

Scotland.

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There are times in the life of every man when he finds it difficult to give expression to his words, and such is my experience at present. I desire to thank the members of the St. Andrew's Society for the kind invitation to join them at their fiftieth anniversary. The importance of such a charitable association, particularly in a comparatively new country, cannot be over-estimated. Charity and philanthropy constitute the very base of their operations, and how gratifying it must be to a countryman and a stranger in a strange land, in need, to find there are friends ready to extend the right hand of fellowship, and in a quiet way render aid and assistance. St. Andrew's societies are now established all over America and Canada, and to-night are joining each other to think over the land that gave them birth, as well as to find out how they can make themselves even more useful in the extension of the true principles of benevolence and charity.

To us here this evening the presence of so many sons of Scotland is certainly cheering. Scotchmen are always willing to share a portion of the good things of life with those who may require their assistance, no matter in what part of the world they may be placed. The land has a remote history, and though little is known of it, such may be interpreted from the ancient mounds, where the stone battle-axe, and the barbed arrow-head, chipped out of flint, have been discovered. This was the stone period, followed by the bronze period, and then came the iron age, an indication of progress and general advancement.

NO PAUPERS THERE

If we examine the history of Scotland,

even in the rural districts, we find the word pauper is seldom heard. Every country has its poor, and certainly fortune has smiled on Bonnie Scotland as the "Land o' Cakes," where there is ample to supply the wants of the needy, so carefully looked after by such societies as this benevolent association.

The literature of Scotland takes into its circle many world-wide names, as historians, novelists and poets, and to a few of whom only I will refer this evening. The Scotch people are said to be a proud people, and there is a degree of reason in it, because they have never been conquered. Scotland in every age maintained its independence in the face of every assailant. Gradually the three crosses of St. Patrick, St. George and St. Andrew blended together, forming the grand old Union Jack, so charmingly expressed by the poet :

"Is there a son of generous England here.

Of fervid Erin, he with us will join

And pray that in eternal union dear,

The rose, the shamrock and the thistle twine."

Her sons have gone into every part of the world, doing good work and maintaining the reputation of the country which gave them birth. Literature is a strong factor in the growth of a people, and Scotland has ample reason to be proud this evening of her sons. I shall refer briefly to four poets, three of whom left their native country—Smollet, Thomson and Campbell—and one who remained in his native heath—Robert Burns. These names are well known to you, so what I have to offer are not entirely new impressions. They spent their lives out of Scotland, just as you are doing, in order, by a wider sphere of observation, to enlarge their ideas.

SMOLLET AS A POET.

Tobias Smollet was what we would call a "west country man." His reputation as a poet is not considered as great as either of the other two, yet the sweetness and pathos so apparent in the "Ode to Leven Water," "The Ode of Independence," and the poem "The Tears of Scotland," point out a degree of intellectual power such as has not failed to mark this author's genius. All three were educated in Scotland—Smollet and Thomson at Glasgow and Campbell at Edinburgh. They started out in life, as many Scotchmen did before them, with precious little money in their pockets, and all three received the kindest