The Chronicles of the Caledonian Society of London

1905-1921

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

Foreword

THE Scot is gregarious. His genius for foregathering is notorious, proof of which may be found in the activities of the Scots in London. From the day that James the Sixth and First came to England, the clubbable qualities of these exiles have been tested, first by the formation of a Charity—now that great organisation, the Royal Scottish Corporation—to relieve impecunious countrymen so that they might not become a charge upon the English people; and subsequently by the establishment of numerous county associations and other societies with the furtherance of Scottish interests as their objective. Among these the Caledonian Society of London occupies a prominent place. Founded in the year that Queen Victoria came to the throne, the Society has taken its share of the work of Scotland in London, and among the great events in its history was the formation of the London-Scottish Regiment, which was established as the result of the work of the Caledonian Society of London and the Highland Society of London.

From Mr Douglas's previously published volume and the present one, we mark how generously Art, Literature, Science, Law, and Commerce have contributed to the personnel of the Society, which it must be remembered is restricted to one hundred members, excluding office-bearers. One notes in these records the names of famous physicians, surgeons, artists, lawyers, and merchant princes, a reflection of the composite character of the London Scots. We find at the meetings such men as George MacDonald, the novelist and preacher (a George Macdonald was a

member of Committee in 1855, but it is impossible to say now that they were one and the same person), Douglas Jerrold; Mark Lemon; Sir Daniel Macnee, President of the Royal Scottish Academy; and Dr William Chambers, of Edinburgh, whose brother Mr D. N. Chambers, F.S.A., was President of the Society for three years.

In 1863 Lord Palmerston, at a banquet, proposed "Prosperity to the Caledonian Society of London," and it was Mr Robert Hepburn who, in replying, told of the Edinburgh man who, after vainly arguing that Lord Palmerston was a Scot, retracted to this extent: "Weel, weel, if his lordship isna a Scotsman he has abilities enough to warrant him in being one."

In the sixties, when Art and Literature were well represented at the meetings, Mr John Forbes Robertson, well-known author and art critic, father of Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson, was a member of the Committee of the Society, and to celebrate the 25th of January he wrote and dedicated to the members of the Society the following poem on Burns:

THE THEMES OF BURNS.*

"And what were the themes of this peasant bard,
And what songs did this harper sing,
When he thus stood forth, among Scotia's sons,
Like Saul when first made king?

His themes were the themes of his common life,
By bield, or bank by rig or fold,
And whatever he touched, his magic art
Would turn it into gold—
The glorious gold of his bursting love—
The gold of his impassioned soul,
From which the life and the poesy welled
That sanctified the whole.

The laverock that matined the rise of day—
The mavis that vespered its close—
The cushat that croodled to answering woods
Her love-words or her woes—
The hazel, the broom, and the birken bush—
The winding stream—the waving corn—
The gowaned brae or the heath-purpled hill—
The moon's dear harvest horn.

* From the *Aberdeen Herald*, March 19th 1859.

And the light of woman's love flooded all—
She stood in every pastoral scene,
And a thrilling, witching interest lent
To " fountain, shaw, and green."
But sunless and cold would the landscape look,
And the summer's best robes how dim !
If she whom his soul loved cheered not the spot,
'Twas winter dark to him.

And at times he smote with a ruthless hand
All hollowness and base-born pride,
And rent the hypocrite's cloak into shreds,
And tossed them far and wide.
And anon would he sing of liberty
And strike his harp's defiant chords,
And still does the tyrant quake at the bard
Whose lines are threatening swords ;
For wherever are sung the songs of Burns,
Or here, or there beyond the sea,
The fires of freedom must beacon the land,
The singers must be free ! "

In the volume before us Mr Douglas shows that the talents did not die with those Scots worthies. The author, while preserving a faithful record of the work of the Society, never falls into what might have been an excusable mistake of simply making a catalogue. He presents to us a complete picture of exiled Scotsmen, serious in their business and in the work of mercy which calls them together, enjoying a social hour in which they bring to the bustling city a breath of their native air, and recall the glorious story of their native land. The fog of London is transfigured into the mist in the valleys, through which float scenes of Auld Lang Syne ; and the shouts of the streets become the call of the curlew and the bik-bik-bik of the wild birds on the hillsides.

Mr Douglas has laid others besides the members of the Caledonian Society of London under a deep debt for thus preserving the work of the Caledonian Society of London.

WILLIAM WILL,

President, 1924-25.

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The Chronicles of the Caledonian Society of London.

CHAPTER I.

1905-1906: Mr David Hepburn, *President.*

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IT is an unwritten rule of the Society to-day that the President shall hold office for one year only; but as late as the opening years of this century it was not unusual for the holder of the office to be re-elected. So in 1905-1906 we find Mr David Hepburn entering upon his third term of office. Mr Hepburn had been President in 1889, and was re-elected for 1890. In those days the Session began on 1st January and terminated on 31st December in each year.

Like his venerable father, he was a dominant figure in the Society, and for many years was regarded as a leader. Surgeon-General W. G. Don, M.D., once remarked to the writer: "Never have I known a more complete man, mentally, morally, physically; a cultured gentleman of fine presence and charming

manners; a scholar, antiquary, artist, and traveller. In the last-named capacity he explored such little-traversed regions as the Faroes and Iceland, and in lectures thereon showed fine photographs and drawings all his own."

Some notes regarding Mr Hepburn, contributed to the "Year Book of Scottish Associations" (1907-1908), by Mr T. R. Moncrieff, J.P., are of interest.

Of Norse blood and (wrote Mr Moncrieff) the ample frame characteristic of the Scandinavian race bred amid stormy seas, David Hepburn was born in London, 17th August, 1851. A Scot of Scots, he was wont to make merry with the caprice that gave him England for his native country. His father, Robert Hepburn, well known to a former generation, had a leading hand in founding the Dental Hospital in Soho Square. Here in his early years David was installed a student. Obtaining in 1873 his diploma as L.D.S., he was, next year, appointed House Surgeon. On the removal of the Hospital to Leicester Square, David was, in 1876, promoted to the office of Assistant Dental Surgeon. Next, in 1881, he was advanced to the position of Dental Surgeon. This office he continued to discharge till 1888. The next eight years, 1888-1896 we find him lecturing on Dental Mechanics at the London School of Dental Surgery, while for a number of years he held also the onerous and responsible position of Chairman of the Medical Committee of Management. Latterly he was elected to the Vice-presidency of the Institution, and so continued down to his untimely death a leading Member of the Committee of Management.

For thirty years and more he was a member of the Odentological Society, stepping in quick succession from office to office, till in 1895 he was called to fill the presidential chair.

To the profession of dentistry Mr Hepburn contributed much labour and lustre. "The Formation of the Dental Hospital of London" was the title of a brochure of historic interest which he wrote; and his literary abilities were valuable to the Publishing Committee of the British Dental Association, of which body he was one of the earliest members.

By nature a large and many-sided man of social accomplishments (wrote Mr Moncrieff) he was further courted by society for his handsome presence, his infectious geniality, his vivacity, his mother wit, his skill as a musician.

Yet, beyond all his so many official labours and social engagements, sufficient to engross all the energies of an ordinary active man, the Scottish patriotic societies of London enjoyed by no means the least share of his time, and of his energy of heart, head and hand. He was a Managing Governor of the Royal Scottish Corporation, an interested member of the Highland Society of London, and a Director of the Royal Caledonian Asylum. So recently as a year before his death he took part with one or two others interested in pipe music in establishing the Comunn Pbiobairean Lunnain, and acted as its Treasurer. No office David Hepburn held was for him a sinecure. Whatsoever he found to do he did it with all his might as also without fuss or parade. Accordingly in 1890 his connection with the Caledonian Society found expression in his publication, "The Chronicles of the Caledonian

DAVID HEPBURN.
President,
1889, 1890, *and* 1905–1906.

SWEARING LOYALTY TO THE PRESIDENT.

25th January, 1906.

Society of London." * It goes without saying that in the hands of David Hepburn, the story of this notable Scottish Society is told with more than common geniality, grace, lightness, and deftness of style.

At the December meeting Surgeon-General W. G. Don, M.D., gave a characteristic Sentiment entitled "An appreciation of Burns's 'Jolly Beggars.'" The Surgeon-General sang all the songs in his own able, cheery way, and was given an enthusiastic vote of thanks for his excellent performance. It is also recorded in the minutes of the January meeting that Mr John Douglas gave a Sentiment entitled "The Humorous Side of the Scottish Character," and highly entertained the members and guests for about twenty minutes.

At the Annual Festival on 25th January, 1906, seventy-nine ladies and one hundred and nine gentlemen sat down. The President and his sister, Miss Isabel Hepburn, received the guests in the Throne Room of the Holborn Restaurant. We are told in a specially-prepared report that the assembly was brilliant and picturesque, and that "glowing enthusiasm for Scotland and Scottish traditions, and the mysterious power of those traditions, was the prevailing note."

Orchestral music was supplemented by the Boy Pipers from the Schools "with Pipe-Major Taylor and Pipe-Major William Ross, of the 2nd Scots Guards."

Among the loyal toasts that of the Duke and Duchess of Rothesay and other members of the Royal Family was hailed with great cheering. "The Duke of Rothesay," said the Chairman, "when he came among the members of the Highland Society for the first time remarked in a well-remembered speech: 'I do not come attired in the uniform of my regiment—I come before you in the costume of a Highland gentleman, and, like you, I am proud to wear it.' (Cheers.) Placing his hand upon the beautiful dirk by his side, he said: 'That is your marriage gift to me.' Then, pointing to his breast, continued: 'This star of the Order of the Thistle was the gift of the Scottish people, and these two possessions I prize most highly amongst my greatest treasures.' (Cheers.) The Duke and Duchess are absent on a great journey; the Duke and Duchess of Connaught are also, I believe, on the high seas. May they all return in safety to these shores and to the

*This volume, condensed, incorporated the period 1837-1890, and formed Part I. of the "Chronicles." Part II. of the same volume brought the "Chronicles" to 1905. The present volume is a continuation of the History of the Society.

other members of the Royal Family, and to be welcomed by an affectionate and loyal people." (Cheers.)

The President then announced that messages had been received from various parts of the country with reference to the interesting occasion. Lord Balfour of Burleigh and Sir Reginald MacLeod both wrote saying that they were prevented only by the most urgent engagements from being present.

Dr Guthrie Rankin, in the most good-humoured banter, stated that, by what he termed his "misfortune," he was called upon to make an impromptu speech. However, their worthy secretary had put it to him in a manner somewhat like that related (said Dr Rankin) of a certain Scotch guidwife. She was about to die, and, as a last request, asked her husband to follow her remains in the first mourning coach, which would also be occupied by her mother. The husband did not like the suggestion, but being a last request eventually agreed, saying: "Weel, Jeannie, gin ye pit it that wye I'll dae't; but ye've clean spoilt my day!" (Great laughter.) The secretary with all the best intentions in the world had clean spoilt his day. "There is no assembly in the whole of London," declared Dr Rankin, "at which the toast of 'The Imperial Forces' can more appropriately be given than an assembly of Scotsmen and Scotswomen. If there are any characteristics in our race more striking than others, these surely are obedience to duty and fidelity to those over us and to our country. (Cheers.) Throughout the whole literature of our language we find that these are the leading characteristics which have made Scotland what she is. We see it especially in the writings of the poet whose name we honour to-night. (Cheers.) If Robert Burns was a democrat, he was none the less an Imperial democrat."

The toast was enthusiastically received with the Caledonian Society's honours—the clapping of hands in unison:

"One, two, three, Hurrah!
One, two, three, Hurrah!
One, two, three, ————
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

The musical honours consisted of a fine rendering of "Scots wha hae" by Mr A. S. Aikman.

Admiral Sir Archibald Douglas, K.C.B., G.C.V.O., in rising to reply for The Navy, espied sitting near him a young midshipman, whom he described as "an embryo Nelson." In a good-natured voice of command, which could only emanate from a Naval Officer, he said, "Stand up, my boy, you and I represent His Majesty's Navy here to-night." It is needless to say the order was promptly obeyed, and the Admiral went on to deliver his speech.

Lieutenant-Colonel R. Mackenzie Holden, for the Army, said: "I will not draw a parallel between the Highland and Lowland regiments, but take the characteristics of representatives of both as typical of what a soldier should be. We have the Black Watch, the Gordon Highlanders, the Seaforths, the Camerons, and the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. I like to look upon them as the descendants of those who were faithful to the Stuarts. What a glorious romance of heroism is their history." (Cheers.) Lieut.-Col. Holden recalled in vivid language the loyalty of the Highlanders to Prince Charlie. Though £30,000 was placed upon his head not a finger was raised to betray him, not one would touch the money of Judas. Those regiments of which they were so proud might have suffered defeat, they might have suffered disaster, but they never suffered dishonour, and should never suffer

disgrace. (Cheers.) With evident emotion Lieut.-Col. Holden recounted a personal loss at Magersfontein in the South African War, and said that General Wauchope, who died on that field, was his ideal of a real typical Scottish soldier. He was as brave as a lion, as gentle and unassuming as a child, kind-hearted and generous to the poor, and a Christian if ever a Christian lived. (Cheers.) Of the Volunteers (who stood between this country and conscription) he had only one remark to make. It was what a distinguished officer had said to him on the occasion of the great Edinburgh review last summer, namely, that the War Minister who could not make use of that material was not fit to be a War Minister.

The President in proposing the toast of the evening said : " Caledonians, ladies, and guests,—Well-nigh a century and a half ago Scotland was dowered with a great and precious gift. It came in the guise of a lowly child born in a humble Scottish home. But the child was destined to immortality, for Nature had endowed it with the passport to imperishable fame. Need I, on this 25th of January, remind you that the child was none other than the peasant-poet Robert Burns, the chosen Bard of Scotland. It is to raise our voices in gladsome thanksgiving that such a man was born into the world, that we are gathered here to-night, and lend our tribute of praise to the deafening shout of acclamation which at this very hour resounds to his name from the furthest corners of the earth. (Cheers.) His was a chequered life. There was something pathetic, I may say also prophetic, about those chilling January winds which blew hansel in upon him, and whistled round his cradle. They seemed to presage the cutting blasts of fate which swept around his path. But not these, or the stormy gusts of passion—the inheritance of his poet nature—or the blashy rains and mists of carking care which thickened about him could suffice to crush out the grand humanity that was in him. No, in his giant strength—although sometimes from the depths—he rose high above all his earthly cares and human weaknesses. A man amongst his fellows, a giant amongst men, to think great thoughts, to speak great truths, *the* man to sound, in mighty tones which all could understand, the first trumpet blast of that great moral revolution which loosed for ever and a day the galling bonds of manhood's Independence. (Great cheering.)

" He loved his country as the child loves its home, cherishing and guarding its hallowed associations, jealous of its honour, seeking nor finding any other to take its place in the heart, and no phase of Scottish life or character has he left unpainted. Nature herself seems fairer for the touch of his magic hand. Even the mavis's and the laverock's notes sound sweeter because of him. And as he lures us subtly on through many a changing scene, from the calm peace of ' The Cottar's Saturday Night,' on through the frolicsome fun of ' Halloween,' on, on till our very flesh creeps at the weird fantasies of ' Alloway's Auld Haunted Kirk,' we can but follow amazed at the magic of his song. (Cheers.)

" But this is not all. The poet's greatest strength lay in his intuitive faculty for dealing with those passions and emotions which were for good or evil in the human breast. How sweetly has he sung of the tenderest of all! From the first blush of awakening love so brightly told in such songs as ' Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,' ' Bonnie wee thing,' or ' Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,' right on through all its phases to the melting pathos of those hallowing lines, ' To Mary in Heaven,' or the tender, matured and sanctified affection of ' John Anderson, my Jo.' And then his mood changes, and he stops to utter words of quaint and sage counsel in poems innumerable, or send the stinging shaft of satire into the courts of Hypocrisy and Pride,

and presently it changes yet again with meteor-like flash, and the very rafters ring with his mirth, and we make merry with him. Yes, with him, for he is ever with us. The priceless legacy he has left us is not more dear to Scottish hearts than the records of his own brief life of which, in all reverence we can but say in his own words :—

' Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it,
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.' "

—(Loud cheers).

When presenting the jewel of the Society to Col. John Smith Young, the retiring President, Mr Hepburn, said he would have some difficulty in finding a place for the jewel amongst the many decorations on that distinguished soldier's breast. Colonel Young, he proceeded, was ever to the front not only in the service of his king and country but in the interests of Caledonians in London and elsewhere. " It is the custom of the Caledonian Society," continued the President, " to honour our retiring Presidents who have acquitted themselves well, and the beautiful jewel I hold in my hand is a token of appreciation and esteem for one who in every way deserves it. (Cheers.) In honouring him I trust we are honouring the gracious lady who accompanies him—(cheers)—for Mrs Young has ever given the Society her hearty support in all its aims and objects." (Cheers.)

The President called upon the usual supporters to escort Colonel Young to the chair to receive the medal from the hands of Miss Isabel Hepburn. Then a picturesque ceremony was witnessed. Preceded by the piper and the Society's mace-bearer, and followed by all the Past-Presidents and officers of the Society present, Colonel Young passed round the tables to where the Chairman sat, crossed and kissed dirks, and then bowed to Miss Hepburn, who gracefully pinned the jewel on a lapel of the late President's doublet. The others of the procession also crossed and kissed dirks with the President and passing round resumed their places at the tables.

Colonel Young (who on rising to reply was loudly cheered) said : " Brother Caledonians, you have placed a lady in the forefront to thus honour me by pinning this decoration on my breast. This is, of course, the festival at which we delight to have the ladies present with us, and I esteem it an added honour to receive this jewel from the sister of our President, who has so distinguished himself in the chair to-night. (Cheers.) I mean and feel this, and it is no mere fashion of words. I thank you, Mr President, for the kind words you have spoken regarding my wife, and you, gentlemen, for the support I received during the year I had the honour of being your President. I feel that it has in a manner lengthened my life to fill that office. It is always an inspiration to us to remember the country from which we have sprung, the land that gave us birth. Let our lives be equal to the noble traditions of our race." (Loud cheers.)

Mr G. W. Thompson, Vice-President, proposed the toast of " The Ladies," and, concluding, said :

" Once upon a time there lived in Scotland an old woman who was a great critic of sermons. She resided at a distance from the Church and had to be driven there every Sunday by a boy in a gig. On one occasion the clergyman was terribly tedious, and the old woman, after fussing and fidgeting for a time got up and left the Church. The boy in the gig, when he saw her coming out alone, called out ' Is the Doctor nae deen yet ? ' ' Nae deen,'

replied the old woman in a tone of supreme disgust, 'Nae deen! he's been deen this guid hef oor and he winna stop!'" In order to avert such a catastrophe Mr Thomson gave the toast, coupled with the name of Dr Cantlie, whose delightful duty it was to supervise their physical welfare.

"The Ladies feel they owe a great deal to this Society," said Dr Cantlie. "Many of them were born into it, so to speak, and as children they heard of the Caledonians, and later when they reached that sweet and tender age they made their *debut* at the Caledonian Ball. (Cheers.) Some of them got their sweethearts and some their husbands there. To the credit of the Caledonian Society of London it must be said that this was the first society to ask ladies to public dinners not only in London but throughout the whole country." (Cheers.)

To the toast "Our Guests," Mr Robert Henderson, C.B., said: "We have many distinguished men among us to-night: men famed in the public life of the nation. (Cheers.) We have a gallant Admiral who has served his country with distinction for half a century, and we have those with us who in other branches of the Service have served their country bravely and well. (Cheers.) Others, by their study and research, have conferred inestimable benefits on humanity, and he was glad to say Scottish art was well represented, for amongst others, they had present a Royal Academician of renown. (Cheers.) To all our guests, both ladies and gentlemen, we drink a hearty bumper." (Loud cheers.) Sir Patrick Manson replied for the guests.

The last toast, "The President," was given by Surgeon-General W. G. Don, who said: "It is not the first time our President, Mr David Hepburn, has occupied the presidential chair, for he has manifold claims on it, and he is bound to it and to us with the double chain of heredity and personality. (Cheers.) A son worthily followed in the footsteps of a worthy sire, one of the founders of the Society, the late Mr Robert Hepburn, and no wonder then that our esteem and regard for him is of a very unique kind. (Cheers.) Did I say regard? It is something more than that: it is affection. (Cheers.) We are proud, and justly proud, of our President, and I therefore ask you to join with me in drinking his health with Caledonian honours."

The toast was received with great enthusiasm, a special cheer being given for Miss Hepburn.

The President, responding, said: "Some seventeen or eighteen years ago you honoured me by inviting me to preside over your festival. I then had some fading remnants of youth still attached to me. At a more mature period you honoured me once more, and now in my declining years—(laughter, and cries of 'Oh! Oh!')—I am thrice honoured, and I am grateful for it. I am very grateful for the kind words of General Don. They have gone to my heart.

"You remember those rocky chasms on the east coast of Scotland known as 'The Bullers o' Buchan.' Well, there is a story told of a lady who was somewhat volubly relating her experiences of a journey through Scotland and the many people and places she had met and seen. When asked, 'Do you know the Bullers of Buchan?' immediately replied, 'I once dined with them.' (Laughter.) I merely tell this story to introduce another of which I am reminded to-night. Not long ago I was present at a Scottish gathering, and unfortunately for my audience was called upon to speak. When I rose one of the guests said to her neighbour, 'By the way, do you know the Hepburns?' and the unexpected reply was, 'Not exactly, but I once sailed round them.' (Loud laughter.) Dr Cantlie, Sir Patrick Manson, General Don, and other speakers have sailed round me to-night—(laughter)

—and I can only come to the conclusion that I am something to be gazed at from afar; but that, I assure you, is not my fault, it is my misfortune." After these dainty bits of humour, the President concluded by saying that if they all carried away as happy recollections of this, the sixty-eighth annual festival, as he did he would indeed be satisfied.

The skirl of the bagpipes was once more heard as the Piper took his place at the head of the large party as they withdrew from the banqueting hall to the Crown Room, where several Scotch reels and other dances were enjoyed up till midnight.

At the February meeting Mr W. Mackay Tait, a skilled player of the bagpipe and an authority on pipe music, gave a Sentiment, "The Bagpipe—its music and associations," and at the March meeting Mr G. W. Thomson gave a Sentiment on "Thomas Chalmers," in which he said:

At these meetings we delight to magnify the great warriors and poets of our native land, and I do not see why once in a way we should not pronounce a eulogy on the clergy to whom Scotland owes so much—who have indeed been a potent factor in forming the great nation of which we are naturally proud. Mr Mackay Tait, who at our last meeting delighted us with a charming Sentiment, has been attracted all his life by the bagpipes, their mechanism, their history, and their patriotic associations. In a somewhat similar way my mind has always been fascinated by music of a different character and of a wider scope—the music of oratory, especially of pulpit oratory. I have been studying lately the sermons of the great French Catholic divines—Fénélon, Massillon, Bossuet, Bourdaloue—and I have come to the conclusion that of the supreme preachers of the world in some respects the most brilliant is our own fellow countryman—Thomas Chalmers.

He was born in Fife in 1780. In his early days he had a strong taste and talent for mathematics. In his 20th year he was licensed to preach. In 1803 he became Minister of the Parish of Kilmeny. When there he wrote for the *Encyclopædia Britannica* an article on Christianity which, strange to say, first led his own mind to searching and serious thought, and formed a turning point in his personal history. In 1815 he left his pleasant parish, with its hundred families, and went to the Tron Church in Glasgow. The thunders of Waterloo had scarcely died away when we find him delivering his celebrated Astronomical Discourses. It would, of course, be quite out of place to give you to-night even the slightest account of these wonderful sermons. Suffice it to say that after he had preached one or two—like Lord Byron he awoke and found himself famous. It was in May, 1816, that he came to London. His fame had preceded him. My cousin, the late Peter Bayne, LL.D., in one of his books, "The Christian Life," gives a vivid sketch of the effect of his preaching. The passage struck me so much that I believe I remember it almost word for word. Chalmers, the first Sunday after his arrival, preached in Surrey Chapel. The service was announced to begin at eleven. At seven in the morning the Church was crammed.

Many fashionable ladies and gentlemen had come in their carriages in search of a new sensation. The tedious hours dragged on. The smart company began to yawn. At last eleven o'clock arrived.

The first part of the service was conducted by the incumbent. At twelve o'clock there mounted the pulpit stairs a clumsy, uncouth-looking man with a massive head, a pale face and a dreamy look in his large lack-lustre eyes. This was Chalmers. He begins slowly, sleepily, hesitatingly, with a broad Scottish accent. The aristocrats look at each other. Is *this* the great preacher they had come to hear? But Chalmers is beginning to wake. His voice grows full of power, his accent almost disappears. His face becomes radiant with earnestness. Still the Londoners sit unmoved. They are not going to be carried away by a provincial preacher. They had a dozen preachers of their own as good, if not better, than this. The sermon flows on until it swells into a mighty torrent. Every eye is now fixed on the preacher. A strange influence seems to pervade the place. Point after point of the discourse is emphasized and enforced with convincing logic until as the orator approaches the climax of his argument the fire within him lights up in his eyes that wondrous watery gleam which tells that the spirit of Chalmers is in the last passion and agony of its might. His hearers have forgotten where they sit. They bend forward to catch every syllable. They are chained to the chariot wheels of his eloquence. In that congregation were two great Englishmen. Canning, the Premier, whispered to Wilberforce—"The tartan beats us. We have no preaching like that in England." At the summit of his success Chalmers remained the same unassuming simple-minded man he always had been.

He left the Tron Church because the results of his preaching had been ascribed to his own eloquence and not to a Higher Power. In 1828 he became Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. During the many years he resided in that city it was his constant custom to visit its most wretched districts. He carried light and hope to the hovels of the poor. In 1843 he led the Disruption. Men of all nationalities and all religions agree in regarding that event as one of the most splendid triumphs the world has ever seen of principle over personal interest.

In 1847 he again visited London, and on that occasion he met another Thomas—another great Scotsman, Thomas Carlyle. It is interesting to think of the meeting of these men—in their own spheres of thought, the most illustrious Scotland has ever produced. Chalmers had to return to Edinburgh —to a meeting of the General Assembly. The first Sunday after he arrived at home it was noticed that his manner was even more kind and sympathetic than usual, but once or twice a dark shadow passed over his face. In the afternoon he walked in his garden and returned to the house with his hands full of flowers. Next day the bright May morning broke over Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags and the Castle Rock. The modern Athens never looked more beautiful—but a whisper sped through the streets that Chalmers was dead. He had been found reclining on his pillow in an attitude of majestic repose.

I have thus in a few sentences sketched the outer life of one of Scotland's greatest preachers, but there were others—Arnot, Candlish, Caird, Cunningham, Norman Macleod, and Thomas Guthrie, to mention only a few. The clergy of Scotland have always led the people morally, intellectually, and spiritually. Many of the leading men to-day in this great Metropolis of the Empire are sons of the kirk—sons or grandsons of noble-minded, self-denying, God-serving Scottish ministers. I propose that we drink to the quickening memory of great Scottish Preachers—past and present, and may we all be taught by the lesson of their lives!

At the April meeting the President gave a Sentiment on "John Thomson of Duddingston—Pastor and Painter," with which he coupled Scottish Art as illustrated by Thomson's work.

It had been a memorable session and on 18th October, 1906, a complimentary dinner was given to Mr Hepburn. Mr G. W. Thomson, Vice-President, occupied the chair and in eloquent terms proposed the toast, "The Guest of the Evening."

CHAPTER II.

1906-1907: MR GEORGE W. THOMSON, J.P., *President.*

An Aberdeenshire Man: His Career at Home and Abroad: Pipe Banner Presented: Sentiments, "The Ettrick Shepherd," "Michael Bruce:" Death of Mr David Hepburn: Festival Postponed: Mr Hepburn's Portrait: President on "Burns:" Lord Balfour of Burleigh's Stories.

MR GEORGE W. THOMSON, J.P., was elected President for 1906-1907. Son of George Thomson and Elizabeth S. Duguid, younger daughter of Mr Peter Duguid of Bourtie, Aberdeenshire, and Auchlunies, Kincardineshire, he was born on the 11th of March, 1845, at Aberdeen. He was educated at the Grammar School and at the University where he was a bursar, under Professor Bain, author of "The Senses and the Intellect" and "The Emotions and the Will," and Professor Geddes, subsequently Sir William Duguid Geddes, Principal of the University, who then occupied the Greek Chair.

In youth Mr Thomson gave signs of the taste for literature that in later life afforded him recreation in the intervals of business. His essays were commended by Dr Bain, who wrote on one that dealt with the "Diversities of Intellectual Character" — "Great power of elegant composition, as well as a clear com-

prehension of the points discussed." He belonged to the College Debating Society, and took part in its proceedings.

In 1860 he held a Commission as Lieutenant in the local Volunteer Artillery. At that time he was the youngest officer in the Service, being under 15 years of age. Fifty-five years after, when at the age of 70 he formed, equipped, and commanded a Rifle Corps of a hundred men, he found himself the oldest. It may be mentioned that during the Great War (1914-1918) in addition to his Military duties he acted as Superintendent on the East Coast of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association. He also made three tours in the West of England, holding meetings and delivering addresses in furtherance of the War Savings campaign.

Early in 1864 he joined the staff of the Alliance Bank in London, and in those days frequently spoke at the Highgate Debating Society, the Crystal Palace "House of Commons," and the Discussion Club connected with Regent Square Church.

For eighteen years Mr Thomson was on the staff of the Oriental Bank in London, China, and Japan. He went to the East in 1870. After the Tientsin massacre in June of that year, when the Chinese were hostile to foreigners, he helped in starting an Artillery Corps in Shanghai. In 1871 he proceeded to Japan. This was only a few years after the Revolution that brought the Mikado back to political power.

Curious customs were still in existence, and these with other piquant recollections were included in a paper he read to the Japan Society in London, 7th May, 1913. It was only natural that he should be interested in the literature of Japan, and a volume of poems (in English), paraphrasing Japanese thought, was the result.

Probably one of the most exciting and hazardous experiences Mr Thomson had was in 1877, when as a passenger in the Messageries Maritimes s.s. "Meikong"

he was wrecked near Cape Gardafui. There were adventures with barbarous natives, and rough tracks over a rocky and sandy desert until a rescue was effected. A short account of this exceptional incident was published at the request of friends.

In 1878 he married Ellen Augusta, daughter of Mr A. W. Gadesden, D.L., J.P., of Ewell Castle, Surrey, twice Prime Warden of the Goldsmiths' Company, and High Sheriff of Surrey in 1889.

Miss Gadesden had passed with distinction the highest University Examinations then open to women, and published a novel entitled " Unto which she was not born." In the opinion of competent critics it showed remarkable promise. She died in Japan in 1879 at the age of 23.

The year 1887 found Mr Thomson at Teheran, where he organised and established the first European Bank in Persia. The Shah Nasr-ed-Din conferred on him the order of the Lion and the Sun and the rank of General in the Persian Army. The Shah also offered him two lion cubs from the Royal Menagerie, but the prospect of having to accommodate such pets in a small London house was not to be thought of, and the gift was respectfully declined.

In 1888 he married Coralie Louise, daughter of Edward John Woollett, of Paris and Brussels, railway and mining engineer. After a long illness Mrs Thomson died at Beaconsfield in 1918.

Following an extended tour in South Africa, Mr Thomson founded the African Banking Corporation, and for 18 years he was its chief manager and then for 11 years a director. In 1920 the African Banking Corporation was amalgamated with the Standard Bank of South Africa.

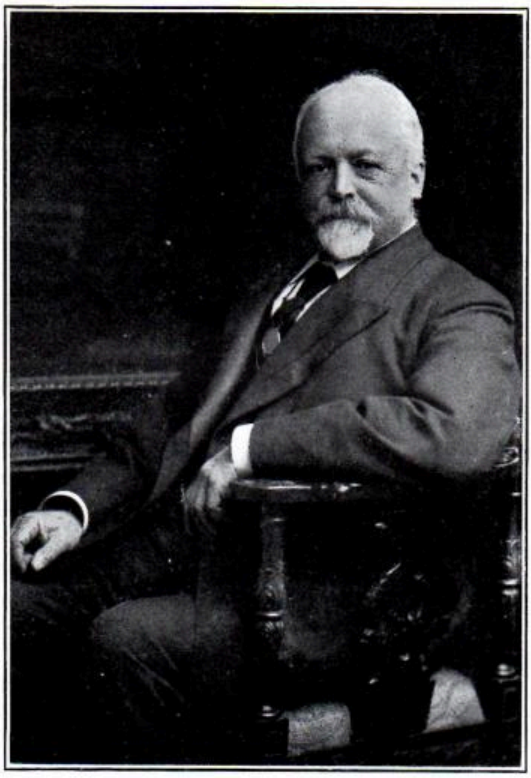
Mr Thomson has now made his home in Beaconsfield, Bucks. He has been for many years a Magistrate, Church Warden, and Guardian of the Poor, and takes a keen interest in social questions.

On his 80th birthday a musical friend, Mr W. Henry Maxfield, F.R.C.O., composed a Triumphal March to celebrate the occasion. It seems to sum up with melodious emphasis the greetings of a host of friends.

It was in 1903 that Mr Thomson joined the Caledonian Society, and from the first his outstanding ability and generous disposition made him a marked man. He was called upon for duty more than any other member and he always tried to meet the wishes of his brother Caledonians. The records show that from 1903 to 1920 he made twenty speeches on definite subjects and gave eight Sentiments. Except on one occasion, when he read a paper on "The Scot of the Future," these were given without notes, and they were delivered without any apparent effort.

The first item of importance of the session was the presentation to the Society of a heraldic pipe banner by Mr William Mackay Tait. Mr Tait was a keen piper and a magnificent exponent of pipe music, and everything connected with the bagpipe was dear to his heart. Unfortunately, owing to illness, the donor of the banner was unable to be present on 8th November, 1906, and Mr David Hepburn took his place. In a happy speech he asked the members to accept the gift, and the President, in acknowledging acceptance, recited some lines he had composed during the dinner:

"Some flags unfurl in battles' smoke,
or brave the ocean's blast:
On their bright hues heroic looks
from dying eyes are cast;
Our banner floats through peaceful
scenes, as in life's rush we pause:
The only winds that stir its folds
are tempests of applause.
We see upon the glowing silk, the
Scottish Lion shine,
Where golden-gay and purple-proud
the broom and thistle twine.
However far our steps may range
beyond the blue sea's foam,
Our thoughts will cluster round our
flag like bees round honey-comb.



GEORGE W. THOMSON, J.P.

President, 1906–1907.

WILLIAM MACKAY TAIT.

While at this friendly board we sit
with pulses beating strong,
As Young's ' Night-thoughts ' speed
sparkling past and Hepburn leads the song,
Our hearts defying Fortune's frown or
shaft of adverse fate ;
We'll carry high with hands unstained
this gift of Mr Tait ! "

On the same evening the President delighted the company with an able Sentiment on " The Ettrick Shepherd " as follows :

I must begin by explaining to our guests that it is a custom of this Society for a member at each of these suppers to give what we call a Sentiment —that is, a short speech illustrative of our national character. It generally assumes the shape of an appreciation of some distinguished fellow-countryman. This evening it falls to me to say a few words with regard to the Ettrick Shepherd. Some eighty years ago there appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* a series of papers recording conversations that were supposed to have taken place at certain dinners held at Ambrose's Tavern in Edinburgh. These papers were called the " Noctes Ambrosianæ," just as our pleasant evenings here might be known as the Noctes Holbornienses. The principal speaker at these dinners was the Ettrick Shepherd ; but, although his remarks are always humorous and quaint and full of poetry, they do not convey an altogether pleasing impression of his own character. He appears overweeningly conceited and greatly wanting in refinement. If we turn, however, to the life and writings of Hogg himself, we find that this conception of his character must be largely modified. He was essentially a man of noble nature, a son of whom Scotland has every reason to be proud. Hogg was born in Ettrick in—the year is not exactly certain, but probably in 1770, or eleven years later than Burns. By a curious coincidence, his birthday fell also on the 25th of January. The fame of Burns has entirely overshadowed that of Hogg ; but it is a question whether the latter was not the greater phenomenon. Burns had an education solid and sound as far as it went. Hogg had no education at all. He was the son of a Robert Hogg, who was chiefly remarkable for never succeeding in anything he undertook. The poet, therefore, derived from his father nothing but sheer business incapacity.

It was from his mother—Margaret Laidlaw—that he drew his fire and poetic genius. She was a remarkable woman. Her mind was filled with legends and songs and stories, and neighbours came from miles round to hear her sing. When Hogg was in his sixth year his father's final bankruptcy took place, and the child was sent out to make his way in the world as a herd laddie. When he was eight years old we hear of his first romantic attachment to a golden-haired Betty, who was slightly older than himself. No doubt they spent many pleasant hours on the hillside together, and no doubt their attachment was entirely platonic ; but it is interesting to note in passing that great poets have always been precocious in their admiration of beauty. When Hogg was in his fourteenth year he became possessor of an old violin, on which he was ultimately a brilliant performer. The violin appears the instrument most appropriate for a poet to play. Its yearning sweetness

draws from some mysterious world thoughts too delicate to be clothed in words! By the time he was fifteen Hogg had served many masters—some kind, others the reverse, but, as he says himself, although Solomon declares that a good name is better than riches, he had not found it to be so in his own experience. In his eighteenth year he began to read with difficulty the books that were found in the farm houses of the day, such as "The Gentle Shepherd," and the lives of Bruce and Wallace, but even at that age his ignorance was so great that on one occasion, in trying to write to a friend, he found he had forgotten how to form some of the letters of the alphabet. We have a picture of Hogg in his nineteenth year. Like some other young poets, such as Sophocles and Lord Byron, he was singularly handsome. He was tall, well made, with blue eyes and rosy cheeks—a ready smile—indeed, like our friend Surgeon-General Don, he was always brimming over with good humour! It is pleasant to allow the fancy to dwell on this vision of sunshine and mountain air! At that time he was employed annually for three months, from the beginning of July to the end of September, in summering the lambs. That allowed him plenty of leisure for study, but it was not till his twenty-sixth year that he began to write poetry, and he did not produce anything that attracted general notice until in his thirtieth year he composed a song beginning, "My name it is Donald McDonald, I come frae the Heelans sae grand." It was written at a time when a French invasion was expected, and it flashed like wildfire from one end of Scotland to the other. Encouraged by its success, he applied himself more vigorously to verse, and from that date he signed all his effusions, "The Ettrick Shepherd," recognising that his patronymic was by no means poetical. His productions were well received, and he was looked on as a wonder, his friends referring to him proudly as "Jamie the Poeter." Since the days of Theocritus much pastoral poetry has been written, but so far as I know Hogg is the only genuine shepherd who has composed genuine verse. As he became celebrated he acquired the friendship of Sir Walter Scott, Sir David Wilkie, Wordsworth, De Quincey, Lockhart, Professor Wilson, and other distinguished men. His introduction to Scott's family was rather amusing. He was shown into the drawing room, where Mrs Scott, who was in a delicate state of health, was lying on a sofa. The shepherd, who was entirely unsophisticated, thought he could not do better than imitate a lady, so with the utmost nonchalance he threw himself at full length on the sofa opposite. At dinner he first addressed his patron as Mr Scott, then Scott, then Walter, Wat, and finally at dessert he patted him on the back and called him affectionately, Wattie. In the same way his hostess was first Madam, then Mrs Scott, then Charlotte, and finally Lottie as he took leave of her with a kiss. Such eccentricities naturally caused a good deal of amusement among Hogg's friends. It is not necessary for me to follow the ups and downs of his farming fortunes; indeed, there are no ups to chronicle. At one time he was so badly off that he founded a discussion forum in Edinburgh. The entrance fee was sixpence; he appointed himself secretary on a salary of £20 a year, which was never paid. Just as he was in the depth of despondency the fresh and living poetry of Byron and Scott began to attract the public, and on the tide of their popularity Hogg's little barque of song, which was essentially natural, floated into port. For some years he struggled with his farm, and more successfully with literature. At the mature age of fifty he married Margaret Phillips, who proved an ideal wife and made him perfectly happy. Hogg was naturally one of the most light-hearted of men. He had a sound constitution, a stream of song bubbling up within him, and, what is more important to a man's

personal happiness than anything else, his domestic relations, as I have said, were entirely harmonious.

In the year 1832 he paid a visit to London, where he was cordially received; he was entertained at a banquet held in Freemason's Hall on his birthday; two sons of Burns were present, and the great poet's punch-bowl was sent from Scotland for the occasion. In it the shepherd brewed for the company some of the genuine article. This visit to London was the culmination of his career. Soon after his return home his health began to decline, and in the year 1835, when in his sixty-fourth year, he died, leaving a widow and four children. A monument was erected to his memory near St. Mary's Loch, but his finest monument was the poem that Wordsworth wrote on the occasion. In these Sentiments we endeavour to avoid quotations, but the lines are so beautiful I must make an exception :—

" When first descending from the moorland,
I saw the stream of Yarrow glide
Along a bare and open valley,
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

When last along its banks I wandered,
Through groves that had begun to shed
Their golden leaves upon the pathway,
My steps the Border Minstrel led.

The mighty minstrel breathes no more,
'Mid mouldering ruins low he lies;
And Death upon the braes of Yarrow
Has closed the shepherd poet's eyes.

Like clouds that rake the mountain summits,
Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land!"

If I have not entirely exhausted your patience, let me say a word or two with regard to Hogg's writings. His fame chiefly depends on " The Queen's Wake " or Festival. The idea of that poem is this : In December, 1561, Mary Queen of Scots, in the glow of her marvellous beauty, arrived at Holyrood from France. She was enthusiastically received, and among other welcomes an old bard recited a poem in her honour with which she was greatly pleased. One of her nobles, however, standing by, observed that there were far finer singers in Scotland; whereupon the Queen commanded a competition, and offered a harp as a prize. Poets and poetasters gathered from far and near, and Hogg gives some twenty poems that were supposed to have been recited on the occasion. The best are " The Witch of Fife," " The Abbot McKinnon," and " Kilmeny." " The Witch of Fife " is humorous. It begins with the husband asking his wife where she has been. She gives an account of her nocturnal rambles. Then the husband puts on a severe expression, and says, " You had better bide in your bed at hame and keep your wild pranks for me." But when the old woman goes on to describe how she and her cronies entered the cellars of the Bishop of Carlisle and sampled his best vintages, her husband begins to take a different view of the situation and exclaims :—

" If that be true, my guid auld wife,
Which thou hast told to me,
Betide my deeth, betide my life,
I'll bear thee company.

When neist ye gang to merry Carlisle
To drink the blude red wine,
Beshrew my heart, I'll fly with thee,
Tho' the devil should fly behind."

The old woman coaches her husband in witchcraft, then—

" They flew to the vaults of merry Carlisle,
They entered free as air,
And they drank and drank of the Bishop's wine
Till they could drink nae mair."

The wife managed to hobble away, but the husband was left lying senseless on the floor, where he was found by the Bishop's retainers. They decided to burn him to death. They were about to carry out this amiable intention when the old woman appeared careering on a broomstick. She swooped down to the husband's side and whispered a cabalistic word in his ear.

" He drew one breath and he said the word,
And he shouted with mickle glee,
Then stamped his fit on the blazing pile,
And awa' wi' his wife flew he ! "

" The Abbot McKinnon " is a story of Iona. When Saint Columba founded a monastery there, he left strict injunctions that no cows and no women were to be allowed on the island, because, he said, " Where there were cows there would be women, and where there were women there would be mischief." The Abbot McKinnon found these restrictions extremely inconvenient, and on one occasion he sailed away and brought back a beautiful young lady, called Matilda of Skye, dressed as a page. I regret to say that

" This stranger of beauty, with step so light,
Abode with the Abbot by day and by night."

But the vengeance of Heaven, as it always does, fell on these miserable sinners. The Abbot was told in a dream to start on a voyage, and as he was sailing along in fancied security with his boon companions—

" A sound arose they knew not where,
It came from the sea or it came from the air ;
It was louder than tempest ever blew,
And the sea birds shrieked, and in terror flew,
The sailors shuddered—they knelt at the shrine
But all the wild elements seemed to combine.
There was just one minute of stir and emotion,
Then down sank the ship in the depths of the ocean."

And that was the end of the Abbot McKinnon and his highly reprehensible amours !

In the next poem the genius of Hogg reached its high-water mark. You all remember the opening lines—

> " Bonnie Kilmeny gaed up the glen,
> But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
> Or the rosy monk of the isle to see,
> For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be."

It is the story of an innocent girl who was carried away by fairies. She was shown all the wonders of Fairyland. After a time she wished to return to her friends—

> " When seven lang years had come and fled,
> When grief was calm, and hope was dead,
> When scarce was remembered the maiden's name,
> Late, late in a gloamin' Kilmeny cam hame."

She could not, however, accommodate herself to the conditions of this unsatisfactory earth, and, rather to the relief of her friends—

> " She left this world of sorrow and pain,
> And returned to the fairies' land again."

This is a very inadequate account of a poem that, both in sentiment and expression, is almost perfect. Hogg wrote three other poems.

In the " Pilgrims of the Sun," a beautiful young woman, called Mary Lee (Hogg, like most poets, had a penchant for beautiful young women), is floundering in religious doubts and difficulties when she is visited by a celestial messenger called Cela, who obligingly hands her spirit out of its " muddy vesture of decay " and provides her with a spiritual body. Together they make a sort of Cook's Excursion among the planets. After many striking experiences Mary returns to earth, where her original body has been buried. She manages, however, in some way, to reinhabit it, but finds herself in the grasp of an avaricious monk, who is tearing off its ornaments. When he sees the corpse coming back to life, the misguided wretch utters a shriek and runs away. After Miss Lee has, with considerable difficulty, re-established her worldly connections, she falls in with a young man who is a sort of counterpart of her celestial friend Cela, and, as in all properly-constructed romances, she eventually marries and lives happily ever after.

" Mador of the Moor " takes its name from a wandering minstrel who loves a young lady not wisely, but too well. He does not stop, as an honest member of the Caledonian Society would, to brave the consequences, and the poor heart-broken girl goes to the Abbot of Dunfermline and relates her pitiful tale. She shows the Abbot a ring the minstrel left on her finger. The Abbot recognises it as belonging to the King, so he trudges to Court and, like another Nathan, tells the story without mentioning names. The King swears a mighty oath that the rascal shall be punished, and when the Abbot exclaims in a dramatic ecstacy, " Thou art the man," His Majesty is obliged to confess, and make all the reparation in his power by marrying the young lady.

" Queen Hynde " is the story of a young Queen of Scotland, whose father, on his death-bed, left strict injunctions that she is to choose for husband the bravest man in the kingdom. Soon after, Eric, King of Norway, invades the country, and eventually is defeated in single combat by an unknown knight, who turns out to be Prince Eiden, cousin of the young

Queen and heir to the throne. Queen Hynde fulfils her father's dying wish by marrying her heroic kinsman.

Hogg composed a number of ballads. I shall mention only one—the "Ballad of Gilmanscleuch." I refer to it because, in the first place, it is in connection with it that on one occasion Sir Walter Scott showed his wonderful powers of memory. The author himself had forgotten many lines of the poem, but, Sir Walter, who had only once or twice heard it recited many years before, repeated the whole eighty verses without hesitation. I also refer to it because it contains a line which might be a motto for this Society: "A Scot maun aye support a Scot whene'er he sinketh low." Hogg wrote many songs. Of his love songs, you will remember the one beginning—

"My love she's but a lassie yet,
A lichtsome, lovely lassie yet."

Or this one—

"Come all ye jolly shepherds,
That whistle through the glen;
I'll tell ye of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken.

What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue of man can name?
It's to woo a bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame."

Then there are songs of nature, such as the well-known

"Bird of the wilderness
Blithesome and cumberless,"

which our friend Mr Moncrieff has just sung so exquisitely, and this other one—

"Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the grey trout lies asleep."

I must not forget his humorous songs, for instance—

"Dae ye ken the big village o' Balmaquhapple?
The great muckle village o' Balmaquhapple.
It's steeped in iniquity up to the thrapple,
Then what's to become o' puir Balmaquhapple?"

Or the one with the chorus—

"O love, love, love,
Love is like a dizziness,
It winna lat a puir young man
Gang aboot his bizziness."

But his best are his Jacobite songs, such as—

"Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
Dear Charlie, brave Charlie;
Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
And dine with Maclean."

Mr Duncan has kindly promised to sing it in the course of the evening —or the old favourite, " Charlie is my darling," for which Hogg wrote fresh verses. There is one he always affected to despise himself, but it appears to me to express in a few burning words a nation's heart—

" Cam ye by Athole, lad wi' the philabeg,
Doon by the Tummel or banks o' the Garry,
Saw ye our lads with their bonnets and white cockades,
Leaving their mountains to follow Prince Charlie ?
Follow thee, follow thee,
Wha wadna' follow thee ?
Lang hast thou lo'ed and trusted us fairly.
Charlie ! Charlie !
Wha wadna follow thee ?
King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie ! "

I must devote one sentence to Hogg's prose writings. I am not going to dwell on his long novels, such as the " Three Perils of Man " and the " Three Perils of Woman," because they are what painters would call pot boilers, but his short sketches and stories are extremely fine. The " Bridal of Polmood " rivals in tragic intensity Scott's " Bride of Lammermoor," and the " Brownie o' Bodsbeck," a tale of the Covenanters, reminds one of Galt's best work, " Ringan Gilhaize," which, no doubt, most of you have read. If you ask for humour, I would point to the story of the " Soutars of Selkirk " in the Shepherd's Calendar. If you ask for pathos, what can be more touching than the tale of " Tibbie Johnstone's Wraith," the account of the poor old woman who died by herself on a lonely moor when returning home from market ? Her husband describes finding the body. " She was kneeling and her face was on the ground, her burthen was lying beside her. My dear kind woman ! There was not the least necessary thing forgotten. There was something for ilka ane o' the bairns, a whup for Harry, a knife for Jock, a picture book for little Andrew. She had us a' in her hairt, and there is little doot that her last petition was pit up to Heaven for us."

I have drawn a rapid sketch of an attractive personality, and I now conclude with one remark. The lesson to be learnt from the life of the Ettrick Shepherd is that the brightest genius is not incompatible wi h prudent self-control, and simple unostentatious goodness. When the poet was feted and flattered by fashionable society in London, we see from his letters that he found time to compose little hymns and prayers for the use of his children at home. That fact is more beautiful than all his poetry put together, interesting as much of it is, and as we stand in imagination by the tomb in Ettrick Churchyard remembering his broad humanity, his lofty ideals his infinite tenderness, we recall as appropriate the words that were originally addressed to the shade of his friend Wordsworth—

" Stars are thy raiment, not this lowly sod,
Gazing on Heaven we gaze upon thy grave ! "

Gentlemen, I am astonished at your patience, and I now call upon you to drink to the memory of a great and good Scotsman—the Ettrick Shepherd.

In addition to the above essay by the President, a series of excellent Sentiments was given during

the session: "The Baroness Nairne, Caledonia's Queen of Song," by Mr James Gray, J.P.; "Hugh Miller," by Mr John Webster; "The Swither of the Scot, as exemplified in the early life of Thomas Carlyle," by Mr Peter MacEwan; Mr T. R. Moncrieff also gave a much appreciated Sentiment on "Michael Bruce, the Poet of Lochleven," in which he said:

The life stories of many of those who have left a considerable mark on our literary history contain numerous tragic scenes. Is this a mere coincidence, or is it that the sensitive, artistic temperament is peculiarly in touch with sorrow. I recall a remark of a friend on this very point. "You cannot," he said, "expect these poets to bring their air-swum souls back from the limitless heights to the lower ground where we purblind creatures dwell, and yet be happy." If one had not other business on hand one might occupy the time at one's disposal to-night by discussing this very point and by giving instances of these tragedies. They are so numerous that half-a-dozen of them start into one's mind in a moment and without effort. There is Swift withering at the top like a blasted oak, as he himself phrased it; there is Shelley on the funeral pile at Spezzia; Byron eating out his heart in discontent and rebellion; Burns dying in unhappiness and neglect.

The story of Michael Bruce may be added to our category though it is touching and pathetic rather than tragic. It is a story which, so to speak, breaks off abruptly just when it begins to hold out most promise. In dealing with the life and work of Bruce we take account less of actual accomplishment than of what the accomplishment promised. His literary development was nipped in the bud. It was a bud, as you will see presently, that would almost certainly have come to fine flower had it escaped the frost of death.

To drop the metaphor, Bruce died at the age of twenty-one. On reflection, I am not so sure that I am right in refraining from applying the word tragic to Bruce's story. Is not death at twenty-one—on the very threshold of manhood—always something of a tragedy? and is it not especially so when the blighting hand of death descends thus early, upon a man of genius? In the case of Bruce our regret is heightened by the reflection that he was fighting death for long before he was finally overcome. Unequivocal sentence of death was passed upon him years before its actual execution.

In the tedious process, too, of dying, he had, in the noisome atmosphere of a school to struggle with, and, then at last, outside of scholastic or any pecuniary office whatever, passively to suffer the canker of poverty. Relieved of the anxiety of pale penury and indulged with kindly leisure, this sensitive songster might have been spared to unfold and mature his gift of poetry. Tannahill, like Bruce, was of a handloom family, and equally with Bruce was of sensitive delicate build. But to Tannahill it was vouchsafed to live to his thirty-sixth year. Poor Michael Bruce was struck down at twenty-one. If thirty-six be still a comparatively juvenile age for a literary career, it is yet advanced materially when compared with twenty-one, an age when the poetic feathers were still only sprouting, and far from the climax of their maximum flying strength.

The household to which Michael Bruce belonged was of a type once at least, if not still, characteristic of the Scottish peasantry—and cottars

generally. It was a household of native sterling piety, owing, no doubt, much to the severe nurture of the persecution of the Covenanters, the hallowed memory of whom still throbbed in the hearts of the Scottish people, as the record of them was next to the Bible, an indispensable item in the scant library of even the poorest ditcher. Such piety, which may be called specially Scottish, was united with a wakeful intelligence, a curiosity ever eager for knowledge and information about anything and everything falling within its horizon, a thoughtfulness in searching after principles and laws comprehensive of details, and also a love of learning that became constitutional. It is to the earnest kind of life sampled in households, such as those of Burns's, Michael Bruce's, and Carlyle's parentage, that Scotland owes her success in the world, her world-wide name, her resource in crises of trial. Let Scotland cease to produce such households and the venerable Scotland would fade into a name of ancient history. The piety of the household of Alexander Bruce, Michael's father, did not vent itself in doctrinal controversies. It was a piety that united all the members of the family in the bond of mutual love and esteem and so of common interest, such that the prosperity or misfortune of any one member at once became the prosperity or misfortune of all the members.

Like Burns's father, Michael's father, too, in the matter of theological dogma, leaned to the side of a mild and humane qualification of the sterner features of raw Calvinism. The Antiburgher Synod had ejected a neighbouring minister, Thomas Mair of Orwell, for holding to the pernicious error that "there is a sense in which Christ died for all men." Michael's father adopted the heretical view of Thomas Mair and held the office of Elder in the seceding Church of which Mair became Minister. The only letter extant of Alexander Bruce will well bear comparison with a MS., still extant, of Burns's father in which the brave and pious man expounds to his dear children his Confession of Faith and furnishes them with a general rule of conduct in life. Alexander Bruce's letter and William Burnes's Homily are much in the same tone and timbre.

Upon the whole, then, we may set down this Alexander Bruce as a very remarkable man, a leader of men who moulded and influenced public opinion within his own sphere of activities. That he would influence his son in marked degree is a fact self evident. The high tone of his household must have had a profound effect upon the future poet, and Michael was fortunate in his mother too. It is most likely—we do not know for certain—that his contemplative, high-thinking father was a somewhat severe man; or, if severe be too strong a word, he was lacking a little in liveliness and gaiety. Happily, this absence—this most probable absence—of the lighter qualities was balanced by the sense of humour displayed by the poet's mother. She had piety without undue gravity; she was, it appears, a bright mirthful body who went through life with a smile ever hovering on the corners of her mouth. Reflection from his father, humour from his mother, piety from both—these qualities Michael Bruce derived. He was extremely fortunate in his parents.

Unfortunately, he did not inherit, like Martin Luther, or to come nearer home, Burns or Thomas Carlyle, the robust physique of a peasant pedigree. On the contrary, he was delicate from his birth and was all his life a martyr to ill-health. Yet his delicate body was highly susceptible and attuned to refined emotions. He was fortunate in his boyhood's friendships, too. While still at school he had for a class fellow William Arnot, son of Arnot, the Laird of Portmoak Farm. Michael and William singled out each other, and the two soon became bosom friends. Michael was a frequent visitor at the

hospitable house of Portmoak and would often stay with the family for days at a time. The friendship between Michael and William is the more touching that the two were both of a very delicate make and William was the first to fall before the hook of reaper Death. The two, while life lasted, conned with double interest the majestic verse of " Paradise Lost," the enthusiastic descriptions of Thomson's " Seasons," the moving dramas of Shakespeare, the polished lines of Pope. From Edinburgh Michael poured forth letter on letter to his friend at Portmoak. The dear memory of his so early lost friend, Michael has embalmed in a beautiful plaintive melody. Another of his intimate friends was David Pearson, first apprentice and then journeyman to his father, and his own bedfellow in his father's cottage.

Michael Bruce was most fortunate in his calf ground. The landscape of the region of his birth cannot be characterized as either wild or sublime. It is peculiarly sweet and pleasant. The land in which his native Kinnesswood lies cradled is gently undulating, swelling into green and graceful hills. There is the romantic screen of the Lomonds and the sportive tumble-jumble of the Cleish Hills to the North. To the South the billowy expanse attains culmination in the beautiful hill of Benarty. It is a breezy pastoral region diversified with sloping plough-lands, fringed with woods as in Blairadam, streaked with manifold silver glints of purling streams ; above all, gemmed with the lovely, romantic and much-storied Loch Leven.

Our young poet, then, was fortunate in having both the sights and sounds of gay nature, and the most royal of old romance making constant appeal to his sensitive soul. In his eleventh year on the hint of symptoms of doubtful health already betraying themselves, he was sent out of the birr of his mother's spinning wheel and the click-clack of his father's loom—out into the open to herd cattle on the Lomonds which rise behind his native village. There may be many more dignified occupations for a future poet, but none so likely to develop the lyrical sense. All the poetic susceptibilities of the little lad awoke into assertion. Child as he was he had the poet's eye, and with that eye he looked upon smiling Nature as she unfolded herself in her various moods. Loch Leven and its lovely framework became his spiritual and artistic abiding place. Some years later, when he was absent from the scenes of his boyhood, he lived over again those magic and unforgettable moments when he communed with Mother Nature, and his poem " Loch Leven " springs from these early impressions.

At the age of 19 we find Michael accepting an offer to keep school at Gairney Bridge some two miles from Kinross. Gairney Bridge lies in the neighbourhood of his native Kinnesswood and is, like it, a pleasant pastoral land through which the Gairney wimples in silvery windings. The terms of Michael's office were that he was to receive in school fees 2/- per quarter for each of his 28 scholars—some £11 a year—but he was fairly comfortable despite that his income seems moderate in these days ! He was to be lodged and boarded gratis in the house of the more well-to-do parents in turn. He had thus an itinerant tenancy, shifting from domicile to domicile at regular intervals. Thus it was arranged, at anyrate, though as matters fell out Michael remained in one family during the whole time of his connection with the school. This was the family of Mr Grieve, farmer of Classlochie, who so highly appreciated the young dominie's sterling qualities that he would not hear of his departing from his house, and it would appear that Michael himself was bound to the household of the farmer by strong ties. Mr Grieve had a daughter Magdalene—a fair, shapely comely lass who captured the young poet's heart. In his pastoral poem " Alexis " she is the cruel nymph and

he the most unhappy swain. In " Loch Leven no More " she shines as " Peggy " the fair maid.

> " Though far from her distant to her I'll be true
> And still my fond heart keep her image in view,
> O could I obtain her, my griefs would be o'er
> I would mourn the dear maid of Loch Leven no more."

From all of which it might appear the fair Magdalene was somewhat cold and unkind. But the fact is, as she herself often confessed, after she had become the wife of David Low of Cleish Mill and Water Cleish, she read his passion (what maid cannot read the signs aright) but he never *asked* her.

From Gairney Michael went to Forrest Mill to keep school, and the change proved most unfortunate. It was in fact, the beginning of the end. While on his way to the place his horse stumbled crossing the Devon and he was immersed in the water. Thoroughly drenched he remounted and rode to his journey's end. Immediately on his arrival he was put to bed and given every attention, but symptoms of pulmonary consumption speedily showed and became every day more evident. The cottage in which he held school was small and damp and ill-aired—a deadly combination for a delicate frame to combat. He must have known within himself that he was marked down a victim, for we find him writing to his friend Pearson—" The next letter you receive from me, *if ever you receive another.*" Yet for all that he felt the cold breath of approaching death upon him, he did not despair nor rage at fate. Set in a bare and sterile tract of country, very different from his native Kinnesswood, harassed by disease and increasing feebleness of frame, he held on bravely. There is something pathetically heroic in this grim hopeless fight with Death. Here, too, he wrote some of his finest poems. His thoughts turned towards home and the days of boyhood, and " Loch Leven " was the result. He refers to himself very touchingly at the close of the poem in these lines—

> " Thus sang the youth, amid unfertile wilds
> And nameless deserts, unpoetic ground :
> Far from his friends he strayed, recording thus
> The dear remembrance of his native fields.
> To cheer the tedious night ; while slow disease
> Preyed on his pining vitals and the blasts
> Of dark December shook his humble cot."

Some surprise has been expressed that in his poem, Michael should have made no reference to the fact that the castle was once the prison of Mary, Queen of Scots. We may assume that this omission was deliberate and that in rejecting the most stirring and romantic episode associated with the Castle, Bruce had some purpose in his mind. It is not at all unlikely that he recognised that a mere passing reference was not sufficient. If the beautiful Mary was to be mentioned at all she must have extended notice. In death, as in life, Mary, if she is to be dealt with cannot be dismissed in cavalier fashion. In Bruce's case sufficient and exact treatment may have meant considerable research, and it is quite likely that he neglected the unhappy Queen because he felt he had not time to spare in doing justice to her memory. On the other hand he may have omitted all reference to her because he had in view a poem dealing with her alone. Nothing is more certain than that he had considered her story and that its romance had appealed to him. He neglected it in

" Loch Leven " we may be sure deliberately and with a purpose. It is an interesting speculation what his purpose might have been.

Almost immediately on the completion of " Loch Leven " Bruce was forced to leave Forrest Mill and to return home to Kinnesswood. But he knew he was a dying man, as we find from his " Ode to Spring " which he addressed to his friend Mr John Henderson.

" Now spring returns, but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown."

" Starting and shivering in the inconstant wind,
Meagre and pale the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclined
And count the silent moments as they pass.

The winged moments whose unstaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest.
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead
And lay me down in peace with them at rest."

The man of 20 who wrote those verses, while he heard the beating of the wings of the angel of death, would have claimed a big corner in the Temple of Fame had he lived to see forty.

For a time he lingered on, cheered occasionally by visits from friends. Concerning a visit from a former student friend—a Mr Lawson—one significant scrap of conversation has been preserved for us. Mr Lawson remarked upon his cheerfulness. "And why," asked Bruce, " should I not be cheerful when I am on the verge of Heaven." " But," said his friend, " you look so pale; I feel you cannot be with us long." Bruce's reply was characteristic of his indomitable spirit—" You remind me," he said, " of the Irishman who was told that his hovel was about to fall. I answer with him, ' Let it fall, it is not mine.' "

The Bible was the one book he read in those last months and it was constantly with him. He died on the 5th July, 1767, at the age of 21 years and 3 months. His Bible was found upon his pillow marked down at Jeremiah xxii. 10. " Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him. '

It would be idle to pretend that every line Bruce wrote is of enduring interest or permanent quality. When you come to think of it, it is an amazing thing that a boy of 20 should have left so much of permanent poetry as he *has* done.

Blot out from the works of our greatest poets the verses written after they attained their majority and hardly one of them would present work that compares at all favourably with that of Michael Bruce.

With the award of the title of the authorship of " The Cuckoo " to Bruce, the poet of " Loch Leven " takes rank among the bards who have contributed to the permanent poetry of the world.

Of all poetic interpretations of the cuckoo in English, in any and all languages, Bruce's is one that unequivocally bears the palm. The ode next in worth to Bruce's conceived in the same strain, and alone comparable with it is Wordsworth's—

" O blithe new Comer ! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice,
O cuckoo shall I call thee Bird
Or but a wandering Voice ? "

Wordsworth's is indeed very pure and calls forth in the reader the same emotion as does Bruce's. There is, however, a touch of reflection and reasoning when in the fourth stanza Wordsworth defines the weird and startling note of the cuckoo as " an invisible thing," " a mystery." " Visionary hours " in the third stanza is moreover, not a naive unaffected expression of feeling pure and simple. Bruce's ode, on the other hand, is first-hand expressions of pure feeling, without any added touch of reflection or philosophy.

" Soon as the daisy decks the green
Thy welcome voice we hear,
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year ? "

Is not that the very sentiment of every human heart on hearing the unexpected note heralding the spring. The cuckoo, again, is the school-boy's joy. " The school-boy wandering in the wood " and Bruce's three last stanzas strike the very note of the cuckoo and voice the very spring.

" What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou fly'st thy vocal vale
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bow'r is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear.
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee !
We'd make with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Attendants on the spring."

The last stanza, in particular, in which the hearer of the cuckoo is moved by the impulse to join the bird in his vernal flight round the globe, is it not the happy climax of the whole ? The Ettrick Shepherd has given to the world the most felicitous rendering of the lark in—

" Bird of the Wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin
O'er muirland and lea ! "

No other song of the lark so recalls the morning prime, the moor and meadow, and gaiety of the lark's carol. And I am not forgetting Wordsworth's " Ethereal minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky " or Shelley's incomparable poem—" Hail to thee blithe spirit ! bird thou never wert." Equally too is there no song of the cuckoo fit to be the song, but only Bruce's. As " Auld Lang Syne," as Hogg's " Skylark," as " Annie Laurie," as Wagner's " Bridal March," so too, Bruce's " Cuckoo " has winged its way all round the globe

and become a joy for ever in human experience. When a person fails to respond to the "Cuckoo" he has lost touch with nature; the unaffected boyhood in him is all spent; he is withered, sophisticate. The "Cuckoo" might be used as a metre to determine how far a man has still in him the uncorrupt sensation of boyhood.

It was a conclusive compliment Burke paid the "Cuckoo" when it moved him to come to Edinburgh and seek out the reputed author of so happy a song. Wordsworth next added the seal of his verdict, not only in direct words, but in an ode of his own, set to the very same key as Bruce's.

In his Paraphrases also, Bruce has grown a telling factor in the inner life of Scotland. It is not for nothing that the Scottish nation, gathering together every Sunday in their several Kirks for over 100 years, have chanted together the brevity and sadness of human life, and then in marked contrast the happiness of the man that has in him the inward and undying life as also the "Mountain of the Lord" and the "City of the Blessed" yet to be evolved.

Even the obstinate sticklers that would have started in horror to hear the Paraphrases sung in the Kirk did not scruple to read them in their homes and let their children learn them by heart. As far as the Presbyterian Kirk has been taken home into the bosoms and business of the Scottish people, so far has Michael Bruce his part therein. I confess to you that not every Scotsman knows Michael Bruce for the author of many of the Paraphrases they sing so whole-heartedly, but they render him homage unconsciously. There is not a Scotsman living, I care not how degenerate he is, how far he has strayed from the strait way of his fathers, but thrills when he hears and recalls the 11th Paraphrase which he has heard sung so often in his youth.

"O happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice
And who Celestial wisdom makes
His early only choice."

Only a Scotsman appreciates the profound appeal of those lines, the comfort and the cheer of them as stanza after stanza rises to the fine pealing and triumphant close—

"According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase,
Her ways are ways of pleasantness
And all her paths are peace."

No Scotsman can hear those lines and remain unmoved. They are as much a part of the National life as "Auld Lang Syne," and no poet could wish a more fitting and enduring memorial than that.

Of Bruce's poetry it may be said that like the music of the swan it has a "dying fall." His strains rise under the shadow of visibly approaching death. Only the "Cuckoo" is free of all trace of so much as a brush of Death's wings.

The worst fault that criticism can point out in Bruce's poems is their immaturity and their failure to completely digest all Michael's reading of the great poets of the past. "Loch Leven" in its versification, treatment, and imagery reminds the reader of Thomson's "Seasons." And that, too, though the language of Bruce is simpler and chaster than that of Thomson's profuse word painting. Bruce's plaintive "Daphnis" to the memory of Willie

Arnot was, as he told the father, written under the impulse of Gray's "Elegy" while it indicates also the influence of Milton's "Lycidas."

Yet when all is said as to immaturity and imitation, it is not to be denied that Bruce has not written anything which he did not natively experience. He, too, mounted to the fountain head of the poetry of the past. Bruce's is no cold nor artificial imitation. It is poetry gushing from the same fount as had inspired the poets before him. The poem entitled "Sir James the Ross" is a very successful ballad, struck off in one heat between four in the afternoon and bedtime. It has a firm framework of story, no word painting, but every word pat and telling. And if Bruce has frankly borrowed of earlier bards, there are, as James Mackenzie points out in his volume, lines in Bruce that struck Burns and which the great poet has reproduced, in improved mintage.

In fine, as we said at the beginning, the story of Bruce is very pathetic. Every true Scot will adopt the sentiment of Lord Craig when he writes: "I never pass the place where Michael Bruce dwelt but I involuntarily stay my horse, and, looking on the window which the honeysuckle has now almost covered, I picture out the figure of the gentle tenant: wishing, with swelling heart that he were still alive, and I a great man to have the luxury of visiting him and bidding him be happy."

What in his few days, not unacquainted with grief, Michael Bruce actually accomplished is not nothing. That something is however but faint index of what he might have accomplished had he been spared to maturity. Compare, *e.g.*, Lord Byron's "Poems of Idleness," product of his green youth, with "Don Juan" the masculine production of his relatively ripe manhood.

Should Scotland ever again have the fortune to produce a tender and delicate songster like Michael Bruce, may we hope that he will be recognised as the gift—the great gift—to a Nation, which all true poets are, and that she will not keep her kindness for him in reserve till after his premature death!"

On 18th January, 1907, the President received a letter from Mr David Hepburn, expressing his regret at being unable, through illness, to attend the Festival Committee meeting on the following day; but before the letter reached Mr Thomson's hands Mr Hepburn had passed to his rest.

The President with other members of the Society attended the funeral service at 9 Portland Place, on 23rd January, and afterwards accompanied the cortege to the cemetery.

The Festival Committee met at once and decided to postpone the Annual Gathering arranged to take place on 25th January, until 12th April, and as a further mark of respect the ordinary monthly meeting for February was abandoned.

On 14th March, 1907, the President was unable to be present owing to illness, and the Vice-President, Mr James Gray, J.P., occupied the chair. In referring to the loss which the Society had sustained, the Chairman said: "It must appeal to every member of our Society that a fitting record should be made in its minutes of the great loss it has suffered since last meeting, in the death of our much-esteemed ex-President, David Hepburn. I, therefore, as acting President, beg to move that the following resolution be entered in our minutes, and a copy of it sent to the Misses Hepburn and Mrs Starey—In grateful recognition of those inestimable qualities and brilliant gifts with which our late ex-President, David Hepburn, was so richly endowed, and his whole-hearted devotion of them to the best interests and prosperity of the Caledonian Society of London, that so endeared him to every member, we unanimously desire to place on record our deep sense of the irreparable loss the Society has sustained in his much regretted death."

The Council resolved that a portrait, in oils, of Mr Hepburn, to be executed by Miss Jessie McGregor, should be presented to his sisters. On 25th April, at the close of the monthly dinner, the President said: "Before we sing 'Auld Lang Syne,' I would like to add a remark to the many that have already been made with regard to the great loss we have sustained this session. I am not going to say much with regard to the late Mr Hepburn, because—as you all know—that is quite unnecessary, but I would like to accentuate the thought that his death ought not to paralyse our efforts in connection with the Society, but should lead us to strain every nerve to render it more worthy of his memory. At these pleasant meetings we deal for the most part with the lighter side of life, but we are fully alive to its graver aspects, and in great things as well as in small we cannot do better than follow the footsteps of our lost leader—our late President. His courage,

his cheerfulness, his broad-minded charity, and his Christian faith and Christian practice remind me of a noble verse in the Epilogue of Browning's "Asolando," for I am sure I may truthfully refer to Mr Hepburn as—

> " One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
> Never doubted clouds would break,
> Never dreamed tho' right were worsted wrong would triumph,
> Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
> Sleep to wake."

Sixty-three ladies and ninety-eight gentlemen were present at the Annual Festival, which was held on 12th April, 1907, in the King's Hall, Holborn Restaurant. The members and guests were received by the President and Mrs Thomson in the Throne Room.

Following the dinner and after the Loyal Toasts had been enthusiastically honoured, the President proposed " The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns " and spoke as follows :

As you are all aware, if it had not been for the lamented death of our good friend—I may truly say our beloved friend—Mr David Hepburn, this Festival would have been held on the 25th of January, the birthday of our great national poet. That anniversary, the most luminous in the pages of Scottish patriotism, we still desire to commemorate.

My difficulty to-night is not in finding something to say, but in selecting what is most suitable for the occasion.

The mind of man corresponds closely to external nature. We have our days of calm and sunshine, our days of lightning, and mist and tempest. In the life of Burns the latter predominated. The world has been struck by the contrast between his commanding genius and his unhappy fate, between his lofty ideals and their imperfect realisation. Disappointment, imperfection, incompleteness, are found all through creation.

> " The very source and fount of day
> Is dashed with wandering isles of night."

No doubt, as I am speaking, many sad incidents from his life occur to your mind. I shall mention only one. Imagine a bright afternoon in Dumfries in May, 1794. There is to be a Charity Ball in the evening, and the gentlefolk from the neighbourhood have come to town to attend it. They are passing an hour or two parading on the sunny side of the street, paying and receiving compliments. On the opposite pavement, on the shady side, strides a solitary figure. No one speaks to him. No one will recognise him. It makes one's heart bleed to think of the suffering, even if induced by his own recklessness, of that poor, proud, gifted, sensitive spirit ; and it is strange to reflect that, while these glittering and self-satisfied

groups are now unremembered dust, the fame of the despised poet is trumpeted from the pinnacles of the world.

In the life of Burns there was gladness as well as gloom. The creative ecstasy of those brief, burning hours in which he composed " Tam o' Shanter," and felt that it would live for ever, counter-balanced a thousand days of poverty and pain. In one of his later poems this melancholy line occurs—

> " The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
> and Time is setting with me."

For the poet himself Time has long since set, but for the best of his teaching, the best of his poetry, Time can never set. His finest inspirations are eternal as Love itself.

I am not going to inflict on this enlightened audience the usual stereotyped quotations, beautiful indeed beyond measure, but universally known, nor shall I dwell to-night on our poet's greatest qualities—his devotion to truth, his honesty, his sturdy independence, his all-pervading sympathy; but I should like to speak for a second on one or two points.

In the first place, since the days of Solomon, the softer (or perhaps, in view of recent political martyrdoms, I should say the stronger) sex have never had a more enthusiastic worshipper than Robert Burns. The beauty of woman, in the history of the world, has much to answer for; and yet the male being between the ages of seventeen and seventy who does not melt in the glow of female loveliness deserves to be flung headlong into the abyss of *Malebolge*.

Burns has been blamed for want of refinement. The truth is that he deserves the highest praise for the purity of his best poems. Some of you have studied the literature that was current in Scotland in the middle of the 18th century, especially collections of songs issued between 1750 and 1770, and you will agree that Burns found the Muse of Scotland a bedraggled, dishevelled, unkempt tatterdemalion, and he left her a goddess of splendour and sweetness. He substituted for what was mean and tawdry and transient, noble and imperishable verse.

> " At his swift touch the soulless mould
> Burst into stars of living gold."

Let me say a word with regard to his patriotism. When James the First ascended the throne of England the Scots were universally looked down upon. The Act of Union of 1707 brought no improvement. A later satirist speaks of " the wretched lot of the poor, mean, despised, insulted Scot," and the culmination was reached on the suppression of the rebellion of Bonnie Prince Charlie in 1746, thirteen years before the poet's birth. At that period Scottish patriotism was extinct, or if not actually dead it lay in a profound slumber like the maiden in the famous story. It was Burns who acted the part of the Fairy Prince, and by the magic of his kiss restored her to life and loveliness. And now—it is not too much to say that in the great school of the world the little Scottish boy gains the first prize for patriotism.

The songs of Burns unite with a chain of adamant the hearts of Scotsmen scattered over the globe. To those who are far away the word " Burns " does not mean only the sweet singer, the sparkling satirist, the ploughman patriot and poet. It means the wind that sweeps the mountain side, the bloom of heather, the rushing torrents, the rock-bound coast. It means the

days of childhood, the village street where every house contained a friend, the trysting place of love, the grave of their fathers. It means Scotland Herself!

It is largely owing to Burns that our native land has taken her rightful place among the nations. It is chiefly due to him that her language is alive.

> "Yea, sister lands have learned to love the tongue
> In which his songs are sung,
> For doth not song to the whole world belong?
> Is it not given wherever tears can fall,
> Wherever hearts can melt and blushes glow,
> Or mirth and sadness mingle as they flow,
> A heritage to all?"

I now call upon this brilliant assembly to respond with passionate fervour to the toast of the evening—"The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns." (Loud applause.)

The Aberdeen Free Press gave an extended report of the proceedings and from its columns we glean the following:

In responding to the toast of "Our Guests" proposed by the Vice-President, Mr James Gray, J.P., Lord Balfour of Burleigh made a humorous speech. In trying to condense his remarks, he said he was reminded of the minister, who, being commanded to preach before Royalty, asked what he should speak about. "About twelve minutes with a leaning to the side of mercy" was the reply. Their guests on that occasion were chiefly ladies and it was for them he replied. He thought the old toast, "Our Wives and Sweethearts, and may they never meet," would almost have met the occasion that evening. (Laughter.) He was glad to see so many ladies present and hoped they would enjoy the dance which would follow. Referring to Mr Gray's remarks on the ubiquitous nature of the Scots, Lord Balfour proceeded to say that the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the union of the Parliaments this year had been spoken about, but it trenched somewhat upon current politics. Neither England nor Scotland alone, however, could have got the same measure of prosperity and success as they had in the happy combination of both countries. Some things they could do better for themselves in Scotland—and he thought the national characteristics and institutions in Scotland were worthy of the best support they could give them—but he was certain of this that neither Scotland alone nor England alone, could have attained in those relatively small islands what they had got in combination. (Applause.) Their President had brought to his mind by his eloquent speech on Burns an incident that occurred when he (Lord Balfour) was Secretary for Scotland, which illustrated the power of the bard on even a criminal mind. It was his duty to hear complaints from prisoners in the various prisons. There were many; as a Scotsman was not always contented when he was outside of prison, neither was he contented when he was inside prison. But one complaint which touched his heart very deeply was from a convict at Peterhead, when he could not get a copy of Burns to read. He had been waiting for six weeks for it. He said what a satire the volumes he got were. For a fortnight he had Smiles's "Self Help" and that week "The Lives of

Successful Men" and the officials could not give him a copy of Burns. (Laughter.) He (Lord Balfour) thought it a well-founded complaint, and he ordered that six extra copies of Burns's Works should be added to the libraries of the prisons. (Applause.) Continuing, Lord Balfour said: "The Vice-President must have some connection with Aberdeen. He gave them the familiar boast of those who lived in that particularly favoured district of Scotland about: Tak' awa Aiberdeen and twal' mile roon an' faur are ye?" a boast which was made in his own domestic circle, for reasons which some of them would appreciate. (Applause.) The other day he made it his business, in consequence of the circumstances to which he had alluded, to store up every anecdote he could to the discredit of the Aberdonian. He was bound to say he could not find many. (Laughter and applause.) If the Vice-President had a specially kindly feeling towards Aberdeen he would relish this one: "If you are so clever," said a wag to an Aberdonian, "how is it that there are more lunatics in Aberdeen in proportion to the population than anywhere else in the United Kingdom?" "Weel, if so," the Aberdonian replied, "they would be counted as very clever folks anywhere else." (Loud applause and laughter.)

CHAPTER III.

1907-1908: Mr James Gray, J.P., *President.*

A Glasgow President: Col. Sir John Young's Honour: Sentiments, "Sir Walter Scott as Novelist and Man," "Friends and Cronies of Burns," "Our Scottish Soldiers," "Our Caledonian Ancestors," "Our Highland Hills," "Colonial Scotsmen:" Banquet to Sir John and Lady Young: Death of Mr R. M. Hunter: Mr Hepburn's Portrait Presented: The President on Burns: The Society and Bournemouth.

A GLASGOW Caledonian, proud of his West Highland ancestry, in the person of Mr James Gray, J.P., succeeded to the chair in 1907. Mr Gray frequently recalled what his mother had told him of her early days after the family had migrated to the Clyde. Her father's house was at Finnieston and she remembered the days when she and her girl companions amused themselves by skipping over the river on stepping stones when the tide was out. The recollection proved the proud boast of the men of the West when they claimed that "Glasgow made the Clyde." By consistent dredging the channel was gradually deepened, and where the stepping stones once were, a fairway is now in existence which allows large ocean liners to forge their way to wharves within hail of the Broomielaw.

Mr Gray was born in 1838 and had his business training in Glasgow. At the age of 25 the lure of Australia caught him as it caught many other young Scots in the sixties of last century, and he made his way to Brisbane, Queensland, where he was in business for a quarter of a century. In 1888 he returned to London where he established himself in the city as a Colonial Export and Import Merchant. It was in 1900 he joined the Society and he found it so attractive that he rarely missed a meeting. Everything pertaining to the welfare of Scots in the Metropolis attracted him, and he was a loyal supporter of the Royal Scottish Corporation, in the management of which he took an active part.

At the first meeting of the session attention was called to the honour bestowed by His Majesty the King on Colonel John S. Young, M.V.O., by his being created a Knight Bachelor, and it was unanimously decided to mark the event by inviting Sir John and Lady Young to be the guests of the Society at a Complimentary Dinner. The event will be referred to later. The President, as a preliminary, spoke of the honour at the dinner following the meeting and proposed Sir John's health. The toast was enthusiastically drunk and suitably acknowledged.

In the course of the same evening Mr G. W. Thomson gave a Sentiment entitled " An appreciation of Sir Walter Scott as a Novelist and as a Man."

Mr President, whom I congratulate on taking the chair at these genial gatherings, and gentlemen, whom I congratulate on being presided over by so capable a chairman—as civilization advances, as fresh discoveries are constantly made, it is probable that in time mind will communicate with mind more easily than at present. An elaborate argument, a detailed description, may be flashed from one intelligence to many by means of a chord of music, or by some tide of telepathic influence that is at present unknown. But at the moment we are still dependent on the clumsy mechanism of words. To-night I shall endeavour to employ as few as possible. It is beyond the scope of my subject on this occasion to dilate on the merits of Sir Walter as a poet. I cannot, therefore, rouse your Caledonian fervour by reciting " Breathes there a man with soul so dead ?" or by reminding you of his other happy inspirations.

Many, indeed most, of these I admire enthusiastically; but the first remark I would make with regard to Scott as an author is that his poetic genius shines out on the whole more effectively in his novels than in his verse. Scott is pre-eminently the novelist of the past, and in that respect he differs from the greatest English romance writer, Charles Dickens, who, even when he dwelt on events that have flown, was always trying to shape and mould and influence the future. In Tennyson's life, and in his works, there are frequent allusions to what he called the Passion of the Past; but in his case, as we see from that exquisite song in "The Princess," "Tears, idle tears," it is a question of past hours and movements in the individual life, whereas with Scott it is past centuries—past manners, customs, and characters. If we examine carefully the Waverley Novels, we find that the best of these stories are framed in historical studies, and that many of Scott's most successful characters are actual notabilities, long since passed away, whom he has reanimated by his own genius. Let us take, for instance, the novel of "Rob Roy." The background of that story is the time—or rather, shortly before the time—of the Rebellion of 1715, which was headed by the Earl of Mar in Scotland and by Lord Derwentwater in England. The chief character in that tale is Rob Roy himself, who was once a living, breathing, thinking, possibly well-meaning, but still not altogether pleasing personality. If we pass on to "Waverley," we find in it a minute account of the Rebellion of 1745. The culmination of the story is the ball given at Holyrood by Prince Charles Edward, who is himself introduced to the reader. In "Ivanhoe" we are transported to the Crusades, and we meet with Richard Cœur-de-Lion and other world-famous heroes. In "Old Mortality" and in "A Legend of Montrose" we are carried to Covenanting days in Scotland. In the former there are Claverhouse and the Duke of Monmouth, and in the latter Argyll, nicknamed Gillespie Grumach, and the great Marquis of Montrose himself. I am sure you all agree that the charm of "The Abbot" is greatly increased by the introduction of Mary Queen of Scots, and the interest of "Kenilworth" is largely due to the presence of Queen Elizabeth, while in "The Fortunes of Nigel" we have the best historical portrait Scott ever painted—that of him whom Sully described as the wisest fool in Christendom, James the First.

Thinking of the Waverley Novels is like dipping one's hand in a casket of jewels and lifting up cluster after cluster of iridescent and luminous gems. Before the mind's eye there passes a procession of interesting characters, almost Shakespearean in their variety. There is Diana Vernon, the blossom of the border, as she was styled by Justice Inglewood; there is Rebecca, the Jewess, and the Saxon Rowena; there is Edith Bellenden and Rose Bradwardine, and Flora McIvor and Arnot Lyle; and we must not forget the inimitable Meg Dods, the landlady who sparkles like a diamond in the pages of "St. Ronan's Well." If we descend to the less important sex, there are Andrew Fairservice; Colonel Mannering; Caleb Balderstone; Cuddie Headrigg; Hobbie Elliot, the Clerk of Copmanhurst; Dandie Dinmont; Dominie Sampson; Sir Dugald Dalgetty, and, best of all, Bailie Nicol Jarvie. If we continue to reflect, a dozen outstanding scenes start up before us. For example, the interview between Meg Merrilees and Godfrey Bertram of Ellangowan; the Death of Mucklewrath, the preacher; the Dissolution of the Chapter at Templestowe by Cœur-de-Lion; the Torchlight Festivities at Kenilworth; the Torturing of McBriar in the presence of the Duke of Lauderdale; the Fight at the Clachan of Aberfoyle, when the Bailie showed his spirit and brandished his red-hot poker!

There are many striking episodes scattered through these novels, such as the Legend of Martin Waldeck; Allan McAulay's Feud with the Children of the Mist; and the beautiful tale of Lord Ravenswood and the Naiad in the "Bride of Lammermoor." What exquisite word-paintings there are in almost every chapter, such as the reception of Waverley by Flora McIvor at the cascade, her hand-maiden, harp in hand, standing beside her, the whole scene bathed in the light of the setting sun; or Miss Wardour conversing from the window with Edie Ochiltree as he lolls in his gaberlunzie dress on a bench in the courtyard! What can be more picturesque than some of the ravings of that fantastic character Madge Wildfire? "For a' that," she cries, "I'll wun oot a gliff the night to dance in the moonlight and whirry through the blue lift on a broom shank. I'll ha'e a merry sail ower Inchkeith and ower a' the bits of bonny waves that are fretting and flashing against the rocks in the gowden glimmer o' the moon."

On every page there are instances of humour and pathos. I shall remind you of one or two as they occur to me.

All facetious writers have a sad tendency to make fun of scientists like Dr Cantlie and Dr Guthrie Rankin; of philosophers like my friend Mr Edward Clodd, whose name, through his books, which have been translated into many languages is universally known, and of antiquaries like myself and Colonel Sir John Young (to whom we offer our warmest congratulations on his recent distinction). The illustrious Pickwick was nonplussed when he found that the inscription on the stone he so highly valued was merely "Bill Stumps his mark." A similar incident occurs in "The Antiquary." When Oldbuck and Lovel are surveying what the former believed to be the remains of a Roman camp, the antiquary exclaims, "Yes, my good friend, it is probable, nay, it is nearly certain, that Julius Agricola beheld what our own Beaumont has so admirably described. From this prætorium"—a voice from behind interrupted his eloquence, "Prætorium here, prætorium there—I mind the biggin o't!" There is something grimly amusing in the deathbed of the Laird of Dumbiedykes. His final words to his son were, "Jock, when ye hae naething else to do, ye may be aye stickin' in a tree; it will be growin' when you're sleepin', and Jock"—as he called him back for the last time—"Dinna drink brandy in the morning; it files the stamack. The puir wee lammies on the hillside are aiblins perishin' wi' cauld, but I'll soon be het eneuch, gin a' tales be true." Many of the most interesting characters in the Waverley Novels are shrewd old Scots women, who let fall the most humorous remarks in the quietest way. In "Old Mortality" there is Mrs Wilson, the house-keeper at Milnwood; this is one of her recollections: "I mind, when I was a gilpie o' a lassock, seein' the auld Duke—him that lost his heid at London. Folk said it wasna a vera guid ane, but it was aye a sair loss to him, puir gentleman!" Even the casual conversations of subordinate characters deserve to be carefully read. This is a little talk between some of the townfolk in "The Heart of Midlothian"—I am not sure that I remember the words exactly, but they are something like this: "They say for certain," said Miss Damahoy, "that King George flung his periwig in the fire when he heard o' the Porteous mob." "He has done that, they say, for less," observed Saddletree. "Aweel," said Miss Damahoy, "he might keep mair wit in his wrath, but it's a' the better for his wig-maker, I'se warrant." "The Queen tore her biggonets for perfect anger. Ye'll hae heard that too," said Plumdamas; "and the King, they say, kickit Sir Robert Walpole for no keepin' doon the mob o' Edinburgh, but I canna believe he wad behave sae ungenteel." "It's doom's truth," said Saddletree,

"and he was for kickin' the Duke of Argyll too!" "Kickin' the Duke of Argyll!" exclaimed the hearers at once in all the various combined keys of utter astonishment!

Then, with regard to pathos, what can be more touching than the Lament of David Deans when he hears of his daughter's ruin? "I wad gie a' these grey hairs she has brought to shame and sorrow. I wad gie this auld heid on which they grow, if she might hae time to amend and return—but for me I shall never see her mair! I shall never see her mair!" It has always seemed to me intensely affecting the contrast between Amy Robsart in the heyday of her happiness and her untimely fate. When she hears her lover approaching, she exclaims with rapture, "It is my Leicester! It is my noble Earl! It is my Dudley! Every stroke of his horse's hoof sounds like a note of lordly music!" And then we think of the machinations of the villain Varney—of the trap—the slip—the fatal fall—the coldness and the darkness of Death! But perhaps the most pathetic passage in the Waverley Novels is the funeral of Steenie Mucklebackit, the young fisherman. His stern, weather-beaten father is broken down with grief; a well-intentioned clergyman is trying to console the mother. She looks up, and falters out, "Ah, sir, you're vera guid, you're vera guid; nae doot, nae doot it's oor duty to submit, but O dear, my poor Steenie, the vera pride o' my heart, sae comely and sae handsome. O! my bairn, my bairn! He was a' the world to his faither and me!"

Let me now say a word with regard to Scott as a man. With respect to the authorship of his novels, he indulged in a great deal of what appears to us nowadays most unnecessary mystification. But there was no mystery with regard to his life. It was all clean and above-board. 'Whatever record leap to light, he never shall be shamed.' His chief personal characteristic was his passionate love of his native land. He used to say that he thought if he did not see the heather once a year he would die. He was also remarkable for the universality of his sympathy—that quality so exhaustively expressed by the American writer Walt Whitman when he declares, "I reject nothing that the sunshine does not reject"—one of the grandest sayings ever uttered by human lips. The same sentiment is found in the pages of Shakespeare, Burns, and other great poets; but in Scott it was as prominent in his life as in his works. He was always indulgent to frailty, and sympathetic with suffering.

When in later life he was overtaken by financial disaster and owed upwards of £100,000, he applied his splendid talents to the most exacting drudgery, and although—if I remember rightly—he lived only four or five years after this misfortune, his creditors ultimately received nearly £80,000. When his health gave way, and he was ordered to Italy—as Wordsworth reminds us in his fine sonnet—the weight of all the world's good wishes went with him, and at his death it is not too much to say that millions mourned as for a personal loss.

There are many great writers whose works we esteem whom we would not have enjoyed knowing in ordinary life. There is Swift, one of the greatest geniuses of the world, the author of "The Battle of the Books," "A Tale of a Tub," "Gulliver's Travels," and best of all, his "Letters to Stella," but I am sure none of us would have liked to meet the morose, morbid, misanthropic Dean of St. Patrick's. There is Sterne, who has delighted multitudes with his "Sentimental Journey" and his "Tristram Shandy;" but even if he had called himself MacSterne, and arrayed his lanky limbs in our national garb, he would never have been elected a member of this society—he was so faithless

and so untrue. There is Dr Johnson, the mighty moralist, a great and good man who produced "The Rambler" and "Rasselas" and other works of lofty aim; but, although Boswell's "Life" is constantly within reach of my pillow, I would not have cared to encounter the Titanic lexicographer—to be crushed by a Latin epigram or overwhelmed by the coarse raillery to which he often descended. There is Goldsmith, who has written some of the sweetest things in the English language: "The Vicar of Wakefield;" "The Deserted Village;" "The Traveller;" "She Stoops to Conquer;" but who would not have quickly tired of his untidiness, his recklessness, and his childish vanity?

But with Scott the case is very different. There is no one here who would not have delighted to look into his shrewd kindly eyes, to listen to his homely accents, and to grasp his honest hand.

We can all echo with one voice that generous line of our late Laureate—

> "O great and gallant Scott,
> True gentleman, heart, blood, and bone,
> I would it had been my lot
> To have seen thee and heard thee, and known."

I now call upon you, brother Caledonians, in recognition of the splendid qualities true genius involves, to drink to the memory—I might say to the beloved memory—of the Wizard of the North—"the immortal Sir Walter Scott."

Other Sentiments delivered during the session were: "The Friends and Cronies of Robert Burns," by Dr Guthrie Rankin; "Our Scottish Soldiers," by Mr John Douglas; "Our Caledonian Ancestors," by Dr John Matheson; "Our Highland Hills, from a Climber's Point of View," by Mr W. Lamond Howie; "Colonial Scotsmen," by Mr Henry E. Campbell.

Mr Douglas's and Mr Lamond Howie's Sentiments were illustrated by lantern slides which greatly added to their interest.

To carry out worthily the decision come to at the November meeting, the Banquet arranged in honour of Sir John and Lady Young was held in the Whitehall Rooms, Hotel Metropole, on 17th December, 1907. Sixty-eight ladies and gentlemen were present. A brief report which appeared in the columns of *The Aberdeen Free Press* of 18th December is as follows:

Scottish patriotism was displayed in its most sentimental manner at a dinner given by the Caledonian Society of London at the Whitehall Rooms to Colonel Sir John S. Young, M.V.O., in honour of his knighthood. Notable Scots and their wives and friends joined in doing honour to Sir John with thorough goodwill.

Sir John Young, although born in Jamaica, is connected with the Highlands, and his forbears of two centuries lie in Inverness. He has shared in most of our wars, from the Abyssinian to the South African, and he not only fought our own battles but he went with the Red Cross to the Franco-German and Russo-Turkish campaigns, and since he retired from the army he has been Secretary of the Patriotic Fund. His keen face and piercing eyes, his smart kilted figure, the medals on his breast, and his sparkling speeches, have rendered him conspicuous at many a Scottish gathering in London. Now he and Lady Young were the honoured guests of the Caledonian Society; the one on the right and the other on the left of the President, Mr James Gray, J.P., a native of Dumbartonshire, who is a colonial merchant in the City. Everything was Scottish at the feast. Instead of having a hotel toastmaster, the toasts were cried by the doughty beadle and piper, Mr Smith, who himself gave the traditional Gaelic toast, which being translated, runs: "Health to you all, and potatoes and herring, barley bread and wheaten, and blessing be with you."

To the toast of "The Guests," which was submitted by Surgeon-General W. G. Don, M.D., one of the sturdiest and heartiest of Scots, a most touching reply was offered by Sir John Young. His pride of race thrilled his fellow-countrymen, but the finest passage in his speech was his tribute to his mother: "In poverty," he said, "I was cradled; in poverty I was raised, but in my mother I found riches."

Later in the evening the toast of "The Ladies" was given by Mr G. W. Thomson, manager of the African Banking Corporation, who expressed Lady Young's feelings in a fine parody—"Sir John Smith Young, my jo John"—and Mr George Struthers handed over to her the duty of reply. In Lady Young's graceful response, "her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman." She was, Mrs Pankhurst will regret to hear, much applauded when she declared she was not a suffragette.

The toast of "The Chairman" was proposed by Mr Robert Henderson, C.B., a Kinneff native and Aberdeen student, who is Secretary to the Board of Customs.

There were songs not only by professional singers—Mr Anderson Nicol and Miss Christine Gordon—but also by Mr T. R. Moncrieff, the Secretary of the Royal Scottish Corporation, and by Mr A. Duncan, a member of a talented Fochabers family, who charmed the company with "Lewie Gordon," a song composed by Geddes, a Roman Catholic priest in Enzie. Mr Mackay Tait played his own bagpipe selections, including a march composed for the occasion and named "Colonel Young's March."

It is of interest to put on record the text of Surgeon-General W. G. Don's speech in proposing the toast of the evening:

There are occasions in our lives, which, in their rarity and distinctiveness, become to us, individually and collectively, epoch-making; of such I regard this one. It is, so far as I know, unique in the history of our Society, and has no parallel except when the Council entertained our esteemed brother, Robert Henderson, when he was made a Companion of the Bath; an event happily coinciding with his term of office as President.

To-night we honour another real honour, conferred on a like esteemed and gifted Past-President. There be, ladies and gentlemen, honours and

honours; and when a shower of them periodically falls, some may alight upon recipients little or quite unknown to popular fame, giving rise to a chorus of questions: "Who are they?" and "What for?"

It is far otherwise when an old, widely known, and highly valued public servant, like Colonel John Smith Young, receives knighthood from his Sovereign; the question then is—not what for conferred, but, rather, why so long deferred! I am sure no more popular honour, and none regarded as better earned or deserved, appeared in the Birthday Gazette, than that which fell to our dear friend and valued Caledonian, Colonel Young—on whom we would heap congratulations on the avalanche of them already descended on him.

It is my duty to recount, however briefly and imperfectly, while I trust delicately, in his presence, the "What for of Sir John's knighthood."

I feel he would not wish me to dilate too much on his eminent military services; because, such is his innate modesty, that, as you will have observed, he seldom if ever alludes to the stirring and thrilling scenes he must have witnessed in his war adventures. For, broadly, Sir John has participated in all our wars, Indian and Ashanti excepted, since Abyssinia in 1868, to South Africa in 1900. He has also been Commissioner of the Red Cross to the great Franco-German and Russo-Turkish campaigns. The galaxy of decorations which adorn his breast show the wide nature of his services; some are foreign, and one the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, in Anglia, is specially conferred, not for shedding of blood, but for saving of life. You may well ask, why go further than this fine record for the "What for" of knighthood. Yet, ladies and gentlemen, he has not been knighted for military, but special civil services, rendered since he retired from the Army, first as Secretary of the Royal Commission of the Patriotic Fund; and when the fund was re-constituted in 1903, as Secretary by Act of Parliament to the Royal Patriotic Fund Corporation, an office which he still holds.

To that noble National Fund, over a million, for the benefit of the widows, orphans, and dependents of our deceased gallant soldiers and sailors Sir John has done signal service for over twenty years; and, in the language of a dispatch regarding him, has brought to bear great "zeal and never-wearying energy;" or, in Miss Florence Nightingale's words, in a letter to him—displayed "ceaseless activity."

When the fund was incorporated, Sir John, with his long experience of it, insisted that it should be administered, not according to haphazard sentiment, but on strictly business and financial lines; and so met with strong opposition in many quarters; yea, was assailed by ill-informed, unfair, and even cruel criticism; yet like a brave, honest and outspoken man, he never flinched from, much less succumbed to, factious clamour; but after much fighting and worrying emerged top-dog, fully vindicated, and now rewarded, as we so heartily celebrate.

There is another aspect of the toast, more personal to himself, myself, and yourselves. Sir John and I have been army contemporaries nigh fifty years, and I cannot recall when I first met him; but before that I had already known him by good service repute, as a right fine fellow; now, after lengthened friendship and brotherhood in our Society, I put it to you, brother Caledonians, whether the early repute I have mentioned has not been confirmed, but re-affirmed and enhanced in no ordinary degree?

We all regard Sir John as a wise leader and counsellor and most exhilarating comrade; and we often listen with great appreciation to his sparkling

speeches—no mere eloquent effervescence of words, but sound common sense, always seasoned and garnished with a ready wit and fine fancy all his own!

Lastly, you will observe this is a double toast in which Sir John is naturally linked with his ain dear guidwife, Lady Young.

I lately heard him declare, with that affectionate gallantry so characteristic of him, that the chief joy in his new title was that it was shared by his dear partner in life. Ah! ladies and gentlemen, what a chord of sympathy that tender conjugal confession strikes in all our hearts. It is an open secret that Sir John is blessed with a wife, the best of woman kind. All who enjoy the privilege of her friendship will most heartily endorse that sentiment; besides, it is not a mere man's opinion, but the unanimous verdict of her own gentle sisterhood.

To that lovable and loving couple, Sir John and Lady Young, I ask you to toast health, happiness, prosperity, peace, long to enjoy the Honour which we so cordially celebrate and they so worthily wear and share together.

Finally, I have to include in the toast the names of those nearest and dearest to them—Mr and Mrs Edwards—happily with us, and their large and fine family; and I do this with all the greater personal pleasure because Mr Edwards and I are not merely townees, but are related inasmuch as he had a Don among his grandmothers.

At the banquet a tribute was paid to Mr R. M. Hunter, who, for five years had been the indefatigable Honorary Secretary of the Society. He had been seriously ill for a considerable time and, from his death-bed came a message of remembrance and joyous greeting, coupled with the hope that the banquet and tribute to his old friend would be a big success. Sir John Young excited the sympathetic murmurs of the Caledonians when he alluded to Mr Hunter's untiring zeal and interest in the Society. It was with real sorrow that the members learned that Mr Hunter had passed away.

The Dundee Advertiser of 18th December had an obituary notice in its columns:

The London Scottish community, which has had a heavy mortality list during the past year, suffered another loss to-day in the death of Mr Robert M. Hunter. Deceased, who had been in ill-health for some time past, was between 70 and 80 years of age. A native of Morayshire, his career was spent in the service of the Home Office, from which he retired some years ago. Mr Hunter had long taken an active and enthusiastic part in Scottish movements in the Metropolis. He acted as Treasurer of the London Morayshire Club from its re-constitution in the seventies down to last week, when, on resigning office, he was elected a Vice-President in recognition of the prominent part he had taken in the affairs of the Society. Only a few days before the

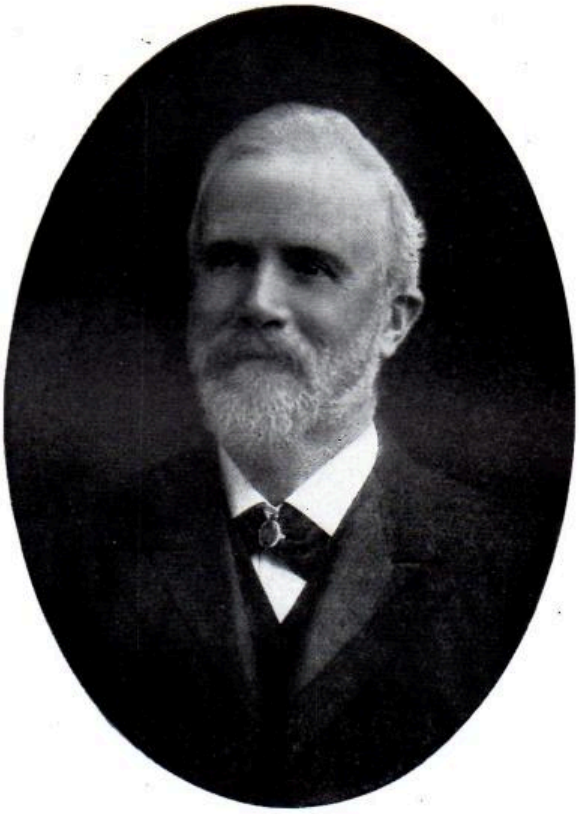
Club lost its President, Sir George Macpherson Grant, Bart., and another of its leading office-bearers. Mr Hunter was on the Committee of Management of the Royal Scottish Corporation, a Director of the Royal Caledonian Asylum, and Honorary Secretary of the Caledonian Society, and was a well-known and popular figure at the gatherings of the Forfarshire and other County Associations. These he invariably attended in Highland costume, and no one was a sprightlier or more enthusiastic dancer of the reel and strathspey. At a complimentary dinner, given by the Caledonian Society to-night to Colonel Sir J. S Young, sympathetic reference was made to the sad event.

The Aberdeen Free Press of 23rd December gave a report of the funeral :

The funeral of Mr R. M. Hunter, whose death occurred last Wednesday, took place on Saturday from his house at Sydenham to Elmers End Cemetery, at Beckenham. There was a large attendance of the London Scottish community, including an influential representation of the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Caledonian Society of London, headed by Colonel Sir John S. Young, Mr John Douglas, and Mr T. R. Moncrieff, while the Morayshire Club was represented by Messrs J. W. Webster and R. Davidson, Vice-Presidents. Messrs J. Nicol Brown and J. MacIntyre Masson, Honorary Secretaries ; Mr William Mitchell, Treasurer ; and the following members of Committee : Messrs A. Duncan, John Falconer, William Fyvie, J. S. Levay, J. Robertson and J. Sivewright. Amongst other members of the Club present were : Mr J. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., and Canon Muriel. The Home Office and Prison Commission, with which Mr Hunter was connected for about forty years, also were represented. The chief mourners were : Mr Stuart M. Hunter (son) ; Mr John Hunter of Dipple (brother) ; Mr W. A. Bailey (nephew) ; and Mr John Bailey, Braes, Enzie. The coffin, which was of oak, was covered with wreaths, including one from the Morayshire Club, bearing the inscription : " In affectionate memory, from all his friends of the London Morayshire Club," one from the Caledonian Society and another from Elgin members of the Society. Service was conducted at the cemetery chapel, eloquent reference being made to the many high qualities of the deceased, and his upright and blameless life.

At the January meeting a vote of condolence to the family of the late Mr Hunter was agreed to in the following terms :

" That the Council and Members of the Caledonian Society of London now record with exceeding sorrow, the death of their much esteemed and greatly valued Honorary Secretary, Robert Martin Hunter. They feel profoundly that in his decease a present example of ungrudging and constant labour on behalf of the best interests of the Society has passed away. They realise also that they have lost not only a devoted and successful office-bearer, but a most genial and



JAMES GRAY, J.P.
President, 1907–1908.

ROBERT MARTIN HUNTER.

Honorary Secretary, 1902–1907.

enthusiastic member whom they can ill afford to be without, and whom they greatly miss.

"The Council and Members offer to Mr Hunter's daughters and to his son, Mr Stuart M. Hunter, this expression of their heartfelt sympathy with them in their irreparable bereavement."

From the beginning of the session Mr John Douglas, the present Historian, had been acting as Honorary Secretary, and on 9th January, 1908, he was unanimously elected Honorary Secretary, an office which he continued to fill for twelve years.

The Annual Festival was held on 25th January in the King's Hall, Holborn Restaurant. The President and Mrs Gray received the guests in the Throne Room. Forty-eight ladies and sixty-eight gentlemen sat down.

After the reception the portrait of the late Mr David Hepburn was presented to Mrs Hepburn Starey and Miss Hepburn. At the request of the President, Mr G. W. Thomson made the presentation. In doing so he said :

"Mrs Starey and Miss Hepburn, on behalf of the Caledonian Society of London I have now the privilege of asking you to accept this portrait of your beloved brother—our esteemed comrade.

"Mr Hepburn was such a universal favourite and his name was so widely known that an elaborate eulogy on this occasion would be entirely out of place. Everyone who had the honour of his acquaintance was impressed by his noble and handsome presence, by the charm of his manner, by his varied accomplishments, and most of all by the combined strength and sweetness of his character. You two ladies do not require a picture to keep his image fresh in your hearts, but this gift of ours will serve to remind you that all the members of this Society participate in your sorrow and in your pride, for you have indeed reason to be proud of the memory your brother has left behind. Scotsmen in

London will never have a brighter example for their daily guidance than the modest, manly, pure, unselfish life of our late President. Let me say a word with regard to the artist, who is a daughter of one of the original members of this Society. We have all admired her works on the walls of the Royal Academy. We have long been aware of her well-deserved reputation, and now our confidence is amply justified in spite of the serious drawback under which she laboured. Artists will tell you that it is extremely difficult for a portrait painter to obtain a living likeness merely by the aid of photographs and recollections that are apt to become confused and shadowy. I am sure we all agree that Miss McGregor has overcome that difficulty with signal success, and that we have before us not only a work of art but a pleasing and faithful representation of our departed friend. With these brief remarks I present this portrait, and along with it, ladies, I offer what I am sure is not without value, the affectionate and respectful wish of every member of this Society for your own welfare and happiness."

Mrs Hepburn Starey in a graceful speech accepted the portrait on behalf of Miss Hepburn and herself.

In proposing the toast of the evening the President said :

The toast which I have now the honour to propose is "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," During his short and chequered life he attracted, by his magnetic presence and sparkling genius, all manner of men, whether in the village tavern or in the gilded salons of the great and cultured of Scotland's Capital. So does his name and fame still continue to fire the hearts of Scotsmen throughout the world.

No poet ever held the people of his country in the hollow of his heart as Burns did, moving them to tears or laughter and inspiring them to highest thought and noblest deeds. And no people ever held a poet closer to its heart or offered a more spontaneous incense to his memory than Scotsmen do to Scotland's greatest bard. Well did Burns with true prophetic vision say to his devoted wife, Bonnie Jean, "Never mind, Jean, they'll think mair o' me in a hunner years than they dae noo." Has not his prophecy been more than fulfilled ? And now, just one short year from his century-and-a-half birthday, do not the pulses of Scotsmen everywhere to-night beat quicker

in glowing patriotic pride of kinship with him whose genius has added a lustre to our nationality and a glory to our land ?

" Thou giant 'mong the mighty dead,
Full bowls to thee are flowing,
High souls of Scotia's manly breed
With pride this night are glowing."

The distinguishing characteristics of Burns's genius are its directness of touch and sympathy with nature and human experience in all their thousand moods and passions.

In the warm and sheltered depths of Burns's loving nature, there blossomed into richest fruitage the most delightful tender passion flowers of song that love has ever known.

On the breezier upland of Burns's nature there also flourished some plants of a hardier growth, more akin to Caledonia stern and wild, yet springing from the same big patriotic heart of her own poetic child.

Those sterner virtues of Burns's genius are his patriotism ; his manly independence ; his intense hatred of social injustice and oppression in every form ; and his unquenchable love for intellectual freedom and civil and religious liberty.

Burns proclaimed the dignity of true manhood as it had never been proclaimed before in Scotland. His trumpet note awoke her people from a lethargy of indifference and depression that had too long darkened its life, too long hampered its energies, and too long hindered its upward progress into that freer and fuller manhood and liberty we now so much prize and enjoy.

For this privilege—one of Scotland's greatest heritages—we owe much to the immortal author of " Scots wha Hae," " A man's a man for a' that," and " Auld Lang Syne."

Tennyson in one of his noble poems refers to the high ideal of our race as " The Parliament of man, the Federation of the World." But Burns anticipated this stirring sentiment in his unequalled hymn of independence and universal brotherhood, when he sang—

" Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
When sense and worth o'er a' the earth
Shall bear the gree and a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet for a 'that—
When man to man the warld o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that."

Having Colonial sympathies, I would like for a few moments to refer to Burns's influence on the all-absorbing subject of Empire. May we as Scotsmen, without flattering ourselves too much, not claim some little share in the growth and progress of the Colonies ?

If new lands are to be annexed or new nations built up, the Scot is not usually the last man to dig in his spade or put on his apron. But what has our poet to do with this ? More than at first sight appears. If Scotsmen have been pioneers of Empire and makers of our Colonies, is it not, to some extent at least, due to that splendid discontent with their poor oppressed conditions of life which Burns awakened in his countrymen ? And also to that manly spirit of independence which determined them to secure for them-

selves not only liberty of thought and speech but also independence of social positions—both excellent handmaids the one to the other.

It has been said that the finest prospect to a Scotsman is the road to England; but poor Dr Johnson in his day had a very limited view indeed of Scotsmen or the Empire. The finest road for any Scotsman worthy of the name is the one that leads to where he can be freest and most independent. One of the many schemes with the Imperial object of uniting more closely the Empire is, as you know, "The All Red Line." But the sentiment of kinship, "of man to man the warld o'er," born and nursed by Burns's songs, has done much already to make an "All Red Line"—the blood-red line thicker than water, of a world-wide kinship, as well as of commerce, which is soon to be our Empire pathway encircling into closer union the Mother Country and her great dominions beyond the seas.

If Scotsmen, then, are usually in the van of Empire-makers and of Colonial progress; and if our "Greater Britons" beyond the seas are the first to spring to arms with their brother Britons on this side if our common Empire is in danger, is it not because they are knit together by the inspiring and sustaining bond of kinship which our national poet has done so much to inspire and strengthen?

What wonder then that Scotsmen and Britons in every part of the Empire are doing honour to-night to the immortal memory of Burns? Who else has sweetened our home life, and brightened our social life, as he has done? Who else has filled us with love of country and all its noblest traditions, and inspired us with the courage to defend them, as he has done? Who else has breathed into our dear old Doric tongue the breath of a new life and given it a living soul, as he has done? Who else has done more to lessen the pride and prejudices that separated rich and poor, and to show us the good in all men, than he has done? Who else has done more to quicken in us a warmer sympathy with nature and all created things from the humblest living creature to "Auld Nickie Ben" himsel, than Burns has done, and who has girdled the earth with the golden cord of kinship as Scotland's immortal poet has done in his universal hymn of love and friendship—"Auld Lang Syne?"

For all his noble qualities, and the priceless gems of genius with which he has enriched his country and the world, we shall ever continue to love and honour the name and revere the memory of our great national poet.

Here, then, beside the flowing stream of that immortal memory we stand to-night, as Burns once stood with his own Highland Mary, and clasping hands across its crystal waters would pledge once more our troth of fidelity and love to him who is our brother Scot and poet king.

Mr Allan W. Freer, Vice-President, proposed the toast of "Our Guests," and in responding, Lord Balfour of Burleigh claimed that the Scots were a generous race. "We are careful," he admitted, and after the laughter had subsided, he added, "and rightly so. It is only a careful man who can be generous."

His Lordship went on to say that a comparison showed that "if Englishmen don't get a place, they turn aside with more or less discontent; if an Irishman

does not get a place he has applied for he will try to prevent another Irishman from getting it, but if a Scotsman applies for a place and is unsuccessful, he tries to find another Scotsman who might get it."

Sir Patrick Manson's reply consisted mostly of stories which he said had been told to him by Dr Cantlie.

Another notable speech was that of Colonel Sir John S. Young, in response to whose eloquent words the party heartily toasted the President.

At the March meeting of Council, Mr T. R. Moncrieff announced that the newly-formed Caledonian Society of Bournemouth had asked for a lecturer, and Mr John Douglas had agreed to go there and give a lecture on "Our Scottish Soldiers," with lantern illustrations. Mr A. W. Freer, Mr W. Mackay Tait, Mr George Davidson, and Mr T. R. Moncrieff had agreed to accompany him. It was resolved that the greetings of the Caledonian Society of London be sent to the younger society at Bournemouth.

At the April meeting Mr A. W. Freer reported that the deputation to the Bournemouth and District Caledonian Society had a splendid reception, and the lecture on "Our Scottish Soldiers" was much appreciated. The presence of Mr W. Mackay Tait with his pipes had also given a great deal of pleasure. The meeting was held in the Shaftesbury Hall, and considerably over 200 were present. The deputation felt that the interchange of courtesies had been equally pleasant to both sides, and those who took part were convinced that similar visits to other kindred societies would do great good, in linking up the various societies within reach of London.

The Bournemouth Visitors' Directory of 1st April contained the following report:

"Our Scottish Soldiers" was the title of a lecture given in the Shaftesbury Hall, on Friday evening, under the auspices of the Bournemouth Caledonian Society. The Hall was well filled by the members of the Society and their friends. Dr J. Roberts Thomson, Chairman of the Council, presided. The

lecturer was Mr John Douglas, of Putney, a well-known figure in London Scottish circles, who had with him four friends, all belonging to the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Caledonian Society of London, Mr Allan W. Freer, Mr W Mackay Tait, Mr T. R. Moncrieff, and Mr G. Davidson. Few societies so far removed from the Metropolis have had the honour of welcoming such a deputation, and the Scots of Bournemouth are sensible of special distinction. The visitors marched on to the platform, headed by Mr Tait playing the pipes, the audience receiving them with salvos of applause.

Dr Roberts Thomson warmly welcomed Mr Douglas and his friends, and thereafter Mr Douglas delivered his lecture. At the outset the lecturer was careful to disclaim any intention on his part to make invidious comparisons between the branches of " The Soldiers of the King," stating that his chief reason for selecting " Our Scottish Soldiers " as the title of his lecture was "simply that they belong to the same country as ourselves, and whenever one tries to do anything worth doing, it is best to begin at home." First, the lecturer spoke of the antiquity of the Scottish Soldiers. " Five hundred years before the reign of James IV. a definite Scottish regiment was embodied, known as the Royal Scots, a name to be approached with reverence, for *a thousand years* ago they fought for Charles of France, and their record as a first-class regiment has remained unbroken." Lime-light pictures, showing the evolution of the Scottish Soldier, were placed upon the screen, each illustration being explained to the audience by the lecturer. Early Scottish soldiers, Highlanders armed with bow, spear, broadsword, and dirk, quickly followed each other, nor was the piper forgotten, for wherever the tartan waved, the pipes skirled, leading the warrior on to victory or death. Onward the lecturer followed the fortunes of the Scottish Soldiers—to the Low Country wars with Marlborough, mid the snows of Canada with Wolfe ; in India, Egypt, Spain, and at Waterloo, in the Crimea, the Indian Mutiny, in the Chitral Campaign, at Dargai, Majuba, Omdurman, and, lastly, in the South Africa war—everywhere where fighting was to be done there waved the tartan, and there screamed the pipes. What men have dared, Scots have done. The lecturer concluded with the well-known invocation :

" God of our fathers, known of old,
God of our far-flung battle line,
Under Whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine.
Lord God of Hosts be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

Captain Lyon proposed, and Mr Henderson seconded, a hearty vote of thanks to Mr Douglas for his splendid lecture, which was endorsed by the audience amid the greatest enthusiasm.

In a few well-chosen words, Mr Freer told the members what a pleasure he felt in coming to Bournemouth, along with Mr Douglas and Mr Tait and his two other colleagues, to greet the young Caledonian Society. To the Caledonian Society of London, and to the Royal Scottish Corporation, he owed the best and truest friends he had, and he hoped that the Bournemouth Society would draw together all the best Scots in the district, and that his experience would be theirs.

Dr Roberts Thomson thanked Mr Mackay Tait for the splendid music, and concluded in the words of the well-known refrain : " Will ye no come back again ? "

CHAPTER IV.

1908-1909: Mr John Matheson, M.A., M.D., J.P., *President.*

A London Highlander as President: His Active Life: Visit to Bournemouth: Sentiments, "John Galt," "Robert Louis Stevenson:" The President on Burns: Sentiments, "The Pentland Hills," "Lia Fail, or The Stone of Destiny:" Musical Evening.

ON its roll of members the Caledonian Society has never lacked a goodly number of the medical profession, and for the year 1908-1909, one of its staunchest members, Mr John Matheson, M.A., M.D., J.P., was called to fill the Presidential Chair.

Dr Matheson's career has been well set out by his friend the Rev. Alexander Macrae, of Shephall Rectory, Stevenage, Herts., who tells us something of the Caledonian President, and incidentally of the Clan Matheson, or MacMahon, whose homeland was for centuries the Parish of Lochalsh in Ross-shire, where Dr Matheson first saw the light of day on 24th February, 1856. He is one of the three sons of the late Roderick Matheson of Plockton, who was well known and highly respected in his native parish of Lochalsh, as a man of character, integrity, and genuine worth. The other sons, both now deceased, were Donald Matheson, J.P., of Ullapool, Ross-shire, and the Rev. Alexander

Matheson, M.A., who was minister of Belgrave Presbyterian Church, London. John was educated at the Old Aberdeen Grammar School, the famous "Barn," from which he passed to Aberdeen University with a good bursary, and graduated M.A. in 1879, earning both at the "Barn" and King's, special praise for Latin and Greek. In Medicine, also, he took high places in his classes, and graduated M.B. and C.M. in 1883, and M.D. in 1886. During his residence in Aberdeen he took a prominent part in the whole life of the University. He was President of the University Celtic Society, and was chosen chairman of the meeting of students of all the faculties to nominate candidates for the triennial election of Lord Rector of the University in 1881, when Professor Alexander Bain was elected.

In 1884, Dr Matheson commenced practice in what was then the well-to-do districts of Islington and Highbury in North London, where he soon gained and still possesses, after the lapse of forty years, a wide reputation for his punctual and methodical ways, his tact and sympathy, and especially his sound professional skill. In 1906 he was chosen for the important Government appointment of Medical Officer to the Northern Postal Town District of London, including the medical charge of the employees in the Post Office Stores in Studd Street, Islington. He is a medical examiner of candidates for these services, and also for the Civil Service Commissioners and for the Board of Education. He was President of the British Postal Medical Officers Association from 1910 to 1914 and of the Caledonian Medical Society for 1922. He is a member of the British Medical Association, a Fellow of the Royal Society of Medicine, a Member of the North London Medico-Chirurgical Society, Examining Medical Referee for the Wesleyan and General Insurance Society, and an Honorary Life Member of St. John's Ambulance Association. He is a Justice of the Peace for the County of London and a member of the London

Magistrates Club; he is also a member of the Royal Automobile Club and the Aberdeen University Club.

Very few men have exemplified more completely than Dr Matheson the well-known paradox that it is the busiest men who can find most time to spare, for in spite of his strenuous professional life he has been able to find time for numerous other activities, especially in connection with Scottish interests in London. He is a Director of the Highland Society of London, was President of the Gaelic Society of London from 1903 to 1906, and is a fluent and correct speaker of the Gaelic language. On the death of Sir Lauder Brunton, he was appointed an Honorary Physician of the Royal Scottish Corporation, an office to which he has been re-elected from year to year, and which carries with it the privilege of membership of the Committee of Management. He is a Governor of the Royal Caledonian Schools at Bushey, Herts, and an Elder of the historic Presbyterian Church in Regent Square. He is one of the very few surviving members of the original committee formed for holding Gaelic services in London, and the ministers coming from the Highlands to conduct these services have often enjoyed the hospitality of his house during their stay in London.

In 1889 Dr Matheson married Kathleen, daughter of the late Robert Whelan Boyle, editor of the London *Daily Chronicle*, Mrs Matheson has ever been, in the best sense, a true helpmate to her husband, and one of the most delightful of hostesses, as all those—and they are not a few—who have enjoyed her gracious hospitality, can bear record.

Though Dr Matheson has been so successful and so happy in his long professional career among the genial and homely people of London, whom he knows so well, and though he has so keen an appreciation of the many interests and attractions of London life, yet he has never ceased to feel the lure of the Highlands, and nothing gives him greater delight than to spend as

much time as he can, in his attractive holiday house, where "the ocean waves dash forward on the far-resounding shore" of his romantic native village of Plockton."

At the November meeting Mr W. Lamond Howie reported that on the invitation of the Caledonian Society of Bournemouth he had gone to that town and delivered a Lecture entitled "Our Scottish Alps," which he illustrated by lantern slides. The slides were prepared by himself from his own photographs. He conveyed the greetings of the Caledonian Society of London to the members of the Bournemouth Society who reciprocated with the heartiest good wishes. The lecture was listened to by an audience numbering over 250. The President of the Bournemouth Society moved a hearty vote of thanks to Mr Lamond Howie and this was seconded by the Hon. Secretary, Mr Henderson, in a musical rendering of a parody on "Will ye no come back again?" Mr Howie was much impressed by the splendid good feeling which was shown by the audience towards the older Society in London and was highly pleased with the result of his pleasant mission.

During the after-dinner programme on 12th November a Sentiment entitled "John Galt," was given by Mr G. W. Thomson, J.P. Mr Thomson said:

John Galt was born at Irvine in Ayrshire in the year 1779. His father was captain of a ship that traded with the West Indies. From his mother he derived his genius. She was remarkable for great natural shrewdness and for incisive and humorous speech. When Galt was eleven years old his family moved to Greenock, and there at an early age the lad obtained a situation in the local Custom House. He continued in it till the year 1804 when he was twenty-five years old. He then determined to push his fortune in London. In London he was in business for three years. Finally he failed. We next come upon him as a student in Lincoln's Inn. He had thoughts of becoming a barrister, but his health gave way and in 1809 he left London for a voyage in the Mediterranean. He met Lord Byron in Greece. He then went on by himself to Sicily and Malta. He again met Byron in Greece. From there he proceeded to Constantinople. The business object that developed during these travels was to found depöts for British merchandise on the Continent in opposition to Napoleon's efforts to destroy British commerce. Galt does not seem to have been very successful, and at the end of two years he returned to London and published an account of his travels.

It is difficult at this period to follow his footsteps minutely. We meet with him in Gibraltar where he went on a business mission, but for the most part he devoted himself, in London, to literature and philanthropy. In connection with the latter he took an interest in the founding of what was then called the National Caledonian Asylum at Pentonville. He was present at the inaugural dinner which appears to have been a sumptuous or what our ancestors would have called an opiparous entertainment. We are told there were 70 musicians and 270 servants in livery. The historian does not mention the number of guests, but the subscriptions at the dinner amounted to £5000. In spite of his ability and energy Galt had difficulty in making both ends meet, and he was, therefore, delighted when he received unexpectedly from Canada an intimation that he had been appointed representative of the principal inhabitants who had claims against the British Government in consequence of losses sustained during the invasion of Canada by the United States. While Galt was occupying this position in 1823 the idea occurred to him that a fund might be formed to meet these claims from the proceeds of the sale of Government lands in Canada. His suggestion was submitted to the Chancellor of the Exchequer by whom it was favourably received. The next idea that occurred to Galt was to create some machinery to assist purchasers. He, therefore, founded the Canada Company of which he became secretary. In a short time two-and-a-half million acres were sold for £350,000. It then became necessary to appoint Commissioners for the valuation of lands, and Galt was nominated by the Canada Company. In order to take up this post he went to Canada in 1824. In 1825 he returned to England and in 1826 went back to Canada. The second visit resulted in chagrin and disappointment. In the first place he quarrelled with Sir Peregrine Maitland, the Governor, and secondly he endeavoured to combine business and philanthropy very unsuccessfully so far as his own interests were concerned. He was anxious to assist the poorest class of settlers, and he formulated a scheme by which advances might be made at a high rate of interest to be repaid when the borrowers' circumstances improved. However, " the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley," and this plan of Galt's resulted in a serious lock-up of money. The dividends of the company decreased. The stock fell in value, and the shareholders became so dissatisfied that they insisted on Galt's recall. When he arrived in London he was, partly owing to his rigid honesty, extremely poor; he had a large family and was in failing health. From that time to the date of his death his life was one of constant heroism.

In his 53rd year he had a stroke of paralysis, and in the following seven years 13 other strokes. Yet he always struggled to preserve his independence. When reduced to a shadow of his former self, and unable to lift his hands, he employed an amanuensis to write his compositions. Naturally he had some days of deep depression, and in one of them he composed the affecting poem, beginning :

" Hapless, forgotten, sad and lame,
In one lone seat the livelong day,
I muse of youth and dreams of fame,
And hopes and wishes passed away."

While he was in this melancholy state the schemes he had projected in connection with the Canada Company turned out brilliantly successful. In one year the shareholders divided £400,000, but, as often occurs in similar cases, they forgot the author of their good fortune. After severe suffering Galt died at Greenock in 1839, in his 60th year.

Now, let me say a few words with regard to his works. When a young man, before he went to London, he composed a long poem called "The Battle of Largs." It describes the invasion of Scotland by Haco, King of Norway, in the year 1263. This poem was composed many years before the metrical romances of Sir Walter Scott were published. It is distinguished by the same glowing fire, the same splendid, stirring, martial music that move us in the greater Minstrel. Some of you may have read the poem and may remember the lines beginning :

"Like banners wavering in the night,
Far flamed the beacon's lurid light,"

and so on. The whole passage might have been taken from "Marmion." I sometimes wonder whether Sir Walter may not have derived some inspiration from the early work of his less famous rival. You may be surprised to hear that altogether Galt wrote eighty volumes. I hasten to assure you that I am not going to criticise each of these minutely. If I did, this Sentiment would develop into a sentimental journey of endless length. Of the eighty books, twenty-six were plays. One of these called "The Appeal" with a prologue by Lockhart and an epilogue by Scott, was acted in Edinburgh in 1818, but none of his dramas ever won anything like substantial success. Then there were 24 novels, 7 biographies, including lives of Cardinal Wolsey and Lord Byron, and 23 volumes on miscellaneous subjects. Of this mass of literature the greater part has been long ago relegated to the limbo of forgotten things. Galt's fame depends on a few of his novels.

The first work by Galt that attracted general attention was called "The Ayrshire Legatees." It was published in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1820, when the author was in his 41st year. The idea of the book is this. The Rev. Zachariah Pringle, the Minister of Garnock, one fine day received a letter from India informing him of the death of his cousin, Colonel Armour, who had left him £100,000. In connection with this legacy Mr Pringle had to consult a solicitor in London, so he went there, taking with him his wife, his son, Mr Andrew, and his daughter Miss Rachel Pringle. All these good people had the gift of fluent expression and they indulged in a wordy correspondence with their friends at Garnock. The volume consists of these letters. There are many amusing passages I would like to quote, but time is passing and I must hurry on.

Galt's next volume was published in 1821. It is that by which he is probably best known. Most of the present company must have read it. It is called "The Annals of the Parish, or The Chronicles of Dalmailling under the Pastorate of the Rev. Micah Balquidder, from 1760 to 1810." There was much opposition to the induction of Mr Balquidder—indeed the parishioners nailed up the door of the Kirk, and the minister had to enter by the window in a very undignified fashion. Inside the Church there was so much stir and confusion that when the time came for the ceremony of the laying on of hands the Minister of Lugton was unable to get near Mr Balquidder to put his hands on his head, so he stretched out his staff and tapped him on the head, saying "This will do weel eneuch—timmer to timmer." There are many amusing characters in this book—for instance the fashionable dancing master, Mr Macskipnish, with his spindle shanks, his breast that shot out like a duck's and his hair all powdered and frizzled like a tappit hen. Then you will remember the fiery Mr Cayenne, who burst into uncontrollable passions on the smallest provocation. The third Mrs Balquidder was a widow lady, Mrs Nugent. She and Mr Balquidder had a mutual friend, Dr Dinwiddie, who was

very anxious to bring about their marriage. One day he invited the lady and gentleman to dinner, and as he was carving a fowl he put one of the wings on Mrs Nugent's plate, and the other on Mr Balquidder's, and said : "Noo, my frien's, there hae been greater miracles than that these two wings should fly together;" whereupon Mr Balquidder, not to be outdone in geniality, put one leg of the fowl on Mrs Nugent's plate and the other on his own and said : "Verra true, Doctor, and there hae been greater miracles than that these two legs should lie in the same nest." This was not a very refined way of making love, but it answered its purpose. Mrs Nugent became Mrs Balquidder. The book shows the development of an agricultural village into a manufacturing town.

Another of Galt's books, called "The Provost," is written on very much the same lines. It gives the impressions of Provost Pawkie, written by himself. Nothing in this book is more diverting than the Machiavellian manner in which the Provost arranged that Mr Mucklewheel and Mr Birkie should propose and second the presentation of a silver cup to himself, as if the idea had spontaneously occurred to them.

The most ambitious, and perhaps the most successful of Galt's novels is "The Entail." It contains the celebrated character Leddy Grippy, said by Byron to be unsurpassed since Shakespeare. Whether that is the case or not—Byron was rather given to extreme opinions—she is an entertaining and original old woman with a radical objection to new-fangled notions. She said to one of her grand-daughters : "Noo, lassie, when me and your honest grandfather—who was in mine and is noo in Abraham's bosom—cam th'gither, we had nane o' the parlez-vooings o' the turtle doves in these days, but we discussed seriously and soberly the makin' o' a faimily. The upshot was pairfect satisfaction—verra different, Beenie, my dear, from the loup the window and hey cockalorum loves o' your clarissy harlots." When the old woman was on her death-bed she said to those about her : "I feel the clay-cold fingers o' Deeth handling my feet, sae when I hae feenished my warldly maitters you maun send for a Meenister, for I wadna like to mount into the chariots o' glory without the aid o' an orthodox." In this novel we have also the love-making of Wattie Walkinshaw and Betty Bogle. The young man's father urged him to make up to the young lady, but Wattie replied : "I dinna ken the way o't faither, I ne'er did sic a thing in a' my days. Odds I'm unco blate to begin." By-and-by he plucked up courage and said to her : "I'll be as kind to you, Betty Bogle, as I possibly can. I'll buy ye a side saddle and a pony to ride on, and when the winter comes we'll sit in the chimney lug and I'll read ye a chapter in the Bible, or aiblins o' Patie and Roger—as sure's death I will, Betty Bogle." On the night of the marriage the male wedding guests, as the barbarous custom was in those days, crowded into the bridal chamber. The bride and bridegroom were sitting up in bed with napkins tied round their downcast faces. Then the guests, elated by whisky and the occasion, began dancing round the bed until the bridegroom in a voice of thunder ordered every mother's son to leave the room. In this book you will remember a description of the funeral of the auld laird. The gathering was under the presidency of Mr Kilfuddy. So much whisky was imbibed that when the funeral procession arrived at the cemetery it was discovered that the coffin had been left behind Those in front thought it was in the rear and those behind believed it to be in front. The result was that the procession had to return and begin again.

Another book of Galt's that has always been a favourite of mine is "Ringan Gilhaize"—the story of a Covenanter who suffered intolerable

wrongs and had his revenge by shooting Claverhouse in the hour of victory on the field of Killiecrankie. There is one sentence in this book that is rather amusing—the reply of Marion Kilspinny the Dulcinea of Bishop Hamilton, when reproached with her improper life. She answered jauntily: "Ony ane can repent when they please, but it's no convenient yet for me. Since I *hae* slippit the tether I may as weel tak a canter over the knowes."

Several other of Galt's books come crowding into my mind—for instance there is "Southennan," a curious romance of the days of Mary Queen of Scots. We meet in its pages John Knox, Darnley, Bothwell, Rizzio, the Earl of Morton, and other prominent people of the day. In the "Spaewife" we are carried back to the times of James the First of Scotland; in "Rothelan" to those of Edward the Third of England. Then there are political novels such as "The Member" and "The Radical," and there are novels of Canadian life depicting his own experiences, such as "Bogle Corbet" and "Laurie Todd." To crown the pyramid stands out the strange and terrible story of "The Omen," so warmly praised by Sir Walter Scott. I cannot, to-night, consider any of these works, but I must say a few words with regard to Galt's poetry. He wrote a long poem on "Peter the Hermit." There are many verses scattered through his prose; for example in "Southennan" you remember the song of Chastelard:

> "Lie still, lie still, fond fluttering heart,
> My trembling pulses throb in vain,
> For she that barbed the mystic dart,
> Will never know the secret pain."

There are often little gushes of melody such as:

> "The summer is jocund, the sunshine is bright,
> And stars as they travel are friends in the night,
> But summer and sunshine and stars in the skies
> Are dull to the lustre that lives in her eyes!"

I believe I have read all the poetry that Galt ever wrote, and I admit that only four lines have defied the devouring waves of time. These are repeated wherever Scotsmen assemble. Need I quote them?

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

These fine lines are the beginning of a Canadian boat song which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1829. The authorship has been much discussed. In 1902 one of the Blackwoods investigated the matter. Galt was in Canada in 1829 and in correspondence with the firm, but no absolute proof could be found that the lines were composed by him. Probably they were his, but it is not necessary for Galt's reputation to rest altogether on four uncertain lines. Those of you who know the books to which I have briefly referred will agree that many of his characters and scenes are powerfully painted, and yet the student who rises from the perusal of his novels will feel that to a large extent the man's literary career, although sufficiently clever to ensure for him a humble niche in the Temple of Fame, was rather a failure, so unequal is his best work. I believe this limitation was due to two causes—in the first place he had not sufficient respect for the profession of

authorship, and secondly, his creative was greater than his critical faculty. He could not tell whether the sea of his mind was casting up pearls or pebbles.

To sum up this slight effort to determine Galt's position in the literary firmament, I would say that, although I warmly admire his marvellous activity of mind, the nobility of his character, his unconquerable courage, his unfailing patriotism, I am yet reluctantly inclined to agree with his own modest and pathetic words: "I am not the first in whom the desire of fame has been greater than the talent to acquire it."

Now, gentlemen, in accordance with our custom at the end of the Sentiments, I call upon you to drink with Caledonian Honours to the memory of an ambitious, a brilliantly accomplished, and most patriotic Scotsman —John Galt!

On 10th December an interesting Sentiment on "Robert Louis Stevenson" was given by Mr R. J. Turner, J.P., the Vice-President, and on 14th January, 1909, a much-appreciated Sentiment entitled "Mungo Park" was given by Mr W. B. Thomson.

The Annual Festival was held in the King's Hall, Holborn Restaurant, on 25th January, 1909, when 54 ladies and 74 gentlemen were present. The guests were received by the President and Mrs Matheson in the Throne Room. Among the guests were Sir Archibald Geikie, K.C.B., LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S.; Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Campbell, K.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O.; Mr Charles Mackie (Scots Society of St. Andrew, Norwich). Greetings were received from various societies and individuals, and a poem by the Rev. W. Hume Elliot, a friend of Surgeon-General W. G. Don, M.D., was read.

From the *Inverness Courier* of 5th February, 1909, we take the following report of the President's speech in proposing "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns."

His brief life, said the President, was for the most part passed in a continual struggle with hardship and poverty, and yet, at the present day, his name was, of all the sons of Scotland, the most adored by his countrymen. It was not surprising, for he enriched his nation with a treasury of song such as no other country could boast of: he gave cohesion and intensity to their spirit of nationality at a time when there was a strong tendency to assimilation to the predominant partner, and he raised their language from being a provincial dialect to the dignity of a literary language. (Applause.) But Burns did more than this. He inaugurated a new era in general literature by releasing poetic composition from the bondage to which it had been subject

before his time. In the latter part of the seventeenth century, and the early part of the eighteenth, poetry received its inspiration from the ancient classics. Of the so-called Augustan age Pope was the leading exponent, and his influence was supreme for many years. The poets of this period submitted to certain forms of composition based on the dictates of the Greek philosopher, Aristotle; reason and intellect were the only mental faculties allowed to influence their productions; words were used with ultra-academical timidity, and they copied the ancient writers to such a degree that heathen deities were incongruously mixed up with modern circumstances, and archaic fancies with modern realities. Burns was a mutineer against conventions in poetry as well as in life, and rebelled against the conventional rules that Pope inculcated on his followers; reason and intellect, instead of being the sole mental faculties dominating poetical composition, were relegated by him to a sudsidiary place; he was guided mainly by his own natural instincts and imagination; used language that was most fitted to give clear expression to his ideas, and went direct to nature for his inspiration. Burns sang the facts of nature as presented to him by himself and his surroundings, and expressed himself in language that was simple, clear, unaffected, and, at the same time, graphic and forcible. The metaphysical and the classical found little or no place in his poetry. Fidelity to fact and feeling, as presented to him by himself and his surroundings were wha tappealed to him. Burns was by many people looked upon as an illiterate ploughman poet. It was true that his school education was meagre, and that his works were produced in the intervals of farming and gauging, but illiterate, except in the sense that he had no university or classical education, he was not. (Applause.) A university bursary or scholarship might have made his path through life easier, but the loss to literature might have been incalculable. Academic learning would in all probability have unfitted and disqualified him for the work that he accomplished in depicting, in poetry and song, the life of their Scottish peasantry. As a matter of fact, no man in ancient or modern times was better equipped for giving artistic expression to the subjects that his muse dealt with.

Although his school education was scanty, he was a keen student of what he read, and his own native genius supplied all that was wanting to make him the greatest poetic artist of the 18th century, and one of the greatest of all time. (Applause.) He attained this excellence partly because he followed nature, and partly because he submitted himself to artistic discipline, and made special study of perfection of expression. Burns had in him the gift, the genius of poetry. On many occasions he extemporised verses, which were gems in their way, but these were not the productions on which his fame rested, brilliant though many of them were. His fame depended rather on those on which the mind "pensive pondered;" those that exhibit the touch of nature's fire, combined with perfection of expression. No poet had in greater measure the gift of expressing ideas with perfect clearness and simplicity in the fewest and most apposite words. It was to this verbal economy of his, in combination with his other qualities, that Scottish people owed so many fitting poetical quotations that have become watchwords, which find a ready response in the hearts of their fellow-countrymen all over the world, and have become part of the current coin of literature. The range of Burns's genius was so wide and extensive that nothing animate or inanimate was too insignificant for his sympathy. He could tune his lyre to any subject, and when the poet awoke in him, it was a poet with wings. To the most unpromising subjects we are indebted for some of the most

philosophical maxims in our own or any language. Burns could make even a Scottish Haggis a thing of moral beauty. (Laughter.)

Shakespeare, Dr Matheson continued, might have had a loftier vision and a wider grasp, Milton might have been more majestic, Shelley might have soared higher in his spiritual eagle flights, Coleridge might have been his superior in ideal speculation, Wordsworth in harmonious contemplation, but in vividness of nature, and in realisation of incident and character, as exemplified in the manners and customs of his countrymen, Burns was unsurpassed. (Applause.) His greatest performance, according to many critics, and according to Burns himself, was " Tam o' Shanter." In this poem, he gives the fullest flight to his fancy in an exulting frolic of melody, and presents us with an inimitable picture of Scottish character, Scottish humour, Scottish witchdom, and Scottish imagination. It was of " Tam o' Shanter " that Scott wrote : " No poet, with the exception of Shakespeare, ever possessed the power of exciting the most varied and discordant emotions with such rapid transitions." With equal emphasis, many others, among them Thomas Carlyle, pronounce the " Jolly Beggars " to be his masterpiece. Burns's refined sensibility and wide sympathy embraced creatures who seemed for ever beyond the pale of society and law. Others again record their preference for " Hallowe'en." But in truth every variety of disposition finds its favourite among his works. To those who are seriously inclined, " The Cottar's Saturday Night " is the most beautiful of virtuous idylls. It is the apotheosis of the Scottish household, and is relieved from all suspicion of sermonising by its humorous touches. Burns's great legacy to Scotland and to the world is his songs. Goethe, the greatest literary genius of Germany, himself a great lyrist, pronounced Burns the first of lyrists. He was the incarnation of natural song. His songs have passed into the air we breathe, and are as instinct with life to us as they were to his contemporaries. Every emotion finds expression in them, and, while he is truly national, he appeals to the sentiments and emotions of the universal human heart. In them we find humour and pathos, tenderness and strength exhibited in a marvellous and unrivalled manner. Of all these qualities his tenderness seems to be the most pronounced. (Applause.) Burns had little or no knowledge of music, but it may be safely said that no poet of ancient or modern times had more command of the melody of words. As Carlyle expresses it, his songs do not affect to be set to music, but they actually and in themselves are music. If ever a man lives in his works that man is Robert Burns. In almost all his productions one feels that they are communing with him. Burns's estimate of himself was high, but, through no affectation or modesty, he was content to place himself in a position subordinate to Ramsay and Fergusson, men who are now consigned to a very secondary order in the world's galaxy of talent.

In concluding, Dr Matheson said that if Burns was neglected in his life-time, he had at length come to his own ; he had received the reward of immortality. They were met, along with tens of thousands of their fellow-countrymen in every quarter of the globe, to do homage to the name and memory of their Immortal Bard. It was fitting that there, in the capital of the world, they Caledonians should form some of the links in that chain of fellowship that encircled the habitable globe, and drink, in the fulness of joy, to the Immortal Memory of Robert Burns.

In responding to the toast of " Our Guests," Mr Justice Jelf, caused considerable amusement by refer-

ring to the President's address on "John Burns and his beautiful poems." After the laughter had subsided, the learned Judge added, "Well, *John* is not so bad after all." He made amends for his sacrilege by declaring that there had been moments during the evening when he would have liked to have been a Scotsman.

Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Campbell, whose name was also coupled with the toast, made a special appeal for support for his pet project, the Mid-Scotland Ship Canal.

Sir Archibald Geikie in a racy speech proposed the toast of the President, and after Dr Matheson had suitably replied, the company adjourned to the Throne Room where dancing was enjoyed till nearly midnight.

At the February meeting Mr John Douglas gave a Sentiment entitled "The Pentland Hills," which he described as follows :

In giving you the Sentiment of "The Pentland Hills," I may at once say that it is not my intention to try to entertain you by describing the carboniferous strata, the Silurian rocks, the fossils, the conglomerates, the volcanic necks, or the old red sandstone. Nor is it my intention to tell you about the ice-markings on the rocks of Torphin. Neither do I propose to give you the names of the ninety-one different species of birds which have at one time or another visited the range, nor describe to you the endless variety of flora which abounds on these hills.

I am going to ask you to accompany me in an imaginary walk round about the Pentlands, and try, as we go along, to pick up a few human associations.

The range occupies an area of about 75 square miles, and, although mostly in Midlothian, extends into Peebles-shire and Lanarkshire. From Hillend, near Edinburgh, to the most western point the distance is about sixteen miles with an average breadth of about five miles.

There are many interesting ravines which, to the pedestrian, are brimful of endless enjoyment, and many hold association with stirring events in the history of Scotland.

Scald Law and Carnethy are the highest points—being 1896 and 1890 feet respectively, and they both rise from the old Biggar road on the south side. All along the Southern side, the hills rise in rich green slopes and wooded knowes, and one sees almost at a glance how true is the description once given of them : "Pentland's long line softening into blue, like a wedge of wild nature thrust into the heart of a work-a-day world."

Woodhouselea has, perhaps, more literary connections than any other place on the Pentlands, for there Sir Walter Scott, Dugald Stewart, Lord Jeffrey, Henry Mackenzie, Sydney Smith, Basil Hall, Sir James Stuart, and John Leyden were counted among Alexander Tyler's guests, and not the least important association was that of Dr John Brown, the author of "Rab and his friends." Allan Ramsay and James Ballantyne were also

well known at Woodhouselea and one of the rooms in the old house was known as " The Shepherd's Room " because Ramsay had occupied it.

Speaking of Woodhouselea recalls that almost envious appreciation of Dr John Brown written by the youthful Robert Louis Stevenson, when the latter declared that the ideas came so easily from the Doctor's fertile brain that he " didna fash himsel' to think."

" Ye stapped your pen into the ink
An' there was Rab ! "

Flotterstone Bridge carries the road over the Glencorse Burn, and this burn again brings Stevenson into our minds. " Do you know," he wrote from Samoa to the Rev. Samuel Crockett, " that the dearest burn to me in the world is that which drums and pours in cunning wimples in that glen of yours behind Glencorse old Kirk. Oh, that I were the lad I once was, sitting under old Torrance, that old shepherd of let-well-alone and watching with awe the waving of the old black gloves over the Bible—the preacher's white finger-ends meanwhile aspiring through ! Man, I would even be willing to sit under you just to be *there.*"

Some of the best walking routes over the Pentlands start or end about Glencorse. There is the road up the valley, then the hill path over to Bonally ; while deviations can be made to Currie by the road over which General Dalziel and his Royalist troops came to intercept the Covenanters, or by the road up the valley by Loganlee and Bavelaw to Balerno.

Turnhouse hill rises from the valley, and it was on its Eastern slope that the battle of Rullion Green was fought on 28th November, 1666. The " Pentland Rising," as it has been called, was perhaps ill-advised, but we cannot refrain from giving a fair mead of praise to those resolute and desperate men who refused to allow their well-established religious beliefs to be trampled upon. After all, they were our own kith and kin, and they exhibited that undaunted heroism which has made the name of Scotsmen a power all over the globe.

It began in a scuffle at Dalry, in Galloway, extended to Dumfries, and then to Ayr, where it was resolved to march to Edinburgh. General Dalziel was instructed to follow them, and did so through Lanark and on towards Bathgate. From Kirkliston the Covenanters made a cross-country march to Colinton, where they learned the disappointing news that no help was to be expected from Edinburgh, and with sore hearts they resolved on a return march by the south of the Pentlands. Dalziel cut across the hills from Currie and came into touch with the ragged remnant at Rullion Green. The Covenanters numbered only about 800 and were badly armed, while the Royal troops numbered close on 3000, a large proportion being cavalry. Notwithstanding this disparity in numbers, the first laurels rested with the Covenanters, who compelled Dalziel's troops to retire, but at sunset a fresh assault gave a complete victory to the Royal troops ; and, leaving 250 dead and prisoners, the Covenanters dispersed throughout the country districts. One recalls the passage from " Vailima Letters " where Stevenson wrote : " Did you see a man who wrote the " Stickit Minister," and dedicated it to me, in words which brought tears to my eyes every time I looked at them—where about the graves of the Martyrs the whaups are crying—Ah ! by God it does ! "

That is the feeling one has when one stands in front of the Martyr Monument at Rullion Green.

House o' Muir stands on the road below the battlefield, and it was here

that the City of Edinburgh had the rights of holding markets. Not far from House o' Muir there is a divergence in the road and the old road is superseded by a newer one with an easier gradient; but on the old road there is still to be seen the old Nine Mile Burn Inn. It was this Inn that boasted the famous sign-board which made a rather free use of Allan Ramsay's genius, and which gave the advice—

" Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's Howe
Where a' the sweets o' spring an' simmer grow ;
Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin
The water fa's an' maks a singan din ;
An' when o' nature's joys you've had your fill,
Come back to Nine Mile Burn an' tak' a gill."

One would like to tarry a bit at Carlops, made famous by Allan Ramsay, but time will not permit. In the vicinity is the reputed scene of Ramsay's " Gentle Shepherd," and there are also the glories of the Old Red Sandstone in the North Esk valley. Habbie's Howe, however, is the chief attraction, and we can, I feel sure, all endorse Hamilton's (of Gilbertfield) eulogy, himself a no mean poet, when in his first epistle to Ramsay he wrote—

" O fam'd and celebrated Allan !
Renowned Ramsay ! canty callan !
There's nouther Hielandman nor Lawlan,
In poetrie,
But may as soon ding doun Tantallon
As match wi' thee."

The Drove Road from West Linton crosses the Pentlands by the Cauldstane Slap, reminiscent of " The Four Black Brothers of Cauldstane Slap " referred to in " Weir of Hermiston." We also recall that one of the Earls of Caithness charged himself with the warding of the *Slap*, for in the good old days it was much used by the Scotts, Armstrongs, and others who came this way to raid the cattle of the Lothians and of whom it is recorded that in 1600 they took 80 cattle, besides horses, with them, after wounding and killing those who tried to prevent them.

Sir George Crichton, the High Admiral of Scotland, also had his castle at East Cairns.

Not far from the Drove Road is a glen which I have always instinctively felt was really the glen where lived " Tibbie Fowler " of the song which appeared in Johnson's " Museum "—

" Tibbie Fowler o' the glen
There's owre mony wooin' at her ;
Tibbie Fowler o' the glen
There's owre mony wooin' at her.

Wooin' at her, puin' at her,
Courtin' at her, canna get her ;
Silly elf ! it's for her pelf
That a' the lads are wooin' at her.

She's got pendles in her lugs,
Cockle-shells wad set her better ;
High-heel'd shoon an' siller tags ;
An' a' the lads are wooin' at her.

Be a lassie e'er sae black,
Gin she hae the name o' siller,
Set her up on Tintock Tap,
The wind will blaw a man up till her.'

The Western end of the range slopes down to the valley of the Clyde, and the little ferry we see on the river has a story attached to it. A young fellow had been in the habit of visiting his sweetheart on Sundays, and, as it saved a considerable detour on his homeward journey, he usually got the ferryman to take him across. The ferryman, however, came to the conclusion that it was not "a work of necessity" and, one night, said to the swain that he must not come back again as he could not take him over on Sundays any more. The young man, however, turned up as usual on the following Sunday and was met by the stern face of the ferryman. "Didn't I tell you," exclaimed that worthy, "that you werena' to come this way again on Sunday." "Yes," said the swain, "but ma mither's deid an' ye micht tak' me owre the nicht." "Oh! I am sorry to hear that," said the old man, and promptly took him over. The young chap then began to ease his conscience by telling the ferryman "She's no just a' th'gether deid ye ken; but she's deid in trespasses an' sins!" It is recorded that the young man didn't come back that way again.

Skirting by Carnwath we strike the Lang Whang or old Lanark Road.

From a historical point of view the northern skirts of the Pentlands are of most interest, and, as John Geddie said, "are something of a back-water in the National annals." The stream of great national events, swinging strongly round the Eastern end of the range towards the Capital has taken a more Northern line to the West. But great men and noteworthy deeds have not been wholly wanting. One need not go back to "old unhappy far-off times and battles long ago," when forgotten warriors built their camps and cairns on the Wardlaw and Ravelrig Hill, or on the crest of the Kaimes. We know that kings feasted at Bavelaw, and winded the bugle-horn and hunted hart and roe on Threipmuir; that moss-trooping Elliots and Armstrongs and Scotts have pricked thither on foray to lift the kye and gear of the Lothians lairds and tenants, and escape back to Tweedside by the Boarstane Pass or the Cauldstane Slap. The Templars, and after them the Knights Hospitallers from Torphichen Preceptory must have been not unfamiliar figures on the lands that belonged to them on the Water of Leith, now partly covered by Harperrig Loch.

From Balerno, a fine Pentland walk may be had by crossing via Bavelaw —an old Royal hunting seat—by Logan Burn and Glencorse, then re-crossing by Bonally; while along the Northern slopes splendid views are to be had. Lennox Tower, an ivy-clad ruin, is passed on the banks of the Water of Leith; it is an interesting ruin which in its time has seen some of the notable personages in Scottish history. It belonged to the Lennox family and both Mary Queen of Scots and Lord Darnley have supped within its old baronial hall.

Further Eastward is Kinleith Burn and the Poet's Wood—reminiscent of the weaver poet James Thomson. Some of Thomson's productions were awful doggerel, but he also produced some good pastoral poems. One of his worst attempts was his record of a body-snatching incident which took place at Currie. Some snatchers had stolen a body in Lanark and were on their way to Edinburgh with the gruesome burden when they were intercepted at Currie by Mr James Craig, overseer of the Balerno Paper Mills, and Mr Elliot the Exciseman. Thomson relates how:

" Near Currie town brave Elliot met them,
And ae fit farder wadna let them,
Fast by the reins he seized the horse,
Craig searched the cart, and a' by force."

The sequel was better than the poetry, for a grand entertainment was given " to Lanark's praise and Currie's glory " by the grateful burgh of Lanark and, in a description at the time, it was recorded that it was attended by " as much conviviality as the circumstances of the melancholy cause of the meeting would admit of."

Edinburgh citizens draw a large supply of water from the Pentlands, and there are large reservoirs studded here and there for storage purposes ; but these do not spoil the scenery—in some cases they rather enhance it.

I know of no more charming spot than the brow of Torduff. It was a favourite haunt of mine in my early days, and I have seen it in all moods—rain, storm, and shine—in the early morning and even when nights were dark. You see Edinburgh five miles to the East and you inhale the magnificent hill air than which there is nothing more invigorating. As Will H. Ogilvie so cleverly puts it—

" Up here with the clean winds blowing
I look to you, City of mine,
I fill me a goblet, o'erflowing
And pledge you in Pentland wine !
With a full heart thrilled by your story
While the hills stand round like kings
I drink to your lasting glory
In the wine that the hill-wind brings.

Up here with the wind in our faces,
And the brown heath under our feet,
We look through the shimmering spaces,
Over tower and steeple and street,
To the Lion splendidly sleeping,
To the tall Crags silent and grey,
To the Castle its grim guard keeping,
And the shining shield of the Bay."

Looking down beneath is Bonally with its burn forming little cascades, while miniature crags peep out from the brow of White Hill. As James Ballantyne puts it :

" O'er grey crag and valley green
Each tiny leaf is dancing seen,
And every streamlet gurgling trills
In joy amid the Pentland Hills."

An old Roman camp shows its circling mounds on the side of White Hill. It was on this hill that Lord Rutherford received the well-known rebuke from the shepherd. His Lordship had complained about the weather, using the expression : " What a damned mist ! " and then expressed his wonder how or for what purpose an East wind could be created. The shepherd turned sharply round with the words : " What ails ye at the mist, Sir ? it weets the knowes, it slockens the yowes, and, forbye, it's God's wull." Another incident with the same shepherd happened to Lord Cockburn, his

master. They were sitting on the hillside when his Lordship observed that the sheep reposed in the coldest and most exposed situation, and remarked : " Andrew, if I were a sheep I would lie on the other side of the hill," to which the shepherd replied : " Ay, my Lord, but if ye had been a sheep ye wad hae mair sense."

Bonally Tower was built by Lord Cockburn and is a fine example of a Border Keep. Jamie Thomson, the gardener-poet, was one of his Lordship's permanent staff. He was a poet from boyhood and wrote many pieces of considerable merit. Professor Blackie was often a visitor at Bonally, and, during one of these visits, wrote a delightful poem on " The Burn o' Bonally." It is from Bonally that the barbarous barbed-wire fences run up to the reservoir, meant to keep people from enjoying themselves, and they are certainly a blot on the landscape.

Dreghorn Castle is not far from Bonally. It was here that the Rev. Adam Gib assembled his flock. He was the leader of the Anti-Burghers, who were the last to deliver up their arms to Prince Charlie's men in 1745. To the South of the Castle are the hundred steps, formed up the hill by the late Mr Macfie ; and in a cave-like fissure in a rock, some years ago, were found a collection of reindeer, horse, wolf, and fox bones, all bearing traces of having been gnawed by carnivora like the hyena. We can only speculate on the centuries that must have elapsed since these bones were first deposited in the cave.

Mr Macfie was a bit of a rhymster. He had a great belief in his own poetic genius, but he never produced anything but doggerel. Mr Macfie described his own verses as " didactic and otherwise," but all of them were very much " otherwise." I have often wondered why it was that poetic and literary genius should be so marked on the Southern side of the Pentlands, while on the Northern side the poetic fire seemed to dwindle into such mediocrity. It may be that the warmth of the sun was more inspiring than the winds, which were so often in evidence, blowing from the cold North.

What the Northern side of the Pentlands lacked in poetic force, however, was counter-balanced by the literary genius of Robert Louis Stevenson, who spent his boyhood at Swanston. Many of Stevenson's early productions were penned on the shearer's knowe in the shadow of Caerketton. Lord Cockburn used to give as his choice of hills deserving first place—1st, Ben Lomond ; 2nd, Dumyat ; 3rd, Caerketton, above Swanston ; and it was certainly Stevenson's favourite hill. He once wrote : " It is a singular thing that I should live here in the South Sea, under conditions so new and so striking, and yet my imagination so continually inhabits the cold old huddle of grey hills from which we came ; " and it was from Samoa he also wrote :

> " The tropics vanish : and meseems that I
> From Halkerside, from topmost Allermuir
> Or steep Caerketton—dreaming gaze again."

It must be remembered that Stevenson was a judge of nature and variety, for by 1886 he had slept in 46 English towns, 50 Scottish towns, 74 French towns, and 40 towns in other countries of Europe ; but, go where he liked, his imagination always wandered back to the hills surrounding his early home.

The Pentlands hold many pleasant memories for myself. I lived in their shade for a quarter of a century, and, although it is many years since I left the district, I still manage to get an occasional ramble over them. So far as pleasurable and healthy walks are concerned, there is endless choice.

Whether it is over the Cauldstane Slap between West Linton and Midcalder; passing between the East and West Cairn hills; or the North Esk valley; or by Bavelaw, Glencorse, Bonally, Carlops, Currie, and Flotterstone Bridge routes and the many variations, the grey hills never tire. Every time I go to the Pentlands they seem to be as friendly as ever, and they give me pleasure which I cannot get elsewhere, and that is why I often call them *my* Pentland Hills.

On 11th March, 1909, a very interesting Sentiment, entitled "The Lia Fail, or Stone of Destiny," was given by Mr Alexander Bruce, in which the following references were made:

It was the stone on which Alexander III., only a boy of eight years, was crowned at Scone. The last Scottish King to be crowned on it was John Baliol, and it is significant that the stone appeared in Baliol's great seal, embedded in what was then known as the "King's Stool." When Edward I. defeated Baliol at Dunbar in 1296, he carried off the Stone of Destiny and deposited it in Westminster Abbey. An essential condition to the signing of the Treaty of Northampton in 1327 was that the Stone should be returned to Scotland. Edward III. had recognised the independence of Scotland, but, although he ordered the Stone to be returned, others prevented this from being done, and the Treaty, in this respect, has been treated as "a scrap of paper." Mr Bruce referred to the old prophecy connected with the stone:

"Unless the fates are faithless grown,
And prophets' voice be vain,
Where'er is found this ancient stone,
The Scottish race shall reign."

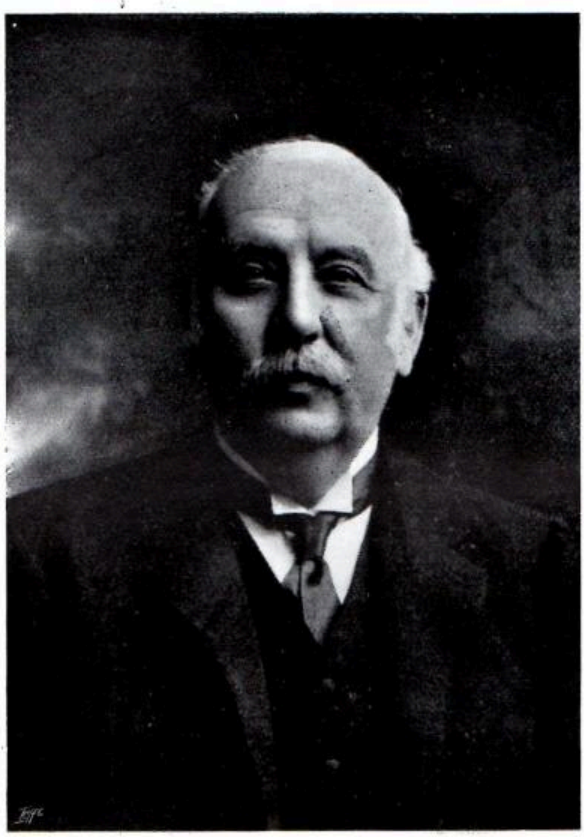
The Stone of Destiny now forms a part of the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey.

It having been mentioned that Mr G. W. Thomson, J.P., had reached his 64th birthday, which he was celebrating in his own family circle, the President called on the company to drink Mr Thomson's health in a bumper and wish him many happy returns of the day. The toast was drunk with enthusiasm and a congratulatory telegram sent to Mr Thomson.

At the April meeting a special programme of musical and other interesting items filled up the evening. These included "Mrs Peter Paterson," by Mr William Dick; "The Tinker's Waddin'," by Dr Cantlie; "Rory Drummond," by Mr Alexander Duncan, and other well-known songs and choruses. Mr W. Mackay Tait also gave an excellent selection on the bagpipes.

JOHN MATHESON, M.A., M.D. J.P.

President, 1908–1909.



ALLAN WILLIAM FREER.

President, 1909–1910.

CHAPTER V.

1909-1910: Mr Allan William Freer, *President.*

A Borderer for President: Gold Medal to Auditor: Sentiments, "Dominie Sampson," "Bonnie Prince Charlie:" Banner from Lady Young: The President's Estimate of Burns: Visit to Bournemouth: Musical Evening.

THE romance of the Borders, the witchery of Fair Melrose, were blown into the chair of the Society in 1909, for a son of Melrose in Mr Allan William Freer became the President. Mr Freer was the son of Mr Allan Freer, a well-known solicitor and bank manager, from whom he inherited that love of the Borders and Border-lore which were with him almost passions. His father was a scholar of repute who collected one of the largest and most interesting libraries in the Southern counties of Scotland, and was a recognised authority on everything pertaining to the history and literature of the Borders.

He was educated at the Jedburgh Academy, "The Nest," under Mr George Fyfe, who had in his care so many Border men who have made their mark in the world. It was a well-known school in Mr Fyfe's day. From there he went to the University of Edinburgh, as his parents seemed to be keen on his

" waggin' his heid in a poopit," but his own inclination was towards a business career.

After a short office training under his father in the Royal Bank of Scotland at Melrose, he gravitated to London, where he secured a junior partnership in the firm of John Watson & Co., East India Merchants, of which firm he finally became sole proprietor.

In 1875 Mr Freer married Mary, daughter of Mr Adam Beattie, of Edinburgh, and took up residence at Holland Road, where he lived until his death in 1915.

Mr Freer had extensive connections in the East, and in furtherance of business visited Java and India in 1880, 1886, and 1895, coming into personal touch with most of his correspondents. He retired from business in 1915.

In his younger days Mr Freer was an enthusiastic fisher and often " whipped " the lochs and rivers of the North of Scotland. He was also a good shot and, although fishing was his favourite pastime, his gun was frequently in use during his annual holidays long after he had abandoned the rod and line.

He took a keen interest in the work of the Royal Scottish Corporation, of which he was a Life Managing Governor ; the dispensing of help to those less fortunate than himself always appealed to him in a practical way. He was ever ready to take on extra duties in connection with the many activities of his fellow-countrymen and countrywomen in London. Mr Freer was also an energetic worker for the Corporation, and did much to ameliorate the lot of the poorer Scots of the Metropolis. It was on his suggestion that tea and soup with bread was provided for the pensioners at the monthly service, and Mrs Freer was an ardent worker in helping, with other ladies, to dispense the much-appreciated repast.

Mr Freer was an Elder of St. Columba's (Church of Scotland), Pont Street, S.W., and was keenly interested in all the social and welfare work connected with the Church.

On 11th November, 1909, it was resolved that the Gold Medal of the Society should be presented to Captain Henry W. Notman, in recognition of long and faithful services rendered to the Society. Captain Notman joined the Society in 1855, and for eighteen years he audited the accounts.

After dinner on the same date the President gave a Sentiment entitled "Dominie Sampson," which was as follows :

Dominie Sampson always presents himself to my mind as a dual character—in the one case the Dominie as portrayed by Sir Walter Scott in "Guy Mannering," and in the other the Rev. George Thomson, the original on which Sir Walter framed and developed the individual as given to us in his work. As you are acquainted with the worthy Dominie in the novel I shall merely recall to your minds one or two incidents which will give us some conception of what were the author's own views in regard to our hero and perhaps lead us to form a more accurate estimate of the character. You will doubtless recall Julia Mannering's description of him, when writing to her correspondent, Miss Marchmont. In this letter, she describes him as a most grotesque monster, whom her father had engaged as librarian as a sort of defiance of public opinion, and whose only good work had been to impart a knowledge of French and Italian to Lucy Bertram. The Dominie, she writes, appeared at table, where he pronounced grace in a tone that sounded like the scream of a man selling mackerel, threw his meat into his mouth in shovelfuls like a dustman loading his cart, and apparently without the slightest perception or appreciation of what he was swallowing, and then, having returned thanks, he rushed off to his work, and buried himself again among his books. That was a young lady's first impression of him, and, while quite ready to make every allowance for her somewhat strong opinions, readers of the novel, as they proceed, are pleased to note that they are subsequently considerably modified.

There is also given to us another glimpse of the man in the amusing description of Colonel Mannering's dinner party in Edinburgh, when he entertained Mr Pleydell, the lawyer, and a few other friends, the Dominie, of course, being present. You will remember how Mr Pleydell delighted to bring forward, in the most grave and serious way, some argument, which he was well aware the Dominie could not accept, how he watched the latter slowly bringing forward all his heavy guns to demolish the proposition, which had been so boldly stated, but before he had time to get his ideas fairly into shape, the ready and quick-witted lawyer was off to some other subject, and, feeling himself no match for such a combatant, the honest Dominie could only seek refuge in the utterance of his customary note of admiration, "Prodeegious," the full meaning and significance of which term, as it presented itself to his mind, it is perhaps difficult for us to realise. Just one more reference to the Dominie as given in the novel. Lucy Bertram, in bringing him to her long-lost brother just restored to her, speaks of him as one of the kindest and most faithful of friends, who soothed her father's long sickness, witnessed his dying moments, and amid the heaviest clouds of fortune, would not desert his orphan.

This shows another side of his character, revealing him as a gentle, kind, lovable creature—truly indeed a real friend—the soul of honour, affectionate, and deeply attached to all whom he could claim as friends.

So much for the Dominie as depicted by Sir Walter Scott in the novel, and now I pass to the original, from which the picture is drawn. There has been some difference of opinion as to who really was the original, but on the whole, the most reliable evidence points to the Rev. George Thomson, and this opinion is strengthened by Sir Walter's reference to him, as well as by other extraneous evidence, which leaves little doubt on the point.

George Thomson was the son of the parish minister of Melrose, who died somewhere about 1840. Educated for the ministry, he showed very considerable ability, and eventually was duly licensed though, unfortunately, he was never successful in obtaining presentation to any parish, and thus became what was recognised as a "stickit minister." It was through no want of ability, but rather it seems to have been in large measure due to his extraordinary absentmindedness and eccentricity that he found himself in this mortifying position, and those with whom the choice rested seemed to fear that these qualities would sooner or later lead him into very undesirable positions to the discredit of the Cloth. In this way it is that we find him for some years acting as tutor to the family at Abbotsford, and Sir Walter himself formed not only a great attachment to him, but had also a high opinion of his ability and other sterling qualities, as is evidenced by more than one reference to Thomson in his Journal. One of these references shows in a very marked way the personal interest Sir Walter took in trying to find him a church, and in the pursuance of this object, he addressed to the then Duke of Buccleuch the following rather humorous letter on the subject:

"20th August.

"The Minister of———having fallen among other Black Cocks of the season, emboldens me once more to prefer my humble request in favour of George Thomson, long tutor in this family. His case is so well known to your Grace, that I would be greatly to blame if I enlarged upon it. His morals are irreproachable—his talents are very respectable. He has some oddity of manner, but it is far from attaching to head or heart. It would be felt by me one of the deepest obligations of the many I owe to the House of Buccleuch. I dare say your Grace has shot a score of black game to-day. Pray let your namesake bag a parson."

No result seems to have accrued from this, however, and Thomson still found himself without a charge, and so remained to the end of his days.

The manse, where, of course, Thomson lived, is situated close to the old abbey, and is separated from the churchyard by only a few feet of garden, leading from which is a gateway. Asked one day by a lady acquaintance if he did not find it rather a gruesome outlook, he cast his eyes up to the Eildon Hills, and replied with a smile, "Ah! Madam, look at the prospect beyond the grave." On one occasion, Thomson, with his pupils, had been to the meet of the hounds, and, when asking grace before dinner on their return home, his mind seems to have been so full of the scene that he launched out into a long description of it, and of all the beauties of nature, which had come before them, until Sir Walter interrupted by the remark, "I think, George, you have mentioned everything but the Tally Ho!" At another time, he was engaged to preach at Lilliesleaf, a village about seven miles off, and he secured from the innkeeper a horse for the purpose of accomplishing the journey with less fatigue to himself. After proceeding, however, about

a couple of miles, he apparently thought he might as well have a little exercise, so he dismounted, turned the beast off on the moor, arrived at his destination, preached, and footed it home—an illustration of his notable characteristic, absent-mindedness.

Usually, his sermons were delivered extempore, but it is related of him that on one Sunday, when preaching in his father's pulpit, he found it necessary for some reason or another to read from notes, and, as this was a grievous sin in those days, he had them all neatly arranged on small slips of paper, which he dropped into the pulpit one by one as done with. Getting excited by his subject, he got rather demonstrative, with the result that the whole slipped to the floor, and, in trying to recover them, he mismanaged the wooden leg, and got himself jammed in the pulpit, which is exceedingly small in its proportions. The sermon had to be stopped until some of the congregation came to his relief, and thus enabled him to conclude.

The December meeting was a Jacobite evening, when Mr G. W. Thomson, J.P., gave a Sentiment entitled "Bonnie Prince Charlie." The songs were for the most part Jacobite ballads, including "Wha'll be King but Charlie," and "Flora MacDonald's Lament," by Surgeon-General W. G. Don, M.D. The Sentiment was as follows:

On the 31st of January, in the year 1788, there died at Rome an old, worn-out, disappointed man. This was Prince Charles Edward Louis Cassimir Stuart, the Bonnie Prince Charlie of history and romance.

The beginning of his life was full of promise. There is a letter from Daddy Crisp, the friend of Fanny Burney and her family, dated from Rome in 1739, which gives an account of Prince Charles at the age of nineteen. He was then active, amiable, and singularly handsome. He was devoted to music; he played the 'cello, the French horn, and the bagpipes, and, what is perhaps still more interesting to Caledonians, he excelled at the game of golf (spelt in the letter goff), and introduced it into Roman society. In the following year—1740—there is also a letter extant from the poet Gray, the author of the famous Elegy, who writing from Florence, gives a sketch of the Old Pretender and his two sons. The former was tall and angular; he had a vacillating manner, and an almost idiotic expression, while the latter, the young men, were brimming over with life and energy. The difference between the father and the sons is explained by the fact that the former married the Princess Clementina Sobieski, the grand-daughter of the heroic King John Sobieski of Poland, who defeated the Turks before the walls of Vienna. No doubt the infusion of Sobieski blood improved the Stuart race. Prince Charles was not much of a scholar. He was unable to spell, or perhaps it would be more charitable to say that he followed some phonetic system of his own! On the other hand, he spoke French, Italian, and English with considerable fluency. He had a leaning to literature. In later life he admired Fielding and Rousseau, and he was a personal friend of Montesquieu and Voltaire. He took great pride in his library, and was annoyed, like other book lovers, if his precious volumes went astray. From his own practice at the head of an army he would seem to have studied the "Basilikon Doron," which, dealing with the management of a campaign, advises a commander

to be "homely with his soldiers," to treat them as companions, and thus win their hearts. Prince Charles had also a taste for Art. In the family of the Oliphants of Gask there is a picture from his pencil which shows considerable skill. He was proficient in all manly and martial exercises—in running and wrestling and leaping and fencing and the use of the broadsword. But his chief charm was the magnetism of his own personality. At the siege of Gaeta, which took place in 1734, when he was only fourteen years old, he became the idol of the soldiers, just as he was the idol of the Highlanders in Scotland eleven years after. The great aim of his youth was to prepare himself for the task of restoring the throne of Great Britain to his father.

I am not going to inflict on this brilliant audience any ponderous historical lecture. What I propose to do this evening, with your kind indulgence, is to remind you as briefly as possible of one or two outstanding incidents in connection with the rebellion of 1745-6. It was on the 20th of June, in the former year, that, without the sanction of the French Government and without even the knowledge of his father, Prince Charles left the mouth of the Loire in order, as he said himself, to win a crown or a coffin. As a matter of fact he won neither, although no doubt the English Government during a considerable portion of his life would have been glad to oblige him with the latter. After a voyage attended by various dangers, he arrived on the West Coast of Scotland, and, as he landed, a golden eagle sailed from the top of a neighbouring hill and hovered over him. This was regarded as a most favourable omen, but I am afraid that king of the air was a beguiling and deceitful bird! As soon as the Prince set foot on shore he entered into communication with the principal Highland chiefs, and first of all with the two most powerful—Sir Alexander Macdonald and the Laird of Macleod. These old friends of the Stuart cause had, however, come recently under the influence of Duncan Forbes, Lord President of the Court of Session, who wielded his great power in the North in favour of the Hanoverian dynasty. Between them they might have brought five or six thousand men into the field. While they admitted that they had agreed to join an insurrection, they added that their adherence depended on certain conditions, one of which was that the Prince should appear at the head of an army from abroad of at least 6000 men, whereas he had with him only seven followers. One of the most fiery Jacobites in those days was Lochiel, the son of the Chief of the Camerons. The news of the Prince's arrival struck this man like a thunderbolt, and he hastened to his side, not to bring him military assistance, but to dissuade him from engaging in so hazardous an enterprise. When the Pretender addressed himself to Lochiel's reason there was no response, but when he appealed to his feelings the generous Highlander gave way and threw in his lot with his Prince. It was decided that the standard of rebellion should be raised on the 19th of August in the Vale of Glen Finnan, which is situated twenty miles to the north of Fort William. It is a long, narrow valley with craggy hills on either side. The River Finnan flows through it, and there is a loch at either end. When the Prince arrived early on the morning of the 19th, the sky was cloudy and threatening, and the only sounds that broke the stillness were the ripple of the stream and the occasional whirr of a startled grouse—at any rate there was no trace of an army to be seen.

One can easily imagine the sensations of the Prince. Here he was at the beginning of a gigantic enterprise, practically alone, and those who had promised to meet him were not at the rendezvous! But after some hours of agonising suspense his ear was gladdened by the skirl of the bagpipes, and eight hundred Camerons, as resolute as our past-president of the same

clan, all plaided and plumed in their tartan array, came trooping into the valley in two columns of three men abreast. By and by the sun shone out. The standard of rebellion was raised by the Marquis of Tullibardine. It was a red silk banner with white centre, on which a few days after were inscribed the words " Tandem triumphans." At the end of the day the Prince found himself in command of a small but compact army of 1200 men. On the same date, the 19th of August, Sir John Cope, popularly and rather disrespectfully known in ballad literature as Johnny Cope, left Edinburgh at the head of a small force, in order to nip the rebellion in the bud ; but finding that the Prince had more adherents than he expected, and also that any fighting would have to be done in a mountainous country, he returned south by sea by way of Aberdeen. In the meantime the young Ascanius, as he was called, pressed on to the capital, gaining adherents wherever he went. He promised that, if he were successful, Scotland would be his Hanover and Holyrood his Herenhausen. When the rebellion broke out George the Second was visiting Hanover, which he frequently did, to the great dissatisfaction of his British subjects. I find in the Court Circular that His Majesty landed at Margate from his German dominions at 4 o'clock in the morning of Saturday, the 31st of August, 1745, and arrived at Kensington Palace at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

When Prince Charlie entered Perth he had only one guinea in his pocket, but he was joined there by the military genius of the expedition—Lord George Murray. This nobleman, who had taken part in the rebellion of 1715, was now in advanced middle age ; as an officer for many years in the Sardinian Army he had seen considerable service. Any strategy displayed by the Highland Army during the war was owing to his initiative. While the rebellion brooded at a distance the volunteers of Edinburgh were wonderfully brave—indeed, it was the custom for a citizen soldier, if he wished to impress his children and servants, to perform the military feat of shutting his eyes and firing off his blunderbuss ; but as the Highlanders approached Edinburgh this splendid valour disappeared. Although the train bands, called out to fight, numbered in the Grassmarket a thousand men, when Captain Drummond, who commanded them, arrived at the West Port and turned round he found that the thousand had dwindled to a dozen, so many desertions had there been at every street and wynd they passed. Think what touching scenes must have occurred in the Canongate when the mothers, wives, and sisters of these heroes implored them with sobs and caresses not to imperil their precious lives ! It is to be hoped that our Territorial Army will prove of sterner stuff ! On the other hand, some of the worthy townspeople of Edinburgh showed commendable courage ; for example, there was an old man, Dr Stevenson, who had been confined to bed for years, and was half-paralysed. He insisted on being placed in an armchair at the gate of the city with a musket in his hand to act as sentinel, in order to set a good example. The clergymen of Edinburgh were commanded by Prince Charles to pray for King James the Eighth, but one sturdy divine continued praying for King George, and added to his petition these defiant words : " As for this young man who has come among us, we beseech Thee not to bestow on him an earthly crown, but to grant him a heavenly crown, and that as speedily as seemeth good to Thy Divine wisdom." The Prince during his brief autocracy showed an inclination to patronise literature and art, sending for Allan Ramsay, the author of the " Gentle Shepherd," to confer on him some mark of favour, but the simple-minded singer was wise enough to keep at a distance. He also gave Sir Robert Strange, then a young man, a commission to engrave his portrait. While in Edinburgh the Prince asserted his royalty by touching

children for the king's evil. The Book of Common Prayer at that time contained an office for such occasions. According to Jacobite historians, the usurping house had never performed the ceremony, being afraid of proving themselves imposters. Charles treated a little girl of ten, using the words "I touch, but God heals." The child recovered. Could there be a more convincing proof of the divine right of kings? The best description of these stirring days in Edinburgh is given by Sir Walter Scott in "Waverley." You remember the ball at Holyrood, at which Flora McIvor and Rose Bradwardine were two of the principal belles. Prince Charles himself was a striking figure, with his engaging manners, ruddy complexion, and bright eyes —with his blue velvet bonnet, gold band, white cockade, Highland dress, and snowy charger, and many who detested his politics could not help admiring his person—especially the ladies.

If there had been suffragettes in those days, and if they had had the power their pertinacity in modern times deserves, the Prince would at once have been placed on the throne of his fathers. During the ceremony of proclaiming the King at the Market Cross, Mrs Murray, of Broughton, whose courage was only equalled by her extreme loveliness, sat through the ceremony on horseback with a drawn sword in her hand. Round her fluttered wreaths of white ribbons, which signified devotion to the house of Stuart. I shall say nothing to-night with regard to the Prince's love affairs because some members of the Society—especially a genial Surgeon-General and a gallant knight whom I need not more particularly indicate—are young and inflammable, and I would not for the world give a dangerous impulse to their innocent thoughts. I may just remark that it is not surprising that the Prince was popular with the fair sex, as every young lady he met, whether plain or handsome, was saluted as a bonnie lassie. At last Sir John Cope and his army arrived at Leith, where they were promptly informed of what was taking place in Edinburgh. The General had many friends, among them the dramatic poet Home, whose famous play, when performed in a London theatre, evoked cries from enthusiastic Scotsmen of "Whaur's yer Wully Shakspur noo!" Eager to engage, Prince Charles undauntedly rode out of Edinburgh, and, drawing his sword, exclaimed: "My friends, you see I have thrown away the scabbard!" The inevitable battle took place at Prestonpans. It is the shortest in history. It lasted only five minutes. This reference to time reminds me that our vigilant secretary, Mr Douglas, who so worthily bears an illustrious Scottish name, is very properly particular with regard to time limits. I see that if I were to go through the whole rebellion with any minuteness I would keep you here till the "wee short hour ayont the twal," and incur the displeasure of the rulers of your hearts, although I am sure they are not like those immortalised by Burns, who "nurse their wrath to keep it warm." Under these circumstances, to use the words of a humorous author, I must "skip like a fly over the body of my subject." Physically I might find it difficult to do anything of the kind! At any rate, I shall confine myself to touching briefly on some of the principal events of the campaign. I leave out altogether a description of the battle of Prestonpans concocted in the highest style of historical art—including the death of Colonel Gardiner, possibly a forefather of our respected and witty Vice-President, who, I am sorry to observe, is not with us to-night. I also omit detailed accounts of the crossing of the Esk when the Highlanders dried their wet kilts by dancing reels on the bank, the march into England, the halt at Manchester, and the siege of Carlisle, ending with the Prince's entry at the head of a hundred pipers. There are many interesting questions connected

with the retreat at Derby. Lord Stanhope in his history inclines to the belief that if the Highland Army had advanced they could have taken London, so great was the panic. There was a run on the Bank, and the King's valuables were put on board his yacht in the Thames. The most powerful Welsh families would probably have declared for the Prince. On the other hand, the rebels were menaced by three armies. One in the North under the veteran Marshal Wade, another under the Duke of Cumberland, whose place was taken for a time by General Hawley, a rough and arrogant man, so great a favourite at Court that he was supposed to be an illegitimate son of the King. Then at Finchley a third army was being collected, to be commanded by His Majesty in person. In the Foundling Hospital there is a picture by Hogarth called " The March of the Guards to Finchley." It was painted at this period. Whatever might have been the result of further progress, the retreat of the Highland Army was a great relief to peaceful dwellers in the Midlands. Some of the country people believed that " the wild petticoat men," as they called them, were actually cannibals. There is a story of a Highland officer who boarded at a farmhouse. Finding that her guest was civilised and courteous, the mother of the family called to her children, who were in hiding : " Come out, come out. The gentleman is not going to eat you ! "

With regard to the battle of Falkirk, I can only remind you of a few striking incidents. Those of the English Army who had been killed were stripped so effectually that a citizen of Falkirk used to say that he could compare them to nothing but a flock of white sheep at rest on the top of a hill. After the combat General Hawley, who had behaved with great courage, broke his sword on the Market Cross in a tempest of rage and disappointment. An English dragoon flying furiously along the road was stopped by a gentleman, who asked him which side had won. " We have, we have ! " cried the fugitive. " Why, then, are you running away ? " was the natural question. " What ! stop there and get killed ? " answered the soldier as he continued his headlong flight. On the other hand, a captain in the English Army was so pleased with the conduct of some of his men that we are told he kissed them all in French fashion, and divided twenty guineas between them. The only loyalist who was pleased at Hawley's defeat was Sir John Cope, who had bet 10,000 guineas in the London clubs that the next general who engaged the rebels would be defeated as he had been himself at Prestonpans. The Highlanders managed to get possession of a printing press in Glasgow and began to publish a newspaper. The first number described the battle of Falkirk. It was the only one issued, so that that paper is probably the most short-lived in the history of journalism.

But I must hasten on to the crowning act of this pitiful tragedy—the battle of Culloden. What struck me most when I visited Drummossie Moor was the small space occupied by the Highland Army. The rebels were now at bay. They had behind them the town of Inverness. On the right was the River Nairne, and beyond that a ridge of hills. On the left were the parks of Culloden, and further off the Moray Firth, on which the provision ships of the Duke of Cumberland were riding at anchor. If the battle of Prestonpans is the shortest in history, surely the battle of Culloden is the most melancholy. On the one side the Duke of Cumberland had under his command nearly 10,000 men, well-armed, well-fed, well-trained, well-officered. Opposed to them were less than 5000 exhausted and famishing Highlanders. The 15th of April was the birthday of the Duke of Cumberland, and Lord George Murray had devised a night attack on the English camp ; but owing

to some miscalculation, although the distance was only twelve miles, day broke before the Highlanders arrived at the camp, and they had to retrace their steps. From the memoirs of the Chevalier Johnstone we learn his personal experience. He arrived at the Highland camp utterly exhausted, and threw himself on a bed with his clothes on. He fell asleep in a second, but he was immediately wakened by the sound of a trumpet calling him to battle. He rose aching all over, and staggered to the field. The day before the Prince himself had with difficulty obtained a little bread and whisky, and the rations of the army consisted of one biscuit per man. Many of the Highlanders were now scouring the country in search of food, and never reached the battle at all. Others who did arrive had mistaken the signal. They thought they had been called out for a march and not for a fight, and they left their targets behind them. But the greatest misfortune to the Highland Army was that when they were drawn up in order of battle, the Macdonalds, who had occupied the right wing since the days of Bannockburn, were now placed on the left. When the order to advance was given the men remained sullenly in their places. Their brave chief rushed forward exclaiming "My God, have the children of my tribe forsaken me?" but, although the greater part of the Highland Army, as might be expected, performed prodigies of valour, the ultimate result was as ineffectual as the beating of a wave of foam on a rock of adamant. In vain did the sword flash like lightning from its tartan cloud. Who can imagine without a thrill the scream of the onset, the rattle of musketry, the din and turmoil of battle, the storm of snowy rain that swept the field on that dismal April day, and then the prisoners—the wounded—the dying? The Highlanders were utterly defeated, with the loss of a thousand men.

Much has been written with regard to the cruelty of the Duke of Cumberland at Culloden, but it is only fair to say that apparently impartial records describe him as an honourable, good natured man actuated by a high sense of duty. As he stood among his officers after the battle, he was heard to exclaim, "Lord, what am I that I should be spared, when so many brave men lie dead around me?" On the other hand, when he was riding over the field with Major Wolfe, a wounded Highlander raised himself on his elbow and glared at him defiantly. The Duke ordered Wolfe to shoot him. "My commission is at the service of your Royal Highness," replied the future hero of Quebec, "but I cannot consent to become an executioner." The only palliation I can suggest is that in those days the vanquished—especially in civil war—in most Continental countries were treated with great severity, and the Duke had seen much service abroad. He was respected and generally beloved by his troops who called him affectionately Bluff Bill. Certainly his picture in the National Portrait Gallery at Trafalgar Square does not give the idea of an amiable man.

Prince Charles was led weeping from the field. He could not believe that his beloved Highlanders had been vanquished. Some may think that it would have been well for the Prince's reputation if he had fallen at Culloden, just as Napoleon should, perhaps, have finished his career at Waterloo, but, as regards the Prince, I cannot altogether agree, because many of the finest qualities of his character were displayed during his five months wanderings. Nine times he was pursued; six times he escaped miraculously; five times he was in danger of being drowned, and twice of being shot. Often for weeks he had insufficient food and clothing. Yet, through all these privations, he kept strong and vigorous—indeed, during the whole of his stay in Great Britain his health was extremely good, with the exception of an attack of

pneumonia in March, 1746. He was then residing in Elgin, at Thunderton House, where (*si grandia parvis assimilare licet*) I—*moi qui vous parle*—once lived for a month forty years ago. The most interesting episode of the Prince's flight was his being conveyed from the Long Island to Skye by Flora Macdonald. He passed as her servant, Betty Burke ; but he was so tall and raised his feminine garments so recklessly that he was twice on the point of being discovered. If ladies were present this evening, they might be interested to know that he wore a gown of calico, a light-coloured quilted petticoat and a mantle of dun camlet. An old man who met him on the high road declared that he had never seen such a coarse impudent jade in all his life. Flora Macdonald married and went to America. Eventually she returned to her native land, where she was interviewed by Dr Johnson during his tour in the Hebrides in 1773. He gives a pleasing account of her character. She is described as a little woman, uncommonly prudent, quiet, and well bred. She was buried, we are told, in a sheet in which the Prince had once slept. To her last breath she was devoted to his memory.

In the short time at my disposal, it is impossible to deal with the severe attacks on the Prince's character that are to be found in the letters and other writings of Earl Marischal, Lord Elcho, the philosopher Helvetius, Dr King, and the Italian poet, Alfieri. I can only say that so far as I have been able to trace his actions—and I have consulted many contemporary records which are not open to the general reader—he seems to have been brave to the verge of rashness, and to have had in youth, until demoralised by misfortune, no serious defect. I make this remark to show that, although in many ways I admire the Prince as a historical character, I am not ignorant of what has been said in dispraise even of his early years. The most striking point in connection with his escape is the fact that when the English Government offered a reward of £30,000 for his head, although he spent weeks at a time in the company of the lowest class of Highlanders—the robbers and the caterans of the hills—not one of these men dreamt for a moment of betraying his Prince. The Pretender eventually escaped on board a privateer belonging to St. Malo, called L'Heureux, or The Happy. He left Scotland at the exact spot at which he had landed fourteen months before. Reaching Roscoff, near Morlaix, after having sailed in a fog through the British fleet, which was then cruising off the coast of Brittany, he posted straight to Fontainebleau, where he was received by his cousin, the King, and invited to a feast by the most prominent Ministers. He was also entertained at supper by the lady who is referred to in the Stuart papers as La brillante Etoile—Madame de Pompadour. Was that not an adequate recompense for all his privations ? The Prince visited London privately in 1750. In the novel of "Redgauntlet" he is described as being in this country again in 1760 or '65, but I have not been able to find any sound historic basis for that incident. I might quote fifty extracts from Jacobite poems and songs and ballads to show the marvellous affection entertained by the Highlanders for their young Prince. I shall mention only one. What feeling in the world is purer or stronger than the love of a mother for her children ? Yet a Jacobite woman is represented as singing—

"I aince had sons. I noo hae nane.
I bred them toiling sairly ;
But I wad bear them all again,
And lose them all for Chairlie ! "

And, fifty years after the Rebellion, white-haired and wrinkled Highlanders

at the mention of his name would burst into tears. Such magnificent devotion could only have been excited by noble, generous, and lovable personal qualities. He had always been a wonder and delight to the hardy people of the hills. He could march thirty miles on foot, dine on a dry crust, and sleep on the windy heather, while he showed as much interest in every clansman as if he had been his immediate chief. In later life he never forgot his humble followers. When a young Scotsman in Rome once unexpectedly sang in his presence " Lochaber no more," the Prince gave way to a passion of grief so overwhelming that his daughter, the Duchess of Albany, trembled for his reason.

We live now under a more right-minded race of kings, but there is no disloyalty in calling upon you to drink to the memory of the most romantic, the most picturesque, and in some respects the most pathetic character in the pages of history. Star that fell from heaven into the abyss of night! Last hope of the Stuart line! The " King o' the Hielan' Hairts, Bonnie Prince Charlie."

Gentlemen, I trust this Sentiment has not bored you, and I now invite you to drink, with Caledonian Honours, to the memory of Prince Charles Edward Stuart.

At the ordinary meeting in January it was with the greatest pleasure the Council received a banner from Lady Young accompanied by a letter which read :

13 Gloucester Street, S.W.,
11th January, 1910.

Dear Mr Douglas,—I was so deeply touched by the kind feelings shewn by the Members of the Caledonian Society and their wives when they entertained my husband and myself on the occasion of his being made a Knight in 1907 that I determined to do something which would show my own appreciation of the kindness.

I have worked with my own hands a Banner which I beg you to ask the Council of the Society to accept.

The Banner was begun in February, 1908, and would have been completed long ago but for my husband's accident in May of that year, which quite upset me. Family bereavement and my own troubles of health have delayed completion of the Banner until now.

I hope the Council will accept the Banner as in every sense a labour of love on my part.

Believe me,
Yours sincerely,
GERTRUDE YOUNG.

The handsome gift was received with acclamation and a minute of thanks was forthwith prepared. The Honorary Secretary was instructed to forward a copy of the minute to Lady Young. It was also resolved that Lady Young's letter should be pasted into the minute book for preservation. The minute reads :

THE SOCIETY'S BANNER,
PRESENTED BY LADY YOUNG,
11th January, 1910.

The following inscription is engraved on the silver shield:

Robori Prudentia Praestat.

"The Banner to which this shield is attached was hand-worked by Dame Gertrude, wife of Colonel Sir John Smith Young, C.V.O., President 1904-5, Caledonian Society of London, and was presented by her to the Society, 1910."

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LADY YOUNG.

"The Council of the Caledonian Society of London having received from Lady Young a silken Banner to be used at all meetings of the members, accept the gift with hearty appreciation and pleasure. They desire to convey to Lady Young their warmest thanks for her thoughtful and generous kindness. They value the gift all the more highly because the Banner is entirely her own handiwork and is given as a memorial of a most interesting event in the life of her husband, Colonel Sir John S. Young, C.V.O., a Past-President of the Society, and a member enjoying the esteem and regard of every Caledonian."

Subsequently Colonel Sir John Young had fixed to the banner a silver shield bearing the following inscription :

Robori Prudentia Praestat.

"The Banner to which this shield is attached was hand-worked by Dame Gertrude, wife of Colonel Sir John Smith Young, C.V.O., President 1904-5, Caledonian Society of London, and was presented by her to the Society, 1910."

The banner is hung on the wall behind the President's chair at all meetings of the Society and is a cherished souvenir and emblem of nationality.

During the after-dinner programme Mr W. Lamond Howie showed a splendid series of lantern slides of Scottish mountain photographs, mostly all taken by himself, and gave a racy description of each. The pictures and Mr Howie's descriptions of them were greatly appreciated.

At the Annual Festival on 25th January, 1910, 91 ladies and 101 gentlemen were present. The guests were received by the President and Mrs Freer in the Throne Room of the Holborn Restaurant. The dinner was served in the King's Hall, where a beautiful scheme of colour decoration of the dinner table was carried out with gardenias, pink and white heather and smilax.

In proposing the toast of "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," the President said :

Sometimes we may be tempted to ask ourselves "Whence and why all this enthusiasm about Robert Burns?" Well, his own character and superb genius supply the answer. His sturdy, manly independence, his unbounded human sympathy, his love of nature, animate and inanimate, his splendid patriotism, his gentle tenderness are all outstanding features of his character, and in nearly every line he has written we find one or other of these qualities embodied and clothed in many cases in the most exquisite language. And this is all the more marvellous when we come to think of the

circumstances under which many of his finest productions were given to the world. In his humble home, wherever that might be for the time being, devoid, according to our modern ideas, of many of the ordinary elements of comfort and convenience, some of the most beautiful creations of his mind were put into imperishable words. Of his independence, what better example can we have than the oft-quoted and familiar words of " A man's a man for a' that." Sympathy, not only with mankind, but with bird and beast, will ever be awakened by many of his verses.

His patriotism is universally recognised in the never-to-be-forgotten lines of " Scots wha hae," while it finds expression, too, in these stirring words of his epistle to William Simson—

" At Wallace name, what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring tide flood ?
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace side,
Still pressing onward red-wat shod
Or glorious dy'd."

And then again what can touch the heart so closely as those tender lines that tell us so pathetically of the waning years of human life in " John Anderson, my Jo."

Burns was a man subject to the strongest emotions, sometimes, more especially in his later years, giving way to fits of the deepest despondency, while at other times he was the brightest and gayest in the social circle. Perhaps he was seen at his best in congenial company whether gathered together with his cronies and enjoying to the full the rollicking fun of Poosie Nancy's, or when bearing himself with all the dignity of the true-born gentleman, he mingled on terms of perfect equality with the first Society which the Scottish Metropolis could offer. To all classes he endeared himself by the marvellous power, simplicity, and beauty of the language, by which he reached their hearts, and men of all ranks, peer and peasant alike, have readily given to him their tribute of unstinted admiration.

And what of Burns to-day ? Does he still continue to hold the foremost place in the estimation of his countrymen of the present time ? There can be little doubt about it. There are, I venture to say, but few Scottish homes, either in this country, in the Colonies, or in foreign lands, in which a copy of Burns's Works is not to be found, and it's well-thumbed pages tell of its diligent perusal. Look in the Press of to-day for reports of speeches by public men on all kinds of topics, and how often will you find quotations from Burns, fitting into the most diverse subjects with perfect and appropriate harmony. The President of the Local Government Board, who himself bears the proud name of Burns, not long ago in introducing to the House of Commons a measure for the better housing of the working classes, quoted this passage as admirably suited to his purpose—

" To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life."

In the spirit of true admiration, deep gratitude, and lasting affection, I ask you now to join with me in drinking in a bumper to the " Immortal Memory of Robert Burns."

The toast of " Our Guests " proposed by the Vice-President, Mr Patrick Gardiner, was responded to by Ivan Cheng, Secretary to the Chinese Legation.

At the February meeting a Sentiment entitled " An Enthusiastic Scot " was given by Mr Patrick Gardiner. It was an appreciation of Professor John Stuart Blackie, which was much appreciated.

On the invitation of the Bournemouth and District Caledonian Society a deputation consisting of the President and Mr T. R. Moncrieff accompanied Mr John Douglas who delivered a lecture on " The Great Highland Bagpipe." A newspaper report of the meeting was as follows :

The usual monthly meeting of the above-named Society took place on Friday evening in Holy Trinity Parish Hall, and was the occasion of a most delightful and entertaining lecture on " The Great Highland Bagpipe."

There was a record attendance of members and their friends, as Mr John Douglas, of the Caledonian Society of London, who gave the lecture, is well known as an unquestioned authority on all matters pertaining to Scotland and Scottish history.

Rev. A. Morris Stewart, D.D., of St. Mark's Presbyterian Church, occupied the chair, and in a pithy and humorous speech welcomed Mr Douglas and his friends, who were enthusiastically received by the gathering. The lecture was profusely illustrated by many fine lantern slides, some of which were reproductions of quaint old prints, others actual photos taken by the lecturer of rare antique specimens of foreign and Scottish bagpipes now in museums and private collections. Specially interesting was the series of portraits of the grand old pipers of bygone days whose names are household words wherever pipe music is known and appreciated. Their magnificent physique and stalwart bearing, dressed in the picturesque garb of old Gaul, called forth round after round of applause as they flashed in turn on the screen. A worthy descendant of those fine old Celts in the person of Pipe-Major Smith, late of the Seaforth Highlanders, was present, in the enforced absence of Mr Mackay Tait, and gave practical demonstration of the stirring melodies which urged the Highlanders on to battle, cheered them during weary marches, and led them in the graceful and characteristic dances of their native land.

Mr Douglas treated his subject most ably and exhaustively—tracing the history of the national musical instrument from the very earliest times, beginning with the primitive reed pipe of the shepherd boy on the banks of the Danube, and followed its various evolutions through many lands and phases till it reached its present state of perfection in the " Land of brown heath and shaggy wood." He proved the very great antiquity of the pipes by reference to their appearance on ancient pottery, in carvings and sculptures, and by many quotations from the classics.

When the lecturer concluded, Dr Roberts Thomson (Chairman of the Council of the Local Society) proposed a hearty vote of thanks to Mr Douglas, and Mr Alex. Henderson, Honorary Secretary of the Society, seconded.

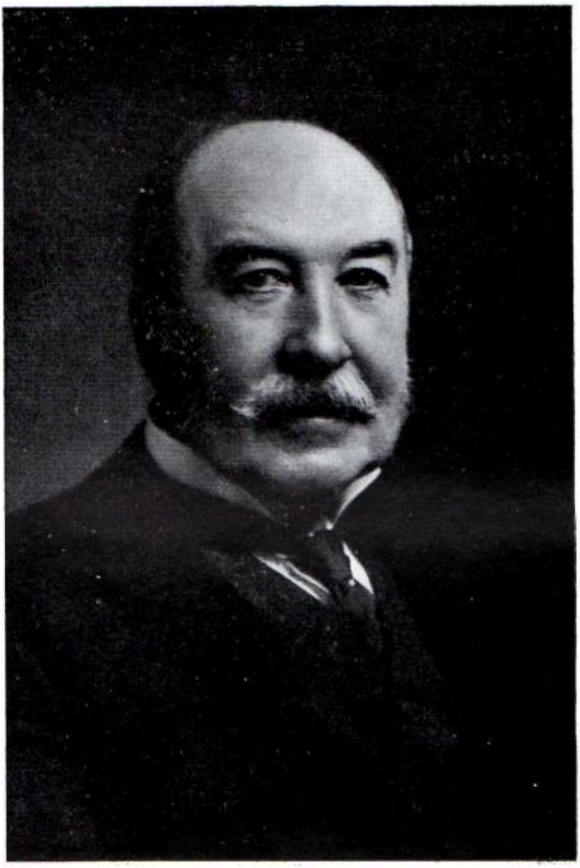
Mr T. R. Moncrieff, of the Royal Scottish Corporation, said it gave him and his friends the greatest pleasure to revisit Bournemouth and their compatriots there and he took the opportunity of thanking the Bournemouth Society for their very handsome donation to the funds of the Royal Caledonian Asylum, Bushey, where children, the orphans of Scots who have served their country in the sister services, Army and Navy, were fed, clothed, educated, and equipped for taking their place in the battle of life.

At the April meeting an extended musical programme took the place of the usual Sentiment, and among those members who sang were Surgeon-General W. G. Don, M.D., who gave " I am a son of Mars " and " Tullochgorum ; " Mr Kenneth Barclay Brown who gave " Cauld Kail in Aberdeen ; " Mr Patrick Gardiner who gave " The Glen Whorple Hielandman " and "The lum hat wantin' a croon ; " Mr Alex. Duncan who gave " Rory Drummond ; " and Colonel James Cantlie, F.R.C.S., who gave " The Tinker's Waddin'." In addition to these, six of the guests gave songs, and the Aberdeen, Banff and Kincardine Association Reel and Strathspey Club gave several violin selections. Mr Mackay Tait also gave a bagpipe selection entitled " Donald Cameron." It was a large gathering and a well-merited tribute to the President on the last ordinary meeting of his year of office.

THE PRESIDENT'S BADGE

IN GOLD AND ENAMEL.

Was presented by ALLAN WILLIAM FREER, Esq., President 1909-1910. The Centre Piece in gold was contributed by the Society and bears the inscription, "To the memory of DAVID HEPBURN, author of the 'Chronicles' (1890) and President 1888–1889, 1889–1890, and 1905–1906." The chain is composed of links in gold, the gifts of the Past Presidents, and bearing the name and year of each in order of seniority.



PATRICK GARDINER.
President, 1910–1911.

CHAPTER VI.

1910-1911 : Mr Patrick Gardiner, *President.*

"A Lad o' Pairts:" Mr Freer Presents the Society's Badge: Sentiment, "A Witty Scot, Johnny Ramsay:" Monologue, "Some Thoughts on Burns:" Gold Badge for Mr Moncrieff: Sentiment, "The Old Red Sandstone:" "Burns," by the President: Sentiment, "Some Scottish Pioneers:" Celebrating the Coronation of George V. and Queen Mary.

MR PATRICK GARDINER was President in 1910-1911. Educated at the High School of his native city of Dundee, he came to London in 1863 when he was about sixteen years of age, and started his business career in a ship-broker's office. The agreement was that he would give his services for a year without salary; thereafter he would commence at £10 a year, but, as he once expressed it, his genius developed so quickly that, after four months' work, he got a guinea for a Christmas box and was told that his salary would begin on 1st January. In speaking of this to the writer he once said: "My first month's pay naturally fell due on January 31st and I had the assurance to tell my master how I had been working out that, if he would make the month's money £1 1s. 8d. I would earn the even money of £13 a year or 5s. per week. I think my impudence so

amused him that he agreed, and I always regarded that as my first 'deal' in London."

At the end of the year he was discharged with a month's salary instead of being given a month's notice and was never able to find out the reason, but a certificate of good character was given to him and within a month he was in another office where a line of steamers was started to Marseilles. This was his real start in life because, after the preliminary vicissitudes the service developed successfully and an additional monthly line of steamers from London and Antwerp to Brazil and the River Plate was started. The ramifications of the two services were such that the firm built an engine and boiler works to do their own repairs. When his employer retired with a handsome fortune in 1877, Mr Gardiner with a partner for ten years continued these works for the repairing of ships and steamers. He then retired from the partnership and established himself as a merchant in 1888, building up a connection with South Australia and New Zealand. In 1908 he retired altogether from business.

Mr Gardiner often remarked that he hadn't even the conventional half-crown in his possession when he arrived in London, and he always attributed the success he achieved to his luck in getting allied to a man with no other partner, who had started with no office staff, but through hard work was able to gain confidence.

Mr Gardiner was a lad o' pairts; a commercial genius, an art connoisseur, a great philanthropist, a keen wit, and a singer of no small repute. His store of antiques and works of art earned for his Crouch End residence the name of "The Treasure House." He was the personification of generosity to his friends and helped many a "lame dog" over the stile. One of the cheeriest of mortals, he was the life and soul of many Scottish and other gatherings in London, and he was always in demand for a song, his favourite being "The lum hat wantin' a croon."

He was identified with many Scottish organisations, and among others was Past-President of the Council of the London Forfarshire Association, a Life Managing Governor of the Royal Scottish Corporation, and Deputy Chairman of the Royal Caledonian Schools.

At the ordinary General meeting on 10th November, 1910, the retiring President, Mr Allan W. Freer, presented a handsome Gold and Enamel Badge to the Society, to be worn by succeeding Presidents while in office. Mr Gardiner briefly acknowledged the pleasure it gave him to accept office as President, also the greater pleasure of being the recipient on behalf of the Society and the first to wear the handsome badge so generously presented by Mr Freer.

In the course of the evening Mr G. W. Thomson, J.P., gave a Sentiment entitled "A Witty Scot," in which he said :

My first delightful duty at the beginning of a new session is to congratulate our President and Vice-President on arriving at the dignity of office.

Mr Gardiner is brimming over with pawky Scotch humour. He is an enthusiastic Caledonian, and I am sure he will strain every nerve not only to maintain but to extend the reputation of these agreeable gatherings. This evening I should like to say something with regard to a witty but comparatively obscure personality. John—or, as he was called by his friends to the end of his days, Johnny—Ramsay was born in London in the autumn of 1799. His father, like the father of John Galt, was captain of a ship that traded with the West Indies. He died at Barbadoes. His mother took her little son, when only nine months old, from London to Aberdeen. That was in the year 1800. It is interesting to remember that two years before—viz., in 1798—another little boy—ten years old—left Aberdeen who was destined to be famous wherever literature is loved. That was Lord Byron. He was born in London in 1788 and when two years old was taken by his mother to Aberdeen. It was something of a coincidence that both Lord Byron and Mr Ramsay were only children. They were both born in London. Their fathers died when they were infants, and at an early age they were taken from London to Aberdeen by their mothers. When Mrs Byron arrived in Aberdeen her first residence was a house in Virginia Street. Then, as you will see in Moore's Life of Byron, she moved into a floor in a house in Broad Street belonging to a Mr Leslie. This Mr Leslie was my great-grandfather, and I remember my grandmother, a very bright, charming old lady, who died more than 40 years ago, telling me that she recollected Byron coming constantly to the nursery, delivering flowery speeches at birthday parties, reciting his own juvenile poems and making fierce love to herself. He had not arrived at a dangerous age, or her reputation might have suffered, and I might have been born somebody else ! (Great

laughter.) Indeed if Parliament were sitting, I might now be addressing a much-menaced institution instead of this eminent society.

Mrs Byron was short and stout and frequently ran the risk of breaking her neck running up and down stairs after her graceless son. Whatever faults and follies Byron committed in early or in later life, when one comes under the spell of his marvellous genius, one is tempted to forget them all. (Applause.)

When four years old Johnny Ramsay was sent to his first school. His teacher was a Miss Hogg, who was connected with the family of the Ettrick Shepherd. She formed a high estimate of the talent of her pupil. Indeed, like many old ladies in Scotland with regard to clever lads—I believe it happened in my own case—(laughter)—she predicted that some day he would wag his heid in a poopit, which, fifty years ago in Scotland, was the summit of lower middle class social achievement. During Johnny's fifth year, on one occasion, his mother was explaining to him the nature of prayer. She made him repeat the Lord's prayer and then said: "Now, my little boy, I want you to think carefully what you would like best in the world, then put it in your own words and ask God to give it to you." Johnny fell on his knees, folded his hands, and exclaimed: "O, God, gin it be Thy will gie my mither a better temper!" (Laughter.) In 1807 he was sent to the Grammar School of Aberdeen under a Mr Nichols who used to punish his pupils in the barbarous fashion of those days. After a severe application of the tawse he would say: "Noo, Johnny, I've deen a' this for the sake of the honest woman your mither Betty Ramsay"—a small consolation to the unfortunate victim. In 1813, when youngest of ninety competitors, he gained the second bursary at King's College. During his University course he was fascinated by the study of mathematics. I remember his telling me that in those days his greatest pleasure was to start on a solitary walk and go over in his head without diagrams the principal propositions of Euclid. His college days passed pleasantly, and without excitement. In 1817 Ramsay graduated. For some years he was tutor in various private families, and for a time secretary to Joseph Hume who was then a figure of some importance in the arena of politics. In 1827 he became a teacher in Gordon's Hospital. That fine institution for the education of the children of decayed burgesses of Guild, was founded by a certain Robert Gordon, born in 1665. He was son of an Edinburgh lawyer who left him a considerable fortune which he dissipated in the course of some frivolous years he spent on the Continent He had, however, considerable shrewdness and founded a business in Dantzig from which he soon derived a competency.

When he retired to Aberdeen in old age, he became extraordinarily parsimonious to make up for the profusion of his early days. For instance, instead of obtaining heat from coal in the usual manner by putting it in a grate and setting fire to it, he would place three or four large lumps in a box which he carried on his back up and down the room until the requisite amount of caloric had been obtained. His meals at home were painfully frugal, but when he went out to dinner he more than made up for his domestic abstinence. Indeed, it was in consequence of excess at some too hospitable table that he died in 1732. He was honoured with a public funeral. He lay in state in Marischal College. The Hospital that bears his name was built on the spot where he liked to rest during his afternoon walks. While Mr Ramsay was connected with Gordon's Hospital, he had ample leisure to indulge his literary tastes. He contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine* and corresponded with Johanna Bailey, Miss Mitford, Christopher North, Southey,

and Wordsworth. In 1834 he gave up school-mastering and became editor of the *Aberdeen Journal*, the first newspaper regularly published in the Far North. It had been founded in 1746. Its first number contained an account of the Battle of Culloden which gave umbrage to the Jacobites of Aberdeen who surrounded the printing house, while the proprietor, Mr James Chalmers, escaped by a window. It is amusing to look over, as I have had an opportunity of doing lately, the early files of this paper, now yellow and falling to pieces. Here is an edict signed by the Sheriff forbidding the use of the Highland costume. Here is an advertisement of a young ladies' school kept by a Miss Garioch. In it pupils are trained in all fashionable accomplishments, and taught " how to wash and dress themselves in a refined and becoming manner." A little later we come upon a poem to the memory of Lochiel. That great chief on the collapse of the Rebellion, went into exile. He obtained a commission in the French Army, but soon after died. The poem is rather absurd. The following are the last four lines—

> " To cure alike his spirit and his mind,
> With exile wretched and with error blind,
> The mighty mandate unto death was given,
> And good Lochiel is now a Whig in Heaven ! "

During the fourteen years Mr Ramsay was editor he wrote good articles. In 1848 when Queen Victoria and Prince Albert paid their first visit to Aberdeen, Mr Ramsay published an article the fruit of considerable research on some previous Royal visits to Aberdeen. From it we learn that the first monarch who stayed in the Granite City was William the Lion, who had a house or rather a palace which in 1211 was transferred to the Red Friars. The object of that religious body was to collect money for the liberation of Christian prisoners in Palestine. Coming down the stream of time we notice that Bonnie Queen Mary was twice in Aberdeen in 1562—in August and again in October. To the historian happening on her name the most dusty page is lighted up with the radiance of youth and beauty. Across the gaping chasm of centuries we see her bewitching face and listen to the music of her voice. I am sure we all agree that, if she had anything to do with the death of that young villain Darnley, she must have been hypnotised by her bad genius Bothwell or driven wild by the austere ravings of John Knox.

Her son, James the First, was frequently in Aberdeen, where he levied contributions called Benevolences. In 1620 he was presented by one of the citizens, Thomas Menzies, with a fine pearl that had been found in the River Ythan. The King rewarded the donor in his favourite fashion—an easy and economical way for a monarch to court popularity—by knighting him on the spot. His grandson Charles the Second was twice in Aberdeen—in 1650 and again in 1651. On the former occasion he was one morning given for breakfast a fish called sawty—a kind of flounder. The King ate the one side of the fish and then called for more. There were no more in the kitchen, but the cook pointed out to the King that by turning the fish over a corresponding amount of food could be obtained. From this incident it is evident that the merry Monarch, although rather a queer fish himself, was not acquainted with all the varieties of the finny tribe. On the second occasion, in 1651, the weather was warm, and the King appeared at the window of a house in Castle Street accompanied by one of those fair ladies who helped him to lessen the monotony of this inexplicable world. She was attired in a diaphanous costume. The King was in one of his frolicsome moods ; the

crowd in the street was impertinently observant and the result was a scandal.

One of the Ministers of the town, the Rev. Mr Douglas (I am sure he could not have been an ancestor of our worthy Secretary, who would have dealt more firmly with the situation), mildly remarked that in future in such a case it might be more prudent to draw the curtains. Whether or not it was in consequence of this regrettable event I am unable to say, but for 200 years no King or Queen visited Aberdeen. One of the warmest admirers of Mr Ramsay's articles was the statesman who had so much to do with the beginning of the Crimean War, Lord Aberdeen, but I cannot find that his admiration was ever transmuted into anything more substantial. In 1851 Mr Ramsay was a candidate for the Chair of Mathematics in the University. His failure embittered his spirit. He said to a friend: "Ye ken what ails me is suppressed irritation." "Guid guide us, Ramsay," replied his friend, "if ye've suppressed ony ye've lat oot plenty!" About that time one of his old pupils died and left him a few hundred pounds. That was a great godsend to the old man. After that he confined himself to his own special hobbies. For one thing he was an enthusiastic campanologist. He used to refer to the bells of St. Nicholas Church and especially to the two largest, Maria and Lawrence, as if they were personal friends. In 1857, when Dr Webster was Provost, Aberdeen acquired a new peal of bells, and Mr Ramsay became an expert ringer in order that he might teach others. In his later years he contributed racy articles to the local newspapers. He published three or four romantic tales, one of which called "Mary Leslie" was thrillingly sensational, and he wrote a valuable series of essays on education—indeed, it is as an educational reformer that Mr Ramsay best deserves to be remembered by the public. He was one of the first to point out that education should be the education or drawing out of inherent capacity, and that it is a mistake to overload a youthful intelligence with masses of information it is unable to digest.

Mr Ramsay, in June, 1870, was attacked by the complaint that carried off our late King. Bronchitis lessened his already failing strength. He died in the course of the summer and was buried in the Auld Kirk Yard where, to use an unfortunately hackneyed quotation "after life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

When reading the lives of famous wits like Douglas Jerrold and Sydney Smith, I have been struck by the contrast between the greatness of their reputation and the smallness of their jokes. No doubt there is the same difference between a jest flashed forth like a diamond from a stream of conversation and the same jest buried in the cold pages of a book that there is between a butterfly hovering in the sunshine of Java and Japan and the same insect camphorated and coffined in the box of an entomologist. One of Thackeray's charming Roundabout Papers is headed "On a joke I once heard from the late Thomas Hood." In his own inimitable style Thackeray dilates on the pathos and humour of the great writer, but when he arrives at the joke it is found to be very poor. I have been trying to think of something I heard myself from Ramsay worthy of his reputation, but I can recall nothing outstanding. I have dined in his company at least fifty times when, like Yorick, he set the table in a roar, but I cannot remember a single bon mot, although there must have been plenty. One trifling incident comes back to me. Ramsay was at my father's house at dinner. Opposite him was seated a very pompous pretentious Doctor of Divinity. There was an unusually large fire in the grate, and as the Doctor was sitting down at one

side of the table not far from it he exclaimed: "What a blazing fire—enough to roast a turkey!" "Or a goose" rapped out Ramsay. The joke was very poor and very rude, but it sticks in my memory because the Doctor, who was not much of a favourite, collapsed for the rest of the evening.

Let me now give you one or two of his witty sayings which have been handed down. At one time it was the fashion in Aberdeen for a gentleman, when he went out to dinner, to wear a black velvet waistcoat. On one occasion Mr Ramsay appeared without the regulation garment. He was rallied on this by Dr Dyce, one of the leading physicians in the city. Ramsay bore it for a time. He then looked up quietly and said: "Doctor, doctor, the mortcloth is not the insignia of my profession." The principal opponent of the *Journal* was the *Herald*, the editor of which at one time was a gentleman of the name of Power, who used to make vitriolic attacks, worthy of the immortal Poet of Eatanswill, on Ramsay and his paper. Once he was more than usually bitter and Ramsay's friends asked him what he was going to do with Power. He replied: "The pomp of pageantry, the pride of Power await alike the inevitable hour," when I suppose the little man was going to smash him up with his heaviest artillery. His military metaphor reminds me that Mr Ramsay prided himself on his resemblance to the Great Napoleon and certainly in figure, face, and forehead they were not dissimilar. On one occasion some gossips—male and female—were discussing a corpulent lady of their acquaintance. Mr Ramsay remarked: "She reminds me of the Ten Commandments." "Why?" asked a friend. "Because they are exceeding broad" was the reply. At a dinner party the subject of corporal punishment in schools was being discussed. One gentleman commended moral suasion. Ramsay promptly replied—

> "Your fine moral suasion is arrant humbug:
> There's naething persuades like a rap on the lug."

But perhaps a better example of his readiness is a remark he made a few days before his death. A friend calling on him, said: "Ramsay, I'm afraid you depend too much on medicine." "It's very fine for you to say so," was the answer, "you who have never had a day's illness in your life!" "Oh, Mr Ramsay," replied the other, "My time of trial will come." "I'm no sae sure of that," said Johnny with a twinkle in his eye, "ye ken its whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." Behind all his sarcasm and satire, one was conscious of the beating of a kindly human heart. He had much poetic feeling and some power of poetic expression.

Minor poets in Scotland are as numerous as the stars in a frosty sky. One literary expert, Sir George Douglas, estimates that Scotland has produced 200,000 versifiers of whom only one can take his place among the great singers of the world. The other day I came upon a letter from Lord Tennyson to his friend Aubrey de Vere in which he says: "I have just returned from a pilgrimage to the Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doune in honour of the immortal peasant. If ever there was in this world a great poet, that man was Robert Burns." In this Society we are not fond of quotations, but I must give you a few lines of Ramsay's best poem.

Those of you who are Greek scholars may remember that Herodotus in the second volume of his history, in describing the customs of the ancient Egyptians, says something like this: In the wealthy classes at their convivial banquets it is the custom for a man to carry round a coffin containing the

wooden image of a dead body. He presented it to each of the guests and exclaimed—" Look on this. Drink and be merry ! " Ramsay's poem deals with a gloomy subject, but it may have the same effect on us as the wooden image had on Egyptian revellers. It may remind us how evanescent are even the purest pleasures—the glow of friendship—our songs, our toasts, our Sentiments, and it may spur us on to enjoy these pleasant things to the utmost while we can. The lines I refer to are entitled " My Grave," beginning—

" Far from the City's ceaseless hum
Hither let my relics come !
Lowly and lonely be my grave ;
Fast by this streamlet's glancing wave."

Now, gentlemen, I call upon you to drink a bumper to the memory of my old friend Johnny Ramsay, as representing scores of similar men in Scotland during last century who, without winning for themselves riches in the temple of Universal Fame, contributed largely to the political, intellectual, and social advance of our beloved Native Land. (Applause.)

One of the distinguished visitors present on this occasion was His Honour Mr Justice Denniston of Christchurch, New Zealand, and a great welcome was given to him when he rose to respond to the toast of " Our Guests."

At the December meeting Mr Bart Kennedy gave a monologue on " Some thoughts of Burns," and treated the subject in a broadminded way.

At the January meeting the Gold Medal of the Society was presented to Mr T. R. Moncrieff in recognition of his having so ably filled the office of Hon. Treasurer for five years.

Owing to illness the President was unable to be present, and a telegram wishing him a speedy recovery was sent to him. To this Mr Gardiner telephoned a characteristically cheery reply.

A much-appreciated Sentiment entitled " The Old Red Sandstone of the Scots Character " was given by Mr W. L. Watson.

At the Annual Festival on 25th January, 82 ladies and 90 gentlemen were present. The President and Mrs Gardiner received the guests in the Throne Room of the Holborn Restaurant. The banquet was in the King's Hall.

In proposing "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," the President said :

Lord Rosebery in one of his brilliant Burns orations calls attention to the fact that Scotland in the early part of the 18th century had lapsed into something like obscurity. This was owing to the writers of that day imitating the Schools of England and France, and it became the fashion to sneer at the Scottish language as vulgar, and seek topics far removed from Scottish national life. Indeed the cultivation of the English language, habits, and customs was regarded as a sign of gentility, and to the lower classes was left the national language and the national sentiment which in the eyes of the superior persons of the time were synonymous with vulgarity and parochialism. Even the historian Hume took pains in his writings to hide his nationality. Happily a re-action was at hand in the genius of Burns and Scott ; and Scottish nationality, which the superior persons of the 18th century revival despised, reasserted itself, and ever since has been an important factor in literature.

I wish I could stop here, but, as you know, history repeats itself, and it is with nothing short of shame I, as a Scot, loving Scotland and all her traditions, and not the least her literature, have to deplore only too evident signs of this decadence once more setting in. The superior persons, or at least those who claim to come within such a category, are again affecting to despise the native language as being vulgar ; and when I tell you it is a fact that to-day in the better-class schools of Edinburgh an Englishman with qualifications inferior to a Scottish candidate is preferred simply because of his accent, I am at a loss to say whether I have more sorrow for such decadence or more indignation for what I unhesitatingly describe as a national weakness and snobbery of the worst form. We have become dreadfully English in manners and customs ; we have lost all pride in the native Doric as a spoken tongue ; but however poor and frosted is the heart of Scotland to-day, though the flowers of Scottish nationality grow sparse and delicate, there still remains with us—thank providence—the warm heart and the fierce pulse for our glorious heritage of Scottish song whose high priest was the ploughman bard of Ayrshire.

While Burns as a poet and Burns as a prose writer are familiar themes, one side of the Poet's activities has been somewhat lost sight of. I refer to his brilliant conversational powers, and it is somewhat strange that while many of his letters have been preserved, so little has been recorded of him as a conversationalist. I am indebted to a brother Caledonian—Mr Peter MacEwan—for perusal of an article in the *Edinburgh Magazine* of Burns's Day—the writer of which claims intimate personal acquaintance for several years, and, therefore, has a right to speak from intimate relationship, and probably it will be a matter of surprise to you, this writer says, that even when all honours are yielded to Burns as a poet, poetry was not actually his forte, but that his fascinating conversation was such that he can only describe it as being akin to sorcery ; and such was the irresistible power of attraction that encircled him he never failed to delight and to excel. The animated expressions of his countenance were almost peculiar to himself, while his voice alone could improve upon the magic of his eye. What a thousand pities for posterity there was no Boswell in his day who would have played the part the great biographer did for Dr Johnson.

Although I cannot claim to be able to contribute anything new to the

perennial subject, I must ask the old question : What is the secret of Burns's power amongst us to-day ? That power is greater in its living force than the power of any poet of any age ? Go into the length and breadth of the world, ransack the literature of all ages and all times, and tell me if you will find another instance where a great people have been so swayed by the personality of a great poet. Germans read their Goethe and Heine, but read them without the love and passion we feel for Burns. Shakespeare is a great literary heritage, not a great personal legacy. So it is with all the great singers of the ages But it is different with Burns. And why ? Burns was a singer of songs and a dreamer of dreams, but he was more than that, he was a man of heart.

Were I asked—What is the secret of the immortality of Burns ? I would answer—not only that he was the sweetest singer in the language, but because he was so intensely human. This is the aspect in which I prefer to regard the poet's memory, and it was with unalloyed satisfaction I listened to an eloquent discourse by Dr Carnegie Simpson of Glasgow, who preached the St. Andrew's Day Sermon in Pont Street in November last and proclaimed Burns to be one of the three mighty Scots who had done most for Scotland. The preacher described William Wallace as having called the Scottish nation to itself, John Knox as having called the people to God, and Burns as having called Man to Man ! Think of the irony of Time, that the name of Burns, too long neglected, should at last be bracketed with Wallace and Knox, as a Trinity of the three mighty Scots, and proclaimed by a leading Divine of the United Free Church of Scotland from the leading pulpit of Presbyterianism in the Metropolis, how his Gospel " sang into the heart of the elemental humanities." I hope the spirit of Burns was moving men on that Sunday, as I hope his shade is moving here to-night, and indeed over all gatherings held in his honour, and enjoying that full fruition of his prophetic utterances to his wife when he said, " They will think more of me, Jean, in another hundred years after this." Does anyone think of his failings ? I would answer that these only proved him to be human.

The name of Burns will ring down the corridors of posterity because he was a man ; no painted-up human doll, no marionette to be dangled by the strings of convention, but a great big man, virile, strong, assertive. It was the manhood within him that often led him astray ; it was his very greatness that played havoc with his days. There is an old Latin proverb : The extreme of a good thing is bad, and we may be glad that it was strength and not weakness that led him astray. I verily believe that half our hero-worship for Burns springs from the fact that it is no weakling we honour, but a big-boned, big-framed, big-hearted man, and yet was ever man so gentle, so tender, so affected by the comedies and tragedies of human existence ? The great manly heart was never deaf to the woes and sorrows of the world. Let him who suffers go for shelter to the noble heart of Robert Burns and he will find sanctuary there. He was made up of an intensive life, often the fires within him almost consumed him, but so warm was the human glow from the embers of his heart that yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, we Scotsmen have warmed, do warm, and will warm at the mention of his name.

Of him we can say with all reverence : " He shall be forgiven much, because he loved much." So we give him honour as the Master of Song ; so we give him love as the impassioned advocate of the human heart. I am an old enough Londoner to recollect the unveiling of the monument to Burns that stands in the Embankment Gardens close to Charing Cross. The ceremony was performed by Lord Rosebery, and Lord Houghton, who accompanied

him, in moving a vote of thanks, recalled an experience he once had in Scotland, in acting as a judge in connection with a prize competition for the best poem on Burns on the occasion of a Burns Anniversary. From a very large amount of doggerel he could not forget two lines which ran—

> " Scotland shall flourish while each peasant learns
> The Psalms of David and the poems of Burns."

I cannot, I think, do better than end here, leaving those lines with you and of the poet saying : " Peace to his ashes, Honour to his memory." We shall now drink the toast in reverent silence. I give you " The Immortal Memory of Burns."

The toast of " Our Guests " was proposed by the Vice-President, Major Bernard C. Green, and responded to by Mr C. Donald MacDonald, of Buenos Aires. The toast of " The Chairman " was proposed by Colonel Sir John S. Young, C.V.O. A musical programme was carried out by Miss E. Yunson, Miss Mabel Kempton, and Mr Donald Kerr. An outstanding feature was the duets of Miss Kempton and Mr Kerr.

The dinner was followed by a dance. The boy pipers of the Royal Caledonian Schools played for the national dances. " Auld Lang Syne " was sung by the company at the end.

At the February meeting it was decided that each Past-President who desired to do so, and all future Presidents, should add, at their own cost, a gold link bearing their names and years of office, to the ribbon of the President's Badge, and that a centre-piece with thistle design in gold should be provided at the cost of the Society, with an inscription on the back to the memory of David Hepburn who had on three occasions been President.

Mr W. Whytock gave an interesting Sentiment entitled " Some Scottish Pioneers in South Africa," which recalled many of the leading Scots whom he had known when he first went to the Transvaal.

At the March meeting it was resolved that to commemorate the forthcoming Coronation of their Majesties King George V. and Queen Mary in a fitting way the donations already granted to the Royal

Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools should be increased to one hundred guineas each, and that the voting privileges accruing should be offered as a personal gift to Her Majesty the Queen.

Mr W. B. Thomson gave a Sentiment entitled " John Leyden," which was much appreciated.

In accordance with the decision of the Council on 20th October, 1910, it was intimated on behalf of the Sub-Committee that a new Highland dress for the Society's Officer had been provided. Pipe-Major G. R. Smith was called into the room to exhibit the dress which was greatly admired ; the kilt was of specially-woven hard tartan, and the buttons were of solid silver made from new dies.

In response to numerous suggestions it was decided that replicas of the medal of the Society suitable for ladies should be provided at a reasonable price in brooch and medal form, made of gold, available for members who wished to present them to ladies accompanying them at the Annual Festival.

CHAPTER VII.

1911-1912: MAJOR BERNARD C. GREEN, *President.*

A Soldier Athlete President: His Active Service; Sentiments, "Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde," "George Outram, Our Legal Lyrist:" Congratulations to Sir James Mackenzie Davidson: The Festival: The Wreck of the "Titanic:" Sentiments, "The Universal Scot," "Bonnie Jean," "Scottish Song Writers and their Themes."

A SON of Mars became President of the Society in succession to Mr Gardiner. Major Bernard C. Green, who was born near Aberdeen on 10th April, 1866, was brought south at the early age of seven. His education was begun in the Grammar School at Bedford, and continued at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. As an athlete he represented his hospital in 1890 in the United Hospitals Challenge Shield competition, and carried off the 100, 220, and 450 yards, together with 120 yards hurdles. The same year at the L.A.C. meeting he defeated the representative of Oxford University in the 120 yards hurdles, and secured the 250 and 440 yards Challenge Cup. In 1891 he put the 100, 200 yards, 120 yards hurdles and long jump to the credit of St. Bart's, in the last event making a hospital record of 21 feet 10 inches. At Glasgow during the same year he won the 100 yards,

long jump and hurdle championship of Scotland. The following year, 1892, during his sojourn in India, at Calcutta he won the high and long jumps, 120 yards hurdles, and was second in the 440 yards. These are only a few of his athletic achievements.

He joined " H " Company of the London Scottish in 1888. In 1891 he proceeded to India on leave of absence. While there he volunteered for active service with the Hunza-Naga Expedition, for which he received the North-West Frontier Medal. After a lengthened absence, travelling all over the world, visiting Greater Britain overseas, he returned home, and was gazetted second lieutenant 12th August, 1896, getting his next step 1st July, 1898, during which year he put in a considerable time serving with the Gordon Highlanders at Aldershot, gaining his captain's certificate. He was one of the first to volunteer for service in South Africa. On the formation of the C.I.V. he joined that now famous regiment, getting his commission as temporary lieutenant in the Army, 3rd January, 1900.

He was gazetted captain on 30th January, 1902, Hon. Major on 21st February, 1905, and Major on 1st January, 1910. He received the South African War Medal (1899-1900, C.I.V.) and clasp, and the 1901 (Second Gordons) Captain's Rank King's Medal, and was mentioned in despatches.

He was second in Command of the London-Scottish when the Battalion proceeded overseas in September, 1914. He was wounded within a quarter of an hour of going into action for the first time at Messines, 31st October, 1914, and was invalided home. He returned to the Front on 27th January, 1915 and took over the Command of the Battalion in the middle of an engagement.

He commanded the battalion until 6th August, 1915, and again from 28th November, 1915, till 16th August, 1916. He then took over the command of the Reserve Battalion until the end of the war, and was

awarded the C.M.G., and was mentioned in despatches. He was the first Commanding Officer of the Post-War Battalion which he formed in February, 1920.

Colonel Green was a Deputy Lieutenant of the County of London.

At the first meeting of the session the President gave the Sentiment "Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde," in which he said:

The subject I have selected for your acceptance will appeal to all Scotsmen as one of the greatest characters among that throng of brave men whose deeds and names are household words to be handed down to posterity, and adorn the annals of British chivalry; I allude to Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde.

He was born in Glasgow, on the 20th October, 1792, the eldest of four children. His father, John Macliver, was a carpenter by trade, and one immediately wonders how it happened that, even though his mother's maiden name was Campbell, he did not bear his father's surname; but this will be explained in a few minutes.

Young Campbell's earliest schooling was at the Glasgow High School, but at the early age of ten he was removed by his uncle, Colonel John Campbell, to the Royal Military and Naval Academy at Gosport.

At the age of fifteen, his uncle presented him to the Duke of York, then Commander-in-Chief, who promised him a commission, and this led to his adoption of the name of Campbell. The Duke, thinking him to be one of the Clan, entered his name as Colin Campbell, the mistake not occurring to young Colin until after the interview, when he brought the matter to the notice of his uncle; but his uncle being a shrewd man, told him that for professional reasons, Campbell was a better name than Macliver, and that he would do well to adopt it; this was, therefore, done without much apparent compunction.

Young Campbell received his commission as Ensign in the "9th Foot," now the Norfolk Regiment, on the 26th of May, 1808, and five weeks later was promoted Lieutenant. He could not have begun his military career at a more eventful period. Napoleon had risen to the zenith of his ambition, and was the virtual master of the whole of continental Europe. Almost on the very day Campbell joined his Regiment in the Isle of Wight, a British Army of nine thousand men sailed from Cork for the Peninsula, under Sir Arthur Wellesley.

Campbell found himself posted to the Second Battalion of the "9th," commanded by Colonel Cameron, and left for the Peninsula on 20th July, reaching the sandy beach at the mouth of the Maceira on 19th August where, for the first time in his life, he lay out at night in bivouac in face of a hostile army.

Wellesley had already gained victories over the French in a skirmish at Obidos and the battle of Roleia; and now, on the 21st, he was to defeat Junot on the heights of Vimiera, and young Campbell was to receive his baptism of fire.

The President then traced the career of Campbell through Corunna, where he was with Moore, to Barossa, of which Campbell modestly said: "At the battle of Barossa, Lord Lynedoch was pleased to take favourable notice of

my conduct when left in command of the two flank companies of my Regiment, all the other officers being wounded."

At the end of 1812, Colin Campbell, at the age of 20, had completed four-and-a-half years as a soldier, but the fighting which he had seen simply whetted his appetite for more. Astralitz, Vittoria and San Sebastian followed in quick succession. In the latter engagement, Colin Campbell conspicuously distinguished himself, for though in his notes in his journal on that date, his laconic entry simply states, "San Sebastian taken," General Graham's despatch to Lord Wellington states: "Among the officers whose gallantry was most conspicuous in leading on their men to overcome the many obstacles exposed to them was Lieutenant Colin Campbell, of the 9th Foot."

Of San Sebastian and Colin Campbell's part therein, we hear further in the summer of 1841, when the Regiment was ordered from Newcastle to Ireland. Before leaving, new colours were presented to it by General Sir Charles Napier. In the course of his address the General said—

"Of the abilities for command which your chief possesses, your own magnificent Regiment is a proof. Of his gallantry in action, hear what history says, for I like to read to you of such deeds, and of such men; it stimulates young soldiers to deeds of similar daring."

Then he read from his brother's "History of the Peninsular War," the account of Lieutenant Campbell's conduct in the breach of San Sebastian—

"Major Fraser," he read, "was killed in the flaming ruins; the intrepid Jones stood a while longer amidst a few heroic soldiers hoping for aid; but none came, and he and those with him were struck down. The engineer Machel had been killed early and the men bearing the ladders fell or were dispersed. Thus the rear of the column was in absolute confusion before the head was beaten. It was in vain that Colonel Greville of the 38th, Colonel Cameron of the 9th, and many other regimental officers exerted themselves to rally their troops and re-fill the breach; it was in vain that Lieutenant Campbell, breaking through the tumultuous crowd with the survivors of this chosen detachment, mounted the ruins—twice he ascended, twice he was wounded, and all around him died. There," continued Sir Charles, "there stands the Lieutenant Campbell of whom I have been reading; and well I know that, if need be, the soldiers of the 98th will follow him as boldly as did those gallant men of the glorious 9th, who fell fighting round him in the breaches of San Sebastian!"

It was while recovering from wounds at San Sebastian that he perpetrated the only breach of military discipline ever laid to his charge. He with another officer who had been wounded, hearing that a battle was impending, took the liberty of deserting from hospital to join their respective Regiments, though how they managed to limp from San Sebastian to Oryarzun, I do not know; sufficient it is that they reached their destination just in time to join the midnight march to Andaza, and the following morning to wade the river Bidassoa and enter France, falling on the French in their bivouacs; but here again he was severely wounded in the capture of the heights of Croix-des-Bouquets.

China and Calcutta saw him in the forties and then Lahore, and the troubles in India at that time found him ready. In the fighting he did great service, but throughout had been thwarted and handicapped by the action of the Government; and the expressions used by Lord Dalhousie must have cut the old fighting man to the quick. His lordship chose to tell the soldier of many battles that he had manifested "over-cautious reluctance" in advancing against the Swat marauders, and that he had "transgressed the

bounds of his proper province;" and that "he had placed himself in an attitude of direct insubordination to the authority of the Governor-General in Council."

Campbell replied with disciplined dignity and self-respect, expressing his regret that expressions so strong should have been used in regard to him, and his painful surprise that, after a lifetime of unswerving military subordination, he should be accused of the reverse. To his old friend, the Commander-in-Chief, he wrote: "I have come to the conclusion that I should be wanting in what is due to myself, if, after what has passed, I were to continue in this command; there is a limit at which a man's forbearance ought to stop, and that limit has in my case been reached." Sir Colin resigned his command and returned to England on half-pay.

The time was soon to come when such a man as Colin Campbell could be no longer kept in the background.

In 1854, England and France had formed an alliance in defence of Turkey against Russia, and war was declared. British troops were despatched to the East, with Lord Raglan in command, while Sir Colin was nominated to a Brigade command. He embarked for the East on 3rd April, reaching Constantinople on the 23rd, and here he was appointed to the Highland Brigade, consisting of the 42nd, 79th, 93rd, and 92nd Regiments.

Curiously enough, although himself a Highlander, Colin Campbell through all his long career as a soldier had never until this time commanded Highlanders, but he understood the Highland nature, and very speedily won the respect and goodwill of those splendid soldiers, and a thoroughly good understanding soon grew up between them.

The Highland Brigade bore the brunt of the hard-fought victory of the Alma against overwhelming odds, and showed what stuff they were made of. Campbell writes: "After the battle, Lord Raglan sent for me. When I approached him I observed his eyes to fill and his lips and countenance to quiver. He gave me a cordial hand-shake, but he could not speak. The men cheered very much. I told them I was going to the Commander-in-Chief to ask a great favour—that he would permit me to have the honour of wearing the Highland bonnet during the rest of the campaign; this pleased them very greatly. My men behaved nobly, I never saw troops march to battle with greater sang-froid and order than these Highland Regiments."

A story is told which, though it may not be true, illustrates Campbell's character. At one period of the battle, the Guards Brigade was exposed to a very heavy artillery fire, and there was a tendency to hesitation among their ranks. An officer of "obscure rank" had the rashness to exclaim within Colin Campbell's hearing, "The Brigade of Guards will be destroyed; ought it not to fall back?" At this, Sir Colin's blood rose so high that the impassioned and far-resounding answer he gave was of a quality which must have taught a never-to-be-forgotten lesson to the officer to whom it was addressed. "It is better, sir, that every officer and man of Her Majesty's Guards should be dead on the field than that they should turn their backs upon the enemy!"

May such sentiments as these long remain the characteristic quality of the British soldier!

Of Inkerman, Balaklava, the Redan, the siege and fall of Sevastopol, the "Thin Red Line," when the Highland Brigade calmly confronted in line the onslaught of the Russian cavalry, at a period when the square was the approved formation, I should like to say much. Sir Colin's remarks upon this were: "Well! I did not think it worth while to form them even four

deep." How, as he rode along the front of his noble soldiers, conscious of the momentous responsibility: "Remember," said he, "there is no retreat from here, men! You must die where you stand." "Aye, aye, Sir Colin; we'll do that," came the quick reply. After the fall of Sevastopol, Campbell's position in the Crimea became exceedingly uncomfortable, for though by seniority he had become second in command, and it was known that General Simpson was about to vacate the chief command, the press at home was emphatic in its demand that a younger man than Sir Colin should be employed, and he could not but realise that the War Minister no longer desired his presence in the Crimea. This being the case, and having seen the Highland Division comfortably hutted for the winter, he set sail for England with the intention of tendering his resignation. Three days later Sir William Codrington was nominated to the chief command over his head.

To his old friend, Lord Hardinge, now Commander-in-Chief, he frankly acknowledged his bitter disappointment; "but," he added, "if Her Majesty should ask me to place myself under a junior officer, I could not resist any request of hers." He was promptly commanded to Windsor, where the gracious reception accorded him by the Queen and the Prince Consort struck a tender chord in his heart, and in a true spirit of loyalty he expressed to Her Majesty his readiness to return to the Crimea, and to serve under a corporal if she wished it."

Campbell returned to the Crimea, and resumed the command of the Highland Brigade; but peace was shortly afterwards proclaimed, and he returned to England.

Before his departure, he assembled the Highland Brigade, and though not much of an orator, took farewell of his men in the following words, words worthy alike of him and them: "Soldiers of the old Highland Brigade, with whom I have passed through this perilous war, I have now to take leave of you. In a few hours I shall be on board ship, never to see you again as a body. A long farewell! I am now old and shall not be called to serve any more; and nothing will remain to me but the memory of my campaigns, and the memory, too, of the enduring, hardy and generous soldiers with whom I have been associated, and whose name and glory will long be kept alive in the hearts of our countrymen. When you go home, each to his family and cottage, you will tell the story of your immortal advance in that victorious battle on the heights of Alma, and may speak of the old Brigadier who led you, and who loved you so well. Your children, and your children's children, will repeat the tale to other generations yet to come, when only a few lines of history will remain to record the enthusiasm and discipline which have borne you so stoutly to the end of this war. Our native land will never forget the name of the Highland Brigade. Though I shall be gone, the thought of you will go with me wherever I may be, and cheer my old age with glorious recollections of dangers confronted, hardships endured, and battles won. The bagpipes will ever carry me back to those bright days when I was at your head and wore the bonnet which you gained for me, and the honourable decorations on my breast. Brave soldiers, kind comrades, farewell!"

Little did Sir Colin think, when he uttered these words, that ere long he would find himself in command of those very men on another continent, ready to again display the same soldierly virtues which had already caused them the gratitude of their chief and countrymen.

In the beginning of 1857, the dread Mutiny broke over India. In May General Anson died, and on July 11th, when the news reached England, Lord Panmure at once sent for Sir Colin Campbell, and offered him the

command of the forces in India. This offer Campbell promptly accepted. As an instance of Campbell's wonderful energy, though he had for some time retired from military life and was well advanced in years, he expressed himself ready and willing to leave for India the following morning, but the Queen desiring an interview, he did not leave until two days later, He landed in Calcutta on 13th August.

The situation which faced him was gloomy almost to utter hopelessness, but the story of the Indian Mutiny is well known to you all; the splendid pluck, bravery, and endurance of those men, women, and children, under perils and trials the like of which it is difficult for the mind to conceive, and which I trust may never occur again. The names of such men as Havelock, Outram, Hope-Grant, Windham, Ewart, and Hodson will ever remain green in our memories, and their heroic deeds will be handed down as examples of British heroism. Through this time of trial, Colin Campbell set an example of courage, patience, and bravery, which was emulated by all ranks, so much so that Her Majesty the Queen wrote : " The Queen has many proofs already of Sir Colin Campbell's devotion to his Sovereign and country, but Sir Colin must bear one reproof from his Queen, and that is, that he exposes himself to danger too much ; his life is most precious, and she entreats that he will neither put himself where his noble spirit would urge him to be—foremost in danger, nor fatigue himself so as to injure his health."

The storming of the Secundrabagh, the Shah Nujif, the relief of Cawnpore, the seige and capture of Lucknow, the seige and capture of Jhansi, the pacification of Oude, which ended the Mutiny, I should like to enlarge upon, did time permit, but before bringing this Sentiment to a close, I must relate one or two stories which show Colin Campbell's character. Forbes Mitchell recounts the following episode : " Colonel Ewart," he says, " in the fighting inside the Secundrabagh, had captured a regimental colour from two native officers, both of whom he had killed ; seeing that the fight was over, Ewart, bareheaded, covered with blood, powder, and smoke, his eyes flashing with the excitement of the fray, ran up to where Sir Colin sat on his gray charger outside the gate of the Secundrabagh, and called out: " We are in full possession of the place, sir ! I have killed the two last of the army with my own hand, and here is one of their colours ! " Sir Colin had been chafed by events, and turned angrily on Ewart, " Damn your colours, sir ! " he thundered, " it is not your place to be taking colours ; go back to your Regiment this instant." Ewart turned away, much disconcerted ; but Forbes Mitchell adds that Sir Colin sent for the Colonel later in the day, apologised for his rudeness, and thanked him for his services.

Early in the Mutiny before Lucknow, Sir Colin's little army, barely five thousand strong, was drawn up for inspection. On the left of the line, in massive serried ranks, a waving sea of plumes and tartan, stood the 93rd Highlanders, who with loud cheers welcomed the veteran chief, who they knew so well and loved so warmly.

Till he reached the Highlanders, no cheer had greeted Sir Colin as he rode along the line of men to whom, as yet, he was a stranger. At the end of a short address to the men, he said, " 93rd ! you are my own lads. I rely on you to do yourselves and me credit ! " " Aye, aye, Sir Colin ! " answered a voice from the ranks. " Ye ken us and we ken you ; we'll bring the women and bairns out o' Lucknow or we'll leave our ain banes there ! " You all know how well they carried out their promise.

A story is handed down by an old 93rd man about Lord Clyde when he first met his favourites after having been raised to the peerage. He had

a great regard for old Pipe-Major John MacLeod. When Sir Colin took what he believed to be his final farewell of the 93rd upon leaving the Crimea in 1856, the last man he shook hands with was John MacLeod. When the s.s. "Mauritius," three years later, reached Calcutta with the 93rd aboard, the first man to recognise Sir Colin was John MacLeod, who simply electrified his comrades with the shout, "Lord, save us! Wha could hae believed it? Here's Sir Colin himsel'!" "Aye, aye, John," replied Sir Colin, "it's me, able to go through another campaign with you; little did I think when we last parted that I should hear the skirl of your pipes on the plains of India."

Upon meeting the Regiment, after becoming Lord Clyde, he, as usual, called the Pipe-Major to the front. John came to attention, saluted, and said, "I beg your pardon, Sir Colin, but we dinna ken hoo tae address you, noo that the Queen has made you a Lord!"

The old Chieftain replied, with just a touch of sadness in his voice, "Just call me Sir Colin, John; the same as in the old times; I like the old name best."

In June, 1857, while in Allahabad, a letter from Lord Derby, then Prime Minister, arrived, in which his Lordship intimated that he had been honoured with the Queen's commands "to signify to you Her Majesty's unqualified approval of the distinguished services you have rendered to Her Majesty and to the country as Commander-in-Chief of the armies in India. . . . Her Majesty deems the present a fitting moment for marking her high sense of your eminent and brilliant services by raising you to the dignity of a Peer of the United Kingdom, by such title as you may think it proper to assume." Sir Colin, with his innate modesty, at first shrank from the proffered honour, but at length became reconciled, and took the title of "Lord Clyde of Clydesdale," which title, however, he rarely used outside official circles. All his letters to intimate friends bear the initials C. C. or C. Campbell.

The Mutiny over, India relapsed into a state of profound peace, and Lord Clyde, after a period of rest, returned to England. In November, 1862, he was made a Field-Marshal, the highest honour to which a British officer can attain.

Though Lord Clyde had all which should accompany old age, honour, love, and friends, his health was gradually but visibly breaking up. He had never spared himself when duty called, but when the strain slackened, his constitution, which had been sadly tried, began to fail. The end of the old warrior came at last, somewhat suddenly; but to the last, his memory would revert to his Highland soldiers, whom he loved so well.

About noon, on 14th August, 1863, Lord Clyde, the veteran of many battles, calmly passed away.

Contrary to Lord Clyde's wishes, the Government, in unison with the feelings of the nation, held it fitting that a national tribute should be paid to his memory by according to his remains a resting-place in Westminster Abbey. Thither, on 22nd August, all that was mortal of him who had died the foremost soldier of Britain, was borne to rest, and there he lies among the brother warriors, statesmen, and other illustrious men who have made history and Great Britain what she is. On a plain stone marking his grave, is inscribed the following epitaph: Beneath this Stone rest the remains of COLIN CAMPBELL, LORD CLYDE, who, by his own deserts, through fifty years of arduous service, from the earliest battles in the Peninsular War to the Pacification of India in 1858, rose to the rank of Field-Marshal, and the Peerage. He died lamented by the Queen, the Army, and the People, 14th August 1863, in the 71st year of his age.

At the December meeting an interesting Sentiment entitled "George Outram, our Legal Lyrist," was given by Surgeon-General W. G. Don, M.D.

At the January meeting the congratulations of the Council were sent to Sir James Mackenzie Davidson, M.B., C.M., on his having received the honour of knighthood.

An extended musical programme was carried out at the end of the meeting, which proved to be a fine display of Scottish talent. Mr Patrick Gardiner proposed the toast of "Our Guests," and in an eloquent speech Mr Hope Gibson, of the St. Andrew's Society of the River Plate, responded. He referred to the work done for Scots in the Argentine and conveyed the greetings of his Society to what he called "The Parent Society of London."

At the Annual Festival on 25th January, 1912, 154 members and guests were present—74 ladies and 80 gentlemen. The President held a reception in the Throne Room of the Holborn Restaurant, and the dinner was served in the King's Hall.

"The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns" was proposed by the President, who gave a historical sketch of the poet's life, and, as on previous occasions, dancing was enjoyed after the banquet.

In connection with the misfortune that befell the s.s. "Titanic" in the Atlantic Ocean, the St. Andrew's Society of the River Plate remitted £44 13s., the proceeds of a concert at Buenos Aires, and asked that it be distributed among dependents of Scottish members of the ship's crew—the distribution to be in addition to any grants or help that might be given from any other funds. The distribution was made in accordance with the donors' wishes and to their entire satisfaction. As a mark of appreciation Mr John Douglas was elected an honorary life member of the River Plate Society, and a silver badge was awarded him.

During 1911 the rules of the Society were under discussion, and in February, 1912, the new rules were unanimously adopted.

After dinner at the February meeting an amusing Sentiment entitled " The Universal Scot " was given by Mr G. W. Thomson, J.P., and at the meeting in March Dr Guthrie Rankin gave in eloquent language a Sentiment entitled " Bonnie Jean."

At the April meeting Colonel James Cantlie, F.R.C.S., gave a racy Sentiment entitled " Remarks on Scottish Song Writers and their Themes." At the same meeting the toast of " Our Guests " was responded to by Colonel G. A. Malcolm, who was Commanding Officer of the London Scottish, and who, later, in September, 1914, had the honour of taking his Battalion overseas when it was the first Territorial unit that came into action.

At the Special Council meeting on 25th October, 1912, Mr G. W. Thomson, J.P., recited the following verses of his own composition :

" At home once more, sad summer gone,
With its distracting rain,
We hear the genial voice of Don,
And are ourselves again.

From flooded fields and dripping woods,
And black clouds bursting o'er 'em,
We turn to songs and merry moods,
And reels of Tullochgorum.

To famous salon, which at night
The haunt of many a wag is—
Shrill pipes that lead the dance or fight,
Pure mountain dew and haggis ;

Around the table cast your eyes,
Listen to song and story,
Behold a sight that fate defies,
The Major in his glory !

Douglas and Dick, Moncrieff and Freer—
All hail ! each jovial villain,
Gray, who grows younger every year,
And mellow-voiced Macmillan.

Brave loyal hearts, well tried and true,
A crowd there is no crank in,
Paton and Struthers and enthu-
siastic Dr Rankin !

We boast all talents, speech is strong
In Ciceronian brothers,
While some can sing a rousing song,
And some applaud the others.

But all the members, glad to meet,
Fill high and clink their glasses :
They love good whisky, humour neat,
And most of all the lasses ;

The rosy cheek, the winning glance,
Without one care or trouble,
Fair forms that glide through mazy dance
Still make one's old blood bubble.

I need not paint these hours of gold,
Or further make confession ;
Good luck to every comrade bold,
And to our coming session ! "

MAJOR BERNARD C. GREEN.
President, 1911–1912.

LOUDON MacQUEEN DOUGLAS.

F.R.S.E., F.S.A. (Scot.)

President, 1912–1913.

CHAPTER VIII.

1912-1913:
MR LOUDON MACQUEEN DOUGLAS, F.S.A. (SCOT.),
President.

A Travelled President: Agriculturist and Hill Climber: Sentiments, "Allan Ramsay and His Times," "Scots Fraserians," "Hogmanay," "Robert the Bruce and Scottish Independence:" The President on "Burns's Varying Moods:" Sentiments, "Abbotsford," "Boswell and Burns:" Visit to Bournemouth: Mr G. W. Thomson's Poem on a Continental Holiday: Thanks to Mr Moncrieff.

MR LOUDON MACQUEEN DOUGLAS was elected to the Presidency in 1912-1913. A Midlothian man, he has stuck to his native county and is proprietor of the Estate of Newpark, near West Calder, Midlothian. A Governing Director of William Douglas & Sons, Ltd., of London and Edinburgh, his business career has been divided between the two capitals. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland; and a Member of the Old Edinburgh Club. He is a Life Member of the Burns Club of London and of the Scottish Clans Association, and a Member of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society. He was the first President of the Scottish Society of Edin-

burgh, and was again elected President in 1924. He is also a Life Managing Governor of the Royal Scottish Corporation, London. For the Scottish Society he wrote "The Kilt," which was published in 1913. Mr MacQueen Douglas has travelled all over Europe, in South Africa, Rhodesia, the West Indies, and Argentina. He is a recognised authority on food questions, and he is the author of many books, pamphlets and articles on this subject. During the war Mr Douglas was connected in an advisory position with the Ministry of Food. He is Chairman of the Scottish Branch of the Large Black Pig Society, and takes a keen interest in the rearing of Large Blacks. His herd at Newpark is well known.

Among his recreations are mountaineering and hill-climbing, and he has climbed Ben Nevis, the Cuillin Hills in Skye, Braeriach, Ben Cruachan, the Cairngorms and Ben Macdhui, and has crossed and recrossed the Pentlands in all weathers as many as 500 times, in different directions.

At the November gathering the President gave a Sentiment entitled "Allan Ramsay and His Times" and said:

There was a time, notably in the seventeenth century, when the very existence of Scotland as a Nation depended upon the strong arm of her sons, and happily, in those periods of National danger, which preceded the opening of the eighteenth century, there was no lack of patriotic men ready to bear arms in the defence of Scotland's honour. The majority of men were soldiers from the very necessity of the case. At the end of the seventeenth century the country was thinly populated, there being about 1,000,000 Scottish people altogether. There were few temptations to attract Scotsmen abroad, except as soldiers of fortune, and the means of getting away to other countries were so primitive that our forefathers of those days had perforce to abide by their own.

In modern times things have changed somewhat, and cynical persons have been heard to say that a Scotsman might willingly die for his country, but nothing would persuade him to live in it. Be that as it may, I think we can profitably contemplate for a few moments that wonderful period of Scottish history, at the end of the seventeenth century, and well into the eighteenth century, when Scotland became famous for better things than feats of arms, and when the intellectual development of the nation resulted in the production of an irresistible flood of literature which has since captured the world.

Previous to the eighteenth century, Scotland had little literature of her own. The best men were too busy fighting the invader, or one another, to trouble about the writing of books, and the sole library in thousands of households consisted of the Bible. The taste for literature was not cultivated, and the nation really needed someone who would set the intellectual springs flowing, and bring into true perspective the great national genius. In those days the rugged hills did not appeal to the stranger, and fugitive English writers of that time have put on record their precious opinions that Scotland was a barbarous and desolate country. Even so late as 1753, we find Oliver Goldsmith, who was sadly deficient in knowledge of some things, saying that in Scotland " the hills and rocks intercept every prospect."

The earliest Scottish poet and man of letters of note, of the eighteenth century was Allan Ramsay, who first saw the light at the village of Leadhills in 1686. Situated in the Lowther Hills, amongst other things it is celebrated as being the highest inhabited village in Scotland. It has great mineral wealth, so much so, that it has been described in later times as " God's treasure house in Scotland." It was here, and at the village of Crawford nearbye, that Ramsay's youth was spent, and there is no doubt that, in later years, he drew copiously upon his recollections of those pastoral scenes, amidst which he was brought up.

In 1701 Ramsay came to Edinburgh to take up the business of wig-maker, which was then a fairly lucrative trade, and, as he stayed the remainder of his life in that city, he must have witnessed many a quaint scene, and stirring episode. It would not be difficult from the materials available, to weave around Ramsay's life much interesting history of the times; and, to survey the busy throng in the High Street, Edinburgh, from his wig-maker's shop, would be interesting indeed. For Edinburgh was still the capital of Scotland, in the supreme sense that the Scottish Parliament met there, and attracted to the town 145 nobles and 160 commoners during the session; so that there was plenty of business for the wig-makers. It was not till 1707 that the union with England was consummated. That was " the end o' an auld sang " said Lord Chancellor Seafield, when the Treaty of Union was ratified. But, there were many bitter recriminations, which time has happily healed. It was said that the English Party had got the best of the deal, and put the Scotsman in his place once and for all. I believe that opinion has been greatly modified since then!

In the year when Ramsay came to Edinburgh, the old Scottish Capital was still intact, as it was not till six years later that the union with England was accomplished, and it may be said that, in those years the capital city was the centre of the social and political life in Scotland. It must be remembered that travelling was a very different matter, as may be gathered from the fact that there was a stage coach once a month from the Grassmarket in Edinburgh to London, and the journey of 12 to 16 days was one of considerable trial and peril. News also travelled slowly, and it was not an uncommon thing for pious clergy to make queer mistakes, and to thank God for glorious victories which had been ignoble defeats, and to supplicate for the King's life to be spared, when His Majesty had been dead and buried many weeks. One clerical worthy, under these circumstances, realised that he had given currency to erroneous information on the previous Sunday, and, as he ascended the pulpit, quaintly remarked: " My brethren, it was a' lees I tell't ye last Sabbath."

The social life of the capital was of course influenced by the meeting of Parliament in the City. The City walls contracted the area so much, that

Edinburgh was practically one long street of about one mile in length, stretching from Holyrood Palace to the Castle and intersected at intervals with many closes and wynds which still exist. As the area was limited, the houses sometimes, as may be seen at the present day, reached 10 or 12 storeys in height spreading out as they mounted higher, so that those who resided in the top storeys could freely converse with one another across the street. After the year 1720, when tea became fashionable, it was quite common for the upper storey residents to take tea with their neighbours opposite. This congestion, however, had many disadvantages, and as the hygienic arrangements were practically non-existent, it was necessary to collect the garbage of the household during the day, and regularly about 10 o'clock each night this was emptied from the higher windows into the street below, not unseldom to fall on some unwary passer by. On the warning call of " Gardy loo " (Gardez l'eau) the piteous appeal of the belated traveller below might have been heard calling out " Haud yer hand ! " It is curious to note that the higher landings on the closely-packed wynds were considered more aristocratic, for in the narrow stairways commoners and nobles passed and repassed to and from their houses, all huddled together in one community, with little or no distinctions pertaining to rank, and it is difficult to imagine how the ladies of the period negotiated those narrow staircases with huge hoops round their dresses, extending frequently to a diameter of 5 or 6 feet. The ladies were rather free of speech, and a good example may be given of this : a dame of distinguished family of that period, when driving home one night, was awakened by the carriage being suddenly stopped by the coachman who told her in explanation that he had seen " a fa'in' star." " And what hae ye to do wi' the stars, I wad like to ken ? " said his mistress. " Drive on this moment and be damned to you," adding in a lower tone, as was her wont, " as Sir John wad ha' said if he had been alive, honest man."

The men of the period were essentially of a convivial character, and drinking to excess was the order of the day. At 11.30 in the morning, when St. Giles' Church bell rang out, the citizens of all ranks sallied forth to get what was called their " meridian," which was usually a good drink, notwithstanding the fact that breakfast had already seen them indulging in ale, sack, claret or brandy ; tea and coffee being then quite unknown. At 4 in the afternoon, the ladies had what was called their " four hours " and, until 1720 at least, drank freely of ale and claret. This condition of things can be better understood when it is remembered that the amusements of the town were very few. In place of healthy recreation excessive drinking was the main pleasure, and this was carried on in subterranean taverns, all over the City. Some of these places had pious legends inscribed over the doors, such for example, as one of the more notorious of them called " Douglas's Tavern," which bore this inscription over the doorway, " Oh Lord, in Thee is all my trust."

There is no doubt that the unutterable dulness of much of the social life was due to the narrow-minded bigotry of the Church, which looked upon all gaiety with displeasure. The Presbyterian Clergy and Kirk Sessions constituted themselves the guardians of the people's pleasure and, with a tryanny long since passed away, prevented much innocent enjoyment. Hence many secret clubs came into existence, and the tavern was the common resort for both men and women.

Such were some of the features of Edinburgh at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and it will be acknowledged that the atmosphere was hardly conducive to the production of a great poet. But fate ruled otherwise and

even then the future poet was laying in a stock of knowledge which was to stand him in good stead later on, for, after Allan Ramsay came to Edinburgh in 1701, he not only learned his trade, but he became a deep student of such scanty literature as he could get hold of. He was bitterly opposed to the union with England in 1707, and, as he was powerless to alter it, took refuge in literature; as he says himself he had "rowth of good reading to wile my heart from what cannot be mended now—the sale o' our unhappy Country to the Southern Alliance by a wheen traitors." In this way, between 1707 and 1711, he became a student of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Ben Jonson, and the early English poets. Of Scottish poets there were so few that he must needs confine himself to such authors as Drummond of Hawthornden, Robert Semple who wrote "The Life and Works of the Piper of Kilbarchan," William Cleland the author of "The Highland Host;" the Earl of Stirling; William Hamilton of Gilbertfield, whose "The Dying Words of Bonnie Heck," inspired Ramsay to write in the Scots vernacular—

"When I begoud first to cun verse,
And could your Ardry Whins rehearse,
Where Bonnie Heck ran fast an' fierce,
It warm'd my breast;
Then emulation did me pierce,
Whilk since ne'er ceast."

He became a Member of the Easy Club, and issued various poems which were published in the form of penny or half-penny sheets, as was the custom in those days. They were sold at the Ballad Stalls, which were then quite an institution, and he became so famous that women would send out their children with a half-penny or a penny to buy "Ramsay's latest piece."

His most ambitious attempt was in 1716, when he issued the incomplete poem of "Christ's Kirk on the Green" attributed to James First of Scotland, and he continued the story in second and third cantos; but his happiest poems were undoubtedly those of the pastoral character. He gave up his wig-making, and became a bookseller, having Mercury as a sign over his shop, and so prosperous was he that he opened, in 1725, the first circulating library in the United Kingdom, against which Woodrow the Divine lifted up his voice in wild protest; "profaneness," he said, "is come to a great height; all the villainous profane and obscene books and plays printed in London by Curle and others are got down by Allan Ramsay and lent out for an easy price to young boys, servant girls of the better sort, and gentlemen, and vice and obscenity are dreadfully propagated."

It was in 1721 that Ramsay first issued an edition of his poems, and from that moment his prosperity began. He had high hopes and ambitions concerning his book, and expresses them in an address after the style of Horace, which concludes the volume—

"..... Gae spread my fame,
And fix me an immortal name;
Ages to come shall thee revive,
And gar thee with new honours live;
The future critics, I foresee,
Shall have their notes on notes, on thee;
The wits unborn shall beauties find,
That never entered in my mind."

These poems brought Ramsay commendation and approval from Gay, Pope, Hogarth and many others, but it was more especially for poems in the Scots vernacular that Ramsay received the highest praise. From 1721 onwards he published different volumes, some of which redounded to his credit, while others were indeed very questionable.

Ramsay's songs, said Mr Douglas, will live as long as the Scottish language is remembered, and as examples he quoted "The Lass of Patie's Mill," "Lochaber no More," "The Yellow-Hair'd Laddie," and "The Broom of Cowdenknows." He deftly reviewed "The Gentle Shepherd," which was Ramsay's masterpiece and was given to the world in 1725. "It is more to this play than to any others that Ramsay's fame is due," was the comment of the President, who concluded his appreciation and criticism of the gifted Allan thus—

"The Gentle Shepherd" has stood the test of time, and was described by Burns as being the most glorious poem ever written. It will be remembered that when Burns visited Edinburgh on that memorable journey his first care when he had settled his lodgings was to enquire for the shop which belonged to the author of the Gentle Shepherd. His second visit was, as will be remembered, to the grave of the Poet Fergusson, in the old Canongate Churchyard, and it is to the pen of Burns that we are indebted for the beautiful epitaph, which appears on the tomb of Ramsay, who died in 1758, and was laid to rest in Greyfriars Churchyard, Edinburgh.

The words by Burns are singularly beautiful, and it is interesting to note that they are inscribed on the tombs of both Fergusson and Allan Ramsay—

"No sculptured marble here, no pompous lay,
No storied urn, no animated bust;
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way,
To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust."

It would be idle to attempt to refer here to the many works accomplished by Allan Ramsay. His writings were so numerous and diversified as to fill many volumes, but for the most part, all these miscellaneous writings, with the exception of some songs and "The Gentle Shepherd," have been forgotten.

He was a remarkable product of a time when Scotland was in a state of transition, and when conditions were being created which would enable a man of letters to prosper.

Ramsay was the first of a brilliant host of Scottish men of letters, who lived during the 18th century; a century which gave birth to such writers as David Hume, Adam Smith, Dugald Stewart, James Thomson, Tobias Smollett, Lady Nairne, Robert Fergusson, Robert Burns, Sir Walter Scott, and a host of others of lesser greatness; but all of whom contributed to the establishment of that kingdom of letters which is one of Scotland's proudest possessions.

On the same evening Mr John Murray Gibbon, author of "Scots in Canada," the Right Hon. Ian Macpherson, M.P., and Dr Lunge replied to the toast of "Our Guests."

It was decided to discontinue the dance after the Festival Dinner, and a proposal to have a separate Cinderella Dance at another time was discussed, but as the promised support was small, the matter was left in abeyance.

At the meeting in December an interesting Sentiment on "Scots Fraserians," illustrated by reproductions of sketch portraits of Daniel MacLise, R.A., was given by Mr Peter MacEwan.

Before the Great War, many of the Presidents gave dinners to the Members and Council and their wives, and although it was not the custom to make reference to these in the minutes, the Hogmanay dinner given to the Members of Council and their ladies in 1912, must be mentioned so that Surgeon-General Don's paper on "Hogmanay" may be referred to. After speaking of the various explanations of the derivation of the word, the speaker said :

The celebration of New Year's Eve is not a part and is not historically connected with Christmas ; although the Churches hold "Watch-Night Services ;" but is really a survival of the heathen seasonal festivals of the Roman Saturnalia and Teutonic "Yule," upon which, indeed, Christmas festivities have been closely based.

The term "Yule" is said by Skeat to signify joy, rejoicing, on the attainment of the winter solstice, in the last December days, when the great sun sinks to his lowest declination south, and immediately begins his ecliptic journey back again ; an occasion to call forth common gladness in welcoming the return of the glorious god of day, to revivify nature, and bring to us in our northern latitude the idyllic "lang simmer days."

Hogmanay, then, we may regard as a climax of the Yule festival in ushering in the New Year ; when, on the stroke of midnight we seek to bury past evils, and cause future hope to spring, in first footings, hand shakings, mutual goodwill, and congratulations all round.

In my young days Hogmanay and the New Year were continued festivals, celebrated by boys in various curious mummeries of which I shall give two examples.

After dark on Hogmanay we sallied forth to neighbouring houses in quest of bounty, which was seldom refused, chanting at the doors the following doggerel appeal, always addressed to the mistress of the domicile—

"Get up guidwife and shak your feathers,
An' dinna think that we be beggars ;
For we are bairns come out to play,
Rise up and gie's oor Hogmanay."

In response we got bawbees, apples, bits of bread, etc., and one kindly old dame always laid in " heckle-biscuit for the laddies."

On New Year's Day we prepared to enact, either in public or at home, the curious play of " Golaschin," which is apparently of mediæval origin in the days of the romantic knights; for antiquaries state that versions of this tragic tale are found in the folk-lore of almost every European country.

Alas! it seems now fading away in our boyhood circles, so let me say something of it, before I give my version of it.

Golaschin, which has a Slavonic sound, presents the features of the so-called " Miracle " or " Mystery Plays " of the middle ages, an essential element of which was the intervention of magic and sorcery; it naturally varies in structure and persons introduced in different districts, even of the same country; in some Scottish versions the hero is Wallace Wight; but the invariable kernel of the legend is in the slaying of a gallant knight, or national hero, and his miraculous revival by magical thaumaturgy.

I take some credit to myself for recovering the following version.

At Christmas, 1888, I visited my dear old sister Margaret (Mrs Elder), then residing in Hamilton; a woman with a marvellous memory in all branches of Scottish folk-lore. In recalling former days the play of Golaschin turned up, as we acted it in our Forfarshire home many years before, and I then and there wrote it out, and sent it to the *Scotsman* which published it on Hogmanay, 1888.

The play is puerile and inconsequent, and the actors very incongruous; yet, it has odd allusions such as to the West Indies and the Spanish shore, which, with the Admiral who figures, are suggestive of buccaneering days.

But perhaps the strongest thing is, that all the versions I have known in Eastern Scotland are in quite modern English, with a mere spice, here and there, of our own vernacular. This would seem to indicate they are comparatively recent translations from antique sources; the quaint humour of Dr Brown is, however, quite homely.

As we acted Golaschin, five characters were introduced, severally disguised in coloured paper hats and caps, belts and feathers, false noses, etc., and all, except Dr Brown, girt about with wooden swords.

(1) Sir Alexander, a country gentleman; (2) Farmer's Son, a bucolic bumpkin; (3) Admiral, a fighting sea-dog; (4) Golaschin, a knightly hero; and (5) Dr Brown, a fat, funny physician.

The play opens: Enter Sir Alexander, who sings:

" Good people all come round,
And listen to my song;
My name's Sir Alexander,
I won't detain you long.
There are but five of us, sirs,
And merry boys are we;
And we are going a-hunting,
Some houses for to see;
Some houses for to see, sirs,
Some pleasure for to have,
And what you freely give us
We freely shall receive.
The first young man that I call in,
He is a farmer's son:
He is afraid he'll lose his love,
Because he is too young."

Farmer's Son enters and sings :

" Though I be too young, sir,
I've money for to rove ;
And I will freely spend it all,
Before I lose my love."

Sir Alexander sings :

" The next young man that I call in,
He is a hero fine,
His cap is to the Admiral,
And all his men are mine."

Admiral enters and sings :

" Here come I the Admiral,
The Admiral stout and bold,
Who fought the battle on the deck,
And gained three crowns of gold."

Sir Alexander sings :

" The next young man that I call in,
Golaschin is his name ;
The bravest Knight in all the land,
Of glory and of fame."

Golaschin enters and sings :

" Here come I, Golaschin,
Golaschin of renown,
With sword and dagger by my side,
And hope to gain the crown."

Admiral sings to Golaschin :

" The crown sir, the crown, sir,
Is not into your power ;
I'll slay you and slash you,
In less than half-an-hour."

Golaschin sings to Admiral :

" My head is made of fire, sir,
My body is well steeled ;
And with my bloody weapon,
I'll slay you on the field."

Admiral sings to Golaschin :

" I'll do the best that I can do,
While I have power to stand ;
While I have power to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand."

Sir Alexander sings :

" Here are two champions going to fight,
That never fought before,
I'm not going to separate them,
Pray, what can I do more ?
Fight on, fight on, my merry boys,
Fight on, fight on with speed ;
I'll give any man a thousand pounds,
Who can lay Golaschin dead."

They fight, the farmer's son joining in the melee. Golaschin is slain. Sir Alexander, fiercely, to farmer's son :

" Oh what is this, oh what is this,
Oh what is this you've done ?
You have slain Golaschin,
And on the ground he's lain ! "

Farmer's son to Sir Alexander :

" It was not me that did the deed,
Quite innocent of the crime ;
It was the fellow behind my back,
That drew his sword so fine."

Admiral to Farmer's son :

" Oh ! you are the villain,
To lay the blame on me ;
For my two eyes were shut, sir,
When this young man did dee."

Sir Alexander, reproachfully to Admiral :

" Why could your eyes be shut, sir,
When I was looking on ;
Why could your two eyes shut be,
When both the swords were drawn ? "

Admiral to Sir Alexander :

" If I have slain Golaschin,
Golaschin I will cure,
And I will make him rise and sing,
In less than half-an-hour."

Shouts : " Call the Doctor. Is there any Doctor to be found ? "

Enter Dr Brown, funny and fat, and speaks :

" Here come I, Dr Brown,
The best Doctor in all the town."

Admiral, in dialogue : " What makes you so good, sir ? "

Doctor : " Why, for my travels."

Admiral : " And where have you travelled ? "

Doctor : " From hickerty-pickerty, hedgehog, three times round the West Indies, and back to old Scotland."

Admiral : " Is that all, sir ? "

Doctor : " No, Sir ! "

Admiral : " What more ? "

Doctor : " Why, I've travelled from fireside to chairside, from chairside to stoolside, from stoolside to tableside, from tableside to bedside, from bedside to press-side, and got many a good lump of bread and butter from my mother ; and that's the way my belly's so big."

Admiral : " Is that all, sir ? "

Doctor : " Yes, sir ! "

Admiral : " What will you take to cure a dead man ? "

Doctor : " Nine pounds and a bottle of wine."

Admiral : " I'll give you six."

Doctor : " Six won't do."

Admiral : " I'll give you eight."

Doctor : " I wouldn't have it."

Admiral: "Nine pounds, then, and a bottle of wine." Doctor, takes bottle, and putting it to Golaschin's nose, says: "Put the smell of the bottle to his nose, with some hoxy-croxy for behind, and make him rise and sing."

Golaschin rises and sings cheerfully:

"Once I was dead, sir,
And now I'm alive;
Blessed be the Doctor,
That made me revive."

All join hands, dance round, singing in chorus:

"Bless the master of this house,
The mistress good also,
And all the little children,
That round the table go.
We'll all shake hands,
We'll never fight no more;
With our pockets full of money,
And our barrels full of beer,
We'll all go a-drinking,
Around the Spanish shore,
Hurrah! for a Happy New Year!"

At the January meeting a historical sketch entitled, "Robert the Bruce, and Scottish Independence," was given as a Sentiment by Mr Alexander Bruce.

At the Annual Festival on 25th January, 69 ladies and 76 gentlemen sat down. The guests were received by the President and Miss Douglas in the Throne Room of the Holborn Restaurant, and, as usual, the dinner was in the King's Hall.

In proposing "The Immortal Memory" the President said:

It would be idle to attempt to trace the evolution of Burns's mind. He seems in his short life to have had three distinct periods. The first of these may be set down as that which he spent in Ayrshire up to his 28th year, when his genius was sternly held in subjection by poverty. The second may be called the Edinburgh period, and was all too short, extending, as it did, to about two years, when the rural poet really discovered himself. The third was that dreary eight years to the close of his career, when he rose again to posthumous fame, such as has fallen to the lot of few men of letters. The faults of Burns—the faults of his environment—were many, and we have not been allowed to forget them. There is a certain school of critics indeed, who would like us to remember nothing else, but it is not to the faults of the poet that we pay our tribute; it is to the genius which could not be crushed by adversity and poverty. The study, therefore, of Burns in varying moods would seem to be a topic which might lead us to

a fuller understanding of what he really did, and in how incredibly short a time his master-pieces were composed. He passed from the grave to the gay quickly, and the mood of " The Cottar's Saturday Night " might soon give place to the mood of " Tam o' Shanter." Even, as will be remembered, in that witch story, with its wild and reckless air, we find the sublime and the ridiculous curiously intermingled. The contrast is best seen by taking two portions of the poem, just as they follow one another, thus—

" Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drowned himsel' amang the nappy.
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed,
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever."

The genius of the poet first displayed itself in the writing of songs, and if he had done nothing else, they alone would have placed him on the highest pinnacle of fame. Naturally, when there are so many, they present many different views of the poet's mind. Many are pure love songs of the highest order, such as " Highland Mary," " Of a' the airts the wind can blaw," or " To Mary in Heaven," and these may be contrasted with such rollicking themes as " O, Willie brewed a peck o' maut," or " Rattlin' Roarin' Willie."

Burns must have written hundreds of songs, and, curious as it may seem to us, he refused any kind of payment for most of them. That quality of independence which he possessed would not permit of his bartering his muse for any mercenary consideration whatever. The same spirit is displayed in many of his songs. He was a patriot pure and simple, and had always—

" A wish (I mind its power)
A wish that to my latest hour,
Will strongly heave my breast,
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some useful plan or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least."

That he realised these ambitions, the world acknowledges. He not only made the songs for the Scottish people, but for many nations besides. Such a song as " Auld Lang Syne " expresses the sentiments of friendship in such a way as to appeal irresistibly to the universal heart. But a greater song even than " Auld Lang Syne" is Bruce's Address to his Army at Bannockburn—

" Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled;
Scots wham Bruce has aften led!
Welcome to your gory bed, or to victory."

Such a song is worthy to be classed as amongst the best that have ever been written. It has become a song of liberty, and will never cease to appeal to that patriotism and love of freedom which have ever been the characteristics of the Scottish people.

The Gold Medal of the Society was, as usual, presented to the immediate Past-President, Major Bernard C. Green, and also to Mr John Douglas, F.S.A. (Scot.), as a mark of appreciation of his five years' service as Honorary Secretary.

The toast of " Our Guests " was responded to by Sir William Ramsay, K.C.B., F.R.S., and the Hon. Sir John Taverner proposed the toast of " The President."

At the February meeting the news of the death of Mr Renders, the amiable manager of the Holborn Restaurant, was received with profound sorrow. Mr Renders had endeared himself to the members by his never-failing attention and keen interest in everything pertaining to the society, and his loss was felt as a personal one. A wreath was sent as a token of respect from the Society and a letter of condolence to the family was gratefully acknowledged.

Mr T. R. Moncrieff was to have given a Sentiment entitled "Abbotsford," but, owing to illness, was not able to be present and his paper was read by the Hon. Secretary, Mr John Douglas. It was as follows :

There are in Scotland two spots peculiarly hallowed as literary shrines. To these two shrines all Scots in Scotland that can compass opportunity make pious pilgrimage. From beyond Scotland, again, there wend to these two shrines all Scots all the world over, Scots by birth, Scots by parentage, Scots by remoter lineage, visiting the revered land of their early memories, their parents' records, their forefathers' graves and their favourite reading. To these two shrines there furthermore flock from both hemispheres and distant parts of the earth, in continuous droves, visitors who, Scottish neither by nativity nor parentage nor lineage, have yet, through their reading, become vassals of Scotland. These two shrines are—need it be said—one Alloway, two miles south of the town of Ayr, birthplace of Scotland's national bard Robert Burns; the other Abbotsford, mausoleum, as it may be called, of the most famous interpreter of Scottish scenery and history, Walter Scott of the wizard pen. And whereas, among the native Scottish pilgrims, Alloway is accorded the more fervid worship, to Abbotsford there streams a far larger volume of devotees from all ends of the earth.

Born in Edinburgh Scott was yet of a thorough Border stock. His pedigree is traceable, in straight succession, up to John Scott, of Harden, the " Lamiter," a younger son of a Duke of Buccleuch in the 14th century. John's son, William " the Boltfoot " was a notable Border Knight. Later we come to " Auld Wat," the " Harden " of the Last Minstrelsy, and a hero of many adventures. Hand in hand with the Earl of Bothwell, Wat went on plundering raids. From one excursion alone they brought home booty

including 4000 sheep, 200 cattle, 40 horses, and £2000 worth of goods. With Scott of Buccleuch, too, Wat rescued Armstrong of Kinmont. Further down the line are " Beardie " and his son Robert, both figuring in the introductory epistles to " Marmion."

Having had a fall out with his father, Robert set up as a farmer at Sandyknowe and in all the country side was distinguished as a sportsman and a particularly judicious counsellor to boot. Marrying a daughter of Thomas Haliburton of New Mains he begat a numerous offspring. One of them, a sailor, ultimately settled at Rosebank near Kelso. The eldest son, Walter, was the first of the family to turn his back on life in the open and shut himself up in Edinburgh. A Writer to the Signet, Walter was not cunning enough to make a fortune by his profession. He was a stickler for the old Scottish fashions and withal a Calvinist. In him, therefore, the old Border life of sturt and strife had experienced the discipline of Scottish Presbyterianism and the religious reverence characterising it. In 1728 Walter married the eldest daughter of John Rutherford and grand-daughter on the mother's side of Sir John Swinton, of famous warlike pedigree. Of this union came the world-known Walter Scott, born in Edinburgh, 1771.

Descendant, accordingly, of adventurous forayers and gallant fighters, Scott was of martial blood. Had he followed his native bent he would have been a soldier, a man of action. His brother Robert served in the Navy under Rodney. Another brother, John, rose to be Major in the Army. Circumstances, however, constrained Walter to find vent for his warlike prowess, not by the sword but by the pen. Scott became bard, in verse but still more in prose, of mediæval and especially Scottish chivalry. Of Scott more than of most writers it may be said that he had pulsing in his blood the pith and virtue of every line he wrote. He had it in him to match his word with his deed. With Scott writing was but a substitute for fighting.

When a child but eighteen months old, Watty fell into a teething fever which crippled him in the use of his right leg and bequeathed him a limp for life. But, unlike poor Byron, Scott " whistled o'er the lave o't." The child was, therefore, sent to his grandfather's at Sandyknowe, right in the heart of the Border country, amid the landscape and in the atmosphere of all his ancestors. Here the sturdy chap rapidly gained robust health and overflowed with continuous good spirits. The grandfather poured into his delighted ear the ballads and stories of the derring-do of the old moss troopers, Jamie Telfer o' the Fair Dodhead, Auld Wat of Harden, Johnnie Armstrong o' Gilnockie, Thomas the Rhymer and other like worthies of the Border. In a volume of Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany there was the ballad of Hardyknute. Hearing it read the responsive boy greedily caught it up by heart and would recite it again and again with overmastering enthusiasm. It was the first poem he ever learned, and the last he would ever forget. From Sandyknowe hillock and Tower the boy's thirsty eyes drank in the best of the Borderland which was destined to be the theatre of all the more characteristic works of his life. Close at hand were Mertoun's Halls; a little way off to the West the " Brother Stanes " and the legendary ground of the herd laddie that grew to be St. Cuthbert. Beyond is Bemersyde (" Betide, betide, whate'er betide, Haig shall be Haig of Bemersyde "); in the farther distance Dryburgh, Melrose, Gala Water, the Ettrick and Yarrow streams, and above and beyond all the silvery Tweed. Looking in another direction you see Ruberslaw, Penielheugh, Carter Fell and, afar, the Blue Cheviots bounding it all in.

The whole is reproduced with fond art in a passage in the Introduction of the Third Canto of "Marmion."

In his boyhood when travelling with his father from Selkirk to Melrose, the old man pulled up at the foot of an eminence and said, "We must get out here, Walter, and see a thing quite in your line." His father then led him to an acclivity about half a mile above the Tweed at Abbotsford whence a stone marks—

"Where gallant Cessford's lifeblood dear
Reeked on dark Elliot's border spear."

Pass we next to the Liddesdale Raids. Every vacation from 1792, when he was admitted to the Faculty of Advocates, to 1798 Scott made a "raid" into the Cheviots, Northumberland or the Highlands, riding free and far on his stout Galloway, through bog and brake, gathering in every year a goodly harvest of history, legends, and minstrelsy of all the region he traversed, the raw material of all his later poetry and romance. Accompanying him on these raids was Shortreed, Sheriff Substitute of Roxburgh. "Ah me," says Shortreed, "sic an unco fund o' humour and drollery as constantly bubbled ower with him. Never ten yards but we were either laughing or roaring and singing."

Is it, then, a thing of wonder that Scott's life should have culminated in Abbotsford? Was not Scott's ideal of life feudal? In an essay read 1789, when only 18 years of age, Scott argued how the feudal system was no invention of any particular era but the natural product of certain social conditions. To Scott no situation on earth seemed so desirable in every respect as that of a chief, a landlord cultivating a certain ample domain of land to be handed down as a sacred patrimony from generation to generation. The station of laird, did it not comprise in it the capacity of the noble humane relationship of protective head on one side and faithful tenantry on the other? To what better purpose could Scott devote the store of money fast accumulating from copyrights, official income, etc., than to establish himself as a Laird? The greater Shakespeare, too, after giving the prime and marrow of his days to the drama and enriching the world with representations of life the deepest, and pulsing with a maximum of vitality, contemplated the felicity of spending the serene evening of life in his native Stratford in the noble position of landlord.

When, therefore, in 1811, the now famous Scott determined on becoming a Tweedside Laird, he fixed on the little property so long of peculiar interest to him. In a letter to his brother-in-law Scott confesses to the pride which he and his wife would have in being greeted as Laird and Lady of Abbotsford. It seems droll to note how Scott thought the title of Laird gave distinction to him, and not he distinction to the title. Not improbably in the South Scotland of Scott's youth lairds stood at a higher level than landlords in general now stand in Britain.

Lockhart alleges that the site chosen by Scott was known locally as Clarty Hole. I need not explain to any fellow-countryman here exactly what condition of land that description indicates. But the curious thing is that an examination of the title deeds shows the original name of the land to have been Cartley or Cartlaw Hole and that Clarty whether suitable or not was merely a local play on the real name.

Henceforth Clarty Hole was to be abandoned and from the ford at the junction of the Tweed and the Gala used by the abbots of long ago Scott was to derive the classical designation of his Lairdship.

A characteristic description of the site is contained in Sir Walter's letter to Leyden, of date 25th August, 1811—

" The best domestic intelligence is that the Sheriff of Selkirkshire, his lease of Ashestiel being out, has purchased about a hundred acres, extending along the banks of the Tweed just above the confluence of the Gala, and about three miles from Melrose. There, saith fame, he designs to bigg himself a bower—sibi et amicis—and happy will he be when India shall return you to a social meal at his cottage. The place looks at present very like ' poor Scotland's gear.' It consists of a bank and haugh as poor and bare as Sir John Falstaff's regiment; though I fear, ere you come to see, the verdant screen I am about to spread over its nakedness will have in some degree removed this reproach. But it has a wild, solitary air, and commands a splendid reach of the Tweed; and, to crown all, in the words of Touchstone, ' it is a poor thing, but mine own.' "

It would have been well if the domain of Abbotsford had not increased beyond its original hundred acres. But Scott was bitten with the true land hunger. He extended the grounds of Abbotsford to include the Rhymer's Glen where it is said that True Thomas used to meet the Queen of Faerie, and he enclosed the scene of the battle of Melrose at Darnick Bridge—the last great feudal battle of the Borders—where in 1526 Scott of Buccleuch sought to wrest the youthful James V. from the hands of the Earl of Angus.

On the North the estate is bounded by Cauldshiels Loch, and here in 1817 Scott wrote what has been described as the most personally pathetic of his verses—

" The sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill
In Ettrick's vale is sinking sweet;
The westland wind is hushed and still
The lake lies sleeping at my feet."

It is said that even these acquisitions of land interesting in song and story did not satisfy Scott. He cast longing eyes upon Faldonside towards the west of Abbotsford and actually offered £30,000 for it. Faldonside was owned in 1566 by Andrew Ker, who shared in the murder of Rizzio, and it is worthy of note that he married the widow of John Knox.

The flitting from Ashestiel took place at Whitsunday, 1812, and, as described by Scott in a letter to Lady Alvanley, it must have been a comical business: " The neighbours," he wrote, " have been much delighted with the procession of furniture, in which old swords, bows, targets, and lances made a very conspicuous show. A family of turkeys was accommodated within the helmet of some warrior of ancient Border fame; and the very cows, for aught I know, were bearing banners and muskets."

For the next twelve years Abbotsford was in the building, going through the stages of a mere cottage which it was at first, then to that of a villa, finishing up finally with what Scott termed a " manor house " albeit a " castle " more or less.

One is bound to confess, that Abbotsford has rarely met with hearty approval. Carlyle and Hugh Miller, the one a mason and the other a mason's son, both had their fling at it. Dean Stanley wrote: " A place to see once but never again." Even the genial author of " Rab and His Friends," and one of Scott's greatest admirers, denounced the ugly Abbotsford, while Ruskin condemned it from roof to cellar. " Scott," he said, " notwithstanding all his nonsense about moonlight at Melrose, had not the slightest feeling of the real beauty and application of Gothic architecture." The truth is that

Scott greatly admired the ancient baronial style and without any definite set plan tried to reproduce many of its most striking features. Present-day visitors really see little of the exterior and it is much to be regretted that a building so full of interest cannot be inspected more fully.

So far as the interior is concerned there has been much less grumbling, though Carlyle had his not unusual growl. "There is," he wrote, "endless, altogether deplorable correspondence about marble slabs for tables—wainscoting of rooms, curtains and the trimmings of curtains, orange-coloured or fawn-coloured. To cover the walls of a stone house in Selkirkshire with knick-knacks, ancient armour, and genealogical shields, what can we name it but a being bit with a delirium of a kind." Carlyle slipped here, for Abbotsford is not in Selkirkshire but in Roxburghshire.

There is a fine illusion of antiquity about the chief rooms which are open to the public. One enters by means of a lane leading from the Selkirk road into the basement.

The sightseer begins with the study which is much in the same condition as Scott left it. Many of you will remember that it communicates by a private staircase with the bedroom above. In the study is the desk at which most of the Waverleys were written. In the turret room adjoining, the solitary object is the death mask of the great author. The majesty of the forehead is there, and there also is determined pride, but the corners of the mouth droop with pitiful weariness.

The library is the largest and finest room in the house. Here is the Chantrey Bust of Sir Walter which Lockhart said "alone preserves for posterity the cast of expression most fondly remembered by all who mingled in Scott's domestic circle," while interesting relics of Scott are contained in the glass table by the fine bow window.

In the drawing room, which is still hung with the Chinese paper presented in 1822 by Captain Hugh Scott, is the painting of Sir Walter by Raeburn.

The armoury runs right across the house and forms a sort of ante-room between the dining and drawing rooms. The contents represent what is one of the finest private collections of arms in the world. Here are Rob Roy's gun, sword, dirk and sporran. Here too are Claverhouse's pistols, the rifle of Andrew Hoffer, the Tyrolese patriot, and, most famous of all, the sword of the great Marquis of Montrose. The keys of Loch Leven Castle, salved from the Loch bottom, share a place with the crucifix of Queen Mary whom for so long they shut in within narrow walls.

In the armoury is the grate of Archbishop Sharpe, the pulpit of Ralph Erskine, the keys of the Tolbooth, Marie Antoinette's clock. There are, too, the portraits of Prince Charles Edward from which the descriptions of the Chevalier in "Waverley" were evidently taken, the silver brooch of Flora Macdonald, the quaich of Burns, while outside at the gate hang the jougs, the sinister emblem of baronial power from Thrieve Castle in Galloway, once an ancient stronghold of the Douglas. Indeed this house of Abbotsford is full of the most interesting relics which meet the eye at every turn.

From first to last it is calculated that the total outlay on the building of Abbotsford, including the purchase of land, could not have been less than £75,000. In 1824, Scott writes: "About July Abbotsford will, I think, be finished, when I shall, like the old Duke of Queensberry who built Drumlanrig, fold up the accounts in a sealed parcel with a label bidding the deil pick out the een of any of my successors that shall open it."

Here in this house of Abbotsford Scott rehabilitated after the best traditions the high rank of landlord. To all his tenantry down to the under-

most hind on his estate he was as a father. He gave himself unstintedly to them. Nor did they on their side fail to return him an equal fidelity. His house he made a house of hospitality to all the world, such as can hardly be matched in modern times. There was a never-ending " spate " of visitors —sixteen parties in a day—as Lady Scott said, in her broken English, " like a hotel widout de pay."

Scott was the impersonation of the generous host, but he was also the protection and encouragement of all men, not manifest rogues, of all grades within his wide walk.

It is hardly necessary for me to remind you of the facts of the financial disaster that overtook Scott. They are familiar not only to every educated Scot but also to every reader of his marvellous romances. He committed all his fortune to the brothers Ballantyne, who became so involved with the publishing house of Constable that when the latter succumbed the former was shattered and shared in the common ruin. At the age of 55, when the freshness of life had passed, Scott found himself face to face with a debt of nearly £120,000. The stoicism with which he received the blow is unique in the annals of literature. It gives a leading clue to the real nature of the man and the dominating feature of his character—his unconquerable pride. With no outward sign, with hardly a grumble or complaint, he calmly resumed his work at " Woodstock " and doggedly set himself to writing off this paralyzing amount. In two years he earned for his creditors £40,000, his novel of " Woodstock " selling for over £8000, while the " Life of Napoleon " produced £18,000. Domestic sorrow was added to his losses and his superhuman exertions broke down his iron nerve. I doubt if in literature there is a more pathetic picture than this maimed Samson striving to the end against the inevitable, ceaselessly digging in the mine of his imagination to find diamonds to make good his engagements until, with brain and intellect undermined, his life and heart did crack and break.

Just a word as to the history of Abbotsford since Scott died in 1832. His son, Walter, lived for only 15 years after, and died in 1847. Lockhart's younger son, a subaltern in the 16th Lancers, followed his uncle but died unmarried in 1853. His sister Charlotte accordingly became owner of Abbotsford. Her husband was James Robert Hope, Q.C., who assumed the additional name of Scott. He did wonders for the property which had been much neglected since the death of Sir Walter. He added a new west wing and effected many improvements inside and outside. He died in 1873, and Abbotsford then went to his only daughter by Charlotte Lockhart, by name Mary Monica Hope Scott, being then the sole surviving descendant of Scott. She married the Hon. Joseph Constable Maxwell in 1874, and dropping the Constable and adding Scott became Mrs Maxwell Scott. She resides at Wimbledon and has a large family, I believe, of four sons and three daughters. The heir to Abbotsford is the eldest son Walter, an officer in the Scottish Rifles. He is now serving on the General Staff and is regarded as an officer of the utmost promise.

Brother Caledonians, I have given the Sentiment of Abbotsford in the belief that every spot in this world where notable work or brave deed has been done is in a very real sense a holy place—a shrine. Let us heartily express the wish that this home of Abbotsford may stand for many a year and that the race who own it may flourish.

At the March meeting Mr John J. Reid gave

a Sentiment entitled "Boswell and Burns: their Association with the County of Ayr," and in a most effective way Captain Roberts, R.N., recited Burns's poem "To a Haggis."

The President reported at the April meeting that, on the invitation of the Caledonian Society of Bournemouth, he had delivered a lecture on "Rhodesia" in the Masonic Hall, Bournemouth, on 4th April and had been accompanied by Mr T. R. Moncrieff, Mr John Douglas, and Mr Lewis Bennett. The lecture was well received and on the following night, at the Mont Dore Hotel, Dr Roberts Thomson, President of the Bournemouth Society, gave a sumptuous banquet to the deputation and the members of council of his own society. This was the fifth time in succeeding years that the Caledonian Society of London had provided a lecturer for the Bournemouth Caledonians and it was satisfactory to know that the Caledonian Society on the southern coast had shown its appreciation by sending a donation of five guineas, each year, to the Royal Scottish Hospital in London.

It was resolved to send the thanks of our Society to Dr Roberts Thomson and the Bournemouth Society for their kindness and hospitality.

The after-dinner programme in April was a typical Scottish night, and among those who took part were: Surgeon-General W. G. Don, M.D.; Mr T. R. Moncrieff; Dr Morton; Mr A. W. Freer; Major Bernard C. Green; Mr John Netherway; Mr William Dick; Colonel James Cantlie, F.R.C.S.; Mr Alexander Duncan; and Mr Patrick Gardiner. The toast of "Our Guests" was responded to by Mr Walter F. Reid, Past-President of the Society of Chemical Industry.

It had become the custom to arrange the toasts so that there would be one special toast at each meeting, and on this occasion the health of the officials was proposed by the President and responded to by Mr T. R. Moncrieff and Mr John Douglas.

In accordance with Rule V., the Council usually meets on the Thursday of the third week of October to prepare a list of office-bearers for the approval of the members at the November meeting, and it has always been the custom for the members of Council to dine together after the business is over.

At the Special meeting on 23rd October, 1913, Mr G. W. Thomson, J.P., recited the following lines composed by himself. They were reminiscent of a holiday he had taken on the Continent:

" Where have we spent the summer hours ?
On Highland hills or daisied lea,
In some bright haunt of birds and flowers,
Or tossed upon the restless sea ?

I come from that enchanting clime
Where Como's silver wavelets flow,
And flits like dream the joyous time,
In thy green woods, Bellagio !

Some trod the cliffs of sunny France,
'Neath many a seabird's wavering wing,
Quaffed cider, watched the graceful dance,
And heard the Norman maiden sing.

Others have further sped and sought
Isles fanned by blossom-fragrant wind,
Fields where Hellenic heroes fought,
And distant shores of burning Ind.

Others again went gaily forth
To Arctic regions drear and dun,
Braving the tempests of the North,
To gaze upon the Midnight Sun.

In these new days o'er Ocean's foam,
Like swallows here and there we dart,
Yet, wheresoe'er we chanced to roam,
We would not lose the Highland Heart.

Still shall the crackling faggots blaze,
Spring from its sheath Wit's glittering sword,
Our sergeant pipe his loudest lays,
The steaming Haggis crown the board.

Still shall the sparkling cup go round,
And laughter speed from lip to lip.
Here, best of human joys, is found—
The sense of true companionship !

At the same meeting, in proposing that Mr T. R. Moncrieff be elected Vice-President of the Society, Surgeon-General W. G. Don, M.D., said :

I beg to submit a most important proposal, namely, that we nominate for the Vice-Chair of the Society our esteemed Honorary Treasurer, Mr Moncrieff, and I do this with great pleasure and full confidence that it will meet with the approval of the Council.

In so doing we have a fine precedent, when we placed our dear venerable friend, Mr Dick, in the chair; not alone for his personal fitness, but in recognition of his splendid services as Honorary Secretary.

May I shortly refer to our Treasurers during the past thirty years. It appears from our Records that Mr John Kirkpatrick filled the office for many years up to 1884, but I fear his long and worthy services, and even his personality are forgotten. Mr William Robertson succeeded for seven years, and many of us still kindly remember him. Mr Peter Martin Shanks, succeeded for nine years, and I may recall the annual furtive resignations of the dear old man; until alas! fatal disease claimed him. Into the breach thus caused, our gallant Past-President, Mr George Struthers, stepped for four sessions. Then in 1905, we had the good fortune to secure Mr T. R. Moncrieff, who had joined in 1902, and whom all know as assuredly perhaps the ablest Secretary the Royal Scottish Corporation has ever had.

We all know, and I am sure recognise, his great services as Treasurer during the past eight years; his constant zeal in the interests of the Society, his social and personal charm which has endeared him all round in the circle of his acquaintance.

Therefore, for such services, gifts and graces I ask you to offer him the Vice-Chair, in which I am certain he will maintain the best traditions of the Society.

CHAPTER IX.

1913-1914: Mr George William Paton, *President.*

Business Chief as President: His Scottish and English career: Sentiment, "James Watt:" The Annual Ball: Mr John Gribbel and the Glenriddell Manuscripts: The Society's Thanks: Sentiment, "A Breath from the Hills:" Lord Strathcona's Death: President's Estimate of Burns: Sentiment, "Queen Margaret of Scotland:" Visit to the Caledonian Schools: Visits to Bournemouth and Caledonian Friendly Society, Canning Town: Sentiment, "The Scot of the Future:" War: Suspension of Social Gatherings.

AN examination of the Caledonian Society roll would disclose the names of many merchant princes; and among them would be found the name of the President for 1913-1914, Mr George William Paton, who was born at Greenock, Renfrewshire, on 14th August, 1859. The son of Archibald Paton, he was educated at Greenock Academy and also at a private school in Roxburghshire. In 1886 he married Etta Tatham, daughter of the late Edward Henderson, and their family consisted of one daughter (now Mrs Charles O. Rennie) and one son (who was killed in France, 1917, while winning the Victoria Cross).

Mr Paton started his business career in the offices of Messrs Caird & Co., shipbuilders, Greenock, of which

firm his father was General Manager for over thirty years. Later, he joined the firm of Messrs Ross, Corbett & Company, which was originally established in 1782, Sugar Importers and Merchants, and in course of time was assumed as a partner.

He was a member of the Argyllshire County Council from 1895 to 1898, but had to relinquish that position on his going to Liverpool to take up an appointment as Managing Director of the Diamond Match Company, Ltd., which Company afterwards amalgamated with Messrs Bryant & May, Ltd. Mr Paton then became Joint Managing Director with the late Mr Gilbert Bartholomew, and afterwards sole Managing Director; and in 1924 he was elected Chairman.

During the War Mr Paton was Chairman of the Match Control Board, and in 1924 was a member of the Court of Inquiry into the dispute concerning the stoppage of the London Tramway and Omnibus Services. This appointment was made by the Minister of Labour. He is also a member of the London Advisory Council for Juvenile Employment to the same Ministry, and is a member of Council of the Industrial Welfare Society and also of the Council of the Empire Forestry Association.

He is a Vice-President and Life Managing Governor of the Royal Scottish Corporation; a Life Managing Director of the Royal Caledonian Schools, Chairman of the Trustees of St. Andrew's Scottish Soldiers' Home, Aldershot, an Elder of St. Columba's Church and Patron of the Borough of Poplar Children's Carnival Fund, which has been established for 26 years and entertains every New Year's Day something like 50,000 children from the East End of London.

At the November meeting the President gave a Sentiment entitled "James Watt, Mathematician, Inventor, and Engineer."

It has been customary, said Mr Paton, for the Sentiment givers to speak of literary Scots, but I purpose speaking of a great inventor, James

Watt, who has done so much for the civilisation of the world, that all Scotsmen, and especially his townsmen, of whom I have the honour to be one, are proud to claim him as their own.

James Watt's ancestors have been traced back to his great grandfather; little is known of the latter except that he owned some land in the county of Aberdeen, and that he was killed in one of Montrose's battles; but of his son, Thomas Watt, the grandfather of the great engineer, who was born about 1640, we fortunately know considerably more. Towards the latter part of the 17th century, we find him taking an active and prominent position in the little town of Crawfurdsdyke or Cartsdyke, as it is now known, a small burgh in the Parish of Greenock, where he was a teacher of mathematics and navigation. He was Bailie of the Barony and an elder of the kirk. Among some of the Acts passed by the Court of which he was the head, as Baron Bailie, is one worth mentioning, *i.e.*, to regulate, not to forbid, the drawing of kail out of yards on Hallowe'en night, as follows—

"It was complained upon that seall (several) of the young ones does upon that night called Hallow Evin night abuse several yairds in drawing of kail; thairfore it is statut and ordained in all Tyme comeing that non upon any pretext at any time nor night heirafter, draw any kail out of any yaird nor yet cut them w'tout libertie from the owner under the pain of fourtie shilling Scots, toties quoties.

(Signed) Thos. Watt.
Will Campbell, Clr."

You will remember our national poet's lines on this subject, so vividly does it describe the proceedings of that night of fun and frolic—

"Then first and foremost thro' the kail
Their stocks maun a' be sought ance;
They steek their een and graip an wale,
For muckle anes an' straught anes.
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift
An' wander'd thro' the bow-kail,
An' pou't for want o' better shift
A runt was like a sow tail
Sae bow't that night.

Then straught or crooked, yird or nane,
They roar an' cry a' throu'ther,
The very wee things, toddlin' rin
Wi' stocks out-owre their shouther;
An' gif the Custoc's sweet or sour
Wi' joctelegs they taste them;
Syne coziely, aboon the door
Wi' cannie care they've placed them
To lie that night.

Thomas Watt had two sons: John who died in early life; and James the father of our subject, who we learn, received a liberal education and was at one time apprenticed to the business of a general carpenter and shipwright.

He removed from Cartsdyke to Greenock, which at this time was rising rapidly into importance as a seaport. He married in the year 1728 when about 30 years of age. The business prospered with the increasing activity

of the town. He took a prominent position in social work, and was one of the nine trustees appointed by the superior, Sir John Schaw, for the management of the town funds, and later when the town was given local government or the management of its own affairs, as distinguished from the feudal system under the superior, James Watt was one of the first councillors, and thereafter he became treasurer, then baillie or magistrate. Very little more is known of the private life of the father of James Watt, the great inventor; but I have given these few facts to show that the young man was brought up in a home of education and position; and an atmosphere, we are told, of practical science breathed through it all.

James Watt was born in Greenock on the 19th January, 1736. In early life he was of delicate constitution, and received the loving care of an affectionate mother, Ann Muirfield, a woman above the ordinary in many respects, and of fine womanly presence. James was much to his mother, and she was amply repaid, as she was often heard to say, by the dutiful attentions of her son. An excellent story is told of the boy sitting one day with his aunt over the tea-table. She said: "James Watt, I never saw such an idle boy; take a book or employ yourself usefully. For the last hour you've not spoken one word, but taken off the lid of that kettle and put it on again, holding now a cup and now a silver spoon over the steam, watching how it rises from the spout and catching and collecting the drops it falls into. Are you not ashamed of spending your time in this way?"

He went first to the Commercial School of the town of Greenock, kept by a Mr McAdam and afterwards to the Grammar School, but there, owing to his delicate health and studious or thoughtful habits, he was no companion for the rougher boys or even the girls, and sometimes his quietness and reserve were put down to stupidity or a total want of sense. At the age of thirteen, however, he began to assert himself, and to show some of those marvellous qualities of intellect which in after years made him what we now know him to have been, his real strength being developed in the study of mathematics. His nature was retiring, modest and simple, but his great intellect was gradually, though slowly and silently, developing.

We need not do more than refer to his boyish days; his amusements were more of the order of work than play: drawing, carving and cutting out with his pen-knife; and thus he spent many happy hours with his mother. The only outside pastime to which he gave heed, we are told, was angling.

Some of his earliest efforts in practical mechanics took the form of making and completing miniature pulleys, blocks, pumps, and such like apparatus, with all their various moving parts, all indicative of the mechanical mind of the young man. In his father's business, that of master wright or carpenter, he found much that was interesting and attractive to his ingenious and sensitive nature.

After finishing his time at the Grammar School, Watt was employed for a year or two with his father, and thus acquired much knowledge in nautical and scientific instruments which were sent there for repair or adjustment.

In the year 1753, his dear mother died, and about this time also his father met with business losses which crippled him much, and it was now that James made his first step out in life. He was sent to Glasgow to reside with some relatives when about 17 years old, and two years later he went to London. Ill-health forced him to return to Scotland, and after a short stay in Greenock he finally settled in Glasgow as a mathematical instrument maker.

So much for the early life and education of James Watt. On his own authority he received no other education or instruction either at school or university; his further advancement in knowledge and science, of which I shall speak later, being entirely gained by his own industry and labour.

Great difficulties awaited him. The Corporation of Hammermen of Glasgow, standing on their ancient privileges, looked on the young mathematician from London as an intruder, and obstinately denied to him the right even to open a humble workshop. Every means of conciliation having failed, the University of Glasgow, with foresight which did them credit, intervened and put at his disposal a room in the University buildings, granting him the title of instrument maker to the University of Glasgow.

At this time an event of more than ordinary importance occurred. John Anderson, founder of the Andersonian College of Glasgow, was at that time a professor in Glasgow University. Andrew, a younger brother, and Watt had been school fellows at Greenock, thus bringing about an intimacy between the professor and the young mathematical instrument maker, which led to perhaps the most striking period of the latter's life.

The famous model of Newcomen's engine which belonged to Professor Anderson's class was put into the hands of young Watt for adjustment and repair, and this incident, or shall we call it accident, was to revolutionize the commerce and customs of our country, and eventually the globe, while it has immortalised James Watt.

Watt's workshop in the University soon became the resort of the professors and students, and there all the notabilities of Glasgow met to discuss—not gossip—the latest questions on art, science, and literature.

We next see Watt advising the Glasgow magistrates on the widening and deepening of the Clyde, and later on was begun his greatest work in civil engineering, the survey of the country between Inverness and Fort William, for what is now known to the world as the Caledonian Canal. During this time he designed and superintended the construction of harbours in Greenock and Port-Glasgow, and also dams and water reservoirs for the town of Greenock. It is recorded, that notwithstanding his pressing engagements, he went the length of laying down the levels with his own hands, assisted by his worthy father, and a lad to carry the stakes.

This seemed to complete Watt's civil engineering work, and when it is reflected that he was neither a civil engineer nor a professional man, but a simple mechanic, who, in order to earn a livelihood had left his bench and tools and had entered the lists with the Brindleys, the Smeatons, the Golbournes, and the Rennies, we must consider such versatility, breadth and adaptability indicative of that mental power which makes Watt's genius true and genuine.

Watt's great invention, as you all know, was to construct a vessel quite separate from the cylinder of the engine, but communicating, and this is now known as the condenser of the steam engine. This invention was what made Newcomen's engine possible and practical. His words in his specification of 1769 are: "First by enclosing it, namely, the cylinder, in a case of wood, or other materials that transmit heat slowly; secondly by surrounding it with steam or other heated bodies; and thirdly by suffering neither water nor other substance colder than the steam to enter or touch it during that time."

Like all other inventors, Watt found many opponents, and it was years before he could get any help or support to carry his grand invention into practice. His first partnership was with Dr Roebuck, the original founder

of the Carron Works. During this partnership, an engine was constructed on the new principle, and its success was complete.

About this time, when 38 or 39 years of age, he was brought into connection with Mr Boulton of Soho, near Birmingham, but it would take too long to tell of all the difficulties and petitions to Parliament for the extension of the patent which Watt had secured for his improvement in steam engines. Watt himself wrote to his aged father: "I have at last got an Act of Parliament vesting the property of my new fire engines in me and my assigns throughout Great Britain and the Plantations for 25 years. This affair has been attended by great expense and anxiety, and without many friends of great interest, I should never have been able to carry it through, as many of the most powerful people in the House of Commons opposed it."

At the works of Soho, the construction of steam engines of large dimensions was soon proceeded with, and these were adopted for use in all the mining districts, especially in Cornwall. The partners received, or were to receive, as their remuneration, the third part of the value of the fuel saved by the new engines. Many imitators, however, deprived them of their just rights, and there was much expensive litigation for many years.

There is scarcely any work that Watt did which did not give evidence of the harmony between theory and practice, which seemed to permeate his whole life. We have been accustomed in reading and hearing of Watt, to think he was a great genius only, but we have seen, through this short study of his life, that he was beset with many of the ordinary difficulties which we find around us to-day; only another proof that there is no royal road to success.

Of Watt's private life I have said little. He married in 1764 his cousin, Miss Miller, an accomplished woman, who did much by her cheerfulness of disposition to assist and encourage him. It is said that but for his wife, he might never have made public his inventions. Mrs Watt died when her husband was engaged in Scotland on the Caledonian Canal. Watt remained a widower for some years, but he married again, Miss MacGregor, who is described as a woman of sound judgment and a worthy companion to the great inventor.

In 1800 he retired from business altogether, and his two sons succeeded him, carrying on the business at Soho.

During the latter years of his life, his health was somewhat improved, and his intellectual faculties retained all their vigour to the last.

His last work was devoted to the construction of a machine to copy with mathematical exactness, statuary and sculpture of all dimensions. When exhibiting them, the great engineer remarked they were the first attempts of a young artist entering on his 83rd year. He was not permitted to see the close of this year, for in 1819, on the 25th day of August, he passed away.

Many monuments have been erected to his memory and in his honour. His native town has not forgotten him. In the Greenock Library, a handsome building called the "Watt Monument," where is housed James Watt's own library, is the celebrated statute of James Watt by Sir F. Chantrey. A fine collosal bronze statue is to be found in George Square, Glasgow, but the monument in Westminster Abbey also by Chantrey, with its beautiful inscription by Lord Brougham, expresses more powerfully than any weak words of mine, what not only his fellow countrymen, but the world, owe to one of the greatest benefactors of the race.

The inscription is as follows :—

Not to perpetuate a name which must endure while the peaceful arts flourish, but to show that mankind has learnt to honour those who best deserve their gratitude, the King, his ministers, and many of the nobles and commoners of the realm raised this monument to JAMES WATT, who, directing the force of an original genius early exercised in philosophic research to the improvement of the steam engine, enlarged the resources of his country, increased the power of man, rose to an eminent place among the most illustrious followers of science, and the real benefactors of the world. Born at Greenock MDCCXXXVI. Died at Heathfield in Staffordshire MDCCCXIX.

Watt was honoured by many learned societies. He was a Fellow of the Royal Societies of Edinburgh and London, a Member of the Batavian Society, an LL.D. of Glasgow University, and the Academy of Science of France paid him the highest honour it could bestow, by making him one of its eight Foreign Associates.

It would be difficult to estimate the value of the benefits which Watt's invention have conferred on the world, and while I wrote this on board the largest ship the world has ever seen, the " Imperator," it brought home clearly to me the indebtedness which we owe to such men as Watt ; in fact, there is no branch of industry that has not been indebted to him.

Apart from his great engineering attainments, James Watt was a man of wonderful gifts. He had read much and remembered what he read. He was not only a chemist of no mean order, but was at home in many branches of antiquity, metaphysics, medicine, etymology, architecture, music and law. He was a linguist of no mean order, and was familiar with most modern literatures, even in foreign languages. In his temper and disposition he was kind and generous, and always ready and anxious to help those who showed talent, and were willing to help themselves.

This is the rough and rather disconnected life picture of the Scotsman whom I ask you to-night to remember and honour. It seems to me that his outstanding qualities may well serve as an incentive to us all, and especially, if I may say so, to our younger generation. Let us emulate his love of truth, his unaffected modesty, his force of character, his preseverance, and above all his thoroughness, and the study of the lives of great men like Watt will not be lost or wasted.

A proposal to revive the Annual Ball was made, but a Committee appointed to inquire into the matter reported against the revival, because of the small support which had been given previously. The report was approved.

In December it became known that Mr John Gribbel, of Philadelphia, had purchased the Glenriddel Manuscripts of Robert Burns and presented them to Scotland, and it was resolved :

That the Members of the Caledonian Society of London desire to place on record their grateful appreciation of the action of Mr John Gribbel of Philadelphia, U.S.A., in presenting to their native land the Glenriddel Manuscripts of Robert Burns, and they further desire to ask him to accept their most sincere and hearty thanks for his generous gift.

The Honorary Secretary was instructed to send a copy of the resolution to Mr Gribbel.

At the same meeting a Sentiment entitled "A Breath from the Hills," was given by Mr Loudon MacQueen Douglas, F.R.S.E., who also showed a series of lantern slides depicting many of the places he referred to. The Sentiment was as follows:

I propose on the present occasion to address you on a very homely topic, but one which I hope will be none the less interesting on that account. The subject I have chosen is "The Pentland Hills," which, as you all know, are close to Edinburgh and are mainly in the County of Midlothian. They lie, as it were, just at my own door and are so easy of access that they are a continuous source of pleasure to many of the citizens of Edinburgh. But it is only to the pedestrian that their charms may be revealed, for happily, although you may go round their 75 square miles of area on wheels, you must abandon all such means of locomotion if you would view their inner secrets. The more you may do so, the more you will appreciate what a splendid recreation ground is at the service of the Metropolis of Scotland. Sad to say, however, the hill climbers or path finders of the Pentlands are comparatively few, but those who once become attached to these beautiful hills never seem to tire of wandering over them. May I say that for myself, I have during the present year climbed or crossed them from one side to the other, some thirty times, in many directions, and I can assure you that the healthy recreation thus enjoyed has been an ever-increasing cause of pleasure to me. I have crossed the hills in summer, autumn, winter, and spring; when the green verdure and the purple heather were at their best; in the misty mornings of autumn when the clouds seemed to descend as an impenetrable wall into the glens; in the winter when the snow was deep and possibly might be drifting with blinding fury before the gale, and in the pleasant spring time when all nature seemed to awaken from her winter sleep; and have had satisfaction and pleasure all the time.

The Pentland Hills are some three miles South of Edinburgh and extend in a south-westerly direction right away into Tweeddale or Peebles-shire and the County of Lanark, their total length being some sixteen miles, with a breadth of from four to six miles. Throughout the whole length they are cut through by valleys and gorges, leading from one side to the other; some of these having been in the old days drove-roads between Lothian and Tweeddale. Of the hills themselves, there are none of any pretentious height. From North-East to South-West they are: Allermuir, 1617 feet high; the Black Hill, 1626 feet; Garnethy, 1890 feet; Scald Law, 1896 feet; West Kip, 1606 feet; East Cairn Hill, 1839 feet; West Cairn, 1844 feet; Mount Maw, 1753 feet; Graigengar, 1700 feet; Byrehope Mount, 1752 feet, and many others gradually descending in altitude as the range merges into the Southern Hills.

Safely imprisoned within them are many artificial lakes formed with a view to supplying Edinburgh with water as well as for compensation purposes. The principal of these are: Bonaly Pond; Torduff; Clubbiedean; Loganlee; Threipmuir; Harelaw; Harperrigg; the North Esk Reservoir, and Crosswood, and although these lakes are all artificially constituted, they present the appearance of being formed by nature. It will be seen, therefore, that topographically, there is much to interest the pedestrian on the Pentland Hills, but there are other interests which perhaps appeal to the wider circle such as those of a historic, romantic, or literary character, and some of these call for more than a passing comment.

It does not matter which side of the Pentlands you select from which to approach the heights; you will find historic and literary associations everywhere. As fair a road as any is that by Morningside to Swanston where, under the shadow of Caerketton may be seen Swanston Cottage, made ever memorable as the residence of Robert Louis Stevenson, and where his genius first displayed itself. From thence you join the Biggar Road and keep on until you reach Flotterstone Bridge—a matter of about three miles. Close by the bridge just under the shadow of Turnhouse Hill, is Rullion Green, where that famous Pentland Rising was so mercilessly crushed out in 1666. The story is soon told. When Charles II. was restored to the throne in 1660 all the country rejoiced, and at many market crosses in Scotland claret was freely drunk to his health and the health of his brother, the Duke of York, as it was thought that the tyranny of Cromwell was at an end. But the rejoicings were short lived, as it soon appeared that the shifty Charles meant to wipe out Presbyterianism in order to force upon Scotsmen the religion he professed himself. He informed the waiting world that Presbyterianism was no fit religion for a gentleman, and proceeded, when he had time to spare, in the dissolute profligate life which he led, to lay down the kind of religion he thought would suit the Scotsmen of those days. Needless to say, Scotsmen then as now, were quite capable of judging for themselves what suited their spiritual needs, and rose in arms against the prelates who sought to govern the country, and it thus befel that between the years 1660 and 1690 they were butchered and massacred in the most ruthless fashion, for what they believed to be the cause of conscience. The war of the Covenant was one of the darkest periods in the history of Scotland, but it called forth heroic self-sacrifice, more especially amongst the common people, which should never be forgotten. You can read all about it in the pages of Woodrow, who is one of the most reliable authorities on the subject.

The Pentland Rising was an outcome of the persecution, and started in an insignificant brawl between four countrymen and some ruffianly soldiers in the town of Dalry in Galloway. The soldiers were about to strip a poor old man naked in order to brand him with a red hot grid-iron so as to convert him to the pious Charles's religion, when the countrymen interfered. They gave the soldiers what they deserved and liberated the old man; but by so doing their lives became forfeit. So they fled and were joined by others, all equally undisciplined, but determined, if possible, to get rid of the oppressor by force. Their numbers grew to 3000, but desertions reduced them to 900. They designed marching to Edinburgh, but the Edinburgh people of that day would have none of them. The Royal troops under General Dalziel, hotly in pursuit, forced the devoted army of the Covenanters from one position to another, finally forcing them across the Pentlands from Colinton to House of Muir and thence to Rullion Green, where after a gallant and unequal fight, they were totally scattered, their gallant Commander, Colonel

Wallace, managing to escape abroad. The butchery of the battlefield was nothing to the butchery that followed, as the fugitives were hunted from one hill to another. Those that were taken alive were shown no mercy, but ruthlessly hanged with only the shadow of a trial.

These few references will recall to you the story of Rullion Green. It was a sad day for Scotland, and for many a year was made the pretext of persecutions of the most awful kind. Many people have condemned the Covenanters of Rullion Green, and perhaps we may admit that seeing they were so undisciplined and badly armed, it was a foolish undertaking. Let us not forget their great heroism, however, for we know now that they knew well that their case was desperate and so fought on like heroes to the bitter end.

Far away over the Pentlands, on a dreary slope up the Black Law near Dunsyre, you will find a lonely monument known to all lovers of the hills as the Covenanters' Grave, which commemorates a pathetic incident of Rullion Green. A fugitive from the battlefield, wounded and famished, reached this lonely spot and finally exhausted, died where he had fallen. His last words were " Bury me in sight of Ayrshire Hills," and he had his wish, for he was buried where he fell.

We will return to Flotterstone Bridge and by and by ascend the Pentlands by that beautiful wooded road alongside the Glencorse Burn, but we must first retrace our steps a little way to look in at the old Glencorse Church, which lies in a secluded corner on the road between Fishers' Tryst and Biggar Road.

It is a quaint old place ; the Churchyard, which is shaped like a coffin, containing many lichen covered tombstones of hoary age. One day not very long ago a friend of mine was walking out this way and imagined, in the still summer evening, that he heard someone speaking in the Churchyard, which is raised somewhat above the road. He went up the hill, climbed the old worn steps, and saw before him a very quiet company of about forty elderly people sitting around on the ancient tombstones. In their midst was a white-haired old man, who in a clear voice was reading to the silent listeners Gray's Elegy written in a country Churchyard—

" The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

It was surely a curious picture with an appropriate setting !

Up the road we go again, and if it is an autumn morning the brown leaves will rustle at our feet, for they lie very thickly here. In a few minutes we cross that little bridge over the Glencorse Burn which Stevenson loved so well, and presently get back to Flotterstone Bridge. From here it is a splendid walk, gradually ascending along the banks of the Glencorse Burn to Glencorse Reservoir, thence past that great sheet of water to the Logan Burn and on to Loganlee. From thence you may go onwards through the Green Cleuch to Bavelaw Castle, and down the Northern slope to Balerno, or you may turn to the left over the old road between Carnethy and Scald Law, join the Biggar Road and go on by either Silverburn or through the wood by the banks of the Logan Burn and on to Penicuik. They are all interesting.

Glencorse is endowed with peculiar interest, as beneath its waters is submerged the Churchyard and Church of St. Catherines in the Hopes, an old ecclesiastical fabric said to have been erected by a St. Clair in the times

of Robert the Bruce. The present-day interest of the ruins lies in their being seldom on view. The reservoir was constructed in 1822, and only on a few occasions since have the waters fallen so low as to expose the ruins. During the present autumn, however, they were to be seen, and the lettering on a tombstone which occupies the corner of what was once the edifice was plainly visible. I regret to state that in gallantly scrambling to the site, I had the misfortune to step into a mud deposit which looked firm enough, and sank right up to the middle! A visit to the ancient Chapel, therefore, is not without its perils!

I have mentioned that from the head of Loganlee Reservoir there are several roads to choose from and that one of these is over to Balerno. This is an interesting journey, as it leads through the Green Cleuch, a wild, rocky defile which is continued on to Bavelaw Castle as a winding valley. Bavelaw Castle stands very solitary on the Northern slope of the hills, and is reached from the Balerno side of a long avenue of trees which, appropriately enough, has been called the "Gate of the Pentlands." Down in the hollow is Threipmuir Reservoir, where many waterfowl may be seen and all around may be heard the weird cries of the moor fowls. There is another somewhat similar gate to the hills a few miles further along the Northern slope at Bonaly, which is best approached from Colinton. The Bonaly Road leads past Bonaly Tower, celebrated as the house of Lord Cockburn, who built the house and laid out the grounds in 1845. It was the resort of many famous men in Lord Cockburn's time, and later when it came into the possession of Professor Hodgson, of economic fame, was immortalised in poetry by the versatile Professor Blackie. I daresay you have all heard the story told by Dean Ramsay of Lord Rutherford. He was out one day on the hills and entered into conversation with a shepherd. It was a bitterly cold day and he was grumbling about the weather. In an unguarded moment he muttered "what a d——d mist," and wondered how or for what purpose there should be such a thing created as an east wind.

"What ails ye at the mist, Sir," said the shepherd to him sharply, "it weets the sod, it slockens the yowes, and forbye" he added, "it's God's wull!"

From Bonaly the route is from the North to the South-West, and the road, such as it is, brings you on to the road past Glencorse Reservoir just opposite St. Catherine's Chapel. One of the longer tramps is that from Carlops to Balerno by the North Esk Reservoir, the Bore Stone and Listonshields.

Carlops itself is an old-fashioned village and everywhere is reminiscent of Allan Ramsay. A portrait of the author of the "Gentle Shepherd" adorns the village hotel and is said to have been painted by Allan Ramsay the artist son of the poet. Near by is Patie's Mill and Habbies' Howe and it needs but little imagination to see the appropriateness of the words descriptive of the scene of the pastoral—

> "A flowery howme between twa verdant braes,
> Where lassies used to wash and spread their claes,
> A trotting burnie, wimpling through the ground,
> Its channel pebbles shining smooth and round."

The route over the Pentlands from Carlops is notable in the month of August as being one which brings the pedestrian through some of the richest expanses of purple heather. These are found just beyond the Bore Stone and above Listonshields, but in autumn also the deep brown of the decaying brackens is well worth seeing. Then there is a longer walk still, namely,

from Mid Calder by Little Vantage, Harperrigg Reservoir and the Cauldstane Slap to West Linton. It is a wild road on a stormy day, and if a gale of wind with pelting rain should be in your face all the way, as has been my experience, you will be glad to drop down into the quiet little village of West Linton and let the elements have the hills to themselves.

It would be idle to attempt to describe all the varied routes over the Pentlands on an occasion like this. As has been said they are many and various and the traveller who takes to the hills will likely enough be guided in his appreciation by the mood he happens to be in. There are times when the hills have voices and you may conjure up scenes of the past when kings hunted the wild deer or for such pleasure as they could find in sport, and there were often times when the quarry was man and when the phrasing " taking the hills " had a real significance, for it meant that our forefathers were fugitives from those who sought their lives. In later times these hills have inspired the poet and the man of letters to the noblest of themes and in this way formed a part of that national heritage of Scottish literature which has compassed the world.

The well-known Scottish-Canadian, the Rev. George Bryce, D.D., of Winnipeg, in replying to the toast of " Our Guests," gave much valuable information relating to the Dominion of Canada. Ex.-Provost Denholm of Greenock also replied to the toast.

At the January meeting the Honorary Secretary laid before the Council some reports in connection with the Glenriddel Manuscripts of Robert Burns, which showed that in 1853, fifty-seven years after Burns' death, the widow of Dr Currie's son put the manuscripts into the keeping of the Liverpool Athenæum Library, where they remained for sixty years. During the summer of 1913 the English-reading public were shocked to read that the authorities of the Liverpool Athenæum had sold for money these priceless Trustee treasures. Hurried efforts were made to stop the transfer of the volumes, but delivery had been made, and in the excitement they disappeared with the unknown buyer unhindered.

At the Annual Dinner of the St. Andrew's Society of Philadelphia, Mr Gribbel stated : " Two weeks ago I was astonished beyond measure by having a dealer come to Philadelphia to submit to me for sale the missing manuscripts. Having an aversion to the possession of property of a certain class, I refused to

consider them as any possible possession of my own, priceless though they were, but here they are, sold as merchandise in the market place, and in my possession with a purpose I am sure you will approve. These manuscripts, after the death of Burns, were the property of Bonnie Jean. She only lent them to Dr Currie, and those who came after him had no stronger title to them. To whom do they now belong by right but to Scotland? The precious writings go to Scotland to stay for ever, protected by a deed of trust as a gift to the people who gave to the world Robert Burns."

Mr Gribbel then removed from a steel fire-proof box two quarto volumes, bound in old polished calf, and allowed the guests to inspect them. He also showed and read to them the tear-stained letter which Burns wrote on the death of his friend and patron, Robert Riddell of Glenriddel. He afterwards announced that he would present the manuscripts to whichever Institute in Scotland Lord Rosebery, whose advice he had asked, might select.

The effect of the announcement may be better imagined than described. It was the 164th Anniversary of the St. Andrew's Society of Philadelphia and it came as a great surprise. When at the outset of his speech Mr Gribbel mentioned the famous manuscripts a hush came over the large company. When he said that he held in his hands the priceless volumes, every Scot leaned forward in eager and breathless interest, almost doubting the evidence of his eyes. When the speaker said that only one disposition could be made of the manuscripts—that the land of Burns must be their custodian for ever—the effect was electrical. For a moment there was deep silence, then like the answer to the call of a Wallace or a Bruce to arms, came cheer after cheer. Scots crowded about Mr Gribbel to look on the pages upon which the man who touched deeply the heart-strings had inscribed his immortal lines.

The two volumes consist of a collection of letters and a collection of selected poems by Burns. On the fly-leaf of the volume of letters has been pasted the original letter of presentation to the Liverpool Athenæum, written by Mrs S. Currie, the widow of the son of Dr Currie, which reads:

"Ellerslie, 6th December 1853.

Sir,—Will you allow me to make you the medium of presenting to the Athenæum Library two manuscript books in his own writing of poems and letters of Burns.

I believe they came into possession of Doctor Currie when he was engaged in writing the life of the poet, and I shall feel gratified by their finding a place in the library of the Institution in which he took so great an interest.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

S. CURRIE."

This letter was addressed to the President of the Athenæum, Liverpool.

A letter from Mr Gribbel was read as follows:

"1513 Race Street, Philadelphia,
20th December, 1913.

Mr John Douglas, Honorary Secretary, The Caledonian Society of London —My Dear Sir,—I beg leave to acknowledge receipt of your very courteous favour of the 12th instant, containing the excerpt copy of the Resolutions passed by your Society, for which I thank you and your associates very kindly. I enclose you herewith newspaper clipping ('Public Ledger'—Phila., Pa.).

The correspondence I have received from England and Scotland abundantly shows that the gift of the Glen Riddell Manuscripts to Scotland has touched the chord that makes the whole English-speaking world kin. If, as an outcome of the whole matter, there shall come a higher standard of responsibility on the part of trustees in whose keeping are deposited national treasures, I shall feel amply repaid for my part in the gift to Scotland.

Will you please assure your Society of my high appreciation of their generous acknowledgement of their sentiments, and

Believe me very truly yours,

JNO. GRIBBEL."

At the Annual Festival, held on Saturday, 24th January, in the King's Hall, Holborn Restaurant, 79 ladies and 98 gentlemen were present. The guests were received in the Throne Room by the President and Vice-President. It was greatly regretted by all that, owing to illness, Mrs Paton was unable to be present.

Before commencing his speech on "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," the President referred to the death of Lord Strathcona, and said: "I would be wanting in my duty if I did not refer, particularly in a gathering of Scotsmen and women, to the great loss which the Empire has this week sustained by the death of that practical Imperialist Lord Strathcona. He left his native land in his youth and gave a great and useful life to the people of the country of his adoption, and was only called home when ripe in years and full of honours. We offer the people of Canada and the members of his family our profound and respectful sympathy."

In proposing the toast of the evening the President said:

The toast which I have the honour to offer for your acceptance to-night, "The Immortal Memory of Burns," is one to which I feel more than I can express, my weakness and inability to do justice, especially as I have serious thoughts that my responsibilities are great; threefold, if I may so express myself—First, as President of this ancient and worthy Society, an office which has been filled by so many distinguished men in the past, who have done their duty on this Anniversary from time to time, with so much grace and acceptance; second, because my native town, Greenock, was the very first to inaugurate a Burns Club, whose primary duty it is to hold the Anniversary and do honour to the Immortal Memory of the Great Bard of Scotland; and third, because in that town, in the old West Kirkyard, lie the mortal remains of the Poet's Highland Mary, over which stands a worthy monument erected by the townsmen and others, among whom my grandfather was prominent in raising the necessary funds—

"Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day,
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid!
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?"

To give an appreciation of Robert Burns at the present day is no easy matter for a man engaged in the ordinary rush of life in a great city such as this. So much has been written and said that one cannot attempt the task without considerable misgivings, but I feel whatever my weakness, it will be overcome by the warmth and enthusiasm of its reception.

It was on the 25th of January 1759, about two miles from the town of Ayr, in a clay-built cottage, built by his father's own hands, that Robert Burns first saw the light of day. The auld clay bigging still stands by the

side of the road that leads from Ayr to the River Doon. His first welcome to the world was a rough one, as he himself says—

" A blast o' Janwar win'
Blew hansel in on Robin."

A few days after his birth a storm blew down the gable of the cottage, and the child and his mother had to be removed to the shelter of a neighbour.

The hundred odd years which have passed since his death only serve to enhance the world's interest in the man himself and its estimate of his genius.

His father, William Burnes, for that was his name, was a man of strict integrity and thoughtful piety, a peasant-saint of the old Scottish type. Burns, who never ceased to reverence his memory, has given us an immortal portrait of him in the " Cottar's Saturday Night," perhaps the poem which more than any other shows us the true character of the Bard at his best—

" Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
The Saint, the Father and the Husband prays,
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'
That thus they all shall meet in future days."

The lands which his father farmed did not pay, and life was a hard struggle. Robert and his brother were the chief labourers and ploughmen, and although work was incessant and hard, time was found for reading, which was wide and varied. The books which Burns mentions as forming part of their reading were not ordinary school books, but the Spectator, Shakespeare, Pope, Locke on the Human Understanding, Allan Ramsay's works, and a collection of songs over which he pored while driving his cart, song by song, verse by verse.

After mentioning Burns's baptism of love, the President spoke of the Mossgiel period and the amazing flood of songs and poems that fell from his pen in the wonderful years 1784-1785 and 1786, including " Hallowe'en," " To a Mouse," " The Jolly Beggars," " The Cottar's Saturday Night," " Address to the Deil," " The Auld Farmer's address to his Auld Mare," " The Vision," " The Twa Dogs," " The Mountain Daisy."

Life at the farm was of necessity dull and hard, especially to such a mind as Burns, but while he has been blamed as being fond of conviviality and love-making, his brother Gilbert tells us that during these years, his personal expenditure never exceeded £7 per year, which surely did not leave much margin for drinking when he had clothed himself and procured other necessities.

In 1786 he was secretly married to Jean Armour, but be it said to Burns' credit, that in after life he did all he could to make amends for the enforced separation brought about by an indignant father-in-law, who objected to his daughter's marriage to so wild and worthless a man as Burns.

In the same year his first edition of poems was published by John Wilson of Kilmarnock. The fame of the volume spread like wild-fire; old and young, high and low, learned and ignorant, were alike enchanted and enraptured. When all expenses of the edition were paid, Burns received £20 as his share of the profits. Unable to get a second edition undertaken in Ayrshire for lack of funds, Burns decided to remove to Edinburgh and there was taken up and entertained by all the great and learned men of the day. Many opinions and criticisms were naturally forthcoming about the

man who had so lately been an Ayrshire ploughman and who was now associating with the best in the land.

Here Mr Paton read Lockhart's well-known description of the scene in Professor Adam Fergusson's house, where Burns met Scott.

During his sojourn in Edinburgh, Burns did not keep entirely to the learned and upper class Society into which he had at first obtained such a free entrance. Tavern life in Edinburgh was more or less habitual to all classes, and in these Burns found much that was congenial. With open arms he was welcomed to the Clubs held in those taverns.

In April, 1787, his second edition was published and realised nearly £500, although it was many weary months before he received the whole of this amount from his publisher, Creech. After two winters in Edinburgh, he turned his back on it and never returned except for a day's visit.

He was forced to accept an appointment, much to his distaste, as an Excise-man. He often repeats that it was solely to make provision for his increasing family that he submitted to the degradation of—

" Searching auld wives' barrels,
Och, hon ! the day !
That clarty barm should stain my laurels
But—what 'ill ye say ?
These movin' things, ca'd wives and weans
Wad move the very hearts o' stanes.

At this time also he took a lease of the farm of Ellisland where he brought his wife, Jean Armour. The farm like that of his father and brother did not pay, possibly on account of his constant absence owing to his excise duties.

In his latter years a cloud of melancholy gathered over the poet's soul, and his varying moods became more intense than ever.

It is highly characteristic of Burns that he should have produced in rapid succession—" Willie brewed a peck o' Maut," " The Whistle," " To Mary in Heaven," poems descriptive of drunken revelry and of the deepest and most genuine pathos.

Burns passed perhaps the best and calmest period of his life at Ellisland, but, unfortunately, he was unable to maintain the farm, and so we find him in 1791 selling off the whole place, crops, farm stock, implements, etc. The family removed to Dumfries, and there again town life and its convivial habits did not help our National Poet to overcome himself and give us of his best. During this period, however, he wrote his grand war ode—" Scots wha hae," best described by Carlyle when he says : " So long as there is warm blood in the heart of Scotchmen or man, it will move in fierce thrills under this war ode, the best we believe, that was ever written by any pen."

During these latter years he seemed at cross purposes with the world and the world with him, and we really never got from him his best on that account. We must not, however, forget his —" Contented wi' little and cantie wi' mair," and " A man's a man for a' that," which seemed best to describe the poet himself.

When on his last sick bed it is sad to think that his Bonnie Jean was also laid aside, but he had the loving care and attention of the daughter of a neighbouring exciseman, to whom he poured forth his gratitude in song—

" O' wert thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee."

and so on, finishing—

" Or were I monarch of the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown,
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen."

Burns as a Man, and Burns as a Poet has had more admirers, enthusiasts, and critics than almost any other literary man. This is not difficult to understand. He was a man, human, homely, honest, brilliant, sympathetic, generous, clear-sighted, descriptive, and yet withal, independent and even headstrong.

He is still the beloved of all his kinsfolk, and how much he has done for the independence and greatness of the Scottish race throughout the whole world will never cease to be told—

" O' wad some pow'r the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us ;
It wad frae mony a blunder free us."

I now give you, ladies and gentlemen, " The Undying Memory of Robert Burns."

At the February meeting an interesting historical account of " Queen Margaret of Scotland " was given as a Sentiment by Mr W. Lamond Howie, F.R.S.E.

On 14th February, the President, accompanied by Mrs Paton, the Vice-President, the Honorary Secretary, and some other members and friends paid an official visit to the Royal Caledonian Schools at Bushey.

The party on arriving at the gates of the Schools were heartily welcomed by Mr Graham. From the gates to the main entrance to the buildings the drive was lined on both sides by the girls and boys ; and the pipers and drummers led the party to the main door where Miss Burgess, Miss Wardlaw, Mr Forsyth, and other members of the staff extended a cordial welcome.

A tour of the buildings was made and the excellent equipment and cleanliness everywhere in evidence was noted. In the Great Hall songs and dances were given by the girls and boys ; and thereafter, on the invitation of the Directors, tea was enjoyed. Mrs Paton distri-

buted sweets to all the children and Mr Freer provided Selkirk bannocks for their tea.

At the March meeting the Vice-President (Mr T. R. Moncrieff) reported that a request had been received from the Bournemouth Caledonian Society for a lecturer. In the letter the President of the Bournemouth Society (Dr Roberts Thomson) gave a hearty invitation to any of our members who cared to accompany the lecturer. The Honorary Secretary (Mr John Douglas) had agreed to give a lecture on " Sir Walter Scott and his Country" with lantern illustrations; and the President (Mr G. W. Paton) had arranged to go to Bournemouth for the meeting.

The President reported that he and Mrs Paton and the Vice-President had paid a visit to the Caledonian Friendly Society at Canning Town and had presided at the Annual Festival held on behalf of charities. About 1000 persons were present and the gathering was a great success.

Mr G. W. Thomson, J.P., gave a Sentiment entitled " The Scot of the Future," in which he said:

If Scotland has been glorious in the centuries that are gone, she is destined to achieve even greater glory in those that are to come. At the same time it is not true patriotism to ignore our national failings. Thrift has often degenerated into parsimony and selfishness, religion into bigotry or irreverence, respect for law into too frequent appeals to its authority, caution into cunning, sociability into excess, humour into coarseness, and commendable self esteem into narrow-minded and obtrusive egotism.

Mr Thomson illustrated our national virtues and defects by a number of amusing anecdotes, which were sympathetically received. In speaking of Scotch humour he said: We have specimens at every meeting of this Society. The following is an example of the good-natured, every day, familiar pleasantry that in our northern communities helps to make life glide easily along. A smart young lady on rising to alight at a railway station was jerked on to the lap of a genial old gentleman. " Please forgive me," she exclaimed, with a blush, " It was quite an accident." " Dinna apologise, my dawtie," said the old man, " I winna say a word, if ye do't again on purpose."

A very poor player at golf turned to his caddie and said, " I can't make out how I'm playing so badly to-day. I'm not in form." " O," said the boy with humorous sarcasm, " ye've played before, hev ye ? " The Scotch are so saturated with humour that they often say the funniest things quite unconsciously. These are two old stories that cannot be surpassed.

Two elderly people, a man and a woman, met in the street. The former said, "Weel, and hoo are ye the day, Mrs Mactavish, and hoos yer faimily, hoos yer dochter, her that was mairrit doon in Coupar Fife?" "Mony thanks for speirin, Mester Macpherson," was the reply; "We're a' weel; Meggie's bonnie and doin' brawly. She cauna bear her man, but then ye ken there's aye something!"

This is the other story. An ambitious servant girl left a situation in Edinburgh in the hope of bettering herself in London. Before starting she obtained a certificate of good character from her employers. She went on board a steamer at Leith. During the voyage, as she was proudly showing the certificate to her fellow passengers, a puff of wind blew it into the sea. The girl began to cry. The good-natured fatherly old Scotch skipper came up and putting his hand kindly on her shoulder said, "Dinna greet, my bonny lassie. I'll gie ye something that'll dae just as weel." So he took a pen sat down and wrote, "I, John Macnab, hereby certifee that Mary Morrison cam on board my boat wi' a guid character; but she lost it on the way Sooth."

Sometimes a quick sense of humour led to coarseness and bad taste. A father asked his son where he was going with a lantern he held in his hand, "I'm gaun to see my sweetheart," the lad replied. "Man," said the father, "when I was coortin' yer mither, I didna tak' a lantern wi' me." "Ony ane that sees my mither wad ken that" was the polite reply.

After several stories having to do with national defects Mr Thomson continued: Now I have indicated as considerately as possible some of the weaknesses of our native land. These are rapidly disappearing. Let us consider what the Scot of the future is to be like. He will unite the shining qualities of the great men of the past and the merits of outstanding Scotsmen who are still with us. He will display the dauntless valour of William Wallace, the uncompromising firmness of John Knox, the poetic soul of Robert Burns, the intellectual power, the magnanimity and patience of Sir Walter Scott. Add to these the qualities of some of our illustrious countrymen still living—the sympathetic judgment of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the educational zeal of Lord Balfour of Burleigh, the business acumen of Lord Mount Temple, and the philosophic insight and political capacity of Mr Arthur Balfour. After all we need not go beyond our own Society. Its past Presidents, who, I believe, have been irreverently compared to extinct volcanoes, although they still pour forth the lava of sentiment and the flame of patriotism could, if necessary, furnish all the requisite virtues. Let me, however, sketch the careers of the public men I have mentioned.

Mr Thomson then rapidly narrated their histories and showed what the great men of the past had done and the great men of the present were doing for their country. He selected the most conspicuous qualities in each character.

In speaking of Scotland's great poet, he said: I have mentioned Robert Burns. There are bits of his character I would not include in the composition of the "Scot of the future." Burns was a public personage. There seems no good reason why his actions should not be honestly criticised. I know it is not considered good taste in a Scotch Society to say a word that is not flattering to our great poet, but is it being unfaithful to his memory to pray that, while any great national bard that is destined to appear may be endowed with Burns's keen observation, original humour, and true poetic fire, his personal life may be more in accordance with the ideal that Burns himself conceived of what is highest and best in human character? I am sure that he, that great, generous, far-seeing, intensely human soul would echo the

same wish, if he could revisit the earth. What does he say in his own touching "Epitaph"—

"The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the social glow
And softer flame,
But thoughtless follies laid him low
And stained his name."

Still, in creating our ideal Scot, we cannot do the best possible, if we omit Burns and his noble qualities. I may remark in passing that in addition to Mr Gray, whose speeches always seem to me instinct with the true spirit of poesy, this Society contains a singer of no mean order in Mr William Blane. His recently published volume of verse has won the praise of many well qualified to judge. It has already enjoyed an unusual sale for a book of poetry in these prosaic times, while Mr Blane's excellent article on "African Labour" in this month's *Nineteenth Century* reflects credit on any Society with which the author is connected.

In speaking of Scotland's pre-eminent novelist Mr Thomson said: I am not sure that I would have mentioned Sir Walter Scott, if he had died at the height of his popularity. The grandest thing about our beloved Wizard —better than his absorbing novels, better than his bewitching poems—was the heroic way in which he bore up against adversity. It is when clouds are lowering—when the whole world grows dark, and the future throbs with anguish still to be endured, that the finest characters are seen, in all their native strength.

The speaker also made a reference to Professor Blackie. He said: In every Scotch community in the world there are men who owe much to his fine enthusiasm, and to his pure-minded teaching and example. I suppose it is twenty years since he passed away, but one verse of *Punch's* tribute to his worth still lingers in my memory.

"We shall not see thy like again;
We've fallen on times most queer and quacky,
And oft shall miss the healthy brain,
And manly heart of brave old Blackie."

Mr Thomson continued: Take then the most conspicuous merits of these great men living and dead, fuse them together and the result is the "Scot of the Future"—stripped of the early weaknesses of our race and inspired by ambition to take the lead in everything that tends to the betterment of mankind. One cannot conceive a character more fit to grapple with the vast problems that are bearing down upon us like icebergs on a wintry sea. Not even Signor Marinetti, the prophet of Futurism, could invent a more potent personality. There is no Society where the Scot cannot make his presence commandingly felt. Our young countrymen of to-day with their strong physical frames, sound education, active brains, and steady principles can without presumption exclaim in the words of Byron—

"Far as the breezes bear the billows' foam,
Survey our Empire and behold our home."

They are not like Moses who had only a glimpse of the promised land. They can sweep down and possess it!

As regards language, the new poet laureate, Dr Bridges, not long ago made some critical remarks on the modern Englishman's mispronunciation of his own tongue. He declared that the English language is spoken much more correctly in Scotland. England has chosen her Archbishops, and most of her leading citizens (including ourselves !) from the North, and now she is going to purify her language at the same source. Dr Bridges thought it would be a good thing to send a party of Londoners across the Border, to give them the chance of listening to a well of English undefiled. Are there not enough Scots in London to provide the requisite instruction ? Where is the English language spoken more correctly, more harmoniously, and more eloquently than in our own Caledonian salon ?

I can recall a dozen speeches delivered within these walls by men who are present to-night that would have done no discredit to St. John of the golden mouth.

I am not at the moment referring to our accomplished Honorary Secretary, Mr Douglas, although that description is applicable to him. I was sitting beside him recently at a public dinner when he made the best speech of the evening.

What glorious nights at the Mermaid have been immortalised by Rare Ben Jonson ! What still more glorious nights we ourselves have enjoyed at the Holborn ! Perhaps all the brighter because so evanescent. As a well-known poet sings—

" Nay life itself the heart would spurn,
Did once the days restore
The days that once enjoyed return,
Return ah, never more."

After expatiating on the many pleasures the members of the Caledonian Society of London are privileged to look back upon, Mr Thomson continued : It was remarked with regard to Lord Bacon that the chief anxiety of those who heard him speak was lest his oratory should come to an end. I trust that you have been conscious of a similar emotion during the last thirty minutes. Of course your feelings may have taken quite a different direction. I have mentioned the criticism of a surly old deacon who became a perfect terror to incompetent speakers. I shall give you another specimen of his brutal severity.

A country parson had just preached his best sermon before a fashionable city congregation, and was painfully nervous with regard to the effect it had produced. He was pacing anxiously up and down the vestry when the incorrigible deacon burst out, " Ye needna fash yersel, man, whatever it wisn't, your sermon this morning is moving, soothing, and satisfeeing. It was moving because hef the congregation left the kirk ; it was soothing because the ither hef fell asleep, and it was satisfeeing, because no ane ever wants to hear your voice again ! "

According to Charles Lamb, an after-dinner speaker should leave the greater part of his remarks to the imagination of the audience. The unrivalled essayist thought that having done justice to a good meal his hearers must be glowing with creative energy !

No doubt after this evening's Scotch broth, whitebait with paprika (whatever that may be), haggis, peach melba, and a dozen other delicacies you are all in that happy condition. I shall, therefore, conclude my share of this intellectual symposium with one or two short sentences. I give you warning,

however, they are going to be more serious than those we are accustomed to hear at these festive gatherings.

I am so conscious of the uncertainty of life, as indeed we must all be, that I should like you to regard the words I am now uttering as if they were my last Sentiment in a room where I have spoken so often and been listened to so indulgently. Look round, Brother Caledonians, on the ever-changing kaleidoscope of life, as it appears in this year of grace 1914. We know not what a day may bring forth. We seem to be on the verge of becoming gods who possess the powers and secrets of the universe. As a nation what are we Scotsmen to lean upon in this time of transition? One concrete force has been associated with all that is most enduring in the history of Scotland. In face of the unknown future, into which the boldest cannot gaze without a shudder, let us recognise that our country's guiding star, however misapprehended at times, has hitherto been and must still be the Grand Old Bible whose sacred words we learned at our mother's knee. It is the record of Divine revelation, the source and centre of our national strength.

At the close of the dinner on 14th March Mr G. W. Thomson, J.P., produced the following verses:

" Here in Britain's giant city,
'Mid its glamour and its gloom,
Still we gather, wise and witty,
In this old familiar room.

Scotland, home of hills and heather,
Windy seas and crooning burns,
As we sit and sing together,
'Tis to Thee our fancy turns.

Round thy hearths dear lips exhorted
Heedless youth to purpose high;
On thy bonnie braes we sported;
'Neath thy turf our kindred lie.

Now, while gleams yon Golden Lion,
Whose proud features never change,
Here we pipe our Songs of Zion,
In a land that's unco strange.

Some recall immortal Yarrow,
Or the Dee's clear rippling stream;
Tales of battles grim that harrow;
Lays of Love's delightful dream.

But, my Caledonian brothers,
Lilt and legend circling fast,
Dick and Don, Moncrieff and Struthers,
Must we live upon the Past?

Those brave times grow dim and distant;
Bruce and Wallace long are dumb;
Let us sing, with faith insistent,
Scotland's glories *yet to come!*

She shall lead the World in Duty
Till long-fettered souls desire
Honour, Freedom, Truth, and Beauty,
Crowned with Love's celestial fire.

Then upon each merry meeting—
Hearts that no base thought beguiles,
Eyes that swim in kindly greeting—
God Himself looks down and smiles !

At the April meeting the President reported that the visit to Bournemouth had been most satisfactory. The lecture given by Mr John Douglas was much appreciated, and Dr Roberts Thomson, the President of the Bournemouth Caledonian Society, entertained at dinner in the Mont Dore Hotel, the deputation and leading members of the local Society. The deputation was asked to convey the cordial greetings of the Caledonians of Bournemouth to their brother Caledonians of London.

The April meeting proved to be the last of the old-fashioned evenings for some years, and it was fortunate that so many of the old stalwarts were present. Surgeon-General W. G. Don, M.D., sang "Tullochgorum;" Mr Patrick Gardiner sang "The Lum Hat Wantin' the Croon;" Mr Alexander Duncan sang "Rory Drummond;" Mr William Dick sang "The Sneeshin' Mull;" Mr James Gray, J.P., proposed the toast of "Our Guests," and Mr Allan W. Freer proposed the toast of "The President."

War had been declared against Germany, and a specially convened meeting of Council was held at the Scots Corporation Hall on 17th September, 1914.

The death of Captain Henry W. Notman, the "father" of the Society, was reported. He joined the membership in 1855 and was Honorary Auditor for twenty-two years (1892-1913). The Honorary Secretary reported that, in accordance with established custom, a wreath had been sent in the name of the Society to the funeral. General regret was expressed at the loss the Society had sustained.

A communication from the Convener of a conference of officials of Scottish Associations in London was submitted asking an expression of opinion regarding the suspension or otherwise of entertainments while the war lasted. After discussion the following motion was unanimously carried: "That in view of the present grave national crisis the Executive Council of the Society hereby resolves to suspend all entertainments for the ensuing season until such time as their resumption can properly be contemplated."

It was further agreed that the monthly meetings, Council and General, should be held at the Scots Corporation Hall on the usual days, the Council to meet at 5.30 and the General Meeting to follow; and that the officials for 1913-1914 should be continued in office for 1914-1915.

A discussion took place as to what support should be given to the Relief Funds in connection with the War and a general expression of opinion pointed to the desirability of contributing in a generous way to one or other of the funds. It was, however, considered judicious to wait until evidence was forthcoming of where the relief would be most required before deciding what form contributions should take. It was decided to continue the usual subscriptions to the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools.

As the Second Battalion of the London Scottish Regiment purposed moving into camp soon, the Council decided that should the Commanding Officer, Colonel J. W. Greig, C.B., K.C., V.D., M.P., approve, an offer to rent a hall or provide a marquee as a club and recreation room for the members of the Corps should be made. The matter was left in the hands of the President, Vice-President, Hon. Treasurer, and Hon. Secretary with powers.

CHAPTER X.

1914-1918: War Period—Mr George William Paton, *President.*

Congratulations to London Scottish on Gallantry at Messines: Major Bernard C. Green, T.D., Wounded: Comforts for Scottish Regiments: Federated Council of Scottish Associations: Support Decided on: Its Beneficent Work: Mr Robert Davidson, Auditor: Death of Mr John Webster: Congratulations to Lieut.-Colonel Bernard Green, C.M.G.: Death of Past-President A. W. Freer: Bracelet from Mr Hugh M. Reid: Afternoons for Soldiers, Report by Mr Jeffrey: St. Columba's Work for Soldiers: Lecture, "Sir Walter Scott:" St. Andrew's Soldiers Club, Aldershot: War's Ravages, Sympathy with President and other Members: Death of Mr Mackay Tait: Sir James Cantlie honoured: Death of Past-President John Kennedy and Mr John Brodie: Prisoners of War Adopted: Deaths.

ON 12th November, 1914, the President reported that on learning of the brilliant action of the First Battalion of the London Scottish Regiment at Messines, he had sent a telegram to the Commanding Officer:

"Colonel Malcolm, Commanding Officer, London Scottish Regiment, British Expeditionary Force, France—Caledonian Society of London are proud of our London Scottish Regiment. Hearty congratulations on splendid work. We honour the memory of those who fell, and our thoughts are with the wounded.—George W. Paton, President, John Douglas, Secretary."

The action of the President was approved, and it was resolved: "That the Caledonian Society of London at its first meeting after the splendid service of the London Scottish Regiment in Belgium desires to record its unbounded admiration of the example given to the Territorial Force by officers and men. The Society remembers the important share which an earlier generation of its members took in raising the Regiment, and places on record its proud satisfaction at the result of the Battalion's first trial on active service and in actual battle."

It was reported that the Senior Major of the Battalion, Major Bernard C. Green, who had been a member of the Society since 1904, and was President 1911-1912, was wounded, but was progressing favourably towards recovery, and it was resolved: "That the Caledonian Society of London desires to record its profound sympathy with its Past President, Major Bernard C. Green of the London Scottish, who was wounded in action, and its sincere hope that he may be speedily restored to health and strength."

The Vice-President reported that a large number of comforts had been sent to various Scottish Regiments where urgent need existed. These had been principally supplied from private sources and only a small expenditure of money had, so far, been made by the Committee appointed to manage the Special Fund. The Honorary Treasurer had £93 7s. 4d. in hand towards the purchase of further comforts.

The Honorary Secretary called attention to the work of the Federated Council of Scottish Associations in London, which had been formed to help recruiting for Scottish Regiments, to distribute comforts, etc., to the troops so that every Scottish soldier would have fair consideration, and overlapping would be prevented.

It was decided that the Society should work in harmony with the Federated Council.

Numerous applications for help in connection with

GEORGE WILLIAM PATON.

President, 1913–1918.

ROBERT DAVIDSON, F.C.I.S.,
Member of Council, 1900–1913,
Honorary Auditor from 1913.

other funds were discussed, but these were passed over to the Federated Council of Scottish Associations in London to be dealt with.

Mr Robert Davidson, a keen Morayshire loon, who had been a member of the Society since 1897, was elected Honorary Auditor in succession to the late Captain Henry W. Notman.

In spite of the prevailing gloom caused by the War, the meetings of the Society were well attended, and the causes which the Society had at heart were well supported. At the St. Andrew's Day Festival of the Royal Scottish Corporation, it was announced that the list of our President totalled over £700.

News came from Mr G. W. Thomson, J.P., Past-President, that he was busy on the East Coast raising a body of 500 men for Home Defence, and asking assistance towards the scheme. It was, however, felt that the full energy and financial resources of the members were required for London.

It was reported that the Federated Council of Scottish Associations in London had requests from Commanding Officers of Scottish Regiments for over 30,000 articles, and it was decided to send a cheque for £100 towards purchasing the necessary requirements.

At the January meeting Major Bernard C. Green, T.D., who was convalescent, was congratulated by the President on his recovery from the wounds he received at Messines. The President assured him that it was a great pleasure to his brother Caledonians to see him back, and wished him good luck in whatever further operations he might have to take part.

Major Green, in thanking the President for the kindly welcome, said that, whenever the Medical Board and War Office allowed him, he would be very pleased to rejoin his Regiment, which had added so much lustre to its name.

A feature of each meeting was a regular report of the work of the Federated Council of Scottish Associa-

tions in London, of which the Honorary Secretary, Mr John Douglas, was Chairman. At the February (1915) meeting it was satisfactory to learn that contributions of money and articles of comfort had come from many parts of Scotland, England, and Wales, without regard to nationality, and it was regarded as a gratifying proof that the work had appealed to national sentiment. The press had given good publicity to the appeals made and the notices in the newspapers had been of immense value to the Federated Council.

It was the aim of the organisation to regulate indiscriminate and local distribution of comforts by associations and individuals. The system was successful in checking overlapping and preventing a large amount of waste, and the whole-hearted co-operation of all associations was asked so that no Scottish soldier would have to complain that, while others received many articles and threw some of them away, he had no friends and had to go without.

It was decided that each Caledonian should do his utmost to influence others in the work of the Federated Council so that by combined effort more useful work could be done.

On 6th March, Mr John W. Webster died. He joined the Society in 1893 and was a member of Council 1897-1913. In the latter year he was appointed Honorary Treasurer and retained that position until his death. A wreath was sent to his funeral bearing the inscription: "From the Caledonian Society of London—George W. Paton, President—In affectionate remembrance of a devoted officer, staunch comrade, and faithful friend."

Mr Webster was a typical example of the Morayshire men who had made their impress on the London Scottish community, for, although he was born in Berwickshire, he migrated with his parents when he was very young to the North. He was a source of great strength to the Council.

At the monthly meeting it was resolved:

That the Council and Members of the Caledonian Society of London record, with exceeding sorrow, the death of their much esteemed and greatly valued Honorary Treasurer, Mr John W. Webster. They feel that with his death an admirable example of constant and ungrudging solicitude for the welfare of the Society has passed away. They realise that they have lost not only a devoted and successful official but a most genial and enthusiastic colleague, whom they can ill afford to be without and will greatly miss.

The Council and Members offer to Mrs Webster and her family this expression of their heartfelt sympathy with them in their irreparable bereavement.

The *Elgin Courant* of 12th March, 1915, referring to Mr Webster's death, pointed out that:

The Morayshire colony in London had lost one of its best-known and most lovable members, and went on to say: "He was educated at Milne's Institution at Fochabers which has turned out many distinguished men, and adopted the banking profession. After serving for some years in the Union Bank in Elgin, he went to London in 1873, entering the office of the private banking firm of Glyn, Mills, Currie & Co. Mr Webster soon made a name for himself, and his ability and industry were recognised by promotion. At the time of his death he held one of the highest positions in the bank, a post that he had occupied for many years past.

Despite business calls, Mr Webster found time to devote himself to many charitable and social agencies. For over 40 years he was a member of the London Morayshire Club, to the welfare of which he devoted himself as few have done. In recognition of his efforts he was elected a Vice-President some years ago. Only those who have personal knowledge of the Club can appreciate Mr Webster's work, but few Morayshire men who have gone to the Metropolis during the last generation were not all the better for meeting at the Club functions so cheery and optimistic a personality. His smile was infectious and his good humour inexhaustible, while to those in trouble his counsel was ever available and his purse open. In charitable work also Mr Webster found room for his energies as a managing governor of the Royal Scottish Corporation. In later years, also, Mr Webster was Honorary Treasurer of the Caledonian Society of London.

In private life Mr Webster was one of the kindest and most genial of friends. He had been ill for some time, but an early recovery was anticipated, and the announcement of his death was quite unexpected. He was 63 years of age, and leaves a widow, a son, and a daughter."

At the same meeting congratulations were sent to Lieut.-Colonel Bernard C. Green.

The Council and Members send their esteemed colleague and Past-President, Lieut.-Colonel Bernard C. Green, T.D., their hearty congratulations on his promotion to the Command of the 1st Battalion of the London Scottish. They take this opportunity of expressing their warm appreciation of the long continued service he has given to his country, and of assuring him that they

have always regarded with admiration the zeal and seriousness with which he devoted himself to his military duties. They feel certain the distinguished Regiment which he now commands will benefit from his influence and example and add to the fame already won by its self-sacrificing effort in a great emergency.

A letter was received in reply :

" British Expeditionary Force,
France, 20th March, 1915.

Dear Douglas,—Very many thanks indeed for your kind letter of the 13th inst., and the copy of the Minute recorded by my brother Members of the Caledonian Society at the last meeting. I cannot tell how much I appreciate the unanimous resolution, for I know how heartfelt and deep it is. I can, in thanking my brother Caledonians from the bottom of my heart, assure them how much I appreciate the honour of commanding this Battalion, especially on active service, and I pray God that I may be spared to lead it to the end and much hoped for peace, with honours added to those it has already so well carried. With kindest regards and every good wish, yours sincerely, BERNARD C. GREEN."

On 21st October, 1915, Lieut.-Colonel Green, who had been made a C.M.G. and was home on leave, received a hearty welcome from the President and members.

At the same meeting the President tendered to Mr John Brodie, Honorary Treasurer, the sympathy of all his brother Caledonians in his anxiety as to the fate of his son, Captain John Brodie of the 6th Battalion Royal Scots Fusiliers, who had been reported wounded and missing.

The President referred to the heavy loss the Society had sustained by death and made special reference to Past-President Mr Allan W. Freer. It was resolved that the following minute should be recorded and a copy sent to the late Mr Freer's relatives :

That the Council of the Caledonian Society of London have received with great sorrow, intimation of the death of their honoured member and Past-President, Mr Allan William Freer. They recognise that with him goes 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. From the day he became a member he had been a strength to the Society, bringing to its ranks only the best recruits and keeping ever before him the purpose of its existence. The Council are thankful to learn that his last days were

spent in sight of the everlasting hills which he loved so well, and which were never far from his thoughts, and that a faithful and skilled Caledonian ministered to his needs during the last days of his life, while another was beside him at the end. His memory will be cherished for long in the ranks of the Society.

A tribute from the pen of the Rev. Archibald Fleming, D.D., which appeared in St. Columba's Church Magazine (October, 1915), is worth reproducing here :

We have to deplore the loss of another of our most beloved and valued elders, Mr Allan W. Freer. He has been taken very suddenly, and, we cannot doubt, mercifully ; for a prolonged, disabled life would have been a trial indeed to a temperament such as his, so active and so keen. He has followed, at no long interval, his much-loved wife to the Land of Rest. He passed away amid the eternal hills, at the haunt in Inverness-shire, where he and his wife had spent so many holidays together, and where he had formed many lasting and valued friendships. The outstanding qualities of our friend were modesty and the love of duty. His kind deeds, which were innumerable, were done almost, as it were, by stealth, and whither duty pointed he ever followed, were the road rough or smooth. One who watched his life and the manner of it could see that the impulses of an exceptionally warm and generous heart were ever guided by a singularly calm judgment, and a determination to do the right thing, even when mere emotion might urge an alternative course. Those who have sat with him on the Board of the Royal Scottish Corporation will recall how these qualities found peculiar scope and illustration there ; and, indeed, if his life had had no other philanthropic concern than in the beneficent activities of the Corporation, it would yet have ranked as one of the most crowded and useful lives of Scots in London. To the Scottish Corporation his loss will be beyond compare ; and our special sympathy must be extended to his closest earthly friend, Mr Moncrieff, the Secretary of the Corporation, in a bereavement official as well as personal which he must keenly feel. In the Caledonian Society, of which he was not only a member but a Past-President, his loving sympathy will be much missed. As an elder of St. Columba's, Mr Freer was a wise counsellor, but he was much besides. He would take trouble, carry through plans, supply a wise and generous friendship where it was needed, and readily undertake those tasks of special delicacy which call for judgment, tact, and sympathy in no ordinary degree. By his death our Session suffers a grievous loss ; and while all of us mourn a loyal comrade, there are some of us who feel the irreparable loss of a true and loving friend. He fell, as so many of our soldiers are falling, at the post of duty and in the fulness of his powers. He lived and died in the possession of a simple, beautiful, and unfaltering faith. Who then can call him other than happy in his end ? A.F.

A Memorial Service was held in St. Columba's on Tuesday, 21st September. The service was conducted by the Rev. Dr Kilgour, in the absence of Dr Fleming. In addition to Mr Freer's relatives and personal friends and his colleagues on the Session of St. Columba's, representatives were present from the Royal Scottish Corporation, the Caledonian Society, and the business world in which until recently Mr Freer took an honoured place. At the close of the service the urn containing the ashes was placed in the Crypt Chapel.

Others whose deaths were recorded were Mr H. E. Campbell; Mr J. F. MacDonald, who died from injuries received in the Gretna railway disaster; Mr Geo. Rae Fraser, J.P.; Mr Robert W. Menzies; Major W. A. Malcolm; and Mr George Spencer Knight, J.P.

It became known that a brother Caledonian, Mr Frederick Wm. Watson, had published a book, "The Story of the Highland Regiments," the profits from which were to go to the Officers' Families Fund, and it was decided to purchase forty copies and present twenty copies to the girls and twenty copies to the boys of the Royal Caledonian Schools.

The Executors of the late Mr Allan W. Freer handed over a set of dirks and a log book which he had bequeathed to the Society. The dirks had been the property of Past-President Mr Robert Hepburn and then of his son, Past-President Mr David Hepburn, and had been presented to Mr Freer by Miss Hepburn.

The Officers were re-elected for 1915-1916, and the election of members of Committee resulted in Mr William Jeffrey, Captain Wm. C. Roberts, R.N.R., Mr G. M. Muir Wood, and Mr William Whytock being added to the Council.

At the March meeting the Honorary Secretary reported on the work of the Federated Council of Scottish Associations in London, and the details given showed that a large amount of useful work had been overtaken. In some cases Regimental Committees had shown their confidence in the Federated Council by asking it to undertake the distribution of comforts to individual Battalions; and in this way the 10th Battalion the Black Watch, the 10th Battalion Highland Light Infantry, and the 1st Battalion Ayrshire Yeomanry received their comforts. The arrangement was found to work well, the distribution of all articles having been carried out in the most expeditious way, without trouble or expense to the contributors. Comforts and other articles had been distributed to

thirty-eight different Battalions. Food parcels were being sent to Scottish soldier prisoners of war in Germany and also to friendless Scottish soldiers in Turkey, Bulgaria, and elsewhere.

Many of the members of the Caledonian Society had liberally supported the work by giving donations, and it was noted that contributions from the wives and lady friends of members represented a considerable value. The fact that so much personal work had been given in producing the articles supplied showed that the ladies had upheld, in a splendid manner, the best traditions of the Society.

The President asked for further support for the Federated Council, and it was agreed that a circular letter should be sent to all the members asking for subscriptions. It was also decided that whatever amount was contributed, the Society would add an equivalent amount from its funds, up to £100.

A pleasing feature of the April meeting was the receipt of letters from the girls and boys of the Royal Caledonian Schools acknowledging the gift of copies of Mr Frederick Wm. Watson's book, " The Story of the Highland Regiments."

At the October meeting the President gave a hearty welcome to Lieut.-Colonel B. C. Green, C.M.G., V.D., Past-President, who happened to be home on leave from the front. He also referred to the honour of knighthood which had been conferred on Sir Alexander F. P. Roger, another member of the Society.

A letter of thanks was received from the Federated Council of Scottish Associations in London :

At a meeting of the Executive Committee held on Tuesday, it was intimated that as a result of the appeal issued to the members of your Society, a cheque for £228 19s. was being passed to the funds of the Federated Council. The Honorary Treasurer, Mr John B. Rintoul, moved : " That the Executive Committee tenders its sincere thanks to the President and Members of the Caledonian Society of London for their generous financial support, and puts on record its appreciation of the systematic and loyal co-operation which the Members of the Caledonian Society have given to the Federated Council of

Scottish Associations in London in the carrying out of the work of providing comforts for the Scottish Troops and food, etc., for the Scottish Prisoners of War.

This was seconded by Mr Stewart Bogle, supported by Mr J. Adam Watson, and carried unanimously. (Signed) JOHN B. RINTOUL.

It may be mentioned here that of the membership of the Executive Committee of the Federated Council of Scottish Associations four happened also to be members of the Caledonian Society, viz.: Mr John Douglas (Chairman); Colonel Sir John S. Young, C.V.O.; Mr T. R. Moncrieff; and Mr Alexander MacDonald, who was, in addition, Chief of the Scottish Clans Association of London.

The officers were again re-appointed for 1916-1917, and the election of members of Committee resulted in Mr Charles O. Rennie, Mr Hugh M. Reid, and Mr Alexander Bruce being added to the Council.

As a mark of appreciation it was resolved that a gold bar for each year of office after 1913-1914 should be presented to the President to be fixed to the ribbon of his Jewel. The President thanked the members for the presentation, and said it had been a pleasure to him to be of service to the Society during the trying times through which we had been passing.

Mr Hugh M. Reid presented to the Society a silver and granite bracelet which had been given by Queen Victoria to the Marchioness of Elie. It contained, in a lidded setting, a miniature of Princess Alice. A very hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr Reid for his unique gift.

At the January meeting, Mr William Jeffrey gave an interesting account of the work carried on by the Committee who arranged pleasant afternoon outings for wounded soldiers in the London Hospitals. The outings had been greatly appreciated by the soldiers, and it was agreed that it was a scheme well worthy of support by the individual members of the Caledonian Society.

At the March meeting reference was made to the work carried on at St. Columba's Church in connection with meeting and entertaining Scottish soldiers coming from and returning to France on Saturdays and Sundays. It was stated that 8400 men had been entertained, and the work was highly commended.

The President made a fresh appeal for further financial support of the work of the Federated Council of Scottish Associations, and it was decided that a circular letter should be sent to all the members asking for their further support.

The Vice-President reported that he had accompanied the Honorary Secretary to Lewisham, where the latter gave a lecture entitled "Sir Walter Scott and His Country," to the South-East London Scottish Association. After the lecture a silver collection produced a considerable sum on behalf of the Scottish Soldiers' Comforts Fund.

The President announced that on the invitation of the Right Hon. Lord Balfour of Burleigh, K.T., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., he and the Honorary Secretary had accepted office as Trustees of the St. Andrew's Soldiers' Club at Aldershot.

The Officers were once more re-elected for 1917-1918, and the election of members of Committee resulted in Mr A. Proctor Atkinson, Mr Wm. A. Bailey, Mr Geo. M. Gordon, and Mr R. F. Spottiswoode Hardie being added to the Council.

The President referred in warm terms to the valuable work which had been carried on by the Federated Council of Scottish Associations in London in supplying socks and other woollen garments and various other forms of comforts to the Scottish troops at the different fronts, to the enormous extent of the services they had rendered, and to the marked success which had crowned their labours. The Council, on the motion of the President, passed a unanimous vote of thanks to the Federated Council for what they had

accomplished on behalf of our Scottish troops, and expressed their thorough satisfaction with the way in which the gifts of money made by the Society, individual Caledonians, and their friends, had been dealt with.

It was noted that the regular benefactions of the Society had in no way diminished, but had rather increased, and that the Stewards' lists of the President and other members in connection with the Annual Festival of the Royal Scottish Hospital amounted to a total of £1319 12s. 6d.

At the November meeting (1917) the Vice-President called attention to the interesting and very pleasant coincidence, that the only sons of the President and Honorary Secretary had been awarded Military Crosses within a few days of each other and their names appeared in the same *Gazette*. It was unanimously resolved to convey the warm congratulations of the Council to the young officers in question—Captain G. H. Tatham Paton of the Grenadier Guards, and Lieutenant W. Loudon Douglas of the Royal Flying Corps, with sincere hopes that they would long live to wear the decorations, and in due time, follow in the footsteps of their fathers as true, faithful, and devoted Caledonians. The Council assured the President and Honorary Secretary that they shared in their feelings of satisfaction and pride, as well as in their prayers that their gallant sons might come through the dangers and trials of that awful time. The President and Honorary Secretary both thanked the Council for their much-appreciated congratulations and good wishes.

At the first meeting in January, 1918, the Vice-President addressed the Council and said the members would recollect that, only a few weeks before, they had conveyed their warm congratulations to Captain G. H. Tatham Paton, M.C., 4th Grenadier Guards, only son of the President, on his receiving the Military Cross. It was now his melancholy duty to tell them formally

that this young officer was killed on 1st December, at Gonnelieu, while rallying men of all units in his immediate vicinity where the enemy had attacked and broken the line. The officer commanding the Battalion thus assisted, reported that Captain Paton's conspicuously gallant conduct, and his entire disregard of personal safety, greatly inspired the men round him. He was mortally wounded while displaying very great devotion to duty.

The Vice-President proposed that the Council should assure the President of the heartfelt sympathy of each member with him and Mrs Paton in so grievous a trial and bereavement, and of their admiration for the example of sustained courage, skill, and initiative shown by the gallant officer in the last hours of his too short life. The proposal was unanimously adopted.

In very feeling terms the President acknowledged the sympathy shown to Mrs Paton and himself, and said he greatly appreciated the renewed expression which had again been given to him.

The death was reported of a valuable member of the Society, Mr W. Mackay Tait, who joined the Society in 1904 and was well known as an amateur piper of note and a composer of pipe music.

In the New Year's Honours List the name of Past-President Colonel James Cantlie appeared as the recipient of a knighthood. Hearty congratulations were sent to Sir James on his well-deserved honour, and it was a pleasant duty to alter his designation in the roll of members to Colonel Sir James Cantlie, K.B.E., M.B., F.R.C.S.

At the March meeting, attention was called to the award of the Victoria Cross to the late Captain G. H. Tatham Paton, M.C., for conspicuous bravery and self-sacrifice. The President and Mrs Paton were received by H.M. the King at Buckingham Palace and were presented with the two Crosses so gallantly won by their only son.

It was resolved that the Record of Bravery as published in the *London Gazette* should be pasted into the Minute Book for preservation. It reads:

"Lieut. (A/Capt.) George Henry Tatham Paton, M.C., late G. Gds.

For conspicuous bravery and self-sacrifice. When a unit on his left was driven back thus leaving his flank in the air and his company practically surrounded, he fearlessly exposed himself to re-adjust the line, walking up and down within 50 yards of the enemy under a withering fire. He personally removed several wounded men and was the last to leave the village. Later, he again re-adjusted the line, exposing himself regardless of all danger the whole time, and when the enemy four times counter-attacked he sprang each time upon the parapet, deliberately risking his life, and being eventually mortally wounded, in order to stimulate his command.

After the enemy had broken through on his left, he again mounted the parapet, and with a few men—who were inspired by his great example—forced them once more to withdraw, thereby undoubtedly saving the left flank."

On 14th February, 1918, Past-President Mr John Kennedy died. He joined the Society in 1881 and was President in 1897-1898.

A scheme of adoption of definite Scottish Prisoners of War had been evolved by the Federated Council of Scottish Associations in London, and the Caledonian Society took over ten men. These were:

Private W. Lamond, 8th Black Watch, Lager 2 (Rennbahn), Munster I/W. Germany.

Private D. Fraser, 6th Royal Scots Fusiliers, Coy. 7, No. 909 Chemnitz, Sachsen, Saxony, Germany.

Sergeant W. Clothier, 6th Royal Scots Fusiliers, Soltau Z3036, Hanover, Germany.

C.S.M. Bentley, 6th Royal Scots Fusiliers, Block 2, Room 16, Gefangenenlager II., Munster II., I/W. Germany. He was afterwards transferred to Altdamm Lager, Pommern, Germany.

Private M. W. Alsopp, 16th Royal Scots, Res. Lazarett 3, Stettin, Germany

Private J. Angus, 18th Royal Scots, Komp 7, Cassel, Germany.

Private W. Bundy, 15th Royal Scots, Custrow, Germany.

Private G. Chapman, 13th Royal Scots, Barr. 2, Komp 3, No. 10082, Bayreuth, Bayern, Germany.

Private P. Coxon, 13th Royal Scots, Gruppe 2, Dulmen in Westfalen, Germany.

Private A. Randall, 17th Royal Scots, Barr. 44, Lager I., Soltau, Z3605, Germany.

The result of the fresh appeal by the President was £327 15s., and it was decided to allocate £205 1s. for Prisoners of War parcels of food and £122 14s. for the Comforts Fund of the Federated Council of Scottish Associations in London.

The Society lost by death its esteemed Honorary Treasurer, Mr John Brodie. He joined the Society in 1905, and was Honorary Treasurer 1915-1918 and throughout his membership of the Society he proved himself a good Caledonian and a painstaking official.

CHAPTER XI.

1918-1919: Mr George W. Paton, *President.*

The Armistice: Congratulations to Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, Sir Douglas Haig, and Lord Weir: The President on the War Work and the War's Toll: Death of Mr W. Lamond Howie, F.R.S.E.: Sentiment, "Reminiscences of Old Caledonians:" Legacy from the late Mr Robert Hardie: Death of Sir James Mackenzie Davidson: Sentiment, "A Plea for the Scottish Vernacular:" Death of Past-President Dr Guthrie Rankin and Mr W. C. Roberts, R.N.R.

TWO days before the first ordinary meeting of the 1918-1919 session was held, on 13th November, the signing of the Armistice had lifted a great load from the minds of members. At the November meeting the President referred to the great event which was the consummation of Victory for the Allies, and proposed that congratulatory telegrams should be sent to Sir Rosslyn Wemyss at the Admiralty, Sir Douglas Haig at the British Headquarters in France, Lord Weir at the Headquarters of the Royal Air Force, and to the Officer Commanding the London Scottish Regiment in France. This was unanimously agreed to, and the following telegrams were despatched:

To Sir Rosslyn Wemyss :

Heartiest congratulations from Caledonian Society of London to the officers and men of the British Navy on their glorious victory in vindication of the liberty of the world. Accept our heartfelt gratitude for their sleepless vigil, magnificent heroism, and self-sacrifice. They have nobly upheld the high traditions of the Sure Shield of the British Empire.

(Signed) PATON, *President.*

To Sir Douglas Haig :

The Caledonian Society of London expresses its fervent gratitude to the indomitable British Army for the complete and glorious victory achieved in the cause of right, justice, and peace. Their pride and joy is enhanced by the record of the great and noble part which its illustrious Commander-in-Chief and all gallant Scots in the field have played throughout the long and arduous conflict. (Signed) PATON, *President.*

To Lord Weir :

Caledonian Society of London unite in warmest congratulations to yourself as the Head and to all ranks of Royal Air Force on triumphant conclusion of their brilliant work which has contributed so largely to a glorious victory for the liberty of the world. Our heartfelt gratitude to its wonderful flying men. (Signed) PATON, *President.*

To Officer Commanding London Scottish :

Caledonian Society of London, proud of part in formation of London Scottish and close association with Regiment, send all ranks warmest congratulations on triumphant and happy end of hostilities and complete overthrow of German despotism. Their undaunted will, heroism, and brilliant achievements, have upheld highest traditions of Scottish valour and will be cherished by their fellow-countrymen.

(Signed) PATON, *President.*

The President (Mr George W. Paton), the Vice-President (Mr T. R. Moncrieff), the Honorary Auditor (Mr R. Davidson), and the Honorary Secretary (Mr John Douglas), were re-elected for another year, and Mr W. L. Brodie was appointed Honorary Treasurer to fill the place of his brother, the late Mr John Brodie. The election of four new members of Committee resulted in bringing back Mr Alexander Duncan and Mr Thomas Macmillan, who with Mr Alexander MacDonald and Mr W. Beedie Esson, M.Inst.C.E., M.I.E.C., were added to the Council.

It was decided that the December meeting should take the form of a dinner for members only, in addition to the usual Council and General meetings.

The first business at the December meeting was to read telegrams from the Admiralty, Sir Douglas Haig, and Lord Weir :

From Admiralty :

Paton, President, Caledonian Society, 7 Crane Court, 174 Fleet Street. Congratulatory message from the Caledonian Society of London highly appreciated and your tribute to the British Navy is gratefully acknowledged.

(Signed) ADMIRALTY.

From Sir Douglas Haig :

17 *a a a* the message of congratulation you have sent us from the Caledonian Society of London is a source of the greatest pleasure to us all. Their words will be especially treasured by the Scottish Soldiers who have so truly deserved this tribute to their valour from their countrymen. I am personally most grateful for the reference to myself, and beg you to convey to the Caledonian Society the warmest thanks of the British Army and of myself.

(Signed) D. HAIG.

From Lord Weir :

President, Caledonian Society of London, 7 Crane Court, Fleet Street, E.C. Please accept the grateful thanks of the Air Council for your appreciation of the share of the officers and men of the Royal Air Force in the achievement of victory.

(Signed) WEIR,
Secretary of State for the Royal Air Force.

The desire of the members to maintain the recognised permanent subscriptions to charities was revealed when the President announced that his own and other Caledonian Society Stewards' lists at the luncheon on behalf of the Royal Scottish Hospital amounted to over £1600. A donation of 20 guineas was also voted to the Harry Lauder Fund for benefiting sailors, soldiers, and men of the mercantile marine.

At the dinner following the General Meeting the President gave the following address :

Since we last met at our festive board in April 1914, much has happened. In September of that year the Council passed a resolution to suspend all social functions and entertainments until such time as the resumption could be properly contemplated, but resolved at the same time to hold usual meetings of the Council and general meetings of the Society, and that the officials should be continued in office for another year, and this policy has been carried out throughout these terrible four years from which we have just emerged. The attendances of the members of the Council were remarkably good, averaging over 20 good men and true.

Many subjects were discussed at these meetings, but our principal care was that of the Scottish soldiers in the fighting line, and their less fortunate brothers, the prisoners of war.

JOHN W. WEBSTER.

Member of Council, 1897–1913.

Honorary Treasurer, 1913–1915.

JOHN BRODIE.

Member of Council, 1906–1915.

Honorary Treasurer, 1915–1918.

Early in the war there was formed in London a Federated Council of Scottish Associations, to care for the soldiers and prisoners of war, and to prevent overlapping. Our good friend, the Honorary Secretary, Mr Douglas, is Chairman of this Federated Council, and the Vice-President and Sir John Young are among the members of the Council.

Your Council has throughout the war used the services of this Council for distributing their gifts, both money and kind, through them. You know how well this has been done from the reports which have been sent to you from time to time.

In gifts of money, the Society and its friends have subscribed to the Federated Council a sum of no less than £1174 during these four years, besides many gifts in kind from various members, and particularly from the ladies associated with members of the Society.

As you are aware, beyond the mere social side of our Society, it has always had a higher purpose in view, which was to interest Scotsmen in the great London Charities—the Royal Scottish Corporation, and the Royal Caledonian Schools, and since we last met, the Society has regularly given annual grants to both of these grand institutions. In addition, members and other friends have subscribed through the President's and other members' Stewards' lists, to the Royal Scottish Corporation, a sum of no less than £6116, during the years I have had the high honour of being your President.

All the foregoing goes to show that the Society has not fallen into a moribund condition through the war, but has been alive and wideawake, fulfilling one of its highest objects, the care and assistance of our less fortunate fellow countrymen.

During my term of office, beginning with 1913-14, 29 new members have joined the Society.

It goes without saying that, in the years which we have passed through, we have had to mourn the loss of many dear and good friends; among others, we remember: Capt. Henry Notman, a member for 59 years, and Honorary Auditor for 21 years; Mr Webster, a member for 20 years and Honorary Treasurer for 2 years; Mr Allan W. Freer, a member for 10 years and President for 1910-11; Mr Geo. Spencer Knight; Lieut.-Colonel Geo. Grant; Major W. A. Malcolm; Mr T. W. Pringle, a member for 32 years; Mr Peter McEwan, a member of 13 years' standing, and a Member of the Council for 7 years; Mr W. Mackay Tait, a member for 14 years; Mr John Kennedy, a member for 23 years and President in 1897-8; Mr John Brodie, a member for 13 years, and Honorary Treasurer for 3 years.

Some of our members have given of their best to save our country from the ruthless Huns. Our dear friend, General Don, has lost two sons; the son of our late Treasurer, Capt. John Brodie, is another loss we mourn; Past-President Struthers also lost his son; Mr Lamond Howie suffers the loss of one who was as dear to him as a son; and your President also lost his only son.

Now we come to a happier side. Our good friend, Colonel Green, was honoured not only with promotion, but by having bestowed upon him the C.M.G.; Mr Douglas's son, Capt. Loudon Douglas, was awarded the M.C.; and our friend, Colonel Sir James Cantlie, was honoured by the King with the K.B.E.

I should not forget to refer to the great work which some of our members have so enthusiastically and regularly carried out, *i.e.*, the entertaining and taking out of our wounded from the hospitals. Mr Moncrieff and Mr Jeffrey

have been heroes in this work, and no less than 16,000 men have benefited in this way.

The work at St. Columba's has received the help and assistance of many Caledonians, notably our good friend and new member, Dr Fleming. Over 30,000 men have passed through and been entertained in St. Columba's Hall.

I give you the toast " Prosperity to the Caledonian Society of London."

At the January meeting reference was made to the lamented death of Mr W. Lamond Howie, F.R.S.E., who joined the Society in 1906, and was a member of Council 1907-1912 and 1913-1918. Mr Lamond Howie's personality endeared him to all, and his death was looked on by every Caledonian as a personal loss. He was ever ready to lend a hand in helping on the good work of the Society. Outside, his help was often sought and readily given. As a mountaineer he had climbed all the bens of Scotland, and his splendid photographs with accompanying lectures were a source of endless pleasure to his friends. It was reported that the President, Vice-President, and Honorary Secretary had attended the funeral.

At the gathering in February Surgeon-General W. G. Don, M.D., gave a Sentiment entitled " Reminiscences of Old Caledonians," when he recalled pleasant memories of the seniors of by-gone days with a view to giving the juniors examples of our fellowship in years gone by. He said that : " Reminiscence is at once a prerogative and privilege of old age, for in youth our aspirations are naturally forward and upward ; in maturity the present is apt to engross ; in age we can only look backward and downward. It is thus that with senility and grey hairs we take refuge in the past in pleasant recollections and congenial contemplation." He craved indulgence in attempting to imitate or illustrate the musical methods of the old friends he wished to recall, and selected a few of the many old Caledonians whose friendship and fellowship he enjoyed —all typical specimens—and who have passed away.

Those who came in for notice were Mr Robert Barclay Brown, who he associated with the song

"Cauld Kail in Aberdeen," alias "The Cogie;" Mr David Hepburn, who used to render, in a fine baritone voice, such songs as "Up in the Mornin' Early," "The Lowlands Sae Low," and "Gae Bring to Me a Pint o' Wine;" Mr John Ross, whose one song, a version of "Old King Cole," always received a hearty welcome; Mr James Duncan, "who had a sweet tenor voice," sang with much pathos such appealing songs as "The Highland Widow's Lament" or "The Crook and Plaid," and who always got at the key by striking a tuning fork. Then there was Mr David Mossman, whose one song was "Oor May," which described with much cynical humour the unsuccessful efforts of May and other ladies to catch the newly-placed bachelor parish minister; Mr Duncan Hepburn, a fine old Jacobite gentleman, who sang many of his own songs and others, such as "The Brave Old Scottish Cavalier;" Mr William Milne, who, in a remarkable falsetto, used to sing "The Spinning Wheel;" Mr William Nichol, a much-liked delightful professional singer, who gave an equally splendid rendering of "Annie Laurie" or the more rollicking "Hey for Ronald Macdonald;" Mr Smith Turner, who, once a year, during the Smithfield Cattle Show week, sang his own humorous composition "Breeding and Feeding;" and Dr Daniel Mackay Forbes, who sang one song of his own composition, "The Whisky O."

Surgeon-General Don sang snatches of the songs in the way each used to be rendered, with illustrations of the accompanying actions of the various singers.

At the March meeting a letter was read from Messrs Sanderson, Adkin, Lee and Eddis, Orr, Dignam & Co., 46 Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4, intimating that under the will of the late Mr Robert Hardie, of 34 De Vere Mansions West, De Vere Gardens, Kensington, who died on 7th February, 1919, the Caledonian Society was left a legacy of one thousand pounds (£1000), free of legacy duty. The announcement was received with

much satisfaction. It was ascertained that the Royal Scottish Corporation had benefited by the same will to the extent of £3000.

In connection with the marriage of Princess Patricia of Connaught with the Hon. Alexander Ramsay, the good wishes of the Society were sent to the newly-wedded pair, and in reply the following communication was received :

" The President, Caledonian Society,—Sir,—Lady Patricia Ramsay and I beg you will convey their most sincere thanks for the kind wishes of the members of the Caledonian Society, which you have so kindly transmitted. As a Scotsman, I value the kind words and good wishes of the Society, and will always wish them every success. Please accept, yourself, our warmest thanks.—Your very grateful fellow-countryman, Alexander Ramsay."

The Society sustained a heavy loss by the death of Sir James Mackenzie Davidson. He joined the membership in 1902, and always showed a keen interest in everything pertaining to the Society. He was one of the few men to gain high distinction in the two fields of surgery and physical science. He dipped deep into the problems of light, radiation, and electricity, and was always abreast of every new discovery. If he was not the first in the United Kingdom to apply X-rays to medicine, he was the first to realise the wide applications of Röntgen's discovery to the detection of foreign bodies in the tissues, and upon this he built up his classic method of cross-thread localisation.

In the South African War it became the recognised method of the British Army, and in the Great War it was employed on a vast scale. Many lives were saved by his method of quickly and accurately localising bullets and shell fragments, and a very large number of men were spared the misery of futile operations. Sir James's natural bent was teaching, and nothing

delighted him more than an interested student. His X-ray couch was an instance of his inventive genius.

At the April gathering Mr William Will gave a Sentiment entitled "A Plea for the Scottish Vernacular," as follows:—

I have frequently heard essayists who have chosen their subjects apologise for imposing their remarks upon their hearers—and the necessity for the apology has often been evident—but to-night I offer no apology. In such a company of Scots, and those with Scottish sympathies, I offer no excuse for endeavouring to arouse some interest in our Vernacular, which in some parts of Scotland is not in so healthy a condition as it ought to be. I know that every man who loves his native land hoards up as the gods of his memory —to be taken out at intervals and gloated over as the modern miser gloats over the record of the E.P.D. of which he has robbed the Chancellor of the Exchequer—the recollections of Auld Lang Syne. It may be sacred memories of the home, of a saintly mother and the "catechis" on a Saturday night; of the village and its characters; of the school and its chums and dominies; of Hallowe'en with its apple plumpin' and other "ploys;" of Hogmanay and first-fittin'; of the Kirk and its ministers and precentors; of the solemnity and dignity of Rockingham on Communion Sundays; of the river where the trout refused to rise; of the woods where the futtrits and squirrels lived, and the shy birds laid their eggs; or of the hills whose topmost points alone satisfied the ambitious youngster. It may be one or all of those things that surge at the gates of our memories when we rest after the chase for our daily bread; but whichever it may be, it is bound up with homely voices, with entreaties, or interjections, or commands or confidences, uttered mostly in the couthy, robust, and expressive Scots Vernacular, with the particular accent that dominated our particular district.

There is certainly no need to offer any apology for uttering a warning that if the decay of the Vernacular in speech and literature continues, it will soon be at a lower ebb than it was when Robert Burns burst upon Scotland, and infused life in our literature, and national pride in our language and institutions. "His candle is bright, but shut up in a dark lantern," was the dictum of Wordsworth on the Vernacular poems of Burns, and should the neglect of the Vernacular continue as it has in some parts of Scotland since the Great Singer passed to his rest in 1796, the day will come when much of Burns will be shut up in a dark lantern, and will be read only by means of glossaries, even by Scotsmen. That is to say, it may be read, but it will not be understood, for there are in the Scots Vernacular—as indeed in all vernacular speech and literature—nuances of meaning and idioms whose significance cannot be conveyed by means of glossaries. The mere loss of the dialect is not, in my opinion, the most serious aspect of this matter. The decay and death of a language is a sadder thing than the decay and death of a city. It signifies the death of a people's national character.

Having discussed at length the dialect divisions of Scots, the history of the language, the beginning of the decay, the influx of Scandinavian and French words, and the corruption of words, the essayist considered the history of Scots Vernacular Literature.

Barbour and Wyntoun wrote when the Scots Vernacular resembled that of Northern English, there came from the era when French and other

tongues had mingled with Southern Scottish so as to produce a distinctive literature, a great succession of eminent writers—from Dunbar to Hector Boece and Sir David Lyndsay, and from James Melville to Allan Ramsay, and from Ramsay to poor Robert Fergusson and Robert Burns, whose coming infused fresh vigour into the language that was already decaying. The speech of the aristocracy of Scotland was fast becoming corrupted with English. For about a century before Ramsay, Fergusson, and Burns arrived, practically nothing had been written in the Vernacular, and many were ashamed to be heard giving utterance to their native tongue. But Robert Burns for a time changed all that. It was fortunate for us and for our Vernacular language that the Great Poet came from the peasantry, for had he come from parents in any other station in life, we should probably never have had sung for us the joys and sorrows of our native land in the Vernacular which he used with such masterly artistry. There would have been for us no " Auld Lang Syne " to rally Scots throughout the world, there would have been no " A man's a man for a' that," there would have been no " Jolly Beggars," no " Tam o' Shanter," and much less of the Scots Vernacular language to preserve to-day than there is. The debt that Scotland owes to Robert Burns for infusing new life into her decaying language can never be repaid by all the worship that we can bestow upon his memory on the 25th of January.

Although we have had a great succession of worthy writers since Burns passed to his rest—Scott, Carlyle, George MacDonald, Robert Louis Stevenson, and J. M. Barrie, to mention one or two of different decades—our great writers have been known in literature as authors of English rather than of Scots, although everyone of them except Carlyle has written classical Scots. Our other writers have not been known outside Scotland, and though they have exercised great influence in arresting the decay of the Vernacular, they have raised no bright lamp to point Scotia's way. Logie Robertson (Hugh Haliburton) who has just died in Edinburgh, John Buchan and Gilbert Rae in the Border dialect, Mrs Violet Jacob in that of Angus, Charles Murray in the Aberdeenshire tongue, and Miss Mary Symon in Banffshire, worthily bear the standard of the Scots Vernacular.

When we come to discuss the decay of the Vernacular, we find that forces having no connection with each other have been operating at various times. It startles many a Scotsman to be told that the Reformation struck the most destructive blow at the language of Scotland; but so it is. The Reformation was accomplished largely by John Knox and the Bible, and both were in English—the man's speech and the Book's language. The Bible was studied by all classes. It was read carefully and laboriously, and the reading in English of the greatest literary and moral instrument ever forged had its effect upon the common language of the people. Had John Knox, in effecting the religious upheaval, shown as great zeal for the language of his native land as he showed for its education—had he had the Bible printed in Scots—his name would have been even greater in the history of Scotland than it is to-day. Men and women who knew no other English book read the Bible; they began to speak English who had previously spoken nothing but Scots; secular literature generally was banned at this period, and so this great religious movement put a spoke in the wheel of the native language of the Lowlands.

Dr Giles, Master of Emmanuel, and Vice Chancellor of Cambridge University, and one of our Doric authorities, has pointed out recently " the fact that no important translation of the Bible into the Scots language

had ever existed, and that this was mainly responsible for the inability of Scots to maintain itself as a literary language. About 1520 Murdoch Nisbet, a Lollard of Kyle, translated the New Testament, but Nisbet simply used a northern word to make a southern one more intelligible; he used no idiomatic Scots; so that it could not be correctly called a translation. Dr Giles gave as an example the fact that Wyclif in his Bible said, in the parable of the Prodigal Son, "Fader, give me the porscioun of catel that fallith to me." Nisbet simply substituted "Fader, give me the porscioun of substance that fallith to me," which was certainly more intelligible.

Let me say here that if John Knox from the pulpit did much to destroy the Scots Vernacular, and if Nisbet missed a great opportunity in translating the New Testament, many just men remained in Israel to continue to deliver their spiritual messages in the doric; and this condition of things obtained until fairly recently. Indeed, the Rev. Mr Gibb Mitchell, Cramond, who died recently, used the Vernacular from the pulpit. A famous Aberdeenshire divine, Rev. Patrick Robertson—he was in his potestatur when I was a boy—used to divert the people of Aberdeenshire with his homely illustrations. Describing the call of David, Mr Robertson spoke of the presentation by Jesse, of his sons to Samuel. "Hae ye nae ither bairns, Jesse?" the Prophet asked. "O ay, there's anither bit callant awa' oot ower at the herdin'." "Let's see 'im, man; let's see 'im." So Jesse gaed to the door (and here the minister waved his hand in imitation of Jesse) an' shouted: "Dauvit, ma mannie, Dauvit, come awa' hame, there's somebody wantin' tae speak tae ye."

"Weel, sirs," said Mr Robertson once, preaching on the condition of the Israelites in Egypt, and the call of Moses: "Weel, sirs, an' faur div ye think he faun' God's chosen people? He faun' them in the Land o' Goshen, wi' their sark sleeves rowed up tae the oxters, busy kirnin' amo' clay, and makin' bricks."

Another Aberdeenshire minister—of the Parish of Kildrummy—also spoke from the pulpit in the Vernacular. On one occasion he addressed one of his worshippers: "Geordie, wauken up Sandy Grant. Oh Sandy, Sandy, man, I'm nae sae sair upo' sleepin' i' the Kirk as some preachers are, 'cause I think mony a time the minister's as muckle to blame as the listener; bit Sandy Grant (and here the preacher duntit the stour frae the Bible in his indignation), Sandy Grant, I debar snorin!"

Of one of the ministers of Govan it is told that one day he stopped in his sermon and shouted: "Bailie Broon, ye maunna snore sae lood; ye'll wauken the Provost."

It is a sad admission to have to make that the decay of the Vernacular in speech and consequently in literature—for if Vernacular speech dies, literature must die—is partly due to the stupid pride which has infected the homes of rich and county and noble families of Scotland. Less than a hundred years ago the Vernacular was still the current speech in many a home of Scottish gentle folks. Lockhart in his Life of Scott mentions an incident in which Sir Walter's son figures. The eldest boy, also Walter, came home one afternoon from the High School with tears and blood hardened together upon his cheeks. "Well, Wat, what have ye been fighting about to-day?" asked his father. With that the boy blushed and hung his head and at last stammered out that he had been called a lassie. "Indeed," said Mrs Scott, "that was a terrible mischief to be sure." "You may say what you please, Mamma, bit I dinna' think there's a waufer thing in the world than to be a lassie, tae sit borin' at a cloot," answered Wat surlily.

That Scott himself on occasion used the Vernacular we know, and on the authority of Crockett it is told that Ballantyne calling one day for copy found Scott sitting with a clean quill, and a blank sheet in front of him. Ballantyne expressed surprise, and Scott answered: "Ay, ay, Jamie, its easy for you to bid me get on, bit how the deuce can I mak' Rob Roy's wife speak wi' sic a curmurrin' in my guts."

Alas, however, all this has changed, and in the homes of the well-to-do the Vernacular is crushed, and its users scowled at. It is only in the homes of the lower-middle and working classes that the doric is now heard. I know that when I was a boy the efforts of some of the men who could express themselves in fine idiomatic Scots to hang to their mother tongue something that they thought was good English resulted in ludicrous phrases. I can remember one grocer who continually used the word "dight" for "wipe." "Dicht" is the word he should have used, but he thought it sounded more authoritative—more dignified—if he ordered his loon to "take that clout from off that skelf and dight the counter."

I am told that in the homes of the fain-would-be in Scotland even to-day the Vernacular is suppressed. We all know the young lads, who, leaving their country homes for southern towns, return after a short absence with a pigeon English as absurd as a Chinaman's. Miss Mary Symon, whose Vernacular poems are known all over the world, writing to me on this subject some short time ago said: "Did you ever hear the story of the Banff loon who was sent to some southern boarding-school? At his first home-coming to the Deveronside craftie, a little brother ran down the brae to meet him. 'Ha, haw aw ye, m' little fellah? Haw aw ye; ha, ha?' was the greeting of the wanderer—and the poor dumbfoundered bairn, after staring a minute, turned and ran into the house yowlin': 'Mither, oh, mither, oor Jock's come hame a craw. He can sae naething but ca' ya, ca' ya!' Many, ah, many, have we all known who have come hame craws."

So we see that even the middle classes are enemies of the Vernacular, and that consequently if there be a great revival of the Vernacular literature it must come from the genius of the working and lower-middle classes, or from some member of a wealthy family whose love of the country will take him or her among the peasantry.

Because of its force, flexibility, and expressiveness, the language of Scotland is worthy of our efforts to preserve it from decay.

There is something in the shade of meaning that is indescribable. Sometimes it gives a couthiness to the phrase, sometimes a force, a vigour, that is impossible to convey if the closest English equivalent be used.

Many a word occurs to you that cannot be expressed in one English word. This gives directness to the language, and makes it a powerful instrument in the mouth or pen of a master. Let us take a few examples:

We know that "dubs" mean mud, and that "dubby" means muddy; but if we take the allied word "clorty," or clarty, we have a word that defies an English equivalent. It may mean muddy, although it does not necessarily refer to mud at all. It is something dirty and sticky, and there is something otherwise repellant about it. If we say that "clorty" is something dirty and sticky, we may convey generally its meaning, but there is something missing from the interpretation. If you call a woman a "clort"—or as it would have been put in my native Strathbogie, "a great, muckle, clorty soo"—you suggest a fat frowsiness, and generally a disgusting dirtiness and idleness in which stickiness plays no part. An old saying when I was

a boy ran: "The clortier the cosier," meaning, I need hardly explain, "the dirtier the warmer."

I always think that "ablach" is the most contemptuous word that can be addressed to a human being—a crined crater, a weary wratch—but the smallness of stature is mental as well as physical.

I have tried to express "arles" in one English word, but it cannot be done. It is a fee paid in order to bind a bargain, generally applied to a farm servant when he fees.

"Breet" or "bruit" is brute, but it is more. If you call a man a brute you put him on an equality with the beasts, but if you call him a "breet," or a "peer breet," or "puir bruit," you impart a couthiness or homeliness that gives the word another meaning.

"Dreep" means much more than to empty. You may empty a bottle and still leave a few drops, but if you "dreep" a bottle you empty it beyond hope of recall of a single drop.

"Skell" or "skail" is used to denote the spilling of water or coals or any other commodity, or the emptying of a Church. We say when one drops anything out of a full basket, "You're skellin' (or skailin') this or that," and when the benediction is said and the worshippers are leaving Church: "The Kirk's skailin'"—"The Kirk's comin' oot."

When we get news of an event we get "word" of it. "Hae ye ony word o' hoo So and So is?" we ask. "Ay, I got word yesterday."

Scots "stay" at a place, whereas English people "live" there. "Ca' canny wi' the butter," that is "Don't flatter too much," "Ca' canny wi' the water," that is "Dinna droon the miller."

I never hear that expressive word "income," as applied to an ailment without external cause, without appreciating the richness of the Vernacular. "Fut's vrang wi' Geordie Mason's thoom?" may be the question, and the reply "O, its jist an income." Just an income. That is all.

What is "plisky?" You know, and I know, but the English equivalent —a mischievous trick—does not convey all that we know that it means.

Neither does to "whistle" convey the meaning of to "souff," for while to "souff" is to whistle in a low tone, to "wheeple" is to whistle in a shrill tone. Yet both "souff" and "wheeple" hold something to the Scots laddie that is not revealed to the English boy.

The use of the diminutive is another peculiarity of the Scots Vernacular. Let me take but one example, the word "wife." We have the first diminutive "wifie," and second "wifock," third "wifockie." With the use of adjectives of course we can secure such combinations and further diminutives as "wee wifie," "wee wifockie," etc. Our Honorary Chaplain, Dr Fleming of St. Columba's, told me that the head of a family of his acquaintance in Aberdeenshire had the laird, his son, known as the lairdie, and his grandson, the lairdockie.

In a general survey like the present, it is impossible to inquire closely into the reasons—climatic, racial, or otherwise—for the peculiarities of form of words and pronunciation—why V as in "vricht" and "vratch" takes, in Aberdeenshire, the place of W, which within ten miles is pronounced "wricht" and "wratch;" why in Aberdeenshire F should in "faur," "fite," "fuppit," "fan," etc., take the place of "Wh," which are within a few miles pronounced as "whaur," "white," "whuppit," and "whan;" why knife should be pronounced k-nife and nife in places a few miles distant from each other; or why the weasel should be "futtrit" in Aberdeenshire and "whitrack" in Ayrshire. The more marked differences are in the *oo* and *ee* vowel

sounds. Take as an example the various forms of the word " Above," and mark the differences of pronunciation. You hear " abin " in Perthshire and other counties ; you hear " abuin "—the French sound—in Angus and Mearns, and in southern counties ; and in Aberdeenshire it takes the broad *ee* sound—abeen—and in the mouth of a native it may mean either Heaven or a scarlet runner.

The Scottish Vernacular speech is particularly rich in epigram and metaphor and in the use of the vowels, and those of you who have lived in country districts remote from frequent railway disturbances must have heard in clever epigram and metaphor from the mouths of the natives fresh, vigorous, sometimes monosyllabic, often not too generous, comments on men and affairs. I remember being in a country district in Kincardineshire at the time that Pope Leo XIII. was making his great fight for life. Day after day the bulletins conveyed the fact that every minute his death was expected. I had gone to the local smiddy for my paper one morning and while walking along the road reading, a local farmer passing addressed me thus : " Ay, is he aye haudin' the grip ? " " Ay," was my response. " Ay, ay," he said, and passed on. This economy of words and the use of vowels is a characteristic of the Scottish peasantry, and the reference to it recalls of course the classical example in which oo, ay, a', and ae form the whole of a perfectly intelligible conversation.

But to revert to the epigram and metaphor, let me give a few examples :

" Glower at the meen an licht in the midden," is a warning to those whose ambitions lead them astray.

" He'll nae live tae see an auld pow," or " He'll nae live to mak' auld beens or banes," is a delicate way of saying that a young man is " dowie, and lookit on for death."

To say to a Scotsman : " Aye hae yer cog oot when it rains kail," is a work of supererogation ; and " Keep oor ain fish guts tae oor ain sea maws," is a charge of which the jealous Sassenach is always accusing us.

" What can ye expeck frae a soo but a grunt," is only slightly different from " Ye canna mak' a silk purse o' a soo's lug."

" Ye never see green cheese bit yer een reels," or " yer mou' waters," is a charge of covetousness, and " Ye've a crap for a' corn " is a charge of greed.

One of the richest of the sayings descriptive of a plodding body, I think, is : " Aye ploiterin' awa', nae makin' muckle o't, like a bee amon' tar."

Could a miserly individual be better described than in the two saws : " He'd scrape Hell for a bawbee," and " He'd skin a loose for its hide and tallow ? "

" Ye'll tak' a dram," or " Ye'll tak' a cinder in't " is an invitation which according to the Auld Enemy, Scotsmen never refuse, and results in the accusation " He's takin' the breadth o' the road," which the more charitable interpret as " He sometimes forgets himsel'."

" Dicht yer neb an' flee up " an observation of contempt as you probably know, might have a different meaning in these aeroplane days than it had when as a boy I heard it first.

" The burn's doon " (in flood), " He's a sclate lowse," " She'll speer the guts oot o' ye," " He's nae kirk greedy," are not metaphors but sentences characteristic of the force of the Vernacular.

Although George Borrow called our Vernacular a barbarous mixture, maintaining that it had no claim to be classed as a language, I feel that I have said enough, even in this rough review, to show that by its absorption

of valuable contributions from various languages and by the tenacity to retain its richness it emerged from being a dialect of Northern England and Scotland to a separate and vigorous existence.

It has been a most valuable vehicle for the conveyance of the vigorous speech of a virile people, and it has a literature of great strength and beauty, which ought not to be allowed to become obsolete.

While one cannot use too strong language in which to condemn the stupid pride that encourages a pigeon English when the natural vehicle is braid Scots, one does not palliate for one moment the affectation that substitutes for a natural method of expression in English the mongrel Scots that one sees so often in menus of dinners of Scottish Associations often in London, and which really only creates a vulgar laugh when we desire serious consideration.

However we may regret it, we need not really be surprised that there has been an inclination to neglect the cultivation of the Vernacular; we should rather feel surprise that any of it is left, because not only has it been considered vulgar to speak braid Scots in the homes—not only has there been this false genteelness at work—but at school the only Scots words used are those in Scottish songs, and they are few. When I was a boy at school one of our masters, still happily with us, and still passionate in his advocacy of the use of the classical Vernacular, encouraged us to tell stories in the vigorous doric of Strathbogie; and it was only that curse of Scottish children, the "I dinna like" temperament, the shyness with which we are almost all cursed, and with which, by the way, we are not credited, that prevented him from doing more than he did to encourage us to use the language in which we certainly thought. All lessons and examinations to-day are in standard English, and few imaginative authors in prose or poetry have used the Vernacular since Burns and Scott passed away. Under these circumstances, it seems surprising that so much rather than so little of the Vernacular is understood. There are, as I have said, bards and prose writers in the Vernacular throughout Scotland who are to-day holding aloft the standard, and to these let us give all praise, and when we can, encouragement.

As I have already said, there is more to be considered in this matter than the mere loss of dialect, serious as that assuredly is. If it were only that, it would still be worth fighting for; but it means much more to Scotland than a difference in speech, and this is an aspect of the matter that has, I feel, not received sufficient attention. The language of a people represents and reflects the character of a people. It has been said that it is as much a part of us as our features. We as a people are often charged with being brusque and rugged; it is represented in our tongue. We have (at any rate at home) the reputation of being homely and hospitable; our language with its couthiness reflects these qualities. We are credited with being straight, and in our actions being free from subterfuge; in our speech we have a vehicle for conveying these characteristics. We are credited with being tenacious; we have stuck to much more of our Anglo-Saxon tongue than our more fickle neighbours on this side of the Tweed. We have the reputation of being "gey grippy;" let us at least in the matter of our distinctive language, live up to this reputation. For our mither tongue is an ancient and a noble language, hallowed by great and sacred memories. It is the language in which Scotsmen spoke and wrote defiance to the tyrants who sought to hold her in bondage; it is the language to which we were crooned to sleep when bairns; it is the language in which many of us to-day think, even though resident furth our native land.

When Scotland sheds her Vernacular language she will have shed her national character; for her language is the very mirror of her soul. And the day that Scotland has shed her national character—which may God prevent—that day she will have become the mere dependency of a more powerful neighbour instead of being as she is a free and independent nation.

Before the session closed the deaths were reported of Dr Guthrie Rankin, who joined the Society in 1896 and was President in 1901-2, and of Captain Wm. C. Roberts, R.N.R., who joined the Society in 1895 and was a member of Council 1915-1919. The Council resolved to put on record its profound sorrow at the loss of such genial personalities. It was mentioned by the Vice-President that in each case the funds of the Royal Scottish Hospital would benefit to a considerable extent by legacies.

CHAPTER XII.

1919-1920: Mr Thomas Reid Moncrieff, *President.*

Secretary of the Scottish Corporation: His Work in London: Mr Paton's Silver Cup: Honours to Retiring President and Honorary Secretary: Sentiments, "Our Glorious Sea Songs," "War Work of the Federated Council," "Two Scottish Bankers in London," "Old Bill and Me:" Deaths of Past-Presidents James Gray, Surgeon-General Don, and other Members: A Tribute to the Surgeon-General.

WITH the opening of the Session 1919-1920 the group of Office-Bearers of the Society which had remained without variation during the War period broke up. The Vice-President, Mr T. R. Moncrieff, became President. Mr John Douglas, who had been Honorary Secretary since 1907, was elected Vice-President, and was succeeded by Mr J. F. McLeod.

Mr Moncrieff, who had been Honorary Treasurer from June, 1905, to 1913, and Vice-President from June 1913, 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, 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 of 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 for thirteen years. It is a noteworthy coincidence that the only

THOMAS REID MONCRIEFF, J.P.

Honorary Treasurer, 1905–1913. *Vice-President*, 1913–1919.
President, 1919–1920.

SILVER CUP

PRESENTED BY GEORGE W. PATON.

The following inscription is engraved inside the rim:—

"A Gift to the Caledonian Society of London by George W. Paton, who, elected President in 1913, continued to serve during the years of the Great War, 1914–1918, and until October of the following year. Presented 13th November 1919."

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.

Before demitting office the retiring President, Mr George W. Paton, presented a magnificent Silver Cup to the Society as a memento of his six years' occupancy of the Presidential Chair. The Cup is a fine specimen of the Adam period of decoration, reproduced from an original by Thomas Holmes, London, in 1777. It is two-handled, with a raised cover and weighs 122 ounces. The Vice-President and President-Elect, Mr T. R. Moncrieff, in accepting the cup on behalf of the Society, referred to the very happy relationship which had always existed between the President and the members during the trying years of the War, and warmly thanked Mr Paton for his generous gift. The members received the Cup with acclamation, and many references to it were made in the course of the evening.

Difficulties had cropped up in connection with the Annual Festival, as it was found that accommodation could not be secured in January, and after a full discussion it was agreed to hold it at another time towards the end of the session and it was decided that it should take the form of a festival and complimentary dinner to the immediate Past-President and Mrs Paton.

In accordance with the resolution passed on 8th November, 1916, it was decided that five gold bars be presented to Mr George W. Paton to be affixed to the ribbon of his Jewel. It was also agreed to present the

retiring Honorary Secretary, Mr John Douglas, with a gold bar to be affixed to the ribbon of his Jewel.

The 1919-1920 session opened with something like the old spirit, and uppermost in the minds of all seemed to be a determination to try and recall the old days. The after-dinner programme on 13th November proved an attractive one, and the special feature was a Sentiment entitled "Our Glorious Sea Songs," given by Surgeon-General W. G. Don, M.D. He was in good form and rendered the songs in an admirable way.

In introducing the subject, the essayist asked:

Should the question be raised, in what respect is our lyric literature differentiated from, or superior to, that of other nations? and he gave the sure answer: "Our Glorious Sea Songs."

Our incomparable sea muse arose, he said, and developed in our having no land frontier; and excels all other because, complete insularity compelled conquest of the sea as vital to our national expansion. Sea adventure with resulting sea power has thus given us elbow room, and also preserved inviolate our island home, enabling us to proudly boast it "The Star of the Earth;" and to sing it with Eliza Cook, as the abode of true freedom—

"Daddy Neptune one day to Freedom did say
If ever I live upon dry land,
The spot I should hit on would be little Britain,
Says Freedom, why, that's my own Island:
For oh! it's a light little island,
A right little, tight little island,
Search the world round—there's none to be found—
To compare with our tight little Island!"

Further, complete sea surroundings have bred in our nation a nautical caste of men, unmatched in the world; save only by our own kinsmen overseas. This proud belief impressed me so forcibly while serving as a young man in the Baltic Fleet of 1855, and having the opportunity of contrasting our sailors with those of other navies, that I then noted in my Journal, as follows: The British sailor, in comparison, is *sui generis;* for foreign naval crews somehow seem to me more like landsmen in sea garb than true blue sailors; because, however correct in their kit (copied from us) it seems to sit on them less naturally than on our own born and bred true jolly tars! Some may call that mere insular or youthful prejudice; yet, now grown old, I still do affirm our naval and mercantile marine are a very exceptional type of men, ever displaying, under parallel circumstances, special and peculiar tenacity, heroism, and self-sacrifice.

Now, it is of and concerning such special maritime men that our wonderful legacy of sea song of all kinds is derived. It began to appear early in the eighteenth and continuously expanded in the succeeding century and a half into our present unique inheritance, on which it is my privilege now to comment, and submit to you in a cursory survey, divided, I think conveniently,

into three groups: I. The Sentimental; II. The Descriptive; and III. The Heroic.

In lightly touching on these divisions, under at once strict limitation of your time, and my vocal capacity, I may only attempt very abbreviated illustrations of each class.

I first note that all types of our national sea songs belong to the era of sailing ships; they uniformly sing of wooden hulls, masts, and yards, of hempen cables, ropes, and ratlines, of bunting, flags and swelling sails, moved and filled by the winds of heaven. In sailing the high seas under such conditions, our old full-rigged ships did indeed present elements of poetic romance—the long voyages, calms and storms, restful smooth gliding, far away sense of isolation, little dread of submarine peril, no anxiety over possible S.O.S. aerial messages! Contrast present-day steam voyaging. It is hard to tune the lyre over any phase of mechanically-driven iron monsters; forced, despite wind and tide, through the waves, accompanied by varied irritating noises; thuds of the screw propeller, screeches of exhaust steam, whirring donkey engines. Even the old sentiment is eliminated in putting to sea; no singing, fiddling, or rhythmical foot stamping in the merry-go-round capstan weighing anchor; only a harsh mechanical rattle in casting off or winding in a chain cable!

I.—Sentimental Sea Songs.

These naturally relate to three ever-present features and themes in sea life: 1, The Sailor and his Lass; 2, Ships and Shipmates; 3, Nautical Farewells. I may cite the following examples: Old John Gay (1685-1732) of "Beggars' Opera" fame, wrote sea songs two centuries ago, of which we prize "Black Ey'd Susan," for its quaint glimpses into the sailors' sweet-hearting of his period—

> "All in the Downs the Fleet was moored,
> The streamers waving in the wind;
> When 'Black Ey'd Susan' came on board,
> Oh! where shall I my true love find;
> Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
> Does my sweet William sail among your crew?"

Breezy Charles Dibdin (1745-1814), so entirely familiar with sea life, wrote many songs of all kinds, which we treasure for their kindly pathos: "All's Well;" "Blow High Blow Low;" and "Tom Bowling," in memory of a dead shipmate.

Versatile Samuel James Arnold (1774-1852) gave us a tender farewell in the "Anchor's Weigh'd"—

> "The tear fell gently from her eye,
> When last we parted on the shore;
> My bosom heaved with many a sigh
> To think I ne'er might see her more.
> Dear youth, she cried, and can'st thou haste away,
> My heart will break—a little moment stay.
> Alas! I cannot part from thee;
> The anchor's weigh'd, the anchor's weigh'd,
> Farewell, farewell, remember me."

II.—Descriptive Sea Songs.

These form a very numerous group on all phases of sea life, but time only permits me to touch the mere fringe of examples—at once joyous and rollicking or sombre and sad. Epps Serjeant cheeringly sings :

" A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters' rave,
And the winds their revels keep.
Like an eagle caged I pine,
On the dull unchanging shore ;
Give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the billows' roar.
A life on the ocean wave, etc."

Yet, each a breezy glorification has its dark contrast in gaunt storm and shipwreck, as depicted by Andrew Cherry, in the " Bay of Biscay O." And let me claim some personal interest in that fine old song ; for, in returning home from India with my regiment in a sailing ship, we were wrecked in a fierce hurricane in the notorious Bay, 7th March 1865 ; and after a dangerous night—the most thrilling experience of my life, were rescued by the French, and towed—a dismasted hulk—into Brest.

" Loud roared the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge showers ;
The clouds are rent asunder
By lightnings' vivid powers ;
The night both drear and dark,
Our poor devoted barque,
As she lay, till the day, in the Bay of Biscay O.

Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent,
When Heaven all bounteous ever
Its boundless mercy sent ;
A sail in sight appears,
We hail her with three cheers ;
Now we sail, with the gale, from the Bay of Biscay O ! "

III.—Heroic Sea Songs.

I hasten to touch on this glorious galaxy, so entirely and characteristically our own, and wholly unmatched in any nation. I can only recall by name a few of the best known : " The Arethusa," " The Red, White, and Blue," " The Death of Nelson," and others which we used to chorus vigorously in the gun room of the Flagship as we lay defiantly blockading Kronstadt, or fiercely bombarding Sveaborg, in the summer of 1855. " Hearts of Oak," by David Garrick (1717-1779) was there, and I believe still is a prime favourite, even in ironclads.

" Come cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something new to a wonderful year ;
To honour we call you, nor treat you like slaves
For who are so free as the sons of the waves !

Hearts of Oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men,
We always are ready—Steady—Boys—Steady !
For we'll fight and we'll conquer—again and again ! "

The refrain of " again and again " recalls a yarn of famous Admiral Sir John Phillimore, who, when a young lieutenant in command of a sloop-of-war, encountered a small French frigate at dusk, and maintained a running fight with her all night. She struck before daybreak, and on her commander coming on board to surrender, he expressed disgust at having struck in the dark to a mere sloop : " An' ye are not satisfied," roared Phillimore, " go on board, you blackguard, and I'll—fight you again—with the watch."

Our heroic naval songs are mostly commemorative, that is, were directly inspired just as and where memorable events occurred ; for, in the past, unlike the present, fateful occasions at once produced the recording singer. If Nelson triumphed at Copenhagen, Campbell was ready to exult ; if he fell nobly at Trafalgar, Arnold was present to bewail. In past days also, the popular memory was at once highly receptive, responsive and retentive. As an example of such persistent retention I heard when a boy old men still vauntingly singing of Rodney's victory over De Grasse in 1782, then more than sixty years after the battle, in quaint refrain :—

" To Rodney we'll go, to Rodney we'll go,
And fight the French and Spaing-ard
To Rodney we'll go."

Moreover, our predecessors commemorated in song not alone victories but catastrophes, such as the sensational foundering of the three-decker, the " Royal George," in 1782 ; which, in minor key, I heard quavered by an old woman in Brechin, in the late forties—

" It's of a true and a dismal story
That happened off Portsmouth shore,
The ' Royal George ' in all her glory
Will ne'er be seen, nor heard of more ! "

Alas ! we had no similar lament over the grievous loss of the " Titanic " in 1912 ; nor yet any mournful dirge over the foulest and most fiendish naval crime ever committed—the diabolic sinking of the " Lusitania." Nor may we, I fear, be hopeful of any notable epic, inspired by the transcendent heroism of the late War ; for the hurry of events in the daily scurry of our lives tend to smother poetic sentiment and strangle the heroic muse. The more let us prize the Legacy of the Past.

Let me present lastly the three most glorious of our heroic naval songs, and I will disregard blame if I proudly recount in the Caledonian Society that all of them were written by Scotsmen.

This fact is the more remarkable when we reflect how little since the Union, and hitherto until quite recently, Scotland was favoured to see the Royal Navy, which, for strategical reasons mainly, was identified with South England only. The three naval heroics are : (1) " Rule Britannia," which, sung in unison to Arne's music, ever strikes a chord in all true British hearts. It was the joint authorship of James Thomson (1700-1748) and David Malloch, or Mallet (1695-1765), in their collaboration of the " Masque of Alfred " (1740). (2) " Battle of the Baltic " was written by Thomas Campbell (1777-1844) on Nelson's victory over the Danish Fleet, at Copenhagen, in 1801. (3) " Ye

Mariners of England " was also written by Campbell on a remobilisation of the Fleet about 1809.

" The Battle of the Baltic " is declared by competent critics to give the most vivid and dramatic picture of a sea fight of its period, ever presented in the loftiest literary language in ballad form.

Finally, " Ye Mariners of England " is justly considered the finest naval song in existence, and a truly noble appeal to the sailors' patriotism.

Mr John Douglas gave a Sentiment entitled " The Work of the Federated Council of Scottish Associations in London," which was illustrated by lantern slides, showing different phases of work and individuals who had been connected with it. The Sentiment contained much of the report which Mr Douglas submitted to the fifth annual meeting of the Council, held on 25th November, 1920; and this report may, therefore, be conveniently given here. It showed that the body was founded in 1914 " for providing comforts for Scottish Troops, and for Scottish Prisoners of War," with headquarters at the Royal Scottish Corporation Hall, Crane Court. The Executive Committee were Mr John Douglas, F.S.A. (Scot.), Miss Margaret Grant, Col. Sir John S. Young, C.V.O., Mr T. R. Moncrieff, Mr Stewart Bogle, A.C.A., and Mr John B. Rintoul, Hon. Secretary and Treasurer.

In presenting the Fifth Annual Report (said the Chairman at the Meeting on 25th November, 1920) I feel sure that you will all agree that it is a fitting time to put on record our profound admiration for all units of His Majesty's fighting forces for their splendid heroism and self-sacrifices, which have culminated in such a marked victory for Freedom and Civilisation. To all arms of H.M. Services we offer our heartfelt thanks, and salute the memory of our Heroic Dead; we owe them all a debt which we can never repay, and their memory must for ever be held in reverence.

It is some satisfaction to us to know that through all the long strain we have been able to ameliorate the conditions of the soldiers of our Scottish Regiments by supplying much-needed comforts. We now know how great the need was, and that it was by the consistent help of enthusiastic contributors that we were never left without the means of supplying requisitions.

The Federated Council was called into being to do what was possible for our Scottish fighting forces, and also to look after the interests of Scottish organisations where these could be directed into channels of service, and we have a right to claim that the combined Societies were able to do work which, without co-operation, would have been impossible.

Individual efforts were hopeless, as they usually meant that some small units got too many comforts, while the larger number had to go without,

and it was only by a proper system of supervision that overlapping and waste was prevented. From the start our work was carried on through commanding officers and others equally responsible, and so satisfactory was our system that we were the only organisation in London, apart from Regimental Committees, that received official sanction to deal direct with the various Scottish Regiments in the field. Only once did we come into adverse contact with the Director-General of Voluntary Organisations, when some bales of comforts destined for Salonika were stopped at Devonport. The delivery was urgent, as our men were suffering from extreme cold, and we had to act quickly, but it was satisfactory to know that within 24 hours the embargo was removed, and the bales were on board the transport for which they were intended.

We refused to join the " Pool " and allow the comforts meant for Scottish Regiments to be distributed to all and sundry, and because of this, our regular workers were not allowed to have war-workers' badges,—but the work went on, and, in spite of the fact that our workers knew there would be no badges, and no rewards, their desire to help our Scottish soldiers provided sufficient incentive, and as time went on, the work increased rather than diminished.

Distribution of Comforts. The work which we took in hand in October 1914 was in a measure only taking over what had been begun in a small way at the Royal Scottish Corporation, and the policy of getting the various Scottish Associations in London to co-operate, proved eminently successful. We received help from many organisations in London and the provinces, and also overseas, and it is a proud satisfaction that a large amount of assistance came from English friends, who admired the fighting prowess of the Scots. Many Church guilds and schools contributed, and we can never forget the magnificent comradeship which we encountered on every hand.

Early in our work we received valuable help from Queen Mary's Needlework Guild, The Queen's " Work for Women Fund," The Scottish Society of Edinburgh, the Women's Voluntary Aid, British Red Cross, and the *Daily Sketch* funds, which enabled us to meet requisitions that could not otherwise have been met, and from the start we had contributions of money and goods from many parts of Scotland, England, Wales, Ireland, Canada, United States of America, South Africa, India, Malay States, etc. We also had a gratifying contribution of 2000 pairs of socks and a sum of money from the St. Andrew Society of the River Plate.

The number of articles, or pairs of articles, which we were able to distribute from start to finish was 75,116, including 37,619 pairs of socks. The general articles included shirts, mufflers, mittens, gloves, hosetops, helmets, coats, towels, bandages, medical comforts, soup squares, pipes, tobacco, cigarettes, soap, games, sets of bagpipes, and other musical instruments, books, etc. We were also asked in several instances to purchase football accessories and other articles. In some cases we contributed towards the cost of these special lines, but, speaking generally, we only acted as buying agents, and the officers and men paid for the articles which we procured for them.

Our organisation was recognised as working on good business lines, with a reputation for getting things done, and some regimental committees, such as Lady Mansfield's workers for the Black Watch, asked us to undertake the distribution of their comforts to their own battalions.

We were fortunate in having the help of Messrs Pettigrew & Stephens, Ltd., of Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, as our representatives in Scotland, and

we are indebted to them for handling and distributing Scottish consignments free of charge. We also had the advantage of all the main consignments being handled at Douglas Wharf, Putney, free of charge. In case of any misapprehension, it may be stated that because we were not connected with the "Pool," carriage had to be paid to the various ports, but none of these charges came against the funds.

We have now 137 pairs of socks in hand, and it is proposed to hand these over to the Royal Scottish Corporation to distribute, and I feel sure you will agree that we can trust Mr Moncrieff to put them out to deserving recipients.

The London Scottish Regiment. In the early days of the War the Council took a keen interest in the recruiting for the London Scottish, and a memorable meeting of the leading Scots in London convened by the Federated Council with the Secretary for Scotland in the Chair, took place on 4th November, 1915, at the Royal Scottish Corporation, to further the interests of the famous regiment. The influence of the Federated Council was considerable, and it was found possible, not only to complete the second and form a third battalion, but many of the recruits had to be drafted to other Scottish regiments. It may interest you to know that the records show that over 10,000 passed through the Regiment. Of these, 1380 were killed, 4800 wounded, and 115 made prisoners of war. Something like 2000 commissions were granted to men who were serving, and the influence of the London Scottish was thus extended to many other regiments.

Parcels for Prisoners of War. On 7th December, 1915, we started sending parcels to prisoners of war, but when the Central Committee was formed, it relieved us for a time. At the annual meeting held in October, 1917, a warning note had to be struck in consequence of the information which had been received at first hand from Scottish prisoners of war who had returned to this country. Each association was asked to support the Regimental Committees by undertaking to provide part of the cost of food for individual prisoners of war, and a gratifying response was made to the appeal. The expenditure of the Council in the last year of the war, rose to over £150 per month, but so well had the scheme been taken up that at the date of the signing of the Armistice, the rate of expenditure was guaranteed for another six months. We got into direct communication with the senior officers at many of the camps with a view to adopting lonely Scottish soldiers, but found that the Regimental Committees had as full information as it was possible to get, and our distribution was done through the various committees.

We arranged with the Bureau de Secours at Berne, Switzerland, to supply bread to the prisoners of war adopted by our associations, with the result that the men had the best bread in a fresh condition. Our dealings with the Berne Committee engendered absolute trust on both sides On one occasion eight Scottish prisoners' names came to Berne with a request for bread, and the Committee at once sent what was required in the name of our Council, knowing we would honour the bill. It is impossible to speak too highly of the Berne organisation—there was nothing to surpass it in real efficiency, and their system of accounting would have been a credit to the best business establishment anywhere. When the Government took over the feeding of our prisoners and sending the food in bulk, your Executive thanked the officials at Berne for the efficient way they had carried out our requisitions, and received the following reply: "We are extremely grateful to you for your generous appreciation of our work, and can assure you that it is a matter of great regret to us that we are no longer able to co-operate with you under the new scheme."

In connection with this work, we were able to trace men when their anxious relatives failed to find them. One typical case may be given—a mother in Scotland had tried for six months to get some intelligence about her son. She had tried all the usual known channels, without success, and we were appealed to as a last resource. Our energetic Honorary Secretary, Mr Rintoul, took the matter in hand, and, in a little over a fortnight, the boy was located in a hospital in Germany, and put into direct communication with his mother.

In many ways our organisations became known for efficient working, and even the 48th Canadians (Toronto Highlanders) asked us to act as their Regimental Committee in this country, and supervise the supplies for 221 prisoners belonging to the regiment. It was one of the many compliments which we appreciated, but in this case we decided, after some pleasant interviews, that it was a task for a permanent organisation, and not for spare time workers like ourselves.

Visitation of Wounded Soldiers in London Hospitals. In May, 1917, it was resolved to organise a systematic visitation of wounded Scottish soldiers in London Hospitals, and we were greatly helped in the work by the English County Folk Visitation Society, whose commissioners sent cards giving particulars of all arrivals. We had considerably over 100 visitors, and the visiting was carried out in over a hundred hospitals in the Metropolitan area, Middlesex, Surrey, Kent, and Essex. We were greatly indebted to the County Folk Society for the valuable assistance given to us, and we know that they, in turn, appreciated the way we tackled each case. From a communication received from the chairman of the society, I take the following paragraph: "I must say we greatly appreciate the magnificent way you are running Scotland, and I think I can frankly say that we have never had a complaint of a Scot not being visited." In all, we arranged visitors for 6037 men.

Many instances could be given of the re-unions which were arranged by our visitors, where it was made possible for wives and mothers to visit their loved ones, but with such an excellent list of visitors, the work was bound to be effectively done. We recall the names of Lady Haddo, Miss Maxwell, Mr and Mrs Benzies, and Mr John Wallace, as examples of methodical work which was a credit to any organisation. I would also like to mention the name of Miss Morrish of Douglas Wharf, who was responsible for registering full particulars, issuing cards, and receiving reports from visitors. She is also entitled to much credit for the admirable way she superintended the receiving, registering, and classifying of all parcels of comforts, dealing with requisitions from commanding officers, and conducting correspondence with the various transport officers at the different ports.

Harry Lauder Fund. The Council was approached by the Harry Lauder Fund Committee in Glasgow, and asked to look after the interests of the fund in London, but, with so many departments already in hand, it was decided that it would be better to form a separate committee to work this fund. This was agreed to, and the Federated Council was able to form a strong committee which was the means of raising about £7000 for the benefit of the fund.

Scottish Soldiers Passing Through London. On 18th July, 1915, under the able direction of Miss Blackwood, of St. Columba's Church, a magnificent organisation was started for the entertainment of Scottish soldiers passing through London on leave. It was the habit of the authorities to dump the men at Victoria Station at two o'clock on Sunday mornings, and leave them to wander about the streets for 19 hours before their trains left for the North.

Dr Fleming was, unfortunately, ill, and away from London, but the moment the state of affairs was realised an energetic band of workers led by the Rev. Douglas Robertson, and Mr William Robertson, an esteemed elder of St. Columba's, was organised to look after the comforts of the men. The Kirk Session readily granted the use of the Hall, and one of the finest pieces of work done in London was the result. The men were met at the trains in the bleak early morning and escorted to the hall, where a hot cup of cocoa and biscuits were served. After a wash and shave, the men were taken for a stroll in Kensington Gardens, and returned to the hall about 6.30, where the ladies had prepared a hot steaming breakfast. After breakfast, the men went to the baths for a plunge and a change of clothing, and again returned to the hall where 'buses were waiting to take them a three hours' trip through London. Members of St. Columba's provided dinner; in the afternoon tea was provided in the Hall, and after supper the men were piped to the stations and given a hearty send-off.

It is impossible to speak too highly of the magnificent work which was carried on until last month, and altogether 47,624 men passed through the hall. It was a privilege to be allowed to help in such an undertaking, and your Council gave it full-hearted support throughout.

Outings for Wounded Soldiers. The afternoons for wounded soldiers also received active support from the Council, and some of our individual members. Mr Moncrieff was honorary treasurer, and the work was carried on from the Scots Corporation Hall. The men were taken from the various hospitals in 'buses and cars to the Schools at Bushey, private gardens in and around London, and other places of interest. Entertainments of a suitable kind were provided, and the Committee had the assurance of the Hospital Authorities that the influence on the men was most marked, and greatly helped towards their recovery. Altogether 13,611 men were taken out by the Committee.

Commemoration Service. In reviewing our work we can look back with pride to the memorable Commemoration Service for sailors and soldiers of the Scottish community in London who died during the war, which was organised by the Federated Council and held at St. Columba's Church on Sunday, 29th September, 1918. Dr Fleming's sermon was powerful and appropriate, and will ever be remembered as a fitting tribute to our Glorious Dead.

The Bowling Tournament Challenge Cup. We were asked and agreed to accept the custody of the Bowling Tournament Weir Challenge Cup, and with the assistance of a committee of bowlers, to regulate the tournaments, and other details in connection with matches. Your executive are agreed that the Council is the proper body to take on the responsibility of caring for such trophies, and welcome the start which the bowlers have made in this direction. As a result of play during the summer, the London-Dumfries-shire Association have gained the cup, and, in accordance with the rules governing the holding of the trophy, a medal is affixed to the cup, giving the name of the winners, and the cup remains in the possession of the London-Dumfries-shire Association for one year.

Financial. I have not said much about finance, as that is the province of the Honorary Treasurer, but it is satisfactory to know that most of the Associations contributing towards the support of prisoners of war have paid amounts remaining in their hands to the Council for the purpose of carrying on its ordinary work.

Thanks. The short review of our work is sufficient to give an index of the whole-hearted support and sympathy which we have received from many organisations and individuals, and to one and all we tender our grateful thanks. Our war work is over, but we can ever look back on it with satisfaction because we were all linked up in a comradeship which was good for ourselves, and meant a large amount of good for others.

Roll of Honour. Your Executive suggest that a Roll of Honour should be prepared, on which the names of outstanding individual workers will appear, and, if you agree with the suggestion, the preparation of the Roll will be carried out forthwith.

The Future. We have worked together during the war without much change in the personnel of the office-bearers, and this was really necessary, so as to ensure continuous satisfactory work. We have now come to the period when our existence in times of peace must be carefully thought out. That the Federated Council will always have a beneficial influence goes without saying, and we ought to have an organisation ready to take in hand any emergency. It is for you to decide what should be done, but your Executive suggest that the Executive Committee should be increased to say nine members, three of whom will retire each year, and not be eligible for re-election for twelve months: that the position of chairman should be an honour that goes round every year or thereby, and that the rule pertaining to the retirement of a third of the Executive shall apply to the chairman and other officials in ordinary rotation. The desire of your Executive is to see a strong body which will continue to hold the confidence of our present supporters and also prove to those who are not connected with us that it is to their interest to join us.

The Federated Council is now respected both at home and abroad, and we ought to not only maintain, but to increase its prestige.

Personal. Will you now allow me, as your chairman for five years, to say how much I appreciate the honour conferred on me by electing me to such a responsible position. We have formed friendships through the Council which have been of a pleasant and lasting kind; it is a privilege which I am proud of, and am grateful to you all for the magnificent support you have given me. Let me say here and now that whoever you elect as your chairman in the future will receive as whole-hearted loyalty from me as you have always shown towards myself. Officials may change, but the organisation goes on.

JOHN DOUGLAS, *Chairman.*

The Treasurer's report showed that from its inception in 1914 till the close of 1919, the sum of £5013 was collected and £4720 was expended. The cost value of the goods received and distributed approximated to £10,000.

Ever responsive to the claims of good causes, the Council, at the February meeting, voted ten pounds (£10) towards the Dr Elsie Inglis National Memorial Fund. Her Grace The Duchess of Atholl was Chairman and Lord Balfour of Burleigh, K.T., and Mr John Douglas were members of the London Committee.

At the February meeting the Rev. Archibald Fleming, D.D., gave a Sentiment entitled "Two

Scottish Bankers in London." It was a talk on two outstanding London Scots—William Paterson and Thomas Coutts.

Paterson, the son of a Tinwald farmer, was born in 1658 and received an excellent education at his own Parish School. Intended for the ministry, his plans were altered by his strong stand on behalf of the Covenanters. At one time he was " wanted " for feeding ministers in hiding, one of whom was John Balfour of Burley.

With a pedlar's pack on his back Paterson trekked to England and from Bristol crossed the Atlantic ; first to the Bahamas where he became an itinerant preacher and gathered facts from the Buccaneers. Returning home he proposed his Darien Scheme. He failed to convince James II. of its advantages and he was also unsuccessful on the Continent. Settling in London, he amassed a modest fortune in commerce and in 1690 he promoted the Hampstead Waterworks. In 1693 he promoted similar works in Southwark, and in 1694 he founded the Bank of England. The Government wanted £1,200,000, and as people were growing richer a Bank was necessary. Paterson's scheme of a paper currency with bullion backing was accepted. He from the first strenuously opposed an inconvertible paper currency. He was an original Governor but soon resigned and once more set himself to his Darien project.

The Isthmus was to be the key to the Commerce of the World. It was to turn Scotland from the poorest to the richest country in the world. The scheme was for picked colonists ; voluntary teetotalism was recommended ; Free Trade was to prevail and there were to be no racial or religious tests. It caught on in Scotland where he persuaded the people that commerce more than war led to prosperity. A rhymed panegyric of Free Trade published in 1699 read :—

" I who know this and see what has been done,
Admire the steady soul of Paterson ;
It is no common genius can persuade
A nation bred to war, to think of trade."

Another ballad proclaimed :—

" To Scotland's just and never-dying fame,
We'll in Asia, Africa, and America proclaim
Liberty ! Liberty ! nay, to the shame
Of all that went before us.
Where'er we plant, trade shall be free ;
And in three years' time (I plainly forsee),
God bless the Scottish Company,
Shall be the Indian chorus.
No brawls, no murmur, no complaint,
No cause of any discontent,
Where *Patersonian* government
Shall once commence a footing.
His wholesome laws being published there,
Shall harmless keep their goods and gear,
And free their persons from all fear
Of Thummikin and Booting.

Paterson at length persuaded the Scottish Parliament as it looked to be a good way of carrying out their love for thwarting England. The scheme started in 1698 but failed through mismanagement. Paterson's wife and child died and he returned home a physical wreck.

He was soon full of new schemes. A Council of Trade for Scotland; Payment of the National Debt by a Sinking Fund; and the Treaty of Union. He was back in London in 1701. William III. approved his financial schemes and Paterson drafted the financial clauses of the Treaty of Union, holding that "nothing could tend more to make this country (Scotland) great and considerable." There was opposition in Scotland and the Treaty was publicly burned at Dumfries.

He settled in London and lived at Queen Square, Westminster. He was reduced to poverty and earned a living by teaching mathematics and navigation until 1715, when a belated Darien compensation of £18,000 was paid to him. He died in 1719. Of high character with brilliant and versatile gifts; singularly modest, many of his works were carried out anonymously. He acted and thought in the grand manner and his best monuments are the Bank of England and the Treaty of Union.

Thomas Coutts was born in Edinburgh in 1735. His father was Lord Provost of the City, but the family originally were of Montrose. Thomas was the fourth son. He came young to London to manage with his brother James, the London branch of their father's business. In 1771 the profits of the concern were £9000 per annum; by 1775 he was sole partner in Thomas Coutts, bankers.

He had married Susannah Starkie in 1763. She was maid to his niece, a daughter of James Coutts. His long business life extended from 1750 to 1822, which covered the reign of George III. and included the American War of Independence, the French Revolution, the Napoleonic Wars and Waterloo. He lived over his bank in the Strand where from his sitting room he looked down Robert Street, Adelphi, over to the Surrey Hills. In 1795 he moved to Stratton Street, Piccadilly, the famous residence of his grand-daughter, Baroness Burdett Coutts, where the artificial parrot hung so long inside the window.

By his wife Susannah he had three daughters whom he got into a very exclusive French school. He schemed marriages of distinction for them and they became Countess of Guildford, Marchioness of Bute, and Lady Burdett.

A keen, shrewd, and successful business man throughout, Coutts was banker to the Royal Family, fashionable society, prominent politicians, and most of the Scots in London. He always lent his own money only. This gave him great power and he knew the secrets of half Europe. He coveted power over public men, therefore, lent without hope of repayment to Fox, the Duchess of Devonshire, and the Countess of Chatham. At the same time he tried to get hold of Pitt, the Whigs, and the Prince of Wales when he thought the latter was near succeeding to the throne. He was a veritable "Vicar of Bray." He did not like Pitt personally because Pitt did not answer letters, nor ask for Mrs and Misses Coutts, but he preferred Pitt's policy to that of Fox.

Both Paterson and Coutts hated wars, as they held that instead of helping high finance they spelt ruin. Paterson persuaded the Scots to prefer commercial to military expansion; Coutts deprecated the American War. In 1775 he wrote: "The idea of reducing such a continent to obedience (especially after letting them have so much time to unite) appears to me, as far as I am capable of judging, to be absolutely impossible, and attended with the most ruinous consequences to the country," and again in 1794 he wrote to Lady Chatham: "Our wooden walls must be our last resort."

Coutts mediated between George III. and Cardinal Henry of York, the last of the Stuarts. He visited the Cardinal in 1790 at Frascati and brought a silver medal from him to George III. It was through the influence of Coutts that George III. gave a pension to the Cardinal. Coutts, himself, pensioned Clementina Walkinshaw, the mistress of Prince Charlie.

Into this prosaic moneymaking life suddenly burst in his 70th year an overwhelming passion. He met Harriet Millar, an Irish actress. For ten years he lavished on her great wealth and a series of impassioned letters. When his wife died ten years later he incontinently married Harriet. There were family discords, but after his second marriage he was more enthralled than ever. In another eight years he died (1822), leaving her his whole vast fortune. She was a remarkable woman and became Duchess of St. Albans. She was throughout received at Court. Sir Walter Scott liked her and she visited him twice at Abbotsford. She behaved well to Coutts' daughter Angela, Lady Burdett, to whom she left everything, and she in turn left it to her daughter Baroness Burdett Coutts.

It was a strange life of business and romance or sentiment, worldliness and unworldliness that Thomas Coutts led ; defying opinion in two marriages, yet courting social favours ; marrying his daughters well and organising smart dinner parties—a life from which one rises " with mingled feelings of amusement, admiration, and contempt."

Coutts was fortunate in his biographer, Hartly Coleridge, who had the use of papers found in the Bank in 1907. The literary quality of the biography gives it more sail than the ship of Coutts' life could carry. One might contrast Boswell's " Johnson," Lockhart's " Scott," Morley's " Gladstone," and Trevelyan's " Macaulay " with Coleridge's " Coutts."

Coutts was no writer himself ; he was pompous and prosy or sentimentally maudlin—singing love without the lyrists' note. He owes power to three things : (1) He founded a great bank ; (2) he was a social centre in a wonderfully fascinating age ; (3) he is the subject of one of the finest biographies in English.

Yet, as compared with Paterson, a much smaller man and less fortunate ; the subject of a series of obscure, inadequate and undiscriminating biographies, the victim of endless contemporary lampoons and hidden behind a self-erected screen of effacement and anonymity but the greater man. Paterson had a brain pregnant with a teeming brood of great schemes : an idealist and a dreamer, yet intensely practical. He had no selfish aims at fortune, but was a patriot first and last.

Both men had a wonderful magnetism. Paterson got Scotland because he preached to it the crusades it never flies from—Freedom and Religion. His enthusiasms were infectious. Coutts, too, must have been more than the shrewd, successful London Scot. Men drew to him as a personality. They recognised a big man. But the two are on different levels for all that. Paterson the Scotsman of great mind and heart, who had visions of a New Heaven and a New Earth and the power to plan them and suffer for them. Coutts, of the earth, earthy ; one of the Major Gods of a material world, which had momentum for the moment, ere vanishing for ever into motionless death.

Captain B. Bairnsfather gave a characteristic Sentiment at the March meeting, entitled " Old Bill

and Me." In sketches and descriptions he told the story of how " Old Bill " came to be evolved from the sodden atmosphere and trenches of the Flanders battlefield, and then how the subject blossomed out into endless variations, up to the time when it was staged at a London Theatre.

During the session death had been busy in the ranks of the members. Dr Alex. G. Duncan, who joined in 1903 ; Dr Leslie Durno, who joined in 1908 ; Mr Thomas Ronaldson, who joined in 1856 ; Mr Robert Littlejohn, who joined in 1909 ; Mr James Gray, J.P., who joined in 1900, was a member of Committee 1901-1906, and President 1907-1908 ; and Surgeon-General W. G. Don, M.D., who joined in 1889, was a member of Committee 1892-1893, and President 1894-1895, all passing to their rest.

Surgeon-General W. G. Don, M.D., was a source of great strength to the Society and will long be remembered for the inimitable way he sang such songs as " Tullochgorum " and many of the songs of Burns. He also had many old sea songs, which he rendered with a "go" that brought with it the rythm of the sea. They were reminiscent of his old days when serving as a medical volunteer in the flagship " Duke of Wellington," in the Baltic Fleet, at the battle of Sveaborg in 1855. In *St. Columba's Magazine* for November, 1920, a fitting tribute appeared as a report to the memorial service which was held in response to the declared wish of the Governors of the Royal Scottish Corporation.

A Memorial Service for the late General Don, whose ashes now rest in our Crypt Chapel, took place in St. Columba's on Friday, 29th October, at 5 p.m., and was largely attended. It was held by request of the Governors of the Royal Scottish Corporation, the promotion of whose noble work was the chief interest of many years in the closing part of General Don's long career. His presence was sunshine and his face a benediction ; none knew him but loved him ; and many, many a chilled fireside and broken heart of ill or broken Scot was warmed and healed through the unstinted pains and genial persistency of this beloved father of Scotsmen. The following short address was given by Dr Fleming :

We are here to-day to do homage to the memory of a dear and honoured friend. General Don was one of the oldest, if not the very oldest, of us all in the Royal Scottish Corporation: yet in all but years he was one of the youngest. He belied the aphorisms of the cynics; he shewed that old age not only can defy the eclipse of hope, but even that of mirth and joy. I can imagine that those who knew our late friend in the exuberance of his prime would say that his old age was not less exuberant than his youth; it was only more measured and mellowed; more sagaciously spun out; the same, but with the rest superadded to it which precedes the rest that remaineth. And there was a joy which was granted to him—it is only the mead of old age, and of honoured old age at that—I mean the joy which Cicero so shrewdly diagnosed of exercising an influence and authority based on qualities so long displayed as to command universal respect and trust. Our late friend had this further completion of his happiness—that he kept to the very end lucid unimpaired all those faculties of the mind and spirit which had made his long life throughout an adventure of extraordinary interest and fascination. And so, when he died, it was just as if Nature, in a peaceful and orderly fashion, were taking to pieces again her own original handiwork, so that the mechanism might be built up afresh in other worlds for the pursuit of other and still happier enterprises there. This heritage of calm and glad old age can only fall to the lot of those who have spent their youth and prime in high-minded and benevolent labour; to those who have done otherwise the words of Lord Byron come sadly true—

> "My days are in the yellow leaf;
> The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
> The worm, the canker, and the grief
> Are mine alone."

It was so far back as January 1836, while William IV. still was King, that William Gerard Don was born, in the parish of Stracathro, in the shadow of the reputed *Mons Grampus* of Roman story. And it was so far back as 1855 that, fresh from the study of medicine in Edinburgh University, he took part in the rather futile naval expedition to the Baltic, when the British steamships hurled in a day and a night 1000 tons of shot and shell, with vast destruction and broadcast death, into hapless Sveaborg, and then sailed home without having in any way influenced the course of the Russian War. Young Don was on the flagship "Duke of Wellington" with his countryman Admiral Dundas, and it was thus, when but 19 years of age, that he won his first medal. In 1852 he joined the Army, and served in the Indian Mutiny, gaining another medal and mention in dispatches. War Office and other appointments steadily followed in the subsequent years; and in 1882 we find him charged with the fitting of hospital ships for the Egyptian expedition. Later, he is busy with the editing of Army Medical Regulations; and for seventeen years he was Senior Medical Officer of the London Recruiting Staff.

But the main line of his professional life was intertwined with many strands of humane and cultural interests. He was a lifelong and tireless student of Scottish history, place-names, song and ballad: and the hours spent in these pursuits were probably the happiest in his life. None of us will forget hearing this old man eloquent of 84 discoursing last winter at a dinner of the Caledonian Society (of which he was President twenty-five years ago) on the subject of sea ballads; singing, with his own mellifluous voice, song after song in illustration of his theme, with a memory that never

faltered for the words. None of us can forget the sunny face that beamed upon us all the while; the very picture of happy, hearty, genial, and benevolent old age.

But perhaps the scene that will live longest in the memory of many who are present to-day will be that of this good old man sitting in the chair at the monthly meetings of Governors of the Royal Scottish Corporation. Past us, in apparently endless procession, came the cases of aged, needy, or unfortunate Scots in London; some in distress by their own fault, others the victims of sinister destiny or circumstance; but all finding in that large and generous heart a quick and sympathetic understanding and response.

Some of us, perhaps, noted in the last few years an added tenderness—a still deeper sympathy and understanding. And we guessed the reason. Our friend had himself been passing through the deep waters. His much loved youngest boy had perished in the all-devastating War. The loss was borne with a manly fortitude that proved alike an example and a help to many others similarly bereft. But the experience of sorrow added a new quality to the tender voice, a new gentleness to the always sympathetic touch, a new instinct for those in Gethsemane of one who himself had been there.

His ashes rest in the Crypt Chapel of this Church where often, on the occasion of our Annual Scottish Festivals, his brave, bright soul has held high festival along with us. His ashes rest here; but surely there was never belief more certainly held with regard to the dear dead than that his spirit has rejoined those immortal choirs from whom he learned the music with which he sang himself and others through a long and sunny life.

CHAPTER XIII.*

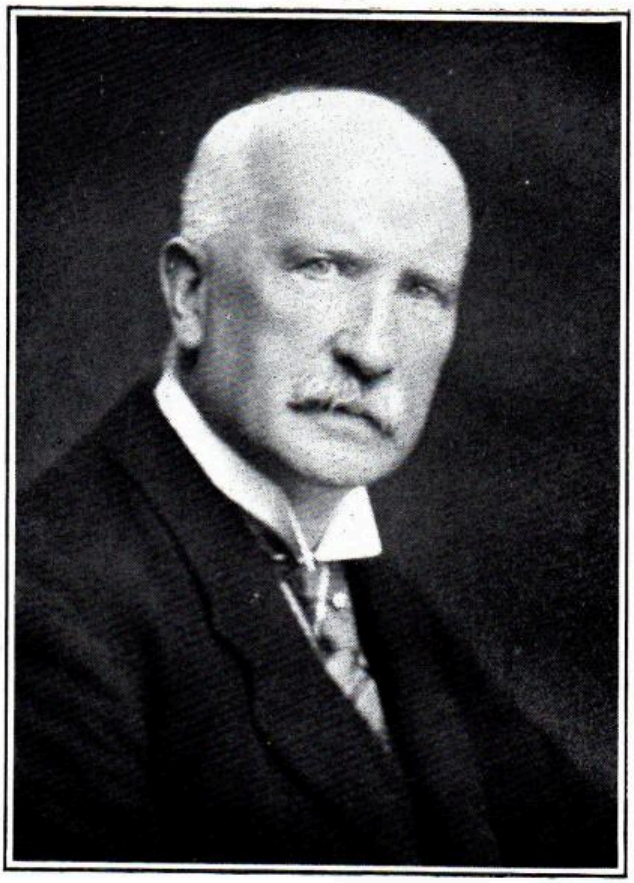
1920-1921 : Mr John Douglas, F.S.A. (Scot.), *President.*

The President's Work for Scottish Associations in London : " Year Book of Scottish Associations : " Sentiments, " Aberbrothwick and the Sex-Centenary of Scottish Independence," " The Humour of the Scot : " Honorary Life Members Created : Sentiment, " Edinburgh and Glasgow Seen from London : " Duke of Atholl on Scottish National War Memorial : Lady Young's Banner : Mr G. W. Paton's Silver Cup : Detroit Burns Club Statue : Obituary.

BEFORE he came to the chair of the Caledonian Society in 1920-1921, Mr John Douglas, F.S.A. (Scot.), had had a long apprenticeship not only in the work of the Society as member of Council, and as Honorary Secretary, but as a leading participator in almost every branch of Scottish life in London.

A native of Edinburgh, and a most loyal son of Auld Reekie, Mr Douglas is a Governing Director of William Douglas & Sons, Ltd., London and Edinburgh. He came to London in 1891, and at once, with all the wonderful enthusiasm of which he is capable, plunged into the work of Scotland in the Capital of the Auld Enemy. It is possible only to hint at his varied

*This Chapter of the "Chronicles," recording the work during the Presidency of the Editor, Mr Douglas, has been contributed by Mr William Will, President 1924-1925.



JOHN DOUGLAS, F.S.A. (Scot.)
Honorary Secretary, 1907–1919.
President, 1920–1921.

J. F. McLEOD.
Member of Council, 1912–1919.
Honorary Secretary from 1919.

activities ; but so ardent and complete have they been that he has been designated the Prime Minister of Scotland in London.

A Life Managing Governor of the Royal Scottish Corporation, he has been an active member of all the Committees, including the Kinloch Bequest, New Applicants, Finance and Building. Of the other great London Scottish Charity, the Royal Caledonian Schools, Mr Douglas is 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 comforts to his fellow countrymen—wounded men and prisoners of war. The Federated Council's work will for ever live as a memorial of service given by Scots to their unfortunate fellows, and on pages 192 to 197 of this volume the full record of the Council's work will be found. With his brothers-in-charity, Mr Douglas built up a record that can hardly be equalled. Again in 1923 Mr Douglas was called to the chair of the Federated Council.

During the War, also, he acted as Military Representative for the Borough of Wandsworth, where he had to deal with something like 21,000 claims for exemption from service. He was also a member of the Empress Club Comforts and " Tubs for Tommies " Committee.

A mere catalogue of the offices held by Mr Douglas makes one's head reel, but what is important to note is that to the duties of each of these positions he has brought the same conscientious and serious mind, and has left his offices with a knowledge of work faithfully discharged.

He was Chief of the Scottish Clans Association of London, 1903-1906 ; Chairman of the Vernacular Circle of the Burns Club of London, 1922-1923 ; and President of the Burns Club of London, 1923-1924 ; a member of

the Glasgow and Lanarkshire Association, of which he was for a time member of Council; a Vice-President of the London Scottish Choir; a member of the Robert Louis Stevenson (London) Club; and Deputy Chairman of Council of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society and Chairman of the Putney Hospital, to which important position he was elected early in 1924.

Of the London Scottish Regiment Mr Douglas is an honorary member, and an active member of the Executive and General Purposes Committees of the Regimental War Memorial Fund. He took part in organising the 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.

Outside London, Mr Douglas has carried his amazing activities. He is a trustee of the St. Andrew's Soldiers Club, Aldershot, a Life Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland; a member of the Old Edinburgh Club; a Life Member of the St. Andrew Society, Edinburgh; a member of the Rymour Club, and also of the Cockburn Association, Edinburgh.

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 holds the gold badge of the Glasgow Exhibition (1911) on account 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 organised 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," whose pages of tabulated Scottish Societies have been of untold value

to Scots all over the world, and are a tribute to the editor's diligence and dogged hard work.

In most of his activities Mrs Douglas had a share, and she also has been an active worker since the inception of the scheme, in distributing tea, soup, etc., to the pensioners of the Royal Scottish Corporation at the monthly meetings. She, with her husband, is a member of Council of the Hepburn Starey Blind Aid Society.

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 has 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, and at which the love and esteem in which they are both held were eloquently voiced. As a souvenir of this meeting Mr Douglas holds and cherishes a beautiful volume containing the signatures of the Executives of most of the Scottish Associations in London.

Of Mr Douglas's work for the Caledonian Society the pages of this volume and its precursor bear ample evidence. Joining the Society in 1905 he became a member of Council in 1906. In 1907 he was elected honorary secretary, and occupied that position until 1919, when he succeeded Mr Moncrieff in the Vice-Presidency. After filling the presidential chair there was added to his other duties that of honorary historian. Hence these complete historical records of the Society.

At the November meeting it was unanimously decided to present two bars to be added to the ribbon of Mr Moncrieff's Past-President's gold medal—one on account of his serving in the office of Vice-President

from 1913 to 1919, the other because of the excellent way in which he had filled the presidential chair in 1919-1920.

At the Little Dinner on 11th November, 1920, the burial day of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey, Mr Moncrieff gave a Sentiment entitled "Aberbrothwick and the Sex-Centenary of Scottish Independence." Mr Moncrieff said :

I have chosen this subject for a few minutes talk to-night, first, because it did not seem right that the Sex-Centenary of a great incident in the history of our native land should be ignored in the records of our Society, and in the second place, because it did not appear inappropriate to the stupendous event commemorated in the impressive doings of to-day.

In some respects there is even a parallel between 1320 and 1920. Six years had gone since the stricken field of Bannockburn had redeemed a desperate chance and established for ever the claim that Scotland, which had acted and felt as a separate nation for generations, was indeed a free and independent kingdom. But peace was as hard to come by as it is to-day. Raid followed devastating raid into England without bringing settlement any nearer, and the Pope, moved by Edward, sought to proclaim a truce based on a compromise. It was essential to convince the Papacy that independence was an accomplished fact, for with Rome converted, the peace so necessary to Scotland would be secured. Accordingly Bruce assembled the Scottish nobles and commons at Arbroath Abbey in April 1320 to determine and set out their position towards the all-powerful ecclesiastical authority at Rome.

Let us consider in a few sentences the setting of this famous Assembly. The Abbey Church of Arbroath was founded in 1178 by William the Lion and dedicated by him to his murdered school-fellow Thomas a' Becket. Its erection was completed in 1233 and the 55 years over which the building extended do not appear a long period when regard is had to its gigantic proportions. Nothing is known of the architect who imagined its splendid plan or of the man who knit together its solid structure. Doubtless Churchmen themselves were the designers, and it is equally probable that the monks superintended the progress of the work as foremen.

When monasticism was at its best it did not offer any encouragement to idleness. Labour and prayer was required by their rules to be their chief occupation, and you will observe that labour is mentioned before prayer. There was no welcome for " ca-canny " methods and no limitation either of working hours or output. The very selection of the site for the Abbey was doubtless made by the monks. They rarely made any mistake in their choice and in choosing this seat they pitched on one of the most pleasant and fertile spots of ground in the country. The Abbey stands on a small eminence overlooking the town with a fair prospect of the estuary of the Firth of Forth and the river Tay on the South and the country as far as the Grampian Mountains on the North. It was not erected merely as a dwelling place for a score of monks but no monarch could have given at that early time a higher proof of his patriotism as well as of his piety, than by raising up either from the ruin of the Culdee Churches or as entirely new erections those great

religious foundations which served as centres of civilisation to the districts in which they were placed. First there was the question of ordered religious life, second, the consideration of education which even at that early time began to appeal to the responsible authorities. But it was not only spiritual or educational interests that their founders thought of. The monasteries were popular forces, powers whose influence were nearly always on the side of liberty, order and peace, and which in opposition to the turbulent and ill-controlled barons steadfastly supported the central authority of the State, and in its best days the Abbey of Aberbrothwick justified fully the purpose of its erection. The Church lands were green and cultivated spots amid what was mostly surrounding desolation wrought in lawless times. The contribution to the material comfort of the people tended in an important degree to the growth of civilisation. We are indebted to such monasteries as this for what may seem perhaps not a very large, but what is really an important gift—the introduction into Scotland of many of our kitchen vegetables, as well as fruits previously unknown. When I was a boy in Arbroath, there was still a small local trace of the service of the monks in this direction in the numerous orchards which used to be within the Burgh and its liberties. I have still vivid and pleasant memories of the " Arbroath Oslin " a sweet tasting apple originally brought from the Continent by one of the Abbots. In the Register of the Town there is evidence that the monks were good landlords. At a time when hardly a lay landlord could so act, even if he had been so inclined, the monks granted leases for the now quite ordinary term of nineteen years or for longer periods. When they found they had a good tenant they gave all encouragement to keep him in his farm. It is specially interesting to note that from one of the early registers there is clear evidence that the monks even engaged in what seems like elementary and most sensible banking.

I have spoken of the Abbey as one of the glories of Aberbrothwick, a glory that is of the past. There is another glory, happily as bright to-day as it was 600 years ago. Within a mile of the bustling little township lies the commencement of a long line of some of the grandest rock scenery in the Kingdom. Never was a town so scurvily served by railway. Its track crosses the long bents North of Carnoustie and at Eliott Junction the scene of a terrible railway crash in a wild snowstorm a few years ago, it comes quite close to the sandy shore of the beautiful Arbroath Bay. The traveller settles back to enjoy the wide panorama of sea and rock and sand, when the train suddenly whisks into a deep cutting and remains therein until anything of beauty or attraction is safely past. Of the glorious Catherine window of the ruins, known as the Round O, he gets only the swiftest glimpse—of the far-famed cliffs not even that. Their attractions are many and varied. Again and again admiration at their grandeur must thrill the most unimaginative mind. On the land side of the footpath along their top are the rich fields of Angus, cultivated to the last foot of land, dotted here and there with the comfortable farm steadings of successful tenants. On the seaward side of the footpath there are the great cliffs themselves, now sheer precipices, nearly 200 feet deep from one's very feet, or broken into gloomy gorges with the sea ceaselessly fretting at their foot, or again sloping down to near the water's edge in grassy braes, enlivened in spring and summer with lovely wildflowers. The North Sea is stretched before the spectator in all its changeful moods and while the main traffic is at some distance out, there are always the steam ships bound to and from the Tay estuary, and more picturesque still, the boats of the hardy fishermen returning to shore with the proceeds of a night's toil.

If the visitor proceeds to the shore he can explore caverns, many of them of remarkable extent and formation, scooped out of the old red sandstone by the action of the sea. For generations they have been the joy of the young, and their very names, such as Dickmont Den, Dark Cave, Stalactite Cavern, Forbidden Cave, are a delight of mystery and fascination.

I should have liked to have made some reference to the population of the town which nestled under the walls of the Abbey. There is not much romance about a community increasingly given up to industrial life. But in the fishing population at least there is an ever present romance. I should have liked to have referred to their elemental virtues and to their habits ingrained by centuries of inter-marriage. The Privy Council of Scotland declared in 1705 in a case raised by the then Earl of Northesk, that they were serfs and thralls in the same way as were salters and colliers. I should have tried to picture them to you in their silk hats preserved for funeral and marriage and handed down from father to son. Their penny weddings were uproarious affairs banned by Synod and Assembly. They were great exponents of bun-making and all dishes even the most domestic in character, were pressed into the service for New Year festivities.

Having thus considered the scene of this historic gathering let me in an equally short manner describe its action. Those composing it addressed the Pope in the name of the barons, free tenants and the whole community of Scotland in a document which is one of the most uncompromising as it is one of the most elevated of tone in the volume of history.

They would hear of no truckling with their liberties at the instance of either Pope or King even for the sake of the peace which the land so sorely needed. " We enjoyed peace and liberty " ran the letter " with the protection of the Papal See, until Edward the late King of England, in the guise of a friend and ally, invaded and oppressed our nation, at that time without a head, unpractised in war and suspecting no evil." After detailing the unendurable oppression of the English under the tyranny of Edward, who had " wasted our country, imprisoned our prelates, burnt our religious places, spoiled our ecclesiastics and slain our people without discrimination of age, sex or rank " the letter goes on " from such countless evils, through favour of him who woundeth and maketh whole " Scotland had been freed from so great and unbearable calamities by the valour of our lord and King, Robert," who " like another Joshua or Judas Maccabeus, gladly endured toils, distresses, the extremity of want, and every peril to rescue his people and inheritance out of the hands of the enemy." To him therefore the Scottish nation were bound to adhere in all things " as well of right as by reason of his deserts for through him salvation has been wrought to all our people." Should, however, this tried leader and chosen Sovereign abandon the nation's cause or " aim at reducing us or our Kingdom under the dominion of the English " the pledge is given that " we will instantly try to expel him as " a common enemy, the subverter of our rights and his own, and we will choose another King to rule and protect us, for while a hundred of us exist we will never submit to England. We fight not for glory, wealth or honour, but for that liberty without which no " virtuous man can survive." Here is no mealy-mouthed doctrine of the divine right of kings to act as they please.

And that Scotland, even at this early date, was critical in spirit though Catholic in name, is clearly enough evidenced by this straightforward language to the Pope himself. " If your holiness yielding too credulous an ear to the reports of our English enemies, do not give sincere credit to what we now say, or do not cease from showing them favour to our confusion, it is on you,

we believe, that in the sight of the Most High, must be charged the loss of lives, the perdition of souls and all the other miseries that they will inflict on us and we on them."

These words were written six hundred years ago and the world has moved far in the interval, yet is there a Catholic nation in the world to-day that would dare address such a letter as that to the Pope ?

The letter proceeds " We commit the defence of our cause to Him who is the Sovereign King and Judge, we cast the burden of our cares upon Him, and hope for such an issue as may give strength and courage to us, and bring our enemies to nothing."

These are very noble and uplifting words. They were meant and they were acted upon, but it was not until eight years after the Arbroath Parliament that England, by the Treaty of Northampton, formally gave up the claim that had caused so much sorrow and bloodshed, and consented that Scotland " according to the ancient boundaries observed in the days of Alexander III. should remain unto Robert King of Scots, free and divided from the Kingdom of England, without any subjection, right of service, or demand whatever."

What has been called the original of this letter is preserved in the Register House in Edinburgh. Until recent years it has been in a perfect state but since then it has suffered from damp or from other cause of decay, and is now much perished, particularly in the upper part. It is not clear why the copy in the Register House should have been described as the original. Presumably the original was sent to Rome, and one can hardly believe that a mere copy sufficed for this purpose. It is more likely that two letters were written, signed, and sealed, so that one might be retained as a permanent record of what was sent to Rome. The library of the Vatican could alone clear up this particular point.

As regards the writer, there is nothing but the merest conjecture. The circumstances point to Bernard de Linton, the Abbot, as being the author. He was Chancellor to the Bruce, a tried and trusted friend, a true patriot. But this is the merest guesswork. This famous letter may have been the work of some unknown monk, as unknown as the warrior whose passing through London to-day to his grave in Westminster Abbey, a man at the elbow of the Abbot, full of passionate ardour for the welfare of his native land, turning into red-hot words the flame that was burning in his own heart.

Considering the spirit of our forefathers, as shown in this historic letter to the Pope, the issue could not well be otherwise than what it was ; the quarrel once entered on had to be fought out to the bitter end, and in these centuries of strife which followed, were shaped and tempered among other things, Scottish destinies and the Scottish character. The end came long ago and there is left no bitterness or other feeling to interfere with whole-hearted confidence and friendship.

At the December Little Dinner an amusing Sentiment on " The Humour of the Scot " was given by Mr William Williamson, whose essay included some sketches of Scots he had met on both sides of the Atlantic. The humorous traits in the characters of these Scots were skilfully portrayed.

With a view to recognising the long membership

of some of the brethren, it was resolved that all those elected in or before the year 1895, excepting those who had been presented with the gold medal of the Society, should be asked to accept honorary life membership. Those eligible for this position were : Messrs G. Paton Balfour, Kenneth Barclay Brown, James Dewar, J. P. McIntyre, James Shanks, John A. Greig, and J. Scott Balfour, J.P. This necessitated alterations in the rules, which were made at the January meeting.

Rule 1 was altered to read :

> The Society shall be called the Caledonian Society of London and the number of Members shall be limited to one hundred exclusive of Life Members and the Council of the Society for the time being.

Rules 18 and 19 were combined to form Rule 18, and a new rule numbered 19 was adopted :

> When any Member has paid twenty-five guineas in annual subscriptions, he shall be elected a Life Member of the Society and no further subscription shall be required of him. This provision does not apply to Past-Presidents and other Members who have been awarded the Gold Badge of the Society.

A Sentiment, " Edinburgh and Glasgow seen from London," was given at the February meeting, by Mr James Bone, the author of " Edinburgh Revisited." It was a racy talk on the peculiarities of the people of the rival cities, and was given in merry vein.

The Scot in London, as the years roll on, said Mr Bone, finds when he thinks nationally of Scotland that it is Edinburgh that first comes to his mind. The Castle and its flags and kilted soldiers, the big windy prospect over the Forth to the Fife Hills ; the monuments and memories of Scott and Burns and the bloody history and tradition of the Stuart Kings and songs about Bonnie Prince Charlie ; all the things and stories that he learnt when a boy seem to prove their essence in Edinburgh. Even a Glasgow native can admit that. But a Glasgow man will not admit—never !—that romance lives on the East Coast and not on the West. Consider. When the Americas were discovered, the West set its face there. It had always looked out on the sunset seas. The Clyde men built ships and set out on adventures that took many months, often years, before the best or the worst was known. The East Coast men went out in their ships over the North Sea on their small and sure affairs. The Clyde men in the earlier days set out to destinations of mystery and dreams. The Glasgow shipowner of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries must have had a stout heart to put his capital and labour and mind into an adventure with a ship in the ends of the earth, with the Atlantic stretching between him and the next land. He must, indeed, have

had romance in his soul—every Baillie Nicol Jarvie of him! And there is this explanation: Glasgow is the real capital of the Highlands. Look at the names of her shipbuilders and engineers and you'll find the big majority are Highland. Also the great Glasgow Merchants—Arthurs, Grahams, Reids, Stewarts, Macdonalds, and the like—are of Highland stock. In Edinburgh the names of the manufacturers and merchants, I think, mainly suggest Fife and the Borders. Looking back at Scotland from the top of St. Paul's, one sees more clearly than ever that Edinburgh is the city that Glasgow people deserve.

A feature of the March meeting was an address by the Duke of Atholl on the Scottish National War Memorial, in which he outlined what was intended to be carried out, and the progress that had been made with the work. The Duke was chairman of the Memorial Committee and gained universal approval of his declaration that Scotland desired to erect a truly national memorial to its glorious dead. Keen interest was shown in the movement, and as a result the sum of £323 16s. was contributed by members of the Society and friends, including fifty guineas voted from the funds. The contributions were acknowledged, and letters of thanks were received from H.R.H. The Prince of Wales and His Grace the Duke of Atholl.

The Annual Festival was held on 7th April, 1921, in the Royal Venetian Room of the Holborn Restaurant. 74 ladies and 95 gentlemen were present, and were received by the President and Mrs Douglas.

In proposing the toast of "The Caledonian Society of London," the President referred to the excellent work (which the members had greatly assisted) in connection with providing comforts for Scottish soldiers and parcels for prisoners of war, in conjunction with the Federated Council of Scottish Associations in London. Mr Douglas acknowledged the amicable spirit that had prevailed during the whole time that the comradeship with other Scottish Associations had existed. It was in the same happy spirit that the Society was joining with other Associations in collecting funds for the Scottish National War Memorial in Edinburgh, the scheme for which was outlined in detail.

The President referred to the treasured emblems of the Society. There was the Banner which Lady Young had worked with her own hands and presented to the Society as a memento of the year of office as President of her husband Colonel Sir John S. Young, C.V.O., and expressed the delight of all who knew her that Lady Young had been able to grace the Festival with her presence.

The President also referred to the Silver Cup presented by Past-President Mr George W. Paton, which bore the inscription : " A gift to the Caledonian Society of London from George William Paton, who, elected President in 1913, continued to serve during the years of the Great War 1914-1918, and until October of the following year. Presented 13th November 1919."

The President claimed that the pride which the Society had in possessing such valuable mementoes was a sure augury of happy import for the future.

At the special Council meeting held on 20th October, 1921, the President reported that he had been asked to form a Committee to inspect a bronze statue of Robert Burns which was being produced at Burton's Thames Ditton Foundry, and that Messrs George W. Paton, T. R. Moncrieff, Past-Presidents, and William Will, Member of Council and Past-President of the Burns Club of London, had agreed to act with him. The statue was being produced to the order of the Burns Club of Detroit, U.S.A., for erection in the extensive pleasure grounds known as Cass Park, in the City of Detroit.

The Committee visited the foundry on 3rd May, and carefully examined the statue and accompanying panels. The figure of the poet was a reproduction of the well-known statue at Ayr, and the work on the statue itself was found to be everything that could be desired. Two of the panels, representing " Burns at the Plough " and a scene from " Tam o' Shanter " were also approved, but the third panel representing a scene

from " The Cottar's Saturday Night " was found to be flat, and the artist's work had in places entirely disappeared. Mr Burton explained that the cast was a faithful reproduction of the mould which, however, was bad owing to the plaster having deteriorated, and at the request of the Committee, Mr Burton sharpened up the lines, and the President and Mr Moncrieff ultimately approved the work on 6th May. The statue and panels were shipped for Detroit the following day. The monument was unveiled in the presence of a great gathering on 23rd July. As a memento of the event and a mark of appreciation the Detroit Burns Club presented to the Society for preservation in the Minute Book a photograph of the unveiling of the statue, along with thanks for the useful services rendered by the Committee of the Society.

During the session the Reaper Death had been busy in our ranks, and some well known and respected members passed away, namely: Colonel E. A. H. Gordon, who joined the Society in 1911 and had seen service with the London-Scottish Regiment during the War; Mr John A. Greig, who joined the Society in 1888, one of the recently-elected Life Members; Mr W. Keith Cameron, who joined the Society in 1896, and was President in 1900-1901; Mr Peter Bonthron, who joined the Society in 1918; Mr William Dick, who joined the Society in 1883, and had been presented with the gold medal of the Society for his excellent work as Honorary Secretary from 1893 to 1898; he was Vice-President in 1898-1899; Mr Thomas Macmillan, another of the recently-elected Life Members, who joined the Society in 1889 and was a member of Council 1897-1905 and 1906-1921. Mr Dick and Mr Macmillan frequently contributed songs and recitations at the monthly gatherings and each was noted for the pawkiness of his selections. Mr Macmillan will be best remembered for the songs he sang, among them Dr D. M. Forbes's song, "The Whisky O." During the Great

War Mr Macmillan produced a recruiting song in the Scottish vernacular, which he afterwards sang to the members at one of the meetings. It was in the metre of the well-known Jacobite lyric "Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing" and was addressed to the Honorary Secretary (Mr John Douglas), who took an active part in recruiting for the London Scottish Regiment when Chairman of the Federated Council of Scottish Associations in London.

It is, appropriately, on this note of farewell to faithful Caledonians that we close the story of sixteen years of the work of the Caledonian Society of London —sixteen years of social and literary intercourse, and underlying all charity, "decent, modest, easy, kind."

This book will have failed in its object if it has not made clear the fact that the Society has endeavoured to keep the Lion ever rampant in the Capital of the Empire, and to maintain a strong Scottish sentiment along with a keen sense of duty to Great Britain. We believe that our local patriotism is not an enemy but a complement of intense loyalty to our great Commonwealth of Nations.

We feel, too, that while we have, with peaceful intent, invaded London, we may have brought with us some qualities of piety, industry, and frugality that do not tend to lower the standard of life in the great and hospitable city which has attracted us from our Northern homes.

1905-1906.

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