

REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS
AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE
ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH SESSION
OF THE
SPECULATIVE SOCIETY



EDINBURGH: PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY

1914

REPORT

THE SOCIETY being in its 150th Session, resolved to take steps to celebrate the event appropriately.

The following members of the Society were appointed to form an Honorary Committee to preside over the Celebration :—

The Rt. Hon. the EARL OF ROSEBURY, K.G., K.T.,	<i>Honorary Member.</i>
Sir WILLIAM TURNER, K.C.B., Principal of the University of Edinburgh,	"
The Rt. Hon. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P.,	"
*Sir LUDOVIC J. GRANT, Bart., LL.D.,	"
The Hon. LORD ADAM,	<i>Admitted 1845</i>
The Rt. Hon. LORD KINNEAR,	" 1853
The Rt. Hon. the LORD JUSTICE-CLERK,	" 1856
Sir ARCHIBALD C. LAWRIE,	" 1858
Sir STAIR A. AGNEW, K.C.B.,	" 1858
DONALD CRAWFORD, K.C.,	" 1863
J. H. BALFOUR BROWNE, K.C.,	" 1863
The Rt. Hon. LORD ABERCONWAY,	" 1867
J. MAITLAND THOMSON, LL.D.,	" 1870
The Hon. LORD GUTHRIE,	" 1870
Sir JAMES PATTEN M'DOUGALL, K.C.B.,	" 1872
The Rt. Hon. LORD DUNEDIN, K.C.V.O.,	" 1872
The Rt. Rev. JAMES MACARTHUR, D.D., Bishop of Southampton,	" 1872
C. C. MACONOCHE, K.C., Sheriff of the Lothians and Peebles,	" 1873
The Hon. and Rev. ARTHUR GORDON, D.D.,	" 1875
Professor P. R. SCOTT LANG,	" 1875
The Hon. LORD ORMDALE,	" 1876
The Hon. LORD DUNDAS,	" 1877
The Hon. LORD SKERBRINGTON,	" 1878
Sir PHILIP J. HAMILTON GRIEYSON,	" 1878

* Previously an Ordinary Member (admitted 1865).

The Hon. LORD MACKENZIE,	<i>Admitted</i> 1880
JAMES A. FLEMING, K.C., Vice-Dean of the Faculty of Advocates,	" 1881
JAMES CLARK, K.C., C.B.,	" 1881
JOHN PETER GRANT of Rothiemurchus,	" 1882
Professor JAMES MACKINTOSH, K.C., LL.D.,	" 1883
JAMES AVON CLYDE, K.C., M.P.,	" 1884
W. K. DICKSON, LL.D., Keeper of the Advocates' Library,	" 1885
CHARLES M. DOUGLAS, D.Sc.,	" 1886
Professor J. H. MILLAR,	" 1886
Professor W. M. GLOAG, K.C.,	" 1887
Professor J. A. SMITH,	" 1887
JOHN R. FINDLAY, Master of the Merchant Company,	" 1890
The Rt. Hon. LORD KINROSS,	" 1893
The Hon. WILLIAM WATSON, K.C., M.P.,	" 1895
The Rt. Hon. the EARL OF CASSILLIS,	" 1895
W. MITCHELL THOMSON, M.P.,	" 1901

The following Executive Committee was appointed to make the arrangements:—

Sir LUDOVIC J. GRANT, Bart., LL.D.	W. G. NORMAND
A. L. M'CLURE, K.C., Sheriff of Argyll	J. R. MARSHALL
W. K. DICKSON, LL.D.	J. K. GREENHILL
Professor J. H. MILLAR	J. J. B. STEWART and
A. N. SKELTON	D. LYELL, <i>Secretary.</i>

At a meeting on Wednesday, 26th November 1913, the Society elected to the privileges of Honorary Membership the Rt. Hon. Lord Kinnear, the Rt. Hon. Lord Dunedin, K.C.V.O., and the Rt. Hon. Sir John Hay Athole Macdonald, K.C.B., Lord Justice-Clerk, and appointed their admission to the said privileges to take place at an Extraordinary Meeting to be held on Friday, 6th March 1914.

THE SPECULATIVE SOCIETY met and was constituted in the Society's Hall on Friday, 6th March 1914, at seven o'clock, Mr. J. K. Greenhill, senior President, in the chair. About seventy members were present. The first Roll was called and the Minute constituting the meeting was read.

The Secretary (Mr. D. Lyell) intimated that Lord Kinnear and Lord Dunedin had found it impossible to attend for the purpose of receiving the honorary membership of the Society, Lord Kinnear owing to the death of his brother a few days previously, and Lord Dunedin owing to engagements which detained him in London.

The Secretary then presented, in the capacity of honorary member, Sir John Hay Athole Macdonald, Lord Justice-Clerk.

The President said: My Lord Justice-Clerk, I have the honour to deliver to you, in the name of the Speculative Society, this mark of their profound respect and admiration. It is fifty-eight years since you entered these halls as an ordinary member, in due course you were elected to the offices of secretary and president, and eventually you became an extraordinary member. Since that time, my Lord, you have lived a long useful life of honour and distinction to yourself and of signal service to your country. My Lord, this Society delights to confer this distinction on you. Your distinguished professional position, your judicial and forensic ability, and your general scholarship and literary attainments, have in no stinted measure made you the object of this Society's admiration and regard, and have singled you out from among your fellows as well deserving and well worthy of this, the Society's highest honour. My Lord, the roll of honorary members of the Speculative Society is a roll of no great length, but it is replete with names famous in the pages of history. The addition thereto of the name of Kingsburgh enhances the dignity and the lustre of that roll. But, my Lord, I trust you will not merely regard this as an empty and a formal ceremony. It is so much more than that. You yourself, my Lord, possess that subtle gift of drawing all men to

you, and we, members of the Speculative Society, glad to honour you for your life's achievements, are glad also to honour you as a man. My Lord, in conclusion, may I express to you our kindly sentiments at your presence here on this auspicious occasion, and the hope that you will long be spared to fulfil the functions of the high judicial office you so worthily hold.

SIR JOHN H. A. MACDONALD said: Mr. President, I thank you most cordially for the kind words you have used, and the Society for their kindness to me. The last time when I was in this hall at any large celebration was on the occasion of the first centenary of this Society's existence, when I saw Lord Brougham and Lord Colonsay receive this honour you have now conferred upon me. If anybody had told me at that time that I should be standing up in the place in which they stood, I should have been very much surprised. I shall remember this occasion with gratefulness the whole of my life.

The President then directed the Secretary to intimate to Lord Kinnear and Lord Dunedin that they had been admitted to Honorary Membership *in absentia*, and read to the Society a telegram which he had received from Lord Dunedin, expressing his regret at being unable to be present.

The Secretary announced that there was no further business, the second Roll was called, and the Society adjourned.

A Dinner was held in the North British Station Hotel the same evening, at eight o'clock. Sir Ludovic Grant, Bart., presided, and the other members present were—The Lord Justice-Clerk, A. Peddie Waddell, W.S., Lord Guthrie, Thomas Barclay, Sir James Patten M'Dougall, K.C.B., H. E. Gordon, C. C. Maconochie, K.C., Sheriff of the Lothians and Peebles, Dr. George Kerr, Graham G. Watson, W.S., G. J. Forsyth Grant, F. A. Brown Douglas, Lord Dundas, Scott Moncrieff Penney, W. C. M'Ewen, W.S., Lord Skerrington, Sir Archibald Campbell, Bart. of Succoth, T. Bennet Clark, C.A., Lord Mackenzie, George M'Intosh, W.S., P. C. Robertson, C.A., Rev. E. Monteith

Macphail, A. L. M'Clure, K.C., Sheriff of Argyll, J. A. Fleming, K.C., Sheriff of Fife and Kinross, J. G. Kirkpatrick, W.S., J. P. Grant of Rothiemurchus, Rev. J. C. B. Geddes, C. R. A. Howden, Rev. W. Lewis Robertson, J. A. Clyde, K.C., W. A. A. Balfour, C.A., John Warrack, W. K. Dickson, LL.D., Charles M. Douglas, D.Sc., J. H. Millar, C. Dick Peddie, V. A. Noël Paton, W.S., W. J. Kippen, E. W. Neish, H. J. Stevenson, W.S., E. J. M'Candlish, W.S., J. R. Findlay, Master of the Merchant Company, J. L. Greig of Eccles, Ian MacIntyre, W.S., A. H. M. Jamieson, R. A. Lee, W. E. Mackintosh, Allan M. Henderson, W.S., W. F. Finlay, W.S., Lord Kinross, A. J. Alison, C. J. N. Fleming, J. S. Leadbetter, G. H. Lindsay, Henry Tod, W.S., Hon. William Watson, K.C., M.P., Hon. Adam G. Watson, W.S., The Earl of Cassillis, John L. Hunter, D. A. Wauchope, A. S. Leslie, W.S., R. B. Pearson, A. E. Murray, W.S., W. A. Tait, E. R. Boase, F. C. Thomson, B. S. Bramwell, E. M. Murray, C. Guthrie, W.S., A. Maitland, J. G. Jameson, C. B. Milne, J. Row Fogo, C.A., J. G. H. M'Intosh, W.S., A. Russell Simpson, W.S., W. Dunbar, I. B. C. Neilson, Marcus Dods, George Andrew, J. W. More, P. J. Ford, H. Burn Murdoch, A. N. Skelton, G. M. Cairns, W.S., Harry Cheyne, jun., W.S., R. H. Maconochie, A. W. U. Macrae, W.S., J. G. Kennedy, W. G. Normand, E. O. Inglis, W. R. B. M'Jannet, W.S., R. S. Reid, J. R. Marshall, J. Monteith, G. G. Paul, Ivor Forsyth Grant, J. L. Mounsey, W.S., J. K. Greenhill, M. G. Fisher, R. F. J. Fairlie, D. Lyell, K. D. Cullen, F. B. Sanderson, J. Bruce, J. F. Myles, J. J. E. B. Stewart, C. Mackintosh, J. Prosser, J. S. C. Reid, H. R. Marshall, C. Dunlop, J. A. R. Mackinnon, A. A. Buist, V. C. Bruce, C. A. Milne Home, J. C. Greenhill, R. R. M'Intosh, E. M. Campbell, G. S. Davidson.

The Rev. W. Lewis Robertson said grace.

After the dinner toasts were proposed as follows:—

The Chairman: 'My Lords and Gentlemen, I have the honour to ask you to pledge with all loyalty and enthusiasm the toast of "His Majesty The King."'

The toast was warmly pledged.

The Chairman: 'My Lords and Gentlemen, I now give you the toast of "The Queen and Royal Family."'

This toast was also heartily pledged.

PROFESSOR J. H. MILLAR, in proposing the toast of 'The Imperial Forces,' said: Sir Ludovic Grant, my Lords and Gentlemen. The toast which has been entrusted to me is an important one, but the task of proposing it is, I think, comparatively easy. In the first place, we have all heard the toast proposed so often that it were hopeless to try to be original; and in the second place, the toast so commends itself by its intrinsic merits to all who are worthy of the name of Briton, that the hearers are invariably disposed to be indulgent to the speaker and to overlook any febleness in his vocabulary or any halting in his periods. I understand that there are persons at the present day, still apparently awaiting cognition upon a brieve of idiotry, who hold that if, as they say, we 'behave ourselves,' we could afford to dispense with a Navy and an Army. To do those persons justice, I believe it to be the case that they have not enjoyed the privilege of being members of the Speculative Society. I had a look, sir, this afternoon at the various subjects of debate during the earlier years of the Society's existence—the first fifty years of its existence—and I fail to come across the question being discussed as to whether it was necessary for this country to have a Navy and an Army to protect us from the loss of property and the absolute destruction of our liberties which would be the inevitable consequence of a foreign invasion. Not that the Speculative Society was indifferent to the Navy or the Army. With regard to the Navy, more than once the question was discussed whether the lawful practice of impressing men for the King's service was expedient or inexpedient, but nobody apparently ever presumed to assert that we could do without the assistance of the senior branch of His Majesty's service. Then again, with regard to the Army, it was apparently a frequent subject of discussion whether a standing army, a regular army, or a militia was the better means of protecting our shores and safeguarding our interests. And I also see that the question

was debated whether the existence of a regular force in time of peace is detrimental to the cause of civil liberty, and the Society decided, rightly, I venture to think, unanimously in the negative. We cannot then say that the Society was indifferent to the needs either of the Navy or of the Army, and with regard to the Army, certainly when one looks at the matter, I think one learns to realise that much of our good fortune during the last few centuries has been due to the presence amongst us of a standing Army conducted under strictly constitutional conditions. Until comparatively recently we had the good fortune to live under a constitution which has been the envy of the whole civilised world; and if that has been our good fortune, and if the Protestant succession has been secured, let us never forget, sir, that that fortunate state of matters is due in no small measure to our standing Army, and likewise to one who was the idol of his men, that great captain of his age—I refer to William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland. Now, sir, when I come to the last branch of the Imperial services, I feel I am entering upon somewhat debatable ground. As regards what used to be the Militia, we know that strictly speaking they are a comparatively recent innovation in Scotland, and I am sure that there is no part of His Majesty's dominions in which the Militia has been more successful, more popular, and more efficient. But far be it from me to enter upon the vexed question as to the efficiency of the Territorial Force. The day may possibly arrive when it will seem just as absurd not to insist upon every man doing some service in the way of bearing arms for his country as it would seem to us to deal with taxation as though it were a species of voluntary contribution. I have very great pleasure in coupling with this toast the name of the Earl of Cassillis. He has been identified with the Militia, and in point of fact has held His Majesty's Commission in the 3rd Battalion of the Royal Scots Fusiliers. He had also the distinguished honour, like not a few of our members, of bearing arms in South Africa during the South African War. Wishing to go to

the fountainhead—for I think we have all heard the maxim that it is better *petere fontes* than *sectari rivulos*—I applied to Lord Cassillis for any particulars to his discredit that he would supply me with, in order that I might introduce them into my speech. He was unable—or at least unwilling—to furnish me with the information which I desired or, as some people for mysterious reasons say, ‘desiderated,’ and accordingly I call upon you to drink a bumper to the toast of ‘The Imperial Forces,’ coupled with the name of Lord Cassillis.

THE EARL OF CASSILLIS: My Lords and Gentlemen, I do not propose to detain you or entertain you with a speech, far less an essay, on the Imperial Forces. I was forcibly reminded at an earlier stage of the evening of some essays I wrote and read for the Speculative Society, and I remember the trouble they gave me at the time. After the toast has been so ably proposed by Professor Hepburn Millar, some reply is necessary. First of all with regard to the Navy, I think we have to keep the two-Power standard instead of the one-Power standard to which we have been reduced. In any case we ought to keep the four capital ships and have three ships to replace the expedited ships, consequent on Canada not being able to give us the three ships she promised. Coming now to the land forces, I may remind you that the Speculative Society sent out twenty-one members to South Africa. Out of these twenty-one members four were mentioned in dispatches. They are Messrs. Stormonth Darling, Captain John Gilmour of Montrave, M.P. for East Renfrewshire, Captain Towse (who so distinguished himself that he got a direct commission as Captain in a cavalry regiment), and Major D. A. Wauchope, D.S.O. I think we ought to be proud that at least one member of the Speculative Society was able to get the D.S.O. Another, Mr. Burns Begg, is now Imperial Commissioner for Northern and Southern Rhodesia. Well, I daresay some of us who went to South Africa did not know what we were in for at the time, the war lasting a little bit longer than we thought it would. We had to get non-residing privileges. There was one member who did not get non-residing

privileges—he is here to-night—and there was a good deal of discussion over it. On the Veldt we had many experiences. One did not expect that one should have such experiences as all night on picket in thunderstorms, and having to run the risk of being shot by one’s own sentries. I remember on one occasion having to be out all night on picket in a thunderstorm and being for nine hours at Frederikstad without a drink of water or anything, and having bullets fired at us all the time. All these things induced a speculative turn of mind; and when one saw how the country had to go out to the highways and by-ways and plead with people to come in, and saw people recruited at the last moment at 5s. a day, one began to think whether we ought not to have a certain form of national service. I am not going to trouble you with any figures. There is a great shortage in all branches. In the Territorial Force alone there is a shortage of 1867 officers and 61,348 non-commissioned officers and men. If we cannot get these men voluntarily, as Lord Haldane said in one of his speeches, we shall have to adopt some form of compulsion; and therefore national service is the only way out, and there was a great protagonist before Lord Roberts—the Scottish patriot Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun. My attention was called to the fact by Mr. Macphail, who pointed out that in 1698 Fletcher wrote a pamphlet in which he said that a standing army was a great mistake, and that we ought to have an army on a militia basis. He thought that we ought to have first of all a strong Navy backed up by an efficient Militia, and that an army on a national service basis would do away with the militarist spirit, and would keep up the physical condition and improve the welfare of the men of this country.

The Chairman thereafter proposed the toast of ‘THE SPECULATIVE SOCIETY.’ He said: My Lords and Gentlemen, for the fourth time in its history the Speculative Society has gathered its children together in high festival to celebrate its completion of a cycle of years, and for the fourth time the duty now devolves upon one of its sons of inviting a great concourse of worshipful Speculators to pledge the

toast of the Speculative Society. Permit me at the outset to say—and this is the one regretful note that I shall have to sound—permit me to say that fate has dealt a little unkindly with us, for two of the three persons who were admitted honorary members to-night—namely, Lord Dunedin and Lord Kinnear—have been at the last moment prevented, the one by stress of duties and the other by domestic bereavement, from attending the ceremony in the Speculative Hall and from joining in our revels to-night. If you will permit me, I shall read a telegram which Lord Dunedin has sent. It is addressed to the President of the Speculative Society :—

‘I hope you will convey to the Society my regret at not being able to be present to acknowledge the honour they have done me in electing me an honorary member. I value very much the right to consider myself permanently associated to a Society which was the source of so much pleasure and advantage to me in earlier days. I am glad to think that though there are many blanks, there are yet with you to-night some of those whom I respected as older members. Among others I would specially mention my old friend Lord Guthrie, with whom I learned the first elements of disputatiousness in handling the weighty questions of “private business.” I tender the Society my sincere thanks.’

Gentlemen, the presence of Lord Dunedin and of Lord Kinnear would have been most acceptable on this occasion; their absence is to be greatly deplored. On the other hand, gentlemen, it is, I think, a most gratifying circumstance, and one that affords signal proof of the strong hold which the Society has on the affections of its members, that on this, the 150th anniversary of its existence, so numerous an assemblage should have flocked together from all parts of the country at the summons to join in the celebration. Those of us who are heavy fathers,—and most of us, I fear, must admit the soft impeachment,—know full well that children, on the anniversaries of their nativities, delight to find their birthday cakes adorned with candles commensurate in number with the number of their years. Gentlemen, that childish ideal has been very

nearly realised to-night at these commemorative festivities. If each individual member present may be reckoned as equivalent to a candle, which implies, not of course, that he is a creature of wax, soft and pliable, but that he is a burning and a shining light, then, gentlemen, this banquet hall takes on the likeness of a birthday cake, illumined with very nearly one candle for each year of the Society’s existence.

And this mention of candles, gentlemen, compels me to remind you that in the hall of the Speculative Society, from which gas is sternly excluded—at least in the form of light—there hangs a chandelier of sixteen candles,—wax, not flesh and blood,—which has been very aptly described by the learned historian of the Speculative Society, my old friend Mr. W. K. Dickson, as ‘our very Palladium’; and as every Speculator well knows, according to a custom which is as sacred and inviolable as any law of the Medes and Persians, whenever the Society meets, one of those sixteen candles must remain unlit and obscure. Gentlemen, that ancient custom must not be violated in this company of human candles, and as I have likened all of you to active luminaries, as you all correspond to the effulgent fifteen in the Society’s hall, I, your chairman, that all may be in order, claim the proud privilege of representing here to-night that solitary unlit taper; and, as a logical consequence, I shall not be expected to shed any light, still less any brilliance, on aught I have to handle.

Gentlemen, in discharging the very responsible task which has been imposed upon me to-night, that of paying a tribute to the Speculative Society, I take great comfort in the reflection that, in truth, I am not advancing to the attack single-handed and wholly unaided, but that I may reasonably expect to find an ally and coadjutor in almost every speaker who will address you during the proceedings. The other speakers, I am sure, will acquit me of interference or trespass if I say that it seems to me that the toasts with which their names are associated offer peculiar oppor-

tunities of sounding the praises of the Speculative Society and rendering it additional honour. Indeed, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that in pledging these toasts we shall be repledging the toast of the Speculative itself. In saying all this I am really emphasising in a rather cumbersome and roundabout way what is, I think, the principal ground of the pride with which we all regard the Speculative Society. I am, in effect, reminding you that all the highest walks of life, all the great human interests—the Law Courts, the Senate, the Church and the University, literature, science, philosophy—all these are debtors of the Speculative Society in a very remarkable degree. And by that I do not merely mean that the rolls of the Speculative Society happen to be thickly studded with names which happen also to figure as some of the brightest ornaments of the institutions and interests to which I have just referred. I mean more than that. I am venturing to assert, on behalf of the Speculative Society, that it has played at least some part in moulding and preparing for their future successes and achievements those of its sons who have risen to high eminence in the various walks indicated. Far be it from me to inflict upon you an academic essay on the educative value of Debating Societies in general and of the Speculative Society in particular. But if any one is sceptical in regard to the point which I am now trying to make, let me tell him I could easily produce a cloud of famous witnesses from all periods of the Society's history, who with one voice gladly testify to the immensity of the benefits which they derived from their discipline and training within the Society's walls.

Gentlemen, the mere mention of the subject of my toast is sufficient to awaken in the breasts of all of us a host of memories associated with the period, now very distant for some of us, when we were ordinary members. If the truth must be confessed, when we were under its dominion and jurisdiction, the Speculative Society proved unquestionably a hard and a stern task-master. It imposed upon us intellectual labours often beyond our capacities. It subjected us to exactions in

the shape of fines and dues often beyond our means. It kept us from our beds to a time of night always beyond the limits of reason and respectability. But to-night it is a case of 'olim meminisse juvabit.' There is an amnesty for all the burdens and discomforts, and we think of the old times and the old place solely with feelings of affection and gratitude. By some the 'Spec' will be chiefly remembered as the juvenile arena in which they first tested the armour and first exercised the sword which were to serve them so well in the sterner combats of real life. Others, perhaps, will rather gladly recall that it was in the stimulating atmosphere of the old hall that their interest was first aroused in some branch of literature or some problem of philosophy; or that in the congenial surroundings of the lobby they first formed valued and life-long friendships. In the recollections of some, perhaps, the 'Spec' will chiefly figure as an agreeable club or lounge, where the golden hours slipped away most pleasantly. And all will remember the old place as a blessed sanctuary where they could shelter, secure from the slings and arrows of outrageous professors.

Gentlemen, on an occasion like the present, it is only right and proper that grateful reference should be made to a few of the numerous individuals by whose devoted services and zealous labours, rendered at different periods, the welfare and prosperity of the Society have been conspicuously and materially advanced. The list is far too long for individual enumeration, and a selection, a very limited selection, must perforce be made. First, then, I would ask you to dedicate a pious thought to *Fundatores Nostri*, our early fathers, William Creech and the five other enterprising lads who, on the 17th November 1764, met in solemn conclave and launched our ship upon the voyage which has proved so lengthy and so prosperous. Through the great kindness of the Sheriff of the Lothians and Peebles, I have been privileged to see a number of letters which his great-grandfather, Alan Maconochie, the first Lord Meadowbank, one of the original founders, received from his co-

founders and from other members of the 'Spec' in its early days. From these letters one may learn what an infinite source of interest 'The Spec' was to its promoters, and with what anxious, nay, maternal, solicitude they guided its infant steps and watched over its infant growth. Doubtless the fostering care of the original founders accounts in large measure for the virility and vitality which the institution has since displayed. The only other name which I shall select for honourable mention to-night is that of an individual who, I rejoice to say, is living and sitting in our midst to-night—I mean Lord Guthrie. It would be impossible to overestimate the importance of the services which Lord Guthrie rendered during his period of active membership, which coincided, I think, with that of Robert Louis Stevenson. Many of the most salutary reforms and of the most far-reaching improvements, both in the secretarial department and in the general arrangements of the Speculative Society, date from his reign, and if I may once again quote the appropriate language of our historian (Mr. Dickson), Lord Guthrie is to be honoured as 'the paragon of secretaries.'

Gentlemen, it is most reassuring to know that its 150th anniversary finds the grand old Society with vigour unimpaired and strength undiminished, and that it is as flourishing and as efficient to-day as at any period in its long existence. If it be possible to offer congratulations to an abstraction, in your name I offer to the 'Spec' most cordial congratulations on this auspicious occasion. It is, I know, the heartfelt wish of one and all here that this venerable institution may go on from strength to strength, and from jubilee to jubilee, and that again and again, in the centuries to come, its sons may gather together, as we are gathered together to-night, to render to the Society the honour and the homage that are its due. May its glory, may its name, may its praises endure for ever! Gentlemen, I give you 'The Speculative Society.'

MR. JOHN R. FINDLAY, Master of the Edinburgh Merchant Company: Sir Ludovic Grant, my Lords and Gentlemen, I rise to give

you the toast of 'The College of Justice.' This is a toast which I have heard proposed on many occasions, and always with pride, respect, and admiration. I must confess, however, that in some companies these have perhaps been tinged with a certain feeling of aloofness and an air of detachment. A noted member of the House of Commons once said that the House of Lords was like heaven—they all hoped to get there, but no one was in any hurry to go. Well, I have never heard the College of Justice compared to heaven. But I have sometimes felt that if the speaker had room in his scheme of eschatology for another institution, for an institution admirably manned, admirably conducted, and playing a useful and indeed necessary part in the scheme of things, but one with which he himself had no very keen desire to come personally in contact—to such an institution would he have likened the College of Justice. To-night, however, I feel myself in a somewhat clearer and purer atmosphere, in which all feeling of detachment and aloofness disappear. Looking round this company, I see it is so very closely linked with the very various activities of those who are gathered together in the category of the College of Justice, that there remains no scope for any feeling of that kind. You, sir, have already indicated how many activities in life are benefited by the operations of the Speculative Society, and I believe that in no case is the connection closer than that between this Society and the College of Justice. It has been the goal of the majority of its members; and it has been a field in which very many of them have won distinction. Indeed the theme seems so very obvious that after what you have said I am inclined to let it pass; and in view of the fact that this toast is coupled with the name of Sir John Hay Athole Macdonald, the Lord Justice-Clerk, I would more particularly refer to the great services which the College of Justice has rendered in the civilisation and consolidation of Scotland. In these days we in the Lowlands are inclined perhaps to take too meekly the invasion from the north; and I think we have

good cause to remember that the College of Justice is a Lowland institution, and that it was largely owing to its influence that law and order were brought into the wild districts beyond the Highland line. In this difficult task it has had a good deal of prejudice to contend with, and there was a time when, if the Lord-Justice Clerk had gone in circuit to Inveraray, he would have been reminded that while the Red Lords could only hang a man if he were guilty, MacCallum Mohr could hang him whether he were guilty or not; and I believe even at the present day, when the Lord Justice-Clerk goes to Glasgow in his judicial capacity he is occasionally still taunted with the large proportion of Macdonalds who await his ministrations. But I think that on the whole the College of Justice has every reason to be satisfied with the success it has achieved in its great civilising endeavour, and I think in one respect it is doubly to be congratulated, and that respect is this, that in a sense it has led captivity captive, and drawn many of its brightest ornaments from that region which it did so much to bring into subjection. We see one example in our chairman this evening. We have another distinguished example in the Lord Justice-Clerk himself, and perhaps the example is all the more brilliant in that he has not altogether forgotten the predatory instincts of his forefathers, and has laid his hand upon other vocations. He has taken the motor industry under his charge, and he has made good use of the warlike instincts of his race. But, above all, I think, he stands before us as a bright example of the manner in which the undoubted talents of the Celt can be used for the purposes of civilisation. Gentlemen, I give you 'The College of Justice,' coupled with the name of Sir John Hay Athole Macdonald.

THE LORD JUSTICE-CLERK, in reply, said: Sir Ludovic Grant, my Lords and Gentlemen, it is always a high honour to return thanks for the College of Justice. I have not myself gone through all the stages of it, because I was never a macer in the Court of Justiciary. But I have gone through a good many of them, and I have always

gone through them, I am proud to say, with the kind goodwill and even, I feel in many respects, the affectionate regard of my fellow-citizens. Mr. Findlay was pleased to make merry about the Highlanders, including the Chairman and myself, and particularly he made allusion to the Macdonalds, and seemed to hint that there was a vast number of criminals of that name. There may be, there may have been; I am not here to deny it, but I will tell you a story of what happened to me on circuit a good many years ago at Glasgow. In the Bar room there was a good deal of chaff going on, always good-natured, because we are not a jealous or disagreeable set among ourselves. In saying that, I quote a gentleman who has been dead for many years, but whose testimony, I think, you will all accept. Lord Cockburn once said that the profession of the Bar was the one in which there was the least of jealousy of any profession in the world. They used to chaff me. They said: 'Macdonald, you think a great deal of your clan. How comes it there are more prisoners of the name of Macdonald tried at the Circuit of Glasgow than those of any other name?' It was not quite true, but that did not matter. My reply was: 'My dear fellow, when a man begins to commit crimes, he does not do them under his own name, he takes an alias and chooses the name of a gentleman. It is not in the least surprising he does not choose yours.' Thereupon, he and I and all of us laughed consumedly. It is quite true it took a good long time before civilisation, as you call it in this part of the country, reached many parts of the Highlands. My father used to tell a story of two Ross-shire men who met one day on the road near Tain. One said to the other: 'Have ye heard ta news?' 'Na, whaat news?' 'Oh, dreadful news, dreadful news. The laa has come to Tain.' Mr. Findlay suggests that it was only the Highlanders that were given to evil practices in the early times, particularly in dealing with other people's goods and cattle, but I have read in history, and I have read in Walter Scott, who certainly was not a liar, that there was plenty of

Border rieving and Border rascaldom quite as late down as there were such doings in the Highlands. Well, now, the College of Justice is not, I think, a very edifying subject. It is a very nice subject to propose, but it is a very difficult subject to reply to; but to-night, if you will allow me, as the College of Justice is associated with the Speculative Society, I will tell you some things about the Society, being the oldest member present. I beg pardon, I am not the oldest member. My friend upon the right, Mr. Peddie Waddell, is the oldest member, for he was Secretary of the Society at the time that I joined it. I remember one or two queer things that happened in those days. I remember two serious frauds that took place, one of which was a real fraud and the other a pious fraud. The pious fraud was committed by me and the other by somebody else, who shall be nameless. The first one, the non-pious one, consisted in this, that when my friend was Secretary before me a gentleman gave for his essay the subject of Byron's 'Manfred.' Three years afterwards his brother, who joined the Society after the other had gone to be a Judge in the West Indies, gave in also as the subject of his essay, Byron's 'Manfred,' and as I listened I heard repeated over once again the sentiments which I had heard expressed in the essay of three years before. Being the Secretary, and bound to protect the interests of the Society, I got hold of him in the lobby, and said: 'Look here, So-and-so, what do you mean by coming here and reading the essay your brother read to us three years ago?' 'My brother's essay!' he replied. 'Did he read that essay here?' 'Yes, he did, three years ago,' I said. 'Well,' said he, 'I wrote that essay the year before I left school. He has taken it out of my drawer and read it.' The other, the pious, fraud committed by myself was that I induced a friend to join the Society. That was not the fraud, that was only the beginning. He gave in as the subject of his essay, 'English Literature,' and coming to me later said: 'My dear Maconald, I can't write that essay. I can't do it for the life of me. Can you help me at all?' I said

I would try, and in three or four days I had cobbled up an essay on English literature for him. He read it, and to my horror, my u's and my n's being very much the same, he announced as a book to which he intended to refer—'Fronde's *History of England*.' A very curious adventure—my friend reminded me of it to-night, but I had not forgotten it, I can assure you—took place when a member of the Bar was in the chair of the Society, and when Mr. Alexander Moncrieff was speaking—a gentleman whom some of you may have heard, and who always spoke in very emphatic tones and with a great deal of action. There were sudden snores heard from the seat of the President, and Moncrieff said loudly: 'Wake him.' Somebody thereupon went and shook up the chairman. Moncrieff went on, but presently down went the President's head over the arm of the chair, and the snores got very loud indeed. Then arose a discussion—I think my friend took part—as to how to bring the matter into order. Being the President, it was very difficult to deal with a question of order without his authority. But at last it was resolved to wake him up, and my friend Kinnear, who I am sorry is not here to-night, said: 'I rise to order, sir, as I desire to move that the President do leave the chair.' The President looked down at him, and leant forward with his elbows on the table, at the same time asking: 'May I ask are you serious in making that motion, Mr. Kinnear?' 'Oh, yes, quite serious,' was the reply. The President picked up a long quill pen, twirled it in his fingers, and said in most quiet and measured tones: 'Then I must tell you your motion is quite out of order. You must give a week's notice of it.' One other anecdote connected with the Speculative Society I will tell you, and that is about the dinner held fifty years ago; and I think I am the only person who was present at that dinner who has survived to tell the tale. When I took up this menu to-night I had not my glasses on, and on opening it I gave a shudder of horror, thinking I looked upon a tremendous list of toasts. It turned out that the side I was looking at was not the toast list,

but the menu proper. In 1864 people had not got the wisdom they have now, and there were no fewer than seventeen toasts upon the list, to some of which there was more than one reply. A great many of you will remember Professor Blackie; those who do not may have heard of him. He was put down to propose 'Scottish Philosophy,' and he was called on and rose to propose the toast somewhere about seven minutes to twelve or so. He rose up and said: 'This dinner was fixed for half-past seven—far too late—and what a list of toasts! I have a grand speech prepared, all here in my brain'—(slapping his brow vigorously)—'but you shan't have it—not a word of it! All I will say is, long live Scottish philosophy! Long live common sense! And long live Blackie, who does not make long speeches!' Just a word before I close in reference to the connection between the College of Justice and the Speculative Society. It is an instance which is worth recalling, that when my friend Alexander Asher joined the Society he was then working up to become a Writer to the Signet, and when he commenced his work in the Society we all began to see he had the capacity and the talents for being an excellent pleader. We told him so; and I was a personal friend of his own at the time, and at last persuaded him to give up the idea of going to the Signet and to come to the Bar. I think you will all admit I was right. He was one of the closest and most splendid pleaders we ever had. That is one little good done by me for the Speculative Society and the College of Justice of which I shall always be proud. The Chairman spoke to-night about heavy fathers. What about heavy grandfathers? If I have been heavy I am very sorry. To my astonishment, I have suddenly discovered what I never would have imagined myself. Lord Dunedin who, of course, sending a telegram on this occasion would not say anything that was not strictly true, refers especially to 'my old friend Lord Guthrie, with whom I learned the first elements of disputatiousness in handling the weighty questions of private business.' I hope that kind of thing does not go on now. I hope the evil example set by Lord Guthrie in those days is not

followed by the rising generation, but I doubt whether my hope is fulfilled. Private business, I think, is the curse of such societies. It keeps fellows up an hour later at night for no purpose in the world except to interchange sham bitterness at the table of the Society, which does not really exist in the breasts of those who utter it. My friend on the right, Mr. Peddie Waddell, will remember the amount of time wasted, and the amount of acrimony that was pretended, on these discussions on private business. Do you agree? He agrees. Well, let the Society flourish. I trust it will always do so, and this I am certain of, that as long as it keeps up the association it does with the College of Justice, by the present and prospective members of the Bar joining it, it will always be as successful as in the past. It is of great value in training young minds to express themselves clearly, and to express themselves without being afraid of what other people think, which is a most important thing in learning to speak. I daresay you will have found out that I am not in the least afraid of what you think. Long may it be so! The College of Justice has had its history, just as the Highlanders and the Border people have had theirs. I will conclude with one anecdote which was a favourite story of my friend Stormonth Darling, who is now gone. In the old days when the Judges sat fifteen together, there was a man whose case was unanimously decided against him. As he walked down the High Street afterwards, he was heard to say: 'College of Justice! It is my opinion they were a' the waur o' drink.' Let us be thankful that however much they may repudiate the kind of justice given to them, it would be difficult for litigants now to say anything of the kind. I don't say it would be impossible, but it would be difficult. In all seriousness, when the College of Justice is proposed, I can say in reply that I do not believe there is anywhere in the world a body of men who are more anxious to do the right thing than the members of the College of Justice in Scotland, and that we have in our criminal system of procedure by far the best and the

fairest administration of justice that takes place in the whole world, with the result which perhaps people would not expect, that the proportion of convictions that are got in Scotland in proportion to the prosecutions is generally larger than it is anywhere else. As regards the Civil Department, well, we are well abused; but I have many a time said this, that a man who holds a public office, and is not prepared to be well abused while holding it, is not fit for his position. That is my sentiment, and I am sure it is the sentiment of my colleagues, and, with that expression of our feelings I thank you most cordially for the kind way in which you have drunk the toast of the College of Justice, and I hope that in the future we may deserve your goodwill just as we have tried to deserve it in the past.

MR. GEORGE M'INTOSH, W.S., who proposed 'The Houses of Parliament,' said: Sir Ludovic Grant, My Lords and Gentlemen, I am called upon to propose to you the toast of 'The Houses of Parliament.' But in connection with this toast nothing is ever expected of the man who proposes it. Everything is expected of the men who reply. But, however hackneyed the topic may be, and however commonplace the sentiments which may be given expression to in proposing it, this company will agree that it would not be right that the toast of the Houses of Parliament should be omitted from the list at this dinner, because, as I think I will be able to show you in a moment, the association of the Speculative Society with the Houses of Parliament has been more than ordinarily close, and has been remarkably continuous. From John Bruce, one of the six founders of the Society in 1764, Professor of Logic in the University of Edinburgh, and member of Parliament for a seat in Cornwall, down to William Watson, as recently as 1913 returned for a Scottish constituency to the House of Commons, there has passed from the hall of the Speculative Society to the Houses of Parliament an unbroken succession of men of extraordinary intellectual capacity. For the past century and a half the Hall of the Speculative Society has been the training ground for

the best brains of Scotland for the service of the nation at Westminster. Therefore, I think you will agree with me it is only becoming that at a dinner of the Speculative Society we should pay homage to the Houses of Parliament. May I say another word upon this subject? There are imminent for the Houses of Parliament great changes; but we can look forward with full confidence—whatever shape or whatever place the Houses of Parliament may in the future occupy—to the members of the Speculative Society taking no less conspicuous a place in the Houses of the time to come than they have done in the Houses of the time gone by; and if we, in our time, are to be the witnesses of the passing away of the old House of Lords and the old House of Commons, as we have known them, I cannot think of anything better or happier for them than that we should spare them our own noble motto, and say 'Semper honos nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt.' I beg to give you the toast of 'The Houses of Parliament' and to couple with that the names of Lord Kinross and Mr. Clyde.

LORD KINROSS, in responding, said: Mr. Chairman, and members of the Speculative Society, it sometimes happens in these topsy-turvy days that a very inconspicuous, modest, and, I hope, unobtrusive member of a great and historic institution has to reply for its well-being. I believe that the obligation which the House of Lords owes to the Speculative Society is a great one, and for this reason, the Society has given it Lord Brougham and Lord John Russell, afterwards Earl Russell, who founded the nucleus of their greatness in the halls of the Speculative Society. But, gentlemen, times have changed, and I think that the House of Lords ought to be very gratified that their chamber still finds a place on the toast list among Parliamentary institutions at a gathering of an enlightened Society like the Speculative Society, because in its present state of, shall I say, 'suspended animation,' a state which many people hope is temporary, but which many others as cordially desire to see made permanent, there is imminent danger of its being relegated to the

care of those people whose business it is to investigate the history of ancient institutions. I have heard and read a great deal about the privileges of the House of Lords. Would to Heaven I had ever encountered them! I have never yet been able to understand why the Parliamentary services of the learned and honourable member for West Edinburgh, performed doubtless with a distinction which is all his own, should be appraised at the sum of £400 per annum, while my own humble endeavours in the same relation receive no remuneration at all. There is another painful instance which occurs to my mind, and it is this, that on the occasion of the Coronation of His gracious Majesty King George v., a luncheon was served to members of the House of Lords in the Princes' Chamber, an apartment of great decorative beauty and considerable historic tradition. The price was two guineas. It had never before been my lot to have two guineas' worth of lunch. I thought I would try the experiment. It was a deadly failure. I was served with a drumstick of a chicken. That I regarded as the fortune of war. But the real bitterness arose when I was afterwards credibly informed that a precisely identical lunch, served with the same grace and celerity and of a cuisine in no way inferior, was consumed and enjoyed by the members of the House of Commons in another place, at a nominal charge of 5s. a head. If I am asked after the health of the House of Lords, I would say they are in enjoyment of the same unimpaired activities and the same exuberance of health and strength as a man who, having recently had his right arm amputated, lives daily in danger of again being placed on the operating table. It would be improper and indecent, nay, perhaps unconstitutional, that I should further stand between you and the elected representative of that ephemeral quantity, the sovereign will of the British people.

MR. J. AVON CLYDE, K.C., M.P., in acknowledging on behalf of the House of Commons, said: Mr. Chairman, my Lords and Gentlemen, I must in the first place formally associate myself with Lord Kinross in returning thanks not only to the proposer of the toast which you

have just honoured, but to this assembly of 'Speculators' for the kindly reception which they have given to it. Lord Kinross complains that the Upper House is supposed to enjoy privileges, and, in fact, possesses none. It is true that he is made to pay more for his lunch than I am in the House of Commons, but if he will take the trouble to make a little investigation into that matter he will not long be in doubt as to the simple explanation which exists for that phenomenon. If he were to examine with care the Estimates which are annually presented to the Houses of Parliament for approval, he would find that the consideration which is paid by members of Parliament for their daily food falls short of the bill that has to be met; and, just as in more important matters we look to a grateful people to see us well paid for enjoying the honours with which they endow us, in like manner we look to the abounding generosity of the people of this country to pay the balance of the food bill which we do not pay ourselves. Sir, many members of the Speculative Society have found their way into the House of Commons, but I am not quite sure that it would be true to say they are the only speculators who are to be found there. There are speculators and speculators; but the speculators to whom I refer are not, so far as I can remember, of us. Sir, often when I have found myself seated on the green leather benches of the House of Commons, my thoughts have strayed away, with some longing for old interests and old associations, from that particular Chamber to the smaller upper room about which you, sir, have been reminding us this evening. The House of Commons produces on many people—anyhow it has produced on me—very much the kind of impression which the experiences of travel in strange countries often produce on the tourist. There are long, infinitely long, spaces of flat dulness. There are, however, here and there exhilarating moments of keen and extraordinary interest. I don't know anything that characterises the life of the House of Commons more than these sudden transitions from a period of black, unutterable dulness to an oasis of sparkling excite-

ment. We used to think sometimes—rarely, but sometimes—that a debate in the Speculative Society had its dull moments. You have no conception how dull a debate can be until you get into the House of Commons. Happily the reporters on these occasions are kind, and draw a veil of reticence between the speakers and you. On the other hand, the most fascinating peculiarity about the House of Commons is this faculty of producing unexpectedly, instantaneously, moments of the most intense interest, when everything is fresh, everything vivid, and when important decisions, perhaps fateful decisions, have to be taken immediately, and something done which in one direction or another is bound to affect history—no man can tell how deeply. In one respect at least, the House of Commons shares some privileges with the Speculative Society. We were in the Speculative Society all of us ready to treat the other on an equal footing, to recognise merit whenever it showed itself, and to be generous towards each other. The House of Commons has the same qualities. It also recognises merit as soon as it sees it, and to its own members it is generous to a fault. We share with the Upper House grave responsibilities. I suppose that among those responsibilities the political and constitutional fate of my Lord Kinross and the future existence of the House of Lords are to be numbered. I hope we shall be generous to the House of Lords. But whatever may be the fate of that House, or whatever, as Mr. M'Intosh says, may be the fate, locally, or in status, of either House of Parliament, I think we shall continue there, as in the Speculative Society in the old days, to do our best, in rivalry, for the credit of the assembly to which we belong, and the country we represent.

MR. J. K. GREENHILL, the senior President, who proposed the toast of 'The Chairman,' said: My Lords and Gentlemen, it is now my privilege, pleasure, and honour to give you the toast of our distinguished chairman of to-night, Sir Ludovic Grant.

When the Speculative Society of to-day decided to hold this celebration, numerous points of extreme difficulty and of extreme

obscurity arose. One of those points for example was as to what particular brand of champagne we might honour you with. So important was this particular question that we decided to appoint a sub-committee, who would act in a tasting capacity; and on a particular day they assembled here and tasted hard and solidly from one o'clock to half-past five in the afternoon, and even then I believe they would have been unable to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion had not one of their members been a distinguished member also of the Lighthouse Commission. At that late hour in the afternoon they eventually decided upon a particular brand, and they informed the manager that such was their choice. The manager, after a certain amount of mental deliberation, returned and told them that although the hotel had an adequate supply of this wine for an ordinary dinner, it had not an adequate supply for an association which only met once in fifty years. Now, my Lords and Gentlemen, I doubt not that you are all wondering what is the connection between the choice of a particular brand of champagne and the honoured subject of my toast; but I would explain that it is this, that whereas there was a certain amount of doubt in the Speculative Society and the committee organising the celebration as regards the place and quality of this banquet, *et hoc genus omne*, there was no doubt whatever in the minds of any of us as to who should be asked to occupy the chair on this auspicious occasion. We were one and all decided that Sir Ludovic Grant was the proper man, and surely in these days of political strife and of labour unrest, is it not a relief, my Lords and Gentlemen, to find for once the right man in the right place.

I am very glad—personally I cannot tell you how glad I am—that it is so very unnecessary for me to dilate at any length upon those manifold and manifest qualities of Sir Ludovic, which so distinguish him and point him out from amongst his fellows as the one man who should occupy the chair on this evening. I feel that would be nothing less than rank impertinence on my part.

Sir Ludovic Grant is one of our most distinguished honorary members and one of Edinburgh's foremost citizens. He requires no eulogy from me. But still, I conceive I would be lacking in my duty, were I not to put before you one aspect of Sir Ludovic's pre-eminence in his presidency over us to-night; that is, he has brought home to us, as few could have done, the great fact which so distinguishes the Speculative Society from all other societies of the kind, namely, that when one is a member of the Speculative Society he is not merely a member of a debating club, but a member of a great and glorious family united by ties wellnigh as strong as those of blood itself.

Now, my friends have cautioned me that although I am a very long man in stature I must be exceedingly short in speech to-night, and so with these few remarks I take great pleasure and great pride in raising my glass, and asking you to do likewise, to our distinguished chairman, Sir Ludovic Grant.

SIR LUDOVIC GRANT, in reply, said: My Lords and Gentlemen, it was, I can assure you, one of the proudest moments of my life when, during the course of the winter, I received the invitation to preside at the anniversary dinner of the Speculative Society. That invitation I could only regard as a Royal command which I was not free to decline, whatever doubts I might have in my own mind as to whether I was the right brand for the occasion. I brought to this hall a very grateful heart to-night, and I shall take away from it a still more grateful heart. Mr. Groonhill, by the far too kind and flattering terms in which he has referred to me, and you, by the very cordial reception which you have given to this toast, have placed me under a very great obligation. I value Mr. Groonhill's remarks and your reception of the toast more than I can well express. I am not going now to inflict a second speech upon you, yet before the proceedings close I think it right to remind you that a great banquet like this cannot arrange itself, that it involves much forethought and a very great deal of exacting preparatory work. There are two gentlemen amongst us who have worked like Trojans that we might feast

sumptuously to-night, and the success of what I think has been a very successful gathering is in very large measure due to their exertions. One is the Sheriff of Argyll. It was in the precincts of the Speculative Society that I first had the pleasure of making the Sheriff's acquaintance. He was then the life and soul of our meetings, and it is no exaggeration to say that though we have not had the felicity of hearing his voice to-night, he has been in a very real sense the life and soul of the present meeting. I rejoice to know that the years which have elapsed since we first met have in no way impaired his vigorous vitality. The other gentleman to whom our thanks are due is Mr. Lyell, the Secretary of the Society. I first made Mr. Lyell's acquaintance in the rather trying atmosphere of my own class-room on those rare occasions when the claims of my class prevailed over the attractions of the neighbouring sanctuary. I shall not be so indelicate as to ask Mr. Lyell whether he learned anything from me, but I shall very freely and frankly acknowledge that since he and I have served on the same committee I have learned a very great deal from him. His resourcefulness, his capacity for organisation, and his business enterprise have been invaluable in connection with the present banquet. To both these gentlemen our best thanks are due; and once again, in my own name, let me thank you for the way in which you have received this toast.

The proceedings then closed with the singing of 'Auld Lang Syne.'