



Hugh's News

Magazine of
The Friends of Hugh Miller

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A TRULY SAD LOSS FOR THE FRIENDS OF HUGH MILLER An Obituary for Martin Gostwick

By Lara Reid

"Few men ever came into friendly contact with him, who did not find in it, if they had really anything good in them, moral or intellectual, a side that suited themselves."

Hugh Miller, *My Schools and Schoolmasters*

It is with shock and great sadness that we share news of the death of Martin Gostwick (23rd January 1946 – 15th July 2021), Friends of Hugh Miller founder and secretary extraordinaire, *Hugh's News* editor and Miller champion. Martin leaves behind his beloved wife, Frieda, and will be greatly missed by all who had the honour of knowing him, both in his adopted hometown of Cromarty and beyond.

Many readers will have met Martin over the years in his quest to bring Hugh Miller's legacy to the attention of the wider public. But before he moved to Cromarty in 1992, he had never heard of Miller. Martin grew up in London, where he attended St Paul's School before going to sixth form college and on to train in journalism. He led a long, renowned career as a journalist, working for various titles in England before moving to the socialist newspaper the *Morning Star* (as Parliamentary correspondent and later as their Scotland correspondent). It was a stroke of fate that brought Martin to Miller - when Frieda Gostwick was appointed custodian of the Hugh Miller Birthplace Museum by the National Trust for Scotland, and the couple moved to Cromarty in 1992.

Martin was instantly hooked – not just by Miller's life story and his self-taught knowledge of Scotland's geological and fossil heritage, but by the way Miller wrote:

"What most compels me about Miller's writing is his extraordinary powers of description, in any and every field, whether it be explaining a fossil's appearance and structure, marvelling in awe at the majesty of Scottish land and seascapes, or relating encounters with people, often those facing adversity," Martin once told me, in an interview for the Hugh Miller Writing Competition.

Martin loved stories and storytelling, and would himself often be found regaling others with tales tall and true! Throughout the 1990s, he worked closely with Frieda as her assistant at the cottage. The couple were instrumental in securing the purchase and subsequent transformation of Miller House into a museum dedicated to Miller and his family, estab-

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lishing the prestigious and well-loved visitor attraction it is today. When Frieda became unwell and was forced to take early retirement, Martin took over as museum custodian. Martin was determined to draw as many people to Miller's story as he could, and in 2006 he set up the Friends of Hugh Miller charity, both in support of the museum and to promote awareness of Miller's living legacy. The FOHM have gone from strength to strength over the past 15 years, with Martin's dedication to the cause forming the backbone to the whole venture. His enthusiasm inspired many, including myself, to join the Friends.

Martin spearheaded many FOHM projects, with the most recent being Eliza's Path, completed in early summer 2021. The project involved installing beautiful handrails to improve access to St Regulus' graveyard in Cromarty where Lydia and Hugh Miller's infant daughter, Eliza, is buried with a headstone carved by Miller himself. Some of Miller's ancestors are also buried there, and the graveyard is home to many other legendary figures from Cromarty's past. Such community-based projects were very close to Martin's heart. Through the FOHM, Martin also helped organise palaeontology conferences celebrating research relevant to Miller, the Nigel Trewin Memorial Lecture series, and – of course – he tirelessly sought out stories and promoted all aspects of Miller's ongoing legacy through his role of editor at Hugh's News.

I will never forget the day I was first introduced to Martin by Geowalks' Angus Miller, with the vague notion that we might work together with the Scottish Geodiversity Forum on a national writing competition named for Miller. Martin leapt up in excitement, eyes dancing, shaking my hand furiously and asking multiple questions about the ideas I had and where the project might lead. From that moment on, his support and encouragement were invaluable to me – not just professionally on the project, but as a dear friend. The competition ran three times between 2015 and 2020, and Martin and all the members of the Friends committee provided me with generous and unfailing support. Martin was always first to beg to read the winning pieces; he loved to see new life breathed into Miller's legacy, and frequently told me how absorbed he and Frieda were by each and every poem, story and non-fiction piece that won a prize.

Martin enjoyed life to the full, meeting every project with infectious enthusiasm and every challenge with great strength of character. He always made time for friends and family, listening attentively and with great intellect and kindness. Martin's own legacy now rings with a note as vibrant as Miller's, and extends far out beyond Cromarty. We at the Friends will ensure that Martin's astonishing work will continue, and that his legacy will flourish, far into the future.



Martin with the FOHM banner in the Old Brewery at Cromarty

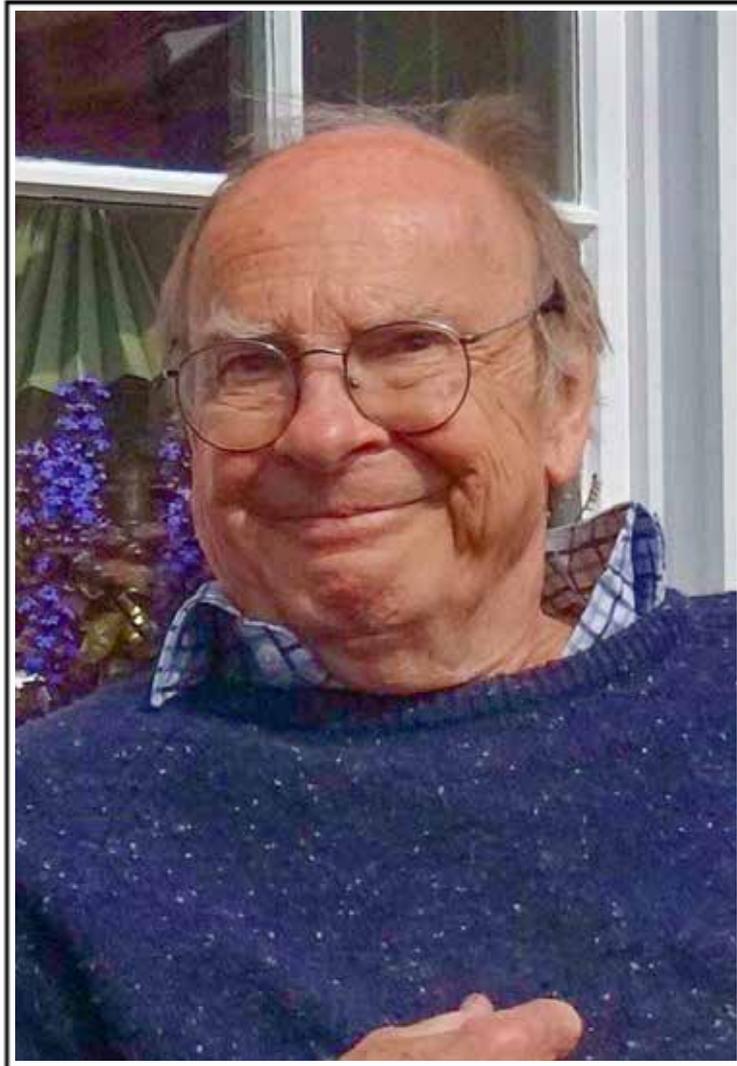
"[On the eagle] This last noble bird was a not infrequent visitor of the Sutors early in the present century. I still remember scaring it from its perch on the southern side of the hill, as day was drawing to a close, when the tall precipices amid which it had lodged lay deep in the shade; and vividly recollect how picturesquely it used to catch the red gleam of evening on its plumage of warm brown, as, sailing outwards over the calm sea many hundred feet below, it emerged from under the shadow of the cliffs into the sunshine."

Hugh Miller

My Schools and Schoolmasters

On the following pages we reproduce the "Order of Service" for the Ceremony of Thanksgiving held on 30th July, together with the speakers' words, whose kind contribution is acknowledged, with thanks.

Ceremony of Thanksgiving for the Life of



Martin Alexander Gostwick

23rd January 1946 ~ 15th July 2021

Friday 30 July 2021 at 2pm

Welcome

by Patsy Thomson

'Martin's Early Years'

by Giles Gostwick

'Martin the Journalist'

by David Ross

Music

JS Bach Gavotte from Partita No.3 – Simon Evans

Poem

'Thrapple Douse'

written by Jim Mackintosh and read by Alexander Thomson

'Martin the Historian'

by David Alston

St Regulus Church, Cromarty

Song

Freedom Come All Ye' - Alison Seller

'Martin the Friend of Hugh Miller'

by Bob Davidson

Poem

Old is Tomorrow'

written by Jim Mackintosh and read by Alexander Thomson

Closing Words

by Patsy Thomson

Closing Music

Vaughan Williams Rhosymedre' - Simon Evans



Officiant

Patsy Thomson

Freedom Come All Ye

*Roch the wind in the clear day dawin'
Blaws the clouds heelster-gowdie o'er the bay
But there's mair nor a roch wind blawin'
Through the great glen o' the warld the day
It's a thocht that would gar oor rottans
A' thae rogues that gang gallus, fresh and gay
Tak' the road tae seek ither loanin's
Their ill ploys tae sport and play*

*Nae mair will oor bonnie callants
Mairch tae war when the braggarts croosely craw
Nor wee weans frae pitheid and clachan
Mourn the ships sailin' doon the Broomielaw
Broken faim'lies in lands we've harried
Will curse Scotland the brave nae mair, nae mair
Black and white, ane til th' ither married
Mak' the vile barracks o' their maisters bare*

*So, cam' all ye at hame wi' freedom
Never heed whit the hoodies croak for doom
In your hoose a' the bairns o' Adam
Will find breid, barley bree an' painted room
When MacLean meets wi' his freends in Springburn
A' the roses and geans will turn tae bloom
And a black boy frae yont Nyanga
Dings the fell gallows o' the burghers doon*



Donations if desired in memory of Martin towards
The Friends of Hugh Miller may be made direct.
(Scottish Registered Charity no. SCO37351) Sort Code 83-23-10 A/C no. 10285618

Frieda and Giles invite you to join them for refreshments after this ceremony
at The Royal Hotel, Cromarty.



D. Chisholm & Sons

— FUNERAL DIRECTORS SINCE 1878 —

'Martin's Early Years'

by Giles Gostwick

My brother Martin was born and grew up in Kensington, west London. Our father was an academic in the very specialist field of English local history. Our mother was a person of diverse talents – she assisted our father's research and published 2 books of her own on subjects related to local history. She had at least two attributes that Martin could be said to have inherited – she was left of centre politically and she was an excellent cook.

I followed Martin into the world just a year and 3 days after him – about as close as is possible without being twins - and as small boys we did everything together – we were like peas in a pod. Our play took us to Kensington Gardens where we sailed boats on the Round Pond; and we played football which was actually forbidden in a Royal Park – one of Martin's early brushes with uniformed authority. When we didn't go to the park we sometimes played cricket in the street outside our house using the pavement as the pitch and a lamppost as the wicket. What distant times – there were hardly any parked cars to clutter the field of play, but if we hit the ball straight across the road it would disappear between railings into the basement area in front of the block of flats opposite and be lost for good.

There was no television in the house so as we got bigger our mother took us to the cinema nearly every week when our father was away working. There were 3 cinemas within walking distance and 3 more only a short bus ride away. Martin and I loved Westerns and war films and got fed up if the hero spent too long being distracted by romance.

Of course as little boys we spent a certain amount of time fighting each other but Martin was definitely top dog. We both went to St. Paul's School which had an outstanding reputation for boxing until that was banned as a school sport. Boxing was one of the few things Martin really enjoyed at St. Pauls. He was in a school team and I like to think that some of his success was owing to the practice he had had knocking me around at home.

Martin was definitely a rebel as a teenager and chafed at school restrictions. He got into a certain amount of trouble smoking and drinking during school hours and left the school by mutual agreement at age 16 and then spent a short time at sixth form college before deciding that he had had enough of formal education.

At about 18 he started work in the career that would occupy him for the next 35 years or so. He signed on as a trainee journalist with the *Acton Gazette* and later moved away from home to work for different provincial newspapers over the next 3 or 4 years, learning the craft, before returning to work in London. He met and married his dear Frieda at this time. David Ross will be telling you more about his subsequent journalistic career.

Martin's life was already taking an entirely different course from mine and after he moved with Frieda to Glasgow in the mid 70s he came south only once or twice a year. But we remained close in spirit and we did manage several family holidays together and it was always a pleasure to be reunited with his wonderful warmth of character, outgoing personality and enjoyment of life. He had natural sympathy for the needs and concerns of everyday people and a strong sense of wider community which didn't spring obviously from our comfortable family background. He loved gardening and was a keen swimmer but writing was his real passion and he went on composing vivid short pieces about his life until the very end. We will all miss him sorely.



Martin Gostwick

'Martin the Journalist'

by David Ross

I would like to say how surprised and flattered I was when Giles phoned to tell me that Martin had asked that I speak about his journalism and politics today.

I remember meeting Martin when he and Frieda first arrived in Cromarty almost 30 years ago. My greeting was simple "What on earth are you doing here Martin?" He replied in similar vein "I was about to ask you the same thing."

I explained I had become the Highland Correspondent of the *Herald* and had moved to Cromarty in 1988.

You see I had known Martin long before. I am not sure anyone else here had known him in his former pre- Cromarty life, but we were both involved in that filthy trade of journalism. I could bump into him at a CND demonstration at Faslane, an anti-cuts march through Glasgow, a strike picket line or any political rally that was going. And there were plenty in these days.

Anywhere there was trouble, you could find journalists including Martin, and sometimes me. But more often I would meet him on the Glasgow/Edinburgh train, as he wrestled with a large pile of the day's papers.

He was the Scottish Correspondent of the *Morning Star*, formerly the *Daily Worker* which was the newspaper of the Communist Party. His patch was the whole of Scotland. I wasn't aware of Martin's story before he came to Scotland but Giles has since filled me in.

Martin had left school at about 17 and worked on a series of local papers south of the border, learning the craft. That is still seen by many as the best way into journalism. It affords a credibility.

After a few years in the local press Martin started working for two local government sister publications – *The Municipal Journal* and *Municipal Engineering*. They don't immediately sound the sort of titles that would be a bundle of laughs to work for, but journalism is what you make of it. Speaking as one who spent a decade working for the *Times Educational Supplement*, you can find job satisfaction and fun in the most unexpected places.

Giles thinks it was an editor at the journals who first persuaded Martin that his political conscience belonged in the Communist Party. He joined and went to work for the *Morning Star*. He told me "They asked me if I fancied working long, anti-social hours for very little money. I said I am your man."

We think this was the late 1960s early 1970s.

Communist Party members were still active in many parts of Scottish life at that time. Indeed it is worth noting that Martin's future mother-in-law, Frieda's mum Mabel Skinner was elected to Inverness Town Council under the Communist Party banner in 1968, her seventh time of trying. She served the Merkinch ward in the Highland capital until the local government re-organisation of 1974, when she narrowly lost her seat.

For my own part I remember one of the most impressive figures in the leadership of the teachers' union the EIS, was a party member. He was a primary head from Fife.

The CP was a significant player in the unions not least of course the National Union of Mineworkers and its national vice-president Mick McGahey, who despite being constantly portrayed as an aggressive fire-brand, could be very funny. Martin and I used to discuss this. We both loved the episode when the news broke that the Thatcher government was poised to sequester the NUM's funds. I seem to remember it was Friday night and BBC Newsnight dispatched a reporter to get a comment from the NUM's leadership who were meeting at their London HQ. When McGahey emerged he was asked for his reaction to the prospect of the NUM losing money, to which he replied

"You cannae tak the breeks o' a Hielan man."

It wasn't the response the BBC journalist was expecting. She hadn't a clue what had just been said and

was none the wiser when McGahey repeated it as he got into a car. It took a Scot back in the studio to explain that when he was talking of the impossibility of removing a Highlander's trousers, McGahey was saying that the government couldn't take what wasn't there.

Some MI5 officers were later to reveal that monitoring McGahey's phone was not a popular task amongst non-Scottish colleagues, because of the language barrier.

Before Martin came to Scotland, he was the parliamentary correspondent for the *Morning Star*. Which would also mean he covered any big political story outside the confines of the Palace of Westminster.

One was the huge march and rally in London organised by the Chile Solidarity Campaign in September 1974. This was to mark the first anniversary of General Pinochet's brutal coup d'état in Chile, overthrowing the democratically elected president President Allende, who died in the process.

Martin reported on the London protest. He wrote:

"Car workers and boilermakers, vehicle builders and railwaymen, building workers and construction men, co-operators, miners, Labour Party members and Communists filed by in a seemingly endless stream.

"Engineers and steel workers, blast furnacemen, farm workers, journalists and print workers – the march from Hyde Park to Trafalgar Square was like a roll call of the British Labour movement."

The Australian National University Press later published a study entitled "*No Truck with the Chilean Junta!: Trade Union Internationalism, Australia and Britain, 1973–1980.*" It quoted Martin's coverage.

It was written by social historian and broadcaster Ann Jones, who was so impressed by Martin's line about the roll call of the British Labour movement that she used it as the title for her second chapter.

Many of you here today would have been unaware of this period in Martin's life. If it came to politics, most would think of him as an SNP member and ardent supporter of independence. But Martin wasn't jumping on any bandwagon.

As far as I know he had left the CP with the collapse of the Soviet Union, before Frieda had got the job here. But he had been involved with the issue of Scottish independence for many years before that.

The National Question, has long divided the left and still does. The Communist Party did support Scottish (and Welsh) devolution and devolved parliamentary bodies, but were divided over the prospect of independence. Dr Evan Smith, Research Fellow at Flinders University, South Australia wrote his doctoral thesis on the Communist Party of Great Britain, and studied this internal division over independence. He saw Martin as a significant contributor to this debate, writing:

"Gostwick's position (in 1977) was that Scottish (and Welsh) devolved governments might eventually want to assert their independence and believed that this might be the starting point for a socialist alternative to the current 'monopoly-dominated state'."

The Welsh political historian Douglas Jones, also singled out Martin in his book on the Communist Party and the Welsh National Question. This was just published four years ago. Jones wrote:

"The most sustained critique of party policy came from Martin Gostwick, the Morning Star's parliamentary correspondent, who argued that despite its formal commitment to the right of self-determination, the party was guilty of seeking to maintain the union at all costs."

Remember this was long before Martin had ever come to Scotland.

Martin was a very able journalist. After he came to live here, Martin returned to the trade for a while providing copy for papers like the *Inverness Courier*, *Ross-shire Journal* and the *Highland News*. He focused on human interest stories. These are built on fighting the corner of the distressed wee guy, faced with the apparently uncaring bureaucracy of the large organisations. To Martin that was the point of journalism. His efforts were recognised by the Highlands and Islands media and press awards. Although I managed to find out what Australian and Welsh academics thought of Martin's work, in preparation for today, I haven't managed to find anyone associated with the press awards who can remember which year Martin won. The awards are presented at the Highlands and Islands Press Ball, an event which, it has to be said, can and often does impair memory.

Poem 'Thrapple Douse'

written by Jim Mackintosh and read by Alexander Thomson

the mair Ah vote the thirstier Ah become
 tae soothe ma thrapple and aye maun
 see the Scotland o ma hert's desire
 wi sperklin tides and independent fire

the mair Ah dream the thirstier Ah become
 tae quench ma passion in freedom's sun
 an settle stappit oan the skimming sounds
 wi ma pals fae yon supposed foreign launds

nae mair tug o war, or falsehood fears
 fechtin ower a shriveled thistle's tears
 but tae treat it gently, like a precious gem
 nurtured sweetly, and passed tae them

the bairns o oor tomorrows, incessant blaze
 in their een, though which Ah contented gaze
 oan a future, ane o guid times an success
 whaur aabody is thocht o nothing less

nae matter whaur they marked a cross
 tae douse their thrapple, nae fir a loss
 o transient joy, wrapped in politics
 but haun in haun in a befriended mix

ane voice o the fowks wha matter
 thon band o grafters, ower the scatter
 no left ahent by greed or poverty
 but staunin prood o a nation's liberty

'Martin the Historian'

by David Alston

I was honoured to learn that Martin had asked that I speak at any commemoration held after his death. I can only wish that it was an honour which had been postponed to a later date.

Martin and Frieda came to Cromarty in 1992 when Frieda became the custodian of the Hugh Miller Birthplace Museum, while I was curator of Cromarty Courthouse Museum. We were all engaged in the recovery and promotion of Cromarty's history and heritage – and through that in the wider regeneration of Cromarty, still then a place of derelict buildings and, at times, an air of decay.

Looking back, what I find remarkable, is just how quickly Martin recognised the significance of Hugh Miller – someone he had never heard of until coming to the town. In 1993, little more than a year later, he published (through the Courthouse) *The Legend of Hugh Miller*. For fourteen years, until the publication of Mike Taylor's *Hugh Miller* in 2007, it was the only available life of Miller in print.

The republication of Miller's *My Schools and Schoolmasters* in the same year, 1993, and of *Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland* in 1994, both by the small publishing house B&W, only happened because the Miller Museum and the Courthouse Museum both agreed to take a significant number of copies. Both had long been out of print and Martin knew that this was a significant step in re-establishing Miller's reputation.

In 1997 Martin developed research at the Courthouse on Miller's early journalism to write *A Noble Smuggler*, a selection of articles first published in the *Inverness Courier* – who, fittingly, published Martin's book.

Martin was a key figure in all that happened for 2002 before, during and after the celebrations of the bicentenary of the birth of Hugh Miller – including the children's opera, in which every pupil in the primary school took part; the Hugh Miller Trail and interpretive panels around Cromarty; the Emigration Stone on which the eminent carver Richard Kindersley inscribed a sentence from Miller's journalism, describing the departure of an emigrant ship, the *Cleopatra*; a specially brewed Hugh Miller beer, sold at the Cottage; and, most important of all, the development of the expanded Hugh Miller Birthplace Cottage and Museum which re-opened in 2004 and incorporated the cottage, Miller House, the garden and later Miller's Yard with its striking sculpture by Helen Dennerly. Alongside this were two properties – Paye House and Lydia Cottage – as holiday accommodation. They have together become a central feature of the attractiveness of Cromarty to locals and visitors – and one of the principal ways in which Hugh Miller is presented to a modern audience.

2002 was also the culmination of a series of three conferences organised by the Cromarty Arts Trust in association with the National Trust for Scotland and the National Museums of Scotland. These were *Hugh Miller: the Cromarty Years* held here in 2000; *Hugh Miller: the Edinburgh Years*, held in 2001; and in October 2002 an international bicentenary conference held in Cromarty, with 42 contributors.

Martin spoke at the first of these on '*Hugh Miller and the Inverness Courier: Writing that shaped public opinion*'. Listening to Martin's contribution is something that I still recall – long after I have, to be honest, forgotten most of the others. Sitting in the upper room of the Stables I was struck by the fact that here was a journalist, Martin, talking about a fellow journalist, Miller, to whom he related as a colleague. There was an immediacy, a relationship. There was much on which they did not agree but Martin respected Miller. For both them, journalism was the trade in which they had honed their skills and established their values. And I think that respect, across the centuries, for a colleague is at the core of what Martin achieved for Miller and for Cromarty.

With the NTS facing financial problems, Martin took redundancy but used that as the opportunity to found and run the *Friends of Hugh Miller* about which Bob Davidson will speak.

We are gathered today in the Church of St Regulus. I would like to end this tribute at the older St Regulus, the secluded chapel-site and burial ground above the town loved by Miller and by Martin and Frieda.

Martin's last work was the railings on the path to the burial ground and to the grave of Miller's daughter Eliza.

One seventeenth-century stone there has an unusual carving of a crossed sceptre and spade and a crossed turf-cutter and spade - the sceptre as a symbol of power and wealth; the gravedigger's tools as a symbol of both mortality and of manual labour. And there is an inscription;

*In death no difference is made
Betwixt the sceptre and the spade.*

I think that Martin would have wanted to add that in life, too, no difference is or should be made 'betwixt the sceptre and the spade'.

The inscription on number of other stones begins in the traditional way: HERE LYES AN HONEST MAN. It reminds me of, and I end with, some lines from Robert Burns. From his '*Epitaph on My Own Friend*'. They are words particularly fitting in this gathering of Martin's friends, a gathering of people of many, often conflicting, beliefs and convictions. But Martin, like Miller, was at home with controversy.

Burns begins:

*Am honest man here lies at rest
As ere God with his image blest*

He ends:

If [for Martin it would have been a very big IF and almost certainly a NO]

*If there's another world, he lives in bliss
If there is none, he made the best of this.*

*Martin on the Leader during the Cruise of the
Betsey voyage in 2014*



'Martin the Friend of Hugh Miller'

by Bob Davidson

I can't remember exactly when I first met Martin, I should have written it down, Martin would have, being the instinctive journalist. Suffice to say it was almost 30 years ago on a visit to the National Trust for Scotland Hugh Miller's Birthplace Cottage Museum. We would meet up regularly on my frequent Cromarty visits and he and Frieda became firm friends over the years. By this time Martin had developed an infectious enthusiasm for Cromarty's famous son, Hugh Miller, the Victorian polymath, after reading Miller's book "*My Schools and Schoolmasters*".

This book was one of Martin's favourites as in his own words he was "gripped by the wild adventures of Miller's boyhood, his harsh toils as a stonemason and then his fossil discoveries, and his heroic efforts to make sense of them". Subsequently, Martin would frequently quote from Miller "Learn to make a right use of your eyes".

His enthusiasm for Miller's legacy and the museum led him, with the endless support from Frieda, to set up the *Friends of Hugh Miller* in 2006, a charity supporting the museum and promoting awareness of Miller heritage. He continued in a public facing NTS volunteer role until only 3 weeks ago and was our direct liaison with property manager Alix Powers Jones.

I joined the Friends in 2008 with the encouragement of Martin and our late founding chairman Professor Nigel Trewin and we now have around 130 members mostly in the UK but some as far afield as America and Australia. Martin was particularly proud of the fact that more than 20 of our members are direct descendants of Miller himself including our treasurer Sue Busby and patron, Stephanie Kulesza. Martin had a particularly close relationship with Stephanie's parents Henry and Marian McKenzie Johnston which led to the establishment of the Middleton Fund, a generous donation to NTS designed to secure the future of the Birthplace Cottage and Museum for Cromarty.

Following in the footsteps of Miller, Martin was also a journalist by vocation, always with a notebook and camera to hand and one of Martin's great achievements is the Journal *Hugh's News* for which he unfailingly wrote dozens of articles mostly themed around Miller and Cromarty. In fact, his journalist's tenacity brought about our only mildly cross words when the family of our late Chairman, Professor Nigel Trewin donated copies of one of Nigel's books to the museum shop. I was enlisted to deliver them and when I told Martin I had dropped them off, he ticked me off for missing a photo opportunity!

However Martin was a great friend and supporter and was instrumental in my name appearing on the 2018 New Years Honours List, an undertaking for which my family and myself are eternally grateful to him.

Martin's achievements through the *Friends* are many, including book publications, a highly successful writing competition and such is the quality of the website and *Hugh's News* he attracted an anonymous donation of £5000 to the *Friends* charity. He organized several Miller-themed events bringing national and international visitors to Cromarty. This culminated in a major and hugely successful earth science conference in 2017 which Martin almost missed - only being released from hospital the day before, but despite being quite frail he managed to participate.

In closing I have to say on behalf of the *Friends* that his loss is a staggering blow, his editor and secretary seat will be hard to fill, more than one replacement will be required. His final achievement is a timely one. Through Martin's relentless fund raising the new railing to improve visitor access to St Regulus church yard where Hugh's daughter, Eliza is buried, was completed 2 months ago and is due to be officially opened in September. Apart from raising the funds he oversaw the design and project managed everything.

For me, and hopefully others, this will serve in some way as a lasting memorial to our dear friend, and colleague, Martin Gostwick.

Poem 'Old is Tomorrow'

written by Jim Mackintosh and read by Alexander Thomson

You can see it clearly, if you allow yourself, to breathe out
for the briefest of moments away from the grub
that befuddles our imagination, the digital bleed of information.

life itself is a school

and Nature

always a fresh study

layers of past generations

mulch of past milleniums

the openings, the chasms

the marks of ancient furrows

successive soils laid bare in stratified gravel, moraines of memory unpicked

by him, to be scooped up, understood – learning

the memorial of time, a clock ticking past our fragile existence barely

a thin layer of history visible, relevant – brushed

by the frequent eddy of tides where humanity shifted along the shore

and in that shallow glimpse of our past, man

emptied his mouth of gravel and found the plough to till his story.

and that the man

who keeps his eyes

and his mind open

will always find fitting

How long have we stumbled and understood nothing? Not him.

He walked with a steady pace: noticed the difference,

even a section of a few feet, our two lines of pointless text message lost

where in that time he would find an archipelago

of islands, brushed by frequent icebergs, and the lift of creatures

sub-arctic molluscs, sand floods, a belief

in all that's left under our feet, belongs in our minds, in our imaginations

though it may be

hard schoolmasters

to speed him

on his lifelong education

I am sure of this – Hugh Miller's stride was unbroken, in seeing our story.

His footprints apparent today in the unravelling

of our tomorrows, the unfurling coil of our layers, the unlocking of ourselves

to place fresh words on the shelf next to his.

Note: The words in bold are the last four lines from Hugh Miller's *My Schools and Schoolmasters*.

ST REGULUS RAILING COMPLETED!

12th June 2021

This notice announces that The Friends of Hugh Miller project known to us as "Eliza's Path," namely the ornamental railing and new groundwork laid beside it at the St Regulus Burial Ground, Cromarty, has been installed, and is now available for public use and enjoyment.

We, the Friends management committee, want here to acknowledge and give the most enormous thanks to those who have so generously donated towards the £16,000 cost of this facility, which is primarily intended to both improve access to the graveyard for the elderly and infirm and to enhance the experience for visitors and locals alike of this beautiful, tranquil place.

We express our gratitude primarily to those bodies which in addition to ourselves funded this amenity, namely The Highland Council and the Hugh Fraser Foundation, and to some 20 very generous individual donors. We also acknowledge the Cromarty Estate's agreement to the installation.

We thank LDN Architects of Forres for their original drawings, and are especially indebted to bespoke blacksmith Sam Barlow of Mooreworks, Lairg for his amended elegant design, and construction of the galvanised steel railing with fine artwork, and to Martin Gill of Avoch for the path's firm new gravel surface.

The Friends of Hugh Miller committee extend a warm welcome to all, including donors, members of FOHM and the local community and Cromarty elected representatives, to attend the opening ceremony for Eliza's Path at St Regulus' Burial Ground, Cromarty, on Sunday 12th September 2021 at 2pm. Our patron, Hugh Miller's three times great-granddaughter Stephanie Kulesza, has kindly agreed to say a few words on behalf of Hugh and Lydia's daughter Eliza and the family's descendants.

As Martin's last and arguably most ambitious project, the committee will be dedicating the path to Martin at the opening ceremony. Our chairman, Bob Davidson, will lead a short tour of the graveyard to reveal more about the fascinating history and stories connected with the locality. Do come along and join us to remember Martin and honour his commitment to his local community and of course to Hugh Miller and his family.

Please note: we urge attendees to observe COVID-19 precautions of social distancing and face masks in what is a fairly small open space. .

"ELIZA'S PATH" - THE FULL STORY

AN IMMORTAL LITTLE GIRL

By Martin Gostwick

It has been a long road to make a short path. it is a journey which has touched many hearts. And it is a story about a little girl whose memory should never die. Her name: Eliza Logan Miller.

The path is a new landmark we in The Friends of Hugh Miller have unofficially named "Eliza's Path," consisting of an elegant, ornamental railing, on relaid ground at the ancient St Regulus Burial Ground, situated on Cromarty Hill on the eastern outskirts of the town. It is fitting for such a sacred site. It is soft in line, strong in form, and flows gracefully like a gentle wave up the steep slope to the tombs.

This Friends of Hugh Miller project really began all of 30 years ago, with the National Trust for Scotland's appointment of Mrs Frieda Gostwick to look after Hugh Miller's Birthplace



Guest house owners Alasdair and Christine Matheson (first and third from left) are among the first to try out the new railing with Martin and Frieda Gostwick for The Friends of Hugh Miller

Cottage, and Frieda's own mission to revive the reputation of the great geologist and writer.

Eliza's tragic, rapid death of a fever aged just under 17 months old (28th November 1837 - 25th April 1839) has to count as a relatively minor episode in her father's tumultuous life. He and his wife Lydia went on to have four more children, yet she has left a lasting mark in Cromarty's history.

In the 1990s Frieda began the journey, going up to Eliza's grave to tend it at regular intervals, and leaving a bowl of assorted flowers. This was definitely not in her NTS job description, since it lies not on Trust property, but on the grounds of the Cromarty Estate. The trudge up that steep gradient was always a voluntary act, but she felt compelled by Miller's own account of his and Lydia's tragic loss when she found it in his autobiography, *My Schools and Schoolmasters*.

She continued to preserve Eliza's memory after ill-health forced her early retirement in year 2000, ensuring that her story would feature in Miller House, the new museum the Trust was then planning next door to the Cottage.

LYDIA'S CAUSE

Miller House also presented a new opportunity to highlight the key role of Eliza's mother, Lydia Falconer Fraser, for which her great great granddaughter, the late Marian McKenzie Johnston, and her husband Henry had long campaigned. They collaborated with Black Isle-based historian Elizabeth Sutherland to publish a major biography establishing her as a substantial author in her own right.

Lydia is the centre of attention in the Miller House "family parlour," situated in what had actually been the Millers' sitting room. Her portrait, aged 22 and in love hangs over the fireplace. Her musical talent is reflected in folksong-inspired piano music. Albums carry memoirs of the family's three momentous years there, including Eliza's tragic fate.

Upstairs, in one of the two rooms where Miller studied his fossil collection, Frieda installed a window box of spring flowers such as Eliza herself had loved, with interpretation telling how the infant girl used to look out and wave to her father as he returned from work at the local bank.



Above: Eliza's headstone

Below: Eliza's headstone in the graveyard

Facing page:

Top left: Marian McKenzie Johnston - direct descendant

Top middle: Lillemor Jernqvist - Eliza's champion

Top right: Tombs among the trees

Facing page:

Bottom left: Macabre status symbols

Bottom middle: Urquhart heraldic shield

Bottom right: Wild rose motif





The effects of these artefacts on two visitors, a retired couple from Stirling, retired child psychologist Lillemor Jernqvist, and her partner, Derek Lancaster-Gaye, were to have great rewards for the Museum and the Miller family which are still with us today.

Lillemor recalled how she was filled with curiosity when she saw the flower box perched somewhat precariously on a window ledge high up on a Miller House gable end. She remembered "There was also in the Parlour a copy on a clothes horse of the dress Lydia wore in her portrait, and a studio portrait of their four other children. Lydia I saw as a woman just like me who had experienced love and joy, but also great sadness and I realised what a devoted family man Hugh was."

From then on, the couple revisited the Museum for several years and struggled to climb Cromarty Hill to leave flowers for Eliza. They contributed handsomely with other donors to conservation work on it in 2015.

Lillemor's greatest contribution to Lydia's cause, was to choose her to be one of the 100 great Scotswomen featured on three great plaques in the Scottish Parliament. Her romantic dedication reads: "*The only surviving picture of her is a portrait of a young woman in love.*" Lillemor appears in the permanent *Travelling the Distance* digital exhibition about the plaques at Holyrood, pictured at her request beside Eliza's grave.

Sadly, her own declining health eventually made it impossible for her to reach the grave, as did Frieda Gostwick's similar loss of mo-



bility. Their misfortune did, however, cause the Friends to undertake the "Eliza's Path" project. We *had* to improve the access to the site somehow to give the chance for all the less ambient to reach and enjoy this historic, tranquil spot..

Several features of the 16-metre long railing are especially pleasing. One is the curvilinear shapes of the rails, especially the inward incline from vertical of the top rail. They are made of mild galvanised steel, with a sober black-paint finish appropriate to a burial site. They have already proved their worth functionally with the top rail smooth and easy on the hand.

The artistic merit lies the dog rose motif in the balusters (supports), a wild flower much admired by Robert Burns and Hugh Miller alike, and chosen for its strong romantic associations in folklore with love and purity. It is also often found in medieval heraldry, which makes it appropriate at the ruins of a 14th Century clan chiefs' chapel. It both celebrates life and mourns death.

CREDITS

The Friends itself met a quarter of the £16,000 cost. Other principal funders were the House of Fraser Foundation with £2,000 for the improved access and educational value, and £1,000 from The Highland Council (Black Isle Ward Budget). Five individual donations were received of £500 each, nine of £100 or over, and five of £50; donations numbered some 21 in all.

Landscape architects LDN of Forres produced working drawings, later modified by the chosen contractor, bespoke blacksmith Sam Barlow of Mooreworks.co.uk (see other Works on his firm's website) and approved on behalf of Cromarty Estate by the landowner, John Nightingale. Highland Galvanisers, Elgin, treated the steel, and Sam Barlow assembled the sections at his workshop in Lairg, Sutherland. The new gravel path was laid by Martin Gill of Avoch.

We hope our members, like the public at large, will be able to enjoy this amenity on future visits to Cromarty, and take pride in a very tangible fruit of this charity's labours on behalf of the Miller family.



*Top:
Sam Barlow
Bottom: The ornamental
railing designed and built
by Sam*



NOTE FOR ALL MEMBERS:

OUR NEXT AGM WILL BE ONLINE

You are cordially invited to THE FRIENDS OF HUGH MILLER'S 15th Annual General Meeting. Due to the extenuating circumstances surrounding both COVID-19 and Martin Gostwick's death, we will hold the meeting virtually on Zoom for this year.

The AGM will take place on Thursday 30th September 2021 at 7pm BST. All members are warmly welcome to attend. Please email our chairman, Bob Davidson, at: bobgdavidson@aol.com if you are interested in attending, and a zoom link will be shared in advance of the meeting.

There will be reports from our Chairman, Treasurer, Membership Secretary and Events Coordinator, together with the election of the Management Committee. All the present members are standing for re-election.

We are actively seeking new members to join the Friends of Hugh Miller. We are particularly interested to hear from any member(s) who would like to join the Friends committee and help us build on Martin's extraordinary legacy.

Current committee:

Chair:	Bob Davidson
Interim Secretary:	Lara Reid (also new Editor of Hugh's News)
Treasurer:	Sue Rider Busby
Membership Secretary:	John Armstrong (with support from Stephanie Kulesza)
Fundraising Secretary:	Sidney Johnston
Events, social media and website content coordinator:	Gavin Berkenheger
Ordinary committee member:	Jim Mackintosh

THIRD TREWIN LECTURE ALL SET

Dino-color extravaganza: New Visions of a Lost World

Michael J. Benton - Professor of Vertebrate Palaeontology, University of Bristol

Twenty-five years ago, the first feathered dinosaur was reported, *Sinosauropteryx*. There has been a revolution in dinosaur palaeobiology since then, driven by thousands of amazing specimens from China plus new analytical methods. In 2010, we were among the first to develop a new analytical method to identify the colour of feathers, including the feathers of dinosaurs. Suddenly the ancient world came to life! Since then, the methods have been criticised, tested, and applied to many exceptional fossils of dinosaurs and birds, and the plumage colours and patterns reconstructed. These methods are scientific, meaning they can be tested (and so far they have withstood critical testing), and they make definite predictions about the colours of dinosaurs and other extinct animals. In a new collaboration, Mike Benton works with renowned palaeo-artist Bob Nicholls to bring to life 15 dinosaurs, birds and pterosaurs from all continents, and to show in detail how they looked in life. For the first time, we can believe what we see in the reconstruction, based on intimate study of skin, scales, and feathers of these ancient beasts. Mike and Bob's book '*Dinosaurs: New Visions of a Lost World*' is published in September 2021 by Thames & Hudson.



Professor Michael Benton FRS, FRSE

DETAILS OF MEETING: Professor Benton's talk will be given on **23rd September next at 6.30pm**. It will be delivered via Zoom. We expect many members and readers will want to attend. If you intend to do so, please notify the FOHM committee on: admin@thefriendsofhughmiller.org.uk to ensure you are sent the required link when we have it.

Professor Benton, FRS & FRSE, was awarded OBE for services to palaeontology in the birthday honours list.

Footprints

For Martin Gostwick, and Hugh Miller, geologist, 1802-1856

Martin faced a difficult period of ill-health around three years ago. The morning after I heard he had been rushed to hospital, I sat on the beach close to my home and thought of Martin, of how I might communicate to him how much he had contributed to my life in the short time I had known him. This is the poem I wrote, sitting on the sand surrounded by tides, that morning. I sent it to Martin in hospital - he responded in shaky handwriting to say how much it meant to him. It seems pertinent to share it here in his memory.

This is where my God resides
Safely embedded in deep time
Surrounded on three sides by tides;
I make my own footprints in age-old sand.
The jellyfish languish on the strandline;
Perfectly rounded stained-glass windows
Into multicellular souls.
A darkness of basalt cradles crystals
Along shores where eternity crumbles
And remakes itself anew;
Where time is a saviour and I snatch a glimpse
Of past, present and future.
Here, under a vaulted sky,
I will close my eyes, focus in
On sea sounds and the peewits' cry
And I will say hello and again goodbye
To those I have lost;
Whisper my regrets to those I have wronged;
And dare to hope for those I hold dear.
For this is where my God resides;
Here, beneath slanting rocks
And alongside beckoning tides.

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