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A
FAMILY
PATCHWORK



AUTHOR!

A FAMILY PATCHWORK
BY A SCOTTISH COUSIN

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A Family Patchwork By A Scottish Cousin

Foreword

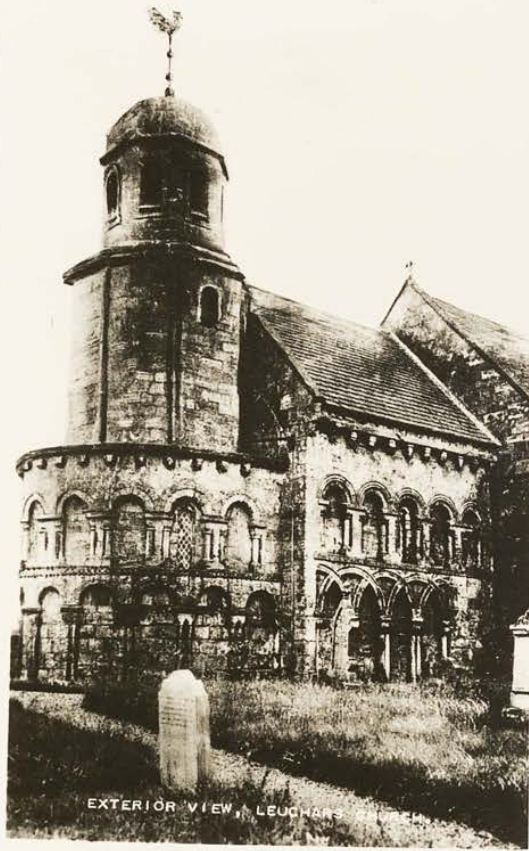
I am here putting together some things that I remember and some things that I have been told for those of you that may be interested. It is not easy to gather into sheaves those things that are worth keeping without loss, and to know which things to let drop as of little interest or of so private a nature that they are best left to vanish in the mists of time.

Then like Alice in Wonderland where to begin, how to go on, and when to stop, is not easy of solution. Unlike her I am not starting at the beginning but in the middle, I will then go back, then forward and for your sakes I hope stop.

On a bare wind swept field covered with sea sand and entirely enveloped in mist, stood my father and mother. The sound of waves and the cry of the gulls could be heard but nothing could be seen, yet they were both animated and happy, he waved his arm and explained what a lovely view she would be looking at, if only she could see it and she with equal enthusiasm agreed that it should be the site of their future home. He was a man of good height with fair hair and beard and blue eyes. Most likely he was dressed in a good tweed knickerboker suit and a silk shirt - real silk, silk was silk in those days. Mother had a broad calm forehead, large hazel eyes and a firm sensitive mouth - she would have real lace at her neck and in her pocket a good

sized handkerchief, a pencil, a pen-knife, a rubber and quite likely a bit of string as the content of her pocket was always rather like a school boy's and seldom failed to produce what was required.

Because of the choice made on that day my earliest memories are of Dornoch, and what more beautiful place could I have for those first fresh days of childhood. Whenever I hear a gull call there rush into my mind the memories of blue sea, hot sand between bare toes, the feel of the short green turf of the links, the wide clear sky. Lovely places to live in have been one of the great blessings of my life and I could hardly have had a better start. We will return later to Dornoch but in the meantime let us delve into the past and find out how these two came to be standing together in that field: and into the far past I mean to plunge. What else could one do with the name of Bruce to handle.



EXTERIOR VIEW, LEUGNANS

The Hamilton Bruces

It would be interesting if we could go back to Robert the Bruce but if there is a direct descent from Edward Bruce, as has been said, there is no means of proving it and we have to be content with the fact that my Bruce relations are descended from Alexander of Earlshall who is thought to be the second son of "Alexander Brus of Airth" by his second wife Margaret, daughter of Sir Malcolm Forrester of Torwood. There were a great many branches of the family from the house of Airth and before we follow Alexander I cannot resist telling you a few stories about these distant cousins of mine.

An Alexander Brus of Stanehous it seems got Airth from James II in 1468. John, his eldest son came to an untimely end at the hands of his brothers-in-law, the Menteiths of Karse. They had to come before "Robert Bishop of Glasgow, William Bishop of Aberdeen, John Prior of Adre Privy Sele, Alexander Inglis, Archdeacon of Sanct Andros" part of the verdict was "In the first place the said Archibald of Menteith and so many as are now present in this town that were committaris of the said slaughter, sall upon tuisday the XI day of the said Moneth now instant cum to the Mercat Cross of Edinburgh in their byning claites with their swerdis in their handis, and ask the said Robert and his Friendis forgevance of the deth of the said Johnne, as the manner is writ ther of and to remit to thaim the rancour of their hartis and sall for the soule of the said Johnne seek or gar seek the four head pilgrimage

of Scotland and there say Mess for the soule and further the said Robert the Brus sall within XX daies to cum enter ane prest to singe in the Kirk of Airth for the space of two years, the said Robert paying the tane half of his fee and the said Archibald of Menteith the tother half. The two being past the said Robert sall gar ane prest sing in the samyn kirk for the said soule". There seems to have been some concern about John's soul which makes one wonder if it was all Archibald's fault.

The Robert quoted above was John's son so he was the heir to Airth, not my Alexander who was brother to John.

Robert later appealed "forbeggen of his place of Ercht that was brynt before the battle of Sauchie by the forces of James III". Robert was knighted and died on the field of Flodden.

Another branch was the Bruces of Newton where we meet Katherine Bruce who married Henry Bruce, fifteenth and last Baron of Clackmannan. She lived to a great old age and was a woman of character, she held in her keeping the Sword of Robert the Bruce and his helmet too. She would honour any friend that she felt worthy by knighting him with the sword. Nor did she look on it as a joke; when she so honoured Robbie Burns, she told him that it was no infringement "on the assumed rights of some folk" meaning the Hanoverian family. She gave the daily toast "hoc eeuncos" the call used by shepherds in Scotland to drive off an intruder but with her meant "awa' with the strangers set owre us". When

When Henry Dundas (Lord Melville) was knighted by her when a young man and offered to kiss her hand by way of thanks, he was met with her retort "What ails ye at ma mou man?" She died at the age of 95 in 1791. Her picture was painted by David Allan with the sword and helmet.

I must resist further by-paths and come back to Alexander Brus, son of Alexander Brus of Airth. He was a favourite of James III, was knighted and was the owner of Earlshall; he is said to have married Janet Stewart of Rosyth, daughter of Sir David Stewart, another Royal connection that is very uncertain. We reach firm historic ground with his son William. He was knighted by James IV and was much valued by Mary, Queen of Scots. He lived to the age of 98, dying in 1584. He wrote a history "From Flodden to the Present Time". We can see his tomb in the charming old Church of Leuchers. He it was that started to rebuild Earlshall on the foundations of an older building belonging to the Earls of Fife. It was not finished for many years but eventually was completed by his grandson's second wife, Agnes, who is also buried in the same church where it says on her tomb "She waiteth here in hope". She had no children but her husband had, by his first wife, Elizabeth Wood, daughter of Admiral Wood. His eldest son succeeded and in the third generation thereafter, Earlshall went to Helen, Lady of Earlshall of which more presently for now we once again follow a younger son, another Alexander, who was a "bonnie fighter". He married Jean Kirkcaldy, grand-niece of Kirkcaldy of Grange.

I wish I knew more, but I do know that he fought with Montrose at the battle of Kylsyth and the story goes that he lost both his legs but went on fighting till he died. Jean, his wife, on hearing the news instead of giving way to tears rode out onto the grim field of battle, sought for and found his body and brought it to Fife where it was buried in the burying ground of Kirkcaldy of Grange. A glance at the map shows this as no mean feat, a strange and ghastly journey it must have been and so for the moment Jean stands out in our imagination in all her courage and determination but that one act is all we know of her.

The family was now settled in Kinghorn and we need not take up the tale of their history until Jean's grandson, Robert, married Margaret Schaw; they had two children. Andrew, who married a Jean Squyre and Agnes, who married Robert Hamilton. (There was an interesting side line via John, another son of Jean's, who had one daughter who married a Major Boswell and became Lady of Abdin, her daughter married a Hamilton). Now to come back to Agnes she had a daughter, also Agnes, who married a Rev. Mr. Burns and had a son who took his mother's name of Hamilton, became commissioner for excise for Scotland and married Catherine Biggar whose eldest son was my grandfather. Andrew and Jean Squyre in the meantime had two sons, John Bruce and Robert. Robert joined the Bengal Lancers and went to India but John, the eldest, was a most interesting man and it was due to him that the two names came together. We have now come to a time when we can know what people looked like for John's portrait was painted by Raeburn

for £5. 0. 0. and is now in the Edinburgh Portrait Gallery after hanging above our dining room mantelpiece for many years. He looks out at us with blue eyes and a firm mouth. He was many things in his time, Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Edinburgh University, Keeper of the State papers in London, Historiographer to the East India Company, Patentee of the Office of Kings Printers and Stationers of Scotland, Member of Parliament, Secretary of the Board of Control. He wrote a number of books and as King's Printer produced the Bible called "the immaculate" as there was no printer's error in it.

John Bruce never married. He was a rich man but was faced with a great disappointment when he failed to make good his claim to Earlshall. When Helen, the Lady of Earlshall, died he claimed, rightly, to be the male heir. Helen had married three times and had no children but her second husband's family put in a claim, due to some paper that had been signed transferring the property to the female line, so he lost his case. He wrote down all about it in a note book in the third person and ends "Mr. Bruce was thus deprived of the estate of his ancestors by one of those perversions of justice, shielded by the forms of law, which have often been the source of misfortune for those that suffer from them though not of the purest principle of morality in those who practice them." This is dated December 31st, 1777. Then below an addition "On reviewing this memoir after the lapse of 36 years" after speaking of his full life, it continues "and also having been deprived of his brother, the late Colonel Commandant of the 3rd

Battalion Bengal Artillery he has now reached that evening of his life when past misfortunes and future prospects in this world have ceased to be subjects of regret or hope." December 31st, 1812. In this same note book is recorded his successful efforts to retain the family coat of arms.

In view of this extract it comes as a surprise to find him buying Falkland estate including the Palace in 1820 when he was over 70 years of age. It seemed a somewhat large purchase for a few years retirement.

John Bruce was well known by his cousins. Mrs. Hamilton (nee Biggar) was now a widow and lived with her large young family in Buccleuch Place, Edinburgh. Her picture showed a lady of firm countenance but it may not have done her justice as the painter was no Raeburn. She had a number of boys and when they misbehaved the Porter was called in to chastise them. A Miss Cunningham lived with them and gave 6d. to any of the boys who gained a black eye in a fair fight. This stimulating up-bringing did not seem to work with the eldest boy, Walter, so in 1797 he was sent to school in Dalkeith. The school was carefully chosen it is clear as no less than three Lord Chancellors had been educated there.

After the children were in bed, Mrs. Hamilton sat down to write to her son, we can imagine her lighting the candles on the desk, then taking her pen and starting to write in her fine upright hand. "7th of October 1799 Buccleuch Place. My dear Walter," she would then pause, as she would wish to express herself

well. Walter had been slacking at his lessons. He had been both careless and untidy. She then told him that as he was no longer near her she was writing to remind him of certain things "I hope you will endeavour to attend to them, remember my dear that your own happiness and my comfort, as well as your future respectability depends on yourself and the improvement you make in your education". After expanding these points she continues, "I believe that your late inattention to your education and often doing little things that vexed me proceeded very much from thoughtlessness" Lest the thoughtlessness might prove a danger to him, she continues, "endeavour to learn the habit of thinking" she tells him "to weigh the consequences" of what he does or says "remember that the difference between a wise man and a fool is that the one thinks and the other will not give himself the trouble ... never give anyone an indiscreet answer; remember that a gentle answer turneth away wrath". She then reminds him of his duty to God and tells him to "implore forgiveness for your sins night and morning" and "to ask the Holy Spirit to teach you what alone can make you truly happy". This is followed by a long dissertation on truth she tells him "God does not only see all the time but knows the motive. Untruth is a crime whether the thing it relates to is trifling or important". She then turns to his untidy habits and warns him about this, then, maybe with a little smile, she goes on, "dear Walter, I am afraid I have tired you with this long letter but you know it is anxiety for your good and I cannot resist the fond hope that you will behave well and I may in a

short time bring you home to be a comfort to me and an example of all that is right to the rest of the children." But she has not finished, she goes on to tell him to read his Bible and learn passages by heart and not to mispend his time "in play and idle conversation. I pray God my dear child to direct and protect you and bestow that wisdom which can alone make you wise unto salvation."

She then, with a sense of order that we may take it Walter lacked, made a copy and because she did so, we have been able to look over her shoulder while with love and anxiety mixed with neat punctiliousness she wrote to her first born, aged 7.

About this time John Bruce came to see Mrs. Hamilton. It seems to have been very near when Walter went to school as it was not long after Robert Bruce, John's brother died in India. John Bruce being childless had given Mrs. Hamilton every expectation that Walter would be his heir so this visit cannot have been easy for him and it is likely that Mrs. Hamilton with her shrewd common sense would realise that he had not called to talk about the weather. It is likely that he would open the subject by a reference to the death of his brother and she would condole with him for there evidently was great affection between the two men. Then he would open up the real cause of the visit. He had heard from India that his brother had had a daughter by an Indian out of wedlock and he had come to ask Mrs. Hamilton's advice as to what to do. The Hamiltons were well off but considering John Bruce's wealth, it was indeed admirable of her to say "bring

her home John and make her your heir, after all, she is your brother's child." Even over all these years one can feel John's relief for this was what he wanted to do but after the hopes he had raised felt it only fair to let Mrs. Hamilton decide. As he left he may have told her that his brother must have been thinking of Scotland as he had called the child Margaret Stuart. So it was that this half Indian girl came all the way to Scotland to an unknown Uncle. It is more than likely that this was the cause of the purchase of Falkland. There is no doubt that he did well to adopt her; she seems to have been an excellent woman and two years after John's death she married a Mr. Tindal, together they did a lot for Falkland Village and were for long remembered. They built a church which is not beautiful and after his death she put up a deplorable statue to his memory outside the Palace. This little by-path of history may interest you should you ever visit Falkland.

So poor Walter had to go into the Army instead of becoming a man of property. He did not marry till fairly late in life and then a woman far younger than himself. My father was his fourth child. They lived for a time in Hay Lodge in Peebles and no doubt it would be here that he learnt to fish in Tweed. Mrs. Walter Hamilton was a handsome woman with a clear voice that carried far; both my sister and I had somewhat the same and never found it difficult to make ourselves heard. Whether this was an advantage or not depended on what we had to say.

The eldest son, Andrew, was dark, good-looking and charming. My father, Robert, fair with blue eyes. Their mother showed great favouritism for Andrew, which meant that Robert suffered injustice. While at Hay Lodge two children died, within a few weeks, of scarlet fever and my father must have been old enough to remember as he put a window in memory of them into Peebles Church in later years. There was a brother, Walter, who died in early manhood abroad.

Their father, who spent much of his time worrying about his health, was waiting for Margaret Stuart Hamilton Tyndall Bruce, to give her her full name, to die as she was an old lady now. It was hard on him to wait until he was 82 before he came into the inheritance, nor was it a happy time for his daughter, Margaret, died then; she was my father's favourite sister and it was after her that my sister was named. Andrew, the spoiled darling, began being very extravagant in view of his prospects always sure that his case would be put to his father in the best possible light, he being old now was not likely to make an effort to do what he had never done, rule his own house.

My father loved Falkland, the old world village with its cobbled streets, the Palace and Falkland House where he had a room of his own which he decorated in a way that made him shudder at the thought of in later years.

Then the day came when Colonel Hamilton Tyndall Bruce as he now was, sat down in his chair to smoke a pipe and died peacefully. Andrew came into the

property and started to sell part of it to pay his debts and soon made up his mind to sell outright. Robert was greatly distressed and wanted to let, live simply and save up for the future but nothing would move Andrew who was at the time enamoured of a lady with yellow hair who was married - he went to live with her and her husband who collected walking sticks, whether as a form of consolation is not known. When my grandmother died it was Robert that was with her to help and uphold her and it was then that the poor woman realised that her idol had feet of clay.

My father had in the meantime gone into business and ran a bakery in Glasgow with a Mr. Wilson and did very well. While still a young man he met Fanny Bruce (no relation) and married her. At the end of one year's happiness, she died in childbirth and the child died too. Robert was nearly distracted with grief and for long after he was restless travelling abroad, these spells of wandering spread over 12 years, and it was during this time that he started to make his wonderful collection, he had good taste and a thing had not only to be old but beautiful too to please him. He went into small shops in out of the way corners and ferretted out the things he liked. He also collected pictures and was one of the first to recognise the Maris brothers; books too, first editions were bought in and bound in leather with his coat of arms on it with *the* crest of a horse's head with Ride thro on top Be true below. He added to this on some books, bags of flour, and the words "by it we live". At last he settled in Edinburgh in 32 George Square and arranged his collection



KATE'S MOTHER

there. There was one contradiction about his collecting, it went with an open handed generosity, a friend had only to admire something and it would be thrust into his hands. Here he was in a big house with all his lovely things but very lonely. If he left a bit of toast at breakfast there was one less the next morning he being too shy to protest about it. Then one day a friend said to him, "I would like to take you down to Nairne Lodge. Professor Laurie has a fine old bed that I think you would admire." So down he went but did not look much at the bed as Kitty Laurie was standing beside it and he knew directly he saw her that he wanted her to be his wife.

Now we end the story of the Hamilton Bruce side and turn to the Lauries.

(Edward Collie had that bed so it may interest his family to know this story about it.)

The Lauries

Though what I am now writing is centred upon the lives of Simon Somerville Laurie and Catherine Ann Hibburd, I cannot but start further back on a day when a young man of the name James Laurie left his Dumfriesshire home. He was the 'lad o' pairts' of the family who had presented him with a horse and silver mounted bagpipes as parting gifts, so we can think of this easy going irresponsible youth riding across country to Edinburgh, gay and carefree. Nor can we be surprised to hear that he never even took the trouble to learn to play the bagpipes. He was of the Macawber temperament, money running through his fingers like water. The most sensible thing he did was to marry the lovely Miss Somerville of Elgin though for her it meant a life of constant anxiety and scraping. For long he was a 'stickit minister' but did hold the position of chaplain to the Royal Infirmary for a time. Simon, his eldest son, remembered his coming in one day waving a bit of paper and saying to his wife, "It is alright my dear, I have got an overdraft at the bank so now let us have something nice for supper."

There were not often any extras in that house and the great treat of the year was a boiled egg for breakfast. Every New Year's day was celebrated by this wonderful egg which resulted in Simon having two boiled eggs every day when he grew to manhood. As the children sat round the table on this great day, after grace, their mother would hand round the eggs, no doubt father would be in a gay, carefree state of mind while

even his wife would be less careworn than usual though maybe there was a look of anxiety as she handed her good looking eldest son his egg, for at this time his exuberance needed greater scope than playing in the street and this led to trouble now and then! He himself told me how he smashed up another boy's 'bogey' because it was better than his own and how when he got his first breeches (in those days boys were in shirts till 2½ to 3) he ran down the street shouting "Gie us a baw-bee for ma new breeks." Another prank was leaning over a basement where a woman was washing clothes and dropping mud into her tub, this ended in having a very bad conscience because she went off her head and had to be taken away and he felt it was due to him.

Another day he started throwing stones at some windows and the owner came out and caught him and marched him home to his mother who took hold of him to punish him, when the man held up his hand and said, "Na, na, dinna punish him I've been a lad masel." The culprit never forgot that kindness.

The greatest influence in these children's lives was that of their grandmother in Elgin, Mrs. Somerville. She was a fine Calvinistic old lady and she used to pray over Simon. She pulled down her blinds on the Sabbath day. One of her ^{grand} daughters was seen to smile on Sunday and was at once rebuked. "But Granny," she said, "I saw the minister smile" "Ah, yes," was the answer, "but that was a holy smile". Another granddaughter, aged 8 years, after the minister had been to call said to her grandmother, "Granny, I

doot he's no soond at bottom" Granny looked at her in astonishment, but the small girl continued, "he kissed me behind the door" whereupon Granny retired to hide her laughter.

It was not only with her grandchildren that she was firm as when a lady came to call who had different theological ideas as she said grace before tea, she added "and dear Lord, please convert this wicked woman from her way of thinking" then opening her eyes, she smiled and said "milk and sugar?"

None the less, her influence was great and after Simon had paid a long visit to her he returned home, no longer the wild little street urchin but ready to shoulder a responsibility far too great for his age which was 11.

In these days all education had to be paid for and he started to tutor another boy to help pay for his own and his brother's education. He was paid 1/6d a week and when the family went away on holiday two weeks earlier than expected they kept back the 3/-. Simon also started to get up every morning and make the porridge for his mother, and took pride in his method which he explained to me many years afterwards.

He started his education at the High School when that school had a very high reputation, with fine men as Rectors, Carson, Adam and Pillans. Adam was perhaps the best known and his portrait in the picture gallery gives one some idea of his fine character, his difficulty was not in keeping the boys but to get them to go - when he was dying, he was heard to say,

"Boys, you must go now, it is getting dark."

However, it was Pillans under whom Simon worked and this was a most important fact in his life as Pillans moved on to the University to become Professor of Latin and so continued his interest in his pupil. The fact that he had been a teacher in Eton before coming to the High School had far reaching effects as you will hear later.

I cannot go on calling Simon 'Simon' any more now that he has reached manhood, as he hated the name, and will call him Tae, our family name for him, given to him by his grandchildren because he used to pretend to sneeze for them so realistically.

It was when he was a young student that one day he came out into the quod and found a fellow student in great distress, the cause being that he shared a candle with his room mate for study and this other student had burnt it all and the distressed young man could not afford to buy another.

Tae graduated when he was 19½ but remained at the University another year as Assistant to the Professor of Humanities.

These years were a constant hard struggle; I do not know when his father died but I do know that all he left his family was debts - which Tae, with grim Scottish independence, paid off. He also set himself to get rid of his Scottish accent as he realised it might stand in his way; he did this thoroughly though he never lost the gift of being able to drop back into

broad Scots to tell a story or give a meaning that its richness could only convey.

After he left the University he went south and so hard and bitter had been his struggle for the last few years that as he crossed into England, he hoped he might never return. It was at this time that he saw Wellington riding through the London streets looking straight in front of him and raising his hand constantly to his hat in acknowledgement to the people.

Tae now became a tutor in families in Ireland and England and for a time was tutor in the house of Mrs. Bloomfield, the friend of Thackery. One day Thackery unexpectedly came to tea and Mrs. Bloomfield sent out to the bakery for pies hoping her guest would not notice that they were not home made. When Thackery was offered one, he said, "I will have a 2d one please." Thackery remarked to someone of Tae, "That is the kind of young man I like." There is little known of Tae's life during this period but his vivid mind, and deep philosophical thinking must have developed greatly. He had an original mind which was to show later in his philosophy and his work for education. It was no doubt during this period that he would learn the interest and fascination in teaching the growing minds of his pupils and think out some of his ideas on education.

Tae's return to Edinburgh was due to his appointment as Secretary to the Education Committee of the Church of Scotland and he was also appointed to ~~the~~^{be} Inspector to the Dick Bequest which meant travelling round the Schools of Banff. In those days, public

education was all run by the churches and under the Dick Bequest certain masters in Banff received higher pay if their standards were good. These two appointments show that he must have been highly thought of in his native city.

Now we will leave Tae for a little in order to introduce a very different family.

William Hibbard belonged to a family long known in Egham where at one time they owned land. His grandmother was one of the Morgans of Tredegar. William married the daughter of a Grant on her mother's side who came from Morayshire and who after her husband's death opened a boarding school in Egham and called it Elgin House. This was how the Hibbards could claim Scottish blood but it is indeed strange to meet Elgin here.

By his charming wife, William Hibbard had five daughters and a number of sons; of the last I know very little except that one of them had a small son called "Alfie" who died of TB. My mother remembered playing with him in his hot stuffy room where all the windows were closed to keep out the draughts. He was a beautiful and gay little lad. His mother was very brave but died shortly after her boy of consumption as it was then called. Another son was the father of "cousin Fred" who later went a holiday to Switzerland with my mother... To come back from these wanderings, William Hibbard became (so I believe) Master of the Horse to Queen Victoria which must have been after his daughter, Catherine's birth as she was born on the 7th day of July

1827. The family were brought up near Windsor. Tae, writing of Catherine many years later said, "It seems a fitting thing that I should write about her with a view of the forest and the Thames valley spread before me, I feel as if it were only a rich soil and historical locality like this that could have produced a nature so gifted and so rich."

The girls of the Hibburd family were gay, very intelligent and good looking. They were a happy, affectionate family and in these days they would lack nothing and mix in good society. There was an interesting fact about their play together; one would stand in the corner of the room and the other "will" her not to come out and it was only when they grew up that they found this was not a usual gift and from then did not use it, unless on very special occasions as when Bessie helped a friend to sleep from a distance and when Catherine, faced with a very haughty unbelieving student, held him fast on a pattern of her drawing room carpet.

I hope you will forgive these red herrings that we follow now and then.

To come back to the point it is, of course, Catherine, known in the family as Kate, that we are most interested in. Her sister, Martha, said that she was a child with bright colour, dark hair, and large eyes, full of life and merriment. One friend said, "I first knew her when she was four years old, she was beautiful then and has never lost it." She was a great asset in the family as she was very clever at making things of all sorts. She could write a story or a song

when wanted and knew both German and French. She had a quick temper but was never ill-tempered." It seems likely that it was in these early days that Mr. Pillans must have known the family before he went north to be Rector of Edinburgh High School. The girls were brought up in an English church which at that time was puritanical and stiff. With their gay, warm, ardent spirits this form of religion seemed stark and repelled them; Kate went through a period of unhappiness and doubt. Then from Oxford came the High Church movement with its emotion and glamour and swept her and her sisters into its stream; that was the end of all doubt, from then on she had a deep unshakeable faith which showed itself in calm joy, sympathy and service to others. (She was never narrow).

I now come to a point when the sequence of events is not clear but I know when William Hibburd died, he left his family not too well off but girls like this were not likely to lose heart. Mary went straight to their beloved clergyman, Mr. Wales, and to his considerable surprise, asked to be taught Latin and Greek, for she and her sisters had decided to start a prep. school for boys. This led to the founding of Bell Farm, a delightful school where happiness and understanding were as important as learning, though under Mary's keen mind the teaching was first class. Aunt Bessie wrote a book about the school and described how when the boys were acting Cinderella, the Prince was overcome by hunger and came on munching a slice of bread, and told of the excitement before a cricket match when Aunt Mary and the 'Captain' went out to study the

condition of the pitch.

Kate, however, struck out on her own line. She worked in a Home in Birmingham for factory girls and gave herself to their education and guidance. It requires some imagination to realise the degradation and squalor of working people at that time and her task cannot have been a light one and often rather terrible. Once when she was ill, the girls as they went up to bed kissed her bedroom door.

Aunt Bessie meantime was writing humorous descriptions of life at Bell Farm. Their effort to keep pigs who somehow would not flourish as the advertisements said they would, and the bantam cock they were so proud of until he laid an egg; there was also the cook whose relations' health "ebbed and flowed", always ebbing when certain dishes were suggested for dinner. Aunt Bessie was often ill and much of this laughter came from her sick bed. There must have been some dark days but nothing could break her spirit.

How much of this was before or after Kate married I can't say. In later years Arthur (Caroline's father) spent a happy time at Bell Farm which he always remembered but it was unfortunately only for a term or two.

Now back we must go to Edinburgh and on a cold November night too, for on such a night Tae made his way to have supper with his old friend Professor Pillans in Heriot Row. At supper he was introduced to Kate Hibburd who was staying with the Professor for a few days. I cannot tell you what happened better than in a verse written to her by Tae when she was over 60.

How many days and years are spent
Since you to earth by heaven were sent
I do not know a gracious boon divine
But this I know, I saw the light
The first on that November night
When as a star you rose and shed
The beams that brought me from the dead
And still I live, because undimmed you shine.

When she went to catch her train south there he was on the platform. "How kind of you to come and see me off." she said. "I have not come to see you off" he said, "I am coming too."

The only picture I have before the wedding is again thanks to Aunt Bessie who wrote, "Simon has a wonderful theory that one can tell character by the shape of the head, he felt all our heads and gave us all each other's characteristics." How heart warming this gay family must have been to one whose home life had been so grim a struggle.

The wedding was in February so there had not been much time lost. We are fortunate in having a first hand account of it. Bessie, Kate's favourite sister was ill and was recovering at Torquay with Emily to care for her. Emily got to the wedding but Bessie could not so Mary took up her pen to tell her all about it and here is what she wrote.

"I must begin the night before the wedding. Picture us all tearing all over the house, with plates and dishes and glasses having previously helped to wash and dust them. During a temporary lull, Tabitha and I wandered down to the church clerk to tell him what to do but found that Mr. Wales had already been there and

and given him full instructions about warming the church, ringing the bells and putting the carpet down. We gathered ferns on our way in Church Lane to garnish the table and dishes. The happy village seemed surprised to see us about; I think they considered we ought to be dressed in white muslin in readiness for next day.

Then some of the guests came and lovely boxes and baskets of hot house flowers. Then tea and more rustling about all over the house, and then more flowers and Edward and his wife and Alfred (brother) arrived, then the cake arrived and was pronounced very pretty. A little before 11 we got rid of all the company who were not going to sleep in the house and we went to bed - Mamma and Kate hardly dared to say goodnight lest they should break down and cry.

Then in the morning the wedding carriage arrived, Munday (an old servant) and one of the Post boys, and they had lunch in the kitchen. Then came the dressing for church and when all was ready a messenger, breathless, of course, as all messengers should be, arrived to say that Professor Pillans and Tom Laurie and Mrs. Cockran had missed their trains and would we put off the service for half an hour. So Edward got into the pony carriage and dashed off to Mr. Wale to tell him. In due course we were ordered to start. Mamma by this time looking very pale was dozed with brandy and cake. When we got there we could not see the bridegroom, but he was only in the vestry so that was alright. After the service we all got back and took Mrs. Cockran upstairs. Poor lady she was in a black silk velvet

which was very much too short for her and under it several petticoats of colour which were not too short but which hung at irregular intervals, one scarlet, one grey - but at last we got them fastened up and out of sight.

We sat down 17 to breakfast, we drank first with Kate and then with Simon. The Professor was very glad there were to be no speeches but he claimed the privilege of an old man just to say, "God bless them both and spare them long to be a comfort to each other." Then we all retired and arranged Kate in her travelling dress and went for a cup of coffee in the drawing-room. Then 'goodbye' and off they went, old shoes thrown after them. Then we went into the front hall to play battle door and shuttlecock, Mr. Wale betting five pounds that Edward and I can keep it up to one thousand. Then Mr. Wale, Professor Pillans and one or two walked off to the Vicarage and when they came back the old man goes for a rest in his room and we sit round the fire and talk. Later Mr. Wale came back to spend the evening. After tea, Janet (a friend), won Mr. Wale's affection he said, by telling him to look and see how nice Emily looked in her white dress. (Emily had lost all her hair, eyelashes and eyebrows after scarlet fever). Then some went to the Gardener's cottage to see all the men and their wives having a feed and to take them a bottle of wine.

Then we sang "Oh, who will o'er the Downs with me", "Drink to me Only", and Tabbie and I sang "Robin O'Dair" about six times and then, "I would that my Love",



KATE

and some sat at another table and drew cats with their eyes shut. We were much complimented on our singing. The Professor had not had such a treat for years - then Mr. Wale's carriage came for him but was ordered to the stable and we sang "Vive la compagne" with a right good chorus and Tabbie improvised a new verse for the young couple, we then sang "Oh, wert thou in the cold blast", and that ended the evening. A most successful day, Kate behaved well and looked lovely. An old woman who was helping in the house saw her walking down the stair, she had not expected to see her and looked scared. Afterwards, I said, "Did you see the bride, Mrs. Best?" "Ah I did, she frightened me, I thought she were an hangel". It is the longest sentence I have ever heard the taciturn old woman say. Everyone turned out of their cottages to see the wedding go by - and though the day was kept secret till the evening before, the church was very full and the children stood on each side of the church path and strewed flowers before the bride as she came out. Mamma looked very nice; Janet said she could not take her eyes off her. She was dressed in pearl grey satin, white shawl and white bonnet trimmed with light violets."

Aunt Tabbs added to the copy of this letter "at the wedding was Emily, Mary and myself, Harry who gave her away as she had no father, and Edward and his wife and Alfred, unmarried and in the volunteers. There was Mr. Wale, the clergyman who married them, and Professor Pillans, an old man of nearly 80 who came all the way from Edinburgh, Mrs. Cockran, his friend. The church was two miles away. The day was fine, but cold.

The bride's dress was white silk, orange blossom, and of course, a veil."

This ends the first hand account and the only tradition about their honeymoon was that Kate and Simon played a game of chess to see who was to be boss, near the end Kate upset the board she said because she saw she was going to win and he said it was because she saw that he was, so the matter was never settled.

We now return with the newly married couple to the precincts of Edinburgh to the lovely old house of Brunstane with its stone doorway with coat of arms above it, twisting stone stair, and the strange hidden space which was to mystify their children so much. The old family house had been divided and one half was a farm house and the Lauries had the other half.

Not many years ago when I peeped into the gate I was welcomed by the owners, taken in and up the stairs and as we climbed there was the sound of a violin playing, we came into the drawing room with its glass door opening onto stone steps leading down to the garden, in this room was a charming lady at the piano and a gentleman in black with a violin, it all seemed like a past age. In this room, Arthur, Kitty, Malcolm and Madge must have toddled about on unsteady feet and crawled on those steps while their mother tended her beloved garden.

Tae caught the horse bus from Jock's Lodge each day willingly having this extra time to get to work in order to give his children that space which he had so much lacked as a boy. Brunstane had fields round it

one of which sloped down to Brunstane burn. All four children were born at Brunstane and were our several ancestors, Arthur with fair hair and blue eyes like his father, Kitty with large hazel eyes, Malcolm with dark brown expressive eyes and Madge, the baby, fair hair with a touch of red and a tilted nose that later somewhat distressed her but which was made up for by a lovely complexion. Arthur's imagination developed and he would tell his mother that he had met a lion when out walking at which she would say, "That was a lovely story, now tell me what really happened". Tae used to keep a straight face when he was in fun so that the children did not always know when he meant what he said. He hit on a splendid plan to overcome this. "Now, children," he said, "when I put my finger up the side of my nose when I am speaking, that means I am serious." It is not to be wondered that this led to greater hilarity.

As the children grew experiments started, efforts were made to solve the mystery of the hidden stair or whatever it may have been and Arthur found out what happens if you put a lighted match into a box of matches, his eyebrows never quite recovered. They read a book called "A Day by Themselves" and thought it a lovely idea and were allowed to try it on condition that they must not come back for anything they had forgotten. The first occasion was spent by the burn and Malcolm sat in the raspberry jam and then in the burn to wash it off. The second time it was wet and they spent the day in the attic. They had milk but nothing to drink it out of, Malcolm found an old

cocoanut shell which was the very thing apart from the hole at the bottom. Arthur, ever the leader in bright ideas, put his finger in this while they took turns to drink; there was rather a strange oily look on the surface of the milk and Arthur's finger was nice and clean compared to the rest of his hand at the end of the drinks. Madge did not join these adventures as she was too young. She was very nearly christened Maud instead of Margaret as Tae and Kate only discovered at the last moment that each was giving way to what they thought the other wanted.

The other story about Madge was when she called Tae "a nasty, beastly, waxy thing" He took her to his room and remonstrated with her and thinking he had made a proper impression, let her leave; there is the picture of Tae at the open door and the flying exit of Madge down the passage shouting at the top of her voice, "Nasty, beastly, waxy thing" and Tae helpless with laughter.

While the children were growing up, Tae was working with energy and vision for Scottish education. Kate helped him not only by writing stories and verses for his new readers for schools but by her poised mind which would throw a calming influence over his fighting spirit - he sometimes came home in anger against some opponent, would sit down and write a scorching letter which he would then give to her to read with some satisfaction. She would do so and then suggest that as writing it had given him such satisfaction he should now burn it.

Tae had to be away quite often visiting the schools in the north for the Dick bequest, and tales were told by him and of him on these visits. He used to tell how at one school there was a lesson in geography about China and when he went into the school yards with the children they could not tell him the name of any of the hills round them. Another time the master was giving a Bible lesson and asked a boy, "What did Jesus Christ come to dae?" Silence. Master, with raised voice, "What did Jesus come to dae?" Further silence. Master, whacking the side of the boy's head with the Bible, "to save your soul, ye fool." On the other hand many of these school masters were the salt of the earth giving enthusiasm, and endless time to the lad o' pairts. Tae was remembered as a friend and his visits as an inspiration. On one occasion Tae had just arrived at a school and was starting to question the class when the door burst open and a callant rushed in shouting "Laurie's on the road." He had been dispatched across the hill from the last school but unfortunately the inspector had arrived first. There is another tale that on entering a schoolroom he sniffed and said, "I smell a rat - no, I smell two rats". Whereupon he smashed in a rotten board with his stick and produced two dead rats. Probably this story is truer in spirit than actual fact.

It was all railway travel in those days and Tae wrote the following while waiting on a platform though the train came before he finished it - it was written later than where we have reached but fits in here.

"Scene: Railway Station, Highland Line, 1892."

Station Master That'll be the train, I'm thinking.

1st Porter What makes ye think that?

Station Master Hark at the whustling.

1st Porter Ay, mon, ye're no that far wrong.

2nd Porter I daur say I'd better be thinkin' of
fixin' the signal.

Station Master Aye, ye'd better.

(2nd Porter slowly withdraws to the further end of
the station. On his way he meets a country lass
who comes panting in thinking herself late.)

Lassie Is the train past?

2nd Porter Hoots lassie it's no come yet.

Lassie Guide preserve us, I thocht I wad
never hae catched it.

2nd Porter And whaur may ye have come frae?

Lassie Frae the other side o' the hill but I
stood for half an hour at the smithy
having a claver wi' Jimmy whose wife
had twins only last night.

2nd Porter Aye, aye, and hoo are they a'?

Lassie Brawly, brawly.

Station Master Hey, Sandy, dae ye no hear her skirl-
ing for the signal man?

2nd Porter She may skirl till she bursts for me
I'm no paid to hurry mysel'

(Fixes signal with deliberation)

Now come awa' ye skirling de'il.

Lassie How daur ye ca' me siccun names ye
ill-favoured loon!

2nd Porter It's no yon, it's the skirlin' spootin'
blawing black de'il.

(Station Master and two Porters stand with their
hands in their pockets to see the train draw in)

Guard to Weel Mr. McCornish, Hoo's a' wi' ye
Station Master the day?

- Station Master Fine, William, and hoo did ye leave them at Coriehoolish station as ye came by?
- Guard Grand, but they're slow there, I had to get oot o' my box and walk half a mile along the line to tell them to fix the signal and I found the Station Master no oot o' his bed yet.
- Station Master That'll no dae in these days, William. Telegraphs and steam'll no stand that.
- Guard Ye're right, Mr. McCornish, and sae I'll tell him.
- Station Master Are ye coming oot?
- Guard Losh me! I forgot a' aboot it.
(Descends slowly)
- 1st Porter (Scratching his head) I'm wondering if there is any luggage to come oot.
- Guard One or twa bits o' things.
- 2nd Porter (Looking in van) There's Jeanie Thomson's box. What'll bring that here? I thocht she'd gone to Banff.
- 1st Porter And there's a sack o' meal to Tom Mackenzie and some tatties for ma'sel that cost naething to carry for I am ane o' the offishuls.
- Guard Aye, in the corner ye'll maybe find eight pounds o' (unreadable) to Jock McCrofty.
- 1st Porter Ye dinna say sae man; he spares naething on that bit o' land o' his.
- Guard Aye; catch Jock a'hint the times.
(Two Porters and guard leisurely remove each article turning them over to read the address. Station Master looks on.)
- 2nd Porter Losh me, here a bundle o' books for the school master that ye said naething about.
- Guard Jeheshaphat! I had near forgotten them.

Station Master Aye, he's a great reader is the
maister, and he does right well by
the weans tae.

Guard Maybe aye, maybe no, but I heard in the
toon that the Däke is no pleased ava
and that they can give ye a better
teacher for £40 a year, an nae fees to
pay the maister has mair than

(and here it comes to an end, Tae's train must have
come).

Once Tae took Kitty with him and she always
remembered the porridge served with bowls of cream that
they had at one of the small hotels. Not that lovely
porridge was only tasted then for the other half of
Brunstane being a farm, at harvest time the children
would go to get a taste of the porridge that was made
of the roughest meal and cooked all day for the har-
vesters, which made it very good.

I have not mentioned schooling but by this time
the boys were at the Academy. The first year boys
were called "the gytes" and when Arthur first went it
was the habit of "the seconds" to line up and make the
gytes run the gauntlet while they whacked them with
their clachans (a small round wooden bat). This was
ended when one of the gytes called 'Charlie' roused his
fellows to counter attack. To celebrate the occasion,
Arthur's mother wrote "Ye Battle of ye Gytes".

"Young Charlie has risen he calls on the gytes
Those seconds are tyrants, we'll strike for our
rights
Let him who loves freedom and dares to be free
Now shoulder his clachan and rush on with me.

Chorus:
Come fling up your cap boys

Your clachans raise high
 The Academy gytes must do or must die
 Undo the gate Jenny and let us go free
 Don't you know it's the gytes and the clock
 has struck three.

After several verses, it ended:

There are talk of defences put up in the forth
 There are growlings from Russia, grim bear of
 the north
 Be tranquil old lion - stick up for your rights
 And if a foe comes - just call out the gytes.

While Arthur was lifting high his clachan, his father was writing on the philosophy of ethics and following that with "Primary Instructions in Relation to Education", which was considered an epoch making book, it showed that the aim of education should be ethical and though at the time the suggestions made were looked on as "pious imagination" later most of them were adopted by the Department. He was also taking a keen interest in the promotion of education for women, giving evidence before a parliamentary commission in London after which he was offered a post in the Department which he refused; Tae as a civil servant is quite unthinkable! He also made an important investigation for the Merchant Company into their Institutions. One of the outcomes of which was that the children in the orphanages were sent out to normal day schools. He was taking an active part in improving the training for teachers and the extention of training colleges. It is difficult to convey how fresh and stimulating were his ideas. He said, "The educational end, as I conceive it, might be stated thus: 'Right judgement and a habit of good action under a sense of duty accompanied by a

comprehension of the spiritual significance of nature and man.' The school has to do with the universal, not the particular; liberal not the utilitarian; life, not earning a living." Teachers "are not mere extractors of lessons, but trainers of the human spirit, they should be animated by this large conception, they may, in teaching subjects, educate minds." "Knowledge is not everything, life is better." These ideas came as a fresh wind blowing through the dusty school rooms of narrow scholasticism and gave a new dignity to the teacher's vocation. He was also working for the establishment of chairs of education in the Universities.

He left home each morning quietly, as he never liked to rush and gave himself time to walk peacefully to Jock's Lodge where he got the horse bus. As he went he would say to the children, "Now children, be good and you will be happy but you won't have much fun." Kate was left to a busy life, she was not only a good gardener but a first-rate housewife and delightful hostess and from the start they kept open house. On one occasion when they were giving a dinner party she found cook drunk on the kitchen floor. She turned up her sleeves, cooked the dinner and then sat cool and charming as usual at the head of the table. She also had to cope with the cook who when asked to clean the windows answered, "What's the use, mam, they just get dirty again." Surely an unanswerable point of view!

It was while at Brunstane that the children first met Cosmo Hill Burton in his velvet suit and wide lace collar. They thought he must be a cissy until he took

them crawling under the rafters of his home till they were all covered with dust and cobwebs, after which he was accepted as a satisfactory companion, he and Arthur were life long friends.

It was in 1866 that Tae applied for the vacant chair of Moral Philosophy. Though so keen an educationalist, Tae's deepest interest was in philosophy as he once said, "Philosophy is not a stagnant pool but a spring of living water." He was not appointed and one cannot help feeling that the University lost an opportunity and also that had Tae, with his remarkable power of teaching and understanding the young mind, been appointed, he would, for their sakes, have expressed his original thoughts in simpler terms for his writings on this subject are difficult to follow as he developed his own ideas and wrote to express them with no thought of the reader in mind.

By now he was a Member of the Royal Society and the battle for a chair of education was about to be won. The Edinburgh chair was founded in 1876 and Tae was appointed to it.

It was no doubt due to this that Kate and he decided to move nearer town, so they left Brunstane. At the time of the removal, Arthur was 14, Kitty 12, Malcolm 10 and Madge 5. They must have been sad at leaving their first home, the wonderful old house, the sloping fields and the burn, but they were fortunate in moving into another delightful house, though not so old, Nairne Lodge had great charm and also the association with its former owner, Lady Nairne, the writer of many Scottish songs and poems added to its interest.



KATE AT NAIRNE LODGE

Nairne Lodge Days

We now come to the period spent by the Laurie family at Nairne Lodge and though we are in a time before my own memory, we have reached a point where you may have some knowledge handed down to you via your parents. I cannot be sure of all I was told about these times. I will, however, continue on my way and give you all I can. Duddingston is still a charming village and was more so at that time before Bungaloid growth extended from Edinburgh. Arthur and Malcolm walked to town through the windy fowl round the foot of Arthur's seat, lovely in summer but in winter a cold bleak trudge against a howling wind. Their mother started at once to make the garden beautiful. After her death a friend wrote "My recollection of her is all mixed up with flowers - every flower in the garden will speak to you of her loving care."

In these early days when she was young and strong her life was a very full one, not only spent in her garden but also in many other activities, not least that of a hostess as now Tae was a Professor the house was open not only to all their friends but to his colleagues and students as well. The remembrance of these two remarkable people was long cherished by those who came under their influence in the happy family life of Nairne Lodge. There is the story of the young lady wiping her eyes and saying, "Oh, how wonderful this is, we never laugh at home."

Tae was launching forth to achieve educational

reforms and in adventures of the mind while Kate did much for nursing by, along with Lady Balfour, bringing the first trained nurse to the Royal Infirmary in the teeth of medical opposition. She also changed the method of serving meals there. Food in those days was brought up to the wards in pails and then slopped onto the plates.

It seems strange that with so keen a philosophical mind Tae should bring out his first book on that subject under a pseudonym but so he did. "Metaphysica Nova et Vetusta" made a great impression of brilliant constructive thought and there was much speculation as to who this new and original thinker could be before he owned up to its authorship. He did not bring peace to the University Senate, being in the forefront of a battle to alter the Arts degree and was opposed by many who thought that no improvement was necessary, to which he answered, "It would be a difficult matter to construct theoretically a better Arts curriculum than the present were all minds alike, but all minds are not alike."

It is difficult to be sure of dates but I think it must have been after the move to Nairne Lodge that Bessie and Mary died though Mrs. Hibburd must have done so in Brunstane days. Kate used to say that if one dear to her was going to die she had a dream of flowers, and was always agitated after such a dream. It was her habit to jot down verses if they came into her head on any handy bit of paper, the back of an old account or an envelope and the following verse unfinished was left

amongst some old receipts.

Easter

Dead, our beloved dead, oh do you turn
Your faces earthward on this hallowed day?
Do you not pause upon the heavenly way
And, gazing down, do your pure hearts not yearn
As ours, for yet one glance, one touch, one look?

Are ye so satisfied and we on earth so lone
Is there no day when earthly memories cross
Not cloud, your bliss with thought of us
Of all we miss? I'll think it is this day.

This moment that with
Loving gaze your eyes look down
Dear eyes that I shall never see until I die.

No doubt some household demand called her away
which she would meet with cheerful calm as was her wont.

Every morning she was up to see Tae and the boys
off and the house must have been full of life and youth
for the children were now growing up and developing
their individualities, nor must we forget the dogs,
sometimes three at a time including a delightful Skye
and a St. Bernard who had a disconcerting way of liking
to be a lap dog. Foxy was the greatest character,
Tae unexpectedly bringing him home one day with a col-
lar with bells round it. He was to live to a great
old age. Kate always said that she felt heaven would
not be complete without dogs.

What was Edinburgh like in these days? A very
quiet place it would seem to us if we could step back.
Nothing faster than a carriage and pair with its coach-
man and footman driving some grand lady or gentleman.
There were cabs standing in a row ready to be hired
until at a later date small wooden shelters were

provided due to the efforts of another Edinburgh lady. When going to a party Kitty or Madge would go in such a cab, taking their slippers in a bag and a white shawl to keep them warm, the cabby would wrap his rug round himself, pick up his reins and off they would rattle to their destination. Rubber tyres were not on cabs in those days.

Walking along Princes Street would be the ladies with their bustles and slim umbrellas holding up their long skirts and the gentlemen in their black long-tailed coats and tall hats. The bowler hat was rather the sign of a "lower order" and below that the cloth cap. There was the constant sound of clopping horses and heavy wheeled carts going over the stone cobbles, the street cleaner cleaning up the droppings, the clatter of horse buses and the same east wind blowing down the side streets or roaming up the Waverley Steps. There were beggars, some crippled, some pavement artists or street musicians, many frauds but also many suffering real poverty. It was in the old town that the darker side could be seen, barefooted dirty underfed children in rags, the women worn and bedraggled with shawls over their heads, the crowded dark dwellings in conditions that are difficult for us to imagine now. Much degradation and drink but that was hardly surprising; what was surprising was how many brave men and women made decent homes and brought up fine families in these slums. These conditions surrounded the University and Law Courts. Even if we step back into the New Town some things would seem strange, no baths but troops of servants whose rooms were a disgrace, the

water had to be carried by hand from the dark basement and coal too as the only heating was by open fire. A sits bath taken by a lovely coal fire was delightful and our ancestors of this period were just as clean as we are but to be so took much more effort on their part and on the part of others. Everyone was not inconsiderate and you will be glad to know that the servants of our family were treated kindly and as human beings living often to be friends, if not tyrants, but even they were paid little and had only half a day a week off plus Sunday to go to Church.

This brings us to the point where we have to realise the change in outlook and understanding. Economists in those days explained with absolute logic that poverty could not be cured because if the worker was paid more, the factory would have to close as it could no longer make money and the result in the long run would not only mean poverty but starvation, this belief along with a strange idea that if you left men alone to follow their own interests the result would be the best for everyone. Though all this comforted the selfish, it faced the more thoughtful with a frustrating wall against better things. They would have looked on a Welfare State as wrong because it would undermine the human right to independence and so it turned out that many humane men and women could see no way out beyond the mitigation of the suffering. They were not only the condescending lady bountiful, let us not forget that they gave us free hospitals and pioneered the Welfare State without knowing it. When they saw something wrong they put it right and fought many a hard

battle to do so, sweeping away eventually slavery and the worst of sweated labour. If they were blind to some parts of human suffering, too willing to accept the social differences it is really not for us to sit in judgement, for each age seems to have its blind spots, they would have repudiated with horror the thought of a bomb being dropped where there were women and children.

Educated girls in these days were brought up in utter ignorance of what for some reason is called "the facts of life" and here Kitty and Madge were like the rest, if not more so. When Kitty was nearly grown up her mother was discussing a girl who had had a baby and Kitty broke in with "But, mother, how could she have a baby if she was not married?" while poor Madge had a very bad night after she had let a young man kiss her in case she should wake up with a baby beside her.

The society of Edinburgh at that time included the Fleming Jenkins who produced Greek plays and where the ill-advised Robert Louis Stevenson put up the curtains at the end of the play when the cast were on their backs waving their legs in the air as a relief for their feelings both physical and mental.

There was also Professor Masson and his family, the girls being constantly at Nairne Lodge as they were of an age with the Lauries. Kitty must have taught Nellie Masson to skate as this is amongst the family papers.

To Kitty Laurie

Duddingston braes are bonnie
Where early comes the thaw
For it's there that Kitty Laurie

Gi'es me the helping paw
 Gi'es me the helping paw
 Which ne'er let go shall be
 And it's oh for Kitty Laurie
 I'd jump right in and dee.

I'm on my back the first time
 I'm on my nose the next
 I'm in aboon the middle
 Which makes sweet Kitty vexed
 Which makes sweet Kitty vexed
 But what is that to me
 If she were in tomorrow
 I'd jump me in and dee.

Mrs. Masson was a charming lady rather given to sudden ideas not in the usual line of activity. My mother remembered how delightful it was to stay at her house as she might come down in the morning and exclaim "What a lovely day, girls, let's go to the west coast." and off they would go for a few days' holiday, while Osey remembered when there was to be a ball in the house and they had been busy getting everything ready, Mrs Masson said, "Girls, I know you will manage splendidly, I am tired and I am going to bed" and to bed she went. Professor Stuart Blackie was a constant visitor at their house and after a long argument with Professor Masson, he suddenly threw his arms round him with the words "You speak and act like a fool Masson, yet I love you." Blackie was of course one of the characters of Edinburgh and would be seen walking along Princes Street with one arm around Kitty and the other round Madge and his black cape flying in the wind. In his lectures he taught anything and everything but Greek which was his subject. I repeat the story so well known in Edinburgh in case some of you have not heard it. He put up a

notice that he would meet his classes at 11 a.m. A wag seeing this crossed out the c, Blackie coming on that crossed out the l. Tae in the meantime was walking along Princes Street when a man a little the better for drink came up to him "Are you Professor Laurie?" he asked. Tae, rather pleased at being recognised replied, "Yes, I am." "Are you the Professor of Education?" asked the man. Tae, still better pleased replied, "Yes, I am." "Well then," said the man, "let me tell you this; whatever you do in education, you will be wrong."

These were the days of Dr. John Brown and Dr. Joseph Bell was teaching in the Medical School while his pupil Conan Doyle watched him and from what he said created Sherlock Holmes. Then, of course, there was the absent minded Professor Paterson of whom so many tales are told it is difficult to answer for any of them, he had a large family and is supposed on one occasion when he was putting them to bed to have found one very troublesome and the reason turned out to be that the poor child was a visitor and not his own at all. One lady called on Mrs. Paterson and while they were having tea they saw one of the children chasing another round the garden with a poker. Mrs. Paterson rushed to the window, threw it open and called, in agitation, "Oh darling, not the best drawing-room poker!"

It was in the early years of the Nairne Lodge period that Henly^e arrived in Edinburgh Infirmary seeking the help of Lister¹. The Infirmary was still in Infirmary Street and could take in 50 patients, he came as a last hope to save his leg from amputation and

Lister did save it for him. It was while he lay in the dingy room of the Hospital that R.L.S. visited him and so they met for the first time. In this first joyful period of friendship the shaggy poet wrote the wonderful description of R.L.S. ending "A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck, Mark Antony, of Hamlet most of all, and something of the shorter Cateshist."

As soon as Henly^e was able, R.L.S. took him out for his first drive and described how difficult it was to get him up and down the stairs but the drive was a joy. "the whole country was mad with green. To see the cherry blossom bitten out upon the black firs and the black firs bitten out of the blue sky was a sight to set before a king."

We will return to Henly^e later as his life and my father's were closely connected. Meantime, let us return to the family of Nairne Lodge. As I told you Kate was always downstairs to see her family off in the morning and on a cold winter morning it cannot have been pleasant, a fire in a bedroom was only for illness so getting out of bed was like jumping into an Arctic ocean. On one occasion when the boys were going to sit a Greek examination, she wrote:

How can the stormy North speak Greain's^{e/a} tongue
 From light and warmth and placid sunshine sprung?
 Be-snowed, be-hailed, be-sleeted, how inspire
 A chilly Scotsman with a Grecian's fire?
 With cool indifference their woes he'll greet
 Can driving Fates be worse than driving sleet?
 What should be dreadful even has a charm
 Media's curse serves to keep him warm
 E'ev her weird cauldron, in the shivering North
 Only suggests, "What capital Scotch broth".

Meantime Tae eyed his fresh class of students and said, "Well, you want to be teachers, do you?", "now let me tell you that unless you feel called to it, give it up, be a grocer, you can't do any harm to the sugar and butter but you can do a great harm to a child."

The uphill struggle to have education included as a degree subject was won at last to Tae's great satisfaction, he was busy writing books and it was during this period that most of them were published. Then came an offer to go to America where his educational work was greatly admired. If he had said "yes", what would have become of you and me. He received the Hon. degree of LLD from St. Andrew's University and the Journal of Education said of him that he was "our greatest living writer on education."

Arthur and Malcolm were now at the University both keen on science in that exciting period of new ideas inaugurated by Darwin and Huxley. Tae never took much interest in science as his philosophic mind cut through the outward phenomenon to seek the deeper meaning behind, so he could not always respond to their enthusiasm nor could they understand the lack of it. There is a story that when Arthur and Malcolm were at Cambridge that he wrote a wire, "Damn you father". When the post office refused to send it he changed it to "Bless you father". Kitty in the meantime was going to the art school and Madge when old enough started to learn the violin. It was about this period that Kitty went to stay for a few days with the Hill Burtons in West House. Some time before she had visited with her

mother and been shown the house and had expressed admiration for a little turret room, the eldest girl Nora greeted her with "and you are to sleep in the room you liked so much." Taking a candle, she started up the stair and along a dark lonely passage to the room where the candle shed strange shadows on the walls, "Oh, and by the way," said her young hostess, "if you hear a sound like someone breathing in the room, don't worry, it is only a loose bit of paper moving in the wind." Mrs. Hill Burton had followed them and now looking at Kitty, she said, "My dear, wouldn't you rather sleep downstairs with the girls?" Kitty, feeling rather a coward, said she would, nor did she ever forget the contrast when she joined them in their brightly lighted room where they were sitting round a lovely fire, brushing their hair.

By this time Mrs. Masson would have removed her household banking account from the Bank of Scotland to the Linen Bank; when asked why, she replied that it sounded "so much more domestic".

About this period, Kitty went on holiday with Aunt Tabbs and Cousin Fred from Bell Farm. Not that the family had not been abroad quite often, there had been the exciting time when they were involved in the outbreak of the Franco-German war - Tae getting out at the station to get a paper was mistaken by the French troops for a German and it was only the train moving off that saved the situation.

One of Tae's sisters, Mary, I think, had married

a farmer in Banff of the name of Collie; his eldest son, Mackintosh, was now studying to be a doctor and so spent much of his time at Nairne Lodge. He was very fond of Kate who gave him the home care he so much needed. He was a hard working serious minded young man but while he was there do not let us forget that Madge was at her loveliest like a dancing gay sunbeam whisking off to dances and parties with half the young men of Edinburgh round her feet. Kitty was the quiet one; on one occasion someone was meeting her at the Art School and asked the doorkeeper if she had come out. "No" he replied, and when asked how he knew said, "because Miss Laurie is the only young lady who comes past that mirror without looking to see if she is tidy." Arthur was taking a keen interest in social problems; he helped at Toynby Hall, was deeply involved in the first docker's strike and fought against the poisoning of the girls in the match factory. If he had a scientific rather than a philosophic mind like his father he certainly showed his mother's desire for helping others.

Malcolm was a Biologist but also had a deep interest in literature and was a beautiful reader aloud of poetry. He was growing into a sensitive, brilliant minded man, but without the solid dogged element that was Arthur's.

Tae and Kate now reached their Silver Wedding. Tae bought a ring for her which he gave her from her children and himself with these verses.

To grace thy silver wedding day
Far distant lands beyond the sea
Their treasure yield, a gift to make
Worthy of thee.

These brilliants with their lustre rare
 Shine not so brightly as thy mind
 They pale before the purer light
 In thee we find.

The gold in which the brilliants live
 Though lasting sterling, pure and true
 To a faint emblem of the heart
 We know in you.

Within the seeming empty band
 Thine eye, dear mother-wife, will see
 Five loving hearts fast bound in one
 Sweet thought of thee.

This was written and signed by them all in 1885. It was sometime before the family began to move out that there was the great snow storm when the snow was piled as high as the top of the buses in Princes Street and a neighbour lost his way and found he was walking in a circle. There was also the production of the Sleeping Beauty written by Kate and produced by C. M. Hallard. The scenery was painted by Kitty and others, gas and limelight by Arthur, music arranged by Kate and R. de O. Kunz. Madge was the Princess and put her head up a wide chimney to give the effect of coming gradually nearer as she sang in the Maligna scene, while Maligna herself was acted with splendid wickedness by Nellie Hallard. It must have been a very happy, gay time and of course all their friends came to see it. We need not seek a date for this as it stated on the programme, 'Time: that of the Fairies'.

Arthur seems to have been trying out experiments in thought transference and Kitty remembered being asked to shut her eyes and then tell Arthur and a friend what she saw. "Seven of spades" she said and so clear was

it that she never forgot its clear image. Arthur and his friend had turned up that card and were both concentrating on it.

We have now reached the time when my father came down to look at the bed and he returned very soon. Kitty was very objective in her friendship with men it is said that after a long talk with her he went away thinking it was all settled only to find on his next visit that Kitty had thought it an interesting talk on the married state. Later all went well but everyone was utterly astonished that Kitty should be engaged to be married before Madge. The old woman who came to do the washing threw up her hands and cried, "Why, what a day we are having, all the clothes hung out to dry and Miss Kitty engaged to be married."

Kitty could not bear the idea of a big wedding in Edinburgh so she went to Bell Farm where Aunt Tabbs was still running the school and got married in the little country church at Clewer. Thus it was that Tae and Kate returned to the same countryside for their daughter's wedding in which they had been wed themselves.

An amusing side to this marriage was that in a worldly sense it was a good match and there never was a more unworldly person than Kitty. It must have been a great change for her to move out from the vital community of Nairne Lodge to become hostess in Robert's big house with its collection of pictures and furniture and servants to manage. Robert was one of a group of Edinburgh men who had grown up together who looked on their wealth as a means to gratify their good taste and

to use for whatever they were interested in. They were often generous and in many ways took the place of the old Partons of Art. They were an intimate circle, for example Robert's Cousin Walter had Cummie for his nurse before she went to R.L.S. This Walter Blaikie was a very fine man and he and my father were much attached to each other. These well-to-do men tried to create in their City of Edinburgh a centre of art and literature; it was they who founded the Edinburgh Review and brought Henly back north to be its editor and by so doing made it famous though they had to bear its deficit on their own broad backs, thus Robert had a wide friendship in artistic and literary circles. Henly looked on him as a friend he could rely on and confide in unless, being Henly, he was abusing him. Robert was a keen fisher but only once went stalking; the cry of the deer so upset him he never stalked again. It is of interest that after the sad and terrible quarrel between Henly and R.L.S., R.L.S. suggested that he might give financial help to Henly if it were sent as though it came from Robert. In these early days of their married life Robert and Kitty looked a striking couple; he tall and fair, rather like a Viking, and she in her flowing artistic clothes clinging to his arm.

In the meantime, life went on at Nairne Lodge and Aunty Tabbs would often come and stay. At this period the family knew and often had to stay a petnickety little man who combined a fetish for accuracy in pronouncing words with a naughty way of cheating at croquet. On one occasion when he was sitting in the family circle

Arthur handed Aunt Tabbs a letter for her to read the character from, as she had a great gift in that way. As she proceeded to do so, the family were reduced to agony in surpressing their laughter as the little man's character was brought out point by point by the innocent Aunt, while her victim sat blandly twirling his thumbs across his waistcoat.

Another time he was in Tae's clutches, Tae, "Now how would you make a distinction in the 'oo' sound for example between 'to' and 'too'." This was given. "Ah, yes," said Tae, "and what about 'two' " This also was supplied. Tae, "and, then the second day of the week?" Again the answer 'Tues-day' with special care of the first syllable. Tae, "dear me, I call it Monday". Tae must have been in one of his mischievous moods. However, he was also busy writing his very important book on pre-Christian education which became the text book on the subject, for many years. A year after Kitty's Marriage, Margaret, the first grand-child was born, fair and blue-eyed she must have been a joy to Tae and Kate though due to a fall that Kitty had she was lame, a condition that could easily have been cured in our day. My father was now planning to move to Dornoch and he and Kitty went up there to overlook the building, and Kate travelled up in the dear old Highland railway. There were no corridors in these days and so when they stopped at a station she asked if she had time to get out and have a cup of tea. "That's all right lady," said the guard, "take your time, we will be waiting for you."

She returned to Nairne Lodge from which Arthur had now left to go south but Madge was still at home and had many young men about her. Aunt Tabbs again showed her insight when finding Madge on the sofa, asked her why she was there and Madge said, "Because Tosh told me to lie down." Aunt Tabbs said to Kate, "That will be the man." However, Tosh knew that Kate did not like cousins to marry and so he decided to go away without saying a word to Madge. However, Madge was so upset that he had to be asked back and there was a second wedding and Madge sailed away to India.

Margaret was now reaching the talking stage but invented a language of her own which was wonderfully complete. Kitty now gave birth to twin sons who only lived a few hours. Kate, seeing that they were very frail baptized them "Robert" and "Walter". It was about this time when Margaret called herself "Ya-ya Ham yen tin tin Boose" that after giving some old top to a poor family held up a glass pail and said, "and I will give you this too when it is all bwocken to pieces."

And now we reach 1895, the year of sadness, for after an illness of some duration Kate died; the passing of one with such a vital personality whose calm influence had been the centre of the home life of Nairne Lodge as wife and mother, so beloved, left a deep sorrow and sense of loss to all those left behind. To Tae who had remained as attached to her through the years as he was on that November night when he met her first, it was a parting with one nearest and dearest to him, very poignant must have been the verse she had

written to him. I give them as you may not have "In
Memorium"

To My Husband

Since first we met, love, you and I
(Love me, oh love, as in days gone by)
The draught has been mingled we vowed to share
Peace and joy and sorrow and care
Tender ever and true for aye
Love me, oh love, as in days gone by.

The cup is full, it is lifted high
(Love me, oh love, as in days gone by)
The cup is full, it is full to the brim
If hand should tremble, if eye grow dim
And the wine be spilled and our parched lips dry
Yet love me, oh love, as in days gone by.

Bitter the draught as the the swift hours fly
(Love me, oh love, as in days gone by)
If one should be left and only one
To drain the dregs alone, alone
Yet tender ever and true for aye
Love me, oh love, as in days gone by.

My mother was unable to go to Nairne Lodge as she
was ill and I was the cause for I was born just then
and so it is that life goes on though it was but a poor
substitute for those that mourned.



GRANGE DRAWING ROOM

Dornoch Days

Though I was born in George Square, I went to Dornoch while still in my long clothes and I think I am right in saying that Grange was now ready. A large house standing on that wind swept field with a wicket gate leading onto the Links. To it had been moved my father's collection and inside it was rather like a museum. It was that year that the Hacons built 'Oversteps' and moved to Dornoch. Mrs. Hacon was then 18 and a very beautiful girl. Her husband who was at the Bar fell in love with her picture. At that period she was living with a cousin and they were both in the artistic circle which included Rickets and Condor. There is a portrait of her in Dublin National Gallery. She was not very well educated but had great enthusiasm. She once told me how lovely it was, in those London days to go down the river with these young artists in the moonlight, "but then sometimes they would start to get silly and spoil it all." Her clever husband sometimes found her ignorance somewhat trying as when at a dinner party Bismark was mentioned and she said, "Oh, who is Bismark, is he a little dog?" When they were going to their next party he said to her, "Please keep your mouth shut." She found herself sitting beside a Judge but remembering her instructions spent her time smiling and nodding at everything he said. After dinner was over the Judge came up to Hacon and said, "What a remarkably intelligent woman your wife is." This story she told herself with great enjoyment.

My father built another house over the way to



MY FATHER SELF MOTHER
MARGARET AND TAE

prevent villas going up and called it Abdin. He started to buy land and went onto the council and managed to get the burn that so charmingly runs through Dornoch cleaned up.

Many interesting people came to stay at Grange. My mother remembered Henly standing on the links with the wind blowing his mass of hair and beard, also his habit of shaking hot ash off the end of his cigars into delicate Japanese bowls, while he wrote "The Song of the Sword" in the smoking room. Barrie, a small pale man, sitting in the corner of the sofa was another memory of hers.

The Holes were, of course, old family friends and Mr. Hole, the artist, made some lovely etchings of the pictures in my father's collection. His two boys came to stay; in the hall there was a beautiful jar on a high cabinet and the boys, in running downstairs, knocked into the cabinet. The jar swayed, Gilbert remembered standing gazing at it in horror until, to their relief, it steadied.

The day I was one year old my nurse 'May' said I might do just as I liked; she had made me a lovely silk frock for the occasion. Directly she put me down I made for the coal scuttle and seizing a bit of coal plumped it into my lap - another picture of these days is when I was in a temper lying in my birthday suit biting the carpet, Tae came upstairs to cope but even his gold watch had no effect and the Professor of Education had to retire defeated. Tae amused himself one day



MOTHER

SELF

when there were visitors by praising me, evidently I felt he was going too far and said, "but I can't button my own drawers yet." (little girls wore drawers that buttoned up in those days).

My father had laid out the garden with the help of two village boys, the soil was good for bulbs and the daffodils and tulips made a fine show. I used to walk round with him holding one finger and admiring each glowing blossom.

Tae was still at Nairne Lodge and we went to spend Christmas there and though I cannot remember it, 'May' gave me her remembrances of the visit. "The lower hall with its beautiful old fireside with the Christmas log burning - oh, it was lovely! and the large Christmas tree loaded with Christmas presents for the village children. Margaret standing on the lower steps of the stair with her cream silk dress on; your Uncle Malcolm cutting off the presents and handing them to Margaret and she gave them to each child until they were all gone. Then we went upstairs and got into the back drawing-room where a lovely tree was loaded. Your mother and father were there and your Uncle Malcolm cut off the presents and handed them to little Catherine; this was the funny part, and the laughter was lovely. Every present you got to hand out you brought it to me, I wish you could have seen your father laughing. When it came to the last, your Uncle said, 'Well, well, Catherine, there is nothing left but the chairs so you had better hand them over to May too.' " May goes on, "The back drawing-room looked into the garden; the two



TAE IN GRANGE GARDEN

drawing-rooms were divided by a peacock blue curtain embroidered with gold, it is so clear to me as I write this." After describing the garden, she goes on, "Your Uncle Malcolm went into Glasgow to the College but he had to get up early to go by cab to the station. Louisa, (a family servant) had a terrible job to get him out of bed so one morning she found an old concertina and she sent Margaret up to his bedroom door to pull it in and out which made him very glad to get up." She then describes a later episode. "Your Uncle came home with a big box with a live serpent in it, your grandfather went crazy to think he would not have a single servant left in his house. 'Oh,' said your Uncle, 'it is quite harmless.' but your grandfather made him take it back to wherever he had got it from. I wish you could have seen your Uncle's face."

This, I think, must have been the last Christmas at Nairne Lodge, as Malcolm met Helena Philips and that meant that Tae would be left alone. He then moved to George Square, the house with the double step, that was the way I knew it before I could read the 22 on the door. He took Louisa who had nursed his wife during her last illness with him. In George Square there were many whom he knew and an old world peace. It is here that I remember arriving in a cab clattering over the cobbles, it was here we watched a Punch and Judy show after Louisa had told the man to leave out the killing and the coffin! It was here that Professor Paterson would arrive and look at Louisa as if he had never seen her before and remark, "Does Professor Laurie live here?" But I must not run

on too fast but return to Dornoch.

Margaret was growing to the age of loving stories and Mother made up delightful fairy tales for her in answer to her questions; they were stories full of dainty little fairies that one might find swinging on a petal any day. We used to run barefoot across the short grass of the links to the golden sand of the shore where we would look across the Firth to see if it was raining in Tain. We looked on Tain with mighty scorn as it rained there while we had sunshine. Everyone knew everyone in Dornoch and Mrs. Hacon and my mother went visiting together, though she was not with Mrs. Hacon when she was at a tea party when the subject of athletics came up and turning head over heels was mentioned. "Oh," she said, "I can still do that"; put down her tea cup and demonstrated. She and the Duchess Millicent were friends and on one occasion she and my mother when going to call on the Duchess found they had only one pair of gloves (my mother's) so each took one glove; however, Mrs. Hacon could not help sharing the joke with their hostess.

I once went to a party at the Castle and remember a gay, lovely, little girl standing in front of a long mirror, someone came up and spoke to her as 'Lady Rosemary' and I thought how strange to speak like that to a little girl. That picture of the happy child before the mirror came back to me years afterwards when I read of her death in an air crash. This visit was later on, of course, like the one to the Carnegie^{ie}'s where we saw his little girl surrounded with wonderful toys in

which, to our amazement, she was wholly uninterested.

The only remembrance of my father's death is a lady in black sitting upright in a chair; this was a kind friend who took us in till after the funeral. My father died of double pneumonia for which there was no cure in these days. My mother was expecting at the time; while he was ill I collected stones, for which I had a great liking, and sent them up to my father. My mother placed them in his coffin along with the wedding ring of his first little wife. On first meeting my mother on the stair in her widow's weeds I said, "Mummy, you look like an angel." In those days a widow not only wore black but also a black cap, edged with white. My father was buried in a corner of Dornoch cemetery which we called "the little garden". A few weeks later Mary was born. Mrs. Hacon, who we called "Mrs. B." was quite wonderful at this time of stress and sorrow. Henly, who had a deep if stormy love for my father, dedicated his poem "Out of the Dark that Covers Me." to his memory.

My mother decided to stay in Dornoch until I was able to remember it, but Tae, naturally, wanted my mother nearer so there were journeys to and from Edinburgh where we would take a house for the winter. One year we had Red Hall, Kathleen Collie was with us that year and had the wonderful experience of going to the dentist so we turned the low branch of a tree into a dental chair. Another year we were in Mona in Corrennie Gardens. Madge wanted Kathleen to come home from India and mother hoped to take care of her but

unfortunately she and Margaret were so antagonistic that it was not possible. I remember going out from this second house for a walk with my nurse and meeting a boy we knew wearing a black band. I asked why and was told, "That's for the Queen." Queen Victoria, of course. It was in this house too that playing a game with Osy we shut her out by slamming the self-locking gate (a special feature of Edinburgh houses in those days, it was opened from inside the house which gave the canny housewife every chance to know what like folk she might be letting in). We thought we had won but Osy took hold of the top of the pailing and vaulted over in a flash, and here I am talking of Osy before I have told you anything about her. Let us then travel back to Dornoch. Many journeys back and forth we went and what excitement it was with our beloved Dornoch as goal, the rush to look out of the window as we crossed the Forth, again for Killiecrankie, then the thrill of the extra engine to pull us up to the summit, then a sniff of the mountain air at Aviemore. When we were young, we broke the journey at Inverness and there was the stationmaster in his tall hat, black tailed coat and carnation in his button hole who always took us in charge having known my father. I always see him thus though the flower cannot have been there when it was cold enough to have the flat tins full of hot water in the carriage to heat it. The next morning into the real Highland railway with its green carriages, mother making tea with a spirit lamp at the place the train rocked most, then to the window again at Tain to gaze with happy anticipation at Dornoch on the other side of

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some days, it was opened from inside the house which
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EMBO

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making use with a spirit lamp at the place the train
looked neat, then to the window again at time to time
with happy anticipation at horizon on the other side of

the Firth; how long the train seemed to take till it reached the Mound where we were met by a carriage and pair to drive us the twelve miles to Dornoch. In later years there was the valiant little train that would daunder along by the fishing villages until we at last tumbled out, flushed with excitement, on the Dornoch platform, and there were a crowd of friends to meet us with their lovely Sutherland voices that meant home to us. The air seemed different, the light was the clear white light of the North and we were happy.

By this time May had left and Charlotte had taken over the nursery. All our servants were Highland and Sunday had to be kept a day of "don'ts" though mother explained that it was not wrong to do these things on Sunday, but always wrong to hurt other people's feelings.

I remember summer evenings lying in bed hearing the distant murmur of the sea, the skirl of the pipes on the links and watching roses peeping in at the window. Malcolm brought his wife to stay, known to me as Aunt Helena; I remember her brilliant eyes and that she walked with her feet in a straight line which I noticed maybe because mine did not. They brought Kenneth with them, aged two, and he knew all the British butterflies by their latin names. There is a photograph of us babies and our nurses taken outside Grange, they in their stiff straw hats and full long skirts and aprons. Mrs. B. was a wonderful playmate to us children and gave lovely parties at Oversteps, once dressing up as a baby doll with bright gold curls.

My mother had another sorrow as Mary died at 18 months. I remember being taken quickly to the nursery to look at her in Charlotte's arms; I gather they knew then that there was little chance and wanted us to remember. Then I see Mrs. B. coming out of the nursery crying and I had not known before that a grown up could cry. I am then sitting on a carpet running my finger round the pattern in bewilderment of mind and mother saying "Come along darling, come to the table." by which I know now how brave she was. So the little garden had a small cross beside my father's stone and Margaret and I often played on the flat roof of the tool shed that looked down on it.

Dornoch folk did not have the Gaelic but in walking distance at Embro they spoke it and it was from here the fishwives came to sell their fish in Dornoch. They had a hard life and used to carry their men out to the boats to keep them dry. Mrs. Cumming was a delightful woman who threw up her hands in joyful welcome. It was her nephew who went to America (as many did from Embro) and wrote a song about "Granny's hieland hame" but Granny had not much to say to such things nor knew what to do with his gifts. When he visited her with his grand car, she dumped her creel in the back and asked him to take her her rounds as usual. There was a group of cottages on the links called Littletown and here lived Miss Mackay, a gentle, upright woman with trembling hands which held ones own in a grip of friendship. I remember saying to her how I loved the sea. "Oh, no," she said, "the sea is cruel; I never go near the sea." and I was too young to understand her, and

then there was the gentle dark eyed Nellie so easily hurt, so affectionate, but I must not wander on like this.

It was at Dornoch that we put out flags for the relief of Mafeking and I remember being taken to the top of the village, where the memorial to another war now stands to wait for the boys that were coming home from the Boer war. They marched from the Mound playing their pipes but Alec, one of the lads that helped my father to make his garden, had been killed.

It was now that a vital new personality came into our circle. Lucy Struthers, small and light of foot with lovely auburn hair, an oval face, a keen vivid personality with a quite brilliant mind. A delightful playmate for children. It was this that won our hearts and wonderful were the games with her and Mrs. B. In one of them we wished to call her Rosy but as my "r" was still very shaky, it became "Wosy" and then "Osy" which remained her family name.

The grown up side to this was that this attractive intelligent young woman cared deeply for Tae. He was fond of her; her gay and serious personality made her companionship very precious to him in his loneliness, so after talking it over with his children he married her and so Osy became a valued member of the family. This was a strange situation as she was my 'step grandmother' yet seven years younger than my mother. Osy brought a friend into our circle too, Johanna Ross. She had met Lucy at the house of the Traquairs. "They

had a little at home" she wrote, "every second Wednesday evening at which some 15 - 20 friends gathered and there was music and talk, somewhat highbrow music" someone referred to it in a literary way as "Oh yes, Shelley, Shelley with a touch of Keats." Mrs. Traquair was a mural artist.

On that evening Lucy wore a brown silk dress, her reddish hair draped on either side of her face and I found her fascinating." Johanna herself, tall, fair and goodlooking with a never failing sense of humour, became to us children "the looking glass lady" as she wrote us verses which we had to hold up to a mirror to read. This proved not only a life-long friendship but also a most important contact in later days as when Caroline was going to London it was arranged that she should stay with Mrs. Reid, Johanna's cousin, then when Arthur went south he and Caroline had a house near them and Edward coming to stay met Chris.

It was now coming to the time when we had to leave Dornoch but before we went we had a wonderful last Christmas when all the candles in the candelabra were lit. I remember too being shown the dining room all set out with silver and glass for a dinner party that probably was the last mother gave. So it must have looked when she and my father entertained so many interesting people.

Our Dornoch days did not end as we had a cottage to come to now and then for a number of years but as home it ended in leaving Grange.

and a little at home" she wrote "every second day
day Sunday - with some 15 - 20 friends gathered
to talk and read and talk, somewhat disagreeably
I think - but it is in a literary way and I
think, believe with a touch of heart. The
was a usual article.



OSEY

Our Donnell days did not end as we had a cottage
to come to now and then for a number of years but as
home is ended in leaving George.

Patchwork Section

Time and sequence of events are difficult so I am putting in this section to cover memories that are attached to roughly the period from Dornoch until we settled at Grangehill but there may be some overlaps none the less.

In the early days of visiting George Square I remember clearly that Tae had Pears soap in the bathroom and I was delighted with its transparent appearance but that is unlikely to interest you; however, I remember being put to bed because a doctor was coming to see me and being full of anticipation until he arrived and, putting his hand in his pocket, gave me some little round flat chocolates to eat which at once cheered me up; this was Dr. Joseph Bell, the original of Sherlock Holmes.

I used to curl up in the corner of the sofa in the study and listen while Tae and his cronies, Sarolea, Darroch, Pringle Paterson, etc. discussed philosophy and drink in the atmosphere though what was said was far above me. I remember Tae's broad forehead and his striking one match after another to light his pipe because he had something so interesting to say that it went out before reaching its destination. On the other side of the fire sat Osy in her flowing silk dress of green or brown with white at the neck, her green round fan in her hand to keep off the heat of the fire which lit up her auburn hair, while she entered keenly into the discussions. Johanna remembers these days. Tae's

lion-like appearance and Osy sitting at his feet. It was then that Johanna wrote the following and sent it to Tae.

In the garden of Eden a tree
Grew where every beholder could see
And the worm's invitation
To seek Education
Created the word disagree.

When she called she was shown it and as Tae was about to thank a member of the Senate for it she had to own up to its authorship. It was Johanna who remembered and told me what Tae told her about a Sunday School teacher who had been telling the story of Solomon's wise choice, "Now, what would you have chosen?" he said to a boy in his class "Please Wisdom" He thought he had better go a little further down the class "A moose trap" was the reply whereupon the next lad gave him a great dig in the ribs, "Ye muckle idiot, God canna' gi'e ye a moose trap - I'll gi'e ye a loan o' mine!"

Just after we left Grange, indeed while my mother was coping with the clearing up, we went to stay at a Farm house near Aviemore and Aunt Helena and Uncle Malcolm were there, in these days we called him "Ogin Co" which meant in Margaret's baby language, big uncle; by this time it was shortened to "Ogre". Ken was a small boy learning to climb trees though it was not there that when being urged to go higher by his father he said, "I am too busy today." There was a moorland of lovely heather and here Aunt Helena introduced me to the lovely tiny flowers of these high places. There

was a big rock that Margaret turned into the council rock of the Jungle books as soon as she joined us with mother from the north. Before that I remember sitting on a wooden seat outside the farmhouse in the warm sun with the sound of bees while Aunt Helena took a splinter out of my finger, she said I was very brave which greatly puffed me up! - it was there that our Newfoundland puppy ate all the tea, including a huge plate of girdle scones, we came in as he finished the last scone with a hasty gulp.

To return to George Square we spent quite a lot of our time in the gardens and there we played with Freddy Sellars, the son of Nelly Hallard of Nairne Lodge days. Our favourite playmates, however, were the twins, Mary and Amy Gibson, who wore scarlet capes; they were much older than we were but quite charming to younger children and when we saw the red of their capes as they came towards the gardens all else was forgotten as we ran to meet them. "Dede" meant girl in Margaret's language so they were called the "red dedes" and were much beloved.

Our visits to London covered a long period of time so I have my memories somewhat mixed. Nevertheless, we always took a cab from the station, a stuffy smelly cab it was, to Aunt Emmie's in Oakly Square - Emily who was married to Mr. Challen of the Challen pianos and Aunt Tabbs were the only two left of the Hibbard girls.

One great joy of London was being taken in a

Hansom cab, there was just room for mother and the two of us, great was the fascination of being just behind the horse and then there was the little window above our heads which the driver suddenly opened if he wished to speak and the cheerful tinkle of the bells on the horse. I remember the house as dark and dull, Aunt Emmie was a dear but her gloomy victorian house was somewhat oppressive, it must have been one of our early visits that we brought our nurse, Charlotte, with us. There was a very fat cook at Oakly Square in a large white apron and a small white cap and she started to make porridge in her large stone-flagged basement kitchen and in came Charlotte to see her take a pinch of salt between a finger and thumb to put in the porridge. Charlotte seized up a handful and threw it in the pot. The poor cook was horrified thinking her porridge spoiled. It was the only morning that it was eatable. I remember Aunt Emmie calling us to the window, "Look," she said, "they are off to the Derby" and there were several horse drawn brakes and sitting in them men in black coats and black bowlers. It was all horse in London in those days and it was lovely to ride on the top of a horse bus. Aunt Emmie loved horses and if one fell she would rush out to cope with the situation and if no one else would, she sat herself on the horse's head till it was unharnessed. Our day to day life at Oakly Square was spent going out with Aunt Emmie to shop. She would put on her black bonnet and big black cape with sequins and off we would go to the local store round the corner, where every salesman knew her and treated her as a friend. We would then

spend the time either looking out of the window or, if fine, in the gardens in the middle of the Square which were full of soot grimed laurels. Aunt Emmie's other interests were the church at the corner and the alms houses near by. It was here that I first learnt that provincialism is not due to place but to attitude of mind. However, sometimes we would go off with mother in a Hansom and visit Hyde Park, seeing in it all the glory of the Edwardian age, with shining carriages with lovely high-stepping horses and the breathtaking ladies sitting therein, with their amazing dresses, hats and parasols, not to mention the gentlemen about town with grey toppers, white gloves and canes. Yet the thing that struck me deepest about London was the contrast between this gay dressed up crowd and the poverty. I have a mind picture of ladies and gentlemen in evening dress coming out of a theatre or party and miserable white faces looking at them, I cannot say where or when this was seen. I had noticed these things ever since I looked out of a cab window in Edinburgh and saw an old woman pick up a crust from the gutter and with the sweeping confidence of the very young decided that I would not allow such things to happen when I was grown up.

I must tell you about the adventure that Margaret and I had in the unlikely place of Oakly Square Gardens. We had been turned out to play and Margaret had the garden key hung round her neck on a bit of string. It was Sunday and we were gazing listlessly out of the iron gate when along the pavement on the other side of the road came a little girl going to Sunday School. She had on a nice white frock, black stockings, black lacing

boots, and she carried her prayer book in her hand. Suddenly round the corner came a gang of boys; we would call them teenagers now, and when they saw the prim little girl they shouted at her and then started to tease her and when she looked frightened they started pulling her about unaware that two fiery Scots were watching them from the gardens. The idea seemed to flash upon us both at the same moment. We flung open the gate, dashed across the road into the midst, pushing the boys aside, as we said afterwards, 'like bits of cotton wool', seized the victim, who I should think by this time must have been as much alarmed at her rescuers as her attackers, and swept her across into the gardens and slammed the self-locking gate. Not that the boys lingered; they cleared off as quickly as they had come. Now we were left with the weeping girl and had time to draw breath. Margaret went for mother while I and the little girl stood looking at each other in silence. When mother came, the little girl was escorted home. Since then I have had no difficulty in understanding the advantage of surprise tactics!

After our visit to London we would go on to Forrest View, Clewer Hill, Windsor to the cottage which Aunt Tabbs took after she left Bell Farm. It was a joy to shake the dust of London off our feet and be in the clean country in this charming little house with its well tended garden. There was Laura Linnel (a friend much younger than Aunt Tabbs who lived with her). Tall, with a large straw garden hat on and a basket in her hand - and here was a welcome from Aunt Tabbs herself so full of fun and wisdom and character. She had a real understanding of children and many older

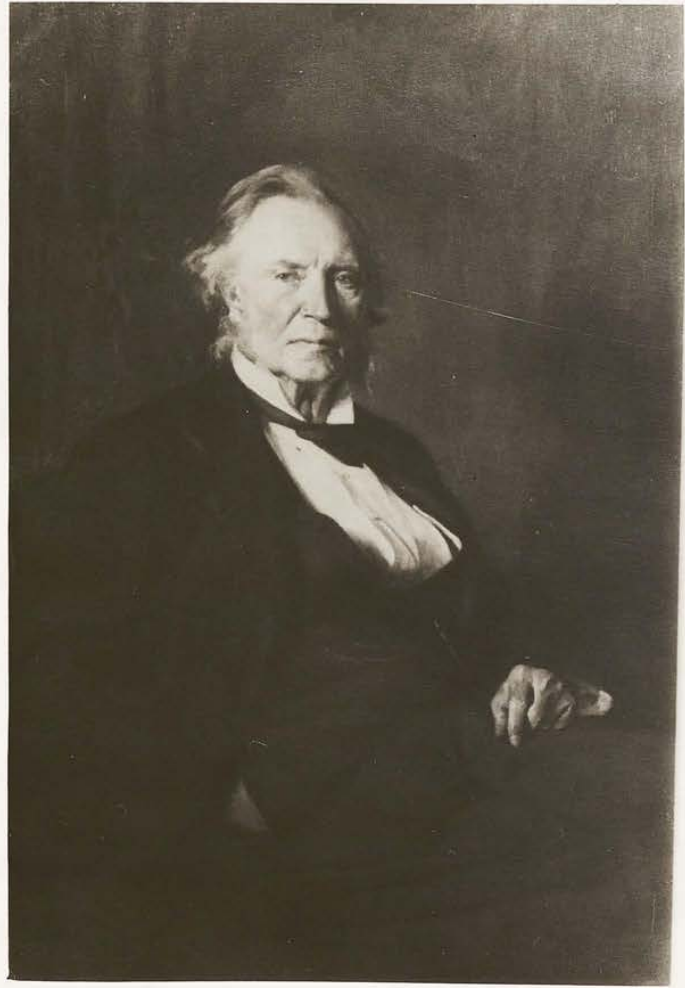
people turned to her for help and advice, one being Aunt Helena and another my sister, Margaret; no one had so good an influence over Margaret. There is a charming snap of Kathleen as a little girl sitting in the garden surrounded with flowers. There was a box of toys to play with here, the river and Windsor to visit and here we Scots could drink in the charm of the English countryside. By this time Arthur (known to us as CoCo) was back in Edinburgh as Principal of the Heriot Watt College and he was a most satisfactory Uncle stumping up presents and treats.

It took some time for mother to find a suitable house for us to settle in and we moved round to rooms for a time in West Linton where I remember Tae challenging us to a race and winning, and then to Peebles and it was from Peebles that we visited "The Kerna" as it was called, a house built on the hillside half way between Walkerburn and Innerleithen. The gardener, Andrew Newall, took us over the garden and this was our first meeting with one whose character was outstanding. On this occasion he pointed out a big fir tree in the grounds and said there was one thing he would like to ask of us that if we decided to buy the house, we would not cut down that tree as his late mistress was so fond of it.

Eventually mother decided to buy this house and while alterations were in hand we used to drive over in a little governess' car which we hired. It had a calm broad white pony and the owner taught us to drive it. So I will bring this patchwork to an end with the

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picture of us jogging along the quiet country road
where there were as yet no motors; behind this broad
pony on the way to what was to be our new home.



TAE

Grangehill Days

The background of our lives was different from the mountains, sea and birches of the north for we were now in the Lowlands with their soft undulating hills and Tweed flowing calmly on its way.

Grangehill, as we named it, was a house built right on the hillside, the garden had terraces but everything was on a steep slope from the top terrace, we could rush down a path and land as on a spring mattress in a thick yew hedge at the bottom, the whole garden being divided by such hedges. Below the house down another precipitate bank was an oval lawn with trees at the lower side - on this we played tennis with a net that sagged and poles that came slowly but surely out of the soft mossy grass. Balls got damp but none the less we enjoyed the games. Here I took to tree climbing discovering the exhilaration of being swayed by the wind amongst the upper branches, nor will I forget seeing from my secret hiding place amongst the branches, a tree creeper for the first time. Birds were a new interest that we shared with Andrew, the gardener, who had a great love for and understanding of birds. Once when he was working, a robin, hurt against a wire fluttered to his feet. He picked it up and put it in his pocket, finished his work and then took it home and nursed it till it was well, the tender voice in which he spoke to them in his broad Lowland Scots was good to hear. One day he came on a pheasant playing with a thrush's nest on the drive. He drove it away, rescued the nest and tied it back in its right

place for the thrush who returned, laid her eggs and brought her whole family to Andrew's cottage to show them off. In the strawberry time the birds had their share placed outside the net. One day I came on Andrew picking strawberries; on a twig nearby there was a chaffinch singing to him, "Look," I said, "he is thanking you, Andrew." "Aw," he replied, "it's just its wye." One hot spring day he called me to a bank and kneeling down, with gentle hand, drew back the grass to show a lovely feather lined round nest deep in the bank and told me it was the nest of a "warbler wearin".

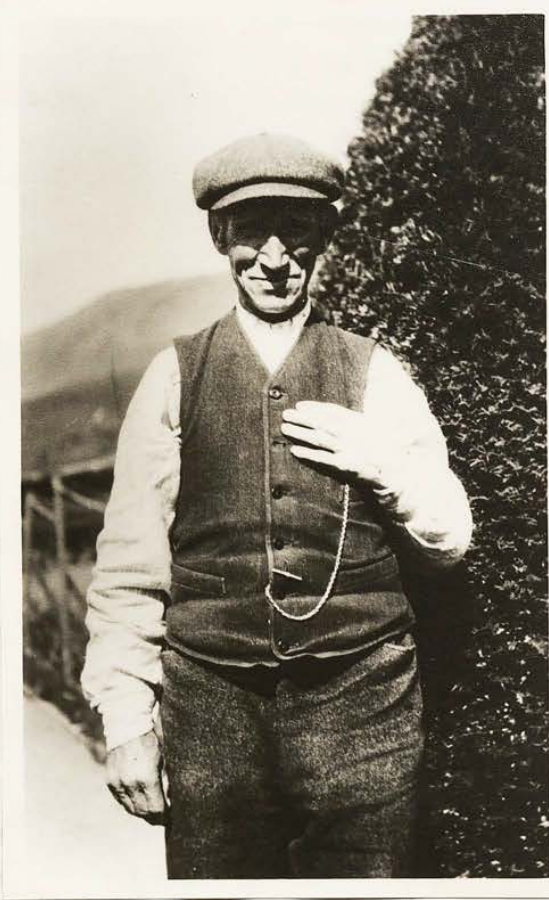
The outside of the actual house was not beautiful but inside it was nice with a big square hall and an inner hall with a fireplace where we often had tea, and tea was something to sit down to in these parts. Sitting round the table we ate home made scones, bannocks, muffins and cakes. There was a large drawing room which showed off the masses of roses picked from the garden - even the lovely drooping norphetus was grown in the open. Beyond the drawing room was mother's sitting room where in colder weather after a scramble up the hills we would gather round the fire while mother read ^{us} ~~about~~ Sir Walter Scott and we waited breathlessly to know what would happen next. The dining room had two tables, one at which we did our lessons and the other in the window where we had meals and it was here that "Fluffy ^{et} tee" the robin joined us; he used to come right onto the table and take off a large pat of butter. Further into the room was a cabinet with a centre alcove with glass round the sides.

"Fluffy tee" balanced himself on this and there met three other robins; the feathers on his throat would rise as he sang at them with all his might.

We got about the countryside with Shetland ponies who were very endearing but sometimes lazy. We would trot off in a pony trap to go to Peebles for a dancing lesson at the Hydro with Andrew to take care of the pony. One day Margaret was driving and got impatient and cried out to the pony "Do get on or we won't get to Peebles till midnight!" After a little while, Andrew suddenly remarked, "Have you any matches, Miss Margaret?" "No," she said, surprised, "why?" "Because I was just thinking, we would need to light the lamps if we are not getting to Peebles before midnight." Margaret's ill humour vanished in laughter.

About this time Tae retired from his Professorship which he had held with distinction. He had lived up to his own statement of what a Professor of Education should consider his duty, " - to give students an ideal and a method; but above all, to inspire them with a sense of the infinite delicacy of their task. He must show them that they are not mere exactors of lessons but trainers of the human spirit." He had taught his students " - that to educate we must think of this. Our relations to children must be animated by the Humanism of Greece, and the spiritual humanity of Christ -" As was said in the School Review, "No one who has enjoyed the privilege of listening to his lectures will forget the flash of the eye, the genial countenance, and the kindly tone and humorous allusions of

...very few...
...these other...
...then as he...
...he of about...



ANDREW

...of Andrew...
...as was said...
...and had...
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their whilom Professor of Education." During this period, he had sent inspired teachers out to teach the children of Scotland and so rendered an estimable service to Education. It must have been just after this that he and Osy took Walkerburn Manse for a summer holiday so as to be near us and brought Louisa with them as it was here that she rushed into the sitting room, threw out her arms to their full extent and cried, "A rat that size has just run across the kitchen" - it was then too that Margaret and I became aware that the grownups had a secret and set ourselves to discover it by putting two and two together and keeping much quieter about it than the said grownups. We soon discovered what it was and had the deep satisfaction of saying when we were told, "Oh, we know that." This secret was that Arthur was to marry one of our beloved Red dedees - shortly after we had been told, Mary and Arthur came to stay and he started to build a summer house so that the conversation at meal times was all about joints and beams. When the pangs of hunger became too great he waved his hand over the table while he continued to talk; we would then thrust different dishes in his direction until he got what he wanted.

We were bridesmaids at the wedding and Mary Bachus, a cousin from Bradford, was one too, while Annie, Mary's twin sister was chief bridesmaid. The wedding was in the Episcopal Church in Colinton and very lovely was the bride.

Also about this time Aunty Madge was at home for a spell bringing Edward who was a very small boy then.

Kathleen was there too and I remember Aunty Madge at the piano singing songs she used to sing at Nairne Lodge. Then came Malcolm and Helena and the boys and Ken caught a real fish in the Tweed of about 3" long and proudly ate it for supper. He was in bed for a time and I used to play with paper boats with him as they sailed across his blankets.

At the top of the garden a gate opened onto the hillside and here Aunt Helena made lovely boats and rafts out of the rushes. Malcolm and his family all now lived at the Bloom in Cannan Lane, Edinburgh, but I think it was a bit later that they also had the cottage just by the bridge in Carlops where the boys could run wild over the hills and slide down the slopes on the leather 'tails' sewn onto their breaches by their far seeing mother.

Our lives were often somewhat lonely and the days were long and sometimes wearisome as we often only had each other to play with but there were other times of happiness. It was always our habit to have flowers on the breakfast table round the plate of anyone with a birthday, creeping out early in the freshness of the morning while the dew was on the grass was delightful and exciting there was a treat on birthdays and I remember on my 10th birthday going a picnic in a carriage and pair and Osy was there and Tae in his topper hat. It would be on this visit that I went into mother's sitting room to find Tae standing at the window. He said to me, "Do you know what I am writing? I am writing on God and Man." For now Tae had been asked to



CAROLINE AUNT EMMIE AUNT TABBS

deliver the Gifford lectures.

Tae and I had a great affection for each other, at least I had for him and nothing could show it more than the fact that to him and only to him I wrote my mis-spelt letters. I was deeply ashamed of this spelling of mine and hid it if I could but knew that Tae would understand. It was this easy contact with the young that made the children in any school he visited swarm round him like bees round a honey pot. I also have a memory about him as a teacher. I had got stuck in a sum and he took it from me and in a few minutes I did not only understand it but was keenly interested. At this period he used now and then to tell ^hgoulish tales when mother would try and hush him up! He still kept a boyish sense of fun. One day when they were going out into the garden, Osy said to him, "Do go into the drawing room and you will see my hat on the table." Off Tae went to return empty handed. "You are quite right," he said, "I went into the drawing room and your hat was on the table."

While at Grangehill we used to visit the Pringle Patersons at the Haining. Professor Pringle Paterson had a great admiration for Tae, not only as a philosopher but also as a man. "In matters of dispute," he was to say of him, "he would and could stand up for what he thought was right against all comers, it would not cross his mind to trim his sails to curb unpopularity and his keen blue eyes with their gleam of humour could disconcert and penetrate insincerity. He could thus unswervingly stick to his point as he never



MALC, EDWARD DAISY DAVIDSON AND KEN

had a selfish end to serve."

Our governess was Miss Forbes and looking back I think she had rather a hard time with us. She was very good at French but there were three years between us and my utterly hopeless spelling was enough to discourage a braver woman. Charlotte was still with us and went round the house dusting and singing hymns on every day but Sunday because as a member of the Free Kirk, hymns were not allowed on the Sabbath. She used to bring our governess her morning cup of tea and the last day of term she always put it down with the remark, "Well, this is what the cobbler killed his wife with." - we had plenty of servants and Mainie, who continued as our gardener's wife in Grange Dell, came as house tablemaid. Mother went to talk to the cook each morning but it was not only food they discussed and we used to say if we could not find her, "Oh, she will be taking philosophy with the cook." - and often it wasn't far off just being that.

Our next great excitement was the birth of Caroline and I can never forget the thrill of seeing her for the first time looking over her daddy's shoulder with dark hair standing somewhat on end and a solemn professional expression.

New year was the great festival in Scotland then, though we kept Christmas ourselves we were out on Hogmoney before dawn in the outside porch of the house with a large barrel of apples and boxes of Edinburgh rock in pokes. We used to hear the noise of the children on their way from Walkerburn. They would crowd up

had a better and so on. The government was then taken and looking for I think and had rather a hard time with it. It was very good at first but there were three years between it and the government. Characteristic of the will with an end was



GERMAN GIPSIES MCNAB

New year was the great festival in Scotland and though we kept Christmas ourselves we were out on Monday before dawn in the outside porch of the house with a large parcel of apples and boxes of Balmalcolm took in paper. We used to hear the noise of the children on their way from the school. They would crowd up

the steps each to receive an apple and a poke. New year's day itself is connected in my mind with indigestion as one had to visit to wish everyone a happy New year and it would have been considered an insult to refuse refreshment in the form of home made wine, shortbread and black bun.

It was at a later date that "Malc" so called to distinguish him from his father, used to come for holidays, I remember his bringing his first camera and the time there was a tame lamb on the hillside. It was at that time also that Edward came as a school boy with a firm concentration on learning how to catch - we played it for hours when he left he wrote a card from the house of friends where he had gone for the second part of his holiday. "Dear Aunt Kitty, thank you for having me. I enjoyed myself but I am enjoying myself much better here - Edward." The hillside was a lovely playground with its deep heather where the pollen rose in clouds as one bounded through it and bracken rose above one's head. The burn too was a constant joy with its animal life, eddies and pools while in the winter the delicate iced fronds and grasses were a fairyland of loveliness. As I am making a temporary plunge forward in time I will mention here too the visit we had from two engaged couples, Mary Bachus and her young man, who were utterly absorbed in each other and Caroline's Uncle Ernest who brought his German fiancé, I remember them playing tennis on our lawn which was a sure proof that love is blind.

To come back to where we had really reached in

time, the next thing was that Tae and Osy were again to come and stay and as Tae had not been well, Osy asked us to put in a telephone, no one in those days thought of having such a thing in sight - ours was put in the pantry, it stood grimly on the wall and when required the receiver was lifted and a handle turned to call the exchange, another drawback being the necessity to press in a lever all the time we were speaking. It seemed wonderful to us to hear someone's voice when they were a few miles away; I know this must be difficult to believe but it truly was.

Another modern wonder was coming into our lives, the first motor cars. When out on our ponies we would meet them now and then either stationary with the owner underneath trying to revive the engine or going and covering us with clouds of dust. One never-to-be-forgotten day the doctor said he would take us in his as far as Innerleithen and we could walk back; we rushed upstairs, tied our hats on with scarves and got into the car to be rushed along the road in less than no time - probably about 20 miles per hour. About then our governess said she had just heard that Croal, the Edinburgh cab hirer had got one car for hire instead of a cab, "It will never last." she remarked, thus dismissing Edinburgh's first taxi.

Another remembrance that unfortunately I cannot date was the visit of the German gypsies. They came over to this country and wandered round and then vanished as they had come, the fact that they were thought to be spies shows that future events were casting their

shadow before, ~~by this time~~. We heard they were at the gate and went down; they were very gay and colourful and Miss Forbes was able to talk to them in German.

By this time Alec had appeared on the scene and we went to see him in his pram at the Bloom. I remember another visit to the Bloom when Malcolm was ill and Aunt Helena took over his classes, she walked to the gate with us with a light step and her eyes glowing with life.

In the meantime Tae was starting to give his Gifford lectures, which he called synthetical. As Osy came out from one of them a lady friend said to her "You know, you and I are the only two people here who can understand what he is saying." Probably Osy was only included from courtesy! However, Professor J. B. Baillie seems to have been another, he wrote in Mind "Those who read ... with requisite equipment cannot fail to admire his masterly achievement of abstract sustained thinking. They will recognise in it, too, one of the greatest contributions to speculative philosophy which has appeared in English for many years."

"It would be difficult to find in the field of philosophical literature so complete a defence of immortality in the sense of individual immortality and certainly difficult to find this statement surpassed."

This was the crowning achievement of Tae's life and his health was even then causing anxiety.

We took a house for a spell in Colinton to be

near him and also look after Caroline whose mother was ill. Caroline, now about two, loved nothing better than strumming on the piano which she called the "Boma" we felt that it was possible she might remember this as her first Christmas, made a special effort to decorate a lovely little tree and then brought her in for this great surprise; in she came, did not even glance at the tree but started to scramble onto the piano stool remarking, "Baby wants to play bomba."

I went up to see Tae in George Square; he was in bed and he said, "Keep your head up; always walk straight." It was to be our last meeting for he died shortly afterwards. Kitty had a vivid mental vision of her mother "Kate" sitting with hands clasped, leaning forward, her lips slightly parted and a look of expectancy upon her face. As I said that I would write these memories round Tae and Kate, I feel this is the point at which I should bring them to an end. The affection and understanding between myself and Tae corroborates what Alexander Morgan wrote, "With undiminished vitality he retained to the end his interest in the working of younger minds and a power of attracting them to himself. Fresh in the memory of many the impression of this strong vivid personality in whom independence and penetrating sympathy was wonderfully combined - of one who had faced the griefs that life has to give without allowing his own courage to droop or his help for others to fail."

I hope I have managed to lift the curtain of the past for you a little; if so, I am glad. Time passes

and things seem very far off and yet I am writing this for you, I remember Tae and Tae saw Wellington and had tea with Thackery, and so the past and the future join hands.

