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(Read January 16, 1893.)

George Husband Baird Macleod was born in the Manse of Campsie on the 21st of September 1828, and died in Glasgow on the 31st of August 1892, after two days' illness. He was the son of Norman Macleod, D.D., Dean of the Chapel Royal, and one of Her Majesty's Chaplains, afterwards minister of St Columba's Church, Glasgow, famed as a Celtic scholar, his writings in the Gaelic language being unrivalled among modern authors. From this cause, added to his eloquence as a preacher, and his unwearied labours for the good of the Highlanders, his memory is yet fondly cherished wherever the Gaelic language is spoken. The grandfather of Sir George was Norman Macleod, minister of the parish of Morven, whose ministry, together with that of his son, who succeeded him (John Macleod, D.D., Dean of the Thistle, the well-known and much-honoured "High Priest of Morven"), extended to the remarkable term of 105 years. On his mother's side he was descended partly from a Lowland family, who achieved no little distinction in their day and generation, the last of whom, his grandfather, James Maxwell, being Commissioner to the Duke of Argyll over his estates in Mull, Morven, and Tiree. Through his mother he was also descended from several well-known Argyllshire families. It would be impossible here to do more than allude to the many influences which helped to mould his character, but no sketch would be complete if it did not make some mention of the atmosphere in which he had been brought up, or of the traditions which he unconsciously imbibed, inherited on both sides from a race of honoured ancestors. That he fully appreciated how much he had gained from the past, his own record of his

early days gives abundant testimony ; and to the dim but animating memorials of those Highland homes, where his parents passed their youth, he attributed much of the success in life which he, with other members of his father's family, gained—for they were memorials of families revered for their human sympathy, their unswerving rectitude, their kindly solicitude for the people around them, as well as their deep affection for one another. Speaking of the "Highland Parish," written by his well-known brother, Norman Macleod, D.D., minister of the Barony parish, Glasgow, where the picture is faithfully drawn of what those people were, and of the influences under which they lived and died, he writes : "It is impossible now, amidst the ' Sturm und drang ' of modern life, to define the nature and influence of that circumambient atmosphere which a Highland upbringing in the time of my parents produced, and which their children unconsciously found around them ever afterwards. A temperament moulded by much of poetry and legend and misty tales, and not free from a certain suspicion of superstition, gave a complexion to many of their views of life and of persons ; and while good breeding and unswerving loyalty to old friends, with much gratitude for kindness received, were characteristic of them, yet prejudice and antipathies were not denied." But though this influence from the past must not be lost sight of, yet perhaps he owed more to the moulding and guiding example of his eldest brother Norman, apart from the wise and loving influence of his parents, than to anyone else. Concerning him he writes : "From earliest youth he was a personality in the family. We all looked up to him, and he did not fail to exercise over us the best and most enduring influence. His great talent, high aspirations, deep religious feeling, and broad, manly principles, full of all that was true and real and honest, and wholly free from cant and suspicion of hypocrisy, could not fail to have an abiding and continuous effect on all of us, who were his juniors, and all of whom were deeply attached to him. His example steadied us, his happy and affectionate nature welded us into a truly united family, and exercised over us an influence which augmented and confirmed the happy effects of our parents' more silent instruction."

Surrounded, therefore, by such influences, which all through his life continued to exercise their hold over him, and himself a son of

the Manse, he was until the end loyal to the best traditions of such a home, and to the Church with which these abodes were connected.

His father removed to Glasgow in 1836; and after attending Mr William Munsie's well-known Academy in Nile Street, and being for some time at school in Arran, he joined the Junior Latin and Greek classes in the University at the beginning of the session 1843-44; but beyond taking the University Prize Essay, and gaining high honours in Philosophy, he did not specially distinguish himself in his Arts course, a circumstance which he chiefly attributed to the insufficient way he had been taught the rudiments of classics. The foundations of knowledge were never properly laid, and all through his life he felt the neglect in this respect to which he had been subjected. It was the Logic Class which first awakened in him the love of knowledge for its own sake, and gave him the first real impetus. "This class," he writes, "was the key to my brain, and emancipated me from what was to me the cramped and uninteresting field of classics, and set my feet on a firm and enduring rock. I owe everything to that class and its genial teacher" (Professor Robert Buchanan).

In 1848 he entered the Medical classes. It had been arranged that he should study for the Church; but Sir John Macleod of St Kilda, then a Director in the Old East India Company, having promised his father to nominate him to a medical post in that Company, it was thought that such a chance should not be lost, so he took up a subject for which at the time he had no special predilection, and of which he had no special knowledge. He, however, soon made his mark, taking a prize in Anatomy and Materia Medica, and a first in the Institutes of Medicine; but the extra strain which this inflicted upon him, and the almost incessant work which it implied—for more than once he sat up all night, and almost always far on into the morning—told upon his health, which was then far from satisfactory, and brought on spitting of blood and other dangerous symptoms, which necessitated almost complete cessation from study. It was therefore thought best that he should go to the south of England in the spring of 1851; but though greatly benefited by this change, it was deemed somewhat risky for him to remain in Glasgow during the winter, so he was sent abroad. Gibraltar was the place selected, and never did he cease to entertain the pleasantest

recollections of his stay there. It also proved of the utmost benefit to him; for in the spring of 1852, after visiting Malta, he returned home, through Italy and Germany, perfectly restored to health. This was his first experience of foreign travel, and the love which he then imbibed for it never deserted him. Some part of every year was passed abroad; and as we glance through the many bulky volumes which contain the record of all his wanderings, it can easily be seen how much he enjoyed travelling. Many of the incidents which they contain are very amusing, and some of great interest. It may not be out of place to transcribe here an account which he gives of a scene which occurred on a Spanish lugger, dirty beyond all description, as Spanish luggers were, in which he crossed from Tangiers to Gibraltar, as it shows, in spite of the inconvenience and discomfort which he had to put up with, the keen sense of the ludicrous which he always possessed. "As the sun rose," he says, "all the cocks—and there were dozens—in our coops began to crow lustily, and those whose freedom enabled them clapped their wings with joy. It is curious, but probably an electric influence, which thus compels cocks to crow when they feel the sun. These birds all crew, and yet some of them were so uncomfortably situated that it defied me to understand what pleasure they could have in the act. Some were standing on their heads, or rather necks, with their long red eyelids winking on the deck; others on their backs formed the pedestals of innumerable feet, the bodies belonging to which were again the points of support of another living layer. Placed in every imaginable posture and ungraceful attitude, cramped and crushed to the utmost limits of endurance, and many in the centre totally excluded from a ray of light, these gallant trumpeters sounded their peal of joy as if they exulted in the thought that the time of their liberation was drawing near. At times the first note, which was delivered with emphasis, seemed as if it comprised the utmost exertion of which its author was capable; the succeeding prolongation, on which the whole effect depended, being wholly wanting, or dwindling down into an insignificant rattle. At other times a bravura was expelled in short, disjointed, but determined accents, as if the taste of the performer had led him to execute it in staccato, while every now and then some poor aspirant in the centre of the crowd, vainly endeavouring to balance himself on

others during his debüt, produced a dreadful tumult in the community by the living props giving way, and his putting the whole mass in commotion by his fall, while his own chivalric effort prematurely died away in choking accents, some violent neighbour having apparently made fierce attempts to garrotte him. Never, I think, was melody produced under more disadvantageous circumstances. Their chanticleeric endeavours, moreover, were not received with due encouragement by the crews of the ships around. At daylight our anchor had been raised to allow us to drift in with the tide; and as we passed through the shipping, innumerable red-cowls from the bulwarks cursed our concert in every language under the sun."

He graduated in Medicine in the spring of 1853, and immediately afterwards went to Paris to continue his studies. That great Medical School was then presided over by men of European renown, such as Velpeau, Nélaton, Bouchardat, Jobert de Lamballe, Ricord, &c., and as his degree in medicine freed him from all fees for lectures or hospitals, he was able to make as much use as it was possible of his opportunities. As in Glasgow, so here, anatomy and surgery claimed his chief attention, and many were the hints and valuable the experience he gained. The French School ever exerted its influence over him, and it was to their works that he was in the habit of first turning in all his after preparation.

He returned from Paris in the autumn of 1853, spending some time on his way home in the London Hospitals, and settled down to practice in Glasgow, having by that time given up an idea of going to India, partly owing to family affairs, and partly because of better prospects presenting themselves at home. But it was not long before he was again away. Europe was beginning to echo with the call to arms, the Crimean War was on the tapis, and where better could a young surgeon gain that experience which was so necessary for him in his profession than on the field of battle? But how was he to get there? While on the alert to seize the first chance which presented itself to achieve this most desirable end, the opportunity was most unexpectedly put in his way. One evening, at a dance, his host asked him whether he would be willing to go with a friend of his on a yachting cruise to Constantinople. He jumped at the chance of thus getting near the seat of the future war, and on the

23rd April 1854, a few days after he had accepted the invitation, he started. This sudden resolve was the making of him, and was (though then very obscurely seen) the first rise of the tide which brought him long afterwards to the front. In the *Chance*, an 80-ton cutter, he visited many places in the Mediterranean, and it was when lying in Malta that the war broke out. Through the recommendations of his friends, he was strongly urged to go and try what chance there was of employment. Leaving, therefore, his yachting comrades, he pushed on with all speed to Constantinople, only to meet with disappointment. Nothing was to be done there; and though he made every effort to gain his end, every attempt met with failure, so that he was reluctantly compelled to return home. Yet, fruitless though the voyage appeared at the time, it was not really so, for in November of the same year (1854) he was again on the war-path. Colonel George (afterwards Sir George) Campbell of Garscube, who was in the 1st Royal Dragoons, had been severely wounded in the heavy cavalry charge at Balaclava, and his mother, Mrs Campbell, anxious for his safety, and desirous to find some one who would go out and bring him home, called one day and asked Macleod if he would undertake this duty. This request he gladly complied with, and he travelled night and day until he found his patient, at Scutari, very badly wounded, and much in need of some one to tend him. After nursing him for many weeks at Scutari, and afterwards at Constantinople, he brought him back in safety to London. But while waiting for his friend to gain sufficient strength for the journey home, his restless energy, and his determination to make himself as efficient in his profession as he could, did not allow him to pass the time in idleness, for he worked morning, noon, and night in the English and French Hospitals, and saw and did a great deal of surgery, and in the dead-house was able to practise all the operations frequently. This action of his was characteristic of him all his life long: never did he allow an opportunity escape of perfecting himself in that profession which had stirred his enthusiasm. By this time rumours of the unsatisfactory state of the hospitals in the East, and of the sufferings of the wounded, had reached England, and all were anxious to receive authentic information, none being more desirous of ascertaining the exact state of matters than the Government of the day. While passing through

London with Colonel Campbell, where he met Sir William Ferguson in consultation, he was asked by Lord Blantyre, who knew the Campbells, to go with him to the Minister of War, Mr Sidney Herbert, in order that he might give him all the information he could upon these important points. Macleod strongly recommended that wooden hospitals, like those used in Glasgow as temporary buildings during the fever epidemic, should be erected, and that the dirty and poisonous barracks then in use at Scutari should be abandoned. This recommendation of his was agreed to, and he was asked to obtain plans with as little delay as possible. On his return, therefore, to Glasgow a few days later, with the assistance of Professor Lawrie, and Mr James Smith, architect, plans were drawn up, modelled on those used in Glasgow, but with such alterations as seemed necessary for their new requirements, and Professor Lawrie returned with him to London to support the idea. They were afterwards adopted and set up on the Dardanelles. By this time, however, the Government found that, to make adequate provision for the proper treatment of the wounded, it would be necessary greatly to increase the medical staff, and they therefore determined to augment the regular army medical staff by a specially arranged staff of civil surgeons. Sir John Forbes and Mr (afterwards Sir William) Bowman had the organisation of it, and by the latter Macleod was offered an assistant-surgeonship. This he refused to accept, representing that, as he had been twice out, and knew more of the work there than any of those spoken of for the senior positions, it would not be worth his while to go unless he received a senior appointment. This he was given, and asked if he would go out at once to Smyrna with Major Storks, who had been appointed to organise the staff and hospital there. He received his appointment on Tuesday; and on Friday, 10th February 1854, three days later, he had started for Smyrna, by Paris and Marseilles, with Eddowes as his assistant-surgeon, and under the command of Major Storks. They arrived at Smyrna on the 25th, when, greatly to his surprise, he found himself made senior of the whole staff, and appointed interim superintendent. This piece of good luck came about partly through his having "so courageously" gone out at once when asked, and partly through the recommendation of the superintendent, who was home on leave, and Major Storks, who con-

sidered him best fitted for the post. Thus he found himself, at the age of twenty-six, in a position which many men, greatly his seniors, might have envied.

There was much need for reorganisation, but soon he had all things in good working order, associated as he was with a band of energetic men, nearly all of whom made their mark afterwards in the world—Spencer Wells ; Ranke of Munich ; Macdonnell, afterwards Professor of Surgery in Dublin ; Rolleston of Oxford, and many others. Here at Smyrna he remained until the end of May 1855, when the work became lighter ; and having the good excuse of an attack of Smyrna fever, he asked for leave, and started for “the front,” being determined to see active warfare somehow. With letters of introduction from Colonel Storcks to Dr (afterwards Sir John) Hall, principal medical officer in the Crimea, and to many others, he set out. Dr Hall received him most kindly, and to the weary and overburdened medical officers his help was most welcome. But he was not engaged long at such temporary work, for, a surgeon attached to the General Hospital having died from cholera, he was placed in orders by Dr Hall to succeed him. This was a most responsible position, as the General Hospital was of considerable size, and was “general,” or for no special regiment or division. It was in the “lines” of the 3rd Division. He then received army rank (that of Major of comparative rank and first-class Staff Surgeon in the Medical Service), and remained “Senior Surgeon to the General Hospital before Sebastopol” from this time till the Crimea was evacuated in 1856. Of the hardships of that trying time,—and they were not easy to bear, as one can judge from his journals, kept most methodically during the whole time of his residence in the Crimea,—we cannot now speak. Several times under fire, he remained at his post until, as the result of all his surroundings combined—food, sleeping-quarters, bad water, fatigue, and ennui—he was struck down with erysipelas and camp fever. He and his tent companion, who afterwards succumbed, were seized at the same time ; and although fried slices of salt pork and rum and water formed their chief staple of food, he finally rallied after having been sent down by sea to Therapia. Before he returned to duty he made a hasty visit to Smyrna to settle up his affairs there ; and although at Constantinople, where he met the late Sir

William Aitken, he was seized with a sharp attack of jaundice, as soon as he could he was again at his post, remaining there through the winter of 1855-56, until the signing of Peace, in April 1856. For his services at the Battle of the Tchernaya he got the Sardinian medal, also the Turkish, and, we believe, was the only civil surgeon who received the English medal with clasp for Sebastopol, and on his return home he received a special gratuity from the Government for his services. He was also to have received the much coveted Legion of Honour, but, through some carelessness in making the return, he never got it. Leaving the Crimea in April 1856, he visited Palestine and Egypt, and before he reached England spent some time in Paris attending the Hospitals and renewing old friendships. On his return to Glasgow, in the autumn of 1856, being then but twenty-eight years old, he settled down to practice, and published, soon after his return, his *Notes on the Surgery of the Crimean War, with Remarks upon Gunshot Wounds*, a book which at once brought him into notice, attracting as it did a good deal of attention, and which even yet is recognised as one of the authorities upon the subject of which it treats. Besides the British edition, some 6000 copies were sold in America, and it was distributed by authority in both the Northern and Southern armies. But, though engaging in general practice, he was at heart a surgeon, and desired above all things to distinguish himself as a teacher. He therefore fitted up his dining-room as a lecture-room, and began a class of instruction in surgical apparatus—a subject which was not then taught even in the hospital. Encouraged by the success which attended this venture (for the first winter he had a class of thirty-two), he took a room the following winter in Cathedral Street, and announced a course of lectures in Systematic Surgery. Dr Robert Hunter then occupied the Chair of Surgery in Anderson's College, and though at first this rival class met with his opposition, he finally gave Macleod all the support he could. It was during this time that Macleod began to agitate, by pamphlets and otherwise, for certain reforms in the mode of clinical instruction, and of the appointment to office, then in vogue, in the hospital; and, though in later life he might not altogether have approved of his own recommendations, yet the controversy did good, though he suffered the penalty of a reformer by his being kept out of the Infirmary for some

time. When, however, he was at length appointed one of the House Surgeons to the Royal Infirmary, the enthusiasm with which he threw himself into the work of clinical teaching, and the success which attended him, induced Professor Lawrie, to whom he was ever deeply attached, to appoint him to conduct his class when failing health prevented him from fulfilling his work ; and, as an evidence of his popularity and success as a teacher, the students presented him at the close of the session with a handsome testimonial.

On the death of Dr Hunter in 1859, Macleod was appointed to succeed him in the Andersonian : this gave him the outlet he wished ; and by gradually dropping certain departments of general practice, he was enabled to confine himself more entirely to his work as a teacher. In 1859 the Chair of Surgery in the University fell vacant, through the death of Professor Lawrie ; and, though Sir Joseph (then Mr) Lister was appointed to the Chair, the ten years which he passed at the Andersonian were of incalculable value, for the experience which he gained there of teaching, in addition to the knowledge of his subject which he had previously received in Paris and in the Crimea, made his claims paramount when, in 1869, the Chair of Surgery in the University again fell vacant by the removal of Sir Joseph Lister to Edinburgh. From that time onward, having then dropped general practice altogether, his heart was completely bound up in the success of his classes at the University and the Western Infirmary. Only those who met him there can know the enthusiasm for his work which, even up to the day of his death, possessed him ; and this enthusiasm he transferred to his students, who flocked to him in such numbers that every available corner of his large class-room was crowded, many having to content themselves with standing room, or to seek some insecure or uncomfortable resting-place upon a window sill or upon the floor. Yet with it all he never found any difficulty in maintaining the most absolute order, though often he expressed himself amazed at the attention he met with, and the earnestness and interest with which they followed his every word. It was his desire to help his students to be men of wide sympathy, and, raising them up above the mere drudgery and business of their profession, to make them feel something of the dignity of their calling, and cause them to hate and

shun all that was mean and all that was base. His interest in them never failed; they might rely upon his ready help and warm sympathy though years might have passed since they sat under him at the University or followed him in his clinical teaching at the Infirmary. For it was ever a pleasure to him to welcome back old students, and hear from them how it had fared with them since they had left the shelter of the College walls.

Skilful though he was as an operator, and through firmness of nerve able to perform with success the most difficult operations, yet his interest in his patients did not then terminate. His care and watchfulness never relaxed until the cure was complete, and even then he was glad to see them again, and to hear of their welfare.

Those who followed him and heard him teach, and saw him operate, can testify to his power of attraction and to the care which he lavished upon every case; but it was only those who could follow him home who knew the strain and stress which it all involved, and how deeply he felt the suffering which he did all that in him lay to relieve. Many were the sleepless nights he spent, after the toils and anxieties of the day, imagining all the possible contingencies that might arise to frustrate his skill and care; and this highly strung nervous temperament, which in our estimate of him we should not forget, did much to wear out his otherwise robust constitution. It is, however, impossible to do justice to this latter portion of his life, for which, after all, the earlier portion was but the preparation; though, no doubt, as it has been most truly said, his best memorial lies in the hearts of the thousands of medical men scattered all over the globe, who owe to him mainly the groundwork of all their surgical knowledge. Perhaps we cannot do better than to insert here a passage from the *Glasgow University Magazine*, which, coming from such a source, may well be taken to indicate how much he was beloved by the students of his Alma Mater. Nothing would have cheered his heart so much than to have known that those, for whose welfare he had so earnestly and devotedly laboured, understood and reciprocated his feelings. After speaking of the loss which they felt they had sustained when the news of his sudden death reached them, and of how unexpected it was to those of his own class, who, at the close of the session, had listened to his usual hearty farewell till a welcome return to the winter's work, the article continues:—

“He lived for students, and died in their service, while his first aim in life—the impulse which anyone who knew him at the bedside or in the Operating Theatre at once saw to be the mainspring of his thorough method and perfected skill—was to cure the sick and ease the suffering, by the best and kindest methods the science he loved could teach him. It lends grace to our memory of him that the news of his death stayed the hands that were busy in the ward preparing for his visit. Every professor is a hero to his students; and could the boundless reminiscences with which Sir George freely entertained his followers, the stories unique in humour—at times in pathos—with which he enlivened his lectures, and all the acts of honest kindness ever ready for those who honoured him by doing his work—could all those be gathered from the hundreds who even to-day cannot realise that they shall enjoy such no more, they would form a volume limitless as rare. No professor could have been more ready to entertain every project where students asked his advice or sought his support. It was on account of a high ideal of home life that his figure was not oftener seen about College when the day’s work was done and lighter work begun; but there are many who know that there was not a worthy movement but what he was anxious to support, and that liberally. His popularity among the students was unbounded; and long before our Queen recognised in him a fit knight, the citizens of our University had, with a significance deeper than stately figure and commanding presence, honoured him as their “Duke.” And still we mourn him, as one whose place will never be filled by another, either in our memories or in our lives.”

This allusion to his appearance will recall to all, who knew him, the remarkable height and splendid features of one whom no one could pass, however carelessly, without being impressed.

Though too busy to publish much, yet he made some valuable additions to the surgical literature of the day. Mention has already been made to his *Notes of the Surgery of the Crimean War*, which was published in 1858. In 1864 he issued his *Outlines of Surgical Diagnosis*. The edition published of this was sold out in three months, and a large edition was published and sold in America. Though repeated representations were made to him both from Great Britain and America for a new edition, and though for many years he collected materials for this end, he never found himself able to overtake it. We believe this was the first work of its kind published, although since then several have appeared.

In the second edition of *Cooper’s Surgical Dictionary* he wrote several articles, and also for the *International Encyclopædia of Medicine and Surgery* he contributed an article upon the “Surgical Affections of the Neck.” He wrote many articles for the leading medical periodicals of this country, besides printing separately numerous addresses on professional and general topics.

Besides being M.D. of Glasgow, F.R.C.S. Ed., F.F.P.S. Glas., he had a long list of honorary distinctions. He was a Fellow of this Society, and had conferred upon him the honorary Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons of Ireland, and as late as last spring the LL.D. of the University of St Andrews. He was also a corresponding member of the Société de Chirurgie de Paris and of the Académie de Médecine de Paris, Member of the Deutsche Gesellschaft für Chirurgie, Fellow of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, and member of several other learned societies. He was Surgeon in Ordinary to the Queen for Scotland, which appointment he received on the removal of Sir Joseph Lister to London. In the year of Her Majesty's jubilee he received the honour of knighthood. He was, moreover, one of the Crown representatives in the General Council of Medical Education and Registration, and a D.L. and J.P. for Dumbartonshire.

So far we have spoken of him with special reference to his profession as a surgeon, yet one final word must be added. At heart a surgeon, he was by no means one-sided, as those with whom he came in contact soon discovered, for with his love of travel was combined a love for the history with which the places he visited was inseparably connected. When able to snatch a few minutes from the busy day, he took up and read and re-read some branch of historical study. After his profession, perhaps history had for him the greatest fascination, and never was he tired studying the checkered fortunes of a nation's life. Nothing he disliked more than to be considered a mere specialist, to whom the world and all things therein were of no interest, save as they served to provide subjects for the morning's lecture. In the many addresses which from time to time he delivered, subjects of historical interest were almost always his choice. His profession, instead of narrowing him, seemed to help to widen his sympathies and his tastes, and incline him to take a special interest in general literature.

Filled with that spirit of romance and warm-heartedness which his Highland upbringing did so much to sustain, he delighted to welcome to his house of Fiunary, on the Gareloch—called after that other Fiunary, on the Sound of Mull, so long the family's home—old fellow-students and old companions, and continue there the traditions for which that other home was ever so lovingly remembered. The

soul of honour, a man beloved by those who have the best right to speak—his students and his friends—his loss will be deeply felt by a large circle who admired him as a man, and valued him as a friend.

The end came with startling suddenness, on the eve of his departing for his autumn holiday, before the work of the winter. He was seized on Monday night, the 29th August, with the severe pain which accompanies angina pectoris; and though on Tuesday able to make the arrangements necessary for a temporary absence from his work, on Wednesday morning, while those beside his bed were speaking to him and he to them, with no thought of immediate death, he suddenly passed painlessly and peacefully away.

He is survived by Lady Macleod, and a family of four sons and two daughters.