The Chronicles of the Caledonian Society of London

1952-1956

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FOUNDED IN THE YEAR 1837

1952-1956

EDITED BY
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Honorary Historian of the Society

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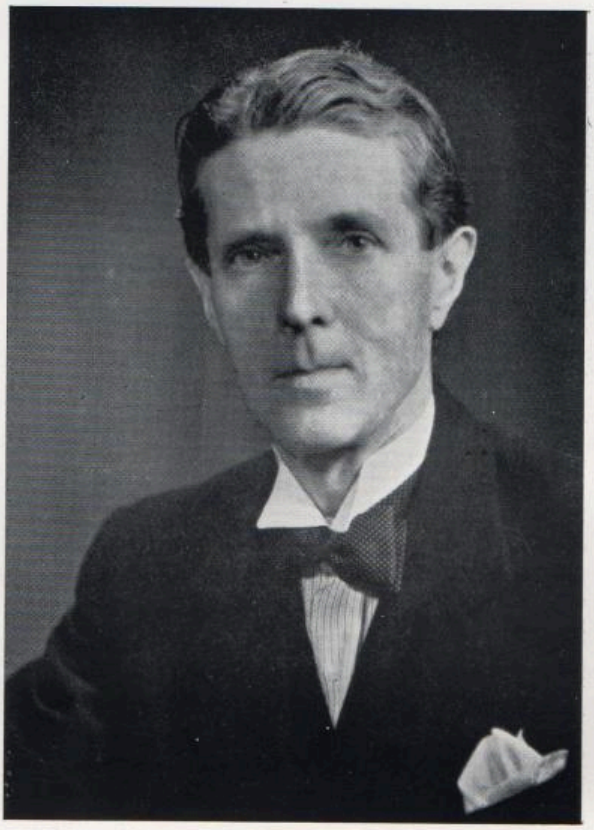


JAMES R. STEELE

President, 1952–1953

The Chronicles of the Caledonian Society of London

CHAPTER I.

1952–1953: Mr James R. Steele, *President.*

An Ayrshire man takes the Chair; his Burns connections; "Scottish Folk-Lore," by Col. Gomme Duncan, M.P.; the Dean of Battle on the London Scottish and the 2nd Camerons; the Edinburgh Festival, by its Artistic Director; Rev. Dr Scott and the "Scotsman"; "Here's to the year that's awa'"; the Immortal Memory, by Sir George Harvie Watt, M.P.; Sir Thomas White on the Indigent Scot; a Jacobite Night; Young Lochiel on Clan Cameron in Jacobite times; the Cray Club, by Dr Yellowlees; the President on the influences that hold the Society; Sir Herbert Williams, M.P., on Scots and Welsh; "Auld Lang Syne."

Mr STEELE was elected to be President at the Annual General Meeting held at the Society's headquarters, the Royal Scottish Corporation, on 7th November, 1952, when Mr James Abernethy, the retiring President, referred feelingly to the deaths of Past-Presidents William Miln (1934–1935) and Dr Charles Stewart Hunter (1947–1948), and Mr Donald Munro Young, a recently elected member. Messages of sympathy with relatives were passed.

Grants for the Charities.

At the same meeting grants of £50 each were voted to the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools.

Thanks and Good Wishes.

Mr Abernethy invested Mr Steele with the badge and chain of office, and wished for support equal to that given to him.

Mr Steele thanked the members for his election and Mr Abernethy for his services as President.

The New President.

Not since 1901–1902 until this Session (1952–1953), when James R. Steele became President, has an Ayrshire man occupied the Chair.* And surely our new President may be forgiven if he is proud that for 300 years, on his mother's side, and for five generations on his father's side, he traces his Ayrshire ancestry. His grandfather was Bailie James Oliver of Ayr, and one of his uncles, Sir Thomas Oliver, a leading authority on industrial diseases.

Equally proud he should be that his antecedents, Robert and John Oliver were members of St James's Kilwinning Lodge of Freemasons when Robert Burns was Depute Master, and that, because of this connection, the Lodge made our President, who is a grand officer of the United Grand Lodge of England, an affiliated member. Naturally, the Immortal Memory has been given frequently by Mr Steele.

His association with Ayrshire does not end here. He has for more than twenty years taken an active part in the work of the London Ayrshire Society, and served on the board of directors since 1935. In 1950 he was elected to be President, an office which he filled with his usual enthusiasm and efficiency.

On many of his visits to Ayrshire he takes advantage of the occasions to strengthen the bonds between the mother county and the London Ayrshire Society, the main object being to find a common meeting place for young Ayrshire people arriving in London, without family or other connections.

In London, Mr Steele has led an active life. When the 1914–1918 war broke on us, the ranks of the London Scottish were full when he offered his services, but he joined the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, in which regiment he received his commission. He served in France with the Cameron Highlanders, as an attached officer, and was wounded at Le Sars.

Returned from war service, Mr. Steele took up assurance work, and speedily reached a high position in his profession.

Among his Scottish work in London has been his service on the Council of the Scottish Clans Association, from 1926 to 1934.

Mr Steele's work for the Church of Scotland has been outstanding. He has served at St Columba's, Pont Street, as

* The last Ayrshire man to be President of the Society was Dr Guthrie Rankin (1902) of Barbados House, Kilmarnock, who, with Dr Thomas Morton, of Busbie Farm, Kilmaurs, founded the London Ayrshire Society in 1897.

an elder since 1927, and as an ardent church worker under two of our Past-Presidents, the Rev. Dr Archibald Fleming (1926–1927), and Rev. Dr R. F. V. Scott (1950–1951). Among his many church activities he has been honorary secretary of the St Columba's Rebuilding Fund, which aims at raising over £150,000. Part of his work in this cause has been the circularising of Scots in all parts of the world. He has on several occasions been appointed a Commissioner to General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

Early in his career Mr Steele was deeply interested in politics, and he refused many invitations to stand for Parliamentary honours. He filled a number of posts in the Junior Imperial League; and at the Central Conservative Office he represented over many years two branches of the Glasgow Junior Imperial League.

Our President has had a long connection with this Society. He was elected in 1929, and became a member of Council in 1935.

From these glimpses of Mr Steele's life and work, we may expect a successful Session.

New Office-Bearers.

To support the President there were elected: Vice-President, J. Murray Napier, O.B.E.; Hon. Secretary, W. M. Miller; Hon. Treasurer, Robert Jardine, C.A.; Hon. Auditor, David Houston; Hon. Historian, William Will, C.B.E.

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting for Session 1952–1953 was held on 5th November, 1953, at the headquarters, Royal Scottish Corporation. Mr. J. R. Steele, the retiring President, was in the chair. He spoke with sympathy of the deaths of Past-President A. W. Russell (1948–1949), Mr Walter B. Morison, and Mr J. S. Stiven, and asked that a note of their work for the Society be put on record.

Mr Miller reported that Mr Russell's widow had presented her late husband's gold badge to the Society; and that the gold badge of the late Past-President Rev. Dr Fleming had been presented to the Society by his family. Thanks were given for these gifts.

It was announced that the following, by reason of their

twenty years' membership, had become life members : Ian M. Bailey, O.B.E., R. Graham Bailey, W. G. Gray, J. Murray Napier, O.B.E., J. H. Robertson, C.A., R. R. Tait, and R. Tweedie Wilson.

The annual contributions of £50 each to the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools were voted.

The retiring President thanked members for the loyal support they had given him, and welcomed Mr J. Murray Napier, the new President.

Mr Napier thanked Mr Steele for his appreciative remarks, and on his motion the gold badge of the Society was awarded to Mr Steele.

Besides Mr Napier as President, and William Dalgarno as Vice-President, the following officers were elected : Hon. Secretary, Wm. M. Miller ; Hon. Treasurer, Robert Jardine, C.A. ; Hon. Auditor, David Houston ; Hon. Historian, Wm. Will, C.B.E. J. H. Robertson, J. C. Thomson, M.B.E., T.D., and Robert Orr were added to the Council.

Past-President Col. L. Duncan Bennett proposed, on behalf of the members, their thanks to the Hon. Historian for his work on the " Chronicles ", and moved, with approval, that a bar be added to his gold badge. The Hon. Historian thanked Col. Bennett for his complimentary remarks.

On the motion of Past-President Wm. Will, Hon. Historian, the congratulations of the Society were sent to the London Gaelic Choir, on their success at the Oban Mod ; the choir had won the *Weekly Scotsman* Quaich, for excellence in Gaelic, and the ladies' section had secured the Esme Smyth trophy.

Scottish Activities.

On Thursday, 20th November, 1952, the new President, Mr. J. R. Steele, took the chair at the Council and General Meetings at the Rembrandt Hotel, Thurloe Place, South Kensington, and the business included the acceptance, with thanks, from the sons of Past-President Dr Stewart Hunter, of their father's Past-President's badge ; the support of a movement, headed by Past-President Rev. Dr Scott, for the erection of a memorial of William Wallace, near the scene of his shameful death in London ; and the favourable consideration also, of an application at the instance of Past-President William Will, for the award of a challenge trophy to the London Caledonian Highland Games, the promoters of which

had, as the result of last year's Games, divided £2,000 equally between the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools. The presentation of this challenge trophy would form part of our Coronation Year celebrations.

> Subsequently, the Quaich was presented, and was won for the first time on 24th May, 1953, by Miss Elspeth Hay, Perth, Scottish Women's A.A.A.

After the Royal toasts had been honoured at the Little Dinner following the business meetings, the President introduced Colonel Gomme Duncan, M.C., M.P. for Perth and East Perthshire, to give his Sentiment on

Folk-lore of Scotland.

Colonel Gomme Duncan spoke of his London Scottish days, and of the fact that he fought with the Black Watch in the 1914–1918 War. Prior to that he had said a lot of uncomplimentary things about M.P.'s, a good many of which he had found still applicable on his becoming a member of the House. (Laughter.)

Colonel Gomme Duncan then gave his Sentiment on Scots folk-lore as follows :

In attempting to speak on Scots folk-lore it is necessary to point out in the first place that the subject is so vast, and is every year increasing through research and discovery, that it is only possible to touch on the outline in the short time available.

The word folk-lore itself is of modern construction as it obviously must be, being a study of ancient story, and in no part of the world is there a greater love of story, tradition, and custom than in Scotland. The Scots are themselves a metaphysical race in the sense that they exist largely in thought, in mystery, in dreaming, although covering it up firmly with a thick wall of practical, hard common-sense. It is probable that the latter qualities are a direct result of the Scot himself knowing his love of the less practical qualities of his make-up, but scratch the hardest-headed practical Scot and you will find the poet, often in the most unexpected places. By poet I do not, of course, mean merely a rhymer, one who just writes poetry, but a poet in the widest and highest sense. They are also essentially a deeply religious people, again in the highest sense of the word, not in the narrow sense demonstrated by fighting creeds or bigotry, though, goodness knows, we have had our fill of these, but in an acceptance of the higher things in life and relating them to their origin.

A good deal of mocking and sneering has been levelled at us by unthinking people who do not understand, and, let us be frank and admit that very often we do not understand ourselves. Our sense of the truly religious goes far beyond the age of Knox and the Reformation, far back even beyond Ninian and Columba, who first brought the message of the Christ to our shores. Our heritage of folk-lore proves this.

All races, of course, have their folk-lore, their mysteries and so on, but none to a greater degree than the Celts. From them come most of our ancient superstitions and beliefs, our old wifies' tales, the warlocks, the bogles, witches, kelpies, and spunkies ; our second sight and our love of the awe-inspiring and even the macabre, not to mention what has been so delightfully described by Ronald Macdonald Douglas as our " daft streak "! " Come, my lords and ladies, let us to the music and the tales, for I am fay tonight," said the unhappy Mary Queen of Scots, in her captivity. " Fay," a delightful word, literally " near to the other world," expressing a need for something not quite material and not always at hand—music, but above all " the tales."

Many of our beliefs, of course, are not purely of Celtic origin ; they have their counterparts in as far distant realms as those of the Chinese and the red man of North America.

It seems strange at first to think that we have such associations, yet with no link to the South, but if we remember that we have a strong admixture of Scandinavian in our make-up, and that the Norsemen roamed far across the seas to what one now knows as Canada, long before the discovery by Columbus, it is not so strange. There were constant comings and goings between those Canadian and Arctic settlements and the homeland, and with them, inevitably, would pass the tales and customs of the red man and his Mongoloid cousin the Chinaman. There were gradually absorbed into the camp-fire lore of Scandinavia, and so to Scotland. New tales in the days when the spoken word was the only means of preserving them would be listened to with intense interest. We can hear the buzz go round the camp : " Colin is come from the North with new tales of the heroes and the lands across the sea ! " Ireland, Wales, and the Celtic fringe of France all had them, but it is significant that until recently they were quite unknown in England, except perhaps in her two northernmost counties. A similar situation can, however, be traced in England, I believe, in that some of the most remarkable incidents of Greek mythology are to be found in the folk-lore of the English counties. Evidently the Englishman of those far-off days went south and east for his intellectual exercise, whereas the Scot fared north and west.

It is important again to insist that the beliefs, the superstitions, the tales, rhymes and songs which go to make up our Scots folk-lore are not things to be treated as something childish or foolish. They are far more important than that, and today, among those best qualified to speak, folk-lore is regarded as one of the most valuable agencies in antiquarian research. It provides what nothing else will, direct insight into the psychology of our ancestors.

As I said, it is impossible to touch on more than a few main headings under which the great wealth of Scots folk-lore is built up.

In these days when so much of the teaching seems to imply that work of itself is an evil thing, it is interesting to recall that in Scotland in bygone days work was the centre round which everything revolved. Feast days and holidays, marking very often the changes of the seasons, fitted in with the labours of the people concerned. Their games, their dances, their songs, their poems; in fact, everything about them, was related to the work which they did, and did with pride, and a very large part of the folk-lore of our country derives from the work of the people in some form or another. We find, for instance, among the Celtic songs very large numbers which were the songs sung by people while actually at their work. For instance, there are milking songs, weaving songs, rowing songs, churning songs, and even the song of the cockle gatherers.

I feel that if we could get back something of this outlook on work, an outlook which took pride in work well done, which insisted on high quality and which appreciated craftsmanship, we should very soon put an end to half the industrial troubles from which we suffer today.

Pre-eminent, of course, to a race of islanders, is the sea. Though many

Scots had probably never seen the sea, there always came to them the tales of it, that it was just there, over the hills, and that across it lay mysteries and dreadful things, but also life and light personified in the great sunsets and the tremendous mythology of the clouds. Even today it is a poor heart that does not thrill to the words " across the seas," or must for one fleeting moment, wonder what is beyond the horizon as one looks out to sea. The fact that it may be the skyscrapers and slums of New York never enters one's head—it is just something beyond the seas. How much more must this wonder and awe have affected our far-off ancestors in their more limited lives. The songs of the sea, the tales of heroism and death in the great struggle with its power are numberless, from the great ballad of Kishmul's Galley to the exquisite picture of the " Land under waves," where all brave men who meet death at sea lie waiting for the great day of Resurrection and only the seagull can carry news of them, "the seagull of land under waves." Scots folk-lore has no richer source of inspiration than the sea. There was even the hint that from across the sea would come a Boy who would bring peace to mankind, the Christ-child who figures so largely in Celtic song and story.

Birth and death provide an almost unending series of tales, warnings, and admonitions ranging from the great songs down to the many precautions that must be taken if all was to be well either at birth or death.

There is, of course, the invariable rule that the seventh child of a seventh child will always be " fay " or " no' canny," though nowadays most seventh children determine that in no circumstances will they be plagued with seven when it comes to their turn !

Then a new-born child must, of course, be taken upwards not downwards from the room in which it was born—a difficulty I recall being overcome by stepping on to and off a chair or a stool at the door !

Many precautions are necessary for preventing babies from being carried off by the " little people " within the first few days of birth. Different parts of the country have different methods. As for the " little people " themselves, I will deal with them later on.

Careful families should note the means of discovering whether or not a child is to be open-handed and generous, or a wee bit grippy and close. All visitors on seeing it for the first time should put a silver coin in its hand. If it loses the coin all will be well, but if it clutches it fast, well, maybe, it will finish up as the Lord Provost of Aberdeen.

Death, strangely enough, to the Scot has never held the terrors it has for others. To both Scots and Picts death never meant the end, but rather a re-birth to something better ; in fact, the Christian doctrine of the immortal human soul was alive in Scotland centuries before Ninian or Columba arrived. Who does not remember " Tir-nan-Og," the " Land of Eternal Youth," and the other lovely Celtic names for the next world—" The Plain of Honey," " The Country of Promise," the " Plain of the Silver Cloud." We talk of those days and people as Pagan. Could it not perhaps be far more justly applied to our own country today ? But don't let us run away with the idea that the Scot of those days was a " softie " looking forward to an easy-going, luxurious heaven. No, indeed, though there might be one that was lovely, with corn and wine and golden candles, brave men and fair women, no heaven could be worth anything unless there was first-class fighting and plenty of bloodshed. No pacifist could hope to enter the old Celtic heaven, I am afraid.

A high place in our folk-lore must, I regret to say, be given to the Devil. But, unlike his southern counterpart, he is no' sic a bad yin efter a'. Nothing terrible about him and certainly a good deal of pawky humour. The names his Satanic majesty is given in Scotland clearly show that a light-hearted attitude to him has come down to us from the past. " Nick," " Hornie," " Auld Cloutie " and other descriptions suggest nothing of terror or evil, but rather a " roarin', rantin' fellow." I have even heard him called the " Laird

of Yon Place," but as a small laird myself I must take exception to this. One thing is certain, he is never referred to or depicted as a Scot! A Sassenach, perhaps, or even an Irishman—but a Scot never. No picture has even shown him wearing the kilt, but, whatever his garb, his cloven feet can never be covered, they give him away every time. Incidentally, there is a foolish idea in England, which has even spread to Scotland, that a horseshoe must be hung up with the ends uppermost—to keep in the luck. A horseshoe can be hung up any old way, for it is not a bringer of luck at all, but a keeper-away of evil—a very different thing. The reason is this : long, long ago the Devil was in Lochaber, and his hooves sorely needed new shoes, so he stopped at a smithy at midnight and hauled the smith from his bed. Rather frightened, but knowing that for once the Devil was in his power, the smith burnt the hoof and flesh, too, and drove a nail hard into the flesh. The Devil yelled in agony and hopped about on one unshod hoof asking the smith to pull out the nail. The smith refused until the Devil was ready to promise him anything he asked. Then the smith demanded that wherever a horse-shoe hung or even lay no evil thing should pass. Old Hornie, perforce, agreed, So no more of this English nonsense about luck running out if hung points downwards. Of course, if you want your house to be absolutely safe, plant a rowan tree near it or even hang up a twig of it and not all the legions of the underworld dare come near it.

Witches and wizards, of course, have marvellous powers in our folk-lore. The hags in " Macbeth " are perhaps the best known of the sisterhood, but do not let us forget that Dumbarton Rock is still there as evidence that the witches hurled it at St. Patrick, or that Michael Scott, a famous wizard, split the Eildon Hills in three. English witches, of course, travel on broomsticks, but good Scots witches find an eggshell better in a country where water has so often to be crossed. Do we not remember being made to turn our eggshells upside down and break them up so that they would be useless for this purpose?

A crowing hen about a farm is most uncanny;

Maidens who whistled brought bad luck;

A tingling ear means the passing of an old friend;

Four magpies in a row is one's own end;

The first to see lamb or foal with its wee head turned away foretold much unpleasantness;

If a lonely maiden sees a shooting star at night and then wishes, all will be well between her and her own dearie;

A new moon seen through glass is good for neither lad nor lass;

First blood drawn in a fight was a powerful omen;

Sheriffmuir—could find no one else, so slew an innocent man of Whiggish sentiments, and all was deemed to be well; north of Dunblane a standing stone is said to mark the spot;

Saturday was the unlucky day in old Scotland, not Friday. Never flit on Saturday; unchancie to start some new work on Saturn's day;

Saturday, 13th May, *never* get married. *Note.—Not* Friday.

I referred earlier on to the " Little People." In the south they are generally called fairies, but in the north it is most unwise to give them this name. They don't like it, and it is as well to keep in with them, for there is much that they can do which is harmful, though if one is polite they can be of the greatest help. Little they may be, but they are mighty important, and it is just as well to remember this. Let them be the " Little People."

One could go on indefinitely, for each part of Scotland produces its own local lore in addition to that more widely accepted.

Year by year fresh items are unearthed or unveiled and so the store gets bigger. Some laugh and say it's all nonsense, but there's far more to it than that, for behind each ancient habit or belief lies more than we know, and the fact that it has lasted often for a thousand years and more is sufficient proof

to me of the hold it must have had through the generations, and a thing to produce this tenacity cannot ever have been wholly foolish. Many, of course, in the passing of time have become altered, while many others have faded out altogether until perhaps chance discovery again brings them to light. One thing is certain, the passing from father to son by word of mouth has been the means by which these old tales and legends have been preserved. The Celtic ceileidh was a great institution, better, far better, than the radio, the newspaper or the cinema, for men had to use their brains and find, too, the gift of speech by which means alone the tale was told from generation to generation.

Perhaps one custom more than any other has brought those gifts to our incredulous chromium-plated age—the Hassock Hour. Now long ignored, it received its greatest modern write-up in the " Cotter's Saturday Night " of Robert Burns. Seated on large round peats, or perhaps on straw hassocks, the family, friends and neighbours would gather to hear the guidman read the Bible, and with it also tales of mystery, of adventure, and of valour. Ballads were sung and the young folk hung on every word that fell from the lips of those who had lived long and learned much. A grand custom, would that we could restore it and the values both spiritual and material which it represented, for I firmly believe that until those values are replaced in the forefront of our personal, our national life, and our international life, we are as those that beat the air, and as we know those who beat the air usually finish up by biting the dust.

May I close with those great lines addressed to the Celtic race, by Robert Buchanan :

Ah ! the lamps numberless,
The mystical jewels of God,
The luminous, wonderful,
Beautiful lights of the Veil !

Till the soil—bid cities rise—
Be strong, Oh ! Celt—be rich, be wise—
But still, with those divine grey eyes
Respect the realm of Mysteries.

Colonel Gomme Duncan was rewarded by rounds of applause.

The President thanked the Colonel for his fascinating address, a good deal of which had awakened memories in the minds of some of them, of days in their superstitious boyhood. They had listened to a fine Sentiment. (Applause.)

Our Guests—A Solemn Thought

Mr James Aitken asked the members to toast " Our Guests ". In the course of his remarks he said :

In the year 1837, when a young queen had come to the throne, this Society was born ; in this year, 1952, another young and beautiful queen is our sovereign. I find, on inspecting the " Chronicles " of the Society, that consistently, meeting after meeting, this toast to the guests has been honoured. Gentlemen, it is indeed a solemn thought that in this great city of London, over that long period of some one hundred and fifteen years Scotsmen have been entertaining Englishmen ! (Laughter.)

It is a tradition that one of our number should get up and say what he thinks of the guests ; but, Sir, I have a feeling that it would be for the good of our souls were the guests allowed to say, without any hindrance, just what they think of us. (Hear, hear.) I can well imagine guest after guest declaring : " Oh yes ! The Scots are a great people, and it does not materially alter the fact that they know it ! " (Laughter.)

A metaphysician of repute has proclaimed that the unique qualities of the English merit some consideration in the hereafter ! Not so the Scotsman of the story. A Scot went to heaven, and Peter asked him his name. " John Morrison," was the reply. " Whaur d'ye come frae ? " (Note that Peter spoke good Lowland Scots.) " Frae Scotland," was the reply of John Morrison. " Weel," said Peter, " gang awa' back again ; we've had naebody here frae that place for the last twa hunner year, an' we're no' gettin' up in the mornin' to mak' porridge for ane." (Laughter.)

We are happy to have with us tonight Sir Hugh Turnbull, K.C.V.O., late Commissioner of Police of the City of London for twenty-five years ; the Rev. S. L. McIntyre, assistant to Dr Scott ; Mr. Ballingall, treasurer of St Columba's, and Mr Ramsay, session clerk.

We have been honoured by the presence of the Very Rev. A. T. A. Naylor, the Dean of Battle. Mr Naylor has had a distinguished career in both high industrial and military positions. He was appointed an honorary chaplain to his late Majesty King George VI ; and in Hitler's and the Kaiser's wars he was mentioned in dispatches, and is a member of the D.S.O.

I couple the toast with Dr Naylor, the Dean of Battle. (Applause.)

The Very Rev. A. T. A. Naylor, D.S.O., O.B.E., the Dean of Battle, accepted the toast on behalf of the Guests.

" As you say in Scotland," he began, " here you see before you a ' wee, cowrin, sleekit, timorous beastie,' shrinking from this ordeal." He (the Dean) would have loved to hear the London Scottish tune, " The Hodden Grey," for he had often seen and heard the " Scottish." He had early associations with Scotland. If he did not praise the Cowcaddens, he would never forget that entrancing view of the entrance to the Highlands from the ramparts of Stirling Castle. (Hear, hear.)

He could not think of Scotland without thinking of her poets ; but while the Scots were thinking of Robert Burns he was recalling that great warrior-poet the Very Rev. Maclean Watt. He remembered once, when he was brought down to Boulogne to celebrate the New Year, Maclean Watt gave the address to about 1,000 Scots. It was a remarkable address, the effect of which on the lads he would never forget.

He (the Dean) confessed that he benefited greatly from the fact that when he, an Anglican, a non-Conformist, was allowed to act as locum tenens for a padre, he had a Scottish batman named Macdonald—he benefited even although he did not know the half of what Macdonald said. (Laughter.)

This was during the 1914–1918 war when he met Jimmy Maxton, Gallacher, " and all the rest of them." While he knew that Maxton was in earnest, he heard a lot of clap-trap from others. What was the Church doing for the poor Scotsman ? was the standard call ; not " What would the poor working Scotsman have done without the Church ? "

Reverting to the Church of Scotland ministers, the Dean declared that " those long sermons nearly did for me." He would have to ask Dr Scott what particular part of hagiology they satisfied. The Dean spoke admiringly of Lord Haig, " a wonderful man who bore in him the marks of the character of a great Christian soldier."

" I knew those grand fighting men in the Scottish regiments in the 1914–18 war, and today (referring to a report from Korea that morning of gallant and

successful bayonet charges by the 2nd Cameron Highlanders), in those 'ladies from hell,' the great fighting qualities are still there. Our grateful thanks to the Camerons." (Loud applause.)

The London Scottish.

The President thanked the Dean for his exhilarating speech, and thereafter he offered the company the toast, "The London Scottish Regiment." He said:

When the call came to the country in 1914 to take up arms, he (the President) presented himself at the door of the London Scottish Headquarters; he was told that the 1st Battalion was full, and they had not begun to recruit for further battalions. "So," said Mr Steele, "I left Buckingham Gate despondent, but did the next best thing. I enlisted in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders." (Applause.)

The President then paid his tribute to:

"Our own regiment, The London Scottish," spoke of the "Scottish" battle honours in three wars, its renown throughout the world, and to the fact that those countries with which we had been at war had great respect for the London Scottish. He appealed to his audience to do their utmost to help by advising young men to join the regiment. He paid a compliment to Colonel Ogilby and to Lieut.-Colonel Penman, the Commanding Officer.

The toast was received with great heartiness.

The President thanked Mr Sam Ross, vocalist, and Mr Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M., our accompanist, for the musical treat they had supplied. On the programme were: "My Love is like a Red Red Rose," "Bonnie Strathyre," "Maiden o' Morven," and "Westering Home." Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., included in his selection, "Leaving Lunga," "The Caledonian Canal," "The Smith of Chilliechassie," and "The Sweet Maid of Glendaruel." He ended with our own Strathspey, "The Caledonian Society of London."

After "Auld Lang Syne," the meeting closed on our usual patriotic note, the National Anthem.

Thanks from the Royal Scottish Corporation.

At the business meetings of the Society held at the Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington, on Thursday, 18th December, 1952, the President, Mr J. R. Steele, was in the chair. He read a letter from the Royal Scottish Corporation, in which the thanks of the Corporation were conveyed to the members for their contribution of £524 to the Corporation's St Andrew's Day Festival appeal. Mr Steele congratulated Mr Miller on the complete success of the Festival.

An Edinburgh Night.

At the Little Dinner which followed, the Royal toasts having been honoured, the President said they had created an Edinburgh Night. The giver of the Sentiment, " The Edinburgh Festival," was Mr. Ian Hunter, the artistic director of the Festival. But first, he (the President) must thank Brother Caledonian, W. O. Hunter (Mr Ian Hunter's father) for the service he had given to the making of a success of that meeting.

Mr Steele welcomed Mr Ian Hunter for three reasons—as the artistic director of the Festival, as the son of a greatly-honoured member of their Society, and for his own sake.

The Edinburgh Festival.

Mr Ian Hunter thanked Mr Steele for his kind introduction, and said :

I always think it is a privilege for one human being to be asked to address another, a privilege which might well be more widely appreciated. But to be the first representative of my generation to be invited to propose a Sentiment to this Society, and to be able to speak about such a young and stimulating organisation as the Edinburgh Festival is my special honour tonight.

Before telling you how the Festival began, it is, I think, right that we should consider the background against which it was conceived. Edinburgh in 1945 was more than ever conscious of her position as capital of Scotland. The visits of armies of many lands during the war years made her realise afresh the bonds that existed between her and other capitals of the world in past generations.

Patronage of the arts, which at one time was the prerogative of kings, princes and the rich merchants, has now become the responsibility of the state and the civic authorities. Edinburgh was, therefore, beginning to be aware of that responsibility as the war drew to its close. Above all, there was a great spirit of renaissance abroad, and Scotland was entering into large and ambitious projects for harnessing her water power, for re-planting her forests, and for attracting back to her shores the Scots who, many generations before, had left them.

Where, where on earth did this original idea come from ? There are many who claim credit for ideas when their realisation has been successful, but there are few who come forward to take the responsibility for failure. So it is that many claim the credit for conceiving the Edinburgh International Festival of Music and Drama. However, it is right to say that the idea emanated from a country house nestling in the folds of the Sussex Downs, where Mr. John Christie runs his Glyndebourne Opera. The General Manager of Glyndebourne, before and during the war years, was Mr Rudolf Bing, who now occupies the position of General Manager of the Metropolitan Opera, New York. Mr Bing had been brought up on the Glyndebourne principle that only the highest artistic standards were acceptable, and he it was who met Mr Harvey Wood, head of the British Council in Scotland, at lunch one day late in 1944, in a small restaurant off Regent Street, and put to him the idea of Edinburgh's Festival.

Harvey Wood, fired with enthusiasm, returned to Edinburgh and interested Mr. Murray Watson, whom we have the pleasure of having with us

tonight, then, as now, editor of the *Scotsman*; Professor Newman, Reid Professor of Music at the University; and Lady Rosebery. Interest was such that another lunch was arranged, this time in Edinburgh, in February, 1945, at which Bing put forward his proposal to those leading personalities of the city. The idea was then " sold," and it was put forward to the Lord Provost as a serious recommendation. Although the Lord Provost, at the time Sir John Falconer, was interested in the idea, a certain amount of criticism from elements in the City Council was levelled against it, and it was suggested that a Festival such as was envisaged would cut across arrangements for a pageant which the Parks Committee was already considering. However, the difficulties were overcome, and the Lord Provost was won over to the idea.

As a city, Edinburgh has all the necessary qualifications for such an event as the Festival. It has natural beauty, with the bustle of the life of today resounding round the relics of antiquity. It has long and wide historical associations, and it has an ancient culture which can be rivalled by few cities in Europe.

Amongst its more mundane assets, it can claim good hotels, adequate theatres, concert halls, and other suitable buildings. The glamour of the West and the Borders is within easy reach, and, above all, the City can claim an administration with foresight.

The Festival idea was based on novelty, enterprise, and risk, and it can surely be described as one of the biggest civic gambles ever undertaken. Failure could have brought as much loss of prestige as success, in the event, brought gain.

Do not forget that in the nineteenth century this same city's administration went bankrupt, and commissioners administered the public finance!

To return to the progress of the scheme: a committee was formed on 15th November, 1945, of leading members of the Town Council and personalities of the city's life. The first announcements were made, and in general the response was favourable. But Sir Thomas Beecham, speaking to the Glasgow City Business Men's Club, suggested that " commercial men of this country should be turning their thoughts to projects more practical," and the *Scots Review* thundered: " what long-tailed squanderbug of the kind we used to see studded with swastikas has permeated the defences of our cautious councillors?" The reaction of the newly formed Arts Council and a number of leading British artistic organisations was slow. It was a foreigner, Dr Bruno Walter, who turned the scales, with a courageous decision to lend his great name to a project of which at that time he could know very little. As soon as he had announced his intention to conduct the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra at Edinburgh, other bodies were only too pleased to throw in their lot with us.

The Festival had been based from the first on a clear-cut, economic proposal. The Festival would cost money. That was clear from the first, and accordingly it was decided to raise a guarantee fund of £60,000. This was forthcoming in equal parts from the city, the Arts Council and a few private citizens of Edinburgh. The first few months of 1947 saw the first programme completed and tickets on sale all over the world. In the days before the event was due to commence, there were several alarums and excursions—prima donnas ill and conductors not available—but nevertheless, we were aware of a mounting wave of enthusiasm, and 24th August, 1947, will forever remain in my mind. The sun shone and the flags of many nations flew out in the wind over Princes Street. In St. Giles Cathedral, the Festival opened with a service of dedication, and as the strains of the " Old Hundredth " echoed in the cathedral, a prayer was read for " all writers, artistes, dramatists and musicians, that their work may increase the joy and beauty of our common life."

Beauty exists only in the minds of those who can appreciate it, and the Festival aims at fostering that appreciation. We can fairly claim that that

first Festival was a success. and whilst since that time not everything has turned out as we should have wished, the general standard has been maintained, and our artistic policy justified. In opera, the memorable performances of Glyndebourne have formed the core of the Festival until last year, when we engaged for a guest season the Hamburg State Opera. We have welcomed most of the great orchestras of the world, and several plays, such as " The Cocktail Party " and " The River Line," owe their existence to the Edinburgh Festival. A stimulus has been given to the Scottish theatre with *Ane Satyre of the Thrie Estaites, The Gentle Shepherd,* and *The Highland Fair,* not to mention performances of plays by James Bridie and Eric Linklater.

What does the Festival mean to Edinburgh ? In 1952 we welcomed 14,403 visitors from overseas, of which 6,789 came from the United States of America. At an estimated expenditure of £25 a head, the Festival must have made at least £360,000 in foreign currency. From Britain, outside Edinburgh, 44,782 visitors came to the city for the Festival, and B.E.A. reported that on the London-Turnhouse run the passengers carried were 168 per cent. in advance of the previous year.

The Festival has succeeded because it must, above all, stimulate with controversy ; because it was an act of faith in hard times ; because it has maintained the highest artistic standards, and because it has undertaken to bring home to the world that the appreciation of the cultures of other nations is a basic factor on which a fuller political understanding can be built.

Mr Hunter met with hearty applause when he ended his Sentiment, and the President thanked him in these terms :

" I know that you would wish me to express to Mr. Ian Hunter your thanks and appreciation of the admirable Sentiment that he has given us. I am amazed at the comprehensive picture of the Festival that he has painted in the time at his disposal. A fascinating story was unfolded as he recounted its history with all the difficulties that had to be overcome in the early days. His references to the economic side must have struck a responsive chord in the heart of every Scot. (Hear, hear.) At the final Press conference last September Mr Hunter said " they were not slaves to policy." While a policy is essential, it is a mistake to adhere to it too rigidly, and the organisers have shown wisdom in their broad interpretation. This year's Festival (1952) was considered the outstanding one, so far, and the international repute it has gained is in no small measure due to the achievements of Mr Hunter. His musical talents, organising ability, personality, and tremendous drive have brought additional fame to the fair city of Edinburgh. He is a son of Scotland of whom our country has every reason to be proud. In the name of you all I would ask him to accept our warmest thanks for such an interesting and delightful Sentiment. (Loud applause.)

Rev. Dr Scott's Good Wishes.

Past-President Rev. Dr Scott gave the toast, " Our Guests."

He said their greatest difficulty when submitting this toast was the number of names on the list, and in this connection he told a story which he had heard recently :

An American was proposing the toast of " Yale," and he considered it under four heads : Y—Youth ; A—altruism ; L—loyalty ; E—enthusiasm. He dealt with each head at such great length that when he sat down one of

his victims said : " Thank heaven, he wasn't proposing the Massachusetts Institute of Technology." (Laughter.)

We always take great pleasure in welcoming members of kindred societies, continued Dr Scott, and tonight we have the usual quota of these brethren with us. There are Mr George Newton, President of the Romford Scottish Association, and Mr Ian Ross, chairman of the London Inverness-shire Association, whom we welcome.

Councillor John Hannay we rejoice to entertain, for he has led the workers for the London Caledonian Games to the great success which had attended the White City Highland gatherings. It is wonderful that Councillor Hannay and his collegues have been able to divide equally between our two great London charities, the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools, £2,000, the profits of last year's gathering. (Applause.)

Mr W. P. Nairn, M.C., a director of a well-known company, is also with us, and we are glad to welcome a big industrialist and a good golfer. We hope he will enjoy his turn at the " 19th " tonight.

We give a most hearty welcome to our old friend Sir Alexander Fleming on whom honours come as thick as snowflakes, and on whom they make as little difference as if they were. (Applause.) We have read with pleasure his address as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University, and perhaps we know more of what Sir Alexander said than did the noisy undergraduates. But the warm reception which was given to the Lord Rector showed the strong, rude health that the students had acquired through the intervention of penicillin. (Laughter and applause.)

We have with us, too, Sir William McGilvray, a former member of our regiment, the London Scottish, and who went overseas with the " Scottish " to the Kaiser's war. He is now the Director-General of Marketing in the National Coal Board. We welcome again Major Armand Blakely, whose brilliant Sentiment last Session we all remember so vividly. (Applause.)

I need not say with what pleasure we greet Mr Ian Hunter, (the son of an elder of St Columba's), whose administration of the Edinburgh Festival has been such a great success. His Sentiment showed his modesty, but we make no mistake about his part in the revival of literature and the arts in the capital of our native land. (Applause.)

Thanks to the "Scotsman"

Dr Scott then said he came to the name with which the toast was coupled, Mr James Murray Watson, D.L., M.A., the editor of the *Scotsman*, " and when I have said that I need say no more." Dr Scott traced the journalistic career of Mr. Murray Watson in the *Scotsman* and the various publications that have come from the parent office ; and said that Mr Murray Watson had maintained the reputation of one of our greatest newspapers—well informed, sanely edited, and consequently thoroughly relied upon, a credit to Scotland. It was a magnificent newspaper in all its departments. For artistry and reproduction there was nothing like it in the world. Its criticisms of the arts, music, and literature are equal to the news value.

Dr Scott concluded : It gives me great pleasure to ask brother Caledonians to drink to " Our Guests," whose mouthpiece in reply will be the editor of the *Scotsman*. (Applause.)

The Editor Replies.

Mr J. Murray Watson, heartly received, referring to the influence of the *Scotsman*, mentioned by Dr Scott, told of the Fife minister who in his prayer said : " Oh, Lord, as Thou didst doubtless observe in yesterday's *Scotsman*." (Laughter.)

Mr Murray Watson, continuing, said he was very proud to have had something to do with the organisation of the Edinburgh Festival. There were nowadays, as Mr Hunter had said, those who claimed to have been originators of the Festival. He wondered how many would have made that claim if the Festival had been stillborn, remembering, as he did, how many heads were shaken in disapproval when the proposition was mooted.

Speaking of the considerable part the Press had played in the early success of the Festival, Mr Watson recalled how the *Times*, the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Glasgow Herald* had all carried leading articles approving the idea before the first Festival had been staged. The Press had taken a considerable risk in doing so—and they were most grateful—though Edinburgh Town Council and Sir John Falconer had taken an even greater risk. They had got publicity through the public spirit of the Press that no money could buy.

Apart from the Festival's value as a dollar-earner, it had reinvigorated Edinburgh and given the city a fresh belief in herself. Edinburgh now had one conference after another from early May each year until October, because the city had become a pleasant and suitable centre for them, and Edinburgh had again become an intellectual centre. Among artistic developments in Scotland at present which had followed the Festival, Mr. Watson mentioned the Pitlochry Festival, which, he said, " looks like making Pitlochry something like a kind of Stratford in Scotland." It was becoming known as " Scotland's theatre in the hills," and deserved the encouragement of all Scots. (Applause.)

Edinburgh University had instituted an inquiry into Scottish linguistic studies. The Principal, Dr Appleton, an Englishman, was proving himself a real Scot. The old country was suffering by the loss of so many of her sons. Could she go on losing to England and the Dominions and Colonies the best of her brains ? (Loud applause.)

The music for the evening was supplied by Mr J. C. M. Campbell and Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., our officer and piper. Mr. Campbell sang " The Silver Moon," and several Gaelic songs, with his usual artistry ; and we were once more indebted to Mr Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M., for his masterly playing of the accompaniments.

The Pipe-Major gave as his selection, " 74th Farewell to Edinburgh," " Monymusk," " Caber Feidh," and " Mrs J. A. Mathieson," ending the programme with our Strathspey, " The Caledonian Society of London."

" Auld Lang Syne " and the National Anthem closed the programme.

The January Meetings.

The President took the chair at the Council and General Meetings held at the Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington, on Thursday, 15th January, 1953.

Herbert Reah Stewart Hunter, a native of Ayrshire, was admitted to membership. Mr Hunter is a son of our late Past-President (Dr C. Stewart Hunter.)

Past-President William Will made two proposals which were approved: (1) That a portfolio of the photographs of Past-Presidents of the Society be established and maintained; and (2) That the Society, as one of the oldest and most representative of Scottish Societies in London, take part by telegram or otherwise, in the welcome home or other celebrations of Scottish regiments.

"Here's to the Year that's awa."

At the Little Dinner following, the President asked Mr Miller, Hon. Secretary, to follow precedent by singing, on this the first meeting of the new year, "Here's to the Year that's awa." Mr. Miller was loudly applauded for a robust rendering of the old song.

The loyal toasts were honoured.

The Immortal Memory.

Mr Steele introduced the author of "The Immortal Memory." He said Sir George Harvie Watt would be welcome in any Scottish Society, but no Society would give him a warmer welcome than the Caledonian Society of London. We were sure of a literary treat.

Sir George Harvie Watt, received with hearty applause, said:

Like thousands of our countrymen all over the world at this time, we are met to pay tribute to the imperishable genius, inspiration, and memory of Scotland's greatest poet.

There are many ways of treating this time-honoured toast. There are some who believe that it is an occasion for instructing the gathering in every detail of the poet's life and work, quoting lengthy screeds of both hackneyed and obscure verses for the delectation or otherwise of the audience. Such orations last anything for upwards of an hour.

You will be happy to hear that that is not my purpose or intention. I take it that all of you here tonight are already students and lovers of the poetry of Burns and know it well. What I purpose doing, therefore, is not to give a long lecture, but merely an appreciation in memory of this great poet, this great Scotsman.

It is now nearly two hundred years since in a poor, humble, clay biggin, near the ancient town of Ayr, "a blast o' Janwar win blew hansel in on Robin." Yet when Burns died—only thirty-seven years later—dying in extreme poverty and misery, and though he left his wife and family a legacy of despair, distress and helplessness, he left to Scotland and the world a vast treasure of song and poetry that has been an everlasting source of inspiration to Scotsmen in every age.

It has been said that Homer is the glory of Greece, and Dante the glory of Italy, but Burns, like Shakespeare, is the glory not only of his own country,

but of the world. We can say with regard to Burns as Ben Jonson, the early English playwright, said of the illustrious Shakespeare, " he was not of an age but for all time."

Some one hundred and fifty-seven years have come and gone since Burns died, and still

. . . the glory of our poet
In its deathless power serene
Shines—as rolling time advances
Warmer felt and wider seen.
First Doon's banks and braes contained it,
Then his country formed its span
Now the wide world is its Empire
And its throne the heart of man.

There have been many Scottish poets both before and after Burns who have won an honoured place in literature, but none has ever won his way into the hearts and homes as Robert Burns has done, and still does, by the variety of his poems and his appeals to every class and temperament.

I think that the unique quality of his poetry lies in its contrasts. Here is a humble over-worked ploughman with little or no education, as we understand the word at the present time, changing at will from the broad doric of his native land to an English of such richness and purity as can compare with the lines of the finest poetry south of the Border.

From the verse taken from " Death and Dr. Hornbook " :

The clachan yill had made me canty,
I wasna fou, but just had plenty ;
I stacher'd whiles, but yet took tent aye
To free the ditches ;
An' hillocks, stanes, and bushes kent aye
Frae ghaists and witches.

From these robust lines we pass suddenly to the serenity of the words from that great poem " Tam o' Shanter " :

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed ;
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white, then melts for ever.

He had the genius to weave into his poetry the deepest emotional and spiritual experiences of our race, giving us in simple, unadorned language and tuneful melody, all our national struggles, our aspirations, our domestic life, our labours, joys, and sorrows. It is for these qualities, I think, that his songs have sung their way into our lives, and have become part of our rich national inheritance.

His place, therefore, is indisputably among the small band of immortals who are at once national and universal. He is a national poet in that he deals with events and people and things, distinctly Scottish, and tunes his lyre to the broad doric of his country. But he is a universal poet in that he touches the whole heart of humanity, and captivates it with his soul-stirring music.

Widely and deeply, however, as has Burns been known and read, still more deeply has the searchlight of criticism penetrated into his own most secret life.

He is criticised for many things, but chiefly for being too fond of the so-called liquid of his country, and his too easy attachments to the entrancing female—a species and product of all countries.

He dearly lo'ed the lassies, but who can blame him for that ? Dante immortalised his Beatrice and Petrarch his Laura, so why not Burns his Highland Mary and Bonnie Jean.

For my part, I find it difficult to criticize him for these faults, for it is

his magnificent poetry that he has bequeathed to us that we commemorate, and that poetry, that inspiration, was only possible because of the profound experiences he obtained from the transports of passion, the depths of despair, and the clairvoyance of stimulation.

Moreover, in considering Burns's private life, we must relate it to the habits and customs of his day, and we are bound to admit that what may be a social sin in 1953, was nothing but a common experience in 1759 or 1796.

We must also remember that Burns had not outstepped his youthful period when he died, and if we judge the other great lights of literature by their early performances, we find the majority of them fiery and rebellious, indeed in many cases grossly immoral.

Shakespeare fled to London to escape the penalty of poaching, a heinous offence in those days. Wordsworth applauded the outburst of the French Revolution even with all its bloody excesses. Shelley was expelled from his university, while Byron was banned from decent society.

Had Burns lived to experience the mellowing and softening influences that come with the passing years, we would have found a serious and thoughtful poet, gathering up the best of his harvest, separating the wild oats from the golden corn.

The birth of Burns in 1759 was a most opportune event for Scotland, for at that time an intense depression had settled over the land, following the transference of the Scottish Parliament to London, and the troublous days of the '15 and '45 Jacobite Rebellions. There was grave danger of Scotland's literature, traditions, and institutions being slowly forgotten or swallowed up in the wider culture and greater advancement at that time of its neighbour England.

Scotland, as it is known to the outside world today, owes almost everything to three men, all born in the 18th century—Prince Charles Edward Stuart, Walter Scott and Robert Burns. Each in his own way was responsible for a veritable flood of romance and song which has enchanted and enthralled not merely the English-speaking peoples, but the people of every land.

Bonnie Prince Charlie is a great figure in our song and story. He achieved his reputation by warlike deeds as spectacular and daring as anything in history. He cast such a glamour over the Highlands and the tartan of the Scottish clans that the cult of the kilt rapidly spread to all Scotland and to many other countries as well. There are more tartans in Canada and Australia than have ever been seen in Scotland.

Scott took the old tales and romances ready to his hand and wove them into imperishable chapters.

Burns, however, I think, did more than any man of his time or since to stop that decline which I have mentioned, and much that we now hold dear was rescued by him from obscurity and oblivion, raising our country to the highest pinnacle of fame.

He took the common acts and parts of life, embalmed them with his genius, and made them immortal.

The Scotsman who has not fallen willingly to the charm and spell of these three men is not a person to be envied.

Burns dealt in fearless and unfaltering manner with the varied phases of Scottish life of his time. No subject was too delicate or too dangerous for him to treat. The lordling, the peasant, rich and poor, the Deil himself, the mountain daisy, the lover, the convivial wretch, and the haggis.

He immortalised all he touched, painting in colours of brilliant and unfading hues the mountains and glens, the rivers and burns of our native land.

He loved the countryside, above all he loved his Ayrshire, and was never happier than when walking along by its streams and rivers some of which

inspired his finest lyrics, the never-to-be-forgotten " Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon " and " Flow gently, sweet Afton." The very names are music in our ears.

If you have been in love with a bonnie lassie, a Highland Mary or a Bonnie Jean, you will appreciate at its true worth the sentiments of " Ae fond kiss." As a bachelor you may be stirred by " Willie brewed a peck o' maut," or if a hen-pecked husband, Burns will make an impression on you in " The weary pund o' tow."

Varied as were the subjects that Burns treated, I think perhaps the greatest of all his works fall into two parts—his patriotic poems, and his pictures of the simple, humble, joys and pleasures of the old Scottish family life.

Burns's love of national freedom reached its loftiest strain of patriotic ardour in that unrivalled ode to liberty, that great martial song " Scots wha hae." It stirred the heart of Scotland as with the sounds of a trumpet he poured the whole fervour of his impassioned soul into the words :

Lay the proud usurpers low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty's in every blow—
Let us do or die !

It was the spirit of that Bannockburn address which has echoed and re-echoed down through the long misty corridors of time that has inspired patriots of every land to offer the last drops of their blood for the freedom of their country.

It was that spirit that sent many of our own countrymen in that " do or die " mood to fight in the poppy-strewn fields of Flanders, in the sun-baked sands of Northern Africa, and the tropical swamps of Burma and Malaya.

In those days of stress and struggle, depression and difficulty, worry and anxiety, those calls to patriotism in the works of Burns, and those pictures of home-life depicted in poems like " The Cotter's Saturday Night " cannot be too often repeated. " The Cotter's Saturday Night " is perhaps the greatest and most touching picture of homely family life that the world has ever been privileged to view. It is an epic of Scottish rural life.

One cannot but be stirred by the graphic description of the family circle on a Saturday night. The week's work is over, the family from their various jobs all gather together—the father reverently reading from the word of God, and in simple language committing the family to His care. A portrait of many humble and great houses in Scotland in the past, but alas an all too infrequent portrait at the present time.

These pictures, I say, cannot be too often repeated. They soften the heart, moisten the eye, and refresh the sweetest memories of the elders. They purify, uplift, and inspire courage in the soul of youth, and stir the blood of the patriot. What Scottish heart has not thrilled and throbbed at that patriotic outburst " O Scotia, my dear my native soil."

We want today to cultivate that national spirit again—not the flagrant, flaunting, flag-wagging type of nationalism, but a healthy pride in our own country, our own achievements, and our own contribution to the civilisation of the world.

Think of the dullness, if the charming Irish brogue, the rich Lancashire or Yorkshire dialect, the so-called Oxford accent and, of course, the attractive inflexion of our own tongue, were all standardised, and we spoke with the clear but uninteresting accents of the announcers of the B.B.C.

Our nationalism as Burns has demonstrated, is not a thing to be ashamed of.

If only the spirit and sentiment expressed by Burns in those poems I have mentioned could pervade the hearts and minds of people of all countries, much of the worry and anxiety of these critical days would be swept away.

His poems call for a kindlier, more helpful and sympathetic approach to life. They also call for the fire, enthusiasm, determination and patriotism that rings in every line in our National Anthem—" Scots wha hae."

Thomas Carlyle, the great Scottish sage, described Burns as the brightest man of his period. He has been more than that ; he has been one of the brightest men that Scotland and the world have ever seen. A great debt of gratitude is owed to the poet by mankind but, in particular, by the people of Scotland.

Burns exalted the race. He hallowed Scotland and the Scottish tongue, and we who are gathered here tonight remember with intense gratitude and pride his great patriotism, his broad sympathy, his marvellous genius, and his services to the world at large.

The poet Burns is dead, but his poetry remains. His spirit remains. His fame has been progressive. He was great in spite of his weaknesses, and his name and fame will go ringing down the ages so long as fervent patriots, romantic lovers and wee modest, crimson tippet flowers are found in this troubled world of ours.

To Burns ! The Poet ! The Man ! The Immortal Memory.

Mr Steele expressed appreciation of the way that Sir George had presented " The Immortal Memory." His was one of the finest orations they had heard. He thanked Sir George for this treat he had given them.

Our Guests—and Australia.

Sir Edward Reid, Bart., submitted the toast " Our Guests." He said :

May I start by quoting an English poet—

" Father and Mother and me,
Sister and Auntie say,
All the people like us is We,
And everyone else is They."

This is not necessarily true at a party like this, because as the evening advances hosts and guests coalesce and you hardly notice which is which, and indeed you might easily forget which you are yourself. But, for the moment, this distinction must be maintained, and here I am as a spokesman of " We " proposing the toast of " They."

Facts can be dull and dry things, but in the case of our guests tonight they speak for themselves. For instance, we have here Dr. D. W. Logan, principal of the University of London. In the session 1950–51 the number of internal students reading for diplomas was 23,202, in addition to which there were 27,780 registered external students, a total of 51,582 receiving education from this university. This is a striking enough fact, itself, and I don't think that I need say any more about Dr. Logan than that we take off our hats to him and are very pleased and proud to have him here with us. (Applause.)

We are also very glad to have with us Mr. F. Stanley Brown, an actuary and manager of the London Assurance, a company which was incorporated by Royal Charter thirty-eight years seven months and three days before Robert Burns was born. I do not suppose that in Burns's lifetime this company had extended its activities to Scotland, as although about that time Samuel Johnson, among others, was complaining that the Scots had found England, there was no indication as yet that the English had found Scotland. (Laughter.) If they had, and your ancestors wanted to take out a policy, it is amusing to

speculate that you might have had your chest examined and your blood pressure taken, and so on, by Dr. Hornbook instead of, as today, by Dr. Kenneth Dickson, the company's chief medical officer, whom we are also very pleased to see here.

Mr. Buchan Hepburn, another of our guests, has been for twenty years M.P. for the East Toxteth Division; he springs from an East Lothian family. He and I have known each other since the time when each of our ages was moving from one figure to two, when a part of our education took place in the same school. Since then he has had a distinguished Parliamentary career, and was assistant Government whip in June 1939, and deputy Conservative Chief whip from 1945–48. The whips as you know, have a thankless job. They are apt to prevent people like Sir George Harvie Watt from coming to parties like this.

After a facetious reference to Mr. Buchan Hepburn's duties as Secretary to the Treasury, Sir Edward continued : Members of this Society, one of whose main objects is the supporting of two deserving charities, the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools, remember that there is another charity none the less deserving because our support of it is compulsory, namely the British Government. So we bid Mr. Buchan Hepburn a welcome with no ill feeling.

I think I cannot do better than to express our welcome to Dr. Moffett in the words used by Burns to Dr Blacklock :—

" Lord send you aye as well's we want ye,
And then ye'll do."

Sir Edward took that opportunity (as chairman of the Royal Caledonian Schools) of thanking the congregation of Crown Court for what it does for the Schools, not only the financial support which individually and collectively they give, but the personal interest that many of them take in the children.

We also welcome Councillor D. Leslie-Reid, the president of the St Andrew Society (London). You may know that this was formed in 1910 to promote Scottish interests, both social and cultural, and after having been inactive during the war it was recently revived, and its opening ceilidh in Wimbledon was very successful. We should like to convey to Mr Leslie-Reid our best wishes for the success of the newly revived St. Andrew Society. (Hear, hear.)

A special welcome should go to Mr. George B. Young who recently took up the post of London Secretary of the Scottish Council.

On 26th January 1788, a summer day in the southern hemisphere, a ceremony took place in a harbour that had recently been discovered and had been described by its discoverer as " the finest harbour in the world, in which a thousand sail of the line may ride in perfect security." A small colony of British people was assembled. The military was drawn up and under arms. A Royal Commission was read by the Judge Advocate, two British ships gave three Royal salutes, the Marines fired a volley, rum was distributed and in the evening a bonfire was lit. The first British Colony on the Australian Continent was founded, and the Union Jack flew over Sydney. (Applause.)

Foundation Day, which is the commemoration of that ceremony, is celebrated now in Australia as a public holiday. I recently asked a Scottish Australian friend of mine, and he told me that he celebrates the birth of Burns on the 25th, and Australia on the 26th. When I asked him for further particulars all he said was " sometimes the 27th doesn't feel too good." (Laughter.) As you know, other parts of Australia were gradually settled, and on the 1st of January 1901, the Commonwealth of Australia came into existence. (Applause.)

We have had many guests from the sister nations of the Commonwealth, and they are always welcome ; and now we greet Sir Thomas White, the High Commissioner in London of Australia. No one could be more welcome

than Sir Thomas, both in view of the position that he holds and for his personal merits and achievements. (Applause.) Sir Thomas was one of the early members of the Air Force in which capacity he served in the First Australian Flying Unit Overseas which was attached to the Sixth Division in Mesopotamia. He was there taken prisoner by the Turks in 1915, but escaped three years later. The rest of his distinguished career is well known, and it is both a pleasure and an honour to us to have him as our guest. In conclusion I think that again as this is a Burns occasion I cannot do better than bid him welcome in the words in which Robert Burns wished prosperity, good luck, and a ripe old age to his friend Willie Creech—

" May never wicked Fortune touzle him,
May never wicked men bamboozle him,
Until a pow as auld's Methusalem
He canty claw ;
Then to the blessed new Jerusalem
Fleet wing awa." (Loud applause.)

The Indigent Scot a Myth.

In acknowledging the toast, His Excellency Sir Thomas White, High Commissioner for Australia, said :

" On behalf of all the guests, I wish to return thanks—for haggis and all, and when I say that I speak as one not unused to public eating." Continuing, Sir Thomas thanked Sir Edward Reid for the beautiful things he had said about Australia, which, after all, was composed of 95 per cent. British people. (Applause.) For an Australian Sassenach to be chosen to speak for all the guests was a high compliment ; but he could claim some reason, for he was actually a life member of the Caledonian Society of Gosford. As they all knew, there were many Scots in Australia ; in fact, it is said the Irish own the pubs, the Scots the land, and the English the accent. Another case of the meek inheriting the earth.

He understood one of the objects of the Society was good fellowship among London Scots. That was quite natural ; and if there were any doubt about it, the native drink would seem to stimulate good fellowship on New Year's Eve.

Sir Thomas said he was delighted to know that specific and very laudable objectives were the support of the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools. The Royal Scottish Corporation was instituted in the reign of James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England ; and their aim was to assist indigent Scots. Now, the indigent Scot is like that mythical animal the bunyip—you hear about him, but you never see him. (Laughter.) It says much for the pertinacity of the Scot that the legend still persists. (Laughter.) I always thought the Scots in London were the Army of Occupation ; but it is good to know that there was comfort in the Corporation for those who had fallen by the way.

The Royal Caledonian Schools were a most laudable objective, for originally they were for the children of Scottish service men. Though now open to others, service men's children get preference.

Now, I often wonder why Scots leave Scotland, and I can only imagine that they leave their native land because of their enterprising spirit. But why leave the dignity, culture, and history of Edinburgh, the industry and enterprise of Glasgow, the charm, beauty and wildness of the Highlands ?

Yet it is well that the Scots do emigrate. They give the world so much in peace and in war, in art and in literature. In literature where is there greater romanticism than in Scott and Burns ? Or better troops than Scottish

regiments ? I have seen them in war, and I have seen them in garrison duty —the Royal Scots in Berlin ; and they are a credit to their country in whatever capacity they discharge their duties. (Applause.) To you who stand for all those things, and on behalf of the guests I thank you. (Loud applause.)

A Burns Concert.

The audience was treated to a series of Burns's songs by an old friend, Mr James C. MacPhee, whose beautiful tenor voice was heard in " Mary Morison," " My Love is like a Red Red Rose," " Bonnie Wee Thing," and " The Lea Rig." Mr Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M., accompanied in his finished style.

The selections of Pipe-Major Robertson, M.B.E., was " The Australian Ladies " (who Sir Thomas White remarked are like all the others), " Struan Robertson," " The Individual Reel " (an original and spirited composition by Pipe-Major Robertson), " Comin' Through the Rye " ; and finally he played as usual our Strathspey, " The Caledonian Society of London."

" Auld Lang Syne " and the National Anthem ended a fine programme.

The Caledonian Highland Games Trophy.

At the Council and General Meetings of the Society held at the Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington, on Thursday, 19th February, 1953, the President, Mr J. R. Steele in the chair, Mr Miller, Hon. Secretary, intimated that on Friday, 27th March, 1953, in the Royal Scottish Corporation Hall, the B.B.C. would have its Scottish feature, " A Matter of Opinion," and that a certain number of Caledonian Society members would be invited.

Members considered the report of the committee of office-bearers on the suggested award of a trophy from the Society to the London Caledonian Games Association.

It was unanimously resolved to award the trophy annually to the member of the Scottish Amateur Athletic Association who had to his or her credit the best Scottish performance for the day. A hammered silver quaich of the value of about £60 was shown to members as a possible prize ; and it was decided to purchase this quaich. The President would make the presentation.

The death of Mr Thomas Hay, M.V.O., was intimated, and a vote of sympathy with relatives was adopted.

A Jacobite Night.

The Little Dinner that followed the business meetings was largely a Jacobite affair, for not only was Mr Donald Cameron, Younger of Lochiel, to give the Sentiment on his family as Jacobites, but Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E. included in his bagpipe selection, " Lochiel's Farewell to Isla," " The Market Place of Inverness," and " Lochiel's Away to France " ; and Alexander Macrae's expressive tenor voice was heard in " The Cameron Men," and " Sound the Pibroch."

It was a stirring evening, and after the loyal toasts had been honoured, Young Lochiel was received with cheers when he rose to give his Sentiment.

Clan Cameron in Jacobite Times.

He feared that the ground he had to cover was too great for the time at his disposal, but he at once plunged into his subject.

In the year 1644 (he said) the heir to the chief of Clan Cameron was a boy aged fifteen named Ewen. Strange as it may seem to some of you, he was a ward of the Marquis of Argyll, a very influential man in the Highlands, and a blood relation of Ewen's mother, who was a Campbell. Argyll was the arch-enemy of the Great Montrose, and was severely defeated by him at the battle of Inverlochy, at which battle many Camerons fought with Montrose. Soon after this battle Argyll thought it prudent to proceed south and take Ewen with him with the idea of settling him at Oxford, but fate ruled otherwise, and instead he turned back at Berwick chiefly because of Montrose's further activities, always keeping Ewen close to him. After Montrose's defeat at Philiphaugh in September 1645, the Covenanters took many Royalist prisoners. Some of the more important were reserved for execution in Glasgow and St. Andrews, and at the latter place, where Parliament was meeting, we next find Argyll and his ward. Unknown to Argyll, curiosity prompted Ewen to visit the doomed Royalists on the eve of their execution. One of them, Sir Robert Spottiswoode, proved to be an old family friend. Together they spent several hours in earnest conversation. Still unaware of the occurrence, Argyll took Ewen with him to see the prisoners executed. They died bravely, and the boy was moved to tears. From that moment he was a king's man forever.

Indeed Montrose, that great Royalist General, always remained a hero in Ewen's eyes, and I am proud to think that through my mother's family the blood of Montrose is now joined with that of Lochiel.

From that day the Clan Cameron, under successive chiefs, never left off serving and fighting for the Stuarts, whom they considered their rightful kings, until the last hope vanished with Prince Charles Edward in 1746, and the last Jocobite martyr, Dr. Archie, Lochiel's brother, was so cruelly hanged in 1753.

I make no pretence to be a historian, or even a great student of history, but in considering the activities of the clan in Jacobite times I must attempt to give you some historical background to those times in the Highlands. I suppose Jacobitism really began in 1688 when William of Orange landed in

England, and the Government declared that James II. had abdicated the throne. From then on Tories in England and sympathisers everywhere plotted—not very cleverly—to bring back to the throne of England first James II, then his son James, and lastly his grandson Charles Edward ; and foremost among the Stuart supporters were the Highlanders. This was partly due to the patriarchal system of life under which they then lived. They looked upon those unhappy princes as the fathers or chiefs of the nation, whose natural and unquestionable power had been rebelliously disputed by their children ; and they fought accordingly, not worrying overmuch about religion or parliamentary niceties.

Another factor which helped to make the Clan into Jacobites was the awful Highland problem of feudal superiorities. The Clan Cameron, more than most, had suffered from being at the mercy one moment of Huntly, the next of Argyll, Atholl, or Breadalbane, and those feudal noblemen were only too ready to wreak vengeance on a clan who had rashly, but probably involuntarily, fought under the banner of a rival lord. Economic necessity forced these clans to make raids outside their own lands, and their feudal superiors made full use of their martial skill. I would not like you to think they were all barbarians. James VI was the first king to encourage the idea that hopes of a more peaceful existence lay with the Royal house; and if James II had not lost his throne it is believed he would have purchased the superiorities and rights from the feudal lords. If the land could be owned direct from the Crown, and the chiefs owed allegiance to no other master, it was rightly thought that better times would come, and so the chiefs fought willingly for the Royal House of Stuart.

To go back now to the Camerons. It is impossible in a short time to tell you all their adventures in the cause of Jacobitism, so I purpose telling you a few stories about them, and indicating briefly the part they took in the various enterprises.

The Clan Cameron has been described as an ancient, numerous, warlike and firmly united tribe, chiefly inhabiting Lochaber, which lay between the territories of Huntly and Argyll. Sir Ewen Cameron, whom I mentioned in my opening remarks, was greatly respected in the Highlands, and, although naturally fighting under Glencairn against General Monk in the days of Cromwell, yet became a friend of his later, and accompanied him to London at the restoration of Charles II.

Monk tried to get Ewen to hold the King's stirrup, but he was too bashful and another stepped forward and got a royal reward for his services.

After the Restoration, Lochiel was again involved in lawsuits and clan disputes, especially against the old enemy, the MacIntoshes ; and, of course, took an active part in the fighting consequent upon William's accession. He formed a confederacy of chiefs for restoring King James, and joined Dundee's forces, despite every effort by General MacKay to wean him from the Royal cause. The latter offered him all kinds of honours by letter, but Sir Ewen, without even opening the letters, brought them to Dundee and begged him to dictate the answers. At Killiecrankie he acted as a kind of elder statesman, for he was then getting on in years, and Dundee paid much attention to his advice on the best method of using the Highlanders in battle. But Dundee would not heed Lochiel's advice not to engage personally in the battle. As a result he was killed in the moment of victory, and the loss of such an accomplished general was a vital blow to the cause. Notwithstanding the fact that at Killiecrankie, Lochiel was over sixty-three years of age, he pulled off his shoes and caught up with the Highlanders in their pursuit of their enemy.

I will now skip the rather unsatisfactory fighting that followed Dundee's death, and the tragedy of Glencoe, and come to 1715, when Sir Ewen was still alive but very old, although it is said still able to wring blood from the point of the fingers with a grasp of his hand.

Sir Ewen had three sons. The eldest, John, was reputed to have had a greater genius for civil than for military affairs, and his leadership of the clan in the '15 was deemed rather unsatisfactory.

He commanded the clan after Killiecrankie, and for this a warrant for treason was issued against him. He was involved in all the Jacobite schemings of those days and died in exile, but wisely made over the estates to his son quite early in his life.

Another son was Allan, a Gentleman of the Bedchamber to James, and one of the few who landed with him at Peterhead in December 1715. Subsequently he acted like many others as a go-between from France to Scotland. Early on the morning of James Stuart's landing Sir Ewen started from his sleep and called out loudly to his lady that the King was landed and his son Allan was with him. He commanded a bonfire to be lit, and the best liquor brought out for his " lads " to make merry and drink the King's health. He foretold that he should see his son Allan, but never have the honour of seeing his King.

The '15 failed mainly through lack of a general of military talent. Mar was more of a statesman, and the general cry at Sheriffmuir was, " Oh, for one hour of the brave Dundee " ; James Stuart seems to have lacked the charm and magnetic attraction of his son, and only stayed a few weeks in Scotland.

In 1719 another abortive attempt was made, with the help of Spanish troops, but the Spanish Fleet was dispersed, and the few Spaniards who landed were captured at the battle of Glenshiel. The Camerons were out again under John Cameron of Lochiel, but in common with the other troops, did not particularly distinguish themselves there.

The eldest son of John was Donald Cameron, known as the " Gentle Lochiel," a man of remarkable character, brave and upright. He was much in the confidence of the exiled family, and might be called their chief agent in the north. Sir Walter Scott described him as uniting all the accomplishments of a gentleman and scholar with the courage and high spirit of a Highland chief. He did much to help his people, and if his life in the north could have continued undisturbed he would undoubtedly have done a great deal more to educate and improve the lot of his clansfolk, aided by his gifted brother, Dr. Archie. In 1740 he was one of seven gentlemen who entered into a strict association to procure the restoration of King James, but he was well aware of the difficulties, and realised the hopelessness of the attempt when Prince Charles landed without troops and arms, and with only seven followers. At first Lochiel did not intend to join the Prince, and when Charles asked the chief to come to see him, Lochiel spoke to his brother, Dr Archie, who advised the chief not to go near the Prince. " But I must go. He has asked me to come. I shall go, but I'll have nothing to do with the mad enterprise." " Oh, yes," said Dr Archie, " if you go near him, he'll prevail upon you." " I know you better than you know yourself." And so it was ; the Clan was called, they marched to Glenfinnan, and I believe that if Lochiel had not joined the Prince there would have been no rising of 1745.

Lochiel took an active part throughout the campaign, and he and his men particularly distinguished themselves at Prestonpans. Lochiel's regiment is variously reported as between 700 and 800 strong, and is said to have sustained 300 casualties in the campaign. In the Scottish History Society's books the names of 73 of these are given, of whom 52 were Camerons, 14 had the prefix " Mac," six other Highland names, and one John Marchand—possibly a Frenchman—may have been Lochiel's chef.

Stories of the '45 are numerous, but I shall mention only two incidents here which illustrate some of the Highland characteristics. After the battle of Falkirk some of the prisoners taken were being paraded outside a house where Prince Charles was talking to Lord Kilmarnock. Suddenly a man was seen walking unconcernedly up the road carrying a musket but wearing the

English black cockade in his hat. Everyone looked surprised, and some thought he was about to assassinate the Prince, so Lord Kilmarnock rushed out of the house towards him, knocked his hat off and trod on the cockade. Imagine the Prince's surprise when he saw a Highlander, supported by others, rush at Kilmarnock, push him away and then pick up the hat, put it on the soldier's head and lead him away in triumph. The truth was that the soldier was not really a prisoner, but a Cameron who had deserted his regiment (the Scots Royals) during the battle, to join his chief, and it was his brother and other Camerons who had stepped between him and Kilmarnock, for, as the officer explaining the episode said, " No person in the Prince's army can take that cockade out of the man's hat except Lochiel himself."

The other episode I might mention is one which unfortunately has its counterpart even in these days. A man called Ewan MacKee, belonging to the Clan Cameron, and a native of Lochiel's country, was captured in Ross-shire in the autumn of 1746 carrying documents written in French, but with no sign of who they were meant for or who had sent them. He was obviously a Jacobite courier from a French warship, which, it was learnt afterwards, was off Poolewe at that time. He was sent to Inverness and received 500 lashes, which were repeated some days later, with the object of getting information from him. He absolutely refused to divulge anything and died of his maltreatment. It is recorded that he was carried to the grave by two or three beggars; a sodger went and thrust his bayonet several times into the body to try (as he said) if the rebel was dead.

The stories of Prince Charlie's wanderings after the fateful battle of Culloden are well known, as is the loyalty and heroism of those who helped him without thought of themselves or hint of betrayal. Just before leaving for France the Prince was in the Cameron country, and there are many places recorded where he hid, including a hut now marked by trees on the hill Torevlt, just on the other side of the river from the present house of Achnacarry. From there he was guided to the famous Cage on Ben Alder, in Badenoch, where Cluny MacPherson and Lochiel had been hiding for some time. Lochiel, who had been wounded at Culloden in both ankles, and carried off the field by two brothers, was still very lame ; but as soon as he saw Prince Charles he hobbled out to greet him and tried to kneel before his beloved Prince. But the Prince touched him on the shoulder, saying, " Oh, no, my dear Lochiel, you don't know who may be looking from the tops of yonder hills." Soon after that, together they boarded a French ship and went into that exile which proved such a trial and such a sad downhill path for Prince Charles. Thus ended the last serious attempt to restore the Stuart kings.

The Jacobites, who advocated the rights of a legitimate monarch without regard to religion or the wishes of the people, but equally without regard, in most instances, to personal interest, had to give way to the Whigs, who maintained that the people had the right to prefer a king who would enter into engagements with them to respect the national liberties and religion.

The history of the clan after that is not within my brief, but I cannot end without emphasising one point as strongly as I can. The Clan Cameron does not exist only in the past, and live on its former glories. After Culloden and its unpleasant aftermath of cruel destruction of life and property, the Clan spirit, dormant for a while, soon revived—in a different form it is true, the Clan having lost for ever its feudal nature—but the same loyalty that the clans had shown to the unlucky House of Stuart was then given with like fervour to the present Royal House. The history of the Highland regiments raised at the end of the 18th century bears ample witness to this loyalty, and that of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders can stand comparison with any. So today, in every field of endeavour that is open to us, Camerons remember and honour our family motto, " Pro Rege et Patria," just as they did in Jacobite times.

Mr Cameron ended his Sentiment amid loud applause, and the President thanked him for the thrilling story of his clan as one of the principal supports of the Jacobite cause in those picturesque days when Prince Charles Edward and his father made their attempts to regain the throne for the Stuarts. The facts, as he unfolded them, struck a responsive chord in the breasts of Scotsmen and women. There was little doubt, as Mr Cameron had said, that had his ancestor in Forty-five refused to join Prince Charlie, there would have been no " rising " then.

It would have been no surprise to our English guests to hear of the clan feuds of those days ; and they would all—Scots and English—have been delighted to hear the story of the Camerons of Lochiel and their Jacobite proclivities from the mouth of their brother Caledonian, the 26th Chief of the Clan Cameron. (Loud applause.)

A Welcome to Old and New Friends.

Sir George Campbell, K.C.I.E., proposed the toast " Our Guests."

He had, he said, the names of a long list of eminent men to mention—some of them, such as judges, who were kittle cattle. An old friend is Lord Morton, one of our judges—a judge, however, who cannot get near our bar for bankers. (Laughter.) We know, from what we have heard from him in this room, of the humorous speeches of which Lord Morton is capable. He is always welcome here. (Applause.)

Sir Harry Hague is also an old and ever-welcome friend ; so is Major Knowles, whose amusing speech here we well remember ; and Mr Haynes, an insurance authority.

Admiral G. P. Thomson is also here, and is ever welcome. The Hon. R. R. Blades, the son of Lord Ebbisham, a former Lord Mayor of London, is an enthusiastic cricketer, and is captain of the Surrey County second team. (Applause.)

An old friend is that greatest of our portrait painters, Mr James Gunn, LL.D. Mr Gunn's portraits are one of the attractions of the Royal Academy ; and I would like to say of his great portrait of Hutchison, the president of the Scottish Royal Academy, what Sir Gerald Kelly said of the old Dutch portrait in the Academy : " It's a bloody marvel." Long may James Gunn's brush reign over us. (Applause.)

We have with us, too, Mr Harry Hynd, M.P. for Accrington, a man welcome at all times to Scottish circles.

Mr. E. A. Armstrong, one of our leading civil servants, we have already heard with pleasure here, and we again welcome this distinguished son of the manse.

Lieut.-General Sir William Macarthur has also been with us before, since his retirement from the Army in 1941, when he was Director-General of Army Medical Services. Sir William has recently turned fresh light on a subject of great interest to Scotland—the Appin murder. I dare to express

the hope that perhaps next session we may have the pleasure of listening to a Sentiment by Sir William on this engrossing subject. (Applause.)

What could he (Sir George) say about their principal guest ? Rather, what could he not say about him ? He would say that Baron MacDermott is a P.C., an M.C., an LL.B., the Lord Chief Justice of Northern Ireland. What an amazing life history is that disclosed in the reference books. Peace and war have had their part in this great lawyer's fifty-seven years of activitiy. With his name I have pleasure in coupling this toast.

The President, in calling upon the Right Hon. Lord MacDermott, said they had with them one of the most distinguished of the many distinguished men whom Northern Ireland had produced. (Applause.)

The Humour of Ireland.

Lord MacDermott, received with hearty cheers, said that it occurred to him that from the names which they had just heard, every one of the guests was well able to respond for himself.

That, however, did not prevent him from thanking Sir George Campbell for the very pleasant things he had said about the guests, and particularly about himself and his Northern Ireland home. Still, should Sir George come to Northern Ireland, and he was introduced to the speaker in his official capacity, what Sir George had said would be remembered not to his disadvantage. (Laughter.) There is a great deal in common, said his lordship, between the two countries—Northern Ireland and North Britain. We are said to be improved Scots. (Laughter.) Scotland was once thought to be degenerating, but we sent over St Columba to raise the general standard. (Laughter.)

Lord MacDermott, in the latter part of his humorous speech, told the story of the bibulous barrister who had to appear in court at Belfast. He stayed so long at the wine that it was quite apparent to everyone that he could not possibly catch the only train (at 6.30 a.m.) to take him to his destination in time. Some of his friends got up in time to hear from the hotel porter that their friend had caught the train all right, and that " the last thing we saw of him was placing his boots on the running-board of the train. My heart was in my mouth, but he made it." (Laughter.)

Again said his lordship, I thank you. I come from a part of the world where there is a great store of understatement. The new maid had arrived. I went into the kitchen and found a great heavy portmanteau. When I said it was a very heavy weight, I got the answer : " Now, you wouldn't break into much of a gallop if you'd had that in your hand." (Laughter.)

The President thanked Mr Alexander Macrae for his musical contribution, and Mr Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M., for his finished accompaniments.

Pipe-Major Robertson, M.B.E., at the close played our Strathspey, " The Caledonian Society of London," and with the singing of " Auld Lang Syne " and the National Anthem another successful gathering ended.

A Club with a Strange Name

At the social gathering that followed the business meetings on Thursday, 19th March, 1953, held at the Rembrandt Hotel, Thurloe Place, South Kensington, Mr J. R. Steele, President, was in the chair.

After the loyal toasts had been pledged the President introduced the giver of the Sentiment, Mr Henry Yellowlees, O.B.E., M.D., F.R.C.P., as one of our leading psychiatrists. He (the President) was most grateful to the doctor for giving them so much of his valuable time in coming to speak to them.

Dr Yellowlees obviously felt that his Sentiment, somewhat mysteriously entitled " The Cray Club," needed a very special kind of atmosphere among his audience for its full appreciation.

He therefore told the following in a rich Scots voice that had lost nothing of its West of Scotland quality despite many years in London, and the stories were told in a continuous ripple of laughter.

There was the arrogant, plutocratic American who came to Scotland and purchased an estate, and on it straight away built a rather special mausoleum for himself. He purposed being buried there. Among his favourite targets for bullying was the local minister, and one day he took the minister round the estate and showed him the mausoleum—an enormous affair of tremendous weight and ostentation.

" There," he said, " it will trouble them to lift that off at the Resurrection." " Man," said the minister, " they'll no fash themsels ; they'll jist tak the bottom oot."

There was also a Scots lady who had become very refaned and ashamed of her very, as she saw it, rough ancestry. There was always with her her Scottish butler, who watched her decline more in sorrow than in anger. At dinner one night, when there were many refaned guests, the lady noticed that an ordered dish had not materialised. " Forbes," she said, addressing her butler, " Did not I order junket ? " " Aye, there wis curds, ma'am, but they just skyted aff the dish and poored doon the back stairs."

And Dr Yellowlees told of the old Scots lady who thought she was dying, and asked her daughter to go and get the minister. Jeannie, the daughter, wisely went for the doctor instead. The doctor came, looked over the old lady and left, giving Jeannie several very explicit instructions.

When he had gone, the old lady said : " Jeannie, who was that ; was it the minister ? " " No," said Jeannie, " it was the doctor." " Ah," said the old lady, " I thought he was a bit familiar."

These stories in Dr. Yellowlees's Sentiment, " The Cray Club," had this in common, he said : they were reminders of an age that was fast disappearing, if it had not already disappeared. And with them had gone something for which we are the poorer.

The Cray Club was one of those " home made " institutions which flourished in the days of large families, and before the distractions of modern life had got people out of the habit of creating their own entertainment and social life.

This particular club was in being from 1893 to 1901, and its members were some of the leading and brightest spirits in Glasgow. The president

was Dr. Yellowlees's father, who, at that time, was the head of the Glasgow Royal Mental Hospital. His mother was the caterer of the club ; her friend, a Miss Mitchell, a great Glasgow worthy, was secretary ; one of the leading Glasgow surgeons was butler, and the boots was a very well-known physician.

The place of meeting was Craig, on the road from Blairgowrie to Braemar. Today the journey from Glasgow takes two and a half hours ; in the days of the club meetings it took just that time to cover 15 miles. The journey was from Buchanan Street to Perth, and then to Coupar-Angus and Blairgowrie. The actual site was five miles short of the Spittal of Glenshee, and there was an estate of 370 acres with Mount Blair guarding it from the east. Here the Cray Club met in the summer. In the winter they met at each other's houses and these meetings were called Crazes.

Typical of the kind of people they were in those days was the fact that they kept very careful minutes of the meetings and created their own rules. These were : 1. The members are always to conduct themselves with propriety towards each other 2. No member is to resent being spoken to for his or her own good. 3. All vulgar ostentation is to be avoided.

Once it was the butler's turn to give the " Craze," and this famous Glasgow surgeon laid things on in great style, with the full treatment : fourteen heavy Victorian courses, and the place glittering with table decorations and ostentation.

Dr. Yellowlees's mother and her friend thought this was a little out of character, to say the least. They consulted the rules, and there it was clearly laid down that there was to be no vulgar ostentation.

The next " Craze," said Dr Yellowlees, was to be given at my father's house in Glasgow, and it was typical of the way of things in those days that my mother chose to draw attention to this " vulgar ostentation " by preparing the following menu : Potato soup, boiled mutton, rice pudding, and cheese.

My mother and father stayed in their ordinary clothes ; my father in his little short jacket, and my mother in a neat blouse and skirt. The first person to arrive was the Glasgow surgeon, who had got things out of proportion on the last occasion, and his wife. Both were splendidly turned out in evening dress, as were all the others. In those days there was a great deal of protocol leading up to the dinner—who was to take who " in," and so forth, but on this occasion my mother said, " Come on in to dinner," and unceremoniously bustled the guests through the dining-room door to a very plain but ample table where two school slates rested on two water jugs, proclaiming their menu to the astonished guests—" Potato soup, boiled mutton, rice pudding, and cheese."

" Ah," said the surgeon, rubbing his hands, " splendid joke, splendid joke. Now, I suppose, we adjourn and have our proper dinner. But there was no " proper dinner," said Dr. Yellowlees. That was it, and that was the way my parents chose to deal with a social situation that seemed to be getting out of hand.

Dr Yellowlees concluded by saying that in those days there seemed to be no difficulty in maintaining this large estate in Scotland, but now, in these days of motor cars and modern conveniences, his brother who had inherited it had been unable to keep the place going.

Dr Yellowlees's most original Sentiment was received with great pleasure and applause.

The President congratulated the doctor on his clever Sentiment. He had lived up to his reputation of being a great raconteur. He was an authority on the Bible and Shakespeare,

and they might look forward to a talk on some subject near to Dr. Yellowlees's heart. (Applause.)

Our Friends the Guests.

Mr John R. Aldridge gave the toast, " Our Guests." He said he had noticed that many of their guests—he preferred to call them " Our friends the guests "—left our social meetings without taking with them any knowledge of our aims and objects ; and Mr Aldridge at once proceeded to tell his hearers something of the distinguished people who had honoured our gatherings :

and to remind them that their Society was founded in 1837 ; that we had a closed shop in that our membership was restricted to 100 ; that our principal care was, and is, the two great Scottish charities in London—the Royal Scottish Corporation, founded 1665 ; which ministered to the needs of deserving needy men and women in the Capital, and which Corporation has received from the Caledonian Society £35,000 ; and there is also the Royal Caledonian Schools, which clothes, feeds, and educates those parentless children, and those without parental ability to care properly for their children. Our Society is also pledged to good fellowship among the members. Another claim I can make for the Society is that such excellent Sentiments as that which we have had from Dr. Yellowlees tonight can be read in the " Chronicles " of the Society.

When I came to consider what I should tell you about our principal guest, who is recognised by his colleagues as a very great lawyer, continued Mr. Aldridge, I was suddenly struck by the fact that throughout this session the President has surrounded himself at the top table with law lords, eminent jurists, and legal luminaries, and I am wondering if this is some new form of insurance, bearing in mind the Russian adage that he who is not solid with the law is liquidated. (Laughter.) Whatever the reason, however, we are extremely proud and pleased that Mr. Justice Hallett has honoured us with his presence here this evening. For his is a success story which we can all appreciate.

He was educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford ; he was called to the Bar in 1911, made a K.C. in 1936, and a Bencher of the Inner Temple in 1939. He has been Recorder of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and in 1939 he was appointed Justice of the High Court and Knighted. He also held for thirty years—from 1909 to 1939—the coveted and onerous post of Hon. Secretary to the Junior Imperial League, and in his term of office the League went from strength to strength.

Of the many distinctions which his Lordship holds I particularly desire to mention the Military Cross, which he won in the 1914–18 war, when he served with the London Regiment and Army Signal Service.

To you, Sir Hugh, and all our other guests, we once again extend a welcome, and the greatest honour and compliment you can pay us is to come again as soon as you can, for, as my grandfather used to say, " Life would be gey dreich without oor friends."

Lawyers at the Top Table.

The Hon. Mr Justice Hallett, Q.C., M.C., said :

The selection of the guests did full justice to the discretion of the President, as has been pointed out, for he was surrounded by lawyers. He evidently had

an eye on what might happen in the future. But there was one, the President might think, more important than the lawyers: there was Dr. Yellowlees, the psychiatrist. (Laughter.) He said he came there that night with some apprehension; but as a lawyer, with the utmost good faith he felt that he ought to reveal that, much as he might regret it, he had no Caledonian blood in his veins. His roots were in Dorset, Ireland, and France.

Mr Justice Hallett told a story of a young officer who during the war knew, of course, that nothing must be said about where he and his ship were. He wrote home regularly to " Dear Mum and Dad." The ordinary chit-chat: " We are having a pretty strenuous time," but no hint of whereabouts. " We have just shot a polar bear." (Laughter.) Another letter. No hints of whereabouts, but (ran the letter) " the other day, having a spiffing time dancing with a senorita." (Laughter.) The next letter was not so cheerful. " I'm in hospital. A pity I didn't ask the polar bear to shoot the senorita." (Laughter.)

Mr Justice Hallett again thanked the Caledonian Society for the very hospitable evening he had spent.

The President, in submitting a toast, thanked the honorary office-bearers for their services during the session. He mentioned the clever accompaniments of Mr Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M., and said how fortunate they were in having his valuable assistance. The amount of trouble Mr Eadie took in rehearsing the songs was known only to the Hon. Secretary and the singers.

They were glad that Mr Houston had remained in office as auditor, and they welcomed and thanked the " new boy," Mr Robert Jardine, whose acceptance of the office of Treasurer gave them a worthy successor as the Chancellor of their Exchequer. They thanked the Hon. Historian in anticipation of another volume of the Chronicles.

Of the Hon. Secretary, what could he say that they did not know? He was the main-spring of the Society: he kept the wheels going smoothly. He had the determination and will-power that made for success. " I have never received from any Secretary," said the President, " greater consideration than I have from Mr Miller." They had absolute confidence in their Hon. Secretary. (Applause.)

The Sufferings of the Faithful.

In the course of his reply, Mr W. M. Miller, Hon. Secretary, referred to the back seats which he and the Hon. Treasurer were obliged to occupy, and to the laryngitis that apparently affected our orators, and said he wished those orators would remember the beadle's opinion of the three preachers in a Scottish church:

" Weel," said the beadle, " the first was soond, the second, no soond, and the third a' soond." We, at this end of the room, would welcome even the " a' soond," because we could at least hear, even if there was nothing to comprehend. (Laughter.)

I am, as my Brother Caledonians know, a quiet, forbearing and tolerant man, but I must admit that my patience is severely tried when, as happened tonight, fifteen per cent. of those present send in their dinner acceptances four days late. I feel that some of you are gambling on my good nature, but I suppose your faith must be justified because a Scot usually only bets on a certainty. This is illustrated by the recent experience of a bookmaker who took a Scottish friend to the cinema. One of those enormous American films of a race meeting was being shown and, when the horses were led round the paddock, the bookmaker said to his friend, " I'll give you five to one on any horse in this race." The Scot carefully watched the horses, and then replied, " Right, I'll back No. 19." No. 19 romped home, much to the disgust of the bookmaker who, turning to his friend, said, " Ah, you must have had a tip about that horse." " No, no," answered the Scot, " nothing like that, but it won at the Odeon yesterday." (Laughter.)

I conclude by thanking you, Mr. President, for your kind references to the honorary office-bearers and by expressing to you, Brother Caledonians, our appreciation of the generous way in which you have received the toast. (Applause.)

Mr Ralph Climie was thanked for his rendering of " The Bonnie Earl of Moray," " Bonnie Mary Lee," " The Wee Toon Clerk," and " Gin I Were a Baron's Heir." Mr Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M. accompanied.

Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., gave as his bagpipe selection. " Col. Davidson," " Toronto Highlanders," " Tullochgorum," " The Grey Bob," and " Black Bear." Our Strathspey was also given at the close.

" Auld Lang Syne " and the National Anthem closed the meeting.

At the general meeting, prior to the dinner, James Ogilvie Cumming was added to the membership.

Our Popular " Ladies' Night."

A large company was introduced to the President, Mr J. R. Steele and Mrs Steele at the annual Festival on Ladies' Night. The gathering was held at the Rembrandt Hotel, Thurloe Place, South Kensington, on 16th April, 1953.

The loyal toasts having been honoured, the President offered the annual toast, " The Caledonian Society of London."

After remarking that it might seem strange that the President should propose their own health and prosperity, he said that tradition had a great part in their history. " And who am I ? " asked the President, " to attempt to alter the wheels of the chariot which had carried them this far ?"

Now this Society, over which he had the great pride and privilege of

presiding, was founded in 1837 ; and he dared say some of them were asking what influences were at work not only to preserve the Society, but to cause it to improve and not to decay. It could not be merely the good fellowship which they claimed. No ; " the promotion of good fellowship among Scotsmen in London " was certainly part of their objective, the more sacred cause of charity had a prior claim to our service. " We have, in particular," said Mr Steele, " set ourselves to the great work of assisting in the maintenance of our two great London charities, the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools. For this object this year we have doubled our annual contributions to those two institutions—for the care of poor old London Scots and the protection of the children of indigent Scottish parents—as part of our celebration of the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth. (Applause.)

Another of our Coronation celebration objects shows the width of our interest in Scottish objects. In order to support in some special manner the great Caledonian Highland Games in this Coronation year at the White City, we have presented this beautiful quaich for the most successful competitor in the Scottish Amateur Athletic Association team. The Games executive distribute their profits among the charities ; and last year the Corporation and the Schools were each the recipient of £1,000, voted to them by the Games Committee." (Applause.)

In conclusion let me express the hope that the brotherhood among members may grow even stronger, and that the Society continue to flourish. (Applause.)

The toast was received with great heartiness.

Our Guests.

Mr J. Murray Napier, Vice-President, proposed the toast, " Our Guests." Our usual approach to this toast said Mr Murray Napier is to gentlemen, for our usual ensemble is all male, to which the adjective " charming " is hardly appropriate.

To our guests we offer a sincere welcome. Two conditions only are imposed on all our visitors : first, that the gentlemen are all " distinguished," and second, that all the ladies are " beautiful, charming, and young looking." And looking round the tables I am quite satisfied that these conditions are amply fulfilled. (Hear, hear.) I can say that the Society is most grateful to you all for coming. (Applause.)

The Society does value the privilege they have at all their functions to have their friends with them.

After labour comes refreshment—the labour is, of course, the work expected of all our members for the benefit of our two great Scottish charities in London ; and after we have done all we can for the youngsters of the Royal Caledonian Schools, and the aged or mainly aged pensioners of the Royal Scottish Corporation it is, of course, most pleasant and refreshing to meet with our friends at the festive board. (Hear, hear.)

And as I have mentioned, the great work carried on for the Schools, it is natural for me to say that the lady who has graciously consented to reply to this toast has herself done, and is doing, a great deal for the Schools. I refer to Lady Noble, to whom the Society offers a special welcome. Lady Noble is chairman of the Schools Ladies' Committee, and as such you can guess that she has great responsibilities for the welfare of the children and the domestic welfare of the Schools.

We have as our principal male guest tonight an important member of Parliament—Sir Herbert Williams—whose name with the names of other

politicians appeared in *Punch's* " Impressions of Parliament," when it was suggested that pictures of important M.P.s and other prominent British personalities should appear on our postage stamps.

Sir Herbert, I know, is an old friend of the President. He has rendered much service to the community, and as an Englishman he represents that long-suffering race who have made it so much worth our while to live here ; but he had not resented our invasion—in truth, it has his entire approval, witness his presence here this evening. (Applause.)

We are pleased again to welcome Mrs. Rintoul ; Dr Moffett, an old friend, and Mrs Moffett ; Mr George H. Duncan, well known to you all ; Mr F. W. Webster, an eminent builder, and Mrs. Webster ; Mr T. B. Robson, a member of an influential firm of accountants, and Mrs Robson, who is known to us all as the daughter of our revered Past-President Rev. Dr. Fleming ; and, back for a short visit from Edinburgh, Rev. A. I. Dunlop, Dr. Scott's late assistant, and now minsiter of St. Stephen's, Edinburgh.

To all and those other ladies and gentlemen who have honoured us with their presence we offer a hearty welcome. (Applause.)

The Thanks of the Guests.

Lady Noble, who at the last moment had taken the place of Miss Anne Crawford who, owing to having a bad cold, was unable to be present, replied for the ladies. She said she knew of the high position which the Caledonian Society held in the history of Scotland-in-London, and how the Corporation and the Schools benefited through the generosity of the members. This Society, said Lady Noble, holds a high place in our thoughts and esteem, and we all hope it will go from strength to strength. (Applause.)

Sir Herbert Williams, M.P., received with hearty cheers, said :

It was a pleasure to be with the Caledonian Society of London, under the presidency of his old friend Mr Steele. " He and I," said Sir Herbert, " became associated in 1910, and it is possible that one of the reasons for our association was that the President was a Scot, and he (Sir Herbert) was a Welshman with Scottish sympathies. Like the Scots, the Welsh were never slow in placing their grievances before the world.

Sir Herbert recalled a recent suggestion that for some reason sixty M.P.s should go up in a Comet, but the Prime Minister protested that if there were a fatal accident a crisis, and perhaps a General Election, would ensue. He declared that you cannot put all your baskets in one egg ! (Laughter.) He quizzed the audience about praising the blessed land which gave them birth, but to which they were refusing to return. (Laughter.) But you are not alone in this policy, he said, for there are more English in Scotland than there are Scots in England, according to the authorities. The English people are the most tolerant people in the world, and the Scots and the Welsh the most intolerant. He speculated on what would have happened had William not won the battle of Hastings, and developed a long historical argument which traced Scots and Welsh to a common ancestry.

He spoke of the Scots who would take places at the Coronation. The Moderator of the General Assembly would hand Her Majesty the Bible ; and " One Scotsman in London who will be in Westminster Abbey assisting the

Archbishop of Canterbury (said Sir Herbert) would be the Rev. Dr Don, the Dean of Westminster Abbey, who holds an extraordinary position. He is enthroned in the Abbey. The Archbishop of Canterbury has no jurisdiction over Dr Don. He has no boss." (Laughter and applause.)

Sir Herbert concluded by again wishing the Society continued success.

Thanks to the President.

Past-President James Abernethy proposed the health of the President. In the course of his forceful remarks he spoke of the arduous work which Mr Steele had done for the Society. The President was an enthusiast: whatever he took in hand you might be sure he would see that job through to a satisfactory end. He had been constant in the Society's work: he has at no time spared himself any task: and I have every confidence that the members will respond heartily to my call for your thanks. "I give you our faithful President." The toast was received with great heartiness.

The President thanked Mr Abernethy for the flattering way in which he had spoken of him (Mr Steele) and his work, and for the kind way in which his words had been received. His year in the chair had been a very happy one, but let no one think that a President's job was a sinecure. Had it not been for their most efficient Hon. Secretary it would have been a difficult task, but as he had said before, Mr Miller's secretarial work had been so complete that the session's work had gone through very smoothly. He was honoured, too, in being an elder of St Columba's. No association with Dr Scott could be other than a great comfort and honour. He thanked the members for all the assistance they had given him during the past year, which to him had been a happy one. (Applause.)

Salute to the President.

During the evening the following Past Presidents saluted the President—William Will, James Thomson, John Swan, Rev. Dr Scott, and J. Abernethy; and Mrs Steele pinned on Mr Abernethy the Society's badge, awarded to him in recognition of his services in the chair in 1951–1952.

A Musical Treat.

Miss Nancy Scott, B.A., A.R.C.M., daughter of Past-President Rev. Dr. Scott, gave great pleasure by her perfect

rendering of four Scots songs: "The Benbecula Bridal Procession," "My Dearie," "Caller Ou," and "I'm ower Young."

The President thanked Miss Nancy and Miss Margaret Henderson, her accompanist.

Thanks were also given to Mr William Dalgarno, who entertained the company to two of his perfectly-recited monologues in his native Aberdeenshire dialect.

Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., played as his selection, "Lady Dorothy Stewart," "The Primrose Girl," "Lady MacKenzie," "Leaving Ard Tornish," and this, with the Society's Strathspey, and "Auld Lang Syne" and the National Anthem completed a most successful gathering.

"Auld Lang Syne."

Towards the close of Session 1952–1953 the question, "What is the best rendering of "Auld Lang Syne" for the Society to adopt was discussed, and it was decided to have the matter settled before the opening of Session 1953–1954.

The Hon. Historian prepared a statement which was submitted to members of the Society, and was adopted at the Annual General Meeting held on 5th November, 1953.

The Hon. Historian's notes contained the following:

From time to time efforts have been made by lovers of Burns literature to get rid of the uproarious and irregular singing of "Auld Lang Syne," and establish a form whose adoption by the leading Burns Clubs and Scottish Associations would influence others to the correct rendering of the international social song.

Of the many efforts made, two stand out in my memory—that by Sir Alexander Gibb, when he was President of the Burns Club of London, and President of the Burns Federation; and again, by Mr. J. C. Ewing, who was one of the leading authorities on Burns literature.

Sir Alexander Gibb's *bete noir* was the objectionable singing of the last chorus in quick time. Sir Alexander made a definite impression, but those who preferred a good rattling chorus, "For the days of auld lang syne," proved to be too much for the reformer.

Mr Ewing often spoke to me about the ragged, irreverent, and sometimes nonsensical singing of the song by Burns Clubs and others. On becoming editor of the *Burns Chronicle*, the first number of his new series contained an article by Mr. William Power, in which that Scottish journalist castigated the slovenliness of the singing of the international song, and pleaded for a more intelligent rendering.

Mr Ewing had three distinct proposals:

1. That the correct words be used.

2. That each of the first four verses be sung as solos. The fifth verse, "And there's a hand, my trusty fiere" (not "here's a hand") should be sung by the four soloists, hands being clasped; and the chorus, after each verse, should be rendered by the whole audience.

3. There must be no quick-time singing at the end.

I would support our Society following these proposals, except that I would regret if the singing of the last verse were confined to the four soloists. We know there is a natural desire on the part of the audience to sing in unison, when hands are clasped, " And there's a hand," etc.

If we had four verses sung as solos, we could let the audience join in the last verse and the choruses. There would then be a perfect form of production of our great international song of farewell ; and our version could be recommended for world-wide adoption.

These proposals, as has been said, were unanimously approved by the members ; and this is how the song is now printed on our programmes of social events and sung at all our social gatherings :

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min',
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne ?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne ;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint stowp,
And surely I'll be mine !
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes
An pu'd the gowans fine,
But we've wandered mony a weary fitt
Sin auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn
Frae mornin' sun till dine,
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin auld lang syne.

And there's a hand my trusty fiere,
An' gi'es a hand o' thine !
An' we'll tak' a richt gude-willie waught
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne ;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

J. MURRAY NAPIER, O.B.E.

President, 1953–1954

CHAPTER II.

1953–1954 : J. MURRAY NAPIER, O.B.E., *President.*

A Lawyer is Elected President ; " The Auld Alliance," by Mr E. A. Armstrong; The London Scottish Regiment ; Dr Patrick on General Sir Rob Lockhart ; Sir Rob on changes in Scotland ; the London Gaelic Choir Congratulated ; " New Light on the Appin Murder," by Lieut.-General Sir William MacArthur ; " The Immortal Memory," by Robert Kemp ; Sir Alec Martin on Scotland and the National Art Collections Fund ; Lord Rowallan and the President on Boy Scouting ; " The Old Scots Lawyer," by Mr Donald Paterson ; Sir Edward Maufe on the New St Columba's ; the Society's Objects ; Scottish Literature ; Rev. Dr. Scott on the President.

IN the 117 years of the life of the Caledonian Society of London, only four lawyers have occupied the chair. Two of these London Scots were Judge Æneas McIntyre, Q.C. (1874–1875), and succeeding him was Judge Shiress Will, Q.C., M.P. (1876–77–78).

It was not until 1940–1941 that Lord Alness, P.C., G.B.E., came to the chair ; and in this year of grace we have Mr. J. Murray Napier, O.B.E., to whose year of office we look forward confidently.

Both Mr Murray Napier's parents belonged to Renfrewshire, and the family tradition has it that a brother of Napier of Merchiston, the inventor of logarithms, was a forbear.

Mr Murray Napier was educated at Greenock High School ; and as the family had then removed to Swansea, he was articled to a solicitor in that town. In 1923 he came to London to take up a partnership ; but six years later he began practising as a solicitor on his own account.

Mr Napier has done much valuable work in the Boy Scout movement since he became associated with Scouting in 1919 ;

and in 1950 he was appointed County Commissioner for London. He was responsible with Dr Lucas for initiating the St. Columba's Group of Boy Scouts ; and he remains honorary scoutmaster and treasurer of the group.

Mr Napier became an elder of St Columba's, Church of Scotland, Pont Street, in 1930, and in many ways has rendered great service to the Church. He is the Convener of the Choir Committee, and is Secretary of the Friends of St Columba's.

We remember what Past-President Rev. Dr R. F. V. Scott said about Mr Napier when on one occasion he was moving a vote of thanks. Dr Scott said : " The humane side of Mr Napier was not disclosed to everybody, but I have had many years of his friendship, and I know the many kindly acts that he has done, and how he is always ready to lend his generous hand and brain in the interest of the many poor where help is needed, and so liberally supplied."

Outside St Columba's, Mr Napier has put his heart and hand to many charitable and deserving causes. He is a director of the Caledonian Christian Club, and is the Honorary Solicitor to the Institute of Landscape Architects. He was a trustee of St Andrew's Scottish Soldiers' Club, Aldershot, in 1938, and in the war years he acted as secretary and later as chairman, until he handed the Club over to the Huts and Canteens Committee of the Church of Scotland in 1954.

Mr Napier was elected a member of the Committee of Management of the Royal Scottish Corporation, and is a member of the Corporation's Finance Sub-Committee. He also advises the Corporation as its Honorary Solicitor.

Mr Napier's happy domestic circle comprises Mrs Napier (Margaret Jean Davidson, a farmer's daughter), their daughters Marion and Elspeth—Marion married to Rev A. I. Dunlop, B.D. ; and Elspeth, who is B.Sc. in horticulture, is now employed in the Commonwealth Bureau of Horticultural and Plantation Control.

A full and profitable Session under Mr Napier's chairmanship is assured.

The President's Thanks.

Mr J. Murray Napier, O.B.E., our new President, was in the chair at the meetings held on 19th November, 1953, at the Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington.

At the Little Dinner, the President gave the loyal toasts,

and said as that was the first occasion on which he had presided at a Society's dinner, he would like to say how greatly he appreciated the honour they had done him by electing him to the Presidency. He had been a member for twenty years, and when he recalled the many eminent Scotsmen who had preceded him he felt the members had set him a hard task; but he knew he had their support in his effort. (Applause.)

Continuing, Mr Napier introduced Mr E. A. Armstrong, C.B., C.B.E., M.A., who was to speak to them on the fascinating subject, " The Auld Alliance " between Scotland and France. He (Mr. Napier) had for a long time admired Mr Armstrong for his great literary gifts—gifts of course, not surprising to find in a graduate of Edinburgh University. " It is a pleasure to call upon Mr Armstrong to give you his Sentiment."

The Auld Alliance.

Mr Armstrong had a hearty welcome when he rose. He said :

Let me begin by quoting some lines written by an unknown poet, one of the oldest fragments of Scottish literature which has survived :—

" When Alexander our king was dead,
That Scotland led in love and le (law)
Away was sons (plenty) of ale and brede,
Of wine and wax (cake), of gaming and glee ;
Our gold was changed into lead,
Christ born into Virginitie,
Succour Scotland and remede
That stad is in perplexitie."

These lines describe the feelings of the people of Scotland after the death of King Alexander III in 1286, when there was good reason for national despondency. For centuries Scotland had been ruled by Scottish kings in the normal line of succession; it had been free from the turmoil of dynastic disputes which had divided other countries in the period. But when Alexander died, his only legitimate descendant was his grand-daughter Margaret, a child of six, known to history as the Maid of Norway. She had barely reached the age of ten when it was agreed between the Regents of Scotland and Edward I, King of England, that she should be betrothed to his son, later Edward II, a project which, if it had been achieved, might have completely altered the subsequent history of both countries. Her death in the Orkneys, as she made the journey to Scotland, disappointed many hopes besides those of the Hammer of the Scots. No fewer than thirteen claimants disputed the succession to the Scottish throne. Edward, to whom it fell to decide the matter, upheld the claim of John Baliol, who in return acknowledged the English king as Lord Paramount of Scotland. Baliol is no hero of Scottish history, but it is to his credit that he did eventually decide to oppose the increasing encroachments of the Lord Paramount. English retaliation was swift and decisive, but before Baliol was swept from power he took a step which is generally acknowledged as constituting the effective beginning of the Auld Alliance. In 1295 he concluded a defensive treaty with Philip IV of France,

who was himself engaged in war with the English, in terms of which the King of Scots was to begin and continue war against the King of England at his own cost and expense, with all the power of his subjects and of his kingdom, and the King of France was to occupy the King of England in other parts, so as to distract him from invading Scotland. It was also agreed that there should be no unilateral agreement to peace or truce.

There had been friendship between Scotland and France from the days of Charlemagne in the ninth century, but this treaty was, as I have said, the real beginning of the Auld Alliance. It lasted substantially for 265 years till the Treaty of Edinburgh in 1560, and is thus one of the longest enduring alliances known to history. It spanned the transition from medieval to modern times ; its origin was feudal and dynastic ; it ended in a period when the rights of kings and prelates were giving way to the rights of freedom of peoples and subjects. It covered the periods of the Scottish wars of liberation and independence, the Hundred Years' War and the Wars of the Roses ; it saw the battles of Bannockburn, Flodden, Crecy, Poitiers and Agincourt, the Black Death, the Wars of the peasantry, and the religious Reformation. It began in the period of the long-bow ; it ended after the use of gunpowder had become well established.

The vicissitudes of the long-enduring quarrel with the " auld enemy of England " are reflected in the varying attitudes of both Scots and French to one another during the period of the alliance. Neither French nor Scots were in an active state of war against England for more than a fraction of the period. The Scottish wars of liberation and the Hundred Years' War between England and France were much more periods of uneasy peace punctuated by battles and raids than a state of continuous war. Neither partner to the alliance was unswervingly faithful to the other ; indeed only eight years after the conclusion of the Treaty of 1295, we find the French unilaterally making a treaty of peace with England. Thus it is not surprising that the original alliance had on numerous occasions to be reaffirmed by further treaties.

" The Auld Alliance " was essentially a military alliance ; its principal purpose was to compel the common enemy to fight on two fronts, in France and on the Scottish border. In the course of the Auld Alliance, there were repeated demands from the one side or the other to open a second front. Troops did indeed frequently pass from Scotland to France and from France to Scotland, particularly during the middle and latest periods of the alliance, but the relief afforded by the one country to the other was principally through the pressure of its own troops fighting in or from its own country. And so it is not surprising that no Scottish troops are to be found fighting alongside the French at such battles as Crecy, Poitiers and Agincourt, and no French troops fought at Bannockburn or Flodden.

Scottish support for France regularly took the shape of diversionary attacks upon England. The battles of Neville's Cross in 1346, Flodden in 1513 and Solway Moss in 1542 were fought as the result of such diversionary action. It is probably true to say that in this policy the Scots suffered more than the French ; they certainly suffered more than the English. All the battles mentioned above were bloody failures and rank among Scotland's national disasters. At Neville's Cross, King David II was taken prisoner and remained in captivity for eleven years, only securing release on the payment of a crippling ransom. At Flodden, King James IV. and a large number of the nobles of Scotland were killed. The disappointment of Solway Moss was the immediate cause of the death of King James V. France suffered no comparable defeats for Scotland.

Nevertheless, substantial bodies of fighting men made the hazardous passage from Scotland to France and from France to Scotland at different times during the currency of the alliance. The first French troops we hear of in Scotland arrive in 1354 while David II was still a captive in English hands,

and their immediate objective was to prevent the fulfilment of a proposed agreement between Scotland and England for the release of the king. All they succeeded in doing was to bring about a furious counter-attack by the English which, because of the destruction it caused, including that of the beautiful church in Haddington known as " the Lamp of the Lothian," has gone down to history under the graphic description of the " Burnt Candlemas." It is only fair to the French, however, to point out that they themselves were under intense pressure in France, and that they suffered the heavy defeat of Poitiers only a year or so later,when the King of France was taken prisoner and went to join the King of Scotland in captivity at Windsor.

We next hear of a French expedition to Scotland in the year 1385. This was a substantial force of two thousand men under the command of Sir John de Vienne, Admiral of France. Although this force was sent at the express invitation of King Robert II of Scotland, the French troops were not received with any great enthusiasm. Indeed, it is probably true to say that they never were at any time during the alliance. This is reflected in the articles of the agreement regulating the conduct of the French troops in Scotland, which provided *inter alia* :—

" that in passing to the marches (*i.e.* the Border) through the Scottish countryside, no man shall commit robbery or theft under pain of losing his head."

" if a valet strikes a gentleman, he shall lose a hand or an ear."

" if any riot or quarrel arises between any of the French and the Scots, the two sides shall not fight it out among themselves, but those who started the quarrel on the one side and the other shall be arrested by the captains who shall administer justice in the matter, and as for anyone who does not observe this article, if he be a man-at-arms, he shall lose his horse and harness, and if he be a valet, he shall lose a hand or an ear."

That the French did not enjoy themselves very much is not surprising. They looked for pitched battles after the fashion that was then orthodox. They could not understand or readily adapt themselves to the cut and run guerrilla tactics of the Scots. France, for all the long warfare which had harrassed it, was by the standards of the middle ages cultured and affluent. In Scotland, to quote the contemporary French historian Froissart, they found " hard beds and wretched nights—that is if they lived long enough." For Scotland in those days was miserably poor. Aeneas Sylvius, later Pope Pius II, writing in 1435 on a visit to Scotland, described the people thus :—

" The common people are poor and destitute of all refinement. They eat fish and flesh to repletion and bread only as a dainty. The men are small in stature, bold and forward in temper ; the women fair in complexion, comely and pleasing, but not distinguished for their chastity, giving their kisses more readily than Italian women their hands."

And what of the Scots who went to France ? One must distinguish between men of noble rank on the one hand who went to France as individuals, either because of feuds, dynastic or otherwise at home, or as soldiers of fortune, and on the other hand, troops who went to France as part of a regular expedition. Of the former category, we hear at all times, whether there was fighting to be done or not.

Of the fighting men who were sent to France as an organised force, the most notable was an expedition numbering seven thousand men under the command of the Earl of Buchan, which arrived at La Rochelle in 1420 at the request of the French who were suffering severely as a result of the invasion of Henry V of England. Agincourt had been fought in 1415, and to make matters worse, the Duke of Burgundy had allied himself with the English. Joan of Arc, who a few years later was to achieve the moral rearmament of France, was as yet an unknown girl in her country village of Domrémy. France was indeed at a low ebb. But it was not long before the Scottish

soldiers made their presence felt. They inflicted a severe defeat on the English at the Battle of Baugé on the river Loire in 1421. The tide began to turn, and further Scottish reinforcements to the number of four thousand arrived under the Earl of Douglas. The decline of the English effort against France dates from about this time, though perhaps not entirely from this cause; but the fight was still to be long and hard and the English troops were still capable of stubborn resistance. In 1424, three years after the battle of Baugé, a battle was fought between the retreating English and Burgundians on the one side and the advancing Scots and French on the other, at the little village of Verneuil on the borders of Normandy. It was a stubborn battle, and it resulted in a severe defeat, hardly less disastrous than Agincourt, for the French and Scots. Here is a contemporary account of this battle :—

"The Scots were as usual ardent and stubborn, but rash and proud to excess. It was terrible to contemplate the heaps of dead piled up on the battle field, particularly where the Scots had fought. For not one of them was spared or given quarter. The reason for this merciless ferocity and carnage was the pride of the Scots: before the battle, the Duke of Bedford sought to make conditions for the fight, but the Scots replied that they would not take any English prisoners that day nor did they expect the English to do so, a reply which inflamed the enemy against them and caused their extermination." And then, in more cynical fashion, the chronicler continues. "This check turned to the advantage of France, for such were the pride of the Scots and their contempt for the French, that, if they had emerged victorious from this battle, they would have conspired to murder all the nobility of the neighbouring provinces to possess themselves of their houses, wives and most precious belongings, which would certainly not have been difficult once they had conquered the English as they had hoped."

A third of the French knighthood died in this battle; of the Scots only a handful survived. Some of them took part in Joan of Arc's raising of the siege of Orleans; some were eventually formed into the French king's bodyguard of Scottish Archers. This bodyguard, which continued as such into the reign of Louis XIV was never short of recruits, and its roll contains many notable Scottish names. It inspired that splendid novel of Sir Walter Scott's, *Quentin Durward*, one of the finest historical novels ever written. The influence of the Scottish Archers, whose personal contact with the kings of France was so intimate, was immense. "There go those who hold the kingdom of France in subjection," said a Dauphin of France on one occasion when their presence caused the miscarriage of a scheme on which he had set his heart. But later the same Dauphin, now Louis XI of France, the king whose character Sir Walter Scott so powerfully delineates, was careful to maintain and strengthen this *corps d'elite*. To many of them (and their names are on record) he granted letters of naturalisation, and his successor, Louis XII thought so highly of their services that he accorded them the same privileges in many respects as if they were French citizens. The Archers of the Scottish Guard accompanied the Kings of France on several of their foreign expeditions, and their appearance caused much comment when Charles VIII entered Rome in 1494, not merely because of their fighting reputation, but because of the magnificence of their accoutrements and their personal closeness to the Sovereign.

It will be realised from what I have said already that if the French troops were not popular in Scotland, neither were the Scottish troops popular in France. Their fighting qualities were admired, but they were often thought of, in the words of one commentator, as "wine-sacks and sheep-stealers"!

Few Scottish soldiers other than recruits for the bodyguard of Archers went to France after the middle of the fifteenth century. The need for them diminished with the end of the Hundred Years' War between France and England and the assumption by the French of sovereignty over the territories

previously held by the English and their allies. But French expeditions to Scotland continued right to the end of the effective period of the alliance, that is until 1560. The most important of these later expeditions were those of 1545 and 1548. When the 1545 expedition was sent, the Scots had been suffering grievously from the invasion of the Earl of Hertford whose depredations in the south of Scotland came to be known as the " Rough Wooing," resulting as they did from Henry VIII's extreme anger at the Scots for their refusal to ratify the Treaty of Greenwich, under which the infant Mary, Queen of Scots, was to be betrothed to the infant prince Edward (later Edward VI). The expedition of 1548 was sent to support the Scots after the crushing defeat they had suffered at the battle of Pinkie. This expedition was successful in recovering from the English a number of occupied forts and towns including Haddington, which the English held against its French and Scots besiegers for about eighteen months. Another French expedition almost contemporaneous with the expedition of 1548 was a naval one ; its chief objective was the recovery of the Castle of St. Andrews, seized and held by the murderers of Cardinal Beaton. This expedition was only too successful ; one of the prisoners taken on the capture of the castle was John Knox himself, who was taken to France by his captors and spent nearly two years there working as a galley slave.

What were the causes of the termination of the Auld Alliance in the sixteenth century ? They were many. In general it may be said that the alliance had outlived its purpose, which was essentially that of mutual defence and support. France was entirely free from English occupation, and the English had long since ceased to claim paramountcy over Scotland. Unlike France, Scotland was not free from the English invader, but the hostility of the English was primarily due to the fact that Scotland in the forties and fifties of the sixteenth century had, under French influence, become an instrument of the Counter-Reformation ; it was said, for example, that Mary, Queen of Scots, was " the one gate through which Religion can be restored in England." But the most powerful factor of all in ending the alliance was its growing unpopularity with the Scots themselves. The preference shown by the Queen Mother, Mary of Lorraine, for French rather than Scottish advisers, was greatly disliked. Many people felt, too, that Scotland was being used to further French policies in Europe which were of little concern to Scotland. The extent to which relations had deteriorated was publicly revealed in 1555 when the Scottish Parliament was constrained to pass an Act " against those speaking evil of the Queen's Grace and of the French." Things came to a head in 1560 when English and Scottish forces found themselves fighting together against the French in Leith. The death of Mary of Lorraine in the same year put an end to a situation which had become intolerable for all three contestants, and, by the Treaty of Edinburgh, all French troops were withdrawn from Scotland, and no Frenchman was allowed to hold any important office in Scotland. From then onwards, France and Scotland went their separate ways, and the Auld Alliance was dead.

Was the alliance a good thing ? So far as Scotland is concerned, it would be impossible to affirm that it was. The basis of the alliance was hostility to England. England may have deserved such hostility, but to the extent that the alliance itself perpetuated the quarrel and made it more difficult to settle the ancient causes of dispute between England and Scotland, to that extent the alliance was not to the advantage of Scotland or England or France : we cannot say that Scotland's independence would not have been achieved without French help, nor that France would not have freed its territories without Scottish help.

On the other hand, it cannot be gainsaid that Scotland derived a number of positive advantages from the alliance. The long years of resistance to a more powerful enemy must have had some effect in forging those qualities in

the national character which have made Scotsmen what they are—stubbornness in adversity, refusal to accept defeat, austerity and national pride. The alliance, too, gave Scotland a position out of all proportion to its size and resources among the powers of Europe. In the medieval world, Scotland was a world power. Contact with France and the French also brought Scotland into touch with a civilisation and culture higher and more advanced than her own.

Not many Frenchmen, at least before the Reformation, settled in Scotland, but many Scots settled in France, and numerous French families have Scots blood in them and bear names which, though sometimes strangely spelt and pronounced, can be deciphered as of Scottish origin.

The French alliance has had a permanent influence on the Scottish speech. Words like ashet and gigot, tash and fash are pure French, but there are many others whose French origin is not so apparent, such as daunder (*dandiner*), stravaig (*extravaguer*), fushionless (without *foison*), haggis (*hâchis*), tirrivee (*trait vif*), caddie (*cadet*), cowp (*coup*) and gawky (*gauche*). Then there is our old friend " *gardy-loo.*"

The Auld Alliance died, but in the fulness of time there came a new alliance, one in which France and Scotland and England were joined. In that new alliance many Scottish fighting men went, as their forebears had done many centuries before, to help the French to throw out the invader. How they did it is recent history.

In 1428, the year in which the siege of Orleans was raised, the French Ambassador at the Court of James I of Scotland referred to the Auld Alliance as an " eternal covenant handed down from generation to generation, not drawn up upon a sheet of parchment but written on the skin and flesh of living men, not with ink, but with the mingled blood shed by both allies." That might be a description of the new alliance also. Memorials of the Auld Alliance are few, but if you seek monuments of the new alliance, you need only visit the battlefields of France. On one of those are written words which enshrine a new endeavour no less enduring than the old.

" Ici fleurira toujours le glorieux chardon d'Ecosse parmi les lys de la France."

Mr Armstrong was heartily applauded and the President thanked him for the great contribution to their edification and entertainment. The members' hearty applause was their vote of thanks, but he asked their guest and host to accept from him, as President, the Society's gratitude for a fine historical contribution to their programme. (Loud applause.)

The London Scottish Regiment.

The President said that eight years ago there was sent to every member of the Society a historical note by the Hon. Historian, that began with these words: " Perhaps the most important work in which the Society took a leading part was the raising with the Highland Society of London of the London Scottish Regiment in 1859."

Right through those historical notes by our Hon. Historian there are recorded events and incidents that have linked the Society and the Regiment. I trust that link will never be broken. (Applause.) Today it is strengthened by the knowledge that sixteen members of the " Scottish " are members of the Caledonian Society of London. (Applause.)

In asking you to rise and honour this toast, which is now a tradition in our Society, we would recall the past glorious exploits of the Regiment, and

its heroic sacrifices, and would repeat the words of Past President Lord Alness: "These citizen soldiers have conferred lustre and glory on our ancient Society." (Loud applause.)

The toast was pledged with great enthusiasm.

Sir Rob Lockhart and Other Guests.

Dr J. B. Patrick was responsible for the toast "Our Guests". He said that wherever Scots gather in a social capacity their guests must be the toast of the evening. To us it is a very serious toast, for we give our guests a welcome that we hope they will never forget.

And it is a great honour to be selected to propose a toast in which the name of so outstanding a Scotsman as General Sir Rob Lockhart figures. Surely this must be the toast of this evening. Sir Rob is known not only in every part of Scotland, but in many parts of the world. And what a story of wandering throughout the world could be told of their guest; but his modesty makes it difficult to get that story.

We do know that Sir Rob was born in the Ayrshire village of Beith, noted for its furniture making, and that for a time he disappeared from Scotland. He wandered from country to country, living among the people, acquiring their languages, until he became one of the greatest linguists of our time. Ultimately he turned up in India. He held many important posts in the Indian Army in India and at home, until he became Commander-in-Chief, India. He retired in 1948, but was recalled three years later to become Director of Operations in Malaya. His decorations include, K.C.B., C.I.E., M.C., and the Order of the Star of Nepal (2nd Class).

There are many facets to this great Scot's life, but I shall refer to one in particular, for it is associated with our president, Mr. J. Murray Napier, who is the Boy Scout Commissioner for London. In 1951 Sir Rob became Deputy Chief Scout, deputy to another Scot, Lord Rowallan, who is the Chief Scout. Sir Rob is also a member of the Boy Scout International Committee. Many of us will remember that wonderful Scout Jamboree in Epping Forest, which won a goodly part of its success through the work and the presence of our guest. But after all, Sir Rob is very much a boy at heart. (Hear, hear.)

Dr. Patrick mentioned among the other guests Dr. Armstrong, who had given them such an excellent Sentiment. He was a son of the manse and an elder of St Columba's.

There was also Mr. J. S. P. Armstrong, Agent-General for Ontario, who served with the 48th Highlanders, attached to the Gordons; Commodore Ian Robertson, on the active list of the R.N.R.; and we had, appropriately to-night Major Armand Blackley, whose father was a Scot and his mother a Frenchwoman. And on this the occasion, when the toast of the London Scottish is honoured, we have friends of the regiment who we are always delighted to welcome. (Applause.)

Sir Rob Lockhart on Changes.

General Sir Rob Lockhart, who had a warm reception, thanked Mr Napier for making him his guest, particularly on this his first night as President. He was sure his friend would

have a successful year in office. (Hear, hear.) He thanked also, Dr Patrick for his able submission of that toast, even if the doctor had flattered him.

He continued : If ever, in a nostalgic moment, I say, " Oh ! why left I my hame ? " I am glad I left my hame if it were only to be here tonight, for there is in a strong Scots atmosphere like that we are enjoying tonight, full reason for leaving one's home. (Laughter.)

When in the rare times that one can come back to Scotland one finds changes without having to look very far for them. There have been changes in food. I cannot help comparing the American chain of restaurants with our distinctive method. Meals are now the same in the north and the south.

Two things, at anyrate, have not changed. One is the habit of Scots to leave their country, to the advantage of the world—and perhaps themselves.

When Scotland first beat England at Twickenham there was always a crop of fellows before the magistrate on Monday. This was expected, but thank goodness, that has changed. (Hear, hear.)

One place that gets a fair share of the wandering Scot is Malaya. It used to be, and probably still is full of Scots—from Sir Donald M'Gillivray down to the humblest man. I was deputy to General Templar, to whom we made country and straight dances and such-like familiar. On St. Andrews Night, Highland and Lowland regiments alike entered into the hilarious Scottish merry making. I was glad to meet Major Ogilby tonight. I met him out there among the other Scots.

You London Caledonians are keeping up here in the Capital of the Auld Enemy what we have always been famed for—Scottish hospitality. And my fellow guests will acknowledge that we have to thank you for your Scottish hospitality. (Applause.) That is the second thing that I have noticed has not changed with the years.

Now I must sit down after I have emphasised that Scottish hospitality has never been warmer than it has been here tonight. (Applause.)

During the evening five new members were welcomed by the President.

Mr C. P. Boyd provided the vocal music. He sang, accompanied by Mr Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M., " The Border Ballad," " The Auld Hoose," " If I were a Baron's Heir," and " The Bonnie Earl o' Moray."

Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., our officer, gave this fine selection : " Blue Bonnets," " Arniston Castle," " Alick McGregor," and " The Skye Boat Song." He played, too, the Caledonian Society of London Strathspey, and " Highland Laddie."

" Auld Lang Syne," sung in its new form, and the National Anthem ended a happy evening.

Thanks from the R.S.C.

Mr J. Murray Napier, O.B.E., the President, took the chair at the business meetings held at the Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington, on 17th December, 1953.

A letter of thanks was read from Mr Miller, Hon. Secretary, on behalf of the Royal Scottish Corporation, for the handsome contribution of £595 which the members of the Caledonian Society had made to the Corporation Festival funds. Mr Napier also thanked the members for their splendid response to his appeal.

Success of the London Gaelic Choir.

At the Little Dinnner, after the loyal toasts, the President, who was in the chair, said :

Our singer tonight, who has entertained us on many occasions, is Mr Alexander MacRae. We are glad of this opportunity of offering him personally our congratulations on the outstanding success at the Oban Jubilee Mod in October, of the London Gaelic Choir, of which Mr MacRae is President. For the first time in the history of the Mod the *Weekly Scotsman* Quaich, awarded for the highest marks in Gaelic in the Lovat and Tullibardine Trophy event, was won by a choir outside Scotland—the London Gaelic Choir. (Applause.) The ladies' section of the choir won the Esme Smyth Trophy. Both these trophies are on view here tonight, and at the interval you will be able to inspect them. (Loud applause.)

The Appin Murder.

Continuing, the President said : Under the title, " Some new light on the Appin Murder," we are to hear tonight from Lieutenant-General Sir William MacArthur, K.C.B., D.S.O., O.B.E., facts that have shown that there was a great miscarriage of justice. Ever since the Appin murder took place, the trial of James Stewart (James of the Glen) for the murder in 1752 of Colin Campbell of Glenure has created much controversy. Sir William MacArthur has given much study to this story. He has spent some time in the Appin country, talking with old people who have received from their fathers some " secret " information. He continued his researches elsewhere. In that study, Sir William has come across some fresh information which we are now to hear. (Applause.)

Sir William, received with great heartiness, said at the outset : " As you all know, the victim of the Appin murder was Colin Campbell of Glenure, a Highland laird who, on the death of his father, Campbell of Barcaldine and Glenure, had succeeded to the Glenure estate."

(In the *Scotsman* of Saturday, 22nd January, 1955, there appeared an article on the Appin murder, written by Sir William MacArthur, which covers the Sentiment delivered to the Society by Sir William.)

The *Scotsman* article was headed, " Did Donald Stewart kill Colin Campbell " followed by the two editorial paragraphs with this article which covers the Sentiment delivered to us :

> In the celebrated Appin Murder trial at Inveraray in September, 1752, James Stewart (" James of the Glen ") was convicted as art and part in the murder, on 14th May, of Colin Campbell of Glenure ; and on 8th November he was hanged in chains at the scene of the crime, near Ballachulish. The quality of the justice thus meted out has since been often debated, and notably at the bicentenary, when the case was discussed by Sir James Fergusson, Sir William MacArthur (who directed attention especially to the precognitions of witnesses), and numerous correspondents.
>
> The identity of the chief agent in the crime has remained unestablished, though various theories on the subject have been enunciated.

Sir William's arguments follow :

In several quarters of late Donald Stewart—distinguished in the countryside by the patronymic Dòmhnull Mac Dhòmhnuill—has appeared in the role of First Murderer, and this on the evidence of a folk tale written down more than a century after the event. It shows all the flights of imagination and fantasy common in stories of the kind.

Of all those who have been accused of the crime, Donald Stewart is, in my belief, the most unlikely. There is nothing to suggest that he interested himself in the fate of the five Ardshiel tenants—all in-comers and not Stewarts —who were under notice to remove because they had not taken the oath of allegiance ; or took any part in the plan to suspend the evictions until the next meeting of the Barons of Exchequer's Court, three weeks later.

As these tenants had now offered to take the oath and to pay a higher Government rent, it was hoped that the Barons would decide in their favour. Perhaps such a solution might not have been unwelcome to Glenure, who was only obeying orders, for he had shown his sympathy with the men by arranging that they could remain on the farms as boumen for the new holders. In the highest quarters he had come under suspicion of Jacobite leanings, and he dared not go farther ; in the circumstances it is surprising that he dared to go so far.

The Laird's Dependant

Donald lived in Ballachulish House, so he must have had full knowledge of the formal Protest arranged for 15th May, which the laird (his uncle and father-in-law) and young Ballachulish, who was to be one of the witnesses, believed would secure the suspension of the evictions. Ballachulish was on friendly terms with Glenure, and Donald was his dependant. Why should he fly straight in the face of both uncle and cousin, and wreck all their hopes by this crazy outrage ? And at what danger to himself of being recognised, for he could not expect to wipe out Glenure and his three companions with one shot ?

The confiscated Ardshiel estate, of which Glenure was factor, adjoined the Ballachulish property ; the road to the ferry ran across the latter, and near

Ballachulish House. If only for these reasons, Glenure and Mackenzie could not have failed to encounter Donald during the preceding three years.

Moreover, he seems to have been a spiritless fellow, not at all the type to take the lead in a desperate conspiracy; so wanting in enterprise was he that he never took the trouble to learn English, and was the only member of a landed family who had to give his evidence through an interpreter.

Alan Breck

Alan Breck Stewart had been staying at Ballachulish House, and on the evening of the murder (14th May) he entrusted Donald (the energetic and resourceful young Ballachulish being from home) with a message to James of the Glen, asking him to have money and his French uniform sent to John Breck MacColl, the bouman, in Coalisnacone. It was a matter of life and death to Alan, and he explained that, as a deserter, he would hang without mercy if arrested.

Donald, characteristically, only carried out his mission on the following day, when he also passed on Alan's oath that he had had no hand in the murder. The troops were hot on the outlaw's trail, and the precognitions show that on Sunday (17th) a party from Fort William raided the farmhouse of Coalisnacone. Hence Alan's hasty flight and his failure to keep tryst with the bouman on Monday morning.

If Donald was the guilty man—which I cannot believe—he must have hurried back to Ballachulish House, risking recognition by the men in the neighbouring fields, and left off the "short Dun cullour'd Coat & Breeches of the same" worn by "the villain with a firelock in his hand" whom Mungo Campbell saw, because when Mungo's messenger came for help, Ballachulish and Donald went to the fatal spot, and Donald later assisted in carrying Glenure's body to the boat. A most hazardous performance, for, if he fired the shot, he knew that Mungo saw him; and, for all he knew then, Glenure, Mackenzie, and Kennedy had seen him too. Indeed, from Glenure's warning cry, "He's going to shoot you!" it might be thought that he did see "the villain"; if so, he lived long enough to have denounced him, had it been anyone he recognised.

Yet, in spite of all spies and informers, and bribery and wholesale terrorism, no breath of suspicion touched Donald throughout the long inquisition, and in the accusations involving Stewarts, Camerons, and MacColls, his name never appears.

Donald's Marksmanship

According to the folk tale, in all Appin and Glencoe there were only three guns (in fact, the Disarming Act failed in its purpose: at Acharn, for instance, two guns and four broadswords were hidden in a barn, and this was no exception). So the owners of these three lone guns arranged a shooting match, says the story, to decide who should be chosen to kill Glenure! Donald Stewart won; and when later he fired on Glenure, the story goes on, both bullets struck his victim on the left side below the armpit.

Long afterwards, when he and Alexander Campbell, a brother of Glenure's, were out deer stalking, Donald took what seemed an impossibly long shot, but when they walked up to the animal there it lay dead with two wounds in its side exactly as in Glenure's body. Amazed at this extraordinary range and aim, Campbell exclaimed that Donald's gun that killed the deer must be the gun that killed his brother, because the two sets of wounds were the same in every point!

This, of course, was nonsense. The murderer allowed Glenure to pass, then fired from behind at close range, and the bullets struck low down in the back,

one on each side of the spine. So that Alexander Campbell—in the story—had forgotten all about the post-mortem dissection in Glenure House on the day after his brother's death ; while if Donald Stewart's fabled acceptance of these fantasies were true, then he could have had no first-hand knowledge of the fatal attack on Colin Campbell of Glenure.

Hero-Tale Analogy ?

This folk tale was forgotten with the disappearance of the traditional narrators, yet, unlike so many others, it survived because it happened to have been written down. But as it was once a fireside story for winter nights it cannot be held to embody any secret. Indeed, its whole style, the wealth of names and details, and the contest of the champions, make one wonder if it was anyting more than an adaptation of an Ossianic hero-tale, with guns substituted for bows and more modern characters taking the place of Fionn and Conan and the King of Ireland's son.

Sir William's Sentiment was heard with rapt attention. At the close he was loudly cheered, and the President said :

You will appreciate that the facts Sir William has given us has caused great stir in Scotland. The Stewart Society asked Sir William to write about his discoveries in their magazine *The Stewarts*. Whatever appreciation and thanks they may have for him in Scotland, I would like to assure him that it cannot surpass the appreciation and gratitude we have for him in coming here tonight and telling us about these most important discoveries.

May I, on behalf of the Caledonian Society of London and our honoured guests thank you, Sir William, for your most delightful and historically interesting Sentiment. May we add our congratulations to you for being in a position to contribute such vital information to Scotland's history.

Sir William, in thanking the President, said that stupid crime had nothing to do with Hanoverian or Jacobite. It was the result of tyranny and injustice, as were many evictions. The man, James Stewart, was executed for a crime which he had not committed.

Thanks to The Guests.

Mr Gordon Morison proposed the toast, " Our Guests ".

Speaking of the lapse of time and its cause, Mr. Morison said that it was told of Epstein that after delivering a lecture at Oxford in which he had been describing how the sun travelled through space, the world round the sun and round its own axis, suddenly the professor looked at a fellow-traveller and asked " Does Reading stop at this train." (Laughter.)

Among our guests we have Sir Ian Bolton, who is responding to the toast. He is Lord Lieutenant of Stirlingshire, and a Past-President of the Institute of Accountants and Actuaries in Glasgow. Sir Ian served in the war in the 5th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and, like our President, he is deeply interested in the Boy Scouts movement, and is actually President of the Scottish Council of the Boy Scouts Association. (Applause.)

We have had an outstanding Sentiment from Sir William MacArthur, for which the President has thanked him ; but I must put on record that for some years before retiring, Sir William rendered outstanding service to the Army as Director-General of Medical Services. (Applause.)

His son, Ian, who is also with us, is what we have a right to call a " tough guy," for he is to be the Conservative candidate for Greenock. (Laughter and applause.)

Admiral G. P. Thomson, is an old friend who has given us great enjoyment from his past contributions. (Applause.)

Sir Alan Burns, another of our guests, has given valuable service in Colonial administration, and is now permanent United Kingdom representative on the Trusteeship Council of the United Nations. (Applause.)

The Outlook for Scotland.

The toast having been honoured, Sir Harold Bolton, in reply, spoke about the movement of events in Scotland.

He had been for six weeks in Canada, which Scots are running. We had survived that period of which this story is told: Two brothers were reared together. One went to Canada, and after a fortune-making spell he returned to Scotland to find his brother in excellent health and spirit, but with a beard down to his waist. The Canadian brother expressed surprise at what he called his brother's mass of fungus. " Why did you allow this to grow so high ? " he asked. " Weel," said the home-loving brother, " ye took the bally razor awa' wi' ye." (Laughter.)

Everything is not well with Scotland (said Sir Harold). I see every strata of society, and we hear and see that in business costs are getting high, and we on the Clyde are wondering how we are to pay our way, with Germany and Japan and other nations now in full cry. I attend many meetings and hear the demands for a Forth Bridge in the east and a Whiteinch Tunnel in the west. The depopulation of the Highlands and Islands is worrying us; but we are hoping that re-afforestation will help to repopulate Scotland.

Speaking of Boy Scouts, Sir Ian said they are as good as ever they were. I don't believe those who are saying that boys today are not so keen. Of course they are—as keen as ever they were. (Loud applause.)

During the evening a new member, Mr Donald M. Forbes, a son of our respected life member Dr John Forbes—a member for no fewer than forty-three years—was received, and in reply to the President's welcome, said that reference had been made to his grandfather on his mother's side, namely Mr Rendles, who as the manager of the Holborn Restaurant had housed the Society in the Holborn for many years.

On the call of the President, Mr Alexander MacRae and Mr Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M., accompanist, were thanked for their musical contributions to the programme. Mr MacRae in his beautiful tenor voice, sang " The Herding Song," " The Mull Fishers' Love Song," " The Lea Rig," and " Gae bring to me a pint o' Wine."

Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., made the following his bagpipe selection: " Scotland's My Ain Hame," " The Back of the Change House," " The Ale is Dear," and " Cam Ye by Atholl." Added to these were our Strathspey and " Highland Laddie."

" Auld Lang Syne " and the National Anthem wound up a happy and instructive gathering.

Before the farewell song was sung, the President said :

" Auld Lang Syne."

" Members will be aware that a new and more correct version of ' Auld Lang Syne ' has been adopted by the Society. I want to explain that the first four verses will be sung as solos, all the members joining in the chorus. The final verse will be sung by everyone. Since in the past we have been apt to render the final chorus incorrectly, you will notice that on the programme that chorus has been printed to ensure that from now on there will be no excuse for anyone departing from the words of our National poet. I must also emphasise that the final chorus will be sung only once in ordinary time and that the practice of repeating that chorus in double time has been discontinued.

The Year that's Awa'.

A goodly company assembled on Thursday, 21st January, 1954, for the Little Dinner, held at the Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington, when Mr J. Murray Napier, the President, presided.

The loyal toasts having been heartily responded to, the President said that being the first meeting day of 1954, he wished them all a Happy New Year. (Applause.) For many years, continued Mr Napier, we have managed at this meeting to impose our will on the Honorary Secretary, and to compel him, much against his inclination, to sing " The Year That's Awa' ". This is about the only occasion throughout the session that instead of *us* doing his bidding, he has to do *ours*. (Hear hear.)

Mr Miller sang, with great feeling, the old song and was applauded by the audience and thanked by the President.

The Immortal Memory.

The President, in introducing Mr Robert Kemp to give " The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," said he counted himself fortunate that in his year of office of the Caledonian Society of London, Mr Robert Kemp whom he (the President) had heard described as the outstanding playwright in Scotland today, had done the Society the very great honour of journeying south to give us the Sentiment, " Robert Burns." Always at

this January meeting we honour Burns, and it is a great privilege that this year that tribute will be paid by Mr Kemp. (Applause.)

Mr Robert Kemp, heartily received, said :

Mr President—and may I also call you Brother Caledonians ?—when you, sir, first did me the honour of inviting me to propose a Sentiment at your meeting nearest to the anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, you also sent me, as a source of information and perhaps also a warning to put my best foot forward, a volume of the " Chronicles " of your famous Society. Being myself a home-based Caledonian, I have been reading in its pages with the greatest encouragement. In speech after speech I have read of the triumphant virtues of the Scot, so tonight I come among you once more firmly persuaded that the Scots are the greatest nation on earth, a fact one tends to lose sight of when one lives among them.

Of course, continued Mr Kemp, your speakers are nearly always distinguished exiles. Bowed down under the orders and titles which they have won in the four corners of the globe, they gather round your hospitable table and, sweet with the honey of nostalgia, they extol the virtues of their race. Now, for all I know, it may well be that after years spent in contemplating the Chinese, the Hindus, the Nicaraguans or even the English, the Scot *will* appear to be the noblest of God's creatures. You will not, I feel certain, expect me to emulate these rhapsodies. I know you will charitably bear in mind that I have just arrived from Edinburgh. (Laughter.)

I was much taken, as I perused your " Chronicles," by your custom of proposing " Sentiments." This I take to be a prolongation into our times of the habit, common throughout Scotland in the eighteenth century, of rising to declare a sentiment as an excuse for partaking of a bumper. Nowadays in our potations we need no such excuses as that ; all we need is the money. Yet I am all in favour of old ways, indeed sometimes I think that the less point I can see in them, the more I approve. Not that the idea of " Sentiments " lacks a point. It clearly represents a desperate attempt on the part of our ancestors to keep conviviality and rationality within measurable distance of one another.

So I am sorry that of late your speakers seem to have interpreted the word " sentiment " as synonymous with speech or address. An account, let us say, of a ground-nut scheme in the Malabar Islands, however informative, can by no stretch of the imagination be described as a " sentiment." I need hardly tell you that my example is an imaginary one. You know, it's all a matter of presentation. The speaker could still have got the same facts and figures off his chest by proposing the Sentiment, " that the ground-nut may never flourish in the Malabar Islands."

Tonight I propose to revert to the manner of older days and propose to you a Sentiment which may be embodied in a very few words. It is this, " that when a memory is truly immortal, it is not passive but active." Of how many a famous man might it be said that while his memory is in a sense immortal, it is to all intents and purposes dead ? Take Homer, the greatest name in the ancient world. His name does resound through even the most illiterate mind, but what does it mean ? Perhaps it's no more than a synonym for all that is abstruse. Today the lyre of Homer is as stringless as that of

Ossian, and the notes which enthralled the chimney corners of Attica now echo faintly through the wintry minds of dons. Thanks to the formidable examination system designed to promote the ascendency of the English language, the literature in this tongue, which I am now using is the best of my limited ability, abounds with names of men whom we have been taught to label great, but whom I gravely doubt if anyone reads. Spenser, Pope, Dryden, even Wordsworth, Matthew Arnold—how many of them are read except by those who set the examinations, and somewhat less enthusiastically, by those who answer the questions.

With Burns the situation is different. Denied the dubious advantage of familiarity by examination, still all but banished from the schools of his native land, he lives in the hearts of his fellow countrymen. It is as if he had never, in academic circles, been forgiven for his lines about the " Set o' dull conceited hashes " who " Confuse their brains in college classes." But Burns does not need to care. He can snap his fingers at those who control the reputations and the examinations in Eng. Lit. He is the only poet whose memory is kept alive not by the professors but by the rank and file of his own fellow countrymen. I am often amused by the superior manner of those critics and self-appointed mentors who talk disparagingly of the popular adulation of Burns. Mistaken it may sometimes be in *this* manifestation or in that, but at heart it constitutes a fact of literary history so vast that the professional historians, critics and commentators of literature prefer to turn down their noses at it or to ignore it. It maddens them to think that if they attempted to banish Burns tomorrow, they could be defied by simple folk who work in offices, at ploughs, and in a hundred daily tasks which leave them no interest in the jargon of criticism, but allow them to see straight to the man who was Robert Burns.

Do you recall the second Epistle to Lapraik ? Burns has been urging his brother bard not to let Fortune " get him down," as we should say.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Tho' Fortune use you hard an' sharp ;
Come, kittle up your moorland harp
  Wi' gleesome touch !
Ne'er mind how Fortune waft and warp ;
  She's but a bitch !

Naturally that makes him remember his own ups and downs:—

Now comes the sax and twentieth simmer,
I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
Still persecuted by the limmer
  Frae year to year ;
But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
  I, Rob, am here.

" I, Rob, am here." He wrote that verse when he was twenty-five years old. He wrote it not as a boast that he had " arrived," for he had not " arrived " in that sense. It was a simple statement that he had endured. To see a twenty-sixth summer—that may well have seemed a remarkable and unexpected achievement to the boy who had overstrained his heart by working too hard on his father's farm. Next Monday brings round the one hundred and fifty-eighth anniversary of that morning on which a blast o' Janwar wind blew hansel in on Robin, and he can still say to us " I, Rob, am here ! " How many who patronised him and criticised him and told him how to write and who spurned him are *not* here.

It has been an index of the vitality of the memory of Burns that the kittle kimmer Fortune has continued to play pranks with him long after his body was laid to earth. His first biographer, Dr Currie, felt obliged to bowdlerise and expurgate in dealing with his life and letters, we in our generation go to the other extreme ; indeed, I have read one account of his life which

dwells upon every seduction with salacious care. The Victorians felt obliged to consider " The Cottar's Saturday Night " as his masterpiece; we feel equally obliged to award the palm to " The Jolly Beggars." He has had his life written by a Frenchman, a German, and an American, as well as by biographers closer in kin. Like his fellow Scot and slightly elder contemporary, James Boswell—how did it come about that they never met ?—he has become a great study in American Universities. Just as Professor Pottle annotates the writings of the man whom nineteenth century critics sniffed at, so Professor de Lancey Fergusson, on the other side of the Atlantic, superbly edited the letters of the man who was not quite good enough for more than one accepted arbiter of the taste of his times. That is surely a strange twist of the kittle kimmer in her dealings with two men who were not always smiled upon in their day and generation.

And one of Fortune's choicest tricks is surely to have planted among us this custom of paying homage to the immortal memory. I have myself heard Burns used as a peg on which to hang dissertations in favour of Imperialism, Scottish Nationalism, Christianity, Republicanism and generally with some show of justification. It is a tribute to the Shakespearean universality of Burns that you can quarry a wonderful variety of metals out of him. By judicious quotation from his works, you can find a species of support for almost any theory, except, I grant you, any theory that supposes the virtues of total abstention.

When I leave your company tonight, I must return to Scotland, there to bear a hand in one of the broadcasts which mark the anniversary. The author of it is Mr Hilton Brown, whose study of the poet's relationship with four women—Jean Armour, Highland Mary, Clarinda and Maria Riddell—is one of the most balanced works of its kind I have ever read. And Mr. Hilton Brown has imagined what would have happened to Burns if, while in Edinburgh, he had succeeded in marrying Peggy Chalmers. As the broadcast won't be heard in these parts, I trust he will forgive me for disclosing his argument. Peggy Chalmers, in his opinion, was the woman who would have done Burns most good in the end. She might have steadied him, gained him acceptance in professional society, even brought influence to bear on his behalf so that he secured solid and dignified appointments. He became editor of the *Times*, went into Parliament and at the end of the day became Prime Minister. *But* . . . he didn't write the poetry, and in the end the voice of Scotland is heard asking for her own minstrel back again—the Burns whose failures, whose mistakes, yes whose tragedies we are wont to deplore.

I do not seek to underestimate the extent to which any woman can change and govern the course of her husband's life—and Scotland in the days of Burns was as full of Maggie Wylies on the look out for John Shands as it was in Barrie's, to name no nearer epoch. All the same I doubt if the woman existed then, before or since, who could so play " Bunty Pulls the Strings " with Robert Burns. Yet I applaud Mr Hilton Brown for showing us so sharply and clearly the folly of lamenting that Robert Burns was not other than himself. Great as were his natural gifts, how paltry would any story of worldly success seem beside the story of disappointment and disillusion which seemed so evident to himself in his last pathetic letters! How poor we should be lacking either the poems and satires which were the fruit of his rebellious, even harum-scarum youth in Ayrshire, or the Scottish songs which he could scarcely have collected had it not been from the species of banishment he lay under at Ellisland and Dumfries!

To us today Robert Burns is a good deal more than a poet; he is a figure, even a myth—a myth that had the unusual attribute of undeniable existence in the flesh. Not only the relish and understanding of his poems has kept the poetry of Burns alive in Scotland; the myth has played its part, too. " I, Rob, am here." . . . Our interest is a personal one, in a man whom we

feel we can know and understand, and whom we feel is in large degree like our fallible selves. Of course, there can be no such thing as a picture of a Scotsman in general terms. We know the Scot whom *Punch* publicised a century ago—dour and canny, the ejaculator of "Bang goes saxpence!" The antithetical picture to that—of the wild, romantic, unpractical Highlander—has no greater title to truth. As you of the London Caledonian Society are doubtless aware, the English like to see themselves and their neighbours in fancy dress—the stolid John Bull, the Frenchman with shoes and beard equally sharp in the point, playing an eternal bedroom farce, the Irishman in velvet breeks, armed with a shillelagh, and about to bump off a policeman with one hand while balancing a glass of Guinness in the other. The Scot has too short a kilt, hairy legs, and a bottle of the usquebagh protruding from his pocket. How unfunny, how wide of the mark, how poverty-stricken in their caricature are these music-hall versions of character. If I were to try to set out to correct the picture of the Scot, I would venture to maintain that Burns was a typical Scot in at least his *impulses*—generous, kindly, human, quick to respond to the stimulus of masculine intellect or feminine beauty, independent, sometimes rude for that reason and contrite afterwards, easy to wound, often wounded yet slow to anger and to hurt, patriotic, puzzled, loving the Scottish scene and the Scottish air, indeed knowing no other and desiring to know none, never indifferent to the deeds and heroes of our race, quick to take fire at the thought of Wallace and the Bruce. Surely a typical Scot, with whom each one of us can fancy himself to be deeply in sympathy. I don't care if *you* place the stresses differently from *me*. His life has become a kind of myth for every Scot and, in conjunction with the poems and songs, it exercises the hold of a myth not upon our reason but upon something much deeper and more important, our imagination. In truth can he say, "I, Rob, am here."

I have come down to you from Scotland. Perhaps for that reason you may expect me, even in the context of this Sentiment, to bring you some report of this country which is, I know, never far from your thoughts. I wish I felt capable of satisfying you. I am not enough of an economist to dare say to you anything about the commercial, industrial and agricultural welfare of the country. But, as I move about, I am constantly impressed, as a somewhat amateurish observer, by our agricultural wealth and by the proficiency of our farmers, by the extreme precariousness of our dependence on heavy industry, and by the very unhealthy extent to which capital from south of the Border has come to dominate Scottish industry and commerce. This is a factor that belongs to the twentieth century. It does not mean only that Princes Street is now lined with multiple shops instead of the family businesses once so characteristic a feature of this and many another Scottish main street, it means that the factories in the new industrial estates are controlled and directed from outside Scotland. I do not claim that there is any deliberate and diabolical intent behind this. It simply means that men who can talk in hundreds of thousands and perhaps in millions have prevailed against those whose language does not extend beyond the tens of thousands. But it means that in addition to absence of political control there is absence of financial control. I think it is not mere propaganda to hold that in this present age events have conspired to circumscribe the endeavours of the Scot and to restrict both his enterprise and his responsibility in his own land. Then, again, which of you has not, like me, when journeying, say, in the Highlands, stopped to drop a tear and to breathe some words of lament over the tumbling homesteads of the thinning crofter townships. You and I have doubtless in our time regretted the clearances and the evictions, yet under our noses the work which began in the eighteenth century is being finished off, not by wicked dukes and their factors, but by a steady process which seems inevitable and which we, while uttering our anathemas against the past, seem powerless

to raise a hand to delay. I am not one to detract from the value of hydro-electric and forestry schemes, but at times they seem like whirling into the teeth of a hurricane.

A year or two ago, being in the remote Highlands, and having spent my morning as one of the scant congregation in the parish kirk, sitting with, I think, exemplary patience through a Gaelic service which I had not bargained for and imperfectly followed, I went in the evening to visit the Roman Catholic priest, who happened to be the friend of a very old and dear friend of my own. We sat late in his little presbytery above the loch. As you know the Highlands, it will not surprise you to know that the two communities live together without rancour, on admirable terms. Before we parted, the priest took me to his door and pointed to the hillside, on which nine out of every ten (Highland) dwellings had fallen empty in the last twenty years. " Robert, darling," he said, for he used an English that was translated word by word from the Gaelic, " in another twenty years there will be no Roman Catholic community here, and there will be no Church of Scotland community either. Perhaps some newcomers will arrive, but they will not be the old people or their children. It will be left to me to close this church, while my friend across the river turns the key in his."

Now, I have met those who argue complacently that these movements do not matter, or if they do matter they cannot be helped. These same people will work themselves into a fury about the car parking arrangements in Glasgow or the state of Scottish Rugby. What they seem able to forget or to ignore is that no country can be greater than its men and women. From the Highlands and the Lowlands there sprang a race of men the like of which the world has rarely seen, either for physique and bodily prowess, for endurance, for intellect, for ability, for steadfastness of mind, for integrity, for faith —and the fountains of this race are drying up. Perhaps its contribution has been made, perhaps in new lands it is finding, in association with other races, a new fulfilment. But I do not believe that we should ever acquiesce in the loss of so grand and precious a treasure as the natural stock of Scotland. If these men and women who lived in the now deserted crofts had been shorthorns or Aberdeen-Angus, we should not have set so low a value upon them.

But I have not come here to dismay you with Jeremiads. There may be much that is wrong with Scotland. I daresay any patriotic Englishman could oblige with a recital of many blots upon the face and the life of his own fair land. But there are many things that are right with Scotland, too. At the top of the tree there are those, like Mr Tom Johnston, who follow a policy of doing good by diplomatic stealth. Many a landowner today is husbanding his land and his tenants in such a way that one cannot but regret that many estates should be passing into the hands not of true landlords but of investors who are to be likened to the steward in the New Testament who buried his talent for safe keeping. All along the line there are to be found those who achieve that greedy vitality and appetite for work and experience which are not the least of the traditional attributes of the Scot. Our country is still there, both an inspiration and a satisfying reward. Of its beauty no eye could weary while its climate, unpredictable as the whims of woman, ensures that we never take it for granted.

Last night, as I tossed in my sleeper in the train, I amused myself with thinking what would have been the fate of Robert Burns had he been alive today. With agriculture booming, he might well have been spared many of the anxieties which beset his father and himself. The struggle for education, which induced William Burns to join with other parents in the district to bring a schoolmaster to their midst, would be unnecessary today. He would have gone to school at five, then to the Academy at Ayr, and then to Glasgow University. With his abilities, where would he have stopped. Would he have come south to be head of a department, would he have made a hit in

journalism or become a darling of the listening millions ? Perhaps, as Mr Hilton Brown imagined him doing in the eighteenth century, he would have reached Parliament. On the other hand he might well have taken a hand in the Home Rule movement, making speeches at the Mound and—staggering thought—writing in Lallans.

The whole comparison is unthinkable. Had he been born today, could he have learned, mastered, and used to an understanding audience the Scots tongue ? We may feel certain that no one would have sung to him unprinted and unknown Scots songs. As a child he would have been *au fait* with every new American ditty and figure of the " comics." Perhaps he might even be invited to address the London Caledonian Society.

Perish the thought ! The more one toys with the fancy of any alteration in the circumstances and destiny of Robert Burns, the more preposterous it seems that he should be other than he was. Try in your imagination to spare him some of his misfortunes great and sma', some of his struggles and humiliations, and he seems not greater but less than he was. It is as if by his very shortcomings he could forge a bond with his fellow men, and by his zest give it strength in perpetuity. And the effect of his myth upon us is in no way base. It does not induce us to imitate the imperfections of a heaven-sent genius—no, it helps us to understanding, to insight, to humanity, to these qualities of sympathy and compassion, which are part of an even greater heritage, as well as to a passionate desire for living which, wherever it may lead us, will not leave us at the end of the day open to the accusation that we hid our gift away in a cupboard and never used or looked upon it with joy. Wherever Scots are gathered together, as tonight, " I, Rob, am here ! "

Mr Kemp's Sentiment was listened to with close attention, and he sat down amid an outburst of cheering.

Although, said the President, in thanking Mr Kemp, the Caledonians present have already shown you how very much they have appreciated the most delightful and erudite Sentiment, it is my privilege to endorse their applause, and their gratitude, by asking you to accept their thanks for, first, honouring us with your presence, and second, giving us such an able entertainment. May I add how much I personally appreciate your kindness in surrendering all your many calls on your time in Edinburgh to spend this evening with us. (Loud applause.)

Thanks to Mr Kemp.

Mr J. Buchan Ford, M.A., LL.B., proposed the toast of " Our Guests ".

He said that visitors to Scotland, our guests there, were often deeved by the pressure of their hosts to partake of Scots hospitality, and, as has been said, for its size Scotland positively groaned under religious and educational benefactions. (Laughter and applause.) The Alaskan chiefs were forbidden to give their huge ceremonial parties, called potlatch, because the Americans found it made the chiefs a charge upon the rates. We here shall only be making ourselves chargeable to the Rembrandt Rooms, so there is nothing to tinge our joy. (Hear, hear.)

The willingness of the Scot to exchange ideas—that valuable adjunct to

hospitality—is notorious, and some such ideas have reflected themselves in the Scottish language. The dish called an aschet was borrowed, name and all, from the French, those early benefactors of Scottish civilisation. A less lovely borrowing from them was the warning Gardyloo, which told all and sundry that one was about to throw the slops out of the window. (Laughter.)

The pleasure of the Burns season has been conferred upon us by our chief guest, Mr Robert Kemp. (Applause.) He is a son of the manse, a graduate of Aberdeen, and recently was one of the most fertile of the B.B.C. Scottish contributors. His novel, *The Malacca Cane*, is sure to have a warm and well-deserved reception. (Applause.) Mr Kemp takes a keen interest in religious affairs and the welfare of the Church. This is doubly noteworthy in times like these, and proves once again that a man can be a great playwright and yet hold to the highest, infusing into the things that deal with life the true vitality which makes living possible. (Applause.)

Among our principal guests to-night we specially welcome Sir Harold C. Smith, K.B.E., D.L., M.Inst.C.E., chairman of the Gas Council and formerly a member of the Scientific Advisory Council of the Ministry of Fuel and Power. Sir Harold is a keen yachtsman, and as he spends many shooting holidays in Scotland he knows our country well. In 1914–1919 he served in the R.F.A., and is still serving his fellow-countrymen. (Applause.)

Sir Harold Smith replied to the toast. He said that it was true that he had enjoyed some shooting when on holiday in Scotland, and the hospitality of the Scots, which made visits to the Highlands so much more agreeable and comforting.

A new member was introduced to the President.

Mr George McDonald was the singer, and his Scottish songs were " Scots wha hae," " The Deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman," and " Corn Rigs." Mr L. A. Frewer was at the piano.

Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., had four popular tunes in his selection. " The Green Hills of Tyrol," " The Miller o' Drone," " The Kilt is my delight," and " My Home." " The Caledonian Society of London," and " Highland Laddie " were also heard on the Pipe-Major's programme.

" Auld Lang Syne " and the National Anthem ended a most enjoyable meeting.

Our Art Collections.

The President, Mr J. Murray Napier, O.B.E., took the chair at well-attended meetings held at the Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington, on 18th February, 1954.

The principal attraction at the Little Dinner was a Sentiment by Sir Alec Martin, the managing director of Christie's, who had undertaken to tell members and friends all about the valuable service rendered to Scotland by the National Art Collections Fund.

The President, having proposed the loyal toasts, introduced Sir Alec. He said that they were greatly indebted—and this applied particularly to himself—to the head of that historic house of Christie's, for taking the trouble to prepare the Sentiment, and coming here to deliver it. (Applause.)

Sir Alec Martin was received with great heartiness, and immediately plunged into his subject, " Scottish Treasures secured by the National Art Collections Fund." He said :

Although I have been associated with the National Art Collections Fund, directly and indirectly, since its beginning fifty years ago, and have been its honorary secretary for nearly thirty years, I have always thought my best contribution was to plan and look after its administration. I have, therefore, never spoken in public about it, as I have always been supported by an excellent chairman and executive committee, some of them excellent speakers and men of distinction. You may say, " Why start doing this at three score years and ten ? " I will tell you. Your president, a friend of mine and a member of the Fund, wrote asking if I could name someone who could undertake to talk to you about the Fund. He, of course, meant me, and to entice me he told me that it need only be an informal talk of some minutes. I felt that I had to do it, and may I say that I am delighted to do so, and hope that if I am halting through inexperience in my narrative, you will excuse me. You see the training of an auctioneer at Christie's, apart from the fact that the founder, James Christie, was a specious orator, has changed, and the tradition for over a century now has been to say very little and to let the works of art speak for themselves.

My theme tonight is " Scottish Treasures secured by the National Art Collections Fund." Before describing these I would like to build up briefly, if I may, the story of collecting in this country from early days.

In the early centuries you had the ornaments for self adornment made from the gold sifted from the rivers in Ireland and the West of England. These must have had a wide reputation, for some of these ornaments have been found in Egypt and the Scandinavian countries. Then for several centuries such beautiful things as carved ivories, alabaster figures of saints, and wonderful illuminated MSS. were made by the natives, but mainly by visiting monks in the cathedrals of Durham, and Lindisfarne, of Winchester and Norwich, and the Abbey of St. Albans—made for devotional purposes to the glory of God. We may say that the collecting of works of art started round about the fifth or sixth century ; of course we know of all the gold ornaments in the pre-Christian times, but I am concerned with the Christian up to modern times.

It was about the time of Henry VIII that secular art began to play a prominent part in the collections then formed. He it was who invited Holbein to come to this country as a portrait painter, and from that time to the present art collecting owes much to the monarchy. Charles I invited Rubens and Vandyck, and was himself the world's greatest collector. His collection numbered well over one thousand pictures, and was dispersed by Cromwell. Much of it went overseas, but a good deal of it was purchased in this country. Then kings and queens in successive reigns encouraged artists from abroad, until the latter part of the eighteenth century, when the patronage started to be given to the native artists such as Reynolds, Gainsborough and Allan Ramsay, who all became painters to the royalties. In recent times Queen Mary, that gracious lady, was a great collector.

The nobles and gentry collected from the time of Henry VIII, but the flood of private collecting of treasures from abroad was in the seventeenth

century, and went on through the eighteenth century, and continued to the early part of the nineteenth century, when through the rise of the industrial magnates a great change took place in the collecting. Instead of buying masterpieces from abroad, they concentrated on pictures by native artists. They liked best Highland glens with cattle, painted in studios in Regents Park. They paid enormous prices for such pictures. They liked "Monarchs of the Glen" hanging in their dining-rooms. They really were "Masters of all they surveyed."

It was at this time, about 1850, that foreign buyers came over and filled their galleries abroad with treasures at very small prices, because they were not wanted in this country. This went on until a few years before the beginning of the First World War. It was not that we were poor; we were then the richest country in the world; but because we did not want these fine old masterpieces and preferred large modern native pictures. It was at that time that the National Art-Collections Fund came into being. It started in a small way to organise public opinion, and to try and acquire some of those wonderful treasures. The story is, of course, different since the great wars. Things are going out now because of excessive taxation and death duties, and because we need dollars and foreign currency to pay for our food.

The Fund has acquired many thousands of works of art, some outstanding masterpieces, which but for its help would certainly have gone overseas. There is hardly a museum or gallery, national, provincial or university, that has not benefited. Those works of art so given, apart from the national, artistic or historic importance, must represent an enormous financial addition to our national possessions.

They have been made possible by gifts, bequests, and donations, mainly by members, at present numbering over eight thousand, who regularly subscribe at least a minimum of one guinea a year.

Sir Alec then described many of the art treasures which, with the aid of the Fund, had been bought for Scotland. There were, for example, many treasures concerning Mary Queen of Scots, among them, quoting Sir Alec, "The pathetic and beautiful letter which the Scottish Queen wrote to her brother-in-law, Henry III, King of France, on the night before her execution at Fotheringay Castle, 8th February, 1587."

It was acquired, continued Sir Alec, from the Morrison Collection, by the Rt. Hon. F. Leverton Harris, M.P., and a body of subscribers, for presentation through the National Art-Collections Fund, to the Scottish nation. It is in a perfect state of preservation, and is a beautiful specimen of caligraphy, as well as being a document of the first historical importance.

Here is the English translation of the original letter, which is in French:

The Last Letter of Mary Queen of Scots

"SIR, my good brother, having under God's hand for my sins, as I believe, come to throw me in the arms of this Queen, my cousin, where I have had much trouble and passed nigh twenty years, I am at last by her and her Estates condemned to death, and having claimed my papers, by them confiscate, to the end of making my testament, I have been unable to recover aught that would serve me, nor to gain leave freely to make the same, nor that after my death my body should be transported, as I desire, into your realm, where I have had the honour to be queen, your sister, and ancient ally.

"This day and afternoon has been pronounced to me my sentence, to be executed tomorrow as a criminal, at eight o'clock of the morning. I have not had leisure to make you a full discourse of all that has passed, but if it please you to credit my doctor and those others, my heart-broken servants, you will hear the truth; and as, God be thanked, I despise death, and in good faith protest that I receive it innocent of all crime, even were I their subject, the Catholic religion and the maintenance of the right that God has given me

to this crown are the two points of my condemnation, and yet they will not let me say it is for the Catholic religion that I die, but for the fear of change to their own; and for proof, they have taken from me my almoner, nor, for all he is in the house, can I win them to let him come to confess me or give me sacrament at my death; but they have been very instant with me to receive the consolation and doctrine of their minister, summoned to that end. The bearer and his company, for the most part your subjects, will testify of my carriage in this my latest act. It remains that I beseech you, as king Most Christian, good brother and ancient ally, who have ever protested your love to me, that at this hour you give proof in all these points following of your goodness, for the one part in charity giving me solace in that which, for easing of my conscience, I cannot without you, which is to recompense my heart-broken servants according them their wages; for the other, to let pray God for a queen who has been called Most Christian, and dies Catholic, stripped of all her goods. As for my son, I recommend him to you in so far as he shall merit; I cannot answer for him. I have had the hardihood to send you two stones, rare for the health, desiring it for you perfect, with happy and long life. You will receive them as from your most loving sister, who dies giving you witness of her good heart towards you. I recommend to you again my servants. You will order if it please you, that for my soul, I be paid from part of what you owe me, and that in honour of Jesus Christ, whom I shall pray tomorrow at my death for you, you yield me the wherewithal to found a dead-mass and give the alms required.

"This Wednesday, at two hours after midnight,

Your most loving and very good sister,

MARI R."

"To the Most Christian King my brother and ancient ally."

Other QUEEN MARY purchases were the QUEEN'S GOLD PENDANT and the GRILLE OF HER TOMB, which was purchased by the Fund and restored to Westminster Abbey.

THE OXBURGH EMBROIDERIES (British, 16th century) are thirty small panels bearing the initials of Queen Mary and others, signed by Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury (Bess of Hardwich). One of the panels is dated 1570. They are worked in silk and mounted on green velvet. This may be the work to which the unfortunate queen refers in a letter written by her when in the Earl of Shrewsbury's custody at Tutbury. She told how all day she worked with needle, and that "the diversity of colours made the work seem less tedious, and continued so long at it till very pain made her give over." These embroideries were bought by the Fund in 1953 for £3,000, and given to the Victoria and Albert Museum, where they are being repaired. They will be on permanent loan to the National Trust for display at Oxburgh Hall, where they have been since the eighteenth century.

QUEEN MARY'S GOLD PENDANT is a most important and historically interesting acquisition by the Scottish Museum of Antiquities, and was bought in 1939 for £440, with the aid of a contribution of £175 from the Duke of Hamilton and £125 from the Fund.

It is the work of a sixteenth-century French goldsmith, and "was probably made for Mary Queen of Scots." The arms of Scotland are seen through a crystal.

THE GRILLE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.—When by command of her son, James I of England, Queen Mary's body was removed from Peterborough to Westminster Abbey, the Grille was made and placed round the Queen's tomb in Henry VII's Chapel. It remained undisturbed for more than two hundred years, but it was removed in 1822 and sold for £110 in 1826. It was installed by the purchaser—Bridge—at his residence Piddletrenthide, near Dorchester. In 1920 it was purchased for £400, a member of the Fund

contributing £50, and it was presented to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster.

MEDAL OF JAMES VI—One of the treasures, purchased for £400, of which the Fund contributed £220, for the Scottish Museum of Antiquities, is a GOLD MEDAL OF JAMES VI OF SCOTLAND. The King's bust and thistles are the subjects on the medal. The other one gold specimen known is in the British Museum.

THE MONYMUSK RELIQUARY (circa eighth century).—The Fund says: "There are the strongest reasons to believe that the Monymusk Reliquary is the veritable Breck-Cannoch (a vellum or battle ensign of Columba) so frequently referred to in charters or other documents. Its date is probably the late eighth century." By the twelfth century it was an object of great veneration. The Breck-Cannoch is first mentioned in a charter granted by William the Lion to the monastery of Arbroath before 1211. In this charter the custody of the Breck-Cannoch, along with the lands of Forglen in Aberdeenshire, were granted to the monks of Arbroath, then called Aberbrothock. In 1314 it was handed over to Malcolm of Monymusk, and remained with him until 1512. In 1554, because of a fire at the priory "it was removed to Monymusk Castle, . . . where it remained until acquired by the Fund in 1933 for the National Museum of Antiquities of Scotland."

It is not known what relics the Reliquary held but it was carried round the neck of the priest, and may have been borne among the Scottish soldiers at Bannockburn.

The Reliquary was bought from Sir Arthur Grant of Monymusk for £2,500, the Fund's contribution being £1,209 odds.

One of the treasures in the Scottish National Museum of Antiquities is the GOLD AMPULLA, or vial for sacred oil, used in the religious ceremony at the Coronation of King Charles I at Holyrood in 1633. The Museum bought it in 1948 for £1,000; the Fund's contribution was £200. The ampulla weighs 5 oz., and is 5 inches high. It was preserved by the Sutties of Balgone, and was bought from the Trustees of the late Sir George Grant Suttie.

THE WATSON MAZER, which was purchased by the Royal Scottish Museum for £1,750, with the aid of £750 from the Fund, is the only Scottish mazer at present in a public collection. The mazer is a drinking vessel, and is not entirely a Scottish product. England has her mazers. The one bought in 1948 is the earliest of the sixteenth-century group, and is therefore of special interest. Its bowl is of maple wood.

Two sets of PANELS must be mentioned. "The MONTROSE PANELS," of the sixteenth century, "consist of eighteen carved oak panels set in two rows within a frame-work of carved muntins and rails . . . and is an outstanding example of the work of an early sixteenth-century Scottish wood carver. . . . And it is the best example of its particular kind left in the country." The panels have carved on them animals and arms. These panels were purchased from the Scot Bequest for £500 by the Fund, and presented to the National Museum of Antiquities of Scotland in 1938.

The second set is named the CATHCART PANELS, from the Castle of Killochan, near Girvan. Carved on the panels are portrait busts and floral designs. The carvings, once coloured in polychrome, date, probably, from between 1530 and 1540. This set of panels was also bought from the London Scot Bequest for £400 by the Fund, and presented to the Scottish Museum of Antiquities.

THE LADIES WALDEGRAVE (by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.).—This picture was painted for Sir Horace Walpole, the sitters' great-uncle. The ladies were Lady Laura, Lady Maria, and Lady Horatia, daughters of James 2nd Earl Waldegrave, and his wife Maria Walpole, afterwards Duchess of Gloucester. The National Gallery of Scotland purchased the picture in 1952, with the aid of a contribution of £1,000 from the Fund.

The portrait of SIR WALTER SCOTT (by Raeburn) is one of several painted by the great Scottish artist. The one purchased by the National Galleries of Scotland was in 1922 sold to Mr Harding, America, for £9,660. The trustees of the purchaser sold the portrait, which then came to Scotland, the Fund having contributed £500. The Harding Trustees presented with the picture at the same time a small desk at which Scott wrote, and in which he kept the MSS. of *Marmion*, *The Lady of the Lake*, and *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. As the National Library of Scotland has the MS. of *Marmion*, the desk was transferred to the Library by the Trustees of the National Galleries of Scotland.

Another portrait of SCOTT is by Sir Wm. Allan, P.R.S.A., R.A. It was purchased from the London Scot Bequest for £200 by the Fund.

A portrait of PROF. JOHN WILSON (Christopher North) was also bought from the London Scot Bequest and presented by the Fund to the Scottish National Portrait Gallery.

Among the pictures purchased for Scotland by the Fund, or with its assistance was a RAEBURN of MRS ELIZABETH HAMILTON, the authoress of *The Cottagers of Glenburnie*, and of the song "My ain fireside." The picture was purchased by the Scottish Portrait Gallery from the Duke of Buccleuch in 1877 for £600, the Fund's part being £300.

PORTRAIT by ALLAN RAMSAY.—The portrait is of EDWARD HARVEY, is signed by Ramsey and is dated 1747. Harvey was aide-de-camp to Cumberland at Culloden. The portrait was purchased by the Fund for £950 and presented to the Art Gallery at Dundee in 1953.

Ramsay painted a portrait of William Harvey, Edward's brother; he was a Jacobite, and probably because of this Ramsay did not sign or date this portrait.

EDINBURGH FROM THE WATER OF LEITH (by Turner) is one of three water-colours of the same subject. It was purchased for £315 by the Fund, out of the Cochrane Trust and presented to the National Gallery of Scotland.

One of Constable's greatest masterpieces, "THE VALE OF DEDHAM," was purchased by the National Gallery of Scotland in 1944 for £20,000, the Fund having contributed £10,000. The freedom from death duties in the case of the acquisition of works of art by the nation enabled Scotland to secure the picture as American collectors "were fully alive to its outstanding qualities and importance."

Sir Alec resumed his seat amid great applause.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE FUND.

The President thanked Sir Alec for acceding to his request to give this Sentiment. Those who know the enormous amount of work for which Sir Alec is responsible will understand what he has sacrificed to prepare this comprehensive paper. Regarding the Fund itself, for the benefits it has conferred on Scotland it is receiving the close attention of the Saltire Society. There are many Scots names on the Fund's lists; it's a worthy cause. Sir Alec is a man of wide interests, most of them philanthropic. We thank him for sparing his valuable time with us tonight. (Applause.)

Sir Alec, in reply, thanked the President for his complimentary words. Many other gifts, he said, had been made by

the Fund, and our contribution towards these gifts had been several thousands of pounds.

The total membership of the Fund in Scotland is 156, of whom 39 live in Edinburgh. The members of the Fund come from all sections of the community, rich and poor, who have a desire to see that others have the opportunity of enjoying our treasures. My main purpose, said Sir Alec frankly, is to enlist new members. I hope you will all help in this great national work. (Applause.)

Past-President Colonel L. Duncan Bennett, O.B.E., M.C., T.D., proposed the toast " Our Guests ", and made reference to the fact that they had that night with them eminent representatives of the arts, medicine, the Church and State, industry, and the Boy Scouts. (Applause.)

Our Representative Guests.

First, they had Sir Alec Martin, who had given them an illuminating Sentiment, in which he had disclosed a great part of his own genius. Sir Alec joined the great house of Christie's at the age of twelve, and has, through his active and ever-working brain, risen to be its managing director. His interests outside his business are many. He is a Governor and Warden of the National Gallery of Ireland, a Trustee of the Wallace Collection, chairman of the Archives Committee of St Bartholomew's Hospital, and Governor of the Foundling Hospital.

He is an elder of St Columba's Church and an ex-member of the London Scottish Regiment. That he has a sense of humour and business intensity is proved by the fact that he gives his recreation as " Lots." (Laughter.)

Sir Alec is forthright ; he is a man of few words, and does not believe in wasting time. Why, I read that the other day he disposed of twenty-five drawings of Rome in twenty-seven minutes for £6,792. That is £251, 11*s.* 1*d.* per minute. (Laughter and applause.)

We have with us many distinguished guests, among them Mr Geoffrey Collins, who is immersed in scouting, and is also interested in the oil industry ; Mr Robert Cruickshank, F.R.C.P., Professor of Bacteriology, London University ; Mr H. Hamble-Thomas, F.R.C.S.

Lord Rowallan.

To respond to the toast they had Lord Rowallan, who needed no introduction. His name, as Chief Scout, was known throughout the empire and in most other parts of the world, which hold members of that great brotherhood of which he is the head. Lord Rowallan is a man of many activities. In addition to being the leader of over 1,500,000 scouts, he is an active farmer, an authority on the breeding of Ayrshire cattle, a banker, the chairman of two hospitals, and in the cause which is so dear to him he has travelled over 150,000 miles. (Applause.)

His military career was begun when he left Eton in 1914, and joined the Ayrshire Yeomanry. He was subsequently commissioned to the Grenadier Guards. In 1918 he was wounded in the German offensive of that year and

invalided home. During the last war he commanded a battalion of the Royal Scots Fusiliers in France.

He commanded a Battle School in the Highlands for toughening up young officers, and many a platoon commander, when he came up against the real thing, had cause to thank Lord Rowallan for the hard training received when under his command.

It was unnecessary to tell an audience of Scots of the work that Lord Rowallan had done to maintain the standard of scouting, and how, when the founder of the movement, " B. P.," had passed away, Lord Rowallan was asked to take his place at the head of the movement. He, like his predecessor, had inspired all scouts. (Applause.)

By your presence here tonight, my Lord, said Colonel Bennett addressing Lord Rowallan, you have paid our esteemed President a great compliment and through him the members of the Caledonian Society of London. (Loud applause.)

The Lord Rowallan, K.B.E., M.C., T.D., received with applause, said he was pleased and honoured to be with his brother Scots that night.

He thanked Colonel Bennett for the nice things he had said about him (Lord Rowallan). One of his earliest memories, he said, was when he saw the London Scottish march along Pont Street on their way to their Church service at St Columba's. The " Scottish " had proved their worth in 1914.

Well, as you have heard, my work calls me all over the world. I get home every now and then ; but I am never far from Scotland, for whether I go to New Zealand, Australia, Canada, or South Africa, I always find Scots. They are all over the world.

In the Scout Movement we are pretty well placed, and I can say it in this company. There are Pat Simmonds and Lady Stratheden of the Guides, under Lady " B. P." What more do you want than that ?

Lord Rowallan spoke of some of his meetings with strange people ; but here (he said), this evening I have been able to dine without the slightest qualms, among friends and brother Scots, with the same love of their country as I have—a grand experience ; and hearing that grand piping by Pipe-Major Robertson. He thanked from the bottom of his heart his brother Scots for that happy gathering. (Applause.)

The musical part of the programme was contributed to by Mr A. Sellars, a member of St. Columba's choir, and he was accompanied by Mr J. Story, the deputy organist of St. Columba's. Mr Sellars gave great pleasure with his rich bass voice, his songs being " Macgregor's Gathering," " Turn Ye to Me," " Afton Water," and an English translation of a Gaelic song, " None So Sweet."

Mr Sellars and Mr Story were thanked by the President for their valuable services.

Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., included in his pipe programme, besides " The Caledonian Society of London," " The Haughs o' Cromdale," " Rothiemurchus Rant," " Sooty Maggie," and " The Highland Cradle."

"Auld Lang Syne," the solos of which were sung by four bankers, and the National Anthem ended a delightful evening.

The Late Mr George Bonnyman M.B.E.

At the meeting on 18th February, 1954, Mr Napier made sympathetic reference to the death of Mr Geo. Bonnyman, M.B.E. The rule that was created to admit Mr Bonnyman to honorary membership had been agreed to at the meeting on 21st January, It is Rule XIVA and reads :

" At any General Meeting, the Members shall have power on the recommendation of the Council to elect as Honorary Members (without entrance fee or subscription) Members of the Society who have rendered distinguished service to Scotland or to the Society."

The Old Law Lords.

Mr J Murray Napier, O.B.E., presided over the meetings of the Society held on Thursday, 18th March, 1954, at the Rembrandt Hotel, and congratulated Mr Miller, our own secretary on the birth of a grandson.

Following the business meetings Mr Napier took the chair at the Little Dinner, and after the loyal toasts had been heartily pledged, with Caledonian Honours, he called upon Mr Donald Paterson to give his Sentiment, " The Old Scots lawyer."

Mr Paterson said :

" I have been reading an old volume of the eighteenth century, and found in it much that is interesting and edifying, and a good deal that is diverting. It is clear from this book that it was the old Scots lawyer who framed the old Scots laws."

Mr Paterson had a fine story to tell us about the old and eccentric lawyers, particularly the judges. There was Lord Advocate Mackenzie, who came to be known as " Bluidy Mackenzie," and who will live down the ages by that name, because of his vicious attacks on his fellow Scots and other Covenanters, notwithstanding the fact that " he was a scholar, a poet, and some say gentleman." He appeared, said Mr Paterson, to have been a very wise judge. His judicial wisdom often came from the Bench in unsuspected power.

Then they had Thomas Erskine, first Baron, who was the son of the Earl of Buchan. He was in several noted defences, including those of Tom Paine, the Deist, and Lord George Gordon. On one occasion Erskine was defending a man accused of theft. A dispute arose. Erskine agreed that the accused should make an admission. " I'll be hanged if I do," said the prisoner. " You'll be hanged if you don't," was Erskine's retort.

It was Erskine who introduced Burns to Lord Monboddo, whose lovely daughter captivated the poet and led him to compose the beautiful elegy beginning :

Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize
As Burnet, lovely from her native skies ;
Nor envious Death so triumph'd in a blow
As that which laid th' accomplish'd Burnet low.

Lord Monboddo was one of the most colourful and distinguished of the judges of the period. Dear old Monboddo, the Kincardineshire lawyer, earned part of his reputation for eccentricity because he anticipated Darwin in his theory of the descent of man. Lord Monboddo firmly believed that man was descended from apes, and one of his arguments was that in some parts of the world people are still left with the tails of their monkey ancestors.

Lord Neaves in some verses referred to Monboddo's belief in the descent of man from lower animals :—

The rise of men he loved to trace
Up to the very pod-o ;
And in baboons our parent race
Was found by old Monboddo !
Though Darwin now proclaimed the law
And spread it far abroad-o,
The man that first the secret saw,
Was honest old Monboddo !

Some good—and cruel—stories are told of Lord Young. One is of a pleasant lawyer who was pleading before Young. " My Lord," began the pleader, " My unfortunate client "—and there he broke down, but he began again, " My Lord, my unfortunate client "—but he got no further. Again he tried, " My Lord, my unfortunate client." " Proceed, Mr Mackenzie," assented Lord Young, " proceed ; so far the Court is with you."

Lord Moncrieff was another of our old-time judges. Once when he was sentencing a man for murder, he said, " This is unfortunately a bad case. Now, had it been your wife whom you murdered, we would have found some extenuating circumstances. As it was someone else it leads one to the difficulty of getting rid of her, but as it was someone else it leaves little that can be said for you."

There were strange doings in the old Court of Session of the eighteenth century. Fifteen judges were on the Bench, and these Law lords made local bye-laws to suit themselves. They exhibited a rugged and complete ferocity ; their were brave words and broad dialect, for all the judges then had the gift of the vernacular, and used it.

Scottish customs gradually died away, but the end came to many of them only after a long struggle. The judges then—and often do now—took their family or estate names when elevated. They became Lord This or Lord That. It is recorded that when he was elevated, Mr Lander was the owner of a small estate called Woodhead. He was, however, equal to the occasion ; He became Lord Fowlerhall. (Laughter.)

One thing that has changed for the better is the length of time over which cases were spread. Peter Peebles's " guid-gangin' plea " was no fiction. Some of the judges delighted to exclaim " Dinna be brief," even on a short point of law. They engaged in long arguments. The " spread over " that cases often had was scandalous. Cases that had been running for thirty years had not been settled. Sometimes costs were passed on by will. One learned Bencher staggered his associates by exclaiming one day, " Do you know what I've done ? Settled that . . . case as an annuity for life ! "

It was the duty of the usher to bring water and biscuits to the judges on the bench in the forenoon. One day, by accident or design, wine was brought instead of water. The recipients were noticeably mellow after consuming wine and crunching biscuits ; but members of juries in Scotland were denied either meat or drink.

The eccentricities of those eighteenth-century judges were not lost on Sir Walter Scott, who between 1789 and 1832 was Sheriff of Selkirkshire and took minor civil cases. He was, also, for part of the time Clerk of the Court of Session, and the case of Peebles *v.* Plainstanes in *Red Gauntlet*, which had

been before the Courts for fifteen years, is part of the evidence of his work in the Court of Session. In his civil cases he showed great sympathy with the honest debtor unable to pay heavy fines. One of these cases concerned his dear friend James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, against whom Scott was forced to give judgement in an action for debt. On that occasion Hogg is reported to have delivered himself thus : " Finding myself fairly aground, I gave my creditors all that I had, or rather suffered them to take it, and came off and left them, and never asked for a settlement, which would not have been refused me."

Speaking further of the Scotland of the eighteenth century, Mr Paterson referred to the difficulty of administering justice in Highland communities, and to the fact that Inverness Gaol was the worst in the whole country for gaol breaking.

Among the odds and ends related by Mr Paterson was the story of Lord Guthrie when he was Sheriff of Tain. In a case of assault at Cromarty, he explained, " This is a very bad case. I really think you must have some extenuating circumstances to avoid imprisonment. We canna do that. I'll fine you ten shillings." So they all got back to Invergordon.

The Sentiment was received with great appreciation.

The President thanked Mr. Paterson for the illuminating address to which he had entertained them. They had had some fascinating sidelights of old eccentric judges of our own country. (Applause.)

Sir Edward Maufe's Genius.

Mr T. M. Munro was responsible for proposing the toast " Our Guests ".

He said that, brought up in the Highlands of Scotland, I used to hear, at a very early age, the expression " a real Highland welcome." Later, I realised that the love of having and honouring guests is true of all Scotland ; and it is abundantly true of the Caledonian Society of London. So we gladly extend a most cordial welcome to all friends with us this evening. (Hear, hear.)

Many of our guests have attained high distinction in their chosen professions. They come from many spheres—from our island home, the Commonwealth, and from France. The Arts, the Church, and the Law are all well represented.

It is a particular pleasure to have with us to-night Sir Edward Maufe, Royal Academician, an Hon. Doctor of Laws, and Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects, who will respond to this toast. Sir Edward is, as you know, a very famous architect. In 1944 he was awarded the Royal Gold Medal for Architecture. His works include Guildford Cathedral, the B.B.C. Chapel, and the Chapel Royal at Windsor Great Park.

In this New Year's Honours he was given a knighthood with particular reference to his services to the Imperial War Graves Commission. Sir Edward was responsible for the Royal Air Force Memorial at Runnymede, which was opened by the Queen last year. He was, I understand, selected for this commission because of his outstanding services as chief architect and artistic adviser to the War Graves Commission, to which I have referred. (Applause.)

As is well known to the Scottish Community in London, Sir Edward is architect of the new St. Columba's, Pont Street, the scheme of which is very greatly admired. All Scots in London look forward with happy anticipation to the completion of that noble work. (Applause.)

We are indeed honoured to have Sir Edward with us. He represents a very great profession whose works reflect the history, taste, character and brave deeds of a nation, and whose privilege it is that their works endure in visible form from generation to generation and, in many cases, right down the centuries. (Applause.)

Our President has already voiced our pleasure at having with us Mr Donald Paterson, who was born in Derby, and whose parents were natives of Stirling.

Rev. Dr. Moffett we hail here as an old friend. Rev. F. G. Healey, M.A., is twice an M.A., for he holds the degree from Birmingham and Cambridge. As a missionary he served in Formosa, China and Japan. Mr Peter Gordon Brown was chief of the Government Actuary Department. Mr Ernest Goddard, M.A., solicitor, is the brother of the Lord Chief Justice. To all those and other visitors with us we give a hearty welcome. (Applause.)

Replying to the toast, Sir Edward Maufe, R.A., LL.D., F.R.I.B.A., thanked Mr Munro most sincerely for the very kind things he had said about him (Sir Edward) and his distinguished fellow guests, and to thank the Society for the great hospitality and the warm welcome that they had given them.

I am sure (continued Sir Edward) you must feel pretty safe in getting an Englishman to reply to this toast, " The Guests," for though we Englishmen seem to spend much of our time in teasing the Scots, yet you know, just as well as we do, that it is mostly done from a mixture of admiration and envy. (Laughter.)

Before coming here this evening I had reason to ring up the minister of St. Columba's, and among other things I asked him whether it would be appropriate to talk of St. Columba's. He said, " Yes, certainly ; of course " ; as far as I understood, and went on: " You will find that they are nearly all members of our Kirk Session, or if not they soon will be." (Laughter.)

I hope that you may agree that there is some advantage in choosing an Englishman to design St. Columba's, for it is true that the onlooker sees most of the game. Now this high game of Scottish architecture certainly needs looking at very clearly and very closely, for it is a very subtle and sensitive business, since, on the one hand, many Scottish buildings approach the sublime, yet, on the other hand, since Victorian times many Scottish buildings by their mere copying of old features have sunk to the banal, and it was this process that dragged down the name of Scottish baronial.

I often think that Sir Robert Lorimer should be regarded as one of the Scottish Saints, for it was he who completely got rid of this banal copying, and pointed the way to a fine fresh building-up on the old Scottish tradition. It is true we owe him much for his work for the Scottish War Memorial—the great idea of leaving some of the rock showing was his—but he was not allowed to do his best at this memorial, and what I am more particularly thinking of are the Thistle Chapel and his really beautiful rebuildings, such as his work at Kelly Castle, Dunderave, and Balmanno. These are now some of the best works of art in Great Britain. (Applause.)

I always have had an immense admiration for Scottish stonework, and at St Columba's I have tried, as far as I can, to let the building rise naturally under my hands from its very Scottish conditions. There is, I think, no copying, but it is interesting to find that some of the special conditions, such as having to build up rather high on a crowded site, have, I think, produced quite naturally some of the characteristics of the superb old high buildings

of Scotland—in spite of these having been built up high from quite a different reason.

But it is getting late, and I will not keep you, though I must say two things before I conclude : First, that I am very happy and proud to be doing the work at St. Columba's ; secondly, that I am very happy to thank you for your hospitality tonight, both for myself and for my fellow guests. (Loud applause.)

The President and His Officers.

The President, giving the toast, " The Honorary Office-Bearers," said that among the tasks that face the President, as Little Dinner follows Little Dinner, there is none to which he feels he must give closer attention than the honorary officers. The members know that I can add nothing to the affection and admiration with which they are held, and to the debt of gratitude which we are under to all of them.

Mr Napier asked to be forgiven if he became frivolous ; he proposed breaking into verse, and in his verses he serves out blushes to the Hon. Historian and the Hon. Treasurer, and belauds us all, winding up with :

> And last, not least, we give our thanks
> To him whose worth in sillar,
> We can at no time ever gauge—
> I mean our William Miller. (Laughter and applause.)
>
> To each and every one of them,
> We give our heartfelt praise ;
> So now, I ask you to arise ;
> With thanks our glasses raise.

Mr W. M. Miller, Hon. Secretary, in reply, said :

It is a high compliment to the honorary office-bearers to be congratulated on their work by one who bears the illustrious name of Napier. When our President was elected, the honorary treasurer, a chartered accountant, knowing that a Napier invented logarithms, immediately discarded simple arithmetic, which had always been used to record the Society's financial transactions, and substituted logarithms. (Laughter.) This was a severe shock to the honorary auditor, a guileless banker—if such a thing exists : Fortunately, he discovered that this man Napier was also the inventor of a device known as Napier's bones or rods, something I imagine like the counting beads we used as children, which by means of sets of rods performed mechanically, operations of multiplication and division. That solved the auditor's problem. (Laughter.).

I, the honorary secretary, was also delighted to serve a Napier, not perhaps for such an elevated reason as that of my colleagues, but because the name reminded me of my youth. In our town we had a worthy, Jock Napier —who was afflicted by a loud, raucous and permanent cough. He was known to everyone as " The Lord of Hosts." (Loud laughter.)

The bouquets, well deserved I admit, which the President has thrown at the officebearers, naturally remind me of flowers, and that recalls the experience of a friend of mine who was recently in New York. Riding along

Broadway, he passed an imposing funeral with an impressive following of mourners. Thinking the deceased must have been someone of importance, he asked the taxi driver, " Who's dead ? " " Well, buddy," was the reply, " I guess it must be the guy nearest the flowers ! " (Laughter.) Tonight we, the honorary officebearers, may be nearest the flowers which the President has metaphorically thrown at us, but I can assure you that we are all very much alive, so alive that any effort to get rid of our jobs appears to be about as likely to succeed as an attempt to throw away a second-hand boomerang. (Laughter and applause.)

The musical programme—a judicious mixture of Lowland Scottish, English and Gaelic—was provided by our member, Mr J. C. M. Campbell, who lent his melodious voice to two Gaelic songs and " Loch Lomond," and "The Silver Moon my Mistress is." Mr Campbell and his accompanist, Mr Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M., were thanked on the call of the President.

Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., gave as his selection " Corrie Choillie," " Brechin Castle," " The Mason's Apron," and " The Isle of the Heather," as well as the Society's final Strathspey, and " Highland Laddie."

" Auld Lang Syne " and the National Anthem brought a successful gathering to a close.

The Ladies' Night.

The annual Festival, at which ladies are welcomed, is always an occasion of great joviality, for the wives and daughters of members take full advantage of the privilege.

The Festival of 1954, with Mr J. Murray Napier, President, in the chair, had a company well above the average. It was held, like our other monthly meetings, at the Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington, on Thursday, 29th April, 1954.

After a splendid dinner the President called for the loyal toasts, and these having been heartily pledged with Caledonian Honours, the President proposed the toast " The Caledonian Society of London." He said it was traditional that the President should propose ourselves, for of course that was what he was doing. But that duty had to be done so that the guests, from their own firesides and across the seas, would know the people among whose company they were spending that night.

The Caledonian Society of London had a long and honourable life. Founded in the year of Queen Victoria's accession, it had seen at Buckingham Palace and Balmoral five crowned heads. All the time that the Society had been functioning it had been exercising its paramount privilege and main duty—

that is, assisting, among other charities, the two great London charities, the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools—in their work of mercy. The Corporation ministered to the needs of the old and infirm Scots in London, and the Schools cared for youthful Scots who are without proper protection.

The President thanked sincerely the members and office-bearers for all the assistance that they had given him. They had made his year of office a very pleasant experience to him. (Loud applause.)

Our Welcome Guests.

Mr William Dalgarno, Vice-President, proposed "Our Guests" in a short witty speech.

He declared that this toast, at any rate on Ladies' Night, did not require for its presentation either the gift of eloquence or the plea of justification. If it did, the toast tonight would have to be put into other hands. "Bit aw'll dae ma best," said Mr Dalgarno in the homely vernacular of which he is the master.

My pleasure in proposing the toast is enhanced by the inclusion in our company of many charming, gracious and beautiful ladies. I remember receiving a card of invitation to some social event, and the card contained this intriguing note: "Guests welcome; wives expected." I would like to assure all the ladies that tonight they are both expected, and indeed are being made welcome. My own favourite lady guest made it crystal clear, and with an almost unbearable pleasantness, that she would certainly be present whether expected or not—(Laughter)—and with a threat that makes me quote Burns: "What a wife as Willie had, I wadna gi'e a button for her!" (Laughter.)

What can I say about the dear ladies? After all, they do speak for themselves! To me, perhaps, their most important quality is their versatility. (Hear, hear.)

In the professions, as in business, they more than hold their own with the mere males. I noticed an advertisement in a well-known Scottish newspaper, under "Situations Vacant": there appeared this: "Solicitors have vacancy for girl; experience preferred, not necessarily legal." (Laughter.)

Like the story of the Scottish lady, married for the second time to a lazy fellow who married her for her money! For ten years he did no work, and then death stepped in. The widow met a lady friend who was unaware of the death of the husband, and she asked for Wullie. "Oh, he's deid." "Faur did ye beery 'im?" "He's cremated, an' I made his ashes into an egg-timer. I look at the egg-timer when it's working, an' say to masel', 'Weel, Wullie, ye did naething durin' yer lifetime. I'm glad to ken that though yer awa' at last, yer servin' a usefu' purpose." (Laughter.)

I am afraid I have spent too much time with the ladies. (Laughter.) But there is one lady I must mention—Mrs J. B. Rintoul, whose husband was such a hard worker in Scottish societies in London. (Hear, hear.) They had just one Scots phrase to offer their friends, "Hist ye back." (Loud applause.)

Mrs. Katherine Wilmot, who will reply for the ladies, we welcome most heartily. She is a political veteran—a youthful veteran! Mrs Wilmot is the daughter of the late Sir William Thomson; was educated at

St Leonard's School, St Andrews; was private secretary to the Duchess of Atholl for three years when the latter was M.P. for East Perthshire. Mrs. Wilmot was Conservative candidate for East Islington at the 1950 and 1951 elections. She is at present a councillor on Richmond Borough Council. (Applause.)

Mr Horace Wilmot, B.A., B.A.I., A.M.I.C.E., her husband, who is also present, was associated in business with Sir Alexander Gibb, and with Past Present Sir Murdoch Macdonald.

Mr H. A. T. Simmonds, who is also responding, is a well-known educationalist, and under the Middlesex County Council he was headmaster of Tottenham College. He is now principal of the Trent Park Training College. Mr Simmonds has given a lifetime service to youth work, and is a Deputy County Commissioner in the Boy Scout Movement. (Applause.)

Mrs Wilmot had a hearty greeting when she rose to reply for the ladies. She facetiously remarked that even stickit ministers had been kent to say a few words. She wondered sometimes if the young Scots were growing up in the spirit of "Auld Lang Syne." She spoke of Scottish Nationalism as being a real thing; that is political Nationalism. There are two Scotlands, said Mrs Wilmot; one is in Inverness. I appreciate the glamour of the Highlands, but there are also the Gorbals Diehards, and we have to reconcile these two elements. I have great confidence in my native land. (Applause.)

The Value of the Kilt.

Mr. H. A. J. Simmonds, M.A., who also replied to the toast, said he wished in the first place to thank Mr Napier for inviting him to that delightful gathering.

Mr Napier (said Mr Simmonds) was a great figure in the Scout Movement; he was Commissioner for London—(applause)—but he wondered if the Chief London Scout was entitled to wear the kilt. As an Englishman he had noticed one extraordinary quality among his Scottish friends. Whenever they wished to impress people they donned the kilt. (Laughter.) There was the Chief Scout! an excellent ordinary man. When compared with me, said Mr Simmonds amid laughter. He would pass without more notice than I would; but he puts on the kilt, the Chief Scout for London does the same, and he and his English fellow travellers are eclipsed. We become mere pigmies. (Laughter.)

What do we think of you? Why, you don't give us an opportunity of forgetting you. You have taught us a lot. From your Vice-President I have even learned tonight how to talk back to my wife. (Laughter.) Why, we are your guests in our own country! You even flourish in the presence of a superior race! I am an Englishman, but I have never heard Englishmen praise England. (Laughter and applause.)

Burns you have set out all over the world, and you never mind if you miss the gist of his work. I cannot say I know Scotland, but I do know something about some of your sons whom many of your lovers of Burns

probably never heard of. I know your Stevenson, your Buchan and your Ian Hay. Two Scots books I admire—*Kidnapped* and *Catriona*. I was only once in love—with Catriona. That is a story of the union of the Highlands and the Lowlands. That is Scotland. As Englishmen and Englishwomen we are as proud of Scotland as any Scot. (Applause.)

We as men interested in the Scout Movement take pleasure, often inspiration, from watching the boys. Watching Scots boys give us the supreme idea of duty. (Applause.)

Dr Scott on the President.

Past-President the Rev. Dr R. F. V. Scott asked the company to give their thanks to their retiring President for the very fine work he had performed for the Society during his session in office, and to drink his and his good lady's health. (Applause.)

Dr Scott continued: Mr Napier had been an ideal chairman. His remarks were always to the point. There was never any verbiage in the presidential speeches during the meetings, and he had always in the chair the calm dignity that marked his year of office.

The humane side of Mr Napier was not disclosed to everybody, but, said Dr Scott, I have had many years of his friendship, and I know the many kindly acts that our President has done, and how he is always ready to lend his generous hand and brain in the interest of the many poor where help is needed and so liberally supplied. To his compliment to the President he joined the lady with whom the President was so happy. (Loud applause.)

The President and Mrs Napier's health was pledged with enthusiasm.

The President, in reply, said he was really grateful to Dr Scott for the kind and generous thoughts that had actuated his remarks, and on behalf of his wife and himself he (the President) again thanked the members for their support.

During the evening the Past-Presidents present were received by the President. The congratulations and thanks of the Past-Presidents were offered to Mr Napier, who pinned to Mr Steele's breast the Society's badge as a mark of the Society's appreciation of a year of splendid work as President.

Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., gave as his selection, "The True Lover's Lament," "Lady Mackenzie of Gairloch," "Three Girls of Portree," and "The Weary Maid." These he supplemented with "The Caledonian Society of London" (Strathspey) and "Highland Laddie."

Mrs Olyffe Stewart sang sweetly "In Praise of Islay," "The Eriskay Love Lilt," "There's None to Soothe," and "I Canna Buckle tae." Mr J. Story accompanied.

Mr Ernest Castro and April presented Wizardy and Fun.

"Auld Lang Syne," and the National Anthem ended a highly successful Festival.

Annual Meeting.

Mr J. Murray Napier, O.B.E., President, completed the work of Session 1953–1954 at the annual meeting at headquarters on 4th November, 1954. He referred to the fact that during the Session no fewer than six members had died, namely, William Harvie, Past-President James Abernethy, Dr John Forbes, D. M. Mitchell, W. P. Strang, and R. G. Davidson. The President spoke of the great loss that the Society had suffered by the passing of those members, and resolutions expressing sympathy with their relatives were passed.

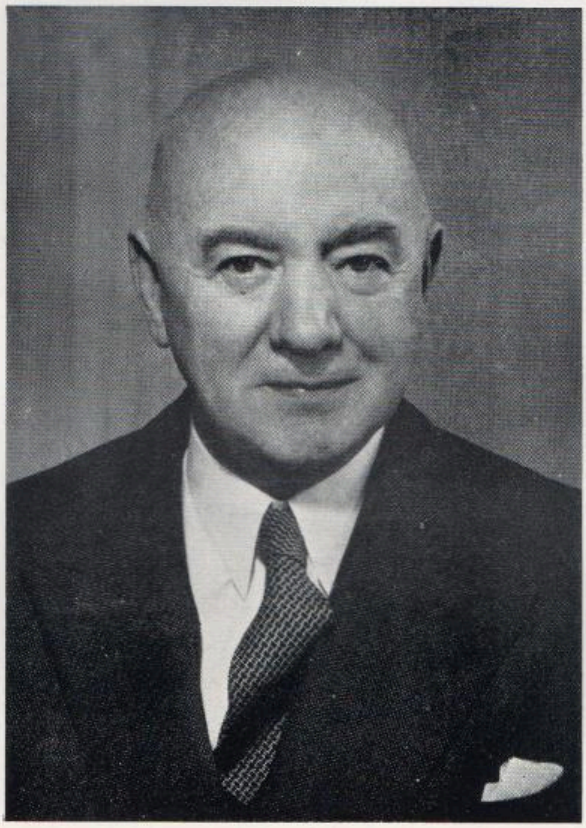
Mr Miller reported that our Quaich had been won at the London Caledonian Highland Games at the White City, on 15th May, 1954, by J. E. A. Robertson, Scottish A.A.A., who was second in the 440 yards.

The grants of £50 each to the two great London charities were passed.

The President thanked the members for their support, and moved the election of Mr William Dalgarno as his successor. This was approved, and Mr Napier placed the Society's gold badge and chain on Mr Dalgarno's shoulders.

Mr Dalgarno thanked the members for the honour done him, and on his motion it was agreed that the Society's gold badge be awarded to Mr Napier.

Sir George Campbell, K.C.I.E., was unanimously elected Vice-President, and the other officers were re-elected.



WILLIAM DALGARNO

President, 1954–1955

CHAPTER III

1954–1955 : Mr William Dalgarno, *President*

Insurance takes the Reins ; an Aberdonian is in the Chair ; " The Scot in Drama," by Mr. Duncan McIntyre ; a Breezy Welcome to our Guests ; Gratitude to the 51st Highland Division ; J. C. M. Campbell and Robert Eadie ; " The Fisher-folk of the North-east," by Mr. W. S. Duthie, M.P. ; Mr. David Fulton on the Society's Contents ; " The Immortal Memory," by F. W. Wallace ; " Japan and Whisky," Mr. H. R. Spence, M.P. ; " Tullochgorum Skinner," by Mr. W. A. Mitchell ; the President on Mr. Miller ; Mr. Miller on the President.

DURING the past sixty years, and perhaps before then, the Society has had only four Presidents who, at the time of their election were engaged in insurance work. Mr William Dalgarno, elected President for 1954–1955 is the fourth. When he retired from his position of manager of the Home Accident Department of the Northern Assurance Company in 1952, he had been in the Company's employment for forty-four years and for seventeen of these he had charge of the Home Accident Department, a record which showed the attitude of the directors to his work.

Our new President was born in Aberdeen in 1887, and he was educated at Robert Gordon's College, one of the two leading schools in the Granite City, two schools which prepare annually youths for Aberdeen University.

On leaving school Mr Dalgarno went into the head office of the " Northern ", and in 1919, so satisfactory and promising were his work, that he was transferred to London to be the manager of the Accident Claims Department. Ultimately he was promoted to the managership of the Home Accident Department.

His many other business activities include a directorship of the White Cross Insurance Company, an associate company of the Northern.

Mr Dalgarno's insurance work was interrupted when in the Great War of 1914–1918 he fought in France in the Royal Field Artillery.

Before leaving this short record of the business side of Mr Dalgarno's life, we must quote what his colleagues said of him in the Northern and Allied Company's Magazine when he retired from active work in 1952 :

"His business career" (said the farewell notice), "was eminently successful, and throughout a lengthy period of office, in times good and bad, his leadership inspired the best in his team. Above all, the dignity and responsibility of office were never allowed to impair the 'common touch,' which endeared him to so many of us. He has left an imperishable mark of his strong and lovable personality. . . .

"Then" (continued the magazine article, referring to his drama career), "those of us fortunate enough to be there will recall his unforgettable performance as Judge in the Mock Trials held by the Northern Debating Society —done so ably as to be the envy of the Bar on those occasions."

These complimentary notes lead us to Mr Dalgarno's interest in social matters, one of which is the Drama. He is a Past-President and Honorary Life Member of the London-Scottish Drama Guild. His presidency of the Guild was for the two years 1950–51 and 1951–52. As an actor he regularly takes part in drama contests promoted by the Guild. For many years he has had the leading part in the plays presented by the London, Aberdeen, Banff and Kincardine Drama Party ; and in 1954 at the one-act play festival he had a great personal triumph : he was awarded the *Weekly Scotsman* trophy for the best individual performance of the week. The L.A.B.K.A. Sketch Party on that occasion took the third place.

Mr Dalgarno is a Vice-President and the Chairman of L.A.B.K.A., and takes a leading part, not only in the Drama section, but in all the social work, reading and reciting his doric pieces to the understanding and delight of his members.

He is President, too, of the London Gordonians (the London Branch of the Robert Gordon's College Former Pupils), and at the annual dinners he entertains his colleagues with samples of his clever recitations and monologues in the Aberdeenshire dialect.

He is a Past-President of the London Burns Club, and as such he has frequently been called upon to give the Immortal Memory, and even more frequently, to recite the "Address to a Haggis," which he does with appropriate action.

Members will be interested to know that the purity of Mr Dalgarno's Aberdeenshire speech, of which we have heard many examples, was recognised by the British Drama League twenty years ago, when they invited him to make a record for their collection of dialects, which covers more than twenty counties of Great Britain. Mr Dalgarno's records were of Dr Charles Murray's " Gin I was God," and Dr William Alexander's " Couper Sandy." Those records were made for the use of actors who may be called upon to appear in doric parts and for phoneticians generally.

Our two great London charities are among the named objects of the efforts of the Caledonian Society of London ; and it is a great pleasure to put on record the fact that Mr Dalgarno is an active member of the New Applicants Sub-Committee of the Management Committee of the Royal Scottish Corporation, and as such puts to his colleagues with feeling the claims of the poor, helpless, worthy brave old Scotsmen and women who have fallen by the way, and who come monthly under the Corporation's observation and consideration.

Although a hard worker, Mr Dalgarno has not neglected his health. Golf has always been his chief outdoor pastime. In the days of his youth he had a great reputation as a draughts player, and at one time he was champion of Aberdeenshire.

It will be seen that with all his accomplishments, business and social, Mr Dalgarno is well able to uphold the reputation of the Caledonian Society of London.

The Scot in Drama

At the opening meeting of Session 1954–1955 on Thursday, 18th November, 1954, Mr William Dalgarno, the new President was warmly welcomed to the chair. This session, as previously, the Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington, was our meeting place. Mr Dalgarno was accompanied by the new Vice-President, Sir George Campbell, K.C.I.E., the other office-bearers, and a large number of the members.

At the Little Dinner, Mr Dalgarno gave the loyal toasts, and thereafter introduced Mr Duncan McIntyre, who was to give the Sentiment.

The President said Mr McIntyre had a most valuable record with the B.B.C., and outside the Corporation. He had

played more Scots doctors, chief engineers, and detective inspectors on the air than any other man in this country. (Laughter and applause.)

Mr Dalgarno told how he had met Mr McIntyre—as an adjudicator of the plays in the London Scottish Drama Guild, in which he (the President) had appeared. " I don't say he was always right in his decisions," was the President's droll aside (amid laughter), " but he was always fair." I have not been always right myself ! At a London suburban concert I once sang a few songs, and the local paper's comments were : " Mr Dalgarno sang several songs, after which some music was enjoyed." (Laughter.) The President emphasised Mr McIntyre's special qualifications to speak on the subject of the drama in Scotland.

Mr. Duncan McIntyre, in introducing his Sentiment said he was deeply conscious of the honour done him in being asked to speak on " The Scot and the Drama." He said :

If we are to attempt a comprehensive survey of this question, our first problem is, how are we to approach the subject ?

Are we to consider and assess the Scot as a writer of Drama, as a performer of Drama, or as a patron of Drama ? I think it will be necessary to touch on all three sides of the question, and it would be very easy indeed to dismiss the whole affair in three broad, sweeping statements—to say, in short, that the Scots contribution to world drama as a writer has been negligible, that his contribution as a performer has been seriously affected by the undoubted lack of real Scots dramatists, and that his patronage of the theatre has been limited to far too small a proportion of the population—and alas ! all three statements are only too true, but such statements cannot be made without further amplification, without further exploration of the state of affairs, if a true picture of the Scot and the Drama is to be presented.

Let us consider him first as a patron of Drama. Plays, of course, are written primarily for public performance in a theatre, and we as a nation have had to fight against, and overcome a host of prejudices against all things theatrical. The theatre to our forebears was a place of evil, the resort of rogues and vagabonds—and worse—an establishment that could take no part whatever in our national life. If an old friend John Knox, ever queued up as an ardent first-nighter he managed to keep it very quiet, and even today there are many Scots who regard the theatre with a certain amount of suspicion. And then, the very uneven distribution of our population over the land means that a great proportion have had little or no chance—(and still have little or no chance) of seeing live professional productions. These good people in outlying areas have had to make the best of things (and often it's a very good " best " too) with local amateur drama groups. I am glad to say however, that things are improving—slowly but surely changes are coming about, and thanks to the good offices and wise policy of the Arts Council, professional companies are being sent to the outlying parts and being met with a most heartening welcome. I speak here from personal experience, as I have but recently returned from such a tour, that extended right across the North of Scotland from Stornoway to Peterhead—thirteen dates in all, at all of which we were given a most enthusiastic and appreciative reception. Yes, there can be no doubt that the support is there for any company that cares

to take its plays to the drama-starved folk of rural Scotland, but unfortunately, no company can afford to do this without Arts Council or similar backing, and even *their* purse is laced pretty tightly. And we find not only support but also a highly critical appreciation, for, despite his lack of opportunities, the Scot is acknowledged to be a valuable critic of the theatre. Managements here in the south have always been ready to try out their new plays on a Scottish audience—to test their craft for leaks before launching out on the calmer waters of the West End. In spite of these signs, however, of the modern Scots theatrical interest, as a patron he is not nearly insistent enough on good *Scottish* Drama. He has shown no real ambition for his own national theatre, and is far too ready to accept the tasty morsels from south of the Border and elsewhere. Consider, for example, the Edinburgh Festival, that highlight of British cultural and artistic life. It is true that this is an international festival —but what an opportunity is missed each year of really putting Scotland on the map of world drama. There is not nearly enough emphasis on Scottish writing and achievement, and this annual event has become, I am afraid, just another Festival that happens to be held in Edinburgh. What a pity.

The Scot, then, can be a keen, appreciative patron of the theatre, but he must learn to demand a higher standard, a greater force and strength from the drama of his own land.

Now, what of the Scot as a performer. He is, of course, a natural actor —he loves to dramatise himself and his circumstances, and has the knack of turning the every-day happening into an event of stark drama. He loves to dress up, and I have a sneaking suspicion that his fondness for the kilt is not entirely due to his national pride in that garment as his national dress. At the same time he is watching—and relishing its effect on his audience. I frankly admit that I'd never be without a kilt if an otherwise beneficent Providence had only been a little more generous when handing out the right shape of leg ! This desire for the dramatic may result in the spectacular removal of the Stone of Scone or in the blowing up of a pillar box, but whatever form it takes, it has become a real national characteristic. It can be recognised in the Scots' extravagant hero-worship of great national figures like Prince Charlie and Burns—he seeks to identify himself with these great figures and longs to play their part. The wee lad, kicking an empty tin along the back streets of Glasgow or Edinburgh is really, for the time being, a George Young or a Willie Bauld, according to whatever team he happens to support.

That the Scot is a natural actor longing to play a part cannot be doubted when we consider the strength of the Scottish Community Drama movement, in whose ranks there are literally hundreds of eager performers whose work often reaches a very high standard of proficiency.

But what of his contribution to the professional stage ? Not long ago the only recognisable Scottish feature of the live theatre was the kilted comic —with knobbly sticks—and even knobblier knees ! Some of us have our own ideas of his value as a Scottish advertisement—but I suppose he did add something to the gaiety of the nations. He cannot, however, be said to have added anything at all to the sum total of Scots drama. Indeed, until recent times, the Scottish contribution to any branch of the English speaking theatre has been disappointing in the extreme. Today, however, I think we can claim that things are on the mend, and that there is among the actors of our country a new determination to place Scotland firmly on the theatrical map. Several native Repertory Companies are developing their own acting tradition in such places as Glasgow, Edinburgh, Perth, Dundee and Pitlochry, and to them we wish a continued and an increasing success.

Not only do we find a growing number of professional actors seeking employment in Scotland today, but we also find a corresponding raising of the overall standard of acting, and that it will continue to improve is, I think, guaranteed by such laudable projects as the Glasgow College of Dramatic

Art—started only four years ago, but which has already turned out some first-class material.. I am afraid, however, that all the Scots' natural capacity for acting, all the enthusiasm and courage of the Repertory companies, all the increasing technical skill of our young actors, will be wasted unless there arises in the land a body of writers who can provide them with plays worthy of their attainments. Which leads us to a consideration of the Scot as a writer of Drama.

The history of Scotland is one long drama—or a series of dramas linked into one compelling story. Every major figure in Scottish history has been a figure of drama—often a tragic figure, but always intensely dramatic in character. Now, one would expect such a nation to have produced a dramatic literature second to none. The straight literature is there, the poetry is there, but where are the plays, the great plays that might bring to life for us the greatness of our past, that might mirror for us the life and affairs of our land.

No one I think will deny that Scotland has contributed a generous share to the sum total of human achievement in many walks of life. The adjective " Scottish " applied to any article of commerce is a guarantee of character and worth, appreciated far and wide—be it a giant liner, a length of tweed, or a glass of whisky—it's recognised and appreciated the world over.

But unfortunately we are quite unable to point to any collection of Scottish plays, and proudly claim that this is our national drama. Now, I don't want to be misunderstood on this point. I would be the first to admit that we have, and have had, many Scottish writers whose plays have merited a success label—whose work has provided real enjoyment and entertainment for the public. Many of those writers have been honest, skilful craftsmen, showing an occasional spark of genius to rouse our hopes, but never a spark bright enough to burst into the steady flame of real greatness. Not even the two stars of the Scottish firmament, Barrie and Bridie (those two busy " Bs ") have shown that consistent brilliance necessary to disperse the shadows that have for so long shrouded our native drama, and the lamentable fact remains that the greatest Scottish play yet written—*MacBeth*—was written by an Englishman.

So many of our playwrights have been content to write—or been forced to write—plays for English consumption, or at least for consumption elsewhere than in Scotland, that the struggling actor north of the border has to try his prentice hand on plays that are foreign to his nature, or resort to that lower strata of Scottish play, of which, unfortunately, there is no shortage. Scotland, of course, is a small country and it may seem unfair to expect greatness from the mere handful of playwrights such a land is likely to produce—but why is it unfair ? We have had acknowledged greatness in other forms of writing, and the quality of a nation's art has never been determined by its size or population. Think of the Irish theatre, the quality of whose work both in writing and performance placed it securely on an unassailable pinnacle in the world of drama. No, we must not offer our scarcity of acres or of population as an excuse for our poverty of plays. We have the right to expect and to hope for a much higher level of attainment from our Scottish dramatists. How can they be encouraged to fulfil this hope ? I wish I knew —but, for myself, I feel that the formation of a Scottish National Theatre with full State backing, recruiting its players from existing repertory companies might well supply the inspiration and incentive for our playwrights to turn out some work of an abiding greatness. And can we hope for this : can we expect this to happen, within the foreseeable future ? I don't see why not. If broadcasting has done nothing else, it has certainly awakened our dramatic conscience, and there can be no doubt that the growing influence of television will do even more along these lines. Yes, I think we can at least look forward to the day—and may it be soon—when the Scot in drama will win for himself a

reputation as bright and as distinguished as that he now enjoys in so many other fields of human endeavour and achievement.

The President thanked Mr McIntyre for his brilliant Sentiment. It used to be a " touchy " subject, when the word theatre was ostracised, but we live in more generous days. They were grateful to Mr McIntyre for putting before the Society the cultural point of view. (Applause.)

Guests and Absent Friends.

Mr William Millar most amusingly proposed " Our Guests ". The first toast, he said, must be " Absent Friends ", coupled with the name of the wine waiter, which reminds me of the political canvasser who called on a minister on the eve of a general election. " Do you partake of intoxicating beverages ? " asked the minister. " Is that an inquiry or an invitation ? " was the query. Well, in the Caledonian Society it is always an invitation.

Our first tribute tonight is to the profession of arms, the London Scottish, which the President will give from the chair later ; but in the meantime let me say how pleased we are to welcome several of the leaders of the regiment—Col. Ogilby, Col. Penman, the Commanding Officer, and Lt.-Col. James Peddie.

I have on my list to welcome Mr. John Adamson, an ornament to the profession of accountancy. Born in the East of Scotland, Mr. Adamson in London became principal of his firm, and he has now a world-wide reputation. He was Controller of Fish, and was for five years a governor of the B.B.C. (Applause.)

The Stock Exchange is represented by a great and an extraordinary Englishman, Col. Archdale. He plays the bagpipes ! (Laughter.) Spurgeon was asked if a man who played the bagpipes could go to heaven. The preacher replied : " There is no reason why he shouldn't, but it is doubtful if his next-door neighbour would." (Laughter.)

We welcome, too, Mr. E. A. Armstrong, C.B., C.B.E., M.A., who is under-Secretary of the Ministry of Civil Aviation. He left Morrison's Academy for Edinburgh University, not quite in the sense of the budding medical student who declared : " I shall leave school, take up medicine, and go on to the university ! " It is asking a good deal of a Dumfriesshire Borderer to drink the health of an Armstrong, keeping in mind the reputation of his ancestor, Johnny Armstrong of Kilnockie, the freebooter. (Laughter.) I am, quite prepared to concede something to the process of purification that has gone on through the years. Our guest tonight is probably the finest specimen of the clan in captivity. (Laughter and applause.) We do not forget the informative Sentiment on the Auld Alliance he gave us last session. (Applause.)

Mr. J. W. Baxter has his spiritual habitat in the Kirk Session of Crown Court. When the Moderator comes to London next week, he will show his impartiality by attending both Crown Court and St. Columba's.

In the world of successful big business or industry, we have W. Stanley Draper, a man of untold wealth. A successful business man is one who earns

more than his wife can spend, and the successful woman is she who can find such a man. (Laughter.)

We have, too, Mr. C. C. Lockitt, of the Commercial Bank of Scotland Limited, incorporated by Royal Charter, by Act of Parliament, and kind permission of United Dominions Trust and Great Universal Stores. (Loud laughter.)

And there is Mr. Ian Stewart, F.S.A.(Scot.), honorary heraldic writer to the St. Andrew's Society.

Then we have our Hon. Historian, an up and coming young member of our society—(laughter)—surrounded by his guests. Mr. A. T. Scott, F.R.I.B.A., and Mr. Frank Webster, an able architect and an equally able builder.

Mr. Gardiner, who is to reply to the toast, has many war experiences, but all seem small when compared with his extraordinary tribute he pays to the Scottish soldiers in the 1914–1918 war. Perhaps we shall hear Mr. Gardiner's opinion of Scotland when he replies.

Then there is our principal guest, Mr. M'Intyre, who has given us such an enlightened—and controversial—Sentiment. He has inspired us. He was born in Glasgow of West Highland parentage, was educated at Hyndland School, a product of Glasgow School of Art. He was art master at Bellahouston Academy and Allan Glen School from 1930 to 1942, and in the latter year the B.B.C. invited him to join their Drama Repertory Company. You all know the many roles he was called upon to play in TV. and straight radio. His stage experience included appearances in the West End of London, and an arts tour of Scotland.

We are proud to welcome Mr, McIntyre and thank this busy man for his informative and critical Sentiment. (Applause.)

Thank God for the Highlanders.

Mr G. S. Gardiner, replying to the toast spoke of his friendship with the President, and recounted what he called his " amazing experience " in the First World War when the 51st Highland Division made world history. He was a gunner in Divisional H.Q., attached to the 51st Highland Division, when the Germans made their big push in March 1918. Mr Gardiner said that those great Scottish soldiers who held up the German advance, were in front of his section, and he was not the only man who said fervently " Thank God for the Highland Division." (Applause.)

Our Regiment the "Scottish".

The President, in giving the toast " The London Scottish," said the year 1859 was a memorable one, for then the Caledonian Society and the Highland Society together formed the London Scottish. (The President in an aside explained that he had room for only two dates in his brain, 1759, the birthday of Burns, and, with a pause, " aye an' 1314.") (Laughter and applause.) The two Societies had every reason to be proud of the men of the " Scottish," who had distinguished themselves

in war and peace. They had worthily upheld a brilliant reputation. (Applause.) Referring to the danger of exaggeration, Mr Dalgarno told the story of the maid who did not disclose to her mistress the fact she cam fae Aiberdeen. The mistress accidentally came to know the birthplace of Maggie, and asked why she had failed to tell her. " Weel," said the lassie, " Ye niver speired at me, an' ma mither aye tell't me nae to blaw ! "

J.C.M. Campbell and Robert Eadie.

The President called for hearty thanks for the harmony created by our members, Mr J. C. M. Campbell, and his accompanist Mr Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M. Mr Campbell's songs were two Gaelic pieces, " Heart of Fire " and " Isle of my Heart," and the Lowland songs, " Bonnie Wee Thing " and " I Gaed a Waefu' Gait Yestreen." They were given with Mr Campbell's freshness and feeling, and lost nothing of their value by Mr Eadie's finished accompaniments.

Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., gave with his usual virr " The Abercairny Highlanders," " Arniston Castle," " The Blackbird," and " Cam' Ye by Atholl," as well as our own Strathspey.

" Auld Lang Syne " and the National Anthem ended a harmonious gathering.

Thanks from the Corporation.

At the business meetings, held at the Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington, on Thursday, 16th December, 1954, Mr William Dalgarno, the President, took the chair, and wished the members a Happy New Year.

The President read a letter from Mr Miller, as Secretary of the Royal Scottish Corporation, thanking the members for the handsome sum of £615, raised for the Corporation in response to the President's " eloquent appeal." Mr Dalgarno also thanked the members for their splendid response to his appeal.

Mr James Aitken was appointed to represent the Society at the Burns Federation meetings to be held in Scotland next year.

The Fisher Folk of the North-East

At the Little Dinner the President took the chair, and having given the loyal toasts, said they had been fortunate in securing a popular member of Parliament to give them their Sentiment this month. It was a great personal pleasure to greet Mr W. S. Duthie, O.B.E., the member for Banffshire, because "he is a neebor o' mine." As such I give him a warm welcome. He was born at a wee place, Portessie, in Banffshire and was educated at Buckie. Mr Duthie was in the Canadian army before he transferred to the Gordons. In the Food Depots he did great service. His great concern all his life has been the welfare of the fishing people of this country, particularly his ain fowk of the north-east coast of Scotland. What was of great importance was that Mr Duthie can speak to the fisher fowk in their own language. He was always at home in that string of lovely villages which Mr Duthie calls "a veritable string of jewels." (Applause.)

Mr Duthie, cheered on rising, said :

The story of the fisher folk of the north-east of Scotland is the story of my own village, for Portessie, on the Banffshire coast, is typical in every way of those lovely fishing communities lying like a string of jewels along the north-east coast from Kincardineshire to Nairn. Wherever a boat could be beached with safety, and where there was a settled hinterland in reasonable proximity for the sale of fish, a fishing village came into being. Farther south the process had begun by the sixteenth century. In the north-east the communities sprang up during the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. They were founded in most cases by the local lairds who saw in the harvest of the sea a source of revenue. The lairds provided cottages, boats, and gear, their remuneration coming from a share of the boat's catch, varying from one-tenth to a half. The names of these villages are sheer music—Boddam, Buchanhaven, Whinnyfold, St. Combs, Cairnbulg, Inverallochy, Broadsea, Sandhaven, Pitullie, Rosehearty, Pennan, Crovie, Gamrie (the old name of Gardenstown), Whitehills, Sandend, Portknockie, Findochty, Portessie, Peterhythe, Portgordon, Hopeman, Burghead, Findhorn, interspersed with the towns of Peterhead, Fraserburgh, Macduff, Banff, Portsoy, Cullen, Buckie, Lossiemouth, and Nairn. As I have already said, Portessie is typical of any of these fishing communities so let me tell the story of its folk—my ain folk.

In 1727 the Hays of Rannas, lairds in the parish of Rathven, in Banffshire, decided to found a fishing community on their land at the Rotten Slough, a deep water sandy beached fissure in the coastal rocks capable of accommodating afloat, or drawn up, up to perhaps twenty small boats. This inlet had been known as the Rotten Slough for centuries, on account of the seasonal masses of seaweed which came ashore at this point and which, before the farmers appreciated its value as a fertiliser, was allowed to decay. The Hays erected five thatched clay biggins, the last remaining of which was occupied in my boyhood by an old woman called Auntie. Unfortunately it has since disappeared. It consisted of a but and a ben, each with a bound-in bed. The floor was yird, the ceilings the blackened rafters. The Hays found at the village of Maviston of Loch Loy (since engulfed by the Culben Sands)

a family of Smiths, a father and seven sons, who agreed to be the first fishermen of the new village. The Smiths came to Portessie with their possessions in a cobble-like craft, and found that entering their new haven was so easy that they called it Porteasy, hence Portessie. For those sprung from Portessie, however, the pet name for the beloved village is, and always will be, the Sloch.

The community prospered and grew. Prospered is perhaps not the right term, for the life was one of unremitting toil for both sexes, with very scanty rewards.

The sea-going craft were small boats propelled by sail and oar, the method of fishing the long baited line of over a hundred hooks, with each member of the crew plying a ripper between the shooting of the lines and hauling them in. No women on earth worked so hard as the womenfolk of the line fishers of a bygone age. They found the bait on the rocks—limpets. mussels, soft crabs, etc. This was a job that had to be done, no matter what the weather conditions were. They baited the lines at home, carried them to the shore, helped the men push the boats into the sea, often getting wet to the waist in so doing. The catches were divided on the beach. Here again each woman helped to take her man's share home, where she cleaned and prepared the fish, then with her laden creel went and sold the catch, tramping round the countryside in so doing. It is on record that my great great grandmother went on foot as far as Keith, thirteen miles from Portessie. Later fish buyers (cadgers) with horses and traps gradually took more and more of the catch, but in my very young days women still went with their creels and one old lady, Mrs. Farquhar, affectionately known as Kate Creelie, who was an artist in fish-smoking and whose fish processing secrets unfortunately died with her, was a familiar figure on country roads throughout the parish.

I might mention that the town of Buckie, now the largest burgh of Banffshire, was, when visited by Robert Burns in 1787 merely " a cluster of theckit hoosies at the mouth of Buckie Burn." The Public House, or " ordinary," was kept by a woman known as Lady Onlie, immortalised by Burns in his poem:

Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,
Brews guid ale at Shore o' Buckie.

In the late eighteenth century men from the Firth of Forth came to the north-east and introduced herring fishing by drift net. During the months of July and August the Moray Firth teemed with herring. The otter trawl, the scourge of spawning herring, didn't make its appearance till a century later.

In my childhood my father was owner and skipper of the herring Zulu boat *Nile* BG. 1365. His fishing year was as follows: in late April or early May the boat was drawn off the beach where it had wintered, to begin the Lewis fishing at Stornoway. Then followed the east-coast fishing at Fraserburgh, whither the family went for the months of July and August. The east coast fishing having ended, my father next went to Yarmouth in September, returning about the end of November, after which the *Nile* was drawn up on the beach at the Muckle Sands on the eastward side of the village. From December till April my father went to the line fishing, the line baiting being done at home. By this time bait provision had developed tremendously. Cargoes of mussels were brought to the village for the crew of each small boat and scauped, *i.e.*, they were deposited in suitable places in the nearby rocks, below high water mark, there they fixed themselves on their new surroundings and held firm even in breaking seas. Each scaup was sacrosanct and no one would think of helping himself or herself to another man's bait without very special permission.

The Zulu herring boats were grand sea craft and very fast. Each boy, of course, thought that his own father's boat was the fastest. I have a very

vivid recollection of an episode when the *Nile's* speed got me into serious trouble. The Zulu boat *Windward* was jointly owned by two men, each of whom had two boys round about my own age. We all attended Rathven School. They were all particularly good fechters, and would brook no opposition to their claim that the *Windward* was the fastest vessel afloat. At the end of the Fraserburgh fishing I was sitting by my father's side enjoying the transcendent bliss of coming hame in the boat. The wind was over our quarter and my father had the square jib set, *i.e.* the spinnaker. We were rapidly overhauling a boat in front, which was also on its homeward journey, when a young member of our crew, our cook, said, " Yon's the *Windward.*" We came abreast and passed, and four scowling murderous-looking young contemporaries in the bow of the *Windward* were witnessing this disgrace. Then our cook handed me the end of a rope, and said, " Offer them a tow." This I did, and, holding up an end of rope, I shouted, " For a tow? " Then a miniature hell broke out in the bows of the *Windward.* Later on at school I had the four most sanguinary battles of my young life when each of the four endeavoured to exact revenge. An incessant war with county loons.

In 1904 the first steam drifter came to our part of the coast and this sounded the death knell of the Zulu. The steam engine meant the certainty of reaching port. In 1907 my father had his first drifter built, the *Atlanta,* a wooden vessel. Some time afterwards she was replaced by the *Posiedon,* a steel vessel. Up until 1914 the herring industry was booming. The continental appetite for Scottish cured herring was insatiable. Harbours along the north-east could scarcely accommodate locally owned vessels ; indeed, when the boats were at home there was not a single harbour that one could not cross, dry-foot, in any direction on boats' decks. Today, in many of them, not a single large vessel is to be seen. In others, the present-day fleet is only a fraction of the size of the fleets they sported in their heyday, but the industry is on the mend again, and I am hoping that it will recapture its old virility and zest.

But what about the people themselves ? Our fishermen of the north-east are the finest seamen in the world, in peace and in war : Joe Watt, Wm. Bruce, Wm. Farquhar. Our women folk are house proud to a fault, and there is nothing more touching than the care which is lavished upon the houses. Our fisher girl in the north-east had to be a good mender of nets, a good knitter, and have all other housewifely qualities in abundance. The young girls and adult women too formed themselves into crews of three—two gutters and a packer—to help in the curing of the herrings at all the centres at their various seasons, Lerwick, East Coast, East Anglia, etc. Social life in the village was what we made ourselves. Weddings and the various Kirk soirees were the main social events. In my young days the wedding ritual was delightful. First the bride, leading a procession of her own guests, joined by a near young male relative, proceeded from her own home to the church. On the way the first person she met was handed a shilling. Next, the bridegroom, with a near young female relative, and followed by a procession of his guests, went from his parental home to the church. He also handed a shilling to his first fitter. Incidentally, as a small boy I was a first fitter on two occasions, and last year had the great pleasure of sending my congratulations, on the occasion of her golden wedding, to a lady that I had first fitted when a bride. After the service the bride and groom led a joint procession of their guests to the bridegroom's home, or to a hall where a sumptuous repast was served, and the festivities lasted till the early hours of the following day. At soirees the proceedings on occasion grew very boisterous. On entering the hall each guest was handed a bag of biscuits and a cup. Tea was served from be-ribboned brass kettles by the young ladies of the village, and on occasion, when appetities were satisfied, young bloods would begin to throw things at each other. On one occasion old Jock Cowie stood up in the midst of the

hubbub and loudly accused a young man three seats behind of hitting him on the ear with a pandrop. The young man replied, " It couldna ha'e been me, Jock ; I've been throwing naethin' but steepit saft biscuits a' nicht."

Our fisher folk were and still are very superstitious. Certain words must never be mentioned on board a boat, *e.g.* salmon, rabbit, hare, the latter two creatures being euphemistically termed " beasties." The name of Ross is also supposed to be a harbinger of bad luck. There is a proverbial rhyme : " The name of Ross for storm and loss." To certain people are ascribed " a lucky fit," and to others " an unlucky fit." You will have good luck if you meet the former, and bad luck if you meet the latter. Our fisher folk are deeply religious and the coast is periodically swept by religious revivals. Like mining villages, our villages on the north-east suffer from disaster from time to time, such as that of the " Quiet Waters," the Peterhead boat that disappeared with all hands two years ago. Portessie has had more than its share of such fatalities —*Shamrock, Comely, Rapture, Pomegranite.* In addition to whole crews being lost, scarcely a year passed without some man being lost at sea. In consequence there is a greater ratio of widows to total population in our north-east villages than perhaps anywhere else on earth.

Harking back to my young days, when the Zulu boats were pulled up on the beach in the autumn and pulled down again in the spring, those were days when every self-respecting schoolboy played truant. The most exhilarating ride on earth was to lie hidden in the bows of a boat and feel her move up the beach or down into the sea. In the former case one had to escape as best one could from the vessel. In the latter, one could come up with impunity when one felt that the vessel was afloat.

One characteristic of the north-east villages which I must mention is tee names. In Portessie there were twenty-six different Smith tee names, which meant twenty-six different branches of the family.

These are some of my most treasured memories of my own people. Unfortunately modern transport, radio, emigration, etc., have entirely removed some of the most likeable features of the life of the north-east fisher folk. They are just now emerging from the terrible depression of the fishing industry which set in in 1918, and I am not without hope that as the years go by not only will the old glories be recaptured to some extent : some have gone forever, but for them may new ones be created as well.

The reading of the Sentiment was received with great appreciation.

A Great Story.

The President said the great applause which had greeted Mr Duthie's literary and social contribution showed the pleasure of the members and their friends. It was a comprehensive story of those brave men and women among whom Mr Duthie had been born and bred. The story of the rise and fall of the North-East fisher folks is a great one, and we thank you, Mr Duthie, for that wonderful story which you have told us so fully and so entertainingly. It is a great story which we shall look forward to with leisure and pleasure in the " Chronicles." (Applause.)

Mr Dalgarno followed up his thanks with some reminiscences in his homely style, of his own early upbringing. These

" memories " were of his own family and similar families. " There were no psychiatrists in thae days," he said. " I aye thocht they were some kind o' weet fish—(laughter)—and that they had naething to dee wi' human bein's. On Sunday a lum hat an' a clean dickie made a' the difference atween Setterday an' Sunday."

Mr Duthie thanked the President and the audience, and gave entertaining examples of early life in the fishing villages, the weddings with the processions to the kirk or the manse, and other customs and incidents of happy times and places. He ended by saying that their words of thanks reminded him of the countryman who, after much nudgin' said : " Weel, friens, thanks for butterin's up." (Laughter.)

Our Early Bankers.

In proposing the toast, " Our Guests," Mr David Fulton said that instead of first telling the members something about the guests, he would tell the guests something about the Society.

If the membership is limited it is made up of a good cross-section of people representing the Church, the Law, Education, Professions and Commerce. The largest individual section is that of bankers, and while probably the best-known bankers in London were the Luccans, Florentines and Genoans, who had settled in the vicinity of Lombard Street, they have long since been displaced by other banks, and it is noteworthy that there are now eight Scottish banks represented in that area. Their initial entry to this area, of which you will find no record in *Kerr's History of Banking*, was probably like this : news of the fact that the streets of London were paved with gold had permeated to, amongst other places, Scotland ; and the Scottish banking fraternity, not to be outdone, had taken note of this. The first to venture south were two Nationalists, who took up house in Finch Lane, though they have since removed to another Lane in the city. On arriving in London in search of treasure, one of the adventurers spied a half-crown in the street and said to his companion, " Sandy, do you see what I see ? " and Sandy replied, " Aye, fine, but dinna bother about that yin ; wait till we get into the thick o't." (Laughter.) It seems that they must have got into the thick of it, for the Lombards have long since disappeared, and the Scottish bankers appear to be in possession. (Hear, hear.) Naturally enough, they had to seek to extend their sphere of influence, and their hosts in London advised them, amongst other things, to visit the Caledonian Market, where not only was there the possibility of a clientele but a certainty of good purchases to be had at bargain prices, only half the normal price being offered for any article desired. (Laughter.)

It is interesting to note in passing that the percentage of bankers in the Caledonian Society approximates to the meagre return on bank stock, namely, 16 per cent., and whilst it may be believed that the rate paid by banks is conditional on their profits, one is tempted to suggest that it is controlled by the number of bankers in the society. So much for the bankers.

The remaining members, as I have previously stated, come from all

sections of our business community, counter-balancing the influence of the bankers, and giving us an " air of respectability." (Laughter.)

The Scot is gregarian and is probably at his best when entertaining friends. In this position we members find ourselves tonight, and whether named or unnamed all are welcome.

The name of Mr Haynes, F.I.A., was coupled with the toast. He replied in an appreciative way to Mr Fulton's interesting historical remarks.

The songster was the popular Scottish artiste, Mr James MacPhee. His beautiful voice was heard in " The Auld Hoose," " The Island Herdmaid," and " Bonnie Strathyre," beautiful songs artistically produced. Mr Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M., presided at the piano with his usual efficiency.

Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., included in his selection, " The Edinburgh Volunteers," " Tullochgorum," " The Gay Bob," " Hearken, My Luve."

" Auld Lang Syne " and the National Anthem ended a memorable programme.

The Immortal Memory.

Mr William Dalgarno, the President, took the chair at the monthly meetings on 20th January, 1955.

At the Little Dinner he gave the loyal toasts, and then called upon Mr Frederick W. Wallace, M.A., barrister, to give a Sentiment on Robert Burns. Mr Dalgarno reminded his audience that Mr Wallace, a fellow-member, in 1952 had given us a learned disquisition on Lord Mansfield. In another Society this Sentiment would be called simply " The Immortal Memory," but he was quite sure that whatever its title, Mr Wallace's essay on Burns would be a literary treat.

Mr Wallace said :

Brother Caledonians, by your kind invitation I have to discharge tonight the time-honoured duty of expressing the "Sentiment" for your January Meeting of 1955, the Immortal Memory of Robert Burns.

Robert Burns appeared in this world, when the second half of the eighteenth century was nearly ten years run, in 1759, when General Wolfe captured Quebec, when William Pitt the Younger was also born, one year before George the Third ascended the throne. Burns was a ploughboy of seventeen years, on his father's small Ayrshire farm, when America declared her Independence in 1776, and the world first heard the name of George Washington. He was thirty-three, when the French Revolution established the Republic

of France in 1792. He was thirty-seven when Napoleon launched his first military campaign on Italy in 1796. In the high summer of that self-same year, Burns left this mortal world. His earthly span was but little more than the first half of the reign of George the Third, and was easily bounded in the second half of the eighteenth century. But he now lives immortal on the lips and in the hearts of men.

The whole life of Burns was lived in poverty. Except the two years from 1786 to 1788, during the high noon of his Edinburgh success, and the closing five years in Dumfries, from 1791 to 1796, when he was an Officer in the Excise, all his active days were spent with little profit and much toil upon the tillage of his native earth. Apart from three or four visits to Edinburgh, some short tours through the Highlands and Lowlands, and one brief entry into the North of England, his life was spent in a few country villages, towns and parishes in Ayrshire, and Dumfriesshire. He had neither wealth nor birth, nor place nor power, and he had no contact with and no effect at all upon the great events which marked his lifetime. Yet his qualities of mind and heart and the charm of his personality won for him at all stages of his career the friendship of men and women of all classes. His fame as a poet and his strong social sense, with wit, humour, satire, and the sheer spirit of fun to leaven his boisterous conversation, opened up for him the hospitality of cottage and castle alike. Before he died, he was already recognised as a literary figure of the highest rank. From the moment of his death, his stature has grown and his fame has spread. He is beyond challenge the National Bard of Scotland, the legendary figure who embodies the traditions and the identity of the old nationhood of Scotland. Certain it is that he has attained a permanent place of honour in the literature of all time and of all peoples. That humble life now belongs to the ages, and his birthplace near Alloway by the old City of Ayr has drawn pilgrim footsteps from the uttermost ends of the earth.

Now, I think I can most vividly recreate in your minds the memory of Burns, and recall the nature of his achievement, if I recall the story of his life. No man portrayed himself, his innermost heart, his joy and sorrow, his delight and his disgust, more faithfully and fearlessly than Burns did in his own writings. One looks directly at Burns's life for the meaning of all his work. He was far too direct and crystal-sincere to withdraw from life into some ivory tower of his soul for the purpose of writing. He prefaces the first, the Kilmarnock Edition, of his works in 1786, with such an idea, in these words :

" The following trifles are not the productions of the poet who amid the elegancies and idlenesses of upper life looks down for a rural theme. He sings the sentiments and manners he saw in himself and his rustic compeers around him, in his and their native language."

Let us, then, for the understanding of Burns, follow the setting of his rural theme.

You remember the famous words of the melancholy Jacques in Shakespeare's *As You Like It* :

> All the world's a stage . . .
> And one man in his time plays many parts,
> His acts being *seven ages*,

and he gives seven ages, from the infant to second childhood.

I propose to cast Robert Burns for just seven parts, but his seven ages were (1) the child, (2) the schoolboy and farm lad, (3) the young man, (4) the ploughman-poet, (5) the traveller, (6) the farmer in the Excise, and (7) the Exciseman and Burgess of Dumfries.

First, then, the child.

First-born child of a humble, devout and admirable man and of his industrious wife, upon a small-holding of seven acres near Alloway Mill, a mile south of the City of Ayr, Burns spent his infant years in and about the " auld

clay biggin " which his father's own hands had built. With his cheery little brother Gilbert, he toddled to the village school. Here, amind the sounds and scenes of country life, those black and burning eyes of his first saw the beauty of field and flower, of the trees he loved and running water, and his heart responded with tenderness to every living thing. It was a humble and humdrum life for them all, daily toil for the father on his reluctant acres, for the mother in her small dairy and household, and for Robert and his brother the daily thrill of a rustic school. Here, indeed, were to be found " the short and simple annals of the poor," but under God they were content together with the open sky and the harvest field in summer, and in the winter season the close warmth of the inglenook, and William Burns, their father, by the table lamp, helping his clever bairns to read, write and think. Into this little world, when the village school had to close, came John Murdoch, the young dominie from Ayr, to share his learning with the children of Burns and his neighbours at the price of bed, board and a few pence. Let us admire the grandeur of this peasant father, who knew that man lives not by bread alone, and who stinted not his scanty means to nourish the minds and the souls of his children.

Then the second age of Burns, the schoolboy and farm lad.

When Robert was seven and Gilbert six, William Burns moved his growing household a mile or two inland to the farm of Mount Oliphant, and was destined for eleven years to wrestle with the stony soils of its seventy acres. Now Burns tells us that by the age of ten or eleven he was an excellent English scholar and " a critic in substantives, verbs and particles." Probably he mentions that age as marking the end for him of all regular schooling. The farm called for his assistance. At nine years he was striding with a man's step over the fields, and by fifteen years he was literally his father's righthand man. During these Mount Oliphant days, from seven to eighteen, Burns was ploughing, sowing, and reaping, learning the meaning of a hard but lovely world, barely filling his body with food, imposing upon it certainly those overstrains which hurried him to a premature grave, but storing his mind greedily at every odd moment from the few books that came his way, and all the while treasuring up in his heart those day-to-day experiences of the joy and sorrow of human things which were soon to break forth in memorable song.

During this adolescent time, Robert became passionately fond of dancing, and had to defy his father's Calvinistic anger to frequent a dancing class in a barn nearby at Dalrymple. This incident is recalled to show what little relaxation Robert enjoyed from what he himself has called " the cheerless gloom of work and the unceasing moil of a galley-slave." The child is father of the man. During those years Fate planted deep in Robert Burns that fundamental melancholy of soul and that weakness of body which in later life neither his unfailing courage, his generous nature nor his really exuberant spirit of merriment could ever completely conceal.

Then the third age of Burns, the young man.

Burns is eighteen in 1777 when his father, after a bitter quarrel with his landlord's factor, moves a few miles north across the River Ayr, away from Mount Oliphant to the 130 acres of Lochlie Farm, continuing what Robert called " their uphill gallop from the cradle to the grave." He is chief ploughman but reads widely—Pope's Homer, MacKenzie's *Man of Feeling*, a popular novel of the day, Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, a book on Greek and Roman Mythology ; and, above all, a Collection of English Songs, over which, he tells us, " I pored, driving my cart or walking to labour, carefully noting the true, tender and sublime from affectation and fustian." In other ways, too, he was maturing rapidly. He found in the near village of Tarbolton, for the first time something of that bustling social life which his ardent spirit craved. Here was the young ploughman from Lochlie Farm, lettered far beyond his

fellows, who quoted poetry and had begun himself to "rhyme for fun." Here is his poetic creed :—

Some rhyme a neibor's name to lash,
Some rhyme (vain thought) for needfu' cash
Some rhyme to coort the countra clash
And raise a din.
For me, an aim I never fash.
I rhyme for fun.

And again :

Gie me ae spark o' nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire :
Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
At plough and cart :
My Muse, tho' hamely in attire,
May touch the heart."

He found targets for his rhyming quips at every turn. He laughed, he mocked, he set the table on a roar, and the lads of Tarbolton roared with him in delight.

As for the other sex, we have his own famous words:

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

Again using his own words :

> " All my adult life my heart was completely tinder and was eternally lighted up by some goddess or another, and as in every warfare of this world was sometimes crowned with success, sometimes mortified by defeat. I dare say I felt as much pleasure at being in the secret of half the amours of the parish as ever did Premier at knowing the intrigues of half the Courts of Europe."

So from eighteen to twenty-five, despite the manual toil of his daily task, Robert enjoyed to the full the delights of Tarbolton Village, the Bachelors Club which he founded, the Masonic Lodge he joined, the country dances he capered through, the delirious joy of courting the working girls of his acquaintance, and, above all, his daily fascinated devotion to what he sometimes has called " crambo clink", the stringing together of jingles and of rhymes, the making of verse and the writing of poetry, and most especially the study of the words and tunes of the " auld Scots Sangs."

Finally comes his father's litigation with the landlord of Lochlie, an agonising and protracted affair, which, though successful, brought the exhausted old man of sixty-three down to his grave in 1784. So the dour, independent and somewhat cantakerous Scot, William Burns, the humble Christian, William Burns, fared to his rest in Alloway Kirkyard.

Before we leave William Burns, without whom neither the body, mind nor spirit of Robert Burns could ever have come into being, let us pay tribute to his memory from the words which Robert himself has left in the famous poem, " The Cotter's Saturday Night." Burns, I am convinced, had a deep undemonstrative Scotch affection, respect and feelings of gratitude for his father, and it cannot be doubted that the patriarchal figure in the poem is William Burns. The poem tells the story of the humble home life of the cottage dweller coming home from his labour on the Saturday, the simple satisfactions

of family life, the simple supper of porridge, and then, to crown it all, the family prayers. I quote three only of the twenty-one stanzas :—

The chearfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;
The Sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, ance his Father's pride :
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare ;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care ;
" And let us worship God ! " he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :
Perhaps " Dundee's " wild-warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive " Martyrs," worthy of the name ;
Or noble " Elgin " beets the heaven-ward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame ;
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they, with our Creator's praise.

From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad :
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
" An honest man's the noblest work of God " :
And certes, in fair Virture's heavenly road,
The Cottage leaves the Palace far behind ;
What is a lordling's pomp ! a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd ! "

To this period also belongs one of Burns's most exquisite poems, the lines to Mary Morison, from which I quote two verses :—

Yestreen when to the trembling string,
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard or saw :
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
" Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die !
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee.
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown ;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison."

Then comes the fourth age of Burns, the ploughman poet.

Robert is twenty-five years of age. The new age opens at Mossgiel Farm, a mile north of the village of Mauchline. Robert is head of a new homestead, nine souls to work for, to lead to kirk on Sunday and in family prayers at home. Mauchline, with its markets, taverns and converging highways, its lads and lassies, was a social whirlpool upon which Robert gaily launched his

exuberant personality. He burst into a perfect freedom of body and mind. His first-born is born to Lizzie Paton, a woman in his own household. His farming book commences with a poem. " Rab o' Mossgiel " is taking part in the theological feuds of the day, and has added the arrows of his venomous verse to the armoury of the " New Lichts " against the " Auld Lichts," the traditional predestinating sons of Calvin. We have in Holy Willie's Prayer an amusing skit upon the Orthodoxy and Hypocrisy of the Auld Lichts, Holy Willie who speaks being a recognisable bachelor Elder of Mauchline Kirk : he addresses the Almighty thus :—

O thou who in the heavens does dwell !
Wha, as it pleases best thysel'
Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,
A' for thy glory
And no' for any guid or ill
They've done before thee.
I bless and praise thy matchless might,
When thousands thou hast left in night
That I am here before thy sight,
For gifts and grace
A shining an' a burning light
To a' this place. . . .

O Lord, yestreen, thou kens, wi' Meg,
Thy pardon I sincerely beg !
O may't ne'er be a living plague
To my dishonour !
And I'll ne'er lift a lawless leg
Again upon her
But, Lord, remember me and mine
Wi' mercies temporal and divine !
That I for grace, and gear, may shine
Excelled by nane !
An' a' the glory shall be thine !
Amen ! Amen !

But we now come to the major crisis in the poet's life. Lizzie Paton's child had come in May 1785. During that year he has wooed and won another woman, famous in his verse, and ultimately his only wife, Jean Armour, a daughter of a stern, respectable stonemason father in Mauchline, and has gone through an agony of mortification when the Armours scorn the very thought of alliance with the poor tenant of Mossgiel. Instead, they loose the secular hounds of the law upon him. The holy beagles of the kirk pursue him, and he does public penance for Jean's unborn child in Mauchline Kirk. He raves at the affront in a private letter :—

> " Pharoah at the Red Sea, Pompey at Pharsalia, Edward at Bannockburn, no commander of ancient or modern memory ever got a more shameful defeat. I was silent sullen staring like Lot's wife besaltified in the plains of Gomorrah ! "

He plans to flee. He hires himself at £30 per annum as a bookkeeper on a plantation in Jamaica. Jean's twins came in September, but her desertion had meantime thrown him into the arms of Mary Campbell, " Highland Mary," and his plan is to sail with her. Tragedy crashed anew upon his head when she died in Greenock in October 1786, whether of a fever or in childbed, controversy has never yet decided. However, amid all such events of that terrible year for Burns, the great fact of history was the appearance in July of the world-famous First Folio of Burns, the Kilmarnock Edition of his poems, forty-four of them, including the " Cotter's Saturday Night," " The

Holy Fair," " Hallowe'en," " Address to a Mouse," " To a Mountain Daisy," and the wonderful lyric " Corn Rigs are bonnie." In a few months the fame of Burns ran through Scotland. Lizzie Paton, Jean Armour, Mary Campbell were forgotten, and the influence of friends had changed the high seas and the suns of Jamaica for the Castlerock of Edinburgh. During the winter months of 1786 and 1787, the Ayrshire poet, on his first visit there, was meeting, with quiet peasant dignity and composure, the conservative people of Edinburgh, the world of fashion and of learning. The part of the ploughman poet, Burns's fourth age, had been enacted.

Then comes the fifth age: Burns the traveller.

This age ran from 1786 to 1788, two unsettled years for Burns, but eventful and important in his story. The First Edinburgh Edition of his poems, 3,000 copies printed by William Creech, which brought him probably as high as £800, from which unexpected riches he lent generously to his plodding brother Gilbert at Mossgiel, and bought silks and shawls for his mother and sisters. The tour of the Borders in May and June of 1787, and a Highland Tour in August and September, with much entertainment and honour in the noblest houses. Journeys back and forth to Ayrshire and down to Dumfries to see his own future farm. Finally, a second winter in Edinburgh, while he cleared his score with William Creech, used every effort to secure for himself a post in the Excise, and indulged, under the Arcadian title of Sylvander, in a whirlwind affair with Mrs. Agnes MacLehose, a detached married woman, under the name of Clarinda, which episode has left for us a bundle of entertaining letters, and at least one moving song, which certainly rings true to this day :—

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever,
Ae fareweel, alas for ever.
Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

This age brought fame and disillusionment to Burns. It is therefore proof of his good sense that things are in control by 1788. In March, he leased the Dumfries farm of Ellisland. In July he received his Excise appointment. In August he married Jean Armour, who was neither his first nor his last, but still I think his only love, with whom he lived out his life to the end.

Then comes the sixth age : Burns the farmer in the Excise.

Burns is twenty-nine when he begins his last agricultural failure at Ellisland Farm, a few miles north of Dumfries. He travels hundreds of miles a month on horseback as an Excise-Gauger " searching out auld wives' barrels " for £50 a year, with prize money in addition. Meantime, he has to farm his land, but in less than three years it is clear, from lack of capital, or bad harvests, or his over-taxed strength, that he must leave Ellisland. While it lasted, he kept open house, he made friends among his fellows and among the gentry, he managed a Society whose main object was to distribute good books amongst the tenant farmers around, and his literary activity was incessant. Here he produced that poem of humour and adventure which many have thought to be his finest inspiration, namely, " Tam o' Shanter." Here, too, he wrote one of his finest lyrics:—

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw
I dearly lo'e the West,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best.
There wild woods grow and rivers row,
And mony a hill between,
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean."

At least he was happy with Jean and his young children round him. So the fiasco of Ellisland came to an end. Burns leaves for ever the tillage of the soil. He is nearly thirty-three when he carts his whole household into four upstairs rooms in the " Wee Vennel " in Dumfries.

Let us pause for a moment at this stage in our journey with Burns to summarise briefly the qualities of the man and his writing.

He was the poet of Scots patriotism, and no challenge has ever been made by any Scot to the words of his famous battlecry :—

Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled.

He was the champion of moral worth against the privileges of riches and rank ;

For a' that and a' that
Our toil's obscure and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that !

He was sensitive and kind to animals. Witness his rhymed address to his " Auld Mare Maggie," or his address " To the Mouse " whose home his ploughshare had ruined, and with whom he condoled in these words :

But, Mousie, thou art no' thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain ;
The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft agley.

He had an irrepressible sense of humour. We have heard his " Address to a Haggis ":—

Great Chieftain o' the puddin' race.

He wrote the " Address to the Toothache " :—

When fevers burn and agues freeze us
Rheumatics gnaw and colics squeeze us
But thou—the hell o' a' diseases !

Witness, too, his " Address to a Louse," on seeing one on a lady's bonnet in church, while she, all unwitting, tosses her head and causes the poet to moralise,

Oh ! wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us !

Witness, too, his " Address to the De'il," all the fun in " Tam o' Shanter " and in " The Jolly Beggars."

He had the poet's feeling for beauty, and captured it in words. Remember his " Address to a Mountain Daisy,"

Wee modest crimson-tippet flower,

or the lovely flashes in " Tam o' Shanter " :

But pleasures are like poppies spread.
You seize the flower, the bloom is shed.
Or like the snow falls in the river
A moment white, then melts for ever ! "

He hated hypocrisy and pretence. Witness his " Address to the Unco' Guid " :

O ye ! wha are sae guid yerself
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your Neebour's fauts and folly !

finishing with the counsel to forgive and tolerate :

What's done we partly may compute
But know not what's resisted.

And finally, if you are not interested in verse, go to the Letters of Burns, of which hundreds survive, and, if you find there no plaster saint, at least,

thank God, you will find a human being, complete, like yourself, compact of mortal flesh and divine spirit.

Yet, with all these proofs of versatility and brilliance, I think it was Burns the passionate love poet, singing of love in no ethereal sense at all, who has sung his way into the hearts of the world :

> My love is like a red, red rose,
> That's newly sprung in June.
>
> Flow gently sweet Afton among thy green braes.
>
> John Anderson, my jo, John.
>
> Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon.

The love lyrics of Burns have poured in a golden stream from the refining furnace of his ardent soul, and have for ever set the strings of a whole world's emotions thrilling in harmony with his own.

Finally comes the seventh age of Burns : Burns the Excise man and Burgess of Dumfries.

His arrival in Dumfries was welcomed by all classes, the humbler folk he met and drank with in the Globe Inn, and the men of good standing, too —Maxwell the doctor, Syme the Excise Collector, Grey and White the schoolmasters, his two superiors in the Excise, Findlater and Mitchell, as well as both ladies and gentlemen of birth and quality in the country near. His seventh age did not run into " second childishness," but it ran for nearly five years before his early end, and he was the " standing marvel " of the place. His main literary activity was to revise and rewrite hundreds of old songs, which ultimately found their place in Johnson's Scots Musical Museum and Thomson's Collection.

So his closing years were hard but, I think, happy. These were the days of the French Revolution. The Bastille had been captured. Hopes rode high in liberal hearts. The Reign of Terror had not yet brought disillusionment. Burns presented to the French National Assembly four carronades captured in a smuggling foray, but they were stopped at Dover. He preached the brotherhood of man almost to the point of disloyalty and treason :

> For a' that and a' that
> It's comin' yet for a' that.
> That man to man the world o'er
> Shall brithers be for a' that."

He was reprimanded in the Excise and told his job was to act and not to think. But when invasion threatened, in 1795, he drilled twice weekly with the Royal Dumfries Volunteers, and wrote patriotic verse to fire his fellows.

But the French War, stopping imports, cut his income by a third. He was very ill in 1795, when he lost his beloved daughter, Elizabeth. During the whole of the first part of 1796 he was very ill, and finally he went off alone in the summer of 1796 to the Solway coast, there to lodge poorly, unattended, alone, comfortless, to seek health from sea-bathing. Jean and his five children had to stay behind. He was only thirty-seven, and in a few short weeks he staggered home to die. As 12,000 mourners followed his coffin through the streets of Dumfires, lined with soldiers, his faithful Jean was giving the breath of life to the poet's youngest son.

There are the seven ages complete, a story of toil and shafts of sunshine and much laughter, but all in all a story of pathos and tragedy. As Thomas Carlyle, his fellow Scot, said, " The life of Burns was a great tragic sincerity, . . . a wild wrestling naked with the truth of things."

One hundred and ninety-six years ago the infant cry of Robert Burns first broke the silence of an Ayrshire night. Since then it has travelled round

and round the world. Its echoes lingered after him, and will linger after us too, for he has outsoared the little night of man's short days, and is a memory that is immortal.

The Sentiment was heard with deep appreciation, and the President thanked Mr Wallace for the debt under which he had placed them—for a real picture of the life of the poet. Burns had been represented by thousands of men with and without ability. In many cases Burns had suffered ; but the Burns that Mr Wallace had given them was a man and a poet, an essay that would ever remain in their memories. (Applause.) He thanked Mr Wallace for laying before them the real Burns.

Our Guests.

Mr Mark S. Moody Stuart, in giving the toast " Our Guests," said the Caledonian Society made a special feature of treating well the strangers within its gates. Tonight our list of guests is unusual in that no one has invited a banker, but we have a strong representation of the Press and those associated with it. There was Mr Alan Pitt Robbins, C.B.E., who was a distinguished member of an outstanding newspaper family, and had himself been engaged in journalism since 1904. He had just retired from his position on *The Times*, in which he had been for forty-four years. He had been created a C.B.E. for his services. He was now the Secretary of the Press Council. (Applause.)

Admiral Thomson is an old friend, and we welcome him heartily.

We greet also the Hon. John Grigg, editor of the *National and English Review*.

Mr Sydney S. Mearns is a chartered accountant, one of those people who can straighten out any mess that business can fall into. At the door of one of those polytechnics where you can learn anything was a large poster announcing " Accountancy for Women," and soon in letters across the poster were these words : " There is no accounting for women ! " (Laughter.)

Welcome also are Rev. Ian R. N. Miller, of St. John's, Northwood; Graham Maclean, Treasurer of the London branch of the Clan Maclean ; James Hutchison, Secretary of a daily newspaper ; and Innes R. Duval, a film executive. We give you all, gentlemen, a hearty welcome. (Applause.)

Mr Alan Pitt Robbins, C.B.E., who replied to the toast,

said that when he retired from the staff of *The Times* at the end of June, 1953, he had been a member of the editorial staff for more than forty-four years.

During that time he had had many pleasant visits to Scotland, and he would always be grateful for the kindness and courtesy with which he was treated as a visiting journalist. One of his first visits, now more than forty years ago, was to the meeting of the British Association at Dundee, when a good deal of excitement was caused by the appearance of a letter in a local newspaper, signed by " Two visitors to the British Association," protesting against some of the sights which they had witnessed in the city on a Sunday evening. A spate of correspondence followed, some of the writers praising the " two visitors " for their courage and others condemning them for interfering with the private affairs of the city. He speciallly recalled one letter which asked whether the two octogenarians who had written the letter had ever been young. All he would say was that one of the " octogenarians " was responding for the guests tonight, so that he must have worn exceptionally well. (Laughter.)

Just before the outbreak of the First World War he reported a visit to Scotland by King George and Queen Mary. In those days the pressmen were allowed to travel in the Royal train, and their cars were included at the end of the Royal procession. It was a strange experience for a week to hear the continuous playing and singing of one line of the National Anthem " Send him victorious." He did not realise then that within a few weeks that would be the prayer on the lips of the whole nation. He had witnessed the launch of the *Queen Mary* at Clydebank, and he would never forget that awe-inspiring second when the whole world seemed to stand still as the great liner seemed to shiver from stem to stern—and then gather momentum as it slid down the slipway into the river. (Applause.)

He had made three journeys which started at Gourock. The first was in the *Aquitania*, then being used as a troopship, when he was sent on a speaking tour throughout Canada just before the end of the second war. Soon after the journey had begun, the passengers were awakened by the wailing of the siren. When they took their positions at the boat stations they learned that a depth charge had been dropped because the presence of an enemy submarine was suspected. Happily the suspicion was unfounded, but one good result thereafter was that there was always a full attendance at boat drill. He had sailed in the *Caronia* on its first journey from the Clyde to Southampton, and he had gone to Canada in the *Empress of Scotland* to attend the Imperial Press Conference in 1950.

Perhaps his proudest association with Scotland was the fact that on his mantelpiece stood a miniature silver quaich presented to him by the organisers of the Edinburgh Festival, as a recognition of the work he had done in helping to put the Festival on the map as far as England was concerned. He was greatly indebted to Mr. Miller who had given him a chance to read the proceedings of the Society. The only thing that puzzled him was how his old friend Admiral Thomson had managed to obtain a season ticket as a perpetual guest at their dinners. Both Admiral Thomson and Mr Will had done a great work for the country during the last war, and the Press could never be sufficiently grateful to them for their devoted labours on its behalf.

He thanked the proposer of the toast for his very full account of his (the speaker's) career. He suspected that he had gone for his inspiration to those two great W W's, Who's Who and William Will. The only thing he had omitted was that he was a member of the administrative body of St Dunstan's. He was particularly proud of that honour because there never was a job which was more worth while. (Applause.)

The Hon. Secretary gave us, as he had for many years, on the first meeting of a New Year, " Here's to the Year that's Awa.'" Mr Miller sang with feeling the words of Dunlop's famous song, and was heartily thanked.

Mr George McDonald sang " A Man's a Man," and " Duncan Gray," and he and his accompanist, Mr J. Story, were thanked for the harmony.

Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., had as his bagpipe selection, " Charles Edward Hope Vere," " Aspen Bank," " Over the Isles to America," and " Campbell's Farewell to Redcastle," and in addition " The Caledonian Society of London " Strathspey.

" Auld Lang Syne " and the National Anthem ended the programme.

The Origin of some Scots Words.

At the Little Dinner of the Society on 17th February, 1955, held at the Rembrandt Hotel, the President, Mr William Dalgarno presided, and after submitting the loyal toasts, called upon Past-President William Will, C.B.E., to submit his Sentiment on " The Origin of Some Scots Words."

Mr Will began by referring to various agencies which were probably in the main responsible for the influx to our native language of many French words. He said :

Whence came our auld Scots tongue ? is a question that has engaged the interest of men and women, and the answer is being persistently and seriously sought. There has been neglect on the part of those from whom we have a right to expect leadership in such matters, but, with the publication of *The Dictionary of the Older Scottish Tongue* (editor, Sir William Craigie), and *The Scottish National Dictionary* (edited by Mr. D. D. Murison), closer attention has been given to the matter.

" The Auld Alliance," probably because of its picturesque connection and its historical setting, has been given too much of the credit for being one of the important routes by which the ancient words travelled to Scotland. Indeed, the Alliance is only one—and not a very important one—of the sources from which Scotland received her gift of words.

As I have suggested, the Auld Alliance played its part. Three hundred years of coming and going, mainly by soldiers and diplomats, must have left their traces in the language.

There were other sources of which we shall hear later.

As you know, the Auld Alliance was initiated and inflamed by the determined effort of Edward the First of England to take Scotland under his military care. Balliol, one of the claimants to the Scottish throne, and for a time actually king, at first accepted Edward's patronage, but realising the English king's cupidity, he threw over this Hammer of the Scots, and in 1295

entered into an alliance with Philip the Fourth of France, whereby each was obliged to help the other when occasions presented themselves. Scotland's part of the bargain was to molest the English when the French were at war with our neighbours over the Border.

To help us in estimating the value of the various channels through which our language came to us, Mr. D. D. Murison, who is, as I have said, editor of the *Scottish National Dictionary*, tells us :

" The *most* important and largest source of Scots is Anglo-Saxon, just as it is the largest source of English words. It is difficult to say which is the next in importance : for bulk of words, Norman French ; for grammar and forms, probably Scandinavian, *i.e.*, Old Norse. Norman-French came to England with William the Conqueror, and percolated through to Scotland in the reign of David I (1124–1153). A fair amount is known about the nature and use of French in England up to about 1400 when it died out. It was the *official* language of England till 1362. It never seems to have been the *official* language of Scotland, which was Latin till about the end of the fourteenth century, when Scots replaced it. The result of all this is that *most* of the words of French origin in Scots are also found in English at one time or another (some have died out, or survive only in English dialects), because they came in fact into Scotland from England."

Emphasising the " very deep impression " that the Normans made with their speech, Mr Murison says this impression was made " in England and Scotland alike, and if one thinks of all the noble families of big gentry and small lairds, with Norman ancestors in Scotland—the Bruces, the Stewarts, the Frasers, Mowats, Bissets, Comyns, Baliols, etc.—one can see how their language would penetrate anywhere in the two countries, seven generations before the " Auld Alliance was ever heard of."

There was a time, nearly two hundred years ago, when a snobbish flight from the Scots language led to an almost indecent rush for English on the part of many wealthy Edinburgh families. Equally at one time, Englishmen coveted the French language to such an extent that in a note in his *Old and Middle English* T. L. Kington Oliphant says : " I once heard of an Englishman who had his sons taught to swear in French by a French tutor, hired for that purpose only."

Unproved claims for the descent of Scottish words from French originals have been made by reputedly responsible writers. For example, a French author who was consulted and quoted as an authority, suggested that tappit hen, the Scots quart stowp, which one meets in Scott and most of the older Scottish song writers, is the dialect word topetta. He makes no claim for the whence of the hen, so I leave the tappit hen and topetta alone.

Perhaps naturally, the French words of the kitchen and the farm were among the first to find their way into our homes.

Our ashet, French assiette, a plate, and gigot, a leg (of mutton), are perhaps the two best-known Franco-Scottish words ; although gigot was at one time a standard English word. The pronunciation of gigot is more emphatic in Scotland than in France. Gigot has a final " t " ; and as there is no beating about the alphabetical bush in Scotland, gigo*t* it is, and gigo*t* it will remain.

Bros and brose are Norman-French.

There is the aumous dish, or beggars' platter. It is from alms, and is of Anglo-Saxon origin, but originally, through Church Latin, from Greek.

In " The Jolly Beggars " Burns makes the meaning quite clear :

> And aye he gies the tozy drab
> The tither skelpin kiss,
> While she held up her greedy gab
> Just like an aumous dish.

Scott uses the word amous.

Here I must mention the tassie (tasse, a cup). An old Scots song has it :

Ye'll bring me here a pint o' wine,
A server an' a silver tassie ;

and Burns, the artist in words, follows and perfects this with :

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie.

Allan Ramsay has a tass, a little dram cup. And all came from the French.

Among the Franco-Scottish words from the farm is trevis, Old French traverse, a division between stalls in a stable.

A soc, French ploughshare, is our sock ; and couttre, a cleaver (from Anglo-Saxon, and originally Latin,) is our cleaver of the earth, the couter. In English dictionaries you will find it coulter, as Burns spells it in the " Address to a mouse." In his " Farmer's Ingle," Robert Fergusson prays : " Lang may his sock an' couter turn the gleyb."

Our mouter is from Norman-French mouture (English multure), to grind, a fee for grinding corn. The French moudre is the verb to grind. All the old Scots poets used the word mouter, for the country mill, mostly thirled or sucken, was much more prominent in those days than in these.

When a shepherd says to his dog " Cooch ! " he is simply repeating in Norman-French " Couchez ! " (Lie down.)

Sir Walter Scott has reminded us that the moon when bright was the Macfarlanes' buat (lantern) when " Loch Sloy ! " was the war cry on Loch Lomond. It is from the French boite, a little box. Until modern means of illumination pressed the bowet to one side, it was a necessary article about a farm town. The windproof or storm lantern took its place.

It was claimed that the elegant French word arrosoir, a watering-can, we cut down to our homely rooser ; but I am reminded that rooser is just from rouse, an old word meaning to sprinkle.

The gean (Norman-French) our wild cherry, whose glorious show of blossom and fruit we country folk well know, is how we spell and pronounce the French word guigne, with an almost similar pronunciation to that of our own gean.

Sybows, young onions, is from Old French cibol, originally the Latin cepolla, a little cepa. " Syes," chives, is French cive. Our household ingan came to us from the French as oignon.

We got our groset or grosert, gooseberry, from the French grosaille.

The origin of jougs, the old-time instrument of punishment, is uncertain.

Lames or lems, broken pieces of crockery or earthenware, is one of our fine old words. It is Anglo-Saxon.

Jamieson gives us grunzie as a Banffshire word, used by Barbour. It is Norman-French snout. It means a groin or promontory. Our beach groynes, built of wood and cement, to resist the sea, is our living word. Herd gives snout as the meaning of grunzie, which corresponds with promontory.

The French name for our pertrick (partridge) is perdrix.

France supplied us with our names for the composite parts of the fireplace. The bras, or chimney piece, is from bras, an arm, and the jamb, or projection, from jambe, a leg. It is given as a specialised usage of common Scots-English braces.

An interesting Franco-Anglo-Scottish word is supplied from caoutchouc, meaning India-rubber, or gutta-percha. In Scotland these substances, since ever I can remember, have been called cahoochy, almost a perfect reproduction of the sound of the original. It was brought from the West Indies by the French.

Fashious, meaning fractious, came to us from France as facheux, troublesome. " Dinna fash yersel " is from the French fach-er, to grieve.

Douce is the word we use to describe, sometimes flatter, decent old Scots men and women, mildly, softly, gently. In French it is doucement.

Per contra, our dour may be the French dur, hard. Scott uses the word as meaning stubborn. But an authority on the subject says it seems to be from Latin rather than French.

Dambrod is a games word that we got from France.

Boules is French for glass marbles; and here you have our schoolboy bools or marbles.

Drogs, our word for mixters, etc., is also English, and druggies, chemists, derive from the French droguerie, drugs, and drogues, to drug. Poor Robert Fergusson, in praising what he seemed to detest, " Caller Water," mentioned " drogs in druggists' shops."

Dool, sometimes spelt dule, meaning sorrow, is Norman-French.

Gealt (" I'm fair gealt wi' the cauld !) is from the French gel-er, to congeal with cold.

The ashes in Scottish smiddies and households are coom, in English it is culm. Both words mean the same thing, scum, moss, dregs; the origin is unknown.

Glaur, mud, may be derived from the French glaire.

The French cravate is our gravet or scarf.

Our cramoisie is the French word for crimson cloth.

The French coupe became our cowp; in Middle-English culp.

Tweel (pronounced twill), from the French toile, cloth, gave form to the Scots song, " Row weel the bonnie tweel, row weel the plaidie." It is also used in England, although the English dictionaries mark it Sc. (Scots).

Syver, so pronounced, a word that is known in parts of Ayrshire today, means a sewer (strand), or sayre (gutter). It is, according to Skeat, probably derived from Norman-French, the old French essuier, esuer, to dry, " but the true sense is to drain dry." Colloquially in Ayrshire it means sive, to drain; syver, an open drain, a gutter.

In my schooldays the sklate was a useful, if sometimes distasteful companion; it came from the French eclater. Fergusson used the word sklate; Herd quoted it, with skailies, which I always knew as slate pencils. It may have come to Scotland, via Holland, schaelie.

Our ess or saut backet, is the French baquet.

Provost is Anglo-French prevost, and parish is in French, as well as in medieval English, paroisse.

Our tiler or tyler (English tailor) is Norman-French.

Dyvors, meaning debtors, is now a word almost obsolete, but it was in currency in Burns's and Ramsay's days. Burns, in his violent attack on Breadalbane, charged the peer with rotting " the dyvors in the jails." The origin of the word is unknown.

Today our word for a messenger of low degree, or a golf club carrier, is caddie, French cadet; but the word had a more sinister meaning at one time. One can almost always depend on Burns for a suitable illustration of every variety of human existence and experience, and in " The Earnest Cry and Prayer," he wrote:

> Yon ill-tongu'd tinkler, Charlie Fox,
> May taunt you wi' his jeers and mocks;
> But gie him't het, my herty cocks,
> E'en cowe the cadie !
> An' send him to his dicin' box
> An' sportin' lady.

Kimmer, or cummer, is the French commere, a gossip or tattling woman.

Ploy, probably a shortened form of employ, which is Norman-French.

We speak of a person as being dementit. It is from the medieval Latin. French dementi means belied, refuted.

Trock is an expressive and much-used Scots word. It has at least two meanings—barter, to exchange, as in France (troc); and when applied to human beings in Scotland it is prefaced by the word orra. It is known in England as trog.

In Scots the word divert means a comic fellow, an amusing person. It is derived from *divert*, which is English as well as Scots.

At some time or other, everybody has been in a tirravae. The origin of the word is doubtful.

Canalye, a rabble, or a company of low people, is our French friend canaille, meaning the same thing, a rabble, roughs.

A toolye, or tulzie, as Fergusson has it in "Caller Water," is a broil or brawl, or quarrel, and is in all likelihood from the French touiller, to mix confusedly. Herd has tooly, a fight or quarrel. It is a form of the word toil, which in Middle-English meant disturbance, tumult, a Norman-French word.

A pensie cratur is a poor thing, meditative perhaps, bit nae very strong. Well, our pensie is a form of pensive, French pensif, with a special Scots meaning.

Haveral, or haiverel, a simpleton, is probably connected with haivers, to talk foolishly, probably derived from havour, behaviour.

Our gweed brither is, of course, beau-frere.

The word which we Scots have or had, for measles is mirles, from the Old French merelle, checked, patterned.

"To bear the gree," that is, to carry off the prize in a struggle, is from gre, Norman French, a step, degree, rank. It is a very old Scots form, and most of the old Scots poets used it.

My certes! came to us from France; it is still there.

Our old and humble friend the bawbee here lifts his miserable little sails among French society, for the claim is made that bas billon, French for a base coin, is its origin. A successful claim, however, has been made that Alexander Orrok, the laird of Sillebaubie, who was appointed Master of the Scottish Mint in 1538, should have the credit for the name.

The dance that we called paddycat was the French pas-de-quatre, from the vocabulary of the eighteenth century ballroom dancing, like the minuet.

I have seen a French authority's opinion that the word tartan, with its mode of manufacture, came to us from France. The word, he says, is derived from tirtaine, a kind of cheap cloth. If you consult your dictionaries—Scots, French and English—you will have difficulty in deciding what tartan really is or means. And what does it matter, now that the Chinese have started to wear kilts of famous Scottish family dress, and the Dagenham Highlanders flaunt their well-shaped limbs under tartans which ought to be sacred to those who have a right to wear them.

A fine old Scots word, now, I fear, going the way of many good words, namely purlicue (pronounced pirlicue), I heard on the Scottish radio some time ago. Jamieson has it as a noun and verb, and besides giving as its meaning a dash, or flourish, says it is the recapitulation made by a pastor of the heads of the discourses given by his assistants on the Saturday preceding Communion Sunday.

Past-President Rev. Dr. R. F. V. Scott* tells me: "Purlicue means: On the Monday after Communion the last visiting minister summed up the themes of the sermons given on the Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday. The word is either Old French corruption of par loquitur, or has reference to the tail of the wig, which was plaited of many strands."

* Moderator of the Church of Scotland in 1956–57.

Notwithstanding the fact that in the poem, " To a haggis," Burns despised foreign dishes :

> Is there that owre his French ragout,
> Or olio that would staw a sow
> Or fricasee wad mak' her spew
> Wi' perfect scunner ? "

the poet himself was perpetuating the life and glory of a great foreign chieftain o' the puddin' race, for the noble haggis is claimed as the French word hachis, a hash. This is an error. Jamieson (1825) said the haggis was known to the French as haggas (Old French), a pudding. It was also called by the French culiette de mouton ; but they also had a not very complimentary phrase for it, which Cosgrave unkindly translated, " a sodden sheep's liver." And there, brethren, lies our glorious haggis, which would never have troubled us if Burns had not written that glorious poem.

This seems to be a suitable place to mention our Scots word goo, meaning a flavour, a taste, a smell. Gout is the French word for a flavour, a taste or a smell, generally disagreeable. Goo may have had that origin.

Frequently one finds that for years names have been applied inaccurately to places and things. For instance, it is claimed that the great hotel, Gleneagles, may not mean, as has been generally supposed, the Glen of the Eagles, but Glen d'Eglise, after a church which was at one time the principal building in the glen. But eaglis is also the Gaelic for a church, and that probably is the origin of this place name.

There is no doubt from whence and why came " Gardyloo " (Beware of the water !), and I daresay most of you know that when plumbing was not so far advanced as it is today, the housewives in the high tenements in Edinburgh threw their dirty water—all kinds of dirty water and slops—from their windows on to the streets, accompanying the dirty shower with the belated warning cry, " Gardyloo ! " (Gardez leau), the warning cry and the baptism reaching the street, and the pedestrians, at the same time.

A friend has told me that in an action in a Fifeshire Court concerning bad drains, the word " mecantodor " was used. When interpreted there emerged two French words, mechant and odeur, meaning evil smells. Thus the genius of the old Scots had adapted the two French words, mechant and odeur, to suit their linguistic inclination ; and there emerged a fine mouthful of a Scots word, perfect in euphony and fact—mecantodor. (It is a good story but authenticity is not claimed for it.)

Apart from the reasons already given for the transfer of French words to Scotland, many French craftsmen made their homes in Edinburgh ; and they and their families doubtless made their contributions to the formation of the speech.

And I do not doubt that Queen Mary of Scots' love for France and Scotland, the French entourage she maintained, and the consequent necessity for a common speech, did much to bridge the two languages and the two peoples.

But we must be careful lest our sympathy with our Scottish Queen Mary leads us astray. That authority on Scottish cooking, Miss Marian McNeill, for example, throws doubt upon a claim that the plum pudding was introduced to us by Mary Stuart. The claim was that it came to the Queen from Italy.

Miss McNeill, in discussing humorously the claims of Scotland and France for the plum pudding and certain dishes, says : " The only marmalade I ever came across in France bore a Dundee label, and was popularly known as " Don-di ! "

I have already greatly exceeded a reasonable time, and consequently I am prevented from examining certain specific matters, among them the absence of words of religious and clerical origin, such as our Pace Sunday,

which stands for Easter, and several Scoto-Franco legal terms. Pace may have come to Scotland from Holland, though originally French.

Older members will recall a fine old Scottish song, written by Colonel Harry Erskine, which in the bygone days we thundered out as a school song, " In the garb of Old Gaul," The chorus ran :

We'll bravely fight, like heroes bold,
For honour and applause,
And defy the French with all their arts
To alter our laws,

ignorant or regardless of the fact that the French had many years before coined for us a number of our legal words and phrases.

To me the finest use made of French words introduced to Scotland is " Bon Accord ! " the motto of the City of Aberdeen. Of all the Franco-Scottish terms, says Francisque-Michel, " the most remarkable is bon accord, derived from the French, without alteration." The attractive story of " Bon-Accord " is that when King Robert the Bruce was active in Aberdeenshire he, in 1308, invaded Aberdeen, attacked the Castle, the citizens declared for the Bruce, and tradition has it that they used their fine motto, " Bon Accord," as their rallying cry on that day.

Whatever else I have proved or not proved, I think I have shown that the Entente Cordial between France and the northern part of Great Britain was firmly established centuries before King Edward the Seventh was born.

The President thanked the Hon. Historian for what he (Mr Dalgarno) called " a masterly account of a phase of our language that had taken a great deal of careful research."

Our Guests; A Happy Reply.

Mr Ian B. Whyte proposed the toast " Our Guests ".

Our principal guest tonight, said Mr Whyte, is Mr H. R. Spence, M.P. for West Aberdeenshire, who has spared the time demanded by his Chief Whip in the House of Commons. Mr Spence and Mr Robert Boothby are the representatives for Aberdeenshire. Whatever our politics we all admire Mr Spence's adamant and stalwart support in the House of all matters benefitting Scotland. Besides being the active proprietor of an old-established family business in the little town of Huntly, Mr Spence is a director of Glen Livet and Glen Grant distilleries, and on this side of his activities he is well known. He is a skating and ski-ing enthusiast, and when more active in these branches of sport than he can possibly be today he won several important trophies.

Mr Spence is one of the pioneers of ski-ing in Scotland. (Applause.)

Sir Harold Kenyon, M.B.E., J.P., who is with us tonight, is known to everyone who knows anything about municipal affairs. He has given a whole life to service in London's municipal work. He is interested in the arts, and is closely associated with Trinity College of Music. He has been twice Master of the Cooks Company.

We are glad to have with us also Mr Andrew Barrowman and Mr John Thomson, directors of Allied Bakeries ; Mr Neil Hughes-Onslow, whose family is well known in Ayrshire ; Mr Peter Murray, B.Sc., a Perth man, a managing director of a large firm of public works contractors ; and Mr Vernon Eddie. I welcome, too, a brother banker, Mr H. K. Annett, who is London representa-

tive of one of the leading French banks, and has done much to strengthen what may be called the Young Alliance. (Applause.)

Mr Spence replied to the toast.

He complimented the giver of the Sentiment for a valuable contribution to the literature of our old language, and said he hoped the Sentiment would be preserved for further study. Reference had been made to Glen Livet and Glen Grant and how easily their products glided down the throat. (Hear, hear.) My friend, Mr Grimond (M.P. for Orkney and Shetland) had announced that he knew of herrings having been cooked in those gifts from heaven and the distilleries ; but he (Mr Spence) thought this was a waste of the mercies. (Laughter and hear, hear.) When on the subject of cooking he was reminded that his friend Mr Bob Boothby, says that the best way to treat herrings is to eat them raw. Mr Will's reference to " a sodden sheep's liver " as an Englishman's description of the haggis reminded him of a capercailzie shoot that was arranged by some friends in Scotland. One of the invited company could not attend, but the party did not forget their absent friend, and sent him half a dozen capercailzie and added to the parcel a haggis as a surprise item. Back came a letter of thanks with the request : " But what am I to do with the cow's stomach ? " (Laughter.) Mr Spence said there was a close link between tartan and Glenlivet. He referred to the old trouble with Japan, the pre-war copying of our trade marks and other distinguishing characteristics of our goods. About a fortnight ago my manager sent me a bottle of whisky with a label " House of Lords," and a guarantee of an age of seven weeks ! (Laughter.) They, the North of Scotland Members of Parliament, were active just now trying to save the Highland Games, such as Aboyne and Braemar, which were being ruined by the imposition of the entertainment tax, and they had petitioned the Chancellor of the Exchequer to withdraw the tax, and so protect those characteristically Scottish field events. (Applause.)

Mr Spence concluded by thanking the Society for a most enjoyable gathering, and gave Aberdeen's famous toast : " Happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again."

The musical part of the programme was the work of our old friend Mr Alex. MacRae, the well-known Gaelic singer, who gave us " Kirkconnell Lee," " Gae Bring to Me," and " The Lea Rig." Mr Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M., tastefully accompanied.

Two new members were received by the President.

Our officer, Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., gave in masterly manner his selection : " The 73rd Farewell to Edinburgh," " Low Blantyre," " Lochiel's Away to France," and " The Battle of the Somme." He ended with the Society's Strathspey.

" Auld Lang Syne " and the National Anthem closed an interesting programme.

Colonel Ogilby's Generosity.

On 17th March, 1955, the fifth of the 1954–1955 series of meetings of the Society was held at the Rembrandt Hotel,

South Kensington, under the Presidency of Mr William Dalgarno.

At the general meeting the attention of the members was drawn to the fact that Colonel Ogilby, Colonel of the London Scottish, had recently founded two trusts, one of £25,000 for the relief of members of the Regiment for whom the 1914–1918 and the 1939–1945 War funds were not available ; the other a fund of £100,000 for the succouring of military museums, by, among other means, the collection and purchase of military treasures.

It was arranged that a letter should be sent to Colonel Ogilby recording our admiration of the Colonel's generous action.

Two new members were admitted—Robert Leitch, born at Lenwood, Renfrewshire, and David Galloway, a native of Renfrew.

" Tullochgorum "

At the Little Dinner, Mr Dalgarno presided over a large company of members and guests, and having given the loyal toasts, called upon Mr W. A. Mitchell, to give his Sentiment on " Tullochgorum : the Story of the Rev. John Skinner." In introducing Mr Mitchell the President said he was the London representative of the *Aberdeen Press and Journal* and consequently was well fitted to tell the story of this old Aberdeenshire minister who wrote the famous song " Tullochgorum," which one of their old members, Sir James Cantlie, used to sing with great gusto.

Mr Mitchell said :

I had hoped originally that another member of the company would freshen up your memories with some of the songs and poems of John Skinner of Linshart, and that my part would be to remind you of John Skinner the man, or even reveal to some of you that he was by way of being a considerable Scottish ecclesiastical hero, almost a martyr of his times.

However, the partner has not been produced, and though I still intend that Skinner the Man shall be the subject of my Sentiment, I shall try to insert some references to Skinner the Occasional Poet.

When I was a youngster in Aberdeen I was quite acquaint with the blithesome ring of " Tullochgorum " and " The Ewie wi' the Crookit Horn." I even wrestled sometimes with the fund of Doric words, by then half or completely obsolete in Buchan, which adorn " The Christmas Bawing of Monymusk." I may even say that I was drawn towards John Skinner as the dainty poet whom Burns proclaimed him to be, though I was at times mystified that his high regard among my elders in the north-east hung on such a slender output. Had I been older in 1921, the year of the bi-centenary

of his birth, I might have realised then what I learnt with a glow of enthusiasm ten years and more later, the life story of John Skinner.

It all came about over an argument I had with one of those Scottish B.B.C. boys who will meddle even with Scottish poetry to suit their smooth sounding ends. I think it was a verse from " The Ewie " which I claimed to have been bowdlerised in a radio programme from the Aberdeen station the previous night, and the Public Library being at hand I dragged the producer of the programme into the reference department and asked for a collection of Skinner's poems.

Since there were large placards demanding silence all round the room we could not argue, but with finger I pointed out to my companion the true verse about which I was complaining. He left me sitting there while I began renewing my acquaintance with the poems. However, something made me turn to the introduction first, and here in this old edition I found the fascinating story of Skinner's ministry at Longside. The sum of what impressed me as I read in that library room was that from 1742, when he came as " Piscie " minister to Linshart until his departure a few weeks before his death in 1807, there were but six years in which he was not hounded and persecuted.

Here was a ministry of sixty-five years in which fifty-nine could be claimed as unhappy and uncertain and quite unconducive to the gentle, kindly poetry which flowed from the man so easily. The six undisturbed years were the three prior to the Forty-five rebellion and its repercussions, and the three after 1804 when the Scottish Episcopal Church secured toleration from the State.

It is apt in this age of persecution of faiths and creeds which do not toe some party line to turn to Skinner as a hero of his day who could not be deflected from worshipping God in the way of his choice and conviction. In my enthusiasm I have seen him as not far removed in Scotland's story of her fights for freedom from Wallace and Bruce on, of course, an ecclesiastical issue.

John Skinner was born in 1721 in the parish of Birse, where his father was schoolmaster. His mother died when he was two years old, and his father took him to Echt, where again he was the village schoolmaster. He gave the boy his early schooling and this may have been significant in what followed in that the Echt dominie was reputed to have " fitted out more young men for the university than most country schoolmasters of his time."

At the age of thirteen young Skinner entered Marischal College as the holder of a good-sized bursary, and he had already shown outstanding talent as a writer of Latin verse. At seventeen he left the university and became a teacher on Donside, first at Kemnay and later at Monymusk. A few of his poems written at this time have survived. They reveal a gay sparkle keenly attuned to local topics and parish-pump events, delighting himself and his hearers by " versifying " the local worthies and happenings.

This was sheer poetizing for pleasure, nothing more, and if lines do stand out as of better art than the average local " jingler " of rhymes we can still place Skinner if we want beside " The Whistle " of Hamewith Murray or the " Lum hat " of Dr Rorie.

A far more momentous thing happened to John Skinner at Monymusk than the Christmas Bawing. It was there that he saw in the Scottish Episcopal Church his ideal of religious approach and outlook. He forsook the Presbyterian Church of his upbringing. How easy it would be for a probing psychologist to say that the stronger sense of physical beauty in the Piscie service by comparison with Calvinism appealed to the poet in Skinner, but that is beside the point, or at least beside my point. Skinner chose his form of religion and worship, and as a free Scot was entitled to follow it.

It was a sacrifice, too, for in becoming a Nonconformist he scattered his

prospects as a parish teacher financed by the Established Church. Ahead, he knew well, was a bare subsistence recompensed by freedom.

Thus he left Monymusk and security to become tutor to an Episcopalian family in Shetland, and with no settled future he married a daughter of the one Piscie minister in the Shetlands. It was considered a rash and irresponsible step at the time, but it turned out, domestic happiness aside, to have been a lucky one.

Leaving his wife in Shetland, Skinner returned to Aberdeenshire, this time to Oldmeldrum. His aim was to read for orders.

It happened at this time the Bishop of Aberdeen was on the outlook for a pastor for the charge of Longside, near Peterhead, and he mentioned the fact to the Episcopalian minister in Oldmeldrum. He was told about the young man Skinner of outstanding talents in scholarship, but was also warned that he seemed deficient in prudence in that he had married a wife without the income to support her, or a house to take her to.

The Bishop replied: "He's the very man for the place. He has had experience of poverty, he has learned to endure hardness, and with his abilities and experience he will be able to adapt himself to his circumstances, whatever they may be."

Thus the step into marriage without prospects turned out not so rash after all, and thus in 1742 John Skinner came to Linshart manse where he was to stay as pastor for sixty-five years.

In Buchan to this day they like to recall his first service at Longside. As he entered the church the curious congregation were rather surprised by the fact that their new minister looked even younger than his twenty-one years. One woman whispered, "It's surely nae that beardless boy that's gyaun tae preach till's!" and no-one realised that the remark had been overheard until Skinner gave out his text, Second Book of Samuel, chapter 10, verse 5: "Tarry at Jericho until your beards be grown"—and went on to expound a powerful denunciation of the foible of despising the youth of a duly trained and accredited teacher of the faith as though he had not the authority to command and teach God's word.

That incident is supposed to have secured Skinner's popularity and loyal following. They had as minister a man of wit and one not afraid to speak out. Anyway, in his first three years in Longside he had himself established in respect, so that when the Forty-five and Culloden broke he bore the persecutions with his flock solid behind him.

The first phase of repression and persecution was while military rule held sway until the autumn of 1746. This was the period during which the Scottish Episcopal congregations were dispersed by force and their churches barred or destroyed. On returning to his home one evening in July, 1746, Skinner found his house being sacked and all his books, documents and manuscripts being removed by Cumberland's troops. Everything was carried off, leaving the family without even a change of linen, and in the bedchamber lay Mrs Skinner in child-bed for her fifth baby.

Next day bundles of straw were stacked around the church and set fire to. While the flames leapt high and consumed the building horsemen rode round the blaze shouting, "Hold in the prayer books."

That autumn saw the first Toleration Act which made three demands of Episcopalion ministers—to register their letters of orders; to take oathes of allegience and abjuration; to pray in church for King George by name.

The last two demands presented no difficulties, for there is absolutely no evidence that Skinner had the slightest Jacobite leanings, and I doubt if any of his flock had either, since that area of Scotland seems in general to have been strangely apathetic as to who should be king, though they were easily enough aroused by the cruelties which abounded.

It was the registering of his letters of orders which Skinner could not

produce, for the simple reason that they had been confiscated when his home was pillaged. Then the matter of praying for King George by name became an issue between the Scottish bishops and the State, and Skinner could not obey both. For the next sixty years the Piscies found themselves religious outlaws. Their plight was caused mainly by the Penal Act of 1748 which disqualified the Scottish Episcopal clergy from performing public worship or even from acting as chaplain in a private family. They were left with only the right of any lay householder to hold family worship in their own homes, and these services were limited to members of the family plus four persons. The penalty for infringement of this act was " for the first offence imprisonment for six months, and for the second offence transportation to one of His Majesty's plantations for life."

At this distance in time we can look romantically on those days or rather years at Linshart as being of the Robin Hood variety. It is recorded that on one Sunday John Skinner conducted thirty-two so-called family worships, and yet four times thirty-two was far short of his congregation by this time.

Soon enough there was a fairly open winking at the law. Skinner would conduct a family service in the hall or porch of his house while within earshot in other rooms of the house or in the garden groups of four shared in the devotions. In defiance of the State the worshippers, who increased remarkably with the years, would in winter stand in rain or ankle deep in snow to hear and partake in Skinner's services. In summer they met in meadows or glades with sentries posted.

However, in a place like Longside you could not keep such meetings dark from the State authorities. They had thought that the want of a church would shake the faith and firmness of the people, and now when they found barn and porch and field being substituted they realised that even more drastic measures must be applied. If lack of a church had no effect, the lack of a parson would. In May, 1753, John Skinner was cast into the prison of Old Aberdeen, there to serve his six months' sentence.

This was done out of the blue, and took the amazing congregation by surprise. However, they soon rallied and made it their mission to house and provide for Skinner's family.

I was born in Old Aberdeen, and nowadays when I pass the old Town House and jail at the head of the High Street I am not so inclined to remark to myself that it was here that John Skinner was imprisoned, but rather to feel proud of the Old Aberdonians of that day. With St Machar's Cathedral on their doorsteps they were in the main Presbyterians, but that did not prevent them being ruled by pity for a Piscie. With the help of the divinity professors in the Chanonry they collected a whole library of theological and biblical books which were quietly smuggled into Skinner's cell. He renewed his study of Hebrew and found what he thought the key to all religious, Biblical and philosophic interpretation, " Hutchinsonianism."

This theory has long since been exploded by modern philologists, but Skinner was such a vigorous and enthusiastic exponent of it for the rest of his days that his reputation as a scholar spread to even international dimensions. We forget that fame of Skinner's.

However, there was a less erudite, more human and touching incident connected with Skinner's imprisonment in Old Aberdeen. His second son, John, then eight years of age had been so devoted to his father that at his imprisonment the lad grieved so much that it was feared he would die. He would not eat, he could not sleep, and he was soon in a decline. When seriously ill and apparently beyond cure it was decided as a last drastic remedy to try putting him with his father in his cell. Within a week the boy became lively and well.

This was the son who became Bishop of Aberdeen. When Burns visited Aberdeen and was entertained by Chalmers of the *Aberdeen Journal*, he found

the Bishop one of the small party, and realising who he was he bade young John tell his father that he would rather have written " The Ewie wi' the crookit horn " than any of his own poems.

It was also this Bishop Skinner who consecrated Samuel Seabury, the American loyalist clergyman, first Bishop of the Episcopal Church in America, a lasting link with Longside and Linshart from the other side of the Atlantic which from time to time has had the aim of building a cathedral in Aberdeen, but up till now has sent generous contributions to extending the present St Andrew's Cathedral. Both John Skinner and his Bishop son were given the freedom of Old Aberdeen in August, 1789, thirty-six years after they had shared imprisonment there, but that did not mean that the father was not still harried by the State in his ministerings to a kirkless congregation.

But we can only imagine the sufferings and hardships of these later years of the eighteenth century and early ones of the nineteenth, for all that seems to be recorded of John Skinner are anecdotes of his quick wit and kindly toleration of the intolerant.

For instance, when a man, trying to gain favour with Skinner, said, " I was eence an Episcopalian myself'," he received the sharp reply, " Na, ye only thocht it ! " But he was no bigot, for he and a Mr Brown, the parish minister of Longside, were on such friendly terms that when Skinner nearing his end was asked in what part of Longside churchyard he would like to be buried, replied, " Lay me doon aside Mr Brown ; he and I got on very well together during life."

His fame as a scholar went far wider than Buchan for when the diligent Mr Gleig was editing the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* he entreated Skinner to contribute. In Buchan itself he was renowned as a preacher, and he preached without notes. Someone once asked him how he did it, and Skinner's reply was ready : " Does a man require study and preparation to talk to his own family ? Of the numerous congregation which you saw assembled today I have baptised more than three-fourths. I therefore consider them my children; and surely he feels not as a parent who does not address his children as he feels without awe or restraint."

But Skinner did not always preach extempore, and a tale which I have heard repeated in many a Buchan kitchen may be why he came to do so. It was at one of the impromptu and clandestine Sunday services held in a barn. Just as Skinner was about to begin his sermon a hen which had been roosting in the rafters decided she did not want to stay. There was a considerable amount of cackling and fluttering, and in the commotion the pages of Skinner's notes for his sermon were swept from the rostrum and carried off by a high wind. There were feverish efforts to retrieve them until Skinner shouted, " Never mind them. A fowl shall never shut my mouth again."

Such are the facts of the life of John Skinner, unless I add that alongside his scholarship in Hebrew and philosophy he studied medicine and had quite a local reputation as a healer, though we had better qualify this with the phrase used by a contemporary, " in times of emergencies." There seems precious little in such a hard and occupied lifetime by which to connect his poetry and song-writing. The gentleness of the verses hardly matches the perilous circumstances in which the most of his maturity was spent. Perhaps it was one way of his innate Christianity seeping out.

Had John Skinner given posthumous fame a thought he would have expected it in the greater world because of his learning. In the Longside district he would have known that the affection in which he was held would have outlasted him by a few generations. As a poet ? No. He refused to allow his verses to be collected and published, describing them as mere dabblings.

Yet " Tullochgorum " and " The Ewie " have an unchallenged place among our songs. By them the mass of Scots remember Skinner. I would

not grumble at that so long as we do go on remembering him with occasional reminders that he was something else as well. We might also remember that it was almost by accident that they were ever put on paper or heard.

It was a lady of Ellon who regretted that no words had ever been set to the tune of the strathspey, " The Reel of Tullochgorum," and I have my own notion, which I shall expound in a minute, why Skinner attacked the task with zest. How " The Ewie wi' the crookit horn " came about was that the local doctor was asked to write a pastoral song, got stuck at the third line and handed the job over to the Piscie minister. Skinner, himself, has told us that other verses came about because his daughters were keen on singing and pestered him for songs.

Poetry did not come bursting from him. He did not have to write it as surely Burns did. On the other hand, the skilful ploy of rhyming and scanning which won praise for the boy's Latin verse, and pleased the young teacher of Monymusk, was revived after lying dormant during his early years in the ministry, and must have been greeted as an old friend. We have evidence that in later years Skinner, like other rhymsters, liked to send messages of greetings and acknowledgements to friends in rhyming couplets which neatly expressed the sentiment.

Rhymsters are queer folk. They can be bitten with a fascination for finding more and more difficult rhymes, and I shall give an instance in the case of the late Dr Rorie. When I first found myself likening Skinner's verse with Rorie's broadly comic Pawkie Dukes, and Lum Hats wanting the Croon, I recoiled in horror at the Philistine in me. But in a way there was a link.

It was early in the last war, and Mr Alec Keith had a notion to produce a small volume of traditional and other north-east verse for the boys to carry with them, just as the boys of the First World War carried into the trenches Houseman's *A Shropshire Lad*. He had his own large collection forming so it was not a difficult anthology to gather. My part in it in a very minor way was with some of the tunes in tonic sol-fa which accompanied the bothy ballads.

Keith had a notion to have in his book one brand new poem by Rorie and approached the doctor, who was surprisingly enthusiastic over an opportunity or excuse to pit his rhyming ability against a word which had for long been a fascination to him. He wanted to write a song about the Bonnie Lass o' Maggieknocketer. The Banffshire hamlet was not going to defeat him.

I can recall one line typical of his victory. An incident in the poem concerned the presence of the Bonnie Lass at a local dance where the fiddler got the worse of wear for drink. The lovely line appeared, " And the drunken crittar threw an eicht-day clock at her."

I claim that when that lady of Ellon suggested to Skinner words to fit the " Reel of Tullochgorum," he enjoyed a similar thrill of the practised rhymster. His invention hardly knew any bounds, " To drop their Whig-mig-morum," " In conscience I abhor him," " To make a cheerful quorum," " Wi' a' their variorum " (he's getting flippant there). " Wi' keeping up decorum," " Like auld Philosophorum," and so on.

It began like that, but out of the one and only Skinner came gems of other lines to make " Tullochgorum " an interpretation of the Scottish life of that day as only Scottish eyes could see it so that Burns was right when he said it was unrivalled and incomparable.

Similarly with " The Ewie." Skinner, I can imagine, reaching the stanza :

> She never threatened scab nor rot,
> But keepit aye her ain jog-trot,
> Baith to the fauld and to the cot,
> Was never sweir to lead nor ca.'

His blood warmed to the work. One verse bred another better and better, until in a fever he reached :

O ! gin I had the loon that did it,
Sworn I have as well as said it,
Though a' the warld should forbid it
I wad gie his neck a thra !

The disaster of the ewie might easily have been painted in less than seventeen verses, but I would not part with one of them.

So one could go on and on with Skinner's songs, but his memory so far is assured where they are concerned, even though limited to two in most cases. My object has been that man himself who is more apt to be forgotten.

What Sentiment can I make of him ? At first I toyed with adapting the epitaph given to another " Piscie " warrior, though of the English variety—the late Conrad Noel of Thaxsted, Essex. Outside in the churchyard below the east window of the church he made so beautiful and famous you read, " Thou hast loved Justice and hated Oppression."

But that is far too high-sounding and militant to fit John Skinner of Linshart. My Sentiment is wide of the mark, but, as near as I can get it, it runs : May with us all, like him, the couthy song, the kindly note outweigh the woes of adversity."

Mr Mitchell resumed his seat amid great applause.

The President said he was not exaggerating when he claimed that they had heard a wonderfully able piece of literature, in which research and Mr Mitchell's own imagination had played prominent parts. He thanked Mr Mitchell and gave the toast of his health, which was hailed with Caledonian Honours.

Ever-welcome Guests.

" Our Guests," always a welcome toast, was given by Mr W. G. Gray, who said :

A distinguished son of the Scottish United Presbyterian Manse, Mr John Cumberland Landale Train, C.B.E., M.C., would reply to the toast. Mr Train comes from Kintyre. He began his working life on the North British Railway, and advanced until in 1942 he became Chief Engineer of the L.N.E.R., and is now a member of the Transport Commission. The 1914–1918 war interrupted Mr Train's civilian career, but he emerged with a Military Cross, and since then he has added C.B.E. to his decorations. (Applause.)

They welcomed, too, Lord Saltoun, M.C., who had been for twenty years a Scottish representative peer. Lord Saltoun's title dates to 1445. In the 1914–1918 war he was in the Gordons, and won his Military Cross.

Mr James M. Miller, who was born in Bulawayo of Coatbridge parents, we also welcome. He was in Edinburgh when the 1914–1918 war broke, and he joined the Black Watch. At present Mr Miller represents the Rhodesian Government on the Selection Board in London.

Among our other guests are Mr R. D. Fairbairn, a Scottish banker, a first-class cricketer and soccer player ; Mr Walter Nairn, M.C., whose golfing feats we know ; and Mr. O. Petie, London representative of Credito-Italiano.

Mr J. C. L. Train, in response, said he was the guest of Mr Alexander Dowie, who when inviting him to the dinner

claimed that it was always good for a man to be seen about with his banker. (Laughter.) You will have gathered recently from the Press that the British Transport Commission consists of Generals and Marshals and to a great extent old men, but do not forget that we have also some young men, and one very able one is known to you here. I mean young Lieut.-Colonel Cameron of Lochiel.

And now pardon a personal note. Just a year ago last month my old mother, to use your President's words, " slippet awa " in her ninety-seventh year, and we buried her beside my father in an ancient churchyard at Southend, Mull of Kintyre, where the small church has been a ruin for centuries. The day was perfect. The sun was shining, the Atlantic, a few yards away, was like a mirror, and the sea birds were calling overhead. As we passed up the road a ploughman at the end of a furrow, with a pair of horses, stood still and took off his cap. The family said that even nature seemed to be paying a tribute to a great old lady, who only a month or two before had flown by herself from Campbeltown to Renfrew, as she did regularly.

Here is a story told me by my father. John and Maggie could not both go to church together, because one had to stay behind and look after the young family and get the dinner ready. It was John's turn to go to church, and when he returned Maggie asked him what the sermon was about. John said that the minister had preached on adultery. Maggie then asked him what he had said about it, and John replied, " Oh, he didna hold wi' it."

On behalf of the guests I thank you.

Compliment to The Hon. Secretary.

The President, giving the annual vote of thanks to the office-bearers, said :

This is a most important toast, and the main reason for its existence, it seems to me, is to give the President and the other officials an opportunity of showing our abilities as orators. (Laughter.) Now, I propose doing the secretary first. (Laughter.) He is a man of great tenacity of purpose, and I'll be glad tonight to get him off my hands. (Laughter.) I am always glad to co-operate with Mr Miller. This co-operation is illustrated in the story of the father and two sons, one Jimmy, a decent boy, and the other Wullie, a bad lad. When the old man was dying he consulted Jimmy, who favoured an equal division between the two boys of the £600 to be left. Wullie was in ecstacies for he expected nothing. He expressed his gratitude to his father, and said he would do anything for him. What could he do ? The father was breathing heavily, and between gasps, he said, " That's a' richt, laddie ; that's a richt, bit jist tak' yer fit aff my oxygen tube." (Laughter.) That was the

sort of co-operation he had had from Mr Miller. Seriously, however, there was never any panic with Mr Miller, who got through an enormous amount of work in his quiet, efficient way. He (Mr. Dalgarno) could not have done his job as President if he had not had Mr Miller's advice and hearty co-operation. (Loud applause.)

The President continued : Mr Robert Jardine, their Hon. Treasurer, was certainly the right man in the right place—indeed he was the right man in a tight place. (Laughter.) They were sorry that Mr Houston, their faithful auditor, was in delicate health, but they were glad that he was getting better. (Applause.) Of the Hon. Historian, Mr William Will, the President had some flattering things to say.

The Dalgarnos.

Mr W. M. Miller, Hon. Secretary, replied for the office-bearers. He said :

Dalgarno is an old, and sometimes respected, Aberdeenshire name, which has been borne by famous men. One, a George Dalgarno, born in Old Aberdeen in 1626, anticipated by some hundreds of years the instruction of the deaf and dumb, and in 1680 published *The Deaf and Dumb Man's Tutor.* His teaching, presumably applied to his own descendants, must have been singularly successful, because there is nothing deaf and, as you may have noticed for yourselves, certainly nothing dumb about our President. He can be fluent, even eloquent, on any subject, and the less important the subject (witness this toast) the more voluble he can be. (Laughter.) That is a great gift, which as it costs nothing to bestow, is much favoured by many of Aberdonian origin. (Hear, hear, and laughter.)

I said earlier, Brother Caledonians, that the name Dalgarno was " sometimes " respected in Aberdeenshire. I am sorry that it was necessary to impose this qualification, but after examining the three volumes of *Aberdeenshire Sheriff Court Records*, published by the New Spalding Club, I felt that I had no alternative. It is sad to have to confess that over the years 1504 to 1648 the surname of our President appears no fewer than fifty-three times in these records, and that of these Dalgarnos fifteen possess the Christian name of " William." (Loud laughter.)

They must have been a carnaptious lot—more acrimonious than sanctimonious, and more prone to litigation than mitigation. But our President has long outgrown these disagreeable family characteristics. He now presents an air of innocence and simplicity which has so affected me that throughout the whole Session I have not once had the heart to tell him what I really think of him. (Laughter.)

He has been equally considerate to me, even on one occasion hinting that I had a soft spot in my heart, if you could only find it ! I suppose I ought to be thankful that he didn't suggest I had a soft spot in my head as well.

Through the maze of his stories, I gather from the President's observations in submitting this toast, that the office-bearers have found favour in his eyes. This is fortunate, because we propose, unless we are summarily dismissed, to continue in our respective offices. Naturally we are hoping that, since the cost of living has now reached the highest figure in the country's history, our remuneration (if any) will be substantially advanced. (Laughter.)

Mr President, we, the hon. office-bearers, offer you our thanks for your generous tribute to our work. (Loud applause.)

The musical part of the programme was contributed by Mr Donald Fraser, whose glorious voice was heard in such

songs as " Kishmul's Galley," " The Land of Heart's Desire," " Maiden of Morven," and " Of a' the Airts." Mr Fraser was aided by our accompanist, Mr Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M.

Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., had as his bagpipe selection, " The Rhodesia Regiment," " Tullochgorum," " Over the Isles to America," " The Green Hills o' Tyrol."

Our own Strathspey, " Auld Lang Syne," and the National Anthem wound up an exhilarating evening.

The Ladies and The Society.

The President and Mrs Dalgarno received a large company of members and their ladies on the occasion of the annual Festival or Ladies' Night on 21st April, 1955, at the Rembrandt Hotel.

After he had given a hearty welcome to the members and guests, the President offered the loyal toasts. Speaking of our Queen he said, " On this day, the 29th birthday of Her Majesty we wish with all our hearts that our young Queen may have a happy, a long, and a prosperous reign." (Loud applause.)

The principal toast, said the Chairman, next to those of the Queen and " Our Guests " is " The Caledonian Society of London." It was always given by the President.

They claimed that it was unique in more ways than one. They boasted that it had character, and after all it was character that counted, and not social position. As they were never tired of reiterating, their principal care and concern were their two great charities in London, the Royal Scottish Corporation, which for years had been succouring the old London folks who had fallen by the way in this great city ; and the Royal Caledonian Schools which had educated and brought up for long years the neglected children of service men and needy Scots generally.

Those are, perhaps, the principal bonds that hold us together. We cherish, too, the culture of our native land—its great train of song and ballad and story. We have our Caledonian Honours with which we welcome those we honour. We are a happy band of brothers not courting but not despising publicity. We were the first London society to invite ladies to public dinners.

The Caledonian Society of London is the one and only of my many societies of which my wife approves, and you know how difficult ladies are to please. There is the case of an old Scots lady who annoyed the shoe shop assistant by her disapproval of his boots and shoes. At last he had a pair of boots which fitted the lady perfectly, but all he could get out of her was, " D'ye ca' that a fitt ? " (Laughter.)

" Let me," concluded Mr Dalgarno, thank you for your forbearance with me during my year of office. Our roots are strong ; memories are many and precious. I pay my tribute to Mr Miller, who has been to me a great tower of confidence and strength (Applause.)

Sir George Campbell, K.C.I.E., proposed "Our Guests". He said :

This was probably the first time in the history of the Society when the toast of the guests was replied to by the daughter of the President. Having experienced the President's fluency and volubility it is natural that his daughter should possess some of his proficiency in speech making. (Hear, hear.) Mrs Duval was born in Aberdeen, has been a private secretary, and, like her father, is interested in the drama and in golf. (Applause.)

Of Lieut.-Col. Sir Ronald Ross, Bt., M.C., D.L., Sir George said Sir Ronald had a distinguished career at the Bar prior to his appointment in 1951 as agent in Great Britain for the Government of Northern Ireland. In the 1914–1918 war he was awarded the M.C. and the Croix de Guerre. (Applause.) He was an M.P. for over twenty years until 1951.

Sir Charles Cunningham, C.S.I., had a long and distinguished career in the Indian Police, and was finally Inspector-General of Police of the Madras Presidency. Later, in this country, he was for five years until 1945, Acting Inspector of Constabulary at the Home Office.

Mrs Duval, in a humorous speech began, "Once more the mighty roar of London arrests us." As she had feared, her relationship with the President had been revealed, although she usually tried to "keep it dark." I envy and admire our various forms of public speaking, continued Mrs Duval. There is he who has at his command a series of amusing stories and an ability to reproduce the various dialects which occur in the British Isles ; the speaker who makes frequent use of the more significant and beautiful passages of the great poets ; and the speaker who with great erudition appears familiar with the eminent philosophers. Now, I don't know any amusing stories ; I never could memorise a line of poetry ; and I'm not at all familiar with the philosophers. But I do know what a fine Society the Caledonian Society of London is. I know the wonderful work it is doing in fostering the noble work of charity. (Hear, hear.) And so we ladies appreciate the honour of having been invited, if only once a year, to this exclusive male Society. We thank you for your courtesy. (Applause.)

Here the President intervened to put right a difference of opinion about some family golfing escapade. He told the story of a rather persevering but feckless golfer, who in a competition was addressing the ball a few feet beyond the tee. "Come back! " shouted an official. "Come back to the tee ! " "Awa' man," said the competitor, "awa' man, 'am playin' ma second." (Laughter.)

Sir Ronald Ross, received with cheers, said he would like them to pass from the rather erratic history of the Dalgarno family to the guests. (Laughter.)

He was sure they were all enjoying themselves. In Ulster we have many things in common with your people in Scotland, even to the case of the Blairgowrie boy who, on being asked what he would like to become, said, quite confidently and frankly, " A retired banker ! " (Laughter.) Further, we in Ulster are very communicative, with criticisms beyond the average. I understand that you in Scotland are similarly blessed, but it may be a throwback to the troublous times that your people faced in the days of long ago. He (Sir Ronald) was at a Gaelic concert, and although there was no recent cause for it there was a feeling of restraint. The song that was being sung covered a slaughter of the Campbells by a rival clan ; and the enthusiasm of the Campbells was chilled by the bloodthirsty details of the song. But all the Gaelic songs expressed these violent qualities. In these peaceful days there are still similar antagonisms : Glasgow and Edinburgh are not agreed as to which is the more important, and Aberdeen and Dundee have their differences. Those of us Scots who came from Scotland in the reigns of the early Jameses were not over-weighted with goods. My own clan had not a pair of trousers in the whole family. (Laughter.) Even the Stone of Scone we parted with. We did not make such a fuss about it as you Scots today have.

You ought to be well looked after in the House of Commons, for M.P.s are entirely in the hands of Scots. The Speaker is my friend Mr " Shakespeare " Morrison, and the Deputy Speaker is another old friend, Sir Charles Macadam.

In conclusion let me thank you for all the guests. It has been a great Scottish night. (Applause.)

To The President, Thanks.

Past-President James R. Steele submitted the toast " The President."

He thanked Mr Dalgarno for his conduct of their affairs and of his success in office. (Hear, hear.) He could not help quoting his successor's tribute : " Mr Dalgarno had a genius for integrity, organisation, wise management and ability to elicit the best for others." Our Society had benefited from his sterling qualities, and from his wide experience and wise counsel. We all know the prominent position he holds in Scottish circles and societies in London. Let me quote the Epistle to Lapraik as being appropriate to our President :

The social, friendly, honest man,
Whate'er he be.
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plans,
And none but he.

Let me finish this toast by quoting a few lines of poetry, the author of which is to me unknown :

Isn't it strange that princes and kings,
And clowns that caper in circus rings,
And common folk like you and me,
Are builders of eternity.
Each one is given a bag of tools,
A shapeless mass and a book of rules,
And each must build ere his day be done,
A stumbling block or a stepping stone.

William Dalgarno has certainly built a stepping stone for the further progress of the Caledonian Society of London. We have had a highly successful year and shall look back with gratitude to Mr Dalgarno for his year as President. (Loud applause.)

The President who was received with applause, began with rather a grim joke.

Emphasising that he hardly knew himself in Mr Steele's description, he said he was reminded of the minister who was eulogising one of his parishioners at his grave, when the widow, addressing the son, said : " Come awa', Johnnie ; this is the wrang grave ! " However, I thank Mr Steele for his words, which were meant kindly. I am sure, said Mr Dalgarno, that I am not the only one who has missed that fine and familiar figure of our Past-President, the Rev. Dr Scott, who has been laid aside temporarily from his duties, but who, we are glad to know, is progressing satisfactorily. We hope he will soon again be attending our meetings. A message from us, I am sure, would be greatly appreciated. (Applause.)

Among our invalids, too, is Mr David Houston, our Past Treasurer ; who also is steadily improving in health. (Applause.)

I would like to thank Mr Miller, our Honorary Secretary, for all that he has done for me in this year of mine. He has carried me on his shoulders. I want to thank, too, the rank and file, the heart of the Society. They have laughed at my jokes and behaved towards me as if they approved my presence in the chair. (Applause.) With some family golfing matter in mind, Mr Dalgarno told the story of a funeral in Aberdeen. A golfer's wife had died, and the procession was proceeding to the kirkyard. Only one object was to to be seen on the hearse—a bag of golf clubs. The usual morbid crowd of spectators was there, and one old man, seeing the clubs said he was burying them with his wife. " Na, na, sir," said an old woman who was better informed, " it's nae like that. His wife's been taen awa', an' he's for a game efter the funeral."

The President again thanked the members for their support.

As usual the Past-Presidents saluted the President, and Mrs Dalgarno pinned the Society's badge on the coat of Mr J. R. Steele, Past-President.

Miss Elizabeth Seton's fine voice was heard in these songs : " Caller Herrin'," " The Dowerless Maiden," " Hame cam' oor Guidman," and a Gaelic song. Miss Seton was accompanied on the harp, played feelingly by Miss Joan Hanning.

Our officer, Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., gave his selection, and entertained the audience with : " Leaving Linga," " Miss Ann Crawford," " The Ship Wife," and " The Lass o' Richmond Hill," as well as the closing Strathspey, " The Caledonian Society of London."

We had the further attraction of some items of magic from a member of the Magic Circle, Mr Peter Newcombe.

" Auld Lang Syne " and the National Anthem wound up a meeting of great enthusiasm.

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting covering session 1954–1955 was held at headquarters on 3rd November, 1955. Mr William Dalgarno,

President, was in the chair. He noted with great sorrow the loss through death of Past-President Lord Alness, P.C., G.B.E., David Houston, Past Treasurer and later auditor, and D. M. Forbes, M.A., LL.B. Resolutions of sympathy with relatives and appreciation of the work of the deceased members were passed.

Robert Jardine, C.A., Hon. Treasurer, submitted his financial statement, which showed a healthy position of the Society funds. As in previous years, £50 each were voted to the Corporation and the Schools.

Mr Dalgarno offered the Society's congratulations to Past-President Rev. Dr R. F. V. Scott on his nomination for the Moderatorship of the Church of Scotland. Mr Dalgarno's remarks were loudly applauded.

The President also congratulated Past-President Colonel Duncan Bennett, M.C., on having been appointed to succeed Colonel Ogilby as Colonel-in-Chief of the London Scottish. Colonel Bennett was loudly applauded on rising to thank the President.

W. O. Hunter, W. M. Miller, Hon. Secretary, Sir Alex. Murray, K.C.I.E., were greeted as life members, they having joined the Society in 1935.

Mr Miller reported that the Quaich, presented conditionally to the London Caledonian Games at the White City in May was won by A. R. Valentine, Scottish A.A.A., for hammer-throwing (first in Scottish style, 109 ft. 9 in.).

The President welcomed as his successor in the chair for Session 1955–1956, Sir George Campbell, K.C.I.E., who Mr Dalgarno hailed as one who would still further advance the prestige of the Society. He invested Sir George with the insignia of the Presidency.

Sir George Campbell thanked Mr Dalgarno and the members for the honour they had done him. He moved that Mr Dalgarno be awarded the gold badge of the Society as a mark of their appreciation of his services as President.

The officers for the Session were elected: President, Sir George Campbell, K.C.I.E.; Vice-President, Dr Macrae Stewart; Hon. Secretary, W. M. Miller; Hon. Treasurer, Robert Jardine, C.A.; Hon. Auditor, J. H. Robertson, C.A.; Hon. Historian, Past-President William Will, C.B.E.

CHAPTER IV.

1955–1956: Sir George R. Campbell, K.C.I.E., *President.*

An Anglo-Indian takes Command; General Gough on Scottish Soldiers; the London Scottish; "Claverhouse," by Mr E. A. Armstrong; A Great Baritone; "The Immortal Memory," by Prof. A. Y. Campbell; "The Scot in Lombard Street," by William Millar; Our Human Society; The Oxford Accent; "The Scots Engineer," by Mr A. J. Silley; the President Extols the Society.

WE have as our President for Session 1955–1956, a man whose name is linked intimately with the great Indian Empire, to whose service many outstanding Scots have given their lives.

Sir George Campbell was born on 4th April, 1887, in Blantyre, Lanarkshire, where his father, a writer and notary public, was agent of the Clydesdale Bank. Young Campbell was educated at Hamilton Academy, and apprenticed to Thomas Law & Co., shipowners, Glasgow, in 1903. Six years later he went to India as an assistant to Mackinnon, Mackenzie & Co., the managing agents of the British India Steam Navigation Co., the largest shipowning company in the world. He served with them until his retiral from India in 1939, having been senior partner from 1934, and in control of all the first Earl of Inchcape's interests in the East—from Bagdad to Yokohama—including coal mines, jute factories and tea gardens.

While in India he was a member of the Council of State in New Delhi, President of the Bengal Chamber of Commerce, the Associated Chambers of Commerce of India, the Caledonian Society of Calcutta, and the Calcutta Burns Club.

SIR GEORGE R. CAMPBELL, K.C.I.E.
President, 1955–1956

Under the earlier reforms he was leader of the European Group in the Bengal Legislative Assembly for two years. He was much loved by all parties and the only man known, after an hour's talk, to make Mahatma Gandhi change his mind—this relative to an attempt by the Bose brothers to have all political and criminal prisoners released in Bengal.

George Campbell's knighthood (Knight Bachelor) was conferred by Lord Willingdon, Viceroy of India, in New Delhi in 1935, for public services.

War broke out, and he was sent to India as shipping controller and representative of the Ministry of War Transport for India, Burma, and Ceylon.

In 1942, for his services in India he was decorated with the Knight Commandership of the Indian Empire.

Sir George was appointed commercial director of the Sea Transport Division of the Ministry of War Transport. Royal naval and mercantile marine interests were not then seeing eye to eye, and the director of sea transport, Sir William Hynard, decided to give Sir George a free hand, and he was able to arrange the most complete co-operation among all the services, and the shipment of war supplies to all fronts was considerably expedited, and with outstanding economies. One of these was the reorganisation of packing which resulted in five cargo ships of say, 7,000 to 9,000 tons each capacity, carrying as much as seven ships had before.

When the Labour Government won, in the Churchill debacle, Sir George did not get so much as a letter of thanks for his work, except for a kindly letter from the new Minister for War Transport, Mr Barnes, saying he had done a good job in saving shipping space with the help of General Williams.

Having dealt successfully with general war transport, Sir George was asked in 1942 by Lord Leathers to take over the new appointment of regional port director for south-east England. He demurred a little as he had already learned from personal contact that the Port of London Authority did not think they needed any civil servant to help them. So it was agreed and at a lunch in the Mayfair, Sir George met Sir Douglas Ritchie, general manager of the P.L.A. who gave our President most hearty support.

So Sir George took control of all the ports from Yarmouth in the east to Poole in the south, London, of course, and Southampton being those who bore the greatest burden of all the preparations for " D " Day. He cannot speak too highly

of the ungrudging co-operation and kindness he received everywhere, and particularly from all the personnel of the Port of London Authority and the Southern Railway. He particularly appreciated the help and understanding of Sir Douglas Ritchie, now retired from the deputy chairmanship of the P.L.A., and Sir John Elliot, of the Southern Railway, now in a Government job.

Sir George was immersed in the real work and the intensive planning to have everything ready for the landing in France and the subsequent "build-up." That ultimate success was achieved is a matter of history.

As soon as possible after victory was assured Sir George closed his regional port director's office in Mark Lane, and then returned to the B.I.S.N. Co. and the P. & O., as a managing director until his retiral in 1950. In 1948 he was elected a Companion of the Institute of Marine Engineers.

An interlude in Sir George's career was his service in the cavalry from 1914 to 1919—first training in the Bombay Light Horse, then with the 5th Dragoon Guards at Aldershot, in France with the Glasgow Yeomanry and the H.L.I., and finally adjutant of the 31st Lancers on the N.W. Frontier of India.

Not in recent years has the Society had as its leader a man with the experience of world affairs as in this Session of 1955–1956. And there is no difficulty in predicting a successful year of office for Sir George Riddoch Campbell, K.C.I.E.

"The Scot in the British Army."

Sir George Campbell, K.C.I.E., President, took the chair at the first Little Dinner of the Session on 17th November, 1955, at the Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington. A large company gave him a hearty welcome. He had as his principal guest, General Sir Hubert Gough, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., who gave as his Sentiment "The Scot in the British Army."

After the loyal toasts had been honoured, General Gough thanked the President for his invitation to address the Caledonian Society of London. He knew what he was undertaking, for Scots had always been proud of their soldiers, Highland and Lowland.

Continuing, he said he had in mind that Fortescue's *British Army* would give them all that was necessary, and that evening he (General Gough) would

tell them only what were his own experiences not of the Scottish regiments alone whose valour was notorious, but often of the individual soldiers whose friendship he had secured and enjoyed. But, said the General, I have a claim to be allowed to address you, London Scots, for I have some Scottish blood in my veins. I am of the Arbuthnot family, which, although not a clan name, is well known and highly respected in the Lowlands and Highlands of Scotland.

From Sandhurst young Gough went to Aldershot, and he had pleasant memories of a great friend of his, Neil Malcolm, who was in that grand Scottish regiment, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, than which no one would seek a finer body of men.

In a short time we found ourselves in India; and at Lucknow we met more Scots, the Cameronians, who still retain in their equipment some traces of their Covenanting origin.

My experience as a young officer was refreshed by the friendliness of those hearty Scots officers; and then came my first taste of battle, that stirring incident of gallantry that thrilled not only our home country, but rocked the whole world. That was the storming of the heights of Dargai by the Gordon Highlanders. There the Afridis, a brave people, barred our way, but they had been driven out of their pass and the rocky hill road. Our army retired at night, with the feeling that the Afridis had been driven off, but the enemy, thinking that the British had been beaten, returned and elatedly took up their old positions. The next morning, time after time, our regiments had been thrown back, until the General ordered the Gordons to attack the hill. Colonel Mathias, a very brave man, was in command of the Gordons, and he told his men what the General had ordered, and said to them: "The Gordons will attack the pass," and with a great roar of cheering and the bagpipes skirling, the Gordons rushed the rocky obstacles, and after heavy fighting the Afridis took to their heels and fled. Piper Findlater, who was in the charge, was shot down; but, though unable to rise, he continued to encourage his comrades by spiritedly playing his bagpipes. For his courage he received the Victoria Cross, and another piper was also decorated. (Applause.)

The next thing that came into my life was the Boer War. The most important part I was called upon to play in that campaign was the defence of Ladysmith, where again I had the benefit of the Gordons, who took part in the defence. That war is always associated in my mind with the tragedy that befell my great friend and splendid soldier, Captain Beach Towse, of the Gordons, who lost both his eyes by a rifle shot. He got the V.C. for his part in that action.

The Scottish regiments were working all over South Africa. The Manchesters and the 2nd Gordons were there, for the first time in history dressed in khaki instead of in their flaming red coats, targets for the Boer sharpshooters.

The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders fought on the Modder River. The Highland Brigade, ultimately formed, was composed of the Seaforths, H.L.I., 1st Gordons, Black Watch, with General Wauchope at their head. The disaster to the Brigade, with 1,000 men and Wauchope killed, came with a sudden shock, but the Brigade never lost its old-time prestige, and the regiments recovered under Roberts and Hector Macdonald, to take part in the struggle which ended at Pretoria. The Camerons were in South Africa before the war ended.

One of the young Scottish soldiers I met in the South African War was a member of an important family in Scotland named Stormonth Darling. There were many important men of that name, and the one I knew was a subaltern: a very fine young man. I had a great admiration for him.

And now we come to the first Great War with Germany (1914–1918), when our whole army went to France, six complete divisions. My part in it was as the head of the 5th Division. (Applause.)

If you have not already read that fine book, *The First Hundred Thousand*, by a fine soldier, Ian Hay, do so at once. It is a great book by a great Scot. What a glorious picture he painted.

The first incident that I encountered was when the London Scottish, just newly arrived from home, was sent to me, and I had no option but to send that gallant band of young men immediately into the fight. The want of reserves was our great weakness. We had none. And I would advise you gentlemen here, if ever you have that experience, to be sure you have reserves before you begin your fight. And when you have reserves don't do as we did—keep them idle and ask what was their next move.

On that occasion the London Scottish, the first territorial battalion sent to France, had a rough time, but they stuck it well. I remember when a young officer came back wounded to hospital, I said to him that they had done great work. "A great disaster, I think, sir," said the young man. "Not a bit," I said. "Thank you very much. The London Scottish had a fine fight. Well done."

That war, if costly to us in men and treasure, went far, I think, to make the Empire. Men of all colours and races came to support the British cause; and it was grand to see the pride that the overseas men had in the regiments to which they were attached.

I shall never forget (said General Gough) that the whole of the line at one point was carried by a purely Scottish crowd—the 9th Division. There were then lots of reserves. General Alexander was the first person who recognised the value and uses of reserves, one of the early lessons of war. Reserves were made to fight with not to look at.

It is impossible for me to do more than refer to the fine work of two of the greatest divisions that were operating against the Germans—the 15th (Lowland) and the 51st (Highland) Divisions. (Applause.) Their names will live long in the memories of the people of your country. (Applause.)

Now I have finished, inadequately I know. The nearest I got to the 1939–1945 war was commanding an elderly Home Guard (defence force) in Hyde Park; but the story of the Scottish regiments in that campaign was the same as in previous wars—a tale of bravery and sacrifice. Apart from his war sense and success, I hold that the Scottish soldier has a good influence in the army.

The General sat down amid great applause.

The President thanked General Gough for the thrilling address, and to the admirable bright side-lights that he had been able to throw on the great tragedies of war. It was a happy Sentiment, and we all thank the General sincerely for coming here and giving us such a military treat. (Applause.)

A Compliment from General Gough.

Mr R. A. Poole submitted the toast "Our Guests".

He said that on the last occasion when he spoke to the brethren, that was when he was admitted to membership, he quoted an old Scotch saying, "Gie yer tongue mair holidays than yer heid," a valuable proverb to have in mind when speaking in public. Having offered our guests a traditional Scottish welcome—a good dinner, good wine, good spirits, and good entertaining and enjoyment, let us proceed. The word entertaining suggests to me Income Tax returns, and this in turn prompts me to say that the hardest

thing for us to do is to reconcile our net incomes with our gross habits. (Laughter.)

Talking of habits brings us to our principal guest, Sir Hubert Gough, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., who rode his horse in the First World War as Brigadier-General commanding the Third Cavalry Brigade. He has paid us a great compliment. His is a wonderful record, he having actively taken part in our country's three major wars. We are proud of him. (Applause.)

Mr E. J. J. Randall, whose name is coupled with the toast, is an Englishman who formed his bond with Scotland in the 1914–1918 war, by being commissioned in the Lothian and Border Horse. As our President was then in the Glasgow Yeomanry they met in France under General Gough. (Applause.)

We welcome also Major-General G. A. T. Pritchard, C.B.E., Director of Fortifications and Works; Mr. Alan W. Davson, Charles P. Allan, F.R.C.S., and Dr Moffett. (Applause.)

Mr E. J. J. Randall replied to the toast in a short speech, in which he congratulated the members of the Society in securing such a splendid Scotsman, his very great friend, Sir George Campbell, as their President. (Applause.)

Colonel Bennett's Promotion.

The President asked the company to drink to the continued success of their regiment, the London Scottish. They had had Colonel Ogilby with them on several occasions, and they gave the Colonel their best wishes on his retirement. (Applause.) His successor was one of their own members, Past-President Colonel Duncan Bennett, O.B.E., M.C., who takes office from tomorrow. They wished Colonel Bennett great success. (Applause.) They were proud of the "Scottish," and were never tired of telling visitors that the Regiment was formed in a national crisis by the Caledonian Society of London and the Highland Society. They had several old members of the "Scottish" in the Society, and those who had not reached the heights of membership were always welcome as guests. Tonight they had as guests of members: Lt.-Col. H. R. R. Attwooll, M.C. (Commanding Officer); Col. Torrance Law, D.S.O., T.D.; Major David Ord, M.B.E., T.D.; Captain Colin Burn, D.C.M.; Captain Robert Sempill, M.C.; and Captain W. Campbell Brodie; and Duggie Smith, M.O., of the Scotland Rugger team. (Applause.) We make them all welcome.

The musical part of the programme was contributed to by Mr Alasdair MacRae, whose beautiful voice was heard in two Gaelic songs, one of them "Kishmul's Galley." He sang also "Gae Bring to Me," and "The Bonnie Lass o' Ballochmyle." Mr MacRae and his father, Mr Alec MacRae, sang a Gaelic duet which was well received. Mr Leslie A. Frewer gave efficient service as piano accompanist. They were thanked by the President.

Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., with his usual ability gave as his selection: "King George the Fifth's Army," "Lady Louden," "Lochiel's away to France," "The Battle of the Somme." The Society's Strathspey was played as usual.

"Auld Lang Syne" and the National Anthem ended a harmonious gathering.

The December meetings of the Society were held on Thursday, 15th December at the Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington. Sir George Campbell, K.C.I.E., presided.

At the Little Dinner, the loyal toasts having been honoured, Mr E. A. Armstrong, C.B., C.B.E., M.A., gave a scholarly Sentiment titled " Claverhouse," in which he traced the life of the famous soldier. Mr Armstrong said :

" CLAVERHOUSE ".

" To the Lords of Convention 'twas Clavers who spoke,
Ere the King's crown go down, there are crowns to be broke,
So let each cavalier who loves honour and me,
Come follow the bonnet of bonnie Dundee."

These are the stirring words of a familiar song whose lilt has enlivened many a step, whether of merry dancers on pleasure bent or of weary soldiers emerging from the ordeal of battle. Together the words and the music by their very intoxication suggest the picture of a gay, dashing, perhaps even swashbuckling cavalry leader, fiery in temperament, impatient for action, a mixture of Prince Rupert and Young Lochinvar. But the picture would be just as false a picture of John Graham of Claverhouse as the other picture of him, painted in less attractive verse, on many a martyr's tomb-stone in southern Scotland and entitled " the bloody Clavers." My purpose tonight is to try to look at these pictures, and, removing the overlying varnishes applied by the prejudices of his time, discover the real man who is common to both.

Claverhouse (and I propose to call him this for most of this Sentiment, since he did not become Viscount Dundee until within nine months of his death) was a product of his age, and it is impossible to describe his career or determine his position in history without reference to the times in which he lived.

He was born at Glenogilvie, near Dundee, in 1648 or 1649 ; he was killed in battle at Killiecrankie in 1689. His forty years of life, therefore, just overlap the period between the death on the scaffold of Charles I in 1649, and the accession of William and Mary to the throne in 1688.

Not a great deal is known of his boyhood and youth. As a young man of twenty-three he entered the service of Louis XIV of France. For centuries, Scotsmen had made their careers in the French service, adding lustre to their own country as well as to that of their adoption. The king's bodyguard of Scottish archers and the various Scottish units raised subsequently by the kings of France had long been renowned. It was one of these units which Claverhouse joined, possibly the one then known as Dumbarton's Scottish Regiment, the regiment from which the Royal Scots are descended.

He served first with the Dutch against the French, and then with the French against the Dutch.

At that time French military fame was at its highest ; the French generals included such masters of war as Conde and Turenne, and although we have no detailed record of Claverhouse's share in these events, he doubtless got an insight into military tactics and strategy which influenced his later outlook. He was probably quick to note that success does not always go to big battalions, and that determination, fanatical faith, and patriotic fervour such as were displayed by the Dutch under their great leader William of Orange, later to be King of Britain, can often withstand and sometimes defeat a more powerful adversary actuated by less worthy motives.

Of those who served with him in this campaign were two men who played a part in his subsequent career—the Duke of Monmouth who was to be his commanding officer at the battle of Bothwell Bridge, and Hugh Mackay of Scourie, who was to command the Government forces. In 1674 the unpopularity of the war against Holland became too great for Charles to ignore; the people felt that by their support of France, liberty and religion were being betrayed. Charles accordingly made peace with the Dutch.

During his service with the Dutch it appears that he became personally acquainted with William of Orange. Indeed there is reason to suppose that he was able to perform a signal service to that Prince.

Claverhouse resigned his commission in the Dutch army in 1677, doubtless because he saw the prospect of military employment in his own country. In that same year, William married Mary, daughter of James, Duke of York, brother of King Charles and heir to the throne. It is possible that Claverhouse accompanied William to London on this occasion; in any case William brought the young officer who had done him such good service in Holland to the favourable notice of the Duke of York. The Duke was obviously attracted by Claverhouse and the bond which was thus established between them was a governing factor in Claverhouse's subsequent career.

I must now go back seventeen years and trace the troubled history of Scotland from the Restoration in 1660 to the time when Claverhouse began to take a part in his country's destinies. On 1st January 1651, Charles had been crowned with great solemnity at Scone. In the course of the coronation ceremony he had declared upon oath that he would establish and uphold Presbyterianism in Scotland, and at first it appeared that a new era of religious toleration was about to begin. In a letter sent to the Scottish Privy Council in September 1660, Charles declared that he intended to preserve the government of the Church of Scotland, "as it is settled by law," without violation. But as soon as he felt that his throne was secure, Charles began to put the clock back, like his father and grandfather before him; he aimed at making the church in Scotland an Episcopal Church, and all his efforts were directed to undoing everything that had been done in the previous quarter century to establish it on the basis of Presbyterianism. Bishops were restored, patronage was reintroduced, and the severest penalties were applied to those who would not confess. But this was not the way to break a people who regarded the Covenants of 1638 and 1643 as the foundation of their kirk, and were prepared to shed their blood in its defence. The Covenanters (for so they came to be called) were of the stuff of which martyrs were made; they were a dramatic example of how the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church; cruelty and oppression fortified the recusancy, and many were glad, in the current phrase, "to glorify God in the Grassmarket."

The counties in which the covenanting spirit, with its accompanying disaffection was strongest, were in the south-west of Scotland. The majority of the inhabitants were Covenanters and opposed the repression of the Government with all the stubbornness with which their forefathers had confronted the English invaders of earlier times.

By the time that Claverhouse left Holland to take up military duty in Scotland in 1677, the problem of the Covenanters had become the biggest single problem with which the Scottish authorities had to deal. He was given a lieutenancy in a regiment of horse raised to curb the Covenanters, and was sent for duty in the disaffected areas of Dumfries and Annandale. His task was to maintain order and to see that the laws, including those regarding church order and conformity were complied with. The country people were in general hostile to the troops, and found ways and means of evading surveillance; unauthorised Conventicles continued to take place and offenders were shielded and sheltered. The Privy Council were alive to this state of affairs, and in January, 1679, they decided to create a number of additional sheriff-deputes.

Claverhouse was made one of these sheriff-deputes in March 1679. His instructions were to dissipate Conventicles, to apprehend their frequenters, and all vagrant ministers, intercommuned persons and others declared fugitive by the Privy Council or the Courts or whose apprehension might be ordered by the Council.

The situation was tense and it was not long before the breaking point arrived. The occasion was the murder, on 3rd May 1679, of Archbishop Sharp, Primate of Scotland, a man hated by the Covenanters for many years and marked by them for assassination. Emboldened by this success, the Covenanters resolved on an open demonstration of their opposition. A band of them entered Rutherglen on 29th May, 1679, the anniversary of the Restoration, and publicly burnt all the Acts of the Government which had overthrown the Church of the Covenants.

Counter-measures by the Government were intensified. The first armed clash occurred early in June on a Sunday morning at Drumclog in Lanarkshire. Claverhouse and his troopers in the course of a patrol fell in with an armed Conventicle. There was a sharp engagement, vividly described in *Old Mortality*, which resulted in a total defeat of the royal troops. The Covenanters then marched into Glasgow where there was more fighting of a less conclusive nature.

The Government was now seriously alarmed, and the Commander-in-chief, the Duke of Monmouth, came down from London to take personal command of operations. Within a few weeks a considerable force was available, and the Duke led this force against the insurgents. A major battle was fought at Bothwell Bridge. This time victory was with the Government. The Covenanters had not been able to act as a united body; they were divided as between moderates and extremists, the former prepared to lay down their arms on reasonable conditions, such as the promise of a free Parliament and a free General Assembly, the latter prepared for war to the death; the ministers of each faction " preached and prayed against the other," and what was perhaps worse for a body under arms, sought to influence the way in which the coming battle should be fought.

Claverhouse and his troop were present at the battle, but the extent of their participation is not known in detail. This is not surprising. The actions in battle of individual officers of the rank of captain are not usually recorded. Sir Walter Scott has drawn considerably on the licence allowed to poets and historical novelists in his description of Bothwell Bridge and Claverhouse's share in it in *Old Mortality*.

Bothwell Bridge had a deterrent effect on the Covenanters; the moderates realised how hopeless it was to continue open resistance; and when, at the instigation of the Duke of Monmouth, Government policy became less severe, many took advantage of a further Act of Indulgence to live peaceably under an ecclesiastical set-up which was less satisfactory than that for which they had taken up arms. Thus the main resistance of Presbyterianism was broken, but not all of it; there was a section of the people for whom compromise was intolerable; many of them were already outlaws; there were the people who were known as the Cameronians, from their famous leader Richard Cameron. On 22nd June 1680 at Sanquhar in Dumfriesshire, they fixed to the market-cross a declaration in which they disowned Charles Stewart as their King on the ground of his perjury and breach of Covenant to God and His Kirk.

Thus the suppression of the Covenanters after their major defeat at Bothwell Bridge was much more than what we should now call a " mopping-up " operation. The situation was not unlike that which obtained in Southern Ireland in the years between the suppression of the Easter rebellion in 1916, and the establishment of the Irish Free State in 1921. In neither instance were large numbers of rebels involved, but they were desperate, ruthless men,

determined to achieve their fanatical purposes, come what might, and capable of terrorising and influencing large areas. A few such men can keep considerable forces of soldiers fully engaged, and there was much work for them still to do. Meanwhile the King and Government were more resolutely determined than ever to destroy the movement, root and branch. The rebels were no longer merely injured citizens; they were self-declared enemies of the King, and as such, were a focus which might well be exploited by the King's enemies overseas, and thus doubly dangerous.

Claverhouse continued to play a leading part in executing the Government policy. His task was to make the law respected, and this he achieved not by delicate methods of persuasion nor yet by a sledgehammer policy but by a nice discrimination in the economy of punitive effort. His policy is well illustrated by extracts from letters which he addressed to the Marquis of Queensberry. In one of these he says, " The way I see taken in other places is to put laws severely against great and small in execution, which is very just but what effects does that produce but more to exasperate and alienate the hearts of the whole body of the people for it renders three desperate where it tames one and your Lordship knows that in the greatest crimes it is thought wisest to pardon the multitude and punish the ringleaders where the number of the guilty is great." Again he says, " It will be more of consequence to punish one considerable laird than a hundred little bodies." That is hardly the kind of mentality which would justify his nickname of the " Bloody Clavers."

Nevertheless, his instructions did not, however, allow him a great deal of personal discretion. When a suspected person was taken he was asked if he abjured the extreme policies of the Covenanters. If he answered " Yes," he was to be retained for further examination. If he said " No," he was to be summarily shot. Horrible as these measures were, of their legality there is no doubt, and although the military commanders who had to carry out the Government's policy cannot escape the charge of being its willing instruments, they were, after all, its instruments and not its instigators.

In February 1685 Charles II died, and his brother James II of England, VII of Scotland, came to the throne; he faced a situation of great crisis. As a Catholic, he was doubtfully regarded by his Protestant subjects, episcopal and presbyterian, in England and Scotland. In addition to the problem of the Covenanters, he had soon to cope with open rebellion supported from abroad; in England there was the rising under the Duke of Monmouth which was suppressed at Sedgemoor; in Scotland there was the equally abortive rising under the Marquis of Argyll. These many dangers to his throne were not likely to make the King lenient to any of his rebellious subjects, and the Cameronians were not spared. They themselves returned blow for blow; they slew dragoons, rescued their friends, and took vengeance on those of the established clergy whom they suspected of being informers; they expected no quarter, and they gave none.

It is from his participation in the dragonnades of what became known as the " Killing Time," that Claverhouse acquired the nickname of the " Bloody Clavers."

With the suppression of the Argyll and Monmouth risings and the elimination one by one of the more desperate Cameronians, the need for military measures in Scotland to restore or preserve the peace diminished and between the years 1685 and 1688 we hear little of Claverhouse's doings. During that time, however, tension increased between the king and his subjects. The king was clearly bent on changing the religion of the country from Protestant to Catholic. Catholics were appointed to key posts in the administration and the penal laws against Catholics were abolished. Great alarm was caused in Scotland as in England by these measures. Hatred of popery was not confined to Presbyterians; the great majority of Episcopalians were equally

opposed to its return. Step by step, therefore, James lost the sympathy and eventually the loyalty of his subjects. In 1688 he was to lose his throne as well.

When it seemed clear that William of Orange meant to land in England, James summoned his Scottish troops to the south. Claverhouse accompanied his regiment, which formed part of the considerable force concentrated at Salisbury Plain to oppose William when he came. It was here that James bestowed on Claverhouse the last gift in his power, a Viscount's patent of nobility.

The sorry story of James is soon told. Wavering and irresolute, he could neither bring himself to resist nor to abdicate. Each day brought news of soldiers transferring their allegiance to William, whose strength and popularity grew as those of James declined. He withdrew to London. After a short period in the capital, he abandoned hope without, however, abandoning his crown, and fled in secrecy to France.

The crisis of James was also the crisis of Claverhouse, or Dundee, as we must now learn to call him. He had refused to desert to William. He was one of those who attended King James when he returned from Salisbury Plain to London. The king asked him and Balcarras, another Scottish nobleman, how they came to be with him when all the world had gone to the Prince of Orange. Balcarras answered, that their fidelity to so good a master would always be the same. " Well, can you two, as gentlemen, say you have still attachment to me ? " asked the king. They repeated their avowal and gave him their hands upon it.

Dundee was not at this time committed to continuing support, military or otherwise, to the king. He was doubtless as perplexed as many of his fellow nobles. The weakness of James was clear to see, and there was little doubt that the arrival of William was generally popular. It was natural, therefore, and not in any way to be regarded as disloyal, that Dundee should have sought to ascertain how he stood with the Prince of Orange. The Prince said that if he would live peaceably and at home, he would protect him. To this Dundee answered that unless he were forced to it he would live quietly.

Claverhouse's undertaking to " live quietly " and not to disturb the new regime was qualified by the significant condition " unless he were forced." He had not transferred his loyalties from James to William, and the qualifying phrase must have covered many mental reservations. It would not perhaps be unfair to suggest that when he left London for Scotland, he was following a policy of " wait and see," a policy which in the circumstances was not altogether unjustified. After all, the position in Scotland was much more open than in England and the outcome of the forthcoming Convention in Edinburgh could not have been foreseen as inevitably the acceptance of William and the rejection of James. However it was not long before the strength of the opposition to James in Scotland became apparent. The Whigs, the ante Jacobite party, were clearly determined to make an end of the ills which they had suffered for so long at the hands of the Stewarts, and many of the rank and file had crowded into Edinburgh doubtless to ensure that the Convention's deliberations were to their liking. These were the " sour-featured Whigs " with which " the Grass Market was crammed " in the ballad.

Claverhouse, who was a member of the Convention, soon began to fear that his personal safety was in danger, and there is evidence to show that his fear was real. Collecting such men of his own troop as could be mustered he mounted and rode out of Edinburgh, stopping only at the Castle escarpment for a last injunction to the Duke of Gordon to hold the Castle at all hazards. The final breach with the Convention came at the end of March. In answer to a direct summons from the Convention to return to Edinburgh, Dundee excused himself from immediate compliance pleading the danger to which he

would be exposing himself if he did and begging the favour of a delay till after his wife's imminent confinement.

The decision of the Convention put an end to his own indecision ; his appeal was rejected ; he was declared a traitor and an outlaw. The alternatives open to him were to fight or to surrender ; he chose to fight. The Highland clans had suffered little in the long conflict between the Stewart kings and their unhappy subjects. When they had participated in this conflict it had been on the King's side, and for most of them the Jacobite cause had brought the opportunity to fight, booty, and perhaps most important, victory. The " annusmirabilis " of Montrose, 1644–1645, was still a living memory in the Highlands, and it was as natural that Dundee should turn to the Highlands in support of James as it was that the great Marquis should have done more than forty years earlier.

In the Highlands Dundee hoped to raise men, equally he hoped to gain time, time to evolve a plan of campaign, time to allow for reinforcements to come from James's forces in Ireland, time for the development of a favourable military situation in France. But first he had to take account of the enemy's movements and keep them at arm's length. For the Convention had not been slow to follow up its outlawry of Dundee by the institution of military counter measures, and Lieutenant-General Mackay ,his old comrade in arms was already on his way to the north.

Dundee's initial movements, carried out with a small troop of horse took him over the lands of Dee and Don to Speyside, and had as their object the showing of the Jacobite standard and the rallying of the chiefs. In this he achieved a moderate success. But he could not risk a pitched battle, and during the ensuing next months his policy was to watch the Government forces, but to avoid contact with them, using the time to consolidate his strength in the Highlands, and to obtain reinforcements from King James. The Government forces for their part were not idle, and after three months the critical situation in which Dundee found himself began to be manifest.

The Achilles heel of the Highlands lay in Clan Campbell, whose anti-Jacobite outlook had brought two Marquises of Argyll to the scaffold. Montrose had found it necessary to neutralise the threat from the Campbells by his winter raid of 1644–1645 which culminated in his brilliant victory at Inverlochy. It was the strategy of the Government to exploit the threat to Dundee's rear by stirring up the Campbells and causing them to harry the clans whom Dundee might enlist in his own cause. The possibility which Dundee had most to fear was a junction between Mackay's forces and the Campbells and it was the actuality of this threat which led to Killiecrankie.

In those days one of the principal lines of communication between Highlands and Lowlands was the route through Perth, Dunkeld, Pitlochry and Blair Atholl. The narrowest part of the route is the pass of Killiecrankie, and just to the north of the pass lies Blair Castle. Dundee thought it vital for the safety of his Highland base that Atholl should be in friendly hands. He had counted on the Marquis of Atholl's help to ensure this, but the Marquis, contrary to expectations, had decided to remain neutral. This was a serious development for Dundee, but worse news was still to come. The Marquis's son, Lord John Murray, was hand in glove with Mackay, and Mackay was already at Perth.

Events moved rapidly to their climax. Dundee, with his clansmen, about 2,000 strong, moved out of Badenoch, on 26th July, and Blair Castle was quickly taken.

Meanwhile Mackay had marched (27th July) from Dunkeld towards the Pass of Killiecrankie. The defile was undefended, and he passed through it without molestation, and emerging into the broader valley at the northern end, he halted his army about a mile further on between Urrard House and the river Garry. He had with him four regiments of infantry and two troops

of horse. A strong reconnaissance party was sent forward along the road to Blair Atholl. It returned shortly with news that Dundee's army was in the immediate neighbourhood.

The two armies at once prepared for battle. Dundee took up a position on rising ground between the river and Lettoch Farm. Mackay conformed, finding what he reckoned to be fair enough ground to receive the enemy, but not to attack him. To avoid being outflanked he split his regiments into half battalions, leaving considerable intervals between each. Only three deep they awaited the assault.

Dundee also extended his lines, but maintained the depth of his clan regiments by having greater intervals between them than Mackay had allowed for his. On his right were Macleans, Macdonalds, Grants and the Irish contingent, in the centre Lochiel's Camerons, on the left more Macdonalds and Dundee himself with a troop of horse. For some hours the armies faced one another without movement; then Mackay's artillery opened up, causing some loss to the Highlanders. Half an hour before sunset, Dundee gave the signal. The charge of the Highlanders was irresistible; they went through Mackay's extended lines like matchwood, over-whelmed his right and centre and drove them into headlong flight. Dundee had charged at the head of his horse; everything gave way before him, but in the very moment of victory, Dundee was wounded, probably in the head, and unsaddled by the enemy's last desperate volley. He was found dying as the night came down on the battlefield. He asked how the fight was going. "Well for the King, but I'm sorry for your Lordship," was the answer. "'Tis the less matter for me," he replied, "seeing the day goes well for my master." Shortly after, he died. His body was carried in Highland plaids to Blair Castle, and there he was buried.

How, then, should we judge Claverhouse? Should we regard him as one of his country's heroes or one of his country's criminals? In my submission neither judgement is justified. We should try to look at him without the labels which posterity has tied to him: "Bonnie Dundee" and "Bloody Clavers," neither of which appear to have been applied to him in his lifetime.

It may be said in his favour that he was a brave and conscientious soldier, interested in his profession, a strong disciplinarian expecting obedience from his subordinates and giving it unquestioningly to his superiors. He was loyal to a fault; Charles II and James VII had no more faithful subject, but he seems also to have kept faith with his friends. There is no doubt that his reputation has been unfairly blackened not only by the tomb-stone versifiers and others who suffered and survived to tell their tale, but by otherwise reputable writers and historians such as Defoe and Macaulay.

In nearly every case in which his traducers have charged him with killing or cruelty, it can be shown that he acted within the limits of his authority and in conformity with the orders of his Government. He appears to have applied these orders with discrimination and to have protested at the abuse of authority by others.

But even if these merits may be conceded to him, they do not make him a great man. He was certainly not of the stuff of which his kinsman, the first Marquis of Montrose was made. Montrose had a much deeper understanding of the problems of his country than Claverhouse ever had: he saw more clearly than any of his contemporaries the principles on which a political and religious settlement in Scotland could be based even though the means by which this could be achieved eluded him. His letters reveal how far in advance of his time he was.

Claverhouse was no visionary like Montrose. He did not look beyond the problems of his time, and he accepted the existence of these problems without attempting to diagnose them or to find any solutions for them other than those which his instructions called him to apply. The cleavage in his country, the

agony of the Covenanters, the duplicity of King Charles, none of these things seem to have caused John Graham to search his soul and conscience in the way that Marquis James Graham searched his a generation earlier. His only period of real mental distress occurred when his loyalties were strained by the desertion of King James and the accession of King William, and then his choice was dictated less by statesmanship than by friendship. He was a doer rather than a thinker. As a soldier, his duty was undoubtedly to obey, but he was a nobleman as well, with opportunities, through membership of the Privy Council of influencing national policy had he felt strongly enough that national policy was wrong. That he did not do so is no condemnation of him; it simply means that he failed to rise above the general level of his contemporaries in the political as in the military field. Not all famous men are great, and Claverhouse was a notable rather than a great figure in his country's history, although his dramatic victory and death at Killiecrankie invested his name with the romance of which legend is made. But since his life-story reflects perhaps more directly than that of any of his contemporaries the many conflicts, political, religious and dynastic, of the time in which he lived, he ought not to be denied the niche which he occupies in the history of his country.

The President thanked Mr Armstrong for his erudite and brilliant exposition of the entertaining military and political episodes in a colourful career.

A Welcome to our Guests.

Mr J. Gourlay Freeland gave the toast, "Our Guests", and said that in the word "welcome", was the keynote of the reception of the guests of the Caledonian Society; there was this promise of our entertainment. Mr Freeland disclosed, in the course of his remarks, that he had sung as a bass in the Glasgow Orpheus Choir. He thanked Mr Armstrong for his grand Sentiment.

A Great Scots Singer.

Mr Ian Wallace, whose name was coupled with the toast, was come of a long line of Scots. He was originally intended for the Bar, but a long spell of illness led him to the stage. Then opera, and the new London Opera Company claimed him, and his excellence in opera brought him to Glyndebourne; and now he may be classed as their leading baritone. The Edinburgh Festival and the Opera House, Rome, both benefited by his singing. Soon after Christmas, Vienna will claim him, and there he will take the part of Dr. Bartolo in "The Barber of Seville." We wish him further success. (Applause.)

They welcomed that night, too, Mr A. C. Archibald, Vice-President of the London Dumfriesshire Association; Mr Herbert Gillespie, Chairman of British Tankers Ltd.; and Alderman C. I. Gibson, late Mayor of Ilford; Mr John Kinloch,

a banker; and T. W. Haynes, general manager of a large insurance company. To these and the other guests we give a warm welcome. (Applause.)

Mr Ian Wallace, who had a hearty reception, said he was at a loss, for he had hoped he would find on the Society's list of prominent members the names of some of his own friends; but he found only the name of Rev. Dr Scott and he knew him only through his charming and talented daughter, Nancy—and Dr Scott was absent! Mr Wallace entertained the audience with his experiences on the music platform, and told an amusing story of a pair of musical tramps, one of whom was a trombonist. These gentlemen, after doing some filthy work about the farm, were allowed to occupy the loft for the night. This they did dirty and unwashed. A religious sect met that night on the barn ground floor, and by a misfortune the steps to the loft gave way, plunging the tramps to the bottom, enlivening their progress with a fierce blast from the trombone, suggesting to the terrified and fleeing congregation, a visit of hordes from Hades. The only two old ladies remaining, fearing the consequences of this blast from the last trump, pleaded that they might be spared, as they were only occasional worshippers. (Laughter.)

During the evening five new members were presented to the President.

Mr J. C. M. Campbell's beautiful tenor voice was welcomed by fellow members and guests. He sang sweetly "My Love is Like a Red Red Rose," "Bonnie Wee Thing," "Loch Lomond," "Bonnie Dundee."

He and his accompanist, Mr J. Story, were thanked by the President.

Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., gave as his selection: "Bonnie Dundee," "Brechin Castle," "The Wind that Shakes the Barley," and "The Crusader's March," and finished as usual with "The Caledonian Society of London," our own Strathspey.

"Auld Lang Syne" and the National Anthem closed another inspiring programme.

The Immortal Memory.

Thursday, 19th January, 1956, was a day unique in our history, for on that evening Sir George Campbell, K.C.I.E., the President, after the loyal toasts, at the Little Dinner at the

Rembrandt Hotel, called upon his brother, Professor Archibald Y. Campbell, M.A., to deliver the Burns oration.

Professor Campbell, amid great applause, rose and said :

Brother President and Gentlemen—It is a twofold honour to be invited to spend an evening in your Society and to be entrusted with the traditional tribute to our national poet. The Sentiment is one on which I feel as warmly as yourselves ; but I must first confess to two small qualms. In view of your hospitality, my consanguinity with the Chair does make me wonder whether this isn't just a bit too much like a family job ! I think a line of our poet must have floated into George's head when he was planning for this evening, and made him feel that for present purposes the chairman and the proposer " must brithers be, for a' that." Secondly, I feel conscious of a somewhat Anglicised accent. But I am sure you will understand. I have lived most of my life south of the Tweed, exploiting—like all the rest of you, of course—this friendly and simple people ; and inevitably there has been some assimilation. I have, however, been assured that when I've been given something nice to drink, my native Doric has an increasing tendency to reappear.

Poetry that is to endure must survive in virtue of qualities similar to those by which a good building will outface the centuries. First and foremost it must be strong ; this means that the poem must have a sound structure, and also that the materials must be hard ; and further, that if succeeding generations are to preserve it, then it must have symmetry, and some ornament. The poetry of Burns has survived mainly because it has just those essentials. It is sturdy and firm, and it has the fundamental graces of rhythm and rhyme. A building has to withstand all varieties of weather ; a poet's work has to weather all the successive changes in popular taste. In recent years, the contemporary poetry that has been most in fashion, at all events in England, has been about as different from Burns's poetry as anything could be ; ramshackle, incoherent, freakish in language ; vague in rhythm, and—in many quarters—openly contemptuous of rhyme. Against that, Burns still holds his own ; but over and above that there is the feverish spirit of our age. In my city of Cambridge, old buildings are subject to vibration from the heavy and continuous traffic of these days. Will the fame of Burns, remain unshaken even by the ceaseless trafficking of this age, by our way of life that is so mechanised and noisy and competitively strenuous ?

The signs are that his fame will stand the racket. Burns is a classic ; a classic in the broad sense ; and speaking myself as a student of the ancient classics, I notice a small but interesting indication that this is so. The ancients edited their own classics, their great poets, in books in which the text was set out in the middle of the page, and all around it, in both margins, were " glosses,' explanations of unfamiliar words. In many books the poems of Burns are now presented just like that. Their margins are nothing if not helpful ; they not only inform the English reader that paitrick means a partridge and that thrang means busy ; they even explain to him that *dinna* corresponds to the two English words " do not " ! I ought not to raise a laugh from that, because in reality I welcome such works ; the more Burns is read in England, and elsewhere, the better. And he *is* read, and lovingly studied ; within quite recent years, some excellent and most original works about him have appeared from both hemispheres. One was by a German—I hasten to add, an anti-Nazi—Hans Hecht ; an English translation has recently appeared. It is both a biography and a literary study. A still more recent book came originally from Ithaca in New York State, and then a British edition was published three years ago ; it is by David Daiches ; and I think that as an appreciation of the poetry it goes beyond even Hecht ; a most sympathetic and subtle and illuminating study.

And Burns himself, as a poet, has several points of resemblance to the

ancient poets. To me he seems the Horace of Scotland. He has the same variety of moods; shrewd, pawky, ironical, witty, humorous; sometimes bawdy, sometimes moralising; he writes affectionate epistles to friends; utters humane truths in terse language. But Burns has at command a homely sentiment and a spontaneous emotion which you will not find so often in the ancient Italian. Many of his poems are just like those of Horace in structure and tone.

You, I feel sure, will already have heard the praises of Burns many times over as "Heaven-inspired ploughman," as Scottish patriot, as champion of the under dog, as believer in the brotherhood of man, in what are now called "human rights." In reviving my acquaintance with his life and works recently I have been impressed by one aspect of him. In Robert Burns you have a man of the humblest origin who by the gift of nature was—to put it quite simply an extraordinarily clever man, and whose cleverness expressed itself mainly in the field of poetry but also of verbal art in general.

Here are some facts that we ought not to overlook about Burns.

1. He was not an unlettered peasant. He had a father who gave the best available education to his sons; who, to his eternal credit, although very poor, actually hired a private tutor for them; a luxury which practically nobody can afford now. Robert was a book-lover and a bookish man; he founded a public library in Dumfries.

2. He impressed his contemporaries, in Ayrshire, in Edinburgh, and elsewhere as a brilliant and fascinating conversationalist.

3. To come at once to his literary achievement. Robert Burns was a son of the soil, but he was also a child of the eighteenth century. In his literary output he has two voices; his native Scots and cultured English. It is a mistake to think, as many do, that only what he wrote in Scots is good. Admittedly, some of his elegant English writing, in verse and in prose, is stilted; but some of it, even in verse, and still more in prose, shows that he could wield this weapon also with skill and power. As I have just said, Burns is a classic, and his use of these two different dialects reminds me of another way in which I find a resemblance between him and the ancient Greek classics. They used different Greek dialects, in poetry and to some extent in prose, to produce different emotional effects, in accordance with the various associations of these dialects; in their dramatic poetry, they did this even within the single poem. So does Burns, as between Scots and English.

On occasions like this I feel that a speaker should do as they do at certain devout gatherings and "testify to the faith" by relating his own personal experiences; and from now on I should simply like to mention some of our poet's works which I myself have particularly admired or enjoyed, and to tell you briefly why.

To my mind, the most extraordinary of all the works of Burns (I'm not saying the best, but the most amazing) is a masterpiece which he threw off when quite young: that "cantata" as it is called, "The Jolly Beggars"; a series of songs, you remember, sung in a public-house by various extremely disreputable persons. From beginning to end it is quite brilliant; there is great vigour of language, variety of metre, lively characterisation, vivid description. Like all the best of Burns, this poem is the work of one who was not only a natural genius but was also an artist and a technician. For example, how effective are its rhymes. A feature of some modern poetry is the use of inexact, approximate rhymes, assonance; and these people thought they were innovators; they aren't; Burns is continually using approximate rhymes, and he can get more point and more fun out of this variation than the moderns do.

> And now tho' I must beg with a wooden arm and leg
> And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,
> I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle and my callet
> As when I us'd in scarlet to follow a drum."

Let me give you one or two more of my favourite passages from this piece.

> The caird prevail'd : th' unblushing fair
> In his embraces sunk,
> Partly wi' love o'ercome sae sair,
> An' partly she was drunk."

The characters in this operetta are all the most utter down-and-outs, the world's unfortunates, social outcasts ; their proceedings, both outside the narrative and within it, are most reprehensible ; but they are redeemed by their sturdy independence and joviality ; they never whine. For sheer verve and gusto I don't know anything in literature that quite resembles this poem, and the only analogy I can think of is from the world of art. In its portrayal of unabashed revelry it reminds me of the roystering peasants of the Dutch painter Breughel. The proceedings are concluded by a bard who sums up their devil-may-care philosophy.

> Life is all a variorum,
> We regard not how it goes ;
> Let them prate about decorum
> Who have character to lose.

Even the fastidious Matthew Arnold, with his characteristic critical insight, called this poem " a superb poetic success," and said that it had " breadth, truth, and power."

Rab has various moods. He could, as we all know, be Rabelaisian ; and to do justice to every aspect of him, I shall include an example in this vein. It has frequently been remarked that Tennyson with marvellous intuition foretold the League of Nations and the United Nations. But nobody so far as I am aware, has noticed that Burns foretold one of the marvels of organisation of the Welfare State. He is here enumerating, in a spirit of gaiety not unmixed with irony, the quite extraordinary powers of a local doctor (evidently a *very* " general " practitioner, and yet in one direction a brilliant specialist). And upon my word Burns now virtually describes. . . . Oh well, I'd better let you guess for yourselves . . . of course, it is just a little romanticised—as beseems a poet. The doctor is kept very busy ; and there is one verse in *Hornbook* that proves our poet a medical specialist.

The National Health Service ! Modern bacteriology !

A compatriot recently defied me to say anything new at a Burns dinner. Well, I had already selected, as something not hitherto quoted on such occasions and yet worth quoting, this, from " *Elegy on the year* 1788 " :—

> O '88, in thy sma' space
> What dire events ha'e taken place !
> The Spanish empire's tint a heid,
> And my auld teethless bawtie's deid !
> The tulzie's teugh 'tween Pitt and Fox,
> And oor guidwife's wee birdie cocks ;
> The tane is game, a bluidie devil,
> But tae the hen-birds unco civil ;
> The tither's dour—has nae sic breedin',
> But better stuff ne'er clawed a midden.

I have spoken of Rob in his robust vein ; I must say, I enjoy it. But as we all know, he can be tender, and it is in this aspect that he has won most hearts. His tenderness takes various forms ; to the wee sleekit cowrin tim'rous beastie ; to his auld mare, Maggie ; and to the old husband and wife who had climbed the hill of life together and must now begin the descent. He wrote tenderly, and also felt tenderly, about a plurality of young women ; in fact, he reminds me of that epigram which somebody made about Charles II, that he had many mistresses, and was faithful to them all. He sang with

peculiar tenderness of his wife, his Jean; and evidently he had a very soft spot in his heart for his own—shall I say, various ?—offspring.

He is thought of by most people, I suppose, as a love poet. Recently I took a friend to a favourite viewpoint; we saw it at its best, foreground in soft shade, mystery and light in the distance; somebody, said I, should paint this, but "Unfortunately," said he, "you can't paint light." True, but you can suggest it, you can circumvent the problem. And you can no more put love into a poem than you can put light into a picture. Most love poems, nevertheless, take the form of direct protestation. "Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear. And the rocks melt wi' the sun." That's grand. But the trouble with all direct protestations is that you're trying to describe love in words, and that is like trying to paint light. Perhaps it is better to circumvent the problem. For one thing, the lover himself does not see his case as all outsiders see it; he doesn't feel that what is happening to him is what has happened to countless billions of young men already. He feels it as something quite new and strictly speaking he is right. For him it is associated with one human creature, and with nobody else. "Yestreen"—but wait a moment. Here is a stanza that is as romantic as you like; but it is in the classic style. And in this passage the adjectives are not "the enemy of the noun," but are helpful and illuminating; they seem simple enough, but they are choice, not hackneyed. And another thing that I, at least, find here is delicate variation between Scots and English. In the third line the rustic puts on his best suit, in honour of his lady.

Yestreen, when tae the trembling string
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
Tho' this was fair and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
"Ye arena Mary Morison."

As a matter of fact, she herself was not—"Mary Morison." She was pretty certainly Ellison Begbie. And Ellison Begbie was almost the only woman who resisted Robert Burns. I have often reflected that Posterity is indebted to those women who for genuinely virtuous reasons have fled from some poet or other artist. They produce masterpieces; by what is now (I fancy) called sublimation. The most wonderful love-music ever composed is Wagner's opera *Tristan*. That was inspired by Mathilde von Wesendonck, one of the two or three women who would not respond in kind to Wagner's advances. "Sublimation" if you will; or perhaps, more simply, "you can't eat your cake and have it." However, sometimes the poets succeeded in having it both ways; Burns quite often did.

In 1800 appeared a work which, we are constantly told, remains a landmark in the history of English poetry: Wordsworth's famous Preface to the second edition of *Lyrical Ballads*, a very interesting although curiously muddle-headed essay in which he maintains that a poet should avoid conventional poetic diction and should describe incidents of ordinary life in ordinary language. It is, of course, an utterly inadequate conception of poetry, on the positive side; but as a protest against the high-falutin and yet trite language of the then fashionable poetry it was timely and sound enough. Yes, but the Kilmarnock edition of Burns's poems had been published in 1786—fourteen years earlier; and there we find Burns, without any theorising about it, simply doing all that the sensible part of Wordsworth's essay recommended, and in some directions a great deal more as well.

What is the essence of this kind of poetry? Well, largely, spontaneity, I suppose. Burns wrote what was in his mind, and in his heart. That goes for a good deal of his English as well as his Lallans; and I include his English

prose; it varies, but some of it, particularly in his letters, is bold and expressive. As a rule, especially in his poems, he was not afraid of being *naif*, and the result is often quite disarming. In one place he wants to tell us how beautiful the Muse was when she appeared to him in a vision; and in another, how beautiful was Eve, the first woman; both times, he tells us that the only woman he can think of to be compared to them is his own wife, Jean.

Many poems of Burns are so familiar that we tend to forget how full of meaning they are, full of good sense and good feeling. John Anderson my Jo, for instance; that is yet another example of a poem in which every word is exactly right. I have heard people decry "Auld Lang Syne"; but there is a corrective for that. Let them read one of those excellent passages in which certain scholars give us in a series all the earlier versions of that particular type of poem; they'll realise then how much more there is to Burns's version of it; or if they don't, those scholars will show them.

A speech is not the place to say much about the songs of Burns—the famous songs, which he wrote or rewrote on commission, quixotically refusing payment. They are to a large extent associated with their music. But I may just note in passing one point which interests me. Burns had command of a variety of styles. In his Kilmarnock poems, and the others of that type, reflective, ironical, and so forth, he is rational, logical, he has all the time an eye on sequence, on structure. But a folk-song is another matter, and Burns shows a true instinct here. He will often, rightly, throw logic overboard and write with caprice, with a laughing inconsequence.

Burns was not only a born genius but a self-disciplining artist. In the way of sustained literary art, I think—and here I agree with many good judges—that his masterpiece was that brilliantly clever comic narrative poem, "Tam o' Shanter." Here too, how subtly effective are the two or three modulations from homely Scots into elegant English.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed.

(Ah, Tam, when we hear *that* edifying rhetoric, we know you're in for trouble):

Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race
That flit ere you can point their place!
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.

"Evanishing"—that's Burns! . . . and in that place, it is the *mot juste*.

I mention some of my favourite passages. The catalogue of notorious disasters and crimes associated with Tam's itinerary. The exhibits displayed on the holy table, and particularly the line describing the appearance of the thief who had been duly hanged and then cut down—"Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape." *And*—of course, the specific account of the youngest of the witches. You will doubtless remember that her chemise, which is carefully described, made up for its inadequacy in "longitude" by the excellence of its material. We are told the cost; twa pund Scots. If I am not mistaken, that would be the equivalent, in the currency of the period, of three shillings and fourpence. I must admit that I feel some indignation when I reflect that the *cutty sark* of this shameless hussie was demonstrably far superior in texture and yet cost only about one-tenth the price of the one I'm wearing now.

But the supreme moment in this delicious adventure is when Tam, himself in the dark and undetected, stares fascinated at the illuminated ruin where the witches dance:

Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark.

What, in effect, has Tam o' Shanter done here ? I see it now in modern terms ; he has " crashed through the sound barrier " ! And that is why there is immediately such an explosion. Tam has broken the veil which separates the world of reality from the world of the supernatural. I see Tam as a symbol for the poet ; the poet who dares to bespeak the realm of imagination. It is a bold thing to do, dangerous, it involves risks. He may not just pay a compliment to it and ride on. Its witcheries pursue him. Burns became a participator in magic ; he could make twa dogs converse and argue, he could make an Auld Brig and a New Brig engage in controversy. He can interpret a mouse, he can reprove a louse. He can converse with Death or the Devil. But traffic with the witcheries of poetry brings its penalties ; when we read the lives of such people, we see that almost all of them come in for trouble in the effort to adjust themselves to the workaday world and to the social order. Most of them have had to pay for being great poets. Burns, at least, had more than an ordinary human being's share of calamity, and some of his sorrows he has transformed into music ; but in the main his poetry is the expression of gaiety, of zest, of joy. That is the mood in which he is mainly remembered, and rightly so ; and that is the mood in which I now ask you to honour this Sentiment : the Immortal Memory of Robert Burns.

The toast was drunk with great enthusiasm.

Thanks to Professor Campbell.

Mr Robert Eadie, who asked the members to drink to the health of " Our Guests " said :

The duty of the proposer of that toast was a few kind words, which brought to his mind the young man who found himself upset and bothered. Everything went wrong ; nothing would go right. He was on his lonely way home, and passing a café he went in for a cup of tea. He had a smiling waitress to serve him. He asked for a cup of tea and toast, a cold sausage, and particularly a few kind words. The waitress brought the tea, toast and a cold sausage, and was turning away when the young man said : " But where are the few kind words." She smiled, bent down, and whispered in his ear, " Don't eat that cold sausage." (Laughter.) The Society had no kind words of that sort to offer. They welcomed their guests. Without them their dinners would lose much of their sparkle. They were savour to our salt ; the flame to our candles. Look at this picture : members are like unlit candles—upright, well set-up, useful in their own spheres, perhaps, until recently men who were born in the Highlands, and then for the metropolis ! What a transformation ! In the warm effulgence of their fellowship they melt, then glow, even become lighthearted, even lightheaded.

Reverting to their guests, Mr Eadie said Professor Campbell had a grand career as a fellow, don, and lecturer in classics at John's, later at Reading University. He was appointed to the Gladstone Chair of Greek at Liverpool, and he is now Emeritus Professor of that university. He has published several books, including two books of his verse. (Applause.)

We are delighted to entertain Mr. John G. Wilson of Bumpus. To this audience I am sure he needs no introduction, particularly as we have seen and read much of him in the last ten days—he having celebrated his eightieth birthday. (Applause.)

Among the President's other guests is Mr Jack, President of the A.F.A. Mr Jack is a London Scottish man of the 1914–1918 war. (Applause.)

Mr R. K. Lochhead, F.I.A., will reply to this toast. It has been said that an actuary uses statistics as a drunk man uses a lamp-post, not for enlightenment but for support. F.I.A. spells brains. Mr Lochhead is the secretary of

three insurance companies. He has been for thirty years in the south, but he is a Scot still. Even his two charming daughters, born in England, speak of porridge in the plural. (Laughter.)

In the First World War Mr Lochhead served in the ranks of the Seaforths, and as an officer in the Argyll and Sutherlands. (Applause.)

Mr Lochhead said he had two golfing friends with him tonight. After these three had played a deplorable game at St Andrews one of them said to the caddie, " It's a funny game, this gowff, caddie." " Aye," was the response, " but it's no' meant to be." (Laughter.)

Our guest, Colonel H. Hamer, M.M., Canadian Black Watch, is on his way to Perth to convey fraternal greetings to the mother regiment.

Mr R. K. Lochhead, who responded, said that he was reminded of Disraeli at the Berlin Conference.

Princess Radziwill came up to him, and, tapping Dizzy with her fan, asked him what he was thinking about. " Madam," he replied, " I am not thinking ; I am enjoying myself." I believe that is true of all your guests tonight, with the exception of one who is doing a lot of hard thinking which some of my friends will declare to be a novel experience.

Mr Lochhead spoke of the Faculty of Actuaries in Scotland which celebrated its centenary this year. To establish the Faculty took some time, but at the centenary celebrations a goodly company of English actuaries will support their Scottish friends in Edinburgh. (Applause.)

The musical programme was introduced when the President called for the Hon. Secretary, Mr Miller, to give his welcome to the New Year by singing, as in previous years, " Here's to the Year that's Awa'," which Mr Miller did with feeling and to the great pleasure of the company. The President thanked Mr Miller for his fine good-bye to 1955 and his hearty welcome to 1956.

Mr Donald Fraser was the soloist for the evening. He sang in a fine bass voice :" Mary Morison," " Of a' the Airts," " My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose," and " Ae Fond Kiss." Mr Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M., accompanied with his usual artistry.

Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E. gave as his selection : " My Love She's but a Lassie yet," " Because He was a Bonnie Lad," " The Kilt is my Delight," " Loch Leven Castle," and adding our own Strathspey at the close.

" Auld Lang Syne " and the National Anthem wound up a happy programme.

The London Bankers.

Sir George Campbell, K.C.I.E., the President, was in the chair at the Little Dinner on Thursday, 16th February, 1956, at the Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington, and after he had

given the loyal toasts, he called on Mr William Millar, a member of the Society, whose Sentiment was " The Scot in Lombard Street."

Mr Millar said :

The title of this Sentiment, " The Scot in Lombard Street," was suggested by our Honorary Historian, Past-President William Will, who, with that Puckish brand of humour which is all his own, gave as an alternative, " The Innocent Abroad " ! I do not know by what process of mental cerebration he decided to classify Scottish bankers in London as " Innocents Abroad," but you may reach your own verdict on its suitability after I sit down. In considering the evidence you may also be able to make up your minds on the truth, or otherwise, of Dr Johnson's oft-repeated aphorism that " the Scotsman's fairest prospect is the high-road to England."

I take it that Mr Will—and yourselves—regard Lombard Street as symbolic of the banking profession, as indeed it is. By name, and by reputation, Lombard Street is the best known financial thoroughfare in the world, and in Queen Elizabeth's time it was regarded as the finest street in London. The Goldsmiths, who at one time inhabited it, adopted as their badge three golden balls, though there is no evidence that they went as far as the Irish pawnbroker, who is said to have combined in the same sign over his premises in Ireland, an inscription which read " pleased to see you at your early *in*-convenience." The hanging signs, which are now a distinctive feature of the street, were originally intended to be an indication of the trade or profession carried on in the building from which they hung, and were thus a guide to the great mass of the citizens who could not read. From earliest times the Street seems to have been associated with money-lending, and it is interesting to speculate to what extent the course of history might have been altered if the kings of England had not been able to raise funds to carry on their continental wars by pledging their crowns and jewels there. We might have been denied our schoolboy delight of reading about, and perhaps in our imagination reliving, the battles of Crecy and Agincourt, though in this predominantly Scottish gathering, and in remembrance of the " Auld Alliance," I must underline that when in this connection I say " Kings of England," I mean England, Scotland being no participant in such aggressive adventures ! The Street has been in turn the habitat of gold monopolists, money lenders, the Lombards (who were Italian financiers who gave it its name), merchant princes, and now more orthodox finance houses, including a leavening of Scottish bankers, who, with the dogged persistence of their race, look like being less transient than some of their predecessors, and may I interpolate here a last-minute note, that if you had asked the Scot in Lombard Street this morning if Bank Rate should be increased, as it has been today, you would most likely have been answered " no." Scotland in the spacious days when the world was young and sane could have given the cure for our present ills. Hard work and thrift. It is hardly considered decent to mention hard work nowadays. That is by the way.

Any survey of Scottish banking might appropriately start at the close of the seventeenth century, because it was in 1695 that the senior Scottish Bank was established, and although I hate to advertise a competitor, and am doing so gratuitously, historical accuracy compels me to mention that it was the Bank of Scotland. In any case, that will please one of our guests, Mr Mitchell, the London manager, who is with us tonight. A period more unfavourable for launching a banking enterprise can hardly be imagined. Prior to the Union of the Crowns in 1603, the country had sacrificed the pick of its manhood and given freely of its scanty resources in the wars. These wars—and this is important—were never inspired by aggressive intent : they brought

no gains in territory or material wealth, but were fought to preserve our very existence and in defence of our native soil, and it may quite well be that it is from this that there spring those characteristics, steadfastness and a love of freedom, which our friends south of the border, and from overseas, are sometimes generous enough to see in us. It may explain why the Scot has a reputation as a " bonny fechter " : it may explain why he is prone to argument and stubborn as a mule. It may even explain why we have such a guid conceit of ourselves, though when these same friends tell us we are the greatest race on earth, I cannot see it explains why we should keep admitting it !

But I digress. I referred to the troubled years at the close of the seventeenth century. The Union of the Crowns in 1603 had quelled some of the more turbulent elements, but England, the predominant partner, was viewed with suspicion and it was not until the legislative Union of 1707 that a more peaceful era dawned. In such conditions, then, the first Scottish bank was born—the year 1695. It was granted a monopoly for twenty-one years, but that was merely to give it a reasonable opportunity to mature, and it was not the intention to protect it indefinitely from fair competition. The prime mover in the project was John Holland, a merchant in London. Don't forget that in the previous year—1694—a many-sided genius from Dumfriesshire, William Paterson, had projected the Bank of England, so that we have the paradox of a Scotsman founding the Bank of England, and an Englishman founding the Bank of Scotland. In face of this, how can America claim to have invented lend-lease ? And before we leave the Bank of England, may I remind you that if it was founded by a Scot, it also had a Scot as Governor when it was nationalised in 1946 ? I am glad to say that, unlike William Paterson (or myself) the county of Dumfriesshire takes no responsibility for him. He was a Buchan loon frae Peterhead !

I have referred to the strict limitation of the Bank of Scotland monopoly to twenty-one years. How different was the position south of the Border, where for one hundred and thirty-two years the Bank of England had no opposition other than that provided by small private partnerships of not more than six persons, for that was all the law of the land permitted. A greater inducement to mushroom and unstable growths it would be hard to imagine. Scotland was not hedged about with such restrictions, and there, a more naturally evolved system, shaped and refined by the requirements of the age, has been relatively free from State interference, until comparatively recent times. Scottish banking history has its black spots, particularly the failures of the Western Bank and the City of Glasgow Bank, but, on the whole, the system has stood up well to the strenuous tests which fluctuations in the national fortunes have brought from time to time.

I wish we had more time to look at the career of William Paterson, founder of the Bank of England. He was originally intended for the Church, but, being suspected of Covenanting sympathies, he had to flee the country, to return to London at the age of thirty-two, the possessor of a considerable fortune amassed in trading between Holland and the West Indies. Having quarrelled with his colleagues on the Court of the Bank of England, his restless energy had to find an outlet somewhere, and he conceived the idea of establishing a trading colony on the Isthmus of Darien. The scheme was given official approval—lukewarm maybe, but official—in England and Holland, but due to pressure from English and Dutch East India trading companies, the recognition was subsequently withdrawn. Paterson, therefore, turned to his own countrymen who, burning with indignation, rose to the challenge, and history records that " the frenzy of the Scotch nation to sign the Solemn League and Covenant never exceeded the rapidity with which they ran to subscribe to the Darien Company." The spirit of Glencoe, however, had carried the Scots beyond their natural caution, and the rest you know—complete and utter failure, and that, Mr President, despite the fact that the land force which

accompanied the expedition was bravely led by a Campbell, Colonel Campbell of Finab.

It is a sad reflection, is it not, that the two men who contributed so much to the shaping of our modern financial structure, William Paterson, founder of the Bank of England, and John Law of Lauriston, Comptroller-General of France—to whom I can do no more than refer in passing—are remembered by their failures and not by their successes? They committed the error of being too far ahead of their times.

While I would not wish you to arrive at the conclusion that most of the outstanding bankers of bygone days came from Dumfriesshire, I would mention another extraordinary man from that county, Dr Henry Duncan, parish minister of Ruthwell, whose name is handed down to posterity as the founder of Savings Banks. By any standards he was a remarkable man, a veritable "lad of pairts." He was ordained to the parish in 1799 at an age which prompted the more aged divine who introduced him to preach from the text "Let no man despise thy youth," and in the same parish he ministered till his death in 1846—a span of forty-seven years. He was concerned for the bodily as well as for the spiritual welfare of his flock. When his parishioners were living at starvation level he purchased a load of grain on Merseyside, and shipped it to the Solway; and when Napoleon threatened invasion, he mobilised a Home Guard. He started a newspaper and a parish library. Having gained some insight into finance through serving for a few years in a bank office in Liverpool, he set up in 1810 in a white-washed cottage in this small Dumfriesshire village of Ruthwell, the first-ever Penny Savings Bank, and the pattern for all that have followed. The London newspapers, including *The Times*, came out strongly against the development, but nothing daunted, he travelled to London on horseback to see through the House of Commons a Bill to protect the movement which he had inaugurated, and which is now part of the bulwarks of the nation's financial structure. He reconciled those seemingly uneasy bedfellows, finance and religion, and his life and work have always had a peculiar fascination for me, because, if I may intrude a personal note, when the Ruthwell Savings Bank closed down, the funds were transferred to the Annan Savings Bank, in which I started my business career, though the transfer took place in 1875, a little before my time!

Now we must skip lightly over the years—indeed over the centuries, and note the establishment of the Royal Bank of Scotland in 1727. It had the backing of the Crown, no doubt as a counterblast to the Bank of Scotland, which had Jacobite leanings. Nowadays, bankers exercise their franchise, but abstain from active participation in politics. Not so, our customers. I know of one perfervid Scot who removed his account from the National Bank of Scotland on finding it had been taken over by Lloyds. I have often wondered what his reaction was when he found out that his new bankers, the British Linen, belonged to Barclays! Perhaps he is still living in blissful ignorance.

The British Linen Bank, which was third on the scene, was incorporated in 1746—probably they marked time till a small domestic exercise called the Second Jacobite Rebellion was out of the way—and as its name implies, it had intimate associations with the linen industry, then the most important in Scotland. According to its Charter the officials were prohibited from "keeping public houses or pawnshops," and I am glad to say that the senior executives who so worthily represent them in and around Lombard Street, and Brother Caledonian Munro who operates for them in the West End, scrupulously maintain that tradition!

It is interesting that about this time—mid eighteenth century—the banks had intervals for refreshment, and that when the gill-bells rang from St. Giles in Edinburgh at 11.30 a.m. and again at 4 p.m. the staffs repaired to the nearest tavern. If any of my profession deplore the lapse of this old custom, I suggest a little moral suasion might be brought to bear on our good

friends in St. Columba's and Crown Court for its revival, particularly when there is a strong west wind calculated to carry the sound as far as Lombard Street !

The year 1810 saw the appearance of the Commercial Bank of Scotland, which was designed to be a truly commercial bank—a bank of the people. It was followed by the National in 1825, the North in 1836, the Clydesdale in 1838, and the Union in 1843, but by amalgamations our numbers are now reduced to six, all represented in or around Lombard Street. Three of these have fallen for the lure of English gold, but the remainder of us still maintain our sturdy independence, and, indeed, the Royal have struck a blow for freedom by acquiring Glyn Mills and Williams Deacon's.

There then we stand numerically. How do we stand otherwise ? In my opinion, for some time we have been at the cross-roads. Over two and a half centuries of experience—some of it hard-won—and of adaptation to the special needs of Scotland, have produced the sound banking structure of today, but time brings changes and wars distort the economy. We have in Scotland certain products like whisky, a great dollar earner, which can be produced better there than anywhere else in the world. We have scenic beauty to offer tourists, though I often wonder if the Scot is the ideal hotel-keeper. Is his independent spirit not against him and is he not just a little afraid that if he gives special service it may be construed as servility ? But, speaking broadly, despite the development of trading estates and the vigilance of such bodies as the Scottish Council, there is this tug of industry to England, taking with it very often some of our finest artisans and craftsmen. There is the absorption—going on all the time—of smaller businesses by the mammoth companies, whose names are household words. There is the development of the multiple shop, and the nationalisation of industries like fuel, power and transport. The cumulative effect of all these things on banking in Scotland is serious. What are we doing about it ? Are we alive to the position ? Let's face it. Scotland is over-banked and there you have one of the reasons for the recent amalgamations. The closing of branches, where over-lapping exists, will reduce costs without impairing the service to the public. But one bank —modesty forbids me from mentioning which one—recently took the revolutionary step of going into the hire-purchase business to a sizeable degree. I do not know what my parents, had they been alive, would have thought of their first-born son being associated with something so disreputable in their eyes as hire-purchase, but we prefer to think that perhaps we may have invested that particular brand of finance with a respectability to which previously it might have had difficulty in laying claim. It may be, however, Mr President, that I am wrong in thinking it was not respectable prior to our intervention, because no less illustrious and distinguished a person than your immediate predecessor in the presidential chair, disclosed that he had a business relationship with one such finance house. I was never quite certain whether the furrows on his brow were caused by the cares of his year of office and the weight of the President's chain or the haunting fear of his inability to keep up the instalments ! He seems much brighter now, and I conclude he enjoys his evening's viewing without the dread of the bailiffs on the doorstep !

Now I suppose if you asked a Scottish banker to name a distinctive feature of banking north of the Border, his mind would immediately jump to the note issue. Do you know there have been two serious attempts to abolish it ? In 1826 the Government of the day decreed the abolition of bank notes under £5 in England, and announced the intention of introducing a similar measure into Scotland and Ireland, but :

> " Firm and erect the Caledonian stood,
> Old was his mutton and his claret good.
> Drink up your port, the Sassenach replied.
> He drank his poison and the spirit died."

Well, the Scot refused to let his spirit die in 1826: the magic pen of Sir Walter Scott was enlisted in the cause and under the *nom de plume* of Malachi Malagrowther, he wrote his celebrated letters of protest. Meetings were held up and down the country, and Scotland carried the day. But during the last war the agitation was renewed. Why should the Scots enjoy this privilege, this luxury, when austerity was the keynote? Why not use the standard note issued by the Bank of England? Why, indeed! I deplore this trend towards standardisation. Is tradition and individuality to be of no account? The hour produced the men—the Rt. Hon. Tom Johnston, then Secretary of State for Scotland, and Sir John Erskine, general manager of the Commercial Bank of Scotland, who had been appointed to speak for all the Scottish banks. Once more they won through against officialdom. Each bank retained—and still retains—its note issue, which is colourful, distinctive and traditional, and "tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon," it's profitable! And thinking along parallel lines, don't forget that we had as a guest of this Society in November 1954, Mr Ian Stewart, honorary heraldic writer to the St. Andrew Society, who, when he ran into similar trouble over the Scottish emblem on certain of the shillings, enlisted the aid of a charming and gracious countrywoman, the Queen Mother, with equally satisfactory results.

We are then vigilant at home. How are we regarded abroad? Let me conclude with a personal anecdote. Last year my wife and I were motoring on the continent and were passing through the Customs between Menton and Grimaldi. I produced our passport, which the Customs officer proceeded to scan. "Profession, banker," he read, but was not impressed. However, he read on and found "Scotland." His face lit up. "Scotch banker," he said. "Allez toute suite." So we "allezed toute suite," but I could not refrain from reminding my English wife that by marrying a Scot not only had she in retrospect won the battle of Bannockburn, but that apparently she had achieved respectability on a scale which at one time had seemed quite beyond her!

There you are, gentlemen. "The Scot in Lombard Street," But "The Innocent Abroad"—I wonder. What do you think?

The President thanked Mr Millar for a most brilliant Sentiment, and showed the quality of brains in the Caledonian Society.

On Friendship.

Mr Alister MacDonald gave the toast "Our Guests," and in the course of his maiden speech to the Society, he said:

In this changing world there is one thing of value which we should cherish and cultivate and that is friendship. We all have many friends, but a true friend, a real friend, is one of the most valuable assets a man can have; and we can cultivate true friends by welcoming them to such gatherings as this.

Here in this Society at our monthly dinners we do not follow modern soulless ways of being entertained; we enjoy the singing of ordinary mortals, the exchange of stories and thoughts amongst friends. This is the atmosphere in which true friendship can be cultivated. We are delighted to welcome our guests. You will have noted that we always include the phrase "welcome guests" when we address the company.

Another asset almost as important as friends is being able to appreciate tradition. Values are rapidly changing in the world; new ideas, new ways, and new manners are replacing the old traditions. We, of course, must live

with the times, but we must also cherish tradition and extract the real quality therefrom to instil quality into new customs and new standards. Here in this old-established Society we have our tradition; it heartens us and we invite our friends to take part in our tradition.

We are already aware from that excellent Sentiment to which we have enjoyed listening, that our guests number many bankers, a surfeit of banks in fact an overdraft of bankers—(laughter)—there is such a squeeze of them that I will not mention names because I should have to mention banks as well, and we all know that like the B.B.C. this Society does not take part in advertising; but I shall take the liberty of mentioning one or two others: Sir William Ogg, Ph.D., LL.D., is responding to the toast. He is director of the Rothamsted Experimental Station, and has been consulting director of the Commonwealth Bureau of Soil Science since 1943. Sir William is the son of an Aberdeenshire farmer, was educated at Robert Gordon's College, Aberdeen University and Christ's College, Cambridge. (Applause.)

Sir Gilbert Davis, Bt., is one of Her Majesty's Lieutenants, City of London, a member of the City Common Council.

Admiral G. P. Thomson, C.B., C.B.E., is well known to us all.

We have also with us Professor Robert Cruikshank, F.R.C.P., a graduate of Aberdeen University, Professor of Bacteriology at St Mary's Hospital, and now director of the Wright Fleming Institute in succession to the late Sir Alexander Fleming.

Harold Dodd, F.R.C.S., a well-known Harley Street surgeon; and Brigadier A. G. Bonn, C.B.E., M.C., who made a name for himself in R.E.M.E. during the war.

We have many others with us, and I ask members to drink to the health and happiness of you all. (Applause.)

Progress North and South.

Sir William Ogg, M.A., Ph.D., LL.D. in replying to the toast, said:

A month or two ago my good friend, William Will, a fellow Aberdonian, asked me if I would like to come and have a bite of dinner with the Caledonian Society. Knowing the reputation of your ancient society for good works and hospitality, I readily accepted; and a little later I had a cordial letter from Mr Miller suggesting that I might feel moved to say a word of thanks on behalf of the guests. Well, being a dour and silent Aberdonian, I need a lot of spirits to move me in that particular direction, but I've come to realise that some suggestions have the power of commands, and after this excellent dinner it's little wonder that "out comes a speech." Let's hope the sequel isn't going to be "up comes the dinner."

With his invitation, so that I might have some idea of what manner of men I was to meet, Mr. Miller sent me a copy of the *Chronicles*, which I was asked to return, using the stamped addressed label provided. This set me speculating whether your Honorary Secretary, knowing I was an Aberdonian, thought he stood a better chance, in this way, of getting his *Chronicles* back, or whether his motives were altruistic, and he suspected I might grudge the bawbees. There's a sequel, gentlemen. My secretary is a very careful girl, and realising she was dealing with Scotsmen, she weighed the *Chronicles* and found the stamps were a penny short. (Laughter.) Mr Miller will no doubt blame the Postmaster-General for tampering recently with the postal rates, but I can assure him and the Hon. Editor, Mr Will, that the *Chronicles* were such good reading that I didn't grudge that penny. (Hear, hear.)

I am indeed delighted to have the privilege of replying for the guests, who include a captain of industry, a soldier, a sailor, an insurance magnate,

two distinguished members of the medical profession, and a whole covey of bankers, one of whom is a namesake of mine. It is gratifying to find that one of the clan has got his hand in the till, and it is also remarkable to find from the telephone directory that the Caledonian Society is entertaining tonight 20 per cent. of the Oggs in the London region who can afford a telephone. (Laughter.)

There are others among the guests who have the gift of the gab and could have done this much better. Besides, I've got an English wife and a son who went to Oxford, and with such subtle anglicising influences, you may question whether I'm any longer the real Mackay, though you can't say the " Oxford accent " is very pronounced. (Laughter.) There are still Scotsmen headin' sooth to carry on their civilizing mission, and there are Sassenachs who find their way north in the pursuit of trade—descendants, no doubt, of the old raiders. One of these, travelling for cattle foods, called on John Macpherson who farms near me in Scotland. They leaned over a gate and discussed the weather, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Department of Agriculture, and other hazards with which the farmer has to contend. The traveller, we'll call him Mr. Bibby—tried hard to get the conversation round to business but John put up what is known as sales resistance. At last Mr Bibby got his opportunity. Half a dozen young pigs ran past them, and turning to John he said : " If you used Bibby's pig meal, you could fatten those pigs in half the usual time." " Oh, aye," said John, " but what o' that. Time doesn't matter to a pig." (Laughter.)

We've had a wonderful evening. One of the most precious things in life is friendship, and the Caledonian Society does much to promote it. (Loud applause.)

Mr James MacPhee, who is an accomplished Gaelic singer, gave the company several beautiful Gaelic lyrics, as well as " Bonnie Strathyre," and " Bonnie Wee Thing." He was accompanied on the guitar.

The Society's officer, Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., gave as his selection, " The Battle of Killiecrankie," " Climbing Duniquaich," " Loch Tayside," and " The Wandering Piper." He played also at the close " The Caledonian Society of London " Strathspey.

" Auld Lang Syne " and the National Anthem ended a happy gathering.

The Scots Engineer.

The President, Sir George Campbell, took the chair at the business meetings and the Little Dinner, held at the Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington, on Thursday, 15th March, 1956.

After the loyal toasts had been honoured, the President called on his friend, Mr H. A. J. Silley, Chairman of R. & H. Green & Silley Weir, to give us his Sentiment.

Mr Silley said :

When my friend, Sir George Campbell, invited me to be his guest here tonight, and to propose the Sentiment, " The Scots Engineer," I must confess

to having been puzzled by the use of the word " Sentiment " as applied to an engineer. I concluded that my failure to appreciate the meaning of the word was undoubtedly due to my faulty English education, for apparently it means something very different from what I imagined. However, I consulted my dictionary, and this is what it said : " Sentiment : mental feeling, especially one of the higher feelings, or the sum of such feelings, excited by aesthetic, moral or spiritual ideas." I have been trying to cast my mind back to the many Scots engineers that I have met, to see if any of them conform to this very high specification. If I have failed to detect these noble feelings in my Scottish friends, it must be due to the fact that my blood system contains not a single drop of Scots blood. (Laughter.)

It is, however, a privilege for anyone—more especially for someone from the south—to be called upon to pay tribute to the greatest of Scotland's exports—her sons. In my case, this is not only a privilege but a great pleasure, as I have spent most of my life rubbing shoulders with Scots who have chosen, for a career, the hard and not always remunerative life of the marine engineer.

My encounter with your fellow-countrymen began for me at the age of sixteen, when my father, who believed in bringing the boy up the hard way, sent me to the Clyde to work in one of the great shipyards as an apprentice engineer. This is an experience that I shall never forget, and, most certainly, never regret. I like to look back to the very happy time I spent in the shade of Dumbarton Rock, for it was there I met some of the finest characters that I have ever known—men of great skill, men with a tradition of great craftmanship. I shall always recall the many acts of kindness that I received from my friends over the border, whose guest I was on such hilarious occasions as family weddings and funerals. (Laughter.)

The system of training apprentice engineers has altered little in the last forty years. The young apprentice spends a few weeks at the bench, learning the use of the chisel and the file, and is then attached to a journeyman fitter in the capacity of mate. From the modest start of holding the candle, he eventually graduates to chipping and filing parts of machinery. Much of the work is carried out on a piece-work basis, or a price for the job, and many's the time when I have gone home on Friday night (pay night) with an extra shilling on top of my pay (about fourteen shillings a week, including overtime). That extra shilling—a mark of appreciation from my journeyman fitter—gave me a great sense of pride and a feeling of having achieved something really worthwhile.

That shipbuilding and engineering are part of the life of Scotland is indisputable, and my early impression that the Scots had virtually cornered the market, has been strengthened over the years. It is hardly possible to enter the engine-room of a ship without hearing the Scottish tongue.

I have often wondered why it is that so many Scots are born engineers. The historian and the economist may have their theories, and certainly a contributory factor was the early development of the natural deposits of coal and iron, which enabled Scotland to become one of the great focal points of the Industrial Revolution, and the energy and skill of Scotsmen, taking advantage of the new discoveries and developments, were responsible for the carrying out of the first process of coke smelting at the great Carron Ironworks.

The education of the Scottish youth, which has long been recognised as a challenge to the world, rose to the occasion and created in the minds of the young the desire to learn and the ability to apply knowledge, which is the ideal climate for the growth of great minds and abilities. Men of the foremost quality and calibre have been produced in a ceaseless stream from the cauldron of Scottish education ; and long may it continue.

Whatever the cause of this supremacy, it is true to say that the Scots, living on the banks of the Clyde, have built up the greatest concentration of shipbuilding and engineering works that has ever existed. I have good cause

to know this, because the forebears of my own company who, at Blackwall Yard on the Thames, owned one of the oldest shipbuilding yards in the world (the lease was negotiated in 1587, one year before the coming of the Spanish Armada) ceased to build ships towards the end of the last century, largely because of the transition from wood to iron construction. The battleship *Thunderer* launched at the Thames Ironworks (now non-existent), in 1910, brought to an end a history of shipbuilding which had been in existence for over three hundred years.

Then again, we in the south had to bid farewell to the great firm of Yarrows, who left Millwall in the early part of this century and built a new engineering works in Scotland. Their high speed surface craft are renowned throughout the navies of the world, and in their new home in Scotland they developed the famous Yarrow high-pressure boiler which still holds a high and respected place in Marine engineering. Here, again, is but another tribute that must be paid to the skill and industry of our Scottish friends.

Only last week, it was reported that the Admiralty had placed an order for a prototype steam-gas turbine machinery installation for the propulsion of fast surface craft, one of many examples of co-operation between the Admiralty and Yarrows at the Research Department at Scotstoun.

What are the particular virtues which explain the Caledonian supremacy in this field of engineering. Sheer hard work—devotion to the maintenance of the great engines which they build with such skill—bred in the bone for generations. Anyone who has been in the engineroom of a ship during wartime will know instantly the feeling that, of all men on board, the chances of survival of those in that space are the smallest in case of disaster—a feeling which creates a strong bond among these fine men. Adaptability, that great virtue, which enables a man to take in his stride tasks which, if considered rationally, would seem to lie far outside the scope of his talents ; the engineer must have all of these qualities in abundance. It is no easy task to tend a great engine, particularly the marine engine of today. How much harder must have been the lot of the first engineers with primitive engines, breakdowns a matter of course, poor working conditions, performing his everyday miracles by the sweat of his brow, unable to call upon techniques and skills then undreamed of.

If the Scots in the engine-rooms of today are not required to work physically as hard as their grandfathers they are required to have a degree of technical knowledge which would have seemed impossible in the early days of steam. They have had to master problems from the straightforward piston engine to the triple expansion engine with super-heated steam, the revolutionary turbine, the marine diesel engine ; and it seems likely that the harnessing of nuclear power will throw further strain on those men who, one might think have already achieved more than could reasonably have been expected of them.

The engine-room of a ship today is, of course, not the only place afloat which calls for the skill of the engineer. When one considers that all that goes to the making of a town must go to the making of a ship, one is made to realise the many ways in which he is in evidence—main supplies of water and electricity, heating in winter, cooling in summer, refrigeration for the storage of food and perishable cargoes, and that important part of a ship today, the kitchens. All these make demands on the learning and skill of the engineer.

Of recent years the enormous expansion of the oil freight trade has meant the building and maintenance of oil tankers reaching into the fifty thousand tons class—a size hitherto undreamed of. These ships demand, perhaps, more than those of any other class, the unremitting attention to infinite detail by the engineer, and have drawn heavily upon the homeland of Scotland to swell the ranks and to maintain and advance the standards.

Engines must be coaxed, not bludgeoned. They must be handled firmly

and, at the same time, gently, and treated with loving care. I have the conviction that it is because a more than average share of these qualities is to be found in so many Scots that a more than average share of Scots is to be found in so many engine-rooms. Rudyard Kipling, who travelled so many times back and forth to his beloved India, and spent so much of his time on the various voyages in the company of the chief engineer in his engine-room, interprets for us, in his own wonderful words, the feeling the Scots Engineer has for his machinery, in his poem " M'Andrew's Hymn " :

" Lord," says M'Andrew, " Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing
the song of steam,
To match with Scotia's noblest speech, yon orchestra sublime,
Whereto uplifted like the just—The tail-rods mark the time,
The crank-throws give the double-bass, the feed-pump sobs and heaves,
And now the main eccentrics start their quarrel on the sheaves,
Her time, her own appointed time, the rocking linkhead bides,
Now all together, hear them lift their lesson—theirs and mine,
" Law, order, duty and restraint, obedience, discipline."

You see, M'Andrew looked upon his charge, not as an oily mass of metal but as a thing of beauty, with its own personality and soul.

To those who have not been concerned with engines this may sound a little over-sentimental, but to those who have spent their lives in an engine-room, the sympathy between the man and his engine is something very real.

I used earlier the word " unremunerative " in respect of the life of a marine engineer, and that, of course, referred only to the financial aspect, and not to the great satisfaction which he gets from his work. But I should like to qualify the word to some extent. The captain—the master—of a ship bears the ultimate responsibility, but in the last few decades the great advances that have been made in navigational aids, notably radar, have greatly simplified his task, while the great advances in propulsive machinery and the internal domestic requirements of a ship, to which I referred earlier, have enormously increased the responsibilities and technical requirements of the marine engineer. This has, to a certain extent, been realised and remedied, and I am glad to say that my host, here (Sir George Campbell), took no small part in initiating this in one of our great shipping companies, and this is why we elected him a companion of the Institute of Marine Engineers. (Applause.)

In this connection of ultimate responsibility and the final word, I should like to tell you a tale. After the latest war (I don't say the " last ") a company with which our chairman was concerned took over the German steamer *Potsdam*, partly reconditioned her as a troopship, and re-named her the *Empire Fowey*. She had what were known as Benson boilers, originally invented in this country, but not much developed beyond teething troubles. The Germans went further with them, but were still far from success. To put it shortly, in boilers of this type the water and steam are in miles of tubes and the heat surrounds them, instead of the heat being in the tubes. This means high pressure from inside the tubes, tending naturally to find weak spots, instead of the pressure from the outside holding them intact. However, the engineer, by ceaseless work round the clock, managed to get the *Empire Fowey* on a voyage to the East and back to the Clyde. As she was coming up the estuary, one boiler after another (there were four of them) completely collapsed, and just as the tugs—by the grace of God—were making fast, the last boiler gave up the ghost. The Chief Engineer went to the telegraph and rang up the bridge—" Finished with engines." (Laughter.) Speaking of it afterwards, he said, " Lord, was I happy? I'll wager it was the first time in the history of the British Mercantile Marine that the last word went from the engine-room to the bridge, instead of the other way round." (Laughter.)

Being myself an engineer, I fear I have used the term as embracing, primarily, my own calling of a marine engineer, and my thoughts fly rather

automatically to the Browns, the Dennys, the Fairfields—to the men who built the hulls and engines of great ships like the *Queen Elizabeth* and the *Queen Mary*, to men like Sir William Wallace, who developed the hydraulic steering gear, and for that great boon to those whose hearts are in the sea, but whose stomachs prefer the dry land—the latest advance in sea travel—the ship stabiliser. But the Scot has pioneered in so many other branches of engineering: Macadam, who made the roads on which we motor; Telford, the son of a Dumfriesshire shepherd, whose bridges were, and still are the wonder of the world; Stevenson, James Watt, Nasmyth, and many others, who have played such a great part in shaping the modern world. (Applause.)

You, as Scots, should be proud of the Scots engineer. I, as an engineer, regard him with respect and admiration. I would like to give you the toast of the Scots Engineer, and may your country continue to produce, and export, men of the calibre that has made his name famous throughout the world.

The toast was drunk, with Caledonian Honours, amid great applause.

The President, said that by their applause the members and their guests had shown their appreciation of Mr Silley's able Sentiment. It would rank high in the Society's literary contributions. He asked the audience to give their hearty thanks to their guest. (Applause.)

Our Guests: Mr Silley and Others.

Past-President William Dalgarno proposed the toast "Our Guests", and in a cheerful introduction to the toast said:

One of his ancestors had been hanged—some time ago—and as if to clear his north-eastern stock, he added, "Aye he wis hanged—in Glasgow!" Mr Dalgarno said it wisna for a simple offence like a man murderin' his wife. Na, it wis a verra serious maitter: it wis for sheep stealin." He wisna an easy man to deal wi; they had to drag him to the scaffold.

Afore they hanged An'rew—aye they ca'd 'im An'rew, because that wis his name—they speirt gin he had ony last words to say to them. "Oh, aye," he said. "Faith, I hev that; this'll fairly be a lesson to me." (Laughter.)

His widow received the usual messages of sympathy, and her plaintive and comforting reply was: "Dear An'rew; weel, after a', he wisna a blood relation!" (Laughter.)

Mr Dalgarno settled down to the serious work of welcoming the guests. First, there was their principal guest, Mr. H. A. J. Silley, who had given them such an interesting and instructive Sentiment. Mr. Silley is a graduate of Cambridge, and began his apprenticeship in 1915 with Denny Brothers of Dumbarton. Later, in the first war, he served in the Royal Engineers, and on demobilisation continued his engineering training at Smith's Dock Company, Middlesbrough. From 1922 to 1924 he served as a seagoing engineer, and afterwards took up service with R. & H. Green and Silley Weir Ltd., became deputy chairman in 1927, and chairman in 1941. He is also the chairman of the associated companies at Falmouth. Last year he was appointed to the board of the P. & O. Company, and has been president of the Institute of Marine Engineers for the past two years. (Applause.)

We have with us tonight also Mr A. Aiken Watson, Q.C., who is responding to this toast. He has had an outstanding career in the legal profession, and

since 1949 he has been Recorder of Colchester. Mr Aiken Watson is profound in his knowledge of Burns, and has given Burns admirers many reasons for their admiration of the poet. He is chairman of a number of important industrial companies. (Applause.)

Among our other guests we welcome are Mr Frederick Ellis, a well-known City editor; Mr J. C. L. Train, C.B.E., M.C., a member of the British Transport Commission; Mr Frank Webster, an old friend; and Councillor D. Leslie Reid, J.P., Mayor Elect of Wimbledon. To these and to those whom I have unintentionally neglected we give a hearty welcome. (Applause.)

Mr A. Aiken Watson, Q.C., in reply, said:

I feel conscious of the fact that only my hardy Scottish upbringing enables me to sustain the role of guest among so many old friends. I have observed all too often that the custom of those who respond to this toast, having expressed conventional thanks for their entertainment, at once plunge into the grossest irrelevancies. I do not propose to create any exception. (Laughter.)

I would take an early opportunity of clearing up a slight mystery. My distinguished fellow guest Mr Silley, who proposed the "Sentiment," wondered why so many Scots were marine engineers. I have always understood it was because the job offered such an unrivalled opportunity to contemplate the eternal verities—an occupation dear to the heart of my countrymen. I have even heard it said that as they stood hour by hour watching the piston rods go backwards and forwards they kept murmuring: "Come day, go day; God send pay day." (Laughter.)

I am not sure that will satisfy Mr Silley's enquiring mind. At least it appears a reasonable explanation.

Now I would like to say that I am honoured to have been asked to speak tonight. It comforts me to think that at last my poor gifts have been recognised. After all, it is comparatively easy to address our friends and neighbours the Sassenachs or even the Americans. They are not so concerned with the fundamentals. But the Scots have a critical faculty which in private can be very disconcerting. I recall how an eminent divine (not, let me hasten to add, my friend Dr Scott here present), when preaching for election to his first charge, had reduced his sermon to paper, a course of conduct at that time almost criminal. Now in the congregation was a caustic spinster. Maybe she had been soured by age and lack of male society. Maybe she had merely read and practised Washington Irving's adage: "A sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use." At all events, on being asked what she thought of the young minister, her reply was devastating: "Deed no verra muckle—Jest like a craw in a tattie field—twa dabs an' a look up." (Laughter.)

But my fellow countrymen do not necessarily confine themselves to criticism. In those spheres in which they cherish their own excellence, they are prone to offer advice freely. This characteristic is well illustrated by the caddy who was escorting the Anglican Canon over the Old Course at St Andrews. As they approached the well-known bunker which rejoices in the name "Hell," the caddy advised the use of a No. 3 iron. The Canon, being above advice, didn't, and landed fairly and squarely in "Hell." Nothing was said, and the Canon by a fluke shot with his niblick got out of the mess. When they were parting at the club house, the caddy again felt impelled to offer some advice to his patron. "Sir," said he, "when yer time comes tae pass on, ye'll be sure nae tae forget to tak' that niblick in yer coffin." (Laughter.)

And now may I return to my duty and say on behalf of all the guests, thank you for a wonderful evening. One of your aims is to promote good feeling among brother Scots in London. In this, you have more than adequately succeeded. (Applause.)

Our Office-Bearers.

The President submitted the toast " The honorary office-bearers " and complimented those in office on their honorary labours.

In replying, Mr W. M. Miller, Hon. Secretary, said :

The President's thanks to the office-bearers for their work reminded him of the man who was returning thanks to his friends for their congratulations on his silver wedding. " It is wonderful," he said, " to have been married for twenty-five years. It seems like yesterday, and you know what a lousy day that was." (Laughter.)

You, sir, have classed our service as a labour of love, but some of our members, by the harassing way they fail to send in their dinner cards think we enjoy it as a love of labour. This labour of love reminds me of the action of the owner of a hotel in a remote part of the Highlands. Staying in the hotel, on a fishing holiday, was an eminent surgeon, equipped with his instruments, who had been operating in Aberdeen. The hotelkeeper's wife suddenly developed appendicitis, and as an immediate operation was essential, the surgeon volunteered to do it, with the help of the local Red Cross man. When this had been successfully accomplished, the owner of the hotel asked the surgeon his fee. The surgeon replied that he did not want any money, but suggested that his helper might be rewarded with a couple of guineas. The hotelkeeper expressed his thanks, and, returning a few moments later, said to the surgeon, " I'm sorry, doctor, I find I've no Guinness. Would a couple of Bass do ? " (Laughter.)

The President has been generous in his praise, and this you have kindly endorsed. We, the honorary office-bearers, believe that we deserve his commendation, even if it adds nothing to our remuneration. But it is comforting to know that we have been found worthy of one of the three most useless things in the world—I will not, in this respectable gathering, define the other two—a vote of thanks to the staff. (Laughter and applause.)

The musical programme was provided by Mr John Graham, a tenor with a powerful voice, who sang the " Border Ballad," " Of a' the Airts," " My Love is like a Red, Red Rose," " Bonnie Wee Thing." Mr Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M., accompanied on the piano. They were heartily thanked for their services.

Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., gave us " The Caledonian Society of London," and his selection comprised " Miss Delicia Chisholm," " Tullochgorum," " The Gray Bob," " The Road to the Isles."

" Auld Lang Syne " and the National Anthem ended an interesting programme.

Good Wishes to the Socials.

The Caledonian Society of London claims that it was the first London Society to invite ladies to sit at dinner with the

members, and consequently this annual April gathering has been colloquially titled Ladies' Night. Not for a long time has this annual event justified its title as that of Thursday, 19th April 1956, for to greet the President, Sir George Campbell, K.C.I.E. and Lady Campbell were 74 ladies and 66 gentlemen.

The company having honoured the loyal toasts, at the dinner, the President proposed the "Prosperity of the Society." He said:

The laws of the Medes and Persians were no stricter than the rules of this Society, and so it is incumbent on me to inflict on you tonight the toast of "The Caledonian Society of London." There is no escape; quite apart from the possibility that there may be members of the O.G.P.U., or whatever their name may be nowadays, listening at the doors and windows to hear what the Scots have to say in the headquarters of their ancient oppressors. King Edward the First tried the hammer, but it rebounded: he never got down to the sickle. (Laughter and applause.)

In my researches into the past, which have only been made possible by the energy and erudition of our worthy and honoured—as well as Honorary—Historian, William Will, I have found that the apologia (and that means a vindication) has been that it is fairly reasonable to say: "Here's tae us; wha's like us"—but might I suggest a more humble, heart-searching thought.

O, wad some pow'r the giftie gie us,
Tae see ourselves as ithers see us?

Mark you, I would not go so far as to suggest that the same view should be taken as that in the fracas following Andy's title of Tod Lapraik in R.L.S.'s *Catriona*. The argument about gentility there developed on a discordant note and Andy says to Neil of the red head; Neil the son of Duncan. We have no other indication of his descent. He might have been a Campbell, or even a Macdonald. (Laughter.) "Shentlemans!" cries Andy "Shentlemans! Ye Hieland stot! If God would gie ye the grace to see yoursel the way that ithers see ye, ye would throw your dinner up." (Laughter.)

I shall here emphasise for the benefit of those present who do not get recurring appeals from me, and from all our presidents, that we exist largely for charity—Scots charity. Charity begins at home, as you know. We delight in supporting the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools. (Applause.) But we blend those activities with sociability, and we delight in our monthly gatherings during the winter season.

If I should detail the pick and the wale
O' members that dine here awa man;
The faut wad be mine if they didna shine
The sweetest and best o' them a' man."

One of our standing jokes is the number of bankers we have as members; whether that has any connection with charity these days, I don't quite know. Here we might parody Burns:

I lo'e them mysel', but daurna weel tell;
My poverty keeps me in awe, man;
They're quite decent chiels, if your standing appeals,
And they'll whiles gie ye credit and a' man.

(Laughter and applause.)

But enough of ribaldry. My duty is to ask you to toast the Caledonian Society of London, with its fine charitable background. And again I would quote R.L.S. to show the feeling among ourselves: "And if we can find but

one to whom we can speak out our heart freely, with whom we can walk in love and sympathy, without dissimulation, we have no ground of quarrel with the world or God." (Applause.)

And, finally, again to adapt Burns :

> If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
> And ne'er guid wine did fear, man.
> This is thy billie dam and sire,
> The Caledonian Society, man.

I ask you all to drink to the enduring prosperity of the Caledonian Society of London, and that with Caledonian Honours. (Loud applause.)

The Ladies.

To the Vice-President at the annual Ladies' Night falls the duty of proposing the toast, " Our Guests ", and Dr Macrae Stewart worthily responded to the call. He was pleased that Sir Ronald Ross, and Lady Ronald Ross were able to be with them.

We welcome again our old friend Mrs Rintoul, and it is good also to have with us Sir James Crombie, K.B.E., C.M.G., chairman of the Board of Customs and Excise. He is an Aberdonian and a graduate of Aberdeen University. His wife, whom we also welcome, is a graduate in Arts of Aberdeen University.

Among our many other guests are Mr and Mrs John Graham, Buenos Aires, a native of Greenock. We have, too, with us Mr R. L. Thorpe, A.R.I.B.A., from New Zealand. Mr Thorpe married a graduate in law of Aberdeen University, who was the first woman law agent of Aberdeen Town Council. Dr and Mrs Macrae, of the Harrow and District Caledonian Society we also welcome.

Lieut.-Col. Sir Ronald Ross, M.C., D.L., in replying for the guests, said :

He was particularly pleased to hear the words " Welcome guests." He, as an Ulster man, was glad to come to a Scottish dinner like this, for they all know the close connection between his country and ours.

Sir Ronald told the story of the professor, who had developed a weakness for dreams, which affected him at odd hours. He was examining a class, and told them that this examination business was harder on the examiner than on the examined. During the examination, which was on Genesis and Exodus and the Ten Tables on the Mountains, the professor fell into a quiet snooze, from which he suddenly emerged with the announcement : " Not more than six of these should be attempted." (Laughter.) Sir Ronald thanked the Society for its hospitality.

The President.

Past-President Col. L. Duncan Bennett, O.B.E., M.C., T.D., proposed the toast, " The President," one of the toasts reserved for the last social gathering of the session.

Col. Bennett said it did appear to him somewhat strange for a mere commoner, clad in a Macdonald tartan kilt, to be proposing the health of a knight of the realm, bearing the name of Campbell. (Laughter.) Our Honorary Secretary detailed me for this toast, although he knows well that I am a better listener than a speaker. He felt, too, that I would at least be brief, and believe me, I will.

Talking of our Hon. Secretary, I was privileged to see a letter recently sent by our President to Mr Miller, affectionately addressed " Mein Fuhrer." We now know how Sir George has suffered at the hands of Mr Miller these last six months. He has certainly stood up to it very well.

Our President and I have something very much in common in that we both took our aquatic sports seriously, having entered adjacent waters of the Clyde at an early age. Sir George fell overboard from the ferry at Corrie Arran at the age of two, while I made a more graceful descent by being lowered on a rope from a rowing boat in the bay in front of Port Bannatyne, at the age of seven. I do not know how he found it, but I shiver when I think of it now. (Laughter.)

(Colonel Bennett here gave a vivid picture of Sir George's career, which has been embodied in the biographical note on the President's life on page 128.) He continued :

According to *Who's Who*, under the heading of " Sport," we read " Golf " and, like most of us, he rates himself a super optimist. It is not, however, of his early childhood in Arran, his outstanding career in the shipping world, or the magnificent part he played in the service of his country in two world wars of which we are thinking particularly tonight, but more of the truly wonderful year this Society has enjoyed under his competent presidency.

You, sir, have held the presidential chair with great dignity, have proved a genial and charming host, and we have enjoyed the inspiring Sentiments provided for us which will long remain in our memories ; but, above all, we, your Brother Caledonians, desire most sincerely to thank you for so ably presiding over us during this past session, and it is our heartfelt wish that you may long be spared to enjoy with us all the great brotherhood and friendship of our ancient Society. (Applause.)

Sir George Campbell in reply, said :

This is my second embarassment tonight. I can but thank Colonel Bennett for the charming way in which he has proposed my health, and you for your enthusiastic reception of the toast. I approached the responsibilities of this office with a certain amount of trepidation ; but, as I come near the end of a happy tour of duty, I should like to thank all members, and not least our Honorary Secretary, for their continual support and good-fellowship which have made my toil a pleasure. I give you a few apt lines of John Buchan :

> From quiet homes and first beginning
> Out to the undiscovered ends.
> There's nothing worth the wear of winning
> But laughter and the love of friends.

From my heart, I thank you all. (Loud applause.)

Brother William Scott.

The President interrupted the programme to inform his brother Caledonians that William Scott had finished twenty-eight years of his membership of the Society, and that on Saturday he would celebrate the jubilee of his marriage ; and happily he still had his wife with him. The information was received with great pleasure.

The five Past-Presidents present saluted the President, and congratulated him on his successful session.

Lady Campbell pinned the Society's gold medal on the breast of Past-President William Dalgarno.

The President at the close thanked Miss Fiona Crombie, and her accompanist, Mr Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M., for their programme of Scottish songs.

Our officer, Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., gave his selection and toast, and wound up his programme of pipe music with " The Caledonian Society of London " Strathspey.

" Auld Lang Syne " and the National Anthem ended a most successful Festival.

Annual Meeting.

On Wednesday, 7th November, 1956, the annual meeting, covering session 1955–1956 was held at headquarters. A large muster said goodbye and thanks to Sir George Campbell, the President, and gave the new President a warm welcome.

At a Council meeting prior to the annual meeting, it was agreed that the officers for the new session should be recommended thus : President, Dr Macrae Stewart ; Vice-President, John Aldridge, the present occupants of the other offices to be re-elected.

The Hon. Treasurer, Mr Robert Jardine, C.A., submitted his financial statement which showed the Society to be in a healthy condition.

Mr Miller reported that the Society's treasures had been examined and were found to be intact.

The annual donations of £50 each were voted to the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools.

It was decided to publish as soon as is possible a volume

of the Society's "Chronicles" to cover Sessions 1952–1953, 1953–1954, 1954–1955, and 1955–1956.

Sir George Campbell thanked the members for their loyal support given to him during his Presidency. This had resulted in for him a very happy year of office. He proposed that Dr Macrae Stewart should be the next President. Dr Macrae Stewart had been a member of the Society for twenty years, and had given proof that he would be an excellent chairman. He asked for the Doctor the same excellent support given to him (Sir George).

Dr Macrae Stewart was heralded with cheers when Sir George placed upon the Doctor's shoulders the badge and chain of office. He thanked Sir George for the welcome he had given him and he would do his best to fill the position to which he was proud they had elected him. He moved that the Society's gold badge be awarded to Sir George in recognition of the excellent work he had done for the Society. The motion was heartily carried.

Obituary Notes.

Since our last volume was published—that for 1945–1952—death has taken from us no fewer than fifteen members, three of them men who have occupied our highest office of President.

Lord Alness, the second peer in our membership, died on 6th October, 1955, and with him went a keen and able lawyer and statesman, a brilliant orator, and withal a great Scot. His rise in public life was mercurial. In six years he was M.P., Advocate-Depute, Lord Advocate, Secretary for Scotland, and a Privy Councillor.

He was born at Alness, was a son of the manse, and was educated at Aberdeen.

His many interests we cannot touch, but we cannot avoid reminding ourselves that his keenness helped to build the War Memorial on the Castle Rock in Edinburgh, and we must not forget that when Sir Kingsley Wood was raising money for the War effort, he picked Lord Alness as being a worthy colleague for Scotland.

As President of our Society (1940–1944) his lordship was in office during the war years, and his interest in the work never slackened. Even when his active years of national and

local work showed their signs on his slight figure, he came from his home in Bournemouth to attend the meetings. He joined the Society in 1935.

A fuller notice of his life's work will be found on pages 74–76, Chapter III, Volume 1938–1945 of the " Chronicles."

Past-President JAMES ABERNETHY (1951–1952) was taken from us on 20th May, 1954. He was born in Strichen, Aberdeenshire, and was educated at Macduff. He was trained as a chemist, and when he came to London he entered the manufacturing chemists' businesses, where his genius lay.

In London Scottish circles Mr Abernethy was well known, and particularly in our Society, where he was President in Session 1951–1952 ; and in the Harrow district where he helped to form the local Scottish Association. He was associated with the Burns Club, and the Aberdeen, Banff and Kincardine Association.

He was a very keen and loyal Mason, and held high office in the order.

A fuller sketch of Mr Abernethy's life work is given on pages 296–297, Chapter VII, Volume 1945–1952 " Chronicles."

GEORGE SIM BONNYMAN, who died on 7th Feb., 1954, was one of the best known working Scots in London. On coming to London he joined the Metropolitan Police Force and became an inspector ; and on retiring, he became Chief Warden of the Victoria and Albert Museum. He was an active worker among Scottish organisations in London : he was Hon. Secretary and later Hon. Treasurer of the London Clans Association which raised, through Burns Nicht Concerts, thousands of pounds for London Charities. He was Treasurer of Crown Court Church, under Dr Moffett, who said of him : " His name, guidance and sound judgment, will be a lasting memory to thousands of Scots in London and the home counties."

The rules of our Society were altered to admit of him remaining an honorary member, but " George " died before the rule could be enforced. He was created an M.B.E.

R. G. DAVIDSON, who died on 13th October, 1954, was a life member, he having joined the Society in 1923. He was thus thirty-one years a member. He resided at Dorking and so for many years he was unable to attend. Consequently our members were not acquainted with their kindly fellow member.

DR JOHN FORBES, M.B., C.M., B.Sc., who died at his London home on 8th July, 1954, was a highlander, a native

of Culbokie. He interested himself in the work of the Gaelic Societies and the Gaelic services at Crown Court Church. In the war he gave his services willingly to the people in the Leicester Square and Covent Garden tube stations and other places. He was a man revered by the people whom he served. He was of great value to the Royal Scottish Corporation; his advice on the management committee was greatly valued.

D. M. FORBES, M.A., LL.B., who was a son of Dr Forbes, was a member of a firm of solicitors. He died on 19th March, 1955.

WILLIAM HARVIE was an old and highly respected member, who was elected in 1935. He died on 9th April, 1954. He was a well-read man and made several excellent and witty speeches. Mr Harvie suffered ill-health for a long time, but this he defied to attend Society meetings. He was a greatly missed member.

THOMAS HAY, M.V.O., V.M.H., was one of the greatest authorities on gardening in this country. He was a Banffshire man, and was trained at Duff House, when the Duke of Fife, who married the Princess Royal, lived there. It was this connection, and due to his great knowledge of the subject, that he ultimately took charge of the royal parks and gardens—Greenwich, Regent, St. James's and Hyde Parks, and the gardens of Buckingham Palace, Kensington Palace, and Marlborough House.

His great work, the reorganisation of the royal parks and gardens brought the now-famous Scots gardener great praise.

He was a keen member and the Society, and those interested in gardening should read the Sentiment he gave us: "The Scots as Gardeners." It will be found on pages 391–396 of volume 1931–1938 of the "Chronicles." At that time he told us that Scots gardeners were in charge of the gardens of no fewer than thirteen large towns in England.

Mr Hay joined the Society in 1929, and his death took place on 22nd January, 1953, so that he had been a member for almost twenty-four years.

The Royal Scottish Corporation could always count on Tom Hay to help with their treats to the auld fowk, as he called them.

MR DAVID HOUSTON was another of our banking brethren who are always ready to lay their hands to useful work when freed from business demands. Mr Houston, a manager of the

Clydesdale (later Clydesdale and North of Scotland) Bank, joined the Society in 1936 ; he was Hon. Treasurer from 1946 till 1952. Failing health urged him to give up that task, but he consented to act as auditor a year or so before he died—on 26th September, 1955. Mr Houston was a couthy man, and his homely ways made him hosts of friends.

D. M. MITCHELL, who joined the Society in 1938, died on 21st September, 1954. Mr. Mitchell who was proud of his association with the London Scottish, was unable to attend the meetings of the Society because of his distant residence.

WALTER B. MORISON, who occupied an important place on the Stock Exchange, died on 20th May, 1953. He was an active worker for the Stock Exchange charities. He was for a time auditor to the Society, and he was a leading figure in the financial side of the Royal Scottish Corporation ; he acted as chairman of the Finance sub-committee. He steadfastly refused to take the Presidency of the Caledonian Society, but he gave us a clever Sentiment on " The Scot as Stockbroker."

SIR ALEXANDER R. MURRAY, K.C.I.E., C.B.E., who died on 19th March, 1956, was one of the many Scotsmen who made names for themselves and their country in India. He joined the Society in 1935, and was consequently a life member. He was unable to attend the meetings latterly through illness. His only son was killed in the late war, an event that affected Sir Alexander greatly.

Past-President A. W. RUSSELL, who died on 22nd July, 1953, was one of our happy band of bankers. He was born at Greenock, and after he had finished his period of education, he was sent to the Commercial Bank, and later he was transferred to the Edinburgh head office, and soon after came to the London branch where he was in charge.

Mr Russell was well known in English Presbyterian Church circles ; he was one of twelve business men in charge of the finance committee of the Presbyterian Church of England. He was greatly loved and admired in the Society.

JAMES S. STIVEN, a native of Dundee, died on 8th August, 1953, after a short illness. He joined the Society in 1948. He joined the British Linen Bank and from the branches in Glasgow and Edinburgh he came to London in 1947 and was there the manager of the City branch. He retired, owing to his illness in 1953. Mr Stiven was held in the highest esteem by his fellow-members of the Society and his social friends.

W. R. STRANG, who passed to his rest on 29th September, 1954, for a large part of his life lived a considerable distance from London, and consequently we were barred from his company ; but Mr Strang took a keen interest in the work of the Society. He became a member in 1936. He was a native of New Zealand, and once in toasting the health of Mr Jordan, the New Zealand High Commissioner, he paid a great compliment to his native land.

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