Bank became very intimate, and partners of private banking firms not only got seats on the bank boards, but were believed to control the proceedings of the latter. Business men began to find it difficult to get accommodation on equitable terms. On the one hand, if they went to the private banks they paid larger commissions than the public banks would charge. On the other hand, if they went to the public banks direct, the private bankers, as directors of the public bank, turned down their applications for accommodation which they would readily have granted on terms more favourable to themselves at their own private offices.

The Commercial Bank of Scotland was started in 1810 to counteract this state of affairs. It was made a rule of its constitution that no private banker could hold the office of director. This was the beginning of the end of private banking in Scotland, and the next twenty to thirty years witnessed the decay of local banking and the development of National Banks on joint stock lines. The same year, 1810, witnessed the opening of the first Savings Bank, many of which are now large institutions, with expanding branch organizations.

The time at my disposal will not permit me to tell you more about the individual Scottish joint stock banks, with their systems of note issues and cash credits, which have been of such material assistance to Scottish enterprise. The development of Scottish banking is a fascinating story. The keen competition for, yet sympathetic treatment of, customers and their accounts, the common understanding and the conservative handling of resources, the opening up of offices in London, the amalgamations and fusions of interests with English banks, all of which leave Scottish banks stronger than ever, and better able than most banking institutions to stand the strains and shocks of troublous times.

There is romance in the story of many a Scot who made a name, and sometimes also a fortune, in banking. The career of William Pater-son is a case in point. Born in Dumfriesshire in 1658, he left London at the age of twenty-three and travelled on the Continent and later went to America, ultimately returning to England with a scheme for the establishment of a National Bank and a permanent National Debt. It took him three years to persuade the Government that this scheme was feasible, but this need not surprise us, seeing that he was only thirty-six years old at the time. He has left an imperishable monument to his imagination and ability as the creator of two of the greatest institutions in the world, the famous Bank of England, and the equally famous British National Debt.

The Scottish association with the Bank of England, however, has persisted in its personnel down to our own time. Its late Secretary, Mr Kenneth Graham, was a Scotsman, and he was the author of that most delightful book, "The Wind in the Willows." In his Life Letters, recently published by Methuen, is the following story :

A visitor who was being shown over the Bank remarked to one of the butlers about the success of Scots in London. He replied in all seriousness : " Yes, sir, the Bank's an example—the Governor's Scotch, the Chief Cashier is Scotch, the Secretary's Scotch, and so am I."

If more romance is wanted there is the case of the Drummonds. The founder walked from Edinburgh to London, as many another Scot has done before and since, and in 1716 founded Drummond's Bank, which two hundred years later was taken over by the Royal Bank of Scotland, but is still carried on under its historic name near Charing Cross. Not content with Drummond's, the Royal Bank acquired in recent years the West End Branch of the Bank of England and Williams Deacon's Bank.

There are many similar instances, but I can refer to only one other. Barclays Bank, whose name is derived from Robert Barclay of Ury, the famous Scottish Quaker, known as "the Apologist." His son and daughter married into two well-known banking houses, which ultimately

joined forces, and as recently as 1896 it was said that all the partners of Barclay, Bevan, Tritton & Co. could trace lineal or collateral descent from the Apologist. To-day that Bank has a network of over two thousand branches in England and Wales, and offices in many of the Dominions, Colonies, and elsewhere overseas.

In the Centenary History of the National Provincial Bank, which has just been issued, another example of the influence of Scottish banking is recorded. According to this volume, the originator of the National Provincial Bank had been so impressed with the achievements of Scottish joint stock banking that he set on foot an agitation for reforms in England with a view to the introduction of the Scottish system into England. His arguments were confirmed when at the end of 1825 a speculative outburst culminated in a crash. The writer states that although Scotland did not avoid trouble altogether, the Scottish joint stock banks all escaped, while in England no fewer than eighty commissions in bankruptcy were issued against country bankers, although a number of the broken firms were able to pay eventually 20s. in the £ and resumed business.

The Scottish system of education has been a prominent feature of the success of the Scot in banking. A couple of generations ago, arithmetic in particular was always well taught, and good handwriting was often a speciality. It has often been stated that the Scottish character was built up on porridge and the Shorter Catechism, but when I was at school *the Catechism had the multiplication table printed on its back cover.*

In the past, when salaries were low and promotion tardy, there was very strong reason why the young Scottish bank clerk should turn his eyes to other fields, and at an early period in his career you would generally find him preparing himself for possible better posts at home or abroad. The result was that, notwithstanding the love of country and of home, hundreds, nay, thousands of young men went forth to occupy in many cases, in time, the highest positions in the English banks, Canadian, South African, American, and Eastern banks, as well as in commerce and in the stock and discount markets of London. By this widespread migration of the Scot the methods evolved in this nursery of banking, the Scottish attitude of mind in financial matters has been diffused throughout the world.

Turning now to the Scottish influence overseas, the recently issued Report of the Royal Commission on Banking and Currency in Canada has drawn public attention to Canadian banking problems.

It is of interest to note that of the five reporting Commissioners, the only two non-Canadians were two Scots, viz. Lord Macmillan and Sir Charles Addis, the latter a well-known banker, with a wide range of knowledge of the theory as well as the practice of banking. The report specially refers to the powers conferred on Canadian banks "to open Branches or agencies" and states that "this policy, following Scottish precedent, has proved of much value to a country of great distances, and to industries dispersed over wide areas."

This system of Branch banking is one of the material differences between Canada and U.S.A., where the system of isolated individual institutions has resulted in widespread disaster and loss.

Lord Macmillan and his colleagues accept the view that the Canadian banking system is a direct descendant of the first Bank of the United

States, of whose Charter essential clauses were embodied in the first Charter of the Bank of Montreal. With all due respect, I prefer to accept the view expressed in the official publication issued by the Bank of Montreal to celebrate its centenary in 1917, from which I quote as follows :

"The majority of the first directorate were Scotchmen or bore Scotch names, and it was to be expected that in the conduct of the Bank they should follow the example of the institutions in their native land, and should seek in the colony 'to extend and to perpetuate for the farmer and merchant the benefits and stimulus of a system the worth of which Scotland's prosperity could abundantly prove.' One of the outstanding features of the system and now for many years also of English banking," the centenary publication goes on to say, "was the maintenance of numerous branches by a few banks of large capital, and the Montreal banks, in adopting that feature, introduced one of the elements of the remarkable elasticity for which the Canadian banking system has received so much praise."

This applies not only to the Bank of Montreal, but also to the other nine Chartered Banks now operating in Canada.

Time will not permit me to refer in detail to all these banks, and to the many able Scots who have assisted in their development. With one exception, therefore, I shall confine myself to names of Scots who have earned fame for themselves in connection with the building up of the Bank of Montreal, which after 117 years still holds the leading position amongst Canadian banks.

The exception is William Allan, born near Huntly, Aberdeenshire, in 1770. When only seventeen years of age he went out to Montreal and joined the then leading trading firm of Forsyth, Richardson & Co. before going on to another Forsyth at Niagara, and then to York, now the city of Toronto, where he soon became a leader in public affairs. My reason for making an exception in the case of Allan is that the foundations of Chartered banking in Canada date from 1821, when the Bank of Upper Canada, the first Chartered Bank, received its Charter. Its first President was this Scot from Huntly, who held office until 1835, *i.e.* for fourteen years, when he retired, to devote himself more to the affairs of the British-America Assurance Company, the first Canadian assurance company, of which he had been appointed first President in 1833.

William Allan died at the age of eighty-three. A son, who became speaker of the Senate, the Upper House of Canada, died at the age of seventy-nine, and a grandson, now seventy-three years of age, is a member of the Hudson's Bay Company and Chairman of its Canadian Committee.

Although the Bank of Montreal Charter did not receive the Royal assent until 1822, that Bank had been operating since 1817, under Articles of Association. One of the original subscribers was John Richardson, a Scot, born at Portsoy in 1755, who was a partner in Forsyth, Richardson & Co., the most prominent commercial house in Montreal at the time (*vide* Bank of Montreal Centenary No.).

One of the original Directors of the Bank of Montreal was John Forsyth, a native of Aberdeen, also a partner in Forsyth, Richardson & Co., who became Vice-President in 1825. His successor as Vice-

President was John Fleming, who sixty years earlier had been born in Aberdeenshire.

With these two Scots occupying such prominent positions in the commercial and banking life of Montreal, we can understand how William Allan, who also was one of the original shareholders of the Bank of Montreal, and many others were drawn from their homes in Scotland to found what then almost amounted to a new Scotland overseas.

John Fleming's successor as Vice-President of the Bank of Montreal was another Scot, Peter McGill, who was born in Wigtownshire in 1789. His proper name was McCutcheon. He migrated to Montreal at the age of twenty and later assumed the name of his uncle, John McGill, who also had been born in Wigtownshire (1752) but, after fighting through the American War of Independence, had settled in Canada, accumulated a fortune, and incidentally was a fellow Director of William Allan of the Bank of Upper Canada.

Peter McGill became head of the firm of Peter McGill & Co., and for thirty years was Vice-President and President (twenty-six years President) of the Bank of Montreal, a record to be proud of! He also was Chairman of the first railway company in Canada, Champlain & St. Lawrence.

I cannot trace whether these particular McGills were related to James McGill, the merchant and philanthropist, who was born in Glasgow in 1744, and emigrating to the American colonies, amassed the fortune which enabled him to leave sufficient to found the world-famous McGill University at Montreal.

While Peter McGill was still President of the Bank of Montreal, another Scot, R. B. Angus from Bathgate, joined the Bank and rose to be General Manager. Retiring from the service of the Bank to look after railway interests, he returned thirty years later to serve as President of the Bank when eighty years of age.

Mention of Angus and railway interests brings us to Donald A. Smith, who was born at Forres in 1820, and his second cousin, George Stephen, who was born at Dufftown in 1829. The latter, starting life as a draper in Aberdeen, built up a business in Montreal and from 1873 to 1881 served as Vice-President and President of the Bank of Montreal, ultimately becoming Lord Mount Stephen. Donald Smith, after many years' service with the Hudson's Bay Company in Canada, served the Bank of Montreal from 1882, first for five years as Vice-President and then for eighteen years as President and thereafter for nine years as Honorary President, a long spell of thirty-two years. For part of this period he also was Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company and High Commissioner for Canada in London, and, as you are all aware, became Lord Strathcona.

The names of these men still linger in Canada in connection with the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in which they both played leading parts.

Lord Strathcona's successor as President of the Bank of Montreal was George Alexander Drummond, who was born in Edinburgh in 1829, and for twenty-eight years served on the Board of the Bank—eighteen years as Vice-President and five years as President. His successor as President was the R. B. Angus already referred to.

As already indicated, one could devote a whole evening to the Scot

as a Canadian banker alone, but I must pass on without mentioning many names of bankers, past and present, who have done credit to the principles of Scottish banking in the leading British Dominion. Not only in Montreal, but in Toronto and other cities from the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts, you may hear familiar accents that remind you of our native land. Perhaps I may leave Canada with a remark on the wonderful vitality of the pioneers who blazed the trail there, Strathcona, Mount Stephen, and Angus, for instance, all reaching over ninety years of age.

In the Argentine, at the present time, most of the senior officials of the two large English banks are Scotch and the system of banking is the same as in Scotland.

Modern banking in India dates back to the constitution of the old Bank of Bengal, which received its first Charter in 1809 when it became government bankers with rights of note issue. For the first forty-five years of its existence, the Secretary of this Bank was a member of the Bengal Civil Service, but from the middle of last century until the beginning of this, the post of Secretary and Treasurer was held almost continuously by two Scots, viz. George Dickson and William Cruickshanks. Both were trained in Scottish banks, the former, if not both, in the old Caledonian Bank (which was taken over by the Bank of Scotland in 1907).

As long ago as 1867, Dickson strongly advocated the formation of one great Central Bank for India, but it was not until half a century later that the long-desired amalgamation of the three Presidency Banks of Bengal, Bombay, and Madras was effected by the formation in 1921 of the present Imperial Bank of India. At the time of the amalgamation, two of the three Secretaries and Treasurers of these three leading banks were Scots, Robert Aitken and Bernard Hunter, and during the intervening dozen years, four out of the seven Managing Governors of the Imperial Bank of India have been Scots (all being "knighted" for their services), the others being an Irishman, an Englishman, and an Australian!

The offices of the large Exchange banks operative in India and the East are largely manned by Scots, and I think I am right in saying that the Chief Managers in London of at least three of these Exchange banks are Scots.

Only last week the newspapers were full of tributes to the memory of Sir Robert Gibson, who had been Chairman of the Commonwealth Bank of Australia for the past thirty-seven years. Sir Robert was a native of Falkirk.

Sir James Elder, who received his training in Elgin, is now Chairman of the Commercial Bank of Australia.

In conclusion, I would like to make one reference to the Great War of 1914-1918. That was the supreme test of banking principles and the solidity of banking institutions all over the world. On the declaration of war, Scotland was far ahead of England. She had her own circulation of £1 notes. England, on the other hand, had to invent hers, and it took several days to make the necessary provision for the public. In hot haste a stock of paper destined for the manufacture of postage stamps was commandeered to make an emergency currency of £1 and 10s. notes.

It is fashionable to-day to decry and ridicule what the banks have been doing for industry during the past few years. It is often forgotten that the banks have frequently faced, without flinching, decisions which, had they merely studied their own interests, would have spread ruin throughout many districts and industries. To foreclose on advances or refuse further help to some of the large organizations which have been so badly hit since the War would have thrown thousands out of employment, brought misery into large cities, and indirectly affected the position of many tradesmen who supply the needs of the employees in their great businesses. Fortunately for Scotland, and for England too, the banks have taken a higher view of their duties to the community, and through assistance judiciously rendered they have kept many industrial concerns alive which otherwise would have collapsed; by giving time they have kept many customers solvent and so made a real contribution to the alleviation of unemployment.

In the last fifty years, Scotland alone has seen the number of banking offices increase from nine hundred to over two thousand; while the deposits of the public banks in Scotland to-day are over £262,000,000.

The banking policy in modern times has been justified by its results. The banks are not the dictators, but the servants of the community, and in the development of this service I hope you will feel, as I do, that Scotsmen have taken by no means an unimportant part.

The President, in asking the members to drink to Mr Stephen's health, and to give him their thanks for his most excellent Sentiment, said that Mr Stephen had shown what a wonderful figure the Scot had presented in banking. Knowing something of Canada, he could say that in our great Colony the banker was the guide, philosopher, and friend of the agriculturist, who was the backbone of the country.

The toast was drunk with Caledonian honours.

Mr Stephen returned thanks in lighter vein. In their profession, he said, they had to exercise great caution, but all the bankers were not so cautious as a friend of his who was asked if a certain tradesman was good for £50, as a loan to that extent had been suggested. "No," was the banker's reply, "make it fifty pence and exercise great caution"! In America the banking profession evidently was not held in high repute as it is here, for only the other day an American newspaper had announced, "America's latest colour scandal, White woman marries a banker." (Loud laughter.)

Sir Alexander Gibb, G.C.B., proposed the toast "The Guests," a toast, said Sir Alexander, that was always highly honoured by the Caledonian Society. They had many guests with them, but he was coupling the toast with only two, the Hon. Richard Linton, Agent-General for Victoria, and Mr Thomas Collet, the new secretary of the Royal Scottish Corporation. Sir Richard Linton was the representative of an old Scottish family, was born in New Zealand, and had done great service in the home of his adoption, Victoria. He was the founder of the Big Brother Movement in Australia, by which young lads of good character were sent from England and Scotland and were adopted by farmers and others, who made themselves responsible for the immigrants. The movement had been a tremendous success.

They hoped soon to see Mr Collet among them as a member of the Society.

The Hon. Richard Linton, Agent-General for Victoria, who had a warm welcome, told the members of the wonderful success of the Big Brother Movement, which he had had the honour and privilege of helping on, and how many of the boys who had been helped had, by becoming worthy citizens, justified the confidence put in them. Some of them had married the daughters of their employers, and had succeeded to the farms of their adopters and fathers-in-law. Mr Linton said he appreciated greatly the hospitality of the Society, and said he would convey to his compatriots in Australia the good wishes which the members had charged him with. To him that night was a memorable one.

Mr Collet, who was warmly received, said his position at that moment reminded him of a man in a northern town to whom he (Mr Collet), then an inspector of income tax, was putting some searching questions. The man was edging towards the door ; and when the

Inspector said : " Let me see, you have a Daimler car, haven't you ? " the victim said : " Lord, I wondered when you were comin' to that," and fled. That was his position. Now they had come to that and he couldn't fly. He thanked the Caledonians for their good fellowship.

During the evening, two new members, Mr James Robertson and Mr. R. R. Tait, were introduced, toasted, and returned thanks.

Past-President P. N. McFarlane recited a Scots poem,

THE LOST WHITTLE

" Ma whittle's lost ! yet, I dinna ken,
 Lat's ripe, lat's ripe, ma pooch again ;
 Na, I hae turned oot a' that's in't
 But ne'er a whittle can I find.
 A bit caulk an' a bit reid keel,
 The clamp I twistit aff ma heel,
 A bit auld shae tae mak' a sling,
 A peerie, an' a peerie string,
 The big auld button that I faund
 When crossin' through the falla land,
 A bit lead, an' a pickle thrums,
 An' last o' a' some ait cake crumbs.
 Yet aye I turn them ower and ower
 Thinkin' I'd been mista'en afore,
 An' aye ma han' wi' instinctive ettle
 Gangs tae ma pooch tae seek ma whittle.

I doot it's lost—hoo, whaur, or whan
 Is mair than I can understan' ;
 Whether it jump oot o' ma pooch
 That time I loupit ower the ditch ;
 Or if I didna pick it up
 When I cut a haunle for ma whup,
 Or pit it in at the wrang slit
 An' it fell thro', doon at ma fit ;
 But mony a gate I've been since then,
 Ower hill an' hallow, moor an' fen,
 Outside, inside, but and ben,
 I doot I'll never see't again.

Made o' the very best o' metal,
 I thocht richt muckle o' ma whittle,
 It aye cam' in tae be o' use,
 Whether ootbye or in the hoose,

For slicin' neeps or whangs o' cheese,
 Or cuttin' oot ma name on trees,
 Tae white a stick or cut a string,
 Tae make windmills or onything.
 Wi'd I was richt whaur'er I gaed,
 An' a wis wrang when I didna hae'd ;
 I dinna ken hoo I dae without it,
 For faith, I'm michty ill about it ;
 I micht as weel live wantin' vittle
 As try tae live without ma whittle.

Yon birkies scamperin' up the road,
 I'd like tae join the joysome crood,
 The very air rings wi' their daffin',
 Their rollickin', halloooin', lauchin' ;
 Flee on ma lads, I'll bide ma lane,
 Ma hert hings heavy as a stane,
 Ma feet seem tied tae ane anither,
 I'm clean dung doited a'thegither ;
 Hear hoo they roar, an' rant an' rattle,
 Like me they hinna lost a whittle.

It was the only thing o' worth
 That I could ca' ma ain on earth,
 An' aft I would admirin' stan'
 Haudin' the whittle in ma haun',
 Or hoochin' on it's shiny blade
 Tae see hoo quick the breath wad fade,
 For weel I kent it wad reveal
 The blade tae be o' richt guid steel.

Puir whittle, whaur'll ye be noo ?—
 On hill, on moor, on hicht, in howe,
 Lyin' a' covered up wi' grass,
 Or sinkin' doon in some morass,
 Or, may ye be already faund,
 An' in some ither body's haund ;
 Or will ye lie, till roostit o'er,
 Ye look like dug up dirks o' yore ?

When we're a' deid an' soond eneuch
 Ye may be turned up by the pleuch,
 Or faund i' the middle o' a peat,
 An' sent tae Edinbroch in state ;
 There tae be shown, a wondrous sicht,
 Wi' jockteleg o' Wallace wicht.

Thus a' the comfort I can bring
 Frae thee, ' thou lost lamented thing,'
 Is tae believe that on a buird
 Wi' broken spear, an' dirk an' sword,
 An' shield, an' helm, an' ancient kettle
 May some day lie Ma Roostie Whittle."

THE DEATH OF MR T. R. MONCRIEFF.

At the Little Dinner on Thursday, 8th February, 1934, at the Holborn Restaurant, the President had the melancholy duty of mentioning the death of Past-President T. R. Moncrieff, secretary to the Royal Scottish Corporation. Mr MacDonald said :

We meet to-night in the shadow of a great loss. As you all know, our dear friend and colleague, Past-President T. R. Moncrieff, passed to his rest on Tuesday last, after many months of increasing weakness.

What Mr. Moncrieff did for the Society and for the Royal Scottish Corporation, words can never adequately express. We had come to look to him in all matters affecting the welfare of the Society, and never once did he fail to give his sound advice. He loved the Society and all its members, and its welfare was his chief concern. His loss will be felt not only within the confines of the Society, for his name was a household word throughout the Scottish community in London. The countless numbers of those whom he succoured during his lifetime as Secretary to the Royal Scottish Corporation will, we are sure, ever cherish in their memory recollections of his unfailing kindness and generosity. As a Society, we will miss his genial presence and kindly greeting, which was such a common feature of our meetings, "Here's tae the year that's awa'," which for many years was his sole musical contribution to the meetings of the Society.

THE SCOT AS ARTIST.

The loyal toasts having been honoured, the President called upon Mr Joseph Gray, the Scottish artist, to give the Sentiment of the evening, "The Scot as Artist." Mr Gray, he said, had done some great work, including his portrait of Lord Snowden.

Mr Gray, having thanked the President, said :

All great art is national in inspiration. In all countries and periods, the most significant work has been created by artists who drew their inspiration from the life around them.

Before we study the work of individual Scots artists, we might consider the national influences which inspired them in their youth, and subsequently moulded their careers.

The Scottish school has nurtured many great artists. That is not remarkable. It would be a very strange thing if the position were otherwise, because, though Scotland is not a large country measured in square miles, it has a wonderful wealth of natural beauty concentrated within its comparatively small area.

The landscape painter finds in Scotland a loveliness without parallel.

The glens and hills, the rivers and the fields, at all seasons of the year, offer a continually varying source of inspiration to him. The ocean, rolling in over the flat sands of Fife and Angus, crashing below the cliffs of Aberdeenshire and the north, or sweeping into the sea lochs of the west, provides the marine painter with motives for a thousand canvases.

And can a portrait painter find a better subject than a typical Scot? If he would paint women, where are they more inspiring?

In the time at our disposal we cannot attempt to cover the whole field of Scottish art: we can only consider the subject broadly, and then give more detailed consideration to the work of a few men.

When we reflect on the great amount of fine work that has been produced by Scots artists in the past, and is being created to-day by living men, we see how little we can study to-night. But I have been asked to speak on "The Scot as an Artist," not on the "History of Scottish Art," and my title suggests to me that what we really want to get at is this:

That we should discover the roots of the Scots artists' inspiration. Remembering that all great art is national, we must see if we can find the national spirit and the source of inspiration that illumines Scottish art as distinguished from the art of other countries.

It is difficult to discuss individual paintings unless we have the pictures or reproductions of them before us, and it is difficult to talk to you in an interesting manner about individual artists without talking about their paintings.

So we will just try to get the background of Scottish art generally, see how the Scottish school of to-day stands in relation to the artistic world, and then consider the work of typical artists, past and present.

I agree with my friend Neil Gunn that, however admirable the spirit of internationalism may be in the political world, it promises to be somewhat of a curse to modern art. The rapid spread and interchange of ideas and theories between artists of different countries has a tendency to lead towards a standardized technique—and that is bad for the artist, for in his work he should be an individualist.

Fortunately, independence in art, as in everything else, is a Scottish characteristic and the more prominent Scots artists of to-day have retained their independence of outlook.

I would ask you to note that, because it shows very clearly that in these times of artistic upheaval and revolution, the art of Scotland is still deeply rooted in the national spirit.

As you will all know, whether you have made a close study of art or not, during the last twenty years many new movements in art have taken place and the majority of them are Continental in origin. But unfortunately throughout the world, art students and some mature artists have been attracted and influenced too much by the personal style of the founders of the present French school of painting. The art of each country is in danger of losing its national character because the artists are all adopting the same point of view.

The first job of an artist is to express his own individuality, and his own individuality, if it is worth anything, should be completely identified with the country in which he lives, and its own culture and traditions.

It is the business of the artist to study every style of painting, and many great artists have been influenced technically to some extent by the work of other great masters. We will always find that the true artist retains his own individuality and that each period of artistic endeavour has produced Scots artists of distinction, who have had something of their own to say. They have not drawn their inspiration from some other body.

Methods of painting have changed from time to time as social life and culture have developed with the generations, and, although various technical influences have sometimes made themselves felt, Scotland has always been the enduring inspiration of Scots artists.

To-day, when some people would have us believe that the only good art is Continental art, the leading Scots artists refuse emphatically to use an artistic technique and point of view ready made from Paris. They refuse to draw the northern hills in cubes and cylinders, and paint the glens in Prussian blue, and the mountain tops in Chinese red.

You cannot draw a Scottish hill in straight lines and express its spirit. Its beauty depends on the wonderful rhythm, the sweeping subtle lines of the heather-clad slopes. Everywhere beautiful sweeping curves, as one slope flows into another.

All the non-essentials are stripped away. You are down to the stark elementals of nature.

And this subtlety we find in the forms, we find also in the colour of the North. A pearly grey runs through all the colour of Scottish landscape, giving harmony and beauty. Harsh blues and vivid tints characteristic of some Southern countries are unknown to us.

Certainly we get strong, definite colour, but it is always subtle, it always has something about it that makes it Scottish, and not alien to the North. I remember being at Rannoch with my old friend Dr Scott one morning in October, one of those lovely days we get at that time of the year. The sky a clear brilliant blue reflecting in the river below. The trees in all their autumn beauty and, away in the distance, the purple crest of Schiehallion sharply etched against the sky. The whole landscape was a vision of strong, delightful colour, but no one could mistake that colour for any other but Scottish. There is a quality in our own harmonies that is unique, and you do not get anything equally fine in any other mountainous country.

The beauty of a Scottish mountain seems so complete, so inevitable, that you don't try to analyse it. It is sufficient that it is there.

Looming out of the sweeping mists, gracious in the noonday sun, or awe-inspiring and mighty against the sunset sky, the hills of Scotland offer to the seeing eye a symbol of beauty and strength and endurance that can never fail to inspire.

And at the back of all Scottish art you have the spirit of the Scottish hills. The artist living within their influence develops a sense of proportion, an ability to go straight for essentials that must remain with him and influence him no matter what branch of art he practises, or wherever force of circumstance sends him.

Those who live in a mountainous country know beauty—to live on and about the hills means the cultivation of endurance and patience.

The hills breed initiative. There is adventure on them too, and sometimes death. When we think of Scotland we can never forget the hills.

There is one difference between the Scots landscape painter and the painter of the South. In the South, for most of the year, the painter can take out his canvas day after day almost certain that he will find the weather conditions unchanged. He works comfortably in the warm sunshine. But in Scotland one works under more difficult conditions. At most seasons of the year it is, as you know, inadvisable to rely on the weather and for long periods it is quite impossible to sit and work outside even if one has developed the constitution of a ghillie. But after all, the finest and most inspiring aspects of landscape are those passing, fugitive effects that can only be painted from memory—memory assisted by knowledge gained through years of study. Effects of dawn and sunset and afterglow, passing cloud and raging storm, and the Highlands in the depth of winter, when the whole landscape is a symphony in silver, white, and black. Climb a thousand feet or so and look down into the glen. You see the dark line of the river with its drifting ice, and the stone dykes and trees making a grand abstract pattern and design.

The farms and outbuildings and stackyards, and then the hills rising from the glen stark in the winter sun, slashed on the shoulder and crest with the black snow-streaked precipices. There are wonderful things to be seen on the hills in winter. Once I was coming down the big hill opposite the Devil's Elbow after sunset. We had been up to the waist in snowdrifts half of the day—all our clothing that had been wet was covered with ice. But I forgot all about that as I had before my eyes beauty that was so awe-inspiring that it made one afraid. I was about two thousand feet up, looking north-west. The sky was a wonderful pale green with a golden tinge towards the bottom. I looked straight across Glenshee, which is narrow there. The hillside below my feet was gradually lost in the blackness of the glen and all around was darkness but for the uncanny reflection of the sky on the shadowed snow. But directly opposite, on the far side of the glen, peaks purple and black were stabbing the clear green sky—purple where the shaded snow came against the open sky and black where the vertical precipices were uncovered. Beyond the first range I saw peak after peak, majestic and mighty, until they were lost in a distant mist towards Aviemore and Badenoch.

Every bit of Scottish landscape is packed with beauty. The charm of Strathmore, of Glamis and Kirriemuir and the Braes of Angus. The fertile Howe o' the Mearns, Aberdeenshire, Badenoch, and the Border country, the Northern and Western Highlands. Wherever the painter goes, inspiring beauty awaits him. Every district has its own individual character. The quiet simple glens of Kincardineshire—the wooded hills around Dunkeld—the majesty of Rannoch—the rugged, naked grandeur of Glencoe and the Western coasts—birch-hung hill burn with its wee trout—sometimes just a silver trickle between the stones, and then, after rain, coming down in its miniature spate and tempting the farm lads with their wands and worms. Noble rivers rushing over the shallows into their deep peaty pools where the big fish lie, and so on to the wide firths and the sea.

I have seen many countries, but they have nothing that cannot

be surpassed in Scotland. In the country itself, then, we have found one of the sources of the Scots artists' inspiration. Let us now consider the work of a few characteristic men.

It is generally accepted that the most significant period of Scottish painting dates from the work, influence, and personality of Sir Henry Raeburn. He was the son of an Edinburgh yarn boiler and was born in Edinburgh in 1756. He died in 1823. At this period, social, political, and industrial conditions were becoming settled and the atmosphere was more favourable to the cultivation of the fine arts than it had been for some considerable time.

Raeburn was educated at Heriot's Hospital and at the age of fifteen was apprenticed to a jeweller and goldsmith in the town. He soon left that job and at the age of twenty-two was married and earning a steady income as a portrait painter.

In 1788 Raeburn was firmly established as the leader of painting in the North and through his studio in George Street passed a steady flow of distinguished and famous folk, the leaders of Society in the capital—soldiers, lawyers, lairds, and politicians. Demure or lively maidens, composed matrons—everybody who was anybody mounted his models' throne. His success did him no harm. There was no slacking off in his work, though, being human, *every* picture he produced was not a masterpiece. Success seemed to inspire him and he went on from strength to strength, creating the great portraits that are one of the glories of Scottish art and are to be numbered with the masterpieces of all time.

He used very few colours, as all great painters do. There has never been a more vital painter of men, and Raeburn was equally successful in depicting the charm and beauty of women.

One of his finest portraits may be seen in the present Exhibition of British Art at the Royal Academy. The painting is that of Mrs James Campbell, a masterpiece if ever there was one. Here is a perfect interpretation of womanly charm and dignity—masterly painting and sensitive, shrewd appreciation of the character of the model. As in most of his portraits, the details of the dress are cleverly handled and subordinated to the head, and the bonnet and shawl are beautifully painted with clean direct strokes and no fumbling.

When Raeburn was in his prime, there appeared the painting of another man, David Wilkie.

David Wilkie was a son of the Manse. He was born in 1785 in Fifeshire. At the age of nineteen he began his famous picture of the local Pitlessie Fair. It contained 140 figures, all full of life and action. It is on record that most of the studies of the characters were sketched secretly in church during the sermon, without, of course, his father's knowledge.

He sold the painting for £25, raised another £50 by selling other work, and came to London at the age of twenty. The following year he exhibited "Village Politicians" and found himself famous. Other paintings in the same vein followed. Wilkie found his subjects in Scottish literature, or in the life of the Scots peasantry. He excelled in the painting of large canvases containing many figures. All the figures had individual character and they were all doing something.

His titles, such as "Pitlessie Fair," "Blind Man's Buff," and

"The Penny Wedding" explain themselves. "The Penny Wedding," for instance, shows a celebration with all the neighbours present—a happy crowd of folk. Two fiddlers set a reel a-going. There is eating and drinking and love-making and quarrelling, and the individuals are seen and painted with a keen but kindly eye. His paintings were usually engraved and found a large, enthusiastic public. To-day it is the fashion to despise the picture that tells a story and Wilkie's work is not as popular as it once was. Nevertheless, he was a sincere, accomplished painter—his work had a universal human touch and his genius in his own line is undeniable.

In 1783 Andrew Geddes was born in Edinburgh. Scottish students of painting have always known his work well, but its exhibition at the Royal Academy just now has been a revelation to some English students, though Geddes spent a large part of his life in London. Raeburn concentrated on portrait painting, but Geddes had wider interests and was a great experimentalist. His work was unequal compared with Raeburn's, but at his best Geddes was a master. At present there are three splendid examples of his work at the Royal Academy, and it is generally admitted that these three paintings hold their own with any in the Galleries. The portraits are of Mrs Geddes, William Anderson, and Sir Walter Scott. I'd strongly advise you to go and see them.

Now we come to one of the first great Scottish landscape painters, Horatio McCulloch, 1805-1867; a Glasgow man. As a boy he was apprenticed to a house painter. That brings to my mind the remark of a friend of mine who used to say that all artists should have some training as house painters. He said it would teach them to avoid messing about, and train them to use big brushes and go direct at their job. He instanced in support of his theory that before the days of surgery the local doctor called in the local butcher when an amputation had to take place, the butcher using his knife with the same confidence as that which inspires the house painter when he takes up his tools. I may say that this friend, Mr Gahan of Dundee, is a house painter by trade and has painted such good pictures, too, that he has exhibited in the Scottish Academy.

However, McCulloch's painting was distinguished by considerable force of handling. One of his best-known works is Glencoe—reproductions of it may be familiar to you. He got his first subjects from the banks of the Clyde and from Cadzow Forest. Later he did fine work in the Highlands. He was one of the first painters to do his large canvases direct from nature whenever possible.

The next important period in Scottish art begins in 1852 when Robert Scott Lauder became the master of the Trustees Academy in Edinburgh. He gathered around him a particularly brilliant band of students, some of whom were destined to make their mark and add further glory to the Scottish school. These young men were Orchardson, Pettie, MacTaggart, MacWhirter, Hugh Cameron, and Paul Chalmers.

Figure painters at that period were still drawing their subjects from literature. It was a recognized thing that every picture must tell a story. But Lauder's great influence lay in this, that he impressed on his students the need of fine painting, beautiful colour, good drawing, and sound design. They could tell any story they wished, but artistic expression must be their first aim.

Orchardson's work was divided into two sections—portraiture and subject pictures. He had a unique style of his own and used his oil paint so thinly that it just tinted the canvas, in direct contrast to Pettie and MacTaggart, who used a more robust technique.

Pettie's work was very strong and vigorous, often with a real swashbuckling spirit in his paintings.

Wm. MacTaggart was one of the greatest Scottish painters, and undoubtedly one of the greatest sea painters in the world.

Born in 1835 at Machrihanish, he came to Edinburgh as a youth.

His time was divided equally between Carnoustie on the east coast and Machrihanish on the west. Here, throughout the course of a long life, he produced canvas after canvas, in which the rhythm, beauty, and spirit of the moving sea were interpreted with a poet's vision and transcribed with a master's hand. As he passed his middle period, MacTaggart's handling became bolder and bolder. The paint appeared to the untrained eye to have been flung on to the canvas, but, at the right distance, each touch fell into place—the canvas sparkled as though by some magic the sun itself was in it. The waves appeared to run in to the shore, then rise and break in a welter of golden foam. He painted the sea and sky at all times of the day and in all weathers. Practically all his sea paintings were done out of doors. His easel and canvas were tied down with ropes and heavy stones in a strong wind, otherwise they would have been blown away.

The Japanese say that artists should always work from memory, as in that way they will best develop a personal style and paint only those things that have appealed to them most and which are most significant to them.

MacTaggart was so anxious to avoid any direct copying of nature that when he was painting on the beach his canvas was so placed that his back was turned to the sea as he painted. He looked and studied, then turned his back and painted. MacTaggart was one of the first great impressionists and his landscapes were as fine as his seascapes.

Sir George Reid, an Aberdonian, owed his reputation chiefly to his powerful portraits of distinguished men. Every bit of character was carefully searched out.

Sir James Lawton Wingate is famous for his exquisite painting of dawn and sunset among the hills and moorland.

Coming down to a later period, we find the Glasgow school which was influenced strongly by the impressionists and by Whistler. Amongst the artists of this period are James Guthrie, Lavery, George Henry, and Arthur Melville.

No longer must every picture tell a story. It did not matter much what the artist painted as long as it was well painted.

The general public, used to looking for some dramatic or romantic interest in a picture, simply could not understand the new work. But to-day the work of the Glasgow school appears very conventional compared with our extreme painters.

Sir John Lavery in London made a great reputation as a portrait painter, particularly as a painter of women, and his work is distinguished for its fine colour and tonal values.

Sir James Guthrie, remaining in Edinburgh, became President of

the Royal Scottish Academy, and carried on the great traditions of the Scottish school of portrait painting there.

To-day in Edinburgh we have some fine artists working, David Alison, David Foggie, E. S. Lumsden, and the other Academicians worthily uphold the northern traditions; while Peploe, McLauchlan Milne, and young MacTaggart are amongst the leaders of a vital younger school. MacTaggart is the grandson of the great seascape painter.

Sir John Lavery leads the London Scots in the artistic world, and amongst the strong band of painters in the South are W. Russell Flint, Fiddes Watt, George Henry, Harrington Mann, Ronald Gray, James Gunn, Alex. Christie, and Ethel Walker, who is the greatest woman painter in Europe. Martin Hardie is distinguished both as painter and etcher.

We must not forget the etchers.

James McBey, originally an Aberdeen bank clerk, is self taught and printed his first etchings on the kitchen mangle. He is an artist of great power and wide range.

Muirhead Bone and Sir D. Y. Cameron, working in quite different styles, are both established masters. Cameron's finest work is inspired by the hills, and he has interpreted their majesty both with the etching needle and with oil paint. E. S. Lumsden, resident in Edinburgh, is a distinguished etcher and painter who is doing great work; and Norman Wilkinson, famous also as a designer of posters and painter of seascapes, has created a magnificent series of sporting etchings.

In conclusion, I think we have found to-night that every phase of Scottish character has been reflected in the work of one or other of the Scots artists we have considered.

Behind them all is the country itself, and the landscape painters have well expressed this beauty.

Wilkie has given expression to the pawky wit and the human (shall I say sometimes Rabelaisian) aspect of the northern character.

We see Celtic fire and poetry in such artists as MacTaggart and McBey. We find the philosophic basis in the work of Raeburn, Guthrie, Cameron, and others.

And with a strong band of young men coming on, drawing their inspiration from the country and its great national and artistic traditions, Scotland can well face its artistic future with confidence and hope.

The toast of "The Giver of the Sentiment" was heartily drunk, and Mr Gray thanked the members for their appreciation and hospitality.

Sir Murdoch Macdonald, M.P., in proposing the toast "The Guests," said no more pleasant toast could fall to the lot of a representative of a Scottish society, for Scots had something to live up to, for their reputation for hospitality was proverbial. He made great play with what he called his latest constituent, the

Loch Ness monster, who was no myth, but to what political party he belonged was not yet known.

Dr J. M. Bulloch, who responded, spoke of Mr Joseph Gray's vital work. He understood the whole Scots background as few other artists did ; and during the Great War he brought before us the grimness of the struggle and the work of the Scottish regiments.

Two new members—Messrs Thomas Collet and A. B. Strachan—were received by the President during the evening.

A LAYMAN'S JOB IN INDIA.

Mr MacDonald, the President, occupied the chair at the meetings on 8th March, 1934, held as usual in the Holborn Restaurant.

At the Little Dinner, after the loyal toasts, the President called upon Mr Thomas Collet, the new Secretary of the Royal Scottish Corporation, to give his Sentiment, "A Scottish Layman's Job in India."

Mr Collet said :

"In the good old days" missionaries were recruited, in the main, from a particular class ; some of them were very young men and women, who heard the "call" and whose sole aim in life was a destruction of the religions they found in India and the building up of a Westernized Christianity upon the ruins. I do not for a moment seek to minimize the value of the work of these pioneers ; I merely wish to indicate that their faith was simple, their beliefs undisturbed by doubts and fears, and their minds virgin of anything approaching an awareness of comparative religion. Their experience in life and their knowledge of the world were even more limited. They preached in the bazaars, told parables and recounted miracles, and interpreted the Bible. Their message was simple ; it was one, very often, of the heart and not of the head ; their methods lay in the example of their character, and, to this day, many of the pioneer missionaries are venerated from the north to the south and from the east to the west.

The generation which followed, and which is now carrying on the work, was made of different stuff ; it is a generation which has made its peace, or, at least, its adjustment, with science ; they are not afraid of "higher criticism" and have worked out a reply to many of the

doubts and fears which troubled them. They have studied sociology and have widened the frontiers of their religious belief far enough to take in, and give a prominent place to, the idea of "service." It must not be imagined, however, that this class is yet in the majority, nor are all of the younger generation included in this category, but they are now numerous enough, and intellectually active enough, to have large influence.

Their training and outlook have brought new methods; they believe that the Christian doctrine can stand on its own merits, rationally as well as emotionally; their ideas of service have, moreover, done much to quicken the minds of non-Christians to the need for humanity towards man. They have replied to the old charge that what India appeared to need was not Christianity but bread, by their primary and higher education, by their industrial institutions and their co-operative banks.

It is about a co-operative bank for the assistance of the Indian smallholder that I wish to speak, and to tell a little of a layman's part in it.

Jalna is a town of some 30,000 inhabitants and is in the native State of Hyderabad; 210 miles N.E. of Bombay, on the Deccan Plateau; 1500 feet above sea-level—a typical Indian market town; from November to February, the cotton season's height, a mad, dust-enveloped welter of arriving and departing bullock carts; from March to mid-June, an earthy foretaste of the ultimate subterranean fate of some of us; and from July to September, the rainy season, a land of lovely green and rushing rivers, squandering their three months' crowded life.

Of the other work of the Mission I have no time to speak, except to observe that its doctor for forty-one years was a brother-in-law of the late Mr Alexander Ritchie, President of this Society in 1893-1894.

The Mission's main problem was the economic state of its converts. He would be a bold man who would generalize about a country so vast as India, but, so far as this particular area was concerned, "rice Christians," or those who were Christians for their stomach's sake, simply did not exist. The facts were that, of the total native Christian community of four thousand, 2 per cent. got their living from it by doing a good day's work as teachers and the like—the remaining 98 per cent. had to fend for themselves.

I do not propose to deal with the old question of "Why work among low caste," but would simply state that from the economic standpoint the high caste did *not* and the out-caste *did* need, shall I say, "uplift." For a Hindu to become Christian, any sort of Christian, even an indifferent one, was economically to sign his death-warrant, death by economic starvation. His daily bread was dependent upon his Hindu fellow-men, and to become a Christian, after a real testing of his sincerity, mark you, was to be cut off from his livelihood, sometimes even to be driven out of his village and deprived of what little land he had. His existence, miserable enough before, was a living hell when he first became a Christian.

Twenty years ago, after the Mission had wrestled with this economic problem for forty years, Sir Daniel Hamilton, a Calcutta shipowner, perhaps known to some of you, gave the Mission the wherewithal, 70,000 rupees (£5000), to buy land on which to settle the best of the

Indian Christians. They acquired the land on what can best be described as the "hire-purchase" system, and the making of men was begun. As the years passed, repayments of purchase price and interest and the loan of money on deposit from others encouraged by Sir Daniel Hamilton's example, made it possible to extend the work and to begin the combat of another great social evil, the sowker, or money-lender. Just as banks in Scotland are a vital necessity to the small farmer, so is the sowker the life-blood of the Indian crofter, but only so long as that money-lending individual is honest, which is not for very long. The Indian farmer is nearly always illiterate, and the lender takes care that his transactions are without witnesses, and a written bond conveys nothing to an illiterate borrower. The inevitable lot of the smallholder in the toils of Shylock was to be landless and homeless. And so another struggle was begun, a struggle that was to mean murder and sorrow, a struggle the end of which is not even yet. The money-lender was negotiated with, his claims, often ridiculous, adjusted; his hold on the local courts, secured by his wealth, lessened a little, and freedom secured for one or two sore pressed. The local police, often corrupted by Shylock's gold, had to be scared by threats of retribution into some semblance of justice; the local law courts coaxed, bullied, or threatened into fair dealing. The victory was not always to the side of mercy and honesty, however.

Tom Dobson, a Kirkcudbright man, my predecessor in this work, had a price on his head, so well was he wresting the throttling fingers of the sowker from the farmer's throat. The price, a paltry 500 rupees (£37, 10s.), was wealth to a native, and Dobson was knifed and done to death. From his death in 1922 until his successor's arrival in 1923 was only a pause in the struggle; it was most unlikely that a second life would be forfeit and the work had to go on.

The co-operative bank now serves all—to be in need of help and to be worth helping are the only qualifications. Christian, Mohammedan, and Hindu, all are one. Herein lies the Scottish subtlety of it all: no sermons are preached by the bank manager. His trade is not words; but actions count with a people who can understand only what they see.

It was not enough merely to release the farmer from the sowker; not enough merely to give an ignorant man thirty acres and a pair of bullocks. In a land where rain prevents much outdoor labour for three months of the year and a broiling heat discourages it for another three, the national characteristic is not industry, and energy and common sense do not flourish. For the wooden plough, which had merely scraped the surface for thousands of years, the steel plough had to be substituted. Where the luxurious instincts of the farmer prevented his following the plough in the real sense and caused him to walk sideways on the unploughed parts, holding the plough away from him as if it were "possessed," the bank manager had to dismount from his horse and plough a bit himself—just for example's sake.

Where bullocks, the sole beasts of burden, were poorly fed, badly bred and ill cared for, cattle shows had to be held, and the bank manager had to keep a pair of bullocks himself, just to show how it should be done. Where torrential rains washed away thousands of tons of precious top-soil every monsoon, mounds of earth had to be thrown up and grass grown on them and the fields preserved for a people who "never

thought of it," and who would never have summoned up the energy to do it even if they had. Where a people used their front-door step as a midden, and had done so for ages, the elements of public hygiene had to be taught; and where cow-dung had, for years, been rotting and unused, its precious value to a starved soil had to be demonstrated again and again. When the bottom fell out of the price of raw cotton, the staple crop, the fatal lethargy of a simple people had to be fought with an urgent ferocity and alternative crops introduced; where the ignorant villager was robbed by false weight of his cotton in the market place and where the "small man" suffered as do "small men" everywhere, co-operative selling had to be introduced until the collective produce of the bank members was something to be sought after. When seed was cheap, the bank bought heavily, and sold at the original cost to its members when prices rose. An Austin tractor was bought and was a miracle for miles around until overwork and Anno Domini rent it asunder; but not before it had caused two cotton plants to grow in place of one.

Methods, because of one's own ignorance, were often rough and ready. The spring crop was a grain one on which the farmers depended for their year's food. One day my agent sent for me and showed me a ripening field of grain. Some blight had attacked the crop and the heads were empty and discoloured. My agent was certain that the disease, whatever it was, was spreading rapidly. To have brought an expert from Poona, three hundred miles away, was not to be thought of; it could not be afforded. Something had to be done and done quickly. The whole crop in that field had to be burned, the land ploughed and ploughed and ploughed again until the poor farmer was certain that the cure was worse than the disease; but the blight was stopped. One's justice, too, had often to be rough and ready, for to invoke the law was a ponderous, involved, and often unsatisfactory business.

Once, after many warnings of what would happen if he persisted, an Indian villager had to be given a prolonged belabouring with the bank manager's own hands for beating his wife, to discover, months afterwards, that the woman was an immoral character, and had deserved all she got. That is often the village Indian way, as some of you know, the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, if he can't get out of it otherwise. That incident taught that manager a lesson, however, and was the only occasion on which he struck a native. In one village a man had lied and lied and lied and defrauded in small ways, right and left. To call in the police was not politic, and so the older men of the village and the manager held a meeting. After many suggestions had been made as to punishment, they hit upon a plan which made that particular village one of the best-conducted in the district—until the next time. They set the offender on a donkey, facing that beast's tail, tied his legs loosely below the donkey's belly, and led the "horseman" round the village to amuse all beholders. Ridicule is a dreadful hurt.

It was a constant battle. Tom Dobson, my predecessor, used to say, "It's an awfu' job aye waukin' folk," and so it was. Ignorance and sloth, thriftlessness, and the heritage of centuries of economic slavery, were continually in attack, and had to be defeated again and again. A life had to be paid for the price of victory, as I have told you, and

Tom Dobson, rallying a little ere he died, being questioned by the police of his assassin, replied, "Let the lad be; he didn't know what he was doing"—in his death, as in his life, seeking to serve Him who served all men.

Lest you are asking what all this had to do with missions, let me tell you, in closing, of one incident in illustration. I spoke of co-operative selling in the central market in Jalna. The season over, another tour began, this time to give the village farmers their share of the proceeds and to make recoveries of debts. In one village there were both Christian and Hindu borrowers. The invariable custom at this time was for the former to refund, voluntarily, one full tenth of their income from cotton for the work of the Church. I shall pass over the splendid significance of that voluntary offering. In this case, the Christians had followed their usual habit when a Hindu placed 90 rupees on the table. He said nothing, but I knew, of course, that 900 rupees had been the Hindus' total share. He, this leader of the Hindu farmers, was at first completely inarticulate about his action except to indicate that he was carrying out the wishes of the Hindu, non-Christian, group. I was at pains to point out that the Christian tenth was definitely for Christian work and that he and his fellows were Hindu. He persisted, but my own persistence in asking why he had done this thing was at last rewarded by hearing him say, "Hae gya, Sahib, hae Devazai kam ahe." "Take it, Sahib, this is God's work."

There was the Scottish subtlety of it all—no sermons preached, just Christianity in action, and the layman's unforgettable reward, "This is God's work."

The President, in calling for the audience's thanks to Mr Collet for his Sentiment, said they had that night more than ever previously realized what the work in the Mission field was like.

Past-President John Macmillan was in facetious vein in proposing "The Health of the Guests," a toast, said the proposer, which never failed to draw hearty response from the Caledonians. They were reminded by some of their Lowland friends that the Society was being overrun by Highlanders; but perhaps, said Mr Macmillan, with a merry twinkle, that was why the Society was flourishing and always attracted so many worthy guests.

Mr William Harvie, President, South-East London Scottish Association, replied, and told the gathering of the work in the sacred cause of charity by the Society of which he was the present head.

The President gave the toast, "The Officers," and

paid tribute to the splendid work which the Hon. Secretary, Treasurer, Auditor, and Historian were doing.

While the President was a bird of passage, here this year and gone next, the officers continued their good work from year to year. He thanked them in the name of the Society.

Mr John B. Rintoul, acting secretary for the evening, returned thanks for the officials.

Mr James McDonald, in the course of the evening, gave some stories "true and otherwise"—mostly otherwise.

Messrs. Ian M. Bailey, A. B. Strachan, and Thomas Collet—new members—were presented to the President.

THE FESTIVAL: SIR THOMAS CATTO ON SCOTS IN INDIA.

The Festival, which crowns the labours of the President for the Session, was held on Thursday, 19th April, 1934, in the Venetian Chamber of the Holborn Restaurant, when a great company gathered under the chairmanship of Mr MacDonald.

The guests, as usual, were numerous, the wives and daughters of the members as well as other lady friends gracing the proceedings.

Sir Thomas Catto was the guest of honour, and with him was Sir Alexander Murray and other distinguished Scots.

The President, who with Mrs MacDonald had received the guests, having given the loyal toasts, asked the company to honour the toast of the Session, "The Caledonian Society of London."

In the course of his speech Mr MacDonald traced the memorable events in the history of the Society, spoke of the eminent London Scots who had occupied the chair, and told his audience how greatly he appreci-

ated the honour that had been done him in putting him in the chair.

The toast was honoured with ringing Caledonian honours.

Mr William Miln, Vice-President, said he felt privileged and honoured by being entrusted with the toast of "Our Guests." It was gratifying to see such a representative gathering, and they were delighted to have such a distinguished guest of honour as Sir Thomas Sivewright Catto, who was joined by guests from the furthestmost parts of our native land.

To those of the audience who were natives of South of the Tweed, the greatest compliment he could pay was that when first he came to London over thirty years ago, a complete stranger in the great metropolis, through the kindness and generous hospitality of the English people he took kindly to English ways and the English people took kindly to him. He quickly made many friends—the sort of friends one met there that night. His admiration for London and the Londoners gradually increased, until a few years later he was taken captive by one of their countrywomen ; but needless to say she is now a Scot by adoption.

With regard to their guest of honour, Sir Thomas Catto (said Mr Miln) is a man of great repute ; he has filled so many important positions and done so many great services that I hesitate to enumerate them all—in fact, being a Scot I feel he might be embarrassed if I attempted such a thing, but on the other hand I feel I should mention just a few of the more important ones he has filled and filled well. He is a native of Aberdeenshire, but has spent most of his time in India. He was created a Baronet in 1921 ; he is a C.B.E. ; a partner in Morgan, Grenfell & Co., London ; a director of Andrew Yule & Co., Calcutta ; and Yule, Catto & Co., London ; deputy chairman of the Mercantile Bank of India, London ; and a director of the

Royal Exchange Assurance Corporation, Limited,
London.

In the name of the Caledonian Society of London he asked the members to stand and join in extending a warm and heartfelt welcome to Sir Thomas Catto and the other guests.

Sir Thomas Catto had a great reception when he rose to reply to the toast. He said :

It is a pleasure and a privilege to respond on behalf of your guests to the toast so kindly and eloquently proposed by Mr Miln. It is, however, not an easy task after partaking of your lavish hospitality, for I have found from experience that an ideal after-dinner speaker should be a man so dyspeptic as to be unable to eat anything and so strong-minded as not to drink anything. But I am neither dyspeptic nor a teetotaller, and I really do not know why the honour of responding to this toast should have fallen upon me. I think it must be because I have the privilege of the friendship of your President, whose distinguished career and important position in the City of London bring honour to Scotland and to us all.

As a Scotsman in London I should know all about your ancient and honourable Society, but I must plead considerable ignorance, although I know a good deal about Caledonian Societies in other parts of the world—particularly in Calcutta, where I was a member of the Caledonian Society for many years. The objects of your Society as defined to me by your President are "the advancement of what is national and philanthropic in connection with Scotland, and the promotion of good fellowship amongst Scotsmen by holding in London a festival and other social gatherings." I am sure these objects have been and are being faithfully fulfilled. As for the philanthropic side of the Society's activities, London is the happy hunting-ground of Scotsmen, and many fill positions of great responsibility, including at the present time the Prime Ministership and the Archbishopric of Canterbury. But some there are who fall by the wayside, and these need help and encouragement, which I am sure your Society endeavours to give in full measure.

It has occurred to me that one of the early objects of your Society must also have been one not mentioned to me by your President, namely, the encouragement of Scots to come south to fill the high posts waiting for them in London, for these English are a kindly people and not difficult to pray with and to prey upon. But Scotsmen are not the only people to stray from home under stress of necessity. Even the English do it themselves sometimes and that reminds me of a story.

When I was in India I had the privilege on one occasion of accompanying the Viceroy on a yachting trip on the Hoogly River. We were all anxious that the trip should be an enjoyable and instructive one for the Viceroy. So my friend, and your distinguished guest to-night, Sir Alexander Murray, who then lived in Calcutta, was asked to explain to the Viceroy the various interesting places on the banks of the river. He performed this task in his customary efficient and kindly manner.

But at one particular spot I remember he said to the Viceroy, "Contrary to the general belief, the earliest settlers in what is now the Calcutta district were not the Scots, but the English!" And he went on to relate that shortly after the Battle of Bannockburn certain English settlers appeared on the banks of the Hoogly! This was too much for me! I could not resist butting into the conversation with the remark that I did not know the English, after the Battle of Bannockburn, got as far as the banks of the River Hoogly in India before they stopped running.

Now I have been told that the real test of an after-dinner speech is to know what you are going to say! Say it! and sit down! Well I am not sure that I knew what I was going to say when I stood up, but at any rate I have said it and all that is left is for me to sit down and wish success to the Society, and express to you, Mr President, and to you, Mr Vice-President, and to the members of the Caledonian Society, cordial thanks on behalf of all your guests for the hospitality and courtesy you have shown to us to-night. (Applause.)

The time-honoured ceremony of the salutation of the President by the Past-Presidents and other holders of the Gold Badge of the Society was heralded by the procession to the chair; and following this came the presentation at the hands of Mrs MacDonald of the Gold Badge to the immediate Past-President, Mr Robert S. Kennedy, who was thanked for his services in the chair during the previous Session.

Mr Kennedy ended the toast list by proposing the health of the President, with whose good work for the Society he coupled the name of Mrs MacDonald.

Mr MacDonald replied briefly, and thanked the officials and members for the support which they had given him during his year of office.

The musical part of the programme was contributed to by Pipe-Major John Brown, who played spiritedly marches, strathspeys, and reels; Miss Catherine Stewart, Mr Tom Kinniburgh, and Mr W. Dalgarno, a recitation in the Doric.

A most successful gathering closed with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

GOOD-BYE TO OUR OLD HOME.

This social gathering was the last to be held in the Caledonian Room of the Holborn Restaurant, which had been for many years the home of the Society. It had been decided earlier in the Session to make our headquarters the Connaught Rooms, in Great Queen Street, Kingsway.

THE MEMBERSHIP.

During Session 1933-1934 nine new members were elected: James George Blackhall, J.P.; William S. Cobb; Robert S. Forsyth; John Alex. Gemmell; Sir Henry Japp, K.B.E.; Robert Jardine; The Hon. Richard Linton; James H. Robertson; Alex. Begg Strachan.

Four deaths have to be reported: T. R. Moncrieff, J.P., President 1919-1920, who joined the Society in 1902; H. W. Thomson, who joined the Society in 1903; Sir George Paton, President 1913-1919, who joined the Society in 1906; Charles Coutts Michie, J.P., who joined the Society in 1924.

The present membership is: Members of the Council, 26; Life Members, 16; Ordinary Members, 96; Hon. Members, 2. Total, 140.

Obituary

Past-President THOMAS REID MONCRIEFF.

On 5th February, 1934, there passed to his rest one of the best-loved members of the Society, Mr T. R. Moncrieff, who succeeded in the presidency his great friend, Sir George Paton. Mr Moncrieff joined the Society in 1902; he became Hon. Treasurer in 1905, an office which he demitted in 1913 when he was elected Vice-President. He was President in 1919-1920.

From the *Chronicles* we take the following notes which were written when he came to the chair :

Mr Moncrieff is known to all Scots in London as the Secretary of the Royal Scottish Corporation, the ancient Foundation which ministers to the needs of the deserving aged and sick Scottish poor in the Greater Metropolitan area. The headquarters of the Corporation in Crane Court, Fleet Street (now Fleur-de-Lis Court, Fetter Lane) can truly be described as the rallying-ground of all national and philanthropic movements which appeal to Scots south of the Tweed, and in all of them Mr Moncrieff, for over a quarter of a century, has been the guiding spirit. His wise counsel and readiness to combine with and assist any schemes of a benevolent or patriotic and national character have brought him into close relationship with leading Scots, not only in London but throughout the country, and his genial social qualities and large-heartedness are so well known to all members of the Caledonian Society that it is unnecessary to dwell on them in this brief sketch.

Apart from his multifarious duties in connection with the Corporation, Mr Moncrieff has devoted much of his leisure in fulfilling in an honorary capacity various offices for the welfare of the poorer classes of the London community. He is Chairman of the Hepburn Starey Blind Aid Society in the West Central District of London. A Justice of the Peace for the County of London, he is frequently to be seen on the Bench at the Holborn Town Hall, where his wide experience of the conditions in which the poor live and their battle in life is of much value to his colleagues. During the War he was treasurer of a private fund for entertaining the more badly wounded men in London hospitals, was a promoter of St. Columba's Church furlough work, and a member of the Executive of the Federated Council of London Scottish Associations formed to provide various comforts for Scottish regiments in the field. He takes an active part in carrying out the purpose of the London Scottish Regiment War Memorial.

Mr Moncrieff was born in Arbroath, educated at the High School there, and privately in Aberdeen. Thereafter he entered the Civil Service and came to London in 1885, when he took up work at the Home Office and served in the Prison Commission Department for thirteen years. It is a noteworthy coincidence that the only other Scots in this department of the public service at that time were both Caledonians, Mr James Duncan, who for years gave much pleasure to his fellow-members by his beautiful voice and his knowledge of lyrical Scottish poetry, and Mr R. M. Hunter, who was Honorary Secretary from 1902 to 1907. It was in this early period of his life that Mr Moncrieff gained the wide and valuable knowledge, not only of official administration but of human nature, which has proved of the utmost importance in carrying out what has turned out to be his life work on behalf of his poorer fellow-countrymen.

Those words were written twenty years ago, and what has to be added is an elaboration of what was his lifework up to that time. With years his knowledge of

Scottish life in London became fuller ; he saw the Scottish Corporation outgrow its accommodation ; and he led the movement for the complete reorganization of the premises, and the erection of the beautiful hall in which the larger meetings of Scottish Societies are held.

When Mr Moncrieff became the Secretary, the Corporation's capital was £55,000, and when he demitted office in 1933, the capital had increased to over £250,000.

At the meeting of the Committee of Management of the Royal Scottish Corporation on 11th October, 1933, Sir George Paton, from the chair, made the following statement regarding the illness and resignation of Mr Moncrieff :

Since our last meeting, I deeply regret to have to tell you, the health of our friend and Secretary, Mr Moncrieff, has not improved, and he has made up his mind to retire. We fervently hope and pray that he may yet be spared to come amongst us again as a Governor—for he is a Life Managing-Governor—and join in the deliberations and work of this great Corporation.

Mr Moncrieff has served the Corporation for close on thirty-five years, and you all know—I need not tell you—how devotedly and efficiently he has done his duty.

The invested funds in 1898 were some £55,000. To-day they are over a quarter of a million, face value in both cases. The income from investments in 1898 was £1300 ; to-day it is well over £7000. On the other hand, the expenditure on the work of the Corporation has increased from £4700 in 1898 to £11,000 last year. So much for the progress of the Corporation during the years of Mr Moncrieff's management.

He has told us that by his will, of which he has sent me a copy, on his death after some small legacies and after certain life rents the whole of his estate goes to the Corporation. The National Provincial Bank is appointed executor and trustee.

Mr Moncrieff has further permitted me to tell you, in strictest confidence, that the estate at to-day's valuation amounts to about £18,000. This includes the estate of his sister, which has already been advised and minuted as coming to the Corporation under her will.

I have given you these particulars in order that you may be in a position to form a true estimate of how we should deal with his pension.

The Committee which you appointed at the August meeting of the Management has given the matter much anxious thought and examination, and having conferred with the Finance Committee to-day, the unanimous recommendation is that Mr Moncrieff should be granted a pension from the 1st December, 1933, the beginning of the financial

year, of £800 for the first year, £700 for the second year, and thereafter £600 per annum.

The Chairman then moved that the Committee approve this recommendation. Mr Stephen, Chairman of the Finance Committee, seconded, saying that they had cordially approved the proposal, and he congratulated the Selection Committee. The Chairman then put the motion formally to the meeting and it was carried unanimously.

The Chairman, continuing, said :

I am sure it will be your wish that I convey to Mr Moncrieff, with this resolution, your united warmest loving wishes that, with God's help, he may be granted improved health for many years to come to enjoy ease and rest in his retirement. This is not the occasion for any just appreciation of the man, and I am not the one best able to make it, or rather to give expression to it. His strong character, his unflinching urbanity, his paternal and loving care of the pensioners, his sound judgment in difficult cases, will be long remembered by us all. Our prayer is that he may soon be restored to health and strength and be able to come among us all and help us in our task of ministering to our less fortunate fellow-countrymen and women.

Sir George's words were received with sympathetic applause.

The Corporation conferred upon Mr Moncrieff the honour of a Vice-Presidency.

From his painful illness Mr Moncrieff never recovered, and on 4th February, 1934, he died.

On the 14th February, 1934, the Rev Dr Fleming, Vice-President, in the chair of the Royal Scottish Corporation Committee of Management, said :

Before proceeding to our ordinary business it will be your wish to record the sense of grievous loss, alike public and personal, which invests with sorrow our meeting to-day. Ten days ago, after a long illness borne with cheerful courage and Christian patience, our old friend and fellow-worker, Mr T. R. Moncrieff, Vice-President of this Royal Corporation, and for many years its secretary, passed away. You have already, on the occasion of his resignation, expressed in your minutes the emotion which his passing from our active councils inspired. You have also put on record, so far as that could be done, though the half was not told, a summary of the services, rendered with much heart-felt zeal, by reason of which we, the Governors, feel ourselves placed under deep obligations of gratitude to his name and memory. I need not go

over the same ground afresh. Last Friday, at his funeral, many of us, along with a large company of other mourners, tried to give a last public demonstration of our esteem and regard for our late friend. It only now falls to us in putting these expressions on record, respectfully to convey to his nearest and dearest an assurance of our deep sympathy with them in their loss.

Mr William Will, Vice-President, supported the chairman's remarks, and the meeting expressed its approval by standing.

At the Memorial Service at St. Columba's on 9th February, 1934, the Rev. Dr Fleming said :

Let us remember in prayer and with affection and gratitude our dear friend and comrade of old time, Thomas Reid Moncrieff, whom it has pleased God mercifully to release from his long and painful illness and to receive into His rest. Those of us who saw him oftenest in these recent months will testify to the cheerful bravery with which one who had never known serious illness before faced the daily struggle with a hope that defied hopelessness and a courage triumphant over pain. And those who, ere he was finally disabled, sat with him in counsel marked the unflinching fortitude with which, before at length he had to give in, he pursued his daily task, defiant of physical weakness and distress. But our memories also go back to earlier, happier days when, with buoyant zest and whole-hearted enthusiasm, he went in and out among us, discharging the duties of noble philanthropy to which he had consecrated his life, his great abilities, and his inborn tact and understanding of human nature in general and that of his countrymen in particular. He was a bulwark of strength to us all. Many of us came into his presence discouraged or depressed and left it reinvigorated and cheered. He showed us how to enjoy life, and yet be strenuous in the discharge of its duties ; how to choose friends, to make friends, to be friends to them, and to stand by them, for better for worse, always. None was too humble for his compassion ; none too exalted for his respectful but consistent independence.

The Royal Scottish Corporation is his monument ; the affection and gratitude of countless friends and beneficiaries of the charity he so faithfully dispensed are the bringers of spices and sweet ointments to his burial. His name is writ large in the records of the Scottish community in London, and his works were a testimony to the Christian faith that was in him. He lived to recognize in his successor a man after his own heart. And so he died, the typical Scot—the happy warrior.

Past-President SIR GEORGE WILLIAM PATON.

On 23rd March, 1934, on returning from a holiday abroad, which it had been hoped would restore him to health, one of the most substantial pillars of the

Caledonian Society, Sir George William Paton, passed suddenly to his rest.

Sir George had been for many years a member of the Society before he was, in 1914, elected to the chair. All through the weary war years he occupied the presidential office, for it was deemed inadvisable to have regular meetings. His services to the Society will never be forgotten, and his memory is kept green by the handsome cup which he gifted to us as a memento of his presidency.

Sir George was in business in Greenock, of which he was a native—he was born there on 14th August, 1859—and (we quote from the house magazine of Messrs Bryant & May) in 1898 he relinquished his Greenock business to accept the post of manager of the Diamond Match Company in Liverpool—a post which he occupied with characteristic energy and success. Just three years later that company was amalgamated with Bryant & May, Ltd. A few months later Mr Paton moved from Liverpool to London, where he became joint managing director of Bryant & May, Ltd., with the late Mr Gilbert Bartholomew. The ensuing years marked a period of rapid development under the shrewd and enterprising guidance of these two far-seeing men. The establishment and foundation of associated companies overseas, and the beginnings of important reorganization of the business at home, led to the expansion of the company's interests in many directions.

On the death of Mr Gilbert Bartholomew in 1911, Mr Paton became sole managing director, Mr W. A. Smith being chairman until 1924, when Mr Paton succeeded to that office with Mr Clarence E. Bartholomew as deputy chairman.

Many schemes of further development followed, and the Brymay Pension Fund was inaugurated just before the Great War. The anxieties of the next four years were faced with determination and success. The courage of Mr and Mrs Paton was shown in remarkable degree at the time of the death of their only son, Captain Tatham Paton, whose heroism was recognized by the award of a posthumous V.C.

During these years the now familiar cessation of Saturday work in all factories was introduced, while the home business was largely revolutionized by the introduction of the Excise Duty on matches.

Post-war years saw yet further changes of which the most noteworthy was the Brymay Co-partnership Scheme—the realization of Sir George's most cherished ideal. That great scheme was launched in 1920, and its successful operation in every succeeding year was to him a source of the most sincere gratification.

On 1st January, 1930, His Majesty the King rounded off the merits of our friend by conferring upon him the honour of a knighthood.

Funeral and Memorial Service.

The funeral of our revered Past-President took place on the 27th March, the service being held at St. Columba's Church, Pont Street (of which Sir George was an elder), while a memorial service was held simultaneously at the Parish Church of St. Mary, Bow.

Large numbers of Messrs Bryant & May's employees attended one or other of the services.

The list of those present at St. Columba's is evidence in itself of the esteem in which Sir George was held in the business world, there being representatives from every firm with which his business was associated, and also from many societies in which he took a philanthropic interest. The Caledonian Society was specially well represented.

A large portion of the Church was filled by employees at Fairfield Works, Diamond Works, Mersey Works, and Leeds Works.

The service at Bow, which was conducted by the Rev. G. F. J. Ansell, was also well attended, every seat in the Church being occupied.

After the service at St. Columba's the interment took place at Putney Vale Cemetery.

To the April, 1934, issue of *The Brymay Magazine*, the house magazine of Messrs Bryant & May, the Rev. Dr Fleming, at the request of the directors, contributed a beautiful appreciation from which we take the following :

It was part of Sir George Paton's policy to keep all the thousands of the firm's employees fully informed as to the progress of its affairs. His schemes of profit-sharing and co-operation with the rank and file of the workers secured, on the part of each employee, a definite interest in the work and in its many ramifications. Each man, woman, boy, and girl felt that this was his or her business ; and they entrusted the carrying of it on to chiefs on whom they could rely, whose disinterestedness was obvious, and who would see to it that the lowliest operatives' interests were as surely safeguarded as were those of shareholders.

Sir George was a great business man, and one whose integrity and high-mindedness made him one of the most respected and honoured men in the world of commerce. But above all, he was a great philanthropist and a great Christian. As is well known to all readers of this magazine, the health—physical, mental, and moral—of every one of his workers, their happiness and their contentment, were always his chief concern. Looking back over these pages month by month, we see pictures of him and of Lady Paton in the midst of happy groups and great gatherings in many centres of industry. Births, deaths, and marriages among them were to Sir George as if they had occurred in his own home. The bride would have his happy seeing-off; the widow and orphan his reverent care. You could not imagine discontents in these happy factories; he forestalled criticism by calling the critic into council. Thousands in his employment will feel that they have lost a friend and father to-day.

I can imagine the consternation and distress in all the workshops of this great firm when it was known that the chief of the partners was dead. Yet my thoughts turned instantly to another partnership, domestic and sacred, which had endured through nearly half a century strong and unassailed, to which his death must have proved to be a still more staggering blow. Yet it has been borne by its surviving member with that noble fortitude from which their only son derived his own, when he died in winning the Victoria Cross. We do not break in on that sorrow with strident lamentations. But all who read these lines will join in offering to Lady Paton, his true partner to the end, and to their loved ones, the assurance of our respectful sympathy, and the diligence of our ardent prayers.

St. Columba's Tribute.

We take from "St. Columba's Magazine" for April, 1934, the following :

On Friday morning, 23rd March—the day when we expected him home from his much-needed Riviera holiday—Sir George Paton was sitting on the steamer's deck off Tilbury, bright and on the eve of landing, when he bowed his head suddenly, and was gone. It was a happy, not unanticipated passing. But to countless friends the news of it came as a startling and stupifying blow. So much depended on him, so many had learned absolutely to rely on him, such a multitude of affairs, commercial, philanthropic, religious, rested on his judgment and guidance as on a rock, and on his decisions as final, that on all sides his sudden going has meant grief and consternation.

On 19th June, 1921, he was ordained an Elder in St. Columba's along with six others; of these, besides himself, Field-Marshal Earl Haig and Mr William Jardine Dalgleish, are also gone. Of the others, three are for the present living at an almost or quite prohibitive distance from the church. Only one, therefore, out of that fine group, is at the moment able to render regular service. Such are the ravages of time and change.

In announcing his death to the congregation on Sunday the 25th, the Senior Minister of St. Columba's [Dr Fleming] said :

" Were Sir George Paton with us at this moment, he would say that the chief and deepest source of all his happiness and the secret of his calm and confident success lay in his religion. Never for an instant was he unclothed of it ; never did he reject its counsels ; never did he fail to resort to it in moments of difficulty for guidance, of sorrow for solace, or of success for opportunities of acknowledging in all things the good hand of his God upon him."

After Mr Gillan had read the lessons at the St. Columba's funeral service, on March 27, Dr Fleming said :

" The loss which has befallen us in this Church and congregation through the death of Sir George Paton is intimate and overwhelming. Ordained in 1921 to be an elder among us simultaneously with Field-Marshal Earl Haig, he shared with that great soldier and great Christian a passionate solicitude for those who were in the rank and file of life. Eager for all that promoted their temporal or spiritual good, he was determined that no need should be overlooked because it seemed trifling or any sufferer forgotten because he was lowly and unchampioned. It was because the Church of Christ stood for these great principles of brotherhood and love that he gave to it his zealous support ; and it was from the wells of its divine inspiration that he constantly recruited the energies of his warm-hearted and tireless beneficence. He brought to the affairs of our Church, and to the policies and management of the endless charities in which he was interested, all the sagacity that was native to him, and all the wisdom derived from a varied and world-wide business experience. To him, the family of the factory and the family of the Church were alike arenas on which might be applied and displayed the principles of unaffected kindness and comradeship which discovered, in positions of influence and rule, only an added responsibility for seeking the welfare of others in accordance with the rule and example of Christ. This great gathering of mourners to-day represents but a modicum of his friendships ; and in the great world outside, a literal multitude mourn the loss of one who brightened life for them, relieved its distresses, revived its hopes and uplifted its ideals with a steady and strengthening fidelity. We come to bury, not to praise him. But indeed we cannot bury him. For he will live on among us, a potent example of what is noblest and best in Scottish character, in British commerce, and in Christian life. We speed him on to rejoin the heroic son, the winner in death of the Victoria Cross, who went before him. We tender our loving sympathy to his brave wife, and to all to whom he was near and dear."

The Scottish Corporation's Grief.

At the meeting of the Managing-Governors of the Royal Scottish Corporation in April, 1934, the Rev. Dr Fleming, Chairman, said :

Since the last meeting of this Board of Management, two vacancies in its membership have been occasioned by death which it would be vain to expect that in any real sense we can fill. Men of the stamp of

Sir George Paton and Mr Henry Walter Thomson are not easily discovered, even among London Scots ; great business men, great philanthropists, and great Christians. To our sense of bereavement is added the feeling—in the older among us, at least—that we shall never see their like again.

Sir George Paton has been for long the chairman of this Board, and for longer still one of its most assiduous members and munificent supporters. His great business abilities he put to the full at the service of the Corporation ; he was proud to do so ; of nothing in his crowded and varied life was he prouder than of his connection with this great and ancient Charity. We all know with what tact he presided over us, and with what sagacity and sympathy he guided us in dealing with the manifold cases of distress brought under our notice. On the very eve of our expecting his return to our councils in renewed health and strength, he was taken from us. To every one of us he was a dear and affectionate friend as well as leader. We tender our deepest sympathy to Lady Paton, whose heart was as much with us as was her husband's, and to the other members of his family and household, one of whom, happily, is a valued member of this Board.

CHAPTER V.

1934-1935 : MR WILLIAM MILN, *President*.

A London Angus Scot in the Chair : Sentiments—"The Vernacular in the Scottish Schools," by Past-President William Will ; "The Scot as Farmer," by Sir Robert Blyth Greig ; "Scots Parliamentarians I have known," by Sir Alexander Macintosh ; "The Scottish Magazine To-day," by Mr R. D. Macleod ; "The Scot as a Philanthropist," by Mr F. R. Stephen. The President on the late Mr A. Bain Irvine. Obituary :—Past-President Andrew Bain Irvine, Right Hon. Lord Riddell, Hon. Auditor Robert Davidson.

THE new President of the Society comes of an old Angus family, whose origins Mr Miln has traced in an old burying ground at the top of Glen Esk, near to Loch Lee. Both his father's and mother's families came of farming stock.

Mr Miln's apprenticeship was served with a store in Broughty Ferry, quite unique of its kind. Apart from the ordinary grocery and provision sections, they dealt largely in grains and feeding-stuffs, and did a large tea and wine trade. In those days it was essential to serve a four years apprenticeship—having one year in each section of the business. It was there that our President received the general knowledge of the food



WILLIAM MILN
President 1934-1935

trade that has stood him in good stead in his mature years.

Early in his career he went to Aberdeen and served for five years in one of the oldest established food and wine firms in Union Street. Thereafter he came to London early one morning, a complete stranger, found his way to the Bank, and the first person he spoke to was the policeman on point-duty, who, it transpired, had come from Aberdeen about three years before.

That same morning by ten o'clock he had applied for a position, and an hour later secured the job.

For six years he was linked up with the multiple shop companies, later joining a well-known West End stores.

Some years later Mr Miln became staff controller in Harrods, which gave him a wonderful insight into human nature. He was responsible for the engaging and discharging, according to the season of the year, of all staff from the delivery men upwards.

Having in another great Stores studied the food markets of the world, he returned to his old employers at Knightsbridge, and within a few weeks had taken over the control of the food, liquor, drug, cigar and in-door and out-door catering sections. This great position he still holds.

Mr Miln's duties have taken him over more than half the world. He has explored the markets of U.S.A., Spain, Portugal and France, as well as many other continental sources of supplies.

Our new President tells of an extraordinary series of coincidences that were presented to him when at the tail end of a journey in search of new markets. He happened to come across a large fruit belt known as Flickenger's Fruit Orchards, near San Francisco. It crossed his mind that he had met a man bearing that name a few years previously in Aberdeen. Although Mr. Flickenger had passed away the organization was

run by John Graham, a Scot. It turned out that it was Graham whom he had met in Aberdeen. It appeared that Graham and Flickenger had been cowboys together and were very successful. They eventually decided to settle down to a comparatively quiet life and cultivate fruit.

Here again fortune favoured them, and in time they decided to exploit the English markets, and it fell to Graham's lot to do the trip to the British Isles. While talking matters over with a business friend in Edinburgh he decided to trace his own history, and before long discovered that he was a direct descendant of the Grahams of Claverhouse.

At this point, says Mr Miln, Mr Graham, with great pride and with tears streaming down his cheeks, touched a spring in the wall of the room in which they were sitting and revealed an inside shutter containing a safe, and then produced the usual type of deed-box marked in bold type, "JOHN GRAHAM, DIRECT DESCENDANT OF THE GRAHAMS OF CLAVERHOUSE."

THE PRESIDENT ON DEPARTED MEMBERS.

At the Council meeting on 8th November, 1934, in the Cambria Suite, Connaught Rooms, the Society's new home, the President, after accepting office, first spoke of the new meeting place, and thereafter said they had conferred upon him the greatest honour any Society could confer on one of its members. "I fully realize," said the President, "that I am following in the footsteps of many eminent Scotsmen—men honoured in the professions and in commerce—but I can assure you that none of them could have valued more than I do the honour which you have conferred upon me by making me your President."

At the Council and General meetings the President

referred to the great losses which the Association had suffered through the deaths of Past-President Sir George Paton (1906), Past-President T. R. Moncrieff (1902), Messrs. H. W. Thomson (1903), Charles Coutts Michie, J.P. (1924), Archibald Barbour (1924), and Lord Riddell, the latter of whom had died during the previous few days.

They were all men, said the President, who had reached the top of their professions; all men who had earned the utmost respect and esteem of their fellow Scotsmen, and although their interests were varied, their hearts were as one in their love for the Caledonian Society of London. Owing to the great services which those brethren had rendered to the Society they would be sorely missed.

The members stood when expressing their sorrow.

The President expressed his thanks for the generous way in which the members had supported the appeal for the Royal Scottish Corporation. The President's and members' lists reached a grand total of £1211, 5s. 6d., an amount of which the members could be proud.

The President also referred to the great support given to the Presidents by Miss Maxwell, who had resigned from the Corporation and who had given splendid service to the Caledonian Society.

It was thereafter resolved that the Society's appreciation of Miss Maxwell's services be entered in the minutes, and that a letter should be sent of thanks for her work during the past twenty years.

At the Little Dinner following, the President occupied the chair, and after the loyal toasts had been honoured, Past-President William Will was called upon to give a Sentiment, "The Vernacular in the Scottish Schools." He said:

To our critics I should be a pathetic figure—a *sair sicht*—for here you have a Scotsman advocating in as good English as he can produce,

the preservation and cultivation of his Lowland Vernacular by means of schools and schoolmasters, or as some of us would say, schuils or skweels and dominies.

Those critics of ours, some serious, some curious, some crined craters, sneer, and speir why we do not address meetings such as this in the Doric about which we deive them. "If it be good enough for the school room, surely it is good enough for a Caledonian Society," they say. I put this pertinent criticism at the outset, because I hope, before I have done, to show why some of us do not—why we cannot—produce our thoughts in the language in which every Scotsman is, often unconsciously, struggling to find expression.

I remember some years ago, after some remarks that I had made on this subject had been reported in the Scottish newspapers, a friend of mine, writing from America, said: "I see ye're aye ca'in' yer gird," which to large numbers of young Scots to-day would mean naething ava.

As you know, all our work, from 1920 till now, has been progressive; we have moved step by step, quietly but persistently and one feels more or less successfully, to secure the admission of Scots literature to the Scottish schools, not merely under the cloak of English, and as an adjunct of that noble language, but as a separate subject in the curriculum.

I need hardly remind you that there is not unanimity in this attitude, for many educationists, as sincere lovers of the Vernacular as any in this room, believe that it would not be in its best interest if it were included as a definite subject in the schools time-table. I believe, however, that the pressure of modern conditions will force all our friends to the conclusion that if our Lowland literature is not to become a dead thing to future generations, and if our Vernacular is not to be choked to death, a distinct place will have to be found for it in the curricula.

What we have done it is unnecessary for me to recite here to-night; but of one danger we have kept clear. We have declined to mix up this question of the preservation of Scots and its place in the curriculum with what is called Home Rule for Scotland. Indeed, I have dissociated myself entirely in my advocacy of the study in schools of our Vernacular literature from any consideration whatever of the government of our country. We have sufficient autonomy in Scottish educational matters to settle this question without the introduction of party political feeling, which would retard, rather than advance, our work.

We have engaged in no ram-stam methods. We have formed no processions. We have beaten no big drums. No bagpipes have screamed their indignation; for, after all, the bagpipes are not the voice of Scotland, any more than haggis is her food.

I have been told by Scottish Home Rulers that if Scotland had a Parliament in Edinburgh, this matter of languages—Gaelic and Lowland Scots—would be one of the grievances that would be removed. Unfortunately, the people of Scotland have shown no sign that they consider the absence of the Vernacular from the curriculum to be a grievance. They have expressed no indignation that many of their bairns leave school in abysmal ignorance of the literature of their own country, although they have to pass examinations showing a close acquaintance with English and often French literature. Not only so,

but we know there is a considerable body of opinion in Scotland averse from the introduction to the schools of the Vernacular, in speech or literature, in any shape or form.

When the complete history of our Vernacular comes to be written, its treatment in our educational system will be one of the most interesting and humiliating chapters. We can trace antagonism to it in our schools from before the Reformation to this twentieth century.

Up till 1530 at any rate, Scots was still the popular language in Scotland, and in 1542 an Act of Parliament secured to the people the privilege of having the Scriptures "baith the New Testament and the Auld" "in the vulgar toung in Inglis or Scottis." About 1550 Aberdeen Grammar School pupils were allowed to speak Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, or Gaelic, but if they were heard speaking Scots they were punished, along with those who came late to school and "the authors of mischief." So as early as 1550 the stamp of inferiority was placed on Scots. But down till 1690 Scots was freely taught in schools. The Union of the Crowns in 1707, with all that it implied in intercourse between English and Scottish Society and in commercial intercourse as well, was perhaps the greatest blow that the language suffered, and prepared the way for the time—the middle of the eighteenth century—when the "new method," that is English, became the rage, and the flight from Scots became a rout.

Antagonism thereafter became persecution. The "new method," or English, became an obsession. Until then Scots was spoken by all, rich and poor. In fact, the Scottish people were bi-lingual, as many of our children are to-day. They could speak and write in both languages.

When the change came, the Intelligentsia discovered that Scots was vulgar, but when it actually left Gentility and took on Vulgarity, I cannot trace.

Just as Society to-day rushes to some fad—cloche hats or short skirts—so Edinburgh rushed to English manners and the English language—from braid Scots to narrow English.

Thomas Sheridan, the Irish actor, in Edinburgh in 1761, made the cynics sneer when three hundred broad-Scots-speaking men of fashion and brains were being taught English pronunciation by an actor who spoke in a rich Irish brogue.

This sudden conversion of Scotland from broad Scots to narrow English produced some amusing and amazing results—a bastard English familiar to us to-day, and represented by the boy who told his teacher that he had been for a holiday to Fife with his mother, and that they crossed by the Toe Bridge. "Your mother didn't call it that?" said the teacher. "Oh, no," said the boy, "she called it the Tay Bridge, but she's awful Scoatch." I have heard a friend of mine being told by the doctor to "Roll yourself well up," when the poor man meant to advise my friend to "Rowe yersel weel up," substituting a silly Anglicization for his healthy Doric. If we are to make any progress we shall have to cast off this stupid gentility.

Scotland presented the amazing spectacle of doing its utmost to suffocate its native language just at the moment that there was born her greatest Vernacular poet, who conveyed his message in that old language which he loved and which some of his brethren were betraying.

Not for many years had there been any promise that Scots might

find a place in the literature of the world. But Burns came flashing across the northern sky; the genius of this vital son of Scotland revived our language, and the wonderful use that the poet made of it inspired the people with pride in their common tongue. By then, however, all trace of Scots had disappeared from the school books; and even the book from which John Murdoch taught Robert Burns was utterly devoid of a Scots word.

The appearance of the star of Robert Burns in the literary and social firmament attracted general attention; and although the anti-Scots campaign has continued, the influence of Burns—bad in one respect, because he has towered like a colossus above subsequent poets—both by his own work and his inspiration to Scottish songsters during the past hundred and forty years has, in my opinion, saved the Vernacular from much more serious decay than otherwise would have been its fate. It was fortunate for our Lowland language, and for the memory of Burns, that he wrote his finest poems and sang his sweetest wood notes wild in his mother tongue—fortunate for the memory of Burns, because had he not written in Scots the probability is that to-day he would be lying in the churchyard at Dumfries—unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

But notwithstanding all that Robert Burns did for Scotland and her language, there are still Scots men and women ready to throw mud at his monument. This is the day of what the American in the clever output of his word mint calls "debunking" of heroes. Men and women are crawling round with an electric torch in one hand and a muck rake in the other, glowerin' into ilka nook and cranny, into ilka hole and corner of the lives of men whose great hearts and giant intellects will be beacons to their fellow-countrymen when the miserable human dirt-flies who are buzzing round their monuments and making an indecent living by the buzzing will be completely forgotten. Both Burns and Scott have been the objects of the attention of those muck-rakers. It seems to be the function of some of those scribbling burrs, those "It is said," "the rumour still exists" kind of biographers to supply matter without one tittle of evidence. (Applause.)

The appearance of the work of this inspired son of Ayrshire must have checked to some extent the rush from Scots, but the persecution of the language continued. The damage had been done, gradually the speakers of Scots in Society dropped their Doric, and adopted the southern tongue.

Since those days until recent years—for two hundred years—everything has been done that parents and education authorities can do to stamp out Scots as if it were a rinderpest. It has been scowled at in the homes of the genteel because it is vulgar; and it has been clouted whenever it has raised its voice in the schoolroom, because, so it used to be said, it interfered with the teaching of English. In every conceivable way it has been decried. When one recalls the mighty efforts made to stamp out the language, one often wonders that it is spoken at all, and that poets and prose writers still use it so effectively as a medium of expression. Even its Scottish enemies must be driven to the conclusion that it derives its present strength from some quality as tenacious as the heather on the hillsides—that it is an undying part of the stuff of which the Scottish people are made.

Having dealt shortly with the story of the decay of Scots—and it must always be remembered that the Reformation and the Union of the Crowns were two outstanding events in the dethronement of the language—let us now turn to its present position outside and inside the schools, in the homes and in the classrooms, for it is there that a language, or a nation, is made or marred. To assist me in reaching some clear concept of the present position of Scots, I asked the assistance of three bodies of men and women—(1) Education officers and Committees; (2) His Majesty's Inspectors of Schools; and (3) Head masters and mistresses.

When I decided to approach these three distinct classes of educationists I had no idea what their attitude would be to the questions I put to them, that is except in two cases. I was prepared for the suggestion by some that they had no time to spare for people with bees in their bonnets, and by others that it wouldn't be a bad thing if people minded their own business. But there was nothing of that, and certainly I was not prepared for the spate of sympathy that greeted my letters, or for the long helpful messages sent me. It showed that many educated men and women in Scotland—the men and women, too, who have, next to the parents, the greatest influence in moulding the character of the nation—were concerned about the state of our common tongue, and were eager to get together to do something to prevent its further corruption.

So intensely do those schoolmasters and mistresses feel about the study of the Vernacular that of fifty-nine who answered the question whether they used Scots in their English lessons only five said they did not. To me more amazing still was the fact that thirty-one were enthusiastically in favour of the study of Vernacular literature having a definite place in the time-table, and twenty-eight against, many of the latter simply because the time-table is already overcrowded.

One of the series of questions put by me was meant to discover if the attitude of the parents to the Vernacular had changed during the past twenty to fifty years. For many years parents, as they improved in the social scale, had endeavoured to cast their plebeian husks, one of which is the common speech, in the vulgar belief that it was the language of the vulgarian. The replies to this question showed that little change had been observed except in the case of the North-East of Scotland, where the attitude of parents seems to be more tolerant, one schoolmaster suggesting that a "fairly rich crop of writers of dialect verse and dialect plays" had created "a definite change for the better."

The replies to my query whether or no the Vernacular is spoken freely out of school, show that in the cities and large towns the decay or corruption of the Vernacular has been far more rapid than in the country places.

In Glasgow "the out-of-school speech is debased English"; "purely English pronounced with a perversion of vowel sounds and a clipping of particle endings," "the Doric has for the children the strangeness of a foreign tongue," Maybole Scots is "mongrel English and slang," and Greenock children speak ungrammatical mongrel English. "A strong infusion of Highland, Irish, Cockney, and other elements corrupts the Vernacular" is another Greenock opinion.

In Aberdeen City, "town slang expressions like 'I seen him' are

invading the country; and the Glasgow glotal stop—wa'er, bo'le, and so on—is becoming evident."

In the county of Aberdeen, on the other hand, while there is in some cases a mixture of rich Doric and bad English, we are told of other districts where "naething idder" than the Doric is spoken.

Here, then, is the raw material, whether it be good Scots or de-based; and one naturally wonders what the attitude of the authorities is to those children who go to school learned only in their native speech.

It is interesting to know that Lowland Scots is being more and more pressed into the service of the teacher as an aid to the teaching of English. Time was, and not many years ago, when the use of a Scots word in class would have brought down the wrath and the strap or spaingie of the teacher; but now, as is seen by the numerous references in the replies to my queries, our expressive words and idioms are used to help the laddie and the lassie, to whose natural language they belong, to understand the, to him and her, foreign English language. A very eminent Scottish educationist told me that he once gently reprimanded a schoolmaster who refused to take the word bools from a boy, and said it was wrong. "The boy is quite right," said my friend; "bools is the word, but I would tell the boy that marbles is the English equivalent." That's it; Scots is right from a Scottish boy, and there is another language, English. The boy is bi-lingual.

To read many of the letters which I have received is to know the tremendous strides that educationists have made in the science of teaching. Here in the teaching of English advantage is taken of the natural mode of expression of the child, and instead of having the English language whipped into him or her and the Scots whipped out, thinking men and women use Scots to impart a knowledge of English. Mr P. A. Conacher, Director of Education for Angus, says definitely that teachers should accept answers in the dialect, especially in the Infant Room.

Mr McHardy, Director of Education for Caithness, recognizes "that especially in oral work the pupils express themselves better if allowed the use of the Vernacular; and in imparting the information asked for they cultivate a certain fluency and freedom of style which the mechanical process of translation from the thought in the Vernacular to the expression in 'correct English' is apt to inhibit." Mr McHardy further urges that later the "Vernacular of the Lowlands and the Doric of the North should be used to develop the style and aptness of expression which they so materially assist."

Mr W. D. Ritchie, Director of Education, Selkirkshire, has something to say about the "correction" of Vernacular-speaking children.

"When the child enters school," he says, "he is informed that certain pronunciations and words are 'wrong' and is duly informed of what is 'right.' To my mind this moral distinction is most unfortunate. The child ought at school to learn by imitation and tuition of a good fluent English speech of the plain unaffected kind spoken by educated Scottish people. The child should also be encouraged to understand that there is no shame, but a great pride to be taken in the Scots Vernacular, and to disassociate it from vulgarisms of all kinds.

"It should never be suggested to the child that the speech of the home, the playground, and the street is 'wrong,' but that it is different

and, moreover, that it is the native speech of the non-Gaelic part of Scotland. I believe that the appreciation and the practical application of this clear distinction would give both a better English speech and a greater love for and appreciation of our Scots Vernacular, and help to remove the tongue-tied confusion on the one hand, and the affectations of Southern English forms on the other, which disfigure so much of our Scottish speech at the present time."

There is this same far-seeing attitude apparent in the letters of His Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, who, for obvious reasons, remain anonymous. One Inspector says: "As a practical measure I do wish that in the Infant Room, particularly in the country, the teachers would speak to the children in a language with which the children are familiar, *i.e.* the Vernacular, not necessarily in the reading lessons, but when speaking to them generally." This gentleman also tells me of a schoolmaster who asked his highest class to describe the local flower show in the Vernacular. The result surprised him; several accounts were excellent, some quite voluminous, and all at much greater length than usual. This proves what we have been contending, that children—and grown-ups too—can best express themselves in their native language.

Not only the Directors and H.M.I.S. approve this Anglo-Scots method, but many schoolmasters make use of the children's natural speech to aid them in teaching English.

Mr. J. G. Horne, Ruthwell, whose vernacular poem, "A Landwart Loon," is a fine study of a country boy, and whose short poems are found at too long intervals in the Casual Column of the *Glasgow Herald*, tells me that a teacher farther up the country spends fifteen minutes every day with his class during which time every question and every answer is given in Scots. "For my part," says Mr Horne, "Scots is in my mind in every lesson. I take a Scots synonym as readily as an English one, and it is wonderfully encouraging to find that the parents are keen on it too. I give them, say, six English words to take home with them, and they are to bring back six equivalents in Scots, and they can get help anywhere in their search. Many strange words are unearthed."

Mr Hugh Brebner, Rector, Gordon Schools, Huntly, also a supporter of the Vernacular, but not to the extent of a definite place in the curriculum, says that in his own teaching he frequently makes use of the Doric to illustrate a point or elucidate the meaning of a word or phrase, while his teachers have his sanction and approval for selecting suitable Vernacular passages, both prose and verse, for study in class.

One of the lady assistants in English in his school, well acquainted with Scots literature, makes frequent use of the Doric in teaching French and English, and she can often get a Scots word closely allied to a French word. She delights to teach her classes Scots poems and old Scots ballads.

"When some of the little ones come to school for the first time," says Mr Brebner, "the teachers get splendid examples of Scots. For instance, when one little fellow was being enrolled, the teacher asked him his name. His friend chimed in, 'They ca' him The Shargar.' Sometimes when I say to a little one, 'Where do you stay?' I am met with a look of bewilderment, which changes to one of intelligent perception when I say, 'Faur d'ye bide?'"

Mr David MacKenzie, Banff Academy, uses Scots freely in his Academy, particularly in the Primary School. "When there is difficulty in getting an idea over, a homely or expressive phrase often acts as an 'open sesame,' sets teacher and pupil on a level, and creates the sympathy and understanding that make for good work."

An Aberdeen headmaster says he uses the Vernacular in the English classes to explain standard English words and phrases. A pupil is allowed, and even encouraged, to make use of the Vernacular when English fails him or her.

And right through the replies to my queries one finds this enlightened policy in operation.

This pressing of the Vernacular into the service of the teacher in the English lesson must have a healthy effect on the mind of the child, who must appreciate that Scots is a language distinct from English. This will prepare him for the next stage, which is the study of the poetry and prose in the Vernacular. Here we are met by the cynical but rather stupid questions: What Vernacular will be taught in schools? Will it be Gaelic or Lowland Scots? Will it be Old, Middle, or Modern Scots? Will it be the dialect of the Lothians, the Borders, Ayrshire, or Aberdeenshire?

Well, Gaelic is already taught in the schools of Gaelic-speaking counties, classical Scots of all periods will be in the school books, and as there is little difference between the dialects of the different counties, the language used by the writers in the school books will be understood by all. If there are a few localisms, well, there will always be a glossary or a list of "meanings." Sir Walter Scott did not discuss what dialect he would use when he put his Scots into the mouths of his characters. Meg Dods of the Cleikum Inn would have given her Tamteen rivals their kale through the reek if they had questioned her dialect; Burns wrote in a dialect and gloried in it, and no Scotsman finds it an impediment to reading "Tam o' Shanter" or "The Jolly Beggars."

The difference between the speech of one part of Scotland and the other is more a difference of accent than of language, and I attach less importance to accent than do a good many of my friends. In many cases men and women think they are speaking Scots when they are speaking merely English with a Scottish accent. I heard two west country fishermen on the wireless a month or so ago. It was understood that they were using the dialects of Ayrshire and Galloway. They used nothing but English words, and lang-nibbit words at that. Their accents are all that are left to show that they are Scotsmen.

There are already in the anthologies prose and poetry from the Scottish Chaucerians to the poets of the present day, and if these books were used in all parts of Scotland the children and grown-ups in, for example, Galloway and Ayrshire would read in, say, Violet Jacob's "Tam i' the Kirk" the Scots Angus, in Logie Robertson's "Horace in Hamespun" the Scots of the Lothians, in George Mac Donald's "The Auld Fisher" or "The Yerl o' Waterydeck" and Charles Murray's "The Whistle" the Scots of Aberdeenshire, and so on, and would acquire a vocabulary of the best Scots that the country has produced, and thus lay the foundation of a standard language.

Several defenders of the Vernacular in the schools have anticipated the time when books of Scots will be necessary in the schoolroom.

Lady Craigie some years ago published extracts from the Vernacular pieces of Sir Walter Scott; Mr William Robb, lately one of H.M.I.S., compiled a fine anthology "A Book of Scots"; Mr John Buchan's "Northern Muse" has specimens of the work of fifty-eight native poets; Mr Thomas Henderson's "A Scots Garland" is a valuable collection recently published; Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" and Gibson's Second Book of Poetry contain many Lowland Scottish Vernacular pieces; and Mackie's Readings and Recitations in Modern Scots is a valuable selection from the Scots classics.

There is no lack of material; there is no lack of workers. Only one thing is lacking—enthusiasm on the part of parents and education authorities.

Many of the teachers, as is shown by the replies to my question "What authors do you favour?" are regularly using Scottish authors, notwithstanding their meagre representation in the examination papers. Lovers of Scottish literature among the teachers seem determined that the children's ignorance of the work of their own fellow-countrymen shall not lie at their doors.

From my replies, I find that thirty-five writers in the Vernacular are named as being read at present in classes. There are in addition the large number of authors not named individually but included in the anthologies which I have just mentioned. If all the authors in those collections be included there cannot be far short of a hundred Vernacular writers whose work is at this moment used in the various grade schools in Scotland.

In the letters from schoolmasters I find that Burns is named as being used in almost all the schools, and so is Scott, and it may be that apart from their position in literature their presence in the examination papers necessitate closer study of their works. Charles Murray comes next with eighteen mentions, Stevenson fourteen, and Violet Jacob ten. The Ballads are named by nine masters, Dunbar by six, and Henryson by four. Hogg, Ramsay, Galt, Mac Donald, Barrie, Logie Robertson, Neil Munro, Marion Angus, Mary Symon, and many other present-day writers are given as being read in class.

I do not place emphasis on the value of this partial census, but give it as what I hope is indicative of the feeling of Scottish schoolmasters as a whole.

The methods used necessarily vary, because those teachers who take but a perfunctory interest in the Vernacular do not trouble much about it except to cover the possibilities of the examination papers, while others who are intensely interested in the subject, apart from those examinations, have an ordered system of study. Mr Morren, the principal teacher of English in Greenock High School, has a definite scheme. Besides the use of Burns in class, the High School have a Library open to the Senior Class, and this contains John Buchan's "The Northern Muse," the "Edinburgh Book of Scottish Verse," Mr William Robb's "Book of Scots," Mackie's "Readings and Recitations in Modern Scots," Dr Charles Murray's "Hamewith and other poems," and Scott's Novels. Mr Morren's first-year pupils study "The Cottar's Saturday Night," "To a Mouse," and "To a Mountain Daisy"; in the third year they read the Vernacular poems in Smith's Book of Verse, Part III; and fourth-year pupils make an intensive study of

selected poems of Burns (World's Classics edition). This is, so far as I know, the most continuous study of Vernacular literature in Scottish schools.

My request for "Observations" produced a wonderfully interesting series of opinions, in which are mentioned various agencies which are helping to lay a better foundation for the restoration of the Vernacular to its proper place in Scotland. Among these agencies are the Burns Federation and Burns Clubs' Competitions, the Drama and Musical Festival movements; in Aberdeen, the Noble prizes (offered by Sir William Noble) for recitations by children in City Schools; the Craig prizes in Galashiels schools for reciting and singing pieces and songs from Burns or modern Vernacular poets.

Mr Horne, Ruthwell, says the Burns Club competitions and the local Musical Festivals help greatly. "The great idea," says Mr Horne, "is to catch the unfledged young ones before they stick on their English feathers."

Mr A. Miller, Alves, finds that in dramatic work his pupils prefer Scots, "and certainly," he says, "enter into the spirit of the play more readily and fully," translating the Scots into their own dialect.

Mr James Mair, The Academy, Sanquhar, also advocates the encouragement of the Vernacular drama. For his school concerts Mr Mair takes a subject like Halloween and writes a Vernacular dialogue round a series of Scots songs and recitations.

In this connection Mr P. A. Conacher, Director of Education for Angus, writes in praise of drama as an aid to the revival of an interest in the Vernacular, and tells how seven or eight years ago a local rural schoolmaster started a dramatic club, but found that the play they were studying dragged. One player could make nothing of his part, which was rather a good one.

The schoolmaster suggested that if the English didn't suit him, he should speak in his natural dialect. The schoolmaster wrote out the part in dialect and the result was startling. The man memorized the whole part without difficulty, seemed to wake up, and proved a very effective actor. The schoolmaster thereupon re-wrote the whole play in dialect, but this not being satisfactory, he wrote original plays, found them worth while, and he has developed into a dramatist of note, one at least of whose plays has been produced in London.

This testimony emphasizes my argument that the Vernacular is the medium of expression fitted for our mentality, and that English is a foreign language, which we are bound to study and master.

In the replies from teachers, too, emphasis is laid on the valuable work being done by the W.R.I.

I have shown that school teachers generally are sympathetic to a study of the Vernacular in class, but before they can be expected to be enthusiastic, there will have to be some greater incentive in the examination papers. A careful search of the School-leaving Certificate examination papers for the past twenty or thirty years shows that while pupils are expected to answer questions in English literature from Chaucer to J. C. Squire and Bret Harte, they need only know, among the writers of Scots, Sir Walter and Burns. And I have found only two Vernacular quotations—one from Scott and one from Burns—in the whole of the questions given from 1906 to date. Throughout these

papers are alternative questions about What is Scots? and about poetry before Burns, and so on, so that there is actually some reason why the schoolmasters should devote a certain amount of time to the study of Scottish literature.

A more cheering sign of the times is the English question paper in the regulations for Edinburgh University Bursary Competition in 1931. This paper may contain "translation of older English, not earlier than Chaucer (and easier extracts from the work of the Scottish Chaucerians)."

It is here, in the examination papers, that the reform must begin, for the subjects in the time-tables in the various schools must reflect the demands of the examiners.

What I should like to see in our schools, and I believe we are within a few years of it—the Leaving Certificate Examinations will be the measure of the realization of this—is every schoolmaster submitting a course of study in Scots in every class in the school. It should be an axiom that no pupil should be allowed to leave the elementary school without having had reasonable opportunity of storing in his memory the best songs of Scotland, the best of the Ballads, and the best of the Vernacular literature, as well as his countrymen's contributions to English literature, which comes in the English class. I am told by schoolmasters that if done methodically this need not encroach much on the general time-table. Scots would be the medium of communication during the Scots lesson, as far as possible. The result of this reading by the children and the teachers of our best Vernacular literature would be, without any doubt, that the corrupt forms of speech used outside the classroom would gradually give way to what would probably become a Standard Scots. There would be a replacement in their vocabularies of some of those valuable words that have been cast aside in the cause of gentility for some English equivalent much less expressive. In this age of apeish snobbery we are searching after false lingual gods. We have killed "men" and "women"; and charwomen are now char-ladies.

Our progress to this goal of Scots in the curriculum will be slow. To achieve it we must have the sympathy and assistance of all in Scotland who have influence with education authorities. Our first approach must be to the Education Committees, who I have no doubt whatever will view the appeal to national sentiment and the improvement of our common speech and literature in a national spirit.

Even if the Committees are not prepared at once to place Vernacular literature definitely in the curriculum, an expression of their sympathy will give the necessary lead to the teachers, most of whom, we know, will at once respond with their assistance in the way that to them is most convenient. It may be that in many cases the Scots lesson would form part of the English lesson; but to me it would be a humiliating thing to see Scots tied to the tail of English.

The teachers, we know, have the future of young Scotland in their hands. Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman once said that the "Scottish schoolmaster has done much to make the Scottish people what they are—even more than the minister, laird, or farmer." To the dominies will fall the task of seeing that the rising generation gets an opportunity of knowing the language and literature of their own country, and that

they are brought up as Scots lads and lasses with the national spirit strong in them and not as mere apers of English boys and girls.

The only immediate difficulty that I can see is that many of the teachers themselves, having been starved, as the present generation is being semi-starved, may have difficulty in instructing their classes in Scots, for I have heard several graduates of Scottish universities say that while they were at school and at the University they never read or were asked to read a line of Scots. To the Vernacular Circle of the Burns Club of London, Mr George Malcolm Thomson told his hearers that he was never allowed to use Scots, he never heard it read or mentioned in the schoolroom, and only a chance meeting with Dunbar or Henryson opened the door to a new world and to regrets that so much had been denied him. And yet our critics sneer at us because we cannot speak Scots fluently. It is like cutting off a man's legs and then jeering at him because he cannot walk.

One result of this literary starvation has been well shown by the response or absence of response to the offer of prizes at the four Scottish Universities for original compositions in the Vernacular by graduates and undergraduates. These prizes were the result of the work of the Vernacular Circle.

The prizes were presented to Edinburgh and St. Andrews (£250 each, about £10 per annum) by Mr L. G. Sloan, a generous past-president of the Burns Club of London; to Glasgow a sum to produce about £14 annually by Colonel Walter Scott, the great-hearted Scot who represents in the United States the finest qualities of our race; and to Aberdeen, an annual prize of £10 by Sir William Noble (another past-president of the Burns Club of London, a native of the Granite City).

The fate of these prizes is most illuminating

They were all founded in 1921; and for the ten years during which the £10 prize has been offered at St. Andrews, not one entry has been made.

We have the record of only five years of the Edinburgh prize, and three men have won it in the five years—one man three years in succession.

The Glasgow £14 prize has been won by one man twice, and for the past seven years no one has won it.

At Aberdeen two awards have been made in eleven years.

One cannot believe that Scottish students are to-day so opulent or lazy that a £10 or £14 prize has no attraction. It proves conclusively, in my opinion, that the continual neglect of Scots in the schools has had the effect that might have been foreseen, of almost completely stifling the expression in their native Scots of graduates and undergraduates.

You will have gathered from my remarks that although in my opinion we have made great progress in a quiet, persistent way, we have still much to do, and powerful reactionary forces to overcome as well.

I pay little attention to those who, in an endeavour to decry Scots, threip doon oor throats that it is merely a dialect of English. That is of very little importance except to philologists; for wherever our words and idioms came from originally—and our language is compounded of

words from many languages—we have so moulded them that they are now part o' oor ain sel's.

Situated as we in London are, we have not put all the energy into the movement that otherwise we might have done.

We want a lead in Scotland. Who will give it?

We are not without pointers in the matter. Sir William Craigie told us here of the revival of the Friesian language, mainly with the help of the native drama; and of the Faroese language, in which actually a book on botany had been written; and we have an even better example of a language, or dialect, rising to the assistance of the expression of a people's soul in the case of Provence. There a group of poets, chief of whom was Mistral, created a literature in a dialect of French that had almost become extinct, at any rate as a literary instrument. Joseph Roumanille (1818-1891) was a gardener's son who became (happy omen for Scotland!) a schoolmaster at Avignon. He wrote poetry in French, but as his old mother, a Provençal peasant, could not understand his work, Roumanille determined to write in the dialect or language of his native Provence. (It may be said parenthetically that the Provençal poets do not confine themselves to one dialect.) To Mistral, the poet who was born in 1830, these poems of Roumanille opened up a new world. The *Jeux Floraux*, which was founded for the poets of Provence, was succeeded by an Academy. On 3rd May the *Fêtes des Fleurs*, when flowers are distributed to the laureates, is the apotheosis of this rebirth of a literary language.

Why not Scots in Scotland, and with the help of schoolmasters, as the rebirth of the Provençal language was largely the work of a peasant schoolmaster?

We have no one literary organization in Scotland that would give us the lead we need. The Burns Federation, which has already done much in this matter of the Vernacular in schools, is not a literary body; but it might, because of its machinery and its love and its work already accomplished for the cause, take the initiative in forming from among the best and most enthusiastic Vernacularists in the country, outside and inside the Burns cult, a Vernacular or Scots Council. This Council would consider the various ways in which our object can be furthered—not only what we can do, but what we should avoid doing. At the present moment the one thing is as important as the other.

I suggest this to the Federation and its president, our own member, Sir Alexander Gibb, who I know is keenly alive to the necessity of action being taken at once.

Such a Council, with the aid of the Federation machinery, could organize Scotland. Had it been in existence, we should not have been to-day witnessing the humiliating spectacle of one editor of a great Scots Dictionary having to go to America for funds to publish his national work; or another editor of an equally valuable Scots Dictionary having to beg for subscriptions to allow him to issue his preliminary numbers.

Such a Council could consult with and advise education authorities; give schoolmasters advice, where wanted, on the class-books that might be best suited to particular cases; organize the award of school prizes from Burns Clubs and other societies; and it could direct

the attention of that great organization, the Women's Rural Institute, with its hundreds of branches, to the degraded position of our language and entreat its assistance. And if we can get the co-operation of the women of Scotland, no reactionary power in the country will stand against them.

The Festival movement is another agency that would assist if it were properly handled by such a Council as I suggest. The possibilities here are enormous, and already more than one adjudicator has made reference to the value of the Vernacular in the Festival work.

The Drama Festival movement, as I have said, is a great potential machine to aid our movement; and we have the example of Friesland to inspire us. The Scottish Drama Festival movement is doing worthy work; and a Vernacular Council would be able to build a great fabric on the sure foundation already laid.

There might be pressed into our service by such a Council wireless transmission and the cinema.

There are those who tell us: "This Vernacular business is all right, but ye're fleein' in the face o' Providence. Everything's against you; the keener struggle for subsistence; the erasure of lingual peculiarities by wireless telephony; the introduction of Americanisms by the cinema—all are against you."

Well, I have entirely changed my opinion regarding the destructive influences of wireless and the cinema, which the Vernacular Council would use to the best of its opportunities. Indeed, wireless transmission and the cinema have proved to be our great allies. The affected pronunciation of so-called refined English speakers; the alleged Scottish humour that we sometimes get; the "Coal Black Mammy" and the "Sweetie" and the "Blues" brands of negroid songs have roused serious elements in educated Scotland to a real sense of the danger to our young people and to posterity, and have enabled them to realize that our native speech, our native pronunciation, our national humour, and our national songs are better far than anything that Oxford accents, negro songsters, or jazz bands can give us from English or American sources.

A Vernacular Council would have in wireless transmission one of the greatest agencies that can be devised for bringing the beauty of classical Scots to the ears of our people. If the Oxford or Cockney accent can be transmitted, by the same token our native accents can be heard.

And I know sufficient of the British Broadcasting Corporation management in London and in Scotland to know that any cultural movement, such as this Vernacular appeal, will be warmly supported by them.

I would suggest that a Vernacular Council, the agency best fitted for the task, would make it part of its business to frame a programme for discussion with the British Broadcasting Corporation controller in Scotland, and secure the assistance of this powerful instrument in cultivating a love for our language.

Similarly with the cinema. Thinking people in Scotland know that the low-class slang from America is being absorbed by the Scottish children and young people. It is still further corrupting the language.

It is now realized that our own native tongue, as it ought to be read by and to the children in school, is preferable to the horrible slang which is being written on and shouted from the screen. Here something might be done by a determined Council, although I admit it would be much more difficult to overcome than the wireless problem would be. But as it is advisable to have a censorship of morals for the protection of the bairns, I submit that a censorship of slang and corrupt speech should also operate.

So, instead of damning wireless and the cinema, we should thank them as being unconscious allies of Vernacular circles and societies.

Those are a few of the things that a Vernacular Council could do. There are several things that we must prevent. One of them is that most powerful among the reactionary forces against us—the All-England and All-English Brigade in Scotland—ill birds that fyle their ain nests—who have adopted a quite understandable, although humiliating, position. It is similar to that taken up by Professor James Beattie, who in 1775 said: "I am one of those who wish to see the English spirit and English manners prevail over the whole island." Their attitude, like that of Beattie when he published his work against Scotticisms, was that unless the young people of Scotland are completely divorced from their native vocabulary, idiom, and accent, they cannot hope to compete successfully in cultural and material movements in the world outside Scotland. These anti-Scots Scotsmen are painfully narrow in their outlook and hopelessly behind in the facts of the matter. Numerous cases of men with a knowledge of Scots and Scottish literature, who have risen from humble surroundings to places of power and influence (and wealth, if that really matters), are in the minds of every one of us. The present Prime Minister (Mr Ramsay MacDonald's) Doric is as good to-day as any Morayshire man's, although some of his words are gey clippit and nippit; and his accent cannot be said to be of Oxford. The late Sir Thomas Lipton actually mastered different dialects so that he might be able to speak and trade with his customers. Dr Peter Giles, Master of Emmanuel College and ex-Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University, can speak pure Buchans as fluently as any Buchan fairmer, and he can write it as easily as he can write perfect English or Latin or Greek; Sir William Craigie of Chicago University can do equally well with his Scots; and many professors of Scottish and English Universities are equally skeely. The late Lord Strathcona never lost his love for his Doric; and many men high in the counsels of the Empire have decided accents and strong Scottish vocabularies that have not retarded their progress. This English accent anti-Scots bubble has surely been very effectively burst. We are bi-lingual, at any rate in our youth, and we ought not to be afraid of the fact, but use it to perfect our knowledge of Scots and English.

There is the philologist pure and simple, who must not be allowed to control this movement—he who would retain words simply because of their origin and historic interest. This movement, while concerned with words, has no use for an antiquarian Vernacular. If the Vernacular lost its value in the mouths or on the pens of the people, it would be dead—dead beyond recall. And we shall not try to put life into a dead carcass.

There has also to be destroyed, and a Scottish Vernacular Council

would assist, the apologetic attitude of men who sadly sympathize with us—men who support our movement in a wishy-washy sort of way. I mean the Apologists and Defeatists amongst us, those who in a sentimental sort of way think that Scots is something to greet aboot; that now it is only a medium in which to tell a story, a funny story, and that the language is passing away; that the atmosphere of the past having gone the Vernacular must go; and that only through gramophone records and our museum libraries can we hope to retain and our successors recapture hallowed glimpses of our past. This is mere sentimental drivel, and very dangerous drivel, and gives rise to the cynical sneer that this movement is sponsored only by elderly sentimental people, with bees in their bonnets, if they are not actually showing signs of senile decay. Our sentimental sympathizers forget that the atmosphere of to-day is richer in possibilities for the Vernacular than the atmosphere of yesterday; and what is of greater importance, the spirit to restore it to its rightful place is stronger to-day than it has been for more than two hundred years.

If I did not believe in Scots as a living language, with a great lingual and literary future, I would not be wasting my own and your time in speaking about it. You and I won't see Scots flourishing as one day it will flourish. It has taken the language-poisoners more than two hundred years to bring our great tongue from its purity to its present state of corruption; it will take many years to see it out of its bonds; but if you and I can help to put Scots definitely in the schoolrooms, if we can influence questions concerning the Vernacular literature of our country being put definitely, and not spasmodically or as mere alternatives, in the examination papers, we shall have done a great deal towards re-establishing it as an instrument suited to the cultural development of our native land.

If we view our language through the haze of our romantic past, and not through the common-sense heads of practical Scotsmen living in material, bread-and-butter days, we are on an entirely wrong tack—plooin wi' the wrang sock. If I were to think for one moment that the existence of our language depended upon an appeal to a sentimental Auld Lang Syne, that our appeal was for aul' farrant words to be preserved because and only because they brought back hallowed memories—if our Scots language were proved to me to be not an instrument for the development of a great Scottish literature, and if Scottish writers could find expression of national aspirations equally well in English, I would, perhaps reluctantly, certainly sadly, sit down by the deathbed of our Scottish tongue and hear its death rattle without attempting to call a doctor, for the usefulness of our ancient language would have passed.

But I am sure that the loss of our language would be the loss not only of our literary heritage, but of part of our mental make-up; something that is part of the warp and woof of our Scottish character. We are resisting an unnatural decay, a decay due to maltreatment and malnutrition, and we have called in the doctors, we have called in the specialists, the education authorities, the schoolmasters, who we feel sure will be prepared to pit their skill against the destroying agencies. I am sure, too, that as soon as the Scottish people realize what we as a nation—not as a province or county of England—would lose in character

through the loss of our language, they will demand that their children shall not be allowed to leave the Scottish schools without having an opportunity of becoming acquainted with its literature—that the Vernacular work of Dunbar, Henryson, Lyndsay, Scott, Burns and Galt, and other great writers, right down to Hugh Haliburton, Violet Jacob, and Charles Murray and the others, will be as familiar to them as the English of Tennyson, or Wordsworth, or Keats, or even Bret Harte, or J. C. Squire, of which by reason of the examination papers they are expected to have some knowledge.

I end as I began, by saying to the people of Scotland: Your language has been mangled by its enemies; they allowed it to be corrupted; they cannot kill it; we must see that by studying the best that it has produced, an opportunity is given of restoring it to its old-time glory. (Loud applause.)

Past-President William Blane proposed a vote of thanks to the Sentiment giver, and Mr Will replied.

Vice-President J. B. Rintoul, in proposing the toast of "The Past-Presidents," said:

As long as I can remember, the toast of the "Past-Presidents" has been entrusted to the occupant of the chair on the opening night of the season. I have known twenty-four Presidents, more or less intimately, although I joined the Society only ten years ago. Faces flit across one's view to-night, and memories well up in our minds of those who in their day and generation presided over, and sustained the unique and honourable position of our Society. The earliest Presidents I knew were Alexander Ritchie, who was President just forty years ago, and Sir James Cantlie just over thirty years ago, but both of these I knew as eminent Scots in the world outside.

Big gaps have occurred in our ranks since we last met—two great Caledonians, T. R. Moncrieff and George Paton, have passed away this year. To exaggerate the powers and virtues of those who leave us is easy though pardonable, but all who knew T. R. Moncrieff will agree that it is no exaggeration to say that he was a rare soul, with natural gifts which constituted a rich endowment. It is impossible to put into words exactly what Moncrieff was to all of us. Dr Fleming in simple but illuminating language, as only Dr Fleming can say these things, summed up Moncrieff's code of life and his achievements in his address at St. Columba's—one or two sentences in that address grip me with reality.

"He was a bulwark of strength to us all. Many of us came into his presence discouraged or depressed, and left it reinvigorated and cheered. He showed us how to enjoy life, and yet be strenuous in the discharge of its duties; how to choose friends, to make friends, to be friends to them and to stand by them, for better for worse—always. None was too lowly for his compassion; none too exalted for his respectful but consistent independence."

That was Moncrieff in essence. In this company it is not necessary to mention his life's work at the Royal Scottish Corporation, but his summing up of an applicant's case, and his clear insight into human

nature and its many facets, will remain as a memory, when more exciting moments are forgotten. I can see him now commenting on the merits of some distressed suppliant. His "Poor Geordie," or "Jean's just a feckless cratur," would invariably guide the Board to its decision.

I understand from Miss Maxwell that an evening at my home was the last private visit he was able to undertake. He arrived much earlier than we expected him on a Saturday afternoon and my wife chaffed him about being so early. He explained that there were three old pensioners in Clapham whom he hadn't seen for a while, and he just thought he would allow himself plenty of time to give them each a call. He was carrying a small attaché case. When he left I handed it to him—it was very light—I think it was empty. I imagine, I think I am right, that it had previously contained some small gift for each of these three lonely Scots folk. *Vale, Moncrieff!*

Sir George Paton was an ideal Caledonian, a true gentleman, a successful industrialist, and a great philanthropist. Those who sat with him month after month at the Board of the Royal Scottish Corporation and of the Royal Caledonian Schools appreciated his ripe judgment, his wise counsel, his unflinching but unostentatious generosity. In the world of business, his going to Bryant & May meant a new era in this particular organization. He realized quite early that it paid materially, apart from higher motives, to have healthy, happy employees, interested and sharing in the prosperity of the undertaking, with cultural relations between employers and staff.

Someone has said: Every good man participates in two immortality—*one he carries with him upward and onward, the other he leaves behind to goad his fellow men upward and onward.* Be that as it may, our two Brother Caledonians have left their impress on our Society and on us by their personalities, and by their deep respect for its lofty traditions—ethical, personal, and sentimental.

And now as a representative of those Past-Presidents who are still with us, I have singled out one. I think you will agree with my choice—we all regret he is unable to be here to-night—I refer to our beloved friend, John Douglas, who is happily in the land of the living, although unable to be here to-night. Is it my own enthusiasm, or do you share it? I regard John Douglas as the biggest all-round man that the London-Scottish world has produced in my time.

I think it is Carlyle who said that "Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains." John Douglas certainly possesses or did until recently possess the wonderful gift of tireless industry in so many walks of life, consideration for the smallest detail, a passion for Scottish interests, traditions, and activities, with the power and application to see through any scheme that captured his imagination.

And what a letter-writer! I don't think I ever had a typewritten letter from him during the thirty-five years or so that I have known him, although in that time, particularly during the War years, I must have had hundreds. Of a constructive mind, generous in appreciation, sympathetic, cautious in thought and speech yet resolute and helpful—a loyal colleague with a genius for friendship—yet he never has suffered fools gladly. Big in stature, big in outlook, a big Scotsman. I salute John Douglas as the last of the Romans!

I have spoken somewhat at length of these three men because I

feel that amon' their ain folk, where we met and played together, when the busy day was over, among those who knew and loved them, their names should be remembered to-night. Two of them have gone—John Douglas is with us still—lang may his lum reek !

And now, although I have spoken of these men, and the big place they filled, let no one imagine I am suggesting that the Caledonian Society has run its race or finished its course. The nation which produced these men can produce others like them, but it is up to you and to me, and to all who value the privileges and implications of membership, to hold high the standard of the Caledonian Society of London, that when our worthy historian comes to write of our generation he will be able to say of us, as we have said of these giants of the past—“ They builded better than they knew.”

Gentlemen, I give you the toast, “ Past-Presidents,” coupled with the name of John Macmillan.

Past-President John Macmillan replied. He thanked Mr Rintoul for his beautiful appreciation of the Past-Presidents. He appealed to the young members to aspire to the chair. Referring to the Sentiment to which they had just listened, given by another Past-President, Mr Macmillan said that as a Gaelic speaker he never knew that the Lowland Vernacular was a language. It was not Lowland ; it was a low-down speech. (Laughter and “ No, no.”) However, he approved of the Scottish language being perpetuated—especially Gaelic. (Laughter.)

Past-President P. N. McFarlane proposed “ Our Guests,” and coupled the toast with the name of Sir James Dundas Grant, whom Mr McFarlane spoke of as “ a great Scotsman who had given many, many years of service to humanity.”

Sir James briefly replied.

Sir Henry Japp, Mr. J. G. Blackhall, Mr William Cobb, and Mr Robert Jardine, new members, were introduced to the President, toasted on the call of Mr Miln, and briefly replied.

The harmony of the evening was contributed to by Mr Duncan Morrison and Mr Sydney McEwan. Mr Findlater Macdonald, Mr J. R. Crawford, Pipe-Major Murdo Mackenzie, and the boys of the Royal

Caledonian Schools gave delightful displays of piping and dancing, an item in the programme that gave great pleasure to the large gathering.

THE SCOTTISH FARMER.

At the Little Dinner on 13th December, 1934, the principal guest was Sir Robert Blyth Greig, who was introduced by Mr Miln, the President, as a friend of his, who knew more about farming than most farmers. Sir Robert would speak to them that evening on "The Scot as Farmer."

Sir Robert, loudly cheered on rising, said :

It has to be admitted that Scottish agriculture up to the middle of the eighteenth century was far from creditable. It was so precarious that Scotland suffered again and again from partial famines. The first impetus to the improvement of Scottish farming came from England. Several of the nobility and gentry of Scotland married English wives, who were struck by the backwardness of the country and induced their husbands to engage farm stewards from England and to import stock and implements from the south. Rapid improvement took place as the people recognized the advantages of the better methods, and land improvement became fashionable among the lairds.

By the year 1750 the Lowlands were a different place. From then onwards the pace improved and a number of inventions by Scottish farmers had great effects. Smith, a farmer near Perth, introduced the methods of draining which are now, with modern modifications, universal. Meikle invented the threshing machine, which did away with the flail. Bell invented the horse-drawn reaper, the origin of the implements which have cut the costs of production to a fraction of former prices.

By 1850 farming had reached a state of efficiency which was the highest in Europe, and much surpassed that of England. From then to 1875 were the halcyon days of Scottish farming for farmer and landlord and to a less degree for the farm labourer. From 1875 to 1895 times were very bad and many farmers were ruined. Many thousands of young men from farms emigrated to the Dominions and Argentina, and did much to build up these countries and flood the old country with agricultural products.

Times then improved, and farming was in a healthy condition when the Great War broke out. Money was rapidly made in the War and as rapidly lost over the years from 1922 onwards. At the moment Scottish agriculture is in the depths of a world-wide depression, but is better off than most. This comparatively happier position is due to the spread of agricultural education and research in which Scotland has always, since 1820, been in the forefront. The difficulties to-day are very

great, and fantastic remedies are being applied to meet them, though none so fantastic as in the United States.

The Scot as a farmer has made his mark not only on his native country, but in many parts of England, the Dominions, and even in some parts of Europe. As a stock farmer he is unsurpassed, his cattle, horses, and sheep of pedigree breeds have been exported to every country in the world. He has been quick to adopt modern knowledge derived from research stations and to modify his methods, and if the farming of the Lothians, Fife, and Angus cannot now claim to be the best in the world, it is at least very good.

The times are changing rapidly and many other modifications than those now in operation may have to be provided for. The younger and more enterprising will survive, and Scotland will recover as it has before from this the worst of all the depressions. We have as much reason to feel pride to-day in the courage, enterprize, and ability which is being exhibited by the Scots farmer as in the success of our countrymen in commerce, finance, and administration in London. (Applause.)

Past-President Rev. Dr Fleming, in proposing "The Health of Sir Robert Greig," said they had been favoured with a most illuminating Sentiment by a Scotsman who had distinguished himself in the pursuit of agriculture and in the Army. Sir Robert, who was created a Knight in 1919, had been decorated with the M.C. for his distinguished war service. He joined the Royal Scots in 1914, and served in France in 1916-1917. He had the degree of D.Sc. and had been honoured by St. Andrews University with the honorary degree of LL.D. He was a Fifeshire man who had filled many important positions, from ranch manager in North-west Canada in 1893 to Permanent Secretary in the Department of Agriculture for Scotland since 1929. They had listened to an illuminating address on the latest developments in agricultural science, and they wished to thank Sir Robert heartily for his Sentiment.

Sir Robert thanked the members for their hospitality and their appreciative reception of his remarks.

Mr J. R. Steele proposed the toast "The Guests," and coupled the toast with the name of Sir Harry Hague, who in responding described himself as an enthusiastic admirer of Scotland with a Lancashire accent. Sir Harry spoke in appreciation of the high

standard at which the Caledonian Society of London seemed to aim at their social meetings.

Mr William Dalgarno gave a recitation in pure Buchans, to the puzzlement of the English visitors and many of the members, and Mr Ian Macmillan rendered Scots songs in splendid voice, while Mr Duncan Morrison and Mr Sydney McEwan, the former at the piano and the latter in beautiful tenor voice, delighted the company with several Hebridean songs.

THE SCOT IN PARLIAMENT.

The first Little Dinner in the New Year was held in the Cambria Suite, Connaught Rooms, on Thursday, 10th January, 1935, Mr William Miln, President, in the chair.

The loyal toasts having been given from the chair, the President called on Sir Alexander Macintosh to give a Sentiment on "Scots Parliamentarians I have known." The President introduced him as a man who had spent the latter part of his life in the gallery of the House of Commons.

Sir Alexander Macintosh, who was heartily received, said :

"The Scot in Parliament" is the subject of my Sentiment, but I should like by way of prologue to say something about changes in the House of Commons since I came up to the Press Gallery—fifty-four years ago. Then and for long afterwards there were only the two historic British parties besides the Irish Nationalists. The Fourth Party, led by Lord Randolph Churchill, was merely an aggressive section of the Conservative Party. And the Labour Party was not yet in sight. The House, which now contains many men of moderate means, men trained in municipal work, and men of the manual working class, consisted then largely of country squires, sons of landowners, and great manufacturers. But women are the most spectacular novelty. Women in the open Strangers' Gallery, women as members, and women (as there were in recent Parliaments) on the Treasury bench, were almost unimaginable half a century ago.

Habits have changed in many respects. Members get to bed now much earlier than they got or *wished* to get when there was no closure or fixed hour for adjournment. The normal closing hour is now half-

past eleven. At that hour in old times the party leaders *began* to wind up great debates, and their speeches went on till half-past one or two.

Speech has changed in style. The ornate, eloquent method with the classical quotation, much in vogue half a century ago, has been replaced by the plain, direct method. There are fewer orators but a larger number of members who can speak and *do* speak; and speeches are not as a rule quite so long, although still too long. Here is a story of a stilted orator. Not only is it told of an incident in the House of Lords several generations ago, but a genial Liberal statesman now dead told it to me as something within his own experience in the House of Commons. An orator said impressively in the course of his speech, "Now, I put this question to *myself*." And a whisper from the Chair was heard by members near it, "And a damned silly answer you will get."

The week-end habit has pervaded the House. Wednesday, as the early closing day, was supposed to be convenient for Ministers and officials. Now it is on Friday that the House has its short sitting, and the majority of members do not remain even for that day. If the House cannot now be described as the best Club in London—I doubt if it ever was—it enjoys at any rate some Club comforts which it did not possess formerly. Bathrooms and a barber's shop were introduced by Herbert Gladstone, when First Commissioner of Works, forty years ago. Occasionally they led to comical incidents in all-night sittings. A member, on a division being unexpectedly taken, hurried to the lobby swathed in bath towels. On another occasion two prominent men were in the hands of the barber. When summoned to a division one went off with his hair partly trimmed; the other, who was being shampooed, went with hair standing on end!

Changes in dress have been brought about by the modern informality of manners as well as by the influx of members who cared nothing about fashion, and perhaps they have been due also to the motor-car. I do not refer so much to the appearance of the dinner jacket instead of "tails" as to the invasion of the lounge suit. The frock coat, of half a century ago, is reserved now for high occasions, and even the morning coat is passing. When Asquith appeared in a coat we said, "Oh! he has been to see the King." Arthur Balfour, too, succumbed occasionally to the lounge suit. And it is Mr Baldwin's habitual wear.

When I went to the Lobby first almost everyone except the Whips wore the silk hat. Even journalists had to wear it. And in the House it shone all along the benches, where now only a head here and there is covered. The modern member might take a tip from Henry Broadhurst, the stone-mason who became an Under-Secretary of State. Broadhurst wore a bowler outside and kept a silk hat in his locker for use in the House. Nothing, by the way, used to endear a member more to colleagues, with their schoolboy temperament, than his sitting on his hat. Sir George Trevelyan, in a humorous account of a Parliament in Berkeley Square, wrote:

"For oft, as sad experiences teach,
The novice, trembling from his maiden speech,
Drops flustered in his place, and crushes flat
His innocent and all-unconscious hat."

Just one more change. I shall mention it in a sentence. I heard Gladstone's Budget in 1881—it was his eleventh. He took a penny off income tax, reducing it to fivepence.

When I came up to the Press Gallery, as I have said, in 1881, Scottish affairs were under the control of the Home Secretary. There had been no Secretary for Scotland since the '45, and the Lord Advocate had only a back attic in the Home Office. I heard frequent complaints in the early 'eighties of the insufficient scraps of attention given to Scotland. The young Earl of Rosebery was conspicuous among those who demanded an administrative system more worthy of his country, and it was largely due to his assiduous efforts that her rights were recognized. After various other devices, including his own service as Under-Secretary at the Home Office, had failed, the Liberal Government at last were constrained in 1884 to bring in a bill to provide a Minister for Scotland. As Sir William Harcourt, the Home Secretary, said—they agreed to do "a thing they did not care about" simply to please Rosebery. The bill was delayed by other business till the Conservative Government was formed in 1885, and then Rosebery, though out of office, received the honour of piloting it through the House of Lords—a graceful act on the part of the Marquis of Salisbury.

From the back attic in the Home Office Scotland moved to Dover House. That desirable mansion in Whitehall was obtained for it by Mr J. H. A. MacDonald, afterwards Lord Kingsburgh, who had just become Lord Advocate. MacDonald, a man of charm, got from Lord Salisbury a note assigning Dover House to the Scottish Office while they were travelling in the same carriage on the way to Windsor or Osborne.

Now we have not merely a Secretary for Scotland, in that old mansion, with a seat in the Cabinet, but a Secretary of State. Truly we have gone up in the world. A sort of administrative Home Rule for our country has been devised by the establishment in Scotland of a series of departments on the Whitehall model, and a branch of the Scottish Office is about to be opened in Edinburgh.

In other ways we have been getting on. It is stated in the recently published book on Scotland by Sir Robert Rait and Dr Pryde that during the eighty-two years from the Union to the French Revolution Scotland claimed only three Cabinet Ministers. There were ten in the forty-three years between 1789 and the first Reform Bill. That was an advance, but think of our later experience. I have seen ten Prime Ministers in my time, and six have been Scots.

The most resounding name is the name of Gladstone. The fierce controversies that he aroused have not been quite stilled, but I suppose none of us—not even the oldest Tory—will give him up to England. Although born in Liverpool, he sprang on both sides from Scottish stock. It was said of Edmund Burke that no one could meet him without saying, "This is an extraordinary man." The same could be said also of Gladstone. A Scottish political opponent has recorded that people ran three miles beside his carriage for a touch of his hand or a glance from his eye.

I heard Disraeli only once—his last speech in the House of Lords shortly before his death in 1881—but I heard all Gladstone's great speeches in the last fifteen years of his life. I recall the terror of his eye and the thrill of his voice as he stood at the table, with the high collar—

on which the cartoonists seized—up to his cheeks and with the broad black bow working round his neck in the heat of his contention ; I remember how he cast a spell on the House by his personality and oratory ; I remember how with burning words and proud gestures and mocking finger he turned on Lord Randolph Churchill and on Joseph Chamberlain—next to himself the greatest Parliamentarian I have known.

My recollections of Lord Rosebery, Gladstone's Liberal successor in the Prime Ministership, date from his oratorical bouts in the 'eighties with the Duke of Argyll, till the day when, at the abolition of the veto of the House of Lords, he shook the dust of that House from off his feet. Palmerston said of a dull Scottish peer who coveted an honour : " Give him the Thistle ; he is such an ass he is sure to eat it." Fortunately, other Scottish peers have retrieved the national reputation. Some of the most eloquent peers of the last half-century were Scots, and notable among them were the Duke of Argyll and Lord Rosebery. A Scot, by the way, was made by a humorist to say that Queen Victoria was a proud woman the day her daughter was engaged to the son of McCallum More. The classical orator of his generation, the Duke of Argyll (he corresponded with Gladstone on Genesis !) held Liberal sway in Scotland till his supremacy was challenged (as Lord Crewe has said) by the younger man with similar oratorical power and the added grace of wit. Lord Rosebery, richly endowed by nature, had extraordinary gifts of speech, and his picturesque phrases became current coin. The orator fascinated me as I looked at his inscrutable eyes and imperturbable face. Even the great Marquis of Salisbury could not so certainly draw a crowded audience to the House of Lords. We all hurried there when Rosebery was expected to speak. I remember that once when he rose and there was a flutter of expectation he turned away and left the House. He loved dramatic surprise.

There are English people who will not allow us to claim Arthur Balfour. I am not astonished at their attempt to kidnap him on account of his Cecil blood, but Scotland holds him. He was a Scot even in his love of metaphysics, just as Gladstone was a Scot in his love of economy. I remember the languid, elegant " A J.," as a member of the Fourth Party, explaining that he sat on the front bench because of the convenience to his long legs. Labouchere and other Radicals twitted him on his book, " A Defence of Philosophic Doubt," but he assumed that the title of the book attracted more interest than the contents. I remember the amusement of the Irish Nationalists when he was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland. They had broken other Secretaries and thought they would soon smash this fragile figure, the dilettante, described as the " pampered darling of a perfumed drawing-room." If the Irish did not know his latent powers, others were equally ignorant. Scarcely anyone in my time had such an amazing record as that of the man who by his achievements as Irish Secretary aroused the enthusiasm of the Conservative Party and attained the leadership which he held for twenty years. With personal charm Balfour had an iron will and great Parliamentary dexterity. I think of him as leader of the House reclining deep on the bench with his feet planted on the table. When attacked he scribbles a few notes on the back of an envelope : and on rising he replies with astute dialectical art, picking out the weakest point of his opponent's case. I heard him saying in his whim-

sical way, at a club dinner, that if he were remembered by future generations it would be because he had introduced golf to England. That indeed was a victory for Scotland! There were other respects in which he led the way. Lady Frances Balfour says he was the first Prime Minister to go to Buckingham Palace in a motor and the first to go to the House of Commons in a Homburg hat.

There was no mistaking the nationality of Campbell-Bannerman. In his broadcloth he looked—as he was—a canny, homely, trustable Scot. C.-B. crept without fuss to the principal place in the State, or rather he was pushed into it by men who had a higher opinion of him than he had himself. He liked the company of brother Scots and looked on their foibles with kindly, quizzing eye.

There was the same modest, resolute spirit in Bonar Law. I remember the mark that he made quickly as a back-bencher, not by dazzling gifts but by the close reasoning of his speeches. Some twenty years passed and then I saw his brave struggle as Prime Minister with the painful illness which cut off his life. Bonar Law was not an orator, but he was merciless in logic, and his mind was so orderly and his memory so good that he delivered long speeches, containing masses of figures, without a note. It was only to make a quotation that, as Lord Salisbury used to do, he would take a slip of paper at the needed moment from his pocket.

I need say nothing of the last of the Scots in the Prime Ministership. But we have reason to be proud of a fellow-countryman who has risen as Mr Ramsay MacDonald has risen and done historic service to the State.

Let me get on with other names. There have been in my time sixteen Secretaries for Scotland. The first holder of the revived office, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, gave it distinction. A man of cautious judgment, he had played an important part in political life and was in the confidence of Queen Victoria. Then came Sir George Trevelyan, the only Englishman in the list, and after him Lord Dalhousie, who was described by John Morley as "one of the truest hearts ever attracted to public life." Arthur Balfour held the office for a short time before he was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland. Among those who reigned at Dover House for long periods were the Marquess of Lothian, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord Pentland, and Sir John Gilmour, who was the first with the rank of Secretary of State. The only Socialist who has held the office is Willie Adamson, a dooce man whom everyone likes. No one has kept in closer touch with Scottish interests than the present Secretary, Sir Godfrey Collins, and the legislation that he has secured is proof of the influence that Dover House now has in Downing Street.

I should like to recall also a few names in the long roll of Lords-Advocate. Two of the ablest occupied also the position of Secretary for Scotland—I refer to Viscount Dunedin and Lord Alness. Lord Alness had to deal with particularly difficult questions in war-time and the immediately following years. The first Lord-Advocate in my time was Mr John McLaren, afterwards the Judge. Then came Mr J. B. Balfour, who was Lord-Advocate in three Liberal Governments before he was appointed by a Conservative Minister Lord President of the Court of Session and was created Lord Kinross. Mr J. P. B. Robertson, after-

wards Lord Robertson, was one of the most brilliant speakers in his day. I saw him at a Conservative meeting at Stonehaven in 1880, when he made a terrific attack on Gladstone, an attack applauded by the Prime Minister's brother, Sir Thomas Gladstone of Fasque, who occupied the chair. In a railway train in Scotland about 1891 I heard one member of the Bar proudly telling another that Robertson was in the running with Arthur Balfour for the Conservative leadership. But Robertson kept to the professional line and ended his career as a Lord of Appeal. Mr Alexander Ure, Lord Strathclyde, was a pugnacious politician and a tremendous worker. He was in great demand for Radical meetings and spent many nights in railway trains, but he kept well ahead with his legal work. When he got into the train at night he would spend hours on his papers before settling down to sleep. Ure has left a name in Parliamentary annals on account of a speech that he delivered. It was the most dramatic that I have ever heard. Ure had been accused by Arthur Balfour of a frigid and calculated lie, and in a crowded, excited House he wound up an animated reply by saying, "Accusations such as this, couched in language such as this, happily find no parallel in the history of this country since the days when it was open to a man to defend an attack upon his honour with his own right arm." As he said this he flung out his own right arm, with hand pointing across the table at Mr Balfour.

Five distinguished men who have been Lords-Advocate are now in the House of Lords. Lord Macmillan, the ideal Chairman of Commissioners, and Lord Thankerton, who inherited the judicial temperament of his father, Lord Watson, are Lords of Appeal and Life Peers. The octogenarians, Viscount Dunedin and Lord Craigmyle, who have been Lords of Appeal, are enjoying honoured retirement, and with them on the crimson benches is Lord Alness, who has returned to the Parliamentary precincts from the position that he adorned as Lord Justice-Clerk. These three men, known to the House of Commons as Graham Murray, Thomas Shaw, and Robert Munro, made a greater mark as Parliamentarians than lawyers usually make. I wonder if in the grave-like tranquillity of the House of Lords they have missed the cheers and cries of the House of Commons. Lord Snowden was asked by one of the old Peers how he liked their House. "I like your *hours*," he said. That may not be a sufficient reason for a hardy Scot enjoying the life of the House of Lords. I suspect that Lord Alness occasionally casts a wistful eye on the House of Commons, and wishes that he could return. But the doors of the House of *Lords* open only inwards.

I should like now to say a few words about Scots in general at Westminster. Hill Burton, the historian, has written that Scotland's "great security was in that community of interests which divided the Scots into the same political divisions with the English representatives and made members vote as Whig and Tory, not as Scot and Englishman." On a few *perilous* occasions, he adds, nationality proved stronger than party. I don't see why such occasions should be described as *perilous*. It is the case in our own generation that as a rule the Scottish Conservative, Liberal, or Socialist votes with his English party colleague. But we have seen how Scottish nationality has asserted itself in administration, and there is a growing demand that, instead of Scottish clauses being embodied in United Kingdom bills, Scotland should have

bills of her own. I have often heard it said that when Scots agree in demanding anything for their country they cannot be denied. If that were true it would be to the credit of Parliament, but there are limits to the power even of *united* Scots.

Yet, as a race, they can take good care of themselves. Wha daur meddle wi' them? Hill Burton records that soon after the Union, polished Englishmen "could madden the sensitive and haughty Scots by light shafts of raillery about their pronunciation or knowledge of Parliamentary etiquette." Times have changed. No members nowadays are more familiar with Parliamentary practice than some of the Scots. And if there is laughter at their pronunciation, there is no mockery. In fact, I have known Scots who stressed their accent in order to draw attention to themselves or cause a genial ripple of amusement, although Scottish dialect is in rare cases so pronounced as when, a generation ago, the Glasgow accent was heard from Mr Scott Dickson on the Treasury bench and Mr James Caldwell in the Chair of Committee.

Lovers of the vernacular would have been pleased if they had lived in the 'seventies and heard McCombie speaking at Westminster as he spoke in Aberdeenshire. Attention was called to the fact that McCombie was reading his speech. "There's a hundle o' ye do it," he truly said. "Hantle," as I am told by Dr Malcolm Bulloch, is the common word; it comes from the Scandinavian "*antal*," meaning size.

It is an English axiom that the Scot has no humour. When he makes a joke at Westminster the House is tickled not only by the joke but by the idea of its coming from a Scot. The Scot shows humour, at any rate, by keeping up the pretence that he has no humour.

Who can talk of humour without thinking of Sir James Barrie—or perhaps I should say "Jy" M. Barrie. Barrie depicts in "What Every Woman Knows" a Scotsman on the make. I have not recognized that Scotsman, John Shand, in Parliament, but suspect that he may be there along with the Englishman on the make. And perhaps he has a clever little wife like John Shand's, who puts the good things in his speeches without his knowing. There is one thing that the Scot cannot do well in Parliament. He hasn't the art of idling. And that is a pity, because it is a useful art and there is a lot of opportunity for it!

The Parliamentary topics of the Scots are varied, but they do not now include the law of hypothec or disestablishment about which the House used to hear so much. Some members speak only about the affairs of their own constituency. One properly speaks of herring, another of oatmeal, and others of cattle or coal. Some take the whole of Scotland for their province. Duncan McLaren, the father of the Judge, Lord McLaren, and of Lord Aberconway, won for himself the sobriquet of member for Scotland. Another Victorian, Sir George Balfour, who represented Kincardineshire a great many years ago, was known as the member for India. Balfour proved that a Scot could be as good at Irish bulls as an Irishman could be. He described a two-million loan to India as "a flea-bite in the ocean." On another occasion he declared that "the pale face of the British soldier was the backbone of the Indian Army."

There was an eminent and learned Scot who took the whole world for his constituency. As a youth I went in to Banff to hear him. This

was Sir Mountstuart Elphinstone Grant Duff. His speech was reported in *The Times* as fully as one by Gladstone or Disraeli. It was delivered in the townhouse of Banff to an audience of a dozen people. Grant Duff was the first Scot in Parliament whom I saw. I looked on him with awe. That is not my feeling about members now, but although Englishmen may think we have a good conceit of ourselves we, Scots, may be excused a little boasting. We have successfully invaded England. About fifty Scots sit for English constituencies; only two or three English stragglers have found refuge in Scotland.

Past-President William Will, proposing Sir Alexander's health, said that for just over fifty years Sir Alexander had laboured in the House of Commons, and to celebrate that event His Majesty the King had conferred on their guest the honour of knighthood, and no knight had ever worn his honours more modestly than Sir Alexander Macintosh. In the north of Scotland his London Letter to the *Aberdeen Free Press* would long be remembered as a literary chronicle of the political events of the day. Their guest had done his part in the County societies life in London, and he was one of the founders of the flourishing London Aberdeen, Banff, and Kincardine Association.

Sir Alexander briefly replied.

Caledonian L. G. Sloan proposed the toast of "Our Guests," and Alderman Sir Charles Batho, Bart., responded.

One new member, Mr John MacLaren, was presented to the President.

SCOTTISH MAGAZINES.

The editor of *The Library Review*, Mr R. D. Macleod, came from Glasgow to give the Sentiment on Thursday, 14th February, 1935.

The Little Dinner, as on previous dates this session, was held in the Cambria Suite, Connaught Rooms, and the President was in the chair.

Mr Miln introduced Mr Macleod as one of the

active literary men in Scotland, who had a right to speak on Scottish magazines and Scottish books.

Mr Macleod said :

The subject of my Sentiment is " The Scottish Magazine To-day." Scotsmen have much reason to be proud of the splendid Scottish achievement in the field of magazines, as some of the most characterful circulating to-day were originally started by our kinsfolk. Honoured and substantial names that spring to mind are *The Contemporary*, *The Quarterly*, *The Cornhill*, and more distinctly Scottish periodicals like *Chambers's* and *Blackwood's*. All of these are still going strong. No one now living saw their entrance. Down the years they have kept their policies under first-class editors. Continuing marvellously their traditions, they have deserved their profitable popularity, and we would be sorry to see the hungry generations tread them down. They have faced up to all sorts of advice made in terms of what is called modernism ; and they have lived to see the latest mode prosper and then pass. They have stood four-square, refusing to change, and their managements have always been magnificently loyal.

An important place is theirs in the story of our literature, and quite definitely they have touched our Scottish life, much of which they have expressed. Witnesses down the generations paid tribute to them. Jeffrey, Brougham, Carlyle, Macaulay, Archibald Alison, Sydney Smith, the Chamberses and Scott were among their munitioners, and other big guns were in their batteries.

" When shall we rejoice again
Such a breed of mighty men "

as we find in this gallant parade of the past. These magazines have been well supported and have gone their influencing way across the world. They have deserved the respect of a century or more, and command our respect, and, may I add, though I am addressing some Aberdonians, even our subscriptions.

You will gather that my Sentiment to-night would indeed be a proud one were I asking you to pay tribute to things of the kind begun in the past. But having said that, let me add that people get the sort of magazines they deserve.

Well, when Mr Will invited me to give this Sentiment, I proposed making it quite an amiable one, the happy idea being that we Scots folk might congratulate ourselves not only on the past, but also on the present achievement, which seemed to me, considering everything, fairly sound. But since making inquiries and collecting facts, I find that editors of the newer magazines out of the North complain that the support they get from the Scots in London amounts to very little. I gather that things have changed from the time of, say, William Black, who, in his early days in London, used to walk to King's Cross to collect the Scottish papers. No doubt there are those present who, on first striking London, felt the same nostalgia, and did the same trek for the same purpose.

That spirit showed a splendid eagerness and a stout patriotism,

and it would be fine if we could discover the same again ; but everything seems to be against it, and all sorts of barriers, whether patriotic or artistic, are being broken down. This may be all to the good as indicating a widening of our interests and a broadening of our sympathies, but as Scottish nationals it is our duty and it should be our happiness to pay tribute to our own national culture by supporting the organs that express it. The field for these magazines is quite definitely becoming more and more occupied by others coming from the South. Desperate battle has to be fought in order to get good standing for a Northern magazine that years ago would have found ready acceptance, and yet the Northern magazine of to-day is on a good intellectual level. The great difficulty as I see it is that reading tastes are changing and patriotism seems to have worn thin.

If Scottish magazines are to get anywhere, and to continue and to reach the standing of being first-rate propositions, they must have as much support as possible. Some of them are commercial propositions, and healthy ones at that, but they could be in better case. Others have passed through anxious times, and although their revenues satisfy, they are not as satisfying as they might be. They are all of them doing splendid work in acting as media for Scottish writers, through which the thought and art of Scotland can be presented to the world, and we would greatly miss them if they passed, and Scotland would indeed be poor without them. They are, in fact, the only things coming out of Scotland that are serving to keep Scotland on the map. Apart from them and from odd books Scotland is giving no message to the world. They are helping to preserve the idea of Scottish nationhood in the world.

It is true that English magazines are most hospitable to those of our writers who choose to think and to express themselves along English lines, but it is of first importance that we should preserve without compromise the Scottish angle and our own inheritance and resources. Knowing the Scottish magazines, and comparing them with magazines published in London, I would say that there is at least as much if not more care put into their production ; but to repeat, gentlemen, they call for our support because they represent the natural cultural expression of our country, and that should stand for something with us.

I am, of course, conscious of the fact that these magazines are not supported even in the North as satisfactorily as they should be, but that is largely due to the pressure of reading matter from the South, to the spread of politics of a supine order, to the lowering of the standard of taste in reading, and to the banal influence of the cinema, which is killing imagination and the capacity to think. These conditions affect you in the South, where competition is even more fierce ; but I still return to my thesis that we Scots have a definite obligation towards our own output, and if we choose to ignore that obligation we are not honest to our traditions. Casual interest and nice words are of no consequence to the promoters of the Scottish magazines unless such are expressed in a practical manner.

Let me now engage you for a few minutes with a description of the more important current Scottish magazines. Those I propose to discuss include, in fairly historical order, *The Scots Magazine*, *Blackwood's*, *Chambers's*, *The Scottish Field*, *Scottish Country Life*, *Library Review*,

The S.M.T. Magazine, *The Modern Scot*, *Scotland*, and *The Scottish Standard*. Those published in London do not come within my purview.

The Scots Magazine claims a history back to the desperate days of 1739, and, having looked into the broken issues represented over the past two hundred years, one must concede that there has certainly been a remarkable continuity of policy as between the various issues, even though the magazine was suspended at times for years, and came out under slightly different titles. Its first numbers, which were published in Edinburgh, were not distinctly Scottish. So broad was it, in fact, that one might follow the course of British history through its pages, and the great events of the American War of Independence and of Warren Hastings' troubled years in India are fairly adequately reported upon. *The Scots Magazine* underwent four changes of various kinds, and it closed its long first period with the bankruptcy of Constable in 1826. Two attempts were made within a few years to revive it, but both failed, and a hundred years passed ere *The Scots Magazine* was brought to life again by the Glasgow St. Andrew Society in 1924. Under this control it continued for two years, when it was taken over by Thomson and Leng of Dundee, its present publishers. *The Scots Magazine* to-day is an independent monthly of eighty pages, containing occasional illustrations. It is essentially Scottish in nature and outlook, without, however, any severe national restrictions in its choice of subject-matter, which deals with every kind of activity and interest concerning Scotland and Scottish people in useful articles, fiction, occasional verse, and reviews. Modern writers who have contributed to it include the late J. J. Bell, Neil M. Gunn, Dr J. M. Bulloch, James Bridie, Eric Linklater, A. S. Neill, the Carswells, Violet Jacob, and the late Lewis Grassie Gibbon. This is a fine parade, but *The Scots Magazine* has never neglected the claims of promising new writers, whom Mr J. B. Salmond, its editor, does his very best to encourage.

Blackwood's Magazine was started at Edinburgh in 1817, its chief supporters, apart from the doughty Blackwood himself, being John Gibson Lockhart and Christopher North, who were soon joined by other brilliant literary swashbucklers. Later it had the greatest writers in England writing for it, including Dickens, Thackeray, Michael Scott, and Bulwer Lytton, and it made an enormous noise in Edinburgh and in London and wherever literature and politics were in question. The traditions of *Maga* have continued practically unbroken down to the present, and the excellent judgment of its editors is shown in the large number of books that have found their first place as serials in its pages. It is an extraordinary fact that one might pick up a volume of *Blackwood* published a generation ago and read through an appreciable number of articles before being able to place the date of the volume. The timelessness of the contents of the magazine would appear to be significant of its high quality and of the splendid judgment of the editors, who never at any time allowed themselves to be turned aside by stunts. If the test of a good magazine lies in this element of timelessness in its contents we may be sure that *Maga* stands high in comparison with most magazines. Although it has the Scottish bias, this is not particularly emphasized. Its contributors are from a' the airts.

Chambers's Journal, the next on our list, began its career in 1832, the year when Scott passed out. Its story is largely told in that great

Scottish book called *Memoir of William and Robert Chambers*—one of our classics, and an inspiration to young Scots for all time. Like *Maga*, *Chambers's* can claim a splendid continuity of purpose, style, and character; and what I said regarding the timelessness of the articles in *Maga* might be said with even greater force as to those in *Chambers's Journal*. The brothers Chambers had fought a hard battle themselves, and in the fight they had learned that there was a demand for what they called "original and respectable literature" at a minimum price. In the early days it was largely written up by the brothers, and we can all realize the enormous burden of work saddled by them. Its policy in those early days, when it was available once a week, was shaped by an interesting fact. No general news was allowed to be printed in any unstamped periodical published at a shorter interval than twenty-seven days. It is extraordinary to record that within a short time *Chambers's Journal* had a larger circulation than any of the Scottish newspapers, and persistent attempts were made by newspaper proprietors to embarrass its management. It was, in fact, so enormously successful that Leigh Hunt started *Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, which was to be "similar in point of size and variety to *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, but with a character a little more Southern and literary," and Leigh Hunt received the warm congratulations of Robert Chambers on his excellent imitation. Unfortunately *Leigh Hunt's London Journal* passed out within a year. *Chambers's Journal* down the years has had as contributors James Hogg, Hugh Miller, George Thomson (the friend of Burns), George Combe (whose books on phrenology were so ragingly popular in drawing-rooms some years ago), Robert Gilfillan (the author of "Why Left I My Hame?"), Mary Russell Mitford, Mrs Gaskell, Mrs Craik, W. H. G. Kingston, George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, and James Payn—the last named for a time assisting in the editorship. These names covering the nineteenth century indicate admirably the character of *Chambers's Journal*. In our own day, of course, we know it to have been a repository for some of the best work of James Milne, W. W. Jacobs, Stanley Weyman, John Buchan, and others whose books are best sellers.

The Scottish Field is a highly illustrated monthly devoted largely to social life, but apart from the illustrations and occasional articles, I do not see that it interprets Scotland in quite the same way as do most of the others on my list. It was started early in the century and has had a succession of editors who have carried on its *bien* tradition. One of its most remarkable editors was George Eyre-Todd, and with him we come to the most interesting illustrated Scottish magazine of the old school.

Scottish Country Life, which was something new in the North, was founded by George Eyre-Todd in 1914, who made it a useful property, later disposing of it to its present owners, Robert MacLehose & Co. of the University Press, Anniesland, Glasgow. Under the new regime Mr Donald Sutherland was appointed editor and occupied the post for two years, being succeeded by Mr Graham Hastings, its present editor, who has put splendid work into the magazine. Although *Scottish Country Life* is privately owned and is quite an independent paper, it has formed a liaison with the Scottish Travel Association. Among the main features of the magazine, sporting and social events occupy an

important place, and generally it is designed to appeal to the wealthier class in Scotland, particularly the country landowners, but it also features Scottish art, drama, literature, and articles on historical and antiquarian subjects. In style, layout, and general arrangement it compares favourably with any other magazine of its kind in Britain.

The *Library Review* was started in 1927 as a bookish-library magazine, the aim of the editor being to provide not only librarians but also the general public using libraries with a periodical of interest on both the literary and library sides. It was believed that generally readers using libraries would be interested in elementary papers dealing with the functions of such institutions; and it was likewise thought that librarians would benefit by reading non-professional people discussing library questions. It has been found possible to provide a body of articles in each number of equal interest to the non-professional as to the professional reader. Its contributors have included writers as diverse as H. M. Tomlinson, Pirandello, Cunninghame Graham, Sir F. G. Kenyon, Dr J. M. Bulloch, Henri Lemaître, John Drinkwater, Donald Carswell, Feuchtwanger, André Maurois, Arundell Esdaile, the late J. J. Bell, William McFee, William Power, George Blake, to mention a few out of a fine gallery. The magazine has been a remarkable success from the first number, and in some years has actually circulated to nearly forty countries of the world. Its management is naturally proud of its achievement.

In 1928 Mr J. Inglis Ker—one of the most forceful personalities with which Scotland is blessed at the moment—started *The S.M.T. Magazine*—surely one of the greatest magazine successes ever floated in Britain. It had its own battle to fight in early days, but it has won through handsomely and is now a gorgeous magazine of its class, not only in its beautifully illustrated articles describing Scotland, but also on the literary and artistic sides. It is at the moment the most open forum for Scottish magazine writers. On the purely Scottish side, history and tradition find a place beside the travel articles, and these are treated by distinguished writers and historians. The range of writers is not confined purely to those in Scotland, having included distinguished southerners like J. B. Priestley, Louis Golding, H. V. Morton, and E. V. Lucas. Progressive Scots admire the consistent support it has given to the preservation of the beauties of the countryside; and it has been constructively serviceable as regards questions of town planning, afforestation, road and bridge development, rural industries, and all movements tending to national improvements consistent with the well-being of the community.

One of the most distinctive magazines ever published in Scotland is *The Modern Scot*, started in 1930 by Mr J. H. Whyte. Its early programme, from which it has not departed, embraced the plan of an independent government for Scotland and the fostering of an individual Scottish culture. The magazine has published in its short career many forthright contributions by writers like Catherine Carswell, William Soutar, William Jeffrey, Neil Gunn, Edward Scouller, George Malcolm Thomson, Macnair Reid, and others. However uncompromising the editorial policy of *The Modern Scot* may be on the question of Scottish nationalism, it should be emphasized that the editor desires to publish

the best work produced in Scotland, quite irrespective of the author's political views or creed. The editorial policy, though it is left-wing, is absolutely independent of any political or cultural organization. It is the belief of the editor that only by the severest criticism and self-criticism can Scottish literature emerge from the provincial state in which the editor considers it has lain since the time of Scott.

The Scottish National Development Council shortly after starting its work found that it would require a magazine to serve as a publicity factor. *Scotland*, a quarterly journal, was started on a non-political and non-sectarian basis, and it has rapidly attained to good standing. The Committee from the start have recognized that the magazine's appeal to the general public cannot rest on industrial affairs alone, so they have endeavoured to maintain as wide an outlook as possible, and have published many articles dealing with crafts, arts, and culture in Scotland. It is an excellent organ of its kind, though in format and many of its features it reminds one of *The S.M.T. Magazine*.

The first number of *The Scottish Standard* was published at Glasgow this month, under the editorship of Mr David MacEwen, son of Sir Alexander of Inverness. Like *The Modern Scot*, it also is an organ in the Nationalist interest, but the first number is fairly general in outlook, and very little in the magazine would offend the susceptibilities of the most perfervid Hanoverian. Its panel of contributors lists the names of nearly all the younger Scottish writers, and if the magazine fulfils its promise it should become, on the quite general and cultural side, a most useful Scottish monthly. Free discussion on all topics affecting the welfare of Scotland will be welcomed. An appeal will be made to all Scotsmen to put their own house in order and think of their own nation less in terms of sentiment and more in terms of active help.

Gentlemen, I have now described ten magazines of general Scottish interest. Most if not all of them will be known to you by name, but I should be glad to think that the descriptions given may lead to more active support, and that these magazines may find their way more and more into the homes of Scots in London. I think I have argued the point sufficiently, gentlemen, and I now leave it with you. (Applause.)

Mr T. M. Stephen thanked Mr Macleod for his delightful Sentiment, and Mr Macleod replied.

Mr James Thomson had the agreeable task of proposing "Our Guests," and in doing so said that our Caledonian meetings would be poor things without our guests, with whom we liked to share our good things.

Sir George Allan Powell, C.B.E., replied, and thanked the Caledonians for their truly Scottish hospitality.

Two new members—Mr William Harvie and Mr G. C. Robertson—were presented to the President, were

toasted, and replied, Mr Harvie's reply to the Society being :

“ Long may it live, happy may we be :
Blest with success and from misfortune free.”

Pipe-Major Murdo Mackenzie treated the company to a rendering on his bagpipes of the Prince of Wales's pipe tune, “ Mallorca ” ; Mr J. R. Crawford told some splendid stories ; and Mr R. D. Grant sang with great taste “ The Bonnie Earl of Moray.”

RESIGNATION OF THE HON. SECRETARY.

At the Council meeting on Thursday, 14th March, 1935, in the Cambria Suite, Connaught Rooms, President William Miln referred to the health of the Hon. Secretary, Mr John A. Brown, and said that at a previous meeting, on the motion of Past-President William Will, it was agreed that a committee consisting of the President, Vice-President, and Past-President McFarlane consult with Mr Brown regarding an assistant and successor.

Subsequently, Mr Brown heartily concurred in the suggestion that Past-President P. N. McFarlane be asked to accept the Hon. Secretaryship, as the work in the King's Silver Jubilee Year and the Centenary Year of the Society demanded some one with previous experience.

The President therefore moved the following resolution, which was carried unanimously :

“ The Council learns with sincere regret that Mr John A. Brown has decided to resign from the position of Honorary Secretary, and desires to place on record their warm appreciation of his valuable services ; they hope that with the freedom from the cares of office and its responsibilities, and with improved health, he may long continue to participate in the Society's activities.”

DEATH OF PAST-PRESIDENT BAIN IRVINE.

At the General Meeting, Mr Miln made reference to the sad death of Past-President Andrew Bain Irvine. Through his death, said the President, they had lost one of their most notable and admired personalities. He died on 26th February at the age of fifty-eight, after a long illness borne with great patience and cheerfulness. A native of Wick (said Mr Miln), Mr Bain Irvine was apprenticed to a local bookseller at the age of 14. His love of literature remained with him all his life, and he was an authority on Burns and Scottish authors generally. He founded the Waverley Book Company, whose publications cover a wide range of literature and are circulated all over the English-speaking world. For many years he was editor-in-chief of the "Scots Year Book," and from its revenue a handsome cheque was provided each year as a donation to the Royal Caledonian Schools. The Scottish Associations have a great deal to thank him for, but in spite of the multiplicity of his activities he never lost his affection for his own fireside. Wherever he went he radiated goodwill and friendship. The proof of this was the large number who attended his funeral. Several of us saw him laid to rest at Old Southgate Cemetery to the strains of the bagpipes playing the lament "Flowers of the Forest."

In silent sympathy the President's words were received, the members upstanding.

The President wished Mr Rennie Anderson God speed on his return to Scotland.

The President, introducing Mr F. R. Stephen, said that the giver of that night's Sentiment was a young man of great promise, the son of a prominent member of the Society. He called upon Mr Stephen to give his Sentiment, "The Scot as a Philanthropist."

Mr Stephen said :

It may seem a paradox that a lawyer should give a sentiment on "The Scot as a Philanthropist." It was a great lawyer who told the students of Aberdeen University that "Self interest is the mainspring of all human effort." How far this is true is not my province to determine. My case to-night is to put before you in the time at my disposal such evidence as there is to disprove the assertion so far as our own nation is concerned.

The world at large associates Scotland with Calvinism and therefore expects the Scotsman to be strict and austere. But austerity is not the same thing as severity, and when I have done I hope you will agree that Scotsmen individually and collectively have shown as philanthropic and humanitarian a spirit as members of any other nation, and have shown it in a practical form. Philanthropy has had its influence on our national institutions and is part of our national heritage. Perhaps, as I have already referred to it, I may commence with the law.

As most of you are probably aware, the Law Society of England and Wales has, during the past few years, set up a committee to provide legal aid for persons too poor to obtain it in the ordinary way. The profession is under no obligation to assist the committee, which has to rely entirely on the voluntary services of conscientious members of the profession. Contrast this with the practice in Scotland. There, every one who starts practice as a Writer to the Signet or as a law agent is, under the Sheriff Courts Act, appointed to be an agent for the poor and for a year has to give his services free of charge to advising poor persons on their legal problems. This practice is as old as Scots law itself, and it is noteworthy that if an agent for the poor advises litigation, the Faculty of Advocates, following the same principle, provides the services of a junior member of the bar to plead the case before the Court. This, I am sure you will admit, is about as practical a way of expressing a humanitarian spirit as a corporate body could find.

But the legal profession is not unique in this respect. I suppose the medical profession offers greater opportunities for public service than any other, and it would be inconsistent with the high regard in which Scottish doctors are held as practitioners throughout the world to find that they failed to take advantage of these opportunities. The history of medicine in Scotland is a story of devoted public service, and Scotland can claim far more than her share of the immortals such as John Hunter and Simpson. Who can deny their devotion to the cause of humanity? It is significant, too, that Scotland shares with England the highest proportion of hospital accommodation to population of the whole world. Of the hospitals themselves, a thousand tales of philanthropy could be told. The great Royal Infirmary in Edinburgh is a living witness to 200 years' work for the public welfare. Its opening in 1729 in a small house was due to the efforts of the doctors themselves who provided the accommodation. It obtained its charter in 1736, and in 1738 the foundation stone of vast extensions in building was laid. The whole nation helped to build it, architects planned it, the owners of quarries gave the stones, farmers transported them, timber merchants supplied the wood, craftsmen gave their services—all without reward. Ladies collected subscriptions everywhere, and from every land, however

distant, contributions were obtained from patriotic Scotsmen settled there. A more recent example of the same enthusiasm for a noble cause is provided by the people of Inverness who, with a population of not more than 25,000 raised in the last few years £400,000, to extend and endow the great Northern Infirmary there.

When the cause is just there is no effort the Scotsman will not make for its sake. The amazing generosity of the adherents of the Free Church of Scotland at the Disruption and after, is one of the most wonderful chapters in all Church history, who, because their Church was without funds or property, freely gave their savings, earnings, and services, so that every town and village might have a Free Church and minister.

And who can forget the amazing record of Quarriers Homes, which, in all the long years its work has been carried on, has never yet had to ask the public for assistance ?

It is characteristic of our race that many of the great individual public benefactions associated with the names of Scotsmen have been made for the extension of education. There have been few great philanthropists whose example has been so magnificently imitated as George Heriot. His great foundation is notable, not merely for itself, but for what followed it. George Watson, James M'Gill, Strathcona, Carnegie, and a host of others have succeeded to his mantle. Their immense donations have no parallel that I can suggest and have made the Scotsman's passion for popular education known the world over.

Medical missions are another channel through which Scotsmen have shown their philanthropy. Foreign Missions, medical or otherwise, were originally the inspiration of a Presbyterian minister who wrote a magazine article on this subject in the last few years of the eighteenth century. The article attracted attention and the immediate result was the foundation of the London Missionary Society. It was not, however, until 1841 that steps were taken to train and send abroad medical missionaries, when an association was formed in Edinburgh to train volunteers for this service. The innovation was ultimately followed generally, and to-day medical missionaries carry on their noble work in every part of the world. Incidentally, is it not typical of our country that, having discovered the worth of Scottish missionary enterprise, it did not allow the administration to remain in the hands of independent societies, but made them an integral part of the Church organization ?

You will notice from what I have already said that the objects of philanthropy, so far as Scotland is concerned, have been few but important, in fact all those services which seem most likely to benefit directly the greatest number.

I do not pretend that the picture I have given is exhaustive, but I do claim that it is both comprehensive and representative. A German observer once declared that there was no country where so much charity was given as in England, and so little to show for it. I am not sure that this is true of England. I am perfectly certain it is untrue of Scotland. I know of no country where more provision is made for the aged and the orphan, the poor and the ailing, than Scotland ; and it is because the objects of philanthropy in Scotland have been confined, that they have been more than ordinarily effective.

No estimate of the Scot as a philanthropist would be complete

without reference to individuals, and any reference to individuals is inseparable from reference to the philanthropy of Scotsmen in other countries. Whether at home or abroad the objects of their philanthropy have always been the same. Every university in the Empire includes Scotsmen among its greatest benefactors. Many of the great hospitals in the Dominions owe their foundation or endowments to Scotsmen who have settled there.

In the United States, Andrew Carnegie distributed 350 million dollars during his lifetime. Of this colossal fortune, over 60 million dollars were distributed among organizations in the British Empire. He gave 10 million dollars to the Scottish Universities and to him many towns are indebted for their libraries, and even churches for their organs. Carnegie had an original conception of the obligations of riches. His central idea, which created a great stir when he first expounded it, was that the life story of a rich man should fall into two periods, acquiring riches and distributing them. He declared that a rich man died disgraced who left large sums which he might in his own lifetime have himself administered for the public good.

I have already referred to James M'Gill, who, with a characteristic enthusiasm for education, founded Canada's greatest University, to which he gave his name, and Lord Strathcona, who spent his millions in great benefactions to Canada and his native land. With Lord Mountstephen he founded and endowed the Royal Victoria Hospital at Montreal. Each of them gave £100,000 to Aberdeen University, and Lord Mountstephen will be long remembered by the needy clergy in the North of Scotland, for whose benefit he gave a large endowment to supplement their stipends. In Australia, the Thomas Walker Convalescent Hospital and New South Wales Public Library at Sydney, the latter presented by David Scott Mitchell and endowed by him with £70,000; and Scotch College, Melbourne, are a few of the many instances of the generosity of Scotsmen in the Commonwealth. Of Scotch College, Melbourne, it is interesting to note that it is the oldest of Australia's six public schools, having been founded in 1851 by the Presbyterians of Melbourne, and that the salary of the first rector was guaranteed by a generous friend of education in Scotland.

Many other examples of philanthropic enterprize I could mention, and many will, I am sure, occur to you. One, to the support of which this Society is devoted, the Royal Scottish Corporation, is the oldest Scottish charity in the world. It is fitting that I refer to it on such an occasion as this and in particular the love and service given to it for so many years by our late President and its late Secretary, Mr Moncrieff, of whom nothing was more characteristic than that he left to his own organization all he had.

Not all the great philanthropists have had the recognition due to them. Few people, I imagine, remember Dr Chalmers as a social reformer and philanthropist. When a parish minister in Glasgow, he persuaded the authorities to suspend the whole administration of public charity and to substitute an experiment in voluntary poor relief organized by the Church. His experiment did not last long enough to prove his contentions, but his methods were followed and developed in England by Edward Denison, Octavia Hill, and Charles Loch, and ultimately led to the foundation of the Charity Organization Society. And to him

we can attribute the whole technique of social care work as it is known to-day, for it is the direct product of his original experiment. Another unknown philanthropist worked in quite a different way. In the middle of last century the miners of Scotland formed themselves into a Union for the first time. Their organizer was a man Alexander Macdonald, who, by persistent advocacy of social legislation, was able to obtain many improvements in their conditions of work and living. He pinned his faith to Parliamentary, rather than industrial action, to arbitration and conciliation rather than to strikes, and I maintain that such a man, by his character, his methods and his attainments, is a great philanthropist and none the less so because he served a section of the people or because his successors broke with the Macdonald tradition.

May I conclude by pointing a moral? The Scotsman may be saving in little things, but surely he has been liberal in much! I could add so much to the cases I have quoted, but in the time allotted to me it is not possible to do more than generalize. I have spoken only of the past because the present is too close to us to be seen in proper perspective. To-day many of us either congratulate ourselves complacently on the sums which are paid out by the State in public assistance, or in an excess of indignant parsimony, we bitterly criticize the Legislature for extravagance. In doing so we convict ourselves. For the State is only doing or attempting to do what we have failed to do. There is so much to be done to make civilization worthy of the name that we can only regard the past as a beginning and a guide. (Loud applause.)

Dr Douglas Hay Scott proposed a vote of thanks to Mr Stephen, and in doing so remarked that his profession and that of Mr Stephen were so closely allied that frequently they impinged upon each other, and sometimes intermingled, especially with regard to charity in general. He admired the skill of Mr Stephen in marshalling his facts and in putting the case for Scottish benevolence so succinctly. As one who had experienced the joys of doing things for nothing, Dr Scott heartily agreed with the speaker that no better tonic than charity was in existence. Mr Stephen had done a great service to Scotland in general, and to Scottish charities in particular, by his able and ample review. (Applause.)

Mr Stephen replied briefly.

Dr C. Stewart Hunter gave "Our Guests," and Rev. Mr Blower replied.

The President, in proposing thanks to the officials, said that he regretted that they were nearing the close

of the Session. No President could function efficiently without the co-operation of the office-bearers, and he wished publicly to thank their officials for all that they had done for him.

He wished to pay a tribute to Mr John A. Brown, Hon. Secretary, who was retiring from his post owing to health reasons. Although they would no longer have his able guidance as secretary, we should still see his smiling face and have his helpful advice.

The most important event of the Session, of course, was the removal to their new home in the Connaught Rooms. The success of the house-warming at their first meeting on 14th November was proof that the work of the Committee appointed by the Council was warmly approved.

Mr R. R. Wilson, Hon. Treasurer, replied, and thanked the President for a great Session, and for his felicitious remarks.

Mr W. O. Hunter and Mr G. S. Bonnyman, new members, were presented to the President, and suitably replied to the toast of their health given by the President.

The audience heard again the beautiful tenor voice of Mr Sydney MacEwan in delightful Hebridean songs.

THE FESTIVAL: THE DUKE OF ATHOLL AND MISS HORSBRUGH.

On 11th April, 1935, in the Balmoral Suite of the Connaught Rooms, the climax of Session 1934-1935 was reached when the annual Festival, or Ladies' Night, was held. The President and Mrs Miln received the large company, the principal guests in which were His Grace the Duke of Atholl, K.G., G.C.V.O., and Miss Florence Horsbrugh, M.B.E., M.P.

The toasts of "The King," "The Queen," "The

Duke of Rothesay, and other members of the Royal Family," were heartily pledged with rousing Caledonian Honours.

In giving the toast of the evening, "The Caledonian Society of London," the President said :

Unlike other Scottish Societies in London we are still confined to a membership of a hundred, with an additional thirty members as officials—a fellowship of professional and business men united in the idea of upholding the traditions of our native land.

Through our two great London Scottish Charities we have not been unmindful of the claims of the orphan and fatherless or neglectful of the tottering steps of age and infirmity, and although this is my last appearance as President, you can rest assured that I shall still be at work for the Society's objects and for its future welfare.

I have no wish to dwell on details, but to our guests who have not been present on previous occasions, it may be of interest to know that our Society, having been founded in February, 1837, in the reign of William IV., has lived under three sovereigns, having progressed through the reigns of Queen Victoria, King Edward, and our present King, George V.

Our first meeting was held at Beattie's Hotel, somewhere in the Borough, and our first Festival in 1838. Other Festivals have been held in places such as Radley's Hotel, Blackfriars, the London Tavern, the Freemasons' Tavern, the British Hotel, Charing Cross, and in 1893 we moved as far west as the Hotel Metropole, and later for many years our meetings were held in the Holborn Restaurant. This session, however, we moved to our new home in the building where we are to-night—the Connaught Rooms—and in 1937 we shall be celebrating our Centenary.

I sometimes try to visualise the gathering in Beatty's Hotel, and all that has been done since. Going through our history, we have had as members some of the cream of Scotland's professional and business men, and to them we owe much for the time and interest they have given so generously to the welfare of our Society. I sometimes wonder if the high pressure at which we live now allows us to do as much for the good of the cause as they did in the earlier days ; but of one thing I am certain, that the same old Scottish spirit of good fellowship and goodwill remains, and we are determined to uphold the traditions set by our worthy predecessors nearly a hundred years ago. (Applause.)

On this, the last meeting of our Session, I would like to ask all members to give a kindly thought to their sponsors to the Society. Had it not been for them we might not have been enjoying ourselves as we are to-night. The men who honoured me were Past-President and Historian John Douglas and Past-President James McLeod, and although John Douglas is unable to be with us to-night for reasons of health, he has written a kindly note which, with your permission, I should like to read to you :

"My dear President,—My wife and I, on doctors' orders, are very sorry that we are unable to be present at the Festival to-morrow night.

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Please forgive me for troubling you with a note, but, as an old personal friend and a Past-President of the Caledonian Society, I feel that I must tell you that we had both been looking forward to supporting you in the Chair, and we are grievously disappointed that we are prevented. If your ears tingle during the evening, you will know that we are not only thinking of you but discussing the Festival point by point so far as we can visualize it. We are lamenting the fate that prevents us being with you when so many old Caledonian friends will be there to make a congenial Scottish atmosphere.

"Will you allow me to send a message of greeting and good cheer to every one, for whether we are Highland or Lowland we are a' John Tamson's bairns and true Caledonians."

And James McLeod, although now residing on the banks of Loch Leven, wires: "I am with you in spirit. Heartiest congratulations and good wishes to yourself and all brother Caledonians."

During my term of office I have made many friends, and may I say what a delight it is to me to be honoured by the presence of Miss Florence Horsbrugh, who is member of Parliament for Dundee, my native city; His Grace the Duke of Atholl, and the Rt. Hon. Lord Forres. By their presence, the thoughts of many of us will go back to the days of our youth. I am sure we can all picture Blair Castle in all its splendour, and Lord Forres's lovely home snugly nestling on the breast of the hill at the top of Glenogil. (Applause.)

Only a fortnight ago, while passing through Dunkeld and having a few minutes to wait for a friend, I noticed the name "Tom Richardson, Kiltmaker," over the entrance to a quaint old shop. After passing the time of the day with the kiltmaker, I happened to ask if he had seen the Duke lately. "Oh, aye," was the reply, "he was here the ither day, and must be feelin' better now than he did some time ago; in fact he was real perky. He would usually look in and say, 'Well, Laird, everything all right to-day?' but on this occasion he came inside the shop-door and called me 'Tom,' which I thought was rather a come-down, after having been addressed as Laird for so many years past. Nevertheless we all love him, and sometimes when we go off the straight, such as happens at curling matches or the like, he just gives us a good telling-off, and we pull ourselves together again and respect him all the more." (Loud laughter.)

In proposing the toast of the Caledonian Society of London, may I say that there is no country more loyal than Scotland, and no body of Scotsmen more loyal than the members of the Caledonian Society of London, and I am sure our thoughts are one when I say that it is our wish that the Society will long maintain its integrity and national character, which is the finest mainstay and surest safeguard. The toast is "The Caledonian Society of London," which I give with Caledonian honours.

The toast was heartily pledged, and the President's speech loudly applauded.

Vice-President John B. Rintoul, in proposing the toast, "Our Guests," said:

Our President reminded us at the Festival last year that the Society in former days had no fewer than fifteen toasts on some occasions. I hope we are not less hospitable than our forebears, but I think you will agree that we are a little more merciful, and instead of fifteen, we have only three, in addition to the loyal toasts. They used for some wise purpose or another to toast: The Army and Navy, The Land we live in, The Land of the Shamrock, The Land o' Cakes, The Garb of old Gaul, The Deputy Chairman, The Stewards, and The Ladies.

Mr Rintoul split the toast in two parts, "The Ladies" and the "Weaker Sex."

The printed Chronicles of the Society state: "It is an old boast that to the Caledonian Society of London belongs the honour of having first initiated the good custom of inviting ladies to sit at table at public banquets, but the exact date of the introduction of this excellent innovation is uncertain." However, it must have been in the early Victorian days, at a time when the ladies were ordinarily relegated to the drawing-room and the wool basket, stitching samplers and making antimacassars. Who shall say after this that Scotsmen are ungallant? I think you will agree it was a very knightly thing to do in those far-off yesterdays, a custom which has been maintained to this hour, and as the ladies have secured the right to vote, so they have also acquired the right to sit, and share all the agreeable things with which the men regale themselves; the only thing I notice is that by general practice they still ban the cigars.

On more than one occasion, the toast of "The Ladies" had been acknowledged by a member of their own sex, but that night, for the first time, they had a lady member of the House of Commons responding. It was a great pleasure to welcome Miss Horsbrugh, one of the representatives of the third largest city of Scotland.

It is our proud boast that the British House of Commons reflects and represents the feelings of all classes of the community, and even its prejudices. The Caledonian Society of London knows no politics save that which is enshrined in "a man's a man for a' that."

At this critical period in the world's history, when *our* country counts for so much, it is not the most flamboyant speakers that we need, but the people of vision and foresight, those who *think* most deeply, and who have the true interest of our Empire and of its people ever before them.

When we look abroad we feel a sense of gratitude in the unshakable stability of our Constitution, and a pride in our high standard of public life. "Our Guest" is one of those who seeks to benefit our country and to preserve its institutions, not by obstructing change, but by supporting wise and judicious reforms.

Not only do we welcome, but we need to-day the voice and influence of women in our public life, and particularly in the Legislature—their distinctive contribution to the solution of our troubles is salutary and most desirable, and I venture to assert that the ladies who at present sit in the House of Commons have, by their prescience and understanding, more than justified their honourable position.

Miss Horsbrugh is one of the members for Dundee (continued Mr Rintoul). I confess to my shame that I know very little of it intimately. Although I lived for some years not very many miles away, my one and only visit was just over fifty-five years ago. At that time I was living with my grandmother in the mining village of Thornton in Fife. My father came from London to see me, and took my brother and me in the summer of 1879 across the old Tay Bridge just a few months before it went down.

I remember the occasion so well, because my father bought tam o' shanters for us both with big red touries. My brother returned to London, and after the experience of a London school playground, his bonnet went to limbo in a fortnight; mine—thanks to a frugal aunt who sewed and re-sewed the tourie dozens of times, and re-bound the rim with ribbon almost as often—lasted me about four years, during which same period my Glengarry was strictly reserved for the Sabbath. (Laughter.)

You all know the story of the meeting of the two boys, one from Glasgow, the other from Dundee. The Glesca' laddie was describing in illuminating language the magnitude and the various activities associated with Glesca' Green. The Dundee boy was all eyes and wonderment. Eventually the Glesca' loon, in consternation, asked, "Hae ye nae greens in Dundee?" "No," was the reply. "Then, whaur dae ye fecht?"

Dundee, I am told, has in the heart of the city a most gloomy and impressive cemetery called the Howff. This recalls to me the story of one of the cemetery attendants, Donald by name, who was noted for being very abrupt and uncouth. Donald, who had a very bad cold, was standing at the gate one day, when an acquaintance passed, remarking, "That's a nesty kitlin host ye hae, Donald." Donald, taking a sweep of the miles of tombstones behind him, replied, "Ach, that's naething ava, there's mony ane lying a' roond here wad be gled o't." (Laughter.)

And now what about the mere men. We are proud to welcome His Grace the Duke of Atholl at our board to-night. Many of us—I know I do—when entrusted with a task such as I have, fly to "Who's Who," but the noble Duke in a Scottish company needs neither introduction nor classification; true, like another historic figure he has a lang pedigree, but he also has a long and distinguished record of honourable public service. (Applause.)

Khartoum and South Africa seem a long time ago, although Gallipoli and Egypt are fresh in our minds. I remember how thrilled many of us were with the escapades of Tullibardine's Horse over thirty years ago. (Hear, hear.) I cannot help thinking what a lot of different clothes the Duke must have worn in passing through so many regiments; but I venture to say this, and to say it quite seriously—that the one thing in his career for which the noble Duke will for all time be most gratefully remembered by his countrymen, and the outstanding thing for which, I venture to suggest, he would wish to be remembered, is that wonderful memorial on the Castle Rock in our beloved Edinburgh. (Loud applause.) There is nothing like it in the world. It has captured the imagination of pilgrims from the ends of the earth. (Applause.)

If the noble Duke had done nothing else during his active life, the

Scottish National War Memorial would remain a lasting tribute to his understanding of Scottish mentality, to his courage, and to his indomitable determination to achieve the noblest and the best. (Loud applause.)

Miss Horsbrugh said she considered it a great compliment to be asked to speak at their Festival. She questioned if at Beattie's Hotel women members of Parliament, even if there had been any then, would have been admitted. But she always found it easier to deal with men than with women. She recalled some of the experiences of canvassing in her interest in Dundee. One woman canvasser met one female voter who was feart she nicht get in. "Don't you want her to go up?" queried the canvasser.

"Na, I dinna haud wi' women goin' to London and sittin' up a' nicht wi' men. (Laughter.)

She said that Scots traditions were wanted in the world to-day. There was too much worry and scurry and artificiality in modern conditions of life. They wanted something of the lilt of the old Scots songs into our life.

She said one of the characteristics of the City of Dundee was the amount of extra steep hills, but there was in their good town a simplicity and lack of artificiality that led them to put a stout hert to a stey brae. "Let us keep our tam o' shanters," said Miss Horsbrugh. "The touries may come off, but let us sew them on again. Don't despise the old things; the new may not be so good." (Loud applause.)

The Duke of Atholl, replying, referred to the difficulties experienced by landed proprietors and doubted the wisdom of the legislation that was making it difficult if not impossible to carry on the traditions of their forebears.

Past-President Alexander MacDonald gave "The President," and paid a warm tribute to the splendid way in which Mr Miln had conducted the affairs of the Society during his session, 1934-1935.

Mr Miln said that the praise given to him was reflected glory, for any success that he might have had was due to the co-operation of office-bearers and members. While speaking of the officers, he took that opportunity of thanking Vice-President John Rintoul for his untiring and invaluable help during that session. Through the indifferent health of the Hon. Secretary, John Brown, he had had to call upon the Vice-President in no small measure. His helping hand was ever ready, and it was a great pleasure to the speaker to have that opportunity of tendering his appreciation for all the more than kindly thoughts and never-failing assistance.

The Past-Presidents and other holders of Gold Badges saluted the President, and Mr Miln pinned on the breast of Past-President Alexander MacDonald the Gold Badge as a tribute to his work in the office of President in Session 1933-1934.

A brilliant musical programme taken part in by Miss Beth Mitchell and Mr Findlater Macdonald formed an entertaining part of the evening's proceedings, and the dancing and piping of the boys from the Royal Caledonian Schools was as usual loudly cheered.

THE MEMBERSHIP.

During Session 1934-1935, seven new members were elected : John MacLaren, William Harvie, George C. Robertson, Sir Alexander Robertson Murray, W. O. Hunter, Alex. Greig, G. S. Bonnyman.

Four deaths had to be reported : Robert Davidson, Hon. Auditor 1913-1933, who joined the Society in 1897 ; G. M. Muir Wood, who joined the Society in 1905 ; Andrew Bain Irvine, J.P., President 1930-1931, who joined the Society in 1924 ; The Right Hon. Lord Riddell, who also joined in 1924.

The membership in 1935 was : Council, 31 ; Life Members, 15 ; Ordinary Members, 91. Total, 137.

Obituary.

Past-President A. BAIN IRVINE.

In March, 1935, one of the most charming of our members, Past-President Andrew Bain Irvine, J.P., passed away at his home at Bowes Park, London, after a long and painful illness, which he bore with great patience and cheerfulness. He was only 58 years of age when he died. The following is taken from the *Palmer's Green Gazette* :

Born at Wick, near John o' Groats, Mr Bain Irvine was the son of a hard-working saw-doctor. The young family all received their schooling at Berwick, to which the doctor migrated.

Andrew Bain Irvine had always loved books, and when he left school at the age of fourteen to become an apprentice with a local bookseller he was at least fortunate in having congenial surroundings.

This love of literature remained with Mr Bain Irvine all his life, although at first his appearance did not suggest the student so much as the athlete. He was tall and handsome, and was always a noticeable figure because of his fine manly bearing and carriage. But he was both student and athlete. As an authority on Burns and on general Scottish literature his opinion carried great weight.

He was for many years editor-in-chief of the Scots Year Book, and it was always his avowed aim not only to improve the standard of the work and to intensify its influence, but also to see to it that sufficient revenue was provided each year to form a handsome donation to the Royal Caledonian Schools.

Mr Bain Irvine stayed with the Berwick bookseller for five years, and then, having completed his apprenticeship, came further south to Manchester and entered the service of another bookseller. He was at that time, of course, still in his 'teens. But the work apparently did not appeal to him greatly, and in less than a year he took his biggest plunge to date and came to London.

His first job in London was as a traveller to a publisher. In this position he was able to learn a great deal about the production of books, and he was not slow to take full advantage of the opportunity.

He was a very successful salesman. Before long his diligence, ability, and enthusiasm was rewarded by an appointment with an American firm. He remained there for eight years, and was then invited to join the famous publishing house of Cassell. For them he founded the Waverley Book Publishing Company, whose productions cover almost the whole range of literature and are circulated all over the English-speaking world.

In the records of the "House" Mr Bain Irvine is described as a director of "untiring energy and daring initiative" and one "whose appeals are invariably to the book-loving democracy." For many years Mr Irvine was the managing director of this firm, and in this

capacity he had controlling interests in the Dominions and in the United States, which he visited frequently.

Some of the big book productions for which he had been responsible included "The Amateur Mechanic," "The History of the War," "Children's Book of Knowledge," "Children's Dictionary," "Outline of Christianity," "Robert Burns," "Robert Louis Stevenson's Works," "Shakespeare's Works," "Chambers's Encyclopaedia," "Rare and Beautiful Music."

He later became a director of the Amalgamated Press.

The hard work and energy which Mr Irvine put into a successful business life is to be found in the valuable record of his efforts as a prominent figure in public life.

In 1919 he was elected to Wood Green District Council, and so quick were others to appreciate his worth that within three years he became its chairman.

The amount of time and ceaseless endeavour which Mr Irvine put into every cause he took up won him the respect and esteem of a very wide circle of friends. The Scottish associations especially have a great deal to thank him for.

Though it would be indeed a very difficult task to give anything like a full list of his public activities, it is perhaps interesting to observe that in spite of the multiplicity of his activities, he never lost his affection for his own fireside, and was always a man of simple tastes.

Wherever he went he radiated goodwill and friendship, and no one deserving asked him for assistance in vain. Small wonder that it is said of him that he had "the brain of a business man, the heart of a philanthropist, and the spirit of a patriot."

At the interment of the remains of Mr Bain Irvine in Southgate Cemetery, over 300 people represented all the spheres of activity in which our late President took his share.

The Right Hon. LORD RIDDELL.

Many interests, but particularly the newspaper industry, lost a great friend and supporter when Lord Riddell died on 5th December, 1934.

Lord Riddell did not join the Caledonian Society of London until 1924, and his many other interests prevented him from taking an active part in the work of the Society; but he gave one Sentiment on a legal subject, embodied in this volume, which showed the bent of his mind, for while newspaper and magazine publishing was his principal consideration, to the

end his thoughts were of the law to which he was trained.

Lord Riddell (George Allardice Riddell) was the son of a Civil Servant, and was born at the border town of Duns on 25th May, 1865. Coming early to London, he was educated here, was admitted a solicitor in 1888, and joined the firm which later was known as Riddell, Vaizey & Smith.

As a solicitor he had great success, and became the representative in London of the Cardiff and Huddersfield Corporations. It was in his legal capacity that he became associated with the newspaper world, the *Western Mail*, Cardiff, and the *London News of the World* being his first contacts with the Press. On the death of Sir George Newnes, he became chairman and managing director of George Newnes, Ltd., magazine publishers, and he became chairman also of C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., and of Country Life, Ltd.

In 1909 his great services to the country through the Press well entitled him to the knighthood which was conferred upon him, a baronetcy followed in 1918, and in 1920 he was raised to the peerage. This rapid rise was due to the enormous amount of hard work which Lord Riddell gave to the country during the Great War, for he served as the liaison between the various Government Departments and the Press. But the end of the War did not terminate Lord Riddell's public work. He accompanied Lord Balfour with the British delegation to the Washington Conference on Naval Disarmament. His admiration for Lord Balfour was earnestly reciprocated, and Lord Balfour's praise of Lord Riddell's tact and common sense was echoed by the American pressmen, who gave our member a handsome gift at the close of the proceedings.

Lord Riddell had the entire confidence of the London newspaper press, and on the death of Lord Burnham he was appointed chairman of the Newspaper

Proprietors' Association, a position which he had held in the association governing the periodical press of Great Britain. He served as president of the Advertising Association, and he was one of the founders of the London School of Printing, and was president of the Printing Industry Research Association.

The newspaper industry gave Lord Riddell many evidences of their regard for him and his work: his portrait by Sir William Orpen, a gift of plate, and complimentary dinners being among the expressions of their thanks.

The philosophy of Lord Riddell was expressed in about a dozen volumes of clear reasoning on "Some things that matter," "More things that matter," "Law for the million," his "War Diary," "Intimate Diary of the Peace Conference and After," "More pages from my diary," "Medico-legal Problems," etc., and he added to his list of works a biography of Dame Louisa Aldrich-Blake, and as a Christmas gift (1931) he sent to his friends "The curious story of Helen Tulk: a panorama, not a novel." A great admirer of Robert Burns, Lord Riddell wrote and spoke frequently on the poet's humanity and the reasons "why he alone among all poets calls forth perennial streams of affection."

His work for charity will never be forgotten. He gave £100,000 to the Royal Free Hospital; with Sir Albert Levy he endowed the Eastman Dental Clinic at the same hospital with £100,000.

As a patron of golf he was well known, and his title expressed this—Baron Riddell of Walton Heath. He was proprietor of the Walton Heath Golf Club, and he brought to the Heath James Braid, with whom he formed a great friendship.

Cultured, charming, kindly, witty, and amusing, Lord Riddell's was an amazing personality, and a man of whom Scotland had reason to be proud.

ROBERT DAVIDSON.

Robert Davidson, who became a member of the Society in 1897, a member of Committee in 1900-1901, and Hon. Auditor from 1913-1914 till 1932-1933, was born in December, 1856, at Esquibuie, Aberlour, Banffshire, the son of a road contractor, whose work led him to Rothes, where young "Bob" became a "Moray loon." In August, 1935, he passed to his rest in an Elgin nursing home only a few miles from where he was born.

Mr Davidson was educated at Rothes under Mr Wright, a famous teacher, and became an apprentice in the National Bank at Grantown-on-Spey.

In 1877 he came to London, and at once entered into the active life of Scottish affairs in the capital. He immediately took a prominent part in the work of the London Morayshire Club, served in turn on the Committee, as Secretary and as Vice-President, and was closely identified with the membership until he left London for Scotland in 1934. Indeed, it was said that for many years he *was* the Club. In 1927 he celebrated fifty years' membership; and for half a century was also a member of the London, Aberdeen, Banff, and Kincardine Association.

That his work in the London Morayshire Club was appreciated is seen in the "Annals" of the Club. Under date 1887, when he resigned the junior honorary secretaryship, the editor says that when Mr Davidson took the position in 1882 "it was prophesied by some good judges of character that the new official would make his mark. He did make his mark and the impress is discernible to this day, and will doubtless remain for a long time to come, upon the work of the Club." To the Secretary he was an able, hardworking clear-headed self-denying lieutenant. How hard he laboured, how large a portion of his time was given ungrudgingly

to the service of the Club few knew outside the immediate circle of management.

“Cheerful and useful to a degree rarely encountered he was never at rest in any of the social gatherings until each and every one was comfortably accommodated; and the younger and newer members ‘jist new come fae the north’ he always made his special care.

“Management and arrangement were strong points in his character, and many a scheme which older heads appeared doubtful of achievement had its difficulties removed before his energetic attack and persuasive tongue.”

No Scot was more Scottish than Robert Davidson, who despised anyone who was not also intensely patriotic. He would sometimes refer to a Scottish acquaintance: “Ou, aye, he’s a decent eneuch chiel, bit he hesna the sentiment”!

Although he had several hobbies, Bob’s principal interests were the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools, and he would arrange pilgrimages to Bushey with small bands of Scots whom he wished to interest in the Schools. Almost invariably he succeeded.

One of his hobbies was horticulture, and he grew many more vegetables than he could consume, but these were destined for those in need. His garden—quarter of an acre in extent—was a beautiful sight, for he cultivated many species of flowers. His love of roses led to his specializing in the queen of flowers, and he was a member of the National Rose Society.

Mr Davidson’s first business engagement in London was with Messrs. J. & R. Grant, Billiter Street; and he was elected a Fellow of the Chartered Institute of Secretaries in 1905. About this time he became secretary of the West Australian Gold Mines, and retained that position until he retired in 1927, when the directors presented him with a hundred-guinea gold watch and

a substantial honorarium for his long and valued services.

Mr Robert Davidson was one of the most self-effacing men who ever walked on London streets. He brought that quality and an honourable and upright character to the Caledonian Society, and in his own quiet, effective way performed notable service to his brother Caledonians.

CHAPTER VI

1935-1936 : JOHN BENNETT RINTOUL, *President*.

The President a London-Fifeshire Man : Sentiments—"Some Judicial Recollections and Reflections," by Lord Alness ; "Three Days to Melbourne," by Mr Charles W. A. Scott ; "A London Memorial to the Scottish Faith," by Rev. Joseph Moffett, B.A. ; "The London Scottish," by Major Lyall Grant ; "The Task of Developing Industrial Scotland," by Mr John Fraser, M.C. Festival : The President on the Society's Changes ; Lord Alness on "The Land of our Adoption" ; Sir Godfrey Collins on "Scottish Problems." Obituary—Past-President John Douglas, Past-President William Blane, Dr Cumming Grant.

ALTHOUGH born in London, the new President has his family roots deeply embedded in the soil of Fifeshire, where he spent most of his boyhood years. He is not the first "Fifer" to be President, for in 1923-1924 that genial and erudite Caledonian, the late William Jeffrey, occupied the chair.

From his paternal Fifeshire home, Mr Rintoul returned to the capital of the Auld Enemy for a further period at school, after which he entered the service of Worrall & Robey Ltd., with which firm he has been connected for over half a century, and has been a director for many years.



JOHN BENNETT RINTOUL
President 1935-1936

The greater part of Mr Rintoul's life in London has been devoted in various directions to the support of national and charitable work by Scots in London ; and although serious illness might have been sufficient excuse for withdrawing his labour, our President continued the work which he has so much at heart.

Joining the Caledonian Society in 1924, Mr Rintoul became a member of the Council two years later, and has given ungrudgingly his time and labour to the work. As a ready speaker and a happy raconteur, he has frequently been heard at our meetings and dinners. It was with great unanimity that the members elected him to the Vice-Presidency in 1934.

One of his earliest connections with Scottish life in London was in the founding nearly forty years ago of the London Fife Association. Mr Rintoul was the first treasurer of the Society, and was for twenty years its secretary, and is now one of its vice-presidents.

Our President was also one of the founders, the treasurer and secretary, and subsequently chairman of the Federated Council of Scottish Associations in London, and perhaps he is prouder of nothing that he has done than the part he took in the great work of the Council during the World War, when it sent many thousands of pounds worth of comforts to Scottish troops on active service and to Scottish prisoners of war.

This was not the only War work that Mr Rintoul engaged in, for he was chairman of the Hostel for Belgian Refugees, Clapham Common (1914-1919), in recognition of which he received from the King of the Belgians the *Medaille du Roi Albert*.

Mr Rintoul takes a keen interest and active part in the work of the Royal Scottish Corporation, of which he has been for many years a managing-governor, and he is also a member of committee of the Kinloch Bequest, a charity administered by the Corporation. The Royal Caledonian School is also on the list of the

charities in which Mr Rintoul interests himself, and he is, besides being a governor of the Schools, a member of its Finance Committee.

Our President is an ardent admirer and student of the works of Robert Burns, and he was president of the Burns Club of London in 1930.

For forty years Mr Rintoul has been a member of St. Andrews Presbyterian Church, Clapham Common, and for eight of those forty years he was Session Clerk.

It will be seen from this brief statement, added to the fact that Mr Rintoul takes all his duties seriously, that our President enters on his year of office well equipped to carry out his duties.

MR RINTOUL TAKES THE CHAIR.

Mr Rintoul was invested with the Presidential badge and chain at the General Meeting on Thursday, 14th November, 1935, in the Cambria Room, Connaught Rooms, when he thanked the members for this, one of the greatest honours that London Scots could confer upon one of themselves.

LORD ALNESS'S REMINISCENCES.

After the loyal toasts at the Little Dinner held afterwards, the President referred to the illness of Dr Cumming Grant, and suggested that a message of sympathy should be sent to the doctor. He welcomed their Hon. Historian after his long and serious illness.

Lord Alness had kindly consented to give the Society a Sentiment, and he had chosen as the subject "Reminiscences and Reflections of a Scottish Judge."

The President said that Lord Alness needed no introduction to an audience of his fellow countrymen in London. Many of them could go back to the old days when they knew him as a busy M.P., later holding

high legal and administrative offices in the service of the Crown, later still to shed lustre on the Scottish Bench, finally to adorn the House of Lords.

"If I may say so, my Lord," said the President, "your Scottish friends in London have watched your honourable career with pride, even with affection; you have fostered this feeling in us by your courtliness and urbanity, by your graciousness and sincerity, and we do not find you altered since those far off days, even the later name now sounds quite familiar, and leaves you still unchanged.

"Time but the impression stronger makes
As streams their channels deeper wear."

"Whether as the distinguished Commoner, or as the equally distinguished Peer of the Realm, we have always recognized in Lord Alness the typical British gentleman."

Lord Alness, in thanking the President and the members for their warm welcome, spoke of the busy days when he was the Secretary of State for Scotland, and an active participant in Scottish life in London. He was delighted to be with them again. In speaking to his Sentiment he said :

Many people think that the life of a judge is and must necessarily be a dull job. Others again think that it must be a fascinating occupation. The truth lies, as it so often does, between two extreme views. I can affirm from personal experience that there are, in a judge's life, long stretches of dullness, but that there are also many interludes of engrossing human interest.

The judicial post which I had the honour to hold for eleven years was that of Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland. Mr Lloyd George truly described it, when he offered it to me in 1918, as "a great office." It is also an ancient and an historic office. Its holder is in practice, though not in theory, the head of the criminal jurisdiction in Scotland. That meant that I presided at nearly every important criminal trial in Edinburgh for more than a decade, and also at many trials on Circuit as well. My office also involved that I was President of the Second Division of the Court of Session, in which three other judges sat with me. In the Chair of the Second Division one sat of course in a purely civil capacity. Over the First Division, a civil court of co-ordinate jurisdiction with the Second Division, the Lord President presides. These two Courts—

the First and Second Divisions—which correspond to the two Courts of Appeal in England—are in substance appellate Courts. They do not, unless in exceptional cases, hear evidence. They hear appeals from each of five judges who sit in the Outer House, and they also hear appeals from the inferior Courts—known as the Sheriff Courts. That all seems, I fear, somewhat technical and dull, but I think that my hearers may care, at the outset, to have this, so to speak, bird's-eye view of the Scottish Judiciary.

The life of a High Court judge is a somewhat lonely one. Several colleagues of mine on the Bench in England and on the Bench in Scotland have confirmed that view. The life of the man at the top—be he a sailor or a soldier or a judge—must, if reflection be given rein, be cut off to some extent, if not to a large extent, from his fellows. A judge in particular must keep aloof from public controversies of all kinds, and he soon discovers that friends at the Bar, who used to drop in of an evening for a chat, observe a greater reticence in dropping in uninvited to visit a judge. That is one of the incidents, and at the same time one of the disadvantages, of judicial office.

The most popular aspect of a judge's life is, I suppose, that which deals with crime. Crime is always in the public eye. It has a good press. It may be squalid, or even revolting, but there is always a public which greedily laps up the details of the most atrocious felony. A murder trial always commands an interested public. Such a trial obviously involves a great strain on the presiding judge. His attention may not flag for a moment, else he may miss a vital piece of evidence, and his responsibility is tremendous. That responsibility is, however, diminished to-day by two considerations. In the first place, there is now always a shorthand writer, who takes down the evidence, so that the record of the proceedings does not depend, as it formerly did, upon notes taken by the judge. In the second place, there is now a Court of Criminal Appeal, which will remedy any miscarriage of justice that inadvertently may have taken place in the Court of the trial judge.

It is an extraordinary thing that, in Scotland, until recently, there was no Court of Criminal Appeal. There were many rights of appeal. There *was* an appeal, in certain instances, even from a small debt decree, involving a trifling sum, computed in shillings and pence, but none from a verdict and sentence which decreed the death of the criminal. Lord Salvesen, in season and out of season, agitated in Scotland for the institution of a Court of Criminal Appeal, and in a humble way I helped him. At last we have got such a court—to the great advantage of the public interest.

To pronounce a death sentence is an unnerving affair. I have had to pronounce not a few. This is not a subject on which it would be seemly to enlarge. I may say, however, that death sentences always caused me great anxiety, and, on occasion, acute distress. I used to try to console myself sometimes by the reflection that, when I was Secretary for Scotland, I had a much greater responsibility, inasmuch as then, before the institution of the Court of Criminal Appeal, one in effect held the balance of life and death in one's hands, and could recommend, as seemed proper, that the prerogative of mercy should be exercised or that it should not, whereas a judge has merely and inevitably to give executorial effect to the verdict of a jury. And yet there

is all the difference between deciding, in a quiet room in Whitehall, surrounded by one's advisers, whether a death sentence should or should not be carried out, and pronouncing sentence of death, wearing the black cap, in a hushed and crowded court, while the victim of the sentence stands in the dock to hear his fate. It used to be told of one of our older Scottish judges, who was never regarded as emotional, that, after the verdict of "Guilty" had been pronounced by the jury in a capital case, he was found pacing up and down the corridor behind the bench—unable to bring himself to enter the Court in order to pronounce the sentence of doom.

Criminal cases have, however, on occasion a lighter aspect. In Glasgow, as elsewhere, the proceedings of the High Court are always opened with prayer offered up by a minister. Two Scottish judges were on one occasion on circuit together. One had a considerable contempt for the abilities of the other. On the occasion to which I refer, the prayer of the minister at the outset of the proceedings had occupied an unusually long time. Said one of the judges afterwards to a friend, "That was a very long prayer this morning. But all the same, when X goes on circuit it's just as well to call the Almighty's attention very pointedly to the fact!" On another occasion, long ago, the officiating minister fell in a faint after his opening prayer. The old Scottish judge who presided merely said, according to the story which has come down to us, as he looked along the bench, "Macer, fetch another minister. This yin's deid!"

I tried many cases in Glasgow relating to gang raids. Bands of young men paraded the streets, and engaged in internecine and bloody warfare, by means of razors, with other gangs of young men. A reign of terrorism prevailed. The most disquieting feature of the situation was the difficulty of getting witnesses to give evidence regarding these affrays. They were afraid to speak. I was told by a responsible official in Glasgow that a hundred cases of razor slashing were reported in a year, and that only in four was evidence available which warranted a prosecution. I formed a very clear opinion, and expressed it in public, and I adhere to the view which I then expressed, that only a sentence of flogging can deal effectively with such cases. Strange to say, a High Court judge in Scotland has, under existing law, no power to pronounce a sentence of flogging. Now a gangster, whether in Chicago or in Glasgow, is always a bully, and a bully is always a coward. He can understand one language however—the language of pain. Sentences of imprisonment, or even of penal servitude, leave him cold. He is, generally speaking, young, and the term of these sentences soon passes. A sentence of flogging, however, in my judgment, would exercise a deterrent as well as a punitive effect in such cases. There is, however, and I quite recognize it, a strong public sentiment against the use of the lash.

I paid an interesting visit some years ago to the convict prison at Peterhead. I deemed it proper to see for myself the fate to which my duty compelled me to consign my fellow human beings. I was met at the jail by the governor, who had been an officer in the Guards. He asked me if I would like to see the convicts come in from the quarries at which they worked. I said "Yes," and I saw them approach in military formation, while we stood—the governor and I—in the prison square. "We could give a tip to the Guards here, sir," said my guide,

as, with admiring eye, he surveyed the convicts march past. These convicts included a clerk whom I had sentenced to penal servitude for embezzlement a few weeks before. In the High Court he wore a morning coat. At Peterhead, in convict dress, he was footing it out, in prison garb, with the rest. The convicts on that occasion also included Oscar Sclater, whose name and story are known to all students of criminology. "Do they like this military discipline?" I enquired. "They love it," said the governor, and I believe he was right.

"Would you like to see my court?" said the governor. "I hold it every afternoon. Every man knows that, whatever his grievance may be, however slight it may be, he can submit it personally to me, without the intervention of any subordinate. That makes for peace and contentment in the prison." Well, I accompanied the governor into a sort of guard-room. Behind him stood certain officials armed with files. A door opened, a convict entered the room, and he was locked into a witness-box. "Well," said the governor, "what is your complaint?" "I want a cell with a sea view, sir," was the unexpected reply. "You want a what?" said the governor. "I want a cell with a sea view," repeated the convict. "Oh, well," said the governor, with a smile, "we have rather a run on cells with a sea view at present, but your request will be noted, and, if we can give you a cell with a sea view, you shall have one."

Then came another convict. "Well, what do you want?" said the governor. "It's this," said the prisoner, "it's about the dripping." "Ah, yes," broke in the governor, "I know all about that. The Prison Commissioners have said that you shall have margarine instead of dripping. I don't like it any more than you do, and I hope we shall soon get back to the dripping." "No, no, sir," said the convict, "that is not the point. The point is that I like my dripping with my tea, not with my dinner. I kept it in my cell yesterday, and at tea-time it was gone. Now, is that right, sir?" "Ah," said the governor, "you are an old lag, and you should know better than that. You have been in many other prisons before you came to Peterhead. And you should know that it is an elementary rule that you should not store anything in your cell. If you want your dripping at tea-time, give it to the warder, and at tea-time you will find it safe and sound. But don't store it in your cell. You shouldn't require me to tell you that."

Well, it all seems rather childish perhaps. But, as the governor explained to me, the fact that every prisoner has the right of direct access to him daily, whatever his grievance—fancied or real—may be, is regarded by the inmates—and rightly regarded—as an inestimable privilege.

The governor next showed me the orderly room. Prisoners who make good are promoted to the rank of orderly, enjoy a certain amount of freedom, and exercise a certain amount of responsibility and of supervision. In the orderly room was a gramophone and various other gadgets. One of the orderlies was a skilled carpenter. They had as a pet a white mouse. The mouse died. The carpenter made a charming little coffin in which to bury it. But the orderlies were so delighted with the coffin, which I saw and handled, that they preserved it, and buried the white mouse in a match box instead!

"And now," said the governor, "would you like to see the punish-

ment cells?" "Yes," said I, "by all means. I have come here to see all that I can." "Come along," said he, and he took a key from the bunch of keys attached to his waist. He inserted the key in a door, which clanked and then opened. In the darkness I could just descry the form of a human being—more like a beast, I almost thought, than a man. There he stood, in a room which had no furniture whatever—not even a chair. He at once broke into a volley of abuse of the governor, and told me—he apparently knew of my visit, and who I was—that he had never been so badly treated in any prison as he was in Peterhead. "Why, what has he done?" I asked the governor, as we quickly left the cell. "That, sir," said the governor, "is how we treat strikers here. That man is well able to work, he has been medically certified as fit to work, he knows he is fit to work, but he won't work. So long as he refuses to work, he remains in that room, and he is fed on bread and water. When he agrees to work, the door opens, and he is free to resume his ordinary diet and his ordinary activities. It is a contest between his will and mine. I think," added the governor, a shade grimly, I thought, "that I shall win." So there was the iron hand in the velvet glove.

It was an interesting experience. The governor practised what he preached. He took one convict to be his man servant, another to be his gardener. He asked me in the jail to talk to a convict who had been sent to Peterhead for the crime of culpable homicide. "He just struck a blow a little too hard," said the governor, "but he is a good fellow, and he is doing well, and he would appreciate a little talk with you." So I had a talk with him—and an interesting talk it was—and I left the convict prison feeling that in the governor the State had found the right man for the right place, and that the convicts were indeed fortunate in having a humanitarian as their head. "I don't quite know," said the governor, in answer to an observation made by me, "that I understand what a humanitarian is. But if it means that I trust these men, and that they trust me, then I *am* a humanitarian." With that observation I take leave of the prison at Peterhead, on which the hearer may think that I have lingered too long.

Nearly every Friday morning in Edinburgh I had to pronounce sentence on self-confessed criminals. They had pleaded guilty to the crimes with which they were charged, and their records were in many cases dreadful. I have had to sentence a man who had been first admonished, then fined, then sentenced to short and later to long terms of imprisonment, and afterwards sentenced to increasing terms of penal servitude, extending finally to twelve years. In such cases, the reformatory element is, I fear, impossible of achievement. One merely felt that, discharging a duty which one owed to the public, the longer the criminal was shut up, and prevented from preying on his fellow-men, the better for the State—and indeed the better for him too. Yet often I felt, as I sentenced these men—as did Richard Baxter, under somewhat different circumstances,—“There, but for the grace of God, go I.”

A word about women jurors. I have read much criticism of their presence on juries, particularly in criminal cases, and of their capacity or incapacity to discharge the functions allotted to them. I would like to say that, in my experience, women jurors play a useful part in this State service. In particular, in cases which involve offences against

children, their services are of the greatest value. They often to-day outnumber the men on a jury. I remember one case which I tried in Glasgow, in which there were fourteen women jurors and one man! The man appeared to be somewhat self-conscious and indeed embarrassed—and one could not blame him for that. I used to exempt women jurors from duty in certain abominable cases, but that they are of great service, speaking generally, that they are level headed and competent, rather than emotional and hysterical, I affirm without hesitation or reserve.

I could tell you of many thrilling cases which came before me—cases of blackmail, cases of murder—including a case of alleged matricide—but time forbids. I must, however, refer to the last great criminal case which I tried, and which lasted for thirty-three long days. It was a case of alleged fraud, said to have been perpetrated by the directors of certain companies. It was popularly known as the "Silks case," because the persons concerned were largely engaged in the manufacture of artificial silk. I am not now concerned with the merits of the case, or with the guilt or the innocence of the accused. Some were convicted, some were acquitted. I merely desire to say that the strain of such a case, on judge and jury, counsel and witnesses alike, is very great. No criminal case on record, in England or Scotland, lasted so long—apart from the Tichbourne case, which lasted, I think, 131 days. I had the great advantage, in the Silks case, of having associated with me, in the trial, two brother judges, which certainly ameliorated my lot, and I am glad to have this opportunity of publicly acknowledging the fact.

After all, however, one's time on the Bench was chiefly occupied, not with criminal, but with civil work—civil work, too, of the most varied kind. The distinction between common law and equity, which is recognized in the Courts of King's Bench and the Chancery Courts in England, is unknown in Scotland. In the Second Division we had to do our best to solve both common law and equity problems. Reparation cases, succession cases, Workmen's Compensation Act cases, commercial cases, cases relating to the law of trust, the law of shipping, the law governing agricultural problems, the law affecting countless other spheres of human activity—all were fish which, so to say, came into our net.

The arrangement whereby these problems were addressed to and solved by a Court of four judges in each Division is essentially and traditionally Scottish. In England the system is regarded as simply asking for trouble—the anticipated trouble being of course an equal division of judicial opinion—two to two. In England three, not four judges sit in the Appeal Courts, and a majority for the ultimate view is accordingly assured. In comparatively few cases, however, in my time—extending well over a decade—were we equally divided, and when we were the problem was solved by a reference to and a rehearing before a Court of Seven Judges—the additional three being borrowed *ad hoc* from the First Division, and then, of course, the judgment to be pronounced did not admit of a legal stalemate.

The temptation to deliver judgment at the end of counsel's argument, rather than to take the case to *avizandum*, as it is called, is considerable. Much judicial trouble and time are thereby avoided. But in cases of first-rate importance, whether in law or in fact, and in cases

of real difficulty, I think it is far better, and also more satisfactory to the litigants, that judgment should be deferred, and a considered series of opinions delivered by the Court.

Before leaving the civil aspect of a judge's life, I would just add this. One of its incidents which gave me most concern when on the Bench was the prevalence of perjury in the Law Courts. It is probably not too much to say that, in every contested divorce case there is deliberate perjury on the one side or the other—and almost always, too, in another common type of case, viz. collisions between motor vehicles. One often strives to find a charitable explanation of the conflicting evidence given in such cases by imputing it to imperfect observation, or to defective recollection. But in some instances that explanation simply will not do. I once tried a case in which two cars had collided. It was matter of admission that, at the moment of impact, one of the cars was stationary, but each party claimed that his was the standing car! Now perjury saps the very foundations of the administration of justice, and moreover it is very difficult to prove. In a case which is proved, the sentence, in my opinion, should be an exemplary one—not only punishing the offender, but deterring others from following his example.

The temptation of a newly-appointed judge is to talk too much. It is no doubt irritating, as a well-known Scottish judge once said, to observe counsel hammering all round the nail, and never once hitting it on the head. But, speaking generally, counsel are so competent that it is better to allow them to develop their argument in their own way than constantly to interrupt it by question and comment. I selected as my mentor on the Bench in this matter my friend the late Lord Strathclyde, who once said to me that he took his seat on the Bench resolved that every counsel—however incompetent—if, he added, with a smile, there *are* any incompetent counsel in Scotland—and, however bad his case, should have the fullest opportunity of stating it. I feel sure that Lord Strathclyde was right. The system may not make for expedition, but it makes for satisfaction on the part of the litigant. If his case is thrown out on his own counsel's speech, without a reply being called for, or is ruthlessly and precipitately rejected, he leaves the Court hurt and sore and angry, but if, on the other hand, his case is fully heard, then, even if, at the end of the day, he loses it, he feels that he has had a run for his money, and he takes his defeat like a sportsman.

Let me now turn to the lighter side of judicial life, and narrate a few anecdotes of judges—Scottish and English.

Now to-day the Bench, like many other institutions, is more or less standardized. Judges of outstanding and of gripping personality are scarcer than they used to be, and sallies from the Bench are not so irrepressible and memorable as they were in days gone by. I recently read a somewhat amusing story, which has come down from the days of Harry Erskine. His junior was opening a case before a tribunal of fifteen judges. He cited an authority, and he ventured to express surprise at certain views propounded by some of the judges who took part in the decision. The Bench at once became ireful. "What impudence!" "What is the Bar coming to?" were among the expressions which were used by the judges regarding the impertinent and daring junior. The temperature of the Court became appreciably higher.

Erskine rose to pour oil upon the troubled waters. "When," said he, "my young and inexperienced junior has had as much experience of your Lordships as I have had, he will cease to feel surprise at anything that your Lordships may say or do." The incident dissolved in laughter.

In modern times more stories cluster round the memory of that great judge, Lord Young, whom I remember well, than any other. Let me cite a few illustrations of his wit—some of which may be apocryphal, some of which definitely are not. Dealing with a prolix counsel, he is said to have observed, at one stage in the course of a lengthy argument—"Well, Mr —, we will rise for lunch now, but *just go on!*" I was opening a Church case in the Second Division one day, when Lord Young sat there, and I began by saying, "My client, my Lords, in this case, is a Free Church minister." "Well, Mr Munro," interjected Lord Young, before I could go further, "he might be a very decent man, you know, *for all that!*" Lord Young, it was said, was taken on one occasion by a brother judge, for whom he had no great affection, to see a portrait which had been painted of the latter. Lord Young stood silent in contemplation of the portrait. "Well," said his colleague, somewhat testily, "what do you think of it? Don't you think it is like me?" "*Painfully* like," was the slow and significant reply. It was Lord Young who, when responding to the toast of "The Guests" at a public dinner, observed that he would sooner reply for the guests than answer for them—a somewhat fine metaphysical distinction! On one occasion Lord Young was, so it was said, introduced to a well-known poet, for whose poetry he had no great admiration. He expressed the hope that the occupation of a poet was satisfactory and lucrative. "Oh, well," said the poet, "I just manage to keep the wolf from the door, you know." "How do you do it?" enquired Lord Young. "Do you read your poems to the wolf?" He was being shown over the House of Lords on another occasion, when his guide, who was one of the Lords of Appeals, said somewhat apologetically, "I am afraid we have a very poor Scottish Law library here." "Ah," said Lord Young dryly, according to the story, "I suppose that accounts for some of your recent decisions!"

A man of mordant tongue, like Lord Young, and a great lawyer too, as Lord Young was, was the late Lord Sumner. He was on one occasion listening in the House of Lords to a Local Government appeal. The counsel engaged in it was somewhat operose. He possessed a plan of the *locus*, of which he was very proud, but in which he could not get their Lordships to take the slightest interest. At last, Lord Sumner intervened. "Mr —," he said, "there is just one question which I should like to put to you. It refers to your plan." "Yes, my Lord," said Mr X, at once brisking up, "if I can help your Lordships in any way with regard to my plan, I shall be most happy." Lord Sumner: "How do you fold it up?" The implications of the question are too obvious to be stressed.

A tale is told of another English judge who was offered but refused the office of President of the Divorce and Admiralty Court. He was a High Churchman, and was said to entertain scruples about pronouncing divorce decrees. "What nonsense!" said a distinguished English lawyer who heard of the incident. "What next? You'll be having a

Unitarian refusing the post, because he dislikes sitting with Trinity Masters!"

I must narrate a golfing story which relates to two living English judges, who are related to one another. I shall call them X and Y. Said X to Y: "You really should get a steel-shafted set of clubs. Do you know I have got a steel-shafted driver which has added twenty yards to my drive?" "Well," said Y caustically, "I have heard many claims made on behalf of steel-shafted clubs, but I never before heard a man claim that a steel-shafted driver had doubled the length of his drive." Probably the wittiest judge on the English Bench to-day is the Lord Chief Justice. The latest bon mot attributed to him is that, after listening to a speech from a distinguished peer, his comment was: "His impromptus are really not worth the paper they are written upon!" So much for judicial anecdotes.

I now pass to a different topic. Judges are public figures, and as such they attract a certain amount of public interest. There are some people in this world who seem to have an urge to write letters to judges, either regarding general topics, or else with regard to cases which are pending before them. A communication of the latter kind is of course highly improper, and in former days would have resulted probably in the imprisonment of the writer. To-day, according to my experience, the tendency is rather to ignore such communications and their authors. I have received many letters of this kind, and they fed my waste-paper basket freely. One correspondent thought it proper to send me a Christmas card. It was inscribed thus—"With warmest Christmas greetings and every good wish for a happy and prosperous New Year from Lord God Omnipotent." And in the left-hand corner of the card was the name and number of a well-known Glasgow street! The same writer sent me a further communication, printed in gold lettering, and inscribed, "From Lord God Omnipotent, God of Gods, King of Kings, Lord of Lords, Alpha and Omega!" I abstain from comment.

Another correspondent of mine was divorced from his wife on the plainest evidence of his infidelity. He tried to get round the decree of divorce in every way legal ingenuity could suggest—by Notes to the Court and so forth—and, when these methods failed, he took to writing me letters to my private address. He told me in one of these letters that I was a disgrace to the Scottish judiciary, and added, sarcastically and bitterly, that perhaps I might be properly regarded as an authority on consistorial law, as, by all accounts which had reached him, my own domestic life was not of the happiest! I could afford to smile at the rude observation. But the sequel was not unfunny. Shortly after I received that letter I had a communication from a certain employer of labour, saying that my correspondent had applied to him for a job, *and had given my name as a reference!*

Well, I have now escaped from these excursions and alarms. But it cannot be said of me that I am eating the bread of idleness. I lead a peaceful life in the serene atmosphere of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and also in the Appeal Committee of the House of Lords.

The Privy Council is surely the most interesting judicial body in the world to-day. It is an Empire Court—or rather Board. One week one may hear Indian appeals, the following week appeals from Canada,

thereafter appeals from the Crown colonies, from Australia, from the Malay States, from the Gold Coast, from Malta. During the last month, when I have presided, we have heard appeals from the High Court of Jerusalem, from the island of Jersey, from Ceylon, from New Zealand, from British Columbia, and from Patna. It may be of interest, to a Scottish audience, to know that in the appeal from British Columbia, three out of four of the judges in the Courts below were not only Scotsmen but were all Macdonalds! I have been told that one of the greatest judges of our time—Lord Macnaghten—always preferred to sit in the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council rather than in the Appeal Committee in the House of Lords. It is not difficult to understand his preference. The experience of that Board gives one a new and enlarged and just view of Imperialism, and gives one a glimpse of the life of our fellow-subjects throughout what is known as our far-flung Empire. One cannot sit long on that Board without feeling an enhanced pride in the Empire on which the sun never sets. And yet the Judicial Committee is one of the most informal and unostentatious of tribunals. Five elderly men, without wigs or gowns, sit on one side of a table, while on the other side, in conversational tones, counsel present their arguments—sometimes on constitutional issues, involving millions of our fellow-subjects and their happiness. We have not even got an usher to show us into the room where the Board meets. The Press—fortunately—rarely invade our premises. And yet I venture to say that no judicial work is or could be of more gripping interest or of more transcendent importance than that of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

As I have already indicated, when not sitting in the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, I am privileged to sit in the Appeal Committee of the House of Lords—the ultimate court of appeal for both England and Scotland. There, not long ago, I took part in the hearing of a series of English and Scottish appeals. In the latter it was a pleasure to make contact once more with Scottish counsel, and with the law of Scotland, after having for a long time been immersed in the law of India, as expounded to us, in the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, with force and skill, by English and also by native pleaders. The Indian pleader, let me say in passing, has a singularly ingenious and analytic mind. And it was also pleasant—I hope I am not indiscreet in adding this—to observe the appreciation, and, on occasion, the admiration displayed by my English judicial colleagues of the artistry and skill with which Scottish advocates presented their cases to the Appeal Committee. I may add that three of the appellate judges in the House of Lords on these recent occasions were Scottish—Lord Thankerton, Lord Macmillan, and myself.

Now, while I have stressed in the main the lighter side of a judge's life, I cannot part from the subject without stressing for a moment its serious side.

You must not think of the judiciary as something apart from yourselves, with which you have no direct or immediate concern. The Bench cannot and ought not to be regarded by the layman with an air of contemplative detachment. On the contrary, the judiciary, being independent of the executive, is the very bulwark and charter of freedom. Viscount Cecil, speaking in the House of Lords recently, said this :

"The independence of the judges is by far the most important guarantee of the liberty of the subject in this country that can possibly be devised, and the moment you allow, as in some foreign countries recently has been done, the judges to be at the mercy of the political power, whether in the House of Commons, or in the hands of a dictator, you are destroying the great guarantee of the freedom of the people of this country." I respectfully endorse every word which Lord Cecil so truly said.

"We have the best judges that money can buy," significantly said a certain actor in a recent play—referring to a country other than our own. Venality and partiality are strangers to the administration of British justice. Independence, integrity, and incorruptibility are its keynotes. Happy the land in which the judiciary is universally respected and implicitly trusted. That happiness is not denied to this land of ours. Let us see to it that familiarity with the privilege does not dull our appreciation of its priceless value.

The Sentiment was ended amid loud applause.

Past-President John Macmillan proposed the health of Lord Alness, and in doing so thanked his lordship for the delightful Sentiment which he had given them. The Highlands were proud of Lord Alness, for he was a fine example of their northern product.

Lord Alness briefly replied.

Mr T. M. Stephen, Vice-President, in giving the toast "The Past-Presidents," said :

In a National Society such as this, it is both natural and proper to find old customs and traditions maintained with affection and respect. (Hear, hear.) Too often to-day traditions are derided and ignored. It is, therefore, significant that when the annual custom is observed of pledging the Past-Presidents, the toast is received with enthusiasm each year. This in itself is an eloquent tribute to the long line of presidents who have added lustre and distinction to the Society throughout its history. In addition to those presidents who are still happily with us, we must not forget that great company whose genius directed the proceedings long before our time. We may be sure that this Society could not have survived its Jubilee, much less attain its Centenary, unless they had been men of character, ability, and geniality, and above all, inspired with an intense devotion to their native land. No memorial to them could be more fitting than the continued vitality of the Society, both in its social and philanthropic spheres.

To-night, however, I would prefer to dwell upon the more immediate past, and to say a few words regarding the presidents whom we can ourselves remember, whose contributions to the Society have been outstanding, who have been active in benevolence, and whom we all admit have been worthy successors in a great Presidential tradition. I cannot do justice to them all, but I would like to refer to one or two in grateful recollection and appreciation.

Perhaps, then, I may refer first of all to Mr John Douglas, a man

distinguished by his wide sympathies, his ripe judgment of men and affairs, and who at all times gently scanned his brother man, and whose delightful Sentiments were characteristic of himself, enriched as they were by learning, travel, and anecdote. (Hear, hear.) I am glad to be able to say that Mr Douglas is in splendid health, and although we may hope to see him soon among us, he is wisely running no risk by venturing out much at night. I am pleased to be able to read a message from our old friend. (Applause.)

The next I would refer to is Past-President William Will. The first occasion I had the privilege of being present at this Society was as his guest. Only a fraction has ever been told of his services to the Society. Of rare judgment, vision and charity, with hardly a moment to call his own, he nevertheless manages to find time to extend practical sympathy to every good cause connected with Scottish life in London. He is an organization in himself. If ever a proposer of a Sentiment or a toast failed to keep his engagement, or if ever a programme was conspicuous by too many blanks, or so attenuated that it could scarcely be called a programme, Past-President William Will somehow never failed to fill the gaps. His great work and devoted service to the Royal Scottish Corporation is a subject by itself. His contributions to the literary side of this Society have been many and varied. He is an acknowledged authority on Burns, on Scottish literature in general, and the Vernacular in particular. Not only is the Society indebted to him for his own contributions, but if it were possible, it is more deeply indebted to him for the contributions which he has induced so many guests to give to the Society. I am sure that it is a special pleasure to all of us to have him here to-night fit again.

Past-President John Macmillan is another, whose term of office will be long remembered for the quality of Sentiment and entertainment he provided. The Managing Director of a great international Shipping Line, and one of the Society's most faithful supporters, his interest in every benevolent and philanthropic enterprise is no less practical than his administration of the great business concerns with which he is associated. We all know of his open-handedness where Scottish charities are concerned, and it is whispered to me that his private benefactions are no less munificent.

I would also mention Dr Archibald Fleming, whose felicity of speech has often adorned these meetings. It would require a volume to tell of what Dr Fleming is in the life of London Scots. We know of the great work that he has done in building up the wonderful organization at Pont Street, whither the rich and the poor repair not only on Sundays, but on weekdays, and where also "down and out" Scots make a constant call upon his time, his funds, and his sympathy, echoes of which we sometimes hear at the Royal Scottish Corporation where he presides so ably over our meetings. (Applause.)

Now what shall I say of the universal friend, Peter Neil McFarlane, whose presidential year we shall not soon forget? Mr McFarlane's happy outlook on the world makes every one with whom he comes in contact happy. Should a president require something done, Mac is always ready; should a secretary, as we have unfortunately found lately, require a helping hand, Mac is ready to lend the helping hand; should a programme look like falling through because of someone failing

us, Mac is ready with some happy extempore remarks, always aptly humorous, and ever ready with our old friend "Dicht the glauber aff yer kilt," although his teetotal principles won't allow him to "come and hae a dram." Mr McFarlane has all the qualities that make the perfect president or secretary, which office he is once more filling at our urgent call. (Applause.)

No picture of the Past-Presidents would be complete were I to omit Past-President Miln, who has just left the chair. He will always be associated with the transfer of the Society's activities to this chamber, and when we consider our comforts here we cannot fail to express our admiration of the improvements he effected.

To the Past-Presidents who are gone, honoured in their day and generation, we do homage. To these and to all the Past-Presidents we are indebted; their achievements are an inspiration and an example for the future. I give you the toast of the Past-Presidents coupled with the name of Past-President William Will. (Applause.)

Past-President William Will briefly replied, thanking the President and Mr Stephen for their kindly reception after his illness and for their over generous references to his work.

Mr Robert Stewart proposed "Our Guests," and Mr John Senter replied.

Mr Sydney MacEwan, whose beautiful tenor voice the members have frequently heard, sang with great fervour several Hebridean and other Scots songs, among them "The Island Shieling Song," "The Skye Boat Song," "Bonnie Strathyre," and "The Bonnie Earl o' Moray." Mr Duncan Morrison, who played the accompaniments, also gave several selections, including country dance tunes.

DEATH OF DR CUMMING GRANT.

At the General Meeting at the Connaught Rooms, on 12th December, 1935, the President announced that their brother Caledonian Dr Cumming Grant had passed away, and the members expressed their sorrow while standing. Dr Cumming Grant's life-work is referred to later in this volume.

THREE DAYS TO MELBOURNE.

At the Little Dinner the President, in introducing Mr Charles W. A. Scott who flew to Australia in three days, said that Mr Scott, by his daring and successful work, had made himself a man of world repute. He was born in London, but his father and mother were good Scots, and their guest was proud of his Scottish parentage. It required great courage and great skill to establish a mastery of the air.

Mr Scott, who had a great welcome, plunged at once into his subject, "Three days to Melbourne." That voyage from Mildenhall to Melbourne, in which he and Campbell Black took part, sometimes seemed like a nightmare. Mr Scott continued :

Competition (he said) was a vital matter in the development of the aircraft industry, and it was in that spirit that he and his companion tackled the adventure for the trophy offered by that patriot Sir Macpherson Robertson, a name that should have some echo in that audience of Caledonians.

Before they started, every man and woman who entered knew that times until then unknown would have to be made before Melbourne was reached.

At the first meeting of Campbell Black and himself, Mr Scott knew he had found a man after his own heart to pair with on an adventurous journey, and the next day he put the Britain-to-Australia suggestion to Black, who at once said, "Good idea, Scotty ; I'm with you, all the way."

And the anxieties of the following weeks were recalled ; but at last the start was made, the Comet rose into the air, and soon they were swallowed up in the mists of the North Sea.

Thence clouds obscured their whereabouts for some time, but in less than four hours a rift in the clouds gave them a glimpse out on the Danube. Turkey was reached in terrible weather, lightning which blinded them momentarily and slashing rain beat down upon them. The Comet battled bravely through the awful weather, but worse than the elements was the great uncertainty of their position ; and the question of whether or no their petrol supply would last was their continuous worry. Three hours' supply only was in their tank when in a clearer sky they were over Syria. Anxious to get a safe landing, they manoeuvred the Comet over a small town which to them then was nameless. They debated whether or no they should descend, and having discussed the pros and cons of the situation they decided, as the least of the evils facing them, to return to the small town which they had passed. On the blind drop Scott saw below him, wonder of wonders, an aerodrome, and shouted in his excitement to Black : " We're getting away with it, Tom :

we're in the race with a chance." With a great flourish they landed—in the R.A.F. emergency aerodrome at Kirkuk.

Having taken on board twenty gallons of petrol they flew on to Baghdad, where they heard that Jim and Amy Mollison had left a quarter of an hour before. They were then making for Jask. The dust which their Black Comet had raised on departing was still hanging over the aerodrome. The moon was shining finely when they arrived. It was then hey for Allahabad! and if they arrived there first they felt that they had a good chance of winning the race. It was a great change in temperature in one day—from a cold English October to the heat and humidity of the East.

The wind and the glare of the sun caused their eyes to ache horribly. Notwithstanding this discomfort they were pleased with their work, for their mental energy had so far overcome their physical tiredness that they had travelled beyond the distance which they had allotted themselves for the first day.

Notwithstanding bad weather reports of the Allahabad-Singapore leg of the route, they, with a full load, sped on to what they were quite certain was to be the worst part of the journey. Soon this was to be justified, for all round them there raged a fierce storm, which might at any moment seize them and hurl them to destruction. Clouds rolled above and below them, and both men were for the duration of the storm struggling to keep their Comet on an even keel.

Then in the midst of their travail, the clouds parted, and enabled them to pilot the Comet a thousand feet down below the clouds, and just above Alor Star with Singapore some hundreds of miles away.

Following the coast-line, Campbell Black was flying, and Scott went to sleep—or the nearest thing to sleep that they were likely to have. Opening his eyes, he found they were flying over Singapore. Taking control, Scott, with the flare path showing brightly, flew down wind, and when Black, shouting, drew his attention to the mistake, it was too late to correct the mistake, and, in great luck, they landed safely.

The R.A.F. men were most enthusiastic, lent them every aid, and having re-fuelled, they made a course for Port Darwin. At this point Black volunteered to do the flying, allowing Scott to get some sleep. But the sleep was a series of nightmares.

Borneo appeared, the clouds were dispersed; and soon they found themselves over the dreaded shark-infested Timor Sea. The good weather, which had accompanied them for some distance, suddenly failed, and at night they were forced down near to the water. At about a thousand feet one of the oil-pressure gauges began to flicker, and Black climbed at once in case of something more troublesome happening. The pressure dropped from forty to zero. Here they were half-way over the dreaded Timor Sea, with success almost within their reach, and this terrible predicament faced them. Would they be forced down to their end—their terrible end—or would the good fortune which had so far followed them still remain? Then out of the blackness Bathurst Island was sighted; and so, with only one engine functioning, they hugged the islands, thus having to fly a much longer distance. But at last Darwin appeared, and in the midst of tremendous enthusiasm they brought the Comet down, still on one engine.

The excitement of the great crowd was intense, but at last the mechanics rescued them from the clutches of their admirers. Hectic work by floodlight was made on the affected engine, and no cause whatever for the breakdown could be discovered. The next hop was to Charleville, and they took with them only as much petrol as would carry them there; and with their hearts in their mouths they opened the throttle, and praise be, the engine worked and off they flew. For five hours they flew by the compass, and before dawn they were fortunate enough to make the little town of Mount Isa. Scott's condition at that time was pitiable. Sleep could hardly be warded off. He fought it as best he could, but his head was continually flopping on his chest. The thousand miles flight to Melbourne seemed to take ages. Terror seized him lest they were lost, but he fought this horrible thought by reminding himself that they were over Queensland and that he had been flying over Queensland for four years. But the only proof that satisfied him was when they picked up the Charleville railway line only twenty miles east of the Charleville landing-place.

A great welcome they received at Charleville, and again with great fear they took off for Melbourne, six hours distant. This was the worst, most exhausting of the whole journey. With tremendous hopes that the Comet would lead the whole field—the Dutch plane was eight hours behind them—they did everything possible to keep awake. They took one puff at a cigarette, threw it away, lit another, threw it away, and so on. Then they took half-hour turns at flying; then ten-minute turns; and all the time wondering if their one engine was to play them false or see them through.

Then down dived the Comet, with the happy warriors, Scott and Black to be manhandled and fêted by the tremendously enthusiastic people of Melbourne. Mr Scott told something of the reception which he and his fellow-traveller got on Flemington Racecourse, an experience that would last in their memories while life lasted.

The story, as told by Mr C. W. A. Scott, kept his audience spellbound, and the applause that greeted him was heartily appreciated by the great voyager.

Sir Murdoch MacDonald, K.C.M.G., M.P., in proposing the toast of "The Author of the Sentiment," said they were entranced by this epic of human endeavour. The world has recorded many feats of the command of mind over matter, but he was sure that they would agree that in all the long annals that had been recorded few, if any, could equal that which Mr Scott and his companion, Campbell Black, had accomplished. Many of them had read of this great feat by their friend, but it was an extraordinary privilege to be able to listen to it being told by Mr Scott himself. Sir

Murdoch said he envied another of Mr Scott's accomplishments, namely his extraordinary fluency, and he would be sorry to find himself in an election opposed by such eloquence. The feat of which they had heard that night was of extraordinary value, for it meant the annihilation of space, making this great world a small place. What the end of it will be no man can tell. They had had a treat that thousands would have enjoyed. They all wished well to aviation; they all wished well to Mr Scott; and in linking distant parts of the Empire together they would watch his work and he would have their good wishes.

Mr Scott briefly replied.

Mr Foster Brown, in proposing "Our Guests," said that the Caledonian Society had existed for nearly 100 years advancing Scottish national philanthropic work. They had with them Mr Hugh D. Macintosh, an Australian, who had done much in the promotion of good fellowship among Scots in London and in Australia; Mr Austin, managing director of the Pearl Insurance Company, and Mr T. B. W. Ramsay, whose yeoman work as M.P. for the Western Isles would not soon be forgotten. His interest in Indian students was well known; he had been chief of the Clans Association, and he was the Session Clerk of St. Columba's. They hoped he would soon again have the letters M.P. after his name.

Mr Ramsay, in reply, said he had enjoyed representing the Western Isles in Parliament, and said that he had played the game and would be able to face his old constituents again.

" Who wins or loses matters not,
Whether of high or lowly name;
For the great umpire loveth most
The man who always plays the game."

He had worked as hard as any man could for the amelioration of the condition of the Highlanders and

Islanders. He recognized, for example, the disability under which the islanders of Harris were working at their tweed industry. Harris tweed was being made in Japan and sold in Australia as the work of the Harris men and women. If the words "Harris tweed," which article was made in the Island of Harris, could be applied only to the product of the Island, the islanders would be making £6 per week instead of only eighteen shillings. Mr Ramsay said the voluntary work by Scots men and women for the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools was a tremendous tribute to the humanity of our fellow countrymen. Kingsley had it :

" Do the work that's nearest,
Though it's dull at whiles ;
Helping when you meet them
Lame dogs over stiles."

Mr Ramsay said that the poet Thomas Gibbons had put the matter aptly :

" That man may last, but never lives
Who much receives, but never gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank."

Mr J. R. Crawford gave the gathering some of the most whimsical of the Scots songs, including "The Wee Cooper o' Fife" and "The Lum Hat." Mr G. Monteith also sang, and Pipe-Major Mackenzie contributed his monthly pipe selection.

Rev. JOSEPH MOFFETT, ON "CROWN COURT."

"A London Memorial to the Scottish Faith" was the sub-title to "The Story of Crown Court Church," which was the title which the Rev. Joseph Moffett, B.A., gave to his Sentiment after the Little Dinner at the Connaught Rooms, on Thursday, 9th January, 1936.

The President was in the chair, and introduced Mr Moffett in a few words, in which the indebtedness of the Caledonian Society to him was well expressed.

Mr Moffett, after thanking Mr Rintoul for his kindly welcome, said :

The Scot's traditional conservatism, his love for his own land and heritage, his delight in preserving the customs and practices of his forefathers, and in cherishing the songs and stories of his race are so well known that it is not at all surprising that he has shown a fondness of maintaining, in whatever land he settled, those forms of sturdy faith and simple worship in which he had been born and nurtured. It seems, therefore, perfectly natural that one should find " Scots churches," not only in London and in other large centres of population in England, but also in Canada, South America, South Africa, Australia, and many other parts of the world. To the love of the Scot for his own forms of faith and worship, as well as to those characteristics which have made him the best colonizer since Roman times, Presbyterianism largely owes the position of influence it holds among the Christian Churches to-day. But for it, Presbyterianism would probably be non-existent in England at the present time. Cromwell's effort to engraft it upon the religious mind of the United Kingdom in the seventeenth century proved abortive, and it was only through the small communities of Scottish exiles in England that this form of Church Government was preserved, and the Presbyterian Church of England came into existence.

One would expect, therefore, to find that the Scots who came to London—and in all generations London has been to Scotland as a magnet in a box of pins—brought their own forms of worship and, when not busied with the formation of Caledonian Societies, sought means of forming Scottish congregations and providing religious services under the conduct of a Scottish minister.

The first chapter of the history of Crown Court Church is traditional, for fire—that great enemy of history's documentary evidence—has left us without that certainty which we would desire.

It is perhaps not generally known that in the eleventh century Edgar the Atheling gave to Malcolm III. of Scotland, who was his brother-in-law, a large parcel of ground lying between Charing Cross and the river on which to build himself a residence where he might stay when he came to London on his annual visit to do homage for the fiefs he held under the English Crown. This residence, says Strype in his edition of Stow's famous account of London, continued afterwards to be the residence of the Scottish kings when they attended the English Parliament. The last member of a Royal House who resided there was Margaret, Queen of Scots, and sister to Henry VIII., who had her abiding there when she came to England after the death of her husband, James IV., who fell at the Battle of Flodden Field.

Stow speaks of it as " A Palace with large pleasure grounds extending to the River " and of great buildings which have been for the receipt of the kings of Scotland and other estates of that country. It is " a large plot of ground enclosed with brick and called Scotland."

As in the case of all such royal palaces, like the Palace of the Savoy, for example, there was, traditionally, a chapel attached, where services would be conducted and attended by those hardy Scots who were brave enough to reside in London in the sixteenth century when Scots were about as popular here as the Jews are in Germany to-day!

They were far from popular in the reign of Henry VIII., and that unpopularity increased almost to hatred under Elizabeth until, in 1571, the Census Returns in the State papers show that of the 4269 "aliens" in London, only thirty-two were Scots!

At the same time, I have been able to establish that there was a Scots Kirk still surviving in London as late as 1584, for it is mentioned in a letter by J. Carmichael, "Minister of God's word," who afterwards became Minister of Haddington, and it seems unlikely that it could have been other than that attached to Scotland's royal palace.

When James VI. of Scotland ascended the throne of England in 1603, the Palace had fallen into a more or less ruinous condition and, as there seemed little likelihood of it being further required for a royal residence, James handed it over to his Surveyor of Works to the Crown as his residence and office—it became, in other words, what we call the Office of Works, and the chapel must still have been regularly used by the Scots who flocked to London in the train of their King. If time permitted, one might interpose a rather interesting digression on the story of what came to be known as Scotland Yard. In the reconstructed Palace lived such distinguished men as Inigo Jones, Christopher Wren, and Sir John Vanbrugh, as well as John Milton, during his period of office as Foreign Secretary to Oliver Cromwell. But that is by the way. "Scotland" remained for over a couple of centuries the Office of Works, and it was not until 1844 that the Office of Works was moved to its new premises, and the Metropolitan Police, set up by Sir Robert Peel, took possession of the vacated offices, and also appropriated the now world-wide title of Scotland Yard.

During the seventeenth century the lot of Presbyterians was not a happy one either in England or Scotland, and they suffered much from persecution in an age that knew nothing of religious toleration. The laws and penalties against nonconformists scattered many independent congregations, and those who dared to worship God in any manner other than that prescribed by law lived only by doing so surreptitiously in private houses behind locked doors and shuttered windows. During the period 1660 to 1690 the use of the chapel of the Scottish Palace in London had probably to be abandoned altogether, but the Scottish worship lived on, nurtured by brave men who carried their lives in their hands as they went about secretly ministering to their faithful people.

But happier days were in store, and after the passing of the Act of Toleration in 1689, those who felt themselves unable to join the Communion of the Anglican Church were once more free to form themselves openly into congregations and erect for their own use places of worship. If, however, the congregation reassembled in the Chapel of Scotland in London, it was not to have a long lease of life there, for in 1697 a disastrous fire destroyed not only all the buildings in the area covered by Scotland Yard, but also the houses at the northern end of Whitehall. In this fire any records that existed up to that time must have perished, but very early in the next century we come on firm ground.

When the written records of what is now known as CROWN COURT CHURCH open, we find that they refer to a congregation which has been sufficiently strong and influential to require the services of two ministers—a fact which is in itself of considerable significance—and it is housed in temporary premises in Peter's Court at the foot of St. Martin's Lane—a stone's throw away from Scotland Yard.

From the Kirk Session records of Drumelzier, Peeblesshire, we learn that the Reverend Patrick Russell was ordained minister of that parish in 1700. He was deposed in October, 1702, and came to London, where he was engaged in preaching occasionally in various churches, until he was reposed and called as colleague to the Reverend George Gordon, minister of the congregation worshipping in Peter's Court in 1704.

Gordon and Russell together set about the task of rehabilitating the congregation and reorganizing its activities. The first step in this direction was the purchase of a large folio parchment-bound book for records. This was entitled, "THE BOOK OF THE CONGREGATION, Meeting in PETER'S COURT in ST. MARTIN'S LANE under the Pastoral care of the REVEREND Mr GEORGE GORDON and Mr PATRICK RUSSELL."

The index contains the following sub-headings :

- (i) The names of the members with their subscriptions.
- (ii) The orders of the several Sessions held for the government of the said congregation.
- (iii) The account of the collections made in the said congregation, and how disposed of.

This book covers the period from 1711 to 1746 and throws many interesting sidelights upon the congregation as it then was.

The list of members includes some 235 names of householders and the contributions amounted to £151, 18s. 5d. per quarter, some £600 annually. This sum refers only, of course, to the amount definitely promised for each year by the members and does not include the amounts contributed to the collections or seat rents. An obligation had, apparently, to be undertaken by all those who joined the congregation in the following terms :

"I do, in the Presence of God, sincerely with full resignation professedly give up myself to the Lord, promising through Divine Grace to follow after and cleave to the Lord Jesus and His Holy Gospel, as is professed in this congregation to my life's end ; to honour, love, and obey my Reverend Pastors, Mr Gordon and Mr Russell ; to maintain, encourage, and strengthen their hands according to my ability ; to maintain love, concord, and harmony in this congregation as becomes an obedient follower of Christ."

The first dated entry in this book is one in that section of it which is devoted to the Registry of Baptisms. It runs as follows :

"1711. September 3rd. Mr Pat Russell Minister had a son baptized by the Rev. Mr James Galloway, Minister of the Gospell in South-wark, named THOMAS."

In February of 1713, Mr Russell had another son, who was called Patrick after his father, baptized by his colleague, Mr Gordon. But we do not propose to give a recital of the names which occur in the Register. It is much too large for that. During the first twenty years of its records

baptisms occur at the rate of over fifty per year, and this in itself is a good indication that the congregation was a strong one numerically. From the entries, too, one gleans a good deal of information both regarding the type of congregation and the location of its membership, for each entry gives the name, occupation, and address of the child's father. Here is the list just as the entries occur from 1713 :

James Russell, periwig maker in Vine Street.
 Hugo Thomson, taylor in Westminster.
 Thomas Cagon, tobacconist at the foot of the Hay market.
 Adam Campbell, haire merchant in St. Andrew's Holborn.
 John Collier, grosser at the Rose and Crown, Charing Cross.
 Mr Austin, a bricklayer in Gray's Inn Lane.
 Mr Watsin, Milliner nigh trun stile.
 Mr Pagett, stone-cutter in Gray's Inn Lane.
 Mr Garland, joynner in Dyot St. St. Giles's.
 Mr Johnston, engraver in Old Round Court in the Strand.
 Mr Tho. Oman, Carpenter in stable yeard, St. James.
 Mr Masters, Cork Cutter in Aldersgate Street.
 Mr Jo. Tubb, Jappanner in turn again lane.
 Mr Hickman, staymaker in Denmark Court.
 Mr Bail, sword cutler att the black periwig nigh Exeter Change.
 Mr William Hamilton, saidler in Russell Court.
 Mr Tho. Alexander, cyderman on Snow Hill.
 Mr Atchison, shoemaker in White Alley.
 Mr Oliphant, hatter in King Street. Westminster.
 Mr Grahame, Silverpolisher in Bedfordberry.
 Mr And Guest, ferrier in horse alley in Lickabon Street.
 Mr Brooks, Glover in Durham Yeard.
 Mr Haliburton, hosier in Church Lane.
 Mr Mitchell, plaisterer at ye hairs, in half moon St. Strand.
 Mr Nickson, haberdasher nigh ye bars in Aldersgate St.
 Mr Watts, school master in Church Court.
 Mr Horton, cordwainer St. Giles Church.
 Mr Oswald, bookseller in White's alley, Chancery Lane.

But there were others beside respectable tradesmen connected with the congregation. Many names are without specific designation, and others are referred to under titles such as :

Mr Ross, Clerk to the Justiciary in Scotland.
 Mr John Scott, gentleman souldier.
 Captain Mackeland in Charles Street, Westminster.
 Mr Kerr of ye Horse grenadiers.
 Captain Gilbert Young.
 Mr ffraser, souldier in maiden lane.
 Mr Dalrymple, Gentleman in New Bond Street.
 Captain Abercrombie in jermin Street, next door to Birgadier Warren's.
 Mr James Maxwell, Gentleman in Plough Court, Fetter Lane also described as " Attorney at Law."
 Mr Lewis Dixon, groome to the Lord Cardigan, now abroad with his majesty at Hanover.

Mr Giffard, gentleman to the Lord Cowper.

Mr Robert Gordon, who went abroad with my Lord Cathcart, had a son baptised named Leonell Cranfield, his brother Mr Alex. Gordon belonging to the Artillery standing sponsor.

Here and there we can trace a little bit of promotion, or of family history. Thus, Mr English, in October, 1733, is described as gardiner to Squire Harvey att Islington, and as living "near the fountain beyond the church," is, on the occasion of the baptism of his fourth child in 1739, described as "inspector of the high ways, near the thacht house tavern in Islington." And the minister's son, Patrick, evidently started in business as a stationer at the "Corner off Abb Church Lane, Cannon Street, London," for his daughter was baptised in September of 1735.

The addresses given reveal a very different state of affairs in the condition of the streets and districts of London from that which exists to-day. There were innumerable courts and alleys and lanes, of which only traces and fragments remain, while many of them have disappeared altogether. One which survives, and may not be without interest to this Society, is given in the following entry :

"28th November 1724. Mr Arch. Buchanan, in flower-de luce Court in Fleet Street had a son baptised named John."

Another is : "Durham Yeard nigh the old Exchange in the Strand." But which of us would know where exactly to find our tailor if he gave his address as "nigh ye waterwork att high park corner"? Who knows where the house stood "att the twisted posts against the Runner & Horseshoe tavern in Drury Lane"? "Nigh the bars in Aldersgate Street," "upon Holborn Bridge," "att the Catherine wheel and St. Andrew in Windmill Street," "att the harrow near Grays Inn Gate," "att the New Church in the Strand," "a cellar between the Red Lyon & the white Bare Inn in Pickadille," "att the backside of St. Clements," "near the conduit Snow Hill," "att the Cock near the Coal Yeard in Holborn," "next door to the King's Head in St. James's market lane," "att the thatched house against Durham Yeard in the Strand," "att the barber's pole in Castle street near the Muse," "in little Marlboro Street att two red lamps," "on Snow Hill nigh St. Pulcher's Church."

This record of baptisms is complete from 1711 to the present day. From its later volumes, one could cite many names well known to every one. John, son of Thomas Coutts, Esquire, banker, next door to old Slaughter's Coffee House in St. Martin's Lane was, with his brother, to become famous as one of the founders of Coutts Bank. He, and other members of the family, were brought to the font in Crown Court in the latter half of the eighteenth century.

In the following century, under the ministry of the famous Dr John Cumming, the Register reveals that many distinguished families were connected with the congregation. The Rt. Hon. Lord and Lady Hope, Governor of Greenwich Hospital, the Earl and Countess of Ducie, Sir Thomas D. Hepburn, M.P., Lord and Lady Polwarth, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, Sir John Heron Maxwell, Sir Charles and Lady Fox, Sir John and Lady Dalrymple Hay, Lord and Lady Rosehill, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland and others. No less interesting are the names which, if not in the Peerage List, are well known in London.

Such are Boobyer, the ironmonger in Drury Lane, Charles Stiles of piano fame in Southampton Row, Henry Glave the well-known draper in New Oxford Street, and Virtue the famous printer and engraver; while James Braidwood, Superintendent of the London Fire Brigade, who lost his life in the great fire in Tooley Street in 1866, was an elder of the congregation. There is a brass memorial to him in the present church.

To turn back, for a moment, to earlier records: that the congregation had a history prior to 1712 is amply borne out by the first minute of Kirk Session which has survived. It is dated 1st August, 1713, and runs:

"Ordered that no member of the Congregation who hath not attended the ordinances and Ministry here since the 23rd day of January 1712 be re-admitted without first giving some reasonable account of such absence and promising both to carry himself more regularly for the future and also to behave himself with due respect to the Pastors and Elders in such manner as becomes a good Christian."

On Midsummer Day in 1714 a special meeting of the Kirk Session was called to deal with the situation created by the sudden death of the Reverend George Gordon. At it Mr Russell "represented that by reason of the death of the Reverend Mr Gordon who had been a co-Pastor with him to the Congregation—there was a vacancy in that congregation and therefore he desired that a Meeting of the said congregation should be called speedily to consult about the supplying thereof."

The meeting was summoned for the 27th June, and Mr Russell, after opening the meeting with prayer, withdrew, and the congregation then passed a unanimous resolution "That they will only have one Minister for time to come, and they unanimously did make choice of the Reverend Mr Patrick Russell to be their sole Pastor and desired the Elders to signify this to the said Mr Patrick Russell and withall to assure him that they will to their utmost ability encourage him for the exercise of his Ministerial work amongst them." We quote these minutes to show that the congregation had evidently been accustomed to regard itself as of sufficient size and importance to require the full services of two duly qualified ministers, and that, only as a result of its somewhat weakened condition due, it is presumed, to the loss by fire of a regular meeting-place, it felt compelled to unite the twofold charge into one.

Other evidence of the unsettled condition of the congregation at this early period is the shortage of Elders, for only four appear in the sederunt of the meetings. Early steps were taken to rectify this deficiency, and it is interesting to find the minute of their appointment drawn up in the regular form of such minutes according to the Church of Scotland practice. "Ordered the Officer to call three times at the dore of the Meeting house to see if there were any person or persons who had anything to object against the persons nominated to be Elders. None comparing to offer any objections against them, or any of them, it was agreed that they should be admitted in the presence of the whole congregation after the Morning Sermon ye next Lord's Day."

"Ye next Lord's Day," 24th October, 1714, the minute runs, "Mr Adam Campbell, Mr Charles Maxwell, and Mr David Watson were

this day, in the presence of ye congregation, after Sermon and prayer, admitted to be Elders and solemnly promised to be faithful and diligent in all their duties of that Holy and honourable employment as Elders in Christ's Church."

Another minute refers to the resuscitation of the "Evening Lecture," when it was agreed that "the Catechetical Lecture should be held every Lord's Day at five of the clock and that for the encouragement thereof the fore galleries and great pews should be kept for the subscribers use; further that there should be two collections in the summer quarters and three in the winter against the lectures." These collections were intended to pay the cost of the candles used for illumination, and other incidental expenses.

An interesting reference to historic events of the time appears in a minute of 18th January, 1716, when "it was agreed that Thursday, the 26th January, be kept as a day of Humiliation and prayer for suppressing the rebellion that is one foot in Scotland against the King and Government."

The Session kept a close eye on the disbursement of the monies collected, and all charitable and other donations were dispensed with due care. E. G. "ordered Mr John Maxwell to pay Mr Lowrie, Minister, the sum of ten shillings (which would be for the preaching at the Communion Service), and representation being made of the poor circumstances of Mrs Weire in the Marshalsee for debt, ordered that there should be given to her two shillings and no more."

There were, of course, incidents which required the Session to exercise its disciplinary powers. Thus it "was reported to the Session that several of the Congregation was very uneasy with the Pew-opener concerning execution of his office for that he generally filled the pews with strangers before they came and when they came little or no notice was taken of them by him. Agreed—that Mr John is not a fit person for opening the pews and that he continue until a more fit person shall be found and that Mr David Watson should speak to such of the congregation as he shall think fit and proper to officiate in the office of pew-opener."

No less interesting are some of the side lights thrown upon the life and habits of the time by the Church Accounts, which, as we might well imagine in the case of a Scots kirk, are more carefully kept and more complete than any of the others. Seat-rents and what we would call freewill offerings—or, as they were known in those days, "subscriptions"—were regarded as the basis of the financial system, and for payment of stipend, while collections were only looked on as a means of meeting current expenses and outlays extraordinary. Thus the minute of 1st August, 1713, runs: "Ordered that for and towards payment of the yearly rent of £14 for the said meeting-place (by £3, 10s. every quarter of a year) there be two collections made in the said meeting-place every quarter. And that the first collection be made six weeks before the quarter day and the other on the Sabbath day next before the quarter day."

On Communion Sabbaths the collections were taken, as in Scotland, for the poor members of the congregation and grants paid every quarter. Help was also afforded to deserving cases of distress which were brought to the notice of the Session. Thus, in September, 1721:

" Payd. to Mr Humbert, minister of a french Calvinist Congregation in the Palatinate towards his journey to Edinburgh, 2s. 6d." In September, 1731, by order of the Elders, " payd to Mrs Jameson in charity, 4s. 6d. —to Mr Jameson for her passage to Scotland, 10s."

That Mr Russell and his congregation only regarded their accommodation in the building in Peter's Court as temporary is evidenced by the fact that soon after the death of Mr Gordon, steps were taken to find a more permanent habitation. Mr Russell was himself the moving spirit in this development, as is shown by a document bearing the inscription: " The names of the Most Noble the Peeres of North Britain who, by Mr Russell's interest did contribute to him for the building of the Chappell in Crown Court in Russell Street, Covent Gardine, are as follows " :

The names include those of the Dukes of Douglass, Montrose, and Roxburgh; the Marquis of Annandale, the Marchioness of Douglass; the Earls of Sutherland, Morton, Buchan, Haddington, and Loudon, and the Lord Ross.

The second page gives the names of " the Right Honourable the Gentlemen of ye House of Commons who, in Mr Russell's interest, have contributed towards ye building ye Chappel in Crown Court, Russell Street, Covent Gardine." It contains many names of note and interest. Among them are those of Sir George Warrender of Lochend, Mr Baillie of Jerviswood, General Ross, Capt. Abercrombie, Mr Cockburn of Ormiston, Mr Broddie of Broddie, and Mr John Campbell, Esq, Lord Provost of Edingbur."

Then follows " The names of Strangers who have contributed," but oddly enough it is headed by the name of one who is far from being a " Stranger " to Scottish history. It is none other than the Rt. Hon. Coll. Gardiner of Westminster, who was killed at Prestonpans in 1745. Others are Col. Areskin, Sir Patrick Straughon, and Mr George Warrender, Chirurgeon.

A further list is that of " Ye inhabitants of ye city of Edinb. who by Mr Russell's interest have contributed towards building ye new Chappell." Almost every name is of interest. Mr Duncan forbes advocate, Revd. Mr W. Wisheart principall of ye College, Mr Robert Stewart Professor of Philosophy, Jas. Erreskin one of ye Senators of ye College of Justice, Sir Alexander Gilmore of Craigmillar, and Sir John Clerk of Pennicock are all known to historical students.

Mr Russell seems to have been indefatigable in his efforts and to have rivalled Viscount Knutsford's reputation as a " Good beggar," for in some four years he had raised all the money required for the building expenses, as the following memo. on the back of the subscription list shows: " For incident charges by coach hire, letters to and from Edinburgh, and spent in attending on the Members of Parliament and other strangers from whom I got the money expended in building the Chappell, from July 22nd 1717 to May 26th 1721 inclusive is £10, 10s. od."

The total expenditure was £610, 10s. 11d., so that the collection expenses amounted to only 1.7 per cent. The new building was opened on 24th March, 1719.

One might spend much time in reviewing the varying fortunes of the congregation in the intervening two centuries. There were, as is

natural, both ups and downs in its story, but it is a record of which any congregation may be proud and bears testimony to the loyalty of the Scottish people in London to this memorial of their faith. The long story is full of human interest, but a detailed survey is beyond the scope of this paper.

A word or two, however, must be said on the succession in its ministry. Mr Russell continued the good work he had begun in Crown Court for some thirty years. He was a "serious, judicious preacher, and instrumental of much good in his day," says Walter Wilson in his "Dissenting Churches." He died suddenly on 27th November, 1746, and was buried in Bunhill Fields. He had preached the Sunday before from the text, "Run with patience the race that is set before us." His orthodoxy is attested by the fact that he joined with the subscribing ministers in 1719 when the controversy on the doctrine of the Trinity was at its height, which led to the formation of the Unitarian Sect.

He was succeeded in office in the following year by Mr John Freeland, a Scottish minister who had been for a short time previously minister to the Presbyterian Church at Broomsgrove, Worcestershire. His term of office was short, for he died in December, 1751, at Broomsgrove, whither he had gone for his health's sake. It may be that he died of a broken heart, for Walter Wilson tells how that before he left Broomsgrove he had been so impressed with the good sense and unaffected seriousness of a certain Miss Green, the younger daughter of Mr Nathaniel Green of that town, that he had made proposals of marriage to her. But God had otherwise appointed. Although one of her friends felt it necessary to write her "a very suitable and consolatory letter" when Mr Freeland died, the lady found more substantial consolation by marrying a "gentleman of considerable property," a Mr Dowler, and when she was bereaved of him, sought again the same remedy for her grief by wedding a Mr Humphries. The Church Accounts show that Mr Mitchell, for preaching "ye funeral Sermon" on the occasion of Mr Freeland's death, was rewarded with £1, 11s. 6d., and Mr Haswhittle with £1, 1s. od. for "Hanging ye pulpit and desks."

After a vacancy of only a few months, the congregation called Mr Thomas Oswald, a native of Denny, and a graduate of Glasgow, who was acting as an assistant to Principal Tullidaff of St. Andrew's. He began his ministry in 1752. According to the Church Accounts, the traditional entertainment of the members of the Presbytery was observed, for we read: "Dinner for ye Ministers and expenses at Coffee house at fixing Mr Oswald's Ordination, £1, 11s. od.," and, "to wine, bread, and tobacco for ye vestry for ye day of ordination, 3s. 6d., and for coach-hire and coffe house expenses and dinner, £1, 12s. od."

Thus inducted, he showed his good sense, according to Walter Wilson, "By uniting himself in marriage of considerable fortune." Under his ministry, the congregation maintained its strength and vigour as is revealed by the list of attendances at Holy Communion preserved on the back of one of the old account books, averaging about 110. That he was a staunch representative of the older type of Scottish Church minister and did not, even in London, feel himself in sympathy with Nonconformity is referred to by Walter Wilson, who tries to excuse him for being opposed to the repeal of the Test Laws on the grounds of "the habits of his education and his close connection with an ecclesi-

astical establishment." He had sufficient courage of his convictions to be one of those ministers who went up to the King with an address, and was received with particular kindness by His Majesty.

After twenty years, London had failed to cast that spell over him to which so many of us are subject, and having inherited from his elder brother the estate at Dryburgh, he removed thither and was made a J.P. He also bought a property, Craigingilt, in Stirlingshire, and in 1777 resumed his ministerial work, when he was presented to the parish of Clackmannan, where he continued his ministry until his death in 1787. His portrait hangs in the present church hall and is the earliest of the series of portraits which is complete from that date.

His successor in Crown Court was the Reverend William Cruden, a minister of the Relief Church in Glasgow. Before he took up his work, a very interesting and somewhat heated correspondence (which has been preserved among our records) passed between the Crown Court Session and Glasgow, for his congregation there is said to have numbered close on two thousand members, and they could not understand why he should think of leaving them to go to London to minister to a much smaller community.

Cruden is said to have belonged to the same family as his distinguished namesake Alexander Cruden, author of the well-known Concordance, who, by a coincidence, was in London about the same time trying to find a publisher for that famous production. He was an attractive preacher, and it was not long until a marked increase in the size and strength of the congregation was evident. For some ten years he ministered with great acceptance to his people, but died suddenly on 5th November, 1785, at the age of sixty.

A volume of his sermons was published by subscriptions after his death, for the benefit of his widow, but I am afraid that the congregation of to-day would scarcely be willing to sit through one of them!

A long vacancy followed and it was two years before the congregation was again settled with a minister. He was a man who must be of interest to every reader of Burns, for he was minister of Mauchline in the days when the poet attended that church. The Reverend James Steven has the distinction of being the only minister for whom Burns seems to have had a liking. His poem "The Calf" is based on a sermon preached by Steven one Sunday from the text, "And they shall go forth and grow up like calves of the stall." Burns, writing to Muir of Kilmarnock in 1786, says: "This poem was an extemporaneous production on a wager with Mr Hamilton that I would not produce a poem on the subject in a given time." "The calf" is none other than the worthy Reverend James Steven himself, and although the simile is not altogether flattering, it is at any rate good-humoured.

Steven has the distinction of being one of the half-dozen clergymen who met in Baker's Chophouse in Change Alley in the City and formed the London Missionary Society in 1796. His interest in this work is borne out by the resolution passed by his Kirk Session in that year to open a subscription for the Society, and a further resolution that the monthly collection should be omitted on the second Lord's Day of the month in order that the contributions towards the Missionary Society might be more liberal.

In 1803, Lord Eglinton presented Mr Steven to the parish of Kil-

winning. His great-grandson was the late W. T. Steven, secretary to the Incorporated Secretaries Association in London, who was known to many of us, and who was a member of Crown Court until his death last year.

Steven's successor in office was George Greig, who came from Kirkintilloch, but the repetition of a two-year vacancy had considerably weakened the congregation to which he came. Writing in 1814, however, Walter Wilson is able to say that "Mr Greig has met with great acceptance since his settlement in London and his Church is now in a flourishing state." That statement is borne out by the fact that in that year the Sunday School—one of the earliest in London—was founded in Crown Court. The original instructions issued to the Sunday School teachers are still extant, and among them there is the injunction that "neither reading nor arithmetic are to be taught on Sundays"!

Greig's ministry, which was concluded by his death in 1830, was clouded towards its end by his ill-health. His resignation had been submitted and was to take effect at the end of that year, but he actually passed away a month before the appointed date.

One can do little more than mention his successor, Reverend Mr Macnaughton, for his was the shortest ministry and extended over a period of only eight months—August, 1831, to 4th April, 1832. I hope that I will not be misunderstood when I say that it was undoubtedly in the interests of the Church of Scotland in London that he was so soon removed to the High Church at Paisley. During the next ten years, known in Scottish Church history as the Ten Years' Conflict, Macnaughton became one of the great champions of the movement which terminated, in Scotland, in the formation of the Free Church in 1843, and in England in the severance of the allegiance of many of the Scots Churches to the Old Kirk. Crown Court has the distinction of being the only congregation which, with its minister, unashamedly retained its connection with the parent Church. Had Macnaughton remained minister until that date, there can be little doubt that Crown Court would now belong, like Regent Square and others, to another denomination.

The first thirty years of the century had proved particularly trying for the congregation; but better days were in store. During the vacancy, a young minister from Aberdeen, engaged in teaching at Hammersmith, supplied the pulpit. So well pleased were the people with his services that they were unanimous in their decision to offer him a call. Thus began, in 1834, the distinguished ministry of Dr John Cumming.

A whole lecture might well be devoted to his great work. He took a leading part in social and educational work in the district and was associated with the good Earl of Shaftesbury in his work of social amelioration. He was the strenuous champion of the Protestant faith against the Papacy. He was an enthusiastic supporter of foreign missions and raised large sums at his Exeter Hall meetings for that object. He built and equipped, with monies raised from his congregation, day schools and night schools for boys and girls at a cost of thousands of pounds. He was the most popular platform orator as well as the most attractive preacher in London, and was one of Queen Victoria's chaplains. He published between forty and fifty volumes; he worked

for the extension of the Church of Scotland and bought not only the Caledonian Church in Holloway Road, for the sake of the children of the Royal Caledonian Asylum which was removed at that time from Hatton Garden to the Caledonian Road, but also bought the site for St. Columba's Church in 1873. He took an interest in the work of the Royal Scottish Corporation, and provided an assistant minister to visit the pensioners and to conduct the monthly services for them.

Alas ! how true is it that " the evil that men do lives after them ; the good is oft interred with their bones." All you ever hear of John Cumming's work to-day is one or two rather stale jokes about what are called his " predictions " of the end of the world, in 1870, and the fact that he renewed the lease of his house for twenty-one years in 1869 !

True, senile decay overtook him at a comparatively early age, and the closing years of his long ministry of forty-seven years saw a dispersal of the crowds that had at one time hung upon his lips. It was to a sadly depleted and weakened congregation that the Reverend Donald MacLeod of Jedburgh accepted a call in 1881, and only on condition that the proposed church in the growing West End was completed for him. That condition was fulfilled, as most of us know, in 1883 and thither Dr MacLeod, his Kirk Session, and the bulk of the Crown Court congregation migrated, taking with them the record, the plate, and other valuables.

The plan was to close the old home for ever and make a fresh start in the new. Some of us, at any rate, are thankful that that plan was not carried through in its irrevocable completeness, and that there were those whose hearts still clung to the old place, and who, above all, were still deeply interested in the social and educational work that was still being done voluntarily by members of the congregation.

To satisfy these " stick-in-the-muds," as they were regarded, the Reverend Alfred M. Philp was appointed to carry on the work, as assistant to Dr MacLeod. " Behold," cried the prophet of old, " a shoot shall come forth out of the stump of Jesse, and a branch shall grow out of his root." The remnant became a full charge within a year or two, and under the Ministry of Mr Philp took a new lease of life. In 1909 the old building was taken down and, thanks to the generosity of James Campbell of Stracathro, and the indefatigable labours of the late Lady Frances Balfour, a new building arose at a cost of some £15,000.

But the story of Crown Court in the twentieth century must be left to another chronicler.

Mr Moffett's Sentiment was loudly applauded.

Mr Lachlan Campbell asked the company to thank Mr Moffett for his interesting Sentiment. Mr Campbell said :

To my great pleasure and even more to my profit, my and Mr Moffett's friendship covers a period of close upon twenty years ; a duration of time that has given us both many blessings. We both (said Mr Campbell) have seen the congregation of Crown Court grow greatly in numbers, in activities, and in usefulness. In my opinion this

result is due to the minister's high sense of duty as pastor and to his culture as teacher; to his self-effacement in his daily work, and last but not least to his fine and wide humanity. This latter characteristic has had warm acceptance far beyond the environment of Crown Court, and having regard to the value of the address to which with evident pleasure this large company has listened, I feel the circle of that appreciation now is greatly extended.

We very cordially congratulate Mr Moffett upon the excellence of his Sentiment, and with equal heartiness we express our obligations to him for putting on record a charming and delightful memorial to the Scottish Faith in London during especially the last two and a half centuries. To the outside world the subject hitherto has been a closed book, and in unclasping now the boards of it Mr Moffett has revealed material that enriches greatly our knowledge of Scottish Church life in the Metropolis in bygone days.

While several prior attempts were made to establish one in London, I think it may be said that the first Scots Church to take root was founded in 1711. Shortly before this time, and for a few years afterwards, momentous occurrences in the histories of England and of Scotland took place. Unquestionably the greatest of these was the Union of the two National Parliaments in 1707. Looking, to-night, back upon that so very historic issue, every one here will I think agree that the Union was a most advantageous event. View it as one may—geographically, racially, historically, socially—inevitably it had, sooner or later, to come. The pity is that it was so long deferred. When it is recalled that for one thousand years prior to this time well over three hundred important battles had been fought between a kindred people, that over one million kinsmen had been slaughtered; a time also when plunder was looked upon not only as lawful and legitimate but greatly prized and highly commendable—the plunder not at all always going to the bigger side—one must feel profoundly thankful that at last representatives of two high-spirited nations hammered out an agreement, and made effective a Union of the two National Parliaments. Then, but not till then, did we have on this island a United Kingdom. London was made the Parliamentary Metropolis, and to it flocked many Scots. There was an exodus of Parliamentary representatives and others with their retinues over the Borders and awa' to a land that, while offering great possibilities to all, was not, because of former adventures, unfamiliar to some. And what more natural and proper, as indeed had been the custom of their fathers, than that those pioneers, animated by a kindred spirit, should set up in their new abode a place of worship—to them a symbolism of the oldest and grandest institution of the homeland? My surprise is that four good years were allowed to pass before taking this action.

One may take it that the disturbances attaching to the "Rising" of 1715 retarded for a time the establishment of a second place of worship. In 1719, however, the Church of Crown Court, in full communion with the now venerable and historic Church of Scotland, was formed. As was learned to-night, it took firm root; and while one or two negative factors may have, in its long and honoured history, affected its interests, the Church ever and always was and is—never more than now—a haven of refuge to Scots and others, searching for and in need of help, comfort,

and support. It has also been the spiritual home not only of many, many Scots, but of many distinguished and representative Scots, of all of whom we may well be proud.

The pen portraits, in their successive order, of the twelve ministers of Crown Court Church sketched by Mr Moffett, and of others who from time to time figured in the life of the congregation, and of the Metropolis generally, we shall not readily forget. They were of their days and generations good men and true; and while much of the veneer that gilded the eternal verities in the eighteenth century and for a time afterwards has since been discarded, they nevertheless were animated with desires and actions such as similarly possess us. We therefore may well cherish their memory, for they left to us a great heritage. Clearly our duty is to uphold that possession and, stamping it with our beliefs and our efforts, pass on the inheritance unsullied and unstained.

In the course of his comprehensive review, Mr Moffett hinted that he hoped some day to establish a close connection between the early days of Scottish Faith in London and the territory known as Scotland Yard. Evidently a few of the links that would complete the chain are amissing, but we may heartily express the hope that these may be found, and that at no distant date it is made known that the connection has been made. Be that as it may, it need not surprise us that Mr Moffett's researches have produced matter of singular interest and instruction to us. In such work he but follows in that great succession of ministers of ecclesiastic Scotland who because of their love of learning and in their desire for the spread of knowledge have, to an incalculable extent, enriched the annals, the scholarship, and the culture of not only the homeland but of the whole world; and therefore to-night it is to us very gratifying that in this representation the minister of the historic Church of Crown Court now takes a rightful and well-merited place. (Applause.)

Mr Moffett, in replying to the toast, said that under him, and with the assistance of his numerous helpers, the congregation had greatly increased—from the 150 members whom he found there to the 500 who are now communicants.

In a bright and brief speech, Mr W. S. Cobb gave the toast of "Our Guests," welcoming the visitors in the words of Burns's "Highland Welcome."

Mr John Macphail, a divinity student (son of Mr Wm. M. Macphail), and Commissioner Dr David Lamb, Salvation Army, replied. The latter, whose particular Army work has been emigration, told of our Canadian Caledonians.

During the evening the President welcomed six new members: William Bryce Binnie, Archibald White,

William George Buchanan, William McCallum Miller, Donald McLellan, and William Chalmers.

Mr Tom Kinniburgh, the well-known Scottish singer, was the vocalist of the evening, and his songs, "The Standard on the Braes o' Mar," "Gae bring to me a pint of wine," and "The March of the Cameron Men," were rendered in Tom Kinniburgh's usual heroic manner.

MAJOR LYALL GRANT ON THE LONDON SCOTTISH.

The gathering at the Little Dinner in the Connaught Rooms, on Thursday, 13th February, 1936, took part in a real London Scottish Night, the great Territorial Regiment being the subject of the Sentiment which was given by Major W. Lyall Grant.

The President, Mr J. B. Rintoul, was in the chair, and in introducing Major Lyall Grant, referred to the fact that the Caledonian Society took a prominent part in the formation of the regiment.

Major Lyall Grant did not commit his Sentiment to paper, but trusted to his intimate knowledge of the London Scottish to give the audience more than half an hour of a spell-binding address.

Major Lyall Grant, who was himself a member of the regiment for many years, said :

I am afraid I can only offer you a very condensed summary of the history of the Regiment up to the Great War, with a certain amount of trumpet-blowing, which I think you will excuse, as the Caledonian Society of seventy-seven years ago was largely responsible for the raising of the Regiment.

I was very glad to hear from what your President has just said that your Records show that the meeting he mentioned was called by the Caledonian Society, as that was a point on which history and tradition seemed to differ—if history is what one sees in print and tradition is what one is told. I have several times read that that meeting was called by the Highland Society in conjunction with the Caledonian Society, and I have just as often been told by men who were old enough

to remember the circumstances that it was the Caledonian Society which took the lead.

The meeting in question was held in the Freemasons' Tavern in July, 1859, and it was then resolved to raise the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers, now known officially as the "14th London Regiment (London Scottish)."

The first name on an old muster roll at Headquarters is that of Lord Elcho—afterwards Earl of Wemyss—to whom not only the Scottish but the whole Volunteer movement owed a great deal. He was the first Commanding Officer, and when he resigned the active command he was appointed Honorary Colonel, his predecessors in that position having been Lord Clyde, perhaps better known as Sir Colin Campbell, and General Sir Hope Grant.

When Lord Wemyss died he was succeeded by the Duke of Argyll—who, as Marquis of Lorne, had served in the Battalion in the 'sixties. At his death in 1914 no further appointment was made until after the Great War, when Earl Haig was appointed, and at his death there was again an interval until the Jubilee last year, when King George honoured the Regiment by appointing the Duchess of York, who both before and since her appointment has shown great interest in the Scottish.

At the beginning only one Company wore the kilt, and others adopted it by degrees; but it was not until 1872 that the whole Battalion was kilted.

At first each Company had its own headquarters, the so-called Central Company being located at the Scottish Corporation Hall, the others being scattered all over London, until they were brought together in 1862 at 10 Adelphi Terrace. The Headquarters there are generally said to have been in a cellar. As far as I know there is no authentic record of what they were like; but it seems probable that the cellar story is true, as one would naturally assume that any change made would be for the better; and the Headquarters in Adam Street, Adelphi, to which the Battalion moved in 1873, only consisted of two low-roofed rooms in a basement, approached by the area steps, one room serving as Orderly Room, the other as Armoury.

The present Headquarters—which are the freehold property of the Regiment, and if it is ever disbanded will pass to the Scottish Corporation—were opened in 1886 by the Duke of Cambridge, and not only solved many training difficulties but gave a great impetus to the social life and comradeship of the Regiment by providing an Officers' Mess, a Sergeants' Mess, and a canteen, comfortably furnished, supplied with illustrated papers, and where men can get good food at very low prices. There is a miniature rifle range and, of course, ample accommodation for the necessary offices and stores. A room is also provided for the use of the Old Comrades' Association which was founded in 1913 and now has eleven branches scattered over the world, ranging from Vancouver in the west to Hong-Kong in the east, where men going abroad can be sure of a welcome.

There are various clubs connected with Headquarters—School of Arms, football, athletic, swimming, and—which should perhaps interest you most to-night—a Reel Club, which meets weekly for instruction and practice in Highland dancing.

The Scottish has never been content to do only the minimum of

training required by Regulations. From as early as 1872 onwards a Drill Camp was held for a week, and in connection with the old Easter Monday Reviews, a marching detachment used to leave London on Good Friday morning. There were also frequently outings for two or three days' training at Whitsuntide. In 1898 a detachment of about three hundred went for a week's march in Scotland. This was repeated three times before 1908, when the Volunteers were transformed into Territorials and fourteen days' camp became compulsory; but the value of these marches was apparently recognized by the War Office, as in 1913 they allowed a week's march to be substituted for the second week in camp, and since the War they have allowed a full fortnight on the march in Scotland to take the place of camp every fourth year.

In shooting the Scottish has always stood high; but I will not take up your time by referring to their many successes in that, or in athletics, although they have been very notable, but will come to war service.

In July, 1899, when things were looking bad in South Africa, Colonel Balfour, who was then in command, wrote to the War Office offering the services of a full company to be attached to any Scottish regiment. That offer was politely shelved, but it was probably remembered, as a few months later the War Office asked for just such help, and met with a ready response all over the country. The Scottish sent contingents to the Gordon Highlanders and to the City Imperial Volunteers. In all, eight officers and 208 other ranks served in South Africa and brought the first battle honour to the Colours. Later a South African War Memorial was unveiled in Headquarters by Lord Roberts.

On 3rd August, 1914, the Battalion went to Salisbury Plain for the Annual Training. It was recalled to London the same night, and two days later the order went out for mobilization. The Territorials had no transport, but a collection of tradesmen's vans was got together, and on 15th August the Battalion moved out to billets near Watford.

The scheme of Territorial training was based on the idea that six months would be available after mobilization; but on 15th September—just a month after they left London—the Scottish crossed to France.

Their high standard of discipline and efficiency had brought them the greatest honour that they could ever have dreamed of—to be the first Territorial unit selected to go to the Front.

They landed at Havre 1100 strong, and marched through the town with the pipes playing the "Marseillaise"!

There was no opportunity for further training, as they were at once broken up into small detachments, doing Lines of Communication duties, and were not brought together again until they were concentrated at the end of October, and on the 31st—Hallowe'en—were thrown into the fighting line at Messines. Their losses there in about twenty-four hours' fighting were nine officers and 305 other ranks.

Although they had practically only their peace-time training to rely on, their conduct brought them warm congratulations from the Commander-in-Chief. One sometimes feels that such congratulations may be partly intended as encouragement for the future—hoping for better things to come—but there was one report to which that suggestion could not apply. As the first Territorial infantry to be in action, they had no doubt been pretty closely watched. They were under the

command of General Allenby, who in his personal report to Sir Douglas Haig—as he then was—wrote :

“ In discipline and tactical efficiency they were up to the standard of the best Regular troops.”

I will only refer in detail to one other episode, during the first Battle of the Somme. Roughly speaking, what happened was this. The Scottish captured the German trenches which were their objective, but the troops on their right did not get up, and although those on their left were at first successful they were driven back again, so that the Scottish were left isolated. The German artillery put down such a barrage behind them that it was impossible to send up any reinforcements ; indeed, of fifty-nine men who tried in the course of the day to take up ammunition to them only three got through.

After holding on for about nine hours, when they had exhausted all their own ammunition and all the German ammunition that they could find in the captured trenches, they had to withdraw, which they did in good order. Twenty-three officers and 811 other ranks went into action that morning and the casualties amounted to fourteen officers and 575 other ranks.

The need of men was so great at that time that within twenty-four hours what was left of them were up in the front trenches again and had to stay there for four days.

On 31st August, 1914, orders were given to raise a 2nd Battalion. This was completed in a week, and could have been done in a day if the small medical staff had been able to pass the men quickly enough. The rush of recruits was so great that about 1200 were passed on to Highland regiments at Bedford.

At first the 2nd Battalion supplied drafts to the 1st Battalion, but later this duty was taken over by the 3rd Battalion, which had been raised in November, 1914, and which remained at home throughout. The 2nd were then able to concentrate on their own training. In the spring of 1916, when there was trouble in Ireland, they were sent over there for a few weeks, and in June, 1916, went to France, where they were at once sent up to the Front. They did not take part in any major engagement but had their share of trench warfare, and carried out some very successful raids on the German trenches opposite to them. In November they were transferred to Salonica where they took part in any fighting that was going, and executed some remarkable marches under terrible conditions. In June, 1917, they were sent to Palestine, where they were in the front of all the principal engagements, including the capture of Beersheba—on a second Hallowe'en—and the capture of Jerusalem, particularly distinguishing themselves in the operations east of the Jordan. They had no such spectacular experiences as those of the 1st Battalion which I have mentioned ; but the fact that they won two V.C.s in Palestine speaks for itself.

In June, 1918, they were brought back to France and took their share in the fighting during the final advance before the Armistice.

After the Armistice the 1st Battalion formed part of the Army of Occupation on the Rhine until demobilization began in the following March.

The 2nd Battalion remained in France for partial demobilization, and did not return to England until September.

There is a War Memorial in Headquarters bearing the names of 1534 who gave their lives, there is a tablet in St. Columba's, a granite cross at Messines—which was unveiled by the late King of the Belgians—and a tablet in the Scottish Memorial Church at Jerusalem.

If the hoary old tale of the stinginess of Scotsmen is not yet dead and buried, I can add a few nails to its coffin. The Headquarters building cost over £22,000. The regimental plate, some of it won in competitions but most of it presented, is valued at over £3000. During the War over £5000 was subscribed to a fund for providing "comforts" for the men at the front, and over £6000 for sending food parcels to our prisoners of war. Over £2700 was subscribed to cover the cost of the memorials I have mentioned, and finally about £36,000 to form a fund for the relief of disabled men, widows, and other dependants, and for the education of children. That money has been freely spent at the rate of from £2000 to £3000 a year, but thanks to the appreciation of securities the fund still has about £26,000 in hand on which calls are being made almost daily.

Now, may I in a word or two ask you to support the Regiment which you raised seventy-seven years ago. There has always been a heavy annual drain of men going abroad to take up business appointments. Since the War that drain has continued, and recruiting has been very difficult; but in spite of the difficulties about five or six years ago we were up to full strength and actually had a waiting list. Then the War Office reduced the establishment, recruiting had to be stopped and men discharged, and since then it has been impossible to keep pace with the wastage, so that we are now about 150 below strength.

If any of you can influence young Scots of the right type, I beg that you will send them along. I can assure you that they will never regret joining.

Major Lyall Grant finished his tale of the loyalty and heroism of our own lads amid round after round of cheering.

Mr John Menzies, in proposing thanks to Major Lyall Grant, told what the Major had done to raise the "Scottish" to its position among the Territorials. It was he who organized and commanded the first march through the Highlands. He emphasized the wonderful memory of the Major in recounting the story of the Regiment, and called upon the company to drink to his health and happiness, a toast honoured with Caledonian honours.

Mr Ian M. Hill proposed "The Guests," and in coupling the toast with the names of Major Bennett and Dr Cove Smith, spoke of the position which Major Bennett held in the esteem of the "Scottish," and

mentioned that at one time Major Bennett was the youngest sergeant in the British Army.

Major Bennett replied, and pressed upon those present the needs of the Regiment for recruits. Most of his hearers were heads of businesses and he appealed to them to encourage their relations and their employees to join the "Scottish."

Second Lieutenant Colin Campbell, Gordon Simpson, McCulloch, and Wilkie, members of the London Scottish Reel Club, gave some delightful dancing "turns," and Sergeant McArthur sang with great charm several Scottish songs.

A highly successful evening closed with Auld Lang Syne.

INDUSTRIAL SCOTLAND'S DEVELOPMENT.

At the fifth and last ordinary meeting of the Session, held at the Connaught Rooms on Thursday, 12th March, 1936, the President, Mr J. B. Rintoul, explained that illness had robbed them of many loyal Caledonians. He regretted particularly the absence of Lord Stonehaven, who had accepted their invitation to respond to the toast of "The Guests."

The guest of the evening, who presented the Sentiment "The Task of Developing Industrial Scotland," was Mr John Fraser, M.C., London manager of the Scottish National Development Council.

In introducing Mr Fraser, the President read a telegram from Lord Elgin, chairman of the Scottish Development Council, regretting his inability to be present, but expressing his pleasure that Mr Fraser was to be spokesman of the Council.

Mr Fraser, received with applause, said :

In the years of industrial depression which followed as an inevitable consequence of the Great War, Scotland suffered severely, particularly those areas which were chiefly concerned with what is known as the heavy industries.

It would be impossible in the time at my disposal to deal even generally with the whole subject of the task of developing industrial Scotland, and I propose therefore to tell you something about the work of the Scottish National Development Council with which I am associated.

It was felt that some definite effort should be made to stimulate industrial development, and in 1931 the Scottish National Development Council was originated under the auspices of the Convention of Royal Burghs and the Association of County Councils in Scotland. The Council is a voluntary non-political and non-trading body whose general object is to assist in the promotion and development of the industrial, commercial, and economic interests of the people in Scotland. In 1933 the Council was registered under the Companies Acts as a company limited by guarantee and not having a share capital.

The activities of the Council are directed chiefly to the following : (1) Investigation of all problems of existing industries ; (2) creation of favourable conditions for new industrial development ; (3) opening up of fresh avenues of employment ; (4) assistance by united effort of individual enterprise.

The Council has nearly five hundred members, including individuals and representatives of public bodies, societies, and firms. It includes representatives of employers and employed, and there are five Trade Union representatives on the Executive Committee.

The total income of the Council for the year 1935 (apart from the special grants made by the Commissioner for the Special Areas in Scotland and independently administered) amounted to £5122. Of this sum the amount subscribed by local authorities was £639.

One of the first actions of the Council after its inception was the formation of a board of *ad hoc* technical committees to inquire into and report on the present position of various Scottish industries and into the matters affecting those industries.

With the assistance of a grant from the Development Fund, the Council produced and published one general report on Scottish agriculture, and six detailed reports on milk and milk products, arable farming, shipping, poultry, fruit and vegetables, and beef and beef products ; they also published a report on rural industries. It is interesting to note that arising out of the recommendations contained in the Rural Industries Report, the Development Commissioners have authorized a grant for the purpose of establishing a Scottish Rural Industries Educational Trust.

Reports have been produced and published by the Council without Government assistance on the manufacture of articles of common household use ; chemical industries in Scotland ; rating in Scotland ; and an interim report by the committee which is considering the " Oil from Coal and Shale " problem.

In 1935 an *ad hoc* committee to investigate the production of building materials in Scotland was appointed. This committee has already done much successful work in connection with the supply of Scottish building materials, more particularly for Government and other public works.

The Patents and New Processes Committee has been of assistance in a considerable number of enquiries.

The Aviation Committee has also been active and has also been in close touch with the Air Ministry, aircraft manufacturers, and the various air-lines operating in this country. At the present time this country is witnessing important and large-scale developments in the air, and the Committee is doing its utmost to interest manufacturers in the potentialities of Scotland.

Special consideration has been given by the Council to the question of finding capital in appropriate cases for persons engaged in trade and industry, particularly those operating on a small scale. Contact was made with Credit for Industry, Ltd., and in August, 1934, a Scottish Advisory Board was formed with a view to the provision of financial assistance on easy terms to deserving and promising Scottish industries. A considerable number of loans on favourable terms of interest and repayment over a period of years have been made to Scottish applicants.

The Council issues a quarterly journal, *Scotland*, with a view to informing the public on the nature of the work undertaken, and to making known both at home and abroad the special scope, variety, and importance of Scottish industry, commerce, and culture.

Through addresses at meetings, the ordinary channels of the Press, both at home and abroad, and the medium of special supplements and other publications, much has been done by the Council to advertise the attractions of Scotland as an industrial centre.

The Council has collected and has available for all inquirers desiring to establish new industries, a comprehensive list of vacant factories, works, and sites in Scotland. Assistance has also been given by the Council in establishing contact with Continental agents wishing to represent Scottish manufacturers in their own countries.

In 1934 the Government resolved to concentrate on finding a solution of the particular problems affecting the Special Areas throughout the United Kingdom, and appointed Sir Arthur Rose, Bt., as Commissioner for Scotland. Since his appointment the Commissioner has co-operated with the Council on many industrial matters affecting the Special Areas of Scotland, and within the limits imposed upon him by the Act, has enabled the Council to undertake a number of publicity and other schemes calculated to benefit the Scottish Special Areas.

In the field of propaganda and publicity the principal activity found expression in setting up a Special Scottish Section in British Industries House, London, which has been used both as a Scottish Industrial Propaganda headquarters and as an exhibition centre for the display of the products and amenities of the Special Areas.

In other directions substantial exhibition and propaganda stands setting forth the attractions of the Special Areas from the manufacturing and industrial points of view have been arranged at the British Industries Fair, Olympia and Birmingham, and also the Shipping and Engineering Exhibition.

Other forms of publicity included press advertising, editorial publicity, and the distribution of large quantities of booklets, brochures, etc., while special supplements dealing with the industries of the Special Areas were included in the issues of *Scotland*.

The Council with the assistance of the Commissioner constituted an industrial information department which has prepared a register of factories, sites, etc., available in the Special Areas, together with parti-

culars regarding supplies of labour, charges for water, gas, and electricity, availability of raw materials, and other information of value to industrialists potentially interested in the Special Areas as a location for a factory.

As a result of these activities the Council is now dealing with more enquiries for factories than it has ever done before.

Through the efforts of the Council and also the Development Board of Glasgow and District, whose work was taken over by the Council last year, there have been a number of new industrial developments in Scotland, and several new industries have been established, including the manufacture of electrodes for electric welding, pulp containers, corrugated paper, razor blades, golf club ferrules, silk, artificial silk, and various other new fabrics, and fish and fruit canning.

In the past difficulty has been experienced in inducing industrialists to consider Scotland as a location for their works, owing to the belief which has been frequently expressed in the South that Scottish labour is "difficult" and that strikes are prevalent.

This, of course, has no foundation in fact, and in an analysis of official figures obtained from a Government department, it was conclusively proved that the industrial areas of Scotland compared more than favourably with other industrial areas in Great Britain in the matter of days lost through trade disputes.

In addition to continuing to undertake national propaganda on behalf of Scotland both in England and abroad, the Council desires to intensify its efforts to procure more new industries for Scotland. It will concentrate on the following activities :

(1) To secure an industrial estate for Scotland ; (2) to inquire further into the matter of provision of capital for new industries, particularly those starting on a small scale ; (3) to conduct an expert investigation into the particular classes of industry for which the various parts of Scotland are best suited from the point of view of available labour and existing raw materials ; (4) to undertake research into some of the major problems of existing industries as regards production and home and overseas marketing ; (5) to maintain a closer contact with the various Government departments primarily interested in industry.

I am glad to say that a larger measure of Government recognition has been obtained for the Council. As would be seen from the statement which has been made by the Secretary of State for Scotland in the House of Commons, the Government intend to support the Council to the fullest possible extent in its activities.

There is every reason, therefore, to hope that the future work of the Council will bear still more fruit and will have an important effect in stimulating the industrial recovery and development which is so essential for the future prosperity of our country. (Applause.)

Mr William Harvie, F.R.G.S., in moving a vote of thanks to the giver of the Sentiment, characterized Mr Fraser's address as "interesting, informing, suggestive, and stimulating."

Although considerable progress had been made in Scottish industries, it was slower than in many other parts of Great Britain.

The number of insured workers in employment in the whole country during the past twelve years (1924-1935) increased by 11.1 per cent., but in Scotland the number at work increased only by 0.5 per cent.

The number of companies engaged in steel production had been reduced by amalgamation from nine to four, and although there had been an improvement in steel output as compared with recent years, the figures fell short of those before the War. Depression in the mining industry continued, and the woollen manufactories had been having a difficult time. Shipbuilding gave promise of being better this year (1936) as also did the building trades. Brewers and distillers had done well in recent years—but whisky was still 12s. 6d. a bottle.

He was afraid the Scots who settled in London were apt to forget, or at any rate to overlook, some of our country's needs and possibilities.

There was no doubt that some of the industries that had been established in and around London could have been carried on just as efficiently in Scotland, and certainly some of the industries at present in Scotland could be extended and developed if they and other Scotsmen patronized and supported them as they deserved.

Mr Fraser had given them a great deal to think about, and his words had not fallen on stony ground.

Mr Fraser briefly replied.

Mr J. R. Steele proposed "Our Guests," and coupled the toast with the name of Mr R. Goepel, editor of the *London Scottish Gazette*, whom he described as a power in the City.

Mr R. Goepel, in a short speech, thanked the President (whose brother-in-law Mr Goepel is) for his hospitality to him personally and to the members for their hearty welcome. He congratulated the Caledonian Society on its vitality and good works.

The programme had as the final toast of the ordinary meetings "The Officers." This was genially proposed by the President, who spoke of the splendid work which Mr Wilson had done as Hon. Treasurer, and that which Mr McFarlane had done as Hon. Secretary. The Caledonian Society had officers of whom the Society might be proud.

Mr McFarlane breezily replied.

Two new members were introduced to the President: Mr A. R. C. Fleming and Mr A. Greig.

The programme was contributed to by Mr Robert

D. Grant ("Ilka blade o' grass," and other songs sweetly sung), and Mr Will Gibson, in his delightful way, recited the "Booin'" scene from "The Man of the World," and "Cuddle Doon."

SIR GODFREY COLLINS'S MEMORIES.

The Annual Festival was held on 30th March, 1936, in the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street.

Mr J. B. Rintoul, the President, and Mrs Rintoul received a large and distinguished company which, however, did not include the head of the London County Council, Lord Snell, who had agreed to reply to the toast, "The City of our Adoption," but because of a late sitting of the L.C.C. he was unable to be at our Festival. At short notice, Dr J. J. Mallon, J.P., warden of Toynbee Hall, filled the breach.

After the loyal toasts had been honoured, the President proposed the toast, "The Caledonian Society of London." Mr Rintoul said :

The Caledonian Society of London, as you are aware, celebrates its Centenary next year, having been in continuous existence since the year of Queen Victoria's accession. The men of those far-off days builded better than they knew, for they built upon foundations made to last the changes and fluctuations of fashion and habit, and the edifice has defied the inroads of time. (Hear, hear.)

According to our Chronicles "a certain halo of mystery surrounds the early beginnings of the Society, but from an authentic record it is clear that its first Festival took place in the early part of 1838 at Beattie's Hotel, although the circumstances which brought Scotsmen in London together, with the object of forming themselves into a National Society arose and matured early in the previous year." The main objects of the Society were to promote good fellowship and brotherhood, and to this day we use, and I think we use it sincerely, the term "Brother Caledonian." (Hear, hear.)

But no organization of the kind could have endured so long, if it rested solely upon the basis of social intercourse, however laudable and agreeable that might be.

Our Society, in its very early days, incorporated as one of its very definite purposes the sacred claims of charity, and the knowledge that these claims have been generously and consistently met throughout these long years has made the bond that unites us stronger and more

durable, and has undoubtedly made our own enjoyment the fuller. (Hear, hear.)

It is an old boast that to the Caledonian Society of London belongs the honour of having first initiated the good custom of inviting ladies to sit at table at public banquets, but the exact date of the introduction of this excellent innovation is uncertain.

What a panorama of guests have visited our Society during these ninety-nine years. What memorable occasions could be recalled!

Here was a great night to remember—it was round about 1845 when it is recorded that Col. Burns, one of the sons of the Immortal Bard, was present, and so much did he enter into the spirit of the evening that he delighted his hearers by giving, so we are told, a charming rendering of one of his father's favourite songs, "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw."

One could go on indefinitely. The cosy evenings at Beattie's have gone, the Craven Hotel, the old Hanover Square Rooms, the evenings at the London Tavern and at the Freemason's Tavern next door to this building, and more recently those long years at the Holborn are already past history.

The Caledonian Society is rich in memories, it has had a great past. This gathering to-night is evidence, if such were needed, that it is virile to-day, and I believe if it remains true to its simple charter, it has within itself the possibility of a yet long and useful existence. (Applause.)

We are limited to a hundred members, not too large a number to know one another intimately. The only qualification is you must be a good Scotsman, for we are aware there are some bad ones.

I never quite realized the origin of the saying "One in a hundred" until I became a Caledonian. Every lady whose husband or relative is a member of the Society can claim that her man is one in a hundred at least on Caledonian nights. (Laughter.)

We compete with no other organization; we are friendly with all; we fill a place peculiarly our own.

There is in our Society something intangible, which makes us feel that we really are a' John Tamson's bairns. (Applause.)

LONDON, THE CITY OF OUR ADOPTION.

The Rt. Hon. Lord Alness was received with great heartiness when he rose to propose the toast "The City of our Adoption." He said:

In proposing this toast it is difficult to escape from language which is at once commonplace and conventional, and it is impossible in the time at my disposal to be adequate. One can only do one's best, and cast oneself upon your clemency.

The toast has two aspects. First, Scottish guests, and second, English hosts.

(1) It is something of a paradox, but there is no national who

loves his country more than does the Scot, and yet there is none who is more prone to leave it on slight provocation. It is fair, however, to add that when he leaves it he rarely if ever forgets his native land. Wherever he goes he—as a rule—proceeds to found a Scottish society—a centre in which Scotsmen with common interests, common associations, and common memories, can foregather. I know of no more abiding or surer foundation for friendship than this; and experience shows that, the more remote from Scotland the society is, the greater is the patriotic fervour which characterizes it.

The Scot has not confined his peaceful penetration to London. The Empire is his objective. To-day, with Lord Tweedsmuir in Canada, Lord Gowrie in Australia, Sir Arthur Wauchope in Palestine, and now Lord Linlithgow in India, you will admit that the Scot has achieved at least his fair share of pro-consulships.

But London is really the spearhead of the Scottish attack. I am told that there are twenty-four pages of Macs in the London Telephone Directory, and it has been unkindly suggested that the cheap evening trunk calls are closely associated with that fact. I am not going to trouble you, however, with statistics, if only for this reason. Statistics are very often misunderstood—particularly, if I may say so in the presence of so many ladies—on the disstaff side of the household.

I recently heard of a dear lady who had four children, two boys and two girls. She then dug her heels in, so to speak, and announced that she would have no more. Her friends, who were privileged to discuss with her so intimate a topic, remonstrated, but she said firmly, "No, no, I have been reading statistics, and I find that every fifth baby born into the world is Chinese." So it is better to avoid statistics. Suffice it to say that in Harley Street, in the Temple, and in Downing Street—there you will find many exiled Scots in positions of trust and responsibility. The exiled Scot knows where he wishes to go, and where he has got to. It is not always so. I have been told that the late Mr Labouchere, the former editor of *Truth*, who was a nephew of Lord Taunton, met a peer at dinner one evening, who mistook him for a son of that noble lord. The peer said to Mr Labouchere, in the course of the meal, "I heard your father make a most admirable speech in the House of Lords last night," to which "Labby" quietly responded: "You interest me very much. You see, my father has been dead these sixteen years, but we often wondered where he had got to!"

What is the reason of the restlessness of the Scot? I think it may be summed up in one word—ambition. You may remember the tale of the English candidate for a Scottish constituency, who, puffing out his chest, said proudly to his audience: "I have been born an Englishman, I have lived an Englishman, and I hope to die an Englishman." A voice from the back of the hall queried thus: "Man, hae ye no ambeention?"

When I go down to a Devonshire fishing town I find there men whose fathers and grandfathers have been fishermen before them, and who are themselves content to remain fishermen. When, on the other hand, I go to Skye or Lewis, and have speech with a crofter or fisherman, I often find that his son is a doctor, or a minister, or a lawyer. I was fishing recently on the Findhorn. My ghillie said to me, "You will know my son in Edinburgh?" I said, "Perhaps I do, if you tell me

what his job is." His reply disclosed that his son was the senior partner in a leading firm of solicitors in Edinburgh. There is surely something very fine about this.

(2) But now, let me pass from the realm of egotism to that of altruism for a moment, and look at the second aspect of the toast. What of our hosts, and of the city in which they live? Just this. The city of our adoption is the greatest city in the world—great in its traditions; great in its achievements; great in its offerings. To-day, in the glory of springtime in the parks, it is a city of great beauty as well. Its inhabitants show to us unbounded generosity, uniform kindness, and unvarying friendliness. May we not say with the psalmist of old?

" Unto me happily the lines
In pleasant places fell,
Yea, the inheritance I got
In beauty doth excel."

I have now the honour of submitting for your acceptance the toast of "The City we live in," and I am privileged to link the reply with the name of the Warden of Toynbee Hall, whose work there we may well describe as "great work, greatly done."

Dr J. J. Mallon, J.P., Warden of Toynbee Hall, made a clever and amusing speech in reply, in which he twitted Scots and Scottish institutions.

Mr T. M. Stephen, Vice-President, proposed the toast, "The Guests," with which the name of Rt. Hon. Godfrey Collins, Secretary of State for Scotland, was coupled. Mr Stephen said:

It is always a pleasure to propose the toast of "The Guests" in a Society composed exclusively of Scotsmen, but it is an added pleasure to-night, when among our guests, all of whom we greatly welcome, are included the Ladies.

We, as a nation, have always been proud of our hospitality, but it is a quality of which Scotland has no monopoly. I feel we can never be too appreciative of the larger hospitality enjoyed by Scotsmen and Scotswomen in London to which our English hosts, with characteristic modesty, never refer. (Hear, hear.)

Hospitality, like mercy, is twice blessed, and I am certain every member of this Society will agree that our meetings would lose much of their charm if we had not our guests with us. (Applause.)

You will remember when Hiawatha gave his wedding feast, he entertained his guests with dancing, songs, and story-telling—

" That the feast might be more joyous,
That the time might pass more gaily,
And the guests be more contented."

We have endeavoured to give our guests such a welcome—a welcome Scottish in warmth and pride. To this I would add the hope in

which my brother Caledonians join, that the entertainment you have shared with us this evening has given you as much pleasure as your presence has given your hosts. (Hear, hear.)

It would be impossible without devoting a whole evening to the task, to say all that ought and could be said about the two eminent Scotsmen with whose names I am coupling this toast, Lord Blanesburgh and Sir Godfrey Collins; but I can assure them both that we regard it as a special privilege to have present to-night such a representative of the Government as our Secretary of State, and of the Bench as Lord Blanesburgh. (Applause.)

Sir Godfrey Collins we know as the member for over twenty-five years for Greenock, as Secretary of State for Scotland, and the head of a great publishing house. As member for Greenock, I would extend our congratulations to him on the wonderful achievement to which the whole of Clydeside contributed in turning out such an ambassador of peace as the *Queen Mary*. As Secretary of State, Sir Godfrey has not spared himself, and in this respect he is not unlike another holder of that distinguished office who is with us to-night as a member, Lord Alness. (Applause.)

Sir Godfrey's duties are multifarious—from the protection of agriculture and the humble herring to listening to the claims of Scottish Home Rulers to a Parliament in Edinburgh.

Lord Blanesburgh needs no introduction to a Scottish—I can safely say a British—audience. No one who knows anything of Scottish charities in London is ignorant of his great and enduring interest in the Royal Caledonian Schools. With our Past President, the late Sir George Paton, he spent many laborious days and nights at a time when the Schools had need of men of legal and business training such as they were. Scotsmen in London will not forget how Lord Blanesburgh, with so many calls on his time, was able to take so important a part in this noble work. His lordship is known as a great lawyer of international reputation, and as the principal British delegate in the Reparations Commission which met in Paris in 1925. (Applause.)

This country is still the stronghold of law and liberty, and so long as it remains so, the Bench of which his lordship is so eminent a member, is sure to command the respect, the admiration, and affection which it has so richly deserved. (Loud applause.)

The toast was drunk with Caledonian honours.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Godfrey Collins, in the course of his speech, said :

Your President has told me that the Society has been called the playground of those who are actively engaged in the work of the two London Scottish charities—the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools. It is something more. At a gathering such as this there is something more than play.

Our native songs and music and the sound of Scottish voices, what do they do to us? They stir the deeps of memory. And it is from those depths, I am sure, that you draw part of your inspiration for the work you do for the London Scottish charities.

Those memories that are stirred—they are different for each of us. For one the mountain burn tumbling and thrusting its eager way to the sea ; for another the mist folding back to give a glimpse of one of the Western Isles ; for another the clang of the hammer in the Clyde shipyards, or the stately dignity of Edinburgh as seen from the Mound. We may treasure a memory of that wonderful round we had on the Old Links, St. Andrews, or of our arrival at Gairloch after a long day's motoring through the Highlands.

It is in recalling memories such as these that we are reminded of our deep and abiding love of our native land. And there—need I remind you?—is one of the main sources from which you draw inspiration for your works of charity in London.

For stirring those memories in me, I am very grateful. My pre-occupation, as Secretary of State for Scotland, is with the troubles of Scotland of to-day, and in trying to solve them, to help in shaping the Scotland to come. And no less than you, I find that the daily task takes a deeper meaning, and the dream of the future a more hopeful colour, after I have withdrawn for a little into the treasure house of memory. We all, I know, tend to view the past in too warm and rich a glow. But neither for you nor for me—perhaps unfortunately—is there any danger of forgetting or distorting the grim realities of the present.

My memories of tumbling burns and misty isles are shot through with daily reminders of the struggles of the unemployed in parts of Scotland that are scarred and made ugly by the debris of distressed industries ; of the slums of the towns and villages ; the struggles of the crofter and fishermen to adapt their ways of earning and living to a swiftly changing world. I could not forget these things ; and I would not if I could. They are the realities of Scotland to-day, and it is our task and our privilege to grapple with them.

We have won through worse trouble before ; and at many stages in our history we have found the precious jewel of endeavour in adversity. Behind all lies the fundamental economic problem of Scotland. I am not likely to make light of that problem, to minimize its difficulties. But I want to say that I think there is now in progress a more serious and determined effort on the part of thinking Scotsmen and women to solve it.

It is here, however, that we want speed, and it was partly of this virtue of speed that I was thinking the other day when I wrote of the *Queen Mary* as an inspiration to all Scotland in the efforts that are being made to promote Scottish prosperity. The *Queen Mary* is ours. With many of the sea clippers that proudly established their records on the high seas, the *Queen Mary* is part of our heritage. It was not built specially for speed ; but I have no doubt that in this quality, as in others, she will establish a proud position.

This quality of speed has come to be a determining factor in our lives. It has forced on us the necessity for quick thinking and quick action. Change—economic and social—comes on us quickly. We must adapt ourselves quickly to it. It is in our Scottish tradition, I think, to lay more stress on profundity than on speed ; I hope it always will ; but let us take note that the march of events these days is less a march than a rush. We ignore that change at our peril.

For the refreshment of old memories and for the reinforcement of

confidence which I and, I feel sure, my fellow-guests have derived from this very pleasant evening with you, as well as for the honour you have done us, I thank you.

The Rt. Hon. Lord Blanesburgh also replied.

Mr William Miln, Past-President, proposed the toast of "The President." Mr Miln said :

For the past forty years John B. Rintoul had done much good work for the Scottish societies in London, and for his brother Scots outside those societies. Ever ready to help, he is unselfish and generous. Mr Rintoul is one of the founders of the London Fife Association, and was its first treasurer, and its secretary for no fewer than twenty years, and is now a vice-president of that society. He was one of the founders, the treasurer, and later secretary and chairman of the Federated Council of Scottish Associations in London, which did so much valuable work in sending comforts to the Scottish troops and Scottish prisoners during the Great War.

Other excellent work to his credit during the War included the chairmanship of the Clapham Hostel for Belgian Refugees, in recognition of which he was decorated by the King of the Belgians.

For many years he has been a managing governor of the Royal Scottish Corporation, and a member of the Finance Committee of the Royal Caledonian Schools, and in addition to many other honorary positions, he is a past-president of the Burns Club of London.

We have all been proud to sit under him during his Presidency, and his term of office, I feel sure, will long be remembered.

Mr Miln then read part of a letter which had been sent to the President by Mr John Douglas, apologizing for being absent owing to his illness. Mr Douglas wrote :

You have won your spurs by good hard work, and those of us who like myself have been comrades for over thirty years have no hesitation in proclaiming that you have worthily upheld our old Scottish traditions.

You have taken your share in the big jobs as well as the small, and I recall what to my mind was your greatest triumph—the splendid work you did for our Scottish soldiers during the War. You were indeed the real workers' guide in ameliorating the life of our Scottish lads when, as doing heart-breaking work in the trenches or having a miserable existence in hospital or prison camp, they carried through their duties in defending their country. You as Secretary of the affiliated Scottish Societies sent comforts and words of cheer to those who fought out the War and took the hard knocks. You never grudged any effort to let them know their countrymen and women were proud of them.

In the more peaceful task of being presidential head of the Caledonian Society you have given of your best for the cause, and with all our brother Caledonians I say without reserve you have always been a true Scot—one whom to know was to love whole-heartedly.

If we can't be present to express our admiration for your sterling

qualities we can think of you as the evening progresses and also think of the bad luck which prevents us being of the party who will honour your toast with Caledonian honours.

Mr Miln's speech and Mr Douglas's letter were received with loud applause, and the toast was honoured enthusiastically.

Mr Rintoul, replying, said he appreciated more than he could say the glowing words of his friend, William Miln. He was proud of the fact that he was President of the Society and of the associations which he had formed within its ranks.

In the course of the evening the Past-Presidents saluted the President, and Mrs Rintoul pinned on the breast of Mr William Miln, Past-President, and Mr John A. Brown, Hon. Secretary, the Gold Badge of the Society, which is awarded for valuable services rendered to the Society.

The musical programme was contributed to by Miss Catherine Stewart, Miss Alice Stephenson, Miss Ina Laurie, and Mr Tom Kinniburgh.

"Auld Lang Syne" wound up a Festival of great distinction.

NEW MEMBERS AND SAD LOSSES.

In the course of Session 1935-1936 ten new members were elected: William Bryce Binnie, Archibald Whyte, William George Buchanan, William McCallum Miller, Donald Alexander MacLennan, William Mackenzie Macphail, John Mornington Tyson, A. R. C. Fleming, David Houston, Lord Alness.

Death robbed us of Wm. Blane, C.B.E., Hon. Treasurer 1925-1926, President 1927-1928, joined the Society 1913; Dr Cumming Grant, joined the Society 1919; and John Douglas, Hon. Secretary 1907-1919, President 1920-1921, Hon. Historian 1923-1930, Life Member, joined the Society 1905.

The present membership is : Members of Council, 31; Life Members, 16; Ordinary Members, 85. Total, 132.

Obituary.

Past-President JOHN DOUGLAS.

One of the greatest losses that London Scottish societies generally, and the Caledonian Society of London in particular, has suffered in recent years occurred when Mr John Douglas passed to his rest at his home in Putney on 27th August, 1936. Mr Douglas took an active interest in the affairs of many purely English institutions such as the Putney Hospital, of which he was chairman, but it was to Scotland in London that he devoted the greater part of his busy life. He was President, Hon. Historian, and Hon. Secretary of the Caledonian Society, Life Managing Governor and Vice-President of the Royal Scottish Corporation, Life Managing Director of the Royal Caledonian Schools, Chairman of the Federated Council of Scottish Associations in London from 1914 to 1922, Chief of the Scottish Clans Association of London 1903-1906, Chairman of the Vernacular Circle of the Burns Club of London 1922-1923, President of the Burns Club of London 1923-1924, Member Robert Louis Stevenson (London) Club, Vice-President of the London Scottish Choir, Honorary Member of the London Scottish Regiment, Trustee of the St. Andrew's Soldiers' Club, Aldershot, Life Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, Member of the Old Edinburgh Club, Life Member of the St. Andrew Society, Edinburgh, Honorary Life Member of the St. Andrew's Society of the River Plate, Honorary Member of the Highland Society of New South Wales, Founder of the "Douglas Year Book of Scottish Associations."

Mr Douglas, who was a native of Edinburgh, was a governing director of William Douglas & Sons, Ltd., London and Edinburgh. He went to London in 1891 and at once, with extraordinary enthusiasm, plunged into the work of Scotland in the capital of the Auld Enemy.

He soon became a life managing governor of the Royal Scottish Corporation and later had been one of the six vice-presidents. Of the other great London Scottish charity, the Royal Caledonian Schools, Mr Douglas was a life managing director.

As chairman of the Federated Council of Scottish Associations in London from 1914 to 1922, Mr Douglas performed perhaps what he would himself consider to be his most arduous but most valuable work. That was the succouring of and bringing comfort to his fellow-countrymen—wounded men and prisoners of war—a work that alone will be a monument to him.

A mere catalogue of the offices held by Mr Douglas is amazing, and to the duties of each of these positions he brought the same conscientious and serious mind and left his offices with a knowledge of work faithfully discharged.

Of the London Scottish Regiment, Mr Douglas was an honorary member, and an active member of the Executive and General Purposes Committee of the Regimental War Memorial Fund.

He took part in organizing visits to Belgium and France, arranged by St. Barnabas Pilgrimages, whereby Scottish relatives were enabled to visit the graves of their kin who had fallen in the Great War and been laid to rest in France and Flanders.

In 1912 he was elected an honorary life member of the St. Andrew's Society of the River Plate, and was presented with a silver badge, and in 1925 he was elected an honorary member of the Highland Society

of New South Wales and was presented with the gold medal of the society.

He also held the gold badge of the Glasgow Exhibition (1911) in recognition of his acting with Mr T. R. Moncrieff as joint honorary secretary of the London Committee.

It was Mr Douglas's experience of the want of organized effort among London Scottish Societies that led him at considerable expense and great personal inconvenience and labour to establish the "Douglas Year Book of Scottish Associations," in the pages of which the tabulated Scottish Societies have been of untold value to Scots all over the world, and were a tribute to the editor's diligence and dogged hard work.

In 1924-1925 Mr and Mrs Douglas made a tour round the world, going by Panama and returning by Suez. During the tour they visited New Zealand, Tasmania, Victoria, New South Wales, and South Australia, where they came into touch with many Scottish Associations.

Mr Douglas had given numerous lectures on Scottish subjects at home and some of these he repeated to Scottish Societies overseas. On the return of Mr and Mrs Douglas, the Scots of London gave them a welcome-home dinner which was presided over by Lord Alness.

Mr Douglas leaves a widow, a son, and three daughters.

The remains of Mr Douglas were cremated at Golders Green on the 29th August. The simple but dignified service in the Crematorium was conducted by the Rev. A. E. Baker, of Toronto, who made special reference to the labours of Mr Douglas on behalf of the Royal Scottish Corporation and the other bodies ministering to Scots in London.

Among those present were : Mr Louden Douglas, son ; Mr Louden M'Queen Douglas, brother ; Mr and

Mrs A. MacDonald, son-in-law and daughter ; Mr I. D. MacDonald and Mr A. W. L. MacDonald, grandsons ; and Mr W. Stoddart Douglas, nephew.

Those representing Scottish associations and other institutions included Mr William Will and Mr Bankier, Royal Scottish Corporation ; Mr J. Cordery, Royal Caledonian Schools ; Mr J. B. Rintoul and Mr R. R. Wilson, Caledonian Society of London ; Sir Thomas Purves, Burns Club of London ; Mr Bonnyman, Clans Association of London ; Mr A. E. Campbell-Kerr, Ballarat and District Caledonian Society, Australia ; and Mr E. P. Coleman, Mr E. J. Waller Roberts, and Mr E. Hedgman, representing Putney Heath Hospital.

Miss Alice Hepburn, representing the Hepburn-Starey Blind Aid Society, of which Mr Douglas was vice-president, and Dr J. M. Bulloch, an old friend of Mr Douglas, were also present.

Tributes—"Burns Chronicle," 1937.

A writer in the *Burns Chronicle*, the organ of the Burns Federation, said :

Mr Douglas's capacity for honorary work was enormous. A mere recital of the names of the organizations in which he held high office would be impossible here, and had I not had the information from his own lips a few months before he left us, it would have been impossible to suggest those in which he found greatest pleasure. We were reviewing our work, and I asked Mr Douglas which of it he valued most. Immediately he replied : " The Douglas Year Book of Scottish Associations " (which he founded), the Royal Scottish Corporation (of which he was a Life Managing Governor and a Vice-President), the Caledonian Society of London (which he served as Hon. Secretary, Hon. Historian, and President), the Federated Council of Scottish Associations (Chairman 1914-1922), and the Burns Club of London.

Mr Douglas's interest in the Burns movement was lifelong. He was for many years a member of the London Club ; and when in 1920 the Vernacular Circle of the Club was mooted, Mr Douglas at once sprang to the possibilities of a movement which was meant to draw the attention of Scots people throughout the world to the neglected condition of the Lowland Scottish Vernacular, and to endeavour to prevent its decay. Mr Douglas was one of the keenest pioneers. Into the work he threw himself with determination ; and when the adverse criticism which reached London from Scotland was at its worst we laughed and

cynically predicted that the movement to prevent the decay of the Scottish tongue would one day spread to Scotland.

Mr Douglas was Chairman of the Vernacular Circle in 1922-1923, and in the latter year became President of the Club itself. As with everything he undertook, Mr Douglas served the Club faithfully. He was an ardent worshipper of Burns's humanity, for he himself hated all wrong, and as one of those who meted out financial assistance to down-and-out Scotsmen and Scotswomen through the Scottish Corporation he "gently scanned" his brother man. Never did man work for his native land, and for those objects which he held dear, with greater disinterestedness than this great Scotsman, big in stature but bigger in heart.

The Royal Scottish Corporation.

At the monthly meeting of the managing governors of the Royal Scottish Corporation on 9th September, 1936, warm tribute was paid to the memory of Mr Douglas, who was the senior Vice-President.

The Rev. Dr Fleming, Vice-President, who was in the chair, said that the death of Mr Douglas was an irreparable loss. Patriotic Scots throughout the Empire and the world knew him as a large-hearted, immensely assiduous, and ever unselfish friend. By endless correspondence, and latterly by extensive travel, he established personal contacts with scores of Scottish societies and many hundreds of individual Scots in every quarter of the globe.

Above all, in the beneficent activities of their ancient Corporation he found a congenial outlet for the sympathetic urge of his heart. Early in his career he realized that, enterprising and successful member as he was of an important business concern, such success was in itself a challenge actively to befriend those of their fellow-countrymen whom misfortune, age, and ailment had overtaken. He devoted many hours to the affairs of the Corporation, and with great pride watched the remarkable increase in its capital resources and the widening of its benevolence.

Dr Fleming paid tribute also to Mr Douglas's zeal in the preservation of the Scots Vernacular and in ennobling the veneration of Burns; his attainments as a Scottish archaeologist and antiquary; his work for other Scottish societies, for the London Scottish, and for tens of thousands of Scottish soldiers during the War, at St Columba's.

He moved the following resolution:

"That the Committee record with profound regret the great loss which the Corporation has sustained by the death, on 27th August, 1936, of their colleague and friend Mr John Douglas, F.S.A.(Scot.), Senior Vice-President of the Corporation and a member of the Committee of Management for over thirty years, whose unflinching interest in the Corporation's activities, loyal and enthusiastic work in the promotion of its objects, wise counsel in its direction, and practical sympathy for

his countrymen who had suffered misfortune had proved an inspiration to all patriotic and charitable Scots.

"That the Committee's deep sympathy be conveyed to Mrs Douglas and the members of her family in their sad and irreparable loss."

Mr William Will, Vice-President, said he found it difficult to speak of John Douglas without using language that to those who did not know him might appear exaggerated, for their late colleague possessed all those great qualities of heart and head that turned his friends into ardent admirers.

In the passing of our brother he thought they would all agree that, apart from the sadness that comes at the close of the life of a dear personal friend, there was no cause there for tears or lamentation. Their friend had lived beyond the allotted span; he had crowded into that long life good deeds performed for his native land and for the helpless in the land of his adoption; he was loved by all who had the benefit of his friendship; and he had during his lifetime proof of that love.

It was not necessary to recite in detail to the Governors of the Royal Scottish Corporation the many media through which John Douglas's works of patriotism and mercy were carried on, for they all knew how wholeheartedly he threw himself into the work of the Corporation, the Royal Caledonian Schools, the Caledonian Society, the Clans Association, the London Scottish, the Burns Club, the Hepburn-Starey Blind Aid Society, and the Putney Hospital. And at the same time he was the head and mainspring of a great business concern with connections in many parts of the world.

Through that Corporation in particular his good works were many and greatly valued. And until the end it was never far from his thoughts. "Only sixteen days before he died," said the speaker, "he told me in a letter written in his familiar bold hand that showed not the slightest sign of weakening or wavering, that he had intended coming to the August meeting of the Managing Governors—that is just a month ago."

Never in any shape or form a self-seeker, John Douglas hated all forms of snobbery and humbug. To him the lowliest in the land, if honest and upright, were as important as those who occupied the seats of the mighty. John Douglas firmly believed that "kind hearts are more than coronets," and if he could not suffer unworthy Scotsmen gladly, he was always ready to gently scan his brother man, and look for the best rather than the worst in humanity.

His own love of country, his own great humanity, his own democratic spirit, his own inherent love of justice and fair play for the under dog, being the principles that guided him in his life, were the bases of his intense admiration for Scotland's democratic poetic mouthpiece.

Mr Douglas was blessed in his family life, and that day they were thinking of the bereaved gentle lady who was his partner in his joys and sorrows, and to whose devotion Mr Douglas has paid tribute oftener than once. To her and the family the Governors extended their profound sympathy.

Whatever they said of John Douglas must be inadequate, but this they could say, that he had left the world a much better, a much sweeter place.

They could say, as Hamlet said, "He was a man, take him for all

in all," but he would not complete that quotation, for he believed that the influence of John Douglas and others like him would live and inspire younger men with the same spirit of self-sacrificing service that he himself gave, so that through him they might look upon his like again.

Mr J. B. Rintoul's Tribute.

At the Council's dinner following the meeting on 22nd October, 1936, Mr J. B. Rintoul, the President, asked the company to drink a silent toast to the memory of our Past-President John Douglas. Mr Rintoul said :

We meet to-night in the shadow of a great loss. Although John Douglas died two months ago, this is the first occasion that our Society has met since then. Tributes have been paid already to his memory by organizations with which he was associated, notably in the Royal Scottish Corporation ; and it would be difficult indeed to express our thoughts in more fitting and more tender language than in the eloquent words used on that occasion by Dr Fleming and Mr Will.

But was it not in the Caledonian Society where the restraints are thrown off, and we meet as brothers, that we got nearer to the man, than in the more confined atmosphere of an orthodox business meeting ?

I often think how in appraising men after they have left us, in our desire to be kindly, we use our most extreme epithets in their praise, when really the objects of our adulation have been scarcely more than warm-hearted mediocrities. John Douglas, measured by all the most exacting standards, was a great man, and to us he was a great Scotsman.

I have exchanged words in the last few weeks with not a few men who knew our departed friend, some intimately, some indirectly, and, without exception or reservation, all acclaimed him a great man.

It was his many-sided gifts, embodied in a most lovable personality, that endeared him to us.

I am not attempting to go through his list of activities, the causes that claimed his life, or the interests that were served by his rich and generous sympathy—these, we know, will be faithfully and reverently recorded by his *cronie* and *confidante*, and will illumine the pages of our *Chronicles*. One is tempted on such occasions to try to find out what really were the reasons why our friend occupied such a unique and honourable position ; as is usual, I think you will find the explanation very *simple*. *Sincerity* was the very breath of his nostrils. John Douglas, as I saw him, in everything that he did, imposed upon himself the *supreme* test. Shakespeare crystallized it : " To thine own self be true, and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

His courage, his devotion, his untiring energy, were each in its turn complementary to what he believed to be right ; his standard was high—as was said of another " he nothing common did nor mean." Then he had vision, a great gift, and strength of mind and body, which led him to *do* noble deeds, not *dream* them all day long.

Until his last illness we knew him as a giant physically, and he gave unsparingly of himself to causes which brought him no material advantages, but which earned for him the respect and affection of his fellow-men.

I saw him fairly frequently, and spoke to him often, during those many months when he was cut off practically from the outside world, and his calm acceptance of his fate was typical of the big many-sided man that he was. I never heard him repine, but he loved to know what was going on in the spheres which had meant so much to him in kindlier days.

You may or may not agree with this—Whether the form of his passing, the almost unknown funeral, what seemed to be the opportunity withheld of even remembering him in the Kirk of his Fathers and ours, whether these circumstances, possibly his own expressed wish—whether these do not harmonize with his simple, unostentatious life, and serve to throw into even greater relief his dominant figure.

The memory of men such as John Douglas rests not upon something which is ephemeral, but something which is abiding. We shall best perpetuate his memory by holding fast to the spirit that actuated him in a long and useful life, with its manifold experiences and relationships.

Farewell! brother Caledonian.

Past-President WILLIAM BLANE, C.B.E.

On 11th March, 1936, Past-President William Blane, C.B.E., passed to his rest. Mr Blane joined the Society in 1913 and was President in 1928-1929.

At the opening meeting of his Session, Mr Blane gave a Sentiment on his own poems (see "Chronicles," Vol. 1921-1930, pages 179-183).

In *The Times* of 18th March, the following biographical notes appeared:

Mr William Blane, the well-known mining engineer and writer, died on 11th March at the age of seventy-seven. He was a member of the Institute of Mining Engineers and of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers. As a very popular member of the Savage Club, he was well known as the author of many volumes of poems, of which "Lays of Life and Hope," "The Silent Land," and "A Ballad of Men" had a wide circulation, especially in Africa. He also published quite recently a novel entitled "Betsy Baxter."

An intensely patriotic Scotsman, he was a noted member of the Caledonian Society, of which he was president in 1928-1929. He was quite a young man when he went to South Africa, where he became manager and consulting engineer to many well-known mines, and founded the firm of Blane & Co. Owing to ill-health he returned to England in 1909, where he retained an active interest in the business.

Mr Blane was necessarily a great traveller, but few engineers have seen so much of the world in an official capacity. In 1901 he was commissioned by the Government to inspect and report upon railways and mining in Australia. Between 1909 and 1914 he was commissioned by the *Engineer* to report on railways and docks in South Africa, India, China, Japan, the United States, and Canada. During the first year of the Great War he held no special post, but during 1915-1916 he was Senior Technical Assistant to the Directorate of Army Contracts stationed at Sheffield. During 1917-1919 he was Assistant Director of Army Contracts. When occupying these posts he displayed an uncommon freshness of mind in dealing with red tape and official conventions and a remarkable capacity for getting his own way, owing no doubt to his considerable gifts of humour. In 1920 he gave evidence before the Coal Industry Commissioners. In later life he was chiefly devoted to literature, and contributed to the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Bookman*, and other critical journals. In 1917 he was made C.B.E.

There is one surviving daughter of his first marriage. In 1902 he married again, and his widow, who was Miss Bertha Roberts, is the sister of Morley Roberts, the writer.

On Thursday, 26th March, Rev. Dr Fleming conducted a memorial service in St. Columba's, Pont Street.

DR CUMMING GRANT.

Dr Alfred A. Cumming Grant, who died in November, 1935, at the age of eighty-three, joined the membership of the Society in 1919.

Dr Grant's life was one of those Scottish romances which are numerous in the history of our country. He was born in Glen Urquhart, and worked as a farm hand on the small farm tenanted by his father. He left his native glen to work in a Glasgow drapery warehouse so that he might be able to attend evening classes and enter Glasgow University.

He graduated in medicine and surgery, and after acting as surgeon and physician in Glasgow Maternity Hospital and as a ship's surgeon and in private practice at Govan, he went as a ship's doctor on voyages to India, and thereafter came to London and opened his first surgery off Portland Road about fifty years ago.

Dr Cumming Grant built up a large practice among the people of all creeds and races who inhabit Soho, and many a tale is told of the generosity of this warm-hearted Highlander.

During his life he was a robust Presbyterian, and as was said in the *Times* when he died, he carried his Christian principles into practice, and enjoyed the respect of Jew and Gentile client alike.

Besides having a large private practice, Dr Grant acted as medical referee to several insurance companies, physician for the Moss group of theatres, a number of hotels, the Order of Israel and other Jewish

societies, St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Schools for Boys, and the Central Y.M.C.A.

He often helped his poor patients spiritually as well as financially, and to the benefit of rich and poor alike he carried on his practice until he was eighty years of age.

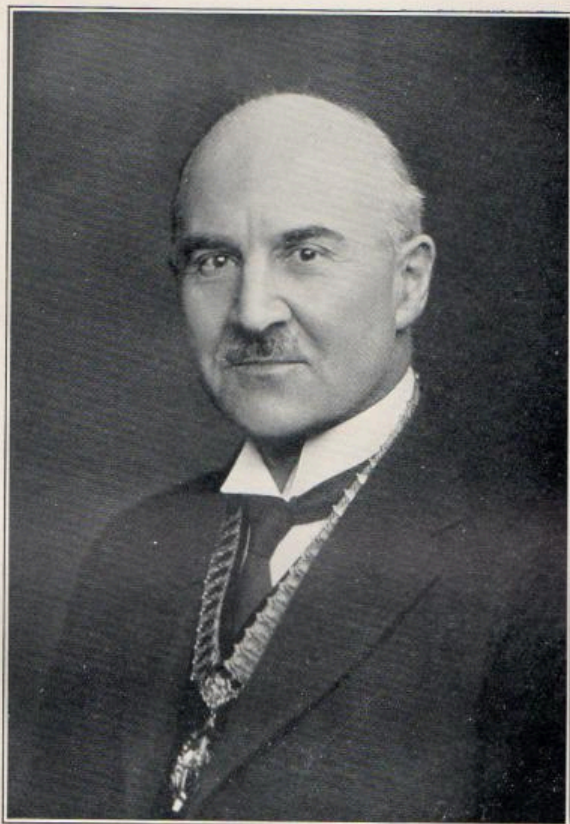
He had not been long in London before the organized life of Scotland in the capital attracted him. He was an active member of the Gaelic Society of London, and in January, 1935, was appointed to be Chief in succession to his old friend, Sir Ian Macpherson (later Lord Strathcarron). The Doctor was President of the London Inverness-shire Association. He was pioneer of the Gaelic services at Crown Court Church, which have developed into one of the outstanding religious services in London. He was keenly interested in the work of the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools, and he was a constant attender of the monthly meetings of our own Society.

His loyalty to old friends was notorious. His friendship with the late Lord Seafield and the late Rev. John MacNeill were among his most cherished memories, and one of the incidents indicative of his thoroughness is that during the first General Election in which Sir Murdoch MacDonald stood as Parliamentary candidate for Inverness-shire, he travelled up to Glen Urquhart on the polling day to exercise his vote for his friend, having at that time been an elector by reason of being proprietor of his old family home of Oakbank.

"One who knew the Doctor" wrote a fine tribute in the *Daily Sketch*. "On the day of the funeral," wrote this friend, "knock after knock was heard at the flat where the Doctor lived at Bedford Court Mansions, W.C. The door opened and a small bunch of flowers was handed in. The flowers were from a poor Jewish cobbler. He was one of the countless poor people helped by the Doctor . . . and he had not forgotten. Neither had others, who followed with their tributes. 'Dr Grant gave away thousands of pounds to those in need. The Doctor knew of practically every Scot coming to London and used his influence to get many of them work,' Mrs Horesford, a relative of the Doctor by marriage, said. One man will miss him in particular. He is a former traveller who lost a fortune of thousands of pounds. To-day he is a match-seller. The Doctor knew him when he was rich, and for several years past has given him money every day to pay for his board and lodging.

"The Doctor could not refuse anyone help. He made it a rule that he would not charge the widow or dependent of a soldier who had lost his life in the War. One day he said, 'I cannot eat my dinner. I wonder if young So-and-so (a student) is cold.' He went out and bought a complete set of underwear for the young fellow and sent it to him."

Dr Cumming Grant's remains were interred in Kilmore Churchyard in his native Glen Urquhart, in the family grave beside his wife, who died in 1913.



THOMAS MILNE STEPHEN, J.P.
President 1936-1937

CHAPTER VII.

1936-1937 : MR THOMAS MILNE STEPHEN,
President.

The President an Aberdeenshire Banker: Sentiments—"Scotland in the Next Hundred Years," by the Right Hon. W. S. Morrison, K.C., M.P.; "The Romance of Race," by Lieut.-Colonel W. Stewart Roddie, C.V.O.; "The Scot in Exile," by Mr Maxwell Fyfe, K.C., M.P.; "Scottish Genius in Surgery," by Sir David P. Wilkie, O.B.E., F.R.C.S.; "St. Giles in Scottish History," by the Very Rev. Dr Charles L. Warr, Dean of the Thistle. The Festival: the Hon. Harold Nicolson, C.M.G., M.P., on the Scot and the Society; Message from the King; the President on our objects; a toast to Past-President John Macmillan. A Gift from the President.

IN the first of the Centenary Sessions the Chair was occupied by an Aberdeenshire banker, Mr Thomas Milne Stephen, J.P., the London manager of the North of Scotland Bank, who had joined the Caledonian Society in 1926, and became a member of the Committee in 1929-1930. In Session 1934-1935 Mr Stephen was elected Hon. Auditor, and in the following year he was elevated to the vice-presidency, so that in ten years the President for this Session moved from the membership to the Chair.

Mr Stephen is a native of the village of Alford in Aberdeenshire, which also gave birth to Dr Charles Murray ("Hamewith"), whose work in the Scottish Lowland Vernacular has found its place among the immortal poetry of Scotland.

Mr Stephen has banking blood in his veins, for his father, under whom our President served his apprenticeship, was for over half a century the agent of the North of Scotland Bank at Alford.

Having ended his training in the village bank, Mr Stephen was transferred to the head office at Aberdeen, where he was made fully acquainted with the Inspecting and Securities Departments, experience that was to prove of great value to him in the future.

The President in 1899 moved to Elgin, where he was appointed accountant, and in 1910 he became joint agent, and on his colleague's death in 1919 Mr Stephen became sole agent.

When at Elgin he was made a Justice of the Peace for the county; and many commercial enterprises in the northern counties benefited by him becoming associated with them, in several cases as a director.

He was first Chairman of the Northern Committee of the Northern Assurance Company.

Mr Stephen in 1923 was promoted to be joint local manager at Edinburgh, and on the retirement in 1924 of his colleague he was appointed sole local manager. Among his enterprises in the capital was a directorship of the Scottish Metropolitan Assurance Company.

Mr Stephen came to London in September, 1924, to open for the North of Scotland Bank a London office. This was in Moorgate, and as manager he soon developed the Bank's business to such an extent that the Moorgate offices became too small, and larger premises were secured at Lothbury.

Of Mr Stephen *The Scottish Bankers' Magazine* wrote :

Mr Stephen has the driving quality necessary for the city banker, and he has also the shrewdness and suavity indispensable in the conduct of London business. A fortunate temperament, which can adapt itself to varied conditions of service, is a factor in his composition which no doubt accounts for much of his success. He is a life member of the Institute of Bankers in Scotland, having passed both examinations at an early period of his banking career.

Mr Stephen, when he came to London, entered with great spirit into Scottish life in the Metropolis. Not only did he join the Caledonian Society, but he took an active part in the work of the Royal Scottish Corporation, and later became a Life Managing Governor. His work as Chairman of the Finance Committee has been particularly valuable.

Mr Stephen was also elected to the eldership of St. Columba's, and has on several occasions been a representative at the General Assembly.

For his recreations Mr Stephen to-day prefers angling in the Scottish lochs and rivers, and as he is a good shot he doesn't miss an opportunity of a day among the pheasants and partridges. When in Aberdeen Mr Stephen was a member of the Aberdeenshire Cricket Club, and played in the county team.

With his thoroughness, the new President promises to maintain the prestige and traditions of the one hundred year-old Caledonian Society of London.

The other offices for the Session were filled as follows: Vice-President, Sir Murdoch MacDonald, M.P.; Hon. Secretary, Mr P. N. McFarlane; Hon. Treasurer, Mr R. R. Wilson; Hon. Auditor, Mr John McLaren; Hon. Historian, Mr William Will.

THE LATE PAST-PRESIDENT JOHN DOUGLAS.

At the opening Council meeting of the new Session 1936-1937, the President, Mr T. M. Stephen, made it

his first duty to refer to Past-President John Douglas's death. Mr Stephen said :

It is fitting and right that we do homage to the memory of one of the great Past-Presidents of this Society. I beg to move the following motion :

" The Council and members of the Caledonian Society of London record, with deep regret, the death of their honoured member and Past-President, Mr John Douglas. They recognize that, with him, passes one of those who inherited the traditions of the greater Caledonians and who, in every respect, deserved to be regarded as one of their number. Throughout his long connection as member, President, Honorary Secretary, and Honorary Historian, he had been a source of strength and inspiration to the Society and his memory will be long cherished.

" The Council and members offer to Mrs Douglas and to the family, including Past-President MacDonald, this expression of their sympathy with them in their bereavement."

The passing of our beloved Past-President, John Douglas (continued Mr Stephen), caused a deep sense of personal loss to all who knew him.

He belonged to a generation older than a number of our members, and many were privileged to know him more intimately than I did. He was Secretary for twelve years, President for 1920-1921, and Honorary Historian from 1923 to 1930. These facts convey but a fragment of what he stood for in this Society, for he was honoured by all who knew him and of him.

He was a man of vision, of deep and abiding charity, he had all the qualities which make a man great. He was unselfish to a degree—he possessed that sympathetic disposition which drew the best from every one he met. He was a great friend, unswerving in his loyalty, and he hated injustice.

Outside one of the city churches is a " Thought for the Week " as follows : " The real importance of a man is measured by his usefulness." By that standard John Douglas was a great man. He was identified in his time with practically every Scottish patriotic and philanthropic movement, and so wide were those interests, discharged always with uprightness, enthusiasm and wisdom, that he was described as " The Prime Minister of Scotland in London."

May I refer to three of his dominant activities ? He was Chairman of the Federated Council of Scottish Associations in London (from 1914 to 1922), which provided comforts for the Scottish troops and Scottish prisoners in the Great War. That Council distributed over 75,000 articles to our soldiers, and their beneficent activity in other directions brought cheer and hope to many of our brave countrymen.

From this it is not a far step to another of his outstanding interests—his care for the Scottish poor in London—his consideration for those who by reason of misfortune, infirmity, or old age had fallen by the way. To continuous personal charity he added years of work in the Royal Scottish Corporation, of which he was a Vice-President at his death. Of the other great Scottish charity, the Caledonian Schools, he was a Life Managing Director.

His third great interest was in this Society, in which he spent some of his happiest moments. Throughout his connection with the Society as a member, office-bearer, and as contributor of a number of distinguished Sentiments, full of originality and humour, he brought to our meetings the charm of his personality and a geniality which was peculiarly his own.

Of him it can truthfully be said :

“ Unskilled he to fawn or seek for power,
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize.
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.”

We remember, too, at this time, his partner in life, who shared his joys and sorrows. To her and to their family we express our affectionate sympathy and regard.

And so we bid him farewell. In this there is always a touch of sadness but not of sorrow. He died full of years, honoured in his day and generation. We give thanks for his great gifts and his high ideals. Long may his memory inspire this Society, which he loved.

Past-President P. N. McFarlane, in seconding the resolution, said :

I am proud to be associated with the resolution just proposed by the President. It will be very difficult to imagine the Caledonian Society without John Douglas. He was the ideal of what a Caledonian should be—his work for the Society and his interest in it never flagged. He was Secretary for many years and, after his year as President, was looked up to by every member as one of the elder statesmen. His kindly word was law ; he never let us down. We remember, with gratitude, all that he was to us. His sentiments, his recitations (“ That’s hoo the lassie broke the bowl ”), and above all, his genial and kindly presence made it worth while to be a Caledonian. It was given to me, in collaboration with Past-President William Will to be associated with him in the production of the “Scots Year Book,” and the intimacy of these years made John Douglas one of my heroes. He was a man, and I feel sure that his wish for every member of the Society would be that the old traditions should be maintained, and each one of us should be a leal Caledonian. If we carry on in the spirit of John Douglas, the Society cannot do other than flourish.

RIGHT HON. W. S. MORRISON, K.C., M.P., ON
SCOTLAND IN THE NEXT HUNDRED YEARS.

The Little Dinner which the Society held at the Connaught Rooms, on Thursday, 12th November, 1936, was a notable landmark in its history. Not only was it the opening meeting of the Centenary year, but it synchronized with the promotion to Cabinet rank of

that distinguished and most popular Scot, Mr W. S. Morrison, who was the principal guest of the evening.

In the course of the proceedings occasion was taken by the speakers to congratulate Mr Morrison on his appointment as Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries ; and Mr Morrison himself treated the company to a delightful speech in which he dealt in an interesting way with the traits in our Scottish character.

Mr T. M. Stephen, J.P., the President, was in the chair, and near him at the top table were Mr Morrison, Sir Alexander Gibb, Mr Beverley Baxter, M.P., and the Rev. Dr Archibald Fleming. After the loyal toasts, Mr Stephen, in a neat little speech, introduced Mr Morrison.

Mr Morrison, said Mr Stephen, had been the ablest Financial Secretary to the Treasury they had ever had, and he was confident that in his new office as Minister for Agriculture and Fisheries he would be no less successful. (Applause.) But he was best known to them in the Caledonian Society as a Scotsman. The press had described his wonderful career as that of a meteor. He, the speaker, preferred to regard it as that of a planet, and before long, he was sure, it would be regarded as that of one of the major planets in the political firmament. (Applause.)

Mr Morrison, who had a hearty reception, said that despite the things said about him by the President, he spoke in no rashly exulting mood. He was in the position of the man who had been suddenly kicked out of the counting-house into the farm-yard, and since he had accepted the invitation of the Caledonian Society he had been so busy pulling bits of straw out of his hair and trying to get himself into a clean condition so that he might attend the banquet, that he had not been able to devote the necessary care and attention to the task of discussing " Scotland in the next hundred years."

"I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet," went on Mr Morrison, "and the only safe way to prophesy on this subject is to look at the past, and particularly at those elements in the past which are not mere events, but which are traits of character; because character is destiny, and character reproduces itself unflinchingly in the future. So what I intend to say about Scotland will be founded upon no rash speculation as to the course of events in this troubled and changing world, but upon what I conceive to be some elements in the Scottish character. And those elements, I propose to try and show, give us a fair chance of surviving the next hundred years. (Laughter and applause.)

One thing about Scotland had always occurred to him in recent discussions. That was—they were much less bellicose than the English. (Laughter.) When he viewed the activity of some of his friends, and the way in which they would, for some reason or other, skilfully involve the Scots in some sort of dreadful position, he thought of Englishmen as people who, though they had often been defeated, had always concealed the fact from themselves; whereas the Scots, in their long and troubled history, maintaining their land frontier against the menace of their more powerful and populous neighbour, had learned what fighting meant.

A sentiment which might fittingly be expressed that night in talking about Scotland in the next hundred years was the old Border slogan: "It will be moonlicht again." That was the sentiment with which those of our ancestors who lived on the Scottish Border used to console themselves for some temporary reverse at the hands of the English. And to-night he would speak to them, not as one who wished to crack the time-old joke about all Scotsmen being successful, and "heids o' deparments," but as one who wished them to take from the martial history of their own people a little speck of comfort that they would get over their difficulties and it "would be moonlicht again."

The Scots were in some senses more, or at least equally martial with the English. They had seen more from both ends. They had attacked and they had been attacked. They had been victorious and they had been defeated—temporarily. (Laughter.) But it was surprising to reflect that the Border of Scotland as it existed to-day, the Border to which the English proudly claim they pushed the Scots in the past, was almost exactly the same Border to which the Romans had pushed them. All through a thousand years they had maintained that frontier.

What traits in the national character had enabled them to do that?

In the first place they could claim courage. The courage of their ancestors had been beyond dispute, and that great virtue, which was much more important in other spheres than it was in the strictly martial sphere, had enabled their people to maintain their identity unimpaired. But there was more than courage in it. From their martial history there had come down a sort of persistence which was the legacy of those whose way had not always been easy. The third virtue was a very curious one. He frequently heard in London expressions of amazement from his English friends who had been to Scotland at the politeness with which they had been greeted by the humble folk of their native glens. There seemed to be a curious idea in some southern minds that you could not be polite unless you had a great deal of money. (Laughter.) That was not the spirit of Scotland, and he had often

wondered what was the source of this extraordinary contact with delicacy. Sometimes people went so far as to mistake it for deceit.

But this politeness was a legacy from the days when in the Highlands an ill-word meant a blow, and a blow meant a battle, and the battle, even if successful, was not the end of it, because a feud persisted, even unto the third and fourth generations. The courtesy which was originally enjoined upon the people by these martial considerations became habitual.

Mr Morrison said he had always placed a great deal of importance upon that trait in our national character. There were many situations which could be eased and avoided if we could keep before us the idea that we should not send a man away with a sore heart.

There was one other trait which deserved careful consideration. The Scottish people, Lowland or Highland, Catholic or Protestant, had always seemed to him to have a particular grasp of the structure in which, for the moment, they were placed. The love of the Scottish people for the doctrines of predestination was not a mere whim brought about by any powerful religious proselytizing at a certain stage in our history. The Scot had always fancied himself as part of a great machine that never ran down.

"When I look forward to the next hundred years," concluded Mr Morrison, "I believe that the Scots as a race have as good a chance of surviving as any race that has ever been brought into the world." (Applause).

Sir Alexander Gibb gave the toast, "The Author of the Sentiment." Mr Morrison, by his past career, said Sir Alexander, had set an example, not only to all Scotsmen, but to all human beings. They admired the way he had done the things which had marked his career, and they had a great deal of satisfaction in knowing that he was a Scotsman. The members of the Caledonian Society looked to Mr Morrison as one who would reach the top of the ladder, and who would leave behind him, when the time came, a fine example of what Scotland in general and the Highlands in particular could do. (Applause.)

Following Sir Alexander's speech two new members, Mr W. M. Macphail and Mr David Houston, were received into the Society with traditional ceremony.

The President said the Caledonian Society congratulated itself on having men of the character and standing of Mr Macphail and Mr Houston. Mr Macphail was a close friend of his own, and he was the

managing director of a large South African house, while Mr Houston was the well-known head of a large banking institution in London.

The new members were toasted by the company. Mr Macphail, in reply, said one of the objects of the Caledonian Society was to preserve the picturesque garb of Old Gaul. He was particularly interested in this. Last year, he attended a meeting of the Royal Empire Society, and there he saw only one gentleman in Highland dress. He, Mr Macphail, was so struck with his manly appearance that he approached him and asked him what part of Scotland he came from. To his surprise the answer was: "New Zealand!" It was gratifying, however, to see that in the Highlands so many young men were wearing the kilt. He had been at the Inverness Mod last year, and it was while watching these young men in Highland dress that he reflected that they should do all in their power in London to encourage the habit in London Scots. (Applause.)

Mr Houston said he had been greatly struck by the spirit of good-fellowship that was evident amongst the members of the Caledonian Society. He was proud to have been elected a member, and he assured them that he would do all in his power to maintain their traditions.

Mr Duncan Macmillan, in proposing "The Guests," said he felt that the honour of being allowed to give this toast was a compliment to his father, then on his way to Australia. The passing years seemed to have settled a certain dignity and tradition on the Caledonian Society, and members therefore liked to think that they were able to offer their guests something out of the ordinary. He coupled with the toast the name of Mr Beverley Baxter, the well-known and popular member of Parliament for Wood Green, and a journalist who had done great work in his profession. They

wished Mr Baxter a successful political career. (Applause.)

Mr Beverley Baxter, in reply, said: "When one becomes an M.P. one attends many strange dinners. Some of the gentlemen you meet speak to you with the intelligence of the Scot; some are dreadful bores. (Laughter.) Occasionally, by the law of average, you go to a dinner at which you find good-fellowship and mental and even spiritual stimulus. I claim that such a dinner is to-night. I have thoroughly enjoyed myself. And, mind you, although I am not recently Scottish—(laughter)—my ancestors left Stirling perhaps for the same reason that Mr Shakespeare Morrison left Scotland. (Laughter.) I am not sure that my ancestor ran twice for Parliament in Scotland, but probably, like Mr Morrison, was twice rejected by the Scots, and came to this country of England, which is strangely patient with genius. (Laughter.) The English recognized in Mr Morrison the qualities which you, gentlemen, failed to recognize—even to the extent, I understand, of paying his election expenses. (Laughter.) Gentlemen, how different it is in Wood Green." (Laughter.)

In the House of Commons, said Mr Baxter, there are three types of men who could get a job—the man who had been to Eton, the man who was educated at Harrow, and the man who came from Scotland, whether he was educated or not. (Laughter.)

Their guest of honour that night had risen to Cabinet rank in incredible time. Dick Whittington had nothing on Mr Morrison's story. (Laughter.) But fate, which had accelerated his heels, had just given him a job in which no man had ever succeeded—a job as Minister of Agriculture. As Minister of Agriculture his job was to administer a policy that didn't exist. (Laughter.) It would take all the native sagacity, patience, character, and sang-froid that Mr Morrison

could summon to convince them that he had not failed when his time was up. But he, Mr Baxter, predicted that Mr Morrison would succeed. (Applause.) He liked the man. (Laughter.) But if he did not become Prime Minister he would not like him so much. (Laughter.) He believed that Scotland would supply the Prime Minister of this country in a reasonable time. (Applause.)

Mr Baxter told the company that during the War he came from Canada to this country for the first time, and "owing to a slight misunderstanding with the Germans," went to a beautiful home in Scotland to recuperate, where a family by the name of Menzies looked after him. One day he and some other wounded officers were taken on a trip to Rossie Priory, the home of Lord Kinnaird, who was so ill that he was unable to do the honours of the host. They were hospitably entertained, and on leaving there appeared, to say good-bye, the invalid, Lord Kinnaird, who felt that he would have been an unhappy man had he not been able to say good-bye and thanks to men who had come from the inferno across the Channel. (Applause.)

Vice-President Sir Murdoch MacDonald, M.P., proposed the toast, "The Past-Presidents," a Sentiment always honoured on the opening night of every session. Sir Murdoch spoke of the great history of the Society, and said that the strength of the Caledonian Society was the strength of its Presidents. Unless the Society had had men of outstanding qualities of leadership it could not have existed, let alone flourished as it had for a hundred years. He had known a good many Presidents of the Society, every one of whom was a credit to the land that gave him birth. He coupled the toast with the name of Past-President William Will.

Past-President William Will replied, and said he had hoped that Dr Fleming would respond for the Past-Presidents, but when, as an adept in the gentle

art of what is vulgarly known as "passing the buck," he (the speaker) had suggested this, he was told that never before had a senior Past-President attempted to shirk the task, and so as the senior Past-President present he had to tackle the job. His endeavour to pass the toast on to Dr Fleming raised the old debating society question, "The Pulpit or the Press?" which made the relation of the story of the Aberdeenshire minister and his home farm servant parishioner permissible. The minister asked the farm servant, who had been attending evening classes, how he was progressing with his reading lessons. "Oh, jist fine, sir," was the reply. "We're noo oot o' the Bible an' into the newspapers." Progress with a vengeance!

Mr Will referred to the work of the latest Past-President, Mr J. B. Rintoul, whose year of office would long be remembered as having been in the best traditions of the Society. He congratulated the President on his election to the chair, and predicted a great Session.

"I am sure, gentlemen," continued the speaker, "when you honoured this toast many of you were, as I was, thinking of that great Caledonian who has since our last Session passed to his well-won rest. John Douglas was one of the best-loved of our Past-Presidents. Tributes have been paid to his work and his worth by Dr Fleming, Mr Rintoul, Mr McFarlane, and you, Mr President, and it is not necessary for me to do more here than say that no London Scot in recent years has done more for Scotland in London than John Douglas, a man determined in opposing social wrongs, and generous in his examination of human frailty. For many years I had the privilege of being closely associated with him in many patriotic undertakings—including his monumental 'Douglas Scots Year Book'—and I saw much of the determined Scotsness of which he was compounded.

“Scotland to John Douglas was a passion, and from everything Scottish he drew the best parts. The result was a great Caledonian. John Douglas’s life was an inspiration, and I hope you will not consider it out of place if I ask the company to drink a silent toast to the memory of a Great Caledonian, John Douglas.”

The toast was honoured in silence.

The London Scottish Choir, which gave several Scottish songs throughout the evening, here sang with great feeling “The Flowers of the Forest,” and a memorable evening in the history of the Society closed with “Auld Lang Syne.”

THE ROMANCE OF RACE.

At the Little Dinner on Thursday, 10th December, 1936, the President introduced Lieut.-Colonel W. Stewart Roddie, C.V.O., as a gentleman who had done great work for his country, and whose gifts as a raconteur would be shown in the Sentiment which Colonel Roddie had been good enough to promise to give them.

Colonel Roddie for an hour entertained his large audience to an amazing address on “The Romance of Race: Scots, English, and Irish.” By story, literary quotation, and music at the piano, Colonel Roddie showed how the three races that made up the British Isles varied in their mental make-up.

Mr G. C. Robertson and Sir Murdoch MacDonald moved thanks to Colonel Roddie for his wonderfully eloquent address. Sir Murdoch said that Colonel Roddie was a good example of the persistence of race. He was the son of a father of equal brilliance. The Colonel’s gift of eloquence was given to few. He (Sir Murdoch) had read a little history, and he would not like to say that he agreed with all that his friend had

said. It was hardly correct to say that the Nordic race went out and made the Empire, while the Celtic race remained at home. They were indebted to the Sentiment-giver for his work of art, for that was what his address actually was.

Colonel Roddie, in returning thanks, said he considered it a great honour to be allowed to address his fellow-Scots. As a Highlander, he considered his compatriots the salt of the earth. He had been in most parts of the world, had met them almost everywhere in positions of trust, and he had had no occasion to change his opinion.

To Mr John Swan was entrusted the toast, "The Guests." Mr Swan said the eloquence of Colonel Roddie made it difficult for a mere layman in speech to do justice to what should be the principal toast at every Caledonian meeting. He coupled with the toast the name of Colonel Norrie, who in reply said it was a great privilege to be there that night.

Mr James R. Crawford, in his rich voice, sang several Scottish songs, the Piper gave his selection and toast, and the meeting closed with "Auld Lang Syne."

MR MAXWELL FYFE, K.C., M.P., ON THE SCOT
IN EXILE.

On taking the chair at the first Little Dinner in 1937—held in the Connaught Rooms on 14th January—the President, Mr Stephen, wished the members and their guests a happy and prosperous New Year. He said they would all be sorry to know that through illness Sir William Wallace McKechnie was unable to travel from Edinburgh, but they hoped that he would have a speedy recovery and be their guest at a future

gathering. (Hear, hear.) He particularly, and the Society, were grateful that Mr Maxwell Fyfe, K.C., M.P., had at almost a moment's notice agreed to take Sir William's place and give them the Sentiment on "The Scot in Exile." (Applause.)

Mr Maxwell Fyfe (said the President) is a characteristic product of Scotland, and his career is characteristic of so many Scotsmen who have obtained distinction in the world. If I describe his career as an adventure it is only because like so many others of his race he attained success by his own efforts and by his own merit, and not in that he started with any great material advantages beyond those which I hope we still value—a sound upbringing and a sound education. (Hear, hear.) Mr Maxwell Fyfe is well qualified to speak on the topic of "The Scot in Exile." Your welcome will be even warmer as I have told you he has been so good as to come and share in our evening at the last moment and to undertake to give the Sentiment almost without warning.

Mr Maxwell Fyfe, giving the Sentiment, "The Scot in Exile," said :

It is indeed a great pleasure for me to be with you to-night, especially because certain events in the House of Commons prevented my being with you on the last occasion when you were good enough to ask me, and I was indeed pleased at the chance which the ill-fate of Sir William McKechnie gave to me.

I realize that a number of you must be feeling at the back of your minds that your presence has been obtained to-night on false pretences and instead of hearing the story of sixty years of education in Scotland you will merely see, after you have heard my speech, the bare results of twelve years of education in that place. But the ordeal on most of you is nothing compared with the ordeal on Lord Alness, on my right. The last time that Lord Alness heard me speak I went on for three days. (Laughter.) I can promise you I shall be a little shorter on this occasion.

Mr Maxwell Fyfe said the authorities for the historical matter he introduced were John Hill Burton and James Grant, whose "The Scot Abroad" and "Scottish Soldiers of Fortune," respectively, were two standard works of his youth. It seemed to him that the primary motive that caused exile in Scots was adventure, achievement, ambition. He emphasized that he said the primary cause ; he thought these were the

factors that operated in Scots' minds in the earlier periods of the history of the race.

I wish, continued Mr Maxwell Fyfe, I could give you inside information, but the short period I was attached to Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard does not enable me to give you actual factors which operated in the minds of those who formed that famous regiment in the beginning of our era. If one can say, during the earlier period, that Scots went into exile abroad it was generally the adventures of military glory—work that had to be done, the advance of ambition, or the recognition of achievement; that was what took Scots abroad. After that, as I see it, the next period that they did go into exile was the beginning of the seventeenth century. They went partly for military glory and partly because of the insistence of their religion. They went as the pick of the Hepburn Green Brigade, which has not only provided us with a great picture in military history, but has also, as far as I can see from my resources, been largely responsible for the population of Sweden as it exists to-day.

One turns from that troubled period—and I did want to pass over that historical matter very lightly in the presence of such pundits in my audience—into the most interesting part of the history of the Scots exile—that is the eighteenth century. There you have, first of all, the political exile, after the Fifteen and the Forty-five, which has, with all the faults of these risings, brought the real rustle of the wings of romance nearer to the world than probably anything else has ever done. The exile that followed not only provided soldiers and statesmen for most of the countries of Europe, but did, in the middle parts of that century, give examples of hardship and heroism which no Scot would lightly forget.

Then we come to what I have always considered one of the most interesting phenomena of the history of our Empire. How was it, I asked myself again and again, that on many of our own Highland hills there was that change in the end of the eighteenth century which brought Scots from being largely opponents of the existing order into being supporters, as keen as could be found, so that shortly afterwards they sent 2000 men from the Isle of Skye to the French wars? My great, great grandmother was born there in 1746. At that time the Highlands was largely occupied country. There were red coats on most hillsides and people in hiding in the glens. How did the change come? I did find, and you will pardon me, for it must be a well-known tale to you all, one interesting story in regard to a remote part of our Empire. You will remember that after Wolfe's death the command in Quebec devolved on Brigadier General Murray. Soon after he received the command the French advanced, and Murray, with that modesty for which we are all notoriously renowned, advanced with a force of some 3000 troops to meet the French army of at least twice his size with Indian support. He was not successful, I am sorry to say, and had to retreat to Quebec. Thereafter, like a good general, he went the rounds of his own hospitals, and coming to one bed he heard a big Highlander muttering. He said to his escort: "I cannot hear what that man is saying." The escort replied uncomfortably: "I wouldn't trouble, General." But the General persisted, and asked: "What were you saying, my man?" And the Highlander replied: "I was saying 'God defend

us from April battles and Murray Generals.' " (Laughter.) The last time that man had fought was with Lord George Murray who had directed the night march that resulted in Culloden Field. There, one had the example of almost the turning point. There was a man who, only fifteen years before, had been in arms against the Crown; fifteen years after he was lying in exile in that Canadian hospital, a soldier of the Empire. From that time onwards the Highland regiments have been not the least valued of the many Empire Forces. (Hear, hear.)

Another interesting aspect I gained largely from a book by my friend Lovat Fraser. Lord Bute, who was Prime Minister, was responsible for the extraordinary unpopularity of Scots who were in exile in London, and that took a great deal of living down. I sometimes wonder if members of my profession, who came from the north, really helped towards restoring better relations. Lord Alness will remember the story of Wedderburn throwing off his gown in the Court of Session and catching the night coach to London and going to the English Bar. Another Scot, no less than Campbell, has a most reprehensible story of Wedderburn, the first Scots Chancellor. In the summer, when judges were on Assize, Wedderburn decided he could make some money on the Northern Circuit, and he arrived at York without having gone through the preliminary of being elected to the Circuit or joining the Mess. He had to find a Junior who in these circumstances would take a brief with him, This is the unfortunate point. I wish I were able to say of my circuit that no Junior was found or that the Junior who was found suffered from it and never did any more good at all. Unfortunately the facts are that Wedderburn, having done that, became Lord Chancellor and the Junior became Attorney General. Such are the rewards that occasionally fall to the unjust. I tell the story only to point out that exceptions prove the rule. Whatever troubles Wedderburn caused I think we may safely claim, as far as the legal profession is concerned, that in contributing Erskine to the English Bar we have laid the English Bar under some obligation to us, because, it does not matter how the time slips under the arches of the year, I defy anyone who has conducted an insanity defence in a murder trial to find anything more helpful in what has been written in the intervening 150 years than Erskine's speech on that subject. It brought forth a remarkable and quite wrong remark from the judge to the jury when he said: "If you are in any doubt throw in some grains of mercy on the side of acquittal." In the case of insanity Erskine's speeches will remain. We remember "F.E.," Carson, Russell, and other giants of later years, but Erskine's speeches bear comparison with anything said at the English Bar. Whether that had any effect in restoring our position or not, the fact remains that the position changed in England. The position had, of course, improved immensely by 1837, when your Society was formed. By that time, one may take it that the Scot in exile in London was accepted as being a part of the scheme of things.

That is only one aspect. The other is the economic force; the changes in economic circumstances that send people from various parts of Scotland to the various parts of the Empire. I am not going to deal to-night with that, but I did want just to give you what I understand to be the background of this exile of ours in its earlier days.

What about this exile? Of course we are all brought up against,

on every possible occasion, Dr. Johnson's remark about the noblest prospect in Scotland, and I have no doubt that every one of you has answered it with a brilliance which would make any remarks of mine only the *retorte discoureur* to be disregarded as they are made. But the fact does remain, and I think will as the days go on, that it is adventure, achievement, ambition that take people forth.

Now, how do we part? Do we regret leaving our native shores? Well, we do, but we must admit we take it as the natural thing which has to be the fate of most of us. I was interested in looking up a book of ballads the other day to see the first lines of *The Wife of Usher's Well*:

" There lived a wife at Usher's Well,
And a wealthy wife was she ;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea."

That is nothing out of the way. That is the natural and ordinary consequence of being a Scottish boy—that you have to go abroad to find the fortune that may or may not await you. We are therefore bound to admit that we do take it as being a consequence of our place of existence. I think, however, that there is something more than that. I think that my old friend John Buchan has got near the truth when he says that there are many places in Scotland that give you peace, give you a feeling of security, of being away from the rush and turmoil of the world, but give it only to those people who have been out into the world and have faced the rush and turmoil, and can come back to rest with something done and some achievement behind them to make that rest their entitlement in their later years. There is something in our countryside which does bring that forward.

There is another feature: that it is not only those of us who left Scotland as boys who really matter. It is the contribution that Scotland has made by sending men, if you will allow me to say so, like your Chairman to-night, who has worked for years in Scotland. He tells me he remembers my grandfather who died many, many years ago. After years of yeoman service there he has been contributed to this sister kingdom to do the great work he has done. All this shows that the operation which we deplore is yet something which we must thole as being the natural concomitant of our lives.

When we are gone from Scotland, what do we do? Are we assimilated? No, I am afraid we are not. We cannot claim to be material which is assimilated into any alien soil, however kindly that soil is. A friend of mine on these occasions always quotes for some reason, "By the waters of Babylon they lay down and wept." I always thought it would be far more true to say of Scottish migrants, "By the waters of Babylon they formed a Caledonian Society of Mesopotamia, and in the Hanging Gardens of Babylon laid out a golf course to hold their annual meetings." (Loud laughter.) There is no doubt that one of the reasons which makes us less easy to assimilate is the very kindness of the English themselves. (Hear, hear.)

It is, you know, no light matter to be credited, *ipso facto*, by mere reason of our nationality, with the qualities of thoroughness and sagacity, as the English unfortunately do. I do want to say—it sounds flippant but I do mean it—that that kindness is appreciated by us, and we do

realize that perhaps there is something in what Kipling says that the English don't talk but they do think. It may be that they weigh us up more severely in their kindly silence, but certainly as far as words are concerned no one could treat us more fairly or be more kind to us. (Hear, hear.)

Now that is one side. But the other side. Do we proselytize? Do we try to convert our neighbours? I don't think so. For one thing we are very chary about extending this secret of ourselves too far. We don't want it to be known completely how we manage what is attributed to us. Rather, perhaps, we leave it as something ponderously imponderable hanging about the thistle and the St. Andrew's Cross. So if we want a word we fall back on our old word "co-operation," although, as Lord Alness will bear me out, that is the last refuge of the most dastardly-minded politicians. It still is a word that is a great concomitance, and despite its mistakes we are proud to call it our own.

We do say, with such humility as we can assume, we try as Scots in exile wherever our paths may lie to co-operate and do the best in the society in which we find ourselves. I have an extreme advantage. I find in the House of Commons at the moment I have two colleagues who were the important people at Watson's College when I was a small boy. One is Shakespeare Morrison and the other is the Lord Advocate for Scotland, Tommy Cooper. I would like you to realize the intense annoyance it gives me, a legislator of two years standing, when these two pass me in the corridors. I feel that I have been making a row in the passage or have been throwing stones in the corridor. (Laughter.)

My next point is: "What does Scotland mean to us to-day?" Of course largely to the most of us it means memories. I do not know if many of the company to-night like myself were brought up in Edinburgh. To anyone who has been a boy in Edinburgh, and a somewhat undisciplined boy, Edinburgh is largely Blackford Hill. When we wanted to get away from authority and to get into mischief we went to Blackford Hill. There were some marvellous works behind the hill and the garden of the Hermitage which the foot of man ought not to have trod. I often think how it had affected Sir Walter Scott. I was thinking of his lines on Blackford in "Marmion":

" Blackford ! on whose uncultured breast
Among the broom, the thorn, and whin,
A truant boy, I sought the nest,
Or listed, as I lay at rest,
While rose, on breezes thin,
The murmur of the city crowd,
And, from his steeple jangling loud,
Saint Giles's mingling din."

Well, that is my picture. You all have your own. That is something whatever we do, we shall always owe to the corner of our native land where our boyhood was spent. And that is what it must mean—a concomitant inspiration. We all have those pictures in our minds, and in the case of a small country like ours they are pictures bound up forever with the history of our country; the history of our kith and kin, because it is second nature to almost all of us to think of the land, and it is that inspiration, the breath and touch of our fathers coming over

the land of our own youth, which we will always return to in our minds wherever the Fates decree that our bodies shall lie.

Mr Maxwell Fyfe's Sentiment was received with loud applause.

Proposing the toast of "The Author of the Sentiment," Sir Henry Japp, K.B.E., M.Inst.C.E., said: "I feel it is a great honour as well as pleasure to propose this toast. In order that I might not seem to have doubt regarding the author, like other speakers at previous meetings, I looked up 'Who's Who,' and when I found 'David Patrick,' I said to my wife, 'His mother must have come from Ireland.' But my wife replied, 'No, she comes from Dornoch, in Sutherland, and that is where my people come from. My name is Sutherland and I am a Canadian of three generations. So I have something in common with Mr Fyfe.'"

Scots, when they cannot get jobs at home, come up to London where competition is not so keen, and where good men are scarcer. I like, however, what Mr Fyfe said about the English. I don't think there is any race in the world so kindly-hearted as are the English. No subscription is opened for the relief of earthquake victims in any part of the world at the Mansion House without there being a whole-hearted response. (Hear, hear.) The farther away are Scots from Scotland the more they think of it. In fact they become more patriotic than Scotsmen living in Scotland.

The toast, given with Caledonian honours, was received with great enthusiasm.

Mr Maxwell Fyfe, replying, said the remarks of the proposer of the toast reminded him of an experience of his own in the wilds of Cheshire. After he had addressed an audience consisting of fifteen ladies and two men on the League of Nations, the two men got up to propose and second a vote of thanks to me. The first said: "We have enjoyed the speech so much that I felt that if only Mr Maxwell Fyfe would go on we would listen

to him for the whole of the night." The other man, not to be outdone, said : " I felt if we would only sit here that Mr Maxwell Fyfe would go on for the whole of the night." (Laughter.)

The President then welcomed and proposed the health of three new members—Lord Alness, P.C., D.L., LL.D., Mr W. R. Strang, and Dr A. Wilson.

Lord Alness, who was first to respond, said : " Mr President, Brother Caledonians, and exiles, I need hardly tell you I regard it as a privilege and honour to be elected a member of this Scots Society. All regard this not so much as a ceremonial occasion as giving one the opportunity of taking part in an intimate family gathering. That is the spirit of this association, I well know, and in that intimate family gathering to-night nothing delighted me more than the felicitous and thought-provoking speech delivered by Mr Fyfe.

" If I can do it within two minutes I shall speak of an incident of which the speech reminded me. It was recalled to my memory by that hospital Mr Fyfe so eloquently depicted. At the end of the War I was glad to visit a constituent, a man lying wounded in one of our great English hospitals with a shattered hand. I found him suffering great pain, and what was he worrying about ? Not about the pain which he was suffering ; not about his future earning capacity. No, what he said to me was this, ' Mr Munro, they tell me I will never be able to play the bagpipes again. I would have given them my leg, given them both legs, if they had spared my hand so that I might play the pipes.' There spoke a true, brave Scottish soldier, and we may all of us who are Scottish rejoice to belong to such a breed of men. (Hear, hear.) My two minutes are up, and I thank you for your great kindness to-night. If my words sound conventional they are none the less sincere."

Mr Strang, who followed, said that with him it had always been a matter for gratitude that his father, a Glasgow man, had the courage to propose to a lady from Newburgh, Aberdeenshire, and she, of pleasant memory, had the good sense to accept him. If for being born in New Zealand he had an advantage over a good many of those present, he promised that he would not boast too much about it. (Laughter.)

Dr Wilson, who also responded, said it had been often said that there are advantages in a good Scottish upbringing and education. He (Dr Wilson) came from Aberdeenshire, and he would tell them a true story about an Aberdeenshire farmer in England who was taken to task by the English minister of the parish for sending his boy to Gordon's College in Aberdeen when all the schools and colleges of England were open to him. The farmer replied: "Weel, I am credibly informed that an accent acquired at Aberdeen is worth a good £400 a year." (Laughter.)

Offering the toast of "Our Guests," Mr T. Atholl Robertson, F.R.G.S., said:

When two Englishmen met they said, "Hullo, Bill, how are you?" When two Scotsmen met they said, "Hullo, Jimmy, how are you getting on." (Laughter.) Well, guests, how are you getting on to-night; I hope you have enjoyed that homely fare of Scotch broth and haggis which we inserted along with the more civilized diet of England. We meet in this homely fashion just a few times a year and try to catch the atmosphere of the old country and something of the old Scottish sentiment and we try to transport ourselves in memory back ayont the Tweed. We have been singularly fortunate in having distinguished guests back over 100 years and to-night I was frightened when the President asked me if I would propose the guests because of the high legal posts they held. But when I heard Mr Maxwell Fyfe and Lord Alness speaking in nice friendly, cheery fashion, my fear went. It was not so sticky as I thought it might be. (Laughter.)

Scotland long ago looked upon the three learned professions as first, Heraldry, the second Law, and the third, Medicine. As the old Perthshire farmer said, "They're a' fairly popular except the lawyers." He resented the charge of 6s. 8d. for writing a letter. (Laughter.)

As a business man without legal knowledge and no legal mind I was delighted to hear Mr Maxwell Fyfe. He mentioned Lord Erskine, and it occurred to me that Scotland has made a great contribution to British jurisprudence. I am pleased to know that Mr Justice Hawke,

who will reply to this toast, is not the Justice who decided the other day that the bagpipes were not a musical instrument. That makes it much more easy for him. (Laughter.) When I mention the names of men like the late Lord Loreburn and Lord Haldane, of quite recent years, and the contribution we have made to-day, Lord Alness, a brother Caledonian, Lord Dunedin, Lord Blanesburgh, and Lord Craigmyle, better known as Tom Shaw, it will be seen that our contribution is not small. These men occupied and occupy very high posts in the High Courts of this country. It gives me great courage to mention them when I find the guests to-night putting forward the name of Lord Erskine. I think we in Britain are singularly fortunate in the type of men who administer our justice, especially when you look to Europe and the king of "gangsters" getting away with it there. (Laughter and applause.) I am delighted to think that we as ordinary Scots and Britishers can look up to the men who dispense justice and assist in maintaining law and order in our country. We are living in a steady land, and we have steady men presiding over the destinies of the people to-day. I am glad to think that some of them have honoured us with their presence here to-night. (Hear, hear.)

I am certain it would suit all of you now if I sat down and let you hear something from two distinguished legal men. I ask you to drink to the health of our guests, and I couple the toast with the names of Sir Anthony Hawke, well known to us all as Mr Justice Hawke, and Mr Lewis Noad, K.C.

Sir Anthony Hawke's reply :

Sir Anthony Hawke, responding to the toast, said he would like to relieve the feelings and anxieties of Mr Atholl Robertson at the first possible moment by assuring him that he had no intention of being sticky. (Laughter.) I also thank him, said Sir Anthony, for intimating to you that I was not the judge or magistrate who dealt with the question of the bagpipes. I assure all of you because I have been looking forward with intense interest to this evening and that decision of my old friend Dummett caused me most intense anxiety, because I felt that by to-night London would be smashed to pieces, that there would have been a Scottish revolution, and that I would have no dinner. (Laughter.) Mercifully that has passed by and here we are.

Now, gentlemen, I must confess I am not a Scot. I wish to hurry on to say, although perhaps it is not necessary to say it after the kind things said about the English to-night, nor am I Sassenach. I come from a country far more remote from yours than England, I am one of the Cornish people—(laughter)—a race as distinct from the English as you are ; but I should like to say about the English what has been said by others, that I can see their merits and appreciate them, and when I go about, as I have to all over this country which, I suppose, still belongs to the English in spite of your invasion, and I get to a place like Liverpool, there I find a young gentleman, eight years ago, already hardly out of his nurse's arms, well established as one of the lawyers of Liverpool. I liked him—I hope he won't mind my saying this in his presence—I liked him, and I suggested a round of golf on the Sunday at Formby, and he came. Before the second hole—before I was two down at the second

hole—I appreciated he was a Scot, and so it went on. He treated me very nicely. He was the gentleman I was so pleased to hear to-night, Mr Maxwell Fyfe, and to you Scots I venture to assure you you can look forward to a brilliant career for that gentleman. (Applause.)

I ventured to say I was a Cornishman, right away in the West of England, as far from Scotland as it is possible in this island to go. There was a judge of Assize many years ago on the Western Circuit, Mr Justice Biles. He wrote a very unromantic book on Bills. A fellow judge asked, "Well, Biles, how did you enjoy the Western Circuit?" and he replied, "Well, I went down, and the further I went west the more sure I was that the wise men came from the East." (Laughter.) Well, some of the wise men remained there, and I hope it is instinct I got from my parents and grandparents that, not many years ago, I invaded your country and visited Aviemore, among the Cairngorms, where I was fortunate enough to meet your President up to the top of waders in a river, seeking some kind of animal from the waters, which he never succeeded in catching; and then Glencoe, Scourie, and all those beautiful places of charm, delight, and attraction. Why, gentlemen, it wasn't long before I loved it, and, if God gives me time, I hope to go there on many occasions from now onwards; and I venture to say, thinking of the kindness I have received, "Scotland for ever." (Applause.)

Also replying, Mr Noad, K.C., said :

Mr President, I need not remind this assembly, doubtless well versed in Holy writ, that it was King Solomon who said, "Even a fool when he holdeth his peace is counted wise." I am bound to say that after listening to Mr Justice Hawke I feel that the ground has been most fully covered by him, and the right thing for me to do is, I have often heard it, to concur and say, I have nothing to add. However, when I was told some days ago that I should be called upon to speak, I searched all the funny books in my collection. And then, after one of those despairing periods that you all have had in similar circumstances, I remembered it was a Scottish audience, and desisted. I thought despairingly that those are people of extreme erudition, so I must go to a source where English is good and the matter beyond reproach. Accordingly, I went to Gibbon. (Laughter.) From the index I read this record, "The inhabitants near Glasgow are given to cannibalism." I had already accepted your President's invitation, and summoning up my courage, I remembered that the peril was probably in the inverse ratio to the succulence of the subject. I felt it was not a subject to be drawn to your attention at any length and that it would be tactful to depart from it as soon as possible. I tried other sources. I tried the Book of Job, knowing you are all intensely interested in the obscure matters in connection with that book. I found myself there again at a dead-end and quite unable to wrestle with that subject. It seemed to me there was nothing left but the abstruse proposition of the higher mathematics. Inherently I am incapable of dealing with that, and that brings me to this, that I am before you this evening in a wholly false position. In fact, a sheep in wolf's clothing, because the law is not my profession. I am a simple seaman. I was raised in Scottish sailing-vessels, and in Scottish sailing-vessels I learned to love and admire Scots.

I would like just to say this, for I must be getting near the end of my two minutes, that the word exile appears to me to be unfitting. Surely Scots are not exiles. Scots in all parts of the world are pioneers: pioneers indicating their faith and restrained optimism. That is a characteristic of the Scots which endears them to the greater part of English-speaking mankind. So it is that, as I say, having been associated with them in early youth, I have just this excuse for coming before you this evening and adding a few words to the graceful and far-reaching observations of Mr Justice Hawke, with which I wholly concur.

My feeling is not dissimilar to that of the young man who spoke in this wise: "They say that when we are born and an angel kisses us on the lips we shall become great orators; if an angel kisses us on the hands we will probably become great artificers; so far as I am concerned, whenever I stand up I have an inordinate desire to sit down. (Laughter.) I read in *The Times* yesterday, as a great many of you did, that an English five-pound note is not legal tender in Scotland, and then I found astonishing confirmation of what I conceived to be the fact—of the extreme generosity of the Scottish people. (Laughter.) I have inquired among many friends and all assure me they have never found the slightest difficulty in parting with a five-pound note in Scotland. (Loud laughter.)

"Auld Lang Syne" ended one of the most brilliant gatherings of the Session.

SIR DAVID WILKIE ON SCOTTISH GENIUS IN
SURGERY.

Stories of the amazing powers and the dexterous technique of the old-time Scottish surgeons were related by Sir David P. Wilkie, O.B.E., F.R.C.S., the eminent surgeon, to the members at the dinner at the Connaught Rooms on Thursday, 11th February, 1937.

Sir David travelled specially from Edinburgh for the occasion, and was accorded a rousing welcome from a large attendance of members and their guests.

After the loyal toasts, the President, Mr T. M. Stephen, introduced the guest. "I am sure," he said, "that we are all delighted to welcome here this evening the President of the Royal College of Surgeons of Great Britain—Sir David Wilkie. Sir David is the greatest living Scots surgeon; but we welcome him not only on account of the brilliance of his professional

achievements and distinction, but also for the great work he has done on behalf of social welfare in Scotland in general and in Edinburgh in particular. His munificent endowment of a social welfare school in Edinburgh is only one example of his wide sympathies and interests. As President of the Royal College of Surgeons, as Professor of Surgery in the University of Edinburgh, and as a well-known philanthropist, he compels our entire admiration. I am proud this evening to ask him to give the Sentiment—'The Scottish Tradition in Surgery.' "

Sir David Wilkie, who had a splendid reception, said :

I esteem it a very great honour to have been asked here this evening to give the Sentiment. I understand that to be elected to this Society is one of the greatest honours a Scot in London can attain to ; and on this, one of your centenary sessions, to be asked as the guest to your monthly dinner is possibly the greatest honour you can give to a brother Scot. (Applause.)

The subject which was suggested to me for the Sentiment was "The Scottish Tradition in Surgery" ; and it seems to me a peculiarly appropriate subject, because not only is that tradition of old standing and of high status, but it so happens that it was established and founded in this city by a Scot—John Hunter. (Applause.)

About ninety years before the founding of your Society, an uncouth lad from the West Country started off from East Kilbride for the City of London. He had determined to give up agriculture and take to surgery. He joined his brother William Hunter, then a well-known anatomist and surgeon in London, and this lad, ere many years had passed, laid the foundation of a reputation and of a service to humanity which has been equalled by very few ; because we class John Hunter among the three greatest surgeons who have ever lived.

John Hunter was interested primarily in the interior of the human body, but he found the human body much too small a field for his energies and activity, and he roamed over the whole animal kingdom until he was the recognized expert in biology and comparative anatomy. He then studied morbid processes in the human being and founded the science which we know as surgical pathology. Finally, he practised surgery in London. Although he became one of the most famous surgeons of the day in London, he always rushed back to his little shed where he kept his animals, and where he had a number of assistants working with him. As he used to say, he was always glad to get back to real work "after chasing that damned guinea." (Laughter.)

I do not suppose there has ever been devoted to the science of surgery a man with such extraordinary capacity for hard work, with such an unquenchable curiosity, with such remarkable powers of observation

and logical deduction. He has always been revered, but perhaps never more than to-day, because when the era of bacteriology and the knowledge of germs came, and when Lister made his epoch-making discovery, the work of Hunter was somewhat overshadowed; but in the past few years, when we have somewhat exhausted the possibilities of bacteriology, we have come back again to the problems of life, health, and growth to which Hunter devoted himself, and which, he said, were the primary objects for study by the medical profession. It was he, you may remember, who was consulted by Jenner, who introduced vaccination. When Jenner was debating in his mind the possibility of immunizing human beings by giving them cowpox, he wrote to Hunter for advice, and he got the laconic and characteristic reply: "Don't think; try it."

Hunter was the originator of experimental biology and experimental surgery. He it was who, after observing and thinking out a problem, always wanted to try it out and get proof if he could. And at that time that was most unusual. We find, therefore, that he established a tradition which has been carried on by successive generations of surgeons. He was always a stimulus and an inspiration to those who followed him.

It so happens, that in the year of the founding of your Society the reputation of Scottish surgery stood higher than it had ever been before or has ever been since. And particularly was that the case in Edinburgh. In that year, 1837, Sir Charles Bell, who was an Edinburgh student with a great reputation in London, returned to Edinburgh to take the Chair of Surgery; his brother, John Bell, had died some years before, but his influence as a teacher and a surgeon was still evident in the practice of his pupils, many of whom had gone across the sea to enhance the reputation of Scottish medical education. We think of one of them in particular—that intrepid man Dr Ephraim McDowell, who, out in Danville, Kentucky, successfully performed the first abdominal operation.

Ephraim McDowell was called forty miles away into the country in his buggy to see a certain Mrs Crawford, who had an abdominal tumour. His old teacher, John Bell, had told him that someone some day would remove such a tumour, and when he recalled these words to Mrs Crawford, she said, "Why not remove mine?" And so, in a little wooden house in Danville, Ephraim operated and removed this tumour. Sitting across the road were cowboys with rifles across their knees who had determined that if Mrs Crawford died Ephraim would pay the penalty. But she recovered and lived for thirty-five years, and Ephraim McDowell performed the same operation on six occasions with only one fatality. He sent home a paper on the operation to John Bell, to whom he generously gave the credit, but he had died, and Lizars followed up McDowell's work in Edinburgh, taking for a time the credit for being the originator of it.

Syme, one of the greatest surgeons of all time, and father-in-law of Lister, held the Chair of Clinical Surgery, and was the leading teacher of the day. It has been said of him that he "never wasted a word or a drop of ink or a drop of blood." To this day the operations which he devised are practised and his principles of teaching are observed.

Just a year before, Syme's colleague Liston had gone from Edinburgh to London where he was to become the leading surgeon of the day.

A man of magnificent physique, standing six feet two, he was the greatest exponent of the rapid surgery of pre-anæsthetic days. The students, with their watches in their hands, timed his operations in seconds: amputation through the thigh, one minute fifteen seconds; removal of a stone from the bladder, two minutes, five seconds. Strangely enough, he was the first surgeon to use a general anæsthetic—ether—the year before Simpson first used chloroform in Edinburgh.

When Liston left Edinburgh his place was taken by a surgeon, Fergusson by name, a skilled anatomist and teacher, who four years later went to London where he justly acquired a commanding reputation as a surgeon and teacher and the greatest exponent of conservative surgery in the country. Sir William Fergusson became Sergeant Surgeon to Queen Victoria and the leading surgeon of his day. This remarkable group of men had all this in common—they had all been teachers of anatomy in the famous classrooms of Barclay and Robert Knox; they had the lion's heart and the lady's hand required for major surgery, especially in pre-anæsthetic days; and all their work was distinguished by sound judgment and by a wise conservatism.

We come to that epoch-making time when Lister came to Edinburgh. He was attracted there by the fame of Syme, who took him on as a house surgeon. Later he became Syme's assistant, and ultimately married his daughter. It was whilst Professor in Glasgow that Lister carried out the crucial tests of his antiseptic system, and when he returned to Edinburgh to fill the chair vacated by Syme it remained only to convince others of the great truth he had laid bare. Returning to enthusiastic students and to visiting surgeons from all over the world, this Edinburgh period was the happiest and most fruitful in his life. Later, in London, he met with opposition and, still worse, indifference, and often he sighed for the generous and open-minded enthusiasm of the crowded classrooms he had left. No one followed the Hunterian tradition more consistently than Lister, who, by bringing the scientific methods of the laboratory to bear on a practical surgical problem, changed the whole face of surgery and for all time made it safe.

Coming still nearer to the present we find the tradition of careful observation and logical deduction leading to logical and successful treatment exemplified in the work of MacEwen of Glasgow on the surgery of the brain and of the chest, pioneer work which has stood the test of time. In Aberdeen, Ogston maintained the reputation of Scottish surgery for enterprize, combined with soundness, and of Scottish teaching for clarity and candour. Meanwhile, in London, Watson Cheyne promoted Listerian practice and Scottish teaching methods, and later Thomson Wallar handed on the torch.

In Edinburgh, Caird and Stiles raised once again the good name of Scottish surgery, and by their habits of travelling far and wide kept in the forefront of an ever-moving science. No two men have done more in the last thirty years to enhance the reputation of Scottish surgery than Professor Caird and Sir Harold Stiles. They did something for the Scottish tradition which, I think, is invaluable: they inculcated into the young surgeons that if they were to carry out their work properly they must travel and see what was done in other countries. Caird and Stiles themselves set the example. Many of you may have known them personally, and come in contact with their magnetic personalities, and I feel

that the great reputation of Scottish surgery to-day is largely due to their efforts.

What of surgery abroad ? In America, the first University medical school was founded by four Edinburgh graduates—the University of Pennsylvania. The result is that the Scottish tradition in teaching has passed down successive generations in America, and you can see it in the most out-of-the-way places in America to-day. In Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, you will find that the Scottish tradition in medical and surgical treatment is as present as it is in America. It is not a parochial, local affair ; it is practical and world-wide. What is it based upon ? John Hunter set the example. In Scotland we have a good primary education. Consequently we are taught that by nothing else than real hard work can success in any profession be procured. If you will not get down to it and get hold of the fundamentals, you can never hope to succeed in the more spectacular parts of your professions in after life. In our Scottish schools we have tried to inculcate this spirit. When men graduate they may not know so much about the details of practical medicine, but we believe they do know the fundamentals on which medicine is based.

I am proud to say that in Edinburgh we started the first department of experimental surgery in the British Empire. That has since been copied in Montreal and in the College of Surgeons in London. That young surgeons should have the training in the careful observation and the controlled experiment which the experimental laboratory provides is one of the most important factors in making for advance in medicine ; and in promoting this, Scotland has led the way.

There was one thing in common about all these surgeons—a hankering to get back to their native land. We think of the days we spent in the woods and in the hill glens, we hear again the hum of the bee in the heather, the plash of the mountain burn and the sough of the wind amid the birks and the willows.

I am one who comes from Angus, and it is to Angus that my thoughts always turn. (Applause.)

Lord Alness proposed “ The Author of the Sentiment.”

His Lordship said he was particularly interested in two names Sir David had mentioned—Sir Harold Stiles and Professor Caird. Sir Harold was one of his (the speaker's) oldest friends, and he was proud to think that he was associated in some degree with Sir Harold's appointment to the University of Edinburgh. Professor Caird was a very eminent surgeon, but he thought of the Professor that night as attending his (Lord Alness's) mother's sick-bed and death-bed, with the tenderness and solicitude of a woman. The great tradition of Scottish surgery was often associated with kindness like that.

Lord Alness continued : If I were asked to indicate the three outstanding characteristics of our guest to-night, I would mention them as follows : First, his popularity as a man. I have seen that evidence a lot in Edinburgh and London among his own colleagues and competitors ;

and one has often known Sir David Wilkie not only at a dinner table but at Muirfield. In the second place, there was his eminence as a surgeon, and it would be otiose on my part to sound his praises in that regard, but probably you have known, as I have known, patients sent back from Harley Street to consult Sir David. (Laughter.) In the third place, there were his public services as a citizen. When I became a judge in Edinburgh I remember Lord Strathclyde saying to me: "Do not forget that although you are a judge you are also a citizen." Sir David never heard of that injunction, but he has paid the most implicit obedience to it without having heard it. (Applause.)

Sir David, in reply, said there was no man to whom he owed more than to his old chief, Professor Caird. In a reference to Kirriemuir, where he was brought up, Sir David said perhaps that night they felt somewhat for Sir James Barrie, because after a very successful career he produced a play which he thought was his greatest work, and which he, the speaker, thought was his greatest. But the play had been withdrawn. He remembered Sir James telling him once, when they were talking about preference for teaching, public speaking, or producing a play, that success depended on two things—there must be a spirit of half-give, half-take. That was what he felt with regard to Barrie's play, *The Boy David*.

Mr W. M. Miller gave the toast of "Our Guests."

Dr Donald Hunter of the London Hospital (said Mr Miller), whose name may be known to those of you who can afford to seek your medical advice in Harley Street, once said: "A simple calculation will show that a guest"—note that word—"a guest at a public dinner, when all the courses and all the wines are included, may consume 3000 calories. In order to overcome the effect of this it would be necessary to play squash for 5½ hours, or, alternatively, to climb a mountain of the height of Ben Nevis 5 times, to walk 60 miles, or to run 30 miles." What a depressing disclosure! It is possible, of course, that as our guests to-night are dining with a Scottish society they may not feel too perturbed. They may with some justification conclude that Scots, who are always perfect and knowledgeable hosts, are certain to be economical with the calories, but even if that is true it would appear that our guests must still face an unpleasant time in exchange for our hospitality. I hope they are satisfied that that hospitality is worth the sacrifice involved.

Two things must, I think, have struck our guests to-night, particularly those who are attending a dinner of this society for the first time. In the first place they will have observed that whenever the President

has occasion to address those present, he specifically includes "Our Honoured Guests." They are not referred to merely as Guests, or even as Gentlemen. But while we do not employ the latter form of address, *i.e.* Gentlemen, I hope that none of our guests will think that it is for the same reason as that which caused the parson (of whom you must all have heard, for this is a very old story) to address one of his meetings in these words: "My dear friends, my dear friends. I will not call you ladies and gentlemen, I know you too well." (Laughter.)

The second thing which must have impressed our guests to-night is our Caledonian Honours. From what is this spectacular custom derived? I am sorry I cannot tell you. I myself, when elected to this society, made that enquiry of many old members, but without success. Finally, I approached our honorary historian, Mr William Will. "What is the origin of our Caledonian Honours?" I asked. Quite reverently he replied, "God knows." And so, satisfied that if I conducted myself as all good Caledonians should, I would one day know the truth, I left it at that. (Laughter.)

But I have evolved my own interpretation of this symbol, at least so far as it applies to this toast. The three claps mean that we are applauding our guests because we like them. We desire to show our appreciation without expressing that appreciation orally, for we Scots are loath to put our feelings into words. The arm outstretched means that we are calling upon heaven to bless and prosper our guests, and in case heaven is engaged upon some other business, we give a loud "hurrah" to attract the attention of St Andrew—I suppose it must be—whose duty it surely is to see that the wishes of all Scots receive prompt attention. (Laughter.)

To-night we have many distinguished guests, but I feel it would be invidious were I to mention more than one by name.

Doctor Harley Williams is in some ways unique. He is one of those amazing people who, although not a Scot, was a distinguished and successful member of the medical profession in Scotland for many years. At one time he was Special Commissioner of the Scottish Board of Health for Milk Supplies, Outer Hebrides, and Medical Officer of Health for the Island of Lewis. While the latter appointment particularly must have given him valuable experience for his present work on tuberculosis in London, it is distressing to think that one of our Scottish islands should be so seriously affected by this scourge.

For the past eight or nine years Dr Harley Williams has held the important position of Medical Commissioner of the National Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, and in that capacity he has contributed substantially to the splendid efforts being made by his organization to diminish this terrible disease. But he has another distinction. Not only is he well equipped for his medical activities, but he is a barrister. Thus, if nature will not permit him to cure his patients, and nature is unkind to us all in the long run, he can at least see that his patients' wills are properly executed. (Laughter and applause.)

The toast was heartily received, and with Caledonian honours.

Dr J. H. Harley Williams replied to the toast.

He was possibly in a minority of Englishmen who had travelled in every county in Scotland and very nearly in every parish in Scotland, he said. He had watched the sea breaking over Cape Wrath, he had watched the sea breaking over the Mull of Kintyre, he had watched the sea from the northern point of the Shetland Islands, and he had crossed the Border innumerable times. In each place he had received generous and overwhelming hospitality. He had found, in his travels in Scotland, that the main characteristic of the race was a robust independence—that same characteristic that they found portrayed in the pages of Scott, and in the pages of a novelist who, he thought, reflected Scottish character even more faithfully than Scott—Galt. They could see in every town in Scotland to-day characters which might have stepped right out of those pages. Dr Williams said it appeared to him that the Hebridean archipelago and all the lands to the west of the Caledonian Canal were the reservoir of the strength of Scottish greatness. This might seem strange to those who lived in the cities, but there was much to be said for regarding the great cities as mere appendages. He was sure Scotland had benefited in not being like Wales, cut off by a cultural barrier from the rest of the country. The cities of Scotland were constantly being replenished by folk from the North—folk of very fine stock. Dr Williams, in conclusion, likened the Caledonian Society to a Scottish island in the middle of London with its own cultural influence and its own power for good in the community.

During the evening songs were rendered by Mr James McPhee, and a piping selection by the Society piper, Pipe-Major Murdo Mackenzie.

One of the most enthusiastic of the Session gatherings closed with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

THE DEAN OF THE THISTLE ON ST. GILES.

The Very Rev. Dr Charles L. Warr, Dean of the Thistle, attracted a large company of members and guests to the Connaught Rooms on the evening of Thursday, 11th March, 1937, for Dr Warr had consented to give a Sentiment on the great cathedral over which he so ably presides.

The President was in the chair, and after the loyal

toasts, Mr Stephen introduced Dr Warr. The President said :

It is, I think, a fitting climax to a session during which we have been privileged to entertain many distinguished Scots, that we have with us to-night so renowned a guest as the Dean of the Thistle. For hundreds of years the Church has occupied an unchallenged position in the national life of Scotland and preachers such as Knox, Chalmers, and Guthrie, to mention only one or two, rank with the greatest figures in the history of our country. Dr Warr comes to us to-night not only as the occupant of the most historic pulpit in Scotland, but also as one on whom, it is evident, the mantle of great Churchmen of the past has fallen. We could not have chosen a more distinguished guest or a more fascinating topic, and I have the greatest pleasure in asking him to address us.

The Very Rev. Dr Warr, giving the Sentiment, " St. Giles' in Scottish History," * said :

Mr President and Gentlemen, I have in the first place to thank you for the very gracious remarks. They were far too kind and I only wish they were true. I need not assure you how greatly I appreciate the honour you have done me in asking me to be your guest to-night. I think probably the farther a Scotsman strays from his native land the more Scottish he becomes, and I always feel I am never more in Scotland than when I am in the company of Scotsmen who have gone south of the Tweed.

Some time ago Mr Will suggested to me that I might take as the subject of my remarks to-night, " St. Giles' in Scottish History." For a moment it seemed to me that it might appear egotistical to talk about one's own immediate concern and environment ; but on further consideration I thought that in speaking of St. Giles' I will be speaking of that which every true Scot regards as in a very real sense belonging to himself. For it is surely true to say that, probably more than any other building, secular or sacred, the old grey Mother Kirk on the Royal Mile of Edinburgh is woven into the memory and affection of the Scottish race. It could hardly be otherwise, so closely has St. Giles' been associated with the great formative movements and events which have shaped and determined the character of our people. Every year, thousands of Scots, revisiting their native land from the far corners of the earth, or paying a pilgrimage to Edinburgh from other quarters of the realm, through those pillared aisles whose every stone is eloquent of history, and where the tattered battle-flags of Scotland hang brooding in the mellow light.

It is a quaint old church, rugged, strong, austere. It has an atmosphere all its own and seems to enshrine the very soul of Scotland. No one would claim for it a supreme place among our greater architectural creations. It cannot, for instance, be compared with the Gothic grace of

* Certain passages in this Address were previously part of an article contributed to the *Scotsman* newspaper, and the author is indebted to the courtesy of the Editor of the *Scotsman* for permission to use them again.

St. Mungo's in Glasgow, or with the Norman majesty of St. Magnus in the Orkneys. It does not vie with the glory which was once revealed at St. Andrews and Elgin. But it has a unique appeal, eloquent and irresistible, which is profoundly impressive—an appeal more subtle, more compelling, than that of any other ancient building in Scotland. When we stand beneath its venerable roof we feel that we are at the very heart of our racial history.

Though in all probability there was a church generations before, we know that as early as 854 a rude and lowly ancestor of St. Giles', a village church of the Angles of Bernicia, stood hard by and probably actually on the site of the present Cathedral. It would be little more than a mean structure of logs and turf. Surrounding it was a struggling clachan of mud and wattle huts. They sprawled down from the fortress on the Castle Rock along the sides of the sharp ridge on which the City of Edinburgh eventually was to grow. In the eleventh century, and owing to the influence of the saintly Queen Margaret, began that process which was soon to absorb the long independent Celtic Church of Scotland into the virile life and powerfully organized activity of the mediæval Church of Rome. With this advent of a great and international culture architecture received a strong and enlightened impetus, and church-building, which hitherto in Scotland had been primitive to a degree, began on an ambitious scale. Timber and clay now gave way to stone. Great cathedrals and abbeys arose and a host of noble parish churches. Such indeed was the activity in church building that it was said that during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the Gospel could scarce be heard in Scotland for the noise that was made by hammers and chisels. Edinburgh felt the effect of this æsthetic advance, when, in 1120, King Alexander I. founded a stone church in the Norman style on the site of its humble Celtic predecessors. It was neither a cathedral nor a collegiate church. Edinburgh was not then, nor till long afterwards, the capital city. It was merely the parish church, though of goodly proportions, of a small but growing burgh, as yet of no particular consequence. This building endured for two and a half centuries, though during the Wars of Independence it was repeatedly and grievously damaged. But in 1385 a major disaster befell it. In the previous year a company of Scots barons and French knights had met together in St. Giles', planned a raid into England, and duly carried it into execution. As a consequence the armies of Richard II., burning the Abbeys of Melrose and Dryburgh on the way, came north and devastated Edinburgh, set fire to the timber roof of its church, and wreaked their will upon its structure. All that now remains of this Norman building of Alexander I. are the four massive pillars which support the graceful Lantern Tower.

Two years after this disaster the magistrates and citizens of Edinburgh, now a rich and important burgh, determined to rebuild their church, and after a much more extensive plan. Thereafter, for a century and a half, the Stewart kings—who were its patrons—nobles, landowners, city corporations, and wealthy burgesses lavished upon it their munificence. Chapel after chapel was added, extensions were made, architectural improvements were effected, its treasury was filled with precious creations in gold and silver and jewels. The noble church grew in splendour and magnificence, and with that strange irregularity of form which strikes the visitor to-day. In 1466, as became the great parish church of a

city which had now for generations been the capital of Scotland, it was erected into a collegiate foundation, and at the Reformation possessed 44 altars served by 100 clergy. The man of to-day who struggles on with a couple of assistants is inclined to look back with envy to that time.

For the average Scotsman the history of St. Giles' begins with the appearance in its pulpit of one John Knox, regarding whom my great friend Dr Fleming and I hold very differing views. But we must not forget the pre-Reformation centuries and the pious devotion of those of the old faith who built St. Giles' for the glory of God, and lovingly enriched and adorned it for the honour of His Name. Many of them shine like stars in the firmament of history. Scottish literature, for instance, had its birth in Gavin Douglas, the Provost of St. Giles', and Walter Chepman, the first Scottish printer—our Scottish Caxton—gifted to the Church the graceful chapel of St. John the Evangelist, now known as the Chepman Aisle. Earlier still among its vicars were men of brilliant gifts and public eminence, who played a leading part in the affairs of State. There was, for instance, John Methven, Master of the Rolls and Clerk Registrar of Scotland, and his successor Nicolas Otterburn, who occupied much the same position as Methven in the public service, and acted as ambassador abroad on several occasions of high political moment. The Stewart Kings, and long before Edinburgh became the official capital of the kingdom, evidenced a loving and generous concern for St. Giles', and took pleasure in its stones; but it also held a unique place in the reverence and affection of the citizens of Edinburgh to whom its very dust was dear. Never was a people more proud of their temple. Skinners, bakers, masons, wrights, and hammermen, surgeons and barbers, cordwainers, candlemakers, merchants, shearers, bonnet-makers, and tailors, and all sorts of corporations and fraternities, bestowed their lavish benefactions, founded their altars, adorned their chapels, and secured their own corner within its walls. St. Giles' was the great glowing heart of the city's life, its joy, its pride, its refuge. The people took to its sheltering embrace their hopes and fears, their triumphs and defeats. No picture of it is more moving than that which shows the women of Edinburgh, in a surging crowd, flocking through its portals at the news of Flodden, to pray around its altars while the able-bodied men hastened to the defence of the city walls.

In the middle of the sixteenth century came the Reformation. The structure of mediæval Catholicism, corrupted by wealth and power, fell like a rotten tree. The old order changed, giving place to the new, and in St. Giles', as in other places, the new was ushered in with a whirlwind of reckless destruction. Though fortunately the massive fabric of the Church, owing to its very strength, remained unharmed, the Lords of the Congregation made ruthless havoc of its splendid furnishings and graceful decoration. Every altar was smashed to bits, and the precious accumulations of centuries of piety—treasures of art in canvas, stone, wood, and metals—were attacked and utterly demolished in an orgy of iconoclastic frenzy. The Town Council, bewildered, like the city fathers of Glasgow, as to what was the real relation between this hysterical vandalism and a rational Reformation of doctrine and ecclesiastical order, made a valiant attempt to defend and preserve the beautiful stalls. They had been but recently completed, and the Corporation were

inordinately proud of them, but their efforts were in vain. The stalls went the way of all the rest, and the interior of St. Giles' was reduced to an empty desolation. It is melancholy to reflect that of the pre-Reformation ecclesiastical woodwork of Scotland the stalls in King's College, Aberdeen, and a few at Dunblane Cathedral, are the sole surviving remnants.

There were many among the citizens of Edinburgh who, shocked at this savage assault on things of piety and beauty, surreptitiously carried off from their Church gold and silver sacramental vessels, jewelled vestments, and other valuable property, to hide them away in the hope of more tranquil times. These, however, were tracked down, seized, and sold to defray the expenses incurred in completely gutting and white-washing the interior and installing rough wooden seats for the congregation. The figure of St. Giles', as a final demonstration, was eliminated from the town standard.

And so the new era began, but peace was far away. Strange scenes were still to be enacted within that Church, once so rich and glorious and now so gaunt and bare. The tinkle of the acolytes' bells had given place to the voice of John Knox, thundering the principles of Presbyterianism and democracy, although I am not quite sure he knew much about Presbyterianism. But other voices were still to have their say. Half a century later came the establishment of Episcopacy, and the erection of a bishop's throne. St. Giles' was now a cathedral, in which prelates for twenty-seven years were to defend the principles of their order. But on a July Sunday of 1637, practically three centuries ago, a stool flung by a woman, some say called Jenny Geddes, at the head of the Dean, inaugurated a revolution which, spreading from St. Giles' throughout the country, led to the National Covenant and the expulsion of Episcopacy. Back, then, came the Presbyters, but to very troubled days, for soon the Independants of Cromwell, having contemptuously expelled the General Assembly from St. Giles', were preaching in Knox's pulpit with pistols in their belts. In 1660 the Bishops returned with the Restoration, and, a quarter of a century afterwards, the Presbyters returned with the Revolution. But on this latter occasion the Presbyters came back for good.

Throughout that restless and disordered span of a hundred and thirty odd years, while the age-worn stones of St. Giles' echoed to the voice of prayer and praise, they echoed to other things as well. For the great Kirk of Scotland's capital was put to strange uses, as within its walls, and around them, the constitutions of Church and State were hammered out on the anvil of grim experience. Beneath the roof of St. Giles', the Judges of the Court of Session dispensed justice, and shackled prisoners moaned in their chains. The flag-stones rang with the clank of men in armour; the vast interior resounded with the brawls of contending religious and political factions. Again and again in days of civil war, the cannon roared from the battlements of the Lantern Tower, a centre of high strategic importance. In St. Giles', where his ancestors had been wont to worship, and where he himself had argued and disputed with Presbyterian divines, James VI. on his departure for England took formal leave of the Scottish people. Possibly they were as glad to see the last of him as he was to see the last of them. There hordes of Covenanters were imprisoned under barbarous conditions, and there the

Solemn League and Covenant was signed. There rests the dust of the Regent Morton and of the great Montrose.

The post-Reformation history of St. Giles' was one of almost incredible vandalism, though, as we have seen, in the immediate Reformation era little real damage was done to the fabric itself. In 1587 its interior was divided up by partition walls into several places of worship, and other sections were devoted to secular use; but, disfiguring though this process was, as yet no devastating hand was laid upon its stately frame. Nearly two hundred years were to pass ere serious destruction fell upon it, but in 1758 two graceful chapels, founded in 1512, were swept away, and in 1797 the precious porch, survivor of the ancient Norman church of King Alexander I. was ruthlessly demolished. Nevertheless, at the close of the eighteenth century, save for these wanton and stupid acts, the magnificent structure of the mediæval church still stood unimpaired.

Crowded shops and booths were built up against its outer walls, like barnacles clinging to a rock. The interior, containing four dark and awful churches, the General Assembly Hall, the police office, and sundry other portions set apart for divers purposes, was steeped in dingy squalor and dank and frowsty disrepair. Nowhere lay more heavily the blight of eighteenth-century indifferentism. "Come," said Dr Johnson, to Principal Robertson, in 1773, "let me see what was once a church!" In 1829, however, a growing public recognition that the sordid condition of this historic church was a national scandal, resulted in a Government grant of some twelve thousand pounds for its restoration, and St Giles', by a tragic irony, was forthwith engulfed in the greatest disaster of its long and chequered history.

The work of restoration was entrusted to an architect of the name of Burn, who, for four years, worked upon exterior and interior alike his barbarous and ignorant will. By the time he was finished with it St. Giles' was a monumental tragedy. He had smashed down four lovely chapels and swept away the south porch and one-half of the exquisite Aisle of the Holy Blood; he had torn off the steep, mediæval stone roof, one of the most distinctive features of the church, had demolished the richly canopied niches which surrounded the entire building. With the exception of the Tower he had enclosed, and at enormous expense, the whole exterior, once so majestic in its rough and rugged strength, in the present casing of smooth and featureless stone. Inside, his work was equally catastrophic. The great nave was deliberately destroyed. Its ancient vaulted roof, four and a half centuries old, was pulled down to be replaced with a shoddy plaster substitute, its massive pillars were removed to make way for thin fluted columns, its carved and traceried stonework was cut and broken to hold huge, cumbrous wooden galleries. Similar galleries also encircled the Choir, whose original features were now obliterated beneath smothering layers of plaster. It can only be assumed that, since the glorious Choir was only covered with plaster, and, unlike the nave, was not destroyed, money had run out, and by the providence of God! Two places of worship were removed, but St. Giles' remained divided into a great central vestibule giving entrance to two hideous churches and the Assembly Hall, which later, ere long, was vacated for a third congregation. Still extant side-chapels were turned into coal-cellars and vestries, priceless sculptured stones were removed in

cartloads, historic monuments were smashed into fragments to be used as rubble for the floor, and tombs were emptied of their coffins. These vanished, no man knows where ; but since they were of lead, and lead was a valuable commodity, we may make a fairly shrewd guess as to their destination ! Such was the restoring work of Mr Burn, a process of ignorant ruination almost without parallel, and such was St. Giles' in 1872 when William Chambers, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, appeared as its great deliverer.

The noble church we know to-day—the pride of Scotland, and its National Temple—is, in a very real sense, the gift to his countrymen of William Chambers. We know in what humiliation he found it, and in what strength and beauty he left it. His first enterprize was to cleanse the Choir, or High Kirk, of all the horror of the Burn Restoration, and this portion of the Cathedral was reopened for public worship on 9th March, 1873. Six years passed, and Dr Chambers moved again. The stone and plaster walls dividing the Choir from the Preston Aisle were now removed, and the whole was erected into one splendid Church. In 1881 this man, whose vision was so wide and whose heart was so big, embarked upon the final phase of his wonderful adventure, and, backed by the enthusiasm he had succeeded in arousing in his fellow-citizens, set himself to the reconstruction of the great nave, and the opening up once more of the entire Cathedral as a place of worship, crowned again with whatever of its pristine dignity had survived the ravages of Mr Burn. There were innumerable difficulties in the way, but to Dr Chambers they were only there to be swept aside. Restless, dynamic, determined, pouring out his own money in lavish abundance, he fought his way towards his goal. St. Giles' had taken possession of him, and to its restoration he had consecrated his remaining years and his strength. During a decade, gradually as from a chrysalis, the old church slowly emerged, brave, and glorious, from the cluttering defilements and degradations that had been heaped upon it, and with exultant heart William Chambers watched its resurrection. He was growing old and his flesh was failing, but he prayed to be spared to see the end. "If God enables me to finish this work," he said, "I will sing my Nunc Dimittis."

He saw it finished. The last touches were being given to the rebuilt nave when, on a spring day in 1883, the old man was lifted from his carriage and carried into the spacious interior. He gazed around on that which he had brought to pass and expressed himself satisfied. On the 23rd day of May a vast congregation thronged to St. Giles' to give thanks to God for what had been at last achieved ; but at that hour, when the sound of their praise was ascending, Dr William Chambers lay dead. Two days later his body was carried from the portals of St. Giles', "amid a vast and solemn crowd," to that house appointed for all living.

Restored and healed, the High Kirk of Edinburgh became once more the pride of the capital, and to its re-establishment in the honour and affection of the Scottish people the principal agent was Dr Cameron Lees. During his ministry, St. Giles' became the metropolitan pulpit not only of Scotland but of world-wide Presbyterianism. To its pillars, like homing birds, came scores of shot-riddled battle-flags from the historic Scottish regiments, and on its walls were placed memorials to Scotland's mighty dead. It became the official church, the Westminster

Abbey and St. Paul's combined, of the Northern Kingdom. The King has his Royal pew there, as have the Courts of Justice, the Corporation, the University of Edinburgh. St. Giles' is the religious centre of all the events of civic and national importance. As the years have passed, the interior has grown in grace and dignity. Once again within its walls the arts are reverently used as the handmaidens of religion. And in our own day there had been happenings there which, in national interest and solemnity, rank with the great and stirring episodes of the past.

The Chapel of the Order of the Thistle, built on to the south-east corner of the Cathedral, and a piece of concrete evidence that the modern craftsman is the equal of his mediæval forerunner, was inaugurated in 1911 by King George V. of blessed memory, amid a larger assemblage of the chivalry of Scotland than had ever before been witnessed. To St. Giles', King George and Queen Mary came in 1918 to unite with the people of the Scottish capital in a great service of thanksgiving for deliverance from our foes. There, for three days, lay the body of Douglas Haig, prior to its burial at Dryburgh, while one hundred thousand people came to pay their last homage, a concourse of mourning the like of which had not been known in Edinburgh since the burial of the Regent Moray. To St. Giles', in 1929, the Moderators of the Church of Scotland and of the United Free Church, preparatory to signing the Act of Union which ended long years of ecclesiastical strife, led their respective General Assemblies to give the glory unto God. In St. Giles' this coming July, on the first occasion of his visiting Scotland as its sovereign, King George VI., and his gracious Scottish Queen, will worship with their Scottish people.

This ancient, noble Church, beautiful in situation, standing brave and four-square upon the Royal Mile, still keeps watch and ward above the City of Edinburgh. The waves of human strife and passion have beat upon it, and the wrath of man has again and again endeavoured to despoil it. But still it lives. It is a calm, assured witness to the eternal truth, that though the peoples of the earth may rage and the Ark of the Lord may suffer violence, the Light that was once kindled in Galilee will never perish from the earth.

Dr Warr ended amid loud and prolonged applause.

Proposing the toast of "The Author of the Sentiment," the Rev. Archibald Fleming, D.D., said :

I find myself in the unfortunate position of a twentieth-century Mr Burn who comes to you with an iconoclastic and clumsy touch.

I can hardly contrast this occasion with the last which comes to mind, on which Dr Warr was to be the leading speaker and his speech was looked forward to as the *pièce de resistance*. Everybody knew they would hear a fine piece of oratory. Dr Warr had come all the way from Edinburgh to London to deliver it. As a sort of *hors d'œuvre* before his speech a Highland chieftain was put in, only to speak for ten minutes, as every one wanted to hear Dr Warr. The Highland chieftain, however, was possessed with the merits of the Highland Power Scheme, which came to an end in the House of Commons, and continued for much longer than he was supposed with his discourse in favour of the scheme.

Dr Warr had an important engagement in Edinburgh, and the moment the Highland chieftain had finished his oration, to the end of which Dr Warr had stayed, he said to the chairwoman—it was a gathering of ladies—“ Good night ; I must catch my train,” and away he went. He received the most humble apologies afterwards, but he confessed that he had entirely spoilt his night's rest in the train, because he laughed the whole way from King's Cross to Waverley and said it was the most comical passage in his whole career. (Laughter.) To-night, Mr Stephen, having heard this tale, put me on after Dr Warr, and Dr Warr with equally prophetic instinct had arranged to stay the night in London instead of catching the train north so that he would be sure to get his speech delivered. We are all thankful after hearing that wonderful oration.

The worst of Dr Warr is that he can never steal anyone else's thunder. If he tried to preach a sermon of mine, for example, every one would say, “ What wretched stuff.” If, on the other hand, I attempted to preach a sermon of Dr Warr's in St Giles' Cathedral, they would say, “ No, no, it isn't his. He must have got it somewhere.” It reminds me of the story of the Anglican clergyman who was in the habit of picking his sermons from other people and preaching them as his own, and apparently it was a good job he did that. On one occasion his house was burgled and all his possessions were taken away except the sermons, which were left untouched. This clergyman was found afterwards composing the following sad tale of what had happened :

“ They came and pinched my silver, my linen from my store,
But they couldn't pinch my sermons, for they'd all been pinched
before.”

Dr Warr has referred to-night to a certain controversy I have had with him with regard to John Knox, and I used to have the same controversy with his predecessor, Dr Cameron Lees. Both of them really had a bad conscience. They knew that I, and not they, was the legitimate successor to John Knox. It happened in this way. Last Sunday was the centenary of the Tron Church, in Edinburgh, of which I was minister. John Knox was the minister of one of the many congregations gathered together in the corners of St. Giles'. This congregation felt sufficiently big to build a church which became the Tron Church. John Knox had not the fortune of Dr Chambers to survive to see the completion of the church. Nevertheless it was John Knox's congregation which went to the Tron. I have tried to impress that piece of logic upon Dr Cameron Lees and Dr Warr without having the slightest effect whatever. (Laughter.)

I think, also, that Dr Warr is less than fair to John Knox because he is perfectly convinced that if he had had the questioning of Queen Mary instead of John Knox, he would have done it, certainly with the velvet glove, but with infinitely greater effectiveness than a mere blast of temper achieved by my distinguished predecessor.

Dr Warr is also exceedingly annoyed because he was not the minister of St Giles', Dean Hannah reincarnated, for if Jenny Geddes had thrown the stool at him, he would not have taken it lying down as the Dean of that day did. He would have handled whatever missile was

nearest, probably the glass of water every well-trained beadle puts at hand, and would have thrown it at Jenny Geddes and checked the results. Authentic tradition says that after that she lifted her lines from St. Giles' and went down to the Tron.

With such an invaluable volume known as "Who's Who," I do not need to recount the story of Dr Warr's distinguished career. It was distinguished from the very first. He could not help being distinguished after being born in the lovely Manse of Rosneath. He could not help being a fighter, with the minister of Rosneath, his father, and his father's predecessor there to hand on the tradition—both were splendid fighters like the present gentleman, although they fought with the tenderness of heart of a woman or child.

Dr Warr went from Glasgow, with wonderful discretion, to my University of Edinburgh, and was the first prize winner of Divinity. Then he went back to be assistant in Glasgow Cathedral, just to show how a cathedral service should be conducted. After a time he went to Greenock and tried the common earth for a few years, gaining that grace of humility which has never since parted from him. At Edinburgh he became minister of St. Giles', and never has there been a brighter moment in its history than to-night, when the story has been told with such brilliant eloquence. (Applause.)

Dr Warr enlisted as a common soldier in the Great War and was very dangerously wounded. His career in one direction was frustrated because he was a great musician, a great lover of the organ. I found him in St. Columba's to-day playing my organ. During the War every one loved him, and he came back with full honours and distinction, spared by God's guidance in a miraculous way which I would have liked to describe to you if I had the time. Now he is with us, and we also are proud of him. He was the trusted adviser of King George V. and Queen Mary, and is the trusted adviser of King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth. He is the trusted adviser of every man, woman, and child, however lowly, in his congregation. And it is for that reason that those who know him best cherish his friendship. I give the toast of "The Author of the Sentiment." (Loud applause.)

Replying to the toast, Dr Warr said :

Mr Stephen, Dr Fleming, and gentlemen, it is impossible adequately to acknowledge the great courtesy and generosity of Dr Fleming. I can only say that his words caused me some embarrassment, for it is not easy to sit and be spoken of in such terms by a man whose shoelace one is not fit to tie. If by the time I reach my three score years and ten I have a record one-quarter as honourable in the service of God and His Church as that of this great Christian gentleman, I shall indeed be proud and satisfied. There is no name more honoured among Scotsmen all over the world than that of the man who, I may say in all truth, has been the maker and builder of St. Columba's. (Hear, hear.) He spoke very graciously about it being the best tribute any of us who have spent a large part of our lives in public can have, to be regarded as ministers and the servants even of the most low. He will pardon me if I tell you one little incident which gives you the secret of Dr Fleming's influence in London. No man is burdened with greater public responsibilities than he, and no

man can claim more largely than he that he has not the time to look after all sorts and conditions of persons. Well, listen. A lassie of my congregation, a little shopgirl, got a job in London and told me she was going there. She was a splendid little girl, but she looked upon this coming down to the great metropolis with very real fear and trepidation. I wrote to my friend, Dr Fleming, and said this girl was coming to London. Some months later the little shopgirl came back to Edinburgh and told me that the night she arrived in London she found something she will never forget as long as she lives. A letter was waiting for her written in his own hand by Dr Fleming of St. Columba's, telling her not to be lonely as she had a friend round the corner and would she come to see him whenever she wished. (Applause.) That is his ministry down here.

Well, Mr Stephen, I want to thank you for the wonderful reception you have given me. I think it is good that on those occasions you gather together you should have time for papers on the history of your country. There is a tendency these days to be impatient of tradition. It is said that people will never look forward to the future who have never looked back to the past.

As I said at the beginning, the great kindness you have shown to another Scot who has wandered down here from his native habitat to your midst in London has made me feel perfectly at home. (Applause.)

Sir Alexander MacKenzie Livingstone, Dr Macrae Stewart, Mr W. McClymont—new members—were introduced to the President.

Captain Cameron, proposing the toast of "Our Guests," said: "We give a warm and hearty welcome to our guests. If your pleasure in being with us tonight is as great as ours in having you here then you must be happy indeed." Captain Cameron coupled with the toast the name of Sir Douglas Robinson, who briefly replied.

The President then thanked the officials of the Society. He said that one of the duties which it was always a pleasure to the President to discharge was to propose the toast of the officials. He regarded himself as being extremely fortunate to have had during his year of office the co-operation and assistance of Past-President McFarlane as Secretary. "He is really the Admirable Crichton of this Society, and having worked with him the whole of this Centenary Session, all I can say is, 'Efficiency, thy other name is McFarlane.' Of the Treasurer of the Society you do not hear so much,

but the affairs of the Society are in a very flourishing condition. Much of the success of the Society on its philanthropic side is due to his activities. This is our Treasurer's last year and I should just like to express our appreciation for the thoroughness with which he has discharged his duties and to say that he will take with him into his retirement not only the thanks of the Society but the affection and esteem and regard of every single member." (Applause.)

Mr McFarlane replied in a bright, characteristically humorous speech, in which he said that the previous President had kept him on the trot, and Mr Stephen had made him gallop.

A most successful gathering ended with "Auld Lang Syne."

MR HAROLD NICOLSON ON THE SCOTSMAN'S
PHILOSOPHY.

The social side of an outstandingly successful Session was closed by the Festival, memorable for the large and distinguished company and the high standard of oratory.

The Festival was held on Thursday, 15th April, 1937, in the Grand Hall of the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, and the chair was occupied by the President, Mr T. M. Stephen, J.P., who had on his right Viscountess Dunedin and on his left Mrs Stephen.

After the loyal toasts, Mr Stephen called on the Hon. Harold Nicolson, C.M.G., M.P., to give the toast, "The Caledonian Society."

Mr Nicolson, who was accorded a hearty reception, said all exiles had something in common—they sat by the waters of Babylon and wept—(laughter)—but the Scots exiles had a strange shape of their own, for it was not to the waters of Babylon that they turned their unscrupulous attention. (Laughter.) Moreover, they were far too occupied and far too busy to weep, for being a Scottish exile was a whole-time

job—a too whole-time job. (Laughter.) He was occupied day and night earning enough money to return to his homeland, and he was also occupied day and night in teaching the Babylonians how to run their business, their banks, and how to rule things generally. (Laughter.)

The Scot, although he was perfectly polite and courteous to the people he came amongst, although he was careful always to maintain that calm and quiet courtesy which was one of the glories of our race, could not altogether hide that he was always somewhat superior.

It was not merely that they ruled the countries of others, not merely that their courage and intelligence was greater than those of other countries; it was also because they possessed a quality of which they were very conscious, but of which other people were not always aware. The Scot might not be as rich as the Englishman, the American, or the Jew, but he possessed in his own country, and in himself, a great invisible export in which he had an imperishable asset. What was that invisible export? It was the Scottish character. (Applause.)

It was to that, and upon that, that their calm arrogance and quiet superiority was due and depended. The Scot had got a complete incapacity for adopting a conquered frame of mind. (Laughter.) He had a way, a rather curious way, of evading the fact that he was an exile, and he remained always triumphant in the sense that he had taken his country with him. And so he had. (Applause.) He had certainly taken his country with him wherever he had gone. He did not retain the captive, the Babylonian frame of mind. He never shrouded himself in veils of misery and self-defence as did other exiles. What happened to the Scot in exile was not the quiet, dank misery of servitude. It was that little current of the heart, a current that was not unpleasant, that had nothing to do with self-pity—a little current that brought him memories of great history, of past achievements, of great pride in the present, of great hopes in the future. It brought him that great sense of the history of the race. It brought him a picture of his own country.

Mr Nicolson went on to say that his own people began in Skye, and in the sixteenth century they came to Edinburgh, where they acquired, he was glad to say, much property and great riches. They built Nicolson Square and Nicolson Street, and having done that, waited until 1745, when they took the right side in the wrong way. (Laughter.)

That night, said Mr Nicolson, they were celebrating the centenary of their Society. It was an age in the life of many a man and many a society when they passed from the infant stage into that of adolescence; and they said to themselves, "What in our strength, what, with all this experience, what more can we do?"

He would suggest as a humble guest, that for a society such as theirs, composed of such eminent, active men, a society enriched by such sympathy and powers of energy, there was some new phase which they could survey. And it was this—that in this age of industrialism, and of vulgarity, they should preserve Scotland from the attack of those things which were going to rob their country of its unique character. An organization such as theirs, living there in the heart of the metropolis, gifted as they were, patriotic as they were, should be able to exercise some influence, some greater diligence against this insidious spirit of commercialism and advertisement which was creeping across those lovely hills which for them all held so many happy memories.

They loved their country. They believed that Scotland had got a quality which no other country in the world had. And what was that quality? There was some secret that they must retain to themselves—an intimate secret. If they went abroad and saw the beauties and wonders of the earth, the opulence of New York, the great history of Rome, what was it they felt when they got back? Calm and dignity. That was the secret of Scotland; and what a treasure it was to preserve in this world of iniquity. What a treasure for an organization such as theirs to preserve against this terrible spirit of vulgarity that was pervading the world. (Applause.)

If they had to make money out of the foreigner, let them see that they did it in as reasonable a manner as possible. Let them see that these unwelcome encroachments, and that selfish exploitation should not destroy the secrets which they could keep to themselves. (Applause.)

Mr Nicolson congratulated the Caledonian Society on attaining its hundredth birthday, and expressed the hope that it had before it many years of further useful activity.

The toast was drunk with great enthusiasm and with Caledonian honours.

The President replied to the toast.

In responding to this toast (he said) my first duty is to thank Mr Harold Nicolson for his most brilliant speech.

I am sure (went on Mr Stephen) that the toast of this ancient and honourable society has never been given with more graceful eloquence than to-night, and that we shall all endorse the opinion of the author of a book which had a wide circulation a few years ago, when he referred with admiration and envy to the dazzling ability of Mr Nicolson. (Applause.)

As you know, the Caledonian Society of London was founded one hundred years ago, and it is an attractive coincidence that in the year of our foundation Queen Victoria came to the Throne, and in the year of our centenary her great-grandson, King George VI., is to be crowned. (Applause.)

This coincidence impelled me, in consultation with several of the Past-Presidents, to send a telegram of loyal greetings to His Majesty, who has graciously acknowledged its receipt in the following terms:—

“WINDSOR CASTLE. PRESIDENT CALEDONIAN SOCIETY OF LONDON, ROYAL SCOTTISH CORPORATION, FETTER LANE, LONDON. THE KING SINCERELY THANKS THE MEMBERS OF THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY OF LONDON FOR THEIR LOYAL GREETINGS WHICH HIS MAJESTY MUCH APPRECIATES. PRIVATE SECRETARY.”

Our Society was not the first of its kind, for when William Murdoch, Robert Burns's teacher, invited the poet to come to London in 1787, he told Burns that “we frequently repeat some of your verses in our Caledonian Society,” a reference to the Society of Old Caledonians.

Looking back a hundred years we can see the leading Scots in London banding themselves together in a society, to strengthen those

two great charities which care for their aged kinsfolk and educate the orphans of those fallen or stricken by the way.

For that object, together with the maintenance of good-fellowship among Scots in London, this Society was founded. Succeeding generations have not forgotten those objects, and to-day we are proud indeed that in the last twenty years our members have collected for the funds of the Royal Scottish Corporation no less than £30,000. (Applause.) Though our countrymen have been moderately successful in running societies and partnerships—even life partnerships with ladies—(laughter)—much of the vigour and influence of this Society must be attributed to its having a succession of Presidents—men of character, ability, and personality, men of the stamp of Sir James Cantlie, who was popularly known in the medical profession as “physical jerks,” on account of his faith in the value of physical exercises, the versatile and charming soldier, Colonel Sir John Young, a great Highland gentleman, who could discourse with eloquence and pathos on any conceivable topic, John Douglas, of revered memory; T. R. Moncrieff, whose long association with the Royal Scottish Corporation saw, to a great extent, through his own efforts, the funds of the Corporation expand from £50,000 to £250,000, and his and our old friend Sir George Paton, both of whom are remembered not merely in this Society but in the hearts of many humble folk in London and elsewhere, whose benefactors they were.

It is also our good fortune to have with us to-night several Past-Presidents and high officials—I will spare their modesty by not naming them—whose years of service are looked back to with pride, and whose enthusiasm for the welfare of Scots and Scottish institutions in London is undimmed.

In our rejoicing to-night we cannot forget that our record is a fragment of Scottish history. From our predecessors we inherited a tradition of service to the Scots community in London, which we pass on unsullied to those who follow, hoping that they will maintain and enhance a great record from generation to generation.

Thank you, my lords, ladies, and gentlemen, for your generous reception of the toast. (Applause.)

Before Sir Murdoch MacDonald gave the toast of “The Guests,” the President asked the members and guests to drink to the health of Mr John Macmillan, Past-President, who had just returned from a six-months tour of national and imperial importance, and they were all delighted to have him amongst them again. (Applause.)

The toast having been drunk with Caledonian honours, Mr Macmillan said they could not be happier than he was himself to be back amongst his old friends in the Caledonian Society. He had missed nothing so much as the monthly nights of the Society throughout

the Session. They had had a marvellous year, and he wished to congratulate the President and the others associated with him.

He had rarely heard the toast of the Caledonian Society so eloquently proposed as it had been that night, but he could not refrain from taking exception to one of the words used—he referred to the word “exile.” He objected to that word. (Laughter.) He had been in London for many years, and he did not regard himself as an exile any more than did James VI. of Scotland. (Laughter.) Those of them who regarded themselves as exiles should get back to their butts and bens. He did not regard himself as an exile, and he never wanted to go back! (Laughter.)

Sir Murdoch MacDonald, giving the toast of “The Guests,” said their guests that night were numerous, and occupied distinguished positions, some in Scotland, some in what Mr Nicolson had said was a country of exiles. As their principal guest they had that distinguished lady, Viscountess Dunedin. Not only was she the consort of one of the most distinguished of Scotsmen, but she was herself renowned for the great work she carried out during the Great War.

They were fortunate in having with them also Sir William Wallace McKechnie. To any Scots audience, could anybody with first names like those hold a stronger appeal? (Applause and laughter.) They were delighted to have him with them and they were delighted to have all their other guests. (Applause.)

Caledonian honours were accorded to the toast.

Viscountess Dunedin said the President had just been telling her that the last time he heard her speak was twenty years ago, when he and she were—well, bright young things. (Laughter.) That occasion was when she was preaching a long sermon in the Muckle Kirk of Elgin. Let her assure the audience immediately that she had no intention of repeating that performance that night. (Laughter.) Her only regret was that she had joined the assembly very late. When she warned the President that she would be late, with Scottish caution she did not say why, and with perfect Scottish discretion, he did not ask why. (Laughter.) As a matter

of fact, she had been trying unsuccessfully to obtain a silver medal at the Streatham Ice Rink; but she felt that there, with the Caledonian Society, she was among kinder judges than the old gentlemen who did not like the way she was skating down there. Moreover, she found she was to have the support of Sir William McKechnie. That support might have been useful an hour earlier. (Laughter.)

Her Ladyship said she wished to convey on behalf of herself and the other guests how proud they were to be with the Society on that historic occasion. She had been asked, the other day, if their Society did a great deal to keep alive the Scottish characteristics outside Scotland. Her own feeling had always been that the Scottish characteristics never needed keeping alive. They were proud to own all those characteristics wherever they were—transplanted. (Laughter.) That was a more practicable word than "exile." (Laughter.) For there was a curious determination and independence about the Scot which was apt to make him a little more Scottish outside his own country than in it. (Laughter and applause.) She had moments of envy when listening to Mr Nicolson, for she heard him say that he was to have a little bit of Scotland for his own again. All she had of Scotland was the right to be cremated in Aberdeen, and, she believed, also to invite some trusted friend to be likewise cremated. (Laughter.)

Sir William McKechnie also replied to the toast.

Sir William said, however valuable his support might have been to Viscountess Dunedin an hour ago, she certainly did not need any in replying to that toast. (Applause.) It was a good thing, went on Sir William, for a speaker to let the audience know how it stood with him. Usually, when a man got up it was not unusual for his audience to say to themselves, "What is he going to say, and how long is he going to take to say it?" (Laughter.) And very often they found that the quality of his speech was in inverse proportion to the time taken. (Laughter.) He could assure them that they would have no reason to say anything of the sort about his speech, for he intended to be commendably brief. (Laughter.)

Sir William treated his hearers to a few delightful Scots stories. He told how two boys were amusing themselves in Berwickshire one day throwing stones at birds. They hit one bird, and when they went over to it, they found, looking out at them reproachfully from the bottom of the tree, a white owl; on seeing which, one boy said to the other, "Jock, we're in for't noo; we've killed a cherubim."

I was once an Inspector of Schools, you know, said Sir William, amid laughter, and one day I said to a teacher in the schoolroom: "Just look at those seats; look at the dust on them; they're in a disgraceful state." And the school teacher replied: "But, Maister McKechnie, ye must remember that the children hav'na yet sat on them."

I might as well tell you about the shepherd who did not like a certain man in his parish. "What's wrong with him?" somebody asked him. "Him, fat, him! he's nae worth a damn unless ye're swearin' onyway."

I once made an indiscreet speech in which I attacked the Treasury in a way I possibly should not. It was at Wick, in the North of Scotland, where the herring used to come to. After the speech, I spoke to the local reporter. "I hope you won't put that in your paper?" And the local reporter replied, "Indeed I will put it in; it was the only thing you said that was worth a damn!"

Sir William associated himself with Viscountess Dunedin's remarks about the Caledonian Society, and hoped that it would go on doing its fine work.

The toast of "The President" was proposed by Mr William Will, Past-President.

Mr Will said it was a privilege to be allowed at any time to propose the toast of the President of the Caledonian Society of London, but in the first of the Centenary Sessions, with a President who has given such outstanding—such distinguished—service to the Society, the honour is multiplied a hundredfold.

At our first meeting this session (continued Mr Will), I stated that Mr Stephen was the first banker who had occupied the chair, but I had overlooked the fact that the late Mr G. W. Thomson, the accomplished poet-essayist President in 1906-1907, was also a banker.

Naturally enough, both these able bankers were born in the same north-eastern county of Scotland, which, although tempted to, I shall not advertise by naming. Several other bankers, potential Presidents of the Society, are here to-night; but I can assure any cynics who may be listening to me that this fact gives no colour to the suggestion of the hall-keeper who, having mixed up a meeting of the Y.M.C.A. with a Bankers' Conference, exclaimed in answer to a question, "Na, na, there's nae Christians here; they're a' bankers."

It is my duty, Mr President, to convey to you the thanks of the members for your great services in the Chair during the Session that sees us in our hundredth year.

I shall say little, although I could say a great deal, about the eminent position in the banking world which, unaided, our President has made for himself and his company since he came to London just over twenty years ago. He found the great English people, as most Scotsmen have found them, friendly, helpful, generous, warm-hearted, and the soul of integrity. In return he has given them well-considered service, sagacious advice, and a square deal. (Applause.)

Mr. Stephen, an Aberdeenshire man, has put his clients' Aberdeen jokes in one pocket and their gold in another. (Laughter.) He returned their generous business gestures by giving them considerable over-drafts, with the necessary security, of course. (Laughter.)

But however he has done it, our President and his English clients have found mutual confidence, and by his sagacity and business methods he has not only enhanced the reputation of Scottish banking in England—one of the forerunners of which, by the way, was the Bank of England itself, founded by a Scotsman, William Paterson—but he has still further enhanced the reputation for integrity of Scottish business

men and methods generally, in the country of our adoption. (Hear, hear).

Mr. Stephen has carried into the conduct of the work of the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Caledonian Society of London the same great foresight, the same ardent enthusiasm and the same enormous capacity for hard work that have taken him so far in his profession. (Applause.)

He has set a standard in the Chair that will be impossible to improve upon, and hard to live up to. The meetings during the Session have been phenomenally successful, for he has gone far and wide for talent to edify and entertain us. Some of us know that those successful meetings don't just happen. Worry, anxiety, and negotiations precede every successful meeting, and these I know have been the rule in the case of Mr Stephen, whose health and that of Mrs Stephen I ask you to drink with great heartiness. (Applause.)

I have here the Society's Past-President's Badge, awarded to the Past-President as a recognition of our appreciation of his work, and I shall ask Lady Dunedin to pin it on Mr Stephen's breast.

This having been done, by Lady Dunedin, the toast was received with great enthusiasm, and accorded the customary Caledonian honours.

I have listened with much gratitude (said Mr Stephen in reply), though not without a good deal of embarrassment to the far too generous remarks which have fallen from the lips of the senior Past-President, William Will. I feel it my good fortune that the task should have fallen to him. I have had the privilege of being associated with him in the work of the Scottish Corporation, and if he can speak as he has done of that which has been attempted and in part accomplished, the compliment is all the greater because of the man who uttered it.

My year of office has been an experience of the most loyal support from members and office-bearers alike, an inspiration, too, in following many great men as former Presidents, and I have striven to make the session a worthy one. I desire to acknowledge the most generous help of friends, some of whom we are privileged to have with us here to-night as honoured guests, and some whose contributions added to the distinction, enjoyment, and variety of our meetings.

I thank Mr Will for the too generous terms in which he proposed the toast, and you, my lords, ladies and gentlemen, for the manner in which you received it.

During the evening the Past-Presidents saluted the President, and the gold badge of the Society was presented to Mr John B. Rintoul, Past-President, and Mr R. R. Wilson, Hon. Treasurer, as well as to the President.

The musical part of the evening was provided by Miss Matheson, who sang and accompanied herself on the clarsach; Mr James McPhee (songs), and Mr Duncan Morrison (at the piano). The Society's piper, Pipe-Major Murdo Mackenzie, was in attendance.

A memorable evening closed with the company singing "Auld Lang Syne."

GIFT OF BALLOT BOX.

During the Session, the property of the Society was added to by the President, who unostentatiously gifted a Ballot Box for the use of the members. The box is made of oak, and has an inscription: "The Caledonian Society of London; founded 1837. Presented by T. M. Stephen, J.P., President in the Centenary Year, 1936-1937."

THE MEMBERSHIP.

During Session 1936-1937 six new members were elected: William Rankin Strang, Dr Alexander Wilson, William McClymont, James McCulloch, Sir Alexander MacKenzie Livingstone, Dr Donald Macrae Stewart.

David Thomson, a Life Member who joined 1910, died.

The present membership is: Members of Council, 31; Life Members, 15; Ordinary Members, 90. Total, 136.

CHAPTER VIII

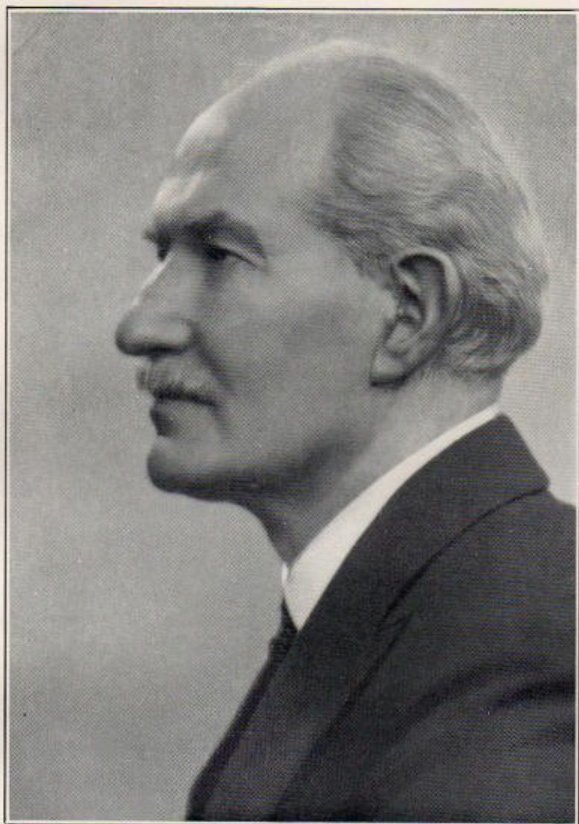
1937-1938 : SIR MURDOCH MACDONALD, C.M.G.,
C.B., *President.*

A Great Engineer takes the Chair : Sentiments—" The Scots Law," by the Rt. Hon. Lord Macmillan ; " The Nile as it affects Egypt, the Sudan, and Abyssinia," by Major F. Newhouse, M.Inst.C.E. ; " The Scot and Education," by Dr G. A. Morrison, M.A., M.P. ; " The Scot as Gardener," by Mr Thomas Hay, M.V.O. ; The Archbishop of York as Chief Guest. The Festival : the Rt. Hon. Malcolm MacDonald on Scottish Achievement.

THE President in the second of the Centenary Sessions was a man acknowledged throughout the world as being one of the prominent engineers of his generation.

Sir Murdoch MacDonald was born in Inverness seventy-two years ago, and was educated locally. When he was twenty years of age he joined the old Highland Railway, and the chief engineer, Mr Murdoch Paterson, of the railway company trained him for the great work which he was later called upon to tackle. For twelve years Sir Murdoch worked on the " Highland," and was resident engineer on different branches of the system.

It was in 1898 that Sir Benjamin Baker, the world-



Sir MURDOCH MACDONALD, C.M.G., C.B.
President 1937-1938

famous engineer and partner with Sir John Fowler, the firm being the Highland Railway Company's consulting engineers, asked Sir Murdoch to assist in the construction of the first Aswan Dam, on which work young MacDonald was engaged for four years, from 1898 to 1902.

During the following five years he devoted his engineering skill to the protecting and heightening of the great dam, the protection of the work necessitating the creation of the famous aprons which were the cause of much controversy. The critics said that similar works had been created in India a quarter of a century previously and that they had failed, and the principle had been abandoned. Sir Murdoch, with that tenacity which has carried him through many political and other barrages, said that that might be so, but these aprons of his would stand; and stand they did from then to the present day. Since then aprons have become a normal feature of such work.

He also designed the first heightening and consequent strengthening of the Dam, which design was so interestingly modified by Sir Benjamin Baker by the introduction of the famous "space" between the new work and the old, and which heralded the advent of a new principle in designing such strengthening works. In the following five years—1907 to 1912—Sir Murdoch carried out the actual construction of this work.

The Egyptian Government entrusted its Public Works at that time to the very capable hands of Sir William Garstin, and later of Sir Arthur Webb, and under them Sir Murdoch became Director-General of Reservoirs; at this stage he was responsible for the building of the Barrage at Isna, designed by Sir Arthur Webb, 150 miles farther down the river.

He was responsible, also, as Director-General of Construction, for the designing and erection of a portion of the Delta Barrage. The main point here was

the extreme celerity of construction which in one season saved the season's crops on over 1,500,000 acres—in itself a wonderful engineering feat. Sir Murdoch eventually became head of the Public Works Ministry, on the retirement of his two above-mentioned predecessors, as Under-Secretary of State, and eventually became Advisor on Public Works as well. During that time he designed the Sennar Dam and the irrigation system which feeds the Gezira Irrigation Scheme in the Sudan.

For these and other great services to Egypt he received many honours, among them the 2nd Class Osmanieh, 2nd Class Mejidieh, was made a Grand Officer of the Order of the Nile (1915), and received the Grand Cordon of the Order of the Nile (1918).

During the Great War, Sir Murdoch was sent to advise on and carry out the construction of piers and other works during the Gallipoli campaign, and subsequently he was attached to the Egyptian Expeditionary Force to make the roads and provide the water supply for the advance on Palestine.

After commencing business on his own account in London, he was entrusted with the problem of heightening the Aswan Dam to a further degree, and he acted with his firm as consulting engineers during its construction.

Sir Murdoch had honours showered upon him, also, by our Government at home. He was created a Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George in 1910; a Knight Commander of the same order in 1914; and a Commander of the Bath for his military services in 1917. He was a Member of the Council of the Institution of Civil Engineers for many years, and was President of the Institution in 1932-1933.

One would have thought that Sir Murdoch had taken out of life all that was necessary; but the desire to serve his native county was so strong that he con-

tested Inverness-shire as a Liberal in 1922, and won the seat. Since 1931 he has represented the county in Parliament as a National Liberal.

It can truthfully be said that in his dealings with his constituents he has been straightforward, and if ever a man was independent, it is Sir Murdoch. He told his constituents clearly what he thought when he and some of them could not see eye to eye. His great fight in recent years has been his opposition to the majority of the County Council, and his support of the county town, in what is known as the Battle of the Highland Power Scheme. More than anyone else, Sir Murdoch helped to kill the scheme, not because it was a power scheme—he often and emphatically stated that he was not opposed to such schemes—but because he believed that, had this particular one been carried into effect, the town of Inverness would have suffered through the deflection from its natural course of a large part of the waters of the River Ness, whereas he insisted there was a method whereby the scheme could be carried into effect which would cause practically no damage to the town's interests, adding also that this revised scheme would not cost very much more than that proposed.

Sir Murdoch had the freedom of Inverness given to him at the same time as two other members of the Clan Donald had the honour conferred upon them—Mr Stanley Baldwin (now Lord Baldwin), whose mother was a MacDonald, and Mr Ramsay MacDonald (then Prime Minister).

Sir Murdoch has the inestimable blessing of having as his wife a Highland lady who enters heartily into her husband's activities.

The member for Inverness-shire came to the chair of the Caledonian Society of London in the second of its Centenary Sessions with the acclamation of the members, for his service as member and Vice-President

had assured the brethren that in this Highlander there was combined with the tenacity shown in fighting his way against the forces of nature in Egypt, a kind-heartedness and consideration for others that conquered hearts and made his headship of a society such as ours a certain success.

LORD MACMILLAN ON SCOTS LAW.

Lord Macmillan, the eminent Scottish lawyer, was the principal guest of the Society at the Little Dinner on 11th November, 1937 (Armistice Night), at the Connaught Rooms. At this, the opening meeting of the new Session, a large company of members and their guests met to welcome Sir Murdoch MacDonald, M.P., the new President.

Sir Murdoch, before calling on Lord Macmillan, said: "I think it fitting that I should say just one word to-night on the passing of Mr Ramsay MacDonald. We all regret, and I most intensely, the passing of the most distinguished Scotsman of us all, a man who had a world-wide reputation as our late Prime Minister.

"I have the great privilege and honour of having beside me to-night one of our most distinguished lawyers. (Hear, hear.) I think of him still as in the prime of life. He has risen to high distinction, not only among Scotsmen but among all British subjects. (Hear, hear.) To-day he has to his name, P.C., K.C., F.R.S.E., Hon. LL.D.(Edin.), and many more which it would take me too long to mention."

Lord Macmillan, who was received with great enthusiasm, said:

Mr President, my lords, and Brother Caledonians, I am well aware that my fellow-engineer, your President, is accustomed to take risks. In fact, you will pardon the allusion, and you will appreciate it if I say he takes "dam" risks. (Laughter.) But I doubt if he ever took a greater risk than when he asked me to propose a Sentiment. (Laughter.)

Reflect for a moment on the disabilities upon which I labour : first, a lawyer. You remember what the legal mind is ? I think the legal mind chiefly consists in illustrating the obvious, explaining the self-evident, and expatiating on the commonplace. (Laughter.)

Like the rest of you I labour under a national disability. We Scots are inarticulate and laconic. I always think the most characteristic story I know illustrative of that type of character which we possess occurred when on one occasion an English visitor went to the North for his holiday—to a village in the Highlands. The morning after he arrived he went out for a stroll, and the first thing he came to was the village kirkyard. Leaning over the wall he observed the grave-digger engaged in his melancholy occupation, so he opened the conversation : “ You must find it very quiet here,” upon which the grave-digger replied, “ Not so quiet as them there.” Not discouraged, the visitor continued : “ I suppose people do not die here very often.” The grave-digger replied, “ Only once, sir.” As a last effort the visitor remarked, “ Have you lived all your life here ? ” and he got this reply, “ Not yet, sir.” (Laughter.)

You will agree that a nation that can produce information of that sort is a laconic race. (Laughter.)

But even a lawyer would be stimulated to volubility if not to eloquence by finding himself amongst so many of his countrymen in this land of exile. Unlike Ruth, we are not eating alien corn with tears ; apparently you have managed a certain amount of prosperity in this delightful land. (Laughter.)

What sort of Sentiment shall I give you ? I am going to put before you a topic which you probably will agree has the least ingredient of sentiment—the topic of Scots Law. I notice that is received with hardly any applause. (Laughter.) But why am I giving you this as a Sentiment ? Because among the many things we Scots pride ourselves on, and there are many, I seldom hear the praises of our national system of law. Whether it is because we do not know much about it, whether it is that we do not know the surprising merits of our native system of jurisprudence, we seem seldom to speak of the merits of what I regard as one of the greatest of our possessions.

I do not think that anyone who has not studied it can have any conception of the interest that resides in our national system and the romantic history that attaches to it. It has been my fortune to study it somewhat intimately, and as Lord Alness, who is with us to-night, will agree, it is far from being a dismal subject. It becomes, the more you study it, the more enthralling and fascinating. We all ought to know about our system of law. In the old days it was ensured that every boy in Scotland should know something about it. In 1400-and-something, in the schools the son of every landowner was compelled to learn the laws of his country so that he could take his place in the State, and administer justice if he became a magistrate. I have always been an advocate of the teaching at least of the spirit of our law, and the genius of our law, and all those great benefits of our system, so that everyone may have some general knowledge of the principles on which their country is regulated. There is no reason why it should not be taught in our schools to-day as it was centuries ago.

Why ought we to have such pride in our Scottish law ? Because it

occupies a unique place amongst the legal systems of the world. I happened to attend and address a meeting—an international gathering—at the Hague some time ago, and I found there eminent persons from all over the world who had little realization of Scotland's system. But they were eager to study it and to draw lessons from it.

The peculiarity of our system is this, and it is a real source of pride to us. Unlike the English law, which is singularly haphazard—it has grown up simply out of the principle of precedence—Scottish law seeks the principle of the thing. This is very interesting historically. In the days when Scotland was forming its constitution we were at war with England; consequently our budding youth did not go to Oxford or Cambridge or London to the Law Courts to acquire their knowledge in the chambers of Common Law practitioners. Almost without exception they all went to the Continent, and to-day in Holland, in centres like Utrecht and Leyden, you will find Scots name after Scots name inscribed. Every young man in those days, as I have said, went across to the Continent, and he arrived at a period when there was a magnificent school of Roman Law in Holland. Our young men sat at the feet of those eminent masters of the Roman Law, not to find out what was done last time, but to find out what was the principle of the thing. The result is that in Scotland we have a unique possession we do not half-sufficiently value.

We had three great writers in Scotland on the law—Stair, Erskine, and Bell. They learned their method of approach in their studies and brought it home to Edinburgh. The founder of our great system was the great Viscount Stair. He sets out the law as a systematic body of doctrine. He took up his residence in Utrecht for some years, and during that time there appeared the great work which is the foundation of our Scots law. There is no system of law in the world, other than the Roman Law, which possesses such an authentic body of law as we have in Scotland.

It is one of the things we all ought to know about in our country. It is a legitimate source of pride, and I have found it of extraordinary value in the present day. I will give you an example.

Not long ago we heard appeals from all over the Empire. There came a case from Burma concerning the sudden emergence in the Rangoon river of a large island. The question arose, "To whom did it belong?" There was no law in Burma about it at all. In these circumstances we are entitled, under the letters patent under which we sit in the Privy Council, to apply what is just and equitable. I found in Stair's "Constitution of the Law of Scotland," written in 1681, a passage that properly fitted the case, and describing exactly the phenomenon that occurred. Thus, in this twentieth century, one was able to find in the writings of this great lawyer the key to an Empire problem coming from Burma.

Only a few months after that a difficult question arose concerning fishings in the River Ganges. It was also a tricky problem on a question of law. I looked up Stair again, and there was a passage that fitted it like a glove.

It is a great inheritance, a thing of that kind. It is a very characteristic peculiarity of the Scottish genius, for the Scottish mind has always been fascinated with principles.

I have heard it said by some Englishmen that it has led to us being too fond of elaborate discussions about nothing in particular. But it has been a splendid training for our minds.

I remember George Adam Smith of Aberdeen telling me one day that when on holiday at Murtle he was out fishing and the bait gave out. While they returned to get some more mussels, the old fishermen with him said to him : " Ye'll be a meenister ? " Adam Smith replied, " Well, yes, I am a Doctor of Divinity." " Well, me and the missus have fallen oot about a pint of doctrine. Can ye answer it ? "

" I'll try to do my best," was the answer. " Weel, ye see, I want to know whether in the act of conversion the initiative lies with the Almighty or with the individual." Adam Smith gave what he thought would be a suitable enough reply, but the fisherman was far from satisfied : " Na, na," he said, " the pint's far finer than that."

Now, isn't that typical ? The fisherman was thinking it all out for himself.

Our native system of Scots law merits your admiration and praise because it is in itself an illustration of the Scottish love of principle. The result that the Englishmen reaches through a good deal of complications and elaboration we achieve by going straight to the point.

It is remarkable, however, how this is permeating to the south. I should like to see more assimilation for this reason, that in this small island we should not have two distinct systems of law involving domiciles, successions, and all sorts of things which cause friction and expense. If that process of assimilation is to go on, let it be a process in which the merits of the Scots Law system receives full recognition.

I invite you to-night to feel a sentiment of pride in your great system of jurisprudence. Think kindly of the legal system ; think kindly of the Scottish legal system. It is not a matter of lawsuits and litigation. It is something far deeper than that ; it is the framework of our Society which has enabled us to prosper and grow great. (Applause.)

Past-President John Macmillan proposed " The Author of the Sentiment." Mr Macmillan said he and all Scots had taken the greatest interest in Lord Macmillan's career in London. Lord Macmillan had been chairman of many very important committees—the most important committees of which any man could be chairman. He had come out of every one with great honour to himself. He was one of the few men in the world who had risen straight from a K.C. to the peerage. His father, the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, was one of the most beloved divines that Scotland had known. (Applause.)

In his, Mr Macmillan's opinion, there was no man in his profession equal to Lord Macmillan, no man

whose aid was sought more by his fellow-judges. He, the speaker, rejoiced exceedingly that their guest's name was Macmillan. (Laughter and applause.) A whole page of "Who's Who" was devoted to his career. He had been chairman of the Lunacy Commission in 1924—(laughter)—and one of his greatest achievements in the commercial world was his chairmanship of the Court of Inquiry into the Coal Mining Industry dispute in 1925. (Applause.) He had also been chairman of the Home Office Committee on Street Offences. (Laughter.) Long might he live to progress still further and to adorn the judicial bench. (Applause.)

Lord Macmillan, in reply, said the speaker had been kind enough to refer to some of the darker passages in his past history. (Laughter.) He did not know why a person with such an ordinary disposition like himself should have had so many depressing jobs thrust upon him. (Laughter.) Once, after he had dealt with such an inquiry, he asked the Home Secretary to give him something to look into which would provide something to talk to his wife about over dinner. He promptly asked him to take up Street Offences. (Laughter.)

His lordship said he was proud to belong to the Clan whose name he bore. They had every reason to be proud of themselves. When he went to Canada to inquire into the finances of that country, the first witness at Vancouver, where they started, came up before him, a prosperous, able gentleman of British Columbia. "What is your name?" he asked him, and the witness replied, "Macmillan." (Laughter.) He crossed right over the Dominion to Prince Edward Island, and he was met by a man who said he was acting mayor of the province. "What is your name?" he asked him. And he got the same reply, "Macmillan." (Laughter.) So that, ocean to ocean, the

name Macmillan seemed to rule the land of Canada. (Laughter and applause.)

That made him reflect—would it not be well for a lot more of our fine young men to go out to these great countries? It moved him much to see how the great Dominion of Canada was built up by Scots, especially those adventurous Scots trading into Hudson's Bay. It was a great pity that that process is not to go on, and that Canada is to be left to middle European aliens and people of that sort. (Applause.)

The toast of "Our Guests" was given by Mr Robert Stewart. They had entertained in the Caledonian Society, he said, men who had lent distinction to our national life and character—the Church, State, Navy, Army, law, medicine, surgery, engineering, shipping, shipbuilding, and commerce and trade in all its branches. The Scots in their Society, even in their hours of relaxation, were never quite able to get away from the affairs of the mind, and that night they had had a Sentiment given with eloquence and displaying that great gift of learning which all their guests who came there had in bountiful measure.

He had taken the trouble to look up the word "Sentiment" in the dictionary, and he had found it described as the sum of one's thoughts about some subject. That was a very charming use of the word. Of course, it all depended on the person.

Mr Stewart said that one of those whom they expected to have as a guest that night, Mr Justice A. D. Blair, of New Zealand, had been prevented from coming. Mr Justice Blair was a true Highlander, although born in New Zealand, and he was held in great respect in the courts there. He wished, however, to couple the toast with the name of Mr Mark Barr.

Mr Barr, in a brief reply, said they had raised him to the brow of the hill by asking him there, because his people came from Ayrshire, and they were people with

a deep love of Scotland. His name meant "Broad Hill." He was proud to be there, and he wished to thank them very briefly. They were his beloved own.

Vice-President John MacLaren gave the toast of "The Past-Presidents." They had had many distinguished men in the chair in their Society, men who had filled their position with honour, and who had worked ceaselessly for the good of the organization to which they belonged. If he might mention two, he would recall Sir George Paton and John Douglas. (Applause.) He saw Lady Paton the other day, when he had tea with her, and it was her wish that he should convey to the Caledonians her best wishes. It would be a kindly gesture if their Secretary were to write her a letter acknowledging these good wishes, for he knew how much she would appreciate that. (Applause.)

Past-President John B. Rintoul replied. Every President, he said, had a very happy time in the chair, and he knew that every one of their Presidents had tried to do his best. (Applause.) Some, perhaps, were more scintillating than others, but, as Lord Rosebery once said to him, when he tried to get him to speak at a London Fife dinner, "The big people are often more boring than the small."

Mr Rintoul said they had at least twelve Past-Presidents with them that night. (Voice: Fourteen.) Two had been mentioned, Sir George Paton and John Douglas. If there was one name in the last thirty years which was more dear to them than others, it was that of John Douglas. His name was revered whenever it was mentioned. (Applause.)

Pipe-Major Murdo Mackenzie gave his usual selection and toast, and in course of the evening there were songs by Mr Alex. Macrae and Mr R. D. Grant.

THE NILE, EGYPT, SUDAN, ABYSSINIA.

Major F. Newhouse, M.Inst.C.E., a lifelong friend of President Sir Murdoch MacDonal, was the chief guest at the Little Dinner held on Thursday, 9th December, 1937, in the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street.

The President, in introducing Major Newhouse, whose Sentiment was "The Nile, as it affects Egypt, the Sudan, and Abyssinia," spoke of him as a great and lifelong friend, and they had spent together a long time in the Sudan. Major Newhouse knew Egypt, the Sudan, and Abyssinia like a book, and anything that his friend had to say about those strange and fascinating countries came from a man who spoke with authority.

Major Newhouse, in the course of his remarks, said :

Whether one entered the Sudan from the north or east or west, one had to pass through hundreds of miles of sheer desert ; and coming from the south, from Uganda, one soon came to hundreds of miles of swamp, the terrible swamps of the Upper Nile, the "Sudd Region." One then began to think there was something in the saying attributed to old King Leopold of the Belgians, who knew as much about the value of bits of tropical Africa as any man ever did. He was reputed to have said that he would not take the Sudan if it were handed him on a silver platter and one also asked what was the use of the Sudan to the Nile or the Nile to the Sudan. And the answer was, "Not much !" In these swamps he had just mentioned, over half the water was lost annually that the Nile brought from Central Africa, about three times as much as was stored every year in the Aswan Dam that Egypt had built at enormous expense. A few hundred miles after leaving these swamps, one came to the huge Gebel Aulia Reservoir on the White Nile : it was about 200 miles long, and from one to three wide, and had been just completed by Egypt for her own needs, so here the Nile had been of use by filling a reservoir in the Sudan. Passing by Khartoum and turning south again one began going up the Blue Nile, but by car along the bank, and after about one and a half hours' motoring one came on signs of civilized farming—canals and irrigation ditches, and farm machinery, and so on—and one saw cotton growing, and very good cotton too. The area of the Gezira Irrigation Scheme had been reached, and the farms of the Sudan Plantations Syndicate. Here old King Leopold would have had to change his mind ! This was due to the Nile, for a huge dam had been

built at Sennar, to store the water of that river and to raise its level so that it would flow easily over the land and thus enable the very best type of cotton to be grown there. A man called MacGillivray had had a great idea; a man called MacDonald had designed a great dam and a great canal system; a man called MacIntyre had organized and controlled a great administration; and another man, equally necessary, had had great vision and great financial courage to back the enterprise, though his name had not quite such a pure Scots sound as the others, namely, the late Sir Frederick Eckstein. The company present would not be surprised that an undertaking backed by men with the names MacGillivray and MacDonald, MacIntyre and Eckstein, had been successful!

Going on along the Blue Nile one came to Abyssinia very soon, and then had to go along the huge gorge that had never been traversed by a white man, till one came to Lake Tsana. This stretch of the river from the Sudan frontier to the lake was most important, for here there entered the river nearly all the water that formed the flood in Egypt: it fell in tropical downpours on to trees and grass, washing a certain amount of soil down to form Nile silt and partly soaking into the soil. It began in spring and was at its heaviest about August. Lake Tsana, on the other hand, was of minor importance in the régime of the Nile, although the alarmists about eighteen months ago had tried to raise a scare about starving out Egypt and the Sudan if the Italians captured the Lake. Only about 4 per cent. of the Nile flow came from this source, and most of that in the flood season when it was in any case wasted to sea.

Going back now to Khartoum, to the junction of the Blue and White Niles, the Major explained that the White Nile was a practically clear and steady stream, which did not vary a great deal throughout the year; but the Blue Nile was quite different, being quite small in the spring but forty or fifty times as large in the flood a few months later. It was important to note this point. Going down the main Nile, formed by the junction of the two former rivers, one came, on entering Egypt, to the Aswan Reservoir, which held enough water to supply all the needs of London for about twelve years. It was filled each year from the excess water in flood-time, and was emptied the following summer when there was insufficient flow.

One then came to Egypt proper. It had been made out of Abyssinia, just as a piece of bread had been made out of flour, by the silt washed off the hills by the rains and carried down by the Blue Nile. Major Newhouse had calculated that in the past Abyssinia had been eroded at the rate of about one inch in 1200 years, while it had been calculated, by American geologists who were deeply interested in this question for reasons he would shortly explain, that nature had been forming new soil at the rate of about one foot in 10,000 years, *i.e.* one inch in about 900 years. While not claiming any pedantic accuracy for these estimates, it was most significant to note the approximate balance maintained by nature between erosion and formation.

When man upset this balance he caused irreparable damage, but before dealing with this, the irrigation system of Egypt must be described. There were two systems in force: the "basin" system introduced by the Pharaoh A'mer, some 5,000 years ago, and the "perennial" system, introduced by the first Khedive of Egypt, Mohamed Ali, about 110 years

ago. The basin system consists in surrounding suitable areas of land with earth-banks into which water is allowed to flow through a cut in the upper bank when the flood is high; when the basin is full the cut is closed and the water allowed to stand for about six weeks. A cut is then made in the lower bank, and, as the flood has fallen by then, the water flows out again into the river. The peasant then sows his seed, waits a few weeks, has his harvest, and has then finished his work for the year. This system, with some modern refinements but in its essence unchanged, still prevails over about one-fifth of Egypt's cultivated area. It was simple and fool-proof; it could withstand all vicissitudes of revolution and invasion and explained Egypt's survival through the ages. The perennial system made possible the cultivation of crops the whole year round, including the valuable cotton crop. This was done by covering the land with a close network of canals and drains, by building barrages, of which there were five in Egypt, to raise the water level in the river and avoid having to make very deep canals, and by making reservoirs to supply water in the summer, for, as explained, there was too much water in flood and too little in summer. Four-fifths of Egypt was covered with this system which necessitated skilled and centralized control and the constant collection and study of hydraulic data from far and near; there was an office in Cairo which received daily information from the borders of Abyssinia and Uganda, and was constantly engaged in calculating how to do the best with the water available. Such a system was obviously easy to upset, if the reservoirs were not filled, not emptied correctly, the barrages and canals, etc., not maintained. The basin system might be compared to a sundial—if it were upset, anyone could set it up again and know something about the time. The perennial system was like a chronometer, very accurate while it lasted, but once broken it needed the whole resources of civilization to set it going again. Such a system could be smashed not only deliberately by an enemy, but by the innocent, justifiable, but stupid work of honest cultivators thousands of miles away in Abyssinia.

Major Newhouse then explained what a terrible thing denudation and erosion was, drawing his examples from America, and quoting the official figures and language of the U.S.A. Department of Agriculture, which said that at the end of 1934 from 35 to 50 million acres of cultivated land were completely ruined, as against 10 million in 1910; that partial to complete stripping of top-soil had taken place on 100 to 125 million acres. The badly damaged area constituted one-third of the U.S.A., and much must soon be abandoned. In the State of New York abandonment had been taking place at the rate of 100,000 acres per annum for several decades past, but this was partly due to a move to more fertile lands farther west.

In Australia, too, the effects were very serious, and Major Newhouse quoted an example from the Murray River in South Australia; moreover, antiquarian research was pointing to the conclusion that the great deserts of the earth, the Sahara and the Gobi, were not natural but man-made. The matter was therefore not trivial, but, on the contrary, of the most far-reaching importance to all mankind. It might be asked what it mattered to Egypt if Abyssinia were denuded of forest and grass, owing to its development under Italian régime, but it should be understood that erosion and denudation of a catchment area had a profound

effect on the run-off, both in quality and quantity. "Run-off" was, as its name implied, the water that drained off any area of land as a consequence of the rain that had fallen on it. When soil was covered with trees and grass, rain pelting on it was prevented from doing too much damage, but flowed in more or less gentle streams as already explained. When, however, this cover was removed by grazing and preparing the land for crops, the immediate run-off was greatly increased and carried the unprotected soil with it in far greater quantities than before, while naturally much less soaked into the soil to seep out slowly after the rain was over and thus maintain stream flow. The Americans had found that run-off was from 8 or 9 to about 160 times as great off unprotected soil as from soil covered with its natural vegetation, with a corresponding increase in the amount of soil carried away. Moreover, when you had all this extra water in the streams they had to flow much faster, and this increased the silt-carrying capacity enormously, for when you doubled the velocity of water, you did not merely double the former but multiplied it by 32, while the size of the transportable silt was multiplied by 64. Hence, instead of having a smoothly flowing stream carrying soft, nearly impalpable silt, you would have a raging, swollen torrent heavily charged with sand and gravel.

It was most dangerous to jump from observations made on a few acres or even a few square miles in the U.S.A. to a catchment area of tens of thousands of square miles in Central Africa, and Major Newhouse said he was not proposing to assume that the Blue Nile flow would be multiplied by a minimum of 8 or 9 through the denudation of Abyssinia, but he did not think it extravagant to assume a possible doubling of the discharge, as a contingency that might very well arise within a few decades. He would further assume that the effect of denudation would be to concentrate the flow more, and indeed this effect might precede any significant increase in the total run-off. At present about 52 per cent. of the Blue Nile total annual discharge occurred in two months, and he would assume that this would increase to 75 per cent. in the future. To explain the effect of this by other means than figures he referred to the flood of 1878 in Egypt, which was the biggest on record, had caused much damage at the time, and was accepted as the standard for determining the size of flood defences in Egypt. The alterations in run-off that he had postulated as likely to occur would cause the average flood to be like the 1878 flood, while every few years there would be one-half as great again, and at rarer intervals there would be one of double the size. This would mean a frightful disaster to Egypt, as such floods would sweep over all possible defences, and it would be no more possible to avoid damage than London would avoid damage in an air raid. These floods would be laden with heavy silt and sand which would be deposited to form sandbanks, and thus force the river to keep on changing its course and soon turn the trim Nile Valley into a swampy delta in course of formation, while the reservoirs would be silted up and the barrages outflanked, thus putting the whole perennial system out of action.

He had painted a horrible picture of what would happen in certain eventualities, but they could be avoided and it need not happen. For the Blue Nile to be thus transformed, Abyssinia must first be destroyed, and it was not reasonable to assume that Italy wished this to happen. It was, however, necessary to approach the proper authorities without

delay, as the denudation had already begun, and arrange to co-operate with them in concerting the measures required to ensure the coming prosperity of Abyssinia and the continued prosperity of Egypt and the Sudan. If nothing is done, then unless Abyssinia turns out to be not worth developing, it might flourish for a space but would soon be ruined, and on that would follow the irreversible ruin of the Nile Valley.

In speaking of the address the President said, Major Newhouse was not a politician, and what he had said were not the words of a politician. The Major was something like himself (the President). Before an election in Inverness-shire he overheard one elector saying to another: "Donald, are you going to vote on Thursday?" "No," said Donald, "I can't be bothered with these politics and politicians." "Well," said Donald's friend, "you better come and vote, like me, for Sir Murdoch; he's no politician." (Laughter.)

Mr John Swan, Hon. Treasurer, proposed "The Author of the Sentiment" in a few words of appreciation of the work that Major Newhouse and Sir Murdoch MacDonald had done for Egypt and the Sudan.

Major Newhouse thanked the President for asking him to present his address, and the members for their appreciation of it.

Mr William Harvie, in proposing the Caledonian toast "Our Guests," said:

To-night we are particularly pleased to have Major Newhouse with us as lecturer and guest. His interesting and informing Sentiment will have enabled some of us to roll away that load of ignorance with which we were burdened when we entered this hall. And this reminds me of a story about a student who was carpeted by the Don of his College. "Sir," said the Don to the student, "I am told that contrary to orders you have a barrel of beer in your room."

"Well, sir," said the young student, "that is true, but the fact is, the doctor told me that if I drank beer I would get stronger." "And are you stronger?" asked the Don. "Oh yes, sir, indeed I am," was the reply, "for when the barrel came in I could scarcely move it, but now I can roll it round the room."

Among other guests I would mention the Rev. Dr Jaffray, C.M.G., C.B.E., D.D., late Chaplain Commandant of Royal Army Chaplains Department. Dr Jaffray went through the Boer War and the Great War. He is familiar with Cairo and the Nile. We have also Captain William Shaw, M.P. for Angus; Mr D. R. Anderson and Mr W. Veitch,

two distinguished Scottish newspaper managing directors; Mr J Henderson Stewart, M.P.; Mr George Ross, Laird of Cromarty; Mr Herman H. Wetzler, the distinguished composer who recently broadcast new tunes for Burns's songs; and Lt.-Col. Sir Hugh Turnbull, Commissioner of Police of the City of London.

I feel I must add a special word of welcome to our English guests. We Scots owe them a good deal (not financially, of course). They seem to me to be very long-suffering. They do not resent our intrusion into this great metropolis. They allow us to hold some of the best jobs. They listen with patience and seeming pleasure to our feeblest jokes. We take their money—when we can get it; and, indeed, in almost every circumstance they suffer us gladly. I assure them we are very grateful. (Hear, hear.)

None of you, I hope, will share the unfavourable opinion of us expressed by the boy whose father had had him removed to a different school. On being asked by his father how he had got on at school, the boy replied: "I wish I had never go'ed; I wish I had never go'ed."

"What do you mean?" said the father, "by saying you wish you had never go'ed? I sent you to school to learn to speak correctly. What you should have said was: 'I wish to Goed I had never went.'"

Brother Caledonians, I have much pleasure in submitting the toast of "Our Guests," which I am sure you will respond to right heartily.

The toast was heartily drunk with Caledonian honours, and Captain W. Shaw, M.P. for Angus, responded briefly.

Mr Newton Lees gave several songs from his repertoire: "A Border Ballad," "Gae bring to me a pint o' wine," "Bonnie Dundee," "A Hundred Pipers," etc.

THE SCOT AND EDUCATION.

Dr George Morrison, M.A., M.P. for the Scottish Universities, was the principal guest at the Little Dinner on 13th January, 1938, held under the chairmanship of the President, Sir Murdoch MacDonald, M.P., at the Connaught Rooms.

In introducing Dr Morrison, the President spoke of his services to education, his devotion to the Universities which he represented in Parliament, and particularly to his own University of Aberdeen. There was

no one, said the President, better qualified to speak on "The Scot and Education" than his friend Dr Morrison.

Dr Morrison, who had a hearty reception, said :

You have done me a very high honour in asking me to be your guest and to submit the Sentiment "The Scot and Education." I enjoyed your Chairman's kind hospitality on a previous occasion, and the sympathetic atmosphere I found here had something to do with my ready acceptance of your official invitation.

Education is a subject in which everybody is interested—a subject on which all have views, and on which most people are given to more or less forcible expression of their views. There can be no doubt that the reputation of Scotland for education stands very high. I have heard Lord Eustace Percy, a well-qualified judge, pay eloquent tribute to the Scottish zeal for education for its own sake. English people often remark on the high proportion of the Scottish population that contrives to get a university education. This has been largely due to the comparatively low cost of education in Scotland at all stages, and to the fact that for centuries it was possible for a pupil to go direct from almost any Parish School to the University. My own experience of education covers almost the whole period from the Act of 1872 to the present time. I went to school, I think, in 1875. Let no one suppose there was no education in Scotland before that Act of 1872. Indeed, most people would agree that the reputation of Scotland for education was largely earned by the work of devoted men and women before that date. An Act of 1696 established a school in every parish, to be maintained by the Kirk Session and heritors. These schools were undenominational, and the parish schoolmaster held office *ad vitam aut culpam*. You may be surprised to learn that at least one "old parochial" is still at work in the south-east of Scotland, well over eighty years of age. The system produced many examples of one of the finest of human relationships—the relation between an enthusiastic teacher and an able pupil—such a relationship as has been well described by the late Mr Ramsay MacDonald in his account of his own school days.

Remember that the men who did fine work with their senior pupils often had to bear at the same time a heavy burden of elementary teaching. My own schoolmaster, Mr John Shand, of Mortlach, Banffshire, taught Standard V and everything in school above it. Those of us who were preparing for the University had our lesson before school in the morning or after school in the afternoon. During my last year I read Tacitus and Euripides with him at his house in the evenings. Many still alive look back with regret to the days when a pupil could get all his pre-university instruction, while living in his own home, from one who knew him intimately and could guide him by both precept and example. This kind of thing was done without thought of reward. If there was at times some "kudos" to be got from the performance of a brilliant pupil, surely the schoolmaster was entitled to it.

Secondary education was from an early date provided in Scotland by the Grammar Schools, many of which reached a high degree of efficiency. They were usually managed by the Burgh Councils.

The system established in 1872 required for local administration no

fewer than 972 School Boards. (It was a tremendous change when in 1919 these were replaced by 37 Education Authorities—one wonders that the change was carried through so smoothly. Since then the Act of 1929 has replaced the *ad hoc* authorities by committees of the Town and County Councils.)

One pernicious mistake was made by "My Lords" when, at the outset, they ordained the system of payment by results. That is happily a thing of the past, but one can even yet find traces of its evil influence, and it is good to read Matthew Arnold's denunciations of the similar system then prevailing in England.

Towards the end of the second decade of compulsory public education, two things, happening almost together, exercised a powerful and far-reaching influence. One was the sitting of the Universities Commission, and the Act of 1889. The immediate consequence of this was a sharp rise in the University entrance standard. The other was the taking over by the Scottish Education Department of the task of inspection of the higher schools. Shortly afterwards the Department took over also the work of the Science and Art Department. Up to this time the universities alone had conditioned the work of the higher schools. Now there were two powers, independent of each other—and relations were not always too friendly—the universities jealous for their freedom and autonomy, the Department bent on widening the scope of school education, and sometimes insisting on conditions which made certain lines of university preparation difficult. In time this extension of school work reacted on the universities, hastening on the extension of their work also, though the expense of instituting new faculties and even single chairs has always been a serious matter in Scotland. We could do with many more benefactors.

To come back to the schools. The extension of the curriculum brought problems some of which are not yet settled. They are not easy to settle. The introduction of practical work in science and other subjects involved expensive laboratories, equipment and apparatus, and more and more highly qualified teachers. It was found impossible to provide this in every parish school. Hence the recourse to what is known as Centralization, a system whereby the senior pupils of a group of elementary schools are drafted to centre schools. This involved transport by rail, bicycle, or, more recently, motor bus, or living in lodgings. A few hostels have been established. From my experience in Inverness, where the school of which I was headmaster was fed from some twenty-five rural schools, I became convinced of two things: (1) that children ought to be in their own homes as long as possible. They ought not to be sent from home at the age of 12; (2) that travel involves risk, physical and sometimes moral. Nor can we neglect the effects of centralization on the rural districts. It has become the custom in many places for County Authorities to put women in charge of the decapitated schools. I have certainly no cause to disparage the work of women in education; I have had women assistants who were equal to the very best of my men. But a woman can never take the place in a country parish that a man could. The country dominie was a social force. You would find him acting often as Session Clerk, or Registrar, and almost always as general adviser and example to the community. I was told last year by a lady living in a southern parish where a man had been replaced by a woman

as head of the school, that the boys of the district were running wild. A dominie, she said, was equal to three or four policemen.

The problems of centralization and staffing in sparsely populated areas, like Inverness-shire and Argyll, are complicated by the rapid process of rural depopulation. In many parishes the school population has fallen to one-half or one-third or one-quarter of what it was thirty years ago. The most striking figure in my memory concerns the island of Iona which thirty years ago had sixty-six children of school age and now has three. We have here a grave social problem which requires careful handling. No one cure is universally applicable: different solutions are being attempted in different areas. I have had to content myself with trying to show you the problem.

About a year and a half ago we passed another Education Act for Scotland. Let me say at once that I regret that the Government did not take the opportunity to make the extended school life available for all pupils without possibility of exemption. The leaving age of 15 was already on the Statute Book for Scotland in the Act of 1918, a great piece of constructive statesmanship for which the chief credit belongs to the distinguished gentleman on my right (Lord Alness). (Applause.) Another of the provisions of that Act has hitherto remained a dead letter: I mean the clauses which enact the provision of continued education up to the age of 18. Educationists would welcome the early fulfilment of this promise.

Mr Chairman and gentlemen, I give you the Sentiment of "The Scot and Education." (Loud applause.)

In thanking Dr Morrison for his Sentiment, Mr William M. Miller said:

It is my privilege to submit to you the toast of "The Author of the Sentiment," Dr G. A. Morrison, M.P. Scotland was proud of its educational heritage, and in Dr Morrison, a brilliant classical scholar, it possessed one who had worthily maintained that heritage. Except for ten years as rector of Inverness Royal Academy, most of his professional life had been spent at Gordon's College, Aberdeen, of which for something like thirteen years he was headmaster. In recent years he had been closely associated with the Educational Institute of Scotland, first as Convener of the Secondary Education Committee, and subsequently as President. Having given over forty years of his life to Scottish education, Dr Morrison was now, as a Member for the Scottish Universities, doing his best to knock some sense into the House of Commons, a task—if I may say so without disrespect to our President—far more difficult and thankless than that of instilling knowledge into the young. (Laughter.)

Scotland owed much to its system of education, and if we were not the most cultured nation in the world, they must blame the absence of a desire to acquire deep learning rather than the lack of adequate facilities for that purpose. Scots were, perhaps, too practical, a virtue which was well illustrated by the fact that in their young days, and it might be so still, the multiplication table always appeared in the Shorter Catechism—(laughter)—so that they were able in one operation to

equip themselves for the struggle of industry and commerce, and at the same time to qualify themselves for immortality. (Laughter and cheers.) He said a moment ago that we were a practical people. Only yesterday he heard of a London Scot who, after a riotous New Year, boarded a 'bus, and in rather a thick voice demanded a ticket for Marble Arch. "But we are going in the opposite direction," the conductor explained. "Well," replied the Scot, "don't bother me about that; tell the driver." (Loud laughter.)

And if I may be still more frivolous, may I remind you that we are indebted to education for that insignia of respectability, the old school tie, which, if properly displayed, might prove a very present aid in time of trouble. Some of you may know that I have the honour of being Secretary of the Royal Scottish Corporation. About a year ago I was approached by a gentleman with a common Irish name and a strong American accent, who demanded immediate financial help. Would you believe it, when I asked him to give me some concrete evidence of his Scottish birth, he referred me to his tie, which, he assured me, could be worn only by a graduate of Dundee College.

Dr Morrison's talents were not confined to education alone, for he might have made a name for himself as a caricaturist, and I believe that when proceedings in the House of Commons are dull—and that I fear occurs not infrequently—he amuses himself and his colleagues by drawing caricatures of the Members. It is a relief to know that at least some of our representatives put their spare time to good use.

Brother Caledonians, we have listened to-night to a Sentiment on a subject in which we are all deeply interested. Dr Morrison has increased our knowledge, he has warmed our hearts by telling us of the success of the Scottish educational policy, he has satisfied our vanity by emphasizing the achievements of our compatriots in the field of education; in fact, he has pleased us immensely because he has enabled us once again to say with that modesty characteristic of our nation, "Wha's like us." (Applause.)

Dr D. Hay Scott, in proposing the toast, "Our Guests," mentioned that he could not resist the opportunity of asking his Member of Parliament as to the possibilities of conducting debates on educational matters in blank verse or rhyme. Turning to the subject of the Englishmen in their midst that night, he said that the guests would give the company the greater pleasure the more they partook of their hospitality, and mentioned that Scotland, from north to south, from east to west, was waiting with open arms to show her neighbours the beauties she so luckily enjoyed. With regard to the guest with which the toast was coupled, Dr Hay Scott remarked that even those whose

profession was literature failed to find words which were sufficiently expressive of the genius and wizardry of one who was an amazing man in present-day literature. He could say that Dr J. M. Bulloch had proved himself over and over again a sterling friend and a guide and adviser to one, at any rate, who was very fortunate to have his friendship. They were indeed honoured by the presence of Dr Bulloch that night, and he had the greatest pleasure in asking the company to drink his health. (Applause.)

Dr J. Malcolm Bulloch,* a very old friend of Dr Morrison, corroborated Dr Morrison's praise of the old Scots dominie with his sense of the individual touch as contrasted with the standardized and almost totalitarian methods of compulsory education, the main encouragement to which was England's anxiety over the advances made by Germany, and particularly by the Prussians. Dr Bulloch said he did so from the fact that his grandfather was a parish dominie and his mother and one of his sisters were teachers. He also praised the attempts that were being made to break down the whole sense of compulsion in the matter of the iron-bound bursary competition with its insistence on "the version" and its horror of "maxies." He deprecated strongly the old-fashioned method of teaching Latin and Greek in the terms of grammar and not as languages that had been once spoken by living people. The result was that many students at Scots universities in the past had had no perception of the æsthetic or literary value of the classics, while many were so scunnered at their gruelling in grammar that they turned their backs afterwards on almost all forms of literature. Under the conventional methods of teaching, the Scots universities were largely forgetting to

* This spontaneous and characteristic speech of Dr Bulloch's was, alas, the last we were to hear from his logical mind, for on March 6, 1938, this brilliant and beloved Scot passed to his rest.

teach their students how to learn in the large generic sense. He also regretted all the tendencies which break down the breadth of the four-square curriculum and the tendency to turn the universities into technical schools which trained their students directly on lines which would immediately earn them a living. In doing so, he quoted the opinion of a distinguished bacteriologist who had discovered that men who had been educated at Oxford assimilated the significance of such a specialized subject far more readily than students who had had no training in any of the humanities. (Applause.)

Three new members were introduced to the President, namely, Major W. E. Watson, Mr A. Robertson, and Mr G. M. Craig.

Mr Mackenzie Lang was responsible for the musical part of the programme, and his delicate rendering of "The Lea Rig" and "The Eriskay Love Lilt," and the more robust "Macgregor's Gathering" and "Gae bring to me" were loudly applauded.

THE SOCIETY'S NEW HOME.

At the Council meeting prior to the Dinner, consideration was given to the fact that the management of the Connaught Rooms had difficulty in giving the Society the accommodation necessary, and it was delegated to the officials, with Past-Presidents William Miln, J. B. Rintoul, and William Will to arrange for a permanent home for the Society. The committee, after considering the matter, decided to recommend that for Session 1938-1939 and subsequent sessions the meetings and dinners should be held at the Waldorf Hotel, Aldwych, W.C.2.

At this meeting, too, the Hon. Secretary reported receipt of an old snuff mull from Mr R. R. Tait, who was heartily thanked for his gift.

THE SCOT AS GARDENER.

One of the foremost gardeners in Great Britain, Mr Thomas Hay, M.V.O., contributed the principal item to the programme at the Little Dinner, held at the Connaught Rooms, on Thursday, 10th February, 1938.

After the President, Sir Murdoch MacDonald, had given the loyal toasts, he introduced Mr Hay as one of the outstanding figures in the gardening world, who, unlike the first gardener, had not been turned out of his garden and never would be.

Mr Hay, who was warmly received, said his Sentiment was "The Scot as Gardener."

We Scots, said Mr Hay, have for centuries been considered eminent as gardeners, and one of the first questions that must occur to you is, Why should gardening appeal to us Scots?

There has been a variety of solutions or explanations given to account for it; a favourite one is that given by the late Lord Rosebery, in an Edinburgh speech. His Lordship said that the climate of Scotland was so vile that only a genius could grow anything there; and when the Scots gardener came south to a decent climate, the cultivation of flowers, fruit, or anything else was mere child's play to him.

Attempts have also been made to account for our love of gardens and gardening as something inherent in our very natures. Trees, flowers, natural beauty, the mystery of the seed and of living things, touches the imagination and appeals to the youthful, country-bred lad.

We probably arrive at the truth if we accept these explanations along with the fact that in many country districts of Scotland the boy, even now, has little choice in the matter. If he lives on the confines of some great estate, he may go to work there as a forester, gamekeeper, gardener. These, and employment with the local tradesmen, such as the blacksmith and the joiner, are his only opportunities.

It is true that things are rapidly changing. The great estates employ less labour than of old, many of our most famous gardens have gone to ruin or have become mere market establishments. The old training ground for the young Scot has, to a great extent, gone, and that rigorous apprenticeship and careful training is much more difficult to obtain. It is true, however, that Scotland still produces first-class young gardeners for whom there is perhaps a better and more prosperous future than ever before; but let us first dip into the past and see if there are any achievements which reflect credit on the Scots gardener.

Gardening in Scotland as a serious occupation dates from the reign of James VI. The first to achieve lasting fame was James Sutherland, who was in charge of the Physic Garden in Edinburgh. In 1683 Sutherland published a remarkable catalogue of the plants growing in this

garden. He was a Latin scholar of no mean order, and his catalogue, which runs to four hundred pages, has of late been favourably commented on.

This book is dedicated to the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and Sutherland, in his dedication, addresses the Lord Provost in the following terms: "My Lord, I shall not trouble you with any tedious account of the garden; it will sufficiently appear to your Lordship and to all the world by this catalogue how well it is maintained, and I dare boldly say, comparing it with the catalogues of other gardens abroad, it runs up with most of them."

From this single extract it will be seen that the first book to the credit of a Scottish gardener was written by a man who had no doubt of his own abilities. I am the happy possessor of a copy of this now rare book, which, I understand, was published at 12s. and now costs as many pounds.

It may be stated here that previously to the Union in 1603, gardens in Scotland were few and far between; the mansions and castles of that time were practically fortresses surrounded by moats, walls, drawbridges, and other means of defence. There was no time and little inclination to settle down to such peaceful pursuits as the growing of trees, flowers, or anything else.

After the Union, and before the end of that century, a great deal of building, planting, and garden-making had been carried out all over the country. 1683 was a memorable year as, in addition to Sutherland's catalogue, there was published the first Scottish book on gardening.

The author, John Reid, was gardener to Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh. This is a remarkable book. Reid, for the "good of Scotland," advocated the afforestation of the country, and how to set about the growing of fruit, flowers, and vegetables. He was a skilful draughtsman, and tells us how to build the house and lay out the garden.

This book remained for long a standard work, and was extensively quoted in the speech of the late Lord Rosebery already referred to. One result of this speech was a search for first editions of the book. The demand for these far exceeded the supply, and still does, so that admirers of John Reid have to content themselves with a facsimile of the 1683 issue printed in 1907.

During the seventeenth century garden making in England had made rapid progress, for here wealth was more abundant, and gardening became a hobby of the rich; but before the eighteenth century was very old Scotland had made immense progress, and had begun to export, as she still continues to do, the young trained gardener.

This invasion of England by the Scottish gardener is referred to in many books of that period, but we will only look at one reference of particular interest; it was penned by Steven Switzer, a distinguished landscape gardener who designed some of the great gardens of England. He writes as follows: "There are several Northern lads which, whether they have served time in the art or not, very few of us know anything of, yet by the help of a little learning and a great deal of impudence they invade these Southern Provinces and the natural benignity of this warmer climate has such a wonderful influence on them, that one of them knows, or pretends to know, more in one twelve months than a laborious, honest South countryman does in seven years."

Switzer was angry, not because the young Scots were in the south as under-men, but because it had become the fashion to have a Scottish gardener, and many of the best posts were held by them.

Foremost among these Scots was Philip Miller, Curator of the Physic Garden, Chelsea; he took charge of this still famous garden in 1722. Miller was partial to his fellow-countrymen and staffed the garden with young Scots. One of his most famous pupils was William Aiton, a native of Hamilton.

He was gardener at Kew, and it was during his tenure of office that Kew first became celebrated as a garden rich in exotic plants. We can hail him as the founder of Kew as a scientific institution. Aiton was succeeded by his son, who was equally talented as botanist and author.

To refer back to Miller of Chelsea, it may be said that he had made friends with most of the scientific men of Europe, and there are many references to his ability as gardener and author. He published many books, his "Dictionary of Gardening" going into twelve editions.

Many others who attained to prominence might be named, but time will not permit. In 1798 there was born at Scone one named David Douglas, who as a lad worked for seven years in the gardens of the Earl of Mansfield at Scone Palace. In 1823 he was selected by the Royal Horticultural Society to go to America to collect plants for the Society's garden. He was one of the earliest plant explorers to visit America.

Douglas was a terrific worker, and covered hundreds of miles of what was then almost virgin territory to the plant collector; he enriched our gardens and woods with many fine trees and plants. The Douglas Pine, which now covers many acres of his native country, was introduced by him and named in his honour.

Douglas made two trips, and while plant-hunting in the Sandwich Islands fell into a pit that had been dug for the capture of wild animals. He was gored to death. There is a stone to the memory of Douglas in the Scone churchyard, and the Royal Horticultural Society maintains his monument and grave in the far Sandwich Islands.

In 1783 John Cladius Loudon was born at Cambuslang. At the age of fourteen he went to work in a nursery; he came south to London when not much over twenty, forsook the spade for the pen, and became the most voluminous of writers on all matters connected with gardens, forestry, and farming. His *magnum opus* on trees is still a much-prized work. It runs to eight volumes.

Loudon had the misfortune to lose his right arm when in the heyday of his literary career, and this accounts for the fact that his handwriting was appalling. He also had the curious habit of leaving out the initial letters of his Christian name, merely signing himself "Loudon."

When he was writing his famous work on trees, he wanted some information about the giant beeches growing at Strathfieldsaye, the property presented by the nation to the hero of Waterloo. Loudon, therefore, wrote to the great Duke, but the Duke could not make anything of the letter, and came to the conclusion that it was a letter from the Bishop of London, so the Duke wrote to the Bishop in the following terms: "I regret, my dear Bishop, not being able to give any information about the breeches I wore at Waterloo. I expect they have gone the

way of all old clothes." Loudon married a Birmingham lady who has almost as many books to her credit as her distinguished husband.

I am sure there are many Caledonians present who are interested in gardening, and some, no doubt, who have a rock garden, a form of horticulture now exceedingly popular all over the world.

The first record of a rock garden in Scotland comes from Argyllshire. It was built in 1845 by James Lothian, who was gardener to Mrs Campbell of Ormsary. Lothian wrote the first book in the English language devoted to rock gardens and alpine plants; this little book is counted among the treasures of Scottish garden literature, and may be included among the rare books by Scottish authors.

The Scot as gardener still continues to contribute to the horticultural literature of the time, and I have already pointed out that while many of the great gardens of the country are but a shadow of what they were in pre-war days, a new era of possibility and achievement has been opened up for the gardeners of this country and beyond anything ever dreamed of in pre-war days.

Public parks have at last become a necessity, and in every town and city land is being devoted to this purpose. For one appointment in pre-war days there are now at least twenty. Many of these posts carry large staffs and good salaries. They are of all grades and dimensions. Sports ground, playing fields, road beautifying, county horticultural lectureships, and many other activities now provide opportunities well worth while. Naturally the Scot has a share of these, both at home and abroad.

Scots see to the parks of Birmingham, Swansea, Southport, Harrogate, Northampton, Scarborough, Newcastle, Oxford, Ipswich, Cheltenham, Wigan, Gateshead, Hastings.

In the Royal Parks we have a good average, four appointments out of the five; and the parks of Chiswick, Camberwell, Mitcham, Sidcup, Sutton, Cheam, the three Royal gardens—Windsor, Sandringham, Balmoral—are in the hands of Scots.

It is a Campbell who has just become Curator of Kew Gardens. An Aberdonian has just retired from that important post, and on the 17th of this month he goes to Buckingham Palace to be decorated by the King. An Ayrshire man presides over the parks of Dunedin, an Aberdonian at Khartoum, another at the Queen Victoria Park, Niagara Falls, many at Botanic Gardens abroad, and you find them on the plantations where each and every natural product is grown—tea, coffee, cocoa, quinine, tobacco, and every other product of the colonies, whether they be temperate or tropical.

In America the Scot as a gardener is successful and highly appreciated. It has been said that his accent has a precise money value whenever vacancies are being filled.

There has just been struck in America a medal to be awarded to those who render distinguished services to horticulture, and the first recipient is an Aberdeenshire gardener.

Another presides over one of America's famous gardens, that of J. Pierpoint Morgan; and America's finest park, the Golden Gate Park of San Francisco, is the creation from a waste of sand, by John MacLaren. MacLaren has defied all the rules of age limits, and at eighty-three is still a very much-beloved servant. At this moment he is busy with the layout

of the gardens that are to form a feature of the great San Francisco Exhibition of 1939. His intention is to retire when he gets old, return to Edinburgh and remodel Princes Street Gardens.

I have only one other gardener to mention by name. He is Mr J. F. McLeod, who became President of our Society in 1929. He is still hale and hearty, and I can assure you that he still looks upon his term of office here as one of the most happy events of his long and successful life.

The young Scot who takes to gardening to-day is a very different sort of man from those I referred to at the outset. He practically speaks a different language; he deals with thousands of plants and a host of subjects undreamed of even fifty years ago. Opportunities for education are many; horticultural schools and colleges abound, and he can start out, if he so wishes, with diplomas and qualifications of a high order.

The Park Superintendents have an Institute just like the Road Surveyors and the Borough Engineers, with examinations that require just as much study. It is good to know that the young Scots gardener of to-day is as determined and ambitious as ever, and makes full use of his many opportunities. I may say that you will find many references both to his worth and to his shortcomings in our literature. Both Scott and Stevenson refer to him, and, of course, many and varied are the stories that have gathered round him. I will begin with two that were favourites of Dean Ramsay's.

One morning, the gardener was informed by his employer that he could consider himself sacked. "Ah! but am nō' taken 't; if you dinna ken when you have got a good servant, I ken full well when I have got a good master."

This gentleman had an estate in Kent, and through his London agents took a deer forest in the far North of Scotland for the season. Before he left for the north he told his gardener that there was not likely to be any fruit to eat so far north, and instructed him to send supplies up twice a week. When he got to his new home in the north, however, he found that there was a good garden and a fine old Scotsman in charge. They became great friends, and going round the garden one day together, he praised the roses, the herbaceous, etc., all very highly. Then the conversation turned to fruit, and ran as follows:—

"I think," he said, "that in Kent we can beat you for fruit."

"Well, I dinna agree; I have been looking at your fruit from Kent. We can easily beat you for grapes and peaches."

"Yes, your grapes and peaches are A1, but what about apples and pears?"

"Well, it's early yet. You wait till September, and you'll get fine apples and pears."

"But what about plums? I am certain that in Kent we can beat you for plums."

The old man knew he had no climate for plums, but was not going to admit it, so, in reply, he said: "Well, it a' depends on what sort of plums you like. When I eat plums masel, I prefer them to be sour." (Laughter.)

The head gardener had spent a lifetime with his employer, the Major; they had both grown old together and were fast friends. Both

were particularly proud of a noble avenue of cedars they had planted in their youth. The Major was laid to rest some years before his faithful servant, and he left his old friend both pension and a cottage a few miles distant from the estate. When the gardener, who was well over ninety, managed to walk up the beloved avenue of cedars he had planted over fifty years ago he was met by the new proprietor, who asked him what was his mission. "Well, sir, I planted them cedars. I be ninety-four, and will be going soon. Now, the very first thing the Major will say to me will be ; ' John, what about the cedars ? ' "

We can well believe that over the head of this faithful old retainer will be pronounced that most beautiful of all benedictions : " Yea, I have not found so great faith—no—not in Israel."

The Sentiment was followed by loud and prolonged applause, showing how thoroughly the members and their friends had enjoyed Mr Hay's address.

Mr James Abernethy, in thanking the giver of the splendid Sentiment, said Mr Hay had told them a lot about gardening but had said nothing about his own work. The fact was, however, that their fellow-Caledonian was responsible for Hyde Park, Green Park, St. James's Park, Buckingham Palace Gardens, the Tower Gardens, and other parks and gardens. Mr Abernethy made reference to Mr Hay's book, "Plants for the Connoisseur," and the romance associated with bringing rare plants to this country, and congratulated his son Roy Hay on the excellent photographs therein reproduced of the plants which he had climatized.

Mr Abernethy said that in sitting under Mr Hay that evening he felt again a youngster, when it was not necessary to have philosophies of life ; one only lived and was inspired. He had been inspired that night, similarly as he had as a boy been inspired by the example of Mr Hay's compatriots, Hugh Miller, of old "Red Sandstone" fame ; Thomas Edward, the Banffshire naturalist ; and Peter Giles, a Strichen "loon" who became the Master of Emmanuel, Cambridge. (Applause.)

The toast, with Caledonian honours, was heartily received.

Mr Hay wittily replied.

Lord Alness, in introducing a series of delightful golf stories, described the Hon. Secretary's demands upon the members as those of "the genial dictator of this totalitarian state." His lordship's stories—largely experiences—ranged from Nairn, St. Andrews, North Berwick, Walton Heath, Westward Ho, to the Riviera, and kept the audience in a continuous ripple of laughter.

Past-President John B. Rintoul also contributed a number of mirth-provoking Scots stories, told in Mr Rintoul's easy, natural way.

During the evening two new members were introduced to the President, namely, Lt.-Col. L. Duncan Bennett, commanding the London Scottish, and J. McW. Simmie.

Colonel Bennett, in thanking the Society for his election, said his father was a member of the Society, and remarked that every Colonel of the London Scottish should be a member of the Society which, with the Highland Society, was responsible for the establishment of the Regiment.

The musical programme was in the hands of Mr W. G. Gray and Mr McPhee, whose rendering of Lowland Scots and Highland songs was greatly appreciated.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AS
PRINCIPAL GUEST.

His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr Cosmo Gordon Lang) was the principal guest of the Society at the Little Dinner on Thursday, 10th March, 1938.

The dinner was held at the Wharncliffe Rooms, Hotel Great Central, Marylebone; Sir Murdoch Macdonald, M.P., the President, was in the chair, and there was a gathering of over five hundred, which in-

cluded many distinguished guests, and friends of members of the Society.

Sir Murdoch said they had been greatly honoured that night in having as their chief guest the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Archbishop, they were proud to remember, came from the other side of what he, Sir Murdoch, almost now invariably called the invisible line of the Border. He had great pleasure in calling upon His Grace to propose a Sentiment. His Grace has been told by me (said Sir Murdoch) that there will be no publicity given to his address. This is his own desire.

The Archbishop of Canterbury had a rousing reception when he rose to address the gathering on "The Essential Scot," a Sentiment which was warmly applauded.

Past-President William Will gave the toast, "The Author of the Sentiment."

In the name of the Caledonians (he said) I must first congratulate the President on having secured as the giver of a Sentiment the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, probably the most important Scotsman that has ever favoured us with his presence.

I am honoured (continued Mr Will)—and this is no empty conventional phrase—by being asked to voice the thanks of this gathering to His Grace for the Sentiment with which he has favoured us.

Anyone listening to His Grace could not help recalling the fact that oftener than once it has been claimed that the finest speakers of English of this generation were three Scotsmen, partly educated in England—the Archbishop of Canterbury, the late Lord Balfour, and the late Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson.

All in Scotland claim the Archbishop as theirs; but my ain folk in Aberdeenshire glory in the fact that the Primate was born in their county; and the people of the parish of Fyvie do not forget that the Primate first saw the light in their Parish Manse, although an examiner at the Parish School of Fyvie once feared that they had forgotten.

This examiner was having difficulty with one of the boys, who had steadfastly refused to answer questions, either from thrawnness or blateness, two characteristics with which we Scots are cursed or blessed. Thinking that the boy was nervous, and to encourage him, the examiner gave him what he thought was an easy one: "My boy," he said, "where was the Archbishop of Canterbury born?" Still not a word escaped the boy. Such ignorance, his class companions felt, was humiliating to Fyvie, and, thoroughly exasperated, one little fellow shot up his

hand, and explained : " Please, sir, he's nae a Fyvie loon ; he disna ken onything. He cam fae Edinburgh only last week." (Laughter.)

My brother Caledonians may not know, but it is to Fyvie that the Primate is indebted for his names Cosmo Gordon, for Gordon was the name of the laird of Fyvie, and Cosmo came from one of the laird's antecedents, a sister of Cosmo, the third Duke of Gordon.

But Dr Lang did not remain long in Fyvie, for his father was translated to the famous Barony Church in Glasgow. Everybody knows how from Glasgow University, after a brilliant course, Dr Lang came to swell the Scottish Army of Occupation in England ; went to Balliol, Oxford, greatly distinguished himself there ; studied law, but on the eve of being called to the Bar entered the Church of England ; and from being a curate at Leeds, where he laboured among the terrible slums of that city, he rose through Oxford, Portsea, Stepney, London, and York to the ecclesiastical metropolis of England, and to be the ninety-seventh Archbishop in succession from Augustine. It is a romantic story of which we Scotsmen, as well as the people who pay homage to the Primate ecclesiastically, are proud. (Applause.)

May I be pardoned a slight personal digression. I knew well the Archbishop's revered father when he was the popular and singularly successful Principal of Aberdeen University ; and I am the only one in this room, I feel sure, who has the distinction of having acted as his bootblack. Well, as it turned out, not exactly his bootblack. It happened this way. I came much in contact with Principal Lang when, as a young man, I was a sub-editor on the *Aberdeen Journal*, which is, by the way, one of the oldest newspapers in Great Britain—its first number contained an account of the battle of Culloden. One Saturday afternoon I was on duty waiting for some expected event, when into the sub-editor's room stepped Principal Marshall Lang, his boots covered with mud, for, as he explained, he had tramped from Old Aberdeen through the muddy Gallowgate to attend a Senatus or other meeting at Marischal College. Could I find him a boot-brush ? he asked. We had all the paraphernalia of a newspaper office ; but although in some newspapers dirty linen is sometimes washed, in our office the apparatus did not extend to the cleaning of dirty boots.

However, a journalist is not a journalist if he is not resourceful, so from a reel of paper I tore a piece that Dr Lang said might have made a dozen table napkins, and with a good deal of elbow grease, and great encouragement from the Principal, I produced a job that delighted Dr Lang. (Applause and laughter.)

Gentlemen, in conclusion let me say that we know the Archbishop as a loyal Scotsman ; as a great ecclesiastic ; as a wise administrator, both in York and Canterbury—as wise an administrator as the Church of England has ever had ; as an author and dialectician whose work is known throughout Christendom ; as an orator who is without peer to-day ; as the possessor of one of the finest intellects in this country ; and as a leader of public opinion for whose work this country must always be sincerely grateful. (Applause.)

It was a dispensation of providence that in our recent national and Imperial rejoicings and sorrowings and crises, the Empire had as its mouthpieces those two trusted, eloquent, civil and religious leaders, Stanley Baldwin and Cosmo Gordon Lang. (Applause.)

It was the Archbishop's trumpet call, "The Recall to Religion," at a time when nations are turning to irreligion, that stirred the country, Churchmen and Nonconformists, only a short time ago. And we Caledonians are grateful—deeply grateful—that His Grace should spare an evening of his valuable time to come to favour with his company and his eloquence the roving brethren from his native land. (Applause.)

The toast, given with Caledonian honours, was pledged with great enthusiasm.

The Archbishop, in reply, said: "I am very grateful to you, the members of the Caledonian Society, for the way in which you have received my remarks, and I am grateful also to Mr Will for polishing the boots of my father, and for the way in which, in generous measure, he has over-polished the career of his son. None the less, I am grateful." (Applause.)

The Rev. Dr Archibald Fleming, Past-President, proposed the toast "The Guests."

Perhaps you will allow me first (said Dr Fleming) to refer to one who was often with us in past days, but who, I believe, is with us in spirit to-night, the late Dr J. M. Bulloch. I am sure we miss him, and it would have been one of the proudest moments of his life to see as our chief guest to-night the Archbishop of Canterbury, that distinguished son of Aberdeenshire whose honour he upheld so constantly throughout his long, varied, and distinguished career. I think many of us will wish to be in the Church of St Bride's, Fleet Street, next Tuesday, when we shall do honour to his memory.

Although His Grace has been referred to again and again one must just speak of him as our principal guest. We listened with enormous admiration and profit to his great speech, which was a Sentiment and not sentimental.

We are just a little apt to become sentimental when talking about our native land, and our fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers. But it was in a manly way that His Grace put before us the great traditions and noble memories of our country.

I quite understand His Grace's hesitation in not adopting the President's suggestion that he should give us a history of the Scottish Church. If I had had his ear I might perhaps have told him he might have been timid in giving a history of a branch of it—the Seceders. (Laughter.) His Grace cannot claim to have been one of the original Seceders; and perhaps one will hesitate in giving him the honour of being the greatest of all the Seceders. (Laughter.)

I believe that amongst his treasures at Lambeth is one which is his greatest—a pink parchment, rather faded—a telegram which he received from one of his greatest friends, the Rev. Donald Macleod, at

a critical moment in his career. The words on that telegram are, "Return, and all will be forgiven." (Laughter.)

I cannot depart from that subject without acknowledging the compliment His Grace paid me in comparing the outward semblance of our sartorial equipment. I am not sure what he meant when he said you would not know the difference between us unless you got under the table after the banquet. (Laughter.)

In my literary society at St Columba's there was a Magazine Night the other evening, and one of the papers concerned fashions for men in 1937-1938. One paper began, "During this season trousers will be worn. There will be two holes at the end for the feet to get through." All I would suggest to His Grace is that it might be easier to get through the ends of my trousers than his own. (Laughter.)

I have often heard His Grace speak, but when he is in Scottish surroundings such as these, he is never more delightful, more human and more at home. (Loud applause.)

The toast of "The Guests" was responded to by Sir John Gilmour and Sir Harold Mackintosh.

Sir John Gilmour said no one who had listened to the speech of His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury would fail to regard that evening as one of no small importance in the history of the Caledonian Society. It was indeed, in these days of hurry and bustle, of mechanical invention, of mechanisation, and of difficulties in the world, refreshing when from time to time they Scots were able to reassure themselves that no small part of the foundation and success of their race was due to the teachings which were to-day so much neglected. He was of an age when he had seen many changes take place, and yet he was encouraged by the youth of to-day. If to-day there was a certain amount of laxity, he was convinced that, notwithstanding, the youth of to-day and to-morrow was going to carry on the great traditions. (Applause.)

Those of them in Parliament who were at the banquet that night were evading the Whip and neglecting their duties. (Laughter.) Yet they had their great institutions in this country, their freedom of speech and freedom of expression, which alas was not permitted in some parts of the world. It was a happy circumstance that they Scots, whatever their problems

in their Scottish country might be, were happily able to combine for Scotland's weal and welfare on every possible occasion. (Applause.)

This year they were showing the great effort of the Empire Exhibition, which was to be opened in the City of Glasgow. It happened to be in his own constituency, and it had raised one of those social problems, the problem of whether they were to have a licence or no licence. Happily, they had surmounted that problem, and he hoped, without any ill-feeling, that by a proper observance of the facilities, there would be no cause to regret the step that had been approved. (Hear, hear.)

Sir Harold Mackintosh said he had achieved two ambitions that evening. One was to sit at the same table with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the other was to eat haggis. (Laughter.) Sir Harold explained that he was a Yorkshireman, and a sort of mid-way between Jacob and Esau.

To the amusement of the company, he revealed how the Mackintoshes had come to settle in Yorkshire. James I. had been on the throne for about eighteen months when he found he could not get proper boots, so he sent to Edinburgh for "2000 brogues." The message was mis-read to "rogues," and 2000 indifferent Scots were promptly got together and marched over the Border. (Laughter.) The mistake, said Sir Harold, was discovered at York, and the Scots were allowed to settle.

The President proposed the toast of "The Officers," and paid tribute to the work of Past-President P. N. McFarlane, the Hon. Secretary, and Mr John M. Swan, the Hon. Treasurer. Mr McFarlane, in a racy reply, referred to the Society's "Four Johns"—John Macmillan, John MacLeod, John Rintoul, and John Swan. From all of these gentlemen, and from many others as well, said Mr McFarlane, he had received every assistance.

Two new members were piped in by Pipe-Major Murdo Mackenzie during the evening—Mr D. Macfarlane Mitchell and Mr Blackie Dick.

Songs were given by Mr S. S. Ross and Mr R. D. Grant, and Pipe-Major Mackenzie gave his customary selection and toast.

THE FESTIVAL : THE RT. HON. MALCOLM
MACDONALD PRINCIPAL GUEST.

The Annual Festival, or Ladies' Night, was held at the Connaught Rooms on Thursday, 31st March, 1938. There was an excellent attendance of Caledonians, their wives and friends. Sir Murdoch MacDonald, the President, was in the chair, and on his right was the principal guest of the evening, Mr Malcolm MacDonald, P.C., M.P., Secretary of State for the Dominions. Others at the top table included Lady MacDonald (the wife of the President), Miss Ann Barron, Inverness ; Sir Edward T. Campbell, M.P. for Bromley, and Lady Campbell ; Lord Alness, Sir Alexander R. Murray, Sir David Milne Watson, and Past-Presidents and members of the Association.

After the loyal toasts, Sir Murdoch MacDonald proposed " The Caledonian Society of London."

Many years ago, when he first came home from abroad, said Sir Murdoch, he heard of an almost secret body called the Caledonian Society. He was told it was composed of brother Scots, and although he himself was Highland—(laughter)—he felt he would like to join. As the Society allowed only a hundred members, there was a waiting list, and he had to wait his turn for election. Eventually he became a member, and he attended as much as he reasonably could every business meeting and dinner, and he for his part had enjoyed the pleasant social intercourse which was always evident among them. He could assure the ladies that nothing took place at those other meetings that did not take place on their annual Festival. (Laughter.)

Eventually he was elected to the Council of the Society, and at last he found himself occupying the presidential chair. He had had the

privilege of having a number of good things happen to him, but no more pleasant thing had ever happened than being the President of the Caledonians.

The Society had during the past year pursued the even tenor of its way, and had continued to inculcate good friendship and fellowship amongst Scotsmen resident in London. It had done that just as it had been doing it for the last hundred and one years, and it was very desirable that in this modern world something of that sort should be going on. (Applause.) It would be a great pity if that feeling of origin from their distinctive area should pass away from amongst them, for it was a good thing that Scots in London, just as Yorkshiremen and Cornwall men in London, should meet together from time to time and enjoy one another's company. (Applause.)

The toast was heartily drunk with Caledonian honours.

Lord Alness proposed the toast, "The Secretary for the Dominions."

We welcome Mr MacDonalld to our hospitable board, he said, for his father's sake and for his own, for we all realize, whatever our political views may be, or may have been, that at a critical juncture in affairs, national and international, Mr Ramsay MacDonalld, forgetful of party ties, forgetful of personal interest, remembered only the duty which he owed to his country and to the Empire, and did it. (Applause.) The historian of the future will no doubt record his services at that juncture, but we should like his son to know to-night that his father's memory, and the memory of what he then did, is held in grateful remembrance by his fellow-countrymen and fellow-countrywomen. (Applause.) It was, ladies and gentlemen, if I may say so, a great work, greatly done. (Applause.)

But, sir, the son is worthy of his sire, and we welcome Mr Malcolm MacDonalld for his own sake, in the first place, as a member of the People's House, the House of Commons, where he sits, I am glad to say as member for my native county of Ross-shire, and sits with the acceptance and acclamation of every one of his constituents. (Applause.) We welcome him as a Cabinet Minister and Secretary for the Dominions, and we recognize that he holds in his hands great Imperial issues; and we also know that despite his youth—or because of it—he discharges the grave duties that attach to that great position with entire acceptance and the full confidence of all who are concerned. (Applause.)

We also welcome Mr MacDonalld as a man—unspoiled by success, and, above all, a leal-hearted Scot; and to-night we take pride in the Caledonian Society that amid his many commitments he has been seconded for the evening to the Caledonian Society. We appreciate his presence, and I feel certain we shall appreciate the speech which he is about to deliver. It would ill become me to stand longer between us and listening to that speech, so I give you the toast, with Caledonian Honours.

Mr Malcolm MacDonald, who was enthusiastically received, said :

Mr President, my lord, ladies and gentlemen—or should I say fellow exiles ?—I must thank you warmly for the very friendly and rather wild way in which you have received this toast. When I first came into the room I wondered why you had done me the honour of picking me out from your other distinguished guests and giving me a toast all on my own. But when I looked down the toast list I realized that there were two very excellent reasons why you had done so. In the first place, because of this toast, we have got Lord Alness on his feet this evening. He is surely one of the most graceful orators in the kingdom. It is an honour to have one's health proposed by a man of his eloquence and distinction. His tongue is so silvery that to-night he has been able to make even my poor qualities appear quite seemly ; and I must thank him for all the much too kind things which he has said about me, but especially for the beautiful things which he said about my father.

When I looked farther down the toast list I found another excellent reason, because you will observe that the toast of the guests in general has to be responded to by no less a person than Sir Edward Campbell. Well, naturally those who were responsible for this evening's arrangements realized that he would not be able to conduct himself in a gentlemanly fashion if he had to speak on behalf of a collection of individuals which included a member of my clan. (Laughter.) The Secretary was afraid that Sir Edward would say something in the worst possible taste ; and I cannot guarantee that even though I am taken out of his bloc, he will avoid saying something in the worst possible taste. (Laughter.) But we all hope that as a result of this device he will refrain from any violent exposition of that bitterness and hatred with which the Campbells are overcome—and which the MacDonalds for their part reciprocate. (Laughter.)

Some people these days speak rather gloomily about Scotland and the Scottish people. There are hints that all is not well with Scotland. Well, a great deal could be said about that question on both sides, and I am not going to touch upon it this evening. I suppose it is natural that we should shake our heads and wonder what on earth has come over the Scottish people at a moment like this when it so happens that there is no Scottish Prime Minister of England. (Laughter.)

But those who are anxious to find how the Scottish race is faring, what they are achieving in these days, must not simply cast their eyes across the Border and study what is going on there. They must survey the whole wide British Empire, because the men and women of our race have gone out in vast numbers to play a great, and, I think, decisive part in the settlement and the development and the government of the widest and most complex Empire the world has yet seen. (Hear, hear.)

It is a good thing to come and spend an evening off with the Caledonian Society of London ; but I am reminded irresistibly of many, many evenings which I have spent in many, many countries at gatherings of Caledonian Societies and St Andrew Societies and other Scottish societies of this nature.

Wherever you may travel in the Empire, you feel that you are still

very close to Scotland. My own impression, after a great deal of travelling, is that the Empire is almost entirely populated by people who were born in a small place called Lossiemouth. (Laughter.) At any rate I have found this, that if ever I got into trouble in any part of the world, as I very often do, I always find a Lossiemouth man ready to get me out. I have sometimes told how, when I was first approaching Australia and feeling extremely lonely, the first cable which arrived on board was one saying, "Welcome from the Morayshire tailor who made your first long trousers."

I remember another occasion in Canada when I was having a great deal of trouble in getting from Vancouver to Seattle. My passport was wrong, or for some reason or another they doubted my identity. I was within a few moments of missing an ill-important train, when suddenly I heard the voice of the ticket collector shouting above the fussy officials who hemmed in and barred my way: "Come awa', loon, I wis born in Lossiemouth masel'." (Laughter and applause.)

And you never know where you are going to come across some fellow-townsmen from whatever may be your home town in Scotland. In the Fiji Islands I was in grave peril while conducting an interview with a cannibal chieftain, and, lo and behold, my interpreter during that interview turned out to be an old Lossiemouth loon who had been at school with my father at Drainie, and for the last forty years had been post-master in a native village in the Fiji Islands. (Laughter and applause.)

I might in parenthesis give you the gist of the conversation which he and I had with that cannibal chieftain that afternoon. First of all, I asked the old man how old he was, and he said, "One hundred years."

I said: "Have you ever eaten human flesh?" He roared with laughter and licked his lips. "Many a time," he replied.

"What does it taste like?" I asked. "Just like good roast pork," he said.

Would he rather eat a white man or a black man? He thought for a moment, and said: "Well, it is generally known to the cannibals of my generation that a black man was pleasanter to eat because the white man has too much salt in his flesh."

Had he ever eaten a white man? "No," he replied, "only an American." (Laughter.)

But I must not be long-winded in this travel round the British Empire, for we are greedily awaiting the other speeches which are on the toast list. The Campbells are comin', hurrah. (Laughter.) And we will give them Caledonian Honours, too. (Laughter.)

Even on an evening off like this we of the Scottish race might just permit ourselves to feel conscious of this—the British peoples have been engaged in many great enterprizes in the past, but they are engaged to-day in by far the greatest and most fateful enterprize they ever engaged in. We have built up a great Empire, stretching over five continents and embracing countless hosts of people. Within that Empire freedom and democracy are absolutely secure, and that is a great thing in these days. But within that Empire we are building up something even more significant than that. We have such faith in freedom that we have allowed freedom inside our Empire to go to the utmost limit. We have permitted peoples, nations who used to be governed from Downing Street, to take to themselves all the powers and rights of

sovereign peoples. We have built up a commonwealth of free and equal nations. It is a miniature League of Nations. For generations and centuries mankind have been trying to create an international order where free and equal peoples could live at peace together. Time and time again they have made their schemes, and mankind have often thought that at last they had achieved what they were trying to do; and then suddenly one morning they wake up and find they are dreaming once more.

In these days we wonder sometimes whether the latest effort at building a League of Nations has only been another of these dreams. I do not believe that, but I do believe this—that the most hopeful experiment in international co-operation that has ever been made is that experiment in co-operation between free and equal peoples which is going on in the British Empire to-day. It is a most fateful experiment. If we do not make it succeed, how can you expect fifty, sixty, or seventy different nations to make their co-operation succeed. If we can make co-operation inside the British Commonwealth succeed we shall have shown the way for the wider League of Nations which men have dreamed about for centuries.

The Scottish people have played a great part, and they are playing it still to-day, in building up what is perhaps the most hopeful political phenomenon which we have ever seen. (Loud applause.)

The holders of the Gold Badge, in the following order, filed past and saluted the President, congratulating him on the success of his year of office: Mr William Will (President 1924-1925); Mr P. N. McFarlane (President 1931-1932); Mr William Miln (President 1934-1935); Mr John B. Rintoul (President 1935-1936); Mr R. R. Wilson (Hon. Treasurer 1931-1937); Mr T. M. Stephen (President 1936-1937).

As the President who had last vacated the chair, Mr Stephen pinned the Past-President's Gold Badge on the breast of Sir Murdoch MacDonald, who briefly thanked the members for their handsome gift.

Mr John McLaren, Vice-President, proposed the toast, "Our Guests."

We unselfish members of the Caledonian Society, (he said) always manage to give up one whole night to the ladies, and that is to-night. (Laughter and applause.) I need say that no woman need fear a husband who is a Caledonian. (Laughter.) He never stays out late at night, especially on these evenings, for we have a rule that our meetings must be over by about 10-15 p.m. Our Secretary, Mr McFarlane, pays special attention to that. We welcome you, ladies, to our Festival, and we are very glad to see you—at least once a year. (Laughter.) We hope that to-night you have enjoyed the music and the speeches. (Applause.)

We have many distinguished guests at our Festivals. We have Mr Malcolm MacDonald, and I hope it will not be long before he visits us again. We have Sir Edward T. Campbell, M.P., but he is not the only Campbell in this room. I know another, and as there are no more MacDonalds, the Campbells are good enough to see us through. (Laughter.) We have also Dr R. Cove Smith, who, I am told, is a little bit of a traitor to his country. He plays rugby for England. (Laughter.) I cannot understand why he did not play rugby for Scotland, but we will forgive him that. (Laughter.)

We extend to all these guests a most hearty welcome, and hope that they have enjoyed the fellowship of the Caledonians. (Applause.)

Sir Edward Campbell, M.P., replied to the toast.

Mr President, My Lord, Ladies, Mr MacDonald—and Gentlemen—(laughter)—(he said), I am very proud to have been asked to reply. I agree with what Mr MacDonald said about the toasts—that he had a toast all to himself, and I quite understand the difficulty of the Society in not putting a MacDonald amongst the “honoured” guests. (Laughter.) On such a night as this, when I am myself the guest of a MacDonald, I shall say this on behalf of the Campbells, that if the MacDonalds ever wronged us I forgive them. (Laughter.) One thing the MacDonalds always had—and that is the gift of the gab. (Laughter.) It would seem they have still the gift of the gab, but let us hope they have some other gifts also. (Laughter.) I am not in the unfortunate position of not being able to stand on my feet to make a long, onerous speech. (Laughter.) But I do agree with Mr MacDonald that we consider ourselves extremely fortunate in living in such a democratic country, where even a MacDonald is considered as good as a Campbell. (Laughter.) We can sit at the same table, enjoy the same dinner—if we are treated to it—and possibly, in the early hours of the morning, be able to shake hands together. (Laughter.)

But amongst all this democracy and freedom we still really live amongst dictators. If you go about the country you read, “Eat more fruit,” and when I speak for the Ministry of Health, as I do once or twice a week, I say, “Drink more milk”—(laughter)—not that I take my own advice. (Laughter.) We had a hospital nurse staying with us last week, and I asked her what she thought about all these requests to eat that and drink this. Her reply was, “Take the lot, and you are sure.” (Laughter.)

Which reminded him of the story of the foreigner who was had up for spitting in the train. “Can’t you read English?” asked the magistrate. “Couldn’t you read the notice that no spitting is allowed?” “Oh yes,” replied the culprit, “I could read that all right, but you see, sir, the notice immediately beneath said, ‘Wear Spirella Corsets’—and I was wearing them. (Laughter.)

I am glad to know that my good friend Dr Cove Smith is with us to-night. Cove Smith was captain of the English rugby team, and I have known him for a number of years, which gives me the opportunity of telling a rather naughty rugby story. A Scottish international footballer died, and, of course, went on his way to heaven. When he arrived at the

gates, St Peter said : " We have a great record of you, but there are just a few things I would like to ask. Did you ever use a lot of bad language ? " " I don't think I used more than most people," the footballer replied. " Did you ever blaspheme ? " " No—oh yes, but the circumstances were rather extraordinary." " And what were the circumstances ? " asked St. Peter. " Well, we were playing a match against England and there were eight points on each side with two minutes to play. I got the ball in my left hand, and I ran past the first man and I wriggled past the second man. Just when I was two yards from the line, I looked down and saw that the ball was no longer in my hand. . . ." St. Peter broke in, " Strewth, man, go on ; where the devil was it ? " (Laughter.)

Before I sit down I would like to tell you about a dinner I attended at which our present King was present. I was wearing my kilt, and the King was sitting two places away from me. " I'll bet you a shilling," he said, " you do not go back to the House of Commons in the kilt." I told him he had lost his shilling, for I intended doing just that. Nobody had been in the House for many years in the kilt at that time but, true to my promise, I went. Last summer, at a garden party, I reminded the King of this. " Campbell," he said, " I suppose you want the interest on the shilling as well." (Laughter and applause.)

Dr R. Cove Smith, at one time captain of the English Rugby fifteen, also associated himself with the toast, and expressed his pleasure at being present with the Caledonians that night.

The toast of the President was proposed by Mr P. N. McFarlane.

Sir Murdoch MacDonald (he said) had been a great friend of Lord Kitchener for many years, but he had perhaps even a greater claim to fame than that, for he had as a constituent the whopping Loch Ness Monster, which had proved so valuable that it was worth a sixpenny rate to the town of Inverness. (Laughter.)

As President, how had he stacked up as compared with those who had gone before ? Last year we lived on Mount Olympus with the high gods, and by heaven, didn't we live ? (Laughter.) Ask the secretary—that's me. (Laughter.) It is a good thing we have a centenary only once every hundred years. (Laughter.) We have now descended from Olympus and have been walking with Sir Murdoch in the Elysian fields. I don't know what that means, but it sounds all right. (Laughter.) Doubt was expressed in certain quarters as to what sort of President he would make, because, first of all, he was a knight, a K.C.M.G., and, God forgive him, an M.P. (Laughter.) But he has stood the test well. (Applause.) I think every Caledonian will say he has had a most successful year. (Applause.) Sir Murdoch MacDonald has been a couthy, lovable man, and has brought the kindness of his nature to bear on every meeting. He has attended our meetings, sometimes when he was not really able to do so, and it was only his strict sense of duty that kept him from home.

This is a place where big men become little, and where the little man gets a chance to shine. This is a Society where we use one another's Christian names, and everybody who says "Mr" should be fined half a crown. (Laughter.)

We hope Sir Murdoch will not neglect us in the years to come, but will let us have his genial presence at our meetings for many years. And in paying this tribute to our President, I would not wish to sit down without expressing our good wishes to his lady. (Applause.)

Mr McFarlane asked the company to drink to the health of the Chairman and his good lady, with Caledonian honours.

Sir Murdoch, in reply, said he had been happy in being their President. "I was happy in coming to the meetings long before I ever thought of being President," he continued. "In the years to come I shall treasure the thought that I had once the honour of being in the chair of the Caledonian Society for twelve months.

The musical programme was contributed by Mr Robert Wilson, tenor, who sang popular Scots songs in a beautiful tenor voice; the Misses Ita Cope and Jean Duncan, Scottish duettists; and Madame Lul Gardo, who sang Russian folk-songs. Mr Cyril Weller was at the piano. Pipe-Major Murdo Mackenzie did the piping honours.

"Auld Lang Syne," the verses of which were sung by Mr William S. Cobb, Past-President William Miln, Mr W. M. Miller, and Mr Will Fyffe, the eminent Scots character comedian, ended an evening of great enjoyment.

This volume of the Chronicles of the Caledonian Society of London ends the record of the work of the Society during the past one hundred years; and it, with the three earlier volumes, discloses a story in which the members may well take pride.

It will be found in these pages that the work of

the Society, while fervidly national, has never been disfigured by an offensively braggart attitude, so foreign to the great and tolerant people among whom we have made our homes.

The volume which here ends shows, through the monthly Sentiments, the many fields of human endeavour in which Scotsmen have laboured. They show, too, that while the social side of our lives has been cultivated, the claims of our great London Scottish charities have not been neglected.

CALEDONIAN SOCIETY OF LONDON. 413

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Index

SENTIMENTS AND THEIR AUTHORS

- Bairds of Gartsherrie : Dr J. M. Bulloch, 153-155
- Byways in Scottish Song : J. B. M. Hodge, 98-102
- Developing industrial Scotland : John Fraser, M.C., 294-298
- Evening : Sir John Reith, 10-13
- Famous people I have met : Wm. Blackwood, 14-16
- Highland pipe music : Seton Gordon, 24-25
- Humour of the Scot : A. Newlands, C.B.E., 105-112
- Humour of the Scottish Soldier : Captain Hon. Ivan Hay, 149-150
- London Memorial to Scottish Faith : Rev. J. Moffett, B.A., 274-288
- London Scottish : Major W. Lyall Grant, 289-293
- Nile, Egypt, Sudan, Abyssinia : Major F. Newhouse, 379-383
- Reflections of a Scottish Judge : Rt. Hon. Lord Alness, 256-267
- Romance of race : Lieut.-Col. W. S. Roddie, C.V.O., 329
- St. Giles in Scottish History : Very Rev. Dr Charles L. Warr, 349-355
- Scotland in next hundred years : Rt. Hon. W. S. Morrison, 321-324
- Scots law : Rt. Hon. Lord Macmillan, 372-375
- Scots lawyers, ancient and modern : F. R. Stephen, LL.B., 235-239
- Scotsmen's heritage : Dr J. M. Bulloch, 41-48
- Scotsmen and others I have met : Sir John Foster Fraser, 51-55
- Scots Parliamentarians I have known : Sir Alexander Macintosh, 220-227
- Scottish Clipper Ships : Captain J. J. Cameron, 113-119
- Scottish genius in surgery : Sir David P. Wilkie, F.R.C.S., 341-345
- Scottish lawyers, ancient and modern : F. R. Stephen, LL.B., 128-135
- Scottish layman's job in India : Thomas Collet, 177-181
- Scottish Magazines to-day : R. D. Macleod, 227-233
- Sir Walter Scott and the romantic Border land : Rev. W. S. Matheson, 122-125
- Something Scottish : George Blake 78-81
- The Scot and education : Dr G. A. Morrison, M.P., 384-388
- The Scot as artist : Joseph Gray, 169-176
- The Scot as banker : T. M. Stephen, 156-165
- The Scot as doctor : Dr Douglas Hay Scott, 17-22
- The Scot as farmer : Sir Robert Blyth Greig, 218-219
- The Scot as gardener : Thomas Hay, M.V.O., 391-396
- The Scot as lawyer : Lord Riddell, 4-8
- The Scot in exile : Maxwell Fyfe, K.C., M.P., 330-336
- The Scot in southern hemisphere : Sir Walter Leitch, C.B.E., 69-76
- The Scot in world enterprise : Sir Alexander Murray, C.B.E., 57-69
- Three days to Melbourne : Charles W. A. Scott, 270-272
- Vernacular in Scottish schools : William Will, 199-215

OTHER SPEECHES AND SPEAKERS

- Abernethy, James : On a great gardener, 396
- Alness, Right Hon. Lord : The City we live in, 300-302 ; love of bagpipes, 337 ; Sir David Wilkie 345-346 ; golf stories, 397 ; a great Scot, 404
- Atholl, Duke of : Doubts, 245
- Baxter, Beverley, M.P. : Scots, 326-327
- Bulloch, Dr J. M. : Scots method of teaching, 389-390
- Byrne, Lucius W. : An Irishman on Scots, 141
- Campbell, Sir Edward, M.P. : A bet with the King, 408-409
- Campbell, Lachlan : On Rev. Joseph Moffett, 286-288
- Catto, Sir Thomas : Other Caledonian Societies, 184-185
- Collins, Sir Godfrey : Memories of Scotland, 303-305
- Cronin, Dr A. J. : His youth, 77
- Douglas, John : Traditions of the Society, 103-104 ; on Past Presidents, 151-152
- Dunedin, Viscountess : Transplanted Scots, 363-364
- Fleming, Rev. Dr A. : On T. R. Moncrieff, 189-190 ; Sir George Paton, 192-195 ; Sir Robert Greig, 219 ; John Douglas, 311-312 ; Dr Warr and John Knox, 355-357
- Gibb, Sir Alexander : The guests, 166 ; Rt. Hon. W. S. Morrison, 324
- Gilmour, Rt. Hon. Sir John : Belief in youth of to-day, 401 ; Empire Exhibition, 402
- Harvie, William : Industrial Scotland, 297-298 ; Story of a student, 383 ; welcome to English guests, 384
- Horsburgh, Miss, M.P. : Reminiscences, 245
- Hawke, Sir Anthony : Scots and Sassenachs, 339-340
- Irvine, A. Bain : Auld Lang Syne, 27-29
- Japp, Sir Henry : Scots in exile, 336
- Kennedy, R. S. : On Justice McCardie, 86-87 ; to new members, 120-121
- Leitch, Sir Walter : Reminiscences, 138-139
- Linton, Hon. Richard : Big Brother movement, 166
- McCardie, Justice : Memories of Scotland, 87
- MacDonald, Alexander : on T. R. Moncrieff, 169
- MacDonald, Rt. Hon. Malcolm : the Scot abroad, 405-407
- MacDonald, Sir Murdoch, M.P. : C. W. A. Scott, 272-273 ; on Past Presidents, 327 ; value of the Society, 403-404
- McFarlane, P. N. : to new members, 56-57 ; good Caledonians, 84-86 ; John Douglas, 321 ; a popular president, 409-410
- McKechnie, Sir William Wallace : Scots stories, 364-365
- Mackintosh, Sir Harold : his ambitions and origins, 402
- MacLaren, John : Past Presidents, 378 ; a welcome to ladies, 407
- Macmillan, Rt. Hon. Lord : his ubiquitous clan, 376-377
- Macmillan, John : on Sir Walter Leitch, 137-138 ; on exiles, 362 ; Lord Macmillan, 375-376
- Miller, W. M. : Caledonian honours, Dr Haley Williams, 346-347 ; Scots education and an educationist, 387-388
- Miln, William : on Past Presidents, 150-151 ; In memoriam, 198-199 ; A. Bain Irvine, 235 ; the Society, 241-242 ; J. B. Rintoul, 305
- Nicolson, Hon. Harold, M.P. : our invisible export, 359-361
- Noad, Lewis, K.C. : Scots as exiles, 340-341

- Paton, Sir George : on T. R. Moncrieff, 188-189
- Ramsay, T. B. W. : Highlands and Islands, 273-274
- Rintoul, J. B. : on our guests, 140-141 ; Sir George Paton, T. R. Moncrieff, and John Douglas, 215-216 ; Miss Horsburgh and the Duke of Atholl, 243-245 ; basis of society's success, 299-300 ; John Douglas, 313-314
- Robertson, T. Atholl : Scots lawyers, 338-339
- Scott, Dr D. Hay : Scottish Benevolence, 239 ; Dr Bulloch's genius, 388-389
- Stephen, T. M. : Strength of the Society, 267-269 ; Sir Godfrey Collins, 302-303 ; John Douglas, 320-321 ; Dr Warr, 349 ; thanks to officials, 358-359, 366 ; the King's greetings, 361 ; our Presidents, 362
- Stewart, Robert : on sentiments, 377
- Warr, Very Rev. Dr : Dr Fleming's power, 357-358
- Will, William : on A. Bain Irvine, 29-30 ; P. N. McFarlane, 49-50, 87-88 ; John Douglas, 312-313 ; 328-329 ; pulpit and press, 328 ; T. M. Stephen, 365-366 ; Archbishop of Canterbury, 398-400
- Williams, Dr Harley : Scots character, 348
- Wilson, Dr A. : an Aberdeenshire farmer, 338

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

- Irvine, A. Bain, 1-3
- Kennedy, R. S., 96-97
- MacDonald, Alexander, 146-147
- MacDonald, Sir Murdoch, M.P., 368-372
- McFarlane, P. N., 38-40
- Miln, William, 196-198
- Rintoul, J. B., 254-256
- Stephen, T. M., 317-319

OBITUARY NOTICES

- Anderson, John A., 93
- Blair, John, 36-37
- Blane, Past President William, C.B.E., 314-315
- Brown, Kenneth Barclay, 94
- Davidson, Robert, 251-253
- Douglas, Past President John, F.S.A. (Scot.), 307-314
- Grant, Dr Cumming, 315-316
- Hepburn, Andrew, 144-145
- Irvine, Andrew Bain, 235, 247-248
- Jeffrey, Past President William, 93
- Leitch, Professor Archibald, 32-34
- Macfadyen, Archibald, 94
- Miller, Robert George, 36
- Moncrieff, Past President Thomas Reid, 186-190
- Nicol, George, 95
- Paton, Past President Sir George William, 190-195
- Riddell, Rt. Hon. Lord, 248-250
- Riddell, Thomas C., 93
- Young, Colonel James, 34-35
- Young, Past President Colonel Sir John S., C.V.O., 91-93

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