

The Chronicles  
of the  
Caledonian Society  
of London

1837-1905



## The Chronicles of The Caledonian Society of London

**This volume is in two parts covering the years 1837-1890 and 1891-1905 respectively. The first of these parts is an abridged version of the content of the 1890 Chronicles. The main aim of this editing seems to have been to condense the text, largely by replacing the verbatim press reports of the original with short abstracts. One result was to remove much useful historic detail and records of speeches. All direct references to the 1839 formation date were removed and the photograph of the Gold Badge had its date altered to 1837 (probably from 1839) by retouching. For these reasons, any person wishing to address the pre-1890 history of the Society from its Chronicles is recommended to use the original 1890 edition and not this volume.**

**The Chronicles**  
of  
**The Caledonian Society**  
of **London**

**Part I., 1837-1890**

*By* **DAVID HEPBURN**

**Part II., 1891-1905**

*By* **JOHN DOUGLAS, F.S.A. (Scot.)**

Printed by  
**DAVID DAVIDSON, 9 BERNARD STREET, LEITH.**

## General Preface.

**T**HE Chronicles of the Caledonian Society of London, compiled by Mr David Hepburn, covered the period from the foundation of the Society in 1837 to 1890. The volume was issued, with a few exceptions, to members only and copies are not now available.

The Council has decided to reprint the volume in a new form, preserving Mr Hepburn's letterpress and giving abstracts of the various newspaper reports which were incorporated with the original text. The present volume is the result.

The history of the Society is gradually being brought up to date and a further section, edited by Mr John Douglas, F.S.A. (Scot.), forms Part II. of this volume. This second part covers the period from 1891 to 1905. It is intended that succeeding volumes will complete the Chronicles, and periodical issues afterwards will preserve the continuity of the Records of the Society.

*April, 1923.*

*DEDICATION OF PART I.*

*To*

THE MEMBERS

*of*

THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY OF LONDON

THESE CHRONICLES

ARE CORDIALLY DEDICATED BY

THEIR PRESIDENT

DAVID HEPBURN.

## Preface to Part I.

**I**N introducing this little volume to the notice of the Members of The Caledonian Society of London, I feel it incumbent upon me to state that it must in no way be looked upon as an attempt to present a complete history of the Society. With the limited amount of recorded matter now extant this would be impossible. My jottings, however, such as they are, will serve to connect the past with the present, and tell somewhat of the early doings of the Society and those associated with it in bygone days.

That many names and facts are omitted there can be little doubt, but memory and tradition having both alike at times failed me, these shortcomings must be overlooked. The Chronicles have mostly been written during the wee sma' hours ; so if the diction be now and then a wee bit hazy and unclassic, may it be gently criticised.

The hours thus spent have been hours of real enjoyment to me, and if the perusal of the following pages afford even a small amount of pleasure to my brother Caledonians, at whose hands I have received so much kindness and consideration, I shall feel amply rewarded for my self-imposed task.

D. H.

9. PORTLAND PLACE, W.

May 1st, 1890.

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# The Chronicles of the Caledonian Society of London.

## CHAPTER I.

**H**ALF A CENTURY implies a lengthy period of time to look back upon, and as I take up my pen to compile this small volume, I for once am forced to regret that my years do not enable me to claim this goodly record of five decades as my own. If it were so, memory would supply much that should be told in these pages. As it is, I am dependent for such information as I record upon traditions, scant archives, and chit-chat, kindly volunteered by those of riper years than myself.

If fifty years be a testing period in the life of an individual, so it is in the history of any collection of individuals.

The Caledonian Society of London has stood the test of time, and it is gratifying to know that now, in its fifty-second year, it continues to flourish, and that at no time in its history has it ever been found in a more prosperous condition than at the present date.

A certain halo of mystery surrounds the early beginnings of the Society, but from an authentic record it is clear that its first great Festival took place in the early part of 1838, at Beattie's Hotel, although the circumstances which actually brought Scotsmen in London together, with the laudable object of forming themselves into a National Society, arose and matured



early in the previous year. Thus synchronously with the accession of our present gracious and beloved Sovereign, Queen Victoria, the formation of this honourable Society was achieved.

Amongst its staunchest friends and promotors may be named John Boucher, Alexander Paterson, John Gordon of Knockespoek, Robert Hepburn, W. Menzies, G. Rose Innes, Michie Forbes Gray, Sir Charles Forbes, Bart., and Captain Lamont, R.N. But at that time its numbers appear to have been small, for, at the period of the Banquet already referred to, twelve members constituted the entire muster roll. What, however, was lacking in quantity was amply made up for by enthusiasm, and the young Society proved so attractive that soon many of the more cautious Scots, who had held aloof in the first instance, were only too ready to avail themselves of the privilege of membership.

The main objects of the Society were "to promote good fellowship and brotherhood, and to combine efforts for benevolent and national objects connected with Scotland, also to preserve the picturesque garb of Old Gaul." These objects were carried out to the letter, for, if all stories be true, the "good fellowship" not infrequently extended well into "the wee sma' hour ayont the twal'," while, at the same time, the Highland Schools, the Royal Caledonian Asylum, the Scottish Hospital, and many smaller charities benefited largely from the treasury of the Society.

That this good fellowship was never allowed to extend beyond wholesome limits may be gleaned from the following bye-law, extracted from an old minute book of that period, and which, from its antiquity and obsolescence, I venture to quote: "All persons who have been reported to the committee as having misconducted themselves at any of the general meetings of the Society, and who have on that account been declared by the committee unfit to associate with the members as a Society, cannot be again admitted to

any of the Society's meetings ;" and one melancholy entry shows that these were no idle words.

With regard to the last-named object of the Society, namely, the preservation of the garb of Old Gaul, the rigidity of our fathers was simply appalling. Evidently, in the case I am about to quote, no extenuating circumstances were taken into account. An unpardonable and heinous breach of the rules had been reported, and justice had to take its course. One of the body had sinned. The assembled committee evidently felt that, however painful the duty, it was one to be faced, and that unflinchingly, and the sterner aspect of the Scottish character asserted itself, demanding that the law should be adhered to to the very letter ; and so I find, in the old archive already referred to, the following " minute," at which tremble, modern councillors, as you read :

" The Committee then took into consideration the case of Mr so-and-so, a *member of Committee*, appearing at the dinner on the 30th November last without *The Dress*, when it was moved and agreed that the secretary should intimate to him that he had not complied with the ninth clause of the rules respecting general meetings, and had, therefore, forfeited his right to a seat at the board, and that his seat, therefore, be declared vacant." I will not harrow the feelings of my readers by picturing the delinquent, sitting in his lonely chamber awaiting the awful verdict, maybe fortifying his unstrung nerves with " a tumbler," and bemoaning the meagre anatomy of his lower extremities which may have brought this disgrace upon him. It would be too painful. Let us hope he lived it down and became a changed man.

Many things have changed in fifty years. Clause *nine*, whatever it was, no longer exists. Perhaps there is no longer the necessity for it, for the " garb of Old Gaul " grows more popular than ever, and we are ready to acknowledge how much the popularity of the Caledonian Society's gatherings of to-day depends upon

the presence of members in that costume to which Scotsmen are so warmly attached. I have said, things have changed in fifty years. It is difficult to realise this to its full extent. The "big city" now teems with Scotsmen, but in 1837, although scattered in considerable numbers, they were by no means so plentiful as they are to-day. Many, however, found their way to the great El Dorado in the hope of picking up something. Some picked up a good deal; others were not so fortunate, and were sent back by the Scottish Corporation to "whar they'd cam frae." The clannish feeling which knits Scotsmen together in all parts of the world was rife in London at that time, and two Societies, beyond the two great national charities, existed, namely, the Highland Society and, another, the Club of True Highlanders, which soon afterwards lapsed. Neither of these, however, met the wants of the average Caledonian in London, the first being too restrictive, and neither being sufficiently representative. The Caledonian Society of London, embracing as it did men from all parts of Scotland, came in to supply the want.

Open, generous, hospitable, and irrestrictive as it has always been, I cannot but think that in its early days it may have gone a little too far in this latter respect; for, on referring once more to my old archive, I find rather suspicious-looking entries such as this: "Mr so-and-so, an *Englishman*, was proposed and elected a member of the Society." Such entries are not infrequent, and by February, 1843, when, I regret to say, my record ceases, out of a total membership of forty-seven, the names of eight Englishmen and one Irishman occur on the list.

Whether or not this was wise policy, at this date it is impossible to say, but this is another of the things which have changed with years, for at the present time none but those of Scottish blood are under any circumstances admitted to membership, although the Society is proud at all times to receive and entertain gentlemen

of any nationality as its guests. Thus it maintains in its integrity its national character, which is its firmest mainstay and surest safeguard.

Beattie's Hotel, as already mentioned, claims the honour of having first sheltered the "Caledonians," but by the time its second great Banquet took place, the British Hotel, Charing Cross, was selected as offering greater accommodation. Radley's Hotel was also tried in turn. But the Society had become popular, and numbers thronged to its annual gatherings, which had no parallel in London, so that ere long the famous London Tavern became the scene of its festivities, and there many of the Society's greatest and most memorable meetings were held in those early times.

Verily there were giants in those days. What would a modern Caledonian say to a toast list such as this? I give an exact copy of that which was gone through on May the 11th, 1843. That some survived it there is no doubt, for its details are faithfully recorded in a clear round hand.

### List of Toasts.

RADLEY'S HOTEL, BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS,

11th May 1843.

The Queen, our Sovereign, and Prince Albert her Consort.

The Prince of Wales, Lord of the Isles.

The Queen Dowager and the rest of the Royal Family.

The Army and Navy.

The Land we live in.

The Land of the Shamrock.

The Land o' Cakes.

Prosperity to the Schools of Scotland.

The Garb of Old Gaul.

The Office Bearers.

The Chairman.

The Deputy-Chairman.

The Stewards.

The Ladies.

The Secretary.

Fifteen toasts in all, without extras. It is grandly comprehensive.

It is difficult, at this distant date, to form an adequate conception of those qualities which severally distinguished the earlier members of this Society, but it would appear that up to a certain period Mr Boucher was one of the most prominent, if not the leading, spirit in matters both business and social. A Scotsman, genial and enthusiastic and gifted with a faculty for organisation, he heartily devoted his talents and energies to the furtherance of the welfare of the Society. There still remain with us some, alas! too few, who knew this gentleman personally, and all concur in this, that the successful stand taken by the Society in its infancy was in great measure due to the untiring effort of this Caledonian.

The dignified title of "President" does not appear to have existed while the Society was still in short clothes (this is metaphorical, I do not refer to its distinguishing costume), but various gentlemen discharged the duties of leader under the less pretentious title of "Chairman," amongst these Mr Boucher, Captain Lamont, Mr Wylie, Mr Robert Hepburn, Professor Cull, F.S.A., of the Ethnological Society, and a well-known philologist, while several gentlemen seem from time to time to have held office as Honorary Secretary for longer or shorter periods. Among these were Mr J. Gordon, Mr G. Rose Innes, Mr Low, and Mr Michie Forbes Gray; but doubtless all lent a hand, as occasion required, to keep the boat afloat half a century ago. Yes, good fifty years have passed away. No longer do Caledonians slither down the slippery mud of Holborn Hill on their way to social or business meetings, because time has levelled away even that reminder of Northern declivities along with many other things. No longer do the sons of the North journey to the great Metropolis in cramped smacks, or on stage coaches, because well-fitted steamers and "The Flying Scotsman" supply the place of these primitive methods of locomotion. Maybe some still plod their way on foot, chawing

speldrons, tougher than the soles of their worn-out boots, as they turn the scant bawbees in their pouches, and arrive to begin the great struggle, with little more than an empty oatmeal bag as their stock-in-trade. But in whatever way they come, and they come in ever-increasing numbers, they bring along with them at least one grand possession, that is their love and pride for the country which gave them birth, an inheritance common to all Scotsmen, and one which, if cherished, spurs them on to honourable achievements, and lends them a distinctive character in whatever quarter of the globe they may be located.

One of the last entries in the old archive already quoted from, and which brings us up to May, 1843, refers to a matter which proved to be of the greatest importance to the Society, namely, the election of Mr Michie Forbes Gray as Honorary Secretary, but much reference will have to be made later on to the influence which this leal Caledonian exerted for the welfare of the Society. It is also interesting to note that Mr Morrison, a future Vice-President, and the father of a President (Mr W. T. Morrison), became a Member about this date. Thus, recording one of the links which unite us with the past, I conclude my summary of those early bygone days of the Society's history.



## CHAPTER II.

THE proceedings of the Society during the next two or three years are veiled in obscurity, as far as authentic details are concerned, but we know, on traditional authority, that it continued to grow and prosper, increasing in numbers and doing much good work. The "Chairmen" seem to have been elected for short periods, and then to have been re-elected as occasion demanded. One fact is recorded, on reliable authority, and it clearly shows the efficient state at which the Society had arrived, namely, that at the Annual Banquet, held at "The London Tavern," in 1844, no fewer than 140 gentlemen and 72 ladies were present.

It is an old boast that to the Caledonian Society of London belongs the honour of having first initiated the good custom of inviting ladies to sit at table at public banquets, but the exact date of the introduction of this excellent innovation is uncertain.

And now, in casting about for information, I seize greedily upon an old family scrap book. Dusty, stained, and venerable it has grown, but it contains many cuttings from old newspapers, and I think I cannot do better than reprint all those which refer to our Society, as they occur, in chronological order.

Mr Hepburn takes from the scrap book a newspaper cutting of 1845 or 1846, which is headed "Seventh Anniversary." It relates that the annual Festival of the Society was celebrated on Thursday evening, the month is not given) at the London Tavern, and states that "Like its neighbour the Royal Highland School Society, it deserves the encouragement and assistance of all who value the blessings of education, which is so liberally bestowed by its benevolence throughout the Highlands and Isles of Scotland."

Among those present in Highland costume were:—Robert Hepburn, Esq. (the President); Captain Charles Forbes, Esq.; George Bain, Esq.; James Davidson, Esq.; John Boucher, Esq. (the Vice-President); W. Shand Low, Esq. (the Hon. Secretary); John Murray, Esq.; — Gray, Esq.; — Patterson, Esq.; Professor Cull, etc. Among the gentlemen present we observed Captain Lamont, R.N.; Charles Landseer, Esq.; the Rev. Mr Redpath; John Mouatt, Esq.; John Murray, Esq.; James Wylie, Esq., etc. Ladies were present. The President was marshalled to the chair by the stewards, headed by Mr Angus Mackay, Her Majesty's piper.

The Royal toasts and that of "The Army and Navy" were proposed by the President, and Captain Forbes replied for the Services.

"The Land we Live in" was given by the Vice-President and responded to by Mr Shand Low.

"The Health of the President" was proposed by Mr Murray.

The Vice-President gave "Land of Cakes" and Professor Cull proposed "The Royal Highland Society and the Scottish Hospital." For the former Mr Thompson, Honorary Secretary, replied, and for the latter Major Adair.

Mr Wylie gave "The Caledonian Asylum" and Captain Forbes returned thanks.

"The Highland Society" was given from the Chair and Mr George Bain replied, and proposed "Success and Prosperity to the Caledonian Society of London."

The President eloquently gave "The Memory of Burns."

The programme shows that Mr Sinclair sang "Auld Lang Syne," that Miss Birch and Miss Luscombe contributed songs, the former creating a furore; that Mr Guinness's orchestra discoursed excellent music, and that a reel was danced by Captain Forbes, Messrs George Bain, James Davidson, and Bruce, and the sword dance by Mr Davidson. For these dances the King's piper gave the music, and, says the report: "We cannot forbear expressing an opinion of admiration at the very splendid and unique Highland garb in which this gentleman appeared. For a combination of taste with splendour (the splendour subservient to taste) we never saw it excelled."



1847.

From the *Illustrated London News* of 19th June, and the *Sun* of 21st June, 1847, Mr Hepburn took reports of the Festival of that year.

The gathering was in the London Tavern, on Friday, 18th June, and Mr Robert Hepburn, President, was in the chair.

Among those present were:—Mr John Boucher, Vice-President; Mr B. Bond Cabbell, M.P.; Captain Charles Forbes; Captain Allen; Captain Middleton; Captain Kerret; Captain H. Smith; Captain Brett; Professor Cull; Rev. Mr Fisher; Rev. Mr Redpath; Dr Bury; Messrs Rose, Hastie, Burnie, Low, Ross, Marsden, George Bain, hon. sec., Highland Society; Mackie, Secy., Royal Highland School Society; Hector Rose, J. Murray, Mowatt, Wylie, Gray, Patterson, Maclure, Johnston, Paterson.

The company numbered 150, the Guinness orchestra was again engaged, Miss Birch and her sister gave splendid service with Scottish songs, the Queen's piper and the boy pipers of the Caledonian Asylum supplied the bagpipe music, and we are told that "the galleries were filled with elegantly-dressed ladies." The Royal and Service toasts were given from the chair, and these were followed, also from the chair, by "The Caledonian Society of London," and in giving the toast of the Society Mr Hepburn eloquently spoke of the fervour with which they loved their native land. "Dear to us," he said, "is the recollection of the patriotic deeds of our ancestors when in troublesome times they were called upon to support the cause of conscience and of liberty; and dearer still to us that lovely little spot in the bright green valley beneath which slumbers in death the ashes of our fathers."

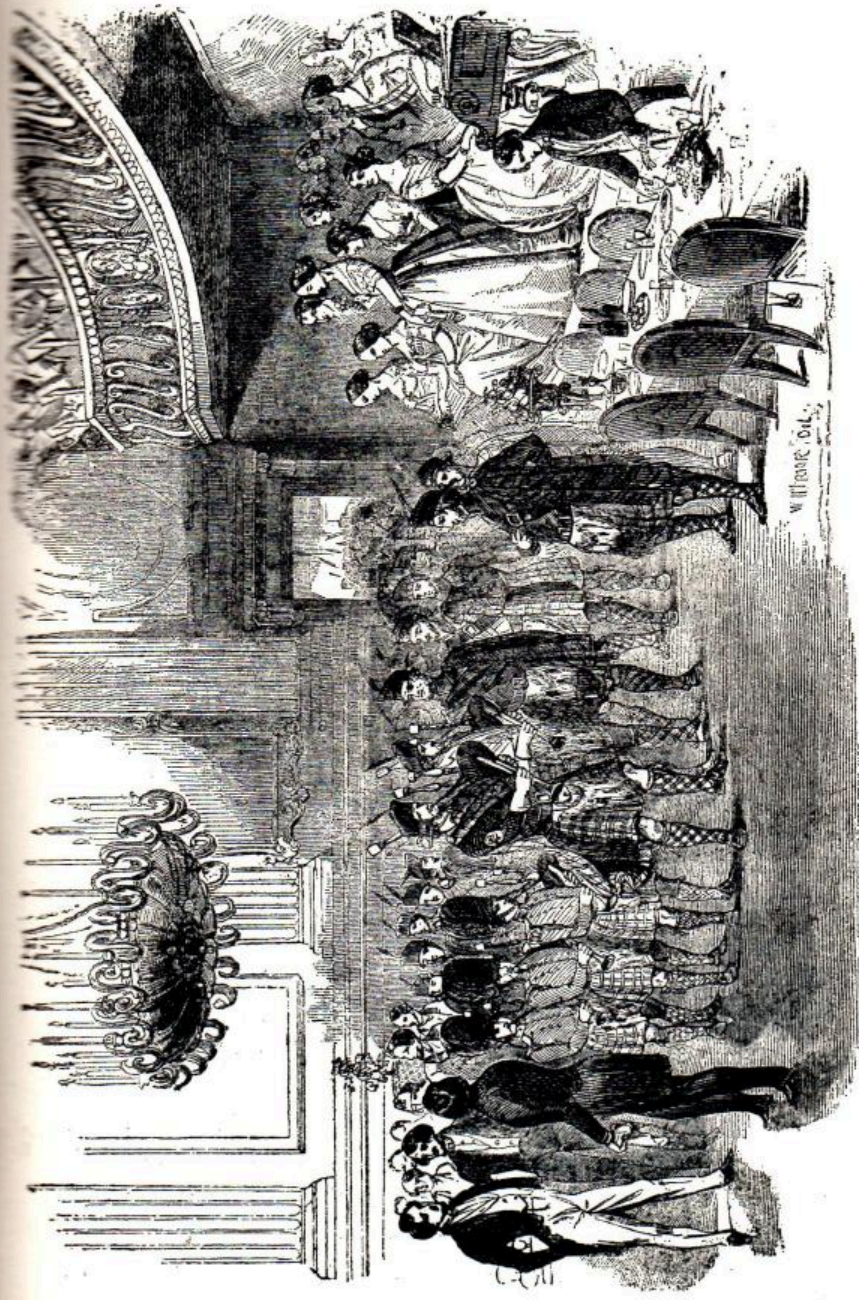
Again the Chairman gave a toast "Prosperity to Scottish Institutions in London." For the Caledonian Asylum, Captain Charles Forbes replied, and Mr Mackie for the Royal Highland School Society.

"The Rose, the Thistle, and the Shamrock" was given by the Vice-President.

The Vice-President also gave "The Pipe and the Banner," which, interpreted, meant the Band Committee of the Caledonian Asylum. Mr Hector Rose replied.

Mr Wylie proposed "The Health of Mr Cabbell, M.P.," and Mr Cabbell replied.





THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY, JUNE 19TH, 1847 (*Illustrated London News*).  
THE COMPANY ENTERING THE BANQUETING HALL, PRECEDED BY HER MAJESTY'S PIPER MACKAY, AND THE JUVENILE BAND OF THE CALEDONIAN ASYLUM.

## CHAPTER III.

**H**ITHERTO all appears to have gone merrily as a marriage bell. Large profits seem to have accrued from the balls given by the Society, by means of which the various Scottish Charities reaped rich harvests.

Old Caledonians of that date recall the pleasant evenings spent in each other's company, and as they fight their battles over again, set us thinking what has come over the race, that we modern ones break up our sittings at the stroke of ten, and only on rare occasions are allowed, by some indulgent President, an extra half-hour.

But the tide was not destined always to run smoothly, and little ripples of discord arose, which anon swelled into bigger waves of dissension, and a cold, chilling wind sprang up, bringing with it disaster and storm. The Society, for reasons which it is not advisable here to detail, found itself in debt and in difficulty. Another Daniel arose in the form of a new Society, calling itself the "Scottish Society," and faint-hearted members, taking alarm, dropped off and enrolled themselves under this new banner.

But the twenty who remained true to their old love attled bravely against their troubles, and once

more the horizon cleared, and these staunch and true men had the satisfaction, a few years later, of seeing the parent Society placed by their exertions on a sure foundation which no subsequent trials have succeeded in shaking.

Records of this period are scarce, but I am led to believe that no pleasanter evenings than those enjoyed by the then small Society have ever been spent. These re-unions were held in the Craven Hotel, Covent Garden. Each individual member had the interests of the Society at heart, and their difficulties and troubles seem only to have knit them more closely together. Many a distinguished guest counted it an honour to be admitted to their companionship, and amongst these, Colonel Burns, one of the sons of the immortal bard, I am told, partook of their hospitality, and entering into the spirit of the evening, delighted his hearers by giving a charming rendering of one of his father's favourite songs, "O' a' the airts the wind can blaw." Such reminiscences are most pleasing. The cosy evenings at Craven's Hotel are things of the past, but it is gratifying to know that the same hearty feeling of good-fellowship has descended, and that its genial influence reigns amongst the Caledonians of to-day.

At this period, the great Annual Gathering of the Society does not appear to have been held on a fixed day, as at the present time, although the anniversary of Burns' birthday was chosen on various occasions.

The Memory of Sir Walter Scott was toasted (in 1848 or 1849). Mr Robert Hepburn, the President, said he remembered the Theatrical Fund Dinner in Edinburgh in 1827 when the mystery of the authorship of the Waverley Novels was solved. On that occasion they drank to the health of Sir Walter Scott; to-day they drank to his memory.

Let us drink to his memory, not in sorrow or in sadness, but in all the plenitude of joy, rejoicing that Caledonia gave him birth; drink to his

memory, as the man who has made our country no longer obscure, but has opened up to other nations all her grand internal beauties ; as the man who has drawn down upon our ancestors their admiration for their glorious struggles for independence : as the man who has given to Scotland an imperishable name.

From this date onwards, up to 1853, little can be learned of the doings of the Caledonian Society, but one thing is certain, that its members never relaxed their endeavours to clear their Society from the debt which hampered its action, and establish it on a firm and lasting footing. This, be it said to their honour and credit, was eventually accomplished, and was celebrated by a memorable social re-union, an account of which appeared in the *Morning Advertiser*. This notice was copied into the *Banffshire Journal* of 8th February, 1853. From this notice it appears that the Society held then, as it always has, several " Banff loons," and one of these stated that " the Caledonian Society is receiving the best proof of the estimation in which it is held by the numerous and increasing applications for membership." Its Annual Ball, in aid of its funds, and its Festival form two very attractive features in the Metropolitan season ; and its numerous re-unions throughout the year for social purposes constitute it one of the most desirable Societies for Scotsmen in London.

A *conversazione* of this Society was held at the residence of Robert Hepburn, Esq., Davies Street, Berkeley Square, for many years President of that Society, on Friday evening last, which, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather during the day, was attended by upwards of seventy gentlemen, members of the Society and friends of the host.

The drawing-room suite of apartments presented a very picturesque appearance. Highland relics and ornaments of the richest character were displayed, the tables were covered with books on the antiquities, history, and dress of the Highlanders, the most conspicuous of which were two splendidly-bound volumes of the clans. In strong and striking contrast to the more costly relics of antiquity and art, it was pleasing to observe on one of the tables, which was covered with a profusion of attractive gems, a small collection of hose, socks, and other articles woven by the inhabitants of the northern regions, and sent by Mr Charles Bond, the Secretary of the Highland Patriotic Society. The substantial workmanship of these articles were often commented upon by the respective guests while they scanned over the interesting articles strewed around the apartments ; but a lady's lace scarf, wrought

in the Orkneys, commanded most attention. These specimens of Scottish industry and talent were sent from their London Industrial Relief Depot, 196 Piccadilly, which has been opened for the sale of articles manufactured in the Highlands and Isles of Scotland, and where a variety of hosiery, shirts, plaids, hand-wove cloth for kilts and trowsering, are exposed for sale.

After refreshments Mr Hepburn proposed that Mr George Bain, Secretary of the Highland Society of London, should take the chair, while the respective secretaries of the Scotch charities of London addressed the company on behalf of their institutions.

Mr M. F. Gray, for many years Secretary of the Society, and its oldest member, gave an interesting account of the origin and progress of the Society. He said that in 1837 he had the pleasure of dining with the members of the Highland Society, and the members of the Society of True Highlanders; and in talking over matters with several of his acquaintances, they came to the conclusion that something was wanting—a Society that might have similar objects to the two named, “but confined as much as possible to the class called the middle;” to have membership open to all men from all parts of Scotland; to make it in short a really Scottish institution. Mr Boucher was asked to frame rules, but these with the early minutes, Mr Gray lamented, were no longer in existence. The original rules had been departed from in at least two particulars. “The first was with reference to our President, who it was determined at all times, and at all official meetings of the Society, should be one of ourselves.” This rule, however, exists in fact. “The second abandoned rule” was at the time one of the most important objects of the Society, viz., of appropriating the surplus proceeds of the Society to the encouragement of education in Scotland, by sending prizes to parochial schools for competition at the annual examinations. The Disruption in the “Church of Scotland, however, sent its baneful effects to London,” disagreement was evident amongst the members, the rule was abandoned, and “one substituted in its place, which gave great satisfaction at the time, and which I believe does so still, viz., *the furtherance of the Scottish Charitable Institutions in London, and other objects of charity connected with Scotland.*”

The Society (as disclosed by Mr Gray’s speech) had its ups and downs. One period of remissness left the members with a deficiency of £300, but with true Caledonian grit they faced it, elected Mr Hepburn president, wiped out the deficiency, maintained the “credit, honour, and respectability of the Society,” met the opposition of a new Scottish Society which Mr Gray likened to a larger barque in which dry rot set in “in every plank, and being deserted as unseaworthy, and has since been broken up.”

In dealing with the finances of the Society Mr Gray made a most interesting statement, that in addition to clearing off the £300 of debt, over £400 was disbursed between 1847 and 1853, and that great pleasure and gratification was given by the appropriating of a portion of the money “to the fitting out and putting forth to the world of the family of William Thom, the Inverurie poet,” the author of “The Mitherless Bairn.” “But for our timely aid (said Mr Gray) the ‘mitherless bairns’ might have been wandering the streets of London in destitution.” He concluded by saying that the Scottish charities of London had received through the Caledonian Society many fresh subscribers.

Major Adair (Secretary of the Scottish Hospital) was then invited to address the meeting. He gave a very interesting account of the origin of the Scottish Hospital, which, like the other Scottish Societies, originated with

a few members, whose first care was to prevent any of their countrymen in London from becoming burdensome on the parish, and for the establishment of a burial fund. (During the days of Elizabeth there were few Scotsmen in London, but after the accession of King James numbers of the Scots crowded to the Metropolis.) He then described the progress which the Society had made, the number of persons relieved, and the considerable sum expended in granting occasional relief to poor Scotsmen, whom they not only succoured, but also sent back at the Society's expense to their respective families. The Major concluded, urging the claims of the Society on the people of Scotland, and in very handsome terms acknowledged the grant of pecuniary support which the Society had received from the Caledonian Society of London, and the interest and effect which their presence as a body always imparted to their festivals.

Mr Charles Mackie, Secretary of the Royal Highland School Society, was next called upon, who delivered an essay on Highland history and education, commencing with the legendary history of Scotland, as far back as the year of the world 2453, giving an interesting account of the introduction of the religion of Noah, which afterwards merged into Druidism, and the superstitions, the rites, and ceremonies of that once powerful sect. The arrival of Columba and his twelve followers from Ireland, then landing in the Hebride Isles, and settlement in Iona in 563. Mr Mackie stated that Columba was the first Christian schoolmaster in Scotland, and consequently the founder of Highland education. He read some passages in the history of the holy man, displaying his attachment to little children, whom he carried in his bosom. He then traced the great progress of religion and learning from the lifetime of Columba, and gave some interesting particulars respecting the time-honoured relics of Iona. In after ages, he noticed the introduction of the Saxon language by Malcolm III., and the great exertions of James I. of Scotland to civilise and reform his subjects. He was the founder of parish schools, which had been the nurseries of the Church of Scotland. From this period he traced the great decline of literature, and the prevalence of immorality and vice, which involved the whole island of Great Britain in anarchy and confusion, until the auspicious accession of William and Mary, when the establishment of the "Society in Scotland for the Suppression of Vice" originated, and who received a charter from Queen Anne in 1709, incorporating it under the title of the "Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge," of which the Royal Highland School Society is the London Board. Mr Mackie described the progress of the Society for 150 years, referring to the reports on the table, which would show that at present the Society had under their daily tuition 228 schools planted in 137 parishes, giving education to 12,000 boys and girls—the average expense of whose education was only about 4s 11d per annum.

Mr Crew, Secretary of the Caledonian Asylum, next addressed the meeting, and in glowing terms described the excellence of that national charity.

Thanks were voted to Mr Mackie for his essay.

The meeting was then addressed by Mr Mossman (a Scotsman), author of a work on Australia, just published. He stated that he had spent some portion of his time in Australia, and he had witnessed a great deal of national feeling there. They had their St. Andrew's Day and other festivals in memory of their Fatherland.

Thanks having been voted to the Chairman, the party went "from work to refreshment." It might displease Mr Hepburn (as the party was strictly private) to say more than that the feast was excellent.

The harmony of the evening was enhanced and prolonged till an early hour, by the presence and performance of Mr Mackay, Her Majesty's piper, who had come purposely from Windsor.

It will have been noticed that Mr Michie Forbes Gray, at this date, filled the office of Honorary Secretary to the Society. How long he occupied this position I cannot say, but for many long years his untiring exertions in this capacity went far to establish the credit and stability of the Society. Quiet, judicious, modest to a fault, yet masterful, he dealt with every detail, never sparing himself, but sacrificing his valuable time ungrudgingly for the general weal.

With him his labour was a labour of love, and as the result he gained the esteem, gratitude, and affection of all those who had the privilege of his friendship.

Mr Gray was a native of Banffshire, and, coming to London early in life, brought with him a stock of patriotism and national feeling which lasted him throughout his whole career. It was not only this that spurred him on to use his talents for the welfare of the Society, in the foundation of which he had taken so active a part, but his kindly sympathetic heart led him to believe that, far beyond the mere upholding of national characteristics, the Society had a great work before it in its opportunities for giving the helping hand to less fortunate "brither Scots," and the "faitherless and mitherless bairns." And thus, although never neglecting its social aspect, he so managed the affairs of the Society that the sums quietly expended in charitable objects during his tenure of office have never been surpassed, if equalled.

Far into the night Mr Gray would pore over his work. A master of penmanship and accounts, his balance sheets, some of which I have in my possession, are pictures of exactness in every detail. Nothing daunted him. The same determination which characterised him in his honourable City career evidenced itself in all he did so unostentatiously for his brother



Caledonians. Even his great domestic trials (and they *were* great, two of his sons being taken from him in their early manhood), did not suffice to make his love for the Society grow lukewarm. Amongst its members he had many friends, and in their heartfelt sympathy he had much consolation.

Mr Gray is no longer with us, for he has gone, let us say it with all reverence, "to the land o' the leal." but his memory is still green. This, our debt of gratitude, and his honoured name as a landmark in our Society's history, are all that remain, for his only surviving son, Michie, soon after his father's death, succumbed to the same fatal disease that had laid his brothers in their early graves.

I cannot finish this brief notice of one of our most honoured departed members without introducing the name of another, Mr George Brock, who for many years acted as auditor to the Society, and was one of its most energetic and loyal members. Some may still remember the small bent form, redeemed by the bright face and intelligent brow, that was always to be seen when Caledonians assembled. If they remember the sympathetic eyes brimming with mirth, or earnest in argument, they remember Mr Brock, one of the best friends of the Society, who started with it near its commencement and remained a staunch supporter and office bearer up to the year 1873.

The romantic friendship existing between Mr Gray and Mr Brock must ever link them together in our memories. Coming together from the same town, they were more than brothers all their lives, sharing all their joys and sorrows in common.

A notable gift possessed by Mr Brock, was his marvellous ability in all sleight-of-hand tricks. The long lithe fingers, which appeared disproportionately long when compared with the small body, seemed capable of accomplishing any feat of dexterity, and a Caledonian evening was considered incomplete if some

newcomer was not astonished by seeing various viands and table appointments disappear and reappear in extraordinary and unexpected situations. There were, and still are, other Caledonians never backward in causing a wholesale disappearance of sundry articles generally to be found on Scottish tables, such as haggis, black puddings, sheep's head, shepherd's pie, etc., but in the matter of even more indigestible things, such as wine glasses, rummers, wooden toddy ladles, and other dainties of the kind, Mr Brock was "facile princeps." The waiters would stand aghast. Guests, growing suspicious, would put their hands on their pockets; even Caledonians themselves, after the second tumbler, would think it was "no cannie" as the board grew barer and barer in the region of the auditor, who would sit as though "daein' naething." An eerie feeling would creep over the assembly, and "the bicker" would be passed round. Members and friends alike grow ill at ease, the auditor alone remaining serene and self-possessed, quietly ladling out his modest brew. Soon all eyes are fixed upon him, when suddenly he becomes transformed, and, racked apparently with contortions, he is observed to drag from his mouth three whisky bottles and one water decanter, from his ears six toddy ladles, while lemons exude from his finger tips, and a variety of unexpected articles from equally unexpected positions. General consternation is evinced, which yields to laughter, and soon harmony and a sense of security are once more restored, and the lost bottles are rapidly emptied.





MICHIE FORBES GRAY, Esq.,  
*Hon. Secretary.*



ANDREW MACLURE, Esq.,  
*President, 1856-1858.*

## CHAPTER IV.

**Y**OUR Chronicler is now forced to make a leap, and, taking his readers along with him, flies through time, to alight suddenly, in the year 1855, to find the Society still in its teens, but continuing to mature and grow bigger and stronger, and ruled over by a President, the recollection of whose tenure of office will long remain as one of the brightest spots on the pages of our annals. Nor is the name of this presidential President, Andrew Maclure (although his own genial presence is no longer with us), likely to pass from our lists, for, beyond his bright memory, he has left us a legacy in the shape of his three sons, Andrew, Frank, and Horace, all of whom are enrolled in our membership, while a third generation is rapidly springing into existence.

Mr Maclure's presidential reign seems curiously to link the past with the present, for, associated with him in office, I find the names of Robert Marshall, Robert Hepburn, Professor Cull, Michie Forbes Gray, Duncan Hepburn, James Lawrie, Dr M'Laren, George Brock, John Kilpatrick (Treasurer), and last, but not least, George Grant, the then Auditor. With such men at the head of affairs, no wonder that things prospered. Mr Maclure's interest in the Society did not termi-

nate with his retirement from the presidential chair. No, it lasted right on until one sad day, towards the end of the year 1886, when he was gathered to his fathers, and laid amongst his own highland hills, in the little cemetery at Auchtertyre, to which spot not a few Caledonians have found their way to lay a sprig of heather on the last resting place of one so well esteemed and widely known.

No one who ever came in contact with this genial son of the North can forget him. His bigness of heart, his wit, his brilliant talents, his intensely human nature, his grand presence, all combined to make him a conspicuous figure in whatsoever company he may have been found. Literary men enjoyed his witty sallies, artists envied his marvellous powers with the pencil, musicians listened with unfeigned pleasure to the rich tones of his truly musical voice as he warbled his favourite Scottish ballads, and Caledonians revelled in his quaint and humorous delineations of Scottish life and character. Yes, Andrew Maclure was an exceptionally gifted man, always doing something and doing it well. No wonder that, during the heyday of his Caledonian Membership, many talented and notable men visited the Society, amongst these, George MacDonald, LL.D., Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon, Hepworth Dixon, and many others. Scottish art was rarely unrepresented, and the famous Sir Daniel Macnee, President of the Royal Scottish Academy, was a constant visitor. On the happy occasions when Sir Daniel was present, it is needless to say how greedily the assembled Caledonians clustered round to catch every accent of the quaint stories which fell from the lips of this great master, whose power of delineating Scottish character has become a matter of history.

Your chronicler was but a "laddie" when, in his father's house, he had the privilege of sitting in Sir Daniel's company, but he can well remember the exquisite delicacy with which the great man handled

the materials out of which he constructed his narrations.

He saw character where others could have seen none. The wayside "crack," the railway journey with a Highland drover, the evening spent in a shepherd's hut when on a sketching expedition, the exchange of compliments with a brother angler, were sufficient materials for him out of which to construct an idyll. Nor was there any effort or straining after effect as he re-told his simple experiences, lending them an interest which kept his hearers spellbound. Some few became traditional, and were re-told by his son-in-law, Andrew Maclure, and by the father of your chronicler, who, by the way, bore a striking resemblance to Sir Daniel, a likeness which was often commented upon, and on one or two occasions led to curious mistakes. There was a difference when Sir Daniel's hair grew white, for, in a great measure, it destroyed the illusion. Dare I venture to draw upon my imagination and recall one of these happy evenings at which I was not present? I will, and introduce my boyhood's recollection of a story which formed the original germ out of which many a modern Scottish joke has since sprung.

The evening is getting on: what that meant in those days I will not say. James Lawrie has just unburdened himself of "Duncan Gray," and the plaudits which followed the song have hardly died out. Geordie MacDonald's usually scrupulously-parted hair is a wee bit towsie. The Secretary is feeling the hot water jugs to see if they need replenishing. The President is whispering some requests in Sir Daniel's ears. The assembled members, expecting something, draw their chairs close up, and refill their glasses. Soon the tinkling of ladles ceases, and the President, rising to his feet, says: "Brother Caledonians, we are honoured this evening by the presence amongst us of—of—(then suddenly) eh lads, it's nae use me tryin' to mak' a speech at this hour o' the nicht;" and, turning to Sir Daniel, he finishes his oration abruptly



by saying, "Man, gie us a story," and then resumes his seat.

Now, Sir Daniel never tells his stories to order; they come out insidiously and subtly, as if called forth accidentally by some passing observation. So he sits "bideing his time," and takes a modest "nip" from his wee glass, and washes it down with water according to his custom. These, however, are hopeful symptoms, and the President's suggestion has set the members astir, and, during the pause, calls are made for old favourites.

Angus Macpherson, sometimes called the Dougal Crater, rises and suggests in incisive sibillant Highland accents, "With your permeeshun, Sir Daniel, may we hav' 'How Rorie grippit the deer?' " but his speech is so measured that the Doctor (Maclaren, I mean) has risen to his feet meanwhile, and waving his delicately-turned hand towards the President, begins:—

"Mr President, this is a land of liberty, ——" but he is interrupted by Marshall, with—

"Hang ye, Doctor, can ye no let politics be for once?"

But the Doctor, with commendable imperturbability, recommences—

"I was about to remark, Mr President, when interrupted by my friend on the left (placing his hand on Marshall's shoulder), that this is a land of liberty, and therefore ——"

Marshall, testily: "Sit down, man."

The Doctor: "No, I will not sit down until I have delivered myself of that which prompted me to rise, namely, to put in a requisition or plea for ——." (At this stage he is forcibly drawn into his chair by Marshall, and restrained there.) Meanwhile the other Doctor (Hogg, I mean), puts his hand to his ear, and says to George Grant, "What did he ask for?"

"Nothing," says George Grant, putting his hand to his mouth and shouting.

"*Nothing!*" says the Doctor. "Well, he couldn't have asked for less. *I* vote for the 'Bottle of Porter.'" But Robert Hepburn, whether from design or otherwise is not known, is asking Sir Daniel if he has been down the Clyde lately.

Sir Daniel, seizing on this as his cue, says, "O yes, the other day, it was curious too, I happened just to be takin' a daunder by myself." At this stage all are clustering nearer, the two Doctors, Lawrie, The Professor (always interested in anything philological), Michie Gray, Geordie Mac Donald, The Dougal Crater, George Grant, Morrison, George Brock, the retiring John Kilpatrick, and Duncan Hepburn, all draw near, with Macgregor, and MacThis, and MacThat, and everybody, and then ye micht hae heard a preen fa', as Sir Daniel proceeds—"Yes, it was curious, I was down at Bute, and who should I come across but my old friend, Saunders Blair."

"And how was he?" says Robert Hepburn.

"Fine," says Sir Daniel, "but as begritten as ever." Then Sir Daniel's face undergoes a marvellous change. The lower lip falls, the eyelids droop, the lines deepen. He has aged thirty years in as many seconds; and, with faltering, senile voice, he continues in the quavering accents of auld Saunders Blair, who was so sorely afflicted with the wickedness of the times.

"Ay, things is sadly altered since I was a young man. Man, folks noo-a-days seem tae hae nae regaird for onything whatsumever, specially the Sawbath."

"O, you musn't take such a lugubrious view of things, Saunders; this is an age of progress."

"Progress, may-be, may-be: dae ye ca' they steamboats progress?"

"What's wrong with the steamboats, Saunders?"

"'What's wrang wi' them?' Ye may ask that. I mind ae Sawbath day sitting here, here on this verra stane, readin' my Bible and ponderin' on the great warks o' the Creator, when down there cam frae Glesca

ane o' thae same steamboats. It was an awfu' sicht. Doun she cam', belchin' forth fire and smoke. Eh, it wasna ill tae ken wha was it's maker.

"She cam' up tae the pier, and oot there cam' a' the lads and lasses, glowerin' at the hills, and lauchin', lauchin' like a' that. Up the road they gaed in twas and threes, oexterin' and cleekin' thegither, and lookin' as happy, ay, as happy as tho' it had been the middle o' the week.

"Things was verra deeferent whar I was brought up. I belang to the parish o' Dundinle. May-be ye'll ken Dundinle?"

"O yes, I know Dundonald very well."

"Do ye tho'? Weel, that was my native, and a weel ordered parish it was in my time. Mr McAdam just keepit Sawtan under his thumb like that (placing his thumb on the table), but noo that he's deid Sawtan gangs rampagin' aboot like a roarin' lion, seekin' whom he may devour. He was a powerfu' preacher, was Mr McAdam; he had a wonderfu' way o' tellin' sinners what they deserved, and what they were likely tae get. I've seen me in Dundinle Kirk, and when he would be layin' it down to them gey sair, I've seen me turn round and say to mysel', 'Fegs, I'm thinkin' that's into some o' ye.' I mind ae Sawbath day, when we was comin' oot o' the kirk, there was a puir Hieland-lookin' bodie frae Arran, wha'd come ower to buy beasts, and had missed the Saturday's boat, what dae ye think he was daein'?"

"I don't know, Saunders."

"Stannin' in the middle o' the road, *whustlin'*! We were that dumfoonert, we cam' up wi' him, and spiered if he kent whatena day it was, to stand there whustlin'?"

"He said he was whustlin' on his dowg.

"Whustlin' on his dowg on that day!

"Me and thae ither God-fearin' young men, we couldna stan' it, and just to show the respect we had

for the Sawbath, we yokit on him and nearly brained him.

“ When he cam’ to himsel’, we askit him what for he hadna been to the kirk.

“ He said he didna understan’ the language. Just as if that was ony excuse. Such depravity was fearsome, but my certie, he wadna whustle on his dowg for many a Sawbath to come, I’m thinkin’.”

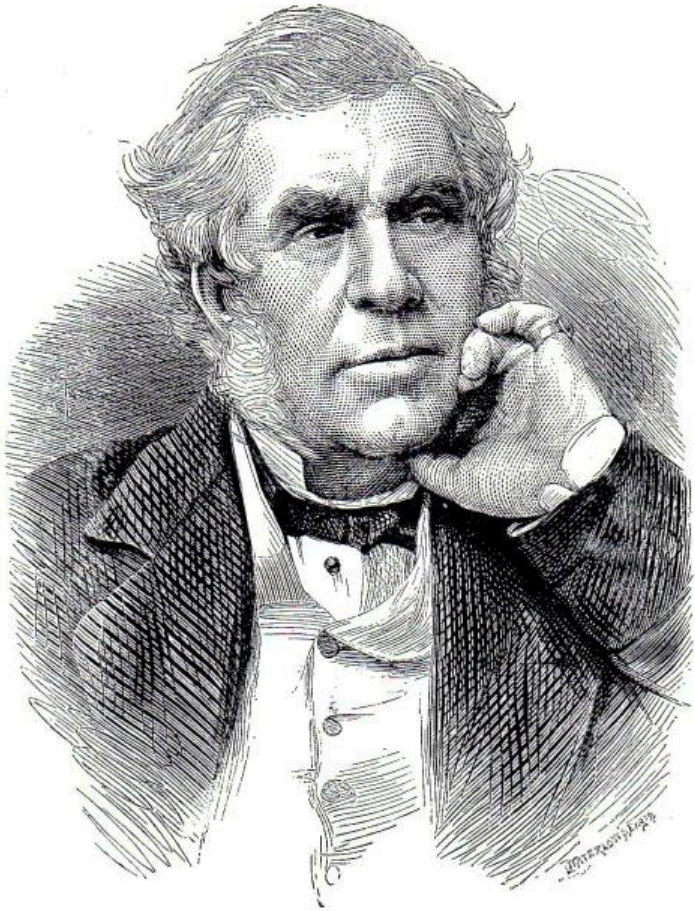
“ Well, I hope not, Saunders; but here, man, tak’ a wee drap from my flask.”

“ Eh, Sir Daniel. Eh, thank ye. Here’s tae ye. Man, that’s real fine whusky. It must hae been made by an elder.”

No one has ventured to laugh during this narration for fear of losing one word. Now that it is over, the laughter and applause is loud and long. Willingly would the Caledonians listen to “ The Hat,” “ Justice at Inverary,” “ The Paisley Weaver,” “ The Bundle,” “ The Ghost,” or any other of Sir Daniel’s stories, but it is now half-past—well, never mind *what* o’clock—leaving time only for two songs, “ Corn Rigs ” and “ Wandering Willie.” These over, “ Auld Lang Syne ” being led off by the President, the meeting breaks up, and a Scotch convoy commences, compared with which the intricacies of the maze at Hampton Court sink into utter insignificance.

The good and courtly Sir Daniel no longer visits our Society, for he is “ ta’en awa’,” but his son, who bears his name, keeps up the link as a zealous and active member, and I trust he will pardon the compiler of the archives for the little sketch embodied in this Chapter.





SIR DANIEL MACNEE, P.R.S.A.



ROBERT HEPBURN, Esq.,  
*President,*  
1848-1855 and 1865-1866.

CHAPTER V.

**T**HE year 1857 finds the Society still prospering under the rule of the genial Andrew Maclure, and at its Annual Banquet, held on Tuesday, January the 27th, the proceedings were rendered specially interesting by the presentation to Mr Robert Hepburn of a life-size portrait of himself, the work of Sir Daniel Macnee.

From the report we gather that during Mr Hepburn's eight years' presidency, and mainly through his exertions, the London Scottish charities had greatly profited, and his countrymen in London showed their gratitude, respect, and esteem by commissioning Mr Daniel Macnee, A.R.A.E., to paint his portrait in Highland dress.

250 ladies and gentlemen sat down, and amongst those present were:— Andrew Maclure, Esq., in the Chair; John Campbell, Esq.; Nathaniel Cook, Esq.; Alexander Macgregor, Esq.; David Chambers, Esq.; Murray Anderson, Esq.; James Dodds, Esq.; George Bain, Esq., Hon. Secretary of the Highland Society; Major Adair, Secretary of the Scottish Hospital; Robert Hepburn, Esq.; M. F. Gray, Esq., Secretary of the Caledonian Society; James Robinson, Esq., President of the College of Dentists; Robt. Marshall, Esq., Vice-Chairman; W. Rennie, Esq.; George MacDonald, Esq.; Dr Rae (Arctic Explorer); Dr Maclaren; Thos. Underwood, Esq.

The Chairman gave the toast of "The Health of Mr Robert Hepburn," and in the name of the Society presented Mr Hepburn with his portrait.

Mr Hepburn, in replying, said they had raised a standard in London around which men with honest hearts might rally, and "we have not been unmindful of the claims of the orphan and fatherless, or neglectful of the tottering steps of age and infirmity." A Ball followed the dinner.

During this era Mr Clirehugh ably discharged the onerous duties of Honorary Secretary.



## CHAPTER VI.

**W**E seem to be hastening on, and ascending the steps of time two at a bound, for here, skipping over another two years, we find we have reached the year 1859.

The Society has attained its majority, and, rejoicing in its manhood, is stretching out its arms for new worlds to conquer. The past has been bright. Much good has been done. The aged, the widowed, and the orphan, have not been neglected, the surplus funds of the Society's Ball alone for 1847, according to one of Mr Gray's balance sheets, amounting to no less than £112 16s 6d. Many pleasant re-unions have taken place, and the spirit of respect for the sons of the North has been strengthened in the Southern breast.

The twenty-first birthday of the Society fell upon a happy day: a day for ever memorable in the records of time: a day on which, throughout the length and breadth of the known world, one universal chorus of praise resounded to the name of one of Scotland's sons. On that day, one hundred years previously, a lowly child was born in a lowly Scottish cottage, but it was endowed by nature with the passport to eternal fame. That child was none other than Robert Burns, the chosen bard of Scotland, who in life was flattered, tempted, scorned, and neglected, but whose memory will be revered as long as time shall last.

A fitting day, this 25th of January, of 1859, for the Society's coming-of-age, a day which stirred the flame of patriotism in every Caledonian heart, and brought the sons of Scotland into close communion in every corner of the globe.

In the *Times* of 26th January, the centenary celebration by the Caledonian Society received great attention, a verbatim report having been given of the speech of Mr Robert Hepburn who proposed "The Memory of Burns." The gathering was held in the London Tavern. Behind the Chair was a framed likeness of Burns, by Nasmyth, and several very interesting relics of the poet were exhibited by Mr W. Chambers, of Edinburgh, who appeared as one of a deputation from the body of gentlemen by whom the centenary festival had been got up in Edinburgh.

The chair was occupied by Mr R. Marshall, the President of the Caledonian Society, and among the gentlemen present were:—Mr Charles Knight, Mr William Chambers, Professor Masson, Dr W. B. Hodgson, Mr D. Roberts, R.A., Mr Calder Marshall, R.A., Mr Hepworth Dixon, Major Adair, Captain Adair, Lieutenant Malcomson, Major Leith, Mr A. Maclure, Mr R. Hepburn, Mr F. Carew, Dr MacLaren, Rev. W. H. Gray, etc. Grace was said by the Rev. Mr Gray. The toast of the evening, eloquently proposed by Mr Hepburn, "was drunk with every demonstration of respect."

A variety of other toasts followed—such as "British Literature," coupled with the name of Professor Masson; "The Fine Arts;" "The Edinburgh Deputation," coupled with the name of Mr W. Chambers, who replied, and described the nature of some of the relics of Burns which he had brought for the inspection of the company; "Our Guests," replied to by Mr Charles Knight; "The President," "The late President, Mr Maclure;" "The Ladies;" "The Land o' Cakes;" "The Land we live in," etc.

The festivities were kept up till a late hour, and on the company retiring to partake of tea and coffee, the Burns relics, comprising the toddy ladle of the poet, an engraving over which he had shed tears at the house of Lord Monboddo, and other articles were examined with great curiosity.

In reading the foregoing extract, it will have been observed that Mr Robert Marshall figures as the then President of the Society.

A grand Scotsman was Robert Marshall, not only in mind and in nature, but in body. The recollection of his rugged features and colossal proportions, the rich doric in speaking, and the many evidences of his genuine sympathy in all Caledonian affairs, will not easily slip from the minds of those who enjoyed his acquaintanceship or friendship. This genial, hospitable man was never happier than when surrounded by his friends at home, or seated in the company of his brother Caledonians elsewhere.

The gift of oratory was not bestowed on Marshall to any marked extent, but in the cosy crack few excelled him, and his downright good qualities and emphatic character, aided by his ardent Scottish enthusiasm, rendered him a President well qualified to fulfil all the requirements of his high office, and win the respect and esteem of his fellow members. His affection for the Society never grew cool, it lasted him through life, and, until a comparatively recent date, he remained to us a never-failing prop and stay.

Marshall at home was no less interesting a person than Marshall surrounded by his brother Caledonians. In the midst of his guns, his fishing rods, his dogs, his flowers, and last, but not least, his many friends, something could be learned of the antithetic qualities of this characteristic man. At one moment handling in his herculean fist some favourite weapon, he would describe, with keen enjoyment, some daring feat on loch, moor, or mountain. At the next, he might be seen bending tenderly over some pet fern plant, softly touching its fronds and expatiating on its beauties. A true lover of sport, few could better tread the heather or silently stalk the wary monarch of the glen than he.

Did ever any man look grander or more imposing when at Caledonian gatherings he appeared in kilted garb? No. Was ever man more dainty in his everyday dress than this confirmed celebrator? No. Was there ever a truer Caledonian? No. Did his soul ever boil with angry feelings towards his friends? No. Pardon me, I mean yes. It did so towards his nearest and best friend and brother Caledonian, Dr Maclaren, and it did so one night in every week of his life when these two unfailingly dined in each other's company. But that was over politics, so we must say nothing about it.

We cannot, however, but regret that the Doctor's words on another subject were not listened to with more regard. The time came, but not until the

allotted span was exceeded, when Marshall showed signs of failing health. Contrary to his old friend's advice to "have a care," the old determination of spirit still asserting itself, he set off for the north to pursue his favourite pastime, and riding, on a cold bleak day, in blashy rain, through the eerie dankness of one of his favourite glens, he caught a chill which determined conditions which had been lurking for some time, and the end came. Thus this manly son of Scotia found his last resting place in the land which he had left in early days, but of whose characteristics and traditions he had been a living exponent throughout his whole life.

About this date sprang into life that smart Volunteer Regiment, "The London Scottish," and the Caledonian Society, in conjunction with the Highland Society, took an active share in bringing into existence this standing evidence of the patriotism of London Scots. Many of our members were prominent workers in the cause, and moreover, enrolled themselves in the ranks. Since then, the corps has not only been greatly recruited from our members, but also largely officered by past and present "Caledonians," amongst these, the late Major Campbell and Captain Conway, Captain Notman, Captain MacKilligan, Lieutenant Kenneth Brown, Dr Farquhar Matheson, and others; but I must not omit to mention in this connection Lieutenant Andrew Maclure, "Young Andrew," as he is called, whose name must for ever be associated with the Volunteer Ambulance Association, an organisation which sprang into existence mainly through his exertions. It is gratifying to know that Lieutenant Maclure's exertions were duly appreciated, and that a tribute to his honour was paid at a large and enthusiastic meeting of Volunteer officers and men, held in the Guildhall, when a colossal silver punch bowl and illuminated address were presented to this worthy son of a worthy father.





ROBERT MARSHALL, Esq.,  
*President, 1859-1861.*



D. N. CHAMBERS, Esq., F.S.A.,  
*President, 1862-1864.*

## CHAPTER VII.

**W**E now pass on to the year 1863, to find the Society thriving under the Presidential rule of Mr David Chambers, F.S.A., the brother of William and Robert, whose names are indelibly associated with the progress of Scottish literature.

A warm-hearted Caledonian was David Chambers, and under his guidance the Society prospered and maintained to the full its old traditions and popularity. Many of its old members still remained in its ranks, and new friends came pouring in. Indeed, so popular had the Society become, that it was deemed necessary, at this period, to place some limitation to its numbers, and it was wisely decreed that the roll of members should not exceed one hundred names.

Amongst the list of office-bearers of this date, in addition to many already referred to, occur the names of William Scott, John Young, and J. Forbes Robertson, while it appears Mr Budge discharged the duties of Honorary Secretary.

The Presidents of this era seem to have been eligible for re-election for three consecutive years, but I regret that I am unable to furnish any details of Mr David Chambers's successful tenure of office.



At the banquet of the Scottish Hospital on St. Andrew's Day, 1863, Lord Palmerston proposed "Prosperity to the Caledonian Society of London," and Mr Hepburn, in replying, said that a Scotsman in Edinburgh the other day tried to argue that Lord Palmerston was a Scot. At last, however, he surrendered to this extent: "Weel, weel, if his lordship isna a Scotsman, he has abilities enough to warrant him in being so."

I believe it was about this date that the Society was honoured by the presence of the universally-beloved and revered Dr James Hamilton, the successor of the famous Edward Irving, and the predecessor of the learned Principal Dykes, of Presbyterian fame. When speaking, on the subject of patriotism, he said, as nearly as I can gather, in these words: "If any proof of my patriotism be needed, let me tell you of that which I have this day received. It is a little packet of fresh green moss culled by tender hands from a sacred spot in my native place. It comes to me from time to time, and I would not be without it, for it serves to remind me of my father's grave and of that dear land of sweetest memories, in which all my warmest sympathies are set."

But to proceed. Three years later, namely, in 1866, Mr John Young, of honoured memory, was unanimously elected to fill the presidential chair, in which he was ably supported by Dr Charles Hogg as Vice-President. By this time the Society is giving itself airs, putting its frills on, so to speak, though not too ostentatiously. The "Committee" has bloomed into a "Council," and the Executive comprises a list of patriarchal ex-officio members. Hepburn, Maclure, Marshall, Chambers, etc., are no longer to be birrled in the elective pitch and toss to alight in any convenient gap at the Caledonian will. No! These veterans, along with Michie Gray, the ex-Honorary Secretary, have been placed safely in an honoured niche, to be

used as standard books of reference. One honoured office-bearer, however, cannot thus be spared. I refer to John Kilpatrick, the Lord of the Caledonian Treasury; but more of him anon.

In consequence of these changes, new blood has to be drafted into the Executive, but it has all been previously tested and found sound. With all things thus prospering with the Caledonian cause, does the genial, wise, and upright John Young begin his reign.

Well might the Society flourish under so kindly and judicious a rule. So it continued to do. Mr Young was widely known and universally respected, not only in the City of London, but elsewhere. By his own exertions he rose to a position of affluence and honour; but with all his success, his marked simplicity and freedom of manner never deserted him. As a beneficent supporter of every good Scottish institution, and a leal Caledonian of the noblest type, he will long be remembered with affectionate regard by all those who enjoyed the pleasure of his friendship. But the strain of an over-busy life began to tell on him—alas! too soon—and in the year 1887 he found that rest which is in store for the good and the true.

By this time the Society seems to have found its permanent home in the "Freemasons' Tavern," and its Annual Festival, I find by reference to an old balance sheet in my possession, was attended by ninety members and guests. But a new departure appears to have sprung up in the form of a summer entertainment, namely, a dinner at Greenwich, at which eighty-two gentlemen were present. These numbers are not impressive, but turning to the ball accounts, I notice that 305 ladies and gentlemen met together in the old, but now extinct, Hanover Square Rooms, to pay homage at the terpsichorean shrine. As a consequence, a goodly surplus accrued, which was, doubtless, well distributed amongst the chosen outlets for the charitable offerings of the Society.

From all accounts, the balls of this period were memorable ones, and were kept up with an amount of spirit unknown in the present generation. The first one I personally attended was in 1869, and, I must confess, my youthful mind was much impressed with the brilliancy of the scene as it presented itself to me. The strains of the music, the gay attire of the ladies, and the sparkling ornaments of the Highlanders in their varied tartans, aroused a new set of feelings; but that which impressed me most forcibly was the spirited dancing in the Highland reels. It was grand. Even now I can see four giants, Marshall, Mackenzie, Hepburn, and Maclure, footing it in a "foursome," which it did one's heart good to witness, their feet quivering in the air as though they scorned the boards, their arms upstretched, their plaids flying out as they tirmed one another round and round when the pipes skirled forth the wild Huilechin measure. And John Young, and Lawrie, and all the rest were there, casting their cares to the winds and tripping it in strathspey or reel as though it was their sole occupation. Morrison, too, and Campbell, and Angus Macpherson, in the weird dress tartan of his clan, "heuching" wildly, were there, with Seton Ritchie, and Peebles, and Shiress Will. Yes, it was grand. And the ladies, too, how they danced, dames and maidens; yes, danced till the expiring groans of the exhausted drone was heard, as the piper ceased "blawin'" for lack o' wind.

But I have been slightly anticipating; the Chronicles have really reached the autumn of 1867, and our Society is about to enter its thirtieth year. Let us imagine ourselves married and fairly settled in life, and seated in our easy chair, cigar in mouth, taking a retrospective view of the past. This we cannot do better than by reading a summary of an excellent résumé, written for the *London Scotsman* by Mr Smiles, which, although it contains much that has already been told, will well bear perusal. Mr Smiles on several

occasions honoured the Society with his presence, and was much interested in its progress.

“The Caledonian Society,” said Mr Smiles, “is limited to 100 members; and it acts as worthy henchman to the Scottish Corporation and the Caledonian Asylum. The Society is governed by the Council, consisting of the President—Mr John Young, at present a Vice-President; five ex-Presidents, and a Committee of nine members, with a Treasurer, two Auditors, and an Honorary Secretary. The Council and Office-Bearers are exclusive of the hundred members. A general meeting of the members is held every year in December, and the Council meets quarterly, or as often as occasion may require. The members’ entrance fee is two guineas, and the annual subscription one guinea. The members have the advantage of the services of Mr David Budge as Honorary Secretary.”

The Society was the first to set the gallant example of inviting ladies to their festivals. Mr Smiles mentioned the benevolence of the members and gave the names of the staunchest of the Society’s supporters:—Mr Robert Hepburn, Mr Michie Gray, Sir Charles Forbes, Mr J. Boucher, and Mr W. Menzies.

Mr John Young, to the advantage of the Society, continued in office for two years, and the summer of 1868 was marked by a pleasant out-door fete, held in Vanburgh Park, Blackheath.

Soon after this, died poor Angus Macpherson, a typical Celt and enthusiastic Caledonian, leaving the work in which he was engaged, namely, the translation of the Queen’s book into Gaelic, undertaken at Her Majesty’s command, unfinished.







JOHN YOUNG, Esq.,  
*President, 1867-1868.*



DR CHARLES HOGG.  
*President, 1869.*

## CHAPTER VIII.

**A**ND now, in the Autumn of 1868, although the Society was in excellent health, it was considered advisable to have its constitution overhauled, and the advice of that worthy Caledonian, Dr Charles Hogg, was sought for the purpose. At the first bidding he emerged from his quiet corner in Charterhouse Square, and taking his seat in the presidential chair, placed his experience at the service of his brother Caledonians.

When the Doctor first entered the ranks of the Caledonian Society nobody knows, it was so long ago. I doubt even if he himself could place the date of his election, but the first mention which your Chronicler finds of his name, as acting in an official capacity, was when he was elected a Councillor in the year 1863, during the presidency of Mr David Chambers.

The Doctor ever was, and is, a true Scotsman to the backbone, and his well-known presence was rarely to be missed from any gathering in London held for the furtherance of national objects. He was a patriarch in the Society years ago, and so he continues to be at the present day. Although now not often able to join our gatherings, his interest in our welfare is as lively as ever. Many good offices did this leal Caledonian



accomplish for the Society, not only during his presidency, but throughout the long years of his membership, not the least of these being his kindly self-sacrifice in taking upon himself the duties of Honorary Secretary in 1879, a period of crisis in the Society's history, by which timely service he increased, if that were possible, the esteem and regard in which his brother Caledonians already held him.

Can it be wondered—for it appears that the Doctor took the first of his long list of medical qualifications as far back as the year 1835—that the time came when it was necessary for him to seek a little rest and repose? and so, a few years back, the old home overlooking the ancient Charterhouse was broken up, and the doctor left London. How can I write of those who are still with us? My pen is, for obvious reasons, restrained, but let us join in the Doctor's favourite verse of our parting song, and say with all our hearts—

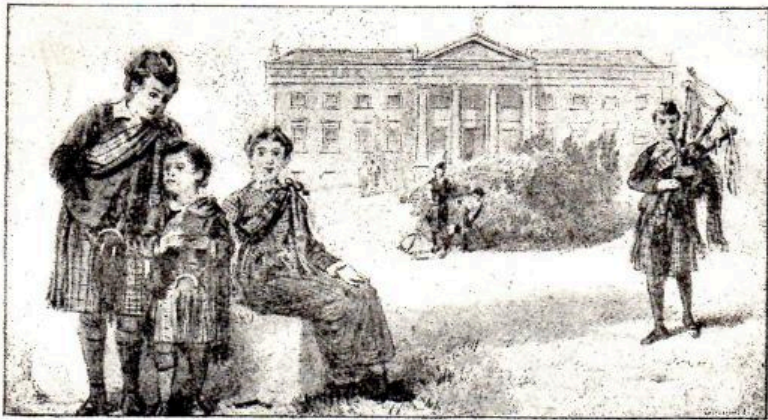
“ Then here's to them that's far awa',  
And in a distant clime;  
Tho' far awa', they're dear to us,  
As in days of Auld Lang Syne.”

The distant clime is, at the present moment, only as far away as a sunny spot in the Surrey hills, so we will hope to hear our good old friend sing his verse to us once more, some fine day, in his own quaint way.

On his retirement from office, Dr Hogg received the gold medal of the Society as a mark of the appreciation in which his able conduct of the Society's affairs was held. A similar medal, I may state, is presented to all Presidents who discharge their duties to the satisfaction of the members, and is a much-coveted distinction.

Here my scrap book fails me, and other records I have none, but in accounts of meetings at the Royal Caledonian Asylum and Scottish Corporation of the period, I find the name of the Doctor, and many other Caledonians, figuring largely.

On the occasion of a great Caledonian Reunion, the Doctor was, as usual, arrayed in all the splendour of his Highland dress, when an urgent messenger arrived, requesting his immediate attendance at the bedside of a female sufferer. The Doctor, ever ready to start at duty's call, arose, and apologizing to the assembled Caledonians, obtained the loan of the largest greatcoat that was at command, and so completely



THE ROYAL CALEDONIAN ASYLUM,  
AT COPENHAGEN FIELDS.

enveloped himself that even his buckles might have escaped the notice of the keenest observer. Thus attired, he presented himself in his patient's room. The case seemed a critical one, and the Doctor, absorbed in his attentions, inadvertently allowed the head of his dirk to protrude between the buttons of his ample overcoat. This at once caught the eye of the sufferer, and that curiosity which characterizes the fair sex being awakened, she begged the Doctor to reveal what was hidden from her view. Unable to resist this appeal which, from the apparent gravity of the case, he feared might even be her last, and hardly daring to think what the result might be, he threw off the borrowed garment. The effect was magical. The lady was so

charmed, especially with the red waistcoat, that from that moment her malady took a favourable turn, and the Doctor had the satisfaction, at the end of an hour, of returning to receive the congratulations of his brother Caledonians on his remarkably successful treatment of a most critical case.



## CHAPTER IX.

PASSING on to the following year, we find Dr Ramsay occupying the Presidential chair, with Mr Young in the capacity of Vice-President, a position which, as far as I can ascertain, he had not, as is customary, filled previously to his presidency, and at this date Mr Seton Ritchie, who did much good service for the Society, and of whom, I regret to say, I have no personal reminiscences, was elected Honorary Secretary.

In the *Times* and the *London Scotsman* of 29th January, 1869, references are made to the anniversary Festival of the Society "which has had upon its lists in past and present times," says the report, "almost all the foremost and enterprising Scotsmen in the Metropolis." The company to the number of about 200 met in the Freemasons' Tavern, on the 25th January to celebrate the birthday of Burns. Pipe-Sergeant John McKenzie led the President, Mr F. W. Ramsay, F.R.C.P., Edinburgh (well known for his activity in the Scottish cause and charities), to the chair. Mr John Young (Young, Turquand, & Young), Vice-President; Mr John Kilpatrick, Treasurer; and Mr J. Seton Ritchie, Honorary Secretary, filled the Vice chairs. Among those present were:—Sir A. Rumbold, Bart.; Messrs Sassoon, Macrae Moir, Sharpley, Yeo, Hamilton, Fyfe, J. Anderson, Q.C., Robinson, Troon, D. W. Mackenzie, J. D. N. Chambers, Maclure, Lawrance, Crawford, Isaacson, Malcolm, Wylson, Thorburn, Morrison, McNab, W. T. Morrison, W. Scott, Lockhart, Slater, Lawrence, A. Smith, Thomas C. Scott, J. Grieve, Will, J. T. Anderson, W. Tulloch, McGillivray, Maclaurin, Brander, Austin, Barnes, Bishop, R. Hepburn, Elphinstone, Robb, Daniel Mackenzie, D. Bridge, Hannan, Earle, Tyler, Thomson, Seton Ritchie, Underwood, D. D. Hepburn, Scott, Duncan, Blyth, McGregor, Balfour, Erey, King, Cruickshank, Gray, Brock, A. Grant, Drysdale, Moore, Christian, Caley, W. H. Smith, M.P.; Kennedy, Mowatt, J. W. Davidson, Pollock, Potter, Walls, Kintrea, Daniel Bennett, M. Anderson,

McPherson, Adam Gray, D. MacDonald, J. Fraser, Ness, Harwood, Wilson, Carr, Drs H. G. Kirkwood, Millar, Bryce, Maclaren, Holt, and Graham Balfour, Captains Legerwood and Peebles, etc.

Mrs Macrae Moir, Mrs and Misses Hogg (2), Mrs Yeo, Mrs Troon, Mrs Chambers, Mrs Isaacson, Mrs Morton, Mrs Dobson, Miss Young, Mrs Lawrence, Mrs Linton, Mrs Harrison, Mrs Anderson, Miss Lawrence, Mrs Cunningham, Mrs Tulloch, Mrs McGillivray, Mrs Maclaurin, Miss Hill, Miss Scott, Mrs Brander, Mrs Bishop, Mrs Barnes, Mrs Young, Mrs Cruickshank, Mrs Blyth, Miss Watts, Miss Elphinstone, Misses Hepburn (2), Mrs and Miss Bushell, Mrs Graham Balfour, Mrs and Miss Budge, Mrs Pritchard, Mrs Thos. Scott, Mrs Grant, Mrs W. H. Smith, Mrs Daniel, Miss Anderson, Miss Kintrea, Mrs Seton Ritchie, Miss Robinson, Mrs Fraser, Mrs and Miss Mowat, Mrs Young, Mrs Ness, Mrs Galt, Mrs Campbell, Miss MacDonald, etc.

In proposing "The Immortal Memory" the President said he had found the poems of Burns as well known and as much admired in the classic lands of Greece and Italy as in our own country, and what surprised him more than all else was that when in Asia Minor he found an Osmanli gentleman who knew almost by heart some of the finest pieces of Burns, and although his pronunciation was not quite correct he showed an appreciation of the thoughts and sentiments that would have surprised the company. The Osmanli gentleman shamed him (the speaker) by his inquiries regarding some of the phrases, and on returning home Dr Ramsay sent him a copy of Burns with glossary.

Mr Daniel proposed the "Health of the Vice-President," and Mr Young replied.

Mr Macrae Moir gave "The Land we Live in," and the President proposed "The Visitors."

Dr MacLaren, in giving "The Land o' Cakes," asked: Whence this phrase, "The Land o' Cakes?" It is not a proposition affirming a fact or a principle, yet to our people it conveys a well-understood meaning. I know of but one parallel to it. It is that of the "black broth of Sparta," which was at once the boast and the strength of Lacedæmon. Like to it, I hold, sir, that our fathers coined this phrase, admonishing to frugal living and thrift, to discipline and self-denial, to beware of those Capuan indulgences in which, steeping the senses, the soul is enslaved. Then, gentlemen, if so ye believe, say with me, glory be to God that not costly refection, nor pheasant, nor champagne, nor turtle, nor tokay are needful to nerve the arm to stalwart deeds, or steel the soul to heroic achievements; but that on humble fare—even cakes—the prosperity of a people may be preserved and their glory extended. Sir, with these sentiments I give the toast, "The Land o' Cakes." (Loud cheers.)

Mr Robert Crawford in responding to the toast of "The Ladies," asked the company to dedicate a cup to those abroad who were celebrating that day across the Atlantic. He could see in mental vision an assembly of Nicolsons, Straitons, Robertsons, Perkyms, and hundreds of the most devoted admirers of the bard in the United States meet lovingly and reverently to pay their homage to the memory of the poet.

Mr Seton Ritchie in reply to the toast of "The Honorary Secretary," said that when he reflected that a vast proportion of this venerable Society had in past and present times upon its lists almost all the forward, earnest, zealous Scotsmen out of the 40,000 Scots in the Metropolis, and when he reflected that a vast proportion of those 40,000 Scots had been eliminated

from the upwards of three million inhabitants of Scotland, presumably because they were the earnest, zealous men they were, it was not too much to say that the Caledonian Society of London might fairly be held to be representative of the zeal and energy of upwards of three million Scots.

The band of the London Scottish Volunteers supplied delightful music.

Dancing followed; "merely a prelude to the Society's ball at the Hanover Square Rooms on 26th of February."

On the 25th of January, 1870, according to the *London Scotsman*, the Society held its Annual Festival. Dr F. W. Ramsay, of Inveresk, F.R.C.P., Edinburgh, presided; and Mr John Young, Vice-President; Mr J. Seton Ritchie, Honorary Secretary; and Mr John Kilpatrick, Treasurer, took the Vice chairs.

The "Royal" toasts and that of the "Services," were given from the Chair, Captain Peebles, 1st City of London Artillery, and Mr J. C. Daniel, H.A.C., responding for the Volunteers.

Mr J. T. Anderson, of the Scottish and English Bars, proposed "The Immortal Memory" in an eloquent speech.

The President proposed the "Caledonian Society" and spoke in laudatory terms of the educational and charitable work of the Society.

"The Caledonian Society's Reel" was then played by Mr Ross, the Queen's piper.

Mr William Scott gave "Past Presidents" and spoke of the right men coming at the right time. In them the Society had found men of truly Scottish natures who were not afraid to speak the Scottish tongue, to sing the Scottish songs, and to maintain the standard level of Scottish nationality. They were men whom no one could approach without being smitten by their national spirit, and he advised every Scotsman who was afraid of catching it to give them a wide berth. (Laughter.) Without such men their Society—all Society—would be a mere chaos, unable to hold itself together. It was still an occasional charge against Scotsmen that they rode their hobby too hard. They were accused of making too great a parade of their country's symbol—the Scottish thistle—and attempting to plant it in soils unsuitable to it. He knew of no climate and no soil in which that hardy plant had ever refused to take root. (Cheers.) There was a time—in the days of Dr Johnson—when such a meeting as the present would have been an offence in London. Then a Scotsman was the Cockney's "hobgoblin," and it was a common saying amongst them: "The Irish take us all in, but the Scotch turn us all out;" and one of the greatest accesses of joy that Johnson's friend, F—ever experienced was when he hurried to announce to the Doctor that the tide of emigration from Scotland to London had at last turned! (Laughter.) There never was a mightier mistake. But that jealous feeling had long since passed away, and Englishmen now show as great a desire to blend with us as we do to blend with them. Indeed, he rather thought the current was setting in the other direction, for the sporting and pleasure-seeking Englishman has at length discovered that no better field for enjoyment can anywhere be found than the mountains and glens, the rivers and lakes of Scotland. In fact, their enthusiasm not infrequently carried them the length of trying to pass themselves off as genuine Scottish natives; and a good story is told by

Dean Ramsay of one of these Southerners accosting a Scotsman of the old school in that character. The old gentleman was at first staggered, but discovering the fictitious article:—"Man," said he, "I'm just thinkin' ye're nae Scotsman after a'; but I'll tell ye what ye are, ye're just an impruved Englishman." (Laughter.) It must not, however, be imagined, he (Mr Scott) believed Scotland to be the "flower of the earth." But this he did believe, that she had a history, a literature, a poetry, a scenery that ought to be an everlasting wellspring of pride and emulation to her scattered sons in every land. And so long as the "Scots abroad" as faithfully represent their nationality as did the gentlemen whose healths they were about to toast, there was no fear that Scotland's star would ever sink below the zenith. (Cheers.)

Mr Hepburn replied.

"The President," "The Vice-President," "The Ladies" and "The Visitors" were toasted in turn, Mr Morrison replying for the ladies, and Mr E. J. McIntyre for the visitors. "The Land we Live in" was given by Mr Macrae Moir, and "Land o' Cakes" by Mr J. Shiress Will; and the Honorary Secretary responded to the toast of his health.

Dancing followed the dinner.

At this period Mr W. T. Morrison, whose father's name appears as one of the early members of the Society, is training for higher office by filling the dignified post of Vice-President, a position worthily occupied by his father some years previously.



## CHAPTER X.

WE now seem to approach what may be called the history of our own times, for in 1872 we find our present friend and loyal Caledonian, Mr W. T. Morrison, in the high place of honour. Mr Morrison's father, whose name appears in the opening chapter of the Chronicles, had worthily filled the post of Vice-President; his son's election to the Presidential chair, therefore, indicated the pleasing fact of heredity in the official positions of the Society.

Mr W. T. Morrison was called at that time the "Young Man's President." Will he ever be known by any other title? I doubt it, for time makes little change in him. As your Chronicler saw him in 1869, at the Hanover Square Rooms, when he was already linked with the Caledonians, so does your Chronicler see him now—youthful in spirit, face, and form. Long may we continue to have him with us, to aid us with his emphatic counsel and ready advice, to fight our battles with us, and cheer us with his presence. So, I believe, we shall, until "he like a soldier falls."

How earnestly and well Mr Morrison fulfilled the duties of his high office are too thoroughly appreciated to need comment, and no greater testimony of esteem and regard could have been paid him than when, ten



years later, he was again unanimously requested to preside over the Society's destinies.

Somewhere about this date, perhaps a few years later, but my scant records prevent me from being precise in all particulars of dates, it was found necessary to extend, if possible, the limits of the Society's list of members. No more hopeful sign of the increasing strength of Scottish national feeling in London could have been evidenced. The Society, therefore, by the advice of the Council, although wisely adhering to the traditional "one hundred," altered the bye-laws and made this number the sum of its membership, exclusive of the Council, Office-Bearers, and Past-Presidents. Beyond this limit we have never considered it expedient to expand. I wish Mr Morrison had a scrap book, for mine, I regret to say, at this date again fails me. One thing, however, is clear, that the Society is beginning to turn its attention to the law, for associated with "The Young Man's President" in office, I find the first mention, in an official capacity, of Mr Æneas McIntyre, Q.C., and amongst the Councillors, Mr J. C. Daniel, LL.D., the then Secretary of the Royal Caledonian Asylum. Mr Seton Ritchie also is still continuing to discharge the duties of Honorary Secretary in his masterly and business-like way, to the thorough satisfaction of all connected with the Society; and with many old friends, still active and zealous members, the Society is prospering.

In the Autumn of 1873, the Society has fairly commenced the first of its legal terms, being presided over by the distinguished Mr Æneas J. McIntyre, Q.C., ably assisted by Mr J. Shiress Will, who shortly after this date was able to append the same honourable letters to his name. Amongst the newest importations on Council occurs the name of Mr Macrae Moir, barrister.

Mr McIntyre ruled over the destinies of the Society with marked geniality and tact, and discharged all the



W. T. MORRISON, Esq.,  
*President,*  
1872-1873 and 1882.



ÆNEAS J. McINTYRE, Esq., Q.C., M.P.  
*President, 1874-1875.*

duties of his office faithfully and well, earning to the full the respect and esteem of his brother members. His bright and appropriate speeches will long be remembered, and right well he looked in his clan tartan and Highland accoutrements. There was little left in him of the solemnity of the law as he sat at the head of the social Caledonian board. Of the first year of his reign your Chronicler can give no account, but three interesting cuttings are extant containing full descriptions of the Festival of 1875, and are here drawn upon.

From the *London and Scottish Review* it appears that the 116th anniversary of Burns' birth was commemorated by the Society on 25th January, 1875, at the Freemasons' Tavern, the Chair being occupied by Æneas J. McIntyre, Q.C., the President; Mr John Kilpatrick, Honorary Treasurer; Mr Seton Ritchie, Honorary Secretary; and Mr John Young, Past President, taking the Vice chairs. Mr J. Shiress Will, Q.C., Vice-President, was unavoidably absent. Nearly 200 ladies and gentlemen were present, and these included, besides the speakers mentioned, Sir A. W. and Lady Woods; Captain Pollock, R.A.; Messrs Macrae, Marshall, Hogg, Young, Moir, Cowie, Morrison, etc.

The Chairman having given the loyal toasts and that of the Society, and the "Past Presidents," proposed by Mr J. C. Daniel, LL.D., having been responded to by Dr Charles Hogg, Mr Robert Hepburn, Past President, gave "The Immortal Memory" in a brilliant oration.

"The Chairman" proposed by Dr Ramsay, "The Vice-President" by Mr W. T. Morrison, and "The Honorary Secretary" by the Chairman, having been replied to, Mr Sheriff Shaw proposed "The Ladies" and Mr Hugh Cowie, barrister, replied. For "The Visitors" Mr Colston, Treasurer of the City of Edinburgh, and Mr Daniel Macnee, R.S.A., replied. Dr A. C. Maclaren gave "The Land we Live in."

The band of the London Scottish Volunteers (led by Mr L. Beck) attended; whilst Sergeant McKenzie, piper of the Royal Caledonian Asylum, played a number of strathspeys during the evening. A glee party, under the direction of Mr Perren, also contributed to the festivities of the evening, which, as usual, were concluded with a dance.

When the period of his Presidency terminated, his many public duties prevented Judge McIntyre from taking an active part in the affairs of the Society, but he remained a Member to the last, and it was with deep regret that the Council received the news of his death, which took place on the 19th September, 1889.

Born in 1821, he was called to the Bar of the Middle Temple in November 1846, and joined the North Wales and Chester Circuit. In 1872 he was appointed

a Queen's Counsel, and became a Bencher of the Middle Temple. He represented Worcester as a Liberal member from 1880 to 1885. He held an important position in connection with Freemasonry, and at the end of the year 1888 he became a County Court Judge of the West Riding Circuit. His funeral, which took place at Highgate Cemetery, was largely attended by representatives of many Societies, testifying to the respect in which he was held. Appended to the little "In Memoriam" card which reached his brother Caledonians were the appropriate words:—

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."



## CHAPTER XI.

**Y**OUR Chronicler has now the pleasure of referring to a pleasant incident in the domestic life of the Society, namely, the birth of its first child. Since the year 1837, many Societies in many parts of the world had sprung into existence, modelled on the principles of the Caledonian Society of London, but these had been organised by gentlemen who had visited our Society, or had heard of our good name and fame indirectly. As a rule, our members themselves remain with us, being bound to London by many ties. "The Scottish Society of Nottingham," however, founded in 1875, we may consider a real child of our own. Its founder and original President, Mr Duncan Hepburn, one of the oldest members of our Society, and a member of Council as far back as the year 1855, took with him to Nottingham, where he resided for many years, all his national enthusiasm and love for all things Scottish, and to him is due the honour of having cradled this offshoot from the parent stem. But Mr Duncan Hepburn is, happily for us, again with us, where he takes his place as the bard of our Society. We need no further proof of his loyalty and affection for the land of his birth than is evidenced by the following lines, culled from his little volume of

“ Stray Rhymes,” but originally addressed to a brother Caledonian, by reason of which circumstance I venture to quote them in these pages.

### On receiving a Bunch of Highland Heather.

WHAT cheers my heart this dreary weather,  
 An' mak's me feel as licht's a feather?  
 What, but this bonnie purple heather,  
 Frae yont the Forth;  
 It maks me fain to slip my tether,  
 An' rin fast North.

I envy you, near loupin rills,  
 Awa' amang the Hielan hills,  
 Whaur a' the place wi' rapture thrills,  
 The hale heart ower;  
 An' nature a' aroond instils,  
 Her secret power.

Thy scent an' blossom fond reca',  
 To mem'ry dear, scenes that I saw,  
 O' hills and glens, noo far awa',  
 Whaur aft my feet  
 Have speiled, unheedin' o' a fa',  
 I maist cud greet.

I fain wud lie on heather bed,  
 Wi' white clouds sailing ower my head;  
 Or dauder whaur my fancy led,  
 By hicht or howe;  
 Sic youthfu' visions, let me wed,  
 An' keep in lowe.

D. D. H.

About this date, Mr Seton Ritchie, who for five years had so honourably discharged the duties of Honorary Secretary to the Society, resigned his office.

Mr Seton Ritchie was a zealous Caledonian, exact and business-like in all his arrangements, and the members felt deeply indebted to him for all the good work he had done on their behalf. His resignation was received with deep regret, and shortly afterwards the

Society was grieved to receive the news of his death, which occurred on the 29th August, 1875. Many Caledonians attended the funeral, to pay the last tribute of respect to one who had been so leal and warm-hearted a member and efficient office-bearer of the Society.

For a long spell things had been going smoothly with the management of the Society, but your Chronicler has now to record an unfortunate event, which, although much deplored at the time, is at the present moment more greatly deplored than ever, and perhaps most greatly by the compiler of these archives. This unfortunate event, surrounded by many painful circumstances, was the loss of all the records and minute books. Over this unhappy incident it is well to draw the veil. Your Chronicler, however, takes this opportunity of excusing himself for the meagre amount of information given in the foregoing pages, and the mention of this fact must exonerate him for the many omissions of names and data which have been made.

But passing on from this dark spot, we come to a bright one in the history of the Society, namely, the election to the Presidential chair of Mr J. Shiress Will, Q.C., afterwards M.P., and a Bencher of the Middle Temple. He is assisted in the Vice-chair by Mr Hugh Cowie, Q.C., a brilliant and genial Caledonian, whose early death robbed the Society of a good friend. The distinguished President is well supported, for many of the old friends are still to the fore. Hepburn, Maclure, Marshall, Young, Hogg, Morrison, and McIntyre are ex-Presidents, whilst amongst the Councillors occur the names of such men as Alexander Duncan, James Lawrie, Dr John Millar, Macrae Moir, Oliver, Drysdale, and William Scott. The veteran Treasurer, John Kilpatrick, still guards the funds, and William Robertson, with Thomas Kennedy, act as Auditors. One honoured name, however, is missed from the list. The little cutting here appended will explain the gap:—



### In Memoriam.

MR MICHIE FORBES GRAY.

WE regret exceedingly to have to record the death of Mr Michie Forbes Gray, who died, in the sixtieth year of his age, at his residence, Gordon Villa, Brixton, after a long and protracted illness. Mr Gray was a leal and true-hearted Scotsman, and was connected with most of our London Scottish Charities. He was one of the founders of the Caledonian Society of London, and acted for many years as its Honorary Secretary, in which capacity he displayed great tact, zeal, and ability, while his warm and kindly heart endeared him to a large body of his countrymen in London, who will long cherish the remembrance of his truly patriotic and national sympathies. Amongst those who followed his remains to their last resting-place were his old friends, Messrs Hepburn, Kilpatrick, and Brock, who represented the Caledonian Society of London.

Mr Shiress Will ably conducted the affairs of the Society, of which he is still a warm-hearted member. His brilliant speeches linger yet in the memories of Caledonians, and at the present day his genial presence is ever welcome. Mr Will, as may be imagined, ever was a busy man, but notwithstanding this, he was able, in 1885, to respond to the call of his country and take a seat in the Legislature. Whether or not he was prompted to this step by his brother Caledonians I am unable authoritatively to state, but certain it is that the interests of the members of the Caledonian Society of London are well represented in the Parliament of to-day by our distinguished Past-President. Our Society is in no sense a political one. Collectively its members do not trouble the Legislature much, although the Legislature troubles them individually a good deal from time to time, but they are not backward in furthering the claims of one of their own body when the occasion occurs, and so at the time of Mr Will's election, one member at least did his duty in this respect by penning the following lines. They appeared in the local Scottish papers, and doubtless clinched the votes of not a few wavering electors. The writer evidently is no Tory, neither so apparently is Mr Shiress Will.



J. SHIRESS WILL, Esq., Q.C., M.P.,  
*President, 1876-1878.*

**Where there's a Will there's a Way.**

**M**ONTROSE'S fair Burghs, quick, shake off the worries  
Of Tories who lead to betray,  
And follow the plan of a leal-hearted man,  
"For where there's a will there's a way."

"Will," the grand old man, he'll lead Liberty's van  
Through Midlothian, and carry the day;  
Young "Will" shall not lag, but follow the flag,  
For where there's a "Will" there's a way.

So up and be doing, there's mischief a-brewing,  
Your cause must not suffer delay,  
If for Freedom desirous, support your friend Shiress,  
For where there's a "Will" there's a way.

He's no "Will" o' the wisp, who glides softly and crisp,  
To dazzle and lead you astray;  
He shirks all sort of nonsense, has a heart and a conscience;  
So pray let your Will have his way.

Somewhere about this period, Dr Erasmus Wilson,  
afterwards Sir Erasmus, for a short time occupied the  
Vice-chair of the Society.



## CHAPTER XII.

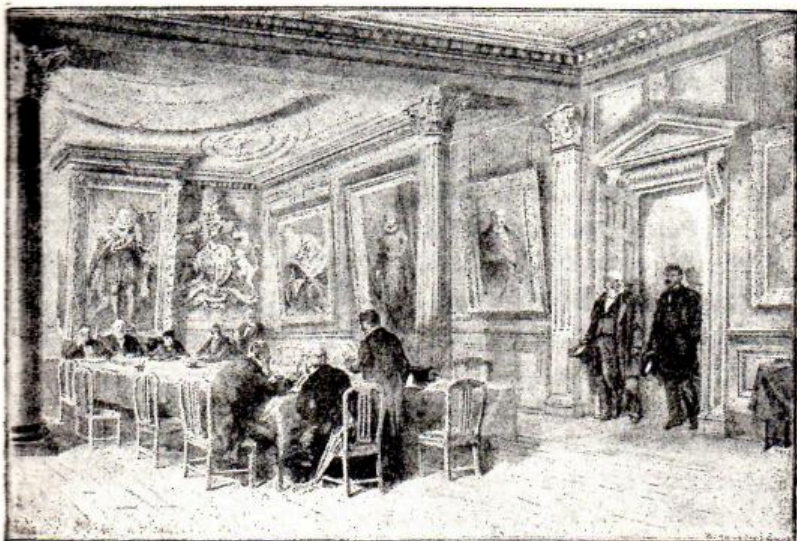
**A**N event, occurring in November, 1877, must now be recorded, which for the time cast a gloom over all London Scotsmen, including the members of the Caledonian Society, namely, the total destruction by fire of the ancient and historic hall of the Scottish Corporation, in Crane Court, Fleet Street. Many a time and oft had Caledonians assembled in Council under the sheltering roof of this time-honoured and venerable building, and the news of the disaster was received by every member with greatest regret. So keen is the interest of our Society in all the affairs of this greatest of all London Scottish Charities, whose managing body is so largely recruited from the ranks of our membership, that it will not be out of place here to insert some details of the history of an Institution which has done so much to relieve the necessities of our less fortunate countrymen and countrywomen in the great Metropolis.

In an old volume in my possession, entitled "London and its Environs," published in the year 1759, is found the following account of the early days of the Corporation :—

## Scots Corporation.

*For the Relief of Poor and Necessitous People of that Country.*

**T**HIS Corporation owes its origin to James Kinnier, a Scotsman, and merchant of this city ; who on his recovery from a long and dangerous illness, resolved to give part of his estate towards the relief of the aged and necessitous of his country, within the cities of London and Westminster ; and having prevailed with a society of his countrymen, who composed a box club, to join their stock, applied for a charter, by which he and his coadjutors were, in the year 1665, constituted a body politic and corporate, with several privileges, which King Charles II. confirmed the following year by letters patent, wherein are recited the privileges granted in the former charter, with the addition of several new ones, viz. :—



OLD HALL OF THE SCOTTISH CORPORATION,  
DESTROYED BY FIRE IN 1877.

That they might erect an hospital within the city or liberties of London and Westminster, to be called *The Scots Hospital of King Charles II.* to be governed by eight Scotsmen, who were to choose from among themselves a Master, who, together with these Governors, were declared to be a body politic and corporate, and to have a common seal. They were also empowered to elect thirty-three Assistants, and to purchase in mortmain £400 *per annum*, over and above an annual sum mentioned in the first charter ; the profits arising from these purchases to be employed in relieving poor old Scots men and women, and instructing and employing poor Scottish orphans, the descendants of Scotsmen within this city.

This humane foundation had, however, like to have been crushed in its bud by two very dreadful events, the plague, and the fire of London ; which

happened in the very years when the charters were granted. However, those who had the direction of the work began in the year 1670 to prosecute it with vigour; and found themselves not only in a condition to provide for their poor, but took a lease of a piece of ground in Black Friars, to build upon, for the term of a thousand years, at a ground-rent of £40, and by charitable contributions were enabled to erect their hall, with two houses at Fleetditch, and four in Black Friars, which were soon after finished at the expense of £4450.

All matters relating to the Corporation are managed by the Governors without fee or reward; for they not only, upon all such occasions, spend their own money, but contribute quarterly for the support of the Society, and the relief of the poor; they provide for the sick; to the reduced and aged they grant pensions; they bury the dead, and give money to such as are disposed to return to Scotland. The sums disbursed by the Society amount to about £600 *per annum*.

The officers belonging to this Corporation are, a Treasurer, a Registrar, two Stewards, and a Beadle.

The present good work of the Corporation is too fully recognised by all Scotsmen to need any comment. A glance at its Annual Report will show how many of our members are individually actively engaged on its various Committees, and also how substantially its funds have been added to by our Society as a body from the year 1841; but the following account of the disaster already referred to will serve to recall to the minds of Caledonians the ancient home of the Royal Scottish Hospital, now replaced by a fine building on the old site, in which they, by the courtesy of the Directors, have spent many profitable and pleasant hours:—

FROM THE DAILY TELEGRAPH.

**A** FEELING of genuine regret will be caused by the lamentable destruction of the fine old hall of the Scottish Corporation, in Crane Court, Fleet Street. Through this disaster a number of really priceless art treasures have perished, foremost among which is the sumptuous portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, by Zuccherò—restored a few years since, under the advice of Mr E. M. Ward, R.A., by the late Mr Merritt—one of the finest among the few undoubtedly genuine effigies of “Marie R.” that were extant. This portrait was presented to the Scottish Corporation, so long ago as 1753, by Mr James Douglas. It represented the hapless Queen at full length, in a long sable robe, and standing on a Persian carpet; the last being an accessory, which, for the sake of its richness of colour, was always a favourite with painters of the Venetian school. The learned pictorial archæologist, Mr George Scharf, has, in a communication to a contemporary, given an exhaustive account of the burnt picture. Mr Scharf, however, does not distinctly assert that the portrait is by Zuccherò. He merely points out that it corresponds

with the well-known likenesses at Hardwick Hall and at Hatfield, which are known to have been painted by Oudry, at Sheffield, in 1578. Whether Oudry was only the copyist of Zucchero is uncertain. Other repetitions of this type of portraits of Mary are to be found, so Mr Scharf tells us, at Cobham Hall, the seat of Lord Darnley; at the mansion of the Brocas family in Hampshire; and, modified into a half-length by Beaurepaire, in the National Portrait Gallery. Nor was the portrait of Mary Queen of Scots the only valuable pictorial relic which became the prey of the flames on the 14th inst. Sir Godfrey Kneller's half-length of the Duke of Bedford, in the robes of the Garter, is gone. So is Sir Peter Lely's portrait of the Duke of Lauderdale, a wonderful specimen of facial modelling, of which, happily, there is a replica at Ham House. Antiquaries will deplore the destruction of a curious representation of the Scottish regalia, the work of Robert Streater, serjeant-painter to Charles II. ; and, finally, Sir David Wilkie's striking portrait of William IV. has been consumed. Apart from the sorrow due to the disappearance of so many works of art, there is much to lament in the destruction of the hall in Crane Court itself. Before it passed into the hands of the Scottish Corporation, it had been the meeting place of the Royal Society, who removed thither, soon after the Restoration, from the modest City tavern where their first deliberation had been held. Their hall in Crane Court had structurally undergone very little alteration since the days when Sir Isaac Newton occupied the presidential chair. Here may King Charles have propounded to the Fellows his impudently audacious problem of the live fish and the pail of water ; here the learned and virtuous Boyle, the erudite Hook, the accomplished and excellent John Evelyn, discoursed on science and art ; and here " that prodigy of a youth," Dr Christopher Wren, astonished his auditors by the variety of his attainments, ranging from astronomy to architecture, and from cryptography to new processes in vivisection. The destruction of a building having such interesting associations, not to speak of the loss of its precious contents, is nothing less than a public calamity.



## CHAPTER XIII.

**W**E now approach the last decade. The Society is flourishing and popular, and the prognostications of its founders have surpassed even their most sanguine hope. The natural course of years has told a wee bit upon some of these Scottish worthies, so that they are no longer able to take an active part in the Society's doings. Some, alas! have passed away, leaving only their sunny memories behind; but a new race has sprung into existence to uphold the old traditions, and the good old national spirit which binds Scotsmen together is as strong, if not stronger, than ever. The older members who still remain are content now to sit in their easy chairs, and leave the work in the hands of these new men; and many there are, good men and true, ready to jump into the empty shoes. The Council is almost entirely composed of fresh officials, although many have for long been graduating for office as members of the Society. R. Barclay Brown, James Nisbet Blyth, Alexander Milne Dunlop, all embryonic Presidents, are amongst these; with McLeod, a future Vice-President, and David Mossman, whose presence and inimitable song from "Whistle Binkie," "O, she was sly, sly," are so well known to all Caledonians.



For a short period Mr Anderson Soutar filled the office of Honorary Secretary, but having to leave for the East, a gap was unexpectedly created. This, however, was well filled temporarily by that worthy Caledonian, Dr Hogg, and all things sailed on pleasantly. The balls at this period were held in Willis's Rooms, and were eminently successful.

Under these favourable auspices, Mr James Lawrie was unanimously elected to fill the Presidential chair, and right well he filled it.

James Lawrie had for long been a prominent feature at all London Scottish gatherings. Thoroughly imbued with the love of his country, and possessed of a kindly and generous heart, he devoted much time to the work of London Scottish Charities, especially the Royal Caledonian Asylum, with which his name is intimately associated. But although settled in London for many years, he never ceased to sigh for his native land, and one fine day he took flight for the north, where he now lives on his property of "Bellefield," near the falls of Clyde, enjoying his *otium cum dignitate* and occupying his spare time in many works of usefulness and benevolence, and in discharging the duties of Justice of the Peace for his County of Lanark.

Acting as Vice-President with Mr Lawrie was the kindly and genial Alexander Duncan, who would in time so well have filled the highest office; but this was not destined to come about, for his health suddenly failed, and before little more than another year had passed away, the Society lost one of its best friends. Much regretted was Alexander Duncan, and when he was laid in the little cemetery at West Hampstead, in February, 1882, many Caledonians attended to testify to the respect in which this old and true member was held.

Alexander Duncan was essentially a genial and merry spirit, quick at repartee, and effervescing with a never-failing fund of humour and jocosity. An

instance of his ready wit occurred when, one day, he was seated in a public conveyance, and an elderly and particularly stout male passenger squeezed himself into a seat, almost to the annihilation of the Vice-President.

"Don't look so glum, sir," said the intruder, "any port in a storm, you know."

"Yes," replied Duncan, "that's all very well, but personally I prefer my port not quite so full-bodied."

Your Chronicler now finds himself face to face with a tremendous difficulty. The men he would describe are in the main the men of to-day. He must, therefore, touch but lightly on the leaders of the Society of the next succeeding years, lest he spoil the picture which their presence ever calls up before the minds of the present race of Caledonians. The self-imposed task, however, must be finished, and if of necessity it be incomplete and brief, he trusts that when at some future time another is bold enough to continue "The Chronicles," they may be taken up at this point and presented to the Society in befitting form and proportion. The scrap book, which has been so friendly, has run out. The *London and Scottish Review* is no longer extant. True, there are the minute books, but their dry details need not be repeated here; Caledonians may search these for themselves. It is with the chit-chat which your chronicler has to deal: so now to proceed.

The year 1881 finds Mr W. T. Morrison once more in the Presidential chair, the Young Man's President still. He is supported by Mr H. C. McLeod as Vice-President, who filled this position during two Presidencies, and although now no longer with the Society, is well remembered, not the least by his fine rendering of many of the Scottish songs.

One name occurs on the Council which must have more than a passing notice, namely, that of Mr George Grant, one of our present-day patriarchs. If I may venture to give Mr Grant a title, I will call him "The

President Maker." Many a time and oft has he been urged to take the highest office of the Society, and many a time and oft has he modestly withdrawn, but only to set about in the kindest way to find some other to rule in his stead. Always ready with sage advice and counsel, we have learned to regard him as one of our most loyal and staunch members. A true friend to, and earnest worker in, high official capacities, both in the Royal Caledonian Asylum and Scottish Corporation, we look up to him as a fine specimen of a true Caledonian, and worthy representative of the Scottish cause in London.

At this date, 1881, Mr Thomas Masson was elected the Honorary Secretary of the Society.







JAMES LAWRIE, Esq., J.P.  
*President, 1879-1881.*



A. M. DUNLOP, Esq.,  
*President, 1883-1884.*

## CHAPTER XIV.

**I**N 1882, Mr Alexander Milne Dunlop was unanimously elected to undertake the Presidential responsibilities and honours, and many pleasant evenings were spent during the period of his rule. Mr Dunlop assiduously discharged the duties of his high office, and although on many occasions he had to travel from Wales or other distant parts of the country, he was a constant attendant at all meetings where his presence in his Presidential capacity was expected.

During the two years of Mr Dunlop's occupancy of the chair the Society was on several occasions visited by Mr Pope, Q.C., whose eloquent and humorous speeches were delightful to listen to, especially one in reply to the toast of "The Visitors," delivered at the Annual Festival in commemoration of the birthday of Robert Burns. On that occasion the toast of the evening, namely, "The Immortal Memory of the Poet," was proposed by the President in appropriate and eloquent terms.

The only addition to the Council at this period was an important one, namely, that of Captain H. W. Notman, of the London Scottish, who for long had been well known and respected in the Society, and a zealous supporter both of the Scottish Hospital and Royal Caledonian Asylum.

The Annual Festival in commemoration of Burns's birthday in 1883 was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, and on this occasion again Mr Duncan D. Hepburn proposed the "Immortal Memory" with the eloquence that characterised his orations on the Natal Day of the Bard.

At this gathering an event took place which was one of great interest, the presentation to Mr John Kilpatrick of the Society's gold medal, accompanied with an illuminated parchment recording the date of his retirement from the Treasurership, and gracefully expressing the high estimation in which he was held by every member of the Society.

For the Caledonian Society and all Scottish Institutions Mr Kilpartick had an ardent affection. He was a man of marked modesty, quiet but sound judgment, and endowed with the kindest of hearts. He had not, therefore, long joined the Society's ranks before these good qualities unostentatiously asserted themselves, and the Caledonians recognised the fact that they had acquired a true friend.

Mr Kilpatrick possessed the unbounded confidence of each member of the Society, and when he undertook, by unanimous request, the important office of Treasurer, the Society rejoiced. For twenty-eight long years this leal Caledonian remained in office, supporting in every way all the best interests of the Society. When on the occasion already referred to, he was led up to the chair by his old friend, the "Father of the Society," to receive the recognition of his many acts of kindness, a thrill passed through every heart, for no man had gained for himself greater respect than the worthy Treasurer of more than a quarter of a century.

On his retirement, Mr Kilpatrick let his mantle fall on a worthy successor, Mr William Robertson, a true and trusty Caledonian, who for ten previous years had lent his valuable services in the capacity of Auditor.



I cannot venture to dilate on the theme of Mr Robertson, he is too well known and esteemed, and his good work at the present day speaks for itself.

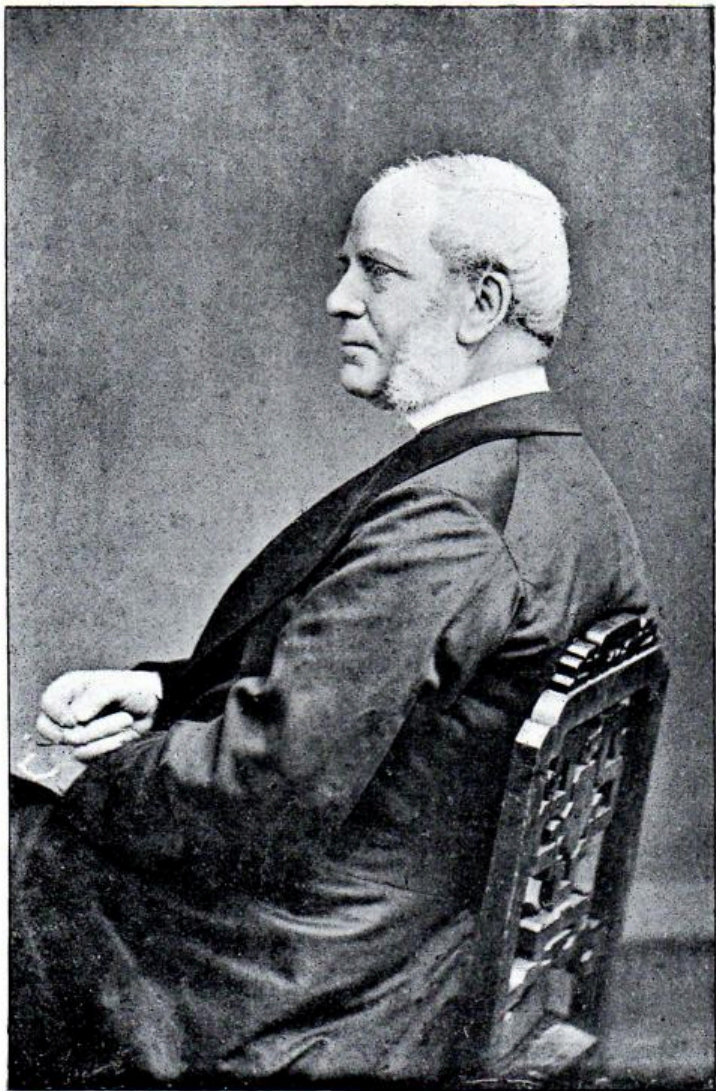
Little did the Caledonians think when they paid honour to their old friend, Mr Kilpatrick, how soon they were to lose him altogether from their ranks. He died on the 19th March, 1884, and was interred at Highgate Cemetery, deeply regretted by a large circle of friends. Amongst the mourners were many of those who had worked with him in the Caledonian cause.



THE SOCIETY'S SNUFF MULL.



PRESIDENT'S MEDAL.



JOHN KILPATRICK, Esq.,  
*Treasurer, 1855-1884.*



JAMES NISBET BLYTH, Esq.,  
*President, 1885-1886.*

## CHAPTER XV.

**A**T the commencement of the Autumn Session of 1884, Mr James Nisbet Blyth was ushered into the chair of state, amidst universal rejoicing, and for two years he ruled with that geniality and kindness which had already characterised him during his long membership.

The "Little Dinners," as the informal Caledonian suppers now commenced to be designated, were eminently successful under the direction of such a President. The great Annual Festival on the 25th January, 1885, was largely attended, and many will remember the graceful way in which Mr Blyth introduced the toast of the evening, and the apt quotations culled from the writings of the Immortal Bard with which his remarks were amplified. He also had the pleasure of presenting to Mr Dunlop, his predecessor, the gold medal in recognition of good service.

At this time it was thought advisable to extend the number of members of Council, and consequently this body was increased from nine to fifteen members. This, of course, created a slight increase in the total membership of the Society. The newly-elected Councillors were Messrs James Duncan, William Dick, R. Henderson, W. H. Inglis, M. D. McEacharn, Peter McLaurin, Andrew Maclure, John Ross, and your Chronicler. Mr James Glegg kindly undertook to act as Auditor, Mr William Robertson being fully invested with the dignity of the Treasurership by this time.

At the Annual Banquet, in 1886, Dr Brunton, so well known and respected in the Society, proposed "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns" in a quaint and humorous speech, affording another instance of the diverse ways in which this inexhaustible subject is treated from time to time.

Mr Blyth has been more than a President, for since his retirement from the high office he so well filled, he has been as assiduous in his attendance at the Society's meetings as ever. No man is more ready than he to aid, by kindly judicious counsel or service on Committees, or to render assistance in less formal ways.

The Presidency of the Caledonian Society of London is, amongst Scotsmen, a coveted distinction. That it may serve them in good stead, not only at home but abroad, is proved by the following anecdote :

When travelling in a remote part of France, Mr Blyth and his party arrived at an hotel already apparently full to overflowing. "Non, Monsieur," said the much-exercised hostess, in reply to a request for rooms. "C'est impossible, toutes les chambres sont déjà occupées." "What!" said Mr Blyth, "no room for the President of the Caledonian Society of London?" These magic words totally altered the aspect of affairs; the best accommodation was at once offered to "Monsieur le President," and the compliments exchanged, in which the President's flask played a prominent part, went far to confirm those cordial relations which have for ever existed between L'Ecosse and La Belle France.

In November, 1886, Mr R. Barclay Brown assumed, by unanimous request, the dignities of the Presidential office. A staunch Caledonian is Barclay Brown, and right well did he look, seated in state and giving forth his sentiments in the true Doric, at the Caledonian Board. A genial, right Scottish President was he, and a leal member is he to the present hour, when his cheery presence is rarely missed from council, general or

festival gathering. And his good name is not likely to die out either, for his son Kenneth, that braw young lieutenant of the "London Scottish," is now a member of the Society, and your Chronicler feels that he is echoing the sentiments of each member when, taking a little liberty with the words of a well-known Caledonian ditty, he says:—

" And we'll still ha'e our cogie, lads ;  
 We winna want our cogie ;  
 We winna gie our *twa*-girt cog  
 For a' the chieils in Bogie."

Mr Brown, in coming into office, was supported in the Vice chair by Mr W. Hutton Inglis, and beyond a right royal list of ex-officio members, the names of Mr Shanks, Mr John Wilson, Mr P. Morrison, Mr G. S. Edward, and Mr Daniel Macnee, appear for the first time on the Council, with Mr R. Mackay as Auditor.

The "Little Dinners" keep up to the full their character for sociability, but what a change since the days of Beattie's or the "Craven Hotel." Now, at the stroke of ten, the gathering breaks up; how much enjoyment, however, is condensed into the two short hours devoted to the pleasant chat and song!

Now-a-days the modern Caledonian is content with a menu such as the following:—

## Dinner

*At the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street.*

SOUPS.

Cockie Leekie. Mutton Broth.

FISH.

Cod and Oyster Sauce.

SCOTTISH COURSE.

Haggis. Sheep's Heads and Trotters. Black and White Puddings.  
 Mashed Potatoes.

REMOVE.

Saddle of Mutton.

Spinach. Potatoes Rissolées.

ROAST.

Turkey and Sausage.

French Salad.

Cheese.

Celery.

At the Festival of 1887, a goodly muster of Caledonians and their friends assembled, and a most pleasant evening was spent, Mr Barclay Brown presiding. The toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," was proposed by Mr Wallet, who delivered an eloquent and interesting address, in which he showed an intimate knowledge and appreciation of the poet's works, and detailed many incidents in his career. He also recalled various scenes, especially those in the neighbourhood of Dumfries, in which the poet passed so many years of his life.

Mr Brown had the pleasure of decorating Mr Blyth with the Society's gold medal, a distinction he himself had conferred upon him after his retirement. By this time the gold medal had been awarded to many distinguished Past-Presidents, and in addition also to Mr Michie Gray and Mr Kilpatrick.







R. BARCLAY BROWN, Esq.,  
*President, 1887.*



W. HUTTON INGLIS, Esq.,  
*President, 1888.*

CHAPTER XVI.

**W**E now arrive at an important year in our Society's history, and on the 8th December, 1887, we find Mr W. Hutton Inglis sitting in the Presidential chair, when he at once struck a chord in the hearts of the assembled Caledonians by repeating, before the modest repast, at the preliminary supper of the session, the lines of the old Scottish grace :—

“ Some ha'e meat and canna eat ;  
 And some wad eat that want it ;  
 But we ha'e meat, and we can eat,  
 And sae the Lord be thankit.”

And our next meeting, under the guidance of this most genial President, safely brought us into our jubilee year. Yes, an important year was this. The Society had stood the test of time, and stood it bravely. Looking back over the long past years, its members could truly congratulate themselves on the almost unparalleled success which had attended their Society throughout. No hiatus had occurred, and although, in the natural course of human events, troubles had sometimes arisen, these had been gallantly overcome, and the Society, by the leal support of its members, had survived, a flourishing Scottish Institution, through its few troubles and many joys. This proved beyond

doubt that the old national spirit had in no way suffered by time and the many changes which come in its train. At this date Caledonians could not but look back and recall many old members who had been staunch and true in the old days and regret their absence, but the "Father of the Society" was still with them, and many intermediate links connecting them with the past, and they were happy. The new generation which had sprung up was ready to carry on the old traditions, and so all felt that the Society had a great future before it. The list of members was greater than ever, and composed of men all anxious and willing to work together for the common cause of good fellowship and the furtherance of national objects.

The Annual Festival, on 25th January, 1888, found Mr Hutton Inglis, the President, in the chair. In the company were Mr David Hepburn and Mr Daniel Macnee, Mr MacWhirter, R.A., and Mrs MacWhirter, Mr Pettie, R.A., Mr and Mrs Andrew Lang, Dr Farquhar Matheson and Mr Wallet.

The various Loyal and Service toasts having been honoured (Captain Notman of the London Scottish replying to the last named), the Chairman in a speech full of fire and imagery gave "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns."

Mr J. Duncan proposed the "Caledonian Society" in this its Jubilee year.

Mr MacWhirter, R.A., responded for "the Visitors," which toast was given by Mr D. Hepburn. Mr Duncan Wallet gave the "Past-Presidents" and Mr W. J. Morrison responded. "The Ladies" were toasted on the call of Mr Maclure.

Two extracts from the *London Scotsman* of 28th January, 1888, are given here:—

Mr J. Shiress Will, Q.C., M.P., has been elected a Bencher of the Middle Temple, in succession to the late Mr F. Bailey, Q.C.

The second tells of a great loss sustained by the Society.

Dr John Millar, whose death is herein recorded, was a Councillor for the long period of sixteen years, and his loss was keenly felt by all. Those who knew him could not but appreciate the kindly warmth of his true heart and genuine nature. This distinguished man and scientist, who held many honourable positions beyond those recorded in this short notice, amongst others being a Fellow and Councillor of the Royal Microscopical Society, was a constant attendant at all the gatherings of the Caledonian Society. From its business or social meetings he was rarely absent, and to the Society he introduced many friends, amongst these the late Professor Morris, who was a frequent guest. Dr Millar was one of those modest, retiring members, of whom there are many, who never allow themselves to be brought forward in any prominent way, but whose presence and influence are a constant delight to those who enjoy their fellowship. In the Society the Doctor had many friends, and his loss was universally deplored.

### In Memoriam.

DR JOHN MILLAR.

WE deeply regret to announce the death of a well-known London Scotsman, Dr John Millar, which event took place at his residence, Bethnal House, Bethnal Green, from an attack of bronchitis, in the 69th year of his age, on the 19th inst. Dr Millar was a native of Inverness, and held diplomas of the Royal Colleges of London, Edinburgh, and of the Glasgow University. He was a distinguished Fellow of the Geological, Linnæan, and Medical Societies of London, and, amongst his professional brethren, was extensively known by his successful treatment in cases of lunacy. His loss will be severely felt by his numerous friends in the Caledonian Society of London, to whom he had endeared himself by his genial and patriotic nature, and by the Scottish charities of which he was a liberal supporter.

At this date, on the suggestion of Mr Blyth, it was thought well to commemorate the Jubilee of the Society by the institution of a badge, to be worn not only by existing but all future members, on the occasion of state gatherings. This was designed and carried out by Mr

Edward, and incoming members are expected to possess themselves of this little decoration, and to wear it on suitable occasions as a mark of membership and stewardship. The accompanying illustration will serve to remind all of this desire of the Council.

Only in one respect, at this time, did the Society show a falling off, and that was in the matter of the



THE SOCIETY'S BADGE.

Annual Ball, a circumstance, however, which could be easily accounted for. Dancing was apparently not such a popular amusement as in olden times, and besides that, endless Scottish Societies had gradually sprung into existence, each giving its own entertainments, and thus dividing, as it were, the interest which had centred in this annual Caledonian festivity, which in past days was the one thing of the kind extant, excepting perhaps, the grand fancy ball given under the auspices of the Highland Society. Other reasons,

may be, tended to lessen the numbers at these gatherings, but certain it was that for some years "The Ball" had been distinctly on the decline, and in the year 1888, the attendance was not sufficient to warrant the Society in holding it in the ensuing year. This was a wise decision, for the finances of the Society had been crippled, instead of being augmented; indeed, the funds had reached a dangerously low ebb, and, as a consequence, the Scottish Charities suffered.

At the last "Little Dinner" presided over by Mr Inglis, the Society was honoured by the presence of the late Colonel Duncan, M.P., who was introduced by our veteran member, Mr Shanks. Many may recall with pleasure the eloquent speech made by the Colonel on this occasion, in which he expressed his desire to join the ranks of the Society. How cheery and bright he was on that happy evening, how pleasantly his words fell on the ears of his countrymen, in that cosy room in Great Queen Street. Alas! how soon was that voice to be hushed for ever.



## CHAPTER XVII.

**I**N compiling the foregoing chapters, I, David Hepburn, "Oor Davie," as some kindly and patriarchal Caledonians have designated me, for the sake of auld lang syne, have frequently been much exercised in my mind, but never so sorely as at the present moment, when, for the sake of continuity, I have to introduce myself as the President elect.

Why my brother members thought fit to invest me with this high dignity I have never been able to ascertain, but certain it is that when, towards the end of the year 1888, they chose thus to honour me, they did it in so kind and hearty a spirit, that I should indeed have been ungrateful had I allowed any sense of my own unworthiness to stand in the way of my acceptance of a position so cordially offered.

If I was not born in Scotland, that was not my fault: it was my misfortune. But such accidents will occur, even in the best regulated Scottish families. Never of too patient or submissive a disposition, when still in long-clothes I rebelled at the injustice which I considered had been done me, and, as the family tradition tells, as soon as I had donned short frocks, and was able to walk respectably, I determined on my own account to redeem, as far as possible, the sad accident of my birth. So one fine morning, I escaped through



the open hall door unobserved, and travelled northwards up the street till I was stopped by a friendly crossing-sweeper, to whom I had volunteered the intelligence that "I was going to Scotland," and was, alas! ignominiously brought back. This episode, however, was not void of results, for shortly afterwards my parents, perhaps to atone for the injustice they had done me, packed me off to the north, and there, under the combined influence of the taws, the Shorter Catechism, and the porridge pot, I fostered my love for that land which my blood, for generations past, both on the paternal and maternal sides, justly entitled me to claim as my own.

It is many years ago—so many that I cannot remember the exact date—when I consider that I first became a member of the Caledonian Society, and was introduced to its members at a meeting of council, held in Davies Street, Berkeley Square. I was but a very small nuisance, in a diminutive kilt, at the time, but that is of no consequence. I believe at this meeting I was not formally proposed and balloted for in the usual way. This took place some five-and-twenty years afterwards, when I was privileged to pay my entrance fees and annual subscriptions, according to the prescribed custom. I imagine I must have done this conscientiously, otherwise I should not have been nominated and elected a Councillor in 1886.

I am grateful now for my long membership, because it has afforded me the opportunity of coming in contact with many of the founders and older members of the Society, on whose knees—I mean, in whose company—I have often sat, they at the time little suspecting that there was a chiel amang them takin' notes. Yes, this is how I come to write the Chronicles, and as I do so, the good old Caledonian friends of bygone years pass in procession before me, while those of to-day smile down from the frame which contains that excellent group of likenesses recently

collected and arranged under the direction of Mr David Mossman.

The Annual Festival of 1889 was a gratifying one in all respects, and a company of ladies and gentlemen, it is said greater than had assembled for twelve years, met in the old Freemasons' Banqueting Hall, to do honour to the memory of Scotland's Immortal Bard. The toast of the evening was introduced by myself, and for the first moment I realised to the full the responsibilities of the Presidential office. (Mr Hepburn spoke eloquently of the many-sidedness of the songs and poems of Burns).

I wish I could furnish reports or recall the various excellent speeches made on this occasion: by Mr Wilson, in proposing "Prosperity to the Caledonian Society"; by Mr Morrison, Mr Ross, Mr Grant, and others; and by Dr Marsden, whose father had visited the Society forty years ago as a guest, in reply to the health of the visitors; but this I am unable to do.

The ceremony of the presentation to the retiring President is always an interesting one, and was carried out with its usual pomp and solemnity, its artistic effect eliciting expressions of marked admiration from Mr Pettie, R.A., who was one of the guests of the evening. Mr W. H. Inglis, who had so well earned the esteem of every member of the Society, was the honoured recipient of the decoration.

It may be useful here to record the order of this ceremony. Heralded by the piper, and preceded by a bodyguard formed of all the kilted office-bearers and members of the Society, the recipient of the medal is conducted to the head of the room, where he is received by the President, who is attended by the beadle of the Society, Donald Mackay, attired in full Highland costume, and carrying his silver-headed staff of office. The gentlemen composing the bodyguard then range themselves in a semi-circle round the President's chair. The retiring President is addressed in terms befitting

the occasion, and the medal is pinned to his breast by the lady seated on the right of the chair. This being accomplished, the President draws his dirk, holding it aloft, and each member of the bodyguard, as he passes by, touches with his own weapon the President's upturned blade, in solemn silence. The sound of the pipes ringing out once more, the honoured recipient of the Society's highest distinction is conducted back to his seat, amidst the cheers of the assembled Caledonians and guests.

The dance after these banquets is a time-honoured institution, and with quadrille, waltz, schottische, and reel, is merrily kept up till a late hour, when the evening is brought to a close by the company joining together hand-in-hand, and singing their parting song of "Auld Lang Syne."

*The Scotsman* of Saturday, 26th January, 1889, informs us that Mr David Hepburn presided at the dinner of that year. The gathering was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, and a large company sat down, among them three world-famous artists, Pettie, R.A., MacWhirter, A.R.A., and Charles Keene of *Punch*. The President delivered the oration in memory of Burns.

In the same issue of the newspaper are these two paragraphs:—

Scottish feeling grows apace in the metropolis. Concerts took place at St. James's Hall and at Kensington Gore. In the building first named, Scottish fervour had everything its own way, and presented an astonishing spectacle to the few English people present. The place was crowded in nearly every part. The first part of the programme, devoted to setting of lyrics by Burns, was a triumph. Miss Liza Lehmann, Madame Patey, Miss McIntyre, Miss Patti Winter, Miss Susetta Fenn, Mr Lely, Mr Walter Clifford, Mr Lloyd, and Mr Santley all took part, and all met with equal favour. The second part included "Charlie is my darling;" "Bonnie Dundee;" "The Blue Bells of Scotland;" "Draw the Sword, Scotland;" "The Deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman."

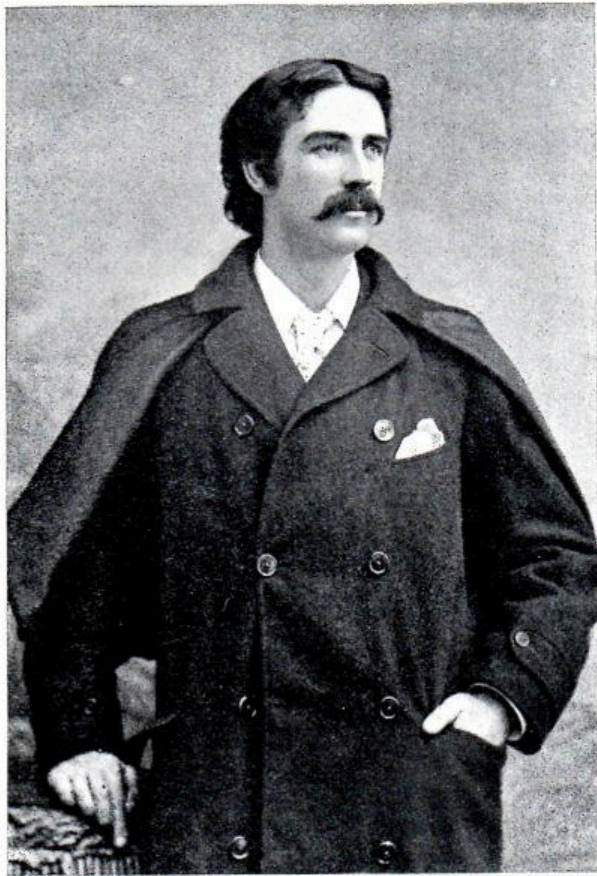
At the Albert Hall, Mr William Carter held a "Scottish Festival" of a like kind and in similar fashion, the singers announced to appear being Miss Josephine Lemoid, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Valentine Smith, and others.

As formerly stated, the Council wisely decreed

that the Ball should not be held in 1889, but did it lapse altogether? No. Even if it was by reason of an official mistake not his own, one faithful attendant at these gatherings presented himself at the rooms of the Métropole Hotel on the accustomed date, William Ross, Her Majesty's piper. Alas! the rooms were empty, but his presence there kept up the link, and if this pleasant gathering is resumed in the future, may the veteran piper be there to inspire Caledonians with his magic strains, as he has done on so many former occasions.

We are not, however, without a pleasant summer meeting, at least it was a pleasant one to me, when the members of the Society assembled in Portland Place, and had a crack thegither for the sake o' auld lang syne.

At the commencement of the Autumn Session, Mr Masson, so well known in the Society for many years, resigned the office of Honorary Secretary. It was at this time that the worthy Vice-President, Mr John Ross, kindly came forward, and with that determination and enthusiasm which ever characterises him, undertook the onerous duties of this office, until such a time as a successor to Mr Masson could be appointed. Mr Ross has been for more than twenty years a member of the Society, and was elected a Councillor in 1884. His genial face and happy speeches are familiar to every Caledonian; and to myself, in my Presidential capacity, he has been a never-failing source of strength and support. For the secretarial work which he so gallantly took upon himself, we owe him a lasting debt of gratitude; and the welcome which he is unconsciously preparing for himself when he comes to occupy the Presidential chair, only his brother Caledonians know.



DAVID HEPBURN, Esq.  
*President, 1889-1890.*



WILLIAM ROBERTSON, Esq.,  
*Treasurer.*

## CHAPTER XVIII.

**T**HE last chapter. The year 1890 dawned brightly for the Society. Various little reforms, organised and practised during the previous twelve months, had proved productive of the most satisfactory results ; and the heart of the worthy Treasurer, Mr William Robertson, was gladdened by the fact of a goodly balance, which enabled the Society once more to liberally assist its pet charities. The pleasant feeling of enthusiasm which had held Caledonians together through so many long years seemed, if possible, stronger than ever, as was proved by the presence of sixty members and guests at the opening meeting. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, fifty-eight comprised the total muster of our countrymen at that time resident in London, How different is it now ! At the commencement of the reign of our Gracious Sovereign Queen Victoria, two London Scottish Societies alone existed beyond the two great charities. What a change at the present date ! Now their name is legion. Highland games are held annually, Scottish clubs and societies abound, for all ranks and conditions of Scotsmen, both Highland and Lowland. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the now ancient Caledonian Society of London holds its own,

losing none of its pristine freshness, but only gaining strength and increased popularity with its increasing years.

Again I find myself presiding over its destinies and sitting in its Presidential chair, keeping it warm for our good friend Mr Ross. We'll need a big chair for his portly form when he comes to rule over us.

Our Annual Festival has taken place, and for real enjoyment has rarely been surpassed, although the Russian scourge and other circumstances at the last moment robbed us of the presence of many whom we would have rejoiced to see around our festive board. Though not present in body they were so in spirit, as was testified by pleasant letters received from Sir J. D. Linton, whose father was an old member of the Society, Professor Masson, Mr Pettie, and his son-in-law, Mr Hamish MacCunn, Dr A. C. Mackenzie, President of the Royal Academy of Music, Mr Peter Graham, R.A., Mr MacWhirter, A.R.A., Mr Barrie, Mr Shiress Will, Q.C., M.P., Mr Robert Hepburn, Mr George Grant, Mr Robertson, and other old members.

William Ross, the veteran piper, was in excellent form, and the little band of boy pipers from the Royal Caledonian Asylum, headed by the Sergeant, received as usual a hearty welcome as they marched round the Banqueting Hall, recalling to mind the description given by Mr William Black in his "McLeod of Dare." The vocal music, under the direction of Mr Dalgetty Henderson, formed a Scottish entertainment in itself, and the sweet singing of this master of Scottish melody, assisted by Miss Dallas, Miss Henderson, and Mr Egbert Roberts, was listened to with the greatest pleasure.

Mr Hutton Inglis proposed the "Navy, Army, and Reserve Forces" in suitable and eloquent terms, the toast being responded to by Lieutenant Maclure, of the London Scottish. Mr Dick, who, in the absence of Mr Shiress Will, kindly undertook the important



toast of "Prosperity to the Society," made many apt and appropriate allusions to Scotsmen and their various characteristics. Mr James Duncan, in a speech which will long dwell in the memories of Caledonians, proposed "The Visitors." Although at the outset stating that his remarks would be of the briefest, he, with the subtle humour of his country, of which this introduction was a part, kept his hearers spellbound for a goodly time with his naive and witty allusions to many things which interest Scotsmen and all Britons alike. Amongst other things, he said, "Mr Stanley, as you know, has been trying recently to find a reason for the almost invariable success of Scotsmen wherever they go, and he has put it down to their being actuated by a strong sense of duty. Well, much is due to this, no doubt, and much is due also to the Spartan training of our early youth, to the Shorter Catechism, and to oatmeal porridge; but far beyond all else, I would unhesitatingly place the fact that the Scot, if he be of the right mettle, feels bound to act up, as far as in him lies, to the lofty ideal of national character which the world has been taught to expect of our countrymen." Finally, he accorded a hearty welcome to our guests, making special reference to the distinguished artist, Mr Small, who sat at his right hand. It was a most happy speech, and was gracefully responded to by Mr Watherston.

The health of the ladies was proposed by Mr Wilson, and responded to by Lieutenant Kenneth Brown, of the London Scottish. Mr Ritchie, in a speech teeming with humour and good feeling, proposed "The President."

It is not often that on two successive years it falls to the lot of a President to undertake the standing toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns." But after many futile attempts to lay the burden on other shoulders, I found myself again with this important task on hand. I will not

burden the pages of "The Chronicles" with the remarks I elected to offer on this ever fresh theme. Let me rather here append a short poem, written by the bard of the Society, which was handed to each member and guest, and which expresses in telling words the thoughts which are nearest and dearest to all Caledonian hearts on the occasion of these great annual gatherings.

### To the Laurel Wreath of Robert Burns:

A LEAF FRAE A BRITHER CALEDONIAN.

ALL hail this January nicht,  
 That owre the land's proclaimed wi' micht,  
 An' shows, wi' nae uncertain licht,  
     A festal day  
 To Scotia's Bard, wha's heart was richt,  
     Tae his ain day.  
 A' nature, tae his heart an' brain,  
 Spake, while he worshipped her alane;  
 Each wee bird, made his heart fu' fain,  
     An', e'en the Deil  
 Found in the poet's heart, a pain  
     For ne'er dae weel.

The bonnie flowers on hill, or dell,  
 The heather, an' the sweet blue bell;  
 Whaur burnie's loup or cataracts dwell,  
     Near crag, or sward.  
 Their beauties a', nae tongue can tell  
     Like oor ain Bard.

The sun, the mune, the passing cloud,  
 The stars an' sky, proclaimed aloud,  
 To him, as if from airy shroud  
     He felt their sway.  
 An' men an' women, aye should crowd  
     Tae hear his Lay.

Blest he who writes his country's sangs,  
 Tae him high honours aye belangs,  
 He sings o' richts, he sings o' wrangs,  
     An' luve, sae true,  
 An' keeps us a' frae warlike clangs  
     We sune nicht rue;

He sings tae fire the patriot's heart,  
 Sair, sair, he sighs, when lovers part,  
 An' tells o' mony a cruel dart

Ill deeds send hame,  
 An' prays that every cruel smart  
 May meet its blame.

So long as Scots taegither meet,  
 At home, abroad, in camp, or fleet,  
 In untrod wilds, with weary feet,

He never mourns,  
 For in his heart, doth mem'ry greet,  
 Immortal Burns.

January 25th, 1890.

The Festival of 1890, according to the *Daily Graphic* of 27th January, was a great success. The meeting, says the report, was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Friday, 24th, so that the usual dance might follow the gathering. The President, Mr David Hepburn, was in the chair and proposed "The Immortal Memory." Mr John Ross, Vice-President, was present, and the Vice-Chairmen were Mr Hutton Inglis and Mr David Macnee. The Queen's piper, Mr William Ross, gave bagpipe selections, and assisted later with the dance music.

The Caledonian Society of London is the playground of those Scotsmen resident in the great Metropolis who can claim the privilege of its membership. Any good work it may accomplish from time to time is never made public. In its social aspect, however, it cannot, and it is not intended that it should, be restricted entirely to those of its own body, and Caledonians delight to extend their simple hospitality to many guests. At recent "Little Dinners" many distinguished visitors from the colonies and abroad have sat around its social board. A Parsee gentleman, one from Japan, a son of "La Belle France," have within the last few months delivered interesting speeches in replying to the toast of "The Guests."

The visit of Mr J. M. Barrie, shortly after the publication of his classic work, "Auld Licht Idylls,"

is remembered with pleasure, so also is the occasion when Mr Charles Keene and Mr Ralston smoked with Caledonians the pipe of peace. Mr Pettie, Mr MacWhirter, Mr David Murray, Mr Small, Mr Proctor, and other distinguished Scotsmen, have also tasted the haggis and breathed the Caledonian atmosphere, along with other guests from "the land we live in" and the Sister Isle.

How pleasant are these social gatherings, which flavour so strongly of the north, and create for the nonce a little Scotland right in the heart of this big city. Cosy evenings are these when Caledonians foregather: evenings to be looked forward to, for they cheer men on in their path through life. How many a good story is told; how many an old song is rescued from oblivion. How many a heart is gladdened by the kindly grip of the hand of a brother Scot. How the ears strain to catch each note, when Dalgetty Henderson or William Nicholl, at these informal meetings, lift their tuneful voices and pour forth strains of sweetest Scottish melody, as did Wilson and Templeton in days of long ago. Other guests there are, too, and many, to charm the ear, such as Mr Hume and Mr Alfred Smith, and from the Caledonian ranks a long line of songsters, ready at all times to assist in whiling away the time with Jacobite lay and ballad grave or gay. Truly these are "merrie" evenings, evenings which knit the hearts of men together. See the members as they "haud their crack thegither," and cast for the nonce all their cares to the winds. See their faces brightened by the light which comes of good fellowship and brotherhood. Note how these men are cemented together by their common love for dear auld Scotland, whose best characteristics and ancient traditions they are bound, individually and collectively, loyally to maintain; then say if the Caledonian Society of London exists in vain.

At the last "Little Dinner," which took place on

the evening of Thursday, the 17th April of this year, 1890, Mr J. Smith Turner, in speaking of the unaltered character of these meetings, as it has existed for well-nigh fifty-three years, said, and said truly, "It is a sameness which lacks monotony, and a repetition which we would not wish to alter." He closed his speech with some lines he had that day hastily evolved from his ever fertile brain. Recalling them, your Chronicler lays down his pen.

"It's aye the same thing ower again,  
We build the same auld tower again,  
    Wi' toast and sang  
    The hale nicht lang,  
And simple things hae power again.

"We hear the same auld strains again,  
That thrill through a' our veins again,  
    An' hearts grow licht  
    An' faces bricht,  
Wi' memory o' our hames again.

"The sea rins round the pier again,  
Its angry thuds we hear again,  
    An' sounds an' sights  
    O' days an' nichts  
Lang passed awa' come near again.

"The wind blaws through the mains again  
The burns splash ower the stanes again,  
    An' sparkling e'e  
    An' laugh sae free,  
Greet auld familiar names again."



## List of Members, 1890.

- |                            |                          |
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**Part II., 1891-1905**

*By* **JOHN DOUGLAS, F.S.A. (Scot.)**

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## Preface to Part II. (1891-1905).

**S**INCE the "Chronicles of the Caledonian Society of London," by Mr David Hepburn, were published, over thirty years have slipped away, and, in the interval, the gifted, genial, and much-esteemed author has passed to the Great Beyond. Although he is not now with us, the influence he bequeathed to the Society is a tradition of which every Caledonian is proud.

The first "Chronicles" covered a period of over half a century—from 1837 to 1890—and these further "Chronicles" take the history of the Society from the latter date to 1905.

The old spirit still prevails, with its love of real, social intercourse, and, although the personnel has changed, the members hold to the traditions which have always enabled them to pick out of the discords and dissonances of life some natural and true harmony.

Mr Hepburn's "Chronicles" were published in 1891, and each member was presented with a copy. Additional copies were distributed to:—

- Her Majesty Queen Victoria.
- The London Aberdeen, Banff, and Kincardine Association.
- The London Caithness Association.
- The London Forfarshire Association.
- The London Inverness-shire Association.
- The London Morayshire Club.
- The London Ross and Cromarty Association.
- The London Galloway Association.
- The Scottish Club.

*Preface—Continued.*

The copy accepted by Her Majesty was bound in satin and had an illuminated frontispiece designed by Mrs Underwood, a friend of the author.

The Society has made no effort to secure a large membership, but has always been solicitous in seeing that the new comers are worthy of having their names associated with those of the men who, during the better part of a century, have left their impress on the Society. The membership has been limited to one hundred, with the Council in addition, and the average number of members may be taken at one hundred and thirty-five.

The Society has been well called the playground of the workers in the London-Scottish charities, as a large proportion of those who have taken an active interest in the management of the two great Institutions, the Royal Scottish Hospital and the Royal Caledonian Schools, have been connected with the Society. It is, therefore, no cause for wonder that, in recent years, there has been, very often, a waiting list which has tended to make admission to the membership a slower process than most of the candidates like, and that an occasional grumble has been heard regarding the Society being "too exclusive." With the desire to become connected with the Society, however, there has been, speaking generally, a recognition of the fact that the members can lay claim to a substantial amount of Scottish grit; and candidates, in the main, have not objected to remain for some time on the waiting list rather than fail to become members of the Society.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "John Douglas". The name "John" is written on the top line, and "Douglas" is written on the bottom line, with a horizontal line underlining the entire signature.

## The Chronicles of the Caledonian Society of London.

1891.

**M**R JOHN ROSS was Vice-President in 1889, and was re-elected to the same office for 1890, and during the latter year he offered his services, which were gladly accepted, as Honorary Secretary *pro tem.*, owing to the resignation of Mr Masson. He carried the work through with an enthusiasm characteristic of the man, and the experience gained was valuable to him when he was elected President.

Mr Ross joined the Society in the early sixties of the nineteenth century ; and was elected a member of Council in 1884. He became President in 1891. A son of Sir David Ross, Lord Provost of Perth, Mr Ross was a popular figure in Mark Lane. He was a man of talent, full of wit and fun, and a charming companion. His personality might be summed up as a jolly fellow with a handsome clean-cut face and finely-chiselled head—always ready with a kind word and jovial phrase. He was a regular attender at all the meetings, and it was seldom he escaped being compelled to sing his one song—a humorous version of “ Old King Cole.” It was not the words that caught the popular fancy, but the inimitable way in which they were sung, and no one was ever able to imitate Mr Ross’s rendering of the song.

" Old King Cole was a merry old soul,  
 And a jolly old soul was he,  
 He called for his pipe and his brimming bowl,  
 And summoned his fiddlers three.

Now old King Cole on his cheek had a mole,  
 And he sent for his secretarie ;  
 And bade him look in the fortune-telling book,  
 And read him his destinie.

So the secretarie had a look in the fortune-telling book  
 And found to a certaintie,  
 That a mole on the face meant something should take place  
 But not what that something should be.

Now old King Cole drank so much alcohol,  
 That he smelt like a whiskey still,  
 And in cocking up his pipe, set himself alight,  
 And blew up like a gunpowder mill.

And these are the records of old King Cole  
 In the Cottonian Librarie ;  
 If you want to see 'em go to the British Museum  
 In Russell Street, Bloomsburie."

The Annual Festival held at the Freemasons' Tavern on 27th January, 1891, was notable for the large number of members and guests who were present ; the total was 240 and this constitutes the record gathering of the Society. Those were the days when such gatherings were looked upon as necessarily lengthy, and the programme was arranged accordingly. The toasts were :—

- (1) " Her Majesty the Queen."
- (2) " The Duke of Rothesay and other members of the Royal Family."
- (3) " The Navy, Army, and Reserve Forces."
- (4) " The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns."
- (5) " Prosperity to the Caledonian Society of London."
- (6) " The Visitors."
- (7) " The President."
- (8) " The Ladies."

In proposing the toast of " The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," the President said that he had often been asked by Englishmen how it was that Scotsmen so greatly venerated the memory of Burns. " Here was a man who, born in obscurity, spent his short life for the most part in toil and penury, and who died miserable and neglected. Well, Burns was born in a prosaic age, when literature took a long time to permeate, but when the

truth dawned upon the people, and when they found that a great national poet had been given to Scotland, they at once took Burns to their heart of hearts, where they had kept him ever since."

The President then referred to the world-wide homage which was paid to the poet, for, in nearly every corner of the globe Burns Clubs and Caledonian Societies vied with each other in celebrating his birthday and commemorating his name. After dwelling at some length on Burns's love of nature and humanity, his bright hope and prophecy, his numerous gifts, his wit and humour, his compassion, patriotism, and the love of liberty set forth in his songs, the President concluded with a special appeal to the ladies present, for, he said, no greater compliment was ever paid to the ladies than by Burns, when he wrote:—

"Auld nature swears the lovely dears,  
Her noblest work she classes, O!  
Her prentice han' she tried on man,  
And then she made the lasses, O!"

In proposing the toast of "Prosperity to the Caledonian Society of London," Mr Duncan Hepburn referred to the objects of the Society "so dear to the heart of every Scotsman, of keeping alive in a city far removed from their lovely glens and mountains, the customs which had been immortalised by their bards and other writers."

The time-honoured custom of presenting the jewel of the Society to the immediate Past-President was carried out, when, after a laudatory speech by the President, the coveted decoration was presented by Mrs Ross to Mr David Hepburn.

At midnight a ball followed the banquet, and the boys from the Royal Caledonian Schools opened the proceedings by giving an exhibition sword dance. It is not recorded at what hour the proceedings terminated, but it is stated in the minutes that "every one seemed to have enjoyed themselves to the very utmost," and the whole party sang "Auld Lang Syne" at the close.

A special note appears in the minutes relating to the supper which followed the General Meeting on 12th March, 1891, to the effect that "Mr George McK. Munro, of the London Ross and Cromarty Association, added to the enjoyment of the evening by giving several illustrations of Scottish music and humorous speeches from Edison's first-born phonograph."

Towards the close of the session the advisability of continuing the Annual Ball was discussed, and the climax of the friendly controversy was reached on 9th April, 1891, when, notwithstanding the powerful advocacy of Mr Robert Barclay Brown and Mr David Laing, it was decided by a majority that the Ball should be given up.

Later in the month a specially convened meeting decided to have a summer excursion to Eastbourne, and on 30th May the outing took place. The price of the ticket for each person was one guinea, and included in this charge were the first-class saloon return fare by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, lunch and dinner at the Grand Hotel; and there was the added privilege for those who wished to spend the week-end at Eastbourne that no charge would be made for bedroom accommodation, and the "total extra cost for full board till Monday morning" would be 18s 6d. There were ten members and over thirty friends in the party, and they were accompanied by the sergeant and six boy pipers from the Royal Caledonian Schools and the beadle of the Society. Forty-nine sat down to dinner, including Mr W. E. Morrison, the Mayor of Eastbourne. The President, Mr John Ross, occupied the chair, and the croupiers were Mr David Hepburn, Mr William Robertson, Honorary Treasurer, and Mr Alexander Ritchie, Honorary Secretary.

During dinner, music was provided by the Eastbourne String Band, and the boy pipers played at intervals in the room and also in the grounds of the Hotel. Exhibition dances were also given by the boys in the hall, and the verdict, as recorded in the minutes, was: "The excursion was very successful and proved a very enjoyable outing."





JOHN ROSS, Esq.,  
*President, 1890-1891.*



JOHN WILSON, Esq., M.Inst. C.E., M.I.Mech.E.  
*President, 1891-1893.*

1891-1893.

**M**R JOHN WILSON, M.Inst.C.E., M.I.Mech.E., was elected President for 1891 and remained in office for two years. A native of Argyllshire, he received his education at Dollar Academy, which was recognised in the sixties of the nineteenth century as the best Mathematical and Engineering School in Scotland. From school he went to the Great Western Railway at Worcester, and, after three years, passed on to the Worcester Engine Works, where he gained a knowledge of both locomotive and marine engineering. Mr Wilson superintended the construction of the bridge over the Usk at Abergavenny, where cylinders had to be sunk thirty-five feet below the river bed. He afterwards came to London and was articled as a Civil Engineer, and subsequently became a partner in the firm of Messrs E. Wilson & Co. In 1883 he was appointed engineer-in-chief of the Great Eastern Railway and this became his life-work. He had 1945 miles of railway track and 400 stations, besides docks and quays, under his supervision.

His record is written in the proud engineering position the Great Eastern holds to-day, in the comfort of its fine track, and the convenience of its spacious stations. *The Railway News* of 29th January, 1910, has the following :—

"Of Mr Wilson himself it is only necessary to say that the friends of his youth are his friends to-day. He is naturally loyal to the land of his birth, and shows his interest as an active Director of the Highland Society of London, a member of the Scottish Corporation, and a Past President of the Caledonian Society of London."

Lord Claud J. Hamilton, M.P., Chairman of the Great Eastern Railway, speaking at the ninety-fifth half-yearly general meeting of proprietors, said :

"Mr John Wilson is well known in the engineering world as a most capable and able engineer and a delightful companion. He has done his work with us in a most admirable, satisfactory, and thorough manner, and he leaves us, also, with the regret of the Board and of his fellow officers. He is also extraordinarily popular with his men owing to his versatility of mind and talent. He is as ready to throw a bridge over one of our rivers as he is to don the Highland kilt of his native country. Therefore, he is a type of man we are very sorry to lose."

Quoting again from *The Railway News* :

"Mr Wilson is a good sportsman in every sense. For thirty years he has fished without a break on Loch Leven, and his fishing, like his other records, has been a good one. Few fishers on the Loch have had a better average. Mr Wilson took his son up with him the other season. The first fish the junior hooked was a three-pounder. After that he lay down in the boat and wanted no more fishing. 'Why?' asked the father. 'Because I don't want to spoil my average,' was the reply. Like son, like father, perhaps. At any rate Mr Wilson, satisfied with the best, in his work and in his friendships, has never sought to 'spoil his average.'"

We notice with the highest satisfaction that members of Mr Wilson's staff, to the number of 271, took advantage of his retirement to present him with a souvenir of their long and agreeable association and with their best wishes for his future health and happiness. In making the presentation the Chairman of the Committee, Mr Wilmer, said :

"The work that a man has performed during the limited years allotted to him constitutes the claim which he has to remembrance, and it is on the work that he does that the judgment of posterity will be given. And judged by that record I am sure Mr Wilson need have no fears."

The gift, which included a chased Rose Bowl for Mrs Wilson, was a valuable one, including—Desk, Ink-

stand, Candlesticks, Table Ornament, and an Album with the inscription:—

*"Presented to John Wilson, Esq., together with Silver Tea and Coffee Service and Tray, Claret Jug and Cake Basket, by his fellow Officers of the Great Eastern Railway Company, upon his retirement from the high position of Engineer-in-Chief of the Railway, as a souvenir of their long association, and with cordial wishes that he may have good health to enjoy many years of freedom from the cares of office.—January, 1910."*

Owing to the death of H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence on 14th January, 1892, the Council decided that owing to the public mourning for the deceased Prince the annual Burns Festival should be postponed. A letter of condolence was forwarded to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and was duly acknowledged from Sandringham. At the February meeting it was decided that the Burns Festival should be abandoned for the year, and Mr Wilson was asked and agreed to retain the Presidentship for 1893.

The loss of the Festival seems to have fixed the minds of the members on summer entertainments, and the Ball was revived. It was held on 27th May, 1892, when 270 members and friends were present, and it was voted a brilliant success. Another entertainment was of a more elaborate nature, and although there is no date given in the records, the event was of sufficient importance to be described as the outstanding gathering of the year.

On the invitation of Mr Wilson, the Council met at Liverpool Street Station of the Great Eastern Railway, and were conveyed in special saloon carriages to Chingford, where lunch was provided at the hotel. A drive was then taken through Epping Forest and a visit paid to "The Warren," the official residence of the Ranger, Major Mackenzie. The Major afterwards conducted the party through the fine country, and the members finished that part of the outing at the King's Head, where skittles and other games were entered into with much zeal. Finally the party made for

"The Firs," Woodford, where a real Scottish welcome was given to them by Mrs Wilson and her family, and where the whole party were regaled with a sumptuous dinner. There was a display of fireworks in the garden and music in the drawing room, and "the party returned to town after what may be described as the most enjoyable day on record."

A change in the way of reckoning the sessions had been discussed at different times, and in October it was decided that the Society's year should, in future, begin with the November meeting. The practice then inaugurated has been adhered to ever since, and has worked out very well, as the part of the year which lends itself to indoor social gatherings is the winter months.

The Burns Festival in 1893 was held in the Freemasons' Tavern, when 187 were present.

In proposing the toast of the evening the President said one of the chief features in Burns's character was the great reverence he had for his father; and what an immortal portrait he had left of him in "The Cottar's Saturday Night," when he described how "the saint, the father, and the husband prays," and who that had studied "The Cottar's Saturday Night" could fail to appreciate these four lines:—

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,  
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad;  
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings—  
'An honest man's the noblest work of God.'"

He could sing of love in a hundred different phases, and he (the speaker) would mention one or two songs in which a different phase of love has been rendered—"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw;" "Ye flowery banks o' Bonnie Doon;" "Go fetch to me a pint o' wine;" "John Anderson my jo, John." In comic humour of courtship was there anything to match—"Duncan Gray came here to woo;" for a contented spirit—"Contented wi' little and cantie wi' mair;" for friendship riveted in the past—"Should auld acquaintance be forgot;" for wild and reckless daring—"Macpherson's farewell;" for patriotic heroism—"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled;" and for personal independence—"A man's a man for a' that."

"His songs," continued the President, "embodied human emotion in its most condensed and sweetest essence; they appealed to all ranks; they touched all ages; they cheered toilworn men under every clime. For wherever the British tongue was heard—under the burning sun of India, on the desert plains of Africa, far away on the western prairies of America, or among the squatters of Australia—whenever men of British blood would give vent to their deepest, kindest, and most genial feelings, it was to the songs of Burns they turned; in them they found at once a perfect utterance and a fresh tie of Brotherhood."

It was intended that the dance which followed the Festival as a matter of course was to be held in the Crown Room of the Tavern, but owing to the management having let the room to another party, there was a muddle, and the Caledonians decided that no further meetings should be held at the Freemasons' Tavern.

On 15th May, 1893, the Annual Ball, which had been given up in 1891, was resumed, and was held at the Whitehall Rooms of the Hotel Metropole, when 263 members and friends were present. It was not to be expected that such a large number of Caledonian dancers would be content with anything but a substantial meal, and a properly arranged "sit down" supper with toasts and speeches was sandwiched into the evening's proceedings. "Dancing was kept up till the small hours of the morning," and on separating all expressed themselves delighted with the success of the evening, which was described as being due in a great measure "to the urbanity, geniality, and appearance of our distinguished President." Thus saith the record, and the minutes are duly signed as having been read and approved.

When Sir Daniel Macnee, President of the Royal Scottish Academy, was "ta'en awa'," his son, Daniel, carried on the traditions of his family and took a keen interest in the affairs of the Society. He had not the versatility of his father; but if he could not hold his audience spell-bound with never-to-be-forgotten Scottish stories, told in an inimitable way, Mr Daniel Macnee was a zealous member and a great favourite with his brother Caledonians. It was, therefore, with much sorrow that the Council heard of his death when it was reported at the meeting held on 2nd December, 1893.

1893-1894.

**M**R ALEXANDER RITCHIE, J.P., C.C., followed Mr John Wilson as President. He had long taken a keen interest in everything pertaining to the London Scottish community; and had been a member of the Society from 1884. In 1889 he was elected a member of Council, and in 1890 took over the duties of Honorary Secretary for one year; then he became Vice-President.

It was in 1870 that Mr Ritchie came to London to represent Messrs Stevens Brothers & Co., and he was instrumental in building up a magnificent business in Upper Thames Street.

As it is the busy man who is always relied on to do things, Mr Ritchie was in time called upon to take an interest in public affairs. He was elected to represent Castle Baynard Ward in the Common Council of London in 1890, and was an active member of the Council from his first connection with it. He was Chairman of the Billingsgate and Leadenhall Markets, the City Schools, the Officers and Clerks, and the Libraries Committees; and in 1893 he was appointed a Justice of the Peace for the County of London. This appointment was made the occasion of a complimentary dinner and presentation of a congratulatory address, when seventy-one leading men were present to do him



honour. In 1906 Mr Ritchie was elected "Chief Commoner," which is the courtesy title given to the Chairman for the time being of the premier committee of the Common Council.

The *Weekly Scotsman* of 30th December, 1905, referred to him as one who had "discovered that patriotic self-devotion to Scottish interests in London is not incompatible with an active and whole-hearted participation in the municipal and political life." The same newspaper referred to the fact that Mr Ritchie had been "Chairman of five distinct committees in turn," and in 1905 he was "a member of six different committees of the Corporation of London." It was also recorded that he had "done excellent work in connection with the Chamber of Commerce," and his name was a familiar one in the Lodges of Metropolitan Masonry.

It was mainly because of Mr Ritchie's energy that the Glasgow and Lanarkshire Association of London was started in 1897, and he was President of the Association for eight years.

The dissatisfaction which had been expressed with the arrangements at the Freemasons' Tavern led to the Caledonian Annual Festival being held in the Whitehall Rooms of the Hotel Metropole in 1894. It was a brilliant gathering. In those days a large number of guests were invited, and the table plan reveals the names of Mr T. P. O'Connor, M.P., Mr J. MacWhirter, R.A., and Miss MacWhirter, Mr and Mrs Lockhart Bogle, Alderman Ritchie, Rev. Andrew Ritchie, Rev. David McEwan, D.D., and Miss McEwan, Alderman and Mrs Blaker, and others. A large number of newspapers were also represented, and altogether 208 were present, 125 gentlemen and 83 ladies.

In proposing "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns" the President said:—"Born in that humble cottage to which thousands still make pilgrimage, Burns's language was the language of the farm and the fireside. He never achieved effects by the use of superfine phrases or learned allusions; his master-strokes were effected by simple words. Burns's strength was in

his great heart and ready sympathy; his theme was Man. There was nothing from the cradle to the grave which he had not touched. They saw him as in life: the labourer, the lover, the boon companion, the patriot, the father of a family. They saw him elated with hope, kindled with enthusiasm, or downcast, despairing; they saw him on tip-toe at merrymakings, contented at the ingleside, free and off-hand at market, not too reverent at the kirk, and with a sense of humour that did not always spare the elders. The opinion had been ventured that the publication of that strong piece 'Holy Willie's Prayer' had done much to free Scotland from ecclesiastical tyranny. Burns himself said he would be thought more of a hundred years hence; and true enough, one would think the author of the 'Twa Dogs' lived amongst them now, from his marvellous description of what were really their present day struggles. They, therefore, loved Burns because he voiced all that was deepest and truest in the nature of man; they loved him for his sympathy with the poor and forlorn; they loved him for the tender feeling he had for all God's creatures—down to the wounded hare which limped by him, and the 'wee timorous beastie' turned out of its nest by the plough; and the mountain daisy, 'wee modest crimson-tipped flower.'

"They loved him for the immortal radiance he shed upon the scenery of his native land, for the sanctity he had revealed in the homes of honest poverty. They loved him still more for the sweet and affecting picture of 'The Cottar's Saturday Night.' Burns regarded with contempt the arrogance of mere wealth or power, but was ready to recognise true goodness in the Peer as well as the Peasant. His lament for the Earl of Glencairn was one of his best efforts. But it was man's inhumanity to man that fired him with the greatest indignation; he believed that

'The heart ay's the part ay  
That makes us right or wrang.'

"He became near the end of his sad career too outspoken for his own comfort in a servile age, and among venial time-servers. We are told he had his faults; he is now in the hands of the All-powerful Who is also the All-merciful, and to-night we shall seek to draw back no curtain. I ask you to drink with a full cup and fuller heart to the immortal memory of Scotia's greatest son—Robert Burns."

A noteworthy speech was delivered by Surgeon-General W. G. Don, M.D., in proposing "Prosperity to the Caledonian Society of London." He referred to the occasion being the fifty-sixth on which the toast had been given at a Burns festival. "In the half-century of the Society's existence it had passed through its ranks more than one generation of honourable and true-hearted Scotsmen. Some of its founders must have lived through the glorious period of Scottish literature at the opening of the century—a few, perchance, might have seen Burns and Scott in person. This generation, while envying them their experience, claimed that their mantle had fallen upon it—(applause)—in endeavouring to preserve Scotland's traditions, manners, customs, language, and literature—(cheers)—and to prevent these glorious characteristics from being effaced or swamped in the prevailing drumlie flood of cosmopolitanism." (Renewed applause.) Surgeon-General Don then touched briefly on the philanthropic and social aspects of the Society; mentioned amid applause the specially pleasurable circumstance connected with their Burns festivals—that ladies were present there—and concluded by summarising the objects for which the Society existed, such as the cultivation of national sentiment, the conservation of national customs, charity towards compatriots, and social union and brotherhood among themselves.

CALEDONIAN SOCIETY OF LONDON. III

In apologising for his absence, Mr William Russell, Manchester, sent a poetic epistle to the President, as follows:—

“ Dear Friend—On Thursday I will not fail to drink your health to the following toast, coupling therewith—

The canny Scots o' Lunnon toon ;  
May they aye keep life's causeway croon,  
And ever in a rising life  
Help weaker brethren through the strife.

My toast to you will be—

Hail noted chief o' noted Scots,  
That's made your mark far Sooth  
I trust the gatherin' o' yer clans  
May a' be fashed wi' drouth !  
When you, Sir, rise to gie the Toast  
O Burns' immortal name,  
An' blithely clink an extra drink  
To celebrate Rab's fame ;  
I'll then, like you, weel wet my whistle  
For I'm your faithful  
Weelyum Russell.”

The usual dance followed the dinner, and members and friends separated at midnight after singing together “ Auld Lang Syne.”

A Ball was arranged and took place at the Whitehall Rooms of the Hotel Metropole on 11th May, 1894, when ninety-two gentlemen and eighty-three ladies were present. Out of the ninety-two gentlemen only twenty-three were members of the Society, and to perpetuate the fame of the loyal group, the name of each was recorded in the minutes. They were:—Mr Alexander Ritchie, J.P., C.C., President ; Surgeon-General W. G. Don, M.D., Vice-President ; Messrs John Imray, H. Dugdale, George Ross, James Strachan, T. Houghton, John Ross, George Crabb, Dr Forbes, Messrs J. S. Turner, D. Charteris, Robert Barclay Brown, Kenneth Barclay Brown, David Mossman, M. D. McEachern, John Kennedy, J. Scott Balfour, W. T. Morrison, James Brander, Dr Farquhar Matheson, J.P. ; Messrs P. M. Shanks, Honorary Treasurer, and William Dick, Honorary Secretary.

A proposal was made that Mr Ritchie should continue in office for another year, but he explained that, owing to his multifarious duties, he must, with many thanks, decline to offer himself for the office of President for the ensuing year. As a tribute to his year of office Mr Duncan D. Hepburn presented Mr Ritchie with the following verses :—

“ Hail ! to our brave retiring Chief,  
Whose heart and soul an' a' that,  
Still nobly worked at duty's call,  
To show what's best for a' that.

For Scottish worth, for Scottish weal,  
For Scottish hills an' a' that,  
Our President, wi' a' his micht,  
Stood foremost ane 'mang a' that.

When charity puts forth its claims  
For fellow men an' a' that,  
His heart was touched wi' sympathy  
To help them quick, for a' that.

Naething for him was e'er too great,  
In time or purse, an' a' that,  
Baith widow puir, an' orphan bairn,  
Aft blessed his name, an' a' that.

Chief, for a year aboon us a',  
He ca'd his gir' for a' that,  
Aye at his post, aye constant, true,  
An' kept a' richt, for a' that.

Lang may freend Ritchie aye be spared  
To cheer our hearts, for a' that,  
And aye be first at duty's call,  
In mirth or wae, an' a' that.”

Mixed counsels seem to have prevailed in connection with the Annual Ball, and at the November meeting in 1894 a definite motion was proposed by Mr George Grant, and seconded by Mr William Dick, that “ no ball be held in 1895.” An amendment moved by Mr John Wilson, M.Inst.C.E., and seconded by Mr Kenneth Barclay Brown, that “ a ball do take place in 1895,” was lost, and the President declared that no ball would take place in the ensuing year.



ALEXANDER RITCHIE, Esq., J.P., C.C.,  
*President, 1893-1894.*



SURGEON-GENERAL W. G. DON, M.D.  
*President, 1894-1895.*

1894-1895.

**S**URGEON-GENERAL WILLIAM G. DON, M.D., was elected President for 1894 - 1895, and worthily upheld the traditions of the office.

He had proved himself a man of sound judgment, literary taste, an effective raconteur, and well fitted to adorn the chair. Reference has already been made to his tribute to the Society at the Annual Festival held on 25th January, 1894. He joined the membership in 1889, and was elected a member of Council in 1892. In the following year he was Vice-President, and in 1894 rose to the Presidential chair. His genial disposition and the unrivalled way in which he rendered the old Scottish songs, combined with his matchless reminiscences and fluency in speech, singled him out as an ideal President ; and the trust reposed in him never was belied.

Born at Stracathro, Forfarshire, on 10th January, 1836, he was the younger son of Alexander Don of Ballownie. After serving as a medical volunteer in the flagship " Duke of Wellington " in the Baltic Fleet, and at the battle of Sveaborg in 1855, he took his doctor's degree in medicine at Edinburgh University in 1857. He entered the army in the following year, and served in Central India during the Mutiny. He

was present at the actions with Tantia Topee at Rajpore and Beilkara in November, 1858, and was mentioned in despatches. During the next twenty-four years he served with various units on the staff. He was employed in fitting out hospital ships for the Egyptian Expedition of 1882, and in re-writing and editing the "Army Medical Regulations" of 1885. For seventeen years he was senior Medical Officer to the London Recruiting Staff, and retired in 1885. The leisure secured by his retirement from the public service proved a boon to the Scottish community in London, and he was soon a leading figure in the philanthropic and other Scottish Associations of the Metropolis.

It was no easy matter to impart anything new into a speech on Robert Burns, but Surgeon-General Don was rightly congratulated on the amount of originality he infused into his remarks on Scotland's much-loved poet.

In the course of his speech in proposing the principal toast, Surgeon-General Don said their little Scotland during its eventful history had produced a great galaxy of men first and foremost in almost every sphere of human endeavour, but the brightest star in the firmament was unquestionably Robert Burns. (Applause.) If they had had men of deeper intellect, more sustained effort, and far greater learning, they had none who held their inmost affections in a like magic spell. The influence which the genius of this extraordinary man had exerted over millions of his countrymen, living and dead, and which would descend to generations yet unborn, was absolutely unique and unparalleled in the life of any other people. Many there would remember that phenomenal and memorable outburst of enthusiasm which blazed forth all the world over at the centenary of his birth, thirty-six years ago. He (the speaker) might be pardoned a characteristic reminiscence of that event. He was then in the wilds of Central India with a field force, engaged in stamping out the embers of the great Mutiny; yet, under such circumstances, they did not overlook the celebration, for a few kindred souls met together, toasted the lad that was born in Kyle, and sang "Auld Lang Syne" in the very jungle's depths. That was but one of many similar scenes which then took place in the remotest corners of the earth, wherever Scotsmen were to be found. And where were they not? It was Burns's innate inborn manliness that naturally led him to scorn oppression and despise sycophancy wheresoever found; and, while fully recognising the value of birth and breeding, and frankly accepting inequality in our social organisation as inevitable, yet under all circumstances to sing "a man's a man for a' that." (Applause.) It was an emancipation of mind, far ahead of his own day, that gave him a toleration then little understood, and at the same time made him the scathing satirist of every form of bigotry, hypocrisy, and cant, which his keen per-



ception and incomparable humour pierced through and scattered, as the morning sun dissipates the dark vapours of the night. Yet, as a true reformer, he was no mere shallow wrecker, for he shadowed forth a wise and firm philosophy of life, and could well point the better road, which he himself, alas! too often failed to follow, as he sorrowfully acknowledged in his own epitaph—

“ Is there a man whose judgment clear,  
Can others teach the course to steer,  
Yet runs himself, life's mad career  
Wild as the wave :  
Here pause ; and through the starting tear  
Survey his grave.”

(Applause.) No moralist, indeed, had better taught them that if they harboured a canker of envy and unrest within, not all their externals, however seemingly propitious, could or would make them happy.

“ It's no' in titles nor in rank,  
It's no' in wealth like Lon'on bank,  
To purchase peace and rest ;  
It's no' in makin' muckle mair,  
It's no' in books ; it's no' in lear,  
To make us truly blest :  
If happiness ha'e not her seat  
And centre in the breast,  
We may be wise or rich or great,  
But never can be blest.  
Nae treasures nor pleasures  
Could make us happy lang,  
The heart ay's the part ay  
That makes us right or wrang.”

(Applause.) As a fitting crown to this manly independence and emancipation of mind was a pure glowing patriotism, which continually burst forth in electric-like flashes in his poems, as in that magnificent apostrophe in “The Cottar's Saturday Night” beginning—

“ O Thou ! who poured the patriotic tide  
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart.”

(Applause.) In the contemplation of the genius of Burns, apart from his striking personality, they found blended in him natural gifts rarely united in the same individual—keen discernment, lively imagination, ready wit, incomparable humour, inimitable expression, all working upon an unfathomed depth of love not only towards humanity, but every object of nature, animate and inanimate. Yet, while his sympathy with nature was unbounded, it was dominated by an even greater passion—love of the gentler sex. It was love of woman that alone inspired all true manly poetry, of sentiment, chivalry, and romance. It was that which fired his finest efforts, and infused into his love songs a tender passion and pathos, which makes them unapproached in any language. (Applause.) His undying fame would ever rest on three essential elements of true poetry—spontaneity, simplicity, sincerity. His poems bubble up and overflow without effort, as if from a perennial spring. His meaning is always so clear that young and old, gentle and simple, need no interpreter. His is ever frank, open, nothing concealed—everything

unfeigned. He was one of the few poets of the ages on whom the God-gift of immortality serenely rested. He could not die while humanity remained as they knew it, or while the varying humour of mankind needed courage, hope, support, solace, mirth, and laughter in the struggle and sojourn of life. Macaulay demonstrated they could not have another Milton. It was equally certain we could never have another Burns. But they did not want one. He sufficiently filled the national heart, for he arose at a fitting period, and in the best way to crystalise their national language, sentiments, customs, and life for all time. While, therefore, a spark of nationality remained, Scotsmen would ever revere the immortal memory of Burns; and in his own prophetic words continue to proclaim "We'll a' be proud o' Robin." (Loud applause.)

The toast was drunk with great enthusiasm, accompanied by "Caledonian Honours."

On 18th February, 1895, one of the old stalwarts—Mr Robert Barclay Brown—died, and made a blank in the Council which was much felt. He was President of the Society in 1886-1887, and had ever shown a whole-hearted love for it. Mr Barclay Brown is still remembered by the older Caledonians as a typical President who carried his position in a stately manner, and gave forth his sentiments in true doric. It is worthy of record that it was he who introduced Surgeon-General Don to the Society and signed his nomination paper as proposer.

Mr Barclay Brown was a shipbuilder, hailing from Montrose, and was a fine specimen of a man, who looked magnificent in a kilt; a hearty, kindly Caledonian without a grey hair in his head at the age of sixty, and a robust type of the successful London Scot. He sang many songs, but was always associated with "Cauld kail in Aberdeen," which well suited his sonorous baritone voice:—

" There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,  
And castocks in Strabogie  
Where ilka lad maun ha'e his lass  
But I maun ha'e my cogie.

For I maun ha'e my cogie, sirs,  
I canna want my cogie,  
I wadna gie my three-gird cog  
For a' the wives in Bogie.

“ Then here’s to ilka honest chiel,  
Wha’ll drink wi’ me a cogie,  
But for ilk nastie sneevlin’ fule  
Losh ! we’ll dook him in the Bogie !

For I maun ha’e my cogie, sirs,  
I canna want my cogie,  
I wadna gie my three-gird cog  
For a’ the wives in Bogie.”

The loss which the Society had sustained was recorded in the minutes of the Council and feelingly referred to by the President and other members at the “ Little Dinner ” which followed.

At the same meeting Dr D. M. Forbes paid a tribute of esteem and respect to the memory of Professor John Stuart Blackie whose death had also recently occurred, and at whose classes at the University of Edinburgh, Dr Forbes had been a student.

During the recess death had also removed the esteemed Past-President, Mr John Ross, whose Presidentship is recorded as the first of this volume. (Part II.)



1895-1896.

**D**R DANIEL MACKAY FORBES was elected President for the session 1895-1896. He was a Caithness man who held a public medical appointment in Holloway. On his retirement he migrated to the other side of London and took up residence in Croydon. In appearance and manner he was a unique personality. He was short, clean-shaved, with a quaint and humorous expression. He was a typical Scot. Mr Charles Lowe, the novelist, happened to be a guest at one of the meetings, and after watching Dr Forbes, who was Vice-President at the time, declared to his host: "Surely your Vice in his curious bonhomie, makes a perfectly ideal Soutar Johnny." It was a compliment to Tam o' Shanter's bosom cronie, but it showed how the personality of Dr Forbes struck a stranger.

Like so many other Presidents he was a "one-song" man, and that was a comic address and an incongruous parody on Neil Gow's "Fareweel to Whisky," entitled "The Whisky O!" It must not be taken as in any way the real views of Dr Forbes as the apotheosis of strong liquor, for the author was really very moderate in his potations. It was written by Dr Forbes when he was a student at the University of

Edinburgh, for a festive coterie called the "M.D. Club." In some cases the students were known to have written to their parents conveying the information that they had been elected members of the Club, and asking that an extra guinea might be added to the next remittance to cover the dues. The confiding parents were delighted to think that their boys were so early admitted to a club which must have an influence on their future careers, and the guineas were sent with congratulatory letters. It was only occasionally that it came to light that "M.D." stood for "Mountain Dew." The words of the song were:—

" Here I am, ye ken me weel,  
To be a harum-scarum chiel ;  
I'll sing ye a sang, and dance ye a reel  
For a wee drap o' Hieland whisky O ;

The Whisky O, the whisky O ;  
I dearly lo'e the whisky O,  
I'll sing ye a sang and dance ye a reel  
For a wee drap o' Hieland whisky O.

The tither nicht as I gaed hame,  
I staggered as I had been lame,  
I struck a post an' doon I came  
Sae fou wi' a wee drap whisky O.

The whisky O, the whisky O, etc.

Up I gat, ma claes a' dirt,  
But what did I care for that,  
Sae gled as I to 'scape unhurt  
When fou wi' a wee drap whisky O,

The whisky O, the whisky O, etc.

Ma mither she was at the door,  
An' when she saw ma claes a' glaur,  
She kicket up an awfu' splore,  
An' cried—' Waes me for the whisky O.

The whisky O, the whisky O, etc.

Quoth I—Ye needna flyte on me,  
Nor yet intil a passion flee,  
For as lang as I leeve, till the day I dee  
I'll aye taste the Heilan' whisky O.

The whisky O, the whisky O, etc.

"Come a' ye jovial rantin' chieils  
 Come fill a bumper full an' o'er  
 An' cause the roof wi' thunders roar  
 To the sang o' the Hieland whisky O.  
 The whisky O, the whisky O, etc."

At the conclusion of the song, which was usually the last on the programme, the Doctor would crack his thumbs and execute a few reel steps in the most comic fashion amid great applause.

In proposing the toast of "The Immortal Memory of Burns" at the Annual Festival, the President described our national Bard as "the brightest genius of the eighteenth century, the greatest lyric writer that the world had ever seen, the National Poet of Scotland—yea, the poet of humanity. He had many difficulties and many misfortunes to encounter, but the great God gave that farmer's son such gifts of genius that he stepped into the scene of life a real man—honest, truthful, sincere, and independent; a lover of nature, a lover of his country; a lover of his kind—a Heaven-born poet. Henry Ward Beecher once said that Robert Burns was meant for the whole world, and that he only chanced to come by way of Scotland. While they were proud that the American people and the whole world should admire and adore the poet, they claimed that Scotland was the only country that could have produced a Burns at the time and under the circumstances of his birth."

The death of Mr William Robertson, which took place on 23rd February, 1896, removed a leading figure from the membership. He was an Edinburgh man, an accountant by profession, and was Honorary Treasurer from 1889 till 1892. It was on account of ill-health that he resigned the Treasurership, and the same cause prevented him from appearing at many of the meetings afterwards. He was a reserved, silent man in public; but to those who knew him more intimately in private life, he was most interesting. He was a man of culture, and although not an artist, he was an acknowledged authority on Art, especially painting, of which he was a recognised connoisseur, critic, and collector. His successor in the Treasurership was Mr Peter Martin Shanks, a Glasgow man. Mr Shanks was a type-founder. He was an exceedingly amiable man and a general favourite. During his term of office he used to put in his resignation annually, but such was the

esteem in which he was universally regarded, that it was always laughed down, and he good-naturedly was prevailed on to continue in office. He held the position of Honorary Treasurer from 1892 till 1900.









DR DANIEL MACKAY FORBES,  
*President, 1895-1896.*



GEORGE STRUTHERS, Esq.,  
*President, 1896-1897.*

1896-1897.

**M**R GEORGE STRUTHERS was elected President for 1896-1897. One of the younger generation of Scots in London, he was able to put a large amount of vigour into his year of office, but it was only what was to be expected of one who came to London to make his energy felt in the insurance world of the metropolis. It was a strenuous existence, for competition was keen, but Mr Struthers made his mark and remained as Secretary of that remarkably successful office, the Scottish Life Assurance Company, for thirty-one and a half years. The activities of the Scottish community in London appealed to him, and he became a warm supporter of the Royal Scottish Corporation, and was for a considerable time one of its Managing Governors.

He was a keen golfer, and when he retired from business it was to his country home in Kent, situated near the Royal Cinque Ports Golf Club, that he made his way. His popularity as a golfer was ever in the ascendant, and in 1901 he won the Borough of Deal challenge cup. In 1920, the year of the open championship play at Sandwich, Mr Struthers received the well-deserved compliment of being elected Captain of the Club.

The Annual Festival held at the Holborn Restaurant was well attended; there were thirty-nine members, ninety-six ladies and sixty-nine gentlemen as guests, making a total of 204.

In proposing the toast of "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," the President referred to the remarkable demonstration which had taken place in the previous month of July at Dumfries. It was the centenary of the death of the poet, and fifty thousand persons assembled to do honour to the memory of Burns. The poet's "true life began with his death, and now the judgment of posterity had placed him upon a pinnacle of fame from which he would never be displaced. The whole of mankind owed a debt to Burns, but the debt of Scotland was a peculiar one, because Burns had done much to exalt the Scottish race, and it was not too much to say that by his poems and his songs the language of the Scots had been preserved for ever." Mr Struthers then referred to the habit which had prevailed in former years of drinking the toast in silence. "But," he continued, "now that the memory of Burns is historic, I ask you to drink it with full Caledonian Honours," and the toast was acclaimed with enthusiasm.

Mr Edward Terry was one of the guests, and in responding to the toast of "The Visitors," made a humorous speech in which he apologised for not appearing in the kilt, a costume which he had once donned in Scotland, where he created somewhat of a sensation. If he had put it on that night, it might have had a startling effect. It was not the first time he had met Caledonians "stern and wild." He had met Caledonians in every part of the world, and he did not know how to account for it as a base-born Britisher, but they always seemed to prosper. He had been on the Alps with a Caledonian, but he always got the better of him, and if he fell down a crevasse it was the Caledonian who pulled him out. He remembered, on a visit to Moscow, he met a person named Scott, who told him he had not spoken his English for eighteen years, but he had the Scottish accent, and he remained a Scot. He asked the gentleman if he had any of the peculiarities of the Scotsman about him, and the reply was—"I always keep a cask of whisky in the house." Then, at Sydney, he met a gentleman with a pigtail named Quintal. That did not sound Highland, but he afterwards found him at the Governor-General's house in a kilt. He said to Quintal—"Why, you are not a Scotsman." "No," he said, "but I belong to the Gaelic Society." That showed, however, the love of Scotland spread all over the world. The men in the biggest positions abroad were always Scotsmen. That might be very annoying to him as an Englishman, but he could not help noticing the fact.

A most successful dance took place after the dinner, and about midnight the gathering broke up after singing "Auld Lang Syne."

Dr Charles Hogg had been Vice-President in 1866, and presumably President afterwards, but, unfortunately, the records are incomplete owing to the minute books having been destroyed by fire when the

buildings of the Royal Scottish Corporation, Crane Court, Fleet Street, were burned down; and, although a veteran in 1897, there is a letter which proves that the traditions of the Society were always dear to him. It is from Buxton Hydropathic, Buxton, 5th April, 1897, and is recorded in the minutes as follows:—

“ Dear Sir,—My father, Dr Charles Hogg, wishes me to thank you for your kind note; he is very sorry he is not able to answer it himself, as he is still feeling in his arm and hand the effect of a severe fall he had about six weeks ago. He wishes me to say what a deep interest he still takes in the Caledonian Society; he regrets that being away from London prevents him seeing his old comrades from time to time, but he often thinks of them and the many happy evenings he spent in that merry Circle. He wishes the Society long life and continuous prosperity, and sends his hearty good wishes to all the members who know him. He would like to have been present, but at his age (86 in August) he must be content to be present in spirit though absent in body. He hopes they will all have a very enjoyable evening, and with his kind regards to yourself, believe me, dear sir, very faithfully yours, Jeanie E. Hogg. To William Dick, Esq.”



1897-1898.

**M**R JOHN KENNEDY was elected President for 1897-1898. He was the second son of Captain Robert Kennedy, banker, Oban, and was educated at Greenock Academy. He served his apprenticeship as an engineer with Messrs M'Nab of Greenock. After his apprenticeship was completed, he went to sea for seven years, the last five of which he served as chief engineer, and then he joined the firm of Messrs R. MacAndrew & Co. as superintending engineer. He remained with the firm forty years and was responsible for the design and construction of some fifty steamers, in some of which were fitted the earliest compound engines by Messrs Randolph & Elder (which firm became the Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Company); and, during his career, Mr Kennedy was very successful in several difficult salvage operations. He was founder and chairman of both the Glengall Iron Works, Limited, and the British Arc Welding Company, Limited, and was a Director of the Antwerp Waterworks Company, Limited. He took a keen interest in the work of the Royal Scottish Corporation, and he was a Past Master of the Glaziers' Company. He was also a President of the Society of Engineers; and as a member of the

Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders in Scotland he took a leading part from 1877 onwards. He was also a Freemason. His genial disposition made him a charming personality and he had a large circle of friends.

It was in Mr Kennedy's year of office as President that the first suggestion of the well-known "Sentiments" was made. It was on 9th December, 1897, that Mr J. Paton brought the matter before the Council, and proposed that a special toast or topic of interest to Caledonians should be introduced at the "Little Dinners," and that Scotsmen of note should be invited on such occasions. After a sympathetic discussion, a unanimous decision was come to that it be left to the discretion of the President, and the "Sentiments" which have given so much pleasure to members and visitors have been more or less a feature of the Society ever since.

At the Annual Festival on 25th January, 1898, there were 171 present, including seventy-two ladies and sixty-two gentlemen guests, and thirty-seven members. A report of the proceedings appeared in the *Aberdeen Free Press* of the following day, and we give the report in full :

" Burns anniversary was celebrated, as usual, by the great festival of the Caledonian Society of London. This Society claims to have initiated the custom of inviting ladies to sit at table at public banquets. There were almost as many ladies present as gentlemen, and they did more to grace the King's Hall in the Holborn Restaurant than even the banners and tartans on the walls. Only a few, however, of the Caledonians wore ' the picturesque garb of old Gaul,' which it is one of the functions of the Society to preserve. The most brilliant dress was that of Mr Littler, Q.C., who was present as the guest of Mr John Wilson, C.E., of the Great Eastern Railway. Mr Littler's scarlet costume was, I suppose, that of a Deputy-Lieutenant. Among other notable visitors was Mr Edward Terry, the actor, whose humorous, quizzing face was very welcome.

Mr John Kennedy, who hails from Crockett's country, occupied the chair, and looked very well in full Highland dress with a braw brooch at his shoulder. His chief speech was on " The Immortal Memory of Burns." It showed that he was a discriminating student of the Scottish poet, looking at him from the point of view of Carlyle and Robert Louis Stevenson rather than of Principal Shairp and Mr Henley.

I was a little surprised that no direct allusion was made at the dinner to Mr Henley's essay. Perhaps Mr James Duncan had it in his mind when he

casually referred to "the shallow and ignorant rubbish" which had appeared within the last two years. But, before leaving the chairman's speech, I may mention a little domestic incident which touched the audience. The speech had been carefully written out, and while Mr Kennedy delivered it, his wife turned over the sheets of the MS. Only once, however, was it necessary for her to prompt the Chairman.

Mr William Simpson gave, with military fervour and with a histrionic manner which he may have derived from his guest, Mr Terry, the toast of "The Naval and Military Forces." There were some good-natured murmurs in my neighbourhood when he quoted the concluding lines of King John with reference to "England." The sentiment was appropriate, but Lieutenant-General Moncrieff drew a cheer when he spoke, not of "England" but of "Britain."

Another pleasant speech was that of Mr John Imray, M.A. (the great authority on patents), who gave the toast of the Caledonian Society itself. Of course, this was celebrated with the heartiest of Caledonian honours—repeated rhythmic clappings of the hands and loud hurrahs.

Mr John Wilson, in toasting the "Ladies," made the bold assertion, which, of course, I have no reason to challenge, that everything on the table came from Scotland. Amongst other dishes was the haggis, which had been borne aloft in their hands by the waiters, preceded by the boy pipers of the Asylum.

It was in allusion to the haggis that Surgeon-General Don "perpetrated" a joke which vastly delighted his countrymen. "Is life worth living?" Mallock had asked, and someone had answered "It depends upon the liver." "Well," said Surgeon-General Don, "we have given you to-night not only the liver, but the lights."

Response for the visitors was made by Mr Thomas Mackenzie, of Clutha, New Zealand, who said that, owing to Burns's poetry, thousands of people who never saw the old country called it "home."

Mr Edward Terry made, in reply to the same toast, a most humorous speech, in which he showed his acquaintance with Burns by referring to "the cutty sark." Like other speakers he quoted poetry. Here was one of his quotations—

"Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,  
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,  
But while she is a wife to me,  
Is life worth living, Mr Mallock?"

Mr Terry protested that he was becoming a thorough Caledonian. "I am cultivating my accent," he said; "I am living up to my haggis." With fun like this, and with songs from Mr Nicholl and Mr Cockburn, the dinner proceedings passed quickly under the supervision of Mr Dick, the Honorary Secretary—but not too quickly for the young ladies whose feet fidgeted for the ballroom.

The President in his speech in proposing "The Immortal Memory" spoke of the meagre education Burns received, yet his natural genius asserted itself, and he sang sweetly of the sacred home life in "The Cottar's Saturday Night," a true picture of that home life that has moulded the lives of Scots who had attained to positions of influence all over the world. He was severe and bitter, as in "Holy Willie's Prayer;" he had sturdy independence as shown in "A Man's a man for a' that;" no one had a finer description of married bliss as he in "John Anderson, my Jo." It had been said that the time





JOHN KENNEDY, Esq.,  
*President, 1897-1898.*



DUNCAN HEPBURN, Esq.,  
*Member of Council, 1892-1898.*

brings the man, and Burns was, in a sense, fortunate in living in a century which was one of literary barrenness and affectation.

Never was a shower of rain more welcomed by the parched ground than were Burns's poems by the people of his time. Here was a man who spoke because he had something to say, and said it in simple words, which they could all understand; words that went straight to the nation's heart, and will stay there as long as our tongue exists. When we consider that he composed "Ae Fond Kiss," "O' a' the Airts," "John Anderson, my jo," "Duncan Gray," "A Man's a man for a' that," and last, but not least, "Auld Lang Syne," now the anthem of the English-speaking race all over the world, we can realise the amazing versatility of the man, and we can understand why his songs shall live, in the hearts of his countrymen while the Scottish nation endures. Sires shall point out to their sons the name and fame of the greatest poet our country has produced. Other nations have their Dante and Tasso, Schiller, and even Shakespeare, but no song writer who ever lived save Robert Burns has gone into the hearts of their peoples, has spoken to them in their own tongue, has aroused their enthusiasm, and left a name which will never die."

The "Scottish Gathering" was an annual feature in the life of the London Scottish community, and the custom of the Caledonian Society was to support it by giving an annual donation of five guineas. Scottish games and sports were carried out in a way that proved the stamina of those who had migrated south, and the gatherings were usually very successful.

It had always been a tradition of the Society that the President should wear Highland dress, but evidently it was not working out satisfactorily, as at the general meeting on 26th October, 1898—

"It was moved by Dr D. M. Forbes, seconded by the Vice-President, Mr Wm. Simpson, and carried unanimously, that for the future it be quite optional for the President, Vice-President, and other members of the Society to wear the Highland dress."

It was a distinct loss to the Society when on 10th November, 1898, Mr Duncan D. Hepburn resigned his membership. It was no lack of patriotism that prompted the severance, but rather a far-seeing patriotism which enabled him to make room for another active Scot who might be wishful to join the Society. Mr Hepburn was in ill-health and was 82 years of age, and he found it impossible to attend the meetings

which he always enjoyed when able to take part in them.

He was an Edinburgh man, and a fine specimen of the later Georgian type. He was a fluent speaker and fine singer, especially of old Jacobite songs. He was a poet and a writer of songs, and he occasionally sang one of his own songs at the meetings. While of a joyous, buoyant temperament, and always ready to join in innocent merriment, he had a grave side which showed itself in a deep reverent regard for all that pertained to the "eternal verities." His volume of poems entitled "Stray Rhymes" were anything but fugitive, as they were entitled to a place higher than the poems of many of our minor Scottish poets. His poetry had a wide range, and in his diversified songs, sonnets, and addresses, he was equally at home in classic English and the Scottish vernacular; and in the serious, pathetic, or humorous was never halting or at a loss how to express his thoughts. His tender sympathies extended far and wide, to family, friends, and indeed every living thing. Take a few verses at random :

TO MY WIFE ON HER 50TH BIRTHDAY—*May 1872.*

" 'Tis fifty years one blythe May morn,  
My sweet wee wife, since thou wert born,  
Yet, thou look'st neither sad nor worn,  
My own sweet pet,  
And still to me thou'rt fairer far  
Above all yet.

In mother's cares thou'st borne thy part  
From thy pure mind no envious dart  
Was e'er shot forth to wound the heart  
Of wife or child;  
To all in pain thou ever art  
Gentle and mild."

He was a champion of family affection, and we catch up a characteristic strain in a sonnet to his brother Robert on the latter attaining his 75th birthday on 1st January, 1885.

TO A BRITHER.

" Great Chieftain of the ——— race  
 Time gallops on wi' you apace  
 Yet leaves few wrinkles on your face ;  
     Ye wear richt weel,  
 Abune us a' ye lead the chase,  
     Still brae can speel.

Tho' auld in years, ye're young in heart  
 Ye play fu' weel a manly pairt  
 May ye escape death's reckless dairt  
     For mony a year,  
 An' meet ill win's frae ony airt  
     Without much fear.

Lang may you yet be spared to cheer  
 The freens to wha you've aye been dear,  
 An' ne'er want routh o' them or gear ;  
     Syne may ye sing  
 Wi' joy to find another year  
     Sic blessin's bring."

His earnest religious convictions are shown in a beautiful ode to himself, entitled "A Psalm of Life," on the occasion of approaching his own 85th birthday, the opening stanza of which says :

" Four score years and five  
 My pilgrimage has been :  
 My faith is more alive—  
 That faith in things unseen."

Some notes regarding her father by the late Miss Gertrude Hepburn are of interest :

NOTES ON DUNCAN D. HEPBURN.

*Born in Edinburgh, 1818. Died in London, 1902.*

" My uncle, Mr Robert Hepburn, was the eldest of three brothers, and he came to London as a very young man, and settled there as a Dental Surgeon. My father was the second brother, and he and my Uncle David came up later and studied for the same profession as pupils of my Uncle Robert. They both looked upon him with the greatest affection and admiration, which never diminished through the passing years. To them, he was always the dearly loved ' Governor,' long after they had gone their separate ways and become fathers of families themselves.

" My father spent his early married life in Nottingham. Previous to his marriage he lived with Mr Stewart Smith, the Scottish artist, whose works are now preserved in the Smith Institute at Stirling. As a result of this intimacy, my father developed a great love for and some knowledge of pictures, a taste which never weakened during his life.

" Always deeply interested in Scottish causes, he, with a few compatriots, succeeded in building the first Presbyterian Church in Nottingham to which the Rev. J. B. Dougherty (afterwards Sir James Dougherty, Under-Secretary for Ireland) was appointed minister. A very close friendship between the two men resulted, a friendship which continued unbroken till my father's death.

" The Burns Society in Nottingham also owed its origin to my father, and no difficulties ever daunted him in his desire to promote Scottish interests. Scotland was always to him the first of lands, and for many, many years he and his brothers always foregathered there, in their annual holidays, with their old mother till she died at the age of 94.

" When my father retired from practice, he returned to London where the rest of his life was spent. The intimacy with my uncle and his family was resumed, and the bond between the brothers was closer than ever. For many years they met as members of the Caledonian Society at all the meetings and festivals. They were associated in the same Church at Regent Square, where my father served as elder under the late Dr Dykes.

" My uncle's house was like a second home to all of us, and the close intercourse was never broken except by death. In his own home, my father's genial kindly nature drew many friends round him. He had a singular attraction for young men. Sir James Barrie was one of those who came to the house in those days, and in writing to myself on one occasion, he said : 'As for your father, let me tell you in a whisper that he is one of the most lovable men I ever met.' "

" He was wonderfully sympathetic with youth, and all children loved him.

" He possessed a gift of writing verses, which gave pleasure to his friends, and he published a few of them under the title of ' Stray Rhymes ' by Emerald Isle.

" He was passionately fond of Scots songs, and in his younger days had a very sweet and musical voice, though quite untrained, and he sang the old Jacobite songs with taste and feeling. To the very last, when his powers had quite failed, the sound of a Scottish song or psalm would rouse and cheer him. —Gertrude Hepburn, Cumberland Villa, Highgate Road, N.W."



1898-1899.

**M**R WILLIAM SIMPSON was elected President for 1898-1899. He hailed from Wick, but had long resided in New York, where he established himself as a successful business man in the prospecting and marketing of mineral oil. He and Rockfeller were friends before and after each had made his "pile."

Mr Simpson was a charming Scotsman, and a fluent and always ready speaker. He was a cultured man with a fine knowledge of literature, and it is a pity a record of the "Sentiments" was not kept in his day. A "Sentiment" given by him on "Shakespeare's Clowns" became a classic in the Society, but unfortunately it has been lost, and it is now impossible to reproduce it.

The Annual Festival was a brilliant success. The *Aberdeen Free Press* of 26th January, 1899, gave the following report :

The Caledonian Society of London remains true to Burns. His birthday was commemorated as usual at the Holborn Restaurant when the Caledonians and their wives and friends dined together and sang his songs and his praises. There was a beautifully illustrated programme and menu booklet, on the front page being a portrait of the bard, surrounded by pictures of some of the scenes which he has made immortal. The booklet contained portraits also of Mr Robert Hepburn, the father of the Society—whose years of membership I have ceased to count—and of Mr William Simpson, the President. A finer

type of a Scotsman could scarcely be seen than Mr Simpson—sturdy, strong faced, with shrewd eyes, firm mouth, and heavy black moustache. In his kilt he looked a true Highland warrior. He hails from Wick and has made a fortune in oil. At his side sat his wife, an American lady, who seemed to enjoy the proceedings immensely, and who, with perfect grace, pinned the Society's jewel on the doublet of Mr John Kennedy, the worthy retiring President. For the first time that fine old Caledonian, Mr William Milne—formerly of Messrs Waterlow & Sons—acted as the Honorary Secretary in place of Mr William Dick, who had loyally served his turn. The croupiers included such well-known Scotsmen as Mr Alexander Ritchie—whose jokes ran through the hall—Surgeon-General Don, and Dr D. M. Forbes, and among other notable Caledonians present I observed Mr Shanks and Mr T. Houghton. While the speeches were short, the songs by Mr Willie Nichol were numerous. Never did he sing with more tender feeling "O' a' the Airts." The ladies listened with tender eyes. "A Fochabers Song!" whispered Mr James Duncan, the most leal of Moray loons who ever sat in the Home Office or anywhere else. "Yes," he said "the music was by William Marshall, butler to the Duke of Gordon," and Mr Duncan told his neighbour how Burns extolled Marshall as a writer of Strathspeys.

Burns's memory was honoured in a singularly felicitous speech. Mr Simpson did not attempt to give a biography of the poet, nor to enter on an elaborate review of his poetry. But he adroitly used a few famous quotations to express the various feelings of a Scotsman. Let a Scotsman go to any part of the world, and he felt "a man's a man for a' that;" let him enter the aristocracy, he felt "rank is but the guinea stamp;" and if he wanted to benefit his fellow men, he acted as "man to man the world o'er," and if he were disposed to be conceited he might be cured by seeing "oursel's as others see us." Thus the Chairman went on very neatly.

Another capital speech was delivered by Mr James Duncan in giving the toast of the Society. It struck the true note of patriotism. "There was no need," Mr Duncan said, "to discriminate between the narrower or Scottish patriotism and the wider or more Imperial British patriotism." "Show me a patriotic Scot," he exclaimed, "and I will show you a patriotic Briton." Mr Duncan made a great hit with some lines which he recited. He put them into the mouth of an Englishman who is supposed to address them to his wife on returning late from a Scottish dinner. As nonsense lines they are worth printing, and here they are:—

"Dearest, can I e'er forget thee,  
While the slogan rears his head,  
To the dusky dochan dhuris  
Rising from her watery bed ?

By the mutchkin stoup that bore me,  
By the brochan on the broom,  
By the cantie cockieleekie  
I am thine till crack of doom !"

On 13th April, 1899, a graceful act was the election of Mr Duncan D. Hepburn and Mr David Mossman as honorary members of the Society.



Mr Mossman came of a well-known family of Scottish artists and was a typical, pawky old Scot. He often sang in a comical way the humorous ditty written by Cross, entitled "Oor May." It described the unsuccessful efforts of "Oor May" and other ladies to catch the newly-placed bachelor parish minister, Mr McGoke. Mr Mossman always began with an unexpected and startling "O'ee, o'ee, o'ee" and when asked why he did it, his reply was "Man, it's to catch the key!"

"Oor May has an e'e till a man,  
Nae less than the newly placed preacher,  
Sae we plotted a dainty bit plan,  
For entrappin' oor Spiritual teacher.

O! but we're sly, sly,  
O! but we're sly an' sleekit,  
An' ne'er say a herrin' is dry,  
Until its baith reestit an' reekit.

We flattered young Maister McGoke,  
We plied him wi' tea an' wi' toddy,  
We praised every word that he spoke  
Till we maist pit him oot o' the body.

O! but we're sly, sly, etc.

Frae the kirk we were never awa'  
Unless when frac hame he was helpin',  
Then May an' the rest o' us a'  
Gaed far an' near after him skelpin.

O! but we're sly, sly, etc."

After other manœuvring, the lady coterie voted a watch to the minister, for May, with others, to present at the Manse.

"Takin' present an' speech baith in han',  
May began a bonnie palaver,  
To let Maister McGoke understan'  
Hoo zealous she was in his favour.

O! but we're sly, sly, etc.

She said that the gift was to prove  
How his female friends valued him highly,  
But she couldn't express a' their love,  
An' she glinted her e'e at him slyly!

O! but we're sly, sly, etc.

The watch he put in his fob,  
 An' promptly he said he would wear it;  
 An' after some flatterin' gab—  
 Tauld May he was gaun to be married.

O! but we're sly, sly, etc.

May gaed hame wi' her heart in her mouth,  
 Fra that hour she becam' a Dissenter,  
 But now she's renewing her youth,  
 Wi' some hopes o' the Burgher Precentor.

O! but we're sly, sly,  
 O! but we're sly and sleekit,  
 An' cleverly open ae door  
 As soon as anither is steekit."

An event which was followed with great interest by the members of the Society was the march of a detachment of the London Scottish Regiment in Scotland. The detachment was under the command of Captain W. Lyall Grant, and the following account of the completion of the march is taken from the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch* of 7th August, 1899.

#### THE LONDON SCOTTISH AT GOSFORD.

On Saturday the detachment of the London Scottish brought their route march to a close by an inspection by General Chapman within the grounds of Gosford, the seat of the corps' Honorary Colonel, the Earl of Wemyss. Lord Wemyss presided at the dinner, which was served in a large marquee near the house, and among those present were General Chapman and Brigadier-General Macdonald. After dinner the chairman offered the detachment a very hearty welcome to Gosford. Colonel Balfour afterwards proposed the health of Lord Wemyss, the Honorary Colonel of the Regiment, and referred to his intimate association with the institution of the Volunteer force.

Lord Wemyss, in reply, said that although there was hard work in those early days there were plenty of workers. The proudest day of his life was when he marched at the head of the London Scottish before the Prince of Wales at the Horse Guards. (Applause.) The remainder of the afternoon after dinner was spent by the men in the grounds.

#### THE FATHER OF THE REGIMENT.

This crack regiment of Volunteers is highly pleased with its latest march. Leaving Kelso some ten days ago and ending at Gosford on Saturday, the march from point to point has been a succession of triumphal progresses, the men everywhere being received by the aristocracy and by the people generally with the utmost enthusiasm and hospitality. As mentioned in our Saturday's issue, officers and men were entertained at Gosford by Lord Wemyss with his usual kindness, his Lordship having come down from London specially to receive them. At four o'clock eighty of the regiment, with the pipers at their head, formed and marched to Longniddry Station, where they took train for Edinburgh to complete their holiday outing. The remainder joined the

night train for London. There seemed to be but one feeling among officers and men, that the march out had been a complete success, some of them expressing the wish that it could be continued for another week. The health of the men had been excellent, there being only one case of sickness and two slight cases of sunstroke, while the bronzed complexions of one and all bore testimony to the invigorating effects of "roughing it in the open."

Among the visitors to Gosford on Saturday was General Chapman, whose inspection of the regiment gave every satisfaction. Lord Kingsburgh came all the way from his residence in Perthshire to do honour to old comrades, and appeared to be much pleased with the stalwart, soldierly appearance of the men; while the Father of the Regiment, Mr Robert Hepburn, of Portland Place, London, who happens to be residing in Portobello at present, drove down in the afternoon, and received a hearty reception from Lord Wemyss and the officers, many of whom came forward to shake hands with him. Mr Hepburn, it may be mentioned, was one of the original founders of the regiment in London over forty years ago, and is still on the list as an honorary member and takes an active interest in its welfare. Some of the visitors were not a little astonished as they saw his tall, commanding figure, upwards of six feet, moving about on the lawn, to learn that he is now in his ninety-first year. On comparing ages, it transpired that the combined ages of Lord Wemyss, Lord Kingsburgh, and Mr Hepburn reached to over 250 years, and all of them still showing as much active vigour and interest in the Volunteer movement as when it was first originated.

For many years Mr George Grant was a prominent member of the committee. He was a distiller and hailed from Speyside. He was a hale and hearty supporter of the Society, but was never effusive or festive in his manner. He enjoyed the surname of "the President maker" because for years he was privileged to nominate the incoming Vice-President, and everything he did was in keeping with the recognised standard of what was expected from one bearing the name of Grant. A clever rhyme by Sir Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck referred, in an amusing way, to the lordliness with which the Grants upheld their family traditions in Tullochgorum and Rothiemurchus and it may not be out of place to repeat the lines:

"Come the Grants of Tullochgorum,  
Wi' their pipers gaun afore 'em,  
Proud the mothers are that bore 'em:  
Feedle fa fum.

Next the Grants of Rothiemurchus,  
Every man his sword and durk has,  
Every man as prood's a Turk is:  
Feedle deedle dum."

It was on the motion of Mr George Grant that Mr William Dick was elected Vice-President for 1898-1899. Mr Dick had been honorary secretary for five years, and had so well fulfilled his duties that the jewel of the Society usually only presented to Past-Presidents was awarded to him. Mr Dick was once described as "a douce man with humour hiding in his eye," and it was a correct description. He spent seven years of his life in the Custom House at Glasgow, and was then transferred to London, where he ultimately became Accountant and Controller-General of H.M. Customs. He was forty years in the service. His pawky recitations were always received with hearty appreciation, and his songs were rendered in a manner which gave the greatest pleasure to his audience. "Last May a braw wooer cam' doun the lang glen" was one of his favourite songs, and "The Committee," "Mrs Peter Paterson," and "The Bailie" were favourites among his recitations.

It was a great disappointment to the Council when it was known that Mr Dick would be unable to accept the office of President. It was a real disappointment to himself, but, owing to Mrs Dick's health, it had become imperative for them to live out of London in the winter, and it was out of a sense of justice to the Society that he felt compelled to allow the honour to pass him.

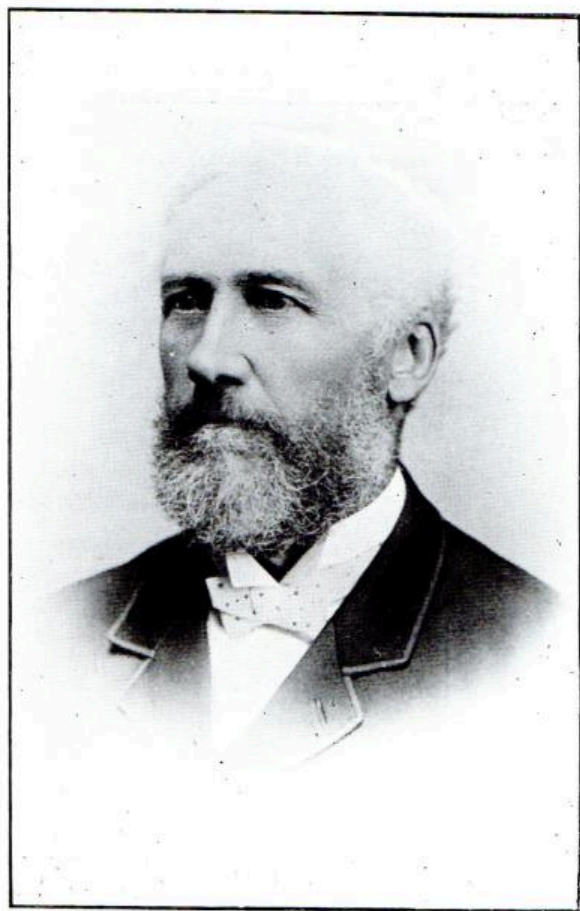
Mr William Milne succeeded Mr Dick as Honorary Secretary, and he held the office for four years. He had one song which was often called for—"The Spinning Wheel"—which he sang in a remarkable falsetto.

It was the custom at each December meeting to welcome friends from the north who came to London for the Smithfield Cattle Show, and at each of these gatherings Mr Smith Turner was called upon to give his humorous production "Breeding and Feeding."

A great favourite at the Festivals as well as the ordinary meetings was Mr William Nicoll. He was a professional singer, but dearly loved to be a Caledonian



WILLIAM SIMPSON, Esq.,  
*President, 1898-1899.*



WILLIAM DICK, Esq.,  
*Honorary Secretary, 1893-1898.*  
*Vice-President, 1898-1899.*

and join in the extempore programmes at the monthly meetings. His rendering of "Annie Laurie" was superb, and he was equally at home in the rollicking "Hey for Ronald Macdonald."

There were distinguished guests who joined in entertaining the members and visitors, and Mr Proctor was one of the favourites. He was a prince of Scottish raconteurs and was never at a loss to produce one or more of his matchless selections. Mr Mackney, who, in the early forties and fifties, was the pioneer of the modern Music Hall, was, in his later years, often a guest. He was a prim comical little man, famous for parodies on the topical songs of his period, and, when over eighty years of age, could sit down with ease at the piano and give, in a piping tenor, his celebrated parody on the highly sentimental and popular song of the American Civil War "Just before the Battle, Mother," in which a lugubrious recruit addressed his sobbing parent :

" When the cannon balls are hissing  
Over mountain and on plain  
I will be among the missing  
But, Mother, ne'er among the slain."



1899-1900.

**A**T the passing of the nineteenth century the Society elected the venerable Mr John Imray, M.A., as President. He was an Aberdonian, was over 80 years of age, and was affectionately called "our grand old man." He used to relate that it was in the year 1837—the year in which Queen Victoria ascended the Throne—that he came to London to seek his fortune. Although only a youth he was equipped as a Master of Arts of Aberdeen University, and he realised his ambition by amassing a considerable fortune as a patent agent of distinction. He was a most genial, cultured man, and few could rival him as a quaint teller of old Scottish stories.

Almost the first act after his appointment as President was the taking of a collection, contributed on the spot by members, on behalf of the *Daily Mail* fund for the benefit of the wives and children of Reservists serving with the Colours in South Africa. A sum of £11 was realised.

The *Daily Press* reported the Festival "as one of the most pleasant dinner parties in London," and further stated that "this Society consists of one hundred bona-fide Scotsmen living in what they facetiously call 'this land of our exile.'" In spite of the war, there was a considerable gathering at the Holborn Restaurant. There were bonnie lasses present as well as honest men.

The chair was occupied by Mr John Imray, M.A., a civil engineer, and one of the highest authorities on patents. Perhaps the "twal' mile roon" Aber-



A FEW OF THE  
PAST PRESIDENTS OF THE SOCIETY.



W. T. MORRISON, Esq.  
1872-73. 1881-82.

J. SHIRES WILL, Esq., Q.C.,  
1875-76.

JAMES LAWRIE, Esq.,  
1879-80.

ROBERT HEPBURN, Esq.,  
1848-1855 and 1865-66.

J. NISBET BLYTH, Esq.,  
1884-85. 1885-86.

W. HUTTON INGLIS, Esq.,  
1887-88.

DAVID HEPBURN, Esq.,  
1889-90.

Above Portraits appeared on the Programme of the Annual Festival, 1900.

A FEW OF THE  
PAST PRESIDENTS OF THE SOCIETY. \*



JOHN WILSON, Esq., M.I.C.E.,  
1891-92.

ALEX. RITCHIE, Esq., J.P., C.C.,  
1893-94.

SURG.-GEN. DON, M.D.,  
1894-95.

WILLIAM SIMPSON, Esq.,  
1898-99.

D. M. FORBES, Esq., M.D.,  
1895-96.

GEORGE STRUTHERS, Esq.,  
1896-97.

JOHN KENNEDY, Esq.,  
1897-98.

Above Portraits appeared on the Programme of the Annual Festival, 1900.

deen was not a wide enough radius. This distinguished London Scot was born in Peterhead and educated at Marischal College, where he gained most of the high prizes. He came to London in 1837 and has spent here a lifelong, but not unkindly exile.

The *City Press* also gave a fairly full report in which it said:—

Following the loyal toasts the President gave that of "The Immortal Memory of Burns." That day 141 years ago there was born in the south-western portion of Scotland a peasant boy who had no wealth to inherit, and no ancestors to be proud of. Further, he was given no education but the very humblest; yet that boy, by his works and his genius, won for himself a name which ranked with the names of the greatest poets, ancient and modern. (Applause.) The speaker then went on to refer to the versatility of Burns, and said that the poet's works touched every emotion of the human heart. His quick transition from grave to gay, and from the lively to the severe was marvellous, and he was great not only in regard to his poems, but in regard to his songs. His songs were of all sorts—gay, pathetic, and sentimental; and each was a gem of its own. (Applause.)

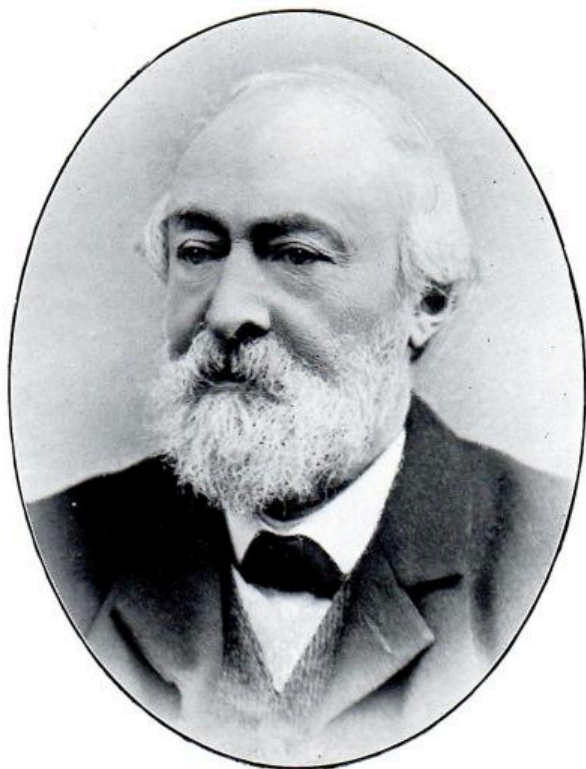
Amidst the greatest enthusiasm the President then recited extracts from the favourite Scottish poet, concluding with the remark that "Burns was not only the greatest Scottish poet, but the Prince of Scottish Song." (Applause.)

Surgeon-General Don was entrusted with the always acceptable toast of "Prosperity to the Caledonian Society of London." In commenting on the objects and composition of the Society, the speaker observed that the Society was composed of one hundred bona-fide Scotsmen, who were banded together in this land of their exile—(laughter)—to uphold the glorious traditions of their native country. (Applause.) The objects of the Society were numerous. In the first place, the members strove to maintain the Scottish nationality in this country, and then they cherished and helped to their utmost power the great Scottish charities of London. (Applause.) Each of the great Scottish charities had a large representation of members of the Society on its board of management, and any fellow-countryman who was stranded in London was assisted in a substantial manner until he found employment. The Society also did its utmost to educate and bring up the orphans of the gallant soldiers of Scotland who fell fighting for their country. (Applause.) With such a creditable exhibition of philanthropy and good work he thought he might confidently recommend the toast to their acceptance. (Loud applause.)

With the usual picturesque and musical ceremonial the Past-President Mr W. Simpson, was presented with the Society's jewel, which was pinned to his coat amid resounding applause from the whole of the members.

Mr David Hepburn made a characteristic speech in submitting the true Caledonian toast of "Honest Men and Bonnie Lasses," and Mr Alexander Ritchie, C.C., was equally eloquent in proposing the toast of "The Visitors." Mr B. Todd made a happy reply. The toast of "The President" was given in felicitous terms by Mr Simpson, and Mr Imray's genial acknowledgement brought the formal programme to a close.





JOHN IMRAY, Esq., M.A.,  
*President, 1899-1900.*



W. KEITH CAMERON, Esq.,  
*President, 1900-1901.*

1900-1901.

**M**R W. KEITH CAMERON was elected President for 1900-1901. He was a native of Inverness-shire and was kin to the Camerons of Erricht. In the year 1867 he went to South America, and, excluding occasional visits home, remained there for twenty-six years. His business was farming, but not as it is understood at home. It was rearing and maturing sheep, cattle, and horses on a large scale. His was an open-air life, and he enjoyed it to the full. The atmosphere of London was a big change, but the Society of Caledonians reconciled him to town life, and he soon was as keen in the social life of the Scottish community of London as he had been on his ranches in South America. He readily confessed that he had the gift of neither song nor oratory, but he was keenly interested in listening to the "Sentiments" and old Scottish songs.

Mr P. M. Shanks, who had so well occupied the position of Treasurer for eight years, found it necessary to resign his office, and in recognition of the valuable services he had rendered to the Society it was decided to present him with an illuminated address. This was one of the early duties which fell to Mr Keith Cameron, and it was carried out in a most graceful way. Mr Shanks was also presented with the jewel of the Society.

The President received a telegram from the Marquis of Tullibardine which read: "Raising Scottish Horse. Will you and other Societies send field glasses as present—urgent—Tullibardine." The sum of twenty-five guineas was at once voted for the purpose and it was resolved to send a circular letter to all kindred Societies in London and the Provinces, asking them to support the object, so that all necessary field glasses would be provided at once. Letters were also sent to the Editors of the *Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Standard*,



PETER MARTIN SHANKS, Esq.,  
Honorary Treasurer, 1892-1900.

*Morning Post*, *City Press*, *Scotsman*, *Glasgow Herald*, and *Aberdeen Free Press*, and in each case the letter was published; in some cases Editorial notes also appeared, calling attention to the letter.

Owing to the death of Queen Victoria, the Festival was abandoned on short notice, and, notwithstanding the fact that considerable expenses must have been incurred by the management of the Holborn Restaurant, Mr Hamp, the Manager, declined to make any charge for the trouble or expense he had incurred. The following extract from the minutes of the Council is worth repeating:

"Resolved that the sincere thanks of the Council and members of the Society be accorded to Thomas Hamp, Esq., of the Holborn Restaurant, for the cordial, handsome, and kind manner in which he met them in regard to the Burns Anniversary dinner, which was intended to be held on 25th January, but was abandoned on 22nd January owing to the lamented death of the Queen."



On 10th October, 1901, another death took place, which made a big blank in the membership of the Society. Mr Robert Hepburn, the "father of the Society," at the ripe age of 92, passed to the Great Beyond. He was one of the original promoters of the Society, and had, for over sixty years, taken a prominent part in everything connected with it. When the Caledonian Society of London was formed in 1837 there were only two Scottish Societies, in addition to the two great charities, in existence in London. These were the Highland Society and the Club of True Highlanders. The latter lapsed and the Caledonian Society seemed to meet all the wants in the way of providing social intercourse, embracing as it did men from all parts of Scotland.

On Thursday, 29th January, 1857, to mark the esteem in which Mr Hepburn was held by his brother Caledonians, his portrait in oils was presented to him. It was the work of Sir Daniel Macnee, A.R.A.E., a keen Caledonian, and it has always been considered a characteristic portrait.

Mr Hepburn, after thanking the members for the much appreciated presentation, referred to the Society in the following words: "We have also raised a standard in this Metropolis around which men with honest hearts may rally; we have formed a vantage ground on which men with kindred spirits may meet; and while doing so we have not been unmindful of the claims of the orphan and fatherless, or neglectful of the tottering steps of age and infirmity;" and it may justly be claimed that the same policy always has been carried out and upheld by the Society.

Mr Hepburn's career was a remarkable one, and we give a summary which appeared in the *Journal of the British Dental Association* of 15th November, 1901. (No. II. Vol. xxii.):

It is a rare thing to live in perfect health almost without growing old, for over ninety years; it is not given to every man to reach the foremost

ranks in more walks of life than one, and it is the few and not the many who find themselves at the close of a long life respected as widely as they are known, surrounded by hereditary friendships and as beloved by the young as by the old. To unite all these things in one life is remarkable indeed.

Mr Robert Hepburn was born at Croft-an-righ, almost under the shadow of Holyrood Palace, on New Year's Day, 1810, a few days after Mr Gladstone, in the reign of George III., and died on October 10th, 1901, having seen five monarchs occupying the throne of Great Britain, two of whom reigned over half a century. His father was born in 1785, and served with a Scottish regiment of light infantry in the early part of last century, and afterwards as a volunteer in a regiment raised to resist the threatened invasion of this country by Napoleon I. Our veteran was a scholar at the old High School of Edinburgh, where Sir Walter Scott and many other distinguished Scotsmen were educated. His long life stretches back so far that it is a little difficult to realise what a changed world it is since his birth. He remembered the return of the soldiers to Edinburgh from the Waterloo campaign, he was twenty-five years old before the first railway was opened, he was five when Walter Scott wrote "Waverley." Gaslight was not introduced throughout London till after his birth, and electricity with all its wonders, belonged to his later middle age.

Mr Hepburn came of long-lived folk, and his Highland mother, who was born in 1788, and whose immediate ancestors were embroiled in the "Forty-five" lived to the great age of ninety-four. It may interest a new generation to hear something of the very early struggles of auld lang syne, and to follow in the words of Mr Hepburn's own diary, the beginning of the longest dental life of our day.

"At 17 years of age I was apprenticed to Mr M—— of George Street, Edinburgh, to learn the art of a dentist, but while with him I did but little, and saw scarcely anything of practical work. Mr M—— died eighteen months after the commencement of my apprenticeship, so I arranged with a doctor and apothecary, who was anxious to know something of dentistry, to teach him what little I knew. In return for this I was to learn the nature of drugs and the art of dispensing them, and receive instructions in the rudiments of medicine. During this time I was a frequenter of Knox's dissecting room, and I well remember the horror and excitement awakened in the town (A.D. 1828) when Burke and Hare the body-snatchers, were brought to justice credited with the murder of sixteen innocent persons. Through one of their victims being recognised at the dissecting table, their atrocious deeds were brought to light.

"After a pleasant term of two years I went over to Dundee, where my mother had substantial and influential relations, trusting in time to make a little practice. But after a few months' trial, and finding no relatives ever required my professional services, or recommended any of their friends, I saw that I had no chance of success. Therefore, in October, 1831, I decided to come to London. Starting from Leith in a small smack, I narrowly escaped drowning, as the vessel was wrecked off the Farne Islands; but after three weeks I completed my journey, having spent most of my small stock of money on the sailors of our ill-fated little vessel.

"After sixteen weeks attempting to procure employment, trying everybody and going everywhere, I heard from a man in Brighton that a situation was vacant. I walked to Brighton, to be curtly greeted at this man's door by the announcement that "he had changed his mind and did not need anybody." My Highland blood was up, but I restrained myself, and without

a word started on my homeward walk. When I arrived at London Bridge I fainted from sheer exhaustion.

"I had given up all hopes of doing anything when I was sent for by Mr W—— of Leicester Square, to assist him, but when I began to do so I found myself ignorant of any real practical knowledge. This was a blow, and completely took all pride out of me. I begged him to retain me, promising to work hard and learn fast. So he agreed to give me twenty shillings a week, and I kept my promise and worked with energy and will. I worked for several months successively from seven in the morning till ten at night, daily labouring to gain the necessary experience in the mechanical branch of my profession. In so doing I at last became so successful and rapid in my work that I found I could start upon independent ground. At this time my salary was two pounds a week, but with the exception of this (never paid regularly) I had no encouragement from my employer.

"After three years' unremitting industry I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance, and afterwards the friendship, of Mr Frank Sherwin, of Bruton Street. He was the first who gave me the slightest glimmer of hope of success in what I now had found out to be a difficult and precarious profession in which to gain a respectable livelihood, especially without means of help onwards. However, relying on God's blessing, I determined to "put a stout heart to a stev brae." To improve my education in leisure hours was a hard task, but I did so, and for some years was much indebted to the Philosophical Institution in Edwards Street, Marylebone, for lectures and classes.

"In 1834 I removed from my humble lodgings in Petty's Court, Hanway Street, to a second floor in Berners Street, Oxford Street, and I had not been there long when I was requested to undertake the extractions, regulating cases, and the mechanical work of Mr Landzelle's practice in 22 Lower Grosvenor Street. This I readily undertook, and I remained for upwards of sixteen years the friend and companion of Mr Landzelle, doing also, for the whole of that period, all the mechanical work of Mr Leonard Koecker's practice, also for many years the work of Mr James Hampson and a few others. Thus my hands were full of occupation, my private practice increasing all the time."

The work room at Davis Street saw the initiation into the mysteries of dentistry of many well-known men in our ranks—Thomas Underwood, John Baker of Dublin, both since dead, David Hepburn of Edinburgh, Duncan Hepburn of Nottingham, Howard Hayward, and many others. Meanwhile the great effort to obtain dental education and qualification, and a legally recognised position for those practising dental surgery was already making itself felt, and in every part of those early struggles Mr Robert Hepburn bore an active part, as did his brothers, Duncan and David.

The Dental Hospital of London, now the Royal Dental Hospital, arose in Soho Square, and Mr Hepburn was one of the original surgeons and the first lecturer in mechanical dentistry, a post in which he was followed years later by his son David. The long and anxious labours of those early pioneers, whose self-devotion is now in a fair way to be forgotten, obtained from the Royal College of Surgeons the foundation of our existence, the dental diploma. Another long battle with ignorance and prejudice obtained for us an Act of Parliament and a Register similar in every respect to those of the sister profession of medicine, and in all these things Mr Hepburn was to the fore, till younger hands took on the onerous task.

In other walks of life Mr Hepburn was well known to a wider world, as the many obituary notices scattered through the English and Scottish press plainly show. He was one of the first volunteers enrolled in the London

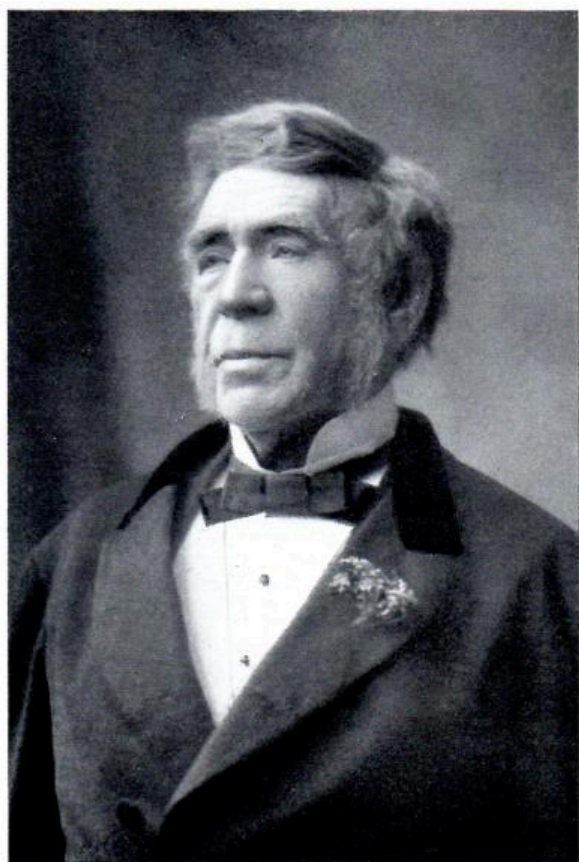
Scottish regiment, which he had a considerable hand in forming. He was the father and founder of the Caledonian Society of London, and for eleven years its President, and his portrait, by his old friend Sir Daniel Macnee, President of the Royal Scottish Academy, was presented to him in recognition of work done amongst Scottish charities. For sixty years he was associated with the Royal Scottish Corporation, and for the last twelve years a Vice-President (an honour granted to very few commoners). For sixty years he worked hard in the management of the Royal Caledonian Asylum, and in 1898 an illuminated address was presented to him in recognition of his long services. These many honours were not only honourable to the bearer, but reflect honour upon the profession of which he was so distinguished a member.

The Odontological Society of London chose him as its President in 1869, and a few years ago he was elected an honorary member of the Society. It is hardly necessary to say that he was a member of the Odonto-Chirurgical Society of Scotland, and of the British Dental Association.

He did not neglect British charities, for he was one of the founders of the Ogle Mews Ragged School, and was for thirty-seven years its Honorary Treasurer, and in connection with this charity his portrait was unveiled by the Baroness Burdett Coutts in 1889. He was also Vice-President of the Somers Town Blind Aid Association, of which his daughter, Mrs J. Hepburn Starey is the Honorary Secretary.

It is a long list of well-doing. He lived a long life and did good all his days, and passed away very peacefully. It cannot be in sadness that we bid farewell, but rather in the hope that the story of a good man's life may act as an example to us who remain. He outlived most of the friends of his youth, but his ready sympathy attracted him to a new generation, who both revered and loved him, while the children and grand-children of his boyhood's friends clustered round him to the last.





ROBERT HEPBURN, Esq.,  
*President,*  
1848-1855 and 1865-1866.



AN INTERESTING GROUP OF OLD CALEDONIANS.

1901-1902.

**D**R GUTHRIE RANKIN was elected President for the year 1901-1902. It was an excellent choice. Although he never was inclined to talk much about himself, he had a charming manner which made every one who came into contact with him a friend and admirer. He was a graduate of Glasgow University, where he gained the M.B. and M.D. degrees with commendation, and became a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh in 1891. He was house physician to Professor Gairdner, which was always considered a much-coveted honour. His first term of practice was in his native town of Kilmarnock, where his early schooldays had been spent at the Academy, and then he settled in Warwick, where he soon built up a considerable practice. The large and influential practice, however, offered insufficient scope for his abilities, and in spite of a serious obstacle in the barriers of privilege, he entered consulting practice in London, where his native ability and energy, backed by his charming personality, won for him a position of wide influence.

In 1896 he became a member, and in 1908 was elected Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of London. Appointed Physician to the Seamen's

Hospital at Greenwich and the Royal Hospital for Children and Women, he was much impressed by the wealth of material available for teaching purposes at both these Institutions, and it was mainly through his influence that the London School of Clinical Medicine was established for post-graduate study.

Dr Rankin was a generous supporter of medical charities, taking an active interest particularly in the management of Epsom College. He was also keenly interested in the work of the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools.

During the South African War he was invited to act as Consulting Physician to the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, but his impaired health, against which he had bravely struggled for years, prevented him from proceeding to the front.

In private life he was an enthusiastic and hospitable Scot, always ready to acknowledge and encourage younger colleagues and further good causes. He was an accomplished and enthusiastic yachtsman, and flew the burgee of the Royal Clyde Yacht Club. He built a country house at Helford, Cornwall, where it was his delight to receive a large and varied circle of friends, and it was latterly in Cornish waters that he spent much of his time in yachting. An intimate friend, who knew him well, correctly described him as "a born physician, a genial companion, and a true friend."

Knowing that the Ayrshire blood was strong in the President's veins, it was expected that, in proposing the toast of "The Immortal Memory of Burns" at the Festival on 25th January, 1902, his speech would be of more than ordinary interest, and it was even so, for he captured his audience at the beginning and held them spell-bound to the end. Dr Guthrie Rankin, in proposing "The Immortal Memory," said :



If I were asked the question so constantly propounded, what is the clue to the phenomenal influence of Burns's writings upon mankind? I should unhesitatingly answer, the intense realism which gives living force to every line he wrote, and makes the harmonies of his versatile muse throb in unison with our daily experiences of homely and familiar scenes and incidents. Thus it is that "Tam o' Shanter" has established its reputation as the most inimitable witch story ever set to metrical measure; that "The Cottar's Saturday Night"—which Professor Wilson has finely spoken of as "the noblest poem genius ever dedicated to domestic devotion"—is treasured as an unsurpassed record of the dignity of labour and the beauty of humble life; that the tale of "The Twa Dogs" becomes more and more the friend and philosopher of many a Cæsar of high degree and of countless Luaths of lowly estate; that "Holy Willie" remains to the present day a picture painted to the life of hypocrisy, self-seeking, and religious humbug; that "Scots wha hae" is still one of the greatest patriotic odes ever penned; and that "Auld Lang Syne" has become the accepted hymn of humanity. (Applause.) The value of this realism can perhaps be better appreciated if we call to remembrance some of the other actors who were contemporaneous or who followed soon after on the world's stage, and whose work has lived after them. There was in those days a rich profusion of great men. The roll-call of fame contained the names of such brilliant writers as Scott, Byron, Gibbon, Schiller, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats; besides those of such statesmen as Burke, Chatham, Pitt, and Fox; and of such commanders as Wellington, Nelson, and Napoleon. But of all these eminent personages does one of them, I ask you, dwell in the affectionate remembrance of mankind in the same sense or to the like degree as does their compeer, Robert Burns? Nay, do even such majestic poets as Homer, Dante, Goethe, Milton, or Shakespeare approach him in the grip they have achieved of cosmopolitan popularity? Burns was, I admit, a totally different type of artist, and in many respects can be compared with none of them, but as a songster he soars above them all because he is universally intelligible and universally convincing.

"A dreamer of the common dreams,  
A fisher in familiar streams,  
He chased the transitory gleams  
That all pursue;  
But on his lips the eternal themes  
Again were new."

But besides its realism, Burns's poetry is strongly individualised by the unbounded sympathy which permeates it throughout. The sadness and gladness of the work-a-day class of society to which he belonged excited many of his finest efforts, and provided for posterity a sheaf of lyrical gems such as had never been previously known. The beauties of Nature, whose child he was, called forth those "wood notes wild" which are ever in our ears, and whose cadences shall reverberate throughout the ages. The selfishness and inhumanity of the world wounded the tenderness of his soul, and made him cry aloud for greater forbearance and brotherly kindness. The deplorable slumbering of national ambition roused his patriotic spirit, and stirred within him the undying desire to live for "poor old Scotia's sake." The hollowness of sectarian creeds and the prevailing narrowness of bigoted Churchmen drove him to lash with sarcastic vigour the ghoulish misrepresentations of true religion and charity, and made him indignantly cry out—

“ But I gae mad at their grimaces,  
 Their sighin', cantin', grace-proud faces,  
 Their three-mile prayers, and half-mile graces,  
 Their raxin' conscience,  
 Whase greed, revenge, and pride disgraces  
 Waur nor their nonsense.”

Though thus inspired by his environment, he was in no sense ashamed of the position in which Destiny had placed him, nor was he embittered, as he might well have been, by the inequalities of fortune. Writing to Ainslie he says, “ So far from being dissatisfied with my present lot, I earnestly pray the Great Disposer of events that it may never be worse, and I think I can lay my hand on my heart and say, I shall be content.” And less than two years before his death he gave us this picture of his mind—

“ Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,  
 Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,  
 I gi'e them a skelp, as they're creeping along,  
 Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish sang.”

If ever democracy had a champion, that man was surely Robert Burns! He reminded the rich that they are partakers of a common nature with the poor, and that “ lowly life ” has its virtues, its pleasures, its hopes, its duties, its successes, and its failures, no less well defined than “ exalted rank ; ” that below fustian and flannel there beats a heart responsive to the same possibilities for good and the same tendencies to evil as that which throbs beneath broad-cloth and fine linen ; that

“ The rank is but the guinea stamp,  
 The man's the gowd for a' that.”

It is not my intention, nor would it be becoming to enter, on an occasion of this kind, into a disquisition on the specks which floated upon the surface of his life stream. We are all erring mortals, and Burns was neither more nor less so than his neighbours, but he wore his heart upon his sleeve, and his failings, equally with his virtues, were patent to the light of day. “ He was,” says Wordsworth, “ a man who preached from the text of his own errors, and his wisdom, beautiful as a flower that might have risen from seed sown from above, was in fact a scion from the root of personal suffering.” Had he not been made of the same clay as ourselves he could never have entered into our kindgom ; and but for his back-slidings we would have lost some of the most humorous characteristics which he possessed, and many of the most striking proofs of the courage that made him not afraid to confess his faults. He had, it is true, the defects of his qualities, but they were negligible quantities in the life we love to remember. In the contemplation of the good that was in him, let us forget the blemishes ; they were the infinitesimal spots upon the sun-like disc of his genius, the weaknesses of his humanity with which they ought long since to have withered into dust. (Applause.) These qualities of ingenuousness and sentimentality which by nature and endowment Burns possessed in such full measure, peculiarly fitted him to achieve his highest distinction, which was that of a song writer. Songs are emotional rather than intellectual ; they are the language of passion, and are the fitting vehicles for the poetic expression of love and friendship, of resignation and contentment, of desire and fulfilment. Though every lyric he wrote was not a masterpiece, there are three or four triumphant achievements which mark the topmost

development of art in connection with each subject which he handled. Could language more adequately express the whole meaning of love than this stanza addressed to Clarinda, which Sir Walter Scott declared "contained the essence of a thousand love tales?"—

"Had we never lov'd sae kindly,  
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,  
Never met—or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken hearted."

Is the whole philosophy of existence not summed up in his advice to be content with the inevitable, to make the most of the joy the moment yields, and to seek within one's self a refuge from the unavoidable "dool and sorrow?"—

"Nae treasures nor pleasures  
Could make us happy lang ;  
The heart ay's the part ay  
That makes us right or wrang."

Is the uncertainty which must attend every earthly endeavour not enforced upon us in touches of tenderest sensibility addressed to the "sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous mouse?"—

"But, mousie, thou art no thy lane  
In proving foresight may be vain ;  
The best laid schemes o' mice and men  
Gang aft agley,  
And lea'e us nought but grief and pain  
For promised joy."

And, finally, has he not enshrined the whole duty of man, the highest aim to covet, as he conceived it, in lines that deserve to be written in letters of flaming fire?—

"To mak' a happy fireside clime  
To weans and wife,  
That's the true pathos and sublime  
Of human life."

The poet's prophecy to his wife shortly before his death—"Jean, I'll be more thought of a hundred years after this than I am now"—has been amply justified, but its complete fulfilment is even yet not achieved. As the world progresses and this great English-speaking nation of ours becomes more and more widely spread over new dominions and vaster territories, the voice of Burns will unceasingly ring out to convince men that there are greater dignities than titles or rank ; that the prizes of ambition are only worth having if they are the outcome of unselfish devotion to the duty we owe to our neighbours as well as to ourselves ; that sturdy independence and unswerving integrity are the true passports to fame ; and that

"The social, friendly, honest man,  
Whate'er he be,  
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,  
An' none but he !"

(Applause.) In the year of grace 1796 all that was mortal of the gentle poet was laid to rest in the quiet kirkyard of Dumfries, where the tender hand of

Nature has long since resolved the frail tenement of clay into the dust and ashes of ultimate dissolution ; but out of death he has indeed risen to newness of life. As long as the heather-clad hills of Scotland rear their rugged summits to the sky, and the foaming brown torrents tumble down her wild glens to the sea, his native land will nurture within her bosom sweet memories of her illustrious son, and will recall the music of his voice no less in the soft whispering of the summer breezes than in the wild blustering of the wintry winds ; as long as human hearts are swayed by emotion and governed by the sense of right and wrong, the melodies of his tuneful lyre will constitute for them the fitting expression of their moods and aspirations ; as long as good remains " the final goal of ill," he will be acknowledged as the great high priest of moral courage, human equality, and lofty endeavour. Burns is not dead ! he liveth, and must reign in the hearts of men till time shall be no more. Therefore, I call upon you to dismiss from your minds all thoughts of sorrow at the loss of the mortal man, and with acclamation and full-flowing goblets to join me in toasting, with Caledonian honours, the immortal Bard. (Loud applause.)

Dr D. M. Forbes, who, for the time being was acting Honorary Secretary, owing to the ill-health of Mr William Milne, was in a merry mood at the Festival, and in the course of his remarks referred to the reception which sometimes was accorded to Scots who ventured south of the Tweed. As an illustration he gave the case of the old Scottish woman whose feelings were sadly shocked by the jeerings and attempted mimicry of some of the juniors of London with whom she came in contact, and who finally turned on her tormentors with the remark : " Gang hame, ye ill-mannered brats, and tell yer mithers to teach ye the story about Ban-nockburn."

Colonel Babbie, V.C., was one of the guests and responded to the toast of " The Visitors." It will be remembered that Colonel Babbie received the much-coveted decoration for gallantry at the battle of Colenso where he attended to wounded men under fire, and who, under exceptionally heavy fire, brought in Lieutenant Roberts.

The continued illness of Mr William Milne led to that gentleman placing his resignation in the hands of the Council on 10th April, 1902, and it was with much regret that the resignation was accepted. Mr Milne had done excellent work for the Society, and it was

decided to present him with an illuminated address. To succeed him Mr R. M. Hunter was unanimously elected. Mr Hunter had been assisting Dr D. M. Forbes to carry on the interim duties of the Secretaryship, and he was eminently suited for the work.



WILLIAM MILNE, Esq.,  
*Honorary Secretary, 1898-1902.*

The first duties which the newly - appointed Secretary had to take up were in connection with a proposed Commemorative Dinner in connection with the Coronation of King Edward VII. of England and I. of Scotland. It was to have been a distinguished gathering worthy of the best traditions of the Society, but unfortunately the serious illness of the King upset the arrangements. An address to His Majesty had been prepared and forwarded to the Secretary of State for the Home Department. It was as follows :

TO HIS MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY  
KING EDWARD VII.

" May it please your Majesty,

We, the President, Vice-President, and Members of the Caledonian Society of London, humbly offer our dutiful congratulations on your Majesty's approaching Coronation, and we as Scotsmen devoutly hope that it may please Almighty God long to spare your Majesty to rule over your leal and loyal people, and to vouchsafe every blessing to Queen Alexandra and to all the Members of the Royal Family."

R. M. HUNTER, *Honorary Secretary.*  
GUTHRIE RANKIN, *President.*

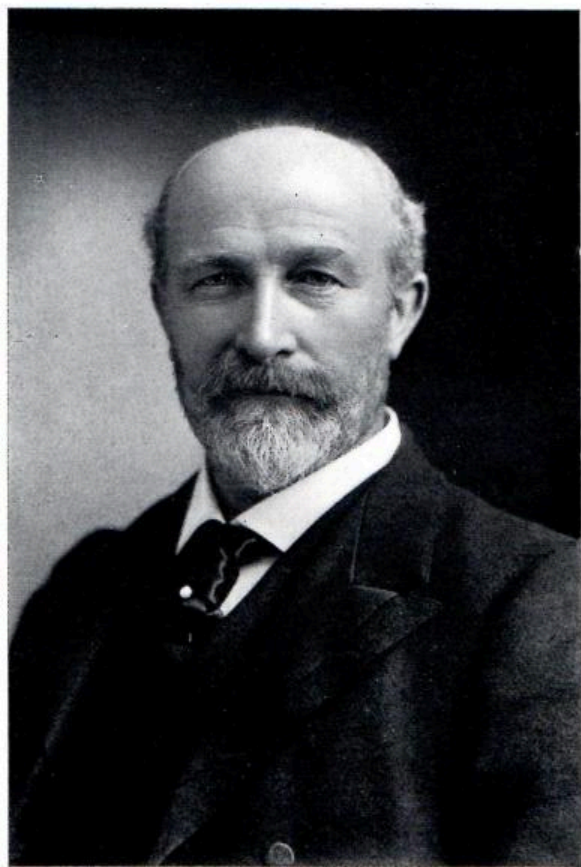
It was unfortunate that the sudden illness of His Majesty should come on the very day selected for the Coronation activities. It was a grievous blow to everyone, and it was a marvellous feat in most cases to cancel the elaborate preparations. There was no time to call a meeting of Council of the Caledonian Society, but an impromptu meeting was held at which were present the President, Vice-President, Surgeon-General W. G. Don, M.D., David Hepburn, and George Struthers, Past Presidents, and the Honorary Secretary. Immediate action was taken, by telegram and telephone, to acquaint members and guests that the gathering was cancelled. It was a difficult matter, as the wires were congested with similar messages from other organisations.

At the special meeting of Council held on 10th July the action of the members of Council already referred to was unanimously commended.

On the question of expenses incurred, Mr Hamp, the manager of the Holborn Restaurant, met the Council in a generous way by agreeing to charge a nominal sum of twenty-five pounds, and his action was warmly appreciated. There were printing and other charges, such as modified fees to the artistes engaged, etc., to be met, and the total cost came to about one hundred pounds, which was paid out of the funds of the Society. The souvenir menu cards and table plans were distributed by post to the members and their friends and to other guests who had intended to be present. A special vote of thanks was carried with acclamation to the President for the admirable arrangements made in connection with the banquet, for his untiring zeal carried on until the disappointment was overcome and the whole matter was brought to a satisfactory close. A similar vote of thanks was accorded to Mr R. M. Hunter for the large amount of extra work and enthusiasm he had put into the arrangements, which could best be measured by the fact that acceptances totalling over 300 had been received for the banquet.



DR GUTHRIE RANKIN,  
M.D., Glas.; F.R.C.P., Lond. and Edin.  
*President, 1901-1902.*



SIR JAMES CANTLIE, K.B.E.,  
F.R.C.S., Etc.,  
*President, 1902-1903.*



1902-1903.

**A**NOTHER member of the healing profession was elected to succeed Dr Guthrie Rankin, and evidently with a view to balancing the different branches of the profession, Dr James Cantlie F.R.C.S., was the choice of the Council. He was born in 1851 at Keithmore in Banffshire, and was a worthy representative of the "Cantlies of Keithmore." As a boy he attended the school of Botriphnie, but at the age of twelve passed on to Milne's Institution, Fochabers. At the age of sixteen he went to King's College, Aberdeen, where he graduated in Arts, with Honours in Natural Science. For two years he attended the medical classes at Marischal College, then determined to "haud sooth" to London, where he completed his medical course. He was appointed Demonstrator of Anatomy at the Medical School at Charing Cross Hospital, which position he held for 16 years. He was also surgeon to the Hospital. In 1887 he went to Hong Kong to join Sir Patrick Manson, and he remained there for close on ten years, leaving a deep and beneficial impress of his energy and organising abilities. He founded the College of Medicine for Chinese, and from 1889 to 1896 was its Dean, and in the latter year returned to London, where he took up such positions as Lecturer

in Anatomy at Charing Cross Hospital, Surgeon to the West End Hospital for Nervous Diseases, and Surgeon to the Seamen's Hospital at the Royal Albert Docks. He became the world's pioneer in teaching ambulance work to civilians, on an organised method, and was founder of the Force that became the R.A.M.C. (Territorials). He founded the first Volunteer Aid Detachment, a body whose work earned unstinted praise during the Great War (1914-1918). He was founder and co-editor of the *Journal of Tropical Medicine*, and has written much and authoritatively on professional subjects, and he has been a recognised link between Medical Schools which were visited by him. He is chief surgeon of the St. John's Ambulance Brigade of the Metropolitan District, and his name is well known in connection with lectures and text books on first aid.

Dr Cantlie had to fight down a large amount of professional opposition to his teaching schemes, but triumph came at the International Medical Congress in 1881. His proposal to give demonstrations in ambulance work was rejected, but the small attendances at the first meetings caused the Committee to reconsider their decision, and it was agreed to allow the demonstrations. Then instead of the usual fifty or so of an audience per day, the attendances bounded up to five thousand, and through these demonstrations the teaching of civil ambulance spread to Germany, Russia, and Spain; it eventually spread all over the world.

In 1914 when the war broke out, Dr Cantlie started emergency classes on First Aid and Nursing at the Polytechnic in Regent Street, and the first day's class numbered 680, while thousands had to be turned away for lack of accommodation. Queen's Hall and some Church and other halls were pressed into the service, and within a short time from the outbreak of war 25,000 pupils had passed through the classes. Public

recognition of Dr Cantlie's splendid work was given by the King creating him a K.B.E., and the honour was well deserved. His pupils arranged to present him with a testimonial, and consulted Lady Cantlie, whose enthusiasm equalled that of her husband. Her reply was characteristic: "Let his life-long dream be realised, and get a technical school of ambulance instruction and museum for ambulance work." The idea was accepted, and the College of Ambulance in Vere Street came into being.

Sir James is the author of the Text Book of the St. John's Ambulance Association, and it has been asserted that, the Bible excepted, it has reached the largest circulation of any book in the United Kingdom. From his pen also came the valuable Red Cross Manuals—No. 1 on Field Aid; No. 2 on Nursing; and No. 3 on Camp Life and Drill.

When Sir James founded the College of Medicine for Chinese in Hong Kong, his first pupil was Sun Yat Sen. It will be remembered how this young Chinese doctor was kidnapped in London and confined in the Chinese Legation in Portland Place. A message came to Sir James, then plain Dr Cantlie, on a Saturday at midnight, that Sun Yat Sen was a prisoner at the Chinese Legation, and was to be sent to China the following Tuesday in the guise of a lunatic in the custody of keepers. He was to be tried for treason, and there was little doubt what the end would be. Sunday was a busy day with Dr Cantlie, who appealed to the Police in vain, but finally he got the Foreign Office to listen to his statement, and in the end Lord Salisbury secured Sun Yat Sen's release. The young Chinese doctor afterwards was the means of effecting the downfall of the Manchu dynasty. He returned on a visit to London and, when staying as a guest of Dr Cantlie, a telegraphic message came to him announcing that he had been elected the first President of the Chinese Republic.

At the Annual Festival held on 24th January, 1903, a novelty was introduced by the President who, by the aid of lantern slides, showed a series of scenes and pictures of incidents in the life of Robert Burns, each slide being referred to with appropriate remarks or verses of songs. In broad doric Dr Cantlie heralded the views with such remarks as "Now, here's whaur Robbie was born," or "Now, there are the lassies as Robbie liked to see them," and his quiet humour was much appreciated.

Mr Vyvyan, Miss Elsie Nicholl, and Mr Charles Phillip sang the selected verses.

The following report is taken from the *Aberdeen Free Press* of 26th January, 1903 :

An innovation was introduced in the Burns dinner of the Caledonian Society of London at the King's Hall, Holborn Restaurant. After a very elaborate feast had been partaken by the Caledonians and their guests, among whom were a large number of ladies, and after the loyal toasts had been honoured, the lights were lowered, and a series of views of the scenes in the poet's life were thrown upon a screen. The President, Dr James Cantlie, stood beside the screen, explaining the pictures and reciting passages from Burns in his broad Banffshire accent, and numerous songs were sung by professional vocalists. Cheers were elicited by several of the scenes and songs, and heartiest was the applause when a picture of the poet himself appeared on the screen.

Meantime there stood on the Chairman's table a bronze bust of Burns, who seemed to stare hard through the darkened room at the men and women who were honouring him in their festive fashion. The pictures of his days of poverty and neglect made a pathetic contrast with the surroundings of the dinner now held in his honour, and a sentimentalist might have been induced by the contrast to re-open the old riddle as to what lies beyond the grave. Is the spirit of Burns aware of the celebrations with which succeeding generations atone for the bitterness of his lot in this life ?

There was a large number of interesting people at the dinner. On the Chairman's right hand sat Lord Strathcona's daughter, Hon. Mrs Howard, and beside her was Sir James Reid, Physician-in-Ordinary to the King, while another guest at the head table was Sir John Furley, one of the most distinguished wearers of the Red Cross, whose name is familiar wherever ambulance work is done.

Medals were pinned by Mrs Cantlie on the breasts of two Past-Presidents, Mr Keith Cameron and Dr Guthrie Rankin ; and after this ceremony the company pledged the usual toasts.

The toast of the Society was given by Colonel J. S. Young, who wore a glittering array of medals.

Mr David Hepburn, a tall and handsome bachelor, gave "The Ladies" in a witty speech, which he delivered admirably, and response for the fair sex was made with traditional jocosity by Mr J. Blair.

Dr Rankin's nationality was conspicuous in the accent of the speech in which he proposed the toast of "The Visitors." For these reply was made by Hon. J. H. Turner, Agent-General for British Columbia, and by Mr H. A. Grainger, Agent-General for South Australia, both being fluent Englishmen.

Then the President's health was pledged very heartily on the motion of Mr Robert Henderson, the Vice-President, and, when the speeches were finished, a dance was enjoyed. Of course, there was bagpipe music by Caledonian boys and other pipers; some catching tunes were played by the Bijou Orchestra, and the feelings of the Caledonians were stirred by the sentimental songs that were sung. The arrangements were carried out in a quietly efficient manner by a Morayshire "loon," Mr R. M. Hunter, formerly of the Home Office.

There was no better exponent of the Scottish vernacular than Sir James Cantlie, and some of his pithiest speeches were delivered in the doric. No one could render a Scottish song better, and his singing of "The Tinker's Waddin'" was a masterpiece. The author of this song was William Watt, a West Linton genius who was brought up as a weaver, and who dabbled in painting, poetry, and music. For twenty-six years he was precentor in East Kilbride Parish Church, and he wrote many popular songs. His two outstanding songs were "The Tinker's Waddin'" and "Kate Dalrymple," and these became classics in the Caledonian Society. Sir James Cantlie made the former his own and Mr William Dick's pawky rendering of the latter was always greatly appreciated. The words of the "Tinker's Waddin'" are:

" In June when broom and bloom were seen,  
 An' bracken waved fu' fresh an' green,  
 An' warm the sun, wi' silver sheen,  
 The hills an' glens did gladden, O.  
 Ae day upon the Border bent,  
 The tinkers pitched their gipsy tent,  
 An' auld an' young wi' ae consent,  
 Resolved to haud a waddin', O.

Diring a do a do a day,  
 Diring a do a daddin', O,  
 Diring a do a do a day,  
 Hurrah for the tinker's waddin', O.

The bridegroom was wild Norman Scott,  
 Wha thrice had broke the nuptial knot,  
 An' aince was sentenced to be shot

## THE CHRONICLES OF THE

For breach o' martial orders, O.  
 His gleesome joe was Madge McKell  
 A spawwife, match for Nick himsel',  
 Wi' glamour, cantrip, charm, and spell  
 She frichtit baith the Borders, O.

Diring a do a do a day, etc.

Nae priest was there wi' solemn face,  
 Nae clerk to claim o' crouns a brace,  
 The piper and fiddler played the grace,  
 To set their gabs asteerin', O.  
 'Mang beef an' mutton, pork an' veal,  
 'Mang painches, plucks, an' fresh cowheel,  
 Fat haggises and caller jeel,  
 They claw'd awa' careerin', O.

Diring a do a do a day, etc.

Fresh saumon, newly ta'en in Tweed,  
 Saut ling an' cod o' Shetland breed,  
 They worried till kytes were like to screed,  
 'Mang flagons and flasks o' gravy, O.  
 There were raisin kail an' sweet milk saps,  
 An' ewe milk cheese in whangs an' flaps,  
 An' they roupit, to gust their gaps an' craps,  
 Right mony a cadger's cavie, O.

Diring a do a do a day, etc.

The drink flew roun' in wild galore,  
 An' soon upraised a hideous roar,  
 Blythe Comus ne'er a queerer core  
 Saw seated round his table, O.  
 They drank, they danced, they swore, they sang,  
 They quarrelled an' 'greed the hail day lang,  
 An' the wrangling that rang amongst the thrang  
 Wad match the tongues o' Babel, O.

Diring a do a do a day, etc.

The drink gaed dune before their drouth,  
 That vex'd baith mony a maw an' mouth,  
 It damped the fire o' age an' youth,  
 An' every breast did sadden, O.  
 Till three stout loons flew owre the fell  
 At risk o' life their drouth to quell,  
 An' robbed a neighbourin' smuggler's stell  
 To carry on the weddin', O.

Diring a do a do a day, etc.

Wi' thundering shouts they hailed them back,  
 To broach the barrels they werena' slack,  
 While the fiddler's plane-tree leg they brak'

For playing "Farewell to whisky," O.  
 Delirium seized the uproarious thrang,  
 The bagpipes in the fire they flang,  
 An' sowerin' airns on the rigging rang  
 The drink played siccan a plisky, O.

Diring a do a do a day, etc.

The sun fell laigh owre Solway's banks,  
 While on they plied their roughsome pranks,  
 An' the stalwart shadows o' their shanks  
 Wide owre the muir were spreading, O.  
 Till heads and thraws among the whins  
 They fell wi' broken brows and shins,  
 An' sair-cast banes filled mony skins  
 To close the Tinker's waddin', O.

Diring a do a do a day, etc.

Early in November, 1903, one of the old stalwarts died. Dr D. M. Forbes, who had been President in 1895-1896, passed to his rest. His remains were buried in Abney Park Cemetery, and a large and representative gathering of London Scotsmen said their last goodbye at the graveside. The boys from the Royal Caledonian Schools were present to pay their respects to one who had been their friend. The Rev. Wm. Carter, minister of St. George's Presbyterian Church, West Croydon, of which Dr Forbes was a member, and Archdeacon Sinclair, officiated at the grave.

The Archdeacon said in the course of an impressive address: "We are met together to bid a last farewell to one who, by his affectionate character and devotion to the cause of benevolence, endeared himself to all who knew him. For the greater part of his life Dr Forbes had been Medical Superintendent of Shoreditch Infirmary, and had kept himself abreast of all the scientific and medical questions of recent years. One could not find a kinder or more cheery heart to deal with the poor and sick of a difficult part of London, with whom he was for many years brought into close and daily contact. But with us he will be chiefly remembered for his work and interest in the Royal Scottish Corporation, and the Royal Caledonian Schools. Dr Forbes always loyally united both charities in any reference to them, and his connection with them.

He was a Governor of the Scottish Corporation for thirty-three years, one of its Surgeons for fifteen years, and a member of the Management very rarely absent from its meetings. Not long ago he said that the two charities were his first thought in the morning and the last thought at night. Half in humour and half in earnest he said that when he died he expected that their names would be graven on his heart. It is interesting and pathetic to notice

that his last writing was on Friday, when he signed the monthly petition of an aged pensioner.

His personal influence was very great, and the large sums of money, about £10,000 to each charity, received from the trustees of the late Mr Hewitt, were largely owing to Dr Forbes's life-long friendship with these gentlemen, and the confidence that they reposed in his judgment, which carried the assurance that these large sums would be worthily disposed. But he did not confine himself to the two great Scottish charities, but was a member of the Highland Society, the Caledonian Society, the Scottish Lodge of Freemasons, and the London Caithness Society. He had been a President of the Caledonian Society, and the pleasant, lively, humorous side of his nature was there seen to great advantage. He was a typical and enthusiastic Mason, the brotherly and charitable spirit of the Craft appealed to every fibre of his fine, open, manly soul, and the dignity, solemnity, and religious principles of the Order found in him an appreciative supporter. His mind was always open to everything that was for the benefit of Scotland, and every good effort for that cause met with his ready support. If it were genuine and worthy, none could be more generous and enthusiastic; if it were for some trifling object, or for purposes mainly for self-advertisement, none more stern and contemptuous. With all his overflowing kindness of heart he was exceedingly shrewd, and had benefited by his wide experience of life. In his relations with the Scottish Corporation he showed tact and good sense, and always acted as a high-minded single-hearted man.

For myself, I may be permitted to add that I greatly valued his unflinching kindness, hearty greeting, and cheery smile. In these days of much partisanship and bitter party feeling, it was a great encouragement to feel that in Dr Forbes there was a true comrade, of whose support and friendship I was absolutely sure. As a native of my county of Caithness, I know how sincere and loyal was his feeling to the far-off land of his birth. And so we bid him farewell. We have been grateful for his sympathy and friendship here, and we mourn for his loss at an earlier time than we expected. We grieve that his last illness was long and painful, but we know that even as gold is tried in the fire, that these are the ills from which no heir of poor humanity is free. He has gone to the new and better life of which we know so little. But we are sure that if ever by God's blessing we reach that happy place, none will give us a heartier or more gladsome greeting than the good and true friend for whose bright and wholesome example we thank God this day. Long may his memory inspire the two great societies which he loved with all his heart, to vigorous and united effort for the relief of sorrow and suffering."





1903-1904.

**M**R ROBERT HENDERSON was elected President for 1903-1904. He was a native of the Parish of Kinneff, Kincardineshire, which holds a proud record in the history of Scotland. It will be remembered that when Dunnottar Castle was being bombarded by Cromwell's soldiers the main object was to secure the Scottish Regalia which was known to be housed in the Castle. The furious onslaughts, after a protracted siege, compelled the garrison to surrender, but Mrs Grainger, the wife of the Parish minister of Kinneff had fairly won immortality by her clever and heroic daring in snatching the prize from the victor's grasp. The emblems of nationality were smuggled out by her in bundles of flax, and were secreted beneath the floor of the Church of Kinneff, just in front of the pulpit, where they remained safe until they could be taken to Edinburgh.

Mr Henderson was educated partly at the Parish School of Kinneff, and thereafter at the Grammar School and King's College, Aberdeen. He was a bursar of the College, which he gained in open competition.

Passing his examination for entry into the service of H.M. Customs, he commenced duty at Port-Glasgow on 3rd March, 1862, and at the age of 29 was promoted

to be Collector of H.M. Customs at Ardrossan. He subsequently held similar positions at ten outposts including Dover, Folkestone, Southampton, Belfast, and Glasgow. In 1895 he was called to London to fill the post of Collector H.M. Customs, Chief Registrar of Shipping, and Receiver of Wrecks.

His inherent Scottish instinct soon asserted itself, and shortly after settling in the Metropolis he joined the Caledonian Society, which led him to take a keen interest in the two great Scottish charities, and he was soon elected a Managing Governor of the Royal Scottish Corporation, and a Director of the Royal Caledonian Schools. Subsequently he was appointed Chairman of the Kinloch Bequest of the Royal Scottish Corporation, and had the rare honour conferred upon him of being appointed a Life Governor of the Corporation, by election.

In 1900 he was selected for the position of Secretary of the Board of Customs, in which capacity he was closely associated with the extension of the Customs Tariff Acts of 1901 and 1902. In 1904 he was, in recognition of his services, created a Companion of the Order of the Bath. In connection therewith Mr Henderson was entertained at two complimentary dinners, viz., by 260 of his colleagues in the Customs Department, presided over by Sir T. J. Pittar, K.C.B., C.M.G., the then Chairman of the Board; and the Caledonian Society of London, under the genial chairmanship of Colonel J. S. Young.

The *Aberdeen Free Press* of 20th July, 1904, gave the following report :

Scottish sentiment, Scottish songs, Scottish traditions prevailed at the dinner given by prominent members of the Caledonian Society of London at the Holborn Restaurant to Mr Robert Henderson, who, during his year as President has received from the King the honour of C.B. Mr Henderson is Secretary of His Majesty's Customs, and to this post he has risen from the bottom rung of the official ladder. Thus the Caledonians are proud of their President. The chair at the dinner was occupied by Colonel Young, who boasts of 45 years' service under the Crown, as compared with Mr Henderson's 42 years, and whose breast was covered with orders and medals. Beside the

guest of the evening sat Mr William Muir, who succeeded Mr Henderson as Collector of Customs for the Port of London, and in the vice-chair was that popular Caledonian Mr William Dick, who is an ex-officer of the same department, while the Secretary of the Society is Mr R. M. Hunter, who is as well known among London Scots as his brother, the tenant of Dipple, is in Morayshire, and who also is an ex-civil servant.

Among others present were Surgeon-General Don, who sings "Tullochgorum" with the vivacity of a youth; Mr P. M. Shanks, one of the best friends of the Scottish Corporation; Mr John Kennedy, whose portrait is in the Academy; Mr David Hepburn, who follows in his father's footsteps; and Mr J. Bell White, the barrister.

"A spontaneous band of Caledonians" was the description of the company given by the Chairman. It was a delight to hear old Scottish ballads from old Scottish voices; and to see the eyes beaming with revived sentiment for the scenes of youth.

The "Vice" called on the Chairman to give the toast of the evening, and this he gave with gusto, and well all pledged it with Highland and Caledonian honours—with one foot on a chair and one foot on the table, and with the rhythmic clapping of hands and waving of arms. Mr Henderson, in his reply remarked that he started life with a somewhat liberal education and with a good sound constitution received from a sturdy race of Lowland Scots. He generously shared the credit of the honour of his C.B. with the department in which he had spent his life.

Harking back to the earlier days of his official life in London, it may be noted that Mr Henderson was a member of the Home Office Aliens Committee and received the thanks of the Home Secretary for assisting in framing the regulations under the Aliens Act, 1895.

On reaching the usual retiring age he was specially retained under Treasury directions for further service in the Customs Department. In 1909 he was appointed to be Commissioner of Customs, and on the amalgamation of the Customs and Excise Departments was a member of the Joint Board of Customs and Excise. In 1910, on relinquishing office, the Lords of the Treasury expressed their regret at his retirement, after an unbroken association with the public service of over 48 years, and bore testimony to the value of the service rendered by him during his long and distinguished career.

At his suburban residence in Beckenham he takes an active interest in local matters; more especially since his retirement from the public service. He is a

Life Trustee of the Beckenham Parochial Charities, a Trustee and Honorary Secretary and Treasurer of Christ Church Vicarage, and Honorary Treasurer of Beckenham Cottage Hospital; has served three years on the Board of Guardians, and for many years has been and continues to be a member of the Local Education Authority.

Notwithstanding his numerous activities, he still finds time for regular games on the golf links and for social intercourse with his numerous friends.

The desire expressed during the Presidency of Mr Kennedy to have "Sentiments" on Scottish subjects at the monthly dinners seems to have fallen through, as it is recorded in the minutes of the meeting held on 12th November, 1903, that at the dinner a "Sentiment giving a short history of the life and writings of William Marshall, the great fiddler and composer of many of our finest Strathspeys and reels, was excellently delivered by ex-President Mr James Cantlie, and highly appreciated by the members and guests. This innovation was the outcome of a suggestion made by Dr Guthrie Rankin and Mr Cantlie that a short 'Sentiment' on one of our poets, etc., might be given at each of the monthly suppers. It is satisfactory to announce that a 'Sentiment' has been promised for each evening of the session."

At the December meeting Surgeon-General Don, M.D., gave a short account of the life and poems of Thomas Campbell, concluding by singing two of Campbell's songs—the favourite being "Ye Mariners of England."

In the course of the evening the toast of "Our Guests" was responded to by the Hon. John G. Fraser, of Bloemfontein, and Lieut.-Colonel Thomas T. Turnbull, a member of the Caledonian Society of Montreal.

At the January meeting the "Sentiment" was given by Past-President Mr William Simpson, the subject being "Extracts from the works of Shakespeare."

There were 129 present at the Annual Festival on 25th January, 1904, and an interesting account appeared in the *City Press* of 27th January, 1904. After enumerating the leading guests, the report goes on to say :

The loyal toasts were given by the President, and enthusiastically honoured, the allusion of Mr Henderson to the effort the King was making to maintain peace in the Far East being heartily received.

The toast of "The Imperial Forces" was submitted by the Rev. A. Fleming, who expressed the opinion that the auxiliary forces had saved the situation in South Africa.

Surgeon-General Don, who has served in both the Navy and the Army, replied for the Navy, and Lieut.-Colonel T. T. Turnbull, a veteran of the Canadian Army, for the land services. The Canadians, he said, were determined to do their share in preserving the honour of the King and the unity of the Empire.

"The Immortal Memory of Burns" was the next toast given by the President. In the course of a lengthy reference to the life and works of the Scottish bard, the President remarked that Burns was one of the greatest National poets, and that his name was known in every quarter of the world where Scotsmen could be found.

The Society's jewel was then presented to Mr James Cantlie, when Colonel J. S. Young remarked that no man had filled the office more worthily than Mr Cantlie, and no one had more faithfully fulfilled the traditions of the Society. He carried with him from the chair the members' deepest affection and respect.

Mr Cantlie was then escorted by the Past-Presidents to the President, who made the formal presentation of the jewel. Mr Cantlie acknowledged the gift in suitable terms and then proposed "The Guests and the Ladies." In every part of His Majesty's Dominions, he observed, that evening was being celebrated. The guests they welcomed included visitors from Canada, Nova Scotia, Australia, and even Japan. With regard to the last-named country, he mentioned the interesting fact that the Scottish evening hymn, "Auld Lang Syne," had been translated into Japanese, and was sung there every night.

The Rev. J. S. Black responded for the guests, mentioning the fact that there were more statues of Burns in Nova Scotia than in the whole of Scotland.

Mr T. R. Moncrieff acknowledged the compliments paid to the ladies.

Mr G. Struthers briefly submitted "The President," who, he observed, had conducted the affairs of the Society with singular success, and with loyalty and affection.

Mr Henderson, having replied, and expressed his keen appreciation of the honour of his position, the company adjourned to the ballroom, where they enjoyed dancing until a late hour. Scottish music prevailed during and after the dinner. The boy pipers of the Royal Caledonian Schools, headed by the Society's own piper, brought in the Haggis and gave selections. The speeches were interspersed with Burns's songs, the artistes being Miss Elsie Nicholl, Miss Maggie Wallace, and Mr A. S. Aikman.

The President in his speech in proposing the toast of the evening said it was hardly necessary to refer to details in the life of the poet, because his

songs and his poems might be taken in themselves as a fairly complete biography of his life. If they studied them with intelligence they could not fail to discover the gradual development both of character and of poetical genius, for he poured out his soul in song, he unfolded the story of his loves, and made known his joys and his griefs without any attempt to conceal his faults and failings. The chief monuments to the poet were not those which had been erected by the hand of man, grand and magnificent though they were, but his writings, and especially his songs. These were not limited to time or place, for they penetrated to all lands, and would endure for all time. They had cheered the emigrant on leaving his native shores, they had given comfort and new life to the settler in the far distant and lonely prairie. They were indeed a part and parcel of the mother tongue, not of bonnie Scotland only, which he loved so well, but of Britain and the greater Britain beyond the seas, and of the millions throughout the world who spoke the British language. Born as Burns was in a prosaic age, and growing up under conditions full of discouragement, in which his mental faculties, if they could make progress, must have done so under the burden of bodily trial and the dim shadow of poverty, yet he rose superior to these conditions, his clear vision discovered the relative bearings of the world and human life; he cultivated his intellectual powers, and slowly developed that genius which had become the charm, no less than the surprise, of the world. Burns owed much to his father, who has been described as "a thoughtful, intense, earnest character, as the best of our peasants are; valuing knowledge, possessing some, and what is far better and rarer, open-minded for more." That such a father both by precept and example did his duty by his son went without saying, implanting within him that sincerity, indisputable air of truth and spirit of sturdy independence which ran through Burns's writings and which stamped him as a man as well as a true poet.

It was said that "A true poet in whose heart resides effluence of wisdom, some tone of the eternal melodies, was the most precious gift that could be bestowed on a generation." Such a gift nature, in her beneficence, bestowed on our native land in Robert Burns, but she failed to appreciate that gift at its true value, and alas! the gift passed from us before it appeared to do no more than bud. Yet that bud in the sunshine of recognition rapidly became a blossom of unexampled beauty, ever expanding in brilliancy and destined to shine forth as a superb flower throughout the ages.

He had alluded to one of Burns's characteristics—his sincerity. His joys and sorrows were not imaginary, they were not shallow or meaningless sentimentalities. The feeling which he expressed was the glow of a living heart; his opinion was founded on his own experience. He wrote only from his own understanding or observation; he depicted only the scenes and labours amongst which he had lived; he clothed in beautiful language the ennobling emotions of the soul, and from the fulness of his heart he gave utterance to what was in him without vanity or pretence. In Burns's character, too, there was a marked truthfulness and clearness of vision. He revered what was good and true, he scorned and hated what was unreal and false, and heaped scathing satire on the hypocrite. Another feature in Burns's character was his independence of spirit, inherited from his father. This stood him in good stead in the learned circles of Edinburgh in which he moved for a brief period of his career. The dazzling blaze of favour in which Burns found himself would have overwhelmed a man of less vigour and mental integrity, but he estimated at their true value the attentions and flatteries which were lavished and showered upon him.

The songs he dedicated to his countrymen stood forth as the pre-eminent glory of Burns. In those inimitable verses commencing "Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray" and in that matchless warlike ode "Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled" Burns touched the tenderest and deepest emotions of the human heart. In song he was without an equal. Judged by these alone he was for ever immortalised.

Mr Henderson concluded his speech with these words :

The Miltons and Shakespeares may flow like the mighty waves of the sea, but this little fountain sends forth its precious treasures as from the depths of the earth, and invites the traveller to drink of its clear waters and to rejoice in the sunshine of its sylvan beauties.

I, therefore, call upon you to join me in a full bumper and with ringing Caledonian Honours in toasting with acclamation "The Immortal Memory of Burns."

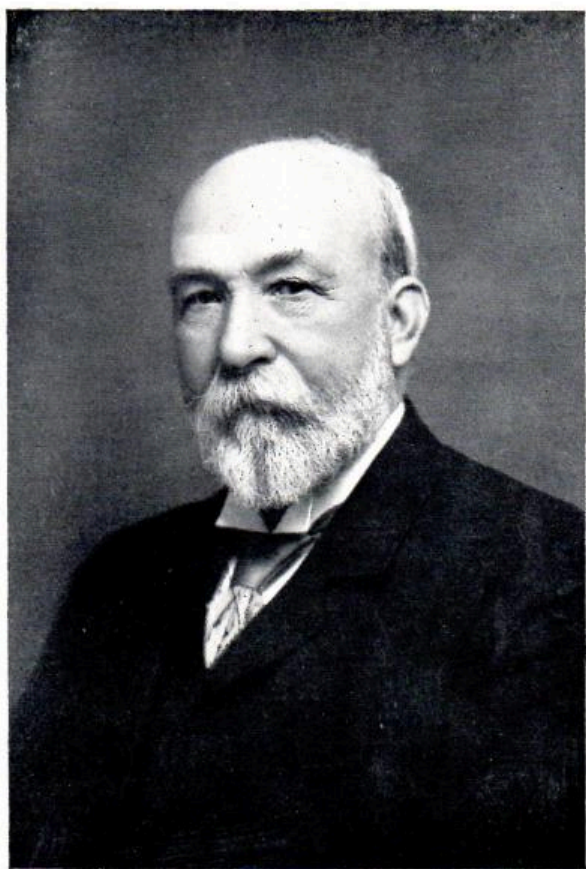
At the dinner following the February meeting Mr G. W. Thomson gave the "Sentiment," and at the March gathering Dr Guthrie Rankin gave a much appreciated "Sentiment" on "Bonnie Jean."

The death of Mr Smith Turner was reported at the March meeting and came as a shock to his brother Caledonians. He had been a member for over twenty years, and his death was all the more regretted because it was the result of an accident with which he met when on his way to the Council Meeting in December. Mr Smith Turner was the author of the verses which he recited at the dinner held on 17th April, 1890. It fell to Mr Turner to speak on that occasion, and he referred to the unaltered character of the meetings which had gone on for well nigh fifty-three years. He remarked that it was a sameness which lacked monotony, and a repetition which we would not wish to alter, and he closed his speech with the lines he had that day evolved from his ever fertile brain. The four verses appear on page 91.

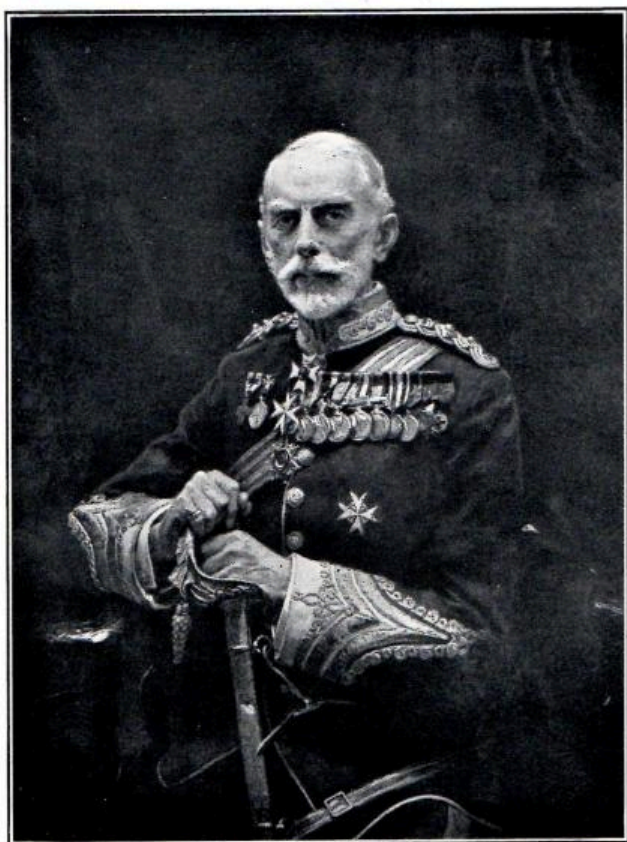
At the April meeting Mr David Hepburn gave what was described as "a most interesting and instructive Sentiment," entitled "Auld Scotland's Hills," illustrated by limelight views.







ROBERT HENDERSON, Esq., C.B.  
*President, 1903-1904.*



COLONEL SIR JOHN SMITH YOUNG, C.V.O.  
*President, 1904-1905.*

1904-1905.

**C**OLONEL JOHN SMITH YOUNG was elected President for 1904-1905. He was born on 25th June, 1843, but he early found what looked like the elixir of perpetual youth, because everything he touched seemed to take on a resiliency akin to the buoyancy of his own nature. He was the fifth son of Edward James Young of Inverness and Mount Stewart, Shettlewood, and Melrose Estates, Jamaica. After an active and brilliant career he was created a Knight Bachelor in 1907. He had been a Knight of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem since 1896. In 1907 he was made a member 4th class of the Royal Victorian Order, and in 1908 was advanced as Commander of the Royal Victorian Order. He was also awarded the Imperial Russian Red Cross.

His career in the Army, which he entered on 6th February, 1860, was always strenuous, and on 30th March, 1887, he retired with the rank of Colonel and Deputy Commissary General. He had made his mark during his 27 years of service and it was no surprise that he was recalled for special services on several occasions. The following tabulated form gives a record of his many public services :

Served in the Abyssinian Expedition, 1867-68, receiving the war medal, and special promotion, 15th June, 1868.

Served in the South African War, 1879-80, Zulu Campaign, as Military Landing Officer, the Point, Durban, in charge of Disembarkations of the Expeditionary Forces and Supplies, receiving mention in despatches, Inspector General of Lines of Communications and Base. He received the thanks of His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor of Natal in Council on behalf of the Public of Natal, also war medal.

Served in the Franco-German War, 1870-71, as Joint Commissioner for the British National (Red Cross) Society for Aid to the Sick and Wounded in War at the German Army Headquarters, receiving the German war medal and the first silver medal, awarded by the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in Anglia for saving life.

Took part in the Relief of the Sick and Wounded in Paris, taking the first convoy of fresh provisions admitted into Paris on conclusion of Armistice, receiving the French bronze cross.

Served as Chief Commissioner for the British National (Red Cross) Society for Aid to Sick and Wounded in War in six different fields of operations:

(1) Russo-Turkish War, 1877-78, receiving mention in despatches H.B.M.'s Ambassador, Constantinople, to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, also 4th class Order of Osmanieh and Turkish war medal.

(2) Zulu Campaign, 1879-80, receiving mention in Parliament by the Secretary of State for War and vote of thanks from Council of the British National Red Cross Society

(3) Nile Expedition, 1884-5, receiving the thanks of the General Officer Commanding in Chief, Lord Wolseley, and of the Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, also war medal and Khedive's bronze star and vote of thanks from the Council of the British National Red Cross Society.

(4) Boer Rebellion Operations, 1881, providing Comforts for the Sick and Wounded. Organised by request of the General Officer Commanding British Forces, Sir Evelyn Wood, on conclusion of Armistice with the Boers. a Field Postal Transport Service between Army Headquarters, Newcastle, Natal, and Pretoria, which had been besieged and cut off by the Boers.

(5) Nile Expedition, 1898, Organised river steamer, "The Mayflower," as an hospital ship, which brought in successive trips all the seriously wounded officers and men who took part in the Battle of Omdurman from Assouan to Cairo in comfort without the loss of a single life. Organised provision of special comforts for Sick and Wounded in Hospital in Cairo and invalided to England; also through Lord Kitchener's personal action, obtained the earliest despatch of surgical dressings and appliances for the benefit of the Sick and Wounded in Khartoum and Omdurman belonging to the Egyptian and the Mahdi's armies.

Received the thanks of the Secretary of State for War, and of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Cairo, on behalf of the Khedivial Government with the 3rd Class Order of Osmanieh; also mentioned in despatch from H.B.M.'s Consul-General and High Commissioner, Cairo, Earl Cromer, to the Marquis of Salisbury, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Awarded vote of thanks from the Council of the British National Red Cross Society.

(6) South African Transvaal War in its first phase, 1899-1900. Organised a systematic supply of medical comforts, clothing, and equipment for the benefit of the Sick and Wounded in Hospitals in the Field, on the Lines of Communications, and at the Bases at Cape Town, Stormberg, and in Natal, the beleaguered Sick and Wounded in Kimberley and Ladysmith, receiving,

immediately on the sieges of these places being raised, comforts from the advanced depots. Received the war medal with clasp and a vote of thanks from the Council of the British National Red Cross Society.

Served as Member of Council and Executive Committee of the British National (Red Cross) Society for Aid to Sick and Wounded in War from 1878 to 1903.

Served as Secretary to the Royal Commission of the Patriotic Fund, President H.R.H. The Duke of Cambridge, 1887-1903: specially mentioned in Final Report (1903) of the Commission to H.M. the King, presented to Parliament.

Served as Secretary to the Royal Patriotic Fund Corporation, President H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught, 1904-1909. Specially mentioned in Report (1910) of the Corporation to H.M. the King, presented to Parliament.

In addition to Sir John Young's many public services he has always taken keen interest in other organisations, especially Scottish Associations. He was a Director (1897-1914) and Honorary Secretary and Treasurer (1914-1921) of the Highland Society of London; President (1910-1921) of the London Camanachd (Shinty) Club; and (1914-1919) was a source of strength as a member of Council and Executive Committee of the Federated Council of Scottish Associations in London. He is a Vice-President of the London Inverness-shire Association, and of the London Morayshire Club. Sir John is Vice-Chairman of the Central London Throat, Nose, and Ear Hospital, and a Vice-President of "The London Society for the Preservation of the Old Charms of the Capital and the careful consideration of its new developments." He was a member of Council of the Royal Society of Arts (1910-1913) and is a member of Council and Executive Committee of the British Science Guild, founded by Sir Norman Lockyer, K.C.B., F.R.S., to promote better and wider knowledge of science and increasing application of up-to-date scientific methods in all branches of public life for the benefit and welfare of the general community.

At the November meeting the President gave what is described in the Minutes as "a very delightful and interesting address entitled 'Caledonia—Floreat Caledonia,' coupling with it the toast of the evening—Success to the Caledonian Society of London."

At the December meeting the "Sentiment" was given by Mr G. W. Thomson on "Scottish Humour and Scottish Pathos," and it "was highly appreciated by the members and guests."

At the February meeting Mr R. Henderson, C.B., gave a "Sentiment" on "Reminiscences of the early life of Sir Walter Scott," "which proved most enjoyable and was highly appreciated."

At the March meeting Mr William Dick "entertained the company with some reminiscences of William Watt, poet and song writer, which proved thoroughly interesting," and a much appreciated series of "Sentiments" for the session was concluded when Mr James Cantlie, F.R.C.S., "in his usual humorous and inimitable style, entertained the company for about twenty minutes with some reminiscences of an old North Country precentor."

At the Anniversary Festival held on 25th January, 1905, there were 128 present. A somewhat curtailed report appeared in the *City Press*. It is a pity that a fuller report is not available, as it is recorded in the Minutes that "the toast of the evening 'The Immortal Memory of Burns' was given by the President in an excellent speech which was received with much enthusiasm."

The newspaper report is as follows :

The loyal toasts were greeted with Caledonian honours. Mr J. S. Will, K.C., submitted "The Imperial Forces" and Admiral Sir Archibald Douglas, who was for two years the director of the Japanese Naval College, replied, observing that the work done in those days laid the foundation of the present efficiency of the Japanese Navy.

Lieut.-General G. H. Moncrieff responded for the Army, and, amid some expressions of disapproval, put in a good word for the War Office, arguing that patience must be exercised because it was unreasonable to expect the British Army to be reconstructed in a few months.

The President next proposed "The Immortal Memory of Burns." The Society, he said, was founded 67 years ago to promote good fellowship. A number of distinguished men, he added, had written regretting their inability to attend, among them being Mr Balfour, Sir James Crichton Browne, Mr Graham Murray, and Ian Maclaren. He also read a telegram of greeting from the Caledonian Society of Portsmouth.

Adverting to the terms of the toast, he observed that Robert Burns was a genius who lived, and deserved to live, in the heart and memory of every true Scot. Moreover, he lived, and deserved to live, in a far wider circle—that of the British Empire. They celebrated the anniversary of his birthday in many a clime, and under many a sun. He was a son of the soil, and moved the hearts of thinking men and women in lines which were imperishable. The toast was received with the utmost enthusiasm.

The picturesque ceremony of presenting the Society's jewel to the retiring President, Mr Robert Henderson, followed. The recipient was escorted to the chair by a number of Past-Presidents in Highland costume, each as he passed saluting the President with his dirk. The presentation of the jewel was made by Mrs Young, and Mr Henderson returned thanks.

Mr G. W. Thomson, in a lengthy speech, proposed "The Ladies and our Other Guests." Mr A. Cunningham and Mr D. Hepburn replied.

"The Health of the President" was proposed by Surgeon-General W. G. Don.

As is customary at the Society's dinners, a party of boy pipers from the Royal Caledonian Schools played at intervals during the evening.

At a special Council meeting, convened for the purpose of nominating officials and new members of Committee for the year 1905-1906, a letter was read from Colonel George Grant expressing his regret that business interests in South Africa, Transvaal, and Rhodesia necessitated his being abroad for the greater part of the coming winter, and it would be impossible for him to accept the Presidentship for 1905-1906. The information was received with regret, and, after discussion, it was resolved to nominate Mr David Hepburn for the position. Mr Hepburn was unanimously elected.



## THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY OF LONDON

*Established 1837.*

## List of Presidents from 1837 to 1905.

(In the early years they were called Chairmen.)

1837		1872	W. Thos. Morrison
1838		1873	W. Thos. Morrison
1839	J. Boucher	1874	Æneas J. McIntyre, Q.C.
1840		1875	Æneas J. McIntyre, Q.C.
1841		1876	J. Shiress Will
1842	John Gordon	1877	J. Shiress Will
1843	John Gordon	1878	J. Shiress Will
1844	John Boucher	1879	James Lawrie
1845	John Boucher	1880	James Lawrie
1846	John Boucher	1881	James Lawrie
1847	John Boucher	1882	Wm T. Morrison
1848	Robert Hepburn	1883	Alex. Milne Dunlop
1849	Robert Hepburn	1884	Alex. Milne Dunlop
1850	Robert Hepburn	1885	James Nisbet Blyth
1851	Robert Hepburn	1886	James Nisbet Blyth
1852	Robert Hepburn	1887	R. Barclay Brown
1853	Robert Hepburn	1888	W. Hutton Inglis
1854	Robert Hepburn	1889	David Hepburn
1855	Robert Hepburn	1890	David Hepburn
1856	Andrew Maclure	1890-1891	John Ross
1857	Andrew Maclure	1891-1892	John Wilson, M.Inst.C.E.
1858	Andrew Maclure	1892-1893	John Wilson, M.Inst.C.E.
1859	Robert Marshall	1893-1894	Alex. Ritchie, J.P., C.C.
1860	Robert Marshall	1894-1895	Surgeon-General W. G. Don, M.D.
1861	Robert Marshall	1895-1896	Dr D. M. Forbes
1862	David N. Chambers, F.S.A.	1896-1897	George Struthers
1863	David N. Chambers, F.S.A.	1897-1898	John Kennedy
1864	David N. Chambers, F.S.A.	1898-1899	William Simpson
1865	Robert Hepburn	1899-1900	John Imray, M.A.
1866	Robert Hepburn	1900-1901	W. Keith Cameron
1867	John Young	1901-1902	Dr Guthrie Rankin
1868	John Young	1902-1903	James Cantlie, F.R.C.S.
1869	Dr Charles Hogg	1903-1904	Robert Henderson, C.B.
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1855.

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